

SPENCER'S  
VISITORS'  
HAND BOOK  
TO  
SWALEDALE  
AND  
ARKENGARTHDALE.

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From Richmond to the Source of the Swale.

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(ILLUSTRATED).

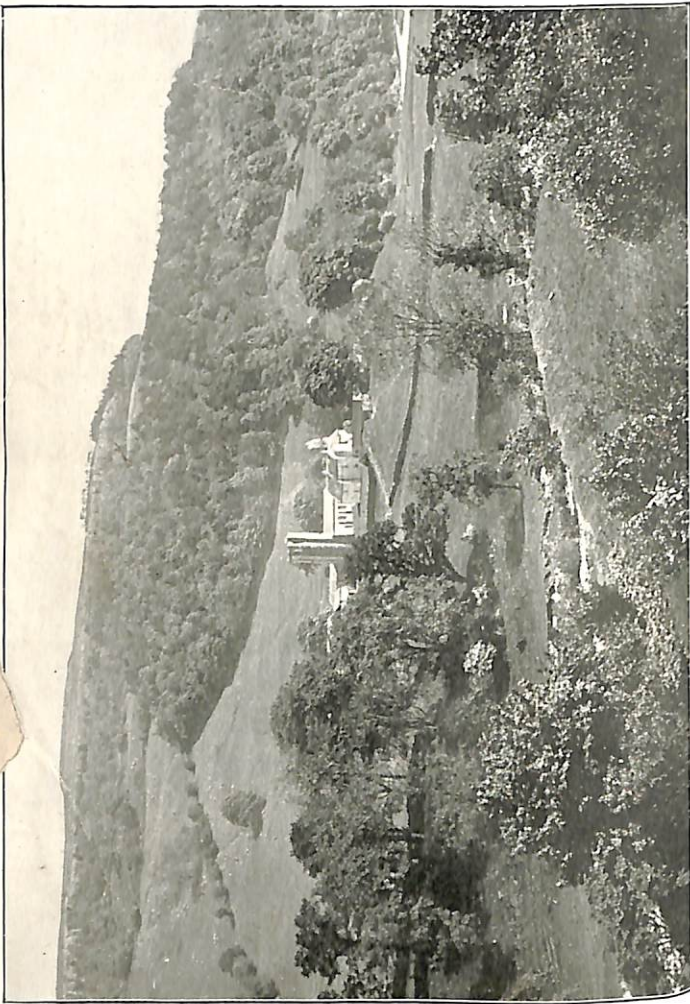
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## SWALEDALE & ARKENDALE

(ILLUSTRATED).



**S**WALEDALE is a very beautiful, romantic, narrow valley. Though not so wide as Wensleydale, it is equally as fertile, healthy, interesting and attractive, and has everything to be desired by the holiday or health seeker. It is full of old historical associations; and has its Castle, Priory, Abbey; its river and numerous trout streams and many waterfalls; is bounded by high hills and mountains, and its rich pastures are enclosed with dry walls and hedges, and in many parts dotted with woods, surrounded by long ranges of scars, white rocks, smooth and precipitous in front and perfectly even at their tops. The rapid \*Swale divides the whole, fertilizing the rich meadows with its stream. This dale also has its underground Kirk of polished stone, where in Pagan and later times, the Christians of Upper Swaledale, for fear of persecution, assembled to offer up praises to Almighty God.

The whole dale is of great interest to the naturalist, the botanist and the geologist. The moors afford excellent sport, and the River Swale and its numerous tributaries are daily flogged during the season for trout and grayling.

Swaledale and Wensleydale, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, extending to nearly the breadth of the county, are two very picturesque valleys running from west to east. It seems as if a mass of hills in both districts had been rent assunder, and from the midst of the disorder a violent geological disruption had taken place. Swaledale is one of the most lovely dales in England, rich in the "spoils of time" and equally endowed with the bounties of nature.

\* Swale, Salo, Suala, is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Swælan*, *Torrere*, implying both its rapidity and liability to deluge.

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Like the Yoredale rocks and the mountain limestone, the rocks of Swaledale are composed chiefly of the lower carboniferous series, with remnants of millstone grit, in places, on the hill tops.

There are plenty of carriers waggons, brakes, and other conveyances almost daily to and from Richmond, Reeth, and Gunnerside—and higher up the dale to Keld, occasionally. There is no clatter of railway traffic, or the shriek of "puffing billy." No grand Hotel fleeces the traveller with its customary "charges," but all exist here, almost as the hills do, in their natural beauty and simplicity, hardness and honesty. The tourist can be accommodated at the "Buck Hotel, and Half Moon, and also at many private houses in Reeth; the Punch Bowl, Feetham; at the King's Arms, or at an excellent private residence, close by, connected with the hotel, at Gunnerside; and still higher up dale at Muker, Thwaite and Keld, although limited, very clean and comfortable Inns are available for the tourist. Englishmen are fond of referring to the old aristocratic blood of their country, and tracing its genealogy through many a storm and battle, revolution and restorations, monarchy and commonwealth, but the genealogy of the dales and dalesmen make the oldest "families" of something like a mushroom origin. In the mining districts, the occupations have been hereditary for centuries. Very little "new blood" is imported here, but the "groovers" exhibit in their language, customs, and manners, as strong traces of aboriginal descent or something akin to it, as the old remains of mine workings and the etymology of places show their Anglo-saxon origin. Let it not be supposed that improvement has not made its way up Swaledale and Arkendale or that the subtle essence of the "spirit of progress" has not worked and fermented, till the inhabitants are abreast of the people who make the "railway, the automobile, or steamboat; oh no, *The Times* with daily views of "many coloured life," and its political experience; the *Darlington and Stockton Times* with which is incorporated the Old Swaledale and Wensleydale Paper, the *Richmond and Ripon Chronicle*, and other papers, with their details of current events, the Literary Institutions and Libraries now in almost every village, and the refining influence of literary

power, are all appreciated as much by the dalesman as by the dwellers in busy cities and towns. The peculiarities of the people of the dales consist rather in their being unsullied by the extravagancies of town life. Living among the solemnities of villages and valleys, cut off from the levities which distinguish large places, and thrown for the most part on their own mental and physical resources, they exhibit a thoroughness of manner combined with a simplicity of expression, which strikes a visitor as the manifestation of modern life engrafted on ancient types. Swaledale and Arkendale are now more agricultural than mining districts, and the former can boast of two good Agricultural Shows annually—at Muker and Reeth. The dales produce cheese which is not surpassed in England, and many prizes have been obtained for both cheese and butter at the Royal, The Yorkshire and other Shows. Quantities of cheese made in these dales are sold as Wensleydale Cheese, because they are the Wensleydale shape. The three dales are on a par with each other for the quality of their cheese and other produce.

Commencing at Richmond, the road and river, up Swaledale, runs parallel together for over 23 miles, the scenery, as you proceed, growing wilder and wilder, and the hills higher and higher until full grown mountains appear.

To the capital of Swaledale—REETH—there are two roads, the Old and New. The new road, which a few years since had two toll houses and gates, was made in 1836, and is an excellent run of ten miles, from Richmond to Reeth and from Reeth to Richmond, for cyclists.

#### UP SWALEDALE BY THE OLD ROAD.

Leave Richmond Market Place and proceed to the top of Queen's road, (commonly called Back Flags), then turn to the left along Quaker's lane, keeping to the right past Sylvio House (the last house), up the hill past Hurgill on right and still farther (left). Belleisle, formerly Mr. James Watson's residence and racing stables, now a private residence, and a few yards higher up the hill (right) the Racecourse and High Lodge, and two fields to the left, Willance Leap. You will now soon see on the right, the

## BEACON HILL,

so called from a BEACON being placed upon it, to alarm the country in times of public danger. The Hill commands a wide range of country. From this lofty spot the views are extensive and varied beyond belief. To the south extend the high hills of Wensleydale, with Penhill, the loftiest in Richmondshire. To the west, in the County of Durham, is seen Raby Castle, the magnificent abode of Lord Barnard. To the east, in a favourable atmosphere, the tower of Hartlepool Church, and the mouth of the Tees are distinctly visible, with all the range of the Cleveland Hills, the majestic Towers of York Minster terminating the wide and splendid prospect.

At the late Queen Victoria's Jubilee immense piles of wood, tar barrels, &c., were lighted here, which attracted thousands of spectators from Richmond and miles around.

The boundary of Richmond terminates at the end of the plantation on the right. On the left is a large tree commonly called Dibdell tree or Deepdale tree, and one or two smaller ones, planted by the then Mayors of Richmond when riding the boundary. Still farther (left) is High Applegarth and David's Point, from which magnificent views of Richmond Castle, the winding Swale and the beautiful wooded valleys are seen.

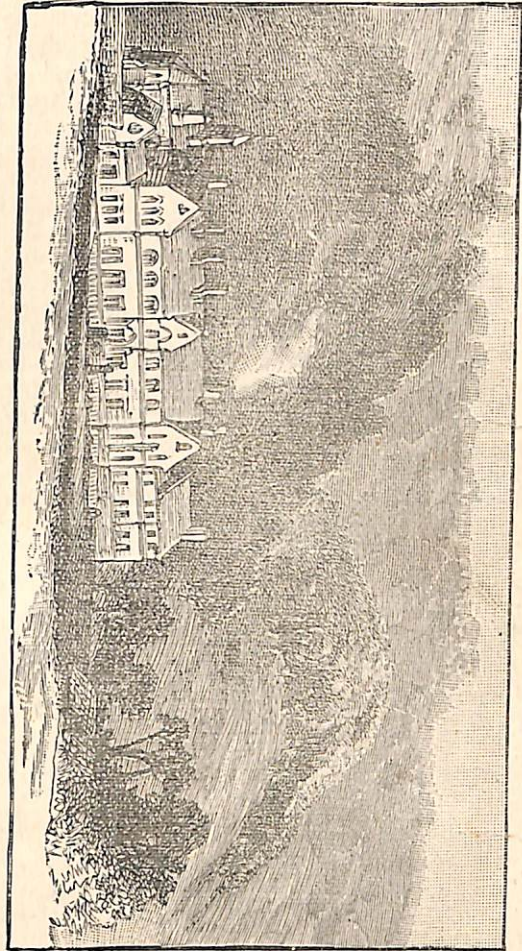
Nothing more of interest until the village of Marske at the bottom of the precipitous road called Clapgate bank, is reached—half way to Reeth.

## UP SWALEDALE BY THE NEW ROAD.

Leave Richmond Market Place, and proceed to the top of Finkle Street, Rosemary Lane, the Back Ends, Victoria Place, curving right and then left past the Union Workhouse and down the hill past the Convent and

THE CONVENT.

ROUND HOWE.



Paper Mills (between the Convent and Howe), on the left. The Cemetery is on right. About opposite the Convent is a circular hill called the

## ROUND HOWE.

At a little distance, this hill resembles a small volcanic crater, but no appearance exists about it that could at all confirm such a supposition. The whole is formed of the natural rock, which has been detached by some tremendous convulsion of the earth; or it is possible that at a remote period the river may have swept round it from the adjoining cliffs, as they are of the same material and of corresponding strata. Some have supposed the Round Howe to have been a Druidical Temple during the early British period. There was formerly upon the summit of the Howe an elegant summer-house, in the form of a Chinese Temple, built by the late Cuthbert Readshaw, Esq., about the year 1756. Near the Howe is a natural cave in the rock called, from some tradition, ARTHUR'S OVEN. In the wood are traces of some copper mines which have been worked with little success. The Howe is seen with much effect from the West Field. Ferns and wild flowers abound in this neighbourhood.

## HUDSWELL.

After crossing Lownethwaite Bridge, go through the first gate on the left, then along the road through a grass field, through another gate and then along a footpath which curves to the right; follow the footpath, climb the steep hill and you will soon be in the village. The Church is at the west end; and still further across the moor is Downholme.

The first farm house under the cliffs is called Underbanks, and a little to the west Thorpe-under-Stone, where, at both places, very comfortable apartments can be had.

To reach Hudswell from Richmond leave the Market place, down the New Road on to the Green, cross the Old Bridge which spans the Swaie, ascend the hill, on the top of which is the "Holly Hill" Inn; keep on the right and in less than half an hour's walk the village is entered.

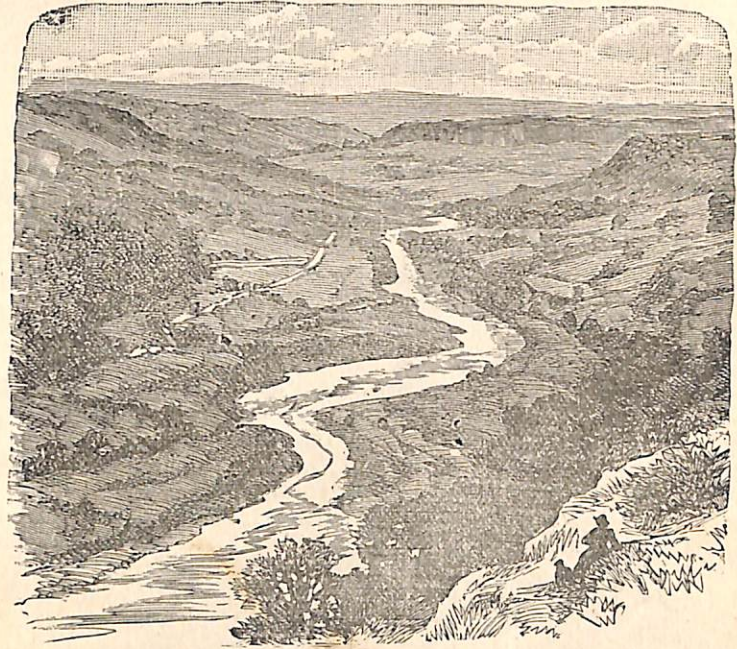
In Doomsday it is called Hudreswell and was bestowed by the Conqueror on Emsant Musard, constable of Richmond Castle.

The Old Church was restored by subscription in 1884, during the ministry of the Rev. J. E. Torbett, Vicar. There is also a small Wesleyan Chapel and mixed School here.

One of the finest views in the dale is from Red Scar on Hudswell Moor, nearly opposite Marske.

Cross LOWNETHWAITE BRIDGE which spans the river and wind away along the valley. On the right is Whitcliffe Scar (commonly called Whitley Scar) or

## WILLANCE LEAP



is in view. The Scar is so called from the fact of the wonderful escape of a hunter named, Willance, the particulars of which are as follows:—

Robert Willance was a successful merchant at Richmond.

The greater part of Clints, in the parish of Marske, passed into his possession. He was a native of Westmorland and came through the dales to settle as a draper at Richmond, where he pushed his fortunes with great success. There would be very little competition in trade at that time in a little town like Richmond, and a thrifty man like Willance would soon make a considerable fortune. He was also a successful leadminer. He and a person called Richard Willance (it is believed his brother), who was a lead mine owner, were connected with Clints about the commencement of the seventeenth century.

The name of Robert Willance is connected with a marvellous story. There is no one in Richmond who has not heard of Willance's leap. In the year 1606 he was hunting near his own estate on the high ground between Clints and Richmond on the northern bank of the Swale. The hunting party were surprised by a fog, and Willance was mounted upon a young and fractious horse. It ran away with him, and to his horror made right for the precipitous rock called Whitcliffe Scar which looks down upon the Swale. The horse, no doubt, as it neared the verge would become conscious of its peril, but, as is very frequently the case, the danger that paralyses the rider, only makes the steed more fearless. As soon as it left the level platform above, three bounds, each covering twenty four feet, brought it to the verge of the cliffe, down which it sprang. About 100 feet from the top of the scar there is a projecting mass of rock and earth, upon which the horse alighted only to throw itself upon the ground below, some hundred feet farther down. It was killed by the fall and Willance's leg was broken. With wonderful presence of mind he disentangled himself from his dead horse, and drawing a clasp knife he slit open the belly of the animal, and laid within it his fractured leg, to protect it from the cold till help arrived. This precaution, in all probability, saved his life. His leg, however, was amputated and he could hunt no more. As a memorial of his wonderful escape he marked with an upright stone each of the three bounds which his steed took before it sprang over the cliffe. On two of them he put the following inscription, "1606, Glory be to our merciful God

who miraculously preserved me from the danger so great." And he had indeed great cause to be thankful, for no one can look up at the grey cliffe over which he was carried without a shuddering feeling of astonishment that any one could survive so fearful a fall.

The lost leg, as tradition tells us, was laid under a massive stone in the churchyard of Richmond, and two years after the accident which deprived him of it, Willance became Alderman of Richmond. He was laid beside his leg on the 12th of February, 1615-16. In his will, which is registered at Richmond and at York, there are a few interesting bequests. He leaves 20s. per annum for 13 years, to be given at Richmond every Christmas even to poor widows and the aged poor, and a similar sum, for a like period, to the needy at Winster, Crook and Croft. On the day of his burial each poor householder in Richmond is to receive 12d., and every other poor body, in the town or present at the funeral, is to have a penny and "dynners for the best." To Elizabeth his wife he gives a round hoop ring and a double ducat of gold. To his nephew Brian Willance, his heir, he leaves his best horse and saddle and furniture, his best sword and dagger, his books, his books of debts excepted, and all his freehold lands and mortgages. To Brian's two sisters, Anne and Jane Willance, he leaves 40*l.* To Thos. son of his master Mr. Richard Willance, who was probably his elder brother, he leaves his close behind the Friars. To each of his "god-barnes," the boys 2s. each, the girls 12d.—"there names are in my booke." To halt Brian Willance of Winster 10s. To John Willance alias Wetherilt, his supposed son by Agnes Wetherilt, he leaves 30*l.* To Elizabeth Willance, alias Coates, his supposed daughter by Margaret Coates, now the wife of Giles Alderson, of Ravenseat in Swaledale, he gives 100*l.* To his nieces Ann and Jane, daughters of Nicholas Willance his brother, he leaves 50*l.* each. The supervisors of his will are Francis Tunstall, Esq., Roger Gower, Chr. Askew, and Humphrey Wharton, gentleman, to each of whom he gives five angels. In his inventory Willance's effects are valued at 75*l.* 5s., excluding what is due to him in his debt book which amounted to the large some of 1,119*l.* 14s.

There is one bequest in Willance's will which is a very interesting one. It is a gift to the Corporation of Richmond. "I give to the brotherhood of Alderman and Burgesses of Richmond, to remayne for ever with the Alderman for the tyme being, and by him to be delivered over to his successor, vearly, one sylver bowle, whyte, weight twelve ounces, to [be] ingraven upon the same, *This bowle given by Robert Willance to be Incorporated Alderman and Burgesses of Richmond, to be used by the Alderman for the tyme being and to be re-delivered by him, his executors, or assignes, to his successor for ever.*" This inscription \*to which the date of 1606, the year of Willance's wonderful escape, has been added, still remains upon a piece of plate which is in the possession of the Corporation of Richmond. It can scarcely however be called a bowl; it is rather in the shape of a cup or calix rising like a flower out of a graceful stalk. It is a singularly handsome piece of plate, and must have been of some antiquity when it came into the hands of the Alderman.

Brian Willance, the son of Nicholas Willance, was the heir of his uncle Robert, the Alderman of Richmond, and became the owner of Clints. Of Brian Willance there is little known. He left behind him two or more daughters and co-heirs, among whom his property was divided. Of these, Elizabeth carried Clints and other property in Richmond and elsewhere to her husband, John Bathurst, M.D.

Further westwards past "the Leap" across the valley which intercepts the Scar at right angles, over the opposite bank and across two fields is Park Top, commonly called DAVID'S POINT. Hot water, milk, &c., can be obtained at the Park Top Farmhouse, a field from the Scar. From here a fine view is obtained up the valley, Hutton's Monument, Marske hall and village appearing in the foreground.

### MARSKE.

On the right is the sloping Marske Bridge. The village of Marske is a mile from here. It lies in the centre of some of Swaledale's finest scenery, and is about five miles west of Richmond. The beck that runs through Marske

\*Clarkson's Richmond, 108, where the inscription on the piece of plate is given

takes its name from the place. From here Red Scar and the hills at Dcwnholme village can be seen to the south, Clints and Skelton, obscured by hills and woods, lie to the north west. The hall and estate for miles around are the property of J. T. D'Arcy Hutton, Esq.

The family of Huttons, of Marske Hall, is the only family in the kingdom which has yielded to the Church two Archbishops: Matthew, Archbishop of York, the founder of the family, who died in 1605; and Matthew, first Archbishop of York and then Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1758, and it is recorded of them that "they were both great and good prelates." Matthew of York left a son Sir Timothy Hutton, who was High Sheriff of this county in 1607. Sir Timothy Hutton was bow-bearer to King James, and died in 1629.

On the summit of a hill within the grounds, surrounded by trees, is an obelisk of freestone, 60 feet high, erected over the remains of Matthew Hutton, Esq., formerly a Captain in the Army, who died at Macclesfield in 1814. He desired his body to be buried on this spot, where he had so often sat enchanted with the beauties of the scenery around.

Marske Estate is not mentioned in Domesday Book. The district was part of the domain which had belonged to the Saxon Earl Edwin, and which was given by the Conqueror to his nephew, Allan, Earl of Brittany, whom he created Earl of Richmond.

Marske village has never probably been much larger than at present. No doubt the position attracted the notice of the ancient Lords of Richmond to whom it was given by the King at a very early time, and they built themselves a hunting box. They took up their abode here and erected a few cottages for their labourers and tenants. Moors and forests were all around and to the north west the great forest of Applegarth which skirted his estate was the hunting ground of wolves of the Earls of Richmond. The forests have gone and the plough shares have done their work.

The Church of St. Edmund is a small ancient structure. The original Church was probably built soon after the

Conquest; this was rebuilt during the Early English period of Architecture, 1189—1272. From the traces of Norman masonry still visible, it would appear that portions of the Norman edifice were incorporated in the Early English building. The front bears the date 1663. The Rev. Thomas Agmondisham Vesey, Trinity College, Dublin, is the rector.

Marske, an estate of a family of the same name, and subsequently of the Clesebys, the wardship of whose heiress being granted by Christopher Conyers, Esq., of Hornby, he gave her and her acres to his fifth son William, at an early age. She had large possessions held under the Percys of Spofford the court baron of which place, on her attaining her age of fourteen, in 1451, ordered her lands which had been in the hands of the lord during her minority, to be delivered to her husband and her. Marske again passed by marriage to Arthur Phillips of the house of Brignall in whose time (1575) a law suit took place with the neighbouring Lord of Marrick, John Sayer, as to bounds. Among those sworn to, were "a hoole callide *Hell pot*," in Bradehowe becke, and the "*stone man* on the height of Cocke howe," commonly called "the steane of Cochowe;" heaps of stones, becks, and trees were in all ages, favourite marks.

"The Yorkshire Squires in the last century were passionately devoted to field sports. Mr. Hutton, who died in 1783, would often leave Marske at five or six o'clock in the winter's morning, to be in time for the meet at a distance. Richmond Races in those times were a rendezvous for most of the gentlemen in the North Riding, and at many a neighbouring race they would be seen, whilst from the coursing matches and cock fights few would be away. Dinner was generally at four or five o'clock, with a hot supper afterwards. Among the Squires as a class there was much drinking, swearing, and immorality. The ladies thought better of you, as Mr. Hutton said, if you went into the drawing-room in a condition which in these days would close the doors upon you for ever. There was one house in particular at which these orgies were always commenced by each guest being obliged to drink a bottle of sherry out of a tankard, if possible with a single breath. Many similar

stories were related by the last male representative of the house of Bowes, who died in Durham in 1844 at the age of 86. He recollected the days of bacchanalian riot at Newton Hall; Sir Henry Liddell was its owner. In these, the aged narrator used to join. It was the custom to lay six bottles of wine on the floor beside each guest, and then the door was locked that no one should leave the room till they were finished. As soon as the goal was reached, the horses of the visitors were brought in and each man, if he could, rode up stairs to bed. Mr. Hutton's memory was stored with many a tale of Yorkshire Society, going back to the time of *William III. or Charles II.* It may be imagined that religion was at a very low ebb in times when such conduct was in vogue. Among the squires there was much infidelity both in theory and practice. *Voltaire and Rousseau* were their favourite writers. What would they think too of the Church when there were in it such men as Hoadley and Blackburne? The Vicar of Catterick openly left the Church and became a Unitarian. It would have been better, as some thought, if the Rector of Richmond, Francis Blackburn, had followed his example. He is probably the only person in that high position in Richmond who had been burnt in effigy in his own Parish."—Y.A. & T.J.

### DOWNHOLME.

The village of Downholme is up the road on the left a short distance from Marske Bridge. To get to Downholme across the moor, you will have to go through Hudswell, by way of Richmond.

In Doomsday book this ancient village is called Dune. The Church of St. Michael was restored in 1886, at a cost of £400, and many improvements were made in 1894. There is an inn here; also the remains of a small chapel or oratory, the origin of which is not known.

Apartments can be obtained in this alpine village.

After passing Downholme lane, the first house on the left is Ellerton Lodge. About two miles further, near to Ellerton Abbey, is a large house occupied as a shooting box.



### ELLERTON ABBEY.

The Abbey is situated in a fertile spot, on the south side of the Swale. Ellerton received its name on account of a number of trees, locally called Ellers, growing in the district of Ellerton Abbey, or Priory, a small foundation of Nuns, only the shell of the Church remains, about 30 yards long by 5 yards broad. Save a shield and two crescents on the tower, at the west end of the Church, no memorial is visible.

Ellerton Abbey which consists of a small tower and a few low walls; the rest was pulled down, it is said, for building farm houses. Warnerus, Lord of Aske and sewer to the Earl of Richmond, or by his son Whymerus, in the reign of Henry II. is supposed to be the founder. It was inhabited by Nuns of the austere Cistercian order. This small convent was sparingly endowed with two oxgangs of land in Ellerton-cum-Staynton, yet it tempted the cupidity of the Scots, who, in the reign of Edward III. sacked the nunnery and carried away several charters and writings. It was valued at its dissolution in 1535 at £15 10s. 6d. per annum.

### WALBURN HALL.

Walburn Hall or Walburn Castle is an ancient castellated building, now a farm house,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles from Downholme and about one mile from Marske or Downholme Bridge.

The road now traverses the picturesque ravine of Gill Beck whose banks, in spring and summer, are carpeted with wild flowers of every shade and colour.

### STAINTON.

Stainton is one mile from Downholme, and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  from Richmond on the left of the road to Reeth. Some distance farther to the right is

### MARRICK ABBEY.

Marrick Abbey is three quarters of a mile south of the village on the north side of the Swale, about one mile nearer to Reeth than Ellerton Abbey which is on the opposite side.

All that remains of this old Abbey is a tower, now portion of the Parish Church and a few other remains. There is a farmhouse close by. The valley in this part of the dale is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles wider between the tops of the hills—Arkendale can be seen into on the right, Swaledale left, and the hill Calver—sounded *Kauver*—in the middle.

Roger de Aske founded this Abbey in the reign of Stephen for Benedictine Nuns, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin. The founder endowed it with the Church of St. Andrew, in Marrick, one carucate of land, tithes of his mill, multure of corn there, and he also gave the sisterhood liberty to grind their corn without paying multure, besides other privileges. In 1171, Ralph, son of Ralph, Lord of Moulton, gave to it the Hospital of Reycross, on Stainmoor, the chaplain of which received from the nuns a yearly pension of £4 13s.

Marrick Church is a patched up building, composed out of the ancient Abbey Church used by the Nuns of Marrick. Being so far away from the village of Marrick the Church is seldom used—of later years service is held in a Chapel-of-ease in the vicarage.

After passing Marrick Abbey, Cogden Hall 2 miles south west of Reeth, will be seen on the left. About 200 yards before you arrive opposite this residence, on the right hand side of the road, is

### STOLLERSTON STYLE,

the eastern boundary of Swaledale. The extent of this dale from this point—east to west—is 16 miles. Hollow Mill Cross is the western boundary; it is also one of the boundaries between Yorkshire and Westmoreland.

### COGDEN HALL.

John Redshaw, son of Caleb Redshaw, built Cogden Hall, which, together with the manorial rights, were purchased by James Fenton, Esq., who, in 1802, re-sold the hall and estates to Christopher and Matthew Whitelock, of Ellerton, but reserved the manorial rights to himself, and in order to avail himself of those rights built a shooting box on the common above Grinton, which commands extensive views. Cogden Hall and lands are now the property of Ernest G. Whitelock, son of the late Matthew Whitelock.

## GRINTON.

Grinton, 9 miles from Richmond and 1 mile from Reeth is an extensive parish of over 20 miles in length and comprises more than 49,000 acres—30,000 acres of which are grouse-moor and mountain. On the south side of the Swale are traces of an ancient camp where pottery and stone implements have been found. There were fairs formerly held here, but owing to its decreasing population they were transferred to Reeth.

### GRINTON CHURCH.

Close to the road side and Grinton Bridge is situated this ancient Church. Very few traces of the original Norman structure remain. The ancient foundation of this 13th century Church formed part of the original endowments of Bridlington Priory, and was retained by that monastery until its dissolution in the reign of Henry VIII. There is some old painted glass in the east window depicting the figure of St. George, and a black-letter inscription: Maria Bredlington. The north pillar of the chancel arch is Norman, with scalloped capital; the bowl of the fount and a small west window now looking from the church into the belfry, appear to be of the same period, as well as the small slit windows in the sacristy.

In 1894-5, the Rev. David Walker, the Vicar, set to work to restore the interior of this old fabric, which was covered with plaster and whitewash and disfigured with rot, and in 1896, in Easter week, the Church was re-opened by the Bishop of Ripon.

The old high pews, erected in 1830 were removed and new oak seats replaced. The floor of the church has been taken up and replaced by a foundation of concrete. In digging up the old floor several of the old bench ends were found which were used as a pattern for the new seats. The Jacobean pulpit, canopy and font, and the chancel side screen are all old oak. The font with its handsome oak cover is supported by four clustered pillars, reaches to the roof.

The tower, which contains a peal of six bells, has a few narrow slits, and no windows.

The Parish Registers, which are not of much interest, date from 1640.

The vessels of the holy communion are of silver, and are dated—a chalice, 1673; a paten, 1720; a flagon subscribed for in 1833; also a larger pewter flagon or ewer, and an alms dish of latten metal, with an embossed representation of Adam and Eve and the serpent.



INTERIOR OF GRINTON CHURCH.

There is an old Testament with Burkitt's Commentary, dated 1762, and not an old chained Bible as many suppose, who have not visited the church.

In the reign of Elizabeth as well as James I., measures were passed making it penal for any adult to absent himself or herself from the services of the reformed church; many residents in Swaledale, defied the law. In 1604, numbers were proclaimed recusants in this parish. The Quakers and the followers of Fox suffered terrible persecution. In 1670, the Quakers were given up to the informers. "Any five persons convicted of being present in one house, over and above the ordinary family, were to be fined 5s. for the first offence, 10s. for the second, £20 for preaching, £40 for a

second offence, and £20 for the building in which the meeting was held, the whole to be levied by distress; and if any one person could not pay his fine, it was to be levied on any one or more who could, the informer receiving one-third of the amount. Under such temptations, loss of property and imprisonment of their persons spread throughout the country. Their property was at the mercy of constables and informers who wrenched open their doors with sledge hammers and screws, and carried off everything, to the very children's food, often leaving not a tool to work with or a horse to plough the land. In many instances these fellows, where the Quakers were in prison, carried the keys of their houses in their pockets went in and out as they pleased, declared they would eat of the best and drink of the sweetest, and these rogues of Quakers should pay for all."

GRINTON LODGE, which is situated higher up on the hill side, S.S.E. of Grinton, was built for a shooting box by James Fenton, Esq.; afterwards sold by Godfrey Wentworth, Esq., to Colonel Charlesworth. The lodge is now let as a shooting box.

### SWALE HALL.

Swale Hall, an antique house, on Harkerside, a short distance west from Grinton, is now occupied by Mr. James Kendall, farmer. Here was formerly seated, for many generations, a family of great antiquity in this locality, called Swale. Alured de Swale, the first mentioned, was son of John and Alice, sister to Walter de Gaunt, the first Lord of Swaledale, who granted in fee to his said nephew, the manor of West Grinton, lying on the river Swale. It is supposed that from this river he took the surname of Swale, which his posterity afterwards assumed. The last of the family was Sir Solomon Swale, Bart., who described himself of Swale Hall, in Swaledale, by the River Swale. This person became very unfortunate. A retired clerk in the Exchequer Office (Reginald Marriot) having discovered that the Swales family had their chief estate by a lease from the Crown, which they had neglected to renew for many years, procured by petition to the Lords of the Treasury, in the name of George Tuffingham, a lease of the greater part of the estate

to himself. Many law suites ensued. Sir Solomon was thrown into the Fleet Prison, where he died of a broken heart in 1733 and was buried near the altar in Paddington Church; but his adversary had previously become *felo-de-se*. A baronetage was given to the family in 1660 and became extinct in the eighteenth century.

"An epitaph upon the death of Richard Swale, gentleman, who departed the xxiii. of Aprill in the year of our Lorde M.D. xxxviii., after that he had lived four-score and sixe yeares, one month, and sixteen days."

What Nature sowes, that Death shall reap at last,  
And mortall men are subject to the grave,  
For flesh is grasse, his glorie but a blast,  
The time will come, when Death his due must have,  
But witt and welth, yea strength and all be vayne  
Then haste to live, and die to lyve agane.  
Lo Richard Swale, who here intombd lyes,  
In life sometimes a lantern to the rest,  
A gentleman both gentle, just and wise,  
In Christian trueth as zealouse as the best.

Swale Hall was sold by auction at the King's Head Hotel, Richmond, on Saturday, September 23rd, 1786, consisting of a messuage, corn mill and other buildings, and twenty acres of meadow and pasture land, in the possession of Richard Kendal. The estate now belongs to Colonel Charlesworth.

### FREMINGTON.

This is a small village in the Parish of Grinton, one mile east of Reeth. Here is a free School founded in 1634, by James Hutchinson, formerly of All Hallows, parish of York, merchant and Alderman, a native of this place. His relict, Mary Hutchinson, left an estate, situate at Gate Fulford, near York, the rents to be divided between this school and the poor croppers of Wakefield.

It is thus recorded in Doomsday Book:—In Fremington of the geld is one carucate, and there may have been one plough. There Crin had a Manor; now Earl Alan has it, and it is waste. The whole one leuga long and half broad. In the time of King Edward value five shillings.

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Here are traces of an ancient entrenchment, which crosses the valley, and runs in a direction parallel with the earth-works on Harkerside moor. Mr. G. A. Robinson, of Reeth, had a Roman coin which was found in the soil of this entrenchment where it crossed Fremington Edge. The coin is now in York Museum.

### DRAYCOTT HALL.

Draycott Hall, formerly called Fremington Hall and afterwards A.D. Hall, from the Arken Dale lead mines, is the property of Sir Francis Denys. At present it is let as a shooting box, and is about half-a mile from Reeth, at the bottom of a steep hill. The mansion which is situated in a charming position, consists of a centre and two side wings, with embattled towers. There are about three acres of pleasure grounds, surrounded by a castellated wall. At the top of the grounds is a castellated grotto, from which there are some very fine views. The Hall changed its name from A.D. to Draycott Hall to commemorate Miss Anna Maria Draycott, who had inherited from Lady Jane Coke, sister to the famous Duke of Wharton, the royalties of the mines in the manors of Healaugh and Muker, and who married George, the second Earl of Pomfret. In the grounds in front of the mansion, which is visible from the road, is a statue of *Saturnus*, seated upon a pedestal of lead, emblematic of the nature of the property.

The first baronet, created November 23rd, 1813, was the eldest son of Peter Denys, Esq., of Hans Place, Chelsea, by Charlotte, daughter of the second Earl of Pontefract. Lady Charlotte received one fourth of the royalties of the manors of Healaugh and Muker in part of her marriage portion, which went to her only daughter Anna Maria Draycott, Lady Shuckburgh. George the third Earl Pomfret left by will his two-fourth shares to his nephew, Sir George W. Denys, father of the present baronet (Sir Francis Denys), and the remaining fourth to the fifth Earl at the death of his mother.

### HURST.

This hamlet, in the parish of Marrick, extends from 3 to 6 miles north of Marrick; 4 miles west by north from the Swale and 3 miles from Reeth. Here is a Wesleyan Method-

dist Chapel. There is also a School and School board.

Oxque, a farm in Marrick parish, was the birthplace and residence of Mr. Thomas Fawcett, a gentleman who justly received several honourable testimonials from the Society of Arts, for his skill in the management of bees. The poor parishioners have about £5 12s. per annum from the Duke of Bolton's Charity and also the following annuities—52s. left by John Blackburn, in 1655; 10s. left by Leonard Lamb in 1754; 45s. left by Thomas Hudson, in 1699; and a *noble* yearly from land in Reeth.

### ANCIENT LEAD MINES AT HURST.

The mineral property of Hurst, in the parish of Marrick is 3,000 or more acres in extent. The mines, in all probability, take their name from the village of Hurst, and are distant from Reeth 3 miles, and Richmond about 10 miles. The mineral district in which the mines are situated is one of a most extraordinary character. In Cornwall and other lead mining counties, it is regarded as a great event when a mine with two or three loads (mineral zones) of lead in close proximity to each other is discovered. Centures ago the village was founded and built by the lead miners when the produce of the mines materially contributed to the revenue of the country; and it is said, that at one period of the mines history they were in the times of the Romans worked by convicts. There is one ingot of lead in the British Museum which bears the name of the Emperor Domitian. It was found on the Hayshaw Moor in this county. There are also seven other ingots bearing the names of Nero, Adrian and Vespasian found in various parts of England, all of which have evidently been cast in the same mould, and tradition states that these ingots were manufactured from ore raised in these mines.

Another tradition says that the sheet lead which covered the public buildings at Rome and also the public buildings at Jerusalem in the time of Herod was manufactured from ore raised from these mines.

The mines were closed in 1891 owing to the low prices of lead, want of a railway, and other causes.

**REETH.**

Reeth is the capital of the once famous mining districts of Swaledale and Arkindale, and, like Richmond, was once famous for the manufacture of knitted stockings. For over forty years previous to 1890, the lead mines of Swaledale yielded an average annual produce of 1,500 tons. The mines have been worked for many centuries, and traces of worked out and abandoned mines are to be seen in many parts of the district.

Like Gunnerside, this town has no Church. It has a Congregational Church built in 1783; Wesleyan Chapel erected in 1796; also a Mechanics Institute and Union Workhouse; and but for a disagreement among the Committee it would have had its "Victoria Hall." Both places of worship have since the years given, undergone many improvements. Formerly the Society of Friends' had a meeting-house with a burial ground in Swaledale, and they also held religious meetings in the Friends' School.

Reeth being situated on a hill side (600 feet above the level of the sea), the drainage is assisted by Nature, and the skill of the Parish Council Sanitary Engineers has rendered the system almost perfect. No stagnant pools or sluggish running streams are to be found, even in the lowest levels; every brook runs rapidly to the Swale. There are no factories in the town to generate smoke and impregnate the wonderfully pure atmosphere, and an unostentatious air of comfort in general pervades the little town.

Reeth is thus recorded in Domesday Book:—In Rie of the geld are six carucates, and there may have been three ploughs. There Tor had a manor; now Bodin has it, and it is waste; the whole is one legua in length and one in breadth. In the time of King Edward value fourteen shillings.

Reeth with Fremington and Healaugh forms a township in the parish of Grinton; in the wapentake of Gilling West, and liberty of Richmondshire; it is situated near the confluence of the River Swale and Arkle beck; 10 miles west from Richmond, 8 miles north west from Leyburn, 10 miles



REETH, FROM REETH BRIDGE OVER THE SWALE.

from Askrigg, 5 miles south from Redmire Station on the Hawes and Leyburn branch of the North Eastern Railway, 15 miles south from Barnard Castle and 15 miles north-east from Hawes. The nearest church is the parish church of Grinton, in the Diocese of Ripon. There is no railway to Reeth, but carriers are numerous—more than plenty. The town is well of for shops of all kinds, but the printing press “died” with the late Jabez Raisbeck. When the printing trade was slack, Jabez used to do a little mining on his own account; and there is a cave near this town, called Jabez’s Cave, which is worth a visit.

Reeth and district, as well as Richmond, had, in days gone by, a large trade in the exportation of knit yarn stockings and seamen’s woollen caps to Holland and the Netherlands, which, through the fluctuations of trade and the vicissitudes of war, has entirely gone. The trade of knitting stockings and woollen caps is of a very old standing in the dales; even as far back as the year 1560, when Queen Elizabeth is said to have worn the first pair of hose of this kind. From that time it has been one of its greatest emoluments, as appears from many old memorandums in the latter end of her reign, of poor children being put out by the magistrates as apprentices to the mystery of knitting, for no less a term than seven years under the penalty of forty shillings. At Richmond various regulations were made at that time about their being properly supplied with meat, clothes and lodgings, during the time of their servitude, from which their masters received from the Corporation about five pounds during such servitude. No inhabitant was allowed to hire anyone to knit for money only, unless they give them meat and drink in their own houses during the time of their servitude upon pain of twenty shillings. Hand knit stockings are now almost a thing of the past, being superseded by machine made hose.

Wool was a great article of commerce; and so particular were our ancestors with regard to its weight and quality, “that no inhabitant was allowed to buy any knitting wool in any other place within the town, than openly in the woolhouse, there to be weighed, upon forfeiture thereof.” To prevent it from being engrossed and bought up for traffic, it was ordered.

“That no inhabitant should buy any knitting wool for the purpose of selling by retail the same or any part thereof to any person upon pain of forfeiture of it.”

Lead was also one of the great articles of commerce, brought from the mines in Swaledale and Arkendale, and conveyed by land to Stockton, from thence to London, and in times of peace to Holland and the ports of the Baltic.

Visitors to Reeth can have a charming drive through Arkendale, past Tanhill houses to Keld, and down the dale through Angram, Thwaite, Muker, Gunnerside, &c., back to Reeth. The course of the journey can be taken from Keld, the other way, or from any village in the dale.

#### MAIDEN CASTLE.

On a fine summer’s day, a walk to this ancient encampment on Harkerside Moor is well worth the visitors’ attention. Proceed from the lower part of Reeth, along a footpath at the south end of Reeth Union, across several fields until a plank astride the Swale is reached. Cross over and ascend the moor, bearing a little towards the left, and after a good scramble, will be amply rewarded for the trouble. Oak and other ferns thrive here in abundance, and below a little further west, many acres of juniper bushes grow.

A few years ago Canon Greenwell dug a short way down into a mound or cairn here with very little results, beyond finding a few bones.

The best way to Maiden Castle is from the east end of Healaugh, down a lane and over the stepping stones across the Swale and up the moor.

The camp appears to have been originally British and afterwards occupied by the Romans, as a temporary resting place. The space covered is about 140 yards by 90 yards, and the approach, on the east, is by a narrow entrance built of stone about 100 yards long. The inner dwellings are circular. The whole is enclosed by broad and deep trenches, more especially on the high or south side. At the west end of the north side is a large mound and about 300 yards further another oblong mound, and the remains of several cairns. The outer walls of the encampment are several yards thick.

## REETH MARKET AND FAIRS.

In 1695, Philip, Lord Wharton, obtained, for himself and his heirs and assigns for ever, in the reign of William III. and Queen Mary, a charter or grant of a Market at Reeth, "to be held on Friday in every week," and four annual Fairs "for buying and selling all, and all manner of cattle, goods, things, and merchandise, one of which to begin every Thursday and Friday next and before the feast of Palm Sunday; another every Thursday and Friday next and before the Sunday next preceding the feast of Philip and James the Apostles; another every Thursday and Friday next before the Sunday next preceding the feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle; and the fourth every Thursday and Friday next before the Sunday next preceding the feast of St. Martin; together with a Court of Pye Powder.

The Court of Pye Powder is Court of Record incident to every fair or market, of which the Steward of him who owns or has the toll is the Judge; and its jurisdiction administers justice for all commercial injuries done in that very fair or market, and not in any preceding one, so that the injury complained of must be done, heard, and determined in one and the same days, until the fair continues longer, at the time of the several fairs aforesaid; and with all liberties, customs, tolls, and tollage, pillage, stallage, commodities, and other profits and emoluments whatsoever to such markets and fairs in anywise respectively belonging and appertaining, arising or forthcoming, &c.

A very small weekly market is still held on Fridays, and the fairs are now held on the Friday before the first Monday in March, first Friday in May, Friday before Masham lamb fair, and the last Friday in October. These days were appointed in 1856. Merchandise and Pleasure Fairs take place on the Fridays before Palm Sunday, Old May Day, July 6th, September 5th, November 23rd, and December 21st. The cattle fairs were formerly held at Grinton.

As before stated Reeth Market has almost dwindled away. Not long ago it was a saying, that when a certain butcher came out and shook his white apron, the market commenced.

## REETH BARTLE FAIR.

This mworking as I went to wark,  
I met *Curly* just cumman heeam;  
He had on a new flannin sark,  
An he saw 'at I'd just gitten'd t' seeam.  
'Whar's te been?' sed aud *Curly* to me;  
'I've been down to Reeth Bartle Fair.'  
'Swat te down, mun, sex needles,' sed he,  
'An tell us what seets te saw thar.'

'Wya, t' lads all ther best shun had put on,  
An t' lasses donn'd all ther best cwoats;  
I saw five pound of Scotch wether mutton  
Sell'd by *Ward* and *Tish Tom* for five grwoats.  
*Bowlaway* had fine cottons to sell;  
*Butteroy* lace an hankutchers browt;  
Young *Tom Cwoats* had a stall turv his-sel,  
An had ribbons for varra near nowt.

Thar was *Enos* had good brandy-snaps,  
*Bill Brown* as good spice as cud be;  
*Potter Robin* an mar syke-like chaps  
Had t' bonniest pots te cud see;  
*John Ridley* an awd *Willy Walls*,  
An *Naylor*, an twea or three mar,  
Had apples an pears at ther stalls,  
An *Gardener Joe* teaa was thar.

Thar was sizzors an knives an reaad purses,  
An plenty of awd cleeathes o' t' nogs;  
An tweea or three awd spavin'd horses,  
An plenty of shun an new clogs.  
Thar was plenty of good iron pans  
An pigs 'at wad fill all t' deeale's hulls;  
Thar was baskets an skeps an tin cans,  
An bowls, an wood thivles for gulls.

Thar was plenty of all macks o' meeat,  
And plenty of all sworts o' drink;  
An t' lasses got monny a treat,  
For t' gruffers war all full o' chink.  
I cowp'd my black hat for a white in;



*Lile Jonas* had varra cheep cleath :  
*Jem Peacock* and *Tom* talk'd o' feightin',  
 But *Gudgeon Jem Puke* lick'd 'em beeath.

Thar was dancing an feightin' forever ;  
*Will Wade* sed 'at he was quite grieved ;  
 An *Pedlety* tell'd 'em hee'lt never  
 Forgit 'em as lang as he lieved.  
 They knock'd yan another about,  
 Just warse than a sham to be seen ;  
*Charlie Will* loked as white as a clout,  
*Kit Puke* gat a pair o' black een.

I spied our awd lass in a nuke,  
 Drinkan shrub wi' grim *Freesteeane*, fond lad,  
 I gav her a varra grou luke,  
 O, connies, but I was just mad.  
 Seea I went to *John Whaites's* to drink.  
 Whar I war'd tweea an seeumpins 'i gin ;  
 I knaw not what follow'd, but think  
 I'd paddled through 't muck thick and thin.

For to-day when I gat out o' bed,  
 My cleathes wer all sullied sea sar ;  
 Our *Peggy* and all our fwoak sed  
 To Reeth Fair I sud never gan mar ;  
 But it's rake-time, seea I mun away,  
 For my partners are all g'yan to wark :—  
 Seea I lowp'd up an bad him good day,  
 An wrowt at t' Awd Gang tell 't was dark.

*Swat*—Squat.

*Sex Needles*—A common phrase,  
 signifying an interval during  
 which a woman knitting  
 would work the loops off  
 "six needles."

*Wayas*—Well.

*Shoon*—Shoes.

*Handkutchers*—Handkerchiefs.

*Brandy Snaps*—Small cakes of  
 gingerbread.

*Spice*—Gingerbread.

*Nags*—Wooden pegs.

*Gravers*—Miners.

*Chink*—Money.

*Cowp'd*—Exchanged, bartered,  
 swapped

*Puke*—The surname Peacock.

*Tweea an seeumpins*—Spent 2/7.

*Awd Gang*—Name of a lead  
 mine.

## A DALESMAN'S FUNNY STORY.

The following Story is said to have been told at the Buck Hotel, Reeth :—

"Well, now, ge'men," said he, as he laid down his glass ;  
 "talkin' about parsons—it reminds me of a comical thing  
 that happened to one a long time ago, at a little church not  
 more than fifty miles from Richmond. Some o't' deaal  
 parsons war yance varra badly paid, an' it seems that this  
 owd parson war as poor as a craw, an' he'd nobbut yan suit  
 o' cloas for both Sunday an' waur day. Well, yan *Setterda'*  
 neet, when t'owd man war undressin' his sen fo' bed, he fan  
 that his breeches were gotten so sadly aht o' gear that they  
 wadn't be decent for him to wear at service next mornin'.  
 So he flang 'em dahn t' stairs, an called aht to his son to  
 run wih 'em to t'taylor, an' tell him to be sure an' mend  
 'em t' same neet, so as to be ready for him to put on first  
 thing i' t' mornin', as he hed nae other. An' so away he  
 went wi' t' breeches. Well, as it war *Setterda'* neet, t' taylor  
 war sittin' drinkin' amang his cronies at t' ale hoouse ; an'  
 when they browt t' breeches to him he said, 'All right ; I'll  
 attend to 'em. I'll do 'em afore I gan to bed ; an' he shall  
 hev 'em back afore he's up i' t' morn.'!"

"Well, what does t' taylor do, after that, but he goes an'  
 gets blin' drucken amang his mates, an' away he gans home,  
 an' reet off to bed, withaht touchin' t' parson's breeches at  
 all. When t' taylor wakkened up o' t' Sunda' mornin' it  
 war gettin' lateish on, an' he hed a sair heead ; an' as he lee  
 i' bed yawnin' an' gruntin' an' considerin' what hed ta'en  
 place t' neet afore, all at once he bethowt him about t'  
 parson's breeches, an' he bounced oot o' bed.

"By t' mass," said he, 'I've forgotten t' parson's breeches!  
 T'owd chap has nowt but these to cover his sen wi'! An'  
 he'll never go to service aboot breeches, sure-ly ! That would  
 be a bonny seet !'

"Wi' that t' taylor jumped upo' t' bench, an' stitched  
 away like a two-year-owd, till he'd gotten t'owd lad's breeches  
 put reet, an' then he called of his lad, *Simeon*—a little care-  
 less cowl, ye knaw, as lads are afore t' world begins to straddle  
 upo' their shooters.

“Here, Simeon,’ says he, ‘thoo mun run off to t’ parson’s wi’ these breeches as hard as thoo can pelt! They’re all ’at he hes to put on,—an’ it’s gotten hard upon sarvice time, as thoo sees! Away wi’ tho’ noo, like a good lad; an’ dunnot stop a minute upo’ t’ road, or thoo’ll be too late, an’ there’ll be sic a scrowe as nivver. If thoo doesn’t get theer i’ time for t’ parson to go in wi’ his breeches on I nivver dar’ set my face i’ t’ church again! No off wi’ tho’, an’ mak’ sharp!’

“An’ away t’ lad went, at full scutch, wi’ t’ parcel under his arm, till he’d gotten oot o’ seet—an’ then he began to slacken a bit, d’ye see, an’ as it war a fine summer’s mornin’, t’ parcel under his arm cleean slidder’d aht of his mind. He hedn’t gone far afore he happened to bob his stick intul a bit of a hole where there war a wasp nest. At after that, I’ll awarnd ye, it wasn’t lang afore t’ lile divul war wakkened up, to some gauge! His bonny dream war all over, fra that blessed minute; an’ he hed to begin o’ stirrin’ hissens! Oot they cam’—ten thoosan’ strang—an’ at him they went, tickle-but,—buzzin’ about his head, like little fiery dragons! Well, t’ lad was a pluck’t un,—an’ he shouted, an’ fowt wi’ t’ parcel to keep ’em off—till t’ parcel flew loise—an’ then he fowt on wi’ t’ parson’s breeches till they gat full o’ wasps. But while t’ lad an’ t’ wasps were hard at it, i’ t’ very heat o’ t’ battle—hammer an’ tongs—up strikes t’ church-bells. So, wi’ that t’ lad bethowt him it war sarvice time, an’ let t’ feight go as might, he must quit the field; so he rolled t’ breeches up in a hurry—wasps an’ all—an’ he took to his heels up t’ road, as hard as he could leather at it—wi’ t’ enemy after him i’ full wing! There war nae grass grew under his feet till he got to the vestry door, I’ll awarnd ye. Well d’ye see, by this time t’ owd parson hed about geen t’ breeches up, an he stood i’ t’ vestry buttonin’ his lang coat up, to see if he could manage to cover his legs wi’ it as far down as t’ top of his stockings, when a loud rap came to t’ door. It war t’ taylior’s lad wi’ t’ breeches, an’ as soon as t’ parson opened t’ door he shot into t’ vestry like a bullet frae a gun.

“Ah, Simeon, my boy,’ said t’ parson, ‘its you, is it? I’m glad you’ve come. So they’re all right, are they?’

“Yes, sir’ said Simeon, for he was just beginnin’ to get his breath

“Well, you’re only just in time, my lad,’ said t’ parson; ‘I ought to be in the church now.’

“Simeon needed nae mair tellin’—for he’d just sin a wasp come in at t’ lockhole; so he bowlted into t’ church, an’ pulled t’ door to behind him. Then t’ parson pulled his breeches on in a hurry; an’ t’ minute he’d gotten ’em on, he darted off into t’ church, an’ up into t’ pulpit, an’ he began o’ readin’ t’ sarvice:—‘When the wicked man turneth away from his—’ He stopped suddenly, an’ he changed colour; an’ then he gave a bit of a cough, an’ began again:—‘When the wicked man turneth—’ He stopped again. ‘Oh, by—! What’s that?’ (It was a wasp). He wiped his face with his handkerchief, and began again. ‘When the wicked man turneth away from his wick—Oh, God—bless us all—there it is again.’ Well, t’ folk stared like mad, ye know; for they thowt t’ owd man war gettin’ wrang i’ t’ cockloft. However, he at it again. ‘When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and—a-a-h!’ (Another wasp).

“My friends,’ said he, addressin’ t’ congregation, ‘I’ve been suddenly seized with—a-a-h!’ (Another wasp). ‘It’s no use, my friends, no mortal man can stand this. I must—oh!’ (Another wasp). An’ he flang down his book an’ ran back into t’ vestry, exclaimin’ to t’ clerk wha’d followed him, ‘For God’s sake go at once to farmer Alderson’s for some cart-oil, as I’m swelling like a pea.’”

Many curious stories are told of this dale. A few years ago the late Mr. John Barker, of Langhorne House, Reeth, who died in 1900, lent the publisher of this guide a very old \* Manuscript, relating to an old custom of burying the dead in woollen instead of linen. During a depression in the woollen industries in England an act was passed in Cromwell’s time, to improve trade; that no person was to be buried in linen as heretofore, but in home-made woollen cloth, the penalty for infringement being £5, half of which was to be given to the informer and the other half to the poor of the parish where the person died. The following

\* Copy of which appeared in Spencer’s Almanack 1894.

copy of a warrant from the High Sheriff supplies an instance of a transgressor, which is probably the last recorded case of the kind in England.

TO THE OVERSEERS OF THE PARISH OF GRINTON.

Whereas information has been given to me by Ralph Elliot, of Healey, that Ann Barker, of Level House, near the Old Gang, was buried in Linen contrary to the statute in that case provided. Those are therefore to will and require you to levy upon the goodes and chattles of the said Adam Barker, the sum of Five Pounds, half whereof is to be distributed amongst the poor of the said parish where she the said Ann Barker dyed. and the other half to be given to Ralph Elliot, the informer. - Fail not at your peril.

Given under my hand and seal the second day of May, in the year of our Lord God, 1692.

JOHN HUTTON.

Nomenclature of Swaledale and Arkindale.

With the rapid spread of education, one custom in Swaledale and Arkindale, that is, the custom of by-names, among its inhabitants, and of a man forgetting his baptismal name, has nearly died out. In the day when Buonaparte threatened the independence of these realms, no part of England was more loyal and devoted to the crown than Swaledale, and it is said that when Captains Metcalfe and Stuart's loyal companies of Dales Volunteers were stationed at Richmond, very few of the men could be recognised by the names which their godfathers and godmothers had given them. The custom, in fact was almost legalised by its adoption on public occasions; and at the parade of the Loyal Dales Volunteers, in Richmond, 1804, the ground echoed again with such names as "Bullet," "Trooper Tom," "Tarry Tom," "Curly," "Codgy," "Tash," "Slipe," "Splitmeat," &c. There is a thorough smack of Falstaff's roll-call about the enumeration of their names, assimilating to, yet differing from the customs of the Welsh and the Highlands, and one can hardly imagine the strictest disciplinarian of a Sergeant calling out "Rive Rags," or "Skeb Symy," without breaking into a laugh, subversive of all idea of the gravity of authority.

The following names belonged to residents of Swaledale and Arkindale, and all will be found in the muster Rolls of Capt. Metcalfe's and Captain Stuart's companies of the Loyal Dales Volunteers, who were stationed on permanent duty at Richmond in 1804.

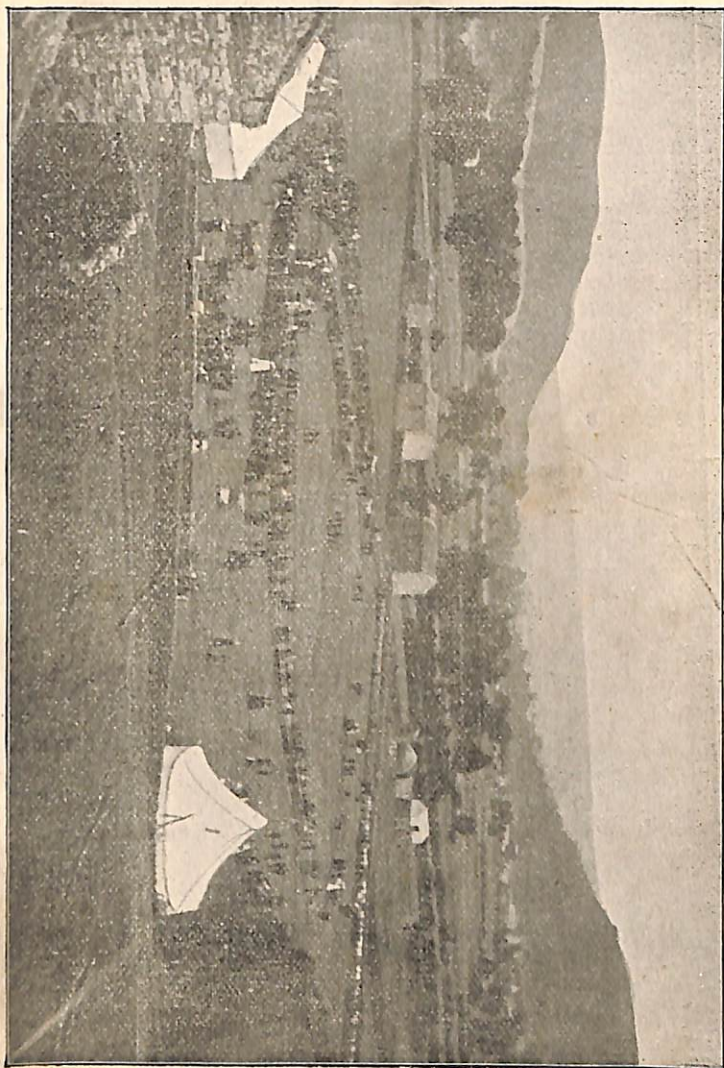
Thomas Alderson,	Grain Tom.	Docken Jammie
do.	Glowermore	Dant
	Tom.	Freestone Jack
do.	Screamer	Gudgeon Tom
	Tom.	Hed Jack
do.	Poddish	John Hird, Awd John
	Tom.	do. Young John
do.	Tarry Tom.	do. Jains Jack
do.	Tish Tom	do. Mary Jack
do.	Tripy Tom.	do. King Jack
do.	Trooper	Katy Tom Alick
	Tom.	Kit Puke Jock
Assy Will Bill		Kanah Bell
Angry Jack		Knocky Gwordie
Aygill Tom Bill		Nettlebed Anty
Becks Jack		Peter Tom Willy
Brag Tom		Peed Jack
Bullet		Piper Ralph
Bullock Jammie		Pullan Will
Buck Reuben		Roberty Will Peg Sam
Butter Geordie		Rive Rags
Bowlaway		Skeb Symy
Brownsa Jossy		Slipe
Cis Will		Shodder
Cotty Joe		Swinny
Codgy		Splitmeat
Cwoaty Jack		Sturgeon Will
Curly		Tash
Dickey Tom Johnny		Tazy Will

It will be seen that there has been eight Thomas Aldersons. The Aldersons appear to have been very prolific; they are still very numerous.

At the opening of the Reeth Mechanics' Institute in 1856, the late Mr. Spenseley, draper, of Silver street, proposed that the Institute should be opened by singing and prayer, when another member suggested that Mr. Spenseley had better open his shop next morning with singing and prayer. Some time after the opening, the committee had a grant of 50 books from a London Society. Each book, on arrival, was thoroughly examined, when two were thrown on one side as being unsuitable for the Institute. The condemned books were, "Tom Brown's School Days," and "Too Clever by Half." *Punch* said the latter book was not clever enough. An active member (Mr. Joseph Raine), took the two discarded books away, but many of the Reeth folk were very curious and anxious to see them afterwards. So it is now; when a book is forbidden in a library, "everybody" wants to read it.

The district called SWALEDALE formerly belonged to Walter de Gaunt,\* a kinsman of William the Conqueror, who marrying Matilda, daughter of Stephen, Earl of Richmond, had the Lordship and seigniorship of Swaledale in frank marriage, that is, quiet and free from all secular service which might belong to the lord of the fee. It was subject to services due to the King or supreme Lord. The Gaunts were of a very noble and worthy family, and descended from the ancient Earls of Flanders. At Bridlington, in the early reign of Henry I., Walter founded and endowed a Priory of Black Canons; he died in 1138. Gilbert, who succeeded his father, married Rohais or Hawise, daughter and heiress of William de Romare, Earl of Lincoln, whereby in right of his wife, enjoyed afterwards the title of Earl of Lincoln. At his death in 1115, he was succeeded by his brother Robert, who, at his death was succeeded by his son Gilbert, surnamed "the good." Gilbert, his son and heir, succeeded to the inheritance of his father, and at his death, in 1274, was buried as his three predecessors had already been, in

\* Gaunt or Ghent so named from Ghent in Flanders where he was born. Was created Earl of Richmond by King Edward, when he was but three years old, by the ceremony of girding on his sword, and putting on him a robe of dignity.



REETH, LOOKING WEST, AS SEEN ON FIRST AGRICULTURAL SHOW DAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1900.

the Priory of Bridlington. Gilbert, the fifth and last of the Gaunts, died without issue, making Edward I. his heir.

In 1399, King Richard II. granted to William Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, in fee a moiety of the Manors of Swaledale and Healaugh; in 1619 James I. granted a moiety of the Manor of Swaledale to Sir John Molyneux, Knight; and, a few years afterwards, Sir Thomas Vachell, Knight, and others, had a grant of the same manor.

In 1780, three brothers—George, Leonard and John Raw—erected at their own expense, the Friends' School, for boys and girls, of all denominations. They also, in 1814, endowed it with £2,195 2s. 6d., which has since been increased to £4,000 three per cent.; out of this endowment 30 boys and 20 girls are taught gratuitously. The present school with master's house attached, was erected in 1862, at a cost of £3,000. There is accommodation for 400 children.

The poor of Reeth and district have a benefit out of the Hutton Charity Dispensary.

The dale, viewed from the Friends' School, is narrow, and its steep sides are sometimes covered with wood. On the north there is a sweep of wild, broken moorland rising to the watershed that divides Swaledale from the Valley of the Tees. The highest summits are Pin Seat 1,914 feet; and further west Roger's Seat 2,204 feet. Towering above the road in the angle between the Swale and Arkle Beck in Arkendale, is Calvey or Kauver 1,599 feet. The broken and irregular cliffs on the sides of the dale are very bold and picturesque and present much variety—some standing erect like towers, some falling backwards, and others projecting rough heads towards the river. Yews grow on the faces of them, and there are small woods and scattered lines of trees between Reeth and Richmond. Beyond that, few woods and plantations, though shrubby patches of thorns and groups of trees are not unfrequent. Deep and rugged gills carrying rapid becks, and fringed with ferns and flowering plants, come down the hills at intervals, such as Marske and Ellers becks below the town of Reeth, and Healaugh, Gunnerside and Ivelet becks above.

### Distances from Reeth to the Source of the Swale.

Reeth to Healaugh 1 mile. Healaugh to Feetham  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Feetham to Low Row  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Low Row to Isles Bridge  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Isles Bridge to Crackpot  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Isles Bridge to Gunnerside  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles. Isles Bridge to Gunnerside Bride  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles. Gunnerside to Gunnerside Bridge  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Gunnerside Bridge to Ivelet 1 mile. Ivelet to Muker  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Gunnerside Bridge to Satron  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Satron to Muker 2 miles. Muker to Thwaite  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles. Thwaite to Angram 1 mile. Angram to Keld 1 mile. Keld to Park Bridge  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Park Bridge to High Bridge 1 mile. High Bridge to confluence of Sleddale Beck and Birkdale Beck 1 mile.

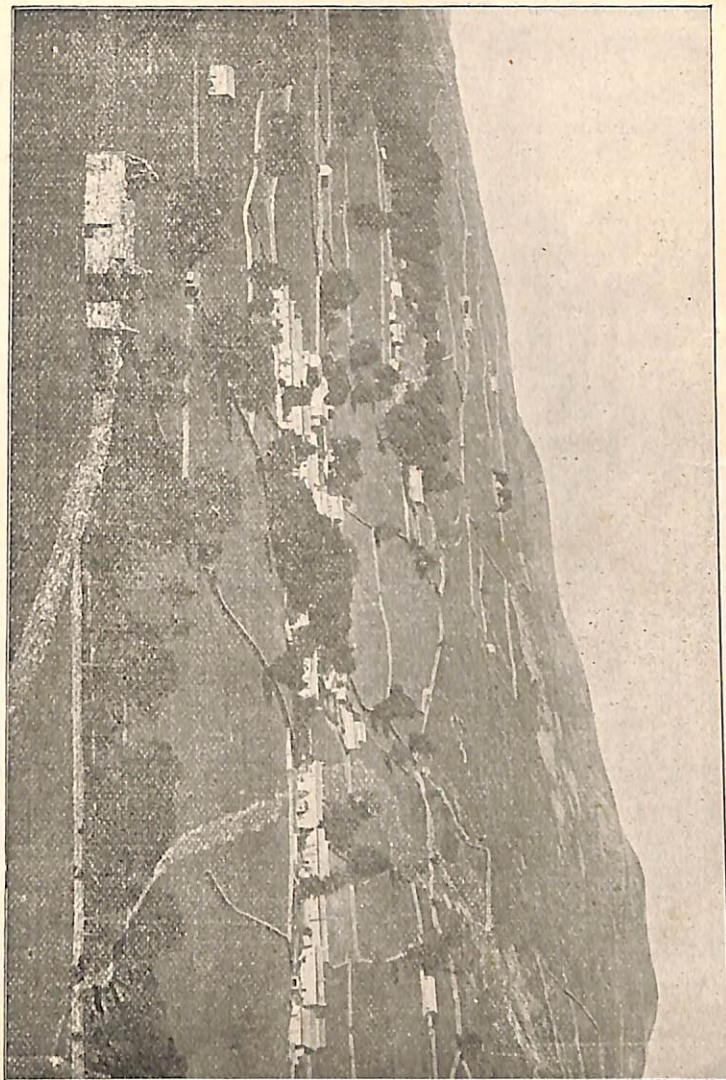
From Reeth through Healaugh and Low Row (called by the natives "Law Raw," the scenery is beautiful, solemn, and lonely, but not so quiet as it used to be, for a great number of visitors have of late found out this lovely and inexpensive health resort.

### HEALAUGH.

Heaulaugh or Helah is a hamlet, on the road side, one mile south west of Reeth, between the mountains of Harker and Calver. On Harkerside are traces of a British or Roman Encampment, 100 yards square, called Maiden Castle, and from this may be traced across the valley a long line of entrenchments. There are also vestiges of cairns and barrows in the neighbourhood (see page 27). Healaugh is still an extensive manor; the land in the valley is particularly fertile.

To the west of Healaugh, in a field called Hall Garth, it is said that a mansion stood, which belonged to the famous John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, who was Lord of the manor.

From Reeth to Low Whita Bridge, which spans the Swale, is about 2 miles. Before the bridge was built, there was a Wath, named Scabba Wath, a little higher up the river, and "hipping" or stepping stones were used by those on foot to cross. A few years ago, there was near Scabba Wath, a gipsy encampment, afterwards covered with rubbish, but now grown over. A short distance west of the bridge is



HEALAUGH.

Robbin Yat or Robbin Gate, from which place very fine and extensive views of mountain wood and river can be seen.

Thirnswood, a summer residence of the Tomlin family, is very beautifully situated on the hill side, about 500 yards from Healaugh. It is approached from the village from the main road by turning north, up a lane on the right. A short distance up the hill two road ends are reached. The one on the right leads to Park Hall and Kearton; the other, bearing north west, to the charming residence called Thirnswood. It nestles in a lovely wood, with a rapid stream running down its centre, in which are several small and beautiful cascades—the whole a dream of loveliness. In the spring and summer, wild flowers and the rarest of ferns grow here in great profusion. Not many years ago when the late Mr. James R. Tomlin was owner of Thirnswood, many a basket of rare ferns were stolen from here and sold to him at Richmond, and were sent back as a new species to be planted. The situation of this shooting box is best seen from Maiden Castle, on the opposite side of the Swale. Thirnswood is at the west end of Healaugh, and Maiden Castle is approached from the east end.

#### **MELBECKS PARISH.**

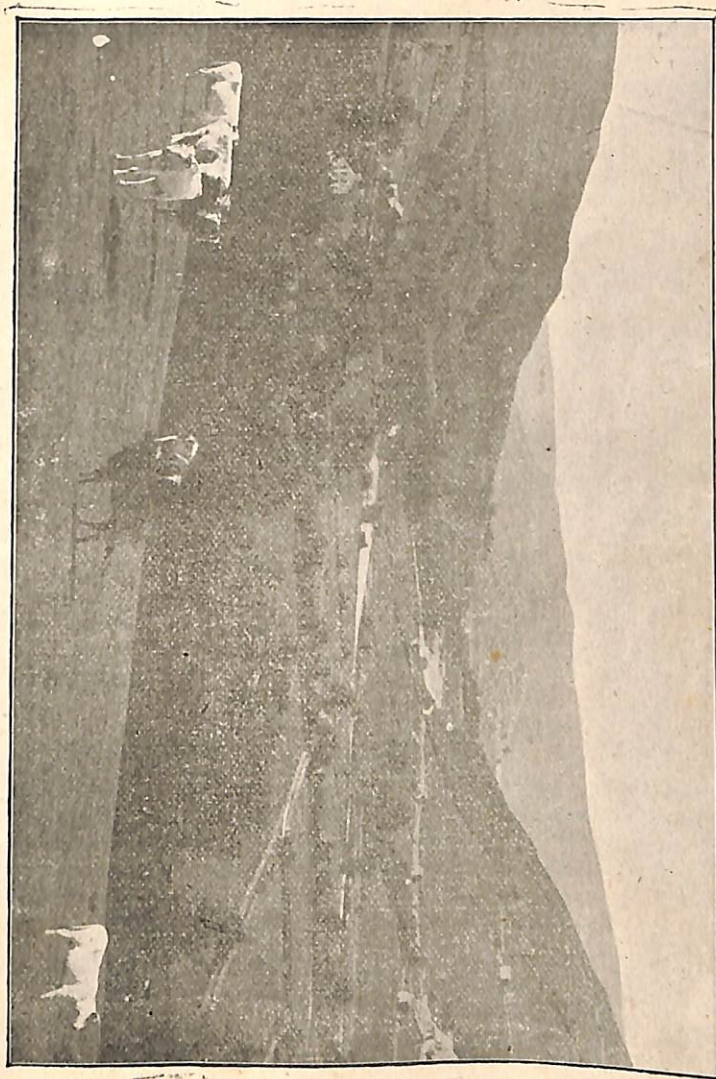
About 500 yards west of Healaugh, Barney Beck Bridge is crossed and the extensive and romantic township of Melbecks containing 10,106 acres, is entered, which was formed, in 1841 into a separate Ecclesiastical Parish, out of the mother parish of Grinton. The Rev. R. V. Taylor, B.A., the well-known author and antiquary, whose innumerable and varied contributions to several Yorkshire newspapers, under the signature of "R. V. T." will be familiar to many of our readers, has presided over the spiritual affairs of this parish for the last 23 years. Mrs. Taylor, his second wife, was sister to the late respected Mr. Edmund A. Knowles, the first elected County Councillor for Swaledale and Arkengarthdale, who died suddenly at Gorton Lodge, Low Row, December 30th, 1895. He was prominent in many ways, being chairman of the Board of Guardians, President of the Swaledale Athletic Club from its commencement, and also master of the Swaledale Hounds, &c. No man was better known or more

greatly respected in the dale, and by his death the district lost one of its most useful and honoured friends. His position as County Councillor and Chairman of the Board of Guardians was filled by Mr. Francis Garth, late of Crackpot and now of Haverdell, who has been one of the churchwardens for many years. The township of Melbecks (there being no village of that name) includes the hamlets of Barf End, Blades, Kearton, Low Row, Feetham, Gunnerside, Lodge Green, Winterings Garth, and Smarber. The Parish of Melbecks is larger than the township, and also includes Healaugh, Whitaside, and Crackpotside to Spring End. The Church (Holy Trinity) is at Feetham, and is a neat and convenient edifice (restored in 1886), in the later English style. It was consecrated by Bishop Longley, in 1841, and was, for about fifty years, only a Chapel-of-Ease to the Mother Church at Grinton, but it is now a Vicarage, worth about £16c per annum.

The Vicarage house is about a mile and a half west of the Church, at the bottom of Crackpot Gill, on the south side of the Swale, and was erected in 1846, at a cost of about £1,000, and has recently been restored at a cost of £130. In 1847, while digging a mound in a field at the rear of the house, for gravel for the garden walks of the parsonage, the remains of seven human bodies were discovered, with their heads lying towards the west. The teeth in one of the skulls were quite perfect, and the buckle of a sword belt and other articles were found in the same place which are supposed to have belonged to some of the followers of the Young Pretender, in 1745. It is traditionally believed that a skirmish took place in this neighbourhood between the Scots and the Dalesmen. In the immediate locality in which the bodies were found, are places called "Bloody Wall" and "Bloody Gap," near to which, some years ago, a battle axe was dug up.

There is also a tradition in the family of Birkbeck, of Melbecks that after the defeat of Prince Charles, in 1745, two brothers, James and George Birkbeck, fearing to return to their native parish of Orton, in Westmoreland, wandered into Swaledale. James purchased lands in the township of Melbecks and Grinton; and following a clanish custom, planted two Scotch firs at Feetham, as a mark that if any of

FROM WHITASIDE, LOOKING WEST.





the adherents of the Stuarts should be in need, they would be secretly and hospitably entertained there. At that time there were no roads into the dale except for pack-horses, and sheep-tracks.

The Broderick family, living at Spring End, have a somewhat similar tradition that an ancestor of theirs planted Dutch elms adjoining his house to show his adherence to the Orange family.

At FEETHAM there appears to have been a foot-ford for the Roman infantry passing between the camps at Bainbridge, Harkerside and Greta Bridge. The camp at Harkerside, opposite Feetham, would be a useful and comparatively safe place of lodgement, when the river was swollen, for the Roman Militia, who lay in the north. They invariably concentrated their camps on the south bank of a river or other natural defence. The Roman ford or "stepping stones," was doubtless used for many centuries down to and beyond Norman times; the name evidently indicates as much, being probably explained by the Anglo-Saxon, *foet* pl. *feet* whence *fêthe*, a person on foot, wherefore this was the *ham*, home, or hamlet, reached by *persons on foot*, or it may mean the *hamlet at the hill foot*.

There is a town called Melbecks in Luneberg, on the border of Denmark.

Low Row village is notable as the home, for many generations, of the Park family, to whom there is a monument in Grinton Church. Sir James Park, Knt., an eminent lawyer, who was created Baron Wensleydale in 1856, was the son of Thomas Park, a Liverpool merchant and grandson of John Park, of Gorton Lodge, Low Row, who died in 1796. The title became extinct at his death in 1868, but has since been revived.

At GUNNERSIDE there is a good Church-school and Master's house, which had to be closed when the mines were closed, some ten or twelve years ago. The population of this parish was, about 23 years ago, over 1500; every house was then occupied. It is now about 800. There are four Dissenting places of worship in the parish, with three burial

grounds, including three Wesleyan Chapels and one Independent Chapel. There are two small Reading Rooms and Libraries in the parish; and a Conservative Club with Billiard table, books and papers, and a large upper room for concerts, lectures, &c.

There are also two Methodist Burial Grounds and one Congregational in the parish.

Since 1841, there have been 219 marriages and 148 burials at Melbecks Church. Many of the old families in this township and parish, as the Brodericks, late of Summer Lodge and Spring End; the Metcalfes of Spring End; and the Knowles family of Gorton Lodge, are buried at Muker. The Garths and Birkbecks at Grinton.

There is a large marble monument in the churchyard to the Simpson family, of Lawn House; and another to Miss Bonsall who lived with them, and who died at Cannes, in the South of France, and was buried here.

The large mill at the bottom of Crackpot Gill, just above the Vicarage, on the opposite side, was built by the Knowles family, just after the death of old Mr. Knowles, who is said to have left £40,000. There was previously a small old mill just above it, which was then pulled down. A short way higher up the gill is, in the rainy season, a pretty waterfall.

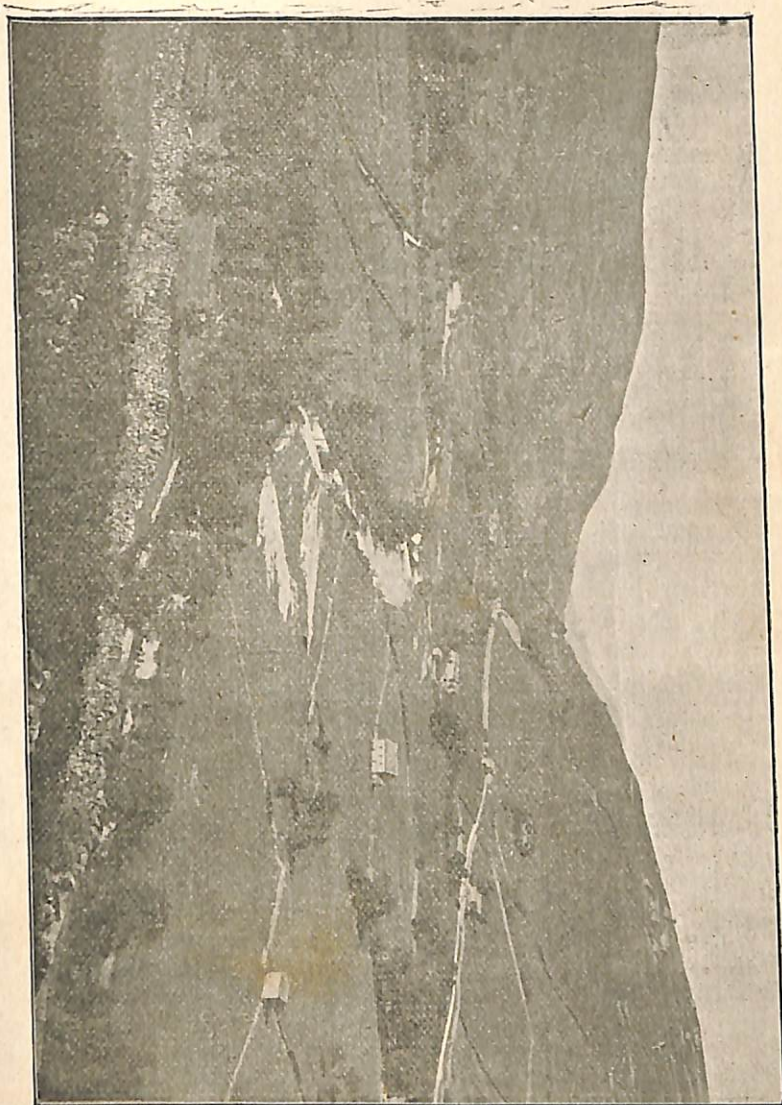
There was formerly a small School at Crackpot, founded by Ruth Garth, by will, dated 13th January, 1765, for the Education of poor children of Crackpot and Whitaside, viz:

	£	s.	d.
Interest on £70 paid by Miss A. B. Garth	2	16	0
and Consols, £26 5s. 9d., interest	0	14	4
Total	£3	10	4

### CRACKPOT.

5 miles south west of Reeth, in Grinton parish, wapentake of Gilling West, liberty of Richmondshire, and south side of the Swale. At the source of a brook, called Crackpot Gill, that runs past this hamlet in its course to the river, is a

LOW ROW LOOKING WEST. ISLES BRIDGE IN CENTRE. BLADIS ON TOP RIGHT SIDE.



curious cavern, the entrance of which is extremely narrow. This spacious cavern is a few yards from the entrance, and a short distance further it descends rather abruptly; at the bottom of the cavern is a deep water issuing out of the rock below, near which is a curious pillar of solid stone. The narrow passages beyond it is not safe to traverse.

There was a School at Crackpot endowed by Ruth Garth, in 1765, with £100. The poor of Crackpot and Whitaside have 40s. a year left by Thomas and Richard Garth, about 1735; the poor of Grinton and Reeth have 50s. a year bequeathed by Ann Colville, the poor of Reeth 20s. a year, left by two unknown donors; and those of Grinton 13s. 4d. yearly out of an estate at Cogden. The poor of the whole parish have the dividends of £100 navy 5 per cent. annuities left by a former Vicar of the name of Joy.

At Crackpot was formerly a worsted mill, afterwards converted into a corn mill, now discontinued.

Crackpot to Askrigg, in Wensleydale is 5 miles.

From Whita Bridge to Isles bridge is 2 miles

From Healaugh to Barney Beck bridge is nearly 500 yards.

### FEETHAM.

Feetham is about 3 miles west of Reeth, and  $13\frac{1}{2}$  miles west of Richmond.

In 1840-1 a church (Holy Trinity) was erected here by public subscription and grant from Ripon Diocesan Society. It is a light and handsome edifice in the later English style, and was restored and reseated in 1886 at a cost of £150 (see page 47).

Feetham School was built by subscription in 1806.

The Punch Bowl, at Feetham, is much visited during the summer months by cyclists and tourists.

### LOW ROW.

This village, which is 4 miles west of Reeth, almost adjoins Feetham. There is a good School here.

About the year 1690, Philip Lord Wharton, an ardent Presbyterian, fitted up his shooting box, called Smarber

Hall, near the village, as a Chapel for the use of Protestant Dissenters. He also gave two parcels of land, in the county of Westmoreland, the rents of which were to be paid to the minister.

Low Row Congregational Church was founded in 1690 by Philip, the "good Lord Wharton." His lordship had a shooting box called Smarber Hall, and here he built the first Church, endowing it three years later with land at Nateby and Ravenstonedale. This Church was licensed under the Five Miles Act, and for many years was the only Nonconformist Church in the dale. The present building was erected in 1809. During its whole history the Church has had a succession of pastors without a single lengthy interregnum. Two of the pastorates over eighty years.—those of the Rev. J. Allison and the Rev. J. Boyd.

Two unique facts are connected with the Congregational Church here and the one at Keld. The latter originally was in the possession of the Church of England, while the former is the mother of the Parish Church of Melbecks.

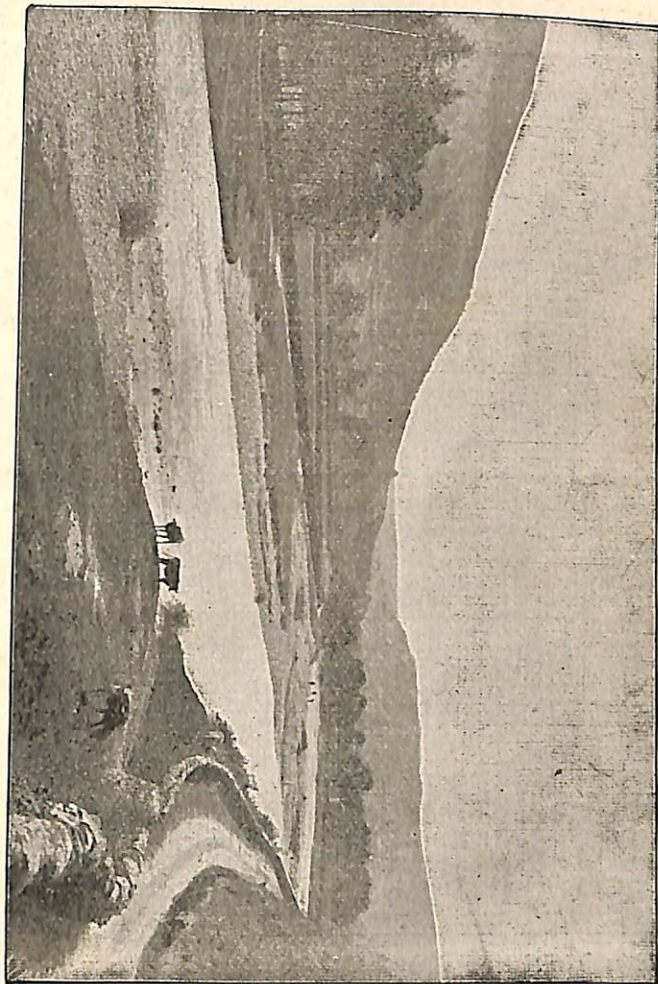
The site of the old Smarber Hall Chapel can easily be ascertained by the visitor. It stands on the ridge of the hill on the right, viewed from the road, some 800 yards west of Isles Bridge. This bridge, formerly a chain bridge is built of stone.

There is an old Quakers Meeting House, in ruins here, adjoining the Manse, and was used, up to about 20 years ago, as a Congregational Sunday School.

The Wesleyans have a Chapel and School here, built in 1840, at a cost of £600.

John Wesley preached on many occasions in Swaledale as well as at Richmond. At the latter place he preached from the steps of a house, situate in the south east corner of Newbeggin street now the property of Mr. Joseph Raine, of Earl's Orchard. His first visit to Swaledale was in 1761, when he preached at Blades, a hamlet on the hill side above Low Row. He usually made his home at the Spensleys, a very old dales family. When preaching outdoors, John Wesley, usually stood on a table, one of which is now pre-

ROLETH BOTTOMS, half-way between Low Row and Gunnerside. (Annual Sports are held here.)



served as a relic in the Spensley family. John Wesley visited Swaledale again in 1774, and on leaving, crossed over the moor at Whitaside from Low Row, into Wensleydale, and preached in the street at Redmire.

Intake Gill has been nearly obliterated by lead mines. A rickety bridge crosses the road at its foot.

At Low Row the ascent to the old Kinnin Mine, one of the series of the "Old Gang" workings commences, and still higher up on the heath clad hills where you can rest and feel the freshness of life-giving mountain air. Here for centuries the process of digging for lead and smelting it was, up to a few years ago, carried on. The "Baal Hills" as they are called, with the tracings of workings older in all probability than the Roman Empire, appear to point out a pre-historic antiquity. Later still the roofs of many an Abbey would be covered with lead from this dale, and later still many a Russian Soldier, during the Crimean War, was winged to his eternal flight by the produce of the Old Gang Mines. One place is pointed out here from which three brothers drew out a clear sum of £21,000 in one year.

KEARTON is 3 miles W.N.W. of Reeth.

BLADES, a hamlet on the hill side, is nearly opposite Isles Bridge, 4 miles north west of Reeth.

BARF END, 5 miles west of Reeth.

WINTERINGS GARTH, 7 miles W.N.W. of Reeth.

### GUNNERSIDE.

Gunnerside and Lodge Green are 6 miles west of Reeth, and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles north of Askrigg Station, in Wensleydale. The two villages are only separated from each other by a beck, and both together form a considerable village under the general name of \* GUNNERSIDE.

There is no church here; the nearest are Holy Trinity, at Feetham and St. Mary's at Muker. There is a large and handsome Wesleyan Chapel, re-built in 1866, at a cost of £800; also a burial ground. The old Chapel was built in 1789. This sect has a day School, which is under Government Inspection.

\* Gunnerside, probably Gunnar, meaning battle or combat,

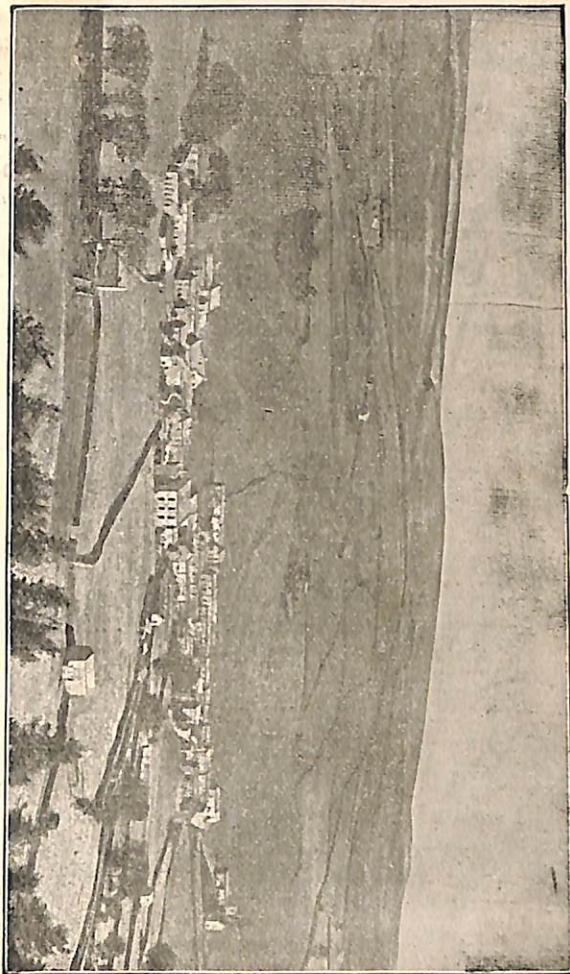
Visitors to Gunnerside will enjoy a walk up Gunnerside beck which rushes down a deep gorge at the north end of the King's Head Hotel. The beck rises about four miles up in the hills between Rogan's Seat (2204 feet) and Water Crag (2186 feet).

There are two ways to Keld from Gunnerside. After leaving the King's Head Hotel cross the bridge over the beck, turn to left, up the latter to Gunnerside bridge, then to the right along the main road. About  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from the bridge is Satron, where the principal landowners—Miss Clarkson and Miss Mary Clarkson—reside. On the south side of their residence is a road over the moors to Askrigg, in Wensleydale, distance about 5 miles.

Farther on is Oxnop beck, and a few farm houses on the left, before Muker is reached.

Another, and very pleasant way to Keld from Gunnerside is—in a straight line from the King's Head Hotel across the Common to Ivelet, past the falls, and part of the way down a rough road when a stile on the right will be seen and a field path. Or, from the village, by the field path, which runs parallel with, and on the lower side of, the Common road to Ivelet beck, below the falls; cross the beck, when the road is soon reached; and a little lower down the stile and field-footpath, named above, will be seen. Follow the path until you come opposite Muker, where a new bridge will be seen. If there is much water in the Swale the bridge will have to be crossed; and to reach Keld, the south side of the river will have to be traversed. When the river is shallow, keep on the right or north bank of the Swale until it takes a turn right. Here you must cross, and climb the wall into the fields called Hart Lakes, where a footpath will be found, which leads through one of the loveliest parts of the dale, to Keld.

There is a very nice stroll, for visitors here, across the fields (west) over Ivelet beck, returning by the road over Ivelet bridge and along a charming stretch of beautiful scenery, passing Satron and Gunnerside bridge; Or by taking the road from Gunnerside across the Common, and round the high side of Ivelet falls. On the opposite side of the road (west) is Gunnerside Lodge, a shooting box, and away



GUNNERSIDE.

across the south side of the river, is Satron. Continue down the road and back to Gunnerside as previously described. The distance of this charming walk is 3 miles. By taking in Yew Scar, above Ivelet falls, is another quarter of a mile.

Near Gunnerside Bridge, Oxnop beck runs into the river. This stream, which rises above High Oxnop farm, contains beautiful trout, quite distinct from any other kind in the dale—called *Salmofario Swaledalensis*. The land around here is the property of Miss Clarkson, of Satron. Great devastation is caused at the junction of the beck and Swale in times of flood.

Gunnerside Bridge has been washed away on two or three occasions and many times seriously damaged by the swiftness of the torrents of water from the hills above. January, 1890, was the last date the bridge was carried away. Past Oxnop is Crake Trees farm, where there is a footpath across the fields, which leads to Muker. Same distance as by road.

There is a very pleasant walk from Gunnerside across the bridge, then turn to the left up the hill, passing Summer Lodge and two or three farm houses on the left of the road. Before you come to the bend in the road which turns south, by two farm houses, the first called Nettle bed House and the next Throstle Nest, must be passed, then down the field path (left) past a large farm (right) on to the road and then turn west, along the south bank of the Swale, back to Gunnerside.

About a quarter of a mile west of Gunnerside was a Roman Catholic Chapel, dedicated in honour of the Blessed Virgin, which was erected in 1853, and was in the gothic style of architecture. The windows were filled with stained glass, the principal east one bearing figures of our Lord as the Good Shepherd, the Blessed Virgin, and St. John the Apostle. Adjoining was a Presbytery or residence for the priest. The Chapel was closed about forty years ago, and is now used as a cow house. The stained glass has been taken out of the windows. This late sacred edifice is the property of Mr. Lodge Percival. These substantial buildings might, with little expense, be converted into a profitable Swaledale Hydro; the position commands extensive views.

**IVELET.**

The hamlet of Ivelet is situated upon an eminence on the northern banks of the Swale, and is one mile west of Gunnerside, across the Common. Close to is a very fine waterfall upon Ivelet beck, in a very secluded and romantic dell, the

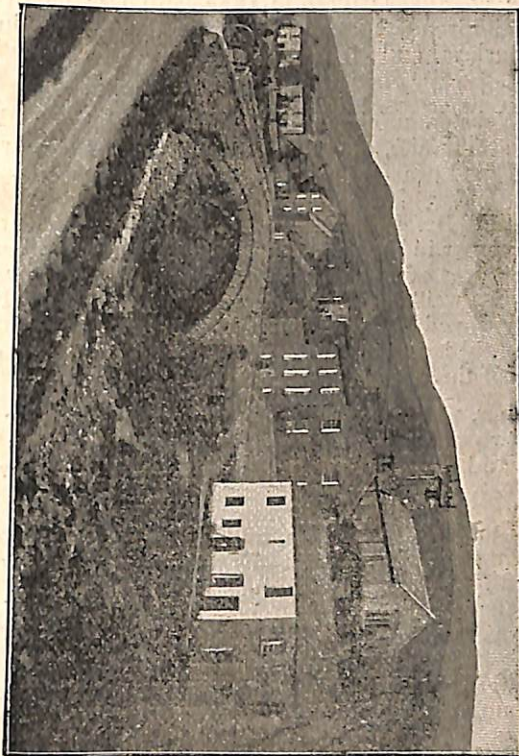


IVELET FALLS, NEAR GUNNERSIDE.

sides of which are well covered with bush and wood, and the rocks which form the fall meet nearly at a point, and are fringed with the mountain ash and the hazel. Half a mile higher up the stream is another smaller, but very pretty fall, called YEW FORCE, and from its particular situation attracts the attention of the lover of waterfalls.

**MUKER.**

Muker is 9 miles from Reeth. Here the Swale takes a great turn from the north, receiving the Muker beck on which is the village of Thwaite, about a mile higher up. From Thwaite up Swaledale, Skebskeugh, (1636 feet) on the south, round the north side of which the river winds round to Keld.



MUKER, AND BRIDGE OVER BECK.

The inhabitants of Swaledale do not quiet live for ever, but a great number do live to a very great age, which ought



to be an inducement for those in large centres and who wish to recruit their health, to spend the summer months in these healthy dales.

Mrs Nancy Harker, who died in the 96th year of her age, was the daughter of Henry Spensley, of Muker, and was born in this village on the 6th of October 1800, and died at Ripon March 2nd, 1896. She was married to James Harker of Whitaside, at Muker church in 1832, and was left a widow with six children—four sons and two daughters—in 1850. The Spensleys and Harkers are very ancient Swaledale families.

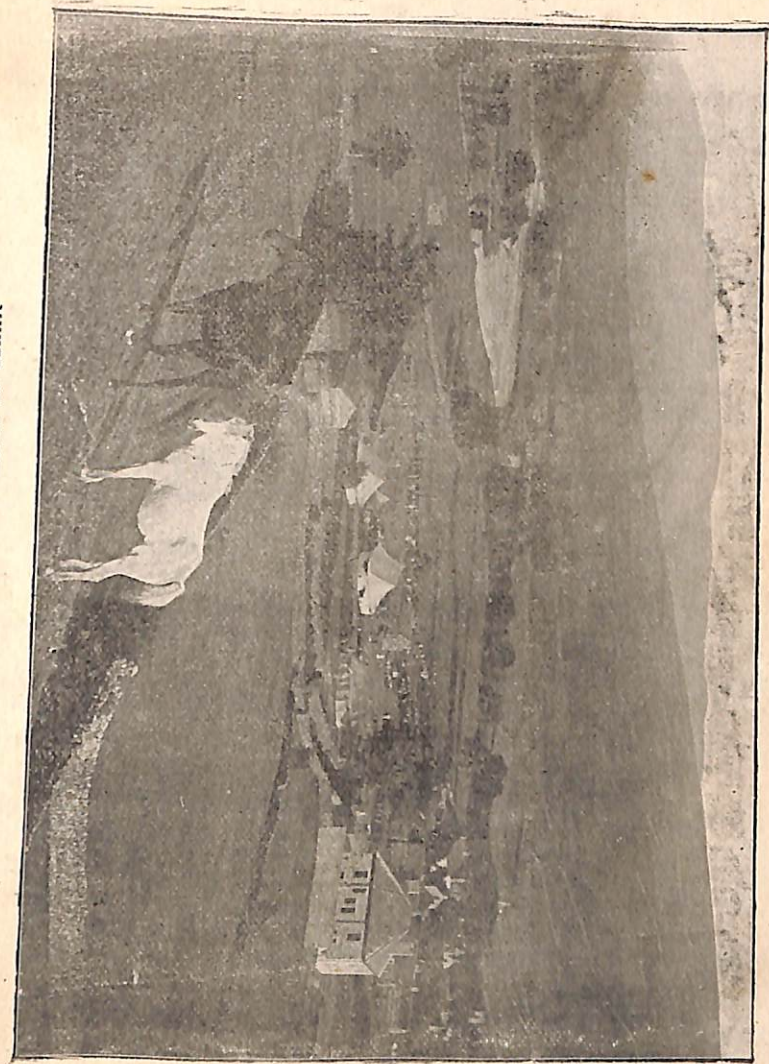
Betty Webster, another and older woman than Mrs Harker, was born at Thwaite, one mile from Muker, February 25th, 1790, and died peacefully at Aysgarth, June 14th 1896, aged 106 years and 3½ months. She was buried in Askrigg Churchyard. Before Mrs. Webster resided at Aysgarth, she was a pensioner in the almshouses near Askrigg over thirty years. She was of a strong constitution, and at the age of 80 worked as well as the youngest in the hayfield. For fifty years she enjoyed her pipe, which many say lengthened her life. The old lady remembered walking to Muker church, at the age of three, to be christened.

Her father, who was a mining agent, lived to the age of 100, and two of her aunts died at the respective ages of 102 and 104; and her only brother was 90 years of age when he died.

She was married at Hardro, and had eight children, only two surviving her. Mrs. Webster who was a widow for 75 years, lived for a long time with Mr. and Mrs. Blades, her married daughter and son in-law, whose respective ages were 85 and 75 years.

On "Old Betty" attaining her hundredth year, she had a letter, through Mr. J. C. Winn, of West Burton, conveying congratulations from Queen Victoria, "that she may live to celebrate in health for some years to come the anniversary of the 25th inst., which marks her entry on her hundred and first year."

MUKER ON MUKER AGRICULTURAL SHOW DAY.



The old lady was a Primitive Methodist, and attended chapel and class till her hundredth year; during the last years of her life she walked to Aysgarth church and back once nearly every Sunday.

There is a very nice walk to Keld from Muker by the fields. The view in crossing Kisdon from Muker on a fine summer's evening when the sun is sinking behind the western hills, is simply grand. The walk commences near the Vicarage, passes through the Muker Agricultural Show ground, through Hartlakes and along a very charming footpath walled on both sides, where ferns and wild flowers grow in profusion. On nearing Keld, the footpath continues close past Kisdon Falls, the path down to which is rather difficult to find on account of the numerous bushes and mountain ash and other trees, which intercept the view of the falls.

RAMPHOME is half-a-mile north east of Muker.

RAVENSEAT is 6 miles west of Muker.

The following is a copy of an EPITAPH in Muker Churchyard :

In Memory of  
EDWARD BRODERICK,  
of Summer Lodge, formerly of Springend.  
Born September 6th, 1807.  
Died November 7th, 1875.  
and of ANN his wife  
only daughter of  
GEORGE and MARY LONSDALE,  
of Healaugh,  
Born March 26th, 1819.  
Died June 5th, 1872.

I want the world to know,  
That I know  
That all life is co-equal;  
That deficiency in intellect is the why of deficiency in action.  
That everything is right;  
That every atom viberates  
At its proper time, according  
To the true results of the forces  
That went before.

By his Son LUTHER.

## ANOTHER EPITAPH AT MUKER.

Sacred to the memory of John and Rosamond Alderson,  
who were Interred near this place.

He departed this life June 22nd, 1768, aged 64 years.

She departed this life July 16th, 1769, aged 38 years.

Near Keld Cold Stream

I drew my infant-breath ;

There toiled through life,

There clos'd mine eyes in death ;

Reader seek not my frailties to disclose,

But learn this lesson at my dread repose,

Be just ; be good ;

With caution meet thy doom,

There's no repentance in the life to come.

## SWINNERGILL KIRK.



SWINNERGILL KIRK, NEAR KELD.

This "Kirk," about  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles west of Muker, is reached by going through the Show Ground by the field path northward until you reach a new bridge across the Swale. Cross and continue west along the bank of the river until you reach

Swinnergill Beck. It is easier to get to the "Kirk" by the east side, as the west side is very steep, and dangerous in places, even to crawl carefully along. The "Kirk," which is a short way up the stream, is a cavern or tunnel at the head of Swinnergill near to the old mines, and can be penetrated for about sixty yards. Swinnergill beck runs from north to south, the greater volume of water passing over a rocky fall, empties itself into the Swale, and the other portion of the stream runs back north down the cavern or tunnel, and issues forth two miles away. By the aid of a lamp or candle, the cavern, which is beautifully polished stone, worn out, in all probability by the action of the water, like the Buttertubs, is well worth a visit. It is rather difficult for the gentle sex to get to.

Muker is an ancient Parochial Chapelry. The Church of St. Mary was first built in 1580, and re-built by Colonel Metcalfe a few years ago. The Vicarage was built in 1896. The register dates from the year 1640. A short distance from Muker the Wesleyans, in 1845, built a chapel at the west end. There is also a good School, re-built by subscription in 1849, and endowed with 16 acres of land, at Whitaside, given by an unknown donor, and two acres bequeathed, in 1678, by Anthony Metcalfe, who founded the first school.

Captain Francis Lyell is Lord of the Manors of Healaugh and Muker. The mineral royalties are the property of Sir Francis Denys, Bart., of Draycott Hall, Fremington, and Sir Stewkley F. Draycott Shuckburgh, Bart., of Shuckburgh, Warwickshire. In 1728, all right and interest in these manors were forfeited by Philip, Duke of Wharton. Reeth estates came into the possession of Mr. Thomas Smith, of Muker Hall, whose daughter and co-heiress, Frances, married Mr. Charles Lyell, from whom the manorial title has descended to the present owner.

## THWAITE.

This hamlet, which is 2 miles from Keld and 10 miles from Reeth, is at the base of Shunner Fell, and 3 miles from its summit. There is a small Independent Chapel here ; and a very comfortable Inn, kept by Mr. Calvert.

Shunnerfell is 5 miles north west of Hawes, and is said to be the highest in Swaledale, 2351 feet. The view from the summit is very expansive—the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland and the boundaries of Lancashire and Durham and the distant wilds of Northumberland are all seen from this mountain.

On the eastern edge of Lovely Seat, at an elevation of about 1,800 feet, there is a shooting box. To the summit of Lovely Seat from Thwaite is about 2 miles.

To reach the summit of Shunnerfell (2,351 feet) from Thwaite, will take about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Proceed up Thwaite beck past Moorclose farm to the top of the beck and on to the moor, then westward.

Near the highway from Muker to Thwaite, is a very fine waterfall on Cliff Beck, called Scar House Foss. This stream descends from the Buttertubs.

### THE BUTTERTUBS.

These curious holes, which are from 20 to 100 feet deep, are two miles from Thwaite and four miles from Hawes, on the Swaledale side of the mountain pass. From Thwaite you ascend for some distance a very steep rough road, after which is a hollow of nearly a mile, and in this, on both sides of the highway, are six or seven deep holes in the main limestone, called the Buttertubs. They vary both in depth and breadth, and have highly polished fluted pillars like basaltic columns. Several have ferns growing down the sides, and juniper bushes about the tops. The rise here is 90 feet in three and a half miles, on the top of which, laid bare on the road, is Grit Stone.

The descent to Hardro is about 840 feet in three miles.

This pass runs between Great Shunnor Fell (2351 feet) and Lovely Seat or Lanasit, (2213 feet.)

From Thwaite to Keld is a distance of two miles. As you approach the village, the first house which greets you, facing east, is the Inn, called the "Cat Hole," where, if nothing else, ham and eggs can always be had in a short space of time.

### KELD.

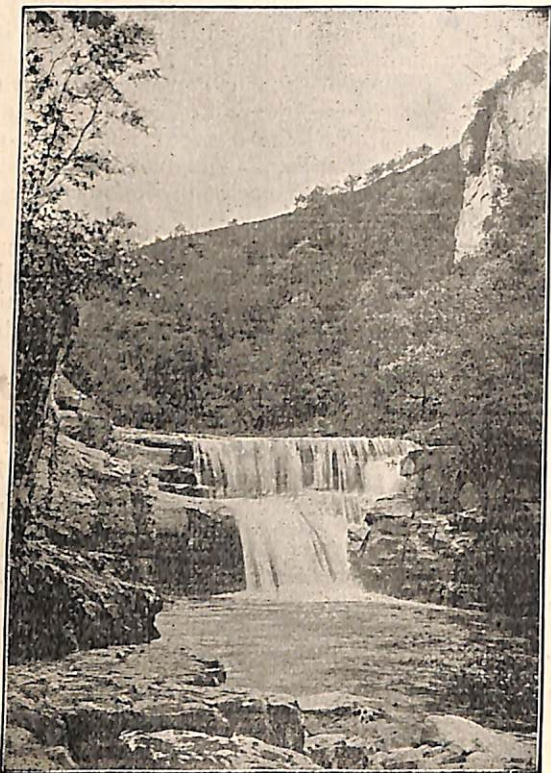
This unpretentious village situated among wild mountain scenery, is 2 miles from Thwaite and 22 miles from Richmond, 8 miles each from Hawes and Askrigg, and 11 from Kirkby Stephen, in Westmoreland. It is in Muker Parish, Wapentake of Gilling West and Parliamentary Division of Richmond. The floor of the post office is exactly 1,000 feet above the sea level. The district is much frequented by pleasure and health seekers. Although the accommodation is rather limited, it is homely and comfortable, besides being the least expensive of any district in England. For the last two or three years relays of about 50 persons a week, for five or six weeks during the summer, visit Keld—members of the Lancashire Home Reading Associations. They bring their own provisions, cooking apparatus, beds, &c., and appear to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

Keld contains an Independent Chapel, which is mentioned by Leland in 1540. He says "This place of worship belonged to the Established Church." In a churchwardens account, dated 1695, appears:—"For walling up Keld Chapel door, £0 1s. 3d." About a dozen years after, this edifice was in ruins. There is also Wesleyan Chapel, a Day School, and a Literary Institute, which has a library containing 600 volumes. The society was formed in May, 1854, under the title of the Keld Mutual Improvement Society, and was the first society of the kind in the western dales. The Post Office is kept by Mr. James Waggett.

The village is situate amidst the finest scenery in Swaledale, and near it are found the following Waterfalls:—Kisdon Force, Cat Rake Force, Rainby Force and Wainwath on the river; Currack Force on Stonesdale Beck, and two waterfalls on East Gill beck near the confluence with the Swale.

Swinnergill Kirk is nearer to, and more easily reached from, Keld, than from Muker, and is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles from Keld. The Kirk is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Muker, not  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles as stated on page 66. Cross the wooden bridge over the Swale below Keld, thence across East Gill Beck, and follow the road to

Beldi Hill mines and Crackpot Hall farm. The old miners track from Muker up Swinnergill is rather dangerous.



KISDON FALLS, KELD.

Keld was the birth place of Poet Close. John Close, of Poet's Hall, Kirkby Stephen and of Bowness, Windermere, published his first book of poems when he was but 16 years of age, entitled "The Satyrist, or every man in his humour."

The Swale in its windings from Muker for a mile up above Keld forms many beautiful waterfalls, and the most considerable of which is the romantic cataract called Keason

or Kisdon Force, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile east of Keld, where the water falls amidst an amphitheatre of rocks finely fringed with underwood. Mountain ash, hazels, wild flowers, ferns and brackens abound here.

Not many yards farther from each other are East Gill Beck Fall, Catrake, Sandbed, Hogarth's Leap, Rainby, Currack Force and Wain Wath. Then a long fine range, called Caüterby Scarr, at the west of which, about a mile from Keld, near the Swale, is a Cave, called Bryant's Cave.

KISDON FORCE lies in a very romantic part of the glen, deeply sunk between elevated limestone cliffs and very rugged with immense fallen rocks standing on end, and surrounded by dark moorland heights and rough scars. There are two falls, about seventy yards apart, called high and low Kisdon. Above the falls, tower the great upright walls of rock, White Wallet and Birks Hill, whilst over these, other cliffs are piled, 100 feet high.

Kisdon Hill, 1636 feet high, rises in terraces above the falls, and is so steep that it is dangerous, in wet weather, to cross along the narrow footpath cut out in the rock and soil.

CATRAKE FORCE, which is  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile higher up the river, at the back of the old post office, the property of the old dales family of Alderson, is one of the best falls in Yorkshire, and displays considerable breadth and variety. The northern bank is very steep and covered with mountain ash and other trees, and in many places on the southern side, oak and other ferns are to be met with. The descent, from the south side to this beautiful fall, is by many steps over thirty feet down. The fall is over thirty feet from side to side, the silvery stream spreading pretty evenly over every part of the rocky steps.

About midway between Catrake and Kisdon Falls, on East Gill Beck, is a very charming little waterfall. This fall, which is at the bottom of a footpath leading from the village is seen from a new wooden bridge over the Swale, which is nearly opposite where the beck empties itself into the latter.

CURRACK FORCE, on West Stonesdale Beck is about 50

yards below Park House, empties itself over a shelving rock and forming another fall, broken three times in its descent, at the confluence of two streams.

In the summer of 1899, a waterspout burst on Shunnerfell, which deluged both Swaledale and Wensleydale. Every bridge in Upper Swaledale with one exception—Park Bridge—was swept away. Every stone of some of the bridges were so cleanly washed away that it was difficult to tell that there had been bridges. Hogarth's House which is situated at the bottom of Ash Gill Beck near the road and river, was flooded to the extent of six feet. The windows were washed out and the lower rooms filled to the ceilings with soil and rubbish. The inmates of the house made their escape through the windows at the back of the house which stands on higher ground.

Ash Gill stream is sometimes dry in summer, but as its course is very rapid, in flood comes down with tremendous force. A new house has been built on the opposite side of the river. The damage in the two dales by this storm was over £30,000.



CATRAQUE FALLS, KELD.

To viewing scenes like those around Keld, so decidedly magnificent, to which neither the pen nor the pencil can ever do justice, and the contemplation of which has the power of making ample atonement for having studied mankind, the soul expanding and sublimed, quickens with a spirit of divinity, and appears, as it were associated with the Deity himself. For, in the same manner, as a shepherd feels himself ennobled while sitting with a prince, so, and in a far more limited degree, the beholder feels himself advanced to a higher scale in the creation, by being thus permitted to see and to admire the grandest of the works of nature. No one ever mounted this towering eminence, but he became a wiser and a better man. Here the proud learn humility; the unfortunate acquire confidence;—and the man who climbs Water Crag as an atheist, feels, ere he descends, an ardent desire to fall down and worship the sun. Wild and beautiful scenery, among its other beneficial results, never fails to increase the regard which is entertained by every one for his native country. Inhabitants of wild and desolate regions, of long extended plains, of heaths, of moors, and of the busy city, can transport themselves into the most distant regions of the globe, and still find fields and plains, and heaths, and moors, and streets resembling those they have quitted, to awaken at intervals all the agreeable associations, which are connected with their native land. These associations are ardent, but they never exalt to that wild and ungovernable transport which animates the mountaineer and the inhabitants of a sequestered valley like Upper Swaledale, at the mention, or even the recollection of their glens, their rocks, their rivers, and their mountains. Hence, the natives of Scotland and Wales, have been in every period of their history, remarkable for an attachment, not only of their native country, but of their native village. The Norwegians, proud of their barren summit, inscribe upon their six-dollars, "spirit, loyalty, valour," and whatever in honourable, let the whole world learn among the rocks of Norway. Much more pardonable is the pride of a Neopolitan, when he exclaims, "See the Bay of Naples, and die."

To think of naught but rural quiet  
Rural pleasures, rural ploys,  
Far from battles, blood and riot,  
War and all it murdering joys.

*Macneil,*

West of Keld, on the northern bank of the Swale, above Wain Wath force, is a long fine range called Caunterby Scarr, in which is a curious cave. From here, spread over a mile and a half down the river, are all the falls named on page 69; and for a distance of three miles, down to Muker, the grandeur cannot be equalled in any part of the Swale's course.

The names of the farms in what is called Dalehead—one house each (except Ravenseat, which has two) are:—Ellers, Birkdale, Stonehouse, Firs, Pryhouse, Hilltop, Harker House, Blackhow, Ravenseat, and Smithyholme.

The places from Park Bridge to Thwaite are—Bridge End, Parkhouse, Keld Green (Shooting Box) Keld, Cathole (Inn), Thorns, Aygill, Greenes, Angram, and Skeughead—the last consists of four farm houses.

The river Swale was accounted by our British and Saxon ancestors as one of their consecrated rivers; on which account, at the first conversion of the Saxons to Christianity, in this county, about the year 630, it was preferred to any other for religious purposes, and upwards of 10,000 men, besides women and children, were, in one day, baptized in it at Helperby, by Paulinus, the Apostle of the North and first Archbishop of York, there being according to Bede, neither fonts nor oratories in that infant state of the Church. From this circumstance it was styled the Jordan of England.

To Kirkby Stephen from Keld is 11 miles, the road rising nearly all the way for the first seven miles, and the last four miles a descent of nearly 1,000 feet. The road has an average height of over 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. The Swale, the Eden and the Yore all rise a short distance from each other. Hollow Mill Cross is the boundary of Westmoreland and Yorkshire, and also the dividing line of drainage, which goes westward into the Eden, and eastward down the wild valley of Birkdale, where lies the sources of the Swale. Two boundary stones are set up 100 yards apart, because the adjoining townships do not agree where to draw the line of their respective lands, and consequently of the two counties. On the stone nearest Westmoreland is cut "Hamlet of Birkdale, County of York," and on the other, which our side think is in Yorkshire,

"Township of Nateby, 1856." Nateby is ten miles from Keld.

In the village of Keld, near to Catrake Force, resides a musical genius—Richard Alderson. The Aldersons, Harkers, and Peacocks are numerous and very ancient families in Swaledale. Richard Alderson, Birkshill View or Bachelor's Cave, (a house he has recently built), a farmer and part owner of the land on the south side of Kisdon Falls, has attached to the left end of his harmonium a rustic tree trunk with branches, like arms, spreading along the top left end and above the back, to which is affixed nearly two dozen clock bells on metal supports. Each bell is chromatically tuned to the instrument. He plays the harmonium with his right hand, and strikes the bells with a stick in his left hand. The combination is very sweet and musical, and very wonderful. Mr. Alderson sings to this double instrument; and, with violin accompaniment, is delightful music. This ingenious dalesman, who invented this bell-tree-harmonium, has also made, from about three dozen rough pieces of limestone, of all sizes and weight, a set of musical stones, all in perfect tune. The stones, which nearly touch each other are placed on two planks of wood about a foot apart, and are struck with a strong stick with a knob on the end. He can play almost any tune. He also sings and accompanies himself on these rough pieces of building stone.

#### THE SOURCE OF THE SWALE.

Swale is the name given to the river from the inflowing of Sleddale beck near the hamlet of Birkdale. The road surfaces of the moor are grit stone. There are plenty of grouse on these moors, which give excellent sport for the gentlemen who arrive at Keld Lodge every year in August.

About three miles from Keld is the junction of Birkdale and Sleddale becks. Birkdale beck, which is the head stream of the Swale, rises on the borders of Westmoreland, a short distance on the east side of the highway leading from Swaledale to Kirkby Stephen. It flows in a southerly direction for four miles, when it receives Great Sleddale beck, and from this point the united waters take the name of Swale.

There are two streams at the head of Birkdale beck, namely, Uldale Gill on the left side of the road to Kirkby Stephen, and Crooked Sike on the east side, near to Nine Standards which rises on Coldberg Edge, and this stream may fairly claim to be the source of the river Swale.

There is no road between Whitstonedale Beck and Hilltop Farm, as marked on many maps. The road across Park Bridge passes through Stonesdale and on to Tanhill and Brough.



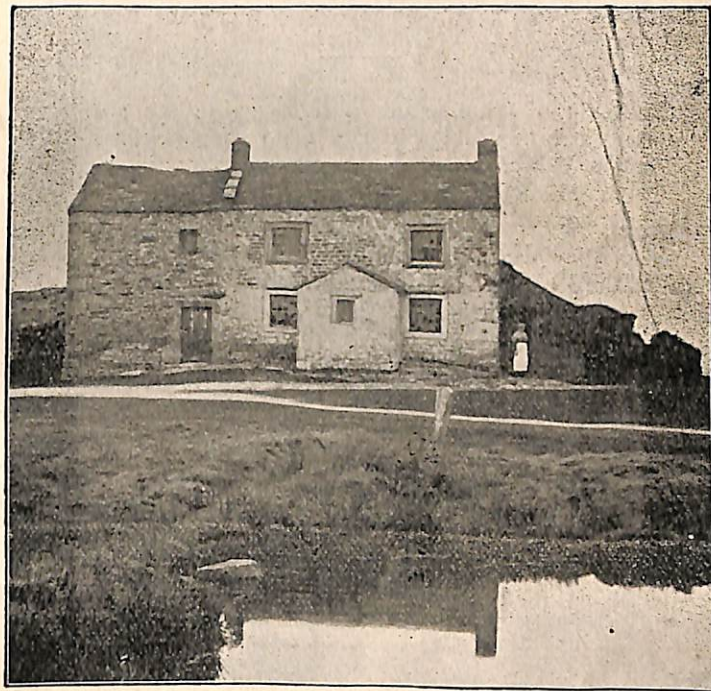
SOURCE OF THE SWALE.

Birkdale Beck is on the right of the engraving and Sleddale Beck on the left,

Birkdale is a bare uninclosed moorland, rising from the beck to considerable elevations, and running up the great fells, many of which are above 2,000 feet high.

Birkdale Tarn, covering an area of over twenty acres, stands on a wild, treeless, level of moor, 1,600 feet above the sea level, and about 300 feet above Birkdale beck.

### TAN HILL.



TAN HILL INN.

Tan Hill was formerly a populous coal mining place, but at present there are only three persons living there. There



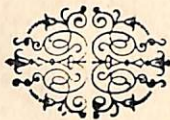
is an Inn, which is the highest situated in the North Riding—1,600 feet. The old innkeeper's wife died in 1900, and the inn was closed until the spring of 1901, when it was again re-occupied by the old man. The Inn is in Bowes parish and the cottages are in Muker parish.

Coal as well as iron ore can be got at Tan Hill, but in consequence of the difficulty of carriage, only small quantities of coal is wrought. There is a good slate quarry at Swaledale head, suitable for hearth stones, roofs, and other purposes.

Speaking of Shunnerfell, a little guide says:—"The Eden, the Swale and Ure rise from the bowels of this mountain." Not one of them rise on or near to Shunnerfell.

The YORE or URE rises on Little Fell on Lunds Common, High Abbotside, a short distance south of Lady's Pillar.

The EDEN rises west of Ladys' Pillar. The streamlet is called the Red Gill.



## ARKENGARTHDALE.

Arkengarthdale or Arkendale is about seven or eight miles in length, commencing in the town of Reeth, and terminating at Dale Head, running in a south-east direction. It is in the Richmond Parliamentary Division, in the Wapentake of Gilling West and Liberty of Richmondshire.

From Reeth, the Buck Hotel stands between the road up Swaledale on the left and the road through Arkendale on the right—a splendid spot for a railway station terminus from both dales. Langhorne house is on the opposite (left) side of the Swaledale road from the Buck Hotel, and The Hill House is on the right hand side of the Arkendale road.

This dale contains the villages and hamlets of—Arkle, 3 miles; Langthwaite, 3½ miles; Eskeleth, 4 miles; Seal Houses, 5 miles; Waugh or Whagh, 5 miles—all west of Reeth. Fagger Gill, 6 miles from Reeth, is also in this parish. The parish comprises 14,256 acres. The soil is loamy, chiefly moorland and grass.

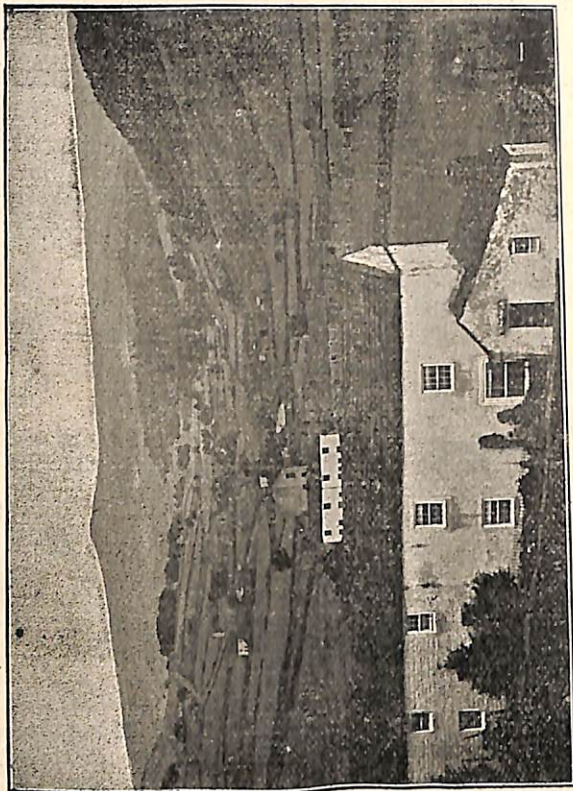
Arkengarthdale is a township and parish, in the dale of the same name, situate on the Richmond, Reeth and Brough roads, about 10 miles south from Barnard Castle, 14 miles west from Richmond, 9 miles from Redmire Railway Station, on the Hawes and Leyburn Branch of the North Eastern Railway, north-west from Reeth; 8 miles from Tan Hill, 18 miles from Reeth through Arkendale to Barras; Reeth Union, County Court District of Richmond, Rural Deanery and Archdeaconry of Richmond and Ripon Diocese.

The inhabitants of this dale are chiefly farmers and miners; and Arkendale possesses productive fields of lead ore, but from the low price of lead for some years past and the want of railway accommodation, most of the mines are closed, and the few that are working are doing very little.

Some of the most productive lead mines in the district were in the hills which border Arkendale. The best were those which sloped towards Arkle beck—Great Pin Seat, 1914 feet, on the west. The lower part of Arkendale is bordered on the east by some miles of limestone scars, which from Reeth are very striking in appearance.

The old forests of Arkendale anciently belonged to the Lords of Ravensworth. It was part of an extensive chase, abounding in wild boar, wolves and deer.

The late Mr. William Barningham, of Pendleton, near



ARKENGARHDALE.

Manchester, who died in 1882, at the age of 56, worth over half-a-million of money, was, when a youth, letter carrier between Reeth and Arkendale, and used to walk on an average from 20 to 25 miles a day. He afterwards worked

as a blacksmith with his brother John, at Middlesbro'. As he was an excellent man of business, he eventually became proprietor of extensive iron-works at Darlington and at Pendleton. The Barninghams were originally of Barningham, near Barnard Castle, and were lords of that place in Norman times. A few years ago one of the Barninghams was letter carrier from Richmond to Reeth. He used to ride on a pony or mule.

Letters, &c., come to Richmond, thence by mail cart every morning to Reeth Post-Office, and afterwards forwarded up Swaledale and Arkendale.

Before the Conquest, Arkendale, otherwise called Arkilgarthdale, an extensive forest, was part of the lands of the great Earls of Mercia, and afterwards belonged to the fee of Earl Alan to whom William the Conqueror gave the lands of Earl Edwin. In the time of King Henry II., Conan, Earl of Richmond gave this forest to Hervey fil Hervey. Alicia, wife of Ranulph fil Henry, in the 28th year of the reign of Henry III., claimed against Henry fil Ranulph the third part of the profits of the forests of Hope, Arkilgarth and New Forest as her dower; and he answered and said that he held the said forests by the services of forester and keeper of the King's said forests. There was a family of the local name of Arkilgarth, who held a considerable estate here from the earliest times.

In 1819, 59 George III., Charles Francis Foster, Esq., suffers a recovery to the use of Edward Haloras Plumtre, Esq., at the suit of George Hutchinson, Esq., of a third part of the manors of Arkendale and New Forest, and a third part of 400 messuages, twenty mills, 4,000 acres of arable land, 6,000 acres of meadow, 7,000 acres of pasture, 500 acres of wood, 60,000 acres of furze and heath, and 50,000 acres of moor, with the appurtenances in the parish of Arkingarth and Kirkby Ravensworth.

A survey of Arkendale was taken in the reign of Edward I., and again in that of Edward III., the latter disclosing much poverty and misery, owing to the inroads of the Scots after the battle of Bannockburn. In the first year of Edward III., Thomas Pacoc (Peacock), a member of a

family still numerously represented in this district, paid the subsidy. The manor remained in the possession of the crown till 1629, when Charles I. granted it to Edward Ditchfield and others in trust for the citizens of London, at a yearly rent of £53 5s. 6½d. The citizens retained possession of it for four years, and then sold it to the Robinson family. It subsequently passed by purchase to the Whartons, from whom it was carried by marriage to Robert Byerley, Esq. In 1659, Dr. Bathurst, Esq., was seised of the manor of Arkendale, and on the death of Charles Bathurst, Esq., without issue in 1740, his estates were divided among his three sisters and coheirs, Mary, wife of William Sleigh, of Stockton-on-Tees; Jane, wife of William Turner, of Kirklington; and Frances, wife of F. Foster, Arkendale, of Buston, Northumberland. From these the manor was purchased by G. Brown, Esq., of Stockton-on-Tees.

George Brown, Esq., who died in 1814, was seised of two third parts of the manors of Arkendale and New Forest, formerly the estate of Charles Bathurst the elder, and Charles Bathurst his son in Arkendale, New Forest, and Kirkby Hill; and being so seised, he devised the same to certain trustees upon trust for the benefit of his sisters—Jemima, wife of the Rev. John Gilpin, and Elizabeth, wife of Sir Robert Preston, Bart., and others.

In 1821, after the death of Mr. Brown, Dame Elizabeth Preston's trustees purchased the other third part of the said manors.

Lady Preston dying without issue, bequeathed all her estates to her nephew George Gilpin, Esq., who therefore became sole Lord of Arkendale and New Forest, and assumed the name of Brown in addition to his former surname of Gilpin.

The Church of Arkilgarth was given by Conan Earl of Richmond to the Abbey of Egleston in the time of Henry II., and it belonged to that Abbey until the dissolution. King Henry VIII. demised the rectory of Arkilgarth to Alan King for a term of years, at a rent of 100s. yearly and he held it 34 Henry VIII. In 2 Edward VI. the advowson of the Church of Arkilgarthdale was sold by the King to Robert Stretley, Esq., and Frediswonda his wife, and the said

Robert died seised thereof 23rd January, 1 and 2 Phil'p and Mary. In the 5th year of Elizabeth's reign, William Savile gave the Queen 55s. for license to agree with Robert Stretley and others touching the advowson of the church of Arkilgarthdale.

This ancient Parish Church was at Arkletown and was pulled down some time ago, and the present edifice, which is dedicated to St. Mary, erected in 1818, half-a-mile from the site of the old Church, at Longthwaite, the largest village in the dale, at the expense of the late George Gilpin-Brown, Esq., of Scar House, Arkendale and Sedbury Park, Richmond. There is a burial ground. Many improvements have been made to the Church since its erection. A new pulpit and choir stalls have been erected, and a large clock, with two faces, has been put in the tower; and, in 1892 a two manual organ, at a cost of over £250, raised by subscription, in memory of a late Rev. John Hayton, who was Vicar of the parish for 32 years. There is also in this Church a beautiful font—incribed to the memory of the late George Gilpin-Brown, Esq. The late Mr. Gilpin-Brown, who was lord of the manor, also built the Schools.

The principal residence in this dale is Scar House, the property of George Thomas Gilpin-Brown, and is used as a shooting box. It stands on the site of an ancient manor house, and is built of stone, in the Elizabethan style.

Eskeleth House, now the property of G. T. Gilpin-Brown, Esq., was formerly the property of the late R. M. Jaques, Esq., of Easby Abbey.

In 1882, the Wesleyans built a Chapel, near High Green, in the Romanesque style, at a cost of £1,700. The interior is fitted up with pitch-pine benches and varnished woodwork. The Old Chapel built in 1806 was converted into a Literary Institute in 1886. There were, when the mines were in "full swing" Chapels at Eskeleth and Longthwaite; they have been converted into cottages.

Arkindale possesses a very good mixed School. Dr. Bathurst left £4 a year for apprenticing a poor child belonging to the parish.

There are two Reading Rooms—one at High Green and the other at C.B. yard. The Post office is at Longthwaite. Mr. Ralph Harker is postmaster.

Between Reeth and Barras there were, some time ago, two toll bars, and there were also two between Reeth and Richmond. The turnpike road is excellent throughout this dale.

The following contour-lines show the elevation of the land at various points in the parish and neighbourhood:—

	Feet.		Feet.
Reeth Bridge ...	616·9	Hush Gutter Bridge ...	1,065·2
Reeth Market place ...	668·8	Spence Intake House ...	1,131·9
Reeth Lane Foot ...	728·5	Whaw Lane Head ...	1,075·9
Watson House ..	957·5	Punchard Gill Bridge... ..	1,049·2
Culvert on main road ...	1,075·0	Punchard Toll Bar ...	1,178·4
Raw Bank House ...	950·0	Roe Beck Bridge ...	1,189·5
Foregill Bridge ...	893·9	Beck Crooks Bridge ...	1,257·5
Langthwaite Bridge End	841·9	William Gill Foot ...	1,350·0
St. Mary's Church ...	971·2	Cocker Top ...	1,626·2
C.B. Inn ...	970·8	Water Cragg ...	2,186·2
Smelting Mill ...	1,016·8		

There are three public houses in this dale, the Black Bull and Red Lion, at Langthwaite, and C.B. Inn, near the corn mill, so called from the initials of Charles Bathurst, Esq. Over 50 years ago there were about half a score Inns. At that time the mines were in a very prosperous state and consequently the population was larger than at present.

After crossing the bridge over the beck at Waugh the country around is high moorland, until within a mile of Tanhill, the highest Inn in Yorkshire. Tanhill has, probably, been a Beacon, as the highest point, in every district, was, in ancient times selected for these alarm-giving signals.

An amusing story is told of a small tradesman who lived near Reeth, a few years ago. To eke out a living, he kept a couple of cows. He sold one at Reeth fair, and gave the money to his wife, telling her to put it away for hard up times. The good woman was puzzled to know what hard up times meant, and did not care to ask her husband, but put the

money safely away. Some time after, a poor, miserable-looking tramp came round, and asked for something to eat, or some money with which to buy food, as he was Hard Up. "Hard up," says she; "if you are Hard Up," you are the very man I want. She then went up stairs and brought down the money, the price of the cow, and gave it to him. He went away astonished. When the woman's husband came in from milking his cow, she said, "I have found Hard Up and given him the money." "What! said he, "given the money away?" "If you have, I'll kill you." The woman pleaded for her life. Her husband said he would forgive her on conditions that he found a woman sillier than she." A few days after he was walking through Longthwaite, when he saw in the distance a woman coming along. He stood still, intently looking up at the sky. The woman coming up, said, "What are you looking at?" He replied, "I'm lukeing at that hooole up thare?" "I've just coo doon." "What sort of a place is it, said she?" "Hawful," said the man; "bud ah mun gan back agin?" "Did you see our Bill" said she. "Yes," said he, "ah did; he wor in a dreadful plight; his cloase all e'tatters, nae shun tuv his feet, en his stockings all e' hooles." "Wait a bit," said the woman, before you go back; and away she went up the road, and in a short time returned with a purse of gold, and said, "Take this for my poor Bill, and tell him to buy himself a new suit, boots and stockings." The man hurried home with his purse, and on counting the contents, found more money in it than he had received for the cow. Of course, he quite forgave his wife.

**Telegraph Offices up Swaledale to Keld.**—There is no railway up Swaledale or Arkendale. There has been, for a few years, a telegraph office at Reeth. 1901 will see telegraph offices in every village up Swaledale to Keld.

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