AN APPRECIATION OF SETTLE

"... had I come all this way without meeting one object worthy of my attention, I would have been satisfied with what I found here"

From an account by Edward Dayes, the watercolour painter, of *A Tour of Yorkshire*, published in 1805.

The Well Hill steps from the Folly to the Highway in Upper Settle (K. & J. Jelley)

CONTRIBUTIONS BY MEMBERS OF SETTLE AND DISTRICT CIVIC SOCIETY

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SETTLE	E. M. Buckle
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Watery Lane, leading to Upper Settle (C. Harrington)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SETTLE

SETTLE HAS NO RECORD OF FAMOUS BATTLES OR ROYAL VISITS. What it has to offer is, however, of great interest in this modern age, when social history is becoming as important as political history and when we are finding more satisfaction in the discovery of the details of ordinary life in the past. The way our forefathers lived, the roads they used, the houses they built, their pattern of work and play: these are the things that make the past come to life.

The discovery of the Victoria Cave in 1838, and the investigations that followed, showed that the limestone ridges above Settle had been inhabited at intervals since the Stone Age. Thomas Brayshaw, in *The Ancient Parish* suggests that the position of Settle, between the mountains to the north and the swampy lands to the south, may account for the fact that the town, with its group of villages, seems to have been a little kingdom, isolated and largely self-sufficient. These villages, Langcliffe, Stainforth, Stackhouse, Giggleswick and Rathmell, still form a closely knit entity. We know little of this small remote kingdom until a mention in Domesday Book brings it into recorded history.

Much of the history of the district in the Middle Ages seems to have been dominated by the Church, especially the great Cistercian foundations of the abbeys of Sawley, Furness and Fountains. Land was willed or donated to these abbeys by men who no doubt hoped in return for protection and shelter in their old age, and intercession after their death. The first half of the thirteenth century, for example, seems to have seen many such gifts as that made by Elias de Giggleswick, who gave to the monks of Sawley all his land in the township of Langcliffe, with his high pasturage stretching from Trenhouse to Stainforth, his land in Rathmell and the corn mill by the Ribble. Robert of Settle granted his land to Sawley, "with my body for burial there".

By these grants, then, says Brayshaw, more than half the land of the parish had, by the end of the thirteenth century, passed into the hands of the great religious corporations.

In their first enthusiasm, the monks worked much of the land themselves, for manual labour was part of their creed, and they not only tilled the soil and made it fruitful, but became scientific sheepfarmers, drained swampy land, channelled streams, established wind and water mills and probably made many of the green walled roads of the area.

However, as the years rolled by and wealth piled up, the monks became less enthusiastic. Their lands were too extensive to be managed by them, and they tended to put in paid bailiffs and to become landlords and rent collectors. Their spiritual inspiration also declined, and the monastic system with it, until the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII in 1539 brought the lands which had accrued to the Church back into the hands of the laity.

During the era when the Church had established itself as one of the most powerful influences in the Settle area, something occurred which was to prove the source of prosperity and progress in a different direction.

In 1249, Henry de Percy obtained from King Henry the Third permission to hold a market in Settle on Tuesdays, and to take the tolls. No doubt Henry de Percy did well for himself out of the market, but so did the town. One can picture the villagers and the dwellers in the outlying farms making their way, on foot or on horseback, to buy and sell, while inns began to spring up and trades and crafts flourished. Yet there would be great difficulties too, and one of the greatest was transport. The roads these folk used were the green tracks still to be seen in the countryside, or rough bridle paths which were deep in mud in bad weather. Moreover, even these roads were differently placed from the ones we know. All through the Middle Ages, while the lands in and around Settle passed from one lord to another or fell into the hands of the monks, travellers came into the town by the road which comes over the grim moor from Long Preston or Kirkby Malham, down the steep hill into Upper Settle, skirting Settle Green, down Albert Hill, past the well which is now hidden and so into the Market Place. If they wished to go further westwards, they went down what is now Kirkgate and crossed the river Ribble by Kendalmans Ford, and so on into Giggleswick with its three wells and the Mother Church of the area. This is how Kirkgate got its name—it was the way or gate to the only church of the region.

When Henry VIII broke with the Pope around 1540 and confiscated all Church lands and put them up for sale, he unwittingly laid the foundation of that strong middle class which brought so much prosperity to the country. The people of the Settle region, freed from the powerful domination of both church and nobles, began to enjoy a period of prosperity which was interrupted at times but not spoiled by the Civil War and the Jacobite risings. Many farmers now owned their own land. Spinners, weavers and tanners established themselves, a small manufactury of knitted stockings is noted in 1750, and Settle smiths were famed till the end of the nineteenth century. More and better inns sprang up and houses were built, some of which remain today and are of much historical interest.

Trains of packhorses came over the hills with goods to sell or exchange, and there are many beautiful little packhorse bridges in the area to bear witness to their travels. These bridges can be recognised by their narrowness, and by their low parapets, which allowed clear passage to the packs slung on each side of the animal. Some of these bridges are to be found in fields, away from the modern road. Their presence indicates some forgotten path, once well known and used. It seems probable that in this period of prosperity and growth the market place itself would be improved, cobbles laid, places for storage and shelter provided. With modern demands for parking space in mind, one wonders what provision was made for the many horses used. We must remember that there was then no A65 road, and that there would be fields and crofts at hand, as well as the many inns with their stables.

Accommodation must also have been needed for the drovers, with their herds of cattle and sheep, converging on Settle market, and there were probably several classes of inn, while many cottages would offer a bed for a night. Not only were goods traded in the market but workers of all types were hired at the hiring fairs or on Quarterdays. Week by week, friendships or feuds would ripen, romances would bud and blossom, and the Constable would be busy with the market overseers to ensure honest dealing. Strolling players are known to have visited the town, and cock fighting was popular.

The town throve, the population increased, but still the road to Settle came over the moor and down the terribly steep road to Settle Green, where the old tannery and the many old stone cottages remain today, and where there was an inn, now vanished, called the Rising Sun. Then on again, past Castleberg and the Folly, and downhill by Kirkgate, crossing the Ribble by either the ford or by Settle bridge.

It is said that the present Duke Street was formerly named Duck Street or Duck Lane, and this, together with the name "Marshfield" used for a road and a house, suggests that the area between the low side of the Market Place and the river, used to be wet and boggy before the coming of the Keighley to Kendal turnpike. It would be interesting to know when and how the first bridge was constructed over the Ribble at Settle. In the opinion of the West Riding engineer who was concerned with the repair of the bridge when the footbridge was constructed in 1958, the original bridge was probably of monastic origin, and consisted of the upstream span only, so it was much narrower than the bridge we know. There is a note of money allotted in 1662 for repairs, and when the turnpike road was made, the bridge was reconstructed, altered and enlarged.

However, changes were on the way. Complaints about the appalling state of the roads and tales of the discomfort and danger endured by travellers were common throughout the seventeenth century and from the Restoration onwards various attempts were made by the government to improve conditions. As manufactures flourished and towns and their populations grew, it became evident that transport was one of the main needs of the country, and from 1753 numbers of Turnpike Acts were passed, laying upon the prominent citizens of each neighbourhood the duty to construct, improve and maintain the roads in their vicinity. These citizens, called Trustees, were expected to advance money for the road works and to recoup themselves from the tolls collected at the various turnpike gates. Thus a coach drawn by six horses had to pay seven and sixpence, one with four horses, five shillings, a wagon drawn by six horses paid twenty shillings, and a single horse and rider, five pence. However, there were exceptions. Loads of fuel, building material or manure paid nothing, and loads of corn going to the mill were exempt. So were people going to church on Sundays, mourners going to a funeral, electors on their way to vote, and the Royal Mails.

The Trustees, whose work was to continue for over a hundred years, ran into difficulties from the start. They were always in debt, and made serious miscalculations, especially concerning the amount of money allocated for the upkeep of the roads. Thus for the seventeen miles of road between Keighley and Skipton they allowed only twenty pounds a year. Still, in spite of setbacks and imperfections, they

accomplished a tremendous task, and may be said to have effected a revolution in transport and communication.

Settle was one of the towns in which the new road had a startling effect. This road, then called the Keighley to Kendal turnpike, and now known as the A65, altered the whole orientation of the town, giving more importance to some quarters, causing depreciation in others and bringing about great changes in development. Now the traveller no longer saw Settle Green with its old stone cottages as his first impression but approached Settle from Long Preston direction by the road we know as the A65. He came directly to the market place with its inns and shops and if he wanted to travel further, he went, not by the ford but by what is now Church Street, the bridge, and so onwards. Moreover, he travelled faster and more comfortably, by coach or postchaise or private carriage, and at greater speed. So much had the road changed that, according to Brayshaw, of the eight and a half miles from Long Preston through Settle to Cross Streets, only some 250 yards of the old road were utilised in the new.

Once more there came a period of prosperity for the inns. Many must have become post houses, supplying relays of horses for the many vehicles which were constantly passing through the town. As Brayshaw says, from Leeds, Bradford and Halifax to Kendal, Lancaster or Whitehaven and ultimately from London to Edinburgh, men with their merchandise were learning to know Settle as a stopping place. The Golden Lion Inn, which had stood on the old route in the building now occupied by Messrs. Lambert's shop, moved round the corner to face the new turnpike and catch the trade, and it is still there. The Spread Eagle was less fortunate. It stood in Kirkgate and was bypassed by the new road. This ambitious hostelry covered the site of the present Victoria Hall, the forge of the vanished Kirkgate smith, and all the houses up as far as the ginnel. When the Trustees of the new turnpike held business meetings between 1753 and 1761 they met at the Golden Lion, the Black Bull, the Talbot, Spread Eagle, Naked Man and the Swan.

Much life and excitement must have come into Settle with this traffic. The inns would see the arrival of runaway couples off to Gretna Green, Bowstreet runners hunting criminals, and traders of every kind.

It might have been expected that Settle would grow considerably with this new road system, but in fact population and trade flowed away to regions where the coalfields offered a source of power, and Settle remained a stopping place on the route from east to west, still a centre for the life of its farming community and still retaining, along with its old buildings, many of its old traditions and families whose names can be read again and again in the records of its history.

As England moved into the era of the Industrial Revolution, the demand for transport increased, for towns and factories were growing and raw materials and manufactured goods had to be moved constantly between manufacturing centres and ports. Not only were the existing roads unable to cope with the heavy traffic, but the tolls were too heavy to pay, and different means of transport were needed. Two methods were used. The inland waterways received a good deal of attention and development, and a canal was actually planned between Liverpool and Leeds, by way of Settle, which accounts for the name of Liverpool House bestowed on the end house in Chapel Yard. This was where the canal was to have run. A prospectus was actually issued but there seemed little prospect of profit and the scheme was not used.

The other method of transport, and the one which aroused in the early nineteenth century an enthusiasm amounting almost to mania, was the railway. No less than three lines which included Settle were projected before 1848. The one which first reached the district was the line from Skipton to Ingleton. Its station was at what we now know as Giggleswick Station, but it was called Settle Station.

At this date, a passenger alighting at the station must have found himself in a very remote spot. A rough track ran in one direction to Swawbeck, Rome and other farms, and in the other direction to Four Lane Ends. It is possible that a footpath led from here to Bond Lane and Cammock Lane, which at that time were joined. In all probability the traveller would have turned over Beggar Wife Bridge and reached Settle by way of Giggleswick. On a dark winter night, it must have seemed a long and dreary road.

It is probable that the railway company realised this, or perhaps there were objections from passengers. At any rate, in 1849, the company was granted by Act of Parliament, power to make access to Settle more direct. The road which we now call Station Road was constructed. It ran from Beggars Wife Bridge over the iron bridge across the Ribble which was built to carry it, and which carried a toll of one penny for many years to come. The narrow lane which begins as Bond Lane near Marshfield and ends as Cammock Lane near Ingfield was already in existence, and the middle part, now called Goldielands, was widened

The Shambles, in Settle Market Place, at the turn of the century before the second storey was added (K. & J. Jelley)

and utilised. The new road now had to find an exit into the Keighley to Kendal road, and accordingly the railway company purchased a public house, the New Inn, which then stood facing Cragdale, pulled it down and so formed the outlet that we know today. Thus a whole new area was opened up and a new link formed between Settle and Giggleswick.

This railway was known as the Little North Western, and for more than twenty years it was the only rail link that Settle possessed. Then in 1869 the first sod of the Settle to Carlisle railway was cut at Anley. This line branched off from the Little North Western at the junction near Mearbeck and its construction, which was to take seven years, is still one of the great stories of the railway age.

The tremendous difficulties of the task and the tremendous energy and skill which overcame them, at a price, would make this seventy-two mile stretch of line of enormous interest to travellers, even if the splendid and varied scenery did not render travel over it an unforgettable experience. To those who travel by road, the sight of the great viaducts at Ribblehead and Denthead must cause both awe and pleasure, for they seem to fit the bleak moors and the limestone country as nothing else could do.

Yet, strangely enough, this great railway link seems to have left the essential story of Settle unchanged. The town remains a market and a meeting place for the villages and farms of which it is the centre. The kingdom of Settle is still an entity.

Settle's two railway links, although they do not seem to have brought the town much increase in commerce or population, must have given opportunities and pleasure to the inhabitants. There was not only service to Edinburgh, Leeds and London, but local services of different kinds, shopping trips and pleasure excursions for which the car is now used, and transport for regular users such as workers and schoolchildren. Forty years ago, for instance, children travelled to the former Girls' High School by train from Horton and Helwith, from Keasden, and Clapham, and it is some measure of the difference in transport which has occurred since the end of World War Two, that at that time some girls lodged in Settle during the week and only went home for weekends. There is a great contrast with the present situation, when fleets of school buses convey children to and from places as distant as Grindleton or as inaccessible as Israel.

The bus service was, in fact, beginning to supplement and then to supplant the railways, especially for shorter journeys, and for the social contacts which mean so much in remote districts. The first bus service between Skipton and Settle was the Pennine, started by the Brothers Simpson in 1925. Their first bus was a fourteen seater which made hourly trips between Skipton and Settle. The return fare was two shillings and ninepence and the return fare from Skipton to Gargrave was eightpence. The gradual integration of various local bus services with larger companies such as Pennine and Ribble is another interesting page in the history of transport.

Many villages had no railway station, and others, such as Clapham and Giggleswick, were far away from their station, and the bus, stopping in the centre of the village, offered a much more convenient service. In fact it is probably the internal combustion engine, in its various forms, which has had the greatest impact upon Settle in the shortest time. Not only service buses, but cars, motorcycles, coaches and lorries became more numerous as the country recovered gradually from the Second World War, increasing mobility, opening up remote areas, and no doubt adding to the social and educational life of the district.

In the last five years the increase in cars has been tremendous, and has brought with its several new phenomena. First, it has increased and changed the population since it has allowed many people to live in the country but work in towns. It has made possible the transport of children to larger and more central schools. It has stimulated tourism and all the trades which cater for it. It has increased demand for more housing, and more amenities, and while the countryside has to some extent suffered, there is a new awareness of the value of our local heritage.

In such a short account of a long history, it is inevitable that much of interest should be left out. However, there is one advantage, that of clarity. As the story of Settle unrolls, it becomes clear that the history of the town is bound up with the history of transport. The age of the green roads and the pack ponies, the age of the turnpike roads and the coaches, the age of steam and the age of petrol, have all, in their turn, influenced the structure of the town, its occupations, buildings and population. Yet somehow, in the midst of the moving traffic, the town has retained a core of tradition, a nucleus of buildings, customs and families linked with the past. It will be interesting to see if this dual character, of movement and stability, will be able to survive in the coming years.

The Georgian Warehouse, in Cheapside, in much its original condition, with recently replaced bow windows in the ground storey (C. Harrington)

The Folly as it was twenty-five years ago (C. Harrington)

HISTORIC BUILDINGS: THE FOLLY & OTHERS

HOW OR WHY THE FOLLY GOT ITS PRESENT NAME is not easy to guess. Perhaps it may have been so described by eighteenth century travellers along the old main road from Long Preston over the Moor to Settle, who, seeing a mansion not long erected already become tenements, may have said "That must be somebody's folly!". Certainly it is no Folly in the normally accepted meaning of the term.

In 1675 (or 1679?) all the land from Castleberg to the banks of the Ribble was owned by Richard Preston and in that year he built a house which he named Tanner Hall overlooking his estate. There was a scattering of cottages and farmhouses on either side of the hall and the main road ran right past the front of it. Preston must have been a man with decided and individual tastes, fully aware of what current fashion called for, yet strong enough not to yield to its blandishments except where they chimed with his own peculiar ideas. And peculiar they certainly were. Surely nowhere else in England can one find a building in which some of the very latest ideas were incorporated cheek by jowl with features characteristic of 150 years earlier. "Capricious and wilful", Sir Nikolaus Pevsner calls the details of the Folly (or Tanner Hall) but certainly not crazy as one capricious and wilful BBC critic has implied. All seems to have been done with reason and after consideration, unlike most vernacular building in remote parts of the country which is the result of slow and reluctant wedding of comparatively recent ideas with the traditional methods of the region. No doubt Ribblesdale was conservative in those Carolean years, but it was more than conservatism that inspired Preston to use Tudor forms in his ground storey windows, and it was a very up-to-date Preston who built his grand staircase in the very latest style, and who used on the angles of the front of the house the same quoins that Sir Christopher Wren was at that very time using in his new churches in London.

Richard Preston was in his most capricious mood when he flanked the main door with a pair of highly mannerist "columns" if one can so call them. Once more I doubt whether you will find anything quite like them in England. Are they Italianate as Pevsner suggests? To me they speak with a German accent, in perhaps a Franconian dialect, and it would be interesting to discover their provenance. (What Germans were working in the district at that time? There is much limestone in Franconia and German leadminers may have been employed here. Were there any masons with them?) A doorway at nearby Langcliffe Hall seems to be related but unfortunately it was cut about during the nineteenth century reconstruction there and it is difficult to imagine its original form. However it seems possible that the same mason may have been responsible for both doorways (the early datestone at Langcliffe was almost certainly reset and cannot be taken to indicate the date of the doorway). The doorheads at the Folly are a variation on the type common in Ribblesdale, though richer than most.

The most striking feature of the front of the Folly, after the doorways, is the way the ground storey windows run practically the whole width of the building. These have been daringly carried round the angles where at either side a short wing breaks forward; the angles being carried on massive angleposts which in effect are enlarged mullions. A quarter of a century ago and porbably long before that, people were pursing their lips and shaking their heads: "It must be weak, it stands to reason. It'll tumble down yet, you see." When it was pointed out that the house had managed to survive with little alteration for a matter of 250 years they merely said, "Aye, but there's more traffic now". Of course it is still surviving and after recent careful restoration should continue to do so for a long time yet.

But let us look more closely at the windows The simplicity of the mullions and transoms in the upper storeys is in marked contrast with those in the ground storey which are richly moulded, the richest of all being the fully reeded ones in that part of the range which lights the hall. The whole of this range has semi-circular headed upper lights which Henry VIII would have considered normal. Over this range is a long horizontal string course which lifts in a series of steps over the main doorway.

In the upper storeys the windows are mainly mullion and transom. Above the hall there is a twelve light window (6 x 2 with a heavy centre mullion) in each storey, and in the first storey, windows are again returned round the angles of the building. An interesting form of window is to be seen in the middle of

each wing in the second storey. This has mullions and transoms but whereas the lower range has three lights, the upper has only two, the centre light or the lower range having an arched head which lifts into the upper range. This form, which is more usually found in wood, was widely copied in the district for a quarter of a century or more. Another horizontal string course runs across the whole front of the building over the windows in the second storey, two croisé windows on the third storey of the wings have individual label dripstones.

A curious feature of the front is a series of niches. Three disposed regularly over the main second storey window have brackets below, which seem to indicate that they were intended to hold sculpture. A square one offset to the right over the main doorway probably held a sundial.

Entering the house by the main doorway one passes through a small vestibule into the hall at the fire-place end. This is a not infrequent occurrence in Dales Houses whether cottage or mansion. At the Folly the great arched fireplace is flanked by an arched headed doorway at either side, a feature of great dignity. There is another great arched fireplace equally fine in the former kitchen, and throughout the house are other smaller fireplaces with corbelled lintels or heads cut in the form of a four centred arch.

The arrangement of the hall, with the fireplace where we would expect to find the screens passage in a medieval house, is one which developed in the sixteenth century when many old houses had their fire-places moved from the side of the hall or even from a central hearth to a position at the screens end. An instance of this not far away is to be seen at Middleton Hall near Kirkby Lonsdale. This arrangement at the Folly made it possible to place the staircase at the side of the hall and give it tremendous import-ance. Here Richard Preston went completely modern. Pevsner hints that this staircase with its shapely twisted balusters may be later than the house, but what we know of the history of the Folly makes this extremely unlikely. Between 1675 when it was built and 1708 when it ceased to be a gentleman's residence, the house came into the possession of Preston's daughter, Margaret Ellershaw in 1702, and in 1703 was sold to Margaret Dawson, of Langcliffe, whose estate marched with that of the Folly. Her son William married in 1705 and he and his wife lived in the Folly until her death in 1708 when William abandoned the house, leaving it to the children of a later marriage. Neither they nor their descendants lived there for the next 250 years, during which time the house passed through many sad vicissitudes. It seems then that the only possible time when a new staircase could have been inserted was between 1703 and 1705 in preparation for William's marriage. It would have been a most extravagent whim to take out a staircase less than thirty years old, so, supported by the evidence of the long and short quoins on the front of the building, I am persuaded that it was Richard Preston himself who was responsible for this dignified adornment of his fascinating house. It is contained in a tower which projects from the back of the house. Not far away until it was unreasonably, unnecessarily and unforgiveably demolished, was a companion tower built against a high wall of the grounds of the Folly, and providing a belvedere to overlook the policies. It would seem that Richard Preston was a romantic. We know little positive about him. The original name of the Folly, Tanner Hall, may indicate his occupation and the source of his wealth. He is thought to have had a finger in the sort of dubious transaction more typical of the twentieth century than the seventeenth, whereby a corner was created in cornmilling to push up the cost of corngrinding. His uncle, Robert Preston, had been a wealthy mercer, and we must assume that Richard was a business man rather than a man of family. He may have dreamed of creating for himself a medieval setting in which to live in a state to which he would have liked to have been born, but he could not altogether deny himself modern amenities and graces. Whatever is the truth of the matter he left to Settle its most interesting and most important building, and we must be extremely grateful to its present owner, Mr. Philip Dawson, for restoring the house and preserving it for posterity.

A hundred yards or so from the Folly is Settle Market Place with another enigmatic building, the Shambles. Certainly there is seventeenth century work in the ground storey on the strength of which the whole of the lower part of the structure has been attributed to this century. But there is nothing whatever in the Craven District, to suggest that the arches, which are such a picturesque feature of the market place, are of that date. They may of course replace earlier arches, but as they stand one would say that they were of the middle of the eighteenth century at the earliest. The cottages above were raised by a storey at the end of the nineteenth century. It is difficult to guess what the original form of the building would be. Chipping Campden in the Cotswolds suggests a possibility, but it is no more than that. Cer-tainly one would expect the ground storey to be a market hall, open possibly, here in this harsh climate, only along the front. If only it could be opened up again how splendid it would be!

The Town Hall replaced the old toll booth in 1832 and took up much more of the open space thereby sadly cutting off Cheapside from the Market Place. Since its cleaning, the Town Hall is not quite so grim and in fact, in spite of the coarseness of its detailing one can see that in its original form, before the doors and windows on the ground floor front were altered, it must have been a not unattractive building. Was it some internal rearrangement which occasioned this insensitive treatment or was it progress in the form of underground public conveniences which was in part responsible? Even with these there was no need to cut out the mullions and transoms. The roofline, with its triangular and curvilenea gables, and its chimneys and finials is romantic enough however, and quite the best feature of the building.

Cheapside has the old Golden Lion with its shell hood in the middle (now Messrs. Lambert's premises) and next to it a Georgian warehouse in much its original condition externally, with recently replaced bow windows in the ground storey. On the other side of Lambert's shop are the premises of Messrs. Sidwell which were probably part of the Golden Lion, and in fact partly an alteration and extension built even after the Turnpike Road was completed around 1773. An examination of the architraves of all the windows along Cheapside will indicate their chronology. The late Georgian full height bow in Sidwells shows how the building brought itself up to date. Picture the ground storey window of the bow as it was before the cill was lowered and the mullions lengthened and chamfered. According to the Minutes of the Turnpike Trust, the new Golden Lion was established in Duke Street in 1754 but this probably means no more than that a new wing was constructed at that time. The final move probably was occasioned by the extension of the railway from Skipton to Ingleton in 1848 and the construction of Station Road from Duke Street to what is now Giggleswick Station a few years later.

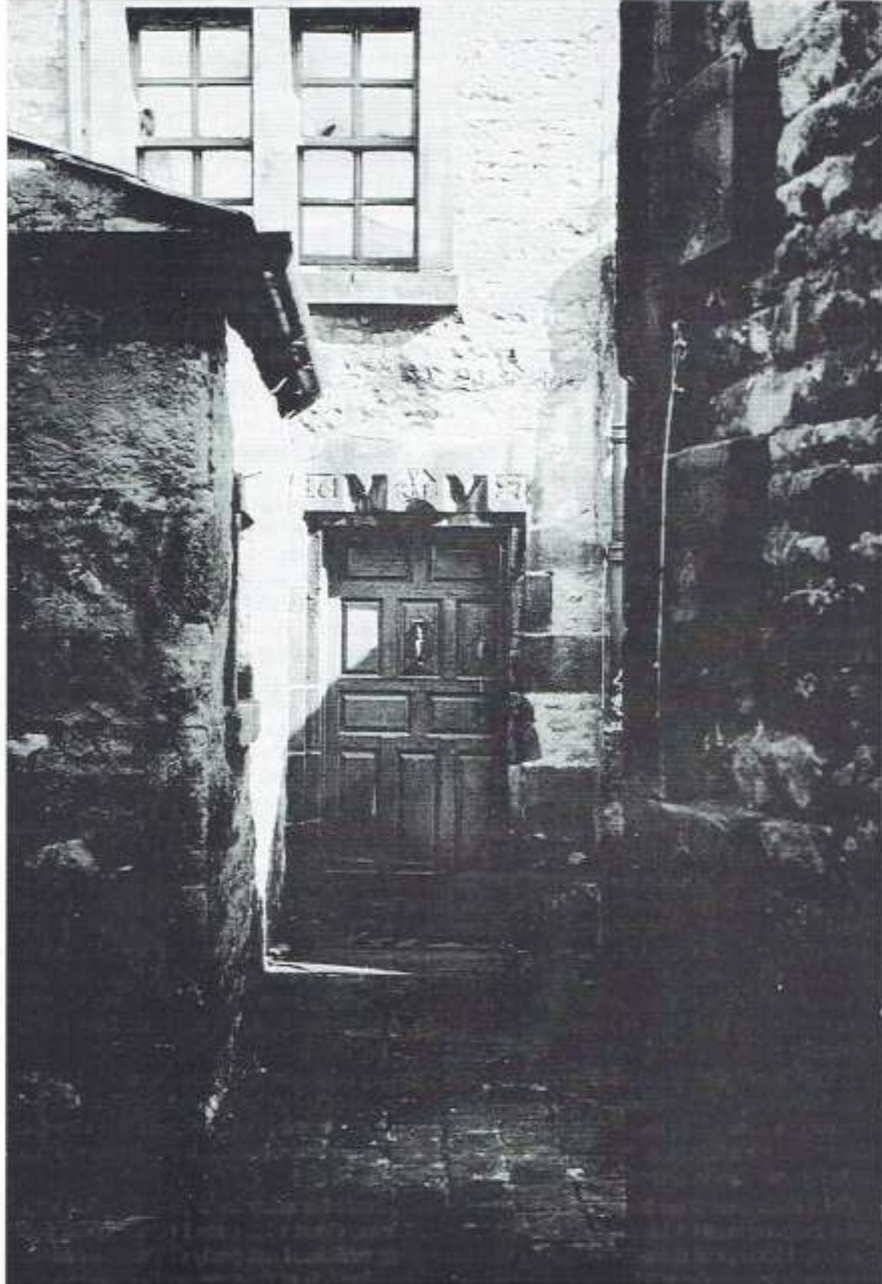
The coming of the Settle-Carlisle railway closely affected two of the best Georgian houses in the town, Marshfield House in Kirkgate, and Ashfield House in Duke Street. What an upheaval the building of the bridges and the construction of the great enmbankment through and by the grounds of these houses must have been! Marshfield is the greater sufferer since the embankment looms over the house and its gardens.

Marshfield House was built about the middle of the eighteenth century by Thomas Salisbury of Newton-in-Bowland who had married a girl of the Lister family of Settle. The house as originally planned had a carriage turn around in front, but, as at the Folly, the main road ran just in front of it. It is a symmetrically designed house with a centre piece of five windows with simply moulded architraves, and side pieces with a two-light window in each storey. These windows with their mullions must be a concession to local tradition. The central doorway has a pediment on Tuscan engaged columns and a semi circular fanlight which has regretably been spoiled, in order to admit more light to the hall perhaps. The hall had a doorway on either side and brackets and niches for sculpture. Beyond the hall is a dignified staircase with what was originally a great window with a most elegantly ornamented head and a ceiling with a dentil cornice. The saloon in the upper storey has a fine Georgian fireplace with its original fittings and a bowed end wall which is in fact false and cuts off the western half of the two-light window.

Ashfield House, built about sixty years later than Marshfield, shows clearly the change in taste. There is a much more classical feeling about Ashfield. It too is designed symmetrically with a semi circular Tuscan portico with a balcony over. The wall surfaces are plain ashlar above the ground storey which is channelled, and the windows have plain reveals and no architraves. The ground storey windows have flat arches with marked keystones. On either side are lower wings set back somewhat. The garden front of the house should and still could be equally fine. Unfortunately some distressingly brutal alterations have unbalanced this front to accommodate lavatories, and the fine ashlar on the street front has been hidden by paint.

A Venetian window in a central bow marks the half landing staircase which is another splendid conception. Settle seems to have been fully aware of the importance of the staircase in giving grandeur to the interior of a house. The staircase at Ashfield rises from an entrance hall with columns also very grand. (Alterations are taking place at present, and will probably be complete when this is published, which may make it impossible to appreciate the full effect of hall and staircase.)

Quite apart from these important buildings, however, Settle has many lesser joys. Cragdale with its quiet front converses with Ashfield across the road. Linton Court with a semi circular sunk portico modestly hidden, and three-light windows which are partly traditional and partly of Venetian derivation. A weaver's cottage down Kirkgate which could easily be missed, is of the seventeenth century, and the Friends' Meeting House a little further down was built after the Act of Toleration of 1689. This should



Doorhead (dated 1697) at the back of Lambert's shop, formerly the Golden Lion Hotel and Back Stables Yard (C. Harrington)

be compared with three other Dales Meeting Houses at Brigflatts, Farfield, and Skipton, all of which retain to a marked degree the impressive simplicity of their original state.

The remarkable series of seventeenth century doorheads of Settle is still worthy of a serious study. Even though some have disappeared and several been reset there are still a number in their original position.

Finally, should you be a lover of Victoriana, spare a moment to look at Settle Parish Church, built in 1837 by Thomas Rickman, and perhaps two private houses: Town Head above the Parish Church on the hillside, and down in the Ings, Infield House (now the Falcon Hotel).

A view down Chapel Street (part of the Folly may just be seen in the background), showing the higgledy-piggledy appearance which gives Settle so much colour and variety (C. Harrington)

Doorhead (dated 1664) of weaver's cottage in Kirkgate (C. Harrington)

THE YARDS OF SETTLE

AMONG ITS BUILDINGS OF ARCHITECTURAL AND HISTORICAL INTEREST, Settle, like many small market towns, has scores of tiny houses and cottages, workshops and outbuildings, all cramped and huddled together for warmth and shelter on narrow terraces under Castleberg. Each of these buildings by itself has not a great deal to commend it but collectively the way in which they are grouped together to form yards and squares, many with unusual names such as Radcliffe's Yard, Chapel Square, Proctor's Row, Back Stables, Commercial Yard, Tan Yard, etc., has given Settle a character of its own, and merits some attention, particularly as these buildings form well over half the housing stock in the town.

It is possible to date most of the buildings, occasionally very precisely by a date over the doorway, but more often by the way in which the stone (the traditional building material in this district for all houses after about 1650) was cut and used. Sometimes deeds confirm the information, but very often they are vague. Large scale maps of the district however produce an even more accurate record, particularly the Jeffrey's Map of 1775 and the Tithe Map (1840).

A picture soon begins to emerge of a tremendous growth in the number of houses from 1780 onwards, and this fact is supported by two census returns of 1811 and 1821 which showed that the population of Settle grew between those years from 1,153 to 1,508. It was an extraordinary development but by no means one that was confined to Settle. Just about every town in Britain was expanding. Communications improved with the coming of the Turnpike and this encouraged people to exchange goods over a wider area, and this in turn meant that fewer people were totally dependant on farming for earning a living, and could work in other subsidiary small specialised industries. The pattern of building development that it caused had its roots in medieval farm practises. Farm labourers in the seventeenth century if they were fortunate had small strips of land around their homes; more often though the landlords rationed the supply of land for building, keeping the best for themselves, and forcing the labourers to live in groups in the minimum space, and go out to farm their small strips on the outskirts of the town. This was the case at Settle and accounts for many of the smaller seventeenth century houses massed together for example in the area known now as Chapel Street, but which at that time was part of the Folly estate.

The earliest houses often bordered the main road or track, and it was only when this space had been used that development took place at the rear. It was quite common to construct archways at intervals in the buildings to form a passageway through to the fields behind. It has been suggested that these arches were possibly intended as a means of fortification, and in times of a border raid, the sheep and cattle would be impounded behind the gates. This is likely but not at Settle where the archways belong to a much later period, and were merely imitations of a well known pattern of building development which had proved convenient.

The Talbot Yard in the High Street was probably the first of Settle's Yards, and was built for the inn. It was natural that it should have a courtyard away from the main road, and the layout and scale of this yard can be seen clearly from the Highway (the narrow road running behind the Talbot). In recent years a few extensions have been added, but the general pattern remains, with the barns for stabling on the opposite side of the inn. Two features in this yard are of particular interest, and variations can be seen of these in other yards in Settle; the first is the flat roof supported by wood beams behind the arch at the entrance (which has a decorative quality) and the second is the stone steps which lead up to a tiny cottage above the archway. This appears to have been quite a common feature, for, a passing traveller through Settle in 1803 (Edward Dayes) wrote, "In Settle many of the houses about the market place have their ascent to the upper storey on the outside".

Back Stables Yard on the opposite side of the High Street has now been replaced by Delaney Court. All traces of the yard have been obliterated but it must have matched the Talbot, and probably was very similar in style and built around the same time to serve the Golden Lion both in the seventeenth century when it was in Cheapside, and later when it moved round the corner into Duke Street.

Commercial Yard was one of the new developments which followed the Turnpike. It is now a plumber's yard, but it was built originally for the Commercial Hotel in 1774, about 20 years after the Turnpike was established (the date is over the archway). Again the pattern of development was similar but in this case more elaborate, and in keeping with the increased and more sophisticated transport that came with the Turnpike. The yard is long and narrow with buildings flanking both sides (the old hotel is on the right as you go in and the stabling blocks and the coachmen's houses on the left). At the end of the yard is another archway, with a tunnel through to a second smaller yard, square in shape, where the coaches could turn round and the horses could be changed. This later development of the yard, which was very common in other towns, particularly in Kendal, has, again, given rise to speculation that the yards were fortified, particularly as there were gates at either end. Old maps of many of these towns prove that they did not exist much earlier than 1700, and if you look closely at all the masonry and detailing in Commercial Yard even down to the cobbles and tracks for wheel traffic, which still remain, everything belongs to the eighteenth century.

There are other types of yards in Settle which may or may not have started their lives as courtyards for coaching inns. Back Kirkgate Yard is one of them. The yard remains but there is no sign of the Golden Fleece that was once situated down Kirkgate, but probably had to close when the Turnpike was built and the traffic bypassed it. Thereafter the yard was turned into small cottages for the increasing number of hand-loom weavers, and different tradespeople required in the expanding town. The tiny yard (it has no

The Talbot Yard viewed from the Highway (W. M. Brocklebank)

name) at the rear of the off-licence near the Post Office on Duke Street is an example of how, many of the Yards started their life. With all the best land kept for farming and space for building in short supply, the small crofts, gardens, orchards, and strips of land at the rear of the dwellings along the roadside soon became prey to builders. It was common practice to squash as many houses as possible into one settlement and build onto existing blocks or build upwards, which produced the staggered and higgledy-piggledy appearance. Gradually the yards became distinctive units and with numbers increasing it was necessary to give them names. Sometimes the name was taken from a prominant building nearby but more often the yards acquired the builder's or owner's name. Quite a few examples of these remain in Settle such as Howson's Yard, Tatham's Yard, Radcliffe's Yard, Twisleton's Yard and Bowskill's Yard.

There was no definite plan for any of the yards and there were infinite variations. Usually the term applied to any group of houses around a cobbled area of land off the main road which was self contained and having no through access. In some cases they were no more than tiny passageways and acquired other names such as ginnels, alleyways, snickets, lanes. The names also varied from region to region. In Lancashire, for example, words such as close, croft, hollowfare, are used. One of the most common names that crops up is the words "fold", which was the Lancashire equivalent of "Yard" (incidently it brings to mind a friendlier atmosphere than the harsher word "yard").

The archway over the entrance, usually with a tiny cottage over it, was quite a common feature, but occasionally the entrance was more open as in Chapel Square. This group of cottages has been knocked about by different generations, but it still retains some of its atmosphere as a quiet residential corner of the town which was probably given a boost to its development when a plan was drawn up to bring the Leeds/Liverpool canal to Settle, and make a terminal at Chapel Square.

By 1800 Settle had become quite a prosperous community and an important regional trading centre. Edward Baines on a Tour of Yorkshire in 1821 mentioned the variety of traders operating in Settle at the time. The list included cotton spinners, tailors, dressmakers, boot and shoe makers, plumbers and glaziers, plasters, joiners, blacksmiths and whitesmiths, millwrights, ropemakers, sadlers, corn millers, butchers, tanners, tea dealers, tallow chandlers, clockmakers, etc. There was plenty of work for the increasing population which would otherwise have had to rely on farming for earning a living. Farming itself during this period, became more specialised; certain branches unsuitable for the district such as corn growing declined now that it was possible to import corn into the district. Small cornmills such as Procter's Mill (now King's Mill) changed over and were adapted to cotton spinning. In this particular case it caused more cottages (for employees) to be built near the mill—called Procter's Row (named after the owner, and dated 1833). It is worth noting that even at this late date an archway was incorporated (since filled in) in the centre of the block to provide better rear access, thus carrying on the familiar building pattern.

This development though was unusual in that it broke away from the rest of the town, and remained isolated for another 60 years until the Victorian Terrace houses were built in the late 1890s. But it was the beginning of a change in the pattern of building, and the break up of the yards. It was caused partly by the simple fact that there was very little building space left in Upper Settle, where most of the seventeenth to mid-nineteenth century development had taken place; another factor was the Public Health Act of 1875 which required local authorities to make bye-laws to govern standards of construction and space about dwellings. This led eventually to the uniform pattern of housing all over the country with short front gardens and long backyards. Settle escaped this second phase of the Industrial Revolution which created new towns such as Nelson, and turned old towns such as Bradford and Leeds, which in the seventeenth century were the same size as Settle, into large cities. Apart from a thin rash of terrace houses from the end of Duke Street and on towards the Falcon and infilling round Proctor's Row and Church Street (as well as some later Municipal housing), Settle has retained its late seventeenth to mid-nineteenth century appearance. Today it is an example (which is becoming increasingly rare with the pressures of modern development) or a rural community which experienced the first stirrings of the Industrial Revolution.

A large part of this community has now been designated a Conservation Area (under the Civic Amenities Act of 1967) which means that it should be guarded and protected from developments not in character with the principal features, and enhanced wherever possible. If it is to mean anything at all though it needs the goodwill and support of the people in the district. Unfortunately to many people the yards,

alleyways and ginnels, bring back memories of bad living conditions. Settle because of its size did not suffer as much as other larger towns, but nevertheless conditions were appalling. The main problem was overcrowding. The size of the yards varied from place to place, but in Settle it was common to find a dozen or more dwellings or tenements packed closely together with families of six to eight in each house. The houses too were very small, usually of the "one up" and "one down" variety, with no sanitation except for a single closet which served everyone living in the yard. A map of 1821 shows that there was a piped water supply in operation in the town, but there were many houses where it was not connected. In Twisleton's Yard for example there was one water pump for all the fifteen cottages.

Not all the yards were slums; some were quite respectable and civilised places. The owner in fact often lived in the main house at the entrance (e.g. Dr. Mannings Yard in Kendal). In Leeds Wormald's Yard contained the old Royal Lancastrian School for Boys, and at Blayd's Yard were businessmen's houses. Other yards had small theatres, and assembly rooms.

Settle's Yards were not on such a grand scale but they had the same lively atmosphere, and some of these, too, were used for meeting rooms (e.g. the present Toc H room in Commercial Yard, and the Assembly Rooms in Bishopdale Court). In larger towns the yards have now become derelict and empty, and the town centres are dead at night. Settle has not suffered to this extent because it is still essentially a rural community, but there are signs that people are moving out of the centre of the town and this could harm the town's intimate and friendly atmosphere.

This was one of the main features of life in the yards and one which could so easily be restored. With government grants to install modern amenities these small tenements and dwelling houses can be turned into comfortable homes and take on a new lease of life as quiet secluded houses away from noisy main roads. Settle relies on the yards and passageways as much as on the listed buildings for its charm and individuality, and it would be a pity if these were ever damaged in any way.

CASTLEBERG—THE BACKCLOTH OF SETTLE

THE NEWS THAT SETTLE PARISH COUNCIL is considering the re-opening of Castleberg to the public has reawakened interest in this unique feature of our landscape.

To very early peoples, Castleberg must have been a source of awe, and who knows what ancient rites and festivals may have taken place in its shadow? From historical times we have records of the vivid impressions that the massive crag made upon travellers seeing it for the first time. The late Thomas Brayshaw, in his privately published "Local Tracts", wrote, "In 1775, Thomas Pennant, a well-known antiquarian, visited Settle. On his journey from Malham to Settle, he said, 'I descended an exceedingly tedious and steep road having on the right a range of rocky hills with broken, precipitous fronts. At the foot of a monstrous limestone rock called Castleberg, that threatens destruction, lies Settle, a small town in a little vale.' " Another tourist, early in the eighteenth century, ended his description of Settle with the words, "Add to the whole, by way of background, a tremendous cliff, three hundred feet high, which impends fearfully over the back of the town in a most terriffic manner, and some idea of the scene may be formed." These two travellers saw Castleberg before its base was shrouded by the planting of trees and before the paths to the summit were constructed.

In one of his "Local Fragments", Thomas Brayshaw reproduced an early poster advertising the sale of Castleberg, more than a hundred and forty years ago. Omitting some of the legal jargon, the poster reads as follows overleaf:

A view of Settle from Castleberg (K. & J. Jelley)

The Market Place from Coronation Hill (C. Harrington)

SETTLE IN CRAVEN

To be

SOLD BY AUCTION BY Mr. Merryweather,

at the house of Mr. R. Hartley, The Golden Lion Inn at

Settle in the County of York,

Between the hours of six and eight in the evening of 13th January . . .

The Reversionary Interest

in all that Romantic and Picturesque Plot, Piece or Parcel of

LAND & ROCK

CALLED CASTLEBAR or CASTLEBERG ROCK

NOW SET OUT AND USED AS A PLEASURE GROUND, subject to a lease thereof for 99 years, at the Yearly reserved rent of 6d. about 52 years whereof are yet to come.

January 6th, 1830.

From this poster, it will be seen that Castleberg was already in use as an amenity nearly a century and half ago. Well within the lifetime of many present Settle residents, it was one of the principal attractions of the town, providing something for everyone of simple tastes.

The rock itself offered the challenge of a steep, zigzag walk to the summit and rewarded the climber with a view of the endlessly fascinating jigsaw of Old Settle's huddled disarray of grey walls, narrow roads and clustered, ancient chimney-stacks (a museum in themselves!).

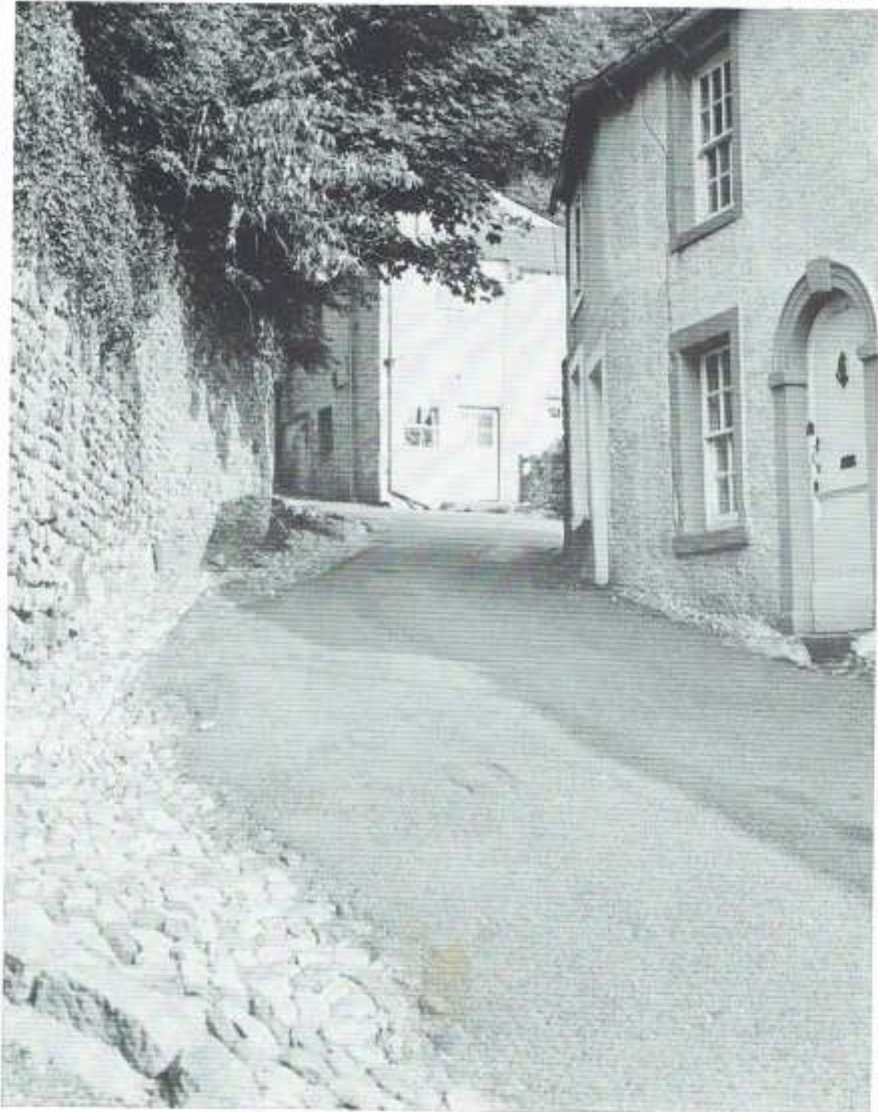
It was to the top of the crag that the traveller climbed for his quick survey of the town and it was there that the returning exile sought the refreshment of a long gaze at home and a deep breath of his native air.

The less active and the very young stayed "in the bottom" to enjoy the delights offered there. A small "round-about" creaked and groaned, tilting perilously to the cries of "Faster!" as the human engines raced between the spokes that supported the ancient contraption, until exhausted fathers, or other willing adults, called a halt to their labours of love. Whose hands, one wonders, carved those primitive "horses"—legless, squat of body and indeterminate of head; they bore a closer relationship to hippopotami than to the prancing steeds of the modern fairground. Near at hand were swings and two seesaws. A set of large wooden skittles and a wooden ball which did not always run true because of a deep crack in its surface, could be borrowed from the caretaker, or "key-keeper" who lived in a cottage conveniently opposite the entrance to the grounds. She collected the twopences from adults and pennies from children which were the charges for entrance and included the use of all the amusements.

By arrangement in those days before the thermos flask, Miss K . . . would make pots of tea and supply a limited number of cups. These were carried to a wooden building which housed a trestle table and two wooden benches, but generally tea was a picnic under the trees. In the days before Settle's railway services were so sadly curtailed, excursions ran to both Settle and Giggleswick stations, bringing visitors from the towns of West Riding and Lancashire, even from Morecambe! These parties usually made a visit to Castleberg, often buying food in Settle and carrying it with them to eat in the grounds. Occasionally a visiting "choir trip" sang to the reverberations from the rocks above. Embryo cricketers played their miniature game on a flat area alongside the skittle track and a high wire netting fence saved their balls from a fate amongst the rocks and bushes.

Maybe the passage of time lends a nostalgic glamour to early memories but it would seem that in these days of traffic-clogged roads there is still a need, perhaps an urgent need, for the kind of haven that Castleberg offered a few years ago. We are fortunate indeed to have such an enviable site on our doorstep. It is a unique possession which, with the wise and discreet planning of the Parish Council, could once more become a valuable asset to the town. One wishes the Council every success in any scheme to further this object.

"*The quiet leafy country lane which suddenly emerges in the Market Square*" (W. M. Brocklebank)



A VIEW OF SETTLE FROM CAMDEN TOWN

I LIVE IN CAMDEN TOWN on the north side of London, quite near Regent's Park. It's a mixed sort of area, Londoners who've always lived here, a large Irish community and many Greeks and Cypriots. There are also an increasing number of young, middle class people who like the atmosphere of the area and have restored many of the houses; they too are in a sense immigrants and form their own community. The architecture is mainly nineteenth century. A mile down the road are the three great London stations, King's Cross, Euston and St. Pancras. It was the building of the railways from these stations northwards that formed Camden Town and Dickens, who lived here, describes in Dombey and Son how the fields round Camden and Kentish Town were gradually covered in streets which, as the century went on, crept up the hill to the country villages of Hampstead and Highgate.

These days the houses Dickens deplored are much prized. Many of them have been restored by individual householders and others have been renovated by Camden Council. Until a few months ago the Inner London Motorway was scheduled to cut straight through the middle of the area. Happily this has now been cancelled and though traffic remains a problem the efforts of the local authority are now bent towards containing and reducing it rather than the construction of a motorway which would have done the reverse. The chief threat is now the property speculator. Camden High Street is a thriving shopping centre, made up of many individually owned shops, often long established. There are a couple of very good wet fish shops with all sorts of exotic fish, Greek and Cypriot shops, and an excellent street market. The existence of these facilities is now jeopardised by developers who are buying up property in the High Street in the hope of putting over on the local authority a massive redevelopment scheme which would replace most of the shops with supermarkets, topped by enormous and highly profitable office blocks. Camden Civic Society and the association of local shopkeepers are now mobilising to fight these developments before the area is irreversibly altered and they are put out of business.

All this is a far cry from Settle. But not really. The longer I live in London the more I realise that it isn't one vast anonymous city, but a collection of communities. Viewed like this Camden Town is not much bigger than Settle. You can see the same people about the streets day by day, become familiar with the stallholders in the market, and with the special atmosphere of the place. So that to go a mile or two west to Notting Hill or Chelsea is to find yourself in a place as different from Camden Town as Settle is from Barnoldswick. It is this variety in communities that seems to me one of the most valuable elements in the English scene. And when I see buildings rased, massive developments under way, my heart sinks not so much because of the aesthetic loss, but because I know it means more of the same. Wholesale development, development without thought for the individual character of a place, ends up by making a town less itself. So that to stand now in the centre of Leeds is to stand in the centre of Manchester or Birmingham or Dusseldorf. There is no longer much difference.

These days, thank goodness, the tide is beginning to turn. We are at long last becoming aware that a community belongs to the people who live in it. In Camden Town the two property companies which are busy speculating in the High Street are based in Edinburgh. I daresay that the directors of the companies concerned have never even seen Camden Town. Yet our destinies are in their hands. They can radically alter our community, and unless we are aware of our rights and make a shindy about it, they can get away with it—and a few million pounds besides. I don't know how many of the directors of Tilcon have ever been to Giggleswick and seen the valley which their proposed extensions will ruin. Though if they have and still persist in their plans it is an even bigger scandal.

It seems to be these days that you don't have to be an anarchist, you don't have to be a Marxist, you don't even have to be a socialist to see that property rights are no longer absolute. Because we own a building, a site, a tree even, it is no longer our absolute right to do what we want with it. It belongs in a much wider sense to the community in which we live, which sees the building, which takes pleasure in the tree, which takes from them a sense of place, a sense of belonging. This is perfectly obvious with very grand and important buildings. The Duke of Devonshire, our patron, owns Chatsworth, as his family have done for generations. Were the Duke, in a moment of aberration to propose demolishing Chats-

worth there would be an outcry. "No," people would say, "Chatsworth does not only belong to you. It belongs to us, and to our children, it is a part of our heritage. You must not destroy it for our sake." But so it is, too, with Settle Market Place, or with Camden High Street, They belong to everyone who uses them. A handsome Victorian shopfront is as much the property of the community as is Chatsworth.

Concern for the community begins not with York Minster or Castle Howard, buildings so outstanding they are never going to be overlooked. It begins at street level, with that Victorian shopfront. It begins with the beech tree at the end of the road. It begins with the barn in the next field. It begins by looking and seeing, and not taking for granted.

Try and look at Settle not as someone who has lived there all your life but as a stranger coming to it for the first time from London, say, or Birmingham. You stop in the Market Place, look round the shops, have a cup of tea, and at first sight there doesn't seem much more to the town. You glance up at Castleberg and are duly impressed, even contemplate climbing up to the top. But there's no indication how to get there, no signposts. Perhaps it's private property and not open to the public. Anyway, you abandon that idea and wander past the new shops, though that's not very interesting, along Chapel Street maybe, but that's all empty property. So maybe you leave it at that, not realising that you've missed half of Settle, even maybe the best half. Because Upper Settle is a pretty secret sort of place, shut off from the rest of the town. It's only if you're determined to explore that you find your way up to the Green, or along High Way and into some of the ginnels and alleys that thread through the town. Once in Upper Settle you can see how the whole town must have looked in the nineteenth century. If you climb up past the Catholic Church (and hopefully go in, for a glimpse of primitive exuberant Victorian decoration) you come on to the Malham road and are suddenly out in the country and Settle is left behind. And a visitor from Birmingham would find that extraordinary, or a visitor even from most towns in England, however small. Because Settle, unlike most towns of comparable size, is not ringed by houses built in the twentieth century.

The expansion of Upper Settle on the Malham road stopped in the nineteenth century probably because the contours were too steep. The result is there is a sharp division between town and country, not blurred, as in most places, by modern bungalows and later housing estates. In Settle the country comes right to the edge of the town, and even, if you count what is now the new car park as country, into its actual centre. This is even more striking across the back of Settle on the Langcliffe road. There a quiet leafy country lane, on which there is almost no traffic, suddenly emerges practically in the Market Square. We are all used to these features, and take them for granted. But say you came into Settle on the Langcliffe road past new housing estates and bungalows then this unique and unregarded feature of Settle would be gone for good. Such a possibility is far from being out of the question: the plans are already drawn up.

I'm not saying that Settle exists solely for the benefit of visitors and should be treated accordingly. Far from it. The busier, the more active, the more genuinely prosperous a town is, on its own terms, the better. But it does no harm to try and see once in a while what it is outsiders come to Settle for, what it is special they find there. Because I don't think it's just because its a good half-way house between Leeds and Morecambe, or a convenient spot to park with a few cafes handy.

Settle is somewhere people stop, get out of their cars, sniff the air and know they are in a very different place from where they started off. Just as when you get off the boat at Calais you can tell just by the smell of the air you are abroad. It's this sense of being somewhere different that should guide us in the way we look at Settle and what we want to make of it. So that if some new development is proposed, the argument should never be, "Well, they've done a similar thing in Skipton or Bradford, it's about time we had that here." Because that sort of thinking ends up by making everywhere look and feel approximately the same. No. The character of Settle, the special setting of the town, beneath Castleberg Rock, and on the edge of the country, together with the buildings we have inherited from previous generations . . . these should be the guiding factors. This is the heritage we must add to, and improve, not dissipate through lack of thought and imagination.

So let's be thankful for the fact we live in a town other people think so much of. And let's learn from them. Let's look at our houses and see what it is that makes them special. When we walk down one of the ginnels to the shops let's remember how much better it is than walking along concrete roads on a housing estate. When we walk out of Settle for a breath of fresh air, and a glimpse of the fells, let's be grateful we don't have to make a two-hour journey through suburbs first. And above all don't let us take Settle for granted.

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