

**THE POETS OF YORKSHIRE;  
COMPRISING SKETCHES OF  
THE LIVES, AND SPECIMENS  
OF THE WRITINGS**

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The Poets of Yorkshire; Comprising Sketches of the Lives, and Specimens of the Writings by  
William Cartwright Newsam & John Holland

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**WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT NEWSAM & JOHN HOLLAND**

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THE  
POETS OF YORKSHIRE;  
COMPRISING  
SKETCHES OF THE LIVES,  
AND SPECIMENS OF THE WRITINGS  
OF THOSE  
"CHILDREN OF SONG"

WHO HAVE BEEN NATIVES OF, OR OTHERWISE CONNECTED WITH  
THE COUNTY OF YORK.

"By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest that the Poet, with that same kind of delight, doth draw his mind more effectually than any other art doeth; and so a conclusion not unfully issued, that as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make an end of, so Poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman."  
—Sir P. Sidney's Discourse on Poets.

COMMENTED BY THE LATE  
WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT NEWSAM;  
COMPLETED, AND PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS FAMILY,  
BY JOHN HOLLAND.

(PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS; TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES PRINTED.)

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AND JACKSON.

1845.

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TO GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK  
VISCOUNT MORPETH.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD, perhaps, have best consulted propriety, all things considered, if I had merely transcribed and printed, the few words of appropriate dedication to your Lordship, which I find in the handwriting of the deceased individual, whose work it has fallen to my lot to complete and publish : it appeared to me, however, scarcely compatible with due respect, to confine myself to the exercise of so bare a formality, under the circumstances. I beg, therefore, my Lord, while I thus publicly and respectfully acknowledge, as in duty bound, your kindness, in allowing the late Mr. Newsam to announce his projected volume under your Lordship's patronage, to express the satisfaction with which I, at the same time, am enabled to refer even to these pages for evidence of your interest in their subject, as well as to your sympathy with their author. In these times, my Lord, when among other flippant affectations of a superior understanding, to despise poets and poetry is too often accounted an evidence of cleverness, it is exhilarating to find an intelligent individual in your Lordship's exalted station, at once countenancing by practice, and encouraging by approval, that, which one

of the most gifted of the living "Children of Song," has declared to be the eldest, the rarest, and the most excellent of the fine arts. Men may sometimes differ widely as to politics and religious theories and practices, who are, nevertheless, agreed on the less distracting interests of literature and humanity; I feel, therefore, that I incur no risk of exciting an adverse sentiment in any one, when I here mention the pleasure with which I have often noticed the records of your Lordship's generous interest in, and humane respect for, the mental efforts of individuals belonging to classes of society, it may be, at the furthest remove from your own. The names of many such individuals, including my own, occur in the following pages: and may I not venture to hope, that should your Lordship ever honour the volume with a perusal, it will be with no feelings of humiliation that you find yourself, as well as some of your ancestors, mentioned among the "Poets of Yorkshire?" I ought to say, in conclusion, that a grateful sense of your Lordship's kindness and condescension, mingled with the last earthly anxieties of the humble and severely tried individual, whose story I have sketched in the Preface, and whose design I have more than realized in the contents of this unpretending volume.

I am, my Lord, with respect,

Your Lordship's obedient Servant,

JOHN HOLLAND.

Sheffield, Jan. 1, 1845.



## PREFACE.

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I CANNOT present these Biographical records and specimens of Yorkshire Poets, to the subscribers and the public, without feeling that I ought to perpetuate therewith some memorial beyond the mere name of him, who laboured so long, and, as it has happened, not unsuccessfully, to embalm the remembrance of others. Such a narrative, however humble and inartificial its character, will also form the most convenient vehicle for explaining how my name became so closely identified with the Authorship of this volume.

William Cartwright Newsam, was born April 30, 1811, at Skipton in Craven. His father, a Huddersfield man, had, in early life, enlisted into the marines; and after some service abroad, he returned to England, and was at the above-mentioned period, engaged in recruiting in Hull and Leeds; in the former of which towns he married Sarah Cartwright, of Ripon; his residence, however, being at the latter place. Having gone to Skipton, and there enlisted a man, who, it afterwards turned out, was in a cavalry troop belonging to Lord Ribblesdale, the recruit, on refusing either to be duly sworn or to pay the smart money, and seeking to get away, was somewhat unceremoniously floored by serjeant Newsam; this affair ultimately brought the athletic Yorkshire marine before his Lordship, and his wife to Skipton, where, while the investigation into her husband's conduct was pending, she gave birth to the subject of this memoir. To this portion of his history, he evidently alludes

in the opening lines, of what was apparently intended to have been an autobiographic poem, entitled "The Unfortunate":—

—Mine be the task in sterner lines, to shew  
 An outline of my life—a life of woe:  
 Nor deem that idle fancy prompts my pen,  
 The truth I speak to you, my fellow-men: \* \* \*  
 —When Britain's cannon thundered o'er the main,  
 And her brave sons trod the ensanguined plain,  
 My Sire, attentive to his country's call,  
 Rush'd to the strife, to conquer or to fall;  
 Forsook the quiet and delights of home,  
 By honour led, through hostile lands to roam.  
 He saw the British lion oft advance,  
 And check the boundless pride of haughty France:  
 Shared all the perils of a soldier's lot,  
 Some honour won, and some promotion got:  
 Old England's shores in safety reach'd again,  
 Escaped the dangers of the boisterous train.  
 But soon acute disease display'd its power,  
 Death took him from us in an evil hour;  
 And left me in my infant years to prove  
 The warm devotion of a Mother's love;  
 But, ah! how poor are words of mine to tell,  
 The love that in a Mother's heart can dwell:  
 Enough to say what love could do, was done,  
 My Mother doted on her only son.

Serjeant Newsam died at the early age of 28 years, and was buried, I believe, with Masonic as well as Military Honours, in the old Parish Church yard of Leeds, April 2nd, 1813. The child was thus left at the age of two years, to the care of his mother, who being an active, industrious woman, presently opened a shop in York, and soon realized the means of purchasing a house in Wellington-row, in that City. Two or three years afterwards, the boy, sojourning with his relations, went to a school at Ramsgill, in Netherdale, or Nidderdale, a spot chiefly noticed as the birth-place of the celebrated Eugene Aram, one of whose etymological

speculations in the fragment of a "Lexicon on a new plan," turns, it will be remembered, on the Celtic meaning of the word *Nid*, the name of the ancient stream of his native valley. I once heard Newsam recal, with almost the only gleam of evident delight which it was my lot to see remembrance shed over his sad history, the happy days he had passed in this singularly secluded place. He adverted to the joyous and untiring hours spent in climbing the magnificent mountains, or exploring the glittering gill—the earlier rising on a Sunday morning, when it was intended to go to a distant church—the carrying a dinner to be eaten between morning and afternoon services—the long walk back again, when the glorious sunshine, or sometimes the broad shadows, immersed the distant hills—these were remembered as juvenile enjoyments, the indulgence of which was alike unmingled with any care about the name or the crime of Eugene Aram, or any apprehension of those future trials which, but too sadly, clouded the after-life of the narrator—and to which it now becomes necessary to advert.

What follows is from a memorandum in the hand-writing of the subject of this memoir; it indicates at once the nature, the source, and the commencement of that almost equally hopeless, worthless, and intangible inheritance which so cruelly tantalized him to the end of his comparatively short life. While living in York, Mrs. Newsam "became acquainted with a man named Joseph Bottomley, who had just been discharged from the First Regiment of Foot Guards, on a pension of 9d. a day. With him she lived during the remainder of her life; still, however, retaining her own name, till they left York in 1824." It is said there is no evidence that they were ever married—indeed, that he had a lawful wife living at the time elsewhere. After some other particulars, Newsam thus proceeds;—"Towards the latter end of the year 1824, they went to London; and it was whilst there that a tacit consent was given for Bottomley to assume any authority [over her affairs,] the lease of a public house was purchased;" but this design not answering,