

From Eden Vale to the
Plains of York.

A Thousand Miles

*In the Valleys of the
Mid and York.*

BY
EDMUND BOGG.



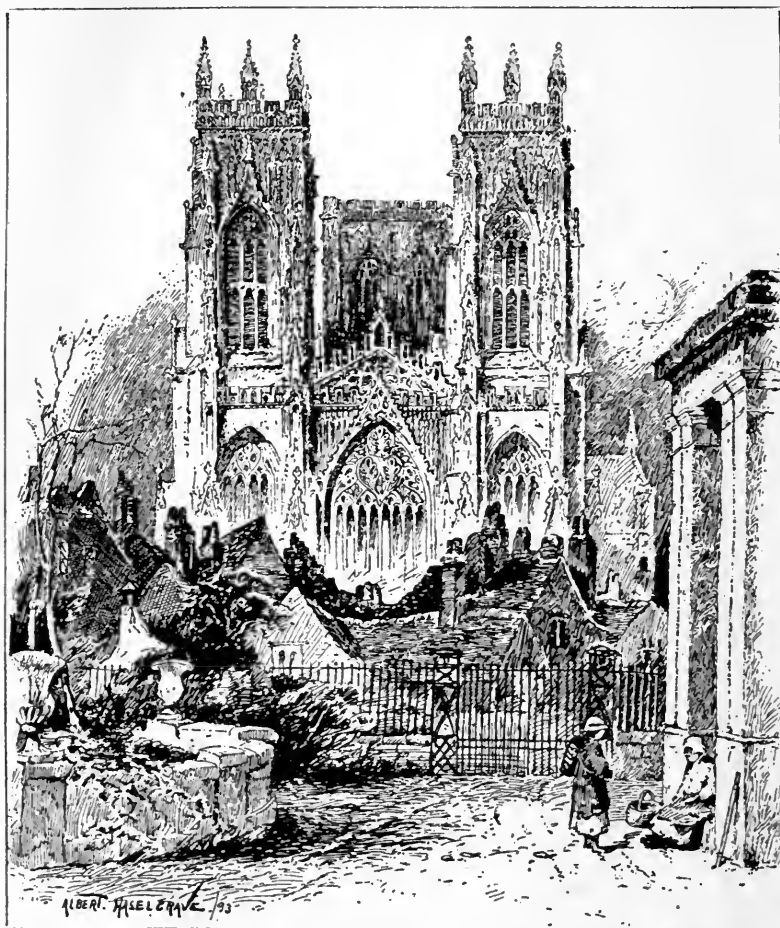
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FROM EDENVALE TO THE PLAINS OF YORK:

OR,

A THOUSAND MILES IN THE VALLEYS OF THE NIDD AND YORE.



OLD YORK.

From a Sketch taken 50 years ago.

BY EDMUND BOGG,

Author of "Nidderdale and the Vale of the Nidd," "A Thousand Miles in Wharfedale," &c., &c.

Member of the Yorkshire Archaeological Society, &c.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH UPWARDS OF 200 SPECIALLY DESIGNED PICTURES,

By Gilbert Foster, Percy Robinson, Albert Haselgrave, Frank Dean, Owen Bowen, Edmund Fogg, and others.

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PREFACE.

To the many friends I have made during my visits into the two river vales I respectfully dedicate this book, and in so doing I hope that the work will not have been in vain, but will, by pointing out the many beautiful spots and historic places, be the means of inducing numerous people to tour through the dales, which, by so doing, will, in a greater or lesser degree, prove beneficial both to the visitor and the inhabitants of the dales. I have to apologise in only having briefly touched on certain places, particularly in the lower portion of the Yore valley and in the neighbourhood of York, but the volume having grown far beyond my original intention, I was obliged to treat briefly what otherwise I should have devoted many pages to. To all friends and correspondents who have in any way assisted to the success of the work I offer my sincerest thanks, and to the kind and unremitting attention of one gentleman in replying to my various enquiries, when seeking for information, I feel most deeply obliged. In taking leave of my readers, I trust they will have the same pleasure in reading, as I have found in collecting, the matter.

EDMUND BOGG.



Yours truly
Edmund Bozz



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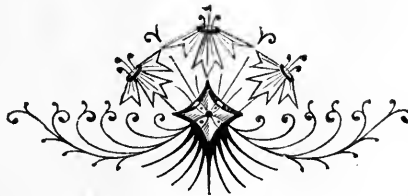
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CHAPTER I.

NIDDERDALE, AND THE VALE OF THE NIDD.



THE river Nidd joins the Ouse, and helps to swell the waters of that noble river, some six miles above the old City of York.

On the north bank, resting on a triangle of land formed by the two rivers, stands the village of Nunmonkton. This place is a central link riveted on to the chain of the historic past. For a few miles upwards the river flows through level and monotonous low lands, burying itself deeply in the soil, winding wearily onward, continually forming the letter S, yet much of the land abounds in rich fertility and great historic interest. On the south bank, skirting the sedgy moorlands, are Marston and Tockwith villages, linking the memory to one of England's great battlefields. Resting on the outer edge of the southern watershed is the old village of Bilton, and its time honoured church; the construction in and around its walls marks the craft of many centuries. On the more undulating lands north of the river rest pleasant villages, with grey church tower and tapering spire,

rising out of the distant trees, their foundations dating back to the days of the Anglo kings. After passing rural Cowthorpe, where shadows cast from that aged tree have marked the passing of centuries, we soon reach Ribstone and its beautiful park. Here the river winds most sweetly under spreading branches of noble trees. The mansion stands in a charming position, the river sweeping in a semicircle past. Men from the banks of the Tiber, and those chivalrous warriors the Templars, have left their footprints on this spot.

Onward with the river we pass Goldsbro' Hall and park, with its noble array of giant trees; nearly seven centuries have passed away since the first of the family bearing that name dwelt here. Upwards still the river glides through the old historic town of Knaresborough, where the mental eye can wander back over many scenes of bygone years. Kings, queens, statesmen, and warriors have dwelt here, of whom, now, scarce any trace remains save a broken figure or mouldering effigy, which, perchance, points to their last resting place. At this place dwelt that holy man, Saint Robert; the weird, scheming Mother Shipton; Eugene Aram, the dark, brooding man whose deeds have been immortalized in that tragic poem by Tom Hood; and that wonderful man, Blind Jack, whose work and exploits will live long in the annals of his native town. Between Knaresborough and Ripley the river winds its way through a maze of wooded grandeur, which all lovers of river scenery cannot fail to appreciate. A few miles westward, on elevated moorlands, stands the fairy town of Harrogate, the health-giving breeze wafted to its doors, comes from lands of fern and heath.

After passing the old mill and bridge at Ripley, the banks of the river become less wooded. Hamsthwaite, Birstwith, and Darley nestle near its margin in quiet pastoral peace. Soon, however, the land assumes a more rugged and barren aspect. On the right rise the grim, gaunt rocks of Brimham, from whose summits can be seen the wildness and beauty of the surrounding country. On our left is Guyscliffe, where rise huge boulders, tinted with velvet moss, and where heather, fern, and wild bracken grow, and all the interlacing herbage peculiar to a wild and romantic glen. Nestling in the bosom of the woods, is the quiet sylvan tarn. Above, the woods slope to the wild bleak moorlands, from whence can be seen the wondrous charm of the smiling vale beneath, along which the eye roams with pleasure to the distant mountains where the river fills her urn. Passing along the edge of Guyscliffe, we soon arrive at Ravensgill, a paradise spot where nature clothes herself in richest garments. On the opposite side of the river is the curious and picturesque old town of Pateley; high above, and overlooking the town, stand the ruins of that venerable sanctuary where generations of Dales people have worshipped, and now rest in peace near its ruined walls.

"The ivy now with rude luxuriance bends
Its tangled foliage through the cloistered space;
O'er the green windows' mould'ring height ascends,
And fondly clasps it with a last embrace."

Still tramping up the dale, we pass on our right the old bridge and beauties of Wath, and reach the grey walls of Gouthwaite, whose curious gables, deep mullion windows, huge fire-places, and wainscot partitions breathe of the past. Passing through Ramsgill, the birthplace of Eugene Aram, we reach Howstein. Here a rivulet rushes through a romantic vale, honeycombed with many a secret chamber. On the high moorland above is the old village of Middlesmoor. Beyond Lofthouse the river sweeps into a gaping

cavern, and is lost for some three miles in the bowels of the earth. Still upwards for several miles, following the sinuous course of the stream through the silence of lonely hills, we reach the source of the river under the shade of the mighty Whernside. Scaling the crest of this mountain, we cross the high ridge of moorland which separates Bishopdale and Kettlewelldale, near to which rises the little river Cover, winding its way under the towering height of mist-clad hills, passes through many a sweet sequestered dell, and joins the Yore near to East Witton. From the source of the Cover over Bishopdale past Semmerwater and Roedale to Hawes, is a region of wild grandeur unsurpassed, around which and far away the grey crests of mountains loom on every side, treacherous pot and ling covered holes, broad, dark, slimy gullies, in wet seasons filled to the brim with peaty water, in summer time have the appearance of dried-up river beds. Around us a wild mass of heather, with not one solitary vision of humanity, and no sound save that of a screaming curlew, reminding us of a bird of evil omen. A few half wild mountain sheep dart away at our approach, and here and there, half covered with ling, are the white skeletons of their comrades, bleached by the storms of winter. By chance, on this moorland, the writer once came across a small brawling torrent which suddenly ended its career in an abyss of unknown depth. There was nothing to mark the spot to prevent man or beast falling in and finding a solitary grave, save a slight dip in the earth. The treacherous hole was nearly hidden by rank fern and lichens, and peering down into the unseen depths, a grey foamy mist could be seen rising out of the darkness, caused by the falling water striking the rocky sides and bottom of the tremendous hole.

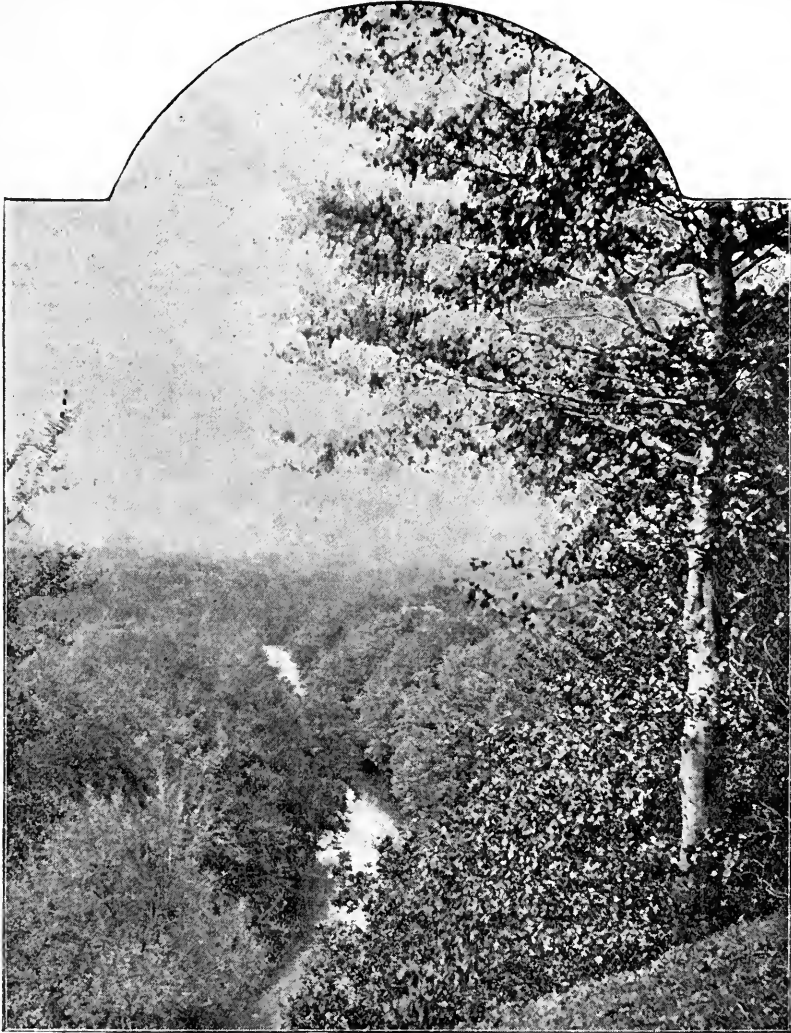
Passing Semmerwater and Roedale, with their legends, we reach Hawes, the capital of the upper dales.

Some nine miles north-west of Hawes is a region of wild barren wastes of moorland, where Camden tells us is heard to murmur at a vast depth beneath the stygian rivulet "Hell Gill." Leland says there is a beck called "Hell Gill," because it runneth in such a deadly place. In the sixteenth century this was a favourite haunt of wild stags and goats of uncommon size, and at an earlier date the prowling wolf and wild boar found a safe retreat in the dreary wastes of this savage region; yet this gloomy desolation marks the birthplace of two rivers whose after course is through vales of such remarkable beauty scarcely to be rivalled and not surpassed by any in England.

From their rise the two streams have a parallel course for some three miles, after which the Yore takes a south-easterly direction, and, a few miles below its junction with the Swale, joins the Ouse, and flows to the German Ocean. Its twin sister, the Eden, ripples its limpid waters through a vale of such romantic beauty and sweetness to the western sea, that not a more appropriate title than its name, "Eden Vale," could be found.

Following the downward course of the Yore, and leaving the immense bare and barren limestone ranges; past Hawes and forward to Bainbridge, standing on the little

river Bain, where still linger memories of the old forest days. On the opposite side of the river are the sombre grey walls of Askrigg, near to which a mountain torrent leaps from the hills in a series of wild bounds to the bosom of the river, now flowing a broad stream through rich pasture land. Passing Nappa Hall, for centuries the home of the Metcalf



Bolton Woods.—Looking West.

EDMUND BOGG.

family, we come to Aysgarth, where the river falls over a series of limestone shelves, forming cascades of remarkable beauty, whilst the side of the river is clothed with luxuriant verdure.

Onward we pass over ground so rich in historic associations, and through a river vale of such rare beauty as to be almost unrivalled in this great county. Frowning on the valley and still defying the ravages of time, is the once mighty fortress of Bolton Castle, built by the Scropes. Immured within its walls was once a fair prisoner in the person of Mary, Scotland's unfortunate Queen. On either hand in our path, villages most rural appear.

Castle-Bolton village, resting under the care of its once mighty fortress, forms a picture of past days.

Redmire and its old rustic church brings to our mind the lines of Grey's "Elegy." Preston under Scar is on the slope of the north side of the river, and the village and church of West Witton on the south. Through Bolton Woods we wander, where can be obtained such bewitching peeps of the river flowing deep through a rich profusion of glorious woodland, combined with the brilliant plumage and the sweet music of feathered songsters, makes the place breathe of Paradise. Past Bolton Hall and through the park to the dainty village of Wensley, with its pretty green handsome bridge and most interesting church. Some two miles further, standing on the high ridge of land north of the river, is the quaint but substantial looking market town of Leyburn. Opposite, on the south bank of the river, is the town of Middleham, and the ruins of its historic castle, where, in its palmy days, kings and earls dwelt in regal magnificence.

Crossing Cover Bridge and through East Witton, we arrive at the ruins of Jervaulx Abbey, with its memories of monastic days.

For the present leaving many other places equally worthy of mention on either side of the river, we pass forward to Masham, leaving Swinton Park on our right. Hackfall next claims our attention. Here all is beautiful, cascades rippling through dell and dingle, mock ruins, and rustic temple, astonishing views over the beautiful vale of Mowbray and the plains of York, and to the moors and wolds beyond.

Lower, where the river takes a sweeping curve, is the village and grey tower of Tanfield Church, once the home of the redoubtable Marmions, famous in the annals of Scottish warfare. But we must hasten on past Norton Conyers to Ripon, with its long record of ecclesiastical and civic dignity, and its glorious history of ancient days.

Some few miles away, standing by the banks of the tiny Skell, beautiful even in decay, are the monastic ruins of Fountains Abbey. Many a hall and moated grange of the past might be mentioned which we leave for the present in this brief description, and pass forward through rich, undulating meadow and cornfields to Boroughbridge and Aldborough, 2,000 years ago the capital of a people whose kingdom was the land we have been describing. Two miles further and the Yore forms a junction with the Swale, just above Lower Dunsforth.



Lendal Bridge, York.

HERE is not in the broad-acred shire greater contrasts of beautiful scenery, nor a richer field for the geologist and naturalist to wander over, for the antiquarian more crumbling ruins, and mouldering tombs for the historian to muse over, more wealth of historic lore from the present era to the misty regions of the pre-historic past, for the tourist and lover of adventure nothing more grandly sublime than its dark mysterious caverns and underground torrents, and nothing more glorious than the mighty ranges of limestone hills, which rear their lofty crests in the upper dales; whilst for the artist and poet there are to be found such variety of subjects, beautiful, dreamy vistas of river and woodland, sylvan gorges, leaping cataracts, the thatched red brick and tiled villages of the plain country, or the more rural cottage of the upper dale, stern scenery and mountain gorge, or the broader vale with its rich undulating land dotted with villages, meadows, and waving corn land, through which rolls the broad river to the old City of York. Crumbling strongholds, ancient abbeys yet replete with the beauty of their construction, all blend into harmonious subjects for the artist's pencil.





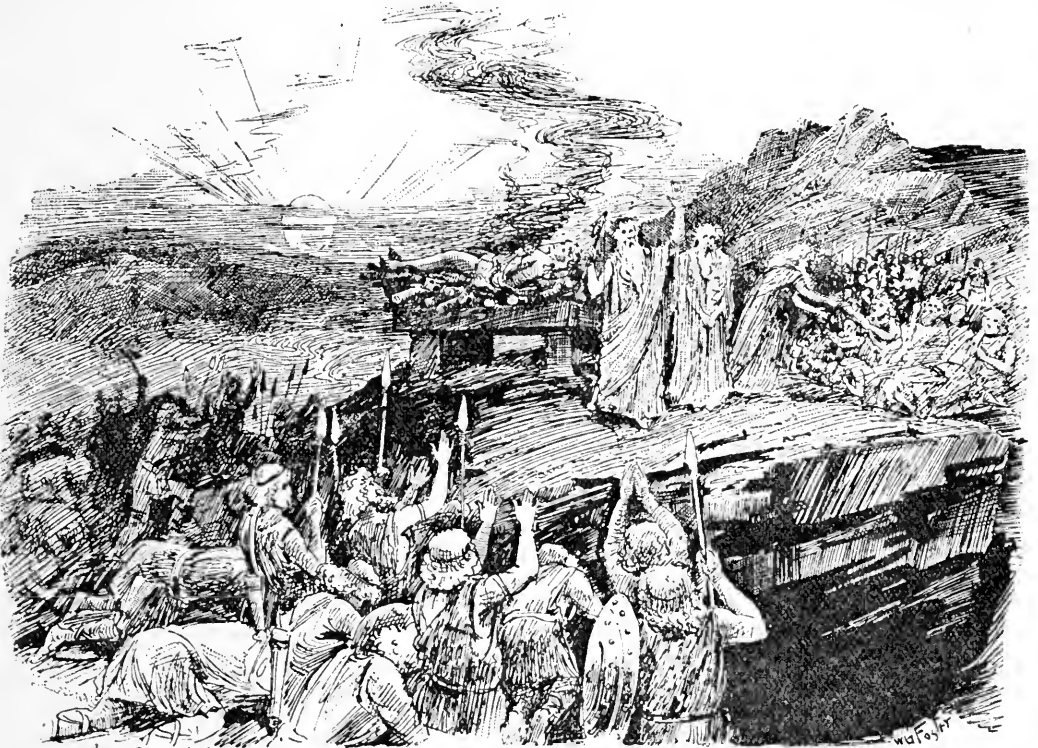
CHAPTER II.

A RETROSPECTIVE SKETCH.

LET the mind of the reader glance back to that distant age, before the arrival of the Romans on our shores, to that period when those mighty cities, whose ruins still cause us to ponder in astonishment, stood along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and the people who dwelt therein were in full light of civilisation and art. At that period Northumbria's history is shrouded by an almost impenetrable darkness, being outside the pale of the then civilised world. For the history of this age the student must examine the many earth mounds, lake dwellings, and the carved stones which have been placed in curious positions, evidently by the hand of man, such as the Devil's Arrows, etc., near Boroughbridge, and the hoary relic of antiquity in Rudstone churchyard. To the observant mind, vestiges of the pre-historic people who dwelt at that period are many, here and there are distinct traces of a numerous settlement, generally to be seen near the banks of a stream. But the relics upon which time has made the least impression are the numerous flint arrows of various shapes, battle axes and stone hammers, in many cases of the most exquisite workmanship. The writer, when a youth, dwelt on the edge of the wolds, a region where are many curious mounds and tumulus, which are now fast disappearing as the plough and harrow pass over them year by year, found many a fine specimen of flint arrows, barbed and otherwise, and in two or three cases his search was rewarded by the larger spear shaped flints.

At the beginning of the Christian era, the light of history begins to dawn on Northumbria, at which period the Brigantes, a warlike race whose chief city was Isurium, on the Ure, now Aldborough, and whose country reached from the eastern to the western seas, south-west over hill and dale to Deva. On the south-east it extended to the country of the Parsee, who dwelt between the Humber and the sea, whilst northwards the old kingdom was bounded by the Tees. How long this warlike people had been in possession of Northumbria, when the Romans appeared on the scene, history does not tell us; but that they were not the original inhabitants we have ample evidence from the

vestiges, which the earth now and again yields up, of a smaller and more primitive people or tribesmen, who have not yet been clearly identified, and who were most probably conquered and nearly exterminated by the eruptions of the Brigantes from the Belgic shores. In the upper dale there was remaining, early in the present century, one relic at least of Druidism, the Beltane Fire, and which was kindled near some of the villages on Midsummer's Eve. In those fires bones and dead animals were consumed, whilst the spectators danced around or leapt over them. The Druids of Ireland used in ancient days to light two



THE JON WORSHIPPERS

solemn fires each year, through which all fourfooted beasts were driven, as a preventative against distemper. A similar custom lingered in Ireland up to the last century. On the first of May, a fire was kindled in the milking yard, and men, women, and children had to pass through or leap over. The Bible tells us that the Canaanites, of which nation Phœnicia was a part, offered up human sacrifices to their God Moloch; also making their children pass through or leap over the fire. The Beltane or fire worship of the Persian was introduced into this country by the traders from Tyre and Sidon. As a proof of its Eastern origin, is the remarkable similarity of the old Babylonish doctrine,

both in its worship, priests, and temples, to British Druidism, and as a further proof, the same mysterious symbols were used by the priesthood in a secret language, so that none but their own order could understand those sacred characters; known to antiquarians under the denomination of Ogham, which means wisdom or mysterious knowledge. The Ogham characters were used by the priests of Eastern countries, from India to the Mediterranean Sea, and also by the Druids of Britain, and to this day the word Ogham, with the same mysterious meaning attached, is used by the Persians and Hindoos. That the gloomy rites and savage creed, gloomy as the oaken forests of the lower dales would be, and as savage as the rocks and chasms of upper reaches of streams, was introduced into this country by the adventurous mariners from Tyre and Sidon is undoubted. "Often," says Barker, "must the dales' thick woods have witnessed most barbarous rites; often must their echoes have repeated the agonising shrieks of human victims, consumed in the flames as sacrifices to those demon gods whom their priests thought could not be propitiated unless for the life of a sick man, a human sacrifice was offered up to Moloch, the god of thunder."

In ancient times the lowlands of the two river vales were almost encircled with forest and marsh. Time, marked by many centuries, must have rolled away during the growth and decay of those giant trees, whose trunks contained enough wood to plank the sides of a Viking ship. No woodman's axe resounded in the forest in those days; the trees grew and grew until decay begun her noiseless work, and the ponderous mass was at length levelled to the earth. The giant trunks of those aged trees are often found embedded in the soil, sometimes several feet below the surface. This reveals to us the lapse of ages since the acorn seed took root and emerged from the soil a thing of life, and grew into a monster tree.

What tribe of people inhabited the river banks at that time we know not; but could the massive trunk speak, it might tell of a primitive race of people who dwelt, hunted, and found shelter under its enormous branches, but whose very name and traditions are alike forgotten; or at a later date tell of the Druidic high priest, clad in holy vesture of white, cut with golden pruning knife the hallowed mistletoe from its spreading boughs; could it thus speak, it would tell of the rise and fall of states and peoples, and the gradual emerging of a nation from out the misty shadows of the prehistoric past, to the front rank of civilisation and art.

Be this as it may, we know that 1,900 years ago, when the light of history first begins to dawn on Northumbria, the two river vales were in the possession of the Brigantes, whose chief city was Isurium * Brigantium, and at that time one of the chief cities of Britain. Co-existent with this old capital was the City of York, which stood by the banks of the Ouse, long before Cæsar's legions leapt on British soil. It was

* Aldborough.

to Eboracum that Cassibelanus fled, after the British army was finally vanquished by the superior discipline of the Romans. Seven years after this gallant defender died, and his ashes have now a resting place under the foundation of the historic city. A century

fled, and the Romans appeared on the borders of Brigantium.

The sturdy independence and the gallant fight of the Celtic tribes had sorely tested the flower of the Roman soldiers, who had not anticipated such a stubborn resistance from barbarians. For nine years Caractacus, prince of the Silures, whose country was watered by the beautiful Severn, defied the power of Rome



Caractacus delivered to the Romans.

in the storm of siege and battle, but in the end was beaten in his gallant combat with the superior power of Rome, and so he fled for life.

Cartismandau was Queen of Brigantium, and dwelt at Isurium, and to her dominion to crave assistance fled the fugitive king, hoping to have another opportunity of assisting to stem the wave of Roman conquest in Britain, but alas ! his hopes were cruelly dispelled. The false hearted queen had not the same gallant and patriotic spirit as her kinsman, and, unlike Boadicea, that other famous British Queen, who a few years afterwards nearly exterminated the Roman army in Britain, she delivered Caractacus a prisoner into the hands of the enemy. This happened on the banks of the Yore, somewhere about the year 50, and thus, as it were, at the first dawn of Northumbria's history, this deed of base treachery was committed by a Queen which, along with her other wicked deeds, has rendered her name infamous, whilst the noble captive, a grand type of a barbarian soldier, towers like a giant above his people, and his words and deeds shine out with a brilliant lustre across the gulf of eighteen centuries.

See the kingly bearing of the noble prisoner, as he is led captive through the streets of imperial Rome. The whole population have turned out *en fete* to see the veteran troops return in triumph, laden with trophies and spoils of war ; but see, all eyes are

turned on that manly figure ! “Alas,” he said, as he gazed undismayed on the immense multitude and the magnificent architecture of the purple city, “alas that a people so wealthy and luxurious can envy me my humble home in Britain !” Calm and unsubdued he stood before the tribunal of Cæsar, and spoke of his downfall with such a manly spirit and bearing, ending with the ever memorable words : “Had I yielded sooner my misfortune would have been less notorious, and thy conquest much less renowned, and oblivion soon would have followed my death. If now, Cæsar, thou sparest my life, I shall be an eternal monument to thy clemency,” and, in the words of the poet, he saith :—

“Think not, thou eagle-lord of Rome,
And master of the world,
Though victory’s banner o’er thy dome
In triumph be unfurled,
I would address thee as thy slave,
But as the bold should greet the brave.

* * * *

“But can’st thou marvel that, free-born,
With heart and soul unquelled,
Throne, crown, and sceptre I should scorn
By thy permission held ?
Or that I should retain my right
Till wrested by a conqueror’s might ?

“Rome, with her palaces and towers,
By us unwished, unreft,
Her homely huts and woodland bowers
To Britain might have left ;
Worthless to you their wealth must be,
But dear to us, for they are free !

“I might have bowed before, but where
Had been thy triumph now ?
To my resolve no yoke to bear
Thou ow’st thy laurelled brow ;
Inglorious victory had been thine,
And more inglorious bondage mine.

* * * *

“He ceased : from all around unsprung
A murmur of applause ;
For well had truth and freedom’s tongue
Maintained their holy cause.
The conqueror was the captive then,
He bade the slave be free again.”

Claudius was so charmed with the speech of the captive, that he ordered him to be set at liberty and treated with great respect.

Tradition says that “Vyrn the blessed,” father of Caractacus, first introduced Christianity into Britain, and he received the doctrine from the lips of St. Paul during his seven years of exile in Rome.

The Queen of the Brigantes was the wife of Venutius, prince of a tribe some fifty miles south from her own nation. Added to her base treachery of Caractacus was her desertion of her own husband, and her adultery with the more polished Roman. Mainly owing to these causes, a civil war broke out among her own people, and the battle going against her, she appealed to the Romans for aid, who for some little time propped up her falling power.

We know not if the Romans were too few at this era to hold their ground in the north, but about the year 54 the false hearted Queen passes into obscurity, and the Brigantes for some little time rolled back the wave of Roman conquest from their doors.

Sixteen years later, two great generals, father and son, appear on the scene, the latter

of whom the thick and mighty walls of Jerusalem could not withstand, and fierce and terrible we can imagine the fights would be in the vale country, and around the walls of their old capital Isurium.* Fighting, but not beaten, the Briton retreated to the natural strongholds, deep glens, and the wild mountains of the upper dales, where for ten years more they maintained a gallant fight to preserve their freedom, until that veteran leader, Agricola, swept Yorkshire east and west, north and south, and partly broke up and dispersed the fighting power of the Brigantes.

Many fled and found a home in Caledonia, whilst the bulk of the people submitted and became to some extent the slave of the conquerors.

Although time and the ever ceaseless hand of nature has been at work silently these 1,800 years trying to erase the footprints of past ages from our gaze, yet to the observant eye there are many indications remaining both of Celtic trench and Roman bulwark dating from this period.

When the bitter fight and years of war were over and the strife at an end, the civilising power of the Roman soon became apparent. Mighty fortresses arose to hold the people in subjection. The walls of Eboracum began to assume a definite shape, and from a town of rude architecture, the dwelling place of a semi-barbarian tribe, a beautiful city arose, with all the attributes and splendour of a second Rome. Merchandise from all parts of the earth was brought to its gates.

On the bosom of the Ouse, beside the ancient coracle and small skin boats of the natives, glided the brightly-decked galleys of imperial Rome.

Along the broad highways rattled the heavily laden cars and the chariots of merchant princes, and couriers from distant lands passed swiftly to and fro.

At Eboracum dwelt the Emperor Hadrian, and here died Constantius and Sevurus, and their ashes were laid in magnificent tombs beneath the city walls. Here also was born Constantine the Great, Rome's brightest star, the glory of whose reign shed a brilliant lustre across the Roman world before the lengthening shadows of coming night.

The dense woods embracing the two rivers were now to a great extent cleared of their timber; the marshy country drained, and made to yield an abundant supply of grain. Then was to be heard the lowing of oxen and bleating of sheep, where before had been the den and lurking place of wild beasts.

Besides the making of roads, clearing of trees, cultivation of land, the Romans were expert miners, of which ample evidence is to be found in the lands around Dacre, the heights of Greenhowe and Merryfield Glen, and many other parts, across the length and breadth of these moorlands, bear traces of Roman working.

There stood by the banks of the Yore, in those days at least, two Roman towns of importance: Isurium,* near its junction with the Swale, which has yielded up much treasure

* Aldborough.

for the antiquarian ; and in the second century was built, where Bainbridge now stands, the Roman town of Braccium. In this neighbourhood numerous relics have been found relating to the Roman period.

Footprints of Rome are still to be seen in many other places adjoining the banks of the river, such as Middleham, Knaresborough, Castlestead, Ribstone, and Netherdale, etc., whilst the remains of many splendid villas have been from time to time unearthed.

These military towns and stations were linked together by a network of good substantial roads, and those who wish to pass where Roman legions trod, will derive much pleasure in tracing out these highways, the work of the Romans in Britain.

About the fourth century the power and glory of Rome began to wane. Like another Babylon, "she had been weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Immense hordes of semi-barbarians spread themselves along the Roman frontier, and at length overran Italy. It was to defend their own land against this resistless torrent of humanity that her legions were withdrawn from Britain.

Over the strong barrier, which Rome had raised, from Carlisle to the eastern sea, now swarmed Picts and Caledonians in eager thirst of plunder, whilst bands of pirates from Ireland ravaged the western coast.

For the space of forty years the British held their own against the invaders, but at length becoming enfeebled with civil strife, in an evil hour of dire extremity they sought the aid of the Saxons, a race of people who had forced their way from the Belgic shores to the German Sea. Quickly the Picts and Scots were scattered to the winds ; but the land which the strangers had come to aid was to be ever after their own, and thus it came to pass that this obscure people, who were afterwards to become the dominant race of the world, first appeared on our shores.

For the space of nearly 200 years, the bitter and exterminating storm of war hung over Britain,—war to the hilt ; this was not the enslaving of a people, but the driving back of a nation. Nor was it at all child's play, for in the old Celtic race the Saxon found a foe worthy of his whole courage.

Step by step the land was conquered, few remaining to become the slave of the invader.

Pushing up the Humber, and following the various river lines, the Angles won their way into the very heart of Northumbria. Roman villas, fast falling to ruins, still studded the vale country. Roman roads, camps, and half populated towns still spoke of that once mighty people, but Rome had fled and was dying, and thus it came to pass that York, the mighty fortress and capital of the north, the home of emperors, with its splendid palaces, temples, baths, and tombs, fell into the hands of the Saxon, and Roman Britain became a thing of the past. From the shores of Sussex to the Tweed there was only the tiny kingdom of Elmete left to the British race, which stretched wedge-like

between the Wharfe and the Aire to within a few miles of the Humber, and for a century later the old Celtic race turned aside the fierce wave of Angle conquest, and it was only when King Edwin became supreme in Northumbria and central Britain that the power and resistance of Elmete was finally crushed.

Out of all this bitter war, anarchy, and dispersion, arose a new order of things. An emigration and settling down of a people from Angleland or Oider England, upon the ruins of Romish Britain, out of which burst a new seed, a greater England, whose foundation and freedom have grown stronger and more sure as the centuries have passed away.

Glancing back for the moment to the early Roman days, we see Druidism, the worship of the Briton, supplanted by Polytheism, Rome's religious creed, and altars less bloody, but not much more refined, were raised in Northumbria to Diana, Apollo, Mars, and Venus.

When, in the second and third centuries, Christianity had to some extent taken root in southern Britain its sublime truths would possibly spread to the northern kingdom, yet the bulk of the Romans still continued to worship the idols of their fathers.

The religion of the Gothic invaders was even worse than that of the Romans. 'Odin and Woden were gods who delighted in the blood of men and storm of war, which creed infused the Angle people with a sanguinary, ferocious, and unrelenting spirit, remarkable for its gross sensuality.

Their valhalla or heaven was the grim joys of the battlefield and the after carouse, gorging huge quantities of boar's flesh and boasting of their deeds, while drinking enormously of ale from the hollow skulls of their enemies.

There are still remaining many vestiges of Druidism, and the many gods worshipped by ancient Rome are from time to time unearthed ; yet, strange to say, not a relic remains of the pagan worship of the Anglo-Saxon race, except in the names of our days, such as "Woden's day, Wednesday, Thor's day, Thursday, Fregi's day, Friday," which are named after their gods, and would seem to us likely to be a lasting memorial, for thirteen centuries have passed away since Pagan England named our days after the gods then worshipped, and as such they still remain.

For three centuries after the collapse of the Roman Empire, art and learning was almost extinct. The ravages of the Piets and Caledonians, and the generations of war and strife of Saxons and Britains, utterly destroyed and neglected all that remained of art, literature, and architecture of the Romans.

So despoiled had been the libraries left by those people, that in the seventh century King Alfred is said to have given an estate as much as eight ploughs could labour for a single volume on cosmography.

On the continent their value was equally high, the scarcity being chiefly caused by the wanton destruction of libraries by hordes of barbarians moving south.

From out of this black cloud of darkness and ignorance which overspread the land, Ossian and other Celtic bards sent forth a sublime wave of poetry and song, remarkable for its mournful strains of sadness; which, like unto the captive Jews in Babylon, was the outcome of sad reveries while pondering over the calamities which had befallen their beloved Albion. The following is an example :—

“The king took his deathful spear, and struck the deeply sounding shield; his shield that hung high in night, at the dismal sound of war. Ghosts fled on every side, and rolled their gathered forms on the wind.

“Thrice from the winding vale arose the voice of deaths.

“The harps of the bards, untouched, sound mournful over the hill.



THE BARDS INSPIRATION.

“The blast came rustling through the hall, and gently touched the harp. The sound was mournful and low, like the song of the tomb.

“‘Some of my heroes are low,’ said the grey-haired king. ‘I hear the sound of death on the harp.’

“The night passed away in song; morning returned in joy. The mountains showed their grey heads; the blue face of ocean smiled. The white wave is seen tumbling round the distant rock; a mist rose slowly from the lake.

“It came, in the figure of an aged man, along the silent plain. Its large limbs did not move in steps, for a ghost supported it in mid-air. It came towards Selma’s hill, and dissolved in a shower of blood.

“The king alone beheld the sight; he foresaw the death of the people. He came in silence to his hall, and took his father’s spear. The mail rattled on his breast. The heroes rose around. They looked in silence on each other, marking the eyes of their chief. They saw battle in his face, the death of armies on his spear,”

Another British bard of this period sings piteously the death song of Unicornium. This place stood not far from the present town of Shrewsbury, and was utterly demolished by the west Saxons. In beautiful imagery the singer tells us of "the white town in the valley," as he wandered through the ruined halls he had known in happier times—the halls of its chief, Kyndlan.

Without fire, without light, without song, their stillness broken only by the eagle's scream, the eagle which "has swallowed fresh drink, the heart's blood of Kyndlan the fair."

Concerning the introduction of Christianity into Deira, or Northumbria, are two oft-told stories.

About the middle of the sixth century, a chieftain from Angleland, named Ida, with a horde of hardy adventurers, landed on the coast of Yorkshire and founded a kingdom, which included the lands laying between the Tees and the Tweed. A few years later, another band of adventurers, under the guidance of Ella, a kinsman of Ida, sailed up the Humber and overran all the eastern and central portion of Northumbria, and founded the kingdom of Deira, which included the wolds of York and the vale country to the glens and moors of the north and west. When the conquest was complete, and the old British race had been pushed aside into the mountain defiles, the two tribes of Angle origin, one moving north and the other south, came into collision, and a fearful struggle for supremacy began in the newly-formed Saxon kingdoms. It was this war between these people which filled the slave markets of Constantinople and Rome with captives from Deira, and was the means, to a great extent, whereby Christianity was introduced into Northumbria.

There dwelt in Rome at this time a monk named Gregory, a worthy descendant of an illustrious family, who, for his good deeds and noble disregard of self, when Rome was filled with mourning and death, caused by the fearful scourge of pestilence which swept away half of its people, amongst whom was Pope Pelageus.

It was this heroic and unselfish spirit which led the Roman people to unanimously name Gregory the successor of Pelageus. His modesty, it is said, for some time constrained him from accepting the papal throne, and he fled secretly from Rome and found concealment in the wildest recesses of the forest; his hiding place being at length discovered, and his over modest scruples being overcome, he accepted the pontifical chair, and though he loved to be named the servant of the servants of the Lord, he has ever since been honourably distinguished among popes as Gregory the Great.

While yet a simple priest, this after famous pontiff was one day passing through the market-place of Tragan, the slave market of Rome, which was situated at the end of the ancient Forum, when the following memorable incident took place. His attention being forcibly arrested by some children there for sale, with bright complexions, forms beautiful, and fair long hair. "Whence came these youths?" he eagerly asks. "From

Britain," was the answer. "Are the people Christians there?" he inquired. "No; pagans!" "Alas!" said he, "how grievous it is that faces fair as angels should be in subjection to the devil." He next enquired the name of their tribe. "Angles," said the dealer. "Ah! that is well, not Angles but angels they are in looks, and co-heirs of angels they ought to be. Where in Britain do their people dwell?" "In Deira," was the reply. "Then it is our duty to deliver them from God's ire." "And who is the King of Deira?" he asked. "Ella," said the merchant. "Then," replied Gregory, "Hallelujah must be sung in his country."

A few years after the scene above described, and soon after Gregory's elevation to the papal chair, he carried out the great wish of his heart, engaging Augustine and forty monks as partners in his toils. They left the ancient capital and landed on the Kentish coast, and in a few years had the happiness of seeing the southern kingdom changed from paganism to the true faith.

The seed of the Christian faith, which was already bearing good fruit in southern Britain, was soon to spread into Deira, and it came to pass thus. In the early years of the seventh century, Edwin having succeeded to the throne of Northumbria when a mere youth, was quickly set aside, and the crown was usurped by Ethelred, who also hired assassins to follow and if possible slay the fugitive prince. Edwin having fled from court to court, at length found refuge in the dominion of Redwald, king of the East Angles, and even this prince was so plied with promises and menaces to induce him to deliver up the royal fugitive to the Northumbrian king, that he was on the point of wavering. Edwin being apprised of his danger by a friend in court, withdrew from his protector under cover of darkness; not knowing whither to fly for safety, he having already wandered over the greater part of England, as the night advanced he sank into a dreamy slumber, when a vision appeared before his astonished gaze, and thus addressed him: "Wherefore at this dark hour of night; wherefore sit ye here in secret, sorrowful and watching, while other mortals quietly rest in sleep?" Whereupon Edwin answered, "It can be of no concern to you where I spend my vigils." The vision replied, "I well know your distress; what will you give in return should I be the means of making Redwald spurn the overtures of your enemies, and also enable you to trample on all your foes and outshine in greatness the glory of every king who has ever swayed the sceptre in Britain?" "Surely," answered Edwin, "would I listen and obey the counsel of him who would deliver me from the great dangers that surround me, and enable me to trample on all my enemies, and exalt me to be prince over my own people; surely then would I obey his counsel, and do in return whatever lay in my power." "'Tis well, then," said the vision; "When you regain the Northumbrian throne, promise me to forsake the idolatrous worship of your fathers, and lead a Christian life." To this promise Edwin readily assented. "Then remember your pledge," said the vision,

as he laid his right hand on the head of Edwin, and suddenly disappeared from his astonished gaze.

Next day Edwin was apprised that Redwald had not only given up all thoughts of betraying him, but was even ready to assist him with troops to regain the Northumbrian throne, and with this assistance he drove the usurper from Northumbria, and went on from victory to victory until his kingdom extended from central Britain to the Firth of Forth, near to which he built a city, which received the name of its founder, Edwinsburgh. Then Edwin took for his wife a Kentish princess named Ethelburg, who was a Christian, and with her to the court of Northumbria came Paulinus, a monk sent by Gregory from Rome. Paulinus by some means having become acquainted with the story of the vision, let fall one day, while in conversation with King Edwin, the ominous words, "Remember your pledge," at the same time placing his right hand on the head of the king, who trembled with emotion. The Italian, plying his troubled conscience, said, "You remember a promise made years ago to a vision. All your hopes have been crowned with success, now is the time to redeem your pledge, and the God who has led you through so many earthly dangers to secure an earthly throne will remain steadfast until you reach the glories of His own eternal kingdom." Added to this appeal was the pleadings of his queen, until Edwin became anxious to redeem his promise.

Camden says :—"In the Roman times, not far from its bank," upon the little river Foulness (where Whyton, a small town, but well stocked with husbandmen, now stands) there stood formerly Delgovitia. The word is said to signify the statutes or images of the heathen gods. In a little village near to stood, in Saxon days, a celebrated idol temple. The name of the place is very significant of its use, 'Godmundingham,' now 'Godmudham.'"

It was this place which witnessed the downfall of Anglo-Paganism, and to make the victory more dramatic, the shattering of the heathen gods Woden and Thor was the work of the great high priest himself, thus proving to the assembled multitude the utter worthlessness of their gods.

After his conversion, the king appears to have resided much at his palace near Tanfield. It is very possible that Paulinus spent much of his time in that district, for we are told large multitudes of people were baptised in the Yore and the Swale, near by. So vast was the concourse that the ceremony employed Paulinus* six-and-thirty days, from sunrise until sunset, commencing on the Easter Sunday of the year 627 ; at the same time a church was hastily built of wood, in the city of York, and dedicated to the

* Paulinus is described by the Venerable Bede as being "in personne a taule man, somewhat crooked backe, and black of heare, lene in face, and having a hooked and thin nose ; in countenance bothe dredful and reverent,"

Apostle St. Peter. These were happy, prosperous days for the old kingdom of Northumbria; a few years previous the highways and byeways were infested with banditti and adventurers, but in King Edwin's time, the Venerable Bede remarks that:—
 "a wrake woma might hafe walked with her new borne babe oher all the gland, euen from sea to sea, without anie damagee or danger."

For the refreshing of wayfar-
 ing men the good king ordered
 cups of iron to be fastened by such
 clear wells and fountains as did run
 by the wayside, which cups no man
 durst touch further than for his pre-
 sent necessity, for the love and
 goodwill they bare to their prince.

Within the present century an
 iron cup of antique fashion, supposed
 to have been Edwin's, remained
 chained to a well of beautiful water
 called "The Fairies' Well," at
 Harmby, also one at St. Michael's
 Well, near "Well."

But there were still evil days
 in store for Edwin and North-
 umbria. Penda, the pagan King of
 Mercia, for the space of fifty years
 attempted to utterly destroy the Christian religion. In the year 633, he joined his
 army with Cadwallon, King of the Welsh, and met Edwin at Heathfield; and, in the
 great battle which was fought, Edwin was slain, his army dispersed, and for some years
 fruitful destruction followed; Paulinus and other Roman missionaries fled.

Heathendom seemed as though likely to again reign triumphant, until another
 champion stood forth in the person of Oswald, a son of Ethelfred, who had formerly
 usurped the throne of Edwin. It was during the exile of this prince, amongst the ancient
 Celtic race, that he received the doctrine of the Christian faith; and thus it came to
 pass during his glorious reign, which equalled even the greatness of Edwin, that
 Northumbria was again evangelized; on this occasion not by the monks of Rome, but by
 missionaries of the old British race; the light of whose venerable church had been
 slowly but surely burning for upwards of five centuries. Oswald's great ambition was



Bootham Bar, Minster, and City Walls, York.

the conversion of all Britain ; but, alas ! the fierce pagan, Penda, raged with the fury of a wild beast to exterminate the Christian faith. Even the pleadings of the pious and gentle Eva, the wife of his son, Wolfere, Prince of Mercia, could not stay the fierce thirst of the pagan king ; and so, in the year 642, at the battle of Masserfeld, the brave Oswald fell ; and even part of Northumbria, for some years, owned the sway of Penda, and, with the increase of his power, rose the sufferings of the Christians ; and again in the fertile vales of York were enacted remorseless deeds of misery by the furious hosts of the heathen king ; but in the person of Oswin, brother of the brave Oswald, an avenger was nigh. It was on Winwood Field, Winnimoor, in the old kingdom of Elmete, in November, the year 655, that the two kings and armies met, which was to decide the fate of pagan England.

Tradition tells us that Oswin tried by every means in his power to conciliate the Mercian king by the offer of many costly gifts, yet nothing would appease the now hoary-headed old pagan than the total destruction of the Northumbrian army.

Kneeling on the battlefield, Oswin offered up prayer, and vowed, if successful, to dedicate his daughter to God, and endow twelve monasteries in his realm. That day, on Winwood Field, the power of heathendom was lost for ever, for at eventide Penda, and thousands of his army, lay a ghastly and confused heap of slain, whilst numbers of others in their flight were swept away and drowned when attempting to cross the swollen waters of the river Aire.

In Winwood Field was amply avenged the blood of Anna, the blood of the kings, Egrie, Edwin, and Oswald ; nor was Oswin's vow forgotten, for soon after he sent his little daughter, Ethelfleda, to the monastery over which presided the sainted Hilda, whilst the lands and other goods he gave were the cause of many churches and monasteries being built.

It was during the next two centuries of Northumbrian history that those glorious lights burst through the dark gloom of ignorance and superstition ; men of extraordinary piety and genius, men whose great abilities were as beautiful and brilliant as they were solid, and the glory of whose lives have shed a halo of dazzling light even down to our times.

It was from the famous monastery of Iona, that Aidan, the gentle missionary, came to wander through the dales and over the moors of Northumbria, teaching and preaching to the natives like the apostles of old.

The four brothers, Cedd, Cynibil, Coelin, and Chadd, were all natives of Deira. It was Cedd who built a church and monastery at Lastingham, probably on the site of a pagan temple ; and after presiding for many years over this church, he died in the year 659, being succeeded by his brother, Chadd, or Ceadda, who afterwards held the bishoprics of York and Lichfield. So simple and lowly in heart was this monk, that it is said he always travelled on foot during his long missionary journeys.

The old Celtic poetry breaks out in his death legend, and as it tells how voices of singers, singing sweetly, descended from heaven to the little cell beside St. Mary's Church, where the good man lay dying. Then the same song ascending from the roof again, "returned heavenward" by the way that it came. It was the soul of his brother Cedd, come with a choir of angels to solace the dying monk's last hours.

Wandering over marshy wastes, dreary moorland and deep retired glens, dotted here and there with roughly thatched huts, passed that sweet, patient teacher and apostle of the north, St. Cuthbert, and if the darkness of evening found him supperless and a wanderer, he was wont to exclaim, "Look at the eagle overhead, God can feed us through him if He so wills"—and once, it is said, he owed his meal to a fish which the frightened bird let fall. His ashes repose in that magnificent shrine of Durham.

Over the monastery where presided the sainted Hilda, Caedmon, the cowherd, shed a glory of poetry and song. Unlearned, history says, after having one day heard the Holy Scriptures read, he sang in beautiful poetry of the creation and the origin of man, the promised land, the resurrection and the ascension, the terrors of future judgment and the joys of heaven. But the three men of most extraordinary genius which outshine all other like the flashing of meteors on the surrounding gloom, are the venerable Bede and Alcuin of the eighth century, and Alfred the Great of the ninth. Alcuin was born at York, of noble parentage, and as a scholar and teacher became celebrated, his fame resounding to distant lands; to the ancient city students travelled from far and near to gather instruction which no other master in the universe at that era could supply, and centuries after his death his name shone with a lustre that knew no eclipse, and no one could justly challenge his powerful talents. He dived into every known branch of learning, whilst his wonderful industry and his holy piety and zeal illuminated the intellectual darkness of a barbarous age.

Besides the names enumerated above were other notable men also worthy of mention, such as Engbert, St. Wilfred, and John of Beverley. It was during this period that many churches were built and monasteries endowed along these river vales, some of which the very sites are forgotten, or only remembered in tradition, such as Monkstown, at the mouth of the Nidd, now Nun-Monkton, whilst the foundations of others still remain, as at Kirkhammerton, Bilton, Little Ouseburn, Kirby Malzeard, Ripon, Wath, Wensley, and other places in the river vales speak to us of an era when the Saxon people were gradually emerging from centuries of strife and darkness.

At this period Northumbria stood at the head of the Angle race in civilisation, learning, and arts; but, alas, other great waves of havoc and ruin were already rising near her shores. From the northern Fiords poured forth the war galleys of Danes and Northmen, entering the mouth of creek and river, they swept with the fury of a whirlwind, leaving ruin, terror, and the glare of burning homestead, church, town and city;

amid fearful slaughter, women and children were driven off to shame and slavery, churches were defiled, and the priests, nuns, and monks slain at the altar. From the banks of the Humber to the Tyne, villages, churches, and monasteries were laid in ashes, and so complete in some instances was their destruction, that succeeding generations could with difficulty trace their foundation. It almost seemed as if the Angle race, like the Britons of old, was on the point of being swept from Northumbria for ever.

In the years 866 and 867 the Viking hordes, led by Ivar and Hubba, two renowned sea kings, plundered along the eastern coast, and, becoming emboldened with success, they entered the Humber, and following the river way, and scattering all opposition, soon appeared before the city of York, which, after being in turn the capital of three peoples, was, with all its wealth and learning, to fall into the hands of the Danes, and become the chief city of Danelach, the Danesland.

In the following year the Saxons attempted to drive out the Northumbrians, but were defeated, vast numbers being slain, amongst whom were two Saxon princes. After this time Ivar Benlaus (or the boneless) became king of Northumbria.

This Ivar was a restless barbarian, and a fair type of a Viking leader; for the space of twenty years his flag spread terror and desolation around the British Isles. "Like a flight of bloody birds," says one writer, "the ships of the Northmen filled the sea, and also filled the hearts of men with anguish." Again, the northerners' onslaught is likened to "an unceasing and ever increasing storm from the far north, a storm destroying everything in its course."

The cruelties and oppression which the Angles had inflicted on the Briton, were now frightfully retaliated by the barbarous hordes from the Scandinavian shores, and a gloomy cloud of ignorance and superstition again spread o'er the land like a pall, and civilisation was rolled back for the space of two centuries.

What made the Christian religion doubly hateful to the invaders, had been the cruelties practised on their race by the Frankish kings, and their attempt to force religion on them as a badge of national slavery; hence the cruel rage of the Northmen against church and monastery, which were, in many instances, reduced to ashes, and the worship of Odin and Thor took the place of true faith; yet these people were of the same race and kindred as the Anglo-Saxon.

The drifting apart of the latter, and settling for some three centuries previous on the civilisation of Roman Britain, had lifted the Saxon people far in advance of their barbarous brethren; "and nowhere," says one writer, "was the fight so fierce as in England, because nowhere else were the fighters of one blood and speech, and there being so little to distinguish them, the two peoples soon became confounded, and the conquerors sunk into the mass of the conquered, and the banner of the Cross was again reared in the vales of York, and the church restored to its original position in the land." It was from

this period, and up to the Norman conquest, that most of those elaborate Anglo-Danish crosses were reared, the remains of which are religiously preserved. These crosses are mostly covered with rude carving, symbolic of the Christian faith, emerging from superstition and paganism.

Centuries rolled past with their alternating periods of prosperity and peace, ruin and war; of the latter such was the invasion which, in the year 937, led up to the famous battle of Brunanburgh, and so disastrous were the consequences of that great battle to the invaders, that there was peace in Northumbria to the end of King Athelstane's days. The cause which led to this great battle and victory, was the attempt of the Danish jarl or prince of Northumbria to rid himself from the vassalage of the Saxon king; so, contracting an alliance with the Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Cumbrians, the combined fleets sailed up the Humber, and the two armies came in contact on the field of Brunanburgh; and, in the fearful strife which followed, the troops of the invaders were nearly annihilated, and a brilliant victory was gained by the Saxons.

Until near the end of the ninth century, Norway and Sweden were made up of many petty states and river vales; Sweden being first brought into one kingdom by Eric, its first king. Of Norway's first king, tradition tells the following story: "There was one Harold, of Westfold, ruler of a small river vale, who had chosen for his wife a maiden, named Gytha, daughter of a chieftain in a neighbouring vale; when Harold sent men to fetch home his intended bride, she refused to follow, bantering them with the smallness of Harold's possessions. Harold was stung to the heart, and, in his anger, vowed never to clip or comb his hair till he had made all Norway his own; so there was much raiding and war in the land, until in a great battle, Harold ugly head was victor, and thus won fair Gytha, and also the kingdom of Norway; and he was ever after known as King Harold, the fair haired."

It was this union of states under one king that caused, to a great extent, those numerous fleets of Vikings, led by fearless chiefs, who would own no man as their master, to sail southwards, and split up the kingdoms along the Mediterranean coast, even extending their conquests as far east as the burning sands of Arabia. Among others who joined in these pursuits, were Guthrum and Rolla, the greatest of Viking leaders, who pushed their conquests to the very gates of Paris, and haughtily dictated terms to the French king in his palace, and thus obtaining that beautiful tract of country called Normandy, the land of the northmen.

A century passed away, and during that time the children of those wild sea rovers from the far north changed from heathenism to Christianity, and became the most celebrated knights and warriors in Christendom. Mightier still on the battlefield, this huge wave of war and conquest was rolled back to the British shores, plunging such havoc and ruin on Saxon and Dane that it needed three centuries to repair, and the Northmen's iron grip on the land is to be read, for those who care to read, in the mouldering ruins of those

once mighty strongholds which still stand in commanding position, overlooking the vales of the Nidd and the Yore.

In these immense fortresses dwelt the warrior knight and his army of retainers, keeping the Anglo-Danish race in subjection for generations.

From the death of Canute, during whose glorious reign Angles and Danes merged into one people, England was principally governed by three powerful Danish jarls, Leofric ruling Mercia and the west, Godwin in the south, whilst Siward, the heroic Earl of Northumbria, was practically king north of the Humber. Noble and great in the council chamber, yet greater on the field of battle, his powerful figure, in the history of those times, stands out most conspicuous, and his great achievements in senate and camp mark him as a worthy descendant of the mighty sea kings.

It was this Siward who conquered the usurper Macbeth, in the great battle which has been immortalised by the dramatic pen of Shakespeare. The great ambition of this warrior was not to die in bed like ordinary mortals, but amidst the storm and shouts of battle, and as he felt the shadows of death closing o'er him, he called for his coat of mail, his helmet, his shield, and his battleaxe, and when his gigantic frame was fully equipped as for conflict, the grand old chieftain sank back and met the conquering hand of death, as a warrior prepared for battle.

He was buried with much splendour in the monastery of Galmanho, which stood beside the walls of the city he had ruled so well. Such names as Siward's shed an additional lustre and charm around the old historic city.

"Gird me my trusty armour on,
Is it meet that I thus should lie?
Bring me the arms I loved to wield,
And shout the wild battle cry.

"I never quailed at his presence then,
Shall he deem me craven now
That the palsy shakes my aged limbs,
And the death-damp chills my brow?

"'Twas ever thus we were wont to meet
In the battle's deadly rout;
Amid the clash of contending steel
And the foeman's vengeful shout.

"No, dress me in my warlike gear,
Let me claim a conqueror's right,
A warrior waiting him to meet,
Equipped as for coming fight."

On the death of Siward there came for Northumbria a generation of such havoc, ruin, and war, that it almost seemed as if the old Anglo-Danish race was to be utterly destroyed or swept away for ever; from the hills and vales of York, great numbers fled into the wild mountainous regions, where their descendants dwell unto this day; others sought the protection of Malcolm Canmore, and his gentle and pious queen Margaret, who received the fugitives kindly, and endeavoured her utmost to alleviate the sufferings of her kinsmen.

Simeon of Durham says that "in his time Scotland was so stocked with English, both men and maidens, that they were found in all the farmhouses and cottages, and they spread the Saxon tongue and customs through the lowlands of Scotland," that even

to this day it is said there is a striking similarity in a vast number of words, and their accentuation, between lowland Scotch and north York dialect.



The Death of Siward.

Troubles for Northumbria began to deepen thick and fast with the accession of Tosti to the earldom. This incapable and cruel man was a son of the far-famed Godwin, and

brother of brave King Harold, but he owned none of the high quality and patriotic feeling of his father and brothers, and during his reign he committed many horrible and barbarous deeds.

It is related of Tosti that, having on one occasion been censured by King Edward for his misrule, he quitted the king's court in a rage and hurried to the northern kingdom, and in passing the city of Hereford, where his brother Harold had prepared a feast for the king, he cut off the limbs of all the servants, putting an arm or some other member in each of the vessels of wine, meat, ale, or pickle, after which he sent a messenger to the king to inform him that on coming to his lodgings he would find the food well seasoned to his mind.

The Saxon chronicle tells us: "For the accursed murders of Gospatric Gamel, son of Orm, and Ulph, son of Dolphin, as well as for the immensity of the tax which he had unjustly taken from all Northumbria, there was much retaliation when the principal thanes came to York and slew Tosti's Danish huscarles, Anund and Ravensuart (Black Raven), and on the following August, two hundred of his courtiers were slain.

The men of Yorkshire could ill brook such a ruler, who wantonly violated their laws and customs; so there was a general rising of the people, and Tosti was expelled, and the people took all his weapons, gold and silver, and all his treasures at York, and sent after Morcar, or Mokere, choosing him for their earl, which choice King Edward also sanctioned, and Tosti, his wife, and all those who "would what he would," went south over the seas to the court of Baldwin, and they wintered there.

Burning for revenge, Tosti, in the following spring, unfurled the old Viking standard, around which soon gathered all turbulent spirits—pirates of the ocean, and remnants of the old sea kings; and having at length prevailed on that most famous of Norwegian kings, Harold Hardrada, to join him, their fleets met where the wild north sea howls and foams around the storm swept coast of the Orkneys. Whilst here they were also joined by the jarls of Shetland and Orkney. The immense fleet of five hundred sail passed down the eastern coast and entered the Humber, and again began the pillage of homestead, the plundering of villages, the ransacking of towns, and the men of York could mark the incoming of this mighty wave of invasion by the lurid glare of burning farm and cottage, which lit up the darkness of night. Thus sailing up the Ouse, and leaving terror in their track, they moored their ships opposite the village of Riccall.

At this place they were met by the army of Northumbria and Mercia, led by the Earls Mokere and Edwin. Dane's Hill, some mile and a half east of Riccall, still marks the spot where the fight took place. After a desperate and prolonged struggle, the Yorkshiresmen fled, and the land ravager, the standard of Hardrada floated victorious on the battlefield.

Marching to York, the victors took possession of that city; but, on receiving news of King Harold's advance, they took many hostages and retired from the city, and selected their position at Stamford Bridge, on the Derwent; and it was at this spot, on the 25th of September, in the year 1066, that Harold Godwinson, on whose prowess rested Saxon England, came in sight of the invading hosts of Norway.

Previous to the battle, King Harold sent an envoy and twenty horsemen, both men and horses completely mailed, to try and win over his brother, and so split up the rebel army. On coming into the presence of Tosti, the spokesman said: "Harold, thy brother, sends thee greeting, and the promise of peace, also that thou shalt have the whole of Northumbria; and rather than thou shouldst become his enemy, he will share the third part of the kingdom with thee." "And what," answered Tosti, "if I accept this offer, will be given to Harold Hardrada?" The trooper replied: "He has, indeed, said what he would grant him of England's soil, seven feet space, but as men say he is a giant he shall have eight." Then replied Tosti, with an oath, "Go and tell your king to prepare to fight, for no man shall ever say that Tosti, son of Godwin, broke faith with Harold, son of Sigurd, and joined the ranks of his foes."

Both sides now prepared for combat, the invaders being composed of adventurers from many nations and climes; but the troops mainly to be relied on were the warriors the giant king had often led to victory, he being the greatest warrior of his age. Mounted on a magnificent black charger, his gigantic figure enveloped in armour of burnished steel, picture him, with his grizzly warriors and captains around him, and the famous standard, "the land ravager," floating o'er them.

Towering above his army he sang, or chanted, his famous war song, telling of great victories won by the Norsemen in bygone days; and as he sang of the mighty, brave deeds of Rolla and other chiefs of old, the blood mantled the cheeks, and fire flashed from the eyes of his troops, and ere he had ended his battle-song the wild enthusiasm of the Norsemen was beyond control.*

The men of Northumbria were never led to battle by a braver king than Harold. On his power and skill their lives and future depended, and he was now to lead them to a brilliant victory, then came death to the king and slavery for the men of Northumbria.

* While the immense fleet was in preparation many vague impressions of gloom pervaded the Norwegian host. "One man dreamed that the fleet had sailed, that he saw flocks of crows and vultures perched on the masts and sails, and that a witch wife, seated on an island, holding a drawn sword in her hand, cried out to the birds: 'Go, and go without fear; ye shall have plenty to eat, for I go with you.' Another man dreamt that he saw his comrades landed in England, that they were in presence of an English army, and that a woman of gigantic stature rode on a wolf, to which she gave human bodies, which it held in its jaws and devoured one after another. Hardrada dreamed that he saw his brother, St. Olaf, and that the warrior-saint warned him, in vague words, that the expedition would terminate in disaster."

Furious and terrible was the combat on both sides, and many mighty deeds of undoubted valour were seen. In the thick of the conflict and carnage Hardrada spurred his mighty charger, his ponderous sword crashing through helmet and mail, so that none could withstand the furious blows; and many there were that fell by his hand that day. Whilst thus dealing death and destruction on all who came in his path, this giant Norseman, the last and greatest of sea kings, fell lifeless from his steed, receiving his death blow from an arrow which struck in his throat, and many a warrior fell around his corpse.

At Stamford, in those days, the river was spanned by a strong wooden bridge, hence the name of Stamford Bridge. There was one giant Swede who long defended this bridge with the power of his single arm against the English troops, and he was at length slain by a spear being thrust from beneath the bridge.*

When Harold heard of the death of the Norse king, he bade his trumpeter sound a recall, and again offered terms to his brother, which were haughtily refused. There was to be no surrender that day with Tosti, it was to be victory or death, so again there resounded through the battlefield that terrible Viking war-cry, and where the "land ravager" floated, the fury of the battle now raged, and here, bravely fighting, fell Tosti the Jarl. Seeing their desperate condition, many of the Norse leaders threw off their coats of mail, so to wield their swords and battleaxes with greater vigour and freedom.

The dusky shadows of night were fast closing o'er the awful scene ere the royal standard was captured, and then began that dismal retreat by the remnants of that mighty army which, on the morn, stood arrayed in the meadows of Stamford, in all the glory and pride of a nation's strength. Over the many miles which lay between the Derwent and the Ouse the fighting continued, and even when the ships were reached they afforded little refuge, as many were captured and burnt.

The Saxon chronicle says "that the English from behind hotly smote them until they came to their ships, some were drowned and others also burned, and thus in divers ways they perished, so that few were left to carry back to Norway the dismal story." Then King Harold gave his protection to the fugitives on the condition that they would for ever observe peace and friendship towards this land, and the king let them go home with twenty-four ships. Thus, of a fleet of five hundred sail, which proudly entered the Humber a few days previous, with the intention of conquering Northumbria, only twenty-four ships were needed to bear back the remains of the Norwegian army.

* This giant Norwegian, who defended the bridge, was one of the warriors who had accompanied Harold Sigurd to the Greek capital on the Mediterranean coast, and had shared in all his great eastern victories by sea and land, and his mighty sword had helped to carve a path through the infidel host to the walls of Jerusalem, where he had worshipped before the holy sepulchre, and afterwards washed in the waters of Jordan. The old wooden bridge which he so long defended was standing until near the middle of the 18th century.

There was deep grief and wailing amongst the Norsemen for the loss of their brave king, and the destruction of his mighty army ; even the flapping sails and creaking of masts sounded like a funeral dirge, as the few vessels crept slowly and mournfully along the English coast to the Orkneys, and thence homeward across the wild North Sea, to spread the dismal story of evil omen and death. For generations after, the sad story was told, by fathers to sons, of that fearful fight and carnage at Stamford, where the blood of a kindred race, Angle and Norse, changed the clear waters of the old Ouse and Derwent to crimson.

Although an important victory to the Saxon, the shadow was on the dial. The power of Angle and Dane in Northumbria was nearly at an end, and with the decline of their power passed away the old order of things,—the Viking age, the raid of sea kings, whose numerous fleets, for the duration of three centuries, ploughed the seas, and split up and despoiled the southern kingdoms. Over this period their sagas have woven a magic web of legend, song, and wild mythology, and seen through the glamour of this web the awful deeds perpetrated in those dark days are partially hidden.

Whilst Harold was resting and feasting his warworn troops, after the toil and strife of Stamford, there sped to York messengers, on the wings of the fleetest steeds, to tell of the landing, on the sunny shores of Sussex, of one who was to prove a mightier foe than the one now despoiled, and whose ghastly corpses then lay weltering in the vales of York. It was the landing and invasion of the Norman William, with a large army, composed of the greatest warriors in Christendom.

The last glimpse of this Saxon hero is dismally tragic, his troops hungry and wearied with their hurried march from the north, fought through that long battle day on the field of Senlac with the courage of heroes, charge after charge of Norman cavalry being completely foiled and hurled back, a confused, surging mass of mail-clad warriors and struggling horse ; thrice amidst this surging wave of war sank the Norman duke, as three chargers were slain beneath him. Thus the battle raged from morn until the dusky mantle of night began to creep o'er this scene of confused humanity.

At this juncture, twenty Norman knights of great renown vowed they would win the Saxon standard or die, the Norman duke backing this charge with the whole power of his army. The barrier was stormed ; foot by foot the Normans fought their path to where floated the gold-embroidered banner of King Harold, around which now arose the fury of the fight. Under the waving banner still fought the heroic king, and his two brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, and the bravest of the Saxons. Through helmet and mail of the Norman knights crashed the Saxon battleaxe ; and many of the steel-clad Normans lay in the dust ere the banner was captured.

The final scene is nearly hidden from our gaze by the gloomy shadows of night and carnage ; through the misty haze of glimmering light we see the sons of Godwin slain. So perished the hopes of that house, and with them expired the freedom of Saxon England.

After the Saxons' defeat at Hastings, Northumbria became the rallying place of all who would not stoop to the slavery and despotism of the Normans; after much skirmishing, and one or two outbreaks, there came a general rising in the years 1068-9, in which the city of York was again captured by the Saxons, and the Norman garrison put to the sword. On the receipt of the news relating the capture of York and the destruction of the Norman garrison, William was hunting in the forest of Dean, and, in a fearful outburst of passion, swore by the splendour of God to lay the whole of Northumbria in ashes; first giving the Danes a heavy bribe to withdraw their fleet from the Humber, and sever their connection with the Saxons, he prepared to enact those fearful deeds of vengeance and retaliation on the Anglo-Danish people in Northumbria, which has left a dark blot on his kingly character, which time will never erase.

For several weeks he was kept aloof from his devilish work of vengeance by the flooded state of the Aire and Wharfe acting as an impassible barrier between his troops and their prey. York city was not an easy capture for the space of six months, the Saxons defying the power of the Norman king, for there were still left many brave men willing to shed their last drop of blood in defence of their country; but of great leaders with sufficient calibre to cope with the Norman duke, there were none. It is related of Waltheof, son of the noble Siward, that on one occasion when the Normans had made a breach in the city walls, he for some time defended the pass single-handed, sending his ponderous battleaxe through helmet and skull of the Normans, until the breach was choked with the ghastly bodies of the dead and dying foemen. As months sped, famine, the greatest enemy of the besieged, began its deadly work, and the defenders, who were compelled to surrender to save themselves from imminent death by starvation, were simultaneously slain by the ruthless conquerors, and the city given up to sack and flame; and thence from York to the Tees commenced the work of annihilation, murder, plunder, and rapine. This was an awful day for the peasantry dwelling in the broad vale country. There was no mercy shown on that evil day, neither age nor sex being spared; and when the ruthless and desolating hand of the avenger had passed, there was only left a land covered with the smoke of smouldering ruins, the dead and dying, and to make depopulation more sure, even the very implements of husbandry were destroyed.

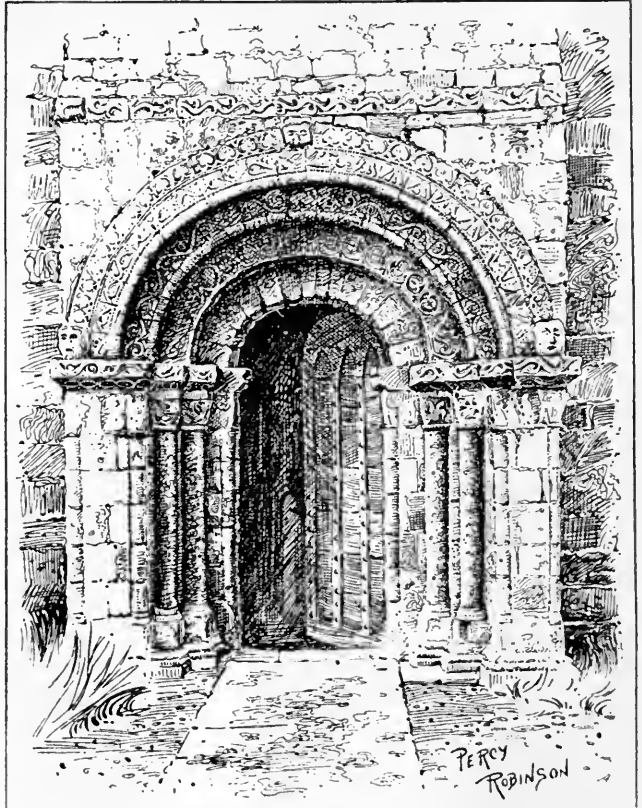
Across the fertile vales of Mowbray and York, where Saxon and Dane had hitherto gathered rich harvest, there was a wilderness of ruin and death. No sound was to be heard save the dismal howl of wild beasts, or, peradventure, the groans of dying men, where the hounds of death had not completed their devilish work. Then the fox left their burrows, and found shelter on the hearth of the ruined homestead. The wild cat, and that grey beast, the wolf of the weald, howled nightly around the ruined sanctuary, where the dalespeople had worshipped, and saints and kings had formerly knelt in prayer.

When the harvest season came round, there were no merry groups of reapers to

be seen, or the sound of sweeping sickle, or the creak of heavily laden waggons bringing home the golden sheaves ; and so, as years glided by, there were none to labour where formerly had been rich corn and meadow, heather and weeds spread, and wild vegetation grew rank.

And for centuries after many vestiges of ruined homestead, village, and church might be traced in rising mounds, and here and there remains of masonry, a broken arch and column, spoke of the site of Angle dwellings, which stood in the river vales before the stern decree of the unrelenting Conqueror went forth. And though upwards of eight hundred years have passed, there is still to be traced on the surface of the earth the foundation of villages, destroyed in this raid, and of whose former existence history is silent.

It is from this period that most of our English aristocracy date their ancestry.



Norman Porch of St. Lawrence's Church, York.

In the twenty years following after the desolation of Northumbria, the heart of the Norman king was torn by many domestic sorrows. His good queen, Matilda, had died, and the fair flower, Gundreda, the cherished child, the treasure of his heart, was cut off in the flower of youth. Robert, his firstborn, was a rebel and an exile, leagued with his bitterest enemy.

Richard, his second son, was gored to death by a stag, whilst hunting in the New Forest the Norman duke had made, by the wanton destruction of many Saxon villages, and the driving out of a numerous population.

Between his two younger sons there existed such great jealousy that he was thereby rendered most unhappy.

Then came to the Conqueror, who had been the cause of so much misery in the fruitful vales of York, the last scene in the great drama of his life.

Crossing to Normandy to quell a rebellion of his barons, abetted by his eldest son and the French king, he fell sick at Rouen. In his sickness the French monarch mocked him, and spoke insultingly of his unwieldy bulk. "King William has a long lying-in," laughed Philip. "And when I get up," swore William grimly, "I will go to mass in Phillip's Land, and bring a rich offering for my churching. I will

In the war and strife of 1066, and following years, most of the old Saxon nobility fell on the battlefield, or fled into exile, and their vast estates were granted by the Conqueror to his warlike followers, and unto this day in Normandy, from whence they came, it is said a fragment of a castle wall marks the home of a Bruce; a tiny village still preserving the name of the Percys and the Lascelles; other familiar spots speak of the Mowbrays, the Lacies, and of Alan the Breton, and many other noble names.

Thus the Normans, whose ancestors, some two centuries previous, had left their homes in the wild northland to become pirates of the ocean, won the birthright of the Saxon, and reared those mighty fortresses in commanding position overlooking those fruitful river vales.

Here dwelt, in almost regal dignity, the Norman baron, with his large army of retainers and dependants, holding the Anglo-Danish race in subjection and serfdom for generations.

And, though the former use for which the strongholds were intended passed away with the passing of centuries, they still add variety and harmony to the landscape, and to the antiquarian and historian are interwoven with a wealth of legend and song.

offer a thousand candles for my fee, flaming brands shall there be, and steel shall glitter over the fire they make."

William delayed his furious raid of desolation until the autumn made his vengeance more keen and cruel.

Then when the golden grain was ready for the reaper, and the grapes hung in ripening clusters on the vine, and the orchards were laden with ripened fruit, then, in the bitterness of spirit, he prepared to fulfil his ruthless vow. Then the sky became lurid from the glare of conflagration, and town, village, and homestead was reduced to ashes. And as the king was riding beside the ruined town of Mantes, to gaze on the destruction and havoc he had wrought, his charger trod on some hot cinders and plunged violently, and he was thrown from his saddle and bruised grievously. Let us follow the litter which bore him to the city of Rouen to die. Early on the morn of his death, as the first rays of the sun were gilding the pinnacles and domes of the city, he was awakened by the sound of the minster bell. Eagerly enquiring what sound it was, he was told that they were tolling the hour of prayer. On hearing this he stretched out his hands in prayer, and cried aloud, "I recommend my soul to my Lady Mary, the Holy Mother of our Lord," then sank back and expired. It is said the last sigh had scarcely left his body when the whole army of retainers and knights, buckling on their spurs with the cry of "To Horse! To Horse!" galloped off, the better to secure their own interests. The few remaining servants now began to rifle the apartments of the dead king, and all movable property was hastily packed and removed, and for several hours the corpse of the warrior king lay naked and deserted by all in that day of death. And when at length the interment was seen to by a poor knight, more humane and generous than the rest, and the body of him, before whom men but a short time before would have scarce dared to speak, was about to be lowered into the grave, a person forbade the interment. "Bishop," said he, "this man was a robber, the ground on which we are standing is mine, and this is the site of my father's house; he seized it from me to build this church on its ruins. I reclaim it as my right, and forbid you to bury him there, or to cover him with my glebe." It seemed like a judgment on the great man that the full price of the land needed for his grave had to be paid before the helpless form was allowed to find a resting place. Even then the interment was not allowed to be completed in peace, for at the cry of "fire!" in the neighbourhood, the ceremony was hurried over, and the mourners ran off to view the conflagration.



CHAPTER III.

NUNMONKTON.

HERE, about eleven centuries ago, on the narrow portion of land formed by the junction of the river Nidd and the Ouse, some God-fearing monks founded a settlement and built a monastery. No ruin or any trace of it remains to tell of its size and importance; yet in its old-time name, Monechstone, the Monks' town, there is sufficient evidence to reveal the story of its origin, and although the passing of more than a thousand years have brought to pass many marvellous changes, yet in the magnificent shrine which is now standing on or near the site of the old monastery, the holy and devotional character of its original founders is still preserved. The monastery, standing by the broad waters of the Ouse, the river way into Northumbria, would naturally offer a tempting bait to the northmen; and so it came to pass, during one of their terrible raids of rapine and plunder made across the vale of York, in the latter part of the ninth century, the monastery was pillaged and burnt, and the monks dispersed or slain. Soon after the Conquest, the lordship of this manor was held by a Simeon de Monckton, the ancestor of a numerous line still bearing that name. In the 12th century, William de Arches, and Ivetta, his wife, founded, on the site of the monastery, a priory of Benedictine nuns, in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary, hence its present name, Nunmonkton. At the dissolution, its value was £75 12s. 4d.; the site was then granted to John Nevil (Lord Latimer). *The church of St. Mary is sweetly sequestered amongst massive trees, and was originally the chapel of the nuns, and is a most beautiful structure of the transition period from Norman to Early English. The interior consists of nave and chancel. There is no separating arch, the

* Immediately behind the east end of the church there was lately a curious monument; for what purpose it was raised we do not know. There is also a tradition of a subterranean passage from the mansion to the church.

only distinction being the chancel is slightly raised. The arcade gallery around the interior is very interesting, and is of stilted lancet arches of banded pillars; the intermediate piers being pierced with elegant tracery. The chancel contains an early Piscina



Nunmonkton.

and Sedilia. At the west-end are two large stones, probably coffin lids, on which are carved thirteen centre crosses. Between the church and the village is a noble avenue of fine elms, under whose grateful shade we pass to the village, whose low, red

tilled cots rest around the outskirts of a spreading green of some thirty acres. Our first visit to Nunmonkton was on a drizzly, dirty, cold February day, when Nature had an appearance both gloomy and desolate. The village seemed deserted, save by a few cattle and geese vainly trying to find herbage to appease their appetites, and two or three solitary figures shivering from the cold, drizzling rain, and the damp atmosphere of the low-lying lands. Entering the village inn for refreshment, where the cheerful blazing fire made a pleasant contrast to the cold, deserted world outside, we fell into converse with a native, respecting the appearance and history of the village. This person quaintly remarked, "Ther's nowt to be seen at Nunmonkton eh winter, it's a dreary, forsaken spot; but oh, sir, if ye should 'appen to come eh summer time, ye would say it's a bonny spot. Ave been aboot a bit he me time, but ah allus say ah nivver seen sike a bonny spot eh all my life as Nunmonkton is eh summer time!"

During floods the inhabitants are unable to leave the village, at such times the Ouse is rendered dangerous to cross by the ferry, whilst the roadway on the west side is made impassable by the overflow of the first important tributary, about one and a half miles beyond the village.

On a glorious day of sunshine, some months later, the writer again passed into the village of Nunmonkton. The contrast was both striking and delightful. Many sleek cattle were grazing on the green, others were lying chewing their cud under the shade of trees. Here and there were to be seen the picturesque grouping of figures, and sweet contrast and harmony of colours, all around is heard the merry laugh and shout of children in play. Near the Maypole a party of pleasure-seekers from York, who have been carried hither on the bosom of the Ouse, are lounging on the grass. In the centre of the green is a pond, where a flock of gabbling geese, with their goslings, disport themselves. A little further is a brood of ducklings, and a mother hen anxiously parades the green in charge of her chicks. Those scenes, combined with the rustic and red tiled cots standing by the hawthorn hedge, and amid blossoming orchards, form a pleasing picture of village life not soon to be forgotten. Passing out of the village for Kirkhammerton, three and a half miles away, twenty minutes brings us to the first tributary, which rises and drains the land around Whixley, and wends its waters slowly through sedgy moorlands and marsh fields; its banks studded with massive old willows, whose hollow trunks, rent and twisted by the storms and winters of many generations, show great signs of age. In the distance, relieving the miles of lowlands, are the stack-yards and red tiled roofs of the adjoining farms, and further behind is a line of dark fir woodland, breaking the monotony of the background. Just on the outskirts of the village green, a path across the fields to the right, running parallel with the Ouse, passes Thorpe Green, thence forward to the Ouseburn's and the great North road. Over this wide expanse of land we gaze with pleasure, and through a break in the line of mazy

woodland of the middle distance, the Hambleton Hills show out distinct, still seamed and fretted by the snows of winter, and lighted up by a strong gleam of sunlight, rendered more piercing by the heavy, dense cloud overhanging the foreground of the picture, whilst the sky-line is broken by the elegant spire of Newton Church.

On the south side of the Nidd is the village of Moor Monkton, which we reach by crossing in the ferry-boat, at the confluence of the two rivers. After crossing we turn and look up the Ouse from the meeting of waters, and from which standpoint we see one of the fairest pictures in the lower vale. On the north bank stands Nunmonkton Hall, and the beautiful church, sheltered by elm, beech, and dark firs. On the opposite bank, behind a screen of fine old trees where the rooks nest, is Beninbrough Park and Hall, the residence of the Hon. Payan Dawnay. In the foreground of the picture is the ferry-boat; and swans, types of beauty and loveliness, are gliding on the bosom of the waters, where drooping branches reflect their forms in the deep silent waters. Further upwards, standing high above the river, is the graveyard and church of Newton-on-Ouse. This village consists of neat brick and red-tiled houses, each with a well-kept garden plot



Newton-on-Ouse.

adjoining the street, which is still rendered more pleasing by a line of trees on either side. The church, originally a 13th century structure, has undergone complete restoration; it is of very pleasing external appearance, and stands on a gentle eminence above the Ouse. Its spire is a landmark for the surrounding country. The chancel floor contains a fine brass, on which are the effigies of Lord and Lady Downe.

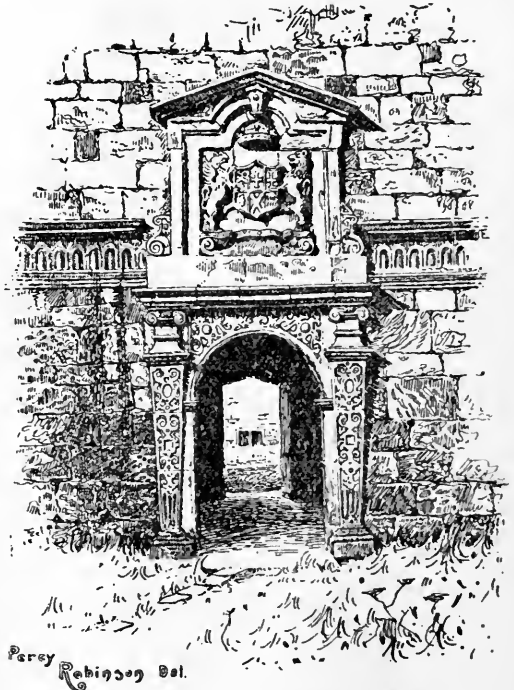
From the churchyard can be obtained pleasant vistas of the noble waterway, and the undulating river vales beyond terminating by the hazy blue of the far-distant moorland background. A memorial in the churchyard says:—

“This stone can boast of what few marbles can,
It truly says here lies an honest man.”

Half a mile below the mouth of the Nidd, on the opposite bank, is the village of Beninbrough, and some three miles beyond we see rising out amongst trees, the tapering spire of Skelton Church. One mile from the meeting of the waters, on the south-west bank of the Ouse, in the Ainsty of York, stands “Red House,” the residence of F. W. Slingsby, Esq., J.P., in a most retired situation, enclosed on the south and west

by dense woodland, in whose sylvan glades the primrose blooms in all its native beauty, and the rich profusion of bluebells assume in the forest bed a beautiful carpet of blue. In the more dense recesses of the wood, old moss-covered trees, with gaunt twisted limbs, and long, dank weeds and rushes, hang over patches of dark silent water, which the warm sunlight rarely pierces, and from whence arises a perfume peculiar to the shady solitude of a lowland forest. On the east, between the house and the broad river, glimpses of whose waters can be seen gliding on to the old city, are many large trees covered with a dense mass of foliage, several aged oaks, with ponderous trunks, have no doubt witnessed the passing of a thousand years. Within this area is a park-like enclosure where a herd of deer browses, preserving to some extent the importance of the place in the days of the past. The present house is part of a much larger structure built by Sir Henry Slingsby, in the early days of Charles I. In 1633 the king visited the house, as guest of Sir Henry Slingsby, and the bedstead on which he slept is still preserved in the chapel adjoining the house.* Again, in 1665, the Duke and Duchess of York, afterwards James II., honoured Sir Thomas Slingsby with a visit at Red House. The great staircase, one of the chief works, was removed during the alterations, 1861-2. In the house and grounds are still to be seen some work of a Dutch or Danish sculptor, named Andrew Karne. In the meadow, a few yards from the house, is the mutilated effigy of a famous race horse, minus the head, the work of this artist. The inscription affixed to the statuary says:—

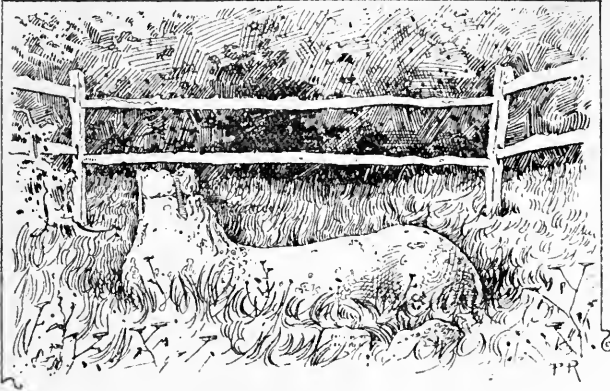
“He did win the plate on Achombe Moor,
The King being there, 1633.”



Entrance to the Palace of the Stuarts, York.

* Charles came to York on Friday, May 24th, 1633. His reception was to some extent marred by a great storm. On Saturday he hunted in the forest of Galtres. On Sunday he attended service at the Minster. On Monday, witnessed the horse race on Acomb Moor, for two silver flagons. After a visit to the Archbishop's palace at Bishopthorpe, he left York on the Tuesday, calling at the Red House as a guest of Sir Henry Slingsby, *en route* north.

But the antiquity of this spot is to be read in the remains of a deep moat, which is to be seen near the present structure, which, in feudal ages, encompassed a castellated



Engraving of Famous Race Horse.

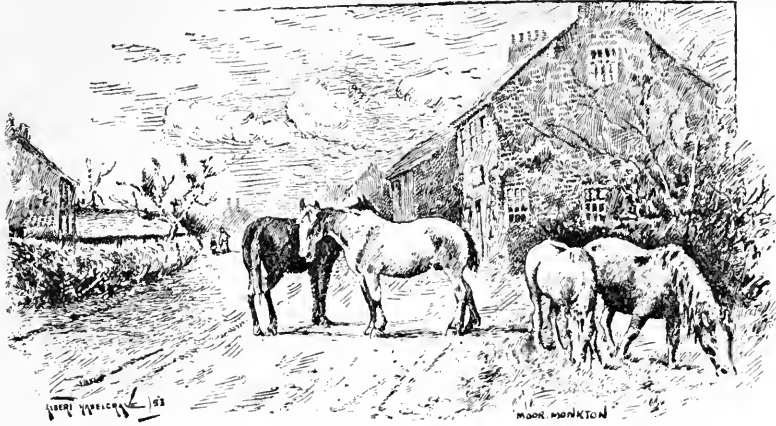
house, even at that distant time, tradition says, was known by the name of the "Red House." Here, for many generations previous to the Slingsbys, dwelt the Oughtreds. The influence and importance of this family can be ascertained from an Oughtred having power to grant, in the early years of the 16th century, to William Farefax, of Steeton, and to his heirs for ever, free liberty to hunt, hawk, and fish

in the manor of Colton, for which favour he received one red rose at midsummer. From its well-chosen position, and other evidences which speak of great antiquity, we are inclined to think that some Saxon or Danish noble had a stronghold here in pre-conquest days, at that period when the village of Nunmonkton was the Monkstown and Benningburgh. Just over the river Ouse was the King's burgh (the King's town) a residence of the kings of Northumbria. In those days, the low lying lands around the mouth of the Nidd would be one vast marsh, studded with great pools of stagnant water, hidden to a great extent by a great forest of tangled undergrowth, which stretched from the walls of Eborac (York), 20 miles to the north and west, where in British days roamed the bear and other savage beasts, and at a later period the grey wolf, wild cat, savage boar, beaver, fox, badger, fumard, marten, and weasel, all of which have become extinct on this soil, except the fox and one or two of the smaller species. The rivers and swamps were stocked with an abundance of many varieties of fish, whilst on heath and in forest roamed every kind of game, from the stately stag with wide spreading antlers, down to the fleet limbed hare. Flocks of wild swans floated in stately beauty on the bosom of the rivers, and nested on the verge of the swampy forest. Thousands of geese, ducks, teal, and mallards, with many other varieties of large web-footed birds, winged their flight hither and thither; and here and there, by river's brink and forest pool, flocks of herons stood, like sentinels, watching to seize the unwary fish. The woods resounded with the song or cry of the smaller feathered race, whilst high over all, in regal majesty, swept the golden eagle, the king of birds. It requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine a hunt in those olden times. From yonder woodland comes the sound of baying hounds, and the flight

of large-birds and rush of animals through forest glade, the crackling of underwood and shout of hunters mingle into one confused discord of sound. At eventide came the feast, whenthane and squire entertained their guests to an abundance of rude hospitality; the tables groan with huge savoury dishes of fish, game, fowl, and venison; the floor of the hall is amply strewn with rushes, where gaunt hounds snarl and snap over the remnants of the feast; a huge fire of blazing logs fitfully lends light and shadow on this old time picture. Then as centuries glide away a change comes over the scene,—we see a goodly troupe of lords and ladies, richly arrayed, mounted on steed and palfrey, going forth to hunt and hawk over the wide moor and through the dense woodland, attended by a retinue of servants, pages, and falconers with well-trained hawks. The falcons are sped after some noble quarry, and as the birds battle and swoop in mid-air the gay cavalcade gallop hither and thither, shouting in wild delight as many victims are brought to the ground, and thus the sport proceeds until the shades of eventide put an end to the pleasures of the chase. Centuries have passed since the last scene described, and during those many centuries the aspect of the country has been gradually changing; where in olden time was dense undergrowth and waste, is now to be seen the red brick tiled farmstead in homely cleanliness, and the adjoining fields of waving corn and grassy meadows. The wide heath and marshy moor, formerly full of hidden swamps, have now been drained and dyked, and brought, to a great extent, under cultivation. Yet in our days, over this wide tract of lowland, where the Nidd passes wearily onward to swell the broad waters of the Ouse, is still to be seen and heard the noise of many a gallant hunt. The hunters of old have long passed away, and are only remembered in song and story. The brilliant cavalcade of lords and ladies has passed away like the passing of a long summer's day. Yet still in the hunting season we hear the sound of the hunter's horn, and the noise of baying hounds, the jingle of harness, and trampling of many horses. It is the York and Ainsty pack sending forth the hue and cry after Master Reynard, giving endless sport and excitement to an army of red-coated knights of the field, such as the hunters of olden time never dreamt of, and forming a strange contrast to what has been in the far past.

Taking the bridle-path from the ferry at Nun-Monkton, half a mile across the fields brings us to Moor-Monkton, a small but well built village, resting by the banks of the river, with its red tiled roofs, moss grown, many of them green with age. Here the Wesleyans have a very neat and substantial sanctuary. The guide posts, which should inform us, have an old, weather-beaten, and battered look, and are of little use to the pedestrian. From the mouth of the Nidd, and several miles upwards, the river, confined in its deep banks, is very sluggish, yet in many places it presents a picturesque appearance. Here and there, reflecting in its smooth glassy surface, are overhanging trees; cattle grazing in the meadows, and old farmsteads and buildings, lend beauty and peace to many a charming picture. When the hedgerows and orchards

are abundantly bedecked with the blossoms of spring, or in glorious summer time, when lark, linnet, and blackbird pour out their sweet songs of rapture, and the wild rose and



flowers of various hues shed around their delicious fragrance—at such times the lovers of peace and quietude might spend their holiday on the lower reaches of the river with pleasure and profit. In the rainy season, or winter, when the lowlands

are covered with pools of water, and the wind moans over the weird heath, a more dispiriting or dismal prospect cannot be imagined, but, after gloom and storm, we often see the richest landscape, which brings to memory a July day spent in this district. The morning had been fairly fine, but after noontide there slowly rose o'er Marston Moor mixed masses of dark and sullen clouds, and a sense of chilliness and gloom wrapped all the moorland in mysterious stillness and oppression; then the artillery of the heavens burst, the earth seemed to tremble, lightning flashed, and thunder roared and rolled its sounds far away in the distance, the rain came down in torrents as though the clouds had burst; bracken, fern, and bush were enveloped in a rising mist from the over-charged earth,—still the rapid lightning darted its fiery spark, and the thunder rolled. At last the storm spent its fury, a distant flash, and the muttering of thunder gradually died away in the distance. It was verily an afternoon of storms, for as one sank another rose and rushed into its place, until the fury of the raging elements was fairly spent, and the golden sun shone through leaden clouds, dispersing them to other regions. A change came o'er the scene; gloom and shadow had passed away, and the beautiful grandeur of a summer's sunset spread over half the sky, roofing it with tufts of wandering clouds of wondrous tints, like embers of fire spreading o'er the purple west. In front of us the Nidd, rolling onward, winds its solitary course, and far away in the distance are faint outlines of rising hills, and nearer are dark belts of Scotch firs, which add to the charms of this rich scene. The sun, in its descent westward, tips with golden rays village and spire with a magic wand, until the last flickering gleam of sunset dies, and in its place the silver sheen of night spreads around us. From Moor Monkton a walk of fifteen minutes brings us to the church, which stands solitary by the road

side.* Passing along the edge of the battlefield, two miles further we reach the straggling village of Marston, the cleanliness of which at once strikes us. Here is situated an old mansion of fame, where, amongst many other places, Oliver Cromwell



is supposed to have stayed. This we give as it was told us by the villagers, who seem fully satisfied that they have added to our store of the history of this great man.

* Portions of this church are of great antiquity. The wall of the nave is said to be the original one, and dates from the Saxon period. The building was thoroughly restored in 1879.





CHAPTER IV.

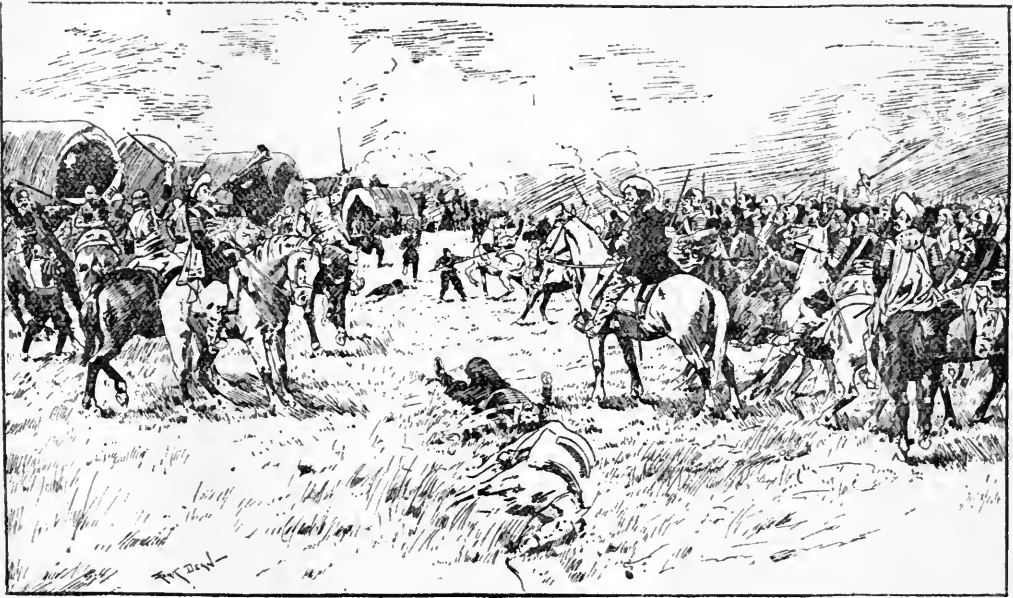
MARSTON MOOR.

RETRACING our steps to the Tockwith Road, we come to a green lane which leads to the battlefield, where the famous encounter between the Roundheads and Royalists took place. The Royal Army was drawn up on the Moor with their backs to Wilstrop Wood. The Roundheads occupied the foot of the hill, called Marston field, then covered with rye, their front extending from Marston to Tockwith.*

“And here, like a servant of the Lord, with his bible and his sword, the General rode along us to form us for the fight; when a murmuring sound brake out, and swelled into a shout, among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant’s right. And hark! like the roar of billows on the shore, the cry of battle rises along their charging line: for God! for the cause! for the Church! for the laws, they cry; for Charles of England and Rupert of the Rhine.”

* The Rev. Richard Abbay, Author of “The Castle of Knaresburgh,” in his Preface to that work, says:—“The most interesting as well as the most important epoch in the Civil War was that which commenced with the arrival of the Scots on the banks of the Ouse, culminated in the battle of Marston Moor, and terminated with the fall of York. The great victory which decided on Marston fields the issue of the war was a yeoman’s victory, in which the individual skill or genius of commanders played an insignificant part. Indeed, so little did its leaders rule the strife, when once begun, that modern historians have found it impossible to follow with precision the movements of the tide of battle as it ebbed and flowed from one part of the field to another. What, however, was abundantly manifested on every part of the huge chess-board of Marston Moor was the indomitable courage of the race and the honest belief in the goodness of their cause, whether men fought under the banner of the Cavalier prince, or side by side with their hereditary enemies from the North. The relief of York by Prince Rupert, ending in the great Marston fight, was the result of one of the most brilliant pieces of strategy in the Civil War, and is left unexplained by all modern writers, notwithstanding that the display of generalship in the movement was more remarkable than any exhibited by the leaders on either side in the great battle of Marston Moor. For, although the united Parliamentary and Scottish armies besieging York exceeded in numbers the combined forces of Prince Rupert and the garrison, the city was relieved without the loss of a soldier or a beast of burden, and this was done, notwithstanding the important fact that the beleaguering force had been in possession of the ground for six weeks, and

Once on the battlefield we picture to ourselves the terrible strife on that summer's eve, July, 1644, and can imagine the position of the opposing forces. On the rising ground to the south-west of Wilstrop Wood, a clump of trees is still pointed out by the peasantry as the spot from where Oliver Cromwell directed his forces. At the foot of this rising ground we can imagine the lines of the Roundheads spread waiting for the



Battle of Marston.

F. DEAN.

fray. Between this spot and Wilstrop the thick of the battle raged, and there is still to be seen the remnants of a very wide green lane which has been narrowed down only a few years ago, but its boundary is easily traceable, as there is left standing a few aged oaks, which were in their pride and glory when Prince Rupert and the shattered forces

was well aware of the purpose for which the Royalist army was being mustered in Lancashire. The key to the success of the effort at relief lay in the position of Knaresburgh as a stronghold in regard to York and the river Ouse. To an army coming from the west to York with a view to its relief three main roads lay open, if the attack was to fall on the most accessible and vulnerable part of the besieging force; the more southerly road by Tadcaster, the west road by Wetherby, and the north-east road by Knaresburgh. Prince Rupert chose none of these; but, having reached Knaresburgh on Sunday afternoon (June 30), and stayed there long enough for the news of his arrival to be carried to the besiegers and induce in them a belief that his attack would be made by the road from Knaresburgh, he marched due north to Boroughbridge, crossed the river early on Monday, and by keeping well to the east of the Ouse, was able to reach York all but unobserved, early in the afternoon of the same day, the Parliamentary army in the meanwhile having been entirely drawn away to the western side of the river to meet the expected attack from Knaresburgh. York was thus entered from the north instead of from the west or south, and for a time, that is, until Prince Rupert commenced his ill-judged pursuit, in the hope of ending the war at a blow, the Parliamentarians and Scots were

of his retreating army, horsemen and foot, in dire confusion, wildly rushed from their victorious foe, along this lane past Wilstrop Hall, and forward into the great north road.

Standing in this lane, the student of history can easily picture, in imagination, the whole scene, and almost as it were feel the earth tremble with the rush and fierce onslaught of the frenzied foes. Many a relic of this great battle, ghastly and otherwise, has been found within a mile or so of this spot. Cannon balls, bullets, broken swords, pistols, and also spears have been unearthed—even recently the common swine have added to the stock of trophies which they have uprooted.



A Relic of Marston Moor.

East of Wilstrop Wood and near to, lately stood a very old cottage (*see sketch, A Relic of Marston Moor*)*. There, we were told by one of her descendants, an old woman was trampled to death in the confusion, when the victorious troops entered the yard. This scene is portrayed to us with real vividness, although

nearly 250 years have passed away since the best and bravest of England's sons "were trodden down that day like the grass which under their feet they trod, but now beneath they sleep."

"Is the spot marked with no colossal bust ?

None ! but the morals truth tells simpler so :

As the ground was before, thus let it be."

* Now destroyed.

en l'air. It is evident that the position of Knaresburgh, as a fortress on one of the main roads leading from the west to York, made it in the eyes of the Scots and Parliamentarians a natural halting-place for Prince Rupert before his attack on the besiegers' lines, whilst its distance from the river Ouse caused it to raise no suspicion in regard to his intended movement by way of Boroughbridge. The battle of Marston Moor claims a further word of explanation on account of the alleged enormous disparity in the losses on the two sides. Historians tell us that over four thousand of the Royal troops were slain, whilst the loss of the Parliamentarians and Scots was only three hundred men. That this was so is extremely improbable from the following considerations. The contest was not merely a charge, panic, and disorderly rout, but a hard-fought battle, which was maintained for several hours by nearly fifty thousand of the best men that England and Scotland could produce, with about equal success to either side. No one has ever questioned the military instincts and competence of Prince Rupert's followers, whilst the fact that his opponents were victorious is proof that they were not inferior. It was only in the last hour of daylight that the fate of the battle was decided, and then the fall of night and the nearness of York prevented the pursuit being as destructive as it otherwise might have been. Further, it must be remembered that as this was the crisis of the war, the Parliamentarians had very strong reasons for minimizing their own losses and exaggerating those of the Royalists ; and though, without doubt, some five thousand bodies were counted and buried by the villagers of Marston and Tockwith, the loss or abstraction of the Parliamentary token—a white handkerchief in the helmet—would transform the corpse of a friend into that of a foe, for purposes of enumeration. But, apart from this, we have the evidence of the Earl of Manchester's chaplain, that the bodies of the dead were stripped by the

About 8,000 men, according to some accounts, were slain in this dreadful contest; but the villagers who were commanded to bury the dead asserted that they interred 4,150, two-thirds of whom appear to have been men of rank. Their graves are yet to be seen near Wilstrop Wood.

In the life of Sir George Radcliffe, it is stated that Charles Townley, Esq., of Townley, in Lancashire, having fallen in the battle of Marston Moor, his lady, Mary, the daughter of Francis Trappes, Esq., who was then with her father at Knaresborough, hastened next morning to the field of battle to search for his body, whilst the attendants of the camp were stripping and burying their dead.

"Her heart with anguish bled,
As wistfully she gazed upon
The faces of the dead."

There she was accosted by a general officer to whom she told her melancholy story. He heard her with great tenderness, but earnestly desired her to leave the place, where, beside the distress of witnessing such a scene, she might probably be insulted. She complied, and a trooper was immediately called to take her to Knaresborough. On enquiry, after, the officer who had shown her so much kindness, and to whom she was so greatly indebted, proved to be Lieutenant-General Cromwell.

The two following scenes illustrate the chase of a cavalier bearing the news to Knaresborough of Prince Rupert's defeat on Marston Moor. The scenes are copied from a descriptive work in verse, entitled "The Castle of Knaresborough," by Richard Abbay, F.R.A.S. The flight and chase is fully described in the above work, from the battlefield, where the royalist's steed has been wounded, thence through Tockwith's silent streets,

"Where, hushed and pale, each village wight
Lists to the thunders of the fight,
And rush of flying feet,"

and on, past Cowthorpe's aged oak, to where Hunsingore's spire stands out and points the nearest path over Ribstone Moor. At this spot the artist depicts the chase, in his first illustration, and the second marks the escape from his pursuers, and safe arrival into Knaresborough, and the death of his faithful steed.

victors during the night, so that when the enumeration and burial began next day, there was absolutely nothing by which to distinguish a Royalist from a Parliamentarian, unless it were the position in which he fell on the outskirts of the battle. The Rev. Simon Ash writes: 'That night we kept the field, when the bodies of the dead were stripped. In the morning there was a mortifying object to behold, when the naked bodies of thousands lay upon the ground, and many not altogether dead. The white, smooth skins of many dead bodies gives us occasion to think that they were gentlemen.' It is therefore most improbable that such a battle as that of Marston Moor should have been fought by men of the English race with so trivial a loss to the victors as is reported. Indeed, the evidence, apart from the statements of the villagers who buried the naked bodies, leads to the conclusion that the Parliamentarians and Scots suffered only less heavily in killed and wounded than the Royalists."

* THE FIRST MESSENGER OF NEWS—KNARESBURGH.

“ But louder with the evening’s close
 The thunders of the battle rose,
 And Yorkward, far as eye can strain,
 Low banks of smoke obscured the plain,
 And from them issuing far and high
 Broad beams of light illumed the sky.

* * *

And now the sounds of war have ceased,
 The cloud is melting from the east,
 The shadows of declining day
 Fade into summer twilight gray ;
 Yet still upon the Yorkward road
 In groups the impatient townsmen strode
 And spoke in anxious whispers low
 Of Rupert, Scot, and rebel foe,

And, listing ever and anon
 For tidings of the battle won,
 Glean from the air each warlike sound,
 Or read in tremors of the ground,
 Prostrate upon the roadway bare,
 The murmurs of the distant war ;
 And ere to Ribstone Godfrey passed,
 ’Twas known some trooper rode in haste
 With news of battle fought and done,
 So swiftly spread the tremors on ;
 And ere from Ribstone Godfrey passed,
 ’Twas said that others followed fast,
 For countless tramp and clang confuse
 The ear that listens for the news.



The Chase.

Near and more near the clamour drew,
 The foremost steed appeared in view,
 With drooping head and reeking side,
 Uncertain course and rolling stride ;
 He reached the bridge,—its thunders rung
 Grimbold’s adjacent crags among ;
 He gained the slope and bravely pressed
 His failing limbs to win the crest,
 And on his reeling senses fell
 The loud pursuers’ vengeful yell.

* * *

Though swift he passed, ’twas time to tell
 The news so sad and terrible,

‘ Quick, for your lives, the day is lost,—
 Rupert is fled,—the rebel host,—
 Behind,’ and ‘ Marston ’ caught the ear,
 Like echoes of his swift career,
 As Godfrey hurried on in flight,
 And vanished from their startled sight.

Meanwhile the soldiers, one and all,
 Stand motionless on tower and wall,
 Interpreting in whispers low
 The trampling in the vale below ;
 Spelling, with shrewd, attentive ear,
 The flight that ever drew more near,

The measured stride, the even clang.
That on the level roadway rang.

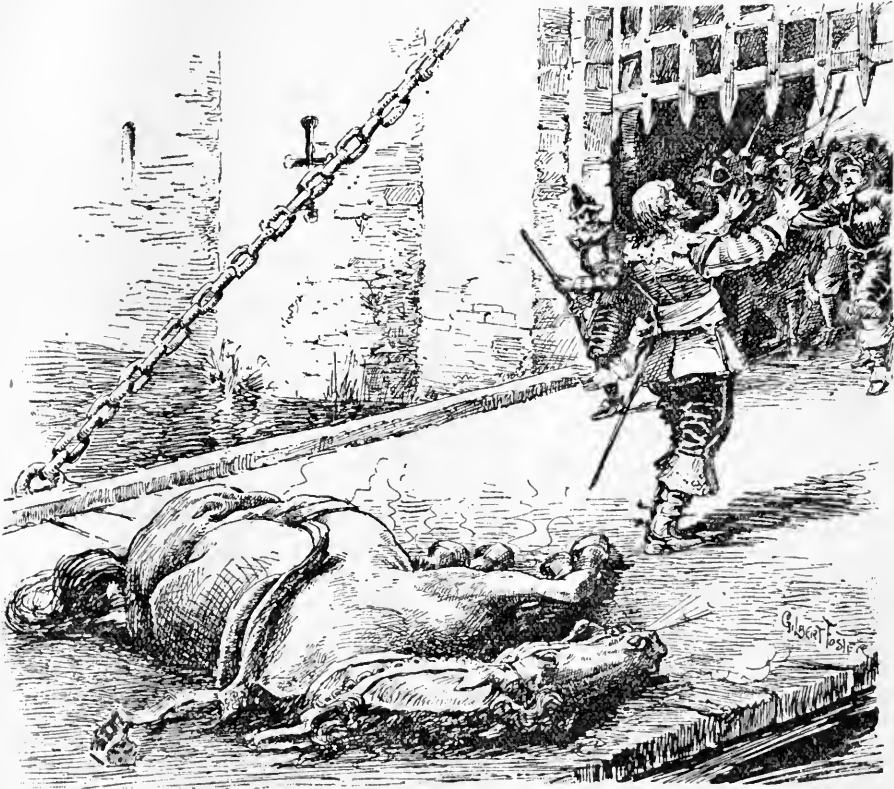
* * *

They heard along the rattling street
The echoes of his flying feet,
They heard his faint and failing pace
Relax upon the market-place,
As, reeling blindly into sight,
Came the first messenger of fight,

And on the drawbridge, ere it rise,
Falls the good steed and sinks and dies.

* * *

To speak the trooper thrice essayed,
And thrice he left the words unsaid,
Till the loud tramp of near pursuit
Woke into speech his accents mute.
'Tis Godfrey from the battle come,
Raise the portcullis, speed him home.'



The Death of the Steed.

At once a hundred hands have seized
The ponderous chains, the bolts released ;
And ere the gate half open swung,
A score of friends on Godfrey sprung,
And bore him, fainting and distraught,
In safety to the castle court.

Nor aught too soon, the Roundhead chase
Has swept through street and market-place,

Has seen the gate half open flung,
And fiercely to the passage sprung,
And gained the bridge's crown ;
E'en Dayrell's giant strength were vain
Against portcullis bars to strain
If e'er they thundered down.

Quick as the scene upon him flashed
Guy Dayrell to the archway dashed,

Seized on the ponderous nether bar,
 And bade his followers speed the war.
 Though grasped his hands the iron frame
 One instant ere it downward came,
 And stayed the hideous bars a space
 To give his panting comrades place
 Betwixt them and the ground,
 To hurl their force precipitate
 Against the slowly closing gate,
 And win the courtyard bound ;
 The terror of the threatening fall
 Daunted the boldest, one and all,
 And checked their keen, impetuous haste

Till motionless they stand aghast,
 And grating bolt and clanging bar
 Warn them 'tis now too late to dare
 The perils of such venturous war.
 But Dayrell, straining limb and nerve,
 Felt through his frame each sinew swerve
 And harden as to stone,
 Ere starting from its ponderous thrall
 His o'erstrung frame from bar and wall
 Was backward fiercely thrown.
 Then rose the cry, ' It moves, it moves,'
 And hissing in the stony grooves,
 Crashed the portcullis down."

Near to the river, and the end of the lane before-mentioned, stands Wilstrop Hall, where many a relic of a bygone age may be seen.* † It is the residence of the Harrisons, and was built some years ago, but still some portion of the old hall has been left ; also in front of the house traces of the moat can be seen, plainly showing it to have been a place of strength in bygone days. Sauntering back from this point about a mile down the lane we come into the high road, and, turning to our right, half a mile further we reach the village of Tockwith Rich with legends and associations of the battlefield, and replete with many an old cottage, with rustic thatched roofs and old world fire-sides, which speak to us memories of the past. One old timber-framed cottage in particular (although there are several hoary with age) the villagers point out as the place to which an officer, desperately wounded, was brought from the great battlefield. Another story is that Oliver Cromwell slept here. The "Boot and Shoe" inn, and the adjoining

* Ancient British Mill Stones, called Querns, and other curiosities.

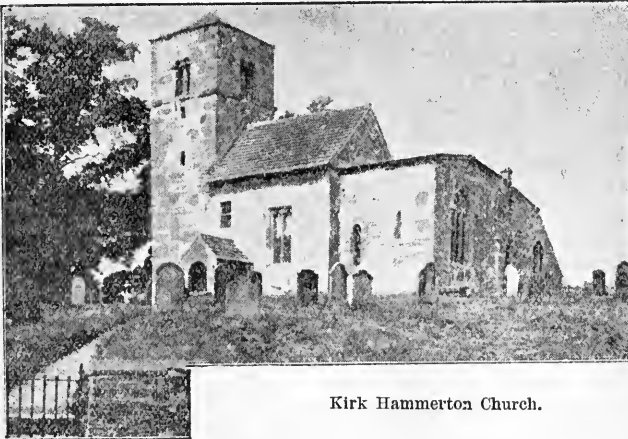
† Wilstrop Hall stands on the banks of the Nidd, and close to the field of Marston Moor. Here dwelt the late Richard Harrison, farmer and ornithologist. Probably no naturalist in the north of England had such a complete practical knowledge of the habits of birds in building their nests, and the places they prefer for rearing their young. All the big and little feathered folk of the neighbourhood were his friends, and when he built a shed in one of his meadows, he provided some scores of holes in the brickwork, into which no schoolboy's hand could be thrust, for the use of the starlings of the neighbourhood. The lowest row of holes was only about two feet from the ground, but it was occupied as readily as those near the eaves. It was a sight to see the flight of starlings from the building when, on a summer afternoon, he would approach quietly and clap his hands. Having found a nest of young owls about half-a-mile from home, he brought it by stages of 100 yards a day, until it was safely placed in the gable of the barn, where, for many years afterwards, and, perhaps, to the present time, the old birds reared their broods, and when they were able to care for themselves, remorselessly drove them away to distant hunting grounds. At the time when a voyage to Norway was a much more serious matter than it has been in recent times, he used to visit the firds, in order to obtain sea birds' eggs. He, however, only collected specimens for his own cabinets, and not for sale. He also had collected many relics from the battlefield of Marston Moor, but his heart was with the birds. Our first visit to the battlefield was under the guidance of Richard Harrison, and we well remember the pleasure obtained from his vivid description of the famous fight. It was a late autumn day, and the York and Ainsty pack met in the district, and Master Reynard fled across the moor, pursued by baying hounds and an army of huntsmen, the red-coated knights adding a touch of colour to the otherwise monotonous landscape. In the days of the Norman kings a whole family, bearing the name of De Wilesthorpe, was in possession of this estate, and from hence went a Margaret de Wilesthorpe as last Prioress of Nun Monkton.

cottage with curious angles, overhanging eaves, and thick stone walls, are worthy of inspection. Some mile and a half west, standing on the extreme watershed of the Nidd, is the small quaint village of Bilton, still having that appearance of rest and slumber peculiar to many old time villages which are outside the rush and worry of the nineteenth century. About one mile south-west, and just within the watershed of the Wharfe, is Sinningthwaite. In Catholic days a nunnery stood here, but at the present time it is doing duty as a



farm house. The mounds and other indications around speak of its importance in past days, and the remains of a deep moat are still left. Portions of the old masonry are still to be seen built into the cattle sheds. The kitchen is very curious with its old timbered ceiling and moulded beams. There is a well-preserved Norman doorway with round arches, carried on pillars with cushion capitals. Bilton Church is of Norman construction, period about 1150, and has been restored, yet there remains much of the original structure. The bell gable contains only one bell, but, formerly, there were two; a travelling tinker stole the other, which has never been replaced. There is still the niche, minus the bell, awaiting some kind patron to replace. The interior contains some sculptured stones of rude Saxon work, also the remains of a runic cross. The same aisle contains an effigy of a lady clasping a heart on her breast. These relics of primitive times, as well as the ancient name of the village, point strongly to the fact that a Saxon church possibly stood on the same site as the present edifice. Returning by way of Tockwith, we turn down the green lane which leads to the ferry, and after a walk of a mile and a half we come to Skewkirk ferry, near to where Skewkirk bridge once stood. This seems to be a most unfortunate spot, as on this site two bridges have been swept away. Here also is the mill, an older structure, burnt to the ground some three years ago, and some time previously, strange to say, one of the millers was found drowned in the dam; another hanged himself in the mill; and a fisherman was also drowned here. So we can truly say this has indeed been an unfortunate place. Leaving the ferry we come to Kirk Hammerton, the old Kirk, probably dating back to the ninth century, and was no doubt built at the close of Alfred's reign, or in the early part of his

successor's. The church stands on a gentle eminence, around which curves the village street. This mound may have been the Moot Hill, the place of assembly of people in Saxon times. The ancient lych or corpse gate, where the dead rested awhile, has disappeared, but a new one has lately been erected. The tower and remaining south side, with chancel, arch, and south doorway, are nearly pure Saxon. During the late restoration there was found in the south wall a curious old doorway walled up, but with joints and outside arch complete. In 1834, the Saxon work was terribly mutilated during the alterations which then took place, and to such an extent that, in the late restoration, the gable over the chancel had to be taken down, and the stones marked, so to place them in their original positions. On the inside of this arch was found a pretty *fresco* tracery pattern in dull red color, and also on the gable taken down, under many a coating of white



Kirk Hammerton Church.

wash, were found inscribed the Ten Commandments. In the twelfth century an aisle was added to the north side. There are two altars, one in the original chancel and another in the new chancel; also a piscina and sedilia in the south wall. It is known by those who have seen the old register (which is now unfortunately lost), that many soldiers were buried here after the battle of Marston Moor.*

Opposite the church stands Kirk Hammerton Hall, a pleasant looking structure, and, looking westward, the village has a very clean and refreshing appearance, with its wide street and well-built houses, etc. There are several inns in the village, but the tourist will do well to call and see mine hostess at the "Three Horse Shoes," where one can eat, drink, and be well refreshed at a very moderate charge. A mile of pleasant walking through rich corn-land brings us to Green Hammerton, situated on the great North road. In the old coaching days this village was a scene of bustle and activity. A coach and four passed and repassed twice a day, besides the passing to and fro of numerous post-chaises. There were four inns in the village in those days, but, as an old wheelwright quaintly remarked, "It's nout noo te it was wen ah was a lad, ower seventy yere sin; eh them days they knew hoo to mak a pair o' wheels, bud they deant know much about it noo." Additional interest is lent to the village green by

* See page 7, "Nidderdale,"

an avenue of weather-beaten old elms, which grew to such a tremendous height as to become a source of danger to the adjoining houses; their height has been much reduced, and, in summer time, when a mass of dense foliage, they form a shady and pleasant promenade. In the avenue is a very ancient draw-well. There are grand doings at the village feast, which lasts two days. A shooting gallery and penny show are amongst the attractions, with a "Three balls a penny; sure to knock 'em down!" These take up their stand on the edge of the green. From the other villages around, troops of young men and maidens, and older people as well, swarm to the feast. 'Then follows the dance on the green, and the carouse at the inns. On such occasions there's



Green Hammerton.

sure to be some original character. We came across two at Hammerton. One, whom we remember by the name of Jackie, a worthy subject for the pen of a Dickens, or the brush of a Faed or Nichols. His antics in dancing were something to remember. Hour after hour, when we looked into the inn, Jackie there was, dancing in spite of the heat, bluster, or the chaff of the other natives; he still went on, many a time remarking, "Oh, dear, ah de like music; ah sall niver stop." Sometimes he would quietly approach us and whisper confidentially, "Sir, can ye hear me feet clap?" When we nodded our approval he remarked, "Ther's nout like hearing t' feet clap, then ye knaw when ah'm reight an when ah'm wrang." Small wonder, on the evening of the last day of the feast, when

sent by the landlord to drive the milch cows into the shed, he would persist in driving in two goats, mistaking them for the cows. It was at a small village not far north from Hammerton, where the writer once stayed. A few hours previous to our appearance the following incident occurred: a small bantam cock strutted to the doorstep and persistently crowed several times, to the horror of the landlady, who is a very particularly cleanly person, and was on that occasion in the midst of her spring cleaning, and consequently wanted nothing to interfere with her work. As she afterwards told us, when the bantam cock had crowed thrice, "Ah said, 'oh, dear a me, what iver shall ah de? We giang te hev strangers te day ah'm sure.' So ah said, 'Ger away wi ye, ya lattle crawling thing ya; we den't want ne strangers te day, ah'm sure.'" We laughed, and told her it was only an old woman's tale, but her faith in the prognostication of the bantam cock was not to be shaken, for she replied, "It's no haud wife's tale; a've allus noticed it come true, an oure Mary said, when she hearde it, she was sure someone was coming, an noo, ye see, it's all cum trew." Next morning, after a good breakfast of ham and eggs, we saw the wonderfully-gifted bantam cock strutting in the yard in all the glory and pride peculiar to small "personages," as if quite aware of his great renown.

To the north of Green Hammerton the land rises into a succession of ridgy uplands. Through the first of those ridges flows a small tributary stream, which gives its name to the noble Ouse, and also to two charming villages situated on either side, namely, Great and Little Ouseburn. There is much to charm and interest the stranger in these two, and the adjacent villages, standing on upland country, which marks the division of the two river vales. A charming picture is from a path which crosses a sweet meadow-field, where stands an old gabled manor house, half hidden in leafy surroundings; beyond, and rising above its roofs, is the grey tower of Little Ouseburn Church, a mixture of Saxon and late Gothic work. The scene is rendered more picturesque by the grace, beauty, and majesty of the surrounding trees. Passing into the road, we come to the church, the antiquity of which is at once apparent. Our first visit was in February, when the churchyard was covered with a wealth of snowdrops—emblems of purity and life hereafter. On either side of the road the fish-pond recedes away into park and mazy trees. Here swarms of crows were creating a great uproar. The margins of the lake are fringed with rush and sedge; from many swans is heard that sweet musical call; another cry is from the many waterfowl which glide here and there on the surface of the lake. Over the bridge, and by the side of the water, we pass to Great Ouseburn. Looking up the street, on the ridge of the hill, we see, clothed in a mass of mighty trees, ivy clad, grey and mellow with time, the Norman tower of Great Ouseburn Church,



CHAPTER V.

THE OUSEBURN VILLAGES.

THE villages of Great and Little Ouseburn lie about a mile to the west of the spot where, in Roman times, the great road between Isurium (Aldborough), and Eboracum (York) crossed the River Ouse. The bridge was not far from the present Aldwaik Bridge, formerly Rudforth Wath, and about two miles below the junction of the Ure and Swale. The geological formation here is all new red sandstone, overlaid with alluvial clay to a depth of some 25 feet, the river bed itself consisting of only a few feet of mud and clay on the solid sandstone rock. The dip of the rock is eastward, so that in the two Ouseburns the rock crops out on the surface in many places, and the surface soil of the two parishes is largely composed of disintegrated sandstone, which forms a very kind and fertile soil for agricultural purposes. It is indeed such a soil as the founders of English villages would select as most suitable for their rude cultivation. If it has a defect in the eyes of the modern farmer, it is that it is rather too light for the heaviest crops of wheat, but this would be no defect in early times. Among trees the sycamore especially seems at home on this soil. In Domesday the manor is described as Chirchbie, and a little later as Kirkeby Useburn. There were two carucates of land and two ploughs in the time of Edward the Confessor, and at the date of the Survey, William I., it was held by Osborn de Arches, the value being twenty pence. At an early period in the history of Fountains Abbey grants were made of land in Kirkeby Useburn to the abbot; and towards the end of the 12th century, William de Stuteville, lord of Knaresburgh, gave all his lands in Kirkeby Useburn, with his body, to the Abbey of Fountains. The same William de Stuteville, somewhere about 1190, made the ditch for the stream which separates the two villages and divides the manor into two parts. A special interest attaches to this stream, as Camden speaks of the "little petty rivulet which runs into the river at Ouseburn,

giving the name to the Ouse and robbing the Eure of it." It is barely four miles in length, and originates in a spring in the garden of the Union House, about a mile to the west of the village, where a stone column has been erected with an inscription to the effect that here is the head of the Ouse. A mile lower down in its course it is fed by an abundant perennial spring which varies neither in temperature nor volume, be the season what it may. During hot summer weather the water feels icy cold, and in severe frost a continual steam rises from the spring. The temperature is constant throughout the year, about 40° F., which proves that the spring is of great depth. In early times two water-mills stood on its banks, one of which was given to the above-named William de Stuteville, more than 700 years ago, by William, the clerk, son of William Cles. This was known as the Kirkby, the other as the Thorpe Mill. The former of these was probably situated near the church at Little Ouseburn, but no memorial or relic of it is left; the latter, known as the Nack Mill, was about a mile lower down the stream, and disappeared only about 60 years ago. The ditch of William de Stuteville was widened and banked into a beautiful lake about a mile in length, by an ancestor of the present owner of Kirby Hall, in the earlier half of the last century. Probably the last vestiges of the upper mill disappeared when the lake was formed. Where the stream enters the lake is an island large enough to contain trees sufficient for a populous rookery, and the writer remembers one of them, a spreading ash, being cut down some years ago, and no less than 432 nests, new and old, were counted in its branches. The water formerly swarmed with pike, but the upper part is now stocked with trout. The butter bump, or bittern, used to frequent the upper part of the stream, and will-o'-the-wisps might be seen almost nightly in the marsh-meadows by its banks. Ague, at the beginning of the century, was so common that every one expected to have it, and took it when it came like rain in harvest. The drain pipe has completely exorcised this evil spirit.

The manors of Kirkby Useburn and Thorpe Underwood are probably older than the parishes of Great and Little Ouseburn, and the boundaries of parish and manor by no means coincide. The abbot of Fountains appears to have obtained possession of the two manors at an early date, and in the Chartulary of the abbey are many references to business transactions between the abbot and residents on the manors. The advowsons and tithes were also in the abbot's hands for some time. The manor house at Thorpe was a convenient place of retirement and lodging for the abbots in their journeys to and from York, and one of them, John de Ripon, died there in 1434. The Kirkbys held land from the abbot of Fountains, and probably resided on the spot where the present mansion of Kirby Hall stands, until 1405, when William de Kirkby having joined in the rebellion of Archbishop Scroope and lord Thomas Mowbray, his estates were forfeited to the Crown. The names of the occupants during the next 56 years are not known; but, in 1461, the Pulleyns came into possession, under a lease from the abbot, and remained until 1521,

when a lease was granted to William Dickenson, in whose family the property remained until 1684, when it was purchased by Stephen Thompson, Esq., a member of a family that had occupied most important positions as Aldermen, Lord Mayors, and members for the city of York, during the latter half of the 17th century. During the Commonwealth much political ill-feeling existed in the parishes of Great and Little Ouseburn. The families of Walter and Dickenson, resident in Ouseburn, rose to prominent positions through trade in York, and, having taken opposite sides in the Civil War, continued their feud after peace had been proclaimed. Mr. Dickenson, the owner of Kirkby Hall, was member for York from 1654 to 1660, being knighted by Oliver Cromwell in 1657, whilst Mr. Walter remained under a cloud until the Restoration. At the Assizes, at York, in March, 1652, Mr. Walter was bound over to keep the peace towards Mr. Dickenson, which had become a matter of necessity, if the peace of the parish was to be preserved. The difficulty was settled admirably, by the judges appointing four prominent county gentlemen to arbitrate between the two neighbours.

The following is a copy of the York Deposition: "Robert Walter, of Usburne, was bound to his good behaviour at the last assizes; he hath since then gone with a pole-axe in his hand, and beene seene neare the house of Thomas Dickinson, Esquier. That on the 6th of March, being the Lord's day, he came to the church of Kirkby Usborne, where he had not been of eight moneths before but once, and, although his owne usuall pew doore was open and none in it, yet he, on purpose to picke a quarell, or doe some harme, as was conceived, to the said Thomas Dickinson, Esq., or some of his family, did passe by his owne pew and came to the said Mr. Dickinson's pew, and, finding the dore lockt, he did climb over the same and satt in the pew, and att Mr. Dickinson's coming thether, imediatly after, with his wife and other friends, the said Mr. Walter refused to give them place, but continued ther still, which did affright Mr. Dickinson's wife, soe as the said Mr. Dickinson was forced to call the constable and order him to sitt in the said pew with them all sarmon tyme to prevent danger. The said Robert Walter having beene in arms against the Parliament, and an inveterate enemy to them and all their freinds, hath demeaned himself very insolently against the said Mr. Dickinson, in so much that he did require him to find suretyes for to keepe the peace, which he not only refused, but, being upon that occasion in the presence of Mr. Dickinson, did demeane himselfe very peremptorily and uncivilly, and without takeing any notice of him as a justice of the peace, did in a scornfull manner sitt downe with his hatt on." Little Ouseburn also suffered from the unsettlement of the times, and there was brawling in the church, one Christopher Bramley, of Whixley, apparently having a grudge against the minister at Ouseburn, but whether political or not, does not appear. March 28th, 1655. Before Thomas Dickinson, Esquire. Josiah Hunter, minister of the two Ouseburnes, saithe that, upon the last Lord's day, being 25th of March instant, one Christopher Bramley, of Whixley, came, as he had done severall Sundays before, to the parish church of Litle Ouseburne, at the time of morning service, when he said to the informant, passing by him into the church, "Thou art going into the throne of pride;" and afterwards, being in the church, he, the said Christopher Bramley, most irreverently behaved himselfe, not moving his hat all the time of the first prayer and singing of psalmes before sermon, but sat in the porch and spake to diverse as they came in, to the disturbance of them; and, after the informant had nominated his text, which was 119 Ps. 105, "Thy word is a lampe unto my feete and a light unto my path," he, the said Bramley, standing up, said, in the hearing of the informant and one William Peele, "Where was the word? The word was not then written or but in

writing ;" with much more that could not be distinctly heard by reason of the noise of the people, who, being greatly disturbed as well as the informant, rose up in their seats and turned themselves towards him who made the disturbance. Immediately the churchwarden put the said Bramley out of the porch, and locked the doore upon him, yet he came againe, and cast in a paper through a hole in the doore, containing much slanderous and reviling matter, which appears by the writing ready to be produced by the informer on demand. The informant saith likewise that, about sixe weekes agoe, he the said Bramley came on the Lord's day in the afternoone into the parish church of Great Ouseburne, in the time of sermon, when and where he did likewise not a little disturb informant, preaching on the place of Scripture, 8 Luke 18, "Take heed how ye heare," audiblye contradicting the informant with words to this purpose, "Thou hast noe such command or authoritye." After sermon alsoe he stood in a daring manner in the time of prayer and singing part of a psalme and giving the blessing, and afterwards remained most of an houre in the churchyard, labouring still to cause more disturbance, and deteining many people about him, as if it had been a place of marketting, to the great abuse of the Lord's day, etc.

This Josiah Hunter was appointed by the king rector of S. Michael's, Ousebridge, York, in 1662, which gave rise to a rumour still surviving that he was one of the 2,000 ejected ministers.

At Kirby Hall there is a very valuable collection of pictures, chiefly by old masters ; and also a remarkable series of copies of Raphael's cartoons, about 200 years old.

It was at Thorpe, where he and his sister Ann were engaged as tutor and governess, that the tragedy of poor Branwell Brontë had its beginning. His was indeed a lurid career, of which some portion may be gleaned from the suppressed "Memoirs of Charlotte Brontë," by Mrs. Gaskell. The full history of those times is now known to few, but it illustrated painfully the law of hereditary tendencies, and poor Branwell, defiant to the last, died at an early age, and, like the Cæsar of old, in a standing posture. The church



Little Ouseburn Church and Moat Hall, from the Meadows.

at Little Ouseburne is of very great interest, some portions of it being of Saxon origin. It has been carefully restored, and displays the method and character of the old work in an admirable manner. The tower contains two bells, one of which was brought from

Fountains Abbey at the Dissolution, and bears the inscription, "Sancte Ioannes ora pro nobis." In the churchyard is the mausoleum of the Meysey-Thompson family, and near it is the tomb of Dr. Claudius Buchanan, the great Oriental scholar and missionary to Southern India. His was a very beautiful character, and his memory is still cherished by those who knew him, though only as children. He lived for some years at Moat Hall, close by the church, but died in Herefordshire, in 1815. The church of Great Ouseburn formerly possessed some interest for antiquarians, especially in its somewhat rudely-carved black oak benches, but it was rebuilt in 1824, at a time when ecclesiastical taste was unknown in villages, and nothing was left except the tower, which is of little interest. It used to be entered by several steps, like a cellar, showing that the ground outside had been raised by repeated burials. A further restoration was completed about 1883 by the Vicar, the Rev. C. R. Scholfield, the cost being about £2,000. During the rebuilding, in 1824, it became necessary to remove some of the bodies, and the writer has been told by one who remembers the incidents, that, on opening the grave of a young lady, her hair was found to have grown thickly through the crevices in the coffin. In another case the body of a man, who had been suspected of great wickedness, was found face downwards. It was rumoured that some unearthly power had been at work on one whom it claimed as its own, but possibly, as he was a very small man, the body had been displaced in bringing it down a steep and narrow staircase. He had been passionately devoted to flowers, a taste which seems irreconcilable with great wickedness. The ideas, customs, and manners of the people in our country villages have changed so much during the last 90 years, that a few reminiscences of the beginning of the century may not be without interest. The scene on a Sunday morning must have been strangely different from anything witnessed anywhere at the present day. The farmers used to bring their sheep dogs to church with them, and their wives their baskets for the week's shopping. This was generally done before the service, the baskets being placed on or behind the altar tombs in the churchyard, whilst their owners were at the service. On these occasions the dogs in the church would get up a quarrel among themselves, and interrupt the clergyman. This continued until a sort of verger, in the person of a village character, named Dickey Scarborough, was appointed, with a long stick, to keep all dogs outside. Unfortunately, soon after his appointment, two dogs contrived to creep in and commence a quarrel, and on their refusing to recognise the new authority, Dickey lost his temper and, during the pause that occurred, certain strong words were heard above the barking of the dogs, which necessitated a summary deposition. Of the clergy of that period it can only be said that it is well that the memory of them has all but passed away. Many of them were deeply infected with the prevailing infidelity of the time, and, what was worse, their lives only too often were in harmony with their creed. One service a week was considered ample for a parish, and, in out-of-the-way villages, one a month,

or even less, was deemed sufficient. The writer has been told of a case which he has every reason to believe authentic, as it came direct from the clergyman to whom it occurred. He was taking duty in one of these remote villages, when, on entering the pulpit, he found a "sitting" goose, which caused him some anxiety, but on the whole behaved well during the sermon. A parishioner had set her there, as being the quietest and most likely place in the parish for a good brood. These things remind us of Sidney Smith enveloping himself in a cloud of dust, and obscuring himself from his congregation by incautiously thumping the cushion of his Foston pulpit. Worldly remarks were sometimes heard from the pulpit after the sermon was over, such as, "Willie Spinks, if



Great Ouseburn.

you'll come into the vestry, I'll pay you for that seed wheat." The parish clerks were no better. One of them at Ouseburn, when remonstrated with for his drunken habits, excused himself with "There hesn't been a sober clerk in this parish in the memory of man." After service he would mount one of the altar tombs in the churchyard and announce the arrival of a barge with coals at Aldwark Bridge, which would be sold at so much a ton. The church music was often grotesque. The singing at Great Ouseburn was led by a man with a deep bass voice, assisted by a violin and violoncello, and the leader's performance has come down to us as being "like a bummle bee in a pitcher." Even less than 40 years ago, the writer remembers going to a remote village,

and discovering that there was to be no service, as the clerk had mislaid the key. The same old clerk used to lead the singing from a place near the reading desk. One Sunday the hymn was not one of the three or four well-known tunes, and the clerk could only get out two notes when he broke down, and there was a pause; then a man at the west end tried it, but broke down half way through the first line, and at last the old clerk took it up from the beginning and carried it to a triumphant close. After the service he said to the writer, "Sometimes he gies us yan naane on us can manage, and then we hev t'auld hundredth." Among all the careless and loose living of the time, there were some good men who were as candles in a dark place. One of these, who had been much irritated and injured by a neighbour, said, when describing the scene to a friend of the writer, "If it hadn't been for me bit o' grace, ah should ha baith sworn and stricken," an instance of the power of religion which needs no comment. It may be mentioned that Joseph Aram, a grandson of Eugene Aram, though not actually resident in Ouseburn, was one of the most earnest followers of John Wesley in the neighbourhood, and his influence was all for good. Funerals were conducted with somewhat less reverence than at present. From distant parts of the parish the coffin, placed on a little straw, would be brought in an open cart, with women sitting round it, whilst the men rode on all kinds of nags or cart horses, which they tethered to gates and fences near until the ceremony was over, when they would remount and ride helter skelter home again. In Thorpe there is a gate on a bye-road, which was long known as "Corpse Yat." It derived its name from the following incident. A funeral was proceeding towards the church, and had reached the gate, when the bearers noticed that the hedges were thick with hazel-nuts. So, setting down the bier, they and the mourners wandered away, gathering nuts, and did not return for an hour or two, when they found the bier and coffin gone. A tale arose of the mysterious spiriting away of the body, which had probably been found by persons coming to look for the funeral, who had carried it to the church. A curious custom prevailed of "bidding" to the funeral one or more from each house, according to the distance from the home of the deceased, without any regard to relationship or friendship. For all who were "bidden" there was plum cake and cheese, with an unlimited amount of strong spiced ale, which not infrequently deprived some of them of their sense of decency and reverence. Bees were put into mourning with bands of crape, and a certain portion from the baked meats, etc., provided for the relatives, was placed near the hives. Card playing, gambling and drinking, were prevalent, and it was the custom of the churchwardens, after seeing the people seated and the service fairly begun, to go round to the public houses to catch the drinkers and gamblers. In this they rarely succeeded, as there was generally a boy on the watch. A curious superstition existed in Little Ouseburn. There is a footpath through the fields from the village to the church, which considerably lessens the distance, but even in the finest weather women going to be churched would never use the footpath,

but went round by the road. A few details of domestic life in the Ouseburns at the end of last century may be of interest. Almost everything was heavily taxed. Black tea was 8s., green 10s., coffee 4s. 6d., common sugar 10d., and loaf 1s. 6d. per lb. Turnips had scarcely come in as winter food for cattle, and a bullock was generally killed in the late autumn by farmers, and became "hung beef," which lasted until the spring. Honey was used to save sugar. Home-made candles and lamps burning mutton fat were untaxed, but the value of light in winter may be fairly estimated by the advice of our grandmothers to their maids, "Spin with a spark ; knit in the dark." All sewing thread was made of linen, and a man at Boroughbridge was known even in London and Scotland for the excellence of his manufacture. Spinning was still carried on in private houses, and the writer remembers ladies in the parish who had spun the finest thread for damask linen. At this time there was no carpet in the village, except at the Hall. The supply of crockery was very scant, and pewter dishes and plates and wooden trenchers were generally used, rows of the former, kept bright as silver, being often seen in the kitchens of farm-houses, where there was proper housewifely pride. The last survivor of these dishes used to be lent, in the parish generally, when a death occurred, and was placed, with a handful of salt in it, on the breast of the corpse. Fruit and meat pies were all "raised," and were baked with the bread once a fortnight in the brick oven. In most villages was a weaver and a wood-turner, a crab mill for making verjuice, to be used as vinegar, and also, when mixed with water, as a kind of weak cider, and also a still for the preparation of "waters" from herbs or rose leaves. It may be here suggested that the line in the American war song, "We'll hang Jeff Davis in a sour apple tree," may possibly have had its origin in an old Yorkshire proverb, "A dog that's been hanged in a crab tree never likes verjuice again," the grim humour of which, suiting the Yankee genius, may have lingered in the memory there after it had died out here. Umbrellas were first used about 90 years ago in the parish, and were considered to be only feminine vanities, as indeed they seemed to be then, being of grass-green silk, with a large brass ring for ease of carriage ; but their value to ladies was soon recognized, and they became popular. At Christmas, the Yule-log and Yule candles were lighted by the head of the house, with pieces of the old ones, which had been carefully preserved. It was the custom for the poor to go round to the farm-houses begging for corn for frumety, and it was the custom to give it. A similar custom prevailed on Shrove Monday of begging for slices of bacon, and hence its title, "Collop Monday." In farm-houses, during barley sowing, the servants had to be up very early to fry pancakes for the breakfasts of the men employed, and, during sheep-clipping, cheese-cakes were always provided. In autumn a favourite entertainment among servants was the "pea-feast." Field peas were boiled in their pods, and placed on the table with a dish of melted butter. The feasters dipped the pods in the butter, stripped them in their mouths, and then pelted each other

with the empty pods. The village tailor and mantua-maker were important persons in the economy of the parish. Nearly all clothes for both sexes were made in the farm-houses, the tailor or "manty-mekker," with several apprentices coming and working, day by day, for perhaps two or three weeks, until all the clothing work in the house was done for the season. The ghost of the sumptuary laws still lingered in the parish, and people dressed not according to their means, but their station in life. The lot of the labourers was a hard one. Many months of the winter were spent in thrashing with the flail, in solitary barns away from the village. Men began work by the light of a miserable candle at six in the morning, and finished by the same light at six in the evening. Leaving home early, they saw no one, for none came to the barn, and, returning in the dark, they saw no one, except in their own homes. The monotony was so prolonged that it often became unbearable, and men were haunted with all kinds of hallucinations. One of them told a friend of the writer that he sometimes felt the spirits round him as thick as motes in the air; and another, who had begun to see visions, had a ceremony of exorcising performed on him. The food was poor, chiefly bread and potatoes, with a little dripping or bacon from the farm kitchen. A bit of meat could be provided only on Sundays. Coals were dear, windows were very bad, and the four-post bedstead was in general use, as a defence against draughts. Some of the farmers were kind to the poor, and the kindness was returned with a life-long pride in their service, and an unceasing care for their master's interests. One old man, whom the writer remembers well, Billy Dalby, had been with one family for 70 years, and only left it to take to his bed and die. He felt his master's losses more deeply than his own, and would shed tears when he thought that, by any possibility of good luck, he might have prevented an accident. There were many instances of the same kind. In most villages there used to be one or more men who lived fairly well without any visible means of livelihood. On the outskirts of Great Ouseburn there lived one of these characters, whose name was derived from the plough which he did not use. His neighbours wondered how he lived, and the not infrequent visits of village constables in search of stolen property threw no light on the subject. One summer's evening there was a group of villagers in the street, discussing intently a very beautifully-made snare, commonly called a "snickle," and wondering who could possibly be the author of it, when one of the boys of this unlabouring man sidled up to the group and exclaimed, "Me dad maks sike as them wi' brass wire and band." One of these sons, apparently heir to his father's contempt of respectability, when about forty years of age, was seen on one side of the Ouseburn stream exchanging a few remarks with the village schoolmaster. The schoolmaster was of the old fashion, and exceedingly hot-tempered, and it was perhaps fortunate that the stream was quite impassable at this point, or it might have fared ill with his old pupil, for the master was seen dancing, like a puppet, with passion, on the further bank,

whilst his tormentor drawled out such remarks as "T' toon may weel be full o' sweerin lads wi' sike a maaster." Trenny Shaw was quite a politician in the days when Farmer George was king. Trenny had to keep a wife and family of several children on six shillings a week, and, in the bad times after Waterloo, was often heard complaining that it was the expensive habits of the king's sons which caused the distress, and that all would be well if they could be reformed. On being asked what he thought would be a fair allowance for them, he replied, "If they clubbed together they might do varra weel on two shillings a day apiece."

Tin Peggy was another character of the same date. She was a Romanist, wore a man's coat and tall hat, and carried her wares about in panniers on a donkey. In passing through Thorpe, her donkey stuck so deep in the mud that the panniers rested on it, and poor Peggy was loudly bewailing her helpless plight, when a gentleman of high reputation for his religious life rode up. A woman, who never entered a place of worship, had come from a neighbouring house to contemplate, but not relieve, the poor woman's troubles, when, seeing the man of religion, she exclaimed, with arms akimbo, "Ah tells her to leeak to the Lord—to leeak to the Lord." The doings of boys are always of interest, as they are the spontaneous expressions of unsophisticated instincts. Some boys had been exploring a pigeon-cote, and had found a number of pigeons "sitting," with no more than two eggs in their nests. This seemed a great waste of effort, and, therefore, they collected all the eggs together in an old bee hive, agreeing to take it in turns to sit on them until they were hatched. The absence of one of the boys at night led to inquiries, and he was discovered by his parents sitting patiently on the inverted skep. Some other boys had heard of an execution, and determined, whilst playing in a barn, to have one, or an imitation (it was never known which) themselves. So, passing a rope over a beam and putting the noose round a boy's neck, they began to pull, one of them exclaiming, "Pull away, lads; Tom girms!" Fortunately, a labourer at work in another part of the barn heard the shout, and came just in time to prevent a tragedy, for the boy was all but suffocated. When drilling wheat came into fashion it became possible to use the horse-hoe, the teeth being so arranged that they passed between the rows of wheat without injuring them. The operation required a little care, and became known in the parish as "wakkening wheat," from the following circumstance:—A boy, who had been sent to this work, returned home at night, saying, "Ma word, I hev wakkened that wheat," and it was found next day that he had hoed up nearly the whole field, and thought himself clever. A dozen years ago the government set up a road telegraph line through the village of Great Ouseburn, and an old man, who had watched the operations with great interest, meeting the postman shortly afterwards, exclaimed against the great expense, "all about nowt, for nowt ivver cam." "Yes," said the official, "they're

always coming, and I'm taking one out now." "Weel," said the old man, "that beeats all; ah taake me chair ootside t' deer on Monday morning, an ah've sat all t' week, an ah've nivver seen nowt come yet." In the year 1810, Aldwark Bridge was the scene of a disaster which produced a profound impression in the neighbourhood. A number of young men were on the bridge, watching the masses of ice as the flood drove them under the arches, when, moved by some impulse, probably to see some mass of ice emerge on the other side, they rushed across the roadway, and, the rail giving way under the pressure, about twelve of them were precipitated into the water. The body of only one was recovered, and that some miles below the bridge. A curiosity in Natural History may be deserving of notice. The writer is assured by a great authority that, though not



Little Ouseburn.

impossible, it is extremely improbable. In the Piper Lane, as many still living remember, was a holly tree, remarkable for the abundance of its berries. It grew opposite a house where formerly lived an old woman who kept geese, and the story is, that she, seeing them passing through a gap in the fence, stuck in a holly stick, which her son had cut for her some days before to walk home with, and which had been standing since her return in a corner of her room. Forgetting all about it until next spring, she was surprised to find that it had budded, and in time it grew into a large tree.

Nearly the whole of the information here given is derived from a gentleman of high and strong character, who was born in the parish in 1771, and, after living nearly eighty years in it, died in 1859. He was a man in advance of his age, who, by judicious

assistance of the poor and a consistent religious life, produced a marked impression on the neighbourhood. He invented and made the first drill used in this part of the country for drilling manure and seed in one operation, and he devised a plan, practically the same as that now used for heating houses in America, by which hot air, from an iron box behind the fire-grate, was carried in pipes to the bedrooms. He took great interest in Wilberforce's contest for the county, and sent a waggon frequently during the fourteen days the election lasted to York, freighted with voters, for which the great philanthropist personally thanked him. When a boy of twelve, he had talked to an old man of ninety-five, and therefore born in 1688, who had gone to York, as a youth, to see the illuminations for Marlborough's victories. His grandmother had seen Eugene Aram on his way to prison after examination by the magistrates, and, when a girl, had gone with the servants to Burnbeck, on the York road, to carry provisions for the Scotch prisoners, on their way south, after Culloden. This old lady had been the first possessor of tea-china in the village. Her description of "afternoon tea," before tea came into general use, is interesting. The ladies came at three o'clock, either walking or on pillions, and, after being regaled with preserve tarts, cakes, and home-brewed ale and home-made wine, sometimes pancakes would be fried for them, and the guests left at five. As an instance of great longevity, it may be mentioned that a couple named Braithwaite, who are still remembered, lived, as man and wife, at High Dunsforth, for seventy-six years. They had been married at nineteen, and each lived to be ninety-five, the woman surviving her husband only a few weeks.

[The places referred to above—Branton Green, part of High Dunsforth, Piper Lane, Burn Beck, Aldwark Bridge (landing and entrance), Union House—are in the parish of Great Ouseburn.—R.A.]





CHAPTER VI.

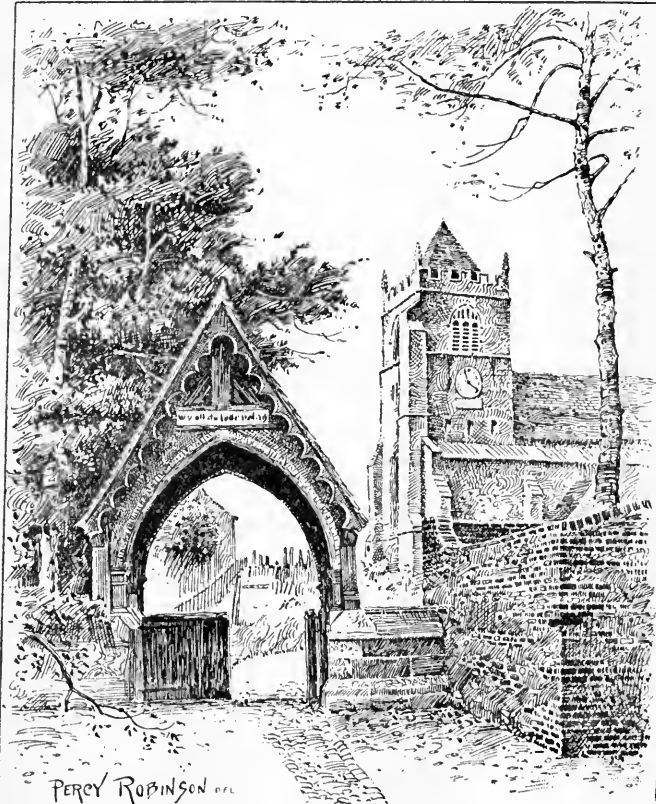
WHIXLEY.

A MILE and a half south-west of Little Ouseburn is the village of Whixley—anciently Quixley. In the days of the Normans this manor belonged to the powerful family of De Bruss, or De Bruce, ancestor of the kings of Scotland. The village is situated near to the Roman road leading from Aldburgh to Aberford, and just on the verge of the great North road. The place is famous for its cherries; in fact, it might be appropriately termed the orchard village. In the blossoming season the sight is beautiful. Whixley cherry feast is known far and near. The walls and many of the houses are built of a kind of large pebble, said to have been taken from the Roman road. For several generations it was in the possession of the Tancreds, and a younger branch of the family dwelt at the red-bricked Elizabethan manor house, which still stands adjoining the churchyard. The last of this branch was Christopher, who died in 1764, and left his house and estate for the maintenance of twelve decayed gentlemen. In one of his wills, made when at Cambridge, he requests that if he should die at the above place, he wills to be buried there; but if in Yorkshire, then inside his beloved ancestral seat, and always to remain uninterred; so, for many years, his coffin was hung in chains on the north wall of the large hall, and we can easily understand the belief of the villagers that the ghost of Tancred would have often been seen wandering round the precincts of the old Hall. It is said that if the coffin was moved the bones of the dead man used to rattle, and it was considered great fun by the younger generation of that period to rattle old Tancred's bones, until it became a saying in the village, "to rattle like 'Tancred bones.'" Eventually, the coffin was removed into the cellar of the house.* The delight of one of the old pensioners

* The village mason told us that, many years ago, he remembered the coffin being so much decayed that visitors could put their hands in and touch the hair, some of them even taking it as a curiosity.

at this period was to collect a number of schoolboys and take them to see it, when he would suddenly blow out the candle and rattle loudly on the coffin lid with his stick, the result being a general shrieking and scamper up the steps to the daylight. There is a tradition which is still rife amongst the villagers, for they tell the stranger, with all seriousness, that when old Tancred gets buried then the heirs will have their own again, meaning buried outside the house, in the church. This was nearly accomplished some years ago. The coffin had been taken out of its vault, and all

arrangements made for its reinterment. It is said in an hour or so more the task would have been accomplished. At this juncture of affairs a telegram was received from the proper authorities insisting on the body remaining in the Hall. The coffin was not taken back to the vault, but into the private chapel of the Hall, and thus, in his beloved ancestral home, after much turmoil, the remains of Tancred still rest, under a large sarcophagus. The twelve gentlemen who partook of the charity were to be unmarried, and upwards of fifty years of age; four each from the three learned professions, each having separate apartments, but dining at the same table. There were certain laws and regulations to be



Whixley.

adhered to which were often broken; moreover, certain feuds arose while discussing questions at the dinner table, so at present the partakers of the charity reside elsewhere, and the Hall is now the abode of Mr. Chapman. The church probably dates from the twelfth century, but has been several times renovated, and some years since thoroughly restored, under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott, at which time a Norman font and Saxon cross were found by the Vicar, thus proving the place ancient. It is thought this church was burnt by the Scots during the great raid in the early years of the fourteenth

century, as the marks of fire were formerly very apparent in many parts of the building. Under the chancel are interred many generations of the Tancreds of Whixley. A tablet under the clock in the tower reads :—

“ I serve thee here with all my might,
I strike the hours both day and night ;
Therefore, example take of me,
And serve thy God as I serve thee.”

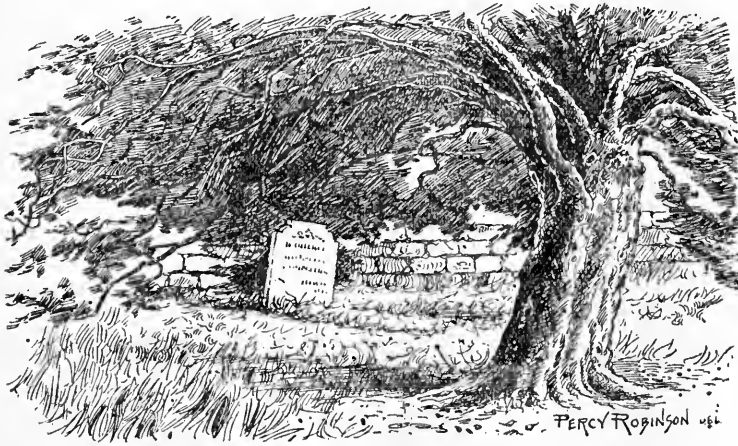
On a tombstone near the porch we read the following :—

“ Oft as the bell with solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul,” &c.

ALLERTON.

A mile and a half west of Whixley is Allerton Mauleverer, which for more than six hundred years was the seat of a family bearing that name ; in olden time the name was spelt *Malus Leporaris* Mal-leveror, meaning the bad hunter. The first known member of this family was William, he came over with the Conqueror and fought on the field of Senlac, and his name was to be found amongst the list of warriors to be seen for centuries in Battle Abbey. As a reward for his services he received the lands around this place, and thus Allerton became Allerton-Mauleverer. The last of this family, Sir Richard, died about A.D. 1720. In the year A.D. 1786, the estate was bought by His Royal Highness, Frederick, Duke of York, who, along with his brother George, Prince of Wales, dwelt here on several occasions. The estate was afterwards purchased from the Duke by Colonel Thornton, who gave it the name of Thornville Royal. In 1805, it was bought by Lord Charles Stourton, in whose family it still remains. The Hall is a magnificent pile, the west front being in the castellated style with two large towers over the entrance, standing in a commanding position on the rising ground nearly surrounded by old moss-grown beeches and elms, uprearing and spreading their immense limbs, the home of the playful squirrel, for we noticed many of those harmless creatures chasing each other in the branches of those large trees. The park, of nearly 500 acres, enclosed by a wall, is delightful with gentle hills and vales, where stags and roe-deer love to roam. Beautiful velvety lawns, studded with golden beach and rustic pavilions, lead to the lakes, on whose bosom swans and other water fowl glide. Built into the present mansion is a Catholic place of worship ; but the old historic church, dedicated to St. Martin, on which the mind of the visitor will turn, stands one hundred paces away by the side of the road leading to the mansion. In the churchyard are several aged yews of immense size. The path to the porch leads us under the dome of the largest, and here beneath the sheltering dome of a patriarchal yew some native of

of the hamlet sleeps. We know not if the life of the one who here sleeps was a rough and stormy passage to this quiet grave, if so, the sorrows of life are past, and the dead rest under this beautiful canopy of circling branches, which droop gently over, embracing this tomb, thus forming a peaceful and sacred resting place. The old church was built in the early part of the 12th century by Richard, son of William, who came over at the Conquest, and was restored in A.D. 1745. The roof is a fine specimen of open timbered work. The interior is large, and bears traces of being much neglected; few persons, we should imagine, now worship in this ancient shrine. The Stourton family, being Roman Catholics, worship in their own chapel built within the mansion walls, hence the desertion of the English Church. The burial grounds of the two religious orders adjoin each other,

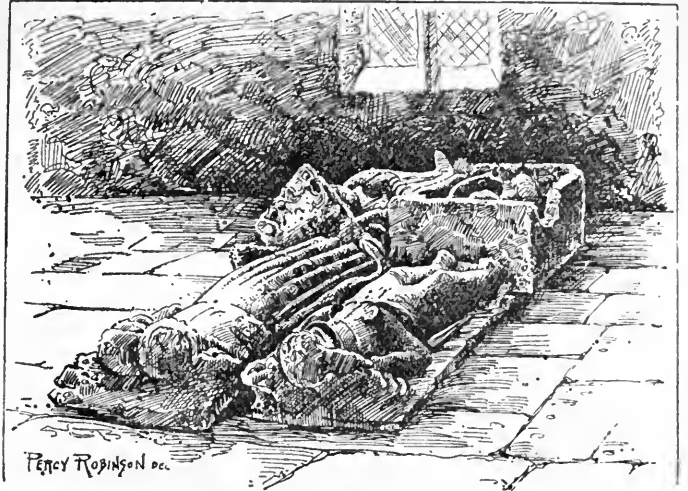


being only separated by a fence,—a symbol of the narrow creed of the earthly church; let us hope there will be no such dividing line in heaven. The sarcophagus in the chapel of south aisle contains the remains of Mary Thornton, mother of the celebrated Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, whose wife won

the famous race on Knavesmire, August, 1804. In the Mauleverer chapel, north aisle, are the effigies of two Crusaders, cut in wood, much mutilated and defaced by the hand of time. They are supposed to represent knights of the Mauleverer family. Resting side by side, in the same chapel are the marble effigies of a knight and lady of a much later period. Carved on brass, which is laid on a stone of blue marble, near the entrance to the chapel, are the figures of Sir John Mauleverer, in plate armour, and Elianora, his wife, habited in a long robe, a daughter of Sir Piers Middleton. They dwelt at Allerton in the latter part of the 14th century. During the civil wars of the 17th century, the Mauleverers fought on the side of the Parliament.

From Allerton a road passes to Walshford Bridge, and a footpath crosses the fields to Hunsingore, three miles away. Leaving the outer edge of the vale we pass forward to the river side again by the high ground above Whixley. Wandering across this portion of the Nidd's water-shed, some beautiful vistas of the vale of York and Derwent unfold before us. On the ridge of land above the orchard village, we rest and feast our mind on

the marvellous scene spread before us. Overhead we see the larks rising higher until they appear mere specks in the blue canopy of heaven, others are descending, yet, still chanting their song of praise. From yonder bush and distant wood, sweetly borne on the breeze, are the soft notes of the cuckoo, and cooing of the ringdove. Seated on a twig in the opposite hedge-row a goldfinch is crying "tee a tee a tee," and a white finch is calling, "tweet, tweet, tweet," whilst from the meadow behind us comes the peculiar sound made by oxen when cropping the sweet herbage. These, with



Effigies in Allerton Church.

the low distant rumbling of a wagon passing along the highway, are the sounds borne to our ears. In front, and on either hand, we look down on the red tiled villages of the plains, over which is a far reaching panorama of richly wooded landscape with ever changing tones of green and purple. Over this wide stretch, now and again, a halo of dazzling sunlight spreads, bringing into bold relief, church spire, village, river, mansion, town, and the grand old historic city with the light grey towers of its magnificent shrine towering high above all. Yet far beyond, and the magnitude of the vision is borne on the soul as the eye, never weary, scans the leagues of fertile plain country. Distinguishable through a blue airy film of atmosphere, are the rugged outlines of the Wold hills stretching to the broad vale of the Humber. To the north the bold wall-like front of the heathery moorland, eastward the vale of the Derwent, spreads to the ocean. Not many scenes in England can compare with the fertility and loveliness of this far reaching vale country. What a wealth of retrospective history this vale brings before us, the dim shadows of legendary history tell us that *Caer-Brauc* (York) was founded before David reigned in Judea, and gazing up the centuries of time, the dim shadows of its history begin to assume definite shape, like the beautiful and majestic landscape before us, and thus the mind wanders over this wide field teeming with legend, history, and song.

In passing to the river side, we come to the four lane ends, where the guide-post informs the traveller Tadcaster is $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles, York 11 miles, and Knaresbro' 7 miles. This place is ever pleasant; the air is laden with the perfume of wild flowers, which bloom abundantly in the hedgerow. Resting by the wayside we listen to the chirping grass-

hopper, and bees and butterflies flit here and there by grassy margins. A large farm named Providence Green is situated amongst the trees at this luxuriant spot. Again wandering, we turn down one of those old green lanes, where Nature clothes herself in richest garments. Soon we arrive at the footpath which crosses the fields from Kirkhammerton to Cattal. Midway stands Thornville Hall. This old historic mansion dates far back across the bridge of years to the Tudor period. In this Hall have dwelt many a noble family, but none more famous than Colonel William Thornton, who distinguished himself during the rebellion of 1745 by raising a company of soldiers, and leading them into Scotland against the rebels; and took part in the battles of Falkirk and Culloden.

On his return from Scotland, the inhabitants of Knaresborough and neighbourhood, out of gratitude for the great services he had rendered his country, presented him with a silver table, on which was engraved his name, exploits, etc.

After the rebellion, Colonel Thornton and his wife were entertained at court, and had audience of the King, who, it appears, particularly noticed Mrs. Thornton. The gallant old King thus addressed Colonel Thornton:—"I have been informed of the great services you have rendered to your country, and of your loyal devotion and attachment to me and my family, and have held myself deeply indebted to you, but I have never been able to fully understand the great obligation which is due to you from us until now that I see your wife, the lady whom you then had to leave behind."

To Thornville came the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, as guests to Colonel Thornton, son of William of Scotch fame, and many a nightly revel has been held here.

Mrs. Thornton won great fame and renown for her celebrated race on Knavesmire, August, 1804. The race was for 1,500 guineas, between Mrs. Thornton, on Vingarilla, and Mr. Flint, on Volunteer. There were over a hundred thousand people to witness the race, and the 6th Dragoon Guards kept the ground. It is impossible to say whether the lady's horsemanship, dress, or beauty were most admired. She wore a leopard-coloured bodice with blue sleeves, her vest was buff, her cap blue. She took the lead for three miles, and would, in all probability, have won, but, it is said, her saddle turned, through the girths having given way. The following year, however, she redeemed her laurels, receiving 1,000 guineas forfeit and beating the great Jockey Buckle in a two-mile race for 500 guineas. Her dress was of purple and a rich coloured skirt, which, being short, shewed her beautiful and rich embroidered stockings and purple shoes. The shout of rapture nearly rent the skies when, after an exciting race, she landed her horse a winner by half-a-neck. It is said Colonel Thornton was horsewhipped immediately after the race by Mr. Flint, on account of some money difficulties connected with the race of the previous year.

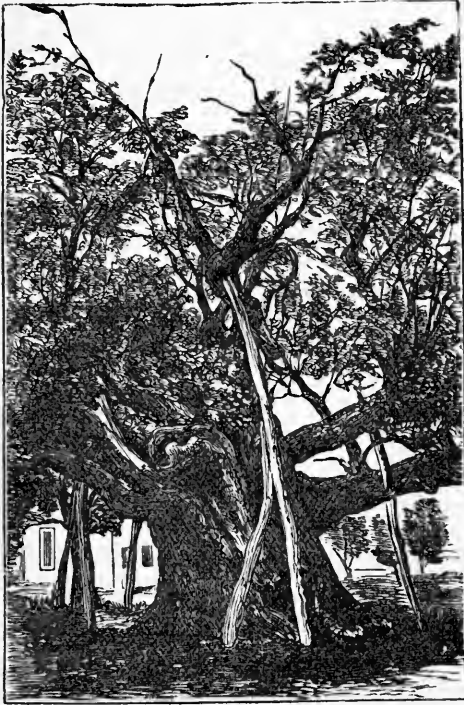
Leaving Thornville, a short walk across the fields brings us to Cattal Magna, which possesses a good bridge and some very pretty villas and large orchards, which renders the place very pleasing. From Cattal we can follow the path up the river to Hunsingore, or keep to the road, which is the nearest. While out sketching on the Nidd, not far from Thornville, my friend H—— called at a certain mill to inquire of the miller's wife if she could find him lodgings for a few days, and had nearly arranged, when up came the worthy miller, who eyed H—— over rather suspiciously, and, after a whispered consultation with his spouse, and sundry shakes of the head and sidelong glances, came to the conclusion that H—— could not be accommodated, and watched him narrowly until out of sight. Finding out afterwards that he was only a peaceable artist, he became very friendly, and one day said, "Dew ye know what I tuke ye chaps to be? I thowt ye belanged to them ther Bradford reservoir chaps, an ye war giang ta tak all t' watter frae ma mill." One stormy night, three years after the above incident, the writer and a friend were ferried over the river by the same worthy miller. There was a fresh, and the waters rushed and howled tumultuously over the weir. Said my friend, with a sly wink, to the miller, "Them Bradford reservoir chaps are a long time ah taking all t' watter frae your mill."

HUNSINGORE.

This village is remarkably quiet, not at present possessing one inn or place of refreshment. The church is well worthy of a visit, and will give pleasure to the lover of painted and stained-glass windows, which are very beautiful. In the vestry is an oval shield of the Goodriche family, emblazoned on which is their coat of arms, also a stained window to the same family. Over the Post Office will be seen the date "1671, H. G." In this old house a genius of mercantile fame practised the arts, which, in later years, brought wealth and affluence to his future family. This village was the last in England where stocks were erected, 1844, and were intended chiefly as a power to enforce the lads of the village to attend church, but, strange to say, the only occupant was the village parson, who, passing the stocks one day with the late Mr. Crossley, of Wetherby, expressed a wish, or wondered what it would be like to be in them. Mr. C—— said he would fix him in if he wished, and did so accordingly. Leaving his reverence, he sauntered down to the village inn, and, calling for a pot of beer, sat down on the seat outside. On the good woman bringing out the beer she glanced up the street and saw his reverence in the stocks. Throwing up her arms, and nearly spilling the beer, she cried out, "Lawk a me, t'parson's i' t' stocks, dea run, for massy's sake, and let 'im oot." "Nay," says Mr. C——, "a'is noan in a big hurry, he wanted to be in, let 'im stop a bit." The village lads, one dark, windy night, dug up the stocks and threw them into the river Nidd. The flood carried them down into the Ouse, and they were fished out near York.

An antiquarian in that famous old city described them as being rare antique relics from the old-world town of Pateley Brigg. For the present, leaving Hunsingore, we take the path to the foot-bridge, and, looking up the course of the river from this point, is an interesting picture. The river winds its way through green meadows and corn-land, where a rich variety of wild flowers bloom. Growing near its banks are large trees, through whose wide-spreading arms can be seen the old church tower, village, and farm. Opposite is the old mill, where the broad waters sweep with a roaring sound over the weir, and hasten onward to the sea; added to which, its sweet pastoral beauty unite in

harmony and enrich the landscape, which is well worthy of the brush of a Constable, Creswick, or a Turner.



The Old Oak Tree.

Leaving the foot bridge and crossing the stile and two meadows, we arrive at the venerable oak. The old monster is now supported with props of timber, which have been its stay so long that they have grown, as it were, into the tree, which still lives. What scenes rise before our mind's eye as we stand before this patriarch of ages. In its youth the primitive inhabitants of this vale chased the wolf, elk, and wild boar, with weapons whose heads were flint or bronze; in its early manhood it saw the fair-haired Saxon come to the relief of the Britons, in turn to become their masters; in its full pride and glory it saw the ruthless Norman bring fire and sword, and leave this fair valley desolate; in its old age it saw the broils of civil war, and heard the roar of cannon on the field of Marston Moor; in its last days peace,

plenty, and happiness reign around. Dr. Hunter says, "all other trees are children of the forest when compared with this ancient monarch." One of its principal branches fell in a great storm in 1718, whose weight was found to be upwards of five tons. Before this catastrophe, its great arms spread their shadows over half an acre of ground. A few years ago the Vicar of St. James's, Wetherby, and the churchwardens, and school children to the number of 95, got inside the tree, and while the Vicar raised the Union Jack, the children sang the "Old Hundredth," and the National Anthem. A lover of the gentle craft one day plying his tempting bait in the river close

by, went, by way of a change, to eat his lunch under the shade of the old oak. Hearing strains of music, which seemed to proceed from the inside of the tree, he was surprised to find an Italian organ-man within, grinding from his instrument that well-known tune, "Home, sweet home." Being accosted by the lover of the gentle craft, he delivered himself thus:—"Me travelled in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, but never saw anything before like this, so me thought me would like to play de olde tune in de olde tree."

"What are the boasted palaces of man,
Imperial city, or triumphal arch,
To the strong oak that gathers strength from time,
To grapple with the storm? Time watched
The blossom on the parent bough. Time saw
The acorn loosen from the spray. Time pass'd
While springing from its swad'ling shell, yon oak,
The cloud crowned monarch of the woods, up sprang
A Royal hero from his nurse's arms."

"Time gave it seasons, and time gave it years,
Ages bestow'd, and centuries grudg'd not;
Time knew the sapling when gay summer's breath
Shook to the roots the infant oak, which after
Tempests moved not. Time hallowed in its trunk
A tomb of centuries, and buried there
The epochs of the rise and fall of states;
The fading generations of the world;
The memory of man."

In the wood near the place was found, in 1749, by some persons digging, about four feet below the surface, the head of a stag with horns complete, and of so great a size as to excite the wonder and curiosity of the people in the neighbourhood and other parts. The horns measured from tip to tip fully six feet, being a relic of these graceful animals which centuries ago roamed through the great forest.

COWTHORPE.

Leaving the oak, a few yards brings us to Cowthorpe—Colethorpe. In the Domesday Survey, the whole manor is described as one mile long and half a mile broad, and was held by Godfred of William de Percy. The old Saxon church must have stood some distance from the village, as in 1455, licence was given to Sir Brian Rowcliff, baron of the exchequer, and patron of this church, to pull down and then to erect one nearer, as the old parish church was too far from the village. The first rector mentioned for the old church is Richard de Roukesburgh, 1289. The style of the square battlemented tower is very uncommon, one half projecting inside carried on corbels, and forming a canopy to the west window, the projecting portion outside being carried on a pointed arch, thrown from two buttresses, and forms a porch at the west end. The present building was finished and consecrated in 1459. In this church there was a famous old brass commemorative of the founder, two-thirds of which was stolen some fifty years ago. The brass was not removed by some over zealous antiquarian, but by one who had no feeling of veneration for those rare relics of the past, and was merely sold for its value in metal; the remainder is at the present time on a marble tablet affixed to the north wall (see sketch). There is a most interesting and ancient oak chest of the Tudor period within

the chancel rails. The ancient font, with its armorial bearings of Sir B. Racliffe, Lord de Ross, the Hammertons, and Plumptions, &c., is an object of great interest.

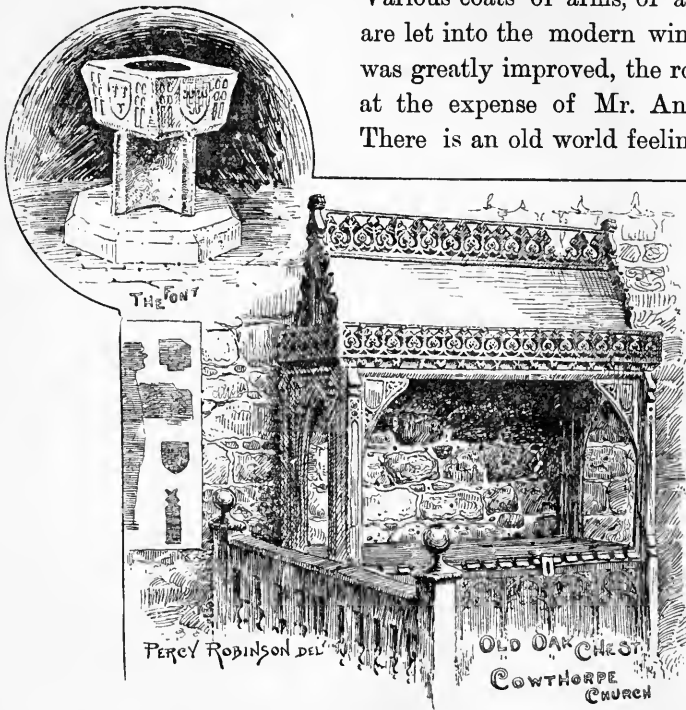
Various coats of arms, of an early date, in tinted glass, are let into the modern windows. In 1881, the church was greatly improved, the roof and interior being restored at the expense of Mr. Andrew Montague, the patron. There is an old world feeling around the quiet village of

Cowthorpe, which is greatly enhanced by the aged oak, and the old time thrashing machine, which we saw at work just on the precincts of the churchyard.

Here are two or three of the oldest cottages in the dale, overgrown with moss and lichens, and the roofs a mixture of thatch and tiles, brick and plaster walls filled in between the massive oak framing, dating back over four hundred years; two of these, which now com-

bine workshop and residence for the village joiner—a man of some fame as an organ builder—also mark the spot, tradition says, where Guido Fawkes spent many of his youthful days, his father having a small estate at Cowthorpe. The old house, in its early days, has evidently been of some importance, and, having withstood the storms of centuries, is now hoary with age. It stands near to the church, where young Guy often took a turn at bell-ringing. The watershed of the Nidd extends to the town of Wetherby, some $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles away, which is reached by a footpath over the fields. Some years ago, whilst reclaiming waste land near to Ingmanthorpe Hall, the drainers discovered the remains of a large wood, which at some distant date had been submerged by water, the proportions of one tree being equal in girth to the famous Cowthorpe oak, several waggon loads of timber being procured from its branches. The giant trunk still remains embedded near the surface.

Leaving Cowthorpe, a mile and a quarter's walk along the river's bank brings us again to Walshford Bridge. It was along the highway which crosses the river by this bridge, where Farmer Smith thought he beheld the ghost of his old mare, and this is how it



came to pass. Farmer Smith's grey mare had served him long and faithfully, and had grown old and feeble in his service. Being of no further use, she was sent to the kennels of the nearest hunt to be food for the fox-hounds. Fortunately for the mare she never arrived at her destination, being sold by the farm servant in charge to some gipsies by the way. On the return of the servant, Farmer Smith, and his good wife Peggy, both of whom possessed a tender feeling for the loss of their favourite mare, sadly inquired in the following words of the servant: "Dick, did tha see tend at oad mere?" "Hi measter ah did noo, but it mede ma roar; hi poor aud mere she war a good un." "Hoo did shee dee, Dick?" "Shee deede wi just ya bat withute ivver greaning." Early on the following Sabbath morning, as the farmer was attending to his cattle, he saw, what certainly appeared to his astounded gaze, the ghost of his old grey mare patiently waiting at the gate of the farm for admittance into her usual quarters. Rushing back to the house, the farmer wildly cried, "For massy sake, Peggy, de cum dune; as trew as ahm alave the's ghost att taud grey mere cum back, an she's leeking ower faud yat." We should hope Farmer Smith never more parted with the ghost of his old grey mare, but of which our informant does not say.

At Ribstone the scenery gradually becomes more lovely and assumes a character quite romantic, which reaches from this place to Ripley. The river, changing from the sluggish monotony of the lowlands to more graceful windings, now gliding into rippling shallows, and ever and again into the deep and silent pool, where large limbs of mighty trees droop their branches and kiss the waters. Just within the Park the Nidd is joined by the Crimpe, an important tributary, flowing from the high range of moorland on the west.





CHAPTER VII.

THE CRIMPLE COUNTRY.



TRAMP through the Crimple country. The waters which form this rivulet have their source in the high range north of Almes Cliff, and extending westward to Stainburn Moor. On the south-east, the watershed reaches to the ridge of land running from Almes Cliff, Rigton, the ridge town, to Pannal, from thence turning eastward to Kirby-Overblow and Sicklinghall, Kirk and North Deighton, and then falls into the valley of the Nidd. The vale in many places has a fine sweeping appearance, and is full of rustic and peaceful old hamlets, standing by the margin of the brook. Old lanes, twisting hither and thither, have a truly English appearance, the hedgerows laden with the bloom of the wild rose, and the

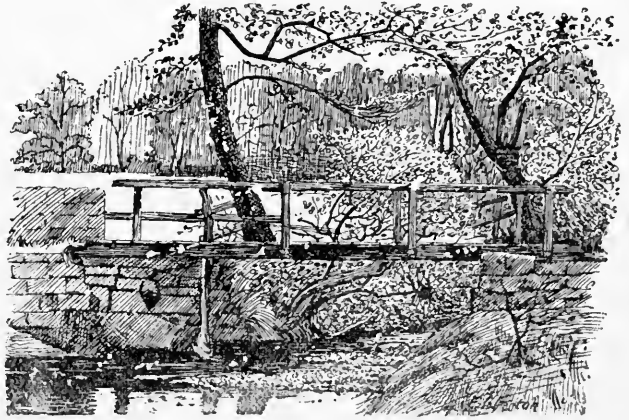


deep grass of the waysides, well studded with many varieties of wild flowers, whilst the meadows we cross are golden, sparkling with a wealth of buttercups. We rest on the old wooden stiles and ponder on the peaceful scenes spread before us. Down the well-wooded vale we can trace the windings of the stream,

dotted with many homesteads. In the middle distance we discern the grey tower of Pannal Church, looking down on the quiet graves below ; further in the rear is that wide

spreading and many arched viaduct, which spans the vale of the Crimble. After running north-east some few miles, the rivulet takes a sweeping turn near Plumpton and then flows south-east, passes the edge of Spofforth, thence twining east enters the Nidd at Ribston Park. On the extreme edge of the vale, south-west, is "Almes Cliff; al, a rock or cliff, mias an altar." Far across the vast abyss of time, this rock would be an arm of an inland sea. Huge monsters of the deep have sported around its base, and many an iceberg and rolling wave have been lashed with thundering force against this immense wall of rock.*

Leaving Almes Cliff, we pass to the old hamlet of Brackenthwaite, meaning an enclosure amongst brackens. The name is old, for a Henry de Brackenthwaite and Adam Brackenthwaite were witnesses to a charter in 1170. Some of the old thatched cottages are fast falling to ruin. The lintel of one doorway bears date 1687. Many such, with old mullion windows, timbered sides, and



Bridge, Crimble Valley.

thatched roofs, are seen in our days. Here, by the side of the Crimble, nearly a century ago, dwelt a notable character in the person of old Harry Buck, the wise man of Knaresboro' Forest. He was looked upon as an astrologer, and won great renown as

* On the surface of the main group of rock are several basins or depressions, no doubt formed principally by Nature, as we have seen many similar amongst the rocks of Upper Wharfedale. Some historians say these basins were formed by the Druids to receive water in its purest form as it fell from the clouds, and were used by them for lustration and purification, from which it is also supposed that the vessel for the holy water, anciently used in our churches, was a relic of this Druidical rite. An old custom of the country people was the dropping of a pin into these basins, they believing that good luck would follow this action. One of the basins is known as the Wart Well; anyone troubled with warts came here and pricked them until the blood flowed freely into the basin, and finished by dipping the hands into the water. If their faith was great enough, the warts were seen no more. In the year 1776, a young woman of Rigton, having been disappointed by her lover, determined to commit suicide by leaping from the summit of the rocks, a distance of nearly fifty feet. A strong wind blowing from the west inflated her dress, and in her perilous descent she received very little harm. She never repeated the experiment, and lived many years after. The scene from the top of this rock is magnificent, the silver windings of the old Wharfe passing town, village, meadow, and woodland, whilst far beyond the dale the country in many places can be seen for fifty miles around.

a fortune-teller. For some time he was schoolmaster at Lund House Green, at another period of his life he was in charge of the Beckwithshaw toll-bar.

Still wandering, some half-mile from Pannal is the pretty little hamlet of Burnt Bridge. When King Charles was passing this place a prisoner, his high-crowned hat was struck from his head by the overhanging branches of a large ash. The owner, a

Royalist, had the tree levelled, as a punishment for its misdeed. Before reaching Pannal two mills are passed, turned by the waters of the Crimpe.

PANNAL.

In olden time this village was known by the name of Rosehurst, an appropriate title, and probably so named from the abundance of wild briar roses which still grow in this district. It receives its present name from Pen Hall, a mansion on the hill.



The village is beautifully situated on the Crimpe, which at this place is joined by two small tributary streams flowing from the west. The roadway through the village was formerly very narrow and twisted, but of late years it has been widened and improved. It is one of those places with curious old garths, bye-paths and nooks, irregular and unsymmetrical, possessing many features which impress us with a feeling of true English rusticity. The back part of one old cot, doing duty as post office, is especially picturesque; its quaintness would delight the soul of any true artist. Pannal Church is dedicated to Saint Robert, and has a square battlemented tower, apparently fourteenth century period. The nave was restored in 1772. The chancel, with semi-circular headed windows filled with stained glass, bears the impress of being much older than the other parts of the edifice, the floor of which has evidently sunk below its former level. The chancel door is very old, as are also some fragments of stained glass, one representing the gateway to Saint Robert's, Knaresboro'. On the floors and walls of the chancel are many tombs and memorials of the families of Wilson and Bentley. The old Piscina

and Sedilia are now nearly level with the floor. A mural tablet on the south side of the nave is in memory of one Thomas Symeson, or Simpson, who was interred here in 1533, and was a direct descendant of Archill, a Saxon Thane. There is an ancient and very dark-veined marble font, said to have been brought from Fountains. The belfry contains three bells from the same place.* This benefice was held by the brethren of Saint Robert of Knaresboro' until their dissolution in 1539. When the Scots made that famous raid of retaliation in 1318, led by those redoubtable knights, Sir James Douglas and Lord Randolph, this part fell in for a large share of wanton destruction. The village church was made their headquarters, and, after committing great excesses, the church was burnt to the ground. A large altar tomb in the churchyard records:—

Here
Lyeth the body
of
Joseph Thackrey by name,
Who, by the help of God,
Brought sulphur wells to fame.
In the year of our Lord 1740
I came to the Crown,
In 1791 they laid me down.
When I shall rise again
No man can surely tell;
But in the hopes of heaven
I'm not afraid of hell.
To friends I bid farewell,
And part without a frown,
In hopes to rise again
And have a better Crown.



Rustic Cottage, Pannal.

EDMUND BOGG.

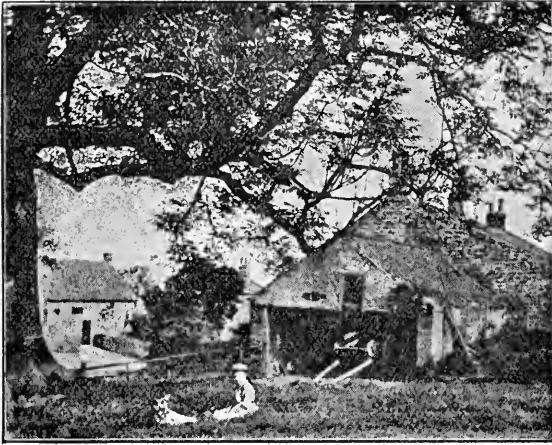
On the opposite side of the village street stands Pannal Hall, built in 1860. The old Elizabethan structure, built by the Tancred, whose arms it bore, was demolished on the building of the new Hall. The estate now belongs to the Wilsons. Leaving the village by the east, we come to the four lane ends, and some two miles and a half brings us to Follifoot. It is a very sweet country lane, with wide, grassy leas. Being the month of June, the hedgerows and coppice are rendered beautiful by the pink and white masses of wild briar rose, and other modest flowers. Yet even here there are two

*The Abbey of Fountains must have possessed a large number of bells, if all the bells which report says came from that place is correct.

sides to the picture. Asking a youth for information regarding the district, he replied, "All 'at ah know is, they hev t' small-pox bad dune at yon hooes," pointing in the direction of three or four cottages. We

were not much surprised, considering the large heaps of refuse and pools of stagnant waters, within a few yards of the houses, from which arose a most obnoxious odour, requiring all the pure air and sweetness of the surroundings to counteract.

The approach to Follifoot is pleasantly wooded on either side by overhanging trees. The interior of the old inn is evidently ancient, and is one of the quietest, giving us the impression of a farm-house. At the upper end of the street is the gateway to Rudding

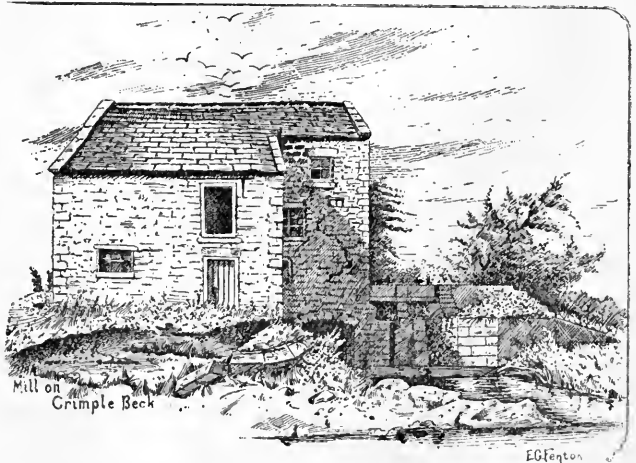


The Paddock.

EDMUND BOGG.

Hall, and near to are still standing the village stocks.

Passing down the street, a picture is riveted on our memory; it is only a simple scene, yet replete with beauty. Some half-dozen rosy-cheeked children, in pinafores of various hues, whose ages ranged from three to six years, were standing at the side of a whitewashed cottage, near the centre of the village. The perfect grouping of those children was worthy the brush of a great artist; the picture only lasted a few moments. The character of the village street, with its background of dense woodland, aslant of which the sunlight gleamed, a brilliant contrast to sombre shadows thrown from the adjacent houses. The sunbeams falling full on the children, brought them into fine relief and harmony, thus forming a perfect rustic picture of the sweetest type, which in a few brief moments was dispelled by the ever-changing attitude of life and nature. Passing from this village to Spofforth, the road turns sharply to the left, and runs



parallel with an infantile streamlet which, ever prattling, twists and turns by the hedgerows, forming many a pretty nook, as it hurries on to swell the waters of the Crimble, which we approach before reaching Spofforth. This part of the Crimble is a favourite fishing ground of the angler. A footpath, which crosses near the old mill, leads across the fields to Plumpton, and forms an interesting walk for the geologist. Immense blocks of stone, like huge monsters, uprear near the path, whilst nearer Plumpton great masses of millstone rock show out grey and rugged at every turn, from the bushy undergrowth and the intertwining branches of the woodland.

SPOFFORTH.

Spofforth is named Spawford in Domesday Survey. Previous to the Conquest, Gamelbar, the Saxon, was lord of this manor, owning the mill and four acres of meadow, and a wood one mile square. After the Conquest, the manor came into the possession of the great Percy family. Manfred de Percy, the first of the family mentioned in history, was a Danish chieftain and sea rover, and, along with hordes of Northmen, made those fearful raids into France, which ultimately led to those under Rollo becoming possessed of that beautiful part of the country called Normandy, or the land of the Northmen. Spofforth was the ancient seat of this great family, who came over with the Conqueror, and they, no doubt, like another great earl, on being asked to show by what title he held his broad lands, that proud descendant of the Northmen flashed an old sword before the commissioners of Edward I., and said, "Behold, my lords, this is my title; my ancestors did obtain these lands by this good sword, and by the sword I shall defend it against all comers." Later, one of the Percy family held by tenure the lordship of the Isle of Man, for carrying, at the coronation of Henry IV., the naked sword with which he was girded when he leapt ashore at Holderness, and called the Lancaster sword. In 1224, William de Percy obtained a grant for a market to be held here on Fridays. But the name and fame of Percy will ever live in the annals of English and Scottish warfare—associated with the great Douglas family. The wars of the Percys:—In 1388, Earl Douglas, with a chosen band of five thousand Scots, entered Northumberland, burning and plundering that rich country, and loading his army with spoil. The Earl Percy sent his two sons, Hotspur and Sir Ralph Percy, to stop their progress. Both were brave and gallant knights. Hotspur and Douglas ranked amongst the greatest warriors in Christendom. Outside the walls of Newcastle were several small frays, in one of which Douglas, in a personal encounter with Hotspur, got possession of his spear, to which was attached a small ornament of silk, embroidered with pearls, on which was the figure of a lion, the crest of the Percys. Douglas, waving this trophy aloft, tauntingly said: "I will carry this token of your prowess back with me to Scotland, and it shall float as a pennant on the towers of my fair castle." "That," said Hotspur, "thou shalt never do; I will regain

my lance ere thou canst get back into thy country." "Then," said Douglas, "come to seek, and thou wilt find it before my tent." The Scotch, having got completely gorged with plunder, began their retreat, up the river Reed, northward. On the 19th August, 1388, they encamped for the night at the village of Otterburn. The peaceful vale, river, and moorland was lit with the beams of the silvery moon, and the stream, murmuring o'er its pebbled bed, was the only sound in that midnight hour—all nature was at rest—when, from the Scottish camp is heard the cry: "To arms! to arms! the English are upon us!" The sounds of alarm, and the fierce cries of "A Percy!" roused up the soldiers ere the morning star. The battle commenced and raged with the greatest fury; for the Percys and Douglasses were unrivalled on the battlefield. Their dreadful war-cry rang out on the night air, "A Douglas! a Douglas!" "A Percy!" Fierce was the shock of horse and men, contending in confusion. The Scots were on the point of wavering, when Douglas, shouting his war-cry, raised his battle-axe, and, cutting into the very thick of the English host, gave such furious blows that none could withstand, yet at length he fell mortally wounded.

"With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragments of his blade,
And shouted 'Victory.'"

The Scotch, concealing the death of their leader, still rushed on to battle, shouting louder than ever, "A Douglas! A Douglas!" Both the Percys were eventually taken prisoners, fighting bravely. Great was the slaughter and carnage on that fatal night, scarcely any Englishman of note escaping death or capture. Hotspur became the prisoner of Sir Hugh Montgomery, who, for his ransom, is said to have built him a castle at Penoon. This battle has been the theme of many a song and story. It was the age of chivalry, when many knights and squires were as kind and courteous to their prisoners as they were brave and daring on the battlefield.

"The Persê owt of Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat within days three;
In the mauer of doughte Dogles,
And all that ever with him be."

In 1402, twelve thousand Scots under Earl Douglas, the *Tineman, made a great raid into England, plundering and driving away all the cattle. This army was met by the Percys, on their return northward, and a great battle was fought. The Scots were defeated, and Douglas taken prisoner with many other nobles. After the battle, King Henry, whom the Percys had been mainly instrumental in seating on the throne, distinctly prohibited them from receiving ransom for the release of their prisoners. The

* Tineman, or Loseman, from the fact of always being on the losing side in battle.

proud spirit of the Percys would not brook the King's interference, and, considering themselves deeply injured, determined on dethroning him. Many discontented nobles gathered round their banner. Douglas obtained his liberty on condition that he should assist them in their enterprise. According to agreement, he joined the Percys with a band of Scots. Owen Glendower also promised assistance. An army of twelve thousand men was raised, which the Earl placed under the command of his gallant son, Hotspur. They marched near to Shrewsbury, expecting to meet the Welsh force, but the broad river lay between them, and, heavy rains having fallen, the waters were too deep to ford at Skelton, and the only bridge at Shrewsbury was strongly guarded with the King's troops.



Battle of Shrewsbury.

Glendower saw, with grief and sorrow, that he was unable to render Hotspur any assistance. It is said he climbed up a large tree, from whose branches he watched the progress of the battle. The King was in the thickest of the fight, and his brave son, who afterwards carried desolation through France, won great fame that day. Percy, too, upheld the renown he had won on many a battlefield.

Earl Douglas, his old enemy and rival in arms, but his friend on that dreadful battlefield, performed prodigies of valour. Side by side the two warriors fought their way to the King's standard. Henry was twice unhorsed, and would undoubtedly have

been slain, if his nobles had not fought round him with the most desperate valour, while others forced him from the fierce conflict.

It appears Henry had knights dressed like himself on the field of battle; of these, it is said, Douglas and Percy killed three. The Earl at length came in contact with the King, and with fury overthrew the royal banner, killing the brave knight who bore it, and was on the point of slaying the King, but, roused by his great danger, the brave prince and others kept the Douglas at bay; and at that supreme moment, when the destiny of the King and nation hung in a balance, a terrific cry rang forth like a trumpet's knell, "Hotspur, the gallant and brave, is dead," and, with that cry, the conflict and carnage was soon ended. It is said that between two and three thousand men of rank were slain that day, while upwards of six thousand soldiers were "heaped and pent—rider and horse, friend and foe, in one red burial blent." When Earl Percy heard of his son's death he fled to the north, almost heart-broken.

But, some time afterwards, when the King was at York, he came to implore mercy and forgiveness, and pitying the poor old man's great loss, he granted him his life, and most of his estates.

In 1408, the Percys made a final attempt to overthrow the King, but his army was defeated, and himself slain in the battle on Bramham Moor; and the manor of Spofforth was conferred on Sir Thomas Rokeby, who had been mainly instrumental in quelling the rebellion, but these estates soon after reverted to their original owners.

In 1462, the Earl of Northumberland, and Sir Richard Percy, his brother, were slain at the famous battle of Towton Field. Their estates were then laid waste by the enraged conquerors, and, according to Leland, the manor house at Spofforth was much defaced in the civil wars betwixt Henry VI. and Edward IV., by the Earl of Warwick and Marquis of Montacute.

The next in succession to this princely inheritance of the Percys, being a youth when his father was slain, was committed to the Tower of London. In 1469, he then took the oath of allegiance at Westminster, and was soon after restored to the estates and dignities of his unfortunate ancestors.

This Earl also came to an untimely end, being murdered by the farmers, whilst gathering the King's obnoxious taxes, 1490. This tax was raised for carrying on the war with France, 1489-90, and caused great discontent in Yorkshire. Earl Percy wrote the King, pressing for an abatement, but Henry's answer was, the tax should be paid to the uttermost. The message being delivered by the Earl to the people, they, ignorantly supposing him to be the promoter, broke into his house, at Top Cliff, and killed him.

In 1560, Henry, Lord Percy, repaired and fortified the castle of Spofforth. The castle was finally demolished during the civil wars of Charles I., and since that time has not been used by this family as a place of residence. The ruins of the castle stand a

small field's length from the village street, and close to the line of the North-Eastern Railway, the high embankment cuts the view from the west. The ruin at present measures some forty-eight yards by seventeen. The hall is twenty-six yards by twelve, the windows of which are arched and of very fine decorated Gothic, tho' very little of the



Spofforth Castle.

work now remains. In its proudest days, this has been a magnificent room, when the castle was in all its pomp and glory. Here has been held many a rich feast, and scenes of revelry and deeds of prowess achieved in tournament and tilted ring. Nettles, weeds, and alders now hold sovereign sway in the halls where once proud barons trod.*

“ Lord Percy made a solemn feast,
In Spofford's princely hall ;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassail, mirth, and revelry,
The castle hung around :
Lord Percy called for songs and harps,
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of that noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of that race,
They sung their high command ;
How valiant Manfred, o'er the seas,
First led his northern band.

Brave Galfrid next to Normandy,
With vent'rous Rollo came ;
And from his Norman castles won,
Assumed the Percy name.

They sung how in the conq'ror's fleet,
Lord William shipp'd his powers ;
And gained a fair young Saxon bride,
With all her lands and towers.

Then journeying to the holy land,
There bravely fought and died ;
But first the silver crescent won,
Some paynim soldan's pride.

With loud acclaims, the list'ning crowd,
Applaud the master's song,
And deeds of arms and war, became
The theme of ev'ry tongue.”

* A large lake formerly covered the meadows which are on the north side of the castle, and where the stream crosses the road stood an old oil mill. The village, seen from this meadow, is quaint and picturesque ; many relics of past ages have been unearthed in the gardens adjoining this field. From a conversation we had with one of the villagers, Cromwell, or “and Oliver,” as the natives call him, is responsible for the blowing down of this castle. What a vast amount of sins are laid on the shoulders of “and Oliver.”

Such were the Percys of olden time; noble and chivalrous knights; rich in possessions, which they ever gallantly defended; pure in record; great on the battlefield; and nearly always on the side of freedom and justice, their name stands forth amongst our great nobility without a rival.

Spofforth Church is a commanding structure; the tower is perpendicular, very massive, and stands out prominently as a land mark. The belfry contains four bells, two of which came from Fountains Abbey. The original church was Norman, and has evidently been of fine proportions, though restoration has obliterated much of the old work. The entrance arch of the porch is Norman, decorated with the beak head mould



Spofforth Church.

in an exceptional state of preservation. Two bays of the original nave still remain, decorated with varieties of the chevron, the other decorated on the soffit with a peculiar and rare form of panneling. Caps to the nave columns are the originals, with different varieties of the cushion capitals. Under a canopy in the north wall of the chancel, with 13th century tracery, peacefully reposes the recumbent figure of John de Plumpton, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who dwelt at Plumpton Hall, now destroyed. Gazing on this martial figure, the mind reverts to the days when those warrior monks fought the infidel hosts on the plains of Palestine, often reduced to the direst straits. Far from any succour, they ever gallantly defended the

holy city. The south wall contains mural tablets in honour of that ancient family, the Myddletons, of Myddleton, Ilkley.

“In his link-mailed armour bright
Myddleton, the warrior knight,
Some five hundred years ago,
Glittering rode to meet the foe.”

The magnificent tower, with its graceful lancet arch, is specially imposing; John de Morton was the architect of this tower, he afterwards became Archbishop of York. The

chancel is still large, although its length was curtailed at the restoration in 1855, twenty-four feet of the original being outside, and pallisaded round and used as a burial place for the rectors. Near to are three stone coffins of unknown date, the bodies they once held having long since blended with the dust. A portion of a shaft of a runic or early Saxon cross has recently been found by the rector, the Rev. W. Hancock. The tracery work is nearly perfect. This stone is a remaining link, carrying the mind back to the remote past. The folds of the serpent carved on it are symbolical of the awakening and changing of a nation from Paganism to the Christian faith, that faith which has been the means of rearing this beautiful edifice, and may have been handed down to us by the very craftsmen who made the carvings on this ancient stone. The graveyard is rich with memorials of past generations, and amongst many others, well worthy of mention, is John Metcalfe,* more commonly called

BLIND JACK.

Here lies John Metcalf, one whose infant sight
Felt the dark pressure of an endless night ;
Yet, such the fervour of his dauntless mind,
His limbs full strength, his spirit unconfined,
That long, ere yet life's bolder years began,
His sightless efforts marked the aspiring man—
Nor mark'd in vain—high deeds his manhood did,
And commerce, travel, both his ardour shared ;
'Twas his, a guide's unerring aid to lend,
O'er trackless wastes to bid new roads extend ;
And when rebellion reared her giant size,
'Twas his to burn with patriot enterprise ;
For parting wife and babe one pang to feel,
Then welcome danger for his country's weal,
Reader ! like him, exert thy utmost talent given ;
Reader ! like him, adore the bounteous hand of heaven.

Spofforth is the largest village in this neighbourhood, with clean, wide streets, and some well-built houses. The part around the churchyard and rectory grounds is very picturesque, the outskirts of the garden are studded with many trees, some chestnuts and copper beeches being of enormous size. After passing Spofforth, the Crimble continues to flow south for about half a mile, then sharply bends round eastward, still passing slowly through meadows and rich arable land, is lost in the Nidd at Ribston Park. Leaving the rivulet behind us, North Deighton is reached by a narrow cartway, bordered with hedge-

* A short time ago the rector took a visitor into the graveyard with the intention of showing him blind Jack's grave, but after looking for a long time in vain, he had to acknowledge himself beaten. Meeting the sexton a day or two later, the rector said, "Will you show me blind Jack's tombstone? I was unable to find it the other day." "Of course you were," said the sexton, "for it was not there; I took it to the mason some days ago to be re-cut." "Then, for the future," said the rector, "when removing a tombstone, please to acquaint me with the fact."

rows. We approached the village on a beautiful June evening, when the sun had just disappeared like a ball of fire throwing back a lustrous and dreamy light over the village. A few farm servants were seen resting near the green, after their day's labour. It was one of those peaceful nights when all the world seemed at rest, save that curious sound, the low hum of summer insects on the wing, and the faint noise of a distant voice borne distinctly to our ears in the stillness of twilight. On the village green we pause to rest, beneath the shade of chestnut and beech. The one-storied snug-looking cottages adorn one side of the street, the faint smoke from which was rising perpendicularly, soon to become lost in the pearly tone of the evening sky. Beyond the green, on the opposite side through the branches of the trees, the outline of farms and manor house can be discerned, silhouetted against the western sky. Just on the outskirts of the village is a small "mere," surrounded by massive oaks. The impression around leads us to suppose a substantial house has at some time stood here. Being loth to leave the place, we turn to take another peep on a lovely picture. The rose amber-tinted sky is seen above the grey village, and the dense green of the wooded background framed in a network of trees. A few hundred yards to the north of the village is a conical shaped hill, over it we gaze on the wide vale, stretching many miles away to the dim distant hills, melting into the mellow mist of the evening sky. There were to be seen here, in former ages, several other hills or tumulus, most of which have disappeared during the last two centuries; their positions are retained in the names handed down to us, such as:—"Peesbury Hill, Maunberry Hill, Ingmanthorp Hill," etc., etc. These silent mounds bear witness of a people who have left no written history behind them, and as we linger here, trying in vain to fathom the almost impenetrable darkness, a dim, hazy web of legend and song of Cimbri days begins to unfold. Perhaps some heroic British chiefs the Celtic bards have sung of, after nobly defending their country against foreign invasion, having fallen, like the mighty in battle, and this large mound been raised over their resting place, to be gazed on in wonder by succeeding ages. How true the words of Ossian, the Celtic bard, has come to pass. He says:—

"The stranger shall come and build,
And remove the heaped up earth,
A half-worn sword shall rise before
Him, and, bending over it,
He will say, 'these are the
Arms of chiefs of old,
But their names are not in song.'"

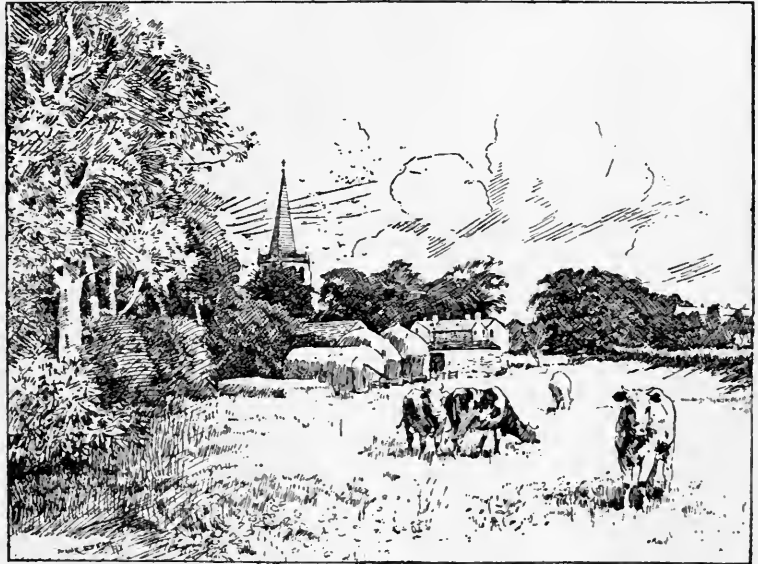
The Celts of old had a belief, which still lingers amongst their descendants in outlying districts, that the souls of deceased warriors hovered around, and if in lifetime they had acquitted themselves with courage and virtue, their souls were admitted into the council and society of heroes, and into the homes of their fathers; but the ghosts of cowards and the wicked were condemned to wander in the blasts of the howling storm. These unhappy spirits haunted scenes of ruin and desolation, and in passing such places

the lonely and benighted traveller became terrified, "for the ghosts of the wicket howld around the stone of fear." An ancient bard, in beautiful imagery, exclaims :—

"Peace to the souls of the heroes !
 Their deeds were great in battle ;
 Let them ride around me on clouds ;
 Let them show their features of war.
 My soul shall then be firm
 In danger, mine arm like the
 Thunder of heaven ;
 But be thou on a moonbeam, O Morna !
 Near the window of my rest ;
 When my thoughts are of peace,
 And the din of wars is hushed."

The approach to Kirk Deighton is under a small avenue of trees, whose branches in summer time form a cooling shade. A little further, and the tower and spire is seen

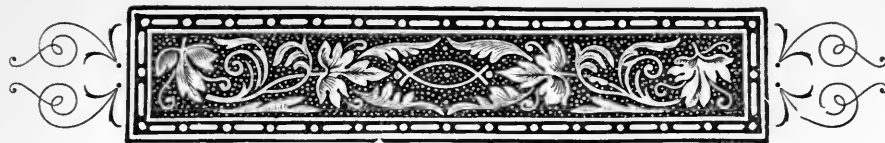
suffused by the after glow of that bright orb passing hence to shed its light on other worlds, yet seems loth to leave this, for there was sent back on this night such splendour, that in our wildest dreams we cannot imagine greater beauty, even in the immortality of heaven. The description of village and churchyard we must leave for a future visit, so hurrying to-



Kirk Deighton.

wards Wetherby we reach the station, and turn to take a farewell look at the Crimble country, now enveloped in the dim twilight of a warm June eve. A line of purple haze spreads along the western horizon, in front are rifted clouds of amber ; above them the sky is suffused with the deep crimson glow of departing day, the sky line broken by the spire of Kirk Deighton Church. In the few minutes we wait for the train, the light rapidly fades, and Nature becomes enveloped into a slumber of dreamland, and even as we write we hear the distant chiming of the old clock in the tower of Kirk Deighton Church, telling the hour of ten, and then in rude contrast to its musical chimes, comes the harsh

clanging of the station bell announcing the arrival of the train, and our dream is broken by the noise of the snorting locomotive, as we are swiftly borne onwards to Leeds; yet the memory of that beautiful scene will be for ever treasured in our memory. The village of Kirk Deighton is pleasantly situated on a gradual ascent. On the highest land, as if fitted for its reception, stands the church, overlooking the village and the vale country of the Wharfe and Nidd. The graveyard is sweetly adorned, and sheltered by tall, stately elms, shadows from whose branches, gently disturbed by the summer breeze, dance and quiver as we pass over the sunlighted path. The birds chirrup as if weary of song, and Nature seems exhausted by the intense heat of the summer's day. The grand old structure is built of grey limestone, with battlemented walls, and a very beautifully proportioned tower and spire, chiefly 14th century work, and forms a prominent landmark for many miles around. This church was restored in 1840, and again in 1874, by James William Geldart, LL.D., the late vicar. In the churchyard is a sundial (date 1772), interesting for having marked the time of noon in different countries, amongst other names appear Virginia and Poland. Since the uprearing of this dial, nations have risen and waned. Virginia has merged into a province of that mighty Republic of the West, whilst the liberties and freedom of Poland have been trampled into dust by greater empires, and her power and kingdom is now only to be found in chronicles of the past. A church stood on this site in pre-conquest days, and a few relics of the ancient structure probably remain. There is a tomb cover in the north wall, with rude cross and sword, said to be Merleswyn's, a Danish chieftain who, before the Conquest, held this and many other estates in this neighbourhood. He joined in the great rebellion of 1068-9, for which his estates were confiscated and given to Ralph de Pagnel and Erneis de Burun, from them it passed into the possession of the barons Trussebuts, and afterwards to the De Ross's of Ingmanthorpe. Whilst draining near the hall-orchards some forty years ago, the foundation of a large mansion was discovered, being the only remains of the once embattled residence of a branch of the De Ross family, who made their seat here for many generations, and from whom the Knights Templars received the estate of Ribstone. Near the vestry door is part of a mural arched recess, which, tradition says, once held the body of a Lord de Ross, of Ingmanthorpe, over which was an effigy in stone; it has disappeared, and no one knows whither. A few slight mounds, which mark the site of their ancient mansion, and the remains of this mural arch are the only memorials left in this district of the De Ross's, of Ingmanthorpe. To the student and archæologist there is much that is interesting around Kirk Deighton.

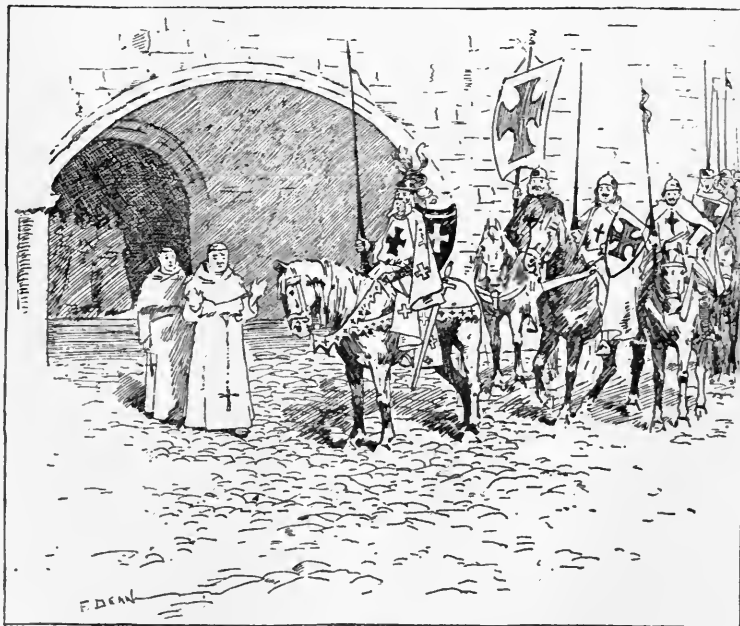


CHAPTER VIII.

RIBSTONE.

FOR a century after the Conquest, it was held by William de Percy ; later, it came into the possession of Lord de Ross, who, in the year 1224, settled it upon the Knights Templars, an order of monkish warriors, which was formed soon after the capture of Jerusalem from the Saracens, by the Crusaders, under Godfrey de Boullion, 1099. They resided near the Temple in the Holy City, hence the name of Templar, or Knights of the Temple. They observed

many of the monastic rules, and made a vow to defend the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel, and also to entertain pilgrims who went to Jerusalem for devotion, and to guard them in safety when visiting the scenes of our Saviour's wanderings in the Holy Land. Their dress was white, with a red cross on their breasts. They were composed of men from all nations in Christendom, and were possessed of great



The Templars.

riches ; in this country they held many a rich castle and manor. In the great crusade of 1191, in which that mighty warrior, King Richard, first of that name, took so

prominent a part, a company of Knights Templars, it is said, once fell into an ambuscade of the Saracens. The brave King, upon hearing of their danger, sent that good knight, the Earl of Leicester, to the rescue, intending to follow as soon as he could get into his armour. However, before that tedious operation could be completed, the Lion King was told that the Templars and Leicester were being crushed by the great number of the enemy, and, without waiting for anyone, or finishing his steel toilette, he sprung upon his mighty war horse, and galloped to the scene of battle. Spurring his steed into the thick of the fight, and shouting his terrible war-cry: "St. George! St. George!" he so laid about him with that tremendous battle-axe (which had been forged by the best skilled artisan in England), that the brave Earl, and all the Knights Templars who had not fallen previously, were rescued. When the Crusaders were on the march the Knights Templars led the van, and the Knights of St. John brought up the rear. St. Bernard says of these knights: "They detest cards and dice, and abominate all shows, songs, and discourse of a loose nature. When they enter into a battle they arm themselves with faith within, and steel without; having no ornament either upon themselves or their horses. Their arms are their only finery, and they make use of them with courage, not being daunted either at the number or force of the barbarians." For such a cause was formed this great chivalrous order of Knights Templars. In after time, as they acquired more wealth, they also grew remiss in the practice of their former virtues, until at length their Order was finally suppressed. In the church of St. Andrew's, adjoining the hall, are two large slabs, which mark the resting place of these once formidable warriors.* Afterwards, this estate was held by the

* This gallant Order of military monks had their first house in Holborn, which was afterwards known as the Old Temple. The New Temple was built in 1185, where they continued till the suppression of the Order in 1310, when they were condemned to perpetual penance, and dispersed into several monasteries. It was then granted, with all their other possessions in London, by Edward II., to Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, and, after his rebellion, to Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke; on his death it was given to the Knights Hospitallers of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, a few years after they had so valiantly driven the Turks out of the Island of Rhodes. These knights granted the Temple to the students of common law in the reign of Edward III., in whose use it still remains. The Temple church was founded by the Templars in the reign of Henry II., upon the model of the Holy Sepulchre, and was consecrated in 1185 by Heraclius, patriarch of Jerusalem. Tennent says: "On the floor of the round church were two groups of knights. In the first are four, each of them cross-legged, three of them in complete mail, in plain helmets flatted at top, and with very long shields. One is known to have been Geoffry de Magnaville, created Earl of Essex in 1148. His end was singular, for, driven to despair by the injustice of his monarch, King Stephen, he gave loose to every act of violence. He was mortally wounded at an attack on Burwell Castle, in Cambridgeshire, and, being found by some Templars, was dressed by them in the habit of the Order, and carried from the spot. As he died excommunicated, they wrapped his body in lead, and hung it on a crooked tree in the Temple orchard. On being absolved by the Pope (it being proved that he expressed great penitence in his last moments) he was taken down, and buried first in the cemetery, and afterwards in the place where we find this memorial of him." One of these figures is singular, being bareheaded and bald; his legs armed, his hands mailed, his mantle long, round his neck a cowl, as if, according to a common superstition in early days, he had desired to be buried in the dress of a monk, lest the evil spirit should take possession of his body.

Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. At the dissolution, it came into the possession of the celebrated Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, whose good wife was the Queen Dowager of France, and sister to Henry VIII. The Duke and King Henry seem to have kept up a steadfast friendship through life.

Hume, the historian, says: "The King was sitting in council when informed of Suffolk's death, and he took the opportunity to express his sorrow, and to celebrate the merits of the deceased. He declared that during the whole course of their friendship the late Duke had never made one attempt to injure an adversary, and had never whispered a word to the disadvantage of any person. 'Is there any of you, my Lords, who can say as much?' When the King spoke these words, he looked round in all their faces, and saw that confusion which the consciousness of secret guilt threw upon them."

In the year 1542 it was purchased by Henry Goodriche, Esq., and to that ancient family it belonged for three centuries. During the civil war Sir John Goodriche fought on the side of the Royalists, and commanded a troop of horse at the siege of Bradford. On the 18th of December, 1642, which, being the Sabbath, the Earl of Newcastle sent part of his army from Leeds, consisting of five troops of horse, six troops of dragoons, and a regiment of foot, led by Cols. Goring and Evans, Sir John Goodriche and Sir William Saville.

They intended to surprise the town while the inhabitants were engaged in divine service, but, the Bradford people being warned of their coming, withstood their attack with such courage and resolution, which greatly surprised the Royalists, who had expected a speedy surrender.

Sir John Goodriche's troop of horse encompassed the town and the outlying hamlets. It is said that the Royalist officers were greatly exasperated at the cowardice of their soldiers, and fought with much greater courage themselves. Sir John was dangerously wounded, and had his charger killed under him. He was afterwards imprisoned, and his estate confiscated, but, escaping from prison, fled to France, where he remained till the restoration.

Resting by the mansion walls, and nearly hidden in front by the luxurious foliage of fine trees, is the ancient church of Saint Andrew, which was restored about the year 1698, by Sir Henry Goodriche. The interior contains many memorials of this illustrious family. At the altar end are two large blue memorial slabs, said to cover the remains of Knights Templars. The brasses from the slabs have disappeared. There are some pieces of sculpture in marble, one representing the Nativity, the work of a skilled artist of the fourteenth century. The shape and design of the blue marble font is very rare, probably not later than the thirteenth century. The font and sculptured panels are very suggestive of foreign art. The chapel yard formerly contained a sepulchral monument of the standard-bearer of the ninth Roman legion. This tombstone, if I mistake not, is

now to be seen in York Museum. A heap of stones, raised on a small hillock west of the park, marks the boundary of the Knaresboro' forest. Just on the outskirts of the park, east, is an aged and decayed oak, which has grown on the surface of a circular mound, having the appearance of a tumulus. Near to, embracing each other across the path, are two enormous beeches; in fact, the whole distance from Ripley to the outskirts of Ribstone south, the Nidd winds past a numerous array of noble trees, which have stood defiant against storm and tempest from generation to generation. In the park, fenced round for its protection, is the remnant of that tree, the famous Ribstone Pippin, which



Ribstone Park.—Winter.

EDMUND BOGG,

was first raised from seed brought from France; and the many trees which are now flourishing all over the country were originally raised from this tree. There is also a fine specimen of Eastern Plain tree, now in rapid decay. The plant is said to have been brought from the East by the Templars. The Hall stands in the midst of a beautiful park, through which the river, prattling over many a rocky bed, in serpentine form wends its way by sandy margins and moss-grown stones. Passing onward, a few minutes' walk brings us to the entrance of the Goldsborough estate. The half-mile's walk through the wood is a perfect treat, with its graceful trees and rich undergrowth,

festooned with ivy and trailing tendril, under which can be seen the humble, yet beautiful, flowers of the wood. Here flourishes the wild thyme, the wood anemone, meadow sweet and dreamy blue-bell. Above us, the happy birds rejoice in gladness; on the outskirts of the forest the blackbird and thrush seem to be rivalling each other with outbursts of song, whilst from its sylvan home the wood-pigeon sends forth from its heart sweet notes of subdued harmony. Entering the park, gigantic old trees, stretching forth their mighty limbs, are to be seen in all their majesty; under whose branches, centuries ago, the merry village children danced and played. Had those ancient trees a voice, they could unfold many an historic scene, and tale of love and woe. On the rising ground stands Goldsborough Hall, the grand Elizabethan mansion, with its background of belted woodland, and the old church tower peeping from amongst the trees carries the mind backward across the flight of time, and impresses on us those well-known lines:—

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall, ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land;
The deer among their greenwood bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The blessed homes of England,
How softly in their bow'rs
Is laid the holy quietness,
That breathes from Sabbath hours;
Solemn, yet sweet, the church bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn,
All other sounds in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are borne.

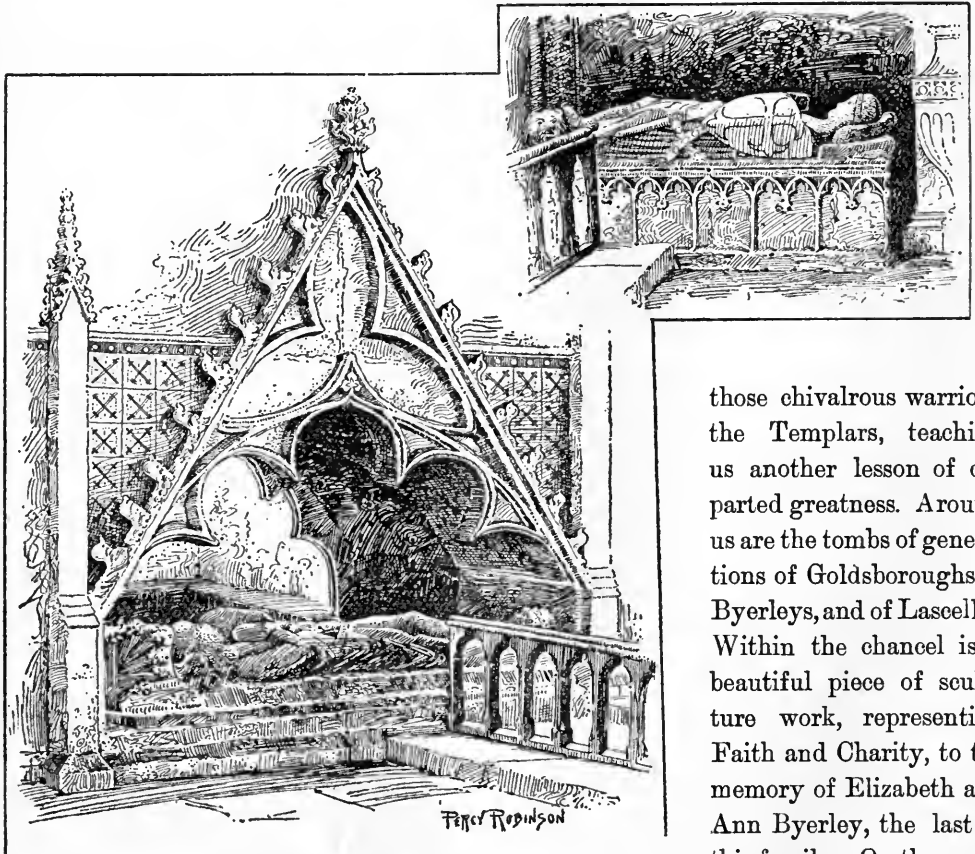
The Hall was built by the Huttons some three hundred years ago, and to whose family it belonged for several generations. Previous to the Huttons, it was held by the Goldsborough family for upwards of three centuries. It is supposed that the Saxons had here a castle or place of defence, but all traces of such have disappeared.

In the time of the civil war, Sir Richard Hutton, being a staunch Royalist, and a brave and skilful officer, was made governor of Knaresborough Castle. After the battle of Marston Moor, 1644, Manchester's horse was cantoned in this neighbourhood, amongst whom was Cromwell's Lieutenant Whalley, who took up his quarters at Goldsborough Hall, Sir Richard, the owner, being then with his regiment besieged in York.

After the surrender of that city to the forces of the parliament, the garrison was conducted, according to the articles of capitulation, by a convoy of seven troops of horse, by way of Knaresborough to Otley. Whalley, meeting the convoy near Goldsborough, entreated Sir Richard to return to his home, his house, and family; but, not choosing to trust himself in the power of an avowed enemy, and being firmly attached to the royal cause, he passed by his house, his lady, and family. After some months spent in toilsome marches and continued harassment, he was slain at Sherbourne fight, October 15th, 1645.

From the Huttons the estate passed, by marriage, to the Byerleys, and from them, by purchase, to the Lascelles, to whom it still remains.

It was New Year's Eve when the writer first entered the sacred edifice, and, in the softened evening light, although decorated in its rich dress of holly and ivy, it impressed us with its holy peace and quietness. Not a sound was to be heard; the birds had warbled their evensong and gone to rest. Its hallowed peace and quietness came out in striking contrast to the noisy bustle of the outside world; the only sound came from our footsteps, as we trod softly and reverently on the tombs of centuries, all that remained of this world's pomp and glory. Near the chancel, in peaceful repose, are the effigies of



Tombs of the Templars.

those chivalrous warriors, the Templars, teaching us another lesson of departed greatness. Around us are the tombs of generations of Goldsboroughs, of Byerleys, and of Lascelles. Within the chancel is a beautiful piece of sculpture work, representing Faith and Charity, to the memory of Elizabeth and Ann Byerley, the last of this family. On the opposite side of the church is

a chaste marble monument in memory of Daniel Lascelles, who died in London, 1784, aged seventy. Over the altar is a very rich stained window, representing the Ascension of our Lord, in that subdued and mellowed light, it seemed to shine with even greater beauty, and to the departed ones say: "Ye shall rise again." The grave-

yard is full of memorials of our ancestors, who worked and toiled in days gone past ; bringing to our mind those beautiful lines :—



Harewood Arms.

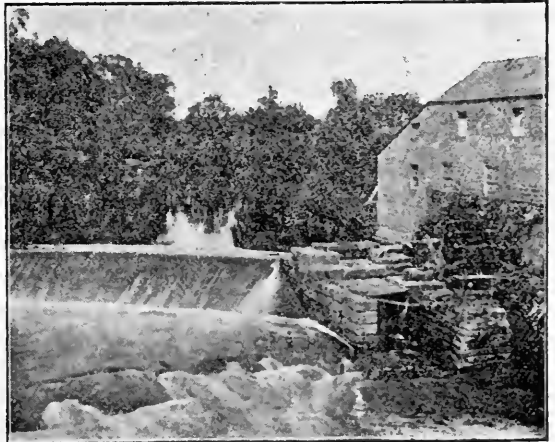
“ There is a calm for those who sleep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

“ The storm that wrecks the winter's sky,
No more disturbs their sweet repose ;
Than summer's evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.”

The church is a 13th century structure, but has been altered and restored at different periods. There is a Norman doorway, decorated with beak head chevron, and roll in south wall. The principal entrance, on the north, has a

porch. In the churchyard, covered with moss, is an ancient mural stone, with cross ; and also a large circular stone of undoubted antiquity, in the centre of which is a hole sunk for a shaft ; the probability is that the stone is the base of a Saxon cross. In size and shape it is very similar to the weeping cross at Ripley, with the exception of the niches for the knees. On a slab affixed to the tower are the armorial bearings of the Goldsboroughs. The reverend vicar has lately found a record, which says, “the giving of stone and timber to build the tower, was from the forest of Knaresboro' ”, in the time of Henry IV.

Leaving the church, we pass through the village, and a ten minutes' walk brings us to the bridge, close to which stands the mill. The scene from this bridge, on a summer's day, is most lovely ; wild flowers growing in profusion in every nook and crevice of the old mill-wheel ; song of birds commingle with sounds of rippling waters, passing along its pebbly course ; all combine to make pleasant music charming alike to the ear and mind.



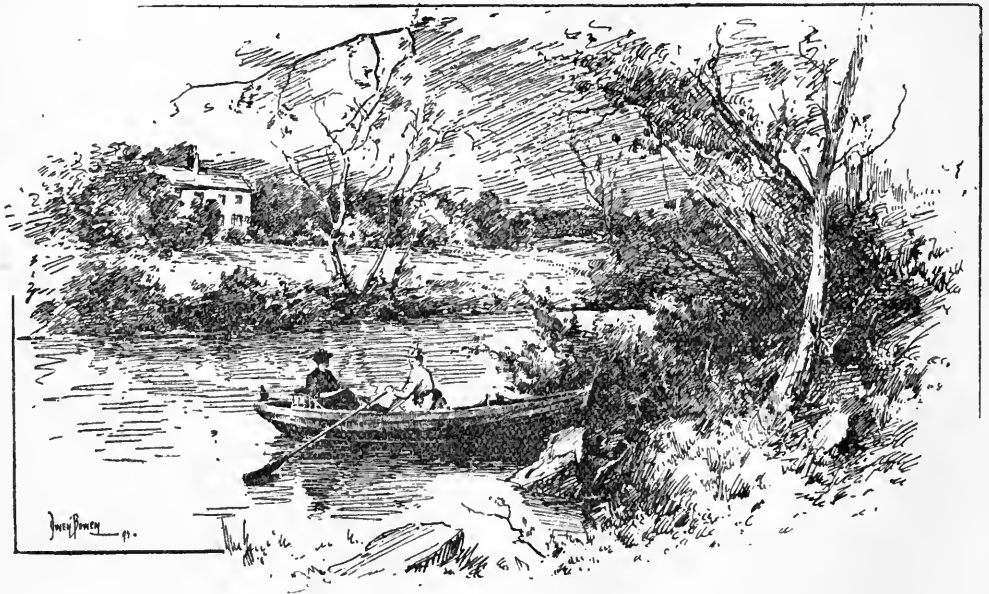
The Mill.

The Nidd, from this spot, takes a long sweeping curve, and instead of following its banks, we pass along the turnpike road to Grimbald Bridge. Another route from Ribstone

Park, is through Little Ribstone Village, which turnpike brings us to the above-named bridge. It is a very substantial structure of two arches. Leland says of it, 1536, "One great bridge for one bowe."

After crossing the bridge, we turn to the left down a green lane by the river side. From this point, and four miles upwards, we walk through a vale surpassing in beauty and grandeur (both for pastoral, romantic, and historic scenery) anything the mind can imagine. Oh! what old-time memories spring to our minds, while wandering over its craggy steeps, or along its lovely plain.

Wide-spreading trees o'erhang the river's bank, and wild flowers in abundance bloom. Resting for a while under the shade of some spreading tree, interest is kept alive



The River, Knaresborough.

by the sweet songs of the woodland birds. The kingfisher flits to and fro, its brilliant plumage flashing in the sun; the white-breasted ousel darts from rock to rock; water-hens glide out on the surface of the river, and, darting under the willow banks, leave many a silver streak behind. As the day grows into night, and the shadows steal o'er the meadows, the hush of nature's stillness is often broken by the sweet song of the nightingale.

To describe all the spots of interest in and around Knaresborough, will be simply impossible in this small work. Briefly, St. Robert's Cave, a hole cut out of the rock close to the river side, and being at this time completely hidden by over-hanging trees

and bushes, presents a most gloomy appearance. But, what must it have been in those far distant days, when St. Robert dwelt here in solitude, a veritable wilderness, accessible to wild beasts of the forest, and bands of robbers.

On the far side of the river, and opposite the cave, stands an old farm and mill. About here is a favourite spot of the artist, who may depict on canvas many a rich scene, and also enjoy the fragrance of verdant nature. High above rears giant Grimhald's Cragg, showing what mighty force has been at work in some bygone age. From the Cragg's top, many a rich scene unfolds before the eye.

In front of us lie Birkham Deepes, and here the river glides slowly along, mighty and broad, past woods with the rich green of sycamore and ash reflecting their towering forms, or rushing onward past the busy mills, we hear its distant sound; or gliding into rippling shallows, we listen to its murmuring ceaseless voice, ever onward, ever.

About a mile from the river are the Pleasure Grounds of Plumpton. The charming walks, amidst wooded slopes and rocky steepes, with its abundant variety of evergreens and flowering shrubs, cannot fail to give pleasure to the visitor. These grounds occupy upwards of twenty acres of rocky woodland, valley, shady walks, and waters.

"There jes'mines spread the silver flow'r,
And deck the rock, or weave the bow'r;
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breathe their fragrant sweets away;
There rising myrtles form a shade;
There roses blush and scent the glade;
All, all their balmy sweets exhale,
And triumph in the distant gale."

In the time of Edward the Confessor, Gamblebar, the Saxon, held lands here.

After the Conquest, Plumpton came into the possession of William de Percy, under whom the family of Plumpton held it, and to this family it remained until 1753, when the last heir, Robert Plumpton, died at Paris, May 8th, 1749, intestate and without issue. This estate was afterwards sold, and came into the possession of Daniel Lascelles, for the sum of £28,000.* Leaving Plumpton by the carriage road past the cover, a mile's walk

* In the year 1184 a Gilbert de Plumpton, having married the daughter of Roger de Guilyast, a ward in the gift of the king, without proper consent, was charged by Ralph de Glanvill with taking her away from her father's house by force, and committing a rape on her, and also with breaking through six doors and stealing thence many articles. This Glanvill wished to make away with him, as he had already arranged for this lady to be the wife of one Reiner, a friend of his, so he persuaded those who were to try Gilbert to adjudge him to death, which was done accordingly. Whilst he was being led to the place of execution, intelligence of the case was brought to Baldwin, Bishop of Worcester, whose attendants exhorted him to rescue the youth from death. The bishop, moved to compassion, rode to the executioners, who had already bound a green band before their victim's eyes and fastened an iron chain about his neck, and were then preparing to hoist him to the gibbet. The bishop, running up to them, exclaimed (it being Sunday), "I forbid you, on the part of God and blessed Mary Magdalen, and under sentence of excommunication,

brings us again to the celebrated Grimbald's Cragg, and into the favourite walk which leads through Birkham Woods, and onwards to the Low Bridge, at the foot of which stands Mother Shipton's Inn, through which we pass to reach the far-famed Cave and Dropping Well. Ahead of us, this beautiful walk continues through the woods, under the viaducts, and on to the High Bridge. Before proceeding into the town of Knaresborough, it would be wise to go down the river side, beginning at the guide's house, of St. Robert's Cave, aforementioned.



The Nidd, Abbey Plain.

The following tale is told concerning a character in this neighbourhood. Many years ago, the guide to St. Robert's Cave was the admiration of all artists, with his ancient costume, long hair, and flowing beard, and face being so full of character, was worthy the brush of a Rembrandt. But no persuasion on their part could induce him "ta hev 'is picter taen," as he would remark with a shake of his grey head.

An artist of repute from the adjacent town had often

called to see this venerable worthy, and at length overcame his antipathy, and promised to pose as a model for him, and an artist friend from London, who particularly wanted a figure of the above description. Time was set apart for the interesting work, and the night before the visit our artist arrived from the city. The following morning found them on Abbey Plain, in eager anticipation for work; but, great was their disappointment and vexation, to find the old venerable had been to the hair-dresser, and parted with his silvery flowing locks and beard. So ends the story.

We may now keep close by the river, or take the lane which leads to the same point. Here, we come to the site of the Old Abbey; nothing now remains save the dungeon,

to hang this man on this day, because to-day is the day of our Lord, and the Feast of the blessed Mary Magdalen, wherefore it is not lawful for you to contaminate this day." After some altercation, the Bishop prevailed, and the youth was respited for that day, and delivered over to the keeper of the king's castle for safety. The story coming to the ears of the king (Henry II.), he enquired further into it, and the youth was finally set at liberty, and, at the same time, those who had thus perverted the course of justice were compelled to pay a fine of a thousand marks to the king.

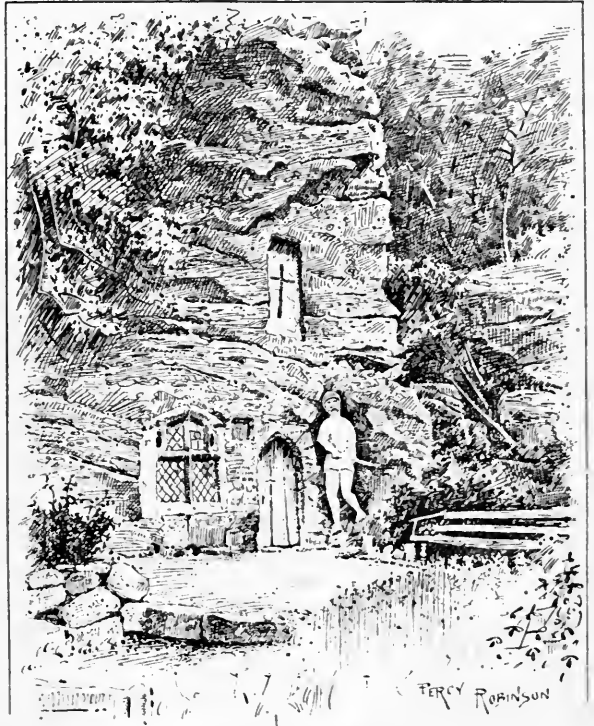
and a few traces of the masonry, which have been sacrilegiously used for walls in the immediate vicinity.

Passing Abbey House, the residence of Miss Lee, we reach the river side again, near which many elms raise their colossal heads in contrast to the humble cots that now on every hand nestle by rock and river. On our right hand is Rock House, or Simpson's Cave, so called on account of a family of that name living here. The last of the Simpsons died about twenty-five years ago; since that time the cave has not been inhabited. It is supposed that at one time this was the hiding place of notorious highwaymen. We now follow the path from here to the cragg top, a favourite walk of lovers and tourists. Down below the river rushes onward; extensive views on every hand. The town in front opens out before us like a panorama, and fills our minds with the beauty of the surrounding scene.

Leaving the cragg top by the footpath to the plain, we now pass underneath the shade of immense rock, and arrive opposite St. Robert's Chapel, which is cut out of the solid rock. On one side of the entrance is the figure of a knight, in the act of drawing his sword. From the Chapel we ascend by a flight of steps

to Fort Montague, an interesting place hewn out of the solid cliff by a poor man, who for twelve years worked hard, and after his death, his son carried on the undertaking, finishing the work which his father began.

Here a very pleasant hour may be spent inspecting the various objects of interest.



St. Robert's Chapel.





CHAPTER IX.

KNARESBOROUGH.

WHAT visions of romance and tradition crowd into our minds whilst pondering o'er thy ancient memories. How one may picture the ancient Briton in his scanty habiliments of fur, roaming thy forest glades, or armed only with the primitive bow, or rude weapons of flint, following in fierce chase the wild beasts which found a home in thy sylvan solitudes ; or happily imagine the light coracle gliding softly over Nidd's silver waters.

Here the most ancient inhabitants of Britain dwelt, and their rude wattled dwellings would easily be built up against the rock, giving them the only shelter which they deemed necessary. As the stream of time rolled on, the people in this fair vale, clad in skins, hunted the wild animals of the forest, which at that distant date were very numerous. Gradually, a considerable settlement grew up beside the river, adding to the natural strength of the place by the making of ramparts of earth and trees, and sinking ditches. When the Romans appeared on the scene, Knaresborough rose to the dignity of a military station. Good roads were opened out from one end of the land to the other ; the making of these would break up the quiet of the forest, and the country through which it ran would be reclaimed. Corn-fields and meadows sprang up where once had been dense woods and desert places. Cattle quietly grazed where the wolf and the bear had made their den ; the bleatings of sheep, and other sounds of rural life, instead of the fierce howling of wild beasts in search of prey. When the Roman legions were called from Britain to protect their own lands from hordes of barbarians, which were crowding in upon them, a change came o'er the scene ; the skin boats of the Britons ceased to spread their produce along the river's banks ; grim and shaggy warriors from Caledonia poured in upon them. Being unable to contend with these forces, they called the fair-haired Saxons to their aid, who, from being a welcome auxiliary, became an aggressor, and

ultimately the master of the land, spreading war and desolation all around. No curling smoke from the peaceful town on the river's bank was now to be seen, all was silence and desolation. Gradually, a better state of things arose round the old town; the Saxons embracing Christianity, settled down to the arts of civilization and peace. Churches and Monasteries were built along the banks of the river; slowly but surely the town and valley emerged from darkness into light. Next came Danes and Northmen, ruthless soldiers, used to a life of rapine and war. They devastated this peaceful vale, burning town, village, and church, and drove its inhabitants to the fastness of the forest.

Generations came and went, filled with alternate peace and war, when after the fatal battle of Senlac, these fair lands fell into the hands of William the Norman. Mighty



Knaresborough Castle.

and important were the changes which then took place. Strong castles were erected throughout the land, chiefly on the sites of Saxon and Roman strongholds, and certainly no more suitable place than Knaresborough could have been chosen for a fortress, its elevated position commanding such an extensive view of the surrounding country.

The remains of the ancient castle, which stands on a rocky eminence at the base of which flows the river Nidd, overlooks, and is the chief feature of a landscape of singular charm and beauty. The castle was first built about the year 1100, by Serlo de Burgh, he having previously received the barony from William the Conqueror, for services

rendered by him to that monarch. Little can now be seen of its former grandeur and magnificence, but evidences of its once mighty strength are everywhere suggestive, for anticipating assault and skill in the plans of defence, and modes for defeating a surprise, it is truly remarkable.

Leland, living in the time of Henry VIII, writes of this castle: "As standing magnificently and strongly on a rock, and hath a very deep ditche hewen out of the rock, where it is not defended by the river Nidde, and there runneth in a dead strong bottom. I numbered eleven or twelve towers in the woul of the castle, one very fayre besides. In the second were two other lodgings of stone." The town and the surrounding hamlets suffered dreadfully in the fearful scourge of devastation made by the Conqueror in 1070.

About the year 1133, Eustace Fitz-John, nephew of the founder, was lord of the castle, and is mentioned in history for his great kindness to the monks of Skelldale, who were often reduced to the necessity of eating the leaves of trees and wild herbs, but their courage and patience did not forsake them; and, one day when their stock of provisions was only two loaves and a half, a stranger, passing that way, asked for a mouthful of bread to appease his hunger. "Give him a loaf," said the Abbot; "the Lord will provide." The hope thus piously expressed was soon fulfilled. A cart piled with bread was seen coming down the rocky pathway, a present from Eustace Fitz-John. But better times were in store for these needy monks, as one of their number, writing a few years later, says: "We have bread and cheese, butter and ale, and soon we shall have beef and mutton."

This Eustace was a great warrior, taking the side of the Empress Maud against Stephen, but he was at last forced to flee into Scotland, fighting in the Scotch army, at the battle of Northallerton, 1138; and was slain in the battlefield when fighting against the Welsh, 1156.

The four knights who murdered Thomas à Beckett, fled here for refuge, hoping the king would look over their foul work. It, however, turned out otherwise than they had expected. One historian says: "That they, utterly despairing of pardon, fled, one into one place, and one into another, so that within four years they all died an evil death."

During the latter part of the twelfth century, the castle and manor was granted by Henry II. to William de Stuteville, for the nominal service of three knights' fees. However, in the year 1190, this baron had to pay a trifle dearer for possession, King Richard demanding two thousand pounds from him, to retain unmolested the castle, forest, and lands. This noble was that fierce persecutor of that holy man, St. Robert, and drove him from his cell to the woods. He afterwards repented and became his friend.

King John and his fair Queen made several visits to Knaresborough, during his reign, probably to hunt in the royal forest; as in one item of his hunting expenses is

mentioned, among other things, five Spanish horses, forty Vultra, one hundred and eighty-two Beagles, and thirty-eight other dogs. John had a great passion for hunting, like all other Norman kings.

He would not be a very welcome guest, as his tyranny, lust, and greed caused him to put great pressure on the inhabitants. In one of his decrees he orders that all hedges and fences near the royal forest should be thrown down, that his deer might have free access to pasture in the cultivated lands. He also forbade the nobles to hunt feathered game, one of their favourite amusements; arbitrary taxes, and his many crimes, so disgusted all classes of society, especially the barons on whom he depended for assistance, afford striking proof that our ancestors, Normans and Saxons, had weighty reasons for demanding from the base king that Magna Charta, the great Charter of English liberties.

In 1222, the manor and castle then belonging to the crown, Brian de Insula was put in possession during the king's pleasure.

Henry III. next gave it to Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, he rendering in exchange for the same, yearly, one hundred pounds for all services and demands. This Hubert was a most worthy man, and stood well in the favour of king and people, his memory being cherished for generations.

The following story is told concerning him. During the war of the barons against King Henry, Hubert once fled for sanctuary to Brentwood, but was, in violation of sanctuary laws, dragged forth. A smith was sent for to make fetters for him, but when the smith knew who they were meant for, he utterly refused to make them. Having first drawn a deep sigh, he said: "Do with me what you please, and God have mercy on my soul; but, as the Lord liveth, I will never make iron shackles for him, but will rather die the worst death that is. Is not this that Hubert who restored England to England; he who faithfully served John in Gascony, Normandy, and elsewhere, whose high courage, when reduced to eat horse-flesh, even the enemy admired; he who so long defended Dover Castle, the key of England, against all the strong sieges of the French, and by utterly vanquishing them at sea, brought safety to the kingdom? God be judge between him and you, for using him so unjustly and inhumanly." What a noble testimony this is to the great services rendered to his country and king. Henry III. conferred the barony and castle on his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who founded the Priory for the brethren of the Holy Trinity, the only house of this order in England. The Priory stood some 150 yards beyond Abbey House, on the spot at this day known as Abbey Plain. A sweet meadow vale, redolent with orchards and wild flowers, and musical with the sounds of flowing water, humming of bees, and chirp of insects. A few remains of the Priory are yet to be seen in the shape of carved stones, caps and bases, built in the adjoining farm buildings. This Richard was a powerful prince, and like all the Plantagenets,

loving war, wassail, and revelry the most gallant race of warriors that ever wore a crown. The mineral trade of Cornwall, which had been founded by the Phœnicians of old,



The Priory Church.

was entirely in his own hands. It was from this source chiefly that he obtained that great wealth by which he was enabled to purchase from the venal electors that imperial dignity, the King of the Romans. He was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, 1256. The following legend is told concerning this prince :—

Towering high in
stately dignity above old

Town Bay, the principal port and town of Scilly in those days, was the noble castle of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, whilst around the circle of the bay spread the town and buildings of the merchants; beyond those, and at the entrance to the bay, was a chapel belonging to the monks of the adjoining monastery. Attached to the chapel was a guard-house, from which stretched an iron chain across the flight of steps which led up from the bay, and gave access to the town. This place was named "Toll man point," from a toll levied by the monks on all persons whatsoever who were obliged to enter the town; but it pressed most severely upon the very poorest class, for every fisherman who left the island, though only for a few hours, was compelled to give his mite in the way of tribute on his return. Nay, even holy palmers from the East, who were always elsewhere considered exempt from tax or charge, were forced to render the dues ere they were permitted to proceed. This was a clear violation of the rule that no priest nor pilgrim ought ever, under any circumstances, to pay anything, the duty of the good men being solely to receive; "but the monks, strong in the buckler of the faith, and of Earl Richard, spoiled not only the Egyptians, but their own order most pitilessly." Complaints were made, long and loudly, to the Earl, who at last promised redress. It was a sunny evening in May, when a small company of pilgrims was seen on the deck of a vessel that neared the harbour of Old Town Bay. On coming alongside the broad stones that formed a base to the stairs, they sprang ashore, and began to ascend. At their head was one apparently of higher rank or of superior sanctity, for he walked alone. His face was partly buried in his large cloak, and partly concealed beneath his wide-brimmed hat, the deep flaps of which, hanging down, hid his features. He passed on until he reached the heavy chain, which was drawn across the way. Laying his hand upon it, he found that it was fastened with a padlock. As one of the brothers was sitting in the toll-house reading, as it seemed, his book of prayers, the pilgrim, after several vain attempts to undo the chain, called to him, in a firm but courteous voice, to unfasten it and allow him

to pass. It chanced that the person thus addressed was the prior, the toll-man for the time being absent. Angry at being thus interrupted, he bade the new comers wait awhile, and resumed his studies. The pilgrim, however, seemed in no mood to wait. "How now, sir priest," replied he; "you are *malapert*, forsooth. Open, as I bid you, and let us pass. There is no toll levied on such as we." The tone in which he spoke was stern and bold, but the prior was cold and unbending in his disposition, and too much accustomed to this kind of complaint to pay attention to it. He glanced slightly at the group, but looked down again, and made no reply. He was not, however, long suffered to remain in peace. Laying his hand upon the chain, the pilgrim vaulted over, and stood before the prior's seat, his form erect, his eyes flashing fire, and his whole figure convulsed with passion. A prudent man would have let him go unchallenged, but the prior was spoiled by the habits of unquestioned power, which ecclesiastics of that day assumed over every rank and class. Rising up, with considerable dignity, and drawing to its full height his spare and ascetic form, he laid his hand upon the pilgrim's breast, and at the same time bade him stand back. It was an evil chance that he did so; his hand had scarcely touched the palmer's chest ere the latter flung his cloak aside, raised his mailed arm, and smote the old man rudely upon the head. "Dog of a priest, thou cowed robber," he cried, in a voice of thunder, "take that as a memento of Richard Plantagenet." And the prior sank at his feet, bathed in blood; over him stood Earl Richard, looking darkly down upon him as he lay. They raised the old man, and tried to staunch the blood that welled from his temples, but in vain. The blow was given by a hand that seldom struck twice. He opened his eyes and looked upon the Earl, whose anger was already succeeded by sorrow and remorse. Richard took the prior's hand, and spoke to him kindly, but the sufferer was already almost beyond the reach of human blame or praise. He glanced at the prince, and then at the castle that frowned above them. The spirit of prophecy, which is said to visit the dying, seemed to tremble on his lips. He whispered, rather than said, "Lord Earl, that blow has stricken both thy house and thee." And word he spake never more. The prediction was fulfilled. Earl Richard made all the amends in his power. He abolished the toll, and gave to the brethren, in exchange, great largesses, far surpassing in value what he had withdrawn. On the spot that had witnessed his crime he founded a chantry, where masses were daily said for the soul of the murdered man. But from that hour the Earl's affairs declined. He wasted his wealth in unprofitable enterprises, and finally, it is said, went down to the grave a broken, moody, miserable man.*

At Richard's death, his estates fell to his son Edmund, a lover of learning, and a great friend to the monks of Fountains, one of his gifts being the wood of Brimham, which was the origin of the fence known as the "monk's wall," which stretched on the north from Padside to near Ripley. Many acts of generosity are recorded of this Earl, who was equally great in senate and camp, and bore his full share in the great battles fought in the reign of the first Edward. Dying without heirs, in 1299, the castle and manor fell to the crown.

In the reign of Edward II., the castle and barony were given to his unworthy favourite, Piers Gaveston, along with other possessions and great wealth, Edward also giving him his own niece in marriage. This favourite is said, by historians, to have been a man of great acquirements, handsome, active, enterprising, and courageous, but he was such an unprincipled profligate, full of unbounded ambition, at the same time

* From "Scilly and its Legends."

vain and presuming, and overrunning with pride and insolence. He seems to have held the king in a spell of magic, so great was his influence over that unhappy monarch.

All this partiality and favouritism showered upon him called forth the fierce wrath of the barons, who demanded of Edward the banishment of Gaveston. He was sent to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant of that country, having its whole revenue to subsist upon. Truly, a mild form of banishment; but the king and his favourite seemed inseparable, as, after an absence of less than two years, he joined the king at York, and received again, amongst other great favours, the manor and castle of Knaresborough.

The old charter, by which he received those possessions, is still to be seen in the records of the Tower of London. It says: "That the said Earl and his heirs shall have, and freely enjoy, the said honor and manor, with the parks of La Haye, Bilton, and Hewyra; that Knaresborough be a free burgh, and the men inhabiting the same be free burgesses; that they shall have one market, one fair, with the assize of bread and ale.

"That the said Earl and his heirs have free chase in all the lands belonging to the said honor; the privilege of judging malefactors taken either within or without the said manor, and shall have one gibbet and one gallows for the execution of such offenders, and be entitled to all their cattle and goods, together with all those animals called waines.

"That they shall have the returns of all writs; also two coroners, whose jurisdiction shall extend over the county of York; and that the said inhabitants shall be free of all fines and amercements for toll, pontage, murriage, pannage, and throughout the whole kingdom."

Again the barons compelled Edward to banish Gaveston, who took up his abode at Bruges, living there with all the stately splendour of a king. Returning to York the following year, the barons at once took up arms against the king and his favourite. Gaveston was besieged by his enemies in Scarborough Castle, and at last surrendered on condition of safe custody. He, however, was seized shortly after by Guy, Earl of Warwick, his bitterest enemy, who took him to his castle, where several of the barons met to decide his fate.

He was beheaded on Blacklow Hill, two miles from Warwick Castle, amid the insults and scorn of his enemies. On Blacklow Hill, it is said, there is still to be seen a stone on which is the name of Gaveston, and the date of his execution, cut in rude letters.

DEATH OF PIERS GAVESTON. — BY THOMAS FEATHERSTONE.

" High shone the summer sun
In his fierce meridian pride,
Where a noble range of wood and vale
Outstretches far and wide;
And the silver Avon pours along
Its clear and glittering stream,
Through sloping meads and thick dun woods,
Calm as an infant's dream.

" But ere the sun that day
Returned to the crimson west,
The woods resounded the clang of strife,
And the wild flower's bells were prest
With the heavy tramp of armed men—
Sternly on they strode,
To darken that land that smiled so fair,
With the stain of a victim's blood.

“ Around, on either hand,
 Gloomed his murderers haughty and high ;
 Stern Arundel, and Lancaster,
 And Warwick's stout Earl Guy ;
 And there the doomed one stood,
 Unfriended and alone,
 But there was a smile in his scornful eye,
 As cold and proud as their own.

“ Short shrift was yielded him,
 Scant time for creed or prayer,
 When the glittering axe swung round
 In the bright and sunny air ;
 And the victim fell, but there was still
 In the cold and glazing eye,
 The same fixed gaze of pride and hate,
 A scorn that could not die.”

A few years later, and Edward, his friend, was deposed, and died a most cruel death. He was murdered in Berkeley Castle by his two keepers, in a most barbarous manner.

After the English defeat at Bannockburn, 1313, the Scotch, under Robert Bruce, made invasions into England. In 1319, they laid waste the county as far as the gates of York. The inhabitants of Ripon gave them 1,000 marks to spare their town, and they also received the same at Northallerton ; but several towns, including Knaresborough, were burnt to the ground, and the inhabitants of this town, and villages around, were reduced to the greatest misery. In 1318 the castle was taken by John de Lilburn, for the Earl of Lancaster, one of the discontented barons. This Lilburn destroyed all the records, and every written memorial of the liberties, customs, and privileges of the place ; and it was not until the year 1368 those privileges, etc., were again recorded, as far as could be collected together, from the memories of men then living. Phillippa, the good queen of Edward III., next came into possession of the manor and castle of Knaresborough ; and here came also the warrior-king, with a retinue of knights, and squires, and barons bold, with their ladies clad in costly robes. It was the age of chivalry and romance, and at Knaresborough would be held rich scenes of festivity and splendour. Then the banqueting hall would ring with sounds of revelry. Splendid feasts would follow the martial amusements of tilts and tournaments, where knightly heroes fought in the gallant games of chivalry to win the queen of beauty's prize. At eventide, when the wassail bowl went round, and torches blazed aloft, minstrel, jester, and bard added to the enjoyment of knight and squire, with recitals of mirth and music, completing this scene of feast and revelry.

Gaze on yon arch, and mark the while,
 Of all that feudal glory shared ;
 How war has reft what time has spared.
 Oh for a bard of olden time,
 To yield thee back thy life in rhyme,
 To ring afresh thy glorious prime,
 When wassail route convulsed thy towers,
 When banquet shook thy festal halls.

But all is still ; thy crumbling walls
 No more shall echo back the tread
 Of prancing steed ; no more shall war
 Roll at thy feet his iron car ;
 Nor trumpet's clang ; nor clashing sword :
 Nor prisoner's sigh ; nor love's last word.
 Whisper amidst the voiceless dead.

After Queen Phillippa's death in 1369, the king granted the castle and manor to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and it still remains to that duchy. During Wat Tyler's insurrection, Constance of Castile fled northwards to Pontefract Castle, but,

having been refused admission, she came on to Knaresborough by torchlight, staying at the castle until the Duke returned from Scotland.

In 1399, the Duke of Lancaster having arrested Richard II. at the castle of Flint, brought him prisoner to London, and lodged him in the Tower. From thence, the fallen monarch was conveyed to Leeds Castle; and from there to Pickering and Knaresborough Castles, and his place of confinement being that part of the castle called the King's Chamber. The deposed monarch was next sent, to be kept in safety, to King Henry's own Castle of Pontefract, where, after many sufferings, he met a cruel death.

“The Kyng then sent Kyng Richard to Ledis,
There to be kepte surely in privetee;
Fro thens after to Pykering when he nedis,
And to Knaresburgh after led was he,
But to Pontefrete last, where he did dee.”

Much of the land in the borough, up to this date, and even later, was held by tenure, called “bondhold,” whereby not only the lands and services, but the bodies of the natives, and their children after them, were absolutely at the disposal of their lord.

In 1574, a commission was issued by Queen Elizabeth for enquiring into the lands and goods of all her bondsmen and bondswomen, in order to compound with them for their freedom, that they might enjoy their own lands and goods as free men.

In 1590, it was found that the castle stood in great need of repairs. This was carried out under the directions of Sir Henry Slingsby, who held the castle by lease from the Queen. The expenses attending these repairs to be paid, according to ancient customs, by the Foresters alone.

In 1616, the castle and lordship was granted by James I. to his son, Charles, nine years before that Prince ascended the throne, and in the fierce storms of civil war which raged in his unhappy reign, to Knaresborough and the neighbourhood there fell a great share of these troubles.

The next and most momentous event in the history of the castle, is its siege in 1644. The Royalist garrison at Knaresborough had been the terror of the surrounding country, committing many acts of wanton cruelty whilst out on foraging and marauding expeditions.

After the battle of Marston Moor, and the surrender of York, detachments of the parliamentary troops were sent to reduce the Royalist garrisons in the neighbourhood. The garrison and castle of Knaresborough was summoned to surrender by Colonel Lilburn.

The garrison, however, confiding in the strength of the massive walls, and expecting assistance from the north, defended their works with great spirit, and withstood the attacks of the enemy for over a month, making several sorties, killing and defeating many of the enemy.

The citadel at last surrendered, chiefly for want of food, on conditions most honourable. The castle was then, by order of parliament, made untenable, and for several days the troops were employed in destroying and defacing this bulwark of the north; and the broad massive walls, with their formidable towers, have ever since been mouldering away.

In connection with the siege, a memorable and touching incident of filial love and affection is told. A youth, whose father was in the garrison, made several attempts,

at the hazard of his life, to convey food to him, which he managed by crossing the moat and climbing up the glacis, and putting the provisions in a hole where his father was ready to receive them. He was at length found out, and fired upon. Being taken prisoner, he was sentenced to be hanged in sight of the garrison, as a warning to others who might do likewise. By the kind intervention of several ladies, his sentence was respited to imprisonment, but he was liberated at the conclusion of the siege.

When in its full pride and glory, the castle covered two and a half acres; the outer walls were flanked with eleven towers. The keep was its principal erection, and was three stories in height; underneath was the dismal dungeon, into which you descend by twelve steps. This room is twenty-three feet by twenty, and the only ray of light the prisoner could enjoy in this dark and dismal cell came faintly glimmering through the iron gate in the door above. What scenes of despair and human agony rise up in imagination as you examine this dreary cell, and think of the many unhappy captives, knights, squires, or serf, immured in this dreary place, at the mercy of its feudal lord, who owned no superior; and of the great deeds of darkness, too fearful to contemplate, over which we draw a veil.



Interior of Old Dye House.

OWEN BOWEN.

“But oft in the dark and midnight watch,
As the sentry walks his round;
The wail of pain, and the clanking chain,
Sends forth a dismal sound.”

Amongst other ancient relics in the guard's room, is to be seen an old oak chest, brought from Normandy by William the Conqueror; ancient armour of the Slingsby's; Blind Jack's walking stick; and the spinning wheel once in possession of Eugene Aram, etc.

In the olden time the castle was surrounded by a moat, except, where naturally, its strong position, overlooking the river Nidd, rendered it unnecessary.

“Where the land o'erlooks the flood,
Steep with rocks, and fringed with wood
Where, throughout the circling year,
Wells the fountain fresh and clear:
Scoop the dungeon, rear the wall,
Pile on high the feudal hall.”

From the castle grounds, with its fading strength and departing glory, the eye wanders over a beautiful and extensive panorama. Beneath the cottages nestle in the gardens; the river merrily winds its way under bridges, past woods and overhanging trees, and giant rocks.

On one side the grey sleepy town, crumbling with age, with its historic church, massive bridge, and adjacent halls. Ahead of us we look far and wide on a rich landscape of meadow, mountain, wood, and river; with a distant view of Brimham Rocks, and Pateley Moors, complete this fascinating view.

The church of St. John is ancient, and was given, with all its lands, tythes, and chapters to the Priory of Nostell, by Henry I. about the year 1114. It afterwards came into the possession of the Archbishop of York, and became a vicarage in 1343.

In 1318, the Scots, in the great raid, burned the town, and in the conflagration the church suffered greatly. Of its restoration there is little on record.

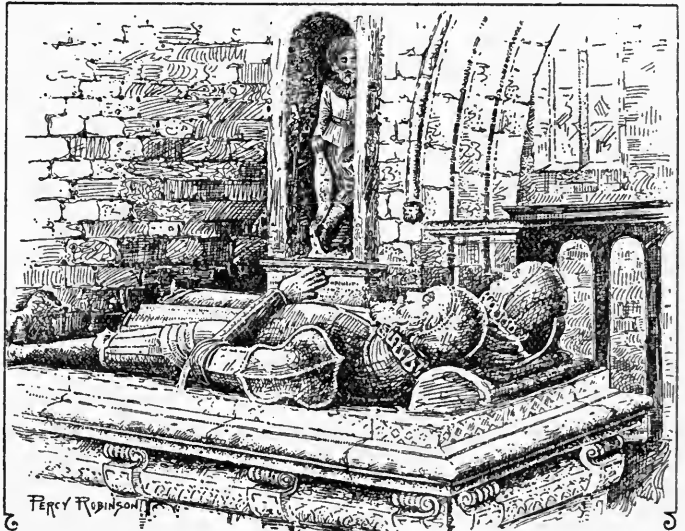
In the south wall of the church are two stones, marked with the Cross of the Holy Order of Trinity. On each side of the chancel are the chapels of the Slingsby and Plumpton families.

The total length of this sacred edifice is one hundred and twenty-three feet by sixty-seven feet; the height of tower and spire combined, one hundred and eight feet. The architecture of the church is of a mixed character. The most interesting portions are those which show the transition from the Norman to the early English; also the fine carved work in the Plumpton Chapel, and the great height of the pillars, and the loftiness of the arches admitting to the north and south aisles. The register dates from 1561.

The Slingsby chapel is the chief point of interest from the number of effigies, tombs, and monuments, in memory of the ancestors of this illustrious family.

In the centre of the chapel is an altar tomb with a full-length recumbent figure of Mary Slingsby, 1598, and Francis, her husband, 1600. Francis in a complete suit of armour, his feet rest on a lion—the Slingsby crest. His wife is habited in a long robe, with folding plaits down to the feet, which rest upon a crescent,—the Percy badge. On the south wall is a fine piece of sculpture work to the memory of Sir William Slingsby, seventh son of Francis and Mary. He is represented standing in a niche, his head reclining on one hand, his elbow resting on the guard of the sword; the other bears a shield with the family arms.

Sir William was a remarkable man, and distinguished himself under four princes. By profession a barrister. He, however, took part in the reprisals of England against Spain, after that country's attempt to invade England, and fought amongst that band of heroes who made the reign of Queen Bess shine in the annals of our country. In 1597 he was returned M.P. for Knaresborough. He was also attached to the Court of James I. and knighted by that king 1603. Sir Henry Slingsby, fourth son of Francis and Mary, has a monument on the north wall. The figure—of white marble—stands under an arch of Grecian pillars, above which is the figure of an angel in the act of blowing a trumpet. He was high sheriff for Yorkshire 1610 and 1612, and died 1634, aged 74.



In the Slingsby Chapel.

He was the father of the brave and loyal Sir Henry, whose tomb of black marble is fast crumbling with age. He suffered on account of his fidelity to his king on the 6th of June, 1658, in the 57th year of his age. "He has not perished, but has been translated to a better habitation."

There are many other monuments and memorials to the Slingsby and other families, but the last one is in the west window, of stained glass, in memory of Sir Charles Slingsby, Bart. The inscription underneath tells the sad story of his melancholy death.

Sir Charles was master of the York and Ainsty Hunt, and on that memorable morn, 4th February, 1869, was out with the hounds. A fox was found at Monkton Whin, which crossed the river at Stansby. Not wishing to miss the sport, a party of thirteen,

including Sir Charles, huntsmen and horses, entered the ferry boat opposite to Newby Hall. The river Ure is one hundred yards wide here, and was much swollen with heavy rains. In crossing Sir Charles's horse, Saltfish, became restive, kicking another, which retaliated, and in the confusion old Saltfish leaped from the boat into the river. In a moment the boat was upset, and men and horses were thrown into the surging water. Sir Charles and five others perished, and thus the last male descendant of a long line of illustrious ancestors met his death in the prime of life, and was deeply lamented.

A low flat tombstone in the grave-yard, near the church porch, marks the resting-place of E. Hargrove, the historian of Knaresborough. The two following verses are from his ode on "Time : "

"The earth itself, the sea and sky,
The shining worlds that roll on high,
All hasten to decay ;
That great and glorious orb of light,
The sun must sink in endless night,
At the great final day.

"Then happy they whom virtue guides
Down life's tempest'ous stormy tides,
To joys sublime they soar ;
Where chilling winters never come,
But springs eternal ever bloom,
And sorrows are no more."

Sir John Goodriche, Bart., who died in the year 1789, used to relate an anecdote of Oliver Cromwell, told him when a boy by a very old woman, who had formerly attended his mother, Lady Goodriche, in the capacity of nurse, and who spent most of her later days at Ribstone Hall.

Sir John used to give it thus in her own words. "When Cromwell came to lodge at our house in Knaresborough, I was then but a young girl. Having heard much talk about the man, I looked at him with wonder. Being ordered to take a pan of coals and air his bed, I could not, during the operation, forbear peeping over my shoulder several times to observe this extraordinary person, who was seated at the far side of the room, untying his garters.

"Having aired the bed, I went out, and shutting the door after me, stopped and peeped through the keyhole, when I saw him rise from his seat, advance to the bed, and fall on his knees, in which attitude I left him for some time. When returning again I found him still at prayer, and this was his custom every night so long as he stayed at our house, from which I concluded he must be a good man, and this opinion I always maintained afterwards, though I have heard him very much blamed and exceedingly abused. Surely no one will say this was a parade of piety, or a pharisaical intention, to be seen of men. How far ambition might alter those sentiments afterwards, is left to the historian of those turbulent times."

The person who related this story to Sir John Goodriche was Eleanor Ellis, whose father owned the house before mentioned. She was born, as appeared by the register, June 30th, 1632, and was therefore 12 years of age at the siege of

Knaresborough Castle. She afterwards married a Mr Fishwick, had several children, and died in the year 1714, aged 82.

The house, which stood near the place where the Crown Inn now stands in the High Street, Knaresborough, was taken down, and rebuilt in the year 1764, but care was taken to preserve the floor of the room where Cromwell slept.

To a lover of the ancient, Knaresborough will possess great interest. A walk along its silent streets in the early morning, carries the mind of the visitor back to the seventeenth century; or if, by way of contrast, an inhabitant of the Strand could be carried in his sleep and dropped in Cheapside, Knaresborough, he would imagine the world had slid back two centuries. To the thoughtful mind, and student of history, such old places are delightful. They can saunter up and down sunny High Street, across old Cheapside, past inns musty with age, with their huge oaken beams, sanded floors, and overhanging red tiled roofs, which give great pleasure as a study, and as a healthful change the visitor may derive much benefit.

The High Street: so called from its situation, and being the principal street in the borough.

Windsor Lane (Wendoe'r, to turn round): The situation and form of this lane is very expressive of its name.

Gracious Street (Grachthuys Straet): The street where the houses stand, in the gracht or ditch. In the year 1611, and probably some ages before that time, here were several dwellings within that part of the town ditch which ran along one side of the street. Supposing those dwellings to be erected the first in the town ditch after it ceased to be used as a means of defence, the name is accounted for.

Briggate (Bridge Gate): A street leading to the low bridge.

Cheapside (Cheap, a market): This street being situate on one side of the market place, accounts for its name.

Kirkgate: A street leading to the church, and adjoining to this street was a garden, called "Parnassus Mount," universally admired for its beauty and romantic scenery.

Jockey Lane: So called from the circumstance of a horse-dealer's stable being there. It had formerly two other appellations, viz., Bare-foot Lane and Ten-faith Lane, which



Old Knaresborough. EDMUND BOGG.

names I apprehend were given to it in consequence of the Jews' Synagogue, which formerly stood hereabouts, the gates of which opened into this lane.

Finkle Street (Vincle, Danish, an angle or corner) : This street evidently answers to this description, as it runs close by the line of the old rampart, and terminates near the north-west angle. Near the high bridge and next the town, was formerly a garden, in which, about the year 1745, were found by Peter Blakeston, the gardener, when digging in that part of the garden near the bridge, some silver and copper coins, two or three spurs of an uncommon size and form, some cannon balls and musket stocks, together with the heads of several small axes, probably battle axes. The whole circumstance, taken together, seems to point out this as a place where some smart skirmish has happened betwixt two parties, one defending the pass at the bridge, and the other attempting to force it, the former being assisted by the fire of the artillery from the castle.—*Hargrove's History.*

ST. ROBERT.—St. Robert was the son of Tooke Flower, who was Lord Mayor of York in the reign of Richard I. Robert was remarkable, from his youth, for learning and piety ; and, after having spent some years in the monasteries of Whitby and Fountains, was made Abbot of Newminster, in Northumberland, which dignity he soon after relinquished, and retired to a solitary hermitage amongst the rocks at Knaresborough. After living here some time, a lady of the Percy family gave him the chapel of St. Hilda, situated at a place now called St. Hile's Nook, with some land adjoining. Here he led a life of the greatest austerity, and the fame of his sanctity became universal.

His sacred life did not, however, stop thieves from entering his cell, and robbing him of all his removable goods, nor hindered William de Stutville, then Lord of Knaresborough, from being his persecutor, and who destroyed his cell and drove him to the woods, in the recesses of which he built himself a hut of the branches of trees. De Stutville being visited about this time by some awful visions and frightful dreams, attributed them to his sacrilegious treatment of the hermit. Filled with remorse, he became his benefactor, and gave him all the land from his cell to Grimbald Bridge, and introduced him to King John, who also gave him forty acres of land in Swinesco.

Numerous and extraordinary are the miracles said to have been performed by him, such as taming wild beasts ; causing deer to become so tractable as to yield their necks to the yoke, and assist in the services of agriculture, and others too numerous to mention. Matthew Paris observes, that in the year 1209, the fame of Robert the Hermit, of Knaresborough, was universal, and that a medicinal oil flowed from his tomb. After living to a great age, a remarkable example of piety and benevolence, he died, beloved and lamented by all who knew him.*

* For a full account of St. Robert, see "Lays and Leaves of the Forest."

Now, bowed with years in solitude,
 Alone remained the hermit ; yet the more
 His spirit turn'd to that celestial shore,
 Where all he lov'd did with their God reside,
 There dwelt his soul—a stranger here—
 'Mid the still night, where objects disappear.

MOTHER SHIPTON.—Tradition tells us that this famous Yorkshire prophetess was born in the cave near the Dropping Well.

Many wonderful tales are still told by the cottagers of her great skill in prophecy. As she grew up to womanhood, she was often affronted by reason of her deformity, which was the most conspicuous thing about her ; for, as the old chapbooks say, her body was long and big-boned ; she had great goggling eyes, very sharp and fiery ; a nose of unproportionable length, having in it many crooks and turnings, adorned with great pimples, and which, like vapours of brimstone, gave such a lustre in the night, that her nurse, when she was a baby, needed no other candle to dress herself by.

But, ugly as she was, she managed to find a husband, one Tobias Shipton, by trade a carpenter, and very comfortable, says the legend, they lived together, but never had any children.



The Dropping Well, Knaresborough.

Soon after her marriage, she set up as a prophetess, or what would now be called a medium ; informing the people of her rounds, for a consideration, who had stolen this or that ; how to recover their goods. She soon got a great name, far and near, as a cunning woman, or a woman of foresight, and her words were counted oracles ; nor did she meddle only with private persons, but was advised with by people of the greatest

quality. The most exalted personages in the realm were not above the scope of her knowledge, or indifferent to the weight of her words.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe ;
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye ;
Waters shall yet more wonders do,
How strange, yet shall be true ;
The world upside down shall be,
And gold shall be found at the root of a tree ;
Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at his side ;
Under water men shall walk,

Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk ;
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green
Iron in water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat ;
Gold shall be found and shown
In land that is not now known ;
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew ;
The world to an end shall come
In the year eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

A stone was erected to her memory near Clifton, not far from the city of York, and on it the following epitaph was engraved :—

Here lies one who never lied,
Whose skill often has been tried ;
Her prophecies shall still survive,
And ever keep her name alive.

EUGENE ARAM (*From the "Records of York Castle"*). "Eugene Aram was by birth a Yorkshireman ; he came of a good family, which had, however, declined in prosperity, so that Aram's father was employed as gardener to Sir Edward Blackett. Young Aram exhibited early that remarkable taste for learning which subsequently gained him an honourable name, and his precocious tastes were fostered by his father's master. By sixteen, Aram had acquired much learning, which increased from year to year, mastering not only Latin and Greek, but Hebrew also, with extraordinary speed and ease. To these, while engaged as usher or tutor in various parts of the kingdom, he added Chaldee and Arabic, with botany, heraldry, and many of the sciences. He was living, married, at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, from 1743, where a Mr. William Norton was his patron, and afforded him the assistance necessary for the pursuit of his studies. But while thus engaged, Aram appears to have fallen in with evil associates. He became specially intimate with one Houseman, a flax dresser, and the two entered into a confederacy with another man named Clarke, who was to borrow plate and other valuables from his friends, and defraud them of the goods. Clarke was enabled to do this on the credit of a reputed fortune which was to come to him with his wife ; but he bought also, and pretended in this respect to act as agent for a London merchant, who wished to send these goods abroad.

"Suddenly Clarke disappeared, and was heard of no more. Aram and Houseman, who had been his associates, were suspected of complicity in the fraud, but, although the

houses of both were searched, little was found to incriminate them. A little later Aram also left Knaresborough, and nothing more was heard of him till he was found thirteen years afterwards an usher in a school at Lynn. Nothing more would have been heard of Clarke had not a labourer discovered, when digging at a place called Thistle Hill, near Knaresborough, the skeleton of a body, which had evidently been buried double, and which pointed clearly to some foul play. Suspicion arose that this skeleton was that of Daniel Clarke, and it was now remembered that Aram's wife—whom he had deserted—had hinted years before that her husband and Houseman had made away with Clarke. Search was made for Houseman. He was found, turned King's evidence, and directly accused Aram of the murder. His story went that he and Aram had left the house of the latter in company with Clarke, and that on reaching a place called St. Robert's Cave, Houseman saw Aram strike Clarke 'several times over the breast and head, and saw him fall as if he was dead, upon which he came away and left them.' He added later that Clarke's body was buried in the cave, where it was subsequently found.

"An enquiry was set on foot for Aram, who was eventually found at Lynn. John Barker, a constable of Knaresborough, identified him, and he was apprehended and conveyed to York Castle, where he was tried in August, 1759. In his defence he argued so ably, and with so much specious cleverness, that the judge characterised his speech as one of the most ingenious pieces of reasoning which had ever fallen under his notice. He pleaded first his known studious habits, and his hitherto unblemished life. 'My days,' he said, 'were honestly laborious; my nights intensely studious.' He urged that Clarke's disappearance was no proof that he was dead, and he quoted the case of the prisoner Thompson, who had escaped two years previously from York Castle, and of whom nothing more had been heard. He pointed out that human bones were so constantly discovered, that there could be nothing extraordinary in the appearance of these in St. Robert's Cave. Lastly, he deprecated the acceptance of circumstantial evidence and king's evidence, quoting many instances where both had been subsequently proved utterly false.

"Nevertheless, he was found guilty, and was sentenced to death. After his conviction he acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and confessed to the clergyman who administered to him that he had actually murdered Clarke. His excuse was that he suspected Clarke of having intrigues with Mrs. Aram.

"Aram was executed at the Tyburn, York, but he nearly cheated the gallows. The morning of the execution, when roused to have his irons removed, he was found too weak to rise. On examination it was discovered that he had opened a vein in his arm with a razor, which he had concealed in his cell. He was, however, promptly tended, and so far restored that he stood the journey to Knavesmire, and there met his end. After execution his body was hung in chains in Knaresborough Forest.

"A paper was found in his cell, written, as it was supposed, just before he cut his arm with the razor.

"I slept soundly till three o'clock, awoke, and then wrote these lines :—

'Come, pleasing rest, eternal slumber fall,
Seal mine that once must seal the eyes of all ;
Calm and composed my soul her journey takes,
No guilt that troubles, and no heart that aches.
Adieu ! thou sun, all bright like her arise,
Adieu ! fair friend, and all that's good and wise.'"

JOHN METCALFE.—John Metcalfe, better known as Blind Jack, was a native of Knaresborough ; he lost his sight at the age of four. His blindness, however, was no great hindrance to him. Being a good violin player, he was chief musician at the Queen's Head, High Harrogate, for many years.

In 1745 he joined Colonel Thornton's Troop, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk.

After his release, he commenced as carrier for conveyance of goods and passengers 'twixt Knaresborough and York, and, it is said, often served as guide along the intricate roads and through forests during the night, or when the paths were covered with snow. He was an expert swimmer, and also loved to follow the hounds.

In the art of love-making he shone pre-eminent, for, it is said, among his other exploits, he eloped with the damsel who became his wife, on the day appointed for her marriage with a rival.

Most extraordinary was also his skill in road-making and building bridges, etc. Many of our Yorkshire roads were originally planned by Blind Jack. The following is extracted from a letter of Blind Jack's to a friend.*

* "In the year 1760, I agreed to make between 20 and 30 miles of turnpike road leading from Wakefield to Manchester. The Trustees were very anxious to have it speedily done ; so I was obliged to employ about four hundred men. I had them in five companies ; each company a few miles distant from each other. I stationed myself and family, with a number of horses and carts, at a place called Lepton, near the road-side, about five miles east of Huddersfield, and eight west of Wakefield. I frequently went to the present Colonel Ratclif's. He was Captain, then, of a company in the Militia, he being one of the principal commissioners and subscribers to the turnpike road. One time I found a coach standing in the court : I asked the reason of its standing there. He told me he had been building a new Hall, but had got up no outbuildings ; besides, he said, he had no occasion for it, though it cost his father one hundred guineas. I told him, as he had no lady, I would buy it of him for my lady. After a good many words betwixt us, I agreed for it for four guineas, though it was worth four or five times the money. Colonel Ratclif was Justice of the Peace then ; his clerk was rather of a merryish disposition, and he said, I would have you to come on such a day for it ; the Justice will be from home, and I will ride with you in it to Huddersfield ; and accordingly I did, and we both got into the coach. A man who was rather short of understanding rode the fore-horse, with a short pipe in his mouth, and without a hat. We had a pickaxe on one side of the coach, and a spade on the other. Lest they should mention any duty to us, we meant to say we were removing tools for the use of the turnpike road. We drove to the best inn in Huddersfield. We had plenty of company, as very few coaches passed in

Passing out of Knaresborough, we follow the highway which leads to Ripley, and a few minutes brings us to the entrance of the drive to Scriven Hall and village, through a beautiful avenue of majestic trees, elm, ash, and beech, whose mighty trunks, towering to the clouds, are intermingled with the dark foliage of monstre firs, giving deep contrast to the rich woodland scene.

There oft the muse, what most delight her sees,
Long living galleries of aged trees ;
Bold sons of earth, that lift their arms so high
As if once more they would invade the sky.

* SCRIVEN HALL.

The home of the Slingsbys is charmingly situated in the midst of a fine park, where stand many noble trees, their spreading branches, still waving in the breeze, remnants of that vast forest of Knaresborough, which once reached twenty miles from east to west, and from six to eight miles in width. The Norman Barons were great hunters, and so are their descendants at the present day.

We can easily imagine the hunting scene on a golden autumn morn, as the branches gently rustled in the morning breeze, and the woods resounded with merriment, the curvetting of fiery steeds, while ever and anon the shrill blast of the hunter's horn, mingled with the sounds of baying hounds and the rush of the hunters through the forest glades, were sights and sounds often seen and heard.

The family of Scrivens trace their descent from Gamel, the king's fowler, and settled here soon after the conquest. Baldwin, son of Gamel, was Forester of the Forest and Parks of Knaresborough, and his descendants held that office for several generations.

that quarter, and particularly in the situation we were tackled in. Then we proceeded home to Lepton : and the Sunday following yoked six cart-horses to the coach, told my wife she should ride in a coach and six of her own ; though her relations reflected on her marriage, yet she had risen to a greater pitch than any of her generation before her. The late Sir John Kay lived at Grainge Hall, about a mile off us ; he being a good-natured gentleman, and often being free in talking to me, I sent to let him know that I and my lady were going an airing on to Grange Moor, with my coach and six, and would be glad if he would accompany us with his chaise. Sir John was very diverted with the joke. A few days after I said to my lady, if we continue the equipage we shall want new liveries for servants and new harness for six horses, so I put my former intention into execution, which was to pull the coach to pieces and take off the leather and iron for proper use, and put the wheels on to two little carts. I can't say but it caused rather a flatness in my lady, to see her splendid equipage so suddenly demolished."

* Scriven : the residence of the schrieve or sheriff of the district, where (in olden times) was held the scyregemot, or court.

Near the village of Scriven is an eminence called "Conyrig-Garth," or, the "King's Enclosure." This piece of ground is supposed to have been the camping place of a Saxon or Danish army. On a rising ground half-a-mile from this spot, were found, about one hundred years ago, by men digging for gravel, several human skeletons laid side by side, with each a small urn at their heads.

Sir Henry Siingsby was M.P. for Knaresborough in 1640, and colonel in the king's army during the civil war. He spent a great part of his fortune in the cause of Charles I., fought in several actions, was a very brave and skilful officer. He was long a prisoner at Hull, and was tried at Westminster for offering to deliver some part of the garrison for service of Charles II. Sir Henry was condemned to death. He suffered on Tower Hill, along with Dr. Hewitt, June 7th, 1658, persisting in his loyalty to the Stuarts, saying with his last breath he died for being an honest man. Leaving the Hall, a few yards brings us to Scriven village. Its ancient farmyards remind us of "J. F. Herring's" truthful paintings of those scenes. The village has an old English appearance, and, with its pretty green, presents a picture of quiet and peace.

Turning to the left from this village, a mile and a half brings us to

SCOTTON,

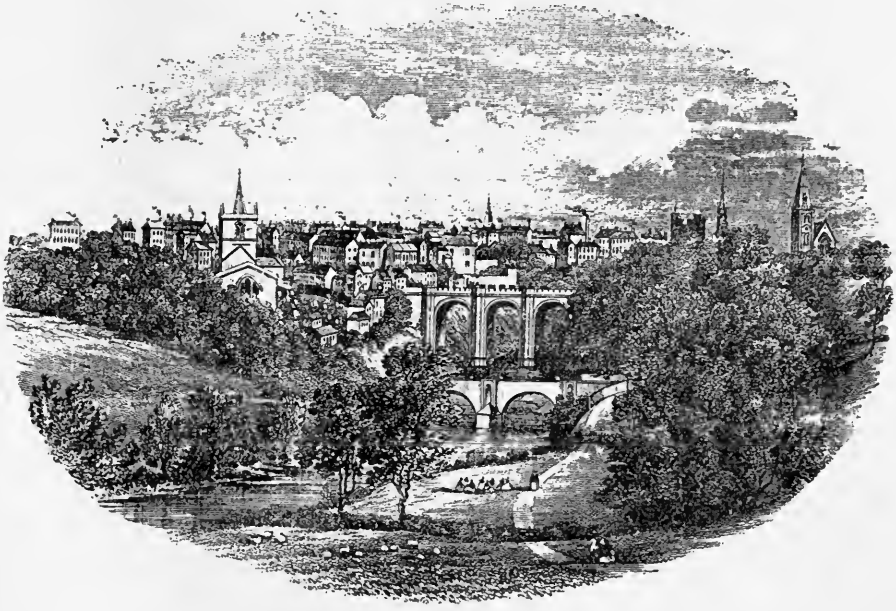
whose first inhabitants, Hargrove says, were from Scotland.

In the time of William the Conqueror, Robert de Brus held lands here. This old warrior was the ancestor of the noble and illustrious family of Bruce, which gave to Scotland her best and bravest king. He was a person of great strength and valour, and was sent by William to subdue the Saxons in the North, and was rewarded with much land. He fought against the Scotch at the battle of the Standard, and having estates in Scotland, felt himself under obligation to both armies. Just before the signal of battle the old veteran rode up to the Scotch Army and tried to persuade them to give up battle; his discourse seemed to make a great impression on their king; until his nephew exclaimed, "these are the words of a traitor." The old Norman warrior only replied to this insult by retracting his oath of fealty and homage, and galloped back to the English lines. Then the highlanders raised their war cry, "Alben! Alben!" The armies now engaged in fierce conflict. The Scots were defeated. Robert died 1141. At Scotton also dwelt Guido Fawkes; the house where he lived stands a small field's length from the village. He was born in the City of York, his father dying when Guy was young. He seems to have made the acquaintance of several catholic families of note, who were enraged at the heavy fines they had to pay, and the severe laws enacted against them. From these and other causes sprung the plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament. Guy was arrested at the door of the vaults which spread under the Parliament Chambers. In the vaults were thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, all ready for igniting. When brought bound before the king, he was asked how he could have heart to destroy so many innocent souls. "Dangerous diseases," said he, "require desperate remedies." One of the Scottish courtiers asked him: "Why so many barrels of gunpowder?" "One of my reasons," said Guy, "was to blow Scotchmen back to Scotland."

On asking one of the villagers if they could tell us any anecdote or tradition about

Guy, he replied, "Na, I ain't lived here vary lang, and he left this toon before I cam here, but I en nae doot if ye ax ony t'foakes the'll be sare ta hev somebody related ta him, as everybody is related ta yan another here, but," says he, "we doant mak mich on him hi this toon, we doant."

Leaving this rustic old village with its history and traditions, we start down the highway which leads from Knaresborough to Ripley. Deep down on our left the river can be seen, rippling onward, as it winds its way by Scotton Banks and Bilton Woods. A mile from Knaresborough is the spot where the Roundheads encamped, November, 1644, previous to storming the castle, and many a relic of that camp, we are told, has been found near the spot.



Knaresborough from Bilton Fields.

To our left a glorious panorama of country opens to our view. Away across the sweet fertile vale of Mowbray and York, the eye wanders with pleasure, and in the far distance, the bold background of the Hambleton and Cleveland Hills, and in the opposite direction glimpses of the rugged wolds, enclosing a rich scene of fertile country and landscape, so beautiful that the mind of the spectator is filled with admiration. Still keeping along the highway, after a two miles' walk we come to the extensive grounds in which stands Nidd Hall, late the residence of Miss Rawson. Here formerly dwelt the ancient family of Trappes. The Church was built in 1868, on the site of the old structure. A Norman font and remains of a Saxon cross are of interest to the antiquary.

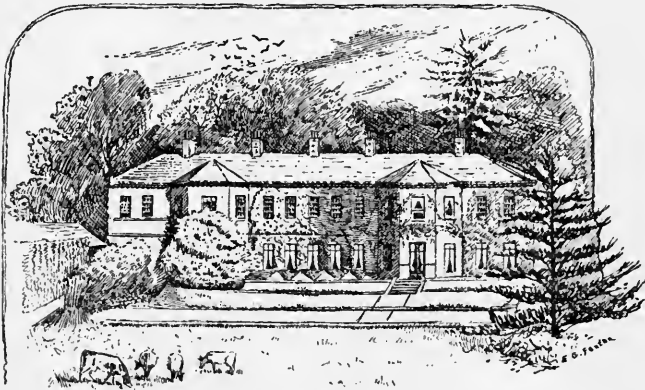
Half-a-mile further we take the footpath to our left, and reach the river side again. A few minutes' walk along its rich and smiling banks is the mill and bridge at Ripley.

BILTON FIELDS.

Returning to Knaresborough we pass into the fields opposite the Sulphur Wells, a few minutes' walk brings us to the brow of the hill, and from this spot a lovely and varied scene opens to view. The river can be seen winding along under two bridges, past the town, mansion, and yellow washed cots, which are thrown and twisted into every nook and corner of the cliffs, on the summit of which stands boldly forth the remnants of the castle, a relic of ages.

CONYNGHAM HOUSE

Stands on the opposite bank of the river, its situation being most picturesque. From the house is a rich scene of meadows and water, with its woodland and moorland background,



Conyngham House.

gives some fine views of scenery not to be equalled in the neighbourhood. This house formerly belonged to the Coghill family, and was bought from Sir John Coghill, Bart., by the Right Honourable the Countess of Conyngham, in the year 1726, and now belongs to Basil Thomas Wood, Esquire, J.P. This family have in their possession the Star of the Order of the Garter,

worn by Charles I. on the morning of his execution. Still following the path over the fields we turn to the right close past Bilton Hall (the residence of Miss Watson), and down to the river side. The view of the river from the summit of the hill as it runs through the woods is charming. Deep down is the water, flashing in the sunlight, running merrily along, leaping over many a boulder, which is scattered here on every hand. On both sides are dense woods, rising one hundred and sixty feet above the river, their innumerable branches waving in the breeze or dancing o'er the rippling water. The woods extend along the river's bank as far as the eye can reach, not a meadow or cultivated field is to be seen. Nothing but waving woods and murmuring waters.

To those who love river and forest scenery, such will scarcely ever weary of gazing on this romantic scene.

The tranquil flowing of its waters, shadowed with trees, that droop their branches to the river's edge and kiss the cooling stream, now past lichen-covered rocks and undergrowth of eglantine and honeysuckle, primrose and daisy, which lend beauty and peace to this scene.

Such is the beautiful Nidd at Bilton Banks. The best time for enjoying this scene is at sunset, when the shadows deepen and the mist veil steals along the surface of the river like a silver lining, through which it can be seen shimmering along like a mystic dream. The sun, in his descent, lights up the woods in splendour, now gleaming in glorious light : then deepening into gloom and mystery, and as the last sight of the golden orb droops over Whernside's massive brow, the hush of stillness and night spreads o'er the scene.

How dim and indistinct the silent scene !

O'er groves and valleys, sleeping mists are spread,
Like a soft silvery mantle ; while the stream,
Scarce heard to flow, steals on its pebbly bed ;
Nor e'en a ripple wakes the silence round,
As if it flowed, perchance, through some enchanted
ground.

But O, the gorgeous tint, the dazzling glow

In the clear west ; for scarce the sun is gone !
That glorious tint doth yet a radiance throw,
On the hill top, while, aye, each old grey stone
Glitters like diamonds, 'mid the mountain heath.
While fades, in deep'ning gloom, the sleeping vale
beneath.

A footpath runs through the woods, near to the river banks, and passes on the right the ruins of Scotton Mills, a very picturesque spot, and further on comes in view that massive structure, the Nidd Valley Bridge. Still onwards, we pass Nidd Village on our right, and again reach the bridge at Ripley.

Another favourite route from Bilton Banks is to take the footpath through Bilton Village, past Bachelor Gardens, and forward into the Harrogate road.

Hitherto we have been describing a tranquil river, flowing peacefully through meadows, woods, and cultivated land, but

away up the valley are to be seen the rich beauties of mountain and moorland, from whence streams rushing through cave and chasm, leap over gigantic rocks, forming beautiful cascades and waterfalls, and at last blend with the waters of the Nidd, and flow through a vale rich with many a varied scene of majestic grandeur and surpassing loveliness.



Moonrise.—Bilton Banks.

OWEN BOWEN.



CHAPTER X.

HARROGATE.

ONE warm summer's day, ever memorable by the marriage of the Duke of York and the Princess May, found the writer resting under a shade of trees, on the rising land overlooking Oak Beek; some mile and a half from the fashionable and healthy town of Harrogate. Near us a few cattle quietly graze by the wayside, tended by the herd boy, others are lazily chewing their cud and whisking off swarms of troublesome flies. Still further on our right, are three or four caravans and waggons forming the home and carrying the stock-in-trade of a gipsy merchant. Several horses and ponies are scattered grazing by the road side, whilst the gipsy family are lounging here and there in picturesque attitudes. Some three or four gaunt and lean looking hounds are lazily stretched under the shade of wagons, away from the glare and the heat of the mid-day sun. Passing us in seeming haste to reach the town, are many pedestrians in holiday attire. On asking them the meaning of all this seeming pleasure, replied, "Why, sir, don't ye know Princess May's getting married?" On this day the writer walked through several villages, and the smiling faces of the happy children who were having a treat, were a pleasure to look on, and we should imagine Princess May's wedding day will ever be gratefully remembered by them. After noting the surroundings, and the broad and almost treeless expanse in front, we turn to gaze across the fairy town of Harrogate, which spreads out on the high range of lands, finely situated for receiving the salubrious breezes wafted to its doors from the heather clad hills. To-day the scene is rendered more picturesque, for, from tower, spire, stately hydros, and hotels, hundreds of banners wave in the breeze, and as we write we hear the merry chimes of bells announcing the marriage of England's future King and Queen. The small rivulet which ripples and

patters in front of us, takes its rise some five miles away, near to the ruins of John o' Gaunt's castle, and enters the Nidd to the north of Bilton Woods. For the time being we will forget the gay doings at the beautiful and stately town, whose salubrious breezes, and the hygienic virtues of whose springs have become renowned the world over, and look back across the bridge of centuries to that time when the land on which Harrogate now stands was the centre of a vast forest, circling for many miles around. In



Bilton.

ancient days the forest proper extended to the southern slope of Whernside, to where the Wharfe, after a twelve miles' course through a wild region, approaches to within four miles of the source of the Nidd, and extended nearly thirty miles south to that neck of land where the two rivers approach near to each other at Wetherby and Ribstone. Immense trees of vast bulk and growth of many centuries, which have been unearthed from time to time, attest this fact. A few miles east of the large forest, and just on the edge of the marsh country, stood Isuer, the largest city and capital of the warlike Brigantes. In and around the skirts of the forest the Britons had smaller towns, encompassed by a wall or stockade of trees. Strabo says:—"The forests of the Britons are their cities, for when they have enclosed a space with trees, they build within it houses of a frail sort, and sheds for cattle. At the beginning of the Christian era, the wave of Roman conquest began to affect those parts, and for the space of 70 years the tide of war ebbed and flowed, until the supremacy of the Roman gained complete ascendancy. It was the Romans who curtailed to a great extent the size of the forest, large quantities of timber being used for smelting lead and iron ore, and also for building towns, cities, and places of defence. Vestiges of ancient trackways made through the forest by those people still remain. When the Saxon pushed his conquest to these shores, the forest afforded a rallying and hiding place to the retreating Briton. The old Celtic race who had been subject, and to a great extent the slaves of Rome, refused to accept bondage at the hands of the Saxon, and so the forest became the scene of ambuscade, skirmishing, and fierce fighting. No historian has handed down an accurate history of this period, yet we know that the Britons held the kingdom of Elmete against all foes, until the days of the great Saxon Edwine, after which the remnants of the nation baffled, but not beaten, retired to the woods and glens of the north and west, from whose natural fastnesses they were never driven. The place, names, and tumula, and the many primitive weapons of

warfare are silent memorials of those days. A house bearing the name of "Pendragon's Castle" was standing near Harlow Hill, at the beginning of the present century. Uter Pendragon, a British prince, gained a great victory over the Saxons, a few miles from hence, towards the close of the fifth century. Harlow Hill is supposed to have been his camping ground, for when the earth was dug up for the planting of trees, about the middle of last century, many querns or mill stones, and other relics of Celtic days, were found. At this date the prowling bear, wild boar and ox, and packs of hungry wolves, were a source of danger to those children who dwelt in the forest. Passing on to the advent of the Normans, we find that the forest and the adjoining lands, at that period, chiefly in the possession of Gamelbar, Gospatric, and Myrlestone, a large stone with cross and sword carved on, in memory of the latter chieftain, who withstood the Conqueror, is still to be seen in Kirk Deighton church. From these Saxon chiefs it passed by conquest into the grasping hands of William de Percie and Gilbert Tyson. Thus we see the change of destiny time in its flight brings forth. Yet the Saxon chiefs were not made of stuff to tamely submit to the haughty Norman, so the forest became again the rendezvous of all who would not stoop to the slavery of the invader. Charles Kingsley has graphically described in his "Hereward the Wake," the forest life of these outlaws. In 1066 and the two following years, the Saxons emerged from their hiding places and captured York city, and put the Norman garrison both at this place and Durham to the sword. The anger of the Conqueror was terrible. "By the splendour of God" he swore to utterly destroy, burn, slay, and stamp out of existence the Saxon people of Northumbria. How this terrible oath was fulfilled, three simple words mournfully tell, "it was waste." In Saxon times just within and around the edge of the forest, were several towns and many small hamlets, surrounded with cultivated lands, meadows, and pasture. Knaresborough, just within the skirt of the forest, was a complete Saxon manor or township, presiding over ten others, having some 42 carucates of land under cultivation. A few years later, at the Domesday Survey, such was the havoc and ruin which had been wrought, that nearly the whole manor is described waste and at one-sixth of the original value. In the havoc and ruin of the Conqueror's fury, the forest to a great extent would afford a natural protection to the hunted Saxon, otherwise the destruction of human life would have been far greater. Towards the latter end of the eleventh century, the whole of the forest lands passed by forfeiture into the hands of William Rufus, the "Red King," and was known henceforth as the Royal forest of Knaresborough. On the banks of the Nidd, Serlo de Burgh, had reared a mighty stronghold, where troops of heavily armed Normans were kept, to overawe and check the numerous bands of outlawed Saxons who found a refuge in the solitudes of the forest. The Norman Kings had a great passion for hunting. Two sons and a grandson of the Conqueror were slain by arrows whilst indulging in this passion of chase. The reader will perhaps pardon us if we pause and observe that at the death of the Conqueror,

he was deserted by all his attendants, and his corpse left naked for several hours. So, by a remarkable coincidence, the body of this son, Rufus, was deserted in that awful hour of death by all that gallant array of huntsmen who had accompanied and had made the woods echo with sounds of chase, and as he thus lay, ghastly and deserted, the blood weltering from his wound, a poor charcoal burner approached, and the body was placed in his jolting cart, where it remained until next day without any covering, and in that condition was conveyed in the same cart to Winchester for interment, where, says the chronicler of that period, "many persons looked on, but few grieved," and not one of that gallant cavalcade, who had ridden forth at his command on the morning of the chase, was to be found at his interment to shed a tear over his tragic death.*

It was said of King William, that he loved the wild beasts as if he had been their father. He exacted most harsh and galling penalties for their preservation, while the slaying of a man might be atoned for by compensation. It was decreed that whoever should kill a stag, or a deer, a wild boar, or even a hare, should be punished with total blindness. Even the Norman barons were, to a great extent, forbidden to hunt on their own estates, or keep sporting dogs, unless subjected to such a mutilation of their fore paws, as left them nearly useless for hunting. Whole districts were depopulated to enlarge the forests and parks, which were stocked with deer, wild boar, and other game, for their amusement. Most notably in Hampshire, a large piece of country, ninety miles in circumference, was made into one vast hunting ground; over one hundred villages and hamlets, and even churches, were thrown down—these venerable places, where the voice of prayer had been heard for generations; where the young bride had pledged her vows; and where words of sympathy and hope were spoken, to cheer the hearts of those who laid their friends to rest besides its walls. Nothing was held sacred when the stern decree of the Conqueror went forth, and he who passed by later saw only the smoking ruins of town, castle, village, and church.

ROBIN HOOD AND KNARESBOROUGH FOREST.—The despotic forest laws and tyranny of the hunting kings, which caused the barons to enter into that confederacy which produced the Magna Charta; the same despotism was one of the principal causes of those large bands of Saxon outlaws being formed, who roamed the forest, killing and eating the King's game with impunity, and making the greenwood and forest glade resound with their merriment.

* Of all the Norman Kings, William the Red was the most harsh and unrelenting in the enforcing of the forest laws. No member of the Saxon race was allowed to enter the Royal forest with dogs or weapons, calculated to destroy game, except at the peril of being slain, and so it is said, the poor enslaved Saxons nicknamed him the "Woodkeeper and herdsman of wild beasts." Until the present century the descendants of Furkiss, the charcoal burner, continued to reside on the same site, and to follow the same calling as their ancestors over 600 years previous, and until a few years ago a wheel of the very cart which had borne the dead King to his tomb at Winchester, had been kept by them as a relic through those many changeeful centuries.

Foremost among the many great leaders of those forest bands, stands Robert, or Robin Hood, the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon—hero of many a gay scene—a name which made the Norman baron tremble in his castle, and the greedy oppressor turn pale. The great Yorkshire forests and Sherwood were his principal places of resort, as many places near this river bearing his name testify, such as Robin Hood's Park, and Robin Hood's Well, etc.; and it was on the banks of the Skell, that Robin Hood and the Friar fought a dreadful fight; also, at Fountains Abbey, for generations, tradition says, his bow and arrows were to be seen.

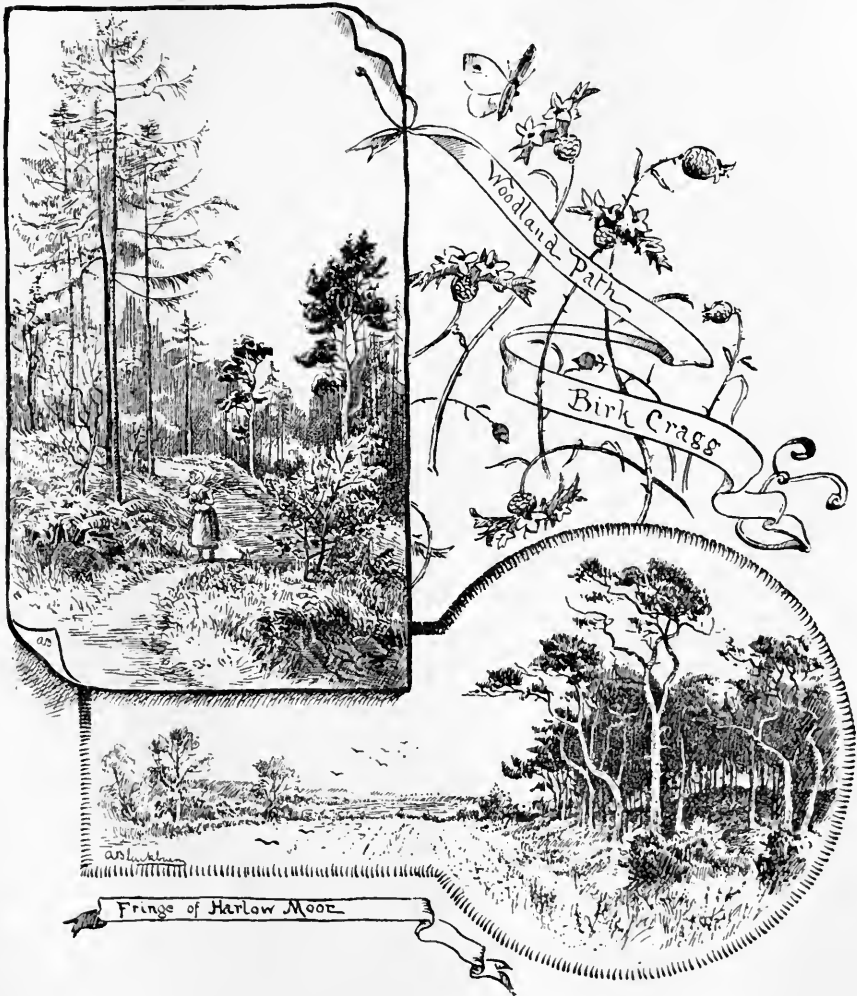
How vastly changed is the scene. The old Nidd winds its way to the sea as of yore; all else is changed, save a few remnants of that mighty castle, and here and there an old tree, sole survivors of that once mighty forest, since this bold chieftain, and his merry men, roamed at pleasure through the great Knaresborough forests, chasing the King's deer, their bugles sounding down the sylvan glades, filling the woods with echoes. What a charming life these outlaws must have had in the spring and summer time, when the warm sunlight played hide and seek amongst the trees, and the joyous notes of the cuckoo and the ringdove were heard, and rich coloured songsters piped forth their sweet music.

Truly, a life of stirring incidents, adventure, and romance. Sometimes the outlaw would be visited by the wandering troubadour, harper, and minstrel, who would sing the old Saxon ballads, and recount the great deeds of prowess and martial fame of their ancestors. The woods would ring with acclamation of praise to the minstrels; goblet and horn filled to the brim with rich red wine, sparkling in the sunlight, would be quaffed to the health of the King and Queen of the forest glade. Then the troubadour, recounting the deeds of the good King Alfred, how, disguised as a bard, he was admitted into the Danish camp, enchanting the sea rovers with harp and song, after which, gathering together his brave Saxons, he utterly defeated them and brought peace to the land. Then, flushed with enthusiasm, he would tell of the great Earl Godwin, Hereward the Wake, and of Harold the brave, and how the latter crushed the fierce Danes in the Yorkshire vales, slaying their mighty giant king, with ten thousand of his army, their blood changing the clear stream of the old Derwent to crimson; then, rushing southwards with his banners proudly waving in triumph, he met the cruel Norman on the fatal field of Senlac, where, bravely fighting for his country and his crown, he met a hero's death.

The forest bands in their rich dress of Lincoln green, reclining 'neath the shade of some monster oak; with stout Friar Tuck, and little John, and Much, the miller's son, and the fair Lady Marion, Queen of the forest glade and wife of Robin Hood, all listening in rapt attention, completes this picturesque scene, worthy the pencil of a Salvator Rosa, or Sir John Gilbert.*

* Age, and the rough life he endured, at length weakened the bold outlaw. It is said he tried his shafts one morning, and found he could neither send them so far nor so fast as was his wont, so he resolved

HAVERAH PARK.—Within the forest of Knaresboro', and some few miles distant from that place, an enclosed portion of some 2,000 acres, known as Heywara Park, a path or gait across the open forest, was named Heywra gait. The pathway to Heyrau, from



which, by many slight alterations during the flight of time, we have received "the world-wide name of Harrogate." For many generations the enclosed portion was known as

to visit Kirklees Nunnery, where lived a celebrated prioress. He had often heard of her great skill in medicine, and hoped she would be able to stay the fever that consumed him. "Welcome, Cousin Robert," said the prioress, but treachery was in her heart, for she bore no goodwill to the outlaw. He entered in through the strong oaken door, but he returned not, save as a corpse borne by his companions, in bitter grief, to the tomb.

Haverah Park, for which name legend tells the following story. On the western side of this park there still remains to be seen the ruins of an ancient fortress, known at this day as John of Gaunt's Castle, and possibly built by that nobleman as a hunting seat when lord of Knarborough. Many a grand scene of feast and revelry, following the great hunt, will this old fortress have witnessed. It was in those days when John of Gaunt was lord of the forest, that a cripple, borne on crutches, named Haverah, begged of this lord a piece of land, from which he might gain a subsistence. The request was granted in the following terms :—

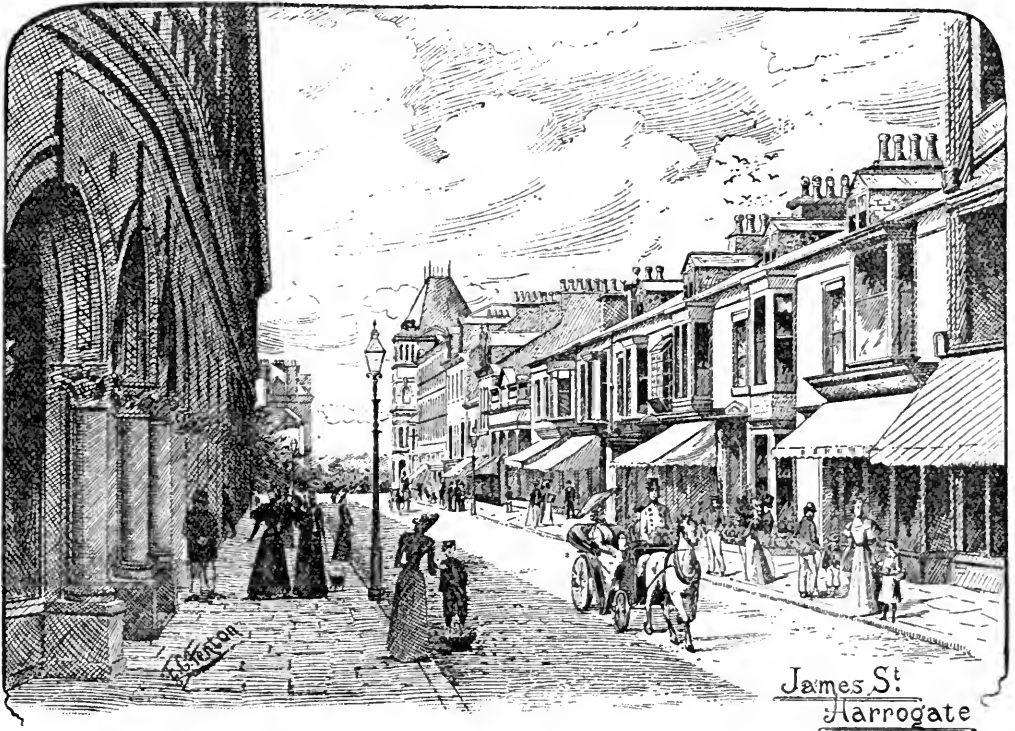
“ I, John o' Gaunt,
Do give and do grant
To thee, Haverah,
As much of my ground
As thou cans't hop round
On a long summer's day.”

The cripple selected the longest day in the year for his task. Starting off just as the sun's rays pierced the eastern sky, he kept hopping all day, and as the glorious orb was drooping behind the hills of Craven, Haverah had completed the circuit within a few paces, and over this he threw his crutches, and thus took possession of the land, which has ever since borne the name of Haverah Park.* Besides the hunting ground and sheltering place for the wild beasts, the forest afforded, in the 15th and 16th centuries, a hiding place and refuge for rebels, outlaws, and robbers. About this time the wolf and wild boar became extinct, and the smaller animals had become a pest during the march of civilization, and so it was decreed for the forest to be cleared of its timber. Then was to be heard the crashing of noble trees, the growth of centuries, and the sound of the woodman's axe, and in different parts of the forest there now arose many woodmen's dwellings, and to this day the descendants of those woodmen dwell on the same site which was cleared of its timber some three centuries ago by their ancestors. Thus slowly, we see the large forest levelled, and with it disappeared those herds of stately deer, and other animals of the chase, which afforded such pleasure to the Norman kings, and the great lords of a contemporary age. Although the forest has become a thing of the past, there has gradually risen within its ancient domains a beautiful town, such as the hunters of old never dreamt of, and as the writer was resting on the Stray, with its

* A similar legend is recorded of the Burgoynes, who were originally the lords of Caxton, in Cambridgeshire, whilst the Manor of Sutton, in Bedfordshire, was, tradition says, granted to them for some service done to John o' Gaunt, in the following rhyme :—

“ I, John o' Gaunt,
Do give and do graunt,
To John Burgoyne,
And the heirs of his loyn,
Sutton and Patton,
Until the world's rotten.”

fringe of beautiful mansions, magnificent hotels, paths, promenades, and streets, over which passed a gentle and refreshing breeze, thinking and musing of the strange contrast to the past, and of varied and unrivalled properties of the medicinal springs, efficacious to all manner of disease, which must needs travel great distances in the earth to gather the mineral qualities they possess before bursting forth at this place to relieve distressed humanity, and which, along with its unsurpassed purity of air and beauty of situation, has been the chief cause of drawing people from all parts of the world, and for whose comfort has gradually been reared this beautiful town.



The high tableland on which it stands, its salubrious air, its delightful situation and geological formation, and the fine tracts of country by which it is surrounded, allowing full play for the health-giving breeze wafted to its door, alone make it, to the city and toil-worn man, the best place to recoup his fallen energies. The first medicinal spring was discovered by Captain William Slingsby, in 1571. The year 1671 saw the first inn built, before which time visitors were lodged in cottages and farms. By the close of the 17th century, two other inns were built. In the year 1731, a visitor gives the following account of the place:—"Nothing can be more fine and agreeable than the intercourse

here. Each strives to make another happy, and nearly as much is effected by good temper and cheerfulness, in recovering valetudinarians, as by the waters themselves. The mixture of families at the inns and boarding-houses renders the entire company of a thousand individuals like one happy family, and misanthropy is put in good humour in spite of itself. Harrowgate is in truth an antidote to ennui and low spirits, and hence its attractions to those who kill themselves at home with care, or indulge little in the intercourse of society. The ladies, too, add the charm of their society to the entire time



spent at Harrowgate, and both sexes vie with each other in the art of being mutually agreeable.” The following verses describe Harrowgate at the beginning of the present century :—

Through Knaresbrough I pass'd, from that field of renown
And arriv'd safe at Harrowgate—drove to the Crown ;
I inquir'd for two rooms—heard them quickly declare
The house was so full, they'd not one room to spare ;
Then I drove to the Crescent, and then the White Hart ;
But they each, my dear fellow, performed the same part,
The reason did, afterwards, plainly appear,
'Twas because I'd no servant attending me there :

Then I drove up a lane, which resembles a street,

And arriv'd at a house, which I thought very neat ;
I inquir'd of a woman, who stood at the door,
If they'd room—and she answered with “ Oh ! to be
sure !

Though a deal o' fine folks du to this house repair,
I think we, at present, hev yan room to spare ! ”
I lik'd this far better than what I had seen
At the places, before, where I lately had been ;
In her plainness I saw there was something sincere,
And I'd heard—that a many good people came there.

The house is erected upon a high ground,
 From which it commands a fine prospect around ;
 In short, to be brief, as a fine situation,
 I believe it is equal'd by few in the nation ;
 Their provisions I'd heard, and I find, are so good,
 That I'll send all my friends to the fam'd R*b*n-H**d.

And, now I've describ'd the good lodgings I've found,
 I'll inform you of all I've observed around ;
 Though in language not florid, nor verse that's sublime,
 'Tis the substance of truth, in the garments of rhyme ;
 And as I've been told, and I've heard you declare,
 That you purpose, ere long, to this place to repair.
 This description, I doubt not, will please you far more
 Than all the descriptions I've sent you before.

Here, I find, are two villages, not very small,
 Which the people do High and Low Harrowgate call :
 The first a fine view of the country commands—
 Here the Race Ground is seen, and the Theatre stands ;
 And here are the Dragon, the Granby, and Queen,
 Three excellent inns, on the side of the green ;
 Besides the Chalybeate Fountain, which serves
 To cure the diseases of stomach and nerves,

From Harlow Hill, a magnificent scene spreads before the eye. The vales of Mowbray and York, the Hambleton hills and country northwards, to the Tees south-east, the fringe of the wolds to the plains of the Humber. The following verses will describe the scene :—

“ And then on Harlow Tower we stood,
 The racing breezes coursed around,
 There stole to us each murmured sound,
 From distant town, and field, and wood.

Castle, and hall, and hamlet lay,
 Bare to the sky in beauty wild
 And sunlit, proudly flashing, smiled,
 Fair in the golden light of day.

A Library, too ; where subscribers, who choose,
 Repair, every morning, to look at the news ;
 Or, if they should wish to read more at their ease,
 Have books, to their lodgings, whenever they please :
 Here a very great number of shops may be seen,
 All arrang'd, in a row, on the side of the green—
 Jewellers, milliners, tailors, and drapers,
 Perfumers, and druggists, and boot and shoe-makers.

From there to the Low Town, if over the style,
 I find that the distance is near half a mile ;
 The house I am at I have mentioned before,
 So that house, my dear friend, I shall mention no more.
 Besides the house, kept by the fam'd MRS. B*xNS,
 Here you also will find are five excellent inns,
 The Crown, and the Crescent, White Hart, Swan and Bell
 Which for accommodation few inns can excel ;
 No subjects of Britain's imperial crown
 Ever heard of such Waters of fame and renown,
 Nor can mariners mention the land or the coast,
 Where are waters like those which this village can boast ;
 And to which, every year, many thousands resort,
 From town and from country, from city and court.

There swept a music o'er the lands ;
 There hung a glory in the skies,
 That streaked the clouds with thousand dyes ;
 The laughing streamlets clapped their hands ;

* * * *

Clear bursts of verdure shone with flowers ;
 Calm sheets of water slept between,
 And far, past many a regal scene,
 Uprose the proud York Minster towers.”

THE NIDD AS A FISHING GROUND.

The Nidd, from an angler's point of view, is considered one of the best streams in the county, embracing as it does almost every description of fresh water fishing, from the heavy trolling for jack, to the light gossamer-like tackle for the trout and grayling. Commencing at its confluence with the Ouse at Nun Monkton up to the highest reaches in Whernside, there is scarcely a mile of water but where fish of various kinds may be found. For the first two or three miles from the Ouse, chub, roach, eels and dace are plentiful, though mostly of small size. Pike, too, are dwellers hereabouts,

as also perch, willow-blade, and flounders, these latter being locally called "flat fish." As Skip Bridge and Hammerton are approached the water becomes deeper, with numerous "holds" wherein large perch thrive and give plenty of sport to the enthusiast with fine tackle and slender rod. Above Kirk Hammerton Mill, a long stretch of deep water contains some fine specimens of *lucius*, and the generality of the specimens from this reach are somewhat larger than those further down the stream. Continuing an upward course the river again becomes narrow and rapid until Cattal Bridge is reached, when the character of the Nidd alters—streams and deeps alternating. This continues as far as Cowthorpe, when another long, deep stretch of water extends for nearly a mile, this portion being noted for containing the largest roach and heaviest pike in the Nidd. Walshford Bridge is then reached, and the beautiful pebbly streams above denote the home of the trout, and occasionally the grayling. Between this point and Ribstone Bridge, the beck Crimble empties itself into the river, at the mouth of which is a noted haunt for pike and also for roach. When the former were less numerous than at the present time, the number of trout passing up this beck to spawn must have been enormous, since during the winter months batches of trout ova used to be met with in every favourable spot, but in recent years this annual migration has greatly fallen off, partly through occasional poisonings, and partly due to the increase of pike in this portion of the river. The characteristic nature of the Nidd up to this point is continued until Goldsborough Mill Dam is reached, when the whole of the surroundings seem to change. It is noteworthy that salmon ascend to this weir, yet beyond which few ever pass; occasionally a strong fish has managed to leap the obstruction and reach as far as the Castle Mill Dam at Knaresborough.

At this place the scenery changes from one of quiet sameness to rugged grandeur. The grayling here rise like lightning from the bed of the river to the surface; the trout may be seen chasing the minnows and other small fry, and from Knaresborough upwards the finest stretches of water are found, and the largest baskets of trout captured. The further the river is ascended the more rocky and rugged are its approaches, until the undulating land between Nidd Railway Bridge and Birstwith is reached.

Beyond this, passing several noted trout becks as far as Pateley Bridge, up to Rams-gill and Goyden, the ruggedness becomes even more pronounced, until in the end, the Nidd is little better than a mountain stream, yet still containing the speckled beauties for which it is so famous. Apparently there are three distinct kinds of trout in the Nidd; first there is the Nidd trout proper—a short, thick-set fish, beautifully spotted, with massive fore-quarters and powerful tail; secondly, there is a smaller fish, somewhat slimmer, but equally game; and thirdly, a long attenuated kind, of lighter colour, marked with fewer spots, and commonly called a "duffer." The weights of these kinds vary, the largest seldom scaling beyond 3 lbs., a two-pounder being considered a prodigy, the

general run being from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. in weight. The heaviest are most frequently captured about half-way between the rise and the mouth of the river, those in the higher reaches being smaller. Although grayling inhabit the Nidd, they do not seem to thrive in this water as in the Wharfe, Yore, and upper reaches of the Swale, a kind of fungus attacking them when about 8 oz. in weight, the tail and dorsal fins being the first to suffer. Of recent years they have become more numerous, though sometimes a stream known to contain a number one year, may be fished in vain the next—in short, they seem to be gifted with migratory habits. Touching the question of free and preserved club waters, the Nidd, generally speaking, is free, permission of course having to be obtained from the various riparian owners. From Killinghall Bridge to Ribstone the river is preserved by the Knaresborough Anglers' Club, who strictly look after the rights of their members, although there are plenty of places both above and below this stretch where little is said to the angler who closes gates after him, respects fences, and uses civility when spoken to, though it is best to be armed with the necessary permit. Respecting coarse fishing, the finest dace come from the neighbourhood of Birstwith and Ripley, the heaviest barbel inhabit the deeps near Knaresborough; eels may be taken in any part of the river, and the finest specimens of roach, pike, chub, and perch from Ribstone downwards.

Like other rivers, there is no end of legendary lore. There are also many incidents recorded of how fish of large size were caught; how celebrated anglers fell into the water while asleep; and many other interesting bits of tittle-tattle only heard at the river-side inn or local club house. The following may be taken as a sample: A party of gentlemen came from the neighbourhood of Leeds to enjoy a day's angling on the Nidd. On arriving at Knaresborough, much loud talk was indulged in touching the heavy basket each was going to take home with him; and so a wager was made that he who possessed the least catch in the evening should transfer numerous silver coins to the landlord of the "Anglers' Arms," as a penalty for his lack of skill as a fisherman. The day's enjoyment commenced, and soon the trio became separated, two going up and one down the stream. It so happened that one of the party was a wonderful talker but a very poor angler, and he sat himself down on a well-known bridge, and put his wits together in order to devise a means of escaping having to part with the money. After much thought, and not seeing a suitable mode of escape, he tackled up again and went into a garden at the water's edge close to an alehouse. As he passed the wicker gate, he noticed a rod and pannier—the rod reared against the wall, the basket on the ground. Opening the pannier he espied half-a-dozen splendid trout, so with no more ado he confiscated the lot, put them into his own creel, dropped a half-brick into the empty basket, and walked towards the public—now whistling in high glee. Being satisfied he could not lose the wager, he called for pint after pint of "Shandy-gaff," took his rod in pieces, and hung his basket over the longsettle. At the time appointed he made towards the town, carrying his creel with

a light heart. The first to weigh his catch was the best angler of the three, and he had only captured four small trout, short of two pounds in the total. No. 2 then turned out his catch—six very pretty fish scaling three pounds. No. 3, the celebrated talkist, then proceeded to unsling his basket, making light and gay of the task, opening the lid with much care and deliberation—the half-brick he had so knavishly put into another basket dropped from his own! Of course more tall talking was indulged in, but No. 2 had been on the watch and related the story—No. 3 being saddled in the end with a payment for an extra dose of pop and an unmerciful chaffing.

THE LANDLORD OUTWITTED.

A short time ago the members of a fishing club in Leeds arranged for a day's sport near the mouth of the Nidd. Previous to the excursion, the secretary of the club came to an understanding with the landlord of a certain inn in that district to provide dinner for 35 persons, and guaranteed to pay for that number, whether present or not. At the same time the landlord remarked he would make provision for 40, should more than the said number turn up. The prescribed number, 35, came, and partook of a good dinner, after which the landlord presented his bill for 40 persons, to which the secretary strongly objected to pay contrary to arrangements previously made, on which the host poured forth a torrent of abuse on the party. To save any further annoyance, the secretary said he should pay for forty, and that forty should dine; so casting his eyes about the green, where several of the natives were lolling, he invited five of the most robust and hungry-looking to partake of his hospitality. As the five hungry men began to attack the feast right royally, and the remnants of the joints gradually disappeared, the landlord, in sorrow and anger, saw he was outwitted. When the men had finished their feast, they expressed their thanks in the same meaning, if not in the memorable words, of Dr. Johnson: "Sir, we could not have had a better dinner, had there been a synod of cooks."

KILLINGHALL.

Killinghall stands a few hundred yards west of the river and three miles from Harrogate.

Killinghall (the *hall* on the *keld* [stream], in the *ing*, [meadow]) was at one time the home of the Pullienes, an old respectable family whose pedigree *shows* alliance with the Swales, Tancred's, Vavasours, and Ingilbys, and of which family one of the members was twice Sheriff of the county. Their residence was on the site of the present Manor House. Of still greater interest, however, to the ordinary visitor, will be the connection with this village of the family of Leaven, inasmuch as the antiquated house they occupied, known as "Leaven Hall," yet remains. The tenants can interest you by telling how that the one-time owner whose name it bears, and who lived in the seventeenth century,

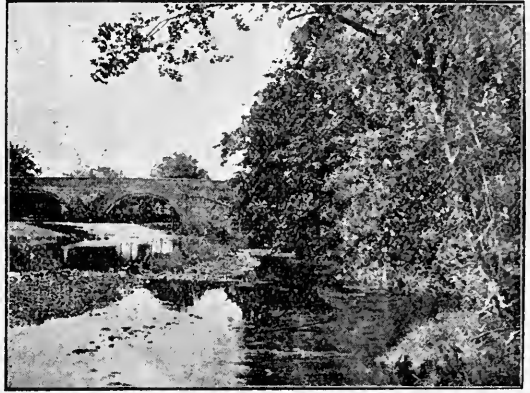
was one of the earliest of Quakers. On his throwing in his lot with this sect, he dissociated himself from the Parliamentary Army, in which he had been a captain, and he was afterwards twice committed to York Castle for refusing to take oath of allegiance. The gravestones of some of his children who were buried in the orchard hard by can yet be seen.

A little distance out of the village, and on the line of the old Roman road from Adel to Catterick, is a Roman Camp.

Eastward, we cross the river by the bridge, and about a mile distant is the village of Ripley, journeying to which we pass an interesting old water mill, one of the oldest on the Nidd, believed to have belonged to the Abbots of Fountains. It is situated on the river bank amid most picturesque surroundings. The large spreading trees, the rich green dells, the broad rippling river, and the lulling sound of the old time mill, makes us wish to linger awhile. It is just past

mid-day, the heat is oppressive, scarcely a cloud to be seen, so we rest under a beautiful canopy of leaves Nature has here provided for the tired traveller, where the sparkling river divides, forming pretty little islets; from under spreading beeches luxuriant ferns send out their graceful *fronds*. Scores of swallows skim along the river, and trout leap out of the green shining water to seize the wanton flies. The summer breezes playfully whisper among the leaves as if afraid to destroy the harmony of the scene.

Across the river, just discernable among trees, is the old mill with its ever pleasing rumble, in whose very sound we seem to hear legends of bygone times. Amid such sights and sound there steals over us a dreamy lullaby; thus musing we forget our cares, and for one brief hour life seems a summer idyll, and in the sound of the laughing wavelets, dancing among the pebbles at our feet, we seem to hear the most delicious music. It is a chord in nature which speaketh to the soul; such scenes we are loth to leave, yet we must pass on to Ripley.



Ripley Bridge.

EDMUND BOGG.

RIPLEY.

Ripley, at one time famed for the manufacture of liquorice, but now devoid of any commercial importance; where competition is limited by a rule which allows of only one of each sort of tradesman or shopkeeper setting up business, is a clean, healthy, substantially built village, ranged principally alongside a wide road, with a fine avenue of

old chestnut trees, and in this street the most conspicuous building is the handsome Hotel-de-Ville, erected by Lady Amcotts Ingilby, in 1854.

The principal interest centres around the Castle and the Church. The former was erected in the reign of Queen Mary, and has ever since been the home of the Ingilbys, whose connection with the village, however, dates at least two centuries earlier, for in the year 1347, Thomas de Ingilby, then a judge of assize, and afterwards a judge of the King's Bench, settled here. He was buried in Ripley Church, and his tomb still may be seen.

The following legend is connected with this family. Once, in Norman days, a king of England was hunting in the royal forest of Knaresborough, and being separated from his retinue, was attacked in a dell, still known by the name of "boar holes," by an old



Ripley Castle.

savage boar, which paid so little regard to majesty, that it snatched the weapon from the royal hand, and appeared fully disposed to follow up the advantage gained, by ending the fight and the king's reign at the same time. A knight, of the name of Ingleby, from Ripley, coming to the rescue, made an attack upon the boar with such vigour and success, that he quickly stretched it dead on the ground; and as a reward for this important service, the king gave to this Ingleby and his heirs the lands of Haverah Park for ever.

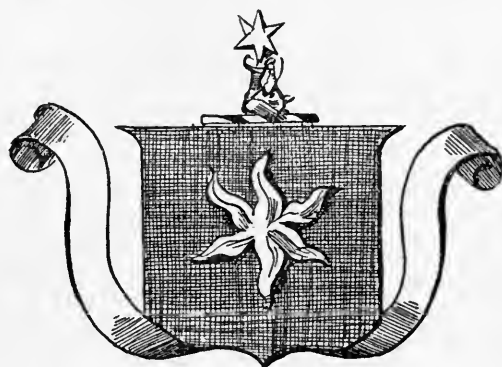
Oliver Cromwell is said to have spent a night here, but whether the one before or that after the battle of Marston Moor is not clear. As the traditional story goes, he had a cool reception, and was jealously looked after, being under the personal surveillance of Dame Ingilby, in whose girdle was a couple of loaded pistols.

Sir George Ripley, a Carmelite recluse, was born here in the early part of the fifteenth century. Twenty years of his life he spent in Italy searching for the philosopher's stone ; soon after he discovered it, he died, and the secret with him.

The castle is situated in extensive and well kept grounds, to which the public are admitted on Fridays. Carved on a fringe of wainscot, in a chamber of the Castle, is the following :—"In the year of our **Ld. M.D.L.V.** was this house buyldyd, by Sir **Wylliam Ingilby**, Knight ; **Philip** and **Maria** reigning at that time."

The Church of All Saints is in the early English style of architecture, and is supposed to have been founded by a member of the Ingilby family about 1400. There are several pieces of Norman, and even Saxon stone work built into the wall of the church and laid in the graveyard. The hand of the restorer has improved out of existence some of the features that lent quaintness and interest to the place, yet it is far from being void of attraction. It contains three rather old bells, the first of which is superscribed, "Venite exultemus Domine, 1702 ;" the second, "Cry aloud, Repent, 1640 ;" and the third, "Gloria in Supremis Deo, 1717." Until the restoration in 1862, the following verse was appended to one of the windows :—

"Temple Stanyau his window
God give him grace thereout to look
To see the folk pas to and fro
And study man instead of book."



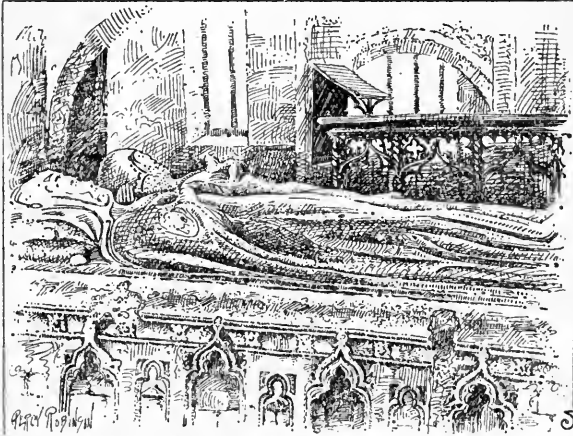
Ingilby Arms.

There are several fine monuments to members of the Ingilby family. The one with a full length effigy of Sir Thomas de Ingilby, 1369, is apparently thirty years older than the church, and from the confused state of the contents of the tomb, it is conjectured that it has come from the old church, of which more anon. There is another memorial to Sir W. Ingilby ob. 1617. The rood screen appears to have been shortened to fit its present place, and very probably it belonged to the old church. Something more than a century since, it used to be embellished by a row of twenty shields of arms, with the names of most of the then princes of Europe.

The old church referred to was situated about half-a-mile distant, on the spot now known as Chapel Flat. It was destroyed by some subsidence of the land, and its place taken by the present erection. Close to the surface on the old site may be found, in random confusion, the disturbed bones of the old residents of the village. The sinuous course of

the river has since been straightened at this point to avoid further damage, and the old river bed will help the visitor to identify the site of the old church.*

In the Ingleby Chapel, still hanging over the tombs of the departed, are the escutcheons of the various members of the family, remnants of old armour, spears, and tattered banners. There are several mural tablets in memory of the Inglebys and other families. One tomb in the chancel, to the memory of Sir William Ingleby, says :—



Effigies of the Ingleby Family.

“Reader, dissolve in teares, els blame thine eies,
Worth, honor, vertue, here entombed lyes ;
The bee which honie from each flower brought,
Lives now eternallie on what he wrought.
A single bee yet furnishing his hive
With everlasting sweetes ; dead to survive
The starre he bore in armes, the starre of
grace,
Wandering ere, while but now fixed in his
place,
From heaven his luster dothe on earth display
To show unto eternal joyes the way.
No pomp or pride let God be honored.”

Two stone coffins from the old church may now be seen in the present churchyard, where also is

something still more unique—a weeping cross, with shaft missing, though there is a stone in the churchyard with a rude carving on it, the size of which corresponds with the socket in the base.

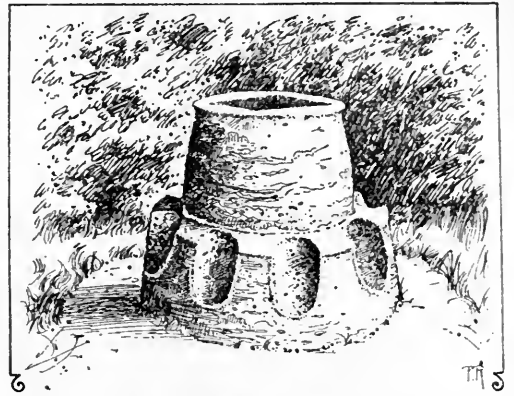
“Its constituent parts are a base, and a die or body, formed out of two blocks of coarse sandstone into the shape of truncated conoids of unequal diameter and altitude, though of equal slope, being together nearly five feet high. The die is plain, and has on its top a hole in which the columnary portion of the cross was planted, but the base, which is of disproportionately great height and projecture, possesses the peculiarity of having insculped around its face certain inverted cylindro spheric niches, or to speak perhaps more intelligibly, certain deep curvilinear concavities so fashioned at their sides and bottom as evidently to have been intended for penitential kneeling therein. I am, therefore, of

* A past Rector of Ripley, brother of the late Sir Harry Meysey-Thompson, was a man of great culture and attainments. Soon after his ordination, he had occasion to preach at a church in the East Riding. Being very nervous, he went over the service several times most carefully before entering the church. All went well until he gave out the psalms for the day, when the old clerk turned and looked earnestly at him, and said in a loud voice : “You’re wrang, you’re wrang !” The Rector was so alarmed that he could do nothing, vainly trying to count up the days to find out what day of the month it was. While doing this there was an awkward silence ; then the old clerk, in the same loud voice, exclaimed : “Naay, ye arn’t, it’s me at’s wrang all t’ tame, ’ and so the service proceeded.

opinion that this pedestal belonged to one of those rare monuments (another specimen of which existed formerly in Stafford) denominated *Weeping Crosses*. On account of such crosses having been specially adapted to the exercise of public penance by that abject class of penitents mentioned in ancient ecclesiastical canons, as mourners, kneelers, and weepers; and who, covered with sackcloth and ashes, were enjoined to perform penance in the open air."

This interesting relic of antiquity may be attributed to an early Norman or Saxon era.

The road leading from Ripley to Bishop Thornton is lined with overhanging trees and fine hedgerows. The grassy wayside is redolent in summer time with wild rose, clover, and honeysuckle, and this road marks the greater part of the distance the dividing line of the two vales. After passing the fringe of a large wood, perfumed with the odour of pines, there is a long stretch of uninteresting road. Bishop Thornton is a wide, straggling place, of no special interest or beauty, resting in a slight dip between the two vales. The old Catholic church has been pulled down, with the exception of the tower, and a new barn-like structure added to it. The place is only used for burial services; the regular service being held in a neat new church.



Weeping Cross.

The memory of monkish days still affectionately linger in this district, and many of the inhabitants still adhere to the Romish faith. Some three or four tributary streams, which have their source east and south-east of Brimham Rocks and in the land about Bishop Thornton, after a course of some three miles, join and then flows east, forming a wide sweeping vale, thence turning south and passing through the park joins the Nidd at Ripley. Brimham Lodge stands on the high ground west of this tributary, and one-and-a-quarter miles south-east of the Rocks, and is an ivy-grown house, with rows of old mullioned windows, sheltered on three sides from stormy blasts by large trees. Over the main door is inscribed "Deo Favente, T.B., 1661." Delightfully situated, it is one of the most stately of the old residences that remain to us of two-and-a-half centuries ago. This evidently has taken the place of a still older house of the same name, because more than a century previously, Brimham Lodge was the occasional residence of Sir Richard Gresham (father of Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange),* who purchased the estate of

* Pennant quaintly says, in his "Old London":—"The Royal Exchange, that concourse of all nations of the world, arises before us with the full majesty of commerce; whether we consider the grandeur of the edifice or the vast concerns carried on within its walls, we are equally struck with its importance. But we

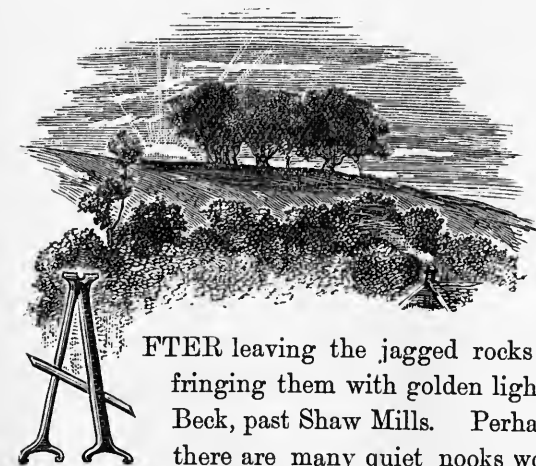
Fountains from the Crown immediately after the monastery had been suppressed. After his death, his son (Sir Thomas) disposed of the house and adjacent estate to Sir Stephen Proctor, of Warsill, the builder of Fountains Hall. In 1544, Sir Richard Gresham, in obedience to the Commissioners of the Army, trained and equipped at Brimham forty men, in readiness for active service on the borders, to which, however, it appears they never actually marched. Half-a-mile west is Brimham Hall, situated in a small vale, and by the side of a stream flowing south-east from Brimham Rocks.

This neighbourhood abounds with reminiscences of the Monks of Fountains, who once owned the whole of this land. At Brimham, Braisty Woods, and Hardecastle Garth, they had granges, but Brimham seems to have been either a grange of unusual importance, or a settlement of higher rank, for at the time of the suppression of the monastery there was £7 4s. 10d. worth of plate, as follows:—One chalice of silver, 11 oz., £1 16s. 8d.; one goblet, with a covering of silver gilt, 11½ oz., £2 9s. 10d.; one salt of silver, 8¾ oz., £1 7s. 6d.; seven silver spoons, 9¼ oz., £1 10s. 11d.—*Annals of Fountains*.

The Hall now occupies the site of the old grange, and is built of the stones from the former edifice, and which must have been of considerable importance, for there are many carved stones with Gothic inscriptions, but the builder has had little regard for the inscriptions, for separate letters of the same are distributed, without discrimination, on the present erection. In the neighbourhood are remains of three of the fish ponds which

belonged to the former epicurean proprietors of the soil. Two of these are near Brimham Hall, on the east; the other, a large one with broken embankment, is about a quarter-of-a-mile from Brimham Tarn, on the south of Rocks.

To the west of Brimham Hall a rough track ascends to Hartwith Moor, and thence over the barren waste and down a steep declivity to Summer Bridge.



AFTER leaving the jagged rocks behind, across which the sun was setting, fringing them with golden light, we follow the tributary called Thornton Beck, past Shaw Mills. Perhaps this district is a trifle monotonous, yet there are many quiet nooks worth searching for. Near Ripley the beck flows through and enriches fertile meadows. In the deeper pools fish enough collect to

are more astonished when we find that this expensive princely pile was the effect of the munificence of a private citizen, Sir Thomas Gresham. Let the pride of my country not be suppressed when I have opportunity of saying that the original hint was given to him by a Welshman, Richard Clough, afterwards knighted, originally his servant, and in the year 1561, by his merit and industry, advanced by Sir Thomas to be his

gladden the heart of any ardent angler. Thus ever-twisting, gliding, and rippling past crowfoot, meadow-sweet, and forget-me-nots, which fringe the stream, it passes onward to join the Nidd at Ripley.

Two miles up the river is

HAMPSTHWAITE

(The home in the forest clearing), affording us another reminder of the Roman occupation in the still traceable road which gave means of communication between Olicana (Ilkley) and Isurium (Aldborough). The church, to which we naturally turn as the place where the history of a village usually has its best record, is a comparatively modern building, which succeeds two previous erections, and the presence of some old stone coffins built into the foundation points to one of remote date. We glean from the registers that in bygone days the industrial occupations of the people have been of a much more diversified character than at present, and amongst the principal of the decayed trades was that of spur making. The spurs made found a market at Ripon, so that probably that city was indebted to the village under notice for much of the proverbial reputation it had for the making of spurs.

Two or three of the inscriptions are worthy of notice. One inside the church at the west end of the nave is as follows:—

“The earth my mother was: my mother is; and thine shall be;

Oh, think it not amiss her to obey.

I was a man like thee;

Repent: feare God: love all: and follow me.”

Feb. 18, 1653.

A piece of old brass, with figure, now kept in the vestry, bears the request: “Praye for the soule of John Dixon, uncle to Vicar Dixon, 1570.”

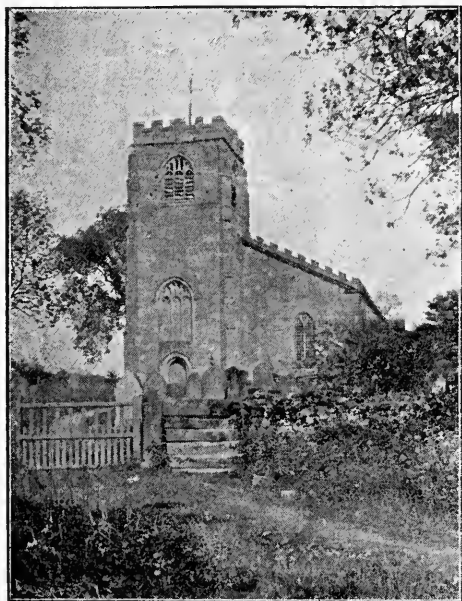
The font is circular, large, and of uncommon shape, and probably dates from the 12th century. The old church contained two chancels, one for St. Sith, and one for St. Mary. We climbed through the cobwebs to the roof of the old tower, from whence is a fine view of the dale. In the bell chamber, the curate kindly sounded the bells, which are very sweet toned. He was very careful not to ring a death peal. The custom at this village is to ring thrice on the death of a child, six for a woman, and nine for a man, thus a listener is able to tell if the deceased is young or old, male or female.* A marble

correspondent and agent in the then emporium of the world, Antwerp. Clough wrote to his master to blame the city of London for neglecting so necessary a thing; bluntly telling them that they studied nothing else but their own private profit; that they were content to walk about in the rain, more like pedlars than merchants; and that there was no kind of people but had their place to transact business in in other countries. Thus stimulated, Sir Thomas purchased some tenements on the site of the Royal Exchange, and on June 7th, 1566, laid the foundation, and in November, 1567, completed what was then called the Bourse. In 1570, Queen Elizabeth went in great state from her palace at Somerset House to make Sir Thomas a visit at his own house. After dinner she went to the Bourse, visited every part, and then, by sound of trumpet, dignified it with the title of the Royal Exchange.” The original building perished in the great fire. It was rebuilt in its present magnificent form by the city and the Company of Mercers.

* Vestiges of ancient customs of the Romish Church.

slab, erected to the memory of a William Simpson, who died in 1776, states that he was the twenty-sixth in direct descent from Archil, a Saxon thane, who, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, possessed very considerable estates in the north and west ridings of Yorkshire, amongst which was Wipeley, now a hamlet in the township of Clint, and which he held as a king's thane.

A stone in the churchyard records the death, in 1828, of one Jane Ridsdale, whose height was only thirty-one-and-a-half inches. There used to be some pack-horse stables just outside the churchyard, and doubtless the old "Lamb's Inn" in the village ministered to the necessities of the old-time commercial men, who travelled and carried their samples in that simple style. On the north-east of the village, the old pack-horse track can



Hampsthwaite Church. EDMUND BOGG.

be followed some distance; there are many pleasant nooks in its varied twists and turns, and scarcely width for two horsemen to pass. In bygone days the whole traffic of the district passed over these roads. Like Knaresborough, Hampsthwaite has had its blind hero—Peter Barker, a dauntless athlete and accomplished musician, who, without undergoing any apprenticeship, was so skilful an artificer in wood that he could make anything, from a "stackbar up to a chest of drawers." He was familiar with all the memorial stones in the churchyard, and could tell the time and quality of each one; and it is recorded he was the greatest authority on anything connected with the church. Some fifty or sixty years ago Hampsthwaite was the habitation of many wicked and desperate characters; pitched battles in the streets were of

regular occurrence, whilst cock-fighting, dog-fighting, badger-hunting, betting and swearing in the village, were the chief amusements of the rougher classes of people. An aged inhabitant, who has seen upwards of four score years, told the writer of one old man in particular who used to pour torrents of blasphemous language on people when passing his doorway to and from church. "As ye sow so shall ye reap." There was a sad ending to his wicked life. In those days it was no uncommon thing for the parson, after service, to transact commercial business in church, or pulpit, to pay, or be paid. But the old order of things have passed away in this village, and, as our informant quaintly said, "ivverybody's improved, both parson and folks," and it is now a model rural village, surrounded by peaceful scenes, old associations, and lingering traditions of

our forefathers. One who has left "footprints on the sands of time," namely, William Makepeace Thackeray, was descended from a respectable family of yeoman rank in this village, four members of which, in succession, filled the office of parish clerk. He was born in 1811, at Calcutta, where his father, Richmond Thackeray, who was in the India service, resided. On coming of age, he became possessed of a small fortune, which he lost in speculation. Adopting literature as a profession, he soon became popular, reaching the zenith of his fame while editing the *Cornhill Magazine*. In the greatness of his popularity, he remembered the forest home of his ancestors, and, with his daughters, paid visits on one or two occasions.*

A small rivulet, called Tang Beck, which rises on the high ridge of land midway between Hampsthwaite and Fewston, and flows through a gentle swelling vale and empties into the river at this village. Along the banks of the Nidd we wander, twisting and turning with the course of the stream; over old stiles and through meadows redolent with wild flowers, where the lambs skip and the birds carol. At our feet, the waters leap and flash like sunbeams. A little further, we pass a patient angler who has just caught his first trout, after four hours' patient watching and waiting. Passing through such of Nature's scenes, we reach Birstwith.

BIRSTWITH

(Divided wood) is a pretty wooded village, in the midst of which stands a beautiful church, built and endowed in 1867, by Frederick Greenwood, a member of the family who, for several generations, have owned the surrounding property, and whose residence stands on the crest of the western hill overlooking this fertile part of the valley. Swarcliffe Hall, one of the "stately homes of England," is a large and elegant building in the Tudor style of architecture, and situated in extensive grounds. The present owner, Colonel C. S. Greenwood, was in the 10th Hussars, and, whilst on active service in Afghanistan, earned the Royal Humane Society's medal for his gallant conduct in saving a private soldier from drowning, at the risk of his own life. The village is clean, well-built, and healthy, and an air of comfort pervades the homes of the peasants, which stand in well-kept gardens adjoining the roadway, which rises to the beautiful church standing on a well wooded slope. On entering the sacred edifice, we had no thought of its beautiful interior and architectural adornment, and were delighted, and our souls refreshed by a picture of the most holy and chaste beauty. The rich painted windows shed a dim religious light round the interior, which softened and subdued and made look even more beautiful, the choice and rare flowers which were carelessly, yet artistically, arranged. The font and cover was adorned with large golden buttercups and a small white grassy flower, whilst the harmony and arrangement of choice flowers adorning the chancel and its surroundings was perfect in tone and chaste beauty. Music, too, was there, most delicious, sweeter than angels' song, sounding through the open door, wafted

* See "Lays and Leaves of the Forest."

from the blue vault of heaven. It was the warbling of many songsters, who have their homes in the surrounding leafage, accompanied by that peculiar sound in Nature, the low yet distinct hum of myriads of insects, that world of lesser creation, vibrating, like the sweet strains of an Æolian harp, and in perfect unison with the soul. On the south side of the church are two marble-bordered tombs with crosses.

At the east end, three tombstones are lovingly embraced by a drooping ash, but the most beautiful, to the writer's mind, is a lowly grave with no stone to tell us of the sleeper, birth or station, yet an exquisite willow droops and spreads its tendril branches, thus forming a perfect canopy over it; on its surface the wild daisy blooms, emblem of peace, but the whole place breathes of rest and repose. It seems to us that death would lose its terror if we might sleep in this ground, where the sun shines and the wood warblers are pouring out their gratitude in an outburst of love and song, and all around are to be heard sounds of rejoicing, sent forth to the Great Creator.*



Pack Horse Bridge.

A RIVERSIDE PICTURE.

We love the riverside path, for many and varied are the sights and sounds to be seen and heard here. When tired, we rest on the old stile by the margin of rich meadow land, which forms a cool footstool for our weary feet, and the ground, which slopes sharply

* Bob Jackson, a native of Birstwith, was buried in the above churchyard, according to his request, in the cap and clothes he had been wearing previous to his death. He was rather an eccentric character, and much respected, and was a noted local musician. No one in this vicinity was better known than Bob Jackson.

down to the river, is richly besprinkled with clover blossoms and tufts of yellow and white. On the far side is a dark fir plantation. Spreading over the river's brink are rows of sheltering trees, between which we see the upland vale, Guyscliffe woods, and distant mountain. Grazing in the rich meadow are a group of sleek cattle, forming a fine subject-picture for a Cooper or Davis. Beyond us is a beautiful vista of the river, wandering down the vale under fine limbed trees, sometimes deep and silent, then ever and again hurrying o'er its pebbled bed, sending forth sweet music, until we fancy we can hear the water spirit pouring out her soul as of old. Again, where the waters ripple over stones and through the spreading roots of old trees, we hear a sound as of tinkling bells. Close by the Pack Horse bridge spans the river, nearly hidden by a bower of branches; in the tranquil flowing of the unruffled stream, you can see the reflection of the arch and trees. Splashing and circling rims of water tell us trout are feeding. Up the stream darts a brilliant-hued kingfisher; a few yards away a blackbird is busily searching amongst the grass for food; skimming amongst flowers are butterflies of lovely hue; past us flits a large honey bee with a loud buzz, and from every copse we hear the chorus and symphony of the feathered songster. The air is laden with the scent of flowers, and musical with the hum of insects. Amid the old ancestral trees, on yonder hill, where the spire points to the sky, rooks are making noisy caws. Thus, on this sultry June day, we wander on the riverside path, where everything is perfect, in a wealth of beauty and song.

CLINT

(A piece of rock), in the township, on the opposite side of the river from Birstwith, containing the hamlet of that name, and the village of Burnt Yates.

Little importance attaches to the place now-a-days as compared to the time when Clint boasted a moated Hall, where resided the Beckwiths, a powerful family who held property here from about 1226.

In 1613, Clint Hall was occupied by Sir Solomon Swale, a member of a once important family that sprang from near Reeth in Swaledale. This baronet surveyed the forest of Knaresborough in order to have it enclosed, and in his account the forest contained 28,151 acres. As an instance of the vicissitudes of families we may add that the last but one who claimed to be heir to the baronetcy was an innkeeper at Knaresborough.

BURNT YATES

Is a hamlet on the high road from Ripley to Pateley Bridge. It is near where stood the "Monk Wall" dividing the possessions of the Abbots of Fountains from the Forest of Knaresborough, and the name of the hamlet points to quarrels between the retainers of the respective owners, in which the gate across the road that passed through the boundary was burnt—a hypothesis supported by local tradition as to the existence of a burnt gate.

Here is a well endowed free school, the principal benefactors having been Rear Admiral Robert Long (1760) ; and Wm. Mountain, F.R.S. (1778) ; both natives of the township.

DARLEY

(The field of the deer) is a long straggling village, in approaching which by road from Birstwith, the first place of interest we reach is Holme Hall, an antique house built in 1677, and no doubt at that time a residence of some consequence, but like many kindred ones in the dale, to wit, Dougill Hall, Brimham Lodge, Low Hall, Dacre Hall, Harewell Hall, Leaven Hall, and Padside Hall, has had its status altered with changing times, and now is simply a good class farm house. It is occupied by the Pullans, whose



Holme Hall.

ancestors have lived there for four generations. Previously it was the residence of the family of Leuty, by one of whom it was built.

CINDER HILLS

Is the name given to a few houses situated on a hill side, where the presence of iron slag argues that iron ore has been at one time obtained in the neighbourhood and smelted there.

The name Gallows Crag seems to suggest that the stone so denominated marks the place where some murderer has paid the death penalty, and this accords with local tradition. On Rowentree Crag (like the last named, near the boundary, on the Birstwith

side of the township), are marks which afford excuse for the supposition that it has been the scene of Druidical worship.

Occupying a central position in the village is Stumps Green, so called, we suppose, because the stone stumps of the old stocks yet remain there.*

Stumps Lane, hard by, has a melancholy interest as being the scene, thirty-three years ago, of a foul murder of a young lady by her lover, in whom a fit of jealousy had been aroused by her dancing with some other young man at a festive gathering at Pateley Bridge the previous day.

On the side of the road leading to Thornthwaite is Hookstone Endowed School. The work of a dominie, and the duties of a husband, are not to be allied here, for one of the conditions of the endowment is, that the schoolmaster shall be and remain a *bachelor* so long as he holds the appointment.

The large stream which joins the Nidd at Darley, commonly called Darley Beck, takes its rise some six miles north-west, in Hammerston's Bank, the dividing line of the Nidd

and the Washburn. Some half-a-mile from its source this little mountain streamlet murmurs and leaps in tiny cascades through a pretty little glen graced with many



Padside Hall.—Kitchen.

EDMUND BOGG.

* In this township was found, by Mr. John W. Ellis, in 1862, a stone celt. The length is three-and-three-quarter inches; breadth at the edge two inches; at the top about one inch; greatest thickness, three-quarters of an inch; circumference, where thickest, four inches. Connected with High House, in this township, is the following story:—During the Civil War, the soldiers from the garrison of Skipton Castle were in the habit of going out in parties to feast with the foresters at their own houses, sending word beforehand to have provisions prepared for them. On one occasion, calling at High House, resistance being out of the question, they were treated with the best the house afforded. They ate and drank until they were satisfied, not forgetting to select a few portable articles to take away with them, for which they did not even thank the real owner. They found no money—or very little, or it would have walked away with the aforesaid moveables. They were making merry with the farmer's home-brewed ale, around a fire of wood, which one of them thought was getting rather low, when he marched off to the wood-cast for a fresh supply, and brought back a chopping-block, or, in forest phrase, the hag-log, with the intention of placing it on the fire. The master of the house seeing this (for the females had all fled to places of safety), at once interposed to save it from the flames. One who appeared to have some authority over the others, said, "Let the old fellah have his clog!" which he very gladly accepted and bore away. The reason why he was so anxious to save the block was, knowing the character of his visitors, he had bored an auger hole into its centre, and into it he had dropped his gold, and then plugged up the hole with a piece of wood, never once dreaming that his hag-clog would be in danger.—*Grainge's History*.

charms peculiar to romantic solitude. In a commanding position on the high ridge of land overlooking the beck is Padside Hall, formerly a castellated hunting lodge, on the north-western edge of Knaresboro' Forest. The present house dates from the Tudor period, and is partly built out of a more ancient fortress. Much of the house is fast falling to ruin, and an old-world flavour pervades this Hall, which has outlived the use for which it was intended. The wild animals which haunted the thicket, and drank at the cooling streamlet, have long become extinct; the great forest has entirely disappeared, save here and there a riven time-worn tree, silent memorials of the wide forest. How grim, grey, and solitary the fortress looks; a relic of the past, yet providing sufficient thought for those who love to dwell on scenes far remote and linking us to the present. The entrance to the house is through a courtyard with high walls on three sides. The great door to this court has disappeared, the mullioned windows are strongly girded with thick iron bars. The door of the Hall is strengthened by a thick bar of wood, which is slid into holes on either side. There is an old oak sideboard and other pieces of furniture, date 1671; the curious ingle nook is supported at one corner by a circular pillar. For many generations the family of Wigglesworth have held possession of the place.

There is a story that when this Hall belonged to the Ingelby family, a squirrel could pass from Padside to Ripley, a distance of nine miles, without once touching the ground. Another tradition is that one of the Inglebys of Ripley, becoming enamoured of a frail beauty, had this old Hall turned into a secret bower for his mistress. Rumour of this amour reaching the lady of Ripley, she spent much time in trying to discover the hiding-place of the fair Rosamond; but her search was in vain, the mysterious hiding-place could not be found. Either for this unholy sin, or for forsaking the creed of his fathers, this knight was doomed to wander as long as the world shall endure.

“From Whalley to Selaby, to Pendle-hill end;
From Monkrigg to Blackey, to Colne town end;
From Foxrigg to Foden, to Workisless Cross;
From the Windy-wall-side to Padside i' the Moss.”

Some half-mile east of this Hall is a most peculiar old farmhouse with antique porch. A mile to the north of this is another ancient farm, near to which are many immense rocks.



In the Hay Fields. E. BOGG.

UPPER NIDDERDALE IN GENERAL.

“Still Are, swift Wharf, with Ouze the most of might;
High Swale, unquiet Nydd, and troublous Skell.”—*Spenser*.

“When we leave Darley and get into the township of Dacre, we reach a part of the course of the Nidd possessed of new features, which continue with more or less variation up to Whernside, and here nature seems to have set a boundary mark between upper and lower Nidderdale.

The stretch of country noticed in our last chapter, while being nicely wooded—oak, pine, and silver birch beautifully intermingling to the adornment of gently undulating pastoral land—and to that extent pleasing, lacks the more picturesque features of the valley below Ripley, and the still more romantic ones of that part above Dacre Banks; as if nature had intended it to show these up in greater relief against its own comparative monotony.

The valley here becomes narrower, the hills which bound it range higher, and nearly every eminence has its own characteristic beauty adding variety to the wider sylvan scene of which it forms a part. Then branching from either side of where the “unquiet Nydd” winds its murmuring, tireless way—now hidden by thick foliage, and anon making the landscape glisten with its reflection of the sun’s rays—are numerous steep gills whose streams, hurrying their way from the moors, enrich the ravines with picturesque waterfalls, and shed around a continuous humidity which adds a luxuriance of fern growth to the feet and in the crevices of the precipitous rocks that protrude among the overclapping trees. Mountain tarns, stalactite caverns, subterranean river course—each bids for the attention which all merit. The variously gaunt and delicate woodland scenery is overlooked by grey towering cliffs, with heather clad summits leading on to extensive moors, which can be reached in a mile’s walk on either side of the valley. The whole combines to make a delightful retreat for those in quest of health-giving breezes and nature’s loveliest pictures. Here is a region affording unlimited scope for the geologist, botanist, ornithologist, and the artist, as well as the antiquary and the philologist. For a long time neglected and almost unknown, even by many Yorkshire people, spending their substance in seeking at a distance the very sort of spot that lies so near their doors. Nidderdale is now rapidly gaining ground as a health resort and a field for tourists, and is beginning to receive the attention it so richly deserves.

And if the antiquary bemoan the fact that we are leaving behind us the associations of feudal castles, let him be reminded that we are exchanging them for others quite as hoary, for not only do we come upon a country which was the pasture-land of an old religious house, and have pointed out to us the sites of the monastic granges; not only have we the venerable church and the quaint manor house, but we have indubitable proofs of Roman Settlement, and the philological student at least, may trace, in the lan-

For much interesting information regarding the upper part of the Nidd, we are under great obligation to W. H. Daykin, of Pateley Bridge.

guage, and place-names, some evidences of the residence, in turn, of the Ancient Briton, the Saxon, and the Dane. A few stone celts and flint arrow heads, unearthed from time to time, add to the proofs of the occupancy of the dale by the Ancient Britons, and a very old series of sheep-scoring numerals, a relic of the same period, is quoted as being in use, but, we believe, if not quite obsolete, it is nearly so. It is as follows :—

1. Yain	5. Pitts	9. Coverro	13. Eddero-dix	17. Tain-o-bumfitt
2. Tain	6. Tayter	10. Dix	14. Peddero-dix	18. Edder-o-bumfitt
3. Eddero	7. Later	11. Yain-dix	15. Bumfitt	19. Peddero-o-bumfitt
4. Peddero	8. Overro	12. Tain-dix	16. Yain-a-bumfitt	20. Jiggit or Gigg

Yain for one, however, remains in the ordinary speech of the dalespeople.

As relics of the days when the Roman Eagle held sway, we have the pigs of lead with inscriptions which cannot be gainsaid. In addition to these, Roman coins have also been discovered, thirty-nine of them being found in the cave called "Tom Taylor's Chamber," in Howstean. Mr. Lucas tells a story or two about the finding of these. It would appear the youth who had the good fortune to discover them did not value them in exactly the same way as would an antiquary, but seeing a competency in his unexpected acquisition, he exclaimed to a companion, "Fetch me'y black coit, ah'll work na maar." The same person also told Mr. Lucas the following: "I was a little boy when I first found a small coin; I took it to the school, and was showing it to the other boys when t'maister calls out 'what hev ye'y got thar, Tom?' so he maks me tak it up t' him and taks it away. 'Oh, says he,' looking at it, 'I'll tak it to be magnified,' an' its magnifying yet."

Excepting ten duplicates given to the then Lord of the Manor, John Yorke, Esq., the coins are in the possession of George Metealfe, Esq., the owner of Howstean. Among the coins are the following :—

One coin of Nero	Three coins of Vespasian	Two coins of Nerva
Two coins ,, Galba	One coin ,, Titus (Juda Coin)	Nine ,, ,, Trajan
One coin ,, Otho	Four coins ,, Domitian	,, ,, ,, Adrian

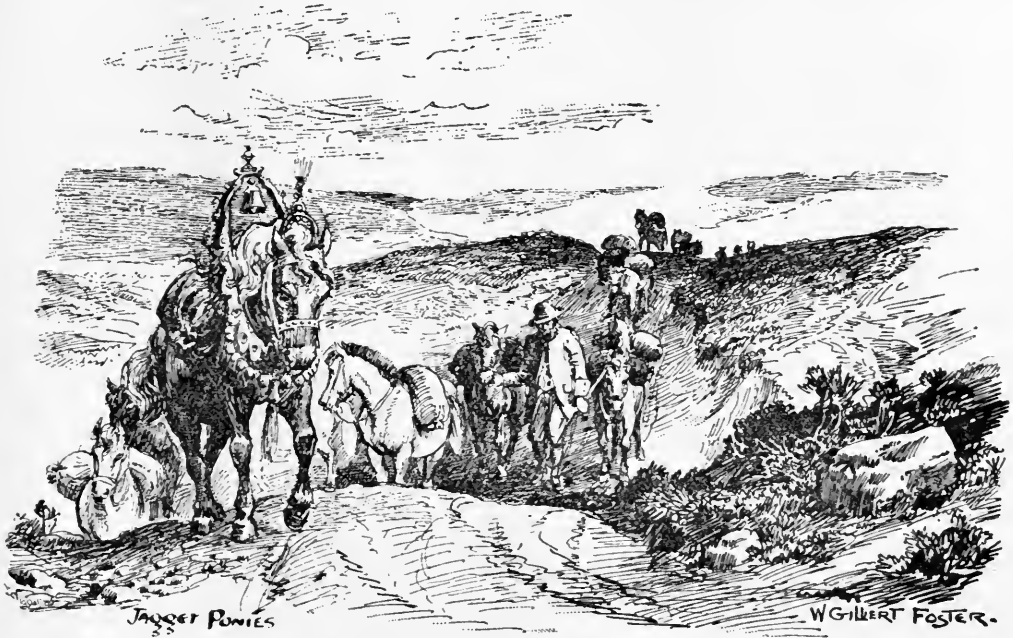
The Anglo-Saxon and the Dane have each left their mark in the dialect and place-names of the dale, and, besides this, the festival of Yuletide, with its institutions of the Yule Log, the Yule Cake, and the Yule Candle—terms familiar to everyone in the dale, is accounted a relic of the Danish period, as also is the sword dance, which used to be a popular diversion among young men. This exercise is no longer cultivated in Nidderdale, but a troupe of sword dancers come annually from Kirkby Malzeard. "Frum-marty" (a wheaten single "dish") is a time honoured part of Christmas Eve supper.

Within a century after the making of the Domesday Survey, all Nidderdale, except Bishopside, came into the hands of the family of Mowbray, by whom it was afterwards divided between the monasteries of Fountains and Byland. Bishopside became the property of the Archbishop of York. In the building of their abbey, the monks of

Fountains made use of their Nidderdale possessions, marble from the bed of the Nidd finding a place in that vast pile ; and its roofs being covered with lead from Greenhow.

A comparatively short time after the dissolution of the monasteries, the major part of the dale came into the possession of the Yorke family ; the Lords of Studley and Grantley, and the Ingilbys of Ripley Castle getting other portions, while Bishopside remained in the possession of the Archbishops of York.

The isolation caused by our guardian hills protected our ancestors from the clash of arms, and the sight of bloodshed at home, and prevents our being able to point out the scenes of history-making events. They also forbade Nidderdale having a place in



coaching records, and perpetuated the pack-horse system of travelling. Indeed, it is in but comparatively modern times that wheeled vehicles came into use throughout the whole length of the dale, where sledges formerly did the heavy, and pack horses the lighter, conveyancing work, and were the locomotive institutions.

The same isolation gave longer life to the quaint habits and speech of the dalespeople, and to the folk lore and the fireside stories of the supernatural, which have a fascination peculiarly their own. Accordingly as you mix with the people on the hill sides, and at the remote farm houses, you may hear of the "Barguest ;" of ghost stories a goodly number ; and of such things as pots falling from their places to the ground with more than usual noise, yet found miraculously intact ; these incidents being invariably regarded

as ill omens. You hear stories of "laying wishes," with mention of the "Black Art," and the "wiseman," and up the dale, at least, the "fairy circle" is pointed out. In our present space, however, we cannot much more than indicate the existence of these stories, the repetition of some may come in a further edition. An old prejudice also yet exists against any but a dark-haired person "letting the New Year in."

Amongst a people who can nurse such, it is not surprising there should be various misgivings as to the Bradford Waterworks being commenced in the valley. In the work of securing pictures for the illustration of this book, our artists heard many solemn protests against the "iniquitous" scheme which had as its aim the "takking away of t'watter," and one man expressed his belief that God "nivver meant it to be taen away to Bradforth." Our artists were, at times, suspected of being in league with the Bradford corporation, if not their very emissaries, and, in one instance, were refused lodgings for no other reason. Naturally, these people were prejudiced against the Bradford corporation men. One small farmer, on whose land one of the surveyors had been, said "he didn't knaw what mak o' man 'e war, but t'cocks an' 'ens all flew away fra' 'im."

But if it be thought that this superstition on the hill side is inconsistent with shrewd business keenness in the market, let the townsman try to "walk over" a dalesman, and he'll find him a hard-headed Yorkshireman nevertheless. Those who revel in outlandish stories are tempted at times to strain a tale for fear of spoiling it, and accordingly Pateley Bridge has more than once been painted as if it and its inhabitants were a century behind the times; as if a half-century-old Mechanics' Institution had been wasted upon them; as if the nearly thirty-year's-old-railway and telegraph services had failed to make them sensible of the world's pulsations; as if they were unworthy of the generous aid which the wealthy gentlemen of the neighbourhood have always shown a readiness to give to the various schemes aiming at the intellectual elevation of the people. We take this opportunity of repelling any such misleading insinuations.

And if immunity from scenes of bloodshed has been vouchsafed the dale, it must not be supposed that in the struggles against invading foes Nidderdillians have contented themselves with "minding the stuff." It is on record that, under the Mowbrays in the fourteenth century, they fought their country's battles as often as necessity arose, and, later still, they shared the triumph of Flodden Field, where there was

"Many a gentleman and squire
From Rippon, Ripley, and Rydale,"
and
"With them marched forth all Massamshire,
With Nosterfield and Netherdale."

At the present time the old manorial residence boasts its suits of armour, showing that when, thirty-three years after the date of the battle of Flodden Field, the lands of Nidderdale passed into the possession of the Yorke family, there was still the puissant arm to do battle for the country.

Pateley Bridge will be found the most convenient centre from which to explore the various places of interest in Nidderdale. Here good hotel accommodation can be had, as well as private apartments, and it is also best supplied with postal and telegraphic facilities.

We append the following information for the use of tourists :—

DISTANCES FROM PATELEY BRIDGE (BY ROAD) :—

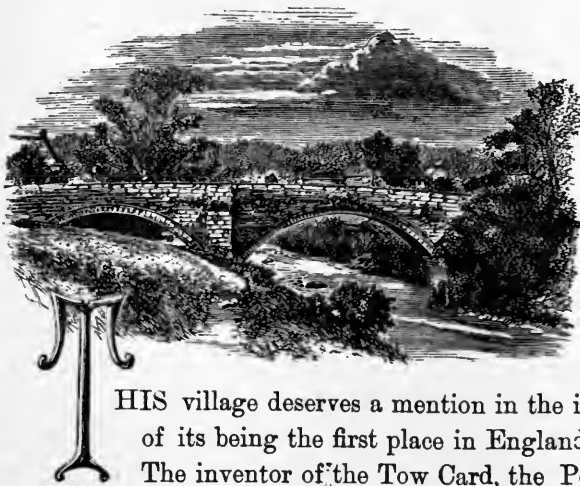
Miles.			Miles.			Miles.		
Bolton Abbey	9	Ilkley	19	Masham	12
Fountains Abbey	7	Knaresborough	14	Otley	15
Hackfall	9½	Kirkby Malzeard	8	Ripon	11
Harrogate	14	Leeds (by train)	32½	Skipton	15
Angram	16	Fishpond Wood	½	Merryfield Glen	1½
Bewerley Hall and Mon-	...		Gowthwaite Hall	3	Middlesmoor	8
astic Chapel	½	Goyden Pot Hole...	9	Moorhouses Glen	1
Birstwith	7	Greenhowhill	3	Old Church	½
Blayshaw Gill	7½	Guy's Cliffe, Woods, and	...		Padside Hall	3½
Brimham Rocks	3	Tarn	1½	Panorama Rock	½
„ Hall	4	Hampsthwaite	9	Ramsgill	5
„ Lodge	4	Harewell Hall	2	Ravensgill	1
Castlestead	1	Helks Gill	5½	Ripley	9½
Cornfield Crag	2½	Howstean	7½	Smelthouse	1
Dacre	4½	Killinghall...	11	Stump Cross Caverns	...	5
Dacre Banks	3½	Knott	½	Summer Bridge	3½
Darley	5	Lofthouse	7	Troller's Gill	6
Eagle Hall, Woods, & Lakes	1		Madge Hill Crag	2	Wath	2

DACRE AND HARTWITH (including Brimham Rocks).

Dacre, the site of a monastic grange, and where formerly the Friends had a meeting house and burial ground, is a hamlet about half-a-mile from Dacre Banks station, and gives the name to the township in which it is situated, and in which is also the hamlet of Hayshaw (about a mile west of Dacre), where was another of the old granges.

HAREWELL HALL

(One-and-a-half miles from Dacre Banks) is a seventeenth-century house, erected by the



Ingilbys of Ripley Castle, now, and for many years past, used as a farmhouse. The name, Harewell (soldiers' well), points to some ancient spring, which was probably used by the Roman soldiers, at the time when they had a camp at Castlestead; Harefield (soldiers' field) being a name of similar origin."

DACRE BANKS.

THIS village deserves a mention in the industrial annals of the country, because of its being the first place in England where tow was spun by machinery. The inventor of the Tow Card, the Porcupine, and other machines used in

the same branch of textile manufactures (especially that very useful contrivance named after him, the "Gill"), and the pioneer of this new departure was Mr. Charles Gill, whose grandsons, inheriting something of his spirit of enterprise, recently purchased the New York Mill Estate, and, pulling down the old mill, erected in its place a huge shed to which they have now transferred their yarn spinning and twine manufacturing business, which they had hitherto carried on in the mill at Dacre Banks, where their grandfather began life as a working mechanic.

In Marmaduke Beckwith, Dacre was represented in the Parliamentary Army under Lord Fairfax.

HARTWITH

(The forest of the hart) is one of the four townships in the dale that are in the parish of Kirkby Malzeard. A chapel was erected here in 1751, providing for a necessity which the parish records show had been acknowledged half-a-century previously.

The erection of the chapel, Whitaker tells us, was retarded for a reason that is sufficiently singular to be named here. Two of the principal freeholders, one of whom was an unmarried lady, were both anxious to supply the timber, neither of them wanting to share the privilege with the other, so the progress of the building had to wait the issue of the contest.

Among the gravestones in the burial ground is one with an inscription worth quoting, as much for its quaintness as for its being an example of how the pure air of the district is favourable to longevity. It is an upright stone, and the inscription is as follows:—

In Memory of William Darnborough,
Who for the last forty years of his life was the sexton of this chapel.
He died October 3rd, 1846, in the 100th year of his age.

"Thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace: thou shalt be buried in a good old age."—Gen. xv., 15.

The graves around for many a year
Were dug by him who slumbers here,
Till worn with age he dropped his spade,
And in this dust his bones were laid;
As he now mouldering shares the doom
Of those he buried in the tomb,
So shall he too with them arise
To share the judgment of the skies.

Though he is only credited with being in his hundredth year, the Pateley Bridge register proves him to have been one hundred and two. At Harcastle Garth we have another proof that the Society of Friends has at some time been of considerable strength in the neighbourhood, for here is a burial ground which dates from the lifetime of George Fox himself.



CHAPTER XI.

BRIMHAM ROCKS.



NIDDERDALE would be rich in unique scenic attraction had it nothing more to tempt the tourist than the wonderful spectacle of huge gaunt rocks, which for such a long distance rear their rugged outlines toward the sky. So extensive, so numerous, so large, so multiform, and some so wonderfully poised, they strike the beholder with a sense of awe, and some extravagant theories have been advanced to account for their present shape and arrangement. Druidism has been called into requisition, but it only causes a smile at the idea that these are the outcome of human power and skill.

"Dark mountain desert, awful piles of stones
Like giant ruins ! How ye seem to mock
The puny efforts of such feeble things
As we fair mortals are ! Far round I see
Strange broken columns rise, shapelessly grand ;
As if some more than merely human race
Had made their dwellings here. Through gloomy pass
I wander, formed by none of Adam's sons ;
The work of Him, at whose resistless word
The mountains melt, the valleys cleave,

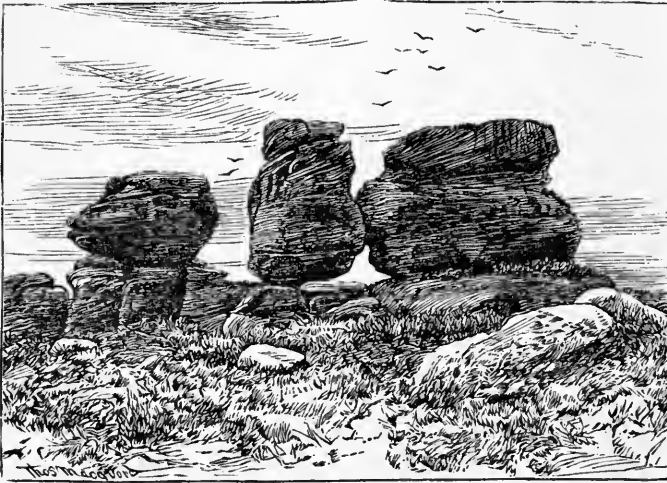
The rocks fall down. In all this wilderness,
I trace the power of His almighty hand.
Above my head are masses hung, as if
The affrighted earth had once disgorged and driven
Them up on high, then falling down, they lodged
Thus strangely, where the sweeping breeze might seem
Enough to dash them on my trembling frame.
The rocking stone, a lofty column poised,
Yields to my touch, and at a terrific height
In mid air vibrates."—*Rev. Jas. Holme.*

The ground they occupy forms a moorland plateau sixty acres in extent, and nine hundred and ninety feet above the sea level. The rocks, therefore, are a prominent feature in the landscape for a vast distance around, and the view from them is a magnificent one, taking in Whernside, Simon's Seat, York Minster, the plain of Mowbray, and the Cleveland Hills.

No verbal description can do justice to them, neither can any view be placed on paper or canvas sufficiently comprehensive to convey an adequate idea of their magnitude and extent. As Grange says, "their grotesque singularity and rugged grandeur, alike defy the pen of the poet, and pencil of the artist."

The rocks are the remains of a thick bed of coarse sandstone or grit, the third grits in the millstone-grit series, and to get at the beginning of the processes by which they have assumed their present shape, we shall have to go back to the time when a rude disintegration of the strata was brought about by the same forces which first shaped the valley, and bared Guyscliff. The softer matter then becoming an easy prey to water, wind, and frost, the process of sub-aerial denudation has done the remainder of the work.

In his interesting book "Geology of Yorkshire," Professor Philips has said of these wonderful geological curiosities: "The wasting power of the atmosphere is



Brimham Rocks.

"Amid this wondrous scene,
Strangest of all, the Idol Rock appears,
Stupendous mass! on pedestal so small,
That nothing save the most consummate skill,
Could thus have placed it."

This, the Idol Rock, is a gigantic boulder nearly fifty feet in circumference, and about twenty feet high, yet resting on a pedestal which in its narrowest part is but twelve inches in diameter.

THE CHIMNEY ROCK is appropriately named because of a perpendicular perforation.

THE CANNON ROCKS are perforated horizontally by circular holes which maintain a nearly uniform diameter of about twelve inches throughout the whole length of between twenty and thirty feet. One of the theories advanced in explanation of these is that possibly there may have been some gigantic fossil, as, for instance, an *equisetum* occupying the cavities, and eventually wasted away by the action of the weather.

There is an extraordinary group of four Rocking Stones, weighing in some cases probably fifty tons. These can easily be set in motion by the hand. In addition to

very conspicuous in these rocks, searching out their secret laminations, working perpendicular furrows, and horizontal cavities, wearing away the bases, and thus bringing slow but sure destruction on the whole of the exposed masses. Those that remain are but perishing memorials of what have been destroyed."

The scene presented is one of rugged and unique grandeur, and

these there is the still larger BOAT ROCKING STONE in another part of the ground. Nicely poised on the edge of a precipice, it oscillates with slight pressure, and though its falling over the cliff seems imminent when in motion, it would take more than human strength to dislodge it.

The GREAT SPLIT ROCK, which is in three parts, the whole being about one hundred yards in circuit, marks the line of a fault which divides two portions of the rock from the third. This, taken into consideration with the fact that the strata of Brimham on one side of the valley coincide with those of Guyscliffe on the other side, is very suggestive as to the way in which the valley has been formed.

Among the numerous other rocks whose resemblances (in some cases supplemented by the guide's fertile imagination) have suggested a special nomenclature, are the Druids' Cave, Pulpit, Parlour, and Bedroom; Baboon's Head, Pulpit Rock, Crown Rock, Cheese Wring, Yoke of Oxen, Serpent's Head, Druid's Circle, besides which there is the Lover's Leap and the Kissing Chair.

Brimham has associations which take us back in memory to the times when, telegraph and railway unknown, the "warning radiance" of beacons was the messenger telling of threatened invasion, as when, in the days of the Spanish Armada:—

"The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall."

The BEACON ROCK at Brimham was one of those eminences where the fires, eloquent with warning, were lighted in such emergencies. It is situated immediately behind the farm house where the caretaker lives, and on the day of Jubilee, in 1887, it was the scene of a large bonfire.

The rocks present the most weird sight when seen towards nightfall, or under an atmosphere of fleecy mist, which ever and again envelop them in a wavy curtain. Seen under this effect, the rocks have a most ghostly and supernatural appearance, and seem a fit habitation of evil spirits and demons of night. As the white mist unfolds and winds, the gigantic rocks loom out most awe-inspiring, and as silently they disappear from our gaze, fancy conjures up some fearful sight, such as the bards of old sing of. Yet,

"No victim's shrieks the silence thrills, No ruthless priestly form is seen,	Nor do the rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold, And monarchs stalk with sovereign power."
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In bygone days these immense stones were supposed to be the habitation of spirits. The echo given from *the rocks* was said to be the voice of the *spirit* who dwelt there, and which the people named the Son of the Rocks. From a conversation we had with the peasantry not far from here, it seems the ancient superstition has not yet fully disappeared. The watershed of the Nidd extends some four miles east of Pateley. On the extreme shed, the vales of the Yore and Nidd unfold before us a perfect vision of beauty, which, after our long tramp over moor-clad heights, brings to our memory a land flowing with milk and honey. For some miles distant from Brimham, large rocks are to be

discerned, offshoots from the stupendous pile. Fellbeck, which drains this eastern ridge, has its rise on Pateley moors. After a course of some two miles it passes the Ripon road, and thence through a sweet and beauteous vale, over which peer

“ Grim walls of grey, and ponderous rock,
Whose front, by some primeval shock,
From base to lofty battlement,
With weird and gloomy chasms rent ;
Which giant race in days of yore,
By magic reared on Brimham Moor.”

Near the Ripon road, the beck is joined by another prattling brook, by which sleeps an old hamlet known by the name of “ Fell Beck Bottoms.” Here is an old house of some pretensions, with mullion windows dating back over two centuries. Barquests and other eerie forms still linger strongly in the imaginations of the people. Near this hamlet, at night, in Fell-beck’s darkest shade, oftentimes a strange, awesome being, like unto a grey beast, has been seen. Again, under the shadow of the rocks, a shadowy form in the shape of an ass has frequently wandered, and a noise like the rattling of a chain has often

been heard, yet the natives tell us no footprints of this strange eerie creature was ever discovered. Another generation, and those old-world beliefs will have entirely disappeared.

Some three-quarters of a mile down the beck, on the right bank, stands a very ancient Hall, now doing duty as an outhouse to the adjoining farm. For three centuries this was the home of a family named Allanson. The



Old Manor House, Fell Beck.

EDMUND BOGG.

writer, on asking the farm servant if he could tell the name, or of anything in connection with this house, replied, “ Oh, that’s t’owd hen-oose.” A little further down the dale, we pass a mill ; thence the path lies through woods and under a network of intermingling boughs, beautiful as the sunlight falls on the rippling surface of the musical rivulet, glinting and glittering under its piercing rays like a liquid mine of diamonds.

Here stands the old hamlet of Smelthouse, so named because it is the place where the Abbots of Fountains had their smelting house, to which the lead ore from Greenhow was brought to undergo that process. The beck at this place marks the boundary between

the townships of Hartwith and Bishopside. The stream now passes through meadows into the broader *valley*, and is lost in the river opposite Harewell Hall.

BISHOPSIDE AND BEWERLEY.—Continuing our course up the valley from Smelthouse, a mile-and-a-half's walk brings us to Wilsill, a little tumble down old hamlet, once active with the tanning trade. The Rev. R. Abbay tells, in his "Castle of Knaresborough," how the Royalist troopers from the above place

<p>" . . . Ranged this dale, On plunder bent and deeds of shame. * * * And how in Willsill's hamlet nigh, All who had stoutly scorned to fly,</p>	<p>O'erborne and beaten to the ground, With many a curse and gibe and wound, Lie helpless, while the ruthless band Sack cot and grange with equal hand."</p>
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A nice walk of about a mile from here to that part of Bishopside Moor, which is rendered more than usually picturesque by the presence of a large tarn in the proximity of Madge Hill Crag—a rock bearing kinship to those of Brimham.

About midway between here and Pateley Bridge, and just above Harefield, the beautiful residence of W. Harker, Esq., there rises above the high road a high eminence known as the Knott. Ascending this, a splendid view of the lower part of the valley is obtained. The way hence to Pateley Bridge is down Panorama Walk, by the side of which is a large rock, fenced, asphalted, and seated by the Improvement Association. From this coign of vantage is visible a beautiful panorama, showing the valley from the summit of Whernside to where the rugged outline of Brimham Rocks cuts the horizon.

A little diversion to the right brings us to the Old Church, now in ruins. It was erected in the thirteenth century, the tower being added in 1691. Here again is another demonstration of the healthiness of the neighbourhood, in a gravestone to the memory of Mary Myers, of Northwoods, "who departed this life on Tuesday, the Twentieth day of September, Anno Domini, 1743, aged near 120 years."

Near Pateley Bridge we pass a well, on which is a stone slab bearing this inscription:—

"Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks run rivers—rivers run to seas.
THE WAY TO CHURCH."

On the Ripon Road is the Wesleyan Chapel, which was erected in 1776, being opened on Feast Sunday of that year. Prior to that time the meeting-house was in Old Church Lane, and was known as Thomas Green's Chapel. John Wesley visited Pateley Bridge not less than seven times. Twice he preached in the existing chapel, twice in Thomas Green's Chapel, and once in the Old Church. A Methodist Society, however, existed at Pateley Bridge before ever Wesley visited the town. The first Methodist preacher here was Thomas Lee, and the story of the introduction of Methodism is one of the most rigid persecution, in which Mr. Lee suffered the greatest indignities, being dragged through the main sewer, thrown from the bridge into the river, and otherwise maltreated.



CHAPTER XII.

PATELEY BRIDGE.

PATELEY Bridge is a busy little town, the principal of the several places in the locality, where from small beginnings a good flax spinning trade had developed, until stifled in late years by the transmigration of that industry. "The Jenny House" tells us of those small beginnings when the old spinning Jenny was an institution here.

Pateley Bridge has in times past benefited much from the opulent times that once were known in connection with mining at Greenhow hill. Now it is chiefly dependent on the stone trade, which affords the principal means of employment.

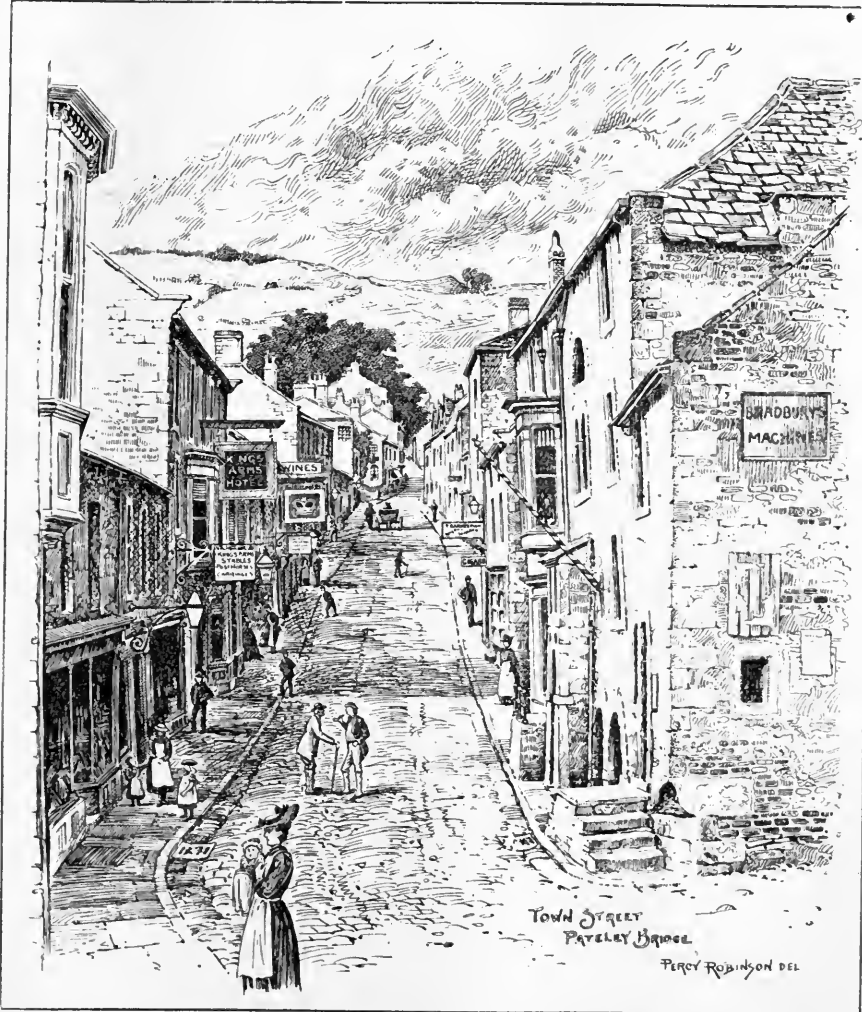
So far back as 1319, the town was accounted of sufficient importance to warrant its people being entrusted with a charter empowering them to hold a weekly market, this privilege being obtained from King Edward II. by the good services of the Archbishop of York, lord of the manor, who made application for it to the King as he passed through York.

There is an air of quaintness about the little town, but for its age it yields little of interest to the antiquary. The steep High Street descends from the junction of the Ripon and Masham roads to the river, which is spanned by a very substantial stone bridge of three arches. At the time when Leland penned his 'Itinerary,' the "bridg" was of "tymbre." Probably that was the first bridge, and it would be from the time of its erection that the town was known as Pateley Bridge, its previous name being Nereford.

Near to the bridge is a large old building, whose history would doubtless be interesting could it be told. Externally and internally there is evidence that it was erected, not for shops or ordinary dwelling houses, but for a good-sized hotel, with stabling accommodation in the basement of the street frontage. It has been said that it was erected in the hope that Pateley Bridge, being geographically in a direct line from London to Edinboro', would benefit by the traffic 'twixt the two capitals—a hope which the hilly environment of the town prevented. It is just as probable that it dates back to the time prior to the erection of any bridge, because the original ground-floor level is much lower than the present street, and excavations have already brought to light causeways lower than the present one, one in fact being three yards lower. It is not unlikely that it was erected as an hotel to meet the needs of the pack-horse traffic so closely identified with the past history of the dale.

In the present parish church is hung a fine pre-Reformation bell, said to have come from Fountains Abbey. It bears the motto, "Sancta Petre Ora Pro Nobis."*

An annual feast is held here in the month of September, but is acknowledging in some degree the waning popularity of such things. In its time, however, "the Rant"



has been an anniversary with great hold upon the residents of the dale, as well as those who had migrated to other parts of the country, and who made this the occasion of their

* Since the writing of the foregoing chapters the Pateley Bridge Parish Church has been enriched with a handsome peal of six bells, which have been generously presented by Mr. and Mrs. Harker and family, of Harefield, in memory of the late Mr. George Hodgson Harker.

annual family gathering. Perhaps it will ever remain a season for family re-unions, whatever it may lose of its other features. It will not be inapposite to give here some verses of a dialectical poem from the pen of Mr. Thomas Blackah, a native of Greenhow hill. It will serve the purpose of giving an example of the provincial speech, as well as of affording some reminiscences of these lively times :—

“NIDDERDALE RANT, 1865.”

What croods o' foak i' Pateley Toon,
Fra roond an' square, beeath up an' doon
All starin'—see em !
Thar's ivvery shap and ivvery mak,
Beath gert an' lile, beath white an' black,
Wal ivvery street an' ivvery track,
Is block'd up wi' 'em.

Fra t'Reeaven Nest, an' t'Middle-toon,
Fra t'Steanbeck Up an' t'Steanbeck Doon,
An' fra' t'Hoalboddum ;
Ramsgill an' t'Wath, ther quota send,
Harcasle youths i' drooves attend,
Sike lots fra Greenha an' t'West End
T'toon winnot hod 'em.

Oade men 'ats' fowerscoore summers seen,
Wi' hairless heeads an' sparkless een,
Cum toddlin thither ;
Thar's lots ov barns at just can woak,
I' brats an' frocks as white as choak,
An' fulgrown lads and lasses stawk
Aboot together.

A hunderd different voices rise,
Sitch bawlin, hooarse, discoordant cries,
A preist wad maddle ;
Greengrocer Jamie praised his fruit,
Nut Harry tried to follow suit,
An' Dicky Dee bowt fer his brute,
A brand new saddle.

Ower t'Brig they gan be'y scoors at yance,
To Bewerley Park to watch 'em dance,
An' lake at creckit ;
Thar's kissing rings, an' twos an' threes,
They skip an' jump aboot like fleas ;
T'Victoria Band maks under t'trees
A bonny racket.

Wi' joyous smiles as neet drew on,
They start i' droaves (nut yan be'y yan),
Doon t'streets to straddle ;
Thar's monny a lass wakes street an' brant,
An' at her sweetheart leaks aslant,
As arm i' arm fra Pateley Rant,
They heeameward paddle.

Neea matter hoo wer time we spend,
Thar's ne'er a day bud what mun end,
Time keeps advancin' ;
At Feeast 'ir fast it moves away,
An' monny a yan were thar that day,
At winnot (ah'll be bun to say),
T'next Feeast be'y dancin.

They toke o' Feasts, Wakes, Tides, an' Fairs,
Whar graceless lads up t'streets i' pairs,
T'yung lasses follow ;
Begin an' lait all Yorkshire throo,
An' then yeel finnd my words cum true,
At Pateley Feeast a'll quite ootdew,
All t'others hollo.

Fra ivvery part o't Deaal they're tharr,
'Tween Darley Beck an' Haden Carr,
An't Covil Hooses ;
Girt stridin' chaps o' milk weel fed,
Like Bewerley Bill, an' Hearfield Ned,
'At's used to nowt bud wark an' bed,
An' lile carooses.

Strang lasses cum fra t' Folly Gill,
Heights, Thornfert, an' Hardisty Hill,
Wi' reudy feeaces ;
Fra t'Smeltas, Wilsil, an' New York,
I' 'lastic boots weel heeld wi' cork,
Seea pleased this day to miss ther wark,
Fer t'seek a't reeaces.

Whar yance t'bold Roman Eagle flew,
Noo floatin' see t'red, white, an' blue,
Freedam's gay standard ;
Fra Knaresbro', Harrogate, an' Leeds,
Pair efter pair to Guyscliff speeds,
Whar Mowbray's noble prancing steeds
Lang sin had wandered.

Some sixty years ago, Pateley Bridge was the rendezvous of many celebrated poachers, men with an abundance of strength and energy, who loved the freedom of the wild moorland, and who, Robin-Hood-like, dared and defied the power of those who had the upholding of the game laws. The two most renowned were the brothers Sinclair; their many adventures and hairbreadth escapes from the strong arm of the law, in the neighbourhood of Pateley, at the above date, seem more like the story of forest life in England centuries past, whilst the reminiscences of John Sinclair, who is still living at the age of eighty-seven, would fill a large volume with startling adventures, which happened to him both at home and abroad. From a mere youth his ambition was shooting and the freedom of the moors, and his only crime was the breaking of the game laws. The last time the writer had conversation with him, he had been unfortunate in bursting the pupil of his right eye. He was then in his eighty-seventh year, and up to that period of his life he was an unerring marksman. After the accident he complained thus, "ah think it owered wa me, ah shall niver shut another bird, age brings even shutting to a close."

The Pates, or Badgers, from which Pateley receives its name, were, a century ago, very numerous in the glens and vales of this vicinity. The following is from Joseph Lucas' "Studies in Nidderdale":—

On asking John Wilkinson if he had ever killed a fomud or a pate, he replied, "Aye, scoores," and his son, himself an old man, entertained me with the following narrative:—

"About forty years ago, I was crossin' from Heathfield with fadther, to lay wait for a man we thowt like to be out poachin'. We did not want ta cross t'brig, and, as t'Nidd was varra low, I 'greed to hug fadther across t'watter. When I had taken ma stockings off, and had got inta t'middle, he heard a splash, and saw something swim across t'Nidd. So I maks back, and when it got ta t'bank we saw it was a pate, so ah gave chase, and as they cannot run sa varra fast, ah seen caught it."

Mr. Thorpe tells me "That the last pates seen or known in Nidderdale, were a male and female, and they were killed about forty years ago in the Tenement Wood, Fountains Earth Township.* Within my recollection, I have known many pates to have been killed at the Tenement, by two brothers, Jack and Harry Blake. The Tenement was the stronghold of the pate in Nidderdale. I also remember several badger-baits in the back yard of the Bay Horse Inn, Pateley Bridge."

BEWERLEY.

On the other side of the river is Bewerley (watery field), once the manor of Erneis-de-Burun, an ancestor



Arms of the Yorkes.

* Since the above period, a badger has been caught amongst the rocks of Brimham, and this is believed to be the last that has been seen in the vicinity.

of Lord Byron. After successively passing through the hands of the Mowbrays, the Abbots of Fountains, and other people of lesser note, it came into the possession of the Yorke family, three-and-a-half centuries ago.* The township is full of beauty and historic interest.

BEWERLEY HALL

(the residence of T. E. Yorke, Esq., J.P.), is a fine embattled mansion, with circular towers at three angles. It is situated on a gentle eminence, from which an extensive view of the dale is had, and surrounded by a large and well-timbered park. Excepting the east end, which is part of a former hall, the building is modern. Inside are several suits of armour, once worn by knightly ancestors.

Immediately to the west of the hall is an old monastic chapel, built at the end of the fifteenth, or beginning of the sixteenth century, by Marmaduke Huby, one of the most



White Woods.

worthy of the Abbots of Fountains. His initials "M.H.,"† as well as the motto "Soli Deo honor et gloria," are yet conspicuous on the walls; the former on the east, north, and south sides; the latter on the east.

Tradition has it that the quaint Tudor building—now the gardener's house—was the residence of the priests.

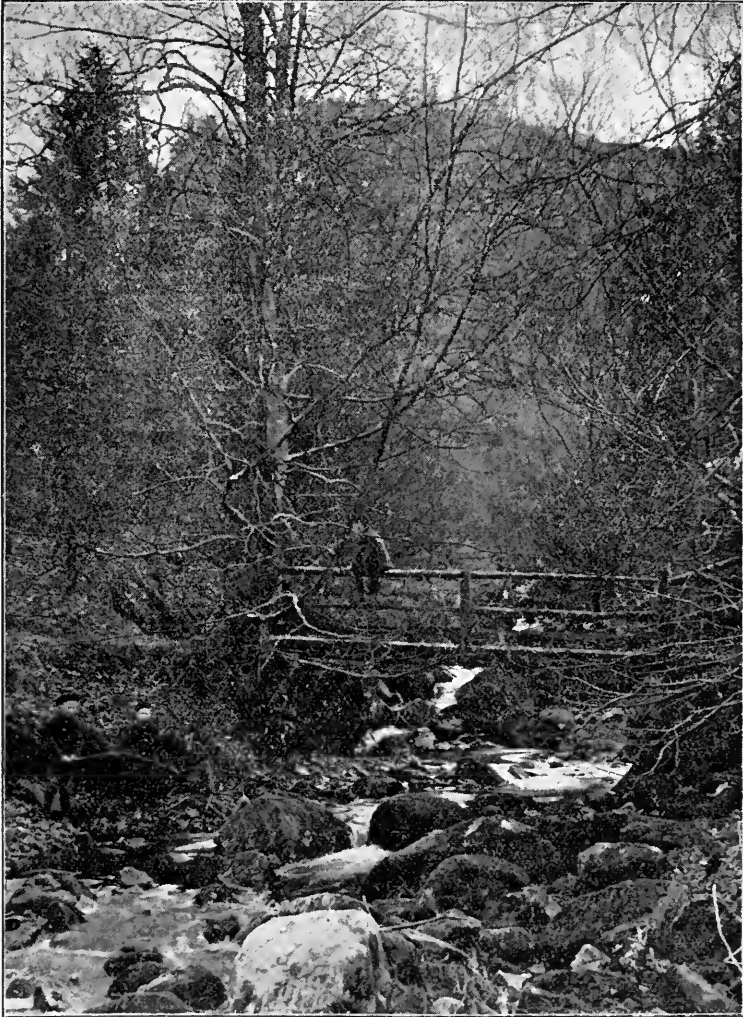
In close proximity hereto, is Fishpond Wood, a delightful retreat, where man's efforts, in the formation of the lake, have most nearly imitated nature. Encircling the pond is a footpath, shaded by fine beeches, which at places overhang the road, and, dipping the tips of their branches into the water, form natural arches.

* For their pedigree see Foster's "Yorkshire Pedigrees."

† Whitaker gives these as being initials of Maulger Norton, Esq., whose daughter was married to Sir Peter Yorke, of Gowthwaite, 1658.

RAVENSGILL,

Near to, is the most beautiful of the many glens of which the valley boasts, among them being Riddings Gill, Helks Gill, Colthouse Gill, Burn Gill, Ramsgill, and Blayshaw Gill, and a brief description of the first will indicate the beauties of the remainder. The



Foot of Ravensgill.

EDMUND BOGG

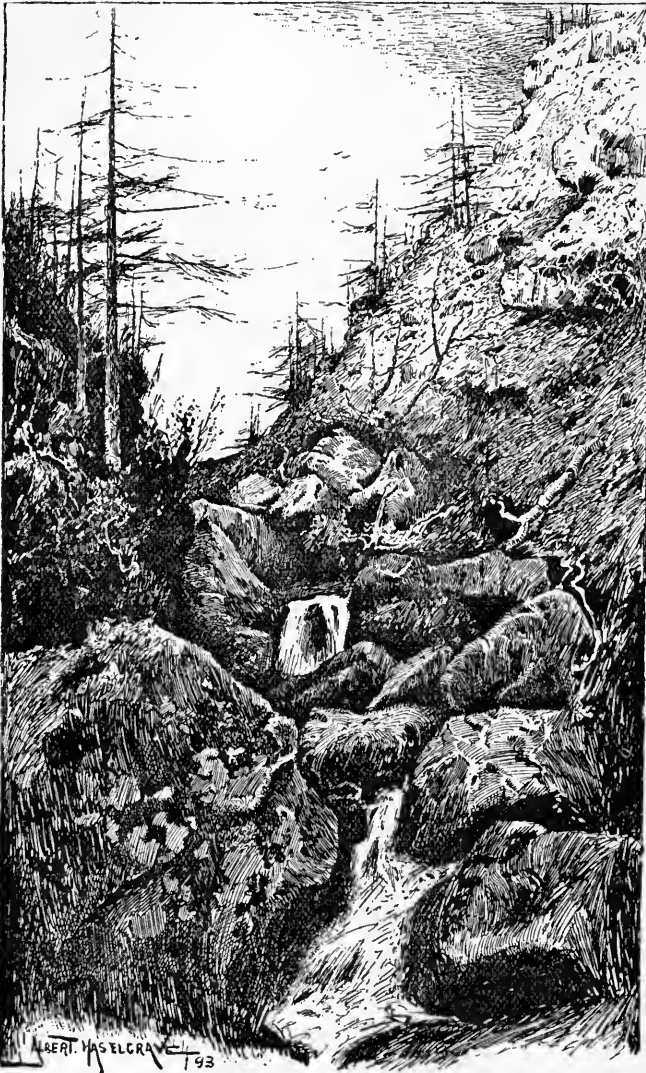
ravine is densely wooded, and, emerging as it does in the vicinity of Guyscliff, is of unusual depth on each side. Entering it at its foot, a path sloping upward, and climbing over mossy banks, leads to the heart of the ravine. At first the scene is merely pretty; on the south is a plantation of tall larches, and beneath the path flows the waters of the

gill. Further on, where the wall winds among tall ferns and taller trees, the effect of the glen becomes magnificent. Grey crags and lofty cliffs of gritstone rear their grotesque shapes against a background of Scotch firs and spruces, whose foliage

seems to rise to the sky; and far below, the restless brook gleams in the sun's rays, as it bounds over huge rocks singing of its own loveliness.

Climbing up the bed of the stream is a most arduous task. In summer time it is a paradise, where Nature is clothed in all the profusion of wild vegetation. Huge rocks of many tons, piled mysteriously in all conceivable shapes, arrest our progress on every hand, over which the water leaps and foams in its mad race to reach the lower vale. High overhead, bending o'er the summit of the cliff, making the scene grandly picturesque, are a splendid array of dark firs and other trees.

At some far distant period this stream has had a subterranean course, until, washed and weakened by the floods of ages, the roof, with its thousands of mighty rocks, has fallen. By the continual washing of rushing waters the soil and *débris* have been carried down to the old Nidd. The moorland vale be-



Ravensgill.

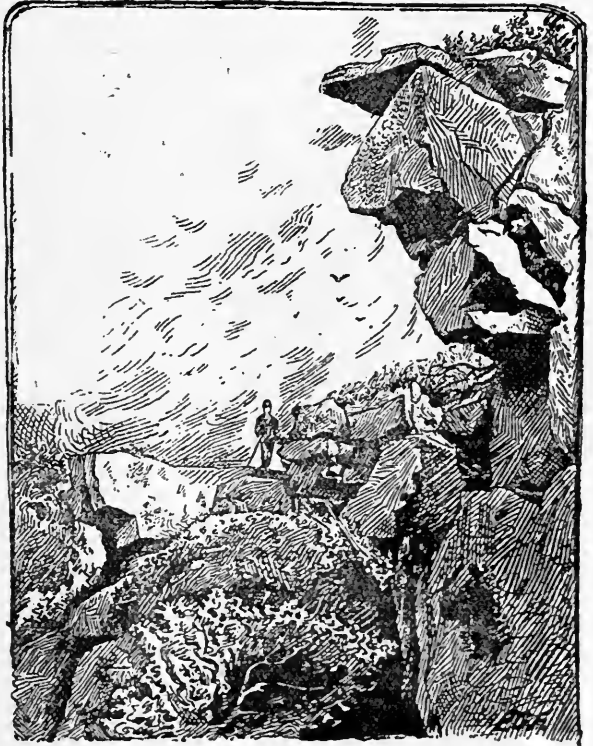
yond the glen through which the stream passes presents a scene of gloomy desolation, similar to the celebrated Doone valley in Devon. Passing on to the moors of Bewerley, we pause to gaze on the glorious scene before us. The desolate moorland presents great contrast

to the intricate bowers and sparkling streams of the ravine we have left, yet the solitude of the moors have a peculiar charm to us. So we rest and look on the vale below, and admire the beauties of the thousands of green-robed trees which adorn the steep sides of the glen, and see and hear the torrent tumbling and foaming down this most romantic of ravines, until it ends its career in the Nidd below. Near to the tall, stately trees, rising high o'er the vale, is Raven's Nest, a sleepy hamlet. The ravens have departed from this place, probably for ever, but their past haunts are remembered in the name of this hamlet and glen. Looking deep down, we can see the river gliding past the old world town of Pateley, and hear the sound of Sabbath bells floating up the heights, musical with the wild melody of gurgling waters and the song of birds, wild, free birds, free as the mountain torrent which mingles its accompaniment of music to their song.

GUYSCLIFFE

(a mile from Pateley Bridge), the counterpart of Brimham Rocks, but which the elements have attacked in a different fashion, is a prominent cliff, one thousand feet above sea level, and six hundred feet above the valley below, forming a boundary line between two classes of scenery widely different. Standing on a huge rock, the spectator has spread before him the whole region of the upper vale, through which winds dreamily the everlasting river. Along the edge of the glen mighty riven rocks uprear and yawn fearfully over the abyss. Thousands of dark and lighter green trees, and a mass of rank vegetation, clothe the foot and sides of the glen, over which flits a dark cloud of jackdaws and starlings, who chatter and croak and nest in the nooks and cran- nies of the cliff.

Westward stretches a vast tract of solitary moorland. About a mile from the cliff are two very curious tables of stone, several feet in height, nearly circle shape. The storms of centuries have formed these stones into the shape of a Druid's altar.



Guyscliffe.

The FOLLY is the name of what at a distance appear to be three tall massive pillars, and which look on closer inspection to be the ruins of an old castle or abbey. They were erected for the double purpose of making a mock ruin, and of finding employment for a number of men out of work, by a benevolent member of the Yorke family.

Quietly nestling in the wood below is Guyscliff Tarn, about two hundred yards from the foot of the cliff, and situated in a deep hollow formed for its reception by a land slip. It is of an oval shape, about one hundred yards long and half as wide, and, whether viewed from the top or contemplated from its own banks, with the cliff towering high above it in the background, and the trees intervening, it is a charming addition to



The Stone Waggon, Middle Tongue.

EDMUND BOGG.

the landscape. The face of the cliff is worn as by waves of the sea into innumerable crevices and crannies, which are tenanted by the oak, holly, mountain ash, and other trees and plants. The woods, in which the oak trees predominate, are intersected by many walks, and bestrewn with numerous huge boulders, which at some time have broken away from the mass above, and now, being covered with mosses and lichens, enhance the picturesqueness of the scene. A breach in the cliff has received the name "The Three Gaps." "Katie's Parlour" is a cave covered with a large crag; and among the rocks dignified with particular names are "The Giant's Chair," "The Needle's Eye," and the "Pulpit Rock."

CASTLESTEAD

(the stately home of George Metcalfe, Esq.), stands on a spot where the Roman eagle once held sway, for this was, as its name testifies, a Roman station.

From this place the path leads under shady trees by the river side to Pateley Bridge, and is a most interesting walk.

EAGLE HALL

(the residence of the Hon. H. E. Butler), is a modern house which a few years ago took the place of an older building belonging to the White family, the last of whom owning the estate was Sir Thos. Woollaston White, Bart. The name of the house is from the crest of the former proprietor. The surroundings have been greatly improved by the present owner, and the nicely wooded glen with the two lakes forms one of the many choice bits of scenery within easy walking distance of Pateley Bridge.

There is a tradition of a large hoard of coins being discovered during alterations at this house many years ago.

GREENHOW

(the seat of the old-established mining industry), is three miles to the west of Pateley Bridge, and is approached by a very steep road. The pedestrian will, however, be more than recompensed for his exertions in climbing by the splendid comprehensive views of the valley which may be had at several points on the way, and especially from Cold Stones.

"Moorland heath and shaggy fell" make themselves very prominent in the immediate vicinity, and by contrast with the cultivated fields about the hamlet make its name (Green Hill) all the more appropriate.

It may be noted that Independency gained its first foothold in the dale at this hamlet, where it was introduced in 1720 by a Mr. Freeman, an ex-captain of Cromwell's army.

The church here is said to be situated at a greater altitude than any other in England, being one thousand four hundred feet above the sea level.

There used to stand at the upper end of the village "Craven Crosse" a point of demarcation, showing where the lands of the Mowbrays and the Cliffords joined each other, and the westerly angle of the Royal Forest of Knaresborough.



STUMP CROSS LIMESTONE CAVERNS

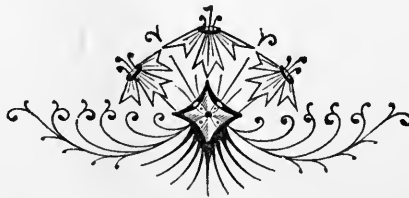
(four miles from Pateley Bridge, in the direction of Skipton), were discovered in 1860 by two miners. As far as they have been explored they are about one thousand one hundred

yards long; in some places so high that the roof is hardly visible, in others so low that the visitor is obliged to stoop—almost to creep; they are well adorned with an endless variety of stalactites and stalagmites, the former of which when slightly struck emit musical sounds varying according to the length and bulk of the column. Some of the parts have received names appropriate to their appearances, namely—"The Pillars," "The Fairy Fountain," "The Snow Drift," and "The Crystal Column." The Church, a spacious part so named, contains a series of stalactites close together against one side called "The Organ," and when struck in quick succession they emit musical sounds like a set of bells. The place altogether is resplendent "with the tints of iridescent spar."

Below the floor of this cave is another cavern said to be more wonderful than the upper.

A mile beyond is TROLLER'S GILL, a deep limestone gorge, through which hissing waters bound. It is the reputed haunt of the Barguest, about which many strange legends linger. Troller's Gill and Stump Cross Caverns are in the watershed of the Wharfe.

It is almost marvellous how the old-world beliefs and customs still exist amongst the people in these out-of-the-way corners of Yorkshire. There is still faith in the following usages lingering in the dale to the present day :—That horse shoes, when hung near the door of the dwelling will bring good luck to the family. A farmer, only lately removed from Gowthwaite, had several horse shoes always hung by the front and back doors for that specific purpose, and his faith in this means of bringing luck to the house was not easily shaken. A relic, possibly of pre-reformation days, still existing amongst many families in the dale is, never, under any circumstances whatever, to start any fresh undertaking on Friday, and work so begun would presage evil to that house. Formerly when a horse became attacked with gripe, and was found shivering and sweating, the cause was blamed on a witch or evil spirit entering the stable and terrifying the animal, and as a preventive against this evil work of the witch, a boulder stone, with a hole worked through it by action of water, was brought from the nearest glen and hung from the roof of the stable; this was called the witch stone. At the present day stones are to be seen as described, being placed in that position in the stables of many dale farms for the cause and object above referred to. At the out-of-the-world hamlet, of Stone (or Stean) there exists one old custom, that when drinking the frumenty on Christmas eve, the two eldest sup together out of one bowl or basin, and so in succession the two eldest in the family drink together, whilst none but the youngest must light the yule candle, and the remains of the yule log is kept to light the one of the following year.





CHAPTER XII.

FOUNTAINS EARTH, STONEBECK DOWN, AND STONEBECK UP.

"Land of wild heath and shaggy wood ;
Land of the mountain and the flood."—*North.*

WATH WOODS and WATERFALL (two miles from Pateley Bridge), rank among the scenic attractions of this part of the valley. Situated on the boundary of the townships of Bishopside and Fountains Earth, they are near the old Grange of Sigsworth, and these extensive woods, with their endless winding walks and bounding waterfall, with an abundance of ferns that "grace the dingle side," combine to make one of the most attractive and popular of Nidderdale scenes. Such names as "Robin Hood's Park," and "Robin Hood's Well," given to places in the vicinity, suggest that the renowned outlaw extended his maraudings even to this remote part.

A Pack Horse Bridge gives means of communication with the opposite side of the river. It is said this was erected prior to the opening of the burial ground in connection with the Middlesmoor Chapel, its primary object being to enable corpses to be carried across the river at this point on their way to the Parish Church at Kirkby Malzeard to be buried. A lonely eight miles it must have been across the moor, for in the hey-day of pack-horse times it was but a trackway needing rude pillars to be set at distances as guides, some of which yet remain.

We can easily picture the funeral procession winding slowly over the lonely moor from village, hamlet, and township ; friends of the deceased have been bidden, and the followers spread out to a great distance, for non-attendance at funerals in those days was



Wath Bridge.

regarded with great disfavour ; wheeled vehicles there were none, so we may reasonably suppose the body was conveyed on a sledge, whilst the mourners followed, some on foot and many others on horseback. Some years ago we gazed on nearly such a scene. The interment took place up the dale, five miles from the home of the deceased, and the mourners bidden followed in nearly every kind of vehicle, and astride nearly every description of nag, from the large bony cart horse down to a small huckster's galloway ; yet in the bearing of that motley attendance there was a solemnity well befitting the carrying of a neighbour to his last resting place.

Let us now pass through the woods and over the moors ; it is a beautiful spring day, the delicate green of opening buds tells us life is once again assuming mastery over the dead. The silvery moss on the birch trees sparkles in the sunlight, and the sombre brown of the crisp ferns is changed to golden ; dewdrops flash like precious stones ; and the shining rivulet leaps and gurgles through the woodland, adding great beauty to the scene. Leaving the gorge, we follow the track to Sigsworth. Here two lovely shepherd dogs bound towards us with loud and angry bark ; a few kind words soon change their demeanour from enemies to friends. Traditions of Robin Hood still linger in the name of a spring near by, known as Robin Hood's Well, and the land adjoining is called Robin Hood's Park. Sigsworth was, in monkish days, a grange belonging to the monks of Fountains ; here dwelt some of the shepherd monks ; traces of its importance and reminiscences of past days still hover around. A mile onward and upward two small moorland streams meet and form the Wath beck. Upward still we climb to the extreme eastern watershed of the Nidd. Far around spread the desolate moors ; grim and lonely out of this desolation protrude the grey shaggy fronts of immense rocks, and a few half wild sheep are seen, whose woolly covering is scarcely to be recognised from the hue of the moors. Below us yonder the Nidd is winding through sylvan meadows, a rich gleam of sunlight falls on the village of Middlesmoor, perched on a hill, yet sheltered by the mighty Whernside and the adjoining hills. Below is Lofthouse and Ramsgill, where there is still seen the remains of an ancient chapel built by the monks of Byland Abbey. Further down the river is Gowthwaite Hall, grim, grey, and venerable, with many curious gables and old latticed windows.

For miles we tramp on this high ridge of moorland, from whence the pretty Skell and Laver have their fountain. There is a charm to us in this wildness and solitude, no sight of human habitation now, ridge rises over ridge into a billowy expanse, a sea of heather. A snipe we have disturbed rises at our feet, and, with a peculiar sound and startled whistle, flies wildly in the air. A flock of lapwings skim over the heather, crying "tee-wit, tee-wit, tee-wit." The curlew, hovering high overhead, ever repeats the melancholy cry, "too-r-loo, too-r-loo." A moorbird startles us with harsh guttural call, and flies away with a loud, burring sound ; soon alighting, he sends forth that

curious call, almost human, "come-back, come-back, come-back." This cry is most startling for the first time heard in silence of lonely moors. How pure and exhilarating are the moorland breezes on these uplands! The sun is now gently drooping below Whernside, so, turning our footsteps to the green margins of the Nidd, and wandering along its banks, we note the beauty of sky and trees mirrored in its bosom, and see the lambs skip, and hear the song of the thrush and the melodious notes of the blackbird, and the lulling sound of brooklets passing to the river. Gradually the silence of evening creeps over the vale, and the beauty of sunset is succeeded by a white vaporous mist rising from the river, and before we reach the town of Pateley the mantle of night has spread over the earth, with her attendant moon and stars.

Beginning from Pateley Bridge again, and journeying up the dale on the western side of the river, Merryfield Glen demands some attention. Three miles up the valley are some very extensive lead

mines, probably worked by the Romans seventeen centuries ago. A diversion from the main road is made at about a mile from Pateley Bridge, near where the tributary from the glen passes under the road, and a few minutes' walk brings us quite into the glen. Hitherto it has not received the attention which its undoubted attractions warrant. No tourist, however, should miss this piece of romantic scenery. As one of the natives said



Near Foster Beck.

EDMUND BOGG.

to us when taking a photograph there : " Ay, it's a fine valley, but nutt weel eneaf knoan."

To the north of the glen, resting on the fringe of the moors, is the small out-of-the-world hamlet of Heathfield, mentioned in the Domesday Survey as Hegre's-field. In monastic days it was held by the monks of Byland. Until a few years ago the hamlet was composed of very old thatched cottages, which are now fast disappearing before the hand of time.

A mile further up brings us to Gowthwaite Hall. This grey, seventeenth century pile was formerly the manorial residence of the Yorkes, and here Eugene Aram for some little time taught a school. It is now divided into three farmhouses, but its external appearance is little altered.



Gowthwaite Hall.

The compensation reservoir now being made by the Bradford Corporation will extend from below Gowthwaite to near Ramsgill, and it is expected that when completed, the presence of such a vast sheet of water will add to, rather than detract from, the picturesque of the valley.

On our way to Ramsgill (two miles distant) we pass near to Riddings Gill, about half-a-mile below the village named. Through a romantic glen flows a stream which has petrifying properties.

"How sweet it is in Riddings Gill,
To lie upon the grass quite still;
With ears alert, with closed eyes,
And listen to the sounds that rise
From babbling beck, from purling pool,
From waterfall and cascade cool."

Another of the Nidd's tributaries, between Gowthwaite and Ramsgill, is Heron's Dyke, where some of the natives will tell you the restless spirit of a murdered man used to appear, until the parson, on the appeal of the affrighted neighbours, "read it down," after which it was, of course, never seen again.

RAMSGILL

is principally noteworthy as the birth-place of Eugene Aram, the hero of Lytton's novel and Hood's poem.*

" Here dwelt ' the dark brooding man ' amidst the throng,
Whom genius claimed her own—her woeful child ;
Sad, wretched soul of one immortal song,
In learning's temple great—the gem defiled."

The cottage of his birth was pulled down a few years ago to make room for a new group of houses.

In the churchyard are the remains of a chapel built by the monks of Byland.

The village also possesses a quaint corn mill which stands on the banks of a most beautiful stream.

At Ramsgill the river is augmented by a stream from each side of the valley. The one which gives the name to the village flows in from the west, and Lul Beck, otherwise called ' Helks Gill,' on the east. The latter especially, with its waterfall, is well worth a visit.

A little on the other side of the last-named glen is a *barrow* or tumulus which awaits investigation.

Nearing Lofthouse village two miles above, we pass the openings in the earth, whence the river, after being confined in its two miles subterranean course, which commences at Goyden Pot Hole, emerges and returns to the old bed.

Before reaching that place, however, we pass, about half-a-mile lower down, one of those fairy circles mentioned in a former chapter.

LOFTHOUSE

is said to have been thus named because of the adding of a storey to one of the farmhouses, which, up to that time, were all one-storey buildings. So great an innovation warranted the name Lofthouse being henceforth applied to the village. We quote this argument with something of reserve.

There lately died at this place one John Imeson, aged 84, in his youth a companion of the famous brothers Sinclair. Fifty years ago Imeson was a celebrated poacher. The

* The *Lanthorn* used by Aram is now the property of Henry Irving, and is used by him in the play of Eugene Aram.

moors and woods between Masham and Pateley, and northwards to Leyburn, was his hunting domain. Here, for weeks at a stretch, when the hue and cry was hard after him, the shaggy heath formed his bed as well as a hunting ground. We had some difficulty in procuring his portrait. While preparing, the old man enquired, "Sall ah hev t'oade pipe i' mi jib?" An ounce of tobacco soon set his tongue wagging about the exploits of yore. In his conversation we heard the arguments by which the poachers excuse their depredations. It was in these words: "T'Lord meade t' gam for t' poor as weal as t' rich. T'gentry didn't ken that, bud ah did."*

HOWSTEAN,

half-a-mile from this village, is a favourite resort for tourists. As a piece of picturesque scenery it has few rivals in the country; and as a geological curiosity, Professor A. H.



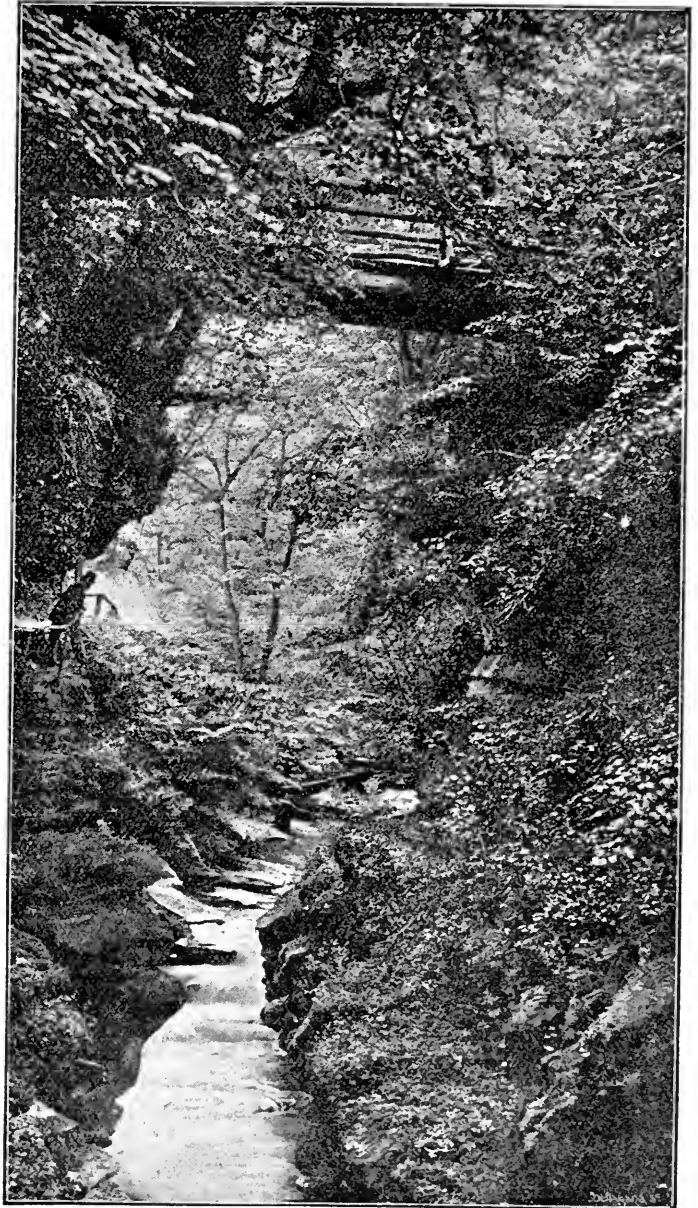
Green, who occupies the Geological Chair at Oxford, says: "It is not equalled in England." The water's course is through a precipitous gorge of mountain limestone, about seventy feet deep, with a rugged bed of the same, which in the upper part is rich in encrinites.

* Anthony Thompson and Kit Tomlin were two eccentric characters who dwelt in this neighbourhood. It was Kit Tomlin who, when his horse stuck fast with a load of meal he was taking to Middlesmoor, stood up in the cart with a sack of meal on his back, and, addressing the horse, said, "Noo, then, can ta trail it?" never dreaming that he was adding his own weight to the over-burdened horse.

The sides are composed of numberless advancing and receding shelves, hollow crannies and crevices of every imaginable form, and one long stretch of shelving limestone provides a terrace walk with another shelving part overhanging it. An abundance of mosses, lichens, and ferns, beautify the stones and furnish the many niches and projecting shelves, whilst a thick growth of elm, ash, oak, hazel, and other trees interlace each others' boughs across the chasm, which is spanned by three bridges at different altitudes. This interesting spot affords an example in miniature of the wonderful canons of Colorado. It probably owes its character in its initial stage to a natural crack in the strata; and, subsequently, to the two-fold action of the waters — mechanical, in carrying away objects which impede its progress, and chemical, in dissolving the carbonate of lime contained in the limestone.

On the north-east side is the entrance to a cavern known as "Tom Taylor's Chamber," the other end opening into a field about a hundred yards distant. It was in this cave that the Roman coins were found.

They were placed perpendicularly in a crack in the rock, partially covered with water, and some of the coins were even worn to a sharp edge with the continual washing.



Entrance to Cavern.

W. BROWN.

On the same side, about two hundred yards from the stream, is the mouth of a subterraneous passage, known as Eglin's Hole. It is of unknown length and extent. Some say it has been explored to a distance of two miles from the entrance; others, that it extends under the village of Middlesmore. No authentic account, however, exists of any thorough exploration.

BLAYSHAW BENTS.

At Blayshaw Bents (about same distance from Lofthouse as Howstean), are a number of pit dwellings, relics, probably, of the aboriginal Celts. At one end is an enclosure known as the "Roman Camp," and adjoining these pits are heaps of slag or refuse from iron smelting works, indicating that at one time iron ore has been worked and smelted here; but whether by the Romans or the monks of Byland has not been determined.

Here is also a cavern of similar formation to those of Stump Cross, but as yet no facilities are offered for the ingress of visitors, and even if it were open to the public it would not at present be safe for any but expert cave-hunters to venture in.

MIDDLES Moor

(eight miles from Pateley), stands on a hill which divides the valley of the Nidd proper, from that through which Howstean Beck flows. It is nine hundred feet above the sea level. The present church is a modern erection, but takes the place of a very old chapel, built and consecrated in the year 1484. Afterwards the people got the further privilege of a burial ground, prior to which the dead had to be carried to Kirkby Malzeard, where all children had to be baptized also.*

At present the church boasts an organ, which, however, is a recent acquisition. We believe it is in the memories of people now living, that the musical part of the services used to be led by a number of brass instruments, the bassoon especially being named as one; and yet there seems to have been an organ at the chapel three hundred and thirty-five years ago, for the parish records of Kirkby Malzeard show the following items as having been paid in the year 1555:—

"To the Prest of Mydlsmore for mendyng the organ, viijs.; for nayls for the organ, iijs. id."

The register contains entries of the baptism of Eugene Aram, and his marriage, as well as the baptism and death of their first child. The entries are as follows:—

* On the 15th November, 1484, an arrangement was made between the Prebendary of Massam and Vicar of Kirkby Malsard of the one part, and the inhabitants of the town of Middlesmoor, in Nidderdale, on the other part, viz. :—That the said inhabitants of the town of Middlesmoor have therein one chapel in which they were wont to hear divine service celebrated by stipendiary chaplain of their own, and also to have the sacraments administered to them by license of the Vicar, and now desire to have the same chapel and chapel yard consecrated, that they might bury therein, and have baptisms and marriages solemnized. Wherefore they promised for themselves and successors, inhabitants thereof, to pay all the tithes due, as well to the Prebendary, as to the Vicar of Kirkby (in which parish it is), and will likewise observe all customs heretofore used, and also contribute towards the repairs and other burdens of the mother church at Kirkby. On November 15th, 1484, the Archbishop commissioned William, Bishop of Dromore, to consecrate the said chapel and yard.

"Ramsgill : Eugenius Aram, son of Peter Aram, bap. ye 2nd of October, 1704."

"Loftus : Eugenius Aram and Hannah Spence, married May 4th, after banns thrice pub., 1731."

"Low Loftus : Anna, daughter of Eugenius Aram, bap. January 23rd, 1732."

"Low Loftus : Anna, daughter of Eugenius Aram, buried June 3rd, 1732."

The names "Hall Garth" and "Park" applied to places in the neighbourhood of Middlesmoor, have given rise to the supposition that the Yorke family had a residence here prior to the building of Gowthwaite Hall.

"Middlesmoor must not be left without some mention of the view from its churchyard. To sit upon the wall after dinner under a shady plane tree is worth the pilgrimage. The westering sun brings out the varied details of the landscape with soft clearness. The valley, walled in by noble hills, whose sides are flecked with trees, green pastures, and grazing cattle, the silvery but shrunken river, the grey-brown houses of Lofthouse and Ramsgill, and, beyond the glittering windows of Pateley, the uplands of the lower dale fading away into space without an horizon. And as we watch this passing of earth into heaven, with at our feet—

'The stones

That name the underlying dead,'

we feel that many of them, at the end of their quiet lives, left the finite as peacefully and as unconsciously attained the infinite."

Goydon Pot (about two miles from Lofthouse) is reached by a pleasant footpath by the river side. It, and Manchester Hole, are caverns into which the river Nidd runs, commencing its two miles' subterranean course which terminates near Middlesmoor Vicarage. Except in times of flood these openings in the rocks suffice to carry the whole of the river, leaving the former bed dry, save for the mountain streams that flow therein further down.

Woodale and Angram, between Goydon Pot and Whernside, present scenery growing ever wilder and bleaker, and becoming increasingly interesting to the geologist, as the head of the dale is approached. Near Angram is Dead Man's Hill, and stories are told of how Scotch pedlars used to be traceable to a house in the locality, and never heard of after. Human bodies are said to have been found buried in the peat on this hill, hence its name and its connection with the missing Scotchmen, who, it was alleged, had fallen prey to the avarice of those who wanted either their goods, or the proceeds of their previous sales, or both.

TO THE RIVER NIDD.

"Flow, lovely Nidd, along thy winding bed,
By towering firs and stately oaks o'erspread !
Vale of my fathers—still to memory dear ;
Thy rose-plumed bowers, though distant, I revere.
In memory's glass reflected oft I see,
The joyous scenes which graced my infancy ;
The rural thicket, and the barkless pile ;
The winding pathway to the well-known style ;
The o'erhanging rock above the rippling rill ;
The blooming heather on the adjoining hill ;

The arching branches o'er the pathway spread ;
The modest violet on its humble bed ;
The robin perching on his favourite thorn !
The fragrance on the genial breezes borne ;
The well-known crag with prickly brambles crown'd ;
The conies sporting on the grassy mound.
When pictured deep in memory's mellowing glass,
Those lovely scenes before my memory pass,
Some secret place to muse alone I seek,
The teardrop stealing down my burning cheek."—*Blackah.*

Whernside marks the uppermost boundary of the valley, being the source whence the Nidd's waters rise. The origin of the name is sought in the probability that the stones for querns were got from this mountain, and that its present name is but a corruption of "Quernside."

STANZAS TO THE NIDD.

W. C. RUSHTON.

ROMANTIC river, flowing swiftly to the sea,
Brown heath and mossy verdant banks are thine,
And gurgling waters, whose sonorous melody
Sounds through impulsive hearts ; who could repine
When wandering, with youth and innocence, by thee !
What gentle themes, what joy, what thoughts divine,
Still echoed in our dreams ! What scenes remembered long,
Rugged, yet beautiful, and blended into song !

Whilst we are lingering by lone Cowthorp's ancient glade,
Or Harewell's fair, hospitable abode,
Or haply wandering, musing in some sunless shade,
Near where old Knaresboro's lofty turrets stood.
How may such scenes from our greenest memory fade ;
Mingling in our hearts with such sweet accord,
Nature,—poetry and art, twin sisters, beautiful,—
Spreads here her golden store for those who chose to cull.

Here dwelt the dark-brooding man, 'midst the busy
throng,
Whom genius claimed her own, her woeful child ;
Oh ! thou sad, wretched soul of one immortal song,
In learning's temple great, the gem defiled,
Heav'n, surely, in its wisdom, shall atone for wrong ;
Who o'er thine errors hath unfeeling smiled,
May know thy name in peace, and consecrate the sod
Which hides the fearful deed, and leave the rest to God.





CHAPTER XIII.

A RAMBLER'S REMINISCENCES OF UPPER NIDDERDALE.

NIDDERDALE, although one of the most beautiful in Yorkshire, unlike Wharfedale and Airedale, is comparatively unexplored. Those who venture into it rarely extend their explorations beyond the immediate neighbourhood of Pateley Bridge. A few, more venturesome, however, continue their rambles into the more remote and wilder parts of the valley.

Seven miles above Pateley Bridge is Lofthouse, and a mile beyond, perched on the summit of a prominent hill, stands Middlesmoor. Its position suggests the days of fortified towns and entrenched camps. The church of St. Chad on the hill side, is a quaint old structure, and from the graveyard an extensive view of the valley is obtained. A magnificent panorama lies at one's feet extending far beyond Pateley. On either side the valley is flanked by spurs of hills rising in grand succession and culminating in the heights of Greenhow and Heyshaw Moor. Below, is Lofthouse, and, with the exception of Ramsgill, three miles away, no other hamlet of any size breaks the view to Pateley Bridge. Trees are plentiful, and the Nidd, a bright streak, winding through the meadows, adorns the rich greenness that clothes the valley with the glittering bravery of silver lace.

An interesting excursion is up the course of the stream known as Howstean Beck. About half-a-mile from Lofthouse, the most picturesque part is enclosed, and a small fee exacted for permission to enter the pretty grounds. The beck flows at the bottom of a narrow limestone gorge, some seventy feet below the surface. In many places it is impossible to see the stream, and one listens with sympathy to the waters fretting in their narrow prison.

On the left bank of the beck a high irregular opening, which may be entered from or below the path, leads into a long narrow passage, known as "Tom Taylor's cave."

It may be easily explored by means of candles, and eventually opens out into a field in a small hollow in a clump of trees.

Due west, and about fifty yards from the exit of the last cave, a small gate at the foot of a mound marks the entrance to Eglin's Hole—also known locally as Cathole. The first portion is rather low, and necessitates some stooping. To the east, a low passage, containing two or three thick stalactitic pillars, continues for about a hundred yards until it becomes too low for comfortable progression. Immediately in front, the main opening leads directly under the hill towards Middlesmoor. It is broad and low, and fairly clean. The floor is covered with soft sand and fallen slabs of rock, which looked an intense shiny black by the light of our candles and an occasional flare-up from magnesium ribbon. A stream of water is encountered, but nowhere is it of any size. About two hundred yards from the entrance, a sharp turn leads due east, and then inclines northward again. A long distance was thus traversed without any change in the monotony of its character. Eventually the roof became uncomfortably low, and it was decided to return, accordingly we shuffled over the soft *débris* and fallen rocks to the starting point. On the west there is another opening, which is, however, of no great length.

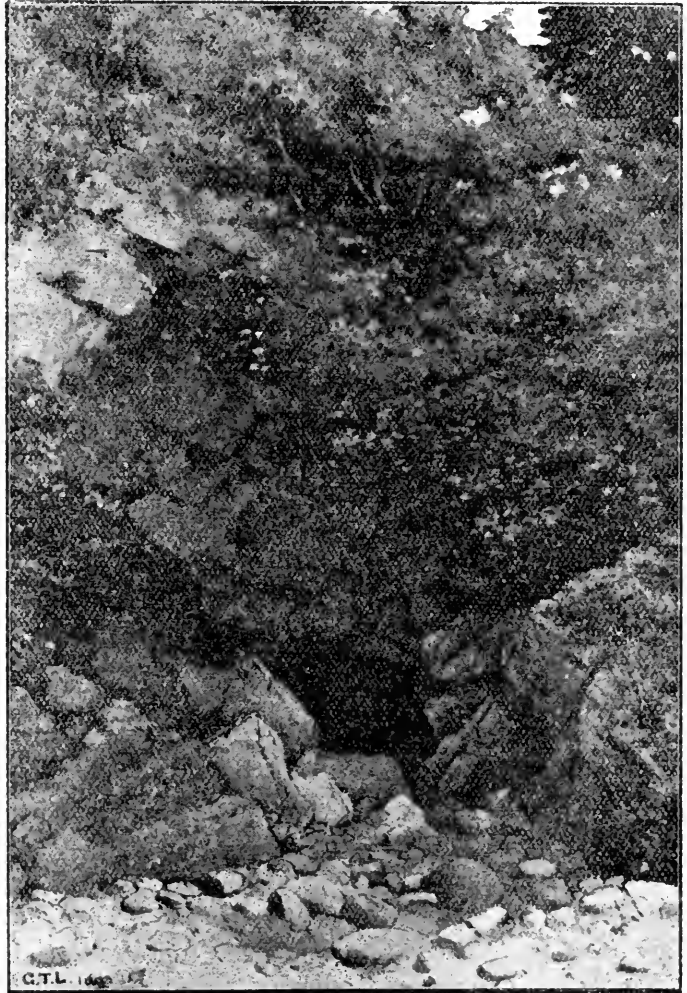
Emerging into the sunlight, we kept along the left bank of Howstean Beck for a time, and then descended to the bed of the stream, which afforded a delightful scramble over tessellated floors of limestone and huge boulders. Both sides were clothed with trees covered with the new-born green of spring. A constant succession of delightful nooks and cascades drew our admiration, and exquisite velvety carpets of soft green moss (plentifully interspersed with oak fern) fringed the banks. At length the millstone grit appeared, and the left gill led to Park Foss, about sixteen feet in height. Beyond, the bare brown moors extend to the ridgy summit of Rigg's Moor, from which an extensive view of Mewpha (1,888 ft.), Great Whernside (2,310 ft.), and Little Whernside (1,984 ft.), was obtained. The hills in Wharfedale, beyond Burnsall, were plainly visible to the south.

Striking due north across the moor, Angram, the last tiny hamlet in Nidderdale, is reached. From Angram a narrow mountain path leads straight up to the summit of Little Whernside. Continue to the farthest verge. A grand prospect of mountain and undulating moorland meets the eye, and far below lies Coverdale. Keep along the top, and a wire fence leads to a wall, which goes over the long crest of Great Whernside. Presently, Kettlewell may be distinguished at the foot of the mountain, away in the distance. Don't make straight for it, however; between lies a great stretch of bog, seamed and fissured in all directions.

Several heavy showers having fallen, we were reluctantly compelled to be satisfied with the memories of a former ascent of the two Whernsides, and turned towards

Middlesmoor, which lies to the south-east over the Rain-Stang, nearly five miles away. Another heavy downpour was encountered on the moor, the weather then improved, and a beautiful evening filled us with hopeful expectations of a fine day on the morrow.

In the morning, provided with a lantern, magnesium ribbon, and some candles, we proceeded to Goyden Pot, situated in the bed of the Nidd, about two miles above Lofthouse. It is variously written Goydon, Cowdon, &c. As pronounced in the district, it sounds like "Gudden Pot." Just before reaching Lofthouse from Pateley, two considerable streams of water are observed flowing into the valley; but on looking above the road, no water or stream is visible. The road runs over two low arches of limestone, which are the termination of the subterranean course of the river. From Manchester Hole, about three hundred yards above Goyden Pot, to this reappearance of the waters, must be over two miles. The bed between is for the first mile or so much like the upper part of How-stean, and contains a little water; but towards the famous Pot it is simply a rough heap of boulders, and there is no water until the farm is passed, beyond which, on the right hand, is a low limestone cliff, at whose foot in an angle, the entrance to Goyden Pot lies over great water-worn rocks, and along an airy passage with a creviced and uneven floor. About fifty yards from the mouth, the main entrance terminates in an opening, a window looking into the great central hall of the Pot, and some twenty feet



Goyden Pot.

G. T. LOWE.

above its floor. The darkness is almost palpable, and is resonant with the roar and rattle of falling water. For a few minutes the weirdness and strangeness of the place oppressed us with nervousness; but there were six of us, with plenty of lights, and somewhat familiarized with the awful din, we prepared to become more thoroughly acquainted with this great cavern.

Retreating a few yards, a low arch above a heap of rubble is found on the left hand as one looks towards the entrance. In a few paces the spacious chamber is entered round a barrier of rocks, and the descent to the river itself is easily accomplished. It is difficult in words to describe the apparent vastness of this great hall, intensified by the darkness. The roof is lofty, and decorated with drops of water shining and glistening in the white rays of the magnesium light with the brightness of stars. The floor is strewn with rocks, varying in size from huge masses to be climbed over to the smallest pebbles foot ever slipped on. The cave seemed a paradise to amateur explorers, the slight spice of danger deliciously flavouring the excitement. Our imagination took us to distant and fabulous realms. We sought, with Rider Haggard's heroes, the flames of She, the mines of Solomon, or the magic city of Milosis.

Those exploring Goyden Pot for the first time should note carefully the path on entering, as a little difficulty in finding the way back may not prove a pleasant experience.

Descending on the loose *débris*, and over a few large rocks, a low bridge of limestone is reached under which the water disappears. Climbing over this, a drop of seven or eight feet brings the bold cave-hunter to a ledge, beyond which progress is difficult without the aid of ropes and a ladder. The magnesium ribbon revealed the tossing water beneath, and fearsome depths beyond. On regaining the slope of soft *débris*, further progress may be made to the right over the rocks, under the projecting wall of the cavern, to a kind of *couloir* full of sand, with a few branches of trees washed in by the river in flood. At the bottom of the *couloir* a cup-shaped hollow gives out on to a low cliff, which is steep and slippery. It is about fifteen feet high, and terminates in a ledge easily reached by means of a ladder. From this point the passage has been traced for over two hundred yards until the water approaches so close to the roof that further progress is prevented. Scrambling back to the main gallery we explored two branch passages, which are seen on entering to the left hand. The first is choked with sand and small stones; the lower one is packed tightly with branches and roots of trees, showing the great power of the subterranean river.

Emerging into daylight once more, we lunched by the well in the glade between Goyden Pot and Manchester Hole.

The dry bed of the Nidd, soon after leaving the cliff, ends in a small pool, and the river appears as an ordinary stream of water. Across the bed, at the side of the pool, a

hole about two feet square receives most of the water which makes its way under the hill to Goyden Pot, except in heavy flood time. This is Manchester Hole, and the tunnel may be examined by stepping over the rails a few yards to the right into the wood, where a steep cavity leads directly to the stream. To the left, there is not much to be seen; but to the right the passage may be followed for some distance, especially after a drought like the one experienced this year. A few yards below the entrance, down the stream, an opening appears overhead, through which the green branches of the trees are visible.

Yorkshire is singularly rich in examples of these swallows, among which, may be instanced Gaping Ghyll Hole, Weathercote Cave, &c.

A glorious sunny day was succeeded by a beautiful evening, and as we walked down to Adel Close we could not but remark how many and how various were the songs of birds which filled the copses and trees around us. In the second field past the farm, and close to Howstean Beck, a stile leads to a break in the bank. By means of a ladder a ledge of rock is reached, on which a gate marks the entrance to a small cave. It seems to run parallel to the gorge. Roots are plentiful, and now and then a faint gleam of daylight is visible. The opening is narrow, and the floor very dirty. Some distance from the entrance a huge piece of stone divides the passage, which however unites again immediately, and then the floor is wetter and muddier than ever. Presently the roof sinks to a low arch about six feet long and barely two feet high. Scrambling along this through a few inches of water brought the more adventurous of us to a better portion of the cave, which, in turn, offered other difficulties. Two low barriers of calcareous deposit dammed the water up to nearly knee-deep, and, as far as we could see, the pool continued for a considerable distance. There was no alternative but to wade, so we made our way with difficulty to the outer world. There were many small stalactites; but none of the marble column-like beauty of those in Stump Cross or Clapham Cave.

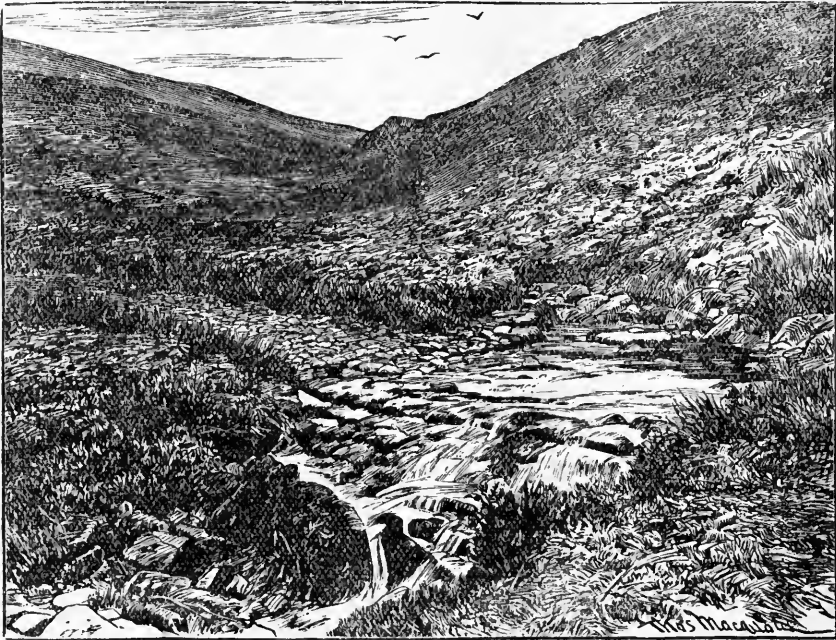
With this expedition our cave work was brought to a close; but there is more to be done by visitors to Upper Nidderdale. The ladies of our party were enchanted with the district, and thoroughly enjoyed the rough work over the moors and the scrambling in the caves.

Directly east of Middlesmoor, Lofthouse Moor rises to a height of 1,450 feet, and may be easily climbed in half an hour. The view amply repays the toil, and embraces all the upper reaches of the Nidd up to the great masses of the two Whernsides.

Close to the confluence of the Nidd with Howstean Beck, the main river is joined by Blayshaw Beck, and it is an enjoyable excursion to follow the stream into the heart of Stone Moor. At first it is simply a dry heap of stones and small boulders. Just before reaching the old mill and little bridge, the water appears, and for some distance there is a succession of small cascades and deep pools, past the old mine, and through

steep banks covered with oak trees and thousands of fern plumes. The number of dead trunks reminds one of the Valley of Desolation in Bolton Woods. Higher up, huge rocks, and trees torn from their roots by heavy rains, add to the wildness of the glen. Twisted thorns and mountain ash take the place of the oak trees. These at length disappear, and the bare sides of the swelling moorland, the sky, and the rocky stream, are the sole components of the scene. From this point, by walking westward, another beck may be struck, and this in turn followed down to Howstean.

The wildness of the district is much increased in winter. The great moors, often swept by heavy masses of cloud, look bleak and cheerless, and are exposed to violent



Near the Source of the Nidd.

gales. When robed in snow, the wintry landscape is marvellously beautiful. During a recent visit we found the potholes inaccessible after the heavy rains, and the journey over the Whernsides to Kettlewell difficult and fatiguing, owing to a sudden fall of mist and rain to which these hills are liable at certain seasons of the year. A constant reference to the compass was necessary, and great gusts of wind added to the discomfort.

From these reminiscences of recent and former rambles in Upper Nidderdale, it will be evident there is much to be seen of a varied and interesting nature, of which the caves will prove not the least attractive. A thorough investigation of some of them is desirable, and here is a field for those anxious to do some original exploration.

The scenery of the Upper Nidd valley has often been compared to Switzerland, and it certainly does in a measure remind one of some of the less rugged valleys of that country.

Many of our Yorkshire dales are now much frequented by tourists, and though one fails to detect much improvement in the accommodation, there is a strong upward tendency in the scale of charges. This is a matter of deep regret to those who delight in the pleasures of a walking tour, which usually makes no serious demand on the pocket.

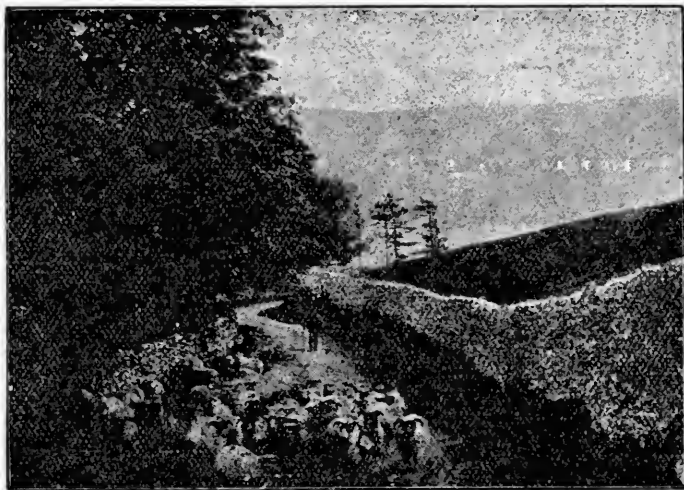
Much old folk-lore and many quaint expressions linger in these out-of-the-world valleys. Old words still obtain and are exceeding interesting :—"It's grand at neet to gan ont' brig an' hev a reek o' bacca"; "There'll e' to be a pash o' sum mak o' pelsh afore its any warmer"; etc.

One sunny day last spring, as we were lying in the warm sunshine, near the bed of the stream above Trowler's Gill, an old miner narrated to us a fishing story, and he told us of the big fish he was holding, "It shuk me shackles so mich I wor near hand letting it go."

Memories of these rambles and curious sayings bring back many happy recollections in the after time, when one wishes to recount the pleasant hours spent, knapsack on the back, amongst the Yorkshire moors.*

GEO. T. LOWE,

YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB.



A Mountain Track.

EDMUND BOGG.

* For a description of the wild regions between Great Whernside and Weather Fell, see chapter I., page 7.





CHAPTER XIV.

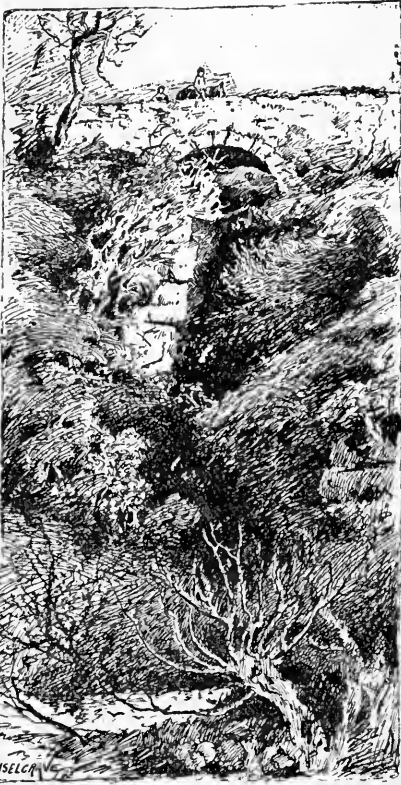
THE SOURCE OF THE RIVERS.

JUST after the hour of nine, one dark, stormy night in October, '93, the writer and a friend left the train at Hawes Junction. Visions of a blazing fire, a jolly host and hostess, were suddenly dispelled when the station-master informed us that the only place of accommodation for travellers, the temperance hotel, was full on this night. A little over a mile away is the "Moorcock Inn," standing at the junction of two roads. To this house we turned our footsteps, only again to be disappointed, yet not sorry to turn away, as the aspect of the place was not at all to our taste. Two and a half miles on the Kirby Stephen road is a temperance house known as "Shaw Paddocks." So shouldering our camera and sketching apparatus we marched onward and upward amongst the lonely hills, which seemed to touch the very clouds. Storm after storm swept drearily across the mountains, the rain beat pitilessly in our faces, and the becks, swollen by heavy rains, could be heard roaring and swirling and leaping down to the Yore,—sounds of water, water everywhere. Dark awesome glens seemed to yawn beneath us, lit up now and again by brilliant flashes of lightning, making gloom look even more gloomy. Through the murky darkness, like a meteor, sped the Carlisle express, and in a few brief moments was lost to our gaze round the base of the wild hills. After an hour's tramp we reached Shaw Paddocks, and here again we seemed doomed to disappointment, for, alas! all was in darkness, and not a sound of life was to be heard, save the fierce bark of two shepherd dogs in the adjoining laithe. Whilst essaying to knock, not being quite sure of the house, a most vivid flash of lightning illumined the scene around us, and disclosed to our eyes the welcome sign over the doorway. After knocking loudly twice or thrice, a window was opened, and a voice exclaimed, "Whoo there?" After stating our wants and troubles, the voice enquired, "Where ye frae?" The bran new city of Leeds settled the question, for in a few minutes the good host and hostess were below, and we were soon seated before a blazing

turf fire, which looked more than ordinarily cheerful after our rough tramp, and the good meal which the kind dame spread before us, was enjoyed with a keen relish. Our host was a dalesman, a type of the old race now fast disappearing, tall, broad, and muscular, with a weather-beaten face which told of exposure on the mountains, one who would hold his own in a bargain, yet honest and square withal. He had not moved far in the world. Kearby seemed his favourite town. On asking if he attended Hawes or Kirkby Stephen markets, he replied, "Kearby maistlings, you know, the reason ah goo there moast, ahm vary wealish kent doon eh Kearby." After a good night of rest, for neither the rain beating on the window-panes, the roaring of water in glens below, nor the rushing past of heavy-laden luggage trains a few yards beyond, were in the least able to disturb our slumbers, for we awoke well refreshed and anxious for our day on the mountains. The outlook was not very cheerful, but about nine o'clock the rain ceased for a while, so we started for the vale of the Eden, passing for some distance by the side of the infant Yore, swollen by the rains of the previous day and night, everywhere streams were rushing and tumbling down the smaller glens. Leaving the Yore, we passed over the old moorland track, formerly the only means of communication into Eden Vale. A vast amphitheatre of hills surrounds us, in front, Mallerstang uprears its rugged, stern cragged face, and bristling brow, from base to battlement, sunlight and misty clouds were weirdly chasing each other in fitful patches, forming a grand and sublime picture. As we pass along to the Eden the scene changes like an ever-moving panorama, under the many and varied effects of light and cloud, sunlight and shadow, playing around the mountain's crest. Now the mighty mass of riven rock looms dark against the sky, then again grey filmy clouds creep slowly downwards until the mountain appears bathed in a sea of mystery. Suddenly a gleam of sunlight scatters the mist and vapour and lights up the silver streak of the torrents that dash through deep and stern riven fissures. Southward, Mossdale Moor and Widdall Fell look desolate under the gloomy influence of a dense rain cloud bellying over. The only relief the eye finds in this vast expanse of moor and gloom are the many silver streaks of water bursting forth, things of life, twisting and twining, leaping and flashing in their mad race to the Yore. Passing along Hell Gill beck, to where the stream bounds in one great leap downward, we reach Hell Gill bridge, which spans the fearful chasm. Under the present bridge are the remains of an older structure, which tradition says was built by his sable Majesty, and was known as the "Devil's Bridge." In truth, the awful chasm through which the waters of the Eden can be heard roaring and swirling in the dark depths of the mysterious abyss seems a fit habitation of evil spirits and demons of darkness.

The natives tell us that when the archfiend built the first bridge, the straps of his apron, in which he carried the stones needed for the work, broke as he was flying heavy

laden from the mountain crest, and the apron and its contents fell into the Eden with such force that it formed the "Kail Pot," a seething cauldron of fabulous depth. Another story tells us that Dick Turpin was once waylaid by the constables of Westmoreland at "Devil's Bridge," but their prey was not to be easily caught, for, with a light touch of spur and rein, "Black Bess" leapt over the abyss into the county of York, where the warrant could not be executed.



The "Devil's Bridge."

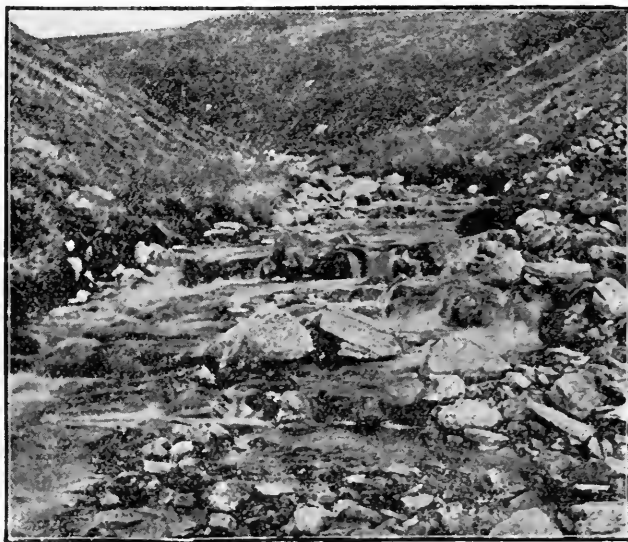
Leyland says:—"There is a bek caweled Hell Gille, because it runneth in such a deadly place." Dr. Whitaker says:—"The traveller finds himself on a level peat moss suddenly appalled by a dreadful perpendicular disruption of the rock, where a stream is heard to murmur at a vast depth beneath." Camden describes Hell Gill:—"The stygian rivulet flowing through a dreary waste and horrid silent wilderness, where goats, deer, and stags of great size, with branching horns, find a secure retreat."

The bridge divides the counties of Westmoreland and York, and a few hundred yards east marks the division of the east and western watersheds of England. Passing over the wide tract of moorland in the direction of Pendragon Castle, with High Seat and Eden head towering above us on our right, and the long angular outline of Mallerstang and Wild Boar's Fell on our left; whilst thus tramping we became aware of a dark storm-cloud which had wrapped the latter mountain in inky blackness, and we were fairly caught in a mountain storm, which

lasted for the space of half an hour. Then the sun burst forth, chasing away cloud and darkness, Mallerstang was lighted in a glow of splendour, and a dazzling rainbow reached from hill to hill, under which a glorious vision down the vale of the Eden, to the hills beyond the Tees, spread like a dream before us. Still passing along the now disused trackway, over which the Celts of old passed two thousand years ago, and also the Roman road of some two or three centuries later; and over which have passed Saxon, Dane, and Norman down to this century, when the route was changed to the present road leading through Lunds and Mallerstang. It was over this old track that the Lady Anne Clifford, Countess Dowager of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery, passed in 1663, in her journey from Skipton to Pendragon Castle, being then in her 74th year.

"And the 6th day of this October did I remove onwards on my journey towards Westmoreland, so, as I went to Mr. Cuthbert Wade's house at Kilnsey, and the next day from thence to Kettlewelldale, up Buckden Rakes, and over the Stake into Wensledale, to my cousin, Mr. Thomas Metcalf's house, at Nappa, and the next day I went over Cotter, which I lately repaired, and I came into this Pendragon's Castle. And this was the first time I was ever in Kettlewelldale, or went over Buckden Rakes, or Stake-by-Wensledale, or Cotter, or any of those dangerous places wherein yet God was pleased to preserve me in that journey."

Leaving the old trackway, we gradually ascended to the summit of High Seat, two thousand three hundred feet above sea level. Resting, we feast our eyes on the wild beauty of the scene. Below us lie the ruins of Pendragon Castle, formerly a fortress of the Cliffords. It was never an important stronghold, and now, except a few stones and a circular mound surrounded by a moat, very little remains of this ancient fortress. Further up the vale the town of Kirkby Stephen looks cheerful, the sun shining full on its roofs and walls. A score miles of the Eden lies under our gaze, with many a curve through mead and sylvan woodland. Then the vale through which flow the rivers Eden, Lune, and Belah widens out to a vast expanse; westward, rears Shap Thorn, the Beacon, and Yarlside. In front is Langdale and Simon's Seat, Tebay Fell, and beyond uprear the hills of Borrowdale. Over these to the north-west, crests of other hills loom out faintly, like the incoming of mighty waves to the Cheviots. North-east Belah and Swinden Vale and the hill country north of the Tees spread before our wondering gaze. Across this magnificent prospect is an ever changing light, which makes the scene truly enchanting, a moving network of blue shadow and golden sunlight. Looking backward, across the southern point of Malerstang, the scene is changed to weird grandeur, for towering above all other hills, cloud-capped and wild, are the giant Peaks of Penyghent, Ingleborough, and Whernside.



Where the Becks Meet—Edcnvale.

EDMUND BOGG.

While thus pondering on the crest of High Seat a vision of olden days passes before us.

"By Eden's Vale at this sweet hour,
A shepherd, striding up the steep,
Mounts to the moors to lair his sheep."

It was amongst yonder distant mountains that the good Lord Clifford spent sixteen years of his life tending sheep, sometimes on the estate of his father-in-law, Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, at other times nearer the borders of Scotland, on the moors, taken purposely for his safety. His anxious mother being fearful lest he should fall into the hands of the revengeful Edward, and his life sacrificed as an atonement for the cruelties committed by the Bloody Clifford. And so he remained hid amongst the moors until the accession of Richmond as Henry VII., who united the rival houses of Lancaster and York, when he was restored to his rank and estates. Towards the end of this period, or when he was about 32 years of age, "a gentleman of noble family and good estate, Sir John St. John of Bletso, in Bedfordshire, came on a visit to Threlkeld, with him came his daughter Anne, a fair girl in the bloom of youth and beauty." The Shepherd



Lord Clifford as a Shepherd.

Lord, who had seen her riding out over the hills with her father, Sir Lancelot, fell in love with her. She had seen him, too, and had observed how far superior he was in appearance to other rustic swains, and being, no doubt, secretly informed or influenced by Lady Margaret Threlkeld, De Clifford's mother, reciprocated his affection while he was yet a shepherd. It chanced, one day, as he watched his flocks feeding on the mountains, he saw the maiden on her white palfrey, attended by a single page, riding direct towards him. She stopped her horse and said, in the sweetest tones imaginable, "Good day, Shepherd Henry; I came to ask a service of you. In riding over the hills this morning, I have lost a golden clasp with three diamonds that fastened my gorget, and I would ask you, should you meet with such a bauble in your ramblings, to carry it to Lady Margaret of Threlkeld, who will see that it is returned to me." The poet tells the story in the following verses:—

'Good shepherd, 'tis a maiden's task,
Of thee a service now I ask.
Yestreen, in riding o'er the Flask,
I lost a brooch of gold.
In it there is a diamond set,
Round it is written 'De Bon Cor,' *
And in the margin 'Pency a Moy.'

"Now should the banble's brilliant glance
Happen to catch thine eye by chance,
As thou rakest thy sheep to the fold,
Wilt thou convey it, for my sake,
Back to the Lady Margaret,
Who will it in safety hold—
Trust me, though more I dare not break,
Thy kindness I will ne'er forget."

"With mute delight the shepherd hears,
Her voice like music filled his ears
As he drank her accents in—replied
* * * * *

"That from the spot whereon he stood,
Could look around and rightly tell
The name of every dale and fell.
* * * * *

"And I will scour the mountains o'er,
First I will try the Flask,
Then double back along Foulcauseway Slack,
And count full light and task.
Nor yet content upon the Bent
I'll wander round and round;
I give thee my pledge I'll search the Edge,
Nor will I pause, but through the Shaws,
And all the Fleak alone I'll seek
Until the gem be found.'

"All day through the shepherd true
Had followed the loved behest,
Till the black pall of dark night-fall
Constrained enforced rest,
But he rose as soon as the clear full moon
Gave light, to renew the quest.
* * * * *

"At last as he sought—now left, now right—
In the stillness of the Alpine night
Broken only by murmuring streams—
Just as a falling meteorite
Startled the stars from their dreams—
The diamond, sparkling at his feet,
Flashed in the white moonbeams."

And so after being restored to his estates and honours he married Annie St. John, of Bletso, and dwelt amidst the woods and moors at Barden, the Tower of which he considerably enlarged.

"Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and hills;
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

"Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth,
The shepherd lord was honoured more and more;
And ages after he was laid in earth,
The good Lord Clifford was the name he bore."

Passing down the south-east side of High Seat, and crossing several glens, down which fall many streams, we reach the source of the Eden. The same mountain range gives birth to the Swale and Yore. For the first two and a half miles the Eden flows nearly direct south, then bending round, flows fully north. Its southern course is marked by the dreary wildness of the hills, and its name seems a misnomer if we judge from the gloom of many desolate ravines, from whence its tributaries leap, increasing its size to an unruly torrent rolling down the mountain cleft, growing in strength and fury, swirling and eddying, lashing and scooping out the edges of the dark and dismal abyss. Down the sunless depths we peer, and see the slimy rocks covered with lichens and hart's-tongues, and hear and see the river defiantly battling its obstruction until it comes forth, as it were purified. Soon

* "De bon cor," and "Pency a moy"—"Be of good heart," and "Think of me." From a massive gold ring figured in Aubrey's "History of Surrey."

bending north it flows, a beautiful, tranquil river, through shady bowers and dells, its banks in spring and summer being marked by a rich carpet of verdure and overhanging foliage. Midway between Hell Gill and Yore-head, a stream suddenly drops into a cleft in the



The First Bridge.

EDMUND BOGG.

rocks, and disappears into a cavern, and after a course of a few hundred yards finds its way into the Eden. About a mile from hence, on the high brow of Lund's Fell, or Lady Pillar, a tiny streamlet gushes forth, which after a course of a few miles, swells into an important river, variously named by historians and the people who dwell along its banks, Yore, Yure. Ure, Eure, Jore, Jure, Jor, and Yer. For the first thirty miles of its course the natives dwelling along its banks pronounce it Yore and Yer,

whilst the last twenty miles its name is varied to Your, Ure, and Eur. Historians tell us that York, the ancient capital, received its name from this river; Yore-wick, or Eurewick, the city on the Yore; and the still more ancient capital of Brigantia was named from this river, Isuer. The traveller who can find enjoyment in climbing to the sources of the Yore, Eden, and Swale, will be amply rewarded by a scene of such wild magnificence, well worth all the labour to reach. Let us follow the infant river through its first miles of wild solitude, an ever musical stream, foaming, dashing, sparkling, and leaping down the rock-strewn path. Like its twin sister, its first course is direct south, soon after passing under the first bridge, near a picturesque and wild glen, rendered more beautiful by a series of pretty falls, the river takes a sweeping curve and flows south-east. A mile downwards is Lunds, a small hamlet, yet, from evidences around, at some period of its history, has been much larger. Lunds was a Danish settlement in the days of the sea kings, and probably so named after the great city of Lunds in Scania, and on this ground where the people of the hamlet worship, our Pagan forefathers may have offered sacrifice to their gods Woden and Thor. Lunds church is a primitive structure, a barn-like building with two windows and batten door, the interior is rude, dilapidated, and damp; the plaster falling off the ceiling, and the lathing showing through; the plain square-backed deal seating,

communion table and pulpit unpainted, or if the wood work has ever been touched by the painter's brush the colour has disappeared. Formerly the sanctuary was in a much worse condition. The roof was of thatch, through which wind, snow, and water found easy access. Mr. Barker tells that he once attended service at Lunds chapel in winter, and the seats and floor were covered with snow to the depth of two or three inches. One tradition says that for many years the church was minus a door, so to prevent the cattle finding shelter in the sanctuary, a large bushy thorn was placed in the doorway, and the tale is, "t'last oot puts bush et hole."

The burial ground is large for so small a community, but it also does duty for a stackgarth and a pasture ground for cattle, the rent of which is £3 per annum, sufficient, if spent for that purpose, to keep the place in good repair. When a person, now residing in the district, was passing over the moor with a friend, and saw the place for the first time, she remarked to the writer, "Ah

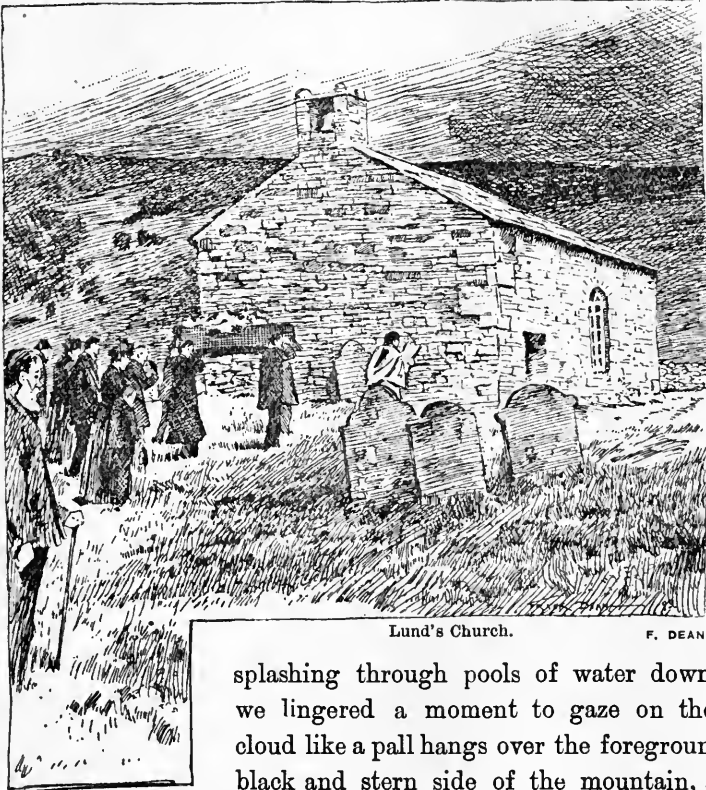


A Dalesman.

F. DEAN.

thout it was an houd barn yed, an as ah saw a neighbour wattering his coos, ah said, 'Yon's William wattering his coos et barn yed,' her companion indignantly replied, "That's noan a barn, et's oor church." How peaceful the departed of this hamlet seem to rest in this retired spot, sheltered around by mighty hills, whilst just on the edge of the graveyard the Yore and a tributary meet, and both join in the melody of a never ceasing anthem to the dead. After leaving the church we passed on to a rough track leading over the moor, where we met an old man of some seventy summers carrying a load of turf, the first human being we met with in our seven hours' tramp. This veteran told us stories concerning the church, for said he, "Ah remember this place near seventy years."

More than once when the funeral cortège has arrived, there has been no clergyman to read the service over the dead. On one occasion a body was brought out of Cotterdale for inter-



Lund's Church.

F. DEAN.

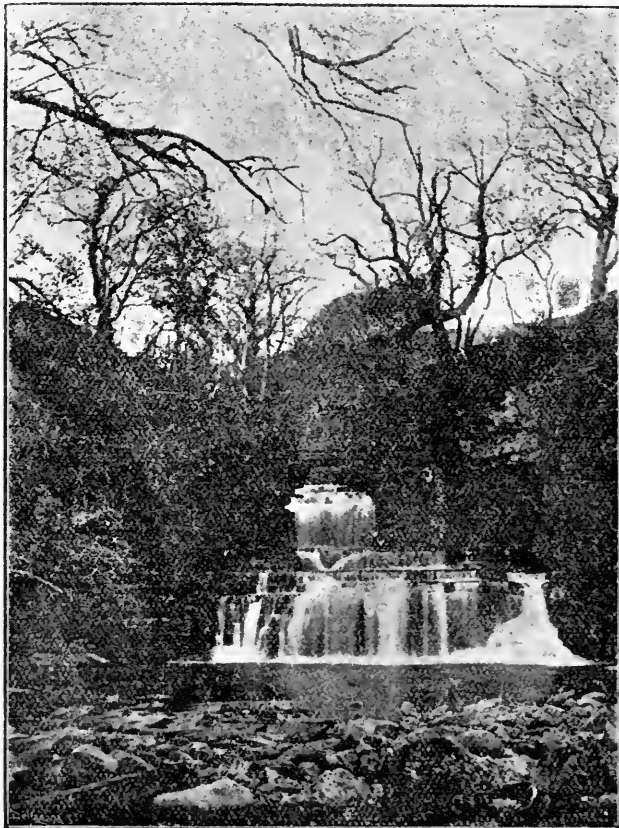
ment, after waiting until dark for the clergyman to read service, the body was left in the church until next day, and the mourners departed sorrowful at not being able to fulfil the last service to the dead. In flood seasons access to the church from the south and west is almost cut off. Now we must hasten, for the day is far spent, ghost-like shadows of grey mist are creeping slowly and silently from the vales, and spreading up the mountain. Hurrying and

splashing through pools of water down to the "Moorcock," where we lingered a moment to gaze on the scene behind us, a dense cloud like a pall hangs over the foreground of the picture. Down the black and stern side of the mountain, a torrent is seen leaping and flashing white through the surrounding gloom; whilst far beyond, as if to relieve the eye from the monotony of gathering cloud, is a streak of mellow light tipping the crest of the highest hills. Soon the curtain of night is drawn over this light, and a dark veil of mystery and silence, broken only by the rushing sound of impetuous torrents, pervades the lonely hills.

Some two miles below the "Moorcock" the Yore is joined by Mossdale Beck, which rises to the west of Widdale Fell, and curves round Mossdale Head. Two or three falls occur on the stream, prettily adorned with overhanging leafage, whilst the upper parts of the dale is a scene of wild, desolate grandeur. A mile further on the north side the river is joined by Cotter Beck, which rises to the north and west of Shunner Fell. The small village of Cotterdale is situated some two and a half miles up the stream, surrounded on all sides but the south by lofty hills. The scenes from the upper part of the beck and the adjoining hills are magnificent, whilst its last course is

marked by all the delicious softness and harmony of colour seen in a lowland vale. At Cotter Force the stream tumbles and leaps over a series of limestone ridges, surrounded by foliage and fine limbed trees. The writer visited the Force after a long tramp over the wild rugged heights of great Shunner Fell. It was an autumn night, just at the time when the shadows begin gradually to tone down and blend into one delightful harmony the various colours which adorn the rocky sides and overhanging leafage. Through the trees beyond the falls can be seen the picturesque wooden bridge

under which the stream dives and leaps over shelves of limestone and through a bower of woodland. Leaving the falls, we wandered by the margin of the stream, and across the green meadows, which formed a rich and cool carpet of verdure. Southwards a warm gleam of soft subdued light spread along the hills, whilst the shadows were silently creeping down the glens. Still following the stream, along whose western bank is a fine screen of trees arrayed in all the beauty of autumn, on which the last warm glow of the bright orb falls; the rich colour being reflected in the water, the stream assumed a golden hue. Following Cotter beck until it joins the Yore, we pass over the bridge to the south side of the river, and forward to the quaint little village of Appersett, with its sombre



Cotter Force.

EDMUND BOGG.

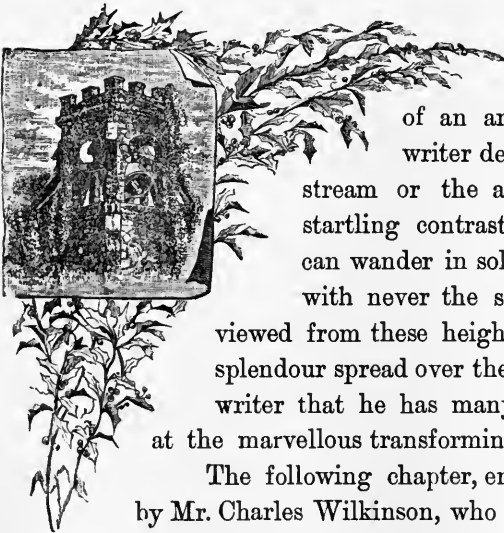
grey walls, whitewashed doors, window frames, and low chimneys, beyond which is the bridge, backed by the hills, all forming an interesting picture. Widdale beck, a small river in itself, runs past Appersett from its rise to its junction with the Yore, it flows through many and varied scenes of surpassing beauty, wild glens and mountain gorge, picturesque woodland and sylvan meadow. Along the side of this dale the road passes from Hawes to Settle and Ingleton. A mile to the north-east of Appersett is the small village of Hardraw, famous for the highest waterfall in the Yore valley. The path

to which is through the village inn, and a short walk brings us to a winding gorge of rock, whose surface is adorned by the rich foliage of overhanging trees. The highest parts of the cliff overhang the lower several feet, so that the visitor can stand behind the water as it plunges down from a hundred feet above, a fountain of crystal water, showers of fine spray floating down the glen; the head of the rock is the shape of a horse's shoe. A close description of this famous fall will be found in the following chapter. On the left side of the gorge is a chasm in the rocks through which we ascend by a flight of steps to the top of the cliff, from which is a fine view down the stream winding past the village to the Yore with the background of grand hills. Turning from this scene we entered one of the most enchanting patches of woodland, so beautiful that we can easily imagine it to be the dwelling place of fairies. In springtime rich green ferns spread their delicate fronds, and the little oxalis, primrose, snowdrops, wood violets, and anemones intermingle with a rich carpet of blue bells, the woods just bursting into leafage, resound with the song of the happy birds. Then there is the music of the most beautiful rivulet, rippling, rippling, ever rippling and leaping through this fairy scene. As we proceed the scene grows even more beautiful. We have not passed through these woods in summer time, but we can easily imagine the beauty of the thickly foliaged trees and the silver river winding beneath. In autumn

the scene is a glory of green and golden, the sun was shining his brightest, endowing everything with loveliness which the brush

of an artist could never pourtray, nor the pen of a writer describe. If the traveller cares to follow this stream or the adjoining ones to their sources he will find startling contrasts to the scene just described, for there one can wander in solitude for hours over moor and through glens with never the sight of a human face. A glorious sunset viewed from these heights is better felt than described; such rays of splendour spread over the opposite range of hills. A dalesman told the writer that he has many a time, when gazing on such sights, wept at the marvellous transforming beauty of those glorious sunsets.

The following chapter, entitled "Round about Hawes," is contributed by Mr. Charles Wilkinson, who has spent many holidays in this district.





CHAPTER XV.

ROUND ABOUT HAWES.

RIGHT up at the head of Wensleydale, "up bank," as they call it, on the slope of Weatherfell lies the little market town of Hawes, said to be the highest in England. Of the increasing number who each summer tour up this beautiful dale, past Bedale, Leyburn, Redmire, Aysgarth, and Askrigg, comparatively few venture so far up as Hawes, and yet one may safely say that of its kind the scenery around surpasses anything to be met with in the dale. Hawes itself is not inviting, pretty, smart, or tidy, the business of the country side seems the first and only consideration, for at present small effort is made to attract visitors. Given a well ordered supply of good water, with which the district abounds, and better accommodation, there is no finer holiday resort to be found, that is, if one seeks pure country air and such pleasures as a rural holiday only can bestow. The exhilarating and invigorating air will soon increase the walking capabilities in a remarkable way, until one reaches an unusual maximum of miles, and if the worn-out, sleepless denizen of our busy town life desires to get rid of insomnia, let him try Hawes. It is a capital fishing centre, being within easy distance of the Yore, Wharfe, Swale, Ribble, and Eden. But all the becks are full of trout; indeed, it is surprising in what small amount of water a trout will find his home, if only there be a constant supply and good cover.

The first thing which strikes a visitor on entering the town from the station is the scene from the Bridge, beneath which the Gayle Beck leaps down a foss and hurries to join the Yore. Especially after a fresh, when the water is coloured by the peat above, and the spray from the foss is lighted up by the sunshine, is this a striking scene. The pretty flowering plants and tender ferns growing in the wall and by the wooden mill goit (among them a pretty yellow mimulus, which seems to have established itself here) are roughly swayed by the spray, and the roar of the water is almost deafening, the mill wheel below the bridge adding to the noise. When the water is low and clear, the loungers above watch the pool below, where the trout fatten in the garbage thrown in to

such an extent that they remain unmolested, being found unfit for food. The sound of water, which here first assails the visitor, seems to stamp an impress on the whole neighbourhood, for not only is it a land of streams, becks, and fosses, but everywhere one meets the cold crystal water unexpectedly bubbling from the rock into a rough hewn trough, whence man or beast may be satisfied. More often, however, is it the village girl who, with her bright tin cans, makes good the opportunity of retailing the latest bit of gossip in the Hawes vernacular.

But before you get to the bridge another feature of Hawes presents itself, viz., the beagles. These beautiful little dogs are lying about here, there, and everywhere, consummate beggars they are too, many of them earning their living in this way; the inhabitants are proud of their pack, and every child knows Leatherup, Blossom, or Forester. When hunting, these dogs are a very pretty sight, for they run so close together that one might throw a carpet over the whole pack, even when they mount a stone wall. Speaking of hunting, one should just see the Hawes people turn out betimes when the otter hounds arrive!

Passing the church, which calls for little notice except its turreted clock tower and its peal of steel tubular bells, which are exceedingly sweet, we come to the market-place. Tuesday is the market day, when butchers' meat must be laid in for the week, and housewives gather round the crockery cheap Jack. Sometimes a wine merchant attends, when you may buy a dozen of sherry or port for six shillings. If livelier proceedings are desired, you must stand quickly to one side to allow a fast trotter to show off his paces, or a bull to be chased by sturdy farmers. At the back of the church there is a flagged path across the fields to the village of Gayle, which provides a dry and sheltered promenade, and on summer evenings the favourite trysting place for the lads and lassies. It goes by the name of Beelah Bank. Arrived at Gayle itself, one has to run the gauntlet of the loungers on the bridge. All the Gayle people are lulled to sleep by the murmuring of the beck, which runs over its limestone bed. One peculiarity of the whole district is the frequency of certain surnames, which has led to the adoption of the most curious nicknames. Probably this arose from the extremely isolated position of Hawes, for, until the railway was made, it must have been months, even years, behind the times. The name of the most frequency is Metcalfe, and it is interesting to look down the parochial lists and see half the population so named. At Gayle, the name of Allen seems to predominate, to judge by the names in the little Sandemanian graveyard hard by. If one follows up the road past Aisgill Foss, the top of the fell is reached in about a three-mile walk. From this point the view towards Ingleboro', Whernside, and Pen-y-gent is very fine, whilst if a detour is made along the brow of Weatherfell, the beautiful lake of Semerwater lies far below like a mirror.

If the evening be late, the view of dark blue hills standing out clear and yet so soft against the lemon-coloured sky, further reward the tourist on his way down to Hawes.

Another walk is one of about twenty miles, and a finer is hardly conceivable. The landmarks are all on the north side of the Yore. Cross the river by the stone bridge, up past Simonstone (Lord Wharnccliffe's shooting box), a steep climb up Stag's Fell, till the Buttertubs are reached, where, in one of the pot-holes, one may comfortably lunch, down to Thwaite. Follow the Beck down to Muker, then a river-side ramble down to Swale, past Ivelet and Gunnerside, till Crackpot is reached, when the Fell must be re-crossed by Summerlodge over into Wensleydale again, taking the 8.0 train home from Askrigg. At the outset of this walk one follows the flagstones down to Yore, the favourite Sunday evening promenade, and marks the square holes in the road walls which allow the flood water to get away. It is hardly credible that it gets so high, but when it was 'out' one market day, the last conveyance to cross the bridge was that in which a very stout man sat, and only his weight kept the wheels on *terra firma*. The climb begins at once, and a rougher road can hardly be found. When the top is nearly reached, by the quarry, the shoulder of blue Ingleboro' lifts suddenly into view, showing its bold fortress-like escarpments, which make Ingleboro' so good to tell.



Buttertubs Pass.

INGLEBOROUGH.—Then Penygent and Whernside appear, and the panorama is very extensive. The road across the fell is level, but a

very long one, showing nothing but large weary tracts of ling, broken here and there by a thousand water-courses which score Stag Fell and Shunnor Fell in every direction. At last the descent begins, and Swaledale appears in sight, but the interest here chiefly centres in the remarkable "Buttertubs" which lie on both sides of the road, only protected by slight walls of peat. The Buttertubs are very deep holes in the limestone, which are formed by the action of water into basaltic columns. They are fringed with beautiful ferns and plants growing luxuriantly, unmolested by man or beast. It is a dangerous road to traverse after dark, and yet the dalesmen return from Hawes market in a sleepy condition, and leave the horse to find the way himself (probably this is the safer course), although some parts of the pass are lined by a yawning abyss. Arrived at Muker-on-Swale, a funny little place thrown together at all angles, it will be advisable to turn into the little

inn to take some refreshment. The ramble down the river, especially with rod in hand, for that is the proper way to enjoy it, brings one first to Ivelet Bridge, where 'I'velet the best trout of my holidays get scot free'; then Gunnerside, once a prosperous lead mining village, till it is time to strike up the fells homeward. Within a mile of the crest lies Summerlodge, a delightful summer residence, but more lonely winter quarters could hardly be found. It lies so hemmed in by the steep fell that, from the front rooms, only very little of the sky peeps over the top. The beck is well stocked with trout, which are preserved by the owner. Summerlodge is one of the most romantic spots in the whole district. For about a mile the pull up is very stiff, but the views behind invite the



Hardraw Falls.

EDMUND BOGG.

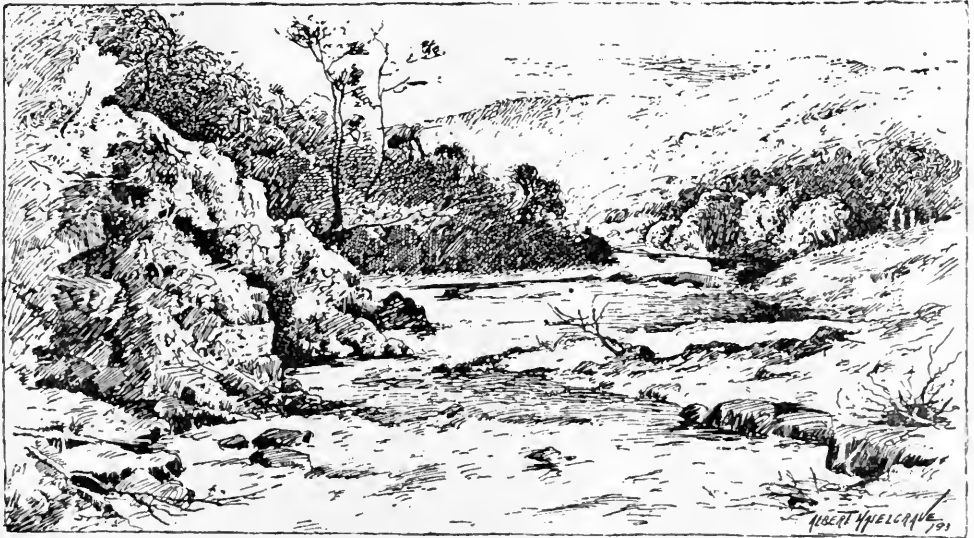
climber to take frequent rests on the springy heather. When the solitary signpost showing the Reeth road is reached, another long dreary moorland road must be traversed before the descent towards Askrigg begins. Here the view embraces Adelboro' and the hills beyond, the Yore 'up bank' as far as Hawes, and Semmerwater, lying like a silver sheet above Bainbridge.

One great attraction at Hawes, as every visitor to the now celebrated brass band and choral contest knows, is Hardraw Scaur. This walk, combined with Cotter Foss, can be easily taken in a morning. At Hardraw the beck so named which runs down from

Shunnor Fell, takes a leap of a hundred feet into a pool which in flood becomes a boiling cauldron. When the beck is low, the Scaur, on a hot summer's day, makes a delightful

retreat ; the cliffs around are fringed with ferns and wild plants of every kind. But the time to visit Hardraw is after three days' heavy rain, when the roads are flooded and everything 'siping' wet. Then, with a glimpse of sunshine, the scene will not easily be forgotten. The eye seems irresistibly attracted to the brown volume of water which breaks away all down the edge into innumerable lace-work designs. The sound of many waters is at first tremendous, but, after a while, one may venture behind the foss, at the risk of getting wet from the driving spray, and look up where the water cuts the sky line. When a double rainbow bedecks the pool with additional splendour, one feels loth to leave the scene, but if Cotter Foss is to be visited, a walk of a mile will be necessary. This foss is spread out into three cascades, one above another, and though on a smaller scale, Cotter possesses a beauty quite distinct from the foregoing. Both these fosses are only a very short distance from the Yore.

Another fine walk would be to Mossdale, a very wild and romantic ravine lying on the north slope of Widdale Fell, about four miles from Hawes. This beck, like all the



Mossdale.

others, frets and scours its way over flat beds of limestone and rough boulders alternately, every now and then taking a bold leap into a "pot." Such a ramble brings with it a feeling of loneliness, which, added to the zest of discovery, only befits certain temperaments. Being engrossed with the trout, one may, however, often receive occasional variety in a startling fall of rock, the rush of a surprised sheep, or, still worse, the attentions of a bull. Here, where the beck divides into two parts, to join again lower down, the writer, who had been picking his way across the water, received the persistent

attentions of such a companion, who followed him across both becks, and he only escaped by taking a bee line. Indeed, all round Hawes, especially on the fell sides, one requires to keep a sharp look out for these fellows. Mossdale Gill can be seen from the railway, but there is another foss half a mile above which is equally fine, although difficult of access.

One leaves Hawes with many pleasant pictures and impressions—the cows gathering together in the evening glow for milking, making long shadows on the green grass, for the grass is very green at Hawes—the wooden sleighs to carry the hay or rushes—the bowed forms of the men carrying the curiously shaped milk tins strapped behind their shoulders—the glorious sunsets—the crowing of the grouse—and last, though not least, the kindly faces of the Hawes folk, particularly one genial, bronzed countenance, which is well known throughout the country side—that of ‘Sproats,’ the fish watcher.

C. W. W.





CHAPTER XVI.

BAINBRIDGE AND SEMMERWATER.

FOUR miles below Hawes, and just where the little river Bain emerges from the deep glen into the broader vale, around the outskirts of a beautiful green, stands the village of Bainbridge, where the lads and lasses romp, leap, shout and laugh, and geese gabble, and flocks of ducks with downy covering nestle amongst the green grass. And though there is nothing out of the ordinary to arrest the attention of the visitor on entering; yet the village is replete with great interest, both in its quaintness and also for the time honoured customs which still linger amongst its people. Bainbridge is an ancient place,* here dwelt a tribe of the old British race, and for centuries on Addleborough under a mighty heap of stones, called Stone Raise, there slept a famous chieftain of this old warrior race; but tradition has reported that wealth was hidden there, and so the chieftain's resting place was rudely disturbed. And here also, for some three centuries dwelt a cohort of Roman soldiers; they have left a legacy in the remains of roads and two camps adjoining the town. Traditions of Saxon and Norman people and memoirs of the old forest days, when the wolf, and wild boar, and large deer with branching horns haunted moor and thicket, seem still to hover about this place. In 1228 Randolph, Lord of Middleham, was summoned by Randolph (De Meschines), Earl of Chester and Lincoln, to know by what warrant he made towns and raised edifices in the Earl's forest of Wensleydale. His answer was, that the town of Beyntbrigge was of the ancestors of the said Randolph, by the service of keeping that forest, so that they should have there abiding twelve foresters, with a horse for each. In the time of Richard I. we find a Metcalf, ancestor of the Metcalfs of Nappa, chief forester of Wensleydale forest, and families of Metcalf are still the most numerous in the valley. In 1345 we find Sir Peter

* Many fragments of altar statues and inscribed stones have been found; and a statue of Aurelius Commodus, with an inscription, discovered here, was long preserved at Nappa.

de Routh chief forester of this forest ; and his descendants dwell in the neighbourhood unto this day.

Wensleydale, and its lateral vales, were at that distant period, one vast and tangled forest, with its dells and dingles stretching from the river to the highest peaks, a mingling of wood and flood and stern mountain. In the most savage recesses still lurked the bear, and the wild boar found a safe hiding place. At that period wolves were numerous, and woe to the benighted traveller if overtaken by a pack of those hungry animals. Herds of deer, and troops of half-wild hogs, and oxen inhabited the softer and more luxuriant glades by the river's brink. Besides these, were a numerous tribe of smaller animals. Eagles swept across the wild forest in search of prey, and reared their young in the most inaccessible peaks. Flocks of geese, mallards, and wild swans floated on the bosom of the river ; and here and there groups of cranes and herons stood in dark pools, watching, like silent sentinels, ready to pounce on the unwary fish. How changed is the scene since

those days ! The forest has disappeared, and much of the valley now wears a treeless aspect. The wild animals have also become extinct, save the fox, polecat, and weasel, and, perhaps, lurking in some dark glen, a solitary badger may still be found. Yet, an old custom still lingers at Bainbridge, linking the memory to the past ; every night at 10 o'clock, from the feast of Holy Rood, September 27th, to Shrovetide, the forest horn is sounded, as a signal to benighted travellers who may have lost their way amongst the mountains. The long, deep wailing sound of the horn seems as it were, to conjure before us the hunters of the past. Shadowy figures of huntsmen in old-time costume flit before our mental gaze ; and for the moment we



Bainbridge.

imagine we hear the clamour of baying hounds thirsting to seize their victim. But the vision of olden days is rudely dispelled by the loud whoops of the village children

scampering over the green. The horn now used is an African buffalo's, and was presented by a Mr. Harburn, of Bishop Auckland. There were formerly two horns in existence. The one in use previous to 1864 was the horn of an English ox, lengthened at the broad end with several inches of tin, and had a mouthpiece of leather. The other, which was also lengthened with tin, is said to be the older. The first of the two horns was blown by old James Metcalf, known in the village as "Aud Jim Purins" to distinguish him from the many other families of that name. He gave up office in 1864, at the age of 87 years, having blown from a youth. He excelled as a blower, keeping up a long and loud blast. James Metcalf, son of the above, was the next in succession, but he failed to blow at the proper hour, so the new horn was procured. Of the two old horns, the one blown by J. Metcalf locally "Aud Jim Purin," tradition says it was many centuries old; and the other one, which "Jenny Blead" blew, is said to have been used as far back as 1611. One of the ancient horns is still preserved in Bolton Castle. Very courteously at our request the present horn-blower blew several long deep sounding blasts, which soon brought all the children of the village to our heels. It being dinner time, and the news having already spread that "Oud 'Orner was to hev his likens ta'en," one little fellow of some three summers, who seemed wonderfully interested in the proceedings, toddled up to the horn-blower, as he stood with horn in hand ready to sound a long blast. The face of the child appeared so interested and so innocent that we felt constrained to let him stay; so in that position we photographed the pair. A mile and a half south-west from Bainbridge is Semmerwater, or Simmerwater, embosomed and surrounded by heathery moors on every side, with only one deep, narrow, twisting gorge, through which the waters of the lake find an outlet.

A rough road from Bainbridge to the north side of the lake passes Semmerdale Hall, where the dale's folk say that on dark nights ghosts, arrayed in white apparel, are still to be seen wandering. The most romantic path to the lake is to follow the windings of the beck. There is such a charm of solitude in this wild river glen, you seem, as it were to be leaving the busy world behind, and about to pass through mystic portals into a land of legend and song. On our visit there was a stillness reigning over the glen, broken only by the wild music of the ever-hurrying beck. The sides of which were sweetly adorned with luxuriant foliage of most delicious tints, with which a late autumn arrays herself, and sheep grazing on the far-away hills looked like mere specks of light. A picturesque group of cattle, whose richly tinted hides afford fine contrast to the mellow golden and delicate greens of the surrounded foliage start timidly at our approach. Thus, following the zig-zag windings of the glen, we emerge into a large basin-like dip in the hills and the clear water of the lake lays *simmering* before us, with the hills and every object thereon reflected in its bosom as in a mirror. East of the lake the whale-backed hill of Addleborough uprears to the height of 1,564 feet, begirt with limestone rocks, on the

summit of which we are told the Romans had their summer camp. The earthworks on the southern slope are supposed to be the remains of British entrenchments. From the position of these trenches, and also of those immense works of defence some few miles away on the edge of Kettlewelldale, we are led to suppose that here the war-like Brigantes maintained for some time their last great struggle against the victorious legions of ancient Rome. On the stream flowing west from the fells, south of Addle-brough is a fine waterfall of some fifty feet, and on the north side of the lake, snugly fitted into a little dell, as if made for its reception, is the small rural hamlet of Countersett, doors and windows facing the sunny south, and well sheltered by rising hills from the



Countersett.

EDMUND BOGG.

biting winds of the north and east, charmingly adorned by fine limbed trees, through which the smoke from the cottages was ascending. Standing on the rising ground west of the hamlet, just beyond the ancient inn, believed to be the oldest licensed house in Yore vale, we look down on this old world home of the Quakers,

with its quaint roofs, whitewashed and sombre grey fronts, antique porches, deep mullions, and diamond-shaped glass, all presenting a humble and primitive picture of peace and repose. On the wall of the inn was a date B. H. I., 1667, and a Latin inscription translated reads: "Once thine, now mine, but who's after I can't tell." The interior is redolent with age, and the furniture consisting of an old, carved settle, three-legged table, and dark spindle-backed chairs, give a homely appearance not often found now-a-days in village inns. Adjoining this house is Countersett Hall, which was the home of George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, when dwelling in this part. Many of the Friends still make yearly pilgrimages to this and several other homes in this out-of-the-world corner, for this region seems to be hallowed with memories of good old Quaker families. The black oaken bedstead whereon Fox slept, was kept here for generations, but it has now

disappeared. There is also a tradition of a king having stayed a night at this house, possibly when hunting in the adjoining glens, but there does not seem to be any reliable record who the king was. One elderly native remarked, "All ah know is that it wor eh war time." The interior of the house bespeaks its age, with its black oak ceilings and twisted stairway, cupboards and partitions of same wood. The deep mullioned windows are still girded with iron bars, and the antique porch is a charming picture, with its semi-circular doorway and curious holes and nooks, redolent with brightly scoured pans and milk pails. The writer was loth to leave Countersett, a wish to linger around the time-worn homesteads, took possession of us, more of whose history we wished to learn. Many a story of early Quaker times, and their trials and persecutions, we thought might be recounted, but there was no reply to our musings, so turning our faces to the west, a few paces onward and Semmerwater, or Simmerwater, spread before us, in strong contrast to the scene we had just left. A dense cloud swept over Raydale and the north end of the lake, the effect of which, on the deep glens, woods, and moors of the dale, hid already in the shade from the declining sun, was a hue of the darkest purple; the waters of the lake reflecting the same tint. Through an opening in the dense cloud a ray of dazzling light spread across the southern edge of Addlebrough and the adjoining hills, lighting them in a glow of golden, and reflecting back a sweet autumn green along the eastern shores of Semmerwater.

The north side of the lake is studded by a screen of picturesque woodland, in turn fringed by rich green meadow, beyond which, on every side, rise the heathery hills and deep clefted glens, here and there are dark patches of pine woods, over which loom the higher crests of billowy hills. The north-west end of the lake was a fairyland of pictures on this autumn day. Old railings twisting hither and thither into the lake, are covered on the outer edge with brown sedge, and flood-swept trees. On the farther shore the woodland leaves is a bright blending of various tints, some of beautiful yellow, others of deepest gold, now silver, then a tinge of green or russet brown. The meadows in the evening light assumed a soft delicious green, against which the hides of the sleek cattle, peaceably grazing, afford fine contrast. Above is the dark browns and dense purple, and lighter greys of glen and moorland. This glorious scene was roofed by the circular dome of heaven joining the surrounding hills. All the various colours described, and many others, were blended together into one delightful harmony on this night; and looking upward, such was the sight that met our eyes, whilst at our feet, in the peaceful bosom of the lake, the same beautiful scene was reflected as in a mirror. An artist can never be expected to portray on canvas a scene so beautiful. Long we stood gazing in admiration on this fairy picture, its beauty enhanced by the subdued light of the evening. The origin of the curious legend concerning Semmerdale no one seems to know, yet it is very probable some calamity in the shape of a landslip or a convulsion of nature has taken

A LEGEND OF SEMERWATER.



ONE DAY A POOR AND AGED MAN
PASSED THROUGH THE THRIVING CITY
AND MEELY ASK'D OF THOSE HE SAW
FOR FOOD AND REST IN RITY;
BUT ALL SO COLD THEIR HEARTS HAD GROWN
WITH CARES AND FASHIONS SPLENDID
THE HOMELESS PASSED ON ALONE
FAINT, WORN, AND UNBETRIENDED.
* * * * *

OUTSIDE THE TOWN A COTTAGE STOOD
THE HOUSE OF SHEPHERD MALCOLM
WHO TOOK HIM IN AND GAVE HIM FOOD

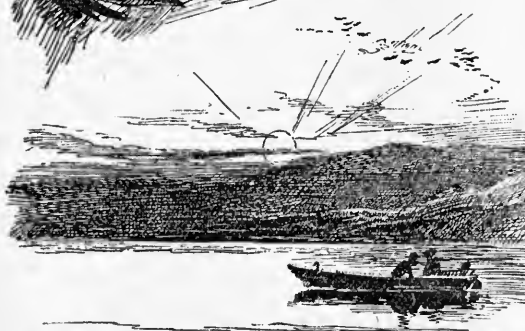


AND REST, AND WARMTH, AND WELCOME
NEXT MORNING STANDING AT THE DOOR
HE LOOKED TOWARDS THE CITY

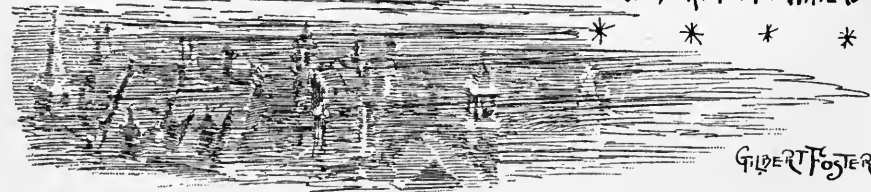


AND RAISED HIS HAND AND MURMURED OER
THE WORDS OF THIS STRANGE DITTY:
SEMERWATER RISE! SEMERWATER SINK!

AND BURY THE TOWN ALL SAVE THE HOUSE
WHERE THEY GAVE ME MEAT AND DRINK
* * * * *



AND STILL WHEN BOATING ON THE LAKE
WHEN SUNSET CLOUDS ARE GLOWING
THE ROOFS AND SPIRES MAY YET BE SEEN
BENEATH THE BLUE WAVES SHOWING
AND AS THE GILM OF EVENING FALLS
NO SOUND FROM LANDWARD BRINGING
SOFT MUSIC'S HEARD FROM HIDDEN BELLS
DEEP 'NEATH THE WATERS RINGING
* * * * *

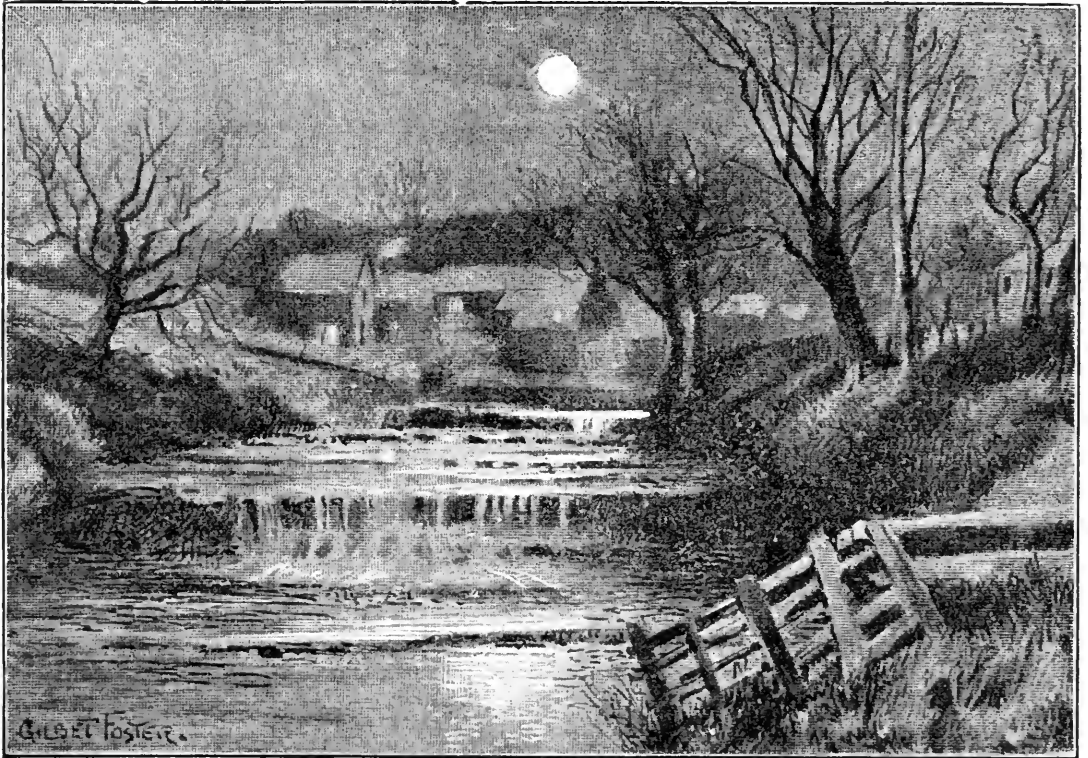


GILBERT FOSTER

place here, causing disaster to people dwelling on its banks. The legend says :—"Near the beginning of the Christian era there stood a fair city on the site of the present lake, at that time only a mountain rivulet. One cold winter's day there wandered through its streets an angel in the guise of a poor venerable man, scant of clothing, hungry, and with no money in his scrip wherewith to buy food and raiment. In vain he begged for food and shelter, but no one gave relief. Passing along the east side of the vale, just without the bounds of the city, stood a small hut, the dwelling place of an aged couple, too lowly, the legend says, to be allowed to dwell within the precincts of the city. To this humble dwelling came the beggar, but even before he told of his hunger the good dame placed milk, cheese and bread before him. After satisfying his appetite he bestowed on the kind couple a blessing. Beneath their roof he found shelter for the night, and next morning, after again thanking the aged people, he spread his hands to the proud city and pronounced the following malediction :—"Semmerwater rise ! Semmerwater sink !" &c. Then the earth made a hissing noise, the stream grew into a large lake, and the city was no more." Yet unto this day the natives tell us that the roofs of the buried city are oftentimes seen deep down in the limpid waters. They also point to a hut still standing on the south side of the lake as the dwelling place of the aged couple who so generously relieved the stranger. Carr End, a farm near the head of the lake, was the birthplace of the eminent physician, Dr. George Fothergill. He was a Quaker, and greatly renowned for his philanthropy, and was author of several medical works, and a member of the Royal Society ; he died in 1780. Thwaite End was formerly a residence of the Metcalfs of Nappa. On the opposite side of the dale is Stalling Busk, a small village ; here a chapel was built in 1602, and rebuilt in 1722. The circling hills at the head of the dale are cleft by three wild glens, down which tumbles the water to the lake. Roe or Raydale beck is well wooded, and, as its name implies, was once a favourite haunt of the wild deer ; beautifully situated in this glen is Raydale House. Here formerly dwelt the Robinsons, between whom and the Metcalfs, who owned the residence at Thwaite End, was a great feud, which ended in the Metcalfs, who were the stronger, laying siege to Raydale House, which culminated in two persons being killed and several wounded. This was in 1617. Raydale House is also noted for its ghost, locally known by the name of Auld 'Oppor. One elderly woman told us, with all seriousness, that in her young days she dwelt there, and the ghost from its unearthly knocking on the various articles of furniture was a source of continual terror. This woman had not only heard Auld 'Oppor knock, but actually had seen him, she said, "mony a time." Unfortunately we did not think to enquire in what form the ghost appeared. The small village of Marsett stands at the extreme north-west corner of the dale, completely shut out, as it were, from the busy world. West of the village Bardale Beck comes pouring down from the mountain, and leaps in a series of step-like falls to the vale, and thence

hurries across the village green. Near to where the stream is spanned by a bridge, quacking ducks were disporting themselves in the water; on the green cattle were grazing, while a saucy gander was leading a flock of gabbling geese, who were creating a noisy uproar. Resting on the skirts of the green are ancient looking homesteads, with curious ingle nooks and alleys, which twist and twine in all manner of shapes to suit an artist's canvas, whilst overhanging trees spread over green moss roofs with white, pink, grey, and yellow-washed fronts. As the shadows of night began to creep over the dale we turned our faces to Hawes, and instead of following the road we took the barely perceptible footpath, which was a nearer cut across the hills to that place. We were told if we were careful to keep the path we might reach the town in an hour, but afterwards found to our cost that it took us four hours' rough tramping to reach the above-named place. We were amply repaid for our stiff climb to the crest of the hill, some 2,000 feet above sea level. Pausing near the summit we turned to look on the vale far below; the scene which met our gaze was beautiful beyond description. The departed orb had shed his last farewell lustre, and Semmerwater reflected the dark shadows spread along the hills, and fleecy mists obscured the glens. The pine woods gradually assumed a darker hue, the lights twinkled in the windows of the hamlet. Down the vale and through meadows to the lake, the becks wandered in silvery curves, singing songs of wild delight. What a charm of contrast and peaceful sweetness there was in that rural vale! As we turned our backs on the scene the grey curtain of night was fast spreading o'er us; ascending higher and higher night and silence seemed to reign amongst the lonely hills, broken only by one wild shriek of a curlew, the faint bark of a shepherd's dog, and the far away murmur of waterfalls on Bardale Beck. Reaching the crest of the mountain the gloom became more intense, and night seemed to have suddenly swooped down, and the scarcely trodden path, branching out into numerous twining sheep tracks, which completely bewildered us, and we soon became aware of the fact that we were completely lost on the summit of wild and lonely mountains, which seemed a part of the very clouds, now rolling up black and threatening over the crests of blacker hills. On we hurry, scrambling and tumbling, now over slimy pools hidden by heather and then precipitated down some deep ascent a trifle faster than was pleasant. After thus hurrying for nearly an hour, we spread our map on the moor, and, by the light of matches, found we had been walking in the wrong direction. Turning our faces westward, we emerged on to the old track, which leads over the dreary waste of Weather Fell; this track we wisely followed, far away down Bardale Glen, across the head of Semmerwater, the lights glittered and twinkled from the windows of Stalling Busk. A mile further, on the very highest peak of Weather Fell, we can see, some four miles away, and a thousand feet below us, the lights of Hawes piercing through the black abyss. Soon we struck the road leading from Langstrothdale to Hawes, down

which we turned, and a rougher path for weary travellers on a dark night cannot be imagined. A scene of gloom that road appeared on this night; the waters were leaping down everywhere, now and again lights flashed from the windows of a mountain farm, and as suddenly disappeared. Once or twice we met farmers returning into Langstrothdale, from the great fair which had been held that day at Hawes, in each case two men were mounted on the back of one horse. Down and down we drop until we reach the village of Gayle, the glimmering lights from the windows flicker and reflect



Gayle Beck—Moonlight.

in its rushing stream, falling over numerous shelves of rock sending forth a loud roaring sound.

Half a mile further we entered the market town of Hawes, on the eve of one of the largest sheep fairs known for many years. Before reaching the town we were not aware of this, and the reminiscence of our first visit is not of the pleasantest, the overpowering odour which greeted our nostrils, and the dirty, greasy state of the streets on this night, was something to remember; by the perfume which pervaded everywhere,

thousands of sheep might have been thrust into that small space, but the sheep had vanished, and the dalesmen were now making merry after their day's labour, chaffing, laughing, and shouting at each other, of the traffic and bargaining of the past day. The town was full of dealers on this night, and we had some difficulty in finding quarters. We stayed at the "White Hart," and over our supper listened to the chaff of the natives. As the night grew apace the boisterous mirth waxed fainter and fainter, but long after the town had sunk to repose, and all was silent, save the slumberous sound of falling water on Gayle Beck, and one of the dale farmers, a character in his way, who stayed at the hotel, and kept up for two or three hours, after all had retired to rest, an incessant war of angry words, and bargaining with imaginary persons. Twice or thrice we heard the good-natured landlord leave his bed to remonstrate with him, but all to no purpose. Yet Nature must ever have rest, and at length the voice of the old dalesman grew hoarse and weary, his angry contests with visionary dealers fell into fitful patches. For a few moments there was silence, then a sudden declamation, until, from sheer exhaustion, he fell to slumber, or into the dreamland of sheep. In bygone times, the people of Hawes were renowned for their skilful carving of wood, the knowledge of which had been handed down by their Norwegian ancestry, but this trade has nearly, if not totally, disappeared. A new church was built in 1851; the old structure must have been standing in 1483, for in that year Richard III., Lord of Middleham, appointed "Sir James Whalley, priest, to sing at the Chappelle of the Haws, in Wensladal, for oon yere, and for his salary hath given him seven marks."

Bright shines the sun upon the mountains peaks,
 Making the snow like dazzling diamonds shine;
 So gay and glittering are his mirrored streaks—
 Nought could pourtray them but a hand divine!
 And lost within the canopy of God
 As tho' the earth ne'er held a prior claim—
 Huge Ingleborough rises from the sod,
 In all the glory of its lasting fame!
 Far, far on high it rears its giant crest—
 Proud as a lion watching o'er its young!
 A sentinel—a warden of the west—
 Whose prowess often has been praised and sung.
 And gazing on't as Heavenwards it towers,
 We men of Yorkshire love to say "'tis ours!"

Chas. F. Forshaw.





CHAPTER XVII.

ASKRIGG AND NAPPA.

STARTING down the valley again from Bainbridge, and crossing the river, and over the fields by the footpath, just beyond the railway will be seen an ancient, quaint, grey, narrow one-arched Pack Horse Bridge, under which splashes Grangebeck, at any time forming a charming picture. On our visit the view was rendered more rural by a flock of ducks swimming in the beck, whose bright plumage added more beauty to the scene. About a hundred and fifty yards higher up the stream is a beautiful waterfall of some thirty feet, sweetly surrounded by large trees. Near this place, in Norman days, stood the abbey of Fors, receiving its name, Fors, from the pretty waterfall of Fors, or force, adjoining, previous to the house being removed to

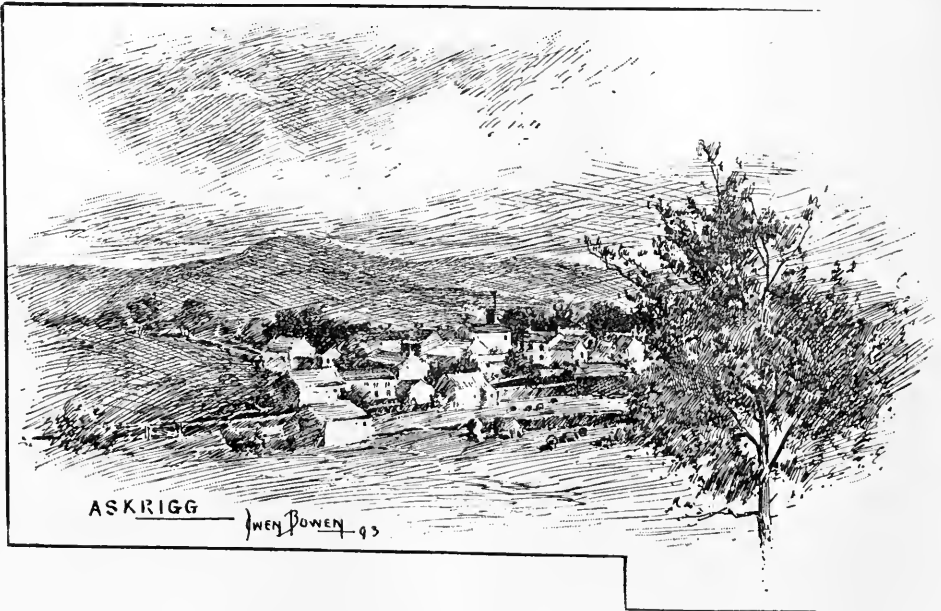


Grangebeck.

EDMUND BOGG

Jervaulx. Nothing of this abbey remains except one or two vestiges in an adjoining farm, namely, a trefoil headed window, a flat-headed doorway, and a room still known as the "Bell Chamber." "The heart must be cold, the spirit selfish, indeed, which can pass a spot like

Fors, slight though the remnants may be, without feeling a deep emotion," to the time when the abbey stood replete, and the music of its bells was heard pealing over the vale. Here the dales-people worshipped when the country around was a vast forest, rendered dangerous by wild beasts and robbers. Some of the monks and dales-people sleep in the meadows adjoining, but centuries have passed since they were laid to rest, and the very ground is now forgotten. The names High and Low Abbotside, and the fragments of the abbey of Fors, still remaining in the district, are the only memorials of those past days. Half a mile onward is Askrigg. This town bears a rather desolate and melancholy appearance, there is a dingy and comfortless look about the place, yet it may be the reverse of this. It seems to have been designed for a large town, but by



decay of trade, or some other cause, it has proved a failure. The place appears to best advantage when viewed from the hill side on the north; seen thus nestling in the vale, the smoke curling from its chimneys and hiding its defects, and the large church tower rising above the crowd of roofs, backed by the uprising hills on the south, over all, dark and weird, uprears the beetling brow of Addlebrough. The church has been restored and is a large structure dedicated to St. Oswald, dating from the 15th century, probably built on the site of a more ancient structure, the town being mentioned in Domesday Book; the east end of the south aisle was the chantry of St. Ann, founded by James Metcalf, and the burial place of the Nappa branch of that family; only two defaced marble slabs remain; report says that the memorial plates were of silver, and were

removed during the Scotch rebellion. A stone in the churchyard records that Myles Alderson died in 1746, aged 75, an honest lawyer,—this needs no comment. A few paces from the churchyard, standing on five octagonal steps is the market cross, date 1831.

Near to is the stone into which the bull ring was formerly affixed. Opposite is ye old hall, built by Gulielmus Thornton in the 17th century. The house has two gables and a balcony, and is grim, ragged, and desolate looking, with its many windows bearing an impress of some antiquated residence of bygone London. Mill Beck force is situated half a mile north-west of the village, at the upper end of a deep glen with overhanging woods. The path to the glen leads by a dilapidated yet picturesque mill, and over a quaint bridge and stile, and across two meadows into the deep gorge, gloomy in the evening light with the density of the surrounding foliage. The sides of the glen are richly adorned with moss, fern, and wild flowers. Looking upwards to the head of the glen, the stream seems to leap out of space into the dark pool eighty feet below; still higher up amongst the hills, is another fine waterfall. As the sun was setting blood-red, causing a fine scenic effect, we wandered up the lone hills, above the falls. The wild scene which unfolded before us was magnificent in savage grandeur, whilst the contrasts from the inky blackness of the ravines and mountain side, already in dense shadow, to the almost eastern glow of marvellous light which spread over the church and roofs of Askrigg, changing them for the moment from dingy grey into a golden hue. Far away towards its mountain birth the river can be seen, winding onward past Mossdale head, over which hangs a dark patch of jagged cloud. Bainbridge slumbers sweetly embraced by mighty hills, and the southern peaks above Semmerwater seem like the pinnacles and domes of a fairy city, under the magic influence of the departing orb. Askrigg Hill fair was, in former times, greatly celebrated, and nearly always ended in a fight between the natives of Yoredale and Swaledale; a great feud in those days existed between the men of the two dales. An old-time custom was the "garland courses," which were annually run on the 16th of August, St. Oswald's Day. At the village feast a large garland, woven expressly for the purpose, was run for, directly up the brow of a steep hill, on the common, to the north of the town. Since its enclosure, the spot is known by the name of "Garland Pasture." The custom is said to have originated with a lady, some few centuries ago, who, having suffered a disappointment in love, instituted it for the perpetual punishment of the men of Wensleydale, by leaving a field the rental of which was to be expended in the sports of the day, so long as it was observed. The market, which was granted by a charter of King John, has now fallen into disuse; its old-time reputation for hand-knit hosiery still continues. All guide books tell the tourist what Drunken Barnaby says of this place :—

"Askrigg market noted
With no handsomeness about it,
Neither magistrate nor mayor

"Was ever elected there;
Here poor people live by knitting,
To their trading, breeding, sitting."

A mile from Askrigg, on the south bank of the Yore, is the old-time and rustic looking hamlet of Worton. There is a picturesque hall, or manor house, date 1600, once the seat of the Robinsons. The deep mullion-framed windows, with small glass squares, and the interesting interior with black oak beams, presents a fine architectural



Worton.

picture of the past. The manor of Worton is the property of Captain Vyner. A mile and a half south-east stands the village of Thornton Rust (Restitutus). There was, in former times, a chapel here, dedicated to St Restitutus. An ancient custom, which lingered at this place through change-ful centuries, was, at the death of an inhabitant, to carry the chapel bell through the village and ring it by

hand as a passing-bell, a warning that whosoever heard its sound should pray for the soul of the departed; another peal was considered a sufficient invitation for one member of every family in the village to attend the funeral. Between Worton and the village of Aysgarth the river presents a rather uninteresting appearance, with deep banks overhung with willows, and the waters seem suddenly to have lost the buoyancy and life of the upper reaches, a great contrast to the rushing stream above and below. Crossing to the north side of the river, a mile and a quarter onwards is Nappa, the road to which runs high above the river. A beck rushes from the mountains, and winds through a deep glen, bordered with fine woods. Nappa Hall, a castellated structure fronting the south, is seen through a screen of noble trees, its roof and towers level with the high road. There are two towers of unequal height, joined on a central portion, which forms the hall. The front faces the south, and is approached through an arched gateway into a spacious courtyard. The ground floor of the western tower is now converted into a large farm kitchen, above which are three large rooms, formerly bed-chambers, but now empty, with the exception of one doing duty as a cheese room; on our visit there was a fine array of Wensleydale cheeses. These rooms are reached by a winding stone stairway. From the leads can be obtained a noble view of the valley and the hills beyond. Adjoining the kitchen is the large hall, open to the roof, and of fine proportions. Musing in this room, the mind conjures up before us a glimpse of bygone days, and sees the

hall richly decorated with curious tapestry and carved oak pannelling, coats of arms, and trophies of the Metcalf ilk adorn the walls, and a splendid array of sweet flowers lends brightness to the scene. Seated before the huge fireplace in that old-time room, is the beautiful Mary Stuart, Scotland's unfortunate queen, richly arrayed in a dress of fine velvet, the wavy tresses of her dark hair, her richest ornament, fall in wanton beauty over her fair shoulders, yet years of cloud and sorrow hang over that bright head, only to be ended in bitterness by the headsman's axe. To-night the queen is a guest of Sir Christopher Metcalf, and the banquet hall resounds with song, mirth, and minstrelsy, as the illustrious guest-prisoner gracefully leads off the dance with Sir Christopher.

The scene changes, the Queen has passed to her bed-chamber, and all is silence except the footsteps of the soldiers guarding against any attempt to escape on the part of the Queen. The ghost of Mary Stuart is said to hover around Nappa.* If that is so, the reminiscences of her two days' visit must have been of the pleasantest. The carved oak bedstead on which the Queen slept was preserved at the Hall until a few years ago, as was also a pair of hawking gloves, lately in the possession of Mr. Barwick of Low Hall, near Leeds. A king, in the person of James I., also paid a visit to Nappa; whilst hunting in the adjoining forests, tradition says he was afraid to cross the ford over the river on horseback, preferring to trust his timid body on the stalwart



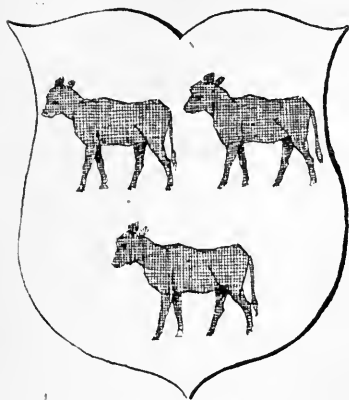
Nappa Hall.

shoulders of the huntsmen. The memory of the son is evidently not cherished with the deep reverence and affection as that of his mother. The arms of the Metcalfs have been, from time immemorial, three red calves, and legend tells us the family name and arms were

* A lady staying at the Hall describes the apparition as follows :—"I was in the hall, playing hide-and-seek with the farmer's little girl, a child about four years old. The hall was dimly lighted by a fire, and by a light from a candle in a room in the east tower. While at play, someone entered the hall from the lower end, and walked towards the dais. Thinking it was the farmer's wife, I ran after her, and was going to touch her, when she turned round, and I saw her face. It was very lovely. Her dress seemed to be made of black velvet. After looking at me for a moment, she went on and disappeared through the door leading to the winding stone staircase in the angle turret of the west tower. Her face, figure, and general appearance, reminded me of portraits of Mary Queen of Scots."

obtained thus:—In Saxon days, the forests and glens of Wensleydale were the haunts of many wild animals dangerous to contend with, thereby rendering travelling in those out-

lying districts very unsafe; besides, many awful sounds had been heard, and monstrous forms seen crossing through the forest of Roedale. Late one autumn afternoon, as two Saxon dalesmen, named Oswald and Wilfred, were passing the fringe of the forest, they were suddenly startled by a fearful roar. Looking down the forest glade in the direction from whence came the sound, they were appalled by the sight of a large red animal moving slowly towards them. "A lion!" shouted Wilfred, as he sped through the woods in terror, on the borders of which stood a small hamlet. Thither Wilfred fled to tell of his marvellous escape from the jaws of the hungry lion, and of the fearful death of his companion. At the flight of his friend, Oswald went boldly

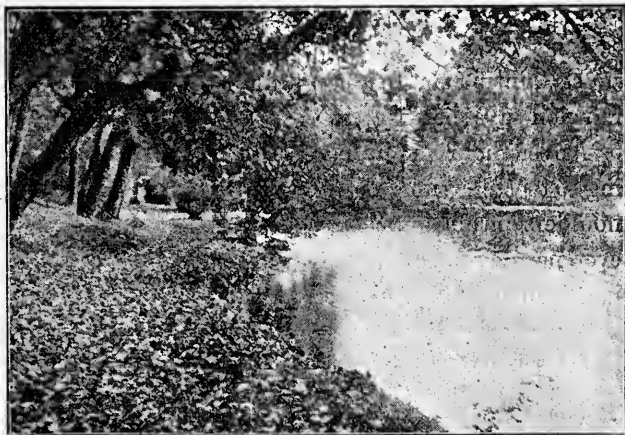


Arms of the Metcalfs.

down the forest glade to meet the lion, and met instead a red calf; from that time he was known as Oswald Metcalf, "whilst his cowardly companion ever after bore the token of his ignominious flight in the name of Wilfred Lightfoot." Leland says:—"That Thomas, son of James Metcalf, bought Nappa of Lord Scrope." At that time there was only a small cottage there, and he built the house, which in the historian's time was known by the name of "No Castle." This Thomas Metcalf grew very rich. The last male of the senior line was Thomas Metcalf, Esq., of Nappa, who died unmarried, 1756.* In 1556, Sir Christopher Metcalf, being then high sheriff of Yorkshire, met the judges at York, with a retinue of 300 horsemen, all bearing his own name, and mounted upon white horses. Families bearing the name of Metcalf are still the most numerous in the dale, and a family of that name are now resident at the Hall.

Woodhall is a tiny hamlet sheltered by woods, and lies by the wayside some half mile from

Nappa. Wood Hall is a mansion, beautifully situated on the rising ground above



The Lake, Wood Hall.

EDMUND BOGG.

* A descendant of this ancient family was blind Jack of Knaresborough, whose wonderful gifts and exploits are well known.

a small lake, amidst picturesque surroundings, and is the residence of John C. C. Routh, Esq., the representative of the ancient family of Routh of Wensleydale. An ancestor, in the person of Sir William de Routh, owned land in Wensleydale, near six hundred years ago, whilst in 1345 Sir Peter de Routh was appointed chief forester of Wensleydale forest, an office of great trust and power in those far past days. From that time to the present, members of this ancient house have continued to dwell in the valley. An ancient and interesting house in the hamlet of Woodhall, which is now doing duty as an outhouse, has evidently been a good substantial residence some two centuries ago. Report says this house was formerly Wood Hall, and the park walls belonging to which are still to be traced in many places. In the time of Richard III., James Metcalf, Esq., of Nappa, was keeper of the Royal Park of Wood Hall; for this and other services he received £10 per annum. Concerning Wood Hall, we were told the following story by an elderly native:—"Late one dark night, in midwinter, when all the family were from home, and one servant in



Old Wood Hall.

sole charge, a burglar, with a mask on his face, attempted to break in, and had already forced himself half through the window, when the maid came on the scene armed with a carving knife; to aim a blow at the burglar was but the work of a moment, which completely severed off half his ear; with a fearful yell he withdrew and made no further attempt to renew his operations." The sequel of this story is very singular. Some two or three years after the above incident, when the maid was in the service of another family a few miles away, there came a courting her a fellow with long black hair which completely covered his ears. The courtship was going on apace and was brightening up towards a wedding, but luckily on one occasion, by some mischance, his hair was brushed from his ears, and the girl was startled to find him minus the ear she had cut off. Lest the reader should think the story endeth abruptly, we might say that our lady informant's conveyance, with horse attached, was waiting at the door of the cottage to convey her to the celebrated October Fair, held that day at Hawes, and one of her friends was calling out, "Noo, Mary, are ye coming, what are ye chattering there for?"

Resuming our journey, with the woods on our right and the river flowing far below us,

and the bare, bleak hills rising wall-like on our left. Thus sauntering along we note the loneliness of this part of the road; for some three miles we met only one solitary wayfarer, a most miserable-looking tramp, dirty and ragged, with a defiant scowl on his face; right along the middle of the road, with hands in pockets, he shuffled along, neither looking to the right nor the left. Nature seemed to have no charms for that face, and so rude was the contrast to our thoughts, preoccupied by the grand scenes we were passing, that we felt impelled to turn and ponder on that piece of wretched humanity which for the moment was the central form in our minds and a point of interest to the eye in this landscape.

Passing Bear Park, formerly a seat of the Metcalfs, on our right. Built in the north wall of this house is a large sculptured stone, probably brought from Coverham Abbey. This was the residence of James Metcalf, one of the warriors of Agincourt, and was also the home of "Brian of Beare," one of Scott's heroes in the *Felon Sow of Rokeby*.

Before we pass into Aysgarth, the tall tower of whose commanding church is seen on the opposite side of the river, we will turn and look into the ancient village of



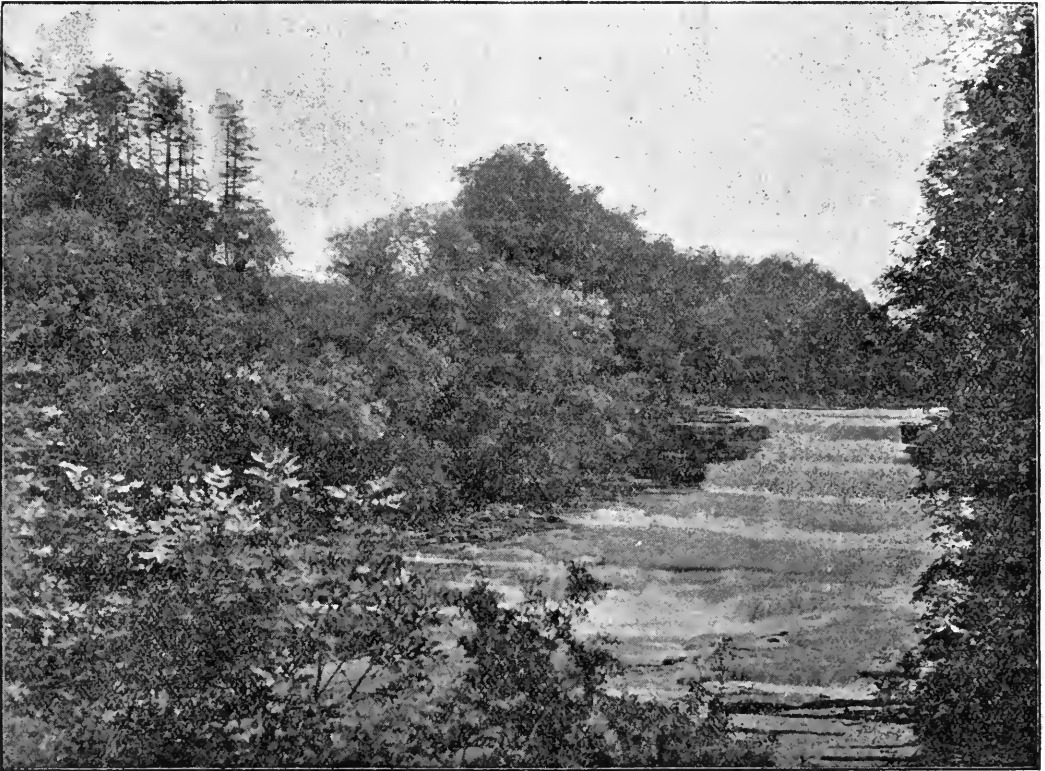
Carperby. In the Domesday Survey the place is called Kerparbi, and there were nine carucates of land. Near the entrance to the village, on the west, standing on a small triangle of land, is the village cross, date 1634. The village is situated about a mile above the river, pleasant enough in summer, but in winter, when the winds moan and howl down the glens, the very thought of dwelling in this village makes one shiver. Whilst passing through this place we met one or two of the most rustic figures, whose artistic outlines blended in such perfect unison into

the surroundings, enough to cause the soul of any true artist to leap with joy. In the hurricane of wind and rain which was then passing, we had some difficulty to persuade the principal figure to stand until we obtained a sketch, in fact, words were of no avail, it was only the sight of money that won the point. Drunken Barnaby says of this place:—

'Thence to Carperbie, very greedy,
Consorts frequent, victuals needy;
After supper they so tost me

"It seven shillings there it cost me,
Soon may one of coyne be soaked,
Yet for want of liquor choked."

Leaving Carperby for the celebrated falls of Aysgarth, which can be reached either by road or by footpath over the meadows, the latter being more pleasant on a summer's day. On our first visit to the falls the water was rather low, consequently we did not see them to the best advantage; the picture represents the river at such times. On our next visit the scene was far more imposing. On the previous day and night there had been much rain, and heavy charged storm-clouds were tossed by boisterous winds against the monster hills; on a rich carpet of verdure we rest



The Lower Falls.

EDMUND BOGG.

to admire the scene. The meadows, full of dell, dingle, and leafy copses, slope sharply down to the river, here rushing past, an impetuous flood. Behind us slumbers Thoresby, with its long forgotten past (in its old age), when the mighty fortress of Bolton, standing defiant, high, and powerful o'er its peaceful homes, was in its infancy. Yonder in front rises Penhill, nearly lost in a dark gloomy cloud, over whose western ridge looms faintly out of a mystic sea of cloud and sunbeam, other giant peaks and billowy hills, beyond the vale and the moors of Walden to the crest of Whernside. From under a

wavy curtain of sheeny mist, which is ever rising and creeping ghostlike to the hills; Bishopdale Beck comes flowing and glistening towards us like an enchanter's wand. Half a mile from the falls we can hear an ever increasing noise, resembling the roar of distant thunder. On reaching the river our attention is riveted by the awful power with which the seething mass of water forces its way through the narrow channel in the bed of rocks; there is an irresistible fury in the mighty volumes of water howling, leaping, and plunging over the obstruction, casting a cloud of spray along the edge of the woodland



Bridge at Aysgarth.

EDMUND BOGG.

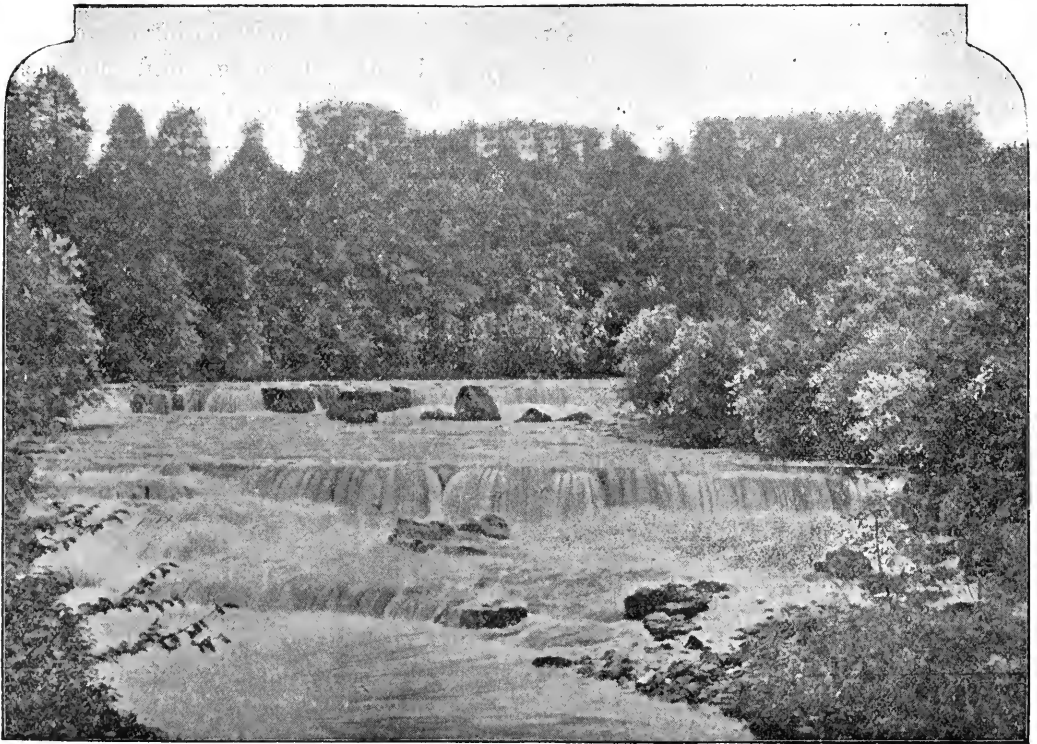
like showers of fine rain. Creeping along the rocks until we stand at the very foot of the force, and gaze on the stupendous volume of water, awful in its immense power and magnitude, falling over three ledges of rock with a thundering roar into a deep, seething cauldron,—to adequately describe the scene is beyond the power of pen. On the opposite side is a sweet contrast; there you see, on a moss-green rampart of massive rock, a rich woodland standing in calm peace, clad in all the beauty of autumn colour, whilst the cliffs, on either side of the river, are covered with bramble and brushwood, where wild

flowers bloom abundantly, and ivy and blossoming creepers festoon both branch and crag. Below the force the river widens out to a greater width, and the waters, after escaping from the pent-up channel, race over the rocky bed on the wings of speed, dashing into innumerable white foamy cataracts, a thousand water spirits sending forth music in songs of freedom and choruses of wild delight.* Following the footpath, a few minutes' walk brings us into the road near the bridge at Aysgarth. Here, for the distance of less than half a mile, is to be found the most picturesque and sublime scenes in the whole vale of the Yore. One of the most beautiful pictures (see sketch opposite) is the bend of the road leading to the bridge, with the river on the left, above which is the mill and whitewashed houses. The ancient bridge in front, through which, with a loud sound, rushes the gurgling river, is nearly embowered in rich foliage. Just beyond, and looking over all, rises the magnificent shrine, with its noble tower pointing heavenward; such a variety of picturesque objects are very rarely to be found grouped into such a small space as will be found here. Passing to the bridge, an artist's dream of Nature's beauty unfolds before us. Round a curve some three hundred yards beyond, the river sweeps majestic and broad, enclosed and adorned on both sides by fine hanging woods, which present to the eye of the spectator the appearance of a mighty river flowing through some primeval forest of old. All the colours arrayed in the woods are reflected in the brown waters; the beauty of the scene is rendered more beautiful when viewed in this magnificent mirror. Before reaching the bridge, the river flows over an irregular bed of limestone, across which the waters bound in wild confusion. The church is a noble structure, in a charming situation, standing on a piece of undulating land high above the river. Splendid vistas of the vale and moorland, meadows and wooded heights which clothe the river bank, beyond which can be seen numerous villages and Bolton's ancient castle. All these attract the eye of the beholder, whilst from the river rises the ever, ever sounding music of its waters hurrying over its rock strewn course. The original structure was built during the reign of Henry III., but there is little record of its early history. It is supposed to have been restored by Adam de Sedbergh, the last abbot of Jervaulx. Many stones bearing marks of Norman masonry are still to be found in the walls of the present edifice, the foundation of the tower being the only remaining part of the earlier structure. The beautiful and elaborately carved rood screen and loft, with other ancient work, were removed here from Jervaulx at the dissolution of monasteries. In the reredos of Caen stone is a very beautifully carved relief, representing Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper of Our Lord. In the reign of Richard II., Alexander Neville was vicar; he afterwards became Archbishop of York. The parish of Aysgarth is said to be one

* Dr. Pococke, the eminent traveller, who died in 1764, and whose search after the sublime and marvellous brought him to this part, was said to own, with exultation, that these cataracts exceeded in beauty those in Egypt. to which he was no stranger.

of the most extensive in England. The churchyard is very large, and there are many curious epitaphs. The one selected says :—

“ Here lies interred the body
Of Lenord Wray, formerly of Thorsby,
Who departed the life the 12th January,
1774, and in th 79 year of his age.
You who are in health, as once was I,
Freed from great trouble in the dust does lie,
Remember this, that you must die.
May church and state eber defended be
From Popish plots, pride and conspiracy.”



Falls near Aysgarth.

EDMUND BOGG.

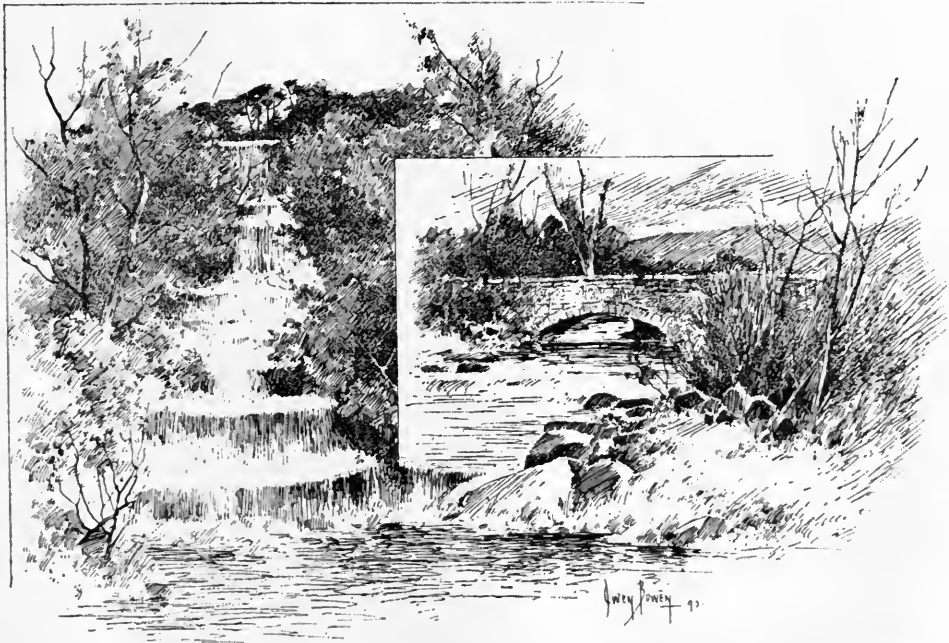
A bowshot from the churchyard stands a large hotel called “Palmer’s Flat ”; the name is suggestive of monastic days, and tradition says that on this site stood an hospital for the use of palmers and pilgrims. The quaint village of Aysgarth* stands bleak enough some

* A lady still living at Aysgarth, who is now in her 104th year, goes far to prove the healthy situation of this place.

half a mile east of the church, possessing many features of interest to the antiquarian. Whilst tramping one boisterous October day of rain and attendant sunshine, we stopped for rest and shelter near the three lane ends, on the high range above Thoraby. Over Burton, in the vale below us, spread a misty cloud, partly hiding its creamy and white-washed walls. Above the vale of Walden and the opposite hills hung a great silver mass of jagged cloud, down from which fell showers of rain, the sun's rays shining through the crystal drops swept furiously on the wings of the wind, produced a halo of dazzling splendour, bathing the southern slope of Walden with a flood of gold—a natural effect more truly beautiful than any enchanted scenes from the realms of fairyland.

BISHOPDALE.

The large beck flowing through this dale, rich in meadow land, rises in Kidson's Bank about a mile to the north of Cray, draining the north-western side of Buckden Pike, and enters the Yore half-a-mile below the celebrated falls of Aysgarth. A mile and a half from its source the beck is spanned by its first bridge (see sketch). North-east



of the bridge a stream known by the name of Foss Gill leaps from the hills, and in a continual chain of waterfalls and cascades* reaches the main stream, nearly a thousand

* There are eleven waterfalls and three cascades.

feet below ; during flood times these falls form one of the grandest scenes in Yorkshire ; altogether there are fourteen falls, varying from ten to fifty feet. The lowest of the large falls is a wonderful sight. In front the waters have a sheer leap of fully fifty feet, then the stream widens for several yards and again contracts, and, in a series of step-like falls, plunges down the abyss some one hundred and fifty feet further. South of the bridge is "Smelter House," a quaint looking structure ; here, as its name implies, was formerly a smelt mill. It is now the residence of Mr. Metcalf, the gamekeeper in those parts, as numerous stoats, weasels, magpies, and tails of the wild cats nailed to the doors testify. On the north side of the beck is West New House, only at the present it is one of the oldest in the dale, over the entrance are the initials "C. E. C., 1635" ; in front are six fine old mullioned windows. On the opposite side of the vale is "Ribba Hall," another ancient farm house, and near to, at "Newhouse Gill" and "Myers Garth," are three or four houses, formerly the abode of Quaker families. In the meadow, a few yards from the road, are two tombstones, which mark the burial place of the Quaker friends. Still passing down the vale, on the right is Dale Foot House, over the doorway of which are the initials "C. F. C., 1640."

This is a curious specimen of an ancient Dale house, with its dark ivy-clad front and grand old mullions ; within the house is an interesting circular arched doorway, evidently not built for the use of tall men. The twisted stone stairway, winding round to a narrow aperture at the top, is still more curious ; evidently the architect has not intended very large coffins to pass down this way. One of the large rooms upstairs is used as a cheese room. On our visit there was a choice array of cheeses ; this part is renowned for prime Wensleydale, one, two, three, and sometimes as many as four cheeses a day being made, according to the size of the farms. The soil of Bishopdale produces the richest grass in the county, in some instances the land has let at £5 per acre. In the upper part of the dale is the Rookery, the beautiful residence of Major Lodge. In passing towards Thoraby, and some two miles distant from that place, will be seen by the road side, an old shed, which bears the curious name of the "Devil's Hull" ; adjoining is a peculiar shaped tree, better described as a triplet of trees. In the meadow, some one hundred and fifty yards beyond, is a dark pool of water, the depth of which, the natives tell us, is immeasurable ; this is named the "Devil's Hole." In bygone days, and even unto this day, many people fear to pass this spot after nightfall, for a mysterious being, in form of a spectral shade hobgoblin, others say the devil himself, has been seen there. The apparition appears in divers forms and manner, just to suit the different temperatures of the dales-folk. Some few years ago, a woman was passing the spot, and she saw what she imagined to be the figure of her husband standing against the tree, and naturally expecting he had come to meet her, she spoke, but receiving no reply, and still believing him to be there, she approached the apparition, which suddenly dissolved into

space. On another occasion, a servant from the Rookery was passing the spot late one dark night, when he was confronted by an apparition with fearful glaring eyes, and, as he afterwards said, "I was in a fearful state of fright and agony." Luckily he was a Roman Catholic, and as a last thought crossed himself; immediately on so doing, with a fearful yell, the spirit fled, and disappeared with a loud hissing sound into the dark pool of stagnant water, known as "Devil's Hole." Bishopdale must be a kind of Eldorado, for we were told by one who knows, that there is not in the whole dale a single pauper. Happy people who dwell in this region! Newbiggin, as its name implies, is not very ancient, and is a straggling hamlet on the south side of Bishopdale; the surroundings are most picturesque. In the moorland district beyond are rich veins of lead ore. Midway between this hamlet and Thoraby is an Inn called Street Head. At Street Head was a dalesman, hale and hearty at the great age of 88. On a friend of the writer's shewing surprise at his great age, he sorrowfully remarked, "Ah, but ahm nearly blind, ahm nearly blind, ah can't see nowt."



NEAR NEWBIGGIN.
BISHOPDALE.

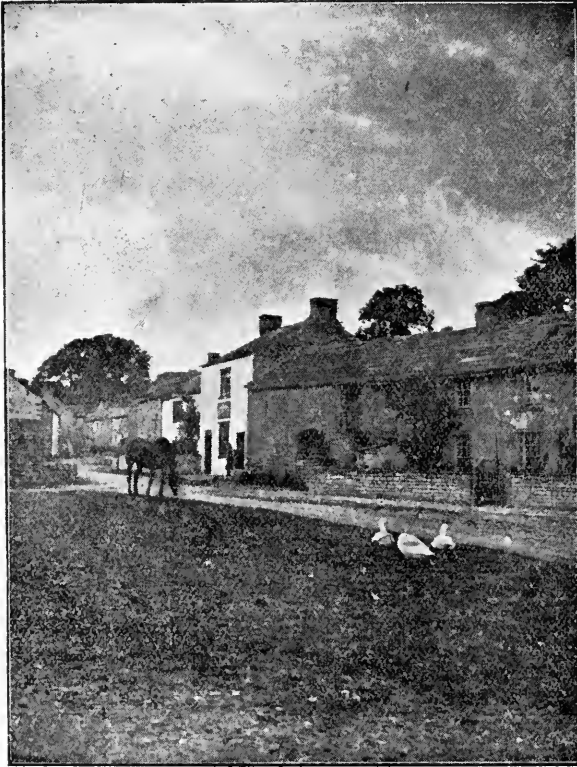
GILBERT TIGHE

On treating him to a glass of his favourite beverage, our friend naturally wanted to put the glass near his hand, thinking he would not see it; noticing this movement, the old man called out, "Ah can see it weal enough, why, bless ya, its weal enough to see."

The village of Thoraby* (Thorald's town) stands on the east end of the northern slope

* THORALDEBY.—There are at this place nine carucates of land, thirteen of which would make the fief of one soldier; of these nine Robert Oysel holds half a one from Robert de Tatersale, and the same Robert de Tatersale holds eight carucates and a half from the Earl of Richmond, and the Earl from the King.

of Bishopdale. In 1360 a chantry chapel was built here by Maria de Neville, Lady of Middleham, and although it was suppressed at the dissolution of monasteries, the site is still known as Chapel Close. Littleburn House, now a farmstead, was for some time the residence of Matthew, fourth Lord Rokeby. On the bridge near the mansion is to be seen a Latin inscription from this lord's pen.



Thoraby.

EDMUND BOGG.

chain, a succession of waterfalls and cascades bursting from the wooded heights, and silvering through scenes of remarkable beauty to the vale below. During the Martinmas week Thoraby is roused from her slumbers; then all the young men and maidens are at home for a week's holiday, and there is the usual dressing up of guys and mumming, etc., and the perambulating of the village to the din of concertina and fiddle, and the begging from house to house for anything to swell the big feast, which takes place either at the inn or some large room, ending with a jumping dance, which concludes the festivities. Thoraby is at present renowned for hand-sewn boots, we counted some half dozen men busily stitching and hammering in one window, whilst the great number of ready-made boots and shoes in another room would have put to shame many stocks in

TRANSLATION.

IN GOD THE ONLY SECURITY.

This Egerian bridge, at the expense of the neighbourhood thrown over this river, awkwardly narrow and at times most dangerous, in memory of peace and security, is, under God, dedicated to Wellington.

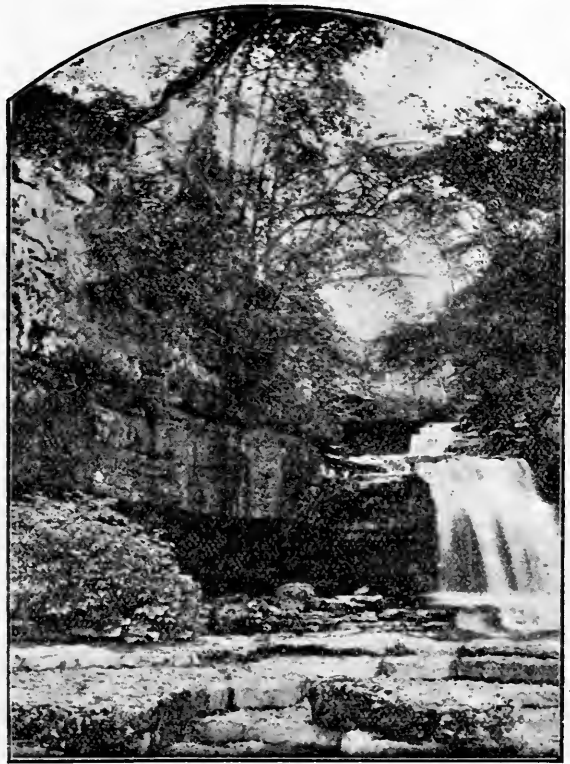
O chieftain, courageous arbiter of war, who bringest peace, as patron of this bridge, receive the floods of this bounding water. May the Great Ocean take these floods of the fountain, and may this arch to thy triumph shine !

At Edgley, for some time dwelt the well known Mrs. Montague, at whose house in London the famous "Blue Stocking Club" was held. This name was received by reason of one of the members always wearing stockings of the above colour. The inhabitants of Thoraby received much benefit by those distinguished visitors dwelling in their neighbourhood. Near to the village is Heaning Gill, locally known as the silver

large towns. Most of the houses are from two hundred to three hundred years old. In one such we sat over our tea, and gazed through the old mullions, ablaze with bright colours, and redolent with the perfume of plants. In front is the little green, on which stands the village pump. Beyond, over roofs and gardens, we look on the opposite hills, the declining sun pencilling the scene with rays of splendour.

WEST BURTON.

This is one of the most picturesque villages in Yoredale, and stands on a slight eminence on the west bank of Walden Beck, a few hundred yards before that stream meets the Bishopdale Beck. The water which forms the rivulet flowing through this most romantic of valleys, whose very name, Walden, is suggestive of old-world associations, have their rise a mile east of Coverhead, and a little north of the entrenchment on the neck of land between Kettwelldale and Coverdale. From the north side of Buckden Stake the vale presents a scene of wild magnificence, and viewed about sunset, when the vale assumes a deep, sombre tone from the lengthening shadows of the mountains, it would at such time be easy to imagine we were looking on some wild, solitary glen never trod by the foot of man. Up to a very late period this part was the home of wild red deer. In Leland's time, this and Bishopdale Chase belonged to the king. After a course of some five miles, the beck falls over a cliff of limestone boulders just on the outskirts of Burton. It was early autumn on our visit, and the branches of the trees and pale golden leaves were drooping feather-like over the rocks, outlined against the blue sky; through this leafy screen the crystal waters can be seen flowing towards the deep limestone scarr, over which it leaps with tumultuous sound, then whirling into eddies and a series of small falls, darts under the most picturesque of bridges thrown here and there across its waters, and as it courses along in merry career, past the creamy



West Burton Beck.

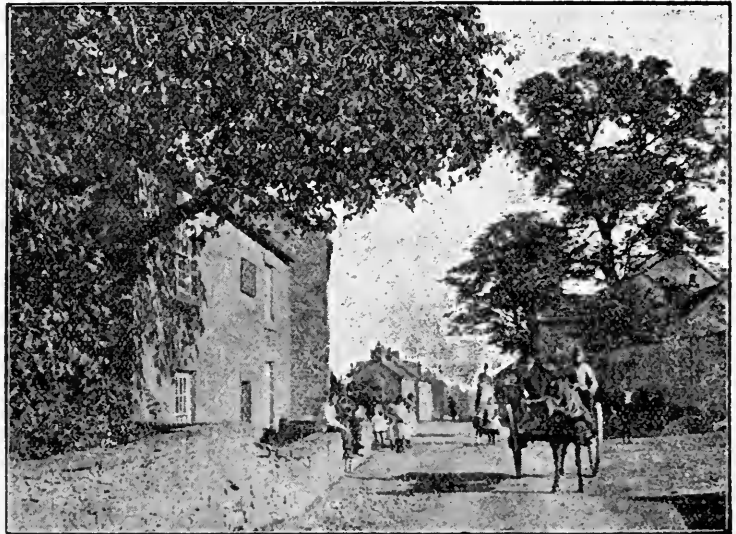
EDMUND BOGG.

walls of Burton, carrying on its bosom the crisp autumn leaves, the overhanging trees stoop, as it were, to be kissed and reflected in the beautiful waters. The village of Burton is mentioned in Domesday Survey, but of its history during this early period little is known. There was formerly a good market here, but like many other places in the dales, it has long been obsolete. The fairs are held here on March 10th and May 6th, for horses, sheep, and beasts. The green is the perfection of what an English village green should be, there is nothing formal or symmetrical, everything about the place seems picturesquely irregular. In the centre stands the market cross; its crest is a cock, decorated gaily at the May feast, when the



sports are still held, typical of the rural scenes of old English life. Here still stand the stocks, where the law breakers of the village were fixed as a punishment for their misdeeds. "Ye Black Bull," an ancient inn, with white lattices and yellow walls, stands near the market cross. A row of quaint cottages are also trespassing on the green, where a flock of ducks, whose downy covering is of spotless hue, lie half buried in the grass. On the upper green there is shouting and whooping amongst the village boys, playing after school hours. Leaving West Burton we wander for some distance along the winding banks of the streamlet; at almost every step is a picture replete with beauty. To the right of the road, passing to West Witton, is "Temple." On the hillside, a short distance beyond, are all that remains of the preceptory of the Knights Templars.

This place was discovered half a century ago ; besides portions of the walls, several stone coffins, a stone altar and two piscinas, also spurs and fragments of armour, etc., were found. There is a farm called "Temple Farm," and although there is no recorded history of this place, the very name of Temple, which has been handed down the centuries, and the relics of past days brought to light, are sufficient to testify that the military order of Knights Templars had an estate here. Further east, by the road side, is the pretty hamlet of Swinnethwaite ; the name of this place is also very suggestive of its early use. The Thwaite is a clearing in the forest ; here dwelt the keepers of the herds of half wild swine which fed in the adjoining forest. Thus rambling eastwards, and passing spots the names of which are the only written record handed down from the hazy web of the far past, we reach the old-world village of West Witton, which had an existence in pre-Norman days ; yet the hand of time, with its never ceasing change, has nearly destroyed every vestige of its ancient days. The village is situated in a commanding position, overlooking the woods of Bolton, and fine sweeping views of vale and moor beyond, built on the northern slope of Pen Hill, whose giant crest uprears a thousand feet above its roofs. Immediately behind the village



West Witton.

EDMUND BOGG.

are lovely glens penetrating the huge hill, which is supposed to have received its name "Pen" from a tribe of the Celtic race who dwelt here, whilst the name of the village preserves the memory of Angle days. In the Confessor's reign both East and West Witton were held by one Glumer, after which the old names and faces disappear, and these places pass into the immense possessions of Alan the Breton, Earl of Richmond.

There are several ancient houses in the parish, but the oldest building, the church excepted, is Catheral Hall, for many generations the residence of a family of that name which terminated in the latter part of the last century in two co-heiresses, who divided the old residence into two houses, one of which is now doing duty as an inn, and has been

spoiled in appearance by modern windows. The church is dedicated to St. Bartholomew, and is a neat building recently restored, the tower and the north wall are the only remaining portions of the Norman building; the present incumbent is the Rev. W. Whaley, B.A. It is more than probable that a rude church stood here in Saxon days; portions of chevron mould and other marks of Norman masonry are still preserved in the present structure. In the chancel, during the alteration, a perfect Saxon cross was found; built in the vestry wall is another relic of Saxon days, a rudely sculptured stone akin to Runic work, and in the vicarage garden is a 10th century stone, on which is carved a crude figure. In the registry, which dates from 1570, are many entries of burials, appended to which are notices of affidavits having been made that the bodies of the deceased were not buried in linen, and there is one record of information having been given of such a burial, and a fine in consequence having been imposed upon the relatives of the deceased for so offending. From the churchyard are obtained lovely views of the vale country, with ancient castle, mansion, farm, village, church tower, and other objects of interest to the human eye. In the graveyard is a monument in memory of John James, F.S.A., author of the "History of Bradford" and other works. "He was born at West Witton, January 22nd, 1811, died July 4th, 1867. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well. Erected by a few Bradford friends, 1885." Another stone, recently erected, is to the memory of James Pilkington, late M.P. for Blackburn, who died at Swinningthwaite Hall. One of the older tombstones bears the following inscription:—"William Tatham, died 18th October, 1715, aged 61.

" My lenes wound up,
My laths and slates are gone,
My pins and nails are drone,
My work is done."

Another mural stone speaks of the ministry for fifty-four years in this parish, of Edmund Loures: "Here lies all that was mortal of Edmund Loures, for 54 years minister of this parish. He was buried ye 9th day of July, 1773." Jane, his partner in life, preceded him to the grave some eight months, she was buried Nov. 11th, 1772. In one of the registers, this minister has inserted the following couplet:—

" As time and seasons pass away,
So doth the life of man decay."

An ancient silver-headed staff, once the property of Edmund Loures, is still preserved by a resident in the parish. The village feast begins on Saint Bartholomew's day, and lasts for several days.

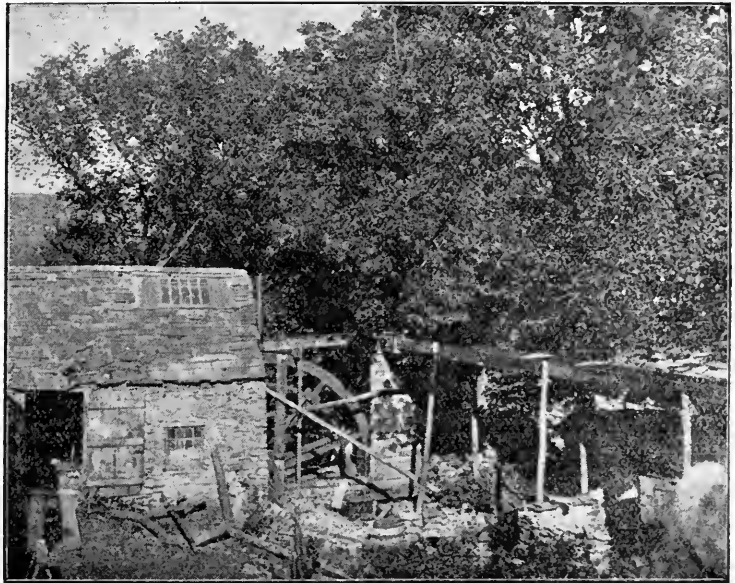
" Old customs, oh, I love the sound
However simple they may be,
Whate'er with time has sanction found,
Is welcome and is dear to me."

On these days the ancient village is roused from her year's slumber, and there is music, mumming, dancing, and feasting. At some of those village feasts, for instance, at Bellerby on the north side of the dale, a man, tarred and feathered, is dragged in a cart round the village, to the yells of youths and shouts of "'Ere we cum, 'ere we cum," begging for tarts, cheesecakes, drink, or whatever the people think proper to give, to help to swell the coming feast. The week's feasting at West Wilton is concluded by a very ancient and singular custom or ceremony, the origin of which I have not been able to ascertain, for no one seems so know. An effigy, supposed to represent the Saint, is made, after which it is dragged up and down the village by the younger generation. Then a large fire is prepared, on to which the effigy is tossed, and whilst the figure is burning, the following doggerel is chanted many times over :—

" In Penhill crags
He tore his rags.
At Hunter's thorn
He blew his horn.
At Capplebank Stee,
He brake his knee.
At Briskill beck
He brake his neck.
At Wadham's end,
He couldn't fend.
At Briskill end
He made his end."

Huntersthorpe, Capplebank, Briskill, and Wadham, are well-known places in the district. On the sides of Penhill, above the vil-

lage, are beautiful woodland paths and rustic seats, below, the water ripples in a series of falls through most romantic glens, adorned with splendid trees, thus through a fairy scene carpeted with abundance of forest flowers, leaps the wild rivulet, giving forth pleasant music; added to this is the peaceful seclusion and the grandeur of the mountain peak above. Near to is Chantry; the name conjures up the forms and faces of monks, burning tapers, and memories of monastic days. Here was a private chapel, attached to the Abbey of Jervaulx. In the vestry window of West Witton church are portions of old stained glass, bearing the arms of the abbots of Jervaulx. An old custom at Chantry was the firing of a gun after sundown, to guide benighted travellers on Penhill to a place of



Ancient Mill, West Witton.

EDMUND BOGG.

safety. Penhill Chase was vested in the Crown, and as lately as 1844, a portion of it remained known as Chapel, or Cappel Bank, aforementioned. The beautiful red deer roamed over this mountain up to the last century, and fallow deer until the middle of the present. Travellers will have often noticed, what seemed to them like the ruins of an ancient fortress, on the sloping sides of Penhill, just below Cappel Bank. This was erected during the last century as a summer-house and hunting lodge for the famous Lavinia Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton. This celebrated actress was the original "Polly Peachum" of Guy's *Beggars' Opera*. This character has lead to the peerage of no less than three actresses, namely, Miss Fenton, Duchess of Bolton, Miss Stephens, Countess of Essex, Miss Bolton, Lady Thurlow.

A writer of that period says:—"Miss Fenton, both by singing and acting, the impression she made in "Polly" was most powerful; not a print shop or fan shop but exhibited her. Her handsome figure in "Polly's" costume possessed all the characteristic simplicity of the modern quakeress, without one meretricious ornament."

So in this summer-house, with the grand chase around and the beautiful Yore winding in graceful curves through the woods and park of Bolton, and the magnificent vale melting into the blue distance east and west, with the bold front of the heathery moors beyond, seamed and fretted with numerous rivulets, whose shining waters could be seen leaping down to the river past Bolton's ancient pile. Here, during the grand deer hunts, sat the original "Polly Peachum," Duchess of Bolton, gazing on the brilliant array of huntsmen moving in one of the most magnificent landscape pictures in this large county.



Falls near Redmire.

We are now wandering along the south bank of the Yore, and a more lovely place to wander cannot be imagined; at every turn are to be seen some silent wonder of Nature's work. Thus passing onward we reach the Old Ford opposite Swinnethwaite, and cross to the north side of the vale. As we climb up the now long disused track a

mighty pile of architecture uprears before us, standing forth like a sentinel from its background of brown hills, and overlooking the tiny hamlet of Thoresby, whose very

name bespeaks great antiquity. As we have before remarked, Thoresby was in its old age before that goodly castle of Bolton was thought of. Thor was the name of one of the Scandinavian gods, and at this village there may have been a temple for the worship of the Pagan god, hence "Thor's village," Thoresby.

The following is a story of Saint Olaf, the first Christian King of Norway, and the heathen god Thor. Saint Olaf's great ambition was the conversion of all Northmen to the Christian faith, but many were the difficulties and disappointments he had to contend with. There was one tribe, dwelling in a remote part of the country under the influence of a chieftain named Iron Beard, a bitter enemy of the new faith. After many trials to induce this tribe to adopt the Christian faith, the king appointed a day to meet Iron Beard, to demonstrate the virtue of the two religions. On the appointed day came Saint Olaf and his followers, and Iron Beard and a great concourse of heathen Northmen. When he reached the doors of the heathen temple, King Olaf said to Iron Beard he would go and see how the priests offered sacrifice, at which the disciples of Thor were well pleased, thinking it was a sign that he was about to return to their superstitious worship. So when the king entered and saw the great idols sitting each in his place, and Thor in the midst of them, for he was the most honoured, and had the highest throne and richest ornaments of gold and silver; at this sight the king's zeal was kindled, so, lifting his battle-axe in both hands, he smote Thor such a furious blow on the cheek that he rolled helpless on the floor, and at that signal his followers overthrew the other gods.

This place is also renowned as being the birthplace of John de Thoresby, Archbishop of York and Chancellor of England. He was a younger son of Sir Hugh Thoresby, of Thoresby, and was considered the most learned man of his time. His greatest monument is the magnificent choir of York Minster, which he is said to have chiefly built at his own expense. He also wrote in English an exposition of the Ten Commandments, and used the memorable words, "Hear God's law taught in thy mother-tongue, for that is better than to hear many masses." Tradition says many Saxon and Danish remains have been found here at different periods. In 1861 Mr. W. Horne discovered at this place the upper part of a Saxon cross. On this site is supposed to have once stood a Saxon or Danish church. Connected with Thoresby is the following curious, yet truthful story. Some fifty years ago, a young servant girl, living on a farm at Thoresby, dreamt on more than one occasion dreams with which she was much impressed. The subject of the dreams was of a large treasure buried in the earth at a certain place on the farm. At length she went and dug there, and found a bronze vessel containing a great quantity of Roman coins, many of which she distributed amongst her acquaintances and friends. On hearing of the discovery of the coins, the lord of the manor made claim to them. The young woman, having disposed of most of them, became so terribly frightened about the consequences, that she fled from Thoresby and never returned. There are people in this district possessing bronze Roman coins, given to them or their friends by the young woman, from this treasure trove.

BOLTON CASTLE.

BOLTON CASTLE.

Be still, mad heart ! Here Scotland's bonny Queen
 By England's sovereign was a prisoner kept ;
 Tho' seeming smiles might on her face be seen,
 'Twas but in pity lest she might have wept.
 Assuming mirth — a mirth she never felt—
 She lonely passed the long dull hours away ;
 Yet, ah ! how often she in anguish knelt
 And prayed as only those in anguish pray ;
 She tried to flee—vain hope and frail endeavour—
 On Leyburn Shawl her captors caught her up.
 Methinks no other Queen but Mary ever
 Drained to the dregs such bitter, bitter cup.
 Thank God, those days are gone when spite and spleen,
 Can vent their venom on a country's Queen !

Elsie Hook.

Ruins, says one writer, are best seen in wintry weather, when the storms are abroad and the trees are leafless. It was a wild, boisterous night in late autumn, when the writer first stood before that massive structure of feudal days, Bolton's ancient pile. The wind sighed through the ruins with a wailing, melancholy sound ; dark patches of storm-clouds were swiftly sailing across the heavens, hiding the full-orbed queen of the night, and casting dense shadows on the old fortress, which presented a stern, gloomy, and desolate look almost awe-inspiring. Now and again for a few brief moments the moon rode from behind the jagged clouds, shedding forth, on the stern and silent castle, rays of subdued splendour. As we stood gazing on the mighty structure, with not a sound to disturb our reverie, save that caused by the flight of a solitary night bird, and the wind rustling amongst the ivy and shivering of withered leaves, bygone scenes and actors in life's great drama flit in imagination before our gaze. High up in yonder room did Mary Stuart, Scotland's queen, the fairest woman of that age, spend seven lonely months watching and waiting, hoping for succour and help from Elizabeth, England's queen. From her, indeed, there was to be no help or pity, instead she gave her a long dreary life of sorrow and imprisonment. The billows and trials of life's deepest waters are to pass over that fair lady we seem to see gazing on the full-orbed moon from the lonely turret ; hers indeed was a life of many troubles and few triumphs, lights and shadows, more of the latter, like the moon on this night, ever and anon bursting forth with rays of glory, then obscured, dim, and shadowy. Thus, hoping and wearily watching from some stern fortress, the seasons and years of her life rolled slowly by. Other figures and actors in her life's drama also pass in review before us, many cavalcades of lords and ladies come and go, some curious to see her, others out of deep pity, compassion, and love they bore to the

imprisoned queen. These were anxious months for Lord Scrope, a worthy scion of the old name, who were ever great in church, senate, and camp. Once, tradition says, the queen fled, and was overtaken by her captors on Leyburn Shawl; since that time the place has been known as the "Queen's Gap." The scene changes, yonder passes Richard Norton and his eight good sons, one of whom, Christopher, the soul of English chivalry, has already enrolled himself a devoted adherent of the fated queen.

"Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes.
They doom'd to dye, alas ! for ruth."



Mary Queen of Scots.

Ever ready, watching for opportunities to serve her, this devotion ended in disaster and ruin to his house. Fearful was the vengeance which fell on his, or any other noble family who linked their destinies with the queen; figure after figure, dim and shadowy, are seen passing to the block, or ending their days in exile from home and kindred; while other risings and plots to rescue only riveted the chain of a fated destiny more firmly around her. Thus we see her for nineteen long, weary years, led from fortress to fortress, from whence neither force, guile, stratagem, nor the jealous soul of the English queen could be brought to open her prison house. Hark! why the solemn toll of a

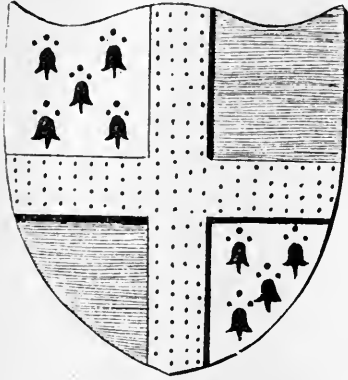
muffled bell? The final scene is about to be enacted on a daughter of the Scottish regal line, once the queen of France, then Scotland's queen, and heiress to the English throne. Her faithful attendants are weeping bitterly. To her aged servant, Sir Anthony Melville, she used the memorable words, "Weep not for me, my good Melville, but rather rejoice that an end has at last come to the sorrows of Mary Stuart." Centuries have passed since that day, but the dark deed then perpetrated by Elizabeth Tudor has continued, and will ever continue to mar the glory of her illustrious reign. Bolton Castle is one of the most complete strongholds that hath escaped the ruin of war and time, and stands on the hill side some half mile above the Yore, and is a conspicuous object in the landscape for miles. Looking from the south, the mediæval fortress rises nearly as perfect as when the lordly Scropes held here their court, and warriors trod its ramparts, and banners floated from its



Castle—Bolton.

towers. Looking from the east is the most pleasing and romantic picture, the quiet little village of Castle Bolton seems yet to cling to the fortress for protection, whilst the monster ruin soars in majesty high over all. To the north rises abruptly the wooded hills and moors, whilst one of the most beautiful of landscapes melts away westward up the river vale to the blue mist of the far away hills. From the battlements magnificent views of the valley east and west are obtained. Queen Mary's room is approached by a narrow doorway from the corridor. The room is large; the thick walls are pierced by windows, looking east and west. The pane of glass on which the royal lady wrote her name was long preserved, but on being removed to Bolton Hall was accidentally broken. Pilgrims to this shrine would confer a great favour on the custodian of the castle by finding some

other scroll on which to hand down their name and fame to posterity, and also abstain from removing any portion of the castle as mementos of their visit. The dungeon, a



Arms of Osborne, Duke of Leeds.

most dreary place, is on the north side; the entrance hole is covered by a flag let into the floor overhead. This tomb-like prison is eight feet high, and five yards by four in width. In the corner of the room is the post to which the hapless captives were chained. We were told that an arm bone, still attached to a chain, was some years ago discovered in this dreary receptacle. Words cannot describe the fearful agony and mental torture of the helpless captives immured in the darkness of this tomb-like prison house. When the castle was in the zenith of its fame there were two chapels at Bolton, one of which, St. Ann's, not a vestige now remains. St. Oswald's adjoins the castle, and is of about the same period. There

is a Norman sextinal font, fine sedelia, piscina, and decorated windows, and a curious tower containing one bell. Eastward of Castle Bolton, a beck wanders through a glen of exquisite loveliness, in summer time beautiful with colour, and rich with the fragrance of wild flowers, and musical with the rippling stream and song of wild birds, humming of bees and the buzz of myriad insects. As we passed through, in late autumn, the scene was indescribably lovely; masses of dense underwood, rank green, and russet brown fern; and on the highest crests of the glen dark Scotch firs stood out sharply against the sky. Under lowering branch, whose leafage festoon and droop over the rill, which, ever singing, leaps and bubbles as from a fairy scene, canopied and interlaced with leaves of every tint and shade, blending into harmony, make up a picture of surpassing glory. Here was a wealth of golden delicate cream, rich browns, and sweetest greens, a scene of grace, beauty, wildness, and grandeur combined. Through the deep glen we follow the windings of



Quaint Cottage, Redmire.

the stream, and we soon reach the straggling village of Redmire, or Redmere, situated a few hundred yards from the banks of the Yore. This place is mentioned in Domesday Book.



The village is rendered picturesque by many quaint and rustic cottages, with white and creamy sides, ornamented with ivy and sweet-scented rose trees. In the centre of the village stands an ancient oak, with twisted limbs, casting its shade over a small spring of bubbling water. A May-pole formerly stood on the green, but was shivered to pieces by lightning in the summer of 1849.

Formerly, on the Mill Farm, was a mineral spring possessing medicinal qualities; unfortunately it ceased to flow some years ago. There lately died at Redmire an old man, a most singular character, a seer, who could pierce the mysteries of the future, and foretell weeks and months in advance the death of any inhabitant. On the south side of the village is a narrow green lane leading to the ancient church, here the wizard of Redmire took his stand on dark nights, and the spirits of those who were about to be summoned by death passed in review before him. If the passing spirit happened to be one of his friends, the seer kept silent; at such times his wife obtained the secret by his disturbed dreams and unearthly groans during sleep. In due course, he also received the dark summons, and we were told that a sigh of relief passed through the village at his death. The quaint and interesting church is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and stands some distance from the village, situated amidst sweet meadows beautifully adorned with fine trees, the whole scene reminding us of "Grey's Elegy." Its one bell peeps from a gable covered with clustering ivy. The rustic porch is spotless with whitewash, its roof and sides covered with dense green creepers, where red berries bloom, and the birds nest and chatter. The doorway and font are Norman, chancel early English, and Tudor roof. The interior is most primitive, with the old box pews twisting and leaning, and a small gallery at the west end, all impressing us with reverent feelings for this time-honoured church of the past. Amongst the mural stones in the peaceful graveyard one records that, "Hannah Hanson, late of Bolton, departed this life Jan. 14th, 1812, aged 105 years." The mason has evidently intended completing the stone with the text,

"Prepare to meet thy God"; but possibly thinking the great age of the lady and the many opportunities of preparing for another world did not in this instance point a lesson, he never completed the text, only the letters "PREP," which suggest to us the above thoughts.

Some two miles north-east of Redmire is Scarthe Nick, a mountain pass in the road leading from Richmond to Hawes. The traveller passing along this road from the first named place, crosses several miles of dreary and monotonous moorland, and, on reaching this spot, is suddenly astonished by a contrast of such entrancing beauty that, for the moment, he imagines Eldorado, or the land of promise, is spread before him; within this picture, framed by mighty hills, are beautiful woods and verdant meadows, with bewitching glimpses of the shining river winding through; on either side of which are mediæval castles, renowned in history and romance. East and west, by mountain, stream, and river,

rural village and grey church tower, add variety to the scene. To the east of Scarthe Nick is the village of Preston-under-Scar, standing at the base of a lofty ridge of rocks; this place was formerly inhabited by miners. Preston is said to mean the priest-town, and to have once possessed a church; if so, not a vestige remains to prove this assertion. The most beautiful part of the river Yore in Wensleydale, leaving out the celebrated Aysgarth force, is from Redmire to Wensley. At all seasons is this portion of the river vale beautiful; so thought the writer, as he wandered over this stretch of the river one stormy day of incessant wind and rain. The wild waste of uncontrollable howling waters formed a weird, yet beautiful picture that was well worth seeing, and was a sufficient recompense for all the discomforts of howling winds and pitiless rain. While looking on the swollen and mighty river rushing past with irresistible fury, we are amazed at our frailty and weakness when contrasted with the elements of Nature, let loose in all the fury of relentless and ruthless destruction. There was a wild, weird-like



Redmire Church.

EDMUND BOGG.

magnificence and sublimity in the scene; the spirit of the water seemed to be possessed by a demon, dealing death and desolation in its headlong course. The wind shrieks and moans through the overhanging woods. Showers of crisp brown leaves are scattered on the foaming waters. On the opposite side, standing defiant against the blast, are the darker greens of gaunt-limbed Scotch firs; still the wind howls, the rain beats,



Bolton Woods.

EDMUND BOGG.

and the waters continue to rise, leap, and roar onward; now and again a tree or some other object is borne helplessly hither and thither on the breast of the furious waters. Yet neither the sobbing wind, incessant rain, or roaring river, could in the least mar the extreme beauty of this delightful vale.

The dark scowling clouds sailing swiftly onward, are pierced by transient gleams of gold, lighting up the frothy waves, and tipping the woods with marvellous beauty.

Who hath not read Tom Moore's description of the Vale of Avoca—

“There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.”

Many poets have sung of the beautiful Avon, and the romantic vale of the Wharfe and Dove, yet we might truthfully say that the river Yore, winding through the woods of Bolton, forms one of, if not the most beautiful and romantic river vale in England. For some two miles the path, winding through a sylvan forest, clings to the side of the river; and, as we pass along, the great beauty of the wood and glades of noble trees

reminds us of some primeval forest. Here are sombre aisles and shady nooks, formed by intertwining branches, on which the sunlight danced and quivered, and lit up the darker dells with a sublime religious light. Here and there are ponderous trunks, the growth of centuries, whose giant arms spread far and wide into the other branches. A flight of pheasants, with brilliantly pencilled plumage, adds a further touch of beauty to the scene. Our steps were ever arrested by lovely views; deep down, through a framework of trees prepared by the hand of Nature, the river is seen gliding on like a sheet of silver between

overhanging woods, resplendent in all the majesty and luxuriance of wild nature, and robed in the most exquisite colours of pale green, crisp brown, and golden; such was the scene looking east, and



In Bolton Woods.

A. HASELGRAVE.

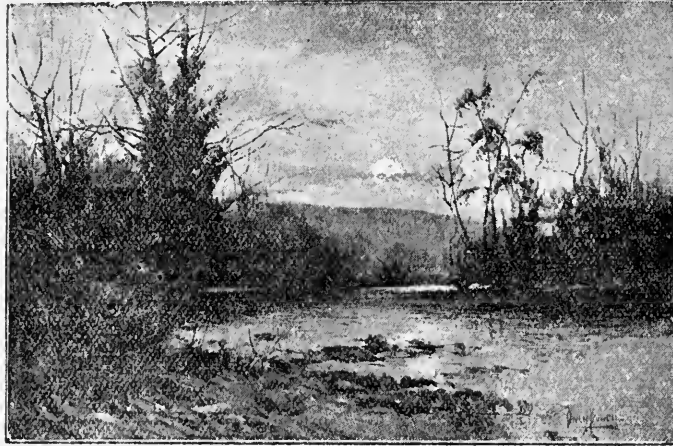
westward the river could be seen silvering and winding onward miles away in the distance to the far away hills of her birth; over all, fretted by light airy clouds, is the dome of the great blue sky. Leaving the woods, the road crosses the park past Bolton Hall, which has a plain, pebble dashed front, with no particular pretensions to architecture. Bolton Hall is the residence of Lord Bolton, and was built in 1678 by Charles, Marquis of Winchelsea, first Duke of Bolton. The Pouletts obtained possession of this princely inheritance of the Scropes, by the marriage of Charles Poulett, or Powlet, to Mary, daughter of Emanuel, Lord Scrope of Bolton. The above Charles Poulett was an eccentric character. A favourite pastime of his was hunting in the night by torchlight and sleeping during the day; other times he would pass days without speaking to anyone, sometimes his dinners would last twelve hours, eating, drinking, and smoking, the guests being allowed to sleep in the chairs if so minded, but on no account to leave the table until he rose.* Charles, Duke of Bolton, grandson to the first duke, married, for his

* Concerning a Sir Amais Powlet is the following story:—In the year 1501 this gentleman, for some reason, ordered Cardinal Wolsey, at that time parson of Lymington, to be placed in the stocks. Fourteen years rolled by, and in that time Wolsey had reached the top pinnacle of his ambition. For the above insult the

second wife, the beautiful Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly Peachum in Guy's "Beggar's Opera." At the height of her popularity he induced her to leave the stage, and settled £600 per annum upon her; she lived twenty-three years as his mistress, and was married to him on the same day that his first wife died. Standing beautifully sheltered from the cold winds of the north, just on the edge of Bolton Park, is the pretty village of Wensley.

WENSLEY.—WENDESLEY AND ULVESHOW.

There are in this place nine carucates of land, which make the fief of one soldier; of which one carucate and a half and five bovates are held by Nicholas de Wendesley, and the same Nicholas holds one carucate and five bovates of land from the Earl of Richmond, and the earl from the king, and three carucates, etc., and four bovates are held by the same earl, and the earl from the king.* Leland says of this place:—"Vensela is a little poore market toune, in *ripa superiori Uri*. It standith not far from



Moonlight on the Ure, near Wensley.

the Weste Parke ende of Middleham. The houses of these two tounnes be partly slatid, partly thakkid. Wensedale, as sum say, takith name of Wensele market. For Wensele standith on the hither side of Ure, and straite on the further side beginneth Wensedale." On the outskirts of the village, south, the river, which flows rapidly over a pebbly bed, is spanned by a fine bridge, built some five hundred years ago, widened and restored in 1818.

The village is of great antiquity, and was a market town in pre-conquest days. In 1563 Wensley was fearfully wasted by a pestilence, and a field still known as Chapel Hill, marks the burial place of the dead. The church is an imposing structure and dates from the 12th century, and restored with slight additions in the 15th. The buttresses are peculiar, being carried above the parapet and terminated square, with small machicolations and niches with Ogee heads, containing the coats of arms of the different branches of the Scrope family. There is a fine example of an early English sedelia. The oak

Cardinal never forgave or forgot Sir Amais Powlet, for in 1515 he was ordered to London by Wolsey, where he was commanded to stay until further orders. So for some six years he lodged near the gateway of the Middle Temple, which he rebuilt and, to appease his eminence, adorned the front with the cardinal's cap, badges, and other devices of this butcher's son,—"so low were the great men obliged to stoop to that meteor of the times." This gate was burnt in the great fire of London.

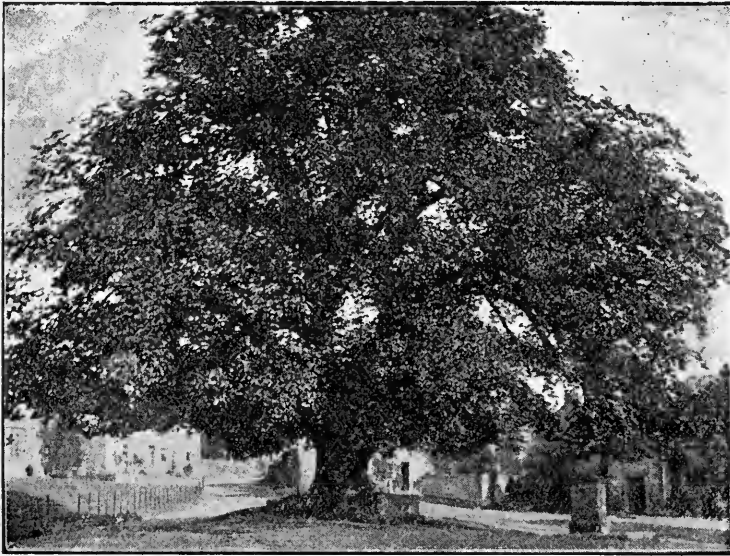
* Kirkly's *Inquest*.

choir stalls are probably remains of the rood screen said to have been presented to the church by Henry Richardson, the rector in 1525. Barker says—"They were removed from St. Agatha's Abbey, at the spoliation of monastries. The chancel also contains a tomb affixed to which is the finest monumental brass in England, representing a priest of the 14th century period clad in complete vestments, bearing in his hands symbols of the Holy Sacrament. The original inscription in memory of Sir Simon de Wenslawe, who lies buried here, has long since disappeared. He was living in 1368, for on that date he was a witness at York for Lord Scrope, of Bolton, in the great coat-of-arms trial between that family and Sir Robert Grosvenor. Inserted in the slab is another inscription in memory of the Rev. Oswald Dykes, rector of Wensley, who died in 1607, and is also buried in this tomb. Could Oswald Dykes have anticipated the amount of abuse he was to receive in the 19th century, for daring to sleep in the same grave and having his name inscribed on the same tomb as his predecessor, Simon de Wenslawe, he would probably have preferred sleeping near the trees in the churchyard, where the sun shines and the birds sing. The many relics of Saxon days which have been discovered at different periods in and around the churchyard, lead us to reasonably suppose that a Saxon church stood on this spot. The head of an ancient cross is preserved in the vestry carved on which, in Saxon characters, is the word "JOHFRIJ." In the north aisle are some ancient carved stones and a very fine tombstone carved in low relief bearing the effigies of Henry and Richard, children of Henry, Lord Scrope, both of whom died in 1525. The elaborate and richly carved Bolton pew, with its heraldic devices, is a relic of St. Agatha's Abbey, at Easby, and was the screen to the Scrope chantry at the above place and removed by them at the dissolution to Wensley. The inscription around the pew enumerates the burial and alliances of the noble family of Scrope. Standing by this screen its appearance carries the mind backward across the gulf of centuries, and impressed us with the almost regal greatness of that noble family who held sway for so many centuries in the vale of Wensley. And although their possessions passed into other hands some two centuries ago, we still seem to feel their presence in the sumptuous relics yet remaining, a fading glory of other days. The organ is a beautiful instrument built by Abbott, of Leeds, and presented by Lord Bolton in 1883, as a memorial of his mother Letitia, Baroness Bolton. In the churchyard there was lately discovered the foundations of the churchyard cross, but not a vestige of the other part was found. There is an octagonal sun dial on the east of the graveyard, and just beyond the boundary wall is an immense elm tree, which has been a silent witness of many generations of dalesfolk carried to their last resting place. Here also is the grave of Thomas Maude, the poet



Head of Ancient Cross.

and historian of Wensleydale, and this graveyard marks the resting place of Peter Goldsmith, M.D., of Leyburn. He was surgeon on board the Victory, at the battle of Trafalgar, and it was in his arms that Lord Nelson expired. Stately stands the majestic elm on the village green, rising before the eye of the stranger a pyramid of verdure. Centuries have passed since its birth, and many a gallant cavalcade of lords and ladies have passed in review before it, and many a rural scene of village rejoicings has been witnessed beneath its shade; yet it still stands majestic as ever, and the birds still fly in and out and sing in its boughs, and the young children still romp and play beneath its shade, and the elder generation as of old meet and chat under its sheltering dome. The "Three Horse Shoes" inn is probably the most ancient house in the village, with rough



Old Elm Tree, Wensley Green.

EDMUND BOGG.

undressed doors, old timbered ceiling and whitewashed beams, antique window seats and furniture to match. It would be this hostelry that drunken Barnaby visited, for in his journal he says :—

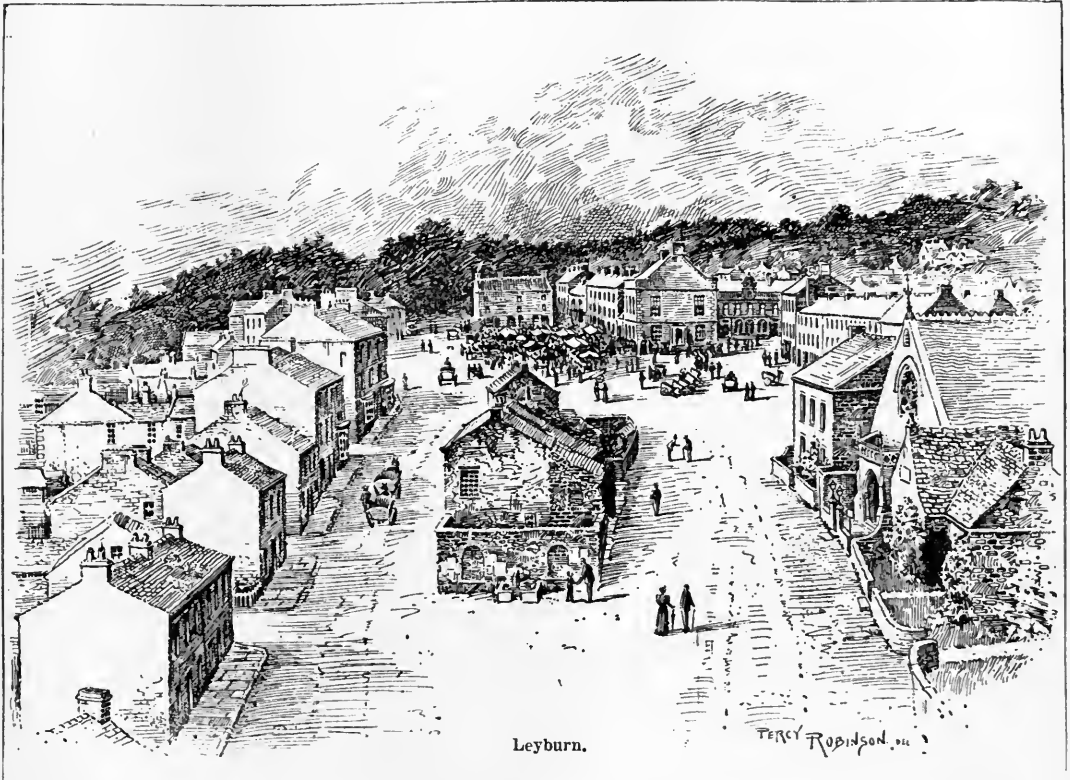
“ Thence to Wensley, valley
seated,
For antiquity repeated ;
Sheep and shepherds as
one brother
Kindly drink to one ano-
ther,
Tell pot hardy light as
feather,
Sheep and shepherds sleep
together.”

Below Wensley the river flows through more open lands and winds past many pleasant spots. Some three miles onward there rises on the south bank above the river, the huge grey ruins of Middleham, in feudal ages renowned for magnificence and chivalry, now but a wreck of former glory, yet still clinging to its history and traditions of bygone centuries. For the present we keep to the north side of the river, and following the road from Wensley, two miles brings us to Leyburn.

LEYBURN.

Leyburn is a small market town in the parish of Wensley, having a clean and spacious market place surrounded by well-built houses, finely situated high above the river. With the exception of the bull ring and a few relics in private hands, there are no remaining vestiges of its antiquity, and although the town is mentioned in

Domesday Survey, little is known of its past history. To the west of the town is that fine natural terrace of rock known as Leyburn Shawl, from where magnificent vistas of river, mountain, moor, and glen, are obtained, a ravine or pass which runs from the scar to the vale below, is known as the Queen's Gap. It was at this spot, tradition says, that Mary Stuart was overtaken when she attempted her escape from Bolton Castle. Two miles north of Leyburn is the picturesque village of Bellerby ; two streams which ripple down the straggling street, are crossed by a large number of rude bridges.



Still further north is Hart Leap Well, so named, legend tells us, from a beautiful hart of unusual strength and agility, which after a chase of many hours, left far behind hounds and huntsmen, with the exception of a single horseman; on the exhausted creature reaching the above place, he gave three extraordinary leaps down the declivity and fell dead beside the well. Barker says an old withered tree overhangs the spring, which is nearly choked up; its presence is, however, conspicuous, the emerald hue of its grass contrasting strongly with the deep brown of the heather around. We have now wandered into Swaledale, the watershed of the Yore, on the north-east side, at no place from Leyburn downwards is more than two miles wide.

Harmby is a small rural village midway between Leyburn and Spennithorne, built on the slope of the hill; near to is a deep ravine, into which leaps a small rivulet. Barker says there was in former ages a heronry in this gill, from which the village received its name Hernebie. This manor was in the possession of Sir Andrew de Harcla. It was he who defeated and captured the Earl of Lancaster, at the battle of Boro'bridge, and who soon afterwards fell under the suspicion of the 2nd Edward and was stripped of his estates and executed as a traitor. Half a century ago there stood an antique residence at the bottom of the village, supposed to have been the Manor House; adjoining was the Chapel of All Saints. There is a story which has been handed down by our fathers for many generations, of a wealth of buried treasure in this vicinity; let us hope some native of the village will in his dreams ere long have the treasure discovered to him.

SPENNITHORNE.

This village is three miles east of Leyburn, situated on the north side of the river, on slightly rising ground and finely sheltered from the north-east winds. The place has a delightful appearance, well wooded and surrounded with pasture lands. In Domesday Book the name is spelt Speningtorp, which Dr. Whitaker says means the thorp or the village of the Spening or prickly thorn. An old residence adjoining the churchyard forms a very pleasant picture. The Church dedicated to St. Michael dates from the 12th century, but having undergone several restorations, with the exception of three Norman arches, there is not much of the original building remaining. It is generally supposed that a Saxon Church stood on the site of the present building, slight vestiges of which still remain. Two stones, with rude ornaments, are built into the chancel walls, and a Saxon monument found under the chancel floor is now placed in the vestry. The east end of the north aisle was formerly the chantry chapel of the Fitzrandolphs, and the burial place of this famous family. A long tomb, ornamented with shields, whose bearings are nearly defaced, is said to be the only memorial here of that martial race. The ancient and beautiful oak screen of the chapel dates from the 15th century. In the south aisle was the chantry chapel of the Scropes, of Danby, and the burial place of this branch for generations. During the 14th and 15th centuries the walls of this church were covered with *fleur-de-lis* scrolls and frescoes, and were covered over after the great plague by many a coating of white-wash. One of these paintings, representing old Father Time, was possibly preserved by the covering of whitewash, for it still retains a freshness of colour. A tombstone records the following:—

“Reader, beneath this stone doth lie
A wife ass virtuous as could die.”

Phylliss, March, 1768.

Spennithorne was the birth-place of John Hutchinson, a philosopher and writer of great repute in his day. It is said of him that on one occasion, when passing his native cottage with a friend, he bade him mark well the place, as it might become the subject of much enquiry and veneration. The hope thus expressed never came to pass, for in less than a century the exact house was forgotten. Another character, a native of this place, was Richard Hatfield, who fired a pistol at George II in Drury Lane Theatre; fortunately the bullet missed the King. Some time previous to the attempt he was in the army, and on one occasion saved the life of the Duke of York. After his attempt on the king he was confined in a lunatic asylum, where he died at a great age.

On the outskirts of Spennithorne south are the remains of some very ancient buildings. Crossing the meadows by the footpath from this place, we come to a fine sweeping bend of

the Yore; pausing to look up the river, we see, some half-mile away on the rising ground to the left, the old dreamy town of Middleham, clustering near its once magnificent fortress, its shattered walls and towers forming a grim memorial of feudal ages. It was the hour when the setting sun was diffusing over the landscape the most delicious tints, and the scene reminded

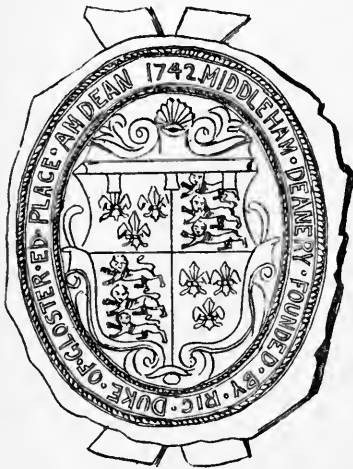


Middleham from the West.

EDMUND BOGG.

us of those grand subjects painted by that great genius Turner; and we lingered to watch the light and shadows play upon the broad river flowing through sweet meadows, where the cattle were peacefully grazing, and as we lingered the sound of bells came softly stealing along the bosom of the waters, now louder and swelling and anon sinking to repose. Thus musing as we strolled along the banks of the river, listening to the sweet music of the bells, our thoughts glanced back across the ocean of time, far beyond any recorded history of this valley, to that period when the waters rolled through this vale a mighty flood, when the white and brown bear, elk, reindeer, and wild oxen,

and many other savage animals inhabited the dens and caves in the mountains, drank from the cooling water of the river, or roamed through the primeval forests of this vale. As the stream of centuries glides past, this sea girt land of ours was peopled by a band of strangers from the eastern shores. This tribe giving way to a sturdier and bolder race hailing from the Belgic coast, slight indications of their presence are still to be traced in this district. Centuries glide past, bringing mighty and important changes. Here came and dwelt the conquering Roman, followed by Saxon and Northmen; each have left some mark of their occupation, the laws, speech, and customs of the two latter people will abide for ever. Yet, another change: the Normans appear and despoil Saxon and Dane, and grasp the rich possessions of the vale, and Ghilpatrick is ousted from his rude stronghold. A century later and the castle whose ruins loom grimly through the shades of advancing night, begins to assume definite shape. It was under the iron grasp



Seal of the Collegiate Church, Middleham.

of the Norman lords that the history of the place first stands boldly forth. Its noble owners were great actors on the pages of English history. Mighty warriors were those men, the tramp of the war horse, clash of arms, and the din of battle were as music to their ears. Listen to the sound of revelry issuing from the walls of yonder banqueting room. Warwick, the King maker, is here, and a magnificent feast is prepared for his guests, followed next day by tilt and tournament; lords and ladies, barons and knights, squires and churchmen pass and repass in imagination. The warrior king with a bright retinue goes forth to hunt and hawk in the forest. Then flits before us visions of battles and battlefields: St. Albans, Towton, Barnet, Tewkesbury, and the great fight of Bosworth field, when the best

blood in England was shed, and King and King maker, princes and robles, are left weltering on the bloody field.

“ And now into one spot at once the mailed squadrons roll,
With shield to shield, and spear to spear, and valiant soul to soul;
There is the shout, and there the shriek, the slaying and the slain;
Beneath the blood of heroes flows: the meadow reeks again.
As when two tempest-swollen streams, that down the mountains fret,
In some deep rocky bottom with their angry floods are met,
Each from their height tumultuous, the headlong waters pour
In one ravine, and from afar the shepherds hear their war.”

Many other figures rise before us—Duke Richard, afterwards King, whose memory was long cherished by the men of Middleham. Anne and Isabella, the two daughters of Warwick, and Neville the extravagant archbishop; these were stirring times, and

many a noble head rolled on the scaffold and was afterwards affixed as a ghastly trophy to the gates of the old city. We have now reached the precincts of the castle, our dream vanishes, its noble owners have disappeared—Kings, Queens, and King maker, and gallant knights, famed for prowess and deeds of arms, have all vanished, and the once proud Windsor of the north uprears before us in the twilight, a mass of blackened ruins. Yet the scene is typical of bygone days, and the very walls seem to breathe of story and tradition.

MIDDLEHAM.

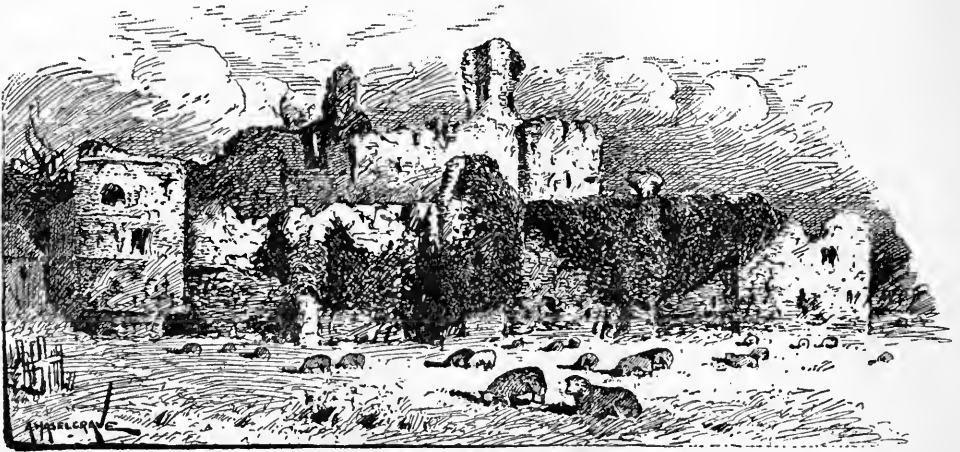
Clustering under the shadow of the huge fortress, as if for protection, is the yellow washed and grey walls of this large village, at one period of its history a famous market town and capital of Wensleydale, two market crosses still remaining attest this fact; on one is carved a rude representation of a boar, the cognizance of Richard III.; near to is the bull ring where, in bygone times, the bull was baited, and our forefathers feasted their eyes on this cruel sport. A stone on the north side of the castle bears the crudely sculptured figuring of a peacock, said to represent the badge of Robert Nevill, a grandson of Mary of Middleham, heiress of Lord Fitz Randolph, who died in 1270, the last of this martial family. The above Robert Neville is generally called the "Peacock of the North;" he met his death in a border fray into which he had dared the great Earl Douglas. But it was during the wars of the roses when the Nevills were at the zenith of their fame and glory, that the castle of Middleham and its princely owner, Warwick, became renowned throughout the land. It is said that he feasted daily 30,000 persons in his castle halls, and could bring the same number of men to fight under his standard when and where he listed. Stow mentions his coming to London in the famous Convention of 1458, with 600 men all in red jackets, embroidered, with ragged staves before and behind, and was lodged in Warwicke-lane, in whose house there was often six oxen eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meate, for he that had any acquaintance in that house might have there so much of sodden and rost meat as he could prick and carry upon a long dagger.



Seal of Richard III., Lord of Middleham.

Middleham was also a favourite abode of Richard III., who became possessed of it by his marriage with Anne, second daughter of Warwick, who, some authorities say, had been previously married to Prince Edward, son of Henry VI., and his Queen, Margaret of Anjou. This Prince had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Yorkists, and was cruelly murdered by them. After the fall of the Nevilles and the death of Richard, at the battle of Bosworth Field, the glory and fame of Middleham as a baronial

and princely establishment seems to have departed for ever. To the south of the castle are two mounds, said to be the site of an ancient British camp. A Roman road, and other remains of this people have also been found near to this place ; here it is said Ghilpatric, the Danish chieftain, had his stronghold. This spot is known by the name of " Williams Hills," around which tradition says : " Whoever shall run nine times without stopping will find a door open in the mound, which will admit him to marvellous treasures." If the hidden wealth has to be discovered by this means, we doubt that it ever will be found, as the peat is impassable, and we should imagine the treasure would yield more interest to the antiquarian, if ever discovered, than to any other parties who might be concerned.



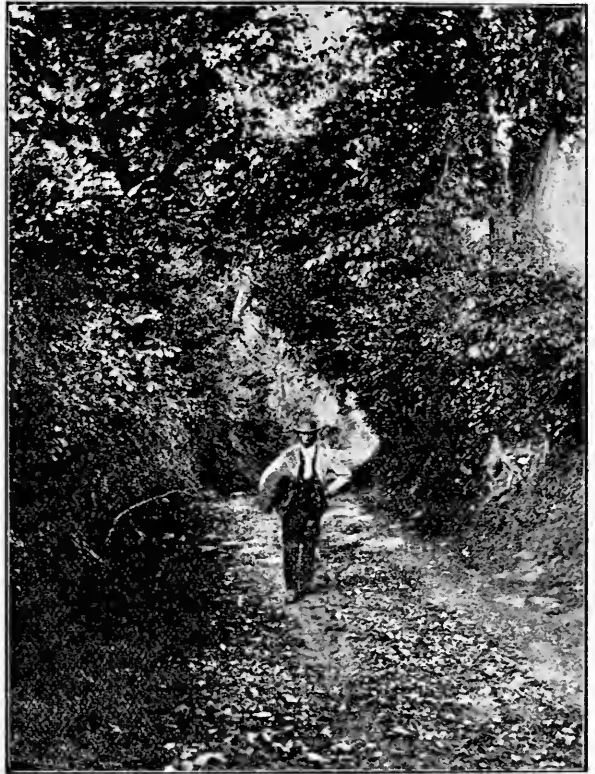
Middleham Castle.

The Church, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and St. Alkeda, stands on the north side of the town in a very commanding situation. Saint Alkeda is supposed to have been a wealthy Saxon lady who, on account of her religion, was strangled by the Danes. In the east window of the chantry chapel was a representation of her martyrdom. She was shewn in the act of being strangled by two females, who had twisted a napkin round her neck ; a few fragments of the window are still remaining. It is thought the scene of her death was on or near the site of the present church. Certain fee farm rents in Middleham were required to be paid upon St. Alkeda's tomb, and these were laid on a stone table or altar in the middle of the nave, as were also some annual doles of bread. Barker says this stone was removed within the memory of persons then living. During the last restoration an ancient stone coffin was found on the spot where, tradition says, the martyred lady was buried ; the coffin contained human remains, said to be those of a female. Under the tower is the monumental slab of Robert Thornton, 22nd Abbot of

Jervaulx, and Dean of Middleham. This stone bears the following inscription :—"Pray for the soul of Robert Thornton, 22nd Abbot of Jervaulx, and Dean of Middleham." The east window of the south aisle is a memorial to the Rev. James Alexander Birch, a late rector of Middleham. The Birch Memorial School, a substantial building, was also erected, 1869, to his memory, by the parishioners and friends.

Middleham Moor Fair, held on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of November, was formerly one of the largest, if not the largest fair of its kind in the north of England. Of late years the trade has fallen off. The moor is also a famous training ground for race-horses. Here was trained the celebrated Flying Dutchman, winner of the Derby and St. Leger, and a score of other celebrated winners have been trained here, besides a host of horses renowned in the annals of the turf. Whether the fearful water-horse which, legend says, haunts the banks of the Yore, and ramps along the meadows at eventide, thirsting for prey, is a war horse of old, or a celebrated racer of more recent times, I know not, for on that point legend is silent.

The Cover, which joins the Yore at Danby Mills, has its source on the northern slope of Little Whernside, and also drains the north-east end of Buckden Moor. Our first visit into the dale was from East Witton, passing along a narrow cart track bounded on the south by the steep fir clad heights of Witton Fell, the top of which the morning sun was glinting. Beneath us, on our right, the waters of the little river can be seen leaping and flashing; on the bank is a patient angler calmly pursuing his gentle craft. Further to the west lies Middleham Moor, the training ground of race-



Lane Scene.

EDMUND BOGG.

horses; and we can see them this beautiful autumn morn cantering over the breezy uplands. To-day is the 1st of October; in the woods and fields we hear the constant cracking of guns, the sounds reverberating amongst the hills. A hundred paces to the left stands Braithwaite Hall, the road to which leads beneath a row of giant sycamores.

It is an early 17th century building, now used as a farmhouse. The great rooms and wide staircase look rather desolate now; one room is beautiful with pannelling from



The Gateway, Coverham.

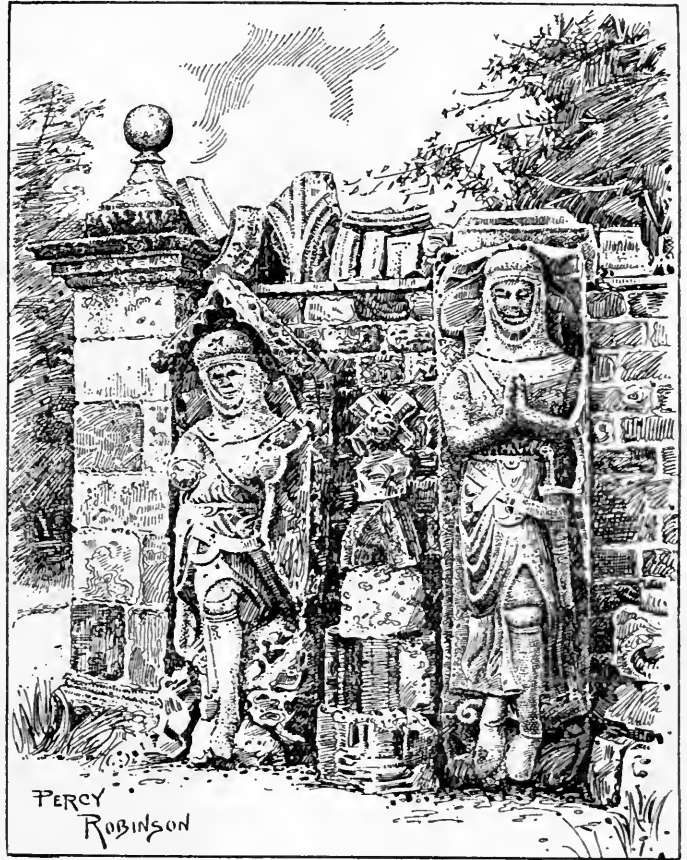
floor to ceiling, with a secret door and passage behind the pannelling. The fireplace and mantel is of finely carved oak. The large pantry contains a goodly array of Wensleydale cheeses. In olden days fuel for the Lords of Middleham was supplied from woods in this district. An air of primitive days seemed to reign at this house; the only man we saw was dumb, whilst the maid was too timid to answer our questions. On descending the hill to Coverham we passed a tramp cook-

ing his breakfast over a fire of sticks. There was a mystery in that solitary figure that for the moment arrested our steps, and, thinking this scene a good subject, we wished to obtain a picture, but he so bitterly remarked that the rich always think the poor people good subjects for pictures that we let the opportunity pass. This man had evidently seen better days, but he seemed to have got soured and set against the world in general. At Coverham the stream is spanned by a bridge of one arch, which is both curious and ancient. 'Tis a beautiful spot, and is full of charms to a lover of nature. Just below the bridge the river, flowing through a narrow channel in the rocks, can be easily stridden, and a little further is a lead mine, not worked now; the lead, being very soft, was used for glazing purposes. Still lower is an ancient mill, long since disused. Some two hundred paces from the bridge, on the north side of the cover, built on a wide grassy curve of the vale, hidden by trees and hills, and safe, as it were, from intrusion, beautiful in its quietude, stood the Abbey of Coverham, founded in the early years of the 13th century by Ranulphus Fitz-Robert, son of Helewise, daughter and heiress of Ranulph de Glanville, who was Lord Chief Justice of England in the reign of Henry II.



Seal of Coverham.

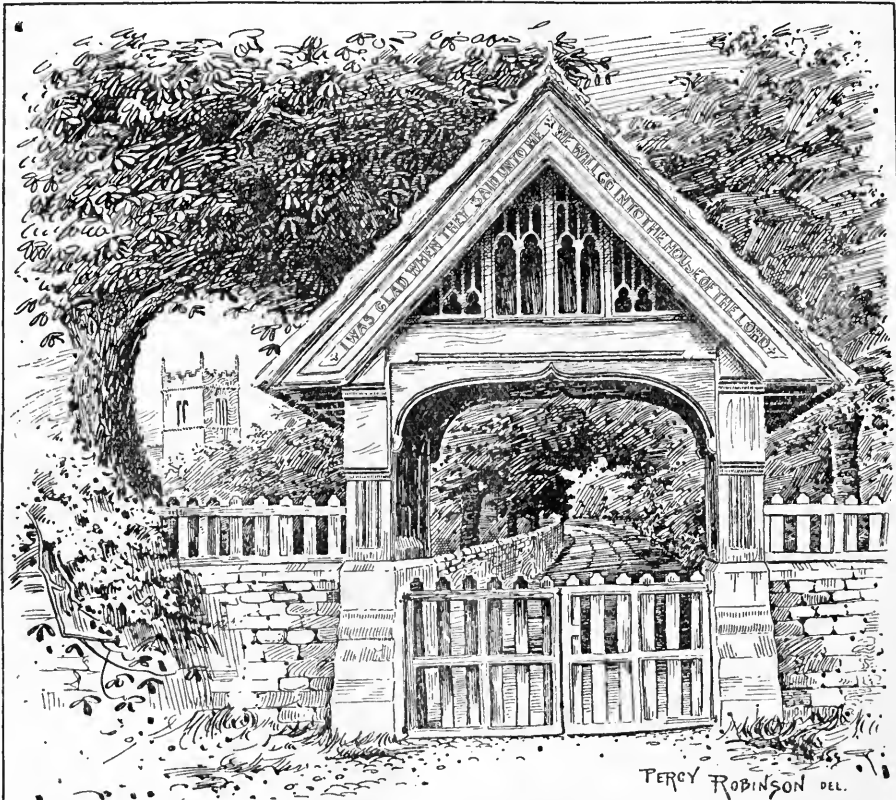
Helewise, the mother of the founder, sleeps beneath the ruins of the old Abbey. The approach is through a Norman gateway still perfect, although the remains of the Abbey are in a sad state of neglect. Two arches of the nave remain; there are many inscribed stones, on one of which are the words "Mercy, Mercy." Part of the building is now converted into dwellings, in one of which is a curious window of nine low lights with transoms and trefoil heads. To an antiquarian the place is well worthy of a visit, for many a finely carved stone lies mouldering under rank weeds and rubbish. The effigies (see sketch) were found during some building operations, and they are supposed to represent two warrior Lords of Middleham. The spirits of the monks seem still to hover around the ruined walls; they were lovers of beautiful nature, and chose their dwelling places with an artist and a poet's eye. Though centuries have passed since they were driven forth, and their homes despoiled, yet their memory still lingers, and the charms of nature, art, and peaceful solitude which soothed their spirits still seem to cling around as we stand and muse within the ruined sanctuary.



Effigies—Coverham.

Coverham Church stands on the rising ground west of the ruins. The approach to the churchyard is through a lych gate lately erected in memory of John Topham, Esq. The Church is said to date from the 13th century, and has, some years ago, undergone complete restoration. In Coverham churchyard a person may stand whilst the bells are ringing and neither see the Church nor hear the bells; this is caused by an abrupt declivity in one corner of the graveyard, and the sound of bells are destroyed by the

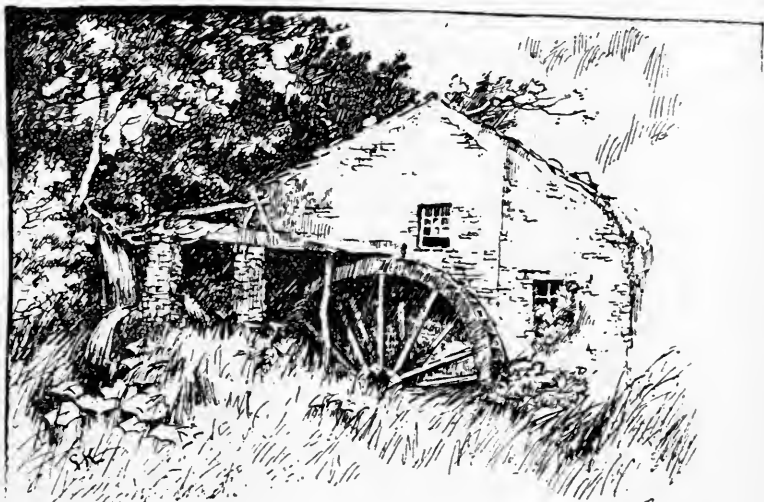
noise of the falling waters of a brook which turn a mill wheel close by. In this churchyard is buried a man who dug his own grave. In passing up the north side of the dale, just beyond the ancient inn known as "Lady Bab," we met a boy of some ten years who had for his companion a hedgehog; the little creature seemed quite tame, though perhaps rather timid, as he peered at us with his bright eyes and his prickly covering erect. We are now in the vicinity of the famous racing establishments, where many a celebrated racer has been trained. Leaving the homes of Bates, Dawson, and Osborne



Coverham Church and Lych Gate.

behind, and on past Birds Ridding, a sweet spot,—here the feathered songsters warble their sweetest song,—we soon arrive at a beautiful glen, a veritable fairyland, where the brown waters of a small rivulet winds dreamily through dell and dingle so secluded that, with the exception of the old mill, not a sight of human habitation or sound of voice is heard. The day is dull with gathering clouds, yet no need to look for the glory of skies, for in the space around us there is such a wealth of beauty, variety of tone and colour,

and such never-ceasing melody of rippling waters falling over the old moss-grown wheel, and tumbling over boulders, and through dense tangled undergrowth, brown with the mellow tinge of autumn, that, lost in admiration, we gaze on this lovely scene, and listen to the rivulet singing such sweet melody, purling, prattling, plashing, and leaping amongst rank vegetation until it finds a level bed and thus passes onward out of our sight clear, sparkling and beautiful a thing of life, until it is contaminated by the influence of machinery, and its beauty destroyed. In the dense undergrowth we noticed the Royal fern (*osmunda regalis*) spreading its noble fronds to the playful breeze. Carlton, a village three miles from Coverham, stands on the north side of the dale. Some of the houses are very old, yet there is nothing of particular interest in this place. Some two miles beyond, at the hamlet of Horse House, we cross to the other side of the vale; in the days of pack-horse traffic this was a well-known baiting and resting place. Further up the dale is Bradley and Woodale. Before we turn to follow the downward course of the stream, we look up the vale to Great Whernside, and through the autumn mists which lie along the vale we can see Little Whernside on the left, and on the right the heights of Buckden Pike, waves of sunlight tinge with golden the mighty billows of gloomy, purple moors. Two and a half miles from Coverham is West Sraifton.* The village is not very picturesque, it stands on one of the numerous streams which runs from the moors to the Cover. A few hundred yards from this place we came unexpectedly upon a magnificent gorge, or chasm; the stream falls through a rent in the rock to a deep ravine, the sides of which are formed of huge blocks of limestone overgrown with lichen and mosses, ferns, and drooping boughs festoon over the summit; the oaks and hazels spread their branches across the chasm,



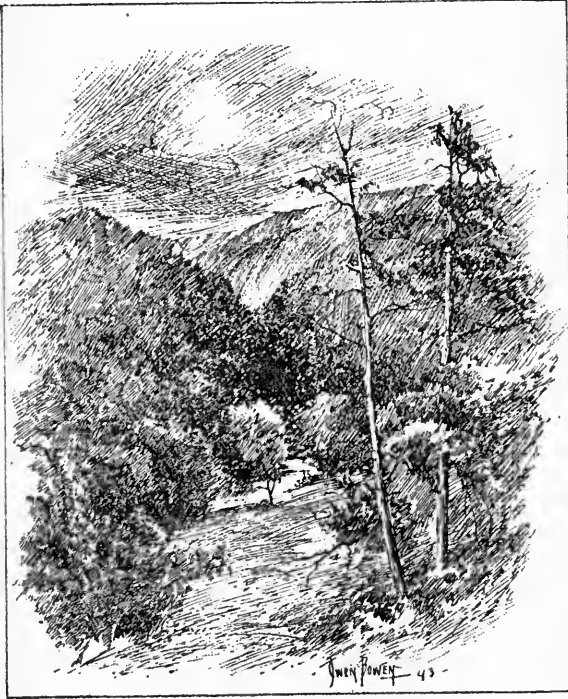
The Old Mill.

GUS. KENDERDINE.

of sunlight tinge with golden the mighty billows of gloomy, purple moors. Two and a half miles from Coverham is West Sraifton.* The village is not very picturesque, it stands on one of the numerous streams which runs from the moors to the Cover. A few hundred yards from this place we came unexpectedly upon a magnificent gorge, or chasm; the stream falls through a rent in the rock to a deep ravine, the sides of which are formed of huge blocks of limestone overgrown with lichen and mosses, ferns, and drooping boughs festoon over the summit; the oaks and hazels spread their branches across the chasm,

* A native of West Sraifton was once summoned to York, to give evidence in a case connected with the district. On being placed in the witness box, the opposing counsel rose to question him, but the Sraiftonian said, "Nah thee sit tha dune, tha knaws nowt abute it till ah tell tha."

forming a roof of green and gold, through which the autumnal light faintly filtered, causing a perpetual twilight to reign beneath. In the sides of the ravine are several caves, one of which is of considerable extent. In this cave, we were told, there once dwelt a hermit, named Tom Hunter; hence it is known as Tom Hunter's parlour. Near to East Scrafton is another pretty glen, much smaller yet extremely beautiful, arched over with tangled foliage, a mass of exquisitely blended colour, from bright green to golden russet, and well besprinkled with the bright scarlet bunches of rowan berries and briar haps. Here we were suddenly overtaken by a thunderstorm, so we crouched for shelter



The Lower Cover.

under overhanging banks, while the raindrops pattered through the foliage, soon swelling the tiny stream. On issuing from our sheltering place it was our pleasure to behold a nature scene which will never be erased from our memory. In front, dark and heavy charged storm clouds loomed over the lower Cover and vale of the Yore. Through a rift in the clouds behind us, a great wave of sunlight was spreading slowly down the vale, in the wake of the storm, and as we gazed on the contrast, from glorious peace to the war of elements in front, a dazzling rainbow appeared, spanning the entire vale from the moors of Colsterdale to the heights of Middleham, and beneath the prismatic arch is spread this most picturesque vale, as

the lurid lightning flashed from the murky clouds beyond, making the scene still more majestic and sublime.

In the township of East Scrafton is a spring of water known as St. Simon's Well. Near it once stood an oratory called St. Simon's Chapel; not a vestige of this remains. The well was formerly used as a bath. Tradition says that St. Simon, the Canaanite and apostle, was buried here. The memory of the Saint is still observed on the annual feast held at Coverham.

"The ruins of St. Simon's are forgot,
That deep, sequestered, wood-o'ershadowed spot.
Suppose it truth what records old declare,
The holy Canaanite was buried there?
Near Coverside, where from a rocky dell,

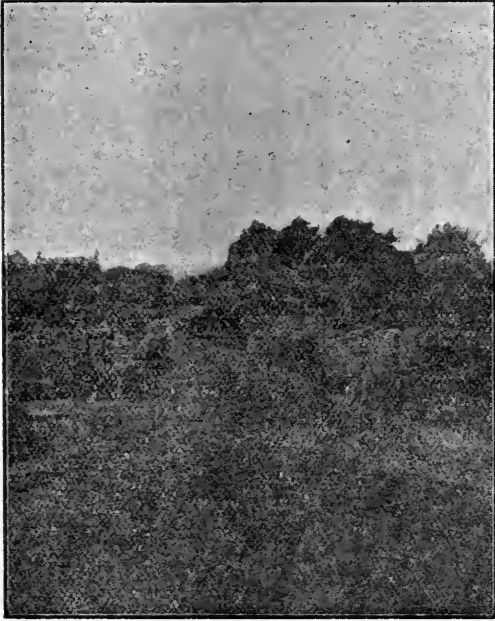
"The streams gush out and fill the ancient well.

* * * *

And still one day in honour of the saint
In feasting, yearly, through the dale is spent."

EAST WITTON.

A stranger visiting this village will probably be impressed with its air of more than



At the Foot of the Fells. EDMUND BOGG.

ordinary importance, and will also note a striking contrast to the other rural villages around. Most of the houses were rebuilt at the beginning of the present century, and stand along both sides of a large green, cut at the east end by the road which crosses from Cover Bridge to Witton Fell. On the green is a large rock weighing several tons, which has been converted into a fountain, the water flowing through comes from the Fells above. Although the size of the green is ample, yet the long street with its sombre grey walls presents an unartistic appearance, and seems to lack something which we love to see fronting the cottage homes of all rural villages, namely, the little flower garden, whose sweet-scented rose trees blends our souls into sympathy with village life. East

Witton was in ancient days a market town, having received its charter from the first Edward, 1306. During the fearful plague which visited the dale, 1563, the market was for the time being removed to Ulshaw, after which period it never prospered, and soon after became a thing of the past. Fairs for cattle are still held on the 3rd of May, and 20th of November. The village formerly stood, we were told, a little more to the south-east, nearer to where the time-honoured hamlet of Lowthorpe now rests, the origin of whose name bespeaks a life of centuries. Adjoining this hamlet is the old churchyard of St.



Lowthorpe.

Martin's, and though the place is sadly neglected 'tis sweetly retired, and a picturesque spot. Just beyond, a little stream wanders down a gentle vale, and crosses the roadway. Here the dalespeople have worshipped since the days of the Saxon kings, and many generations of men have been laid to rest near the walls of the venerable Church, now destroyed. No sound of chiming bells now breathes music o'er the dead ; and the aisles from whence resounded the anthems of praise, have been removed to other courts. The new Church stands at the east end of the village, and is dedicated to St. John the Evangelist; it is a beautiful structure, and was built in 1809 by the Earl of Ailesbury, in commemoration of the jubilee of George III., and was thoroughly restored in 1871. The village stands high above the river, and is overlooked by the lofty heights of Witton Fell, which

are beautifully wooded, and from whence a glorious landscape unfolds to view. On the summit is a grotto, and a spring named "Cast-a-well," much frequented by pleasure seekers.

A false alarm :—During the threatened invasion of Napoleon in 1804-5, the Dales Volunteers were formed, the men of East Witton parish mustering a strong contingent. All were kept in readiness to march at a few hours' notice. Beacons were erected on Penhill, Addebrough, Roseberry Topping, and a dozen other prominent places. One memorable night, remembered in East Witton for half a century later, and still spoken of by the grandchildren of the parties concerned, the beacon on Penhill was seen blazing ; soon the flames shot up from other beacons ; the inhabitants were thoroughly aroused—no sleep for the dalespeople on that night. Men that had property to leave made their wills, fathers said many good-byes to

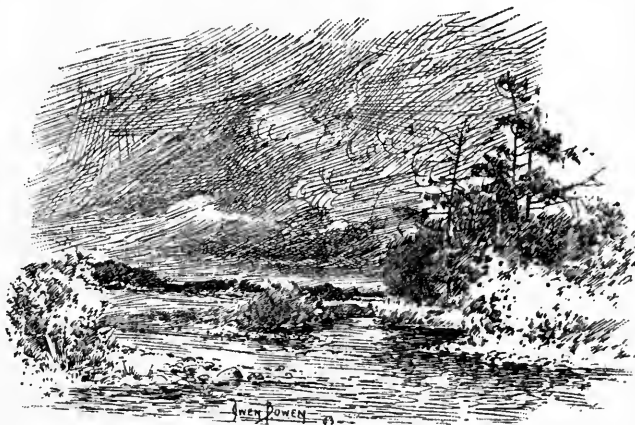


Deep Gill Force.

OWEN BOWEN.

their wives and children, and made the best arrangements in case they should never return. The younger men took an affectionate leave of their sweethearts ; all was business and confusion. One old man told the writer that his father and grandfather were working on their farms during the whole of the night, it being fine and moonlight. In the early dawn of the morning the bugler blew long piercing blasts of alarm, and the stormy music of the drum sounded down the vale of Wensley. The news spread like wildfire, Wensleydale was alive with bustle and activity ; from every village companies, fully armed and equipped, marched to the appointed rendezvous. Centuries had fled since their ancestors had fought under the banners of the King-maker, on the battlefields of Towton, Tewkes-

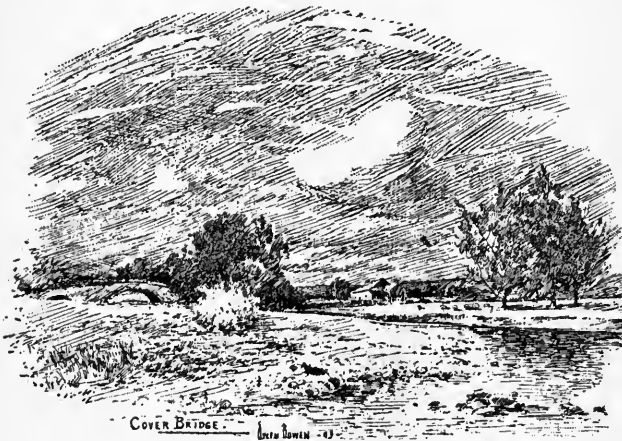
bury, Bloreheath, and Barnet, or performed good service under the lordly Scropes on the fields of Scotland and France. Yet the spirit of their warlike ancestors seemed to reanimate them as they marched swiftly towards Thirsk, only to learn that the firing of Penhill beacon had been a false alarm. The loyalty and zeal of the dales volunteers attracted the attention of Parliament, and on the 11th of July, 1806, a vote of thanks was accorded to the volunteers of the United Kingdom, special mention being made of the volunteers of Wensleydale and Mashamshire. It is said of them that if they returned with whole skins, it was certainly with full skins, for in their disappointment and indignation in not being able to fight and Boney's French chaps they went in for a magnificent spree, and most of them arrived at home in a rather dazed condition. Ten minutes' walk down a pleasant lane brings us to Cover bridge, a few hundred yards above the junction of the two rivers. On the north side stands an ancient hostelry, a famous resort of dealers visiting Middleham in pre-railway days. A bow-shot from this place the river Yore is spanned by a substantial bridge of four arches, known by the name of Ulshaw bridge, said to have been erected in the 15th century. Standing in the centre buttress of the bridge is a sun-dial, date 1674. A Roman road which led to Ad-dlebrough crossed the Yore at this place, and this spot is rendered more interesting from being the place where St. Oswin, Prince of Deira, a most devout Christian, dispersed his army, rather than shed human blood in battle over the dispute with King Oswei respecting the boundaries of their dominions.* Just beyond the bridge, on the north bank, is a Catholic Chapel and a dwelling for the priest; the vault beneath is the burial place of the Scropes of Danby. Turning east by the river, in a few moments we arrive at Danby Mill. This is a most beautiful place, the river splits into two or three parts and curves round densely wooded islands, in autumn ablaze with rich colour, added



Near the Mouth of the Cover.—A storm brewing.

* After dispersing his army at Ulshaw, St. Oswin, King of Deira, accompanied by his faithful attendant, retired to Lijethling, now Gilling, and here he was slain by soldiers sent for that purpose by Oswin, King of Bernicia, who, it is said, repenting too late of issuing the fatal order, built and endowed a monastery at the above place, as a reparation for his sins, where prayer was offered daily for the soul of the murdered king. This was in 651.

to which is the sweet song of innumerable birds, the lapping of wavelets flowing under dense foliage and intermingling boughs, and the never-ceasing rumble of the old mill wheel. We have often found that people living in a beautiful part are not aware of the fact, and sometimes affect to smile in astonishment at our pleasure over the beauty which surround them; but, in this instance, the good woman at the mill was fully aware of the fact, and told us she had never witnessed such a glorious contrast of rich colour as she had observed around this spot. A little lower the Yore and Cover meet, "the yellow sanded river receives into her bosom the silver waters of the mountain stream that has so long wound its sinous course over sheets of limestone, marble, between sweet banks overshadowed by the green hazels and graceful willows." Now the vale widens out into beautiful swelling, velvety green meadows, and the river flows past yet another mill, a lovely spot, where many noble trees flourish. Now we pass into the park and forward to

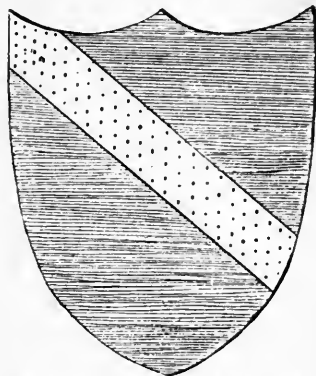


Danby Hall, which stands pleasantly enough on the high ground above the river, a fine grassy landscape well wooded, spreads out to the south, through which the river curves past the ruins of Jervaulx. Danby Hall is the residence of Simon Thomas Scrope, J.P. A mansion has stood here from ancient days. In 1658 it was partly rebuilt, and in 1855 it was completely restored, and a new south front added. There is

a massive staircase of old black oak, which is lighted by windows rich with heraldic emblazonry. Of all the great princely families of mediæval ages, few can rival in antiquity, learning and prowess, the great baronial house of Le Scrupe, or Scroops of Wensleydale. Although Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of Chief Justices," says:—"Henry le Scrope, of an obscure origin, from an eminence in the legal profession sat in the House of Lords as a Baron: and great chancellors and warriors were proud to trace him in their pedigree. He was the son of William le Scrope, a small squire who lived at Bolton, in Yorkshire." Yet, how few can trace their ancestry into the mists of antiquity beyond the Scropes, for in the reign of Edward the Confessor, a Richard le Scrupe* held land in

* Barker says:—"The contest between Richard, Lord Scrope, son of the Lord Chief Justice, Henry, of Bolton, and Sir Robert Grosvenor, ancestors of the Marquis of Westminster, respecting the armorial bearings, which is familiarly known amongst heralds as 'the suit of the BEND, OR,' is probably the most remarkable in English heraldic history. It is impossible to enter at length into this celebrated controversy. I can only

Herefordshire, and built a castle, said to be the first Norman fortress erected in England. They are said to be of Norman ancestry, and settled here in the early years of the 10th century, and they are supposed to have aided in the Conquest, for a few years later members of the same family held several estates in the adjoining counties. "In the space of three hundred years the race produced an Archbishop, two Bishops, two Earls, twenty Barons, one Lord High Chancellor, two Chief Justices, four Treasurers, and five Knights of the Garter." The representative of the senior male line of this house is Simon Thomas Scrope, of Danby-super-Yore, "this branch having survived," says Whittaker, "every other branch of that illustrious house." The old ballad of Flodden Field says :—



Arms of Scrope, Danby-super-Yore.

"Lord Scroop of Bolton stern and stout,
On horseback, who had not his peer,
No English man, Scots more did doubt.

With him did wend all Wensleydale,
From Morton unto Morsdale-Moor;
All they that dwelt by the banks of Swale,
With him were bent in harness-store.

From Wensdale warlike wights did wend,
From Bishopdale went bowmen bold;
From Coverdale to Cotter End,
And all to Kidson causeway cold.

From Mallerstang and Middleham,
And all from Mask and Middleton by,
And all that climb the mountain Camb,
Whose crown from frost is seldom free.

With lusty lads and large of length,
Which dwelt on Semer-water side;
All Richmonshire its total strength
The valiant Scroope did lead and guide."

give the outline. During forty years, there was scarcely a battle, including the memorable day of Cressy, in which Lord Scrope did not distinguish himself. Ordered on a military expedition into Scotland, in 1385, he appeared in the old insignia of his family, 'azure a bend or,' when, to his mortification and astonishment, he found Sir Robert Grosvenor usurping his bearings. The right of the latter was instantly challenged, and proclamation made through the army appointing a day at Newcastle for investigating the dispute. In a previous dispute with one of the Cornish family of Carminow, the latter asserted that his elders had used the bend as Scrope wore it, ever since the time of King Arthur, A.D. 506-42. A trial by single combat produced no satisfactory issue, and it was decreed that both families should continue to use the same arms. Grosvenor, like his antagonist Scrope, only claimed from the Norman Conquest, but refused to obey the Court sentence, that he was to add a silver border to the arms. He appealed to the King (Richard II.), who decided that he was not entitled to the bend at all, and ultimately the affair terminated in his begging Scrope to forgive him the heavy costs of the cause, which he did. Grosvenor adopted in lieu, 'azure, a garb, or'; being arms of affection taken from those of the Earls of Chester, and which have ever since been borne by his descendants. On the trial, men of almost every grade, amongst whom was numbered John of Gaunt, were summoned to give evidence. The principals of the religious houses bore testimony to the perpetual recurrence of the bend of Scrope in their buildings and ornaments; and the official of Richmond produced a formidable list of the blazonry in the churches of his district. The testimony of John de Thirlwall indeed showed that there was some dispute as to the claimant's father, the Chief Justice, being a gentleman, yet, above his tomb in the monastery of St. Agatha, was an effigy

In the Bedale road, opposite Danby Hall gates, a curious triangle stone guide post reads:—"Simon Scrope, of Danby, 1712. East side ye road to Bedale and Ripon, and west side Leyburn, Mudgeham."

A mile further east is the pleasant village of Thornton Steward, standing high above the river and overlooking the ruins of Jervaulx. At the Conquest the manor of Torentone was in the possession of Gospatrick, from whence it passed into the hands of Alan, Earl of Richmond, from whom it was held by his stewards, hence the name of Thornton Stewart. In the garden of the Manor House, west of the village, are several relics removed from Jervaulx Abbey. The Church is a very plain structure, and stands amongst the meadows half a mile from the village.



Thornton Stewart Church.

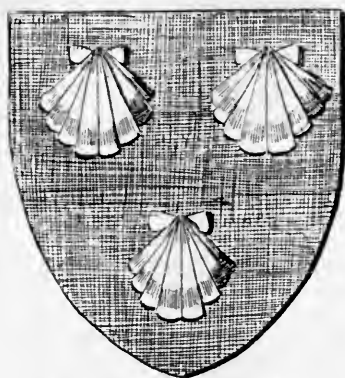
The outside walls are covered with a gritty plaster which hides the ancient stone work. The interior consists of nave, chancel, and small gallery, and there is an antique oak pulpit. Much of the structure seems to be early Norman. The chancel is large for so small a church in which there is a mural recess which has at some period contained an effigy, now unfortunately lost. Inside the recess is part of a Danish cross, on which is a rudely carved figure.

The piscina is very uncommon,

being square. A small brass in the chancel is to the memory of the Rev. George Shillito, who died April 5th, 1748. Near the doorway of the porch, which is Norman, are two stone coffins, one with cover complete. It is generally supposed that a Church has stood here since the days of King Edwin. No doubt the old Saxon edifice has given place to the one standing at the Domesday Survey, and although the Church has been rebuilt some three centuries later, the foundations of the more ancient structure still remain. Some fifty years ago, it was thought desirable by the vicar to have the old structure demolished and a new one erected nearer the town, but the parishioners opposed this

sculptured with the bend on his shield, *circa callum ouum*. He was buried viij. Id. Sept., 1336, and round the tomb were the same arms solemnly sculptured in twenty places. On tablets and in windows of the Church and the Chapel of St. Thomas, in the same monastery, were the same arms from time whereof the memory of man ran not to the contrary in 1399. The same in the Parish Church. In "the Chapel of the Chantry within the castle of Richmond, were the arms of Scrope in the window from time immemorial"

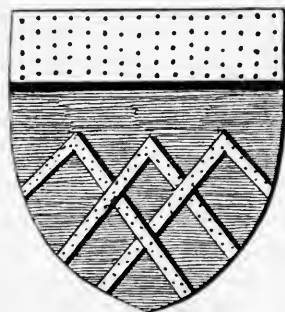
demolition, so the plan was abandoned. And, as Barker says: "The venerable fabric stands where it has stood for centuries as a monument of early Catholic piety."



Arms of the Abbots of Jervaulx.

"It stands in lonely meekness, where it stood,
 Confessors reared it, when in Wensleydale
 The Holy Cross, first taught, bade quickly pale,
 Woden's false planet; and the message told
 Since then, yet duly to the lowly fane,
 Resort the Christians,—in its burial fold.
 Successive generations have been lain,—
 The village fathers—with a humble trust
 There from such awful rest to wake again:
 There would their children sleep, dust blend with
 dust.
 And shall that church be raz'd?—O thought
 profane
 Forbid it, all who own their creed with pride;—
 Forbid it, ye who kneel where martyred saints once
 died."

Situated on the south bank of the Yore, and at the eastern extremity of Wensleydale, are the ruins of Jervaulx Abbey. It was a most delightful afternoon in August, with scarcely a cloud to hide the blue sky, when the writer trod the rich carpeted meadows and stood amidst the monastic ruins of Jervaulx, beautiful in decay, reminding us of the Holy City. Set like a jewel in a case these noble relics stand in the centre of a charming vale, with a glorious river sweeping past, and a majestic landscape on every side. Within the ruins are gravely aisles and carpets of rich green grass, old grey mural stones and altar tombs covered with lichen, ivy-clad columns, pointed arches and windows, through which we see framed the most bewitching peeps of green trees and the blue sky above, whilst the sun's rays bathe the western walls with a warm tint of gold. There seemed an inexpressible beauty and mystery in the scene, all around was perfect stillness, the trees in the well wooded landscape, like the army of monks who lay beneath our feet, were sleeping; breathing a chord of music over all this peace, beauty, nature and art, comes the faint yet sweet refrain of the river flowing by. Such is the impression left on our memory after a hurried visit of some twenty minutes to this ruined sanctuary. From this brief sojourn we are unable to give a full description of the Abbey, and probably few would care to read it. A good account of it will be found in Barker's "Three Days in Wensleydale." At the beginning of the present century the ruins were in a deplorable condition, and had been used as a quarry by the farmers for generations. In 1806-7 the site was properly explored and cleared of its rubbish and enclosed



Arms of Lord Fitz-Hugh.

by a sunk fence. We have already mentioned that the first settlement of the original founders of Jervaulx, a few monks migrating from Savigny, received a gift of land near Bainbridge, and built there the Abbey of Fors. It is said they were unable, from poverty, to support this institution, and were on the point of deserting the spot. However, it so happened about this time that the great Earl of Richmond was hunting in the large forest of Wensleydale and was entertained at the monastery, and on learning the distressed state of the monks, he presented them with the most beautiful portion of the valley, and the foundations of the Abbey Joreval were laid in 1156. Succeeding Earls of Richmond proved their benefactors until there arose a magnificent and flourishing institution, whose ruins many a weary pilgrim still comes to view.

JERVAULX ABBEY.

I.

“Poetic fabric—lovely in decay :

I love to wander thro’ thy ancient aisle,

I love to linger near thy sacred pile

At early dawn or at the close of day.

Thy rugged walls, so sweet and calmly grey,

Thy ruined cloisters, noble and sublime,

Have ages borne the ravages of time,

Yet still thou stand’st, the theme of many a lay.

What veneration feel we as we gaze,

For now thou’rt ours no more to be turmoiled ;

What indignation in our bosoms blaze

At thoughts of him * who ruthless thee despoiled.

Though but the remnant of thy former pride,

Our love for thee is strong and deep and wide.

* Henry VIII.

II.

“No more Cistercian monks devoutly pray

Within the hallowed precincts of thy pile,

Nor yet, re-echoing through the vaulted aisle

Do we the vesper hear at close of day.

None now chant forth the solemn requiem lay,

Or lauds at midnight unto Jesu sing ;

The early matin bell has ceased to ring,

Thy former splendour breathes but of decay !

Yet in thy venerable grace I see

A calm, sweet beauty many would not find,

For Nature to me has been ever kind,

And filled my soul with choicest poesy :

So when my thoughts come flooding in a stream,

What could I do then, but make thee my theme ?”

CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

In the romance of *Ivanhoe*, Sir Walter Scott introduces a humorous scene between the outlaws and two captives, namely : Isaac, a rich Jew of York, and the Prior of Jervaulx, regarding the question of their ransom :—

“Were it not well,” said the Lieutenant of the gang apart to the Captain, “that the Prior should name the Jew’s ransom, and the Jew name the Prior’s ?”

“Thou art a mad knave,” said the Captain, “but thy plan transcends !—Here, Jew, step forth—Look at that holy Father Aymer, Prior of the rich Abbey of Jervaulx, and tell us at what ransom we should hold him !—Thou knowest the income of his convent, I warrant thee.”

“Oh, assuredly,” said Isaac, “I have trafficked with the good fathers, and bought wheat and barley, and fruits of the earth, and also much wool. Oh, it is a rich abbey—stede, and they do live upon the fat, and drink the sweet wines upon the lees, these good fathers of Jervaulx. Ah, if an outcast like me had such a home to go to, and such incomings by the year and by the month, I would pay much gold and silver to redeem my captivity.”

“Hound of a Jew !” exclaimed the Prior, “no one knows better than thy own cursed self, that our holy House of God is indebted for the finishing of our chancel ——”

"And for the storing of your cellars in the last season with the due allowance of Gascon wine," interrupted the Jew; "but that—that is small matters."

"Hear the infidel dog!" said the churchman; "he jangles as if our holy community did come under debts for the wines we have a licence to drink *propter necessitatem, et ad frigus depellendum*. The circumcised villain blasphemeth the holy church, and Christian men listen and rebuke him not!"

"All this helps nothing," said the leader.—"Isaac pronounce what he may pay, without flaying both hide and hair."

"An six hundred crowns," said Isaac, "the good Prior might well pay to your honoured valours, and never sit less soft in his stall."



Ruins of Jervaulx.

"Six hundred crowns," said the leader, gravely; "I am contented—thou hast well spoken, Isaac—six hundred crowns.—It is a sentence, Sir Prior."

"A sentence!—a sentence!" exclaimed the band; "Solomon had not done it better."

"Thou hearest thy doom, Prior," said the leader.

"Ye are mad, my masters," said the Prior; "where am I to find such a sum! If I sell the very pyx and candlesticks on the altar at Jorvaulx, I shall scarce raise the half; and it will be necessary for that purpose that I go to Jorvaulx myself: ye may retain as borrows my two priests."

From Jervaulx the Yore pursues its eastward course until passing Kilgrim Bridge, thence, making a sweeping curve, flows southward. Kilgrim Bridge is a small hamlet and very picturesque, a mile and a quarter east of Jervaulx. Leland says:—

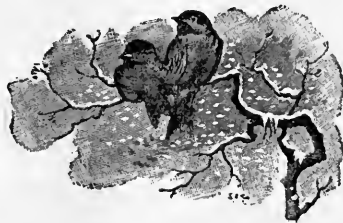
"About a myle benethe Gervallx Abby is a great old bridge of stone on Ure, called Kilgram Bridge;" whether this is the same bridge the antiquarian speaks of we cannot say, but it certainly bears the impress of great age. In the days of the Romans, a branch road from Watling Street crossed the Yore, either by bridge or ford, somewhere near this spot. Regarding the building of this bridge is the following curious legend. Many bridges had been built on this site by the inhabitants, but none had been able to withstand the fury of the floods until his "Satanic Majesty" promised to build a bridge



Kilgrim Bridge.

which would defy the fury of the elements, on condition that the first living creature who passed over should fall a sacrifice to his "Sable Majesty." Long did the inhabitants consider when the bridge was complete as to who should be the victim. In this district dwelt a shepherd more wise than his neighbours, who owned a dog called "Grim." This

man having first swum the river whistled for the dog to follow, poor "Grim" unwittingly bounded across the bridge and thus fell a victim to his "Sable Majesty." Tradition says, from this circumstance the spot has ever since been known as Kill-grim-bridge. A road from this place passes high above the east bank of the Yore with the beautiful park of Clifton on the right sloping down to the river. Still passing forward we reach the high ridge of land dividing the vales of the Yore and Swale, and we look with pleasure across the plains of Mowbray to the blue hazy outlines of the Cleveland hills. Four miles walk from Kilgrim Bridge on the west side of the river brings us to Masham passing on our way Low and High Ellington, and the small village of Fearby a mile or so to the west.





CHAPTER XVIII.

MASHAM.

FOR the derivation of this word the reader must glance back for the moment to the days of our Saxon forefathers. After the downfall of the pagan gods, "Woden" and "Thor," and the conversion of the people of "Deira" to the Christian faith by Paulinus, in the reign of the great King Edwin, there was reared at the above place a Saxon Church, possibly on the same site as the present structure now stands. The town and district had been thickly inhabited centuries previous to this date, but the Celtic name which was changed to Mass-ham, on the building of the Church, has been lost for ever in the mists of antiquity. "Mass," in ancient days, meant the "Holy feast of the Lord's Supper," in later times the Holy Communion; "ham," a town or village, hence the name of Mass-ham. From the many vestiges which are still to be seen on the surface of the land, in these parts, for those who care to look, we should imagine this has been a rallying place and stronghold of the Brigantes in that dire struggle for freedom against the conquering hosts of Rome. In front the broad river sweeping onward, rushes through a majestic gorge, the Hag's wood of old forming a natural bulwark; this position being almost unassailable when defended by a warlike people. Westward the rising moorland recedes into deep glens and ravines, and further still to the very



heart of darker valleys, and higher mountains, which at that period had never been trod by the foot of civilized man. On the opposite side of the river, chiefly in the neighbourhood of Aldbrough Hall, are many traces of entrenchments and camps formed by an invading force, whose object must have been the subjugation of a tribe of people dwelling on the westward lands of the river, from appearances when the Conquest had been complete, the Romans have reared a small military station to keep the hill tribes in subjection, this place being nearly midway between Isuriam and Bracchium, and not far from the Roman road passing to and from the above places, would form a halting place for Roman soldiers in passing east and west. A generation previous to the Conquest, the Manor of Massan, Masham, was held by the Danish Jarl Siward, whose deeds have been told in song and story. In those days a village stood in this district bearing the name of this Earl, namely, Syward-Thorpe, its exact site is not known, for not the slightest vestige of it remains; like many other places it never arose from the Conqueror's fury and desolation. The Domesday Survey says:—"In Siwartorp to be taxed one carucate, and there may be one plough Forchild had it, now the Earl, and it is waste. In Massan to be taxed twelve carucates, and there may be eight ploughs. Gospatrik had there one manor. Ernegis has there now one plough, and ten villanes, and three borders with five ploughs. There is a Church." When the Anglo-Danish Jarls were ousted from their inheritance by the Normans, this Manor fell, with many other princely possessions, to Alan, Earl of Richmond, the Conqueror's nephew. Half a century later Masham was granted by Earl Alan, surnamed "the savage," to Roger de Mowbray, who became a powerful baron and mighty warrior, and his name, which he gave to one of the most fruitful tracts of land in England, has been handed down for centuries, and seems likely to be a more lasting memorial than any fashioned by the hand of the sculptor. He it was who built a castle at Kirkby Malzeard, all of which has disappeared with the exception of some bases, shafts, and capitols, dug up many years ago. "In Roger de Mowbray, the unfortunate always found a friend; one that not only pitied their misfortunes, but also used his endeavours to relieve them; in battle he was valiant, and like a genuine hero, spread slaughter and destruction around him. He was lofty of stature; and his noble mien and condescending manners won him many friends." In the ancient ballad on the "Battle of the Standard," David Bruce is made to say, when reviewing the two contending armies in battle array:—

"And whoo's yon youth I see
A galloping o'er the moore?
Hys troopes that follow so gallantelye,
Proclayme hym a youthe of pow're."

The poet giving the following answer:—

"Young Roger de Mowbray is that youthe,
And he's sprung of a royal line;
Hys wealthe and hys followers, Oh King,
Are allemost as greate as thyne."

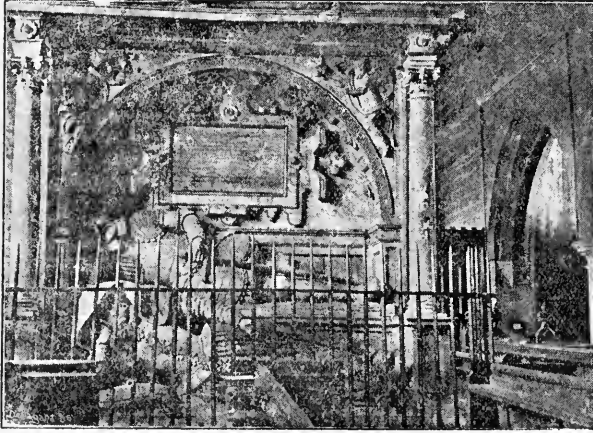
In his old age he seems to have become weary of war, and the revelry of court and camp, and so became a monk, and spent the last fifteen years of his life at Byland, and was buried within the Abbey, of which more will be said in another chapter. From the De Mowbrays, Mashamshire passed to Walter de Buhere, whose sister and heiress, Emma de Buhere, granted Mashamshire to Sir John de Walton, a descendant of whom, Joan de Walton, sold the above estates to Sir Geoffrey le Scropes, a younger son of Lord Scrope, of Bolton, and who thus became the founder of the Scropes of Masham and Upsall, from whom the estates passed by marriage to the Danbys, and are now in the possession of Lord Masham (Sam Lister), of silk manufacturing fame. Masham is a very ancient market town, the first charter being obtained by Sir John de Walton in the year 1250, to hold a market at his manor at Masham on Fridays. A second charter was granted to Geoffry le Scrope some eighty years later, to hold a market at the manor of Massham on Wednesdays, "and one fair of four days, to wit, on the eve of the day of Saint Barnabas the Apostle, and for the two days following." Leland, in his description of the town, says:—" 'Masseham' as a praty quik market town, and a fair Chirch, an a bridge of tymbre a little byneth the Masseham on the other side of Yore ryver lye the Aldebury village. At the end of Masseham townlet, I passed over a fair ryver called Bourne, it goeth into the Ure thereby a little byneth the bridge." The market is now of small importance, but the cattle and sheep fair, held on the 17th and 18th of September, is said to be one of the largest in the kingdom, from thirty-five to forty thousand sheep being brought annually to this fair. Wool combing was at one time the staple trade of Masham, but at the introduction of machinery for the combing and dressing of wool, etc., the industry left the town. Open house is kept during the fair, and all householders are expected to provide a plentiful supply of roast beef and pickled cabbage, drink and other necessities for the well-being of travellers, and all are made welcome be they rich or poor.* The market place is spacious; in the



Remains of Saxon Cross. E. BOGG.

* A certain professor in this neighbourhood, ever distinguished for his imbibing propensities, and who always made a special point of boasting of his ability to drain unnumbered glasses with impunity, made the following bland remarks to a friend of the writer's, who was speaking to him on the merits of temperance:—" Ah say, noo, hoo mony glasses do ya think ave hed to-day? Ye can't guess! can ya," " Well, ave 'ad yan, two, three, foure, fave," counting on his fingers and thumb, " ave 'ad twenty-five. Noo, what dye ya think te that, an' it's nobbut half-past three, an' mind ya, ah sall hev a few more glasses to-day yit! Ower docter used to tell ma. when ah was a yonng man, ah sud kill meself wi' sike like wark. When ah didn't dee he was capt. After that he said ah sud be able to stand owt, as ah'd gotten seasoned, an' fowks wor nobbut killed 'et t' seasoning."

centre stands the shaft of the old cross. The houses adjoining three sides of the market are picturesquely irregular. The Church, with its noble tower and spire and Norman



The Wyville Chapel.

EUMUND BOGG.

doorway, is on the east, which renders the scene more pleasing, important and impressive. The Church is dedicated to St. Mary, and is of ancient date, and although the fabric has undergone several restorations, there remains much Norman masonry, and even relics of the Anglo-Danish period are to be seen. Most notable is the lower portion of a most curious and ancient churchyard cross, now standing opposite the south porch; considering its early origin the figures are finely carved, those

round the top represent the twelve apostles, and those around the lower portion the adoration of the Magi. The interior of the Church is very imposing; the east end of the north aisle was formerly the chapel and burial place of the Wyvills, of Little Burton. Here is a beautiful monument to Sir Marmaduke Wyville and his wife, beneath are the figures



of his six sons, clad in armour, and also figures of his two daughters, all kneeling with hands clasped in the attitude of prayer. The front of the tomb is guarded by a fine example of old ironwork. On the monument is a Latin inscription of which the following is a translation :—

“Here lieth Sir Marmaduke Wyvell, the first Baronet of his name, son and heir of Christopher, by Margaret, daughter of John Scrope. Christopher was son and heir of Marmaduke, and Agnes, one of the five sisters and co-heiress of John, son and heir of Sir Ralph Fitz Randall, Knight, and Elizabeth, one of the three sisters and co-heiress of Ralph, Lord Scrope, of Masham. Marmaduke was the son and heir of Robert, and Joan, daughter and heiress of John Pigot. In the year of our Lord 1613, when this monument was erected, Marmaduke, by Magdalen, daughter of Sir Christopher Danby, Knight, had six sons and



Fragments of Tombs.

two daughters living. His then heir apparent was his son, Christopher Marmaduke, son of Christopher, and Barbara, the only begotten daughter of Marmaduke. He lived to an age of seventy-six years, and died in the year of his only Redeemer (to whom be all glory and blessing), 1617, and on the 9th day of the month of January.”

The east end of the south aisle was the Chapel and burial place of the Danbys of Swinton, who inherited the lands of Mashamshire from the Scropes. There is a large mural monument and several tablets to their memory. Here are to be seen many fragments of early tombs and portions of Danish scroll work, etc. The epitaph on brass to the memory of Christopher Kay, and Jane Nicholson, is most interesting. The initial letters of each line form the name of the above Christopher.



“ Confined in a bed of dust,
Here doth a body lie,
Raised again it will I trust,
Into the heavens high.
Sin not but have a care
To make your calling sure,
Omit those things which triul are,
Praise that we will indure;
Hange not your mind on secular things,
Each one doth fade apace,
Riches the chief of we hath wings.”

“ A matron grave is here interr'd,
Whose soul in heaven is preferr'd;
After her grandson lost his breath,
She soon surrender'd unto death.”

“ Keeping . no . certaine . place,
Adict your selves unto his conversation,
You'l purchase heaven for your habitation.”

Another epitaph in the churchyard says :—

“ Here lies an old ringer, beneath the cold clay,
Who has rung many peals both to serious and gay;
Thro' grandsires and triplets with ease he could range,
Till death called his Bob, and brought round his last change.”

On the north side of the burial ground is a stone in memory of “Julius Cæsar Ibbetson, an artist, eminent for his taste and skill in painting rustic figures, cattle and rural scenery. He died October 13th, 1817, aged 58.

This humble memorial was erected by the affection of his widow. Here also rest the remains of John Batley Ibbetson, youngest son of Julius Caesar Ibbetson, who died November 21st, 1821, aged 6 years." Not far from the above is another gravestone in memory of a brother artist, "George Cuitt, who died 15th July, 1854, aged 74. His memory lives in his works and the hearts of his friends." In the churchyard is an early Norman font, with the old staples remaining, on which was affixed the cover to prevent the water from pollution. Sad to relate, this ancient and sacred relic of the Norman Church was lost for some considerable time, and was only discovered a few years ago in a cow house, having been sacrilegiously used as a urinal. Were we to judge the people of Masham by its tonsorial artist, we should be inclined to say they were both a primitive and independent race. Adams, like his ancient namesake, is of the old school, and a most original character when operating, dispenses with the head rest, and woe be to the unlucky wight who flinches. Head rests, Adams told us, are only "new fangled things," and not needed when shaving; he says they never used "sike like" things

in the old posting days, of which, to judge by his many anecdotes, he has seen much of this service.

Let us pass over the bridge to the east side of the river; some two miles upwards by the stream at Clifton are a few remains of a fortress, one of the many residences of the Scroops. Nearly opposite to Masham are High and Low Burton, very ancient estates at the Domesday Survey; the



Ancient Chapel, formerly at Low Burton.

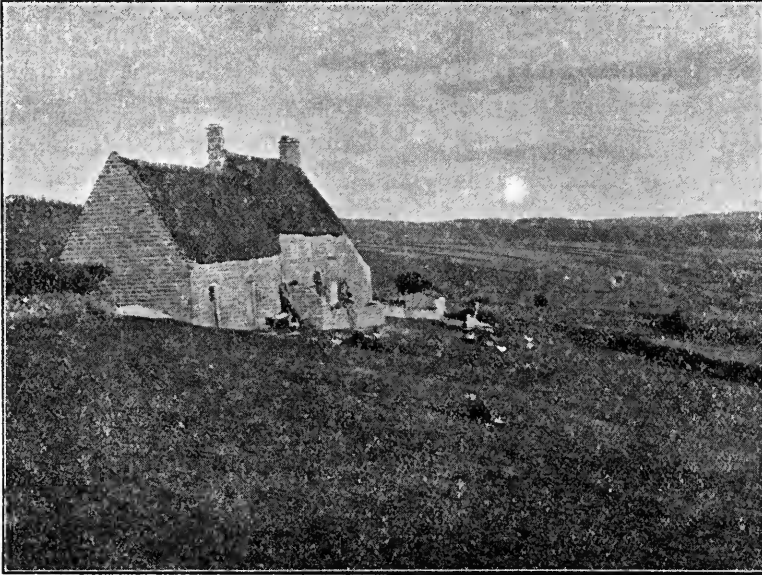
latter formed a part of the Manor of Well. In the 16th century this place was in the possession of the Wyvill family, whose tombs are to be seen in Masham Church. Low Burton Hall is an ancient manorial residence around which are indications of many other buildings having once stood there. The place has evidently been defended on the south by a moat or deep ditch; the interior contains some fine oak panneling. A Catholic chapel and burial ground is said to have been attached to this house. A mile and a half south-east is the small village of Binso, formerly much larger, as the site of many houses which have been demolished during the present century are still to be seen. In the centre of the green is a curious conical shaped hill or tumulus, on the crest of

which stands a very old tree which has probably witnessed the passing of a thousand years; by the natives this old monarch is known as "Binso Church." From the vestiges which time has left of other days, this place has a long history, could it be unfolded. Very many centuries ago this hill has been formed by the hand of man, and marks the burial place of soldiers or of some mighty chieftain slain in battle. A few hundred yards to the west and north-west, the land still bears evident signs of earthworks having been thrown up in time of war. Just to the west of Binso is Aldburgh Hall, to which we pass between a grove of tall ancestral elms now bereft of their garments of green, yet beautiful with their frosted fretwork of branches glistening in the winter sunlight. Aldburgh is said to be the site of a Roman station or fortress; near to was the ford over the river. To the observant eye there are many traces of a people dwelling on this spot in far past ages. The ground has been well chosen and held by an invading force, intending to overawe the tribes dwelling on the opposite side of the river. South of the mansion are remains of a trench joining on to the river, whilst northward on the brow of the hill are marks of earthworks stretching for nearly a mile, which has, no doubt, been the scene of some hard fought contest. Aldburgh possibly means the Old-burgh of the Romans, and so named by the Saxons. The monks of Fountains had here an extensive grange, which remained in their hands until the dissolution of the monasteries; and was afterwards purchased by Sir Roger Beckwith, from whom it passed by purchase to the ancestry of the present owner. A mile lower down the river sweeps round a sudden curve, and a few hundred yards further on the opposite bank, crowning the summit of the wooded hill, the old castlet stands darkly out against the bright sun, whilst the frosted branches glistened in the sunlight as a fairy scene, and like ripples of silver were reflected in the river.

THE RIVER BURN.

This important tributary enters the Yore half a mile south of Masham, and drains an extensive range of moorland to the west of the town. The main stream has numerous feeders in its twelve mile course, all of which rise within the boundaries of Mashamshire. The Burn has its fountain at the foot of the great Haw, opposite to where the Nidd Valley bends round due west. Of the many vales and glens which pierce these moors, the most beautiful is the vale of the Burn. Mighty masses of limestone are thrown in the most grotesque and conceivable shapes along the side of the glen; aged oaks and other trees are abundant, in its lower reaches the Burn silvers and leaps through the woods and park of Swinton. Three miles west of Masham, situated on the hill side near the Burn, is the village of Healey. A church was built at this place in 1848 by Admiral Vernon Harcourt, and the parish was formed out of those of Masham and Kirkby Malzeard. A mile nearer Masham is Fearby; a cottage on the green is known as the chapel house, and the altar belonging to this chapel is still to be seen embedded in the

floor. This chapel was endowed with an annuity of £5, for praying at Fearby for the souls of James Cooper and his parents for ever, which was payable out of the revenues



A Moorland Farm.

OWEN BOWEN.

of Coverham Abbey, at the time of its dissolution. Near to Healey aforementioned, there were formerly circles of upright stone and other relics suggestive of Druidical origin. The name Healey, says John Fisher, is derived from "Heil," holy or sacred, and "ley" pasture or meadow, and Healey Baals near to, means the land sacred to Baal. There are many

places in this neighbourhood with names that conjure up visions of Pagan times, such as "Baal Hill," "Baal Bank," "Beldin Gill," etc. Those relics of names and places go far to

prove that the heathen worship of the ancient British people existed in those wild glens and moorlands up to the end of the 6th century. Colsterdale, a very ancient hamlet four miles south of East Witton and eight west of Masham, is composed of less than a score thatched cottages; the roofs are green with age. Some are tenantless and fast falling to ruins, the bleak moor strewn with rushes surround the place for miles. To the north-west

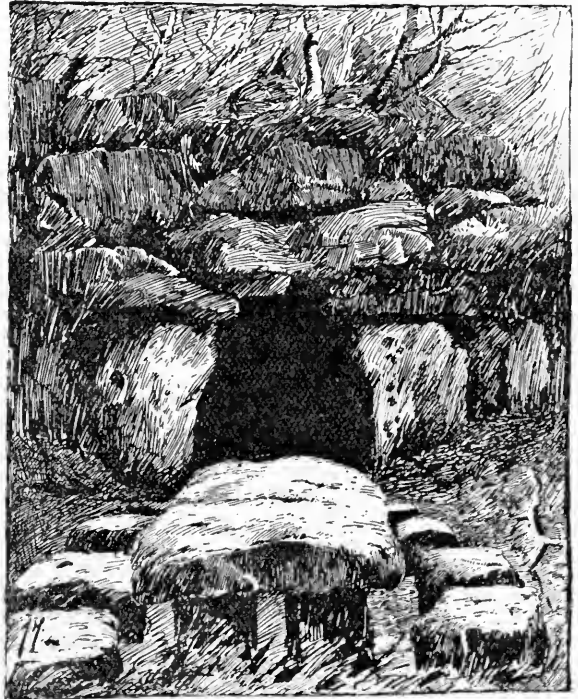


Colsterdale.

OWEN BOWEN.

Kirk Gill cuts deep into the hills; here coal mines have existed for centuries, and here the winter's fuel is still obtained. The monks of Jervaulx owned an extensive tract of land in Colsterdale, early in the 12th century; there appears to have been coal and iron mines there, for in the year 1250, Sir John de Walton bound himself by deed to the monks of Jervaulx, "never to raise a forge in Colsterdale, nor give nor sell any iron mines therein." The sides of the glen are strewn with huge masses of rock which ages ago have fallen from the crags above. Further up the Gill the scene is most beautiful; here the oak trees, whose growth and decay have been marked by a thousand years, having ceased to vegetate, and are turned into masses of beautiful moss, which, in contrast to the colour of the bracken, tell us summer is ended, is most charming. The beck which runs down Birk Gill glistens in the sunlight on this sharp October morning, and the sloping moorland is covered with the cranberry plant loaded with clustering fruit; in this wild nature garden the moor birds feed and have their homes.

In the centre of a wood near to Leighton is the model of a heathen temple erected by the late William Danby, of Swinton; the place is composed of immense blocks of stone, and consists of an outer and inner circle, and a cave and chapel. Mock altars and stones in different shapes and forms are raised in the large circle, such as were used by the priests of the Druidical religion. The amount of labour in the construction of this place has been great, and was formed, so we are told, during a scarcity of labour to find work for the unemployed. Grimes Gill Beck and Pott Beck have their rise in the moor above the Nidd a mile or so east of Goyden Got, and two miles onward join together and flow into the Burn near to Healey. Pott Hall lies midway between those becks. From this place we cross the moor to Ilton, a hamlet standing three miles west of Masham. Here, again, many of the cottages are roofed with thatch and have a most primitive look; these relics left to us of a bygone England are fast dwindling away. From the



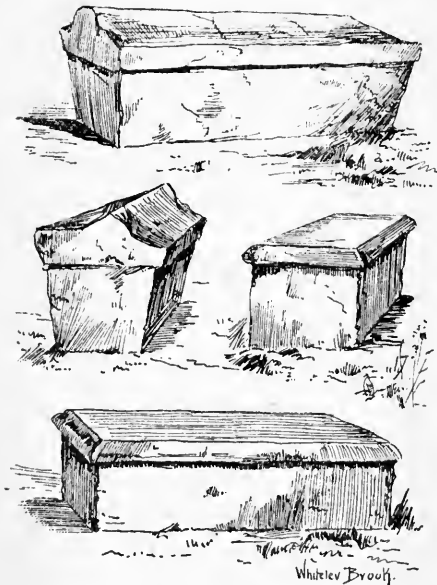
The Druids' Temple.

high moors above Ilton a magnificent stretch of country lies beneath our gaze, across which light and shadow alternately chase. The vales of the Burn, Yore, and the Swale, the Hambleton hills, blue woods, shining river, and golden corn land, and tips of the eastern hills rise above the crest of others, and far beyond these a faint outline marks the eastern coast. The park of Swinton appears like a small garden resting on the inner edge of this immense landscape. In the centre of the picture is the vale of Mowbray receding into gradually rising upland, the vision melting away into the filmy atmosphere of the far away distance. Across this wondrous vale a shower borne swiftly on the wings of the wind is sweeping, whilst north and south of the storm line, a double rainbow and silvery sunbeam of dazzling mist add marvels of beauty to a scene so lovely that no pen guided by human hand can adequately describe. A change of scene: at our feet, and many miles beyond on either side, is an ocean of purple heather; to our right rises a row of dark firs, over which a storm is fast approaching. Under its gloomy influence the moors appear a vast uninhabitable desert, so shouldering our sketching apparatus we hurry past Ilton and onward to view the river at Hackfall.

HACKFALL.

Apart from the stretch of river flowing through the woods at Bolton, and the

magnificent falls of Aysgarth, Hackfall presents to the eye the most noble stretch of water, gorge, and forest to be found in the vale of the Yore. Soon after passing Masham the river is joined by the waters of the Burn, and thence flows through a delightful scene of woodland and meadow. To the west of the river is Nutwith Common, where we are told the Romans had a camp, lower still and near the entrance to the deep gorge was an ancient ford over the river known as "Mowbray Wath." A thousand years have elapsed since the Saxons disputed the passage of the river at this spot against the advancing wave of heathen northmen. Relics of Saxon and even Celtic people have been found in this district. At a distance of two and a half miles south, the town of Masham and the tapering spire of its beautiful church, present a most lovely and commanding picture. The silvery curves of the



Mural Relics.

Whiteley Brough.

river wandering down the vale can be seen glistening in the sunlight. On one side is the beautiful domain of Swinton, whilst beyond and overlooking the town, rising out of

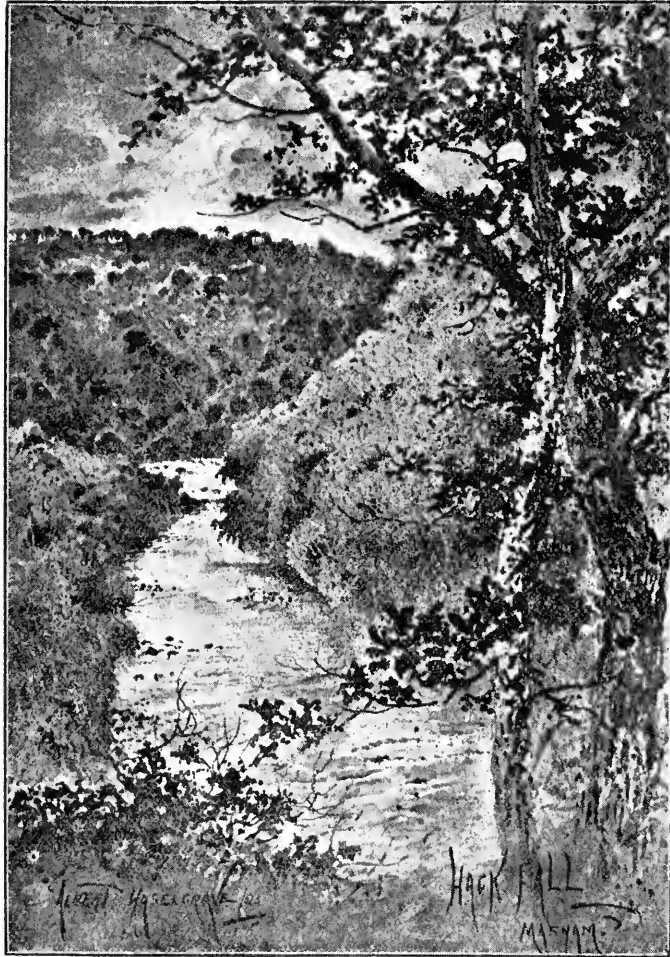
a forest of verdure, is the white looking mansion of Clifton backed by the rising moors. Entering the gorge from the north, the river makes a sweeping curve and passes into deep solemn woods which tower in majesty high overhead on either side to-day as they did centuries ago. The gorge bears ample evidence of the ravage of water during the cycle of ages, vast rocks are strewn in the woodland washed by water when the bed of the river was much higher, whilst in some places, deep curves of great depth have been scooped out of the overhanging woods by the mad fury of whirling currents, and giant trees and *débris* have been borne seaward by the rushing waters; ever and again the river murmurs and meanders, then dashes along with a deep sullen



Hackfall.

roar until reaching the deeper bed, becomes more tranquil. George Cuitt, a local artist of great repute, says, when speaking of Hackfall:—"It is situated in Hags', or Witches' Vale, whence its name of 'Hags' Vale' has, by corruption, assumed its present orthography. There is no situation, indeed, which could be more appropriately peopled by the superstitious fancy of the olden time with witches, demons, and fairies, than this deep, sequestered, gloomy vale; nor indeed, even in the beautiful country in which it is situated, in which nature and art are so exquisitely blended, that the eye cannot discern the line which separates them, can a spot be found more delightful to the lover of romantic scenery."

No one who has seen this tremendous chasm and majestic gorge will question the transition of the name Hackfall from its old world-name appropriately given by the early Angle settlers ; and what would be more natural than that they should imagine hearing in the wind, whistling in the woods, the storm fiercely howling through the gorge, the breezes wailing melancholy through the branches, the spirit of the whirlwind,



the shriek of rushing waters, the flash of lightning, and the thunder echoing and rolling through the chasm, with the after rising of vaporous mists like shadowy spectres from another world. What more natural to the people dwelling here in that far distant age, be they Celt, Angle, or Dane, than to imagine this romantic stretch of gorge and woodland to be the habitation of hags, witches, and evil spirits.

Every lover of the grand, sublime, and picturesque in nature, will be delighted with the shady solitude of the solemn woods hanging high o'er the river, through every opening of which delightful peeps are to be obtained ; here and there are dark avenues which the light can barely pierce ; now the path winds up some steep incline where a brook

is gurgling and singing a song of wild delight in its eager haste to reach the river far below. Then the path leads through beautiful arches composed of huge trees and dense foliage, the glittering sunshine reflecting the leaves and branches on the path, like the images of saints on some old Cathedral aisle. Rustic seats and grottoes are so placed that the tired traveller can rest, and at the same time feast his eyes on those rich scenes in

nature, and where lovers can breathe of constancy and bliss, and tell the old, old story under a noble canopy of nature's work. And so we wander; and the lovely in nature, the majestic, the beautiful, the fascinating, still continues to increase until we reach Mowbray point, just before sunset, and we look over the thousands of green robed trees on to the winding river far below, majestically flowing through this wondrous gorge formed by the hand of the great Creator, and hear the noise of rippling waters, commingling with the music of birds and other sounds in nature. The enchanting views obtained from this standpoint is marvellous. The vale of Mowbray and York opens out and stretches far away into the distant horizon sweetly dotted with towns and villages, York Minster on one hand, and northward over the vale of Mowbray to the Tees on the other. Between these points of vision rest the towns of Bedale, Northallerton, the Cleveland county, Hambleton Hills, and the town of Thirsk resting under the latter. Twilight was beginning to shed a stillness and solemnity over the woods as we turned our faces from the lovely scenes of Hackfall. Just to the west is the rural village of Grewelthorpe. The road from Masham to the above place passes over a large common covered with furze and sedgy pools. In the 16th century Leland describes this land between the above places as being boggy and moorish, and as such it still remains. Grewelthorpe has long been famed for its production of delicious cream cheeses. There is a pretty green, and the surroundings are both interesting and picturesque. Some two miles further, over the wooded undulations bordering the west side of the river, we reach the pretty little village of Mickley, with its rustic cottages and sweet scented rose gardens, forming many quaint and pleasant pictures. At the inn good refreshments and accommodation can be obtained at reasonable charges. For two miles further we wander through meadows with the sound of the river now murmuring, now roaring in our ears, until we reach the bridge at Tanfield. Looking up the river a beautiful picture opens before our gaze. Here the waters spread out to a great width, backed by the woods and hills on the east bank of the river, the houses and gardens are thrust and thrown into an irregularity of outline extremely picturesque, whilst just beyond, overlooking the river, adding interest, dignity, and importance to the scene, is the gateway tower, the only remains left of the home of the once redoubtable Marmions, and as we stand and gaze on this scene we are almost unconsciously repeating the lines by Sir Walter Scott.

“ But lo ! straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen, drenched with gore ;
And in their arms a helpless load,
A wounded Knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand ;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand ;
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield and helmet beat—
The falcon-crest and plumage gone—

“ Can that be haughty Marmion !
When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :
' Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace, where ?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare ?
Redeem my pennon—charge again !
Cry ' Marmion to the rescue ' !
Vain !—last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—

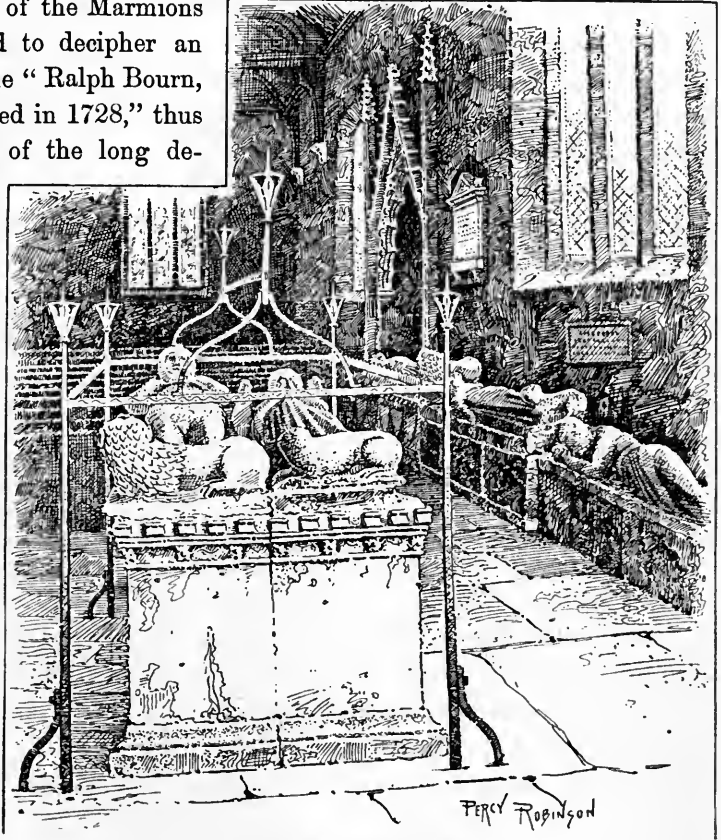
“ Yet my last thought is England’s. Fly
 To Dacre, bear my signet ring ;
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie !
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland’s central host,
 Or victory and England’s lost.
 Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets, fly !
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die.’

* * * * *

“ The war that for a space did fail,
 Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
 And—‘ Stanley ! ’ was the cry.
 A light on Marmion’s visage spread.
 And fired his glazing eye ;
 With dying hand above his head
 He shook the fragments of his blade,
 And shouted ‘ Victory !
 Charge ! Chester, charge ! on !—Stanley !—on !’
 Were the last words of Marmion.”

The Marmions were descended from the celebrated Robert de Marmion who, for his share in the Conquest, obtained the manor of Scrivelby in Lincolnshire. Great deeds of valour have been performed by members of this family, and their fame and prowess blazoned forth in the early Norman days, for soon after the Conquest we find that Robert de Marmion was the first “ Royal Champion of England,” and members of this family continued to fill that office until the reign of the first Edward. The Tanfield estates came into the possession of Robert Lord Marmion early in the 13th century, by his marriage with an heiress of the Fitzhughs. Previous to the reign of Edward I., this house must have been a hermitage, for in that king’s reign a John Lord Marmion was granted a licence to convert his house, called the “ Hermitage ” in Tanfield Wood, into a castle. Robert Marmion, son of the above John, and the last of the male line, bestowed the castle and manor on his sister Avice, on her marriage to Sir John Grey, of Rotherfield, on condition that their issue should assume the surname of Marmion. Marmions ! the very sound of the name seems as it were to conjure up visions of mighty warriors ; we seem to hear the tramp of the war horse and jingle of military accoutrements, the rattle of chain or clank of plate mail, pictures of tournaments and tilted ring flash before us, the champion has unhorsed his adversary, and shouts of applause ring out from the assembled spectators, mingled with the discordant sound of blaring trumpets. Anon the scene changes—’tis the battlefield. We hear the mighty confused hum of a vast multitude engaged in combat, the wild shout of the victor and groans of the dying, the flash of armour, the war cry of the Marmions. Again the scene changes ; a glamour of splendour is cast o’er the banqueting hall by the fitful glare of torches. What feudal magnificence is seen in this hall, for there rises before our vision a gallant array of warriors, whose martial deeds have been sung by minstrels of old ; men, the sound of whose names breathed terror to the hearts of their foes, for neighbours in the vale of the Yore, only a few miles apart were the lordly Nevilles, the Marmions, Scropes, and Fitzhughs, “ setter up and puller down of kings.” What riches of romance hover around that old weather-beaten tower, eloquent with stories of the past, and hallowed with memoirs of chivalry ; nor is this all imaginary, for passing into the Church we see there the

marble effigies of this martial race peacefully reposing on finely sculptured tombs, emblazoned with the armorial bearings of their family. Centuries have fled since they were brought to rest here, and their effigies placed above them, with hands upraised and clasped in the attitude of prayer. One beautiful Sabbath morning in summer time, when the sun was shining his brightest, and the feathered minstrels were pouring forth joyous music, unconscious of death or the sorrows of life, we stood by the old Norman porch of Tanfield Church, with the remains of the chantries and tower of the Marmions adjoining. As we stooped to decipher an inscription which tells of one "Ralph Bourn, born Anno Dom. 1650, dyed in 1728," thus pondering over the tombs of the long departed and musing on the past, the sounding organ pealed forth its melodious song, and the children joining their voices in chanting the praise to their Redeemer, a deep feeling of reverence took possession of us, and as we listened and worshipped in silence the voice of prayer never sounded more holy. Passing into the sacred edifice we join in the service, yet our thoughts seem to dwell on the recumbent figures in martial costume, acting as guard over the Church, and peacefully reposing



Tombs of the Marmions.

from century to century, with hands clasped and upraised pointing towards heaven, in the attitude of prayer and supplication, breathing out as it were their souls, as though inspired with religious life. These effigies fill us with feelings of deep solemnity, and the very ground should be held sacred where they rest, for surely, though slowly, by time, exposure, and the rude hand of the despoiler, they are crumbling to decay. They appear to us like faithful and silent sentinels, who, having performed great deeds of valour and

wisdom, died in the true faith, and are now awaiting until they shall be called forth at the great day of resurrection. The Church was originally a Norman structure, but the restoration having been carried out in such bad taste has obliterated much of the earlier building ; it consists of nave and chancel, with north aisle, the latter being very wide. Between the two and at the junction of nave and chancel, in one of the piers of the arch, is a curious little cell, probably a confessional ; it is about four feet square, with transient openings and squint. The most beautiful tomb is the one standing in the centre of the north aisle at the east end. The two alabaster figures are said to represent Sir Robert de Marmion and his wife Laura. He is attired in plate armour with a camail of chain and pointed helmet, and his head resting on an empty casque, his feet on a lion couchant. Lady Marmion is attired in a semi-religious dress adorned with the arms of St. Quentin, her head rests on pillows supported by angels, her feet are on a lioness. These figures are protected by a perfect iron hearse with prickets for lights. Two mutilated figures of a knight and lady rest, in the north wall, under a beautiful example of early 14th century canopy, adorned with fine mouldings, cuspings, and crocketings. The next figures are much defaced and mutilated ; another effigy is attired in a loose robe, her feet resting on a dog typical of fidelity. The last figure at the east end is cross-legged and of small stature, and covered with chain armour over which is a robe loosely thrown, his feet rests on a lion passant. This figure is said to represent the sickly Lord Robert, third Baron Marmion.* A tombstone in the graveyard records :—" Here lyeth the body of Francis Thompson, of Binso, who died A.D. 1746, in the 112th year of his age." Another epitaph reads :—

" Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
What tho' we wade in wealth or soar in fame,
Earth's highest station ends, here too he lies,
And dust to dust concludes the noblest song."

The lower stories of the Marmion Chantry are still to be seen intact, adjoining the churchyard, part of them are used by the village grocer. These rooms are below the roadway, and are most curious, and to the antiquarian and historian must prove of great interest. This chantry was restored in 1668 by Matthew Beckwith, son of Roger Beckwith, of Aldborough, and on a stone built in over the doorway he wrote in Latin the following :—

" If religion flourish, then I live.
M. B. 1668."

* " In the Church of West Tanfield be divers tumbe in a chapelle on the north side of the Church of Marmions, whereof one (with the sculptures of a knight and a lady) is in the arch of the walle, and that seemeth most auncient. There lyeth there alone a lady with the apparail of vowes, and another lady with a crownet on her head. Then is there an high tumbe of alabaster (with two very fair figures of a warrior and his dame) in the middle of the chapel wher, as I heard say, lyeth one Lord John Marmion, and in the south side of the chapelle is another tumbe of the Marmions buried alone."

A Mr. Littleton was then rector of Tanfield, and dwelt near to. It is said there was a feud between the two, and so by way of answer he put over his door :—

“I do not heed the man the more,
That hangs religion at his door.”

The first inscription remained over the door of the chantry-house until lately, and was given by the present occupant to an antiquarian. The row of houses clustering near the river between the bridge and the church are the most ancient in Tanfield, the foundations of which were laid five or six centuries ago. Near the bridge at the end of the row is an ancient hostel (see sketch). The lady in the cart, Hannah Parnaby, then in her 80th year, regularly drove around the district winter or summer, rain or sunshine, up to a week of her death. She was as active and cheerful in disposition as most people at forty, of which more will be said in a later chapter. A mile from Tanfield, on the west side of the river, standing in a fine wooded park, is Slenningford Hall. A little further on the Ripon road is Stainley, surrounded with many natural charms and beautiful in its rural tranquility. On the opposite side of the river is East Tanfield, where the river can be forded. Castle Dykes, near the Ripon road, is the supposed site of a Roman camp. The remains of a Roman villa was discovered here in 1866, and also many other relics of Roman occupation.



Tanfield Church and Tower of the Marimons.

E. SOGG.

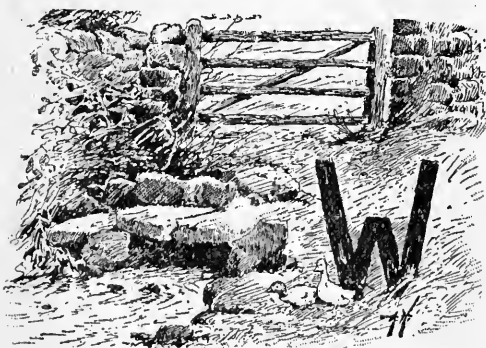




CHAPTER XIX.

WELL.

RETURNING by the way of Tanfield, about two and a half miles north-east, is the village of Well. Our new acquaintance, Hannah Parnaby, spoke to us of the beauties of this spot, so shouldering our apparatus we wandered, one fine summer's day, on the lanes leading to the above place. The wayside was fragrant with the perfume of clover, and beautiful with wild flowers. On either side were fields of ripening grain; delightful indeed was the fair country around, glorious and far-reaching visions sweeping far away south, east, and west. It is seldom when the memory glances backward on such rambles that we remember how tired and footsore we were at such times, yet such was the case on this day; but our weariness fled on reaching the edge of the hill and passing the screen of fine trees which, to some extent, hides the scene in front, for there suddenly burst on our eyes such a vision of beauty. The vale of



Mowbray spread before our wondering eyes, a dream of loveliness stretching far, far away over town, village and fields of ripening corn bounded only by the horizon, whilst at our feet there lay reposing, on the sloping hill side, the most rural and loveliest village in the two vales.

lands of Northumbria, they found bubbling out of the earth at this place a beautiful fountain of clear sparkling water. There is nothing, perhaps, remarkable in this except

ELL. Fourteen hundred years ago, when the Angles from old Angleland over the sea ravaged the river vales with fire and sword, and wrested from the old British race the

that on the high range of land to the west, extending some four miles by two in width, there is no other stream, the soft limestone absorbing the rainfall quickly. Yet bursting out of the earth at this spot is a pure sparkling stream, which so delighted the Angle settlers that they simply named the place from the welling up of water, and this name (Welle) has remained through the mighty changes of centuries, beautiful in its simplicity.

When the Conquest was complete, and the Christian faith established by the efforts of Saint Paulinus in the days of the great King Edwin, vast numbers of people were baptised in the Swale, and we may reasonably suppose in the Yore also, for we are told that King Edwin had a palace near Tanfield, so it may be that the waters of the Yore had a share in the holy baptism of a nation who were eventually to take

precedence in the world. It was at this period, in their first outburst of pious zeal, that the Saxons dwelling at this spot reverently dedicated this spring of water to Saint Michael. By the villagers it is still called "Mickey" or "Mickel Well." Amongst the many noble deeds recorded of King Edwin, one is most beauti-



The Village Street.

EDMUND BOGG.

fully told by the ancient historian :--" For the refreshing of wayfaring men he ordained cups of iron and brass to be fastened by such clear wells and fountains as did run by the wayside, which cups no man durst touch further than to his own present use and necessity for the love and goodwill they bore their Prince." At this well within the present century such an iron cup or basin with chain attached, was to be seen. This custom or law originating in the days of Saxon Edwin may have lingered here into the present century, and as the cups first placed became decayed many have been replaced by others. Barker mentions an iron cup of antique fashion remaining chained to the "Fairies' Well" at Harmby within memory of persons then living.

REFLECTIONS.

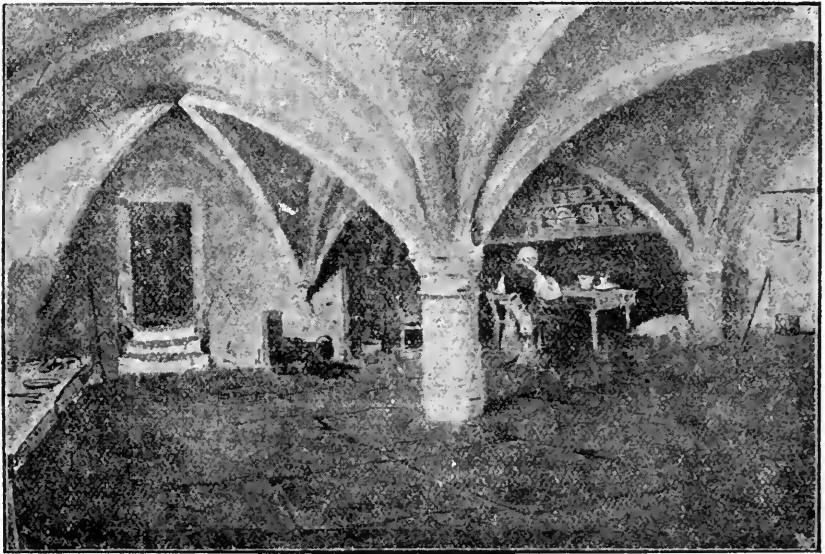
One Saturday evening, after the usual hurry and bustle attendant on town dwellers, the writer visited this peaceful and pleasant village. The following Sabbath was beautiful, and the expression of Nature most delightful. The smallest atom and the least insect were enjoying the sunshine, grass, leaves, flowers, and the quiet little brook, singing, glittering, and sparkling; and we seem, as it were, to feel, in the thousands of small things, the very throb of the pulse of Nature as we rest and muse on the garden seat under the apple trees, with the old-time village at our feet. Bordering the garden is a rich green meadow, sprinkled with golden and white flowers; rising beyond is the massive grey tower of the village church, the bells are sounding, but the peal is not harmonious, owing to the discordant jar of a cracked bell. From our position we could almost stride to the roofs of the cottages which twist into all manner of irregularity, whose grey, yellow, and white walls blend with bright tile and grey flagged roofs, rendered more pleasing to the eye by the tufts of dark green moss. The smoke from the chimneys is curling upwards, wafted hither and thither by the faint breeze; beyond are the orchards, through the lower branches of the trees we see the cottage doors, the flowering plants and snow-white window frames; further is the green upland, where the top of the pine trees touch the clouds. Looking eastward over the village, the eye rests on a wealth of meadow and ripening corn. The bells have ceased sounding, the inhabitants are at worship; how peaceful and calm the world appears; now a little songster hops on to a branch overhead and, after two or three preliminary tweets, bursts out into a flood of rich melody. Such thoughts and sights rise before us, seated this Sabbath morn under the apple trees.

Now it is eventide, the sun is gently sinking to the western horizon, shedding a flood of exquisite golden light across the vast plains of Mowbray, now clothed in the mellow garb of autumn. From our elevated position we look over the picturesque village, its irregularities of outline blending into many a rustic picture. The cotters' cows are slowly wending their way up the street from the pastures, a few ducks are still gabbling by the brook, others are busily searching for food, whilst long shooting shadows are thrown from the tall trees down the steep hill side. Roseberry Topping appears a mere purple speck in the far distance, beautiful gleams of golden light spread along the western front of the Hambletons, showing out in fine relief the "white mare of Whisson Cliff." At this hour, when the world of Nature was gradually falling to slumber, and a delicious coolness had followed the heat of the day, we ponder by the little brook; the bells are sounding the time of evening prayer. A few yards beyond there bursts from the earth a sparkling stream, a thing of life, full of joy and beauty, murmuring a sweet accompaniment to the pealing bells. This little stream, we thought, is a symbol of life; like an infant, full of light and joy, it ripples, leaps, and sparkles; ever and anon its path is

abruptly stayed by some obstruction, then for the moment there is fuming and fretting until the obstruction is cleared, then sweetly it flows through sheltered vale and meadow where other streams swell its bosom until joining the larger river, and so passes on to the great ocean. Even so is human life.

The bells from the old tower, standing amidst the tombs of centuries, have called to prayer from youth to old age the bygone generations of men dwelling by the margin of this little stream; and as we muse on the brook passing to the ocean, with the bells still sounding, moments are flying, and we, too, are hastening to that great ocean of the grave. The Domesday Book says:—"In Welle to be taxed three carucates, and there may be six ploughs. Torchil had there a manor. Bernulf has now there two ploughs

and six villanes, and six borders with three ploughs. There is a church and a priest there. The whole one mile long and one broad. To Welle belong the Berewicks of Burtone, Open-tone and Alchebi with twelve carucates. The value of the whole manor was in



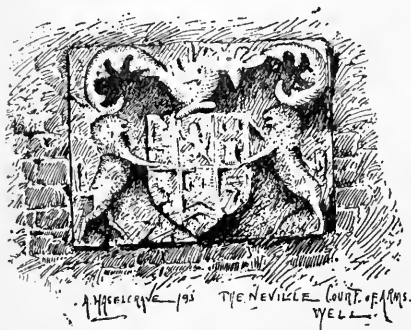
An Ancient Interior at the Hospital, Well; now a Farm Kitchen.

A. HASELGRAVE.

Edward's time forty shillings, now sixty shillings." The above record shows that Well must have escaped the destroying hand of the Conqueror's wrath, hence the rapid rise in the value of land around this village. From this report of the Norman Commissioners we also learn that a church has stood here from the days of the Angle kings, but not a vestige of this earlier structure remains, unless it be a portion of the vestry walls which are certainly the most ancient part of the building. The interior consists of nave, two aisles, and chancel, with chapels on either side, and a sacristy. The massive embattled tower and porch contains a late Norman doorway. At the east end of the church, in the south chapel, is an altar tomb on which rests an effigy of Sir John Neville, last Baron Latimer. On a tablet are the armorial bearings of the family, and an inscription which says:—

“Here lyeth buried Sr Jhon Nevell, Knight, last Lord Lattimor, who died the 23 of Aprill, 1577, who mared the Lady Lucy Theldest daughter of Therle of Worseter, and she lyeth buried in Hackne Church, by London, and by her left 4 daughters and heires, whoes matches are here under expressed.”

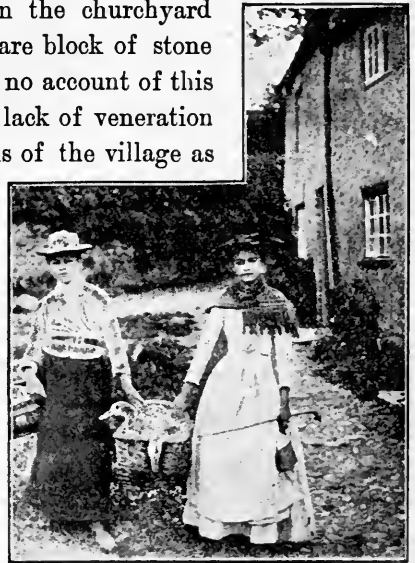
There is a dim tradition still existing in this village of an enormous dragon having once had its lair in the vicinity of Well, and was a source of terror to the inhabitants, until a champion was found in an ancestor of the Latimers, who went boldly forth like a true knight of olden times, and after a long and terrible fight he slew the monster, hence a dragon on the coat of arms of this family. The scene of the conflict is still pointed out, and is midway between Tanfield and Well. Another altar tomb in this Chapel, which bears an inscription on brass, is:—“In memory of Lady Dorothy Neville, wife of John Neville, Knight, son and heir of Lord Latimer; this Dorothy was one of the sisters and heiress of John Vere, Earl of Oxford, she died February 7th, 1526, on whose soul God have mercy.” In the floor of the chancel is a large blue marble slab about 13 feet by 5 feet, from which the brasses have been torn by the hands of the rude despoiler; this slab is



said to cover the burial place of the Nevilles. A portion of the ancient stone altar, still bearing three crosses symbolical of our Saviour's wounds, is let into the Communion table. There is a curious and interesting tomb cover, charged with a cross on one side and sword on the other, and a hammer reversed on a horse shoe, said to indicate the burial place of an armourer or farrier. In the south wall is an exquisite work of art, an alto-relievo monument in white marble, in memory of Lady Margaret Millbank,

daughter of Lord and Lady Grey, of Groby. Over the sacristy there has formerly been a dwelling for a priest who had charge of the altar, through a slit or squint he could command the chancel, and thus gave the hour of the Holy Communion, which another priest announced to the villagers by the ringing of the Sanctus bell, at the same time calling aloud, “Sancte, Sancte, Sancte, Deus Sabaoth.” At that peal all labour ceased and every head was bowed, and the Angelus Domine devoutly repeated in memory of our Saviour's salvation of the world. The Sanctus bell frame still remains to be seen over the west end of the chancel roof. Vastly different has been the religious life of this village in those bygone centuries to what it must have been in the first half of the present century, if report is true, for we are told that at the celebration of the Holy Communion three persons, and often only two, the parson and the sexton, were the only partakers, and even then, one at least of the partakers, if we judge by the language used, was not a fit communicant. It was about the period above referred to that an inmate of the almshouse adjoining, who, as a matter of duty are obliged to attend church, was generally accosted by the sexton, one of the old school, at the conclusion of the sermon:—“Noo Willie, an oo’

d'ye like t' sarmon this morning?" The invariable reply, with a grunt, was "Oh, damme, ah like noan on't, it's nout at all bud Paul and pistoles, and pistoles and Pauls." Adjoining the church, and formerly connected by a footpath, is the ancient hospital of Saint Michael, founded in 1342 by Sir Ralph de Neville, Lord of Middleham, "for a master, two priests, and twenty-four poor brothers and sisters." This endowment escaped the grasp of the royal Henry at the dissolution, and is still continued, the poor people dwelling in a row of cottages facing the street, bearing the arms of the Nevilles. The ancient hospital is now converted into a farm house, and possesses many interesting features. The lower rooms are still as originally built, and as dwelling rooms are unique. (See sketch of farm kitchen.) The shaft of a cross some sixteen feet high, cut out of one solid block of stone, minus the head, stands in the churchyard near the chancel door; this shaft fits into a large square block of stone which in turn rests on one much larger. There is no account of this cross, yet this has not been its original position. For lack of veneration for such relics, it has been found useful by the youths of the village as a whetstone, and for the men to sharpen their spades and other tools, &c., in fact at one period it was called the village grindstone.* There is ample evidence of Roman occupation at Well in the foundation of houses on the hill side, west of the village where the writer found in two places tessellated floors, part of another is to be seen in the Church; and in the same field a perfect Roman bath was discovered a few years ago, whilst just east of the Church was a much larger bath as if formed for swimming. In our many wanderings few villages have we seen which yielded more interest than Well. As we write many rural scenes and delightful touches of old English life flash across our memory, and we see faces of friends now, alas, sleeping in the quiet churchyard, whose familiar figures were known far and wide. Returning to the village along the old lane, with its straggling hedgerows, we see Hannah Parnaby, with her pony and cart, a fine specimen of the old school, and as full of life and as active and merry as most people are when young, as she remarked to the writer:—"Ahs nut yan ef these clip claps, nut ah marry, when ah was ah lass ah hev run mony a male without me bonnet on te hev a dance, ah think ah ef marry." Some time previous to her death she was met on her usual rounds one very cold day by the doctor, and as she quaintly told the writer:—"When he saw ma he shook his head an he said, 'Hannah, Hannah, you'll be driven home dead in your cart



A Village Picture.

E. BOGG.

* In pre-Reformation times, when a corpse was being carried to the tomb it was set down at the cross, so that all mourners might pray for the soul of the deceased.

some of these days;' bu'd ah said, 'Nean ah doctor, ahm sure t'Lord a let ma dee eh me oan bed,' and she was right. The last time Hannah drove her round was on the first day of the great snow storm of the present year; twice the writer passed her on the road on that bitter cold day, and, as usual, she was overflowing with life and joke. It was her last drive, except to the churchyard a week later; and the old lady who had been 12 years in her charge, aged ninety-three, followed her a few days later. Another kind face comes before us—she is one who does not like things up to date. "Ah ate these new fanagled things an this nasty pashy



Driving the Cows to Pasture

F. DEAN.

prade there is about eh these days, ave nae prade about me; why maister, there wasent nee papering eh hooses when ah war a lass, noo iver'boday mun ef ther hooses papered. Ya see that clock, it was me father's, an eh's been dead sixty years; eh lad, them were hard times an we wer glad te get summet ta ieat; an we gat nae schooling, we all ad te work, but ah niver craved for nean ah ye new fanagled things, nean ah marry, ah gat this new when ah gat wed, an that's fifty year sen." All at once the old lady began declaiming against the old-time cottage door:—"Why maister," she said, "it's mair like a stable deer than a hoose." "Yes, but then," I replied, "you don't like things up to date."

"Ah, but," she replied, "ah dee eh deers, ah dee eh deers." Another memory picture is of the village street, which we must say is not planned in the strict rules of architecture, for it is full of curves, nooks, and bridges, in fact it might appropriately be named the "village of bridges." I once remember counting them; and I think there were fifty; there may be more now. Then comes the many gates of all makes and sizes, the winding stream, and roofs above, twisting into divers shapes, forming true lines of beauty. In the roadway the geese are gabbling, and the steps with outstretched necks hiss at the passers by. Ducks are seeming to rest on the bright emerald grass as if oblivious of the objects around them. It is a pretty sight at milking time to see the cows wandering to or from the pastures, followed by lads and lasses, and in some instances by men on horse or pony's back. Amongst the many well known steeds of this class that were familiar to us, there was one whose owner, a village character in his line, who has lately passed away. This steed was the most renowned, he being a patriarch amongst his race. He had outlived all who knew him when a colt, and he was generally to be found grazing among the relics of the Roman people. This may have given rise to the whisper that he was a war steed, forsaken by that martial race.

A WINTER SCENE.—The cottage roofs are ribbed with snow, the leaves, flowers, song birds, and warm sunshine are fled, the sombre green of the pine and the dark outlines of the leafless trees stand in dark masses above the fields of sheeted ice. The vale of Mowbray is robed in a mantle of white, and the only sound which broke the winter stillness were a few half-starved birds chirping under the old cart shed, whither they had sought shelter. Both seasons are beautiful; king winter is majestic, and inspires us with a feeling of sublimity, whilst summer charms us with a sense of gladness and sunshine.





CHAPTER XX.

A TRAMP THROUGH THE CORN COUNTRY.

THE morning is peaceful, fleecy clouds partly shield us from the powerful rays of the sun, a gentle breeze moves the top branches of the hedgerows and the ears of the ripening corn. Our morning walk on this great north road passes through some of Yorkshire's richest cornland ; here is a field of oats ready for the reaper's sickle ; over the opposite hedgerow is a clover field knee deep with grass and well besprinkled with clover, touched here and there to relieve the eye with deep orange vermilion poppies ; next is a large meadow with pleasant little nooks and hidden vales through which filters a small rill, a wheat field adjoins, where the large ears of corn bend into a succession of ridges before the breeze like wavelets ; in hedgerows we hear the call of the linnet and the song of the goldfinch, and from a turnip field comes the startled burring sound caused by the hurrying flight of a covey of partridges ; a few days more and death and destruction will be meted out to those harmless birds. Onward we pass a wayside farm, in the large pond geese gabble and ducks disport, in the stackyard we hear the sound of a gabbling turkey, in the paddock a few cows are peacefully grazing ; a pair of draught horses lazily standing with drooping heads, are whisking with their long tails swarms of troublesome flies ; whilst this farm picture is complete by a child of some three summers climbing on to the paddock gate, a worthy subject for the brush of a Paul Potter. Half a mile further a guide post at the lane end points the road to Richmond, Masham, Ripon, and Bedale. Following the road to the latter place where the market is being held to-day, a drove of cattle and every description of vehicle pass as we gently saunter along, from the huckster's cart to the smart turn out of the country squire. Thus wandering we reach Bedale, a clean little town, still having that appearance of dream and slumber peculiar to ancient towns with comfortable inns, a charming little river flowing through meadows, in fact, just the place for peace-loving people to spend their days. Yet to-day is the one busy day of the week ; rumbling through its one wide street are traps of various descriptions, in the newly-painted dog-cart rides the well-to-do farmer, and the trot of the heavy cob dragging the market cart, whose rattling tire and loosened spokes tell us it needs repair. Around the market cross a motley crowd assembles, and all are busily engaged in bustle, chaffing, and bargaining. Market baskets and hampers, from which peep heads and necks of ducks, hens, and cockerills ; smaller baskets contain bantams, doves, etc. On the stalls are eggs,

butter, cheese, apples, plums, and vegetables, and even a stall with an array of cheap ribbons, and other riff raff. On such scenes the old cross has looked on in silence these many centuries ; whilst perched on the sign of an inn, black, glossy, and silent as a statue, intently watching the busy crowd below, is that bird of evil omen, the raven. The lines of Edgar Poe, "Quoth the raven nevermore," never struck us with such force as when we stood staring at the silent bird. The raven is, or rather I should say was, for he came to an untimely end, an original character in his way and a great favourite with the townspeople. Sad to relate Eli, for that was his name, was an arrant thief ; from his perch overhead he sat as silent and as statue-like as an effigy ; but let the



Bedale.

butcher leave his stall for a moment, and down swooped the raven, clutched a piece of flesh and as silently disappeared. His favourite food was raw eggs, and if the farmer's wife left her market basket uncovered, old Eli was on the alert, and nothing so delighted him as to fly about the market place with an egg in his great bill. Sometimes his thieving propensities caused him to turn burglar ; then he would silently enter the tradesmen's shops for some luxury he knew was kept there. Poor Eli was found dying one Sabbath morning last autumn, having been struck by some one who owed him a grudge, and there was sorrow in Bedale, for the bird was a fund of amusement, and at the inquest it was decreed that for evermore he should adorn the inside of a

glass case, where he is now to be seen at the inn adjoining the market cross. Bedale possessed a church and mill in pre-Norman days, a few fragments of which remain. The whole manor is described as one mile long and half a mile broad, valued in the Confessor's reign at thirty shillings. The present church is dedicated to Saint Gregory, and is a most commanding structure, the tower is said to be one of the strongest in the north of England, and during the incursion of the Scots was used for defensive purposes, and was protected with a portcullis ; this relic of past warfare had, it appears, been completely forgotten, until it fell from the effects of corrosion in the early years of the present century. The interior is very striking, the nave is separated from the north aisle by pointed arches, decorated with a sort of chevron and ball flower moulding. In the north aisle is a very exceptional mural monument, now forming part of the pavement, and represents a priest clad in the vestments of his sacred office. At the east end of the north aisle a mutilated figure lies on a richly decorated tomb, with a double ogee cusped canopy, and finely decorated pedestal, early 14th century work ; this is said to be the tomb of Brian Fitz Alan, rector of Bedale, to whom a great part of the building of the church is attributed. The vestry still contains the ancient churchwarden's chest with three massive locks, the chancel which is reached by five steps is very beautiful and contains a fine sedelia and piscina, and two elaborately carved chairs of 16th century work. In the chancel are several tombs, brass and mural tablets, and under the tower adjoining the west entrance is ye old black oaken poor box, secured with three massive padlocks, the old time custom, and the inscription over it says :—" He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and look what he payeth out, it shall be paid him again."—PROV. XIX. Just on the entrance to the nave, on either side of the tower, are four effigies ; the two on the north side represent Brian Fitz Alan, founder of the church and castle of Bedale. He was the King's lieutenant of the whole realm of Scotland, ye time of Edward ye first ; a crown supported by angels covers his head, he is girded with sword and shield, and encased in chain armour minus his helmet ; over all is loosely thrown a cloak, his hair is represented long and flowing, hands clasped and legs crossed at the knees ; his feet rest on a lion passant ; by his side rests his lady, with hands outstretched, from which falls a scroll, as though in the act of offering something to the church ; her head rests on a pillow, and her feet on a large hound or lioness. This is said to be one of our finest sepulchral memorials. The two effigies on the opposite side of the tower represent knights living a century later, their bodies encased in plate armour, with a camail of chain and helmets complete, and thus they seem as it were to guard the church down the centuries of time, as they did in the flesh in days of yore. Underneath the east end of the chancel is a crypt, and the remains of a stone stairway, formerly a chapel with a stone altar, a recess in which is supposed to have contained relics, the bones of saints. This crypt was afterwards used as a bonehouse, or a storage for ancient relics appertaining to the church ; it now contains two tombs of black and white marble of the Beresford Peirce family. During our last visit, on the outside wall of the crypt and fully exposed to the weather, white roses were in full bloom, though it was a most bitter cold day in January, the one preceding the great snow storm of the present year.

Leaving Bedale behind, we pass forward to Firby, a sweet little hamlet which rests around

the borders of a large garden encircled by trees. A few paces from its doors a sweet little brook flows to the Swale. The path now lays through park-like meadows, and over old stiles and by woodland rich with myrtle, emerald, and lighter greens, still alternatively passing through meadow, waving corn, and turnip fields, from which comes a pleasant odour, we reach the village of Snape.

Snape Castle was originally built, in the 12th century, by the Fitz Randolphs, Lords of Middleham. A restoration of the south front took place in the 16th century, and this part is now occupied by Mr. Henry Webster, and James Greaves, farmer. The north part of the castle, now in ruins, is evidently the most ancient, and bears the impress of early 12th century work. A date, 1587, with the Neville coat of arms, appear on the west wall. On the walls of the farm buildings to the east is a coat of arms surmounted by a crown. Some of the rooms still contain moulded ceilings with various coats of arms. The chapel, which has been formerly used as a granary, has been completely restored, and contains a most beautiful reredos richly carved.

The roof of the chapel has evidently been a fine work of art, but damp and other causes have made sad havoc of it. Catherine Parr, sixth wife of Henry VIII., is supposed to have been married to Lord Latimer in this castle. The entrance to the castle and village of Snape is through a beautiful avenue of noble trees so thickly foliated in summer time as to almost preclude the sun-

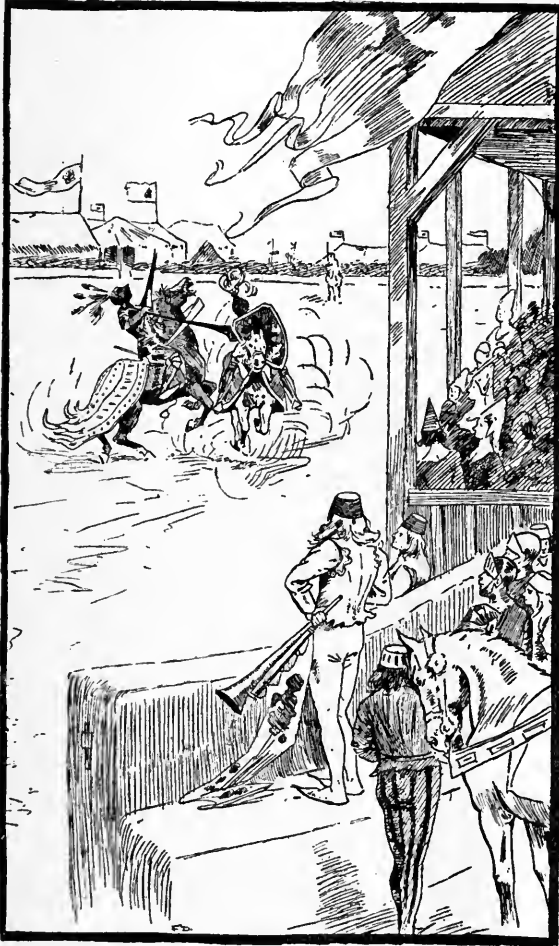


Snape Castle.

light. The large park, of some four hundred acres, was formerly stocked with red and fallow deer. Leaving Snape we pass forward to Nosterfield, "the field of prayer," a small village about one and a half miles east of Tanfield. Midway between this village and Thornbrough are to be seen the remains of three ancient enclosures. The largest and most perfect is near to a farm, bearing the name of "Camp House," and is in form circular, and encloses an area of 540 feet. The rampart of earth is from 35 feet to 40 feet in width and varies in height, at the present time, from 10 feet to 16 feet. That these enclosures have been formed in the time of war there is not the slightest doubt. Besides the two earthworks laying a few hundred yards apart to the south, there are other entrenchments now hid by a wood, midway between Nosterfield and Camp House; these trenches are in some places still full 15 feet deep. Here, we were told, was a cell or chapel, formerly for the use of a priest praying for the souls of the slain. Centuries have rolled by since those entrenchments were raised, and there is not the slightest record left by what tribe or people they were formed,

yet from tradition and the position of those vast earthworks, which in reality stretch more or less across the country, a distance of six miles, and the very suggestive name of Bury Fields and Bury Hills, which lay some two miles to the east, all point to some great conflict and probable invasion of a people from over the sea. Who were the people, Celt, Saxon, or Dane, we know not, for the mists of many centuries have rolled between, leaving only these vestiges of their presence behind. Some historians

say the chivalrous warriors of the mediæval ages have used the largest and most perfect of the circles as a tilting ring. Exactly opposite to each other are wide entrances into the circle for the champions to pass and repass when tilting, whilst for the spectators ample room and accommodation could be found on the vast amphitheatre of earth. The above idea is quite feasible, for within a few miles of that place dwelt a host of mighty warriors, who would require some arena to show off their accomplishments and great feats of arms. Again we are rambling over fields of wavy corn until we cross a stile and reach an old lane by the side of which wandered a lovely twining stream, which forms the shape of many a letter; trees overhang it, shrubs cling to the bank, whilst moss, lichen and old railings add to its beauty. Soon we reached the quiet little village of Wath. Opposite is Norton Conyers, so named from the ancestors of the Nortons. A Sir Richard Norton, Knight, was Lord Chief Justice of England, and died in 1421, and is buried in the transept of Wath Church. From the above knight was descended Richard Norton,



The Tournament.

F. DEAN.

who, with his eight good sons took part in the rising of the North, which proved such a disastrous failure to the insurgents, for Sir George Bowes is said to have boasted that there was not a town or village between Newcastle and Wetherby, where he had not executed some of the inhabitants for taking part in that rising. The sufferings of this family for their adherence to the old faith, and their devotion for the Scotch Queen, has been told in story and

song. The fine Elizabethan mansion, with its many gables and chimneys, rests on the edge of a beautifully wooded park reaching to the river, and is interesting both from an historical and architectural point of view. Soon after the insurrection the estates of the Nortons were confiscated, and their old home saw them no more. In the early years of the Stuart Kings, Norton Conyers passed into the possession of the Grahams, who trace their descent from the renowned Greame, who commanded the Scotch army in the year 420 A.D., and stormed the defences which the Emperor Severus had erected between the Forth and the Clyde. From this furious onslaught that place has ever since borne the name of "Greame's Dyke." The Grahams were staunch Royalists—a member of this family particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Edge Hill, was dreadfully wounded, and left for dead amongst the slain all the night following the battle. A Sir Richard Graham, Master of the Horse to Charles I., was at the great fight of Marston, and we are told that when the battle was lost that he fled to Norton Conyers, and was so closely pursued by his enemies that he galloped his steed into the large hall and up the broad staircase, where the hoof prints are still pointed out. "The ancient and powerful family of Graham," says Sir Walter Scott, in the "Lady of the Lake." "held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling." Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals. Sir John Greame, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labours and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field at Falkirk, in 1298. The celebrated Marquess of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw realised his abstract ideas of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies.

Notwithstanding the severity of his temper, and the vigour with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the Puritans, whom he served, I do not hesitate to name, as the third, John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, whose heroic death, in the arms of victory, may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to Nonconformists, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

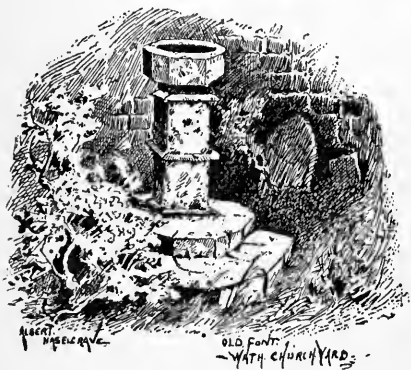
A short walk through the park brings us to the village of Wath, situated between two streams, hence the name Wath, which means ford. The village comprises one street of well-built houses, and wears an air of cleanliness and comfort. Wath Church will long remain a monument of judicious restoration to the memory of the late Revd. W. C. Lukis, rector of Wath, who was an eminent archaeologist, botanist, scholar, and also an artist of great ability. The old-time relics contained in this church have been preserved at the restoration with such



In the Transept.

care and reverence that, even to the most casual and indifferent of observers, these remains of the ancient church must possess some amount of interest. To an antiquarian this place will be found a mine of treasure. The sacristy is very curious, and contains an ancient and finely carved Flemish oak chest, and a niche or squint commands the altar table. In pre-Reformation days there has been a room over the sacristy, the stone steps leading to this upper room, and the half circular landing at the top, have been carefully preserved. This would be the sleeping apartment of the priest or sacristan in charge of the sacred vessels, etc.; through the squint he could sit and watch the high altar and the lights burning. There is a sketch of the old church in water colour, taken just previous to the restoration by the late W. C. Lukis, showing the old timbered roof and the high boxed pews. Built in the north wall are several remains of the Saxon age, heads of crosses, etc.; and the chancel contains a sedelia and double piscina. On the north side is a recess which probably may have been the Easter sepulchre. The south transept contains many brasses, shields, and other mementoes and memorials of the Nortons and Grahams, etc. One inscription says:—

*"Globled virtue lyes within this tombe,
Whose life & death inferiour was to none;
Her soules in Heaben this tombe is but a tent,
Her endlesse worth is her owne moniment."*



In the south wall a canopied recess containing the tomb of John de Alby, "founder of the chapel of St. John the Baptist A.D. 1333"; in the same recess is a coffin lid with a decorated cross of the 13th century. This transept also contains several recesses, all having some special use in the olden days. In the graveyard by the porch stands the early English font.

Near to Wath is Melmerby, said to mean the dwelling place of 'Melmor the Dane.' The village is of no special interest, except for its new-looking manor house and buildings. The older features of the place have disappeared.

Half a mile north of Wath is Middleton-Quernhow. Here at the old hall formerly dwelt the Herberts, who sided with the Roundheads during the great civil war. Afterwards, when Thomas Herbert was chosen to attend on the fallen monarch, he became greatly attached to him and served him faithfully to the end. On the morning of the execution, he told Herbert to take the watch with him that hung by the bed. In passing through the park the king enquired the hour, at the same time taking the watch in his hand and looking, then handing it again to his faithful servant with these words: "Keep this in memory of me." In the following reign this Thomas Herbert was made a Baronet.

Some two miles west, in the watershed of the Swale, is the village of Baldersby, replete with orchards, and in the blossoming season forming many a charming picture. Just to the west of the village is the great north road of the Romans, known as Leeming Lane.

Midway between Baldersby and Rainton is the beautiful and commanding church of Saint James, built in 1856, whose high spire is a conspicuous object for many miles around. Near the church are several neat cottages. In the middle of the present century there dwelt at Baldersby a vicar's churchwarden who, when angry, was much given to profane swearing. One day the reverend vicar called to reprove and excommunicate him. On being accused of the offence, he exclaimed :—" Me swear ; me swear ; now't o't sort, sir ! Wherever could mak up sike a tale ? I knaw ! Why it's that auld Willy Robinson, damn him ! " At Baldersby park formerly dwelt George Hudson, the railway king, at that time in the zenith of his fame. His square pew in Topcliff Church was upholstered in rich crimson, in which he had a reading desk, where he used to stand up with his portly back turned on the vicar, and if the sun shone on the occupants of the pew, Mrs. Hudson would put up her fine parasol. In those days wind and string instruments sent forth their music from the east end of the gallery.

Perhaps the reader will pardon a deviation from the regular track to allow us to explain a prominent landmark, namely, Whitestonecliff, commonly known as Wisson Cliff. A tremendous rock stands where the Hambletons break suddenly off into the vale of Mowbray. On the higher range of both the two vales, from the mouth to near the source of the rivers, a distance of nearly forty miles, this rock can be seen standing out on clear days against its purple background, and, like the majestic minster tower of York, it ever forms a prominent landmark ; scores of times the writer has had this rock pointed out with the remark : " Can ye see Wisson Cliff ? " Concerning White Mare's Cliff is the following tradition, told in verse by the Revd. Richard Abbay, in his work entitled " The Castle of Knaresborough. " An outline of the story from the above work is also given by the Revd. Thomas Parkinson, in his " Legends and Traditions, " much of same is quoted in the following :—

We are told there lived, " once upon a time, " an Abbot of Rievaulx, who was more devoted to secular things than to his sacred work. Among the treasures which the abbot possessed—and one of which he was very proud—was a white Arab mare, of great beauty and swiftness.

" In a stall at the back of the Abbey there stood
A mare of the purest of Arab blood,
Brought from a distant land and given
By a knight to the abbot to aid him to heaven ;
White as the falling snow, and fair
As the abbot's lawn when he went to prayer,
Or the foam that leaps from the breaker in air ;
White as the wild swan's plumage bright,
Swift as the wild roe's startled flight ;
Freedom had fashioned each muscle and thew,

Freedom was coursing her limbs through and through ;
And the joyful life of earlier days
Still shone in her eyes at the abbot's praise,
Those wondrous eyes of darkest hue,
That told of a heart undoubting and true,
To dare all a rider dare bid her to do ;
But gentle and mild
As a little child,
Though full of old love for the desert wild. "

At a neighbouring castle there resided a knight, whom the writer names Sir Harry de Scriven, and thus describes him :

" Sir Harry came of Old Yorkshire stock,
The rarest chip of a rare old block ;
The huntingest squire

In the huntingest shire,
His nerve never failed, his limbs would not tire ;
A rollicking son of a rollicking sire. "

He, too, possessed a famous steed, one that always bore its master to the foremost place in the chase :

“ Though foremost far, yet far behind,
Sir Harry rode on old Nightwind ;
The brave black steed his rider knew,
Each was like each, of metal true.
A full score times with fatal speed
Had Nightwind ta'en and held the lead,
And hounds, Sir Harry, and his steed,
Alone had done the parlous deed.”

Between the abbot and the knight there was abiding jealousy, and the one was ever ready to steal a march upon the other. One autumn evening, as he was returning from the chase, Sir Harry, upon Nightwind, had to pass a well-known hostelry, somewhere out on the plain of Black Hambleton :



“ Not far from the spot where the stag
had died
Was a hostel, well known o'er the
country-side ;
Old Ralph, the retainer, kept excellent
fare,
And wondrous ale for the monks who
came there.

* * *
“ And here as Sir Harry was riding by,
In the parlour the abbot he chanced to
spy,
Drinking and blinking,
And thinking and winking,
In his very bright way, with his very
bright eye.

Sir Harry drew rein,
In a frolicsome vein,
To make the good abbot his conduct
explain.”

Nightwind was led to the stable, where already stood the abbot's white mare ; and Sir Harry joined the ecclesiastic in the inn parlour. In rough jokes and chaff between the two, some time passed

away. Meanwhile the night had come on, and set in wild and dark.

At length the knight recollected that he had a message for the abbot from a sick yeoman, living away upon the bleak plain, requiring the priest's attendance to shrive, and to pray with him, at once, and in the Rev. Richard Abbay's verse says :—

" My lord abbot, I hear that a yeoman is sick
 On Hambleton Moor, and he prays you'll be quick,
 And shrive him, poor sinner, and get him to heaven,
 For he's carded and diced and played odd and even ;
 His wife, by-the-by, has the beauty of seven.
 I'll show you the track, my lord abbot, and lend you
 Old Nightwind, and pray that the gods may defend you.
 Then aside to himself, ' Old Nightwind is wiser
 Than carry the abbot ; he'll get a surpriser.'
 Then the abbot was urgent to visit the sick ;
 Sir Harry was charmed, and called him a brick,
 But inwardly smiled at the fun of his trick,
 And, under his breath, wished him soon with old Nick.
 The abbot was urgent ; no time was to spare ;
 The knight should not walk, if his journey he'd share ;
 Sir Harry should ride on the white Arab mare.
 Then they mounted in haste, and the frolic begun ;
 The mare, like her rider, was full of the fun ;
 She capered and danced,
 Curvetted and pranced,
 And thought to herself, ' There's a race to be run.'
 With a touch of the spur and jerk of the rein,
 Sir Harry and she tore over the plain ;
 But though he rode fast,
 Sir Harry was last ;
 Old Nightwind, it seemed, could not be surpassed,
 And ride as he would,
 The abbot so shrewd
 Was still at his side with a neck to the good ;
 And the abbot so stout,
 So far round about,
 Seemed like a feather,
 And stuck to the leather
 As if Nightwind and he had been soldered together,
 And carelessly turned in his saddle and beckoned,
 To intimate plainly the pace should be quickened.
 Then all that she knew,
 That Arab did do,
 And Sir Harry was in a most wonderful stew,
 As he thought with the abbot he had not quite reckoned,
 But he rode with the jock who had never been second.
 * * * * * *
 Sir Harry grew wilder, and wilder, and wilder ;
 He swore at the mare, and loudly reviled her ;
 He swore at the abbot in wrathful surprise ;
 He swore at himself, he swore at his eyes,
 And seemed as if blind,
 Or out of his mind,

" As new was the feeling of riding behind
 Such a corpulent cleric ;
 It made him choleric,
 And roused up sensations akin to hysteric.
 So the knight never knew,
 As nearer they drew
 To that terrible spot where Hambleton Heath
 Breaks off in a cliff to the valley beneath ;
 Eight hundred feet sheer by plummet-line sounded,
 And nought but some heather the precipice bounded.
 'Tis a terrible cliff ; e'en the stoutest grow pale,
 As they stand on the brink and look down the vale.
 To the edge of this cliff race blindly the pair ;
 Too late ! they are over ! They gallop in air !
 'Tis the last leap he'll take on that brave Arab mare.
 Down, down to the rocks ; 'twas a terrible sight !
 And the knight never knew how he ended the flight ;
 For his quick-rushing breath
 Was stifled in death
 Ere he reached the sharp rocks of the valley beneath.
 But a strange sight he saw in process of dying :
 Far over his head old Nightwind was flying ;
 And a long pointed tail o'er his haunches was flowing ;
 Two horns on the head of the abbot were growing ;
 And his feet left in twain in the stirrups were showing ;
 And a very harsh voice in jubilant tones
 Cried, ' Sir Harry de Scriven, beware of the stones,
 But a novice, like you, must expect broken bones ;
 If you must play a trick,
 Don't try on old Nick ;
 I'll see you below when I visit the sick.'
 Then into the tarn, half a mile from the precipice,
 The abbot and Nightwind popped with, you'll guess,
 a hiss.
 And the waters of Gormire, once sparkling and bright,
 To the blackness of ink were changed in that night ;
 But whether because of the abbot or Nightwind,
 Tho' I've searched all the records I never could
 quite find.
 But the cliff where the white mare met such disaster
 Was bleached suddenly white as the lawn of her
 master.
 And still the good folks of the valley below,
 When the mist like a curtain hangs from the brow
 Of the white steep, declare
 That a terrified mare
 Will leap from the cliff, and melt into air."

A mile and a half by the pleasant footpath over the fields, where lovers often linger,
 brings us to the village of Rainton. There was, in ancient times, a chantry chapel at this
 place, but this has long ago disappeared, and the memory of it is still retained in the name

of Chapel Flat. The village is pleasantly situated. There is a little green where the geese march with stately mien to hold solemn conclave, and where the children romp and shout; further down the street is the butcher's cart, from which the owner is showing to best advantage a small joint of meat to a thrifty yeoman's wife, added to which is the rural postman on his daily rounds. Such were the figures which lent life and animation to Rainton on our visit. Some forty-five years ago, there was an old road mender living in Rainton named Fawcett; he was a crusty, mendacious old person, much addicted to stealing hedgestakes. There was a farmer in this village who kept his hedges in beautiful order, and was often annoyed at finding gaps in them by the road sides, so two of his sons devised a plan to detect and punish the offender. Having first bored a hole in a tempting stake and filled it up with gunpowder, they plugged the hole, and replanted the stake loosely in the hedgerow. Next evening it was gone, and the boys hid themselves near old Fawcett's cottage to see and hear the fun, probably peeping through the keyhole. The fire was lit, the kettle put on to boil, and the solitary man sat down to warm himself until tea should be ready. Suddenly there was a loud explosion, a startled cry, and darkness. The boys ran away, and were much surprised to hear nothing about the matter next day. The curious part of the story is that the facts only came to light about thirty-five years later. A sister of the boys, talking over village stories with a lady who left Rainton thirty years ago, told of her brothers' pranks. "Ah" said the lady "that explains the mystery! Fawcett did speak of the explosion, but with bated breath; he thought it was the work of fairies, who came down the chimney, blew 't' kettle clean oop, and steeaked t'door." He was very much alarmed, and no doubt conscience reproved him. He never suspected a gunpowder plot, and we never guessed anything either. "I wonder you never heard about old Fawcett and the fairies," added the lady, "for all the village heard of it at the time." The fairies taught old Fawcett such a lesson that it completely cured his purloining propensities.

Meeting an old man fast approaching four score, a native of the village, we fell into a chat with him about the history of the district, but his memory seemed a sealed book, for we could elicit no information; but the writer had a key wherewith to set his memory glancing over scenes of yore, so gradually faces of village characters and incidents of bygone days were unfolded before his mental gaze. His eyes soon began to brighten, and he made several exclamations. When we mentioned his own name, he said:—"Why ya know more than ah de, ah thou't ah kened yer face." But he seemed more surprised when the writer told him that he was a total stranger, and had never before that day been nearer than four miles to the place. Then pointing to the large farm which stands at the east end of the village, I said, "Do you remember Mr. Stephenson who formerly dwelt there?" "Mr. Stephenson," he replied, "why, ah worked for 'em forty-six years." "Indeed," I said, "you must have been a very good servant." "Hi, but good maisters maks good sarvants if their ony good in 'em." said he. There is at least one structure in the village we visited, which if not ancient in the same sense as many of the shrines we have hitherto been speaking of, in having a life of hoary antiquity, yet, from the memory of bygone faces which seem to cling around it, is most interesting. It is the snug little cottage, formerly the Methodist Chapel, built in 1811, the same year the large moor was enclosed

laying immediately behind ; it is now disused as a meeting house, for a larger one was built in 1869, so its life as a sanctuary was under 60 years. It is now the residence of the village shoemaker, a worthy son of St. Crispin. Many a motley assembly have been gathered together within those walls, and many eccentric characters ; yet faithful preachers have poured forth an earnest appeal from that little pulpit. There was the old man who drove the miller's cart from Boro'bridge, and delivered sacks of flour to the surrounding villages ; he was preaching one Sabbath of the rich man who pulled down his barns to build greater. Now, the family pew of Mr. Stevenson before alluded to, was on one side of the pulpit, so pointing to this gentleman by way of giving greater force to his argument, he said :—" And what would ye say of Mr. Stivison there if he was to do sike a thing? Wouldn't ye say he was a big feeal?" There was a gallery in that little chapel, and in the front pew in the gallery used to sit a farmer, Anthony Blanchard by name. When he thought the preacher too long-winded, and dinner time approaching, he would draw his large watch out of his "fob" and hook the chain upon a nail, fixed inside the pew for the purpose. Thus the watch hung over the edge of the gallery, and the preacher's attention was drawn to the fact that it was time to wind up. Mrs. Pratt, the tailor's wife, tall and thin, used to stand up when drowsy, and seen from below seemed to touch the ceiling. She sat in the second pew back in the gallery, but the pews were only three deep. Robert Hall, a small, thin tailor, had a remarkable powerful voice, with which he led psalmody in a most distracting manner. At evening service he used to stoke the fire in the little stove, and in the course of the hymn before the sermon, break off his song in the middle of a note in a most abrupt and astonishing manner ; he then snuffed the five candles in the pretty brass chandelier, sent it flying towards the ceiling with a bang, which rattled the dove-shaped weight on the suspension chain, and took up his song as suddenly as he had left it off. No doubt he sings "more sweet" if not "more loud" where he is now, than he did in the old chapel at Rainton.* The shoemaker who lives in the old chapel, told us of a flint spear or axe, lately in his possession, and also of other flint implements found in the district. Near to this village there formerly lived a very remarkable character, commonly called Bobby Johnson. When my informant knew him he was an old man of eighty, and even then remarkably good company, being as full of fun and fire as a schoolboy. By great industry and shrewdness as innkeeper, butcher, and small farmer, he had amassed some £20,000 to £30,000 ; and as he had no children, but several nephews and nieces, he was an object of some interest. One of his nieces lived with him, and one day was called out by a man on horseback to supply him with drink. As he was drinking it he bent down and said to the young woman, "Ah've cum to put luvv to you." The reply was prompt. "Whar, ef it's me ye want ah'se heer, bud if it's brass ye want it's all sattled on Barker (a nephew) bairns." Our friend, with other young people, was once taken to see Bobby, and when one of the party asked him for some advice on matrimony, for the young men, he began :—"They mun hev a sweet peer an not a crab whativer ye deea, an thou mun hev a woman who knaws 'oo te keep od a muny what iver tha dees." He had bought land at various times, but one field purchased during the French war he always described a "bow't i' Bonnyparte."

* "Reminiscences of Youthful Days," by a Raintonian.



CHAPTER XXI.

THE WESTERN TRIBUTARIES.

STRETCHING between the moors of Masham on the north, and Brimham on the south, is a tract of moorland some ten miles in width, the greater part of which has never been brought under cultivation. In winter an air of solitary grimness pervades

this dark, wide, and almost treeless expanse; in summer the scene is changed to a vast sea of purple heather. On fine days when sunlight and shadow sweep over the billowy expanse, and the lapwing, snipe, curlew, and grouse make the lonely heights resound with their various calls, this expansive nature garden impresses us with an air of freedom and grandeur. The moorland is



cleft with numerous glens and gorges, beautiful with intricate woodland; spreading over vast boulders are immense trees, branches from which have been levelled by the storms of many winters, still lay half hidden by silver and rich green moss and rank vegetation; now and again a leaping waterfall and cataract lends brightness and beauty to the scene. Two or three miles onward the waters of these glens join and form the Skell, the Laver, and the Azerley beck. After flowing several miles the Laver and Skell meet near Ripon, and join the Ure* half-a-mile south of the old city. The first rivulet on the north rises on Kex Moor, near to Foulgate Nook, commonly called by the natives "Faud yat neak," and thence flows over Grewlthorpe Moor, where the dale assumes a fine sweeping appearance, and two or three streams meet just to the west of Kirkby Malzeard, and flow past the outskirts of this village. This part of the dale is adorned with many pretty rural pictures. Kirkby Malzeard was formerly a market town, its market being granted first to John de Mowbray, in 1307, by

* After passing Ripon the river is pronounced Ure.

Edward I. There is an ancient and interesting church built on the site of one existing in the early Saxon period. Kirkby Malzeard was formerly one of the largest parishes in England. Soon after the Conquest a castle was reared at this place by Robert de Mowbray, whose son, Roger de Mowbray, was a renowned warrior, and fought at the celebrated Battle of the Standard, being at that period only a youth. In the wars of Stephen and Maud he sided with the King, but in after years he fought as a Crusader, and vanquished in single combat a renowned infidel warrior. Joining in a second expedition to Palestine, he was taken prisoner, but was afterwards redeemed by the Templars. For having joined in a rebellion against Henry II., 1113, his castles at Kirkby Malzeard and Thirsk were besieged, and afterwards destroyed by the order of that monarch. The castle stood on an eminence near the church. In the mansion grounds adjoining many vestiges of this fortress have been unearthed from time to time, and also portions of armour and several ancient spear heads. In the early years of Edward I., a Roger de Mowbray was summoned by him to answer by what right or warrant he claimed to have free chase at Kirkby Maleshard, where he had a gallows for the punishment of poachers, and other offenders; and also, why he had free warren in Nidderdale and the adjoining lands. His answer was, that he and all his ancestors from the time of the Conquest have had free warren in his manor of Kirkby Malzeard, which is within the forest of Nidderdale, etc. As to Galgah, Gruelthorpe, Atherl-hagh, Mikelhagh, Winkerslegh, and Aldefelde, he claimed no warren therein. The jury of great men who met to



Kirkby Malzeard.

EDMUND BOGG.

decide, do say that Roger claimed only what his ancestors had always used, and he had not, contrary to report, enlarged his hunting domain, so he was left in undisturbed possession of same. The Church is a most commanding structure, backed on the north and east by an array of splendid trees, and the beautiful grounds of Colonel Cathcart adjoining; looking westward the massive tower stands out finely against the dark billowy moors. The erection of the tower probably dates from the close of the 14th century, and the fine Norman doorway the middle of the 12th century. Over the porch is a sundial, dated 1671; the east end of the south side was the chantry chapel of the De Mowbrays, in which are the arms of that family. In this chapel is a very ancient mural stone of the Saxon age, very closely allied to runic work, the chancel contains a good example of sedelia. In the south-west corner of the chancel is a leper's window, outside of which the lepers were wont to stand and hear the service, they not being allowed to enter the church. A tombstone near the porch records the burial of the three wives of Christopher Walker, whose ages range from 63 the first wife, the second

wife 33, and the third 23. At the east end of the churchyard is a slight mound on which stands the shaft and base of an ancient cross, the mound is still known as 'Mot,' or 'Moot' hill, a name traceable to Danish occupation, the Folkemot, where the people of the district assembled in pre-Conquest days to discuss and settle certain questions affecting the general welfare of the district. In the 17th century there were several so-called wise men and wise women who used strange charms, etc., to cure heartache and earache, and certain other manner of diseases. Amongst many others summoned before a court, held in Kirkby Malzeard Church, December 16th, 1639, was Janet Burniston, of this parish, her offence being the carrying a dead man's skull out of the churchyard and laying it under Christopher Head, thinking therewith to charm him asleep. The judge, in dismissing her, admonished her to bring the said skull into the

churchyard again. Resting in the graveyard this delightful spring morning, we are enchanted with the beautiful surroundings, the bells from the towers are calling the churchwardens to a vestry meeting, and from the adjoining leafage the thrush and blackbird are warbling sweet carols of joy. A narrow pathway embowered with trees runs from the churchyard, and is appropriately named the "Lover's Walk." Opposite the churchyard is ye old yellow washed inn, which certainly looks inviting. In the interior is a half-circle shaped settle, made in the days of George III., and sideboard and plate rack of same date. The original foundation of this house dates back over many centuries. About two miles onward by the stream is Azerley, a picturesque spot. Here



Azerley. — Winter.

EDMUND BOGG.

is an old mill, a small lake, and a pretty rivulet murmuring under fine spreading trees, old railings, and bridges, and stepping stones over the beck ; in fact, all manner of curves and corners which form beautiful pictures. Two miles onward the stream flows into the river Laver. Standing

midway between the two streams is Galphey (locally Gawpeh) which we reach by following the old pack horse track. Passing this pleasant rural hamlet, we come to the pretty river Laver, which rises on Dallowgill moor, adjoining Ramsgill and Kirkby Malzeard moors. The deep glen or dale through which the stream flows for several miles is known by the name of Dallowgill. At the very source of the stream ridge rises over ridge, a vast expanse of heather, over which a pack horse track passes to Ramsgill. A mile down the dale the stream silvers through an oak wood, here the glen is of great depth and beauty. Perched on the summit of the cliff above are huge rocks, assuming the shape of some rude fortress ; others at some far distant date have been hurled by gigantic force into the bed of the stream, which at this spot is roofed over with spreading branches, a region of rich moss and fern, and delightful with the melody of the gurgling streams, sparkling rills foaming, leaping, and singing onwards. A mile lower two streams meet, and just beyond is the church, which stands on the high banks above, here and there dotted in various positions are the homes of the dalespeople. About half a mile north of the church is the hamlet of Greygarth. For many years there has dwelt in Dallowgill a curious character known as "aud Neddy," who maintains an existence by doing odd jobs for the dalespeople, carrying firewood to the homesteads, etc., for which he always obtains some refreshment and a copper ; he also acts as kind of carrier to and from Pateley Bridge. The writer once met him



The Laver.

EDMUND BOGG.

on his return journey from the above place, and he was completely surrounded with various articles, each fastened separately to a thick cord around his back ; his appearance on this occasion was most comical. He has on many occasions tramped to Masham for a bucket of lime, carrying the same the whole distance of 9 miles. During his many tramps over the moors he has had, from exposure and falls, some very marvellous escapes. Many years ago Neddy fancied a change, and as he quaintly told us : " Ah thowt ad like te see t'west country," so setting off one morning he passed up Dallowgill and over the moors to Lofthouse, and then forward up the Nidd Valley to Whernside, and over Buckden Pike into Bishopdale, arriving late at night in the neighbourhood of Semmerwater, where he slept under the friendly shelter of a wall on the heather, it being summer time. When the wanderer awoke next morning he saw the sun rise in beauty over Whernside, beyond which lay the scene of his former wanderings ; then he contrasted the savage regions around where he had slept to the comforts in pretty Dallowgill ; so, like the prodigal of old, he thought of his home, arose, and returned

over Whernside, down the vale of the Nidd, crossed the moors above Lofthouse and into Dallowgill, which he has never since forsaken except on his errands to and from Pateley. Still passing



Laverton.

EDMUND BOGG.

downwards with the stream through woodland and meadow and over picturesque bridges we come to Laverton, the most peaceful of villages, the ivy-clad cots blend sweetly with red tiles and blossoming orchards. Two miles and a half further the Laver winds its devious course, and then in a half-circle sweeps round the village of Winksley. This village stands on the high bank above the stream, and, seen from the valley, forms a fine subject picture. The church is not at all picturesque, having a barn-like appearance, with an ugly tower

added, with no architectural beauty, and does not at all harmonise with the surroundings. This church, and the one at Bishop Thornton, must have been designed by the same architect, for they appear to be of the same period and style.

The village inn is reached by an ascent of several steps, which must prove a dangerous exit to those who imbibe too freely. The day is fast closing, so we wander around the old farmstead; the toilers are coming from the fields, and the fowls are going to roost. We hear the distant low of the oxen; and here, by the old cartshed, the calves are feeding. Thus sauntering and musing on those common-place things, all of which give us great pleasure, we are suddenly seized from behind by the trousers. Don't be alarmed; it is only the jealous old gander who thus keeps watch and ward over the yard. Now we are seated by the old mullioned window of the farm kitchen, watching the sun gradually droop behind the woods, through which sweetly filters the beautiful Laver. We can just catch the faint sound of its murmurings, and here and there a gleam of its waters tipped with a light golden hue. We are still looking through the window, and the expiring rays are spreading through the woodland, a screen of golden, which gently grows fainter, and night takes possession of the vale, only the far away hills which meet the horizon are tipped with deep vermillion. After passing Winksley the Laver sweeps through a lovely vale in a south-western course, then bending round flows north-east, forming three parts of a circle, and so passes on to the Skell.

A character in Winksley was long Tommy Brown, known as "Long Tommy," to distinguish him from another Tommy Brown, who was known as "Short Tommy." Long Tommy was sexton at Winksley, and for over 40 years had said "Amen." He stated that he had buried over 400 people. Although he could neither read nor write, he had a most remarkable memory, and a faculty for making intricate calculations. Many of the farmers in the district used to send him problems, which he would solve while thrashing his oats and smoking his pipe. William

Hawksworth, who with his brother was joint tenant of Markenfield Hall, once sent him the following : " If a cubic foot of brass was drawn out into wire $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch in diameter, how far would it reach ? " This difficult question Long Tommy answered correctly, without putting down a single figure. Long Tommy once assisted in a curious proceeding—a widow, named Clark, died at the age of 97, and before dying requested that the bones of her husband, buried 54 years before, should be dug up and put into her coffin, and, strange to say, this curious request was complied with by her relatives. She was buried in a large coffin, and after the people had left the churchyard the coffin was brought up again, the lid unscrewed, and Long Tommy produced a bag full of bones, which he had hid in the church after digging up the previous day; these were put in the coffin, which was then replaced in the grave. The son of this couple was



The Laver at Winksley.

present at the proceedings, and had hold of the jawbone of his father, who had died 54 years before. The above took place in 1841. Long Tommy died in 1856.

THE SKELL COUNTRY.

This tiny river, which wanders under the ruins of Fountains, has its birth on Pateley Moors, a mile and a half above the little village of Wath. Its first course is through desolate regions, after which, the entire distance to Ripon, the valley is full of charms ; pleasant old lanes which twist and turn, bordered by hedgerows, where the gorse and wild rose and many other nature flowers mingle their perfume. Easton Beck murmurs through a charming woodland gorge, here the branches curve gracefully, forming cool and shady bowers. The woodland path leads through an immense rock of sandstone, split in two, and some sixty feet in height. Further

onward this stream filters into the lake at Grantley Hall. Standing on the higher ground, at the head of the glen, is a rural farm with yellow washed sides, forming a charming picture.



Hungate.

Between this glen and Grantley the land is intersected with little vales, where the Skell passes through coppice and hazel groves, overlooked by the ridgy upland. In such a spot rests the old time hamlet of Hungate, and past the cottage doors, where flowers bloom, the beck winds in many a curve, and old railings and hedges twist along its devious banks. On the brow of the hill above Hungate is the village of High Grantley, and just off the village street is the old Hall or Manor

House, now doing duty as a farm house. It is an interesting structure with fine mullion windows; the old dark oak pannelling has been removed to Grantley Hall. From the barn comes the sound of thrashing by hand with the old primitive flail; in the paddock is a mother goose in charge of a brood of goslings, over which the old gander keeps watch and ward, and follows us with jealous eyes and outstretched neck, fiercely hissing meanwhile. On seeing we don't mean to fight, he flaps his wings and gabbles out victory. Passing through High Grantley, whose inn bears the curious sign of a Blackamoor, the crest of the Grantleys, we met an aged inhabitant, who thus addressed us:—"Noo, what iver are ye deeing; takin' likenesses?" "Yes, will you have yours taken?" "Nay, nivver; av allus said me an ure Nanny ell nivver ev oore's tean, an wen we get put et grund we leave nowt beoynt us, then we sall nivver be seen na mair."

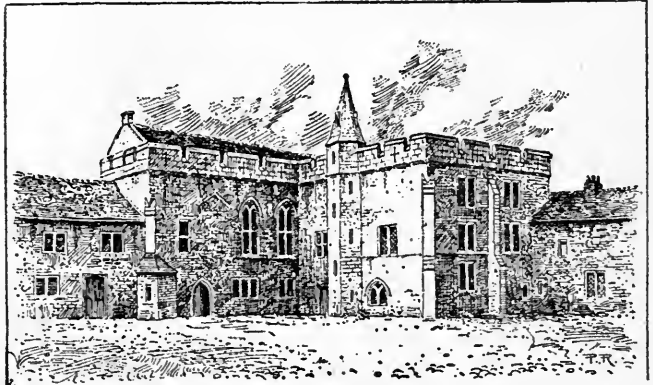
A little further east is Low Grantley, and from the high ground near is sweeping panoramic views of the surrounding country. Leaving the Hall on our right we follow the lane over hill and vale, with the beautiful rivulets winding onward on either side, until we come to the quiet little village of Aldfield, a mile and a half north of Fountains. The church is a quaint, low 17th century structure.

In the graveyard an inscription on a tombstone records:—"Here lieth Anthony Robinson, late of Fountains, who died May 1st, 1756, aged 31."

"My hammer and stiddy lies decline,
My bellows to has lost it wind,
My fire extinquist my forged is done;
And in the dust my vice is laid,
My coals is spent, my iron gone,
My last nail driven, my work is done."

Opposite the church is a cottage which bears an inscription: "George and Isabella Wreaks, 1676."

It was a winter's eve when we last left Aldfield for Markenfield Hall; the sun was just drooping behind a bank of ashy grey purple clouds, whose edges were faintly tinged with a rosy glow, and the serried line of the hill tops, fringed with trees, stood dark and clear in outline against the tender light. When the sun was gone, the fringe of golden gently transformed into a delicate hue of pearly grey, soon changing into the intense blue of a clear, frosty winter's night. As we passed over the bridge, leaving the Abbey of Fountains on our left, Howe Hill loomed out in front like a giant in the evening light, not a cloud was to be seen, and the stars were twinkling above, whilst around was a vast expanse of untrodden snow-clad fields which we were now traversing. We had often anticipated the amount of pleasure a visit to this old moated grange of Markenfield would afford, but had never imagined treading our way thither over fields covered with snow in the darkness of a winter's night, yet such was the case. After stumbling over several fields we came to a farm, where by the light of candles the farmer men were feeding and cleaning their horses in the stable. On enquiring, we found we were still nearly a mile away, and one of the men pointing over the fields, said :—" Can ya see yon popolar tree? Mak straight as a rush for it." So we did, to the best of our knowledge, make a rush, which landed us into a turnip field among some sheep nets, and then over two more fields we groped, and there stood before us the venerable structure, secluded from the busy world, a perfect realization of a moated Grange. Crossing the bridge which spans the moat, and through the gateway, we find ourselves in a spacious courtyard. All was silent, not a sight or sound of life until our footsteps aroused the furious watch dog. After passing round the courtyard, we approached the back door and raised the knocker, letting it fall with a bang, loud enough to awaken the shadowy figures who have departed hence centuries ago, but who now flit in imagination before us. After passing through the lower stories of the grand old house, we ascended the massive oak staircase to the banqueting hall and private chapel. Musing in these rooms with the light of a tallow candle, casting ghostly shadows on the old carvings, we fully realized the description of Tennyson's " Moated Grange," where



Markenfield Hall, formerly the home of the Markenfields.

" Old faces glimmered through doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors."

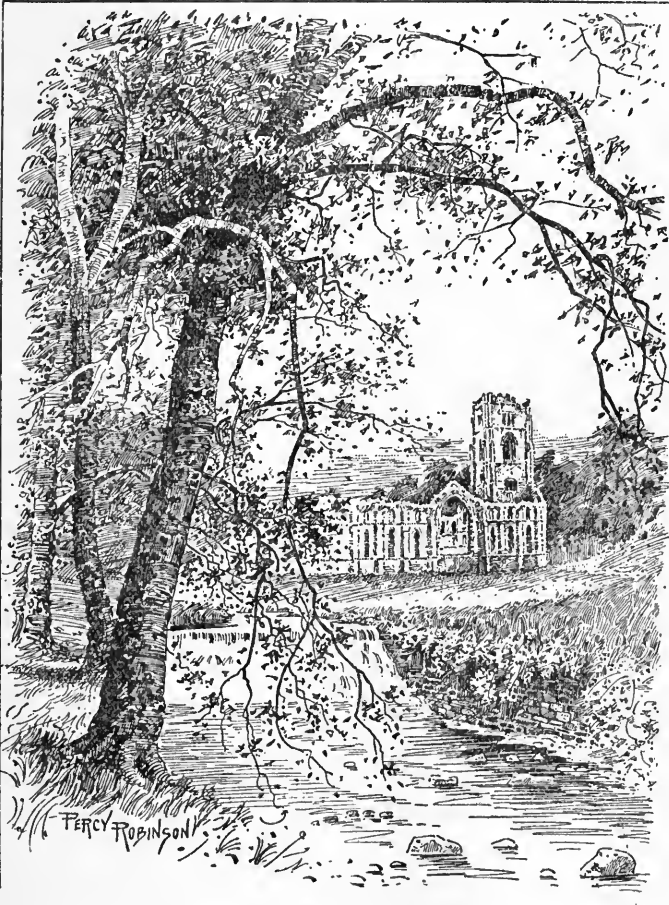
Passing out into the darkness of a winter's night, we look on to the silent waters of the moat which surrounds the house.

" About a stone-cast from the house,
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept ;

And o'er it many round and small,
The cluster'd marish mosses crept."

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

When the writer last visited the above Abbey, the closing days of the year 1893 had been run, save one, which was a day of such dense mist that we became completely lost in crossing the park. Twice or thrice the sun, for a few moments, filtered through the shrouding mist a few straggling rays of burnished gold, forming a picture of such rare effect and uncommon beauty, only to be seen under such circumstances; once the sun lay immediately



Fountains Abbey from the South.

behind the trunk of a patriarchal elm, illumining its shadowy form of branch and twig with an entrancing silvery light, a veritable dream picture which only lasted a few moments, for a wave curtain of mist suddenly dispelled this vision of splendour. On reaching the lake the water was invisible, under the pall-like gloom. Again the sun faintly struggled through a network of dark pine branches across the opposite shore of the lake, and the tops of the tallest trees loomed above the wavy curtain. The only sound borne on the breeze was the noise of the waterfall, and the distant sound of the woodman's axe. Suddenly from under the framework of giant trees, reaching their branches bower-like over the edge of the lake, although the waters are still invisible, we see the phantom-like form of swans gliding on its bosom.

Seen under this peculiar effect, their gracefully arched necks reminded us of the prows of some stately vessel of old. As we passed forward, the mist began to disperse and break into fitful patches, disclosing to our view, as we turned the corner of the lake, the stately towers and ruins of Fountains. Standing on the footpath overlooking the Abbey, listening to the purling waters of the tiny Skell rippling under ruined and ivy-clad arches, still singing to us the same sweet music as it sang to the monks of old, on whose ruined home we now gaze and

ponder in astonishment, and marvel on this architectural magnificence, the palatial dwelling house of the priesthood of feudal ages. Under the shadow of an enormous yew, we think of the glorious past of this Abbey; under its boughs monks have walked and mused as they gently paced the cloister court. Could its dark branches whisper, many a scene of monkish days would be recorded. About the year 1133, thirteen monks might have been seen assembled under a rude shelter, in a wild romantic situation, surrounded by dense woods and rocks, through which filtered a tiny rivulet. These were men who, having become dissatisfied with the laxity of discipline at the Abbey of Saint Mary's, York, and wishing to emulate the sanctity of the



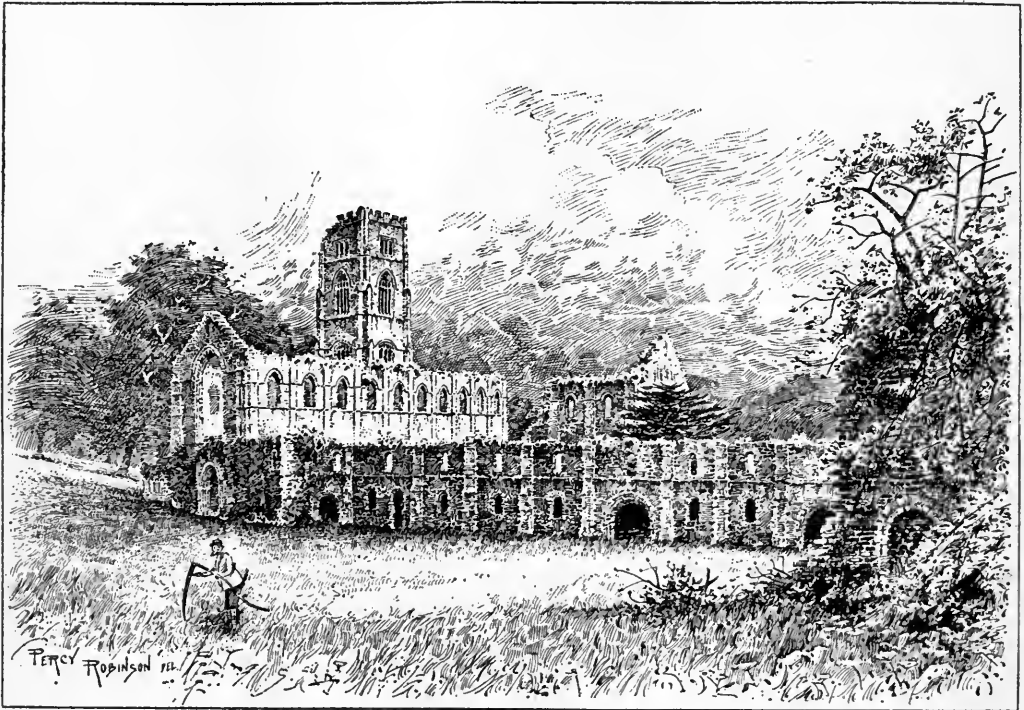
The First Shelter.

brethren at the Cistercian Abbey of Rievaulx, withdrew from their own Abbey, this action being sanctioned by the Archbishop, he granted them the lands of Skelldale. It was the depth of winter when they first migrated to this wild and lonely vale, and there was no house to shelter them. In the vale stood an elm tree of enormous proportions, and among its spreading branches a roof of straw was formed. Thus they dwelt for some time, until the snow and rain pierced the rude shelter, and they were obliged to form a more durable one around the seven stately yews standing on the south side of the stream, near to where the noble ruins now

uprear. The yews were of colossal size, and the trunk of one is mentioned as having been 26 feet in girth. Thus they passed their first months of privation, and as their piety became known abroad other poor brethren joined them.

So passed two years of hardship and toil, which, we should imagine, was not so great as the old chronicler relates, for the woods abounded with game, and the streams with fish; yet, we are told, they had decided to abandon the spot which up to then had barely yielded sufficient sustenance for an existence. Amidst all their poverty they were ever charitable, for which the following anecdote will suffice. One day a traveller, hungry and weary, begged for a morsel of bread, but before complying with the stranger's request, the almoner consulted the Abbot, who enquired the amount of bread there was in possession of the house. "Only two loaves and a half," replied the almoner. "Then give him a loaf," said the Abbot; "the Lord will provide." This hope and trust was soon fulfilled, for just after a cart filled with loaves was seen coming down the hill side, a present from the Lord of Knaresboro', who had heard of their distress. Gradually their hardships became less, for about this time one of the monks writes:—"We have bread and cheese, butter and ale, and we shall soon have beef and mutton." A few years later their trials and privations became a thing of the past, for Hugh, Dean of York, becoming seriously ill, was conveyed hither, and, dying soon after, left them much property, and benefactions now came in from other quarters. Lords, barons, and knights vied with each other in gifts of land and goods; the great Percy family were munificent in their donations. Now the little oratory and the wattled dwellings were forsaken, and there gradually arose in this sequestered vale a magnificent temple, such as the monks in the days of their privations could never have pictured, and to which pilgrims and strangers from all parts of the globe still come to view. From the clear sparkling water flowing past its walls, it was called Fountains Abbey, or the Abbey by the Fountain. We have not space to give even a brief history of the Abbey. If the visitor will but muse among the stately ruins, sufficient food will be found for thought, for there will rise up before his mental gaze such a host of monks, priests, and churchmen, attendants, domestics, husbandmen, and gallant cavalcades of the great and powerful, passing to and fro to worship. In after years, when the rich became satiated with the pomp and vanities and turmoil of the world, they gave largely of money and land to be allowed to spend their closing days amidst the beautiful scenes of Fountains. Rest, says one, they had not found on earth, amidst the waves of crime and human care; and so they wished to sleep beneath or near the Abbey walls, where the bells might toll and prayers be said for them beside the limpid waters of the purling Skell. The corpse of many a noble warrior has been borne hither to the tomb; here rest members of the famous house of the Percys, who fought for law and freedom in the great Barons' war, which produced for Englishmen the famous Magna Charta. Here, too, was borne, by his retainers, Lord Henry de Percy; he had withstood the deathful career of storm and siege, and performed daring deeds of arms on many a hard fought field, and had followed the banner of the martial Edward into the wilds of Scotland; and he willed that his body might find a resting place within the Abbey walls. A host of others, equally great in church and camp, found a resting place here. Where now are the tombs and monuments of this army of

abbots, monks, churchmen, lords, barons, knights and squires, for few traces remain except perchance, a mound, and a few fragments of richly sculptured marble; yet, why look for monuments? Is not the exquisite ruin, although but a shell of its former grandeur, a sufficient monument and memorial for all who sleep within or near its walls? Leaving the shadow of the aged yew we pass through the ruins. Beyond, delicious and beautiful bits of green scenery are to be seen, framed by the most graceful of arches. The Church is nearly 400 feet long, with a magnificent tower 167 feet in height, and, when complete, has been one of the noblest sanctuaries in England. Who can pace the glorious cloisters in the twilight without the imagery of monks



Fountains Abbey.

gliding down the shadowy aisles rising before him. Again we are wandering by the banks of the Skell, just above where the stream passes under the Abbey walls, and turning to look on the ruins, the noble temple rises in its magnificence, perfect before our gaze. A marvellous monument and record to the untiring zeal and religious devotion of the first monks, who earnestly prayed from their hearts, and also toiled unceasingly with their hands. Many who afterwards reaped the fruits of their labours, were not actuated by the same spirit. William Thirsk, the thirty-seventh Abbot, is a remarkable instance of degeneration. What a beautiful retreat this would be to those weary of the pomp and vanity of the world, and the storm of siege and battle.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

On classic rock, far o'er the eastern seas,
 A columned fane stands blanched against the sky,
 Thronged by great memories which never die,
 Whose glorious tale blends with the Æolian breeze.

But here behold, our English Parthenon,
 Prouder than yon of Hellas, fills the vale
 With splendour of noblest art since earth was won
 From savage powers, and chaos rude and pale.

The holy brotherhood, in tranquil strife,
 Of wild beasts' haunt a fair rose-garden made,
 Where art and wisdom dwelt with crafts and trade.
 Fair House of God and home of peaceful life,
 Though now despised by the new age of gold,
 Nature with woodland flowers thy shrine has aurioled.

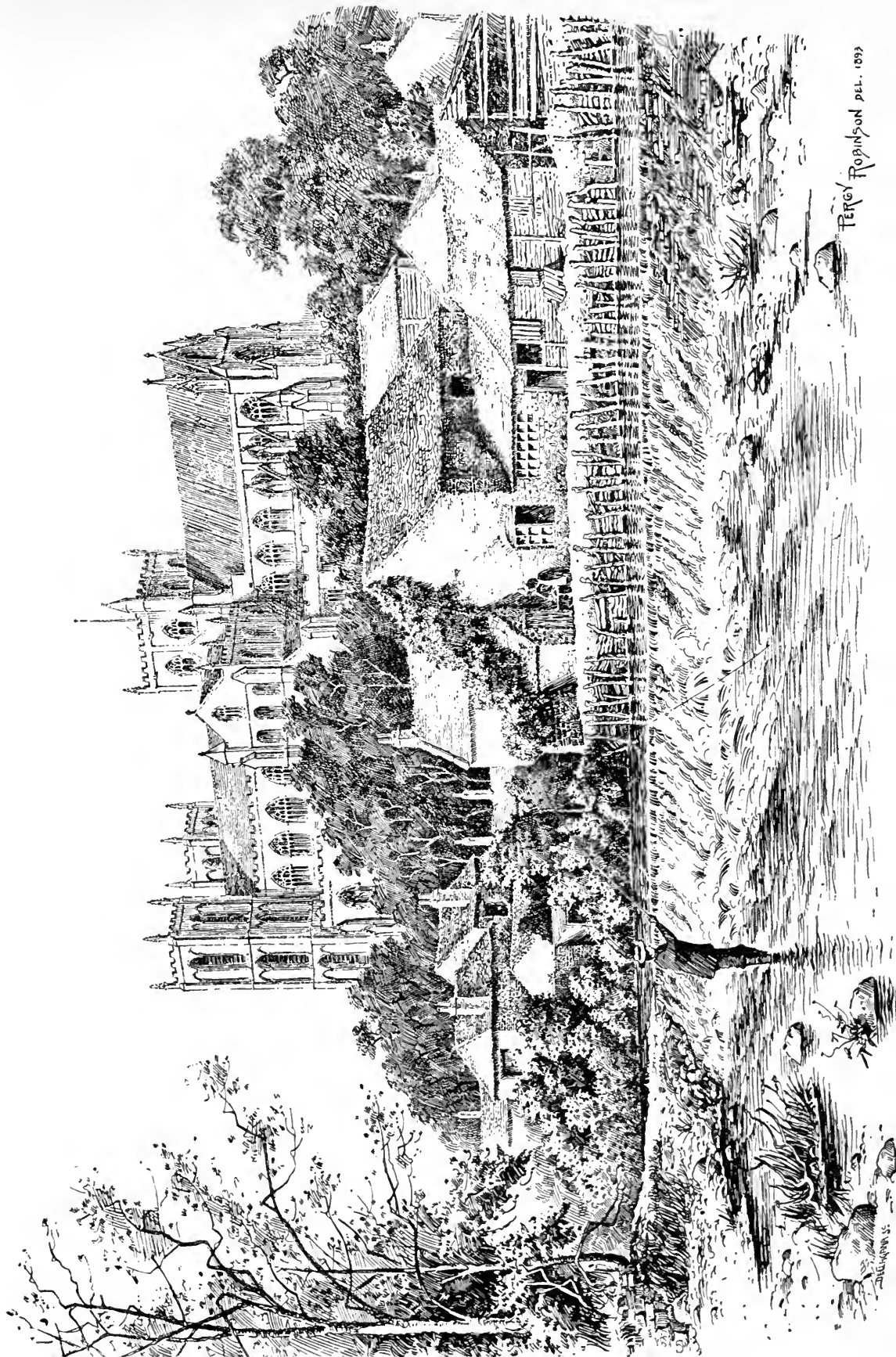
Feb'y., 1894.

JOHN H. FEARNLEY.

Adjoining the Abbey is a most picturesque mansion, built in 1611 by Sir Stephen Procter, the material being obtained from the Abbot's house, which was then demolished. This is known as Fountains Hall. It is a venerable and commanding structure, only its interest is slightly marred by the beautiful ruins adjoining; otherwise the house would receive much more attention from the antiquarian. Near to Fountains is Robin Hood's Well, and it was on the banks of the Skell the bold outlaw encountered the curtal Friar. The pair fought a dreadful fight, and in the combat Robin was worsted and thrown into the Skell, which caused him to put his horn to his mouth "and to blow blastes three, whereupon his merry men came tripping o'er the green; thereupon the friar set his fist to his mouth to whistle whutes three, when half a hundred good band dogs came running o'er the lea." This fight ended in the outlaw requesting the Friar to join his company, which, tradition says, he accepted, and was afterwards known as "Friar Tuck," of outlaw fame. Legend says Robin Hood's bow and arrows were hung up inside the Abbey for centuries.

RIPON.

Few places can lay claim to a greater historic past than the above place. Nearly thirteen centuries ago a child was born who was to become the tutelary saint, and shape to a great extent the destinies of Ripon. The history of this town commences from the year 661, Wilfrid being then in his 26th year. About that time lands were given the Abbot of Melrose, to found a monastery at "Hryppun" (Ripon). Saint Wilfrid was born of wealthy parents, his mother dying when he was but a boy, and his father marrying again soon after, the youth and his stepmother, as is often the case, could not agree, and being thus rendered unhappy at home, he asked for permission to go out into the world and thus seek his own fortune. His father gave him a blessing, a handsome outfit, and suitable escort. Thus at the early age of 14, he left home with a letter of introduction to Queen Eanfleda, wife of Oswy, King of Northumbria, who was



delighted with his youth and superior intelligence. After some time spent at this Court, he obtained a passport and letter of introduction to her cousin Erconbert, King of Kent, and from thence he passed over to Rome, where he spent several months, becoming perfectly educated in all the ecclesiastical doctrines of Rome. Some time after his return he was promoted to the monastery of Ripon, but not being able to satisfy his conscience or his vanity, he would not receive ordination from the hands of the Bishops in Britain, and having interested and gained the patronage of Alchfrid, the king's son, he was sent into France with a large retinue, where he was received with much pomp. He was consecrated at Compiègne; twelve bishops were present, and from one of them, named Agilbert, he was ordained. His love of ostentation made his stay longer in France than was wise, for on his return he found that Chadd, the venerable Abbot of Lastingham, had been appointed to the See of Ripon. To Theodore, the first primate over the Anglo-Saxon Church, sped Wilfrid, and represented Chadd as an intruder, and begged to be restored to his See of Ripon. Theodore decided that Chadd had been uncanonically consecrated, but on the part of that humble and devout man there was no wish to rebel against this decision: "He had been drawn unwillingly," he said, "from his beloved Abbey at Lastingham, and to that place he would again gladly return." Amidst all his troubles and triumphs Wilfrid found time to gratify his love for architecture, and no doubt improved and cultivated the tastes of the Angle people in church building, as he is said to have enlarged and beautified the old Cathedral of York, and built a magnificent Abbey at his See of Ripon. Wilfrid's chief fault seems to have been a bitterness and rancour against the usages and customs of the old, yet true, British church. Yet, as years rolled by, his Christian virtues became more recognised. On his last return from exile and re-appointment to the Bishopric of Hexham there was great rejoicing. This is the origin of an ancient custom which still lingers, so we are told, at Ripon. The first Saturday in August is called "Wilfrid Saturday." On that day the Bishop is personated by a man dressed in clerical robes, mounted on horseback, and, preceded by a band of musicians, perambulating the streets of the city. In the reign of King Athelstan the privilege of sanctuary was granted to the church of Saint Wilfrid, and eight stone crosses were placed a mile distant from each other in a circle around the town, to mark the boundary to those who fled to the city for refuge. The remains of one of these, still called the Sanctuary Cross, can be seen on the road side between Ripon and Sharow. Another privilege granted to this church was the trial or ordeal of fire and water,* and freedom from tax or tribute. The best views of Ripon and its minster are probably from the east side of the river, a mile-and-a-half or two miles from the city. If it be by the soft light of a summer eve, so much the better, then the scene is most impressive and interesting. The great solemn grey pile, with its low square towers, stands finely out from the misty haze, presiding over the old town, which adds a charm, both quaint and picturesque, to the scene. At our feet the river is flowing through beautiful meadows, enriched and adorned by fine trees, whose green leaves are faintly tinged with yellow and gold by the

* The trial by ordeal, or ordeal, meaning judgment, was a relic of Paganism, and although discouraged by the Popes of Rome in early Norman days, traces of this custom or privilege of testing the guilt or innocence of an accused party lingered on into the early years of the present century.

soft light of the setting sun ; the same tint, mingled with glorious trees, is reflected in the bosom of the river. What a contrast is this scene to the noise and rabble at the Feast of St. Wilfrid ; then the market place seemed to be possessed by a frenzied crowd, whose fearful discordant shouts disturb for the time the peaceful slumber of the old city :—"Ah ! hi ! ho ! this way, this way ! Guaranteed sixpenny sticks one penny each !" "Eigh ! eigh ! eigh ! give 'em a chance ! Knock 'em down ! Got another ? Chuck 'em up ! chuck 'em up !" and scores of such shouts ; added is the ringing of bells by red-faced dames and the blare of many fearful-sounding trumpets, enough to rouse the dead from their long sleep of centuries ; then there is the gaily daubed swing boats and the whirl of the glittering roundabouts. Amidst all this confused medley and din, human nature is to be studied in its many phases, from the bright face and sparkling eyes of the town's children to those of the showmen and shooting gallery proprietors, and the attendant riff-raff gathered together on such occasions. One poor half starved, ill-clad child, looking the picture of misery, was seated for hours between two guns. The square, on such nights, is one blaze of light, which throws fitful flickers far down the adjoining streets. The cathedral looks on this 19th century scene in seeming pity through the gloom of Kirkgate. Down the changeeful centuries the old grey pile has looked annually on such motley crowds of humanity, gathered here in memory of its founder. Into the square, punctually at 9 o'clock, came the horn blower, and blew three long wailing blasts, a relic of that olden time custom to guide benighted travellers to a place of safety, and to inform the wakeman that the town was in their safe keeping till the rising of the sun. There was more genuine pleasure to us in those long-sounding blasts, which seemed to come, as it were, up the aisles of time, than in all the deafening din of the wild rabble in the square. Of the beautiful minster we have no space to tell. The interior is most interesting : a wide light nave, timber-roofed ; a fine transept, of the Transition-Norman era ; a beautiful choir, with a grand eastern window, and rich tabernacle work over the stalls, and a groined roof of wood. In the dark crypt, under the central tower, is a hole in the wall, known by the name of Saint Wilfrid's Needle. For generations, and to this day, females squeeze through this needle, and woe be to the unlucky one who is unable to pass, as the safe passage through is a proof of moral purity and speedy marriage. A writer says :—"A camel could not pass through the eye of a needle, but through this needle there is ample room for almost any human being to pass with ease." In the chapel of St. Andrew will be seen the tombs of the Markenfields and the Blacketts, of Newby-on-Ure. The first named, with the Nortons, attended high mass in the cathedral on throwing in their lot with the rebellion.



Tomb of the Markenfields.

We have not space to tell of ancient usages and customs, fairs, trade, and other interesting matters, but the reader will find ample record of these in the history of Ripon.*

Leaving the slumbering old town, with its long record of ecclesiastical and civic dignity, we cross the noble bridge of seventeen arches, and forward to Sharow, passing on our way the remains of the sanctuary cross still standing by the wayside. Sharow is a lovely little village a mile off, on the east side of the Ure, richly surrounded with noble trees, orchards, and gardens. The Church is a commanding structure with a fine tower, and stands in a prominent position ; still passing east by shady nooks and flower gardens on one side, and on the

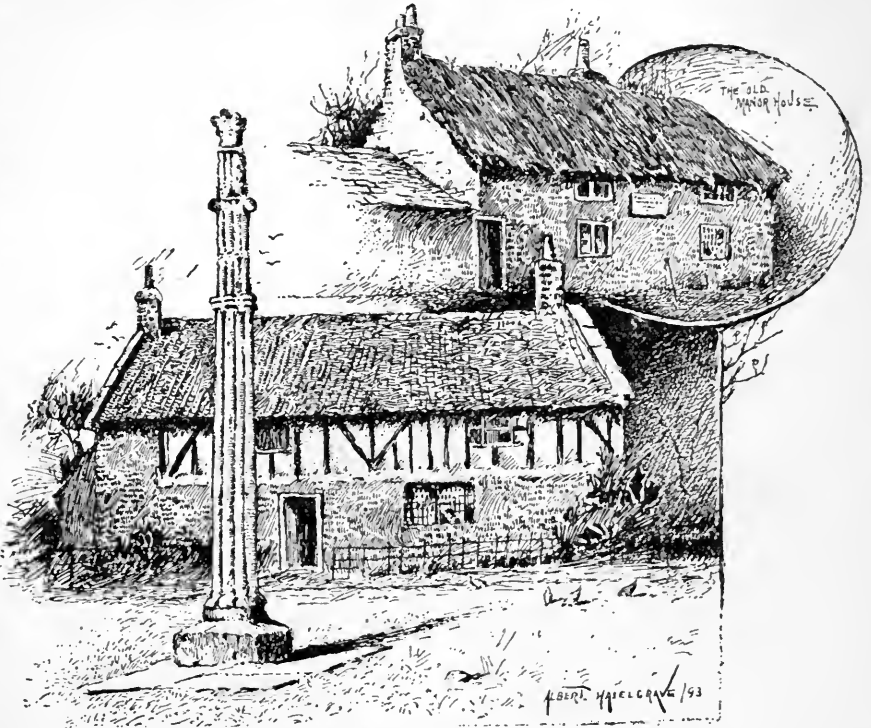


Sharow Village.

other clustering trees, shady dells and lawns. Now the footpath leads over the meadows to Copt Hewick, a small village possessing no distinct feature, with the exception of a beautiful green, near to which is still the remains of a moat which in olden days probably encircled the Manor House. This was no doubt the residence of Sir Roger de Hewick, Knight. Beautifully situated on the brow of the hill, just to the east of the village is Copt Hewick Hall, the residence of Mr. Hirst. Here, during some alterations, there was found a Roman tombstone, and other relics of a bygone age, thus proving the site ancient. In olden time the road from Fountains and Ripon to Rievaulx, Coxwold, and Byland Abbey passed through Copt Hewick, this being the most direct route. A little over a mile to the north of the village, and some two and a half miles from Ripon, is Blois Hall ; just beyond are to be seen the remains of a large

* See Parker's *Historic Ripon*.

circular entrenchment, which has evidently been raised by the same people, and for the same object as those we have already spoken of at Nosterfield; the place is still known as the battle ground. Some two miles east is Marton-le-Moors, where it is supposed the Romans had a military station. There is an ancient lane traceable from this village, past the old mill and so on to the river at Boroughbridge. Another very ancient lane, which formerly led from the mines in the north, is still known as "Old Lead Lane;" it is now broken up into patches, but yet can be traced for miles. This lane

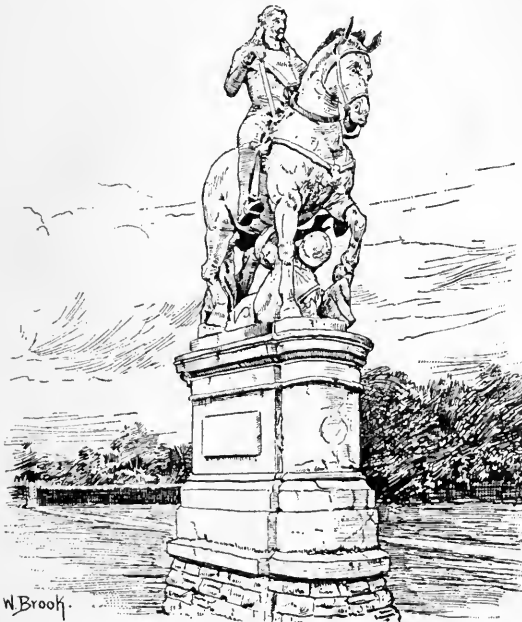


The Old Cross and Manor House, Aldborough.

marks the trackway from the north to Isuer, the capital of the Brigantes. At least, we should imagine, this road was in existence before Leeman Lane was made by the Romans, being too narrow for wheeled vehicles; this track would be traversed by footmen, horsemen, and beasts of burden, and perhaps, in later times, by the pack horse. Adjoining this lane are the remains of entrenchments of undoubted antiquity. The land for some two and a half miles east of the river, rises and falls into a succession of little hills and vales. Bridge Hewick, a mile and a half south of Ripon, is a most interesting place. Here, says Leland, "Was a faire chapel of free stone on the farther ripe of the Ure," at the very end of Hewick Bridge, made by a hermit, who was a mason, and it was not fully finished. A portion of the walls were standing until lately. Bridge Hewick and Copt Hewick are mentioned in the Domesday Book. A mile lower, on the east bank of the Ure, is the ancient estate of Givendale. Here, early in the 14th century, dwelt Simon de Ward, High Sheriff of Yorkshire, who led a body of troops to the assistance of Sir Andrew de Harcla at the Boroughbridge fight. Appearances around still strike the traveller of its past importance, and the remains of a trench by the road side leading to Newby is still traceable. A few hundred yards from Givendale was an ancient

building, which had formerly been much larger. This house was pulled down some fifty years ago, and many curious carved stones were found in the foundations. A mile further we reach Newby

Park, which is beautifully wooded ; the red bricked mansion stands on the west side adjoining the river, which winds gracefully round the outskirts of garden and park, adorned with colossal trees. Opposite the mansion is the equestrian statue of John Sobieski, King of Poland, in the act of trampling on a Turk. This statue was bought at Leghorn, by Sir R. Vyner, in 1675, and was altered to represent Charles II. trampling on Oliver Cromwell ; this was only a feeble retaliation on the old warrior for making kings tremble, and the name of England respected.* At Newby Park ferry, in February, 1869, there happened one of the most affecting and lamentable hunting accidents on record, which cast a gloom over the whole county. The author of "Saddle and Sirloin," when speaking of this melancholy accident, says : "Death is more fearful



Statue of John Sobieski.

when it is in direct contrast with pleasure, and the little ferry on the Ure will be remembered so long as that dark river rolls its dark waters from the moors to the Ouse, as the scene of the most fearful tragedy in hunting history." A fox was found at Stainley, which crossed the river at Newby Park. Sir Charles Slingsby was crossing, with other gentlemen, in the ferry boat, when there was a scrimmage among the horses. Old Saltfish, belonging to Sir Charles, became restive, and jumping out he became entangled in the chains and



In Newby Park.

EDMUND BOGG.

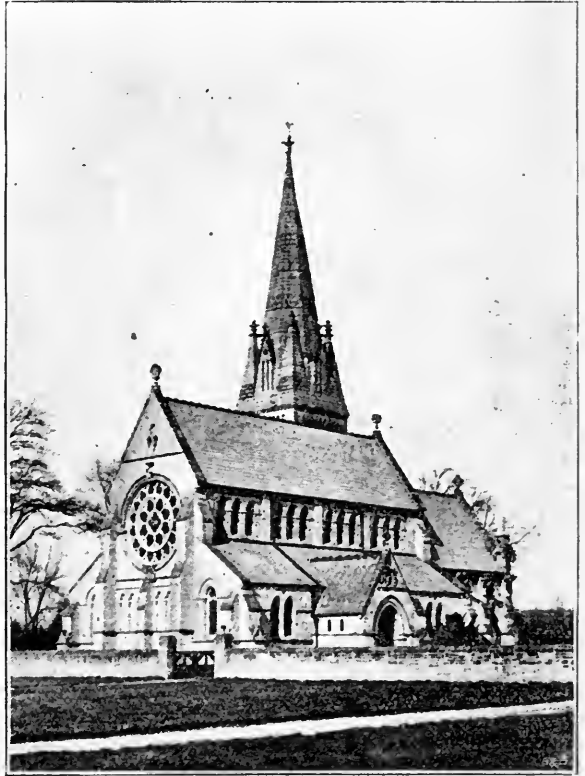
* This famous equestrian statue of John Sobieski, King of Poland, was seen by Sir Robert Vyner in a sculptor's yard at Leghorn, and, having purchased it, altered the name of the Polish monarch to Charles II., whilst the fallen Turk was named Oliver Cromwell ; thus re-christened it was placed in the Stocks Market in honour of Charles II. Sir Robert Vyner was Lord Mayor of London in 1675. On one occasion, when he was honoured with the company of Charles II., His Majesty was for retiring early, "but Sir Robert, filled with good liquor and loyalty, laid hold of the king and swore - 'Sir, you shall take t'other bottle.' " The merry monarch looked kindly at him and, with a smile and graceful air, repeated a line of an old song : "He that's drunk is as great as a king," and so, turning back, made merry with Sir Robert.

upset the boat, hence the cause of the sad catastrophe.* Passing the old mere covered with rush and sedge, and overhanging boughs, where wild fowl nest and disport in the water, we come to the beautiful Church of Skelton, with its tall and graceful spire. This church is a fine architectural work, and the interior adornments chaste and beautiful, and was built by the Lady Mary Vyner, in memory of her son, Frederick Grantham Vyner, who was murdered by brigands, April 21st, 1870. Just on the outskirts of the park is the village of Skelton, the worst place that ever a hungry man with money willing to buy food ever put foot into, which the writer will long remember; plenty of beer but nothing to eat, not even bread and cheese. In summer time the village looks very charming. The most striking scene, next to the amount of women gossiping, is the lych gate, and the old church with its ivy-clad front, and its quaint bell gable. A stone in the churchyard records the death by drowning, in the hunting accident above referred to, of the boatman and his son James :—

“ He shall return no more
To his house, neither shall
His place know him any more.”

The large stream which enters the Ure at Newby Park, rises and drains the lands between Brimham Rocks and the Skell country, passing through Sawley Park and forward to Markington and Wormald Green, then bends south for three or four miles, passing Stainley, leaving the beautiful village of Burton Leonard half-a-mile to the north, then twisting and turning through beautiful groves and woods and under rustic bridges and through the most beautiful undulating scenery at Copgrove, bends to the north and enters the river Ure opposite Newby Park. We have not space to mention more than briefly the interesting places in the watershed of this stream, but the most beautiful part of its course is around Copgrove, which means the cop or top of the grove; this name is most appropriate, for the spot is a perfect labyrinth of groves, dells, and belts of woodland through which flows, in serpentine course, the noisy beck, in eager haste to join the “brimming river.”

Copgrove Church is dedicated to Saint Michael, and is an interesting, quaint, little structure, with nave, chancel, small gallery, and bell gable. There was a church here in the Confessor's



Skelton Church.

* See page 113.

reign ; of the earlier structure the chancel arch still remains, and is most unique. The font is early Norman, but has been reduced in size.

Near to the mansion is a spring of water known as Saint Mungo's Well ; formerly the healing virtues of the waters of this well were held in great repute. The river Tutt, or Staveley Beck, rises on Brearton Moor and passes the lovely little village of Farnham and the ancient moated site of Walkingham Hall, then flows near to the village of Staveley, and forward to the river at Boroughbridge.

STAVELEY.

The most interesting and picturesque features of this place are centred around the church, which has been entirely rebuilt, and but few relics of the ancient edifice remain. The church stands on a slight eminence, and the spire forms a prominent landmark. The graveyard

contains part of a Norse cross. John Wesley preached in this churchyard, and the tombstone on which he stood and addressed the large congregation is still pointed out. Another stone is said to cover the grave of Tit Poole, a celebrated witch, who resided in this village ; a lane bearing the name of "Tit Poole's Lane," still preserves her memory. During the civil wars of Charles I. the children

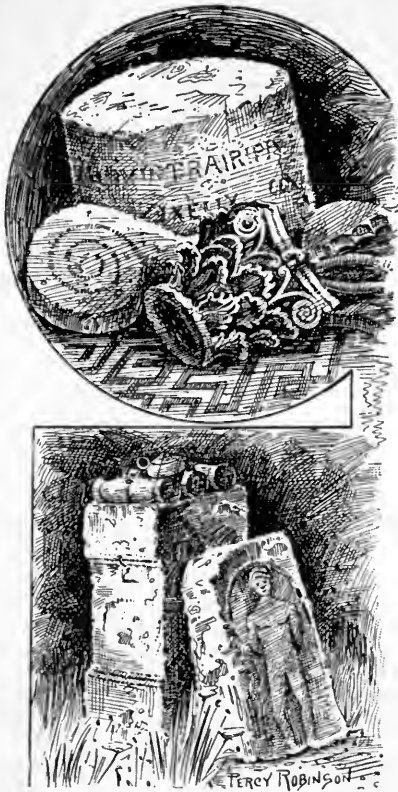


Staveley.

from the surrounding districts were brought to this church for baptism ; Knaresborough being then beleagured, a Mauleverer performed that ceremony. The church register for that period says :—" Whom that man Cromwell is supposed to have knighted." Flint arrow heads and also Roman relics have been found here. Between Staveley and Boroughbridge is the small village of Roecliffe. Here are one or two very old timber-framed cottages, a large green, and a neat church, which is approached by a path leading under a shady avenue of yews. Minskip, a red brick village, a little to the south of Boroughbridge, is fairly pleasant, yet possessing no particular feature.

BOROUGHBRIDGE AND ALDBOROUGH.

Although the first-named town has not a separate existence of more than 800 years, yet the two places are inseparably connected, from being within the boundary of the ancient city



Relics, Aldborough.

of Iseur, the capital of the Brigantes, whose rule stretched from the Trent to the Tyne, and east and west from coast to coast. As we strain our eyes across the wide gulf of time and try to pierce the deep shadows of the past, a faint streak of light glimmers above the verge of the far-away horizon, and through the misty haze of 2,000 years we see standing on this spot a large British city, the dwelling-place of kings and queens, and the capitol of a people whose greatness and courage can be gauged by the fact that some fifty years later they were able to stem and even roll back for a generation the advancing wave of Roman conquest. So much history tells us; beyond, through the unknown centuries of the pre-historic there is a long dark night of unbroken mystery and silence. Nearly every vestige of this people has been swept away, save here and there a barrow or tumuli, containing the bones of some chieftain, a few flint arrows and axes, and, in some cases, the remains of rude pottery. Yet stay, there uprears three mysterious relics just to the west of Boroughbridge; by whom raised, and for what purpose, no one will ever know. That they are the oldest British memorials known, we have not the slightest doubt. Here they still stand, sentinels from hoary antiquity, inscribed with no

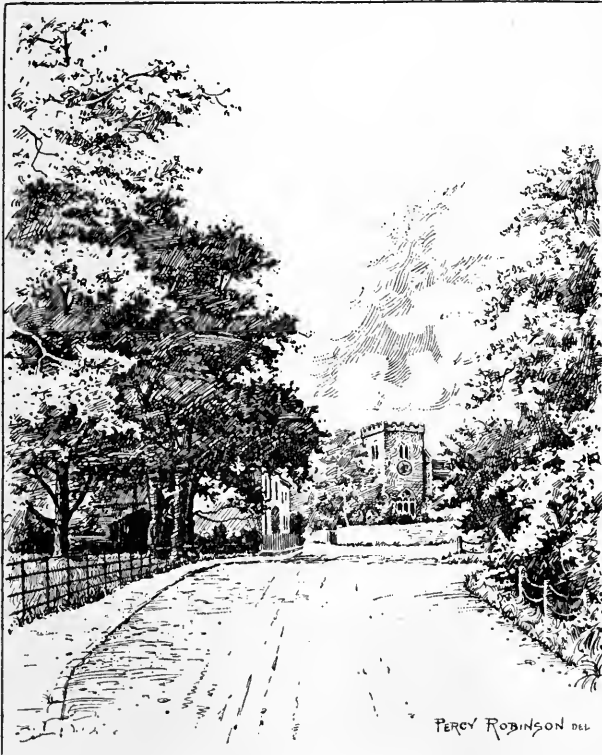


Devil's Arrows, Boroughbridge.

record; and as we muse in front of the immense blocks, trying to unravel the great mystery of their origin, and peer back into the far past, we almost imagine some voice from the old world will come to our aid, but, as we ponder, our thoughts only become more and more confused amidst the hazy web of an unfathomable mystery which surrounds them; yet the great blocks, defying the ravages of time, stand silent in front of us, revealing the fact that some powerful people, far away down the shadowy aisles of time, who have not left their names on the pages of history, have raised them, to be gazed on for all ages, and have not left a key to solve the problem whereby to tell the story of their use or origin. Thus musing, a gruff voice of the

19th century breaks the stillness, and disperses the dim figures of two thousand years ago: "Hi, mister, deant ya knaw what them thair stenes is?" On acknowledging our ignorance, he triumphantly informed us "that they wer't devil's arrows."

Connected with the above name is the following legend: Aldborough having excited the wrath of his Sable Majesty, he journeyed to Howe Hill, just beyond Fountains Abbey, and planted his tremendous bow on the top of that mound, and discharged his giant arrows of stone intending to demolish the town; all the arrows fell short of the mark, as will be seen from those still standing. So much for legend. Of the Brigantes and their great struggle with Rome, of Queen Cartismandau and her ignoble deeds, of Caractacus, made prisoner at Iseur, and his captivity, will be already found written on pages 9 to 12, so we must let that suffice. Evidences of Roman occupa-



Lovers' Walk, Aldborough

tion, who named the city Isurium, are plentiful. Nearly every vestige for some centuries was buried in the general destruction caused by the Danes in the 9th century, and in the havoc and the ruin of the Conquest period; yet this may have possibly preserved what otherwise might have perished. Relics in the shape of altars, statues, baths, roads, pottery, armour, coins, mosaic and tessellated pavements, are plentiful; some pavements are of the most exquisite and interesting design, and retain a freshness of colour simply marvellous, after a lapse of nearly 2,000 years. One floor represents a panther in the centre, crouching under a palm

tree, worked in colours of red, yellow, brown, black, and violet, on a white ground, around which are beautiful intricate borders of plaited rope design. We are told the village green marks the site of the ancient forum, and around the square were the shops and bazaars of merchants, shewing the products and handicrafts from all parts of the globe. Whoever desires to stand where the capitol of the old British stood, and where the legions of Rome dwelt, and artificers, artists, and builders of old worked and planned, let him visit Aldborough, and the aspiration of his soul will be amply gratified.



Aldborough Church is beautifully situated, and its battlemented tower, nearly surrounded by leafage in summer time, puts the finish to a lovely picture. The interior is most interesting. In the east end of the north aisle is a fine old brass memorial to William de Aldeburgh. A stone under the tower dates back to the Roman period, and is supposed to represent the figure of Mercury. In the churchyard is an ancient and also a very curious tombstone.

Just at the entrance to Aldborough is a cross, some 18 feet in height, which formerly stood in the market place, Boroughbridge, and was erected to commemorate the battle. It was removed to its present site in 1852. On either side of the cross stand two ancient houses (see sketch).

From the earliest times, and up to the Conquest, the great north road had crossed the river Ure a little to the east of Aldborough. In the early Norman period

the road was diverted and crossed the river by a ford near the site of the present bridge. Afterwards a wooden structure was erected, which gave place to one of stone built some 400 years ago, and widened during the last century. From the changing of routes, Borough, or Burgh, Bridge, rising rapidly into existence, became a market town, and returned two members to parliament as far back as 1557. In the



The Hall, Aldborough.

early years of the 14th century, the old wooden bridge was the scene of a desperate conflict between the revolted Barons, led by the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, and the troops of the



Old House, Boroughbridge.

Lancaster took refuge in the old chapel, which formerly stood in the Market Place, relics of which can be seen in the new church (see sketch), but no sanctuary was to protect the fallen baron; he was dragged from the church, stripped of his armour and carried to York, where he was hooted with the derisive cries of "Hail, King Arthur!" From York he was conveyed to his own castle at Pontefract, and lowered into a deep, gloomy dungeon, and soon after he was condemned to death by the revengeful Edward, who had never forgotten or forgiven the Earl's share in the death of his favourite, Piers Gaveston. Mounted on a miserable hack, amidst the gibes and insults of the populace, he was led to the block. Thus

King led by Sir Andrew de Harcla. A terrible fight for the possession of the bridge took place, across which, to the insurgents, lay their only hope of safety. 'Tis said a Welshman, armed with a long spear, hid somewhere beneath the bridge, and as the Earl of Hereford, with a body of soldiers, sword in hand, was attempting to storm the bridge, the Welshman thrust his spear through an opening in the timbers, and gashed his bowels so that he fell forward mortally wounded. After a long struggle Lancaster made a final effort to ford the river, but being again repulsed, his troops lost heart and fled.



Remains of Old Saxon Work in Boroughbridge Church

perished one of the most powerful barons England ever gave birth to, who constantly employed

his power in endeavouring to secure to the people their privileges and liberties.

In the old coaching days Boroughbridge had a great reputation for the comfort and entertainment provided for travellers at its various hostelries. The great event of the year is the celebrated Barnaby Fair, formerly vast quantities of hardware, toys, and cutlery, were annually brought from Sheffield and Birmingham, and cloth from the West Riding towns. Though not so important as of yore, buyers and sellers still come from near and far. The "Crown Hotel" was formerly the residence of the Tancred. To the eye of the artist and antiquarian many a quaint and interesting spot will be seen at Boroughbridge, such is the group of picturesque houses shadowed by the ancient elms. Near



Barnaby Horse Fair.

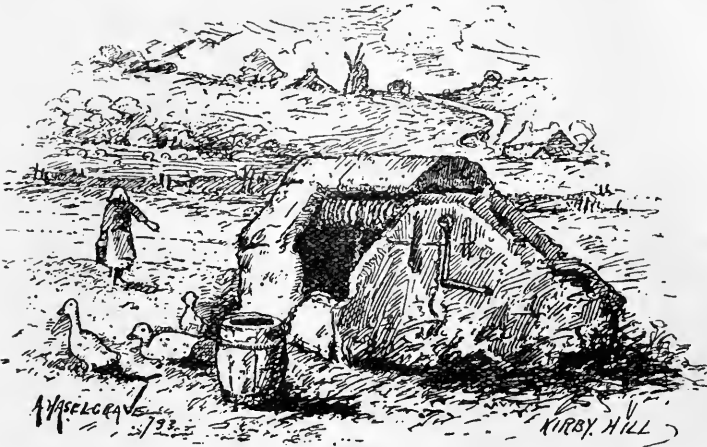
to is the Hall, forming a charming picture, with its curious gables, chimneys, and many windows. In summer time it is nearly hidden by the foliage of tall and wide-spreading trees, whose branches form cool and shady bowers, where the birds dwell and warble choruses of delight, which even the loud cawing of the noisy rooks overhead cannot destroy. In the grounds is the tomb of Archbishop Scrope, and other relics brought hither after the great fire at York Minster.



The Hall, Boroughbridge.

Another sweet picture is from the bridge, if viewed just before the hour of twilight, when the setting sun robes the sky with vermillion and gold; and the same hue is reflected in the river,

beyond the sparkling water is falling over the weir and glitters in the departing sunlight like a mine of diamonds; with the cattle, at milking time, passing to and from the meadows, wading in the broad shallow river just above the bridge, adding further interest to a charming picture.



Old Well, Kirby Hill.

KIRBY HILL,

A small village a mile and a half north of Boroughbridge, adjoining the Leeming Lane,

famous in the annals of trotting matches. Near to the "Blue Bell" is an ancient milestone, and just beyond, on the high ground, is Skelton windmill, from which splendid views can be obtained. Formerly the land on which the mill stands and two other strips of ground adjoining belonged to the parish of Kirby Hill. Legend gives the reason for their transference to the parish of Skelton: "Many years ago the dead body of an unknown man was found at this spot; the expense of the interment fell to the parish where the corpse was found. As the parishioners of Kirby were remiss in complying with the above custom, the people of Skelton removed the body to a place of burial in their churchyard, and, by an old law, claimed this land for their parish." At Kirby are two very ancient draw wells, of great depth, one of which is said to have been sunk by the Romans. Kirby Hill church was thoroughly restored in 1870. There is an ancient circular font and other relics of early Norman and even Saxon periods. Built into the walls of the tower is part of a Roman altar,



Old Cottage, Kirby Hill.

EDMUND BOGG

bearing an inscription, and the churchyard contains the shaft of a Norse cross. A gravestone, in memory of Mrs. Margaret Hindley, says :—

“ Whence I came it matters not,
To whom related or by whom begot ;
A heap of dust is all that remains of me,
'Tis all I am and all the proud shall be.”

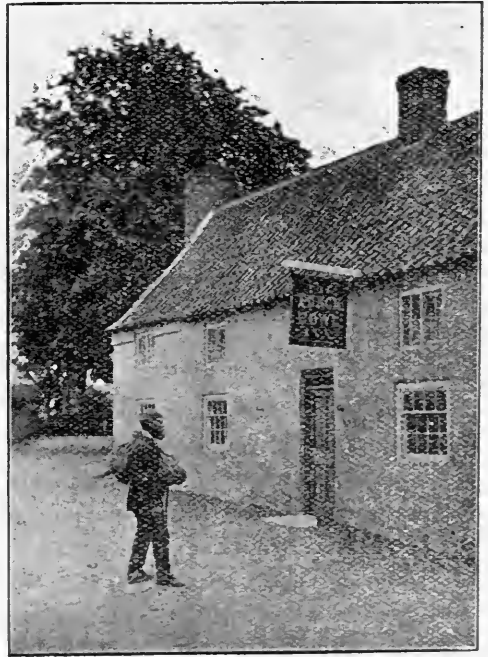


Grafton.

The village possesses two or three very picturesque dwellings. Three miles to the south of Boroughbridge, standing on the high ridge of land dividing the two vales, are the pretty villages of Marton and Grafton. The first-named was aroused from its slumbers in the spring of 1893 by an eviction, and the evicted ones formed a motley assembly in the village street. There were ducks, geese, and hens, a pig or two, some cows, and a pony, with their owner and his furniture thrown or thrust into the village street.

A bond of sympathy, however, seemed to pervade

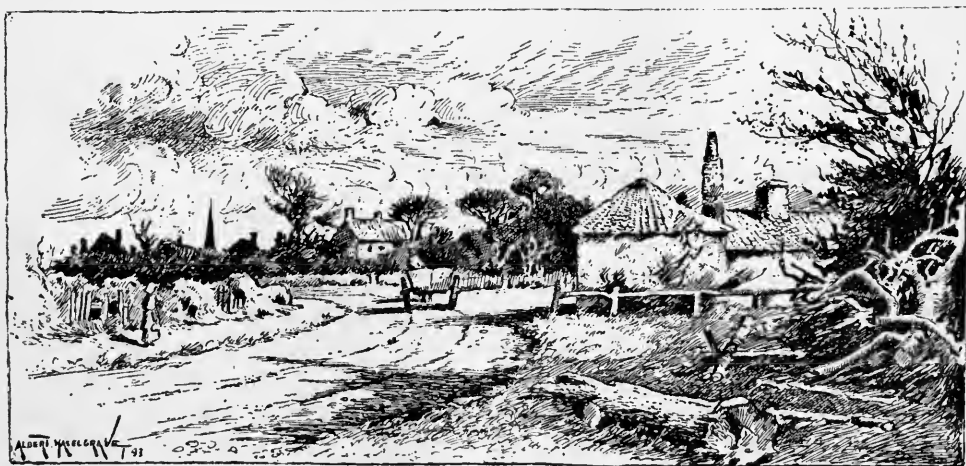
through the whole group, who, for the time being, were homeless, and wanderers on the earth. There are many interesting pictures in and around Grafton ; rustic cottages and farms are seen peeping through the branches of white blossoming orchard trees. The land beyond rises into a succession of gentle ridges, dells, and dome-like hills. At the east end of the village is one of the most glorious landscape pictures the eye can possibly rest on, with an old lane, bordered by picturesque cots and little flower gardens for a foreground, from which visions sweep far away over the plain country. Climbing the hill above the village, we look on another picture. The red tiled roofs and grey walls, seen clustering amongst the trees, form a fine village picture, whilst around and far beyond, on every hand, is a vast circling panorama, truly wonderful in extent and beauty. The village of Marton is a few hundred yards south of Grafton. The “ Punch Bowl ” Inn, with its yellow-washed front, is quaint and interesting. There is a circular pound, built of rubble stones, inside of which is the time-worn sign-post, whose aged arms



The Punch Bowl, Marton.

E. BOGG.

are fast mouldering away. The church has been entirely re-built. The old structure stood about one hundred and fifty yards to the south of the present church. When the Scots harried these parts in the 14th century, this sanctuary was nearly destroyed, the marks of fire being very apparent. The old church was in a most ruinous condition long before its demolition, and the same remark would apply to this church as was said of another equally ruinous and ancient; who when Sir Gilbert Scott was requested to give his opinion regarding its condition, he remarked: "Well, gentlemen, the only reason I can assign for it being standing to-day is that it did not fall yesterday." Several portions of shafts, caps, and 12th century tombstones, and an ancient piscina are preserved in the new church. On our way to Low Dunsforth we passed an old man breaking stones on the road side. He told us his working life extended over seventy years, but, he said, "A've failed more this last winter than ah ivver remember in all mi life; you see a've two miles te walk when a've dene me day's wark." Every time the old man struck a stone he made a loud exclamation, like the sound of "ah, ah," which could be heard nearly a quarter of a mile away. The amount of times this would be repeated in a year is a problem. Low Dunsforth, as seen on a spring morning,



.Low Dunsforth.

impresses us as an ideal old English village. Diverging from the wide green roadway are pleasant paths leading to farms and cottages; these are mostly shielded and adorned by orchards; the trunks of many old trees are bowed and twisted, having withstood many a winter's storm. Now the blossoming season adds more beauty, and sunlight and shadows are playing on the rich green sward. One old cottage is almost hidden in rank vegetation and thatch. In the meadow garth or croft, a group of young calves are cropping the sweet herbage, and a mother goose parades with her goslings, and hisses at us as we pass. In a heap of thorns a blackbird has built her nest, and is sitting guarding her eggs, a picture of fear and timidity, lest we should destroy her nest, as we had no wish to disturb her, we only

stood for a moment to look at her glossy coat and shining eyes. Here are some old gates which seem to have done duty for a century, and beyond, is the old cart-shed, whose roof is fully a yard deep with thatch, within is an old-time roller and several other implements of primitive husbandry, which appear to have been manufactured in the days of the Georges. The church has been entirely rebuilt, and in the vestry, in a fine state of preservation, is some early Norman work. The graveyard contains the shaft of an old sun-dial and a very fine Norman font. In 1860 the old Saxon church was pulled down, and about thirty Saxon coins, mostly silver pennies, were discovered among the *debris* as well as a clay ring, probably used as a weight for a fishing net. The coins belonged to a period of about a thousand years ago, and were distinctly valuable, though not sufficiently so for the British Museum to claim them. They are still in existence and, as they give approximately the date of the old church, it is to be hoped that at some time they may find a final resting place in some local museum.

Crossing the river by the ferry, half a mile's walk brings us to the village of Myton. The scene is beautiful and refreshing on this May morning, sleek cattle with bright shining hides were grazing in the meadows, beyond are farms and stackyards, and orchards, richly bedecked with white snowy blossom; peeping here and there from amongst trees are the cottages, and over all rises the grey church tower, backed by the dark wooded banks of the Swale. Vastly different was the scene one morning in September, nearly 600 years ago, for, sad to relate, on that day heaps of ghastly slain lay weltering in the morning sun, whilst all around were signs of havoc, ruin, and desolation, and the glare of burning farm, village, and church, and the marks of that visitation were still apparent in many churches up to the present century, and this is how it came to pass. The degradation and humiliation Scotland had to bear from the hands of the first Edward was frightfully retaliated upon the Northumbrians, in the reign of his weak and vacillating son and successor. At the battles of Bannockburn and Byland Abbey the defeat of the English was so complete, that the swiftness of his steed alone saved the King from being made prisoner. The battle of Myton Meadows was more like the slaughter of a confused mass of struggling humanity than a pitched battle. Randolph and Douglas were renowned Scottish warriors, men of great personal strength, full of dash and daring, yet cool and experienced leaders. And whilst the English army were besieging the Scots in the town of Berwick, these two knights, with 15,000 veteran soldiers, made a swoop into Yorkshire, burning, plundering, and sacking town and village, to the very gates of the historic city. The Archbishop of York, William de Melton, and the Mayor, Nicholas Fleming, felt keenly the insult, as well as the misery of the peasantry, so hastily gathering an army together, composed of citizens, apprentices, clergymen, labourers, and even beggars, armed with all kinds of primitive weapons, marched out of York in quest of the Scots, who were now camped by the waters of the Ouse, just below the junction of the Swale and the Yore. On the approach of the English, the Scots feigned a retreat, passing over the bridge to the north side of the Swale into the field known from the battle as "Myton Meadows." The English, pushing over the bridge in eager chase, were met by volumes of smoke blown from burning haystacks, which

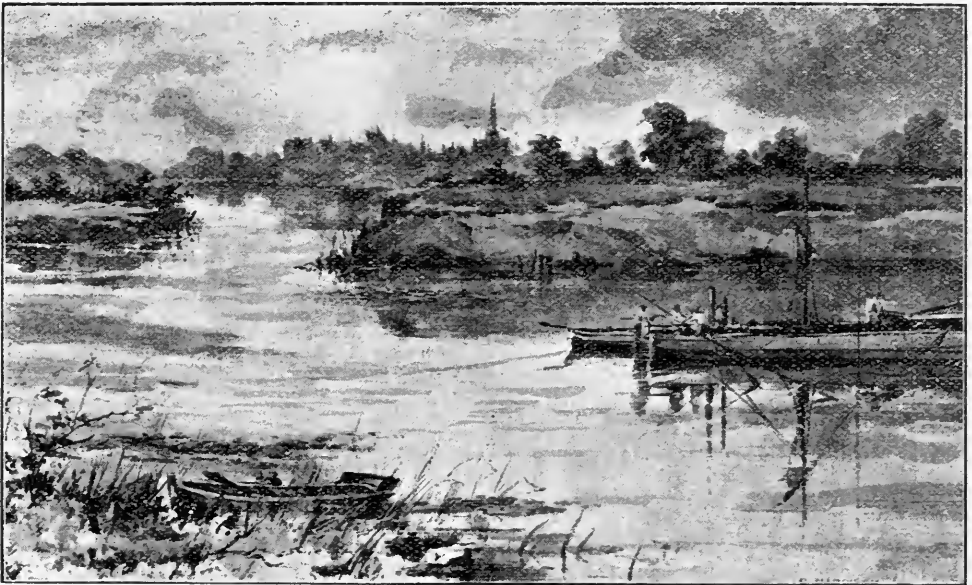
the Scots had fired purposely to hide their movements, and who had now formed into the shape of a shield, and were charging down full on the enemy, separating into two parts, one division threw itself between the bridge and the English, thus closing up their only avenue of escape. And they were thus caught in the trap cleverly planned for their destruction; being unable to maintain any semblance of authority in their ranks, now commenced a scene of bloodshed and carnage. The Scottish swordsmen and billmen hewed and hacked at this struggling mass, until four thousand Englishmen, it is said, lost their lives, one thousand of which were drowned in attempting to cross the river; three hundred priests, in clerical garb, were amongst the slain, and the Mayor of York, who was serving his seventh year of office, was also amongst the dead. The Archbishop and the Bishop of Ely barely escaped with their lives. From the great



A SCOTTISH
RAID

number of clergymen who took part in this fight, it is known to the English as the "White Battle," and to the Scots, who treated the matter as a pleasant joke, it is known as the "Chapter of Myton," from a meeting of the clergymen belonging to a cathedral being called a chapter. After the battle the Scots pursued their plundering course down the Vale of York, leaving marks of devastation and ruin in their track. Crossing the river Aire at Castleford, and returning by the way of Craven and North Lancashire into Scotland, carrying with them an immense amount of plunder, herds of cattle, sheep, and captives, etc. The writer once passed through the battlefield in the darkness of a sultry evening in September, and was much impressed by the silence and peace of all around, which almost felt oppressive. No sound was heard but that of our own footsteps, and the faint noise of a few drowsy cattle munching the dewy grass, here

and there the rush of a startled sheep, and the flight of a disturbed night bird. Our minds naturally reverted to scenes of the past, and we seemed as it were to hear the clash of arms, the shrieks of the wounded and shouts of the victors, mingled with the groans of the dying. What a striking contrast was this peaceful night when compared to the awful scenes which took place on that fatal September eve many centuries ago. Connected with Myton are two other scenes; we have already spoken of that famous warrior, Roger de Mowbray, the founder of Byland Abbey, to which he retired when wearied with the war and turmoil of the world, having assumed the monastic garb, he spent peacefully the remaining fifteen years of his life, and was interred within the Abbey, in an arch on the south side of the chapter-house, and over his tomb was carved a sword he had wielded so ably whilst living. After having slept there in



peace for 600 years, all that was left of his mortal body was again to pass over the fertile vale, whose name of Mowbray will ever remain a memorial to his memory. In 1819 the Squire of Myton, Martin Stapylton, for some reason, caused the body to be disinterred and removed to the church yard of Myton-on-Swale. It was widely felt in later times that an act of desecration had been committed; and therefore, when a vacancy occurred in the living of Myton, about ten years ago, the bones of the old warrior were disinterred by night, and consigned to their original resting place at Byland, and, as it was in accordance with public opinion, no one interfered to prosecute. Now we must hurry down the vale of York, for we have already far exceeded the limits of our space.

The ancient village of Aldwark, on the left, probably had an existence in Roman times; still passing on we come to the newly-built village of Linton-on-Ouse, with the noise of water

rushing over the weir. Now winding to the south with the river, we pass the churchyard of Newton standing high above its banks, and its rows of cherry trees adorning the village street; and now gliding on the bosom of the river past Monkton and Beninborough, with the spire of Skelton Church on the left. Now the towers and pinnacles of that grand old city come into our vision, filled with memories of British, Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman days; yonder rises in splendour and majesty the noble minster towers, the admiration of all visitors, whilst relics of Rome are still to be traced in the gates and walls of the ancient capital. Here is a city enshrined with memories of two thousand years, and yet flourishing with all the attributes of a commercial capitol and business centre of the present day. What a wide field for imagination: the mind can fairly revel in building up a fabric on the various



York from Heworth Fields.

theories of the pre-historic past, and thence flowing upwards along the current of time may picture many a gorgeous pageantry, and the stately tramp of armed legions; the coronation and funerals of kings and emperors; the storm of siege and battle; the building of the castle and city walls; and the uprearing of the magnificent cathedral and the interesting old abbey (now standing in ruins by the river); the stately processions of bishops, monks, priests and choristers, and of the imposing ceremonial services held therein. Still flowing on the bosom of the Ouse, and leaving the old city, with its treasury of history and tradition behind, the ancient palace of Bishopthorpe, the home of the Archbishops, with its memories of great men, stands facing on to the river; here Archbishop Scroop met his accusers, and was condemned to death; and in a field near by, at the fifth stroke of the sword, his head fell from his body. The five strokes was the

last request of the dying prelate to the executioner, to imitate the five wounds, and for the love of his Saviour. The room in which the Archbishop was tried is still to be seen. An old custom of centuries, which only fell into disuse some forty years ago, was that when a vessel was about



Bishopthorpe Palace, Bishopthorpe.

to pass this place a gun was fired as a salute, on which a can of ale was always lowered to refresh the thirsty voyagers.

We have now completed our thousand miles of wandering, and in bidding adieu to the reader, we hope some amount of pleasure will be gained by the perusal of these pages, truthfully depicting many of our ramblings in the two river vales.

EDMUND BOGG.

ERRATA.

- Page 9, third line from bottom.—“Isurium” should read “Isuer.”
 „ 48, in Footnote.—“A whole family” should read “a noble family.”
 „ 239, line 6.—“Wilton” should read “Witton.”
 „ 258, line 8.—“Peat is impassable” should read “feat is impossible.”

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