

Thomas Cantuar'. This probably means that the window—although Dr. Whitaker takes it as meaning that the Church itself was dedicated to Thomas à Becket. The register dates from 1556. The land of the parish is tithe-free. The names of the ministers who during the present century have successively held the living are George Holden, LL.D., appointed in 1798; George Holden, A.M., (1821); William Bury, (1825); Amos William Pitcher, (1866); Joseph Senior, LL.D., (1872); and Rev. F. Whaley, the present vicar.

The Grammar School was founded by John Armistead in 1725.*

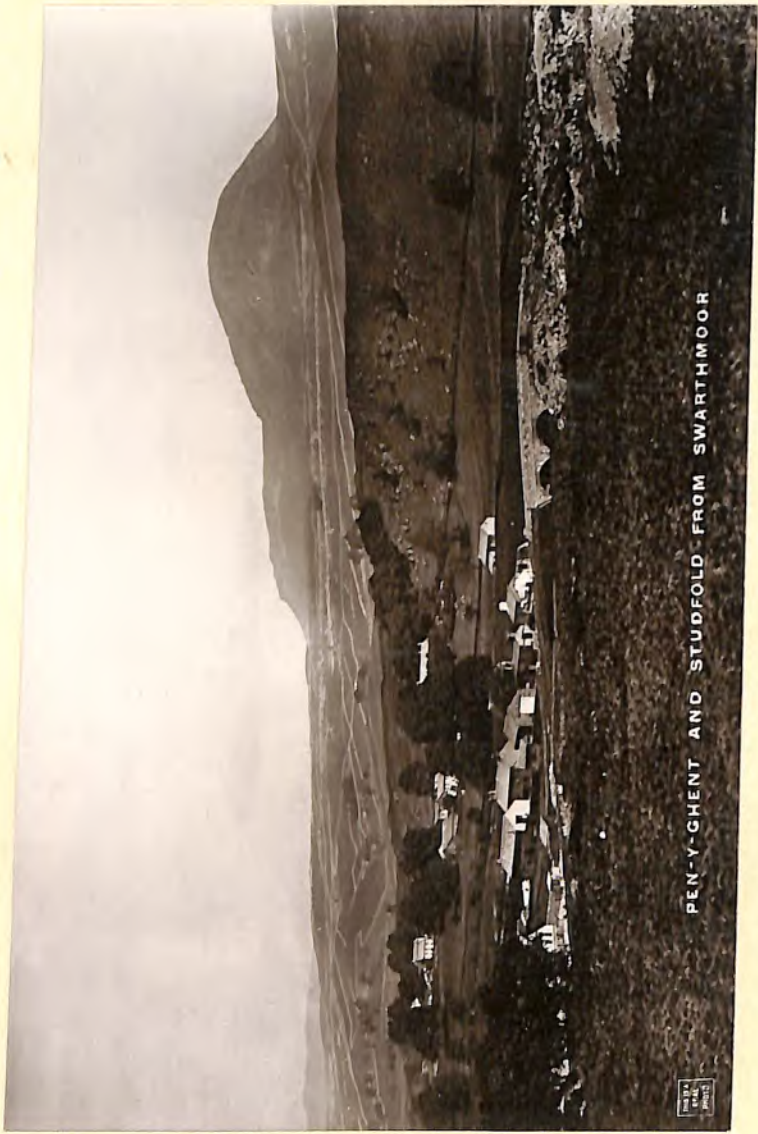
The New Chapel. The Wesleyans have strengthened their position in the village and neighbourhood by the erection of a good chapel. Their services had until then been held in the spacious room at Brackenbottom. The Brackenbottom Missionary-Meeting was always one of the events of the year, and will be remembered when the boys and girls who attended it have become old men and women. The Chapel is neat and commodious. It was built during the "forward movement"—the chapel-building era—that signalled the ministry of the Rev. J. Woollerton, and of which he was the head and heart. The new chapels at Settle and Hellifield both date from that same time.

From the Village to the Moor. We pass the vicarage and keep along the old lane until we reach the gate at the top. On our right, as we walk along this lane, there are several small scars, one or two of which are like miniatures of Malham Cove.

* Whitaker's Craven, p. 185.



Stained Glass in Hoston Church



PEN-Y-GHENT AND STUDFOLD FROM SWARTHMOOR





HORTON-IN-RIBBLESDALE

They are good subjects for the photographer, especially so when, in a wet season, they are enlivened by small cascades. If we pass through the gate and walk forward about 200 yards, we reach a large open chasm; and we thus set foot again in the domain of the "pot" and the swallow-hole.

Pot-hole Land. If we draw an imaginary line from the north end of Penyghent to the north end of Ingleborough, and another and parallel line from the south end of Penyghent to Gaping Gill, we enclose an area of about fourteen square-miles. This area may be called Pot-hole Land. There are "pots" and swallow-holes outside our two lines, as in the Weathercote series, for instance; but within this area they abound. It is their chosen realm. This area lies north of the north line of the Craven Fault. Here the limestone is of such texture, and has been so largely split and rent into vertical fissures, that it has yielded readily to that two-fold water-power that we have spoken of, and is indented with swallow-holes and the deeper and more dangerous "pots." South of this area the streams flow through more or less romantic glens until they reach the river; but in this Pot-hole Land they seem to "love darkness rather than light." A stream flows down the Fell and then, as if afraid of the sun, it sinks into a swallow-hole, or drops into a "pot," and pursues its pilgrimage through a land of gloom. The great ones, the nobles of this Pot-hole Land are Gaping Gill, which we have already seen; Hellen Pot, which is well worth seeing; and Thirl Pot and Thund Pot, which we are on our way to see. These are the lords of this numerous and interesting race.

THIRL POT. Thirl Pot—or, as it is locally named, Hull Pot—is the chasm that we have now reached. It is not a dark, dread pit like Gaping Gill; but it has in area what it lacks in depth. It is some fifteen yards wide, and about four times that in length. With its inlets and outlets it is an interesting and instructive study. Let us first look at the beck that feeds the Pot. If we start at a distance of 200 yards up the beck, and walk along its course, we see that the stream, if there is not much water, is gradually losing in volume; and at length, and before we reach the Pot, we see an end of the stream. We can find the small hole down which its last waters vanish. And now, if we go round to the south side of the Pot, we see in the north-east corner a cave, and can hear from that corner a subdued rumbling, like the sound of a mill-wheel. Until recently it was not difficult to reach the floor of the Pot, and to creep into the cave, and get a glimpse of the underground stream. This is the condition of things when there is only a small quantity of water. The water sinks before it reaches the Pot, and we can hear it as it flows along its dark, rough path.

Let us now think of another condition of things, which may very possibly be the condition of things when we visit the Pot. In a time of large, but not excessive rainfall, the fissures in the bed of the stream are not able to drink in all its waters. The excess then flows on to the Pot and falls into it as a cascade, and the water escapes from the Pot through the cave in the corner. There can be little doubt that this is the old course of the stream, and that the water, by enlarging the fissures in the bed of the beck, is gradually drying the Pot.

