TOURIST RAMBLES

Tourist Rambles.

TOURIST RAMBLES

IN

Yorkshire, Lincolnshire,

Durham, Northumberland, & Derbyshire.

BY J. BROWN,

Author of "Severus," "A Reverie," and other Poems.

"I ROAM the wide world over, and survey
Its wealth of varied landscape; waving woods
In all their summer verdure smile upon me.
I hear the rushing of the waterfall
O'er mighty rocks, and watch the silvery spray
Bathe moss and lichen, and o'erhanging trees,
That clothe the sides of grey and beetling cliffs,
Where castled ruins tell of times long past,
Change and decay, love, war, and perish'd power."

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PREFACE.

In publishing in a collected form various hastily-written papers, illustrative of interesting excursions of the York Tourist Society, the author may be permitted to say he has done it in compliance with the desire so frequently expressed by several of its most influential members, in order to preserve a record of what would be otherwise ephemeral and forgotten. If the perusal of them should add to the pleasure, or vividly bring back to the memory the incidents or the scenes described, or be the means of inducing others who are not members of the Y. T. S. to embark in the same pilgrimages, and tread in the steps of those who have founded and sustained so unique and admirable an institution, he will be amply repaid by the reflection that he has contributed in some degree, not only to their intellectual gratification, but to their physical enjoyment; and that in the future, memory will oft recall the beautiful scenery and the

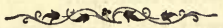
romantic legends that surround and embellish the magnificent and historical remains of a great and glorious past.

The York Tourist Society originated from a few friends joining together in excursions to Castle Eden Dene or Dell, in Durham, and the princely Chatsworth, in Derbyshire. These visits took place in the year 1865, when Edwin Wade, Esq., J.P., was Lord Mayor of the City of York, and accompanied the party. In the following year another excursion took place to Boston Spa and Bramham Park, which in its results was so gratifying, that it was determined to form a society, in order that future excursions might be more easily organized; Mr. Wade, the ex-Lord Mayor, being elected President (an office he still worthily fills), and Mr. Henry Brearey, Hon. Secretary. In course of time, the Society gradually increased in numbers, and Mr. R. W. Anderson, who has taken the place of Mr. Brearey as Hon. Sec., has successfully carried out the greater part of its excursions. It was not until the Spring of 1873 that any Tourist Papers were written, since then, however, the author, Dr. Procter, Mr. G. C. Baskett, Mr. J. L. Foster, and others, have occasionally illus-

trated the movements of the Society. Should the present venture prove successful, those gentlemen may perhaps be induced to allow their contributions to be edited and published in a succeeding volume.

The author has preceded the Tourist Papers by an introductory one on "Tours in Yorkshire," which was delivered at the York Institute in November, 1876, preliminary to readings on "Jervaulx and Middleham," and "The Strid and Bolton Priory." He has done so as it relates to tours in general, and points out the principal objects that time has spared, which add beauty and interest to the localities visited. He has also appended two articles of a kindred character, and another that perhaps has no business in the volume; the author's apology for its appearance must, therefore, be its relation to a question which has stirred, and is still exciting the attention of, the whole British Empire.

York, *June*, 1878.



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MISCELLANEOUS.

TOURIST RAMBLES.

TOURS IN YORKSHIRE.

*(An Address delivered at the York Institute, on November 21st, 1876).**

IN fixing upon the title of the Reading as a description of "Tours in Yorkshire," it was suggested by your Secretary, Mr. Seller, in consideration of having contributed papers on some of the excursions of the York Tourist Society, which he and other friends were good enough to say were of an interesting character. In reading two of them to-night we may be permitted to remark they are merely slight sketches hurriedly penned at the time, and do not at all profess to be of an exhaustive character.

* A few preliminary personal remarks at the commencement of the address are omitted.

Yorkshire, which is the largest county in England, possesses within its borders almost every variety of scenery, some of the gentlest loveliness, and other of a grand and imposing character. From the Tees to the Humber stretches a vast but gently undulating plain, without a hill 100 feet in height to break the continuity of its course; but it has a noble setting in the north and east in the Cleveland, Hambleton, and Wold Ranges, and in the west by that immense ridge extending from Westmoreland to Derbyshire, which is the watershed and source of the principal rivers in Yorkshire.

As the county of York excels in its scenery, so also does it beyond compare contain more of the relics and monuments of a bygone age than any other that can be named. In the capital city itself, there are many treasures of industry and art, records of a time when Imperial Rome extended her conquering and civilizing influences over the remotest parts of the ancient world, and consequent on which Eboracum, the home and birthplace of some of the greatest of her Emperors, became the chief city of sea girt Albion. Its grand memorials of Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor

times, are also of historic interest and renown, bringing pilgrims from distant countries and from far off climes to admire and reverence its one unequalled shrine; and amongst them may be found the intelligent New Yorker, who surveys for the first time with indescribable emotion the glories of a city, which has given a name to the chief commercial metropolis of the new world.

In the unsettled times of the conquest, when it was necessary for the Normans to completely subdue the spirit of the English and consolidate their power, the victorious king granted the lands of the Saxon Thanes to an alien nobility, as a reward for their enterprise and valour, and on every point of vantage, a fortified Norman castle was erected, garrisoned by men-at-arms, who overawed and kept in subjection the surrounding country. As time wore on, and the different races gradually became one people, and life and property were more secure, a spirit of religious emulation exhibited itself amongst the Barons, resulting in the erection of those grand monasteries, whose picturesque ruins add a charm and melancholy grace to the romantic scenery by which they are surrounded.

As in its castles, so in its abbeys, Yorkshire is rich in those glorious remains, which frequently put to shame the vaunted pretentious architecture of the present age. In the greatness of their extent, and in the grandeur and magnificence of their proportions and design, we see something accomplished in what many consider a rude and barbarous age, which all the skill and all the appliances of modern times have certainly rarely equalled and never surpassed.

In surveying the ruined castles of the ancient nobility, and the graceful proportions of the abbeys and priories of the Benedictine and Cistercian Monks of old, there must arise in the reflective mind a feeling of admiration, somewhat tinged with regret at the fading glories of the past, in those stern memorials of the instability of human greatness and power, and evidences of the changes time has wrought in the condition of our native land since those structures first reared their heads, emblematic of war and peace; and without indulging in anything like trivial sentimentality, we must do justice to the zeal and piety, the goodness and humanity of our lay and ecclesiastical predecessors in those ages of strife and

insecurity, and acknowledge our indebtedness to self-denying men who sacrificed life itself in a considerate discharge of duty, and in the spreading of that faith to which they had sworn the most implicit and unswerving allegiance. The following quotation from one of our poets illustrates those ideas in a most graphic manner—

"I am the servant of the church and poor,
And none may claim my fealty, or seduce
My love and reverence, and my plighted faith
From her who changeth not, but still remains
Immutable, until the end of time."

The changes that had gradually taken place in the country from the times of the Plantagenets to the disastrous contentions and wars of the Houses of Lancaster and York, were slowly but surely bringing in their train greater freedom of thought and opinion, and considerable power to the burghers of the towns which were increasing in population and influence year by year. With the advent of the Tudor kings, those ideas became still more powerful, and the development of that free and sturdy spirit for which England is now famous, had gone on gathering strength,

until it permeated all classes of society, and influenced the throne itself in bringing about those momentous changes whose influences are yet at work in the religious and political world for the regeneration of mankind. This is not the time, neither is it the place for the lecturer to discuss the motives of king Henry VIII. in reforming the ancient faith, and taking upon himself that supremacy as head of the National Church which had been exercised for centuries by the Popes of Rome; neither shall we criticise his policy in suppressing the abbeys and other religious houses, and dividing their possessions amongst the nobility and gentry, which many of their successors hold at the present day; but it must be quite evident in case of the latter, the purposes for which they were originally instituted had long ceased to be of advantage to the nation; and the action of the State and of the King with regard to the former, must have been in unison with public sentiment and feeling, some parts of the northern counties alone showing opposition, leading to the rising called the "Pilgrimage of Grace," which was soon put down, the principal authors and leaders meeting the fate custom-

ary in those times for unsuccessful treason and rebellion.

In illustration of that other part of the subject which forms one of the principal features of attraction to the Tourist, viz., the ruined castles of the nobility and those which were held by the King in right of his Duchy of Lancaster, we may perhaps briefly be allowed to say a few words on the troubled times of the Stuarts, as it was consequent upon the policy of the unfortunate king Charles the I. that we find them in their present condition. In carrying out the ideas we have expressed concerning the religious revolution of a preceding reign, it appears to us, and no doubt it is historically true, that the policy and prerogatives of the Crown were not in harmony with the feelings and spirit of the age which produced such men as Hampden, Milton, Fairfax and Cromwell; and although we may be royalist by sentiment, yet on full and fair reflection we must candidly confess that the sad, nay, shall we say the cruel death of the Martyr King, who doubtless acted according to his belief of his own irresponsible power, and in the "royal right divine to govern wrong," was perhaps necessary to dispel such illusions, and teach future kings that the

happiness, prosperity and freedom of their subjects should be their constant aim, as thereon depends the stability of power, of governments, and thrones.

The events that had taken place in this remarkable era, and preceding reigns, had been the means of breaking up the feudal system, and serf and villein became terms applicable to the long receding past, though some of the tenures in relation to the holding of land are existent at the present time. The castles, like the abbeys, were ordered to be demolished, and were no longer a menace nor a terror to the peaceful husbandman or the dwellers in the towns; the occupation of the warder, and seneschal, and armed retainers was gone; the portcullis, which had closed behind many a prisoner, who left light and hope behind for the torture and the dungeon and a living death, was abolished for ever; and the state took upon itself the organization of that free and volunteer national force, which has secured liberty at home, and has carried the flag, the valour and renown of England to remotest climes, whenever duty called, or the honour and interest of this great and mighty empire has been involved.

The reasons why we have thus alluded at some length to the origin of the castles and abbeys of England, and the causes which led to their ruin and dismantlement must be self-evident to those who have carefully studied the history of their country, and who have travelled far and wide in quest of the beautiful and the romantic, for where do we find them more combined than when we visit those grand, majestic and ivy-clad remains, which some tourists say are more beautiful in their ruin than when in their prime, which are full of lessons to the thoughtful mind, bringing back to the recollection with a vivid distinctness the manners and customs and historic memoirs of a bygone age, and which also with philosophic exactness, frequently, teach a moral or adorn a tale.

In combination with these two distinctive features, there are other necessary appendages which are generally to be found in close approximation, and which in all their various forms, the tourist and the lover of nature marvellously enjoys; rock, wood and water being their constant companions. The beetling cliff, the boundless woods, the lake and the waterfall, in all the brilliant colouring which

imagination can give, are frequently recalled when memory wanders back to happy youthful days, before the heart knew care, or friendships waxed cold, or love vanished away; so the keep and the turret overlooking the plain, and the ruined monasteries peacefully enshrined in some sequestered nook, with sparkling streams at their feet, the joy of the painter and the glory of the poet, firing his imagination as he illustrates in immortal verse their legendary tales and their treasures of romance; these all revive again with a freshness and distinctness unknown to other themes, and are the purest and the brightest memory can portray upon her vast and varied page.

As the first paper we shall have the honour to read to you recounts an excursion to Leyburn and Jervaulx Abbey in lovely Wensleydale, it is necessary a short account should be given of one of the most beautiful valleys in Yorkshire, where the scenery is ever varied, and whose historical monuments are closely associated with many events of surpassing importance in the history of England.

The river Ure or Yore, which rises in the mountainous country above Hawes, near the borders of Westmoreland, passes in its course

many noted places, until it joins the Swale near Aldboro', the Isurium of the Romans. In its upper reaches it is remarkable for the wildness of its scenery and for the fine waterfalls with which both itself and its tributaries abound. Hardraw Force is a cascade of a very striking description. The stream of water having a clear fall of 99 feet into a natural amphitheatre, the walls of which are 100 feet high and perfectly perpendicular. When the stream is swollen by rains, the basin into which it falls is filled with spray, and this the sunshine often tinges with the hues of the rainbow. The other great waterfall, perhaps better known than Hardraw, is Aysgarth Force, near the village of the same name, where the stream rushes over an irregular bed of limestone, and is rapid and impetuous in its course. The effect of the fall varies at times from the difference in the volume of the stream. "In floods," remarks the late Professor Philips, "it is a great, a mighty river, bursting with prodigious effect through magnificent rocks; but in droughts, only a few gentle rills—the tears of the Naiads—run over the ledges of the limestone." This waterfall, with its accessories of finely wooded banks, is the most beautiful in Yorkshire.

The great features of Wensleydale, however, are the Castles of Middleham and Bolton, and the fine Abbey of Jervaulx, whose abbot figures so prominently in Sir Walter Scott's romance of "Ivanhoe." As the latter will be more particularly mentioned in the paper shortly to be read, we shall confine our remarks to the grand towers of Middleham, and the gloomy prison of Mary Queen of Scots. Middleham Castle was erected at two distinct periods, the more ancient being the Norman keep built by the Fitz Randolphs, but completely surrounded by the more extensive and magnificent structure of the Nevilles. The gatehouse remains in almost its original condition, and the uses of the other apartments in the immense building can be distinctly traced. The Castle of Sheriff Hutton near York belonged also to this noble family which for generations distinguished itself, and made for itself a name that will ever exist in the annals of this country.

The principal associations of the Castle of Middleham consists of its having been the favourite residence of the great Earl of Warwick the renowned king maker, whose extraordinary life and fortunes are portrayed with a masterly hand by the late Lord Lytton in the "Last of

the Barons," and where some of the finest scenes occur in the Castle of Middleham. After Warwick's death at the battle of Barnet, it came into the possession of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards king Richard the III. who had married the Earl's youngest daughter, and it was here in 1473 his only son was born. From the immensity of the buildings as they at present exist, some idea may be formed of the power and the wealth of the Nevilles, and with what grandeur and magnificence they lorded it over the provinces of the North.

The Castle of Bolton lies higher up the valley, a few miles from Leyburn and Wensley, near Bolton Hall, the seat of the Powlett family. It is situate on a height overlooking the fair valley of Wensleydale, contrasting sadly with its surroundings, and is a formidable but gloomy looking pile, though Leland said that in his time it was the fairest in Richmondshire. This castle, which was built in the reign of king Richard the II. by Lord Scrope, the Chancellor of England, is principally renowned for its having been for nearly two years the prison of the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, after flying from her rebellious subjects in Scotland. The Queen's room is still shown,

and the window from which she is supposed to have escaped is pointed out, and the place where she was captured in an opening in the wood at Leyburn Shawl, is called the Queen's Gap at the present day. There is something exceedingly touching and sorrowful in the life of this beautiful and unfortunate princess, and history records no sadder fate than her long and cruel imprisonment by her cousin Elizabeth, consummated by her tragic and heroic death within the Castle of Fotheringay.

The character of Mary has been traced in every variety of shade and colour. On the one hand she has been extolled as the paragon of religion and virtue, and on the other every vice and every crime of degraded humanity has been allotted to her name, which cannot be believed of one who was the most beautiful and accomplished lady in Europe, of whom it was written that "no man ever saw her without love, or will read her history without pity," and whose fate and whose wrongs have been embodied in language so touching and pathetic, that whatever her faults, we wish to forget them, and want to believe in the words of the Poet, that she was purity and love, and more sinned against than sinning.

"Oh, lovelier than the fairest flower
That ever bloomed on green,
Was she, the lily of the land
That young and spotless Queen;
The sweet, sweet smile upon her lips,
Her eyes so kind and clear,
The magic of her gentle voice
That even now I hear.
And Nobles knelt and Princes bent
Before her as she came,
A Queen by gift of nature, she,
More than a Queen in name."

In these introductory remarks, we have endeavoured to show what are the leading features either of scenery or of association that attract us into remote districts, and the account of the origin of our castles and of our monasteries and the changed condition of the people have all a bearing on the subject before us, and tend to illustrate and explain the true condition in which we now find them. If they were non-existent, one of the principal pleasures of the tourist would be gone, and a charm would be banished that has delighted the ignorant and intelligent alike through many preceding years, and we can only hope that our national monuments and memorials of an

earlier civilization may long be religiously preserved for the gratification and pleasure of remote posterity.

The tourist paper now about to be read does not take in the whole features of Wensleydale, but simply that portion of it which is implied by the title.

No. 2.

Wensleydale.—Leyburn, Jervaulx Abbey, and Middleham Castle.

IN the merry month of May, when nature again assumes its most lovely and enchanting aspect, and after the rude storms of winter each bud and spray shoots forth its leafy blossoms, and the noble woods that dot the landscape of this charming part of north Yorkshire array themselves in verdant green of a most wonderful variety of shade and colour, how refreshing is it after the daily and monotonous toil of the crowded and busy city to have a day's enjoyment in the purer air, and by the limpid stream that so gently meanders from the heights of Aysgarth, through the happy valley of Wensleydale, past rock and castle and ruined abbey, the stately hall and lordly mansion, and the ancient memorials of the Roman, Danish, and Norman times, until beyond the towers of Ripon it mingles with

the Ouse, and passing by the embattled turrets of Old Ebor, ultimately becomes that noble river bearing on its bosom the wealth of nations to the ports of Goole and Hull.

In the spring it has been our custom to visit some part of Yorkshire unvisited before, to see that marvellous variety of scenery, unsurpassed in any other county in England, and those objects of interest associated with the history of our country, whose remains are so interesting to the archæologist, the historian, and the ordinary tourist simply on pleasure bent. Need we instance the palatial mansion and grand picture galleries of Castle Howard, the Castle of Helmsley, and the neighbouring town of Kirby Moorside where the favourite of Charles the Second, the ill-starred Buckingham, "in the worst inn's worst room," passed miserably from earth away; the fine old park, and the glorious ruin and terrace of Rivaulx, the Abbey of Byland, and the historical monuments in Coxwold Church, telling of the times of the Martyr King and the days of the Lord Protector's Commonwealth; and where in later times lived Lawrence Sterne, Canon of York, the inimitable creator of Tristram Shandy, Uncle Toby, and Corporal Trim. Then there

is Studley Royal, and Fountains Abbey, one of the masterpieces of the architectural skill of the monks of old, nestled in a perfect paradise of woods and waters; Hackfall, and the wonderful rocks of Brimham, reminding one of the shores of an antediluvian sea; the Priory of Bolton; and last, but not least, the sylvan and romantic scenery where the Greta weds the Tees on the confines of Yorkshire at Rokeby.

There are many other places of remarkable beauty and interest, more especially in the north and west of Yorkshire, that will well repay a visit, and where it would be wise if tourists would resort who at considerable trouble and great expense visit foreign and distant countries, where the scenery is no more remarkable, and scarcely so interesting, as may be found at a few hours' journey from home; and it is only by the publicity of the press that the rural beauties and delights of Old England can be known, and ultimately enjoyed by those who take a pleasure in the works of man and his Maker.

Leaving York by railway on a morning in May, after a night of wind and rain, with the sun peeping out now and then as an indication

of a fine day, we rapidly passed through the fruitful Vale of York to Pilmoor and Thirsk, where stretching away northward were the Hambleton Hills, and that lovely Mowbray Vale, where Gilling Castle, the ancient home of the Fairfaxes, nestles itself in its native woods, whilst still further north and trending towards the coast came in view the Cleveland Hills, and the more prominent Roseberry Topping singling itself out as a landmark, where you can view

> "O'er moor and fen and plain and lea,
> The countless masts that stud the sea."*

At length Northallerton is reached, where some stay is made prior to the train starting for Leyburn, so an exploration of this remarkably uninteresting town is made, and fighting shy of the notable House of Correction, so interesting to vagrants, criminals, and police constables, we wend our way through the new part of the town to the High-street, where the road is rough and flagged pavements the exception, past the noted Golden Lion, thence to

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* Original MS.

a new market hall of diminutive size pitched in the centre of the street, to be an obstruction for ever, no great evidence of the good taste of the commissioners and ratepayers of the town. Passing thence to the Parish Church, expecting here to see something of the grandeur of the past, we found a noble Norman church mutilated beyond conception by the inglorious taste of a semi-barbarous age, the old chancel entirely gone and in lieu thereof an ugly excrescence in the conventicle style, and what must have been a fine west front converted and defaced into a most indescribable piece of barbarity by the Goths of a later era.

Returning to Northallerton station we soon take our departure upon the branch railway which has its terminus at Leyburn, nearly twenty miles away, and passing through a well-wooded and fertile country, cross the ancient Roman Road of Leeming Lane, and make a short halt at Bedale close by, and catch a glimpse of the fine old church upon the hill, with its painted windows and embattled tower and weather-worn features, telling of the long, long ago since its first bell rung out through wood and forest to the distant hamlet, the Christian call to prayer. The

line here gradually ascends the gentle slopes, and on each side are seen the verdant pastures and breezy downs, where the lowing herds and the Masham sheep are busily employed in culling the fragrant herbage for which these dales are famous. Then a little further as we advance upon the ridge, the lovely scenery of Wensleydale bursts upon the view, and we look down over Spennithorne to Middleham and the wide-spreading vale, with the murmuring Yore stretching away towards Bolton Woods, like a "streak of silver sea," and the noble range where Witton Fell stands out, and the mountainous Penhill, from whose lofty summit the plains of Lancashire can be discerned, and the distant outline of the Teesdale Hills.

Arrived at Leyburn, perched upon the hills, we make our way from the station past the new church and through the market-place, where, being market day, was an assemblage of primitive stalls with all manner of miscellaneous goods exposed for sale. The famed cheeses of Wensleydale, said by some good judges to be equal to Stilton, the travelling packman with his broadcloth, the sellers of tins, boots, and baskets, and the burly butcher

with his movable four-wheeled stall, busy with his stentorian voice commending his tender and juicy wares to the gastronomic attention of admiring lookers-on. Reaching at length the hospitable Bolton Arms, looking fresh and bright with paint, and a new sign, picked out in gold and colour, emblazoning the armorial bearings of the noble house of Powlett, we were ushered upstairs into a capital dining room, where from a fine bay window could be observed that glorious expanse of scenery before described, and after doing justice to the good things placed before us, at once without delay set off for the abbey of Jervaulx, intending to return by Middleham to Leyburn so as to dine there late in the afternoon.

Starting off gaily and joyously along the highway down the country roads to Spennithorne, past solitary farm-houses or hamlets of a few cottages, with their neat gardens trimmed out with the loveliest flowerets of spring, and the apricot and apple trees in full bloom, promising a fruitful year; the blackbird and the thrush and the multitudinous songsters of the grove chirping and careering on eager wing from spray to spray, and the young rooks cawing about in search of unwary

crawlers where the earth was newly broken, and the playful lambs just now performing their curious antics, scared at our approach, and running off bleating for protection—the freshness and purity of the air—all combined to raise the spirits and make us feel again the priceless days and joys of youth.

"Where hope's entrancing voice hath ever spoken
In silvery tones of joyous days to come,
And in gay colours clothed each fairy token,
That told of love, of happiness, and home." *

Passing by the plain, unpretentious mansion of Colonel Straubenzee, we soon come to the old English gentlemanly residence of the Chaytors of Spennithorne, looking out from its umbrageous retreat at the noontide sun beyond the happy valley; whilst further on appeared a combination of a curious looking church and parsonage house combined, reminding the traveller of something he has seen in the Landes of France or of the Spanish Pyrenees. Coming to the Cover Bridge, where a flock of sheep were undergoing the

* "The Early Dead."

primitive operation of a wash in the Cover prior to having their fleeces shorn, a sudden "change came o'er the scene," a dark cloud rising over the moors beyond Richmond and the far-off Tees came rapidly along, the birds that were so gaily singing and rejoicing in the golden sunlight were suddenly silenced and betook themselves to the friendly hedgerows or closer thickets, and the roll of distant thunder and a few large drops of rain heralded the coming storm. The wind came with a mighty rush, and the pelting rain, released from the driving clouds, discharged its burthen on the thirsty soil below; whilst sundry umbrellas came to grief, and exhibited a wreck of streaming silk and excentric bars of steel and whalebone most amusing to behold, fit emblems of the waifs and strays of humanity—the killed and wounded in the battle of life. However, nothing daunted by this mishap, we continued our journey to the pleasant village of East Witton, and took refuge in the ancient hostelry of the Blue Lion, where in its capacious public room we solaced ourselves until the storm passed away.

The sun again rode high and bright, the dark cloud surcharged with rain passed rapidly

southward by the vales of Mowbray and York, and we took our departure, rejoicing the storm had been sharp and short; the birds came out of their hiding places and the air once more resounded with the voice of melody, and the trees so full of foliage shook the raindrops off, sparkling like diamonds as they fell. Leaving the village of Witton so neat and trim, and the newly-built church on an eminence overlooking the valley below, we pass along the high road leading to Jervaulx, whence on the left bank of the Yore, in a well-timbered and extensive park, appeared the stately mansion of the Scropes of Danby Yore, a name famous in the times of the Plantagenet and Tudor kings, and associated with many eventful incidents in the history of England. Ere long we arrived at the end of our journey through a succession of varied and undulating scenery, and making our way to the gardener's lodge, after signing our names in a register kept for the purpose, were furnished with a key as a necessary open sesame to the ruins of the abbey, which we shortly after attain by the carriage drive past the hall and delightful gardens of the Marquis of Ailesbury, the noble owner of this charming spot.

This beautiful ruin of a bygone age stands on a fine level piece of ground protected by a sunk fence, and sheltered on the north by a well-wooded ridge, whilst the Yore runs past through the valley in a south-easterly direction. To the south is an extensive park dotted over with grand expansive trees, some of them boasting of an age equal to that of the abbey itself,—the wide-spreading oak, the substantial elm, and the graceful beech,—whilst the milk-white thorn perfumes the air, and the chesnuts in full bloom with their thousand sentinels, erect and watchful, guard the sacred precincts; and the gardens display their sweet parterres of blooming flowers all fresh and lovely—the modest lilac, the graceful golden pendant laburnum, with clusters of evergreens—and winding walks and grots and dells, all combine to fascinate and please, and make one feel contented here to stay.

"Here might we cull earth's fairest, sweetest flowers,
Or woo with songs of love the beauteous maid."*

The weird ruin was clothed in ivy-green, whilst here and there from out the crevices

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* Sonnet, "Studley Park."

that time and storm had made, peeped forth the scented wallflower, and in many a deep recess, filled in with moss, the jackdaw and the starling built their nests, and continued for generations the undisturbed possessors of this their hereditary domain.

Tradition has it that Jervaulx was founded higher up the valley, at Fers, near Askrigg, in the year 1150, but that afterwards the monks left it and removed to this more pleasant and sheltered retreat; and here was built a noble abbey, abbot's house, and all necessary conventual buildings, some of which have disappeared, but the majority of them and their uses can be traced at the present day. The church has been a fine structure, and contains several carved slabs with legible inscriptions thereon of its former abbots; but no arches or pillars remain, but simply the foundation walls and the high altar, which has apparently been restored.

"O 'twas a saddening sight at which I sighed,
To view the overthrow of human pride,
Sculpture and marble scattered in the dust."*

* Original MS.

The chapter house adjoins the south-east end of the church, and its roof has been supported by light and elegant columns. Here also has been the burial place of some of the abbots, as some inscribed slabs are there "with moss and grass o'ergrown." A little further to the south is the banqueting hall of noble proportions, and close by are the kitchens with two immense chimneys looking as fresh as when the last joints were cooked for the dispossessed monks in the days of Henry VIII.; and the arched places in the walls remain as a record of the manner in which the dishes were passed hot and steaming from the kitchen to the abbot's table.

The ruins are extensive but of low elevation, as unfortunately the ravages of man have made more desolation than the hand of time; and though they do not bespeak the grandeur of Fountains or the beauty of Rivaulx, yet they have a charm of their own that appeals to the better and immortal nature of man, speaking of the labours undergone in the years that are past, when faith and works had more apparent influence upon the life than now, of charities and good deeds that are registered on high, and of the lamp of life shining out in the lonely

and sequestered valley, pointing to the weary wanderer his haven of rest.

"Time-honoured pile, thy beauty more endears
Thee to my heart, than palaces of power,
Or glittering dome, or castellated tower,
Which kingly pride and mad ambition rears."*

The utter wreck of this once noble building is almost significant of the calamity that befel its last abbot, Adam Sedbergh. Driven an outcast from the shelter of its friendly walls, his heart bowed and perhaps soured at the injustice heaped upon him, he joined in the insurrection that was known as "The Pilgrimage of Grace," and was captured and executed at Tyburn. It is also said that he carved his own epitaph on the wall of his cell whilst confined in the Tower of London, and that a fine screen removed from the abbey to Aysgarth Church has upon it his initials, and is supposed to have been erected in the abbey by him.

Another association in connection with this abbey is one of a rather different and more agreeable character. Who has not read in

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* Sonnet, "St. Mary's Abbey."

Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" of the jolly Prior of Jervaulx, and who will not recall to mind Wilfred of Ivanhoe, the stately Rowena, and the more impulsive Rebecca, the Jewess of York, the long-suffering Isaac, the Black Knight, and bold Robin Hood. This drawn by a master hand pictures to us the social life of England in a state of transition, when honest Gurth is no doubt a reality as to the life of the labourer of those times, when might was right, and there was no peace or security except beneath the shadow and by the altars of the Cistercians and their kindred orders.

One cannot but regret that the ignorance and fanaticism of a former age should have ruthlessly destroyed so many glorious temples of the ancient faith; far better to have utilised them for the worship of the reformed church. Still we are thankful that the abbey of Westminster has been preserved to become one of the principal monuments and depositaries of the greatness and glory of England; that St. Albans* still remains "the pride of that

* Since the above was written St. Albans has been restored, and its ancient Bishopric been revived by Act of Parliament.

country side," and will shortly be restored to its pristine splendour; and that the munificence of the Duke of Devonshire has to some extent converted the ruined Priory of Bolton to its former uses, so that each Sabbath morn "the bells ring out o'er wood and wold and plain, the accustomed call to prayer," and imagination can again picture the times when the solemn dirge, the pealing anthem, the matins and vespers of the ancient church were celebrated with all the wealth of ceremonial that time and authority and custom had associated with it.

"Soft, soft the joyous strains ascend on high,
The solemn music swells the fitful gale,
Now, louder still, the sacred anthems sail,
In thundering peals and storm the vaulted sky,
And now o'er Wharfedale's waters sweetly die." *

Turning away from the ruins of Jervaulx with feelings somewhat tinged with regret, we returned by the same route to Witton, and thence to Cover Bridge, where we branched off to Middleham, whose towers soon came in sight. The castle is an immense ruin, and was

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* Sonnet "St. Mary's Abbey."

formerly the abode of the Nevilles, and of Warwick the "king maker," and it is said that king Richard III. at one time resided at it. On a late occasion, at the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, a grand ball was held within it, and great feasting and rejoicing took place. The lofty walls were formerly covered with ivy which some years ago was removed, thus depriving it to some extent of those charms that are associated and invariably wedded to the ruins of old England.

After glancing at the great training establishment of the Dawsons at Middleham, upon whose moor many a distinguished racehorse has taken his preliminary gallops, our next business was to visit a remarkable Danish camp a few hundred yards westward of the castle. Here we found on an eminence standing by itself, and overlooking the valley for miles, an inner and an outer camp completely entrenched, which a handful of men could have maintained against superior forces armed with the ancient weapons of war.

From Middleham down the valley, over the castellated suspension bridge spanning the Yore, through winding roads and steep ascents, we arrive again at Leyburn, to find the Market-

place nearly deserted and the Bolton Arms cleared of the guests who thronged it in the morning. Sitting down to a substantial dinner with the sparkling juices of the grape so bountifully placed before us by mine host, and nature being vigorously restored after the fatigues of the day, the railway station is again reached, and we are on our way back to York as fast as the iron horse can take us, past hamlet and station and town, and arrive at home with the reflection that another bright scene has been added to the store-room of memory, which may at some future time be enriched by a further visit, to wander amidst the beautiful scenery of the Shawl, the noble woods and castle of Bolton, or the wilder and romantic beauties of Aysgarth Force and the upper waters of Wensleydale. We shall conclude with the words of the poet—

"For memory wanders back to bygone years,
When hope's bright beams would gild the charmèd hours,
And life's sweet paths were strewed with summer flowers,
And the enchanter Love his crown of glory wears."*

May, 1873.

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* "Marian."

No. 3.

A Day at Conings boro' Castle and Roche Abbey.

A DAY with the York Tourist Society is generally one of unmingled pleasure, inasmuch as the most romantic scenery and the historical relics of bygone ages are visited, thus making us the better to understand and appreciate the manners and mode of life of our Saxon and Norman forefathers, in the time of the royal Alfred and William the Conqueror, and through the transition period when the opposing races at last amalgamated as one people. A few centuries later the feudal system gradually passed away, to give place to that glorious liberty and freedom which have since become the unquestioned birthright of every Englishman at the present day.

Not confining its visits simply within the boundary of the great county of York, it to some extent may be said to have become ubiquitous; at one time its members will be

found in the glorious forest of Sherwood, disporting themselves beneath the broad shadow of the Major Oak at Edwinstowe, or in the beautiful pleasure gardens of the Duke of Newcastle at Clumber; on other occasions, the princely Chatsworth, the lovely Dovedale, and the noble Alton Towers have been visited. The Duke of Rutland has allowed them the privilege of inspecting his magnificent castle of Belvoir, and the grand baronial residence of the Percys at Alnwick, near the borders of Scotland, has not been forgotten. The great mansions, the castles, and abbeys of Yorkshire have also had every respect and attention paid them, so that to be a member of this society indicates one who has considerable knowledge of the highways and byways of his own country, sometimes obtained under the greatest possible disadvantages of wind and weather.

Replying in the affirmative to the kind invitation of the Hon. Secretary (who has lately returned from China)* to have a day at Coningsboro' Castle and Roche Abbey, we accordingly assembled at the York Railway

* A humorous allusion of Dr. Procter's in his account of the excursion to the Westmoreland lakes.

Station to take our departure for Doncaster by the Great Northern Express, and left punctually for our destination, just following a Normanton train freighted with some of the York sporting fraternity for the races at Pomfret. The train being timed to stop only at Selby, soon attained great speed, and leaving the old line near Askham Bogs, branched off towards Bishopthorpe, whose long rows of poplars soon came in sight; thence over the hydraulic swing bridge at Naburn, past Escrick, and the flat country round Riccall to Selby, and so on to Temple Hurst, one of the minor stations of the Knights Templars of the Templestowe of Ivanhoe—the modern Temple Newsam near Leeds. All went "merrily as the marriage bells" until our arrival at Moss, about seven miles from Doncaster, where, the signals being against us, we came to a sudden halt. Here all was excitement, as fears were entertained some sad disaster had befallen the slow train in advance of us, which left York about half an hour before ours. After waiting disconsolately for forty minutes, news at last came that its engine had broken down, and the express was ordered to push it on to Doncaster. Proceeding carefully, we picked

up the derelict towards Arksey, and were soon on the Doncaster platform, where an immediate rush was made to the refreshment room for the homeopathic doses for which the Y. T. S. are so famous.

Having lost considerable time by the mishap to the slow train, the carriages in waiting were immediately filled, and we took our departure for Coningsboro'. The grand church of St. George, the masterpiece of Sir Gilbert Scott, and of modern ecclesiastical architecture, with its lofty decorated tower, standing out as the most prominent object of this ancient Roman station, midway between York and Lincoln. On our route were the new church and schools erected for the G.N.R. employés and their families, and the inviting "British Workman," with the legend "Come and Welcome," and a pleasant suburb of charming villas and tasteful gardens on the higher ground at the right bank of the valley of the Don. On our approach to Coningsboro', the view was exceedingly beautiful, the river making a considerable bend westward on its course to the busy towns of Rotherham and Sheffield. The castle now appeared in sight, like a huge sentinel "the way to watch

and guard," and boldly stood amongst clustering trees, springing from out each place of vantage from the river bank to the very summit of the rock itself. Relieving the horses, the castle road is gained, and we are soon within the precincts, and after climbing the steep ascent to the margin of the fosse, beneath the shelter of a clump of lofty elms, partake of some refreshment of an exhilarating character which our captain had fortunately provided for us.

Crossing that part of the moat which has been filled up since the destruction of the drawbridge, we ascend by the covered way leading to the gate of the castle yard. The wall is of immense thickness and of great height, and is flanked by two circular towers, which completely enfilade the road and approaches of this the most accessible part of the castle hill. The gateway and adjoining walls have been destroyed, with the exception of a window of the inner portion of the gateway. Looking towards the keep with its steep ascent of thirty-three steps, and its wonderful buttresses of such strength and solidity, as must preserve it for ages to come, the view is remarkably striking, and includes the massive

outworks to the north-east, with indications of former buildings within the fortifications; whilst some noble elms tower as high as the castle itself, with one leafless and sapless, but still erect, stricken like the lonely tower, telling of the mutations of time, and the changes and chances of this mortal life.

. "Yet, tell they not the self-same ancient story?
Of death, and life, and change, and ever say,
Life—life is short and clouded is its glory—
Yet the night heralds the immortal day."*

Sir Walter Scott, in his romance of Ivanhoe, brings before us the times and scenes when this castle was the stronghold of a Saxon Thane of royal lineage, descended from Edward the Confessor, and the principal occurrences are supposed to take place in its immediate vicinity. It would be as well here to give his description of this remarkable place and its surroundings in his own most graphic language:—

"There are few more beautiful or striking scenes in England, than are presented by the vicinity of this ancient Saxon fortress. The soft and gentle river Don sweeps through an

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* "The Early Dead."

amphitheatre, in which cultivation is richly blended with woodland, and on a mount, ascending from the river, well defended by walls and ditches, rises this ancient edifice, which, as its Saxon name implies, was, previous to the conquest, a royal residence of the kings of England. The outer walls have probably been added by the Normans, but the inner keep bears token of very great antiquity. It is situated on a mount at one angle of the inner court, and forms a complete circle of perhaps twenty-five feet in diameter. The wall is of immense thickness, and is propped or defended by six huge external buttresses, which project from the circle, and rise up against the sides of the tower as if to strengthen and support it. These massive buttresses are solid when they arise from the foundation, and a good way higher up, but are hollowed out towards the top, and terminate in a sort of turrets communicating with the interior of the keep itself. The distant appearance of this huge building, with these singular accompaniments, is as interesting to the lovers of the picturesque, as the interior of the castle is to the eager antiquary, whose imagination it carries back to the days of the Heptarchy.

A barrow, in the vicinity of the castle, is pointed out as the tomb of the memorable Hengist; and various monuments, of great antiquity and curiosity, are shown in the neighbouring churchyard."

Entering within the door, the visitor finds himself in an apartment originally without light, except what could be admitted from the doorway itself, and, looking upward, the bright sky is seen, there being neither floor nor roof remaining. Some antiquarians have propounded the theory that there was a funnel corresponding with the aperture in the dungeon below, but this cannot for a moment be credited.* The aperture is railed round, as immediately in the centre of the dungeon floor is a well, which, however, is now quite dry. A rude inscription on the wall points out that an unfortunate wight had fallen into it in recent years, but does not state with what result. Ascending a broad flight of stairs cut in the wall, the next room is reached, where iron rods have been fixed, in order to pass to the various parts of the tower in safety along

* Sir Walter Scott believed in this theory owing to the paucity of windows.

the stone supports of the original floor. This and the room above have noble fire-places, nine feet wide, with a triple pillar on each side with Norman capitals, which have most likely been inserted in the times of one of the earls of Warren, to whom, the estates of Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, was presented by his relative, William the Conqueror. Within the circular wall, and immediately above the doorway of the keep, we come to a small room or alcove, lighted by two windows, the largest in the tower, and a stone bench runs round three of its sides. Here, doubtless, was the boudoir of the lady of the castle, fitted up with the rude luxury of the middle ages, and here we may, in imagination, conceive that the lovely Rowena, after the fatigues of the chase, or when on a visit with Cedric the Saxon to the noble Athelstane, may have reposed until the setting sun no longer gilded it with his rays, and the time arrived for their departure through the mazes of the forest to Rotherwood.

"There, statue-like, in glorious state she lay,
The breathing model of immortal youth,
On each fair cheek wild wanton zephyrs stray,
And balmy breezes from the gentle south,

Waving her love locks in their sportive play,
Kissing her ruby lips and pearly mouth;
Then swiftly flying o'er the azure waves,
They bear their stolen sweets to ocean's caves."*

Another flight of stairs leads to the next story, which is similar in character to the one below, but with the addition of a recess in the wall at the right side of the fire-place, which possibly may have been intended for a lavatory. Opening out of this apartment, we arrive at a doorway admitting to the most interesting part of the building. At the first glance it is seen to be a chapel, formed in the thickness of the wall and one of the buttresses. It is an irregular hexagon, twelve feet in length, in breadth eight feet in the middle and six at each end. The roof, which is sixteen feet high, has two pairs of cross arches springing from six circular columns. A narrow loophole serves for an east window, and a lavatory and piscina are in the wall on each side. In this chapel may be seen the dog-teeth ribs in the roof, and some peculiar ornamentation on the capitals of the pillars. It is here that Sir Walter Scott's

* "A Reverie."

Ivanhoe has the mock-lying in state of the body of Athelstane by the monks of St. Edmund's (doubtless intended for the monks of Roche Abbey), and his bursting in upon them in the grave clothes in which he was enveloped when he escaped from their custody. A doorway on the left to the entrance of the chapel admits to a small room lighted by a loophole. It looks like a miniature vestry; there is no ornament in it but a niche, with a trefoil cap. There is also a retiring closet in this storey, and in the one below.

There has been yet another room beneath the roof of the tower. The circular walls to some extent have been broken down, but the upper part of some of the buttresses remain. In each of these is an hollow, somewhat like an oven, and in one are twelve apertures, which may have been for the purpose of throwing hot sand or water on the besiegers. Over the alcove in one of the buttresses has been a small room, part of a window yet remaining, and in another is a flight of steps, which may have led to the watchman's station in the highest part of the castle.

The view from the battlements of the castle is very lovely, and yet how different from the

times of its Saxon and Norman lords. Parts of the forest yet remain, but there are no longer the bold archers of the glades to make free with the king's venison or the pockets of the wayfarers. No cavalcades of armed retainers are seen to issue forth from this lofty promontory, with its unique keep, to swoop on the eyrie of some kindred freebooter; the warder and the seneschal are gone, and all is peaceful industry and labour. The chimneys of a colliery are seen in the valley of the Don, and the iron king puffing and blowing, emerging from a wood, passes over the bridge to the West Riding towns, or the County Palatine of Lancaster. All is changed, and the place of terror, or the harbour of refuge, is now the temporary abode of the tourist or the antiquary, giving pleasure to the one, and opening out a field of speculation or of sweet instruction to the other. Truly may we say with Byron—

> "As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand,
> A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
> Around me, and a dying glory smiles
> O'er the far times."*

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* Lord Byron's "Childe Harold."

We take our leave of Coningsboro', as the impersonation of insecurity and war, and continue our journey to the quiet, tranquil scene that awaits us at Roche Abbey—the very picture of peace itself. We pass by Croochill Hall, the village of Braithwell, and the hamlet of Maltby, where along the road the walnut trees, with their bright shining leaves and pendant fruit, are a principal feature of an interesting landscape. The stone quarries of Roche are reached, and we make our way down the road, cut through the solid rock, into the secluded valley. The abbey gate is soon in sight, and we are thankful to gain its friendly shelter from the pitiless rain that had been falling for some time, and after taking tea at the abbey lodge, the rain having by that time ceased, set off to inspect the ruin.

Roche Abbey is said to have been founded by monks of the Cistercian order in the year 1147, and there are lists of the abbots from that period to the dissolution in 1539, when seventeen monks joined Henry Cundel, the then abbot, in the surrender. Of the fabric of the abbey only a gateway, placed at the entrance on the side towards Maltby, and some beautiful fragments of the transepts of the church, with

two chapels, now remain. The church and buildings have been very extensive, as the ruins cover the large space of ground from the perpendicular rocks on the north to the margin of the river on the south side of the valley. There are also some remains on the north side of the chancel of canopy work, over a tomb, and of a credence table on the south nearer to the altar. The surrounding scenery has very much the character of Fountains, and the abbey is of similar architecture to that of Kirkstall, being clothed with ivy and pendant creepers and a variety of wild flowers, making a beautiful picture, enclosed in a setting of rocks and woods, winding walks, and shadowy vistas towards Sandbeck Park, with the crystal river and its miniature waterfalls murmuring at its feet.

Seen under more favourable circumstances, with the setting sun's golden rays illumining each arch and window, or in the softer moonlight, when its silvery beams shed over it a glorious halo, throwing the long-drawn shadows upon the velvet lawn; calm contemplation might so entrance us with the olden life led here by those, who, leaving the world, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," that we

might in these pleasing dreams momentarily banish the turmoil of the present age, and realise, and perhaps envy their simple pleasures and their trusting faith.

We can appropriately apply to Roche Abbey those charming lines of Sir Walter Scott's in praise of "Fair Melrose"—

> "If thou wouldst view Roche Abbey aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
> And, home returning, soothly swear,
> Was never scene so sad and fair!"*

The gateway is said to be of more recent date, and in fact appears to have been the Hospitium erected for the accommodation of the pilgrims who were attracted here by the discovery of a fragment of limestone rock bearing a resemblance to our Saviour on the cross, and so the abbey was called our Saviour of the Roche. The woodland scenery is very fine, and a little above the dam opposite the abbey there is an extensive lake of several acres, tenanted by swans and innumerable waterfowl. There are also scenes worth the attention of the naturalist and the painter.

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* "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The immense strata of perpendicular rock covered with vegetation, where it is a marvel life could be sustained, and the weird roots of trees twisting and twining like a multitude of serpents, grappling with the bare rock, searching out its fissures, and anchoring the parent stem safe from storm and tempest in a semi-horizontal position, are impressively striking, revealing nature in some of its wildest and grandest forms.

The hour has arrived for our departure; the scene is so full of beauty that our farewells may be uttered in the regretful language of the poet:—

"Farewell, sweet ruin, yet again farewell;
Far other scenes than thine the world disclose,
Yet still upon my memory's tablet glows
A love sincere, my heart may fondly tell." *

The tourists are again on the move, and on their return to Doncaster by a different route, through Lord Scarborough's Sandbeck Park, close to the borders of Nottinghamshire, where herds of deer look boldly confident at the strange intruders; thence to Tickhill, where its grand

* Sonnet "St. Mary's Abbey."

turreted church reminds one of St. George's at Doncaster, and pass the market cross, with its open pillars somewhat like a Grecian temple, pulling up for a moment, for the convenience of the homœopathists, close by an ancient building with dark stained rafters, carved lintels, and antique windows, bearing an inscription over the central doorway thus—

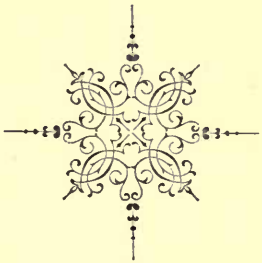
+ Leonardi Hospet +

and having over the other doorways within shields, the date of its erection 1470, and of its restoration 1871.

The village of Wadworth, with its gaily decorated maypole, is soon passed, and the miller boy riding on the carriage step is duly initiated into the correct method of pig fattening by the honest lawyer, whose gratuitous lesson he will be in no hurry to forget. The night is now throwing its shadows around us, and the horses are put on, and we rapidly pass St. Catherine's, embosomed in its belt of wood, and are rattling through the streets of Doncaster, lit up with gas, and gain the station in time for the Scottish mail, which at flying speed reaches York in forty-five minutes—a little more than Puck promised to encompass the whole world in, in Shakspeare's Midsummer

Night's Dream. So seeing off one of our disabled members, injured on the stairs of Coningsboro' Castle, whom may rest soon restore, and make ready for "fresh fields and pastures new," we are at home again, and in the arms of Morpheus, dreaming of the pleasant scenes and all the charming associations that cannot fail to attend a day at Coningsboro' Castle and Roche Abbey.

July 29th, 1873.



INTRODUCTORY TO WHARFEDALE.

The Strid, Barden Tower, and Bolton Priory.

(An Address delivered at the York Institute, on November 21st, 1876).

THE next paper to be read relates to the beautiful valley of the Wharfe, perhaps better known and more frequently visited than that of Wensleydale. The tourist from York can proceed to it either by the line to Harrogate or by way of Leeds.

From Harewood Bridge to Kilnsey Crag, a few miles above Bolton, there is a succession of scenery of the loveliest and also of the wildest character. The town of Otley in the plain, and the watering place of Ilkley on the southern slopes of one of the most picturesque parts of Wharfedale are the principal places of interest on the route to "The Strid, Barden Tower, and Bolton Priory," which are the subjects shortly to be described. Professor Phillips said of Wharfedale that "its springs are pure and abundant, its air is free and bracing,

and the Wharfe utters cheerful sounds as it wanders through green meadows, or rushes between lofty banks, shaded with woods, and crowned by mighty rocks." But Bolton Abbey, with its glorious woods, and the memorable Strid, are the chief attractions of the tourist who surveys with mingled emotions the noble ruin once raised by the piety of a mother in memory of her son, the "Boy of Egremound," who "perished in the arms of Wharfe." There may be many in this audience who have stood beside the Strid, and there are many also who have read the tale, yet none would be unmoved at the tragic legend associated with the "Lover's Leap." For, standing by the margin of the rocks, where the river rushes wildly and impetuously along, we can picture to ourselves the young heir of Romille, "in tartan plaid and forest green," with hound in leash attempting to bound across the Strid.

"He sprang in glee,—for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep!
—But the greyhound in the leash hung back
And checked him in his leap."*

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* Wordsworth's "The Force of Prayer."

And we can realize the momentary struggle of the boy, and the agonizing shrieks of the mother when she heard her only son "was in Wharfe's abysses drown'd."

As the paper contains the principal incidents connected with the legend, these introductory remarks shall be concluded with two beautiful descriptions of the scenery at Bolton and the Strid by Dr. Whittaker, the historian of Craven, and by Professor Phillips. The former says, "but after all, the glories of Bolton are on the north. Whatever the most fastidious taste can require to constitute a perfect landscape, is not only found here, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, is a smooth expanse of park-like enclosure spotted with native ash and elm of the finest growth; on the right, a skirting oak wood, with jutting points of grey rock; on the left, a rising copse. Still forward are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries, and farther yet, the barren and rocky distances of Simon's seat and Barden Fell, contrasted to the warmth, fertility and luxuriant foliage of the valley below." Professor Phillips, in even more glowing and pictorial language, says, "closer examination more than confirms the impression

which the first view creates; the river leaps and sparkles with the freshness of mountain life, the woods, if their own voices are silent, repeat the echo of the waterfall; the wild rocks and hills change colour with every fancy of the sky, or gleam with soft steady splendour in the rich evening light. And the glorious Augustinian priory, which commemorates the untimely fate of the young heir of Romille, is worthy of the matchless scene which surrounds it."

No. 4.

Wharfedale.—The Strid, Barden Tower, and Bolton Priory.

THE members of the York Tourist Society are continually on the move, visiting the most delightful and interesting scenes that Yorkshire and the neighbouring counties can boast. Not fatigued with the long and rapid journey through the lake scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland, some of its members, accompanied by the principal civic authorities of Old Ebor, took a trip to Rochdale, on sanitary works intent, to glean information that may be beneficial for the diminution of disease in future time; others interested in the monuments of antiquity, or in the remains of the monastic piety of our ancestors, had a delightful day at Coningsboro' Castle and Roche Abbey; and a still larger number accompanied the worthy secretary to the glades of Sherwood Forest, Welbeck Abbey, Thoresby Park, and the beautiful grounds and gardens of the Duke

of Newcastle at Clumber. These excursions have been duly recorded by the annalists of the society, and it now falls to our lot to describe as best we may the excursion to Wharfedale, including the drive from Ilkley, past Rumbold's Moor to the romantic Strid, the interesting ruin of Barden Tower, and the glorious Priory of Bolton.

On the 2nd September the York Tourists, to the number of twenty-four, including, for the first time this season, a number of ladies, left the York station in a handsome saloon carriage of the North Eastern Railway Company, punctually at 7.45. The morning was clear and bright, though one of the weatherwise shook his head ominously as some distant clouds arose, and prophesied a wet day, which to some extent turned out correct, as showers and sunshine alternately accompanied the journey, though the former was not allowed to mar the pleasure of the party, as the bright side of the cloud with its silver lining was ever uppermost in their vision, "Nil Desperandum" being one of the mottoes of the York Tourist Society.

Copmanthorpe, Bolton Percy, and the Wharfe, whose upper waters we were about to visit, are passed, and a short stay made at Church

Fenton prior to proceeding on the new line *via* Micklefield to Leeds. The corn fields are yet uncleared, but active exertions are employed, and the wains are going a-field to secure the hopes of harvest from the fickle element that has so delayed the ingathering this year. At Garforth and Cross Gates we come upon the West Riding Collieries, and the whole aspect of the country is changed. The tall chimneys and the immense mounds of small coal by the margin of the pits tell of the industry and wealth of the neighbouring manufacturing community of Leeds, which is reached in fog and rain, looking dismally uncomfortable under the gloomy atmosphere that so frequently encircles it.

Having half-an-hour to spare we direct our steps past the Queen's Hotel, through the grandly improved Boar Lane, with its magnificent buildings of a metropolitan character, now fully alive with traffic, and the tramway busses coming in from the outside townships of Headingley and Kirkstall; thence to Briggate, the fine central street of Leeds, from which radiate all the main thoroughfares, and which in our recollection on market days was lined with the old-fashioned stalls, now abolished

for the modern Central Market and the Market Hall in Vicar's Croft; through Commercial-street, where the wooden pavement lessens the sound and smoothes the traffic, and so past the Post Office, Peel's Monument, and the busy Cloth Hall, we reach the Central Station, and are soon on our journey again to Holbeck Junction and over the immense viaduct spanning the valley and Kirkstall road. The Burley ridge is crossed, when, on a sudden opening through the misty gloom, the Abbey of Kirkstall appeared in all its stately grandeur and glory; thence past enormous quarries of limestone rock to the pleasant Fox and Hounds at Horsforth, where the hills and wooded heights assume grand proportions. The gloomy portals of Bramhope tunnel are entered, and the reverberating "sounds unearthly" of the advancing train, try the stoutest nerves for near five minutes, till it at length emerges into the welcome daylight at Arthington station in the Valley of the Wharfe.

A few miles below, at Harewood Bridge, may be said to commence that beautiful expansive valley, that scarcely has its equal in the broad land of merrie England. Ascending upwards from the ruins of the ancient

castle, and the stately imposing edifice of Harewood House, with its well-timbered undulating park, there are a succession of halls and mansions, some of historic memory and renown. Farnley Hall, standing on a lofty eminence opposite the planted ridge of Chevin, looking right and left for miles up and down the valley, is a place of considerable interest, and contains memorials of Cromwell and the parliamentary generals, and an unequalled collection of Turner's water-colours and the magnificent picture of "Dort," whilst higher up is Denton Park, one of the homes of the Fairfaxes, where the great captains, the friends and companions of Cromwell, were born. The original castle no longer remains, which tradition says once lodged the fiery Prince Rupert on his way from Lancashire to York, prior to the battle of Marston Moor. The castle was destroyed by fire in the early part of last century, and was replaced by the present elegant structure in the Grecian style by Sir James Ibbetson, Bart., Mr. Carr, of York, being the architect. The neighbouring church at Otley contains memorials of the Fairfaxes, Fawkes, and Vavasours, and other noble and distinguished families.

The village of Pool, the towns of Otley and Burley are left behind, and the far-famed Ben Rhydding appears in sight. Ben Rhydding seems like an immense baronial mansion perched on the steep sides of the southern slopes of Wharfedale, and overlooks the beautiful scenery that lies at its feet to the distant mountain ridges that enclose the north-western valleys of Yorkshire. This magnificent prospect is observed, and then in a few moments our railway journey is ended at the pretty and romantic town of Ilkley.

The situation of Ilkley, the ancient Olicana, is one of remarkable beauty; stretching from below Hanging Stone Cliff, on the confines of Rumbold's Moor, with houses dotted here and there on steep ascents and sheltered hollows, down to the margin of the Wharfe, it has become the resort of those whose nerves require to be strung by its bracing air and life-giving breezes; and its association with early British and Roman times, and the incomparable scenery of the upper waters of the valley have made it a favourite with the tourist and the antiquarian. Traces of the aboriginal inhabitants of Britain are found on Rumbold's and the surrounding moors, in the shape of pit dwellings,

cairns and circles; and the great Roman road from Aldboro' to Colne and Manchester, and a second from York by Tadcaster and Adel, passed through Olicana close by its fortified position on the southern bank of the Wharfe.

The waggonettes in waiting are at once filled, and the signal given to the drivers to proceed to Bolton Bridge. Some old fashioned houses with wooden rafters, and thatched roofs all green with moss, look quaint and old-worldly amongst the smart modern stone houses that surround them; the Crescent Hotel, whose hospitality will be dispensed on our return, looks on us benignantly, and the fine church (where the three Saxon monuments, memorials of a remote antiquity, stand erect by the palisade of the church-yard) is passed, and we are on the Skipton road, winding along by the river side through the most beautiful scenery. On the north of Wharfe in a pleasant park, by the Roman road to Knaresborough forest, looking towards Ilkley, is Middleton Lodge with its chapel attached, the residence of the Lord of the Manor, one of the most ancient catholic families in England; further on is Hollings Hall,

Bishop Heber's birthplace, now a most comfortable farmstead; whilst to the north rises Beamsley Beacon, a most prominent landmark, 1,300 feet above the sea, one of the highest points of this part of West Yorkshire, standing like a sentinel surveying Rumbold's Moor, the upper sources of the Wharfe and the remoter Nidderdale.

Travelling along past waving woods and undulating shady roads, with the Wharfe winding clear and bright by Nessfield Scarr, we were startled by an apparition in the shape of five caravans containing all the wonders of the world to please the juveniles and simple rustics at the country fairs; then some park-like land with beautiful Alderneys browsing, a pretty picture for Cooper, Herring, or Rosa Bonheur. Leaving the Skipton road at Addingham for Bolton Bridge, near a mansion rejoicing in the name of "Short Shirt Hall," to which a legend of thrifty charity is attached, the quaint old church of Addingham standing on a gentle eminence between the village and the river, and Tanfield Hall, fenced in by a semi-circular wall, banked up with ferns and clustering evergreens, with a picturesque rustic bridge spanning the road, are successively passed;

where, in close proximity and in a shady recess, forlorn and desolate, with a few plain tomb stones scattered about, stands a Quaker's meeting house, dating from the times of Fox and Penn in the reign of Charles II. The road here rapidly ascends, bounded by woods and ivied sycamores, and then descends as suddenly, as Beamsley Hall and Bolton Bridge are seen through the openings in the foliage of the clustering trees. Complying with the demands of the toll bar keeper, who is no respecter of persons, be they traders or tourists, but taxes all alike, we drive past the Devonshire Arms, and pull up for a moment to inspect the weather-worn elm, with the lion's face on an excrescence of the trunk, bearing a wonderful resemblance to the king of beasts. Thence past the Priory Barn and the accustomed mill, where a three-arched gateway crossed the road, and Bolton Hall, part of the ancient priory, converted into a lodge by the noble family of Clifford at the dissolution, within whose portals Landseer has by his genius immortalised "Bolton Abbey in the olden time," a picture that graces alike the hall and the cottage in the broad realms of England.

Passing the priory, looking solemnly grand in its state of half preservation and decay, the picturesque beauties of Bolton Woods were spread all around us; arrived at the rustic gate, where cock robin was perched, with the gnarled trees that guard the entrance, the views towards the priory were singularly charming, whilst from the bridge leading to the park and the Valley of Desolation, it was one continued scene of delightful surprise. The Wharfe rushing along dividing itself into several branches, formed miniature islands, clothed with trees and verdure, and again reunited at the "meeting of the waters," gliding to its own harmonious music, past the shadow of the peaceful priory, "ensheltered in the vale."

Nearer the Strid is seen a freak of nature called the "Eagle's Claws." A mountain ash, radiant with berries, with its pale graceful foliage, springs from the ground and folds within its five roots, in stern embrace, a living rock, with its stem resting on the centre. Further on, a stone chair, on the margin of the ancient bed of the river, formed by the action of resistless waters in days gone by, claims our attention, and amidst the sound of "waters rolling rapidly," we approach the most interesting

of nature's scenery in the ever memorable Strid. Here is seen the immense power of water, flood, and storm, since "primeval man" inhabited the globe. There lie stupendous masses of rock, overthrown and swept away by the impetuous torrent, which roars and bounds along in foaming spray and eddying surges with resistless force, pent in by rocks worn smooth by ages of incessant strife and never ending motion.

Surveying here the superincumbent rocks, assuming the most romantic and fantastic shapes, with ivy clothed, and the innumerable creeping plants and ferns that somehow find sustenance and life, fringed in by belts of ash and fir, of elm and oak; the cataract of roaring waters, passing onward never to return, through the deep gulph that forms the Strid; the old memories and associations of the scene come back with vivid force upon the mind, for it is here, that legend tells us, illustrated by the poetic genius of Rogers and Wordsworth, that the young Romille, "the boy of Egremond," perished "in the arms of Wharfe." Roger's lines are so wonderfully descriptive of the sad catastrophe that we shall quote them at length:—

"At Embsay rung the matin bell,
The stag was roused in Barden Fell;
The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
And down the Wharfe a hern was flying;
When near the cabin in the wood,
In tartan clad and forest green,
With hound in leash, and hawk in hood,
The boy of Egremond was seen.
Blithe was his song—a song of yore—
But where the rock is rent in two,
And the river rushes through,
His voice was heard no more.
'Twas but a step, the gulph he passed;
But that step—it was his last!
As through the mist he winged his way,
(A cloud that hovers night and day),
The hound hung back and back he drew
The master and his merlin too!
That narrow place of noise and strife
Received their little all of life!"*

The Lady Alice on hearing of the tragic death of her only son, vowed that many a poor man's son should be her heir, and legend has it she removed the monks from their bleak place of Embsay, to the more sheltered valley

* "Rogers' "Boy of Egremond."

of the Wharfe, and so was built the noble Priory of Bolton. Wordsworth says :—

> " When Lady Adeliza mourn'd
> Her son, and felt in her despair
> The pang of unavailing prayer ;
> Her son in Wharfe's abysses drown'd
> The noble boy of Egremound.
> From which affliction—when the grace
> Of God had in her heart found place—
> A pious structure, fair to see,
> Rose up,—this stately Priory ! "*

Passing along the rocky ledge overlooking the Wharfe above the Strid, we gain the arbour, where one of the finest views of hill and vale can be obtained, which here, as at Fountains, is the " surprise." Where the river bends to the north, embosomed in wood, appears the massive ruin of Barden Tower, whilst to the east is Beamsley Beacon, clothed with heather in purple bloom, completing one of the most perfect pictures of romantic scenery the painter could delineate or the poet describe. Ascending upward by the river side the valley widens, and assumes a softer aspect, and noble

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* Wordsworth's " White Doe of Rylstone."

trees are studded here and there, some remarkable for beauty, and others for peculiarity of form, and notably a blasted oak stripped of its bark but encased in ivy, the emblem of immortality—life in death; at the same time the eccentricities of nature are displayed in a wide-spreading sycamore, with six trunks all springing from one parent stem. At length Barden Bridge is gained, where, up a winding road and steep ascent, the wicket is approached that admits to Barden Tower. Fronting the ruin, and close to the boundary wall of the enclosure, was a solitary alder tree, with clustering berries, just changing from greenish-red into imperial-purple. The soothing effects of the alder are well known, and those charming and melodious lines of Kirke White's involuntarily come upon the memory:—

"Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree;
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep."*

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* Kirke White's Poem to the herb "Rosemary."

Passing through an arched doorway towards the east side of the tower, where the outer wall has been destroyed, the quadrangular or inner court is reached, showing a fine south front, and the foundations of a portico leading to the central hall. The tower is an oblong, and appears to have been built in the transition period, when comfort was more sought for in its erection than defence, the rooms being more lofty, and the windows considerably larger than in the ancient keeps of the Norman period. This structure was erected in the reign of Henry the VII, by Henry Clifford, "the Shepherd Lord," in the place of the more ancient castle of the Romillies. A curious inscription on the south front states that Barden Tower was restored by the Lady Anne Clifford, "Sheriffess by inheritance of the countie of Westmoreland, and Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery," with some curious information as to her mother, a text of scripture, and finishes with "God's name be praised."

On the other side of the court, opposite the main entrance, is a dwelling attached to a small chapel, access to which is obtained by a stone staircase from a room built over the porch and vestry. The chapel is a comfortable building,

with an old oak roof, having texts of scripture on the walls, is well lit by windows on the south and east, and evidently, from the architecture, is of the same age as Barden Tower. An old broken font within the porch is said to have belonged to Bolton Priory. Within the kitchen, with its massive rafters, low roof, and wide fire-place, are seen some fine, carved cabinets, with the date inscribed upon them, showing they are about 200 years old; and an ancient pike or halberd is produced as an illustration of the weapons of war used in centuries gone by.

The captain is impatient at our delay in listening to the old world stories of the guide, who claims descent from the family of Demaine who came over with the Conqueror, and have lived on the spot for the last 800 years. Shaking his head doubtingly, he gives the command for our return on the east side of the valley by Posforth Gill.

The view from the road, looking back over the waving woods to Barden Tower, Simon's Seat, Coniston Moor, and Kilnsea Crag is one of great variety and beauty, the verdant fells and rugged cliffs stretching to the distant horizon. The thorn bushes are fine and trim,

and the blooming heather seems to smooth the sterility of the Valley of Desolation; whilst a wonderful oak of gigantic girth, its upper branches blasted by the storms of ages, stands the solitary guardian at the entrance of the woods, nearly opposite the Strid, whose echoes are again heard, and the music of the rapids—where the Wharfe divides its course and again re-unites—is borne upon the wind, and indicates we shall shortly cross the river by the wooden bridge on our return to Bolton Priory.

"And hark! the wind god as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies."*

Entering the Priory grounds by a small gate at the north-western extremity, and skirting the pretty churchyard, full of modern tombstones, and where doubtless in days of yore were

"Grave stones numberless, and scutcheons old
Of many a noble knight, and baron bold."†

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* Kirke White's poem to the herb "Rosemary."

† Original "M.S."

we are admitted into the nave of the Priory, which, a few years ago, was restored by the eminent architect, Mr. Street, who is at present engaged in performing a similar duty to the south transept of York Minster. The unfinished tower, erected by the last Prior, Richard Moon, stands in front of the grand western doorway of the church, and, similar to Fountains, has an inscription in commemoration of the founder, quaintly chiselled in old English characters. "In the yer of our lord, mdcxx. R. ~ begann thes foundacion on qwho sowl god haue marcy. amen." The arms of the Cliffords and of the Priory also are placed over the spandrils of the doorway.

The church is elegantly and substantially fitted with oaken seats, and the floor is laid with encaustic tiles of an ecclesiastical pattern. The south windows are filled with beautiful stained glass, shown at the great Exhibition in 1862. The choristers' stalls are of chiselled stone, and an old picture of our Saviour bearing the cross is over the table beneath the east windows of the choir. In the north-east corner is the vestry, formerly a chantry chapel, which tradition states was the vault of the Claphams of Beamsley, who were there interred in an upright position. Nothing is

wanting to complete the restoration, except an east window in harmony with the architecture of the church, which doubtless will shortly be effected by the munificence of the Duke of Devonshire.

The church of Bolton Priory is the only substantial part of the monastic buildings that remains. The cloisters, refectory, dormitories, and chapter house have disappeared, but can be traced by the ruined foundations scattered about, principally on the south side of the Priory. The transepts, chapels, and choir are exceedingly beautiful, and the surrounding landscapes to the south and east, seen from openings in the walls or through the windows and doorways, are unsurpassed in sylvan beauty or picturesque loveliness, and are perfect vignettes, such as artists endeavour to portray in fading colours, whilst the originals will last through winter's storms or summer's smiles to delight and gratify ages yet unborn.

The waterfall on the east of Wharfe pours forth its silver tide down the bare cliff as in the days of yore, and the stepping stones are miniature rapids rendering any attempt to cross both dangerous and futile. The sward is lovely, and the well-trimmed gardens of Bolton

Hall are bright with flowers, and redolent of perfume. The woods are changing colour, and the light and shade of autumn's varying tints are giving them a grandeur unknown to youthful spring. We have seen them in the month of May, and in the days autumnal; each have their peculiar charms; but the majestic glory of autumn is more grandly impressive than the freshness and loveliness of spring.

As we turn away from Bolton, "ever bright and fair," from scenes made famous by the illustrative pencils of Landseer, Cox, and Turner, and classic ground by the poetic inspiration of Rogers and Wordsworth, to take our departure homeward by Harrogate instead of Leeds, brimful of sweet thoughts, as former memories and associations crowd upon the mind; we "cast a lingering look behind," to have again

> "A glimpse of that fair paradise I sought
> Radiant with beauty, passing fancy's flight,"*

so in the future will it come in pleasing dreams, and memory will perpetuate the glory

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* Sonnet "Studley Park."

of Bolton as "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," that we may say with the poet, in truth and reality—

"Methought I in Elysian gardens stray'd,
Where all the ground was velvet 'neath my feet:
With here and there a grove and pleasant glade,
Where streams meandering in embraces meet;
And sparkling fountains mingled with the air,
And joy and peace and love were mirror'd there."*

Sept. 11th, 1873.

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* "A Reverie."

No. 5.

Durham and Northumberland.—Marsden Rock and Tynemouth Castle and Priory.

THE York Tourist Society has now become one of the established institutions of Old Ebor. Its trips are always looked forward to with a great degree of pleasure, as it is the means of introducing the members to many historical monuments of ancient times and the glorious scenery that so commonly encircles them. This society inaugurated its first excursion, for this year, by a visit to the far-famed Rock of Marsden and the interesting ruins of Tynemouth Castle and Priory.

Its programme for the ensuing season is replete with interest. Visits are proposed to Pontefract, Chatsworth, Brimham Rocks, Newstead Abbey, Alnwick and Belvoir Castles, North Wales, the English Lakes, and other well-known resorts of the tourist, which will, doubtless, under the efficient and energetic

management of the secretary, be attended with complete success.

Leaving by the nine o'clock train for the north, in a comfortable saloon carriage, through the pleasant Vale of York, looking lovely with the beautiful garments of spring, Thirsk and and the Vale of Mowbray are passed, where the Hambleton and Cleveland ranges look boldly out as far as the eye can reach towards the distant sea, but the western hills by Skipton, Pateley, and Leyburn, are cloudy and indistinct, being enveloped by the coming rain. The pine, the fir, and the larch plantations dotted here and there, in a varied foliage of light and shade, arrest the attention, while the rooks and myriads of smaller birds are busily employed following the occupations of the farmer, darting along with dainty morsels for the young fledgelings who are impatiently waiting with open mouths for their accustomed food.

Northallerton is reached in rain, prior to which, on its occurring to a gentleman learned in turf matters that it was the Two Thousand Guineas' day, some speculation on the event was indulged in, and a lot of lively chat and badinage took place. On Marmion being drawn, "Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley,

on!" was of course alluded to, whilst in more than one mind, perchance, the thought arose we were near the country of the Marmions, whose memorials and escutcheons are found in the vicinity of Coverham and Jervaulx Abbeys near Middleham, and more especially at Tanfield Church in North-west Yorkshire.

The pretty watering place of Croft, on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, is passed, and Darlington, in the county Palatine, is at length reached; the country being flat and uninteresting until Ferryhill is attained, and we are travelling on the new line to Durham. In approaching the city of St. Cuthbert the scenery is delightful, and wood and fell, hill and dale, running stream and winding river are a goodly setting for the glorious minster and the magnificent castle that bursts upon the view, one unique of its kind in England.

In looking upon this grand Norman cathedral, with its lofty towers and noble aisles, companioned by the immense turreted and battlemented castle—reminding one of Royal Windsor — enclosed in an amphitheatre of gently rising hills, memory will recall when the first church was erected by the Saxon monks of Lindisfarne, and the whole kingdom

of Northumbria was in heathen darkness, and how, in later times, when the northern counties suffered from the raids and incursions of the Scots, the bishops put aside the crozier, and with sword in hand, at the head of their retainers, joined the barons in the field to repel and drive out the intruders.

At Durham we leave the north train, and take the route *via* Leamside Junction to Sunderland. Owing to the strike, the collieries were entirely closed, and wore an aspect of utter desolation. Furnaces are out from the difficulty of obtaining fuel, and the entire industry of the district is forcibly paralysed. A momentary glance of a mass meeting of colliers was seen, holding up their hands, doubtless, in favour of a resolution to continue the strike. Let us hope, however, that wiser counsels will prevail, and there will be more friendly unity between the employer and the employed in the future than has existed in late times.

The next feature of interest that attracted attention was Penshaw Hill, upon which is erected a monument in the form of a classic Grecian temple to the memory of the first Lord Durham. This is the most prominent

object in the county, and can be seen miles away in every direction.

The railway continues its course along the wooded banks of the Wear, where foundries, collieries, and ship-building are in the ascendant, and we are shortly in the Sunderland station. The carriages are quickly mounted, and driven over the fine high bridge that spans the Wear to the Queen's Hotel, where, after a short stay for refreshments, we continue our journey, and are shortly through the streets and on the road near the sea shore in the direction of South Shields. The country around looks sterile; the trees are stunted and almost leafless; the cold north-east blasts arresting vegetation. Steamers, sloops, and schooners are crowding the river down to Monkwearmouth, and the Sodor Lighthouse stands prominently to warn the mariner of the dangers of the "melancholy sea" on stormy nights upon this rock-bound coast; whilst inland, on the brow of a gentle hill, was a handsome mansion bedecked with flags and streamers, indicating a wedding or a birthday, or some auspicious occasion of rejoicing. A ruined windmill, lonely and desolate, affixed the attention of our travellers, which the "chiel taking notes"

was requested to chronicle, whilst an eminent civic dignitary all at once discovered that the horse drawing the smaller waggonette had two odd legs, which caused some merriment; and so the wags had it all their own way, sparing no one in their wit, and a Roland for an Oliver was taken and given in all good humour till we pulled up at the little wayside Marsden Inn.

Thus arrived at the first stage of our journey, the stone stile was quickly crossed and the cliff reached, when a steep descent of ninety-six steps, under galleries of overhanging rock, brought us to the sea shore, and a sight, at once marvellous and grand, repaid for all the trouble of so long a journey. Standing out in majestic grandeur, some 300 yards from the rugged cliffs, was the imposing Marsden Rock, which, encompassed at high water, would be a miniature island. In appearance it is more an oblong than a cube, its north and south sides being longer than the east and west, having a circumference of 300 or 400 yards, and a height in some parts of over 100 feet. The west side, opposite the grotto, is full of caverns, in all kinds of curious forms, the strata of the rock being well defined, but the supports being honeycombed, are year by year

becoming weaker through the action of the tides. On the south, and at an oblique angle, is its most interesting feature, one that has, doubtless, been frequently committed to canvas. Looking about due north, and nearly at an angle from its eastern face, it is seen that the resistless waves in centuries gone by have found the weak place within the mighty rock, and by their constant action have formed a fine Gothic arch, some thirty feet in height. The scene here in stormy weather must be grandly terrible, as when the tide comes up, impelled by the fierce northern blast, the current will fret and chafe and press with giant force against its intervening sides, and with a roar like thunder will pass through, and pour its repressed energies upon the outspread sands.

In walking round the rock, indications are found of former footpaths all along the ledge, and at high tide some rickety wooden steps may be reached leading to the giddy height where the flagstaff is securely moored; whilst ever and anon vegetation shows itself by moss and creepers, and little tufts and bushes, which, in summer weather, will add a tender grace to the weather-beaten island that has "braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze."

Looking to the south are clusters of tall rocks, standing, weird-like, on the sands, and cut off from the shore; whilst to the north are others of a similar character, but of smaller dimensions, which are all surrounded by the sea at high water. Who can have visited those rocks by the sad "sea wave" without recalling the time when they were part and parcel of the mainland, or fail to reflect upon the mighty energy and resistless force of the continual action of the boundless sea, and thus conclude how, from primeval times, this impulsive agent has been slowly but steadily encroaching day by day upon this so-called "terra firma," and that not even the command of a Canute, nor the ingenuity of man, can bar its progress, but only ONE controlling Voice can say, "thus far shalt thou go and no further!"

These reflections upon the power of the ocean, and the futile efforts of man to restrain it, naturally bring those bitterly sarcastic lines of Byron's to one's memory:—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown."*

Returning to the shore, to the remarkable grotto, hewed out of the solid rock since the commencement of this century by the eccentric and adventuresome Peter Allen, we are struck with wonder at his persevering ingenuity, and at the immense amount of time and labour necessary to carry out his project. Entering by a doorway through the rock, ten or twelve feet thick, we find ourselves in a saloon of considerable length, with a smooth wooden floor, and a raised recess or gallery towards the upper end of the room for the musicians. At the sides are several circular pillars, with carved grotesque heads, supporting the floor of an upper chamber, access to which is gained by a short staircase opposite the door; there are also fire places, and open windows in each apartment. On the north side a small hotel is built up to the face of the rock, where there are bed and sitting rooms, very well furnished, the sides of the rock being ornamented with

* Lord Byron's "Childe Harold."

paper hangings in the same way as the remainder of the rooms. In the summer season great numbers of people flock here, as the proprietor states, "to spend a happy day."

A pleasing association in connection with this romantic grotto, is one that touches the feelings and revives the recollections of many "most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors." This Peter Allen had a daughter, said to be most beautiful and fascinating, and the very life and attraction of the place; and many a weary mile have the gay youth of Newcastle and the neighbouring towns trudged it for a shake of the hand, a sweet smile, and an approving word from this charming fairy of the grot. Their hearts are bounding yet at the recollection, and in thus looking back upon the youthful past, may nothing inharmonious or regretful "disturb the pleasures of the dream."

"Oh! maiden fair,
With golden hair,
Of Marsden Grot beside the sea,
On those bright days
I frequent gaze,
And dream thou hast come back to me."*

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* Original MS.

Ascending the steps up the steep and giddy cliff—a feat more difficult for some of the tourists than the descent,—we are again on the road, which, for some distance, is both rough and rugged, on our way to South Shields. Passing through some curious pleasure grounds, with statuary here and there of a not very Phidian origin, our attention was drawn to a very remarkably wise-looking quadruped peeping, with comical gravity, over the wall, at what some said were kindred bipeds passing by; and reflections are next made, that are not complimentary, upon the ungallant conduct of a great hulking overseer, who was superintending the labours of a gang of women in a certain agricultural operation called "looking" in a fresh turned up field. As sympathy, however, is a cheap commodity, none of our indignant friends got down to relieve the ladies from their irksome labours, but unreluctantly pushed on to South Shields, where the streets were busy with the market people, the market place being also full of shows and caravans, conspicuous amongst which were "The Ghost Illusion" and "Daniel in the Lion's Den." Not having time to make a more intimate acquaintance with the "wonders of the world," we

were soon on the landing pier and directly after embarked horses, carriages, and passengers on board the steam ferry boat for North Shields.

The steam ferry boat was remarkable for its breadth of beam, high bulwarks, and for the ease and safety with which, daily, hundreds of horses and vehicles, and thousands of passengers, are safely conducted for about half-a-mile through the intricacies of the navigation. As far as the eye could reach, ships of all nations with streamers flying were anchored in tiers, and steamers and boats, in perpetual motion, crowded the Tyne. Up the river, at moorings, were the "Boscawen" and "Wellesley," men of war, whilst nearly a mile below was the "Diamond" frigate, used for the training of boys for the navy. Landing at North Shields, a drive of about two miles brought us to our journey's end, at the Bath Hotel, at Tynemouth, where the carriages were discharged, to return later in the day by the same route to Sunderland.

The village of Tynemouth is beautifully placed at the mouth of the Tyne on the Northumberland shore, and stretches along the bay at the north of the castle rock, the principal features of interest being the combination of castle and priory on the same

bold promontory facing the German Ocean, and the wonderful piers and breakwaters that make the Tyne accessible at all times, however tempestuous the weather may be.

Leaving the Bath Hotel by the arcade into the principal street leading to the castle hill, a handsome drinking fountain is passed prior to commencing the ascent to the castle gate. Passing through the ancient arched entrance, now converted into officers' quarters for the garrison, and where sentries of the 105th Regiment were on guard, we enter the castle yard and stand within the precincts of the priory. Approaching the west entrance, we pass along the ancient Norman nave, the transepts and the tower, to the beautiful choir and chancel, whose fragments are so picturesque and imposing even in ruin. The east end and the south wall of the chancel remain in their entirety, and are graceful specimens of the transitional architecture that followed the more massive but shorter columns of the Norman period. The arches spring with a bold and tender grace, supporting a clerestory of similar character, and show the choir to have been a beautiful structure. The remains of a piscina are seen on the south side of the chancel, and

a credence table or tomb in the same wall near the altar, and directly opposite, in the north wall, is a recumbent sculpture with folded hands, the features being defaced. Behind the great altar is an arched doorway leading to a mortuary chapel outside the east end of the priory, and supposed to have been originally added to it for interments of the Percy family. The only part of the outer monastic building that remains is a fragment of the great hall facing the "prior's haven," which looks down upon the colossal statue of Lord Collingwood, keeping watch and ward seaward on the entrance of the Tyne.

The priory of Tynemouth dates back from its first establishment, to the times of the Anglo-Saxon kings, and the Earls of Northumberland had also a castle on the same promontory. Both, however, at the conquest came into the possession of Robert de Mowbray, who surrounded the rock with fortifications, and ultimately granted them to the great abbey of St. Albans, the monks of which were of the Benedictine order. The priory being in a dilapidated state, was rebuilt by them in the year 1110, and the choir and transepts were replaced in the reign of Henry III. The choir and

various parts of the priory since the dissolution have been used for interments, and the south side of the promontory is studded with hundreds of grave-stones, but burials have been discontinued since 1860. The incongruity of its former associations still continue; the monks have departed, and their beautiful house is now a picturesque ruin, but batteries of Armstrong guns, with 100-pound conical shot piled in symmetrical heaps, are ready to pour death and destruction upon the foes of England from the sea-girt churchyard.

East of the priory, near the formidable batteries surrounding it right and left, and a short distance from the edge of the perpendicular rock, stands the lighthouse, 154 feet above the level of the sea. Ascending its winding stair, under the guidance of the Trinity House officer in charge, we find ourselves within its glazed roof, where eighteen revolving lights, with reflectors beautifully bright, will, after sunset, guide the toiling mariner at sea to the safe harbour within the piers of the Tyne. The view, from the giddy balcony outside, is one of great extent and wonderfully grand. Looking up Tyne, towards Newcastle, crowded with shipping, and those hives of industry

upon its banks, where half-a-million human beings are toiling in occupations not very sightly or engaging, but for the benefit of the human race, we see at once the secret of England's supremacy amongst the nations of the world, and are impressed with the power that coal and steam and iron exercise over the destinies of mankind. Seaward, as far as the eye can reach, its bosom is covered by hull and spreading sail, the graceful schooner, and the screw steamer leaving a dark trail in its course astern. The east coast stretches into the distant clouds past Sunderland to the Hartlepools; whilst northward, thirty miles away, the lovely Coquet Isle is seen a few miles out from shore, and Seaton Delavel, with its clustering woods, and the bold Cheviot Hills on the borders of the sister kingdom, shut out the view, and complete the varied landscape.

Sir Walter Scott, in his romance of "Marmion," alludes to this scenery in relating the sea voyage of the Abbess of St. Hilda's to Lindisfarne—the Holy Isle:—

> "And now the vessel skirts the strand
> Of mountainous Northumberland;
> Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
> And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.

Monkwearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay.
They marked amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton Delaval;
At Coquet Isle their beads they tell
To the good saint who owned the cell;
Then from the coast they bore away
And reached the Holy Island's bay."*

Signing our name in the visitors' book, we parted from the courteous guide to pay a flying visit to the northern pier, which has been fifteen years in erecting, and is still incomplete. Traversing its whole length, we mounted the massive staging, where an enormous crane deposits the immense blocks of stone, in order to extend the pier, and are wonderfully impressed with the marvels science and mechanical skill bring to bear in order to overcome the forces of nature.

As time is now precious, we return to the Bath Hotel to partake of the good provision so bountifully dispensed by our worthy chairman, and shortly after taking leave of Tynemouth, are soon beneath the shadow of the grim

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* Scott's "Marmion," Canto II.

Norman keep at Newcastle, looking down on scenes so different from the times when William the Conqueror kept the Northumbrians in awe, and passing over the high level bridge to Gateshead, on to Durham and Darlington, arrive at York again punctually at half-past nine. A vote of thanks, proposed and seconded by two magnates of the Corporation, to our "Captain" for successfully carrying out the excursion, being duly responded to, with this courteous recognition of deserved merit, thus ended our "happy day at Marsden Rock" and Tynemouth Castle and Priory.

May, 1874.

No. 6.

An Afternoon at Scoreby Woods.

IT has been our pleasing duty to record on previous occasions many journeys taken to the beautiful abbeys and castles of Yorkshire, where the surrounding scenery, and the historical incidents associated with them, add a charm and a romance that will survive and give similar pleasure to ages yet unborn, that it is somewhat a novelty to describe a visit to the Woods at Scoreby, where there is nothing but the natural beauties of the place and the successful occupation of pheasant culture to commend it.

We leave the castle of York, by the Hull road, on a bright midsummer day, in a comfortable waggonette, with sundry hampers safely stored, indicating that hospitable provision had been provided for faint and weary travellers in the wilderness whither we are bound, our gallant captain mounted on the box, taking proper care of the precious freight

content with a less elevated position inside. Jehu cracks his whip, and we are going merrily along the Queen's highway, taking up a substantial member of the party and some fine luscious strawberries on the route. Heslington fields are brightly gleaming in the midsummer sun, and the quaint old church at Osbaldwick peeps out at the travellers rapidly passing it by. Grimston is attained, and we have no longer to stand and deliver to the Argus-eyed toll keeper, whose gate and occupation have both happily disappeared—"Rebeckah hath triumphed, and travellers are free." The road here divides; that to the left following its course through Gate Helmsley to Stamford Bridge,—the scene of Harold's victory over the Danish King, just prior to losing his life and crown at the ever memorable battle of Hastings,—and so on over the wolds to Driffield and Burlington; the other, to the right, by way of Kexby bridge, to Pocklington, Beverley, and Hull. Our course being by the latter, and the road running along an elevated plateau, we have an extensive view through the wooded country of Elvington and Wheldrake, lying between the valleys of the Ouse and Derwent. The road gradually descends past the charming

Grimston lodge, with its pleasant enclosures and bright green pastures, and winds along by Oxtoby's windmill, showing no signs of its usual bustling activity, and so the cross roads are reached, where Dunnington moor is seen spreading far and wide on the right, and the village of Dunnington, snugly ensheltered beneath the ridge dividing the North and East Ridings, appears on the left. The road is quiet and deserted; the old coaching days are over, the prancing four-in-hands, the gaily decorated mails, the stout sturdy and talkative coachmen, the lithe, active, and horn-blowing guards, and the well-wrapped and cosy-looking passengers, are now things of the past, and are only revived when that prince of highwaymen, Claude Duval, is graciously dancing a cotillion with his fair captive on the sward, or Paul Clifford and Dick Turpin are politely easing the well-filled pockets of trembling merchants with an easy grace. As there are no dangers now from the mounted knights of industry to encounter, and no stirring accidents by flood and field to narrate, the historian is left to his own resources to illustrate, as best he may, "a plain, unvarnished tale." As the longest journeys have an ending, so have our shorter

ones, and a stentorian voice announces that a "gate" obstructs the road towards the haven where we would be. The obstruction is quickly removed, and we pass the lodge at the entrance to the Scoreby estate, where a startling notice is posted against trespassers without leave. As we have the "*pas*," and no "dead carcass"* on board, we leave the discussion of the problem to our candid critics, and are steadily progressing through the fields to the "hermitage" of our good friend, Mr. Stephen Young, the gamekeeper and deputy agent of this portion of the Yorkshire estate of Lord Londesboro'. Our active conductor has a merry time of it at the gates, and the nimble way in which he gets through his important and arduous duties is quite commendable and deserving honourable mention, and a right merry shout rends the air as we meet Mr. Young at the garden gate of his hermit cell.

After a hearty welcome, a good shake of the hand, and a punctilious introduction to

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* A notice against trespassers, and a curious prohibition against the conveyance of dead carcasses along the private road, was observed and commented on by the tourists.

those who had not visited Scoreby Woods before, and an admiring inspection of the grand blooming shorthorns, sheltering from the sun beneath the wide spreading oaks dividing the cow pasture from the croft in front of the house, an assistant keeper proceeded to feed the young pheasants close to the adjoining plantation. As he sprinkled the food and made his peculiar call, it was pleasing to see how they came about him, almost as tamely as barn-yard fowls, and yet how they shrunk and scuttled away at the sight of strangers and objects unfamiliar to them.

As pheasant rearing is a peculiar art, and requires constant care and attention to secure success, we found everything at Scoreby as perfect as science, money, and skill, could possibly accomplish. Westward of the hermitage, and closely adjoining, are two pastures specially devoted to that object, and here, in regular order, were lines of coops, latticed in front, with the "Gallina" or common hen, and the young pheasant brood nestling beneath her wings. Passing between the lines through the long grass, with heaps of sheltering thorns in front of each coop, the pheasants were alarmed at our approach and concealed them-

selves in the thorns and grass, and finally returned to the pseudo mother, when all apparent danger was over. Here were some hundreds of pheasants in all stages, some a fair size and able to fly, others smaller, and some the size of young chickens two or three weeks old. The feeding process was gone through here, and Mr. Young and his assistant were at once recognised as old friends, and no fear or shyness was evinced.

It is the custom, on this estate, for the keeper to search the woods, fields, and hedgerows in the spring, and gather all the eggs that can be found, and then place them under the hens kept in the farm yard for the purpose. When the young pheasants have attained a certain size, they are taken in the coops to the woods, and the hens are finally withdrawn in September, but the feeding still goes on, and in the comparative wildness of these solitudes, in the presence of the keepers they are still tame, so that in the shooting season they are not allowed to visit them.

The building in which food for the pheasants is prepared, is stationed in the first of the pastures nearest the house, and has fire places, and boiler, and all kinds of apparatus

for the purpose; the food principally used is rice, Indian corn, tallow crap, and boiled rabbits, the latter being put through a sausage mill and ground up, bones and all.

The precautions taken for the preservation of the pheasants from the depredations of sly reynard the fox, and the poaching fraternity, are considerable, a keeper being out at nights ranging the precincts, and discharging his signal gun each half-hour. In addition to this, at each corner of the pasture the furthest away is a formidable Cerberus in the shape of a watch dog, hound or mastiff, chained to his kennel; one, of whom, a magnificent animal, a cross between the two, rejoicing in the name of Lion, looked very much like the king of beasts. This gentleman showed his fine rows of teeth to the assembled tourists, and very nearly left his mark on our illustrious conductor, who hastily made a strategic movement to escape his tender mercies, and vowed he had much rather have fallen in with the "Hanley" bull dog than the Scoreby "Lion" in an encounter for dear life.

Proceeding onward through the carriage drive, the principal wood at Scoreby is entered, and it is seen at once we are a month too late

for the glories of the rhododendron, which is going out of bloom. How charmingly secluded from the world are those long vistas, fenced in by firs of gigantic growth, tapering so high and so gracefully to the sky; how delightful to the senses of sight and smell, and how refreshing from the dust and turmoil, and the hum of busy life left far away in town; how sweet the *abandon* and banishment of care, and how glorious to find beneath the cooling shade a rustic seat and a table set out in the wilderness for the thirsty and hungry souls, whose appetite for sylvan enjoyment is keen and engrossing, who do full justice to the one, whilst admiring the bounty and beauty of nature so unsparingly spread around them with no niggardly hand.

Whilst some are engaged in prosaic occupations, others are interested in viewing the pleasant glades and woodland scenery by which we are surrounded. Down a long avenue to the south, in a fair open space, is the American garden, full of rhododendrons and lilies, the climbing, sweet-scented honeysuckle, and a variety of ferns and creeping plants, hemmed in by firs, larches, and oaks. On the north of the principal avenue, there is a marvellous

assemblage of trees, principally of the fir tribe, assuming grand proportions and wonderful forms, amongst them, one, which the storm had shattered down to the stem, yet had again branched out and bore upward from the trunk what might seem several distinct trees. Another, whose roots had been upheaved by the force of a mighty tempest, was inclined at an angle sufficient to have borne it headlong to the ground, had again recovered its equilibrium, and its branches clothed in foliage beautifully green, had shot out boldly upward, betraying no tokens of its apparent overthrow many years ago.

Returning to our companions a scene met the view reminding one of olden times, and of a picture that Claude, Watteau, and Gainsborough would have delighted to paint. The extemporaneous table spread out with refreshments beneath the shelter of the wide-spreading tree, the occupants of the rustic seat in various attitudes and motley costumes, others on the green sward in picturesque groups reclining near to the trenches, and the waggonette, minus the horses, pushed back upon the centre of the drive, with four industrious elders intently and distractedly engaged in solving

questions of sublime moment,* and Jehu and the under gamekeeper reclining at full length at the intersection of the avenues, gazing into the heavens and perchance moralising like Jaques, upon the waywardness and eccentricities of humanity close by; this was a picture once seen not likely to be forgotten by the veracious chronicler of this excursion.

How grandly impressive are those woodland solitudes, how marvellous and how varied are their animal, insect, and vegetable life; how pleasing to hear the coo of the stock dove, the sharper call of the pheasant to his mate, and the twittering of the multitudinous songsters of the grove; how sweet and delightful to hear the gentle murmur of the rivulet, and the soft sighing of the wind, as the setting sun throws a glorious halo on the gently waving trees, ere he sinks beneath the glowing west.

The shades of evening are coming on apace, and the "*al fresco*" entertainment is brought to a termination, by a trio of vocalists who wake the surrounding echoes with the merits of the "Country Schoolmaster," the hunting song of "John Peel," and a long reiterated

* A whist party.

ditty appertaining to the "Grand old Woods;" so after packing up the remains of the feast, and thanking our gallant captain and other friends for their attention to our wants, the horses are put on, and after a hearty farewell to Mr. Young, we are soon through the fields, and on the road again to Old Ebor, with the satisfaction of having spent a glorious afternoon beneath the shady coverts of Scoreby Wood, where

> "The trees drop balsam, and on all the boughs
> Health sits and makes it sovereign as it flows."*

July 13th, 1874.

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* From a book on "ancient coins."

No. 7.

Pickering Castle, Ellerton Lodge, and Cawthorne Camp.

IN the programme of the York Tourist Society, issued at the commencement of the season in the spring of 1874, Pickering was included as one of the places of interest to be visited in the course of the year, and Tuesday last was eventually selected as a fitting day for its accomplishment.

On arriving at the York Railway Station, we found a goodly number of the tourists assembled, including the Lord Mayor,* the Sheriff,† and other civic dignitaries, and many of the best members of the society, who rarely fail to be present, and enjoy those agreeable excursions so ably planned and carried out by the excellent honorary secretary, Mr. Anderson. As the morning was anything but encouraging

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* Mr. Alderman March. † Mr. Alderman Dove.

for the expedition, the rain having, for the preceding six hours, come down with a volubility we have not lately been accustomed to, the tourists were well provided with the necessary materials to encounter successfully the recurrence of so unwelcome and depressing a visitor, and with many anxious wishes for a fine day, we took our departure in one of the comfortable saloon carriages of the North Eastern Railway Company, attached to the 9-40 Scarbro' train.

We glide out of the station a few minutes late, and are outside the city walls, where chaos seems to reign supreme. Engine and carriage sheds, steel rails, and wooden sleepers, iron wheels, bolts, and chairs, and all the immense material of the head quarters of this leviathan company, are scattered about in admired confusion, soon, however, to give place to order and system when that noble structure* shall arise complete in all its great proportions, revealing to the traveller in the surrounding prospect a scene of imperial grandeur and magnificence worthy of the fame of the queenly capital of the north.

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* The New Railway Station opened in 1877.

The route from York to Pickering is full of interest, and has many associations of historic lore and pleasing tradition connected with it. Shall we instance the once renowned castle of Sheriff Hutton, looking so gloomily over the intervening woods, where, for generations, the great family of the Nevilles held almost regal state and sway, or fail to recall those tender recollections associated with that beautiful fragment of paternal piety and fond remembrance when we look upon Kirkham Priory, in the narrow Derwent Vale, or the still greater changes time has wrought on the more ancient Derventio, the modern Malton, famous for its settlement by the Brigantes, and its after occupation by the all-conquering Romans.

It is in the midst of harvest, and the golden corn is being rapidly reaped, but little is yet secured owing to the stormy weather of the preceding week, and the heavy rain of the morning prevents any active exertions in the fields until later in the day. The hay has been well won, and the pastures are assuming a luxuriant green, giving promise of abundant food for the lowing kine, and the swedes and mangolds are daily progressing for the winter store. The graceful fir trees stand erect, and

with luxuriant and varied foliage charm the sense of sight, and with dewy odours scent the gale with their balsamic sweetness. The scenery from Barton Hill to Hutton is delightful, all along the winding Derwent, enclosed by rocky heights and verdant woods; and the charming Castle Howard station deserves a passing notice as a gem of neatness, made bright and perfected by floral beauty.

A short stay is made at Malton to attach us to the Whitby train, which, after a straight run to Rillington, is soon upon the branch by Marishes to Pickering, which is reached, ac-according to the programme, a little before half-past eleven. Placing ourselves under the guidance of Mr. Watson, of that town, (whose gracious consideration and kindness will be duly acknowledged in its proper place by and by), our tourists wend their way up the steep thoroughfare to the Black Swan Hotel, which is the principal inn of this ancient market town.

After ridding ourselves of certain *impedimenta* until our return, our first visit was directed to Pickering Low Hall, the residence of Mr. Kendall, J.P., the well-known collector of antiquities, who courteously received the whole company, and threw open the various

cases of his most interesting museum for their inspection. An antique circular dish was exhibited, having emblematic designs thereon of the Blessed Trinity, said to have formerly belonged to the abbey of Rivaulx. The collection of arrow heads, flint hammers, bronze weapons, British urns, and various types of skulls found in barrows and tumuli in the surrounding district is considered unique, or at all events only equalled by the collection in the British Museum. Various other memorials of olden times were placed in the beautiful grounds surrounding the hall, including stone crosses, a British cairn, a variety of chiselled and ruder stones, each having a history attached to it, and a long peculiar slab, with tracings thereon, somewhat in the form of an hieroglyphic, the signs and language of which were unknown to those present. The garden was also remarkable for some fine specimens of stately beech and walnut trees.

Leaving our kind antiquarian friend, whose further hospitable intentions we are obliged to decline, the venerable church of St. Peter claims our attention. Entering by one of the footpaths through the churchyard, we pass through the antique porch into the church,

which consists of nave, aisles, transepts, chancel, and tower, surmounted by a lofty spire. The church is very ancient, and contains some Norman pillars and arches in the nave, with a mingling of early English and the decorated style of the 14th century in the other parts of the edifice. The east window of five lights contains some good modern stained glass, erected in 1861 to the memory of Thomas Mitchelson, Esq., the figure of our Saviour occupying the central light, and the four evangelists the others. There are two piscinas in the south wall, one near the porch and the other in the chancel, where, closely adjoining, are three sedilia with sculptured canopies. Within the altar, on the north side, are two life-size figures in alabaster of a knight (in armour) and his lady, recumbent with folded hands, and with figures of angels at the head of each; on the south side also is a sculptured knight in armour, the legs crossed, with sword and shield emblematic of the Knights Templars. Tradition says he was one of the noble family of Bruce. These figures, with the exception of the angels, are in an admirable state of preservation, and are almost unique of their kind. There are many tablets in the church erected

to the memory of local worthies; amongst them are the Robinsons, Lloyds, and Fothergills, and two gentlemen of Pickering who were aldermen, and one of them, in 1805, Lord Mayor of the city of York.

The castle is next visited, and is reached by the steep ascent of Castlegate, past the High Hall with its beautiful gardens and fine prospect over the Pickering valley. The ancient gateway has been greatly altered, the arch being built up and a modern smaller doorway substituted for it. On each side of it, on the outer ramparts, are insignificant cottages, with the slopes occupied as market gardens. It is only when the gate is passed, the tourist has any conception of the magnitude of the defensive works inside. The outer wall is still in existence, and encloses an area of three acres. It is nearly its original height except on its western side, where it simply forms a fence from the precipitous height looking on to the railway and the river below. Its principal defences have been four square towers built on the outer wall, and the great keep raised upon the immense artificial mound, thrown up in the centre of the castle yard. The mill or beacon tower at the south-west angle is in a

fair state of preservation, and so is the pretty ivied tower of Fair Rosamond, so called from a tradition that the beautiful mistress of Henry II. was once a prisoner within its walls. The Devil's Tower on the north is more dilapidated, and looks far more like a prison than that of Fair Rosamond. In the curve of the wall on the north-west, and behind the modern manor court-house, was a chapel, a so-called "Saxon" circular arch (certainly something like Conings-boro') indicating its position. The site of the chapel is now an inclosed garden. Ascending the covered way by the flanking tower guarding the inner moat, after some exertion the circular keep is gained, but it is a complete ruin, only part of the lower storey now remaining. The views here are exceedingly fine, and more especially to the west where Beacon Hill is pointed out as the place where the Cromwellian cannon battered the castle and forced it to surrender. Between Fair Rosamond's tower and the castle gate the ground has been levelled, and a beautiful croquet lawn formed, which is quite a contrast in its peaceful contendings to its former warlike associations.

The town of Pickering is built on gentle rising ground on the lower slopes of the castle

hill, and is said to be of ancient origin, dating long before the Christian era, and tradition asserts its name originated in a certain British king losing his ring whilst bathing in the Costa, which was afterwards found in the belly of a pike, and hence its name. Whether these be "true legends" it matters little at the present moment to decide, but there is one thing that the inhabitants of Pickering should do, and that is to get possession of the castle and its grounds, clear out the shabby cottages and the market gardeners, and make the castle yard and its slopes a place of pleasant recreation for the people, which will gain for them the commendation of the travel-worn tourist and the grave approbation of the antiquary. Here, as at Pomfret, the castle and its appendages are in possession of the Crown as pertaining to the Duchy of Lancaster, and it is its unquestionable duty to hand over those national monuments to the local authority for proper preservation from further decay, so that those records of the mode and manner of life of our ancestors may be entirely freed from contamination with cabbage gardens, and growers of liquorice and cucumbers, and those ivy-mantled towers may be protected from the indignity of being

converted into miserable stables and cowsheds for the sake of a few paltry pounds being added to the national exchequer.

One of the principal items, in the programme to be got through, was the kind invitation of Mr. Watson to pay a visit to "Elleron Lodge," his delightful country residence on the moors, between five and six miles from Pickering. The carriages were drawn up in front of the Swan and were soon travelling on the Kirbymoorside highway, until we branch off to the north towards Cawthorne and Newton Dale. Our progress is only slow owing to the limestone roads being heavy with the rains, and being nearly all up hill to the moors. Here and there are patches of vegetation, and the fields on the slopes and in the hollows are waving with corn yet green, showing the harvest on those bleak moors will not be yet; and young plantations are springing up, which in future years will add a charm and give a softer aspect to the surrounding desolation. The moors stretching right and left are gleaming with the purple heather and the drooping blue bells, whilst those in the far horizon towards Whitby or in the direction of Rosedale are tinted with a more sombre hue. Arrived at the Cawthorne

Hills we find the gate open, and a road formed and newly made, descending for nearly a mile down the steep edge of the adjoining moorland gradually to Elleron Lodge. Its features in a few years will be fully developed, and the ornamental trees, plants, and shrubs will have attained proportions so as to change it into a smiling oasis in the midst of the barren desert. The watercourse in the valley has been taken advantage of to form a beautiful miniature lake, and the most exquisite taste has been shown in the formation of its surroundings. The rustic bridges, the winding walks, the lovely dells, and the murmuring waterfalls and cascades, with verdure, ferns, and flowers, will in time make it a perfect paradise. Altogether the scene is one of great beauty, and may the genial owner, who ten years ago commenced building the lodge, and who since that time has been enclosing, planting, and road making, long survive to see the work of his hands in that state of perfection that time will eventually give to it.

The lodge is built on a gentle eminence looking south facing the valley below the Cawthorne heights, and is fitted up in elegant style, and occupied by the owner during the few months of summer. The tourists were most kindly

and graciously received by the lady of our host, and immediately ushered into a spacious marquee erected on the lawn in front of the house. The Lord Mayor and Mrs. Watson led the way, followed by the Sheriff and the remainder of the guests, and a banquet on a princely scale was immediately served, to which ample justice was done by the assembled tourists. It would not be in accordance with good taste, nor with the usages of English society, to dilate further on this subject; nor would it be agreeable to the kind and honourable nature of our worthy host to have, in American fashion, all the world advertised and advised as to each particular dish or viand or brand of wine placed before us; suffice it to say that the kind reception, the elegant entertainment, and the pleasurable words so freely uttered, will long live in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to be present, and that the name of Elleron Lodge and its happy possessors will bring to mind one of the most agreeable excursions of the York Tourist Society.

We are reminded that in the midst of pleasure time flies, and railway trains wait for none but railway kings, and as we have no one in the company entitled to the honour, we

prepare to depart, our kind host leading the way to the Roman road, which, commencing at York, proceeded to Malton, Cawthorne, Dunsley, and finally to Whitby, where the Roman galleys doubtless found safe harbourage within the tidal waters of the Esk. This road was sixteen feet in width and paved with stone, some sections of which were shown by the removal of the soil and heather. Retracing our steps, and crossing the adjoining moor, where fire had recently scarified a portion of the heath, our course was taken to the wonderful fortified Roman camp of Cawthorne. Trampling through the heather, the startled grouse flew fearfully away, — the skulking rabbit hied him to the nearest friendly shelter, and the bleating sheep looked serious, and scrutinized the band of strange intruders. A Roman well was met with on the route, and the babbling brook was crossed prior to commencing the ascent of the narrow gorge and pass leading direct to the centre of the camp. Having gained the summit, a magnificent prospect opened out on every side, showing with what prescience the Romans had chosen this elevated plateau for a permanent fortified position. On this heath-clad table-land, with the slopes

and sides softened with the young fir plantations, are no less than four camps, the entrenchments still visible, though overgrown with heather, and it was here that the legionaries of Imperial Rome extended and established their empire over the warlike Brigantes, until they were unavailingly recalled to defend the great mother of civilization from the successful assaults of the Vandals and the Goths.

The carriages are found waiting our return at the edge of the moor, the stragglers are picked up, and it is a race to Pickering to save our tea and catch the train. Our progress is rapid, as this time the gradients are in our favour, and the castle and the spire of Pickering are shortly seen; the bridge and railway crossing are speedily passed, and we pull up once more at the hostelry of the Swan, where tea is quickly served and as rapidly despatched, and are ere long travelling homeward to York, in the meantime passing special resolutions and votes of thanks to those to whom we were indebted for so pleasant an excursion to Pickering Valley and Elleron Lodge.*

August 20th, 1874.

* Mr. and Mrs. Watson, on the 6th July, 1876, again graciously entertained a still more numerous party of the York Tourist Society.

No. 8.

Lincolnshire.—Lincoln Minster, Boston, and Boston Church.

AT the annual meeting of the York Tourist Society, held in the month of May, amongst the places proposed to be visited was the ancient town of Boston, in compliance with an invitation from Mr. Bishop, an inhabitant of that town, a gentleman well known to many members of the society. Accordingly after some correspondence on the subject, a circular was issued intimating the excursion would take place on Thursday, the 22nd July, leaving York by the early train at 6.45, *via* Doncaster, Retford, and Lincoln to Boston, the time of arrival at the latter place being ten minutes to twelve.

The weather having been unpropitious and altogether discouraging for the proper enjoyment of the bold and romantic scenery on our previous exploration of the sources of the Nidd at Pateley, Steane Beck, and

Middlesmoor in Nidderdale—the same weather still continuing, it was not expected there would be a strong muster to Boston, as the scenery on the route has nothing of an attractive character for the tourist, the only compensation being the pleasure of viewing one of the grandest specimens of mixed Norman and early English architecture to be found amongst the cathedrals of the country, and one of the finest parish churches of which the broad land of England can boast.

A select party, therefore, assembled on the platform of the York station, to carry out the object of the expedition, including the Lord Mayor,* the Lady Mayoress, several aldermen, magistrates, councillors, and other gentlemen who are always first and foremost in promoting those excursions. As the night had been stormy, and rain still fell, overcoats and umbrellas were necessary appendages of the journey, though fortunately on arriving at our destination they were not required as had been anticipated.

Punctual to the moment the train glided out of the station, calling successively at Naburn,

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* Mr. Alderman Terry.

Escrick, and Riccall, prior to its arrival at Selby. On crossing the Ouse, a good view of the fine abbey church, founded and endowed by William the Conqueror, was obtained. On the other side of the Aire, past Temple Hurst, a preceptory of the knight templars of old, a vast sheet of water covered the low-lying lands, the hedges alone being visible, and the crops on the route were badly laid and damaged by the stormy weather. Arriving in due time at Doncaster, Sir Gilbert Scott's stately structure, replacing the church of St. George destroyed by fire in 1853, attracts attention, and is considered the finest ecclesiastical building of the present century. A short stay is made until the Leeds train arrives, when we are at once despatched to Retford. The Great Northern Company, like the North Eastern at York, is busy increasing its works for the accommodation of an enlarged traffic, and Doncaster, as the great depot of the company, must derive immense benefit from the continual enlargements of the railway establishments in its vicinity.

The only features of interest, on the route from Doncaster to Retford, are the fine, undulating park and grounds of Rossington, belonging to

Jas. Brown, Esq., late one of the members for Malton, prior to its losing its second representative by the last Reform Bill, and the ancient market town of Bawtry, on the borders of Nottinghamshire, and Bawtry Hall, formerly the residence of Sir Chas. Lowther, Bart., the father of the honourable member for York.

At Retford we stay twenty minutes before the train starts for Lincoln. Rain has fallen the whole way from York, and it continues until the Trent is reached near the ruin of Torksey Castle. Here we cross the broad stream swollen to overflowing, its upper reaches in the Midland counties being encompassed by wide-spreading lakes, causing immense damage to the grain and other crops, and bearing along its sullen bosom quantities of unwon hay swept from the low-lying ings upon its borders.

The sun had been struggling for some time to make his appearance, and his first beams rested upon Torksey Castle, standing on a gentle knoll of ground, on the Lincolnshire side of the Trent. The castle has been built of brick, with stone turrets, in the Tudor style, and belonged to the Jermyn family. It is quite a ruin, and was sacked in the times of

the Civil Wars, and never restored. It is interesting to the antiquarian as an encampment of the Danes in 873; as the place where Paulinus, Archbishop of York, baptised his Christian converts in 630, when on a missionary excursion in the Mercian kingdom; and also as the site of a Roman granary.

Still journeying onward through the Lincolnshire fens, where long reaches of level country spread out before us, intersected continually by dykes and canals, with few hedges and fewer trees to vary the monotonous view, we approach the neighbourhood of Lincoln, where, to the north, appeared a wooded range of hills, then a park on the slopes, then the six windmills on the summit, standing like weird sentinels keeping watch over the boundless plain, and finally the grim Norman fortress and the glorious minster, overlooking the steep streets and quaint houses of the old city.

Having an hour to spare, conveyances were obtained in order to assist us up the hill to the minster, to have a rapid view of the temple, whose site is more commanding and whose grandeur is unsurpassed in England except by St. Peter's, of York. Taking the route of Broad Gate and Lindum Road, we

dismount and ascend the narrow path, and climb the "Grecian steps" of Greeston Place, passing through an ancient arch leading to some monastic buildings, with fine sculptured coats of arms below the gables, and thence to the east end of the minster yard, opposite the gateway at the north-east angle of the chapter house.

The east front of the cathedral is exceedingly fine, and is a noble example of geometric decorated gothic, the pinnacles, sculptures, and windows all harmonizing and completing its proportions. At the north-east corner stands the holy well, and much nearer the east than at York rises the chapter house, which is a decagon of early English, supported by immense flying buttresses from the outside. Internally the floor slopes, and the roof is supported by a central pillar, which lessens the effect of the magnificent building after you have seen the grand unsupported "house of houses" at York.

Passing in by the north-east door, opposite the chapter house, we found some of our tourist friends,—who had come over-night to Lincoln to see more of its antiquities than we could possibly accomplish,—companioned by

the guide. The beautiful ladye chapel, behind the altar, with its splendid window and canopied tombs, burst upon the view, and a murmur of admiration escaped us; the "dim religious light" struggling through the deep recessed and lofty windows, revealed the beauty of the structure—the fine pillars, the lofty arches, and the grand clerestory of the angel choir. The north aisle of the choir, the chapter house, and the cloisters were next visited; in the latter, beneath the library, was arranged a Roman pavement, and at the sides were stone coffins and remnants of broken monuments, the stern witnesses of that time when puritan destructiveness swept with relentless fury the churches and cathedrals of England, and destroyed the records, the insignia, and the monuments of the ancient faith; when, as Scott sings—

> "The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
> Profaned, dishonoured, and defaced;
> The civil fury of the time
> Made sport of sacrilegious crime;
> For dark fanaticism rent
> Altar, and screen, and ornament."

The minster has double transepts, the length of the central ones being 250 feet, and at

each end is a splendid circular or rose window, one being finer and larger than the "marigold" window in the south transept at York. This transept is longer than those of any other English cathedral, with the exception of Winchester, St. Paul's, and York. The screen is comparatively a modern structure, with the organ placed above it similar to York, but the elevation is less and the organ smaller. In the choir, a few ladies were seated in the stalls waiting for the morning service, so a rapid glance was taken and we passed out beneath the central tower, and through the storied nave to the south-west doorway of the western front of the minster. The two western towers have been built up internally, leaving arched passages between, which detract from the beauty and symmetry of the nave.

The west front, with its two magnificent towers, is a compound of Norman and early English architecture, the lower portion reminding one of continental churches. It has three doorways, not so elevated as York, and a screen front and arcades, with a central gable between the towers ornamented with statues. It has also flanking turrets crowned with figures on the north and south. Seen

from the Exchequer gate, it impresses you with the boldness of conception and grandeur of design of Remegius and St. Hugh, who planned and carried out this immense and wonderful structure.

Before leaving this subject it may be as well to give some idea of the extent of the minster in comparison with York. Lincoln covers an area of 56,630 feet; York, 63,800 feet. Length—Lincoln, 493 feet; York, 519 feet. Height of central tower at Lincoln, 265 feet; York, 199 feet. Height of choir—Lincoln, 82 feet; York, 101 feet. Width of choir—Lincoln, 82 feet; York, 101 feet. So that, on the whole, York is better proportioned, according to its length, than Lincoln; yet the latter, in many of its features, will vie with any cathedral in England.

Passing through the Exchequer Archway, we found ourselves in front of the Norman gate of the castle of William the Conqueror, which was flanked by towers of great strength. The Lucy tower or keep has been repaired and battlemented, and the royal flag floated in the breeze, in honour of Her Majesty's Judges who were to arrive in Lincoln to open the commission of assize the same day. The castle formerly belonged to the Duchy of Lancaster, but some years ago

was purchased by the county magistrates from the Crown, and is used for the assizes, and also as a prison. It is in a bold and commanding situation, and entirely dominates the city.

The castle stands upon the site of the ancient Roman station, portions of the walls of which have been found, and has been the scene of many important events. In the reign of Stephen, the Empress Maud was besieged in it, and it has frequently been the residence of the Kings of England. Like all other castles it stood a siege for King Charles, and was eventually dismantled by order of the Lord Protector's Parliament.

The old streets of Lincoln are exceedingly narrow, and more especially those on the slopes of the hill leading to the minster and castle. Leaving the front of the judges' house, where the royal arms are emblazoned, down Steep Hill towards Stone Bow, we arrive in High-street, the principal business street of Lincoln, pausing momentarily to examine the ancient gateway, the conduit, and an antique church, entirely covered with ivy.

Our journey is resumed, and a fine full-length south view of the minster is obtained, which is long kept in sight. The railway runs alongside

two streams of water for some miles, one of which, the Witham, it accompanies from Lincoln to Boston, where the river discharges itself into the sea. At Washingborough, which is a snug village with a fine church, some amusement was caused by an eccentric bird frightener, as though the birds were such greenhorns as to believe in it. No agricultural operations had been seen during the journey till now, when turnip hoeing was the rule from here to Boston, and some lads were raking hay out of the river, which was highly banked to keep the floods from the adjoining meadows. Shortly something is seen in the distance standing alone, having the appearance of a bare, stripped, barkless tree, but which, on nearer acquaintance, turned out to be a solitary relic of the once fine Cistercian Abbey of Kirkstead. Tattershall Castle is now seen, a wonderful square tower, 100 feet high, built of red brick, with octangular turrets at each corner. This castle was erected by the Lord Treasurer Cromwell, in the reign of Henry VII., where he lived in great state, and founded a collegiate church which is close by. The latter is a fine structure, having a lofty tower, transepts, aisle, and choir, and contains many monuments and

brasses of this family, which was not related to the Lord Protector. This property now belongs to Earl Fortescue.

We are nearly approaching the end of our journey, and the names of the stations and villages on the route are indicative of their Danish origin, showing that this county, like the East and parts of the North Riding of Yorkshire, must have been overrun and colonized by the Danes, prior to the Conquest. The village churches also were remarkable for their size and beauty of structure, the towers being lofty, whilst not a single spire, which are frequently met with further south, was seen.

We are now in Boston, an ancient borough, whose population at the census of 1871 was 15,576. From its situation, it was doubtless a British town before the Roman invasion, and its first monastery was built by the Saxon, St. Botolph, in 659, whence it was called Botolph's town, and afterwards shortened to Boston. Boston was one of the principal seaports, its trade with Flanders and the Low Countries being extensive, and early in the thirteenth century almost equal to London, as a tax, levied in 1204, produced £836 in London, and £780 in Boston.

The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress of York, and the Tourist Society, were met on the station platform by the Deputy Mayor (W. H. Bailes, Esq.), Mr. Bishop, Mr. Thomas, and other Boston friends, and escorted to the Assembly Rooms, where a semi-official reception was given, and a handsome entertainment provided in one of its fine saloons, the ball room and the council chamber being also thrown open to their inspection. The rooms were fitted in elegant style, with lofty mirrors and fine chandeliers, and the painting of the saloon was in excellent taste. Being joined by Major White (the town clerk), the Rev. G. B. Blenkin (the vicar), and their ladies, some complimentary toasts were given and responded to by the Lord Mayor and other gentlemen of the company, when the vicar invited our inspection of a church second to none in England as regards size, beauty of form, and the elegance and height of its lantern tower.

A previous church of St. Botolph, on this site was granted in 1090 by Alan Rufus, Earl of Brittany, to the great Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary's at York; and the present church, founded by Dame Margaret Tilney in 1309, was

re-granted by charter to the Bishop of Lincoln, in the reign of Edward IV, in the fifteenth century. The church occupies an area of 20,270 feet, is 288 feet long, 99 feet broad, and 62 feet high; and the tower has a height of 272 feet, which is 7 feet higher than the central tower of Lincoln minster. It has a peal of 8 bells, and 44 small bells, cast at Louvain, for the chimes, which are played every hour. There are in the church, 4 entrances, 12 pillars, 52 windows, and 365 steps in the tower, indicating the 4 quarters, 12 months, 52 weeks, and 365 days that make up the year.

The ancient doors at the south porch are exquisitely carved, and co-eval with the building of the church, and the consecration cross is chiselled on the stone lintel at the entrance. Immediately over the doorway, in the interior, is a large painting, in three compartments, copied from a picture by Rubens, now in the cathedral at Antwerp. The central subject is the "Descent from the cross," and on either side are the "Salutation" and the "Presentation." A very beautiful font, the gift of Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., is placed on five steps, at the lower part of the nave in front

of the belfrey, and a handsome corona, by Skidmore, of Coventry, hangs from the ceiling above the font. The tower is open towards the church, and has a fine groined ceiling, the centre boss weighing five tons.

The Ladye chapel, which is in the south aisle, has arched tombs by the wall, containing recumbent figures in alabaster, one of which is supposed to be the foundress of the church, who was connected with St. John's parish in York. An elegant brass lectern stands in the body of the church, in front of the chancel arch, and the pulpit of old John Cotton, the pilgrim father, who, during the reigns of Charles and James, was the vicar, has been worthily restored, and placed beneath one of the arches on the south side of the nave. Cotton, owing to the unsettled state of religion in those troublous times, emigrated, along with others of similar opinions, to Massachussets, founded and was pastor and teacher of the first church in Boston, which to this day retains his name as the "Cotton church" in that city. When this church was restored in 1853, by Sir Gilbert Scott, Cotton's descendants, and other inhabitants of Boston, U.S.A., collected the sum of £673 towards the restoration of

the south-west chapel, and placed a memorial brass, with a Latin inscription written by the American statesman, the Hon. Edward Everett, in commemoration of it, upon the walls of the chapel.

The chancel has been restored with fine canopy work over the stalls, but the ancient carved seats of the fourteenth century have been preserved, numbering fifty-eight different designs. Amongst them are the following comicalities, viz :—the fox running away with the goose ; a bear blowing the bellows whilst the hog is playing the organ ; St. George impaling the dragon ; a schoolmaster birching a boy on his knees ; a man shooting a stag, and an old lady beating him with a distaff ; a hare, with a pastoral staff, preaching to sly reynard the fox ; and numerous others as characteristic and satirical as those named. The chancel is raised, and the altar is approached by flights of steps, and enclosed by rails of fine design, of about the year 1662. There is a tesselated pavement inside, and on the north of the altar, level with the floor, are two fine brasses of Walter Peascod and one Hall, a councillor of Boston. They have canopies and scrolls round the border, with names and symbols within the

halo. On the south side is another, supposed to be of a vicar prior to the reformation, with name and canopy gone. An ancient piscina, and ambra, with modern sedilia, are also seen on the south side of the chancel, and three niches on the north which are used as credence tables. The east window has been filled with stained glass representing the tree of Jesse down to Joseph.

Near the south-west chapel are many ancient gravestones, some having had brasses, which have been removed. One, very distinctly traced, shewed a man with four wives, and below them had been inscriptions relating to their respective children. On an oak slab, affixed to the wall by the south porch, the following curious inscription appeared, which we give *verbatim et literatim* :—

" My Corps with Kings œ Monarchs sleeps in bedd,
My Soule with sight of Christ in Heaven is fedd.
This lumpe that lampe shall meete and shine more bright
Then Phoebus, when Hee streames his clearest light.
Death's Head and Omnes Sic Ibant. Sic Imus, Ibitis, Ibunt. Rich. Smith, Obit. Ano Salutis, 1626.

Over the south porch is a valuable library of 1,000 volumes, of ancient and standard books, principally of divinity; it also contains

the registers of the parish, which are perfect from 1558. A black letter prayer book was shown dated March, 1549, reign of Edward VI., printed by Edward Whitchurch. Also Chaucer's Canterbury tales (Chaucer being a Lincolnshire man) and a manuscript with coloured letter illuminations of the eleventh century, of St. Augustine on the book of Genesis. Amongst the registers written in fine legible characters was "John Cotton, married to Sarah Story, 25th April, 1632," He left England, in the Mayflower, for America the same year.

Whilst we were otherwise employed, several of the tourists ascended the tower and reported a magnificent prospect from its summit. Formerly a lantern was lit every evening, which warned the mariner at sea, and guided the belated traveller on land to his home and rest.

Crossing the Market-place to "Shod Friars' Hall," an ancient rafter building restored by Mr. Jno. Scott, the son of Sir Gilbert, we were much pleased at the way the restoration was carried out. The principal room is gained by a wide staircase, covered with designs of Gothic buildings by Sir Gilbert Scott. The room is paneled and has a carved mantelpiece, with delf ware

of antique design placed beneath it. The upper floor had been partly taken out, forming a surrounding gallery above. This hall is occupied as a conservative club, and portraits of the Premier, Lord Derby, and other statesmen were exhibited on the walls. Behind, and in connection with it, a fine modern Gothic concert hall has been built, and a tourist gay tried its encoustic properties by singing a national song upon the stage, for which he was of course appropriately applauded.

Proceeding again through the Market-place, past the colossal statue of Mr. Ingram, a former member for the borough, and well-known as the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, we were requested to pay a visit to the residence of Major Hopkins, J.P., on the green through West Bar Gate, opposite two Sebastopol guns curiously pointing towards the market-place, instead of the enemy outside the borough. We were most courteously received and entertained by the genial owner, who showed us his fine collection of paintings, amongst which were examples of Rembrandt, Ruysdael, Van Valen, Cuyp, Zuccherelli, and Wouvermans; also some corporation plate about the year 1600, consisting of silver gilt cups, salts, salvers, etc., and

a modern salver of 1831, presented by a town clerk to the corporation at that time. A curious tale was told of the meanness of the council elected after the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, who sold and disposed of their plate and all the badges and insignia of office. The maces went abroad and were melted up, the silver sculls, emblematic of the former admiralty jurisdiction of the council over Boston Deeps, passed into the possession of a noble family, the remainder were dispersed by auction, and so those shown came into the possession of our host. So much for the loyalty and decency of a reformed corporation.

After visiting the exquisite gardens which are laid out in the best taste, the colours blending gracefully and harmoniously together, Major White, the town clerk, induced us to visit his house and grounds, which were nearly opposite on the other side of the green. The pleasing courtesy and gracious bearing of the town clerk impressed his visitors, and one of the pleasurable recollections, in connection with our visit, will be to recall the bland manner and courtly conduct of this high-minded and honourable gentleman.

As dinner had been ordered at the Peacock Hotel for four o'clock, and it was now considerably past that hour, we hasted to that comfortable hostelry to join the ladies and gentlemen of Boston who had been invited to dine with us. Need we say the house sustained its reputation by providing a sumptuous repast, with the best of wines, and reasonable charges, and not *a la* Middlesmoor, as recorded by the historian of that expedition. And so with the satisfaction of meeting with kind friends and hospitable entertainers, on our visit to the grand minster of Lincoln and the beautiful church of Boston, we say good-bye, and give our benediction as we leave the one, and pass the other with the golden setting sunlight streaming through its storied windows, gilding each pinnacle with a glorious halo, so that the recollection haunts us at the station at York on our arrival, when we congratulate one another upon the pleasant day we have had in the ancient city of Lincoln and the borough overlooking Boston Deeps.

July 26th, 1875.

No. 9.

Saltburn-by-the-Sea.

THIS excursion to the pleasant sea-side town of Saltburn took place on Tuesday last, when a large party of ladies and gentlemen visited the beautiful scenery of wood and water, crag and fell, with which this far-famed and rapidly increasing watering place is surrounded.

As this was pre-eminently the "ladies' day," the weather was all that could be desired, a bright sun being tempered by fleecy clouds, and the fragrant balmy breezes of autumn just ruffled the bosom of the mighty deep, and awoke the strange Æolian strains that mysteriously soothe and tranquilize the heart's emotions on the shores of the ever heaving sea.

The usual liberality of the North Eastern Railway Company was again exhibited, by providing handsome saloon and first-class

carriages for the accommodation of the tourists, who took their departure by the nine o'clock train to the north, which was heavily freighted with sporting people journeying to the races at the romantic town of Richmond. At Thirsk we join the Leeds train bound to Stockton and Middlesboro', and cross the Tees at the old-fashioned town of Yarm into the county of Durham, where a few miles further, in the vicinity of South Stockton, we again return to the Yorkshire side of the Tees.

On our route hitherto, we have passed through the fine and fruitful vale of York, where the pursuits of agriculture are predominant, and the harvest is progressing and being safely secured. From this land of pleasant pastures, and of fields lately waving with the golden corn, we are suddenly transported to the Cleveland region, where a wonderful industry has sprung up at Stockton, Middlesboro', and Eston, which has changed entirely the material and moral aspect of the country. Within the bowels of the Cleveland Hills, mines of mineral wealth, surpassing the El Dorados of romance, are found. The black diamonds of Durham and the ironstone of Yorkshire are the two substances from which boundless wealth is

secured, and their products, steel and iron, have been and still are aids and influences in civilizing and benefiting the human race, and in controlling the destinies of the world.

From Stockton to Redcar, the railway runs in sight of the tidal water of the Tees, which gradually opens into an estuary, several miles broad, with the town of Seaton Carew visible at its northern extremity. The docks at Middlesboro' are crowded with shipping, and blast furnaces are seen on all sides in active operation. The mountains of refuse and slag are being gradually utilised, in the formation of groins and sea walls for the recovery of thousands of acres of mud and waste from the wide-spreading Tees. The slopes of the hills have lost their rural aspect, as tall chimneys and long lines of houses have supplanted the husbandman, and the whole district is changed by the clang of the steam hammer, the roar of the furnaces, and the shrill shrieks of the steam engine.

Skirting the low sandy hills near Coatham, Redcar is at length reached, and appears to share in the prosperity of the neighbouring towns. New handsome houses are seen in all directions, quite in contrast with the old

red-brick and tile structures of the ancient town. On passing out of the station, the masts of a schooner were seen high and dry on the shore, peeping over the low sandy beach south of the pier. Some months ago, during stormy weather, this erratic vessel, was driven through, by the tempestuous winds, and destroyed a considerable portion of the pier.

Our journey is nearly ended, and the line ascends along the coast to the bolder cliffs of Marske, where the old hall is seen within its belt of trees, in grave contrast to the new world around it. Kirkleatham, with its woods and hills, is on the right, and Skelton Castle, the ancient fortified mansion of the Fauconbergs, lies further inland, up the slope of the Saltburn valley; whilst Saltburn rises proudly before us on the beetling cliff, near the extremity of the wooded ravine, whose natural beauties are unsurpassed upon this rock-bound coast.

Saltburn, which twenty years ago was merely known as a small fishing village, has, through the enterprise of the Peases and other gentlemen associated with them, become quite a town, with first-class hotels, shops, and handsome mansions and houses. It possesses a

fine open pier extending a considerable distance into the sea, which is a source of attraction to the visitors, as Marske and the Redcar pier are distinctly visible from it. In order to assist the visitor to reach the sands and pier, and *vice versa*, a hoist has been erected, which however, for want of water, was not in use at the time of our visit. The sands are wonderfully firm, and, from the gentle slope, at low water extend a long way seaward. The walk to Redcar, by the sands, is very pleasing, especially when a breeze is on, as the long white bank of foam spreads for miles along thecoast, and makes a charming picture.

However fine the sands may be, the great charm of Saltburn will always consist in the beautiful gardens formed in the grand ravine, where, through deep clustering woods and rock and glen, the Saltburn beck glides gently on, to its own sweet murmuring music, to the sea. Art has taken advantage of nature, and fashioned the slopes into winding walks, where rustic bridges, Tuscan temples, lovers' arbours, and sylvan glades, grace the scene, whilst the Italian garden, enclosed by terraces of the loveliest verdure, is exquisite in design,

and perfection itself in its varied forms of floral beauty.

Reclining here beneath the spreading shade, listening to the twittering of the song birds, the merry laugh of a fair croquet party close at hand, the plashing of the fountain, and the rushing of the waterfall, with the distant strains of music stealing gently on the ear, these, combined with the temples and the various groups gracefully scattered over the velvet lawn, all recalled the Epicurean scenes of Moore, or some Italian picture of Turner's, of the elysian days of old, and exhibited a veritable Eden in the wilderness of life.

At the extremity of the enclosure, where the stream has forced its way between the perpendicular rocks, now moss-grown with age, and where ferns and creepers peep out along the ledges, there stands a solitary fountain, in which, 'tis said, "rare virtue lies." As the rock-like obelisk discharges the liquid stream, the attached horns are filled and quaffed by the visitors, who find the taste metallic with a slight hydrogenous gaseous odour. Though this is not a saintly well like St. Ronan's, nor yet hallowed as that from which the faithful

Clara endeavoured to cool the parched lips of the dying Marmion, where it bore the inscription—

> "Drink weary pilgrim, drink, and pray,
> For the kind soul of Sybil Gray,
> Who built this cross and well."*

yet would faith in this be equally as efficacious in effecting cures as marvellous, as monkish legends tell us of many a far-famed holy well of old.

In endeavouring to add to the beauty of the glen, and the convenience of visitors, a handsome iron bridge has been carried over the valley, at an immense elevation, at the expense of Mr. Wharton, of Skelton Castle, a small toll being levied upon those who pass over it. From the centre of the bridge, a grand view seaward is obtained, but the most pleasing is that looking up the ravine, over the woods and gardens, where the modern Tudor mansion of Mr. Bell (the great iron master, and brother of the lately-elected member for the Hartlepools), fills up the vista of an exceedingly fine and noble landscape.

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* Scott's "Marmion," 30th Stanza, 6th Canto.

On visiting Saltburn, the splendid Zetland Hotel was made the headquarters of the party, and every accommodation was found within its ample and highly-decorated saloons. The provision made for the entertainment of its temporary guests was most excellent, and gave every satisfaction to the ladies and gentlemen present. During the day the various places of interest were visited that have been previously named, and when the time for leaving Saltburn arrived, it was fully acknowledged that it was one of the finest days, and one of the most pleasurable excursions undertaken by the York Tourist Society.

The story of this excursion naturally ends here, though a strong imagination might easily describe in a truthful and interesting manner the scenery on the route homeward, after the shades of evening had settled on the earth. However tempting it might be to relate at considerable length how the glow of the furnaces cast a lurid, unearthly light through the dark robes of night, quite eclipsing the modest crescent of the moon, which ultimately felt ashamed and retired early to rest, we considerately refrain; yet, as an adventure occurred, and all the world knows or wants to know

everything relating to this society, its veracious chronicler must still go on and tell his plain, unvarnished tale.

Now the adventure was in this wise: As the saloon would not accommodate the whole party, six gentlemen, men of business and fathers of families, were in a first-class compartment, and amongst other matters of interest, got into a discussion as to Friar Bacon,* the alchemist, and the possibility of transmuting metals into gold. Discussions of this kind of course are interminable until practical experiments are resorted to in order to end the matter. In the midst of the argument and illustration one gentleman thought the train had arrived at Yarm or Picton Junction, but another said no, and putting his head out of the window pronounced they were at Fighting Cocks Station, on the way to Darlington instead of York, and a red-coated guard coming up also comforted them by an assurance that there would be no train onward until after the witching hour of night. The dismay of the tourists may be imagined, but not described. However, at Darlington Old

* I should say it was the whist-playing party again, and that the above account is all fudge.—P.D.

Station they at length arrived, and ultimately were forwarded to Bank Top, and as fortune would have it, a fish train made its appearance, and the station-master consenting they should travel by it, procured a bench for the four penitents, the two victims of the transmutation process being installed as extra guards for this occasion only, duly arrived at York only half-an-hour later than the train they should have come by. The experience gained by one of the guards as to telegraphing, signals, breaks, and block cabins, being of such a nature, that he intends publishing a book on the subject very shortly. We conclude with the motto, "All's well that ends well."

September, 1875.

No. 10.

Teesdale.—High Force and Barnard Castle.

OF the varied programme of the proposed excursions of the York Tourist Society issued in the spring of this year, perhaps none were more interesting, or gave promise of greater pleasure, than the contemplated visit to the cataract of High Force and the ancient town and fortress of Barnard Castle, situate amidst the beautiful and romantic scenery of the valley of the Tees, where legend and romance combined have thrown a glorious halo over each wooded stream and shady dell, whilst the immortal genius of Scott has, in imperishable verse, enshrined the glories of Rokeby and the "Greta's water's wild."

As this was the last excursion of the present year, the members of the society mustered in great force on the platform of the York station, on Wednesday, the 6th instant, to depart by the 9 a.m. train for Darlington; a handsome

saloon and a first-class carriage being liberally provided by the North Eastern Railway Company for their accommodation. The morning was bright and cheerful, with a crisp October air, reminding one that summer had passed, that the harvest was over, and the short, dark days of winter would soon be upon us. A marvellous change had come over the landscape since our journey northward to Saltburn but a month before. Then, the fields were covered with the sheaves of corn, whilst here and there were crops still waiting for the reaper; now, excepting a few fields of beans, all were garnered, the stacks were thatched and trim about the homesteads, and the plough was again busy in preparing the land for a future harvest.

A short stay was made at Darlington, whose large foundries and ironworks attracted attention, and where the previous week the railway world had celebrated its jubilee in a successful manner. The hero of the hour, and the herald of a mighty revolution, the famous No. 1 engine that George Stephenson built for the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company to travel at the rate of eight miles an hour, was again in its position, all smart and bright, and inspected by

the tourists. The line from Darlington to Barnard Castle runs through the county of Durham amidst very pleasing scenery, every now and then approaching the fine, wooded banks of the Tees, which it crosses, after passing Barnard Castle, by a handsome viaduct and bridge, into the North Riding of Yorkshire, and thence proceeds up the slopes of the valley to Middleton-in-Teesdale, where the branch line ends.

Hitherto the weather had been fine, but shortly before reaching Middleton, dark, driving clouds obscured the sun, and rain fell. As the carriages were waiting at the station, they were quickly mounted and driven off amidst the pelting shower, through Middleton, by the road to Newbiggin and High Force. Overcoats, comforters, and umbrellas were called into requisition, though the latter were almost unmanageable in the fury of the gale. Some scores of children leaving school at Middleton cheered lustily as we passed, and a brilliant rainbow in the north, over the valley of Weardale, added some rays of hope and consolation to the otherwise cheerless aspect of the weather. The windings of the Tees, now through gentle slopes, and anon fenced in by bold and rugged

cliffs, grey and weather-beaten by age, and the Yorkshire moors all brown with autumn's tints, stretching to the dim horizon, are barely noticed through the driving mist and scud and rain, and the travellers are more concerned to reach the High Force Hotel, than to linger over the romantic and rugged scenery spread before us.

The haven of rest is at last reached, and the carriages are immediately relinquished by the wet and starving tourists, who are ushered into a commodious room, where an excellent luncheon awaited their arrival. The mountain air proving an excellent sharpener of appetite, the fullest justice was done to it in an amazingly short period of time. When nature cried enough, the weather was again braved, in the determination to visit one of the most remarkable and interesting scenes in England—

> "Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,
> Thundering o'er Cauldron and High Force."*

The river Tees rises westward, near the skirts of Crossfell, increasing its volume from many becks and streams, on its way to the

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* Scott's "Rokeby."

cataracts of Cauldron Snout and High Force, the former being some five or six miles above the latter. Above the Snout it spreads itself into a small lake and dashing over a cliff 200 feet in height, forms a succession of rapids of a grand character. Thence winding its way over a floor of limestone rock, broken, scarred, and worn by the continual action of the water, it passes the lofty precipice of Cronkley Scar, and pours its resistless tide down the miniature Niagara of High Force—

> "Where the rock is rent in two,
> And the river rushes through." *

Travelling from Middleton to High Force, the valley gradually narrows as we ascend to the edge of the moors, which on the Yorkshire side extend towards Mickle Fell, which is the highest mountain in Yorkshire, and 2,600 feet above the sea. The contraction on the Durham side is more gradual, until within a short distance of High Force, which rises like a lofty barrier to bar further progress up the stream. The waterfall is gained by a winding walk from opposite the hotel, through wooded slopes of

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* Rogers' "Boy of Egremond."

magnificent firs and pines, past galleries of overhanging rock, showing the basaltic character of the strata, with the limestone above, and the shale below. The descent to the river is most difficult owing to the wet; and climbing the rocky bed, to obtain the best view of the waterfall, was attended by some risk and trouble.

The High Force is about seventy feet high, and the river rushes down with a mighty roar into the pool below, the spray rising like a cloud, and enveloping the falling water. In high flood there is a second channel, and its effect must then be greatly heigthened, and its grandeur increased. Standing on the rocks above the fall, with the river rushing around and about you in its various channels, and again uniting, bounding, and leaping through the narrow chasm, gradually worn by ages of continual strife and ceaseless motion, the scene is at once striking and impressive. Above the fall—the scattered rocks and sloping shore; below—the wooded heights, and the perpendicular cliffs, all seem to speak of a time when some upheaval or grand convulsion of nature split and overthrew them, and made a passage for the fountains of the deep; and yet we know that storm, and flood, and tempest, have all

contributed their resistless forces in effecting those stupendous changes which will still continue increasing in operation and development until the end of time.

The greater part of the land and moors on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, between Barnard Castle and High Force, is the property of Mr. Bowes, of Streatlam Castle, whilst the Durham side belongs to the Duke of Cleveland, whose cottages and farm-houses are distinguished by their beautiful white appearance, being washed with lime. The High Force Hotel, which is a commodious house with every convenience for carriages and horses, is also bedecked in the same colour, and belongs to the noble owner of Raby Castle. Some few years ago, the Prince of Wales stayed there, as the guest of General Hall, for grouse shooting over the neighbouring moors. The views from the hotel are exceedingly fine, the waterfall being well seen from the upper windows; and during the summer months it is a great resort for tourists and artists, who come in considerable numbers to visit the grand scenery of the upper waters of Teesdale.

As we have a drive before us of sixteen miles to Barnard Castle, our captain gives the

order to depart. Rain and wind still continue, but we have not to face it as on our journey upward to High Force. About a mile below, Winch Bridge is visited, which is a remarkable suspension bridge, said to be the first of its kind in Europe. Passing over to the right bank of the Tees, we look upon a new feature in the Lower Force, where the river rushes through a narrow gorge, and forms a succession of impetuous rapids and whirlpools, which are very striking.

Our visit to Winch Bridge was accomplished under signal disadvantages, but the true tourist cares not for wind or weather in carrying out the programme set before him. He never beats a hasty retreat when there is anything of a novel or interesting kind to see; he never leaves his companions in the lurch, nor orders dinner on the table before their arrival; but on he goes, buttoning up his coat against the bitter blast, taking his punishment philosophically, and if his umbrella is turned inside out,* and silk and whalebone and wires are compulsorily divorced, and they become for a moment an extemporised parachute or balloon,

* Literally true of one of the tourists' umbrellas.

why he makes the remnant into a walking stick, and trudges laughingly away, leaving the wreck in the hands of a good-natured countryman, who grins, but scarcely knows what to make of his precious prize.

The carriages are again in motion, and are rapidly descending the capital road by Newbiggin to Middleton. The leaden clouds break, the sun peeps out, and the rainbow is seen in much the same position as on our journey upwards to the High Force. Providence is kind—the bow is in the cloud—a presage of the discontinuance of rain, and a return of fine weather, which, on reaching Middleton and crossing the Tees, was at once realised. For has not the poet sung—

"Stretch forth thy bright ethereal braid on high,
Fair daughter of the sun thy tresses wave;
And as thine eyes the sparkling waters lave,
Smile through thy tears, and fill the world with joy."*

A considerable population has arisen in upper Teesdale in connection with lead mining and quarrying, the London Lead Mining Company employing numerous workmen. The

* Sonnet, "The Rainbow."

Whinstone quarries, of Messrs. Ord and Maddison, opposite the Middleton station, were in full swing; blasting being the mode adopted in removing the rock which crops to the surface, and is consequently easy to work. The houses are built of rough stone, and are mostly modern; but quaint, thatched, angular, picturesque dwellings were met with here and there, looking odd, and ancient, and old worldly, amongst their square, precise, and formal younger brethren. Being market day at Barnard Castle, sundry conveyances were met with on the road, returning homeward at rather an early hour. Darby and Joan, seated on a grey pony, jogged lovingly together, whilst a party of six grown-up-people, some seated on chairs, were travelling merrily along in an ordinary heavy country cart. The bright, sunny afternoon, the pleasant undulating landscape, the gentle knolls, the rushing streams, the shady dells, had an exhilarating effect upon the travellers, and joke, and laugh, and pun, and repartee went on increasing, and was quite a contrast to the serious, grave, and anxious tourists of the morning.

The route to Barnard Castle lay on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, by Romaldkirk,

Cotherstone, and Lartington, whilst the splendid panorama of Marwood Chase, and the grand perpendicular grey cliffs of Percy Myre, were seen on the opposite bank of the river. Legend states that one of the Lords Fitzhugh, whilst hunting in Marwood Chase, lost his way, and, darkness coming on, horse and rider fell over the cliff, some 200 or 300 feet, and were killed. The Fitzhughs possessed the neighbouring Castle of Cotherstone, built on a steep promontory overlooking the junction of the Balder and the Tees, though nothing but a small portion of the wall, above the fosse, and a part of the keep indicate its position. The burial place of this family was at Eglistone, or Athelstan Abbey, near Rokeby, where Sir Walter Scott lays the closing scene of his romantic poem, in which those well-known lines occur, that are so descriptive of the unsettled times of the Reformation, and the dark days of the Stuarts :—

"The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
Profaned, dishonoured, and defaced ;
Through storied lattices no more
In softened light the sunbeams pour,
Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich
Of shrine, and monument and niche.

The civil fury of the time
Made sport of sacrilegious crime;
For dark fanaticism rent
Altar, and screen, and ornament;
And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew
Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz Hugh."*

On arriving at Romaldkirk, the tourists were struck with the appearance of the church, and, desiring a closer inspection, pulled up at the hostelry of the Rose and Crown, and so eased the horses for a few minutes after the long drive from High Force Hotel. The church is in the early English style, with considerable relics of the Norman, and possesses a fine tower, which, together with the church, is battlemented. It is also cruciform, having nave, transepts, and choir. In the interior is an ancient monument of a crusader in chain armour, to the memory of one of the Lords Fitzhugh.

The village is large and in a pleasant situation, and has the advantage of a green and a maypole; but whether there is a "Queen of the May," with the sports of the olden time on the anniversary of "Sweet May-day," was

* Scott's "Rokeby," 27th Stanza, 6th Canto.

not ascertained, but this is known, that one of our adventurous tourists, charmed with the "Cotherstone cheese" placed before us at High Force, and desiring to possess one like it, entered a "drapery" establishment to inquire of a spirited dame if "Cotherstone cheeses" were sold there. The lady doubtless thought a practical joke was intended, and drawing herself up in a dignified manner, repudiated the suggestion, but at the same time said Romaldkirk cheeses were sold at that town, and they were better than the Cotherstone ones. Our tourist, seeing that the lady was in earnest in her indignation, beat a hasty retreat, and vows the next time he goes to Romaldkirk, nothing shall again induce him to inquire if Cotherstone cheeses are sold in that ilk.

Our journey is again continued, and the lovely wooded stream of "Balder, named from Odin's son," is passed, Cotherstone and Lartington, with its ancient hall, are shortly left behind, and "Romantic Deepdale's slender rill" crosses the road, and pays her tribute to the Tees. Through the waving woodland, the lofty towers of Barnard are seen gleaming with the golden sunlight, standing out boldly and

majestically on the precipitous rock overhanging the Tees. The approach from the Yorkshire side is wonderfully grand, and impresses the beholder with the strength and bold situation of the fortress that played so important a part in the wars of the middle ages, and in the incursions and forays of the Scots.

Passing over the fine Gothic bridge that spans the Tees, the road is one continual steep ascent to the Market Place, where the principal inn, the famed "King's Head," is the house of entertainment for the pilgrim tourists. Arrived within its hospitable walls, dinner was at once served in the usual excellent style in which the worthy host had provided for the society on two previous occasions. The "King's Head" is noteworthy as the hotel at which Dickens stayed when a travelling tourist in these parts, as in the neighbourhood of Barnard Castle he found out the original of the Dotheboys Hall, and Humphrey's, the clockmaker's sign, opposite the hotel, gave him the idea of "Master Humphrey's Clock." So also, in "Nicholas Nickleby," Newman Noggs says, if you will go to the King's Head at Barnard Castle, and name his name, you will get a glass of good ale for nothing.

Dinner being despatched, there was no time for a stroll through the streets to inspect the ancient town, or the grand museum, which the princely liberality of Mr. Bowes is bestowing upon Barnard Castle. But being determined to renew our acquaintance with the interior of the castle, a hurried visit was made through the inn yard, where a short walk brought us to Baliol's Tower, which is the only place of importance existing in a state of semi-preservation. This magnificent castle was founded in the twelfth century by Barnard Baliol, an ancestor of the kings of Scotland of that name, and has seen many vicissitudes of fortune and of owners. The Beauchamps, the Staffords, the Nevilles, the Somersets, and the Vanes, have successively been owners by grants from the Crown; and it is in possession of the latter family at the present time. This grand fortress stood upon nearly seven acres of ground, and even in Leland's time must have retained some of its original features of strength and solidity, as he says, "Barnard Castle standeth stately upon Tees." A great part of the walls, portions of the chapel, and Brackenbury's Tower, supposed to have been a prison, a fine oriel, and other windows close to Baliol's Tower, and the

latter, constitute what is left of the once favourite residence of King Richard III., who restored and enlarged it. Traces of inner moats and walls are found, but the greater part of the site is let off, and divided into gardens, attached to the houses in the High Street and the Market Place, adjoining thereto.

Proceeding up the winding stair in the thickness of the wall to the summit of the tower, a most magnificent prospect of the wooded valley of the Tees is obtained, extending in the direction of our journey from High Force in the afternoon. Who can describe in appropriate language the beauty of the scene, lit up with the rays of the declining sun, over woods which the shades of autumn have enriched beyond their summer verdure, with the bright glancing river, reflecting and mirroring its goodly setting of gray rocks and shady thickets, as it glides along, to mingle its waters with the boisterous Greta, on its long journey to the distant sea.

No description can be perfect, or bring home to the mind the various beauties of this charming district, unless it is embodied in the language of the master of romantic poetry; for nowhere can we turn for an illustration conveying so just a conception of its natural

beauties, as in Sir Walter Scott's poem of Rokeby, when

"Far in the chambers of the west
The gale had sighed herself to rest;
While as a livelier twilight falls
Emerged proud Barnard's banner'd walls,
High crown'd he sits in dawning pale,
The sovereign of the lovely vale."*

And where upon returning day, the warder, on Brackenbury's Tower, is supposed to view a scene only surpassed by "Roslin's Magic Glade."

"What prospects from his watch-tower high
Gleam gradual on the warder's eye!—
Far sweeping to the east he sees
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,
And tracks his wanderings by the steam
Of summer vapours from the stream;
And 'ere he pace his destined hour
By Brackenbury's dungeon tower,
These silver mists shall melt away
And dew the woods with glittering spray.
Then in broad lustre shall be shown
That mighty trench of living stone.

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* Scott's "Rokeby," 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Stanzas, 2nd Canto.

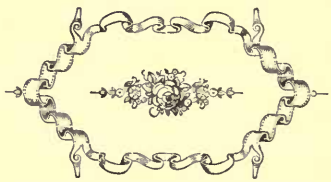
And each huge trunk that from the side
Reclines him o'er the darksome tide,
Where Tees, full many a fathom low,
Wears with his rage no common foe;
For pebbly bank nor sand bed here,
Nor clay mound checks his fierce career,
Condemn'd to mine a channel'd way
O'er solid sheets of marble grey."

"Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,
Shall rush upon the ravish'd sight;
But many a tributary stream,
Each from its own dark dell shall gleam;
Staindrop, who from her sylvan bowers
Salutes proud Raby's battled towers;
The rural brook of Eglistone,
And Balder named from Odin's son,
And Greta, to whose banks ere long
We lead the lovers of the song:
And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,
And last and least, but loveliest still,
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill."

Bidding farewell to the land of beauty and of song, with the hope at some future time of renewing an acquaintance of several years ago, amidst the scenes where the Greta weds the Tees, we are again travelling to Darlington,

with the young moon throwing its pale crescent beams upon the fleeting clouds and weary earth, and then leaving them in darker shadow than before. At Darlington a short stay is made, and the colossal statue of Edward Pease in the Market Place, unveiled a few days before, was inspected, and so without further incident of travel, except the fire at Crayke, which was observed from the passing train, York was again safely reached, after our chequered day of storm and sunshine in upper Teesdale.

October 11*th*, 1875.



No. 11.

Durham.—Brancepeth Castle and Durham Cathedral.

THE first excursion of the York Tourist Society for 1877, took place on Monday, the 28th May, when many of its members had the pleasure of visiting the far-famed Castle of Brancepeth and the ancient city of Durham. With accustomed liberality, the North Eastern Railway Company placed at their disposal a handsome saloon carriage, which was attached to the 9-5 train to Newcastle, and though a few minutes late in starting, it arrived punctually at the station at Durham at 11-32. The morning was cloudy, with occasional gleams of sunshine, showing the probability that a windy, showery day was before us, and gradually the vale of York and the Cleveland hills became enveloped in driving rain and shadowy mist. On crossing the Tees at the pretty little spa of Croft, the rain cleared off, and the county palatine was entered under more cheering circumstances, though the station-master

at Darlington gave us a Job's comforter in the assurance that there were heavy clouds northward, and that his impression was we should have a stormy day. Vegetation also, he assured us, was very backward, the season being fully six weeks behind, and that there was scarcely sufficient cover in which a mouse might hide. Nothing daunted by this gloomy prognostication, the tourists travelled onward through a country whose aspect has been changed by the discoveries of the geologist and the requirements of modern civilization, and where coal and iron reign supreme. From Darlington to Ferry Hill and Durham, the country is studded with the shafts and chimneys of the coal pits, and the immense mounds of black and molten slag, indicative of the presence of the blast furnace, and that marvellous iron industry which has made Britain commercially supreme amongst the nations of the earth. In this remote district, tenanted by the descendants of the Northmen and the Dane, engaged in primitive methods of agriculture, and obtaining from the not overgenerous soil a bare and scanty subsistance, an *El Dorado* of wealth has been found within the bowels of the earth, which has completely

transformed its pastoral character, and towns and villages have sprung up, mushroom-like, upon its wastes and streams, and princely fortunes have been made such as Fortunatus never possessed, or even Crœsus dreamt of.

As the line approaches Durham at a considerable elevation, the prospect that meets the eye is of an interesting and impressive character. Northward and eastward spreads an expanse of country which for picturesque beauty and solemn grandeur can scarcely be surpassed. The winding Wear, flowing on through wooded banks and precipitous heights, is seen wending its way northward towards Sunderland and the distant sea; whilst the ancient city lies beneath in the valley and on the hill slopes, with the magnificent minster and castle dominating and overlooking it from the lofty peninsula and promontory on which they are placed.

Having a long day before us, and a considerable interval elapsing prior to dinner at the County Hotel, in the latter part of the afternoon, the refreshment room at the station was invaded, and a rapid clearance of a portion of its contents effected, to the benefit of the proprietor and all concerned. This strategic movement being satisfactorily accomplished,

we were joined by the Rev. Philip Thompson, the rector of Penshaw, who had previously had an invitation from his relative—our president—to honour us with his company; and very shortly after the train conveyed us to Brancepeth, in fulfilment of the programme. Brancepeth lies rather south-west of Durham, at a distance of about five miles, and was reached in a few minutes. The town of Brandon was passed on the way, where a station has been erected by the North Eastern Railway Company for the accommodation of a population of 8,000 people, who have been attracted here by the colliery and other industries with which the place abounds, but which, owing to a dispute as to the parties who are entitled to make the approaches thereto, has not yet been opened for passenger traffic. The Rev. Joseph Lawson, one of the curates of the Rev. A. Duncombe Shafto, who is the rector of this extensive parish and thriving district, here joined the tourists, and under his guidance the grand historical castle of Brancepeth and its equally interesting church were inspected.

The road from the station led immediately through the village, which was a model of cleanliness, the houses being substantially

built of stone, and profusely covered with climbing plants and clustering evergreens. Education was well attended to, as was evidenced by the handsome and commodious schools which attracted our attention at the entrance of the village. Passing by the extensive gardens belonging to the domain, we approached the lodge and entered the drive leading to the magnificent structure of the Nevilles, now, after many changes and vicissitudes, the property and residence of Viscount Boyne. After a short walk the main entrance is reached, flanked and guarded by two immense circular towers, very similar in appearance to those at the gateway of York Castle. The portcullis being safely passed, we found ourselves in a spacious court-yard entirely surrounded by lofty walls and fortifications, and by the principal towers and buildings facing the south and west, and were eventually admitted to inspect this remarkable building, with its costly and interesting treasures, illustrative of the feudal period.

Brancepeth Castle is supposed to have been one of the earliest castellated buildings in the north, and originally erected by the ancient family of the Bulmers prior to the Norman

conquest. On the failure of male heirs, it, along with Sheriff Hutton, Raby Castle, and other large estates, on the marriage of Emma, the heiress, with Geoffrey de Neville in the beginning of the 12th century, passed into the hands of the powerful family of the Nevilles, and ultimately to Ralph de Neville, the first earl of Westmoreland. By attainder for treason, it afterwards came into possession of the crown, and was eventually sold by Charles I. to Ralph Cole, of Newcastle, whose grandson in 1701 sold it to Sir Henry Bellasyse, one of the Fauconberg family, and a distant relative of Sir George Wombwell, Bart., of Newburgh Priory in North Yorkshire. Afterwards it became vested in the Tempest family, and finally was purchased by the Russells, and thence by marriage came into possession of the Right Honourable Lord Boyne. The Norman castle of the Nevilles, by age and neglect, gradually fell into a ruinous condition, when, sixty years ago, Matthew Russell, its then owner, determined to restore it, and spent a quarter of a million of money in its reconstruction. The portions of the ancient building now remaining are the towers on the west and south, built, it is

supposed, by Ralph, the first earl of Westmoreland, who, according to Leland's Itinerary, made extensive additions and "buildid much of this house" in the year 1398.

The castle is built upon a slight eminence, with its north and east sides almost level with the table land around it; but on the south and west there is a steep declivity over-looking a fine romantic stream that has worn its way through the limestone rock below. Here are the terraces and flower gardens tastefully laid out, and winding walks, and rustic bridges, and miniature waterfalls fenced in by a noble belt of woods just bursting out with leafy verdure. The timid hare is startled by the strange intruders, fear lends impulse to her speedy feet, and she vanishes like a dream. The rabbit, come upon unawares, leaps nimbly from the bridge, and hies him to his accustomed burrow in the twinkling of an eye, and defies pursuit. The peacock, the favourite bird of Juno, with crest erect and spreading, spangled tail, walks by in stately pride and conscious dignity, and scorns to hurry, or to have a single feather ruffled, in what he deems his own domain. The scene here is lovely, and sylvan in its character, and has a soothing and tranquilising effect upon

the mind, which has been previously stirred by the contemplation of the long historic past, when our forefathers through successive generations had to defend their inheritance from the lawless and piratical Dane and marauding Scot; when the Castle, which is seen in all its majesty and grandeur from these slopes, was a refuge from the fierce invaders, and from whose gates issued forth those gallant men at arms, who at Neville's Cross achieved a great and a glorious victory,

> "Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
> And broken was her shield!"*

The castle contains many noble apartments, which are fitted up in a style illustrative of a grand baronial residence of the middle ages. The entrance or great hall is a room of fine proportions, and contains a vast amount of armour and weapons of war of the greatest interest. Full suits of armour of lords and knights and men-at-arms are stationed at the sides; whilst banners, cross bows, petronels, match-locks, pikes, lances, and halberds are placed in various and most effective positions.

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* Scott's "Marmion," 34th Stanza, 6th Canto.

A suit of armour is shown, said to have belonged to David Bruce, the King of Scotland, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross by Queen Phillippa, the consort of King Edward III., who, marching from York, surprised and utterly defeated the Scots at Red Hills, in the vicinity of Durham. In the vestibule leading from the great hall to a long saloon and private chapel, and directly opposite the library door, are four panels of beautiful stained glass, representing King Edward III., Phillippa his Queen, the Black Prince, and Joan Beaufort. The colours are brilliant, and the figures are life size and very effective, and wear collars of the illustrious SS pattern. The library is a very handsome room, well fitted with cases and shelves, and contains a fine and valuable collection of handsomely-bound volumes. From the south window of this room is seen a most extensive landscape, including a wide extent of park, dotted with deer and abounding with trees and plantations to the very edge of Spennymoor. The remaining rooms of interest, on this the south-east side of the castle, consist of the chapel and a long gallery or saloon, its whole length, on both sides, being filled with nondescript armour and firelocks sufficient for a

small regiment of soldiers. Standing upright by the wall, and as rigid as on parade, are these imaginary warriors with musket and sword bayonet, breastplate and iron bonnet, whilst a Sherwood forester's horn is suspended from each imaginary waist. Passing through the gallery at the witching hour of night, with the fitful gleamings of the moon glancing through each lattice pane, and then leaving all in darker shadow than before, fancy might easily endow them with a real existence, and every moment we might expect to be challenged and our progress barred until the pass-word was given of friend or foe.

"The moon shone forth, and through the gloom
Lit up each shadowy visage pale,
Danced on the dark brow'd warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume." *

At the eastern extremity of the saloon is the private chapel of considerable dimensions, with a beautiful smooth floor, polished oaken seats, and an altar or reredos of fine design. Within the altar rails are some recesses containing

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* Adapted from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," 18th Stanza, 2nd Canto.

memorials of the Russell family. A peculiar odour pervades the chapel, arising from the open groined roof of cedar, which is handsomely carved.

Returning to the great hall a noble staircase is seen, which is well lighted and contrasts wonderfully with the "dim religious light" around it. Here admirable pictures and elaborately carved cabinets adorn the walls and fill the vacant spaces. On the west side (the most ancient of the castle) is a suite of rooms, exquisite in design and most varied in character, fitted up with magnificent fireplaces, beautiful mirrors, and costly ornaments, the other furnishings being also appropriate to the uses of the apartments. The octagon, the dining-room, the saloon or drawing-room, and the baron's hall, with their groined roofs and deeply-recessed windows, being admirable restorations. A very large cabinet of tortoise shell and ebony, and two characteristic pictures of Hogarth's, attracted general attention, whilst the baron's hall, with its pictured windows illustrative of the Battle of Neville's Cross, its armour, two-handed swords and antique furniture, took you back to the martial times of the three Edwards, only to be dispelled by the

charming and ever varying views of rural quietude and peace that awaited the gaze at each succeeding window.

On returning to the court yard, and thence through the portal to the verdant sward beyond, how easily could we picture to ourselves those unsettled and long receding times, when the Baron in his castle, with his henchmen and retainers was only secure so long as he could keep the enemy from his gate, when the lot of the serf and villein was anything but enviable, and the tragic fate that so frequently befel both nobles and princes, justifies the saying of Charles I. and was eminently true and applicable to other times besides his own—"That there is but a small step between the prisons and the graves of princes." In that wonderful romance, the matchless Ivanhoe, we have a powerful picture of the life of those times of lawlessness, oppression and insecurity, when wild and rough justice frequently redressed wrong and punished crime in an extemporaneous fashion. In honest Gurth we have portrayed a true and manly Saxon, let us hope, however, fully equalled by many an Englishman of the present day. In Locksley, or Robin Hood, we confess to a universal sympathy with the stealer of the king's

deer, and the redresser of social wrongs; and we can realise and admire the English spirit of adventure of Richard Cœur de Lion and our ancient nobility, in organising those wonderful crusades, drawing from the west its boldest spirits and its most martial ardour in the cause of faith against the all-conquering Saracen, culminating in those thrilling feats of arms, at the tourney at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, by Brian Bois de Gilbert and the Knight of the Fetterlock.

Our next visit was to the church, which stands a short way in the park to the east of the castle. It is a fine structure, and retains more of its original features than many similar edifices. The tower is Early English, about the middle of the thirteenth century, and the nave and transepts are of the decorated period; the chancel is in the perpendicular style, and the remainder of the building with the fittings, including pews and pulpit, the screen and stall work, are supposed to be Elizabethan, and consequently near 300 years old. There is a beautiful canopy over the font, ten or twelve feet high, elaborately carved, and similar in character to the screen. The organ is recessed within the Ladye Chapel, and there are several fine modern painted windows in the chancel

and transepts. The memorial tablets are numerous of the Russell family, and a modern one, of a brother of one of our Yorkshire worthies, Mr. Parrington, was easily distinguished. Beneath the belfrey was a large tomb with coats of arms now defaced, and within the chancel a knight and lady recumbent, the figures carved in wood, and an immense stone figure of a crusader with shield and armour, memorials of the noble family of Neville. There are singularly small windows in the church, from the transepts and the chapel, for the benefit of the excommunicated, who were allowed to look through on the elevation of the host. The registers of the parish were shown, and are very interesting, dating back from 1599, and are continuous from that time. Altogether our visit to the church was of an agreeeable character, and our thanks were duly tendered to the Rev. J. Lawson for acting as our guide, our counsellor, and friend.

As the first part of our programme was now fulfilled, three restless tourists declined to wait for the train, and set off to walk to Durham. Nothing of interest, it is said, occurred until their arrival at Brandon, where a local Alhambra was noticed, of a pretentious,

but not very elegant character, and many shops and houses were closed, testifying to the badness and slackness of trade. Here one of our adventurers fell in with an acquaintance, who proffered his hospitality to the party, and explained to them the etymology of Brancepeth and Brandon in this wise. "Brancepeth and Brandon (the Brawn's Path and Den) derived their names from a Brawn of an immense size, which in olden times laid waste the lands in the neighbourhood. The boar or brawn of Brancepeth was a formidable animal, which made his lair on Brandon Hill, and walked the forest in ancient undisputed sovereignty from the Wear to the Gaunless. After committing innumerable ravages, it was destroyed in a pitfall near Cleves Cross, by Hodge, of Ferry. The seal of Roger de Ferie still remains in the Treasury exhibiting his old antagonist—"a boar passant." This explanation naturally brought up the old legend of the felon Sow of Rokeby and the friars of Richmond, as well as that of the Dragon of Wantley, which their antiquarian friend pronounced were all founded on the same fable. Whether true or false there was no time to dispute, as the remainder of the afternoon had to be devoted to the

antiquities of Durham; so bidding him farewell they went jauntily on their way, rather enjoying than otherwise the sudden storm of wind and rain, doubtless sent by the ferocious Brawn as a punishment for their unbelief in him and the dragon, and all such superstitious stories. It is confidently asserted the rain came in torrents, filling their coat pockets, and at Neville's Cross and the market place at Durham they were in a sorry plight, and obliged to betake themselves to the County Hotel, in order to make a more presentable appearance at the minster service in the afternoon.

The history of Durham is intimately associated with the magnificent shrine erected by William de Carileph, who laid the foundation stone in 1093, in place of a more humble edifice, in which had been placed the body of St. Cuthbert by the monks of Lindisfarne. The story of his life is most romantic, and the adventures that befel his remains for a period of 300 years are somewhat marvellous. Born in Scotland about the year 652, and becoming a monk at the Abbey of Melrose, he ultimately became its prior, and subsequently also prior of Lindisfarne. The austerity of his life, and

the miracles said to have been wrought by him, naturally led to higher preferment, and the See of Hexham, and afterwards the Bishopric of Lindisfarne were in turn conferred upon him. The latter, however, he ultimately resigned, and retiring to a hermit's life on the larger of the Farne Islands, there died in the odour of sanctity, and was buried by the altar of Lindisfarne, from which time commenced that veneration for him which culminated in the erection of the finest Norman cathedral in the kingdom.

About the year 875, the piratical Danes had extended their ravages over a great portion of the northern counties, and ecclesiastical structures more especially were ruthlessly defaced and plundered by the heathen invaders. The monks were terrified by their approach, and hastily removed the body of the saint to Chester-le-Street, where it remained 113 years, when, other troubles arising, it was taken for better security to the monastery of Ripon. The danger passing away, the monks returned northward, and coming to Durham, the prospects of peace and security which the place offered so charmed them, they resolved to wander no more, but here to erect the shrine of their saint.

"So when the rude Dane burned their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle,
And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear,
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid." *

This, shortly stated, is the history of St. Cuthbert, and the origin of that stately pile, which, from its lofty position and magnitude, impress the beholder with a feeling of reverence and awe. In length it is 431 feet, exclusive of the Galilee, which, though beautiful in itself, is an excrescence, and interferes and blocks up the fine western front, which in most Cathedrals is the principal entrance and grandest feature. The central lantern tower is 214 feet high, and the western towers, which are now being renovated, are 138 feet. The general form of the building is that of a long nave and choir in continuation, with an eastern, middle, and western transept. The great western entrance being blocked up by Bishop Pudsay's Galilee, access

* Scott's "Marmion." 14th Stanza, 2nd Canto.

is gained at the north side, near the western tower, through a fine Norman doorway, on the panel of which appears a huge grotesque knocker, quite in keeping with its Norman and Gothic surroundings.

On approaching from the castle yard and palace green, a fine, full-length view of the north side of the minster is obtained, as the space is entirely clear from extraneous buildings. Whatever impression however may be made on the mind by its proportions and extent, it is as nothing, compared with the solidity, strength, and grandeur that meets and awes your astonished gaze as you enter within the precincts of the nave. On each side of the nave are five enormous clustered pillars, the base of each covering an area of 255 square feet. Alternately with these to the eastward of the boundary cross (beyond which women were not allowed to trespass) are round massive columnar piers, having a circumference of 23 feet, and standing on bases 12 feet square. Above the arches is the triforium, and over this is the clerestory in fine Norman work, with a groined roof, 70 feet in height. The transepts and the greater portion of the choir are of similar architecture to the nave, but in its

eastern portion Early English has been substituted as an improvement on the Norman, but with which it does not harmonise. The chapel of the "Nine Altars" is a remarkable structure, and, taken by itself, its architectural features are exceedingly fine. Here we have the perfection of Early English, with its long lancets, and a magnificent marigold or rose window, the whole blazing with brilliant painted glass. But the same remark applies to this as to the chancel, that it is incongruous and inharmonious, and does not properly blend with the more severe and sturdy grandeur of the Norman pile.

The Galilee, the cloisters, and the crypt are other important features in connection with this majestic building, but which in a paper like the present it would be impossible to describe. The former, however, enshrines the remains of the most venerated name in the annals of learning in the "Venerable Bede." There are also many interesting monuments of remarkable historical personages, and the most elaborate and striking is the altar tomb of Bishop Hatfield on the south side of the choir, which at once serves as a canopy for his resting-place, and a throne for his successors.

"High crown'd he sits, by right divine,
The monarch of St. Cuthbert's shrine." *

The tourists had the advantage of witnessing the restoration and additions which the Dean and Chapter have latterly effected through the instrumentality of Sir Gilbert Scott. They have been a considerable time in execution, and have greatly added to the appearance of the interior. The public ceremonial consequent upon the re-opening in October last was of an imposing character, and attended by most of the influential personages of the county. The walls and pillars have been thoroughly cleansed from successive coats of whitewash, which has revealed many points of interest that had heretofore been hid. Stained glass has contributed a wealth of warmth and colour, in which it had previously been deficient. A new and powerful organ, which stands on both sides of the choir, has materially assisted the full development of its magnificent choral services. A brass lectern has been placed beneath the tower, and a splendid pulpit of alabaster, supported on clustered columns with mosaic work between

* Adapted from Scott's "Rokeby," 1st Stanza, 2nd Canto.

the shafts, erected in front of the south-west chancel pillar. Its execution is most elaborate, 3,000 pieces of coloured marble having been employed in the construction of the upper part alone. It is the design of Sir Gilbert Scott, and the cost is said to be £5,000. The pavement of the choir has also been renewed, and is composed of a mosaic of various coloured marbles, which is most effective.

Another alteration, which was sure to give rise to much controversy, is the erection of an open screen dividing the choir from the transepts and nave. It consists of three arches, springing from a base of black marble, supported on clustered detached columns of Frosterley marble. The capitals of the columns are foliated, the spandrils are filled in with mosaic work, and the niches are surmounted by a foliated support of the cornices in alabaster carved work. It stands 23 feet in height, and has cost £3,000. There can be no question as to the grandeur of the work, but there can be as to its appropriateness in the position in which it is placed. With a Norman nave, transepts, and choir, one cannot understand the interposition of a decorated English screen in the very place where Norman arches would be more appropriate.

Without attempting to be hypercritical, or to presume upon having a knowledge of Gothic architecture in the slightest degree approaching to Sir Gilbert Scott, although we candidly admit it to be lighter and less obstructive, yet, at the same time, we must maintain Norman work would have been more realistic, and have merited universal approbation. *

After the limited inspection which time permitted of this marvellous building, the hour for the afternoon service arrived, and the tourists were courteously conducted to the stalls in the choir. Amongst the songmen the familiar faces of Lambert, Tuke, and Grice were discovered, as they had formerly been connected with the York cathedral choir. The anthem—"Where shall wisdom be found?"—by Boyce, was given with energy and effect, and the various solo passages were rendered with good taste. The Rev. Canon Evans, Professor of Greek at the University, one of the residentiary canons, was the principal clergyman present, and read the

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* The general tendency of the age, however, is to remove screens, which were no part of the original design, but which very frequently detract from, and interfere with the grandeur and magnificence of Gothic interiors.

first lesson of the service for the day. Evening prayer being concluded, we took our departure by the same northern portal, the scene inside making a deep impression on our minds, and we must honestly confess that in our opinion Durham excels all other Norman ecclesiastical structures with which we are acquainted. On bidding it farewell we may safely use the glowing language of one who has an intimate and loving acquaintance with it, and whose extensive knowledge of other English and Continental cathedrals peculiarly qualifies him to give an opinion as to the merits of Norman architecture:—"I know of nothing in the whole range of buildings in Europe which strike the beholder in the same manner as this peculiar solemn majesty of the nave of Durham. None of the interiors of Normandy itself have it; some of them are actually mean in comparison; the giddy height of second pointed French vaults does not produce it; even in the gigantic pile of St. Peter's at Rome, where the classic style has had the opportunity of placing, by its overwhelming size, all other cathedrals in the shade, the size does not appear so great as it really is, and the effect must be considered a failure. But in Durham, which is not

comparatively a large church, we immediately feel that we stand in a mighty presence." *

A flying visit was made to the castle, which is now the university, and the river banks, where there are delightful wooded walks and charming prospects, were partially explored. The drinking fountain with the figure of Neptune on its summit, and the grand equestrian statue of the Marquis of Londonderry by Signor Monti in the market place, were religiously inspected, and so, after an excellent dinner at the County Hotel, the railway station was again reached, and we bid good bye to the quaint streets, the winding river, and glorious minster of Durham, commending them to the protection of their patron saint who here has found a noble resting place and a magnificent and matchless shrine.

June 4th, 1877.

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* Mr. E. R. Robson's Lecture on "Durham Cathedral."

No. 12.

Derbyshire.—Peveril of the Peak, Buxton, and Haddon Hall.

THE above named excursion of the York Tourist Society took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 25th and 26th September, when the romantic scenery of Derbyshire was visited, and included the Peak and other remarkable caves at Castleton, the castle of Peveril of the Peak, the beautiful spa, pavilion, and gardens of Buxton, the magnificent Miller's Dale, and the far-famed historical Haddon Hall, a programme sufficiently tempting to induce a goodly number of its most influential members to join the excursion. Punctual to the minute the train left the York station at 6-50 a.m., and, after a short stay at Normanton, duly arrived at Sheffield, where carriages were in waiting to convey the party over the moors *via* Eccleshall and Hope Valley to Castleton. After driving through some of the principal streets of Sheffield, its outskirts were ultimately passed, and its pall of smoke left

behind, and beautiful villas, parklike grounds, and wooded slopes companioned them to the verge of the moors at Fox House Hotel, near Longshawe, a shooting box of the Duke of Rutland, where the horses were rested, and the homœopathists indulged in their usual beverage. The scenery here on the elevated moors was romantic in character; immense rocks and boulders, similar to those at Brimham, were scattered amongst the heather, whilst an enormous limestone ridge, assuming a variety of forms and fantastic shapes, bounded the prospect to the north. In remarkable contrast to their rugged grandeur, the western slopes suddenly opened out a prospect of surpassing loveliness and verdure in the Valley of Hope, where the Derwent from the Peak mountains glided along in a silvery streak, now hidden by the variegated foliage of the waving woods, and ever and anon peeped out in winding reaches or rushing waterfalls on its way to Chatsworth and the favourite watering place of Matlock. The rocks on these moors are quite Titantic, and assume the forms of natural objects in a striking manner. An immense tortoise overlooks the traveller close to the highway, and a gigantic sphinx in solemn

majesty surveys the outstretched moors with watchful, unclosed eyes; whilst here and there are others, seemingly of a druidical character, bringing the mind back to a system of superstition or religion of a remote and pre-historic period. Leaving the high level of the moors, we gradually descend into the valley of Hope, and through narrow winding roads at length cross the Derwent, and drive along one of its tributaries to Castleton, which is almost enclosed in a circle of hills, with Peveril Castle looking sternly down on the village below. The Castle Hotel was at once invaded, and a hot, substantial dinner attacked by the assembled tourists, whose appetites had been whetted and strengthened by the cold bracing air of the Derbyshire moors. When nature was satisfied, the whole of the company moved off to the Peak or Devil's Cavern, which is the chief attraction of the place. Crossing a bridge over a rushing stream, the approach lies along a narrow ravine where the rocks rise perpendicularly, or frequently overhang, to an altitude of three or four hundred feet, their sides being partially clothed with moss, shrubs, and climbing trees, which soften the otherwise stern and rugged features of the cliff. Here the path ends, and

a wonderful scene at once bursts upon the view as the immense and mighty cavern is reached. Within its wide and capacious portals a tribe of villagers of both sexes were seen engaged in spinning twine, whose weird looms in the dim twilight looked like tripods in an orchestra, and none would have been surprised to hear the witching strains of fairy harmony, or such entrancing notes as volumed forth when "Orpheus struck the lyre."

On making arrangements with the guide for a full survey of the cavern, each tourist was provided with a candle, and in single file its intricacies were explored. The guide, in peculiar diction and in showman fashion, extolled its beauties and its marvels in an amusing and grotesque manner, and on lighting up the various grottos, arched vaults, and majestic chambers, with candles and various-coloured lights, its peculiarities and immensity were strikingly revealed.

Shortly after crossing the outer cavern, you pass through a narrow opening till you arrive at what the guide tells you is the river Styx, where in a corner is pointed out the decaying fragments of a boat formerly used to ferry passengers into its inner recesses, access to

which, however, is now obtained by a blasting through the rock. The path lies alongside the stream, which is frequently crossed, and which our tourists christened "The Strid." Frequently the roof rises into lofty vaults, whose top is lost in deep shadow, and presently it sinks so low that you are compelled to stoop, and so you pass on by winding ways until you reach the furthest point yet attained, which is 750 yards from the entrance.

Our eyes becoming more accustomed to the darkness, on the return we were better able to discern the forms of the various chambers. One rises to an immense altitude, and although it was lit by brilliant-coloured lights the roof could scarcely be detected. Others are of smaller size, but have a distinctive name, and the title of the music gallery is very appropriately given to a natural loft, where choristers once sang "God save the Queen," when her Majesty visited it from Chatsworth as the guest of the Duke of Devonshire. At another spot is a series of arches which at once identified them with Gothic architecture. Being lit up with coloured lights, the effect was singular. The brightness of the chamber contrasted with the fitful lurid glare that played over

every projecting fragment, and penetrating into each deep and gloomy recess, pictured mysterious figures and devotional shrines, until you could have imagined some religious rite was being performed, and that the pealing organ would immediately burst forth with its contribution of harmonious praise. On returning to the partition that separates the inner from the outer cavern, a surprise of a remarkable character awaits the tourist. Looking straight before you to the entrance of the cave, over the looms and their workers, you imagine a brilliant artificial light is playing on the rushing stream, the limestone rock, and the plants and trees that cling fairy-like to its rugged sides. Its effect is marvellous and dazzling, yet singularly pleasing, but as you gradually approach it, you perceive it is merely owing to the daylight streaming into the mouth of the cave, which surprises you by its brilliancy, on emerging from the darkness.

Returning down the ravine, a fine, natural well and rushing stream was visited, remarkable for the peculiar manner in which it *welled* and rose in swelling waves, its source being evidently from the same subterranean passage as the cave river. An attempt was then made

by most of the tourists to climb the difficult and winding path that led to the castle of Peveril of the Peak. This accomplished, a magnificent prospect met the view. The town of Castleton and the cultivated plain below lay like a vast amphitheatre mapped out before us, surrounded by lofty hills whose summits were just discerned beneath their canopy of mist. The keep, like an eyry in the clouds, was built upon the extreme summit of the Peak, its south and western sides looking down the perpendicular rock at the entrance to the cave, as well as a narrow ravine of a winding and romantic character, bearing the name of Cave Dale. Its appearance from the Castleton side is rugged and singular, as all the outside dressed stone has been removed, exposing the rubble. On the Cave Dale side and in the interior of the tower, the masonry is almost perfect, and evidently Norman in character. Lower down the hill is a strong embattled wall, showing traces of bastions and a gateway to defend the keep and enclosure. The castle is so elevated and difficult of access that the wonder is how its lordly owner and his garrison and retainers managed to convey provisions and other necessaries for their support, and no

doubt it is owing to its having been dismantled prior to the days of Cromwell and the reign of king Charles II. that Sir Walter Scott, though he has taken the title of Peveril of the Peak for his romance, fixes the family at Martindale Castle, in some other portion of the Peak country. We give the following quotation from the opening chapter of "Peveril of the Peak," as it shortly states their origin in forcible and graphic language :—

"William the Conqueror of England, was, or supposed himself to be, the father of a certain William Peveril, who attended him to the Battle of Hastings, and there distinguished himself. The liberal-minded monarch, who assumed in his charter the veritable title of Gulielmus Bastardus, was not likely to let his son's illegitimacy be any bar to the course of his royal favour, when the laws of England were issued from the mouth of the Norman victor, and the lands of the Saxons were at his unlimited disposal. William Peveril obtained a liberal grant of property and lordships in Derbyshire, and became the erector of that Gothic fortress, which hanging over the mouth of the Devil's Cavern, so well known to tourists, gives the name of Castleton to the adjacent village.

"From this feudal baron, who chose his nest upon the principles on which an eagle selects her eyry, and built it in such a fashion as if he had intended it, as an Irishman said of the Martello towers, for the sole purpose of puzzling posterity, there was, or conceived themselves to be, descended (for their pedigree was rather hypothetical) an opulent family of knightly rank, in the same county of Derby. The great fief of Castleton, with its adjacent wastes and forests, and all the wonders which they contain, had been forfeited in king John's stormy days, by one William Peveril, and had been granted anew to the Lord Ferrers of that day. Yet this William's descendants, though no longer possessed of what they alleged to have been their original property were long distinguished by the proud title of Peverils of the Peak, which served to mark their high descent, and lofty pretensions."

As most of our readers are acquainted with the romance, we shall not pursue further the fortunes of Peveril of the Peak, but resume our journey to Buxton. As the Blue John Mine was to be visited, it was suggested we should make our ascent to it by way of the Winnats, as some of the finest scenery in Derbyshire was

there to be found. Though the ascent was long and trying to the lungs, this "Schipka Pass" amply repaid the exertion of a visit. The Winnats, or Windgates, is a narrow mountain gorge, and forms the natural western entrance to the valley in which Castleton lies. In going to the Blue John Mine you pass up it, but its savage grandeur is best seen in descending it. On either hand rise precipitous mountains, strongly reft and shattered, yet answering to each other, line for line and curve for curve, as though in some mighty convulsion the earth had opened, and the sides of the gaping fissure had been suddenly arrested, and for ever fixed apart. The same convulsion of nature doubtless produced the same features in the Blue John Mine, which is a natural cavern, though some portions of it are worked for the Blue John or fluor spar from which handsome transparent ornaments and vases are made in highly artistic designs. The entrance to the cave is from the hill side, down flights of stairs and winding galleries, to immense chambers, equally as large and far higher than those in the Peak Cavern. The Blue John is seen here and there running in veins, enclosed between similar veins of gypsum, and is procured out of narrow deep

recesses by the ordinary process of mining and blasting. The stalactites in this cavern are exceedingly fine, assuming a variety of forms, and appeared in all the colours of the rainbow when illuminated by a brilliant light. The lower cavern, called Lord Mulgrave's Dining Hall, is impressively large, and is in proximity to a smaller cavern where the explorations have not been continued, and is nearly half a mile from the entrance; it is about 350 feet deep, and yet if a straight line could be drawn would be found little more than 100 yards from the opening fissure. Having had everything of moment pointed out to us by an intelligent guide, we resumed our journey to Buxton, passing near the celebrated Mam Tor or Shivering Mountain, now nearly enveloped in mist. The night closed in a-pace, shutting out the magnificent prospect of the Peak range, and eventually a sharp shower came pelting on the not unprepared tourists, who went through it with the utmost "sang froid." A passing railway train from Manchester, brilliantly illuminated, glided along through the darkness. Fairfield was reached, the gas lights of Buxton appeared in the valley below, and ultimately the bridge over the Wye was crossed,

and so through Spring Gardens the carriages rattled, and pulled up at St. Ann's Hotel in the Crescent, which was to be our temporary home until our departure for Miller's Dale and Haddon Hall the following morning.

The spa of Buxton is exceedingly pretty, and surpasses most other watering places by the grandeur of its buildings, the beauty of its scenery, and the sheltered situation in which it lies—an amphitheatre surrounded by bold and lofty hills. Its varied walks, its stately promenades, its terraces, gardens, waterfalls, lakes, and elegant pavilion have made it a place of fashionable resort, and its pure and bracing atmosphere gives strength to the enfeebled nerve, colour to the pallid cheek, and renewed life to the invalid. The tourists, prior to retiring for the night, and in the early morning—beneath the bright and silvery beams of the majestic Queen of Night, or by the early sunlight, fair promise of a brilliant day—surveyed the beauties of this charming place, and after a visit to Poole's Hole, which repeats to some extent the wonders of the cavern of the peak, were again on the move through the magnificent scenery of rock, wood, and water of Ashwood Dale.

We have visited many remarkable places, and scenery of a bold or of a romantic character, but take it for all in all there is nothing within the range of our experience to equal in rugged grandeur and sylvan beauty the Derbyshire scenery along the Derwent and the Wye from Ambergate to Buxton. Through Ashwood Dale, past the Lover's Leap and Shirbrook Dell, there is a succession of majestic rocks, wooded slopes, and rushing rivulets that make the tourist desire to linger amidst those wild, pleasing, and entrancing scenes; so a halt is made, and a walk along the river is decided on through Blackwell Dale, past Chee Tor, and on to Miller's Dale. The earlier part of the walk is easy in character, and the scenery in Blackwell Dale is bold and striking, but it is only when Chee Dale is reached you are impressed with its magnificence, as it is the finest of its kind in Derbyshire, and fully deserves all that has been said or written about it. Where the valley narrows you come upon an enormous concave wall of limestone, rising perpendicularly from the river to a height of more than three hundred feet. Other, though not such stupendous masses, rise with equal abruptness on the opposite side of the dell. Here and there a

yew has found root in a fissure of the mighty cliffs, or a graceful ash or hazel waves in the soft breeze. You wander on awed by the surrounding majesty, till your path is closed by beetling rocks, which rise like vast portals of the pass to prohibit alike admission or departure. In fact, the dale here is almost impassable, and it is only by stepping stones or by rough and dangerous climbing along the ledges of the rock that a passage can be effected, and it was not to be wondered at that some of the seniors of the party turned back and took the driving road to Miller's Dale, where all ultimately re-assembled, and shortly after left by the train to Bakewell for a drive to Haddon Hall.

The carriages are mounted at the station, and are soon driving along the undulating road to the pretty town of Bakewell, so sweetly nestling in the midst of vernal pastures on the banks of the ever-murmuring Wye. The road winds along with the courses of the river, and the hills are more retired and of less elevation than the bold and rugged precipitous heights we have left behind us in the Miller's Dale. At a bending of the road the battlemented turrets of Haddon come in sight, and the lofty Eagle tower, with its elevated flagstaff, stands

prominently out in a setting of autumnal changing trees. The distant view of its towers and turrets, embosomed in its wealth of wood, is singularly charming, and a closer acquaintance with it on driving through the meadows and over the low-arched bridge even adds to its grandeur and picturesqueness, and, seen for the first time, you can easily understand how it has been the theme of the poet and romancer, and why the painter is never weary of portraying its matchless beauties and its wonderful perfections.

On arriving at the ancient gateway, embellished with numerous coats of arms of its former possessors, the Avenels, Bassets, Vernons, and Manners, you make your obeisance to the genius of the ancient nobility by stooping through a low doorway, having first placed your feet within the hollows of the step, worn down through successive ages by crowds of tourists and pilgrims drawn hither by the associations connected with the most complete and perfect mansion of the Tudor and Elizabethan period. You find yourselves at once in a spacious quadrangle, where the barons' hall, the chapel, and the chaplain's room are some of the principal buildings surrounding it,

having a few turrets at the angles, and peculiar Gothic gurgoyles as an ornamentation. After the chapel had been visited, and its decayed and faded fittings inspected, our lady guide led the way to the main entrance, and ushered the tourists into the barons' hall. This room has often been described and pictured, as indeed it gives the best illustration of the social life of a great baron and his retainers in the olden times. It is said to have been erected prior to 1452. It is a noble room, and imposing in appearance, with an open roof, wainscotted walls, and a gallery of carved oak. There is a capacious fireplace, and a raised dais, with the ancient high board of the dining table where the baron or the knight sat with his peers, whilst below were the less distinguished guests, servitors, and retainers. The hall is almost bare of furniture, with the exception of a few quaint and faded pictures, and some stags' horns suspended from the gallery around the walls. A relic of the rudeness of ancient hospitality is fastened to the screen, in the shape of an iron handcuff which was used when any guest refused to drink the usual quantity. On his default or refusal, he was punished by locking

his hand in the frame, which is fixed some height above the head, and the remainder of the draught was then poured down his arm; so it appears there were Good Templars in those days who preferred the abuse to the use of good brown October, and did despite to Sir John Barleycorn. The private dining-room, the drawing-room, and bed-rooms in this part of the building are interesting from the tapestry and the fine panelling and carving which they contain, and more especially the former, where the ceilings have been divided into compartments by carved beams, which have been richly coloured and gilded. The walls are covered with panelled oak, and the fire-place is very elaborate, as above it are exquisite carved portraits, in the shape of medallions, of King Henry VII. and his Queen. The furniture, pictures, and arras of those rooms are particularly interesting, and the views from the deep recessed bay windows are also charming.

From these rooms the long gallery or ball-room is reached, which is the most modern part of the building, being Elizabethan in character, and no less than 109 feet long, by 18 wide and 15 high. This gallery fronts

to the enclosed garden, and has three immense recessed bay windows, which include more space within them than many modern pretentious rooms. There is a tradition also that the first ball given in it, after it was built, was opened by Queen Elizabeth, who was then a guest at Haddon. Although the Dukes of Rutland have long ceased to reside here, there have been occasions of festivities and balls taking place on important occasions both of a national and family character, and the good people of Sheffield and other places have frequently had the privilege of using this suite of rooms for social gatherings or for fancy balls, which many persons have enjoyed and and remembered with pleasure.

There are other rooms successively shown, but none are so elegant and enticing as the retiring room, which, at present, contains what is called Queen Elizabeth's state bed, which is curiously antique and imposing; the fireplace and mantel-piece are elaborately carved, and the room completely fitted with Gobelin tapestry, which is particularly fresh and of a uniform classic design. This is possibly the room that Scott had in mind when he describes Julian and Alice as being in the gilded

chamber, when a panel behind the arras was suddenly opened, and the Countess of Derby stepped into the room to the sûrprise and terror of the alarmed and bewildered children. We can people the apartment with those images, and see the sudden start and hear the shrill scream of the younger child at the suddenness of the apparition, and gaze upon the entrance, from opposite doorways, of Major Bridgenorth and Lady Peveril to inquire into the cause of alarm, and witness the consternation of the one and the joy of the other on gazing upon a long lost but well-remembered relative and friend.

On ascending by the winding stairs to the giddy height of the Eagle tower, the eye ranged far and wide over a beautiful country, and then turned again to gaze with increasing interest upon the roofs and courts of the castellated mansion. Retracing our steps, the oratory of Dorothy Vernon was pointed out, where she was in the habit of retiring to watch from the oriel her fond lover's coming, and the spot where they repaired for their stolen interviews, and the door by which on a festal evening the lady escaped "Into the night, and to the arms of love." The father of Dorothy Vernon

was the last baronet of his race, and from his great possessions and boundless hospitality, was usually called the "King of the Peak." He had two daughters, with one of whom (Dorothy Vernon,) Sir John Manners, the second son of the Earl of Rutland, fell in love. Sir George Vernon, her father, however, forbade the match, kept her under close surveillance, and banished Sir John from her presence. The tale of their loves is quite a romance, and as "Love laughs at locksmiths, bolts, and bars," so in this case a mode of escape was found, and as it turned out, the elopement was happier in its results than most, as the faithful wife brought to her gallant husband the Haddon and other estates of the Vernon family, making him one of the richest amongst the nobles of the land.

No notice of Haddon could be well complete that did not make passing allusion to the enormous kitchens, larders, and immense fireplaces near the inclined plane from the barons' hall, showing that every provision was made for extensive and hospitable entertainment; neither should we omit the balustraded terrace, the green and verdant lawn, the quiet walk beneath the windows of the Elizabethan

facade, the tall yews, the quaint clipped hedges, and the sombre, narrow alleys, which memory always associates with this ancient hall; for it is here that the genius of Scott has drawn its inspiration, and peopled its precincts with imaginary beings that breathe the breath of life, and ever live in our remembrance when Haddon Hall is named; so also the painter, with an imagination that can fully grasp and realise the creations of romance, has limned in glowing colours the magnificence of its ancient state, and handed down to other ages and other climes the matchless charms of this, the peerless relic of a great and far receding past.

We pass from Haddon, with all its towers and turrets gilded with the sun's golden light, just before he sinks beneath the glowing west, and the picture is one of surpassing beauty, a picture worthy to be stereotyped upon the memory so long as memory lasts. Whilst dreaming sentimental dreams of Peveril of the Peak, and imagining that the shades of the once happy lovers may occasionally revisit their former charming home, we are roused up to things of earth again by the cracking of the driver's whip as he gallantly presses his horses forward to the Peacock Hotel at Rowsley.

On entering its portals a peculiar odour of a gastronomic kind proclaims that some persons perchance are hungry, and that sentiment and kindred things are well enough in their way, and may at times be properly indulged in, but in the opinion of philosophical persons the only true appetiser to such enjoyment is to be obtained by a hot, substantial dinner. As, however, we rarely dwell upon matters of that kind in a literary paper, and they are only as a rule incidentally named, suffice it to say every tourist was properly satisfied, and went by the train rejoicing *via* Matlock to Ambergate. On arrival at Sheffield an elegant and handsomely fitted Pulman's car was chartered to Normanton, and the party arrived safe in York, shortly after ten o'clock, having thoroughly enjoyed their two days' excursion to the grandest, loveliest, and most romantic scenery in North Derbyshire.

October 1*st*, 1877.

No. 13.

Crayke Castle, Newburgh Priory, and Byland Abbey.

ON Friday, the 7th June, the members of the York Tourist Society had the first excursion of the season, and the programme, consisting of a visit to the above-named places, was of sufficient interest to induce a numerous party to join it. The rendezvous was the Black Swan Hotel, in Coney-street, and a couple of waggonettes started shortly after nine a.m. for a drive through the ancient forest of Galtres, by way of Sutton and Huby, to Crayke. The church, which is a very fine structure of the time of Henry VII., was inspected. It contains an ancient chancel screen in carved oak, and the old pews, with similar carvings, have been carefully preserved by the late Archdeacon Churton, when he restored and enlarged the church. Some massive oak chests are collected in the belfrey, and a couple of defaced monuments, of a knight and

lady, are also placed there, though a more suitable position for their exhibition and preservation could easily have been found within the body of the church. The churchyard will always be interesting to the lovers of the picturesque, as from its position, on the highest point of the hill of Crayke, one of the most extensive views of the vale of York can be obtained. Another association also will connect it with one of the most learned and attached sons of the Church of England, as there, beneath the east window in the churchyard, peacefully lie the remains of one who, as Rector of Crayke, Archdeacon of Cleveland, and as poet, essayist, and antiquarian, filled an important position in the world of letters and of religion. A simple inscription, on a chaste, white marble tombstone records, that "Edward Churton," Archdeacon of Cleveland, lies there.

The Castle of Crayke, which is on the north of the church, was shortly after visited, and the tourists were most courteously received by Captain and Mrs. Wait, who reside at it. The parish of Crayke was formerly part of the county of Durham, and the castle was built by, and was one of the residences of the Bishops of the county Palatine. The present structure,

which is in the Tudor style of architecture, and built in the fifteenth century, is an oblong, four storeys high, has turrets at the corners, and is fully embattled, with its main front looking to the west. The walls are six feet thick, with deep, embayed windows, and the rooms extend from front to the back without intervening walls, so that the light penetrates from both sides. The rooms are superbly and handsomely fitted with carved furniture, and decorated and ornamented with first-class paintings, vases and antique china. Domestic and other offices have been added in the same uniform Tudor style, and the grounds surrounding the castle and its steep slopes have been laid out with artistic taste, the flower beds being bright with colour, and the plants and trees were in full and luxuriant foliage. The castle was a perfect gem, and the tourists were much gratified by their inspection of its contents and surroundings, and expressed their obligations to Captain and Mrs. Wait for the courtesy with which they had been received.

The drive from Crayke to Coxwold lay through a fine, undulating country, past the pretty village of Oulston, and along Newburgh Park, with its magnificent oaks, elms, and

beeches, overlooking the Vale of Mowbray and the Hambleton Hills. The Fauconberg Arms (decorated with a new sign, fully emblazoned in honour of the recent visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales) was ultimately reached, and after luncheon, the handsome battlemented church of St. Michael, with its fine, octagonal tower, received a visit from the tourists. The chancel of the church was the principal attraction, as it is the mausoleum of a great historic family, whose monuments are of a grand and striking character. The oldest of them, bearing the date of 1606, represents Sir William Bellasyse in armour, his head resting upon his helmet, and his hands folded. His lady is in a similar attitude. A stag is at the knight's feet, and a lion at the lady's. In the compartments of this altar tomb are also the kneeling effigies of their children. All the figures are coloured after life. A curious inscription round the base records that

> "Thomas Browne did carve this tome,
> Himself alone of Hesslewood stone."

The other monuments are exceedingly noble, and represent the descendants of Sir William as Viscounts and Earls Fauconberg, a title

which became extinct in the early part of this century, but which may possibly be revived in the present possessor of the estate, Sir G. O. Wombwell, Bart., in whose veins flows the blood of the Bellasyses. On the south side of the chancel there is a marble slab recording the death of Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, one of the sons of William IV., who was a friend of the late Sir G. Wombwell, who frequently visited and eventually died at Newburgh, and immediately opposite, on the north side, is a similar slab in memory of Sir George.

No one can visit Coxwold without, of course, paying a visit to the curious, old, picturesque house called "Shandy Hall," from the fact of its having been the residence of Lawrence Sterne for seven years. The house bears marks of having been altered since his time, and an ancient gable and immense chimney indicate its former state and its Tudor or Elizabethan antiquity. Sterne, doubtless, here had plenty of literary leisure, for within its walls he wrote his amusing "Tristram Shandy" and his exquisite "Sentimental Journey."

Newburgh Hall, the site of the ancient Augustinian Priory, was the next attraction,

but, unfortunately for the tourists, only a portion of the mansion could be seen, as the long picture gallery was closed for renovation and decoration. The entrance hall, the dining room, the white drawing rooms, the grand staircase, and other apartments were inspected, and were found to contain some splendid pictures incidental of the siege of Troy, and many other classical subjects, as well as a great number of fine family portraits; the two most pleasing pictures in the collection being the paternal and maternal grandmothers of the present baronet, which were shown at the Yorkshire Exhibition in 1866. Newburgh also is rich in ancient porcelain and china, and in antique carved oak cabinets. A valuable portrait of the daughter of Cromwell, who married the first Viscount Fauconberg, is now exhibited in the entrance hall, and Cromwell's saddle and holsters, with his pistols, have been temporarily removed from the saloon to the staircase for the inspection of visitors.

After a walk round the gardens and a visit to the stables, which are models of cleanliness, well arranged and ventilated, and where the equine creation are much better housed than the greater portion of the sons of Adam, the

Fauconburg Arms was again visited, where mine host set before the tourists a good, substantial dinner, in a room specially provided for parties of this description. We think it is only justice to Mr. Scurr to say he fully deserves the patronage of the public, and that all visitors to this interesting locality will find every accommodation and good entertainment at the Fauconburg Arms.

The concluding portion of the programme contained a visit to the magnificent ruins of Byland Abbey, which lie about two miles northward, at the foot of the Hambletons, near the wooded defile of Wass, which is in close proximity to the Helmsley moors. After a smart walk of half an hour the western front of the abbey was reached, and impressed the tourists with the former grandeur of this Cistercian monastery. The principal ruins are those of the church, but the western front is its most important feature, having three doorways all dissimilar, and an arcade of fine English pointed lancets, with an immense rose or marigold window over all, larger than the one in the south transept of York Minster, and equally as large as the great window in Lincoln Cathedral. The ruins are much more extensive than at

first sight they appear to be, as the whole of the north side of the nave, the transept, and chancel still remain, covered with dense masses of ivy. The style of the abbey is Early English with occasional traces of Norman, and it is a matter of regret that so fine a specimen of ancient architecture should have been allowed to perish. On the Kilburn road is the outer gateway of the abbey, and on the south side the cloisters and chapter house can be traced, and an immense mass of the foundations of the monastic buildings. The present abbey was built in the time of Roger de Mowbray, the gallant crusader, who gave the monks money and lands and handsomely endowed it. In his old age he retired and died here, and was buried in the chapter house, with a sword carved on his tomb. Major Stapylton is the possessor of this property, and many relics have been removed to his residence at Myton, amongst others it is said the veritable tombstone of the founder of the abbey, who from his great possessions gave the name of the Vale of Mowbray to this portion of his vast estates.

Some years ago it was reported a subscription was about to be raised by the Yorkshire Archæological Society, in order to clear out

the immense mass of ruins and expose the foundations in the same way as at Fountains; but it appears the funds have not been forthcoming, as nothing has yet been done. If at some future time this improvement could be effected, many discoveries of an important character might be made, and a ground plan of the abbey and its conventual buildings would be obtained, so that by the aid of the landscape gardener, and by judicious planting, one of the loveliest spots in Yorkshire could be formed, which from its easy distance from Coxwold, would attract many visitors, and make a comparatively little known example of one of the finest forms of architecture, as familiar to the pleasure seeker as it is to the antiquarian.

It is somewhat remarkable that within the range of six or seven miles, there should have existed at the same period of time the three monastic establishments of Rievaulx, Byland, and Newburgh, all richly endowed with great landed possessions. Doubtless they were centres of civilization, as well as religion, and effected a great work in their day. The abbeys generally were the depositaries of learning, the nurseries of infant art, and the progenitors of

science. They fulfilled their mission in a wild and lawless age, and giving peace and security to all within the shadow of their walls, or within sound of their church bells, materially contributed to form the character of those English institutions under which we at present live, and which we so proudly cherish, so that whilst we do not forget the good deeds of those pioneers of civilization, may we also at the same time make it our duty to piously guard the relics they have left, and hand down to future time the grand and unequalled architecture of the monks of old.

After a chequered day of rain and sunshine in visiting the remarkable historic places named at the head of this paper, the return journey was made by way of Husthwaite and Easingwold, and—the chariot wheels dragging heavily—York was again reached an hour before midnight.

June 12th, 1878.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 14.

The Burton Picture Gallery, Poppleton Villa.

TO those of our readers who appreciate the Fine Arts, or who are collectors of modern pictures, the contents of Mr. Burton's Gallery will be quite familiar, but the general public are not so well aware that within a distance of three miles from the city of York so splendid a collection of art treasures is in existence.

Since the Great International Exhibition of 1851, the taste for the collection of paintings and the remuneration to artists has been continually increasing, until it is not an unfrequent event that at the great sales in London, at Christie, Manson, and Woods, almost fabulous prices are realised. An example of Turner, Etty, or Gainsborough, a Clarkson Stansfield, a Landseer, or a Cooper,

has scores of buyers after it, and so the value is indefinitely multiplied. It is not alone that the houses of our nobility can now boast of the possession of unrivalled collections of pictures, but the villas and mansions of our manufacturing and commercial princes are replete with them, and the taste to possess them has overspread the length and breadth of the land.

By the route of Holgate, and the pleasant undulating road to Boroughbridge, Poppleton Villa is reached at the junction of the Acomb and Poppleton roads. The visitors are ushered into a gallery of considerable dimensions, well lighted from the roof, and every available space on the walls is covered by first-class examples of English and foreign painters, while others for which room cannot be found are reared three and four deep at the sides on various parts of the floor. As some of them graced the York Exhibition of 1866, and several have been previously described elsewhere, we shall content ourselves by delineating very imperfectly some six or seven paintings of great value, and of considerable interest.

The picture to which our attention was first invited is one by Dawson, an artist of

considerable repute, and has been recently purchased by Mr. Burton. It is a gallery picture of "Port Madoc," North Wales, and is well and boldly treated. The time is sunset at low water, and the slanting beams are gracefully thrown upon the rigging of the ships and the slippery sands in an artistic manner. A lofty hill, green with verdure, with a flagstaff on its point of vantage, and a long pier beneath the beetling cliff, fill up the background on the left, whilst schooners, and masts, and sails, a landing stage, and a vista of the town take up the remainder of the canvas. The vessels are well drawn, and the various subjects cleverly treated, and altogether it must be pronounced a masterly picture. It has been publicly exhibited at Suffolk Street Gallery and at Birmingham since leaving the artist's studio.

Another small cabinet picture recently acquired is one of Turner's, evidently in his early style, and graphically delineates the "Wreck of the Minotaur." The wreck is on her broadside, and masts and spars are athwart the dark, tempestuous waves, which are every moment threatening to sweep off the unhappy creatures who are clinging desperately to the shrouds and crosstrees in the hope of sustaining

life. The whole scene is wildly terrible and awfully grand, and is characteristic of the great painter.

The next picture is of grand proportions, and one that must advance the reputation of Sir John Gilbert, who stands in the front rank of historical painters. Its interest is increased by one great artist portraying an imaginary incident in the life of another, and that other the immortal Rembrandt. The scene is Rembrandt's Studio—Rembrandt painting the portrait of a lady. The studio is of ample dimensions, enriched with works of art and furniture illustrative of the period, and a carved cabinet laden with antiques and ornaments of a classical character. The central figure is that of Rembrandt, whose fine features glow with an animated intelligence, and whose pose, palette and brush in hand, before his easel, in a flowing robe, is superb. Behind the artist, and watching the development of the portrait, are three figures. One a youth in crimson, and two elderly gentlemen in black velvet dresses, the one seated and the other resting his elbow on the cabinet. They are fine figure specimens of this accomplished painter. The lady, who is elderly, and from her costume appears to be a widow, sits

sedately in a chair by a recess near a staircase, and a younger lady is gracefully standing by her side with her hand gently smoothing the fur of the tippet of the sitter, whilst a child is at her feet in total unconcern at what is going on, entirely absorbed in turning over a volume of sketches found upon the floor. The dresses of the ladies are finely depicted, and the curtains admitting the light are gracefully disposed. The whole scene, the antique furniture, the costly ornaments, the rapier, the hunting horn, the figures and dresses charm and captivate the eye, and impress one with the boldness, vigour, and genius of the artist.

It is scarcely surprising that of late years the works of Clarkson Stansfield have been in great request, or that a nation "whose home is on the deep" should appreciate and admire that which reminds it so well of its national supremacy. In this gallery, however, one of the examples of Stansfield's which claims our attention has a foreign origin, and is an admirable view of the Dutch town and harbour of "Dordtretch." The prominent objects on the land are the windmills by the lagunes stretching out seaward, the fine lofty houses and warehouses facing the harbour, where the

vessels are unloading, the bridge over the canal, and the beautiful tower of the cathedral which is the most prominent, and has architectural features that add to the grandeur of the painting. In the harbour are ships and schooners, a boat drawing a raft with figures finely drawn, and charmingly coloured. The whole scene is one of quiet calm and beauty, the still lake-like harbour glassing and reflecting everything upon its bosom.

One of the gems of the collection and deserving more than a passing notice, is one that is full of character and exactly to the life. "Collecting in the Scotch Kirk," by Phillip, is familiar to many of our citizens from its having graced the York Exhibition in 1866, where it attracted great attention. The subject comes home to all, and the way in which the painter illustrates it shows a true knowledge of the world, and of human nature. The "churchwarden" or sidesman, with his long-handled collecting box, and characteristic face and dress, the man in spectacles intent upon his hymn book, with a knowing unconsciousness of the collection going on, the ancient lady cheerfully giving her mite, the shrewd canny pater familias feeling in his waistcoat pocket for the smallest silver coin,

the fond mother assisting her timid child to place a copper in the box, whilst a graceless urchin, his head reclined upon his prayer book stretches out his hand to intercept it, and the clerk interested in nothing but his own melodious voice; these tell their own tale, and are graphically and harmoniously painted. The whole picture has become more developed and richer in tone since its first exhibition.

As our space is limited, the only picture we can at present more particularly mention is one painted in 1870, by Joseph Coomans, a French artist, of great and deserved repute, and the subject has been deftly and delicately handled. The scene is illustrative of Roman times, and makes us familiar with the inner life of a noble Roman family at one of the palaces at Pompeii. In the interior of a handsome and lofty apartment upon a gilded ottoman, is seated a Roman lady, clad in a loose white robe, her left foot on a stool, and her right resting upon a leopard's skin spread upon the floor; reclining upon the skin is a beautiful ringleted naked female child with a minature doll in one hand, and the other hand stretched out to ward off a fearful apparition, whilst a small dog behind the child is equally alarmed. In front is the child's elder brother,

clad in a yellow robe with a crimson shawl thrown over him, holding a large bearded mask before him to frighten his sister, and he is laughing with delight at the child's terror. A maiden, (perchance a slave), is holding a skein of silk whilst her mistress is winding it off in the usual manner, with one hand held up slightly to reprove her son. The room opens into an inner court, in which are plants and flowers, and some exquisitely graceful fluted pillars. Two classical marble tables, supported by griffins, are the principal furnishing of the apartment. Altogether, the white draped figures, the marble furniture, the painted walls, and the brilliant crimson and yellow colours form a delightful contrast. This charming picture is one that strikes the eye and immeasurably pleases the imagination, and once seen is not likely to be forgotten.

The gallery is rich in works by artists of imperishable fame, and amongst them are valuable paintings by Ward, Linnel, Cooper, Herring, Faed, Frank Stone, Bough, Bright, Moore, Etty, Pickersgill, Creswick, Holder, and many others, each and all worthy of a separate notice did time and space permit. Suffice it to say that Cooper's great painting of

"Canterbury Meadows," with his inimitable sheep and cattle looking so real and so life-like, is alone worthy of a visit. We feel satisfied an afternoon at the "Burton" Picture Gallery is a real treat, and we hope we may be the means of inducing lovers of art who have not yet had the good fortune to inspect it, to avail themselves of the first favourable opportunity, when they will doubtless enjoy the same pleasure and receive the same kind and courteous attention from the spirited owner, as was exhibited yesterday to the writer of this notice and his friend.*

May 11*th*, 1875.

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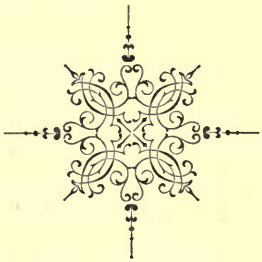
* The Lord Mayor (Alderman Rooke.)



No. 15.

The York Roman City Wall and St. Wilfrid's Church.

THIS is the age of change, when modern requirements or improvements frequently swallow up, or scarcely leave a vestige of the memorials of the past, so that frequently we have to rely upon tradition or accidental discovery for the sites of remarkable buildings illustrative of historical or social events in the history of our country, or of matters of local interest to the city of York. Whatever opinions may have been held by historians and others as to the antiquity and former grandeur of Roman Eboracum, whether those views have been highly coloured and exaggerated in the statements so frequently made, that in the times of Severus and Constantine, York was "Altera Roma," or another Rome, we have still sufficient evidence that it was its most important stronghold, and the capital city of the

imperial power in Britian. It is scarcely surprising, considering the lapse of time and the vicissitudes and changes that naturally would occur from the departure of the Romans, that few remains of their former occupation are to be found above the surface of the ground; what with the ruthless contention of the Saxon and the Dane, the destruction by fire and sword at the Norman Conquest, and the devastations of ambition and civil war, the city has been frequently destroyed, but ever, Phœnix-like, has again arisen from its ashes; so that the York of the present can vie with its palmiest days of the past, and its historic fame, its fortified walls and matchless minster are still the pride of its citizens, and the admiration of the intelligent tourist or stranger from far distant climes.

If little beyond the multangular tower, and a few scattered remnants of the Roman wall are now to be seen, we have the knowledge that beneath the present surface of its streets and houses, dig almost where you will, altars, tombs, urns, tesseræ, ornaments, pottery, weapons, and coins are constantly met with, and that Roman York, like Homerian Troy, may be found beneath the ruins of successive cities. The Philosophical Society's Museum

contains an unequalled collection of Roman remains which have been discovered at various times, and has been greatly enriched of late years by the discovery of villas, baths, and interments, and more particularly by the excavations consequent upon the making of the new lines, and the erection of the magnificent hotel and railway station, which add another glory to the imperial city. Still, it is a matter of regret that many important and valuable treasures remain in the hands of private persons, or are located in public collections in various places having no connection with the city of York, and some even that have been recorded and described, have mysteriously disappeared, and cannot be traced.

By those who are conversant with plans and maps giving an outline of the original Roman fortifications of their camp at York, it has generally been understood that a part of the present wall of the north-east side of the city is built upon the Roman wall or is immediately contiguous thereto, as may be seen near the multangular tower and also in the vicinity of Monk Bar. It is supposed to have been nearly a square with towers at the angles, and enclosed a more considerable space than is seen at

Isurium, the modern Aldbro', near Boroughbridge. Commencing with the multangular tower, it proceeded through Lendal and Coney Street to Market Street (the ancient Jubbergate or Jew's Gate) where there was a similar tower in the angle; from thence to Aldwark, opposite to Barker Hill, enclosing in that direction the Imperial Roman Palace; continuing from thence to Monk and Bootham Bars, and so on to the multangular tower. It is also supposed that the principal entrance was from the south, by way of Tanner Row, over a bridge near the Guildhall, and that the present street of Stonegate ran through the centre of the camp. As York increased in population, it is said that the wall was continued from Coney Street, through Castlegate, to the Foss, which became the boundary on the east of the city, and that the south side ultimately was also fortified during the Roman occupation. At all events the south side has furnished a very large proportion of the collection in the Museum, and it is scarcely likely during their presence here for a period of nearly 500 years, they would have left the residences of their chief Roman families, which were undoubtedly there, defenceless or unfortified.

At various times, the foundations of the wall in Lendal, St. Helen's Square, and Coney Street have been discovered, and it was hoped the other day, on the removal of the late Messrs. Seymour's offices in Lendal, prior to rebuilding, some further traces of it might be found, but unfortunately, the excavation has not proceeded exactly in the line in which it was supposed to be. In the adjoining premises, beneath the steps of the Judges' House, there are several courses of stonework, which experienced antiquarians have pronounced to be part of the Roman wall, and as it is in a line with the multangular tower, there is every probability such is the fact; but it would have been more satisfactory if the excavation on Messrs. Seymour's premises had proceeded two yards further, as the continuation of it would possibly have been found. At the back and beyond the space dug out, a singular wall will be noticed,* built partly of stone and partly of brick, the lower courses having an ancient appearance, and on the outside, facing the steps of the Judges' House, are tiles

* This wall has since been removed, and many sculptured stones have been found there and in the excavations.

between the stones similar to those frequently seen in Roman work, though whether it is of Roman formation, or built out of the ruins of the Roman wall, or from the neighbouring dismantled church of St. Wilfrid, which may have been partly built of Roman materials from the wall, cannot now be determined; still a good opportunity presents itself for Canon Raine or Mr. Noble, the secretary of the Philosophical Society, to investigate and search for the supposed Roman fortifications.

The site of the present Judges' House was formerly the churchyard of St. Wilfrid's, which stood facing Blake Street, where a Major Wyvil built a house now occupied by Messrs. Richardson, Gutch, and Cowling, the Judges' House in Lendal being built by Dr. Wintering ham, a celebrated physician of the last century. The church of St. Wilfrid had a remarkable history, and dates back to Saxon times, as it is mentioned in Doomsday Book as being in existence prior to the Conquest. The church was afterwards given by Richard, son of Fin, to St. Mary's Abbey, which had the patronage and received the annual pension of half a mark from the rector. In the reign of Henry V. there were no less than 42 churches

in York, besides sundry chapels, chantries, and monasteries, the revenue of St. Wilfrid's was returned of the annual value of £5, the most important being St. Olave's, which was of the value of £24. After the dissolution of the monasteries, chantries, chapels, and hospitals, by Henry VIII., the condition of York became deplorable, through the great wealth of these institutions being diverted into other channels, and by numbers of people being deprived of their subsistence, and thrown upon the charity of the citizens. York, having previously been the abode of wealthy bankers and merchants, each having their guilds, as in London at the present day, and the great centre of trade for the northern counties, in consequence of these changes became greatly impoverished; its commerce decayed, and the revenues of the churches diminished to such an extent that few priests were found who would undertake the charge, and ignorance and irreligion consequently prevailed, so that by an Act in the first year of Edward VI. 19 churches were ordered to be demolished and the parishes joined to others in their immediate locality. This Act, however, was not entirely carried out until the twenty-eighth year of Elizabeth,

when a commission, consisting of the Archbishop, the Lord Mayor, and six Aldermen completed it.

The church of St. Wilfrid was consequently dismantled, and its site afterwards sold, the parish being joined to St. Michael-le-Belfrey. Of the nineteen churches, only one escaped destruction, viz., St. Maurice, Monkgate, though it has since disappeared to make way for the handsome edifice now approaching completion, which is a credit to Mr. Fisher, the architect, and will be a great ornament to that part of the city. Another church—that of St. Helen's—was abolished, but was subsequently rebuilt by the parishioners in the reign of Queen Mary, and falling into decay has latterly had effected a complete restoration of its western front. With regard to St. Wilfrid's there was a proviso that "if ever the parishioners think fit to rebuild their church the parish should remain as before," a stipulation that is yet unaccomplished, and will probably continue so, as the Roman Catholics have erected a very handsome pro-Cathedral Church and called it after St. Wilfrid.

In this church was founded a chantry at the altar of St. Mary, for the soul of Nicholas

Flemming, who was Mayor of York seven times, and was killed at the battle of Myton by the Scots in 1319, and here buried. His widow, nine days after the battle, took an oath of chastity at the hands of Wm. de Melton, Archbishop of York, within the chapel of his manor of Thorpe.

This battle occurred in the reign of King Edward II., who was most unfortunate in his wars with the Scots, and suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of King Robert the Bruce, at the battle of Bannockburn. Edward for some years smarted under his defeat, and during the absence of Bruce in Ireland took advantage of it in order to have his revenge. Edward got an army together and set out to besiege Berwick, when the Scottish general, the Earl of Murray, marched another way into England, which he wasted with fire and sword to the very gates of York, and, after burning and destroying the surburbs, proceeded leisurely back towards his own country. The Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Ely, who was Lord Chancellor, hastily gathered together a nondescript army composed of tradesmen and labourers, clergymen, monks and canons, the latter said by Hollingshead to be "much fitter

to pray for the success of a battle than to fight it." This undisciplined army rapidly followed the enemy and overtook him at Myton-upon-Swale. The Scottish army drew up on the other side of the river awaiting the attack, and as the English waded across the ford, set fire to some hay stacks which so blinded them that they could not see the Scots, who, being in good order, completely routed them with great slaughter. Accounts differ as to the number slain or drowned, which has been variously stated at 2,000 to 4,000 men. In this battle the said Nicholas Flemming, the Mayor of York, fell at the head of his citizens, and there was so great a slaughter of priests and monks that the Archbishop had great difficulty in filling up the church and monastic vacancies on his return to the city. The battle was called the White Battle by the Scots in consequence of so many of the religious orders being slain at it.

The Archbishop had the Mayor honourably buried in the church of St. Wilfrid, and granted an indulgence of forty days relaxation of sin to all parishioners thereof, who being duly contrite, penitent, and confessed, should say for his soul the Lord's Prayer and the Salutation of the Blessed Virgin.

As this was a considerable parish, and evidently inhabited by persons of position, there would certainly be many monuments worthy of preservation. The question is what has become of the memorials of Nicholas le Flemming and other worthies interred in the church? The probability is they have been destroyed, and suffered the usual fate that has befallen many records of the greatness of the past, through the ignorance and fanaticism of a by-gone age; and so in the same manner have Roman palaces and temples disappeared, and the walls for so many centuries defended by the cohorts of the 6th and 9th legions of Imperial Rome, are now so utterly undistinguished and forgotten that they are only revealed occasionally to those who patiently labour in the interests of archæology, and who take a pleasure in illustrating and illumining the dim shadows of a remote antiquity.

July 4th, 1877.

No. 16.

The Eastern Question.

An Address delivered to the Members of the York Conservative Association, on Wednesday, May 8th, 1878.

HAVING been requested by the committee of the York Conservative Association to give an address on the conclusion of its periodical meetings this session, I have chosen the "Eastern Question" as the most fitting, inasmuch as it is the most important and eventful that has arisen in the life-time of this generation, and one that is at present engrossing the attention of the responsible Ministers of the Crown, who are fully impressed with the gravity of the situation, and upon whose decision, whether for peace or for war, the entire nation is anxiously and expectantly waiting; having every confidence that the honour and fortunes of England, and the interests of the empire, may be safely committed to the hands of those who have hitherto so patiently and patriotically guided its destinies under the leadership of our illustrious chief—Lord Beaconsfield.

The time allotted for the consideration of this question being necessarily brief, it will only be possible to give a faint outline of its origin, to trace to some extent the operations of the Russo-Turkish war, to notice the territorial and political changes proposed to be effected by the Treaty of San Stefano, and the duty imposed upon England and other European Powers with regard to Russian pretensions in tearing up the Treaty of Paris.

The Turkish Empire has occupied a remarkable position in the history of states, many of its provinces and cities being famous, and in classic times,

"In arms, and arts, and faith supremely great." *

It has been illustrious in its grandeur, and has succeeded to an heritage of dynasties and dominions long since passed away, but whose glories and historic memories will live as long as language, law, and civilization continue their beneficent influences for the amelioration of mankind. The same causes that operated in their fall and destruction are still in action, and another mighty empire appears to be on

* "Italy," a Sonnet, by the Town Clerk.

the verge of dissolution, fulfilling the law of destiny, and adding its name to the long catalogue of perished power. Those mutations are most graphically illustrated by Lord Byron, in comparing the "unchangeable sea" with the instability of empires :—

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee.—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild wave's play—
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

A very remarkable feature also is associated with one portion of the Turkish territory, as containing within itself, on the confines of Asia, Jerusalem and Mecca—so intimately associated with Christianity and Mohammedanism, whose opposing influences have desolated for centuries many of the countries of the East, and have now again, in the late struggle, been used for the furtherance of ambition and of autocratic despotism.

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* Lord Byron's "Childe Harold," 182nd Stanza, 4th Canto.

On the disruption of the unwieldly Roman Empire into two parts—the west being seated at Rome, and the east having Constantinople for its capital—the successors of the Cæsars for centuries ruled over many a fair and classic clime, and the Mediterranean was the highway of the world to convey the riches of the Orient to less fruitful and less favoured countries; but with the birth of Mahomet and the spread of his religion, the whole face of things was changed in the then known three-quarters of the globe. As the Turk believed in the propagation of his religion by the sword, and as the commands of the Prophet were imperative that the infidel should be converted by compulsory means, the greater part of Asia was rapidly over-run, and the faith of Mahomet prevailed. The African continent also felt the full force of this religious and military movement, and the Moors, from Tunis and Algeria, overthrew the Gothic kingdom in Spain, and established themselves there for a long period with Grenada for their capital; their language, manners, and costume still influencing, to a great extent, the inhabitants of the western peninsula. After the capture of Constantinople, the seizure of Greece, and

the subjugation of the provinces of the Danube, terrified Europe seemed almost at their mercy, when their further progress was arrested by the heroic Matthias Corvinas on the plains of Hungary, and the tide of conquest was stayed.

When we consider the immense extent of the original Turkish Empire, the energy with which it was developed, and the great variety of its subject races, one can easily understand that the successors of Mahomet ought to have been endowed with supernatural wisdom in order to have successfully governed such a mass of heterogeneous states. The Turks, though naturally indolent, are to all intents and purposes a brave and martial race, but one part of their policy has weakened their power and has assisted in their overthrow in all recent wars. The wise Roman maxim of using conquered nations in the subjugation of others, in repelling invasions, or in putting down rebellion in one part of the empire with legionaries drawn from another, has not been carried out by her, the whole military service of the state having been performed by the dominant race, those professing the Christian and other religions being rigorously excluded. This unwise policy, more than any other, has

evidently had a tendency to weaken the empire, as only a portion of its subjects—however great the emergency and danger—could ever be called out for its defence. Another source of weakness has also arisen from the extent of their territories, the variety and want of cohesion of the different races, the parcelling of the provinces into so many Pashalics, the oppression and misrule of their various governors, and the entire absence of representative and responsible government. During the last century its disintegration has been gradually going on, and Barbary, Algiers, Tunis, Egypt, Greece, Servia, and Roumania have been either entirely severed, or have obtained a state of semi-independence. The progress in civilization, wealth, and power of the great European States has also had a tendency to impair its importance, and the shock of war has eventually weakened and overturned the great empire established by the victorious Sultan, Mahomet II., in the fifteenth century.

When this empire was at the height of its prosperity, there existed in the cold and barren regions of the north-east of Europe a barbaric people, little known and less thought of, whose occupation was principally the chase, combined

with the rudest agriculture, and where the principle of slavery was carried out in its most repulsive form, the people being little better in social condition than the animals with whom they herded. During many centuries this ancient Scythia remained without cohesion, until Peter the Great, who, from the experience he had gained in this country and in other lands, formed the idea, and carried it into execution, of combining in one great State the loose elements of European and Asiatic chaos. From his reign to the present time there has been a constant effort to expand, and what with fraud, craft, and violence, the empire of Russia within the last century has more than doubled, some of the fairest provinces of other states having become subject to her sway. The alleged will of Peter the Great, recommending a course of policy and action certain to result in the extinction of Turkey and the seating of the Russian power at Constantinople, has had great influence on the passions of its rulers, and has also, by a gradual process of conquest and usurpation, very nearly brought about its fulfilment. Azof, Astrakan, Georgia, the Caucasus, a portion of Armenia, the Crimea, Kherson, and Bessarabia have been some of the

fruits of war, waged on some convenient pretext or other with Turkey; whilst the kingdom of Poland and the States of Central Asia, to the borders of India and China, have also been absorbed by this voracious and aggressive power, till the world almost stands in awe of the barbaric Colossus of the North.

For a long period Russia has been constantly intriguing in the affairs of the Turkish provinces in Europe, and owing to the bulk of the inhabitants being co-religionists with her and members of the Greek church, she has made them discontented with Turkish rule, and encouraged commotion and revolt. The result has been that Servia and Roumania have been nominally independent, but entirely under the influence of Russia. The Crimean war of 1855 and 1856 was owing to the aggressive policy of Russia, who thought the time had arrived for entering upon the inheritance bequeathed by Peter the Great, and that other nations would not interfere to prevent it. The Emperor Nicholas, however, miscalculated the resistance that Western Europe would offer to his ambition. England, France, and Italy were roused from commercial apathy, their ancient martial spirit revived, and the world was

astounded at the feats of arms of the Allies at Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, and Sebastopol, where the pride of Russia was laid low, and resulted in the Treaty of Paris, which curbed and restrained the Northern aggressor. Turkey, in the meantime, was assured a continuance of existence, and undertook to carry out reforms in the interests of its Christian subjects, but, owing to the inherent faults of its government and its policy, it has been a disastrous failure. France and Germany, unfortunately, in 1871 resolved upon a trial of strength, and the hatreds of years resulted in a collapse of the military power of France, which has disturbed the balance of power, and given to Germany a preponderating influence in Central Europe. Russia, watching her opportunity, and seeing two great empires exhausted after their deadly struggle for mastery, demanded of the signatory powers a revision of the Treaty of Paris for her own benefit, which the Gladstonian government of this country most humiliatingly conceded, thus rendering abortive the blood and treasure so liberally spilled and spent in the Crimean war. The exhaustion of France, the conniving of Germany, and the pusillanimity of the Gladstone Administration so encouraged

Russian ambition, that the aim of that country since 1871 has been to tear up the Treaty of Paris, and to carry out the programme she intended to fulfil in 1855. In consequence of that determination she gradually increased the strength of her armies, and became a constant borrower on the Stock Exchanges of Europe in order to develope her railway communications, so as to be able to concentrate and provision her troops in the contemplated war. Turkey also, knowing that her enemy was prepared to pick a quarrel with her the first convenient opportunity, raised large sums in England to increase her sea and land forces, and to strengthen her fortresses, so that she might bear the shock of war when it should come. The border lands of the Danube, from the times of the Romans, have been the battle grounds of contending armies, and it was there the great Emperor Severus obtained his first experience in war, as has been recorded of him by the poet in his conflict with Julian :—

"But lo! thy rival comes; inured to war,
And stirring conflict, battle's wild career;
Where the broad Danube rolls his stream afar,
The fierce barbarian heard his name with fear;
Strong in his hand to hurl the deadly spear;

Firm and relentless is his purpose known,
And they who bar his progress, or who dare
Dispute his title to the Imperial throne,
Swift as the lightning's flash, are conquered and
o'erthrown." *

The fortresses of the Quadrilateral and the passes of the Balkans are obstacles, in the hands of a numerous and well-disciplined army, sufficient to bar the progress even of the legions of Russia; but treachery, indolence, and incompetency on the part of the Turkish commanders have frequently assisted Russia in obtaining victories, where, under other circumstances, nothing but defeat and disaster would have been the result. Russia, seeing that the hands of France and Germany were tied, and imagining that England, without allies, would never again strike a blow for the independence of Turkey, carried out her usual policy by fomenting disturbances in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and ultimately induced Servia also to engage in rebellion. The Turkish troops were eventually getting the upper hand and advancing on Belgrade, when Russian emissaries caused a diversion in their rear in order to distract their

* "Severus," 13th Stanza.

attention, and the result was a rising of the Bulgarian population and a massacre of the Turks. The Turks, taken by surprise and immeasurably alarmed, their regular forces being engaged on the Servian borders, summoned some undisciplined and hastily raised levies to put down the insurrection, who retaliated upon the Bulgarians, and those dreadful massacres took place which filled civilized Europe with horror. The excitement in England caused by the revelations of the correspondent of the *Daily News*, and the "Atrocity" meetings got up by Mr. Gladstone and his adherents against the Turks and against the British Government, excited the nation to frenzy, and gave encouragement to Russia. The failure of the Vienna and Berlin notes, and the subsequent failure of the Conference of Constantinople to inveigle England into joining Russia to break up the power of Turkey, and so assist the Russian designs, has been vainly used by the opponents of the ministry as conducing to the war; but the resolve of Russia to impose humiliating terms upon Turkey, to which no nation having a spark of independence could submit, the concentrating of a numerous and well-equipped army upon the Pruth, and the

encouragement given to Russia by an extreme portion of a great political party in this country to give the finishing stroke to a barbarous and effete power, these are mainly responsible (and not the Conservative Cabinet) for the evils and misfortunes of the Russo-Turkish war.

On Turkey declining to hand over to a foreign commission the government of her provinces, or to abdicate her position as a sovereign power, she, however, at the same time solemnly undertook to grant all reasonable reforms, and to summon a National Parliament representing every province and every race, and to make all persons and all creeds equal before the law. But the better government of the provinces, the reform of abuses, the contentment of the people, and giving them a voice in the administration of their country, did not suit the designs of Russia. If Turkey became strong and united, what would become of the aims and ambition of Russia? There could not possibly be any honest motive in detaching a province, and the possession of Constantinople would remain an unfulfilled dream; so, on the withdrawal of the Ambassadors of the Powers, Russia declared war, and her immense army crossed the Pruth

into the protected State of Roumania, using it as Russian territory, and so commenced that march to the Danube which has brought England and Russia face to face at Constantinople—the Imperial robber clutching his prey, whilst the judge and the avenger threatens to strike if he does not release his hold of the victim of his lust, and disgorge the plunder he has obtained at the point of the bayonet.

As the events of the war are so recent, it will only be necessary now to refer to results, without dwelling upon each particular feat of arms, in which the Russians were not uniformly successful. It had been expected from the formidable army Russia poured over the Danube, provided with the best of modern weapons, a numerous cavalry, and an effective artillery, that no efficient Turkish force could successfully oppose it, and that it would be merely a promenade to Constantinople, which would be reached before the autumn; but these calculations were entirely falsified. Notwithstanding the faults of the Turkish commander in not occupying the line of the Danube in sufficient force so as to be able to be within striking distance, and crush the enemy whereever he might land, before he could establish himself

strongly upon its southern bank; and his subsequent fault in not properly securing the Shipka and other passes in the Balkan Range, the Russian advance was exceedingly slow, though the resistance was feeble, and the want of energy and enterprise on the part of the Turkish General was notorious. But now occurred the only redeeming feature of the war, in Osman Pasha's two defeats of the choicest troops of the invader, and his heroic defence of Plevna. Here, for months, in a position not naturally strong, not defended by forts or an immense park of artillery, but simply trenched and lined with riflemen, these gallant soldiers withstood every assault, and notwithstanding the desperate attempts of the Russian and Roumanian armies, famine, and not arms, was their final vanquisher. Whatever may be the ultimate consequences of the war, whether the "unspeakable Turk" shall be driven out of Europe, and the Empire of the Osmanli's shall perish, or it shall be re-invigorated with renewed life; the tale of Plevna, and its hero, shall be handed down to future times, as one of the greatest feats of warfare, and as the lasting monument of the gallantry and endurance of a once great and conquering race.

With the fall of Plevna the Turkish power of defence was completely broken, its armies were dispersed, and Sophia, Kesanlik, and Adrianople were successively occupied, and Constantinople seriously threatened. A truce was agreed upon, lines of demarcation were settled, and as all was lost, and Turkey had no friends, she was completely at the mercy of Russia, and the monstrous Treaty of San Stefano was signed by the two belligerents, the terms of which, if carried out, mean, as Mr. Layard justly telegraphed, the destruction of the Turkish power in Europe.

During the time the terms of the Treaty were being arranged, the Russian troops passed the lines of demarcation, and were encamped a few miles off Constantinople, as well as in the neighbourhood of Gallipoli. As this amounted to a menace to England against interfering with Russia's disposal of Turkey, the British fleet was ordered to pass the Dardanelles and proceed into the Sea of Marmora towards Constantinople; at the same time Parliament was asked for a credit of £6,000,000, in order to place our army and navy in an efficient state, should the obstinacy and duplicity of Russia compel England reluctantly to draw the sword in defence

of British interests, the balance of power, and the obligations of treaties.

The object of Russia in carrying on secret negotiations with Turkey, the monstrous demands with which the latter has complied, and Russia's reluctance to make public the treaty until after its ratification, all point to her determination to evade the obligations of the Treaty of Paris, and simply act on the law of the conqueror, and in defiance of England and the other European Powers. This conduct was openly justified and it was even asserted by the friends of Russia that no one had a right to interfere with her from recouping herself for the sacrifices she had made in being compelled to go to war. The Treaty of Peace is a sad commentary on the original declaration of war, which recounted the misdeeds of Turkey in her oppression of her Christian subjects, and her repeated failure to comply with the engagements she had entered into by the Treaty of Paris. Russia stated how she intended to redress those grievances, and asserted that her motives were those of the purest philanthropy, and that she neither desired indemnities nor territory as compensation for fulfilling her Christian mission. But alas for human frailty; the gift of lying, or the

sin of temptation was too great for the resistance of this humane redressor of grievances in other people's territories, who shuts her own ears to the groans of an oppressed Poland, and whose reward for those who express a desire for liberty and constitutional government at home, is the universal knout, and an enforced trip at the expense of the victim to the wilds and the mines of Siberia.

The war was no sooner over, and the Treaty of Peace signed, when the difficulties of Russia at once commenced. Her conquests had been complete both in Europe and Asia, and the conditions she had imposed upon her prostrate enemy, for the payment of money and territory, had been so exacting that they were indignantly reprobated by Europe. The English Cabinet at once insisted upon the Treaty being submitted to a Congress of the signatories of the Treaty of Paris, as it so affected that instrument as to make it completely worthless. To this Russia demurred, and proposed to submit those parts only for discussion which more particularly affected European interests, and secretly endeavoured to detach Austria from any alliance with England by offering to modify the Treaty for her advantage. The British

Government, however, insisted upon the obligations of the Treaty of Paris being performed by Russia, and called out its reserves and reinforced the Mediterranean fleet. This was quickly followed by the admirable circular despatch of Lord Salisbury's, which clearly showed how the Treaty of San Stefano would operate in the interests of Russia, and place the semi-independent provinces and the whole Empire of Turkey at her feet. Russia, since she has seen that the English Government and the English people are determined by force of arms, if need be, to prevent the absorption of Turkey, has tried all kinds of expedients and diplomatic stratagems to carry out her programme, but hitherto without effect. The honesty and wisdom of the policy of the Government of England is fully approved by the masses of our countrymen, and the determination, in the event of being forced into war, to use the native troops of our Indian Empire has given the greatest satisfaction to those who have a pride in the extent of our dominions and the greatness of our power, and will give a prestige and a glory to that Imperial Throne upon whose possessions the sun never sets, and

whose flag is the emblem of justice and security, and of freedom to the slave.

It is premature at this moment to predict what may be the result of diplomatic action, which is anxiously watched for day by day by the entire British people, and even if Russia should submit the Treaty as proposed to the European Powers, she may still wish obstinately to retain certain advantages to herself, to which England cannot submit, and war must necessarily ensue. If such should unfortunately be the case, the responsibility will rest with Russia and not with us, as we have patiently endeavoured to persuade her to follow the paths of rectitude and honour; but we shall enter that war conscious of the purity of our motives, conscious of our strength, and in the certain conviction we shall come out of it victoriously, and that we shall confer upon the oppressed and down-trodden countries of the East, not a change of masters, but real liberty; not a hollow truce, but a glorious and a lasting peace.

In conclusion, I feel you will all join with me in heartily wishing for this happy consummation, and as we are justly proud of the blessings of English citizenship, we are the more likely to

appreciate those patriotic lines of Thompson, and congratulate ourselves that England is our home, and that Victoria is our Queen :—

"Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight
Of distant nations, whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea wave."*

May 8th, 1878.

NOTE.

Since this address was delivered, the determined action of the British Government has compelled Russia to submit the Treaty of San Stefano to the Congress of the Great Powers of Europe, at Berlin. The arrangements there entered into, and the subsequent Convention of England with Turkey, may reasonably result

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* Thomson's "Seasons."

in the better government of the various races in the East, and consequently be the means of strengthening the Turkish Empire, and ultimately prove a complete barrier to the further ambition of Russia.

E. H. PICKERING, HIGH-OUSEGATE, YORK.

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