

Oh, sweet! when kindred spirits thus  
 With love for one another,  
 So cheer and aid in sorrow's hour  
 With feelings like a brother.  
 Oh sweet! to whisper words of Hope  
 Into each other's ear,  
 To cheer our broken spirits up,  
 And bid us not to fear.  
 Oh, sweet! to open out the springs  
 Of blest affection pure;  
 Such men are happier than kings,  
 Such joys for aye endure.  
 Oh, sweet! to pour a soothing balm  
 Into a Brother's woe;  
 To taste indeed of "Angel's food,"  
 The highest bliss to know.  
 'Tis thus Good Men they scatter seed,  
 Good seed they sow below,  
 To reap in Heaven a golden store,  
 Where all good men will go.  
 'Tis thus Good Men they leave behind,  
 "Footprints on sands of time;"  
 And thus we love their Memory,  
 Embalm them in our rhyme.  
 We envy not *Tom Twisleton*,  
 A Poet cannot be;  
 For Poets all are noble,  
 And full of Poesy!  
 Their souls exult with feeling  
 With love to all their kind;  
 Poets are *Nature's Gentlemen*  
 Of elevated mind.  
 They grasp each others hand,  
 They cheer each other on;  
 And thus they go together  
 Till all their toil is done.  
 All hail to men of Genius,  
 Men with exalted mind,  
 We love them like a Brother  
 A holy love enshrined.  
 O'er hill and dale our Books they fly,  
 Thousands will read the story—  
 How POET CLOSE was welcom'd,  
 At Settle in his glory.  
 One *Enemy* with bitter spleen,  
 He did him cruel wrong;  
 And thus we spread his History  
 In this Immortal Song.  
 And now Tom Twisleton—Farewell!  
 At first when we began  
 We did not think to spin a Yarn  
 Unto so long a span.  
 Let's all rejoice—for God is love!  
 Let's help each other on:  
 And try to climb to Heaven  
 To wear a glorious Crown! J. CLOSE

Poet's Hall, Kirkby Stephen,  
 Feb. 16th 1867.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

WILDMAN & SON, PRINTERS, SETTLE.

## THE LATE POET CLOSE.

One of our leading men in literature (Mr. T. P. O'Connor) has just revived the memory of Poet Close with an article in a recent issue of "Cassell's Weekly," in which he handles the writing of the self-styled poet very severely.

Mr. Close was born at Dyke Heads in Swaledale, and was, therefore, a Yorkshireman by birth, although a Westmorland man by adoption. He tells us in one of his earliest books that at the age of sixteen he wrote: "The Satyrist or every man not in his humor"—a remarkable exhibition of his precocious genius. He says he was born on the estate of the late Sir James Parke (afterwards Lord Wensleydale), who extended to him "a most exalted and honoured patronage." In the latter part of his life he lived at Kirkby Stephen, where he kept a book shop and lending library, and over the door was an imposing signboard informing passers-by that this is "Poet's Hall," the residence of Poet Close.

The Earl of Derby awarded Close a pension of £40 a year from the Civil List in response to a recommendation from some of his personal friends, but he was not allowed to enjoy the acceptable stipend very long. The allowance was ridiculed in "Punch" at the time. Ultimately Earl Russell concluded that the Earl of Derby had been imposed upon in regard to the literary merits of the pensioner and stopped the allowance a year or two after it had been granted.

Readers of Poet Close's Christmas books will find that after this he makes Earl Russell the butt of his satire, and several of his poems reveal an acrid vein of malevolence against the Whig Premier. During the visit of his sable Majesty King Bonny to London he had conferred upon him the title of "Poet Laureate to his Sable Majesty," and on November 2nd, 1867, in a letter in the "Times," Close writes: "I care as little for the Lords as any man and I confess that had I had speech of Lord Russell I'd have told him pretty freely about his conduct to poor old King Bonny when Lord Russell was in power and I held the honor of being Poet Laureate to his sacred Majesty."

One of the latest productions of our author was an elegy on the ex-Prince Imperial, for which Close received the thanks of Her Imperial Majesty, the ex-Empress Eugenie, along with a substantial recognition in the shape of five hundred francs.

In the summer season he kept a bookstall at Windermere where, by the lakeside at Bowness, he continued for a long time to send forth the remarkable creations (?) of his poetic genius—a worthy successor (?) and, we may say (with some dubiousness), the last and the greatest of the Lake school of poets in succession to Coleridge and Southey and Wordsworth. Close was born in 1816 and died on February 14th, 1891.

J. ROUTH.

Hawes.

60, but this fact in no way handicapped their efforts or affected the merit of their performance in the various "Jerusalem my Glorious Home," "Mozart's 12th Mass," "O Father Whose Almighty Power," and "The Banquets are Telling." Mr. Richard Haydn was the conductor and Mr. W. ...







The death took place on August 25th, suddenly, at Picton, New Zealand, in the 85th year of his age, of Mr. Henry Lea Twisleton, who formerly resided at Winskill, near Settle, and who was a brother of Mr. Tom Twisleton, of Burley-in-Wharfedale. Mr. Twisleton, who was a schoolmaster, went to New Zealand 30 years ago, where, as the newspaper reports of his death show, he became very popular. The "Marlborough Press" of August 25th, reports:—

"The funeral of Mr. Twisleton on Sunday afternoon was largely attended, numerous settlers from the Pelorus and Tory Channel coming up to pay a last token of respect. More would have been present had they but known. News travels slowly in the Sounds, but Mr. James Price exerted himself strenuously to get a good attendance, and with considerable success. Mr. Twisleton's brother from Ashhurst missed the boat on Saturday but Mr. Reuben Price, of the local Post Office, got the Captain of the Ngunguru, bound for Blenheim, to await the arrival of the Manawatu train on Saturday evening, and by riding through to Picton Mr. Twisleton got here on Sunday forenoon. The cortege left the Hospital at 2-30 p.m., the pall-bearers being Mr. Howard, representing the Marlborough Educational Institute, and three of Mr. H. L. Twisleton's old friends from the Pelorus, Messrs. Topp, Henderson, and Ruffell. Mr. John Duncan, an old personal friend and chairman of the Education Board, and Mr. Robertson, of Koromiko, were among the mourners. Several of Mr. Twisleton's old pupils from different parts of the countryside were also present. Holy Trinity choir was in attendance in recognition of deceased's love of the musical services at the Church, and sang "Now the labourer's task is o'er" and the Funeral Psalm very feelingly. The Ven. Archdeacon Wright, after reading the lesson, applied the concluding words of it very effectively, holding up deceased as an example to be followed of steadfast faith, immovability where principle was concerned, and earnest work for the Lord. Miss E. Philpotts played the "Dead march in Saul" as the procession reformed outside the Church. Among the beautiful wreaths of clematis and spring flowers sent by admiring friends was one, the work of Miss Dart, which was conspicuously beautiful. It bore the inscription, "A parting token of the sorrow and regret felt by the Marlborough Educational Institute, at the loss of one of its noblest members, and truest-hearted of men." Mr. Twisleton's resting-place in the Cemetery was happily chosen. It closely adjoins the family graves of his old friends the Hendersons. When Mr. Henderson was buried, it will be remembered, a little bird flew out of the tree near by and carolled sweetly over the grave, an incident which touched a responsive chord in the poet's own heart, and was embodied by him in verse of great beauty. He now rests under that very tree, though no feathered warbler chanted a requiem, as it might fittingly have done last Sunday."

Mr. C. C. Howard, a friend of Mr. Twisleton, contributes to the same journal a memorial poem entitled "The poet and his song." It will be seen to take as its motive the incident referred to.

Though stilled his earthly song,  
Not silent harp, or voice, in that Joy-land  
Whose very air is music; where the Blest  
In holy rivalry of song contend  
Who shall the sweetest sing, most meetly  
praise  
Eternal Love.

Earth's fairest things of sight  
And sound, which once so greatly moved,  
stir him  
No more. He revels in realities—  
True loveliness, true music. The lonely  
life  
Is over now, the desolating void  
That saddened song, is filled. Rejoicing in  
Its fuller life, his soul ecstatic drinks  
Rich draughts of bliss, and throbs with  
stronger pulse.  
Lark-like his song wells forth in fuller  
flood  
And takes a wider range, as, soaring high,  
And higher still, in sweet companionship,  
He overlooks the shining hills, from  
whence  
He may, perchance, in that clear atmos-  
phere  
Get passing glimpse of God's own Heaven.

A fine type of the old Daleman passed away at Menston on Saturday, in the person of Mr. Thomas Twisleton, who for the past six years had lived in partial retirement at Menston. Mr. Twisleton, who had reached his 72nd year, was a native of Winskill, near Settle. Nearly 40 years ago he removed to Burnsall, and since then he had occupied various farms in Wharfedale. Standing six feet high, and proportionately broad, he was a fine specimen of the manhood which the Dales can produce. A tectotaller and a non-smoker he was an ardent advocate of temperance principles, and in his younger days he was always ready to lend his aid in expounding those views which he cherished very dearly. He was a fluent speaker; and his services were in great demand on temperance platforms, not only in Wharfedale, but much further afield, both in Yorkshire and the Metropolis. He was also skilled as an elocutionist and in the reciting of temperance poems frequently appeared on Wharfedale platforms.

Locally he was perhaps best known as "The Craven Poet," a title which he had merited through his continuous writing and publishing of verse, in the composition of which he had a rare and singular ability. The majority of his writings dealt with temperance principles and some time ago a selection of his choicest poems were published in book form, and these found a ready sale.

As will already have been gathered, Mr. Twisleton carried on the business of a farmer, and as such he was known to most of the agricultural community throughout the West Riding. He was also in the employ of the Caledonian Assurance Co., in connection with which he worked up an extensive business amongst farmers.

He was twice married, and his second wife survives him. Out of a family of eight there remain five—four sons and a daughter. Two of his sons have already rendered yeoman service to their country. They both emigrated to New Zealand some time ago, and commenced farming there. One of them—Frank—fought through the Boer War, and was promoted to be captain. On the outbreak of the present war he again enlisted as a private with the New Zealanders, and saw service both in Egypt and the Dardanelles, where he had the misfortune to be wounded by the explosion of his own pistol which was struck by a shrapnel shell. He was invalided home to England, and after recovery he went out to France, where he is still fighting with the New Zealand troops. Once again has he reached the rank of captain. The other son with the Forces was Lieut. Thomas Twisleton, who enlisted with the New Zealanders during the South African war, and who had the misfortune to contract pneumonia, from which he died. Mr. Frederick Twisleton is farming at Guiseley, Mr. Henry Twisleton is carrying on a similar occupation in New Zealand, and Mr. Robert Twisleton has taken over his father's business, and lives at Guiseley. He, however, has been called up for military service, and leaves on Monday next. The only surviving daughter is the wife of Mr. Heron, of Menston.

The interment took place at God's Acre, Burley, on Tuesday afternoon, being preceded by a service at the house, conducted by the Rev. G. H. Brown, Congregational Pastor. The chief mourners included Mrs. Twisleton (widow), Mrs. Heron (daughter), Miss Twisleton (sister), Mr. Frederick Twisleton (son) and Mrs. F. Twisleton, Mr. Robert Twisleton (son), Mr. J. Stockdale (son-in-law), Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. W. Wilkinson, Mr. J. W. Jones (of the Caledonian Assurance Co., Leeds), Mrs. Wishart (Bradford), Mr. S. Pattinson (Burnsall), Miss D. Clarke (Menston), and Mr. D. Boothman (Bolton Abbey). Amongst a large number of friends present were Mr. H. A. Gill (Menston), Mr. Thomas Lupton (Farnley), Mr. H. Coates (Burley), and Mr. J. A. Clapham (Burley).

POET CLOSE v. THE CRAVEN POET.

In the issue of the CRAVEN HERALD for January 15th there appeared some notes from "T. P. and Cassells' Weekly" on the late Poet Close. To many an old stager these recalled a very acrimonious quarrel between Close and Tom Twisleton, the "Craven Poet."

The Westmorland man reaped little pecuniary advantage from the sale of his poetic effusions and tried to augment the same by lectures and recitals of his feeble rhymes. Settle was one of the places he visited in his peregrinations, and he there held forth to a somewhat unappreciative audience. But Tom Twisleton seemed to think that this was an invasion of his own particular domain, and the result was that the rival poetasters issued "broadsides" in which each frankly expressed his opinion of the other.

The little bout took place about 1867 and excited considerable local feeling sixty years ago, so the following extracts may not be without interest.

Twisleton asks:—

3. Did ye suppose we chaps at Settle  
Were maad o' such untempered metal  
As swallow yower humbug,  
An' put up wi' yer empty pride,  
An' tak' for true each taal ye tried  
To crom into our lug?
4. We've chaps o' wit an' chaps o' know-  
ledge,  
We've chaps at's been renowned at  
college,  
An' passed through first rate schools:  
Then don't ag'in deceive yersel'  
An' come here thinking we can't tell  
Wise men fra simple fools.
5. Ye stick girt bills up to proclaim  
Ye come a poet of girt fame,  
An' foaks an' bring their brass:  
They come, I hoaps to see an' hear  
A man o' wit an' judgment clear  
An' find ye're but an ass.
10. Of wit I think ye've scaarce yer share,  
But I'm weel sure ye've naan to spar  
To sarmonise an' lectur',  
But if for talking ye've a knack  
Then strap a basket on yer back  
An' gang an' turn 'quack doctor.
13. But when yer tongue that's tried so well  
To put au down except yersel'  
To rest at last hes gone:  
When ower yer head a staan they place  
May some engraver's chisel traace  
This epitaph thereon—

EPITAPH.

Beneath this lump of earth repose  
The bones of one whose name was Close,  
whose spirit has gone hence:  
In life he courted wealth and praise,  
but lacked one thing throughout his  
days,  
And that was common sense.

These lines were penned on January 24th, 1867, and on February 16th the same year Poet Close replied and one or two verses from his lengthy reply are quoted:—

1. All hail, dear Tom! thou didst amuse  
Us with thy bright effusion,  
No wonder Settle's proud of thee,  
Thy wit in such profusion.  
Who would have thought amidst the  
hills  
Of Craven thus to find  
A brilliant bard of wondrous power  
With such a 'Gifted mind.'
11. His parents did at first désign  
Him for a lawyer wise:  
(This was denied by Twisleton)  
But no! he like an eagle soars,  
And fairly skims the skies,  
He cannot stoop to wield the pen,  
A Will or Deed engross,  
Though Envy whispers in his ear  
"Abuse poor Poet Close."
13. This was a dirty trick indeed,  
A stranger thus reward  
Who left his Home to please them all,  
Nor knew the Settle Bard!  
And in the Skipton Paper, he  
Abus'd him there also.  
A bird that came across the hills,  
The news he let us know.  
O'er hill and dale our Books they fly,  
Thousands will read the story—  
How Poet Close was welcom'd  
At Settle in his Glory.  
One Enemy with bitter spleen  
He did him cruel wrong

Jan 1917.

at Settle and

pleasant home near

my ministry at Settle 43 years ago. And

to me. I saw a specimen

It is the revival of this old cardiac trouble

There was too much

mother-tongue--

But he was a

had as usual

pleasant home near

my ministry at Settle 43 years ago. And

to me. I saw a specimen

It is the revival of this old cardiac trouble

There was too much

mother-tongue--

But he was a

These was none

But he was a

But he was a

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CHURCH-GANGING

Yan Sabbath day i' Summer time,  
When leaves wor green an' flowers smelt prime,  
An' t' life birds rais'd a din,  
I chanced to pass a house o' prayer,  
That rear'd its steeple i' the air,  
As fooks were ganging in.

Baath young and owd, baath rich and poor,  
Wor macking for the oppen door,  
An in a thrang did mix:  
Some sroard in pride like king or queen,  
Some tripp'd like fairies over the green,  
Some tottered in on sticks.

I stood an' watch'd 'em walking in,  
To hear of future woe for sin,  
An' bliss forl' just an' wise;  
And whal I glower'd wi' vacant stare,  
An' watch'd 'em enter t' house o' prayer,  
Strange thowts began to rise:—

I ex'd mysel, what is it brings  
Yan mingled group o' human things  
That fra their houses come?  
Do they come here to sing an' pray,  
An' to the priest attention pay?  
Answer says "Nobbut some."

There's yan smart Miss in gay atire,  
In hopes to mack em' au admire,  
Her varra best she'll don;  
An' yan sits near whose wandering ee  
Is peeping up an' down to see  
What sich a yan hes on.

An' yan comes in wi' waving hair  
Put up wi' ivvy art an' care  
Beneath a fancy-bonnet.  
She hopes to turn au' een that way,  
For it's baath new an' smart an' gay  
Wi' artificals on it.

An' yan comes in wi' haughty stride,  
His heart puff'd up wi' empty pride,  
He thinks naan like hissel.  
He hesn't come in here this day  
To join his voice wi' them that pray,  
But just to cut a swell.

An' some, bent down as if i' prayer,  
Ower t' top o't pew, wi' careless stare,  
Do nought but squint an' sken:  
To words of truth they pay naa heed,  
They'll feel as if fra prison freed,  
When t' clerk says t' last "Amen."

An then again there 's some who gang,  
Wi' solemn looks an' faces lang,  
To sing the sang o' praise;  
They wear religion as a cloak  
To hid fra unsuspecting folk,  
Their cunning, rogaish ways.

An t' service through, wi' pious looks,  
They hing their faaces ower their books,  
They act the saint reight well:  
On holy things they seem intent,  
While au the time to save a cent,  
They'd cheat t' owd lad hissel.

There's some na doubt, but ah a few,  
Who gang wi' hearts sincere an' true  
To worship Heaven's high King,  
Who humbly kneel before the throne,  
An', in return for mercies shown,  
Their heart-felt praises sing.

TOM TWISLETON.

SONNETS.

NATURE.

The earth is full of beauty; hill and wood,  
Abyss and cataract and verdant plain,  
The foaming streamlet and the mighty main  
Are God's own works, and He pronounced them good.  
But man, too often will not learn aright  
Vast Nature's teachings: in wild tempest's cry  
He finds no music, nor harmonious might  
When the fierce thunder treads the darken'd sky.  
Yet Nature's lover everywhere can find  
Entrancing beauty: soothing pleasure dwells  
In the soft throbbings of the vernal wind;  
And when May-music from wild woodland swells  
Where the soft sunshine into shadows breaks,  
Within his soul an ecstacy awakes.

In vain the architect may strive to raise  
A monument, that all unchanged may stand  
Throughout earth's ages; aught, by human hand  
Erected, lives but its short day of praise,  
Is soon forgotten, and at length decays.  
Not so with Nature: still the Andes-band  
Upreads its peaks majestically grand;  
There, Chimborazo yet uninjured stays.  
Nature doth alter; but her change is slow,  
And seems not change, for still the grassy sod  
Retains its freshness, and high cliffs can show  
Their primal grandeur. At a tyrant's nod  
Art sinks: though she is beautiful we know  
Nature is nobler for she sprang from God.

H. L. T.

BACCA.

Yan winter's day, as I walk'd out,  
I sah a chap baath strang and stout  
Come wading through the snaw.  
He grasp'd a cudgel stout an' strang,  
An' as he trudged the road alang,  
His bacca he did blaw.

An' as I watch'd him turn the nook,  
Enveloped in the cloud o' smook,  
That round his hee'd did thicken,  
I ponder'd deeply in my mind,  
What joy he in the pipe could find,  
That in his mouth was stickin'.

For meet that man whone'er ye may,  
Be 't summer time, or winter's day,  
Ye're sure to see him smoking;  
Wi' his black pipe beneath his snout,  
He thraws girt clouds o' reek about,  
Just like a chimney walking.

Last thing ere he retires to rest,  
First thing as soon as he is dress'd,  
The pipe mun hev a turn;  
An' after ivvy meal he gits,  
Grave-looking as a judge he sits,  
His Indian weed to burn.

Though he o' good substantial stuff,  
Hes itten till he's hee'd enough,  
He feels there's summat wrang,  
Till fra the chimney-piece he brings,  
The queerest of invented things—  
A pipe near two foot lang.

Then up ta t' fire his chair he draws,  
And for his bacca-pot he cauls,  
And puffs wi' might and main;  
While stifling vapour curls an' ceeps  
As mist alang the mount in sweeps  
When it's bin heavy rain.

Week efter week an' niver miss,  
In nasty sinking stuff like this,  
His money he will war;  
While if some beggar fill'd wi' grief,  
Com up to him to crave relief,  
He'd say he'd nowt to spar.

An' men who toil fra day to day,  
Wi' nowt else but their scanty pay  
Their families' wants to feed;  
Although theirsells, their bairns, an' wife,  
Sud gang i' tatters au their life,  
They too mun blaw their weed.

An fast young men i' ivv'ry town,  
Wi' t' fancy pipe strut up an down;  
They think it is sa jolly.

Thaar am-i'-am down t' streets they reel,  
But while they think they look genteel,  
They nobbut show their folly.

An' nobbut look at bits o' lads!  
How soon they imitate their dads!  
For, ere they're well turn'd ten,  
If they can suck a black clay stick,  
Without yance turning pale or sick,  
They think it macks 'em men.

In some calm nook wi' mony a scratch,  
To set on fire a brimstone match  
Some hie rag'd scamp will stop,  
Then full o' pride he'll stretch about,  
While fra his mouth the reek spouts out  
As fra a limekiln top.

Come ye owd men whose hee'ds ars gray,  
Thraw pipe an' bacca-box away,  
An' on this habit trample;  
An' ne'er advise the rising squad  
To let alaan a practise bad  
Till first ye set t' example.

For I've oft seen it's been the caase  
Ye wi' the pipe stuck in yer faace,  
Yer good advice wod t' ill;  
Persuading young uns ne'er to start,  
But hed'nt courage in yer heart  
To gie it up yersell.

An' be advised ye lads by me,  
An' let this stinking rubbish be,  
It's sure to mack ye sick.  
An' if ye hev sum brass to war,  
Ye'll find it will be better far.  
To buy a toffy-stick.—TOM TWISLETON.

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... about 18 years old; willing to be taught. Apply, Mrs. Wright, The Whims, 955m

Lost or found.

DRATHE OT

A P

In this immortal song



**MI** Ap. 979m  
**Rec** 979m  
 late Bu. clo. est. ter. (the ma. be. las. al. m. to. my. whist he was he left the Winkill Farm, every evening, wet or tomed seat in Zic. Settle neighbour each other were he always mad. Settle April, When I came a dale 11 years a newed; and du. been a member. Many a time, each, we have about the Se. now passed or two of w. ny friend; a. Twisleton-Cl. When my he had a ra. a strong m. he presu. seious stre. a sack of front of h. strained h. to me: "I should need upstair or run to added, "I have done both then."

It as the revival of this old cardiac trouble that has caused his death. Eighteen months ago there were many soldiers quartered at Menston for rifle practice on the moor. Some of these had made

Not contented with his first attack on three weeks after his reply, Twisleton another rap at Poet Close:—  
 Ye say twas envy that mad me  
 Say an that I hev sed o' ye;  
 That I deny wil' scorn.  
 I'm quite contented wif' my lot  
 An' say wif' truth I envy not  
 The happiest mortal born.  
 But when so much self praise ye used,  
 'Then justice wif' a frown  
 Com up to me wif' looks severe  
 An' whispered sternly in my ear,  
 "Put that proud fella down."  
 It never self-esteem possesses d  
 Entire control over human breast,  
 I yo've it has dominion,  
 An' n it my mind aolan I tell,  
 For I ovy a scooar besides myself  
 Just I want t' stann opinion.  
 Ye still n y be an useful man  
 If this 'yme-spinning lecturing plan  
 Ye wad consent to drop.  
 An' over yer door stick up a sign  
 An' in girt letters paint this line:  
 "Close's Provision Shop."  
 Behint the counter tack yer stand,  
 An' wait o' fooks wif' ready hand,  
 Ye're just like chap for't job;  
 Yer books can't elevate men's souls,  
 But yower prime buoon, cheese and rolls  
 May stop a hungry gob.

Tom Twisleton died in January, 1917, and Poet Close in February, 1841.

In other respects the services were carried out as arranged, and the congregations had the unusual pleasure of listening to a choir whose members were much above the average age of choristers. The majority were over 60, but this fact in no way handicapped their efforts or affected the merit of their performance in the anthems "Jerusalem my Glorious Home," Mozart's 12th Mass, "O Father Whose Almighty Power," and "The Heavens are Telling." Mr. Richard Hoyle was the conductor, and Mr. Watson Dawson the organist.

The singing of Madam Lillian Dillingham, soprano, also furnished an additional attraction. The Ninety and Nine, "The Blind Ploughman," "Glorious My God," and "The Lord is my Shepherd" being well rendered. Mr. Joe Grundel, tenor, sang the recit. and Mr. J. J. and

**DEATH OF POET CLOSE**  
 A fine type of the old-fashioned Yorkshireman on Skipton moor, Poet Close, who was a strong, sturdy, and well-to-do man, died in his 80th year on the morning of the 15th inst. at his home, Poet Close, Skipton. He was a native of Skipton, and had spent most of his life on the moor. He was a well-known figure in the district, and his death is a great loss to the community.

**POULTRY-KEEPER'S CERTIFICATE**  
 The Military Representative challenged on the ground that it was no longer in present employment. He pointed out that he was in partnership with an elder brother with the working of the poultry business. Applicant told the Tribunal that he had been passed in Class C3 last July. The Military Representative said it was not necessary to be examined, as he had 350 head of poultry and sold 45,000 chickens. The Military Representative, applicant stated that he had been passed in Class C3 last July. Applicant: I went last Wednesday and they sent me back home. In answer to the Chairman, applicant stated that he had 350 head of poultry and sold 45,000 chickens. The Military Representative, applicant stated that he had been passed in Class C3 last July. Applicant: I went last Wednesday and they sent me back home. In answer to the Chairman, applicant stated that he had 350 head of poultry and sold 45,000 chickens.

**TRAVELLER WANTED**, must be well known to Farmers and Horse-Keepers in North and West Riding of Yorkshire. First rate terms to capable Salesman. Apply, O., Pioneer Office, Skipton. 977m

**BARNOLDSWICK CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY**—WANTED, YOUNG MAN as ASSISTANT in Grocery Department. Personal or written applications, stating wages required, and references, stating age, on Monday evening, and references, to be made 9 o'clock. Written applications must be addressed to the Chairman, Co-operative Society, Barnoldswick, via Colne, and posted to arrive not later than Monday evening, Oct. 30th.

**WANTED** an APPRENTICE to DRESS-MAKING. Apply, Miss Brown, 1, Alma Terrace, Skipton. 978m

**WANTED**, an APPRENTICE. Apply, E. Airey, Costumier, 79, West View Terrace, Skipton. 917m

**WANTED**, HOUSEMAID, 2, East Parade, Colne. 918m

**WANTED**, HOUSEKEEPER for a small Farmhouse. Apply, R. Loftthouse, Timble, near Otley. 936m

**WANTED**, at once good GENERAL for small family. Apply, Mrs. Greatorex, 22, Hesketh Avenue, Didsbury, Manchester. 932m

**WANTED**, a General Servant for family of four. Apply, Mrs. B. W. Mann, Cliffe Side, Utley. 956m

**WANTED**, a good strong Girl as HOUSE-MAID, about 18 years old; willing to be taught. Apply, Mrs. Wright, The Willows, Keighley. 955m

**THE MEETING OF MARY PALETTES AND MILKING STOOLS.**  
 A LEAF OUT OF AN ARTIST'S NOTE-BOOK.  
 "Oh, Mary, go and ca' the cattle hame,  
 And ca' the cattle hame,  
 And ca' the cattle hame,  
 Along the sands o' Dee—  
 The western wind was wild and dank wif' foam,  
 And a' alone went she."  
 The sun had set cloudily behind the "Penning hill"  
 there was a softness in the air, and a look of coming  
 in the sky, that made the shirt-sleeved mowers, hang  
 up their scythes in the tool-house of Croydon Park.  
 Congratulate each other on having housed the last  
 of hay safely on the great barn floor, before the breeze  
 came on. Out of the back door and across the green  
 ward into the road tripped a pretty young girl, wearing  
 a coarse straw hat by the stars and carrying on a

**IN MEMORIAM—TOM TWISLETON, "THE CRAVEN POET."**  
 "Lovers of our local dialect owe much to him independent of the sterling nature of his verse."—Thomas Brayshaw, in "Local Poetry" (Lambert, Settle, 1911).  
 "Locally, he was best known as 'The Craven Poet,' a title which he had merited through his continuous writing and publishing of verse, in the composition of which he had a rare and singular ability. The majority of his writings dealt with temperance principles, and some time ago a selection of his choicest poems were published in book form, and these found a ready sale."—"Craven Herald," January 19th, 1917.  
 He sleepeth well.  
 God's acre now enfolds our bard's remains,  
 Where Burley's Wharfe attunes to wintry strains  
 Her poet's knell.  
 His homely lays,  
 In Craven's mother-tongue to her bequeathed,  
 Proclaimed him worthy to be laureate-wreathed:  
 What worthier praise?  
 Mourn, Ribble, mourn,  
 Thy native bard—thy sterling, sturdy son,  
 Who by thy banks his well-earned laurels won  
 This side the bourne.  
 Scant need to fret.  
 He sleepeth well who lived the Psalmist's  
 span—  
 In whose long life the poet and the man  
 Harmonious met.  
 His fame we deem  
 The fame of one who wrought by voice and pen—  
 Making the betterment of fellow men  
 His constant theme.  
 (Rev.) W. J. GOMERSALL,  
 Hampstead, January, 1917.

**THE BRITISH WORKMAN.**—An excellent full length portrait of a teetotal celebrity of this neighbourhood, Mr. Francis Twisleton, of Winkill, appears in the British Workman of this month. As an example of the benefits resulting from the adoption of total abstinence principles, in the increase of flocks and herds, and proving that teetotalism can shew its 22 stone men as well as the toppers, the portrait is accompanied by a short biographical sketch of Mr. Twisleton, who is well known to the teetotal meetings of Leeds and Bradford as the "Yorkshire Giant." The engraver has produced a striking likeness—everybody recognises it at a glance. The background of the picture represents a scene in the room of an inn at a cattle fair. An Irish cattle dealer and a gruff old farmer, evidently not teetotallers, are seated on the long-settle driving a bargain. A posty butcher s'ants with his his hand in his breeches pocket about to pay the landlord his reckoning, but the expression of his face indicates that he is first intently calculating the amount, while that of Boniface denotes a considerable degree of anxiety with regard to the probability of some of the items being disputed. A painting of the "Craven Heifer" of course hangs upon the opposite wall.  
 1861.

**BACCA.**  
 Yan winter's day, as I walk'd out,  
 I sah a chap baath strang and stout  
 Come wading through the snaw,  
 He grasp'd a cudgel stout an' strang,  
 An' as he trudged the road along,  
 His bacca he did blaw.  
 An' as I watch'd him turn the nook,  
 Enveloped in the cloud o' smooak,  
 That round his hee'd did thicken,  
 I ponder'd deeply in my mind,  
 What joy he in the pipe could find,  
 That in his mouth was stickin'.

For meet that man whene'er ye may,  
 Be 't summer time, or winter's day,  
 Ye're sure to see him smoking;  
 Wif' his black pipe beneath his snout,  
 He throw- girt clouds o' reek about,  
 Just like a chimney walking.  
 Last thing ere he retires to rest,  
 First thing as soon as he is dress'd,  
 The pipe mun hev a turn;  
 An' after ivvry meal he gits,  
 Grave-looking as a judge he sits,  
 His Indian weed to burn.  
 Though he o' good substantial stuff,  
 Hes itten till he's hed enough,  
 He feels there's summat wrang,  
 Till fra the chimney-piece he brings,  
 The queerest of invented things—  
 A pipe near two foot lang.  
 Then up ta t' fire hi- chair he draws,  
 And for his b-cca-pot he causs,  
 And puffs wif' might and main;  
 While stuff-ug vapour curls an' ceeeps  
 As mist along the mount in sweeps  
 When it's bin heavy rain.  
 Week efter week an' niver miss,  
 In nasty s'inking stuff like this,  
 His money he will war;  
 While if s-me beggar fill'd wif' grief,  
 Com up to him to crave relief,  
 He'd say he'd nowt to spar.  
 An' men who toil fra day to day,  
 Wif' nowt else but their scanty pay  
 Their families' wants to feed;  
 Although theirsells, their bairns, an' wife,  
 Sud gang i' tatters an' their life,  
 They too mun blaw their weed.  
 An fast young men i' ivv'ry town,  
 Wif' t' fancy pipe strut up an' down;  
 They think it is sa jolly.  
 Thaar am-i'-arm down t' streets they reel,  
 But while they think they look genteel,  
 They nobbut show their folly.  
 An' nobbut look at bits o' lads!  
 How soon they imitate their dads!  
 For, ere they're well turn'd ten,  
 If they can suck a black clay stick,  
 Without yace turning pale or sick,  
 They think it macks 'em men.

In some calm nook wif' mony a scratch,  
 To set on fire a brimstone match  
 Some hie ragg'd scamp will stop,  
 Then full o' pride he'll stretch about,  
 While fra his mouth the reek spouts out  
 As fra a limekiln top.  
 Come ye owd men whose hee'ds ars gray,  
 Thraw pipe an' bacca-box away,  
 An' on this habit trample;  
 An' ne'er advise the rising squad  
 To let aalan a practise bad  
 'Till first ye set t' example.  
 For I've oft seen it's been the cause  
 Ye wif' the pipe stuck in yer faace,  
 Yer good advice wod t'll;  
 Persuading young uns ne'er to start,  
 But hed'nt courage in yer heart  
 To gie it up yersell.  
 An' be advised ye lads by me,  
 An' let this stinking rubbish be,  
 It's sure to mack ye sick.  
 An' if ye hev sum brass to war,  
 Ye'll find it will be better far  
 To buy a toffy-stick.—Tom TWISLETON.



# ANOTHER RAP AT POET CLOSE,

BY

TOM TWISLETON.

Winskull, March 2nd, 1867.

At Skipton saam as here at Settle,  
I understand ye raised ther mettle,  
An' med em mad enough,  
They're capl how ye cud hev a face,  
To stand up in a public place,  
To talk sich silly stuff.

In vain yer brain ye tax an' strain,  
In vain t' hooaps of faam or gain,  
Ye tramp fra place to place;  
In vain morder'd books ye send,  
In an these things ye nobbut tend

Ye say a real Poet's mind  
Is elevated, generous, kind,  
An' free fra an deceit—  
That he is of Heaven's minstrelsy,  
Sent down upon this earth to be

A grand an' shining lect;  
Then ye're na Poet I'm weel sure,  
For yan of Heaven's minstrels pure,  
Wad shun an evil trick;  
An' when ye com I heard ye tell,

Some books to raise Owd Nick,  
Ye needn't think that what I write,  
I do for envy or for spite,  
It isn't owt o' t' kind;  
I've nowt again ye as a man,

In an I've sed it's bin my plan  
To speak the public mind.  
If ye've a wife an' young uns eight,  
Na doubt ye will hev hard to feight,  
To win 'em daily bread;

Na wonder that ye're still kept poor,  
For he who bees fra door to door,  
Hes quite as good a trade.  
I must be advised by me, for though  
I never was meant to study law,

Advice I still may give!  
An' t' plan 'at ye are driving at  
Will niver mack ye rich or fat  
Howliver lang ye live.  
Then ceegas to bother yower poor brain,

In hooaps Dame Fortune's smiles to gain  
Wi' mackin' bits o' rhyme,  
Tis nowt for sich as ye an' I  
To strive to mack a living by,  
I may do to put on time.

Ye still may be an useful man,  
If this rhyme-spinning, lecturing plan,  
Ye wad consent to drop;  
An' ower yer door stick up a sign,  
An' in girl letters paint this line,

“Close's Provision Shop.”  
Behint the counter tack yer stand,  
An' wait o' fookas wi' ready hand,  
Ye're just the chap for t' job;  
Ver books can't elevate men's souls,

But yower prime bacon, cheese, an' rolls  
May stop a hungry gob.  
Thus ye along wi' yower lile wife,  
May pass t' remainder o' yer life  
As happy as a king;

An' if for rhyme ye've still a knack,  
A sang ye now an' then may mack,  
I will do for t' barns to sing.

TOM TWISLETON.

My word, owd boy, yer genius bright,  
An' soar'd aloft wi' grandeur!  
Sa clear an' brilliantly ye shine,  
That this poor short-winged muse o' mine  
Dar scarce gaze on sich splendour.

Na wonder men of heigh degree,  
Come miles to hev a crack wi' ye  
An' tack ye by the hand;  
Na wonder men of girt renown  
Are proud among ther friends to own

The Bard of Westmorland,  
Fookas needn't ex whar hig yower brains,  
Ye pour out sich melodious strains,  
Sa lively an' sa witty;  
They wad cry shaam o' me if I

Sud fall to mack a quick reply  
To yower amusin' ditty.  
I t' first place then I think wi' ye,  
In fact I'm sure that it wad be  
A ma-sist uncommon thing,

An' I as soon expect to hear  
T' piano played by our owd megar  
As hear a hullat sing;  
For yan meet like a stupid clown  
I went an' paid three coppers down

To hear yan try a sang;  
It how'd an' pood sa foul a face  
It hay'd me fairly out o' t' place  
Before I'd bin in lang.  
Ye say t'was envy that med me

Say an that I hev sed o' ye;  
I'm quite contented wi' my lot,  
An' say wi' truth I envy not  
The happiest mortal born  
But when sa mich self-praise ye us'd,

An' good an' useful men abus'd,  
Then justice wi' a frown  
I then just set yer heart at rest,  
For t' world 'll soon hear tell;  
An' ains keep t' mind this fact,—

That fra yer ment ye subtract,  
When ye crack o' yersel.  
Read Burns an' Scott, who's talents breet,  
Shed forth sa clear an' grand a leet  
Fra Scotland's hills an' dells;

Mark weel ther lofty glowing lays,  
They didn't need to sound self-praise,  
Ther warks speak for thesels,  
Ye say a bird browt ye the news  
That yower faam I did abuse

I t' Queen Plover;  
But in that paper ne'er a line,  
A word, or syllable o' mine  
Did liver yet appear.



# ANOTHER RAP AT POET CLOSE,

BY

TOM TWISLETON.

Winsthill, March 2nd, 1867.

MY word, owd boy, yer genius brieht,  
Hes ta'en a most uncommon flight,  
An' soar'd aloft wi' grandeur!  
Sa clear an' brilliantly ye shine,  
That this poor short-winged muse o' mine  
Dar scarce gaze on sich splendour.

Na wonder men of heigh degree,  
Come miles to hev a crack wi' ye  
An' tack ye by the hand;  
Na wonder men of girt renown  
Are proud amang ther friends to own  
The Bard of Westmorland.

Foaks needn't ex whar lig yower brains,  
Ye pour out sich melodious strains,  
Sa lively an' sa witty;  
They wad cry shaam o' me if I  
Sud fail to mack a quick reply  
To yower amusin' ditty.

I' t' first plaace then I think wi' ye,  
In fact I'm sure that it wad be  
A ma-ast uncommon thing,  
An' I as soon expect to hear  
T' piano played by our owd mear  
As hear a hullat sing;

For yan neet like a stupid clown  
I went an' paid three coppers down  
To hear yan try a sang;  
It how'd an' poo'd sa foul a faace  
It flay'd me fairly out o't plaace  
Befoar I'd bin in lang.

Ye say 'twas envy that med me  
Say an that I hev sed o' ye;  
That I deny wi' scorn.  
I'm quite contented wi' my lot,  
An' say wi' truth I envy not  
The happiest mortal born

But when sa mich self-praise ye us'd,  
An' good an' useful men abus'd,  
Then justice wi' a frown  
Com up to me wi' looks severe  
An' whispered sternly in my ear,  
"Put that proud fella down."

If ivver self-esteem possess'd  
Entire control ower human breast,  
I' yowers it hes dominion,  
An' nut my mind aloan I tell,  
For mony a scooar besides mysel  
Just harbour t' saam opinion.

Did ye possess the strength o' mind,  
The tongues of an yer foes to bind  
An' mack the critics stagger,  
Wi' Milton's power an' Shakspeare's wit,  
Ye'd lower yersel aboon a bit,  
Wi' yower consate an' swagger.

If ye're of sterling wit possess'd,  
Why then just set yer heart at rest,  
For t' world 'll soon hear tell;  
An' aulus keep i' mind this fact,  
That fra yer merit ye subtract,  
When ye crack o' yersel.

Read Burns an' Scott, who's talents breet,  
Shed forth sa clear an' grand a leet  
Fra Scotland's hills an' dells;  
Mark weel their lofty glowing lays,  
They didn't need to sound self-praise,  
Ther warks speak for thersels.

Ye say a bird browt ye the news  
That yower fair faam I did abuse  
I' t' Craven Pioneer;  
But in that paper ne'er a line,  
A word, or syllable o' mine  
Did ivver yet appear.

At Skipton saam as here at Settle,  
I understand ye raised ther mettle,  
An' med em mad enough.  
They're capt how ye cud hev a faace,  
To stand up in a public plaace,  
To talk sich silly stuff.

In vain yer brain ye tax an' strain,  
In vain i' hooaps of faam or gain  
Ye tramp fra plaace to plaace;  
In vain unorder'd books ye send,  
In an these things ye nobbut tend  
To spread yer avn disgrace

Ye say a real Poet's mind  
Is elevated, generous, kind,  
An' free fra an deceit—  
That he is of Heaven's minstrels pure,  
Sent down upon this earth to be  
A grand an' shining leet;

Then ye're na Poet I'm weel sure,  
For yan of Heaven's minstrels pure,  
Wad shun an evil trick;  
An' when ye com I heeard ye tell,  
That ye hed med an' browt to sell  
Some books to raise Owd Nick.

Ye needn't think that what I write,  
I do for envy or for spite,  
It isn't owt o' t' kind;  
I've nowt again ye as a man,  
In an I've sed it's bin my plan  
To speak the public mind.

If ye've a wife an' young uns eight,  
Na doubt ye will hev hard to feight,  
To win 'em daily bread;  
Na wonder that ye're still kept poor,  
For he who begs fra door to door  
Hes quite as good a trade.

Just be advised by me, for though  
I ne'er was meant to study law,  
Advice I still may give!  
An' t' plan 'at ye are driving at  
Will niver mack ye rich or fat  
Howivver lang ye live.

Then ceas to bother yower poor brain,  
In hooaps Dame Fortune's smiles to gain  
Wi' mackin' bits o' rhyme.  
'Tis nowt for sich as ye an' I  
To strive to mack a living by,  
'T may do to put on time.

Ye still may be an useful man,  
If this rhyme-spinning, lecturing plan,  
Ye wad consent to drop;  
An' ower yer door stick up a sign,  
An' in girt letters paint this line,  
"CLOSE'S PROVISION SHOP."

Behint the counter tack yer stand,  
An' wait o' foaks wi' ready hand,  
Ye're just the chap for t' job;  
Yer books can't elevate men's souls,  
But yower prime bacon, cheese, an' rolls  
May stop a hungry gob.

Thus ye along wi' yower life wife,  
May pass t' remainder o' yer life  
As happy as a king;  
An' if for rhyme ye've still a knack,  
A sang ye now an' then may mack,  
'Twill do for t' barns to sing.

TOM TWISLETON.

LIFE BONUS YEAR 1907

Agency for FIRE and LIFE Business of the  
Caledonian Insurance Company, Founded 1805

Agents:—  
T. TWISLETON & SONS,  
Stead Hall Farm,  
Burley-in-Wharfedale.

May 14 1907  
Mr Gray Shaw  
Dear Sir

I have only one small copy  
of my brother's poem which  
was printed in New Zealand  
and I cannot tell if one  
could be got in that country  
or not my brother Fred is  
still there I will write  
it to him next time I  
write and ask him to  
send a copy if he can  
get one I have never

a collection of poems of  
my brother's name in his  
own hand writing which  
have never been printed  
and some cuttings from  
the New Zealand papers  
they came too late for the  
edition which is now  
being sold  
your truly  
Thomas Twisleton

### A Craven Horse Deal.

The Craven farmer dearly loves a bit of horse trading. The following ditty has been unearthed, but its authorship is unknown. Perhaps some of my readers may be able to give the name of the writer, who was evidently acquainted with the Clapham district, where the incident occurred:—

Har! by Clapham town and lived an old Yorkshire Tyke,  
Who in dealing in horses, had never his like,  
'Twas 'na pride, that in all the bargains he'd hit,  
He'd hit a good many, but niver got bit.  
Hey! derry down!

This old Tommy Towers, by that name he was known,  
Had a carrion old tit that was sheer skin and bone;  
To ha' killed for the dogs would ha' done quite well,  
But 'twas Tommy's opinion he'd die himsel'.  
Hey! derry down!

Well, old Abraham Muggins, a neighb'ring cheat,  
Thought to diddle old Tommy would be a great treat;  
He'd a horse that was better than Tommy's—for why?  
The night before that he thought proper to die.  
Hey! derry down!

Thinks Abraham, th' owd dodger will ne'er smoke the trick,  
So I'll swop him my dead horse for his wick;  
And if Tommy Towers I should happen to trap,  
'Twill be a fine feather in Abraham a cap.  
Hey! derry down!

So to Tommy he goes, and the question he pops,  
Between my horse and thine, prithee what swops;  
What wilt give me to boot, for mine's better horse still?  
Nought, says Tommy, but I'll swop even hands if thou wilt.  
Hey! derry down!

Abraham preached a long time about summat to boot,  
Insisting that un's the livelier brute;  
But Tommy stuck fast where he'd first begun,  
Till at last they shook hands and Tommy cried—"Done!"  
Hey! derry down!

"Oh, Tommy," said Abraham, "I'm sorry for thee,  
I thought thou hadst more white in thine e'e;  
Good luck wi' thy bargain, for my horse is dead!"  
Says Tommy: "My lad, so's mine, and he's dead!"  
Hey! derry down!

So Tom got the best of the bargain a vast,  
An' cam off in a Yorkshireman's triumph at last;  
For though 'twixt dead horses, there's na' much to choose,  
Yet Tommy was richer by the hide an' four shoes!  
Hey! derry down!

(Please turn over.)



1844.

# PHOTOGRAPHY,

OR

## DRAWING BY LIGHT.

A. MC. FARLANE, respectfully submits to the Inhabitants of Settle his processes of Photogenic Drawing, on which he proposes to give a series of familiar Instructions during the present month.

The Course will include all the important discoveries in this interesting and beautiful art; the first series embracing all the drawings on paper—the second those which are familiarly known under the name of the Daguerreotype.

The practical manipulation of each branch of the Art, the structure and uses of the apparatus required, and the numerous applications of every department will be explicitly pointed out, in such a manner as to render considerable assistance to those who may wish to become acquainted with the principles of Chemistry, Optics, and Natural Philosophy. Independently of the interest naturally attached to a curious and fascinating Art, and of the gratification resulting from the power of taking perfect images of any object at will, the subject takes a wider range and affords an explanation of many of the phenomena which daily take place under the combined influence of Light, Heat, Electricity and Magnetism.

### TERMS.

Course of Instruction in nine Lessons	s.	d.
Single Lessons as per agreement.	.	10 6
Portraits on silver plates with Morocco Cases, from 8	0	
Drawings of Architectural Buildings	.	6 6

**N. B.** Gentlemen taking a course of Instruction may take their own Portraits and those of their friends at very reduced rates.

Apparatus made by the best Opticians in Paris supplied and lent to Pupils.

## PROSPECTUS.

First Series in five Lessons on Paper.

### Lesson I. The Chromotype.

By this process which is extremely simple and easy, very correct delineations of botanical specimens, objects of natural history &c. may be obtained.

### Lesson II. The Talbotype.

This includes a series of drawings all varying in colour and produced by a slight difference of manipulation, these are rendered evident by the agency of Light alone, they are adapted to the copying of leaves, (every vein of which is distinctly given,) Flowers, Engravings, Lace-work, Edifices &c.

### Lesson III. The Galatye.

This beautiful and singular process requires only a few seconds for light to effect a dormant image which is subsequently brought out in perfection. It is adapted to the camera obscura, the pictures of which, with all their pleasing gradations of light and shade, are most astonishingly given, it is also frequently applied to the production of portraits and has this advantage, that many copies all alike in some respects, but differing in tints may be taken from one original.

### Lesson IV. The Ferrotype.

A class of papers, resembling the calotype but scarcely as sensitive. They are easier in respect of manipulation, and more adapted to ordinary use.

### Lesson V. The Amphitype.

A series of remarkable changes appear in this class, some images inverting their lights and shadows spontaneously—others requiring a breath to evoke a hidden image, and others requiring merely a coloured glass or the aid of heat.

The second series is entirely confined to the Daguerreotype.

First Lesson—Preparing the silver plate so as to be sensitive to the agency of Light.

Second Lesson—Arranging the apparatus for views, portraits &c.—Arrangements for the sitter &c.—Explanations of the apparatus.

Third Lesson—Taking and fixing the images.

Fourth Lesson—Multiplying the copies by Electricity.

Application to be made to John Wildman, Bookseller, Settle.

Langcliffe Mills, before and after alterations.



TOM TWISLETON'S  
**ADDRESS TO POET CLOSE.**

I HOOP by this ye've landed back  
To yower life wife an' hed a crack  
On an ye've heeard an' seen,  
An' tell'd her how yer heart's been griev'd  
At t' way in which ye war received  
At t' spots war ye hev been.

By this some scheme ye will hev hit  
To stop the critics' tongues a bit  
An' baffle an' yer foes,  
That generations yet unborn  
May hear how an' who dar'd to scorn  
War crushed by Poet Close.

Did ye suppose we chaps at Settle  
War maad o' sich untempered metal  
As swallow yower humbug,  
An' put up wi' yer empty pride,  
An' tack for true each taal ye tried  
To crom into our lug?

We've chaps o' wit an' chaps o' knowledge  
We've chaps at's been renowned at college  
An' passed through first rate schools;  
Then don't again deceive yersel,  
An' come here thinking we can't tell  
Wise men fra simple fools.

Ye stick girt bills up to proclaim,  
Ye come a Poet of girt fame,  
An' fooaks an' bring their brass.  
They come i' hooaps to see an' hear  
A man o' wit an' judgment clear,  
An' find ye're but an ass.

Ye'd impudence to say that fame  
Hed class'd ye next to Burns whose naam  
Will be alive for ivver.  
Why bless ye man there's mony a scoor,  
Now begging breead fra door to door,  
Who are ten times as clever.

Ye say ye war to butchin' bred,  
If saa—gah follow up yer trade,  
An' if ye've skill then show it;  
For yan thing I can plainly tell,  
Though ye at skinning sheep excel,  
Ye'll nivver be a Poet.

If ye hev brass to last through life,  
Then stop i' t' house wi' yower life wife,  
An' help to pleease yer barns;  
An' don't i' public halls appear,  
To spin whall fooaks an' laugh an' sneer,  
Yer poor hauf twisted yarns.

But if for breead ye needs mun strive,  
To keep yer wife an' barns alive,  
Some other plan be tryin',  
An' don't gang tramping up an' down  
To 'sell yer brains' i' ivvery town;  
I think they're nut worth buyin'.

Of wit I think ye've scaarce yer shar,  
But I'm weel sure ye've naan to spar,  
To sarmonise an' lectur.  
But if for talking ye've a knack,  
Then strap a basket on yer back,  
An' gang an' turn quack doctor.

Then ye may roam about at will,  
An' praise each powder, drug, an' pill,  
An' bottle that ye keep;  
An' tell wi' what success ye've tried  
To mack laam fooaks thraw t' crutch aside,  
An' them wi' t' tooth-wark sleep.

An' when the stern owd warrior death,  
Draws near an' tacks away yer breath,  
An' ligs ye lowly down,  
Don't dee i' hooaps that e'er yer naam  
Will travel on the track of fame  
Wi' Poets of renown.

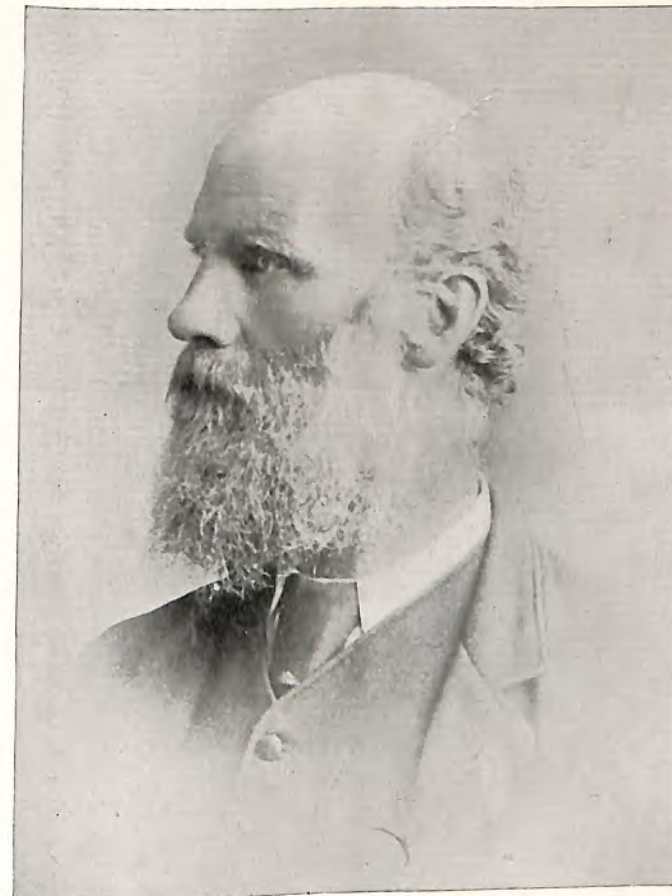
But when yer tongue that's tried so well  
To put an' down except yersel,  
To rest at last hes gone;  
When ower yer heead a staan they plaace,  
May some engraver's chisel traace  
This epitaph thereon:—

**EPITAPH.**

Beneath this lump of earth repose  
The bones of one whose name was Close,  
Whose spirit has gone hence.  
In life he courted wealth and praise,  
But lacked one thing throughout his days,  
And that was common sense.

Ye'll maybe wish to ken my naam,  
Then know that I don't fear or shaam  
Though an' the world may know it.  
An' if ye've owt to say again,  
Then pleease address in letters plain,  
To Tom, the Craven Poet.

*Winskhill, near Settle,  
Jany. 24th, 1867.*



*Henry Lea Twisleton.*

Will be published shortly,  
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*See also p 275 & 276*



HOLME HEAD BRIDGE.—Since our last a Foot Bridge has been erected over the Ribble, on the upper side of the Wear at Holme Head, or as it is more familiarly named, "The Locks" near Langcliffe. It is a Wooden Bridge of one board in breadth, with good Railing on each side, and is supported on firm Iron Pillars 8 or 9 feet above the bed of the river. We believe it was built by subscription. It was a communication much wanted, as there was no bridge over the river between Settle and Stainforth, at least of late years. Some of us are old enough to recollect the bridge which formerly existed a little below the High mill, and which was carried away by a flood in the Ribble, to the Low Island, at least two miles distant. We hope the present one is destined to a different fate. 1857.

#### LANGCLIFFE PAPER MILL WEIR.

The Committee of the Restoration Fund will receive DESIGNS and TENDERS for the RE-CONSTRUCTION of the WEIR, which may be forwarded to Mr. JOSHUA OVINGTON, Langcliffe Paper Mill, Settle.

The Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender, and no allowance will be made for any design or tender not adopted by the subscribers to the Fund.

Langcliffe, 24th February, 1868.

#### SONNETS.

Where spreading trees and wild briar, intertangled,  
Form from the sun a wide-stretch'd shady screen,  
Where green knolls rise with bright-hued flowers bespangled,  
Or where the rivulet glides half-unseen,  
I love to roam, when wood and vale and hill  
Le fleck'd with shadows of light silvery clouds,  
When nods beside the rock o'er-shado' d fill  
The full-flower'd cowslip, which the thicket shrouds  
From noon-tide-rays. Unheeded and alone,  
At such a time, be mine the lot to wend  
Where the stream murmurs with unchanging tone,  
Or lie where, shelter'd, the pale primrose grows,  
When gentle winds and wild bee's humming tend  
To lull the senses to a calm repose.

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return to God who gave it." Ecclesiastes.

Not always may this earthly form endure,  
For age and care will ravage and despoil  
All fleshly beauty; but the good and pure  
At death find rest from every worldly toil.  
What if the pitcher at the fountain break?  
The sacred water that it held shall live;  
It cannot perish with the crumbling wreck;  
For the clear fountain shall its own receive.  
Half of existence is a dream of pain,  
We strive and struggle, but we strive in vain,  
To free ourselves from sorrow's cumbrous load;  
We seek for pleasure and unsated die;  
But, though the body in the dust may lie,  
Th' unfetter'd spirit must return to God.

H. L. T.

Printed and published by MARGARET WILDMAN and WILLIAM WILDMAN, at their residence, Duke Street, Settle.

Oct. 1905.  
DEATH OF MR. H. L. TWISTLETON.—In our obituary column will be found a notice of the death of Mr H. L. Twistleton, formerly of Winskill, near Settle. "The Marlborough Press and County of Sounds Gazette" (New Zealand) of August 28th last thus refers to the deceased gentleman:—The funeral of Mr Twistleton on Sunday afternoon was largely attended, numerous settlers from the Pelorus and Tory Channel coming up to pay a last token of respect. More would have been present had they but known. News travels slowly in the Sounds, but Mr James Price exerted himself strenuously to get a good attendance, and with considerable success. Mr Twistleton's brother, from Ashhurst, missed the boat on Saturday, but Mr Reuben Price, of the local Post Office, got the captain of the Ngunguru, bound for Blenheim, to await the arrival of the Manawatu train on Saturday evening, and by riding through to Picton Mr Twistleton got here on Sunday forenoon. The cortege left the hospital at 2.30 p.m., the pall bearers being Mr Howard, representing the Marlborough Educational Institute, and three of Mr H. L. Twistleton's old friends from the Pelorus, Messrs Topp, Henderson, and Ruffell. Mr John Duncan, an old personal friend and chairman of the Education Board, and Mr Robertson, of Koromiko, were among the mourners. Several of Mr Twistleton's old pupils from different parts of the countryside were also present. Holy Trinity Choir was in attendance, in recognition of deceased's love of the musical services at the Church, and sang, "Now the Labourer's task is o'er" and the Funeral Psalm very feelingly. The Ven. Archdeacon Wright, after reading the lesson, applied the concluding words of it very effectively, holding up deceased as an example to be followed of steadfast faith, immovability where principle was concerned, and earnest work for the Lord. Miss E. Philpotts played the Dead March in "Saul" as the procession reformed outside the church. Among the beautiful wreaths of clematis and spring flowers sent by admiring friends was one, the work of Miss Dart, which was conspicuously beautiful. It bore the inscription, "A parting token of the sorrow and regret felt by the Marlborough Educational Institute at the loss of one of its noblest members, and truest-hearted of men." Mr Twistleton's resting place in the cemetery was happily chosen. It closely adjoins the family graves of his old friend the Hendersons. When Mr Henderson was buried, it will be remembered, a little bird flew out of the tree near by and carolled sweetly over the grave, an incident which touched a responsive chord in the poet's own heart, and was embodied by him in verse of great beauty. He now rests under that very tree, though no feathered warbler chaunted a requiem, as it might fittingly have done last Sunday.



powder at Settle, and went back home to convert the powder into "ass." He took a fire-shovel, put a good handful of powder upon it, and then applied a light. The next thing was that the farmer, with quite sufficient force and speed, was driven under the table. As soon as he was able to pull himself together again, he turned to his wife, with an enquiring look, and said, "Wheer's t' ass?" The wife stared at him, and in four short words discharged upon him a whole volume of scorn, as she shouted, "NAV; THOU'S T' ASS!"

Here is another story. Not very many years ago a well-known farmer was often seen at Settle Market. This farmer belonged to what we call the gentler sex, but she was very masculine in gait, in speech, in manners and in strength. She herself managed the farm; bought and sold sheep and cattle at the fair; and, although her husband was still living, relegated him to a secondary place. The time came when he fell sick and seemed to be near his end. But he lingered on longer than it had been thought he would, or than he was wished to do. His better-half was surprised at the way in which he clung to life; and one day she addressed to him this felicitous and cheering speech: "Now, get deead wi' the', an' I'll see the' nicely happed up." (Which, being interpreted, means, "Be quick and die; and I'll see you decently interred.") There is an idea that, when anyone lingers long on his last bed, he for some reason or other "cannot die." He has something on his conscience, or there is some affair that he has yet to settle, or there is someone whom he has yet to see. The old woman thought that there must be something in the

Lange Riffe.



way, and that her husband could not die. It might be his fear that, as she had not made much of him during life, she would not show much care for him when dead. And it was not so much from impatience as from a desire to cheer him on his way, to help him through, that she said, "*Now get deead wi' the', an' I'll see the' nicely happed up.*"

The writer was once at a missionary-meeting at a small village-chapel. For some time there had been differences of opinion and feeling in the little society, which had left unpleasant results. The minister of the circuit was present, and in his speech he referred to the unhappy state of affairs; said that such strife could do nothing but harm; that they must have peace if they would have prosperity; and then with some earnestness he exclaimed, "We must get the devil out of here if we are to do any good." One man who was in the meeting—a village oddity, who, is now spending his last days in the workhouse—was in such warm sympathy with the sentiment that he half rose from his seat and said, "*Ay, let's hev him outside, an' we'll let him knaw what for if we can get him to t' top o' Rahmill Brow.*"

We must give one more story which, although its incident did not happen in the Giggleswick Parish, is yet a story of these Craven dales. At a village Primitive Methodist chapel one who had lived a wayward—locally called "outward"—life was "brought in." He was an altered man. After a while his voice was heard in the prayer-meetings. He was at first nervous and hesitating. But on one occasion his tongue was loosed. He became quite fluent in his

## PAUPERS.

Poor-law Guardians of the present day are accustomed to use their utmost efforts to remove the taint of pauperism from those who are so unfortunate as to be compelled to seek their aid. Our predecessors took another view of the case, as the following resolution clearly shows:—

"Resolved that proper Badges be delivered to each pensioner resident within the Township, to be by them fixed upon some conspicuous part of their Coats or Gowns, and that no Pensions shall be paid to any Poor Person who does not constantly wear such Badges, and that if the Overseers don't pay due regard to this order, they shall be prosecuted according to Law.

Settle April 12 1777.

WM. BIRKBECK"  
(and others).

## CHARITY ORGANIZATION IN 1699.

Two hundred years ago the increasing prevalence of pauperism was a source of grave concern to many of the good people of Settle, and in order to counteract the evils of indiscriminate charity a number of them entered into the following compact:—

"Sept. 1st, 1699.

THEN agreed and concluded upon by and between the Major part of the Inhabitants of the town and Townshipp of Settle in the Parish of Giggleswick & County of Yorke whose names bee hereunder written as followeth

Wee whose names are subscribed doe hereby mutually and fully each unto other assent consent and promise That for the future neither for our selves nor for our relations or