

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE MEMORIAL OF THE TRUSTEES

OF

Cowgill Chapel,

WITH

AN APPENDIX, &c. PRINTED IN 1868.

BY

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LIST OF ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS TO THE  
MEMORIAL AND APPENDIX.

Page 3, line 24, and page 18, line 6, require explanation and correction (see Supplement, Sec. II. p. 9 : and note, p. 14).

Page 8, l. 26, for *Mathews*, read *Mattheus*.

Page 23, note, line 3, for 1603, read 1602.

Page 36, Appendix No. IV. prefix the following Heading :

*Climate of Dent. Rainfall. Bracks and Avalanches in 1752.*

Page 40, line 6 from the bottom, for *two or three days*, read *about a week*.

Page 46, line 1. The sentence is ill expressed. The meaning is, that the sea covers more than three-fifths of the earth's surface.

Page 51, line 22, for *Richard the Third of Lancaster*, read *Richard the Third of the House of York* : and see Supplement, Sec. III. p. 23, l. 17.

Page 58, in the quotation for *knows* read *knâs*, which gives the proper sound.

Page 65, line 22, for *some years*, read *about one year*.

Page 83, line 5 from the bottom, for *and of other tribes*, read *and many adventurers of other tribes*. And next line, for *Seaboard*, read *Sea-board*, which is the right spelling.

Page 91, note, line 5 from the bottom : for *diction*, read *suggestion*.

Page 95, line 23, read as follows : *a true vowel is the symbol of a simple natural sound, &c.*

Page 102, line 10, for *run* read *ran*.

Page 104, line 21, after *Westmoreland*, strike out the (:).

Page 110, line 16 from the bottom, for *to this country*, read *to England*.

## SECTION I.

### *Restoration of the true Name to the District Chapelry of Cowgill.*

THE following pages form a Supplement to a Pamphlet, dedicated to the Statesmen and Inhabitants of the Valley of Dent, and to the representatives of those kind and generous friends who had subscribed to the Building and Endowment Funds of Cowgill Chapel. The Pamphlet was not published, but widely circulated among my fellow Dalesmen in May 1868; and I used the language of sincerity and truth when I told them, in its concluding words, that it was the offering of my heart, and probably the last I should ever be able to make them.

As the Memorial from the Trustees of the Chapel to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners had been ineffectual, I hardly believed it possible that any further legal steps could ever be taken to give effect to its prayer. I had however the pleasure of placing before my countrymen the facts which led to the publication of the Memorial, and were the true vindication of what had been done by the original Trustees of Cowgill Chapel, of whom I was the only survivor. But the circulation of the Pamphlet has led to a result which I had not even in imagination dared to count upon. "The District Vicarage of Kirkthwaite" has no longer

a place in the catalogue of English Benefices; and the District Vicarage of Cowgill is by an Act of Parliament restored to its original and true place among the ecclesiastical preferments of the diocese of Ripon<sup>1</sup>. How this happy result has been brought about I will now state to my friends and Dalesmen as shortly and simply as I can.

Some months after the Pamphlet had been circulated in Dent, a Lady of rank, whom it is my happiness and honour to call my friend, sent me, in a bright and pleasant letter, a claim in behalf of her Husband for a copy of my little book. As a few copies of it were still left in the store-room of the University Press, I gladly acknowledged her Ladyship's claim and sent her the book. Not long afterwards, to my great surprise and joy, there came from the same Lady a request for a copy to be sent to the Queen. There was a slight and inevitable delay in my reply to the second letter, and I received meanwhile from Her Majesty's Private Secretary, General the Hon. C. Grey, a more direct communication on the same subject. Anything resembling a request from that quarter was at once an honour and a command; and without the delay of a single post the Pamphlet was forwarded to the General, either at Balmoral or Windsor Castle.

In a subsequent communication from General Grey, I learnt with a sentiment of grateful joy, that the Queen had read the Memorial, and thought its prayer just and reasonable. If manners and customs are inevitably to change, let not old names be changed along with them: if there has been a legal wrong, let a legal remedy be found for it. Such, in substance, were Her Majesty's remarks: and not content with the mere expression of a verbal sentiment, she at once expressed a desire to communicate with the Archbishop of York, as an influen-

<sup>1</sup> Parochial Chapelries like that of Cowgill, by a clause in a recent Act of Parliament, are now called Vicarages.

tial member of the Ecclesiastical Commission, and Primate of the Northern Province of the Church of England—of which the diocese of Ripon forms a part—in order that a new Council might be held, for the purpose of restoring the original name to the Cowgill Incumbency. For its name had been silently and secretly changed by the management of the Curate—without the knowledge and consent of the Trustees, and directly against the wishes of all the old inhabitants of the Dale. There was however a legal difficulty in thus restoring the old name ; and the change could only be carried out effectually by the introduction of an Act of Parliament. After a considerable delay, arising out of the great pressure of business before Parliament, the Archbishop of York, at the instance of the Queen (who was strong in her sense of right and firm to her gracious purpose), introduced a Bill to the House of Lords (April 1869) containing the following clause :

“Whereas by an Order in Council bearing date the ninth day of September one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, a district Chapelry was annexed to the Chapel of Cowgill in the Parochial Chapelry of Dent, in the Parish of Sedbergh, in the County of York and diocese of Ripon, to be called by the name of the District Chapelry of Kirkthwaite, such District Chapelry shall henceforth be called by the name of the ‘District Chapelry of Cowgill’ and not by the name of ‘the District Chapelry of Kirkthwaite.’”

This Bill I believe soon passed through the House of Lords without opposition. Meanwhile I received a command from Her Majesty to forward the Memorial to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, H. M. Prime Minister : and from his courteous reply I learnt that he had read the Pamphlet, and that he thought the Prayer of the Memorial was just and reasonable.

In the ordinary course of business the Bill came down to

the House of Commons May 4th, 1869. But during its progress in that House it was strenuously opposed. *First* on the ground of its informality. The above clause, it was urged, appeared as a *Tack* to another Bill with which it had no natural connexion, and it was therefore justly liable to suspicion. This objection, however plausible, had no true ground to rest upon. There had been no secret and indirect movement that was unfair towards Mr Sumner. For I had myself informed him—before the Archbishop's Bill came before the House of Lords—of the legal steps about to be taken to restore its original name to the Cowgill District Chapelry. *Secondly*, the Bill was opposed because the restoration of the old name was said to be against the wishes of the Inhabitants of the Hamlet of Kirkthwaite. This opposition arose out of a communication made to an influential Member of the House by Lord Kenlis, who is now the largest landed proprietor in the Hamlet. And far be it from me to blame Lord Kenlis for having taken this step. He probably knew nothing of the early history of Cowgill Chapelry, or of the secret and indirect movements by which Mr Sumner had induced the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to change its name. Mr Sumner was known to his Lordship as an active parochial minister, to whom he had become a very munificent Patron. His Lordship's opposition to the Bill was quite natural. But he knew little of the old Inhabitants of Dent, if he believed them capable of wishing to change the name of their Chapelry to gratify the caprice of their Curate.

I need not enter here on details, some of which were given in the public papers. The Bill had Ministerial support, and was carried through the House by a large majority. It had received however some formal modification, while before the Committee of the House of Commons, and was sent back to the Lords. This produced some delay, which led me to communicate with the Archbishop of York. Finally I re-

ceived from His Grace a letter from which the following words are extracted :

“I have the pleasure to tell you that the clause in which “you are interested, changing the name of the Parish of Kirk-  
“thwaite to Cowgill, has now passed into Law.

“The Amendment, which appears to give you some dis-  
“quiet, is of a formal character : and I need not trouble you  
“with an explanation of it.” *Bishopthorp, York, July 17, 1869.*

Such, my dear friends and countrymen, is the happy wind-  
ing up of a little episode in the history of our Dale, which in  
its origin and progress has cost me some trouble and anxiety.

It had never entered my thoughts that the Cowgill Me-  
morial, with its Preface and Appendix, contained matter that  
was fit to be laid before my Sovereign. But when (through  
the intervention to which I have alluded) I heard that the  
Queen wished to see a copy of my Pamphlet, I did feel  
an emotion of joy (perhaps some one may call it a swell  
of vanity rising in an old man’s bosom) while I thought that  
the picture I had drawn, with a loving and faithful hand,  
of my native Dale, and of the manners, industrial life, and  
ancient customs of the little world within it, might be  
looked upon with favour by Her Majesty. For what Subject  
of this realm does not know, that our Queen—after the glare,  
and din, and pageant of public life, and the long pressure  
of those grave, and sometimes painful, duties that are the  
inevitable attendants of sovereign power—has delighted to  
seek health and happiness in the bright scenery and sweet  
air of the mountains ; and heart’s repose and solace in  
watching the manners, and listening to the loving address  
of the humblest of her subjects ?

The ancestors of the Statesmen of our Dale had perhaps  
a claim, on another ground, upon the kind thoughts of their

Queen. They were sprung from a race who had of old been tenants of the Crown, and who for about three hundred years (after the end of the great Civil Wars of the Roses, and the establishment of a reign of law and order in the realm) had fought the battle of life honestly and bravely, both as tenants and freeholders, and had held up their heads well in the state to which Providence had called them. But at length, the expansive energies of the kingdom, and its vast productive skill, inevitably undermined, and almost swept away from sight, the whole fabric of rural industry and domestic life that had been reared in the Northern Dales.

The same kind of picture which I have drawn from the Dale of Dent might be traced with slight modifications in all the valleys diverging from the central cluster of the Lake Mountains: and though a humble part, it was by no means an unimportant part that was played by the active cheerful and independent Statesmen of the Northern Dales in maturing the character and bringing out the strength of England.

But our gracious Queen was not satisfied by a glance at a pleasant rural picture. She saw, from the Memorial, that a wrong had been done to the inhabitants of the Dale of Dent; and with a sacred regard for justice—a sentiment becoming the heart of every Christian man, and above all becoming the heart of a Sovereign—she used the moral influence of her high station to procure a legal remedy for a wrong that had been done the hamlet of Kirthwaite.

My fellow "Dalesmen," after they have read this statement, will see that we owe the restoration of the true name of the Cowgill Chapelry to the love of right and the condescending goodwill of our gracious Sovereign.

To fear God and honour the king was a lesson my aged Father drew from his Bible, and taught his children. Loyalty to our Sovereign is a duty; and it ought to be a right pleasant



duty to every truehearted Englishman. We daily pray for a blessing on the person of our Queen, and on the tasks committed to her sovereign guidance. The true good of the State and the true good of our Sovereign are, under God's will, fast locked together. Long may her loving subjects in every turn of life, in health or sickness, in joy or sorrow, lift up their daily prayers in her behalf to their God and Redeemer, in the simple, true, and earnest words of a grateful and loyal heart!

## SECTION II.

*Explanations on some points of doubt, and corrections of mistakes made in the Memorial and its Appendix.*

It was in sober truth, and not in a false show of modesty, that I told my countrymen—at the conclusion of the little book I sent them last year—I had been writing about the events of bygone years, with the full sense of the infirmity of an old man's memory, and trusted in their forgiveness should I have made any mistakes. I avail myself of this Supplement to explain some of my previous statements, and to correct some mistakes; and I will begin by again discussing the orthography of the name Kirthwaite.

Any discussion upon this question of orthography would have had small interest with my brother Dalesmen at the time of the building and consecration of Cowgill Chapel. They would not have cared the value of a straw, whether the name of the Hamlet were written Kirthwaite (agreeably to unbroken custom for full two hundred and fifty years) or Kirkthwaite. But an importance was afterwards given to the latter mode of spelling, by the fact that it was made Mr

Sumner's starting-point, when he secretly endeavoured to extend his District over the whole Hamlet, and had very nearly effected his purpose<sup>1</sup>. After his defeat on that question, the only remaining point of dispute between himself and the Trustees related to the new name he had silently contrived to procure for his Chapelry. They thought that second point was worth contesting ; and was due on their part to the pious memory of those who had built and endowed the Chapel, and given its first name to the District Chapelry of Cowgill. Mr Sumner not only changed the name of his Chapelry, but he contrived to do so by a secret management, which they thought very unfair and uncourteous to the Hamlet as well as to themselves.

The Trustees had not any overweening affection for the name, Cowgill Chapel or Chapelry. They disliked the orthography of the word Cowgill ; and the majority of them would, on the day of consecration, have preferred the name of St John's Chapel, Cogill, as before stated<sup>2</sup>. But that name was withdrawn ; and under all the circumstances I now think the withdrawal of that name was right. No one could reasonably object to the names Cowgill Chapel and Chapelry. They were accepted with the general consent of the inhabitants of the Hamlet and of the whole Dale ; and no one without such consent had afterwards a shadow of right to change the names<sup>3</sup>.

In the whole controversy, which is now so happily ended,

<sup>1</sup> See the Memorial, pp. 11, 12.

<sup>2</sup> Preface, p. xxii. and Memorial, p. 14.

<sup>3</sup> Cowgill Chapel was an acknowledged name. It was the name used in all the Advertisements for Subscriptions to the Building and Endowment Funds : and some of the generous Subscribers might reasonably have objected to the substitution of any other name. But no one would have objected to a change of spelling, for Cogill gives the exact sound of the word as it is pronounced in Dent.

I have been cheered by the belief that I was doing my duty as a Trustee, and fighting for the rights of my dear countrymen.

*On the Orthography of the name Kirthwaite.*

When the Trustees presented their Memorial to the Church Commissioners they were not aware of a single exception to the spelling above adopted. But before the circulation of my Pamphlet I had heard of one exception, in which the name of the Hamlet was spelt Kirkthwaite, as was stated in a Note to page 20. In one respect my Note was incorrect. The word Kirkthwaite *had* been found in an ancient Deed, which was not, however, connected with the Grammar School of Dent, as I had supposed. To obtain information from the fountain-head, I applied to George Swift, Esq.—a Graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and the present Master of the chartered Grammar School at Dent—who kindly undertook to examine, along with two Churchwardens, the Documents in the Church Chest at Dent. The result of their examination I will briefly state.

They found three Documents of the respective dates 1571, 1613, and 1616, in each of which the name of Kirkthwaite appears more than once, and without exception the syllable Kirk is written with a second *k*. They also found two old tattered Deeds ; one of them in Latin ; the date of both illegible. In the English Deed the word Kirkthwaite occurs four times ; in the Latin Deed the name of the Hamlet is written Kyrkthwayte. Lastly, in an old Latin Deed (date unknown) belonging to the Grammar School, the name of the Hamlet is written Kirthwaite, without the second *k*. After giving this list Mr Swift in his letter to myself adds as follows :

“ You will be able to draw your own conclusions from the facts here stated. For my own part, I am unable to come to

any satisfactory conclusion about the etymology of the word Kirthwaite. I think it will require a more careful and extended examination of the Parish Documents before the question can be resolved either way."

*Dent, Feb. 25, 1869.*

I hardly need state, that the above facts were unknown to me when the Memorial and its Appendix were printed and circulated in May 1868; and I agree with my friend Mr Swift that they throw some doubt on the ancient orthography of the Hamlet, Kirthwaite. On a *great preponderance* of the *direct evidence at present known*, I however contend that the vulgar orthography is right; and this conclusion is greatly fortified by *other probable reasons* which I will state in an abridged form.

1st. There are legal documents, older than those quoted by Mr Swift, which give the spelling Kirthwaite.

2nd. None of the above Documents, in the Church Chest, can I think compare in authority with the Decree of a Royal Commission, published in 1602, for the express purpose of determining the just proportion of the Crown Rents to be paid by the several Hamlets. The Decree—drawn up after an examination upon oath of eighteen of the principal Statesmen of the Valley—gives Kirthwaite as the name of the Hamlet. And the Rev. W. Matthews, after a patient examination of twenty-five old family documents and title-deeds, connected with the Hamlet, did not find one example of the use of the word Kirkthwaite<sup>1</sup>.

3rd. There is no tradition of the existence of any ancient Kirk within the Hamlet to justify or suggest the name of Kirkthwaite.

4th. If we suppose the original name of the Hamlet to

<sup>1</sup> Memorial, notes to, pp. 18, 23.

have been Kirthwaite, there must have been a frequent temptation to change Kir into Kirk, on the ground of a very plausible analogy. For it is well known that the word Kirkby had throughout the North of England very often degenerated into Kirby. Why then might not the first syllable in Kirkthwaite have degenerated into Kirthwaite? And as the result of such a doubt it would be quite natural for an Attorney to supply the known word Kirk for the unknown syllable Kir, when he was writing out any Deed, or Title of conveyance.

5th. The Documents in the Church Chest, containing the word Kirkthwaite, belong to one series connected with the Sowerthwaite Charity, as stated by Mr Swift: and if in the Document of 1571 the name of the Hamlet were written Kirkthwaite, it would follow almost as a matter of course that the other Documents of the same series would retain the same orthography. On the contrary, many of the cases quoted by Mr Matthews have the force of independent authorities; and they seem to prove that the vulgar orthography Kirthwaite has been in undeviating use within the Hamlet for full 250 years.

6th. The plausible analogy, which may have first introduced the word Kirkthwaite, was I believe deceptive; as is indeed stated in the Memorial (p. 16). But I will endeavour to confirm this conclusion by a few examples.

In such names as Kirkby-Lonsdale, Kirkby-Kendal, Kirkby-Stephen, &c. &c. it is notorious that the word Kirkby universally becomes Kirby in the northern Dialects; and hence we have a right to conclude that in such names as Kirby-Cane, Kirby-le-Soken, Kirby-Moorside, &c. &c., the more correct orthography would give us Kirkby-Moorside, Kirkby-Cane, &c. &c. In each of the above cases the word Kirkby means Church Town; thus Kirkby-Kendal means Church Town in the Dale of the Kent. But to extend this

analogy to such names as Kirkham, Kirk-Hambleton, Kirk-Leatham, Kirkley, &c. &c. would lead to inextricable confusion ; and would violate all the rules by which the dialectical changes in the North of England seem to have been governed. Thus Kirkham never could become Kirham, Kirk-Hambleton never could become Kir-Hambleton, and so of the rest. Kirkby-Kendal might become Kirby-Kendal : but at the west end of the town is Kirk-Land, and the dialectical changes of a thousand years could never turn it into Kirland. I will give one more familiar instance. The bridge over the Dee just above Dent's Town is called the Kirk-Brig ; and no lapse of time could ever make that word degenerate into Kirbrig. Very good reasons might I think be found for the distinction between these two cases ; but I cannot dwell upon them here.

It may however be said that there are exceptions to the rule here laid down. I admit the fact ; but the exceptions are *very rare* ; and where they do occur we can, I think, give some reasons for their appearance. I will mention two exceptional cases. The churchyard of Dent is in the vulgar dialect of the county called Kirk-Garth ; and these words were, I think, sounded Kirgarth. This arose from the difficulty of sounding together the two hard consonants *k* and *g*—a difficulty which has produced changes in other ancient tongues besides that of Dent.

Secondly. I think the name Birkbeck is commonly pronounced Birbeck by the Dalesmen. This case does indeed seem an exception to the general rule. It may perhaps be due to the power of alliteration (the repetition of the same letter at the beginning of each syllable), which naturally makes the syllables run together, by the suppression of the first *k*. But none of these reasons apply to the word Kirkthwaite ; and I cannot see the shadow of any good reason why it should be made an exception. I therefore contend that the in-

habitants of Kirthwaite have no good reason for changing the ancient and, I believe, the true orthography of their Hamlet. With them its name was Kirthwaite from the beginning, and they never changed it.

*On the name, Chapelry of Cowgill.*

The district of Cowgill Chapel was never coextensive with the Hamlet in which the Chapel stands. To suppress its original name, and to call it the District Chapelry or Vicarage of Kirkthwaite, was wantonly to adopt a name that was geographically untrue.

The Chapel was not named from a yeoman's house, as has been asserted, but was named from the rivulet on the bank of which it stands—agreeably to a good old custom. All this is stated in the Memorial. In the Dale of Dent, the Villages and Statesmen's houses were constantly named from the gills upon which they stood, or from the features of the neighbouring country. Thus we have the Villages Flintergill, Hackergill, Backstonegill, undoubtedly named from the gills on which they stood. We have an ancient yeoman's house, standing at the foot of Scotchergill. It may have been called Scotchergill House in old times: but the word House has dropped out of use; and the gill and the house have now a common name. We have a grand precipice called Colm-Scarr. The name is British, and the word *colm* in Dent has exactly the same meaning as the word *cwm* in Welsh<sup>1</sup>. Under the Colm is a farm called the Colm, which evidently derives its name from the spot on which it stands. These examples are enough and perhaps more than enough for my purpose; and they tend to prove the egregious folly and the bad taste of tampering with ancient names. But this

<sup>1</sup> The word *combe* has the same meaning in Somerset and Devon.

disquisition, like the former, has now lost its chief interest; for there is no longer, on such points, any matter of dispute in Dent<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Four sheets of this Supplement were standing in type when I was compelled by infirmity of sight to suspend my task for a while. But the interval of comparative leisure has supplied me with materials which I will here interpolate in the form of a note. I had written to Mr Matthews (Vicar of Hawes) to ask *his authority* for the interpretation of the word Kirthwaite (adopted in the Memorial, p. 36): viz. *Kýr, vacca, juvenca*; and *thwaite*, a forest clearing; but his reply did not reach me before I had gone from Cambridge on a visit to my friend, the Rev M. A. Atkinson, the Rector of Fakenham. While at Fakenham I asked the Rector (who has studied the Northern dialects and travelled among the Norwegian mountains), to interpret for me the two words Cogill and Kirthwaite. He immediately produced a Danish dictionary, and pointed out the word *Ko*, which in that language means cow. *Kogill* therefore means *Cowgill*: and the venerable Danish name *Kogill* has probably retained its original sound unchanged in the dialect of Dent for more than a thousand years.

The names Chapel and Chapelry of *Cowgill* may retain their place in the Deeds of Endowment and Consecration, and the name *Cowgill* may have the sanction of an Act of Parliament: but the old name *Kogill* or *Cogill* (identical in sound) ought never to drop out of the dialect and history of the Hamlet.

We then discussed the word *Kirthwaite*, and my friend referred me to a learned and standard work on the old Teutonic dialects: Grimm, *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache*, Vol. i. p. 32, where we found: Old Norse, *Kú*, cow; plural *Kýr*, cows or kine. How near is the Old Norse to the dialect of Westmoreland! Old Norse, *Kú*, a cow; Westmoreland, *coo*. In the plural number—Old Norse, *Kýr*, cows or kine; and in Westmoreland *Kye*. The words *Cogill* and *Kirthwaite* are therefore good old Danish and Norwegian words, lending support one to the other.

A few days before my return to College I heard with very deep sorrow of the sudden death of my old and much valued friend Mr Matthews, to whose generous help I owed a great debt of gratitude while I was writing the Memorial and its Appendix. He died in a moment while, with an earnestness beyond his strength, he was preaching in the church of his son-in-law. It added to my sorrow when I found that he had sent me an elaborate letter in reply to my previous question; and had given me a clear reference to the authority on which he had based his suggestion: viz. *Specimen Glossarii to the Edda Saemundar* (3 vols. 4<sup>o</sup>. printed at Copen-



When the Rev. W. Matthews first heard that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners had declared themselves incapable of complying with the prayer of the Memorial, he remarked, in a letter to myself, that spite of the Commissioners, and spite of the London Gazette, Cowgill Chapelry would be called Cowgill Chapelry still; and that the inhabitants of the Hamlet would never be made to understand they had now to attend the District Chapel of Kirkthwaite. This opinion received a striking illustration from a half grave half comic tale which I received, about the middle of last September, in a very amusing letter from my friend George Foster Braithwaite, Esq., of Hawesmead, not far from the Vicarage of Kendal. I will subjoin a short outline of the tale, as a Note, which may I hope somewhat relieve the reader from the suffocating dryness of this discussion<sup>1</sup>.

hagen), a Danish work of high authority; and he promised to send me more specific references in another letter—a promise, alas! arrested in its performance by the hand of Death.

Armed with this information I went to the University library, and (with the kind help of Mr Bradshaw the librarian) soon found out the very passage to which Mr Matthews had referred :—*Specimen Glossarii, &c. &c.* Part I. (1787.) 4<sup>o</sup>. p. 608. Kýr, f. vacca (a cow). Old Norse. Part III. (1828.) 4<sup>o</sup>. p. 233. Kú, acc. sing. verbi Kýr vel Kú, vaca (a cow).

I am now convinced, more firmly than ever, that my late friend was right in his interpretation of the word Kirthwaite. Cogill and Kirthwaite stand side by side as words of a kindred stock—old Danish and old Norse. The ancient Dalesmen of Kirthwaite have not wavered in their pronunciation of the words; and the instances in which the words have been changed by strangers to the Hamlet in comparatively modern times were, I believe, the fruits of reasoning from a false analogy.

<sup>1</sup> A few days before the date of his letter (Sept. 12, 1869), while taking an early morning stroll, Mr Braithwaite saw a lady in a carriage with the usual accompaniment of a traveller's luggage, halting in apparent perplexity at the gate leading to the Vicarage of Kendal. He stepped forward and asked if he could give any help or information. The lady said, "I want to go to the Vicarage of Kirkthwaite." "Yes," said the driver, "the lady wants to go to Kirkthwaite, but no one knows where to

*Names of Families and Individuals; formation of Patronymics, &c., &c., among the old Inhabitants of Dent.*

I have not attempted to explain such words as Hacker-gill, Flintergill, Smorthwaitegill, and Cogill, &c. To do so effectually would require a knowledge of the old dialects of Northern Europe, to which I can make no pretension. But I crave the attention of my dear Countrymen a little longer, while we discuss certain names of families and of persons

find it." The lady then took up the tale and said, "I want to go to the house of my Brother-in-law, at the Vicarage of Kirkthwaite, and the proper address is upon my luggage." There it was—(The Rev. Mr Sall, Vicarage, Kirkthwaite, Kendal). Fortunately, Mr Braithwaite had, a few days before, seen and read at a friend's house the Cowgill Memorial and Appendix. So he replied, "I think I can direct you properly. The truth is, you want to go to Cowgill, four miles above Dent." Hearing this, the driver had no difficulty; for the Chapelry of Cowgill had been in full parochial action for nearly thirty years. But the lady (weary and exhausted, lost and cast among utter strangers) still seemed in some perplexity, and wished to see the Vicar. So Mr Braithwaite went up to the Vicarage and soon came back with the Vicar to the gate. Before long the lady's doubts were cleared up, and her tale was calmly told. She had been engaged in a work of Christian love at Barbadoes; had lost her health, and been compelled to return to England, the shores of which she reached not more than 48 hours before the interview at the Vicarage gate. She had halted but a few hours in London, and her friends had found her a place in a Train from the Euston Terminus, at 9 o'clock the preceding evening. By this Train she had reached the Oxenholme station a little after 4 a.m. No carriage was in waiting; but after halting for awhile in dismal solitude, she obtained a conveyance in a luggage waggon to Kendal. At the King's Arms, Kendal, she had no difficulty in finding horses and a carriage; and she hoped very soon to end her journey. But a new difficulty arose. Not one of the drivers (though one of them was a native of Dent) knew to what point of the compass he was to turn his horses' heads that they might make their way to the unknown Vicarage of Kirkthwaite. So as a last resource she directed them to drive to the Vicarage of Kendal for advice. At the Vicarage gate the lady arrived, exhausted with fatigue, "pined with hunger," and in a state of great perplexity. But all her difficulties were soon cleared up. With recovered cheerfulness, and with strength renovated

who in bygone years inhabited the Town and Hamlets of our native Dale. Dent is not an uncommon name in the North of England, but I do not know its meaning<sup>1</sup>. Gawthrop is not an uncommon Northern name. Its second syllable seems to prove it of Danish origin. Its first syllable is a word still used in Germany, and has been alluded to in a previous page (Memorial, p. 91): and I may again repeat, that the interpretation of nearly all the obscure syllables in our proper names should be sought for in the old dialects of the northern sea-board of Germany, of the Islands of the Baltic Sea, and of the far-extended shores of Norway; and, perhaps before all, in the literature and language of Iceland<sup>2</sup>.

Some of our family names seem to be derived from the character of the tracts on which the first Settlers fixed their homes. Such are the names Greenbank, Greenwood, Greenwell, Shaw, Langshaw, Bourn, Beck, Gill, &c., &c. Many of these names are very common in the northern Dales, and they are easily understood. Such a name as Kilbourn is more difficult. The first syllable might be Keltic, as we constantly meet with the syllable *kil* in the Gaelic and the Irish tongues. I think, however, it means Kiln-bourn (Kiln is pronounced *Kil* in the Northern Dales), or Lime-Kiln Beck.

At first sight the name Sedgwick seems to belong to the previous class, and to denote a village built on fenny ground, with an abundance of the water-plant called *sedge*. But I

by a good breakfast with Mr Braithwaite, she started on her journey of 21 miles to Cowgill Vicarage, which she reached the same day about 2 o'clock. Such is the tale as told with kind humour and with more detail in Mr Braithwaite's letter; and it well exemplifies the truth of the remarks of Mr Matthews above quoted.

<sup>1</sup> My friends in Dent will not readily accept Mr Ritter's guess—that the name Dent or Danett is derived from the Danes: for Danett in our dialect means the father of lies and king of all evil (below, Section III. note to p. 29).

<sup>2</sup> Classical derivations, in such cases, are generally worthless.

never believed this derivation in my early years ; because I knew that the present spelling of the name had been introduced into Dent, in the early part of last century, by my Father's uncle, on the persuasion of the Master of Sedbergh School, a very learned classical scholar. (Memorial, p. 20.)

Before that time however, the modern spelling had been adopted by a branch from the clan of Sigeswicks who had left the Dales and settled about Wisbeach, in a fenny country abounding in *sedge*: and they obtained a characteristic crest : viz. a bundle of sedge bound up in a form like that of a wheat-sheaf. But this crest was not, I believe, accepted by any old members of the clan who remained in the Northern Dales.

We may reject the etymology implied by the modern spelling, Sedgwick, for the following reasons : 1st. Because the word *Sedge* is, I think, unknown in the dialect of the northern Dales. 2nd. Because the well-known village Sedgwick, in Westmoreland, is built upon a high and dry soil that is washed by the beautiful waters of the Kent—a river that runs brawling over the rocks. 3rd. Because the word Sedgwick does not give the sound of the name as it was uttered among the ancient inhabitants of the mountains : nor does it come near to the spelling used in former centuries. The old spelling, as a matter of course, greatly varied. In ancient documents we find Sigswick, Sigeswicke, Siggeswick, Segiswick ; and I have seen it written Siegeswick. The name is at this time commonly pronounced Sigswick, by the natives of the Dales. These reasons are, I think, sufficient for the rejection of that derivation of the name Sedgwick which is suggested by the modern orthography<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> About 40 years since, while making a geological tour in Saxony, I made the acquaintance of a man of letters who was a geologist and an antiquary. The history of the various Teutonic tribes who had invaded and

Among the old family names we meet many with the suffix *-thwaite*. Such names we owe to the old Sea Rovers of Norway, many of whom settled in Dent<sup>1</sup>. They probably cut down the forests, which once filled all those parts of Kir-thwaite that are now under cultivation. Such *forest clearings* might at first be the property of the clan. But on the outskirts of the *clearings* there must have been many unreclaimed tracts, where family parties could make *clearings for themselves*, and there remain—first as “squatters,” and finally as proprietors by right of usage. These little *clearings* seem to have had descriptive names given to them; such as Braë-thwaite, Brant-thwaite, Thorn-thwaite, Hawthorn-thwaite, Bracken-thwaite, Apple-thwaite, Thistle-thwaite, Corn-thwaite, Postle-thwaite,

settled in England, after the retirement of the Romans, was well known to him; and he one day made this remark to me—“Your name has a Saxon sound; how is it pronounced by the old inhabitants of your native Dales?” I replied by repeating the word Sigswick, with a broad sound. “I feel certain,” he then said, “that your name comes from the Anglo-Saxon. It is close to the word Siegeswick, which means the village of victory.” I then pointed out to him upon my map the spot where now stands the little village, called Sedgwick, on the Kent, not far from the head of Morecambe Bay; and we then contrived to make up the following tale to account for the name as it is sounded in the old tongue of the Dales.

Soon after the abandonment of England by the Romans, the Anglo-Saxons invaded the valley of the Kent, and settled there after they had driven out the ancient Britons. Then came successive crews of new invaders, Danes and Norsemen; and, during a lawless period, there were many conflicts between the earliest settlers and the piratical crews, which landed and were engaged in the highly exciting work of burning, plundering, and “cattle-lifting.” On one of these occasions, the plundering Sea-rovers were repulsed by the older Anglo-Saxon inhabitants, in a battle fought on the banks of the Kent; and the victory was commemorated, at first perhaps by a heap of stones, and then by a village built near the spot, which took the name of Siegeswick or the village of victory. Whether this tale be right or wrong, my Saxon friend’s etymology is plausible and interesting.

<sup>1</sup> See the Memorial, note to p. 17, and Appendix, last line of p. 88; and p. 93.

&c., &c. And these Norse "squatters" and settlers probably may sometimes have taken the names of *their clearings* as family names, which were continued by their descendants, and are still very commonly met with in the Dales of the North: but the little *clearings* themselves were often absorbed, and lost their names in the gradual advance of numbers, civilization, and industrial skill.

I need not dwell upon names derived from trades, professions, or personal peculiarities. Such names were very common in all the Northern Dales<sup>1</sup>. In one of my Geological tours I met with some Cambridge friends, who had gone to study in North Wales, and each had a Welsh nickname given by the country people. One, whose hair was of a reddish tint, was called Ben-Goch; which only meant Red-Head—an occasional surname in the North of England.

The Dalesmen, after their conversion, of course had Christian names; but the frequent repetition of the same family names led to much confusion. To meet this difficulty they had recourse to artifices of language,—to the invention of patronymics, and the fabrication of new personal names. Such were the names derived from the individual's parents (true patronymics to be found in many languages), or from his place of residence. The same artifices have indeed been used by nearly all civilized nations. Thus in Wales we have Ap John, Ap Richard, &c. &c., which we match by the names Johnson or Richardson, &c., &c. But in the old dialect of Dent these personal names were effected in a manner that deserves closer notice. Richard the Son of John was defined

<sup>1</sup> These names were generally considered as *by-names* (or nick-names). We had plenty of them in the vulgar tongue of Dent: *e. g.* Smo-legged Willie; Bundle Crag (a man somewhat abdominal); Wet-shod, a shoemaker (a name of evil omen); Dirty Jamie, &c. &c.; with others unfit for quotation.

by the words Richard-o'-John's—which meant Richard, one of John's sons or of John's family. Christopher, the Son of Thomas, in the vulgar dialect (which loves contractions) would be pronounced and written Kit-o'-Tom's. In the same way, in my boyhood I was constantly called, by the Dalesmen, Adam-o'-th'-Parson's—that is, one of the Parson's sons.

These provincial designations were also derived from the mother as well as the father. Thus I remember a venerable old man with a full-bottomed wig, who was universally called Sander-o'-Bessy's: that is, Alexander the Son of Elizabeth. His name was Nelson, but there were so many Nelsons in the Dale that each individual required a more special designation than was given by the Christian and the Surname. In like manner I remember a little dwarfish man who was called Jamie of Ep's. This name had been Jamie of Elizabeth's, but the keen and glib tongues of our Dalesmen had cut down the name into Jamie of Ep's.

Such names as Richard-o'-Hackergill, Harry-o'-Shoulbred, Thomas-o'-Dillacre, were constantly in conversational use; as they are still in other parts of the Island. In Scotland, as is well known, such names, slightly modified, are used as titles of respect.

There was a family in Dent of the name of Greenbank, who for one or two generations gained the name of Audrey, from the farm on which they lived: but they left that farm, and in a subsequent generation they recovered their old name. On the contrary, the small freehold called Stockbeck, in Kirthwaite, retains the name of Kitchen's to this day. The name is derived from an eccentric old farmer who lived upon the estate in a former century. The true name is forgotten; but is to be found in the Title Deeds of the property.

In other (but much more rare) cases, the patronymic was compounded, not as before, out of the father's Christian

name, but out of the Surname. Thus I have heard a man called Edmund-o'-Sill, or Edmund one of the Sill family. Sill was a surname, formerly pronounced Seel; and I have heard the name also pronounced Edmund-o'-th'-Seell; which would imply some ancient meaning of the word Seell, not commonly understood. I think it deserves remark, that when the patronymic is made from the father's surname, the final letter, *s*, is not added, as in the other case of a patronymic from the Christian name. Thus, Robin-o'-Dick's, would be Robin the Son of Richard: Robin-o'-Green, would be Robin the Son of Green, or one of the Green family.

This will be enough for my present purpose. I am not writing for learned men, and from learned books, but from the remembrances of my boyhood. The old people in Dent (should any of them read this Supplement) may think that I have been making an idle use of my time. But I am not here writing for them; I am writing for the rising generation.

The Teachers of modern times deserve our gratitude for their labours in the grand cause of National education. But they have made havoc with the language of the Dales, by lopping off, or cutting down to a common level, all the prominent peculiarities in the ancient tongue of our native Dale. In this levelling process I trust that we shall not lose our ancestral love, or cut ourselves off from the glorious literature that has so long adorned the history of dear old England.

*Further Explanations and Corrections of the Previous Pamphlet.*

At the beginning of this Supplement I have given an enlarged list of *errata*: most of which I had printed last year on a slip of paper, that was circulated along with many copies of my Pamphlet. The Pamphlet, however, contained some mistakes which require a more formal notice.



The second paragraph (page 51) is so full of mistakes that I would expunge it were I to publish a second edition of the little book. Before I ended my early schoolboy-days in Dent, I had read with youthful delight the Historical Plays of Shakespeare. In those days there was no Walter Scott to fill young minds with tales of Border History, and I knew little or nothing of such tales. My father did sometimes amuse my boyhood with tales of bloody broils, house burnings and "cattle liftings" in the old times of Dent: and I afterwards (not I think unnaturally), fastened these events to the time of the civil wars between the White Rose of York and the Red Rose of Lancaster.

The blunder I doubt not was mine and not my father's, who knew the ancient history of our Dales a hundred times better than I ever did. I now believe that the old traditions, I learnt from him, related to the bold marauders who came from the Scottish Borders (below, p. 33, l. 17). Many times they harried the Northern Dales: and there is, I am informed, no tradition of any such murderous visits during the Wars of the Roses.

The expression Richard the Third of Lancaster (Memorial, p. 51, l. 22) is a mere blunder, made in the hurry of dictation, and ought to have been corrected by a friend who looked over the proof sheets. I do however remember having read in one of the old Chronicles, that after the Yorkists gained the lead, it was for a while intended to confer the title of Duke of Lancaster on Richard of Gloucester—afterwards King Richard the Third of evil memory—perhaps in the hope of propitiating some of the opposite faction: but this intention was soon abandoned. I do not however believe that this fact was in my head when I dictated the words, 'Richard the Third of Lancaster'; and I only wish it to be considered as a mere blunder of haste.

In conclusion, I may here state that probably the best existing portrait of King Richard the Third is to be seen, in painted glass, in the great East Oriel of the Hall of Trinity College.

*Avalanches of 1752. Diminished Population of Dent. Dialects, &c.*

My description (page 40) of the *Avalanches* or *Bracks* which fell in 1752 requires correction. My impression when I wrote the page was that my father and his young friends had gone up to Dale Head on the day of the calamity: but I felt assured, after I had read Thomas Thistlethwaite's Letter, that this, my early impression, was incorrect. I had no memorandum to refer to; and I was dictating from the remembrance of conversations held with my father full 70 years ago. One day *at least* must have intervened before the boys from Gibshall could make their way to Dale Head after the great *Avalanches* or *Bracks*. This opinion was confirmed last summer by my brother, who is older than myself. He had seen in his boyhood some old people who lived at Dent's Town in 1752, and who affirmed that the greater part of a week passed away before the news of the destructive *Bracks* had reached the Town. The first intimation of them was given by masses of household furniture which were brought down by the great floods and wrecked in some of the fields near the Kirk Brig. If this be true, and it falls well in with the letter of Thomas Thistlethwaite, the funeral must have taken place more than "two or three days" (as I have stated, p. 40) after the fatal *Avalanche*.

In the previous Pamphlet, there are several mournful notices of the gradual decay in the prosperity of Dent, and of the diminution in its population. To obtain a numerical

test of this fact, during my short visit to Dent in the summer of 1868 I examined the Parish Register of Baptisms and Burials. Counting all the Baptisms from 1747 to 1766 inclusive, I found that they amounted to 983: but counting the Baptisms from 1847 to 1866 inclusive they amounted only to 529. In like manner, taking the corresponding periods in the two centuries I found that the Burials amounted to 671 in the *last* century; and in the present century to 383. In both these periods the Registers appear to have been very carefully kept: and the numbers seem to prove even a greater diminution in the population than I had stated.

During the progress of social decay many of the old Statesmen were ruined and many of them migrated, so that there was naturally a great transfer of the Freehold Property in Dent. The late Mr Elam, one of the original Trustees for Cowgill Chapel, became a considerable purchaser of Freeholds in Kirthwaite. But after a few years he ceased to be a resident in Kirthwaite, and his property passed by sale into the hands of the late Alderman Thompson, who absorbed many paternal Freeholds of the ancient Statesmen. His Landed Property in Dent has descended by inheritance to Lord Kenlis, who has already proved himself, as above stated, a munificent Patron to Cowgill Chapel (p. 4). This accumulation of the land in fewer hands may lead to a better style of agriculture; and the Country may gain by a larger produce sent out from Dent: but the larger landed proprietors will generally be non-resident; and Dent will not again become the merry, industrious, independent little world it was in the 17th and 18th centuries, during the reign of the ancient resident Statesmen. This may perhaps be called an old man's dream, but I shall not willingly part from it.

In one or two places I have alluded to the rules by which the Dialects have been governed. It has been asked, where

are these rules to be found? I reply, that there are no written rules. Those who settled in the Northern Dales, in working out their Dialects, were not conscious of acting in conformity to any positive rules: they only acted in conformity to that constitution of the human mind, whereby it is led to express its thoughts in symmetrical forms of language<sup>1</sup>.

Without this kind of symmetrical structure language never could have become a ready medium of communication between man and man. Language is made first, in conformity with the original faculties of the human mind; and rules of grammar are made afterwards, by observing how the rational instincts of man have led him to build up a language, so as to convey his own thoughts to the mind of his neighbour. One of the great rules in building up a language has been a rule of Euphony; that is to say, a rule of agreeable sound. Not agreeable in a musical sense. The sound may be harsh and barbarous to the last degree; and yet it may be agreeable, because it fits well in with the spoken or written tongue, at the time of its adoption. Now of this fitness a native is the best and proper judge: and hence I contend that, in tracing our Provincial Dialects, the *ancient* and *vulgar sounds ought not to be forgotten*. They belong to the real history of the tongue, and enable us to trace its gradual growth; and they give a coherence and a life to the language of our ancestors of former centuries. Were I to dwell on this subject I should be led into some speculations which might, by chance, perplex my aged brain, and not be of a kind to give any pleasure to my fellow Dalesmen.

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 12, l. 4.

## SECTION III.

*Extracts from James Ritter's Letters to Lord Burghley.*

The following extracts from letters or reports addressed by James Ritter to Lord Burghley (Sep. 26th, 1589), were copied from a manuscript in the handwriting of the late John Elam, Esq., one of the original Trustees of Cowgill Chapel, and forwarded to me by my friend the Rev. Wm. Matthews, Vicar of Hawes. They reached me in the early months of 1868, before the Cowgill Memorial and its Appendix were out of the Press ; and the moment I had read them I felt assured that they were genuine. But unfortunately Mr Elam had not given any clue to the original work from which the extracts were taken : nor could Mr Matthews, upon that point, give me any assistance ; and, in consequence, I did not venture to publish them.

I found, however, some months after the circulation of my Pamphlet (through the kind help of Mr Bradshaw, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Librarian of the University) that the Extracts had been derived from the Lansdowne Manuscripts in the British Museum, of which an ample Catalogue had been published. In that Catalogue (Vol. LXI. Article 69) is the following notice of one of Mr Ritter's Letters. "Mr Ritter to Lord Burghley, describing something of the Country and People near Kendal, September 26th, 1589." After this notice there could no longer be any doubt respecting the authority of Mr Elam's extracts ; and I will now proceed to publish a portion of them, which will I think amuse and instruct my brother Dalesmen.

Mr Ritter (as I collect from some of Mr Elam's papers) appears to have been at one time employed as a confidential agent by the Earl and Countess of Warwick, who had large

estates in Westmoreland; and I think it probable that he had also a similar commission under the Countess of Cumberland<sup>1</sup>. While acting under their sanction he seems to have acquired such local knowledge of the Northern Dales, and to have done such good service, as to lead apparently to a more general Commission under Lord Burghley: viz. to examine and give some account of the condition, morals, and management of the inhabitants of certain of the Queen's Manors and Estates in the North of England. This enquiry, among the Northern Dales, preceded by about twelve or thirteen years, (and possibly may have led to) the issue of the Royal Commission, in the last year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as was stated in my previous Pamphlet (page 19 and p. 52) and Supplement, p. 10.

In one of his manuscript letters to Lord Burghley (July 17th, 1588) Mr Ritter gives the following account of himself:

“My lord, I was born in Kent, brought up in Northamptonshire, dwell in Yorkshire, and am often conversant with the people of Kendal.”

“JAMES RITTER TO LORD BURGHELEY.

“I cannot satisfie myself in duty to my Country, unlesse I delyver over to your honorable Lordship the discoveries I fynde of the particularities of this Countrie from tyme to tyme. In the which thinking myself skilfull enough, when I dedicated my last endeavour therein to your good Lordship, by an accident since I know more. . .

“In the execution of this office very lately, I passed thro

<sup>1</sup> Respecting the two ladies named above, I find the following notice by Mr Matthews: “Francis Lord Russell had two daughters, Ann and Margaret. Ann married Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick; Margaret married George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland.” These facts were, I believe, derived from Lord Herbert's *Life of King Henry the Eighth*.

the people of two great dales, the one called Dent, or Danett<sup>1</sup>, as some say; and so lyke, when the Danes were dryven to any shyft, to be their resting; as your Lordship's Lands of Tanfield, sometimes also called Danefield, where yet remayne extensies of their encamping. The other greater part is called Sedbar. A thing worth noting I shall recount to your Lordship. In this Sedbar the Vycar could present to me only four disordered persons,—which I bound to good abearing as barrators,—that haunted alehouses, the great fault of this Country, and were daily fighting, quarrelling, and disquieting this good people.

“In Dent only one was brought before me, for very undutiful parties to his father. This is notable amongst so many hundredth householders.

“Now your Lordship cometh to the marvel; no Justice of the Peace is resident within thirty myles of them in their County. . A Head Constable they have, which if he did anything amongst them touching his office, I fear me it wold fall

<sup>1</sup> The word *danet* or *dannet* was in such common use,—sometimes applied personally, and sometimes figuratively—in the old dialect of the Dale, that it may be worth while to explain its meaning. It always had an evil meaning; but I have little faith in the conjecture that it was the parent name of Dent, or that it came from the Danes. Might it not be derived from the two words *dow* and *not*; or *dow* and *naught*? *Dow* meant that which is good, valuable and true; and the two words together would mean *good naught* or *nothing good*, and might easily be corrupted into *danet*—the author of evil.

I will try to explain my meaning by examples. *Naught o' th' dow*, nothing of the good, was a very common phrase; and it described anything worthless, mean, and insignificant, and was applied to persons and things. *That o' th' danet* was also a very common phrase, meaning that of the evil one (or the *naught good*), that of the devil. And the phrase was also applied both to persons and things. A Statesman would sometimes call a thistle, or other weed in his corn-field, *that o' th' danet*; as if the spirit of evil had sown the seed.

I will fabricate a short dialogue to introduce both phrases, as I have

out worse for their government. In one Parish no Gentleman, in the other two, and those very mean<sup>1</sup>.

heard them used a hundred times. A farmer is mowing some very rank, coarse grass on the outskirts of his farm-yard, and not far from the manure-heap. A neighbour passing by hails him as follows :—

“Ye’ve a good heavy crop o’ gerse there, Maëster.” “Yes,” replies the farmer, “heavy enough i’ th’ swaëth and heavy on th’ leäh; but leet for th’ hay-rack. O’togither my crop is nought o’ th’ dow. Here’s lile gerse, but plenty o’ dockens and nettles and that o’ th’ danet.” In plain English —“You have a good heavy crop of grass there Master.” “Yes! heavy enough in the swathe, and heavy on the scythe; but light for the hay-rack. Altogether my crop is nothing good. Here is little grass; but plenty of docks and nettles, and weeds, or devil’s grass.”

<sup>1</sup> Mr Ritter is surprised at finding places, like Dent and Sedbergh, that were thirty miles from the house of any Magistrate. But the fact is accounted for by the outlying position of the great Parish of Sedbergh; which is so much involved within the boundaries of Westmoreland and Lancashire, that there is no communication between it and the more eastern Dales of the West Riding of Yorkshire, except by crossing the central watershed of England, and traversing a series of high grouse-covers.

Through all the years of my boyhood and early manhood, the Magistrate, nearest to Dent, who acted for the West Riding of Yorkshire, lived at Steeton (in the valley of the Aire) which was about forty-two miles from Dent and forty-seven or forty-eight from Sedbergh. In those years several well-educated men of ample fortune lived within the parish of Sedbergh, but not one of them was in the Commission of the Peace. Whether from want of patriotism, or love of ease, or a too modest estimate of their own powers, they refused the office. My Father through all the vigorous years of his very long life refused to act as Magistrate; believing its duties inconsistent with those of a Parish Priest. My Brother John thought differently, and obtained his Commission soon after he became Vicar of Dent, to the real benefit of the country. For he knew the people well; knew how to temper justice with mercy, and without flinching from his duty in its sometimes painful exercise he was honoured, trusted and beloved; and to the end of life was called the poor man’s friend—a character engraven on his monument by those who knew him well. For a good many years two or three Magistrates have resided within the limits of our Parish; and the Magistrates of Westmoreland are now *qualified* to act for the outlying parts of Yorkshire. All this is well known to my Brother Dalesmen. But few of them can remember the lawless manners which, for awhile, prevailed



“These people, situate amongst the wild mountains and savage fells, are generally affected to religion, quiett and in-

during the years of Dent’s greatest decline and misery, at the end of the last century. Great misery and bad morals too often go hand in hand; and the lawless manners of the Dale arose in part also, no doubt, from the difficulty of securing any legal check to petty offences, except at an enormous cost to the peaceful inhabitants of the Parish.

I remember, one Sunday evening, when I was a young schoolboy, seeing a man in a brutal state of drunkenness, tumbling and bellowing like a maniac among the graves and tombstones of the church-yard, and challenging any one in Dent to fight him. He was a man of very great strength, and of considerable pugilistic skill, which he had gained in London where he had resided for some time with a relation, but had been sent back to Dent for insubordination and intemperance. When sober he was a good tempered cheerful man, and a (so-called) “good companion;” but he had not one grain of principle. He had learnt to regard sin as life’s jest, and good manners as a mask or mockery, put on to serve a purpose. When under excitement he became fierce and dangerous, and for several years he was the terror of the Dale.

On the occasion just alluded to, the Constable of the parish came with a pair of handcuffs and one or two assistants to secure the drunken maniac. After looking at the formidable brute for a few seconds, the Constable said, “If I fix these things on, I dâre not tak ’em off without ganging to th’ Justice, and that will cost the parish I knâ not what. He is oër drunk to be dangerous, and I’ll give him a good basting.” So he laid down the handcuffs upon a tombstone, and being himself a man of activity and great strength, and no mean artist, he had, in less than a minute, so pounded the maniac’s face that it lost all semblance of humanity, and the monster, for a while, had got his *quietus*. The Constable then walked home with his handcuffs, cheered and thanked by his neighbours for his cheap way of doing justice.

Of this strange scene, acted in our quiet village on a Sunday evening, I was a witness. And on another occasion, at one of our annual Fairs, I saw the same drunkard put in handcuffs by the same Constable. The day following, the Constable and his prisoner, and an assistant, each well mounted, began their journey towards Stecton. The horses required food; the men regarded such excursions as a kind of holiday-keeping, and lived well; and the party could not return before the third day. This was not called cheap justice.

The Magistrates hated dealing with country brawls, and often quashed the Cases with the cheap benefit of some good advice. And if the Case led

dustrious; equall with Hallyfax in this, excelling them in civility and temper of lyfe, as well in abstaining from drinke as from other excesses.

“These people are as they term themselves *Customary tenants*, and greatly addicted to raise and maintain customs. They have *no Courts kept there many years past*. I had much to do to make them knowe the high auctority of Parliaments, which they thought could not cutt off any custom, no not for reformation of any offence. But before all, this custom of quiett and industrious life I willed them to keep, and so penall Statutes cannot touch them. Promoters begin to abuse them and themselves notably. . .

“This is that part of the Country which I have heretofore noted to your Lordship to be 50 myles from my house, and but only this one Justice for a good tyme within this compass. Yet I may not by this ensample of duty, &c., seem to showe to your Lordship that Justices are not requisite for these partes. For spending my tyme in household with my good and honorable Lady the Countesse of Cumberland, I see the people here in Craven almost worse out of due obedience to her Majesty’s Auctority; for a Justice may direct out his Warrant here twice to one township for offenders, and shall be fayne to go fetch the third tyme, if he will have their companies. This Virtuous Ladie, as many other of Gods favors to this Commonwealth, is placed here I trust for her

to the prisoner’s committal, there were two more very long journeys for the Parish Officer, and more cost for the Parish. Great, I believe, has been the improvement in the economy of parochial administration since the days I have been calling back to memory: the worst days, perhaps, in the history of our Dale. The notorious offender above described, after many brawls, and some acts of infamous seduction, at length went off with a valuable horse, and never again dared show his face in his native country.

Majesty's Good ; for her actions in this ebb of her estate, in relieving the poore, in setting the idel awork upon her own cost, and that which is principal, in spreading good doctrine by her life and practice, are not unworthy to be left in remembrance to all posterities. Only she hath shown herself too pitifull to night hunters, which now are grown to such numbers as she is content to see Justice done upon some of them. Of this sort there are that do all kind of robberies under colour of stealing flesh, as they call it.

“To conclude with all the novelties I can give your Lordship out of these Northern partes, as my last that ever I shall give I fear me, the Skotts are busy on the borders with murders ; and further within, with matters of Marriadge.

“God turne it to the good of England ! for it is He that only worketh Myracles to make us new friends of old enemies.

“The Dane and Skott are nations naturally hateful to us ; yet, as I said, God, and under his mercy, good Government by Him favoured and blessed, may effect marvels.

“I must ask your Lordship's pardon, and withe the same crave of God your increase of honor and comfort.

“Your Honer's in duty bounden,

“JAMES RITTER.

“Barden, this 26th of Sept., 1589.”

On the whole, I think that our “*Foreelders*” came off well in Mr Ritter's report of them. In Sedbergh four were presented as Barrators, who frequented ale-houses and were daily fighting and disquieting good people, and bound to good bearing by Mr Ritter. At Dent only one was brought up, for undutiful parts to his father ; and this, remarks Mr Ritter, is notable amongst so many hundred householders.

He adds, that these people among the wild Mountains and savage Fells are generally affected to religion : equal to Halifax in this, and excelling them in civility and temper of life. They are described as much affected to maintain Customs. But when Mr Ritter states that they doubted the authority of an Act of Parliament, they were, I suspect, shamming ignorance. They held their land under the Crown, on very easy terms, and were content : and they knew well that any change in their holding would be to their disadvantage. Perhaps the act of holding their Estates under the Crown may have led, from the first, to the severe rule by which the landed property descended to the eldest son, as above noticed ; and such a rule long established would naturally be continued after the enfranchisement of the several estates<sup>1</sup>.

The account of a part of Craven is less flattering. Barden, from which Mr Ritter dates his letter, was a village in Upper Wharfe-Dale, a few miles north of Skipton, and near it was, I believe, an ancient Deer Forest. This might tempt the men of Craven to night-poaching, or *flesh-stealing*, as they called it. Our ancestors in Dent and Sedbergh had not a like temptation. They loved Robin Hood's songs, and would sing them for hours together, as I can testify : and had my brother Dalesmen lived near an ancient Deer Forest, they might, I fear, sometimes have fallen into Robin Hood's ways of lawless life.

My engagements during this busy Term, and the irritable state of my eyes, have prevented me from personally consulting the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum ; but I have great confidence in the fidelity of Mr Elam's Extracts.

<sup>1</sup> Memorial, note to p. 52.

## SECTION IV.

*Sketches illustrating the Manners and Feelings of  
the Dalesmen.*

With the preceding remarks I might have closed this Supplement ; and perhaps I should act with most prudence, and certainly I should best consult my own ease, by giving my New-year's blessing to my countrymen, and ending with the very sentence which my pen is at this moment tracing. But words of parting are often words of sorrow : I cannot but feel sorrow when I am bringing to an end this pleasant gossip with my brother Dalesmen ; and at the same time am compelled, by the infirmities of old age and my many duties, to think that this is the very last occasion on which I shall ever be permitted in this manner to address them. They will therefore, I hope, listen to me with kind Christian hearts while I linger with them through some more pages : and invite my friends in Dent, especially those advanced in life, to live over again with me in memory, some bygone passages in the history of our native Dales.

One aim in my *first* Pamphlet (what I am now writing scarcely deserves the name of a *second*) was to connect by links of memory the present with the past condition of our Dale ; to distinguish Dent as it now is from Dent as it once was—a land of prosperous Statesmen with a mirthful peasantry rejoicing in the sweet fruits of a happy industry. My father knew Dent in its full prosperity ; I only knew it in its decline and gradual fall from its former estate : and, I am thankful to add, I have lived long enough to witness its partial restoration to social health, but not to the social position it once held.

When I direct my mind's eye to the farthest boundary

within my memory, I am capable of seeing, dimly it may be, yet surely, a few objects which passed before my vision not less than 82 or 83 years since. I have no remembrance whatever of the old Church with its clerestory, its battlements, its leaden roof and lofty tower. But I do remember the Rood-Screen and the Rood-Loft; and the carved decorations of the Chancel, which were utterly destroyed at the time of what were called the great improvements of the Church. Whatever might be their other benefits, they were destructive of all its architectural beauty. These changes (some of them were perhaps improvements) took place in my early childhood, I might almost say my infancy: and I remember being taken in a nurse's arms while they were building the steeple of the Church, and I saw them elevating large blocks of stone by the help of Triangles, known in Dent by the name of Teagles.

My Father once disputed with me about this remembrance, and told me it was impossible. But I convinced him of the truthfulness of my memory by reminding him of another fact—that he had taken me, perhaps the year following, to the upper part of Flintergill, where by the same kind of machinery they were hoisting up great blocks of black marble from the lower part of the gill; and this sight distinctly brought back the remembrance of what I had seen the preceding year while in my nurse's arms. Still more vividly do I remember a remote event, but of a later year—the public opening of the belfry after the six new bells had been mounted in the tower. It was a day of great rejoicing in the Dale; and the inhabitants gathered in crowds in the Church-yard to listen to the tongues of the six strangers that had come to take a high place amongst them. A young man, named Thomas Batty, took me from the nurse's arms, and carried me up the ladders of the steeple to shew me the bells while they were ringing their

merry peal. However sweet the bells might be at a proper distance, their noise was terrific and enough to tear the bones of the head asunder when the ear was in the same room with them. So I kicked with my little feet against the breast of the bearer, and he soon took me down and restored me to my nurse's arms. It was the same man who eight or ten years afterwards filled the office of constable, and shewed the inhabitants of Dent a method of administering cheap justice, as I have told them in a former page (p. 31, note).

The alterations of the Church, the building of the steeple, and the mounting of the bells, were done by the inhabitants of the valley joyfully, and I believe without grudging. We have heard the solemn tones of the great bell sounding over our heads as we have walked in mournful procession, following the remains of those we had loved to their last earthly resting-place;—a thousand times we have heard them when they summoned the inhabitants of the Dale to acts of common worship and Christian love, on the weekly day of rest. Nor can I discharge from my memory the occasions of almost frantic joy, when the news of some great victory reached our quiet Dale; and then the bells rang merrily in unison with the joyful beatings of our hearts. Such an occasion was the first naval victory of the great war, won on the first of June 1794: such was the battle off Cape St Vincent, when Nelson gave a noble promise of future glory: such above all was the battle of the Nile, fought off the coast of Egypt (a land the name of which had been familiar to us from our earliest years)—fought through the darkness of the night, and ending in a victory more complete perhaps than had ever been described before in the tale of English history. From that time forward Nelson was the naval hero of his day, and the idol of English hearts.

And now let my friends take a flight with me over an

interval of seventeen years, when (in the spring of 1815) I again found a refuge among my friends in Dent after the University had been broken up by a fatal fever. It was a year of great events in the history of Christendom, and the fate of Europe seemed once more to be hanging upon the issue of a battle. At that time we had a post three days a week, and each of those days, to the great comfort of the aged Postman, I rode over to Sedbergh to bring back the newspapers and the letters to my countrymen. Gloomy reports had reached us of a battle and a retreat; but another and greater battle was at hand: and on one of my anxious journeys, just as I past over the Riggs, I heard the sound of the Sedbergh bells. Could it be, I said, the news of a victory? No! it was a full hour before the time of the Postman's arrival. A minute afterwards I saw a countryman returning hastily from Sedbergh. "Pray what means that ringing?" I said. "News, Sir, sich as niver was heard before: I knâ lile about it; but the Kendal Postman had just come an hour before his time. He was all covered with ribbons, and his horse was all covered with froth." Hearing this, I spurred my horse to the Kendal Postman's speed; and it was my joyful fortune to reach Sedbergh, not many minutes after the arrival of the Gazette Extraordinary which told us of the great victory of Waterloo.

After joining in the cheers and gratulations of my friends at Sedbergh, I returned to Dent with what speed I could: and such was the anxiety of the day that many scores of my brother Dalesmen met me on the way: and no time was lost in our return to the market-place of Dent. They ran by my side as I urged on my horse: and then mounting on the great blocks of black marble, from the top of which my countrymen have so often heard the voice of the auctioneer and the town-crier, I read, at the highest pitch of my voice, the news from the Gazette Extraordinary to the anxious crowd which pres-



sed round me. After the tumultuous cheers had somewhat subsided, I said, "Let us thank God for this great victory, and let the six bells give us a merry peal." As I spoke these words an old weather-beaten soldier who stood under me said, "It is great news, and it is good news, if it bring us peace. Yes," continued the old soldier, "let the six bells ring merrily; but it has been a fearful struggle; and how many aching hearts will there be when the list of killed and wounded becomes known to the mothers, wives and daughters of those who fought and bled for us! But the news is good, and let the six bells ring merrily."

On all these great occasions I was an eye-witness and a partaker of the rejoicings and excitement in my native Dale. But how does all this tell upon the objects of this Supplement? Not much upon the condition of the Dale; but much upon the feelings of the people. The belfry was first opened on an occasion of public joy in which young and old were the sharers; and for many a long year my brother Dalesmen were proud of their six bells, and rejoiced in the liberality of those who had lived before them. But a strange change had, since those days, come, for a while, over the inhabitants of Dent. For, about two or three years since, when I revisited the home of my early life, the bells were as silent as the grave; because the inhabitants grudged the little fee which in former times had been paid to the ringers. In my younger days, sooner than have believed this, I should almost have thought that the bells would have sounded of themselves by the might of sympathy with the people's hearts. But time, that changes all things, has in some things greatly changed the hearts of my countrymen<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I have been told, since the above paragraph was written, that the bells lost their voices only during some angry brawlings about the old Church Rates.

The facts which I have thus endeavoured to bring back to memory, do shew a vast change in the feelings and manners of my countrymen. In the early times to which I have alluded there were no Dissenters in Dent, excepting the small well-ordered society of Christian Friends, who had clustered together in Kirthwaite : but among them there was no feeling of bitterness, and no outward conduct that interfered with the soft current of Christian love.

Considered by itself dissent may be regarded as an evil ; for we ought all to be of one heart and one mind in our relation to our God and Redeemer. But taking men as they are, with those natural fluctuations of opinion to which humanity is subject, I am willing to believe that dissent from the Church of England may sometimes have been a great blessing to a rural parish.

It is an article of our faith, derived from the earliest times of Church history, that there is one Holy and Catholic Church of Christ ; and there is a definition of these words, given in the authorised formularies of the Church of England, to which I would most willingly have subscribed in every turn of my long life. By Catholic Church we mean "all congregations of Christian people dispersed throughout the world." But let me not, as a good Churchman, rashly judge my neighbour. By doing so I break the commands of God. Among all the assembled congregations of Christian worshippers, throughout the world, He only can discern those who are true members of the Christian covenant, and true children of their Saviour's flock.

There is no acceptable worship of God but that which lives in the heart ; and the emotions of the heart cannot be bound in fetters. For their very existence they require freedom. And woe to the man who in the name of religion dares to put himself in the place of God, and rashly to judge

his brother—who strives to keep the human soul in slavery, and dares to torture the brother who differs from him on a point of conscience! Above all, woe to the man who dares to tell of any new sacrifice, to be consecrated and offered by priestly hands as a supplement to the great sacrifice which was perfected by the Son of God for the whole human race, once and for ever!

A word of gentle warning spoken in love cannot, I hope, be out of place; but keeping the same object in view I will return to more homely matters. Among the changes and great improvements in Dent, I may mention the public roads, which are now both sound and good. I remember some roads in Dent so narrow that there was barely room for one of the little country carts to pass along them; and they were so little cared for, that, in the language of the country, the way was as “rough as the beck staëns.” I remember too when the carts and the carriages were of the rudest character; moving on wheels which did not revolve about their axle; but the wheels and their axle were so joined as to revolve together. Four strong pegs of wood, fixed in a cross-beam under the cart, embraced the axle-tree; which revolved between the pegs, as the cart was dragged on, with a horrible amount of friction that produced a creaking noise, in the expressive language of the Dales called “Jyking.” The friction was partially relieved by frequent doses of tar, administered to the pegs from a ram’s horn which hung behind the cart. Horrible were the creakings and Jyking which set all teeth on edge while the turf-carts or coal-carts were dragged from the mountains to the houses of the Dalesmen in the Hamlets below. Such were the carts that brought the turf and the coals to the Vicarage, during all the early days of my boyhood. But now there is not a young person in the Valley who perhaps has so much as seen one

of these clog-wheels, as they were called: and our power of transport, to be more perfect, only wants a better line of road, that might easily be made to avoid those steep inclines, which are now a grievous injury to the traffic of the Valley. But with all our modern advantages of transport, Dent has lost the picturesque effect of its trains of pack-horses: and many times, on a Sunday morning, I have regretted that I could no longer see the old Statesman riding along the rough and rugged road, with his wife behind him mounted upon a gorgeous family pillion; and his daughters walking briskly at his side, in their long flowing scarlet cloaks with silken hoods.

But leaving such matters, let me again touch gently upon one or two points that marked the social feelings and moral sentiments of my countrymen. I have spoken of their love of athletic sports, which were held in rivalry by different parishes, and were conducted with great spirit. Leaping, foot-racing, wrestling, and foot-ball matches were all in fashion among the Dalesmen. But the victory of the foot-ball match was regarded as the crowning glory of the rural festival. My father never opposed such games, because he thought they promoted health, temperance and good social temper. The spirit of parochial rivalry sometimes, however, led to mischief; and in some rare instances the games were carried on with a savage energy.

I remember an occasion, in my very early life, when one of the old Statesmen, John Mason of Shoolbred, came in great haste and out of breath into the Vicarage, and wished to see my Father. "I hope you will kindly come and help us," he said, "or there will be mischief at the meeting of field-sports in the Great Holm. At a late parochial meeting there was a sad accident, which led to mutual charges of foul dealing. Several of us have been asking them to pledge their word, as true men, that all shall be

done fairly and kindly: but their blood is up and they refused with scorn, till one of the men cried out, We will play fairly if Mr Sedgwick will come and be the umpire of the foot-ball match." "I will go with all my heart," said my Father, "that I may be a peace-maker; and I should like to see the game. Come, Adam, take my hand, and you shall walk with me to the foot-ball match." I right willingly obeyed the order: and though more than 80 years have passed away since that day, yet I remember standing on the high embankment by the river-side, and my father's figure at this moment seems to be living before my mind's eye. I remember his cheerful countenance, beaming with kindness and lighted by the flush of health; his broad-brimmed hat, looped at the sides in a way that told of a former fashion; his full-bottomed wig, well dressed and powdered; and his large silver shoe-buckles; all of them objects of my childish admiration. But what I wish most to notice was the respectful manner of the crowd. Many of them came to thank my father, and each one spoke with uncovered head. Harmony and good-will were restored to the excited combatants, and the great foot-ball match went on and ended in joyful temper and mutual good-will. I have no remembrance which party it was that carried off the prize of victory.

In all this proceeding there was a mixture, I think by no means unusual, of rustic manners, along with a striking allegiance to some of the external rules of courtesy. Many may think this little picture a strange one: but it was characteristic of the times; and whatever blame a formalist or a stern high-churchman might cast upon the part my Father played, I should not have put this anecdote on record, had I not believed that he shewed his true knowledge of his flock, on that day, and did his duty as a minister of peace and good will among them.

\*

Some rude customs, derived from the Middle Ages, were long kept up in Dent during seasons of festivity ; and I heard in my boyhood many tales of broad humour which had, at such times, been carried out into acts of coarse extravagance ; but such customs died out with the preceding century. That the dialect of my countrymen was rude I wish not to deny. It was essentially the dialect of Westmoreland, adorned with a few elegancies culled from the tongues of the neighbouring parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

The ancient Statesman and his family had no polish derived from friction with the outer world ; but their manners were frank and cheerful, and their address had a native and homely courtesy (springing out of a feeling of independence and hearty good-will) which were very charming. They never passed a neighbour, or even a stranger, without some homely words of kind greeting. Such was the ancient manner of all ranks through the 17th and 18th centuries, so far as I can collect from my own remembrance, and from the traditions of those who loved the Dales and knew the people well. To their Pastor, and to the Master of the grammar-school, or to a stranger, they did not grudge any known address of courtesy : but among themselves the salutations were at once simple, frank, and kind ; and they used only the Christian name to a Dalesman, no matter what his condition in life. To have used a more formal address would have been to treat him as a stranger, and unkindly to thrust him out from the Brotherhood of the Dales. And were they not right in this?—What name is so kind and loving as the dear Christian name, excepting the still dearer and more revered names of Father or Mother? They are the names by which we speak to our brother or sister, or friend who is near our hearts. I am writing of the manners and habits of Dent in olden times, partly from personal remembrance ; but still

more from traditions made known to me by my Father, who nearly reached his manhood in the first half of the last century. I know comparatively little of the Dent of the present day ; and it would be idle of me to tell that little to those whom I am now addressing : for on this point they should be my teachers.

In former times I never returned to Dent without hearing my Christian name uttered with cheerful face and rung with merry voice by all the upgrown persons whom I encountered on the highway. But nearly all my old friends are gone ; and, to my deep sorrow, I no longer hear my Christian name, but am welcomed by words that pronounce me to be a stranger, and no longer a brother living in the hearts of the Dalesmen.

I will explain my meaning by two recent examples, which were exceptions to the above remark ; but they will, I trust, prove that I am rightly interpreting the ancient manners and feelings of my countrymen. There was an aged soldier in Dent, poverty-stricken and desolate ; having neither wife nor daughter to cheer him. Several times I gave him a trifle by way of remembrance when I visited Dent ; and for awhile he had from me a small weekly allowance for tobacco. When in extreme old age he was removed to the Union workhouse ; and he then requested me to exchange the tobacco for a small daily glass of grog. In the discipline of his regiment he had learned a more smart and formal address than was usual in the Dales : but all this wore away when he tried to express his thanks to me, whenever I called on him. I was then sure to hear my Christian name sounded from his aged lips. The last time I saw him he was above ninety years of age and bedridden, yet apparently happy and in good hope ; and when the master of the Union made him understand that a gentleman had called to see him, he said, "Is it Adam?"

I did not remain long with him ; and as I left him he pressed my hand and said, "Oh, Adam, it is good of you to come and see me here !"

The other case tells the same truth—that the Christian name was the name of loving memory—but it is told in a merrier tone. There were in my childhood two well known, cheerful-mannered women living in Dent—a mother and daughter employed in the carrying trade—old Peggy Beckett and young Peggy Beckett. Young Peggy won my child's heart by playing with me, and helping me to leap over the tombstones in the churchyard. But she married, and disappeared from Dent ; and many years, I think not less than seventy, passed away before in extreme old age she returned to Dent, to end her days at her son's cottage. The first time I found my way to Dent, after her return, I went, along with some young nieces, to call upon her. She received our party with a bright and respectful cheerfulness ; but perhaps with more formality than was usual in the Dale ; and she spoke to me as a stranger. But when they told her who I was, her fine old face lighted up. She looked earnestly at me for about two seconds, and then said, "Oh, Adam, it is lang sin' I tought ye to loup off Battersby's trough !" (Oh, Adam, it is long since I taught you to leap off Battersby's tombstone.)

This address brought back to my memory a pleasant passage in the life of my childhood ; and it proved that the young Peggy Beckett of early years, by this use of my Christian name, no longer thought me a stranger, but welcomed me again as a brother of the Dale<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Battersby was an early Master of the Chartered Grammar School (see Appendix No. V., p. 53 of the *Memorial*), and had in his day the reputation of being a "conjurer." A large and ugly monument had been erected to his memory near the south-west angle of the new steeple ; and being partly in ruins, when the builders began, some of its larger blocks of stone were placed in the new ground-works. When this desecration was dis-



Do not these two examples prove what I contend for? That the Christian name was not used as a word of thoughtless familiarity; but as a word of confiding, brotherly love. Perhaps some reader may think that the little tales I have been telling are too insignificant to throw any light upon the manners and opinions of my native Dale. I am not a sharer in such an opinion; for I believe that the manners and feelings and changes of condition of a retired Northern Dale are better marked by the small incidents of daily life, than by events and feelings of a graver tone. But I may have been warped a little by my desire to speak of changes that have been wrought within the limits of my own memory; and I have been trying to tax it to the utmost, by telling of events which have probably escaped the memory of some of the old people of the Dale, and never have been known by the young.

It would be an easy matter to fill a little volume with tales of humour illustrating the manners of the Northern Dales; but I have no time for such a task, nor do I think its performance would be profitable or becoming in an old man's parting address to his countrymen.

#### SECTION V.

*Remarkable features of the Parish of Sedbergh.*

*Biographical Notices of some of its leading Men.*

The river Lune, which adorns one of the sweetest valleys in

covered, an old man came in terror to my father, affirming that the steeple would never stand. My father partly allayed the old man's fears, and told him it was foolish and wrong to think that a part of God's house could not stand against the power of a dead conjurer. For a while the old man was pacified and seemed half-ashamed of himself: but shortly afterwards he returned with a blank, doubting face, and said—"I's feard, Sir, the bells when put in the new steeple 'ill be ringing when they sud'nt." I have more than once heard my father tell this tale.

the North of England, is fed in the lower parts of its course by numberless streams or rivulets which descend from the neighbouring hills: but when we have ascended along its course to the foot of the higher mountains of Yorkshire, we find it breaking into four principal branches. The first, for a while, forms the boundary between Yorkshire and Westmoreland, and carries the name of Lune, northwards, among Howgill Fells. The next branch, called the Rother, drains the valley of Sedbergh. A little above the Town it gives off a third branch, which brings down the waters of Garsdale—known to myself only by the name of Garsdale-beck—which flow through some scenery of great beauty. A fourth, and a far larger branch, the Dee,—given off very soon after the Rother quits the Lune,—drains the valley of Dent. In ancient days, when the hill sides were covered with dense forests, Dent must have been more retired from sight, and perhaps more difficult of access, than any of the above-named valleys within the parish of Sedbergh: for the valley of the Dee contracts at its lower extremity by the convergence of two mountain-chains, so that its waters escape into the Rother and the Lune through a narrow gorge<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> From the brow in the Kendal road, just where it bends down into the parish of Sedbergh, the views are very grand; and ought to be of singular interest to a native of the country. Better still are some of the views, a little farther North, from one of the round-topped hills within the Chapelry of Firbank. Many times when a schoolboy I have gone, on a half-holiday, with my class-fellows to those Firbank hills; and we could select for ourselves the points of view which at once brought before our sight five distinct valleys which seemed to unite in a great basin or central depression at our feet, in the upper part of which the tower of Sedbergh Church was seen in the distance. Down four of these valleys the waters descend into the central basin. Through the fifth valley they make their final escape down the lovely scenery of the lower Lune. Should this note reach the sight of any of my younger countrymen or countrywomen, I exhort them to walk to the top of one of these Firbank hills (a very easy task), and warm their hearts by gazing over this cluster of noble Dales, among which Providence placed the land of their Fathers, and the home of their childhood.

Valleys and dales so nearly united, and comprehended within the boundaries of one parish, must inevitably have had in their social history many characters in common. But in the changes of condition, among the older Statesmen, Sedbergh suffered incomparably less than Dent. Its inhabitants of the humbler class were not so much dependent upon a local manufacturing industry; and their Town was upon a far better and more central line of communication with the neighbouring Dales of Westmoreland and Yorkshire. Among the inhabitants of the Dale of the Rother were also some gentlemen of ample fortune whose estates were not touched by those changes which ruined so many of the old Statesmen of our Dale. Hence it is that the population of Dent, which in the last century, and within the limit of the first *census* (in 1801), was considerably above that of Sedbergh, has now fallen far below it; a fact which tells a tale of sorrow to my native Dale.

Turning away from this subject, and looking to the best evidence before us, we may feel assured that no true conception could be formed of the condition of the whole parish of Sedbergh, and of its position in the social scale, from such a short account of it as has been given in Mr Ritter's letters. To form a better estimate let us remember that a grammar-school with a magnificent endowment was founded at Sedbergh in the reign of Edward VI.; and that a few years later (not more than ten or twelve years later than the date of Mr Ritter's letters) a similar school, though less richly endowed, was founded in Dent at the cost of its inhabitants, and also obtained a Charter.

I should ill satisfy my conscience did I not, before I close this Supplement, gratefully bring back to memory one or two Dalesmen who filled a higher grade in society than those I have before alluded to, and were in gifts of

intellect and in their course of life an honour to their native land. Among such men Mr Dawson, the benevolent and skilful surgeon and the great mathematician of Sedbergh, stood eminently at the head. He was the son of a very humble Statesman of Garsdale (our well-known neighbour-Dale), and by the condition of his birth, he seemed destined to live as a humble watcher of a flock of sheep upon the mountains. But, spite of poverty—without teachers to guide him beyond the simplest elements of knowledge; without books, and never, I believe, encouraged, but often opposed and laughed at by those around him—he gradually amassed such an amount of knowledge, especially in the exacter sciences, that three young men obtained lodgings in Garsdale in the year 1756 that they might secure young Dawson's help in preparing them for the higher studies at the University of Cambridge. Among these three students was my father, who often spoke of the Garsdale summer as one of very great happiness and profit. This was perhaps the first dawn of the youthful shepherd's fortunes. His fame became known beyond the Dales, and gained him soon afterwards a home in the house of an eminent surgeon at Lancaster—a man of science and good sense, who had a name among the northern worthies of last century.

Mr Dawson was, I think, too old to be an apprentice; but rather had the place of an honoured student and companion; and very soon he was able to take the part of a professional assistant. He had now no lack of books or want of sympathy; and he rapidly made that great and generous progress which marks an intellect of first-rate power, when urged onwards in its work by a never-tiring will. Before long he was capable of holding consultations with good professional men, and of measuring weapons with mathematical analysts of the highest name in England.

After his severe training at Lancaster was ended, he practised for awhile among the northern Dales without any medical diploma, took some pupils, and made money as best he could, till he had saved about a hundred guineas. These he rolled up and stitched in the back of his waistcoat: and then with stout shoes and sturdy staff, and having in hand all the baggage he possessed, he strode off to Edinburgh, and was entered in that honoured University as a medical student. These facts I have heard from his own mouth; for he was one of my father's dearest friends and companions; and I had the happy privilege of being his pupil full half a century after that summer when the "Cambridge freshmen" had their first mathematical lessons from the young shepherd of Garsdale.

While making way with the medical cycle and encountering a formidable range of severer studies, he lived with sternest self-denial. But no economy could save his funds from wasting; and the external sinews of his movements were on the very point of failing, when once again he packed up his whole stock, took his good staff in hand and strode back to Sedburgh. He had then no difficulty in meeting the common wants of life. The country was longing for his return, and professional practice flowed in upon him. But he still lived with great self-denial; and by using all means within his power, both of head and of hand, he amassed a sum, I believe about three times as great as that with which he walked to Edinburgh.

Again he gave up his practice, started on foot southwards, in the same simple fashion in which he had gone to Edinburgh, and found his way to London. But he met with no lodging there so cheap as the one he had found on a high floor, to which he ascended from one of the Wynds of Edinburgh. Neither could he live in the same retirement: for the sound

of his name had passed beyond the Dales, and several men of science—among them Dr Waring who held Newton's chair at Cambridge—sought his personal acquaintance. Hence it was that young Dawson finished his rouleau of guineas sooner perhaps than he could have wished: but he finished also a good course of study, and obtained his diploma; and then returned on foot, staff in hand, to Sedbergh. His course was now clear and he had won a good position for himself. He married, settled in his house at Sedbergh, had the command of the best medical practice in all the neighbouring Dales; and sometimes to his sorrow his duties carried him far beyond them.

He still went on with his favourite studies; and his mind hardly seemed to have a pause. It was said of him, perhaps in jest, that he could solve a problem better when riding up the Dales on his saddle than when sitting at his private desk. At any rate he made himself master of every standard mathematical work known to the scientific literature of this country, and he was counted among the very first analysts of his day. This was not the mere admiring gossip of a country town; but its truth was proved by various profound Essays on contested points of Physical Astronomy, into which he was led, not through vainglory, but from the simple love of truth. These subjects are utterly unfit for any discussion in this my final address to my countrymen. But I mention here the name of the old philosopher, because he was one of our native stock, and for many a long year was known and loved and honoured by every one who had reached man's estate within our neighbouring Dales.

Before Mr Dawson reached the season of "the sere and yellow leaf," he abandoned the laborious profession of a surgeon, and devoted himself to the task of a mathematical teacher,—especially as a trainer of Cambridge men, for the higher honours of the University. In proof that he did not

labour in vain, I may state that among his pupils were ten or eleven Senior Wranglers, the captains of their respective years ; and we may affirm with confidence that he was the greatest mathematical teacher of his day who worked independently, and without any appointments in our great national establishments.

I knew him well in his honoured old age ; for I was his pupil during three successive summers of my undergraduate life ; but it is hard for me to do full justice to the head and heart of my dear old master. Simple in manners, cheerful and mirthful in temper, with a dress approaching that of the higher class of the venerable old Quakers of the Dales, without any stiffness or affectation of superiority, yet did he bear at first sight a very commanding presence, and it was impossible to glance at him for a moment without feeling that we were before one to whom God had given gifts above those of a common man. His powerful projecting forehead and well chiselled features told of much thought ; and might have implied severity, had not a soft radiant benevolence played over his fine old face, which inspired his friends, of whatever age or rank, with confidence and love.

The last time I saw him was in extreme old age, not long before his death. His memory was shaken, and I was told by his daughter (who was the prop and solace of his latter years) that he would not be able to sustain any long, connected conversation. But, to my surprise and joy, he lighted up, talked of old times and early studies, and then, with all his former earnest simplicity of expression and clearness of thought, he spoke of the introduction of the powerful French mathematical analysis into the Cambridge course ; and he named with great praise some analytical works which he had read within the last two or three years.

“I have sometimes grieved,” he said, “but perhaps it is ungrateful of me, that I did not know this powerful implement of discovery in early life. I thought that I might have grasped it, and then tried my hand with some of the great problems of physical astronomy; but now I am a feeble old man, and my days are nearly numbered.” It was in truth one of the last flickerings of his intellectual life and love. I saw him again, the same day, and endeavoured to bring his mind back to our previous conversation; but in vain. His mental power was gone; and he seemed to have no remembrance of the subjects, which a very little while before had drawn from him such a bright gleam of intellectual light.

Happy were the days, both to young and old, when the genial-hearted philosopher walked over the hills, which he did frequently, to spend a few hours at the vicarage of Dent! Whenever he and my father met, their hearts seemed to be warmed with the spirits of two schoolboys meeting on a holiday. And well might they be happy in the sweet remembrances of God’s mercies so long vouchsafed to them, and in those firm unflinching Christian hopes that gave a bright colour to the days of their old age.

The next person who rises before my mind’s eye, among the intellectual and social characters of the Dales during the years of my youthful life, is Mr Robert Foster of Hebblethwaite Hall—a beautiful property a little more than two miles above Sedbergh. My father and he had many feelings in common. Both had been educated at Sedbergh school, and on most points of social interest they were well agreed; and both were penetrated by a strong sympathy with the humours of the humbler Dalesmen. He was of the Society of Friends, and sometimes when he drove over to visit the brotherhood in Kirthwaite, or at other times when, tempted by the bright weather, to make a short cut over the hills on foot to the old



vicarage of Dent, he would halt a few hours in friendly intercourse with my father. I remember his presence well, when I was but a little boy: his dark complexion which had been made darker by a tropical sun; his small and regular features; his dark and bushy eyebrows; his earnest and grave look, which at first sight gave to me an impression of sternness. But all that feeling went off when he began to speak; for his voice was pleasant, and his discourse at once earnest and genial. Even in my childhood I felt joy whenever he came to the vicarage; and I used to creep behind his chair that I might hear him talk. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, and a grave outer garb of a quaker cut; but I never thought that he looked quite like a quaker. He had not the soft, bland expression of a good old quaker Statesman; and he had a confirmed habit of slovenliness, which was utterly unlike the precise and perfect neatness of all other men of his grade in the Society of Friends.

Between three and four years before I became a member of Trinity College I boarded, along with three other boys, at a farm-house kept by a Quaker who was a near connexion of the Fosters of Hebblethwaite Hall. We were treated by the family with infinite kindness, and our happy freedom made us the envy of our school-fellows. From this family, as well as from my father, I learned some tales of R. Foster's early life, which I will shortly touch upon. While at Sedbergh school he soon outstripped all the boys of his Class in making his way through the standard authors in Greek and Latin; and he outstripped them quite as much in audacious deeds of eccentric waggery. His mind became inflamed by dreams of foreign lands and thoughts of enterprise: and while in such moods, spite of the beautiful scenery of his native home, his yearnings were little satisfied by the thought of settling down into the placid life of a leading quaker Statesman. So he one

day packed up bag and baggage, and walked off to seek his fortune: and a few days afterwards, (I think at Liverpool,) entered himself in a foreign bound vessel as a common sailor. He set to work in his new life with all the energy of his ardent will; and the Master of the vessel, who was a man of good sense and humanity, marked the boy's style and manner, took him to his cabin, and drew from him his secret. You have done wrong in leaving your parents, said the captain; but spite of that I like your spirit, and I give you the choice of two things—If you have a heart to go on with this profession you must leave this ship and be rated as a midshipman in a man-of-war, and I have a friend in the royal navy to whom I will send you; and you will be put, as a young gentleman, in a right position. If this do not suit you, I have no choice left but to put you under arrest, and send you back to your father.

There could be no doubt which alternative the boy would choose. He *was* rated as a midshipman in a man-of-war; and by an enthusiastic devotion to all the duties and studies of his profession, he gradually became an accomplished sailor; and during one of the early wars of the reign of George III. he performed in the West Indies such acts of well-timed and daring courage, that he obtained the commission of lieutenant much sooner I believe than would be compatible with the rules of modern service.

Once or twice during the intervals of active service he came down to Hebblethwaite Hall; and it is said that he appeared at Briggflatts Meeting-house, with his laced cocked hat on his head and a cutlass by his side: perhaps to the suppressed admiration of the younger Sisterhood; but certainly to the horror of the venerable and peaceful Fathers of the Society. Every effort was made to win him back to a peaceful life. He loved his friends, and he loved the

Dales; but he resolved to continue in that profession in which he had already won some glory.

At another interval in the service he again came down to Sedbergh and mingled once more with the tried friends of his early youth: and then it was that he proved, in his own person—what he had read of in the poets of antiquity—that love is in conflict mightier than fire and the sword. He was smitten by one of the youthful Sisterhood, as by a fire from a masked battery, and brought to the ground, never again to rise in his former strength. His courage was gone, for no heart was left in him. His dearest friends seized the opportunity; and by every entreaty of duty, by the power of youthful passion, and by the prospect of realising new dreams of happiness in the immediate possession of the family estate and the lady of his first love—by the might of all these motives acting together he was conquered and struck his flag for ever. His visions of future glory vanished like the colours upon an air-bubble, and he collapsed into the condition of a country gentleman, much honoured in the Dale, and of a leader in that Society in which fate had first placed him.

These events happened long before I was counted among the inhabitants of the Dales; and after the lapse of many years, while I boarded, as above stated, with a kind quaker family, we often saw Mr Foster; and greatly rejoiced when we were invited to spend a half holiday at Hebblethwaite Hall. He loved the society of boys who had risen to the upper classes of the school; and he had resumed his studies of the classics and become a very accomplished Latin scholar. Sometimes he half alarmed us, when he took down some ancient classic and began to discuss a point of criticism. We thought we had enough of such matters when before our Schoolmaster. But our fears were of short duration; for he was soon carried

on by his love of the author; and then, in a way peculiar to himself, he would roll out a noble translation of some favourite passage. It might be from one of the orations of Cicero, or some pregnant and pithy chapter out of the works of Tacitus; or it might be some burst of indignant scorn and mockery out of one of the old Roman Satirists. These were days of delight to the schoolboys who had the honour of being admitted to such genial and healthy visits.

Sometimes, but rarely, he and my father had discussions at the vicarage on subjects of religious ordinances; but I think I may say with full assurance that no word of bitterness ever escaped from the tongue of one or the other. They agreed in many of the great essentials of Christian truth: and they agreed that the end of all religious ordinances was to bring the heart—the fountain head of all true religious emotion—into conformity, both in thought and outward act, with the revealed will of God.

The last time I saw Mr Robert Foster was at Newcastle, I believe in the year 1821, while I was upon a geological tour. The load of years had then been resting upon him: but his heart had not become cold; for the old man received me with the warmest welcome; and then he walked with me, (no longer with his firm step of former years,) and shewed me some of the neighbouring establishments on the river Tyne. He seemed to be again in his own element; and all the persons connected with the shipping interests of the river treated him with marked respect and confidence. After a while he said, "We will go and rest ourselves at the study of one of my friends. You will like to know him, for he is a man of genius and a great humourist." It was Bewick, the well-informed naturalist and celebrated engraver upon wood; and we had a long and delightful interview with that great artist and humourist of Newcastle. It was I believe on

the day following that I saw for the last time my aged and honoured friend Mr Foster; whose name I retain in grateful memory, associated with many endearing thoughts of the friends and scenes of my early years.

I will next endeavour to bring back to memory a man who held a very peculiar place, during all my younger years, among the honoured names at Sedbergh, Mr Thomas Blades, one of the upper Statesmen of Garsdale. He was a fellow-Dalesman, and through life a close friend, of the great mathematician Mr Dawson: but, unlike the other two, above described, he was a man of unsocial habits. He had such a morbidly nervous temperament, that he seemed almost to shrink within himself on the simple salutation of a young schoolboy, or of a familiar friend; and during the three or four years of my schoolboy life at Sedbergh, and two subsequent years when I was a student under Mr Dawson, he was such a recluse that he seldom left his small, neat house and garden: and I do not remember once to have seen his face at the pleasant social and intellectual meetings of his friends. When he did leave his voluntary prison-house, he walked through the streets in a stooping posture; and had the looks of a hard student, who seemed too busy with his own thoughts to take much interest in the casual talk or cheerful greetings of his neighbours; and his pallid countenance had none of that flush of health which so generally was seen to play charmingly on the faces of his countrymen. He had ample means for taking his part in the pleasant hospitalities of the country; yet, though an unsocial recluse, he never had the feeling, or the character of a miser. On the contrary, he was beloved by the country-people for known acts of kindness; and he passed among them, I believe, under the name of Tommy Blades. Not, as I have stated before, from contempt or insolent familiarity; but, on the contrary, as a mark

of affectionate confidence and good-will towards a brother Dalesman.

Like many of the upper Statesmen's sons he had been, I believe, educated at the grammar-school: but unlike all other Statesmen's sons, except Mr Dawson, he went on with his various intellectual tasks, and continued through life a hard, unflinching student. If at any time he sought health by walking over the hills and through the Dales, he was at the same time taking lessons in botany and other branches of natural history. He had the reputation of being a good mathematician of the old geometrical school; but in those studies he was far eclipsed by his friend Dawson. In botany, however, he had no rival among the neighbouring Dales; and if any of Mr Dawson's young Cambridge students found a plant of rare or unknown species, Mr Blades was to him a never-failing oracle. It was said of him, that when any young student called to ask him a botanical question, or to shew him a rare plant, all melancholy passed away from his countenance, and he became cheerful, communicative, and sometimes eloquent.

In one line of study he was widely separated from the pursuits of all the gentlemen of the Dales. He became for some years deeply entangled in the discussions of the celebrated French "Encyclopédie," and in the philosophy of its authors. The long-continued gravity and depth of these studies were known to few. My account of them is drawn from conversations I had many years afterwards, when I was studying under my venerated master, Mr Dawson,—the only man who appears to have been in Mr Blades' confidence.

I can hardly conceive it possible that a solitary and melancholy man should have entered, during some of the best years of his life, on such speculations, without weakening or partially undermining his religious belief. However this may have

been, it is said, that at the first beginning of those movements which led to the French Revolution he was full of hopes that the dawn of that day was come which was to bring the light of civil freedom and social happiness to the nations of Europe. But when the political movements shewed their spirit in factious violence, and went on to deeds of atrocity and blood, the nervous and solitary philosopher became an alarmist, like many other of his countrymen ; and he was so carried away by his fears, and by the powerful declamations of Burke, that he began to abhor that modern philosophy, of which he had so deeply drunk and which he now regarded as a moral and social poison. He lost his health for a while, and almost his reason, during this sudden and tormenting revolution of opinion : and for a while he seemed to have paroxysms of remorse, as if he himself had been a personal sharer in those deeds of violence which sprang, he believed, out of a bad philosophy : and I think it almost certain that the gloom of that period left its partial impress upon him to the very end of his life.

It was during this period of excitement that small black particles, like some burnt leafy substance, were seen floating in the air of Sedbergh for one or two successive days. They naturally led to some enquiry ; when it was found that they proceeded from Mr Blades' house or garden. This induced Mr Dawson to go over to his friend's house, to ascertain the fact : and to his surprise he found Mr Blades slowly, as if to avoid suspicion, destroying a valuable part of his library. He had, I believe, already destroyed the whole of the French "Encyclopédie," and he was then actually employed upon one of the large and costly editions of Voltaire. Mr Dawson made some slight remonstrance at this destruction of property, when Mr Blades replied—that the books he was destroying had driven him nearly mad—that he could not

bear the sight of them—and that nobody else should suck their poison. These facts I gleaned from Mr Dawson, which were indeed very imperfectly known at the time, even to the inhabitants of Sedbergh. To them the subject had comparatively little interest ; and in my days at Sedbergh it had quite passed out of common memory.

Such are the gleanings of my memory respecting this extraordinary Dalesman. In these little sketches I should not have thought it right to pass him over. But having had little commerce with the men of his own time, and having left behind him no memorial of those mental treasures which he accumulated during the labours of a long life, his name is almost forgotten by the present inhabitants of Sedbergh.

There was a fourth person whose name I feel bound to include among these short life-sketches—Mr Richard Willan, of the Hill in Marthwaite, who through all the years of my early life played a very pleasant part in the social and intellectual meetings at Sedbergh. He was about Mr Foster's age and was educated in boyhood at the grammar-school. Like Mr Foster, though not in the same marked degree, he retained, even in old age, a love for classical learning. He was very well informed, and he was constitutionally a lively cheerful man, always acceptable in good society, and he retained his pleasant bright address even to old age. For he was a man of temperate habits, no small praise during the days of deep potations among the country squires of the North of England ; and in external appearance and dress he was a perfect contrast to Mr Foster : for his dress was in the best costume of a country gentleman of the latter years of the last century ; and it was mounted with all proper care, before he went to join a social party.

Being a younger son, he had no prospect of an independent fortune ; and his friends obtained for him, in early life, some



situation, I know not what, in the royal navy : and he held a place (I believe as Purser of a vessel of war) in the great expedition which led to the conquest of Canada. Having the spirit of a true Dalesman he gained leave to quit his ship, bore a musket, and fought as a volunteer in the great battle on the heights of Abraham. Soon afterwards, by the death I believe of an elder brother, he inherited the paternal estate of his ancestors ; and before long came to his native Dale and took his place for life as a country gentleman. He was a keen and successful sportsman, and had a room always set apart for him in one of the Inns of Dent's Town during the grouse season ; and many were the walks which he took with a light and vigorous step through the heather and over the turf-bogs within the liberties of Dent. On the Sundays he generally spent the whole day placidly at the old vicarage ; and on the evenings of the other days he frequently passed some genial and cheerful hours at my father's house.

Sometimes on a joyful holiday, I was permitted to be his companion on the moors and initiated in the mysteries of a sportsman's life. Happier still were the holidays when, having had the honour of an invitation, I mounted my father's horse, in the season of the spring, and rode over to the Hill in Marthwaite to join Mr Willan in an angling expedition down the streams of the Lune. And not a little proud was I when the pick of his apparatus (of the most perfect kind and far above the reach of a schoolboy's poor purse) was put by him, during these visits, at my command. He always returned to an early dinner ; and he well knew how to fill the evening hours right happily, by his books of natural history, his tales of adventures in early life, and sometimes by tales of drollery and humour ; for he was at heart a thorough Dalesman.

For many years—while I was a boy at Sedbergh school,

and through the early years of my Cambridge life, indeed till weighed down by the infirmities of old age—he was a frequent and always a welcome guest at the whist table of an evening party at Sedbergh, or at a graver meeting of the intellectual men from the neighbouring Dales. He formed a kind of connecting link, between the upper society of the Dales and that of a higher social rank in the outer world. With that outer society I have nothing here to do; and Mr Willan only finds his place in my pages because he was in his life and in heart a thorough Dalesman.

Some one may perhaps think that while making these personal sketches I have left behind me the proper objects of this pamphlet. But have I not been describing brother Dalesmen, who took the first impress of their character from the land of their birth; who lived many years among our hills and dales; and were held in high honour by friends of a generation that has passed away? Glad should I be if I could by my old and feeble pen help to keep alive in the present generation the memory of men who adorned the history of our birth-land; who had an honoured place in the hearts of many like myself, who counted it heaven's great boon to have sat under them and heard from their lips the words of wisdom; and a matter for heart's joy to have watched their course of social and intellectual life. Happy should I be could I bind together a little wreath of pious, filial thoughts and loving words, to lay upon the tombs of those dear friends, who encouraged my boyhood, who guided my manhood, and whose kindness had long touched my heart, even from the days of my earliest youth.

In sketching the times to which I have been alluding, and through all the previous pages, I have studiously shut out from my local history all pictures of the present day. There was an excellent society at Sedbergh in my early years;

hardly, I think, to be matched by that of any other small and retired country town in England. The Vicar, Mr Peacock, was a pious and learned man, but of feeble constitution; and his health had been undermined by the overstrained studies of his youth. Of his talents he had given full proof; for he stood first in honour among the mathematical students of his year at Cambridge. The Master of the grammar-school (Mr Stevens) was an excellent scholar, and a good domestic and social man: and it may deserve remark that he also had served in the royal navy, for he was chaplain of one of the admiral's ships, which fought in the great battle of the 1st of June, 1794. And within the same period, to the great benefit of the parish, Mr Davis, a well-informed and social man of independent fortune, frequently and honourably exercised his professional skill, as a Solicitor, in keeping his clients out of the meshes of the law. But none of these were Dalesmen by birth; nor had they any characteristic stamp of manner, thought, or humour, that in old times marked our countrymen. To describe them in any detail, would have been, indeed, to turn away from my main purpose.

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I return to my native Dale of Dent: and to its inhabitants, especially to those who are advanced in life. To them I have addressed the preceding pages; and I now address them in my concluding words, with a feeling of brotherly love,—natural to me in early life, while I lived among them—a feeling which never waxed cold during any of the years of my active manhood; and to which my heart still clings in the years of my old age.

## CONCLUSION.

OF Dent since the years of the Reformation—of the enfranchisement of its farms and estates—the endowment of its chartered Grammar-school—of its long-continued prosperity—its decay and partial revival—of the dialect, manners, and customs of its former inhabitants—my tale is done. Thanks to our gracious Queen, we have no longer any heart-burnings about the boundary or name of our new Vicarage of Cogill. From first to last I have endeavoured gratefully to acknowledge the help I have received from my friends while writing the Memorial and its Supplement. I have, however, drawn chiefly from the recesses of my memory, while making the historical sketches which I now submit to my brother Dalesmen as my good-will offering. It has been my earnest wish to appear before them as an eye-witness, so far as possible, of the facts recorded in this and the former Pamphlet; and on that account I have been compelled to speak in my own person more than might otherwise have been thought becoming.

Words of parting are often words of sorrow: and I repeat that I now feel sorrow, as I did before, at the thought of ending this country gossip which I have so long been holding with my dear old friends in Dent.

Old Time for many a long year had, with his inaudible and never-weary foot, been following my path, and allowing me to walk cheerfully before him. But he presses hard upon me now, and I know full well that he may any moment tread upon my heel, and tell me that my life journey upon earth is at an end. Let me, however, in these parting words speak to my old friends no longer under a figure, but in the simplest words I can call to mind. We all know full well that our life is uncertain, and that its end is one of our Maker's

secrets. But this, at least, is certain—that an old man has but a small portion of this world's life before him. To acknowledge such a simple truth is one thing; but to bring it home to the heart is another; and the two, alas! are often far asunder.

Many have been my warnings. My younger Brother, and several of my old College friends and Schoolfellows have been called away since I paid my last visit to my native Dale: and now I believe that not one of my Sedbergh schoolfellows is to be counted as a living friend; and in Dent one only is left, my aged Brother. Such thoughts sometimes produce within me a feeling of intense solitude, especially when infirmity of sight hinders me from enjoying, in my study, the society of the dead.

But if a long life has been given me, am I to murmur because the infirmities of old age are beginning to press hard upon me? God forbid that such should be my bearing while under my Maker's hand! Nay, rather, let me laud His Holy Name for the countless and ill-deserved blessings He has showered upon me; and humbly ask Him for Jesus' sake, His anointed Son, to pour into my heart the grace of thankfulness, and to cheer the remnant of my fast-waning life with hopes becoming my grey hairs and my Christian profession. While asking my God and Saviour to help me in calling up such thoughts as these, I wish also to impress them upon my dear old friends in Dent and in the neighbouring Dales (and not upon the aged only, but upon all my brother Dalesmen of whatever age), especially now that I am winding up my final conclusion, pronouncing my farewell, and asking God to bless my dear birth-Dale and those who dwell within it.

THE END.

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