



Celtic (?) wall on Smearside.



Erratic Blocks at Norber



Stone Doorhead.
VII.—Lawkland Hall.

THE SMALLEST CHURCH IN YORKSHIRE

Sir,—In the midst of the lofty hills that lie between Settle and Ingleton there nestles the little hamlet of Lawkland. It is a quiet, commonplace spot, with nothing to disturb its everyday monotony save the visit of an occasional tourist on his way to the Lakes. Yet this almost unknown village boasts a distinction, unknown to its own simple people, that has been coveted by more than one village in the broad-acres shire; for Lawkland possesses the smallest of all Yorkshire churches. It is a Roman Catholic church, erected by a member of the famous Ingelby family before they became Protestant. The little building is endowed with a sum of money that returns nearly £50 a year, and is served by a priest from Settle, nearly four miles away. He visits Lawkland once every month, and conducts service in the church. It is in-



LAWKLAND CHURCH, YORKSHIRE.

teresting to know that this church is only 20ft. in length and 19ft. in width; while the church at St. Lawrence, I.W., said to be the smallest in England, was originally 20ft. long, but a new chancel having been added, it is now 30ft. long and 12ft. wide.
C. F. SHEAV,
Batley, Yorkshire.

places where the disintegrated boulders form the sum and substance of the walls. It is because the Norber boulders were set in a high place that they have remained,—a unique and noble company—silent, yet speaking stones—impressive memorials of an immeasurably distant past, and of those mighty forces that were working, even then, for the order, wealth and beauty of the world in which we live.

There are several routes, all of them interesting, by which we may make our way back to Settle. If we wish to see something more of the geological aspects of the district we may follow the road past Crummack and over to Selside, then down the valley to Horton; or may climb the airy heights of Moughton for Horton; or we may follow the road past Wharfe, over Swarthmoor, to the flag-quarries, and then to the left for Horton, or to the right by way of Stainforth, for Settle. If we prefer a quiet walk along a retired lane, with an abundant flora, we may have this by going back to Cross Streets Inn, and then on to Lawkland. We pass on our left the Roman Catholic Church, a very small and unpretentious building, which, however, had until recent years its resident priest; on our right we see Lawkland Hall, the old home of the Ingelbys; after this we take the first turn to the left and over the High Ridge to Giggleswick. This walk would be a pleasant change from the rougher adventures of the hills.

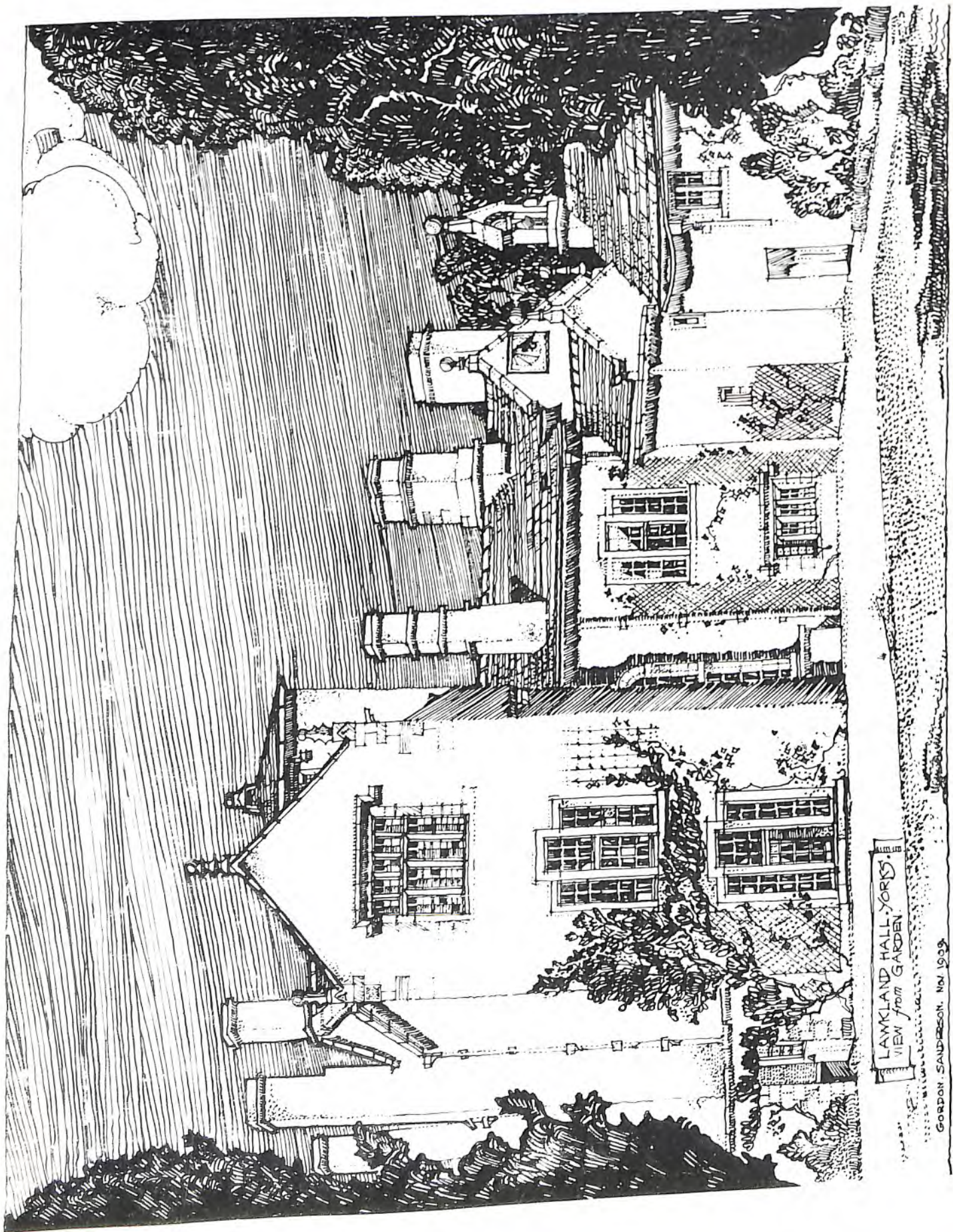
Smearside. The writer's favourite route lies over Smearside, and he may be excused for saying a little more about this. On returning to Austwick we may ask

for the footpath to Feizor, the sheltered hamlet which lies under the west end of Smearside. To climb this hill is no hard task, and it will pay well. There is scarcely any other position from which the main features of the Settle district can be so well seen and studied as from the top of Smearside. We must make for the eastern and highest point. Here we stand at the centre of a fine circle of hills. The solitude of Smearside, so far away from smoky towns; with the pure, sweet air that blows over the broad moorlands, and with perhaps only the lapwing and the curlew to keep us company, is truly delightful. There are signs that the summit has, at some time, been used as a military post. In the hollow on the south-east, and two fields' length from the foot of the hill, are the supposed remains of a Roman encampment. These may, however, be simply the remains of some ancient enclosure built for security against predatory tribes. We may now walk down the hollow and past the supposed encampment, keeping well to the right until we strike the footpath to Stackhouse, and so on to Settle.

Celtic Wall. Or we may take a shorter, though not easier route. Standing on Smearside and looking to the south, we see on the next ridge a short wall. From a distance it seems like the walls that farmers build as beild for their cattle. But this is so firm, so thick, so well built, that it must have had some other aim; and it is a question for the archaeologist as to what is its age, and what its original use. The general opinion is that it is Celtic. It is evidently very old. It is 23 paces in length, 5 feet thick at the



CELTIC WALL, NEAR SMEARSIDE



LAWKLAND HALL, YORK.
VIEW FROM GARDEN.

GORDON SANDERSON. NOV 1898.

CELTIC WALL.

There are few places in the Parish of Giggleswick more interesting to the Archæologist than Smearside and its immediate locality. Here may be found traces of old earth-works, circular dwellings, tumuli, &c., and several parts of a Celtic Wall yet remain in fair condition. It is probable that this wild spot has been the scene of many a contest in olden times, and doubtless when the neighbouring tumuli come to be examined, some interesting discoveries will be the result.

I give an engraving of one of the best preserved portions of the wall above mentioned. It runs along the top of the hill opposite Smearside, parallel to its steepest side; the measurements of this particular piece being 26 yards in length, about 5ft. 6in. in height, and 5ft. 3in. in breadth at the base. The weather-beaten old stones, which have stood here undisturbed for centuries, bid fair to stand for ages more, as they are well and skilfully laid, altho' no mortar or lime binds them together; and very possibly they may see the time when the inhabitants of our valley will consider us of the present generation to have been as uncivilized as we regard the builders of the old wall; and it is devoutly to be hoped that no farmer, finding these stones ready to his hand, may use them for walling and such like purposes.

A little to the south of the part of which I give a view, another portion of the wall, about 17 yards in length, may be seen. This however is not in so good a state of preservation as the former, indeed for about half its length there is nothing more to be seen than the foundations peeping just above the surface.

see p. 103 & 98
see p 106



*Remains of Celtic Wall at
Smearside.*

base, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet at the top. In a line with this wall, and 40 paces from the east end of it there are a few feet of bared foundation and another short length of wall, but this is in a dilapidated state. The main wall, as may be seen from our illustration, is very firmly built, the stones carefully chosen and remarkably well laid. On our last visit to this interesting relic we were sorry to find that the hand of the depredator had been laid upon it. Some of its topmost stones had been lifted and thrown upon the ground; and three or four of the side stones had been dragged out. The writer and a friend spent some time in putting the stones back, and in trying to fit them into their old places. But why cannot such things be let alone? Why cannot the stones be left where the builders laid them? How easy it is to destroy! Anyone can pull down, only a few can build. It is easy to pluck a flower from its stem, but we cannot fix it on its stem again. Any rude, rough hand could demolish a piece of fine statuary, but it would need the hand of a man of genius to replace it with another. Is it too much to ask that our old Celtic wall may be left alone,—that it may be looked at, but not disturbed? It would be a strange thing indeed, and a shame, if this wall that has survived the snows and frosts and rains and blasts of so many centuries should be marred and spoilt at the end of this nineteenth century by the meddling hand of man.

To Stackhouse and Settle. With our backs towards Smearside let us now keep near the field-wall until we reach a gap, pass through this, turn to the right and climb the next wall, then

descend the small scar near the old lime-kiln, pass through the gate on the left, and 30 paces from this through the gate on the right; keeping now to the cart-track we pass the Celtic (?) barrow referred to on page 122. The same track must be followed until a stile is reached and a path that leads through Stack-house to Settle.

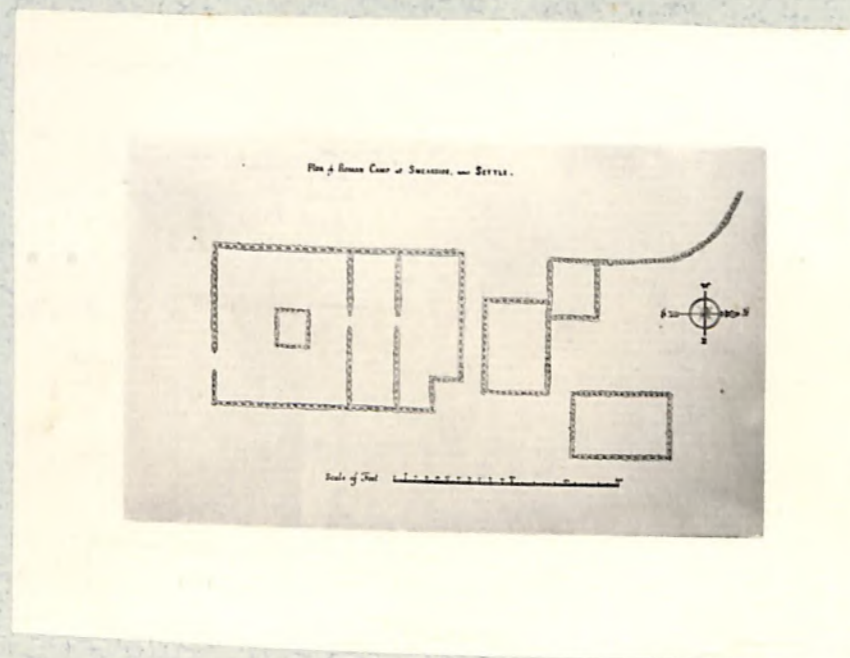
NOTE TO PAGE 206.

(Extracted from Prof. Miall's Appendix to Whitaker's *Craven*).

"**SILURIAN ROCKS.**—The Silurian Rocks of Yorkshire are divisible into two groups not very dissimilar lithologically; but unconformable, and containing few common fossils. The lower series includes the Green Slates and Coniston Limestone; the upper consists of the Coniston Flags and Grits (Upper Silurian).

"The Coniston Flags are divided by Professor Hughes into four groups:—

1. A *Conglomerate* containing Lower Silurian pebbles, and resting unconformably upon Lower Silurian beds. (Seen at Southwaite, Austwick Beck Head).
2. *Soft, well-cleaved Slates*. Thickness, probably several hundred feet. (Seen at Brackenbottom, Austwick Beck Head, Southwaite).
3. *Tough grits*, with subordinate beds of flags. Thickness, about 1000 feet. (Seen south of Horton, at Bark House, between Crummack and Southwaite).
4. *Flags*, with subordinate beds of grit, (Coniston Flags proper). Thickness about 2000 feet. These slates are well seen in the quarries of Foredale and Studfold on the opposite side of the valley. Owing to the eastward fall of the synclinal axis they do not re-appear in the Crummack valley."



Plan of Camp at Smearside



Roman Camp at Smearside



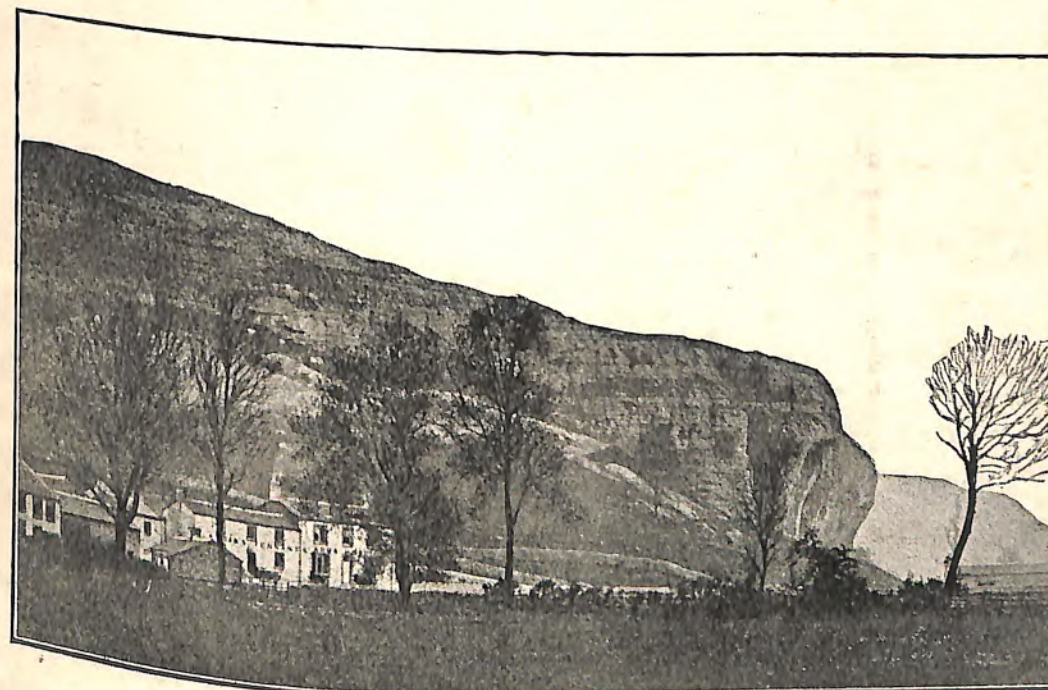
ARNCLIFFE



THE STRID



KILNSEY CRAG



KILNSEY CRAG.

Kilnsey Cragg, (circ. 1819) by Sydenham Edwards.



XIII.

AT THE SOURCES OF THE AIRE.

IN all our walks we have kept on the western side of the Yorkshire watershed. Our rambles have been by the banks of streams and rivers whose waters reach the sea at Lytham or at Sunderland Point. In this walk we shall "cross the line" and visit the head-waters of one of the greater branches of that river-system that drains the wide area which lies between Richmond and Derby, and falls towards the Humber. A river can scarcely see greater change in its course than does the river Aire; it is a pure, clear stream at the village to which it gives its name,— a big, open, foul drain as we see it at Leeds Bridge; in its upper reaches it flows past quiet hamlets and farmsteads, in its lower reaches it is overhung by the smoke and fumes of mill-chimney and forge.

Many must have been struck with one contrast between the Ribble or the Wharfe and the Aire.* The Ribble and the Wharfe rise amidst the dreariest surroundings, on uninviting and unvisited fells. But our walks have showed us how much that is fine and interesting is to be met with along the banks of the Ribble in the second six miles of its course; and the Wharfe, which has so poor an origin, at length brings us to Kilnsey, Ghaistrils and the Strid. The Aire

* Whitaker's Craven: Airedale.

issues in silence from beneath the foot of a majestic cliff, and its twin-tributary falls sometimes as a cascade, sometimes as a torrent, down the throat of Gordale Scar; but, after that, the united streams settle down to a quiet and tame course. Yet the lower reaches of the valley must at one time have been very beautiful. Kirkstall Abbey gives sure witness as to that. The monks, who were supposed to be "not of the world," knew where the world was at its best. They had an eye, like "just Lot," for the beauty and the fat of the land. When they pitched their tent at Kirkstall it was in a dale whose river was alive with fish, and its groves and glades with game.

Throughout our pages we have kept to one idea—Settle, or—which amounts very much to the same thing—Giggleswick, has been our centre, the beginning and the ending of our walks. If we might make Malham a centre, we could easily map out a series of fine walks, having Ryeloaf, Arncliffe Clowder, Kilnsey, Skirethorns, Winterburn, Settle, as their terminal points. But we must be true to our first idea, and make Settle our starting-point.

Before Settle was known, as it has come to be known since the new railway was made, Malham had wide fame. Nor can anyone wonder at this. The village stands at one angle of a triangle at whose other angles are the Cove and Gordale Scar. And it would not be easy to find a village that is within two miles of two such works of nature as these. Free access is allowed to both. There is not the "man at the gate," with "Pay here" painted on a board above his head. But the Cove and the Scar are altogether too big to be put under lock and key.



13662. Gordale. F. F. & Co.

Gordale



Painted by A. Dennis.
 To the "Athenaeum" Library, Esq. Member of the Society of Antiquaries.
 This View of MALHAM TOWER, in the Borough of Clitheroe,
 is most respectfully inscribed by
 W. STAFFORD, in Clitheroe, Yorkshire.
 his very obliged Son-in-law, Esq.



MALHAM COVE, THE SOURCE OF THE AIRE.

Engraved on Steel by J. Shury.

My Rev.
W. J. Gomersall

Malham.

In wild retreat, sequestered far
From din of rail and dust of car,
The Dale of Malham lies;
The nursing waters of the Aire
From lake and spring foregather there,
'Neath bracing crags and skies.

Beside the brook, that flows between,
Stands Malham on its village green,
In all its native charm;
The pale-faced rocks their vigil keep,
And breezy pastures sloping sweep
From fell and upland farm.

Hard by, within a wooded dell,
The fairy Janet casts her spell
O'er silver fall and cave;
Nor less that ancient boulder stone
Recalls a tale of ages gone,
By Malham's crystal wave.

By devious routes, two rugged roads
Lead onward to the famed abodes
Of Malham's scenic wonders—
The silent Cove, sublimely steep,
And Gordale, where the waters leap
In caverned, lonesome thunders.

Twin temples they of Time's far dawn
Of days, ere human lore was born,
That immemorial are—
When Nature's handiwork divine
Raised here a double altar shrine,
In Malham's Cove and Scar.

And shall not hearts responsive thrill
At thought of Cowdon's cone-crowned hill,
When, like a flood of tears,
Its hidden well-springs issuing flow
From labyrinthine depths below,
Each half decade of years.

Lo! now a living limpid stream
Wakes Malham from its rustic dream,
In swift, impassioned flight;
The hills, the groves, the caves around
Waft echoes of the rushing sound
O'er Cowdon's guardian height.

The morrow comes—the scene is changed—
The fleecy flocks, ten thousand ranged,
Attest the thronging fair;
The sturdy dalesmen—Craven's pride—
And comrade dogs, in mingling tide,
With tumult rend the air.

As when, intent on yearly games,
The good folks gather with their dames
In Malham's vale below;
Tumultuous cheers the victors greet,
When in the race or ring they meet,
Or weight unerring throw.

Thrice happy folk—thrice happy ye,
Whose Homeland is not doomed to see
Its old-world charm destroyed,
Surviving still the spoiler's hour,
'Midst virgin haunts of fern and flower,
Untainted, unalloyed.

And thou, sweet Airedale's fountain head,
By purest streams perennial fed—
By feet immortal trod—
Thee Ruskin, Wordsworth, Kingsley, Gray,
Proclaim the teacher of a lay,
Whose theme is Nature's God.

November, 1908.

Note.—In the accompanying verses allusion is made to Janet's Cave and Fall, the boulder stone, Malham Cove, Gordale Scar, that interesting phenomenon, the "bursting" of Cowdon Hill, Malham sheep Fair, and Kirkby Malham sports.

1836

Miss Julia Rodmays

NONSENSE:

OR

THE GORDALE PARTY.

I sing of a Party to Gordale that went,
A merry party too,
Yet was their *gravity* so great,
They broke a seat quite through.

They did not travel in a chair,
Like Gilpin's wife so smart,
The truth tho' humbling must be told,
They journey'd in a cart.

Nay do not sneer, tho' but a cart,
It was a cart and pair,
And that all might, be quite genteel,
Two out-riders were there.

To make the set out still more grand,
Their herald ran before,
A barking dog, more loud than wise,
Like many *puppies* more.

Three damsels fair were in the cart,
With but one single beau,
And even he I must confess,
Seemed rather loathe to go.

Dont ask of me the reason why,
In truth I do not know,
This is the answer I shall make,
He was a "*Settle* beau."

Oh could I but describe the road,
O'er which this party pass'd,
I'm certain you would be surprised,
This freak was not their last.

Sometimes one wheel was mounted up,
Two feet above the other,
And thus the laughing girls were tossed,
From one side to another.

The driver (one of the party) made
The horses go full speed,