



Person: Edwin Lees (1800 – 1887)
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**A TRIP TO THE YORKSHIRE COAST
WITH NOTES EXCURSIVE AND DISCURSIVE.**

¹BY A "FAITHFUL" MAN.

²**Part I**

Having accustomed ourselves for the last two or three years when we have been out and about, to notify to friends on our return where we have been, and what we have been seeing, we may as well continue the practice this year, though we shall have to take up almost the identical language of Spenser, when he says in his "Faerie Queene" :-

"They measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew,
By which as they did travel on a day,
They saw before them far as they could view,
Full many people gathered in a crew
Whose great assembly they did much admire;
For never there the like resort they knew,
So towards them they coasted to enquire."

And we did pretty much the same on our railway excursion, as we shall show anon, though we shall unfortunately not be able to dash quite so quick along in writing as railing.

Railways have brought the sea-saw of pleasure into more vigorous action than was ever previously known, and an elaborate worry they have made of it, as any one will find who does not look out when the change of carriages comes unexpectedly from one line to another, quicker haste being then required than the *prestissimo* jerk above the line in music. Pleasure was hard work in the old coach times, as a cynical acquaintance used impressively to say, and if the pace is now increased, it only gives pleasure harder work to "do," and the business, for such it becomes, must be got over, for it has been paid for beforehand, and so must be *enjoyed* "ex necessitate rei." A lady of some little experience, with whom we were once in company at a watering-place, begged us on no account to buy a guide book, as it would if obtained so increase daily fatigue, by insisting upon things being seen

¹ Although the work was certainly penned by Edwin Lees, and he does sometimes refer to himself in the royal plural, he does state that he joined a party who wanted to see the Yorkshire coast. The text makes it clear that they were interested in matters botanical, geological and antiquarian. The obvious candidates would seem to be the members of the Worcestershire or Malvern Natural History Societies.

A clue to the participants in this expedition may be obtained from the following specimen in the Hull University Herbarium

July 1859 *Parapholis strigosa* Baxter T Whitby

² Published 27 August 1859

that otherwise would not be thought of. The truth of this every traveller will acknowledge. But then for what do we leave home? – Why, for pleasure of course – the pleasure of eternal worry, constant fatigue, ill-dressed dinners, hard beds, (perhaps with inhabitants that greet our arrival), imperfect or unfinished accommodations, miserable attendance, pestiferous exactions, and perpetual victimization. This is too often the *enjoyment* of travel, but it must be *done* – and "done" we are for the railways offer "Tourists' tickets," friends urge, ladies insist, everybody is moving, and there is no help for it; – for as the author of a recent work says – "we have ever ringing in our ears the names of great cities and remarkable mountains, the limits of our journeys, which we are resolved to compass the sight of, let the trouble or worry be ever so great." Yes, so it has long been in the days of civilization, and the worry of travelling has now settled down into one of the common "misereries of life," that can be no more got rid of than the dog-days – that is if "the possibles," – the steam of life, are in any way attainable.

The "Tourists' ticket" is certainly one new invention under the sun that Solomon was not acquainted with, and as it secures a return – especially in combination with the Railway Assurance Company, an intending traveller has only to see what variety of tickets are issued, and steer his course accordingly, east, west, north, or south. Time, moreover, is presented to his choice, and he may be "hurried a guest" as Horace says, almost anywhere for one day or three, for a week or a month, to take in all that time, space, and opportunity will allow, or memory gorge, and in the grandiloquent words of Dr. Night-thought Young –

"Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
Or nodding gardens pendent in mid air !
Or temples proud to meet their gods half way."

We need say no more in the precursory way for to go out somewhere, and kick care into "another place," is a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

Former years having carried us by the mountain tarns of craggy Cumberland, and the sunny shores of the Rhine, a change in the venue became necessary, and, joining a party who had taken a fancy to see the coast of Yorkshire, we determined to be among them, and so obtained in due course a furlough for a month to Whitby and back for £1. 12s. 6d. We can very truly recommend this excursion, which is just in time for any one to accomplish, and take a cool plunge into the sea from the melting days now inducing a liquidity that if it continues will leave us not much to boast of in the way of "solid flesh," or indeed sinews of any kind. We have only one thing to complain of in this "Tourists' ticket," and that is that it is called for in the course of the journey rather too often, worrying a traveller out of a comfortable doze or contemplation; and it would really be some improvement if the issuing office would place a blue or white plume at a purchaser's disposal that he might place in his cap forthwith, and so be known as a bird of the right feather, at every station he paused at.

We found the Worcester Station of the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Railway, in a state of great excitement just as we got there for the start, the branch line to Stratford having been recently opened, and in the confusion all but lost the train for Derby and York. Some allowance is to be made for the rush at a particular time, but at most stations it is vexatious to observe a defect in proper order or system, and too frequently of civility, which need not be, especially of that snappish kind which knows nothing out of "my department." An uncivil fellow, especially to a lady "unprotected," deserves cashiering on the spot – and we have observed such things. These observations, however, are of general application, and do not refer to any particular line or station. But the scream and the snort of the iron horse announces that we are off, and as for "pencilings by the way," it is no very easy thing to manage these from a railway position. And if it were, what reader would care for photographs from the window of a railway carriage? Companions within, thanks to Punch, the Times, and the Manchester pennyworths, are seldom very conversible, and the rumble makes it difficult to hear. No ! off we are, and on we go, nor shall smoky Birmingham – tunnelled under to avoid the dingy darkness, nor Lord Marmion's "castled hall" at

Tamworth, nor the Alsoppian ale at Burton-on-Trent – which we might have been asked to drink, and were not, nor shall even Derby about which we remember nothing except the famed earls of that name, nor Chesterfield with its twistiform spire, nor Sheffield in whose latitude we were half blinded with coal dust, nor even "Stately York," as Wordsworth has well named it, tempt us to stop now that we are on excursive wing, and must reach Whitby by nightfall. Oh ! what a day of burning heat we experienced, tempered only by one glass of soda-water snatched almost by a miracle, and every faculty parched up, and even observation blurred and blinded. But as evening came on, a little freshness cheered our jaded frames, and a spark of poetry fell upon the little ruined priory of Kirkham as we passed it, for its pleasing picture had met our view under circumstances that we remembered in days of "Auld lang syne."

Hence to Whitby would be only about three hours, but there is a stop and "change" at Rillington, which the traveller will do well to remember, or bills about lost luggage may unpleasantly come before his notice, for these changes are not always fully explained, and the rushes, screams, and runnings at the last moment that often occur, are laughable enough to those happy enough to be unconcerned spectators. The last phase of the journey, after entering the Vale of Pickering, is so beautiful and impressive that, even the imperfect study of it from the window of a railway carriage, cannot fail to call forth intense admiration. The valley has evidently at some former period been the bed of a lake, the dam of which an ancient catastrophe has broken, and left it dry. Craggy shattered heights appear on either side with the water-mark well exhibited upon them. Now, magnificently robed in regal purple by the heath that covers them, and broken here and there by rough torrents or boggy pools, with occasional cottages and cultivation, beauty has succeeded to what must once have appeared savage and sublime. Still in places the Salvator-Rosa touch is upon the scenery, broken rocks lie about in confusion as if hurled about in savage spite – some bare, others half overgrown with herbage – bogs of Sphagnum sleep beside them, in some isle-like spots white as snow with cotton-grass, in others yellow with asphodel, or red with faded fern, a pool here and there, and bare black bog-earth in other places, the whole forming a wild fantastic picture.

The railway, indeed, is carried over an extensive swamp here upon piles; and this was at one time believed to be impassible. A gentleman, who knew the country, told us that Mr. George Hudson's determination had carried the line over this obstacle, for the engineer employed had declared it to be impracticable. Hudson, however, said that if he could not do it, he would find an engineer that should, and the necessary money too. It has been the fashion, as it always is in this country, to abuse Hudson more than he deserved, the moment the cry was against him. There can be no doubt that he was very energetic in all he did, and that the persecution against him was very unwisely pressed too far. If he carried the cooking of accounts beyond proper limits, and took advantage of his position, we are very much afraid that a great number of persons who hold their heads very high have acted in a precisely similar way, if the recording angel had but authority to open the book against them. But in this world men are not punished for what they do, but for what they are found out to have done! But we are getting discursive, though this is hardly to be wondered at on a line which we understand has more curves upon it than any other in the kingdom, and only three weeks ago a train, rather too hurried in its movements, got unfortunately off the rails, and plunged deep into the bog – which we shall, therefore, decline now to do. A steep and dangerous incline brings the line to the level of Whitby, in the beautiful vale of Esk, and the river widening as it approaches the sea accompanies or crosses the line, delighting the eye at every turn. It is full tide, and the river looks in its best character. Masts and vessels now appear in rapid succession beside the railway, and a broad expanse of water makes the harbour of Whitby, while the declining sun's last rays brighten the scene. We suddenly stop – but as to Whitby itself, inns, lodgings– which we had written a friend to get for us, but which in the hurry of business were not ready for us – and other descriptions and adventures, see our next paper.

³Part II

We reached Whitby safely in the evening, as recorded in our first paper, and by the aid of a friend already there, got accommodations in the same house. Having refreshed, then, and looked around, we shall be able to answer any enquiries, as we, of course, wish to be useful to any one about to make an excursion in the direction that we have taken. Many persons have asked us – "Is Whitby a cheap place?" To which our reply must be, that we believe it was; but things are rather altered now, and we might picture this if we could but borrow the pencil of Hogarth, and depict for the benefit of visitors the progress of victimization in a watering place.

The first tableau would represent a quiet cove upon a sandy shore, with an old battered stone pier, hung over with fishermen's nets, the blue sea extending beyond the bounds of vision, dotted with a few boats and dark sails; while around the harbour, old tempest-battered houses that had slept for centuries, stand irregularly piled together, with narrow streets, and little shops unused to many customers, except on the weekly market day, with inhabitants, that beside the fishermen, seem to have little to do, except to nurse a lot of infantry in arms, and scold naked-legged children of a larger growth. The antique look of the place, and the prospect of the rocks, that on either side the harbour guard the shore, attract a traveller, who by accident has got there for the first time, and is "Takin' nots" in the little smoke-stained parlour of the Seven Stars. He pays his bill and rides off, wondering at its little amount.

In the second picture the quiet town has awoke into life and brightens up. Old maids and old bachelors have found it out, and the surprised inhabitants begin to understand what the term "Lodgings" means, and the placard appears in several little windows, half-filled up with flower pots, and staid demure ladies are walking about with covered baskets. Fishermen have begun to cry, and find it is worth while to retail their fish to visitors, who get more than they want for their money. Those who do let lodgings let those who take them pay their own price, and the delighted ladies who have lingered there to the first frost, reluctantly leave such a "Love of a place." The widow Little hopes that Miss Callmegrandy will come again next year. A ricketty post chaise, the last of its race, taken for the nonce from its last home, conveys Miss Callmegrandy to her winter domicile, there to descant on the charms of the romantic (and cheap) spot her discrimination had led her to, and tempt her half-pay cousins and reverend acquaintance to go there next summer.

The third sketch invites more brilliant body colours, for speculation has reached the site. First, cottages bearing sandy or flowery names have perked up on the acclivities rising from the shore, and the surveyor and builder are now busy designing Carnation Terraces and Sea-prospect Esplanades, every house of which is bespoke before it is finished. The light of the Seven Stars is eclipsed, and the Talbot and Mermaid must no longer look for other than commercial visitors, for a stone-fronted "Royal Hotel" has risen palace-like on the cliff. The once silent and deserted sands seem to have an encampment upon them – they are the newly white-painted bathing-boxes or "machines" as people will continue to call them, and thick-legged blowsy bathing-women are standing in the water, gently letting down timid damsels as a rampant wave comes up, and the only sight of blue-backed Nereids that mortals are likely to obtain, is now visible in the surgy sea. It is liberty-hall for anybody to gaze – and who cares? But a transition or metamorphic state is in progress – the new cottages and terraces charge extra for their "sea-view," and the old houses in their dingy shadows are becoming unfashionable. It won't do to date a letter from Stinking-fish-lane. But if the narrow streets and narrower uneven lanes cannot get rid of their pristine appellations, they do their best to get new light thrown upon them, for windows enlarge, new shops open, wide-awake traders actually come "from London" (so they say), various marts and bazaars glisten with varied devices, tinsel jewels, shells, and trinklements, intended to catch the curious female eye – and Mr. Pater-familias must disburse for his dear girls, whom he has been tempted to bring hither. Knowledge progresses, or at any rate *circulates* in or from a new library, and it is really refreshing to behold

the reading so sedulously carried on beneath jutting rock or on grassy mound impending over the boiling ocean, though we must remark in full view of the path-by various captivating or captive-wishing charming young ladies. Really to anyone *wanting* a studious wife, there seems abundant choice, and we almost wish that we were not ourselves quite so familiar with the "vinculum matrimonii" as to be compelled to look another way for fear of consequences, which a fair reader glancing wickedly from her book and killing us in a moment, steeled as we thought we were, and expecting no "finis amorum," – says is a pity! We never fully understood Dr. Johnson's expression of "a letter'd heart" before, but there is one, bound in triple-flounced muslin, and letter'd "for disposal" plainly enough. There are enough of beards and whiskers to be picked up in Vanity Fair just now, and we wish the reading nymph luck. The sands appear in motion like an ant-hill, for the sea-breeze rises, and neddies, eddies, as well as shoals of babies and their bearers, are whirled about in all directions. The place is full, and "the season" at its height. A "sea-prospect," with a room to view it from, is now valued at several guineas per week.

These are not mere fancy sketches, for most sea-bathing places have passed through similar phases, and Whitby among the rest, as we shall soon see, as regards the new town, and the alteration in appearance of the old one. Indeed the former seems like a butterfly scarcely entirely got out of its dowdy chrysalis, to which we may compare the old town shrouded in its dusky hollow around the bulging sandy harbour, its ancient dun-coloured houses rising above each other with roofs somewhat too bright in their red coloured tiling, and the old battered "burgesses' pier," and "fish pier," images of other days, encompassed towards the sea by more modern works adorned at their extremities by handsome pillar lighthouses. The east cliff, it is true, bears the old church and the ruins of the abbey, for it was always made a work of difficulty to rise heavenward in monkish times, though devotion rears temples of easier access in the present day – not perhaps for humiliation's sake. But the west cliff has become the resort of fashion at Whitby, and bears its new unspotted ranges of streets, terraces, and crescents, and this it appears from a paragraph we copy from the guide book, is a modern enterprize devised, if not completed, by the ex-railway-king, Mr. George Hudson. "The connexion of Mr. Hudson with the town of Whitby, has led to another great project. It had long been felt that this borough had attractions of the highest character as a watering-place, but there was a want of the requisite accommodation. Mr. Hudson quickly devised a plan, and formed a company to meet this requirement. The West Cliffs, comprising an area of about forty acres, were purchased by him on behalf of the Whitby Building Company. A noble hotel (the Royal), and numerous private lodging houses have been reared in a situation not to be surpassed for marine residences; and the erection of other buildings and further improvements for the accommodation of the increasing visitors are now in progress. "So Whitby has now literally reached the *height* of its wishes, and from the lofty new houses in front of the West Cliff, the view sea-ward stretching over the vast German Ocean, with no land nearer than Norway, is magnificent; while cliffs are seen stretching northward as far as the eye can reach, to the broad-sided Kettleness, the blue sea itself dotted with a fleet of fishermen's boats, each with their characteristic single brown sail, while here and there a long serpent-like trail of black smoke marks the course of the proud steamer directing its course northward or southward.

This extension of old or rather the creation of a new Whitby, in symmetrical terraces and lofty houses, fitted up with gas-lights, and every modern appliance and luxury, together with a railway brought up close to the harbour, and communicating with others in every direction, has deservedly lifted up the place in the estimation of pleasure-seekers, and its visitors increase in numbers every year. As always happens, however, when extension occurs, prices have risen for lodgings on the West Cliff, and unless the stranger is contented with the humbler accommodations of the old town, and the shore of the harbour, as his expectations rise so his expenditure must rise also. The sober tourist or health-seeker may still find in Sand-gate, Baxter-gate or Skinner-street, the lodgings of old times for a sovereign or a guinea per week; but, ascending to the higher realms of Wellington-terrace, Hudson-street, the Lower-crescent, and the Royal-crescent, prices become regal also – for the "sea- prospect," balconies to loll upon and point the telescope from, seats on the grass-plot, and the evening band to rouse

up the exhausted sympathies, are to be considered as extra charges, and the lowest sum asked is a guinea for each apartment required. Lodging house-keepers get rampant as the season advances, and make bold assertions, for one that we enquired her terms of for a friend, "did not believe that another set like her's was now vacant in Whitby," and said she could not "keep" above a day for anybody— they must be taken at once whether occupied or not.

But let us leave the affairs of the pocket, for its contents we must leave behind us ere we quit the place either voluntarily or otherwise, and call a little of the *spirituelle* into our thoughts. So descend we down the shelving alluvial cliff at Uppang, reaching the moistened sands as the gurgle of the in-coming tide kisses the beach with its snowy surge, and the sun descending to "Tithonus' bed" spreads forth a blaze of radiance above the ocean now calm as a sleeping child.

"How dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
And sunbeams melt upon the silent sea ;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory pours her hidden stores to me."

It *is* soothing at this contemplative time, after the burning exhaustion of the day, and the mind like the flowers that expand at eve, opens to thought and reflection. The sun disappears in the haze of the horizon, but this haze is reflected in the smooth expanse before us, which seems far and near almost like a sea of milk, till the shadows slowly settle upon it. After a time, a crimson tint flushes the western sky, and as the tide advances, wetting the sands in large curves, this crimson hue is reflected in sanguine pools that strangely contrast with the yellow sands and the snowy surf that comes on and mixes with the crimson dye, and retreats again. That passes away like all fleeting joys; the cliffs become dark and stern, the sea gloomy, the sands moist and yielding; the plashy wave now cries plaintively, and night and solitude must take their regular watch. We leave them to the on-stealing chilliness, and go within to light, cheerfulness, and refreshment.

⁴Part III

Whitby, of all the towns that we ever sojourned at, is the place for stepping out, having innumerable stepping-stones all about it. Wherever one goes it is upon steps, or over stones. They extend instead of gravel walks by the sides of the roads and across the fields for miles, and work must have been scarce in the North Riding of Yorkshire when they were laid down. It would really cost some thousands of pounds if all these steps and stones had to be relaid – for on all sides, up or down, steps must be trippingly performed by those that can either skip or trip – reminding us of the nursery rhyme that Mr. Halliwell has learnedly derived from very high antiquity, and which, travelling from Mount Ararat through a long line of traditional nursing, got at last dinned into our infantine ears : –

"Up and down, high and low
Only see how high we go."

Truly high or low must be performed at Whitby, under any circumstances, and a supplementary pair of legs would be advantageous. It is, of course, down to the beach over rather slippery steps too, down to the town, and down to the pier, with the vice versa when one is down; and as for up, if religiously or contemplatively inclined to see the old church or the ruins of the abbey, St. Hilda has provided no less than 199 somewhat fatiguing steps to surmount – whether to make people pray or swear, it is difficult to determine! That this stairing work is really no joke on a sweltering cloudless day, when every step is almost as hot as the gridiron on which St. Lawrence suffered martyrdom, an incident that we ourselves witnessed may be sufficient to prove. We were one day returning down these blessed 199 steps, when about three parts of the way up, we encountered a pretty pair of either affianced or newly married gentles, the pretty pouter resting pigeon-like on a seat fortunately placed for the weary, and the lover or bridegroom trying to soothe his sinking mate into repriming her drooping wing. "Come on now, my dear, we are almost at the top;" exclaimed Mr. Strephon, with a voice meant to be inspiring. "Oh, Charles," was the reply, "I could not go a step further if you were to give me the world." Always too ready to help those in distress, we would willingly have given the lady a lift – but – we were hungry and descending to dinner, behind time, and had not a moment to lose; so how Charles managed with his Dulcinea, whether they finally got up to the abbey, or remain still arguing on the steps, "this deponent saith not."

Grateful to Heaven for having got a little nearer its confines, we one day reached the inspiring ruins of the abbey, wondering that St. Hilda had placed them up so high. But we found on consulting the records, that though this godly Saxon lady, who in days of yore was so self-denying, that –

"All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes;"

and has so connected herself with Whitby that the modern Assembly Room (*mirabile dictu*) is called St. Hilda's Hall, as if she, good lady, would have patronized profane dancing! – yet after all, the present abbey remains have nothing at all to do with her handiwork except in name. The lady Hilda commenced her rather curiously-called "Monastery of men and women servants of God" in 658, but the piratical Danes burnt her successors out in 870, and the place remained in a ruinous and abandoned state until after the Norman conquest, when Reinfred, a monk from Evesham, in our own county, got a gift of the old monastic lands, and commenced new buildings. We hear no more of ladies here from this time, at least ostensibly, so that Sir Walter Scott was evidently wrong in talking of "Whitby's nuns," in the time of Marmion, for the last abbot Henry de Vail, with eighteen monks, severally subscribed their names to the deed of resignation to Henry VIII., in 1539. The holy brethren, indeed, kept up the memory of their sainted predecessor, and a famous "pious fraud" was apparent in the west window of the Abbey Church, where at a particular spot in the nave, and under certain circumstances, the apparition of St. Hilda became visible in one of the lights; but if the spectator moved ever so little on either side of this spot, the saintly

lady disappeared. Some monk had here probably contrived an optical illusion, or found out that the window accidentally possessed one.

Enough, however, of musty legendary lore, for we prefer the contemplation of ruins in all their abandonment of broken arch, shattered column, and huge disjointed stones stained by the circular lichen, or weathered by corroding time; grey, darkly solemn, or sun-lit as the caprice of cloud or sky forms the shifting lights, made sometimes hoarsely vocal by the wind that finds out every gap and cavity, and thrills upon the imagination, to any discoveries of abbots' charters, or saintly tales of wonders seen or fancied by barefooted Carmelites, scarcely decipherable from faded worm-eaten parchments. Ruins, to be poetically impressive, should be seen under favourable circumstances, for what can be done with a giggling party come merely to make fine exclamations! unfold the stores of the basket of prog, draw corks, and break bottles. True, we know well enough what has been done and will be done again under such circumstances – but we are grown cynical. A stroke of humour or a little fun and flirtation in shadowed aisles and dark passages, is all very natural as a digression or a divertissement, but some knowledge, simile, or mental impression, should be imbibed as well as the bitter beer or champagne. We remember once communing with the Druids under the solemn trilithons of Stonehenge, when a party drove up in a dog-cart, unshipped a great hamper from their vehicle, and at once sat down on a fallen stone to discuss its contents, which they seemed to do satisfactorily while we were sketching and measuring; and then one single gaze bestowed hastily, they drove off again, with as much notion of the encircled temple and its designers, as we had of who they were and where they came from. It was enough to have taken luncheon on the spot. But the aisles and arches of Whitby Abbey are before us, and from their situation on a bleak unwooded height they form a bold feature in the landscape far and near – tall, stern, and naked – for not a plant does the ever bitter-blowing wind there allow to locate upon their ledges. Roofless, except the north aisle of the choir, the walls of the long cruciform structure with its lancet windows stand intact before storm and sunshine, only the south transept and south wall of the nave being gone. The principal part of the abbey church has been built in the early English, or rather transition style, for circular arches intervene between pointed, but a portion of the nave and west end is later. The east window and those of the transept are particularly elegant, the long-pillared lancets of the latter have a noble effect, and there is a most beautiful circular traceried opening in the gable. Pinnacles terminate the angles, probably similar to what those of Worcester originally were before modern debasement came upon them, and these might have served as correct patterns for the restored ones, for those of recent erection at the east and west ends of the Cathedral, do not accord with the early English style. In the wall of the north aisle of the nave are two discordant, though in themselves highly beautiful, windows of the florid gothic, which have a remarkable appearance, and seem as if they had belonged to some chapel or chantry separated within from the rest of the building, but no record of this has been left, as far as we could find out. The cloisters have been all demolished, and only imperfect fragments remain of the monastic buildings, but broken masses of masonry lie around, and within the nave of the church the fallen tower has strown confused relics over the uneven pavement.

One circumstance connected with the abbey ruins is deplorable, and rather annoyed us, as they are surrounded on all sides by prison-like walls, and only accessible through the court-yard and passage of the adjoining manor house, and there is the unpleasant ceremony of ringing a bell, signing your autograph in a crumpled book, and worse than all – disbursing money. There is some-thing so paltry in exacting a capitation tax from wandering pilgrims for seeing broken stones, or musing on the foot-steps of departed genius, that we always instinctively shrink from these pay-places, for disgust at cupidity is almost sure to efface every poetical aspiration. Besides, why should we *give* an autograph with one hand, and be "sold again" on the other, in company with all the staring *oi polloi* that are tempted to see what thus becomes a mere peep-show? With these feelings we several times passed the abbey walls contemplatively without attempting to pass the internal barrier; but one day, disturbed from sketching by a passing shower, wanting momentary shelter, and seeing a party entering the court-yard, we resolved to follow and report proceedings. The ring, the butler or steward, and the stain-fingered quarto book presented themselves accordingly, and a burly *pater familias*

(not assuredly a native Yorkshireman), drew forth his purse very ostentatiously, as if well disposed to "gild the ruins grey," and was so long paying, questioning, and signing, that tired with the delay, and willing to avoid spilling ink on a book too much scribbled in already, we walked on through the garden to the ruined arches of the abbey; so whether our nose was counted or not in the estimate, or we were considered of no more account than one of the cracked heads of columns lying scattered about, we are "not prepared to say." For once we got off like Dean Willis, who funnily mentions in one of his letters, that he had been liable for some subscription for antiquarian purposes—"but for which was never asked, and so the guinea saved."

The manor-house, called Whitby Hall, built on the site of the monastic buildings, is a miserable-looking modern structure, and the front part is actually an uninhabited shell of deserted rooms representing abandonment without dignity, the furnished part of the mansion being next the garden, and to add to the dreary look of the wide grass-grown court, a tarnished escutcheon of the late lord of the house and manor remains fixed on the face of the building. The Cholmley family have long been proprietors here, but we heard a tale recounting that, like the Talbots of the earldom of Shrewsbury, the son seldom succeeded the father, and that the late owner of the property had died, leaving no children to inherit. The house, though large, had such a common-place look externally, that a glance within its rooms never suggested itself to us, but we have been since informed by an intelligent friend, fond of poring into the relics of the past, that there is a library here containing some curious MSS. well worth examining, and also some suits of armour. If we had only known this at the time, what with nuns, monks, old armour, and abandoned rooms, as well as the death of the last lord of the mansion without male heirs, we almost think we could have got up something very like a castle spectre out of the material at hand. With this cognizance, a night-scene among the innermost blackened ruins of the abbey might involuntarily prompt the poetical apostrophe :—

"In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls!"

But having started the subject, we trust that no lady novelist will appropriate our embryo tale of "Whitby Hall or the last of the Cholmleys," before our MSS. are quite ready for the next publishing season.

In the court-yard is an old well to which there is a descent by several stone steps, and this is commonly called "the Nuns' Well," though surely by misnomer, unless we may suppose that this identical well really existed in St. Hilda's time when nuns were located here, and holy brothers also. But at the dissolution mention is only made of Abbot and monks. Unstable as water is said to be, yet the spring from whence it flows is generally very enduring, and therefore credulity is not much taxed in supposing that the good lady Hilda (for truth to say kind hearted women have soothed the asperities of every age,) and her pious sisterhood may have taken their pitchers to this very well. A dirty horse-pond near it tells another tale, when abbots grown wealthy ambled about on trapped coursers, with their attendants, and entertained barons with their retainers, in the Hospitium. Then came the lords of the manor with their carriages and horses, and at last desertion has left the old stone-sided horse-pond if not in reverend grey, yet covered with the dull green tint horse-ponds by Nature's decree must at last be clothed with. An old stone cross surrounded by steps, yet stands between the abbey and the churchyard of St Mary's on waste ground, and this, from its appearance, certainly existed in Monkish times, and has a very ancient and battered look. No doubt many remarkable pageants have passed before it, and pilgrims to St. Hilda's shrine have here devoutly bent; but now contemned and deserted, it looks like a sere and withered trunk stripped naked by the desolation of winter, and its sap totally dried up.

In descending to the town from the ruins of the abbey, we must needs pass through the extensive churchyard of St. Mary's, the only burial place for the parish; and in connection with the church itself and its low square tower of dark brown stone, it presents a most singular aspect from the western side of Whitby. It is indeed an unpleasant and almost awful prospect, for while life and activity are now in

full motion in the town below, all the life of the past has been crammed into that field of the dead on the summit of the east cliff, and there literally above all sublunary cares their bones rest, represented by the staring multitudinous and bleached gravestones that of all sorts and sizes present to the eye the image of a tumultuous throng suddenly petrified, and left denuded for elemental corrosion unrelieved by even a stunted shrub, undecorated by any flower of affection. It may, perhaps, be characteristic in a maritime town to have their dead placed mast-high, but the spectacle is disagreeable, and funerals must of necessity be walking ones, and we were, indeed told that the coffins had to be borne up the long flight of steps underhand. Our custom is, generally, if possible, to make a grave memorandum as a memento from every visited churchyard, thus gleaning some instruction from the "rustic moralist;" but from all this mass of adulated mortality who had borne "afflictions sore," most heroically for so long a time, and paid apothecaries for drugs that "done them no good," we could scarcely get an extract really pencil-worth. Master mariners or their relics mostly stated in nautical style, that they were safe from "Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves," or at the end of a pitchy-smelling yarn asserted that they had got safe to "harbour here below," or were riding (for absolute rest scarcely exists in sailors' ideas) at anchor "with many of our fleet," hoping as usual one day to receive a signal from the great Admiral to re-hoist their sail; but no new simile or terse sentiment met our view; and Dr. Young's single line would have been more satisfactory for a master mariner's epitaph, than the many long-winded stanzas hitched up for the occasion over creaking halyards :

"Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm."

But to say a good word, do a good thing, or make a good line, cannot be or is not done by everybody. But not to spurn with total injustice all the elegiacal efforts of Yorkshire strains, we at last discovered one really good verse, and so we give it, that if any too sensitive readers take umbrage at our levity of description, they may give us credit for estimating serious matters aright when inclined to do so. The stone is in memory of some worthy Baucis and Philemon long dwellers in Whitby, who died at the ripe ages of 73, and 89.

"Ripe for the grave, in fitness as in years,
Why should we grieve that Heav'n hath claim'd its own?
Oh! rather let us dry those useless tears,
And strive like them for an immortal crown;
So shall we meet again life's journey o'er,
Where pain, and tears, and sorrow, are no more."

This approaches in simple beauty some of the inscriptions on the early Christians in the catacombs of Rome, and a single verse if good, is always better for instruction and remembrance, than a long laboured epitaph that puzzles without moistening the eyes, or piles of sculptured clouds and cherubs, far too heavy ever to reach celestial regions.

⁵Part IV

Under the Scar, or East Cliff, is a favourite place for explorers to ramble at Whitby, for here, above an extensive flat beach of blue lias shale, brown and broken, but fearfully perpendicular, cliffs of Oolitic stone rise up grandly, and stretch on to a nose or peninsula that pushes itself some distance into the sea called - "The Knab." The scene is very impressive at ebb of tide, numerous massive fallen slabs variously tinted with green or black over-growing sea-weed form an artistic foreground, the flat lias intersected with various gullies, and sparkling natural *aqua-vivaria*, extend to the very margin of the blue sea, whose slowly retiring surge threatens as it splashes upon the slippery stones soon again to return with overwhelming fury. But meantime all is bright, pleasant and exciting, - bevvies of fair damsels trip along with little baskets searching for sea-weeds, sea-anemonies and unnamed "gems of purest ray serene," whose vivid colours sparkle at the bottom of the chrystal water, left in rock vases by the retired tide; and a clinking sound echoes from the cliffs, made by the hammers of numerous geological neophytes and professors, all battering away at the ribs of poor mother earth with rapacious determination. "Make your game," ladies and gentlemen, but note the hour, and mark the turn of tide, for it comes on insidiously, and the horns at either end of the wide space are first covered by the raving billows, and many strangers have been unpleasantly enclosed ere they were aware, and a party got half drowned at this very spot ere they could be extricated, while we were at Whitby. Many tragic tales in relation to this scar are treasured up by the Whitbyites, and a placard of "Cliff ladders kept" near at hand, seems to imply a necessity for their occasional use. The place is rather slippery to be caught in, and being "caught out" on one occasion near "The Knab," and obliged to turn back, it became a question of speed between ourselves and the rushing tide whether we should get *knabbed* or not, which gave such an impetus to our heels, that we were just enabled to tread the narrow slippery verge before a bursting wave had hidden it from sight.

Geologists pore in the lias here for the well-known *Ammonites*, a family of ancient extinct shells that seem to have been first noticed in this country as imbedded in the Whitby lias, and looking very much like coiled snakes, though of course wanting the head. They were assumed by the vulgar of old to have been really living snakes; and the politic monks asserted that when the good lady Hilda first came to Whitby the whole country was pestered with these snakes, until St. Hilda's prayers caused them to be turned into stone! They are still termed "snake-stones" by the inhabitants, and at low water numbers of persons are busily engaged searching for them, and two or three shops in the town have large quantities for sale. They also load the arms of the town - three snake-stones proper on a field sable being the cognizance of the borough, about the only instance as far as we remember of palaeontology being so honoured by the corporation and burgesses of a borough. No doubt the legend was the occasion of it, for it was in the 12th century that Whitby received a charter from the then Abbot creating it a free burgh. Sir Walter Scott notices the snakes in his "Marmion," where he makes the nuns relate, how that -

"Of thousand snakes, each one
Was turn'd into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda pray'd."

But more wonderful creatures than snakes have been found in the lias shale near Whitby - namely, the celebrated fish-lizards, caled *Ichthyosauri* and *Plesiosauri*, specimens of each of which may be seen in the Whitby Museum. A *Plesiosaurus* with very large paddles was found near this place in 1840, and sold to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge for £230. A very large *Ichthyosaurus crassimanus*, more than 30ft. long, is also in the Museum at York, which originally came from Whitby. Numerous Belemnites are also met with. Some instruction might be derived from the Museum which is near the pier, though a considerable number of local fossils, they are become so dusty and, many of the labels so dirty, as to be quite illegible. The leading spirit in Natural History would seem to be asleep at this time, and

the curator is either wanting in time or attention to keep the Museum as clean as it ought to be kept. Many specimens have thus become by neglect in a bad state.

In going down to the Scar we were obliged to notice one little set-off to the walk, which was also a complaint we heard from several ladies, and that is, a concentrated essence of dead fish and putrid sea-weed, combined with offal vegetation and unfossilized excrement, all lying combined on the steps leading from the street to the old pier, which was really worse than any of the "seventy stinks" at Cologne, celebrated by the analyzation of Coleridge. We ventured to call the attention of the authorities to this nuisance under their very nose, or the noses of visitors, remarking that, if not obviated, this pier-fume of Whitby – would get into some traveller's note-book, and so become at last as celebrated – tho' with a material difference – as Worcestershire Sauce. It may seem unkind to cry stinking fish, but in this case we can have no hope to dispose of the article unless candidly stating with the voice of publicity that it is a damaged remnant of untidyness that must be cleared off. A rubbishy scene may be a good study for the eye, but when its subtle vapour "stealing and giving odour," conveys matter of offence to the nose – faugh! But we need not dwell upon this fishy pier-fume, albeit a process of natural decomposition, and we shall therefore at once get out of it, and scent something else.

Whitby is celebrated for a particular manufactured product very inviting to fair eyes, notwithstanding its sable aspect, and this it would be very unfair not to mention. We allude to the well-known Jet, compressed fossilized wood found interposed with some of the strata of the oolite, and wrought into a host of captivating forms that ladies so well know how to display, after they have taken captive some yielding good-natured fellow on whom they think they have a claim, under the pretence of looking only at some exceedingly elegant things. Almost every other shop in some of the streets displays the black flag, and with ladies in tow it becomes a difficult matter to scud by these innumerable jetties without some interruption from the polished branches and mazy knots of the past, which interfere with street navigation here to as great an extent as the disrupted wood of modern times bars the progress of boats in certain American rivers. It is an instructive lesson in moral philosophy to note how the ingenuity of some portion of the human family acts upon the vanity and love of adornment of another, so as not only to supply wants, but to create a demand for, and a traffic in, an article of no real utility. If some angelic being in ages before the creation of man had noticed the trees growing upon the oolitic islands, and speculated upon their uselessness when ruined by marine inroads, he would have wondered to hear that future intelligencies would wreath themselves with chains and bracelets in various patterns, and adorn their persons with brooches and other tasteful ornaments made from the long-buried blackened timber of the very vegetation he then beheld growing. Yet such is the ordination of things in this sublunary scene. One man declaims against the vanities of this horribly-wicked world, while at the same time many of those who hear him (at any rate in Whitby), obtain a comfortable subsistence by ministering to these very vanities and would sturdily affirm with Demetrius of Ephesus, "By this craft we have our wealth," and think vanity a very commendable thing for their interests. The luxury of ornamentation always advances in any country with the spread of successful commerce, though even in Elizabethan times efforts were made to convert trinketry into the circulating medium, and it was done as usual, according to Spenser, by appealing to melting eyes

"Those same against the bulwarks of the sight
Did lay strong siege and battalions assault,
Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night;
That is each thing by which the eyes may fault
Their wicked engins they against it bent :
But two than all more huge and violent,
Beautie and Money."

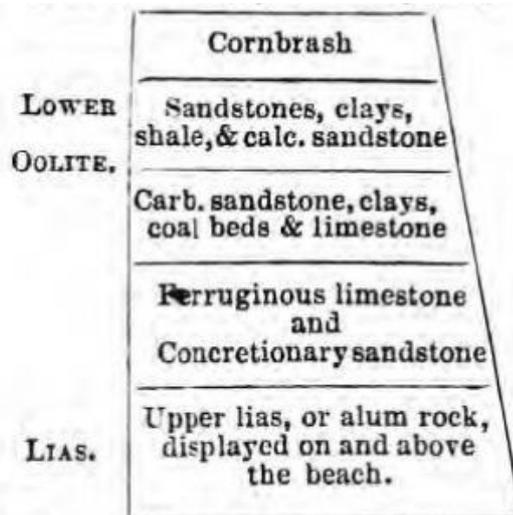
The poet brings beauty and money together, and the association of one with the other is unquestionably advantageous; but experience too often shows that they do not remain long in contact, for while the former is kept, the other goes at a tremendous pace! Yet this is in fact more than any other the age for transmuting

everything into money— the past and the present, every product of the earth and the water, natural or manufactured from Nature's stores, the real as well as the imaginative, value received equally with delusive "promises to pay," nay, genius, brains, life itself, are all forced to melt into the universal crucible, and produce coin. There must be supplies for the pocket, or worldly reputation wanes, and sets in abject poverty. But hence springs up invention of every kind, and ingenuity is tortured till it cracks from dilated extension. So rises to light the sable carbon stamped down and buried ages ago in the repositories of Nature's archives. Go down to the shore at ebb of tide, and repeated detonations meet the ear, while puffs of smoke mingle with the surge. Men are blowing up the strata at the point where they can obtain broken planks of the rough jet. Go into the town, where "jet manufacturers" put up their inscriptions, and see in their workshops various knives, wheels, brushes, and polishing powder, numerous hands designing, contriving, cutting, turning, and rubbing, till by long toil the bead, the brooch, or the heart, is fit to anchor on a lady's panting breast, clasp her snowy wrist, or dangle from her little ear. Then visit the adorned repositories where all these glittering trinkets sparkle as if ebon night itself had been cut up by fairy hands, and pitchy darkness become a mirror of chrystal brilliance. Honour to labour, fancy, and decorative art! we admit their sovereign claims; and so ladies fair, if brooding darkness be your present fancy, and in Penserose fashion you desire to be—

"Therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;"

as Milton gravely intimates, we for once bow to the occasion, and in the cause of industrial skill sanction the plea. What can we on the credit of a "faithful" man, order on your account ?

Thus have we got into the diggings of geology, and it will be hard to get out of fossiliferous strata without a section, but there will be no necessity to involve ourselves in the intricacies of those "myriads of ages" that geologists are so fond of reckoning up. That the rocks we now tread upon were mostly deposited on an ocean bottom, and occupied a long time in the process of solidification we may admit, without pledging ourselves to any time of growth, since indeed there is no standard meter to refer to. Here in Yorkshire, and well exhibited near Whitby and Scarborough, is the dark purple upper lias shale occupying the beach and lower portion of the cliffs, and next above this is a band of iron-stone, then beds of ferruginous and concretionary sandstone with some strata of limestone, and imposed on these are sandstone, often carbonaceous, with clays full of plants, and interposed coal beds and iron-stone. Higher still in the series appear various sandstones and clays, with thin coal and shale containing land plants, and also some bands of calcareous sandstone and shell limestone. Above all is the Cornbrash. A sketch may place this better before the eye :-



Though Ammonites are abundant in the lias, the scarcity of marine fossils in the deposits above, makes it difficult to identify the beds with the oolitic divisions of the south of England.

The junction of the upper lias or alum shale with the oolite may be well studied in the coast cliffs in taking a ramble from the east scar of Whitby to a romantic place called Hawsker Bottoms, which deserves a visit whether from geological or only scenic views. We went here with a sagaciously observant friend, bent on carrying off something heavier than a sketch, and we thought the precipitous oolitic cliffs, that stand based upon the blue lias shale beneath, the finest rock scenery that we had observed on the Yorkshire coast. The rich sienna of the ironstone masses at this point, contrasted with the purplish blue of the lias banks that spread out below to the sea, has a most artistic effect, while the regular deposits of varying tinted strata give to the scene the aspect of enormous walls of Cyclopeian architecture, and where broken down a sphinx-like head solemnly looks towards the troubled ocean rising into anger with the freshening breeze. Here, too, was a little vegetable adornment, for only at this spot, as far as we noticed, did the blue-flowered Wood Vetch trail elegantly from the fissures of the rocks, while, where oozing waters moistened the face of the cliffs, the white-blossomed Grass of Parnassus, though simple in its pure vesture, yet beautified the scene, as sudden inspiration sometimes wakes up the listless mind. Ruin studded the beach below to which it is slippery work to get down, and dangerous to stay unconscious of time, for the tide flows in with determined velocity. We, therefore, explored a rough indentation midway along the cliffs which has been made to get ironstone formerly, and some of the positions we placed ourselves in beneath overhanging masses that threatened to give way as we gazed upon them, with a very narrow ledge to stand upon in places, was somewhat exciting, though the views of the strata, long extending headlands, and the vast ocean ever turbulent and threatening filling up the horizon, was fine in the extreme. But gloom and solitude was coming on with twilight, the rocks frowning into awful visages, the sky darkening, and the tide roaring in anger, as its fitful plunges came on, so that we were glad to see our friend reappear from the gulph below with the results of his hammering, and disturbing clouds of clamorous gulls as we threaded the cliffs, we turned our steps rapidly in the direction of our quarters.

Another pleasing walk that may be taken along the shore from the west cliff, which from a great depression exhibits the brown oolitic sandstone at its base, past the Uppang glen to Sandsend, is of great interest from the masses of red alluvium that at first seen only as topping the oolite, entirely cover it further on, and bound the shore in irregular piles and lumps as if some catastrophe had at a former period rolled it here as liquid mud. Nor is it unlikely that this has been really the case, for the alluvium ends very similarly to the Alpine moraines of glaciers in Switzerland. A few pebbles are among it, but no shells. Professor Phillips whose local knowledge gives his judgment weight in the matter, considers it to belong to the "Glacial Period;" but, whatever the date, we must assign the cause to some local convulsion.

Returning one evening from an examination of the knolls and hollows of this red alluvium along the shore, the marine picture presented to view was more than usually exciting, for the tide was setting in magnificently. A long line of dark waves tumbled upon the beach, wall behind wall, breaking in such masses of foam that the whole shore was covered as with snow wreaths. But when the last impulsive wave spread over the sand its white afflux to the utmost stretch, the sand speedily drank in the water, and the stranded particles of foam were left to perish, or hastily ebbing back to the sea were scattered in irremediable confusion like an attacking column of some army broken by the storm of grape from artillery. The sun had now set, but far over the dark well-defined edge of the ocean horizon, a range of rosy-red bright clouds extended, and long watch held, like a chain of abrupt Alpine ridges keeping the memory of the sun's departed light.

⁶Part V

Before we close our sketch of Whitby we must say something of the country around it, for though it is pleasant enough to luxuriate on a fine summer evening lolling on an easy chair before an open window with a glorious sea view in front, cooling oneself with a cigar, and speculating on the wants and wishes of a fair promenading throng below in every variety of costume, and wondering whether their own valuation of themselves is correct; still an occasional ride or walk away from the splash of the surge, and the pleasantries of bathing, is advantageous by way of variety.

Whitby, from its position at the mouth of Eskdale, is an excellent location whence to make an incursion or digression among Yorkshire scenery, returning in the evening after a pleasant day's ramble; and the angler, sportsman, artist, or lover of Nature for her own sake, may all find abundant opportunity for exploration and enjoyment. The river Esk itself soon gets out of tide's way and becomes rural and fishable, and the scenery on its banks, often finely wooded, is in many places beautiful, while the dark moors in the distance give it a selvage of sublimity when the shadows are deepened by passing clouds. A number of little tributary "dales" open into the mother Esk, as Iburn Dale, Goadland Dale, Glaze Dale, &c, and all these lead "up beck," as the Yorkshire people say, to exquisite scenes of rock and water beauty, deep embowered glens and stony torrent beds, whose attractions to the wanderer can scarcely be exceeded even by the boasted glories of Wales. The railway, fortunately, conveys the stranger within an easy walk of most of the "fosses," as they are called, or waterfalls on the various streams that fall into the Esk, so that ladies can join the delightful pic-nic up any of these glens, and scarcely fear a wet shoe— unless a slippery stone betrays them, or a detaining bramble enforces them to call out to be undone! Space will not permit us to name all the spots of sylvan wildness or rugged interest that merit notice around Whitby, though we explored most of them, but we will try to depict a few that more particularly delighted us.

We were determined one day to give an exploration to Eskdale, charmed by the distant view of it from the churchyard, where it is seen winding before the eye till lost among solemn moors. With a friend in company we accordingly took the railway to Grosmont, and thence proceeded by the course of the Esk up to Egton Bridge. To a poetical mind nothing can be more exciting than a contemplative ramble on the banks of a brook or river, and the more broken and sinuous its course, and the more it battles with opposing rocks the better. The disciple of Isaac Walton finds a "contemplative man's recreation" by the water side, whether he induces the finny tribe to enter his basket or not; while the lover of Nature's wildness views in the fitful changes of the current as it musically murmurs or cries aloud to jarring stones, all the phases of disturbance or tranquility incident to the scenes of this mortal life. So truly sings the Ettrick Shepherd :-

"This human life is like a river,
Its brightness lasts not on for ever; -
Tho' dancing from its native braes
As pure as maidhood's early days;
But soon with dark and sullen motion
It rolls into its funeral ocean,
And those whose currents are the slightest,
Or shortest run, are aye the brightest."

So it is with many of the Yorkshire streams that have a moory origin, for not having far to run, they leap and I plunge, and fret and fume, as well as knock the rocks about in their beds, as wilfully as any madly drunken man I does stupid mischief. Our view of watery action was taken at a very dry time, when the stone slabs in some of the minor streams were actually moss-covered and verdant, but no doubt the glens see another sight when the spirit of the tempest breaks the watery clouds, and the maddened waters know no restraint. In the hollow, close below the pretty little foss or fall at Cock Mill, near Whitby, now lies an enormous mass of

rock which an inundation must have carried to its present position, though it seems incredible that so little a stream could ever have pressed forcibly on so monstrous a mass. Yet, noiseless as this little streamlet now appears, the miller of Rigg Mill, the one above Cock Mill, told us of the bursting of a cloud a very few seasons previously, when such was the violence of the flood that his waggons were swept away from their shed in the rock, and so broken up and carried off peacemeal that no vestiges could be found of them, and the mill itself scarcely resisted the raving torrent; while another mill close to the Esk was entirely swept away, and a female that happened to be in the building alone at the time, was drowned amidst the horrors of an overwhelming flood in the deep gloom of night. This very flood probably hurled down the great rock into the ravine below Cock Mill, and many a similar watery outbreak is chronicled by the mighty boulders stationed at intervals in the beds of numerous torrents and water-courses.

The Esk itself, a river about the width of our Worcestershire Teme, winds sportively about, rippling among stones here, silent as in wrapt devotion there, ever inviting to its placid surface, brooding darkly at times under the thick canopy of umbrageous boughs. It reminded us much of a Monmouthshire stream that has also a Grosmont on its banks, and singularly enough, the very accessories on its margin were the same—giant bell-flowers, enormous leaves of the Butterburr or Tussillago, and overhanging branches of the drooping Wytch Hazel. At the three-arched bridge of Egton, to which we trolled with more than the enjoyment of anglers, the scene becomes very pretty, especially a short distance below the bridge, where a rapid in the stream is filled with boulders, among which the waters rush and plunge with resonant roar. Here, too, the sweet scented Cicely (*Myrrhis odorata*), a very rare plant in the south, fringes the side of the Esk with its elegantly cut leaves and tall umbels. The principal point that we wished to make in this excursion, was a romantic place called "The Beggar's Bridge," to which we were tempted by a poetical legend, in which, of course, a lady figures, shows a light at her window, which unfortunately shines in vain, and then years of misery follow in a far distant land, till her lover gets back to Eskdale, and the light shines again. That an old story like this should tempt grave philosophers "over bank, bush, and scaur," for many weary miles may seem unaccountable, but such is the weakness of poetic fancy to which we are all dupes, that this "Beggar's Bridge" was lit up in our estimation as a gem in the landscape, from its association with a bye-gone incident in which we could take no part. On we went, struggling in our way through the dense umbrage of Arncliffe Wood, which covers undulating rocky ground, high above the Esk, where the oolitic sandstone rises to view, and numerous broken masses lie about half-buried in a gigantic growth of brake and fern that covers the ground of the wood, to the exclusion of anything else, except monstrous thickets of a peculiar bramble. In the middle of this solemn wood the rocks become very prominent, and a broken almost isolated mass stands out in fissured slabs, bearing the name of "The Kid-stone;" but of the meaning of this mysterious name we could get no account. It may anciently have been an idolatrous stone, and faithful tradition still marks it ominously. A didymous oak tree issues out of a fissure near its base, and grows high up, branching extensively. It has partly broken up the rock, and must, as it spreads, break it up into further ruin.

We had an adventure to get to the bridge after leaving the wood, for we took a wrong path up Glazedale, and got to the top of a hill which we had to descend again; and though meeting a rustic boy and girl with a laden ass, which would alone have given Wordsworth a theme for fifty stanzas, to all our enquiries for the Beggar's Bridge, the only answer we could get, was "nein, nein," the actual negation we should have received in Switzerland. Yet, after leaving the little frightened children of the wood, we had scarcely turned round beyond a clump of foliage that obstructed the view, when palpably before us was the very structure we were in quest of. It is a curious narrow bridge, of one obtuse arc in a most secluded situation, where the Esk is shadowed by a thick growth of trees, that line the banks of the stream on both sides, and a lofty hill abruptly rising on either hand, shuts in a natural recess of quietude, suggestive rather of eremitical privation than amatory excitement. But we must give the tale that made the bridge. Formerly, only stepping-stones existed, and at the time of the story the lover from Egton could only get to his fair ladye by crossing the stream as he best could at night-fall to get into Glazedale, where her rush-light (for such

doubtless it was) was dimly burning. A sudden flood came down the swollen Esk, covering the stepping-stones, and according to an account we have obtained from an original manuscript by a lady, on which we implicitly rely : -

"Her lover had come to the brink of the tide,
And to stem its swift current repeatedly tried;
But the rough whirling eddy still swept him ashore,
And relentlessly bade him attempt it no more."

Upon this he took the hint, and went off in his wet habiliments, coolly remarking that if ever it was in his power to build a bridge there, no other unhappy wight should be thwarted as he then was! The tale goes that he then started abroad by the first conveyance, and on his return with the usual pocket appliances that romancers ever give to their wandering heroes, he very philanthropically erected the "Bridge of his vow," before the consummation of his nuptials. Such is the accredited account from our researches :-

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

On these premises we should be tempted to place these questions on the examination paper of some aspirant to office— how long the bridge was in building? and how old the lady was when her nuptials took place? A man must have been in no very great hurry to hug the matrimonial chain who proposed to build a bridge before the happy day was named, and it looks very much like a Yorkshire expedient, to postpone, if not altogether get over a disagreeable contract. However, the bridge is there, and we passed over it, and by another route, made a pleasant round back to Grosmont, encountering in our way a singular mass of basalt, the only igneous rock we any where noticed near Whitby.

We made several other pleasant excursions to the "fosses," or "forces," the local name for water-fall on the tributary streams to the Esk, one of which "Falling Foss," at the head of Littlebeck, is of considerable height, and well worth a visit; but our limits preclude a detailed description of every inviting scene of mossy musing by the waters drip, though we cannot avoid referring to Thomasin Foss in the Ellerbeck Valley, as uniting all the materials of rock, wood, and water, that an admirer of landscape beauty could desire. We recommend keeping the bed of the stream down to Beck Hole, where several glens meet, and by having to bear the brunt of their united waters when raging in wintry fury, is savagely wild, and in the twilight a hundred grim visages carved in the broken rocks, scowl down upon the startled wanderer.

Once we got entangled in the midst of boundless moors in our way to Nelly Ayre Foss, and realized, if not the shooting of grouse, at least the frightening of them,— quite as much as some sportsmen can accomplish. The prospect was wide, gloomy, and undefined, the distant view forming long lines of heathy sameness, blackened in some places with dots of peat, and marked by bleached stones among the withered rushes in others. Scuds of mist seemed to give the view perplexity and dread, for no path was traceable; as the mind shadowed by some impending evil becomes saddened and timorous at the perplexities of its position. So we turned our steps from the dismal moors towards the greener valleys. Lower down the heaths appeared in floral splendour, the dark purple of *Erica cinerea* in the ascendant, varied by the waxlike elegance of *E. tetralix*, while the pale purple ling was just coming into flower. Here and there verdant masses of *Sphagnum* varied the ground, and on their border tufts of the spreading black craneberry.

At last we broke away from the tufted heath, and struck the stream in the beck where the water was brown from its boggy origin, and flowing very tranquilly, the banks prettily wooded, and following its course soon came to the romantic cascade called "Nelly Ayre Foss." This is the best waterfall in the district, though not the highest, for although of considerable width its height is not more than twenty feet altogether. But its beauty consists in the arrangement of the great blocks around and beneath it. Below the waterfall, or rather five separate falls as

there was at this time, the sides of which are much broken, great masses of stone are thrown upon each other most fantastically, and some of them green with algae, or blackened by dry mosses, while other slabs with a pink or ferruginous hue, give to the scene, as the setting sun glances upon it, a most striking and even alluring appearance. This is well worth artistic attention especially in colouring, the light lepraria-green well contrasting with the colour of the stone, and there is no obtrusion of white mortar lichens. We here rested on a flat fallen stone with the musically flowing waters sounding not too loudly in our ears, and enjoyed the delicious tranquillizing scenery for some time.

⁷Part VI

Beautiful in its loneliness, with coloured slabs of ruin piled high upon its banks by fitful gushes from the dreary moors, is the cascade called "Nelly Ayre Foss. As the rippling water calls to its margin mosses of the brightest green, and delicate flowers that will not abide within the smoke of cities, so scenes like this, far from the little jealousies and contentions of the selfish mass of mankind, awake that poetical feeling in the mind which is a breath from heaven - silent acknowledgment of Divine influence

"Dayspring and eventide, and all the fair
And beautiful forms of Nature, have a voice
Of eloquent worship."- Longfellow.

We must away, however, for, though fair the occasion, it will be of little avail to indite poetry even under the inspiring flow of a waterfall, though sound may certainly be obtained in such a position, and an audience "fit, but few"-that is, the groves and solitudes which poets so generally address themselves to in the first instance, and then want what is not in these matter-of-fact days so easily obtainable- a publisher for and buyers of their melancholy staves and ceaseless strains. We had heard of another waterbreak, called "Mullion's Spout," that, lay somewhere lower down the glen, and so determined to find it out while we were here about, but there was no manifest path. The bank of the stream, pleasantly shaded though it was with wytch hazels and mountain ashes, formed very rough ground, and obstacles in the shape of stone walls, or stubby hedges so interfered with our progress, that at last there was no help for it but to plunge to the bottom of the beck, where the waters brawled among massive broken stones, and speed along from slab to slab like a water-crake. Thus we made rather a devious progress, until we came to a spot where a regular pile of tall stepping-stones set up for winter service crossed the brook. Pausing here to look about, we caught sight of a tall woman in a little close near the brook, who appeared to be coming from milking. On asking if we could get down the stream to Mullion's Spout, she said it was some distance, and the "rood roaf down beck," but as she was going up to her house, if we liked to come with her, when she had set down her milk she would guide us to Mullion's Spout, and direct us thence towards the railway station. As we thought we had time sufficient, we embraced her offer. Dinah Dowlsome, for such we found to be the name of our guide, was tall, gaunt, and severely grave, as if prematurely marked by the blighting stroke of calamity- a lone woman who might in earlier days have figured as a wild Meg Merrillies, but seemed now to have become a methodist, stern and solemn as her name. She conducted us to her cottage, but though there was no destitution apparent yet all was silent there, no child or living thing met the view. Milk she presented to us as if in pity, and then, as rather anxious for our safety than as a guide, she motioned us onward over rugged pathless ground, and aided us in places that were of no account to her, as we descended to another part of the deep beck. Awed by her appearance and manners we made but few enquiries, but our impression was that she had been bereft of a child or children by some calamity that had rigidized her features into the gloom of settled grief. She prest swiftly on to the stony margin of the torrent, and turning to a lofty cliff up the narrow glen, grimly pointed as if to some fated spot of horror, and moved no farther. "There's Mullion's Spout," exclaimed the old dame. It was a gloomy place, evening was coming on, the "owd lass" and ourselves alone of living beings visible there, and though we did not believe that she could conjure up spirits from the vasty deep or anywhere else, yet in times not far away it would have been rather imprudent at such a time and place to have carelessly trusted to such a mysterious looking dweller among the wilds. At "Mullion's Spout," the rocks that hem in the stream on either side are of considerable height and very precipitous, and the "spout" is a narrow stream that leaps down about a hundred feet from the summit of the rocks on the right side of the beck into the glen below, close to the water that flows down the ravine. The scene is quite romantic, - the brook rattles hastily among dark masses of rock, and one remarkably large and fine slab that the water washes is over-canopied by a broad old oak, giving much beauty to the retired shadowy scene. Dinah resumed her guidance up the steep, at the top of which we parted, but, as we may want her to

figure on another occasion, we beg to state that the right to use and translate her form and features elsewhere is "reserved."

We did not escape from Dinah without some bewichment from whatever quarter it arose, for our watch had stopped, and were too late for the train at "T'upper Incline," as the folks say, and so had to make a long detour down Goadland Dale to the Lower Incline of the railway, which gave us an opportunity to look at the towers and works erected here by a Whitby iron company, who had been induced to build them for the purpose of smelting the ironstone that is interstratified with the Oolite. Handsome towers have been erected, bridges made, and rails laid, and, as usual, all the subscribed money of the shareholders spent; so that if anything be at last effectively done, it will be by the wiser heads who come in second best in point of time, but will profit first by the outlay of the original shareholders.

The last noticeable spot about Whitby that we shall here mention, is Mulgrave Park, the property of the Marquis of Normanby, but now occupied by the Asiatic past-grand Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, whose liveried train in their gold-bordered scarlet hats about the modern castellated mansion, have an imposing if not oriental appearance. We made one of a pleasant party here, and were conducted over the gardens by a very intelligent Scotchman, who has the management of them. Fine woods adorn the park, and there is a deep precipitous dingle or hollow (from which most likely the name of Mul-graf is derived), pierced by a little stream, having in several places lofty and bare precipices of crumbling lias shale on its sides, that contrast well with adjacent cells of gloom matted with the Harts-tongue and other ferns. The view from the top of one of these steep banks is fine and suggestive, showing the deep and narrow glens below, with woods gradually rising "shade above shade" in leafy pomp till the prospect is entirely closed up; while in an opposite direction the blue ocean appears filling up the horizon beyond the sylvan scenes of the park.

We dilated previously upon the Abbey ruins of Whitby, and it may be thought not quite decorous to leave the town without entering the churches, of which there are three, besides chapels for most denominations of dissenters – and by the way we were told as a curious fact that the Quakers, once so strong at Whitby, had nearly all died out, or in their descendants conformed to the Church of England. But if we went into details of the churches we should get too critical, for the modern church of St. John, though well built, and mentioned in the guide book as "an excellent specimen of the revived Early English," wants a chancel, nor do we quite like the broad galleries that sadly darken the aisles. The old church, when once the 199 steps are surmounted, has certainly abundant "seat-room;" for so many faculties have been obtained from time to time for "alterations and improvements," that except in Cheltenham parish church we never saw any where else such a mass of interloping galleries – one even right across the nave, so that when the choir stand up to sing, their heads, if not elevated to heaven, are quite lost to view on earth. We should suggest one more "faculty," which, while enlarging the church, should sweep all the "improvements" away!

It may be thought that we have lingered somewhat long in the neighbourhood of Whitby, and might before this have taken a sea trip; but steamers to Scarborough and other distant places go at uncertain intervals, and there is a want of those short pic-nic excursions to little retired bays and marine nooks, often happily managed when there is company at a town ready to embrace the agreeable freedom such parties inspire. We do not mind the toss of a billow ourselves, but a friend whose company we wished to have as much as possible, had made such a sacrifice to Oceanus ere we reached him, that he had no stomach left for further marine enterprize, and all the pretty curls of the green wavy Nereids, as they floated temptingly near the shore, were lost upon his blunted sympathies. My friend in effect adopted the language of the old classic poet Moschus, which for general benefit we must give in English garb : –

"When on the wave the breeze soft kisses flings,
I rouse my fearful heart, and long to be
Floating at leisure on the tranquil sea;
But when the hoary ocean loudly sings,

Arches his foamy back, and sudden swings
Wave upon wave, his angry swell I flee;
Then welcome land and sylvan shade to me."

A traveller, however, must be ready for the rough as well as the smooth, and so on a fine breezy morning, when the "foamy back" of old ocean looked inspiring enough at a distance, we hastened aboard the good little steamer Esk, and bidding adieu to the old ruins of Whitby Abbey on one side, and waving our hand to its modern terraces and crescents on the other, steamed alongside the stone piers, passed the pillared light-houses on either hand, and were soon in the blue waters. It is only a short voyage of less than three hours to Scarborough, with bold and often broken cliffs full in view bounding the coast, and with scarcely any margin for pedestrian rambling, except at the indent of Robin Hood's Bay, where a little nose-like projection of battered houses is seen poking downward from the ridge to the sea margin. In places along the coast are green patches of pasture broken down as an undercliff from the heights above, seemingly very difficult to get at, but cattle were grazing there apparently at ease. Soon the Castle of Scarborough peeped into view on its beetling crag, and, inspirited by the stiff breeze, we bore into port gay as larks, although not lightened from any part of mortality's load, too often exacted by stern Neptune from the Verdant Green who ventures upon an unsullied deck to realize "the sea, the sea, the open sea," where he too soon finds 'tis no joke to be!

Scarborough has assumed the name of the "queen of watering places," and we soon ascertained that the prices of things there were on a regal scale, and apartments of a good description "ruling" at a very high figure. This year especially, the tide of visitors had set in at such an impetuous rate, that according to a story we heard, a right rev. bishop had been compelled to walk the streets all night, as no bed was procurable! This must have been a legend of the see put forth by some lodging house-keepers to enhance the value of anchorage within their harbours; but we did really meet with some unhappy excursionists who had come on a three days' ticket-of-leave from London, who declared to us that they had to sit up all night in default of any beds obtainable to lie down upon. Scarborough has indeed abundant bustle and gaiety in its streets, and appliances for luxuries in various ways, with a lofty bridge to save the descent into the valley that intervenes between some of its modern-built splendid terraces, grand music saloon, and promenade, &c., all to be enjoyed by paying the demanded tolls, for gold soon melts at Scarborough. But, in our view, there is rather too much of active life about the place, for such an array of nurse-maids and children lining the sands and shore never before met our notice. On a fine day, indeed, they fill all the crevices of the rocks, so that in poring among the oolitic cliffs hoping to find some fossil specimens, we were scared at each step we took by actual living babbies in every cranny and interstice, almost as close together, as dew drops in autumn on a spider's web. We suppose there were fathers and mothers to this enormous throng, and blessed quivers-full some of the happy owners must have had; but one might almost have thought the innumerable spawn had been thrown up by the waves like the heaps of sea-weeds on the flat stony reef. Oppressed with the sight of cherubic forms that still met our eyes at every turn, and nearly run over by the reckless damsels, that on high mettled steeds were careering along the sands, as if they meant to run away once and for ever— and only wanted a companion in their flight; leaving the gay scene of walkers, stalkers, (with their nets to entrap zoophytes, and perhaps, zoologists too), as well as talkers, donkeys, bathing-machines, shell-sellers, and other littoral or rather littering objects disturbing to quiet contemplation, we slowly left the beach to perambulate the town. In going through a square near the Museum, we were almost as much astounded as Robinson Crusoe himself was at his parrot's calling out his name, when away from his cave, to hear a voice from a balcony above our heads cry out to us familiarly, and to our joyful astonishment, there was the head and appendages also of a most worthy citizen of the faithful city, who kindly offered that genial hospitality which he knows so well gracefully to give to friends and acquaintances. So we had a pleasant rest and colloquy.

We are not going to sketch the topography of Scarborough, and shall, therefore, only mention one gusty incident which will make the place live in our memory. Having, of course, mounted the castle crag, and looking out thence upon the wide

expanse of the German ocean, with the wind blowing big guns at the time, a sudden gust swept off our hat, though protected by a light string that gave way, and spite of any exclamations from us, over the cliff it went, and we parted company for ever. We felt no inclination to follow in its wake, and consigned it as it would go, to the first Norwegian who happened to find it – for no land intervenes between the coast of York-shire and Norway, in which direction it scudded. As we passed the castle-gate, the sentry challenged our altered appearance, and sooth to say we really looked the character of Gray's bard, whose beard and hoary hair –

"Streamed like a meteor in the troubled air; "

and if not admired, we were at any rate well observed by wondering Scarboreans, till we could take refuge in another hat! Surely, if military men take credit for two horses killed under them in battle, a traveller deserves an Æolian decoration or some future windfall for two hats blown away in furious gales of active service, which was our devoted lot! We happened to pick up a local book in Scarborough, which, as it records a similar incident in the blowing-off way happening to a lady, we shall copy, as it is written in that "Yorkshire dialect" still generally used by the country people, which makes it often difficult fully to understand them, much less write down what they say. It is taken from a publication called "T'Bairnsla Foak's Annual," or "Pogmoor Olmenack;" and proves that others get in winds' way as well as ourselves.

"Durin t'watterin season this year, a cureas bit of an occurance tade plaice at Scarbro. Wun mornin a lot a yung ladiz wor were waukin up at saath sauds, wi hats on as big as turn-tables, when a gust a wind cum an tade wun a-ther hats reight up into t'air, like a feythor, an away it went in t'dereckshun o' York; an e passin over a village abaght five miles off a Scarbro, a farmin-man at wor at t'top ov a hay-stac, happaud to see it, an wunderin wotiver it cud be, jumpt daan an ran to ivvery hause e t'plaice, to tell em at he'd seen summat wonderful e t'sky; aght they cum did foake, an gettin a glent on it, aw soorts ov ideas wur browt aght. A blacksmith sed it wor a moon at hed splittan e two; a tailor sed it wur a comet, for it had a tail to it, an wur a sine of a bluddy battle; a mengle-womman at put hur spekteckles on ta hey a fair look at it, sed it wer nowt na less then a toaken at t'wurd wer goin ta be at an end! Thus they kept goin on au sayin wot it wur; wal they gat into a regelar rangle wun we anuther; the t'mengle-womman's idea had t'moast beleevers be a good deal, an thay began to be scaard abaght it; an just as thay were gettin more so, t'hat began to lower an lower, wal it fell at t'top ov an owd beeldin, when thay all ran into ther hauses, exceptin t'head cobbler at'parisb, an he wod see wot it wor if it kild un, he sed."

We need not follow the hat-astrophe any farther in this Yorkshire lingo, as it is sufficient to say it never returned to its owner any more than a bonnet and feather related to have left a lady's head on the top of Hereford Cathedral a short time since, and which "went out of sight." But we have flown off from the subject of Scarborough itself, and so resume. Little remains are left of the castle, but the thick walls of the Norman keep, and even that is entirely dismantled. Modern dissightly barracks, too, occupy part of the area on the hill, and but ill accord with the relics of the grey encircling outer walls. Scarborough has the advantage of steamers leaving its harbour every day to various places northward and southward, as well as the railway direct, both to York and Hull.

We had determined to spend our last week at Filey, eight miles south of Scarborough, and here we recommend every tourist, who has time on hand, to go before leaving Yorkshire. It is different both to Whitby and Scarborough, is very quiet and retired, yet with good lodging accommodation, capital bathing, and a long extent of hard sands extending to the chalk cliffs that, in a precipitous range, guard the coast for miles towards Flamborough Head. Often at night, with the tidal billows washing upon the beach, did we watch the alternating white and red lights in the lighthouse at Flamborough from the Crescent Gardens, or admire the moon as it poured a column of glittering radiance upon the secluded bay. The cliffs here are of red diluvial clay, furrowed deeply by time and tempest, but at "the brig," as it is called, which is really a reef extending far into the sea, is some fine rocky scenery of the Oolitic age, and this exposed at every tide is a

favourite study of marine action. Here are piles of rock sculptured by oceanic corrosion, pools full of beautiful algoid and zoophytic objects, and terraces and caves which the green-haired Nereids have adorned with their tresses, and all easily explorable. We were never tired of walking under the red cliffs to the brig, and there watching the mighty waves boiling with fury upon the reef, deepening its pools, sharpening its acerbities, and roughening the flit pavement into innumerable hollows to which the seaweeds cling, and there spread a coloured but flabby carpet. The walk along the sands southward also leads to an impressive scene at the commencement of the chalk cliffs, where piles of gigantic boulders are heaped up beneath the magnificent precipitous escarpment till the daring climbing pedestrian can advance no farther. But as there is a time for every purpose, so there comes an end to every enjoyment, and the setting sun finally brightened the chalk cliffs of Flamborough for the last time to us as we pensively gazed over the intervening sea from the surf-beaten brig. Reluctantly we paced the shadowed sands back to Filey, and prepared to depart from it; though the Yorkshire coast scenes we have here depicted will long rest upon our memory.