

## RAMBLE N<sup>o</sup> 2.

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REDMIRE TO LEYBURN,  
*via*  
GRINTON, ELLERTON, MARRICK  
ABBEY, AND DOWNHOLME.

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Starting from Redmire Station on a foggy October morning, about a fortnight after the date of the previous ramble, our first object was to reach the summit of Bolton Moor, and from thence to scan the widely extended prospect of hill and dale. As we approached the village of Bolton, the massive grey towers of the castle of the Scropes frowned above as defiantly as it did in the time of the Commonwealth. A nearer inspection, however, revealed the fact that in spite of the pains taken to preserve it, the castle is gradually succumbing to its inevitable fate. Although it is probably one of the most perfect specimens of the old Norman fortalice at present existing in England, its massive masonry is gradually becoming a heap of mouldering ruins.

Passing the castle and village, we followed the road southwards in the direction of the Keld Heads Lead Mines ; and as we gained the vantage ground on the conical summit of the mountain the rising sun had almost dispelled the morning mist, and was tipping the billowy fells, crowning them with a golden glory, while down below us in the valleys on each side we were surrounded by great grey clouds of misty vapour. All around is silence ; the millions of ephemeral life that buzz and drone in the air when the king of day has gained his meridian splendour, had not yet awakened from their slumbers. Consequently the few sounds which occasionally greeted our ears only appeared to make the silence more profound. The bleating of a solitary mountain sheep and the shrill cry of the curlew are heard ever and anon.

Proceeding along the top of the Fell for a distance of about three miles we struck the Leyburn and Reeth turnpike road, and began to descend abruptly to the village of Grinton. By this time the morning fog had nearly disappeared ; what little remained was lying in the bottom of the valley, and here and there we caught a glimpse of the Swale, shining like a streak of silver far below us. Viewed from this point the prospect was transcendently beautiful.

Descending the hill side in a slanting direction we found ourselves in a wide open valley. Passing Grinton Lodge, the shooting box of J. C. D. Charlesworth, Esq., lord of the manor, we immediately entered Grinton. Grinton has produced many men of mark — great lawyers, statesmen, and what not—and she has not done yet ; for at last, at long last, she has been delivered

of a mighty poet, as the following effusion will abundantly testify.

It appears that the inhabitants still keep up the ancient custom of celebrating their annual wakes or sports, and as this may possibly be the first effort at versification (and if so a very creditable one) which he has made, we hope that in the halcyon days when our amateur rhymster becomes Laureate of England, that he will not forget it was us who helped him on the road to fame by inserting his maiden effort, which runs as follows:—

GRINTON  
F E A S T   S P O R T I N G S  
WILL BE HELD ON  
*Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday,*  
August the 19th, 20th, and 21st, 1867.

We, the official Stewards, feel  
Inclined thus humbly to appeal  
To all who love hilarious sports,  
Gymnastics of the nimblest sorts,  
Athletics, frolics, recreations,  
Enjoyments as on like occasions,—  
With such circumgirations mixed  
As will in proper turn be fix'd.

Our compliments we hereby send  
To each true-hearted, welcome friend,  
Whose well-fill'd purses can augment  
Our funds,—to be on pleasures spent.

Kind patronisers condescend  
To visit, and assistance lend,  
And all our sportings, never fear!  
Shall equal ev'ry previous year,  
Or else surpass, which we intend,  
By making *circumstances* bend.

We purpose much, and hope that you  
 Will gladly help to carry through,  
 By lending your befriending aid  
 To cheer us in the efforts made.  
 We ask, and hope you won't deny,  
 But cheerfully again comply.  
 Well-wishing public, don't say "nay!"  
 But join us on each festal day.

Unitedly, once more on earth,  
 Let Grinton ring with shouts of mirth.

No more preliminaries here  
 Need now be offered to make clear  
 The objects that we have in view,  
 Nor need we constant themes renew.  
 Just one more favour we beg now—  
 Please read the following Programme  
 through :—

Then follows a copy of the programme, which  
 included various athletic feats.

The Church (dedicated to St. Andrew) is an  
 ancient stone structure. The architecture is  
 mixed, being a combination of trans-Norman and  
 Gothic, the former preponderating. It has a  
 tower containing a peal of six bells, and a good  
 organ. The large east window contains some old  
 specimens of stained glass. The topmost piece in  
 the centre is a figure of St. George. On the win-  
 dow is inscribed in ancient black letters "Maria,  
 of Brydlington." The living is worth £250 a year,  
 and is a vicarage in the gift of the Lord Chancellor.

An ancient testament is chained to a desk with  
 the following on the title page—"For the use of  
 the inhabitants of the parish of Grinton, to be read  
 at any time, especially before divine service be-  
 gins." On the north side of the chancel are the

arms of the Darcy family, consisting of a skull and a pair of thigh bones, crossed. This mural monument contains the following inscription:—"Here lyes ye body of Dorothy Darcy, 5th daughter of ye Honble. Henry Darcy, Esq, 3rd son of Conyers Lord Darcy Conyers and Menil, who departed this life ye 28th of November, 1698, and now rests in Christ, waiting for a happy resurrection."

On the north side of the chancel there is a marble slab to the memory of the Parke family (from whom is descended the late Lord Wensleydale), which contains the following obituary notices:—"Thomas Parke, of Low Row, died 5th November, 1764, aged 66; born 1698. Hannah Parke, his wife, died 7th April, 1770, aged 74; born 1696. Elizabeth Parke, their daughter, died 21st November, 1799, aged 68; born 1731. John Parke, their son, also of Low Row, died December, 15th, 1796, aged 75; born 1721. Ralph Parke, their son, also of Low Row, died January 19th, 1811, aged 78; born 1733." Baron Parke's father, brother to the above, left Swaledale for Liverpool, where the son was born in 1782. He possessed lands both in Swaledale and Wensleydale; but most probably having greater possessions in Wensleydale, he preferred that for his title.

About midway between Askrigg and Hawes are the estates of the late Baron Parke, who in the year 1854 was created Lord Wensleydale, with a life peerage in consideration of eminent legal abilities. Baron Parke, although of Wensleydale descent, was not a native of the valley from which he took his title, and his elevation to the Upper House of the Legislature was bitterly opposed by the Noble and Right Rev. Lords Temporal and

Spiritual, who as guardians of the Constitution considered it incumbent upon themselves to prevent the introduction of plebeian blood into that august assembly. Mr. Hardeastle says, "His lordship is descended from an old Askrigg family, who in later years prosecuted the hand-knit hosiery trade of the district. His father having amassed considerable wealth in the business, sent his son to college, where he achieved some distinction." Possessing now a soul above stockings, the young gentleman obtained a call to the Bar, where he so cleverly spun yarns, with Brougham, Scarlett, Pollock, &c., so 'knitted up the ravelled sleeve' of the law, and wove webs of legal sophistries—that he at length became Baron Parke, one of the judges of the land. A Law-Lord being wanted to hear appeals (hereditary lords not understanding the laws they make), it was proposed to make Judge Parke 'A Peer for life;' but this being resisted by the Right Honourable fogies of the Upper House, he received a peerage with remainder, &c., and to the disquietude of a few folks, and the amusement of many, he assumed the extensive title of 'The Lord of Wensleydale.'

A correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* give the following account of Baron Parke's ancestors:—  
'Sir James Parke, Kt., created 1856 Baron Wensleydale of Wensleydale, 'for the term of his natural life,' afterwards, in consequence of the storm of opposition to the creation of life peerages, Baron Wensleydale of Walton, with remainder to his heirs male. He was the son of Thomas Parke, a Liverpool merchant, and grandson of John Parke, of Swaledale, county York. He chose that title, I believe, in consequence of his ancestors

having held property in Wensleydale, or having resided there. The title became extinct at his death in 1868."

Stephen, Earl of Richmond, gave the manor of Grinton to Walter de Gaunt, and the church is supposed to have been founded and endowed by him or some of his immediate successors. Some time after this the advowson came into the possession of the Bridlington Priory, and at the dissolution of the religious houses the manor and rectory were given by the Crown, in whose possession they were up to 1599, by Queen Elizabeth to William Wiseman, goldsmith, and Francis Flicht, of London, for the sum of £1463 1s. 2d., and on payment of an annual rent to the crown of forty shillings in perpetuity. The lead mines, rectory, and advowson were however reserved.

The subsequent history of the church runs as follows, which we take the liberty to copy from the appendix to the poem on the lower part of Swaledale, by Thomas Coates, printed in 1831:—  
"Sir Francis Flicht enfranchised and sold out the demesne lands, but the manorial rights were afterwards transferred to one Hillary, and next to the Blackburns, an old family in this dale, who resided at Blackburn Hall on the north side of the church yard. Their burial place, a sort of family chancel, was at the east end of the south aisle, as that of the Swales was at the east end of the north aisle.

From the Blackburns the manor or royalty passed to Mr. Caleb Redshaw, nephew of Francis Blackburn, of Richmond, which Redshaw in 1740 purchased the manor house and demesne lands for £2,000, of Matthew Wilson, Esq., of Eshton-in-

Craven, who had acquired them from the Blackburns.

John Redshaw, son of the last purchaser, built Cogden Hall (a conspicuous object in the vale) which, together with the manorial rights, were purchased by James Fenton, Esq., who, in 1802, resold the hall and estates to Messrs. Christopher and Matthew Whitelocke, 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 an extensive view of the dale below.

The rectory and advowson of this parish remained in the crown longer than the manor. The advowson, indeed, has never yet been granted out; but in the year 1609, the rectory was sold to Francis Morris and Francis Phillips, of London, reserving to the crown the advowson and a rent charge out of the great tithes of £41 per annum.

In the very next year the rectory was alienated to Henry Topham, Esq., of Gray's Inn, and of Agglethorpe, in Coverdale. The family afterwards conveyed it to Tobias West, vicar of Grinton, whose son, Lewis West, once more disposed of it to Richard Fenton, Esq., of Bank Top, near Sheffield, and his daughter and heiress brought it by marriage to Sir William Wake, Bart., of Courteen Hall, in Northamptonshire."

Leaving Grinton, and taking an eastern direction along the high road, after a walk of about a mile, on the south bank of the river, the pedestrian will find himself under a beautiful elevation, called Ellerton Moor. Proceeding on, under the shadow of hanging woods and thriving plantations, and passing Cogden Hall, the seat of the Whitelockes—



Next Cogden Hall appears in sight,  
'Midst scenery that affords delight ;  
Just close behind the mountains rise,  
Whose summits seem to touch the skies.  
Plantations, woods on either hand,  
To beautify and grace the land ;  
While right in front the pastures green,  
Present a most delightful scene.

*Coates's Rural Scenes.*

We next reached Ellerton Abbey, or Priory, which received its name on account of a number of trees locally called Ellars, growing near to the site. This old relic of Romanism, like a good many others of our ancient ecclesiastical edifices, has become almost obliterated by the recklessness of those who have no appreciation of the splendid architectural tastes of our ancestors seven or eight hundred years ago, and who know nothing and care less about the historical associations connected with these ancient piles of crumbling ruins.

This building has been so thoroughly destroyed, that we looked in vain for the nicely adjusted arch, the shafted oriel, the lofty chancel, and all those accompaniments which form such interesting memorials of the architectural genius of our ancestors. The principal part of the stone used in the construction of Grinton Lodge, was quarried here, and in getting the stones the quarry men excavated beneath the foundations, utterly regardless of the irreparable injury thus done to the ruins, recklessly digging up the ground work of the cloister and other parts of the building, and entirely demolishing the south wall of the church. Several coffin lids were found under this wall.

The tower is the only part left standing, and it is with some difficulty that the ground plan of the other parts can now be traced.

'Tis now the centipedes' abode,  
 'Tis now the apartment of the toad,  
 And here the fox securely feeds,  
 And there the poisonous adder breeds,  
 Concealed in ruins moss and weeds."

This priory is supposed to have been founded some time in the reign of Henry the Second, between A.D. 1154 and 1189, but it is not certain whether it was commenced by Wymer, lord of Aske, or by his son Warner. We understand that the original charter of the foundation is in the possession of G. Drax, Esq., M.P., lord of the manor, and whose family has possessed the Priory ever since the year 1582, when it was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Gabriel Drax, Esq.

The nuns were of the Cistercian Order, the most numerous order in England at the time of the dissolution. The following is a list of the Prioresses so far as has been ascertained, *viz.*, Petronilla 1st, Elena 2nd, Margaret 3rd, in 1347; Maria Gray 4th, Alicia Sherwood 5th, in 1429; Alice Brough 6th, 1494; Joanna 7th, in 1536, who in the same year surrendered it to the King.

In the records of the ecclesiastical survey, taken by Henry the Eighth immediately after the suppression of the monasteries and religious houses, the value of all the lands belonging to the Priory is entered at £21 19s. 3d. clear rental. Whilst removing a rubbish heap in the year 1827, some persons came across and unearthed three stone coffin lids. One of them is presumed to be that of Wymer, Lord of Aske, and

supposed founder of the Priory. On this there were inscribed the words *Hiciace* and *Wimerv's P'sona*, in old monkish characters, and between the two there is a cross. Another lid contains a cross, terminating at the bottom with a triangle, and an open book, on which was engraved on one side *Priorise* and on the other *Petronelle*. The letters are placed one beneath the other, and the word consequently reads vertically upon the lid, and is in old French or Longobardic characters. The remaining lid which was taken up in fragments, was found upon the portions being readjusted, to have upon it the name of another Prioress, viz., *Elena Priorisa*, together with a cross, much more decorated than the others. Mr. Coates says :—

“ In ancient times an abbey stood  
Nigh to the Swale where land is good,  
The ruins still mark out the spot  
Where Nuns once had this favoured lot ;  
And scenes so pleasing all around,  
Reminds one of enchanted ground.”

*Coates's Rural Scenes.*

Nearly opposite, on the northern bank of the Swale, on a gently rising eminence, we noticed the more picturesque ruins of Marrick Abbey, but of this anon.

We now sauntered leisurely down the dale. The road here passes through some of the most beautiful scenery in the valley, showing on each side of the dale a long line of bright green mountain summits, fringed and dotted here and there by feathery birch trees and spreading mountain elm, the woods gradually becoming denser as the eye

descends towards the river, and the road is at times completely over-shadowed by the spreading branches. At another time the road ascends to some slight elevation, when we gain another stand point, revealing fresh outlines of mountain summits, and forming new and splendid combinations with the broken green braes at every turn of the road.

“ Ellerton Scar appears in view,  
With here and there a native yew;  
While in this rock the fox abides,  
And in its crevices he hides.  
But though concealed out of sight,  
Sometimes he's trapped and brought to light,  
And when turned loose he runs a race,  
To please the men who love the chase.

*Coates's Rural Scenes.*

At a distance of two miles from Ellerton Abbey we left the Richmond road, and turning to our right along a branching valley, we passed the village of Downholme on our left, with its ancient church, repaired in 1841. The belfry contains two bells, and the interior consists of nave, aisle and chancel. The living is a vicarage in the gift of T. D'Arcy Hutton, Esq., of Marske Hall, worth £145 a year.

A walk of two miles further, brings us to Walburn Hall, after which the scenery becomes extremely wild for some miles. We took the first turning to the left after passing Walbrun Hall, until we came to a farm house called “Halfpenny house,” when we doubled to the right following the road due south, passing through Bellerby, a long straggling village, with its old Hall and Manor House, which, previous to the Commonwealth,

belonged to the Scott family. Being wedded to the abuses of the despotic monarch, Charles the Second, and rendering himself obnoxious to the Parliamentary forces, his estates were sequestered. Two of his sons fought at the battle of Naseby, both of whom were killed on that fatal field.

Soon after this we entered Leyburn, and having a little time on our hands previous to leaving by the last train, we called in and had an interesting and instructive chat with Mr. Horne about the old abbeys and ancient churches that we had visited on our route, which embraced 14 miles of rather uneven road from our commencement at Redmire Station to its termination at Leyburn, the old terminus of the branch.

