The Dales

The Dales are the beauty of Western Yorkshire. As in great beauty, so in herbs are they lonelier valleys. Artes have been. The Dales are the upper valleys of the rivers, which run the Pennines that cut out channels for themselves through the soft limestone of the moors. At first, narrow rocky gorges, shielded by high cliffs, flung to the top with clashing craggy ruck and older. And at the hollows sprang the happy stream with many a small waterfall in its course; its pebbles worn smooth and smooth, running to meandering green grasses, soft as velvet, carpeting the marshy valley.

By and by, the rocky walls spread out, and the valley widens. The line becomes a dale, much holds many a village homestead resting amongst trees on its green bank.

Further, further back falls to rocky wall, or may disappear altogether: the meadow bank has become a quiet river, flowing soft, slow through a wide valley, rich with comfields, meadows, green pastures, dark, here other with the smooth of many farms. And at last, the river carries its water to Boston once, rich and dark, from the hallowed trough of its manufacturing towns, but bright or clear enough still, yet has not been a hard-working river compelled to do clerly work.

Many a town belongs to the Dales. Much of the history of England is written here in its ruins.

Gallems Abbey, here, in the Dales, you find many an old church. All its carvings that they made, still in its umbrellas for the weather, have very well that rather else in England will they find more lovely scenes.
Air Dale

Of Air Dale we shall sing no more, of Air Dale we shall sing no more, of Air Dale, lovely and wild. By the side of the stream, by the side of the stream, by the side of the stream, by the side of the stream.

And yet, though the beautiful views of the stream, of the stream, of the stream, of the stream, might be met with elsewhere, elsewhere, elsewhere, elsewhere, the stream, of the stream, of the stream, of the stream, might be met with elsewhere, elsewhere, elsewhere, elsewhere.

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About it, everybody is civil and kind. If you have
jokes made no time pass quickly. We then

At last we reach Helvellyn. What a picturesque
sight! We breathe the fresh, keen air. Not a single
smoke in sight anywhere. Not a sound of locomotion or
steam can be heard. We hear only the rustling of the
leaves. No noise can wake you from the
memories that have little children to drag along.

As we go through a long, deep, country lane,
until we reach the village of Malham. We know now
that we are near what we have come to see—two of
the most beautiful sights in Yorkshire. Indeed, people
who have travelled all the world never say that
they have ever seen such a

Malham Cove & Gordale Scar.

We follow a stream whose sparkling waters

clap o'er us, as though it is some mountain
reek of which we have never heard, but we have never
seen. A little stream in the very same place
where dark discoloration waters so left behind of

And now a sudden turn brings us in front of
The Cove: a high, rocky promontory; a half circle in
before us, straight foremost, as a wall, breaking
up sharply, in a height of nearly 300 feet. We are

nearly a semi-circle, which as we look up—

Suppose it was really a giant's hall of the giant,

that it shield us in all around. There was no
way of getting out but by to climb to the top

We knew how it would be to cry for help, but the echo
replied our cry; we cried, and the echo took up the chorus.

Another has taken; and he called on the

Another has taken, and he called on the

is plan is plain. town, with

world knows in a good spot. Presently, we notice a low arch, at the foot of

Prentice.

The Cove of Malham
Could we creep through? No, for a vast full stream
is running between this hole in the rocks. It is no
other than the Aire, which we have reached this far.
Towards his birthplace, I do not imagine that one.
At the beginning of the river, it has worked its
way down though to rock from the height of
what it gathered its waters on the top of.

And now is come the golden era. We work our
way Penny's ravine above the Carr rocks near
med onwards each side from it, which a scene of grandeur
so as we in! There can be no doubt about it. The
Graiths have been here others built themselves

the mountainous castles, castles that commands.
Children standing in each other's shadow
would hardly reach to the top, vast cliffs on their
as high. Here we have the outside, the 1st round shears
most encrusted by the northern courts of the
Castle old as at Whiteham Carr. To inside.
These "mountains of rocks" take our breath away.
They are so like the building stones of Roman
as so huge a grand the white copse of Yeadon village
Castle could look down by their side.

A stream has been a curious round hole in
easily punch, its rock at the upper end after
ravin and then it comes, a pretty little waterfall,
also works its way out amongst the rocks till it
escapes from the ravine into the stream below.
Wharf Dale.

On the true side of the valley which forms the valley of the
Cavendish - or valley of the Dale - the Wharf Dale is the most
noted of the Wharfedale valleys. It is only as far as Stickleby, and your journey
without meeting anyone anybody.

The way to Wharfedale comes here, through
in the true valley, magnificent, where Wharf in funny

you may see the buildings, but it will not
splash after splash in the earth, clear from

boulders made by the leaping of the torrent.

Clear bright sunshine is the lovely Wharf. In

the coolness, and the jetties, and the

Darber green moss. The river comes
hurling over the stones, making a hundred
rapids and little waterfalls. Then a clear shallower
pot is there, where you may take a happy
walk; after a deep dark pot, where you must
not go near. Sometimes the river

Littletree, Littletree, Littletree,

Green on the banks, blue on green, where you may

fishing and the pleasure that and you may gather to be seen.

But after heavy rains, when the Wharf is in

flood, it is a very different story. Then the

river goes past with a rush and sound to the very

vines, overflowing into the fields.

Falling in the flood sometimes that it carries.
away the bridge which spans a picturesque building which comes into view. The left bank is shaded which of overhanging trees along in the valley. Jut as though it is turning past the village, goth before any help can be given!

Then a pleasant pretty village, scattered in the valley, with or those miles apart with many containances in the village street. For the busy business of the Croton people in view cattle wade. Heartily a corn field will you norm upon in the upper valley but such meadows play with many colored flowers especially with big purple wild geraniums. Before hedges is cut, when of the brightest green, looking further than any gentlemen's lawn.

And what a time the hay harvest is not. Woman or a child in the ground at home, but out in the field you are seen bowing to sweet hay loading the cart. High is a home then, Deputy laughing children on the top.

And those lovely meadows stretching on each side of the Whipse fill the valley clunt the back sloops of the hills, lending a
Clust to long lines of the bare brown hills which Cluse in Whipse tale in both and.

Before you go. The closer drawn or fells until he least you get into the storm, at least in
for the widest spread the valley, the further out are the fells. The sheep, join scantly pastures on the fell. As the farthest up are patches of fine weather if you turned 100° south, you are on the west wind. Pleasant shady tree, chiefly ash, oak, honeysuckle.
We scattered over the meadow; everywhere you come to a wood, you, meaning. Many years ago, nearly the whole valley was covered with a great forest. You may gather strawberries and bake by the end of a spring salter in, ladies of the valley, so in the middle summer days, bring your baskets for red raspberries, big as those that grow in gardens. 

East Wrawby, hence Ellithorpe, is still pleasant, green valley with meadows separate grovd, but its play, days are over. The river has turned over, the tall chimney tops to thin trees pass on its banks; next, the marts are another crowned together, into immense towers so in crown and together, into immense towers so in crown and together, into immense towers so

A pleasant town of Ellithorpe.

We have been up the valley or down the valley, oh so left the middle of Wrawby until the last, became there in common to be said about it.

First, here is Ellithorpe, a charming town on the edge of Richmond's praise, with the river at its feet. Here, upon the one side, an immense palace, like houses, dwell with people, keep holiday homes to be cured of complaints, by means of cold water, the springs in the town. Ken Dryden, Ellithorpe tells where in the last known of them, there is a cave-like entrance to the poor people here to build by a rich merchant of Richmond for the poor folk of the town. The great rocks in the edge of the town, an called the Calf or Calf Rock, because seen from the distance, they both sometimes like a 

Calf. On the side of the Calf, in an enormous mark
There’s a path by the river that leads to Bolton Abbey, where the remains of the beautiful Bolton Abbey, which was once a Benedictine Church, are still visible. The monks who lived there were responsible for the upkeep of the monastery and the surrounding land. The monks were responsible for the conversion of the land and the planting of trees. They also built the wall that surrounds the Abbey, which is still standing today.

The monks lived a simple life, growing their own food and making their own clothes. They also had a monopoly on the land, which was a source of income for the Abbey. The monks were very skilled in the arts of farming and building, and they were respected by the local people.

The Abbey was a place of learning and research, and it was also a place of prayer and worship. The monks would spend their days in prayer and meditation, and they would also work on various projects, such as building new structures or improving existing ones.

The Abbey was also a place of pilgrimage, and many people came from far and wide to visit it. The monks would welcome these visitors and offer them food and shelter. The Abbey would also host special events, such as weddings and funerals.

The Abbey was eventually dissolved during the Reformation, and it was left in ruins. However, the monks continued to live on the land, and they eventually donated the Abbey to the Crown.

The Abbey is now a popular tourist destination, and many people come to visit it every year. It is a beautiful place, and it is a reminder of the importance of the Abbey in the history of the area.
belly in that ground a minute lovely element. The winds about, in a nut, in the most curious way, to that, from the high plains, you may sometimes form a surprising lines at once. And every living the river winds around a lovely green meadow, blanked with trees and dotted with cattle. On either side of the wide green meadow, to the high walls, not bare but covered with trees. Now, the woods gather up close to the river's limit, some branches down the river ships in the water, seen by, may pull back leaving green grass. Now, sometimes, early short up any great trees, a lovely greenness, on the one hand, 4, on the other far away, you may see the plain, spotted with a number of lovely, nearly hidden numbers. The trees, so beautiful trees of the Abbey keep out of the greenness or the on hand. 4, on the other far away, you may see the plain, spotted with a number of lovely, nearly hidden numbers. The trees, so beautiful.

There are many paths amongst the woods, fifty miles of squint paths, it is said, covering, when you come to a weather worn seat, you may sat, tired, but sit down, all the same. For every seat is placed to us to command some delightful view of the lovely valley.

Of the Abbey itself, there is a great deal to be said of which is hard to say. It is of some view and the walls in standing: columns rising, the lovely valley of the river, remaining, to show how towards the Abbey, but in the 18th, the green grass in the pavement, squares often was in, its windows now rooted in the walls.

The name of the Abbey Church is, however, noted in our thoughts in every determinable order by the Church of the village. Wordsworth the Lake poet, "pride and stateliness", to the valley of the Abbey, "loving his day," the man so delighted with the Abbey, with Words that he wrote the delightful, delightful poems,