# INDEX.



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# VERBEIA;

OR,

# WHARFDALE,

## A POEM,

DESCRIPTIVE and DIDACTIC,

WITH

HISTORICAL REMARKS.

*Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon aut Mitylenen.* HOR.

By [illegible]

"Let other Poets in immortal lays
"Illustrious RHODES or MITYLENE praise"—
In thee, dear Vale, companion of my birth,
I view with wond'ring eyes concenter'd Earth.
Hence we essay along VERBEIA's spring,
In humble strain adapted verse to sing.

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# DEDICATION.

TO

EDWIN LASCELLES, Esq.

SIR,

IT is not without reason observed, that the less a Writer speaks of his own performances, the more likely they are to be esteemed by his Readers.

This is a remark, which vanity should ever have in view; but alas! *self* is so important a being at all times, more especially in scholastic attire, that it often becomes deaf to all salutary admonitions, and would rather sacrifice character, than surrender one favourite notion or egotism.

*Self*, is a ſubject, that requires peculiar delicacy, concerning which, few have been able to ſpeak with grace and dignity ſince the days of Cæſar, who ſhone as illuſtrious in the elevated republic of learning, as he did in the arduous departments of war and government.

The firſt perſon in grammatical ſpeech, ſhould be the laſt in perſonal diction; and he, who appears at the great tribunal of the public, without awe and reſpect, ſhews a temerity, no leſs repugnant to prudence, than diſguſting to modeſty.

Such as may be addicted to diſplay their own approbation, let the world correct, although ſome ought to ſhare its pity, becauſe untravelled in experience, they might be wiſer in time.

With you, Sir, and thoſe Gentlemen to whom I have the honor and happineſs to be known, I flatter myſelf, there may be leſs need of apology for this my preſumption, as they will, I humbly confide, give me ſome credit for intentions, however inadequate the ſucceſs.

As none among the living are more entitled to this addreſs, than the owner of thoſe embelliſhments which ſo elegantly characteriſe the domains of the muſe, now under deſcrip-

deſcription; ſhe is made joyful in the opportunity of expreſſing her gratitude, for the exerciſe ſo nobly given her, in your wide diſplay of ſuch genuine taſte.

That you may long enjoy thoſe pleaſurable ſcenes which nature and you have raiſed and patronized, is the fervent wiſh of

SIR,

Your moſt devoted Servant,

From the foot of Parnaſſus,
20th May, 1782.

The MUSE.

INTRO-

# INTRODUCTION.

THE dangers of poetry have been announced, owned, and exemplified in a variety of inſtances. The black catalogue of its votataries, conſigned to want, is an awful Pharos to deluded genius. If inſpiration finds its poſſeſſor poor, it is more than probable it will leave him ſo. Compoſition in poetry may occaſionally follow buſineſs, but it is by no means miſcible with it; hence it is no enviable quality in youth, whoſe proſpects are either profeſſional, commerce, or active life.

As a parent, few would wiſh a ſon to inherit an acre of Parnaſſus, or to be favoured with a ſingle ſmile of the Muſes, unleſs he courts them late, and makes the tuneful train ſubſervient to his call and leiſure.

Under this predicament, he may innocently amuſe himſelf and others; may ſoften manners, cultivate benignity, and ſometimes inſtruct in the ſterner virtues. But alas, what poet can reſiſt, when vigorous fancy impels? Who can refuſe the verdant wreath, although it were to wither on his brow?

There is in Dodſley's Collection, a poetical warning from the dangers of poetry, well worthy the peruſal of every infant muſe. It humourouſly and forcibly ſets forth, what we now ſuggeſt, the power of abſorption, even to the derangement of every other purſuit. The like idea is couched in the ſame work, in the Poet's Farewell to the Muſes; but the author to whom it is aſcribed (the late Judge, Sir William Blackſtone) dextrouſly in time emancipated himſelf from its faſcinating ſhackles, to the well-known emolument of the public.

When poetry is taken up late and uſed as a toy, it then becomes more than amuſement, for if good and moral, the public ſhares in the profit, and time is ſenſibly, at leaſt innocently, occupied. But beware as a practitioner of its alluring dangers, and guard againſt that abſolute monopoly of the man, it is ſure to attempt, if not to accompliſh. With a ſmall fortune it is doubly perilous, and to a man of buſineſs, interrupting. To quote many inſtances would be needleſs. Let Dryden, Otway, and others of more modern date, the hapleſs Savage and Shenſtone, ſtand as beacons, whoſe bias to the Muſes, ſcattered every idea of laudable induſtry and extrication. If fiction be the ſoul of poetry, calamity may be ſaid to be its body. But if genius preſſes irreſiſtibly to action, the Poet ſhould beware of the looſe and licentious vein, for to be peſtilent in the duſt, and thereby tranſmit poiſon to poſterity, is of all bequeſts the moſt to be reprobated. That flood of vice, at which memory revolts, which threw down every mound of modeſty in Charles the Second's time, is not to be reviewed without horror and deteſtation. Nor can it be thought a due atonement to poſterity, that a noble author in his dying hours, wept, trembled, and repented of his proſtituted entail. To combat under the banner of virtue, is magnanimous at all times, and though it is but feeble morality to preach occaſional diſſimulation, yet there is even comparative merit in the ſemblance of virtue, though not a practical convert. But whilſt I endeavour to perſuade from the practice of poetry, let me not degrade its admirers, for it ſeems to me, that the aſ-

ſertion

fertion of the Avon-Bard, in respect to music, is equally applicable to poetry. "Let no such man be trusted." In a woman, the art seems more amiable, and to be one of those accomplishments rather to be desired. The Muses are feminine, and she only associates in character. But in man, when "his eye in a fine phrenzy rolls," there is difficulty and danger; and chosen must be that Poet's situation, who shrinks not at its attacks, and whose relish is competent at the time to discharge his ideas, or relieve by poesy his cares, without prejudice to himself or others, and who by the tender touches of his creative pen, can give coinage to his emanations, in the service of indigence and woe-worn distress.

It hath been observed, that few men eminent in the Law were Poets. The statutes of Helicon and those of Westminster, do not coalesce. The one is the growth of an inclosure; the other, of the expanded plains and heights of empire. Upon this principle it may be probably solved, why so few Philosophers have appeared from the Learned Body of the Long Robe. I speak of its practitioners, for excepting Lord Bacon, who stands a monument of Fame, few others are to be found, whilst there appears a copious harvest among Physicians and Divines, in almost every civilized country. It has also been remarked, and I think by Bayle, that there is not an instance throughout the records of the Romish Church, of a Saint being made from the venerable dispensers of the law. Perhaps, so wise a body disdained being the objects of such legendary trash, as in some instances would disgrace the mind of an informed Hottentot, and which falls so infinitely below any semblance of sense or truth. It hath been but too frequently obvious, that the qualities of the head move excentric to the virtues of the heart; nor to such unfiltered characters doth the depuration of time avail; and, "few men, (says the "Reverend J. Granger, under the article Saint Thomas Becket) have "done more mischief in the world than a great part of those that have "been canonized for Saints; who were not only bigots but incendiaries "and persecutors." But I am now perhaps mistaking my way, and shall no

no longer trespass upon tender ground, or in other words, I must learn to restrain my pen and proceed in character, to my more immediate subject.

In our progress along the shores of the river, S. E. we meet with little to arrest inquiry, till we come to Bolton Priory, save a stupendous cragg at Kilnsey. This projecting cliff is situated near the high road from Kettlewell to Skipton, and gives the timid passenger some alarm on account of its impending form. Such persons as have not seen Gibraltar, (for with me this place is always a memento) may have some idea of the strength of that fortress, upon a small scale, by supposing it environed by the like impregnable barriers as Kilnsey cragg, three-fourths of its limits in the exposed parts of the garrison, and farther defended on the East side, looking towards the Mediterranean, wholly by a perpendicular rock, which only wings could mount on that side. Wherever Nature has left a defect, Art has supplied it with almost equivalent security.

Near to Kilnsey cragg is Chapel-House, the residence of John Tennant, Esq; Barrister at Law, a neat and commodious mansion, of which the family hath been long in possession, and from its appearance seems the paramount of retirement of this district.

Hitherto we have only remarked upon inanimate Nature; but, in an adjacent village, there was a living subject of curiosity in the person and character of the late Rev. Benjamin Smith, B. D. Rector of the Mediety of Linton in Craven, that may deserve our notice. This Gentleman was a scholar and a recluse, yet reputed one of the best dancers in England. He commenced the art at an early age, continued the practice with its refinements throughout life, and occasionally travelled to the continent to retouch, and report the last fashionable airs. He daily exercised in private at home, to a rustic fiddle, but with this peculiarity, as I have been informed, in the front of a looking-glass, with his musician's back turned

turned towards him. However, one day the fiddler's curiosity being excited to the daring presumption of looking over his own shoulder at his master's steps, the reflecting mirror gave notice, and the poor man was accordingly mulcted, and occasionally suspended, for his imprudence. The Rector was buried at Linton, the 7th of January, 1777, aged 79 years. He was easy in his circumstances, and chiefly laid out what he acquired, in annuities for his own life. He was half nephew to the great Sir Isaac Newton, who was also his guardian; the Rector's grandfather, Mr. Smith, Rector of North-Witham, in Lincolnshire, marrying Sir Isaac's mother, when a widow. His clerical income at Linton, was at most eighty pounds a year.

Some symptoms of his being a singular character fell under my own observation. Hearing that it was probable he might be in possession of some anecdotes concerning his uncle, he was addressed on the liberal foundation of those commercial ties which govern men in the Republic of Letters. As the request was couched in a cautious style of not giving offence, and his own vanity being somewhat concerned in the illustration of a family to which he stood connected, I naturally concluded upon receiving a favourable, if not a satisfactory answer, to my queries; but in this point I was mistaken, for though his reply came in course of time, not a word was specified on the subject required. His letter was short, but civil, because it contained an invitation to his table, at twenty miles distance: but he execrated the country where he lived, calling the men brutes, and observed that the women were so *be-itched*, there was no such thing as touching them. He farther added, that he believed Providence had placed him there to expiate for the sins of his youth. Here our correspondence ended, nor did I ever obtain from him the smallest fragment of my pursuit.

The river Wharfe, or Wherf, is said by Camden to come from the Saxon word, Guerf, signifying swift; and so far it may be said to an-

ſwer the deſcription, from the many rippling ſtreams that it affords, and being too apt, from its quick deſcent, to commit violence in its rapid courſe when flooded.

The waters of the Wharfe firſt appear on the S. E. ſide of the mountain Cam, the Alpine Cenis of the road, from the Northern parts of Yorkſhire to Lancaſter and the adjacent country.

The diſtrict through which the river at firſt takes its courſe is mooriſh and wild, neither partaking of the marvellous nor ſublime, to exhibit features worthy of a particular explanation. The firſt village on its banks is Aughterſhaw, whence it paſſes by Debdale, Yokenthwaite, Hubberham, Buckden, Starbottom, Kettlewell, Cunniſtone, Kilnſey, Chapel-Houſe, Treffield, Linton, Graſſington, Burnſal, Appletreewick, Barden-Tower, Bolton-Priory, and Addingham, where the country becomes more known and cultivated, and which the Muſe will particularize in her deſtined progreſs. It may therefore ſuffice to remark, that afterwards the river paſſes the market-towns of Otley, Harwood, Wetherby, and Tadcaſter, below which laſt place, at the diſtance of about ten miles, it joins the Ouſe (from York) at Nun~~[illegible]~~appleton, to mix its water with the grand æſtuary of the Humber.

It ſeems to be ſomewhat remarkable, that the two rivers Wharfe and Are, which originate nearly together, run a ſort of parallel courſe and diſembogue nearly alike, ſhould not be more allied in their diſpoſitions. The river Are is ſlow, more tractable, and ſo mazy in ſome parts of Craven, that it ſeems doubtful whether it ſhould return to its ſpring, or proceed to the ſea. It is alſo remarkable that the derivation of the Are, from Ara, a Britiſh word, ſignifying ſlow or calm, according to Camden, ſhould agree ſo much in ſound and character with the torpid river Arar, (now Soame, in Piccardy, between Amiens and Abbeville) of which Cæſar ſpeaks as a ſleeping ſtream, whoſe motion is ſcarce diſcernible.

*Fluvium*

*Fluvium est quod fertur incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis in utram partem fluat judicari vix possit.* Comment. lib. 1.

The best map of the Wharfe is given us in Thoresby's Leod. Ducat. from which I have borrowed the preceding names of the hamlets, although I have traversed most of them myself.

What is defined Wharfdale under common acceptation, and now poetical survey, is from Bolton-Priory to Harwood-Bridge, which nearly makes Otley the centre, and the measurement about twenty miles, though the whole course of the river in its serpentine line may exceed sixty.

Above the Priory, the character of the Wharfe becomes arbitrary or silent, as to naming any district; and, below Harwood, the country expands and loses the distinction of a valley, though the banks and environs are still decorated by the respectable seats of Stockeld, Grange, Thorp-Arch, Newton, and lastly by Nun~~Monckton~~appleton; the various properties of Mess. Middleton, Beilby Thompson, Gossip, Fairfax, and lastly Sir William Milner, Bart. In the fine wood at Grange, belonging to Beilby Thompson, Esq; on the great post road, previous to entering Wetherby, you have the singularity of a Heronry. The Herons here convene as Rooks, and build high in nearly the same manner. Near to Thorp-Arch, belonging to Wilmer Gossip, Esq; is a saline sulphureous spring of Water, which is yearly growing into fame.

The different species of Fish in Wharfe are Salmon, Salmon-Smelt, Trout, Grayling, Barbel, Chub, Dace, Gudgeon, and Eel, which last is incomparable. Below Arthington are often caught very fine Perch, and below Thorp-Arch, Pike and Flounder. The Salmon in this river are seldom taken in tolerable season above Wetherby; the Trout in general are white, but very sweet; such as are red or yellow, are delicious in the months of May, June, July, and August.

No

No river would abound with greater plenty, even to emulate the Drave in Hungary, which is ſaid to be two parts water, one part fiſh, could an obſtruction be put to poachers, who from the temptation of ſale between the devouring places of Leeds and Harrogate, are inceſſantly uſing every engine to deſtroy the ſeveral kinds.

Thus much it ſeemed neceſſary to premiſe, in order to illuſtrate to the diſtant or alien reader, in ſome degree, our future ſubject.

VERBEIA.

# V E R B E I A.

REFLECTION whiſpers, and may whiſper right,
That partial judgment guides my dazzled ſight.
What do no ſcenes, ſays ſhe, with flippant air,
Rob'd by the Graces, his affections ſhare?
Doth Memory then, the duteous taſk decline,
Nor ſound her Pæans at * VERBEIA's ſhrine?
Shall Wharfe's chaſte flood, in ſlighted ſilence flow,
Nor on its lucid face, one glance beſtow?
That flood on whom all eyes of taſte regale,
The ſhepherd's pride, and angler's boaſting tale?
Muſt Thames alone the Poet's garland wear,
Live in deſcription, and each honor bear?

* VERBEIA was the Roman patroneſs of the river Wharfe, as appears by an inſcription dug up at Ilkley (the Olicana of Ptolemy) where the ſecond cohort of the Lingones had been ſtationed. The ſtone is now exiſting near the public way in the village, and is mentioned by Camden.

Forgive me, POLLIO, if in mood ſerene,
I deck my native banks with cheering green;
Beſtow a ſmile upon the finny ſtream,
My vernal paſtimes and autumnal theme,
Point to the glades where erſt my wand'ring ſight,
Firſt rous'd the waking dreams of ſoft delight,
Dreams though of Fairy hue, I trace the time,
And ſtrongly recogniſe the feaſt ſublime:
Fling to the howling winds the murky lore,
That aims to rob me of the precious ſtore.

What if I toyful, with ethereal ray,
Life's paſſage ſtrew to cheat the dreary way,
Or if in Mirth's ſweet bounds, I breathe the gale,
Drink at her fount, nor ſtep the moral pale.
By all the order of the ſpheres I ween,
On that fair ground no peccant ſpot is ſeen.

Let Spain or Sicily their climate boaſt,
Britain ſhall ceaſeleſs be my ardent toaſt.
If diſtant realms their dainty fruit diſplay,
Our fertile fields bring produce twice a day.
Atteſt the ſounding churn, condenſing preſs,
And the prompt luxury of PALES' dreſs.

But other bleſſings wait this peerleſs Iſle,
Which ſolely on her hallow'd children ſmile,

And

And chief our Rights let every mind recal;
That vital heat and ligament of all.

Come then, my * IVES, and let us now compare
The various ſcenery of poliſh'd care.
Fly, courteous fly, from Titchfield's ſocial fire,
Where the ſoul meets each coming good deſire.
For thou haſt view'd the nodding deſpot's frowns,
And awful tyrants, ſlaves to tott'ring crowns.
The fervent ſuns of Aſia's ſpicy glades,
And the black horrors of their ſnaky ſhades.
Thou who haſt ſketch'd the ſtate of diſtant climes,
Here mark'd the virtues; there, exotic crimes.—
Safe from Euphrates' banks, I claſp thee round,
Where panting once thou brav'dſt its arid bound.
Safe from Bellona's feuds with ſweet content,
An independence and a life well ſpent.

If books, friends, order, nuptial honours pleaſe,
Alike ſecure, felicity and eaſe.
Each fleeting hour brings ſome engaging gueſt,
Nor preſſes to a diſtant point of reſt.
Happy thyſelf, if others happy be,
Feeling, if others feel adverſity.

* Edward Ives, of Titchfield, Hants, Eſq; author of a journey from Perſia to England, by an unuſual rout, the worthy aſſociate of my early manhood.

But

But ſome will aſk amidſt the grouping throng,
Of what complexion is this man of ſong?
Nor aſk in vain, for I'll the truth diſplay,
Nor longer loiter in a doubtful way,
Depict the Poet, mark his birth and caſe,
And all, or nearly all, his rovings trace.

As artiſts borrow ſome illuſtrious name,
And on its wide-ſpread Baſe erect their fame;
So, I, ambitious to adorn a tale,
Muſt of expediency myſelf avail.
In yonder fields near HARWOOD's ſplendid dome;
Where Pleaſure dwells, and Freedom feels at home;
Where Eaſe and Elegance their charms combine,
And Siſter-Arts in happy union twine,
I ſportive rang'd; there ſipp'd parental dew,
When firſt life's coinage current value knew;
'Ere Prejudice had ſown her choaking tares,
And daſh'd my journey with intruſive cares.
'Twas there in guileleſs hour my race began,
While lib'ral culture train'd me up to man.
Thanks to that Care whoſe precepts firſt inſpir'd,
Whoſe kindneſs cheriſh'd, and example fir'd;
Whoſe doctrines taught with philoſophic ſkill,
To rein the ſallies of a devious will.
So rul'd a Sire his Son with virtuous ſway,
And gave to thought full energy to play.

Reſt,

Reſt, ſacred Shade! here filial rev'rence raiſe
This laſt memorial of defective praiſe.
Nor ſhall maternal merit reſt unknown,
While Phœbus condeſcends my Muſe to own,
Or Duty bids to claſp the mournful bier,
And lends the heaving ſigh and trickling tear.

Urg'd by the pomp of words I caught the flame,
And daily panted at Pharſalia's name.
I view'd the victor in imperial ſtate,
I ſaw him deal a trembling globe its fate.
Warm in my breaſt the Grecian glories glow'd;
Bright in my ken, the golden Tagus flow'd;
Nor leſs were Iſchia's ſhores my grateful theme,
The Teſſin, Tyber, and ſmooth Arno's ſtream.
Plac'd in the plain my airy ſteps aſpir'd,
Supremely thron'd the humbler ſcenes retir'd.
Each realm I graſp'd, ſo works creative ſway
When vernal vigour fearleſs leads the way.

Thus nurs'd by Novelty and young Deſire,
And all thoſe charms ideal ſcenes inſpire,
I launch'd my ſlender bark with gentle ſail,
With tide ſoft flowing, flowing too the gale.

'Twas thus the thirſt of travel ſeiz'd my mind,
While Fortune in her faireſt form was kind;



She

She gave me health, produc'd a Patron too,
And mildly ſweet the circling ſeaſons flew.
Through wide extremes no bar my ſpirits found;
Few woes aſſail, where Fairies dance around.
Unfetter'd Hope a gay Elyſium brought,
And calm deduction form'd the School of Thought.
On Europe's point the fervid ray I bore,
Nor left unſeen bleak Spitſberg's ſhiv'ring ſhore.
Croſs'd the ſlow Danube, rapid Rhine and Po,
And ſcal'd the Alps, Creation's ſtore to know.
In moral mood I ſaw, with wond'ring gaze,
Rome's claſſic ruins, and Veſuvius' blaze!
Progreſſive Fancy ev'ry ſpot ſubdu'd,
Whilſt travell'd ſcenes more ſober thought review'd.

Forth ſwells in cluſter'd pomp the viny vale,
And ambient ſweets from bloſſom'd groves exhale.
Anon thy turrets, Milan, I deſcry,
And thine, fair Florence, feſtive to the eye.
Now ſports my ſoul on Baiæs zephir'd wave,
Now culls a flower from Virgil's ſacred grave.
Poetic plant! thou vegetative buſt
Of tuneful Maro's ever-honour'd duſt.
Methinks, fair flower, in thy rich tints I trace
The Poet's own ſublimity and grace.
Near his green turf no vulgar ſtem ſhall grow,
For weeds, ſweet Virgil, ne'er was taught to know.

Late

Late may thy * Laurel emblematic ſtand,
The darling trophy of the Muſes' band.



In varied ſcenes where'er I turn my eyes,
Reſiſtleſs proofs of Nature's Lord ariſe;
The deſart drear, alike Palermo's field,
One mighty image of a fiat yield.

What's then the ſum? ſhall theſe diſcourſe in vain,
Nor point a leſſon to the giddy train?
Who led by Folly thro' each mazy wile,
Woo the light maid, and at deſtruction ſmile.
As ſhine the tints of yonder varied ſky,
So Paſſion floats, and guilty Pleaſures fly,
If Reaſon rules not as preſiding Queen,
Fell are the monſters of the beck'ning ſcene.
Tir'd of the fruitleſs toil, the vapid joy,
We ſet, and ſetting own this world a toy.
Thus ſome proud bark the angry ocean braves,
And ſelf-devoted ſinks beneath the waves.
Nor leſs the Indian lur'd by ſpecious gain,
Impetuous dives into the treach'rous main,
Where ſome fair pearl attracts his eager eyes,
Nor dreads the ruin that in ambuſh lies.

* Alluding to a laurel tree, which, with poetic propriety, grows near what is called Virgil's tomb, in the precincts of Naples, known to all travellers frequenting thoſe parts. The tree was rather in a declining ſtate, (1760) ſeemingly owing to the curioſity of ſome, and the ſuperſtition of others, bringing a branch or leaf with them as ſpoils of taſte, and trophies of their favourite author.

Yet

Yet deem not that obliquely I condemn
The ſoul excurſive, or its flow wou'd ſtem;
No, no, my Friend, 'tis not that I deride,
Mirth's ſober ſunſhine, or its copious-tide.
Do yon fair fields, in vernal bloom array'd,
Teach Reaſon's eye to court the ſullen ſhade?
Peruſe Creation's face, her varied hue,
All but the * ſable greets our raviſh'd view.
If to ſublimer walks ideas ſtray,
Lo! the bright concave and the ſolar way.
Let ſorrow-ſearching minds with darkneſs dwell,
In doleful caverns, or monaſtic cell;
Make duſt their paper, epitaphs their cheer,
And daily mourn away each ling'ring year;
Now ſink in ſleepy indolence their Life,
Or now with ev'ry pleaſure be at ſtrife;
Spurn the kind boon diſpenſing Nature lends,
And ever counteract her wiſeſt ends;
View Nature's Lord in Horror's deep abode,
And with deſponding errors ſtrew the road;

* It is obſervable, that there is not a black flower in nature, for ſo ſooty a complexion would have but ill anſwer'd the gratification of the eye. The green flower, according to our Review of the Botanical World, if not equally expunged from the Catalogue of Nature, is comparatively rare, although a different application may here take place.

In the general œconomy of appearances, this ſpecimen would have been redundant, and almoſt inviſible in the fields, as ſurrounded by every gradation of verdure with which the earth is univerſally clad.

Me,

Me, better thoughts and other ſcenes employ,
I wage no war with ought of guiltleſs joy,
And thro' no jaundic'd medium Furies ſpy:
But with due rev'rence grateful own the hand
That guides the ſeaſons round a fruitful land.
Like * GROSE, with chearful ſtrain would I be bleſs'd,
Like him for ſenſe and candour ſtand careſs'd.
Open, like him, a copious ſtream to flow,
And give to Science all that volumes know.
But vain the taſk for me his worth to prove,
Whom ſages honour, and whom all men love.

Far as yon diſtant † ſource we now explore,
And trace progreſſive Wharfe's delicious ſhore:
But muſt the Muſe to deſert tracts attend,
And with the lapwing's clamours idly blend
Her ſofter notes? Ah, ſhe with ſtately mein
Rejects the portrait of a ſterile ſcene;
To field's enamell'd, wiſely wings her way,
To reap the harveſt of a milder ray.

* The very inquiſitive and ingenious Antiquary, and Author of Britiſh Antiquities, in 4 vol. quarto, whoſe poetical portrait will be given by a Friend at the end of this poem.

† See the Introduction, where the ſpring and progreſs of the Wharfe is deſcribed.

First to the sight the village Buckton stands,
The humble suitor of plain cultur'd lands.
A train of equal order, Sons of Prose,
Too harsh for rhyme, a length'ning chain compose. *

Come then, sweet Fancy, fraught with sober health,
Come, leave behind the low-born cares of wealth;
The niggard sons of rugged Nature's cast,
The flinty surface, and the stubborn blast.
Or yet by Pleasure led, if in Life's way
Some forms arrest, some beck'ning Syrens stray;
Examine well the gaudy luring fair,
Nor trust the meteor's meretricious air.

In DEVON's shades and BOLTON's cleric skies, †
We wand'ring glean as objects casual rise.

Here

* The villages of Starbottom, Kettlewell, Cunnistone, Grassington, (corruptedly Gurston) Appletreewick, with others of obdurate sound, are ranged along the river, until you come to Bolton Priory, where a better cultivation and industry begin to appear.

† Bolton Priory, in Craven, is the property of the Duke of Devonshire; but Jeffries in his map of Yorkshire, lately published, hath erroneously given it to the Duke of Bolton, probably from the title, and not distinguishing it from Bolton Castle in Wensleydale. An almost similar mistake happens in the same work, in bestowing Weston, lower down the same river, the Seat of Mr. Vavasour, to Sir Walter Vavasour: Errors the less pardonable, as so little trouble or information was required to avoid them. Something similar to this mistake has happened to the compiler of Magna Bri-

Here Holy Gloom her awful ſabbath keeps,
And Sorrow's child in tragic concert weeps;
Spreads o'er the ſolemn ſcene her ſable veſt,
While Gaiety in ſilence ſinks to reſt.

Clear'd

Britannia antiqua et nova, printed 1738, who makes this place the ſeat and eſtate of a branch of the Scropes, which circumſtance is alſo erroneous.

Before you approach this pleaſing ſequeſtered ſpot, (Bolton Priory,) you paſs by a manſion, ſmall but antient, called Barden Tower, to which belongs a chaſe; leaving on the left, in Bolton Park, a noble and romantic ſcene of a water-fall, ſuitably furniſhed by Nature with rocks and ſhrubbery; an engraving of which is publiſhed by F. Vivares.

The Strid, or Stride, falls here likewiſe under the traveller's inſpection. It is the cleft of a rock in the bed of the river, through which chaſm the Wharfe, in Summer time, entirely paſſes. It was in ſtepping this gulph that the laſt male heir of the family of Romelius (of which more hereafter) loſt his life. It is reported to be in the act of paſſing the river dry, which is practicable at this place when in a low ſtate, with a led greyhound; the animal not making its efforts in the paſſage of the Strid at the ſame time with its maſter, checked the ſtep of the youth, by which he was precipitated into the torrent and loſt. A memento of his tragic end was ſaid to be preſerved in a picture with the attending dog, 1670; a ſubject, one ſhould imagine, too melancholy to be recorded by either friend or relation of ſympathetic feelings. This family of Romelius, was reputed to be very antient, even ſo, as to derive their origin from Romelius, a conſul: If ſo, might poſſibly deſcend from ſome of the remains of the Roman body ſtationed at Ilkley, about four miles below, upon the ſame river.

But the Author reſigns thoſe pretentions to fanciful Heralds, who probably might trace the family, were it living and in wealth, up to Romulus and Remus, the great founders of the Roman empire. Be this as it may, the Houſe of Romelius had vaſt poſſeſſions, and that extenſive diſtrict which now goes by the rumbling name of Rumbleſs, or Rumballs Moor, formerly went by the more liquid appellation of Romelius's Moor; the modern term being only a corrupted contraction. The Lady Romelius, the laſt of the family, married into the Houſe of Cliffords.

The

Clear'd of the mifty fpell that hover'd round
The palfied ruin and the tearful ground;
The wreck monaftic, fadly awful change!
Where adders lurk, and fpectres nightly range;
Reafon refum'd and Superftition laid,
With the calm dictates of the moral maid,

The refpectable work of the Britifh Antiquities, by too clofely following a miftake in the original, hath fituated this Priory upon the river Air, inftead of the Wharfe. It was firft founded by Cecilia de Romelli, Baronefs of Skipton, in conjunction with her hufband, William de Mechines, grandfon to the King of Scotland, in the year 1120, at Embefca, now Embfay, near Skipton in Craven, of the Order of St. Auguftine, and dedicated to the honour of the Virgin Mary and St. Cuthbert; but was removed to Bolton by Adelizia de Romelli, daughter of the foundrefs, and fifter to the unhappy youth whofe cataftrophe we have already related. The fteeple at the Weft end is a late erection, and covers the old front where fervice is now performed, and was begun by the Moores of Haflewood, but never got compleated, as the Monaftry furrendered previous to that time. This Priory was diffolved the 11th of June, 1540, and in 1543 was granted to Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, in which family it was retained to 1635, when Elizabeth, the daughter and fole heirefs of Henry, the laft Earl of Cumberland, marrying Richard, the firft Earl of Burlington, carried the demefnes into that family, whofe daughter Charlotte, fole heirefs, married in 1748 the Duke of Devonfhire, father of the prefent Duke. There are many coats-armorial about the edifice, belonging contributors to the foundation, and among them the Nevils and Percys. There was one ftatue, anno 1670, leaning againft the wall, reprefenting Lady Romelli. More particulars may be feen in Grofe, Br. Ant.

In viewing this place, I felt an awful pleafure feize me. Awful, on account of the folemn filence and ivyed ruins of excellent mafonry; Pleafure, from confidering the weeded worfhip now delivered in happier times of civil and religious liberty, from the lips of the fcholar and man of pureft piety.

We

We ſcenes review ſtrong beaming on our mind,
Of placid Nature, Friend of human kind;
Hang o'er the ſtream and Fancy's ſail unfurl,
While balmy gales the liquid ſurface curl,
And Bloom around, an archetype of Peace,
Gilds ev'ry thought and ripens every grace.
Thus wrapp'd in verdant veil of oſier'd bo'wr
With Silphs attendant on each dangling hour,
The objects ſeem an eye-gay of delight,
And ſpread priſmatic pleaſure to the ſight.

Thy woods, my * Middleton, voluptuous treat!
Where the wild choriſters in concert meet,
Swell to the ſight; not VALENTINE can ſay,
Witneſs ye ſporting tribes on every ſpray,
That order ſickens, or that wrongs invade
Thoſe laws which for the tuneful world were made.
Go, Man, and learn at Inſtinct's purer ſtock,
The chaſter morals of the feather'd flock.
Long may the furtive hands of ſatchell'd boy
Reſtrain their rapine, nor your peace deſtroy;

* The woods of Middleton with adjoining domains, for there is no family-houſe or erection, ſave a Chapel for the Romiſh worſhip, belong to Marmaduke Middleton, Eſq; whoſe anceſtor, Sir Peter Middleton, Knt. was a perſon of reſpectable conſideration in the reign of James the Firſt, and previous thereto, as appears by the grants and ſales of lands in thoſe times, in and about the diſtrict of Wharfdale.

But harmleſs leave you to domeſtic care,
Love's tender rites and Nature's bliſs to ſhare:
Then ſhall your muſic ſound from ear to ear,
In fervent ſtrains, the bleſſings of the year.

Muſt ILKLEY then in ſlighted ſilence paſs,
Nor once reflect her features in the glaſs;
Where Roman poliſh, Roman arms ſubdu'd
The fierce ferocity of Britain's brood?
Nor leſs HYGEIA ſhall thy ſpring impart
The balmy ſuccours of the medic art.
Flow on, kind ſtream, proceed in fame to heal,
And may each pallid Nymph thy influence feel;
The Swain enjoy thoſe calm delights of health,
Superior to the gilded joys of wealth.
Then ſhall the rural Bard thy altar raiſe,
And grateful waft thee thro' a world of praiſe.*

To

* The Roman ſtation at Ilkley, hath been mentioned in a preceding note. The village is frequented in the ſummer ſeaſon, on account of its ſpring, iſſuing from the ſide of a mountain near to the town.

Whether there are any virtues in the water, more than its purity and the tenuity of its component parts for internal uſe, by which it may ſooner paſs the utmoſt meanders of circulation, and which gives it a conſequent coldneſs in the uſe of bathing, is a point which the inquiſitive muſt determine. Certain it is, that the waters have no guſtable properties, by which their quality or operation may be aſcertained. A reference to the profeſſion, or to thoſe authors who have treated upon

To DENTON now we tend with easy gale,
And eye a leading * fabric of the vale.
Stately and gay the manly pile appears,
Fresh in the youthful form of modern years.
Rise, Vegetation rise! ye Fountains flow,
Ye Streamlets murmur, and ye Zephyrs blow;

A jocund

upon the water, might be satisfactory to the enquiring patients, who are interested in its use. Many trials are recommended by the faculty, and yearly made, as at all other spaws, with various success. It has acquired a reputation, and moreover been long established.

An account of the patronage of this church, with a regular series of its incumbents, being curiously deduced, we shall subjoin in a proper place.

On Romelius' Moor, in the neighbourhood of this place, are got the famous millstones which supply both near and distant parts. It hath been conjectured also, that the British monuments, now standing near to Boroughbridge, commonly called the Devil's Arrows, were brought from this place, as no other moor within a like or greater distance affords stones of such dimensions entire. It is not so much the magnitude of massy columns that are producible, as their conveyance, that excites our admiration, at a time when mechanical powers were probably less known, and the roads less practicable. The distance these Arrows must have been shot, is at least twenty miles, which only a tight bow, and the family of Armstrongs, could effect. Upon these occasions, my mind always recurs to those stupendous monuments of mystery on Salisbury Plain, called Stone-Henge. A solution of which, the late learned and industrious Dr. Stukeley hath best attempted.

* The external decorations of this place remain yet in contemplation, which, when finished, will be a capital ornament to the country, as it is already an entertainment to the eye of the passing traveller.

The ancient seat and estate formerly belonged to Lord Fairfax, sequestered by early choice in the back settlements of Virginia, where as I am informed his Lordship now

A jocund train ſhall limpid fountains quaff,
And buxom Dryads ſwell the rural laugh;
Where Taſte ſhall teach the ſportive wave to ſtray,
And happy Culture lead the mazy way.

Nor

now reſides (1781) in the patriarchal ſtile, at a very advanced age, on lands formerly granted to Lord Culpepper of Leeds Caſtle, in Kent, from whom thoſe eſtates deſcended by the mother's ſide to the Fairfax family.

The old ſeat, with the appending eſtates, were purchaſed by the grandfather of the preſent owner, Sir James Ibettſon, Bart. who hath built an elegant manſion near the ſite of the old one, with ſuitable conveniences and decorations, and is proceeding to improve the ſurrounding glebe, in a character ſuitable to the dignity of the building.

This is the third manor edifice within memory; the firſt being conſumed by fire, from the careleſneſs of a ſervant, anno 1734, having previouſly eſcaped deſtruction by war in the grand rebellion from the hands of Prince Rupert, commanding the Royaliſts, when the owner was leading the Republican army. Denton came to the Fairfax family by Iſabel, daughter of John Thwaits, Eſq.

Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Baron Cameron, in Scotland, General of the Parliamentary forces, died anno 1671. The genealogy is well illuſtrated in Thoreſby's, D. L.

The idea of theſe two impending fates induced a worthy predeceſſor of the preſent occupier, who carried about him ſome claſſical enthuſiaſm, to chooſe a motto for the front of his houſe, whereby he deprecates, that neither the artillery of the ſky, the wrath of fire, nor of war, may again deſtroy the ſtructure.

*Nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, nec ferrum,*

Nor flames, Jove's wrath, nor war, I fervent pray
May this fair dome in proſtrate ruins lay.

But

Nor ſickens hope that on ſome coming day
Such promis'd ſcenes will crown my future lay.
Long mutual may the happy taſteful pair
The ripening beauties of their labours ſhare.

E Lo!

But Ovid is even baſhful when compared to Nævius the Roman Dramatic Poet, in the epitaph he compoſed for himſelf, a long time previous to Latinity being in its perfection.

*Mortalis immortalis flere ſi foret fas,*
*Flerent divæ camænæ Nævium Poetam,*
*Itaque poſt quam eſt orcino traditus Theſauro,*
*Oblitei ſunt Romæ loquier Latina lingua.*



If Gods the fate of mortals might deplore,
Each Muſe wou'd weep that Nævius is no more:
All grace of diction with the Bard is flown,
And Rome's ſweet language is in Rome unknown.

Remarks on Cicero's Cato, printed for J. Dodſley, 1773.

It was therefore not juſt that critical malevolence, ſhould pervert the meaning of this petition to heaven, and conſtrue it into preſumption. The prayer was heard, but the building has been lately eraſed by friendly hands, to give way to one of a more ſuperb and extenſive ſcale. A perſon, now deceaſed, has endeavoured to reſcue his friend's character from petulant cenſure, by the following poetical paraphraſe.

Regard, Supreme! my upright prayer,
And let me thy protection ſhare.
No immortality I claim,
Nor work atchieve to purchaſe fame;
No fabric raiſe ſecure from Chance,
Much leſs ſecure from Providence.
Fool! where's that ſtately edifice,
Can guard againſt contingencies?

Can

Lo! BURLEY's ville with glad'ning ray appears,
And lawny WESTON bosom'd high in years.
Adorning and adorn'd they verse elate,
And friendly of the blended scene partake.

Can baffle great Jehovah's pow'r,
Avert his wrath a single hour?
The sweeping Tempest's fury tame,
Or quench the Fire's devouring flame?
Or when fell Rage embroils a land,
The ravages of War can stand?
Resistless these, and insecure
All human art, all human power.

Then guard, Thou Providence Divine!
This frail security of mine.
Dread Sovereign of Gods and Men,
Be thou my safeguard as my theme;
Protect these walls from future waste,
And teach me, from experience past,
No other confidence to own
But what is due to Thee alone.
Let a whole host of foes appear,
Regard, Supreme! my upright prayer.

The quotation of the motto is from Ovid, in the last concluding lines of his Metamorphosis, where he begins

*Jam opus exegi; quod nec Jovis*, &c.

Horace and Virgil have expressed the same wish and hope, but in more modest terms.

Peace

Peace to all feuds that rankling late bore ſway,
And darkly ſtrew'd with thorns the ſocial way.*

Sweet WHARFE! how oft exulting near thy ſide,
Where meads pictorial bound the limpid tide,
Have I with tiny ſtep, each object new,
When callow viſion crown'd the magic view,
Beheld a mimic world beneath the flood,
As on the flow'ry turf I wond'ring ſtood;
And fondly young believ'd the liquid glaſs,
Happy to feel the ſoft deluſion paſs.

Come

* This alludes to two neighbours of fortune, reſpective owners of the oppoſite banks of the Wharfe, unfairly wearing againſt each other to repair and prevent breaches upon their property. Stirred up by the inſidious whiſpers of party, (for ſhe is ever prone to talk) they were perpetually directing their amphibious works, to throw the water in right angles upon each other's ſhore, by means of moles and jetties of maſonry; but after long contention, finding that fluids were not compreſſible by their attempts, and that floods would occupy ſpace, and were not to be ſo controuled with works, which they dignified with the military names of Dunkirk, Bergen, &c. alſo feeling the folly in their pockets, they contented themſelves at laſt with providing the water an eaſy paſſage, inſtead of a rough one, by lining their banks with ſtones looſely tumbled in, properly ſloped and ſwerded, which now proves the wiſdom of their proceedings. Their hoſtilities ceaſed, but their diſlike continued, until fate joined them to the great majority. This relation is the more inſiſted upon, as a beacon to the many who may be under ſimilar circumſtances.

Locality alſo gives riſe to the mention of an old couple, Michael and Mary Stead, who were born, bred, and died in this village, (Burley) after ſixty years marriage, and the male above ſeventy years a datal ſervant in one family They had never moved beyond ten miles from home, and that but in a few inſtances. The age of Michael Stead, who died December 28, 1764, was upwards of an hundred years, and that

Come then, Maturity, on Reaſon's throne,
Nor bluſh the toyful hours of youth to own;
When freſhen'd from the wave, with choral ſound,
We vaguely playful preſs'd the tiſſu'd ground:
Purſuing and purſu'd, no actions paſt
Derang'd the downy tranſports of our breaſt;
Uncheck'd by guilt, eſtrang'd to mortal foe,
We entertain'd no fragment of a woe.

For

that of his ſpouſe ninety-eight. * She died February 1, 1762, and had ſaved her wedding linen, in which ſhe was interred, at her own particular deſire. They left iſſue four children. This old man remembered to have heard his father ſay, that a ſquirrel might have travelled in his time, from tree to tree between Burley and Otley, the diſtance of two miles, without deſcending. To thoſe who now know the road, the devaſtation of timber muſt appear great, as the ſpace we ſpeak of is almoſt devoid of wood. The parties were temperate, and alſo early riſers.

"What tho' no pomp adorn'd their tale,
No learning ſtor'd their mind;
Low in the balmy bliſsful vale,
They led a life in kind."

* For ſtrictures on longevity, ſee the Appendix.

From a deſire of ſhewing a friend of curioſity the beauties of the valley, we were led in the morning to the top of the moor, commonly called Burley-Wood-Head, which was no ſooner attained, but a miſt of ſo thick a caſt inveloped us, that, above, below, and around, were no longer terms of import or diſtinction. It was not indeed the darkneſs viſible, of which Milton ſpeaks, becauſe light floated on the chaos, and promiſed returning ſerenity; but otherwiſe, all was awful confuſion. However, retiring to a chaſm of a contiguous rock, to reſt upon the pillow of patience, and ſoften our diſappointment, we at length had the ſatisfaction to be rewarded, and to mark the contracted ſcale of human foreſight.

The

For even now, remotely ſeen, each game
Thrills in my heart and vibrates thro' my frame.
Scarce ſeems a ſpot that bears not ſome event
Of paſtime, or to doubtful combat lent.
Oft from the veiling copſe the neſt we tore,
Or from the branch Autumnal treaſure bore,
Lur'd by the tempting bluſhes of the ſtore.
Thus boaſts the dawning Mind, Hope in its train,
Some promis'd pleaſure onward to attain ;

The miſt which we had before ſo much lamented, met us as the harbinger of the higheſt entertainment; for on its gradual diſperſion, we ſeemingly ſaw the acts in miniature, as repreſented by Moſes; at leaſt our fanciful and heated minds were ſo impreſſed. *And the earth was without form and void.* But no ſooner did obſcurity begin to give way, and the light divide from darkneſs, than we found at our feet the barren rock, and gradually the ſcanty verdure; next, the glimpſe of a more extended ſurface, and progreſſively, emerging tops of trees and all the apparatus of nature, until the whole burſt into full creation. Others may call it reverie, but it proved to myſelf ſuch a climax of delight, that the recollection will not be readily eraſed?

At what ſeaſon of the year creation commenced, whether it firſt lay torpid and then bloomed, or waved at once in full harveſt, to provide life a ſupport, are conjectures which the learned have agitated to a month, nay to the diviſions of a day, ſeem to be of equal importance with the many, which the Spaniſh Father, Fejoo ridicules, whether monſters ſhould have baptiſm, or Adam had a navel?

At Burley, the vale particularly expands towards the South, until it loſes itſelf in the truly ſylvan and romantic ſcenes about Eſholt in Airdale, the Seat of William Rooke, Eſq; and formerly of Sir Walter Calverly, Bart. whoſe ſurviving heir was the late moſt worthy Sir Walter Blackett, Member for Newcaſtle, a character which retains a friendly place in the breaſt of every man that knew him.

Till Time with ſober pace aſſerts his ſway,
And cancels all our dreams in open day.

But lo! what joy yon ſpreading treaſure yields,
The golden produce of beſtowing fields:
Not JASON's ſelf, no Argonautic train,
Nor Aſian robes imbu'd with Tyrian ſtain,
Can boaſt ſo rich a ſtaple.———
On Fancy yet, the length'ning chain purſue,
And endleſs add the varying links in view.
Touch'd with the golden ſcene, methinks I ſee,
Sweet as the labour of the chymic bee,
Looms riſe in embryo, Wiſdom's ſure appeal,
The ſtaff ſuſtaining of the Public Weal.
No more the rugged North with tyrant-might
Shall ſhiv'ring Poverty evade to fight.
Arm'd with your mail, ye Flocks! we brave the war,
On BREVEN's mount or AVASAXA's ſcar.
Defy the frowning Pole, the rigid Storm
That fiercely wraps the world in fetter'd form.
But to reſume.———

Now bleats in plaintive ſtrain the fleecy child,
The ear aſſenting but the eye beguil'd.*

Nathleſs,

* There is a circumſtance in rural Oeconomies, which, as I remember, hath not been noticed by any pen, it having eſcaped even the roving and deſcriptive Thomſon, whoſe

Nathlefs, each queftion floats an empty found,
While tales refponfive din the myftic ground.
Mother and Child by turns to Sceptics grow,
And feel the foft diftrefs of wav'ring woe.
At laft by latent means the Fates approve,
And the wild uproar mellows into love.

Say, Critics, Schoolmen, Metaphyfics, fay
Why Nature clofely marks? why Sages ftray?

whofe penetration and genius extracted fweets from every part of nature. The incident alluded to, is the fequel of fheep-fhearing. Previous to that procefs, it is ufual to houfe the fheep and lambs the preceding day, left they might fuffer injury in the handling, to which they are on thofe occafions fubject. The mothers being felected from the lambs, are gradually turned abroad in their fhorn ftate, till the operation is over, when the whole are permitted to mix.

The interview which the lambs have with their mothers in their fhorn ftate, occafions fuch mutual enquiries on both fides in their refpective claims of kindred, as to exhibit a very unufual fcene of pleafing diftrefs, and the only one of the kind, that can properly be fo termed. The approaches of the lamb to the mother, though hunger preffes, are flow and doubtful, notwithftanding every effort in the dam to make known her voice. It is probable that in refpect to the lamb, the parent's calls may be recognifed, but being fo far counteracted by the teftimony of the fight, which evidences a new garb and lefs magnitude in the mother, no refolve is often made for hours, till at laft all ideas are reconciled, and the clamour ceafes.

If at home at the fhearing feafon, I feldom fail to fee the drama, and have remarked that animals feem not to diftinguifh by colour, as I recollect a fingle black fheep and its fable lamb, among the white ones, equally bewildered with the reft, to find and affociate with each other, though they had fo difcriminating a complexion for their criterion. This little anecdote may appear trivial, but to the minute Philofopher who connects the fmallefl dependencies, all is knowledge.

How

How gentle Inſtinct into Reaſon glides,
And where the limit of the two—divides?
Tell me in brief, ye Learn'd, who atoms ſcan,
Why Inſtinct ſinks—now ſoars above the Man? *

The Squirrel now the Toy of infant play,
Nimbly in meaſure floats from ſpray to ſpray;
Urg'd by the clamor of the ardent chace,
He, airy Being, leads the tow'ring race.
How oft I've ſeen preſumptive danger nigh,
And for its life, in pity, ſent a ſigh;
When on the yielding branch he doubtful hung
Amidſt the babel of each ſcaring tongue,
But firm his hold, triumphant wou'd he ride,
Though ſtorms had bent the lofty column's pride.
Secure as Fate, by poiſing Practice taught,
Or SMEATON's plans with demonſtration fraught.

* This queſtion hath been often explored, and will be agitated to the end of time. A caſe in point which happened about forty years ago, may give a bias to the philoſophy of the brute over man in a very affecting inſtance.

A marriage having taken place near the ſands of Cartmel, on the Lancaſhire ſide, the parties with their friends, returning as uſual with a guide, at a proper time of the reflux, to celebrate the nuptials, on the oppoſite ſhore of Weſtmoreland, were in the paſſage ſuddenly ſurrounded with a dreadful miſt. Thus, bewildered, and having no mark whereby to ſteer, the whole unfortunately periſhed by meeting the flood, ſave the guide, who being equally confuſed, threw the bridle on his horſe's neck, and left the animal to his own choice, who happily avoided the tide, and landed his rider ſafe.

* SMEATON

* SMEATON, the mirror of mechanic art,
Nor leſs unlabyrinth'd his open heart;
Laughing with gaiety, when jokes allure,
Modeſt, yet free; profound, but ne'er obſcure;
In Uſe, in Speech, Philoſophy, a Man;
To ſum up all, ſurpaſs him if you can.

Sagacious † HUME, thy virtues how unfold,
To me more dear, more ſolid far than gold.
Oft have I known thy ripen'd mind diſplay,
Wiſdom's ſweet treaſure thro' the liſt'ning day;
Complacent laſh the foibles of the age,
Inſtant as wiſe as Study's thoughtful page,
So ſmoothly flow'd, ſo did of late deſcend
Thy manly truths, we fear'd, but what?—an end!

* It would be needleſs to ſpecify the abode of this gentleman, my very early acquaintance, or that Yorkſhire claims the credit of his birth and education. The author has long known him, and known him only to eſteem and love his abilities and virtues. The Eddiſtone, and other works, with his publications, will be more laſting monuments of his worth, than the periſhable memento of my pen.

† John Hume, Eſq; late Commiſſioner to the ſick and hurt ſeamen, &c. Never was a man more adapted to the office, if judgment, benevolence, and every feeling of humanity, were requiſites to conſtitute the employment. As this portrait was intended in his life-time, it becomes a double duty of friendſhip to pay it to his aſhes. For what is living favor, to the ſoothing dictates of the heart employed in virtuous retroſpection?

Can I forget, amidſt the ſocial train,
A brother's merit, in poetic ſtrain;
Where Union ſtrives by every act to brace
The nerves of Friendſhip in this worldly race?
From youth to riper years the compact roſe,
Nor will, till death, I truſt, our comforts cloſe.
But ſoftly ſtep where partial Nature leads,
Leſt the full heart its proper bound exceeds.
Proſper my wiſh on earth, Divineſt Pow'r!
Joyous to know HIM at my lateſt hour.
As reeds combin'd, a gather'd ſtrength acquire,
So may our column be, one joint deſire.

What if I deviate from the lineal courſe,
And to my option lend Attachment's force;
Point to the world a truly ſterling fame,
Where GUISLEY ſtands, or KIRBY's cleric Name,*
Tend to the South where ſwelling ſcenes ariſe,
And piny verdure half ſalutes the ſkies;

* Kirby, Kirkby, or Village by the Kirk, a name not uncommon in every county, with a church always attendant. The hoſpitable Rectory of Kirby-Overblow, in Wharfdale, of which the Rev. Dr. Cooper is the Incumbent, is an inſtance of the change of names by time and cuſtom, which implies Ore Blowers, from the iron that was formerly ſmelted there, or in its neighbourhood, of which there ſeems to be no trace at preſent, nor yet of wood, an article ſo neceſſary where ſmelting-works for that metal are eſtabliſhed; though peat and coal is found to ſupply its defects, in lead operations.

Unbend

Unbend my mind, to Truth my paſſions give,
And reach the priceleſs Secret how to live;
I do but realize the feſtive thought,
And ſeize the nectar'd hour of Joy unbought.
Whene'er I tread the threſhold of each dome,
To taſte the pleaſures of a ſecond home,
Spirit with Taſte, in HAWKESWORTH's ſoul I ſee,
And a rich compound in my WILLOUGHBY.

OTLEY, thy pendent craggs ſhall we rehearſe,
Where late a *MASTERS dropt her virgin verſe?
Too rough in mein to woo the tuneful lyre,
Too ſterile for the food of Fancy's fire.

Cenſure

* To catch at every amuſement in our ſurvey of the vale, would fall below the decorum of narration; but we muſt not omit the mention of a Poeteſs to which Otley has given riſe. In the year 1733, a Mrs. Mary Maſters, publiſhed an octavo volume of poems, a mixture of her own and others. The work ſeems to be the unconnected labour of untaught genius; but ſelf-preſervation, were the motives of charity wanting, reminds us to ſpare its defects, in compaſſion to thoſe of our own.

The town of *Otley* hath been conjectured to be ſo called, from Otter, of which animal there was an abundance, before ſuch means were uſed to deſtroy them, as are now practiſed: But the name ſeems to be derived with more appearance of truth from Oats, a well-known ſpecies of corn, and Ley a field, or plowed, or brambled place, it being formerly the chief grain growing in the adjacent parts. Hence the frequent terminations of towns and villages in *ley*. The reader will forgive me, if a ſmile is excited, in the humorous derivation of Oſtler, by a jocular friend, (viz.) from Oat-

Cenſure, avaunt! for with the tender fair,
Or pen or ſteel we wage no painful war.
More gentle rites the ſofter ſex demands,
The courteous ſervice of protecting hands.

If

Oat-ſtealer, an act no leſs true, than ready at hand. But this Prime Miniſter of the Stable, evidently comes from the French word Hoſtelier, the ſubordinate or Horſe-Hoſt. At preſent, the country is more employed in the grazing, than arable line. The manor appertains to the Archbiſhop of York, as well as the juriſdiction in which his Grace appoints his Magiſtrates in the Commiſſion of the Peace, and holds his Seſſions in unity with thoſe diſtricts of Cawood and Wiſtow, nearer his own Palace at Biſhopthorpe. Otley market, which is on Friday, and amazingly improved of late years, ſince the roads have been attended to, abounds with excellent butcher's meat; beſides being the rendezvous from various diſtant places for corn. It has a church, which, to the credit of the late worthy Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Wilſon, Wardens, and Pariſhioners, is elegantly neat within. The living is in the gift of the Lord Chancellor.

In this church are ſeveral monuments; among the oldeſt are thoſe of Fawkes of Farnley, and Palmes of Linley; but none diſtinguiſhed for any particular ſculpture, or inſcription. On ſuch conceptions, Phœbus ſeldom ſmiles.—On the tomb-ſtone of Lord and Lady Fairfax, who are in a recumbent poſture as large as life, is written on the edge of the ſuppoſed ground-work, the ſubſequent miſerable couplet. But good poetry ſeldom falls to the ſhare of rural epitaphs.

" Here Leah's Fruitfulneſs, here Rachael's Beauty,
" Here lyeth Rebecca's Faith, here Sarah's Duty.

Could the lines have paſſed the ordeal of Edward Fairfax, the Tranſlator of Taſſo, they would have appeared in a different mold.—It is well for improved art, that ſtatues are not now laid prepoſterouſly on their backs, ſince, had they any beauties of workmanſhip, the ſituation, which is alſo generally high, would not allow them to be ſeen, and to repreſent langour and inſenſibility, rather than life, is totally ſubverſive of the

grate-

If here I mellow drop my poor remains,
That link me now to penalty and pains,
Be this my ſculptur'd pray'r, whoe'er thou art
That claſp'ſt my urn, and ſhar'ſt the mournful part :



grateful intention of the beſtowing hand of *Commemoration*. But though few poetical attempts, ſave what is before alluded to, appear within, yet on the South-Eaſt corner of the Church-Yard, is the following Epitaph, for a worthy and much-beloved inhabitant of this town, but a native of Scotland, late many years in his Majeſty's maritime ſervice, who, after long wandering for the choice of a retreat, ſat down, with decent independence by his ſide, in this his favoured and adopted vale.

" Here reſt the remains of John Ritchie, Gentleman, who migrated in full hope " of a better life, from this terraqueous ſcene of fluctuating trouble, May 15th, 1780.

" From torrid climes by nautic art convey'd,
" I ſought the refuge of a peaceful ſhade.
" Oft in the tumult of the broken wave,
" I votive call'd, when Heaven vouchſaf'd to ſave.
" Here, all is calm,—ye idly vain! deduce
" The pointed Moral, to Salvation's uſe.
" Tir'd of this mortal Toil, Debate, and Strife,
" I riſe, atoning to triumphant life."

An attachment to natal ſoil, of which the many ſo feelingly ſpeak, was in this Gentleman not narrowed to a point; for, after much wandering from youth to full maturity, in both hemiſpheres, he took a ſurvey of ſeveral Counties in England, with a view to ſtation himſelf for life; when, on paſſing this vale in his way to a diſtant object, he was ſo ſtruck with its beauty that his choice was inſtantly concluded, without ever having a future deſire to change his ſituation.

How far a biaſſed locality, with reſpect to birth, may be a virtue, we do not pretend to determine; perhaps for the general good it will beſt admit of various modifications. The Clown who is glued to his miry, weed-growing village, nor deſires

" Earth, take my frame, to Heav'n my ſoul I leave,
" Wealth to the world I willingly bequeath.
" My faults to Mercy kind I hopeful truſt,
" All puny foibles to Oblivion's duſt.

" My

deſires to treſpaſs its ſcanty bounds, may be as neceſſary in the general ſyſtem as he who ranges extended tracks, or courts the diſtant wave. The machine requires its dead weights to move its finer ſprings; or, in the language of Thomſon,

——————— while the rough hand
Plies the tough oar, Philoſophy directs.

Had mankind thought in one way, we had neither experienced that neceſſary diſſemination which has taken place, nor would Contentment dwell in parts to which Nature has been niggardly ſcanty. It is therefore a happy circumſtance that Habit reconciles us ſo much to things at firſt obviouſly inimical; that Satisfaction becomes at laſt its wedded iſſue. Hence the happineſs of the Icelander, the Bramin, and the Arab of the Deſert: hence the Northern Tribes

" Hug cloſe their mountains, and enjoy their ſtorms."

It was this undefinable *ſomething* that brought a Bolingbroke to his deſired reſt at Batterſea; that Bolingbroke, who once with his pen had made Siberian Exile equivalent to ſmiling Liberty. It was this that induced the plaintive Ovid, when compulſively quitting home, to exclaim,

*Ter limen tetigi, ter ſum revocatus &c.*

Thrice did my tardy ſteps the threſhold preſs,
And thrice did Home the liſt'ning ear addreſs.

Even the Architect finds this *ſomething* often ſuperſede his reaſon in the prejudices of planting new manſions upon old ſites, when the ſmalleſt variations would have given

" My warmeſt thanks I cordially beſtow
" On thoſe who cheer'd me through the vale of Woe.
" Nor leſs to offspring than fraternal friend,
" Already theirs, my faithful love I ſend;

" But

given him the greateſt advantages. It was this paſſion that made the Peaſant proudly prefer his humble hamlet to Rome in full magnificence.

In Rome's gay centre aſks for Rome's abode.

Enthuſiaſm in this walk, may have its benefits. It made Montaigne prefer the familiar objects of his youth, even the periſhing poſt, to modern reformation of elegance itſelf. It carries our ſolicitude beyond the grave, reſpecting our remains: actuates the Savage in a ſtill fiercer degree, whether he reſides in the tangled wilds of Canada, or the inſulated land of Otaheite. It is native Home that gives a reliſh to the Greenlander's rancid fare of Whale and Seal, lights his lingering night, and blunts the horrors of his ſkies; witneſs the conſtant longings of all to return, who have been occaſionally tranſplanted into every more favoured country. Not man alone, but inferior animals are known to act under the like all-powerful influence. It pervades both ſea and air; from the neſt of the Lark, to the dome of the Eagle. We conclude this note with a ſtory, naturally told by a Gentleman, previouſly mentioned, on his travelling to Aleppo, after paſſing the tireſome ſands of Meſopotamia—a reflection which well comports with both antient and modern experience.

" This day, for the firſt time ſince we left England, we ſaw a Wild Goldfinch, " which ſettled upon a Thiſtle cloſe to our tent. The ſight of this little, agreeable " Songſter, gave us exquiſite pleaſure, owing to the ſingle conſideration that birds " of this kind were inhabitants of Great Britain. This thought ſet before our heated " imaginations all thoſe gilded ſcenes of delight that we ſuppoſed were only to be " found in that happy region; and which, with wiſhes bordering upon Enthuſiaſm, " we were now praying to enjoy. We panted for our Mother Country, that " *Natale Solum*, ſo pathetically deſcribed by the Poets, and ſo ſenſibly felt by " every human breaſt, after a long and painful ſeparation. We could not help

" looking

"But chief to her, ſole partner of my ſide,
"My dying comfort, and my living pride."

But

"looking upon this tuneful Goldfinch as a fellow-citizen, who had kindly flown "thus far to bid us welcome, to raiſe our drooping ſpirits, and ſignify to us that "we were drawing nearer to our native country, that Land of Liberty, after which "we had ſo long and ſo paſſionately ſighed."

Ives's Journey, p. 351.

*En unquam patrios longo poſt tempore fines*
*Pauperis et tuguri congeſtum ceſpite culmen,*
*Poſt aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor ariſtas?*

Virg. Ecl. 1.

The hill, Chevin or Cheven, which overlooks the town and valley, is derived from the Saxon word Cheven; in Latin, Dorſum; the Ridge of a Hill. Hence the etymology of Cheviot-Hills. The whole of Otley-Chevin is become ſo reformed, by a late diviſion of property, that the very Crags have comparatively given way for the conſtruction of roads, fences, and buildings, even ſo much, that was an inhabitant of but forty years interment to riſe from his grave, he might (like Epimenides after his long ſleep) enquire where Chevin ſtood, with its once conglomerated rocks.

*Nec ſe cognoſcunt terræ vertentibus annis.*

Manil.

Neither in reſpect to its roads, conſidering its declivities, and recollecting what they were, would it diſgrace the works of thoſe great maſters of travelling convenience, in the conquering ages of Rome. Indeed from the plantations and every other improvement that are practiſed and under ſpeculation, it yearly riſes in ornament and profit, and reminds us of the induſtry of the Genoeſe, who array their very rocks with culture. Having mentioned this people, it may be ſaid, that ſome literally cover their rocks with ſoil, nor is it uncommon for them to fetch the dung of pigeons and other manure in their veſſels from France and Spain, wherewith to fertiliſe their ſpots, ſo as to extort from Nature, what ſhe can poſſibly produce, to ſupply the ſcantineſs of their limits.

We

But if too lightly ſketch'd this ſcroll be thought,
For in the grave, offence is dearly bought;*
Fame, Riches, Genius, lowly periſh all,
Sooner than poiſon ſhou'd await my fall;

I Than

We are now placed on the ſide of Chevin, whence is viewed a groupe of undeſcribed manſions, which from their important appearances, reſpectable owners with long reſidence, and rural decorations, ſolicit notice; ſuch are thoſe of Meſſieurs Pulleyn of Burley; Vavaſour of Weſton; Fawkes of Farnley; F. Maude, of Leathley; Arthington of Arthington, and if generoſity will excuſe the vanity of allowing myſelf a niche in the company, my own native and paternal dwelling. Beſides the above, in leſs conſpicuous ſituations are the manſions of the late Mr Atkinſon of Kaley, and Mr. Dineley of Bramhope, and to crown the whole in a diſtinctly viſible point of view, the imperial Seat of Harwood. In paſtoral and deſcriptive pieces, due care ſhould be taken not to ſatiate with ſimilarity; hence my ſilence in regard to particular animadverſions on each dome, which may be deemed both neceſſary and prudent, to avoid the languor and repetition now intimated. As to Harwood-Houſe, we believe, all will allow its rank in the firſt claſs, therefore ſhall not minutely attempt a theme ſo much beyond our ability, and a ſubject ſo well deſerving the ſeparate work of a Connoiſſeur.

* To tranſgreſs in the grave, or in other words to publiſh immorality, muſt be of all follies the moſt abſurd and dangerous. It was well ſaid, by the Philoſopher, That if he ranked not among the number of the virtuous, he would ſtill be on their ſide.—What gameſter would hazard a die, where common numbers and the rules of proportion are ſo demonſtrably againſt him; where on one hand he can gain nothing, and on the other may be undone? It was but too profanely ſpoken of a vicious and obſcene Libertine, in the days of Charles the Second, That a perſon pitying his haſty death, which did not allow adequate time to aſk forgiveneſs of his ſins; was anſwered, That a genius of his eminence might repent more in an hour than a clown could in a year.

The manor of Otley was given by King Athelſtan to the See of York, whoſe juriſdictions we have previouſly noticed. It was formerly a reſidence of the Archbiſhops;

Than vitiate life, or taint the crowds to come;
Be ſnakes my couch, or any curſe my doom;
Hence balmy from the moral Page of Pope,
We borrow lenient aid to warm our hope,
"Peaceful ſleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
"And riſe to raptures in a life to come."

Rich are the ſcenes that now before us riſe,
Where Nature charms, and Genius darts ſurprize.
Group'd are the lordly domes that wide diſplay
The ſprightly valley and the winding way.

ſhops; the ruins of the Court-houſe at the North-end of the town being but lately removed. It appears that the Epiſcopal Court exerciſed the power of executions, and there is now a place called Gallow hill, alias Gallows-hill, in the vicinity of the town, which has alſo a Free Grammar-School, founded by Thomas Cave. The grant bears date the 30th of April, 5th of James the Firſt, 1611—called Prince Henry's School, in compliment to the then ſon of James, who made the feoffees a body corporate. The Seal is a Rod on one ſide, and a Palm Branch on the other. The Motto, *Deum pave Tomo cave*. Fear God and mind thy book. The latter part of the Latin is a pun upon the Founder's name.

The following remark is taken from the Regiſter-Book belonging to Otley Church. "Memorandum, Sept. 11, 1673. This Summer is remarkable for the abundant and continual rain therein. On the eleventh of this month, there was a wonderful inundation of waters in the Northern parts. This river of Wharfe was never known within the memory of man, to be ſo big, by a full yard in height, running up in a direct line to Hall-Hill-Well. It overturned the bridges of Kettlewell, Burnſey, Barden, Bolton, Ilkley, and Otley-Bridge, and the greateſt part of the Water-Mills. It alſo clearly ſwept away Pool Low Fuller-Mills, and carried them down the water whole, like to a ſhip. It left neither corn nor cattle upon the coaſt thereof."

But

But left Redundance ſhou'd the palate cloy,
Or tir'd Deſcription palſy preſent joy;
We the wiſe precept timely ſhall obey,
Nor ſilent ſit, nor yet loquacious ſtray,
No conteſt move that ſhall the Muſe traduce,
No envy culture that ſhall bear abuſe.
Yes, POLLIO, I will yet the theme purſue,
If thou but deign'ſt my languid verſe to view,
Give ſweet ANNONA * to thy claſping arms,
Now ſparkling in the zenith of her charms.

Lo! diſtant GAWTHORP'S renovated face,
GAWTHORP †, the brilliant object of our chace.

Thither,

* Annona, a companion of the Goddeſs, Plenty, is repreſented on the reverſe of a medal, ſtruck in honour of that good Emperor, Antoninus Pius, with corn in both her hands, and the prow of a ſhip by her, intimating abundance.

† The old Manſion of Gawthorp, now eraſed, formerly belonged to the Gaſcoignes, and Wentworths: Whence the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, who in part reſided here during the cloud of trouble which hovered over his head, dates many of his letters, whoſe ſon William, in Oliver's time, ſold it; which eſtate afterwards came to the famous Sir John Cutler, of oeconomical memory; whence it deſcended by will, to John Boulter, Eſq; who was followed by another Boulter, of whoſe truſtees the very antient family of the Laſcelles purchaſed. The preſent owner has made it emerge with a conſequence and luſtre that would do honour to the moſt elegant age and country, and is ſtill yearly riſing in ſplendor. Gawthorp-Hall, of which ſtructure not an atom remains, for verdure riſes where it ſtood, is now ſunk in the much ſuperior and deſerved diſtinction of Harwood-Houſe.

The

Thither, by whim or thrift, was CUTLER led
To ſcanty viands, and his thrice-laid bed,
Where ſpider'd walls their meagre fate bemoan'd,
And Miſery, the child of Avarice, groan'd.

Not

The late manſion, Gawthorp-Hall, uſed to be occaſionally viſited by its then owner, Sir John Cutler, from London. His method was to bring with him only one man-ſervant, to have a ſingle joint made ready, which after their firſt warm onſet, ſerved them cold until the bones were picked, when a ſupply was brought to ſatisfy in the ſame way. The diſtance of the manſion from Harwood was under a mile, whence he hired a woman to make his bed, twice a-week, and to perform on that day the arrear-work of the intervals. This ſeeming improbability would not have been inſerted, had not the writer heard it ſeriouſly related by the late Mr. Whitaker, of Otley, whoſe father was long a reſident upon the ſpot. Sir John is the perſon whom Pope has eterniſed with his added pudding on feſtivals. Such a parſimony reminds us of the Miſer deſcribed on the French Stage, who to ſave his pale ink, omitted to make a ſtop or dot. And we remember a fact, where a rich Miſer, on lending an egg to a neighbour, ſuggeſted to his ſervant, to weigh it, leſt he might not have as large a one in return.

An oak was formerly ſhewn me near the old houſe, under which Sir John Cutler uſed to ſit; when a perſon, ſaid to be the famous Neviſon, of whom mention is made of robbing in Kent in the morning, and appearing in the evening of the ſame day at York on the Bowling-green, conveyed on the ſame mare, (a circumſtance which operated with the force of an alibi) ſallied from a neighbouring wood to levy contribution, but the *Knight* ſuſpecting the nature of the viſit, made a forced march, and in a critical moment ſecured his retreat into the houſe. The panic, however, with which he was ſeized by this aſſault, induced him to quit his retirement, and ever after to take a lodging in the town of Harwood, to exempt him from any ſuch future ſurprize.

In the Church of Harwood are ſome antient monuments of the reſpective proprietors of the Caſtle and its demeſnes, heretofore mentioned, but without inſcription,

Not ſo the preſent day, where copious ſmile
All that the heart can wiſh or time beguile.
Thron'd with the Horn of Plenty by her ſide,
Unceaſing ſits in dignifying pride
The feſtive NYMPH, with all her buxom train,
Delicious guardians of the pleaſing plain.



tion, and all in a recumbent poſture. Among the reſt is that of the Lord Chief Juſtice Sir William Gaſcoigne, who committed the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry the Fifth, to priſon, for ſtriking the Judge in his office, of which all our Hiſtorians have treated. This unlettered tomb is in a mutilated ſtate, with his wife by his ſide, without any inſignia to denote the parties, but the armorial ones of the family, ſave a modern ſcratching by ſome caſual hand, upon the cheek of the Judge. This able man, equally ſhewed his integrity and intrepid ſpirit, in refuſing the commands of his Sovereign, Henry the Fourth, to try Richard Scrope, then Archbiſhop of York, for high treaſon, an office which another Judge aſſumed, and purſued to a fatal point for the priſoner, without reluctance. Here, we may record for the honour of Yorkſhire, that two ſuch magnanimous Judges as Gaſcoigne and Chancellor Scrope, were the iſſue of this county. The latter in perilous and arbitrary times, having refuſed to put the Great-Seal to an inſtrument, not genial to the Conſtitution, and ſtedfaſtly oppoſed the Royal Mandate, even at the expence of his place. Near to Gaſcoigne's monument is placed a well finiſhed marble buſt, of the late Judge Deniſon, erected by his lady, with an inſcription, which, for the honour of honeſt impartiality, we forbear to tranſcribe. Were Biographers to take their line from monumental hiſtory, that branch of information would ſoon become an adulatory ſcience. *De mortuis nil niſi verum*, ſpeak nothing of the dead but truth, is certainly a more laudable rule, than the ſenſeleſs one of *de mortuis nil niſi bonum*, which was it to obtain, would ſacrifice every principle of true hiſtory. Lenity to the dead in ſuch caſes would be a frigid quality, and an adage of all others the moſt trite and fallacious. The rigid obſervance of not cenſuring the dead would remove thoſe motives which awe the guilty and incite the good. In brief, it would tend to extinguiſh emulation, were a critique on the

defunct

Close by yon beck'ning glade and lavish flood,
The Nymphs AONIAN sally from the wood,
Sport round the gay parterre, the slope display,
The liquid mirror, and the convex way.
So each with each in Nature's bosom vie,
And image all the charms of Liberty:

So

defunct to be suspended. We are not led into these reflections from any peccancy in the character under consideration, which was that of great honesty and goodness, but from the general strain in which these encomiums are drawn; and well has a modern Philosopher said, that on serious subjects, he would as soon administer poison, as knowingly sophisticate truth.

The Castle of Harwood, now part of a skeleton from its sufferings in a succession of civil wars, with a large estate, was antiently the Mowbrays, the arms of which powerful family, a rampant lion, are to be seen engraved on stone, both within and without the building on the East side. Near it is placed another coat of arms resembling a quoit, probably of some family the proprietor stood connected with by marriage.

History informs us that Robert Mowbray was distinguished for courage and conduct, and in the year 1093, was Governor of the Northern parts of this kingdom, became a favourite of the Conqueror, who commissioned him to make head against the Scots, in which expedition he became successful, and on that occasion had extensive domains conceded to him, in which probably Harwood was included, for even the great space or plain between the hills of Cleveland, Richmond, and Middleham, of which Northallerton may be called the centre, was, and continues to be termed the vale of Mowbray.

The descendants of this chief, figured diversely; were elevated and humbled in various instances, and under Richard the Second, became Earls of Nottingham, and Dukes of Norfolk; but experienced even then, the smiles and frowns of a versatile fortune.

So like in features, and in mien ſo clear,
You'd ſwear that Artiſts never had been there;
While PAN in Council met, and raptur'd ſaid,
Be this our future charge; ye Graces! aid;
Conſenting plaudits hail'd the rural voice,
And yielding FLORA ſanctified the choice.

As

fortune. The lion rampant in former ages, was an adopted favourite in the eſcutcheon of many families among the great nobility, varying only in the colour of the field or bearing, as may be ſeen from antient heraldry, in Milles, Brooke, and Vincent. Indeed the moſt ſimple arms were deemed the moſt honourable, as previous engagement, neceſſarily multiplied device in after ages. This Caſtle hath been changeable in its Lords, belonging alſo to the Courcies, Barons of the land; thence deſcended, in the reign of King John, to the Fitzgeralds, who obtained of that King a charter for a free warren, alſo a grant for a yearly fair and a weekly market. From the Fitzgeralds, it came to Falcatius de Brent, to the Redvers, Fulks, and to the Liſles in the time of Edward the Third; thence to the Rithreſes and Redmans. Harwood and Gawthorp became conjoined in the laſt century, and ſo continue, with the preſent owner, though branches of the eſtates were occaſionally ſold, and are become by marriages and diſpoſal, variouſly diſperſed.

The remains of the Caſtle, which ſeems to have been the Keep, is in a condition to laſt long, and the preſent proprietor has judiciouſly planted ivy round the walls, with a proper fence to protect that chearful aſpiring plant from injury, ſo much in character with every ruin, and which will yearly add to the ſolemnity of the pile. About an acre of almoſt interred walls and fragments, ſhew themſelves, by the rough inequalities of ground, about the ſtanding ruin. An attempt was made in the time of Mr. Boulter, to ſeparate the ſtone for the uſe of building walls and farm houſes; but time had ſo compacted the cement, that the workmen ſoon deſiſted, finding they could procure materials from the quarry at a much eaſier rate.

The arms of Mowbray were gules, a lion rampant argent. The motto, *vat ſal be ſal*, a ſentiment borrowed from the doctrine of fatality, not very explicit; and now.

As PENEUS' ſtream, in TEMPE'S winding vale,
Obedient flows to tune the claſſic tale;
May'ſt thou, my ſpot, ſome future Bard employ,
In ſtrains more ſuited to poetic joy,
But not leſs genuine than the warmth I feel,
Whene'er my wand'ring eyes a banquet ſteal.

By

now uſed by the ducal houſe of Bedford, as it ſtands in old Italian, *che ſara ſara*; what ſhall be, ſhall be; which Shakeſpeare has dignified with his notice.

From Harwood, we momentarily ſtep aſide about three miles South-Eaſt, to Bardſey, a retirement ſo very ſequeſtered, that it was with difficulty we found the village, in which the celebrated Mr. Congreve was born. The anecdote is mentioned by others, and lately by Dr. Samuel Johnſon, in his Lives of the Poets, who with the circumſpection of a ſtrict enquirer after truth, had looked into the Villare Eboracenſis, and found no ſuch village inſerted. We now can aſcertain its identity, and the truth of that Poet's birth-place, whoſe parents came there to retrieve their injured circumſtances, and afterwards went to Ireland on ſome military occaſion of duty or preferment. The Villares frequently omit villages that are not thoroughfares; the caſe of this, for it is private in a peculiar degree. It is about ſeven miles North of Leeds, has formerly had its Caſtle and encampment, the expiring remains of which ſituations are viſible.

Curioſity may be led to enquire what could induce the parents of Mr. Congreve to adopt ſo diſtant and very retired a ſituation for their retreat; but concerning this conjecture, a ſolution ſoon preſents itſelf, the place being the property of Sir John Lewis, then Lord of the manor of Bardſey, and owner of the bulk of that eſtate, whoſe niece was mother to our Poet. A deſire prevalent in moſt to amend or dignify the circumſtances of their birth, might keep Congreve from being loquacious on the occaſion; and the very early departure of our author from his natal ſpot to Ireland, ere he could liſp in proſe or meaſure, might lead Mr. Southern and others, raſhly to cenſure Congreve for meanly diſowning himſelf an Hibernian.

We

By arts like these, the ductile soil is led,
The naked warmly cloth'd, the hungry fed.
By arts like these, the Quarry human grows,
Breathes into form, and in the statue glows.
The streamlets speak, expansive lakes arise,
While mounting verdure emulates the skies.

L By

We cannot omit to mention, that although the house under notice, called the Grange, now inhabited by the miller, is in a rustic stile, and nearly in the same state it stood in the last century, it was then the manor house, and previous to Mr. Congreve's residence, had been inhabited by Francis Thorpe, one of the Barons of the Exchequer under Cromwell, who died there, 10th of February 1669, of whom more hereafter.

The following is copied from the Register kept at Bardsey Church, by the favour of the Rev. Mr. Capstick, the present worthy incumbent, to whose ready communications, relative to this neighbourhood, I have been much obliged.

"William, Sonne of Mr. William Congreve, of Bardsey Grange, was baptized "February 10th 1669."

Hence it appears, that the inscription upon his monument, respecting the year of his birth, 1672, in Westminster-Abby, is erroneous, and here all controversy on that point, and his natal soil, must necessarily end.

Baron Francis Thorpe, was a gentleman of singular abilities in the law, and very rigorous in the execution of it during the time of his being Judge. At the Restoration of the King, he was degraded from his office, purely upon the account of his political principles, and the active part he had taken under his leader: But, notwithstanding this, he afterwards became an useful member of society by acting in the capacity

By arts like these, sweet Charity commands,
The wiser bounty of bestowing hands,
Nerves firm the Peasant, staple-source of wealth,
And gives to future times the pledge of health.
Proceed with lib'ral sway, ye tasteful few,
And by your works the Grecian age renew.
As Phosph'rus beams with cold and mimic ray,
Or Cynthia borrows from the distant day;
So we the lustre of a theme so rare
May to the efforts of our Muse compare.

pacity of a private Counsel, for by this he recognized his knowledge of the law, and became very respectable among his countrymen, and especially with the Loyalists, against whom he refused to sit in judgment, when in *his judicial capacity*, though many of them had warmly espoused the cause of their Royal Master, and had been actually in arms against the Usurper.

This sylvan little village (Bardsey) now despoiling of its wood, is still more distinguished by its having had a castle, whose history is too much eclipsed by the dark ages of antiquity in which it was erected, to be investigated with precision. There appear also the vestiges of a considerable Roman Station, probably the *Campocalia* of the Romans, which if we admit a compounded derivation of two languages, is *fair-field*, from *campus* and the Greek word καλος, *pulcher*, to which the spot corresponds, more especially when we consider the contrast of black moors, that formerly must have surrounded it, since improved within memory, and over which the Romans must necessarily pass to communicate with their several stations. A military road is still visible in many places on the East-side, leading to the Calcaria of old, now Tadcaster, and on the West to Adelocum, now Addle, both places being nearly at the equal distance of about six miles from Bardsey. The eminence on which the Castle stood, still retains the name of Castle-Hill.

Safe

Safe in the haven of ſo ſweet a port,
Our cargo now diſcharg'd, no views to court,
We hence the ſurge diſclaim, the Winter's rage,
Unbend our ſails, and cloſe our roving Page.

---

*As the following account was founded on a real event, and* WHARFDALE *gave birth to one of the parties, we inſert it in this place. The ſcene lay in the* Province of NEW-YORK. 1778.

And here let genuine ſtory weave her tale,
A plaintive tribute to the injur'd vale.

A Virgin beautiful and gay,
A frequent gueſt was ſeen;
Where wounded ſore by conteſt lay
A youth of gallant mien.

His limbs, ſo active once, a load
Of piercing anguiſh bore;
And paleneſs blanch'd his cheeks that glow'd
With ruddy health before.

To ſooth with ſmiles the damſel ſtrove
And cheerful chat, his ſmart,
'Till child of gentle pity, Love,
Had ſoftly ſeiz'd her heart.

Then, Oh! ſhe left, with him to ſtay,
Soft pleaſure's ſportive train;
By ſwains to ſprightly dance or play,
Solicited in vain.

To

His faded face, his feeble frame
With fondneſs ſhe ſurvey'd;
While modeſt ſenſe conceal'd the flame
That on her boſom prey'd.

A cloſe attendant near his bed,
On ev'ry look ſhe hung,
And all his wiſhes heedful read
Or e'er they met his tongue.

To him ſhe brought the healing balm,
His anguiſh to aſſwage;
For him ſhe pour'd the draught to calm
The burning fever's rage.

Oft to his ruffled mind, repoſe
Her ſweet perſuaſion gave;
And oft to heaven her vows aroſe,
His dubious life to ſave.

But when at laſt a cure was wrought,
By means her care applied,
The youth reſtor'd, his country ſought,
The maid forſaken died.

Adieu thou tender bud of ſpring,
Thou pureſt type above,
May this thy fate, Inſtruction bring,
Salubrious hence to love.

F I N I S.

# APPENDIX.

AN

## ACCOUNT

OF

## ILKLEY CHURCH, &c.

ILKLEY.—An old Roman Station between Otley and Skipton, near the river Wharfe, in the West-Riding of the County of York.

ROBERT de PERCY, held Ilkley for three * carucatis of land (12 made a Knight's fee) of Philip de Kyme, and he of the heirs of Henry de Percy, who held it of the King in capite by Knight's Service.—Which manor afterwards came to the Middletons of Stubham.

* Note, Carucatis were different, according to time and place, in the reign of King Richard, 100 acres; 180 under Edward, if in common fields.

The CHURCH of ILKLEY was an antient RECTORY, belonging to the Kymes and Percys, till the 12th of Jan. 1378.

That at the Petition of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, Alexander, Archbishop of York, appropriated it to the Prior and Convent Monastic of *Hextildesham* (Hexham) reserving out of the fruits thereof to himself and successors, Archbishops of York, an annual pension of 13s. 9d. and to Dean and Chapter 5s. 8d. payable at Pentecost and Martinmas. And also a competent portion for a Vicar therein to serve, and which was confirmed by the Chapter of York.

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A

# CATALOGUE

OF THE

## RECTORS of the CHURCH of ILKLEY.

| *Temp. Instit.* | | | *Rectores Ecclesiæ.* | *Patrons.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11 Kalend. | Dec. | 1242 | William de Flixthorp, | Philip de Kyme |
| 2 Id. | Oct. | 1286 | William Malherbe, | Philip de Kyme |
| 2 Kal. | April | 1295 | William de Ashby, | Idem |
| 10 Kal. | Nov. | 1307 | Robert de Cottingham, | Idem |
| 12 Kal. | July | 1314 | William de Cottingham, | William de Kyme |

ALL-

# ALL-SAINTS.

A

# CATALOGUE

OF THE

## VICARS of ILKLEY.

| *Temp. Instit.* | | *Vicars.* | *Patrons.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 22 September | 1406 | Gilbert de Thorp Arch, Cap. | Prior & Convent de Hexham |
| 10 January | 1427 | Richard Garmoth, Cap. | Idem |
| | | William White, Cap. | Idem |
| 7 February | 1472 | John Baston, Cap. | Idem |
| 9 May | 1473 | Thomas Harper, Cap. | Idem |
| 15 July | 1507 | Thomas Jenkinson, Cap. | Idem |
| April | 1523 | Thomas Warder, Cap. | Idem |
| 10 January | 1511 | John Gronell, Clerk, | Rex Hen. VIII. |
| 4 December | 1545 | John Myddop, Clerk, | Idem Rex |
| 18 September | 1554 | John Pulleyne, Clerk, | Christ. Maude, de Hollinghall, Assignat. |
| 8 July | 1668 | John Wilson, Clerk, | Arthuri Maude |
| 2 August | 1572 | Thomas Carr, Clerk, | Idem |
| 8 August | 1583 | Hugo Rawood, Clerk, | Archbp. by Lapse |
| 7 October | 1595 | William Cockson, | Elizabeth Regina |
| 13 December | 1598 | George Snell, | James Maude |
| | 1607 | Richard Hodgson, Cl. A. M. | Robert Maude |
| 4 May | 1640 | Anthony Coats, Clerk, | R. Maude |
| 19 January | 1665 | William Hustler, Cl. A. B. | Archbp. by Lapse |
| 7 September | 1703 | George Dawson, | Stephen Wilkes |
| 29 October | 1716 | Mr. John Rhodes, | Idem |
| March | 1726 | Mr. Thomas Lister, | Mrs. Florence Bowles of Richmond |
| May | 1734 | Mr. Travers, | Archbp. by Lapse |
| April | 1735 | Mr. Lister again (Mr. Travers having resigned,) | Mrs. Bowles |
| 26 April | 1745 | Edmund Beston, Clerk, | Mrs. Bowles |
| 19 July | 1778 | John Chapman, | Geo. Hartley of Richmond |

TESTA-

# TESTAMENTARY BURIALS

## *In ILKLEY-CHURCH.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 7 October | 1427 | Richard Garmoth, Vicar. |
| 14 October | 1559 | John Middleton of Stubham Lodge, Esq. |
| 2 August | 1549 | Sir William Middleton of Stockheld, Knight. |
| 1 June | 1665 | Anthony Coats, Vicar. |
| | 1509 | William Maude. |

NESTFIELD, a town in the Parish of Ilkley, which Robert de Plumpton held for half a Knight's fee of Robert de Percy, and he of the heirs of Henry Percy, and they of the King in Capite.

MIDDLETON and STUBHAM, another town in Ilkley-parish, which Patrick de Westwick, and Peter de Middleton, held for the fourth-part of a Knight's fee of the Percys, and they of the Kings in Capite.

Answered at Spofforth,
and do now answer.

# STRICTURES on LONGEVITY,

## ALLUDED TO IN PAGE 20.

SINCE the days of David, Longevity ſeems to have been nearly upon an equipoiſe, and we have authority to deem the age of eighty years, the ſtandard of ſuperannuation in his time, as it alſo ſeems to be the modern boundary.

" Now Barzillai was a very aged man, even fourſcore years " old."—" I am this day fourſcore years old: and can I diſcern " between good and evil? Can thy ſervant taſte what I eat or " what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of ſinging men and " ſinging women? wherefore then ſhould thy ſervant be yet a " burden unto my Lord the King?" 2d Samuel, ch. xix. A lengthened period of life, in a ſtate of health, hath been the wiſh and object of all times and nations. In the prediluvian world, Longevity is marked as one of the bleſſings of the Patriarch, and indeed ſo ſtrong is our bias to live long, that there remains ſcarce a doubt but youth and puberty would ſubſcribe to it, on the average and chance of all thoſe infirmities, which in a common

 way

way accompany age. The preſervation of life for the good purpoſes of our creation, is interwoven with our nature; it pervades the Saint, and it even ſeizes the Wretched; witneſs the cautions and means uſed on all occaſions to counteract its extinction, and blunt the ſtroke of Death, by thoſe reſources and that array of help with which we are ſurrounded. The fable of the old Man, with his faggot of ſticks, well illuſtrates our attachment in this point; and Tully, a competent judge on this ſubject, for he was ſomewhat experienced, (dying in his 64th year) and acute in ſpeculation, gives, in a view of the human ſeaſons, his ſuffrage to old Age, when reaſon and the paſſions becoming more governable, life is enjoyed with more ſerenity and order, on which happineſs and the relative duties of ſociety depend. We are now ſpeaking as to individuals, for a world compoſed of inhabitants at any one given point of age, would not comport with its neceſſary occupations, as to enterpriſe, judgment, and device, hewers of wood and drawers of water. The preciſe line of ſenectitude, will alſo differ, as objects paſs before us. It will vary as to countries, cities, habits and ſituations, which endleſs collateral circumſtances will again diverſify.

However, ſetting aſide, whether the brevity of life is to be lamented, or its duration coveted, let us inquire how, in a natural or artificial courſe, the laſt is to be obtained. If we look into Art, we mean ſo far as regards ſpecific remedies, we ſhall have no reaſon to boaſt of any ſecurity. The empirical pretenſions of ſuchlike venal men, of whom we daily read, fly as we purſue. Either their noſtrums for preſent maladies are ſtill-borne, or the bubble of the day, too fatally experienced, till advertiſements and perjuries no longer ſupport the impoſtor, and credulity expires ſatiated, but too late, with fraud and diſappointment.

To

To look into our public papers, one would be apt to think that the grave would ſoon want its vanquiſhed; but alas! the black catalogue of mortality proves the reverſe of that idea. Did medicines operate but half as powerfully in our bodies as they do even in books of ſcientific character, we ſhould have ſome reaſon to expect the wiſhed-for attainment; but, maugre all diſſimulation, not even a tithe of that power is the truth, notwithſtanding the boaſts of Aſclepiades, "that he would not be ſick," and the no leſs preſumption of Paracelſus, with his Remedy to prolong Life, who expired in his 59th year, while the more modeſt Hippocrates and Galen lived ſeverally a century.

It is but too manifeſt, that the utmoſt man can do "to baffle Time's reſiſtleſs power," lies but in a narrow circle, and probably is beſt accompliſhed by the moſt ſimple means. Medicine may properly ſtep in to operate in acute caſes and conflicts; but exerciſe, diet, and other kindred precautions, muſt be allowed the grand foundations on which the human tenement can moſt ſecurely ſtand.

We may ſpeak of Nature, in the language of credit, which is to keep a ballance between our receipts and expences, ſo as ſometimes to admit of occaſional calls upon our conſtitution, but principally to regulate its concerns by the long-acknowledged rules of happy temperance. Even pleaſures are heightened by a moderate uſe, and he who ſteers by that compaſs will aſſuredly find his ſatisfactions more agreeable, and his exit leſs painful.

But things in every ſtage of life muſt be conſidered as comparative; they will take their tincture or complexion down from wealth

to

to indigence, according as they are viewed through the mediums of health and prosperity, sickness and poverty. The same man conceives life to be different in different situations; hence the difficulty of fixing what season is the summit or criterion of substantial happiness. But it is time to ask, if the precepts and maxims hitherto advanced, are likely to procure Longevity, whatever may be its intrinsic value. That particular trades are more than ordinarily exposed to danger, so as to sap the principles of health, is a fact too obvious to be doubted, and Rammazini hath given us a detail of those occupations to which certain diseases may be annexed; but it must be confessed, that the havock made under this view, is as nothing in the scale, comparatively, to what is entailed by luxury. Hence, it probably happens, that we find fewer noble and opulent Adults, in proportion, than among the lower orders of men. I knew a domestic, that dying in his 87th year, had seen a succession of seven Dukes, his principals.

It is well known, that an able Dignitary of the Law, (the late Chief Justice W.) assiduously inquisitive after the means of attaining long life, was used to ask the most antient witnesses that came before him in the course of business, the modes and habits of their lives; but the result happened to be, that amidst such a contrariety of accounts, where the abstemious, sober, drunken, and the riotous presented, and whose food, occupations, and residences were equally contrasted, the learned Judge had no ground whereon to frame a code for his own conduct and observance. Nevertheless it appeared that Longevity chiefly became the lot of those who mostly breathed their native air, lived remote from large towns, and, above all, were *early risers*. Indeed the circumstance of rising early implies some regularity as to the hours of sleep; for it is certain that he who infringes on the night must necessarily embezzle from

from the day. Hence we may infer, and experience ſo teaches, that regularity in that important office of reſt, in its proper ſeaſon, is a capital adjunct, and may be truly called the leading Handmaid of cheerful Longevity. That original ſtamina will ſuperſede many obſtacles that ariſe in the way of health, is no leſs true than that ill formation or parental defects of conſtitution will entail complaint on their reſpective iſſue. The ſedentary and ſtudious are alſo more liable, in a given proportion, to maladies and brevity of life, than others born with equal ſtrength, under leſs ſentiment and more agility; and yet it hath been obſerved of Poets (we ſpeak of the moſt diſtinguiſhed claſs) that they have uſually been Long-livers. Perhaps a lively imagination, and that vivacity with which we may ſuppoſe them actuated at intervals, may ſpur circulation, and prove the ſuccedaneum of exerciſe. Indeed poetry may be conſidered as a ſpecies of attainment, derived, according to the old adage, rather than acquired, in which laborious ſtudy in the chair is not ſo neceſſary. Hence, as cheerfulneſs is ſo nearly allied to health, we cannot but upon the ſame principle recommend to advanced years the enlivening ſociety of young company.

Upon a retroſpection to that peaceable order of men, called Quakers, we find among them neither Painters, Poets, nor Muſicians, nor indeed any remarkable inſtances of old Age; but in this reſpect we are to conſider their comparative numbers, and the modern date of their Sect. The ingenious and well-informed Dr. Percival of Mancheſter, in ſome calculations made on the births and burials of the inhabitants of that town and its environs, has given us an unexpected fact of a greater number of deaths in a certain proportion of that order, notwithſtanding their known regularity, than in the community at large; but at the ſame time he hath offered a

 pro-

probable ſolution of this ſeeming paradox. *See that Author's Obſervations on the State of Population in Mancheſter, and other adjacent Places* 1773.

In the perplexity of means to attain Age, in which modern inſtances have been concerned, we may mention alacrity as an ingredient, as it muſt contribute to harmonize the mind, and promote the ſecretions, on which our health ſo much depends. We cannot preſcribe any particular kind of diet. All European countries boaſt examples of Longevity over the other quarters, nor is Sweden wanting an elevated diſtinction in the liſt. In the inſtance of Jenkins, poverty was his bleſſing; in that of Parr, luxury was at laſt his bane. We might quote in favour of penury, the life of Margaret Patten of Paiſley, in Scotland, who died anno 1739, in the pariſh work-houſe in Weſtminſter, aged 136 years. Nor here can we omit the following inſcription in Thorner church, within a few miles of the diſtrict which gives riſe to the preceding poem:

" John Phillips, Gent. was born at Carlton, in the pariſh of " Stokeſley, in Cleveland, in the year 1625. He died in this town, " and was buried in this Chancel 1742, in the 118 year of his age.

" As to attain with health to this age ſhould not be loſt to poſte- " rity, George Lord Bingley and Harriot Lady Bingley gave this " ſtone to his memory."

Thorner, near Leeds, is lowly ſituated, and the houſe in which Mr. Phillips lived (now rebuilt) was ſurrounded by moiſt ground. He ſubſiſted the latter part of his time, by choice, (for he was ſubſtantial) much upon milk and potatoes. He was born in the firſt year

year of Charles the Firſt, lived in the reigns of eight Kings and Queens, beſides the Uſurpation, and walked about to his dying day. His teeth and hearing were good, his ſight tolerable, and he was naturally briſk and active: In perſon inclinable to be thin, to which his picture, taken at the age of above one hundred years, correſponds.

A perſeverance in convivial ſcenes, will in time convey its own admonitions, and well did the Philoſopher act, who adviſed his friend to return home, when he was met going to a banquet. Similar to this ſtep, alſo, was the anſwer of the veteran, upon being aſked, how he attained to ſuch an age, replied, "by not frequent-"ing the tables of others." The ſalutary means recommended in the little book of Lewis Cornaro, to amend the conſtitution or retrieve deſerted health, conſiſt principally in habitual temperance and prudence, with occaſional abſtinence, of which he was himſelf an illuſtrious example; and our countryman, Dr. Cheyne, has likewiſe given the palm, in ſuch caſes, to an obſervance of that rule, or otherwiſe, to evacuate, or be ſick. The ſagacious Armſtrong, alſo, has delivered medical precepts, in his *Art of preſerving Health*, with deep profeſſional ſkill, dreſſed in all the faſcinating charms of finiſhed poetry.

We might quote inſtances of long life in abundance, but as it would be only an enumeration of names, without real information, we refer the inquiſitive in that line, to the ſcattered detail of others; from Lucian's recitals down to the collection of the late Dr. Campbell, entitled *Hermippus Redivivus*.

A reſult drawn from the preceding premiſes will appear to be, that the preventative or dietetic rather than the curative part, bids the

the faireſt to procure the purpoſed end of a healthy length of years, both with reſpect to caſual or natural obſtacles, and all thoſe bodily contingencies on which health and ſatisfaction ſo much depend.

In the review of this our ſubject, we cannot decline bringing forward Hopkin Hopkins, the little Welchman, exhibited by his parents as a public ſhow, but who was in truth an humiliating ſpectacle. I ſaw him *anno* 1750, when he was in his 14th year, with all the marks and debility of extreme old age. He was low in ſtature, under forty inches, weighing then about fourteen pounds, and had never exceeded ſeventeen pounds. He ſtooped much, was deaf, toothleſs, had a grey head, incipient cataracts that dimmed his ſight, a ſmall querulous voice, and a face ſo wrinkled as to give you the idea of a withered winter-apple, immaturely gathered. His greateſt effort ſeemed to be that of pulling out his watch. His capacity was as contracted as his ſize, and betrayed a ſtate of equal ſuperannuation. At the age of ſeven years he had arrived at the meridian of life. His morning was ſhort, but his evening long. This epitome of man ſeemed to realize the fabulous ſtory of the Pigmies, dying in 1754 of a gradual decay of nature at the expiration of ſeventeen years and two months. Such were the traits of this aged youth, and ſuch the life of this remarkable human Ephemeron.—Information ſays that the parents had then ſix children left, all of whom no way differed from other children, excepting one girl of twelve years, who weighed only eighteen pounds, and bore moſt of the characters of her brother when at that age.

TO

TO THE

# MEMORY

OF

# OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.D.

THESE ADDENDA ARE DEDICATED

In Remembrance of a Debt, due for the Pleasure and Improvement derived from his inestimable Poetry.

A MAN cannot be very avaricious of honor, nor suspected of adulation, when he dedicates to a late Inhabitant of this Globe, and more especially when the address exhibits a mingled detail of complaint and panegyric. What reparation you can make for the insults lately offered to the Muses, will be difficult to determine; start not, gentle Shade, at so unexpected an accusation, for sure I am, that the specimens you have lately left to the world will bear ample testimony to the truth of this assertion.

Had not ſo riſing a Genius appeared, far, far leſs, would have been the awkward imitators of your admirable Poems, the *Traveller* and *Deſerted Village*; ſuch pretenders, like the moth, play about the flame only to their own danger; and I ſpeak this with the greater confidence, as I feel myſelf ſtrongly included in the predicament.

The decrees of Heaven are juſt, otherwiſe a contracted mind might expoſtulate, why you was born only to let us taſte the beauties of poetry in ſuch engaging ſentiments and ſtyle, or that a larger period was not aſſigned to your career.*

If this my offering ever relieves deſert, by giving pleaſure to the eaſy and opulent Sons of Fortune, the prior merit is yours, as the firſt idea of framing my trifling pieces, in the ſervice of Charity, was in conſequence of reading your Works, which dragged forth the latent troops of Helicon from their otherwiſe impregnable receſſes.

* *Oſtendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra*
*Eſſe ſinent.*

Virg. Æn. lib. vi. 870.

This youth on earth the Fates but juſt diſplay,
And ſoon, too ſoon, they ſnatch the gift away.

Warton.

Be

Be not jealous at my ambition to assimilate qualities, for it is your charity * only, to which I could possibly aim to aspire, as my own despair would have been an eternal barrier against attempting any literary emulation.

If spirits meet according to the language of Poetry, on the Elysian shore, oh! may I there learn to transfer a ray of your fire, wherewith to renovate my own! or if perchance as writers,

* Although the Doctor had little to spare, like a true genius who soared above worldly matter, he gave with a comparative profusion, though not always with distinguished propriety, as to the object of his beneficence. The following anecdote will illustrate his character in a private and minute instance, which generally shew the genuine heart, more than studied eloquence or conspicuous actions, the fact I had from the party, who met the Doctor in the street, when the incident happened. That during a conversation, one of those importunate beggars, which swarm in our Metropolis, interposed, with a true hacknied tone, to whom the Doctor gave a shilling. The person, with the graduated precision of a barometer for he was a bookseller, and knew the gradations of the Doctor's pocket, thinking such bounty a misapplication, took the liberty to observe upon it, in that strain. To which reproof, the Doctor replied; "Limit not me, Sir, in what to give, a "scanty pittance is mockery; a shilling, *the man will feel.*" The Doctor seemingly wanted a dash of the vice of avarice, and in some degree the virtue of affability, but with all his foibles, (and who is exempt?) he was truly a great genius. I have been lately informed that he was a Sizor in Trinity-College, Dublin; and very harshly treated by his tutor. The Doctor was born Nov. 29, 1731, in the county of Longford, Ireland, and died at London, April 4, 1774, aged 43 years, as expressed on his Monument in Westminster-Abbey.——Some anecdotes are lately given of him, in Davies's Life of Garrick.

we ſhould aſſociate on a friendly ſhelf, or join company in ſome miſcellany, my only wiſh as a Poetaſter, is, that the fruit of my feeble efforts, may never ſtand contraſted with the fair appearance and intrinſic value of your own perennial productions.

I am, moſt reſpectful Shade,

Your warm and grateful admirer,

THE AUTHOR.

# A SKETCH

## Of FRANCIS GROSE, Esq; F.A.S.

### (AUTHOR OF THE BRITISH ANTIQUITIES)

By a FRIEND.

SINCE, thanks to Heav'n's high bounty, free,
And bleſt with Independency,
I taſte, from buſy ſcenes remote,
Sweet Leiſure in a peaceful Cot,
While other Bards for int'reſt chuſe
To proſtitute their venal Muſe,
And offer incenſe with deſign
To pleaſe the Great, at Falſhood's ſhrine,
Suppoſe for paſtime I portray
Some valu'd friend in faithful lay.

GROSE to my pen a theme ſupplies,
With life and laughter in his eyes.
Oh! how I can ſurvey with pleaſure
His breaſt and ſhoulders, ample meaſure,
His dimpl'd chin, and roſy cheek,
His ſkin from inward lining ſleek.

When to my houſe he deigns to paſs
Through winding ways, to take a glaſs,
How gladly ent'ring in I ſee
His belly's vaſt rotundity!
But tho' ſo fat, he beats the Leaner
In eaſe, and bodily demeanour;
And in that maſs of fleſh ſo droll
Reſides a ſocial, gen'rous ſoul.

Humble—and modeſt to exceſs,
Nor conſcious of his worthineſs,
He's yet too proud to worſhip State
And haunt with courtly bend the great.
* He draws not for an idle word,
Like modern Duelliſts, his ſword,
But ſhews upon a groſs affront
The valour of a Bellamont.
On comic themes, in grave diſputes,
His ſenſe the niceſt palate ſuits;

* Mr. G. is a military gentleman.

And

And more, he's with good-nature bleſt,
Which gives to Senſe ſuperior zeſt.

His age if you are nice to know,
Some two and forty years ago,
Euphroſyne upon his birth
Smil'd gracious, and the God of Mirth
O'er bowls of Nectar ſpoke his joy,
And promis'd vigour to the Boy.

With Horace, if in height compar'd,
He ſomewhat overtops the Bard;
Like Virgil too, I muſt confeſs,
He's rather negligent in dreſs;
Reſtleſs beſides, he loves to roam,
And when he ſeems moſt fix'd at home,
Grows quickly tir'd, and breaks his tether,
And ſcours away in ſpight of weather;
Perhaps by ſudden ſtart to France,
Or elſe to Ireland takes a dance;
Or ſchemes for Italy purſues,
Or ſeeks in England other Views;
And tho' ſtill plump, and in good caſe,
He ſails or rides from place to place,
So oft to various parts has been,
So much of towns and manners ſeen,

He

He yet with learning keeps alliance,
Far travell'd in the fields of Science;
Knows more, I can't tell how, than thoſe
Who pore whole years on Verſe and Proſe;
And while thro' pond'rous works they toil,
Turn pallid by the midnight oil.

He's judg'd, as Artiſt, to inherit
No ſmall degree of Hogarth's ſpirit;
Whether he draws from London air
The Cit ſwift driving in his chair,
O'erturn'd with precious Sirloin's load,
And frighted Madam in the road,
While to their darling Vill they haſte,
So fine in Aſiatic taſte;
Or Baſtard ſworn to ſimple Loon;
Or Sects that dance to Satan's Tune.

Deep in Antiquity he's read,
And tho' at College never bred,
As much of things appears to know,
As erſt knew Leland, Hearne, or Stowe;
Brings many a proof and ſhrewd conjecture
Concerning Gothic Architecture;
Explains how by mechanic force
* Was thrown of old, Stone, Man or Horſe;

* Vid. Pref. to Antiquities, p. 11.

Deſcribes

Deſcribes the Kitchen high and wide,
Which luſty Abbot's paunch ſupply'd;
Of antient ſtructures writes the fame,
And on their ruins builds his Name.

* Oh late may, by the Fates decree,
My Friend's Metempſychoſis be,
But when the time of change ſhall come,
And Atropos ſhall ſeal his doom,
Round ſome old Caſtle let him play,
The briſk Ephemeron of a day;
Then from the ſhort-liv'd race eſcape,
To pleaſe again in human ſhape.

*Nov.* 30, 1773.

* Our Antiquarian is a little partial to the Doctrine of Tranſmigration.

THE

# PARALLEL.

## WHARFDALE and WENSLEYDALE.

ON the Brow of Chevin, in the ſeparate roads leading from Leeds or Bradford to the Vale, the Traveller has a view of more than what Arcadian Scenes could boaſt, becauſe it exhibits every rural image of that celebrated ſpot, with the poliſhed traces of refined urbanity. The diſtant woods of Middleton, and of Denton with its ſtately edifice, the lawny fertility of Weſton and Burley, where the river iſſues in a full-formed ſtream, as it were from a ſylvan urn; the town of Otley, with the arches of its handſome bridge; the gay manſion of Farnley, with its neat and regular environs; the grouping beauties of Leathley; the clifted protuberance of Alms-Cliff; the ſober conſequence of Arthington, which improves by cloſer inſpection; the ſwelling verdure of Weardly-Mount; the Rectory and Tower of Kirby, with the crowning grandeur of Harwood-Houſe and its Caſtle, and the back ground of the hills, all under the eye, conſtitute at once, a ſcene of nature and elegance that is irreſiſtible, and almoſt unrivalled. But ſimilar to the view from Richmond in Surrey, compared to the Vale of Nice, each have their peculiar beauties, which, like the human face, faſcinate and endear by attractions totally different. Leſs diffe-

different are the rivers of the Eure and the Wharfe, both meander nearly alike, and like combatants contending for victory, agree to divide the palm.

Besides the structures alluded to, there remain two others of respectable rank, Cayley and Bramhope, which from their retired situations, are not included in the prospect, although belonging to the valley. But this description hath been in its outlines already sketched, by a Writer (see the tour through Great-Britain, printed 1740) who compares the scenery to the famous vale of Palermo in Sicily.

Wharfdale is my native, Wensleydale my adopted Child. Let us drop partiality, and see how their respective merits stand. In magnitude, they seem nearly equal. In the first, you have more art, because property is more divided; in the last, superior Nature prevails in the great lineaments of her character.

The Wharfe flows with more copiousness, and by filling its banks continues longer to satisfy the eye: The Eure frolicks in her course, amuses with islands and cascades, yet rambles more concealed, because her banks are more wooded; but both are alike the sportsman's delight. In quality of land, as well as roads, the competition may be balanced.

In regard to scenery, Wharfdale may be pronounced more brilliant and picturesque, Wensleydale more venerable and romantic, being decorated with antient ruins and striking cataracts. If one pleads the advantages of proximity to trade, the consumption

tion of produce, with every comparative convenience at hand; the other ſets up her minerals, more tranquillity with ſportive amuſements, and perhaps a greater exemption from vice and alſo from expence in the articles of life. If a Zucarelli claimed Wharfdale as the ſubject of his pencil, as more elegant; a Pouſſin would ſeize upon Wenſleydale, as the object of his genius, becauſe more ſublime.

But the frame of the piece, as we may call the marginal mountains, muſt be deciſively allotted to Wenſleydale, as they are ſo adapted by their level ſurface for either walking or equeſtrian exerciſe. In a few words, I make Wharfdale my VENUS, and Wenſleydale my JUNO; but own them both divine. If the one hath more beauty, the other hath more dignity; but were the Britiſh Apelles to draw a figure complete, he would undoubtedly borrow features from both. But is competition ſtill decided? For the Author's part, he freely owns himſelf incompetent to the choice, wavering to delegate the prize, and at laſt finds that divided taſte, like two parallel lines, does not ſenſibly approximate towards a preference, thinking each the favourite by turns, when immediately under inſpection. But happy and grateful is he, who has it in his power to enjoy this refined and innocent polygamy.

If general ſociety be annexed to the ideas of rural life, the Wharfe will moſtly captivate; if a more ſequeſtered participation of its joys be the deſired object, the Eure muſt then prevail. To purſue the controverſy, and to bring it to a more delicate diſcrimination, we find that even the touchſtone of ſepulture will not determine; for if I was to carry a wiſh to the grave, my heart ſhould mix with either of the ſoils where it laſt ceaſed to move.

TO

TO THE

REVEREND J. H. M. A.

SIR,

THE following Paſtoral, a Foundling, is of a new ſpecies, or rather variety in the poetical ſyſtem. It contains neither Daiſy, Violet, nor Roſe, nor any one article to compoſe a garland. What an Arcadian would ſay to this, I know not, but thoſe practitioners and judges, lived not in days when forced fruit was ſo much in faſhion, nor in a country where Art endeavoured daily to ſupplant Nature. Indeed, all that can be ſaid for its appearance in this month (December) lies, I apprehend, within narrow limits; that it was a Winter's incident, and incidents are beſt related when recent. If the Dialogue does not contribute to cheer, it will not, I truſt, tend to damp the feſtival, or increaſe our preſent gloom. Whether you join with me in this apology or not, it is wiſhed that you will conſider the whole as innocent, fanciful frolic, and at all events protect the foundling.

I am cultivating better ground for a real crop, may you never have ſo barren a farm as the ſkirts of Parnaſſus, which never yet brought me a turnip. The Muſes have made me what I am, rough, lean and awkward. As they have given you a finer ſpirit, may you produce a brighter ray.

I am, &c.

F AMYNTAS

## AMYNTAS and CELESTINA,

## A DIALOGUE.

*The SCENE,* BOLTON-WOODS, WENSLEYDALE, *Dec.* 1780.

AS late thro' BOLTON's glades, ſlow-muſing time,
To robe a caſual thought in ſimple rhyme,
Led by a ſound (that floated in the breeze)
Of rural pipe and ſoftly whiſp'ring trees,
I to the ſylvan brow forth ſought my way,
And heard Amyntas pour his am'rous lay
Cloſe by the margin of a liſt'ning ſtream,
While Hope, Deſpair, Succeſs engaged his theme,
Who thus began—

AMYNTAS.

Delicious Maid! to thee my thoughts I ſend,
O may'ſt thou, Charmer! theſe my thoughts befriend,
Give to the longing youth, eſtrang'd to guile,
Love's pureſt bloſſom,—yes, one gentle ſmile;
Then beck'ning Hope wou'd cancel all alarms,
And Fancy paint thee in my wooing arms.

CELESTINA.

Forbear, fond Swain, nor farther urge your ſway,
Nor ſpeak the language of inſpiring May.
Do cold December's froſts accord with love?
Or polar blaſts hymeneal rites improve?
Then wait the ſeaſon when all Nature ſings,
And leave to chance the ſweets that ſeaſon brings.

AMYNTAS.

AMYNTAS.

Thy mandates, Nymph, are ſure commands to me,
Thy accents ſweeter than the thymy Bee.
But can the Swain poſtpone a day, an hour,
That muſt detain him from the bliſsful bow'r?
Come then, my center'd world, celeſtial dove,
And gently lay to reſt—impaſſioned love.

CELESTINA.

Have I not told thee that the ſnow-clad plain,
Forbidding ſcene, is not the ſhepherd's reign;
Why would'ſt thou then attempt, with ſwelling ſails,
To gain the Cyprian ſhore 'gainſt adverſe gales?
Partial to Summer's ſuns, each pictur'd ſight,
Me the mild images of Love delight.

AMYNTAS.

Could we not to ſome rural cottage ſtray,
Congenial fram'd, and prattle years away;
Where neither time, coy looks, nor Satyr's eye,
Our tender tranſports ever wou'd annoy?
No acts ſhould once profeſſions, love, deface;
Eternal ſunſhine ſhould my ſoul embrace.

CELESTINA.

Ah! pleaſing pleader, and ah! ſoothing man,
Why would'ſt thou try a latent flame to fan;
Or deem that I from liberty will part,
And give to cleric uſe a playful heart?
O pity my reſtraint and gueſs my mind,
The Fair that kills, muſt ſurely prove unkind.

AMYNTAS.

AMYNTAS.

Thanks to my ſtars that bring ſuch genial rays,
To ſoften life and ſmooth its various ways,
To check the fervid fever of my youth,
And mingle in my cup the zeſt of Truth.
As ſhines the glow-worm with its native light,
So placid Celeſtine illumes the night.

CELESTINA.

A truce to argument and ruſtic verſe,
Let Nature, mute, alone her tale expreſs.
Diſguiſe, avaunt! ye clouds no longer frown,
The choiceſt viands ſhall our banquet crown.
To ſwell the paſt'ral ſports no ſanguine ſtain,
Shall with conſent pollute this hallow'd plain.

AMYNTAS.

No fold I rob, no kids of mine are ſlain,
Nor ſhall my realm one bleeding victim ſtain.
The limpid ſtream and health-enſuring air,
Milk from my kine, with vegetable fare,
Are all the ſtores I boaſt: then come, O! taſte
And ſhare with me the plenty of a feaſt,

DUET.

Where calm contentment ſpreads her artleſs charms,
While peaceful union every want diſarms.

TO

TO

# LORD B***ARD,

ON HIS

BIRTH-DAY,

THE 27th OF JULY, 1778.

IF humble Bards you condeſcend to hear,
Accept, my Lord, the tribute of the year.
Permit a Friend, with ſome preſaging ſkill,
To beat the covert of the myſtic hill,
Pant in the chaſe, or loiter in the way,
And ſketch the features of a future ſway.

Come, B***ARD! come, with all thy mental ſtore,
And let me live preceding ages o'er.
Refreſh my ſnowy years, the Winter's gloom,
With Attic ſunſhine and with Roman bloom.
Plant in my breaſt a VANE or HAMPDEN's name,
And ſo relume a near-extinguiſh'd flame.

Rous'd at the ſound, my Muſe new vigour gains,
And hours dance lightly to preſuming ſtrains.
Perennial honors from full ſources ſtream,
Refulgent glories on thy boſom beam.
If twice ſix circling ſuns produce ſuch fruit,
Sprung from the noble ſtem of RABY's root,
Say, Time, what then muſt be the promis'd zeſt,
When on maturity our views we reſt?
Be thine the taſk to climb ſweet Hybla's ſteep,
And all the fertile fields of Science reap.
The myrtle chaſte, the laurel bold diſplay,
The Critic's ivy and the Poet's bay.
With deep-read BACON ſearch the ſterling mine,
Where native gems with orient luſtre ſhine;
Now catch the kindling ſpark from SHAKSPEARE's fire,
Or with my THOMSON ſtrike the rapt'rous lyre.
Drink at the fount whence living waters flow,
And now with moral YOUNG and MILTON glow.
Form'd in the School of Taſte, by Candour taught,
Pauſe at each line with ſenſe and fancy fraught.

May parent-manners magically charm;
May melting eloquence the Senate warm,
While wond'ring crowds a mute attention prove,
And ſtamp the man of univerſal love.
Proceed, fair Youth, the Augur's tale expand,
And riſe the genius of a ſinking land.
Mark Wiſdom's ſteps, to what refinement prone,
Court the coy Nymph and make her all your own.

Then

Then ſhall hiſtoric page thy worth proclaim,
And boundleſs bear thee thro' a world of fame.

Yet think not thus, that ſhe ſalutes the ear
With venal incenſe, or deluſive cheer.
Nor leſs to thee, O B***ARD! than the Song,
The powers of Truth and Dignity belong.
Sooner ſhall claſſic realms neglected lie,
A gloomy waſte, unſolac'd by the ſky,
Than ſhe, by all the tuneful Maids! impart
One ſimple line an alien to her heart.
Though Fortune decks thee with her richeſt goods,
The lofty temple, widely-ſwelling woods;
Her finny lakes, the gayly deer-ſpread plain;
The buxom herds, the tracts of golden grain;
The ſmiling circle of luxuriant fields,
And every charm that bounteous Nature yields;
Yet barter not thy bliſs for ſcenes alone;
Contentment's pupil, make the world thy own.

The man thus tutor'd, or by Nature caſt,
Will find in ev'ry clime a rich repaſt;
No latent woes his priceleſs peace deſtroy,
Bleſt in ſucceſſion of perpetual joy.
If then he thirſts, the tinkling rills ſuffice;
And in the dreary deſert, raptures riſe:
Nor envies he the Courtier's preſſing ſail,
The Nabob's ſtore, or aromatic gale.
For him no Ganges need to roll its flood,
No ſcutcheon prove a high deſcent of blood;

He

He aſks no Herald's blaze, no Poet's ſtrains,
Since the chief good his breaſt alone contains;
Like yonder ſphere, each part a central ſpot,
Shines forth the Man contented with his lot.
The objects ſuch, be thine the aiming eye;
Time ſmiles conſent, or not prophetic I.
Unchequer'd then ſhall prove each promis'd day,
And *Io Pæans* grace thy lib'ral ſway.
May white-rob'd hours their kindeſt influence ſhed,
And well-earn'd honors radiate round thy head.
To Might ally'd, long may Britannia trace
Succeſſive B***ARDS of thy lineal race;
Through years extended to an endleſs line,
May they in ev'ry great achievement ſhine!

On, Fancy, on, the pleaſing theme purſue,
And bring his dawning luſtre more to view.
But ſoftly pauſe, ere yet the bud be blown,
And trophied Science hails him as her own.

AN

AN

# ACCOUNT

OF THE

# OAK at COWTHORP,

Near WEATHERBY, YORKSHIRE, 1774.

WHEN I first heard of the Oak at Cowthorp, the description was in such general terms, as to give me the idea only of a tree of vast circumference, I therefore annexed to it in my mind an equivalent stature and vigorous health; but in these two last circumstances, I found myself, on a view in the month of August 1774, much mistaken. Instead of that erect column that fancy had formed and curiosity hoped to find, the ruin only of an enormous tree presented itself; nevertheless this defect was amply supplied by its truly awful aspect, and the extraordinary magnitude of its remaining parts.

Indeed, at firſt, I wondered from the caſual relation I received, that a tree of ſuch preſumptive value as I had figured to myſelf this to be, ſhould have ſo long eſcaped the graſping hand of avarice or convenience, under ſo many proprietors to which, through the courſe of ages, it muſt have been ſubject; but in this article I was alſo undeceived, as the knotty protuberances, of which it is full, muſt have rendered it at all periods unfit and unprofitable for any mechanical purpoſes. It therefore now appears more a venerable than a pleaſing object, on account of its periſhing ſtate, and ſeems chiefly to challenge the ſingularity only of becoming ere it expires, perhaps the oldeſt vegetable in the world.

The above conjecture is founded upon its ſuperior girth to any Oak in this Iſland, that has been hitherto deſcribed within my knowledge, and to the ſlow advances and long duration of that ſpecies of wood. The tree mentioned by Adanſon, in his account of the country about the river Senegal, has in ſome inſtances greater dimenſions; but as the progreſs of vegetation is well known to be more rapid in warmer climates, where theſe phenomena of rooted life are produced, they will conſequently tend with more celerity towards their final deſtruction. Hence the life of the Cheſnut Tree, or rather aggregate of ſtems, which Brydone in his tour to Sicily, mentions to be now growing on Mount Etna, though immenſe, cannot be put in point of ſuppoſed age, in a competition here, and leſs ſo may the more periſhable trees, ſpoken of by Evelyn in his Sylva, although rivals in ſome other reſpects.

Captain Charles Tarrant, engineer, and an ingenious draughtſman, who did me the favour to take a portrait of the Oak now under conſideration,

deration, confeſſed, that although he had traverſed much the woods in America, and ſeen a variety of exotics, as well as trees of a ſimilar kind to thoſe of our own Iſland, yet he never beheld one, that could pretend to any rivalſhip for circumference, with the Oak of Cowthorp.

Perhaps it will not be deemed a difficult or a ſtrained poſition to maintain, that the oldeſt trees of the globe are to be found in the temperate zones, and that the parts moſt genial to age in the vegetable ſyſtem, will be in or about the Britiſh latitudes. The torrid blaze of the tropicks, and the checking colds of the polar circles, ſeem both unfavourable to longevity in trees. Luxuriancy of ſoil and benignity of climate, will give increaſe, but while thoſe circumſtances haſten maturity, they accelerate alſo the cloſing period of growth. In moving as well as in ſtill life, the progreſſions of age are clearly marked by ſome acknowledged traits, or lineaments inherent to nature; and growth with ſtability, is known to depend more upon a mediocrity of climate, than any other incident; which temperature, we in this Iſland may be ſaid to enjoy: for the ſuperior warmth of thoſe ſkies, that have ſo long preſerved the Pyramids of Egypt, the Tower of Nimrod, although of brick, and the hoary antiquities of Greece and Rome, do not peculiarly favour the lengthened days of either plants, animals, or man.

Tradition ſpeaks of this Oak being in decay for many generations, and a living Hiſtorian of the village, thinks that he can rely on the report for above two hundred years; this, with other preſumptive proof that will follow, may ſerve to confute the common aſſertion, that an oak is one century in growing, another in perfec-

tion,

tion, and a third in decline. But I think we may deduce from fair premiſes, not only that the above ſpace of time is much too limited, even for the generality of good oaks, but that ours in particular has probably exiſted eight hundred years. And here I am aſſiſted in my enquiry after that ſuppoſed age, from the conſideration of an oak in the New Foreſt of Hants, in the diſtrict of Bolderwood, to whoſe memory a handſome monument was erected 1745, at the expence of John, then Lord Delawar: The inſcription bears teſtimony to ſome remains of that oak exiſting in the remembrance of perſons then living, from whence the arrow glanced which proved the death of William the Second, that event happening in the 12th century, about 677 years ago; and as we naturally ſuppoſe the oak a grown one, when the accident happened, and not particularly diſtinguiſhed in bulk, we may reaſonably compute that the life of our Coloſſus, will attain to one thouſand years.

In point of age, were we to follow the conjectures of ancient writers, we ſhould find the derivation of ſome trees ſtanding in their reſpective periods, to be coæval with time itſelf, ſuch were Pliny's Hercynian Oak, and the Idumæan Pine of Joſephus. So far however ſeems to be more authentic, that of all the claims to long life in the vegetable world, the Oak and Yew, from their ſlow advances and ſolid texture, ſeem to ſtand the foremoſt candidates for fame in the ſcale of duration: Nor is it to be doubted, but that the heart of either of thoſe trees, would in particular ſituations, reſiſt the injuries of time, equally with, or even ſuperior to iron; and a circumſtance lately under my own obſervation will apply to this conjecture. A piece of old oak, lately brought from Bolton Caſtle, in Wenſleydale, being a part of that ancient ſtructure, was found after the

wear

wear of four hundred years and upwards, as freſh and uninjured, as at the firſt day of its introduction, and now ſtands a ſubſtantial gate-poſt, ſurveying that Caſtle whoſe glory it once helped to ſupport, and whoſe ruins it now unimpaired, ſeemingly laments.

It is ſaid of the celebrated oaks of Winfield Chaſe, in ~~Cumberland~~ westmoreland, and thoſe at Welbeck, in Nottinghamſhire, that a coach may eaſily drive within their outlines; but concerning the oak we portray, it is evident from the meaſure, that ſuppoſing it hollowed for the purpoſe, two coaches might paſs a-breaſt within its bounds.

The intermixture of foliage within the dead branches, which now appear, are faithfully delineated in the drawing, which ſerve to ſhew how ſternly this giant ſtruggles for life, and ſurrenders to all-conquering time.

How a Druid would reverence this altar, we will not pretend to ſay, but as an image of ſuperannuation, or a prodigy in Nature, ſurely no eye of taſte could paſs it unobſerved. The leading branch, fell by a ſtorm in the year 1718, which being meaſured with accuracy, was found to contain five ton and two feet of wood, excluding every part leſs than ſix inches ſquare; and ſuppoſing the trunk to be ſound only to ſeven feet high, the contents within that limitation would be forty ton and ten feet of wood. Before its accidental mutilation, the ſhade it ſpread is ſaid to have been near half an acre. Thus conſtituting in a ſingle tree, almoſt a wood itſelf; which reminds us of the ancient Sycamore that arreſted Xerxes to admire it, when on his military march, and under whoſe ſpreading branches he repoſed himſelf and Court.

 This

This oak is the property of a Lady Dowager Peters, the relict of Lord William Sturton; having paſſed through the ſeveral families of Lord Roos, the Snawſdales, Hammertons and Walmſleys. The ſoil it grows upon is gravelly, near the river Nidd, about two miles South-Eaſt from the village of Walſhford, on the turnpike road leading from Wetherby to Boroughbridge, on a ſpace or green adjoining a farm-houſe belonging to the ſame Lady, and now inhabited by Mr. Parker, being ſituated rather high, though not expoſed, nor yet embarraſſed by any other timber.

To ſay the acorns have been much coveted to propagate in divers parts of the kingdom, and even abroad, is but to expreſs that the parties have probably been led more by curioſity than judgment in that caſe, ſince its infirmities, even in its meridian ſtate, could not reaſonably promiſe an iſſue, that would not in ſome degree partake of the parent's imperfections. The ſize of the trunk firſt given me, and which excited my journey to ſee it, was that of twenty-ſeven yards ſix inches and an half in circumference; but from an exact menſuration, a few inches from the baſe, I found it to be only eighteen yards, as ſpecified with its other dimenſions in the draught. To reconcile this difference, it may be ſuppoſed to have lately ſhrunk; the operator alſo, jealous perhaps of the reputation of his favourite object, might follow the ramifications of the root, which in part appears, or yet the furrows or indentings of the bole, with which it is fully ſtored; and laſt of all, error itſelf might have crept into the account.

Thoſe who are curious in reſearches of this kind, may meet with a plentiful harveſt in Evelyn's Silva, and Oldys's Britiſh Librarian, of extraordinary inſtances foreign and domeſtic, concerning the

the longevity and magnitude of trees under various claſſes, blended with much ancient reading, credulity, and fabulous tradition. We likewiſe refer to Mr. Pennant's pleaſing tour to Scotland, for a few recent facts of the ſame kind. In reſpect to ſize, Evelyn recites a tree in Brazil of 120 feet in circuit, but omits quoting his authority.

I cannot cloſe this deſcription of the Cowthorp Oak, without ſympathiſing with it for the wounds ſuſtained in the many ſtubborn conflicts, amidſt the war of elements, and particularly in the November ſtorms in 1703, and 1718; a veteran which hath ſeen the moſt permanent caſtles, foreſts and empires riſe and fall, nay, the globe itſelf ſwept clean from all animal life in numerous ſucceſſions, yet maintaining that venerable dignity in decay, which commands our awe, and even enthuſiaſm.

Since the above account, I received Dr. Hunter's edition of Evelyn's Silva, wherein the ingenious and philoſophic editor, hath given us a Winter view of this oak, in a fine engraving from a delineation upon the ſpot, by William Burgh, Eſq. The Doctor's note concludes thus, "When compared to this (Cowthorp Oak) all "other trees are but children of the foreſt." The drawing in my poſſeſſion, being made in Summer, exhibits the foliage with the parts now dead or alive, and ſerves as a contraſt to the other; although as an object of antiquity, or a Winter-piece, the leafleſs oak perhaps appears more in character.

The Oak, the noble and luſty emblem of ſtrength and beauty, hath been always ſo celebrated for rank among the trees of the foreſt,

forest, and in the vegetable system, as to be deemed worthy the peculiar care of the leading Power of remote mythology, and to constitute the cradle of Crete, where, and in its vicinity, the first naval power was nursed. We in Great-Britain, to whom the Cretan power, may be said to have been transferred, are under the most binding obligations to the qualities of this ornamental tree, as, by means of its floating bulwarks, it hath secured to us every benefit, and obviated many calamities of surrounding and envious nations. Hence, we ought to habituate ourselves to cherish the culture and patronage of so essential a support of our interest, this guardian of our constitution, defender of our hearths and altars, and with the Poet (Metastasio) view this sovereign of the woods, this robust son of the earth, ready to forsake its native realm, and triumph on the ocean, to protect that soil from whence it launched, with the fair descendants of its heirs and successors.

In speaking of the Cowthorp Oak, we have not recited it as a subject of any intrinsic value, and therefore beg leave to mention in this place, for the honour of our Island, and particularly the county of York, that there grew in this century two oaks, among many others of a great size, at Denton, near Otley, under the appellation of Lord and Lady (formerly the estate of General Baron Fairfax) which sold for forty pounds each; a price which the best oaks used in the Royal Navy rarely exceed. But here it must be observed, that the purchases for our naval yards, are confined to the quantity of useful timber, of which few single trees produce more than six loads, and prices vary on the vicinity or distance to water conveyance.

Mr.

Mr. Grose in his description of Dudley Castle, Staffordshire, (see British Antiquities) mentions an oak table twenty-five yards long, and one yard broad, made of a single plank; the tree from which it was taken, is said to have contained upwards of one hundred tons of wood.

If modern report deceives not, there was a tree of such magnitude and quality, called the Squillet Oak, on the estate of Sir Walter, now Lord, Bagot, that it, sold, about thirty years ago, for one hundred guineas. Its plank is said to have measured upon the quarter, four feet one inch over. Evelyn mentions a famous elm bearing ninety-seven tons of wood, upon the same demesnes, a part of the country still productive of the noblest specimens of forest vegetation. It is much that Evelyn should not mention this Oak of Cowthorp; his silence on the occasion, shews the little correspondence and intercourse that Naturalists and counties then had comparatively with each other. We are obliged to Dr. Alexander Hunter of York, for the novelty of its introduction, in the late edition of that work.

The Shire Oak was an ancient mode of giving name to a district or subdivision of a county, by a mark expressive of permanency, corruptly called Skyrac, or Shirac, from the Oak, many fragments, or rather integuments of which are now standing, which denominate jurisdictions, settled in the time of Alfred. In Livy we find an Ambassador addressing an oak as a Sage: *Tum ex legatis unus abiens* " *Et hæc, inquit, Sacrata Quercus, et quicquid deorum est audiunt* " *fœdus a vobis ruptum.*" (Lib. 3. sect. 25.)

Whether the widening circles which we ſee in a tranſverſe ſection of timber, in its thriving ſtate, preciſely mark its annual progreſs as hath been ſuggeſted, we do not definitively pronounce; but in thoſe we have examined with an idea to that ſolution, it was found that thoſe diſcriminations gradually ſoften and obliterate, as wood deſcends into old age.

Before I diſmiſs my pen, allow me to ſubjoin an account of the Monument erected in Caſtle Mallwood Walk, in the pariſh of Minſtead, New Foreſt, Hants, alluded to in the preceding part of this deſcription.

On a triangular pillar of ſtone, No. 1. on the Eaſt-ſide "Here "ſtood the oak tree on which an arrow ſhot by Sir Walter Tyrrell, "at a ſtag, glanced and ſtruck King William the Second, ſurnamed "Rufus, in the breaſt, of which he inſtantly died, on the 2d day "of Auguſt, A. D. 1100."

No. 2. Northerly.

"King William the Second, ſurnamed Rufus, being ſlain as is "before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkeſs, and "drawn from hence to Wincheſter, and buried in the Cathedral "Church of that city."

No. 3. Weſterly.

"A. D. 1745. That where an event ſo memorable had hap-"pened, might not be hereafter unknown, this ſtone was ſet up "by John Lord Delawar, who has ſeen the tree growing in this "place."

This

This pillar is inclofed with a fquare timber frame of four pofts and two bars to each. Purkefs is the country-man's name, who had the remains of the cart, fhafts, &c. The above Lord Delawar, who died in March 1766, aged 75 years, hearing of this circumftance, called on a then prefent Purkefs, the defcendant of the one abovementioned, to buy thofe remains of the cart, but received for anfwer, that he had burnt them that year, fuel being fcarce. This fame family of Purkefs has continued much in the fame eftate ever fince, being always mafter of a fmall cart and three lean forefters or horfes.

POST-

# POSTSCRIPT.

THE following detail of oeconomical regulations at Denton, extracted from a manuſcript compoſed and written by Thomas (firſt) Lord Fairfax, being grown curious by Time, I here preſent it. In the ſame manual are rules laid down applicable to the ſtables and to equerry, which tend equally to ſhew the decorum and order then obſerved by men of rank and regularity.

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*Tractatus per T. primum Dominum, FAIRFAX, circa* 1610 *conceptus et compoſitus.*

## ORDER for the HOUSE.

### REMEMBRANCE for SERVANTS.

THAT all the ſervants be ready upon the Tarras att ſuch tymes as the Straingers doe come, to attend their alightings.

That one of the Chappell bells be rung before the prayers one quarter of an houer, att which ſumons the Buttler muſt prepair for coveringe, but not cover. Prayers.

Porter. When prayers ſhall beginne (or a very little before) the gates on all ſides muſt be ſhut and locked, and the Porter muſt come into prayers, with the keyes, and after ſervice done, the gates muſt be opened untill the Uſher warne to the Dreſſer.

Butler. The Buttler, with the Yeoman of the Chamber, or ſome other Yeoman, muſt goe to cover; the prayers done, formes and cuſſins where the Ladyes and the reſt do ſitt muſt be removed.

Servants after ſupper. After ſupper (I meane of the ſervants) they muſt preſently repair into the dyninge chamber, and there remove ſtooles, ſee what other things be neceſſary, and attend further directing untill liueryes bee ſerved, which they muſt be ready for upon the warnings; and in the meantime let the Buttler (with one to helpe him) make them ready, and lett not thoſe ſervants depart untill the beſt ſort of the Straingers have taken their lodgins. And the Porter muſt locke the doors and keep the keys.

Morning. Let the ſervants attend by ſeaven of the clock in the morning in the hall.

Breakfaſt. The Clark of the Kitchin muſt appoynt the Cooks what muſt be for breakfaſt for the Ladyes in their chambers, and likewiſe for the Gentlemen in the hall or parlor; which muſt be ſerved by eight of the clock in the morning, and not after. Dinner muſt be ready by eleaven of the clock; prayers after tenne, and the order obſerved as beforeſaid.

The

The great chamber beinge ſerved, the Steward and Chaplaine muſt ſitt down in the hall, and call unto them the Gentleman, if there be any unplaced above, and then the ſervants of the Straingers as their maſters be in degree. Hall.

## The USHER's WORDES of DIRECTIONS.

Firſt, when they goe to cover he muſt go before them thro' the hall, crying, By your leaves, Gentlemen, ſtand by. The covering done, hee muſt ſay, Gentlemen and Yeomen, for plates. Then he muſt warne to the dreſſer; Gentlemen and Yeomen to dreſſer. And he muſt attend the meate goinge through the hall, crying, By your leaves, my Maſters: likewiſe he muſt warne for the ſecond courſe, and attend it as aforeſaid.—If bread or beair be wanting on the hall table, he muſt call aloud at the barre, Bread or beair for the hall.—If any unworthy fellow doo unmannerly get himſelf down before his betters, he muſt take him up, or place him lower. For the Uſher.

Lett the beſt faſhioned and apparrelled ſervants attend above the *Salte**, the reſt below.—If one ſervant have occaſion to ſpeake to another about ſerving at the table, lett him whiſper, for noys is uncivile. If any ſervant have occaſion to go forth of the chamber, lett him make haſte, and ſee that noe more then twoo be abſent; and for preventing of errants, let all ſauces be ready at the doore, for even one meſs of muſtard will take a man's attendance from the table; but leaſt any thing happen unexpected, For the chambre.

* The antient cuſtom was to have ſalt in a large veſſel, which was placed neareſt the upper part of the table.

lett

lett the boy etand within the chambre door for errants; and ſee that your water and doyler be ready ſoo ſoon as meat is ſerved and ſet on the table without. Have a good eye to the board for empty diſhes, and placinge of others, and lett not the board be unfurniſhed.

The cupboard. Lett no man fill beair or wine but the cupboard keeper, who muſt make choiſe of his glaſſes or cups for the company, and not ſerve them hands over heads: he muſt alſo know which be for beair, which for wine; for it were a foule thing to mix them together.—Once again let me admoniſh ſilence, for it is the greateſt part of civility.—Lett him which doth order the table, be the laſt man in to ſee that nothing be left behind that ſhould be taken away.

Many thinge I canot remember, which I refer to your good cares, otherwiſe I ſhould ſeeme to write a booke hereof. T. F A.

We likewiſe add a ſpecimen of poetry in the reign of Henry VII. from the ſame book, which we think below the ſtandard of that time, to ſhew its then barbarous and gothic ſtate. The 7th, middle, and laſt diviſions, are only ſelected, preſuming that ſample will ſufficiently ſatiate.

*A copie of an olde partchment booke in folio containynge 3 leaves, once remaining in the Cuſtodye of Sir Edward Plumpton Kt, beinge the pedegree, lives deathes of the moſt noble familye of the percies from foure deſents before the conqueſt to that Earles Sonne that was ſlaine by the Commons att Thirſke tempore Hen: 7 the booke is in folio & conteynes 76 deviſions, each of them conſiſteth of ſeaven verſes (Rhyme Dogarell)*

The

The title

here beginneth the prologue of this little treatiſe followinge which is the deſcent of the Lord perciyes made & compiled brieflye by me Willm Peeris, Clarke & Preiſte, Secretaire to the right noble Earle Henry 5th Earle of northumberland

7th deviſion

Afore the Conqueſt many years revolv'd the year of our Lord 933
the fourth yeare of King Alred of England obtaininang the monarchie as in the
ſecond book of Willm of Malmſbury
Cronickles is rem the progenitors of the Percies of Stocke aund in the Cuntry
of Denmarke & Norway, flowred in high felicitye
and doubtleſſe they were of great nobillitye
and with famous Duke Rollo out of the ſaid Cuntrey they came
when hee took his Journey to Conquer normandye with many a nobleman.

24

The firſt Willm Percye in England was an active man of warr
& into the holy Land hee went att the great voyage
with Robert Duke of Normandye to the Conquerer
of the which great Journey & dangerous paſſage
in his fourth booke Willm Mounke of Malmſburye right diſcreat & Sage
where he treateth of the noble Godfrey of bulloiyne
and of the ſaid Duke Roberte journinge to Jeruſalem.

72

This noble Earle in Kinge Henry the VIIths tyme
by the inſurrection of the Commons att Thirſk was ſlaine in the cauſe of his kinge,
Oh horrible miſcheife o moſt cruell cryme
In our Days hath not bene ſeene ſo deteſtable a thinge
there owne natural Lord the Commons ſo murtheringe
hee godly commandinge them in the Kinge name
to do but their duties to their prince to keep themſelves from blame.

# INDEX.



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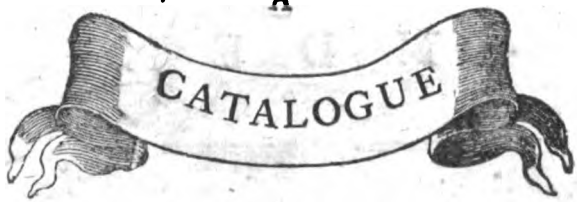


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