WENSLEYDALE;

OR,

RURAL CONTEMPLATIONS:

A Poem.

BY T. MAUDE, ESQ.

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
And hastes to yon grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way.

GOLDSMITH.

FOURTH EDITION.

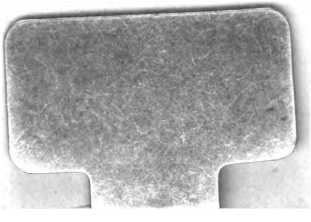
RICHMOND:

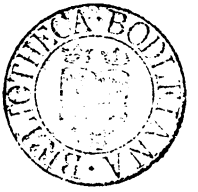
Printed by and for T. Bowman;

SOLD ALSO BY CUTHELL, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, LONDON; AND T. FAIL, DUBLIN.

1816.

Price five shillings.





BOLTON CASTLE.

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OR,

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A Poem.

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1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A period of forty years having elapsed since the last edition of the much admired poem of "Wensleydale" was published, the Editor has been induced to lay it again before the Public. The Notes will be found considerably enlarged, both by the addition of further original matter, and of extracts from authors, who have offered a further illustration of the several subjects. His most grateful thanks are due to the Gentlemen who have assisted him, and to the numerous Subscribers for their kind support.

TO

HER GRACE THE

DUCHESS OF BOLTON.

MADAM,

IN offering your Grace the humble tribute of these pages, I do but render a right to which you stand entitled from many considerations.

Your own happy success in the art of delineation, your alliance with the most noble Owner of the ample Territories, whose unremitted friendship I have now had the honour to experience for forty years, are not the only motives to this address.

Surrounded as I am in the centre of the scenes described, I could not be a mute spectator, when the objects so irresistibly invited my attention.

To your grace, who needs no interpreter of rural nature, I should have

stood less excused, had not a Charity* which I wish to serve, and for whose emolument these attempts are now risqued abroad, induced me to employ in this manner a few hours of leisure from my more essential engagements.

Your Grace's Candor, united with that of the public, will, I hope, advert more to the end than to the literary merits of this publication, since I am conscious that so trifling an insect, short as its natural duration would be, must prematurely fall, if the mercy of Criticism, and the fostering wing of Charity, do not protect it.

Stoical indeed must be the heart that glows not at the view of an institution so replete with present and consequential good, by which disabled Industry is restored, pining Poverty made joyful, Anguish assuaged, and even Life preserved. Humanity must therefore fervently wish, that the fund of this very important Cha-

* The last edition of this work was published for the benefit of the General Infirmary at Leeds.

rity, in one of the most considerable trading towns in the kingdom, may be always equal to its liberal plan, formed on the truly beneficent and extensive scale of relieving neighbour, sojourner, and the most distant stranger, without distinction.

Thrice happy then will be the author, if by throwing in his mite, it should tend to alleviate the greatest of all afflictions, the complicated calamities of indigence and sickness. A plan which cannot but coincide with the softest feelings of your sex, and be in particular congenial to your Grace's sentiments, extended to every species of distress.

I am,

MADAM,

Your Grace's most obedient,

And truly devoted Servant,

BOLTON HALL,
MAY 20, 1780.

THOMAS MAUDE.

INTRODUCTION.

AS many allusions in the following piece are merely local, it may be necessary to premise, that the principal scene is a seat belonging to the Duke of BOLTON,* in Wensleydale, ten miles from Richmond, and four from Middleham, in Yorkshire, where his Grace possesses property as considerable, as it is nobly ornamental to the country. For besides a range of ten almost united manors, including many populous villages, and a once splendid castle, whose venerable remains even now greatly enrich the pleasing landscape, his Lordship has a capital mansion, three miles distant from Bolton Castle, whence the title is derived, and

* This the sixth and last Duke of BOLTON, died in 1794, and was succeeded by Thomas Orde, who was created Baron Bolton Oct. 20th, 1797, and on the death of the Duke, by his Majesty's permission, assumed the name and arms of Powlett: he died in July, 1807, and was succeeded by his son, William, the present Lord Bolton.

The family of Orde is of very great antiquity, and has long been possessed of considerable landed estates in Northumberland and Durham.——ED.

one mile from Wensley, from which village the Dale receives its name. A spot no less conspicuous for many bold, singular, and grotesque beauties of nature, than by the lineaments of a more polished aspect. The commodities of the valley for home and foreign consumption, which last is not inconsiderable, are fat cattle, horses, wool, butter, cheese, mittens, knit stockings, calamine, and lead.

The house was finished about the year 1678, by CHARLES, Marquis of WINCHESTER, afterwards created Duke of BOLTON, and son of JOHN the fifth Marquis, whose valour and loyalty, at an advanced age, were so remarkably displayed in the brave and long defence of his castle at Basing in Hampshire, (now erased,) during the civil war in the last century. A defence which has been celebrated by a variety of historians, for many peculiar circumstances attending it, relative both to the prowess of the besieged, in which the Marchioness was remarkably concerned, and the treasure seized by Cromwell, at the capture of the place.

His Grace died the 27th of February, 1698, aged 69, at Amport, near Andover in Hampshire; and was interred at Basing, the burying-place of the family, leaving many noble proofs of liberality to his servants, and perpetuities to the poor.

In regard to the following composition, the reader will perceive that I have engrafted upon the naked stock of rural description some miscellaneous and exotic shoots, to vary that uniformity, which must be the necessary result of pastoral writing. For however various and charming creation may be in her amazing productions, yet yet it must be confessed that in this walk of poetry, a few conceptions may cover or include a great extent of country. Pastoral poetry is a genus, where the respective species have been well defined from remote antiquity; an amusing field of flowers, but reaped by a long succession of the most judicious hands.

The leading objects of inanimate nature, such as woods, water, rocks, mountains, and plains, are found in part common to all countries; and few have features so peculiarly striking and dissimilar, as to mark them for any great length of description, without falling into a resemblance of thought with other writers, or running into distinctions without a difference. It is the arrangement and combination of the preceding images, with an intermixture of the humbler orders of vegetation, that constitute the whole of rural scenery; while the mode and manners of moving life may be called the business. Hence it will necessarily follow, that much of what may be said of Windsor Forest, of Arno's Banks, or of Wensley Dale, may be applied to many other places

with equal success. From this consideration, in order to form a diversity, possibly arose that indulgence, we may say that literary warrant, in favour of digressions, not tedious or absurd, in poetry on rural subjects. And if the case be so in respect to a whole country, how much more cogent must the argument appear when restricted to the bounds of a province, a vale, or a farm? All that can be well expected in this matter, is, the avoiding of servile imitation, insipidity, or disgusting redundancy. The portrait of a flowery mead, however beautiful and elegant, must have its similitude elsewhere. The sports of the field, and the diversions of the village, carry with them also a like application. It will therefore, I trust, be some apology, if I have but drawn my piece sufficiently characteristic of the spot, without pretending to minute accuracy, close description, or absolute novelty.

In the display of rural felicity, the passions often contribute to mislead. If we bring the innocence, knowledge, or happiness of the peasantry to the measuring line of truth, we shall but too frequently find that they differ little from depravity, ignorance, and wretchedness; at least some qualities contrary to what the poets usually draw, too often mingle themselves in the pompously figured scene.

There was an age, say some of respectable fame, when princes were shepherds, and shepherds bards;

when a personal attendance on their flocks did not debase the dignity of rank; and rural employments, almost the sole occupation of the world, unopposed by sciences or mechanic arts, flourished in undisturbed peace. But caprice or fashion has shifted the scene; and would you behold the shepherd and the patriarch nearest the original, you must revert to where the inroads of vice and luxury have made the least impressions. Such perhaps are the solitary and less refined regions of Horeb, or the plains of the Tigris, where the pastoral chief in his tent, or from his grassy throne under the shade of the palm tree, gives orders to migrating hordes; where milk and honey, dates, rice, and other vegetable fare, constitute his daily food, springs his beverage, and unadorned drapery his garments; where placid leisure, cloudless skies, and the soliciting objects of his situation, stir up genius to sentiment and poesy, in the true character of ancient simplicity.

It is highly probable that man in the early state of the world, could not be silent amidst the surrounding charms of the creation. The view of nature in the firmament and on this globe, with the survey of his own frame, the melody of birds, and the adventures of the chase, would unavoidably operate to the production of strains beyond the standard of common ideas. And, agreeable to these sentiments, we have been told, above three thousand three hundred years ago, in all the rapture

and sublimity of sacred eloquence, that "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of the Deity shouted for joy." Hence may be deduced the antiquity of this pleasing art, hence also may we infer its primogeniture, while modern travellers relate its prevalence, even to be traced among savages the most rude and retired.

But whether love or war, devotion, the beauties of nature, or the pleasures of rural life, were the first incitements to poetry, is a question not easy to resolve. Yet be the decisions of criticism upon these points as they may, it is perhaps less a doubt, that the happiness with which our poets have transfused the beauties of imagery and sentiment from the ancients into their own productions, with their native originality, render them equal to those of all other countries and preceding times. Let us add, that the almost perpetual verdure with which our island is clothed, the variety of its features, and the brilliancy of its fair, recommend it above all other places as a subject for the truly pastoral description.

The discriminating changes of the year, the attractive beauty of our sloping woodlands, our general attention to useful and ornamental culture, the equal tonsure of the fields, and the various evolutions of a mixed and pleasing industry in hay harvest, with the plenty of crowning autumn, raise our conceptions of the seasons to that

acknowledged degree of pre-eminence, which few other countries attain. For so peculiarly happy is the insular situation of Britain, that the like temperature is not to be found in the same latitudes under different meridians: our suns, though often glowing, have duly their remitted heat; our colds, their attempered qualities; the clouds seasonably drop fatness, and our soil is in general grateful. Nor will it be denied, if experience is to determine, however appearances may at first plead, that Britain affords more hours for labour and exercise without doors to the healthy and robust, in the course of the year, than even the boasted climate of Italy, so much exposed to the extremes of heat and rain.

The fossil kingdom, though a curious branch of natural history, rarely comes within the poet's sphere. To describe or analyse the qualities of its materials, is a task which belongs rather to the gravity of philosophical research, than to the muse. Such a survey answers not her purpose, nor suits the fancy of her dress; neither does she stoop for the "*irritamenta malorum*," as Ovid expresses it. Scarcely can either the gem or the ore attract her notice; for where are the miser and the poet unitedly found?

But though imagination dips not her pencil much in the colours of this department, yet true it is, that bodies pregnant with the most wonderful properties,

and of the utmost utility, are furnished from the subterraneous world. Not to dwell upon iron, whose qualities are universally known, we shall only specify the magnet, the inscrutable agency of which in a manner supplies the absence of the starry host, informs the mariner in the deepest darkness whence the wind cometh, directing him to steer through trackless and turbulent seas to his destined port. Hence our geographical and other discoveries, hence the glories of commerce, and the social intercourse of widely scattered nations.

The simple consideration of vegetable nature, gratifies without alloy. We discipline the soil, and cultivate the beauties and necessaries of that kingdom to all our purposes, and are happy in the enjoyment of our labours, I had almost said in the works of our own creation. The objects rise in glory and set in gratitude; they delight the senses, they deceive not when duly attended to, and in some degree reward the nurturing hand of all who properly extend it.

To this class we owe much of our bodily defence, with various luxuries of attire, the staff of life, and the rarest elegancies of our board. In a single instance let us behold the progress but of one plant, common in its growth, important in its application. The flax robes us in the whiteness of snow, it comfortably spreads our tables and

our couch, keeps clean our bodies, affords us paper whereon to express our thoughts, and wings to waft them to the remotest quarters of the globe.

From still life we advance to the animal rank: we here launch into a world of superior wonder, and stand astonished at that wise œconomy, which so evidently displays itself throughout the vast expanse. It would be superfluous to enumerate all the pleasures and accomodations with which we are here presented: we trace with rapture their instinctive policies, have excercise and sports to recreate our minds and preserve our health, raiment to warm, and food to nourish our bodies; means to facilitate agriculture, commerce, arts, and all the operations of life that require strength or dispatch. After all, it is perhaps the philosopher alone, in circumstances of independence, that can pretend to relish the scenes of retirement in the full fruition of their charms. It is he who physically inspects the universe, which the poet only paints; it is he who morally draws conclusions, "finds tongues in trees, sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

"On every thorn, delightful wisdom grows;
"In every rill, some sweet instruction flows."

The man oppressed with penury, the mind distracted by fear, by envy, by political or other fashionable pursuits, absorbed in ignorance or

dissolved in sloth, perplexed with suits at law, or corroded by misfortunes, has little chance to succeed in the calm speculations of rural life. The language he understands will not be that of nature around him, at least in great any degree of purity. Unwedded to resignation, unattuned to harmony and providence, he will but casually float on the surface of pleasure, and grasp at phantoms for the substance. Too, too frequently, I fear, will care, discontent, and insensibility, preclude happiness from the bosom of the husbandman. Nor is it likely that one, under the solicitude of answering days of rent, or who is in want of funds to supply incidental deficiencies, more especially should murrain invade his stock, or floods his crops, should insects infest, or storms destroy, with other the black contingencies of knavery, error, or fate, can boast the contentment usually ascribed to his situation. Thus controlled by elements, and oftentimes by man, not less fierce than they, the farmer's obstacles to happiness will be various and multiplied. His hopes will, under these circumstances, become not only agitated by the breath and caprice of others, but he will be made, as Shakspeare says on another occasion, "servile to all the skiey influences." He will be apt to brood even on imaginary fears, as necessity presses; and wanting education to repell the enemy, or fill the languid pause of thought, will bring forth regret, sorrow, and despair.

But still it will be found that in description we have, agreeable to poetic licence, taken up with happiness in the humble cot, for numerous exceptions are not wanting to combat the doctrine we have before advanced: yet it is probable, that in these days of enquiry, and improved management of land, he whose abilities and spirit prompt him to attempt, and who has judgement to direct, and feelings to enjoy, bids fairest for the prize. However it will be much, if even the more abstracted sons of wisdom and competency, to whom we have previously alluded, do not complain that the poets deceive. Certain it is, that in the happiest state, exclusive of adverse incidents, the lot of all men, some melting compassion for a tender and kind favourite, sick, dead, or assigned to slaughter, will intrusively step in, to disturb tranquillity, and embitter remembrance.

The horse or ewe, the patient ox, or the useful cow, these his favoured objects, whose obedience and fidelity he had long admired, which his care had reared, and his bounty fed; these his familiars of the field, when led to be sacrificed, cannot but make the owner share emotions opposite to felicity, which every intelligent reader will forcibly conceive. There will stand before him that price of affection, that bargain to the effusion of blood, which, to a man of sensibility, must give some sympathetic grief. But let us in this case imitate the prudent painter of old, by drawing a veil over

part of the piece, that silent conjecture may supply the want.

Reality has required at our hands this picture, the brightest side of which we shall, in conformity to custom, exhibit nearest to the light; nor need we attempt to prove one obvious truth, that happiness will be found in proportion, as simplicity and innocence, under the influence of education prevail.

But it is time to close the preface, lest we reveal too much, and sink the subject which we mean should entertain; remembering that rural enjoyment in its perfection, is not perhaps to be sought in the palace, nor always in the cottage, but chiefly in that middle state of life which animates decency with taste, where judgement guides œconomy, where hereditary or acquired property, with beneficence, commands respect and esteem, but excludes avarice, vanity, pride, and every more turbulent passion.

WENSLEYDALE;

OR,

RURAL CONTEMPLATIONS.

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way.

GOLDSMITH.

WENSLEYDALE;

OR,

RURAL CONTEMPLATIONS.

ARISE, my Muse, fair Wensley's vale display,
And tune with vocal reed the sylvan lay;
Thro' the gay scenes of lovely Bolton rove,
Its peaceful plains, and each sequester'd grove;
Enjoy the solitude, as gently glide
The lapsing moments of life's wasting tide.

Here, far remov'd from vanity and throng,
Each soft recess the genial fane of song,
We view past toil, exotic scenes run o'er,
And sheltered hear the rocking tempests roar.
In waving shades poetic converse hold;
And the mild charms of Nature's page unfold;
While the lulled mind, soft rising with the morn,
Nor knows, nor fears, ambition's chilling scorn;

Delays of office and postponing arts,
Or how the courtier's vow from truth departs;
Each sly evasion nurs'd in falsehood's arms,
Or how a quibble virtue's claim disarms;
Superior wrapt in contemplation's themes,
Grateful we walk, and meekly shun extremes;
Resting on truth, as moral Pope exprest
That maxim sure, " whatever is, is best. "

What tho' no pompous pile here rears its head,
No column proud with sculptur'd science spread,
The face serene with which old Time appears,
Boasts beauties growing with his growing years,
While Art contrasted, drops her feeble wings,
As lofty Nature, wildly awful, sings.

But see yon margin of rejoicing woods,
Which bending listen to the sprightly floods:
Should these, or milder views, thy fancy seize,
And pencill'd fields with mossy fountains please,
Stray where the plumy matron with her train,
Roves proudly devious on the liquid plain,
Sweetly below whose gay reflected sides,
The sportive dimpled stream meand'ring glides;

Reluctant yielding tends to distant shores,
And the dread wonders of the deep explores;
Now swells with commerce Britain's envied reign,
Now bears her bulwarks o'er the subject main.
Exhale ye suns, ye winds your wings expand,
And timely fertilize a favour'd land:
In gentle rains and balmy dews return
The borrow'd treasures of the streaming urn;
On thirsty herds the freshen'd wave bestow,
And bounteous bid dispersive plenty flow.
So sails the merchant, Ophirs to pursue,
And ling'ring bids domestic joys adieu;
While plaintive eyes the less'ning hills bewail,
And anxious sighs his heaving breast assail;
Launch'd on the billows, now with adverse toil,
He slowly gains the long expected soil;
From traffic's fount arise his views to roam,
For decent wealth to grace his happy home,
When gentle gales and pleasure's high command,
Propitious waft him to his native strand.

Nor absent are smooth culture's pleasing vales,
With groves adapted to fond lovers' tales;

Nor banks inviting, nor the rosy bower,
Their blest retirement in the tender hour;
While from the spreading beech the conscious dove
Invokes the happy pair to blameless love:
The woods responsive melting music bear,
And choral plaudits float along the air.

Ah! mark, ye blooming nymphs, alluring May,
Nor let her charms your brighter charms betray.
So spoke the sage, well vers'd in female hearts,
Vers'd how the quiver'd boy directs his darts:
So Rome's wise augur, Cæsar's life to spare,
Bade the great chief of fatal March beware;
While he, regardless, arm'd with Stoic pride,
Contemn'd the truth-presaging tale, and died.

Say now, Philander, to which path inclin'd,
Since beauties croud upon the dubious mind;
The Park umbrageous, wide extended lawn,
The climbing vista, and the toyful fawn;
Yon blossom'd copse, the hawthorn's pearly spray,
Whence the sweet thrilling thrush awakes the day;

The grateful woodbine dangling in the breeze,
Enamell'd meads and stately quiv'ring trees;
The bird with human laugh, the cawing rook,
The sprightly squirrel, and the babbling brook;
The vocal cuckoo, and the brilliant jay,
Deck'd with the lustre of reflected day;
All, all combine to make the group complete,
And give to Powlett nature's fairest seat.

But let us search the scene with nearer eyes,
And range descriptive as new objects rise.
Full then to sight from Spenithorne the gay,
Alike the view from Harmby's sloping way,
With aspect open to the rising ray,
Stands high-plac'd Middl'ham, marked with martial scars,
The fatal record of intestine wars;
A Neville's pile, where Cromwell's rage we trace,
In wounded grandeur and expiring grace;
Where Devastation holds her gloomy court,
And boding birds on restless wing resort;
While Cynthia pale glides o'er the dreary bound,
And Fancy rears ideal terrors round,

Sheds on the dusky mind portending forms,
Of palsied walls and wrecks of sweeping storms;
Of roaming elves, with demons of dismay,
Nurs'd by the twilight of the mental day.
Yet gainful is the scene, if right we state,
Its past aspiring aims and present fate:
Hence are we taught to curb life's vain career,
When curst Ambition taints the list'ning ear;
Hence learn the golden mean, Contentment's plan,
Which constitutes the solid bliss of man;
A spring whence lucid streams unceasing flow,
In climes solstitial and Siberia's snow;
Grant me in purity and peace to live:
Swell not, my soul! 'tis all the world can give.

To prospects less sedate we bend our way,
And, in apt numbers, fitly would display
The terrac'd heights expanded to the sun,
Or velvet turf where panting coursers run;
There bred and trained, exulting in the chace,
They win the splendid trophies of the race.
Full to the point where first the meek-ey'd morn,
Dispensing joy, on crimson wings is borne,

Far, far extend your view o'er Mowbray's plain,
Till distance curtains the remote domain;
Distinctly, near, each pressing image yields
The fair idea of Thessalian fields.

Nor here shall Exercise remain unsung,
Thou nurse of strength, kind patron of the young;
Health's polar star, by which we steady steer,
Thro' all the changes of the varying year.
No more the hov'ring hand, by thee restor'd,
Shall coyly cull its pittance from the board;
By thee attuned, by thy attractions lead,
No poppy's balm needs sooth the sleepless bed;
No pen prescriptive, fraught with Latian lore,
Or skill imported from the Coan shore,
Need plan the process with important air,
With fruitless pity, or with dubious care;
The drug disgusting shall the mansion fly,
And thou and Temperance the dose supply.
But each wise rule, the bliss of health to reach,
In sterling strains let musing Armstrong teach

Exalted Leyburn next, with open arms,
Due north our moving observation charms

Where, from its rocky verge and sylvan side,
Most aptly rang'd in gay theatric pride,
We view a lower world, where beauties springs
Tempting and fair as classic poets sing;
Woods, streams, and flocks, the vale's sweet
bosom grace,
And happy Culture smooths her cheerful face.

Why need we want the shining sphere to know,
How music charms, why spreads the heav'nly bow,
While Gargrave's piercing lore descries from far,
Along the milky way, the tube-sought star;
Whose skill can teach, whose candour will explain,
Each distant wonder of Urania's reign.

Westward we move, till chaos-like appears,
The quarry's fragment of a thousand years.
Led by the bracing breezes of the plain,
High Preston's tissu'd green we soon attain,
Delighted ramble in the daisied mead,
That springs elastic with the bounding steed.
But cease my steps, free feast the roving eye;
Here villas rise, there martial ruins lie:

No wish'd-for something, fitly to intrude,
No want of frolic Nature, pleasing, rude;
No bloomy softness fondly to allure,
Drawn from the smiling banks of easy Eure,
Nor temples pious, objects nobly bold,
Need we deplore; the aggregate behold!

Now from her squatted bed, enclosed or bare,
With dextr'ous evolutions starts the hare:
Where the stretch'd greyhound in the curving course,
Vies with the wind's accelerated force;
Exerts each nerve in emulation's cause,
While judgement faulters to decide applause.

Opposing motives urge the fierce career,
Hope him impells, she rapid flies with fear;
While fear and hope one mingled scene supply,
The victor and the vanquish'd breathless lie.
So strain the youths, proud of gymnastic fame;
So strove the heroes of th' Olympic game;
So speed the polish'd coursers of the plain;
So drives the storm impetuous o'er the main.

Come, crescent-nymph, full fraught with sylvan
lore,
Nor blush to school thyself on Albion's shore.
Hark! how the cheering, loud, emphatic horn,
Convenes the clam'rous pack to scent the morn;
The tainted tufts the rising peal provoke,
Till the mixed clangor agitates the oak;
The base-ton'd man, the shrill obstrep'rous boy,
Exulting fill the wide-spread notes of joy;
The chearful notes far-echoing rocks rebound,
And nerves accordant own the magic sound;
Scarce less in pow'r the music of our chace,
Than the fam'd strains of softly tutor'd Thrace.

Long time the folds Volpone with blood had
stain'd,
Long had the village of his spoils complain'd,
Long deep dismay had travers'd o'er the plain,
Where deeds atrocious spoke the despot's reign.
Scar'd by the tumult of promiscuous cries,
Sly from the brake the furtive prowler flies;
An awful band with vengeful pomp pursues,
And the bold times of Nimrod's sway renews;

The distant rear a jovial van succeeds,
While the wide welkin rings, the victim bleeds!
No more his wiles shall innocence betray,
Nor mangled fragments mark the caitiff's way:
Rejoice ye flocks, applaud each gladd'ning wing,
Peace, Io Pæan! Io Pæan! sing.
Say tyrants, say, by guilty passions hurl'd,
Who roll your thunders o'er a trembling world,
Shall pow'r rapacious hope a better fate?
So far'd, so justly fell, Rome's mighty state.

But leave to Somerville the wreathed bays,
Nor dare, my Muse, thy feeble voice to raise;
Low at his shrine Parnassian flow'rets strew,
Nor vainly strive his footsteps to pursue.
Unrivall'd he in classic chace to roam,
Bring every rural pleasure winged home;
Where thought with thought contends in social strife,
Each word a scion shooting into life.
Wide and more wide his lofty muse expands,
And every trophy of the Nine commands;

For thy lov'd verse accept, immortal shade!
This artless tribute to thy merit paid.

Alert, you sportive now the grouse pursue,
Of mingled brown, and variegated hue;
With urging instinct silently beset
The latent captives of the wavy net;
Or, quick as lightning, with explosive force,
Deadly arrest their sounding airy course;
The fragrant breath of flow'ry heath inhale,
That gently floats upon the fanning gale;
Thy labours partly sped, refreshment near,
Then lend to noontide calls a willing ear.
Should frowning skies portend a coming storm,
By some clear spring thy tented station form;
And yet for shade, Sol's beaming ray intense,
We deem it prudent, timely thus to fence;
With mirth relax, nor from the vine refrain,
Which gives the pallid lymph a blushing stain.
Proceed, ye sons of sport, on this safe plan,
Reject the foodful pastime if you can;
If nerv'd thy limbs, and flushing health thy boon,
Sprightly as morn, and glowing as the noon,

Assert your strength, enjoy the western ray,
While loaded breezes round the pointers play.
At eve, review whatever labours please,
And prove the luxury of toil and ease,
Till sleep, kind genial pow'r, demands his turn,
And, vig'rous, strings thee for returning morn.

Lo! where the glist'ning store, disclos'd to day,
By chemic art, assume more potent sway;
Now in extended sheets secure the pile,
Now lend the faded face delusions smile;
Now vaunting, mimic the carnation's bloom,
The canvass swell, or gayly robe the room.
Ah! were but these the uses of the ore,
Death less had triumph'd on the Stygian shore:
The crimson'd field, the horror-dashing deep,
Had not so frequent made affliction weep.

Say, Bolton, say, lord of each sparkling mine
For wealth upon diffusive hills is thine,
Whose mazy vales, their duty to express,
Bright tributes pour, array'd in gayest dress;

Where sky-bound circles measure thy domain,
And Alpine heights connect the glorious chain:
Say, can this world, for thee so richly clad,
Extended wide, another blessing add?
Added it hath—the choicest prize in life,
The crown of ev'ry bliss, a tender wife,
As morning fair, as downy zephyr mild,
In form a Juno, purity a child;
Whose flowing pen the laurell'd Muses hail,
While ev'ry grace adorns the tuneful tale.

Southward we move, where spreading groves declare
The goodly mansion of the noble pair;
Not modern trimm'd, yet stranger to decay,
A pleasing habitation we survey.
No tortur'd objects gothically bent,
No fritter'd scenes disgustful here present;
No lark can hail a more enchanting dawn,
No curving swallow skim a brighter lawn;
Streams, woods, and hills, their vying charms impart,
And, fresh from nature, nobly beggar art.

Surrounded thus, well may the poet say,
Absent from thee, my vale, "I've lost a day."

Now let our steps the verdant tracks pursue,
And catch the passing objects full in view;
Yon mystic windings of the hill pervade,
The ample circus, or the open glade;
Or devious saunter where the shady way
Secludes the storm, and Phœbus' piercing ray;
Collect instruction from the throngs we see
Thro' life sagacious, in each plant and tree;
With eye attentive rapturously trace,
The various orders of the puny race,
Whether they woo the cover or the gleam,
Or nimbly navigate the swarming stream;
Whether along the lap of earth they stray,
Or on light pinions steer their airy way;
Mark how the sap in slender tube ascends;
Where sense begins, and vegetation ends;
How nature works consistent in her plan,
From simple atoms up to complex man.

Behold that arch, the glory of the sky,
Its vivid tints, inimitable dye;

See fluid gems with gayest lustre proud,
The floating remnants of a weeping cloud.
Say, who explain'd the nice-refracted ray,
And brought forth darkness to the test of day;
Who with sagacious ken best understood,
The stated motions of the whelming flood;
Or how attraction so unerring steers,
Thro' the vast void, variety of spheres?
Newton! the lofty wonder of the age,
Learning's great boast, and Europe's leading sage;
Deceit he knew not, bred in Nature's school,
He fathom'd depths with Nature's line and rule;
The key of science, Truth to Newton lent,
And bade him nobly range her whole extent:
The delegated trust she warm approv'd,
When Heav'n resum'd the soul it form'd and lov'd.

Of Redmire's mining town how shall we sing?
The circling verdure and its healing spring
Are all the rooted peasant's native tale,
Who ne'er transgress'd the barrier of his vale.

His vulgar thoughts to narrow views confin'd,
Nor genius charms, nor arts expand his mind;
Simply he thinks the cloud-invested mounds,
Contains the compass of the world's vast bounds:
Yet to the peasant's rude unpolish'd hand,
Owe we the fairest structures of the land:
On his strong base is built the Doric dome,
From him arise the textures of the loom;
As heavy weights the finer springs impel,
So, with toil's efforts nobler minds excel.

Thron'd in athletic state, superbly stands
The graceful castle 'midst luxuriant lands;
Historic Bolton, thro' past ages fam'd,
Now by the line of ducal Powletts claim'd,
Where erst the wealthy Scropes in state sojourn'd,
And Scotland's Queen in tragic durance mourn'd.

Here pause, my muse, nor stop the rising sigh,
Nor yet the forming tear from Sorrow's eye;
Farewell Mirth's rosy train, inspiring bowl,
The festive welcome and dilated soul:

'Tis here reflection plumes her moral lay,
And sets contrasted shades in just array.
Ah, chang'd indeed! ah! how revers'd! condole,
Ye mocking echoes, and the wild wind's howl.
What can Ambition's swelling domes avail,
When Time's corroding fangs their walls assail!
Hence let this scene, this mournful scene, impart
One useful lesson to the virtuous heart,
How human ken to destiny is blind,
And that man's works "leave not a wreck behind."

Enough of woe, then turn we to behold
Creation's ampler works, aspiring, bold;
See beacon'd Penhill, view its stately rise,
Whose scaling altitude invades the skies;
Go, climb its brow, its airy tracks explore,
Where breezes wanton from the western shore;
Fondly survey fair Cleveland's distant strand,
And golden Durham's terminating land.
The eye descending now o'er Penhill's base,
We decent Witton's pleasing prospects trace.
Here fleecy troops adorn the sloping green,
There grouping herds diversify the scene;

Now waves voluptuously the pregnant blade,
With Bolton's swelling woods of deeper shade;
While the gay buck, as of his honours vain,
Asserts the empire of his native plain;
In rank supreme among the brutal race,
When smoaks his haunch, or he inspires the chace.
Last in the view, wild surgy mountains lie,
That blend their distant summits with the sky;

But now, O Aysgarth! let my rugged verse,
The wonders of thy cataracts rehearse.
Long ere the toiling sheets to view appear,
They sound a prelude to the pausing ear.
Now in rough accents by the pendent wood,
Rolls in stern majesty the foaming flood;
Revolting eddies now with raging sway,
To Aysgarth's ample arch incline their way.
Playful and slow the curling circles move,
As when soft breezes fan the waving grove;
'Till prone again, with tumult's wildest roar,
Recoil the billows, reels the giddy shore;
Dash'd from its rocky bed, the winnow'd spray
Remounts the regions of the cloudy way,

While warring columns fiercer combats join,
And make the rich, rude, thund'ring scene divine.

Thus bellows Eure; so Young's seraphic fire
Pourtrays the fury of Busiris' ire:
" Where fall the sounding cataracts of Nile,
" The mountains tremble, and the waters boil,
" Like them I rush, like them my fury pour,
" And give the future world one wonder more."
Thus man, the harpy of his own content,
With blust'ring passions, phrensically bent,
Wild in the rapid vortex whirls the soul,
Till reason bursts, impatient of controul.

But now the wavy conflict tends to peace,
And jarring elements their tumults cease,
Placid below, the stream obsequious flows,
And silent wonders how fell Discord grows.
So the calm mind reviews her tortur'd state,
Resuming reason for the cool debate.
So lessons Eure: a hapless exile she,
Proscrib'd her realm, unleagued with the sea;

Not so the Tiber of imperial Rome,
Not so the fam'd Scamander's milder doom.
Fly, Folly, fly, whose inauspicious frown
In evil hour seduc'd my Eure's renown.
The Adriatic faithful clasps her Po,
The Thames and Shannon's streams securely flow;
Why then, O Eure, thy natal rights retain?
Why are thy waves forbid to join the main?
Presumption strange! shall drawling Ouse rebel,
That winds her sedgy course from turbid cell?
Shall she usurp the empire of thy flood,
And mix with thine, contaminated blood?
Forbid it Fates, forbid it all ye train,
That guide the streams or rule the briny main.
As well might France dispute our naval fame,
Or hawks associate with the trembling game;
Sooner Maria's radiance cease to please,
Poets grow rich, or Pain accord with Ease;
Impartial Justice deal alike their fate,
Who sap a country, or who save a state;
Sooner shall social Crowe contract his heart,
Or cease a day good humour to impart;

As soon just Danby shall relinquish sense,
Or polish'd Darlington create offence;
To forfeit truth a Camden meanly deign,
Or science languish in a George's reign;
Sooner shall Virtue prove an empty name;
Than we the honours of the Eure disclaim.

Come then, pure stream, the purest of the throng,
Come, and adorn my tributary song.
Prepare, ye nymphs, prepare the tepid wave,
And let Cleora there securely lave.
Be still thou North, be hush'd thou peevish East,
Cleora bathes, Cleora forms the feast.
Let no rude breezes on thy bosom dance,
Nor undulations break the smooth expanse.
Ye masking willows of the close recess,
Be Virtue's guard, and lend the veiling dress.
Now looking round she quits her loose attire,
The scaly tribes with one accord admire,
The conscious stream dividing to embrace,
Clasps the coy panting prize in all her grace.

Transparent cover'd, how enchanting shine
The lovely-model'd limbs of shape divine!

As Damon sleeping 'midst the foliage lay,
Lull'd by the warblers of each hov'ring spray,
His dreams, the heralds of his future hour,
Had rang'd extatic thro' each Cyprian bow'r.
Damon, the blithest lad of rural youth,
The spotless transcript of untainted truth,
Saw quick approaching from the radiant morn,
In azure vest on downy æther borne,
A matchless form; her passion-darting eye
Eclips'd the brightness of Italia's sky,
The loves attractive shone in blushes meek,
And health high circling mantled in her cheek,
Her every step, her attitude and air,
Ineffable, confess'd the heavenly fair;
Near and more near the beauteous form advanc'd,
Stole on his soul in Pleasure's zenith trance'd,
Till by the genius of the shade appriz'd,
He woke, and found the vision realiz'd.

The fair retires, unconscious of the view,
Nor aught she wish'd, nor aught of love she knew.

Each pore pervaded, soon a beech he sought,
And on its yielding bark essay'd his thought.

'Go, pensive lines, address the lovely maid,
'That yonder on the flow'ry turf is laid,
'Go tell—but, Language, 'tis beyond thy art,
'To speak the poignant feelings of my heart.
'Go tell—ah! Goddess, deign my mind to guess,
'Nor farther urge, in pity, my distress;
'Come Love, thou parent soft of hope and fear,
'Thou meek beguiler of the circling year,
'That gild'st the desert, animat'st the pole,
'And spread'st thy potent empire o'er the whole;
'Come, aid the vent'rous swain success to try,
'Entreat one warbling boon of Melody.'
As turns the bark each shifting breeze to save,
So ply'd the youth, and these instructions gave.

'Haste, envied thrush, that charm'st the ear,
'Where woodbines fragrant twine,
'High perch with music's melting air,
'And votive hail yon shrine.

'Convey each thought my throbbing breast
'Despairingly sustains,
'Bid sweet Cleora give me rest,
'And kindly ease my chains.

'Compassion to the fair belongs,
'Thy wooing art employ,
'Impress her with prevailing songs,
'Or farewell ev'ry joy.

'The pilgrim thus, worn down with woe,
'Implores some sacred maid,
'That she would graciously bestow,
'Her mediating aid.

'The pray'r is heard, life springs anew,
'And hope elates his soul,
'The toil now less'ning to the view,
'He gains the distant goal.'

Who can describe? speak, ye compeers in love,
Ye lone frequenters of the nodding grove;
Paint, if ye can, how soft persuasion hung
On the sweet accents of the minstrel's tongue,

As stands the sailor when in awful hour,
The winds tempestuous o'er the ocean pour;
In such suspence remain'd the timid swain,
While mute he listen'd to the suppliant strain.
Inspir'd at length, himself the fair address'd;
The yielding fair approv'd the soft request.

Should these mild scenes but haply prompt desire,
Or gently stir my Strephon's native fire;
O! let him come, and Pan's calm moments share,
With faithful friendship's superadded care;
Wisely with taste each jocund day prolong,
In mental banquet, ever willing song;
Here woo fair peace, here quit all ardent strife,
Deaf to each syren vanity of life;
Happy to catch amusement, and explore
The wond'rous secrets of great Nature's store;
Make this the point where mutual wishes meet,
And calmly rest at length our weary feet.

Anchor'd at Wensley, I no phantoms court,
My pastime authors, and my business sport.

Not that my fancy starts no cheerful change;
For to the friendly dome I love to range,
With heart at ease, of local pleasures share;
Mix in the group, or saunter with the fair.
And should some rankling arrow darkling glance,
Shot by the fool, by envy, or by chance,
As Atlas firm, unvarying to the end,
Do thou, my soul, on rectitude depend.
So shall the pointed steel innoxious fall,
And virtue rise triumphant over all.

But shall my Vale alone engage the bard,
Nor Ebor's sons, nor Albion's praise be heard?
Rise, Fancy, rise, O nurse the darling theme!
While Truth illumes it with her native beam.
And thou, my land, a point amidst the whole,
" Thou little body with a mighty soul, "
All hail, Britannia, paragon of isles!
Where learning triumphs, sacred freedom smiles;
Where persecution ceases to alarm,
Where but the guilty feel thy potent arm.
By ocean zon'd, thou canst the world defy,
While arts commercial all thy wants supply.

Seek we for honour at a source that's clear,
In thy fam'd state, behold there bright appear,
A Saville firm in each important trust,
And princely Lascelles, resolutely just.
Nor time abates their warmth of patriot-strife,
In senates sound, unstain'd in private life.
" Go, son, " each parent says, " and catch their zeal,
" Like them, unceasing serve the public weal;
" Like them, indignant spurn each low desire;
" By their example form thy future fire.
" Too great the soaring task!--then snatch one ray,
" To light thy steps through life's less cultur'd way. "

Should aught of eloquence thy bosom warm,
Or Roman diction in the Forum charm,
Hear then a Wedderburne the law expound,
And mark the list'ning audience rang'd around.
Mark too his calm address, his sense refin'd,
The graceful climax and expanded mind;
The lucid period with conviction fraught,
And language stagger from the force of thought.

Possess'd of him, why need we Tully name?
Since Wedderburne and Tully are the same.
A source himself, where Athens, Latium, shine,
And all the charms of elegance combine.

If soft persuasion, unaffected grace,
With love extended o'er the human race;—
If learning, truth, or glowing zeal invite,—
See them in candid Ely all unite.
See them add lustre to the sacred lawn,
Smile on the needy, on the friendless dawn,
When merit pines, alert each want to scan,
Steps forth the prelate, patron, and the man.

Yes, Delia, yes, domestic worth is thine,
For thee the virtues shall the chaplet twine,
On thee the honours of the muse await,
Superior pattern in the nuptial state.
Now thrice twelve years, unknowing what was strife,
Jointly we've trod the social path of life;
Progressive seen the human tendrils shoot,
Play round the stem, and ripen into fruit.

With rapture ey'd the smiling graces grow,
And taught the lisping accents how to flow;
While of their sportive triumphs we partook,
And trac'd prophetic semblance in each look.
Hail happy times! nor shall reflection cease,
Wisely to live past days of love and peace,
When sweetly roving first on reason's chart,
We mark'd each tender feeling of the heart.

Safe in the haven of consoling rest,
We sip from ev'ry hour nectareous zest;
Pluck from the graceful rose its irksome thorn,
And make our ev'ning cheerful as the morn.
O grant, benignly grant, ye pow'rs divine!
The solid blessing, long to call thee mine.
And when that day, that awful day, shall come,
When Pæon skill no longer waves our doom;
On some kind stone, perchance, the sculptor's art,
May to the reader these faint words impart:
Then may our names, as now our hearts entwine,
Be thus remember'd in one common line:
" Here rest the relics of a nymph and swain,
" Who equal shar'd life's pleasure and its pain.

Beneath yon roof with mantling ivy spread,
By peace, by virtue, and contentment led,
There dwells a man, within whose gentle breast
Life's scatter'd blessings permanently rest.
Nor fast he thinks time's fleeting moments flow,
Nor moves the sliding sand one grain too slow.
A partner kind each duteous look displays,
While prattling cherubs cheer his rolling days.
The scythe's full swath, the sickle's grasp secur'd,
And with each comfort of the year immur'd:
His dog at ease, his cat demurely wise,
His flocks robust, and absent all disguise;
At eve returning from the pregnant field,
Blest in whate'er domestic pleasures yield:
The faggot brought, produc'd the wholesome fare,
He gives to winter's blasts devouring care.
As humour prompts him, and his gains prevail,
Eager each ear to catch the coming tale,
He tells in wonted strain the day's exploit,
And thus with rustic glee contracts the night.
The social ev'ning past, he rests his head,
Where friendly slumbers shade his humble bed.

What though no pomp salutes his op'ning eyes,
Yet toil, sweet toil, the soothing down supplies;
Early he breathes the salutary hour,
Now carols loud, now weaves the shelt'ring bow'r;
Approves his lot, however lowly cast,
And grateful shares of nature's plain repast:
Nor stoops to know how kings their sceptres wield,
A cot his palace, innocence his shield.
If bleak the wind, or the world dreary lies,
His earnest labour mocks the chilling skies;
While timely cares repel invading snows,
And the firm heart with double ardour glows.
His simple food, the pledge of rosy health,
Secures his joy, supplies the want of wealth.
Thus circumscrib'd, he nothing more pursues,
Nor asks one other good to close his views;
Till time the vital fluid slowly stops,
And mellow, like autumnal fruit, he drops.

Perish the meanness of exalting pride,
That idly would such bounded aims deride.
Let Folly shout, let Vanity assume
Her pert grimace, her ever-nodding plume;

Let Dissipation and her giddy train,
The gaudy meteors of a sickly brain,
On Wings of Icarus disporting fly,
Till, victims in the gay pursuit, they die.
He then whose heart such scenes as these can
move,
Still may he lead the peaceful life I love;
Still, undisturb'd, the grateful state enjoy,
Where changeful ease and business never cloy;
A fertile farm, a household debonair,
From debt exempt, nor plagu'd with sordid care;
The bearded field, the udder-swelling plain,
Some fleecy bleaters, and a fit domain
For winter's forage; if the glebe be cold,
Manure to warm it from the teeming fold;
While, by such care, with glowing heart he spies
A new creation from his labours rise:
Brown ale, to gain kind Hodge's scraping thanks;
For friends, the ruddy stream from Douro's
banks;
A few good steeds to work, or ride for air,
Or sometimes gently draw the tender fair:
The cordial visit and the dry-wood flame,
Associates lively, and the courteous dame,

To rear the honours of connubial love,
While softness joins each lesson to improve.
These, these are mine; nor want my wishes still
Stores in reserve, the subjects of my will.
Around my barn the pamper'd pullets fly,
And crowded streams the finny race supply;
Contiguous meads the titled loin afford,
And willing servants tend my vail-less board.
Should the laps'd hour an instant dish demand;
Or casual guest quick urge the practis'd hand,
Suspended high, the ready flitch descends,
And the warm egg, luxurious feast! attends.
Pomona's gifts in fair succession flow,
Freely my bees the luscious balm bestow,
While Flora gayly smiling tempts my lay,
And friendly converse crowns the festive day.
In home-rais'd pleasures thus, devoid of strife,
Softly in social ease glides rural life.

But still if gratitude no tribute brings,
Nor piety to heav'n its rapture wings;—
If truth's strong cement should e'er cease to bind,
Nor wisdom's precepts occupy the mind;—

Still if within no yielding state of soul
Receives the soft impression of the whole,—
Earth's richest produce unadmir'd will rise,
Unheard the warbling lark will mount the skies;
In vain the the soothing murmurs of the rills,
In vain the lowings echo'd from the hills;
The muse will fruitless sound the pleasing strain,
And ev'ry hope of solid joy prove vain.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note I.

Arise, my Muse, fair Wensley's vale display.—Page 9.

Wensleydale is situated in the division of Hang West, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and takes its name from Wensley, a pleasant village in the vale. This dale may be considered, both for extent and fertility, as the first in the riding. The bottom of it is chiefly rich grazing land, through which the river Eure takes a winding and circuitous course, forming in many places very beautiful cascades. From the bottom, the hills rise on both sides with a gentle slope to an amazing height, interspersed with inclosures

beautifully wooded, for nearly two miles from the river. The soil on the banks of the river is a rich loamy gravel; and on the sides of the hills, in general a good loam, but rather strong, and is mostly upon a substratum of limestone.

Almost every eminence on each side of this enchanting and delightful vale, points out new beauties; and in a country abounding with those majestic irregularities of nature, none of them, from their great variety, ever satiate the eye. These commanding elevations, on the north and south sides of it, run parallel for the space of many miles; presenting views, which cannot fail to fill the spectator with wonder and delight.

Mr. Maude, in comparing the two picturesque vales of Wharfdale and Wensleydale, makes the following observations.

" In extent they are 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 frolics in its course, amuses with islands and cataracts, yet rambles more concealed, because its 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."

"With regard to scenery, Wharfdale may be pronounced more brilliant and picturesque, Wensleydale more venerable and romantic, being decorated with ancient ruins and cataracts. If the former pleads the advantages of proximity to trade, the consumption of produce, with every convenience at hand; the latter can boast of 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 to 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 the 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 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 at last ceased to move."

As the following account, written by Mr. Maude, was founded on a real event, and Wharfedale 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.

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 ere they met his tongue.

To him she brought the healing balm,
His anguish to assuage;
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 heav'n 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.

NOTE II.

The bird with human laugh, the cawing rook.—Page 27.

The woodpecker, no less distinguish'd by the cheerful peculiarity of his tone, and beautiful plumage, than by the striking fitness of his organs for procuring food; so as to be the admired object of most naturalists who mention him.

Mr. Maude.

NOTE III.

Full then to sight from Spenithorne the gay.—Page 27.

Spenithorn is a pleasant village about one mile north-east of Middleham, and two miles and a half south-east of Leyburn; in which are delightfully situated the seats of Wm. Chaytor, Esq. and Col. Straubenzie, the only acting magistrates in this dale.

In this village was born and baptised, on the 24th of October, 1675, the great Hebraist John Hutchinson, well known in the literary world, and whose strenuous and particular way of thinking, relative to the principles of the Mosaic History, has attracted many disciples, and established him the founder of a sect. His life is written by Robert Spearman, Esq.

There is an anecdote in the life of this person, which though it may carry with it some appearance of levity to relate, we hope to stand excused in that point from its singularity. This author being visited by Dr. Mead, that learned and humane physician, in order to give his patient some flattering hopes of recovery, told him with a smile, that he would soon send him to his Moses; meaning that he would enable him to pursue the subject upon which Hutchinson was then writing. The sick man, tenacious of life, imagining the the Doctor meant the bosom of Moses, was so irritated at the expression, that he dismissed the Doctor, and never saw him afterwards.

According to this author's cabalistical notions, the root of all languages and of all science was to be found in the Hebrew tongue and the sacred writings. Thus, agreeable to his doctrine, it would follow, that the earth must be of a cubical form, because the scripture mentions the four corners of the earth. Neither are wanting those

who believe that the resurrection will happen in the Valley of Jehoshaphat near Jerusalem, as it is deemed by the ignorant Turks to be the middle of the earth, and consequently most convenient for the final assembly; not considering that every exterior point of a sphere is centrical with respect to surface, nor recollecting that Omnipotence is not confined to relative distance or mensuration, about where the dead shall rise.

Hutchinson had a good heart and no incompetent head; but left the obvious road of interpretation, to seek bye-paths, that he might be more ingeniously in the wrong. There was a shade in this person's character, from which perhaps, in some degree, few authors are exempted. It seems to be emplanted in human nature, for the wise purpose of not suffering our minds to stagnate, and of exciting us to laudable pursuits; I mean the foible, vanity: but when it breaks forth in oral expression, it becomes less excusable. Such was the case before us; for when Hutchinson was passing by the humble house of his nativity, after an absence of years, and having acquired some fame, he pointed to the tenement, and bade his friend take notice of the place, as it might become the subject of much enquiry and veneration. *Mr. Maude.*

Hutchinson served the Duke of Somerset in the capacity of steward; and in the course of his

travels from place to place employed himself in collecting fossils: we are told that the large and noble collection bequeathed by Dr. Woodward to the university of Cambridge was actually made by him, and even unfairly obtained from him. When he left the duke's service to indulge his studies with more freedom, the duke, then master of the horse to George I., made him his riding surveyor, a kind of sinecure place of £200 a year with a good house in the Meuse. In 1724 he published the first part of *Moses's Principia*, in which he ridiculed Dr. Woodward's Natural History of the Earth, and exploded the doctrine of gravitation established in Newton's *Principia:* in 1727 he published the second part of *Moses's Principia*, containing the principles of the Scripture Philosophy. From this time to his death, he published a volume every year or two, which, with the MSS. he left behind, were published in 1748, in 12 vols. 8vo.

The following extract from *Bellamy's History of all Religions* will give some idea of the principles of Hutchinson's philosophy, to those unacquainted with his works.

"Hutchinson was received as an ingenious biblical philosopher, which philosophy he attempted to prove in a work he wrote, intitled *Moses's Principia.* He is much followed by Parkhurst who says, speaking of the word *Heaven*, 'This

is a descriptive name of the Heavens, or of that immense celestial fluid subsisting in the three conditions of *fire*, *light*, and *spirit*, which fills every part of the universe. He maintained that this name, *Heaven*, was first given by God to the celestial fluid, or *air*, when it began to act in dispersing and arranging the earth and water; that it has been the great agent in disposing all material things in their places and orders, and thereby producing all those great and wonderful effects which are attributed to it in the scriptures, and which of late years it hath been the fashion to ascribe to *attraction* and *gravity*."

The reader may find a distinct and comprehensive account of the Hutchinsonian system in a book entitled, *Thoughts concerning Religion, &c.* printed at Edinburgh, 1748; and in a letter to a bishop, annexed to it, first printed in 1732. *Ed.*

Sir Ralph Fitz Randal, Lord of the Manor of Middleham (Reg. Hen. VIII.) had a mansion, now almost in obliterated ruins, at the east end of Spenithorn; the small remains of which, except the vestige of a wreck contiguous to the high-road, are converted into a farm-house.

Mr. Maude.

Note IV.

Stands high plac'd Middleham, mark'd with martial scars.
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The Town of Middleham is situated on a gentle rising ground, about a short half-mile from the south bank of the river Eure, in the Wapentake of Hangwest, in that part of the North Riding of Yorkshire called Richmondshire, in the deanery of Catterick, and in Domesday is called Medelai. The market is on Monday, and it has fairs on the 5th and 6th of November for horned cattle and sheep.

Ribald or Robert, Lord of Middleham, was a younger brother of Alan Rufus, or the red, Earl of Richmond, and the first Lord of Middleham after the conquest of England; to whom the said Alan (who died without issue A. D. 1089) gave the manor and honor of Middleham with the appurtenances, and many other lands, which before the conquest belonged to Chilpatrick, a Dane, in the time of the Confessor. Robert, the son of Ralph, and grandson of Ribald, built the castle of Middleham; to whom Conan Earl of Brittany, or Bretagne, gave Wensleydale, or Wenstydale, Wendesleydale, Wendeslaydale, or Wenslaydale, with common of pasture. The descendants of Ribald enjoyed a fair fortune here, till issue male failed in Ralph the second, the third son of Robert who built the castle, and died

54 Hen. III. 1270. It is said his estates were divided between his three daughters; of whom Mary the eldest, who was then married to Robert de Neville, son of the Lord of Raby in the county of Durham, had this honour and castle for her share. Afterwards the castle being in the hands of Hen. VI. by the forfeiture of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury; and Sir John Neville, uncle to Ralph Earl of Westmorland, who died without issue, being found heir to his honour and estate, and adhering to that King in his disputes with the house of York, was made constable of it for life. Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, on the 26th of July, 1469, after the battle of Edgecote Field, otherwise called Banbury Field, which was fought in a plain called Danesmoor; near the town of Edgecote and three miles from Banbury, having taken King Edward IV. in his camp at Ulney, a village beside Northampton; by the Archbishop of York, brother to Warwick, the King was brought prisoner to Warwick castle, and thence to York: he was also prisoner at Middleham, whence he escaped (as it is said, from a hunting party) and came to London. But it has been discovered from the Fœdera, that Edward IV. while said universally to be prisoner to Abp. Neville, was at full liberty and doing acts of regal power.

By the death of the Earl of Warwick at the battle of Barnet, all his lands became forfeited,

as were also those of John de Neville, Marquis of Montague, his brother: among which last was this lordship, which by act of parliament, 11 Edw. IV. was settled, with other their estates, upon Richard Duke of York, that king's brother, to hold to him and the heirs of his body lawfully begotten.

The castle of Middleham stands on the south side of the town, and was formerly moated round by the help of a spring conveyed in pipes from the higher ground, although on the north and west sides no traces of a ditch appear; but an old wall subsisted within memory, that had been erected as a safeguard from the moat on the side next the town, for the prevention of accidents. Leland says, it was in his time (about 270 years ago) the fairest castle in Richmondshire, except Bolton; but in this remark, that author could only mean in respect to the wear and preservation of Bolton, since in point of magnitude, the former had eminently the advantage. It does not occur to my reading, that Middleham was ever besieged by the parliamentary force, though common report of the place allows it. In the remains, we trace more the ruin of decay and demolition for the purposes of sale and use, than military destruction.

The place was much favoured by Edward IV. and his brother the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. whose only son, Edward, was

born in this castle, A. D. 1473. About a quarter of a mile south of the castle, is an artificial mount of a considerable height, designed for a place of strength, and the highest fortification, or keep thereof is made in the form of a horse-fetter, which was the device of the family of York, like that of Fotheringhay in Northamptonshire; and between this mount and the castle is a remarkably loud and distinct echo.

Middleham having grown into the favour of the house of York, Richard, then Duke of Glouces-ter, intended to found a college at this place which was to consist of a dean, six chaplains, and four clerks, also six choristers and one other clerk. For this purpose he obtained from his brother Edward IV. a licence, bearing date, 21 Feb. 17 Edw. IV. Thomas Rotheram, Abp. of York, in the second year of his translation, and 24 March, 1481, exempts the dean, the church, and the inhabitants, from all archiepiscopal jurisdiction. In 1482, John Sherwin, Arch-deacon of Richmond, exempts the church of Middleham from all archideaconal, episcopal, ordinary, and other ecclesiastical jurisdiction whatever, reserving five shillings sterling out of the profits of the church of Middleham. On 12 April, 1482, Robert Bothe, dean and chapter of York, confirm the exemption made by the Arch-bishop; and in April, 1483, they confirm the exemption made by the Archdeacon of Richmond.

Notwithstanding these steps taken for the privileges of the intended college, yet before any buildings were erected, or provisions made for the support of the chaplains or choir, Richard left the work imperfect, being prevented by the troubles in which he was involved, or by death; but there is a field which still retains the name of College Close, near the river Eure, in which probably the pile was to have been erected.

However the incumbent still retained the name of dean; who being exempt from the ordinary jurisdiction of his diocesan, as a royal peculiar, exercised divers privileges and ecclesiastical jurisdiction within the bounds of his parish, as marrying people living in it, or any other parish, without a licence or publication of banns: although in the year 1736, and in the year 1739, a warm persecution was carried on against Luke Cotes, then dean of Middleham, for marrying a couple without publication of banns or a licence first had, grounded on the statute of the 10th of Anne, ch, 19, s. 176, for the penalty of £100, given by that statute. But upon producing the before-mentioned charters and other proofs, the defendant Cotes in both actions had a verdict, and the dean of Middleham, for the time being, afterwards enjoyed the same privilege, till finally abrogated by the marriage act, 26 Geo. II. The freeholders never answered to any court but to the dean's. Probate of wills is said to have been granted by

the deans, who never married with licences, nor granted any.

The following was taken from the parish church at Middleham.

Sir Henrie Linley, that worthie knight of Middleham Castle, buried 8th of November, 1609.

Ladie Feronoma Linley, buried 1st of August, 1610.

Sir Edward Loftus and Mrs. Jane Linley, married 28th of February, 1639.

Arthur, son of the Right Hon. Lord Loftus, baptized 18th of June, 1644. *Mr. Maude.*

In the 37th year of the reign of Henry VI. this castle belonged to the Earl of Salisbury, who in that year collected 4000 men, and marched from hence to Lancashire, in his way to London, in order to demand redress of the king, for injuries done to his son by the queen and her council. Here also, according to Stowe, the bastard Falconbridge was beheaded, in 1471, although he had received the royal pardon; he was brought hither from Southampton, where he had been seized by Richard Duke of Gloucester; his head was sent to London, and placed upon the bridge.

From the reign of Richard to the present time, Middleham Castle is rarely, if ever, mentioned in history. Leland indeed in his Itinerary describes

its state in his time; "Middleham Castel (says he) joyneth harde to the town side, and is the fairest castel in Richmontshire next Bolton, and the castel hath a parke by it called Sonske, and another caullid West Parke, and Gaunlesse be well wodded." Again, "Middleham is a praty market-town, and standith on a rocky hille, on the top whereof is the castel meately well diked."

"Al the utter part of the castelle was of the very new setting of the Lord Neville, called Darabi, the inner part of Middleham castel was of an auncient building of the Fitz Randolph."

"There be 4 or 5 parkes about Middleham, and longing to it, whereof som be reasonable wodyed."

This castle is also mentioned in an ancient comedy, called *George-a-Green*: it is said to have been written by John Heyard, about the year 1599, and supposed to have been founded on historical facts, or some ancient tradition.

In this play King Edward is made to bestow the castle on an old man, called William Musgrove: the story is as follows. The Earl of Kendal having excited a rebellion, in which he is favoured by an incursion of the Scots, under their King James, the Scots are vanquished with great slaughter, and their king taken by old

Musgrove, who is represented as an old man of 108 years of age, and having been the scourge and terror of that nation. The scene is laid about Wakefield and Bradford. After the victory Musgrove is introduced to King Edward, when the following dialogue ensues:

Edw. Ah, old Musgrove, stand up,
It fits not such grey hairs to kneel.

Mus. Long live my sovereign,
Long and happie be his days!
Vouchsafe, my gracious lord, a simple gift,
At Billy Musgrove's hand.
King James at Middleom Castle gave me this,
This wonne the honour, and this give I thee.

Edw. Godamercie, Musgrove, for this friendly gift,
And for thou fellest a King with this tame weapon,
This blade shall here dub valiant Musgrove knight.

Mus. Alas! what hath your highness done! I am poore.

Edw. To mend thy living, take thou Middleom Castle,
The hold of both; and if thou want living, complain,
Thou shalt have more to maintain thine estate.

It is certain, that about this time the castle was the property of Richard Duke of Gloucester, but Musgrove being 108 years of age, would not, in all probability, hold it above a year or two, after which it might be granted to Richard.

All that can be further said on this place, with any degree of certainty, is that it was inhabited so late as the year 1609, by Sir Henry Linley, knt.; after his decease, an appraisement of his goods was taken, on the 8d of January, 1610;

the inventory was in 1781 in the hands of the then Dean of Middleham; and that in the 22nd of Charles I. it was ordered by the Committee at York, to be made untenantable, as being of no further use as a garrison.

Thus neglected, purloining avarice destroyed a noble monument of art, once the habitation of kings and princes; which from the strength of its walls, and its massy fragments, seems to have been effected by no less a force than the explosion of gunpowder.

The small remains of this once magnificent castle, stand on the south side of the town: it consists of an envelope or out-work, fortified with four towers, enclosing a body or keep. This envelope is in figure a right angled parallelogram, of 210 feet by 175, its greatest length running north and south, and each of its sides forming one of the cardinal points of the compass. It has four towers of different magnitudes, and at each angle; and at the extremity of the south-western there is an addition of a round one. Great part of the east side of this building is fallen down; within this, in the centre, stands the keep, or what were the state apartments, the outer part being commonly allotted for servants lodgings, stables, and offices. This building, which is much higher than the envelope, is of a figure similar to it, except that besides a kind of turret

at each angle, there are two others at its side, one on the south, and another on the east: the first is a small one, and placed near its centre; the other, much larger, joins to the turret on the south east angle; it is about ten or twelve feet higher than the adjoining wall, which measures about fifty five feet, and was probably, when entire, some feet higher.

The main building is unequally divided by a wall, which runs from north to south. Here still remain the broken stairs, which the boys, in their pastime, frequently ascend, to frolic on the top of the ruins, an exercise attended with danger. A few years ago, says Mr. Grose, a cow, of genius we suppose, (pardon, gentle reader, a moment's trespass on the dignity of history) led by the allurement of ivy, or some such botanical idea, or excited by the love of a prospect or antiquity, elevated herself to a situation, which however *she* might approve, was no ways congenial with the taste or ambition of her incurious master. A council being held, how to avert the imminent danger to which she stood exposed, it was resolved at last to leave the means of retreat to her own judgement; which she accordingly performed, to the no small amusement of the wondering croud.

The extent and variety of these ruins, as you approach them from the moor, westward, a

a multiplicity of rugged towers and lofty fissured walls appear, which cannot fail presenting the observer, a pleasing picture of its majestic decay. But of all the views, that of the south-west has greatly the advantage, from its being laid more open by the injuries of time; hence the internal ruins are less eclipsed, which figure in the prospect, and exhibit many singular and fantastic forms. Here the cumbrous mass, suspended on a tottering base, seems ready every moment to be levelled with the ground: the disjointed stone, the deserted pillar, and the almost floating arch, present themselves; whilst the stunted shrub, the pining moss, and the veiling ivy, join in the group, to display every species of ruin, and to mourn the general wreck, which time has made. But let us reverse the scene to the more pleasing part of its situation.

If the castle of Bolton affords a more particular view of the western and middle part of Wensleydale, that of Middleham has the superior advantage of more distinctly commanding the woods, the finely scattered villages, and the mazy progress of the Eure, through the spacious meads on the eastern part of the vale; whilst the sight, stretching over the great plain of Mowbray (including the country about Bedale, Northallerton, and Thirsk) loses itself among the hills of Cleveland, bordering on the eastern sea.

To view the internal part of this castle as a picture, we can seldom find exhibited in a single piece, so diversified a ruin. It is here that the destructive hand of time apparently exercises its power in sportive mood; and if we judge from the lineaments left of the multifarious group, a doubt might arise upon the memorable, but now deserted stage, of human actions, whether light or serious description should claim its remains. The fantastic forms into which these ruins are cast, the mimic echo of its walls, and the festivity which once tenanted the dome, seem to declare for the first; but if in these our contemplations we have recourse to history, and the desolation before us, the point is soon determined. This once haughty pile then becomes a striking monument of worldly instability; and its now shattered frame, the tragic mourner of its past lofty and deluded inhabitants.

On a review of these structures, the purposes of their foundation, and the times in which they were erected, every reflecting man must congratulate himself on the happiness of his fate, in living at a period when the fierceness and frequency of intestine wars no longer scourge this favoured land, nor make such constructions necessary; when the laws of Government, and the rights of humanity, are more securely established and more critically understood; when even the privileges of a modern peasant would be injured by a com-

parison with those possessed by the chieftains of ancient days.

Military mansions of celebrated men in ruins, may be deemed, perhaps, more the mirrors of mortality, than those of the monastic class. The latter may command more reverence, but the other will convey, probably, more instruction. The ascent to fame is there shewn to be not less arduous than painful; and when the precipice is gained, the ground on which we stand is often found too narrow, or the height too dangerous, to explore it in safety. The historic page of those we now allude to, the Nevilles in particular, may tend to confirm these remarks. We there see the gallant, turbulent Warwick, half frantic with power and popularity, in the full career of fame or success, holding the balance even of royal contentions. We view him great in alliance, formidable in fortune, brave in the field, noble in the senate, and almost the sole bestower of the British diadem. One step further, and we view his two surviving daughters the meed of princes, the most consummate beauties, and the richest heiresses of their days! a palace also, under whose roof not only a lengthened line of high-derived proprietors, but even presumptive royalty, were born, and a captive king had dwelling. But alas, behold the sum of all! behold the dismantled state of this his bulwark, once committed by the founder to his heirs for ever! the very site and

perishing materials of which are now almost become a dubious property. Let towering ambition humble herself then at this school! let tyranny, rapine, and licentiousness, stand admonished, however shielded; but may legal liberty and the rights of humanity, flourish while time exists!

Reluctant and heroic to the last, even in a conquered state, these ruins seem to frown resentment at every injury offered by time, with no ally to stretch forth the saving hand, but that of the antiquary,

> Who props the sinking pile, renews its sway,
> Lives o'er the past, and joins the future day;
> Thus from oblivion wrests the hoary name,
> And on a nodding ruin builds his fame.

The above account of Middleham Castle was written by Mr. Maude, and communicated to Mr. Grose, from whose works it was extracted: it was not inserted in the former editions of this Poem.

The following descriptive and historical account of Jerveaux Abbey, sent by C. Claridge, Esq. though not connected with the Poem, is however inserted by the Editor, as it may afford instruction or amusement to the visitor of its ruins.

About six miles from Masham, at the entrance of the valley leading to Wensleydale, stands the

ancient Abbey of Yorevale, Jourvaille, or Jorevaux, upon the estate of the Earl of Ailesbury.

In the reign of Stephen, Akarius son of Bardolph, who had great possessions in the county of York, gave to a monk called Peter Quintian, a man skilled and experienced in the art of physic, and to other Monks of Savigny, a certain part of his lands situated in Wensleydale; where in 1145 they founded a monastery, which was successively called the Abbey of Fors, Wensleydale, and Charity. For what reason Peter and his associates came to reside in England, is not stated: unless, as it is believed, they resided in the mansion or castle of the Earl of Richmond, under pretence of curing diseases and healing wounds; or that they might collect the alms of their order, or distribute their charitable contributions to the poor: however the donations, which Akarius and others made to them, Earl Alan confirmed by his charter, witnessed by Conan the archdeacon, wherein he confirms the donations given to them by Akarius, for the souls of his father and mother, and for the souls of his ancestors. He also granted them by the same charter, the commonage of his pastures in Wensleydale, whatever they may be worth.

In another charter he confirms the grants made in the first, and as a further encouragement, he gives them as much pasture and meadow land as

they may want, in the forest of Wensleydale, and as much timber as they please out of the forest, for the use of building; and if they should discover any mines of lead or iron, they were allowed to work them for their own use; and to have all game that was bitten by the wolves in the same district.

Soon after the granting of this charter, Alan requested Peter to inform him, when they intended to commence their building, as it was his wish to lay the first stone. At the time appointed, the Earl, with a number of his retainers, attended at Fors, for the purpose; when coming to the place, where the building was to be erected, he pleasantly observed to his followers, that they all had great landed property, and hoped they would assist in building a house to the Lord. To which suggestion, it is said, some consented without hesitation, and others refused to comply with his wishes, unless on certain conditions. Thus, in the year 1145, they began their building: a temporary oratory of wood was erected, for the use of the monks, till the abbey should be finished.

Roger de Mowbray, having heard that certain monks of Savigny had begun to build an abbey on the banks of the river Eure, and being anxious to be a partaker of their prayers, with great devotion and liberality, gave to Peter and his associates all the wood, through which the road

runs from Brigwath as far as Witebercuade; the right of fishing in Higlamare; and the warren and pasture of all his forest: which grant was witnessed by Roger, Abbot of Bellaland or Ryland.

Not long after these donations, Earl Alan went to Bretagne, and acquainted the abbot of Savigny, that Peter and other monks had begun to build an abbey on his demesne, not far from his castle of Richymond in England, which he presented to the abbot. Serlo, the abbot, very unwillingly accepted this donation; for he disapproved of the foundation, as made without his knowledge and consent; neither did he choose, though repeatedly solicited by Peter, to supply it with monks from his convent, on account of the great difficulties experienced by those, whom he had before sent over into England. He, therefore, in a general chapter, proposed that it should be transferred to the Abbey of Belland in Yorkshire; which from its vicinity, would be better able to lend the necessary assistance required in its yet infant state. This being agreed to, he acquainted Peter therewith by letter, who, on receiving it, submitted himself with Conan and Humber, his associates, and a lay-brother, to the delegated authority of the abbot of Belland.

This abbot proceeded to Uredale, and staid there till the Purification of the Blessed Mary,

regulating the management of the building, and providing the necessaries of life. Before his departure, he ordered Peter, and the two monks, his associates, to attend at Bellaland on the first Sunday in Lent; which they accordingly did. At a chapter held there on that day, abbot Roger ordained and constituted John de Kingston, abbot of Uredale. The abbot appointed Peter and his two associates, with nine monks of his convent, to attend John de Kingston. Accordingly on Wednesday the eighth of March, 1150, abbot John, with his twelve monks, left Bellaland for Uredale, at which place they arrived on the Friday following; when they were met by Akarius, the founder, and other persons of rank, who received them with great honour, promising John their advice and assistance.

John appointed Edwald his prior, and Peter his steward, and other monks into their several offices there. This community underwent great hardships and misery, not only from the smallness of the endowment and the sterility of their land, but also from the inclemency of the air, and the unhealthiness of the situation. In this distress they were relieved by the abbot of Belland, who gave them five ships of wheat, and ten of barley, for their support till autumn. He gave them also, with the consent of his convent, ten oxgangs of land in Ellington, which Serlo, a lay-brother, had given them on his admission to the monastery;

together with ten oxen, ten heifers, and six mares with their foals. Their wants and distresses still continuing, Peter was sent by the abbot to the Earl of Richmond, who was then on the continent, to make known to him their wants and distresses, and to request his assistance; otherwise they would be under the necessity of retiring to Belland.

The reception that Peter, the steward, met with, was very flattering: the Earl wrote to John, absolutely forbidding him to retire from Uredale, and promising him substantial assistance on his arrival at Richmond. Elated with these promises, Peter went to Savigny, where he stopped for fifteen days; and on his departure for England, the abbot gave him more reliques for the new abbey at Uredale.

The Earl of Richmond not arriving in time to alleviate the wants of this community, the abbot was obliged to send five of his monks to Belland, and three to Furness, to reside there, not having sufficient for their support. Two years passed away before the Earl arrived at Richmond, when he relieved their immediate wants, and shortly after proceeded to the valley, with his barons and vassals, to hunt: they continued there six days, on account of the abundance of stags and red-deer, which afforded them great amusement.

John took the first opportunity of relating to the Earl the distressed situation they were in, and craved his assistance: by way of soothing him, the Earl promised to consult with his purveyor and others, upon the best method of rendering them the support they wished for. When he retired, he took Peter the steward with him, who for a long time resided at the princely castle of his lord.

Earl Alan died on the 28th of April, 1146, and was succeeded by his son Conan, who had a great regard for the abbot of Jorevale; and when he saw the place was not suited for a monastery, he gave to abbot John and the convent, a waste and uncultivated tract of land near East-Witton, and a large piece of pasture ground in another part of Wensleydale: in 1156, Conan caused the monastery to be removed from Fors to a pleasant valley in East-Witton. This was done with the consent of Harveus, the son of Akarius the founder, and that of a chapter of the Cistertian order, both given in writing; wherein Harveus reserved his right to the patronage of the abbey, as well as to the prayers of the monks, usually offered up for the founder and his relations. He also stipulated, that the bones of his father and mother should be removed and buried at Jorevale.

The succeeding Earls of Richmond respectively confirmed the donations granted by their

ancestors to the abbey of Uredale, built in honour of the blessed Mary, in the territory of East-Witton; which consisted of lands, woods, &c. in Askerig, Nappai, Newbigging, Redmire, Herveby, Walburn, Mersks, Feldome, Dalton, Melsamby with Dideestone, Rich-Langton upon Swale, Whitewell, Apelton, Tunstall, Burty, Heselton, Hawkiswell, Burton Constable, Fingall, Hotonhang, Ellynstring, Ellyngton, Sturnton, Lemyng, Ostleby, Middleton Quenrow, with their appurtenances, for ever.

After surmounting various distresses, the community of this abbey continued, for near 350 years, to reign in great splendour; for at the dissolution, according to Speed, it was valued at £455. 10s. 3d.

When the order for the dissolution of religious houses was issued, it may be seen from the following letter, how active the agents were in carrying the wishes of their employers into effect: it is therefore not surprising to see so few vestiges of them now remaining.

"Pleasythe your lordship to be advertysed I have taken down all the lead of Jervaux, and made it into pecys of half fodders, which lead amounteth to the number of eighteen score and five fodders, with thirty and four fodders and a half that were there before: and the said lead cannot be conveit nor carried until the next

sommre, for the ways in that countre are so foul and deep, that no carryage can pass in wyntre. And as concerninge the raising and taking down of the house, if it be your lordship's pleasure, I am minded to let it stand to the next spring of the year, by reason of the days are now so short, it wolde be double charges to do it now. And as concerning the selling of the bells I cannot sell them above fifteen shillings the hundred, wherein I would gladly know your lordship's pleasure, whether I sholde sell them after that price, or send them up to London; and if they be sent up, surely the caryage will be costly from that place to the water. And as for Bridlington, I have done nothing there as yet; but spayreth it to March next, because the days are now so very short; and from such time as I begin I trust shortly to dispatch it after such fashion, that when all is finished, I trust your lordship hath appointed me to do: and thus the Holy Ghost ever preserve your lordship in honour.

At York, this 14th day of November, 1558, by
Your lordship's most bounden beadman,
Richard Bellyeys."

This ancient structure had become nearly overgrown with rough wood and briars, and scarcely any trace of it as a building remained, except some broken walls, covered with ivy, and the tops of a few arches, nearly level with the ground; when in the year 1805, the late Thomas Bruce Brudenell

Bruce, Earl of Ailesbury, visited this place; and among a great variety of improvements projected upon his estate, was much pleased with an experiment that had been made by his steward, in digging down to the bottom of one of the arches, which proved to be the door of the abbey-church, and led to a beautiful floor of tesselated pavement. His lordship directed the whole of the ruin to be explored, and cleared out; which was done in 1806 and 1807, at a very considerable expence, as the base of the building was buried several feet below the surface; when the abbey church and choir, 270 feet long, with the cross aisles,—the high altar, and several tombs or recesses,—the chapter-house, 48 feet by 35, with marble pillars, formerly supporting the roof,—were discovered; also the abbot's house, the garden, kitchen, refectory, cloisters, and dormitory.

The great aisle was laid with tesselated pavement, in geometrical figures, it was found in a perfect state, but was soon after so much affected by the air and frost, that only few could be preserved; however before they were taken up, drawings were made from them by Mr. P. A. Reinagle, Jun. of London; and specimens were shewn to Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. who considered them to be some of the best he had seen in England. In the aisles were also found several stone coffins, with inscriptions thereon, in a very perfect state.

In order to preserve this ancient scite, it has been enclosed by a sunk fence, in part, or by a wall; and over the entrance is the following inscription.

Yorevale Abbey,
Founded Anno Domini 1141,
Demolished Anno Domini 1537.
These ancient Ruins were traced out,
And cleared, by order of
The Right Hon. Thomas Earl of Ailesbury,
Anno Domini 1807.

His Lordship also directed to be built near the abbey, a neat plain house, as a residence for his steward; and preserved an ancient gateway, as an approach thereto, which though of a later date than the abbey, is much admired. He also projected an embankment of the river Ure, which has been made, with much advantage to his tenantry; and directed the surrounding hills to be planted upon an extensive scale, as well as the general repair of the farm-houses upon his estate; the rebuilding of the village of East-Witton, and widening the roads through his estate.

In the year 1809, his lordship erected at his own expence, upon a beautiful spot near the village of East Witton, a parish church of stone, in the Gothic style, covered with slate, and finished

in a plain and chaste manner; which forms an edifice highly ornamental to the country; and which he gave to the parish, with an acre of land for a church-yard; and to this he added a clock, and six bells. The inscription over the west door of the tower, is as follows.

In the year of our Lord
One thousand eight hundred and nine,
When the People of the United Empire,
Grateful for the security and happiness,
Enjoyed under the mild and just Government
Of their virtuous and pious Monarch,
Returned solemn and public thanks to
Almighty God,
That by the protection of Divine Providence,
His Majesty King George the third,
Had been preserved, to enter on
The fiftieth Year of his Reign;
The Right Hon. Thomas Bruce Brudenell Bruce,
Earl of Ailesbury,
In commemoration of that event,
First designed,
And thence carried into effect,
The Building of this
Church.

His Lordship also exchanged the glebe-land, which was scattered about the parish, for an equal quantity of his own, adjoining the church; on which he built a neat vicarage house and

offices, with a walled garden. His subscription in aid of Queen Anne's Bounty, made up the sum of £1700, which has increased the benefice from £56 a year to £100, exclusive of the vicarage and glebe.

His Lordship died the 19th day of April, 1814, in the 85th year of his age: the Right Hon. Charles Earl of Ailesbury, his only son, is now the owner of the estate.

Note V.

Far, far extend your view o'er Mowbray's plain. Page 29.

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: he became a favourite of the Conqueror, who commissioned him to make head against the Scots, in which expedition he was successful, and on that occasion had extensive domains conceded to him. This grant must have been very large, for 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.

Mr. Maude's "Wharfedale."

Note VI.

Exalted Leyburn next, with open arms. Page 29.

Leyburn is a market-town, pleasantly situated on the side of one of those sloping eminences, which adorn the northern margin of the vale; it is about two miles from Middleham, and about a mile from Wensley. The town has been nearly rebuilt, within the last fifteen years. The market is on Friday, and is well attended: there are four fairs, viz.—on the second Friday in February, May, October, and December, for horned cattle and sheep. The principal inns are the Bolton Arms, and the King's Arms. There is also a bank, called the Wensleydale Bank, under the firm of Hutton, Wood, and Co. which is a great accommodation to the neighbourhood.

On the western side of the town, is a pleasant walk, nearly a mile in length, which is much frequented: it is formed on a mass of rock, which rises gradually to a considerable height above the valley, forming a natural terrace, from which the picturesque views and extended prospects of romantic scenery, can scarcely be exceeded. There is an opening from this terrace into the wood, which is called the Queen's Gap: through this, according to tradition, Mary Queen of Scots passed, when attempting to make her escape from Bolton Castle. *Ed.*

Note VII.

While Gargrave's piercing lore descries from far. **Page 30.**

A gentleman residing at Leyburn, whose abilities in mathematics, astronomy, and their dependencies, are well known, far beyond the limits of this vale. [1780.] *Mr. Maude.*

Note VIII.

But cease my steps, free feast the roving eye. **Page 30.**

Highly agreeable as the prospect is from the terrace of Leyburn shawl or wood, it undoubtedly yields to the view from Preston Scar, at a station from a point projecting over the village, near to the turnpike road at Scarthnick.

The advantage of this view, besides its greater variety of objects, is likewise that of its being most commodiously accessible to all kinds of carriages. The spectator has thence a full sight of the valley, the castles of Middleham and Bolton, a glimpse of the cataract of Aysgarth, no less than eight villages and seven churches, most of which are ornamented with very handsome steeples.

But indeed there is not an eminence which contributes to inclose the vale, but what can boast of

the beauties of its situation, and with this superiority too, above all other places I remember, that though equally fine with the Downs of Wilts or Dorset, for pasture and exercise in wet or dry weather, being upon a limestone, the country is highly diversified with those majestic irregularities of nature, which never satiate. Add to this, that those happy circumstances of pleasure and health, run parallel on the north and south sides of the valley for many miles, attended with the richest pastures, copious streams, and good roads.

Though Derbyshire is reputed to be the leading county for remarkable and romantic prospects, they seem to be more meagre, are less compounded of the great and little, the cultivated and ruder parts of nature, with the intermixture of ruins, than what fall to the lot of this district.

Mr. Maude.

Note IX.

Alert, you sportive now the Grouse pursue. Page 34.

To many who live in the southern districts of of this kingdom, it may be necessary to explain, that the shooting of moor-game or *grouse*, is a diversion little known to the counties southward of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, It is an exercise much more laborious than the pursuit of partridge, of which season it has also the start of about five

weeks. As the scene of action is chiefly on wild heaths, it is not unusual for parties to encamp in the day-time, to take refreshment, and secure themselves from bad weather; to which the description in the poem alludes. The bird is larger than a partridge, which in shape it somewhat resembles; is of a fine glossy variegated brown, with eyes encircled by a very bright scarlet-coloured membrane, and feathered legs and feet. The food of this bird consists of bilberries, (the fruit of the *vaccinium* of botanists,) with the tops and flowers of the ling or heath. Its flesh is reputed to have the highest flavour of any British bird. *Mr. Maude.*

Note X.

Lo! where the glist'ning store, disclos'd to day. **Page 85.**

The moors or wastes are here replete with lead, and so bountiful is nature to this district, that after having fringed the more fertile part of the valley with open and commodious pastures for exercise and the chace, the background of the country becomes no less valuable for its minerals, besides affording plenty of peat, limestone, and coals, for the accommodation and employment of its inhabitants.

Here is also a beautiful spar, which conduces not only to the more ready smelting of ore, but

is applied to the forming of garden walks. It is much esteemed, not only for its lustre and binding quality, but being inimical to weeds.

Mr. Maude.

NOTE XI.

Newton! the lofty wonder of the age. Page 38.

As the smallest anecdote concerning so great an ornament to human nature, becomes amusing, especially in a character so uniformly studious as his, I shall briefly relate what may not be so generally known, and therefore give the curious traveller an opportunity of bestowing one transient glance upon the humble tenement, where this illustrious man first saw that light, which he so well defined, or the elegant situation where he resigned his breath.

The first is a farm-house at the little village of Woolsthorpe, consisting of a few messuages in the same stile of humility, about half a mile west of Coltersworth, on the great north road between Stamford and Grantham, known to every peasant in the neighbourhood.

He died at lodgings in that agreeable part of Kensington called Orbell's, now Pitt's, Buildings. His academic time was spent in Trinity College, Cambridge, where his apartments continue to be

mentioned occasionally, on the spot, to strangers, with a degree of laudable exultation. His principal town-house was in St. Martin's Street, the corner of Long's Court, Leicester Fields, where is yet standing a small observatory, which Sir Isaac built upon the roof.

His temper was so mild and equal, that scarce any accidents disturbed it. One instance in particular, which is authenticated by a witness now living, [1780,] brings this assertion to a proof. Sir Isaac being called out of his study to a contiguous room, a little dog, called Diamond, the constant but incurious attendant of his master's researches, happened to be left among the papers, and by a fatality not to be retrieved, as it was in the latter part of Sir Isaac's days, threw down a lighted candle, which consumed the almost-finished labours of some years. Sir Isaac returning too late, but to behold the dreadful wreck, rebuked the author of it with an exclamation, *(ad sidera palmas)* "Oh Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief done!"—without adding a single stripe.

The obscurity in which Sir Isaac's pedigree is involved, who only died A. D. 1726, makes it less a wonder that we should be so little acquainted with the origin of the great characters of antiquity, or those of later ages.

The author of *Biographia philosophica*, has made Sir Isaac Newton's father the eldest son of a baronet, and farther speaks of the knight's patrimonial opulence; the contrary of which assertions, the testimony of his parish will sufficiently confirm, did not the account alone confute itself; for by consequence Sir Isaac would have had an hereditary title, which evidently was not the fact. This renowned philosopher was indebted more to nature for the gifts, with which she had endowed him, than to the accideuts of any great descent; a circumstance, which adds, if possible, greater lustre to the man, who, without the advantages of eminent birth, alliance, or fortune, attained the highest pinnacle of scientific fame.

The little I have been able to collect of the family of this great man, by a diligent enquiry both in and about his native parish, and among the very few of his surviving distant relations of half-blood, for none else remain, serves but to confute the many palpable errors committed by his biographers on this occasion; most of whom, in copying each other, have erroneously made him descend from a baronet. It may be now time therefore, when the traces of truth on that subject are nearly lost, briefly to preserve some traits of his genealogy, which the inquisitive reader may depend upon to have been carefully collected.

Mr. John Newton, the father of Sir Isaac, had a paternal estate in Woolsthorpe and the neigh-

bourhood of about fifty pounds a year. He was a wild, extravagant, and weak man, but married a woman of good fortune. His wife's name was Ayscough, whose father lived in Woolsthorpe likewise, and was lord of that manor. The said manor, with some other property, descended to Sir Isaac, upon the death of his grandfather, Ayscough. Sir Isaac made some trifling purchuses himself; and his whole estate in that neighbourhood, amounted, at the time of his death, to about £105 per annum, which fell to the share of his second cousin, John Newton; who being dissolute and illiterate, soon dissipated his estate in extravagance, dying about the thirtieth year of his age, in 1737, at Coltersworth, by a tobacco-pipe breaking in his throat, in the act of smoking, from a fall in the street, occasioned by ebriety.

The father of the above John was also John Newton, a carpenter, afterwards game-keeper to Sir Isaac, and died at the age of sixty, in 1725. In the Rolls or Records, that are sometimes read at the Court-leets in Grantham, mention is made of an Ayscough, who is styled "Gentleman, and guardian and trustee to Isaac Newton under age."

It is very certain that Sir Isaac was a posthumous issue, and had no full brothers or sisters; but his mother, by her second marriage with Mr. Smith, the rector of North-Witham, a parish adjoining Coltersworth, had a son and two or

three daughters;—which issue female afterwards branching by marriages with persons of the names of Barton and Conduit, families of property and respectable character, partook, with the Smith's of Sir Isaac's personal effects, which were very considerable.

Sir Isaac, when a boy, was sometimes employed in menial offices, even to an attendance on the servant to open gates in carrying corn to Grantham-market, and watching the sheep; in which last occupation, tradition says, that a gentleman found him, near Woolsthorpe, looking into a book of the mathematical kind; and asking some questions, perceived such dawnings of genius, as induced him to solicit the mother to give her son an university education, promising to assist in the youth's maintenance at college if there was occasion. But whether that necessity took place, is a point I have not been able to determine.

He lived a bachelor, and died in his 85th year, having, as a relation informed me, who quoted the authority of Sir Isaac's own confession, never violated the laws of chastity.

The house at Woolsthorpe has seemingly undergone little or no exterior alteration, since the time it inclosed this great man, and continues to be visited by the curious, who occasionally pass the Northern Road.

There is extant a letter from Sir Isaac, dated from Jermyn Street, where he also lived, which I have read. It is now in the possession of an inhabitant at Coltersworth, and descends by heirship, though the subject is only upon common parish business; a circumstanee which shews, how much the humble owner, unconnected with the family or the science of our philosopher, venerates his character, even, as I have been informed, to his having resisted gold for the purchase of so apparent a trifle.

A relation of the Knight, the late Rev. Mr. Smith of Linton, in Craven, Yorkshire, left a small ivory bust of admirable workmanship executed by that celebrated artist, Marchand, which from its elegance, similitude, and placid expression, is truly valuable. It is said to have cost Sir Isaac one hundred guineas, and is specified in an authentic inventory of his effects, taken by virtue of a commission of appraisement in April, 1727, now in my possession. It appears that his personal estate amounted to £31,821. 16s. 10d. which was distributed among eight relations, *Sir Isaac dying intestate.* He had also an acquired farm or estate at Baydon, Wilts, but of no greater annual value. It likewise appears, as a proof of his benevolence, that he was not an oppressive landlord, since at his death, there was owing him by one tenant £60. for three years rent, and by another, for two years and a half, a smaller sum. It may not be imper-

tinent to mention our philosopher's wardrobe and cellar, which in the valuation, stand thus.—Item, wearing apparel, woollen and linen, one silver hilted sword and two canes, £8. 3s. Item, in the wine vault, a parcel of wine and cyder in bottles, £14. 16s. 6d. The furniture and luxuries of his house bearing nearly the like proportion, his library excepted, which consisted of 2000 volumes and 100 weight of pamphlets.

Since the publication of my notes in the first edition of this piece, the curiosity of the public has been excited to enquire more particularly for anecdotes relative to this exalted person. Besides the remarks made on this subject in our biographical books, and otherwise dispersed among his eulogists, the reader is referred to the Gent. Mag. for the month of November, 1772, for a genealogical table of the family, and other matter, collected by a good hand from the papers of the late curious Dr. Stukeley, whose great partiality for our author, initiated him early into the service of being Sir Isaac's memorialist. Some particulars are also given in the annual register for the year 1772, under the signature of J. H. where a small circumstance advanced by myself, is rather doubted; but, *amicus Plato &c.* A reference to the above-mentioned periodical works, might contribute to enrich the future biography of this great man. The reader will excuse this digression, and also our attempt to commemorate the modest dwelling of

Newton, which the philosophic eye may prefer to the proud palace of Versailles. *Mr. Maude.*

Note XII.

Of Redmire's mining town how shall we sing?
The circling verdure and its healing spring—Page 38.

Redmire is a small village on the southern bank of the Eure, about four miles and a half from Leyburn: it is chiefly inhabited by miners. This place has obtained some degree of reputation on account of its mineral spring, which attracts numerous visitors in the summer months. *Ed.*

Note XIII.

Historic Bolton, through past ages fam'd,
Now by the line of ducal Powlett's claim'd. Page 89.

* Bolton Castle stands on the north side of Wensleydale, six miles west of Middleham. Its situation is admirably adapted to overlook, from its lofty walls, the extensive demesnes anciently belonging to it; as well as to express that magisterial air of grandeur, so characteristic in the style of architecture. It was built at about the distance of half a mile from the river Eure, on an ascent, which gradually continues to an immense

*The whole of this note is extracted from Grose's Antiquities, but was written and communicated to that gentleman by Mr. Maude. Ed.

ion, making mention whom they were, and this to the value of
ey should make a tomb over sir Henry Wentworth, knt. her late
some abbey, co. Lincoln, to the value of twenty pounds sterling;
nother tomb to be made in Bisham abbey, co. Berks, to the
e marquis Montagu her father, and his lady her mother, who
eathed unto Mary, a base daughter to Thos. Grey, marquis
aid lord marquis had wont to lie. She also gave to the lady
l Psalter, which she had of the gift of king Henry the seventh's
[. p. 661.

6, 1515, he bequeathed his body to be buried before our lady of
ulx, and gave 20 pounds to the monks of that convent. By
aughters, coheiresses; one of whom, Elizabeth, was married to
' Spenithorpe in Yorkshire. Inq. 18 Nov. 7 Hen. VIII.

PEDIGREE OF T

(Nic

Geffrey le Scrope, (brother to the
beginning of the reign of Edward
Scrope of Masham & Upsall, and
Leicester, died 1340.

Henry lord le Scrope of Masham=.....
died 1391.

Stephen lord le Scrope of Masham,=M
died 1405.

Joan, duchess of York,=1. Henry lord le
sister & coheir of Edward Masham, lord
Holland earl of Kent, 1409; beheaded f
2nd wife. 1415. s.

Elizabeth=Henry lord Scrope
of Bolton.

John lord Scrope of=Joan, dau. of 1. Thoma
Bolton, died 1494. William lord of Mas
Fitzhugh. die

Elizabeth Percy, daughter to=Henry lord Scro
Henry, earl of Northumber- of Bolton.
land, 1st wife.

1. This antient barony in fee lies dormant between the des
mentioned in note 4.

height, and forms a barrier to defend the pile from the northern winds. On the east is the village of Bolton; on the west is a rookery, which opens into spacious pastures, formerly occupied as parks: while in the front, as well as on each side, the vale unbosoms its charms in the most engaging manner.

This castle was built by Richard lord Scrope, high chancellor, in the third year of the reign of Richard II.: the patent for its erection is dated 4 July, 1191, and is still extant. Leland says it was 18 years in building, and cost 18,000 marks, or £12,000, an enormous sum in those days. He likewise relates, that most of the timber used in its construction, was brought from the forest of Engleby in Cumberland, by means of divers relays of ox-teams placed on the road. The same author mentions a remarkable contrivance in the chimnies of the great hall, and a curious astronomical clock. His remarks on the first are these: "One thing I muche notyd in the haulle of Bolton, how chimeneys was conveyed by tunnills made in the sydes of the waulls, betwixt the lights in the haulle; and by this meanes and by no covers is the smoke of the harthe in the hawle wonderfully conveyed." In this castle was a chantry, founded likewise with the king's patent, by Richard lord Scrope, consisting of six priests, one of whom was to be warden, to celebrate divine service for king Richard II. and his heirs.

The plan of this building is of a quadrilateral figure, whose greatest length runs from north to south; but, on measuring it, no two of the sides are found equal; that on the south being 184 feet, the north 187, the west 131, and the east 125 feet. It has four right-lined towers, one at each angle; but neither their faces nor flanks are equal; each of the former measuring, on the north and south sides, 47 feet and a half, and on the east and west, only 35 feet and a half; the latter vary from 7 feet and a half to six feet. In the centre, between the two towers, both on the north and south sides, is a large projecting right-angled buttress or turret; that on the north side is 15 feet in front, its west side is 14, and its east 16 feet; on the south side the front is 12 feet, its east 9, and its west side twelve feet. As these buttresses stand at right angles to the building, and their flanks or sides being thus unequal, neither north nor south curtains are one continued right-line.

The grand entrance was in the east curtain, near the southernmost tower; there were besides these, three other doors, one on the north and two on the west side. The walls are 7 feet in thickness, and 96 in height. It was lighted by several stages of windows. Leland says, the chief lodging rooms were in the towers; and that here was a fine park, walled in with stone.

In this castle Mary Queen of Scots was confined nearly the space of two years, being guarded

by Sir Francis Knolles, under the inspection of lord Scrope. Her confinement was not very close, as she was permitted to ride out occasionally; and tradition reports, that she once attempted to make her escape, through a wood in the neighbourhood of Leyburn, by a road that still retains the name of the *Queen's Gap*. It was here that the duke of Norfolk, who was allied to the Scropes, made his fatal overtures; and the suspicions excited by his attentions to the royal prisoner, most probably contributed to her removal to Tutbury castle in Staffordshire: she had left her name upon a pane of glass in her bed-room window, cut with a diamond ring; which was preserved with great care for many years, but has since been removed to Bolton Hall.

During the civil wars in the reign of Charles I., this castle was bravely defended for the king, by Colonel Scrope and a party of the Richmondshire Militia, but at length, Nov. 5, 1645, surrendered to the parliamentary forces on honourable conditions.

Emanuel lord Scrope, earl of Sunderland, who died without legitimate male issue, in the reign of Charles I., was the last of that ancient family, who inhabited the castle. This nobleman was president of the commission held at York in the above king's reign, and is mentioned by Howell, who was secretary to his lordship.

On an inspection of Bolton Castle, some similarity occurs, which in general is in all castles of any antiquity. The circumstances here alluded to, are the immense size of their ovens; the seeming unnecessary strength of their walls, for the time when the bow and arrow were in use; and the gloomy construction of their rooms. In respect to the first article, the presumption of supplying the besieged with bread in time of war, and ancient hospitality in time of peace, may be sufficient for explaining the taste of our ancestors in this way; but in regard to the other, it would appear, as if the distinguished founders of the mansions, were utter enemies to the all-cheering comforts of light and air; for notwithstanding small windows and apertures in the walls, agreeable to the mode in those days, might tend to give stability to the pile, and safety to the inhabitants in those military and feudal ages; certain it is, that much of this precaution might have been spared, more especially aloft, without prejudice to either. Let us add to this the first of considerations, good health, which must frequently have been sacrificed during the seasoning of the walls, which would take up half a century. Such is the apartment shewn as that in which Mary Queen of Scots was confined, and the bed room of the lord Scropes; both of which according to the refinement of the present age, would not be thought sufficiently good, even for the domestic animals of a man of fortune.

To hazard a conjecture, the erection of this castle might be calculated to check the growing and formidable power of that of Middleham of more ancient date; whose owners, the Nevils, from their enterprizing spirit, and the mutability of their politics, became troublesome to many regal successions; whilst the Scropes were more pacific and loyal. This castle belongs to the Bolton family, it came into that line by the marriage of an ancestor with a daughter of Emanuel Scrope, Earl of Sunderland.

The chasm seen in the building was occasioned by the fall of one of the towers, which once decorated and defended the pile. This event happened on the night of the 19th of Nov. 1761, the lapsed tower, being on that angle on which the castle had been attacked in the civil wars of the 17th century.

The castle is one of those, which, from the scite and preservation of its remaining parts is very pleasing to the eye and highly ornamental to the country; nor is it less an object of grandeur and beauty, seen from the avenues of the wood near Bolton-hall, the modern mansion of the noble owner of both, where, in several views, the castle makes a distant termination singularly fine and grotesque.

In the centre of the castle is a square area, calculated to give light and air to the internal offices and apartments.

There was a Chapel in the Castle, dedicated to St. Ann, in which a chantry was founded by the above Richard lord Scrope for 6 Priests to celebrate mass for the soul of Richard II. and his heirs, one of them to be warden.

This was one of the inland castles, which were ordered by the committee at York, in 1647, to be destroyed and made untenable.

Note XII.

But now, O Aysgarth, let my rugged verse,
The wonders of thy cataracts rehearse.—Page 41.

The romantic situation of the handsome church of Aysgarth, on an eminence, solitarily overlooking these cataracts of the Eure, wonderfully heightens the picturesque idea of this unusual scene; nor is there any place, that I know, more happily adapted to inspire the soothing sentiments of elegy, than this. The decency of the structure within and without, its perfect retirement, the rural church-yard, the dying sounds of water amidst wood and rocks, wildly intermixed, at a distance, with the variety of magnitude of the surrounding hills, concur greatly to encrease the awfulness of the whole. But some late admirable

productions, in the elegiac strain, impose an utter silence on me, did the nature of my subject admit of any such an attempt.

In approaching the falls that are above the bridge from the road on the north side, on which it always ought to be visited, you have the singular advantage of seeing them through a spacious light arch, which, from the obliquity of the highway, presents the river, at every step you advance, in many pleasing attitudes, till you mount the crown of the bridge and take the whole in one beautiful grotesque view.

We may add to this elegant circumstance another incident in character, that the concave of the bridge is embellished by hanging petrifactions, and its airy battlement happily festooned with ivy; near on the right hand of the road, attends a sloping wood, on the left is Aysgarth steeple, magically, as it were emerging from a copse, while the closing back ground of the view is an assemblage of multifarious shrubs, ever-greens, projecting rocks, and a gloomy cave.

The water falling near half a mile upon a surface of a stone, worn into infinite irriguous cavities, and inclosed by bold and shrubby cliffs, is every where changing its face, breaking forth into irregular beauties till it forms the grand descent called the Force.—The late learned traveller, Dr. Pococke,

whose search after the sublime and marvellous, brought him to this part, was said to own, with exultation, that these cataracts exceeded those in Egypt, to which he was no stranger.

There is yet an object seldom seen but by those who narrowly seek amusement, and even little known in the neighbourhood. This demands our note (for our description it cannot have) upon a rivulet at Heaning, distant about two miles from these falls of the Eure.

This curious fall of water runs into a low steep gill, which is difficult of access, and when viewed from the bottom, the stream appears like a silver chain, whose highest link seems connected with the clouds, descending through a display of hovering branches and shading foliage, which, in proportion to the thick or thinner weaving of the boughs, now bursts, and then twinkles, in a manner most amazingly captivating. In a few words, the most copious language must fail in any attempt to describe its unutterable charms, when seen at a season to allow it a force of water. Many scenes of entertainment of the like kind offer themselves, but of a much inferior class, on the Eure and its tributary streams, especially towards its source; such as those of Bowbridge, Hardrow Foss, Whitfield, and Mill Gills near Askrigg, and Foss Gill in Bishopdale, which, however capitally pleasing they might prove in

any other part, appear diminished when put in comparison with those already remarked.

The scenery of rock and hanging shrubs, which accompanies the cascade at Hardrow, is truly magnificent. In the memorable frost of 1739, the water formed a surprising column or icicle, which attracted many persons from remote distances to see it, measuring in height 90 feet, and as much in cirumference. *Mr. Maude*

Aysgarth is a village delightfully situated on the river Eure, about four miles east of Askrigg. The bridge belonging to it was built in 1539, as appears from a stone tablet on it, bearing that date; yet the extraordinary beauty of the surrounding scene, the foaming cascade seen beneath its arch, and the shrubs and trees with which it is shaded and adorned, all join to compensate for its want of antiquity. Besides it must be allowed, that considering the time when it was built, and the place where situated, it is by no means a contemptible performance; being a large segment of a circle, rising near 32 feet, and spanning 71, and has in general an appearance of lightness, that would not discredit the work of a modern artist.

In this parish is situated a very ancient edifice, called Nappa, "being noticed" says Mr. Maude, "by Leland and other succeeding historians, which, by the termination, favours a conjecture of

its being of Roman origin. It belongs to William Weddell, Esq.; and is situated under a crag, in all the gloomy privacy of monastic taste; having embrazures upon the top, which give it a military air, in the bow and arrow stile, but must have been intended only for ornament, as the building wanted both strength and situation for defence, being small and liable to be commanded from an overlooking cliff, even by the most impotent weapons of attack in the days of its erection. However, there is character and plantation enough about the house, always to command the stranger's eye, and lead the traveller to enquire after some account of the place."

"This was the seat of the Metcalfs, a very ancient family, of which Camden makes honourable mention. The last heir of this family was Thomas Metcalf, Esq. barrister, a most excellent magistrate, a man of amiable qualities, and an ornament to his country. He lived at Nappa, preferring rural tranquillity to the war of words and the bustling scenes of life, dying a bachelor, 1756, in the 71st year of his age."

The family of Metcalf, it is said, was at one time the most numerous in England. Sir Christopher Metcalf, knt. chief of the family, being high-sheriff in the year 1555, was attended by 300 horsemen, all of his own family and name, and all in the same habit, to meet the judges of assize, and conduct them to York.

In the parish of Aysgarth is Askrigg, situate on the banks of the Eure; it is a place of great antiquity, and is now fallen to decay. The principal inn was once the mansion of the late John Pratt, Esq. well known on the turf.

Not far from Askrigg is the pleasant village of Bainbridge, at the confluence of the Eure and the little river Baints, from which its name is derived. Here was anciently a Roman garrison, of which some remains are still visible; for, upon the hill called Burgh, there are the ground works of a fortification, about five acres in compass; and, under it, to the east, are the evident remains of the foundations of a number of houses, amongst which several monuments of Roman antiquity have been found. A fragment with an inscription was dug up here some years ago; it had a winged Victory supporting it; by which inscription, it is supposed the 6th cohort of the Nervi had their summer camp here. A statue of Aurelius Commodus, with an inscription, was also found here, which was preserved by Mr. Metcalf of Nappa.

Ed.

Note XV.

So lessons Eure: a hapless exile she,
Proscrib'd her realm, unleagued with the sea. Page 42.

The river Eure, Ure, Jore, or Yore, as it is differently named, arises from a mountain called

Cotter, the extremity of the north-west part of Yorkshire, which hill divides that county from Westmorland. The river having passed near the market-towns of Askrigg, Middleham, Masham, Ripon, and Boroughbridge, terminates at the distance of a few miles, and loses its name in the Ouse, there little better than a rill, near the village of Ousebourn, whose waters pass through York, and at length fall into the river Humber.

So pleasing a river as the Eure, being cancelled by the Ouse in its farther progress, that river which dignifies the scenes of Wensley-Dale and Hackfall, is a circumstance that provokes the poet's ire and exclamation. At what period this reform took place, we have not been able to determine; but there is a strong presumption that the river which now washes the walls of York, was anciently called *Eure* or *Yore*, whence the city seems to have received its name, the county being called in domesday-book Eurevickscire. Hence Eure-wick, Yore-wick, or the town upon the Eure. *Mr. Maude.*

Note XVI.

Anchor'd at Wensley I no phantoms court,
My pastime authors, and my business sport. Page 48.

The village of Wensley, is situated nearly in the centre of Wensleydale, and gives name to

the whole vale. It is about three miles west from Middleham, and about a mile and three-quarters south-west from Leyburn.

The church at Wensley, about the center of the Vale, contains the sumptuous and ancient pew of the Scropes, brought from saint St. Agatha near Richmond, at the dissolution of that Abbey.

As the inscriptions have long been giving way to time and accident, to preserve their remains the following extracts were made from a folio manuscript in the Herald's Office, compiled by Sir William Dugdale, a copy of which is in the British Museum.

Wencelagh 18 Octobr. 1622.
Sculptum super quandam ligneam Clausuram a Cœnobio Stæ. Agathæ juxta Richmond quondam dissoluto, delatam.

" Here lyeth Henry Scrope, Knight, the 7th of that Nayme, and Mabell his Wyffe, Daughter to the Lord Dakers, de Grays: Here lyeth Henry Scrope, Knight, the third of that Name, and the Right Lord Scrope of Bolton, and Elizabeth his Wife, Daughter of——— ———

Super Lapidem marmoreum.
" Hoc teguntur humo Henricus Scrop, Ricardusq; Domini Henrici De Bolton et Mabellæ

Uxoris suæ minores Natu liberi: Quorum alter xxvo. die decessit martii, alter xxviijo. July, anno Domini M.D.XXV."

In a burial vault made by the Marquis of Winchester who is already cited, lies alone, his Marchioness, the family having never resided at the mansion, since the reign of James the second, but in a transient way.

Before the memorialist quits his theme and the village, may he be permitted to pay his conclusive homage and say, with that tender friend who has so long ripened by his side,

> O! let us here, our peaceful vespers keep,
> And lastly in this hallow'd bosom sleep.

Mr. Maude.

THE END.

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