

quality. The most exalted personages in the realm were not above the scope of her knowledge, or indifferent to the weight of her words.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

Carriages without horses shall go,	Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk ;
And accidents fill the world with woe ;	In the air men shall be seen,
Around the world thoughts shall fly	In white, in black, in green
In the twinkling of an eye ;	Iron in water shall float
Waters shall yet more wonders do,	As easy as a wooden boat ;
How strange, yet shall be true ;	Gold shall be found and shown
The world upside down shall be,	In land that is not now known ;
And gold shall be found at the root of a tree ;	Fire and water shall wonders do,
Through hills man shall ride,	England shall at last admit a Jew ;
And no horse or ass be at his side ;	The world to an end shall come
Under water men shall walk,	In the year eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

A stone was erected to her memory near Clifton, not far from the city of York, and on it the following epitaph was engraved :—

Here lies one who never lied,
Whose skill often has been tried ;
Her prophecies shall still survive,
And ever keep her name alive.

EUGENE ARAM (*From the "Records of York Castle"*). "Eugene Aram was by birth a Yorkshireman ; he came of a good family, which had, however, declined in prosperity, so that Aram's father was employed as gardener to Sir Edward Blackett. Young Aram exhibited early that remarkable taste for learning which subsequently gained him an honourable name, and his precocious tastes were fostered by his father's master. By sixteen, Aram had acquired much learning, which increased from year to year, mastering not only Latin and Greek, but Hebrew also, with extraordinary speed and ease. To these, while engaged as usher or tutor in various parts of the kingdom, he added Chaldee and Arabic, with botany, heraldry, and many of the sciences. He was living, married, at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, from 1743, where a Mr. William Norton was his patron, and afforded him the assistance necessary for the pursuit of his studies. But while thus engaged, Aram appears to have fallen in with evil associates. He became specially intimate with one Houseman, a flax dresser, and the two entered into a confederacy with another man named Clarke, who was to borrow plate and other valuables from his friends, and defraud them of the goods. Clarke was enabled to do this on the credit of a reputed fortune which was to come to him with his wife ; but he bought also, and pretended in this respect to act as agent for a London merchant, who wished to send these goods abroad.

"Suddenly Clarke disappeared, and was heard of no more. Aram and Houseman, who had been his associates, were suspected of complicity in the fraud, but, although the

houses of both were searched, little was found to incriminate them. A little later Aram also left Knaresborough, and nothing more was heard of him till he was found thirteen years afterwards an usher in a school at Lynn. Nothing more would have been heard of Clarke had not a labourer discovered, when digging at a place called Thistle Hill, near Knaresborough, the skeleton of a body, which had evidently been buried double, and which pointed clearly to some foul play. Suspicion arose that this skeleton was that of Daniel Clarke, and it was now remembered that Aram's wife—whom he had deserted—had hinted years before that her husband and Houseman had made away with Clarke. Search was made for Houseman. He was found, turned King's evidence, and directly accused Aram of the murder. His story went that he and Aram had left the house of the latter in company with Clarke, and that on reaching a place called St. Robert's Cave, Houseman saw Aram strike Clarke 'several times over the breast and head, and saw him fall as if he was dead, upon which he came away and left them.' He added later that Clarke's body was buried in the cave, where it was subsequently found.

"An enquiry was set on foot for Aram, who was eventually found at Lynn. John Barker, a constable of Knaresborough, identified him, and he was apprehended and conveyed to York Castle, where he was tried in August, 1759. In his defence he argued so ably, and with so much specious cleverness, that the judge characterised his speech as one of the most ingenious pieces of reasoning which had ever fallen under his notice. He pleaded first his known studious habits, and his hitherto unblemished life. 'My days,' he said, 'were honestly laborious; my nights intensely studious.' He urged that Clarke's disappearance was no proof that he was dead, and he quoted the case of the prisoner Thompson, who had escaped two years previously from York Castle, and of whom nothing more had been heard. He pointed out that human bones were so constantly discovered, that there could be nothing extraordinary in the appearance of these in St. Robert's Cave. Lastly, he deprecated the acceptance of circumstantial evidence and king's evidence, quoting many instances where both had been subsequently proved utterly false.

"Nevertheless, he was found guilty, and was sentenced to death. After his conviction he acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and confessed to the clergyman who administered to him that he had actually murdered Clarke. His excuse was that he suspected Clarke of having intrigues with Mrs. Aram.

"Aram was executed at the Tyburn, York, but he nearly cheated the gallows. The morning of the execution, when roused to have his irons removed, he was found too weak to rise. On examination it was discovered that he had opened a vein in his arm with a razor, which he had concealed in his cell. He was, however, promptly tended, and so far restored that he stood the journey to Knavesmire, and there met his end. After execution his body was hung in chains in Knaresborough Forest.

“A paper was found in his cell, written, as it was supposed, just before he cut his arm with the razor.

“I slept soundly till three o’clock, awoke, and then wrote these lines :—

‘Come, pleasing rest, eternal slumber fall,
Seal mine that once must seal the eyes of all ;
Calm and composed my soul her journey takes,
No guilt that troubles, and no heart that aches.
Adieu ! thou sun, all bright like her arise,
Adieu ! fair friend, and all that’s good and wise.’”

JOHN METCALFE.—John Metcalfe, better known as Blind Jack, was a native of Knaresborough ; he lost his sight at the age of four. His blindness, however, was no great hindrance to him. Being a good violin player, he was chief musician at the Queen’s Head, High Harrogate, for many years.

In 1745 he joined Colonel Thornton’s Troop, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk.

After his release, he commenced as carrier for conveyance of goods and passengers ’twixt Knaresborough and York, and, it is said, often served as guide along the intricate roads and through forests during the night, or when the paths were covered with snow. He was an expert swimmer, and also loved to follow the hounds.

In the art of love-making he shone pre-eminent, for, it is said, among his other exploits, he eloped with the damsel who became his wife, on the day appointed for her marriage with a rival.

Most extraordinary was also his skill in road-making and building bridges, etc. Many of our Yorkshire roads were originally planned by Blind Jack. The following is extracted from a letter of Blind Jack’s to a friend.*

* “In the year 1760, I agreed to make between 20 and 30 miles of turnpike road leading from Wakefield to Manchester. The Trustees were very anxious to have it speedily done ; so I was obliged to employ about four hundred men. I had them in five companies ; each company a few miles distant from each other. I stationed myself and family, with a number of horses and carts, at a place called Lepton, near the road-side, about five miles east of Huddersfield, and eight west of Wakefield. I frequently went to the present Colonel Ratclif’s. He was Captain, then, of a company in the Militia, he being one of the principal commissioners and subscribers to the turnpike road. One time I found a coach standing in the court : I asked the reason of its standing there. He told me he had been building a new Hall, but had got up no outbuildings ; besides, he said, he had no occasion for it, though it cost his father one hundred guineas. I told him, as he had no lady, I would buy it of him for my lady. After a good many words betwixt us, I agreed for it for four guineas, though it was worth four or five times the money. Colonel Ratclif was Justice of the Peace then ; his clerk was rather of a merryish disposition, and he said, I would have you to come on such a day for it ; the Justice will be from home, and I will ride with you in it to Huddersfield ; and accordingly I did, and we both got into the coach. A man who was rather short of understanding rode the fore-horse, with a short pipe in his mouth, and without a hat. We had a pickaxe on one side of the coach, and a spade on the other. Lest they should mention any duty to us, we meant to say we were removing tools for the use of the turnpike road. We drove to the best inn in Huddersfield. We had plenty of company, as very few coaches passed in

Passing out of Knaresborough, we follow the highway which leads to Ripley, and a few minutes brings us to the entrance of the drive to Scriven Hall and village, through a beautiful avenue of majestic trees, elm, ash, and beech, whose mighty trunks, towering to the clouds, are intermingled with the dark foliage of monstre firs, giving deep contrast to the rich woodland scene.

There oft the muse, what most delight her sees,
 Long living galleries of aged trees ;
 Bold sons of earth, that lift their arms so high
 As if once more they would invade the sky.

* SCRIVEN HALL.

The home of the Slingsbys is charmingly situated in the midst of a fine park, where stand many noble trees, their spreading branches, still waving in the breeze, remnants of that vast forest of Knaresborough, which once reached twenty miles from east to west, and from six to eight miles in width. The Norman Barons were great hunters, and so are their descendants at the present day.

We can easily imagine the hunting scene on a golden autumn morn, as the branches gently rustled in the morning breeze, and the woods resounded with merriment, the curvetting of fiery steeds, while ever and anon the shrill blast of the hunter's horn, mingled with the sounds of baying hounds and the rush of the hunters through the forest glades, were sights and sounds often seen and heard.

The family of Scrivens trace their descent from Gamel, the king's fowler, and settled here soon after the conquest Baldwin, son of Gamel, was Forester of the Forest and Parks of Knaresborough, and his descendants held that office for several generations.

that quarter, and particularly in the situation we were tackled in. Then we proceeded home to Lepton : and the Sunday following yoked six cart-horses to the coach, told my wife she should ride in a coach and six of her own ; though her relations reflected on her marriage, yet she had risen to a greater pitch than any of her generation before her. The late Sir John Kay lived at Grainge Hall, about a mile off us ; he being a good-natured gentleman, and often being free in talking to me, I sent to let him know that I and my lady were going an airing on to Grange Moor, with my coach and six, and would be glad if he would accompany us with his chaise. Sir John was very diverted with the joke. A few days after I said to my lady, if we continue the equipage we shall want new liveries for servants and new harness for six horses, so I put my former intention into execution, which was to pull the coach to pieces and take off the leather and iron for proper use, and put the wheels on to two little carts. I can't say but it caused rather a flatness in my lady, to see her splendid equipage so suddenly demolished."

* Scriven : the residence of the schrieve or sheriff of the district, where (in olden times) was held the scyregemot, or court.

Near the village of Scriven is an eminence called "Conyrig-Garth," or, the "King's Enclosure." This piece of ground is supposed to have been the camping place of a Saxon or Danish army. On a rising ground half-a-mile from this spot, were found, about one hundred years ago, by men digging for gravel, several human skeletons laid side by side, with each a small urn at their heads.

Sir Henry Siingsby was M.P. for Knaresborough in 1640, and colonel in the king's army during the civil war. He spent a great part of his fortune in the cause of Charles I., fought in several actions, was a very brave and skilful officer. He was long a prisoner at Hull, and was tried at Westminster for offering to deliver some part of the garrison for service of Charles II. Sir Henry was condemned to death. He suffered on Tower Hill, along with Dr. Hewitt, June 7th, 1658, persisting in his loyalty to the Stuarts, saying with his last breath he died for being an honest man. Leaving the Hall, a few yards brings us to Scriven village. Its ancient farmyards remind us of "J. F. Herring's" truthful paintings of those scenes. The village has an old English appearance, and, with its pretty green, presents a picture of quiet and peace.

Turning to the left from this village, a mile and a half brings us to

SCOTTON,

whose first inhabitants, Hargrove says, were from Scotland.

In the time of William the Conqueror, Robert de Brus held lands here. This old warrior was the ancestor of the noble and illustrious family of Bruce, which gave to Scotland her best and bravest king. He was a person of great strength and valour, and was sent by William to subdue the Saxons in the North, and was rewarded with much land. He fought against the Scotch at the battle of the Standard, and having estates in Scotland, felt himself under obligation to both armies. Just before the signal of battle the old veteran rode up to the Scotch Army and tried to persuade them to give up battle; his discourse seemed to make a great impression on their king; until his nephew exclaimed, "these are the words of a traitor." The old Norman warrior only replied to this insult by retracting his oath of fealty and homage, and galloped back to the English lines. Then the highlanders raised their war cry, "Alben! Alben!" The armies now engaged in fierce conflict. The Scots were defeated. Robert died 1141. At Scotton also dwelt Guido Fawkes; the house where he lived stands a small field's length from the village. He was born in the City of York, his father dying when Guy was young. He seems to have made the acquaintance of several catholic families of note, who were enraged at the heavy fines they had to pay, and the severe laws enacted against them. From these and other causes sprung the plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament. Guy was arrested at the door of the vaults which spread under the Parliament Chambers. In the vaults were thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, all ready for igniting. When brought bound before the king, he was asked how he could have heart to destroy so many innocent souls. "Dangerous diseases," said he, "require desperate remedies." One of the Scottish courtiers asked him: "Why so many barrels of gunpowder?" "One of my reasons," said Guy, "was to blow Scotchmen back to Scotland."

On asking one of the villagers if they could tell us any anecdote or tradition about