

My Rev.  
W. J. Gomersall

In wild retreat, sequestered far  
From din of rail and dust of car,  
The Dale of Malham lies;  
The nursling 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.

2

Then screamed the people in the cart,  
Their screams he did not heed.

Now with both hands they all were fain  
Unto the cart to cling,  
At their distress the driver laughed,  
Which was a cruel thing.

At Kirkby Malham they passed a hut  
With *Inn* upon the sign,  
I'm sure they'll be well "taken in"  
Who do go there to dine.

At Malham they arrived at last,  
All perfectly "well shaken,"  
Tho' of the five but one I think,  
Has ever yet been "taken."

Having left the cart the party met  
A man upon a steed,  
But soon as he the Lawyer saw,  
He did dismount with speed.

Poor man! like him we oft rejoice,  
At that which we should mourn;  
But I must not stay to moralize,  
To my tale I must return.

The lawyer knew his client soon,  
And smiling took his hand,  
The rest walked forward, while the two  
Thus lovingly did stand.

The luckless client had to tell,  
"How farmer Wilful's Ass  
Had rudely ta'en the wall of him,"  
When 'twas his right to pass.

With many grievances as great,  
Which here I shall not mention,  
But how the party fared will tell,  
Which was my first intention.

A pannier now was opened where,  
Some wine had been before,  
But much it grieveth me to state,  
The wine was there no more.

For by the jolting of the cart,  
The bottle had been broken;  
Now very blank the party looked,  
And not a word was spoken.

3

But when their speech at length returned,  
They John to Malham sent,  
Some wine to bring that they might dine,  
Unto their hearts content.

And being now to Gordale come,  
They sat them down to dine,  
The lawyer having joined them too,  
And John returned with wine.

I have no taste for the sublime,  
So not a word shall say,  
Of all the "sublime and beautiful"  
Which they beheld that day.

But having them to Gordale brought  
I now must bring them back,  
So for this purpose I once more,  
Them in their cart will pack.

And now through Malham they passed again,  
Where stared each wondering lout,  
Striving with all their might and main,  
To make the strangers out.

As on they jogged, one asked the lad,  
Which they had with them brought,  
Whether he Gordale or the cove,  
More beautiful had thought.

"The cove said he is very fine,  
As fine as well may be,  
But about Gordale he observed  
There's more *antiquity*."

And now a different road they take,  
From that which brought them there,  
Such road was made for common carts,  
Not for a cart and pair.

And high above the cart they now,  
With many a thump were sent,  
Screaming or laughing loud until  
Their breath was nearly spent.

But when across Tarn Foot they passed  
Unto their cost they found,  
That compared with this the road they'd come,  
Was smooth and level ground.

Now did the lawyer in his heart,  
Oft wish himself at home,



Malham.

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Vowing no more with silly girls  
From this time forth to roam.

And now he in his mind much wished  
That there a chance might be,  
To bring an action 'gainst the cart,  
For lawless "Battery."

Cowsit at last they safely reached,  
And they were all right glad,  
To find that not a bone was broke,  
By the shaking that they'd had.

The lawyer now jumped from the cart,  
Saying "I have had *enough*,"  
But from a lawyer this I think,  
Was nothing more than puff.

On Cowsit hill he said good bye,  
Polite! and gallant beau!  
Because it saved some mile or two  
No further would he go.

For this is the creed of all *Settle* beaux,  
That it is foolish quite,  
For men to incommode themselves,  
That they may be polite.

When with their *pleasure* or their *ease*,  
Politeness is consistent,  
The *Settle* beaux are certainly,  
The politest men existent.

But to be brief, the party came,  
In safety home at last,  
Thinking with trembling upon all,  
The dangers they had past.

Of aching bones they all complained,  
And many pains beside.  
But honor bids me not divulge,  
What I've been fee'd to hide.

Now patient reader I say good bye,  
No more have I to tell,  
And should you ere to Gordale go,  
May you be shaken well.

Settle  
1906

Maryanne Weston





Malham Cove

Painted July 12 1886 by John Murray, Alderman's Street, London.

Drawn & Engr'd by Wm. Westall, A.R.S.

In leaving Settle for Malham we pass the Roman Catholic Church, keeping to the left, and again turning to the left at the next parting of the roads,—that is, at Stockdale lane-end. We keep along the Stockdale lane until we reach its other end; then pass behind the farm-house; and from this point there is an easily-traceable bridle-path across the moor. In crossing the moor beyond Stockdale we pass some old Calamine (carbonate of zinc) pits; and we thus come into a district that has been noted for its mineral wealth. On reaching the highest ridge of the moor we see on the left Malham Tarn, and in the valley below, the Cove. The bridle-path brings us into Malham lane, and a little way down the lane we find the path that leads through field and copse to the foot of the Cove.

**MALHAM COVE.** There are not, within the range of this book, any places which it is a purer pleasure to visit and to linger at than Malham Cove. The writer can say this after many visits to it; for the Cove is an old friend; and, like a true friend, it improves with age. The more we see of it, and the more we may find in it. The ashes and the hazels that grow in the hollow and on the slopes seem to shut us off from the world, and we may dwell as long as we will within the majestic presence of this great cliff.

Geologically the Cove is of great interest. It lies on the south line of the Craven Fault. It is one of the results—the most superb result—of that breaking and shifting of strata that has done so much to make our district romantic. The same break that has given us Giggleswick Scar has given us also Malham





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Cove. From its base to its apex the cliff measures 286 feet, and its extreme breadth is 1400 feet. The stranger is surprised at both its height and breadth. He can hardly believe that the rock is nearly a hundred yards high, and a quarter of a mile wide. But as we sit and look at it, it grows upon us; and we feel its greatness more and more. The cliff looks to the south, and is thus open to the full play of light upon its face.

It is evident that there is here the same state of things that we have seen at some other places;—a surface water-course that has been dried up because the stream has found or formed for itself other and hidden ways. As between Thirl Pot and Douk Gill; and as between Fell Beck and Trow Gill; so here also an underground connection has been substituted for the old overground connection between the Tarn and the Cove. The connection is not less real because out of sight. Hurtle who wrote in 1786 says that in times of great flood, after what he calls "a rugg," there was more water than the swallow-holes could take, and the surplus fell "in a magnificent cascade" down the face of the Cove. But there has been only one such case within the memory of anyone now living. And as there are sometimes floods as great as there were a century ago the underground passages must have been worn much larger within recent times.

A short time ago a journalist suggested that Malham Cove should be "restored;" the swallow-holes blocked and the stream forced over the Cliff; that the stream should be lifted out of darkness into







light. This might be done, but we sincerely hope that it will not. Anything that would give the idea of manufacture,—of water *turned on*,—would take from the charm of the place. The lord of the manor and owner of the Cove may be trusted to leave these works of nature in nature's own hands.

We have always felt that the *quiet* of the Cove was one of its great charms. The noise of even a falling stream would take something of this away. As we sit beside the great cliff and watch the water flowing from beneath its foot;—the cliff so great, so old, so still; the water coming so quietly into the light of day;—we feel that in the deep silence of Malham Cove is to be heard its truest speech. In *Prosperina* Ruskin thus writes: "In Malham Cove the stones of the brook were softer with moss than any silken pillow; the crowded oxalis-leaves yielded to the pressure of the hand, and were not felt; the cloven leaves of the herb-robert and robed clusters of its companion overflowed every rent in the rude crags with living balm; there was scarcely a place left by the tenderness of the happy things where one might not lay down one's forehead on their warm softness and sleep. Sheltered by the cliff above from stress of wind, the ash and hazel-wood spring there in a fair and perfect freedom, without a diseased bough or an unwholesome shade."\*

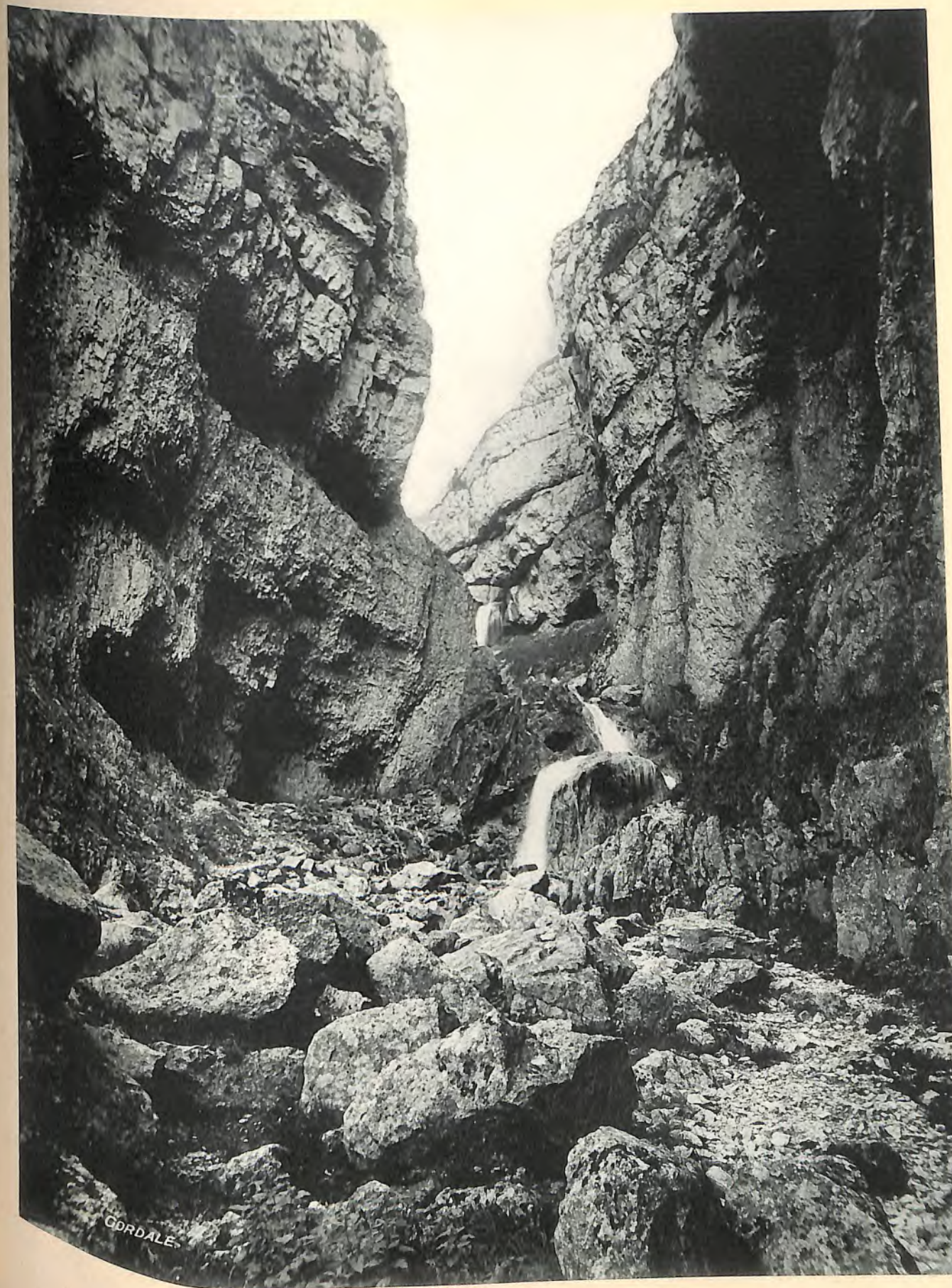
The shortest walk from the Cove to Gordale is by way of Malham Lings; that is, over the "tops;" but if we wish to go through the gorge we should enter it at its wider end. We find that in some matters it is

\* *Prosperina*, vol. I., Ch. vii., pp. 133, 134.



less easy to "climb down" than to climb up; and this is certainly the case at Gordale. We should have good nerves if we would go down the gorge. We see our way better when we ascend it, and we have not then the yawning chasm before us to give us the "frights." We shall get round to Gordale by way of Malham. The village is 15 minutes' walk from the Cove, and Gordale half-an-hour's walk from the village. On reaching Gordale bridge we may turn to the right into a little shady dell, with waterfall and grotto, called Janet's Cave or Force. This may seem small after the Cove; but it is a pretty, restful nook; and we may spend a little time in it, if only that we may feel, as we pass from Little into Great Gordale, the contrast between the *pretty* and the *sublime*.

**GORDALE SCAR.** There is a very great contrast between the Cove and Gordale, which would impress us deeply if we could be lifted from the foot of the one and be at once set down within the gates of the other. We should have to go a long way to find two such diverse samples of rock-scenery, and each on the grandest scale. The wonderful thing is that natural agencies should have produced *two* such works within such a short distance of each other. They are not more than a mile apart. They both stand on the same level. They reach, within a few feet of each other, the same height. They are both in the same bed of the same formation of rock. They have for countless ages stood under the same atmospheric conditions. And yet, whilst in the one case we have the lofty, expansive cliff, we have in the other case the deep gorge cutting its way into the







From a Photograph by

MALHAM TARN.

A. Horner, Settle.

heart of the hill. We have said that, as we linger at the Cove, the sense of its *beauty* grows upon us; in Gordale we have the extreme of *ruggedness*. The Cove always seems to look down on us with good-natured, honest face; but the Scar seems to say, "What feeble grasshoppers you are; and what—if I were to close in on you and crush you!" The poet Gray, in his diary of his travels, speaks of his visit to Gordale in 1769. He says, "It is the rock on the right under which we stand to see the fall that forms the principal horror of the place. I stood there, not without shuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly repaid, for the impression will last for life."

We may say, By what sort of wedge and hammer was this great cleft made, and by what powers were the two faces of rock pulled apart from each other? We may think that it was by mighty convulsive forces; but it is possible and probable that Gordale is due to those same agencies, slow, but sure and resistless, of which we have spoken in former pages. Indeed if we use our eyes and take note of things on the spot,—of the fragments of stone that lie about and in the bed of the stream; of the colour of the lower water-course, which shows how largely the water is charged with carbonate of lime; of the masses of rock that are on our right as we climb the gorge; of the soft, decaying stone which we may find in the neck of the gorge where there is ceaseless drip; we see how those agencies are now, and in a marked degree, at work. By its erosive and solvent power the stream is wearing and eating its way back into the rock. We may think of the time when Gordale had its roof;



when it was a long cavern,—a cavern which was, no doubt, visited by the tides of primeval seas.

The writer, on his last visit to Gordale, was one of a party of thirty. There were men and women, boys and girls, some not more than ten or twelve years old; but they all ascended the gorge, and without any mishap. The task seems harder than it is. On getting out at the top we must keep on in a north-westerly direction until we see the Tarn. If we feel that we cannot face the steep, or if there is too much water, we must turn back into the Malham road, and then into the first road on our right.

**THE TARN.** We cannot say that the Tarn has any special beauty. Its surroundings are too bleak and bare. It lacks sympathy; is too lonely. There is not beauty around it for it to add *its* beauty to. As seen from some of the neighbouring heights— from the top of Black Hill, for instance—it seems dwarfed by the wide expanse of moorland. Yet as seen from some nearer points,—from the foot, with Tarn House and the wooded slopes as a background; or from the head of the waters, with the valley stretching away beyond,—the lake is certainly beautiful. But the most significant fact as to the Tarn is the fact that it exists. Its existence was a puzzle until the make of its basin was discovered,—until it was found that the rock beneath was not pervious limestone, but impervious slate. The water rests on an outstretched limb, and almost at the limit of that limb of the Silurian area. This is the why and wherefore of the Tarn. A short distance from the Tarn are the Water Sinks, so characteristic, as we have



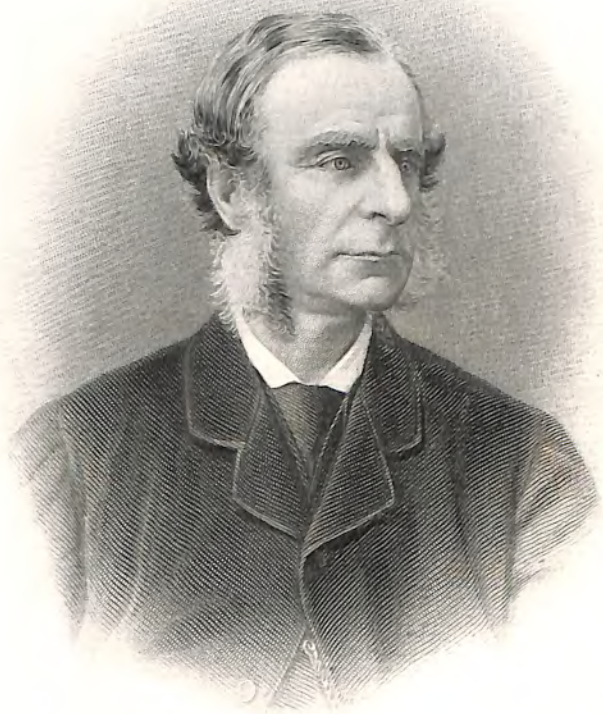
Trout caught by J. Brayshaw junr.  
at Malham Tarn, 9th April 1903.  
2 # 9oz. 2 # 2oz.



D. H. B.  
3 #

J. B.  
4 # 1oz





From your  
Kingsley

© KEITH PAUL & CO. LONDON

Charles Kingsley.

View from the top of Malham Cove,  
with Town Head Farm and the Village  
of Malham in the distance.

Shows the two bungalows  
which are the object of adverse

Criticism.

Sept. 1930

CHARLES KINGSLEY AND YORKSHIRE.

Charles Kingsley had an especial connection with Yorkshire. He held a sinecure preferment, without stipend, in 1845, having accepted an honorary canonry of the collegiate church of Middleham, the old town on the hill above the river Cover, where Coverdale de-  
bouches into Wensleydale. These canonries were abolished in 1856; they were a survival of the ancient regime, but were in the 19th century an anachronism. Kingsley accepted the office because offered by his old college friend's father, Dean Wood, rector of Middle-  
ham.

When Kingsley came to be inducted into his hono-  
rary canonry, it was his first visit to Yorkshire, and his love of beautiful scenery was, naturally, immensely gratified. He writes home: "Wensleydale has spread out like a loving mother, bearing in her bosom little bright villages and emerald pastures. . . . What a delight it would be to take you up Coverdale, just half a mile off at the back of the town. . . . to see the little Cover in his deep-wooded glen with his yellow rocks and bright white stones, and brown water clearer than crystal."

He sends home to his wife some rare flowers, gathered in the neighbourhood, and, in a further letter says: "Really every one's kindness here is extreme, after the old South." Although he had not yet made his name as a writer and preacher, the fact that he so delighted in everything that he saw, was keenly intelligent, and, in the best sense, a good fellow amongst all sorts and conditions of men, made Kingsley everywhere a welcome guest. Thirteen years later he revisited York-  
shire, but this time Burley-in-Wharfedale, Bolton Abbey and the Strid, and Malham House—Mr. Morris-son's fine residence—were the places he saw, and was fortunate in having the late Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., and Mr. Morrison as his hosts. Always an enthusiastic angler, he delighted in the trout fishing in Malham Tarn. "The fishing is the best in the whole earth," he declares. "Then the scenery is a constant joy: 'We went up Ingleborough the other night,' he writes to his wife, 'and saw the whole world to the west, the Lake mountains and the western sea beyond Lancaster and Morecambe Bay for miles.' It was this keen zest in all that was beautiful and interesting that character-  
ised Kingsley's entire personality. It gave 'bite' to his sermons, speeches on social reform, and books. He was intensely, and constantly alive; also he was abso-  
lutely sincere, human, lovable. And one need not seek further for the secret of his influence, although it is more than 40 years—he died in 1875—since his voice was heard in Chester Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, or in the quiet rustic church of Eversley, of which he was rector, and which he loved so well.

YORKSHIRE  
MUSEUM





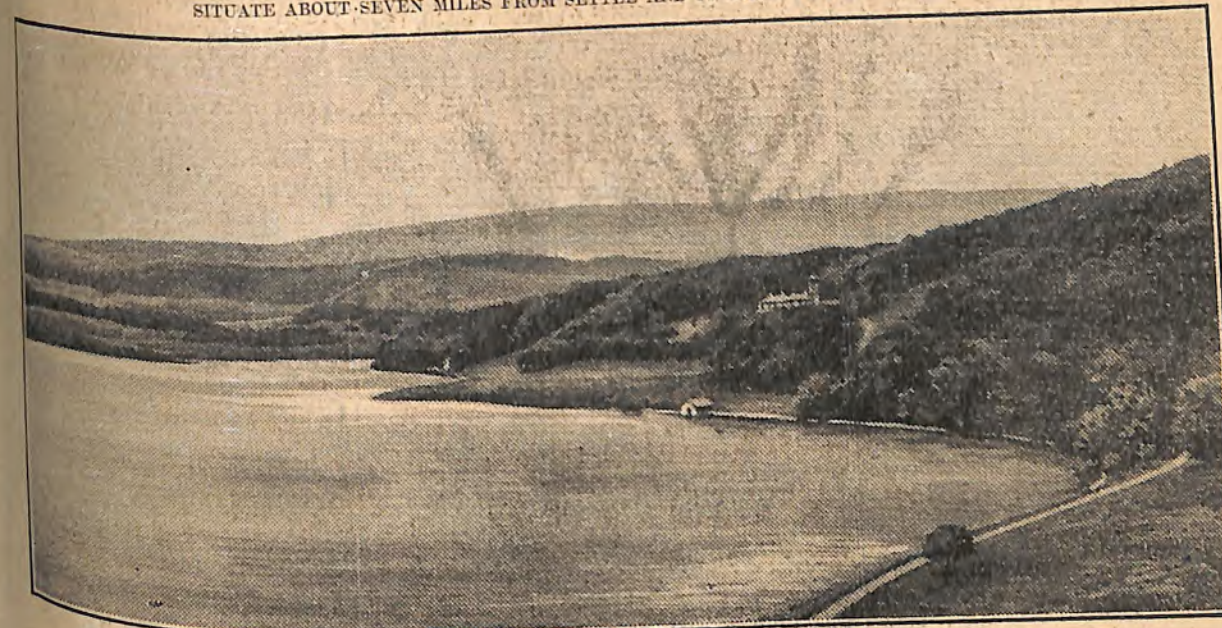
**DELIGHTFUL SPORTING RESIDENCE,**  
 extensive Manors, Lake, Mines, and valuable Estates, in  
 Yorkshire, the property of a Nobleman.—To be SOLD, by Private  
 L.H.A.M.

BY DIRECTION OF MAJOR J. A. MORRISON, D.S.O.

**WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.**  
**THE WELL-KNOWN SPORTING RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE,**

**MALHAM TARN,**

SITUATE ABOUT SEVEN MILES FROM SETTLE AND 12 MILES FROM HELLIFIELD.



Including the  
**COMFORTABLE MANSION HOUSE** of MALHAM TARN delightfully placed on the edge of the  
**MALHAM TARN LAKE** of 158 ACRES, Garages and Stabling. Simple Old-world Gardens.  
 Three Reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, three bath rooms. Complete Staff Quarters.  
**12 GOOD SHEEP FARMS. TWO VILLAGE HOTELS.**

**THE SPORTING**  
 is very fine, the famous Malham Moors being included. The average Grouse Bag has been over 2,000 in a season.  
**THE TROUT FISHING** is exceptional, the lakes and streams being fully stocked.  
**MANORIAL RIGHTS** are included.

**THE WHOLE ESTATE EXTENDS TO 12,717 ACRES.**

To be offered for SALE by AUCTION in August next.  
 Solicitors:—Messrs. ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP and Co., 17, Throgmorton-avenue, E.C.2.  
 Land Agent:—A. J. COX, Esq., Basildon Estate Office, Goring.  
 Resident Steward:—Mr. JOHN WINSHILL, Estate Office, Malham Tarn, Settle.  
 Auctioneers:—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover-square, W.1.

There is another class to whom the Tarn is dear,—dear to them for what they find on it, not in it. Nature does not in Upper Ribblesdale cater bountifully for the skaters. The bed of the river is too rough, its fall too rapid, for them to find good ice there. Sometimes when a hard frost follows a heavy flood, the low lands between Cleatop and Long Preston are sheeted over with ice, and thither the skaters migrate. But the Tarn is their ideal 'ground.' There, on a sound, pure ice, the skater can rejoice in his glorious liberty through the bracing winter's day or in the silence and weirdness of the moonlit

was regarded as the "Grand Old Man of Craven," beloved by his tenantry, honoured by his neighbours (who sent him to Parliament twice as Unionist Member for the Skipton Division), and held in the greatest regard for his many benefactions. He used to describe Malham House as his "Mountain Home." It stands 1,200 feet above sea level, and commands magnificent views of the moorland and fell country of the Craven Highlands.

The late Mr. Morrison entertained at Malham House many illustrious men.

**BENEFACCTIONS.**

Mr. Walter Morrison's benefactions were both numerous and munificent. He beautified the village church at Kirkby Malham, the largest in the Deanery of Craven; founded a Chair of Egyptology at Oxford; and gave the wonderful Jubilee Chapel at Giggleswick School. The University of Oxford also benefited enormously by his generosity.

When he died in 1921, at the age of 85, the Malham estate passed to his nephew, Major J. A. Morrison D.S.O., a well-known agriculturist, who has another seat, Basildon House, near Reading. The Malham property, which is now for sale privately, is noted for its shooting, many large parties having always been entertained for "The Twelfth." Gordale Scar and Malham Cove, two well-known beauty spots, form part of the estate.

water, manors, forests of led into ridings: on, and together with the se-lucious a lake is woods, un que, ad suppe than 50 id fowl. damice, pole re-ed upon which tuate in here the dily of plough, mprises hort, to beauties h an opy becu te in the 12 miles mansion for Gas and the its more aration. pluse-inn, and in may be

the (of Gis-Mr. for-cess ntic. the ery) Half son. his fifth eded live