

**ECHOES FROM YEARS
GONE BY. WITH A SKETCH
OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE**

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Echoes from Years Gone By. With a Sketch of the Author's Life by James Hoggarth

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JAMES HOGGARTH

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*Echoes from
Years Gone By.*

BY

JAMES HOGGARTH,

OF KENDAL,

Author of "Evening Strains," &c.

WITH

A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.



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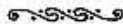
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SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.



JAMES HOGGARTH, the eldest of seven children, all boys, was born July 13, 1834, in a small cottage, at Ambleside, Westmorland. His father, Thomas Hoggarth, was born in the valley of Longsleddale, Westmorland, January 5, 1805, and was the youngest and only son of three children of Thomas Hoggarth, a small farmer, who was born in the vale of Troutbeck, Westmorland, and related to the Woodburne and Birkett families, of Troutbeck.

James, soon after he was born, to all appearance, was unlikely to live long. His father, anxious to have him baptized, walked, by way of Kirkstone Pass, to Troutbeck, to the house of his old friend, the Rev. William Sewell, the Vicar; and, reaching the house about midnight, knocked loudly at the door, which aroused the rev. gentleman, who, thinking that there was something very important requiring his attention, hurriedly jumped out of bed, and, throwing the window wide open, popped out his head, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Whaa's theear at this time o' neet?" "It's me," came the answer. "And whaa's me, I pray tha," said the parson. "I am Thomas Hoggarth, of Ambleside," was the reply. "I have come to ask you if you will oblige me by coming to-night to my house, to baptize a child which seems not likely to live very long." "Aye, aye," shouted the good-natured parson, "stop theear a lile bit, till I git my breeches on, an' we'll beeatk

trudge tagidder, I'll apod us ;" and go he did, chatting all the way about the weather and farming, in the broadest dialect, and

In harmony together they
 Cross'd the grey ribs of the old hills,
 Which rear'd their bald and lordly heads
 As in the days when Adam ate
 The fruit, and ruin'd all mankind ;
 But did not mar the lofty scenes
 Beheld from Kirkstone's frowning brow,
 When the white mists have roll'd away.
 True types of grandeur meet the eye :
 The lake's bright gleam ; grave, earnest hills ;
 The village sleeping in the vale ;
 The vast expanse of woodlands, though
 In abrupt beauty, wild in charms ;
 The sloping shoulders of the peaks :
 When view'd the blood leaps in the veins.

Soon after his baptism, however, James rapidly improved in health, grew strong, and was very robust ever after. His father was at that time a nursery gardener, and lived near to the residence of the Poet Wordsworth, with whom he had many pleasant conversations, and numerous were the anecdotes he could relate—some of them of an amusing character—respecting the famous Poet. Thomas Hoggarth was a good scholar and an excellent mathematician, having been educated at Longsleddale, Grayrigg, and Kentmere schools. In those days Longsleddale Church was in a most deplorable condition, without a door, an old thorn bush being placed in the doorway to keep out the cattle, which sometimes found their way into the broken pews. A suitable building is now erected on the site of the old one.

About two years after the birth of James, work becoming scarce, his father removed to Bowness, where he had obtained employment, and here his family was increased by the birth of his second son, Thomas. Not long after this event he removed to Kendal, where he thought he had obtained work of a more suitable character, but in this he was disappointed. He after-

wards got work at Sizergh Castle, then under the stewardship of Mr. W. Ellison, and removed to Sizergh Fell Side, and from thence to Beathwaite Green, five miles S.W. of Kendal, and it is

A small and straggling village, with
Inhabitants—though blunt in speech—
Who never donn'd in gaudy pride,
And ever lov'd a stiff home-brew.

Being now about eight years of age, James was sent a long, dreary distance to a school in Helsington, kept by an old man, who was very blunt in manners, a great chewer of tobacco, and yet an excellent master in his day. He mostly taught his scholars—boys and girls, and even adults—from the columns of the *Westmorland Gazette*. The school was at that time adjoining the chapel, and was approached by a short incline from the chapel yard—

The loft was small, the desk was large,
The forms were few and black with age.
Amid the burial ground it was,
Adjoining the old sacred fane,
Upon the top of a rough hill;
With long, broad level land in front
That stretches into Arncliffe Sands,
Whose gleaming brine for miles is seen.
The prospect from the place is rare,
With range of Langdale Pikes in view,
And the Old Man, who tops them all.
In the dim distance, in the west,
Rise Cartmel Fells, in dreamy haze.
Exhilaration and freedom reign
In wildest order, and the storms
Have free access to lash a man
Who travels on this naked spot—
A most unlikely spot on earth
On which to build and keep a school—
With no one living near to tell
Benighted travellers where they are.

A lesson was given to the lad one day; it consisted of the single word "Thought." "Noo," said the

old master, "if I tell thee what it is, will ta think on? And when thoo hes been at thy seat awhile, I'll shoot o' tha to come and tell me what it is." To his seat the boy went, repeating to himself the word "thought" dozens of times. When he was "shooteed" on, he went to the side of the old pedagogue, who asked him to spell it, which he slowly did. "Noo, what is it?" asked the master. "Nay," said the lad, "that's a capper; I hev forgotten as clean as a whistle; it's a lang thing o' some mack. "I'll clear tha thee whistle," said the old fellow, and putting both hands on the lad's back, he, with a savage grin and a great crunch of tobacco, sent him with all his might flying under the desk, where he fell on his face. After this the boy always remembered the meaning of the word "thought." Receiving very little learning at this school, it was abandoned for a penny-a-week school at Beathwaite Green. The instruction he received at this school was also very meagre.

At eleven years of age, James was taken to work with his father in the woods, and

One summer day, when deep in thought,
Beneath the branches of an oak,
An acorn fell upon his head,
And thus he argued with himself:
"Why did the acorn tumble down,
And why did it not upward go?"
He could not find the answer then,
But met with it in after years.

In November, 1850, he was apprenticed to Mr. Robert Seed, bobbin manufacturer, Valley View, Oak Bank, near Kendal. And, in summer time—

It is a most delightful view,
With mountain grandeur all around,
And whitewash'd farmsteads here and there;
The blue-bells in profusion bloom
Beneath the guarded oaks and elms
On sloping hills that overlook
The bright, clear streamlet of the Mint,
Which rolls from Sleddale's breezy falls;

The primrose, with its yellow hue,
 Grows undisturbed in the vale,
 The violets grace the sunny banks,
 Wild creepers clasp the sturdy beech
 Where clover scents the verdant meads,
 With cowslips waving in the breeze ;
 The wild birds pour their sweetest songs
 In cooling shades and sylvan bowers ;
 And from the summit of the hills
 The purling river, in the sun,
 Looks like a shining, winding snake.
 From an old ash beside the mill,
 In early spring, the thristle gave
 A most delightful, cheering hymn,
 And, like the whirring noise of wheels,
 In the grey mill was heard afar.
 The hawthorns here are numerous, and
 Admired when in bridal veils.
 In summer time, from heather depths,
 The skylark soars, and full of joy,
 Towards the gates of Heaven, and
 His strains are sweet when in the skies ;
 And, with his universal song,
 The cuckoo stops to give a cheer.
 When surly Winter comes with snow,
 It looks a wilderness for miles ;
 And, at a great advantage here,
 The starry heavens show at best
 Their vast and central living fires.

At this place, having an eager desire for knowledge, and schooling not being within his reach, James determined to acquire as much knowledge as he could by self-instruction from a few borrowed books, to the study of which he devoted his few leisure hours. He followed this up for many long years with weary, yet patient, toil and much self-denial. Often he had to go behind walls and hedges, and even into the woods, to obtain the necessary quiet to pursue his studies. Seldom was he found missing from a cheerless room in the depth of winter, often burning the midnight candle in his pursuit of knowledge, but without a fire to warm him. This, however, did not dishearten him nor make him give up