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The View from the Weathercock

The Weathercock

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1850



Drawn & Engr'd by Miss Worsley. A.C.A.

Waltham Chase

Viewed from the Waterfall

Published by C. Dilly, by John Murray, Alnwick Street London.



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A STALAGMITE COLUMN,
WHITE SCAR CAVERNS, INGLETON.



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THE FIRST WATERFALL, WHITE SCAR CAVERNS, INGLETON.



Drawn & Etched by Wm^o Warrell, A.R.A.

Weathercote Cave

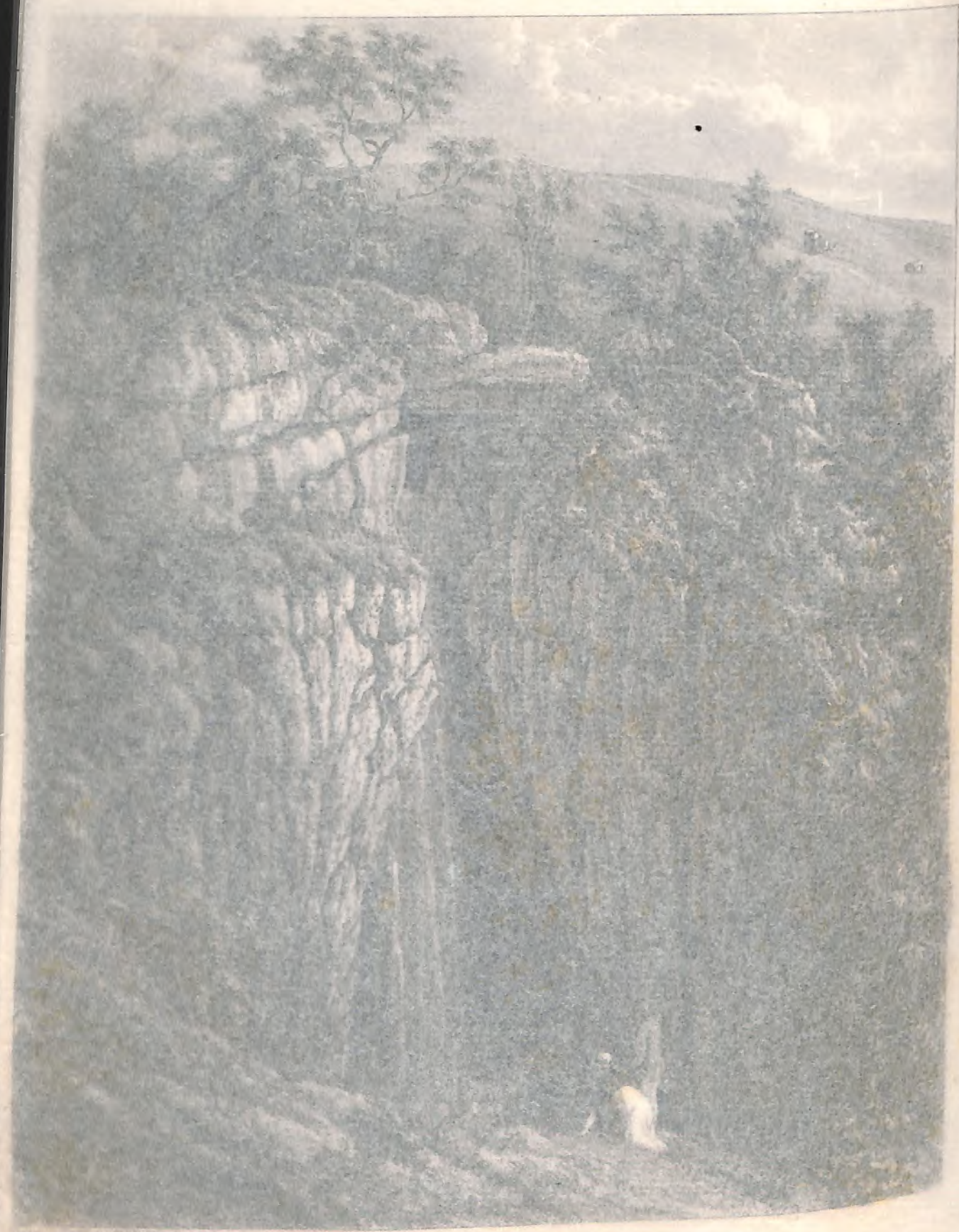
from the South side -

Published July 22, 1818, by John Murray, Albemarle Street, London

Proof

Ingleborough, amongst his Fellows. Ingleborough is not the highest, but we may claim for it that it is the noblest of our Yorkshire hills. Our ancestors must have felt this, for in their biased thought they added hundreds of cubits to its stature; one writer even crediting it with more than double its actual height. The Ordnance Map gives the height at 2373 feet; but Wharfedale is higher than Ingleborough by 41 feet, and Middle Fell than Wharfedale by 177. Yet Yorkshire has no other hill that stands out in such fine proportions, whose outline is so familiar from all surrounding districts; and whose crown is visible from points so far away over land and sea. Ingleborough is one of the first landmarks that greet the eye of the sailor as he crosses St. George's Channel; and we here stand at the centre of a circle of view that cannot be less than 250 miles in circumference. Ingleborough was, as its name implies, one of the beacon-hills—the beacon-hill—of olden times; and on the night of the Queen's Jubilee more than sixty fires could from its summit be seen blazing on hills near and far away; whilst the glare of its own fire could be discerned from a distance of fifty miles.

Mr. Harrison was on the summit of Ingleborough during that night,—was there before the first beacon-fire appeared, and remained there until four o'clock next morning. He counted sixty-five fires. There were fires on all the well-known hills, with the one exception of Penyghent. If Penyghent had not been thus unaccountably left out, the circle of lights, as seen from Ingleborough, would have been complete.



Weathercote Cove

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Mr. Harrison says that the Pendle fire was the brightest, and that it outlasted all the others.

An old Military Post. The top is a table-land, and on a fine and not too breezy day few things are more enjoyable than the mile's walk along the margin of this table-land. Tradition says that horse-races were formerly held on this elevated flat, but tradition has probably in this, as in so many cases, given its imaginings as facts. This commanding height would most surely be occupied for military purposes by Saxon, Roman and Briton; and there are still some traces left, and a generation ago there were very marked traces of ancient military works. It is said that the foundations could be seen of about a score stone huts, of horse-shoe shape,—which is the shape of those that may still be seen amongst the Celtic ruins near Chapel House Wood, in Wharfedale.

The Hill of Storms. Our readers have probably known or will know Ingleborough only on more or less inviting days, but to those whose duty compels them to climb it under all sorts of weather it is known as the hill of storms. As such the shepherd knows it. Here S.W. and N.E. winds blow with unchecked sweep and force. An unlooked-for snow-storm, a fierce blizzard, sometimes bursts upon these hills. The shepherd must then think of his sheep. They will huddle together under some wall or in some hollow, and might be buried and lost under the deep drifts. The shepherd must face the forces of the storm, and gather and bring home his flocks. And then you have the heroic in the shepherd's life. He could not have a harder task. The

To Antiquarians and Purchasers of
OLD OAK FURNITURE, CHINA, &C.

WILLIAM COCKSHOTT.

If William Cockshott (son of the late Arthur Cockshott, formerly of Middle Birks in the parish of Clapham, in the West Riding of the County of York,) who married Ellen, daughter of the late George Howson of Austwick, will communicate with Mr. Richard Clapham of Austwick Hall, near Settle, Trustee under the Will of the late Jane Dobson of Giggleswick, he will learn something to his advantage.

If the said William Cockshott be dead, any person giving proof thereof shall be rewarded for their trouble on application to the before named Richard Clapham.

The said William Cockshott is a stone mason, and worked for a stone mason commonly known by the name of Scotch Bob. William Cockshott was in Durham about 6 years ago. Austwick Hall, 1st March, 1856.

To Antiquarians and Purchasers of
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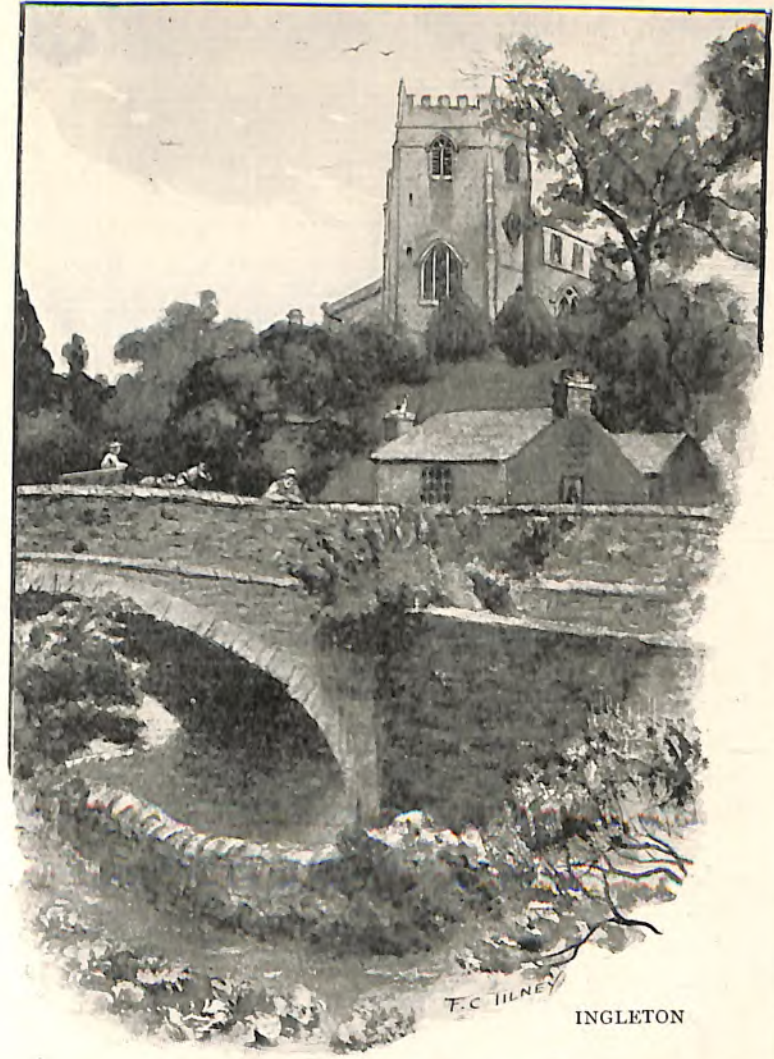
The above Valuable Collection can be seen any Wednesday until the 27th day of August next, upon payment of One Shilling, and any person desirous of Purchasing any Lot or Lots can leave a Card with the amount he will give, and he will receive by Post a letter stating whether the price is accepted or not.

Newby Cote is 2 miles from Clapham, and 3 from Ingleton Stations, on the Midland Railway.

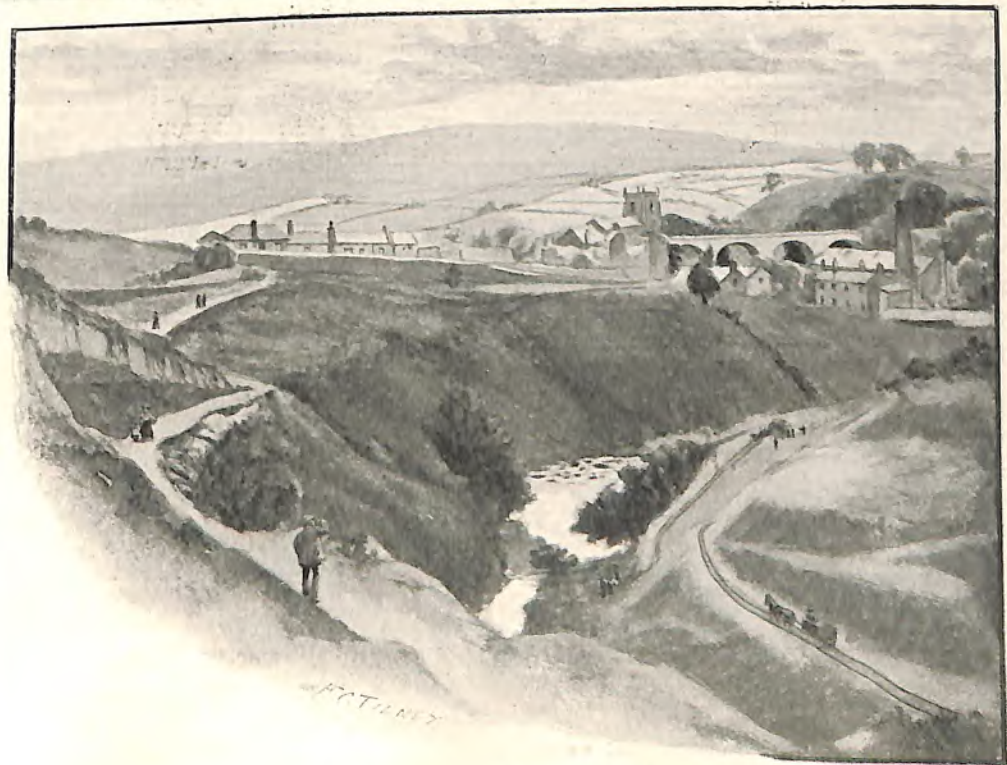
N.B.—The Owner reserves to himself the right of increasing the charge for admission in certain cases.



INGLETON.



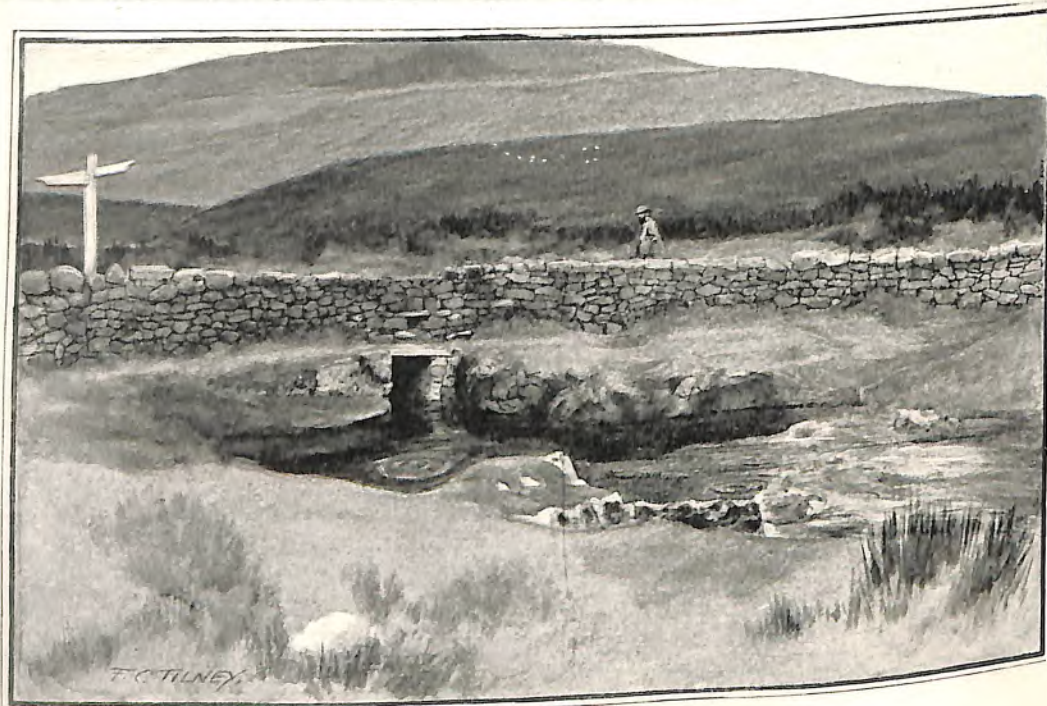
INGLETON



INGLETON FROM THE QUARRY



CHAPEL-LE-DALE.
(SOUTH-EAST VIEW).



RIBBLEHEAD

wind seems to go through him. The snow is driven in small flinty particles against his face. His eyes and hands burn and ache with excessive cold. He is again and again blown off his feet. It is one long, hard, keen fight. It tries him in all his fibres and in all his nerves. The sheep are in one group here and in another there, and he could do nothing without the help of his loyal dog. But he wrestles with his difficulties and conquers them. We often hear of the heroism of the shore and of the mine, but not so often of that of the hill. And yet it is as surely there. The shepherd rescues humbler beings; but there are "Tales from the hills," and from *this* hill, that tell of heroism as fine and noble as that of the crew of the life-boat or that of the search-party in the mine. Shepherds still speak of their March First, their October Second, and their December Sixth,—days within the last fifteen years on which they had to do battle with fiercest storm and almost "gave their lives for their sheep."

The descent may be made by way of Down again. Gaping Gill and the Cave; or along the southern spur of the mountain by Newby Cote to Clapham Station; or on the Ingleton side; or down into Chapel-le-dale for Weathercote Cave and Ribblehead Station; or south-east by Crummackdale to Settle.



X.

ON HORTON MOOR AND PENYGHENT.

THE ascent of Penyghent is in so many respects like the ascent of Ingleborough and the view from the summit is so far the same, that having described the one we may almost be said to have described the other. If our reader can climb only one of the two hills and asks us which it shall be, we say, By all means let it be Ingleborough, if you are not afraid of a little harder toil; if he simply wants to reach some high point, and to get to it as readily and easily as possible, we say, You will do better to choose Penyghent; if he has two days at his disposal and is a lover of the hills, we say, It will be worth your while to climb both.

The top of Penyghent may be reached by a walk through Stainforth of six miles from Settle. But there are some notable places on the west slope of the hill which it is our purpose to see, and the best course is to take advantage of the railway to Horton. The ride is not so interesting as the walk would be, but in passing through the Langcliffe and Stainforth cuttings we get an idea of the tough work that was involved in the construction of the Settle and Carlisle line.

HORTON-IN-
RIBBLESDALE. Dr. Whitaker's derivation of the name of this village and township is a curiosity. It is Horton, says he, because it is "hoar-town,"—grey with sleet when the lower lands are clear. Is it not more probably "hill-town,"



Pen-y-ghent

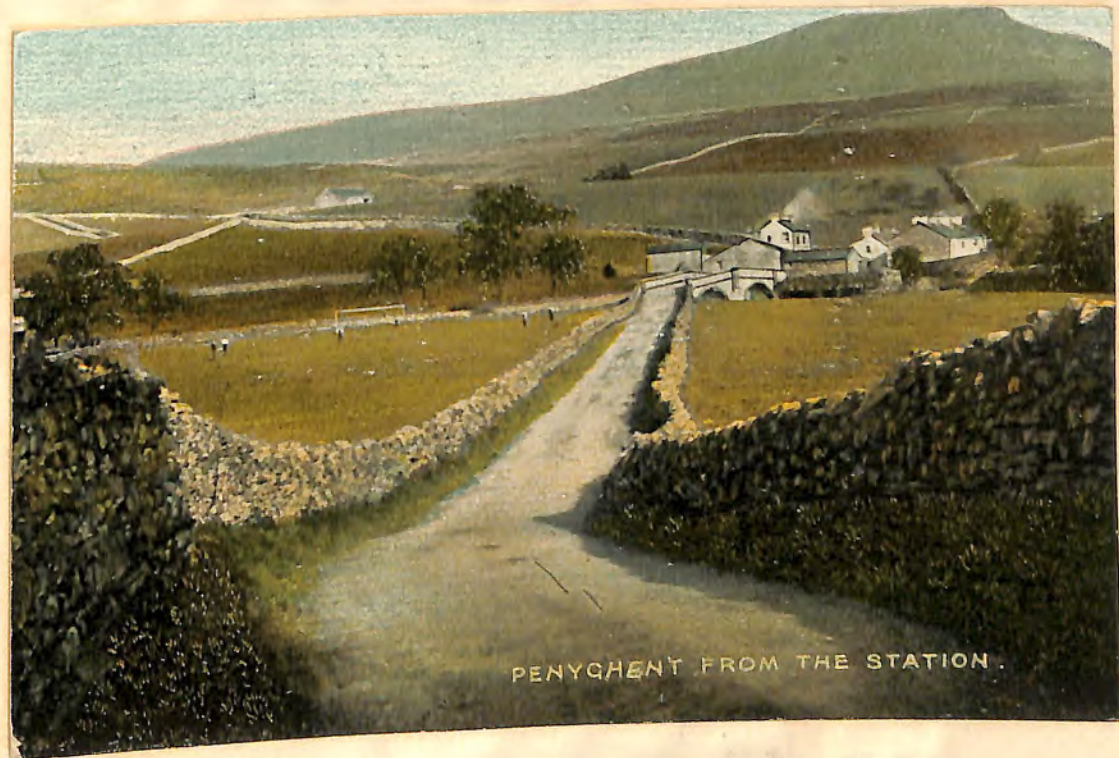


Horton Church.

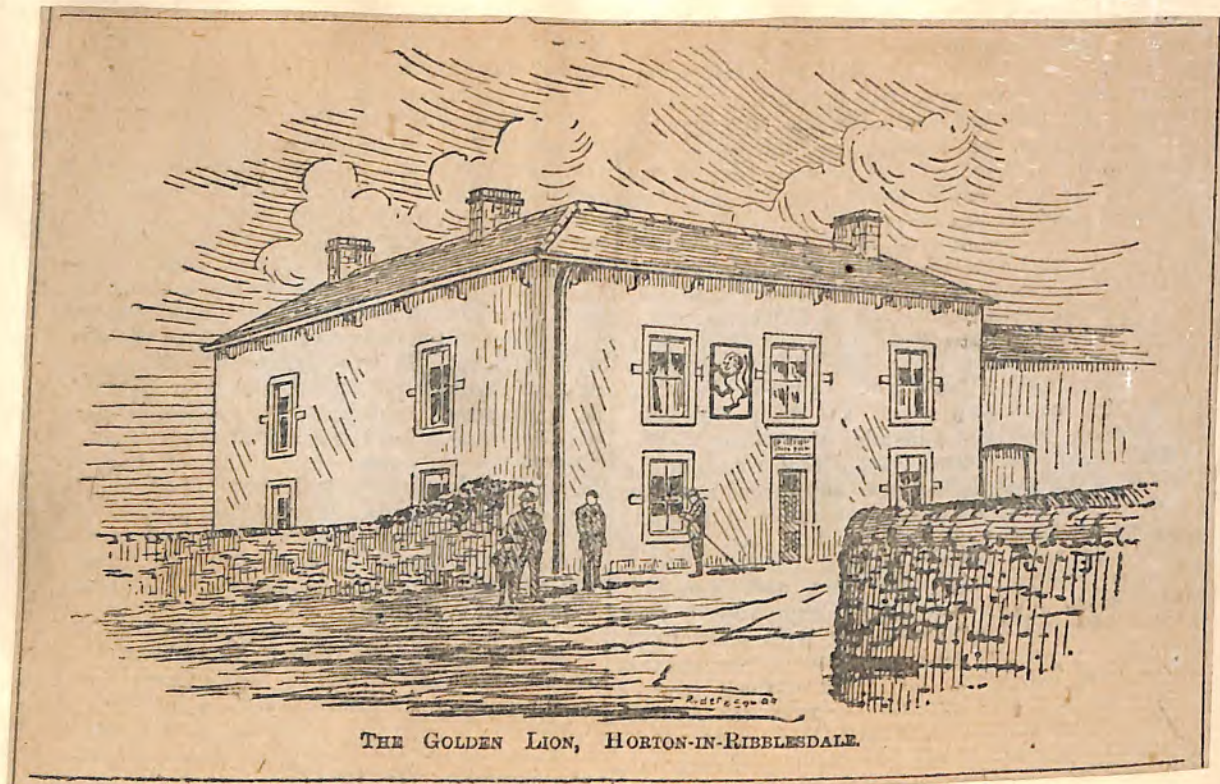


Pen-y-gent.

Yorkshire



PENYGHENT FROM THE STATION.



THE GOLDEN LION, HORTON-IN-RIBBLESDALE.



Horton Church.

having got its name from the fact that it lies at the foot of Penyghent? And yet we cannot forget that there is another Horton, not many miles away, which is not, in any such marked sense, a "hill-town," and where the sleet-theory would not apply.

The Parish Church. There is in the village one building which is indeed hoary,—not with sleet, but with age. The Church is one of the oldest, as it is also one of the quaintest fabrics in the district. Experts say that it belongs to the time of Henry I,—the earliest period of ecclesiastical architecture in the deanery.* We have seen that at Giggleswick and at Clapham the tower is more ancient than the body of the Church; but at Horton the body of the Church is more ancient than the tower. The building has no architectural pretensions. It has no beauty. The work is rude and uncouth. But its great age makes it interesting. It carries seven centuries on its back. For 700 years these walls have sheltered the parishioners when they have met to take part in the most sacred duties and acts of life,—to pay their homage to the Most High, to seal their marriage-vows, to baptise their children, to bury their dead.

The Church has nave, two aisles and chancel. At one period there was a clerestory, but the roof now spans the Church from the one side-wall to the other. Those features of the Church that are of special interest are, the Norman door-way; the semi-circular arches; the cylindrical columns; the font, which resembles the one at Burnsall; and the west window, in which there is a mitred head and under it the words

*Whitaker's Craven, p. 184.