

ON FOOT ROUND SETTLE.

BY
GEO. H. BROWN,

MINISTER OF ZION CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL.



Price 3d.; in Cloth, 6d.

SETTLE:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. W. LAMBERT.

1888.

Cover of 1st. Edition.

PREFACE.

See opposite -

SEVERAL years ago I wrote a small book entitled "On Foot Round Settle," which ran out of print. I have here kept the old title, but this is a new work. It is the result of "local jottings" that have been accumulating for a considerable time. I have done my best to make it concise and yet adequate. It is meant for two classes of readers: those who dwell, or have dwelt, in the district; and those who come into it as visitors or tourists. I have tried to make the book interesting and helpful to both. It goes over some ground and deals with some matters that no other book has touched. It seeks to describe not *all* things, but the *best* things that are to be seen around Settle. Having seen the Victoria and Clapham Caves, we do not want to look into all the small caverns with which the limestone abounds. Having seen Hellen Pot, Gaping Gill and Thirl Pot, we do not want to search out every junior member of the pot-hole tribe.

Mr. Tiddeman when presiding, a short while ago, at a meeting at Settle, said "There is not a square acre in the Settle district that we might not make a life-long study of." I hope this book will do something to show that Mr. Tiddeman's remark was no extravagant hyperbole.

I want to give two words of advice, and to make one request. (1). Take with you a compass, if it be only a sixpenny-one, when you are setting out for the hills and moors. (2). In climbing a step-stile take heed lest you fall. Where the steps are of limestone or of Silurian flag they are sometimes very slippery. And in a conflict between a human bone and a Silurian calliard, it is always the calliard that comes off best. (3). My request is this,—If you find a gate shut, do not leave it open.

I have found friends very ready to give me help, and I beg to tender to all who have helped me my sincere thanks.

It is a relief and a pleasure to have in the book a chapter on the Flora of the district, written by other hands. It has been kindly written for me by two ladies—sisters—who have made a thorough study of the botany of the district, and whose initials many readers will at once recognise.

To Mr. Brayshaw my obligations, in all matters of antiquarian interest, have been constant. I have to thank him also for the full use, freely accorded me, of his unique library of local works; and for the loan of the blocks from which most of the illustrations are printed.

I wish also to record my thanks to Dr. W. Marshall Watts for extracts from his memoranda as to the ebb-and-flow of the Well; to Mr. T. Thompson for his work on the map; also to Messrs. J. Lord, W. Walker, Jas. Jackson, J. Snell, A. Horner, T. Green, J. Roberts, T. A. Harvey, S. S. Burlingham, Joseph Hudson, and H. Harrison (of Clapham), all of whom have rendered me acceptable help.

I put last, not least, my friend Mr. Graham, sen., who has been my genial and enthusiastic comrade in many cave-hunting and pot-hole-hunting expeditions.

G. H. BROWN.

BEL HILL, GIGGLESWICK,
MARCH 30TH, 1896.



Design of Settle
"Heraldic" Pottery



Thos. Brayshaw.

T. Brayshaw's Book-plate. 1881.
(Designed by G. R. Halkett.)

[FROM THE "CRAVEN HERALD," OCTOBER 23TH, 1892.]

STANZAS TO H. SPEIGHT.

IN A

PANORAMA OF THE CRAVEN HIGHLANDS,

By A CHILD OF CRAVEN.

[The reader is referred to the General Index of the Craven Highlands for names, &c.]

Hail, Johnnie Gray! whose dawn of crescent fame
In Airedale, thy last offspring, to conceal
'Twas erewhile, as we see, thy former aim—
At length thou breakst away the modest seal,
And boldly dost thy birthright name reveal
In this thy Craven Highlands—happy phrase!
And in thy name of Speight we truly feel
Thou hast been culling lore on mountain ways
That own thee for a son from far ancestral days.
Craven's Child Harold, in a garb of prose—
So let us style this latest child of thine!
Wherein the joyous pilgrim onward goes
Aflame with love of all that breathes lang syne,
Seeking the source whence sprang that lofty line
Of limestone scars—phenomenal that rear
Their giant heads, where gale and cloud combine
To loose the fiends of storm from year to year
Down glaciated aisles that paler hence appear.
Thou art that pilgrim—and thyself hast seen
The waters leap with phrenzied force along,
Choking with foam the throat of each ravine;
And thou hast heard remote from city's throng
The angry voice of torrent-hurling song;
And thou hast chronicled the wondrous tale
Of that fierce flood, which waxed so sternly strong,
One August day, adown each rocky vale,
From Whernside's gabled glen to Dent's deep-ripped dale.
And cairns and caverns—thou hast seen them all,
Whether on Rathmell's immemorial mound
Pausing thou didst some Gaelic chief recall;
Or conjurest forth from Snearside's storied ground
Brythonic ghosts, and heardst their spears resound;
Or in the hall of Fordas—fabled king—
Stoodst mutely reverent; or sawst the bound
Of Weathercote's famed fall, whose waters ring
As though in its abyss great Jove were thundering.
And Ingleborough—home of chasms wild—
Hell-gates that yawn like Sibyl's haunt of old—
These have not 'scaped thy search, thou Nature's child!
For thou hast dared to face each gloomy hold
Where Gaping Gill's Avernine depths unfold
To Nature's lover: such thyself hast proved,
Whose heart, untouched by growing greed of gold,
Keeps pure its virgin passion—still unmoved
By any walk of life save that which thou hast grooved.
Craven's prose Byron thou!—here Celt hath trod
Where standest thou on Ingle's rugged height;
Here Beltane fires, raised to some Baul god,
In lurid flames have flashed their pillars bright—
Or outpost beacons they to guard the night!
Tis classic soil: here Ingvi, Odin's son,
His record left—we thank thee for the light
Thou makst to shine on ages that are run,
For all the mystic web from ancient legend spun.
And now o'er Penyghent we see thee roam,
Noting each flower that is of rarer worth:
Cloudberry, moonwort, saxifrage, whose home
The mist, the glacier know—remote their birth
From mortal ken,—primeval gems of earth!—
Born ere the flow of Bellisama's stream,
Blooming amidst the co-alescent dearth
Of Craven's Ice Age: such the grander theme
Which on these mighty slopes now fillet all thy dream.
And Holly Fern on Moughtin Fell that grows
Thou notest, yet with righteous wrath that men
Rob ruthlessly each precious bloom that blows
High up in Langcliffe's royal caverned glen:—
Here is a cave, whose microcosmic den
Shrines, like some vast Valhalla, countless dead,—
Victoria named!—to which thou comst again,
Revealing to our eyes the mammoth's bed,
Bones, flint-flakes, coins, and beads, in timeless strata
[spread.
And Arncliffe Clowder hath a winsome flower
Thou callest Mountain Avens, name that tells
Of love's desire, yet seeketh not love's bower,—
But rather summits where the snow-drift dwells;
And many a floral pride, that decks the fells
From where thou gazest down to Malham's vale,
Thy pages tell of—some with healing spells
By Malham's Tarn,—some dear to Littondale,—
And some to that Grass Wood, fair scene of darksome tale!
Oh! for a moment's pause on Fountains Fell—
To gaze, as thou hast gazed, on moor beneath,
To hear the curlew's lonely music swell,
To see bold Sharp Haw's distant mount unsheath
Its peak from out the pine-wood's circling wreath,
To catch the boundless view from east to west—
Then might we fitter gift of verse bequeath
To Craven and to thee, albeit our breast
Stirs at the thought of all thou hast so well expressed.
Gordale's weird Cove and Scar pourtrayed by thee—
We will not now do more than mention these,
To sing of them oft may occasion be;
And Janet's Foss hid in the pendant trees,
And those green hills o'erswept by heaven's breeze—
That stretch from infant Aire to Ribbleside—
Knoll-drifts that owe their birth to iceberg seas—
Of these to sing oft may it still betide,
E'en as at times to do hath been our dearest pride.

Sweet Otterburn!—one word—let that suffice
To wake the memories of bygone days
And let them pass, nor wake but for a trice—
Thou, too, hast tendered it thy word of praise!—
Yet never have we twain each other's gaze
Met face to face, nor ever clasped the hand
In first advance—like men on self-same ways
We have been pilgrims to a common land,
Yet strangers, each to each, on life's vanescent strand.
Sweet Otterburn!—here hast thou paused to tell
Of Craven's harrier chanting round the hills
His notes as from a silver-throated bell:
An age of braver sport our vision fills,
Boar, wolf, stag, red deer, fox our Gelert kills—
By Clapa's home, by Gargrave's bosky mead,
O'er Langstroth Chase, o'er Grizedale's bounding rills,
Like phantom Nimrods of the past we speed—
Brush, antler, head to win on lightning-footed steed!
One glance from Otter's bridge on Inglehow,
Ryeloaf's cleft of late—and on the road
We see thee wend, till on thy left the brow
Of Cranes Hill noddeth o'er the dark abode
Perchance of one who sang rhapsodic ode;—
Despoiled alas! as oft these temples are,
By men who, for a paltry gravel load,
Wreck these our grandest sepulchres, and mar
Their legendary sword with Juggernautic car!
'Tis Craven's Delphi this:—near Helgefelt:
Teutonic name which meaneth Holy Field!
Here lies inurned or bard or warrior Celt—
Yet philologic argument we yield
To thee who hast a likelier root revealed
For this its name; since doubtlessly of yore
Atlantic's hostile billows hourly pealed
Onward from Pendle, whose embattled shore
Hurled back in Ocean's face each loud aggressive roar.
Passed are the Ings—again thou hast returned
To Rathmell's hill sepulchral, nigh to Rome!
This deathless name we from thy book have learned
Our Craven hath; and Thames hath here a home
Within her bounds—so, too, relates thy tome!
To Settle's ancient seat we see thee wing,
Where Bellisama's nut-brown waters foam—
Thence to the village of the guggling spring,
To watch the flowing pool its wonted blessing bring.
That famous well beneath the wooded scar,
Whose ebb and flow lays bare the panting heart
Of hunted sylph—(sweet legends these that are
As echoes which a lasting charm impart
To the lone rock from whence their voices start)—
Thou hast been witness of its strange distress;
Thou, too, hast seen the silver cord to dart
Athwart its wave: sent thither thee to bless,
And all whose eyes behold its moonlight-tinted tress.
But hark! Alkelda's tower sounds forth its knell,
Bidding thee hence ere twilight grows apace;
Lo! sunset gathers round each craggy fell;
Day, like a mortal's life, runs out its race—
At such an hour do not thy thoughts embrace
Each shrine from Benet's kirk to Buckden's fane?
Yes! thou hast been each record there to trace
In the dead page that long in dust hath lain,
Till, rescued from its tomb, thou bidst it live again.
And, sooth to tell, thou hast a tender love
For all that takes us back to Saxon away,
Whether in plain below or hill above;
And, sooth to tell, it is a hallowed way
Thou hast been treading now full many a day:
Here visions of monastic cell invite
Forgetfulness of battle's dread array,
Till of some Danish Yarlsher thou dost write—
Or Roman fort aloft on Settle's guardian height!
Here Craven's Highland Capital appears!
Here gathered Craven lads to don their arms,
And die on Flodden's field—they had no fears,
Nor paled the cheek at sound of war's alarms,
For Craven's sake they gladly left their farms;—
So runs the tale thou bringst again to life!
To-day quite other cause the soul uncalms,
An inner rather than an outward strife
Where in an unseen fight men battle to the knife.
'Tis night once more, and thou hast left the well
Where musing we have pictured thee at rest
From this thy pilgrimage: how brief the spell
Of sunset's rosy tide along the west!
'Tis gone!—see darkness all the scene invest;
Night's curtain falls, and hushed is now the song
We have essayed to pour from out our breast
For thee and Craven 'mid the millioned throng—
Thy book our brightest friend to guide our muse along.
We linger at the gate of sweet farewell,
Conscious we have omitted many a spot
From Kilnsey's Crag to Catterick's lone dell;
But if it ever be our gladder lot
To turn once more our steps to grove, or grot,
Stream, mountain, glen, or foss, of this same land,
They shall be sung—though now forgotten not—
And this thy work, the pride of Sevel's hand,
Its glossy page shall be one of our pilgrim band.
In Airedale's flowing lines thou hast enshrined
Skipton, our Lowland Capital to-day;
'Twere strange indeed no word of her to find
Within the scope of panoramic lay,
Save that our path is on a highland way—
So mingle we with our adieu her name,
And Craven's many names—brave scions they—
Who from thy pen a passing homage claim:
Whereof thine own, O Speight, illumines her scroll of fame!
A tribute from

THE HEART OF CRAVEN.

October, 1892.

By Rev. W. J. Gomersall

Table with 2 columns: Line numbers and Page numbers. Line numbers range from 1 to 233. Page numbers range from 9 to 233.

IONS

Sweet Otterburn!—one word—let that suffice
 To wake the memories of bygone days
 And let them pass, nor wake but for a trice—
 Thou, too, hast tendered it thy word of praise!—
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 In first advance—like men on self-same ways
 We have been pilgrims to a common land,
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 Of Craven's harrier chanting round the hills
 His notes as from a silver-throated bell:
 An age of braver sport our vision fills,
 Be it wolf, stag, red deer, fox or rabbit till!



HARRY SPEIGHT.

[FROM THE "GRAVEN HERALD," OCTOBER 28TH, 1892.]

BARDEN TOWER—FOR ITS HISTORY AND LIFE IN OLDEN TIMES SEE
 H. SPEIGHT'S "UPPER WHARFEDALE."

THIS SIDE CAN BE WRITTEN ON.
 Many, many thanks for the
 interesting brochure, very full
 receipt; but why have you omitted
 List of vicars? Saw just now
 very busy with a new edition of
 my Nidderdale book & wish to
 see a complimentary copy when
 ready—H. Speight, Bury, May

POST CARD.



THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN
 ON THIS SIDE.

Thomas Brayshaw Esq.
 Solicitor
 Settle
 Yorkshire

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THE EARLIEST MAPS.

The most famous medieval maps of Britain are those drawn about 1250 by Matthew Paris, the historian of the monastery of St. Albans. Far less known but infinitely superior, is a nameless medieval map in the Bodleian Library, to which it was bequeathed by Richard Gough. Though this was reproduced in Gough's "Topography" (1780), and again fifty years ago by the Ordnance Survey for the "National MSS. of Scotland," it has been singularly neglected. This Bodleian map, drawn about 1330, seemingly so crude, is in reality a wonderful epitome of medieval Britain. It is in a class to itself, for it actually shows the principal roads throughout England (and part of Wales) about three centuries earlier than any other map in existence, and shows them better than the earlier maps of the 17th century. Further, the distance from town to town is marked in miles, though not fully.

I had hopes, before I saw a copy of it, that the Bodleian map would have on it the York to Chester road over Blackstone Edge, or, peradventure, some other crossing of the Pennines thereabouts. But no! as far as concerns the parish of Halifax the map is a complete blank. Yet is not that a fairly truthful record of the importance of Halifax in 1330? But there was at least some compensation for my disappointment. Modern teaching emphasises the importance of the Aire gap in the Pennines, but it came as a surprise to find a route indicated branching off the Great North road at Doncaster, by way of Wakefield, Bradford, Shipton, Setell, to Kirkebie-lonesdale, and so by Chap, or alternatively by Kirkebie-Kendale, to Penreth and Karliel. Familiar as it is to-day, as a through route this almost disappeared from the map in the later centuries; Halifax displaced Bradford, Wharfedale gave equally easy access to Skipton as did Aire-dale, and had advantages in approach from York and a Roman road to boot. For such reasons the post roads only used sections of this route in combination with other roads. It is worth noting that this survives in the modern classification of roads: the one traversing the Aire gap, A65, comes to Skipton from Leeds by way of Wharfedale, whilst A629, which links Keighley with it at Skipton, comes from Halifax and Penistone. But the road outlined in 1330 suggests that traffic was then flowing along the line of the Roman road that came from Wakefield into Bradford, and thence by Harden to Keighley.

If the appearance of Bradford on the map as so early a date hurts our amour propre, we must remember it is only there as being on the route, like many another small place. Leeds we might hope to find on its own merits, even then, but it took me a long time before I found an insignificant "ledes" tucked away in the shadow of the castle of "Pomfret."

ERRATA.

Page	24, last line,	for country	read county
"	35, in line 9,	" same	" following
"	47, " 13,	" Woodhall	" Woodall
"	57, " 21,	" Palmerston	" Brougham
"	114, " 25,	" Marckesy	" Mackesy
"	117, " 32,	" (1863)	" (1868)
"	141, " 17,	" three	" five
"	190, " 3,	" giant's	" giants'
"	224, " 16,	" three	" six

see opposite



SETTLE AND GIGGLESWICK

By Thos. Brayshaw

ILLUSTRATED
GUIDE ❁ ❁ ❁ ❁

Price 3d.

Published by
T. TOMLINSON
THE CRAVEN
STATIONERY COMPANY
SETTLE



Cover of 3rd Edit. of Guide.

WANTED,
By THOS. BRAYSHAW,
SOLICITOR,
SETTLE, Yorkshire,

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, PRINTS, VIEWS, &c.,
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AT SETTLE, OR WRITTEN BY LOCAL AUTHORS.

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CATALOGUES, LEAFLETS, POEMS, ADVERTIZEMENTS,
CIRCULARS, SERMONS, ALMANACS, GUIDES, AND
SKETCHES.

In the above are included, *inter alia* :

"STENOGRAPHY," by C. Walker.

"SYSTEM OF ARTIFICIAL MEMORY," by Broader,
1827, with plates.

PAMPHLETS RELATING TO THE VICTORIA CAVE.

PAMPHLETS BY BIRKBECK, INGRAM, CARR, &c.

NICHOLSON'S "PICTURESQUE SCENERY."

WATSON'S "SIX VIEWS OF SETTLE."

"LEGENDS OF CRAVEN," Littledale.

PAMPHLETS RELATING TO GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL.

VIEWS OF OLD SUNDIAL AND EBBING AND

FLOWING WELL, by Buck & Feary.

&c., &c.



Market Place Settle.

1924.



Settle from South West.

Pileg Series

Gammoch Lane.

1926.

HISTORY OF AN OLD INN.

Why it Has No Licence.

PARSON WHO HATED DRINK TRAFFIC.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

SETTLE, Friday.

A peculiar history attaches to the Ashfield Hotel, Settle, a hostelry known far and wide for its "home" comforts, but one which has long been deprived of its licence for the sale of intoxicating liquor owing to the objection of a former owner, the Rev. W. J. Birkbeck, to the "drink traffic."

The hotel has housed many notable visitors in its time, and the point is frequently raised why is it not licensed.

Thanks to the assistance of Mr. Thomas Brayshaw, of Settle, who has undoubtedly claims to the title of "local historian," I am able to explain the position.

Over one hundred years ago the land on which now stands the Ashfield Hotel and grounds, the police station, and other premises and shops on the north side of New Street, was occupied by several small houses and cottages.

The block of buildings at the corner, now occupied by Mr. Tomlinson, printer and stationer, and Mr. C. F. Armistead, tobacconist and sports outfitter, at that time constituted the "New Inn."

These properties were acquired by Mr. William Birkbeck, of Settle, a prominent public man and banker. He was the son of William Birkbeck, of Settle, and the elder brother of Dr. George Birkbeck, the founder of the Mechanics' Institute. He was also the first Quaker in England to qualify as a Justice of the Peace—referred to in "The Gentleman's Magazine" for 1838.

Distinguished Visitors.

This William Birkbeck built the Ashfield Hotel, and during the time he himself lived there it had, among other distinguished visitors, Lord Brougham to enjoy its amenities. The extensive grounds stretched as far as Bond Lane and included a great deal of land afterwards acquired by the Midland Railway Company.

William Birkbeck died in 1838, leaving the house to his son, Thomas Birkbeck, who was born in 1808 and died in 1863. He was also a banker and a Justice of the Peace, and bequeathed the estate to his son, the Rev. William John Birkbeck (born 1846 and died a few years ago).

During his minority the trustees sold off parts of the estate, and the hotel was occupied by a number of tenants in succession.

In 1881 he sold the property to Mr. Thos. Procter, who died two or three years ago, at an advanced age, at Long Preston. A licence was granted in the same year, the first licensee being Mr. Armistead. On the death of the latter the house was carried on by his widow, and after her, by her daughters, Mrs. Barclay and Mrs. Richardson.

Sentimental Objection.

The Rev. W. J. Birkbeck was a staunch teetotaler and had a strong sentimental objection to his old home being a licensed hotel. Thus, when the opportunity offered in 1897 of regaining the property, he suppressed the licence, and the place has been conducted as a temperance hotel ever since.

The Rev. W. J. Birkbeck left the property to his nephew, Mr. Lawrence Henry Badcock, with the stipulation that he should take the name of Carr Birkbeck in lieu of Badcock, Mr. Birkbeck's mother having been a Miss Carr. Another stipulation was that, if a licence should be applied for in respect of the house, the property must be sold and the proceeds given to Settle Church.

Thus the mystery of Settle's principal residential hotel being unlicensed is explained—probably to the relief of its present genial host, Mr. Carter, who is frequently asked "the reason why."

J. T. C.

See also p. 124.

The above was approved 1917.



82688. SETTLE, FROM CAMMOCK.



Market Place Settle.

"Crown"

"Naked Man"

"Royal oak"

"White Horse"



Photograph Taken to show proximity of "Crown", "Naked Man", "Royal oak" and "White Horse" Inns when the "Crown" License was suppressed. 1917.

The annual meeting of the proprietors of the Settle waterworks was held on February 17th., Mr. William Robinson presiding. "It was not very numerously attended," says the report, "owing to the fire which was raging in Messrs. Brown's mill at the time, and partly perhaps as it was conjectured there would be no dividend owing to the expenditure during the year in substituting iron pipes for lead ones. The meeting decided not to make a call, but to pay the large expense out of revenue, and after paying all debts incurred a dividend of 3s. per share was declared. Messrs. per share was declared. Messrs. Thomas Birkbeck, William Robinson, W. T. H. Burrow, W. Brennand, W. Hargraves, John Harger, and William Horner were elected as committee for the year, and Messrs. J. Tatham and J. Wildman were appointed a sub-committee of Works to confer with the secretary on anything required to be done during the interval of the Committee's meeting."

1854

The fire referred to in the preceding paragraph occurred at King's Mills, then in the occupation of Messrs. Richard Brown and Co.. Twenty-five years previously the mill had been burnt down and a map lost his life thereby, but on this occasion no fatalities were recorded. The fire originated in the scutching room, in that part of the works formerly used as a tobacco and snuff mill. It was supposed to be occasioned by the lighting of the gas. Great exertions were used, and by the willing and active assistance of almost every one there, the fire was confined to the old part where it originated. The supply of water was well kept up. There was a strong west wind blowing at the time, and it was a wonder how the large mill was saved. Both Mrs. Proctor, the owner, and Mr. Brown were fully insured. An engine arrived from Skipton and another from Bentham, but they were too late to be of any use. The "Chronicle" comments "It seems strange that with so much property at stake there should be no engine within a distance of 12 to 16 miles." This was the second fire of the year in the town.

1854

1897
FIRE AT A MILL.—On Friday evening last about six o'clock, a fire broke out at King's Mill, occupied by Messrs. Hartley, Barnes and Son, manufacturers of cotton sheets, etc. The mill is situated about a quarter of a mile out of Settle, on the left bank of the river Ribbles. The fire spread rapidly, but fortunately a plentiful supply of water was available both from the town mains and the mill dam. Two manual engines, belonging to the firm were also brought into use, and before long, thanks to the exertions of numerous willing helpers, a vast weight of water was being poured on the burning pile. Before long the fire was got under, but the outbreak was not finally subdued until about eight o'clock. The Skipton Fire Brigade had been telegraphed for, but arrived too late, having to perform a sixteen miles journey by road. The damage, which is estimated at about £800, is fully covered by insurance, the heaviest machinery, which in one room is completely wrecked. Heat generated by friction is supposed to have been the cause of the outbreak.

1854
SETTLE.—On the 17th February a destructive fire broke out in the blowing room at King's mill, Settle, occupied by Mr Richard Brown, Ingleton. It occurred about half-past five o'clock, while lighting the gas. There was in the room from 3,000 to 4,000 lbs weight of cotton waste, in such a state of preparation as to burn with the greatest rapidity, and the whole of the blowing room was on fire in a very short time; and as the wind was strong at the time, and blowing in the direction of the main mill and warehouse, the whole of the premises seemed doomed. We are glad to state, however, that by the untiring and well directed efforts of the manager, overlookers, and work people, assisted by those from Langeliffe mills, and the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, the fire was subdued by about half-past ten. The manager despatched an express post-horse to Skipton, and a messenger per rail to Bentham, for fire engines, but they only arrived when the fire was almost extinguished, and were not required to play. The whole of the roof, most of the floor, and the machinery of the blowing room were destroyed, but the machinery in the lower rooms and in the main part of the mill was not much damaged, except by water running from the top room. We understand that the premises are insured, but have not heard the amount of the damage.

1862
TO BE SOLD,
FIVE SHARES of £10 each, in the SETTLE
PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Apply to Mr. JOSEPH HARGER, Joiner, or to Mr. LAWRENCE HODGSON, Builder.

1887
THE PROPERTY MARKET.—At the Ashfield Hotel, on Tuesday, Mr Robert Grime submitted to public competition the ancient structure known by the name of The Shambles, situated in the Market Place of the town, and two closes of land called Great Longworth and Little Longworth, situated near to Settle, and containing 4 acres 1 rood and 1 perch. Lot 1 is leasehold for a remainder of a term of which 5000 years are unexpired, under the yearly rental of 30s payable to the townships of Settle, Long Preston, and Wigglesworth, and is let to tenants at a gross yearly rental of £81 9s 6d. The vendors were the personal representatives of Thomas Armistead Charnley, and they sold under a possessory title. Lot 2 is leasehold for the remainder of a time of which upwards of 500 years are unexpired, under a very small or nominal rent, and lets at a gross annual rent of £22 10s. A large company assembled, and the bidding for the two lots was very brisk. For the Shambles the bidding started at £300, and advanced rapidly to £1210 at which figure they became the property of Mr Thomas Brayshaw, solicitor. Starting at £400, Longworth closes were knocked down to Mr John George Robinson, of Duke Street, Settle, at the sum of £615. Messrs Miller, Peel, Hughes, and Co., of Liverpool, were the vendors' solicitors.

FORMATION OF A NEW COMPANY.—In July last Mr. Thomas Brayshaw, solicitor, became the owner of the ancient structure known by the name of the "Shambles," situated in the Market Place, Settle, for the sum of £1,210. It is now proposed to form a company, under the title of The Settle Market Buildings Company, Limited, with a capital of £3,000, in shares of £10 each. Nearly the whole of the shares have already been subscribed for, and the company has been duly enrolled under the Companies Acts. It is proposed to set apart the lower portion of the building for butchers' shops, &c., for which purpose it has been used from time immemorial, but the cottages above will give place to a public hall suitable alike for market purposes and public meetings.

1886
REQUESTS TO SETTLE.—We recently recorded the death, at Sidmouth, of the Rev. John Robinson, M.A., a native of Settle, whose first curacy was that of Wertley, near Leeds, and subsequently incumbent of Langeliffe, near Settle. The will of the deceased gentleman has now been proved in the District Registry at Exeter by Mr. George Robinson, banker, Skipton; Mr. Henry Robinson, solicitor, Blackburn; and Miss Harrison, of Sidmouth, the executors and executrix. The personal estate is sworn under £101,807. Amongst the many charitable bequests contained in the testamentary disposition is one of £5,000 to Messrs. John Birkbeck, junior, Wm. Geo. Perfect, and Chas. Hy. Charlesworth, friends of the deceased, and John Gorges Robinson, his nephew, upon trust, to invest such sum, and apply the income therefrom, and the whole or part of the capital if thought desirable by a majority in number of the trustees for the time being, in or towards the endowment of almshouses or otherwise for the benefit of the aged and infirm poor in the old parish of Giggleswick. To the trustees of Settle Church a pecuniary legacy of £500 is bequeathed by way of increasing the endowment fund of that church. The sum of £200 is also set apart towards the restoration or improvement of the Giggleswick Parish Church, such sum to be laid out and applied, at the discretion of the executors, within 21 years of the death of the testator. By the will of the late Mrs. Henlock, of Great Ouseburn (formerly Miss Thornbor, of Runley bridge, near Settle), the sum of £250 is directed to be invested in 3 per cent. Consolidated Bank Annuities, the income arising therefrom to be paid to the Vicar and churchwardens for the time being of the ecclesiastical parish of Settle, to be by them distributed at their discretion amongst such poor inhabitants of that parish as they shall select.

1878
INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—In making the drain for the new sewerage works on the east side of the Town Hall, the workmen came upon a skeleton at the depth of two feet, laid nearly due east and west. Unfortunately the skeleton was broken up, but by careful search the bones of the head, part of both arms, fore arm, and upper arm, two thigh bones, and part of leg bones were saved, together with the entire lower jaw, which was remarkably heavy and large when compared with the other bones. Seven teeth were also found, and from their condition were those evidently of an old person, being worn down nearly to the alveolar process, the incisor teeth were remarkably sharp, giving the idea that hard fare had been the diet. The state of the bones would lead to the conclusion that they had been there considerably more than a hundred years. It is to be hoped further steps may be taken with the view of finding the rest of the skeleton. Many other bones of animals were found in the neighbourhood of the human remains.

A Generous Offer.—The following letter was read from Mr. John G. Robinson, of the How, Windermere, respecting the Victoria Hall, Settle:—"The responsibility for making the best public use of the Victoria Hall is more directly placed on me by the death of Mr. Edmond Handby. I am glad to learn that the ecclesiastical parish of your Council of the ancient parish of Giggleswick might be now willing to undertake this duty. Accordingly, I formally beg to offer to give and convey, free of all conditions, the Victoria Hall to such town-ship in the ancient ecclesiastical parish of Giggleswick, on consent through their representatives on the Council to undertake this obligation."—Several members expressed thanks for the generous offer, which was unanimously accepted.

April 2 1918.

MR. JOHN WILDMAN. 1862

Many of the more distant readers of the Settle Chronicle with the present number will first receive the melancholy tidings of the death of an old friend, who for several years was wont to transmit to them the monthly epitome of home news, with a zest and spirit which the present editor fears he has but very imperfectly followed up. To the relatives and large circle of friends of the late Mr. Wildman, the final shock was the less severe inasmuch as he had been gradually shut out from the world by a series of paralytic attacks, commencing about three years since. The last attack occurred a little after midnight of Saturday, November 8th, after retiring to rest in a more than usually cheerful mood. The attendance of a medical gentleman was procured, but the case was one in which medicine could be of no service. He lingered in an apparently unconscious state till the following Friday afternoon.

Than John Wildman as he was only a few years ago, it would have been difficult to find one in a similar station who would be more emphatically a "missed man." His upright character, active business talents, and openness of disposition, gained the esteem of superiors in station; his general intelligence and cheerful conversation caused his company to be sought after by those of his own rank; and his readiness to give advice and assistance, and to use his influence with others, in cases of sickness, misfortune, or embarrassed circumstances, were so well known and confidently appealed to, that he was considered a source of general advice and counsellor by persons in difficulties of any kind.

Mr. John Wildman was the eldest son of Mr. Matthias Wildman, shoemaker, and for many years the Overseer of Settle, a man who was as much respected by the past as his son has been by the present generation of the inhabitants of Settle. Mr. Matthias Wildman was one of the tradesmen who even at that time saw and availed themselves of the advantage of vicinity to a Free Grammar School to give their sons a better education than they could otherwise have afforded to procure. The late J. Wildman always spoke with grateful remembrance of the sacrifices which his father made to keep his sons at School.

From the 15th to the 18th year of his age J. Wildman was almost continuously laid up with a lame leg, from which he suffered extremely. The disease was thought to have been caused by sitting in an ill-drained cellar, sorting nails, the accumulated confusion of the stock of an ironmonger with whom he had been apprenticed. Several portions of bone were at different times extracted; and his patient endurance of suffering at that time was admired by all who witnessed it—the late Dr. Sutcliffe used to cite him as an example to some of his complaining patients. The diseased limb was at length cured but the ankle joint remained stiff for life. After his recovery Mr. W. was appointed Master of the National School at Settle. He was also encouraged by some influential and kind friends to commence Bookselling on a small scale, which gradually extended to a respectable business; and he also added to it the kindred branches of Printing and Bookbinding. After his marriage, in 1837, he found it necessary to relinquish the office of Schoolmaster, in order to devote himself more fully to his business.

Mr. Wildman was one of the first members of the Settle Mechanics Institute; for several years after its formation he was the Librarian, and continued actively to support its interests. In the winter of 1855 he delivered two lectures for the benefit of the Institute, in the Mechanics Hall, on Printing and Bookbinding. The lectures excited great interest, and were practically elucidated by workmen carrying on the various processes of the respective crafts.

In October 1858, Mr. Wildman was appointed Postmaster of Settle, the duties of which office he fulfilled personally until the failure of his health, and by the assistance of his family up to the time of his death, most satisfactorily to the public. The Funeral took place on Wednesday the 19th ult., when a numerous company of gentlemen and tradesmen of the town paid the last mark of respect to the deceased by following the corpse to its resting place in the Churchyard at Giggleswick.



== The * Printer's * Song. ==

P RINT, comrades, print! A noble task
Is the one we gaily ply;
'Tis ours to tell to all who ask
The wonders of earth and sky.
We catch the thought, all glowing and warm,
As it leaves the student's brain;
And place the stamp of enduring form
On the poet's airy strain.

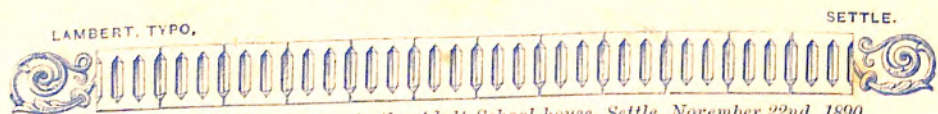
Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round,
A glorious thing is our labouring;
Oh, where may its like be found.

Print, comrades, print! The fairest thought
Ever limned in painter's dream,
The rarest form e'er sculptor wrought
By the light of beauty's gleam,
Though lovely, may not match the power
Which our proud art can claim,
That links the past with the present hour,
And its breath—the voice of fame.

Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling, &c.

Print, comrades, print! God hath ordained
That man by his toil should live;
By us should never be disdained
The labour that God may give.
We envy not the sons of ease,
Nor the lord in princely hall;
But bow before the wise decrees,
In kindness meant for all.

Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling, &c.



Printed at a Public Meeting in the Adult School-house, Settle, November 22nd, 1890.

Compliments
1871

Settle Printers . Nearly all of

the following printers are represented
by specimens of their handiwork in these
volumes :-

J. Jackson. (vol I . p. 37 . Vol III p. 180)
Circ 1785 - 1795

J. Froughton. (Circ 1795 - 1805)

Staves. (1810)

J. Aked. (Circ 1818) p. 36

W. Walker (1818 - 1850)

J. Wildman. (1836 - 1862) see p. 33.

M. Wildman (his widow) 1862 - 64

Wildman & Son. (1864 - 1879)

Hy. Gore. (1879 - 1883)

J. W. Lambert. (1881 -

Ed. Clarke (1883 - 4)

Craven Printing & Stationery Co. (1884 - 1901)

Edmondson & Wilson (1901 -