

creased. The special feature of this model-well is an air-pipe that is joined to the long limb of the siphon. It is by means of this air-pipe that the model can be made to imitate all the eccentricities of the Giggleswick Well. When the air-pipe is open the ebb-and-flow is full and regular; its period, of course, depending upon the speed at which the cistern is being fed. But with the air-pipe corked and closed, all the varieties of partial ebb-and-flow that we have spoken of can be shown by giving a more or less rapid feed to the cistern. The model is very ingenious and beautiful, and is the result of much thought and skilful work. If, then, in the case of the Giggleswick Well, we may assume that there is in the rock and connected with the siphon-duct some crevice that acts as does Mr. Green's air-pipe, we should have all the eccentricities of the Well accounted for.

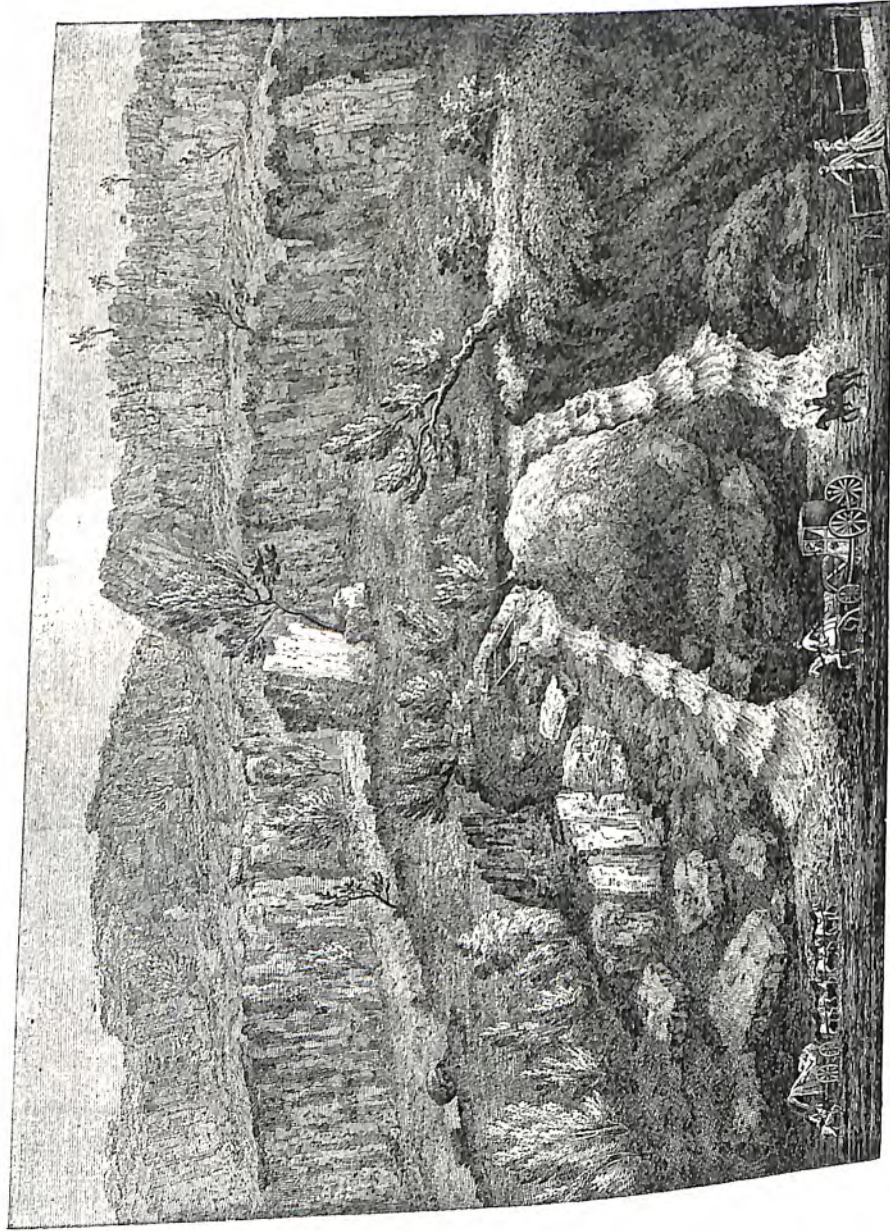
The best theory is but theory still. The secret of the Well is held in a heart of rock. We could know the secret only by breaking through the rock, and thus demolishing our Ebbs-and-Flows.

The Silver Cord. Sometimes when the water has begun to ebb, and just as it is leaving the grating, a band of air, locally known as the "silver cord," may be seen stretching across the trough from its two lower outlets.

The "silver cord" or, as many people call it, the "silver worm," has its own ways, and they are curious. Generally two "worms" enter, one from each outlet, and these meet and become one. It then looks like the C-string of a 'cello stretched across the Well, but



The Well, looking from above, and showing the "Silver Cord".



Facsimile of Bush & Tearn's engraving of the well. 1778.





Volunteer Artillery on Buckhaw Brow
1900

in a slightly curved line. This lasts for two or three seconds, when it is severed and disappears. Sometimes the "worm" starts from one outlet and reaches across the Well to the other. Then again it sometimes tries to get across, but fails; at five or six inches from the outlet it hesitates for a moment, and retreats. And sometimes it simply peeps in, and, as if it found the water too cold, instantly darts back.

Dr. Watts has devised an apparatus which gives the "silver cord," and also shows how it is caused. A rounded glass vessel has two outlets, opposite each other, answering to the two lower outlets of the Well. Water is turned into the vessel through a tube which is fixed at such an angle as gives to the water a rotary motion. A line joining the two outlets would be its axis. The force of the water is regulated by a tap. When the proper force is given the "silver cord" is constant. By a slight turn of the tap the broken attempts that we have spoken of are also reproduced.

We have said that the "cord" is seen only in the first moments of the ebb,—as the water has just begun to settle. That the water has then a rotary motion may be seen by dropping into it a few small paper pellets. It is to this rotary motion of the water that the "silver cord" is due. A volume of air is, so to say, seized at the outlet, and is by the motion of the water spun into the "silver cord."

As with Dr. Watts' apparatus, so also with the Well, there must be an exact adjustment of the tap. And thus it is that, although we might visit the Well daily and for weeks together, and often see the ebb-and-flow, we might not see the "silver cord." Then

again at another time we might stay there for hours and see the "silver cord" or something of it with almost every ebb-and-flow.

The passing visitor, then, who sees the ebb-and-flow is fortunate; he is doubly fortunate if he sees both the ebb-and-flow and the "silver cord." These two phenomena are together unique. He could see them nowhere else, and he might afterwards visit Settle and the Well many times, and not see both again.

How long there has been the ebb-and-flow no one can tell. We might think that the water would in the course of centuries wear out for itself fresh channels, and that the siphon-action would cease. But three centuries ago the Well was known, and was a cause of wonder. There was also many years ago a tradition* that in olden times an iron cup and chain were attached to the Well,—perhaps a memento of the reign of Edwin, who ordered that ladles should be suspended at wayside springs for the refreshment of travellers. But the first real mention of the Well is in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, where he enshrines in verse a legend which was then (A.D. 1612), as his lines suggest, an ancient one.

"In all my spacious tract let them (so wise) survey
My Ribble's rising banks, their worst, and let them say:
At Giggleswick, where I a fountain can you show,
That eight times in a day is said to ebb and flow;
Who sometime was a nymph, and in the mountains high
Of Craven, whose blue heads for caps put on the sky,
Amongst the Oreads there, and Sylvans made abode.
(It was ere human foot upon those hills had trod.)
Of all the mountain kind, and since she was most fair,
It was a Satyr's chance to see her silver hair

* Grammar School *Olio*, No. 3, p. 67.



*Lux Hareshulla tibi (Warwici villa, tenebris
Ante tuas Cunas, obsita) Prima fuit.
Arma, Viros, Veneres, Patriam modulamine dixti;
Et Patriae resonant Arma Viri Veneres.*

*Michael Drayton
(see p 399)*

GIGGLESWICK.

VICAR'S CHERRIES.

Someone has evidently robbed the orchard of the Vicar of Giggleswick, for the following printed notice is posted in Giggleswick: "£2 reward will be paid to anyone who, in strict confidence, gives information about the sneak who stole t'owd vicar's cherries on the eve of St. Swithin's Day. 'A kid's trick' and 'no class.'"

BUCKHAW BROW.

Sir,—The most dangerous, because the most deceiving and treacherous, bend between Leeds and Morecambe or Windermere is Buckhaw Brow, at the summit of the Well Road, Giggleswick. During the last generation there have been over a score of "kills" on the spot, and three times that number of subsequent deaths owing to serious accidents. In fact, Buckhaw Brow is a veritable death-trap. The rock obstruction at the bend of the road obscures all vision on either side, so that before even a careful driver is aware he may be landed into a flock of sheep or a drove of cattle.

All this murderous trouble might be obviated were the rock obstruction removed. Then the road would be as safe as any ordinary road. The cost of removing this would be quite trivial—just a single shot of blasting powder and the road straightened out. Incidentally, it is a happy hunting ground for "concealed" policemen, who, instead of guarding the Vicar of Giggleswick's cherries, employ their leisure in nabbing unwary motorists.—Yours, etc.,

THEOD. P. BROCKLEHURST.
The Well House, September 10.

BUCKHAW BROW.

Sir,—In to-day's "Yorkshire Post" there is a letter from the Vicar of Giggleswick stating that "over a score" of persons have met their deaths on Buckhaw Brow during recent years, and that "three times that number" have subsequently died as the result of accidents there. This means that more than 80 persons in all have received fatal injuries, presumably from motor mishaps, on that hill!

Mr. Brocklehurst's statement is ridiculously inaccurate, as it may safely be asserted that such fatalities "during the last generation" do not number more than half-a-dozen, if so many. And his charge that it is "a happy hunting ground for concealed policemen who . . . employ their leisure in 'nabbing' unwary motorists" is equally unreliable, as the police, when on duty there, are perfectly conspicuous (one of them being a mounted man during the busy season), and are in no way "concealed"; and that their presence is essential is obvious from your correspondent's statement that the hill is "most dangerous," as well as from the fact that control of the unceasing stream of motor-cars at certain times is absolutely essential.

The members of the Force perform their difficult duties with courtesy and tact, and have proved to be most efficient in protecting pedestrians and careful motorists from the reckless drivers who "cut in" on this hill in order to save two minutes' time on their way to Morecambe or the Lakes. But Mr. Brocklehurst seems to think that looking after his wretched cherries is a more important call on the services of the police than is the control of motor traffic and the prevention thereby of the terrific loss of life which his powerful imagination conjures up.—Yours, etc.,

THOS. BRAYSHAW.

Settle, Sept. 11.



Motor Car Accident near Well. Aug. 1927.



Terns Beck, Giggleswick. July 1929

G. Post, 11th Sept. 1929

Yorkshire Post. Sept. 14. 1929

Drayton





Earliest known map showing the well, therein styled "Giggleswicke Spring"

Ly. from Drayton's "Polyolbion"

Flow loosely at her back, as up a cliff she clame,
 Her beauties noting well, her features, and her frame,
 And after her he goes; which when she did espy,
 Before him, like the wind, the nimble nymph did fly:
 They hurry down the rocks, o'er hill and dale they drive;
 To take her he doth strain, t'outstrip him she doth strive.
 (The gods) turned her to a spring, which, as she then did pant,
 When wearied with her course, her breath grew wondrous scant.

E'en as the fearful nymph then thick and short did blow,
 Now made by them a spring, so doth she ebb-and-flow."

After these highly poetical fancies "Drunken Barnaby's" lines (*cir.* 1640) may seem tame, and "of the earth, earthy"; but we here give them:—

"Thence to Giggleswick most sterile,
 Hemm'd with rocks and shelves of peril,
 Near to th' way as traveller goeth,
 A fresh spring both ebbs and floweth;
 Neither know the learned that travel
 What procures it, salt or gravel."*

Some outlandish stories have linked themselves to the Well; but one story, which may very possibly be true, is this. A stranger on horseback stopped at the Well to let the animal drink. The water happened to be ebbing at the time. When the horse lifted its head the rider was dumfounded to see that in quenching its thirst it had more than half-emptied the trough. He could not think of riding an animal that had imbibed such an enormous quantity of cold water. So he carefully led the animal to Settle, and said to the ostler at the *Lion*, "Put all the horse-cloths you can find on this animal, for he has drunk yonder well quite dry."

* The Latin version runs thus:—
 Veni Giggleswick; parum frugis.
 Profert tellus clausa jugis;
 Ibi vena prope viae
 Fluit, refuit, nocte, die,
 Neque norunt unde vena
 An a sale vel arena.

One singular custom in connection with the Well is still observed. On the afternoon of Easter Sunday young and old feel that they must visit the Well. The hold which this custom still has upon the people of the neighbourhood may be judged of from the fact that on last Easter-Sunday 598 persons passed the writer's house on their way to the Well between one and three o'clock. Years ago it was the annual habit with many to take with them intoxicating spirits, and to drink these with water from the spring; and there were scenes that were anything but creditable to the people, or befitting the day. Now the custom is to take a piece of "Spanish juice," which makes a more innocent, if less stimulating beverage. Probably this Easter-gathering at the Well had its origin in some ancient superstitious regard for the spring; some belief that it possessed mystic virtues; that it was another Pool of Bethesda, and that its waters were healing when "troubled."

It is very amusing sometimes to hear the things that are said by strangers as they sit or stand at the Well and watch—perhaps in vain—for the ebb-and-flow. And as we now leave the Well we may give a brief colloquy that the writer himself once heard:—

First Stranger: "I don't believe it ivver does ebb an' flow."

Second Stranger: "What for?"

F. St.: "Because I heven't seen it, and I'll believe nowt 'at I heven't seen."

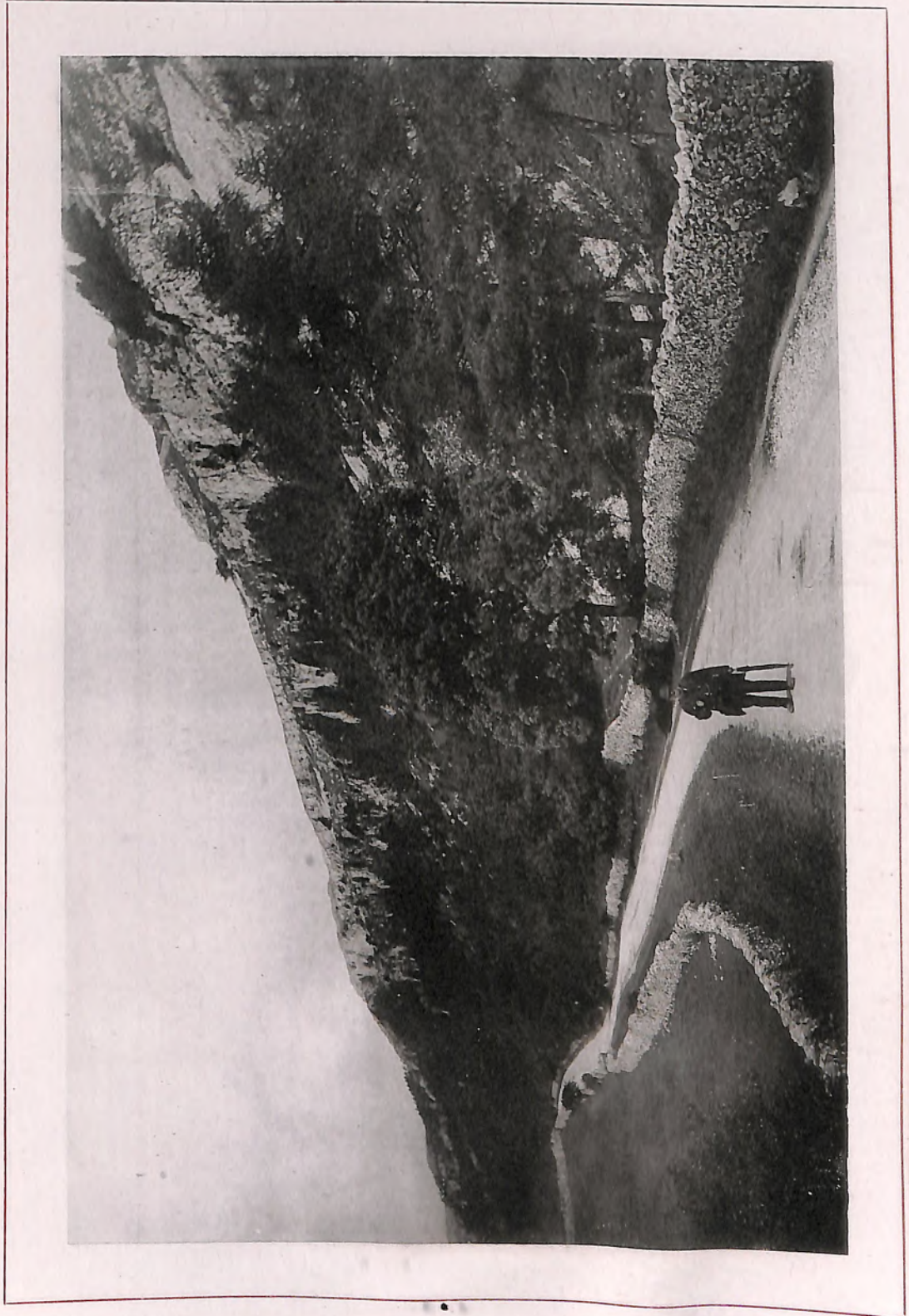
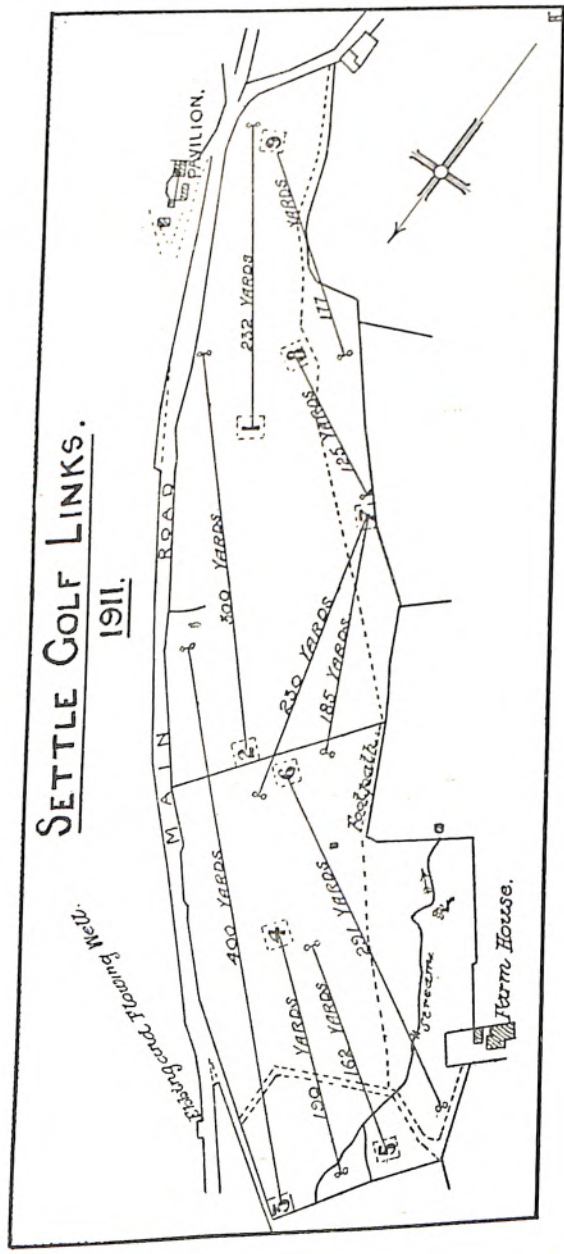
Sec. St.: "Hes ta seen thi own brains?"

F. St.: "No."

Sec. St.: "Then thou doesn't believe thou hes ony; and this time thou's *reight*."



"Mill Well", Siggleswick.



Giggleswick Greens.

LEGENDS OF CRAVEN.

No. III.

THE EBBING AND FLOWING WELL AT GIGGLESWICK.

The legend runs that this well "once upon a time" was a Nymph, and that a Satyr who was strolling by (bye-the-way Nymphs, Satyrs, and witches seem to have chiefly constituted the population at that time), caught a glimpse of and fell in love with her. He promptly pursued her, and the Nymph, alarmed by his too pressing attentions, fled. She soon found that he was rapidly overtaking her, and so she prayed to the gods to change her into a spring. They acceded to her request, and the well, as it ebbs and flows, is supposed to be the Nymph panting. Drayton has put this legend into verse in the 28th song of his "Polyolbion," where he writes:—

"In all my spacious tract, let them (so wise) survey
My Ribble's rising banks, their worst, and let them say:

At Giggleswick, where I a fountain can you shew,
That eight times in a day is said to ebb and flow;
Who sometime was a nymph, and in the mountains high

Of Craven, whose blue heads, for caps, put on the sky,

Amongst the oreads there, and sylvans, made abode,
(It was ere human foot upon those hills had trod),
Of all the mountain kind, and since she was most fair,

It was a Satyr's chance to see her silver hair
Flow loosely at her back, as up a cliff she clame,
Her beauties noting well, her features and her frame,
And after her he goes; which when she did espy,
Before him, like the wind, the nimble nymph did fly:

They hurry down the rocks, o'er hill and dale they drive,
To take her he doth strain, t'outstrip him she doth strive,

Like one his kind that knew, and greatly feared his rape,
And to the Topic Gods, by praying to escape,
They turned her to a spring, which, as she then did pant,

When, wearied with her course, her breath grew wondrous scant,
E'en as the fearful nymph then thick and short did blow,

Now made by them, so doth she ebb and flow."

In connection with this well, the old custom of taking a bottle and a lump of "Spanish juice," and then making a drink by dissolving the Spanish juice in a bottle full of the water, might be mentioned. The custom is still observed every Easter Sunday by the children of the neighbourhood. T. B. Settle.

It may be interesting to our readers to have the reference to this well contained in "Drunken Barnaby's" Journal of his tours through England (temp. 1638.) It is as follows:—

"Thence to Giggleswick most sterill
Hemm'd with rocks and shelves of perill;
Neare to th' way as traveller goeth,
A fresh spring both ebbs and floweth,
Neither know the learn'dst that travel,
What procures it salt or gravell."

"Neare th' bottom of this hill, close by the way
A fresh spring ebbs and flowes all hours oth' day."

RANDOM THOUGHTS BY THE EBBING AND FLOWING WELL, NEAR GIGGLESWICK.

We love to linger by the well,
Which often ebbs or flows;
Or wander in the silent dell,
Where oft the lily grows.

We love to linger by the well,
And cattle lowing hear,
Which graze at leisure by the dell,
Or at the farm quite near.

We love to linger by the well,
And hear the birds' sweet song
Of brighter things they seem to tell,
And beckon us along.

'Tis pleasant too, sat by the well,
At setting of the sun;
When flowers seem to say farewell,
And when man's work is done.

'Tis best, perhaps, sat by the well,
At early morning hours;
Just as the sun doth rise to swell
The grain, and fruit, and flow'rs.

The birds then sing their very best—
The woods ring with their song,
And nature fair wakes from her rest,
To wear her smile day long.

We sit and think oft by the well,
And note the tourist's eye,
Who watch, with patience, for the swell
Of water by and bye.

If they the silver cord should see,
Delighted are they all,
And gaze, and question anxiously,
What makes it rise and fall.

Is it, they wonder, syphons, or,
Ah! ah! it beats them all,
To see the water less, then more,
And gently rise and fall.

We know that science has been here,
And analysed its game;
Yet, after all is said, I fear
Its tale is rather lame.

The wonder is monopolists
Have not this in their eye
And try to get it in their fists,—
I'll hush, or they may try.

At times it sulks we must confess,
No humouring will do;
When rain, or heat, is in excess,
It shows us plainly too.

The water fresh, and good, and cold,
And always much the same;
Its matchless purity, we're told,
Is unsurpass'd in fame.

The sloping field above the well,—
There children romp and play,
And roll their colour'd eggs pell mell
At Easter, as they may.

What makes the children hurry so—
They can no longer wait?
Why, don't you know, they mean to go
Off to the Easter *fete* (fate).

The scars, quite father-like they stand,
To shield their child—the well—
Which nestles humbly, fond, and grand,
Mid trees, primrose, and bell.

It's friends—the Bucha Brow and farm,
The lime kilns and the woods—
All lend their beauty to the charm,
The trees and flow'rs their buds.

We rightly seek for good, not ill,
In this enlighten'd day;
And hope our parish council will
Be help'd in every way.

Yes, may the county council send,
Their cream of skill to thee,
And physic of their choicest blend,
A perfect remedy.

And, with grave faces will they judge
Thy system, ancient friend,
Before a single inch they budge,
Thy garment, old, to mend.

We always speak of thee with pride,
This well the tourist knows,
And duly praise thee far and wide—
Our famous "Ebbis and Flows."

Giggleswick, Nov. 30th, 1895.

S. W.

By Stephen Wooler.

For portrait see next page



Mrs. & Mrs. J. M. Croft's on Settle Golf Course.



BUCKHAW BROW (GIGGLESWICK SCAR)

926

Mathews
Bullard



Drawn by G. Clint A.R.A.

Engraved by C. Dye.

RICHARD BRAITHWAITE.

*From a scarce Print by Vaughan, prefixed to his
English Gentleman.*

London, Jan: 1683. Published by W. Walker 5 Grays Iron Square.

THE EBBING AND FLOWING WELL AT
GIGGLESWICK.

This remarkable Well is situated about a mile to the north of Giggleswick. It is very unpretentious affair, to the casual observer being nothing more than one of the ordinary roadside wells, so frequently to be found in this neighbourhood, that have been erected for the use of the wayfarer and passing horses and cattle. And even should the tourist who visits the well take the trouble to stay some time, it by no means follows that he will be rewarded for his pains, because in very wet or very dry weather, the ebbing and flowing of the well almost entirely ceases, but when there is a medium supply of water it is commonly in full activity, rising and falling rapidly, sometimes without intermission, and at other times with irregular intervals.

The distance between its flux and reflux varies from a few inches to half a yard. Different explanations of this phenomenon have been given, but none that satisfactorily accounted both for the reciprocation and its irregularity, as well as for the influence of wet and dry seasons, until a solution on the principal of the double syphon was given by the late Thomas Hargreaves, of Settle, who constructrd a model, which exactly imitated the eccentric habits of the Well, and this model was for some time disposed in the library of the Settle Mechanics' Institute. It is impossible to explain the solution without the aid of a diagram.

As to the origin of this Well, the local legend is that "once upon a time" a nymph, who dwelt in this locality, was seen by a satyr, who at once fell in love with her. Finding his attentions becoming inconveniently pressing, the nymph fled away from him, with her tormentor in hot pursuit. To her consternation she found that he was rapidly gaining on her, and so she prayed to the gods to change her into a spring, so that she might escape him. The gods acceded to her request, and the Well, as it ebbs and flows, is supposed to be the nymph panting.

*From Tho: Braysshaw's
"Stackhouse Tracts."*

*Drunk
arnaby*