THE
LITERARY SHRINES OF YORKSHIRE.

The Strid, Bolton Woods, Wharfedale.

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THE LITERARY SHRINES OF YORKSHIRE:

THE LITERARY PILGRIM IN THE DALES.

BY

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F.S.A. Scot., etc.,

Author of "The Brontë Country."

"Everyone who writes a book should either help men to enjoy life, or to endure it."—Samuel Johnson.

"My blessings be upon Cadmus the Phœnician or whoever it was that invented books."—Thomas Carlyle.

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"The country which a great man has inhabited and preferred, during his passage on the earth, has always appeared to me the truest and most speaking relic of himself; a kind of material manifestation of his genius—a mute revelation of a portion of his soul—a living and sensible commentary on his life, actions, and thoughts."

—De Lamartine.

Bradford:
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PREFACE.

"We must be warmed by the fire of sympathy, to be brought into right conditions and angles of vision."

TO trace the footsteps of the great and good, and to point out and describe the scenes which are indissolubly linked with their lives and writings, has become, in these later days, very fashionable; and our American cousins have almost carried this hero-worship to a pitch which is ridiculous. Still, in proper limits, the desire to preserve the fabric of buildings associated with the great, and to keep free from contamination and destruction, natural scenery rendered immortal by pen and pencil, is a most worthy pursuit. To stand in the halls of the "Wizard of the North," to visit Stratford-upon-Avon, are educative

agencies of priceless value; for whatever comforts and luxuries our modern civilisation can afford us,

* * * "We cannot
Buy with gold the old associations."

Four years ago, I attempted on a small scale to pourtray in words, the scenes associated with the lives and writings of the Brontës. That booklet was received by an indulgent public with so much cordiality, that I have been induced to again enter the lists, but this time on a steed of a more purely local colour, which perhaps may be none the worse for that. That he may carry me to success of even a very modest kind, is all I ask of him, and if I achieve the feat of keeping my seat, I will retire from the contest ready to do battle again on a horse of a like colour, for it is evident to the most cursory observer that in a single volume, it is impossible to exhaust the subject.

How to treat this subject satisfactorily, was a puzzle. It would have been possible to treat of literary characters in periods, or to classify them as poets, novelists, etc., but I have determined on taking the watersheds as my guide, so as to lend variety to my discourse, and to give a more purely topographical character to the work. One

rule was clear to me from the beginning, to eschew living writers almost entirely, except in the persons of acknowledged *literati*, and to devote almost my entire attention to the "great departed."

I am indebted to files of the *Leeds Mercury Supplement*, and *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, for much of my information, especially to the Rev. R. V. Taylor's articles on *Yorkshire Novels and Novelists*, in the latter paper. I am also indebted to J. W. Walker, Esq., F.S.A., of Wakefield, for some notes on Edward Hailstone's collection at Walton Hall, also for some particulars regarding the nomenclature of the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

The places mentioned in this book can easily be found on any good map such as W. H. Smith & Co.'s Reduced Ordnance Map, published at 2s., on canvas.

J. A. E. S.

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Brontë Memorial Window, in Haworth Church.

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CHAPTER I.

AIREDALE.*

"Of antres vast and deserts idle,
* * * * * *
It was my hint to speak."
—SHAKESPEARE.

THOMAS GRAY, the poet, in his Journal, describes a visit to the head of Airedale in 1769. He is writing to his friend Dr. Wharton, who intended to accompany him, but was obliged to return home on account of a severe attack of asthma. The Journal is published in the *Memoirs of His Life* by Mr. Mason. He says:—"October 13th.—To visit the Gordale-scar, which lay six miles from Settle; but the way was directly over a fell, and as the weather was not to be depended on, I went round in a chaise, the only way one could get near it in a carriage, which made it full

* From *ar* (obsolete Gaelic), slow.

thirteen miles, half of it such a road; but I got safe over it, so there is an end, and came to Malham (pronounced *Maum*), a village in the bosom of the mountains, seated in a wild and dreary valley. From thence I was to walk a mile over very rough ground, a torrent rattling along on the left hand, on the cliffs above, hung a few goats; one of them danced, and scratched an ear with its right foot, in a place where I would not have stood stock-still

'For all beneath the moon.'

As I advanced, the crags seemed to close in, but discovered a narrow entrance turning to the left between them; I followed my guide a few paces, and the hills opening again into no large space; and then all further way is barred by a stream that at the height of about fifty feet, gushes from a hole in the rock, and spreading in large sheets over its broken front, dashes from steep to steep, and then rattles away in a torrent down the valley, the rock on the left rises perpendicular, with stubbed yew-trees and shrubs starting from its sides, to the height of at least three hundred feet; but these are not the thing; it is the rock to the right, under which you stand to see the fall, that forms the principal horror of the place. From its very base it begins to slope forwards over you in one black or solid mass without any crevice in its surface, and overshadows half the area below its dreadful canopy; when I stood at (I believe) four yards distant from its foot, the drops which perpetually distil from its

brow, fell on my head; and in one part of its top more exposed to the weather, there are loose stones that hang in the air, and threaten visibly some idle spectator with instant destruction; it is safer to shelter yourself close to its bottom, and trust to the mercy of that enormous mass, which nothing but an earthquake can stir. The gloomy, uncomfortable day well suited the savage aspect of the place, and made it still more formidable; I stayed there, not without shuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid, for the impression will last for life. At the alehouse where I dined in Malham, Vivares, the landscape painter, had lodged for a week or more; Smith and Bellers had also been there, and two prints of Gordale* have been engraved by them."

Malham and Gordale have received great attention from many writers. Bishop Pococke, who had visited the wilds of Judæa and Arabia, says, "he has never seen anything comparable to Gordale."

A most interesting work entitled *A Concise Account of Some of the Natural Curiosities in the Environs of Malham, in Craven, Yorkshire, by Thomas Hartley, of Malham*, contains a considerable amount of topographical information relating to these parts. The book is dedicated to Thomas Lister, Esq., of Gisburn, and among the names of the subscribers are those of some of the best known families in

* The narrow vale, from *geir* (D.), a slip or triangular piece of land, and *dale* (D.), a valley.

Craven, etc., such as the Wilsons of Eshton, the Cunliffes of Wycoller, etc. The copy in the Leeds Public Reference

Malham Cove.

Library has attached to it the book-plate of Mr. Horatio Walpole, no doubt afterwards one of the Earls of Orford, and descendant of the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole of

Parliamentary fame. This work is, like most topographical books, spun out to a degree, even giving directions for fishing in Malham Tarn, the best flies to use, etc. There are one or two excellent engravings, wonderful productions for the end of last century. The most valuable item in its pages is a complete pedigree of the Lamberts, of whom more anon. It is mentioned by Hartley that Malham Cove can, in clear weather, be seen from Halifax, and also from the White Mount, Colne. One of the worst features in these pages is, that whole sentences are stolen from *Gray's Journal* without any acknowledgment.

Charles Kingsley, in his letters to his wife, from Malham Tarn, says:—"Here I am at a most charming place built by old Lord Ribblesdale, now belonging to Mr. Morrison, an Oxford first-class man. The house looks out on fir-woods and limestone scars, over a lake a mile square, and simply the best trout I have ever seen." Again in his *Water Babies*, we have the following, which is said to refer to Malham, and on account of his visit here a very likely thing indeed:—"A quiet, silent, rich, happy place; a narrow crack cut deep into the earth; so deep and so out of the way, that the bad bogies can hardly find it out. The name of the place is Vendale; and if you want to see it for yourself, you must go up into the High Craven, and search from Bolland Forest north by Ingleborough to the Wine Standards and Cross Fell." Again, we find:—"A real north-country limestone fountain, like one of those in

Sicily or Greece where the old heathen fancied the nymphs sat cooling themselves the hot summer's day, while the shepherds peeped at them from behind the bushes. Out of a *low cave of rock, at the foot of a limestone crag*, the great fountain rose, quelling and bubbling and gurgling, so clear that you could not tell where the water ended and the air began."

John Nicholson, the Airedale Poet, has also sung of Malham and Gordale Scar in the lines:—

> "Lead me, O! Muse, along Aire's winding course
> To sing of Gordale, its tremendous source
> Where terror sits and scorns the poet's pen,
> The painter's pencil,—all the powers of man."

Nicholson was truly the poet of the dale, for we find among his poems, *Airedale in Ancient Times*, *Airedale's Beauties*, *Bingley's Beauties*, *Mary of Marley*, *At Tong Hall—On the Death of Lady Ricketts*, *Siege of Bradford*, *etc.*

Wordsworth has also poems on Malham Cove and Gordale. It is said that he never visited the head of Airedale, and that the poems were written after inspecting Westall's views. Of *Malham*, he says:—

> "Was the aim frustrated by force or guile,
> When giants scooped from out the rocky ground,
> Tier under tier, the semicirque profound."

Then again, *Gordale*:—

> "To Gordale chasm, terrific as the lair
> Where the young lions couch; for so by leave
> Of the propitious hour thou may'st perceive
> The local deity, with oozy hair
> And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn

Recumbent: him thou may'st behold who hides
His lineaments by day, yet there presides,
Teaching the docile waters how to turn,
Or (if need be) impediment to spurn,
And force their passage to the salt sea tides!"

Yet one more brilliant pen has limned the beauties of Malham. John Ruskin in the *Parable of Jotham* (*Prosperina*) says:—"In Malham Cove the stones of the brook were softer with moss than any silken pillow; the crowded oxalis leaves yielded to the pressure of the hand, and were not felt; the cloven leaves of the herb-robert and robed clusters of its companion overflowed every rent in the rude crags with living balm; there was scarcely a place left by the tenderness of the happy things where one might not lay one's forehead on their warm softness and sleep."

In *A Tour to the Caves* by the Rev. John Hutton, B.D., vicar of Burton, we find a lengthy description of all this eerie part of the "North Countree." It is really astonishing to find so many writers on the same subject, poets, topographers, art critics, and novelists.

Norton Tower standing in the division of the water-sheds of Aire and Wharfe is mentioned by Wordsworth:—

"High on a point of rugged ground,
Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell
Above the loftiest ridge or mound
Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single,—Norton Tower its name."

The White Doe of Rylstone will again come in for mention under Wharfedale, so we will content ourselves

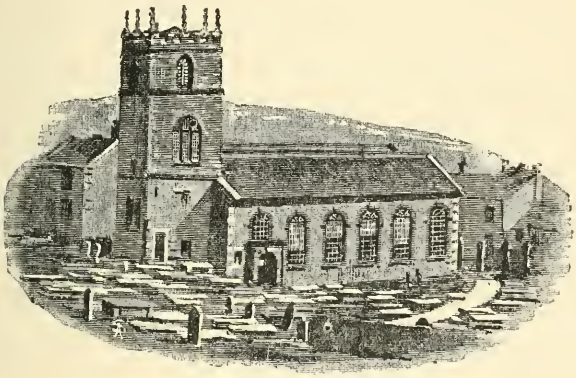
with saying that it was from this tower that the milk-white doe took its weekly pilgrimage to the Nortons' tomb at Bolton Abbey.

Eshton Hall is noted as being the residence of Miss Currer (who died in 1861), one of the greatest lady book-collectors in the country. She was lineally descended from the Richardsons of Bierley who collected part of the books. She was a subscriber to the Clergy Daughters' School, first at Cowan Bridge and at a later date at Casterton, and it is believed that the *nom de plume* of "Currer Bell" was taken from her name. Bell was part of Mr. Nicholls' name (Arthur Bell Nicholls); whether that had anything to do with the construction of "Currer Bell" we are not prepared to say.

Calton is noted as the family estate of the Lamberts, of which house General Lambert, of Civil War fame, was a member. It may be mentioned that Oliver Cromwell's autograph is to be seen as witness to a marriage between "Martine Knowles of Middle House in this parish and Dorothy Hartley of West Marton," on 17th January, 1655. At this time Cromwell was on a visit to General Lambert at Calton. An old house in Kirkby Malham is called Cromwell House. (See "Johnny Gray's" *Airedale*.)

Haworth, the home of the Brontës, is situated on a branch of the Aire called the Worth, which joins the main stream at Keighley. It is an uninteresting serpent-like village which climbs up a hill and stretches along

its top. The restored church and parsonage have little about them to interest the literary pilgrim, but there is now a collection of Brontë relics at Mr. Brown's shop, which should really be used as the nucleus of an exhibition, and might have a fitting home in a Brontë monument erected in the village or on the moors.



Haworth Old Church.

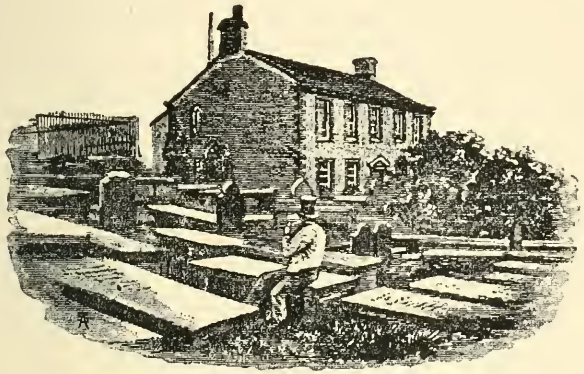
It is useless here to repeat the hackneyed quotations from the works of the Brontës, which have been given *ad nauseam* in all the books relating to them which have followed Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*. We have, however, unearthed from a neglected pamphlet, an interesting contribution bearing on the question of Branwell's ability, and seeming to point to some probability in Mr. Leyland's contention that the sisters Charlotte and Emily derived

much of their inspiration from their ne'er-do-weel brother, who no doubt in happier circumstances would have stood far above the female members of the family in literary ability. His poems are mere fragments, but many of them possess an originality and depth which one could hardly have expected from the creations of the haunter of the bar-parlour at the Black Bull at Haworth. The quotation we are about to give is from a little work entitled *Some Interesting Yorkshire Scenes*, by J. Tomlinson, Doncaster, 1865. It is the landlord of the Black Bull at Haworth who is addressing the writer of the *Scenes*.—"Scores o' times hes Branwell set i' that chair," says the landlord, "and many's the glass I've filled him. When he was i' the reit humour, there wasn't a wittier, merrier fellow born, but he used often to be awfully tom-flogged.* The lad hes read mony an hour i' this raem fra' his oan writings, to parties who might chance to be here. Charlotte and her sisters did'nt no'a our way o' talking, *and niver could hev' written as they did if Branwell hedn't hae teld 'em how to do it.* Whenever onything took his fancy and perticlar, he used to say '*Charlotte shall put that i' her book.*' Mrs. Gaskell's book was a pack o' lies." This man knew the family well, for he drove them to "Mirfield School" as he called it (Roe Head).

There are some very strong statements in these sentences, and, coupled with Mr. Leyland's views, are

* Depressed.

deserving of close attention. We think that this point is worthy of notice, especially as Branwell's imbecility and utter worthlessness have been so dwelt upon by the early Brontë biographers.



Haworth Old Parsonage.

In this little pamphlet we have also gleaned two epitaphs from Haworth Churchyard:—

"The world's a city full of crooked streets,
Death is the market place where all men meet,
If life were merchandise, then men could buy,
The rich would live, the poor would always die."

Again:—

"Life is a dream and all things shew it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

We have lately come across some hitherto unpublished reminiscences of the Brontës. During the period of Mr. Brontë's blindness (two years), he used to preach every

Sunday, stopping his discourse with the regularity of clockwork, at the close of thirty minutes, as if he saw the dial before him. He was opposed to Charlotte's marriage, not only on account of her health, but because he thought she might have aspired to join her fortunes with some literary light instead of the plain curate of Haworth. Patrick Brontë's poetry is generally of very poor quality. We here give an epitaph which he wrote, for the tombstone of the Rev. Miles Oddy, Baptist minister of Haworth, who died in 1841:—

"Firm in the faith, he heavenward held his way,
Unchecked by fell relapse or dull decay;
In trials keen he shrank not from the rod,
He owned the Father in the chastening God;
And when a ray of joy divinely shone,
He gave the praise to God, and God alone.
In friendship firm and true, to none a foe;
He had that calm which bad men never know;
The cross of Christ was aye his glowing theme,
Illumin'd by the Spirit's heavenly beam.
And as he preached he lived and showed the road,
That leads to peace on earth and joy with God.
Then, reader, think, believe, repent, and pray;
That so through grace divine on the last day
You may triumphant wear a crown of gold,
When Christ shall all the Deity unfold,
While countless saints and angels loudly raise
Their heavenly notes of wonder, love, and praise."

For fuller information regarding Haworth and its surrounding moors, we would refer the reader to Turner's *Haworth Past and Present*, *Airedale*, by "Johnnie Gray," and our *Brontë Country*, (Longmans) 1888. The well hackneyed theme of Haworth must be left behind, and the hope is expressed that the original gleanings we have given anent

the family may not be without interest to the Brontë student.

In the neighbourhood of Bingley is the Druids' Altar, which is a "huge mass of disintegrated gritstone; its largest diameter being eighteen feet, circumference about fifty-two feet, and height twenty-four feet." It has been used as a beacon site from the earliest times up to the jubilee of Her Majesty the Queen. It was also the meeting place of the Chartists, and Lord Beaconsfield, in *Sybil*, has introduced it. Being on a visit to Mr. Busfeild Ferrand, M.P., of St. Ives, he was acquainted with the district. Here are his words:—"It was night: clear and serene, though the moon had not risen; and a vast concourse of persons were assembling on Mowbray Moor. The chief gathering collected in the vicinity of some huge rock, one of which, pre-eminent above its fellows, and having a broad flat head, on which some twenty persons might easily stand at the same time, was called the Druids' Altar. The ground about was strewn with stony fragments, covered to-night with human beings, who found a convenient resting place amid these ruins of some ancient temple, or relics of some ancient world. The shadowy concourse increased, the dim circle of the nocturnal assemblage each moment spread and widened; there was the hum and stir of many thousands. Suddenly in the distance the sound of martial music; and instantly, quick as lightning, and far more wild, each person present

brandished a flaming torch, amid a chorus of cheers, that renewed and resounding, floated far away over the broad bosom of the dusky wilderness. The music and banners denoted the arrival of the leaders of the people. They mounted the craggy ascent that led to the summit of the Druids' Altar, and there, surrounded by his companions, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the multitude, Walter Gerard came forth to address a *Torch-Light Meeting*."

There are several names in this work, with a distinctly local flavour about them, such as "Mr. Bingley," "Mr. Morley," "Shoddy-Court Literary and Scientific Institute." The novel gives a vivid picture of the struggle between capital and labour, which was taking place at that time. The Six Points of the Chartists are, we may say, *now* conceded in great part, but still, the struggle between capital and labour is as keen as ever. There are some smart epigrams in *Sybil*, and at the risk of appearing to "inflate this book by extraneous information," as one of our *Brontë* critics wrote, we must just give one:—"Tobacco is the tomb of love."

Thornton, the birthplace of the Brontë family is an uninteresting manufacturing town situated on a tongue of land bounded by the watercourses of two becks, which form the valleys of Pinchbeck and Bell Dean, and ultimately unite in the Bradford Beck, a tributary of the Aire. The old parsonage, the residence of Priestley Jowett, a butcher, is situated in Market Street. Here

were born, Charlotte, Emily, Anne and Branwell. For fuller information, see our *Brontë Country*, pp. 68 to 74.

Bradford has produced few great literary men. John James the historian of Bradford, Abraham Holroyd the bookseller, and Ben Preston the poet, are among its chief lights, but no one of first-class literary rank can be claimed by the town, though many artists have sprung from it. Branwell Brontë for a time lodged in Bradford, and attempted portrait painting. The George Hotel was the rendezvous of the artistic and literary life of Bradford. John James, Leyland the sculptor, Geller the mezzotinto engraver, Wilson Anderson the landscape painter, etc., formed the clique. For twenty years a party of these friends were accustomed to meet. This was no mutual admiration society, but a club of genuine workers, of real merit in their respective spheres.

Fulneck, the Moravian settlement situated on the Tong Beck, a feeder of the Aire, is worthy of a visit. It is beautifully sheltered from the north winds, and with its fine southern exposure is surrounded by a wonderfully fertile expanse of gardens, woods and fields. Opposite the settlement is the lovely park surrounding Tong Hall, the seat of the Tempest family. In summer the valley of the beck is gay with bluebells and red campions, and the effect is striking. John Nicholson, the Airedale Poet, wrote some verses, *On the Anniversary of the Marriage of Colonel and Mrs. Tempest*, 1829:—

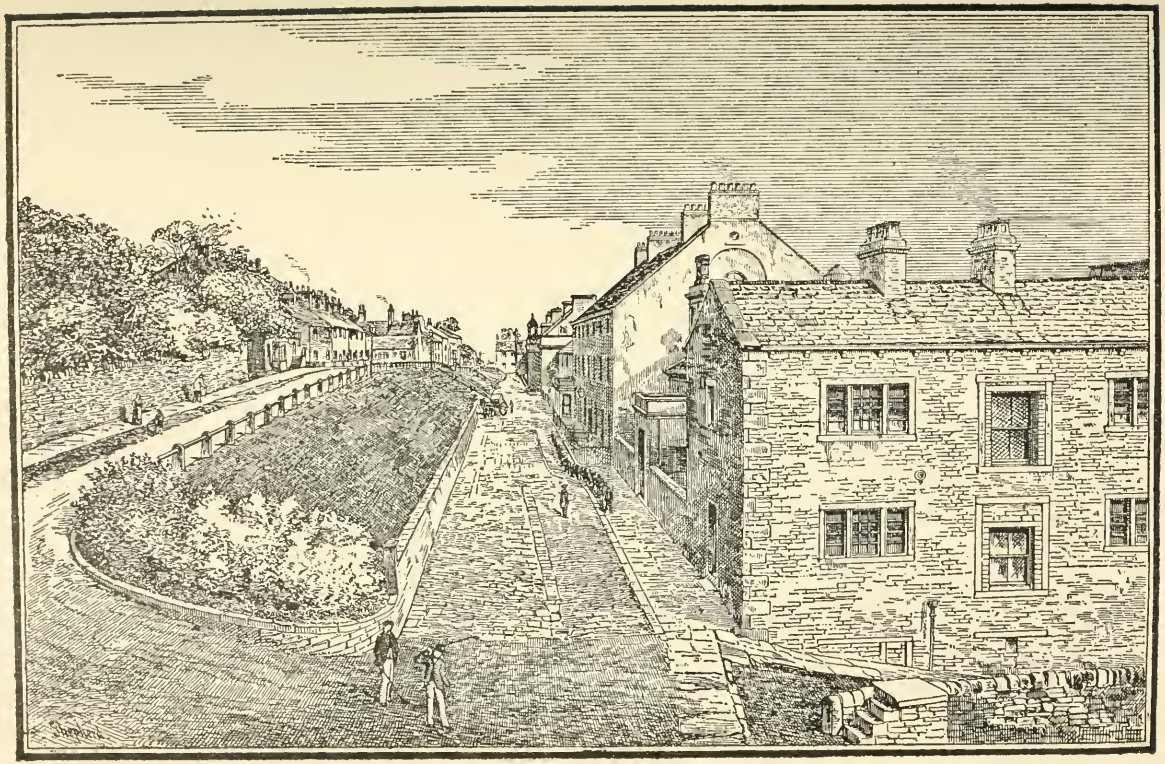
"All the joys of months and years
Shall this day remembered be
* * * *
Parents of a happy race
May your children's children shine,
Till each orb has changed its place,
And the world be all divine!"

He again writes, *On the Death of Lady Ricketts, daughter of Colonel Tempest and wife of Sir Cornwallis Ricketts*:—

"Well may the tears of overwhelming woe,
From the pale cheeks of numerous mourners flow!
They fall for one whose beauty and whose worth
Exceeded all I ever knew on earth!"

Fulneck is interesting as the school at which James Montgomery, the poet, was educated for ten years. The son of a Moravian minister, at Irvine, in Scotland, he was sent here during the absence of his parents on mission work abroad. We shall have to return to Montgomery when considering Calderdale and Dondale, so at present we shall refrain from enlarging. Edwin Atherstone, the author of *Nineveh*, was also a pupil at this school.

At Rawdon, Charlotte Brontë acted as governess to the family of the late John White, Esq., at Upperwood. Here, at one time resided the celebrated Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., who was visited by Monckton Milnes and Thomas Carlyle in 1847. In his diary, Forster says, "Carlyle and his wife seem to take to Rawdon kindly." Forster and Mrs. Carlyle had a gig accident while driving from Bradford. See Wemyss Reid's *Biography of W. E. Forster.*



Fulneck.

From Woodhouse Grove School, the Rev. Patrick Brontë married his wife, the ceremony taking place at Guiseley Church, in the immediate neighbourhood. Patrick also conducted the first examination here, for his friend, the first head-master, the Rev. John Fennell. Sir William Atherton, at one time Attorney-General, was a pupil at this school, as well as the late Professor Thomas Laycock, of Edinburgh University, who did much to advance the scientific study of psychology. His work, *Mind and Brain*, is an able monograph. At his death, the *Lancet* characterised him as "erudite and mentally subtle, almost to a fault, * * * and there is no doubt that posterity will do ample justice to one whose work always seemed in advance of his time." In passing it may be mentioned that Lilian Adelaide Neilson, one of the sweetest "Juliets" of our day, was employed as a mill girl and nursery-maid in the neighbourhood of Guiseley.*

Horsforth is notable as the village, from whence sprung the ancestors of Longfellow the poet. From William Longfellow, of Upper House, Horsforth (who died in the year 1704), a clothier of means, the poet's pedigree can be traced distinctly seven degrees distant. It is believed that Upper House stood somewhere in the neighbourhood of Tom Royd Hill.

Cookridge, anciently *Crookwige*, is principally notable as the residence, at the Hall, of Thomas Kirke, F.R.S., and

* See *Old Yorkshire* (New Series), Vol. II., pp. 94 to 98.

F.S.A., antiquary and virtuoso, the friend of Thoresby, who was related to the family. In 1694, we find that he contributed to the *Philosophical Transactions*, XVIII., 263, *An account of a lamb suckled by a wether sheep for several months after the death of the ewe*. In 1679 he issued an extraordinary work entitled, "*A modern account of Scotland, being an exact description of the country, and a true character of the people and their manners: written from thence by an English gentleman (Thomas Kirke, of Crookwige, Yorkshire). Printed in the year* 1679. A curiously satirical and splenetic work, as the following opening passages will show:—"If all our European travellers direct their course to Italy upon account of its antiquity, why should Scotland be neglected, whose wrinkled surface derives its original from the chaos? The first inhabitants were stragglers of the fallen angels, who rested themselves on the confines till their captain (Lucifer) provided places for them in his own country. This is the conjecture of learned critics, who trace things to their originals, and this opinion was grounded on the devil's bratts yet resident among them (whose foresight in the events of good and evil excels the oracles at Delphos), the supposed issue of these pristine inhabitants. Italy is compared to a leg—Scotland to a louse, whose legs and engrailed edges represent the promontaries and buttings out into the sea, with more nooks and angles than the most conceited of my Lord Mayor's custards." Thoresby, in his *Diary*, under date

August 31st, 1702, writes:—"Came to Cookridge to my honoured and dear friend Thomas Kirke, F.R.S., whose wood there has the most noble and curious walks, containing above three hundred views, that ever I beheld."

Leeds has produced a large number of writers, such as Milner the church historian, and his brother, Dr. Berkenhout, Dr. Hartley, Thoresby the antiquary, Joseph Priestley, Professor Jowett, Alaric A. Watts, Francis Fawkes, the Rev. Robert Armitage, and the Edward Baineses; while in a later day, Alfred Austin, Wemyss Reid, John William Inchbold, Mrs. J. F. B. Firth and Miss Huddleston, have made themselves a name. Leeds also figures as a scene in Charlotte Brontë's *Professor*, and in one of Anthony Trollope's novels.

The Milners of Leeds (Joseph and Isaac) were the sons of a poor weaver. Joseph rose to be head-master of the Hull Grammar School, and church historian, while Isaac became Dean of Carlisle, and filled the chair of the immortal Newton as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. Dr. John Berkenhout, born 1726, was a native of Leeds. He wrote several works on botany and chemistry, also a biographical history of English literature. Dr. David Hartley practised medicine at Newark, Bury St. Edmunds, London, and Bath. He published a work entitled *Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations.* Coleridge was at one period an admirer of Hartley's, and named his son, the well-

known Hartley Coleridge, after him. He is said, by some authorities, to have been born at Illingworth, but the generally accepted view is, that Armley was the place of his nativity. He died at Bath, in 1757. Ralph Thoresby, the author of *Ducatus Leodiensis*, *Vicaria Leodiensis*, and *Diary*, is a noted figure among Yorkshire topographers. Born during the time of the Commonwealth, and living till the Hanoverian dynasty was firmly established, he had opportunities of seeing stirring deeds, and the country settling down into a more orderly state, from the time of his boyhood.

It was while minister of Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, that Joseph Priestley discovered carbonic acid gas, which discovery took place in a brewery, where he observed that lighted chips held over the fermented liquor were extinguished. He became minister here in 1767. His principal writings at this time were *On Impregnating Water with Fixed Air* (carbonic acid gas), 1772, and *Observations on Different Kinds of Air*, for which latter he received the Copley Medal of the Royal Society, in 1773. In this year he left Leeds, and joined Lord Shelburne as his librarian. He also discovered oxygen, nitrous oxide and many other gases, and was the first who directed attention to the oxygenation of the red blood corpuscles, or to the absolute necessity of plants for the health of animals, by using up the carbonic acid, and giving off oxygen. In connection with this latter discovery

Sir John Pringle, the President of the Royal Society, who presented the Copley Medal, said:—"From these discoveries we are assured that no vegetable grows in vain; but that from the oak of the forest to the grass in the field, every individual plant is serviceable to mankind, if not always distinguished by some private virtue, yet making a part of the whole which cleans and purifies our atmosphere." We shall direct more attention to Priestley, in considering the Calder valley.

Joseph Jowett, LL.D., was born in Leeds in 1750. He was Regius Professor of Civil Law, at Cambridge, and was vicar of Wethersfield in Essex, where Patrick Brontë was his curate for some years. He succeeded the Rev. Christopher Atkinson, brother of Rev. Miles Atkinson, of Leeds. Alaric A. Watts was editor of the *Leeds Intelligencer*, and then of the *Manchester Courier*. He was an able poet. In such lines as these, he shows his style:—

> "Stars dart down their loveliest light,
> When midnight skies are round them."

Again:—

> "A woman filled with all a woman's fears,
> Yet strong to wrestle with earth's wildest woes."

Francis Fawkes, a member of the Fawkes family of Farnley, was born in Leeds, in 1721. He was a clergyman, and though not a poet of the first class, was noted as a "learned and jovial parson." He was an excellent translator, and Samuel Johnson said, "Frank

Fawkes has done the *Odes of Anacreon* finely." His writings are numerous. Among them we have, *Bramham Park; a Poem*, 1745; *The Complete Family Bible*, 1761; *Partridge Shooting, an Eclogue*, 1767, also translations of *Anacreon*, *Horace*, *Theocritus*, etc. The Rev. Robert Armitage wrote *Dr. Hookwell; or the Anglo Catholic Family*, a novel supposed to treat of the well-known Dr. Hook, of Leeds. Edward Baines, the Franklin of Leeds, was born in 1774. His Leeds career began as apprentice in the *Mercury* office, of which paper he became proprietor. And he is noticeable as the author of a standard topographical work *The History of the County Palatine of Lancaster*. Sir Edward Baines, born 1806, was the author of a *History of the Cotton Manufacture*, and a biography of his father.

Of the latter day writers, Alfred Austin, poet and novelist, was born at Headingley. He is B.A. of London, and has contested several Parliamentary seats unsuccessfully. The following is a verse from his poem entitled *Why am I a Conservative?*—

> "Because of our dear mother, the fair past
> On whom twin hope and memory safely lean
> And from whose fostering wisdom none shall wean
> Our love and faith, while love and faith shall last;
> Mother of happy homes and empire vast,
> Of hamlets snug and many a proud demesne,
> Blue spires of cottage smoke 'mong woodlands green,
> And comely altars where no stone is cast,
> And shall we barter these for gaping throne,
> Dismantled towers, mean plots without a tree,

A herd of hinds too equal to be free,
Greedy of others, jealous of their own,
And where sweet order now breathes cadenced tone,
Envy and hate, and all uncharity?"

Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, late editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and the biographer of W. E. Forster and Lord Houghton, is too well known to require much mention. He is also a novelist of no mean powers. His *Gladys Fane* and *Mauleverer's Millions* are works of merit. In *Gladys Fane* the humours of a modern election contest are graphically pourtrayed. Mr. Reid is also the author of an able monograph on *Charlotte Brontë*. Mrs. J. F. B. Firth, widow of the late vice-chairman of the London County Council, and a native of Leeds, is the writer of two stories, *Sylvia's New Home*, and *Kind Hearts;* while Miss Huddlestone's *Reuben Gaunt* is another modern novel by a Leeds writer. John William Inchbold, well known as a "refined and poetical landscape painter," was also the author of *Annus Amoris*, a volume of sonnets, and other poems. Algernon Charles Swinburne, a friend of his early days, wrote an "exquisite poem to his memory." He died in 1888.

Temple Newsam, the seat of the Meynell-Ingrams, is supposed to be the original of the "Templestowe" of *Ivanhoe*, but authorities tell us that the fictitious description might apply equally well to Temple Hurst further down the Aire, where there are the remains of a preceptory of the Knights Templars, whereas all traces are obliterated at Newsam. "Templestowe" is thus described in *Ivanhoe*:—"This

establishment of the Templars was seated amid fair meadows and pastures, which the devotion of the former preceptor had bestowed upon their Order. It was strong and well fortified, a point never neglected by these knights, and which the disordered state of England rendered peculiarly necessary." It was here, that the trial by combat of Rebecca the Jewess took place. Who that has ever read this romance, can ever forget the scene? One can almost see the champion, "Ivanhoe," on his weary steed, and the gallant Templar crash together in mortal struggle, and hear the grand master exclaim as he looks on the prostrate form of Bois-Guilbert, "This is indeed the judgment of God, *Fiat voluntas tua!*" We think we will be borne out by everyone who has any taste or appreciation for literary art, when we say that Sir Walter fairly excelled himself in *Ivanhoe*. It is without doubt, the finest *romance* (in contra-distinction to *novel*) that wa ever written.

Temple Newsam is interesting as the birthplace of Darnley, the son of the Earl of Lennox, who owned that property in those days. G. P. R. James has written a novel entitled *Darnley*. Near Newsam is Whitkirk, which was the church of the Templars, and was served by a Templar.

In this neighbourhood, is Ansthorpe Lodge, a brick structure, in which lived John Smeaton, F.R.S., the builder of Eddystone lighthouse, and the holder of

a Royal Society gold medal in 1759, for *An experimental inquiry concerning the powers of water and wind to turn mills and other machines.*

At Oulton, in the old manor house, now occupied by the Blades family, Richard Bentley was born in 1662. Henry Morley says of him:—"He had become a foremost scholar, and was King's librarian, when in 1695, the Hon. Charles Boyle, then an undergraduate of Christchurch, Oxford, second son of Roger Boyle, and nephew to Robert Boyle, made a pettish reference to him in the preface to an edition of the *Epistles of Phalaris.* William Wotton, in 1694, had published *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning.* To a second edition of that book Bentley added, in 1697, an attack on the authenticity of the letters ascribed to Phalaris. Charles Boyle, being no great scholar, other Christchurch men, chief of them, Charles Atterbury, answered Bentley in his name, and published in 1698, *Dr. Bentley's Dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris, and the Fables of Æsop Examined.* Then followed a famous battle of books. Sir W. Temple took interest in the quarrel; and Swift began to write his *Battle of the Books.* In 1699, Bentley published an enlarged *Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris.* Bentley was often called "Slashing Bentley with his desperate hook," on account of his severity as a critic. The Rev. R. V. Taylor, in his *Yorkshire Anecdotes,* tells how he let off a thief who had stolen his plate, bidding him "go in peace, and sin no

more." He was a man of an acute and critical mind, which virtues, however, were sadly clouded over by his domineering and hectoring manner.

Ledstone Hall has been in possession of two notables—Earl Strafford and Lady Betty Hastings. With the former we have nothing here to do, but the latter must have more than passing notice, as she was in every way an ideal woman, so much so that Richard Steele wrote of her, in the *Tattler* (No. XIII., July 16, 1709), as "Aspasia." He says:—"But these ancients would be as much astonished to see in the same age so illustrious a pattern to all who love things praiseworthy as the divine Aspasia. Methinks I now see her walking in her garden like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial, conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of honour, truth, compassion, knowledge and innocence.

'There dwells the scorn of vice, and pity too.'

In the midst of the most ample fortune, and veneration of all that behold and know her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the contemplation of her own being, and that Supreme Power which bestowed it. Without the learning of schools, or knowledge of a long course of arguments, she goes on in a steady course of reading, and adds to the severity of the last age, all the freedom and ease of the present. The language and mien

of a court she is possessed of in the highest degree; but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainment. Aspasia is a female philosopher, who does not only live up to the resignation of the most retired lives of the ancient sages, but also the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. The lady is the most exact economist, without appearing busy: the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it; and shuns applause with as much industry as others do reproach. This character is so particular that it will be very easily fixed on her only by all that knew her: but I daresay she will herself be the last to find it out." This sketch was written when she was twenty-eight years of age. Lady Betty was the daughter of Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon. Not only did she found scholarships at the Universities, but she erected schools, and gave away money to persons of her acquaintance who were in indigent circumstances. Her favourite axioms were:—"Firstly, attend to justice; secondly, to charity; thirdly, to generosity." She was born 1682, and died 1739, a spinster, and, as the commemoratory inscription on her coffin runs, "A pattern to succeeding ages of all that's good, and all that's great."

We now come to one of *the* Literary Shrines of Yorkshire, Fryston Hall, where Richard Monckton Milnes, poet, patriot and philanthropist, lived, and where he entertained his *omnium gatherums*.

Says Matthew Browne, a reporter of committees of the House of Lords, "It is twenty years since I heard a bundle of rags in a gutter singing, *I wandered by the Brook-side, I wandered by the Mill*: and it is not three years since I heard the same bundle of rags, scarcely changed in face, voice, coat, trousers, spatterdashes or otherwise, sing the same song in another gutter." *Strangers Yet* is also a well-known poem. Milnes was raised to the peerage with the style of Lord Houghton, in 1863. He may be said to be an unique figure in those later days, an aristocrat, really a poet, and not only that, but a patron of all that was best and most elevating in English life. He may be said to be the last of the aristocratic patrons of literature. As a Member of Parliament, he interested himself in every scheme that was for the advancement of the people. Yet he went through those duties, as if they were a nuisance. This is supposed to be the privilege of gentle blood. Its possessor does not require that *push* that others do. He acquires his position by birth, and everything he does is easy to do, in comparison with the man who rises from obscurity.

In Lord Beaconsfield's *Tancred, or the New Crusade*, we have mention made of Lord Houghton, then Mr. Monckton Milnes:—"Mr. Vavasour was a social favourite; a poet, and a real poet, and a troubadour, as well as a Member of Parliament; travelled, sweet-tempered, and good-hearted; amusing and clever. With Catholic sympathies

and an eclectic turn of mind, Mr. Vavasour saw good in everybody and everything. * * * Mr. Vavasour's breakfasts were renowned. Whatever your creed, class, or country, one might almost add your character, you were a welcome guest at his matutinal meal, provided you were celebrated. That qualification, however, was rigidly enforced. * * * Vavasour liked to be the Amphitryon of a cluster of personal enemies. He prided himself on figuring as the social medium by which rival reputations became acquainted, and paid each other in his presence the compliments which veiled their ineffable disgust. All this was very well at his rooms in the Albany, and only funny; but when he collected his menageries at his ancestral hall in a distant county, the spirit sometimes became tragic."

When Carlyle visited Fryston, on his way north to give the rectorial address to the Edinburgh students, there was a party staying there, including Tyndall, Huxley, etc. Professor Tyndall has told in a racy manner how Carlyle could not sleep, and it was thought that he would fail in his address. Lord Houghton had him sent out riding on horseback. He got a little sleep, his mind became composed, he went up to Edinburgh and delivered one of the best addresses extant. Fryston is in a triangle of railways, and consequently, the victim of insomnia could not have been in a worse position, for nothing is more distracting than the shrieking of the steam-demon

in the hours of sleep. Mr. Wemyss Reid, in his admirable biography of Lord Houghton, dwells at great length on his goodness of heart, and his willingness to help old friends who had come down in the world, or who were in disgrace, a trait of character not particularly common among any class of society.

Ferrybridge is mentioned in the *Heart of Midlothian* in Jeannie Deans's journey to John, Duke of Argyle:—"A painful day's journey brought her to Ferrybridge, the best inn, then and since, upon the great northern road; and an introduction from Mrs. Bickerton, added to her own simple and quiet manners, so propitiated the landlady of the Swan in her favour, that the good dame procured her the convenient accommodation of a pillion and post-horse then returning to Tuxford, so that she accomplished, upon the second day after leaving York, the longest journey she had yet made."

When coaching was in its heyday, Dr. George Alderson, who practised in this district, was also the host of the Angel, out of whose gates often went fifty pairs of horses in one day. Relays of horses were ready for private posting, postillions slept with spur on heel, and altogether it was one of the busiest inns on a busy road.

Pontefract is mentioned twice by Shakespeare. The Death of Richard II.:—

(*Enter* EXTON *and Servants armed.*)

KING RICHARD—

"How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another: then* EXTON *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stained the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die.
[*Dies.*

EXTON—

As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt: Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear,
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here."

Again in *Richard III.* when Earl Rivers, Lord Grey and Sir Thomas Vaughan were executed by the orders of Richard, Rivers says:—

"O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink."

Towards the close of 1819, after Sir Walter Scott had completed his *Tales of my Landlord*, an issue of *New Tales of my Landlord, containing Pontefract Castle*, was announced by a stranger. The publishers were cautioned by the Constables about this plagiaristic title, but they still persisted in issuing it. It seems from allusions quoted here, that Sir Walter was considerably irritated by the

publication of a book which not only stole its title from him, but also the scenery, for some of the scenes in *Ivanhoe* are laid in this very district. In the introduction to *Ivanhoe* written in 1830, we find Sir Walter saying that "a kind of continuation of the *Tales of my Landlord* had been recently attempted by a stranger," and in the introduction to *The Monastery*, we find him jocosely remarking that, "I am sorry to observe my old acquaintance Jedediah Cleishbotham, has misbehaved himself so far as to desert his original patron, and set up for himself." In the notes to the introduction we find that John Ballantyne remonstrated with the interloping bibliophilist, Mr. Fearman, but as each insisted that their "Jedediah" was the Simon Pure, no arrangement was come to about it. In 1820 *Pontefract Castle* was published, within a few weeks of the issue of *Ivanhoe*, the one a mere tale, the other one of the finest romances ever written.

We have now completed our literary pilgrimage through Airedale. We have found that the valley has employed the pens of poets, novelists and topographers, whilst *literati* of every kind have sprung from its banks or passed their days there. The subject is an entertaining and varied one, and likely to interest and amuse even those who have no particular literary knowledge.

CHAPTER II.

CALDERDALE.

* * * "The old river ran
In his own channel, wardered with his clan
Of broad-armed elms and stately sycamores,
Through the green holms that laughed along his shores."

—DEARDEN.

THE Calder enters Yorkshire at Todmorden, in a wild and rugged valley associated with Harrison Ainsworth's *Lancashire Witches*, which work bears a certain likeness to Mrs. Hibbert-Ware's *Fairfax of Fuyston*. It is just possible however, that both writers may have consulted Edward Fairfax's book on *Witchcraft*, and so the works bear a striking resemblance to one another.

Ainsworth thus describes the vale of Cliviger:—"Precipitous and almost inaccessible rocks, of every variety of form and hue; some springing perpendicularly up like the spire of a church, others running along in broken ridges, or presenting the appearance of high embattled walls: here riven into deep gullies, there opening into wild, savage glens, fit spots for robber ambuscade; now presenting a fair smooth surface, now jagged, shattered,

shelving, roughened with brushwood; sometimes bleached and hoary, as in the case of the pinnacled crag called the White Kirk; sometimes green with moss or grey with lichen; sometimes, though but rarely, shaded with timber, as in the approach to the cavern named the Earl's Bower, but generally bold and naked, and sombre in tint as the colours employed by the savage Rosa. * * * * * * Formerly on some inaccessible point, built the rock-eagle, and reared its brood from year to year. The gaunt wolf had once ravaged the glens, and the sly fox and fierce cat-a-mountain still harboured within them. Nor were these the only objects of dread. The superstitious declared the gorge was haunted by a frightful, hirsute demon, yclept Hobthurst."

Above the Yorkshire boundary, the Calder finds its source in a "beautiful dell near Holmes Chapel, which forms part of the grounds surrounding an ancient house of the family of Whitaker, the historian of Whalley."

The first tributary of consequence which joins the Calder in Yorkshire is the Hebden, and on its banks is situated the village of Hebden Bridge, the birthplace of William Dearden in 1803. He was educated at the celebrated Grammar School of Heptonstall, under the Rev. Joseph Charnock. He was by profession a teacher, and was settled in various parts of the country. Malton, Maryport, Workington, Keighley, were all the scenes of his assistant-days. From 1830 to 1848, he was settled

as principal of the King Street Academy in Huddersfield. Dearden was a poet of no mean powers, as his *Vale of Caldene*, his *Star Seer* and *Demon Queen* show. *The Vale of Caldene* (Calder), is a charming series of word-pictures of the Calder valley. There is a great amount of strong denunciation of trade, and its destroying vapours and effluents which blacken and scorch the foliage and greenery, and turn our pellucid streams into mere open sewers. From Book V.—*My Native Vale*, Stanza I., we take the following lines:—

"Vale of my fathers! scene of my young years!
How, when I view thee now, awake my tears!
Contrast the present with what once thou wast—
The sun-bright picture of the visioned past!
When every village, every cottage smiled,
And with abundance every board was piled;
When easy labour to the poor man gave
E'en life's best comforts, and the power to save;
And independence which from virtue springs
Owned more *his* cot than halls of lords and kings;
When the fond youth embraced in nuptial bower,
The maid, whose sire could bless with ample dower,
And joyful wish the blooming pair might be
Through life as happy as his spouse and he."

"Such times have been, e'en my unripened years,
Beheld them such—but changed the scene appears!
Sick, lank-worn want, and misery, shrunk and pale,
Now meets the view, now shudders in the gale!"

"Go through yon vale those rocky hills surround,
Whose cliffs, midway, with scanty trees are crowned:
Where in the banks of yonder putrid stream,
Which once flowed brightly as a summer's dream,
Huge gloomy mills, like stone-charmed Arguses stand,
Or hulls of battle-ships, rotting on the land,
So grim they seem, so foreign to a scene,
Where temples stood, and hermit-grots have been;

Whence rose the vesper hymn, the voice of prayer,
Soothing the wolf that slumbered in his lair;
And the fierce hunter of the stormy boar,
To list the sounds, like spirit-music mild
Sent from some viewless harp, in woodland wild."

He is very bitter on trade and its attendant evils, the factory system destroying female modesty and blunting the finer attributes of character; he also denounces the vulgar pride of those who, after securing fortunes from trade, look down with contempt on those beneath them who are earning their fortunes for them, forgetting that one day they were once in a like humble condition.

That there is a great deal of truth in what he says about the factory system, there can be no doubt, but at the same time, there are many manufacturers who make it their delight to elevate their workpeople. For instance, men such as the Salts, the Fosters, the Forsters, the Crossleys, and many others, have tried to aid, to repay their employes, by erecting institutions for their education, and intellectual and moral improvement. The polluted streams and atmosphere are also receiving the attention of our County Councils, and no doubt in time, the vale of Calder will resume in great part its pristine purity.

There is some beautiful writing in Book III.—*The Maid of Caldene*:—

"Delightful spot! There's every charm of sound,
Of scent and sight, in this enchanted ground,
Far up above, on yonder sunny tree,
The wizard blackbird sings right merrily,
As t'were a jubilee; innumerous songs,

Most delicately blent, burst from gay throngs,
Shrouded in neighbouring grove, or distant dell;
And ever and anon, the powerful swell,
As from an organ, of Lumb Waterfall,
Sends forth its hollow thunder into all
The adjacent woods, making them seem
Soberly sad. Beneath me, ere the stream
Enters that moss-rimmed basin, it sends up
A merry laugh, like Bacchus o'er a cup
Of jolly wine, ere he retires to steep
His muddled senses in the dew of sleep."

And so we take leave of the poet of Caldene.

Mr. Francis A. Leyland in his *Brontë Family* says:—"The loveliest of the valleys through which the confluent streams of the Calder run, is that of Hebden, a romantic glen, winding between the wooded and precipitous slopes of Heptonstall—crowned with the ancient and now ruined church of St. Thomas à Becket—and of Wadsworth, with its narrow dell of Crimsworth, which gave Charlotte Brontë a name for the hero of the earliest of her novels. Between these solemn heights, the stream flows beneath the huge crags of Hardcastle, and roars over many a rocky obstruction in its channel before it reaches the Calder at Hebden Bridge."

In Luddenden Dean, is Ewood Hall, the birthplace of Bishop Farrer, of St. David's, who was burned at the stake in 1555, in his own diocese, during the days of Bloody Mary.

At Luddenden Foot, Patrick Branwell Brontë acted as station-master, as well as at Sowerby Bridge, where he was at first located, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. He principally distinguished himself here, by

neglecting his duties, and getting his books into a hopeless muddle. He used to be always rambling amid the beautiful scenery of the district, or degenerating rapidly at the "Red Lion" and the "Shuttle and Anchor," with companions not suitable for a lad of promise and culture. While here, Mr. Grundy, the engineer, saw much of him, as the line was still in process of formation, and he has in his *Pictures of the Past* (1879), given many letters from the pen of that erratic genius.

At Haugh End, near Sowerby, was born in 1630, John Tillotson, who rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury. He would have been styled a broad Evangelical in the present day. His published sermons were at one time found on every bookshelf, and were noted for their clearness and ease of style. He also published a complete edition of Isaac Barrow's works. He married a niece of Oliver Cromwell's, Elizabeth French, who at his death in 1694, had a pension of £400 a year conferred on her by William III., and this was ultimately raised to £600. Monuments to Tillotson's memory are to be found at Sowerby and Halifax. He was a great man, who was, like many another, not appreciated by his contemporaries, but the judgment of a more enlightened posterity has accorded him his just meed of praise, as a broad-minded prelate, who played his part well in the troublous days in which he lived, and who was a sincere Churchman who hated abuses, and strove to rectify them.

Bishop Lake, one of the celebrated Seven Bishops who refused to read the Declaration of Indulgence issued by James II., was a native of Halifax. He was Bishop of Chichester, and on the elevation of William III. to the throne, he refused to take the oath of allegiance, and was only saved by his death, from the degradation of deprivation of his office. Some of his sermons were published.

Sir Henry Savile was born in 1549, at Over Bradley, near Halifax, and was the founder of the Savilian Professorship of Astronomy and Geometry at Oxford. He was the author of several works on Church history and geometry. He died in 1622.

Daniel Defoe, about the close of Queen Anne's reign, had to leave London, and took refuge in Halifax, where he lodged at the "Rose and Crown," in a back lane. It is said by some, that he wrote part of *Robinson Crusoe* there. He also published an account of his travels in the West Riding.

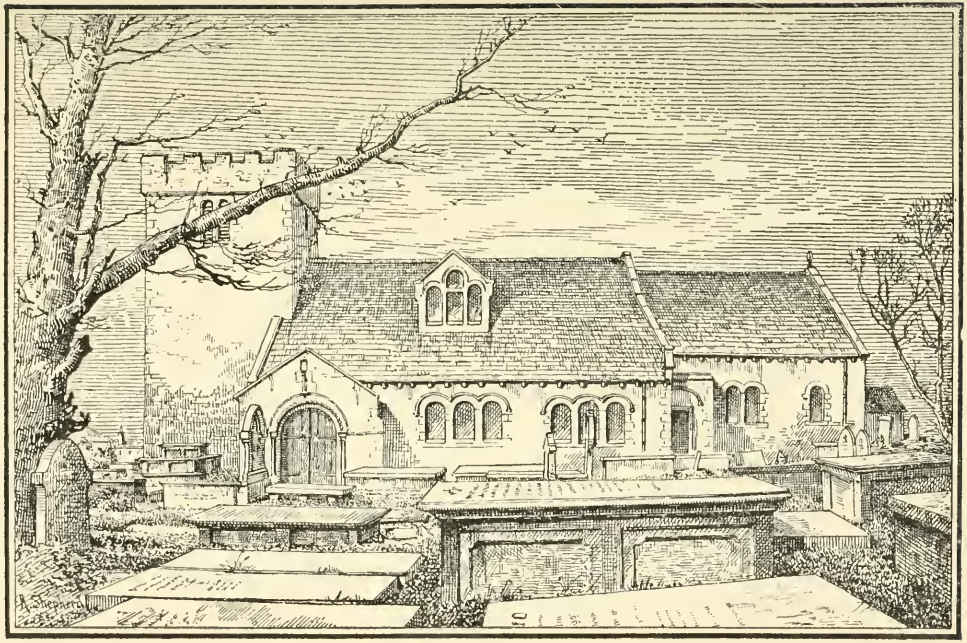
Sir William Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, was in his early days, organist of Halifax Parish Church, to which post he was elected by the advice of Snetzler, the organ-builder, who recommended him on account of his skilful manipulation of the instrument. His writings are mostly in the form of reports to the Royal Society.

In Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* we find the following:— "1723, the autumn of that year or the spring afterwards, I forget which, my father got leave of his colonel

to fix me at school, which he did near Halifax, with an able master with whom I stayed some time. My poor father died, March, 1731. I remained at Halifax, till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myself and schoolmaster. He had had the ceilings of the schoolroom new white-washed—the ladder remained there. I one unlucky day mounted it and wrote with a brush in capital letters, 'Lau. Sterne,' for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment. This expression made me forget the stripes I had received." This is in the *Memoir written by Himself* prefixed to the ten volume edition of his works.

A branch of Sterne's family lived near Halifax, at Wood Hall, and a mill on the Calder is still called Sterne's Mill. It is believed that the scene of the poem of *Lucy Gray*, by Wordsworth, is in the neighbourhood of Sterne's Mill. Wordsworth is believed never to have visited this locality. We have already mentioned Malham and Gordale as two localities which he described in magnificent language, after a perusal of Westall's plates.

Emily and Branwell Brontë were both engaged as teachers in the Halifax district, the former at Law Hill, from which point fine views of the Oxenhope moors, and of Kirklees and Hartshead are to be seen.



Hartshead Church.

Hartshead, Patrick Brontë's first incumbency, is a chapelry in the ancient parish of Dewsbury, and is situated on the top of a hill having extensive views of Calderdale and Spendale. It was while resident here, in 1811, that he published his *Cottage Poems*. At this period he lodged with a Mr. and Mrs. Bedford at Thorn Bush, a farm lying between Hightown and Hartshead. *Cottage Poems* are now reproduced in modern form, by Smith, Elder & Co., 1889, along with the poems of the sisters, bound up with *The Professor*. A fair idea of the nature of these verses is got from the following lines from *The Irish Cabin* :—

"But later and later it's wearing,
And supper they cheerfully bring,
The mealy potato and herring,
And water just fresh from the spring.
They press, and they smile: we sit down;
First praying the Father of Love
Our table with blessings to crown,
And feed us with bread from above."

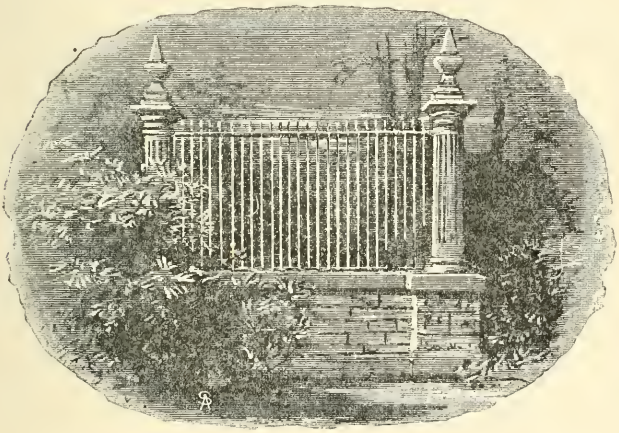
That Brontë felt bored and dull at Hartshead, we have no doubt. An alien and stranger, his mind went back to the Mourne Mountains and the sweet beauty of the landscape round about Aghaderg, with its hospitable, though poor, inhabitants. After his marriage, we find him living in a tall three-storied house, at the top of Clough Lane at Hightown, near Liversedge, there being no parsonage house at that time, at Hartshead. It is not in his poems that we find Patrick excelling. It is in his

sermons, some of which have been printed, where we recognise many signs of that wonderful power of choosing the right word, and expressing his thoughts as tersely and clearly as did his daughter Charlotte many years after, in such a marked degree. His poems are mere rhyming lines, many of them weakly imitating Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night*.

In the illustrations of *Shirley*, we find one of "Nunneley Common," where, on the high ground, stands the squat Norman tower of Hartshead Church. Immediately below this is Kirklees Park, the seat of Sir George Armytage, Bart., the "Nunneley Wood" of *Shirley*. "Nunneley" is Mirfield. There was at one time a nunnery at Kirklees, no doubt the origin of the fictitious name. There is also the Nun Brook, running down from the Park past the Three Nuns Inn, on the Leeds and Huddersfield road. Not only is Kirklees the "Nunneley Hall" of *Shirley*, but it is believed by some authorities to be the "Ferndean Manor" of *Jane Eyre*, although others give Wycoller Hall on the upper waters of the Lancashire Calder as the *locale* of this residence.

In *Shirley*, we find:—"To penetrate into Nunwood, is to go far back into the dim days of eld." This refers to Robin Hood's grave, and the nunnery. Whether Robin Hood ever existed, or was simply a figurative emblem of the people struggling against the power of the nobility and of the Church, it is not our province here to decide,

but Mr. Wheater, of Leeds, has expressed the latter view, and it is well that it should be mentioned. "Caroline Helstone" says to "Shirley Keeldar":—"Nunwood is like an encampment of forest sons of Anak. The trees are huge and old. When you stand at their roots, the summits seem in another region: the trunks remain still



Robin Hood's Grave.

and firm as pillars, while the boughs sway to every breeze. In the deepest calm, their leaves are never quite hushed, and in high wind, a flood rushes—a sea thunders above you."

George Searle Phillips has written a beautiful description of this wood, in his *Rambles Round Huddersfield*, and it is in the same work that we find the following words, which

show beautiful taste and forcible expression:—"People who only walk in the summer season, lose half the grandeur of creation. For winter is a solemn time, and is full of many lessons and admonitions. I have no sympathy with the mere fair-weather walker. What does he know of the meaning of storm, rain, and hail? Nature neither loves nor recognises him. She keeps her elements to serve and teach a nobler person. The ploughman driving his team in the fields; the hunter with his gun and dog; nay, the very stonebreaker on the king's highway is dearer to her than all the poets and namby-pamby walkers of the drawing-room."

We now penetrate up the Colne, a branch of the Calder, to Holmfirth, a picturesquely-situated village on the banks of the river Holme, a tributary of the Colne. It is memorable as the scene of the celebrated Holmfirth Flood which occupies a wide stretch in the picture which Baring-Gould gives us in *The Pennycomequicks*, a splendid Yorkshire novel written by a man who had lived among the people and understood their character, customs and folk-lore. Sabine Baring-Gould was curate at Horbury, in Calderdale, and then incumbent of Dalton, near Thirsk. He is now "squarson," having succeeded to the family property and living at Lew Trenchard, in Devonshire. He is the author of various works on folk-lore, besides novels such as *Mehalah*, *John Herring*, *Court Royal*, etc.

At Holmfirth bridge, we find a mark, showing the height of the flood, and the following inscription:—"Height of the flood caused by the bursting of Bilberry reservoir, February 5th, 1852." There is also a column near the river, a little below the bridge, with the following inscriptions:—"This stone was erected in 1831 to commemorate the short peace, called the Peace of Amiens." "The height of the flood caused by the bursting of the Bilberry reservoir, February 5th, 1852, whereby eighty-one lives were lost." At Holmfirth, was born William Hepworth Dixon, at one time editor of the *Athenæum*, and the author of *Royal Windsor*, etc.

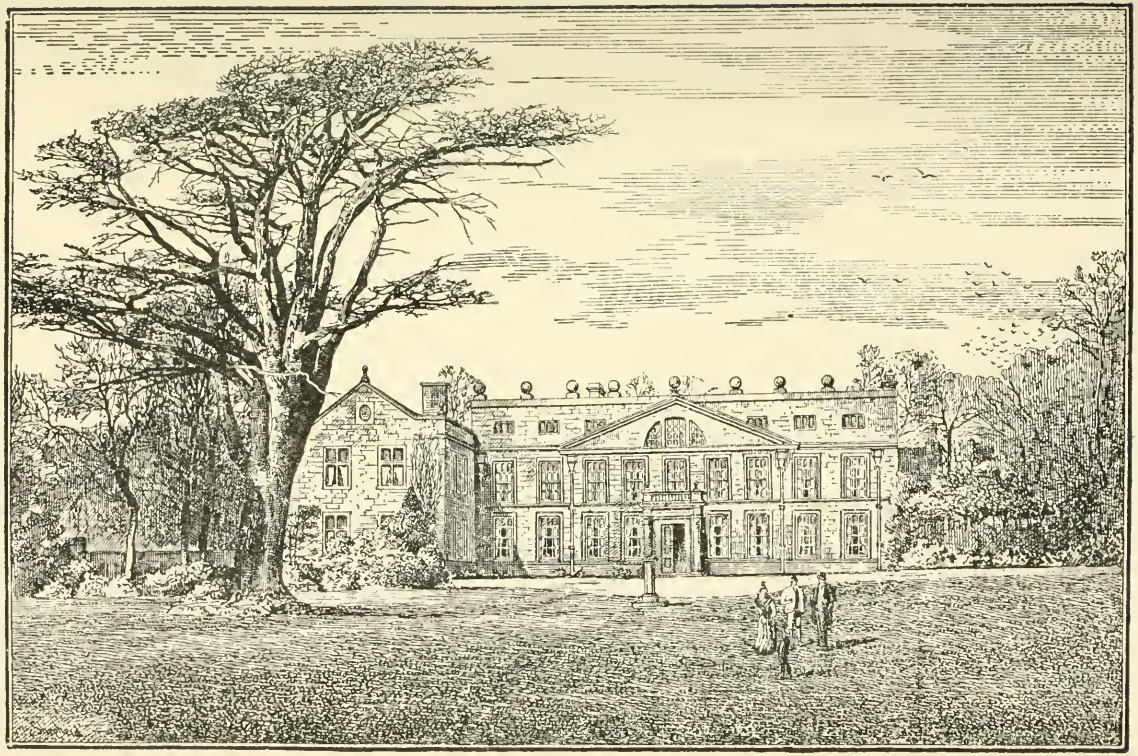
At Huddersfield lived George Searle Phillips, the well-known "January Searle," who was for a time, secretary of the Huddersfield Mechanics' Institute. He was a most eccentric character, and when lecturing as secretary on behalf of the Northern Union of Mechanics' Institutes, he used to take a big black dog, named "Satan," with him on to the platform. He ultimately became insane, and died a year or two ago in Trenton Asylum, United States. His principal works are a *Biography of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer*, and *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*. He also was editor of the *Truth-Seeker*, with Dr. F. R. Lees, the temperance lecturer, from about 1846 to 1848.

William Dearden, the poet, while residing in Huddersfield, acted as editor of *Dearden's Miscellany* (a magazine

of literature and science), in succession to the Rev. Henry Alford, M.A., vicar of Wymswold, near Nottingham, who, on being preferred to the Deanery of Chichester, in 1841, resigned his editorship. This was issued by Dearden's cousin, a bookseller and publisher in Nottingham. The poet numbered among his friends, Wordsworth, Southey, Hartley Coleridge, and Mrs. Hemans, while nearer home he had the Brontës, Leyland the sculptor, etc. Afterwards, when he went to stay in Bradford, he knew John James the topographer, Ben Preston, Edwin Waugh, etc. When resident there, he edited an edition of the poems of the Airedale poet, but it was not a pecuniary success. Latterly, Dearden was the head master of the old Grammar School at Warley, near Halifax, where he continued till his death, in January, 1889.

At Mirfield, James Montgomery the poet acted as an apprentice to a grocer, but not liking the work, ran away, and arrived finally at Wath-on-Dearne, in which neighbourhood he met with Lord Fitzwilliam, who gave him a guinea for some verses which he wrote, the first money he ever earned by writing. Montgomery comes in most appropriately under Sheffield.

Near Mirfield, on the Huddersfield road, is Roe Head, where Charlotte Brontë was for some years a pupil and teacher under Miss Wooler, who, in 1836, removed her school to Heald's House, Dewsbury Moor, in which house, was born, Heald the elder, vicar of Birstall, who along



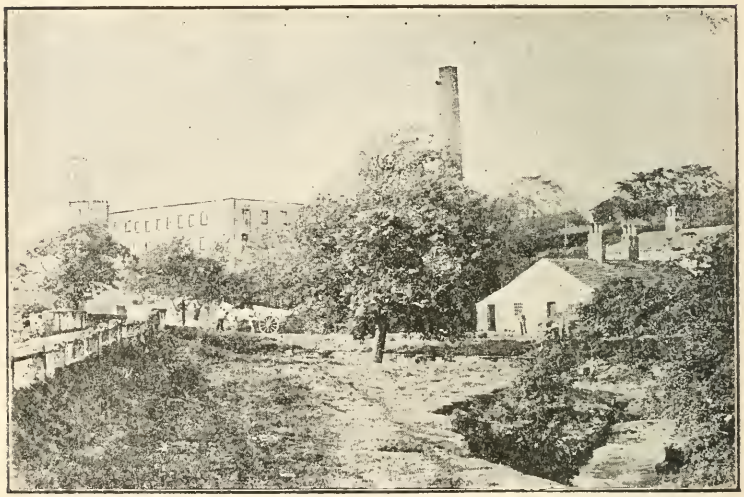
Bierley Hall.

with his son, William Margetson Heald, are believed to be pourtrayed in "Mr. Hall," in *Shirley*, that model parson who was "all things to all men," and yet maintained his independence. When living at Heald's House, a thunderstorm overthrew a poplar tree in the orchard, and it is generally believed that Charlotte made use of this incident in *Jane Eyre*, where a tree at "Thornfield Hall" is struck with lightning.

In 1741, Dr. Richard Richardson, primus, of Bierley Hall, published the first detailed case of disease from Yorkshire. He also wrote a Flora of Bierley and district, in manuscript, and various communications on botany to the *Philosophical Transactions*. His son Richard was a great art and book collector, and formed the nucleus of the library of the celebrated Miss Frances Richardson Currer, of Bierley, whom we have mentioned under Eshton in Airedale.

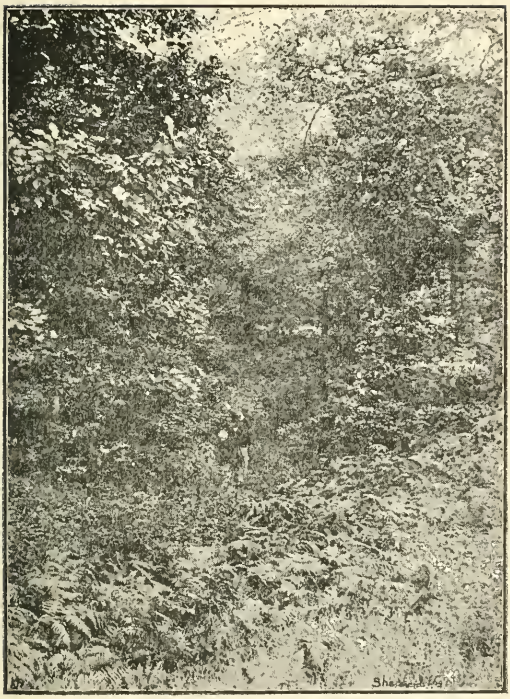
The Spen valley is in great part taken up by Charlotte Brontë, in her *Shirley*. Hunsworth Wood and Mill are the scenes of the "Hollow," and "Hollow's Mill." There are some pretty bits of woodland in this locality, and although sadly marred by soot from factory and pit, a pleasant walk may yet be taken, where "Robert Moore" and "Caroline Helstone" carried on their game at hide and seek. The beck is now of an inky blue colour, reminding us of Moore's words:—"I will pour the waters of Pactolus through the valley." Hunsworth Wood is

described in *Shirley*, but the place where the riots occurred is at Rawfold's Mill, a mile or two further down, where there is little to attract the eye of the literary pilgrim. The Hollow is often mentioned in the novel. Caroline Helstone's evening rambles are thus described:—"In



Hunsworth Mill.

whatever direction she had rambled, whether along the drear skirts of Stilbro' Moor, or over the sunny stretch of Nunneley Common, her homeward path was still so contrived as to lead her near the Hollow. She rarely descended the den, but she visited its brink at twilight almost as regularly as the stars rose over the hill crests.

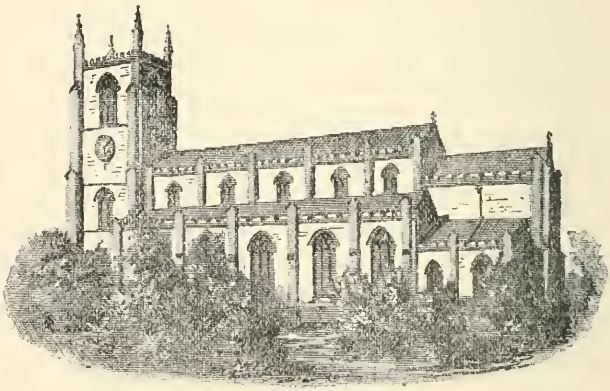


Hungworth Wood.

Her resting place was at a certain stile under a certain old thorn; thence she could look down on the cottage, the mill, the dewy garden-ground, the still, deep dam; * * * Her errand was to watch for this ray (of the well-known lamp); her reward to catch it, sometimes sparkling bright in clear air, sometimes shimmering dim

through mist, and anon flashing broken between slant lines of rain—for she came in all weather."

Not far from Rawfolds, is Liversedge Church, founded by the Rev. Hammond Roberson, the "Parson Helstone" of the novel, who impoverished himself in erecting this, the first Gothic church in England raised in the century. Opposite the church, on the other side of the valley, is



Liversedge Church.

Heald's Hall, where the valiant Churchman resided, and where he broke in his various refractory steeds. Hammond Roberson has been styled the "Father of Church principles in the West Riding," and he had a hard fight to make, before he got the Churchmen of that district to begin building. However, in some twenty years after Christ Church, Liversedge, was reared, all the Heavy Woollen

District was dotted over with the towers and spires of churches, a wonderful advance in a country where all the "isms" seem to flourish lustily even at the present day.

Gomersal is also associated with *Shirley*. "Yorke's House," otherwise "Briar Mains," is situated in this village. Here resided Hiram Yorke, the genial, cultured manufacturer, who is as good a sample of the West Riding clothier as ever figured in fiction. He is racy of the soil. Briar Mains is in reality called Red House, and was the residence of the Taylor family, who figure as the Yorkes

The House which Charlotte Brontë visited at Hunsworth Mill.

in *Shirley*. Some members of the family also lived at Hunsworth Mill, which is sometimes called Yorke Mill in the novel. We find the following in *Shirley*:—"It will have been remarked that Mr. Yorke varied a little in his phraseology; now he spoke broad Yorkshire, and anon he expressed himself in very pure English. His manner seemed liable to equal alternations; he could be polite and affable, and he could be blunt and rough. His station then you could not easily determine by his speech and demeanour, perhaps the appearance of his residence may decide it. There was no splendour, but there was taste everywhere—unusual taste—the taste, you would have said, of a travelled man, a scholar, and a gentleman. * * * There was a guitar and some music on a sofa. There were cameos, beautiful miniatures; a set of Grecian-looking vases on the mantel-piece."

Next door, to Briar Mains, is Pollard Hall, where Herbert Knowles, the boy poet, resided at one time.

At Heckmondwike, the celebrated Joseph Priestley resided, with his Calvinistic aunt, Mrs. Keighley, at the Old Hall in Cook Lane, still standing. When here, Priestley was refused by the deacons as a communicant, on account of his religious views. Had he been more tenderly dealt with, perhaps he might have been one of the brightest ornaments that the Independents ever produced. Charles Bradlaugh was by the action of a clergyman who was preparing him for confirmation

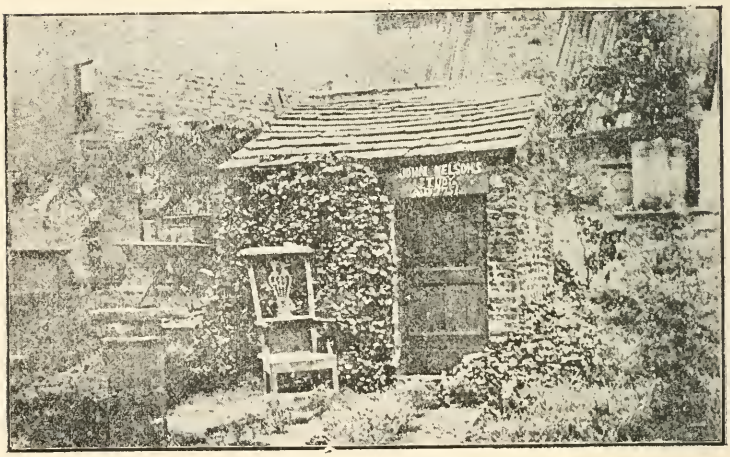
Pollard Hall.

remonstrated with, on account of attending some Radical meetings, and so, on account of the bigotry of this man, the Christian Church lost for ever, a man who might have been a power in it.

At Hurst House, Heckmondwike, now demolished, John Curwen was born, November 14th, 1816. He was the son of the Rev. Spedding Curwen, Independent minister, and was the introducer of the Tonic Sol-Fa system of reading music. He was also the author of *The History of Nelly Vanner*, a book for children.

At Fieldhead, above Birstall, is the birthplace of Joseph Priestley, who was the son of Jonas Priestley, cloth-dresser.

The house in which he was born is now destroyed. It is quite unnecessary to enter into a lengthy account of Priestley's religious views. We have already given particulars as to his scientific discoveries. It is more by those, than for his theological works, that he will be remembered. That he was an *honest* doubter, no careful reader of his biography can deny.



Nelson's Study, Birstall Wesleyan Chapel.

Birstall was the birthplace of John Nelson, the celebrated travelling Wesleyan preacher, whose *Journal* is a most interesting piece of contemporary religious history, giving a good account of the time of the Evangelical Revival. To show the difference of the times from our own, we find that

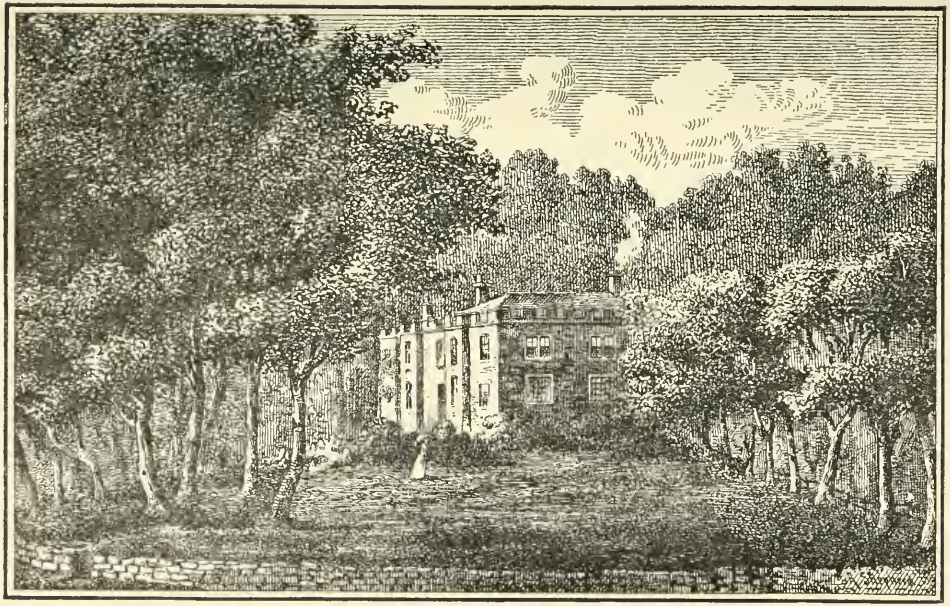
the vicar of Birstall of that day had John pressed for a soldier. However, he was soon allowed to leave the army.

In the near neighbourhood of Birstall, are two houses, both scenes in Charlotte Brontë's novels,—the Rydings, the "Thornfield Hall" of *Jane Eyre*, and Oakwell Hall, the "Fieldhead" of *Shirley*.

The Rydings is a battlemented residence, in a considerable park, backed by a rookery, and in every particular accords with the description of Rochester's mansion; but no story of a mad-woman is attached to it, although there is a reminiscence of a thunderstorm and a tree struck by lightning, during a visit of Charlotte Brontë to her friend Miss Nussey, who then resided at the hall. Some of the best descriptive writing in *Jane Eyre* relates to the love scenes between Jane and Rochester, especially the thunderstorm scene. We may be pardoned quoting the references:—"'It was of proportions not vast, though considerable; a gentleman's manor house, not a nobleman's seat; battlements round the top gave it a picturesque look. Its grey front stood out well from the background of a rookery, whose cawing tenants were now on the wing; they flew over the lawn and grounds to alight in a great meadow, from which these were separated by a sunk fence, and where an array of mighty old thorn trees, strong, knotty, and broad as oaks, at once explained the etymology of the mansion's designation. * * * Hills seeming to embrace Thornfield. * * * The church of

the district stood nearer Thornfield; its old tower top looked over a knoll between the house and the gates.' Such is the Thornfield of *Jane Eyre* to-day, only the noise of machinery, the presence of long chimneys, and the making of new roads, etc., have robbed it of much of its quiet seclusion, and curtailed its grounds to a very modest field instead of a large park. In former times, before the Leeds and Huddersfield road was cut through the park, The Rydings was a beautiful residence, with pleasant surroundings, where grottoes, waterfalls, and fish ponds were constructed, and in whose woods bluebells and star-wort wantoned in spring-time in wild beauty; where game was abundant, and the hare, scampering from his leafy lair, was no unfrequent sight to the passer-by. Even yet, comparatively rare birds are shot in these woods, and occasionally game is observed even in this purely manufacturing district.

When Charlotte visited here, a tremendous thunderstorm occurred, during which a chestnut tree in the orchard hedge was struck by lightning and thrown to the ground. One of the most striking pieces of word-painting in *Jane Eyre* is taken up with describing this; when Rochester proposes to Jane Eyre in the garden, which is redolent with 'sweetbriar and southern-wood, jasmine, pink, and rose,' all exhaling their delicious perfume in that peculiarly pungent manner so common before a thunderstorm. After she accepted him, she goes on to



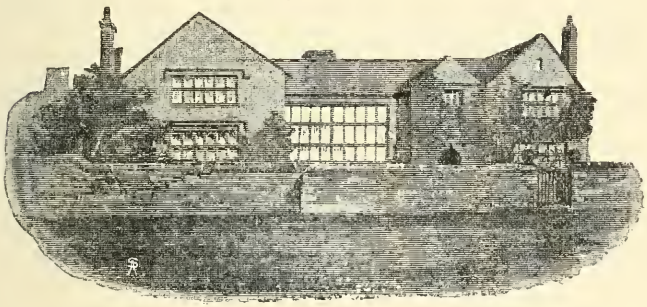
The Rydings, Birstall.

say, 'But what had befallen the night? The moon was not yet set, and we were all in shadow. I could scarcely see my master's face, near as I was. And what ailed the chestnut tree? It writhed and groaned; while wind roared in the laurel walk and came sweeping over us. * * * A livid, vivid spark leapt out of a cloud at which I was looking, and there was a crack, a crash, and a close, rattling peal; and I thought only of hiding my dazzled eyes against Mr. Rochester's shoulder. * * * Before I left my bed in the morning, little Adèle came running in to tell me that the great horse-chestnut at the bottom of the orchard had been struck by lightning in the night; and to feel, through the open glass door, the breathing of a fresh and fragrant breeze. * * * The rooks cawed, and blither birds sang; but nothing was so merry or so musical as my own rejoicing heart.' The night before her intended wedding, she says, 'I am feverish: I hear the wind blowing: I will go out of doors and feel it.' She seeks the shelter of the orchard, and continues, 'It was not without a certain wild pleasure I ran before the wind, delivering my trouble of mind to the measureless air-torrent thundering through space. Descending the laurel walk, I faced the wreck of the chestnut tree; it stood up black and riven; the trunk, split down the centre, gasped ghastly. The cloven halves were not broken from each other, for the firm base and strong roots kept them unsundered below, though community of vitality was

destroyed—the sap could flow no more; then great boughs on each side were dead, and next winter's tempests would be sure to fell one or both to earth. As yet, however, they might be said to form one tree—a ruin, but an entire ruin. * * * As I looked up at them, the moon appeared momentarily in that part of the sky which filled their fissure; her disc was blood-red and half overcast. She seemed to throw on me one bewildered, dreary glance, and buried herself again instantly in the deep drift of cloud. The wind fell for a second round Thornfield; but far away over wood and water poured a wild, melancholy wail; it was sad to listen to, and I ran off.' Nothing seemed to escape the observant glance of Charlotte Brontë either in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, and the extraordinary manner in which she makes her characters, scenes, and weather seem to sympathise with one another is almost magical. We find the lightning-blasted tree again used as an image, when Rochester, blind and crippled, says he is 'no better than the lightning-struck chestnut tree in Thornfield orchard.' The lightning-struck tree was a favourite illustration with the Brontë family, for the father uses it in one of his sermons."

The story of the mad-woman at Thornfield is borrowed from an ancient manor-house in the south part of the North Riding, of which we will have to treat when considering Yoredale.

At Brookroyd, a residence near Birstall, where Charlotte Brontë visited Miss Nussey, she corrected the proofs of *Jane Eyre*, and never made a sign to her friend. See Mrs. Gaskell's Biography, page 246. She says:—"While it was in the press, Miss Brontë went to pay a short visit to her friend at B— (Birstall). The proofs were forwarded to her there, and she occasionally sat at the same table with her friend, correcting them: but they did not exchange a word on the subject."



Oakwell Hall.

Oakwell Hall, the old mansion of the Batts, has a connection with the Civil War, for near here was fought the battle of Adwalton Moor, in which the *dilettante* Newcastle and the swart "Fiery Tom" met in combat. It is notable as one of the early successes of the Royalists. The description of "Fieldhead" in *Shirley*, tallies exactly with the real Oakwell.

There are some beautiful touches in the pictures of Fieldhead which are afforded us. We find:—"If Fieldhead had few other merits as a building, it might at least be termed picturesque; its irregular architecture and the grey and mossy colouring communicated by time, gave it a just claim to this epithet. The old latticed windows, the stone porch, the walls, the roof, the chimney-stacks, were rich in crayon touches and sepia lights and shades. The trees behind were fine, bold, and spreading; the cedar on the lawn in front was grand; and the granite urns on the garden wall, the fretted arch of the gateway were for an artist, as the very desire of the eye. * * * Very sombre it was; long, vast and dark; one latticed window lit it dimly; the wide old chimney contained now no fire, for the present warm weather needed it not: it was filled instead with willow boughs. The gallery on high, opposite the entrance, was seen but in outline, so shadowy became this hall towards its ceiling; carved stags' heads, with real antlers, looked down grotesquely from the walls. This was neither a grand nor a comfortable house, within as without it was antique, rambling, and incommodious. * * * This parlour was lined with oak; fine dark, glossy panels compassed the walls gloomily and grandly. Very handsome, reader, these shining brown panels are: very mellow in colouring and tasteful in effect, but—if you know what a 'spring clean' is,—very execrable and inhuman. Whoever, having the bowels of humanity,

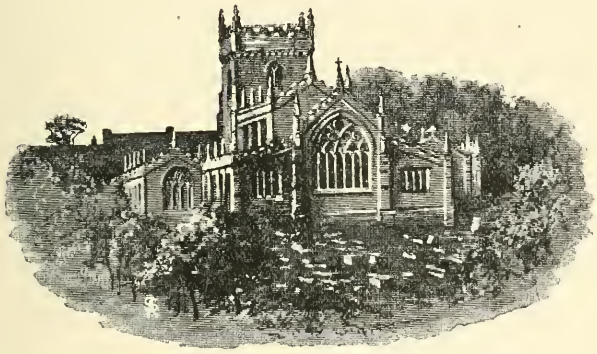
had seen servants scrubbing at these polished wooden walls with bees-waxed cloths, on a warm May day, must allow that they are 'intolerable, and not to be endured;' and I cannot but secretly applaud the benevolent barbarian who had painted another and larger apartment of Field-head—the drawing-room to wit, formerly also an oak-room—of a delicate pinky white; thereby earning for himself the character of a Hun, but mightily enhancing the cheerfulness of that portion of his abode, and saving future housemaids a world of toil."

Again we find:—"Shirley keeps her dark old manor-house light and bright with her cheery presence: the gallery, and the low-ceiled chambers that open into it, have learned lively echoes from her voice: the dim entrance-hall with its one window, has grown pleasantly accustomed to the rustle of a silk dress, as its wearer sweeps across from room to room, now carrying flowers to the barbarous peach-bloom salon, now entering the dining-room to open its casements and let in the scent of mignonette and sweetbriar, anon bringing plants from the staircase window to place in the sun at the open porch door. * * Through the open kitchen door the court is visible, all sunny and gay, and peopled with turkeys and their poults, peahens and their chicks, pearl-flecked guinea-fowls, and a bright variety of pure white, and purple-necked, and blue and cinnamon-plumed pigeons."

Such is the central point of the scenery in which walk the dauntless "Shirley," the gentle Caroline, the Rectors, the inimitable Curates, and all the *dramatis personæ* who take part in this perfect West Riding drama. Charlotte Brontë has been blamed for taking her sister Emily as the original for her "Shirley Keeldar," on the ground that it is utter nonsense to place people in situations where they never had an opportunity of living, but this is the privilege of imaginative geniuses like Charlotte. They can improvise, until one is as much interested in the whole situation, as almost to expect an afternoon call from "Captain" Keeldar, that charmingly fresh sample of a lovable woman, or to be bored to death by little "Donne," dunning one for a subscription. As it is round this old hall, still stately in these latter days, that the principal situations are developed, we have been constrained to linger over it, in showing the pictures which the writer has presented to us.

"Briarfield," which is in reality Birstall, is principally notable in the novel on account of the Whitsuntide school feast with its grand turn-out of the local clergy, the Rev. Matthewson Helstone (Hammond Roberson), the Rev. Dr. Boultby (Powley of Dewsbury), the Rev. Cyril Hall (Rev. — Heald of Birstall), and the curates. This grand display is immediately followed by the Luddite attack on "Hollow's Mill," and may be said to form the crisis of the story.

But we loiter too long over the works of the "little austere Joan of Arc," who, however, is "worthy of being read and re-read with reverence" when nine-tenths of our modern school of novelists have fallen into the waters of eternal oblivion; for, as one of our present day writers of fiction, herself a woman, has said:—"Charlotte Brontë is the truest, most unalloyed genius this century has produced."



Birstall Church.

The Taylor family of Gomersal has produced an authoress in the person of Miss Mary Taylor, who has written a novel, *Miss Miles* (Remington, 1890), which gives one a good view of manufacturing Yorkshire sixty years ago. Miss Taylor is the "M." of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. The principal character in *Miss Miles* is "Miss Miles" herself. Sarah Miles, the daughter of John

Miles, a grocer, who is very desirous to be a "real lady," and her adventures among divers persons who consider themselves "real ladies," are very entertaining and instructive. Sarah Miles is a good, natural, healthy girl, with good principles and great aptitude for music, who ultimately marries well in every sense of the word. The musical re-unions among the villagers, and the vicissitudes of trade, where persons rise to affluence from poverty in a few years, and then come rapidly down again, is true to the life.

No one could have more knowledge of the latter subject than Miss Taylor, who belongs to one of the oldest manufacturing families in Yorkshire, Hunsworth Mill having been built by Mr. John Taylor, in 1785. There is more in this novel than at first sight appears, but the *locale* and characters are evidently too circumscribed for any great scope being allowed to the writer. Still, village life is well pourtrayed, also the keeping up of appearances by the Turners, the manufacturer's family; and had the writer allowed herself a rather wider field to write about, perhaps the work might have been more interesting to the general reader. To the West Riding reader, however, the tale is sure to appeal powerfully, as the characters are natural, not stilted, and are racy of the soil. In closing this work, one's only regret is that Miss Taylor had not begun to write long ago, as the work bears evidence of careful observation of character. The *locale* of *Miss Miles*, is

suspected to be somewhere about Birstall, as the "narrow valley, with a stream and a lane running down the middle of it," "the new road," and "the great house," "the church and vicarage," and "the mill," all answer to Birstall. Such is the "Repton" of *Miss Miles*.

About a mile from Birstall, further down the valley of the beck, is Batley, mentioned by Walter White in his *Month in Yorkshire*, and by Sir George Head in his *Home Tour*. Walter White says:—"Hither were brought tatters from pediculous Poland, from the gipsies of Hungary, from the beggars and scarecrows of Germany, from the frowsy peasants of Muscovy; to say nothing of snips and shreds of monks' gowns and lawyers' robes, from postillions' jackets and soldiers' uniforms, from maidens' bodices and noblemen's cloaks. A vast medley truly! and all to be manufactured into broadcloth in Yorkshire." White was a great writer of holiday handbooks, such as *All Round the Wrekin*, *On Foot through the Tyrol*, etc.

On shoddy, Sir George Head says:—"The trade or occupation of the late owner, his life and habits, or the filthiness and antiquity of the garment itself, oppose no bar to this wonderful process of regeneration. Whether the scarecrow or the gibbet, it makes no difference; so that according to the changes of human affairs, it no doubt frequently does happen without figure of speech or metaphor, that the identical garment of to-day exposed

to the sun and rain in a Kentish cherry orchard, or saturated with tobacco smoke on the back of a beggar in a pot-house is doomed in its turn, *perfusis liquidis odoribus*, to grace the swelling collar, or add dignified proportions to the chest of the dandy."

To turn to a more agreeable subject. In the registers at Batley Parish Church, may be seen the entry of the marriage of John Fletcher, of Madeley, and Miss Bosanquet, the friend of John Wesley. In Hodder and Stoughton's *Men Worth Remembering* Series, *John W. Fletcher*, by Rev. Frederic W. Macdonald, we find that Jean Guillaume de la Fléchère was born in 1729, and educated at the University of Nyon and was sent to Lenzburg to learn German. He was an adept at fencing and swimming, and had narrow escapes from death while engaged in these sports. He was, while in a mill-race, turned over and over and carried a mile by the current before regaining consciousness. He also narrowly escaped death by the point of a foil breaking into his body. He came to England as a tutor. He wrote a *Manual of Devotions* for himself. He was admitted deacon, in 1757, by the Bishop of Hereford, and held a nominal curacy at Madeley. He was chaplain to Lady Huntingdon. In 1760, he became vicar of Madeley, being presented to the living by a nephew of Mr. Hill, of whose family he was the tutor. In 1781 (12th September), his marriage took place at Batley Church, and they lived at Cross

Hall, near Morley, till the following January. There is at Cross Hall a "Mrs. Fletcher Memorial Wesleyan Chapel."

Dewsbury is notable as having been one of Patrick Brontë's curacies. While here, he rescued a drowning boy from the Calder, which was in flood, and he also composed some verses on the Rev. J. B. (Buckworth), entitled *Epistle to the Rev. J— B—, Whilst Journeying for the Recovery of his Health.* Here is a sample from near the end of the production:—

> "May rosy health with speed return,
> And all your wonted ardour burn,
> And sickness, buried in the urn,
> Sleep many years!
> So countless friends who loudly mourn,
> Shall dry their tears."

The history of Dewsbury has been written by the late John Beswicke Greenwood, Esq., M.A., chairman of the Dewsbury Bench of West Riding Magistrates, and also of the Wakefield Quarter Sessions. It is an excellent account of an ancient parish. Singularly enough, Dewsbury has produced but few notabilities in the literary way.

From the Saviles of Thornhill, sprang the well-known "trimmer," the Marquis of Halifax, who in an age of change, managed, like the Vicar of Bray, to keep in with all the monarchs from Charles II. up to William and Mary. Halifax did not believe in any one class or person

in the state having unlimited power, and he was undoubtedly right. He was opposed to bigotry in all its forms, and despised no less the king's pretensions to divine right, than the brayings of the mob clamouring for power. Halifax's grandmother was Anne Wentworth, sister of the unhappy Strafford, and her brother erected a monument to her memory in Thornhill Church. This is one of the most noteworthy churches in the West Riding, on account of its grand specimen of an oak altar tomb bearing the effigies of Sir John Savile and his two wives, and also for its great chancel and east Savile chantry windows.

Not far down the stream from Thornhill, we arrive at Wakefield, the Cathedral city of the Heavy Woollen District. Wakefield is most notable as having been the scene, in its immediate neighbourhood, of performances of the old Miracle Plays. The Widkirk or Townley plays were performed at Woodkirk. They are thirty-two in number, and one of them a Shepherd's play may, apart from its religious close, be accounted the first English farce. Another was called *Abraham*. They are supposed in great part to be the work of a monk belonging to the Augustinian cell at Woodkirk, and are distinguished by unusual ability.

Wakefield was the birthplace of John Burton, the author of *Monasticon Eboracense*, an ecclesiastical history of Yorkshire, in 1697. He practised as a physician in the city of York, and is rendered immortal as the prototype of "Dr. Slop" in Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*.

Archbishop Potter was the son of a Wakefield linen draper, and was born in 1674. When twenty-three years of age, when Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, he produced his beautiful edition of Lycophron's *Alexandra*, and the first volume of his *Archæologia Græca*, which he completed next year. He became B.D. and D.D., and was appointed chaplain to Archbishop Tennison, chaplain-in-ordinary to Queen Anne, Bishop of Oxford, and having preached at the coronation of George II., was raised by him to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, in 1737, on the death of Dr. Wake. His works were published in 1753, in three volumes, octavo.

John Radcliffe, the celebrated court physician, and founder of the Radcliffe Library, at Oxford, was a native of Wakefield, and was educated at its Grammar School, as were also the two former notabilities mentioned.

Goldsmith is believed to have had some knowledge of Wakefield, whether he ever visited it or not, for the names of several of the characters in the novel are taken from this district, such as Thornhill, Primrose Hill, etc. The vicar, "Dr. Primrose," is painted from his own father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, rector of Pallasmore.

The battle of Wakefield, fought between Margaret of Anjou, and Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, in 1460, has been immortalised by Shakespeare, in *King Henry VI.*, and also by Michael Drayton.

It may be mentioned as interesting, that Dr. Walsham How, the present Bishop of Wakefield, is a poet and hymn-writer of no mean powers, and has also written *Flora of Barmouth and Great Orme's Head*. He is also the author of *Pastor in Parochiâ*. His poetical skit, entitled *The Three Pundits*, referring to Bishop Ellicott, Dean Alford, and Canon (afterwards Bishop) Wordsworth, is very clever. Here are the lines:—

"A Bishop, a Dean, and a Canon, they say,
Were discussing a difficult passage one day,
Said the Canon, 'I rather
Agree with a Father
And fancy I see
A profound mystery
Which confutes, when unravelled, with stringent austerity,
Modern impugners of Catholic verity.'

Said the Dean, 'It is clear
There's a knotty point here;
And I really can't say
That I quite see my way:
The Germans, no doubt,
Have found it all out.
Ah, no! But the Canon is wrong I am sure;
So it's best, as we find it, to leave it—obscure.'

Said the Bishop, 'To me
The solutions seem three,
Which I call, *a*, *b*, *c*.
In favour of *a*
There is much to say;
Something for *b*,
And a little for *c*.
Against *a* I find
Reasons strong to my mind;
But by stronger ones yet
B and *c* are both met.
And so, when the three I impartially weigh,
I'm disposed to give in my adhesion to *a*.'

It was thus that the Canon
Patristical ran on;
It was thus that the Dean
Halted, doubting, between;
It was thus that the Bishop
The meaning did fish up;
It was thus that the Dean, Canon, Bishop, they say,
Discussed that most difficult passage one day.'

Among Walsham How's hymns are, *O Jesu, Thou art Standing*; *Summer Suns are Glowing*; *Lord, Thy Children Guide and Keep*, etc.

In the neighbourhood of Wakefield, there is situated Walton Hall, the birthplace and residence of the celebrated naturalist, Charles Waterton, who made natural history like a fairy tale to the tyro. He was beloved by animals of all kinds, and had congregated within his park walls many birds and mammals which were almost unknown in this country.

Edward Hailstone, who lived at Walton Hall, from 1871 to 1890, was one of the greatest collectors of antiquities and articles of *vertu* in England. He published a work, *Yorkshire Worthies*, copies of pictures of Yorkshiremen in the Leeds Exhibition of 1868, and also produced a reprint of Walker's *Yorkshire Costumes*, in 1885. He died, March 24th, 1890, bequeathing all his Yorkshire Library to the Dean and Chapter of York. His collection included brasswork (A.D. 1400), old armour, beautiful carved oak, Venetian glass, watches, silver ornaments, china, rings, clocks, and old painted glass.

CHAPTER III.

DERWENTDALE.

PICKERING, situated on Pickering Beck, a feeder of the Costa, is noted principally for its Castle, in which Richard II. was confined, as is told in an old rhyme:—

"The Kyng then sent Kyng Richard to Ledes,
There to be kept surely in previtee,
Fro thens after to Pykeryng went he nedes,
And to Knauesburgh after led was he,
But to Pountefrete last, where he did die."

On the Dove, is Kirkby Moorside, where the celebrated George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, died in a house in the market-place, in "1687, April 17th, Gorges Vilaus, Lord Dooke of Bookingam," as the parish register has it. Pope's well-known lines about his dying in the "worst inn's worst room," make a mistake, for he died in a house next to the King's Head Inn, which has never itself been an inn. He says:—

"In the worst inn's worst room with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay in Clieveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more,
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."

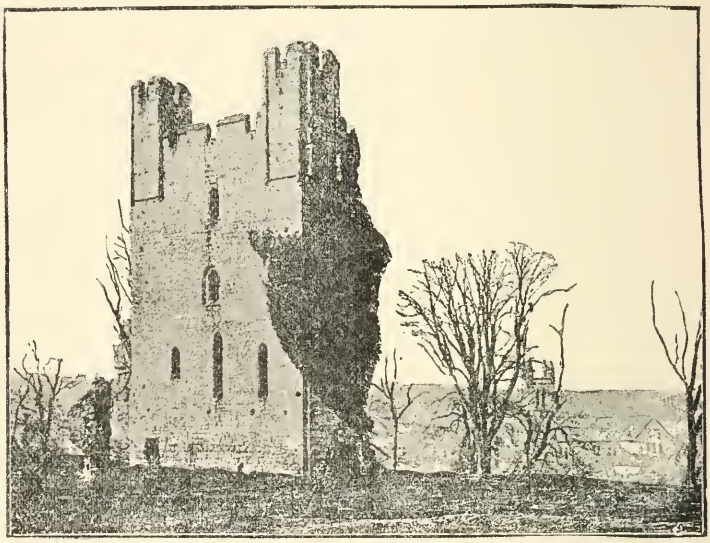
—*Moral Essays, Epistle III*

Horace Walpole says of Buckingham:—"When this extraordinary man, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the Presbyterian Fairfax, and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty king and his solemn chancellor (Clarendon); when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad ministers; or, equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots—one laments that such parts should have been devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chymist, when he is a real bubble, and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolishest ends—contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character."

Pope, in a note to his *Moral Essays*, says:—"This lord yet more famous for his vices than for his misfortunes, having been possessed of about £50,000 a year, and passed

through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery."

In Ryedale, we have Helmsley, with its castle, which was the property of the Duke of Buckingham. It was



Helmsley Castle.

By Permission, from Photograph by Messrs. Valentine, Dundee.

ruined during the Civil Wars, but Buckingham repaired a portion of it for his own residence. It was at the siege of this fortalice that Fairfax was severely wounded, so much so, that his life was despaired of. Villiers, fresh from the dissipations of the Continent, came to Nunappleton

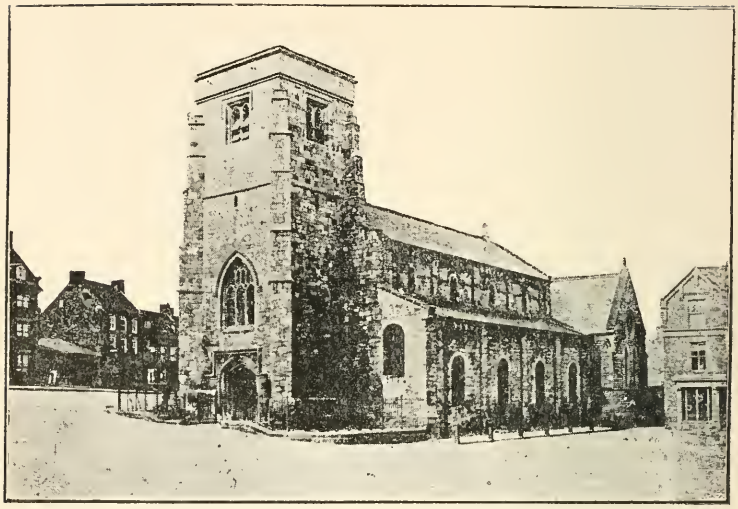
during the Commonwealth, and so ingratiated himself with the old lord, that he was allowed to marry his only daughter Mary, the pupil of Andrew Marvell, the wedding taking place at Bolton Percy Church.

The Castle of Helmsley, originally the property of the Rutland family, and later on of the Buckinghams, which had been given to Fairfax as a reward for his military services, was returned to his daughter as a wedding present. Buckingham figured as "Zimri" in *Absalom and Achitophel*, by Dryden. He was a mere trifler in literature. The estate was sold to Sir Charles Duncombe, Secretary to the Treasury. Pope has written two lines on this fact:—

> "Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
> Slid to a scrivener and a city knight."

Nunnington, in Ryedale, is also interesting from a literary point of view, as Annie Keary, the novelist, lived at the vicarage here. She was the authoress of *Mia and Charlie*, *A York and Lancaster Rose*, *Castle Daly*, etc. There is a *Memoir of Annie Keary*, written by her sister Emily. The father of the Kearys was the incumbent at Nunnington. *Mia and Charlie* is laid at this village. The story of *Doris Barugh* by Mrs Macquoid, deals with a ghost story belonging to Nunnington Hall, once the seat of the Grahams, of Norton Conyers.

We now come down the Derwent to Malton, a place with a fine old-world flavour about it. At Raisthorpe,



St. Michael's Church, Malton.

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not far from the town, was born in 1769, Francis Wrangham, the celebrated Archdeacon of Cleveland, who, though not particularly distinguished in any one field of study, wrote on theology, issued volumes of poetry, and a translation of Horace. He was also a great collector of rare editions, and is more noted as a bibliophile than for anything else. Miss Mitford alludes to this.

Castle Howard, the princely seat of Lord Carlisle, is soon reached from Malton. Lord Carlisle, the poet, was born here in 1802, the descendant of a line noted for more than ordinary culture. He was an active member of

Carlisle Monument, Castle Howard.

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Parliament, and rose to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, where he was universally beloved. His statue has been erected in Carlisle, and in Dublin, and a magnificent Grecian column commemorates him at Castle Howard. He died in 1864. He wrote a great many poems of

Lord Carlisle.

average merit, but nothing that will live; but he is worthy of a niche in Yorkshire's temple of fame, as a man of refined tastes, who tried to elevate the people; and was always ready, like Richard Monckton Milnes, to help on any good cause.

Bridge on the Derwent, near Kirkham Abbey.

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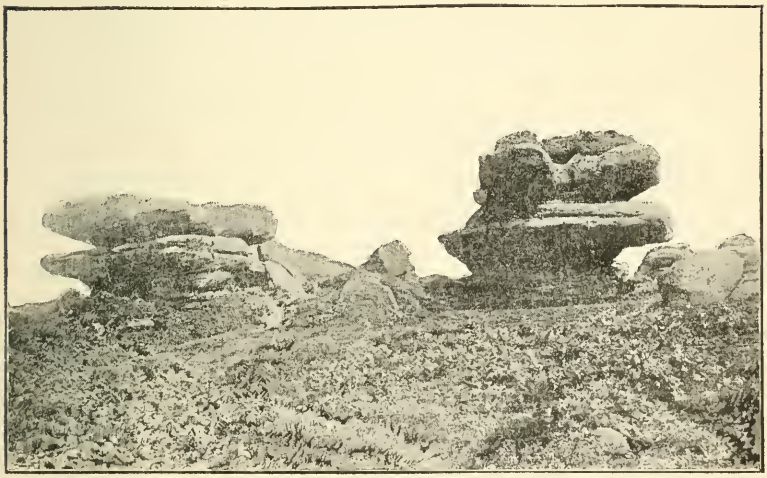
It has been said that John Gower, the poet, author of *Vox Clamantis*, was born at Sittenham, not far from Castle Howard, but Henry Morley, in his *English Literature*, states distinctly that he was a gentleman of Kent.

Foston-le-Clay, not far from here, was the residence for some years of the celebrated Sydney Smith, whose wit is in everyone's mouth. It was after his successful starting of *The Edinburgh*, that he took up his residence at Foston, where he built the rectory at his own expense. His memoirs were edited by his daughter, Lady Holland.

It is useless here to expatiate on Sydney Smith, or to give anecdotes about him. He rose in time to be Canon of St. Paul's, and ended his days as he had lived them, at peace with his Maker and his fellow-men.

At Nunburnholme rectory, far down the Derwent, resides the Rev. F. O. Morris, M.A., the well-known writer on British birds, etc.



Brimham Rocks.

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CHAPTER IV.

DONDALE.

AT Wharncliffe, near Sheffield, is the scene of *The Dragon of Wantley*. The following article appeared in the *Leeds Mercury Supplement* for February 28th, 1880, and is quoted *in extenso* :—

"Once on a time—as the old story-tellers were wont to commence their tales of love, chivalry, and romance—there dwelt in the most wild and rugged part of Wharncliffe Chase, near Rotherham, a fearful dragon, with iron teeth and claws. How he came there no one knew, or where he came from; but he proved to be a most pestilent neighbour to the villagers of Wortley—blighting the crops by the poisonous stench of his breath, devouring the cattle of the fields, making no scruple of seizing upon a plump child or a tender young virgin to serve as a *bonne-bouche* for his breakfast-table, and even crunching up houses and churches to satisfy his ravenous appetite.

Wortley, vulgarly called Wantley, is situated in the parish of Penistone, and belongs now, as it has done for centuries, to the Wortley family. Before the dissolution

of monasteries, the Rectory of Penistone belonged to the Abbey of St. Stephen, Westminster, and was granted, when the abbey was dissolved, to Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, who out of the proceeds established in Sheffield a set of alms-houses. The impropriation of the great tithes were let to the Wortley family, who, by measures of oppression and extortion, contrived to get a great deal more than they were entitled to, and Nicholas Wortley insisted on taking the tithes in kind, but was opposed by Francis Bosville, who obtained a decree (17th Elizabeth) against him; but Sir Francis Wortley, in the succeeding reign, again attempted to enforce payment in kind, and enforced his exactions with so much disregard to the suffering he inflicted upon the poor that they determined upon finding out some champion who would dare to attack the redoubtable dragon in his den at Wortley, so as to put an end, once and for all, to the destruction of their crops, the loss of their cattle, and the desolation of their ruined homes. Foremost in this movement was one Lyonel Rowlestone, who married the widow of Francis Bosville; and the parishioners entered into an agreement to unite in opposition to the claims of the Wortleys. The parchment on which it is written is dated 1st James I., and bristles with the names and seals of the people of Penistone of that time, and is still extant.

In the neighbourhood, on a moor not far from Bradfield, stood a mansion called More or Moor Hall, and was

inhabited by a family who had resided there from the time of Henry II., but of whom little is known, excepting the wonderful achievement of one member of the family, 'More of More Hall,' who slew the Dragon of Wantley. The family had for their crest a green dragon, and there was formerly in Bradfield Church a stone dragon, five feet in length, which had some connection with the family. To this worthy, who it is supposed may have been an attorney or counsellor, the parishioners of Penistone, having decided upon appealing to the law courts, applied to undertake their case, and make battle on the terrible dragon in his den among the rocks of the forest of Wharncliffe. He readily complied with their wish, and with great boldness and valour prepared for the conflict by going to Sheffield and ordering a suit of armour, studded with spikes—that is, arming himself with the panoply of law, and then went forth and made the attack. The fight is said, in the ballad narrative, to have lasted two days and nights, probably the duration of the lawsuit, and in the end he killed the dragon, or won his suit, thus relieving the people of Penistone from any further annoyance, or unjust exaction from that quarter. Sir Francis Wortley persuaded his cousin Wordsworth, the freehold lord of the manor (ancestor, lineal or collateral, of the poet Wordsworth), to stand aloof in the matter, and now the Wortley and the Wordsworth are the only estates in the parish that pay tithes.

To commemorate the event, an exceedingly humorous and cleverly satirical ballad was written, which, being also a lively burlesque on the ballad romances of chivalry, served the same purpose towards them that Cervantes' *Don Quixote* did for the prose fictions of the same character. Thus opens the ballad:—

'Old stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Gerna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes
To see and well discerna;
But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er I warrant ye;
But More of More Hall with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder:
With a sting in his tail, as long as a flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four and forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough, as any buff,
Which did him round environ.'

It then goes on to describe how 'he ate three children, at one sup, as one would eat an apple.' Also all sorts of cattle and trees, the forest beginning to diminish very perceptibly, and 'houses and churches,' which to him were geese and turkeys, 'leaving none behind,'

'But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find.'

These stones are supposed to be a reference to the Lyonel Rowlestone, who was the leader of the opposition. There are many local allusions of a similiar character, which

would no doubt add much to the keenness of the satire and the humour, but which are lost to us through our ignorance of the circumstances and persons alluded to.

'In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,' was his den, and at Wantley, a well from which he drank.

> 'Some say this dragon was a witch,
> Some say he was a devil;
> For from his nose a smoke arose
> And with it burning snivel.'

'Hard by, a furious knight there dwelt,' who could 'wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff, and huff; and with his hands twain could swing a horse till he was dead, and eat him all up but his head.' To this wonderful athlete came 'men, women, girls, and boys, sighing and sobbing, and made a hideous noise—O! save us all, More of More Hall, thou peerless knight of these woods; do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on, we'll give thee all our goods.' The Knight replied—

> '"Tut, tut," quoth he, "no goods I want;
> But I want, I want, in sooth,
> A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk and keen,
> With smiles about her mouth;
> Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow,
> With blushes her cheeks adorning;
> To anoint me o'er night, e'er I go to the fight,
> And to dress me in the morning."'

This being agreed to, he hied to Sheffield, and had a suit of armour, covered with spikes five or six inches long, made, which, when he donned it, caused the people to take him for 'an Egyptian porcupig,' and the cattle for

'some strange, outlandish hedgehog.' When he rose in the morning,

> 'To make him strong and mighty,
> He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale
> And a quart of *aqua vitæ*.'

Thus equipped and with his valour braced up, he went to Wantley, concealing himself in the well, and when the dragon came to drink, he shouted 'Boh,' and struck the monster a blow on the mouth. The knight then came out of the well, and they commenced fighting, for some time without advantage on either side—without either receiving a wound. At length, however, after fighting two days and a night, the dragon gave him a blow which made him reel and the earth to quake. 'But More of More Hall, like a valiant son of Mars,' returned the compliment with such vigour that—

> 'Oh! quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
> And turned six times together;
> Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
> Out of his throat of leather;
> More of More Hall! O, thou rascal!
> Would I had seen thee never;
> With the thing on thy foot, thou has pricked my gut,
> And I'm quite undone for ever.
>
> Murder! murder! the dragon cry'd,
> Alack! alack! for grief;
> Had you but mist that place, you could
> Have done me no mischief.
> Then his head he shaked, trembled and quaked,
> And down he laid and cry'd,
> First on one knee, then on back tumbled he;
> So groan'd, kick't, and dy'd.'

Henry Carey, in 1738, brought out an opera on the subject, entitled *The Dragon of Wantley*, abounding in humour, and a fine burlesque on the Italian operas of the period, then the rage of fashion. And in 1873 Poynter exhibited at the R.A., a picture of 'More of More Hall and the Dragon.'"

The famous Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who resided here for the first few years of her married life, was the daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, and was born in 1690. She was educated in the classics by Bishop Burnet, and was the correspondent during life of Pope, Addison, and other eminent persons. She is acknowledged as one of the best female letter writers of this country. She was the means of spreading the practice of inoculation for small-pox in this country. Her *Works*, and *Letters* have been published.

The son of this lady, Edward Wortley Montague, had a most eccentric career, at one time running away and acting as a chimney sweep. He claimed to have written a book *The Rise and Fall of Ancient Republics*, said to be the production of his tutor, who wished to make his father think he was a man of mark, so as to get supplies from home. He afterwards became a member of Parliament, went over to Rome, and finally became a Mohammedan, dying at Padua, in 1776.

In Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, we find that when on a visit to Sheffield, Scott ordered a best quality of planter's knife and gave his name as "Walter Scott,

Abbotsford," to be engraved on it, to the great delight of the cutler. He spent one night here after visiting the field of Waterloo. Doubtless he was gathering information together for *Ivanhoe*, the *locale* of which is in this neighbourhood.

James Montgomery.

James Montgomery was the editor of the *Sheffield Iris*, and was, for some of his rather outspoken articles, fined and imprisoned. As a religious poet, Montgomery has few equals. His *Prayer*, *Friend after Friend Departs*, *O! where shall Rest be found?* *Songs of Praise the Angels sang*, are, with many others

of his compositions, in all our best hymn books. The inhabitants of Sheffield have erected a statue to his memory.

In Charles Reade's *Put Yourself in His Place*, we have some powerful writing. A graphic description of Sheffield, its industries and trades unions, is given. The doctrine of "Put yourself in his place," promulgated by "Dr. Amboyne," is one we should all take to heart. There would be better doings if it were acted on. There is towards the end of the book a thrilling account of the Sheffield flood; indeed the whole work is teeming with incident, and is never for a moment dull or tedious. "Henry Little," "Dr. Amboyne," "Squire Raby" and "Joel Dence," are characters of which Charles Reade might well have been proud. They are natural, and never artificial and stilted. "Coventry," the villain of the piece, is a thorough-paced scoundrel, and "Grace Cardew," the heroine, is a modest, sweet girl of a kindly disposition who is faithful to Little through all, and is only coerced into marriage with the traitor Coventry, when she is fully persuaded that Henry Little is dead. There are some rather overstrained situations throughout the work, but the characters are real flesh and blood men and women.

George Manville Fenn is the author of *Patience Wins, or War in the Works*, a book for boys; where Sheffield figures as "Arrowfield."

Mrs. Barbara Hofland was born at Sheffield in 1770. She first married a Mr. Hoole, and after his death she

kept a school in Harrogate, and attracted some attention as a writer, publishing a volume of poems. She afterwards married a Mr. T. C. Hofland of Sheffield, an artist. She is the authoress of *The Son of a Genius*, and of many works for the young. She died in 1844.

Ebenezer Elliott.

In Thackeray's *Curate's Walk*, "Frank Whitestock" is the Rev. William Henry Brookfield, son of Charles Brookfield, Esq., solicitor, of Sheffield.

Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn Law Rhymer," was born at Masboro', in 1781, where his father was clerk in some ironworks. He wrote his *Vernal Walk* at seventeen years of age. He also wrote in *Tait's* and the *New Monthly*

Magazine, and used his pen as the advocate of the abolition of the Corn Laws. He died in 1849. In the preface to the *Corn Law Rhymes*, he says:—

"And what but scorn and slander will reward
The rabble's poet, and his honest song?
Gambler for blanks, thou play'st an idiot's card;
For sure to fall, the weak attacks the strong.
Aye! but what strength is theirs whose might is based on wrong?"

Thomas Lister, the Quaker poet-naturalist of Barnsley, has only recently passed away, and his memory is ever green. His poems show considerable power, and anyone who knew the hearty old Friend will not forget him very soon. His very face did one good to look at. From his *Rustic Wreath*, we cull the following lines:—

"Lo! o'er Dearne's stream that gently glides,
Bleak Barnsley's cloud-wreath'd head;
Where Trade, not kind to all, provides
Her children's well-earned bread.
Beyond the grounds of Wentworth bloom,
Where Strafford ruled—o'er whose dark doom
A monarch's tears were shed.
O'er hills, grove-tufted, seen to rise,
Gay Wakefield's spire assails the skies,
Now, Beaumont's woodlands spread.

Here Hickleton's commanding pile,
There, Wharncliffe's borders view!
Dear Stainborough's beauties yonder smile,
In summer's liveliest hue."

Near Worsboro' Church is a grey-roofed stone mansion known as Marrow House, which is famous as having been the birthplace, in 1642, of Edith Turner, afterwards mother of Alexander Pope, the poet.

St. George's Church, Doncaster.

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Ivanhoe opens with the following paragraph:—"In that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and the pleasant town of Doncaster. The remains of this extensive wood are still to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth, of Wharncliffe Park, and around Rotherham. Here haunted of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley; here were fought many of

the most desperate battles during the Civil Wars of the Roses; and here also flourished in ancient times, those bands of outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered popular in English song.

Conisborough Castle, where Athelstane's marvellous resurrection takes place, is in the same valley, and is well worth a visit, for its shell is still in fine preservation.

In Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* we find Doncaster is represented as the place where he took an oath to claim no more than "the seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster."

At Doncaster was born Punshon, the celebrated Wesleyan preacher, who was also no mean poet.

CHAPTER V.

ESKDALE.

THE Rev. J. C. Atkinson, D.C.L., Rector of Danby-in-Cleveland, has lately produced one of the best topographical works of the century, entitled, *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish*, which is within a few months in its third edition. Dr. Atkinson has since had a minor canonry of York Minster conferred on him by the new Archbishop (Maclagan). Dr. Atkinson is also the author of many works of philological and antiquarian interest.

The Beggar's Bridge, on the Esk, near Glaisdale, has a history of its own, which the subjoined verses will explain :—

"The dalesmen say that their light archway
Is due to an Egton man,
Whose love was tried by a whelming tide :
I heard the tale in its native vale,
And thus the legend ran :—

THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE.

"Why lingers my loved one? Oh! why does he roam
On the last winter's evening that hails him at home?
He promised to see me once more ere he went,
But the long rays of gloaming all lonely I've spent—

The stones at the fording no longer I see—
Ah! the darkness of night has concealed them from me.

The maiden of Glaisdale sat lonely at eve,
And the cold stormy night saw her hopelessly grieve;
But when she looked forth from her casement at morn,
The maiden of Glaisdale was truly forlorn!
For the stones were engulphed where she looked for them last
By the deep swollen Esk, that rolled rapidly past.
And vainly she strove, with her tear-bedimmed eye,
The pathway she gazed on last night to descry.

Her lover had come to the brink of the tide,
And to stem its swift current repeatedly tried;
But the rough, whirling eddy still swept him ashore,
And relentlessly bade him attempt it no more.
Exhausted, he climbed the steep side of the brae,
And looked up the dale ere he turned him away;
Ah! from her far window a light flickered dim,
And he knew she was faithfully watching for him."

THE LOVER'S VOW.

"I go to seek my fortune, love,
In a far, far distant land;
And without thy parting blessing, love,
I am forced to quit the strand.

But over Arncliffe's brow, my love,
I see thy twinkling light;
And when deeper waters part us, love,
'Twill be my beacon bright.

If fortune ever favour me,
Saint Hilda, hear I vow!—
No lover again in my native plain
Shall be thwarted as I am now!

One day I'll come to claim my bride,
As a worthy and wealthy man!
And my well-earned gold shall raise a bridge
Across the torrent's span."

"The rover came back from a far distant land,
And he claimed of the maiden her long-promised hand;
But he built 'ere he won her the bridge of his vow,
And the lovers of Egton pass over it now."

Beggar's Bridge.

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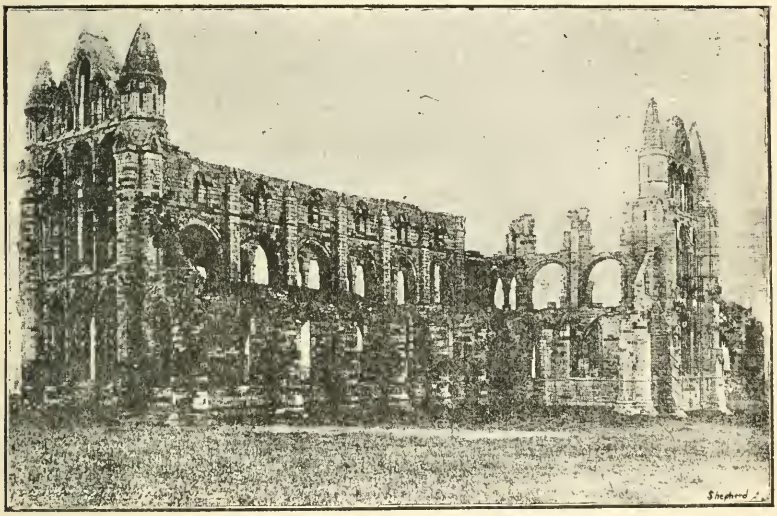
In *No Name* (Wilkie Collins), we find in *Chronicle of Events: Preserved in Captain Wragge's Despatch Box*, the following:—"I have retired into the bosom of my family. We are residing in the secluded village of Ruswarp, on the banks of the Esk, about two miles inland from Whitby. Our lodgings are comfortable, and we possess

the additional blessing of a tidy landlady. Mrs. Wragge and Miss Vanstone preceded me here, in accordance with the plan I laid down for effecting our retreat from York. On the next day, I followed them alone, with the luggage. On leaving the terminus, I had the satisfaction of seeing the lawyer's clerk in close confabulation with the detective officer, whose advent I had prophesied. I left him in peaceable possession of the city of York, and the whole surrounding neighbourhood. He has returned the compliment, and has left us in peaceable possession of the valley of the Esk, thirty miles away from him." This work, says Collins, is characterised "by a resolute adherence throughout, to the truth as it is in nature."

Whitby has figured as a scene in several novels. It is noticed at length in Scott's *Marmion*. The town with its tiled roofs, its busy waterway, its cliffs and surrounding moors, has quite a flavour of its own. The name of Caedmon carries one back to the most ancient times, while Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Linskill, in our own day, keep up its literary fame. It is, indeed, a Shrine for the Literary Pilgrim; and there is so much descriptive writing by the above writers, that it is presumption on our part to detain the reader with our poor scribblings.

Caedmon, the first Anglo-Saxon poet, is thought by some to have had a dash of Celtic blood in his veins. It is extremely doubtful if the writings passed off as his are so in reality. He is said to have lived under the

protection of St. Hilda, at Whitby, who got him to paraphrase portions of Scripture. He lived about the end of the seventh century. According to Henry Morley, the poets of this time were wanting in imagery, and Caedmon shares the general condemnation.



Whitby Abbey.

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Sylvia's Lovers, by Mrs. Gaskell, the writer of the *Biography of Charlotte Brontë*, gives a vivid picture of Old Whitby, its whale fishing, the press-gang and its horrors. The names of the *dramatis personæ* have all a North Riding smack about them, and the book seems to bring up to the reader this old-world, seafaring community, with its

beautiful surroundings and salt-laden atmosphere. Whitby figures as "Monkshaven," and the principal characters are Daniel Robson, Sylvia Robson, the brothers Foster, Hester Rose, Philip Hepburn and Charles Kinraid.

In describing the return of a Greenland whaler to Whitby, we have Mrs. Gaskell at her best:—"It was a pretty scene, though it was too familiar to the eyes of all who then saw it for them to notice its beauty. The sun was low enough in the west to turn the mist that filled the distant valley of the river into golden haze. Above, on either bank of the Dee (Esk in reality) there lay the moorland heights, swelling one behind the other; the nearer, russet brown with the tints of the fading bracken; the more distant, gray and dim against the rich autumnal sky. The red and fluted tiles of the gabled houses rose in crowded irregularity on one side of the river, while the newer suburb was built in more orderly and less picturesque fashion on the opposite cliff. The river itself was swelling and chafing with the incoming tide, till its vexed waters rushed o'er the very feet of the watching crowd on the staithes, as the great sea waves encroached more and more every minute. The quay side was unsavourily ornamented with glittering fish-scales, for the hauls of fish were cleansed in the open air, and no sanitary arrangements existed for sweeping away any of the relics of this operation."

"The fresh salt breeze was bringing up the lashing, leaping tide from the blue sea beyond the bar. Behind the

returning girls there rocked the white-sailed ship, as if she were all alive with eagerness for her anchors to be heaved."

"How impatient her crew of beating hearts were for that moment, how those on land sickened at the suspense, may be imagined, when you remember that for six long summer months those sailors had been as if dead from all news of those they loved; shut up in terrible dreary Arctic seas from the hungry sight of sweethearts and friends, wives and mothers. No one knew what might have happened. The crowd on shore grew silent and solemn before the dread of the possible news of death that might toll in upon their hearts with this uprushing tide."

Here is a charming winter picture of Whitby:—

"Coulson and Philip stood a moment on the bridge to breathe the keen fresh sea air after their busy day. The waters came down, swollen full and dark, with rapid rushing speed from the snow-fed springs high up on the moorland above. The close-packed houses in the old town, seemed a cluster of white roofs irregularly piled against the more unbroken white of the hillside. Lights twinkled here and there in the town, and were slung from stern and bow of the ships in the harbour. The air was very still, settling in for a frost; so that all distant sounds seemed near—the rumble of a returning cart in the High Street, the voices on board ship, the closing of shutters and barring of doors in the new town to which they were bound. But the sharp air was filled, as it were, with

saline particles in a freezing state; little pungent crystals of sea salt, burning lips and cheeks with their cold keenness. It would not do to linger here, in the very centre of the valley, up which passed the current of atmosphere coming straight with the rushing tide from the icy northern seas. Besides, there was the unusual honour of a supper with Jeremiah Foster awaiting them."

In Scott's *Marmion* we find :—

> "Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
> How to their house three Barons bold
> Must menial service do;
> While horns blow out a note of shame,
> And monks cry 'Fye upon your name!
> In wrath for loss of sylvan game,
> Saint Hilda's priest ye slew.'"

This refers to a penance imposed on some hunters, who killed a priest belonging to Whitby Abbey.

Miss Linskill, lately deceased, a native of Whitby, was a charming depicter of North Riding scenes, and many of her characters are worthy of close study. *Between the Heather and the Northern Sea*, and *The Haven under the Hill*, are her two principal works. Like the Brontë sister, an uphill struggle with poverty and sickness left its mark on her writings, and life is generally depicted as sad, and the clouds hang heavily. Yet there are some grand lessons in her works, showing the mission of pain in tutoring the soul, in refining and bringing out the true gold. "To work and to suffer," she says, "is the highest life that a human being may live."

CHAPTER VI.

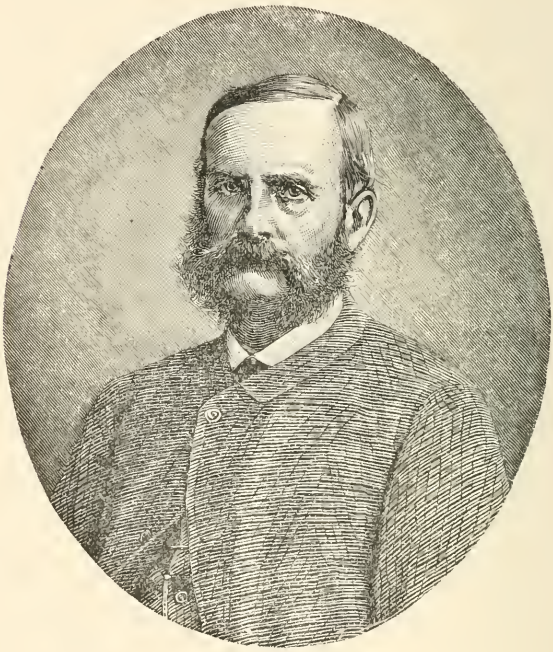
HULLDALE.

AT Harpham, about four miles north-east of Driffield, was born St. John of Beverley, in 640 A.D. He was Archbishop of York, and the founder of a monastery at Beverley, to which he retired after holding the archiepiscopal chair for thirty-three years. He died in 721. His *Life* was written by the Venerable Bede, which, according to Fuller, "he hath so spiced with miracles, that it is of the hottest for a discreet man to digest into his belief." There is a St. John's well at Harpham, to which wild bulls used to be brought to be tamed.

At Beverley, the biographer of St. John of Beverley was born, about 1109, Alured, Alred, or Alfred, who wrote an *Epitome of British History*, up to the twenty-ninth year of Henry the First's reign. It is simply an abridgment of Geoffrey of Monmouth's work.

Another native of Beverley was John Fisher, the Bishop of Rochester, just before the dissolution of the monasteries, a sincere Catholic who refused to take

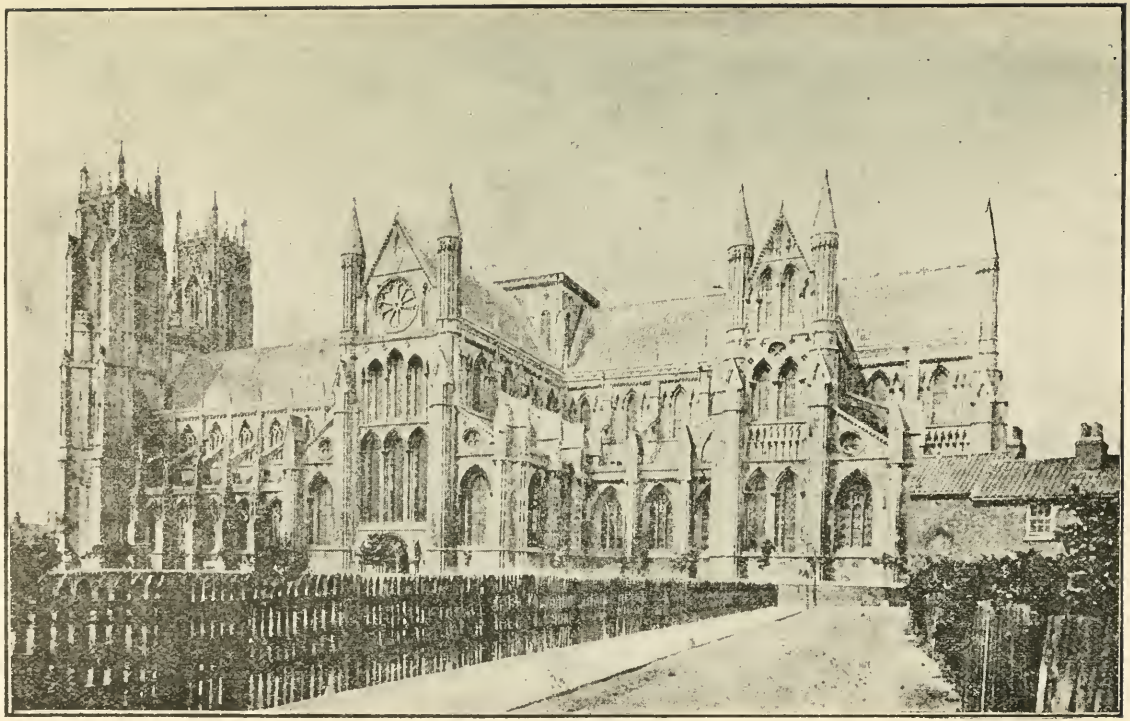
the oath of allegiance, and was opposed to Henry the Eighth's matrimonial measures. He was beheaded on Tower Hill. The friend of Erasmus, he promoted the



Humphrey Sandwith.

introduction of the teaching of Greek at Cambridge. He published tracts directed against Martin Luther.

Beverley has also produced two novelists, Julia Pardoe, and Humphrey Sandwith, the former the author of the *Romance of the Harem*, the latter of *Minsterborough*, a tale



Beverley Minster.

in which the *locale* is Beverley. Sandwith was an ornament both to the medical and the diplomatic services, as well as a clever writer. It is only a few years ago since he died. His father, also a medical man in Beverley, wrote a novel, *Julius of Rievaulx*.

Arrah Neil, by George Payne Rainsford James, is a tale dealing with the time of the Civil Wars, introducing Sir John Hotham, governor of Hull, and Lord Beverley. The scene is laid in the country about Hull, Beverley, and Bishop Burton. James began to write before the death of Sir Walter Scott, in 1825. He was but a feeble imitator of the great "Wizard," yet some of his characters are *good* imitations of Sir Walter's.

Hull was the birthplace of William Mason, in 1724. His father was the vicar of Holy Trinity Church in that town. He was originally trained for the Church, in fact he became chaplain to George III., who presented him to the Precentorship of York Minster, which he held along with the Prebend of Driffield, and the Rectory of Anston, near Rotherham. He was most noted as a *poet*, but he also attained mediocrity in painting and music, and dabbled in politics. In his *English Garden*, he notices his own early days:—

> "My infant eyes
> First opened on that bleak and boisterous shore
> Where Humber weds the nymphs of Trent and Ouse
> To his and Ocean's tritons. Thence full soon
> My youth retired, and left the busy strand
> To commerce and to care. In Margaret's Grove,

> Beneath whose time-worn shade old Camus sleeps,
> Was next my tranquil station. Science there
> Sat musing, and to those that loved the lore
> Pointed with mystic wand, to truths involved
> In geometric symbols, scorning those,
> Perchance too much, who wooed the thriftless muse.

His other works are *Isis* (1748), *Elfrida* (1752), a tragedy, *Caractacus* (1759), also a tragedy. He also wrote a *Memoir and Letters of the Poet Gray*, a personal friend of his own, which is regarded as the first work of the kind where the subject of the memoir tells his own story. Boswell took Mason's *Memoir of Gray* as a model for his *Johnson*, as did also Moore for his *Byron*, and Lockhart for his *Scott*.

Hartley Coleridge says of Mason, that "As a man, as a poet, as a politician, as a divine, he was highly respectable; and he that is thoroughly respectable, and nothing more, has the best chance of earthly happiness. His character was deservedly esteemed by many who were themselves estimable, and his genius is praised by some who possessed more." He died in April, 1797, at the Rectory of Anston, and was buried in the church, where there is a monument to his memory.

Samuel Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, and *The Diary of a Late Physician*, was Recorder of Hull.

Andrew Marvell, poet, patriot and philanthropist, was the son of the clergyman of the parish of Winestead-in-Holderness, at which place he was born, in 1620. After a full university training he was appointed tutor to Lord Fairfax's daughter, at Bilbrough Hall in Yorkshire, where

he wrote his first poems. He was, after an interval, chosen by Milton as his secretary. As M.P. for Hull, he was deservedly respected for his candour and integrity, neither the king nor the nobility being able to bribe him in any way whatever. Satire was his favourite

Andrew Marvell.

weapon, and he used it unsparingly. Here is a pretty piece of writing about his London house.

Mr. S. C. Hall, in his *Pilgrimages to English Shrines*, describes his visit to Marvell's house—"Here, then, are we once more, opposite the house where lived the satirist, the poet, and the incorruptible patriot. Again we were received courteously and kindly by the lady whom we had formerly seen here, and again she blandly offered to show

us the house. 'Look out here,' said the old lady; 'here's a view! They say this was Andrew Marvell's closet, where he wrote *sense;* but when he wrote *poetry*, he used to sit below in his garden.' How pretty and peaceful the house looks from this spot! The snowdrops were quite up, and the yellow and purple tips of the crocuses were bursting through the ground in all directions. This, then, was the garden the poet loved so well, and to which he alludes so charmingly in his poem, where the nymph complains of the death of her fawn—

> 'I have a garden of my own,
> But so with roses overgrown,
> And lilies, that you would it guess
> To be a little wilderness.'"

He died in 1678, and is believed to have been poisoned.

CHAPTER VII.

LUNESDALE.

IN Wordsworth's posthumously published *Recluse*, we find the following lines written after he and his sister Dorothy had walked through Sedbergh:—

"Bleak season was it, turbulent and bleak,
When hitherward we journeyed side by side
Through bursts of sunshine, and through flying showers,
Paced the long vales—how long they were!—and yet
How fast that length of way was left behind,
Wensley's rich vale and Sedbergh's naked heights."

Hartley Coleridge used to visit Sedbergh, having an acquaintance with a second master at the Grammar School. In W. E. Forster's *Biography*, there is a reference to Forster meeting him in the village at tea, at some acquaintance's house.

At Garsdale, lived Dr. Dawson, medical man, and mathematical coach, who instructed no less than eleven senior wranglers.

Gib's Hall in Dentdale is brought into Mary Howitt's story of *Hope On, Hope Ever*, and William Howitt has minutely described the dale in his *Rural Life of England*.

Hartley Coleridge has described Dent in the following lines:—

> "There is a town of little note or praise;
> Narrow and winding are its rattling streets,
> Where cart with cart in cumbrous conflict meets;
> Hard straining up or backing down the ways
> Where, insecure, the crawling infant plays;
> And the nigh savour of the hissing sweets
> Of pan or humming oven, rankly greets
> The hungry nose that threads the sinuous maze."

Professor Sedgwick was a native of Dent, see Clark and Hughes' *Biography*.*

* For the information contained in this chapter, we are entirely indebted to the Rev. W. Thompson's *Sedbergh, Garsdale and Dent*, Leeds, Richard Jackson, 1891.

CHAPTER VIII.

NIDDERDALE.

THE valley of the Nidd is rich in literary associations connected with the tragic story of Eugene Aram, which has been immortalised in prose and verse by Lord Lytton and Tom Hood respectively.

In upper Nidderdale, which has been very erroneously styled "The Switzerland of England," are situated Ramsgill, the birthplace of Aram, Gowthwaite Hall where he taught his pupils, and Middlesmoor Church, in the registers of which we find the following entry:—"Loftus: Eugenius Aram and Anna Spence, married May 4th, after Bans thrice asked, 1731."

With the story of Eugene Aram and the extent of his guiltiness, we have nothing here to say, except that Scatcherd's pamphlet is worth reading. It is styled *Memoirs of the Celebrated Eugene Aram, by Norrison Scatcherd, Esq., author of the History of Morley, collected for the most part about* 30 *years ago.* (London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. John Heaton, Leeds. 1838.) In this work is some

Ramsgill.

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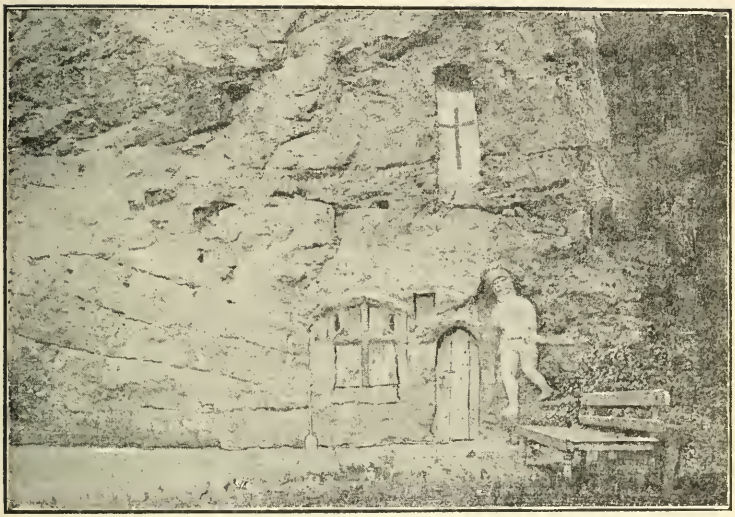
curious information, for instance, that the skull of Eugene Aram was placed in the museum of a London hospital.

The novel of Lord Lytton's *Eugene Aram* is a very able work, abounding in fine passages. We have selected two as suitable for describing the place. Knaresborough, with its lovely river, studded with gaily painted craft, its battlemented railway bridge, its gray old fortalice and its embowering woods, is one of the sweetest places in Yorkshire. Then its Dripping Well, its St. Robert's Chapel and Cave are all worth seeing. There are miles of walks by the river, and it is one of the most restful spots within reach of the busy towns of the West Riding.



St. Robert's Chapel, Knaresborough.
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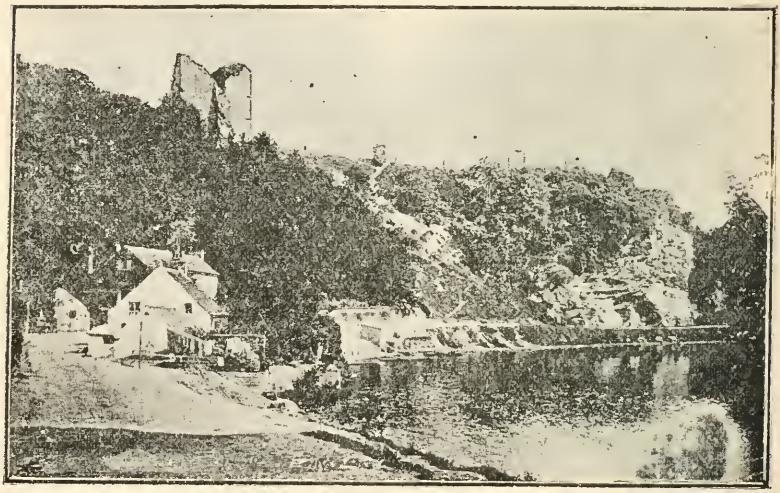
The first extract from Lytton is where the curate of Knaresborough descants on the antiquarian features of the place:—

"'Remarkable,' said the curate, 'alike in history and tradition: look yonder' (pointing above, as an opening in the road gave to view the frowning and beetled ruins of the shattered castle); 'you would be at some loss to recognise now the truth of old Leland's description of that once stout and gallant bulwark of the north, when he "numbrid 11 or 12 towres in the walles of the castel, and one very fayre beside in the second area." In that castle, the four knightly murderers of the haughty Becket

(the Wolsey of his age) remained for a whole year, defying the weak justice of the times. There, too, the unfortunate Richard the Second—the Stuart of the Plantagenets—passed some portion of his bitter imprisonment. And there, after the battle of Marston Moor, waved the



Knaresborough Castle, from the River.

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banners of the loyalists against the soldiers of Lilburne. It was made yet more touchingly memorable at that time, as you may have heard, by an instance of filial piety. The town was greatly straitened for want of provisions; a youth, whose father was in the garrison, was accustomed nightly to get into the deep dry moat, climb up the glacis,

and put provisions through a hole, where the father stood ready to receive them. He was perceived at length; the soldiers fired on him. He was taken prisoner and sentenced to be hanged in sight of the besieged, in order to strike terror into those who might be similarly disposed to render assistance to the garrison. Fortunately, however, this disgrace was spared the memory of Lilburne and the republican arms. With great difficulty, a certain lady obtained his respite: and after the conquest of the place, and the departure of the troops, the adventurous son was released.'

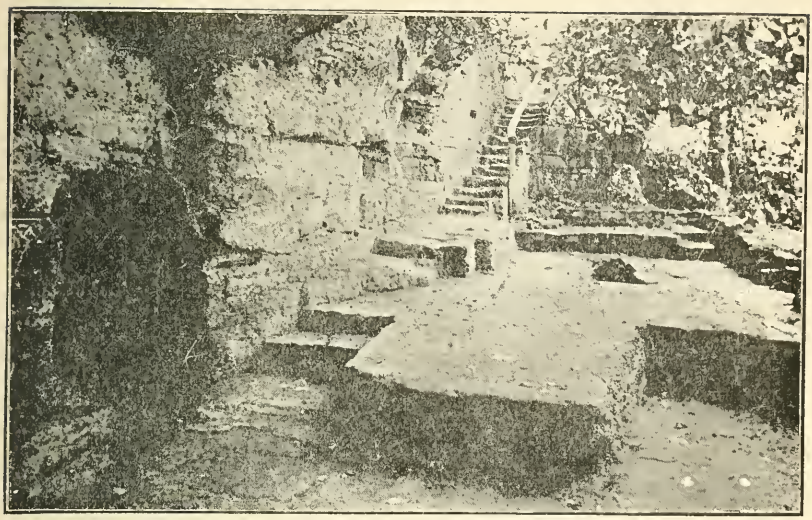
'A fit subject for your local poets,' said Walter, whom stories of this sort, from the nature of his own enterprise, especially affected.

'Yes; but we boast but few minstrels since the young Aram left us. The castle then, once the residence of John of Gaunt, was dismantled and destroyed. Many of the houses we shall pass have been built from its massive ruins. It is singular, by the way, that it was twice captured by men of the name of Lilburn, or Lillburne: once in the reign of Edward II., once as I have related. On looking over historical records, we are surprised to find how often certain names have been fatal to certain spots; and this reminds me, by the way, that we boast the origin of the English sibyl, the venerable Mother Shipton. The wild rock, at whose foot she is said to have been born, is worthy of the tradition.'"

The second is descriptive of the finding of the body at St. Robert's Cave:—

"On the banks of the river Nid, whose waters keep an everlasting murmur to the crags and trees that overhang them, is a wild and dreary cavern, hollowed from a rock, which, according to tradition, was formerly the hermitage of one of those early enthusiasts who made their solitude in the sternest recesses of earth, and from the austerest thoughts, and the bitterest penance, wrought their joyless offerings to the great Spirit of the lovely world. To this desolate spot, called from the name of its once-celebrated eremite, St. Robert's Cave, the crowd now swept, increasing its numbers as it advanced.

The old man who had discovered the unknown remains, which were gathered up and made a part of the procession, led the way; Houseman, placed between two strong and active men, went next; and Walter followed behind, fixing his eyes mutely upon the ruffian. The curate had had the precaution to send on before for torches, for the wintry evening now darkened round them, and the light from the torch-bearers, who met them at the cavern, cast forth its red and lurid flare at the mouth of the chasm. One of these torches Walter himself seized, and his was the first step that entered the gloomy passage. At this place and time, Houseman, who till then, throughout their short journey, had seemed to have recovered a sort of dogged self-possession, recoiled, and the big drops of fear



St. Robert's Cave, Knaresborough.

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or agony, fell fast from his brow. He was dragged forward forcibly into the cavern; and now as the space filled, and the torches flickered against the grim walls, glaring on faces which caught, from the deep and thrilling contagion of a common sentiment, one common expression; it was not well possible for the wildest imagination to conceive a scene better fitted for the unhallowed burial-place of the murdered dead.

The eyes of all now turned upon Houseman; and he, after twice vainly endeavouring to speak, for the words died inarticulate and choked within him, advancing a few steps pointed towards a spot on which, the next moment,

fell the concentrated light of every torch. An indescribable and universal murmur, and then a breathless silence ensued. On the spot which Houseman had indicated,—with the head placed to the right, lay what once had been a human body.

'Can you swear? said the priest, solemnly, as he turned to Houseman, 'that these are the bones of Clarke?'

'Before God, I can swear it!' replied Houseman, at length finding voice.

'My Father!' broke from Walter's lips, as he sank upon his knees; and that exclamation completed the awe and horror which prevailed in the breasts of all present. Stung by the sense of the danger he had drawn upon himself, and despair and excitement restoring, in some measure, not only his natural hardihood but his natural astuteness; Houseman here mastering his emotions, and making that effort which he was afterwards enabled to follow up with an advantage to himself, of which he could not then have dreamed;—Houseman, I say, cried aloud,—

'But *I* did not do the deed: *I* am not the murderer.'

'Speak out!—whom do you accuse?' said the curate.

Drawing his breath hard, and setting his teeth, as with some steeled determination, Houseman replied,—

'The murderer is Eugene Aram!'

'Aram!' shouted Walter, starting to his feet: 'O God, thy hand hath directed me hither!' and suddenly and at once sense left him, and he fell, as if a shot had pierced

through his heart, beside the remains of that father whom he had thus mysteriously discovered."

We find that Wordsworth has alluded to St. Robert's Chapel in his *Effusion, in the Pleasure-ground on the Banks of the Bran, near Dunkeld* :—

> "There where you see his Image* stand
> Bare to the sky, with threatening brand,
> Which lingering Nidd is proud to show
> Reflected in the pool below."

Again, John Nicholson, "the Airedale Poet," has a little pamphlet entitled *The Airedale Poet's Walk through Knaresborough*, written when he was out of work (wool-sorting), and a wife and six children depending on him for bread, as the preface tells us.

The following lines on *Marston Moor*, by Winthorpe Mackworth Praed are worthy of preservation as a local literary association :—

"To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes reply;
Ere this hath Lucas marched, with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our ears.
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
And the raven whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken banner down the narrow turret-stair;
Oh! many were the tears that those radiant eyes have shed,
As she traced the bright word 'Glory' in the gay and glancing thread
And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features ran,
As she said: 'It is your lady's gift; unfurl it in the van!'

'It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,
'Midst the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragoons of Pride;

* Referring to the Templar knight hewn out in stone.

The recreant heart of Fairfax shall feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt proudly on their wing,
And hear her loyal soldiers shout, "For God and for the King"

'Tis noon. The ranks are broken, along the royal line
They fly, the braggarts of the court! the bullies of the Rhine!
Stout Langdale's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown,
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in their flight,
'The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night.'

The knight is left alone, his steel-cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
Yet still he waves his banner, and cries amid the rout,
'For Church and King, fair gentleman! spur on, and fight it out!'
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,
And now he quotes a stage-play, and now he fells a knave.

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;
God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! for fearful odds are here!
The rebels hem thee in, and at every cut and thrust,
'Down, down,' they cry, 'with Belial! down with him to the dust!
'I would,' quoth grim old Oliver, 'that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord!'

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The grey-haired warder watches from the castle's topmost tower;
'What news? What news, old Hubert?'—'The battle's lost and won:
The royal troops are melting like mists before the sun!
And a wounded man approaches—I'm blind and cannot see,
Yet sure I am that sturdy step my master's step must be!'

'I've brought thee back thy banner, wench, from as rude and red a fray
As e'er was proof of soldier's thew, or theme for minstrel's lay!
Here Hubert, bring the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum suff.*;
I'll make a shift to drain it yet ere I part with boots and buff—
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing forth his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife.

'Sweet! we will fill our money bags, and freight a ship for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor land's mischance:
For if the worst befall me, why better axe and rope,
Than life with Lenthall for a king, and Peters for a pope!
Alas! alas! my gallant Guy!—curse on the crop-eared boor
Who sent me, with my standard, on foot from Marston Moor!'"

CHAPTER IX.

OUSEDALE.

AT Sutton-in-the-Forest and Stillington, Laurence Sterne began his Yorkshire career. He spent some time in the neighbourhood of York, at Elvington on the Derwent, where his cousins resided. His great-grandfather, Richard Sterne, was Archbishop of York after the Restoration, and his uncle Dr. Jacques Sterne, a church dignitary, was the means of getting him the living of Sutton-in-the-Forest, and two prebends in York Minster, with a house in Stonegate. As we shall consider Sterne again under Swaledale (Coxwold), we must leave him for the present.

York is a noted Literary Shrine, for in olden times Alcuin, the Minister of Public Instruction under Charlemagne, was born here. In more recent times it was the birthplace of Sir George Herbert, and Bishop Beilly Porteous, and Wallis the translator of Sydenham. Again, coming to more modern times, we find Harriet Parr, Adelaide Anne Procter, and "John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Stannard), connected with it, while in certain novels of

Scott, Wilkie Collins, Hawley Smart, and Harrison Ainsworth, York occupies a prominent position. Not far out of the city, Lindley Murray the grammarian lived for a time, and at the palace of the Archbishops at Cawood, now in ruins, Wolsey was arrested by the Earl of Northumberland.

Alcuin is believed to have been born in the year 735 A.D., about the time of the death of the Venerable Bede. In his youth he assisted in the school of the monastery at York, Albert the Archbishop, who succeeded Egbert, who is supposed to have been the founder of the school. Alcuin also helped to enrich the library by bringing books from Rome. On one of these visits to the Holy City, while journeying, he met with Charlemagne, who after a time, persuaded him to become his Minister of Public Instruction. He revolutionised the monasteries of France, and the writing room of the monastery became like the modern printing press, a centre of intellectual life. The monks were employed copying rare manuscripts, and the hunting parson of that day was encouraged in his sport by the thought that the skins of his quarry could be used for parchment. This worthy died in 804 A.D. He was conspicuous in the movement for the revival of learning, and was the virtual founder of the University of Paris.

Sir T. Herbert, the celebrated traveller, was born here in 1606. He is mentioned under Wath, in Yoredale.

Bishop Beilly Porteous was born at York, in 1731. He rose from poverty, first to be Bishop of Chester, then of

London, over which last see he held sway till his death, in 1808. He wrote the life of Archbishop Secker, a volume of sermons, and the Seatonian Prize Poem on *Death*. It is also said that he assisted Hannah More in writing *Cælebs in Search of a Wife*.

Conyers Middleton was born at York, in 1683. He became a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and librarian to the University. He is noted as a great student of, and writer on *Cicero*, and as the opponent of the redoubtable Bentley mentioned under Airedale, (Oulton). Bolingbroke passed a high eulogium on his writing, styling him "the best writer in England."

Wallis, the translator of Sydenham's works, a physician, was born here in 1740, also Harriet Parr, better known as "Holme Lee," at Blake Street, York, in 1828. The latter has written many novels, including *Her Title of Honour*, *Warp and Woof*, etc. The mother of Adelaide Anne Procter, Miss Skepper, was born in York. Miss Palmer (now Mrs. Arthur Stannard), and known to the world as "John Strange Winter," that indefatigable writer of lively short stories, such as *Bootle's Baby*, is a native of York, her father being at the time of her birth a military officer there, but afterwards entered holy orders.

York figures in *No Name*, by Wilkie Collins. It is on the ramparts of that city that the redoubtable "Captain Wragge," that prince of swindlers, meets "Magdalen Vanstone" after she has escaped from the home that

"Miss Garth" and her sister "Norah" had intended for her, and it is in the Wragges' lodgings in Rosemary Lane, York, that they concoct their scheme of action against the uncle and cousin. This work is one of the best pieces of plot and counter-plot it has ever been our good fortune to read.

It will also be remembered that "Jeanie Deans" sojourned at York, under the roof of "Mrs. Bickerton" of the Seven Stars, in the Castle Gate. The clannish feeling of the Scotch is well brought out by Sir Walter at this point. He says, "She (Mrs. Bickerton) was deeply infected with the unfortunate prejudices of her country. Indeed she displayed so much kindness to Jeanie Deans (because she herself being a Merse woman marched* with Mid-Lothian in which Jeanie was born), showed such motherly regard to her," etc.

In Harrison Ainsworth's *Guy Fawkes*, we have a York worthy mentioned, for in the baptismal register of St. Michael's-le-Belfry, York, we find, "Guye Faux son to Edward Fauxe, April 16th, 1570." In Hawley Smart's *From Post to Finish*, a York clergyman occupies a prominent position, and several well-known Yorkshire training-stables are introduced.

At Holgate, in a large house on the south side of the village, lived Lindley Murray the grammarian. He was born of Quaker parents at Swataria, near Lancaster, in

* Bounded.

Pennsylvania, United States, in 1745, ran away, became a barrister, and then a merchant. Having secured a competency he settled at Holgate, where he wrote his *English Grammar*, in 1795, also *English Exercises*, and *Key*. He was a benefactor to his poorer neighbours, and died in 1826.

A celebrated character lived in York in Sterne's time—Dr. Burton, the author of *Monasticon Eboracense*, for whom see under Wakefield, in Calderdale.

CHAPTER X.

RIBBLESDALE.

ARCHDEACON William Paley, the celebrated author of the *Evidences*, was born at Peterborough, in 1743, his father being at that time a minor Canon of the Cathedral. He was first taught by his father, who had become head-master of Giggleswick Grammar School. His *Natural Theology* and *Evidences of Christianity* are his best known works. He died in 1805.

Dean Howson of Chester was also a native of Giggleswick, for his father was head-master for over forty years.

In Mrs. Linnæus Banks's *Wooers and Winners: or Under the Scars*, we find Giggleswick is the central scene. Dr. Howson, the father of the late Dean of Chester, figures at the Grammar School, and there is a good deal of lively writing, although the book seems to be badly put together, and one loses the interest in the perfect myriad of characters presented.

In *Wenderholme*, Philip Gilbert Hamerton has done for the North West Riding and for Lancashire, what

Charlotte Brontë in *Shirley* has done for the South West Riding. Hamerton is also the author of the *Intellectual Life*, and *A Painter's Camp*. He is, to a certain extent,

Giggleswick Church.

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a Yorkshireman, having been educated at Doncaster. In the dedication to *Wenderholme*, we find the following:—

"To an Old Lady in Yorkshire.—You remember a time when the country in which this story is placed was quite different from what it is to-day; when the old

proprietors lived in their halls undisturbed by modern innovation, and neither enriched by building leases, nor humiliated by the rivalry of mighty manufacturers. You have seen wonderful changes come to pass—the valleys filled with towns, and the towns connected by railways, and the fields covered with suburban villas. You have seen people become richer and more refined, though perhaps less merry than they used to be; till the simple, unpretending life of the poorer gentlefolks of the past has become an almost incredible tradition, which few have preserved in their memory. When this story was first written, some passages of it were read to you, and they reminded you of these strong contrasts in the life of the North of England, which are now so rapidly disappearing. *Wenderholme* is therefore associated with you in my mind as one of its first hearers, and I dedicate it to you affectionately."

The Yorkshire country taken up by Hamerton is that around Hellifield Peel, raised by the Hamerton family, *temp.* Henry VI., and in Craven—"Stanithburn Peel," "Shayton," "Wenderholme," "Whittlecup," and "Sooty-horn" are among the place-names. The *dramatis personæ* are the Ogdens, including old "Mrs. Ogden," and the sons Isaac and Jacob, and little Jacob, the son of Isaac, the Stanburnes of Wenderholme and Stanithburn (Hellifield) Peel, "Dr. Bardly," and the "Rev. Mr. Prigley." The fortunes of the Ogdens and the Stanburnes, how the former

go up and the latter come down, and one or two love episodes form, with the description of the militia training, in which Ogden and the Stanburnes take part, the main incidents in the story. "Colonel Stanburne" is a perfect specimen of an English country gentlemen, and "Jacob Ogden" of a typical cotton spinner of his day.

There are some descriptive passages of great power in *Wenderholme*, especially character sketches. Here is a description of "Stanithburn Peel":—"The Tower itself is situated on a bleak eminence half surrounded by a curve of the stream already mentioned (Ribble): but a mile below the Tower, the stream passes through a ravine of immense depth, and in a series of cascades reaches the level of the plain below. Above Stanithburn Peel, on the other hand, the stream comes from a region of unimaginable desolation—where the fantastic forms of the pale stone lift themselves, rainworn, like a council of rude colossi, and no sound is heard but the wind and the stream, and the wild cry of the plover."

Here is something about manufacturers:—"Jacob Ogden may be fairly taken as a specimen of that generation which founded the colossal fortunes that excite the wonder, and sometimes, perhaps the envy of the learned. When nature produces a creature for some especial purpose, she does not burden it with wants and desires that would scatter its force and impair its efficiency. The industrial epoch had to be inaugurated, the manufacturing

districts had to be created—and to do this a body of men were needed who should be fresh springs of pure energy, and reservoirs of all but illimitable capital; men who should act with the certainty and steadiness of natural instincts which have never been impaired by the hesitations of culture and philosophy—men who were less nearly related to university professors than to the ant, the beaver and the bee. And if any cultivated and intellectual reader, in the thoughtful retirement of his library, feels himself superior to Jacob Ogden, the illiterate cotton spinner, he may be reminded that he is not on all points Ogden's superior. We are all but tools in the hands of God; and as in the mind of a writer great delicacy and flexibility are necessary qualities for the work he is appointed to do, so in the mind of a great captain of industry, the most valuable qualities may be the very opposite to these. Have we the energy, the directness, the singleness of purpose, the unflinching steadiness in the dullest possible labour, that mark the typical industrial chief? We know that we have not; we know that these qualities are not compatible with the tranquility of the studious temperament and the meditative life. And if the Ogdens cannot be men of letters, neither can the men of letters be Ogdens."

When "Colonel Stanburne" dines with "Dr. Bardly," we have a picture of a comfortable interior:—"A large green rocking-chair, with bold high rockers, and a soft cushion

like a small feather-bed, a long clay pipe quite clean and new, a bright copper spittoon, and a jug of strong ale—these things, with the necessary concomitants of a briskly burning fire, and an unlimited supply of tobacco, formed the ideal of human luxury and beatitude to a generation now nearly extinct, but of which the doctor still preserved the antique traditions. In substance often identical, but in outwardly visible means and appliances differing in every detail, the pleasures of one generation seem quaint, and even ridiculous in comparison with the same pleasures as pursued by its successor. Colonel Stanburne smoked a pipe, but it was a short meerschaum mounted in silver; and he also used a knife and fork, and used them skilfully and energetically, but they were not like the doctor's grandmother's knives and forks."

"And yet when the Colonel came to Shayton, he managed to eat a very hearty dinner at one p.m., with the above-named antiquated instruments. After the celery and cheese, Dr. Bardly took one of the rocking-chairs, and made the Colonel sit down in the other; and Martha brought a fresh bottle of uncommonly fine old port, which she decanted on a table in the corner that did duty as a sideboard. When they had done full justice to this, the doctor ordered hot water; and Martha, accustomed to the laconic demand, brought also certain other fluids which were hot in quite a different sense. She also brought a sheaf of clay tobacco pipes about two feet six

inches long, and in a state of whitest virginity—emblems of purity! emblems alas! at the same time, of all that is most fragile and most ephemeral!"

"'Nay, Martha,' said the doctor, 'we don't want them clay pipes to-day, Colonel Stanburne isn't used to 'em, I reckon. Bring that box of cigars that I bought the other day in Manchester.' The Colonel, however, would smoke a clay pipe, and he tried to rock as the doctor did, and soon, by the effect of that curious sympathy which exists between rocking-chairs (or their occupants), the two kept time together like musicians in a duet, and clouds of the densest smoke arose from the two long tobacco pipes."

Altogether, this novel is racy of the soil, and is well worth a careful study. It thoroughly carries out the fore-word on the title page:—"It takes a deal o' sorts to make a world."

CHAPTER XI.

SWALEDALE.

AT Marske, were born the two Huttons, who both became Archbishops, a coincidence said to be unknown in any other family.

Richmond-on-Swale is the scene of the well-known song, *Lass of Richmond Hill.* It is said that a Miss L'Anson of Richmond Hill was the subject of these lines, which are the work of Leonard McNally, a barrister, who afterwards married the lady. The music is by James Hook, father of Theodore Hook, of immortal memory, and grandfather of that redoubtable muscular Christian, Walter Farquhar Hook, himself the biographer of the Archbishops, Vicar of Leeds, and finally Dean of Chichester.

The boy-poet, Herbert Knowles, whose first effort Southey eulogised as "brimful of power and promise," wrote some notable lines in Richmond churchyard, while at school at Richmond Grammar School, under the celebrated Tate, who afterwards became Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. Here are the lines:—

"Methinks it is good to be here:
If Thou wilt let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah, no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see! they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

* * *

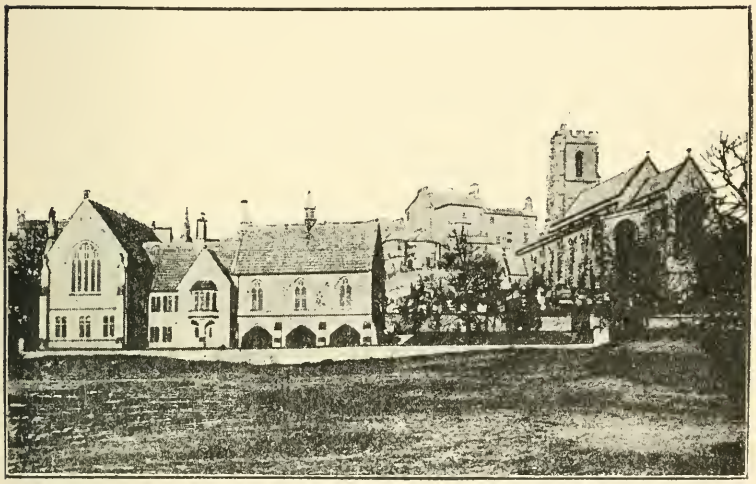
Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,—
Not a sob nor a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve;
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, or fear;
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here!

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath—the cold dead, and around—the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled,
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

At Kirkby-Wiske, seven miles below Northallerton, on the Wiske, a branch of the Swale, were born Palliser, Archbishop of Cashel, Roger Ascham, and the learned Dr. Hickes. Ascham was a noted scholar, tutor and Latin Secretary to the Princess, afterwards Queen, Elizabeth, and the author of *Toxophilus*, a Latin treatise on archery, and *The Schoolmaster*, one of the first works ever written on the art of teaching.

At Coxwold in Lower Swaledale, Laurence Sterne wrote the latter part of *Tristram Shandy*, and the *Sentimental Journey*. Coxwold is a village with a fine old-world flavour about it. The church had formerly a curiosity in it in the form of a holy table, standing some distance down the



Richmond Church and Grammar School.

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chancel. Sterne was presented to this living by Lord Fauconberg, after his great success with the first volume of *Tristram Shandy*. He occupied a building in the village styled Shandy Hall, still in existence, but divided into two cottages, each of which claims to have in it the room in which *Tristram Shandy* was written.

Writing from Coxwold, to his friend Lee, of Virginia, Sterne says:—"I am happy as a prince at Coxwold, and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live. 'Tis a land of plenty: I sit alone down to venison, fish, and wildfowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, strawberries and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton Hills) produces, with a clean cloth on my table, and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard, and not a parishioner catches a hare or rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. I am in high spirits. Care never enters this cottage. I take

In Swaledale.

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the air every day in my post-chaise with the two long-tailed horses: they turn out good ones," etc.

"Alas, poor Yorick!" His end was most deplorable. It is said by some competent critics that Sterne's pathetic passages are as fine as anything of that kind can be, but he often overdoes pathos till his words appear ridiculous.

In the neighbourhood of Coxwold, Mr. Lawrence, the author of *Sword and Gown*, and *Guy Livingstone*, used to live, and made use of the Belasyses as characters in his works.

Wordsworth was not far off here when he wrote his well-known lines:—

> "Dark, and more dark, the shades of evening fell;
> The wished-for point was reached—but at an hour
> When little could be gained from that rich dower
> Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.
> Yet did the glowing west with marvellous power
> Salute us: there stood Indian citadel,
> Temple of Greece, and minster with the tower
> Substantially expressed—a place for bell
> Or clock to toll from! Many a tempting isle
> With groves that never were imagined lay
> Mid seas how steadfast! objects all for the eye
> Of silent rapture; but we felt the while
> We should forget them; they are of the sky,
> And from our earthly memory fade away."

CHAPTER XII.

TEESDALE.

THE scenery of Upper Teesdale has been rendered immortal by Sir Walter in *Rokeby*. We find that he brings a good deal of philological knowledge to bear in the poem, for instance:—

"When Denmark's Raven soared on high
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
Till hovering near, her fatal croak
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke,
And the broad shadow of her wing
Blackened each cataract and spring
Where Tees in tumult leaves her source,
Thund'ring o'er Caldron and High Force;
Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
Fixed on each vale a Runic name
Reared high their altar's rugged stone,
And gave their gods the land they won.
Then Balder, one sweet gurth was thine,
And one sweet brooklet's silver line,
And Woden's croft did title gain
From the stern father of the slain." etc.

Barnard Castle, the Greta, Mortham and Egglestone Abbey, are all touched by the magic wand of the "Wizard of the North."

Deepdale.

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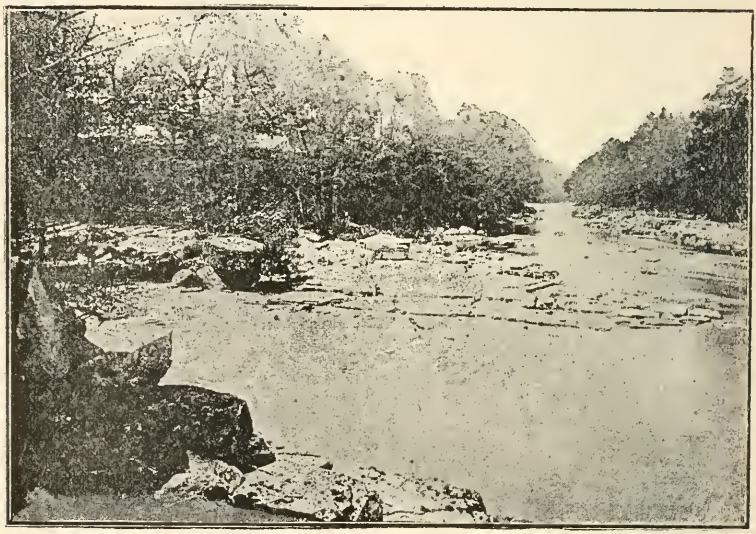
At Bowes Church, will be found a monument with the following inscription :—

"Rodger Wrightson, Junr., and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, Buried in one grave: He Died in a fever, and upon tolling his passing bell, she cry'd out, My heart is broke, and in a Few hours Expired, purely through Love. March 15, 1714-15.

"Such is the brief and touching Record
contained in the parish Register of Burials.
It has been handed down
by unvarying tradition that the grave
was at the west end of the church,
directly beneath the bells.
The sad history of these true and
faithful lovers forms the subject of
MALLET'S pathetic ballad of
'EDWIN and EMMA.'"

A great deal has been written about Dotheboys Hall, the locality of which, Dickens, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, gives as near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire. It seems from enquiries we have made, that there has been a host of aspirants for the honour of being the originals of the extraordinary



Junction of the Greta and the Tees.
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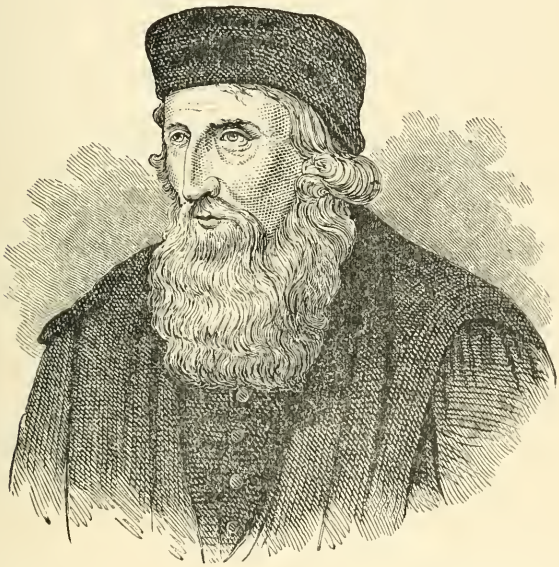
array of characters in that work. Dickens himself tells us that "John Browdie" was a Yorkshireman to whom he had a letter of introduction, at the time he projected *Nicholas Nickleby*. There is no doubt that the effect of this book was to ruin several schools in this immediate district. For information respecting the characters and *locale* of the

novel, see Dickens' preface to the work, and *Through England with Dickens*, by Alfred Rimmer.

At Wycliffe, just below the meeting of the Greta and the Tees, John De Wyclif, the "Morning Star of the Reformation," was born, about 1320. The old flat-roofed Gothic



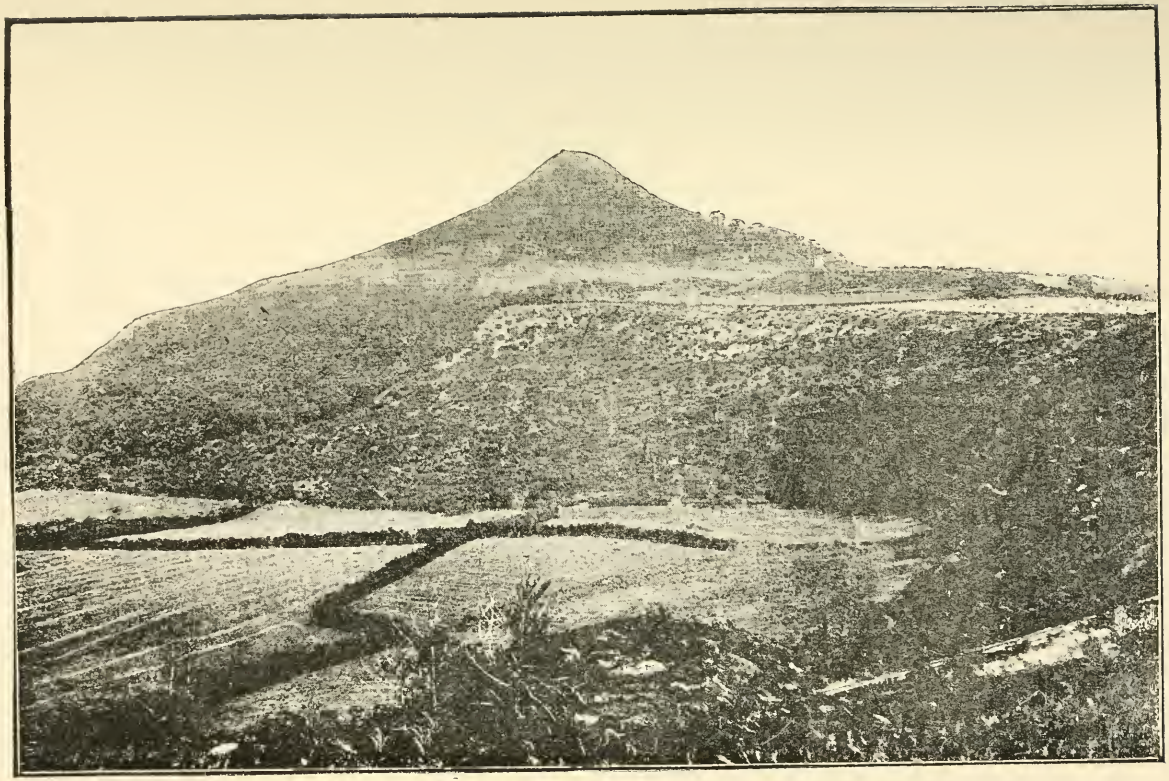
John Wycliffe.

church with its ivy-covered walls is well worth a visit. He became Warden of Baliol College, Oxford, and was the author of *The Truth of Holy Scripture*, where he takes up a distinctly Protestant stand-point, contending for "the authority and sufficiency of Scripture as the divine rule of faith." In 1383, his translation of the Bible was

finished. He died in 1384, at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. His life work is embodied in the lines:—

> "Off the book, that had been a sealed-up book,
> He tore the clasps, that the nation
> With eyes unbandaged might thereon look
> And learn to read salvation."

In *Mary Anerley*, by Blackmore, we find:—"Scargate Hall stands, high and old, in the wildest and most rugged part of the wild and rough North Riding." When Philippa Yordas tries to throw into the Tees, the old deed which proves her brother's title to the property, at a place called the "Scarfe," where the water falls one hundred and twenty feet, we get one of Blackmore's best pieces of descriptive writing. Philippa had placed the deed in a flat basket with a "heavy clock weight inside it," and was making the throw, when the basket handle became entangled in her hand, and striking her chest, threw her back. "Her balance was lost, her feet flew up, she fell upon her back, and the smooth beaver cloak began sliding upon the slippery rock. Horrible death was pulling at her; not a stick, nor a stone was in reach of her hands, and the pitiless crags echoed one long shriek, above all the roar of the waterfall. She strove to turn over, and grasp the ground, but only felt herself going faster. Her bright boots were flashing against the white mist—a picture in her mind for ever—her body was following, inch by inch—with elbow, and shoulder, and even hair combs, she strove to prolong the descent into death; but the descent increased



Roseberry Topping.

its speed, and the sky itself was sliding. Just when the balance was inclining downwards, and the plunge hanging on a hair's breadth, powerful hands fell upon her shoulders, a grating of a drag against the grain was the last thing she was conscious of; and Sir Duncan Yordas having made a strong pull, at the imminent risk of his life, threw back his weight on the heels of his boots, and they helped him."

Blackmore is an ardent student of human nature. Many of the characters in *Mary Anerley* are quite unique, such as "Dr. Uproundˮ (popularly Upandown) the Rector of Flamborough, "Mordacks," the agent, etc. His hitting off of the male and female character is excellent. For instance, in the above incident, the stealthy attempt of Philippa to destroy the parchment, and Sir Duncan's final and open destruction of the title deeds which would give him the property, shows a close observation of the nature of the sexes.

In the Cleveland district, at Marton, near Great Ayton, was born the celebrated Captain Cook, whose *Voyages* are most interesting reading. Walter Besant has lately written a capital short biography of Cook.

Roseberry Topping, a fine eminence in the neighbourhood, is mentioned in *The Register Office*, a farce written by Joseph Reed, a native of Stockton-on-Tees, in 1761, where "Marjorie Moorpootˮ who hails from Great Ayton, has a colloquy with "Gulwell," the Register Office keeper.

This play was performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane in the year of its production, and was a great success. For further particulars see *Old Cleveland*, by William Hall Burnett.

Walter de Hemingford, the English chronicler of the fourteenth century, was a Canon of Guisborough Abbey, amid the ruins of which, are the graves of many of the Bruce family, including Robert, competitor for the Scottish throne in 1294. There is a lovely east window, still in fine condition, in the ruins of the Abbey. Robert de Brus founded the Priory, in 1119 A.D.

Skelton Castle, the original home of the Brus family, is noted as being, during last century, the abode of John Hall Stephenson, from whom Sterne drew "Eugenius" in his *Tristram Shandy*, and to whom he dedicated the *Sentimental Journey*. The witty incumbent of Coxwold often visited here, and two of the neighbouring hills are called Mount Shandy and Sterne's Seat.

Stephenson was the author of *Crazy Tales*, *Fables for Grown Gentlemen*, *Lyric Epistles*, and *Moral Tales*. He sketches Sterne in his *Tristram*, in his poem on *Crazy Castle* (Skelton). Here are some of his lines on Guisborough:—

> "These towering rocks, green hills, and spacious plains,
> Circled with wood, are Chaloner's domains.
> A generous race, from Cambro-Griffin traced,
> Fam'd for fair maids and matrons wise and chaste."

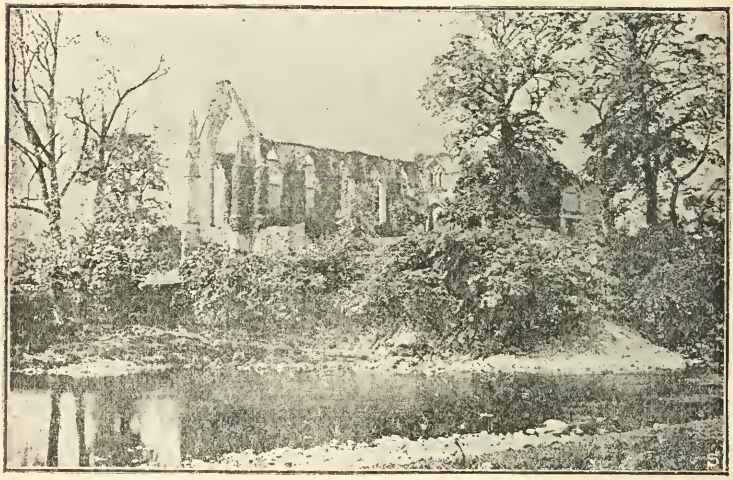
CHAPTER XIII.

WHARFEDALE.

BOLTON Abbey and its surroundings have served as a theme for Wordsworth, Scott and Rogers; Turner and others have limned its beauties in imperishable colours, and still it remains the choicest *tout ensemble* of wood, water and crag in Yorkshire. There may be other scenery of a similar kind where the landscape-gardener has huge credit, but around the Abbey, the Strid, and Barden Tower, nature shows herself in all her pristine beauty, without any artificial aid from human hand. Nearly everyone has visited Bolton, and is familiar with its grand display of wood, water and mountain. The variety of the landscape is its chief charm. Here, Wharfe glides along in stately stream, between meadows rich in juicy pasturage; there, it roars through rocky gorges, and then loses its fury in rock-bound pools of great depth, clear as crystal.

Charles Kingsley, in his letters to his wife, says:—"The country is glorious. We had a delightful day at Bolton yesterday, and saw the Abbey; tell R— I jumped over the Strid where young Romilly was drowned."

William Howitt, in his *Visits to Remarkable Places*, says:—"A valley filled with dense wood appeared below us, stretching away northwards. We came to a few cottages in their gardens; to a high stone wall; and passing through a small arched gateway, the valley and ruins of



Bolton Abbey.

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Bolton Priory lay before us; one of the most delicious and paradisaical scenes which the heart of England holds. The effect upon our spirits was one of profound and soothing delight. We sate down on a rustic bench placed just within the gateway, and contemplated it in silent enjoyment. * * * About a mile from the Priory we come to the celebrated Strid."

"The pair have reached that fearful chasm
How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharfe is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

The striding place is called the Strid—
A name which it took of yore;
A thousand years hath it borne that name
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come;
And what may now forbid
That he perhaps for the hundredth time
Shall bound across the Strid?

He sprung in glee—for what cared he
That the river was strong and the rocks were steep?—
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharfe
And strangled by a merciless force;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse."

The Force of Prayer.—Wordsworth's Poems.

The Strid has its legend, and so have many of these water-leaps on other rivers. The fall itself is nothing, but the great seething cauldron below, with countless air-bells bubbling to the surface, only resembles one thing, and that is champagne. Rogers tells us also:—

"That narrow place of noise and strife
Received their little all of life."

Barden Tower, higher up by three miles than the Priory, is casually mentioned by Sir Walter in *Marmion*, in connection with the Shepherd Lord:—

"But not in wars did he delight;
This Clifford wished for worthier might;
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state;
Him his own thoughts did elevate,—

Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden's lowly quietness.
And choice of studious friends had he
Of Bolton's dear fraternity."

The Shepherd Lord (Clifford) took part in the battle of Flodden, as we find in the old metrical history of Flodden Field :—

"From Penigent to Pendle Hill
From Linton to Long Addingham,
And all that Craven coasts did till—
They with the lusty Clifford came."

Our space will not allow us to quote very lengthy portions, and the process is exceedingly tedious to the writer, so we pray excuse for giving such slight references, which however are quite enough to direct the reader to the poems of Wordsworth, Scott and Rogers.

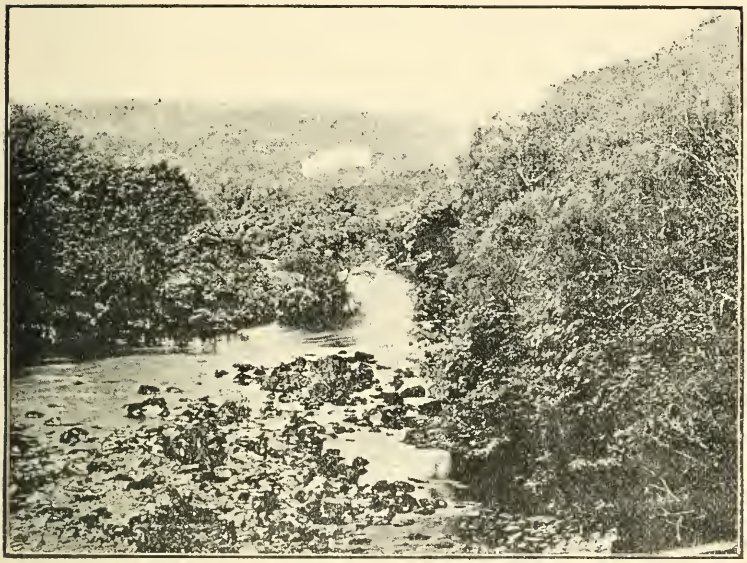
We have already mentioned Rylstone, under Airedale. In the poem of *The White Doe of Rylstone*, we first see it at the Priory, then a glimpse is given of the Shepherd Lord and Barden Tower, and finally Rylstone is described, and the fate of the Nortons. We find :—

"In the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part—
A rural chapel neatly drest,
In covert like a little nest ;
And thither young and old repair
On Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer."

Again :—

"Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he—a child of strength and state!
Yet lacks not friends of solemn glee,
And a cheerful company."

In conclusion, let us say with William Howitt, "Wordsworth has cast over the sorrows of the Nortons a profound sympathy, and a golden glory over the scenery of the White Doe of Rylstone; over Bolton Priory; the Vale



Barden Tower.

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of Wharfe; over Barden Tower and Norton Tower, and on the grim Rylstone Fells—which, as it draws us thither, shall draw thither also, from generation to generation, other pilgrims as devoted to the charms of nature, of poetry, of history and tradition as ourselves."

In *Fairfax of Fuyston*, a novel by Mrs. Hibbert-Ware (London, F. V. White & Co., 1890), we have a great deal of information about witches. The novel is founded on the diary of Edward Fairfax of Fuyston, in the county of York, entitled *Demonologia: a Discourse on Witchcraft* (1621). This was first published for the reading public by William Grainge of Harrogate, well known as the author of *The Battles and Battlefields of Yorkshire*, and the *History of Harrogate*. This book deals with scenes in the Washburn Valley, and also treats of Leeds and the head of Ribblesdale, about Colne and Clitheroe. It gives an interesting picture of the times of the British Solomon, who was as superstitious as any old wife, and as active in having the wretched victims of jaundiced suspicion put to death. The writer of this novel has evidently made a special study of the antiquities and folk-lore of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Here is her portrait of Edward Fairfax, the well-known translator of Tasso, who, in spite of his erudition, was gradually led to implicitly believe in witchcraft:—"In a chair covered with blue velvet sits Master Edward Fairfax, poet and scholar, a pale, delicate looking man, with a swart skin, with a student's stoop about the shoulders, and in whose hair silver threads already mingle. He was attired in a black cloth gown, faced with a broad guard of velvet, which hung somewhat loosely about him, for he was spare and thin."

Then we have charming descriptions of Wharfedale and Washburndale. Here is a picturesque account of the journey home from the York assizes, where the witches were tried, by way of Tadcaster, Wetherby, and Harewood:—"Through the little village of Harewood, and past its church, an ancient and venerable pile dedicated to the Holy Rood, and surrounded and shaded by trees, and within whose sacred walls repose the remains of that intrepid and upright chief justice, Sir William Gascoign, who committed to prison young Harry, the wild and riotous Prince of Wales, who presumed to insult the Bench; past the ivy covered ruins of the great castle that frowns on the village from the brow of a high hill, over Harewood Bridge, beneath which flows the noble Wharfe in a broad and rapid stream, and across Stainburn Moor, weird-like in its solitude, and sweeping tracts of well-nigh pathless heath; past that huge group of high rocks called Almias Cliff, seeming in the distance like some stupendous fabric of tumble-down ruins, the far distant mountains, sterile and bleak, forming a wide and solemn circle around it; past Norwood, and so by way of Rowton Wath, across the river Washburn to Newhall."

Harewood is taken by the poet Mason (see Hulldale) for the scene of his tragedy of *Elfrida*. The following is the argument of the piece:—

"Edward, King of England, having heard of the beauty of Elfrida, daughter of Orgar, Earl of Devonshire, highly

celebrated, sent his favourite minister, Athelwold, to the father's castle to discover whether she was really so beautiful as fame reported her to be; and if she was to offer her his crown in marriage. Athelwold, on seeing her, fell violently in love with her himself, and married her, conveying her soon after to his own castle in Harewood Forest, where he visited her by stealth from Court, and in his absence left her with a train of British virgins, who form the chorus. After three months, Orgar disapproving this confinement of his daughter, came disguised to Harewood to discover the cause of it. His arrival opens the drama. The incidents which are produced by Athelwold's return from Court (who was absent when Orgar came to his castle), and afterwards by the unexpected visit of the King, form the episode of the tragedy; the feigned pardon of Athelwold, drawn from the King by the earnest intercession of Elfrida, brings on the peripetia, or change of fortune; and the single combat between the King and Athelwold, in which the latter is slain, occasions Elfrida to take the vow which completes the catastrophe."

The poet Gray has mentioned Burley, and Weston Hall in Wharfedale.

Charles Kingsley, in his letters to his wife, writes as follows about a visit to W. E. Forster, at Burley:—"A most delicious place, and enjoying good society, and a good library with some very valuable books. . . . Tell the children I have just seen the largest water-wheel in

England making light summer overcoats for the Germans and Yankees. I am in a state of bewilderment:—such machinery as no tongue can describe; about three acres of mills, and a whole village of people looking healthy, rosy, and happy; such a charming half-time school for the children; library for the men, etc. Tell K. I saw the wool as it came off the sheep's back, in Leicestershire, followed it up till it was turned into an alpaca coat, and I don't care to see conjuring or magic after that."

Wetherby is believed to have been the birthplace of Dr. Thomas Laycock, the eminent psychologist, whose father was a Wesleyan minister in that town.*

At Bardsey, Congreve the dramatist was born. His works are now rather reprobated for their coarseness and indecency.

* Laycock was a pioneer in sanitary science, and he also first explained the unconscious and involuntary brain functions, mesmerism, dreaming, and insanity, in his *Treatise on Nervous Diseases of Women*, 1840. He educated a great many of the leading psychologists of the present day. See under Woodhouse Grove, in Chapter I., Airedale.

CHAPTER XIV.

YOREDALE.

IN Wordsworth's letter to Coleridge describing the waterfall at Hardraw Scar, we find the following passages:—"The rocks on each side, which, joining with the side of this cave, formed the vista of the brook, were chequered with three diminutive waterfalls, or rather courses of water. Each of these was a miniature of all that summer and winter can produce of delicate beauty. The rock in the centre of the falls, where the water was most abundant, a deep black, the adjoining parts yellow, white, purple, and dove colour, covered with water-plants of the most vivid green, and hung with streaming icicles, that in some places seem to conceal the verdure of the plants, and the violet and yellow variegation of the rocks: and in some places render the colours more brilliant. I cannot express to you the enchanting effect produced by the Arabian scene of colour as the wind blew aside the great waterfall behind which we stood, and alternately hid and revealed each of these fairy cataracts in irregular succession, or displayed them with various gradations of distinctness,

as the intervening spray was thickened or dispersed. What a scene too, in summer! In the luxury of our imaginations, we could not help feeding on the pleasure which the cave, in the heat of a July noon, would spread through a frame exquisitely sensible. That huge rock on the right, the bank winding round on the left, with its living foliage, and the breeze stealing up the valley, and bedewing the cavern with the freshest imaginable spray. And then the murmur of the water, the quiet, the seclusion, and a long summer day."

Between Richmond and Askrigg, is Hart-leap Well, on which Wordsworth also composed some lines.

Kith and Kin, by Jessie Fothergill, has its scenes laid around Hawes, Askrigg, and Semmerwater Lake, in Wensleydale. Many of the place-names are found under a very thin disguise, such as "Shennamere Lake" (Semmerwater), "Bainbeck" (for Bainbridge), "Danesdale Castle" (Bolton), "Kumer-in-Swaledale," a re-arrangement of Muker. The names of the *dramatis personæ* are truly Wensleydale ones, such as "Metcalfe," and "Whaley," and "Conisbrough" is Yorkshire enough. Carr-End, which looks very like the "Scar Foot" of the tale, was in the possession of the Fothergill family till 1842. "Yore-Sett," we take to be Askrigg. The whole story is redolent of the dale, both in its place and proper names.*

* Since these words were written, Miss Fothergill has joined the "great majority."

The story is mainly engaged with the fortunes of "Bernard Aglionby," who unexpectedly succeeds to a large fortune from his grandfather, "Old Squire Aglionby," who has always been supposed to have intended the Conisbroughs, his great-nieces, to be his heirs. Having heard of a piece of treachery on the part of "Mrs. Conisbrough," he suddenly alters his will, and dies immediately after. How Bernard and "Judith Conisbrough," that brave young gentlewoman, love each other, and how she fights shy of him on account of her mother's treachery, takes up the greater part of the tale. Then the minor actors, "Randulph Danesdale," heir to a baronetcy, and "Delphine Conisbrough," are interesting, and are separated by the same hyper-sensitiveness about another's misconduct. In the end, Mrs. Conisbrough repents, and asks Bernard's forgiveness, and having secured it dies. The two sets of long-separated lovers then thoroughly understand one another, and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

Here is a quotation about the district:—"She (Judith) knew it well, and loved it, every silver foot of it, with a deep, inborn love given by the inherited tastes of generations of forefathers, who had lived, and moved, and had their being by the side of that fair sheet of water, in the midst of those pure and elevating natural surroundings. For it, this fairy lake, this Shennamere, as it was called, an old corrupution of 'Shining Mere,' and the old house at its head, of which she had not yet come in sight,

were inextricably woven in her mind and fancy, with all of glad and happy, of bright and pleasant, which her life contained."

Again, "Danesdale Castle (Bolton) was famous in historical associations: it had been the prison of a captive queen, whose chamber window, high up in the third storey,

Aysgarth Bridge.

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commanded a broad view of lovely lowland country, wild moors, bare-backed fells. * * * The Danesdales had built then a fine commodious mansion of red brick, in Queen Anne's time, in a noble park nearer the river."

Scrope of Bolton, we find mentioned in the old ballad of "Flodden Field," also Semmerwater and Middleham, Coverdale, etc:—

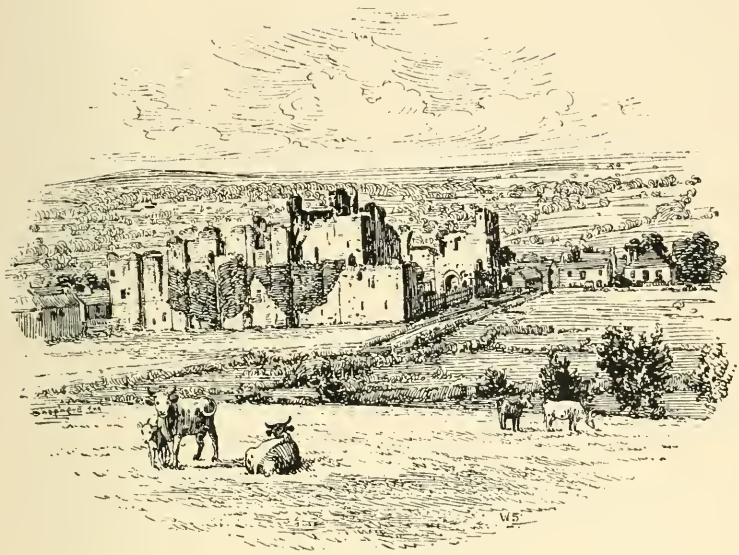
"With lusty lads and large of length,
Which dwelt on Semerwater side;
All Richmondshire, its total strength
The valiant Scrope did lead and guide."

Thomas Maude, "the Wensleydale Poet," was born at Harewood, in 1717. Having served as naval surgeon on the "Barfleur" under Captain Lord Harry Poulett, he became, on the succession of Lord Harry to the Dukedom of Bolton, steward of his Yorkshire estates. Bolton Hall is the family residence. *Wensleydale* is his most famous poem. He also wrote a poem called *Wharfedale*. He writes on Aysgarth Force as follows:—

"Now in rough accents by the pendant wood,
Rolls, in stern majesty, the foaming flood;
Revolving eddies now, with raging sway,
To Aysgarth's ample arch incline their way.
Playful and slow the curling circles move,
As when soft breezes fan the weary grove,
Till prone again, admit the tumult's roar,
Recoil the billows, reels the giddy shore;
Whilst warring columns fiercer combats join,
And make the rich, rude thundering scene divine."

At Sorrel Dikes, near Edgely in Bishopdale, Mrs. Montague and the members of the Blue Stocking Club used to hold meetings. Elizabeth Montague's principal work was an essay on *The Genius of Shakespeare*.

At Spennithorne, was born in 1674, John Hutchinson, a theologian and natural philosopher. He is principally noted as disputing on scriptural grounds the Newtonian system, rejecting the doctrine of gravitation. He held that the Old Testament contained a complete system of



Middleham Castle.

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natural philosophy, and that the interpretation must be allegorical. In 1748 was published a complete treatise in 12 vols., octavo. Many divines embraced his doctrines. He died in 1737.

Spennithorne was the birthplace of Richard Hatfield, who fired the pistol at George III., in Drury Lane Theatre.

In Lord Lytton's *Last of the Barons*, a reference to Middleham, the castle of Warwick, "the King Maker," is given:—"As the last of the Barons paced his terrace, far as his eye could reach his broad domains extended,

studded with villages, and towns, and castles, swarming with his retainers. * * * Calmly slept in the valley the roofs of the subject town of Middleham, calmly flowed through the pastures the noiseless waves of Ure."

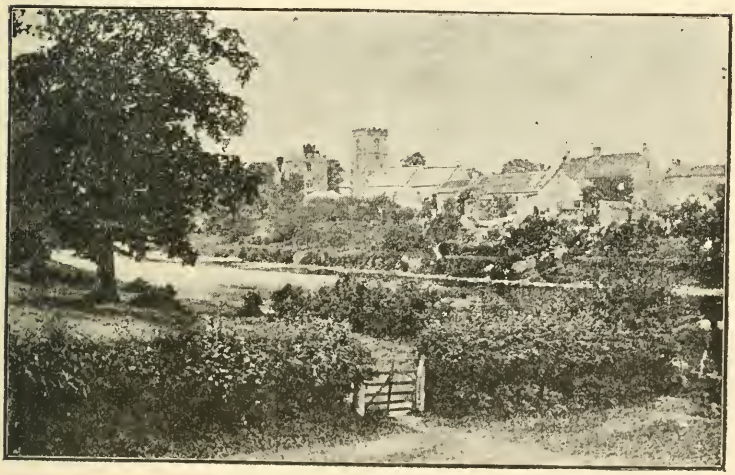
Hume says that "not less than thirty thousand persons are said to have daily lived at his board, in the different manors and castles which he possessed in England."

In Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, and owner of Middleham Castle, is a prominent character.

At Hornby, were born Mark Pattison, and the celebrated "Sister Dora" of nursing fame. Their father afterwards became Rector of Hauxwell, close by, and here Mark's youth was spent. The biographer of "Sister Dora," Pattison's youngest sister, says:—"Hauxwell is a tiny village, lying on the southern slope of a hill, whence an extensive view of moors and Wensleydale is obtained. It contains between two and three hundred inhabitants. The rectory is a pretty little dwelling, some half-mile from the church, which is a fine old building much shut in by trees. The whole village, even on a bright summer morning, gives the traveller an impression of intense quiet, if not of dullness. But in the winter, when the snow lies thickly for weeks together in the narrow lane, and only thoroughfare of the place, when the distant moors also look cold in their garment of white, and the large expanse of sky is covered with leaden-coloured

clouds; when the very streams with which the country abounds are frozen into silence, then indeed, may Hauxwell be called a lonely village."

Pattison was largely mixed up in the Oxford movement, and had at one time made up his mind to follow Newman to Rome. He was a noted essayist, taking many college prizes for religious essays on such subjects as *Original Sin*, etc. He was also the editor of several of the Oxford Clarendon Press edition of English classics, such as Pope's *Essay on Man*. He was more of a philosopher than a theologian. He was well known for many years as Master of Lincoln College, Oxford. He was a noted angler, and used annually to visit his native dale for that



Tanfield Church.

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sport, he being expected at Cover Bridge Inn, on the Yore, when the writer visited it in July, 1884. At that very time, he died at Harrogate, July 30th, 1884.

Marmion Tower, at Tanfield, is interesting as, at one time, the seat of the family of that name. The Lord Marmion of the poem, Scott's notes tell us, was a purely fictitious personage. Some interesting altar tombs of the family are to be seen in the Marmion Chapel, in Tanfield Church.

Masham gave a title to the family of Scroop. Henry Lord Scroop, the friend and counsellor of Henry V., is mentioned by Shakespeare in *Henry V.* His king says:—

> * * * "I will weep for thee:
> For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
> Another fall of man"

The executioner says:—

> "I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
> Of Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham."

Scroop then says:—

> "Our purposes God justly hath discovered;
> And I repent my fault more than my death;
> Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
> Although my body pay the price of it."

Scroop was executed for high treason, in 1415.

At Wath-on-Yore, is Myddleton Quernhow Hall. In the time of Charles I., this property was purchased by the Herbert family, to which race belonged George Herbert, of blessed memory. This Herbert of Wath attended

Charles I. in his execution, and was presented by the king with his silver clock, or large watch, that hung by his bedstead; when walking through St. James's Park to the place of execution, he was also given the cloak which the Royal martyr wore. Charles II. created him a baronet.

John Nicholson has made mention of Graham of Norton Conyers in his *Lyre of Ebor*:—

> "Boast not, usurping Cromwell, o'er the dead,
> With half his wounds thy bravest knights had fled,
> * * * *
> Then with near thirty wounds brave Graham bled,
> Who never in the fiercest contest fled."

Although many persons are of opinion that The Rydings, near Birstall, is the "Thornfield Hall" of *Jane Eyre*, another party leans to the belief that Norton Conyers, near Ripon, the seat of Sir Reginald Graham, Bart., is the original. Norton Conyers is a three-storied manor house of the fourteenth century, and is battlemented, but not to the extent of The Rydings, the battlements being, at the present day, at least, mere shams, with the embrasures built up.

There is also the rookery and the gardens, but this is not all. The interior of the hall, oak-panelled and covered with portraits of men in armour, the brass handles and double doors, the untenanted upper storey, the position of the housekeeper's room, and the broad oak staircase, all answer to the description in *Jane Eyre*. Again, the lovely prospect from the upper windows, of the broad park,

dotted with its ancient timber, and the vale of Yore, the church at the gates (Wath), the distant hills, the *tout ensemble* of "grove, pasture and green hill," might rather apply to Norton Conyers than to The Rydings. However, the principal peg which connects this ancient manor house with the novel, is the fact that a mad woman was kept in close confinement in the third storey at some time during the last century, but as to who she was or how she came there, there is no record. At page 105 of *Jane Eyre*, we read:—"Some of the third storey rooms were interesting from their air of antiquity. The furniture once appropriated to the lower apartments, had, from time to time, been removed here as fashions changed; and the imperfect light entering by their narrow casements, showed bedsteads of a hundred years old; chests in oak or walnut, looking with their strange carvings of palm branches and cherubs' heads, like types of the Hebrew ark; rows of venerable chairs, high-backed and narrow; stools still more antiquated, on whose cushioned tops were yet apparent traces of half-effaced embroideries, wrought by fingers that for two generations had been coffin dust." We are informed that at the time Charlotte wrote her novel, the third story of Norton Conyers exactly presented this appearance, the late baronet, Sir Bellingham, having sold the neighbouring estate of Nunnington, and stored the furniture in the attics at Norton Conyers. Another link between this mansion and Thornfield, is to be found

at page 294, where we find:—"The old time-stained marble tomb, where a kneeling angel guarded the remains of Damer de Rochester, slain at Marston Moor, in the time of the Civil War." Now Sir Richard Graham, the first baronet of Norton Conyers, and of Netherby, Co. Cumberland, was mortally wounded at Marston Moor.*

It may be thought by many persons after reading the above paragraph, that there is not the slightest doubt as to the identity of Norton Conyers with Thornfield Hall, but it is worth while to take the pros and the cons, and show how skilfully Charlotte hides the identity of her scenes:—

THE CASE FOR NORTON CONYERS.

(1) It is a three-storied house.

(2) The interior is entirely in unison with that of Thornfield.

(3) The story of the mad woman.

(4) The old furniture stored above.

(5) The knight slain at Marston Moor.

(6) The extensive prospect.

(7) The tomb of Sir Richard, and Elizabeth, his wife.

THE CASE FOR THE RYDINGS.

(1) It is a truly battlemented residence.

(2) The story of the thunderstorm during Charlotte Brontë's visit to her friend "E.," at this house.

* In Wath Church is the tomb of Sir Richard Graham, and of Elizabeth, his wife.—See *Jane Eyre*, page 294. The Wath registers testify that Sir Richard died eleven years after Marston Moor.

(3) The presence of the double-flowering thorns in the park, and the naming of the mansion accordingly.

POINTS IN COMMON.

The church at the gates, the rookery, the sunk fence, and the gardens, are all equally applicable to the one as to the other.

THE CASE AGAINST THE RYDINGS.

(1) It is only two-storied, and there is little prospect from its windows.

(2) It is not a house of the size and importance of Norton Conyers, and the garrets described in *Jane Eyre* are precisely like those at Norton Conyers.

(3) There is no story of a mad woman at The Rydings; nor

(4) Any connection with Marston Moor.

The picture in the illustrated edition of *Jane Eyre* is certainly The Rydings, with a storey added to it. It is quite possible that Charlotte paid a visit to Norton Conyers during the lifetime of the late baronet, when it was often uninhabited and open to visitors, and hearing the story of the mad woman and the slain cavalier, sketched a hybrid residence in the novel, answering to the appearance of The Rydings outside, and to Norton Conyers inside.* Thus we find that many of her scenes are so skilfully intermixed with incidents which occurred

* She was governess to the Greenwoods, who rented Norton Conyers, at one time.

Norton Conyers.

elsewhere, that it is impossible to put your finger on the exact place, and consequently the identification of the localities is a work of great uncertainty and of comparatively little moment. We still adhere to our opening statement that her works are in great part the product of a lively imagination, and there is no great end to be served by peering into such things. We have been induced to go somewhat deeply into this scene, on account of having had an opportunity of thoroughly inspecting this ancient manor house.

Apart from the Brontë connection, Norton Conyers is interesting to the antiquarian. We may say that the story of Cromwell having come there and insulted the dead body of Sir Richard after Marston Moor, is a fabrication. The Roundhead leader did assuredly pay a visit about this time to Ripley Castle, not very far distant, but never came to the Grahams' mansion. There are reminiscences of a visit from James I., on his progress from Scotland to London for his coronation, in 1603, and the old oak bedstead on which he slept is still pointed out. Charles I. also stayed here five days waiting for supplies, but whether this visit took place when on his Scottish expeditions, or in the time of the Civil War, does not seem to be accurately known. The bowling-green upon which he played is still to be seen.

When Sir Richard had galloped home from Marston, sick unto death with his wounds, he rode his trusty

charger through the grand old hall, and up the broad oak staircase into his bedroom, where he died. The mark of the horse's shoe is still to be seen on a portion of an old step retained in the present staircase.* There is a full-length portrait of this loyal cavalier in the hall. He was Gentleman of the Horse to James I., and was created a baronet, 20th March, 1629, by the style of Sir Richard Graham, of Esk, County Cumberland. He purchased Netherby and the barony of Liddel, in the same county, of Francis, Earl of Cumberland. Sir Richard subsequently distinguished himself in the Royal cause at Edge Hill, where he lay wounded an entire night. A statue in the grounds of Norton Conyers commemorates this event. His eldest son, George, succeeded him at Netherby, and his younger son, Richard, was created a baronet of Norton, in 1662, on account of the services his father had rendered to the Royal House. At Norton, is to be seen the acknowledgment by Charles II., of a loan of £200 from Sir Richard the elder, and it is probable that, instead of repaying this debt with interest, the Merry Monarch created the second son a baronet.

Norton Conyers is beautifully situated in a large park, dotted over with some immense trees, many of them shrouded in lustrous garlands of ivy. The great storm of October, 1881, caused sad havoc here as elsewhere, but many wood-giants still survive. The outlook from

* This story must now be considered legendary.

Norton is beautiful. To the left are seen the towers of Ripon Cathedral, three miles distant, while to the right stretches a green, sweetly undulating, wooded country, backed by the Wensleydale moors, through which slowly twist in serpentine convolutions the waters of the Yore. All about the house, peacocks are perched upon the walls, presenting a blaze of colour against the ancient rough-cast walls of the mansion. The statue erected to the memory of Sir Richard, with some bird of prey emblematic of revolution, fastening its talons on the head-piece of a warrior, looks calmly down upon this quiet scene—a happy contrast to the day when the brave knight, gashed with many a deadly wound, rode homewards from the fray at Marston.

At Aldfield, near Ripon, on the 9th January, 1819, was born William Powell Frith, the Royal Academician, whose racy *Autobiography and Reminiscences*, 3 volumes, (Richard Bentley & Son, 1887 and 1888), entitles him to mention as a *raconteur* of no small powers, of whom Yorkshire may be justly proud. His father was employed by Mrs. Lawrence, of Studley Royal. In 1826 his parents removed to Harrogate, where his father became the host of the Dragon Inn, now in ruins. It was while residing here that Frith first showed signs of artistic talent. He was educated at Knaresborough, and St. Margaret's, near Dover. While at school, his instructors were admonished to let him spend the greater part of his time at drawing, which, he says, did him very little good, as his teachers knew very little

more than himself. He says:—"On returning home from school with my bundle of specimens, a family council was called, with friends to assist. * * * I was the wonder of High Harrogate, then my home. People came and asked for a sight of the wonderful works, which my dear mother showed with a pardonable pride. She could not, and did not, ask her guests to wash their hands—a treatment, as I remember, desirable for some of them! but she would never let the drawings leave her own hands, for fear of the precious things being rubbed, or otherwise injured."

Through the influence of patrons of the hotel, the host was induced to send his son to London, to go through a proper course of instruction in art. Frith's works, such as *The Railway Station*, *The Road to Ruin*, *The Derby Day*, etc., are too well known to require more than mere mention. He also illustrated the Waverley Novels with a splendid series of pictures.

Frith describes a visit to the Dragon, Harrogate, in 1884, when he found the whole place tottering to decay, but discovered his own and his brother's name scratched on the pane of a back window. One of the best of Frith's stories is that of a Gainsborough, which was bought by a Jew at a country house sale for six guineas, and was sold to a nobleman, by Stokes (who bought it for one hundred and fifty pounds from the Jew), for three thousand guineas. This book is, altogether, a perfect treasure-house for the lover of anecdote.

Ripon Cathedral.

By Permission, from Photograph by Messrs. Frith.

With a peep at Ripon, in passing, where its Bishop (Dr. Boyd Carpenter), during the spare moments of a busy official life, finds time to write verses and numerous magazine articles, and give a considerable number of erudite lectures on literary subjects, we take leave of this most interesting part of Yoredale, and get to Boroughbridge.

Sir Richard Steele, of *The Tattler*, was M.P. for Boroughbridge, but was a failure as a parliamentary speaker, Defoe saying that he had better have remained the "Spectator" than the "Tattler."

CHAPTER XV.

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

IN *Mary Anerley*, by Blackmore, the scene is laid around Flamborough Head and Bridlington. He says of the Danes' Dyke:—"A thousand years ago the Danes' Dyke must have been a very grand entrenchment, and a thousand years ere that, perhaps, it was still grander; for learned men say that it is a British work, wrought out before the Danes had even learned to build a ship. Whatever, however, may be argued about that, the wise and the witless do agree about one thing—the stronghold inside it has been held by Danes while severed by the Dyke from inland parts; and these Danes made a good colony of their own, and left to their descendants distinct speech and manners, some traces of which are existing even now. The Dyke, extending from the rough North Sea to the calmer waters of Bridlington Bay, is nothing more than a deep, dry trench, skilfully following the hollows of the ground, and cutting off Flamborough Head and a solid cantle of high land from the rest of Yorkshire. The corner so intercepted

used to be, and is still, called 'Little Denmark,' and the indwellers feel a large contempt for all their outer neighbours."

* * *

"To have rounded that headland (Flamborough) from the north, is as good as to turn the corner of a garden wall in March, and pass from a buffeted back, and bare shivers, to a sunny front of hope, all as busy as a bee, with pears spurring forward into creamy buds of promise, peach trees already in a flush of tassel'd pink, and the green lobe of the apricot shedding the snowy bloom."

The scenes in Dove Cot Cave when "Robin Lyth" is attacked by the coastguard, and later on where "Nicholas the Fish" dives for the gun and secures it—evidence that Robin is innocent—are picturesquely written, and the admirable mixture of tragedy and comedy shows the master-mind of the writer.

The skeleton of the tale is as follows:—"Squire Yordas" of Scargate Hall, in Teesdale, disinherits his eldest son for making an imprudent marriage. The son Duncan Yordas goes to India, makes a fortune, and returns to this country to search for a child which was supposed to have been rescued from a wreck on the Yorkshire coast. This child turns out to be the famous smuggler "Robin Lyth," whose hair-breadth escapes form the coastguard, and his final acquittal from a charge of murder, make up, with his courtship under difficulties of "Mary Anerley,"

the bulk of the story. This is altogether a tale racy of the soil; the Yordases, the Popplewells and Cockrofts all fit in well to their surroundings in these out-of-the-way corners of Yorkshire, in Teesdale, and at Flamborough.

THE END.

Oakenshaw Cross.

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