From Professor Sedgwick
to his honoured friend and
dear Cousin, Mrs Susan Norton,
with an old Man's blessing.
Old Cambridge Nov. 6th. 1868

Sara Norton.

1898.

Mem:

This is one of the few remaining Copies of a Pamphlet, circulated, last May, by the Author, among the Inhabitants of Deal; as an old man's parting gift to his brother Dalesmen.

A MEMORIAL

BY THE TRUSTEES

OF

Cowgill Chapel,

WITH

A PREFACE AND APPENDIX, ON THE CLIMATE, HISTORY AND DIALECTS OF DENT.

BY

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To the "Statesmen" and Inhabitants of the Valley of Dent, and to the present Representatives of those kind and generous Friends who subscribed to the Building and Endowment Funds of Cowgill Chapel, this little Tract is dedicated by their affectionate Countryman and Christian Brother,

ADAM SEDGWICK.

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH I left the home of my early boyhood, and ceased to be a resident at Dent, in the first year of this century, yet my love for the valley and its mountains, and its honest warm-hearted inhabitants, has not become cold. Even now, amidst the increasing infirmities of old age, my heart clings with all its remaining strength to the remembrance of those early days, when, along with my brothers and sisters, I was living at the old Parsonage of Dent, under the loving care of my father and mother. Poor indeed would be the condition of an old man, had he nothing but the present for his heart to rest upon; had he no happy emotions from the remembrance of the past, and no Christian hopes to cheer the future.

The brightest days of my early manhood were those in which during successive years (after fighting hard battles of the brain, whereby I won, under God's blessing, a position of independence) I was permitted to return to my native valley, again to receive the blessing of my parents, again to see the bright faces of those I had first learned to love, and again to hear the true-hearted greetings of my countrymen.

But my visits to Dent have not always been on occasions of joy. Very few of my early friends remain: and it has

been my solemn duty repeatedly to mourn at the grave side of those whom, of all in this world, I had loved and honoured most: and I was truly thankful that God permitted me to join my remaining friends in their hours of sorrow. He had been merciful to us all. For as He removed, one by one from our sight, those whom we had loved, He enabled us to believe in our hearts that Christian faith had sanctified their sufferings, and led them to end their days in the sure and certain hope of a glorious inheritance in the presence of their God and Redeemer. A Christian can rejoice even in the midst of sorrow. The remembrance of those sorrows gives a new strength, and I hope I may say a sanctity, to that enduring sentiment of love with which I regard my native country.

For more than threescore years Cambridge has been my honoured resting-place; and here God has given me a life-long task amidst a succession of intellectual friends. For Trinity College, ever since I past under its great portal, for the first time, in the autumn of 1804, I have felt a deep and grateful sentiment of filial regard. But spite of a strong and enduring regard for the University and the College, whenever I have revisited the hills and dales of my native country, and heard the cheerful greetings of my old friends and countrymen, I have felt a new swell of emotion, and said to myself, here is the land of my birth; this was the home of my boyhood, and is still the home of my heart.

God forbid that after having past through the ten years in which the strength of man (in the words of the Psalmist) is but labour and sorrow, I should be found a murmurer against the common course of Providence! An old man must not only have outlived many of the joys and companions of his early life, but must also have been separated from many friends of his maturer years, and sometimes have

found himself in loneliness and solitude. But if he have the hopes of a Christian, there are joys that befit, cheer, and comfort the evening of his life. For God knows how to gild with the bright beams of heaven's light and love the clouds that gather round the soul and senses in the close of life, and to give thereby the promise of a brighter and a better day.

I speak nothing but the truth, my dear countrymen, when I tell you that the remembrance of those well-loved friends whom God has removed from our sight, though a matter for gravest thought, is no longer to me the cause of an oppressive sorrow. Nay, rather, it is the fountain-head of an enduring and solemn joy for which I endeavour to thank my Maker.

In the long retrospect of my life there are, however, other thoughts connected with my native valley which sometimes have chilled my hopes, and made a cloud to gather about the prospects of the future, while I have been among my countrymen.

Dent is not now what it was in a former century. Its best sources of prosperity have dried up; and if we look into the future we can see no signs of hope that it may hereafter regain its lost position. It was once a land of "statesmen;" that is, of a rural and pastoral yeomanry, each of whom lived on his own paternal glebe. The estates were small; but each of them gave a right to large tracts of mountain pasturage; and each "statesman" had his flock and his herd.

A rented farm was once a rare exception to the general rule: but now nearly the whole dale, from end to end, is in the occupation of farmers with very small capital, and living at a high rack-rent.

Though the population of the dale has diminished, I believe, by more than one-third since the middle of last century, yet the poor rates are enormously increased. It was

once a place of very active industry: well known as a great producer of wool, which was partly carded and manufactured on the spot for home-use: but better known for what were then regarded as large imports of dressed wool and worsted, and for its exports of stockings and gloves that were knit by the inhabitants of the valley. The weekly transport of the goods, which kept this trade alive, was effected, first by trains of pack-horses, and afterwards by small carts fitted for mountain work.

Dent was then a land of rural opulence and glee. Children were God's blessed gift to a household, and happy was the man whose quiver was full of them. Each "statesman's" house had its garden and its orchard, and other good signs of domestic comfort. But alas, with rare exceptions, these goodly tokens have now past out of sight; or are to be feebly traced by some aged crab-tree, or the stump of an old plum-tree, which marks the site of the ancient family orchard.

The whole aspect of the village of Dent has been changed within my memory, and some may perhaps think that it has been changed for the better. But I regret the loss of some old trees that covered its nakedness; and most of all the two ancient trees that adorned the Church-yard, and were cut down by hands which had no right to touch a twig of them. I regret the loss of the grotesque and rude, but picturesque old galleries, which once gave a character to the streets; and in some parts of them almost shut out the sight of the sky from those who travelled along the pavement. For rude as were the galleries, they once formed a highway of communication to a dense and industrious rural population which lived on flats or single floors. And the galleries that ran before the successive doors, were at all seasons places of free air; and in the summer season were places of mirth and glee, and active, happy industry. For there might be heard

the buzz of the spinning-wheel, and the hum and the songs of those who were carrying on the labours of the day; and the merry jests and greetings sent down to those who were passing through the streets. Some of the galleries were gone before the days of my earliest memory, and all of them were hastening to decay. Not a trace of them is now left. The progress of machinery undermined the profitable industry of Dent, which, in its best days, had no mechanical help beyond the needle, the hand-card, or the cottage spinning-wheel. I still regret the loss within the village streets of those grotesque outward signs of a peculiar industry which was honourable to my countrymen; but has now left hardly a remnant of its former life. I regret its old market-cross, and the stir and bustle of its market-days. I regret its signboards dangling across the streets; which though sometimes marking spots of boisterous revelry, were at the same time the tokens of a rural opulence.—Most of all do I regret the noble trees which were the pride and ornament of so many of the ancient "statesmen's" houses throughout the valley. Nearly all the old forest-trees are gone: but the valley is still very beautiful, from the continual growth of young wood which springs up, self-planted, from the gills and hedgerows.

Nearly all the landed property of the five hamlets of Dent has past out of the hands of the ancient stock of native "statesmen." Many of them, not having learnt to adapt their habits to the gradual change of times, were ruined, and sank into comparative poverty. Some migrated in search of a better market for their talents. A few old families stood the trial, and still possess the freeholds of their ancestors, with some additions of their own: and I need not tell my countrymen that there are one or two present examples of landed property in the valley which exceed any that was held by a single "statesman" in the days of its greatest prosperity.

But alas, these larger proprietors are no longer among the resident yeomanry of the valley.

I well remember that, about 75 years since, several poor old men came to the Church on Sundays with coats of ancient cut, and adorned on the ample sleeves with curiously embossed metal buttons; with wigs that were once well dressed; with hats of ample brim, shewing the loops that had, in former days, drawn the brims up into a smart triple cock; and above all with manners and address which were the tokens of better days. But I must dwell no longer here upon such details. Should I touch upon them again, it must be in a concluding Appendix*.

Changes such as those above described can never happen without much physical suffering and some moral mishief. They are among the hard trials of our humanity. But God knows how to draw general good out of partial evil; and by His guiding Providence our misfortunes may become not only the schools of a wise experience, but also of true Christian love.

My honoured father lived more than sixty years in Dent, after he became the Incumbent of its Church. He well knew the habits and character of his countrymen; and he lived among them like a brother, and was much loved by them. Many a time have I heard him describe and lament that downward movement and social decay of his native valley, against which it seemed almost in vain to struggle. For more

* Nearly all the above pages of this Preface were written before the Long Vacation of last summer, and I had hoped to complete it as well as the Appendix before I left the University. But I met with interruptions upon which I need not dwell: and after my return to Cambridge I was, from infirmity of health, incapable of undertaking any task beyond the course of my daily duties. I now resume my task, as a goodwill offering of the Christmas vacation to my friends and countrymen. (TRINITY COLLEGE, *December* 20, 1867.)

than twenty years he suffered from infirmity of sight, and employed a Curate to assist in duties which he could no longer perform without help. But sometimes, even in extreme old age, when his sight was entirely gone, he would relieve his Curate by taking upon himself the occasional services, which he performed well from memory. The feebleness of age seemed to give strength to his faith in the promises of the Gospel. He loved his flock; and his wife (till her death) and his daughters were his welcome and loving helpers in the parish.

Under his paternal sanction and hopeful encouragement, my sisters began a system of instruction in the valley, that led (I think in 1813) to the organization of a Sunday school, open to the whole Chapelry. This School they taught and superintended, while they lived in Dent: and one of them after her return to Dent, in widowhood, again took her place as a Sunday-school teacher so long as she had strength to totter from her own house to the school-room. Spite of the scorn with which Sunday schools have been spoken of, even by some men in high places, they were, I think, under Providence a true Christian prelude, and in part a moving cause of that more advanced scheme of national education which has spread over so wide a surface of this Island. This at least my countrymen will support me in affirming—that the Sunday school at Dent was for many years the best and purest source of knowledge to the young people of the valley, a rallying point of Christian love, and a blessing to the Parish.

A little before the times to which I have just alluded (about 60 years since), two ladies, the widow of Major-General Brownrigg and her niece Miss Jane Davoren, came to reside for awhile at Broadfield in Kirthwaite. They were well informed, of great kindness, and anxious to instruct the young people of their neighbourhood: and before long they gained

the good will and grateful love of the inhabitants of the hamlet. At first they came only as visitors during the summer months. But after one or two years Broadfield became their home: and there, to the great sorrow of the valley, the benevolent Christian life of Mrs Brownrigg was brought to a close in the summer of 1815. Her niece remained in Dent, following up her labours of Christian love, and gladly co-operating with my father and my sisters in their plans for the instruction of the young of both sexes within the five hamlets of Dent.

It is well known to those whom I am addressing, that a few years afterwards she became the wife of my brother John, who succeeded my aged father in the old Parsonage of Dent. In that position, for full forty years she continued to be the animating principle and the leader in works of wise benevolence; and above all, in carrying on the work of Christian instruction, with a zeal which never flagged, till she was bent towards the ground by the infirmities of old age, and enfeebled by domestic sorrow.

No one knew better than herself the peculiar condition of the inhabitants of Kirthwaite; and having begun her work as a teacher in that hamlet when she was young, her heart clung to it, in after life, with a fond affection. This fact helps to explain the missionary task which she undertook for its spiritual benefit. The labour she bestowed upon her voluntary task is noticed in the early part of the Memorial, and need not be repeated here. But I may mention one or two facts which will find a more fitting place in this Preface than in a document that was to be laid before the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England.

Many of the old "statesmen" in the higher parts of Kirthwaite were numbered in the "Society of Friends." Excellent men they were, and well informed in matters of common

life; lovers of religious liberty; of great practical benevolence, and of pure moral conduct; and they were among the foremost in all good measures of rural administration. It may be that the preaching of George Fox told with unwonted power upon those who lived in the upper parts of Kirthwaite: or it may be that some of his converts found in our retired hamlet a place of refuge from a persecution which raged against the Quakers for awhile, to the foul disgrace of some pages in England's history. Both causes may have contributed to the fact above stated.

But when the days of social decline gradually came over Dent, from the drying up of the sources of its industry, some of the families in Kirthwaite migrated to the United States; others sought out places nearer home, of greater resources and with a better market for their talents. Much of the landed property changed hands; and the bonds of social and religious union were partly snapped asunder. There then sprang up an ill-informed and disorderly generation in the place of that ancient yeomanry and those good old families of Quakers who had been the safeguard and the honour of the hamlet.

It was at a time when these social evils cried out for remedy that my late beloved sister-in-law began the good work which ended in the consecration of Cowgill Chapel. Her task was continued for many years: and more than once during my happy visits to my native valley have I seen her, after hard morning-work at the church and schools of Dent, start on her journey of Christian love to Cowgill Chapel, in defiance of rain and snow and the keen winter blasts of Kirthwaite. I will not repeat a tale which is told in the Memorial and is well known to all the aged people in the hamlet: but I may be allowed again to state my conviction, that to the hard work done in good hope of God's blessings,

and to the generous help of Mr Edmund Banister, the inhabitants of Kirthwaite owe, under Providence, the benefit of a parochial chapelry within the limits of their hamlet. These two led the way; and the subscribers did their part as followers and helpers in what they believed to be a good and pious work.

On a summons from my countrymen I went down with much joy to Dent, and laid the foundation-stone of the new Chapel of Cowgill on the 30th of June 1837. It was a day to be remembered. The sun shone with its brightest radiance as the inhabitants of Dent, and the visitors from many of the neighbouring valleys, streamed onwards towards that sweet little plot of ground on which the Chapel now stands. Young and old were generally dressed as for a Sunday or a holiday; but many homely and earnest groups came down from the mountain-sides, gladly leaving, for a while, their labours on the "peat-fell" to join in the ceremonial.

Men of many shades of opinion threw aside their differences that day, and met together in a true spirit of brotherly love. Churchmen, descendants of the early followers of George Fox, Wesleyans of two divisions, and Independents, all appeared that day to be of one mind; and all seemed to partake of a common joy. There was no mistake upon that point. All did join that day in the same cheers, and the same heartfelt hopes and aspirations; and all joined in common prayer to God that His blessing might rest on the work that was begun. It was in very truth an united offering of our thankfulness to God. In that feeling, to the innermost recesses of her heart, joined the dear sister whom we called our Foundress. To her it was the crowning joy of her life of pious labour in the valley of Dent.

The ceremonial was begun by Mr Wilson, who read a short address and a short prayer to ask for God's blessing on

the work of the day: and after the foundation stone was laid, it became my grateful task, and honoured privilege, to speak to my friends and countrymen at much greater length in plain and homely words such as found their way from my heart to my lips.

It would be impossible, and it would be an idle thing, were it possible, to recall the words and sentiments of that day. But there was one train of thought suggested and pressed upon me by the sight of the assembled crowd, which has not escaped my memory. It formed the opening part of my address, and I will endeavour shortly to retrace it now; for I think that it may supply profitable matter for grave thought to my Christian friends of the present day, under whatever Name they may be united.

In the first place I congratulated the members of the Church of England on the work of that bright day, which was a visible token of their thankfulness and grateful love of God for His past mercies, and of their hope for His future blessings. They believed that their form of government and subordination of Church authorities was in nearest conformity with that which was sanctioned by the Apostolical teachers, and adopted by the earliest Churches of Christendom. And this fact had long been regarded by pious men as a grand element of strength to the Church of England. If many had distrusted our forms of government, and many had abandoned our communion, as Churchmen we might regard the fact with much sorrow; but there could be no doubt, I said, about our profession of doctrine. It was pure and evangelical. For every Minister of the Church of England had, before admission to his office, to declare, in public solemnity, his belief that the Holy Scriptures contain "all doctrine required of necessity for eternal salvation," and that he will teach no doctrine as necessary for salvation

"but that which may be concluded and proved by the Scriptures." Let us then be true to our principles, and we may have a sure hope of God's blessing; and that our Church will stand for unborn ages, a glorious beacon light of truth and a safeguard of the country.

Then seeing around me men of different communions who had met together on that day, (some of whom had subscribed generously towards the cost of building the new Chapel), I told them that they had made no sacrifice of principle in joining in the rejoicings of that day; that they were united with us in a common Protestantism and a common protest of separation from the idolatrous forms and the priestly domination of the Church of Rome; that they were united with us in the great fundamental doctrines of Christian truth; that we had the same Bible, the same God, the same Saviour, the same ground of faith, the same Comforter to guide and help us through the darkest turns of our present life. Whatever our name and party, we all owed a debt of undying gratitude to the memory of the old Reformers of the Church of England:—men, we believed, who were raised up by Providence to carry forward a mighty work by translating the whole revealed Law and Gospel into the vulgar tongue, and by opening the whole Bible for the continual study and guidance of the people. And was the task an easy one? Far otherwise. It was a task of life labour, deep thought, and hard study: and it was a task of danger. We can worship God and read His word in ease and safety. Not so the translators of the Bible, and the Fathers of our Protestant Churches. They were persecuted for their faith and Christian work; imprisoned, driven to exile, tortured, some murdered in private, and several of them burnt to death at the public stake. To these men we all of us owe our parentage. Let this be our ruling thought;

let the remembrance of this teach us the lesson of forbearance. If in outward forms we continue divided, let our common Protestantism be our bond of Christian union in heart and love.

Outward forms (excepting the two Sacraments commanded in Holy Scripture) are but the fences and the scaffolding of God's temple, and may be removed or changed if the general good require it. But the holy building is not erected by mortal hands. It has through the might of God's Spirit its foundation in the hearts of faithful men, and its visible glory in their lives of obedience and love.

Such were the sentiments I did my best to clothe in words, in the opening of my address, on the day so many of my dear countrymen met in the yard of Cowgill Chapel. Our Church claims not the right to deprive any Christian congregation of the freedom she derives from her Fathers, the old Reformers; and which they themselves first exercised when they broke away from the bondage of the Church of Rome. The earnest advice I gave my countrymen while I was addressing them from a heap of stones in the Chapel-yard, I once more address to them after the lapse of more than thirty years, in my old age, and from the solitude of a sick chamber. I call upon them to cling to and rejoice in their common Protestantism—the great principles they hold in common. If divided in name, let them not be divided in heart, but love one another. Let us not judge one another any more, but pray for the gift of that charity which thinketh no evil and hopeth all things.

I have paused, that I might repeat, so far as I am able, an exhortation I gave to my countrymen in 1837. I then thought it good and true and befitting the occasion; and I think it more than ever called for by the present condition of the Church of England.

There has arisen a Sect within our Church who scout the name of Protestant, make light of the work of the Reformers, and of that glorious Christian liberty they purchased for us by their pious labours, and many of them sealed by their martyrdom. This Sect call themselves by the presumptuous name of Anglo-Catholics. Their ways in the sight of a plain man seem strange and crooked; and by a diseased habit of mystical reasoning they seem to have made themselves, on questions of religious faith, incapable of comprehending the conclusions of plain honest sense; and those first, simple elements of truth and reason which God has given us for our guidance, not in matters of speculation only, but in the homely acts of daily life. Some of them have been so bewildered by the distorting atmosphere of fanaticism, that, with the Articles and formularies of our Church before them, they profess to see no difference between the doctrines of the Church of England and those of the Church of Rome.

Some of the Sect have become open apostates from the faith of their Fathers. Others, within the Church, are solacing their senses, and fostering an idolatrous element that lurks in the heart of man, by novel forms and splendid vestments, and by aping the gorgeous pageants and the imposing ceremonials of the Romish worship. Many are now openly seeking an admission to the communion of the Church of Rome; while they know well, if they dare to use their senses, that no such communion can ever be gained, except by a base abandonment of those great Protestant truths, which are the holy charters of our Christian liberty, are embodied in our Liturgy and our Articles of faith, and are the very truths in defence of which many of our great Reformers died.

Let us cling, my Christian friends and countrymen, to the grand teaching brought to the light of day by our Reformers—

that every doctrine which is binding on the conscience as a rule of faith is to be drawn from the Bible—the fountain-head of all religious truth. Let us cling, on the same ground of our common Protestantism, to the doctrine of justification by faith in the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God—a sacrifice at once sufficient, now and for ever, and admitting of no renewal, and no supplement by any form of offering consecrated by the hands of man. But let not ours be an acquiescent and merely speculative faith (a mockery and a snare); but a lively faith, which under God's spiritual law leads through communion with Himself (upheld by the humble use of the means of grace which He has Himself, through His revealed word, appointed for us) to sanctification of heart and a life of holiness and brotherly love. And without holiness and brotherly love faith is a mockery and an empty name. But I must here quit this digression and return to the history I have in hand.

After the foundation-stone was laid, the building of Cowgill Chapel went forward without delay, and was completed under the design of a good architect; and before long the interior was properly seated for the reception of a congregation. Moreover, an endowment fund was raised and secured to the Chapel to entitle it to Consecration and to give it a right to a lawful District; so as to become, we trusted for ever, an endowed Incumbency in the upper part of Kirthwaite. All this is found in the Memorial: but it contains one slight inaccuracy which I may here correct. It states (page 14) "that in the instructions sent from the Parsonage of Dent for the guidance of the solicitor who drew up the documents," (approved by the Bishop on the day of Consecration) "the little Chapel was to be called St John's Chapel, Cowgill." As a matter of fact, the instructions were sent from the Parsonage of Dent to Mr Wilson of Caster-

ton Hall for his examination; and by him they were forwarded to the solicitor. Whether the name, St John's Chapel, was left out by accident or design, it is in vain now to inquire. Its omission was a disappointment to the family in the Parsonage of Dent, and perhaps most of all to the one whom we had called the foundress of the Chapel. But while partaking of a common joy she did not allow a murmur of complaint to escape from her lips. To me the omission has proved a positive misfortune; as it has been, I think, the main cause of involving me in controversy, and compelling the trustees to become petitioners to the Ecclesiastical Commission.

What took place after Mr Matthews' appointment to the Curacy of Cowgill—through what means it forfeited its rights as a District Chapel—how these rights were restored (28 years after its first consecration) by an award of a new and more extended district by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners—is fully stated in the following Memorial; and the facts need no repetition in this Preface. But some of the householders of Kirthwaite, who live below Gibshall, may perhaps think that they have suffered some hardship from the new boundary-line of the Cowgill Chapel district; and I am compelled to say that I partly agree with them. What apology, then, have I for being a consenting party to such a wrong? In reply, I ask of them to read the Memorial and then to consider, that the Trustees could do absolutely nothing without the concurrence of the Bishop of Ripon to support their petition for a district. In good hope and in full confidence the whole negotiation was entrusted to Mr Sumner, the Curate of Cowgill, and the nominee of the Bishop. Soon afterwards, acting on his own behalf, without the consent, and directly contrary to the wishes of the Trustees, he attempted to obtain, and (having gained the Bishop's consent) nearly succeeded

in obtaining, a district which included the whole hamlet of Kirthwaite. In our final negotiation (after the defeat of the previous plan) we at first thought of a line crossing the valley by Stockbeck, and then of a line by Basilbusk: but Mr Sumner stood out strongly for that line which was actually given in the final award, and as a compromise we reluctantly consented.

I must honestly confess that my consent was the effect of cowardice. I was afraid of some cross purpose; and that while striving for our own line, we might forfeit, altogether, the benefit of a District. In this fear I now believe that I was mistaken; and that we did wrong in flinching from the original line of Stockbeck: to which indeed my dear and honoured sister-in-law had previously consented after a discussion at Langcliffe when I was not present, and which took place some time before I had any controversy with Mr Sumner.

From first to last we did our best, and we spared no pains in bringing about what we thought would be a benefit to our Dalesmen: and if the Trustees have slightly failed in one point, they trust to the charitable thoughts and forgiveness of their countrymen.

Some one may perhaps think that we did a positive wrong in imposing a negotiation for a district (which must involve a considerable cost) upon the Curate who derived so very small an income from his ministration in Cowgill. On this point the Trustees are clear. They never for a moment intended that Mr Sumner should suffer any pecuniary loss: and all his expenses, while negotiating with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, have, I believe, been refunded to him.

I now conclude this long Preface. Not so much a Preface as a parting address to the inhabitants of my native dale.

To them I send it, as an offering of Christian love and good will, with an old man's blessing*.

* I am anxious to correct a mistake I made in my Protest addressed to the Secretary of the Ecclesiastical Commission (p. 27, l. 7 from the bottom). It is there stated that on the day of Consecration (on which occasion I was not present), a document was approved by the Bishop of Ripon, which secured the right of patronage to the Trustees. There was no separate document to secure that right; and the law secures in a different manner. In cases of a new Incumbency (like that of Cowgill), the Patrons present to the Incumbency and the Bishop accepts the presentation; and at the same time accepts and approves the Endowment and the District. All these acts are to be formally registered; and the act of registration legally secures, for ever, the rights of Patronage and the right of a District. From want of registration, as amply stated in the Memorial, these rights were lost in the case of Cowgill Chapel.

Again (p. 28, l. 1), instead of *nomination* of the Trustees, the words ought to have been *presentation* of the Trustees. In each case the Bishop (at the request of the Trustees) nominated the Incumbent; and they presented him, in legal form, to the Incumbency in their supposed capacity of Patrons. My Protest was drawn up at a moment's notice and sent off without delay to the Bishop of Ripon, in the hope of arresting Mr Sumner's first plan of extending his District over the whole Hamlet.

At p. xix. of this Preface I have not attempted to explain how the name of St John's Chapel came to be omitted on the day of consecration: but I must correct the impression, if my words should seem to imply that the name was intentionally suppressed by Mr Wilson. He expressed to my sister-in-law his surprise at the omission of the words; and, indeed, it was at his previous suggestion that she wished to adopt the name of St John's Chapel, Cowgill.

In further explanation of what is stated above (p. xxi.) I may add that, after the forfeiture of the District for Cowgill Chapel laid down on the day of its consecration, I never objected to, but approved of, the Stockbeck line; for I wished the Cowgill district to be enlarged, so far as it could be done without injury to the inhabitants of the lower parts of Kirthwaite. But how was it possible to believe, after the courteous discussion at Langcliffe (when the Stockbeck line was

fixed upon), that Mr Sumner—recently presented to the Curacy of Cowgill by the Trustees, and a stranger to the valley of Dent—should, by his own solitary and arbitrary act, endeavour to extend his District through the whole Hamlet of Kirthwaite?

Finally, I exhort my countrymen not to change the spelling of their Hamlet in their title-deeds or other documents of value. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England can select, out of a Parish, a District for a new Incumbency, and to that District they can give what name they please. But they have no power to change the name of a hamlet, like that of Kirthwaite, or of a single house within it. Nor have they the power of changing the name of Cowgill Chapel, which was legally fixed on the day of Consecration.

Let me finally repeat what is stated in the *Memorial* (p. 24), that I give Mr Sumner much credit for his zeal in behalf of his Chapelry: and this zeal has been rewarded by a beautiful site for a Parsonage, Schools, and other offices, munificently contributed by Lord Kenlis; and by a liberal endowment of the new School of the *district of Kirkthwaite*, by the Rev. J. Holgate, a lineal descendant from one of the ancient "statesmen" of the *hamlet of Kirthwaite:* and most truly do I congratulate Mr Sumner and all those to whom this Tract is addressed on these great and good additions to the endowment of Cowgill Chapel.

A MEMORIAL,

&c.

CORRECTIONS.

p. 36, Appendix, No. IV. *add* the heading: *Climate of the Valley of Dent. —Rain-fall.—Destructive Bracks* (or *Avalanches*) *which fell in* 1752.

p. 46, l. 1, ill expressed. The meaning is, that the sea covers an area greater than three-fifths of the whole surface of the Earth.

p. 83, l. 5 from the bottom, *for*, and of other, *read*, and other.

p. 95, l. 11 from the bottom, *read* as follows: "a true vowel is the symbol of a simple sound which we can, &c.

p. 105, l. 1, Correct as follows: "discuss the six vowels, all of which are distinctly sounded in good standard English; while the ô guttural has no phonetic place among the chief dialects of the northern counties."

Memorial is also signed by Margaret Isabella Sedgwick, of Langcliffe near Settle, who acts under a Commission from Chancery in behalf of her Brother, the Rev. Richard Sedgwick, Incumbent of Dent, who is also a Trustee. We respectfully but earnestly Protest against some of the terms in which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England have made the Award[1] of a District to the said Chapel of Cowgill, for the reasons following:

[1] For the words of the Award, see Appendix, No. II.

A MEMORIAL,

&c.

CAMBRIDGE,
December 29th, 1866.

I.

THE following Memorial is addressed, through the Lord Bishop of Ripon, to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England, by the Rev. Adam Sedgwick, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Canon of Norwich, and the Rev. James Dawson Banister, Incumbent of Pilling in Lancashire, who are Trustees for the Building and Freehold and Endowment Funds of Cowgill Chapel, in the Parochial Chapelry of Dent, in the Parish of Sedbergh and Diocese of Ripon. The Memorial is also signed by Margaret Isabella Sedgwick, of Langcliffe near Settle, who acts under a Commission from Chancery in behalf of her Brother, the Rev. Richard Sedgwick, Incumbent of Dent, who is also a Trustee. We respectfully but earnestly Protest against some of the terms in which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England have made the Award[1] of a District to the said Chapel of Cowgill, for the reasons following:

[1] For the words of the Award, see Appendix, No. II.

1st. Because the name of Cowgill Chapel or Chapelry is not given in such terms as to bring it into perfect accordance with its true name, as expressed in its Deeds of Consecration and Endowment, and in the Title-Deeds of the Freehold on which the Chapel stands. It is called in the Award (*London Gazette*, September 12th, 1865)[1] the Consecrated Church, situate at Cowgill in the Hamlet of Kirkthwaite, in the Parochial Chapelry of Dent, in the Parish of Sedbergh. Slight as the change may be, it was, we believe, introduced on the representation of the Rev. Joseph Sumner, for the express purpose of excluding the name of Cowgill Chapel or Chapelry, of cutting it off from its previous history, and of regarding it as a new foundation. And we are supported in this belief by the fact (as stated to us by the Rev. Joseph Sumner), that soon after the Award his first Episcopal License was withdrawn, and that he is now licensed by the Bishop of Ripon to serve as Curate to the Perpetual Curacy of Kirkthwaite. There might be a legal necessity to give a new License after the publication of the Award of a District to Cowgill Chapel: but that act could not change the name of this Chapel, which was legally fixed and determined in the year 1838, on the day of its Consecration. We cannot object to the boundary line of the District of Cowgill Chapel as given in the Award; because it was fixed conjointly by Mr Sumner and ourselves after much discussion. But not a hint was let fall by Mr Sumner of any design to tamper with the name of his Chapelry. The meditated change was not communicated to, but was concealed from, the Trustees of Cowgill Chapel.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have conferred a great boon on the Valley of Dent by the legal Award of a District to Cowgill Chapel. But it was not (as we are advised) in

[1] See Appendix, No. II.

their Power to give (especially against the consent of the parties interested) *a new name to a Chapel*, which was already named in the legal instruments of its Foundation and in the Act of its Consecration.

2ndly. We enter our respectful protest against the substitution, in the terms of the Commissioners' Award, of the words "Chapelry of Kirkthwaite" in place of the words "Chapelry of Cowgill" in Kirthwaite. There is no district within the boundaries of Dent called Kirkthwaite. There is a Hamlet called Kirthwaite; but that Hamlet is not the District laid down by the Award. By the introduction of the spurious name Kirkthwaite the Award becomes either without meaning, or it contradicts itself. If the word Kirkthwaite mean the Hamlet in which Cowgill Chapel stands, then the Award contradicts itself; for the district assigned to the Chapel is cut off, by a detailed boundary-line, from the Hamlet of Kirthwaite. And if the words "Chapelry of Kirkthwaite" do not mean the Chapelry of the Hamlet, then we profess not to comprehend their meaning.

3rdly. The orthography which (at the instance, we believe, of the Rev. Joseph Sumner) has been adopted by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, however plausible, is erroneous. There is a Hamlet in Dent called *Kirthwaite;* but there is neither Hamlet nor District in Dent which is called *Kirkthwaite*, either in the words of vulgar use, or to be found in any work of good authority. We might perhaps rest our case on the above statements. But our sense of duty, as Trustees of Cowgill Chapel, compels us respectfully but earnestly to give support to our Memorial by facts of historical detail, and by an appeal to the evidence of authentic documents.

II.

ORIGIN AND CONSECRATION OF COWGILL CHAPEL.

The River Dee is one of the mountain tributaries of the Lune, and it drains the valley of Dent, the enclosed portions of which are about ten miles in length. About four miles above the lower and western extremity of the valley stands the ancient Village and Church of Dent.

This Church contains good sittings which are sufficient for the Population of the five ancient Hamlets into which Dent is divided; and there is no old tradition of the former existence of any other Church or Kirk within the limits of the valley. About a mile above the Church the valley gives off a lateral branch, which forms the Hamlet called Deepdale. But the trunk-valley of the Dee ascends nearly five miles farther, gradually becoming more and more contracted, till it ends in a mere gorge leading to a mountain-pass. All this upper and contracted part of the valley is included in the Hamlet of Kirthwaite; and as we know, by personal experience, it is sometimes in the winter season much obstructed by ice and snow, when the roads in the lower parts of the valley of Dent are quite free[1]. But the Hamlet descends also so far into the lower and open part of the valley, that its western boundary is less than a mile from the Church of Dent.

Along its course through the valley of Dent the Dee is fed by many lateral brawling watercourses, called Gills, which frequently descend from the Mountains through deep ravines that are of much picturesque beauty. The names of the Mountains and Gills are of great antiquity, and commonly of a very doubtful etymology. But some of the names have been mischievously changed, in comparatively modern times,

[1] See Appendix, No. IV.

by replacing syllables of obsolete meaning by vulgar, modern words of a somewhat similar sound. In that way Cogill or Coegill has been corrupted into Cowgill, though the old name is still correctly sounded: and this spelling has (we think unfortunately) gained a new sanction by its adoption in the Title-Deeds of Cowgill Chapel.

It is not our part to tell how the Inhabitants of Dent, after full two hundred years of great rural prosperity, gradually sank (from the loss of a home manufactory and from other causes) into a state of comparative poverty. The Hamlet of Kirthwaite partook of this change, and of the unhappy moral consequences which gradually followed. In the first quarter of this century many of the poorer Inhabitants of the Hamlet, especially those in the remoter parts of it, were without instruction, of reckless life, and without the common comfort and guidance of social worship in the House of God. To meet these evils Mrs John Sedgwick, the wife of the Incumbent of Dent, personally devoted the best efforts of her life. Year after year she worked on in good hope; and her pious work had its blessing. For she gradually drew together an united body of Christians, who were ready to sink out of memory all points of dissent or difference, and with true hearts to join in common worship, and in prayer for the erection of a Chapel to be lawfully consecrated to the Services of the Church of England.

A site for a Chapel and a Chapel-yard was the first object of inquiry; and Mr Banister of Cowgill gave generous help in the hour of need. For he offered to convey to Trustees the materials of an old Chapel[1]; with such addition from his family freehold as would form a beautiful and convenient site and burial-ground for a new Chapel, which might become for ever a "Chapel of Ease" to the old Church of Dent. This offer was met with heartfelt gratulations on the part of the

[1] See note to Appendix III.

inhabitants of Dent. In conformity with such feelings, and in good hope, a Circular Letter was published in July 1836, calling upon all who had a pious interest in the spiritual and temporal wellbeing of the valley of Dent, to subscribe for the erection of a Chapel, to be called Cowgill Chapel, to be built upon an excellent site, and to be conveyed to five Trustees and Patrons :—viz. "the Reverend Adam Sedgwick, Woodwardian Professor, of Cambridge; the Reverend William Carus Wilson, of Casterton Hall; the Reverend John Sedgwick, Incumbent of Dent; John Elam, Esq. of Dee Side; and Mr Edmond Banister, of Cowgill." The Public generously responded to the call, and on June 30th, 1837, the Foundation Stone of the New Chapel of Cowgill was laid, amidst demonstrations of joy, in which every one in Dent, whatever might be his name or form of worship, seemed with a full heart to share.

In November 1837 a second Circular was published, praying for a subscription in aid of an Endowment Fund for Cowgill Chapel; in good hope that the Chapel might have the sanction of Episcopal Consecration, and the assignment of a Lawful District.

As before, there was a provision in the second Circular that the Endowment Fund should be made over to the five Trustees and Patrons of Cowgill Chapel, and to their lawful successors. To this appeal there was again a generous response. An Endowment Fund was raised, and on the 31st of October, 1838, many of the inhabitants of Dent, and of their friends, and of the subscribers to the Endowment Fund, met in joy and thankfulness to witness the Act of Consecration. All requisite Documents were produced, examined, and approved by the Lord Bishop of Ripon[1]: viz. the Deeds of Trust and Endowment; the Title-Deeds of the Freehold on which Cowgill Chapel was built; and a Map on which the

[1] The Right Rev. Dr. Longley, now the Archbishop of Canterbury.

District of the Chapel was defined by a line drawn across the upper part of Kirthwaite so as just to enclose Broadfield Houses and the Village of Hackergill. After such approval the Chapel and Chapel-yard of Cowgill were consecrated in public solemnity by the Lord Bishop of Ripon. And on the same day, the several documents above mentioned were placed, by the Rev. John Sedgwick, Incumbent of Dent, in the hands of Mr Burder (the Acting Secretary of the Bishop); and were by him conveyed away for the declared purpose of Registration.

After the day of Consecration the Documents were many times applied for by the Incumbent of Dent: but they were never again seen by himself or by any other Trustee of Cowgill Chapel. Some of these applications had a respectful but unsatisfactory reply from the late Mr Burder; but he afterwards met the inquiries of the Trustees by an inflexible silence.

The above details are extracted from the Parchment-Terrier which belongs to the Church-chest of Dent. Those parts of the Terrier which relate to Cowgill Chapel are in the handwriting of the Rev. John Sedgwick, and are dated February 25, 1848.

We think that the history above given is honourable to the Inhabitants of Dent, and to the generous Friends who subscribed to the building of Cowgill Chapel and to its Endowment Fund.

III.

SUCCESSIVE CURATES OF COWGILL CHAPEL.

Soon after the Consecration of the Chapel, and at the request of the Trustees, the Lord Bishop of the Diocese nominated the Rev. William Matthews, a graduate of Cam-

bridge, as a person well fitted to take charge of the Curacy of Cowgill Chapel.

Being only in Deacon's Orders, he became (January 13th, 1839) the Licensed Curate of the Incumbent of Dent; and in that capacity he assisted for a while in performing the duties of the Chapel. So soon, however, as he obtained Priest's Orders, he was in due form presented to the Curacy of Cowgill by the five Trustees. Their Presentation was accepted; and on the 10th of April, 1841, he was Licensed by the Bishop, "To perform the Office of Curate to the Perpetual Curacy of Cowgill in the Parochial Chapelry of Dent, in the Parish of Sedbergh, in the County of York." Under this authority he served the Chapel, to the great spiritual and temporal benefit of the Chapelry, till June 7th, 1863, when he resigned his Curacy, having received a Presentation to the Incumbency of Hawes in Wensleydale.

During this period, the Incumbent of Cowgill, the Trustees, and the Inhabitants of Dent, had an undoubting belief that Cowgill Chapel had a "Legal District," and the rights of a "Perpetual Curacy." For the License was granted to the Rev. William Mathews, by the same Bishop of the Diocese who had personally examined all the Documents presented on the day of Consecration, and had given them his sanction before they were deposited in the hands of his Secretary.

After the resignation of Mr Matthews, the Rev. W. Lamb Cox, M.A. was, in like manner, nominated by the Bishop of the Diocese, to the Trustees, and by them presented to the Curacy of Cowgill Chapel. And by a License dated October 15th, 1863, the said William Lamb Cox had "Authority to "perform the Office of Perpetual Curate or Incumbent of the "Perpetual Curacy of Cowgill, &c. &c. &c. within our Diocese "and Jurisdiction, vacant by the cession of William Matthews, "Clerk."

To the sorrow of his flock, the Rev. W. L. Cox resigned his Curacy on the 18th of August, 1864.

Lastly, the Rev. Joseph Sumner was in like manner nominated by the Lord Bishop: then, in due legal form, he was presented by the existing Trustees to the Curacy of Cowgill: and by a License dated October 20th, 1864, he had Authority from the Bishop "to perform the office of Incumbent of the Church of the Perpetual Curacy of Cowgill."

Great had been the joy of the Inhabitants of Dent when Cowgill Chapel was consecrated; and great has been the thankfulness of the whole Valley for the spiritual and temporal instruction and comfort drawn from the successive Ministrations of the Chapelry.

IV.

PATRONAGE OF COWGILL CHAPEL. ASSIGNMENT OF A NEW DISTRICT, &c.

From the above compressed history it appears, that the right of Patronage on the part of the Trustees and the right of the Chapelry to a District were admitted, and sanctioned by the words of three Episcopal Licenses, after three successive Presentations. Early in the year 1864 we, however, began to fear that the Documents presented and approved on the day of Consecration (October 31st, 1838) had been so buried among the unarranged papers of Mr Burder, as to become inaccessible after his death: and it was only after a long and very anxious correspondence that any of the said Documents were recovered. But they are all, we believe, with one exception, now lodged in the Office of the Registrary of Ripon. The single Document which defined, upon a Map, the boundary of the District of Cowgill Chapel, appears to be irrecoverably lost.

For a while we believed that the License of the Bishop, who had approved all the said Documents, before performing the act of Consecration, would secure the rights of the District. But, after taking good legal advice, we learned that our rights of Patronage, and the right of Cowgill Chapel to a District, were both lost through default of Registration.

The loss of our right of Patronage, as Trustees, was not regarded by us as a misfortune; and we readily (and without the risk of blame for the wilful desertion of our Trust) united with the Vicar of Sedbergh in securing a transfer of the Patronage of Cowgill Chapel to the Bishop of the Diocese.

So far the history of Cowgill Chapelry had advanced without a single jar or conflict of opinion.

We were, however, still the Trustees for Cowgill Chapel and the Freehold on which it stands, and for the Endowment Fund; and it was our duty to take such steps as might help to procure, on the Award of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England, the reappointment of a District for the Chapel. And with a knowledge of the history above given, and of the fact that the "Parochial Services" had been very zealously and effectively administered at the Chapel for a quarter of a Century, we did not for a moment doubt that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, through the intervention of the Bishop of Ripon, would soon make the much-desired Award.

To the Licensed Curate of Cowgill Chapel, with the aid and sanction of the Bishop of the Diocese, was committed the conduct of this Negotiation.

V.

STEPS LEADING TO THE AWARD OF A DISTRICT.

1st. After 1838, the year in which Cowgill Chapel was consecrated, there were large migrations from the upper part of Kirthwaite, which made Mr Sumner anxious to extend the limits of his District; and he pointed out a plan, to one of the Memorialists, in which the Cowgill District would be defined by a line drawn across the Valley of Dent at a watercourse and farm called Stockbeck in Kirthwaite.

Had this plan been submitted to the Trustees it would have been at once adopted by them; nor would its final and legal Award have produced any heartburning within a single household of the Hamlet.

2ndly. The above Plan appears to have been soon abandoned by its Author; and it was followed by a second Plan, which was widely different, and was matured in secret. It was not communicated to the Trustees, but was carefully concealed from them.

The ancient Hamlet of Kirthwaite was to become Kirkthwaite. The Hamlet, with this new name, was to be the District of the Consecrated and Endowed Chapel at Cowgill. And the Chapelry of Cowgill was to become the Chapelry of Kirkthwaite.

The report of this Scheme reached us indirectly; and we at first thought it incredible. But we soon found (by a letter from Mr Sumner) that it was essentially true; and that the scheme had been drawn up, for the approval of the Bishop and the sanction of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

The adoption of this plan would have been a direct violation of the very principle on which Cowgill Chapel was founded, and would have been a wanton and cruel injustice

to the Inhabitants of the lower part of Kirthwaite. For it would have doomed them to attend a Parochial Chapel which was in a worse Winter Climate, and at a much greater distance from their homes, than the old Church of Dent. Happily, this plan was abandoned; partly, perhaps, in consequence of a Protest against its adoption, addressed (February 13th, 1865) by the Senior Trustee to the Secretary of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England[1].

3rdly. A plan was then maturely considered by the Trustees conjointly with the Licensed Curate of Cowgill Chapel; and a District boundary-line was at length carefully defined, and submitted to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for their acceptance. Finally, this very line was by them adopted, and ratified by Publication in the *London Gazette*, September 12, 1865.

VI.

CHANGE IN THE NAME OF THE CHAPELRY OF COWGILL, &c.

After the joint deliberation above mentioned, the Trustees were no parties to, nor conscious of, the steps afterwards taken by Mr Sumner, which led to the unexpected substitution of the words "Chapelry of Kirkthwaite," instead of the words Chapelry of Cowgill, in the Award of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

We did not *think it possible*, after our deliberate, conjoint definition of the District to be recommended to the supreme authority, that any future jar, or practical difficulty, could arise out of the duties of our Trust. But we were much mistaken. For between the time of our conjoint discussion and the final Award of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Mr Sumner (still misled by a plausible but erroneous

[1] See Appendix, No. I.

etymology) had been privately meditating that very change in the name of his Chapelry against which we now enter our respectful but earnest Protest.

We were in correspondence with him respecting Cowgill Chapel and its expected District almost up to the time of the Award, and he never gave us the remotest hint of any meditated change in the name of his Chapelry. Thus in writing to us respecting the hoped-for District, September 15th, 1865, he uses the words "Living of Cowgill" and "Cowgill Church," as if it had been for the very purpose of misleading us. Neither did he, after he saw the Award, communicate to any one of the Trustees either its words or its substance. So that we never so much as heard of the Award till the second week in June 1866.

The Senior Trustee for Cowgill Chapel was not at that time in academic residence at Cambridge, where were lodged all the Documents he possessed connected with the Cowgill Trust. But after his return, in course of the Michaelmas Term of 1866, no time was lost by him in collecting, and discussing with his co-Trustees, the Documents on which we ground this Memorial. We offer this statement as an explanation of what may appear to be an unreasonable delay in the presentation of this Memorial.

Had the Chapel at Cowgill been unconsecrated and without a name; had it been the Chapel of the Hamlet in which it stands; and had that Hamlet been called Kirkthwaite—under such conditions there would have been a perfect congruity in the words "Chapelry of Kirkthwaite," which appear in the Award. But all these conditions are wanting in the case of Cowgill Chapelry[1].

The Chapel had been consecrated; it had a name which had become endeared, as a household word, by daily use;

[1] For the Award in full, see Appendix, No. II.

and its congregation had attended its sacred services for a quarter of a century. In such a case assuredly *no change ought to have been made* in the names of the Chapel and the Chapelry *without very cogent reasons.*

To us Mr Sumner has urged only two reasons for the changes which have, unhappily, been adopted at his instance: viz. 1st, That the name Cowgill Chapel was unworthy of the consecrated Building, being derived from a yeoman's private estate. 2ndly, That the name Kirkthwaite was too precious to be passed over in the designation of the Chapelry. The first reason only proves to us the Author's want of taste and sympathy with the venerable customs of the North of England. The second reason is worthless, having no meaning but what is based upon a mistaken orthography, and a want of knowledge of the ancient documents which are connected with the history of the Hamlet.

VII.

THE NAME COWGILL CHAPEL.

In the instructions sent from the Parsonage of Dent, for the guidance of the Solicitor who drew up all the Documents above described or alluded to, the little Chapel was to be called St John's Chapel, Cowgill. But that name (for some reason not known to us) was not read, or heard, on the day of Consecration: and since that day the name of Cowgill Chapel has been in undeviating use among the Inhabitants of Dent. The name, moreover, is in good taste, and is in perfect conformity with the ancient customs in the North of England, whereby the names of Chapels and Villages, Churches and Towns, became permanently fixed in local history. The

Chapel (like the adjacent Farm) derives its name from the rivulet Cowgill; which, after quitting a deep mountain ravine, runs in a cheerful stream, and washes one side of the rock upon which the Chapel stands, just before it merges its waters with the waters of the Dee.

There are two ancient villages in the valley of the Dee (Flintergill and Hackergill), each of which derives its name from a beautiful adjacent Gill; and there are many very ancient Freeholds in Dent which conform to the same law of nomenclature. In another valley, within the limits of the Parish of Sedbergh, we find a Hamlet and a Chapel which bear the perfectly analogous name of Howgill.

If we leave the Gills and River-branches among the mountains, and descend to the larger trunk-rivers, we find frequent traces of the same ancient historical custom. Thus the Towns Kirkby Lonsdale and Kirkby Kendal derive their names from the ancient Kirks that were built upon the banks of the Lune and of the Kent.

Again, the Cogill or Coegill (we should much prefer this orthography to that of Cowgill) is not an obscure ravine and watercourse in Kirthwaite. Its name, variably spelt, appears in the old Boundary Rolls. It gives the name, Cogill Wold, to a high tract upon the mountains on the north side of Kirthwaite. It gives its name to the only coal-pits which are now in work within the liberties of Dent. Lastly, a high pass—near the ultimate parting of the waters of the Lune and the Eden—is called Cogill-Head. We think that an objection which has been taken to the name of Cowgill Chapel proves only the objector's want of knowledge and want of taste: and, apart from all these arguments, the name has been fixed, since 1838, by the Deed of Consecration.

VIII.

ON THE ORTHOGRAPHY OF THE WORD KIRTHWAITE.

1st. On this question we can write with much confidence, as persons who have lived many years in the Valley of Dent and are familiar with its dialect, and who have seen and possess Documents, some of which go back more than three hundred years, and are the authentic evidences of its history.

The pronunciation and the orthography of the Hamlet has ever been Kirthwaite. We never heard it named Kirkthwaite, or saw it written Kirkthwaite; and had we seen it so written, we should have regarded the fact as the result of an ill-informed conceit on the part of the writer. There is no tradition of the ancient existence of a Kirk in the upper part of Dent from which a Hamlet Kirk-thwaite could be supposed to derive its name.

2ndly. From the analogies of the Dialects of the North of England, and judging by the ear, we believe it contrary to sound dialectical rule that Kirthwaite should, by a process of provincial corruption, be derived from Kirkthwaite. When a proper name is compounded of the word Kirk along with another substantive, the (*k*) does not disappear in the provincial dialect. Thus we have in Dent a conspicuous hill called Kirk-bank; and the (*k*) is fully sounded when that hill is named by the natives of the valley. And we believe that the substitution of the word Kirbank, in the place of Kirk-bank, would shew an ignorance of the laws by which the provincial changes have been governed. On this ground we believe that had the Hamlet Kirthwaite been originally Kirk-thwaite, that latter name would have been continued to the present day; which notoriously is not the fact. To prove

that the rule above given is not drawn from a local peculiarity of dialect we appeal to the Clergy List, which under the word Kirk gives forty-six examples of the rule (i. e. the retention of the (*k*) in a compound word beginning with kirk), and gives only two, perhaps doubtful, exceptions to the rule.

3rdly. On the contrary, when a proper name is compounded of the word kirk and another substantive, but with the interposed word *by;* then, in the dialects of the Northern Counties, the sound of the (*k*) is very commonly lost. Thus Kirkby-Lonsdale is provincially sounded Kirby-Lonsdale. And in many instances (of which there are twenty-two examples in the Clergy List) the provincial sound has eventually settled the orthography by the exclusion of the final (*k*).

We doubt not that a want of knowledge of the distinction between the two rules here pointed out, has sometimes led to a pedantic and erroneous interpolation of the letter (*k*) in a word like Kirthwaite. We do not know the meaning of the syllable Kir (which is in one or two ancient documents written Kri), but the meaning of the ancient word *thwaite* is well known[1]; and all the analogies of the dialects of the North would lead us to conclude that had (*k*) entered into the original composition of Kirthwaite, it never could afterwards have disappeared.

So far it may be said that we are resting on grounds of probability. But we can rest our case upon evidence of a kind the most direct and positive.

4thly. There were, in the possession of the Rev. John Sedgwick, above mentioned, at the Parsonage of Dent, and there still exist, Title-Deeds of two or three estates in the

[1] *Thwaite* means a *forest-clearing*, or land brought into productive use by the removal of the forest-trees and underwood. It is one of the *test* words of the *Norse*, as the word *Thorpe* is of the *Danish*.

Hamlet of Kirthwaite, and other documents of considerable antiquity. Among them is an Award of Arbitration in the Reign of Philip and Mary, between two Freeholders of Kirthwaite respecting certain rights of road. The name Kirkthwaite is not found in any of these documents. Again, in the ancient Registers, Parish Books, Boundary Rolls, &c. wherever the Hamlet is named it is written Kirthwaite, or more rarely Krithwaite; but never, so far as we know, Kirkthwaite.

Again, we may appeal to the Leases for the right of digging Coals within the liberties of Kirthwaite, which were granted from time to time. For by some ancient arrangement the Minerals are the property of the Hamlet of Kirthwaite and not of the Township of Dent. Few of these Leases have, we believe, been preserved; but in one, which bears the date of 1710, the Hamlet is written Kirthwaite[1].

5thly. Not because we had any doubts, but to meet the doubts of those who had been misled by mistaken analogies, we consulted Mr Matthews, the first Curate of Cowgill Chapel, on this question of orthography. During the years he resided in the Valley of Dent he became familiar with its dialect and its history. Having had a legal education before he entered the University of Cambridge, he became of great assistance to the landowners of the Chapelry as their occasional legal adviser; and perhaps no one is so well acquainted as himself with the family documents and traditions of the Hamlet. To prevent mistakes, we will endeavour to quote his words in the replies we have received from him. (1) "I beg to state my opinion that Kirkthwaite is a mis-"nomer, and that Kirthwaite is the proper name of the

[1] From the researches of the Rev. W. Matthews, above mentioned, we *now* find that there are several such Leases existing, in *all* of which the Hamlet is spelt Kirthwaite, or Krithwaite, and never Kirkthwaite.

"Hamlet" (Letter of reply, August 25th, 1866). (2) "I was "formerly of opinion that Kirkthwaite was the name; but "I have never once succeeded in finding it so spelt in any "ancient or authentic document" (Reply, October 1st, 1866). (3) "I have a series of documents from this date (29th No- "vember, 1602), almost to the present day, in which this "spelling (Kirthwaite) is, without a single exception, employ- "ed" (Reply, October 11th, 1866).

We subjoin three cases quoted by Mr Matthews, and the number could be much increased.

The first and most important is "a Survey of the Lord- "shipe and mannor of Dent," under a Royal Commission; taken the XIIII day of September, in the XLIIII "yeare of the "raigne of our sovraigne Ladie Elizabeth," &c. &c. for the purpose of ascertaining what were the Crown-rents of the said Lordship. The Awards were made by a Jury summoned under an Order from the Court of Exchequer; and among "the Annual Rentes of the saide Mannor of Dent," is the following clause:

"The Rentes of the "Tenntes" at Kirthwaite £4. 4*s*. 1*d*." The Deed is dated "Apud Westm. XXIX^no^ die Novemb. Anno regni mei XLV." Signed "Osborne."

2ndly. A Release of the Hamlet of Kirthwaite by Trotter and others to Burton and others, dated 1st February, 1675.

3rdly. A declaration of Trust as to the Hamlet of Kirthwaite or Krithwaite, between Burton and others and Haygarth and others, dated May 16th, 1676.

We should not have ventured to lay such details before the Lord Bishop of the Diocese and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England, had the details not been forced upon us by the mutilations Mr Sumner has made in the name of his Hamlet, and of the District of his Incumbency; against

which, as Trustees of Cowgill Chapel, and in behalf of the Inhabitants of Kirthwaite, we hereby enter our respectful and earnest protest[1].

IX.

CONCLUSION.

We have now—with some research and an appeal to known facts and authentic documents—gone through the evidence on which we ground this Memorial; and we bring it to a conclusion by a recapitulation of the facts and arguments detailed in the previous pages.

The foundation and endowment of Cowgill Chapel was an

[1] The etymology which gives Kirkthwaite as the original and true form of Kirthwaite (or of Krithwaite, as the word was sometimes, though rarely, written in former centuries), though false, is plausible. Mr Matthews, when first consulted by the Gentlemen of the Ordnance Survey, advised them to adopt the word Kirkthwaite in the engraving of their Map; but after studying the question he withdrew his first instructions, and advised them to adopt the old and true orthography. Mr Sumner fell into the same mistake, but unfortunately never learnt to correct it.

We are now told that the word *Kirkthwaite* is found in the Title-Deeds of an Estate which belongs to the Chartered Grammar School of Dent. It is exactly in such a document that we should look for some pedantic innovation of orthography. Countless have been the acts of mutilation committed among the Anglo-Saxon, Norse, and British words (which are still lingering among the retired valleys of the North of England) by strangers with "the dangerous possession of a little learning." One of the names affixed to this Memorial was mutilated by a schoolmaster, and a man of learning, in the early part of last century: but spite of the change, the Anglo-Saxon etymology of the name is still preserved in the rude dialect of Dent. We have before pointed out the ignorant mutilation of the word Cogill or Coegill, by the substitution of the word Cow as its first syllable. By no known dialectical change could the word Cowgill ever give the true familiar sound of the well-known Gill (Cogill). In one old Boundary Roll the Gill is written *Callgill*. We believe the etymology which suggested this spelling to be erroneous; but it gives the right and habitual pronunciation of the Gill; for the words *call* and *co* have the same sound in the old dialect of the Valley.

honour to the Inhabitants of Dent, and its Consecration was the most important event, in the moral history of the Valley, since the time of the Reformation of the National Church.

The District laid down on the day of Consecration was accepted with joy, for it conferred a personal benefit upon every Churchman who dwelt within its limits.

The Parochial Services of the Chapel were piously and efficiently performed for a quarter of a century, and its name was endeared to its congregation by long-continued use, and by all the local associations arising out of its history. But it was at length discovered that the Chapel had forfeited its legal right to a District—not from any informality in the Documents presented on the day of Consecration, nor from any neglect on the part of the Trustees ; but from default of Registration, after the Documents had been removed from the custody of the Trustees. On this point they, however, had the less anxiety, because they felt assured that a legal District would be granted to the Chapel by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, on a proper application under the sanction of the Bishop of the Diocese.

The Patronage of Cowgill Chapel had passed into the hands of the Bishop of the Diocese ; and no one seemed so fit to undertake the negotiation and to petition for a District, as the Curate who had been recently nominated by the Bishop and presented by the Trustees to the Curacy of Cowgill Chapel, and was serving it under his Lordship's License. What took place afterwards is detailed in a previous section of this Memorial.

Before long there arose, for the first time, a divergence, in action and opinion, between the Trustees and the Incumbent of Cowgill. Misled by a plausible but erroneous etymology, Mr Sumner at once adopted the word Kirkthwaite as the name of his Hamlet; and, apparently to give some colour to

the new name, and certainly without consulting the Trustees or the Inhabitants of Dent, he so stated his case to the Bishop of the Diocese as to gain his Lordship's sanction to a scheme that made the Chapelry of Cowgill coextensive with the Hamlet within which the Chapel stands. Fortunately, this plan was arrested by a Protest[1] which saved the Bishop and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England from an unconscious participation in an act that would have been a cruel injustice to a portion of the Inhabitants of Kirthwaite.

A District was however at length laid down for Cowgill Chapel, not at the instance of the Curate only, but by the joint action of himself and the Trustees; and that District finally gained a permanent and legal sanction.

After our mutual agreement as to the District for Cowgill Chapel to be submitted for the sanction of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, we thought it impossible that the Curate could deviate from an obvious and straightforward course. But we were deceived. For by a characteristic pertinacity in his adherence to a mistaken etymology, by a forgetfulness, we think, of the rules of common courtesy towards the Trustees, and by obeying an impulse which drew none of its strength from the feelings and experience of others, he contrived so to represent the case of Cowgill Chapel to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, that they have, in following his directions, sanctioned an Award which contradicts itself, and does discredit to the Royal Seal by affixing it to a document that is dishonoured by a new, ill-informed, and blundering orthography.

We do not believe it possible that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the Bishop of the Diocese could have wished to suppress the early history of Cowgill Chapel. On the sound principles of true conservatism we think no change ought to

[1] See Appendix, No. I.

have been made in the name of the Chapel or of the Chapelry, without the goodwill of the Trustees and inhabitants of Dent, and without other very cogent reasons.

We have examined the reasons advanced by Mr Sumner for an attempted suppression of the name of Cowgill Chapel; for a change in the name of his District; and for his innovation in the orthography of his Hamlet. On every point we have proved him wrong. And if he have, by self-confident but ill-informed directions, obtained through the Ecclesiastical Commissioners the sanction of the Royal Seal to his supposed orthography, we also can produce a Document that has the Royal Sanction, and in which the name Kirthwaite is preserved under the award of a Jury. And since the days of Queen Elizabeth we can shew an undeviating use of the word Kirthwaite among the authentic documents of the Hamlet[1].

We are grateful to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England, and to the Bishop of the Diocese, for the grant of a District to Cowgill Chapel. It would be the wantonness of folly were we to cast blame upon them for the part which they have taken. It would be out of all reason to assume that they knew the provincial peculiarities and local interests of a remote Hamlet in the mountain-valley of Dent. They must, in such cases, if they act at all, act upon the information of those who are living on the spot, and may be presumed, from their position, to be well informed on questions of local interest.

But so far as regards the Curate of Cowgill Chapelry, we

[1] Since the above was written (in a letter dated December 21st, 1866), we have received from Mr Matthews a Schedule of all the Cases alluded to before, beginning 160[illegible] and ending 1839: consisting of a Survey under a Royal Commission; of Fourteen Cases of Sale or Transfer of Real Property beginning 1665 and ending 1752; of Nine Leases of the Coal Mines of Kirthwaite, from 1710 to 1839; and of Two Leases of Marble Quarries, 1805 and 1816.

affirm (after mature deliberation and a re-examination of the facts alluded to or discussed in this Memorial), that in his secret and self-willed movements, in his endeavour to suppress the name of his Chapel, and in his innovation in the name of his District, he has proved himself ungrateful to the memory of the pious founders and benefactors of his Chapel, and regardless of its earlier history. We further affirm, that he failed in observing the rules of common courtesy toward the Trustees—that the changes he had introduced were offensive to them, and not wished for by a single inhabitant of the Parish—and that they were also very unwelcome to the Hamlet, as a wanton and ignorant tampering with familiar names and customs. And all these vexatious movements seem to have taken their origin, and to have been maintained with pertinacity, for no better reason than the seduction of a plausible but groundless etymology.

We give Mr Sumner credit (after all we have written) for much zeal in behalf of his Chapelry, and for strong will and self-reliance in enforcing what he believes right. But having been misled by certain mistaken inferences, which had with him the charm of a new discovery, he was led by them into that unhappy course of action which has compelled us, out of a stern sense of duty to our Trust, to address this Memorial, through the Bishop of the Diocese, to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England. To them we address our loyal and earnest Prayer: 1stly, That the Award of a District to Cowgill-Chapel (*London Gazette*, September 12th, 1865, page 4402, column 2nd) may be so modified that its verbal contradictions may disappear, and the error in its orthography of the word Kirkthwaite may be corrected: 2ndly, That the name of Cowgill Chapel be fully retained: and 3rdly, That its District be named (as it was named in the first three successive Presentations) the Chapelry of Cowgill.

To the above pages, which contain our loyal, respectful and earnest Petition and Memorial, We hereby subscribe our names,

ADAM SEDGWICK, *Trinity College, Cambridge, the Senior Trustee of Cowgill Chapel.*

JAMES DAWSON BANISTER, *Perpetual Curate of Pilling, Fleetwood, Lancashire, and Trustee of Cowgill Chapel.*

MARGARET ISABELLA SEDGWICK, *Langcliffe, Settle, in behalf of the Third Trustee of Cowgill Chapel.*

P.S. A very courteous Reply was given to the above Memorial, in a Letter addressed, by the Secretary of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England, to the Senior Trustee for Cowgill Chapel[1]; dated March 7, 1867.—The following sentences of the Letter bear immediately upon the prayer of our Memorial:—viz. "The Cure is now com-
"pletely formed, and the Board has not been entrusted by
"the Legislature with any power of altering the Title under
"which a District may have been legally created, however
"good a reason they may see for doing so. Under these
"circumstances, therefore, it is not possible for the Com-

[1] For the entire reply of the Commissioners, the reader is referred to Appendix, No. III.

" missioners to take any such action as is contemplated in " your Memorial."

For all that is stated in the above Memorial the Trustees have a joint responsibility. But for any words that may in this publication, precede the Memorial, or be added to it, the Senior Trustee is alone responsible; and to prevent all mistakes on this score, he will address his countrymen in his own person.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
March 22, 1867.

APPENDIX, No. I.

A Protest by the Senior Trustee (see above, p. 12) against the adoption of the Hamlet of Kirthwaite as the District of Cowgill Chapel.

CAMBRIDGE,
February 13, 1865.

SIR,

I ADDRESS you as the Secretary of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England; and I request you to lay the following statement before them. It is my earnest but respectful protest against a scheme (which either has been, or soon will be, submitted to them), in which the Hamlet of Kirthwaite, in the Valley of Dent, is substituted for the District which was assigned for the Chapel of Cowgill, in the said Valley, on the day of its Consecration. No documents were at that time wanting. There were (1) Title Deeds: (2) a Deed of Trust: (3) a document to secure the right of Patronage to the Trustees: (4) the Boundary Line of the District, which was marked on a Map by the then Incumbent of Dent. All the Documents were examined and approved by the then Bishop of Ripon, and conveyed away by his Secretary for Registration. Since then, on three occasions, the Bishop of Ripon has instituted an Incumbent for Cowgill

Chapel, on the nomination of the Trustees. And the Inhabitants of Dent have constantly regarded the Cowgill District as legally settled, and have acted on that supposition. I need not dwell on the loss of all the above Documents, or on the correspondence, by help of which I recovered a knowledge of the Original Title Deeds and Deeds of Trust for Cowgill. But the instrument that conveyed the right of Patronage to the Trustees, and the Map containing the Boundary of the Cowgill Chapel District are at present lost, and inaccessible to the Trustees; and in their name I may add, that the loss has not arisen from any fault on their part.

So far as regards the QUESTION OF PATRONAGE, the Trustees will make no difficulty. They are willing to make it over absolutely to the Bishop of the Diocese in any effectual way the Ecclesiastical Commissioners will dictate to them. So far as regards the assignment of the Hamlet of Kirthwaite, as the District for Cowgill Chapelry, I protest against it in the name of the Trustees and of the inhabitants of Dent. As a body they would prefer the original District; and many of them would be injured by the new scheme.

(1) The Boundary Line, fixed on the day of Consecration, and acted on ever since, is, I believe, at its nearest point two miles and a half from the Church of Dent; whereas the western boundary of Kirthwaite comes within less than one mile of the Church.

(2) Many families, who now attend the Church of Dent, from distances varying from a mile to a mile and a half, will on the new scheme have to attend Cowgill Church, from distances varying from two miles and a half to three miles.

(3) The new scheme had not been submitted to the representatives of the Incumbent of Dent, or to the Trustees, or to any of those by whose efforts and subscriptions Cowgill Chapel was first built. For all these reasons I trust the

Ecclesiastical Commissioners will pause before they sanction the above scheme.

I remain, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

ADAM SEDGWICK.

To the Secretary of the
Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England,
10, Whitehall Place, London.

APPENDIX, No. II.

AWARD OF A DISTRICT TO COWGILL CHAPEL.

(*Published in "The London Gazette, September* 12, 1865, *pp.* 4402 *and* 4403.")

"*At the Court of Windsor, the 9th day of September,* 1865:

PRESENT: THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY IN COUNCIL."

"WHEREAS the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England have, in pursuance of the Act of the fifty-ninth year of His Majesty King George the Third, chapter one hundred and thirty-four; of the Act of the second and third years of Her Majesty, chapter forty-nine; and of the Act of the nineteenth and twentieth years of Her Majesty, chapter fifty-five; duly prepared and laid before Her Majesty in Council a representation, bearing date the third day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, in the words and figures following; that is to say:

"We, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England, in pursuance of the Act of the fifty-ninth year of His Majesty King George the Third, chapter one hundred and thirty-four;

of the Act of the second and third years of your Majesty, chapter forty-nine; and of the Act of the nineteenth and twentieth years of your Majesty, chapter fifty-five; have prepared, and now humbly lay before your Majesty in Council, the following representation as to the assignment of a district chapelry to the consecrated church situate at Cowgill, in the hamlet of Kirkthwaite, in the parochial chapelry of Dent, in the parish of Sedbergh, in the county of York, in the diocese of Ripon.

"Whereas it appears to us to be expedient that a district chapelry should be assigned to the said church situate at Cowgill, in the hamlet of Kirkthwaite aforesaid.

"Now, therefore, with the consent of the Right Reverend Robert, Bishop of the said diocese of Ripon (testified by his having signed and sealed this representation), we humbly represent that it would, in our opinion, be expedient that all that part of the said parochial chapelry of Dent, which is described in the schedule hereunder written, all which part, together with the boundaries thereof, is delineated and set forth on the map or plan hereunto annexed, should be assigned to the said church situate at Cowgill, and that the same should be named 'The District Chapelry of Kirkthwaite.'

"And, with the like consent of the said Robert, Bishop of the said diocese of Ripon (testified as aforesaid), we further represent that it appears to us to be expedient that banns of matrimony should be published, and that marriages, baptisms, churchings, and burials should be solemnized or performed at such church, and that the fees to be received in respect of the publication of such banns and of the solemnization or performance of the said offices should be paid and belong to the minister of the same church for the time being.

"We, therefore, humbly pray that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to take the premises into your Royal consideration, and to make such Order with respect thereto as to your Majesty, in your Royal wisdom, shall seem meet.

The SCHEDULE *to which the foregoing Representation has reference.*

"The District Chapelry of Kirkthwaite, being:—

"All that part of the parochial chapelry of Dent, in the parish of Sedbergh, in the county of York, and in the diocese of Ripon, which is comprised within that portion of the hamlet of Kirkthwaite which is situate to the east of an imaginary line commencing upon the boundary which divides the said hamlet from the hamlet of Deepdale, in the same parochial chapelry, at a point near Sike Fold Houses in the middle of the road leading from Dent, through Deepdale, to Cowgill; and extending thence, north-eastward, along the middle of the said road as far as a point opposite to the middle of the southern end of Sike Fold-lane; and extending thence, first northward, to and along the middle of the said lane to the southern bank of the River Dee; and extending thence, north-westward, along the middle of the same lane to the foot bridge over the said river called Tommy-bridge; and extending thence, northward, over the said bridge to a point in the middle of the south-eastern end of Cross House-lane; and extending thence, first north-westward and then north-eastward, along the middle of the last-named lane to its junction at Gate Foot, with the road leading from Dent by Scotchergill-bridge to Cowgill; and extending thence, south-eastward, along the middle of the last described road for a distance of thirty-eight yards or thereabouts, to a point opposite to the middle of the road leading past Cross-house to Peggles Wright Plantation; and extending thence, north-

eastward, to and along the middle of the last described road for a distance of three hundred and fifty yards, or thereabouts, to a point opposite to a boundary stone inscribed, 'K. D. C., 1865, No. 1,' and placed on the western side of such road near to the south-eastern corner of Peggles Wright Plantation aforesaid; and extending thence, in a direct line, northward, for the distance of rather more than a mile to a boundary stone inscribed, 'K. D. C., 1865, No. 2,' and placed on the mound called Fanny-hill, upon the boundary on the summit of Rise-hill which divides the said chapelry of Dent from the parochial chapelry of Garsdale, in the parish of Sedbergh aforesaid."

"And whereas the said representation has been approved by Her Majesty in Council: now, therefore, Her Majesty, by and with the advice of Her said Council, is pleased hereby to ratify the said representation, and to order and direct that the same and every part thereof shall be effectual in law immediately from and after the time when this Order shall have been duly published in the *London Gazette*, pursuant to the said Acts; and Her Majesty, by and with the like advice, is pleased hereby to direct that this Order be forthwith registered by the Registrar of the said diocese of Ripon."

ARTHUR HELPS.

APPENDIX, No. III.

Reply of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England to the Memorial of the Trustees.

10, WHITEHALL PLACE, S. W.
7th March, 1867.

SIR,

THE Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England have had before them the Memorial, signed by yourself and other representatives of Cowgill Chapel, requesting that the District Chapelry lately assigned to that Chapel, under the name of Kirkthwaite, may have its name changed from Kirkthwaite to Cowgill, and giving local and etymological reasons for this request.

The Commissioners feel that a learned and laborious document, sanctioned too by the authority of your name, deserves at their hands the most careful consideration, particularly when the subject of it is one of strong personal interest to yourself. And if, during the progress of the case, they had been made aware of the facts in the history of the Valley of Dent, which are now submitted to them, or had had any reason to suppose that the adoption of one name for the District rather than another was matter of serious concern to you, they would no doubt have consulted you upon the subject.

But the Cure is now completely formed, and this Board has not been intrusted by the Legislature with any power of altering the title under which a District may have been legally created, however good a reason they may see for doing so.

Under these circumstances, therefore, it is not possible

for the Commissioners to take any such action as is contemplated in your Memorial.

Perhaps it may not be out of place to remind you, however, that the same published Order in Council which contains the name "Kirkthwaite," also gives prominence to the fact, that the Church of the new Cure is "situate at Cowgill."

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

JAMES J. CHALK.

The Rev. Professor Sedgwick,
Trinity College, Cambridge.

NOTE.—*Old Chapel at Cowgill. Etymology and Orthography of Kirthwaite, &c. &c.*

The old Chapel of Cowgill has several times been alluded to in the previous pages and it may be well to add a word or two about its history. Mr Matthews (the first Curate of Cowgill) thinks that there may have been a Presbyterian Chapel at Cowgill as early as the Cromwellian period; but I am not aware that he grounds his opinion upon any facts he has derived from the ancient documents in Kirthwaite. The old building had no style that marked a period earlier than the last century. As far as I can remember from a statement made to me by my father in my early boyhood, it was built by a member of the family of Cowgill, who had while in Scotland adopted the doctrine and discipline of the Presbyterian Church. He was not, however, in strict communion and conformity with the Church of Scotland; and in the services of his Chapel he used a short Liturgy; of which, so far as I know, no single copy now remains in Dent. For some years, while he lived, the Chapel was zealously attended; and the yard in which it stood was used as a burial-ground for the congregation; and it was indeed used as an occasional burial-ground in the latter half of last century.

After his death the original congregation gradually melted away, and there was an end of the peculiar service. But afterwards for a while there was some form of service kept up in the Chapel by

clergymen of the established Church who did not, I have been told, strictly conform to our Liturgy. Among these were Mr Ingham and Mr Allen of Gale near Hawes, who came over to Dent and took the duty of the Chapel in turn. The Chapel retained its original name till the beginning of this century; and I first knew it under the name of the Presbyterian Chapel of Cowgill.

For two or three generations, the "Statesmen" of Cowgill have been steady Churchmen. But with the permission of the family the Chapel was used occasionally for religious worship in the early part of this century by an Independent Minister who frequently visited Dent; and also, but more rarely, by the Society of Friends on some of the more important occasions of their assembling in Kirthwaite. This very meagre account, should it fall into the hands of Mr Matthews, may perhaps lead to more exact information. I only write from memory.

Before I conclude this Note it may be well to make a final comment upon the composition and meaning of the word Kirthwaite. About its pronunciation there is no dispute. About its orthography there has been an almost undeviating use for two or three hundred years. The only old document in which the word appears as Kirkthwaite (see above, note, p. 20) is I am told not an original, but only a copy; and therefore of very little authority—especially against such an enormous mass of evidence as appears on the other side.

But, it may be said, Kirthwaite has, in some genuine old documents, been written Krithwaite. I do not regard this as a real exception: but rather as an example of one of those varieties of pronunciation that are frequently brought out among the dialects of the North of England. When among words of common provincial use the letter *r* and a vowel are united in the same syllable, there is what we might call a ludicrous struggle between the two letters for precedence—as may be shown by abundant instances: *e. g.* The Danish terminal syllable thorp is often turned into throp. We have the town Milnthorp and the village of Gawthrop. So frith often becomes firth. So also the homely word frumety frequently becomes furmety. To wrestle, in Westmoreland, is to wersel or to wursel. And by a like change, among the Dales, the words curds, grass, and grin, are turned into cruds, gerse, and girn. The words burst and bursten (pure Anglo-Saxon) in Westmoreland become brust and brossen; and the vulgar word brossen, by passing into Lancashire, becomes borsen. In strict analogy to such changes Kirthwaite may sometimes in the

vulgar tongue become Krithwaite. It would be idle to seek for more examples.

In the preceding pages I have given no opinion as to the meaning of the syllable Kir in Kirthwaite; but my friend the Rev. W. Matthews (so many times quoted in these pages) sends me the following conjecture. "I would suggest (he writes) that Kir in Kirthwaite is the old Norse Kýr, *vacca, juvenca.* If so, Kir-thwaite mean cow (or cattle) 'forest clearing;' that is, in plain English, a cow-pasture or a cattle-pasture." This suggestion is the best I have yet seen; and it gives a good, natural meaning to the word Kirthwaite; for we are certain that the upper part of Kirthwaite was once an unreclaimed forest.

The meaning of the word thwaite (supra, p. 17), viz. a forest clearing, or a tract of land brought into productive use by clearing off the forest-trees and brush-wood, is I believe accepted by all antiquaries. Indeed this meaning is implied by the compound words of which it forms a part. For example: Apple-thwaite; Bracken-thwaite; Braë-thwaite; Brant-thwaite (generally written Bran-thwaite); Corn-thwaite; Thistle-thwaite; Thorn-thwaite; Haw-thorn-thwaite, &c.

It deserves remark, that in addition to the plausible meaning of the word Kir-thwaite (on Mr Matthews' suggestion) there is a congruity in the two syllables—each being of the same stock, the old Norse. I may add in conclusion that the notes to pp. 17, 18, and 23, formed a part of the original Memorial presented to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners: but this note and the note above (p. 20) have been added during the passage of these pages through the press.

APPENDIX, No. IV.

I have stated in the previous pages (pp. 4 and 12) that the winter climate of the upper part of Kirthwaite is more severe than it is in the lower parts of Dent. This follows, inevitably, from the change of level as we ascend towards the head of the Dale. But this is not the only cause, nor is it the chief cause, of the observed change of climate. The upper part of Kirthwaite is much more exposed to the blasts of cold

air which are playing about the crests of the neighbouring mountains; and as a natural consequence—there is a much greater rain-fall in the upper part of our Dale than there is in the lower. I am informed that during the past year the rain-fall at Stone House, in the upper part of Kirthwaite, was very nearly 10 inches more than at Sedbergh during the same period. This difference, though considerable, is not so great as I should have expected; or as would I think be given if we obtained an average of the rain-fall derived from a longer period.

I need not tell my countrymen that the average rain-fall varies greatly in different parts of the valley. The warm air driven up Kingsdale, over the high pass of Deepdale head becomes rolled up with the cold air of the mountain tops; and is compelled thereby very often to discharge its moisture, in the shape of clouds, or drizzling rain, or heavy sudden showers which are driven onward into the upper part of Deepdale, and there spend their fury. These conditions greatly increase the rain-fall in the upper part of that Hamlet; which, in consequence, has a nickname of evil omen among the old inhabitants of Dent. I mention this case as perfectly notorious to all my Dalesmen.

The annual rain-fall in the lower part of Dent is not, I believe, greater than it is at Sedbergh; but at Stone House, as already stated, there is an increase above the rain-fall of Sedbergh of very nearly 10 inches; and I suspect that at Dale-head, the increase would, on experimental trial, prove to be still greater*. The same causes which produce among our mountain tracts an increase of rain; produce, of course, an increase of snow and ice during the colder parts of our winter-months.

* Last year the rain-fall at Thorns, near Sedbergh, was 54·59 inches; and at Stonehouse, Dent, was 64·56—in each case estimated by a rain-gauge.

In confirmation of what is here stated, I may mention what happened to myself, a few years since, when I paid a winter visit to my friends in Dent. I started from the old Parsonage in a little open Carriage, hoping to visit my friends at Stonehouse and to see their marble-works. For two miles during my ascent I found neither Ice nor Snow: but before I reached Cowgill, drifts of Snow were visible and sheets of Ice here and there made the roads slippery and unsafe. I persevered in my course, however, till I reached a point in the road opposite the ancient estate of Harbergill; and there I met with so much ice and snow that I could ascend no farther; and I returned to the Parsonage without effecting my purpose.

This may perhaps be regarded as an exceptional case: but enough has been stated above to prove, that I have been fully justified while affirming, in the previous pages, that it would have been a cruel wrong to compel the old Inhabitants in the lower part of Kirthwaite (especially during the winter season) to go up to Cowgill, instead of going down to the Village of Dent to attend their parochial services.

As a matter of fact, enormous masses of snow are driven, on some occasions, into the higher parts of Deepdale and Kirthwaite. The most famous example of a great snow-fall took place in January 1752. The snow fell in enormous quantity, accompanied by a storm of wind; so that the Gills and lateral ravines in the upper part of Kirthwaite were drifted up to a common level with the adjacent ground. Before this unusually heavy fall of snow there had been a hard frost: so that all the lateral streams in the Gills were greatly frozen up and almost entirely without running water. Again, after the great fall of snow, there was a frost for several days; during which time the enormous masses of

snow in the ravines and Gills became condensed by pressure; and in this way formed a dam and obstruction against any descent of water by the usual courses. After awhile the frost broke up, and a sudden thaw was accompanied by a deluge of rain of long continuance. The consequence was, that enormous floods of water came rolling down from the higher parts of the mountains; and when they reached the mid region of the hills they could find no escape by the usual Gills and channels, and were partly dammed back, and partly spread out laterally and mingled among the drifts of snow that lodged on the mountain sides. Then followed a grand effect. In many places, the snow and the water-floods began to roll down the hills together; and, gathering strength as they descended, rushed into the valley with a noise like thunder. These rolling masses were perfectly analogous to the Avalanches of the Alps; of course on a very small scale. In the dialect of the country they are called "fell-side Bracks." While these phenomena were going on, the water, held back from the Gills and lateral valleys, went on increasing, till the pressure became in several cases so enormous as to drive all before it; and then down went all the contents of the ravines and Gills at one single crash into the holmes and level fields by the river side. Some of them were shot right athwart the valley; making for a moment a dam of snow across the river course. Other masses were spread out upon the holmes and level ground, and so spent their fury. These Avalanches I have heard described by the old people in Dent as "Gill-Bracks." No house could have resisted the direct impact of one of these descending masses: but a well-built house (for example the house at Harbergill) could bear the shock of a lateral wave after it had reached the lower grounds. Fortunately perhaps for the Inhabitants of Kirthwaite the Avalanches began near the middle of the day. But much damage

was done; and one house near Dale-head was swept away and seven of its inhabitants perished in the ruins.

The whole time of great danger does not appear to have lasted more than two or three hours. The news of the mischief done by the fury of the Bracks was after a while conveyed down the valley. My father, a lad of 16, living at Gibshall during his holidays, started up the valley along with others as soon as the news arrived. Perhaps the roaring of the Avalanches was music to their young ears; or at any rate curiosity triumphed over fear: and he and his companions made their way to the spot of the great calamity. All the seven bodies had been, not without difficulty, dug out of the snow and rubbish of the fallen house. The walls of one corner of the house were left standing to the height of two or three feet above the ground. The rafters of the house had fallen across the angle; and the whole was covered by a mass of snow. Strange to tell, those who were clearing away this part of the rubbish heard a feeble voice; and proceeding farther they rescued an aged bed-ridden woman, who had her bed on the ground-floor at this very corner, and had sustained very little personal injury; the transverse rafters having saved her from any fatal pressure. When taken out she gave no signs of deep emotion; but she talked incessantly like one who was half tipsy. I believe from my father's account, and from that of some other old people, that the poor old woman was labouring at the time under a fit of laughing hysteria: and she soon afterwards sank into her previous state of dotage.

Two or three days after the fatal accident the seven bodies were brought down for interment to the Church of Dent. The day was fine, and nearly all the active inhabitants of the valley turned out to join the mournful procession. The funeral is recorded in the Parish Register of Dent in the following words:

(Register of Burials, 1752).

"January 31

Francis Swithinbank
Thomas Stockdale
Isabel, wife of Thomas Stockdale
James and Francis, sons of Thomas Stockdale
William Swithinbank
Mary Braithwaite.

"N.B. Hi septem suprà Ruinâ Domûs simul è vivis "exierunt: non Domûs ruinosæ, sed Domûs subito Torrente "Aquarum & nivis solutæ ex agris juxta positis obrutæ."

This Latin note literally translated—tells us—that the seven persons above named departed this life together by the fall of a house, which did not become a ruin by natural decay, but was overwhelmed by a sudden rush of water and melted snow from the neighbouring lands. The description, (in the hand-writing of the Rev. Mark Rumney, for many years Curate of Dent) given in the above extract, would have been more correct had it stated, that the house was overwhelmed by a rush of water, and of snow which came down bodily from the neighbouring hills*.

To the previous details—treasured in memory from what I heard in my youth from my Father and from some of the aged

* The Rev. Mark Rumney was a high-churchman of the old school; and so stanch a Jacobite, that he got into some trouble on the accession of the House of Hanover to the English throne. He was a zealous and conscientious man; but had little tolerance for those who dissented from the Established Church; and he is said never to have preached without an emphatic use of the words orthodoxy and heterodoxy in some part of his sermon. One of the Society of Friends in Kirthwaite, who had some skill in the composition of doggerel verses, used to direct his burlesque shafts against the high-churchman, to the great amusement of the inhabitants of Dent. Many times I have heard these verses quoted; but they are now forgotten, and not worth recalling. I mention this fact because my native valley has been singularly sterile in all forms of poetical composition.

inhabitants of Kirthwaite—I subjoin a letter of very graphic interest written by Thomas Thistlethwait of Harbourgill—an eye-witness of the devastation caused by the Avalanches of 1752—addressed to his Brother at Aysgarth. I owe the possession of this valuable letter to my friend T. M. K. Hughes, Esq. of the Government Geological Survey. It was read (November 13, 1865) before the Cambridge Philosophical Society, and afterwards printed in their Proceedings; but with interpolations, and changes in the spelling and punctuation, which have injured its value as an original document. Soon afterwards (December 9, 1865) a more correct copy of the letter was sent by Mr Matthews to the Cambridge Chronicle, and printed in that Journal (December 9, 1865).*

I will endeavour to print it here (letter by letter and point by point) from the original manuscript.

HABOURGILL y^e^ 6th of the 2nd mo^h^ 1752.

"Dear Bro and Sis^r^,—

"These few lines I hope will find Excuse for it's not Without a Cause that I have written no Sooner to you for I fully purposed to have Seen you a Considerable time since, but Now as things are at present I have Lost all hopes of Coming yet thro the good providence of Heaven we are all Alive and preatty well in health which is more than Could be well expected Considering what Dismall Time it has been with us in Dent I hope I shall never Live to see the Like again for we had the greatest Storm of wind and Snow that continued for above a Week with very Little intermission so that all the water Courses both in the Mountains and Elsewhere was Made Levell the Like Never being remembered for it Excited the Curiosity of Several persons to view them with wonder and astonishment yet Little thinking that the Consequence would have been so Tragical to Many for at the breaking up of the Storm it began to rain Exceedingly in the Evening which Continued all Night and the next

* I first read this letter, many years since, while on a visit to my friends in Dent. It was addressed to Christor Thistlethwait, Hosier, Att Aysgarth in Wensleydale; but this address is not now legible.

Day to that degree that by 11 a'clock the Dismal Sceen began for the Snow in y^e^ the water Courses being no Longer able to Sustain the great quantities of water all began to Slide Down the Mountains together with incredible Swiftness Driving great rocks Stones and Earth all before it Roaring Like Claps of Thunder which Made us run out of doors to see what was Coming upon us & we ran to Look at the Gill and we directed our sight (by the Noise that it Made) the right way and the frightfulness of the appearance at the very first Sight (which was when about the middle of the pasture) Made us run for our Lives and we got no further than from the yet to the Sycamore Trees, before the Stable peat-house and all the Calf parrack and Cow parrack was an heap of the Most Shocking Ruins that ever your Eyes beheld and I believe from the first Sight of it when it was Coming till all was over overturnd was Less than the ¼ of a minutes time it has brought Rocks Down past the Middle of the Houme Which has gone through the peat house and Stable that I think three or four Yoke of Oxen Could not be able to Move the poor old Horse was Crushed to pieces in a moment, Nothing but the good providence of God has preserved us from perishing for the Amazeing to think how the Barn Stood the Violence of the Shock the water run round our dwelling house Broke down the gardin wall and Continued running thro it till Next day in the Morning So that its become a bed of sand it was about 11 aclock when this hapned and went from place to place Not knowing where to be Safe expecting every Moment More of the Like Nature which accordingly hapned for I think in the space of two hours the face of things was so Changed that one scarcely could have known them for they Came down almost Every Slack (so Called) Carrying all the walls before them so that we were obliged to run from one place to another to Escape their fury which was with difficulty for it Continued raining Extreamly that we wear wet to the Naked Skin not dareing to Come in any house And it drawing towards We resolved to make an attempt to get to Brother John's and accordingly set forwards and got up at our pasture head on to the Moor and with difficulty got over harbourgill and so forwards towards Munkeybeck but we knew that the bridge was broke down So that we must be obliged to pass it somewhere on the Moor And we waded throw the water And Snow till we were almost Spent in Extream wet and Fateague And at Last Got over a Little below where our peat fell is tho with very Great hazard of our Lives at Last; My poor old Father

and betty being almost quite Spent he having only one Shoe on one foot the greates part of that time then when we were got over it gave us some fresh incouragment and we arrived at Bro: Johns Just before it was dark where we were thankfull to see the faces of one another in a place of More Safty we went three Nights sucessively to bro Johns to Lodge Not dareing to stay about the old place. Old Francis Swinbank and Thomas Stockdals whol family perished in a Moment about the same time that the thing hapned with us being seven in Number Likewise John Burton Stone house had a Barn swept away and a Cow killed. I hope these few broken hints will be excused for I am not very good at writing at this time All being so in confusion so Greatly desires You would Come to see us as soon as well Can for our Love is Very Much towards you. You perhaps May think I have outstretched but if you please to Come your Eyes will Convince you to the Contrary. For I have Not told you one half So shall Conclude your very Loving Brother

"THOMAS THISTLETHWAIT."

"Betty's kind Love is to you both but Sr. in perticular."

The reader will see by this carefully printed copy of the letter, that its author was writing from his heart to his Brother, and not to the public. He uses the roman or capital letters according to no rule; unless it be sometimes to give emphasis to his words. He writes on, commonly sentence after sentence, without using a single stop; and one or two sentences are incomplete from the want of a single word; so that he hardly appears to have read over his letter before it was sent to his Brother—six days after the funeral of the seven persons who perished in the "Brack" at Dale-head. I think the letter the more interesting from these blemishes; which, in fact, are proofs of its genuineness and truthfulness.

In the spelling of the name Swinbank the writer of this letter is more correct than Mr Rumney. Swinbank simply means wry bank or crooked bank. In one respect I think that I had laboured under a mistake: for I supposed that my Father and his companions had found their way up to Dale-head on

the day of the accident. But after reading the graphic details of the above letter I think that the news may not have reached Gibshall before the night set in; or before the following morning. In that case, the visit of my Father and his young companions could not have been before the morning of the day after the fall of the destructive "Bracks" in upper Kirthwaite. My own narrative is not copied from any memorandum. It is only an attempt to clothe in words my remembrance of what I heard in my boyhood from my Father, and other aged persons who were living in Kirthwaite at the beginning of the year 1752.

Extraordinary falls of snow and rain, like those above described, have little to do with the climate of the dale of Dent, which must be estimated by the common averages of the year, and not by extraordinary cases of rain-fall, that may not occur again for many years, or even centuries. To describe the various changes in the climate of Dent and the causes by which they are influenced would require a volume; but I may point out in a few pages one or two facts connected with the subject of our rain-fall which may be interesting to my countrymen.

Whence comes the rain with which we think we are so familiar? It comes from the sea; and without the supply from the sea all nature would be barren and dead. The air pumps up the water from the sea; and the air sends down the water to the earth, and so again to the sea; and thus it maintains a perpetual circulation, without which no plant or animal could live on the surface of the world.

We see on a warm day of summer how greedily the air drinks up the moisture from the ground; and we can see any day as a Train passes how greedily the air swallows up the white curling vapour that is thrown out by the boiler of the Steam-Engine. Now let us consider that more than three

parts out of five of the whole Earth is covered by the Sea; and that the air rests upon this wide Ocean, and everywhere, and especially in the hot climates, is greedily drinking it up; and we may thus form some conception of the great fact, that millions and millions of tons of water are daily borne up aloft by the air, and then by vast aerial currents are sent far and wide till they fall down upon some portions of the Earth: and so, giving life and health as they move along, are by a thousand channels carried back into the Sea from which they started.

We might here enquire how the great atmospheric currents are maintained. They are chiefly maintained by the action of the sun, which may be said to drag the atmospheric currents along with it, sometimes towards the North and sometimes towards the South. But this subject would lead to complicated details, utterly unfit for this notice, and therefore I must pass it over. As a matter of fact we know that the air never rests, and that it is carried in mighty currents over the wide ocean and the four quarters of the solid earth.

If what I have stated be true, when is there in the air over our heads the greatest quantity of water? Not on a wet day in winter when all is steeped in moisture; but on a hot bright day in summer, when hardly a cloud is to be seen above the horizon. In one case the cold is wringing the water out of the air; and in the other case the heat is enabling the air to hold up a great mass of water in the form of a vapour, which is invisible, like the air itself. Whatever be the state of clear air, if we cool it down artificially a certain number of degrees, it will be compelled to give out a portion of its water in the shape of dew. The degree of the thermometer when this moisture begins to shew itself is called the dew-point of the air we are examining. When the dew-point is very low on the scale—or in other words, when it requires a great degree of cold before the air begins to part with its

moisture—we may, so far, expect fine weather; and to see our mountain tops clear of cloud. For we must ascend to that height above the earth where the cold is equal to that of the dew-point, before we can look for any deposit of cloud or vapour from the sky; and that height may be far above our mountain tops. But when the dew-point is very little below the temperature of the air, we may expect the mountain tops to be buried in clouds; because in that case the temperature of the mountain tops would be colder than that which marked the dew-point of the air around us.

To apply this knowledge to one or two cases. Let us first take the case of a bright clear warm day when there is hardly a breath of air in movement. The warm air below is compelled continually to rise into the colder air above. Thus we have a vertical circulation of the air of which we take no notice. Whatever be the condition of the lower air, it has its dew-point; and as it rises it must at length reach a degree of cold equal to that of its dew-point. It then begins to pour out its moisture as it rises higher and higher. That moisture may be drunk up by the dry air around it and never seen; or it may form a visible film of cloudy vapour. The air may then rise higher still, and again pour out visible watery vapour at a greater distance from the earth. Now this is just what we see on a fine dry day. Far above our heads, we see little clouds floating in the sky, often at different levels—and these clouds show that the warm air, ascending from the earth has past its dew-point and been compelled to pour out into the air a portion of its invisible watery vapour, which then becomes visible.

Next let us consider the case of a south-west wind coming to the north-western shores of England. Such a wind may have travelled thousands of miles over the Atlantic sea; and during its journey it has been drinking up water from

the sea, till it has nearly reached the limit of its capacity. Let us suppose it to reach the western coast of England in bright sunshine and without a cloud; and what then follows? It is driven onwards and is compelled to pass over the high lands and hill tops; and if in that passage it be cooled down below its dew-point, it must inevitably give out a portion of its water, which will shew itself first in the shape of cloudy vapour, and then perhaps in the shape of drizzling rain. The great air-current may then pass onwards over the mid parts of England, dryer than it was before and carrying clear fair weather along with it. These facts must be familiar to my countrymen. If they look down the valley on a summer day while there is a westerly wind, and see the Lake mountains free from cloud, they have then a proof that the air in that distant country is dry, and that its dew-point is above the mountain tops; and that fact gives promise of fair weather, at least for some hours to come. What I have just stated gives us an explanation of one principle which greatly influences the clouds and rain-fall of our country.

I now come to a third principle: which is very influential in producing, not mist and clouds only, but very heavy falls of rain. All the air about us contains invisible watery vapour; and as the heat increases the quantity of this invisible vapour increases; but in a far greater proportion than the increase of the heat. Thus suppose we increase our temperature in an experiment by 10 degrees. The air will then hold in itself a certain additional quantity of invisible vapour. Let us add 10 more degrees and the air will then hold much more than twice the first addition. From this principle it follows that if two great masses of air, of very different temperatures and quite free from any visible vapour, be mixed together, the mixed air will frequently be incapable of holding the invisible vapour that was in its two component parts;

and the consequence will be, that water will become visible and shew itself in clouds, or drizzling rain, or in heavy raindrops which will fall down by their own weight upon the earth.

The mixture of great masses of air of different temperatures is the great cause of rain; and it at once explains the great rain-fall which is so constantly observed in mountainous countries: for *there* such a mixture is continually going on. I have before mentioned the case at Deepdale Head; and I will mention another case, taken from a high pass in Cumberland, between Wastdale and Borrowdale. The bottom of Wastdale is open to the warm west winds that come from the sea. These winds after being driven up the valley of Wastdale are forced over the high pass of Styhead; and there they become rolled up with the cold air that hangs about the summits of Scawfell and Great Gavel. This mixture, on the principle here stated, produces continual showers of heavy rain, which are blown onwards and fall into the head of Borrowdale. The consequence is, that there is a rain-fall, in one or two spots near Borrowdale Head, of full a hundred and fifty inches in the year. We have rain in plenty, but we have nothing like this in the neighbourhood of Dent.

Before I quit this digression, I wish to impress upon my countrymen the fact—that by a few simple unchanging laws, the Author of Nature has provided for the ever-enduring circulation of water throughout the Earth: and by the same wise laws He has provided for the endless supply of refreshing showers of rain; without which, Man and Beast and Plant must all die. And the life-sustaining showers are by God's own laws compelled to fall in greatest abundance upon the high and mountainous tracts of land. From these high-lands the refreshing waters are carried down through the mid

regions of the earth—bearing beauty and fertility along with them: and then "after many a winding bout" they descend into their parent sea; not to run dry, but to be fed again by a new supply from the sea—the parent of all running waters*.

* The existence of the provincial word "*Brack*" is in itself a proof that Avalanches, like those described in Thomas Thistlethwait's letter, had not been unknown in Dent during the previous centuries. At the same time, they were by no means phenomena of common occurrence. The only one which took place, during my early years while I resided in Dent, started in the steep grounds belonging to the Parsonage, near Throstle Hall, on the east side of Flintergill. It was heard, but not seen; as it came down during the darkness of a winter night. It broke through the fences in its immediate course, but did no other mischief; for on reaching the large Parsonage field, it began to expand in breadth on the more level ground; and the tenacity of the melting snow soon arrested its progress; so that no part of it, I believe, reached the road that leads to Deepdale.

Similar phenomena had been formerly so common on some of the western brows of the Berwyn chain of North Wales, that the inhabitants were induced to cut deep, open, parallel drains running obliquely down the mountain sides; in order to give the water an easier escape after a sudden thaw, and to prevent the recurrence of the Avalanches which had several times endangered the fences and the flocks of sheep. I gained the knowledge of this fact during one of my geological excursions in North Wales.

APPENDIX, No. V.

Ancient Tenure and Enfranchisement of the land in Dent.—Chartered Grammar School.—Church of Dent.—Peculiar Industry.—Prosperity and local Habits of the Valley, &c.—Decay and Revival.

Under these Heads might be found matter to fill a volume; but in this number of the Appendix I can barely touch upon them. I may however very briefly state a series

of facts, which prove that Dent was in former centuries in a better social condition than it is now, since the real property has passed away from those ancient "*Statesmen*" who once occupied the freeholds of the Valley.

The Parish of Sedbergh is entirely on the west side of what is called the back-bone of England, and is stuck in, like a wedge, between the adjacent parts of Westmoreland and Lancashire. Its boundary soon leaves the latter county; and, geographically, it ought to have been a part of Westmoreland. Perhaps in ancient days some long-armed Yorkshire Baron had clutched the Parish of Sedbergh and held it in his grasp: but let me not draw from one of the imaginations of my early life.

In the great civil wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster the position of Dent was, I believe, very unfortunate. Its inhabitants first mustered under the White Rose of York; while the neighbouring counties generally followed the standard that bore the Red Rose of Lancaster. The consequence was, that Dent was ravaged by lawless men of conflicting factions, and laid desolate; and there was no enduring peace till the war ended in the year 1485, after the great battle of Bosworth Field, in which Richard the Third of ~~Lancaster~~ York lost his life. I have heard my Father recount some old traditions, which told of the misery and desolation brought upon our poor valley during the horrors of the long civil war.

What had been the original tenure of land in Dent I do not know; but after the peace of 1485 it became a Royal Manor, and its Estates were held immediately under the Crown. The grants were made on very easy terms; some perhaps to the old proprietors, and others probably to men who at the close of the civil war were found on the winning side. However this might be, we are certain that the lands

in Dent were held under the Crown; and we find, on the authority of an award under a Royal Commission (the original of which, as stated above, is in the possession of the Rev. W. Matthews), that at the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth (A.D. 1602) the whole of the Crown-Rents of Kirthwaite amounted only to the sum of £4. 4*s.* 1*d.**

After the general peace of 1485 Dent seems to have prospered, and to have soon regained a good rural condition; which, so far as regarded the subdivision of the landed property, was continued for more than two centuries with very little change.

For example: we have a proof, from family documents and title-deeds, that in the reign of Philip and Mary (about seventy years after the battle of Bosworth Field, 1485) several of the Estates in Kirthwaite were then held by men with family names which descended, as if in regular inheritance, to the freeholders who held the same estates in the concluding part of the last century. And in confirmation of the above remark I may add—that in the list of eighteen jurymen (selected, no doubt, from the principal landholders in the five Hamlets of Dent), who acted under the Royal Commission above mentioned (A.D. 1602), were sixteen distinct surnames; and out of those names fourteen were found, within this century, among the *Statesmen* resident in Dent †.

Very shortly after the settlement, under a Commission, of the Crown-rents, the principal Land-holders of Dent raised

* Memorial, p. 19.

† There was no law of entail to limit the freeholds of Dent. But there was a law of custom by which the whole freehold descended to the eldest son; who, as a general rule, bore his paternal grandfather's Christian name. The younger sons sought their fortunes far away; some in London; some in the rising towns of the North; some in the Colonies; some entered the Church; and of course some became settlers in spots to which chance had carried them.

a grand subscription for the endowment of a Grammar School: and for that School they obtained a Royal Charter, if I mistake not, before the expiration of the first year of King James the First. An Office-Copy of this Charter exists among the Parish Muniments in the Church Chest of Dent. Had this fund been soon invested in real property, it would by this time have formed a very noble endowment: but it was not wisely administered; and, if report be true, some part of it was frittered away and lost.

Tenants under the Crown, capable of raising a good fund for the endowment of a Grammar School, must also have been capable of purchasing the full Enfranchisement of their property, had the Crown been ready to deal with them on easy terms. But no progress towards the attainment of this freedom appears to have been made during the reign of James the First.

The necessities of the next reign may perhaps have enabled the Tenants to deal with the Crown on easier terms. However that might be, the whole Manor of Dent (with the exception of certain Corn-mills) was made over by Letters Patent in 1629 to certain of the Tenants of Dent—*In Trust*, for the enfranchisement of themselves and all the other Tenants of the said Manor. This settlement, perhaps in consequence of the civil troubles, was never carried into full effect: and during the period of the Commonwealth all the Manorial rights of Dent were in the hands of an individual of the name of Parsons. But at the Restoration, he was dispossessed; and the Crown reassumed its old Manorial rights. Charles the Second then granted the Manor with all its rights to Sir Allan Apsley, who had attended the King during his exile.

Lastly, "Sir Allan Apsley—by indenture of lease and "release dated respectively 1st and 2nd of December, 1670—

"granted, bargained and sold the said Manor of Dent to "Richard Trotter, of High Hall, and others—*In Trust* for the "Tenants generally"—each of whom was to pay, in due proportion, his share of the purchase-money and other contingent expenses. No arrangement could be more equitable; or more easy, we might think, after the previous survey of 1602. But the Trustees seemed to have thought that they should best secure the benefit of Dent by benefiting themselves; and it was not till after much delay, extortion, and unfair dealing, that the Tenants became finally enfranchised. From that time the land in Dent became freehold, as it remains to this day; with the exception of some Corn-mills, which now form a property of very small account.

For all the specific details, above given, connected with the Enfranchisement of Dent, I am indebted to the research and accurate knowledge of my friend the Rev. W. Matthews; and to him I here record my grateful thanks. I think that the facts above stated fall in with, and greatly help to verify, the general traditions, which tell us of the ancient prosperity of our native valley.

Certainly for more than two centuries the Grammar School has had a very healthy influence upon the education and manners of the valley. The leading *Statesmen's* sons attended the Grammar School, and acquired a smattering of classical learning: and if a *Statesman's* younger son, or the son of a cottager, were a lad of good promise, his education was pushed forward into a higher course, and he was trained for the Church. And many so trained, and without any other collegiate education, did enter the Church, and filled the retired Curacies in the North of England. Among them were many good and right-minded men; and a few who rose to

places of some eminence in their profession. But it may be doubted whether this system, on the whole, told well for the Church of England*.

A prophet, we are told, is not honoured in his own country; and a Curate or country Vicar with a narrow income, who had been trained among men of like habits with those of his flock, might sometimes fall into their habits and perhaps their vices, and thereby forfeit all the strength of his moral influence.

The necessities of the country soon led to an extension of the course of teaching at the Grammar School. It had large English classes, in which writing and arithmetic were taught to young persons of both sexes: and there were also itinerant Masters, of good repute among the northern Dales, who visited certain Schools, in a regular cycle, and were chiefly employed in teaching writing, arithmetic in all its branches, and the principles of surveying.

Nor must I omit to state—that at all the knitting-schools, where the children first learnt the art many of them were to follow through life, the Dames always taught the art of reading: in homely accents it might be; but the sounds were welcome to the ears that heard them. From all the above facts I conclude—that during two centuries of rural comfort and prosperity the inhabitants of Dent, however homely

* The supply of Candidates for Holy Orders from the Country Schools of the North of England has been very greatly modified by the rules of admission established by the Bishops during this century. The celebrated John Wesley—who to fervent piety, and eloquence that moved the heart, united great administrative skill—adopted among his united Congregations what might perhaps be called a stern policy; whereby the Ministers of his communion were prevented from being too long domesticated at one place; so as to run the risk of acquiring the manners and sentiments, and it might be the faults and prejudices, of those they were to teach. I have sometimes thought that a perception of some glaring evils in our old rural parishes had induced him to adopt his severe rule, which implied a frequent change of ministerial residence.

and retired their habits of life, were by no means uninstructed and ill-informed.

I know of no traditions which tell us of what took place in Dent during the troubled period which, after many sorrows and persecutions, gave us the light of religious freedom, and the blessing of a national Protestant Church. At the east end of the north aisle of our Church a few steps led to an old Chapel of the Virgin Mary; which still, I am informed, retains the name of the Lady-loft. It had been, of course, stripped of its altar, at the time of the Reformation; and I need not tell my friends that it has long been partly used as a Vestry. But, within the time of my earliest memory, there was in the Church a Rood-screen and a Rood-loft; which were taken down, I believe, full eighty years since: and there was some curious tabernacle-work, which ran on the south side of the Chancel, and bounded a south Chancel-aisle. All these decorations were cut off and removed, soon after the removal of the Rood-screen and its Loft. These changes may perhaps have been of some benefit to the Chancel Pews (all built after the Reformation); but they were a grievous injury to the architectural beauty of the Church.

These Pews nearly define the boundary line of the Chancel; and the line may, I believe, be further traced by the stumps of those wooden pillars that once supported the old Rood-loft. But other changes—begun a year or two before the time above mentioned, called improvements, and made at a great cost—were still more fatal to the beauty of the Church. A fine old tower, that might have stood for centuries, was taken down; and in its place rose the present short, clumsy tower—worthless in design; but, perhaps, claiming some kind regard by the music of its six sweet bells. Then followed the de-

struction of the Church-battlements and Clerestory, and the substitution of Kirk-bank slate for the ancient roofing of lead —to the ruin of all exterior beauty and symmetry. And this bad taste was carried into the interior of the Church, by the construction of the horizontal ceiling, which covers the middle aisle, and violates the whole internal design of the Church. All the above changes were carried out in the course of five or six years—commencing, if I mistake not, about the year 1785. After all, the above objections are mainly on the score of taste. The old oak Forms of the Church are excellent; and as a place of public worship it affords good and ample accommodation for all the inhabitants of the valley who can ever attend its services.

Were it my place to suggest improvements, I should say pull down the Gallery at the west end of the Church. For now—that a legal District has been awarded to the Chapel at Cowgill—I think the seats in the area of the Church are amply sufficient for any congregation that ever will be gathered from the five Hamlets. Moreover the Gallery injures the seats at the west end of the Church; and it throws the Baptismal Font and the Baptismal Services far too much into the shade. For we ought to bear in mind, that these Services are, in very truth, a solemn part of the public congregational worship of our Church. But I will leave this question, and return to the social condition of our countrymen in bygone days that are out of living memory.

Trusting in the traditions of family history we may affirm, that after the Reformation, and down towards the concluding part of the last century, Dent was in the enjoyment of happiness and prosperity: in a humble and rustic form, it might be; but with a good base to rest upon—the intelligence and

industry of its inhabitants. The *Statesmen* were long famous for their breed of horses. The farms were providently managed; and the valley was well known for its exports of butter; which, from defect of ready transport, was highly salted and packed in firkins. The art of the Cooper became then of importance. Dent was supplied in abundance with the materials and the workmen; and the Cooper's art flourished in it for several generations, by works both for home use and for export.

The management and economy of the good housewives of our valley became notorious; and often was the subject of some good-humoured jest on the part of the lazy lookers on. Jests seldom bear repeating; but I will repeat one which I have heard in my boyhood. A clever lass in Dent can do four things at a time, was said of old.

> "She knaws how to sing and knit,
> "And she knaws how to carry the kit,
> "While she drives her kye to pasture."

Wool must have been a great staple produce of the valley, from its earliest history. The greater part of it was exported: but some of it was retained for domestic use; then worked into form by hand-cards of antique fashion (which, in my childhood, I have seen in actual use); and then spun into a very coarse and clumsy thread; and so it supplied the material for a kind of rude manufacture, that went, I think, under the elegant name of *Bump*.

But as art advanced, our Dalesmen gradually became familiar with the fine material prepared by the wool-comber: and, before the beginning of last century, Dent became known for its manufacture and export of yarn-stockings of the finest quality. Some of the more active and long-sighted *Statesmen* of the Dales, taking upon themselves the part of middle-men between the manufacturers and the consumers,

used occasionally to mount their horses, and ride up to London to deal personally with the merchants of Cheapside, and to keep alive the current of rural industry.

At a further stage in the industry of our countrymen, worsted, that had been spun by machinery, came into common use; and the knit worsted-stockings were the great articles of export from the Northern Dales. Such became the importance of this export, about the middle of last century, that Government Agents were placed at Kirkby Lonsdale, Kendal, and Kirkby Stephen, during "the seven years' war," for the express purpose of securing for the use of the English army (then in service on the Continent) the worsted stockings knit by the hands of the Dalesmen; and in this trade Dent had an ample share.

In the last century there was another source of industry in Dent, which I must not pass entirely over—I mean its minerals and its coal-works. All the mountains of Dent, to the east of Helm's Knot and Colm Scar, are composed of nearly horizontal beds of limestone, sandstone, and flagstone; and of dark shale, here and there shewing traces of coal. And the whole series is surmounted by a coarse gritstone, called the *Millstone Grit.* The limestone beds are arranged in six groups; of which the lowest, called the *great Scar Limestone,* is several times thicker than all the other groups put together. The top of it is seen just above the village of Flintergill; and its upper beds are finely exposed in the river-course of Kirthwaite. Its lower beds are nowhere seen in our Valley; but they are grandly exposed in Chapel-le-Dale, where they rest upon the greenish slate-rocks. All the limestone groups of Dent are separated by thick masses of sandstone, flagstone and shale; and as the top of the *great Scar Limestone* is only seen near the river course, the other five groups are to be looked for on the mountain-sides. The lowest of the

five contains the black marble beds; and under the highest of the five, sometimes called the *upper Scar Limestone,* is the only bed of coal that has been worked in Dent for domestic use. The *upper Scar Limestone* is surmounted by a bed of shale, which is capped by the lower beds of the great group called *Mill-stone Grit.* This part of the *Mill-stone Grit* forms the flat top of the hill called Crag, and the top also of Ingleborough; and over this grit (at Great Colme, Wherenside, &c.) is a shale with beds of coal that is too poor (in the hills of Dent) for domestic use; but which might, I think, be profitably employed in burning lime.

These facts may be seen by any one who will use his senses; and indeed it seems to have been generally known, before the beginning of last century, that a profitable bed of coal was often to be found under the *Upper Scar Limestone.* At what time the coal-beds in Dent were first opened I do not know: but it is said that they were first considered an object of profit in Kirthwaite. Early, I believe, in the last century a small *Statesman* called Buttermere found the bed of coal under the *upper Limestone* of the Town-Fell; just under the last rise of the Crag. The bed appeared at first sight too thin to be worked for profit; but on examination it proved to be free from sulphur, and well fitted for the works of the whitesmiths in Kendal. He therefore engaged the help of the country miners, and carried on his work for years—conveying to Kendal, by a train of pack-horses (seventeen miles over the mountains), the coal which he drew from a bed not more than six or seven inches thick. And, spite of the smallness of his produce, and the cost of its primitive mode of transport, he went on till he had realized a fortune—not small, according to the humble standard of his countrymen—and he ended as a public benefactor to his Valley. A tale like this does impressively tell us of the vast changes that

were wrought during the dealings of the last century. Joseph Buttermere's coal, as a matter of export, would now be scouted as a mere worthless mockery. Yet I think the tale deserves notice as a curious record of one of the primitive modes in which our old *Statesmen* dealt with those who, to them, were in a kind of outer world. But I will return to the craft more peculiar to our valley *.

It may have seemed, at first sight, almost incredible that one of our old *Statesmen* should have thought it worth his while to mount his little, tough, but active horse, and to ride up to London to make bargains with the merchants of Cheapside for a supply of goods manufactured in his Dale †. Such however was the fact, as I have already stated: and I well remember that, in my early boyhood, there were three men, living at, or near, our village, who had many times made these journeys—some before, and some more than twenty years after the time of the "seven years' war." Changes of manners and of times had put an end to such a primitive mode of dealing, some years before I saw the light. But I have sat upon the knee of old Leonard Sedgwick (my Father's cousin) and listened to the tales of his London journeys; and how, when his horse had carried him nearly to the great city, he saw the dome of St Paul's standing up against the sky, and countless spires and steeples bristling up into the air above the houses. His homely pictures never faded from my memory. He was intelligent and honourable in his dealings: a kind-hearted and mirthful man; well content to look on the

* All attempts to work metallic veins in Dent have failed. It certainly has no vein worth working. The fine *marble-works* belong to this century, and are better known to my countrymen than to myself.

† When my Father first went to Cambridge in 1756, he bought a horse, rode it up to Cambridge, and then sold it to a good profit. A cousin of his went up to Cambridge the same year, and in the same manner. These were by no means exceptional cases. I give them only as examples of a mode of travelling in the middle of last century.

brighter side of the things around him; and (a blessing on his memory!) he made all the little children near him right happy by his Christmas feasts. Such a man, and so employed, can never appear again in Dent, unless we could undo the social work of a whole century.

And there was another man, old Thomas Waddington—a dealer in hats, cloth, drugs, and I know not what besides—who had from time to time ridden up to London to obtain a good stock of materials for the use of his countrymen. He was a *Statesman*, and a man of high character; and a great favourite with the public, in spite of a singularly crusty and irritable manner. Upright in person, with a face glowing with the signs of good cheer—with a dark wig decorated with many curls, and with a broad-brimmed hat, looped in a way that indicated a former, and more proud condition,—he steadily marched through his walk of life. And where is there one now to represent him? His shop was the place where all the leading *Statesmen* met to discuss the politics of the day, and the affairs of the parish.

And there was a third man whom I must not pass over, if I mean to give any conception of what Dent once was. I well remember Thomas Archer, the prince of rural tailors, with his wig of many curls. In my very early boyhood he was what old Chaucer would have called a "solempne man;" and, whatever he said or did, seemed to take its tone from a feeling of inherent dignity. Ludicrous as the fact may seem, he had been in the habit, in his early days, of going up to London, I know not how: and there, by the help of some connexions or relations, he would work for a few weeks on a London tailor's shop-board. And having learnt the last metropolitan mysteries of his art, he would return—well primed and loaded—to discharge his duties in his native valley. To these mysteries of his skill the old *Statesmen*

owed some of those large decorated coat-sleeves and lapped waistcoats which (as I have stated in the Preface) were many years afterwards worn, in a threadbare state, during Dent's decline, by men who had been brought low through poverty*.

There is no man among my countrymen, or in any neighbouring valley, to match this enterprising old tailor. Many long measures he had; but not one so long as that by which he measured his own standard. He was made by the times in which he lived; and the change of times has made it impossible for us to find a recurrence of his similitude.

Certainly I have neither room nor time for many biographical notices of my countrymen; but one more name I must mention—that of Blackburne, the barber and wig-maker. To me he was historical, and only known by his works; for he had been called away some years before I was counted among the living inhabitants of Dent. But he was a man famed in his generation through all the neighbouring valleys. From him proceeded the ample full-bottom; and the three-decker (or more rarely the four-decker), so named from its splendid semicircles of white curls that girt the back of the wearer's pericranium; and he made also the humblest of all wigs, the scratch—fitted for a poor man's head. Nor must I forget, in this list of our native artists' works, the formidable tie-wig with a tail like that of a dragon; and with winged curls at the ears. I have heard this wig called, by the schoolboys of my day, the flying dragon; and let that be its name, for it well deserved it. All such capital monuments of art were turned out in their glory by the man who with cunning hand and head had built up the crowning decorations of our countrymen. The place of his ancient shop was marked by a great pole, with its symbolical fillet and basin; which I used, in my childhood, to look up to with respectful wonder. But

* Preface, p. x.

the genius of the place was gone; and I saw only the decayed monuments of the great wig-maker's constructive skill.

I have not stated such facts as these that I might hold up our ancestors of a former century to ridicule; but in the hope of giving my countrymen a graphic proof of the great change of manners wrought by time: and of a sorrowful change in the fortunes of the inhabitants of Dent, that drove many of them away from their early homes, and sank others into a state of depression against which they knew not how to struggle. I well remember (and I first made the remark in my very childhood) that many of the old fashioned dresses, seen on a holiday, were the signs of poverty rather than of pride. The coats were threadbare, and worn by men who had seen better days. The looped broadbrim was seen, but as a sign of mourning, like a flag hoisted half-mast high; for it was the half fallen state of the triple cock (still worn by one or two in the parish) with its three outer surfaces pointing to the sky. And in the same days, old Blackburne's full-bottoms had lost all their crisp symmetry; and the lower hairs of their great convexity were drooping, as if in sorrow, upon the wearers' necks. The three-deckers showed broken lines and disordered rigging; and as for the flying dragons, they had all, like autumnal swallows, taken themselves away. But there were many exceptions to these mournful signs of decay. There still remained many Dalesmen with old fashioned dresses, and with cheerful, prosperous looks, among the Sunday congregations at Dent; but the ancient fashions were wearing fast away.

When in my childhood I saw, on a Sunday morning, the ample convexity of my Father's well-dressed and well-powdered wig, I thought it one of the most beautiful sights in the world. I remember too, as he went, with his usual light step, towards the Church, and saluted his friends who

were come to join in the sacred services of the day, that each head was uncovered as he passed. It was not any token of unmanly servility; but it belonged to the manners of the times: and it was, I think, also connected with an aristocratic feeling, which modified the thoughts and manners and dress of the older *Statesmen**. They loved my Father, because by birth he was one of themselves, and because of his kindness and purity of life. They were proud of him too, because he was a graduate of the University of Cambridge, and had been living in good literary society some years before he fixed his home in Dent. Part of his influence arose, also, from the reputation of his skill in athletic exercises; and from a principle of action which he carried out through his long life—never to allow his conception of his sacred duties to come, on questions of moral indifference, into a rude collision with the habits and prejudices of the valley. The consequence was that he held an almost unbounded influence over his Flock. Of this I will mention one example; for it deserves notice as a fact, of which it would be in vain to look for a match in the present condition of the Church of England.

Some years before I ever saw the light there was an expected contest for the county of York. Mr Wilberforce, a young man of bright presence and great eloquence, was

* I have heard it said of a boy (who was going from his father's home) *He's a defily farrand lad; and he'll du weel; for he's weel come—fra Staëtsmen o' baith sides: i.e.* He is a well mannered lad; he will prosper; for he is well descended—on both sides from *Statesmen*. Many times I have heard a repetition of this sentiment in like words. The Masons of Westhouse—one of the old families in Dent—had kept a regular pedigree on a parchment-roll from the earlier years, I think, of Queen Elizabeth. When I saw it in the hands of the last member of the family who lived at Westhouse, more than 70 years since, I observed that the names of the younger sons who had entered the Church were written, as in Shakespeare, with the prefix of Sir—Sir James, Sir Miles, &c.

then first named as a Candidate: and he had even then become famous as an enthusiastic advocate for the abolition of the Slave Trade. This fact set every chord of my father's heart in motion. He consulted his early friends, the good old Quakers in Kirthwaite; and his other friends in all the five hamlets; and he personally canvassed the valley from house to house. Then at least the inhabitants of the valley formed an united Christian brotherhood. At that time the freeholders abounded, and every vote was pledged for Mr Wilberforce. Soon afterwards came a Solicitor to canvass on the other side; but he soon left his canvass, finding himself unable to advance a single step. For wherever he asked for a vote the reply was, *Naë use Sir, we o' here gang wi' th' Parson.* So the Solicitor left the field; mounted his horse at the door of the Sun Inn; and, uttering an anathema, he cried out aloud that Dent was "the —— Priest-ridden hole in England."

Great injustice should I do to the memory of my Father, were I to describe him as turning his influence as a Parish Priest to serve the purposes of a political movement. The Slave Trade he regarded as a foul national sin, which (however deep its roots might be struck into the policy of the State) every man, who believed in the overruling Providence of God, was bound, by all lawful means within his reach, to root out and trample underfoot. The influence he had over the minds of his flock rested on his humble teaching of Gospel truth; on the cheerful simplicity of his life; and on his readiness, at every turn and difficulty, to be in true Christian love an adviser and a peace-maker.

Were then the inhabitants of Dent in any high sense religious men during the old times of their prosperous industry? They were honourable in their dealings, active in their daily work, steady in the external observances of the Church Ser-

vices, and without the bitterness of controversial spirit. They had an ancient custom which I may mention here, (and many times when I have thought of it I have felt sorrow that it had ever been abandoned), of assembling and holding a Communion in the Church at *a very early hour* on Easter Sunday morning. The custom had come down to them from ancient times—probably before the Reformation. There was nothing superstitious in such an observance; and it was well fitted to touch the conscience of any one, who believed in his heart that his Saviour had at an early hour, as on that day, triumphed over the grave, and opened to the race of fallen man the gate of everlasting life. Our *fore-elders* are in the hands of God—their Creator and Redeemer,—and may we their descendants, in compliance with His word, think no evil of those whom He has called away from this fleeting world's joys and sorrows!

They had some customs that raised in their hearts no reproach of conscience; but which in our day would, by many, be thought inconsistent with the conduct of a man who professed to be leading a Christian life. I will mention one notorious example. It had been a custom, dating from a period, I believe, long before the time of James the First, for the young men of Dent to assemble after Sunday Evening Service, and finish the day by a match at football. My father might perhaps have put down this ancient custom; but he did not interfere; because he thought the contest, if carried on in goodwill, tended to health and cheerfulness: and he knew well that it was not thought sinful or indecorous by the old inhabitants of Dent. He dreaded, too, the acts of intemperance and drunkenness which might arise out of the sudden suppression of a generous and healthy exercise in the open field.

There was often at the old Parsonage, on a Sunday evening,

a small tea-party for those whose homes were distant from the Church: and later in the evening my Father read, to a small assembled circle, from some serious book (it might be an extract from one of Bishop Wilson's Sermons); and the little Service ended with a short Family Prayer. Now it was by no means unusual for one, who had been contending robustly in the football match, to come and join in the grave and quiet Sunday evening Service at the Parsonage: and the only kind of question the old Pastor ever asked, was one which expressed his trust that the game had gone on in cheerfulness and goodwill.

Such was the power of opinion. The custom has ceased for 60 or 70 years. Time works changes in manners and opinions—in many things we hope for the better: but if, in the refinement of modern manners, and in the greater severity of religious rule—regarding things not in themselves sinful and unlawful—we have lost any part of that charity which thinketh no evil, we have paid very dearly for our refinement and greater severity in the rule of outward life.

Let me here add a word or two on the domestic state and habits of our Countrymen, before their old social isolation had been so much broken in upon by the improved roads and rapid movements of modern times. With the exception of certain festive seasons, their habits were simple, primitive and economical. The cottager had, as his inheritance, the labour of his own hands and that of his wife and children: and, in the good old times, that labour made him quite as independent as one of the smaller *Statesmen*. In manners, habits and information, there was, in fact, no difference between them. Even in the houses of the Clergymen and of the wealthier *Statesmen*, there was kept alive a feeling of fraternal equality; and although external manners were more formal and respectful than they are

now, yet the servants, men or maids, sat down at the dinner-table, and often at the tea-table, with their masters and mistresses.

The dress of the upper *Statesman's* wife and daughters was perhaps less costly than that of the men who affected fashion; and according to modern taste we should call it stiff and ugly to the last degree; as was the fashion of the day. There was one exception however, both as to cost and beauty: for the *Statesman's* wife often appeared at Church in the winter season in a splendid long cloak of the finest scarlet cloth, having a hood lined with coloured silk. This dress was very becoming, and very costly; but it was carefully preserved; and so it might pass down from mother to daughter. Fortunately, no genius in female decoration (like the Archers and Blackburnes of the other sex) seemed to have brought patches and hoops into vulgar use (as in the preposterous modern case of crinoline).

Among the old *Statesmen's* daughters hoops did however sometimes appear, as one of the rarer sights of the olden time: and I have heard an aged Statesman's daughter tell of her admiration, and perhaps her envy, when she saw a young woman sailing down the Church with a petticoat that stretched almost across the middle aisle. That decoration shut her out from a seat on any of the Church forms: but by a dexterous flank-movement she won a position among the pews; and then, by a second inexplicable movement, the framework became vertical, and found a resting-place by overtopping the pew-door—to the great amazement of the rural congregation.

All the women with very rare exceptions learned to read; and the upper Statesmen's daughters could write and keep family accounts. They had their Bibles, and certain good old-fashioned Books of Devotion; and they had their Cookery

Books; and they were often well read in ballad poetry, and in one or two of De Foe's novels. And some of the younger and more refined of the Statesmen's daughters would form a little *clique*, where they met—during certain years of last century—and wept over Richardson's novels. But this sentimental portion was small in number; and it produced no effect upon the rural manners of the Valley; which were fresh and cheerful, and little tinged with any dash of what was sentimental.

While speaking of the habits and manners of my countrywomen, I may remark that their industry had then a social character. Their machinery and the material of their fabrics they constantly bore about with them. Hence the knitters of Dent had the reputation of being lively gossips; and they worked together in little clusters—not in din and confinement like that of a modern manufactory—but each one following the leading of her fancy; whether among her friends, or rambling in the sweet scenery of the valley; and they were as notable for their thrifty skill as for their industry. And speaking of both sexes, the manners of our countrymen may have been thought rude and unpolished from lack of commerce with the world; and their prosperity in a former century may sometimes have roused the envy and the jests and satire of those who were less handy than themselves; but for many a long year theirs was the winning side.

Their social habits led them to form little groups of family parties, who assembled together, in rotation, round one blazing fire, during the winter evenings. This was called *ganging a Sitting* to a neighbour's house: and the custom prevailed, though with diminished frequency, during the early years I spent in Dent. Let me try to give a picture of one of these scenes in which I have myself been, not an actor but a looker on. A *Statesman's* house in Dent had seldom

more than two floors, and the upper floor did not extend to the wall where was the chief fire-place, but was wainscoted off from it. The consequence was, that a part of the ground-floor, near the fire-place, was open to the rafters; which formed a wide pyramidal space, terminating in the principal chimney of the house. It was in this space, chiefly under the open rafters, that the families assembled in the evening. Though something rude to look at, the space gave the advantage of a good ventilation. About the end of the 17th century grates and regular flues began to be erected; but during Dent's greatest prosperity, they formed the exception and not the rule.

Let me next shortly describe the furniture of this space where they held their eveuing "*Sittings:*" First there was a blazing fire in a recess of the wall; which in early times was composed of turf and great logs of wood. From one side of the fire-place ran a bench, with a strong and sometimes ornamentally carved back, called a *lang settle.* On the other side of the fire-place was the Patriarch's wooden and well carved arm-chair; and near the chair was the *sconce* adorned with crockery. Not far off was commonly seen a well-carved cupboard, or cabinet, marked with some date that fell within a period of fifty years after the restoration of Charles the Second*; and fixed to the beams of the upper floor was a row

* One or two of the Belgian Refugees, who had been driven from London by the great Plague in 1663, are said to have found, for a while, a home in Dent, and there to have practised their art of wood-carving; and one of them is said to have settled in Kirthwaite. The art of wood-carving, at any rate, flourished within the period above indicated; and I remember many good specimens of it in the old *Statesmen's* houses in Dent. But nearly all the finer specimens have now been swept away by the Collectors of ancient furniture. The art existed, however, in Dent at an earlier period. For there was, in my Father's time, at the old Parsonage, a set of oak bed-stocks, which he had brought from his birth-place. They were vigorously though rudely carved, and had the date of 1532.

of cupboards, called the *Cat-malison* (the cat's curse); because from its position it was secure from poor grimalkin's paw. One or two small tables, together with chairs or benches, gave seats to all the party there assembled. Rude though the room appeared, there was in it no sign of want. It had many signs of rural comfort: for under the rafters were suspended bunches of herbs for cookery, hams sometimes for export, flitches of bacon, legs of beef, and other articles salted for domestic use.

They took their seats; and then began the work of the evening; and with a speed that cheated the eye they went on with their respective tasks. Beautiful gloves were thrown off complete; and worsted stockings made good progress. There was no dreary deafening noise of machinery; but there was the merry heart-cheering sound of the human tongue. No one could foretell the current of the evening's talk. They had their ghost tales; and their love tales; and their battles of jests and riddles; and their ancient songs of enormous length, yet heard by ears that were never weary. Each in turn was to play its part, according to the humour of the *Sitting*. Or by way of change, some lassie who was bright and *renable* was asked to read for the amusement of the party. She would sit down; and, apparently without interrupting her work by more than a single stitch, would begin to read—for example, a chapter of *Robinson Crusoe*. In a moment the confusion of sounds ceased: and no sound was heard but the reader's voice, and the click of the knitting needles, while she herself went on knitting: and she would turn over the leaves before her (as a lady does those of her music-book from the stool of her piano), hardly losing a second at each successive leaf, till the chapter was done. Or at another and graver party, some one, perhaps, would read a chapter from the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It also charmed all

tongues to silence: but, as certainly, led to a grave discussion so soon as the reading ceased.

I am not drawing from my imagination, but from the memory of what I have seen and heard in my younger, school-boy days; and I only knew Dent while in its decline. Such were the happy family "*Sittings*," in which labour and sorrow were divorced, and labour and joy were for a while united.

In all the turns of life the habits of our countrymen were gregarious. A number of houses within certain distances of one another were said to be in the *lating râ* (the seeking row), and formed a kind of social compact. In joy or sorrow they were expected to attend and to give help and comfort. To follow this subject out would lead me into details too long for this number of my Appendix—already far too long. But I may mention, how it told upon the customs of Dent, on occasions of great domestic joy. Before the birth of a new inhabitant of the hamlet, all the women of mature life within the *lating râ* had been on the tip-toe of joyful expectation: and the news of the first wailing (the *Crying-out*, as called in the tongue of Dent)—the sign of coming life—ran through the home-circle like the fiery cross of the Highlanders: and were it night or day, calm sunshine or howling storm, away ran the matrons to the house of promise: and there with cordials and creature comforts, and blessings, and gossip, and happy omens, and with no fear of coming evil (for the women of the valley were lively, like the women in the land of Goshen) they waited till the infant *Statesman* was brought into this world of joy and sorrow—in as much publicity as if he were the heir to the throne of an Empire. This custom was upheld with full tenacity during all the younger years of my life; and I mention it here as an example of local manners which connects the present with the past history of the valley.

There were no old customs at the Christenings in the Church of Dent which require any notice in this outline. The Marriages, whether by license or by banns, were celebrated in the body of the Church (just under the reading-desk), till they reached that part in the service where the Minister pronounced the parties to be man and wife together, and added the blessing. All then moved up to the Communion-rails; and the clergyman—from the north side of the Communion Table—read the concluding part of the service: and, finally, the entry was made in the Parish Register, placed upon that Table. This form of ceremonial was in more strict conformity with the Rubric than the present custom; and the fact of their moving up to the Communion-rails, after the contract was legally complete, seemed to show that the compilers of our Liturgy intended the ceremony to end with the service of the Holy Communion*.

There were, in ancient times, few observances in the conduct of a funeral, which are not known at the present day. Formerly, however, they kept a watch in the house, with burning lights in the room of death. This passed under the name of the *Lyk-wake:* but the custom had become very rare, and I believe entirely went out before the end of the last century: and at no period of our history were there hired professional "mourning women, skilful in lamentation" (as among the Jews of old, Jeremiah ix. 17, and Amos v. 16), to give effect to the wailings of sorrow. As a prevailing custom, many were "bidden to the funeral;" and there was a peculiar refreshment called the *arval*, offered even at a poor man's funeral†, before

* At Dent it was, formerly, the custom for the Minister to read the Churching Service from the north side of the Communion Table; while the woman, in whose behalf the Service was offered, and her attendants, knelt at the Communion rails.

† It was a kind and good custom to help, by a small gift, the poor man or woman who was making the *arval* offering in honour of the dead.

they went with the coffin to the church: and after the interment, if the mourning family belonged to the better class of Statesmen, those who had been bidden to the funeral had a dinner provided at one of the Inns, which the immediate mourners did not attend. This fact is nothing new to my countrymen; and I only mention it now, because I have many times heard it sneered at and shamefully misrepresented. I never knew a single case in which this truly kind and hospitable mode of celebrating a funeral led to intemperance or abuse. It may be better now to conduct a funeral with more quiet simplicity. But so long as there was a large gathering of those who had been the neighbours and friends of the deceased, there was nothing unseemly in giving a poor man a dinner, for which he was thankful, or in offering refreshment to friends who had come from afar, and stood in need of it.

I have in a previous page mentioned the robust games which formerly took place on Sunday evenings. King James the First had given a Charter to our School; and he found, I doubt not, a set of very willing listeners, among my countrymen, to some parts of his royal teaching. The festivities of Christmas, and other holiday seasons, were kept up among our countrymen with long sustained, and sometimes I fear intemperate activity. They had their morris dances; their rapier dances; and their mask dances. These grotesque and barbarous usages of a former age disappeared a considerable time before the end of the last century. I believe I saw the end of them full eighty years since, while I was in my nurse's arms. Dent was long famous for its Galloway ponies; and its Race-Course had its celebrity in former centuries. I believe I saw, in my very early boyhood, the last race ever run upon the old Course. Since then, the old ground has been so cut up

and changed, that, happily, it would be impossible to re-open it as a race-course were the old taste to come to life again.

I should think myself ill employed were I to dwell long upon the by-gone vices and follies of my countrymen; but I should be disloyal to the cause of truth were I only to hold up to the light of day the fairer and brighter side of their character. Among the vulgar sports of England, especially during Shrovetide, were matches of game-cocks, which for centuries had kept their place. Nowhere did this vile and cruel sport flourish more than among the Dales of the north of England. Men of character joined in it without compunction: and so thoroughly was it ingrained among the habits of society, that the Masters of the chartered Grammar-Schools received a Shrovetide fee from their Scholars; and in return gave game-cocks to the boys, to be matched for the honour of the School! This fee (known by the boys as the *cock-penny*) is given to the present day; and I have paid it myself many times. But, for about a century and a half, the Master has ceased to give any return beyond an acknowledgment of thanks. I have been present during some of these matches as a looker-on in my early days (what schoolboy will not get into mischief if he can?); and I have witnessed their fruits; which were reaped in gambling quarrels, drunken riots, and bellowings of blasphemy. Thank God, they have gone from sight; and will never again, I trust, defile the light of day. So far as Dent is concerned, this form of cruel sport died away in the unhappy years that closed the last century.

In conclusion, I will add a few words more upon the social decline of my countrymen, which no ingenuity on their part could have averted: for the gigantic progress of mechanical and manufacturing skill utterly crushed and swept away the little fabric of industry that had been reared in Dent. Many of the inhabitants gradually sunk into comparative poverty.

The silken threads that had held society together began to fail; and lawless manners followed. There was no longer a Magistrate among the *Statesmen* of Dent, and none of the gentlemen of Sedbergh would qualify for the Bench; and at that time no Magistrate of Westmoreland acted for the outlying portion of Yorkshire. The consequence was, that a parish officer could not communicate with a Magistrate without a rough journey of forty or fifty miles. The cost and trouble of this mode of seeking justice put law for awhile in abeyance: or, if a check were put upon coarse manners and a disorderly life, it was sometimes done in the way of Lynch law, like that which on occasion has reigned in the back settlements of America. I could tell some tales of this kind that might raise a laugh; but in very truth they ought to be called tales of sorrow.

The great French Revolution seemed to shake the whole fabric of society to its foundation; and the shock was felt even in the retired valleys of the north of England. But the inhabitants of Dent, though sorely lowered in position, had learnt no lesson of disloyalty. They burnt Tom Paine in effigy—a kind of fact sure to fasten itself upon the memory of a boy: and one of the Statesmen, who had inherited a fortune far above any previously known in the valley, engaged the parish singers, and others with lungs that were lusty and loyal, to make nocturnal parades about the parish, singing melodies like Rule Britannia and Hearts of Oak; and when the parade was over, they were allowed to crown the day with squibs, crackers, loud cheers, and deep potations. Such fooleries could do no good; and they did much harm to those who acted in them.

The war that followed brought new taxes and increased poor-rates; and no new gleam of reviving hope shone upon our countrymen. I was still living at the Parsonage at the end of last century; and I well remember the two years of

terrible suffering, when the necessaries of life were almost at a famine price, and when many of the farmers and land-owners—before that time hardly able to hold up their heads—had to pay poor-rates that were literally more than ten times the weight of what they had been in former years. It was indeed a time of sorrow and great suffering. But I will not end with notes of such a dismal sound.

Dent has again revived, and taken a new position. The inhabitants, as members of the Church of Christ, are not now, in outward form at least, so much united as they were in former centuries. The Wesleyans rose into strength during the social and moral depression of the valley: and if they have shewn the light of Gospel truth to houses in darkness, and if they have given the hopes of heaven to some who were not reached by the more formal teaching of the Church of England, this is to me a matter of joy: and in making this acknowledgment I believe I am echoing a sentiment which had a former issue in my dear old Father's heart.

Emigration has relieved the burthen of the five Hamlets. Education has made good progress. Roads are greatly improved. Railroads are touching the extremities of the valley, and are greatly benefiting the farmers of our Dale. We are not now so isolated in England as we once were. The markets are reviving; and again there is hope and cheerfulness among my countrymen. Here I will stop; for it would be idle of me to tell my countrymen the things of the present day, which they know far better than I can do: for sixty-seven years are gone since I ceased to live in Dent. I have wished here to tell a little tale of days that are past, and gone out of the memory of living men; and of other things—not yet passed out of the memory of old men—which form a connecting link between the past and the present history of our valley.

APPENDIX, No. VI.

Provincial Dialects of the North of England. The Saxons, Danes and Norwegians. Their traces upon the Map of England. Their influence upon the Dialects.

In this number of the Appendix I wish to add a few words respecting the provincial dialects of the North of England, especially that of the Parish of Sedbergh, of which Dent forms the Southern portion. Being cut off from the neighbouring parts of Yorkshire by a broad chain of mountains, it may be considered, physically and geographically, as a part of Westmoreland. In fact, the dialect of the Parish is almost identical with that spoken in the principal valleys of Westmoreland. We find slight differences in certain sounds and forms of speech between one valley and another; but still the essential peculiarities of dialect remain the same.

When I began to make excursions to the Lake District, in the early part of this century, I was greatly surprised to find that the natives of Borrowdale, Wastdale, Eskdale, Langdale, and of the other valleys in the highest and most rugged parts of the mountains, spoke a language which, in words and accent, seemed identical with the tongue of my native Dale. If, however, I approached Cumberland by the line of the great road to Carlisle, in the comparatively low country, there was a considerable change of dialect, both in word and accent, by a gradual infusion of the Lowland Scotch. This was easily accounted for, and was what one might have expected. But it was to me an unaccountable puzzle, to find my native tongue spoken among the rugged distant valleys of Cumberland, with which Dent had no communication: while on

the other hand, if I went out at the head of Dent, crossed the wide grouse-cover, and descended into Wensleydale, I found myself among a people whose dialect and accent differed very greatly from my own. How was this to be accounted for? I will try to answer this question before I finish this number of the Appendix.

The progress of education inevitably tends to destroy the peculiarities of dialect; and it is certainly desirable that we should all write and speak a language raised up to a common standard. But, for many reasons, it is also desirable to keep alive, among all well-informed persons, a knowledge of the tongue spoken by their forefathers. For this knowledge enables them to understand, and to feel the full force of works, which (although of the greatest interest to the honour and moral health of the country) are, year by year, becoming more and more difficult to comprehend: chiefly because their words and idioms are dropping out of common use. Is it not possible, among the schemes for national education, to do something that may help to arrest this evil, which is gradually shutting us out from the pure living fountains of intellectual joy which our fathers built up for us? I am here alluding to the sublime poetry and great works of genius of the olden time of England. Nor may I pass over the sacred records of our religion; for in the English Bible are many old words that have quite dropped out of common use, and yet are familiar in the speech of the old people of our Dales.

The young people are not now speaking a language like that which I heard when I was a schoolboy; and were I to address a boy or a girl in the tongue I myself spoke in Dent, when I was their age, they would think that my words had a very *úncouth* sound with them. By *úncouth* I simply mean *unknown, rare,* or *strange;* and the word may still be heard in Dent in this sense, as I used to hear it when I was a boy.

This, at least, I know, that it was so used five hundred years ago. For example, several times in the writings of old Chaucer:

"Who coudé tellen you the forme of daunces
"So *úncouth*, and so freshé contenances."

Squire's Tale.

That is, who could tell you the figure of dances so new, and such fresh countenances.

Again in another poem,

"So well could he devise
"Of sentiment, and in so *úncouth* wise
"All his array, that every lover thought
"That all was well whatso he said or wrought."

CHAUCER. *Troilus and Cresseide.*

The modern word *uncóuth* means something awkward and disagreeable: but not so in Chaucer; and his word *úncouth* still survives in Dent with the same meaning and accent which the old Poet gave it.

In a preceding page (p. 72) I have introduced the word *renable*—formerly used in Dent for one who was ready, or fluent, in speech. That good word has I fear dropped out of common use. It certainly was in use five hundred years ago:

"And speke as *renably*, & faire & wel
"As to the Phitonesse (witch) did Samuel."

(CHAUCER. *The Frere's Tale.*)

Again, in Thomas Thistlethwait's Letter (p. 43), the word *storm* is used for a *frost*—not for a *tempest*, as the word is taken now: and he uses the words *calf-parrock* and *cow-parrock*. Now the word parruck, or parrock, is a pure old Anglo-Saxon word, of which the modern word paddock is a vile corruption.

The word *arval* or *arvel* (p. 74), I need not explain to my countrymen, as I hope the custom of the *arval*-offering

may be still kept up. The word *arval* is of very great antiquity—probably was in use while the ancient Britons occupied the valleys in the north of England.

My father was in his 50th year at the time of my birth; and, in my boyhood, he often told me of expressions which were rare in the years of his youth; but, in my time, had become quite obsolete. The following is one of his examples: *yede ymel*—that is, went, or was going, between place and place. For example, as I *yede ymel* Dent and Gawthrop. This is, I believe, very nearly pure Anglo-Saxon, and the two words are found in Chaucer (*Reve's Tale*).

I will give another instance of a change of meaning in a word of familiar use. The word *tale* now means a story or little history; but in the Bible it means *a count, in number.* Thus the Israelites had to make bricks *by the tale.* "No straw shall be given you, yet shall ye deliver the *tale* of bricks." Again, "We bring our years to an end as it were a *tale* that is told*." Which means, an account that is summed up and finished—counted out.

I will take an example of another word, *Foss*, a waterfall, which is still used in Dent: e.g. *Hud's Foss.* Now this is the word for a waterfall in Norway; and the Norwegians brought it with them to Dent, where many of them settled. I believe the same word *Foss* was carried also into Cumberland by the Norwegians: but the right word *Foss* has been *forced* out of its place by the Lake Poets and other distinguished writers; who, probably, did not know the real meaning of the word Foss; and therefore put the word *Force* in its place. While we pretend to be weeding out a barbarous word, let us take care we do not pull out a good plant along with it†.

* Exodus v. 18 and Ps. xc. 9.

† To the concluding number of the Appendix I hope to subjoin a few more examples of the changes wrought by time in the language of the country.

But if the knowledge of the old words of our tongue enable us to read our ancient books and histories, the same knowledge helps us while we are tracing the history of kindred nations; and learning how they gradually grew up, and worked their language into a consistent structure; and how they spread themselves over separate parts of the earth, and were ruled by different forms of government. This is a difficult subject—quite unfit for this little Appendix—and, indeed, I do not pretend to know of it more than what might well be called the Horn-book or the Spelling-book. But I can state on this point, at second-hand, a few facts which will, I hope, interest my countrymen.

It is well known that England has been peopled in succession by several tribes and nations.

1st. First were the ancient Britons, who spoke a tongue called the Keltic. Of the ancient Keltic language, as spoken in Great Britain, there were two chief subdivisions; one of which is now represented by the Welsh tongue; the other by the Irish and the Gaelic.

2ndly. Next came the Romans, who conquered the country and had it in military possession for about 400 years. We can trace them by their great roads, and by some of their camps and cities—such as York, Chester, and Lancaster. Necessity called them back into their own country; and then England was again in possession of the ancient Keltic race.

3rdly. In less than half a century after the Romans left this Island, many tribes of Anglo-Saxons, and of other tribes that peopled the northern sea-board of Germany, invaded and gradually spread themselves over the richest parts of England. After many battles and long-continued warfare, they drove the ancient Britons out of the low country: and

forced many of them to seek a refuge among the mountains and forests of North and South Wales, where the British (or Keltic) tongue is still spoken. A smaller portion of them was driven into the fastnesses of Cornwall and the western edge of Devonshire, where the old Keltic language was gradually lost; but where the names of the hills, rivers, and towns are still chiefly Keltic: and some of the Keltic race sought a refuge in Cumberland.

In course of time the Anglo-Saxons were converted to Christianity, and became a great and civilized people—for a while under separate princes, but at length they formed an united kingdom. Of their kings, Alfred the Great was the most famous. But sometime after the early Anglo-Saxon invasions, the Danes also began to pour into the country: and for a while they triumphed over the Saxons: and in some parts of England they became permanently settled. Of the Danish leaders king Canute (or Knute) was the most famous.

4thly. The Norsemen, or Norwegians, frequently invaded the coasts of England during the course of three or four centuries. First they came as plunderers and sea-rovers; and afterwards as settlers. They were a valiant race; and famous, in ancient times, as skilful sailors and bold navigators in unknown seas. They spread themselves over Caithness; over the Orkney and Shetland islands; over Iceland and a part of Greenland; and they are supposed to have touched upon the northern shore of America. They took possession of the Western Isles of Scotland; of the Isle of Man; and of the mountainous parts of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Traces of them are found as far as the extreme south-western coast of South-Wales: and, strange to tell, some of them made conquests in Italy and Sicily.

This wonderful Race (partly united with the Danes) conquered, and settled in, a province of France; which from

them is called Normandy (or North-man-dy). But being comparatively few in number, they gradually lost their own tongue, and learnt to speak French—the language of the people among whom they had settled. So also in Caithness, and the Orkney and Shetland Islands, they had driven out the ancient Kelts; but as civilization advanced, they lost the Norse tongue, and gradually learnt to speak English.

5thly. The same Northmen, along with multitudes of Frenchmen, invaded this country under William the Conqueror: and, after the conquest, began that succession of English monarchs which has come down to the present day. In course of a few centuries the Norman-French became engrafted upon the old languages of the country; and different dialects arose, while this engrafting took place on the Anglo-Saxon, the Danish, and the Norwegian tongues—as spoken in the different settlements of this Island. Such is the feeble outline of the early part of English History.

Men learned in the Anglo-Saxon, Danish, Norwegian and Icelandic tongues, have been enabled to trace the parts of this country which had been overspread by the different Races above mentioned; and maps of England have been constructed, shewing—by means of colours—the chief settlements of the several Races who have peopled this Island*. But how is this possible, considering the multitude of changes that have taken place since the settlements were made by these ancient Tribes? It is done chiefly by help of the old names of the towns and villages in different parts of England. If, for example, a town have a name of a true Norwegian type, we conclude, almost with certainty, that it was settled by the

* In these remarks I chiefly rest on the authority of a Volume called *Words and Places*, by the Rev. Isaac Taylor. It is a work of vast research and labour; and it is drawn up with great skill and clearness of arrangement.

Norwegians: and the same rule holds good of the Saxon and Danish settlements.

Let some one of common sense, and able to read and understand the meaning of a map—yet profoundly ignorant of modern history—be asked to point out upon a map what parts of America had been colonized from England, and what parts from Spain. Such a one, in an hour or two, (spite of his supposed ignorance of history) would be able to tell, by help of the names upon the map, what parts of the Continent had been settled by Englishmen, and what parts by Spaniards. Moreover the map would enable him to make out that the English settlers, in what are now called the United States, were Protestants; and that the settlers in Central and South America were Roman Catholics.

Now let us endeavour to apply this kind of reasoning to the successive Tribes that have peopled this Island. There are multitudes of names which are common to the Saxons, Danes, and Norsemen; for they were nearly related to one another. Such names give us no help in determining the settlements of the several Tribes in England; and in colouring our maps, ethnographically, as it is called. But fortunately, there are many old names of places which are of a form almost entirely confined to one Race; and these can be turned to good account.

Thus in the country of the Anglo-Saxons are names of places that end with such syllabes as *ton, ham, worth, fold, garth, &c.;* which are, from their position, called *suffixes.* Of these *suffixes, ton* is the best test-word. For it is found abundantly in the old districts peopled by the Anglo-Saxons; and it is hardly ever seen in the old country of the Danes and Norwegians. Hence, if we find in any part of England several places with names having the suffix *ton,* we are almost certain that they were founded, in ancient days, by the Anglo-Saxons.

Thus we conclude that Ingle-ton, Caster-ton, Middle-ton, Killing-ton, &c. were all Anglo-Saxon settlements. It deserves remark, that the five suffixes above mentioned all meant an enclosure or fence; for protection of crops and cattle, and for defence against attacks: and as the wild tribes that invaded Britain came not as friends but, generally, as enemies; they would naturally group together in villages for mutual help. *Ton* is of the same family with *town*. But *town* did not at first mean a more populous place than a small village. It at first meant a small village and sometimes even a single house with its offices. Thus the word Dent means the whole parochial chapelry; and the village with its Church is called Dent's Town. And so it would have been called had the Town been but a quarter of its present size*. On second thoughts I am sorry that I used the word village at all as applied to my birth-place; I ought to have called it Dent's Town, like a true bred Dalesman.

It is certain that the word Town was used in the same sense by Chaucer in his charming picture of a *poor Parson of a Town*. Chaucer's *Town* was a mere village in "a wide Parish with houses far asunder." And still more striking is the use of the word Town by Wycliffe in his translation of the Bible (St Matt. xxii. 5,—concluding words of the Parable of the Marriage of the King's Son).

In the original Greek of this passage is the word, ἀγρόν, which is very well translated by the word *farm:* and so in our authorized Version, the translation runs as follows:—"They made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise."

In the Vulgate (or Latin Bible), from which Wycliffe made his translation—the words of this passage are—"Illi

* A similar remark applies to many small villages or towns in the Northern Counties.

autem neglexerunt et abierunt, alius in villam suam, alius vero ad negotium suum"—which in Wycliffe's version is as follows:

"But thei dispiseden, and wenten forth, oon to his town, another to his marchaundis." Wycliffe therefore by the word *town* meant a country-house with its offices; and such is the use of the word *town*, to this day, in Iceland. (*Words and Places*, p. 12.)

Of the remaining suffixes, *ham* is the best. It is a good Anglo-Saxon form; but it is found, though rarely, in the Danish or Norwegian country. And still less perfect is the test of *garth;* for it is found occasionally in the Norse settlements.

By a like examination of those names and suffixes which abound in the Danish country, we are enabled to establish another set of test words. The suffix *thorp* is the best Danish test word. For it appears in considerable frequency on the map: and it is (almost without exception) confined to the country of the Danes. The suffix *toft* is also found to be a good test; but it is not so secure as the former, because there are more exceptional cases. The terminal syllable *by* is a very good test between Danish and Anglo-Saxon settlements; and it appears in very great abundance on the maps: but it is not so good a test between the Danish and the Norwegian. The word *by* in Danish means *town;* and probably, in the earliest times of settlement, it might mean a very small village or a single house. In a part of the Lowlands of Scotland, and in the northern parts of Cumberland, *byr* or *bier* means a cow-house or ox-stall. Whit-by means White-town; and Kirk-by Lonsdale means Church-town in the Vale of the Lune: and on the authority of the tests, we may assert that both these towns are probably Danish, though possibly Norwegian; but certainly not Anglo-Saxon.

In like manner we have many Norwegian test-words, but the best of them is *thwaite;* and when we see the name of

a place ending with *thwaite*, we are almost certain that the Norwegians, or Norse, settled there and gave the name to it. For to give a name implies a settlement of a long duration. The armies of the great Napoleon trampled over many of the nations of Europe; but they left no trace of their movements by changing the name of so much as a single town or village. They marched over the country and did not remain there as colonists; and they had no time to build towns or villages.

In all the above statements respecting the test-words my information is only at second-hand; for I know nothing, beyond a few words, of the Keltic, Saxon, Danish, Norse and Icelandic tongues. I only state to my countrymen what I accept as truth, on what I believe to be good authority.

As a matter of fact, the Anglo-Saxons, Danes, and Norsemen did, in a long succession of invasions, settle over the greater part of England; and they built towns and villages to which they naturally gave their own country names. Through these names—sifted by help of the test-words—we are often able to track the different Tribes of the invaders, in their course over the country. Let us then shortly endeavour to apply our principle to the case of England. Taking the line of the Watling-street (the old Roman road from London to Chester), we find hundreds of Danish names on the N.E. side of the line, while on the S.W. side of it there is hardly a single name that betokens a Danish settlement. Thus between the Watling-street and the banks of the Tees there are full 600 names ending with the Danish suffix *by*. In Lincolnshire there are 100 names ending with *by;* and in that county, it is said, there are full 300 places with names that indicate a Danish settlement. And spreading out from Lincolnshire, the Danes gradually occupied the country, and formed an independent Danelagh (under treaty with the later Saxon kings)—

till Saxons, Danes, and North-men were all absorbed under the rule of the Norman Conqueror*.

Again, if we take the Danish suffix *thorp* as our test-word, we have 63 *thorpes* in Lincolnshire, and in Cumberland only *one*. But taking the Norwegian suffix *thwaite* as the test, we have not one in Lincolnshire, and in Cumberland 43: and there are a good many more *thwaites* in Westmoreland and North Lancashire. It is therefore plain that Lincolnshire was quite under Danish rule. In like manner the number of settlements made by the Vikings or Sea-Rovers, in the region of the Lake Mountains, prove that the Northmen became masters of the country—sometimes perhaps after slaughtering or making slaves of the first inhabitants. Therefore in the ethnographical map (*i.e.* the map which represents the geographical distribution of the Races) Lincolnshire must have the Danish colour, and the Lake Mountains the Norse colour†.

Let us next apply these tests to the neighbourhood of Dent—commencing at the sea-side. If we enter by the river Ribble—where the small Saxon ships might have sought shelter—we find the map of the country covered with names ending with *ton*, and a few other terminations, all of which are Anglo-Saxon. Or if we enter by Morecambe Bay we find the shore covered with Saxon names; such as Ulvers-ton, Bolton, Whar-ton, Farl-ton, Bur-ton, &c. At the top of the bay we find Miln-thorpe, which is Danish; and Haver-thwaite, and Ali-thwaite, which are certainly Norwegian. Again, if we ascend by the valley of the Lune we have Kirkby Lonsdale, which is probably Danish: and rising still higher we have Caster-ton, Middle-ton, Killing-ton, &c.—places that were originally Saxon settlements. Leaving the Lune and ascending the river Rother (which is a British name) we cross the hamlet

* *Words and Places*, Chapters 7 and 8.
† *Words and Places*, p. 176.

of Mar-thwaite, which is certainly Norwegian; and then, near Sedbergh, is the village of Miln-thorpe, certainly Danish; and farther up the valley we find Hebble-thwaite, Thwaite, and Smorthwaite which are certainly Norwegian.

Lastly, let us leave the valley of the Rother; and, returning again to Mar-thwaite, let us ascend the tributary Dee which comes down the dale of Dent.

Beck, or river, is good Norwegian; and Holm Fell is good Norwegian. A snow-capped mountain in Norway is called Sna-Fell—just as we say in Dent. Bracken-thwaite, Smorthwaite-Gill, and Helms-Gill are perfect Norwegian names. Colm Scar is, I think, partly British; but Scar is Norwegian. Gaw-throp is certainly Danish, and probably the oldest settlement in Dent*. Thack-thwaite and Heuthwaite are Norwegian: and so are Helms-Gill, Flinter-Gill, Scotcher-Gill, and Hacker-Gill. So probably is Huds Foss—a water-fall in Kirthwaite Beck—and so is Kirthwaite. The whole Hamlet has a true Norwegian name, which means cattle-pasture (p. 36).

Hence I conclude, that the Saxons had settled largely on the borders of Morecambe Bay; and that the Danes followed them and made several settlements, of which Gawthrop is the highest that we have traced. Then came the Norwegians, who overcame the old settlers, and cleared away the old forests, so as to convert Kir-thwaite into pasture land.

* Nearly all the suffixes (or concluding syllables) of the proper names mentioned above, mean settlements, farms, villages, and towns; and such is the meaning of the word *throp* or *thorp*. But what is the meaning of the word *Gaw?* Mr Matthews (who has considered such questions much more than I have done) thinks it has the same meaning as the German word *Gau*. Now *Gau*—according to the Author of *Words and Places*, page 141—means "a primary settlement with an independent jurisdiction." Hence, (according to Mr Matthews' ~~division~~ suggestion) Gawthrop means the "primary settlement, and independent jurisdiction of the hamlet of South Lord Land." Were I to adopt this explanation of the name Gawthrop, I should rather make it the ancient metropolis of the whole valley of Dent: for the separation of the Hamlets may have taken place at a later period.

In the same manner in which I have imagined the ascent of the Norsemen up the valley of the Lune, and thence up the dale of Dent, let me in imagination follow them along one of the valleys of Cumberland. Their small piratical vessels would find a good shelter at Mary Port or Workington; and the rich, low country would supply them with ample plunder. This would induce fresh hordes to follow; and, finally, to settle in the country. They then, as they increased and multiplied, began to ascend the Derwent, and they made *forest clearings* by the side of Bassen-thwaite Lake; and thence they easily might advance into Borrowdale. And that some of them did advance and settle there is proved by the fact—that two of the higher branches of the dale are called Ross-thwaite and Sea-thwaite. The syllable *thwaite* plainly tells the tale. And if we cross over the highest mountain ridges, and descend into the valley of the Duddon, we again meet with a Sea-thwaite; which must have been an old Norse settlement.

It thus appears, that if we pass the Norwegian colour (as stated above) over the Lake Mountains, we must also spread it over a part of the basin of the Lune, and extend it to the head of Dent.

I hope my countrymen will not be ashamed of the blood of the old Vikings and Sea-Rovers that is flowing in their veins. They were a grand, bold, and conquering race. Though small in number, they were great in enterprise. They were converted to Christianity at an early time; and at the Reformation they chose that side which gave them liberty of conscience, and they became Protestants; and we their children have done the same. They were daring and skilful sailors, and made great discoveries, especially in the North Seas. We their children have done, and are now doing, the same. They colonized the remotest parts of Europe, and went in

search of, and settled in, distant lands. We their children have colonized North America and the great Islands of the Southern Hemisphere, not far from our antipodes. Few in number, but of daring courage, they held under their authority remote countries thickly peopled, and not speaking their tongue. We, their children, have conquered India, and hold two hundred millions of its natives under our sway. It is not our shame but our glory to think of such a parentage.

The difficulty mentioned before (page 79), is therefore cleared up. We speak the same tongue at Dent, Langdale, Borrowdale, and Wastdale,—because we are all descended from the same Race. We are all of the blood of the Northmen—the grand Norwegian Sea-Rovers or Vikings of ancient song.

On the contrary, if we were to cross the moors, and go down Wensleydale, we should get into a country of more pure Anglo-Saxon blood, and therefore speaking a dialect a little more removed from our own.

The dialect of Dent sounds, I fear, very barbarously in fastidious ears; but I will give a short example of it. A master says to his servant: *Jack, hes t' eh' dun thi wark?* The reply is: *Naë Maëster, but I's gaën at du it.* Now this is not a corruption of a better form of old English. It is a sentence in a true Danish or Norwegian grammatical form. For in their tongues, the word of existence (*am*) is neither inflected in the singular number nor the plural. Whereas in English we inflect the verb in the singular, and do not inflect it in the plural. And certainly the form—I is, thou is, he is, we are, ye are, they are—is more symmetrical than—I am, thou art, he is, we are, you are, they are. Again, in using in Dent the words, *at do it,* instead of, *to do it,* we are merely following the teaching of our Norwegian ancestors. With them it is a national idiom: with us, at second hand, it is intensely provincial and vulgar.

APPENDIX, No. VII.

Further remarks upon the Dialects of the Northern Dales, and their changes. Words of Chaucer, still heard in Dent, &c.—Conclusion.

In this concluding number I wish to discuss again the dialects of Dent and the Dales adjacent to it, which are but slight modifications of the dialects spoken through the whole Lake district. Connected with this subject are two volumes, of great local interest, first published more than forty years since (*Carr on the Dialect of Craven, with a Copious Glossary*). The work contains most of the provincial words that are used in Dent, and some that are peculiar to Craven; and it is, I think true, from the evidence of the Glossary, that the dialect of Dent is more near to the Norwegian type than is that of the Craven district.

There are some excellent and comparatively modern works upon our north country dialects, which my many engagements and my present infirmity of sight prevent me from studying as I could wish: but I may mention *Garnett's Philological Essays on the Language and Dialects of the British Isles*—a very elaborate work; and I have several times quoted the Rev. Isaac Taylor's *Words and Places*. But such works are the result of learned research, and of a knowledge drawn from the old Saxon, Danish, and Norse dialects. I am also told that there is a valuable work, *Northmen in Westmoreland and Cumberland*, by Robert Ferguson; which proves that there are 150 personal names of the Icelandic type within the Lake district. This is just as it ought to be, if the conclusions I have drawn respecting Dent, in the previous Number, were well founded. Iceland was colonized by the Northmen as well as Dent; and there

are many words, commonly regarded as provincial, which are used in Iceland just as they are in Dent: and we have personal names in plenty derived from the Northmen; for example, Thistlethwaite, Hebblethwaite, Braëthwaite &c.— all of them originally the names of small Norwegian forest-clearings; which afterwards gave surnames to those who resided in them.

There is a great difficulty, I might say an impossibility, in giving a real phonetic spelling to our provincial words. I mean such a spelling as would convey their correct sound to the reader. The common northern negative reply to a question is *na*. But the reply may be, and often is, *na-yeh*, the two syllables slurred together like the slide of two notes in music. But in truth we cannot spell the word so as to represent the sound by any combination of our letters. If we seek for a good phonetic spelling for our dialects, we must begin by finding out a new alphabet. Our present letters will not do.

Before I touch upon one or two points in the variations of our spoken dialects I must first briefly discuss, the elements of our articulate sounds, whatever be our provincial dialect. To represent our words we have vowels, diphthongs, and consonants. A true vowel is a simple natural sound, which we can continue like a musical note upon a flute. Thus I could go on sounding *a, e, o* as long as I pleased, without any change in the note, or in my organs of speech.

A diphthong (which means a double sound) represents the union of two vowels which are sounded together, and help to make only one syllable. Thus in the words *house* and *head*, the vowels *ou* and *ea* help only to make one syllable, and are true diphthongs. But in many other words, such as *fear* and *hear*, the vowels do not unite into a diphthong: and in the Westmoreland dialect these unions are almost always broken;

so that the two diphthongal vowels are sounded in two syllables. In the same dialect, long vowels are often replaced by two short ones, which in each case make two syllables.

A consonant gives us no sound by itself. Take, for example, the first consonant *b*. I cannot sound it until I put a vowel to it, and then it may become *ba, be, bo,* &c. But there are four consonants—*l, m, n,* and *r*—called *liquids,* because we can make them flow on before our syllable begins, or after it ends. Thus I can dwell upon the *l* before I sound the syllable *life;* and I can do the same with the final *l* in *tell.* And this is often done with good effect in public speaking. In like manner I can go on rolling an *r* before, or after, I sound a syllable. So far we are all of one mind. But to *l, m, n,* and *r,* I wish to add *v,* which is, I think, as good a liquid as any one of them. Strangely and falsely it has long been united with *u,* which is a vowel, and sometimes a diphthong. *V* is a true consonant, and is now commonly separated from *u,* to which it is not at all akin: and it is a liquid consonant, because I can lengthen it out, or make it flow on, at the beginning or the end of a syllable. I can say *vice,* or I can sound it *v-v-vice.* And were I writing a Grammar, I should also add *f* to the liquids, for a like reason. But I must not dwell upon such points as these.

Our Grammars used to tell us (I do not know what they do now) that there were five vowels, *a, e, i, o, u,* and sometimes six by adding *y.* Now we have these six letters; but only three of them are true vowels. For *i* is not a true vowel; we cannot go on sounding it. It is a diphthong made up very nearly of *a* and *e*: and by using the vowel *i* as the representative of this diphthong, we have taken a step which tends to tear asunder our written language from its true vocal analogies with those of Europe. *O* is a good vowel: and so would be *u* if we could confine it to the sound of *oo.* For *oo* is a simple

vowel sound with which I can go on as long as I please. But *u* is so peculiarly and frequently combined with *q*, that they have sometimes been erroneously regarded as taking the place of a consonant—*e. g.* in such words as *queen, quit.* Moreover in many words—such as cube, use, rebuke, duke, &c.,—*u* is not a vowel but a diphthong. It cannot therefore be retained in our list of true vowels. And as for *y* it is never a distinct vowel. It is either a consonant, or it is put in the place of another vowel;—as in the words *you* and *only.* In the former word it is a consonant; in the latter, it stands in the place of a short *e;* and *y* sometimes fills the place of the diphthong *i.*

Thus, out of our six vowels I have discarded three. Still we have *six true vowels,* by the test of continued sound; as I think I can prove. Thus under the first letter of the alphabet we have two vowels *â* and *a.* The first is sounded like *a* in the word father; the second like *a* in the word fate, or hate. Now the *â* is a natural sound, entirely from the throat—sounded like a low note in music, with the mouth open and the tongue and lips at rest. It is therefore a guttural sound; but it differs from the other gutturals in being unconnected with the aspiration of the letter *h;* and it ought to have a distinct symbol. For the other *a* is not a guttural: the two *a*'s are perfectly distinct vowels, each of which may be long or short; and they ought not to be represented by one letter or symbol. Thus we have found four vowels *â, a, e, o.*

But the double vowel, in such words as *look* and *took,* is only a bad or unfortunate spelling. The letters *o͡o* in such cases, make but *one* true vowel *sound;* and we can go on sounding it like a note on a wind instrument. It ought therefore to have a separate letter: and *u* would serve the purpose very well if we could confine it to the above simple

vowel-sound (*oo*). But we have spoilt it, as a vowel, by using it as a diphthong in such words as cube, duke, &c. I have now five vowels *â, a, e, o,* (*oo*).

We have, however, a *sixth* good vowel-sound which may be called *ô* guttural; and it is here marked like *â* guttural. This *ô* is also sounded, like a low note in music, entirely from the throat, with an open mouth and the tongue at rest: and thus we have found six true vowels—two of which are natural and guttural sounds, unchanged by the lips and tongue, and unconnected with the hard breathing of the letter *h*.

The *ô* guttural is a very important vowel; for it is often a test letter between a north country and a south country pronunciation; and I believe that its sound did not exist at all in the old dialects of Westmoreland and Cumberland. There are thousands of countrymen in the North of England who cannot sound the *ô* guttural when asked to do so. As examples of the *ô* guttural I will take the word *hall;* and the two proper names, *Saul, Paul.* In the word *hall* the true vowel sound is *ô* guttural: and so also in many other words, such as *fall, ball,* &c. &c. In the two proper names the two letters, *a, u,* are fully sounded (as they ought to be) in several living languages: but in England, the despotic authority of custom has decided that the two vowels, in the proper names, are to be sounded—not as a diphthong, but as a true vowel—the *ô* guttural; which we can sound, like a musical note, as long as we please with the lips and the tongue at rest*.

* This use of the *ô* guttural for certain diphthongs greatly distresses Foreigners when first learning to speak English. The sound of our (so-called) vowel *i* in such words as mill, fill, pitch, &c. &c., I do not profess to analyze in this elementary discussion. The sound is correctly given in Westmoreland and the Dales: but in many parts of Scotland the natives are incapable of sounding it, if they have not acquired the sound in early life.

I must mention two more letters, *h* and *w*, before I leave these first elements of written and spoken language. All our vocal sounds are produced, like the sounds of a reed instrument, by forcing the air through the windpipe and setting the membranes or small fringes at its top in a sonorous vibration. The vibrations pass into the air that fills the mouth, and become articulate sounds by the action of the lips and tongue. But we can breathe hard without any vocal sound, because we have a regulating power over the sounding membranes; and we can make sounds within the compass of our voice with a hard or with a soft breathing. Here is the phonetic use of the letter *h*. It marks the hard breathing sound of an opening syllable. Thus *hear* and *ear* have the same vocal sound; but the former is roughly breathed (or aspirated), and the latter is sounded softly. The letter *h* is a very important symbol in the separation of provincial dialects. In one County it is hardly sounded at all; and in many provincial dialects it is often affixed to a wrong syllable. But this vulgar abuse of the letter *h* does not characterise the dialects of the North of England. There is no prominent misuse of it in the Lake Country; and among my dalesmen of Dent the letter is hardly ever misapplied*.

The letter *w* has been, I think, in many cases erroneously called a consonant. In the cases to which I allude it has *very nearly* the power of the vowel $\widehat{oo}$. How then account for such sounds as *wanton, wabble, will*, &c., if we do not give to *w* the power of a consonant? If we take for granted that *w* is the equivalent of $\widehat{oo}$, the words become *oo-anton, oo-abble, oo-ill*. Then let the vowels be sounded together as diphthongs, and rapidly run together as in a musical slide; and we shall obtain our first words *wanton, wabble, will*. There-

* See the remarks, upon this paragraph, which precede the Conclusion to this No. of the Appendix.

fore the *wa* and the *wi* are simple diphthongs; and *w* has, in these cases, little or no power as a consonant.

There is however a difficulty in the phonetic spelling when the letter *oo* is combined with *h*, in such words as *what, where, whirl*, &c. &c. Our old writers often introduced *qu* in the place of *w*, e. g. *quawes* for waves, and *quat* for what. Without approving the ancient spelling I think the modern spelling is false—regarding it as phonetic—and that the prefix *wh* ought always to be written *hw*. On this supposition the three words become *hoo-at, hoo-ere, hoo-irl*. Again, let these words be pronounced rapidly and blended together as in a slide of music, and we at once obtain our original words *what, where* and *whirl*. But it is in vain to argue against the authority of established usage in a question of a spoken language. *W* and *h* will remain where they are; and it would be lost labour to make *w* the equivalent of the vowel *o͡o**.

What I wish, in conclusion, to remark is this—that in the dialects of the north of England we generally preserve a full sound of the aspirated *w* (*wh*). On the contrary, in what is called the standard English of the South, the *h*—in such words as *where, when* and *wheel*, &c. sometimes almost ceases to play its part among articulate sounds—in my mind to the great enfeebling of the English tongue. But it is no wonder that our tongues should be so various when we think of the strange mixture of blood that is running in the veins of Englishmen.

Having thus pointed out one or two distinctions between provincial and good English in the very vocal elements of our articulate sounds, I will give a summary of the previous discussion upon these elements. (1) Of the six

* In the written Welsh tongue, *w* stands in the place of the vowel (*oo*), and the spelling is entirely *phonetic*. But they have lost by it more than they have gained; for it increases their difficulty in taking the early steps in the acquisition of another living language.

vowels of our old Grammars I have turned out three; for *i*, *u*, and *y*, as we use them, are not true vowels, but are either diphthongs or consonants. (2) We have six vowels *â*, *a*, *e*, *ô*, *o*, and *o͞o*; of which two are musical gutturals; and the *ô* (guttural) is a test vowel among the dialects of England. (3) The guttural vowel *â* in the dialects of the North, often takes the place of true diphthongs, or replaces long vowels. The vowel *o͞o* in like manner replaces diphthongs; so *cow* becomes *co͞o*, and *house* becomes *ho͞ose:* and the *ô* guttural sometimes replaces diphthongs. Not only are these elementary changes made; but in their local distribution they seem to defy all obedience to any intelligible rule.

I will now point out, under separate heads, some of the peculiarities of the northern dialects.

1st. There are great local distinctions in the use of the article *the.* Take, for example, the following three words—*in the abstract.* In the old tongue of Dent the words would be pronounced *i th' abstract.* In Craven, and many other parts of the north of England, the words would be *i t' abstract*—the *t* sounded *hard.* This difference may seem very small; but it produces a great effect, as we hear it in conversation recurring almost every moment. As a general rule, the *th* is not suppressed in Westmoreland, but strongly sounded.

I was greatly surprised when I first heard from a learned gentleman of Iceland—who paid us a visit at Cambridge—that many of the old words we use in Dent—such as *beck, gill, syke, and keld*—were common words in his native country. And when, in course of a discussion upon our dialects, I pronounced the name of the great Danish sculptor as if it had been written *Torvaldsen,* he turned round upon me, and asked how they would pronounce the name in Dent. In reply I then gave the name Thorwaldsen—sounding the

th and the *w* in full force. "That's right," he said; "that's our own way; and do not be ashamed of your own tongue."

2ndly. A very great difference in the dialects of the Dales arises from a difference in the sound of the long vowels and diphthongs, and in the variable use of the vowel *o͝o*. I state the fact, and am not able to give any reasons for the fickle and arbitrary variations, which show themselves even in the same parish, or the same valley. Let us take some words which are often used as tests among school-boys. *Our brown cow ran down the brow.* In the old dialect of Dent, the words would be *Our brawn caw ran dawn th' braw.* At Sedbergh it would be *Oor broon coo ran doon th' broo:* and in Craven and Wensleydale it would be very nearly the same as at Sedbergh, except that the hard *t'* would replace the *th'*. My countrymen may perhaps tell me that I am now sending coals to Newcastle. But I wish again to remind them, that the variations of the dialects, however strange and sudden, have their limits; and that it would be against all rule, founded on experience, to suppose that Cowgill was the right spelling of Cogill. Had the well-known Gill been at first called Cowgill, the word might have been changed into Coogill; but never could have been corrupted into Cogill.

3dly. Of all dialectic corruptions, the most common and the most mischievous are those where we replace a good old word, that has partly become obsolete, by some known modern word of similar sound. I believe our friend Thomas Thistlethwaite made that mistake when he replaced the old name Harbergill, by the modern word Harbourgill (p. 42). In like manner I should reject the spelling of Rise-hill for the well-known hill Risell, opposite Dent's Town: but in these two instances I may perhaps be wrong.

About the spelling of the great hill, Baugh-fell, above Sedbergh, I have however no doubt. It is now commonly

pronounced Bâ-fell. But in my schoolboy-days the first syllable, as pronounced by the old people in the valley, had a distinctly guttural sound; and this sound is well given by the spelling Baugh-fell, which has been found in the best and oldest authentic documents. In some modern maps the hill is spelt Bow-fell—a name which is doubly corrupt. For it conveys a false idea of the form of the hill; and the word Bow never could have been corrupted into bâ—as the first syllable is now sounded. Baugh-fell is undoubtedly the old and genuine orthography.

4thly. The letters *h*, *v*, and *w* are often misused in the provincial dialects of England. In one county, as stated before, the letter *h* is hardly sounded at all. In many places it is fully sounded; but very often misplaced: and in many parts of England—London certainly not excepted—*v* and *w* so frequently and ludicrously change their places as to give intense vulgarity to the language in common use. Now these misapplications of the three letters are seldom if ever heard among the natives of the Lake Mountains. I never heard them in my native Valley.

5thly. The *suppression of the guttural sounds* is, I think, the greatest of all the modern changes in the spoken language of the northern counties. Every syllable which has a vowel or diphthong followed by *gh* was once the symbol of a guttural sound: and I remember the day when all the old men in the Dales sounded such words as *sigh*, *night*, *sight*, &c., with a gentle guttural breathing; and many other words, such as *trough*, *rough*, *tough*, had their utterance, each in a grand sonorous guttural*. All the old people, who remember the contested elections of Westmoreland, must have

* The former of these guttural sounds seemed partly to come from the palate; the latter from the chest. Both were aspirated and articulate; and differed entirely from the natural and simple vocal sounds of the guttural vowels *â*, *ô*.

heard in the dales of that County the deep guttural thunder in which the name—*Harry Brougham*—was reverberated among the mountains. But we no longer hear the first syllable of *Brougham* sounded from the caverns of the chest,—thereby at once reminding us of our grand northern ancestry, and of an ancient Fortress of which Brough was the written symbol. The sound first fell down to Bruffham; but that was too vigorous for the nerves of modern ears: and then fell lower still into the monosyllabic broom—an implement of servile use.

We may polish and soften our language by this smoothing process; yet in so doing we are forgetting the tongue of our fathers; and, like degenerate children, we are cutting ourselves off from true sympathy with our great northern progenitors, and depriving our spoken language of a goodly part of its variety of form and grandeur of expression.

6thly. The changes last alluded to seem to affect all our northern dialects alike, and therefore give us no tests of comparison. But I will now point out one or two changes which help to bring out the peculiarities of the dialect of Westmorelanc' and all the Lake Country.

In all the dialects of the North there is a tendency to divide the long vowels and the diphthongs into two, so as to make two syllables in the place of one. Thus *more, sore, late, pace,* &c. become *ma-er, sa-er, la-et, pa-es.* But of this change there are many modifications: *e.g.* in Craven and Wensleydale *more* and *sore* and *pace* become *mâr* and *sâr* and *pâs.* In Carr's *Craven Dialect* the words are spelt *maar, saar* and *paas;* to which I entirely object: for no doubling of *a* can make *â* guttural*. It was this difficulty that led me to dis-

* The substitution of *â* for the *long vowel o*, so often distinguishes the dialects of Craven and Westmoreland that I will add one or two instances to those above given.

cuss the six vowels which are common to all English dialects: namely, *â, a, e, ô, o, o͞o.* We want, as I said before, a new letter for the *o͞o;* for it cannot be represented by our letter *u,* which is often a diphthong,—as in St *Luke,* or in the vulgar provincial word *luke* (look). Neither will *w* serve our purpose; though it makes a near approach to it.

In the standard English of the present day we hear the sound of the two vowels in the words *fear, hear, beard.* But we miss them or change them in many words, such as *seat, meat, treat,* &c.; while the northern dialects, especially that of Westmoreland, are much more consistent, and the three words become *se-at, me-at, tre-at,* &c., &c.; and so in very many instances. In such cases our northern dialects have become vulgar, by refusing to conform to the inconsistent standard of the South of England.

No wonder that a country which has afforded settlements to Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, Norwegians, and Norman-French, should show some confusion in its dialects. But when any one of the successive settlements became firmly established in an English district, the dialects there remained fixed for hundreds of years, with very little change. Time will, however, produce changes even in the meaning of the same word among the same people; and as our knowledge and wants increase, our language must go on increasing with them, if it is to keep its place as a medium of communication between man and man. But while we are adding to our stock of verbal signs, and adding both to their expressiveness and polish, let us not go on with our polishing till we rub

woe	=	*waë* Westmoreland:	*wâ* Craven.
a toe	=	*taë* ——	*tâ* ——
a bone	=	*baën* ——	*bâne* ——
whose?	=	*whaës?* ——	*whâs?* ——

In each instance, where in Craven they substitute *â,* in Westmoreland they split the long vowel and make two syllables.

them into the quick: above all, let us be on our guard against rejecting words which we may not want to express our meaning to one another; but which we *do want*, that we may understand the meaning of those who have lived before us, and left their works for our study.

England in old time had many invaders who, one after another, made changes in her tongue; and she is now invaded by a power which is stronger than any that came before—I mean the schoolmaster and his followers; and to them, had I a fit occasion, I would address the caution last given.

The remaining part of this number of the Appendix will chiefly consist of a series of examples, from the works of Chaucer, bearing upon the subjects here discussed.

Words of which the meaning has been slightly changed since the time of Chaucer.

I have before given an example of this kind in the word *úncouth*. I will give another in the words *unweld* and *unweldy*. *Unwieldy*, as we now spell the word, means a person who is clumsy from heaviness. Chaucer uses the word simply as inactive from the feebleness of age.

(1) *e.g.* his description of *old age* under the figure of a *woman:*

> "All woxen was her body *unwelde*,
> And drie and dwined all for elde;
> A foul forwelked thing was she
> That whilom round and soft had be."

Her body had become *unweld* and dry and pined and wasted from age; a foul, much wrinkled thing was she, who had once upon a time been plump and soft. We do not use

the word wieldy in Dent, but in Chaucer it is used as follows:

> "So fresh so young so *weldy* seemed he,
> It was a heaven upon him for to se."

Here *weldy* means active and lithe: and *unweldy* means just the contrary.

(2) Our word *silly* in Dent means *feeble* in body, not *in mind.* It is often a term of compassion, "*Silly man i's waë for him; the poor fellow, he's just lost his wife.*" In such a sentence *silly* does not mean foolish; nor does *poor* mean that the man has an empty purse. Now Chaucer often used the word *sely* nearly in the same sense. He calls two Cambridge men "these *sely* Clerkes;" certainly not because poor in intellect. And he calls Absolom (in the *Miller's Tale*) *sely;* certainly not because he was a fool. But the term is used, I think, by Chaucer in jest rather than pity.

(3) *Fulsome* in the northern dialect, when applied to words, means nauseous flattery: in Chaucer it means *too full* of matter—long to weariness—as "For *fulsomeness of the prolixitee*" (*Squire's Tale*).

In the following list, the words in Italics from Chaucer's works have come down to us in the Northern Dialects without any material change of meaning. W, affixed to a word, means the dialect of Dent; which is considered the same with that of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

[*The prefixed numbers refer to the quotations subjoined.*]

Bane—near, convenient.

Balk—beam of a roof.

Bete—to repair, to mend; generally applied to a fire.

Brat—an apron.

Brere—a briar.

Bumble—the buzzing noise made by the bittern; the noise of the bumble bee.

Brent—burnt.

Brosten—broken or burst; brossen, W.

Corn-Crake—the land-rail; also called dacre-hen, W.

Croppen—crept.

Daff—a booby.

Daft—foolish.

1 *Draff*—the refuse grain after brewing.

Eme, eäm, W.—uncle. Only used *now* when combined with *aunt*—eäm and aunt, W.

2 *Ferly*, farly, W.—strange, wonderful to see.

Fond—foolish.

3 *Fother*—a cart-load; or to load a cart (now generally said of hay).

4 *Gaure*, glo-ar, W.—to stare.

5 *Groine*, grune, W.—the snout of a swine.

6 *Hap*—to cover up; to wrap in warm clothes.

Heronsew—heronshaw.

7 *Kem*—a comb; or to comb.

Lake—play.

8 *Lathe*, laithe, W.—a barn with stable, or cow-stalls, attached.

9 *Mell*—meddle.

Orts—refuse hay in an ox-stall or stable.

10 *Ratouns*, ratons, W.—rats.

11 *Shepen*—shuppen, W, cow-house.

12 *Shiver*, shive, W.—a slice of bread.

13 *Snewed*—snowed.

Souk—suck.

Stot—bullock.

14 *Swough*, sooh, W.—a sound of water, or of a distant tempest.

Threpe, thre-ap, W.—to dispute obstinately.

15 *Thwitel*, whittle, W.—a large knife; generally that of a butcher.

Urchon, urchin, W.—hedgehog.

Wick, qwick, alive.

16 *Wode*, wood or weud, W.—mad or foolish.

17 *Wonning*—house, dwelling-house. To *won*, to dwell, W.

Yeman—so spelt, and so pronounced in Westmoreland.

Notes or Quotations in proof of the list.

1 "And I lie as a *draff-sack* in my bed."

2 "Who harkened ever s' like a *ferly* thing!"
(*Reve's Tale.*)

3 "That had ylaid of dung full many a *fother*."
(*Prologue to the Tales.*)

4 "The neighboures, bothe small and grete,
In rannen, for to *gauren* on this man."
(*Reve's Tale.*)

5 "A fair woman without discretion 'is like a ring of gold that is worne in the *groine* of a sowe.'" (*Parson's Tale.*)

6 "The floure of fairnesse *happeth* in his arms."
(*Complaint of Mars and Venus.*)

7 "With *kemped* herés on his browés stout."
(*Knight's Tale.*)
"And her comb to *kem* her hede."
(*Romaunt of the Rose.*)

8 "Why n'ad thou put the capel in the *lathe?*" (Capel, in Norman French, meant horse.) (*Reve's Tale.*)

9 "For in no wisé dare I *mell*
In things wherein such peril is."
(*Booke of the Dutchesse.*)

10 "...went unto a Poticary
And prayed him, that he him woldé sell
Some poison that he might his *ratouns* quell."
(*Pardonere's Tale.*)

11 "The *shepen* brenning with the blaké smoke."
(*Knight's Tale.*)

12 "Have I not of your capon but the liver,
And of your whité bread, na't but a *shiver*."
(*Sumpner's Tale.*)

13 "It *snewed* in his house of mete and drinke."
(*Prologue to the Tales.*)

14 "In which there ran a rumble and a *swough*,
As though a storm shoulde bresten every bough."
(*Knight's Tale—The temple of Mars.*)

15 "A Shefeld *thwitel* bare he in his hose,
Round was his face and camuse was his nose."
(*Reve's Tale.*)

16 "Like sharpe *urchons* his haire was grow,
His eyes red, sparkling as the fire glow,
His nose frounced full kyked stood,
He come criaud as he were *wood.*"
(*Personification of Danger—Romaunt of the Rose.*)

17 "His *wonning* was full fayre upon a heth;
With grené trees yshadowed was his place."
(*Prologue to the Tales.*)

The *preceding list* gives us a set of words that are in vulgar use and have remained unchanged for more than five hundred years: and the list might easily be made much larger. We must remember also that Chaucer did not invent the words. Most of them were brought over to this country during the times of the Norwegian, Danish, and Saxon invasions; and, even then, they were considered as old words by those who planted them in this county. Some of the slighter changes in certain words, since Chaucer's time, help us to understand the language of our own day. Of this I will give three examples—*gossip, nostrils,* (snirls W) and *thropple.*

Gossip commonly means one who runs about with the talk and news of the day: but it also means Godfather or Godmother. How comes this about? In Chaucer the word is written *God-sib. Sib* is a true old Saxon word (still, I hope, used by the old people in Dent), and means a blood-relation. Gossip—which comes from God-sib—tells us, therefore, that in the mind of the Church of Christ, the man or woman who answers for a child in baptism, takes the place of a blood-relation. Using the same endearing language, St Paul

calls the slave Onesimus his Son; and addresses Timothy as "his beloved son."

Nostrils. In Chaucer's Prologue the word is written *nose-thirles.* Now *thirles* (pure Saxon) are holes made by a drill. Therefore the word nostrils simply means nose-drills or nose-holes—a homely, but true derivation.

Thropple. The wind-pipe, at the top of which is the *reed-organ* of our voice. In Chaucer (*Reve's Tale*) the upper part of the wind-pipe (the part sometimes known as "Adam's apple") is called *throte-bolle;* and from *throte-bolle* has come the word *thropple.*

In the following examples we find traces of dialects differing from the common language of Chaucer's day: also of customs and idioms and sayings, which, however strange at first sight, may still be traced among the customs and phrases of our Dales.

In the *Reve's Tale* we have these two lines:

"I is as ill a Miller as is ye."
"This Miller smiled at hir nicetee."

The first line—a perfect specimen of our living dialect at Dent—is spoken by a native of "a town called Strother, far in the North." Carr (*Craven Dialect*) supposes it to be Langstrath Dale.

Rake the fire. We all know the old custom of keeping the fire alive, over night, by burying a piece of turf in the ashes. I think Chaucer had seen this done; and alludes to it in the following lines:

"For whan we may not don, than wol we spaken,
Yet in our ashen cold is fire *yreken.*"
(*Reve's Tale,* at the opening.)

This and the preceding example make me suspect that Chaucer had visited our northern Dales.

Draw-cutte, to determine by the lot of *drawn cuts*—The custom and the name are still, I presume, quite common.

"Now *drawcth cutte*, or that ye further twinne;
"He which that hath the shortest shall beginne."
(Opening of the *Canterbury Tales.*)

By-word, a nick-name or a proverb; still in vulgar use:

"To which full oft a *by-word* here I say."
(*Tro. and Cres.* IV. 769.)

Feel, to perceive:

"Thought suddenly *I felt* so sweet an air."
(*Second Nun's Tale.*)

It comes very near to our common vulgarism, *I feel a smell.*

A long of, occurs in *Troilus and Cresseide*, Book II.:

"Of me is nought along thine evil fare."

i.e., "it is not *a long of me* thy fare is evil." Just so still in Dent, *It's o' alang o' thee.*

Per auntre, at a venture, by chance,

"And eké, *per aunter*, this man is nice."
(*Legende of Goode Women.*)

So—he *auntred it*, he ran the risk. (*Reve's Tale.*)

Thus *per aventure* was first corrupted into *per auntre:* and then, by another change, the phrase became, in our dialect, *an anters.*

I's come an anters, at a venture, to take my chance; and

I's come to spy farlies—to see what curious sight I can.

Kele, to cool:

"Then down on knees full humbly gan I knele,
Beseeching her my fervent wo to *kele.*
(*Court of Love.*)

By Shakespeare the word is spelt keel, in that *good* old song at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost;* in which we read

"Tu-who a merry note
While greasy Joan doth *keel* the pot."

In Westmoreland at the present day the word is *cule*—the *u*, diphthong, commonly replacing the vowel *o͡o*.

Conne, to know, to learn, to be able: *con thank*, to know that I owe thanks; to thank.

> "That she, for whom they have this jolité,
> *Con hem* therefore as *mochel thank* as me."
> (*Knight's Tale.*)

So in W. I *con ye muckle or mickle thank*, or I *con ye naë thank:* and a lad *connes his lesson, &c.*

Here I end the extracts, as I think them sufficient for their purpose; and this number of the Appendix has, I fear, reached a length too great for the reader's patience.

To give us a grasp of the change wrought in our tongue within the last five hundred years, no works are better than those of Chaucer; which are of great length, and are much varied in their subjects; and they have been edited with an elaborate glossary, without which some of the author's lines might seem to be written in an unknown tongue.

As a conclusion to some remarks that are made in the preceding pages, I express my earnest wish that some short Tracts—fit to be laid before the classes of our National Schools in the northern Counties—were drawn up containing words and phrases, found in the works of our best old authors, which are now almost obsolete, but are still lingering among our northern Dales. Such Tracts, with a set of well-selected quotations, put in comparison with the homely language in daily use, might be made very amusing, as well as instructive, to young people: and surely this is a great recommendation.

The Tracts might be so varied as to fit every class, from the highest to the lowest. They might help to preserve some venerable old words that seem to be vanishing out of sight and

hearing, and might teach the children to think and reason about the words by which they make their thoughts known to one another. Such a training would also take away from the vulgarity of the old dialects; and teach the young people not to scorn the homely tongue of their parents; and not to think too proudly of their own small knowledge. But in these remarks I am only throwing out a few hints, and not entering on a discussion which would be much too wide for these pages.

In the previous details I have done my best to avoid hard technical words; but it has sometimes been difficult to do so. Thus I have used the word *ethnographical* (pp. 86—90), when describing the map of England. Let me endeavour a little more fully to explain that word.

Geography (derived from two Greek words—*ge*, the earth; and *graphé*, a picture) tells us what is the whole surface of the earth—land and water: and a good geographical map lays down upon a globe—or upon a plane surface representing a globe—the various countries of the earth in their right places and upon the same scale. If the scale be large, our map may not only lay down the rivers and chief towns, but may also represent the form of the mountain-chains—and such is a good map of Europe. But Europe is peopled by different nations, who hold different parts of it to themselves. So we can, by using different colours upon our map, represent the nations and kingdoms—such as France, England, Spain, &c. This colouring of the map is called *national* or *political;* and it is, as we well know, liable to many changes.

But we can go further still and subdivide national colours

on the map by additional colours that are confined to the original races which, together, made up the whole stock of the inhabitants. Thus we might divide England into two colours —giving one of them to Wales, the inhabitants of which are Keltic or ancient British. Or we might colour England with several other tints (as in the map of the Rev. Isaac Taylor), so as to show the settlements of the Norwegians, Danes and Saxons. Such a map is called *Ethno-graphical* (pp. 86—90)— from the word *Ethnos*, which means an original stock of men with a peculiar language.

The following remarks arise out of the statements in a preceding page (p. 99), which seem to require some illustration. Every sound is produced by some vibratory substance that acts upon the air and causes it to move off in all directions in the form of spherical waves; and if the central vibration be continued, wave follows after wave, travelling through the air at the rate of more than eleven hundred feet in one second. A continued vibration, at the same rate or pitch, gives us a musical note; and there is an enormous difference in the rapidity of the vibrations, and the succession of air-waves, that belong to different musical notes: but if the succession be too quick or too slow, beyond certain limits, we cease to hear any musical note whatsoever.

The sounds we commonly hear are not simple musical notes, but are caused by many kinds of mixed vibrations; but whatever be the sounds we are hearing, the air-waves that produce them are rushing into the ear and beating against the head of the ear-drum, like waves of the sea beating against the shore.

Beyond the membrane that is stretched across the barrel of the ear-drum the air-waves are carried onwards till they

reach a complicated cell in which is spread the nerve of hearing; and there the beatings end. But the signals are past on by the nerve-chords to an inner sense residing in the brain, which interprets the signals, and tells us whence the beatings on the drum-head came, and what was their meaning. And truly marvellous is this interpretative power when we think of the countless air-waves that are continually rushing into the ear, in every variety of pitch or rate of succession. And the power is not gained by long experience and laborious thought; for it is shared by multitudinous creatures of the animal kingdom, some of which have the organic sense of hearing in a perfection higher than is given to man. It is, then, an original power planted in the ear of man and beast by the might of the hand that made the ear.

But man alone has the high faculty of drawing general truths out of separate instances that have come before his senses—of observing the beautiful order in which the events of the natural world are linked together, and of rising to a conception of material laws, ordained by the prescient, creative power of God for the government of the natural world.

Many animals, as we well know, have that sense of hearing which is needful for them; but man alone can study and comprehend the laws of sound, and can follow them, if such be his gift and will, into the deep recesses of severe science. Or, leaving that dark and difficult track through which few are able to thread their way; and taking a gentler road, and practically guided by the laws of sound, he can build up a sublime art that seems to lead the senses captive; and he can construct instruments of subtle skill that give might to the voice of melody. Greatly as we honour that

science which can melt the heart of man to tenderness, and for awhile can lift his affections above the earth toward that great First Cause "whose voice is heard in the harmony of the world:"—greatly as we honour a science that seems to link together our material and moral nature—the part that is earthly to the part that is divine—yet higher still does man rise above all other grades of animated nature, by his capacity and gift of moulding the elemental notes of his natural organs into articulate sounds; and of knitting them into the words of a living tongue, to be the signs of thought between himself and those around him.

But leaving subjects among which the soul of man may become bewildered, and his mind's eye become "darkened from excess of light," let us return to our starting-point, and simply regard our vocal organs as instruments of musical sound. Every note in music is sustained by a system of continued vibrations, and we have from our Maker's hand a reed instrument—at the upper end of the pipe through which we breathe—that is under the command of our will, and can give out, in combination with the lips and tongue, continued vibrations at any pitch within the compass of the individual voice. Here, then, we have the first element of music.

But music, whether vocal or instrumental, requires a reverberating chamber, or a cell of resonance, to give the notes body and effect. What would be a drum without its hollow barrel? What a fiddle without its kit? What the bassoon without its great reverberating cylinder into which the vibrations are poured from the simple reed held between the performer's lips? In the light in which we are now regarding the vocal organs, the mouth is our cell of resonance (the whole cavity between the lips and throat); combined, in the upper notes, with the cavity behind the nose; and thus is fulfilled the second condition wanted for musical sound.

Again, we require the mechanical power of a *swell* to give effect to an organic sound; and that power is supplied in exquisite perfection by the rising and falling of the ribs and chest, which are at the command of the artist's will; and enable him almost to breathe a living soul into the notes to which he gives utterance. The organic workmanship is therefore complete. But still we are among the first elements of vocal sounds that are without melody and without significance.

And now begins the working of the mind of man—the divine creative part—which here, as in other parts of nature, fixes a great gulf between him and every other living thing. He can call forth what notes he pleases within the compass of his voice; he can determine their order, their time, and their combination; and if he be one of God's gifted children he can hold those around him under the spell of "that sweet compulsion which in music lies," while he is pouring out the notes of a melody that seems meet for an Angel's song.

Great as is the intellectual and organic power of man in thus breathing life and meaning among the dead elements of sound, yet far greater is his strength, and more effectual is his workmanship, when he gives his thoughts and aspirations full freedom, unfettered by the laws of melody and of harmony, and speaks to his fellow-men in the articulate words of wisdom and of eloquence.

No longer confining our view exclusively to the sense of hearing, and our power over the organs of sound, let us shortly consider the position of man in the natural world. He is bathed in the air from the moment he issues from the womb; and he enters the world with the organs of sight and hearing prepared and ready for his individual use. The air that

surrounds him is ever at hand, as his messenger, to convey, by its waves, the knowledge of his thoughts and will to his fellow-men. But what would be the use of this telegraphic mechanism were there no ears to catch the air-waves, and no intelligent power within to interpret the signals? In the complicated mechanism of the natural world the several parts are so fitted and arranged as to work together in harmony. Thus the eye is with matchless skill fitted to the vibrations of light; and the ear to the undulations of the air; and the two organs are built up in the recesses of the human fabric so as to be safe from ordinary accident, and ready at all times to give to us the precious gifts of sight and hearing.

We know the difference between design and accident; for we ourselves can work upon a design, and so fulfil a rational purpose. Shall we then, when we see a beautiful work of art or a grand mechanism, think of the designer's skill and the workman's cunning hand, and sing their praise? And then when we see the glories of creation among the lights of the heavens, and the multitudinous forms of animated nature, and the grand adaptation of the several parts of nature, all pointing to the domination of universal law—when we see all this, shall we shut our eyes to the grand lesson, and refuse to accept the fundamental truth, that all nature, moral and material, is an emanation from the sovereign will of the Great First Cause—from the God that created all worlds, and all things therein, whether dead or endowed with life?

To deny this truth is to degrade our humanity to the level of a lower life, which is unconscious of the meaning of organic laws or of the duties and the hopes of a moral nature. The denial stultifies that rational power and faculty by which we ascend from effect to cause; and, worst of all, it helps to wither up within our heart the hopes and aspirations which

are a good man's solace and comfort amidst the cares and sorrows, the clouds and tempests of this uncertain life.

Let us then, my friends and countrymen, accept this grand truth—that all the harmonies which run through the whole world of nature are as the voice of God addressed to the race of man—inviting him to a feast of wisdom. If it be his happy lot to partake of this feast, let him learn another, at once an exalting and a humbling lesson—that the natural world is but a portal of God's temple; and that there are higher and more searching and more glorious truths within. And while he is reading the lessons of truth and wisdom, drawn from the natural world and given to him by a hand divine, let him at the same time learn to apprehend his own littleness, and humbly strive to give God the glory due, as the Creator and Sovereign of the universe, and (to take one glance at a higher teaching) as the blessed Redeemer and Sanctifier of those who have learnt to look up to Him in thankfulness as the Author of all law, and the Giver of all good.

[NOTE]. The six preceding pages were inserted during the passage of this sheet through the Press, after the following Conclusion had been printed.

CONCLUSION.

A part of this Pamphlet was printed last summer; and at the end of the summer vacation I hoped to finish it, and send it to my countrymen before the winter months began. Many engagements however compelled me to postpone my

task; and my hope then was, that this little work would be ready by the beginning of this year. But the labour of the last Michaelmas Term was only just over when I was smitten by an attack of *bronchitis*, which held me in fetters for full two months: and after that stupefying malady had left me, I began to suffer from an inflammation of my eyes, which for some weeks compelled me to abstain from any continued writing. I have, however, persevered, as best I could; and the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th numbers of this Appendix have been dictated, from my arm-chair, to my servant, who took my place at the writing-desk. I have been dictating, from the recollections of by-gone years, with a full sense of the infirmity of an old man's memory. But I have been addressing my Dalesmen, I trust, in a spirit of true Christian love; and should I have made any mistakes, I am assured of their forgiveness.

While sitting in my arm-chair and dictating the latter pages of this Pamphlet, I have felt a continued joy in thinking that I was engaged in a long gossip with my Dalesmen: and I have felt a glow of pure delight—slightly darkened, now and then, by a gentle suffusion of sorrow—while calling up before my mind's eye, and fixing in words, some scenes of my early life, and some tales that were told me while I was young. And I wish, as best I can, to make my Dalesmen the sharers in this pleasure, while I send them this offering of my heart—the last I shall ever be able to send them in any form like this. It is indeed an offering of my heart; but made in the slowness and feebleness of old age.

I trust that I may be permitted again to see the home of my early years, and some of the dear old friends whom God has not yet taken from our sight. But, so far as regards this world, no old man has any right to build upon the future. It ought to be enough for his comfort that his life is in the hands of God. To Him I now lift up my

prayer that He may bless and preserve my countrymen; by giving them (and He only can give them) hearts to serve Him in true love, and to guide their steps by the light of His Holy Word: that so, by a strength they do not count their own, they may walk uprightly without wavering, and end their Christian course with joy!

THE END.

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