



PREFACE

I HAVE much reason for gratification, as Editor of *Old Yorkshire*, in being enabled to place before many of my old friends,—with a welcome addition of new ones—this, the first volume of a New Series.

Eight years have gone since I had the pleasure, not unmixed with diffidence and mistrust, of placing before a large number of Yorkshire people, both at home and abroad, a book which represented the intention of bringing together many interesting facts connected with the history and antiquities of the county; and thus saving from forgetfulness much that well deserves to be remembered.

It is evident to every observant mind, that in the rapid march of so-called renovation and restoration—which too often amount to obliteration—every day makes it more difficult to trace the course of the past. Hence, if we are anxious to preserve much that is precious in history, genealogy, and traditional lore, some form must be devised to secure this most desirable end.

When I sent forth my first volume, I had no idea that the work would ever prove so acceptable to a large circle of readers, or that material would so readily come to hand, as to enable me, to send forth volume after volume. But my venture succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations; and I have, I trust, no reason to be ashamed of the five volumes which have passed through the press, which contain, if private and press opinions are reliable criteria, “much solid and useful material which will, in future years, be helpful to the historian, or student, of the people, the manners, and the customs of the olden time.”

In resuming the work, I desire, with the continued and esteemed help of contributors, and an increased support from subscribers, to go on, from year to year, treasuring up much that is curious, and rescuing from oblivion, much that is valuable.

To the Editors of the *Leeds Mercury*, my sincere thanks are due, for their permission to cull from the columns of the *Weekly Supplement*,—a charming all round paper, but of unique interest to the antiquary—articles of great interest and worth, and in return for this favour I shall endeavour in the pages of *Old Yorkshire*, to secure for these articles a more permanent form. In many cases they will be enriched with illustrations, which I trust will add greatly to the value of the work as a whole.

My thanks are specially due, and are now gratefully recorded to my friend, WILL CARLETON, of Brooklyn,

“Sweet laureate of the scattered Western life,
Inspired interpreter of lowly worth.”

who, amid his heavy literary duties and numerous lecturing engagements, has generously made time to favour me with the interesting article which introduces this volume to the reader.

In the further prosecution of my labours I shall be glad to have the co-operation of those who take an interest in the preservation of whatever is rare and valuable, in any phase of historical and antiquarian knowledge—the Clergy, and Ministers, Architects, and others. From all, I respectfully ask for communications and sketches, and will endeavour to find a place for whatever appears to be worthy of preservation.

While very cordially thanking all my friends who have so kindly assisted me hitherto, may I venture to ask them to make my obligations still heavier, by influencing their friends to become subscribers for the work, and so extend its usefulness. From nothing do I shrink more sensitively than from obtruding myself on a reluctant audience. But if there should yet be an audience, and they should prove the sincerity of their desire for such knowledge as this book contains, I see no reason why it should not be an annual one, at least, for a few years to come. With such continued and increased support, I shall try to make *Old Yorkshire* what it has ever been my earnest desire that it should be, a standard work of reference and general utility.

Morley, March, 1889.

WILLIAM SMITH.



INTRODUCTION.

INDULGING a sense of humor which, in common with all true Yorkshiremen, he possesses to the fullest extent, my friend the Editor, invites me to pen the Introduction for the initial number of the new series of this remarkable work.

He knows that I am not a native of Yorkshire ; that I am not descended from inhabitants of Yorkshire ; that I was born in a locality one-sixth part of the world's circumference west of Yorkshire ; and that my knowledge of that great and interesting double-county of England is limited to two too-brief visits.

He knows also, that I am not a good judge of old counties and countries ; that I belong to a nation which, comparatively speaking, and certainly, as far as years are concerned, has very little past ; whose antiquities—if I may purposely coin a Hibernianism, all are in the future ; which must wait one or two thousand years yet, before the inhabitants can assume the title of “ Antiquary,” without going away from home for their material.

To be sure, our mound-builders, from their present secure entrenchment of nothingness, give us permission to delve into their bleak deepnesses, and purloin a few stone weapons and implements ; but so scanty are the relics we find, that the imagination fatigues itself in trying to make the judgment believe that they ever existed.

The Indians too, have a certain vague history, and series of legends ; but their few annals lack the richness of Anglo-Saxon incident and color, and their stoicism, and lack of means with which to demonstrate the shades of thought and feeling, have made them rather discouraging to the student of human nature. It has taken all the imaginative power of our LONGFELLOW, and all the descriptive genius of our COOPER, to make them attractive in books ; and it is generally admitted that these great authors have covered their heroes and heroines with the glamour of poetry and romance, until the real Indian is hardly visible.

Our own constantly widening history, for the past two-hundred-odd years, contains much that will be great reading, to the end of the language, but it lacks as yet the filtering of time, and the mellowness which only years can impart to it. Impressive scenes, romantic incidents, and picturesque characters have not been wanting ; but these have been too much mingled with the staking-out of city lots, and the development of commercial resources, to give them the requisite antiquarian flavor.

And so it would seem as if almost any one, except a native-born American, whose family have been here for several generations—should be elected, as one best able to appreciate and bespeak a proper welcome for these gathered treasures of Old Yorkshire.

But if honest, hearty admiration for the locality treated, and the work heretofore done, may be considered as constituting good credentials, I will yield the right of this position to none. Perhaps, indeed, I can enjoy and admire this richness of reminiscence all the more, for the poverty of my own country in that respect. It was my great privilege, one delicious Autumn, to wander about Yorkshire a little ; and its simultaneous likeness and unlikeness to that which I had known before ; its mingling of the regular characteristics of genuine human nature, with the peculiar originalities of its environment ; and its almost bewildering wealth of legend and association, made the visit a very short one for the number of days consumed.

When shall be forgotten that dreamy luxurious day at Fountains Abbey? How the ghosts of the old monks came back, and chanted once more, among those priceless ruins; how they sat jollily within the boundaries of their old refectory, and drank the ghost of their own good red wine; how they almost seemed to congratulate us that the golden Autumn sunlight made so glorious the window-vistas.

Then it was but a little way to Ripou—quaint old hamlet market-town, keeping many of the characteristics of the ante-railroading times. In a humble dwelling of one of the narrow streets, did we not find the town horn-blower?—a proud, though not haughty official, whose duty it was to sound his rude trumpet every evening at sunset, at the door of the Mayor's dwelling. He is since dead; I hope they have another in his place—as brusque and as naive!

There was that sweet old dáy at Haworth—capital of the country of the Brontës—so pervaded with them, that it hardly seemed as if Charlotte—so like a sister to all literary folk—had been dead only about a quarter of a century! And that dinner at the Black Bull, where somebody incautiously admired the nice old landlady's grandmother's portrait on the wall—and she, in the proud goodness of her heart, came and brought us the very shoes—delicate and dainty foot-ropes—that the dear old lady used to wear, and exhibited them to us there on the table, among the smoking viands! And one of the company said, "That's shew-bread," and escaped with life; and one remarked, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and was not massacred. What a jolly party we were! But a shade of sadness comes over it all, when we remember that genial RAYNER, who gathered up the "History of Pudsey," will never be with us again.

And then the visit to Pudsey itself, and to the little Moravian Settlement near by, where the shade of James Montgomery flitted to and fro, singing hymns as it went, heard only by the heart; the trip to Hull, and its memories of Wilberforce, and the hospitalities of its splendid Literary Club; to the old walled red-roofed town with the sublime Minster; to Leeds, Ilkley, Bolton, Bradford, and many other

places, and, not least, to Morley, where lives the restless, swift-brained *litterateur* to whom this book is indebted for its making, and the magic wand of whose eloquence enchanted more and more the country through which we walked! All these persons, places, and things render Yorkshire, its present and past, one of the most glittering casket of gems to be found among the memories of three European tours.

I remember, once, when driving away from the door of a hall in the suburbs of Leeds, after addressing one of the kindest and most appreciative audiences that one would meet in a life-time, a bluff, honest-faced Yorkshireman appeared at the door of my carriage, and shouted, with good cheer in every tone of his voice, "Good-bye, Brother Jonathan! Hasto hed a Yorkshire pudding yet?" To which I answered, mentally, "Yes, a thousand; they have been served to me constantly, since my arrival here, and with such a superb variety of palate, mind, heart, and soul-flavor, that they nourished the appetite constantly for more."

Having read the table of contents of this new volume of "Old Yorkshire," and remembering what the preceding ones have been, I am sure I can predict for its readers, not only some luscious "Yorkshire Pudding," but all the other courses of a magnificent bill of fare.

WILL CARLETON.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., *Feby.* 20th, 1880.

