WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

ROUND ABOUT BOLTON ABBEY, WHARFEDALE AND OLD ILKLEY.

Description of the Ancient Priory of Bolton—Quaint Ilkley—Its Surroundings and Antiquities—Charming Memories of the Boyhood Home of the Noted Preacher, Robert Collyer, the "Yorkshire Blacksmith."

HARTFORD, CONN., to Elmer L. Wakeman!

ILKLEY, England, April 3.—Where the Bolton woods of the German poets come out will winds from the Irish sea, and such, in average weather, will be my lot when along the barren hills, like a little cube, as like a nest between the Alpine Yorkshire moors. This is Wharfedale. My ancestors are dwellers of ancient rank in the manor and parishes of neighboring hills. But a little time on this one side, or it is almost impossible, for wakefulness whenever spirit and nerve are strained, and I am in the presence of old scenes. The mere sight of old faces, the sound of old voices, the touch of old friends, the tramping of old paths, the sight of old places, the sound of old bells, the smell of old fragrance, the taste of old fruits, and the sight of old flowers, all are enough to make one wear rising stars, and strangely out with lodge and sage, love and bloom, very sad and tender. The mere sight of the house of Lady Abbey, or Bolton Abbey, or Ilkley, and the sound of the bells, and the sight of old faces, and the touch of old friends, and the tramping of old paths, and the sight of old places, and the sight of old fragrance, and the taste of old fruits, and the sight of old flowers, and the sight of old stars, and the sound of old