

this worthy sexton has hit upon the novel idea of *ready-made graves*. When passing the church-yard a few days ago, I noticed an open grave with boarding round it. I asked, "Whose is that grave?" "Nay nobody's in particular," was the answer, "it's waiting till somebody *dees*." And it has been thus waiting for some weeks. What the sexton was thinking about I can't tell. If the weather had been more genial I should have concluded that he had gone to Morecambe for his holiday, and had made this grave in case one might be wanted before his return. But it says something for the healthiness of the parish when the sexton has his ready-made graves so long upon his hands.

The fact of it was that a grave had been ordered for someone who had died at a distance from Giggleswick, and the order was cancelled after the grave had been dug.

Church In 1890 the question of Church Restoration was taken up in an earnest spirit. The need had been long felt. The Church had fallen into a state that placed it far behind the times. The idea that worshippers can be made to think more of celestial things if they have a sufficiency of discomfort and unsightliness in their earthly temple has now been cast away. The change that has been made in the Church is great; and this has been done without that mixture of the ancient and the modern that sometimes makes "restoration" an anachronism. The plans of Messrs. Paley, Austin and Paley, of Lancaster, were accepted, and the work was carried out in a manner that did great credit to all concerned.

The work was watched with almost parental care. Some of the arches of the south arcade were found to be unsafe, and were taken down; the north west corner of the Church also had to be re-built; but the stones were as far as possible put back into their old places. The Church was re-roofed, and again covered with



EFFIGY OF DAME TEMPEST.

See page 263.



A. Horner & Sons.

THE CAMP. JUNE 29TH.

Photo. by

The Total Eclipse
1929

(From our own Correspondent.)

GIGGLESWICK, Wednesday.

The pessimists were confounded and Giggleswick and Settle got as fine a view of a total eclipse as has ever been seen in the world. The tens of thousands of people who missed a night's sleep to witness the spectacle were amply rewarded, for it was a sight to be remembered—magnificent and awe-inspiring.

The vast multitudes were favoured. Every morning recently has been cloudy, wet and windy, yet this all-important morning was as perfect as a June morning could be—at Giggleswick.

Viewed from the observation field the countryside itself provided a wonderful spectacle. The hillsides were crowded with people, all excited and wondering if they were going to see what had been promised them. The least excited were the astronomers, who, relying upon their precise mathematical calculations seemed confident that all would happen as they had predicted.

I thought Sir Frank Dyson, the Astronomer-Royal, betrayed a little nervousness as the hour of totality approached, and perhaps this was because he was more or less "seeing" an eclipse for the first time. He says he has "worked" six eclipses and he was determined not to work himself this time, but see it—and see it he did.

NEARING TOTALITY.

As near as makes no matter it was 5.57 when the sun first made its appearance over the range of hills known as Attemire, but only for a minute—for then a bank of cloud hid it until 6.8. This time we had a good view of the eclipse for nine minutes, and through our screens and smoked glasses we could see the moon gradually interposing itself between the sun and the earth.

The cameras of the amateurs were clicking every second in the hope of securing a picture of the light and shade effects. After this spell of nine minutes there was a tantalising wait, for the sun moved behind a long streak of cloud, and there was much speculation as to whether it would show itself before the moment of totality.

Then at 6.21 we saw the sun again, or what little of it that had not become hidden behind the shadow of the moon.

But no further cloud was in view, and word quickly went round that a totality would be witnessed. As the sun's disc grew smaller, the people instinctively turned their backs towards it, so that when totality did occur, their eyes would be in a condition to see it at its best. "The astronomers are jolly lucky," remarked one on the fringe of the observation field.

COUNTING THE SECONDS.

"Ten minutes," shouted a member of the Astronomical party. This was a signal for the scientists to get ready for the final scene. The light gradually weakened until it became almost like dusk.

"Sixty seconds," shouted the astronomical timekeeper. Then, "40 seconds," then "30 seconds," and the spectators began to comment on how cold it had suddenly become.

"Twenty seconds," came the cry; then "15," then "10," and then "5," and everybody turned their faces to the sun.

The seconds from one to 23 were counted out singly by the timekeeper, and a most wonderful 23 seconds it was. So wonderful and thrilling that the crowd gave vent to their wonderment by bursts of applause and cheers.

The mass of the sun was completely obscured by the interposition of the moon, and then became visible the chromosphere—the atmosphere of glowing gases of the sun.

It was quickly over, and the man who said there ought to be an encore was expressing the thoughts and wishes of all those who had witnessed the marvellous spectacle.

PASSING OF THE SHADOW.

UNNATURAL COLDNESS COMES WITH DARKNESS.

The never-to-be-forgotten spectacle at Giggleswick (writes the Press Association correspondent) came after a thrilling race between the sun and the clouds. When totality came the watchers experienced a feeling impossible to describe. A vague terror seized them.

The light became a weird, greyish brown, the atmosphere became cold, and the wind swept over the moor. The birds stopped singing, and the sheep on the moors ceased nibbling.

They scented something unnatural and huddled together under the shelter of one of the grey stone walls. They bleated pitifully at the moment when the great shadow rolled across like a monster about to devour the world.

A second later total darkness descended upon the earth. The wind whined among the trees and an unnatural coldness made everyone shiver.

"One, two, three, four." A voice came from one of the observers ticking off those thrilling moments. He had called "Twenty-three" when the darkness disappeared, and the great light of the world was rekindled. During those seconds of darkness the stars peeped out and as suddenly went away.

THE DAWN.

The complete darkness had been so swift, so transitory, that one wondered whether it was an illusion. The thousands who witnessed the enthralling drama of nature were stricken dumb with awe. With the coming of light their tongues were loosened, and the moors re-echoed with their cheers.

There had been a battle between the sun and cloud from 4.30 to within three minutes of totality at 6.23. The sun triumphed. Nothing could have been more perfect or more thrilling.

The dawn was clear. The anxious thousands scanned the horizon away towards Winskill Scar, where the sun would first appear. At 5.10 there was just a faint tinge of light piercing the greyness. One of the official observers shrugged his shoulders and called attention to the thick clouds which enveloped the eastern sky.

"We haven't a dog's chance unless the wind veers round. If it does we may get the most perfect view of the eclipse seen in this country."

The great struggle began. Twenty minutes later a cry of joy went up from the waiting thousands.

"He's coming, he's coming." The grey-ness became a sheet of silver. The slight wind was driving the clouds to the east, and slowly the sun rose higher in the sky. A quarter of an hour of suspense. Then—astronomers and the public were overjoyed by the knowledge that the race was ending in victory for the sun and moon.

Cont^d overleaf.



A. Horner & Sons.

THE ECLIPSE REFLECTED IN THE CAMERA.

Photo. by

The Total Eclipse of 29th June 1927.
See also p. 1.

cont^d - from previous pages

UNCANNY.

Up went the smoked glasses and through them was seen the first real view of the partially eclipsed sun. The moon obscured half the sun, and the effect with the clouds around was magnificent. Over the deepest of the clouds were great silver rays, while the edges were lined with hues of orange and gold.

Once more the sun disappeared, but 10 minutes later was riding high in the air again and through goggles the watchers feasted their eyes upon the fast-disappearing orb. It looked like a crescent moon on a summer's night.

Disappointment again gripped them, for the clouds over the sun became denser. All they saw were the rays shooting up into the blue sky above this bank of cloud. Six o'clock came, and the sun, as if determined not to disappoint those who kept vigil, leaped above the clouds.

Once more the crowd drank in the beauty of the scene.

MR. MACDONALD EAGER.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, standing near the Astronomer Royal's enclosure, was deeply impressed by the wonderful picture. He could not keep his eyes from his smoked glasses, although warned to reserve them for the even greater magnificence of the corona.

"Now is the critical time," said Sir Frank Dyson. "The Question is: Will the sun remain obscured by the clouds."

Some one called "five minutes." The clouds were still very near, but the sun and moon were plainly visible. "Three minutes," came the voice; "one minute."

The light became uncanny. "Look for the great shadow," shouted an observer, and to the west a weird shadow, like a gigantic airship swept over the moors. The next second it was gone. The world was dark. As quickly it became light. The great phenomenon had come and gone.

DEATHLY SILENCE.

BIRDS QUIET; FLOWERS CLOSE THEIR PETALS.

The following is another impression of the scene at Giggleswick: As the moon's shadow peeped over the edge of the sun's face, cheers were raised, and excitement grew as, little by little, the area of obscurity increased, throwing a mysterious, uncanny half-gloom over the earth.

The moon's progress was watched from now onwards in deathly silence; Nature herself seeming to stand still. The songs of the birds died down, the flowers closed their petals again and an awesome chill spread over everything.

Then the great moment came when the moon was fully covering the golden orb, and great crowds watched the wonderful spectacle of the corona. Gasps of admiration came from the army of amateur observers, and, as the gorgeous sight faded with the march of the moon to the other side of the sun's surface, everyone burst into excited comment on the remarkable vision that had been vouchsafed to them. To the longest journeyer the spectacle had been well worth it.

Alternatives.

[On the eve of the Eclipse.]

The hour approaches; and to-day
My life's bereft of bliss,
Content's supplanted by dismay,
And hope has gone amiss!

In desperation do I strive
To ease my troubled mind
And seek how I may well contrive
That Fortune shall be kind.

Not wings would I acquire, to fly
To Giggleswick, and see
The conflict of the spheres on high:
The thing that troubles me

Is my distressing, awful plight!
Shall I, stern duty's pawn,
Attempt to stay awake all night,
Or rise before the dawn?

"P. B." in the "Westminster Gazette."

THE ECLIPSE.

THE LOCAL EVENT.

Obliterated sphere of light,
O Sol, thou art the one,
A simple Moon which shines at night,
You're going to be "out-shone."

It is to me a glorious sight
To watch you through a glass,
And see a great round black affair
Across your orb and pass.

I think the fault must be your own,
You are so far away:
The Moon is 'twixt yourself and us,
Astronomers so say.

Next month we'll see a "Midnight Sun!"
As shadow brown and drear,
Extinguishing a "Midday Moon"!!
The stars—well—may appear.

We have some "Houses" called "The Sun,"
Some "Inns" are called "The Moon";
I never heard of "The Eclipse,"
A fully licensed boon.

I don't know who's the favourite
For that "great race" above,
Which runs on June the twenty-ninth,
For money or for love.

This "big event," called "The Eclipse,"
There must be one "Dark Horse";
It may be you or else the Moon,
A "field" of two, of course.

Ye worshippers of old King Sol
At Giggleswick may pray
And watch your sun god "blotted" out,
Reverting into day.

There's something which might mar the
sight,
And that's a fleecy cloud
Might hang around between us all,
The whole affair enshroud.

And those who fail to see will use
Expressions foul and thick,
They will not say "Oh bless my heart,"
But, "Go to ——— Giggleswick?"

FRANCIS R. HORNER.

May 16th, 1927.



EFFIGY OF SIR RICHARD TEMPEST.

See page 255.

lead. The north-east corner was raised to give room for the organ-chamber, and this has somewhat marred the symmetry of the roof. Otherwise the outer aspects of the Church are but slightly changed.

Relics Some interesting discoveries were made during the progress of the work. The most important was that of an effigy of an armoured knight, supposed to be of Sir Richard Tempest (born 1425), who was allied by marriage to the Stainford family. Some such discovery had been hoped for, as Dr. Whitaker says, "In the Stainford Chantry were remaining within memory two cumbent statues, undoubtedly of the Stainfords, which by a practice too common, yet never to be mentioned without censure, have been removed to make way for modern pews." This effigy was lying face downwards; the other was not found. In the chancel two much damaged effigies were discovered, probably of Sir R. Tempest's two wives, and showing the garb of the Guild of Corpus Christi of York; and two sepulchral slabs, the one possibly of a crusader, the other of a woolstapler. Another sepulchral slab was found built into the wall of the south aisle. The stone was not disturbed, but an opening was made by which the hand could reach the inner surface, but no marks of lettering or of carving could be felt. In the south aisle a coffin was found filled with sawdust, which if it could tell its history would have some ghastly story to unfold, perhaps of body-snatching days. When the plaster was stripped from the walls traces of fire were found on the north side of the Church; and the singular fact was revealed that nearly the whole area of the walls

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had been covered with texts of scripture and scroll-work done in red and black. An old pillar, which was found to be too weak for its position in the Church, was re-erected outside, near the porch.

The Restored
Church.

Although its exterior aspects have been so little altered, the change within the Church has been complete. Of the old wood-work the oaken pulpit, which is dated 1680, has happily been preserved. The communion-rail in the chancel is the oldest wood-work in the Church; the initials it bears help us to fix its date at 1676. There are windows to the memory of members of the Hartley and Robinson and of the Geldard and Clapham families. The font bears the name of Rowland Ingram. Near the organ is the monument of Dr. Birkbeck, and on the south wall a tablet to the memory of the Rev. Richard Frankland.

The restoration, inclusive of the cost of the new organ, was carried out with an expenditure of £4500.

The Church was re-opened on May 11th, 1892, the Bishop of Richmond preaching in the afternoon and Archdeacon Boyd in the evening.

The clock was purchased by a special fund raised at the Grammar School, and was started by the Rev. G. Style on Saturday, July 23rd, 1892.

The Village without a Chapel. Nonconformity has never gained any real hold in Giggleswick. It has tried, but failed. For what reason it is not easy to say. It is certainly not because the villagers have shown a devoted attach-

(cont^d on p. 357)



PANELS OF PULPIT.



GIGGLESWICK SUNDAY SCHOOL
REWARD
Under Mr. Bolland's Will.
Christmas, 18.....

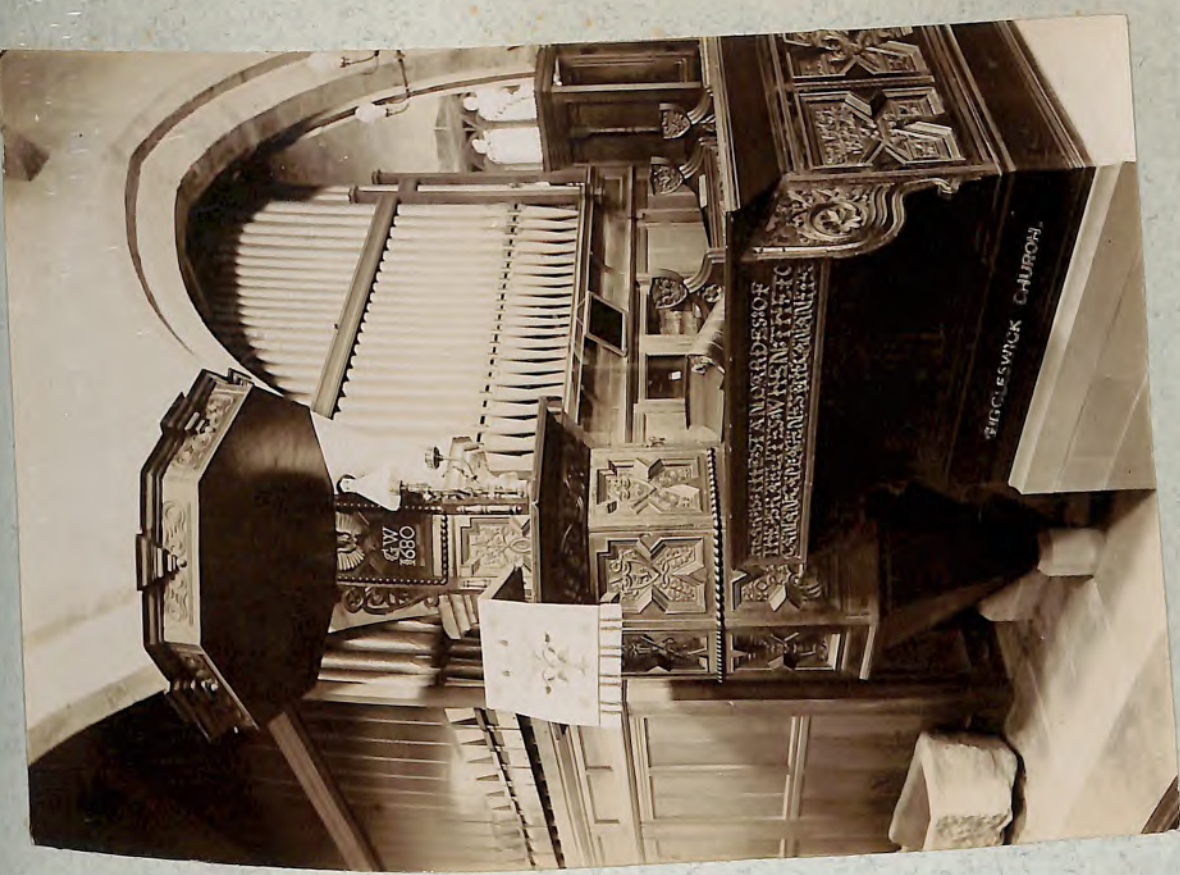




Griggleswick Church



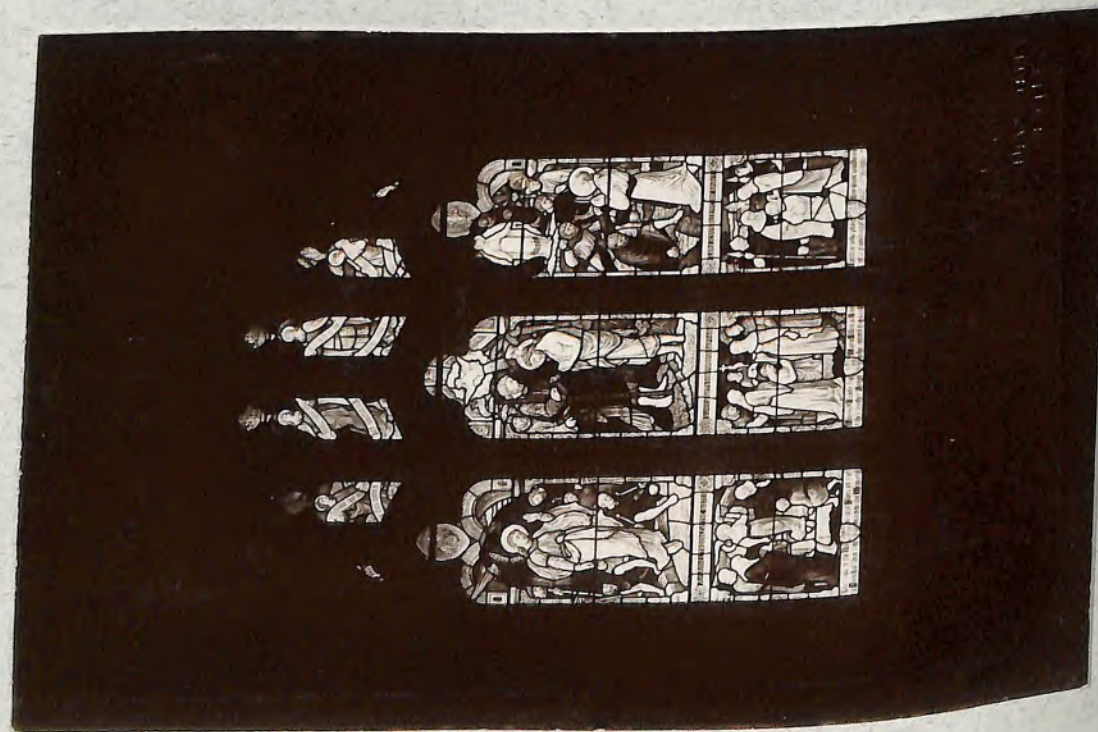
Churchwardens
Stave
Griggleswick Church



Griggleswick Church



Royal Coat-of-Arms.



Tower Window.

The Giggleswick Parish Church Registers have been transcribed *con amore* by Mr. John Foster and must be of great interest to a wide circle owing to the importance of this antient parish. The Registers are from 1558 to 1812 and it is intended to print and publish them **BUT ONLY IF SUFFICIENT SUBSCRIBERS COME FORWARD.** Neither Mr. Foster nor myself want to 'mak' owt, but we certainly don't intend to lose 'brass' over the undertaking. To make the matter 'go' 500 Subscriptions must be guaranteed. On purpose to give **ALL**—rich and poor—parishioners a chance of obtaining the Registers it is intended to issue them in about twenty 6d. parts. The whole work will be issued to **SUBSCRIBERS ONLY**, of whom a list will be printed in the last volume. Single parts will not be obtainable. If you desire to become a Subscriber please fill up the attached reply post card.

THEODORE P. BROCKLEHURST,
Vicar and Surrogate.

Sample of Brocklehurst's vulgar effusions.



GIGGLESWICK PARISH CHURCH PULPIT. 218

1902

Giggleswick Parish Church.

THE VENERABLE THE

ARCHDEACON of CRAVEN

(Rev. F. C. Kilner, M.A., *Keble College, Oxford*),

WILL **INDUCT** THE NEW

CHURCHWARDENS AND SIDESMEN

Messrs. W. Langhorne, R. H. Buck,
W. Brassington, and J. Graham.

Messrs. J. A. Lister
and G. T. Johnstone.

AND WILL DELIVER

AN ADDRESS

On the Responsibilities and Dignities of the Offices,
at a very short service (over at or about 9), which
will be held in the Church on

MONDAY, MAY 12th, at 8-15 p.m.

EVERY parishioner and member of the congregation is heartily
invited to be present on this unique and interesting occasion.

THEODORE P. BROCKLEHURST

Vicar.

LAMBERT, SETTLE.

*One of Brocklehurst's extraordinary supplements
to his "Parish Magazine". (Jan'y. 1902.)*

see also p. 201.

IN the first place let me wish our readers and their households a right bright and useful, therefore happy New Year. Then in the next place I wish sincerely to thank those (parishioners as well as other members of our congregation) who have nobly co-operated with us in our unalterable determination to make our Church as it is intended She should be, the Mother of *all* her children and the Church of "all sorts and conditions of men." It is ever pleasanter to deal with the amenities than with the ungraciousnesses of parochial life, but I should be distinctly failing in my duty did I shut my eyes and pretend that there was no underhanded and doublefaced misconduct in this quarter of Craven. While not anxious to descant upon this unsavoury topic yet I am bound to say with no uncertain sound in view of the audacity and persistency with which certain poor misguided creatures misbehave, that such misconduct requires to be brought into open daylight and faithfully dealt with in the same way as one would deal with any similar sin, such as that of unchastity or gambling or overdrinking. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is necessarily very offensive to vain folk and galling to those would-be domineering ones whose little game is seen through, but the faithful prophet, like the faithful physician, does not spare the knife where he knows it is a matter of life and death. When Truth and Principle are at stake I propitiate and conciliate no one nor do I attempt to do so. I never did have a gift for coaxing vain and interfering females, married or unmarried, nor for pandering to their hysterical whims and fancies: neither have I had much patience with vacuous males who are their counterpart. I can only appeal to intelligent and nice-spirited manly men and womanly women who have their minds so stored with healthy reading, thoughts, and aspirations, as to have no time nor inclination for venomous gossip and mean slander. One can hardly envy the feelings, if they can be said to possess any, of those who are disloyal to their Church and Parish. However, unfortunately for themselves, there have been a few here who, because they could not just have things entirely in their own hands and "boss" everything in their own patent way, not only have aped the silly children in the market place, but have so far forgotten themselves, and demeaning their manhood and womanhood, trampling under foot their Christianity and prostituting their Churchmanship, by causing to be written, not being sufficiently courageous and straightforward themselves, anonymous letters which are the last refuge of the vulgar and vicious. With the one exception of a nice epistle from an effeminate male, all these precious documents are inspired by masculine-females. I have my own quiet way in knowing the manufactories. Goethe once had an anonymous letter sent to him and he 'spotted' the author by noticing that the children of a certain family who had been wont to run pleasantly up to him now slunk out of his way or looked out of the corner of their eyes when they met him: just fancy the kind of mind that would poison the openness of little children, but what low depths when the very servants of a household are put up to such low tricks: it certainly does not affect us in the slightest and only shews up the mental state of the instigators: the deplorable commonness of it all is almost incredible, and it is certainly very bad policy to teach a servant to be sly in demeanour and cunning in speech, for it may come home.

Some day not far distant, a similiar story to "Wooers and Winners" or "Jabez Oliphant" will see the light and then these local monstrosities will have the pleasure of seeing themselves pourtrayed in "full fig" for it would be a pity that such shining lights, even in their own estimation, should be left under a bushel. The novel will doubtless afford much diversion and, if I may be permitted to offer a suggestion, it should be read in the spirit in which sermons are often listened to—with the object of discovering whom they hit. This will furnish amusement for what is more entertaining than trying the cap on others?

I am afraid that some folk have mistaken the patience and forbearance with which I have borne their fits of sulkiness for weakness, and perhaps this may have unduly encouraged them in an overweening and altogether unjustifiable idea of their own self-importance. Now I regard no one whatever as being in the least or any way indispensable, and therefore these hoity-toity ones have the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the Church and Parish going on just the

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same—or rather, to be strictly accurate, better—their absence or contumacy in any way notwithstanding. Such self-important folk idealise nobody, only idolise themselves, strutting about like that vulgar bird with the raucous voice, viz: the peacock, which gallinaceous biped is the pink of fashion in savage courts and beloved of dusky potentates.

We can have no coteries in our Church, and as long as I am in charge here I certainly shall see to it that every parishioner and member of the congregation is treated according to the Christian Idea and the Church Intention, *i.e.* EQUALLY, with malice towards none; with charity towards all, and with a firm determination to do the Right as God gives me to see the Right, for I have a genuine hatred of any suspicion of oppression and bigotry and a passionate love of common justice and individual freedom. I am quite content to be judged by results than by impressions. Men are not to be regarded by their *outside* accidents of position or lucre but by their *inside* realities of manliness, honesty, truthfulness and individual worth.

I believe in Giggleswick for the Villagers of Giggleswick, and the *whole* of the parishioners, quite irrespective of class, of religion and of politics, managing their own concerns, for the good and progress of the Village, and that in no way should it be overshadowed by, or be the appanage of, any. There are some who have 'played so low down' that they have never ceased to attempt to belittle all that has been done for the Church and the Parish and the Village as a whole, in fact have blossomed out into that unenviable character, parochial pro-Boers. Where the common decency, good manners, well-bredness—not to mention Christianity and Churchmanship—come in, passes comprehension: it is 'no class' in the extreme and betokens an ill-conditioned and churlish disposition.

As an old campaigner I know well enough that a public man must stand criticism and sharp criticism too, but he does expect amongst even professed Christians and church-folk a morality at least equal to the prize-fighting ring where 'hitting below the belt' is considered low in the extreme and is at once drummed out as unsportsmanlike and bad form. I welcome honest criticism, for criticism—often of that spiteful order allied to impotence—has been hereditary to every strong man who has attempted to do anything from the creation of the world: and the only man who can avoid—and no man who is a man cares or wants to avoid—it, is the man who just merely seeks popularity by sitting down, doing nothing, and letting things slide and saying "it will last my time."

I can have nothing to do with folk who lead little narrow, cramped lives, completely wrapt up in their selfish selves, who neither have the ability nor the desire to do anything themselves and then shew the green-eye of jealousy when others do something. They are like some folk, who are positively born with "official" minds and play with 'red-tape' in the nursery. These dogs in the manger must be left in their haughty and splendid isolation. As far as I am concerned I must leave them to their shallow amusement and plod on conscious that I labour for posterity.

We all desire peace in our parish, but it must be peace with honour and no mere false peace; this is not an age for "See not . . . Prophecy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophecy deceits." And there can and shall be no patched-up peace so long as the scandal-mongers exercise their nefarious calling. This illimitable unscrupulousness in the stirring up of strife will have to be mended or ended. Unity I have no doubt will come, but it is not to be brought about by compromising the bed-rock fundamentals of Equity and Truth, and some misrepresentations set on foot look suspiciously like maliciousness though one would fain charitably put them down to self-righteous ineptitude and megalomania. A small handful of my parishioners are so weak as to allow themselves to be advised to intrigue against me and then forsooth expect me to treat them as if they were honourable. I am not built that way and can't be a Mr. Faceallways of the Reverend Weathercock order.

I can't help it if they, consumed with enviousness, prefer to act so malignantly, and am sorry for them because their own imperious and malevolent misconduct simply brings mischief on their own pates: it is the old case of the cow and the railway engine over again, a rather

drastic remedy—for the cow! I can give no quarter to traitors and those who abuse the white flag, for their backstairs language and their underground behaviour simply tend to prolong discord. I am often unwillingly just forced into taking severe measures in dealing with some who, alas! too often happens in parishes, like to play the part of lady arbitresses of the whole neighbourhood, and it is a very gingerly proceeding to deal with these thrasonical creatures who are like nursery jack-in-the-boxes quite irrepressible in their self-sufficiency and positive impertinence: the only way to do is to grasp these shrewish nettles with a firm hand, and my strokes must descend on such with the grim relentless force of naked truth.

It is just here where our Church is so let down in so many parishes: the parson is weak and namby-pamby enough to allow a fussy consequential clique of "cotillions" to rule the roost to the detriment of the Church: this hireling either cannot, owing to want of moral courage, or will not, for mundane reasons of 'sound on the goose' order, do his plain duty, and that is as one of our Bishops well said the other day is the duty of the pulpit, viz.: to unmask hypocrisy, to unveil shams and to cast out darkness and to bring in the light. Instead of this the trimming parson panders, if he be without means, to the ostentatious 'nouveaux riches,' or if he be of lowly origin, 'kotows' to those whom he and his wife deem it prudent to be in with socially for what they can get,—hot muffins and insincere gush. Some folks change their acquaintances with a rapidity which would be more meritorious if the acquaintances had been shirts. We need *men*-parsons of decisive character, with backbone and with no axe to grind. It is a terrible but true indictment on the supposed sacred calling of the prophet and priest. Then further forsooth we hear complaints all up and down the country that men don't go to Church and that our dear old Church of England is not for the poor! And men are blamed for being indifferent and going nowhere, or maligned because driven out of Church by the drivell and thought-dishonesty of the parson on the one hand and the overbearing aloofness of the elect-ring on the other, they have the temerity to become "heretics" and go off to Chapel and then we who are to blame positively have the bad taste to sneer at them for exercising the same liberty of thought that we claim for ourselves. The day has happily gone by for any coercion in religion or aught else. In Our Father's House there are many mansions, but some folk are so laughably exclusive that they— if they do happen, by good luck, just to squeeze into heaven—will expect the tenants of half of them to 'cut' the other half! The real dissenters in a parish are not the conscientious Non-conformists, but those treacherous ones who whilst wishing to be deemed good churchmen and churchwomen, are yet rebellious children: these are the true schismatics. Of course if the men in a parish will with a false conception of politeness, calmly stand by and be misruled by usurperesses, they must take the consequences. Yorkshiremen may be the cutest people in this country, but as a famous judge lately remarked they are more amenable to the influence of the fair sex than in other counties. When the woman is a true woman then she inspires and improves the man, for the best in man responds only to woman's touch, but alas! the obverse is only too true, viz: that the worst in man responds only to woman's touch—*unfortunately for man*. There are some women who in all they do and say always have one eye on the public and the other—on some other man: the tricks and dodges of these artificial women, though affording us much merriment and helping to relieve dullness, still tend to hasten on the moral deterioration of the mere hollow man. And as for our Church not being for the poor: it is a libel: if it is to be a National Church in reality, it must be a Church for the poor and the rich: for *all* classes of the community, and until a person has grasped the truth, that there are no classes in the Church but only individuals, he will be all his lifetime subject to bondage, and serve him right. It is not that the 'simple' envy the 'gentle': not a bit of it: the gentleman or the gentle-woman amongst the 'simple' looks up to the real gentleman and the gentle-woman amongst the 'gentle': nor is it that the real 'gentle' despise the 'simple': the real gentleman or gentle-woman amongst the real 'gentle' respects the gentleman and gentle-woman amongst the 'simple.' I would just like to observe here for the instruction of those men and boys who mistake incivility for independence that to neglect the customary salutation of raising or touching one's hat is not a mark of anything except sheer rudeness, and then I would add on the other hand that what the working and artisan class object to most vehemently and rationally is the insufferable patronage and arrogance of a class but two or three generations

removed from useful and respectable clogs and whose position in *real* society circles is not quite as assured as they would wish you to think it is: these fussy little people who talk in strident tones so as to attract attention have seemingly not forgotten their make-believe nursery days and play a queer little 'ostrich' game of a harmless but pitiful kind. It is ever this 'betweeny' or mongrel class, folk who, because they suffer terribly from the lively disease known as 'swelled head,' fondly imagine they are therefore awful swells, who cause all the bedevilment in any neighbourhood, are laughed at by the class they really belong to but are trying to break away from, and are heartily despised by the class to which they do *not* belong to but which they are dying to enter. Oh! the sorry joke of it all! it is excruciatingly ludicrous, and it is only a charity to advise these poor blind ignoramuses and lick-platterers that people in *real* society do *not* act like a set of spoilt children: they are too innately well-bred to fall into any such breach of etiquette. There are some frothy folk who know Lords as some vapid chattering and flighty veneer-educationalists know books—learn their titles and then brag of their acquaintance! The being for the nonce, because riches have wings, one of the uppermost classes does not betoken anyone as belonging to the upper classes. The two designations are quite different. High-bred people do not give themselves airs. The wealth of the *mean* man is absolute *ill-th.*

Shams are to be loathed and in all wholesome ways despise from the bottom of your souls all who pretend to seem to be what they really are not. Have a healthy contempt for all such paltry imbecility as superficiality and side, humbug, bounce and swagger.

It is useless to talk seriously to people for whom you can have no respect and who 'hedge,' neither can you argue against blind prejudice nor reason with implacables.

I appeal to all rightminded manly men and womanly women, and, thank God, there are very many as true as steel in this parish and neighbourhood, to support us in our battle for our comprehensive and tolerant National Church. We do not want those who can only work in front of the footlights and whose motive is mere self-glorification, but we do need and sincerely welcome straight people—straight in practice as well as in theory—for it is no good to resolve against wrong in the abstract—to band themselves together with us against unreality of all sorts. Sin has many tools but a LIE is the handle that fits them all. Quite recently the President of our American cousins gave it as his opinion that *THE* crying need of the present century was an addition to the Commandments, "Thou shalt tell the truth," as being the foundation of any community, and that is true as a great need of our Craven community. The worst feature of present-day life is that folk use their language to cloke their real thoughts, they *glove* their lies so neatly as to deceive the unwary, and, with overwhelming smirk, take in the guileless.

The naked truth and a naked lie
Are shocking alike to society.

I trust we have seen the last of this senseless game, born of a fractious and over-bearing spirit, of attempting to undermine legitimate authority in this Parish which can but have one dire result, viz: the complete discomfiture of the malcontents. No *real* gentleman and no *real* gentlewoman would dream of doing other than heartily and cheerfully and without affectation co-operating for the good of the community, at large and as a whole, in which they lived, and trying to justify their existence in a world wherein the least one can do is to endeavour to leave it a little bit better than we found it for the benefit of those who shall come after us, as our forebears have benefitted us by their standing up for that liberty which is as dear to every Britisher as his liberty of 'corpus,' viz: *liberty of mind.*

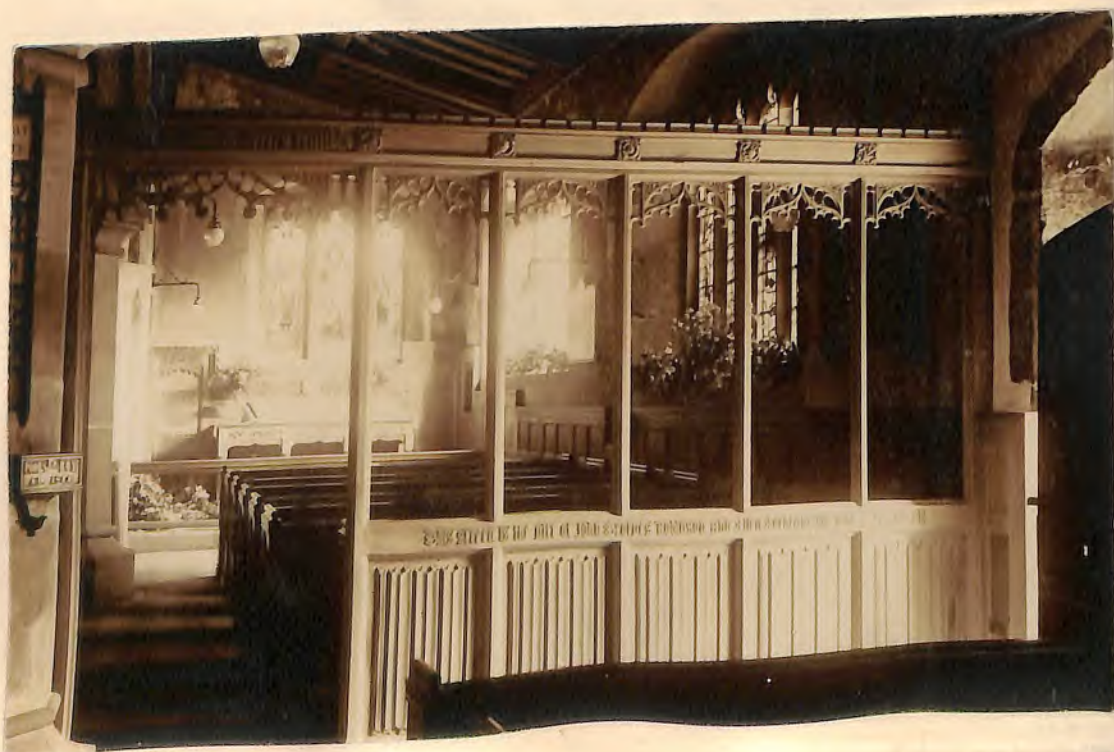
I honour the man who is willing to think,
And, when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower.

GIGGLESWICK CHURCH.

ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 15th, 1900, at 3-0 p.m.,
MR. THOS. BRAYSHAW will make a few remarks in the Church on its
history and on the principal objects of interest in the building.

All are welcome, and there will be no charge or collection made,
but the attention of visitors is specially drawn to the quaint old alms-box
bearing the inscription "REMEMBER · THE · PORE. 1684."

"Chapel of
Remembrance".
Gigg, Church.
1922.



200

June 1902.

See also p. 199.

The '24' met in what is usually styled the Carr Chapel but what may not inappropriately be dubbed the parochial bear-garden or bull-ring where the noble sport of parson-baiting may be indulged in. There are some folk so constituted that they can always be friendly to every parson but their own. I suppose 'tis a 'sport back' to the days of childish contrariness. As always happens where there is an amalgam of nominal christianity and real paganism there was much narrow-mindedness mixt up with much unreasonableness. The more noble minds abstained from bullying bounce—the more refined characters refrained from heated hysterics—those who possessed a real church spirit indulged in the least gyrating deblatation—those who have the most spiritual idea of church autonomy withheld getting childishly excited. The British instinct is for hunting and killing something and since this is not a hunting country, and as 'hunting the parson' is a trifle more exciting than 'hunting the slipper,' I suppose the "old badger" must take it into part of his recreation to graciously allow himself to be annually 'drawn' until finally he's laid to rest followed by a score and four of sopping pocket handkerchiefs weeping over their quarry as the Giggleswick Band plays the 'Dead March,' but returning with jaunty steps and with dried eyes hungering and thirsting for the next clerical victim as the Giggleswick Band plays "The de'il's awa' wi' th' exciseman." It is an age of revivals and this baiting the parson is a revival of rebarbarization.

Whatever is it thought is gained by the very questionable pleasure of opposing the parson? Is anyone so profoundly shallow as to think for one second that it is punishing him?

"I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a de'il
To skelp an' scaud puir dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel."

Still if it gives pleasure—a somewhat debased pleasure it must be admitted, tho' there is no accounting for taste—I'm sure I don't grudge anyone the ridiculous amusement: 'tis as harmless as playing bow and arrow. To a dog the choicest thing in the world is a dog: to an ox, an ox: to an ass, an ass: to a sow, a sow. And since over the vicar's shoulders the sulphurous rain falls in the same way as water does off a duck's feathers, his wife, a gentle woman, who never interferes in the least with parish matters, who is not one of those fussy women who have a "finger in every pie" except their own home-made pie, is within a month of the 'pain and peril of child birth,' and in precarious health, must be drawn in: in even uncivilized communities women at these times are rigidly left alone and have tenderer consideration shewn them, and as if this were not manly enough, his elder boy of the mature age of 15 must be attacked! What all this had to do with the 'two dozen' and where the 'select' element comes in passes the wit of ordinary mortals! it is like trying to add 4 lbs. of treacle to 4 o'clock. I should think that on reflection even the minority who so far forgot themselves as to behave very naughtily must by now be heartily ashamed of the whole business: at least I'm quite sure those who have any decency at all will regret it, especially the human-hearted with marital and paternal feelings. I guess next time there will be a protest that my nanny-goat has the giddy goatishness to yield 3 quarts of goat's milk a day when by all that is downside up she ought to produce three million quarts of ass's milk.

The age of miracles is not past and the weekly cost of the South African War and our American Commercial Masters have accustomed us to airily think and talk, see, smell, hear and even sneeze in millions: 'hundreds and thousands' are now relegated to be bottled up in sweet shops along with sugar candy and other kinds of spice for the delectation of dear little bairnies. A gleam of decency shone on the rackets and prancing scene of snapping and barking: it did not escape observation that more than one of the '24' (for there are not a few right genuine and reasonable men amongst them whose manliness and independence of opinion I sincerely appreciate) had the well-bredness to gallantly retire when Mrs. Brocklehurst's name and that of our son were bandied about. Full tubs make the least noise, are of the most value and carry the greatest weight though heaviness may not spell solidity. It would have needed a kodak to have pictured the various expressions on the faces in front and to have cimetographed the lurid scene would certainly draw crowded houses nightly. Dickens and F. C. Gould would have had a glorious time. It is so brave for any one backed up by twenty-three to attack one backed up by himself—so 'quite English you know.' But then you know amongst a certain class of minds it is considered to be clever to be impudent and hectoring to a parson—it is the readiest way to get a cheap cheer from the gallery and aggrandises one's self-importance: not to care for the parson is the high-water mark of greatness amongst those who don't know better. It was like an acting version of the 6th chapter of the Book of the Prophet Daniel and strongly recalled to my mind an untearable-linen book of my nursery days wherein was a picture of Daniel in the Den of Lions: the only calm and unconcerned figure being the dignified old man of God.

For the time being a common hate of the 'foreign devil' serves the purpose of a mutual affection and reminds me of the tale of an Irishman on his death-bed, "you're going to die and will go to another world: will you renounce the Devil, the World and the Flesh?" to which was the reply "I don't want to be 'out' with anyone: I want to be friends with all so I would rather not say!" And this want of moral courage, this fickleness on the part of some individuals explains a great deal here: there is such a tendency to act like a set of fell sheep, to expediently act with the crowd and to diplomatically go along the line of least resistance. And some women are such shamelessly 'dear bewitching animals' that they have only to beckon the silly amongst men for these poor males to be compelled to follow them. It is easy to be an ass and to follow the multitude like a blind besotted bull in a stampede: and that is what Mrs. Grundy means by being honest. This neighbourhood is certainly a strange place: the

Another of Brocklehurst's vulgar articles in his Parish Magazine.