

## SHIPLEY GLEN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRADFORD OBSERVER

Sir,-Returning from their spring rambles this Easter, naturalists, who had once more wandered to the scene of their first enchantment, their early joy-Shipley Glen-were exceedingly wroth at its further desecration, and pained by the wanton destruction of its Heaven-bestowed beauty. Feeling impotent, however, in the matter, they resolved to relieve their anguish by writing a letter to the press, the safety-valve of unrestrainable indignation.

Now, sir, we do not grumble at conservative ideas of property in land, when those principles lead to preservation of animal and plant life, or the natural beauties of nature; but when landed proprietors and possessors of manorial rights make use of their powers to deface and destroy what they never created, and cannot replace, for filthy lucre's sake-then we feel that we ought to raise our voices, even if impotently, to protest against wicked and needless spoliation. So grand and sublime has this Glen been in its native wilderness that it impressed even the minds of the naked savages of bygone ages, and they used it as a sacred shrine. There they offered the morning and evening sacrifices to the gods. Here, in immediate times, the lover of nature and her works can find rare plants; here listen to the first spring call of the cuckoo's, and note the arrival of the summer migrants. Here first could be seen the spring usher moth, and find the earliest mason bees at work. Here, on the first warm sunny days, the moor empress wooed her mate, and drew him to her bower by some mysterious occult power. But all these charms are fled, frightened away by steam engines, whirlabouts, aerial flights, toboggans, and trams. The very graven rock has been defaced, and no longer may the ethical observer cogitate on an ancient mythology and study its signs. If it is only money that these luxurious lords and ladies want, cannot the local governing bodies satisfy their legal greed? They can go to the Riviera for the spring, and to Scotland for the autumn. Take they no thought, and have they no compassion, for their humble brethren? Guardians of the poor, magistrates, justices of the peace, aldermen and councillors of Bradford, Shipley, Saltaire, and Bingley, to the rescue! Save Shipley Glen from the Vandals, Goths, Huns, and all the despoilers, and your own children will grow up to bless your foresight and wisdom.-I am, &c.,  
NATS  
Manningham, May 5th, 1897

Bradford Observer 5.5.1897

Showing some strange slants on the history of the area.