

a waterspout burst in 1686, causing enormous devastation in these villages. (See Appendix.)

We now enter the third portion of Wharfedale, through a most romantic woody glen, with fells towering above, and rocks contracting below to form narrow channels, of which the 'Strid,' immortalized by Wordsworth, is most remarkable, for the rapid and powerful river. Past these obstructions the Wharfe emerges into that sweet and picturesque combination of cliff, meadow, forest, and monastic ruins, which has rendered Bolton Abbey dear to the painter of nature, and which owes no small share of its witchery to the graceful sweeps and ever-changing face of this beautiful mountain-stream. Gladly might the princely shepherd, the good Lord Clifford, pass happy years in this retreat, suggestive of better thoughts than

. . . . low ambition and the pride of kings.

Five miles below Bolton is Ilkley (the Olicana of Rome), under the slope of Rumbalds, Romells or Rumbles Moor, or finally Rumeley's Moor, as belonging to De Rumeley, the founder of Skipton Castle; which gives forth the cold pure springs for which Ilkley was long famous, before Ben Rhydding claimed attention. The Roman roads through Olicana have not been completely traced, but there is good ground to admit a connection by this means from Rigodunum (Ribchester) to Calcaria (Tadcaster) and Eburacum (York).

Ilkley still preserves on the south side of the river, near the church, some remains of the Roman camp. This was probably founded near to an earlier British town, mentioned by Ptolemy under the name of Olicana, in which we may detect the British Llecan,—rock; and certainly no place in Yorkshire better deserves the title of rocky. For above the station is one of the finest 'edges' of millstone grit which can anywhere be seen, and the 'Hanging Rocks'—the 'Cow and Calf'—which project over Ben Rhydding, are scarcely to be surpassed in picturesque effect.