

## RAMBLE No. 4.

---

RICHMOND TO BOWES,

*via*

MARRICK, FREMINGTON, REETH,  
AND ARKENDALE.

---

We commenced our fourth ramble from Richmond. Alighting at the station, we passed through the town, rich in historical associations, and still possessing numerous relics of the olden time, among which may be mentioned the grey and mouldering ruins of the castle, one of the largest and formerly one of the strongest feudal fortalices in the north of England. We took a passing glance at the crumbling remains of this old Norman pile, standing upon a bold rocky eminence formed of main limestone, overlooking the Swale on its northern bank, and dominating the town on its south-east flank.

Leaving the town, and passing Whitcliffe Mills on your left, opposite to which is Whitcliffe Scar, a

bold escarpment of denuded rock slightly overhanging its base, to an elevation of one hundred feet, and rendered famous as being the site of the extraordinary leap and still more remarkable escape of a hunter named Robert Willance, whose horse ran away and precipitated both itself and its rider to the bottom of the Scar. The horse is said to have taken three bounds previous to reaching the projecting ledge, over which both the horse and rider were thrown down a perpendicular fall of one hundred feet, Willance receiving no other injury beyond a broken leg. Three stones have been placed to mark out the spot upon which it is supposed the horse pitched at each successive leap to the edge of the precipice, with inscriptions referring to the event.

Passing along at a distance of two miles from Richmond, we arrive opposite to Hudswell, where the road crosses the Swale, and runs along its southern bank to Grinton. Soon after this, Clapgate beck joins the Swale from the north, and at five miles from Richmond we arrive opposite to Marske. The dale on each side from Richmond is thickly wooded with luxuriant plantations, which deck the hillsides and overshadow the roads with their various coloured foliage, throwing their spreading branches over our heads ever and anon, and appearing magnificent as seen in the brown and yellow garb of autumn, being at the time of our visit adorned in the most gorgeous attire which Nature can don, and which was just then shown in its highest perfection.

“ Ah ! that such varying beauty in the light  
Of living Nature cannot be pourtrayed  
By words, nor by the pencil’s silent skill.”

The road now turns southwards, and on our right is Marske Hall and Park, the property of T. D'Arcy Hutton, Esq., J.P., Lord of the Manor, and sole proprietor of the land in the township, which has an area of 6557 acres, and yields an estimated rental of over £4,000. The church is an old Gothic building, constructed of stone, and dedicated to St. Edmund, which consists of chancel, north aisle, porch, and lantern belfry with two bells. The church register carries us back to 1622. The living is a rectory, worth over £400 per annum.

The Hutton family has been one of the most remarkable families in England, having furnished to the church two archbishops. The first, a Matthew Hutton, who formed the destinies of the Huttons of Marske, was a poor boy, shoeless and stockingless, wandering from place to place to beg for his bread. As a wandering mendicant he is reported on a cold winter's morning to have crossed the bleak and barren moorlands between Settle and Hawes, over what is known as Cam Pass, and being barefooted, he disturbed a cow which was laid upon the ground, in order to warm his cold feet upon her lair. By dint of his own persevering efforts, the poor barefooted wanderer successively became Bishop of Durham and Archbishop of York!

At the time he filled the former office he, along with some friends, had occasion to pass the scene of the incident recorded above, and dismounting from his horse, the bishop left the highroad and proceeded a certain distance on the common, where he was observed to kneel down and pray. He afterwards communicated to his companions the

remarkable episode of his boyhood, when passing that way many years before, and he intimated that spot as being the exact place upon which the incident occurred. This remarkable man died in 1606, and to his genius may be ascribed the foundership of the Hutton family, whose rise and prosperity furnish an instructive chapter in English biography.

The next Hutton who figures in history was another with the Christian prefix "Matthew," who was Bishop of Durham from 1747 to 1757. He also held the See of Bangor, the Archiepiscopal See of York, and died Primate of all England in 1758.

In the middle of the park, surrounded by waving woods and exuberant plantations, an obelisk, 60 feet in elevation, has been raised to the memory of Captain Hutton, who died in the year 1813.

Marske Hall (the seat of J. T. D'Arcy Hutton, Esq., J.P., the present representative of the family) is a fine stone edifice, constructed in the Grecian style of architecture, and standing near to the village.

We crossed the Swale at Downholme Bridge to the north side of the river, and passing between an avenue of luxuriant trees, we ascended the opposite side of the valley, through the noble woods of Marrick Park, where we had splendid outlooks upon the dale below, with the Swale in the centre, shining like a bar of burnished gold. Proceeding up the road which ascends the hill side in a slanting direction, we passed the village of Marrick, or Morewick according to old documents, an appropriate title, signifying the town upon the moor. It is a straggling hamlet consisting chiefly of miners.

On gaining the old turnpike road running from Richmond to Reeth, we turned to our left, and passing over the brow of the hill, we had a splendid view up the dale, with the winding course of the Swale (which here takes a great turn to the west) in the centre fringed with trees, and backed up by shaggy woods, and still further in the back ground on the south side of the valley, by an extensive range of mountain summits revealing a wide expanse of brown heath.

Descending the mountain side, at the distance of a mile from the village, we arrived at the church, situate on a piece of elevated ground, overlooking the river. As we passed along the road, we were musing to ourselves as to the singularity, to say nothing about the inexpediency of building a church a mile from the village, with only one house contiguous to it, when we overtook a middle-aged man, to whom we divulged our cogitations as to the inconvenience of building a church so far from the village, when we were informed that according to old traditionary stories, the church was three times attempted to be built on the hill top, near to the village, but that the next morning the masonry was removed to the side of the Swale, and that as the fates had decreed the present site as the place for the church, nothing else remained for the architect but to acquiesce in their decision! and our informant seriously told us the church was built there in consequence!

History, however, gives another version of the event, as the present church occupies a part of the site of Marrick Abbey, a religious house, founded by Roger, of Ash, during the reign of Stephen, for Benedictine Nuns which flourished up to the time

of the dissolution, when Christabella Cowper, the last prioress who had charge here, received an annuity of £5, Margery Conyers, £3 6s. 8d., Johanna Norris, £2 13s. 4d., four others received forty shillings each, three others £1 6s. 8d., and three others twenty shillings each, for the readiness with which they yielded to the king's demands by surrendering the house to his commission at the general dissolution.

The east and south walls of the choir still remain complete, and apparently most of the tower. The present church covers probably about one third of the site of the abbey, and has been constructed from the materials which constituted the wreck of the old structure, without the least show of architectural taste, and totally regardless of the harmonious development of the modern structure. Pieces of beautifully chiselled masonry have been stuck into the walls in a most indiscriminate manner. Two of the finely wrought cylindrical columns have been placed upright to divide the nave and form a chancel. There is a complete arch in the centre, and as there was only half width on each side of the columns, the architect adopted the sublime plan of dividing the side arches in the centre, and placing one half on the outside of each column, and rearing the centre against the north and south walls of the church.

We might characterize this as one of the most despicable exhibitions of miserable parsimony, according to our conceptions of architectural symmetry in church building, which we have come across.

There is an inscription in old English character, which being translated reads as follows, "Under

this stone lies Nun Isabella, sister of Thomas Pudsey, of Barforth." The date is effaced from the stone containing the inscription, but may be presumed to be about the year 1500.

The revenues at the time of dissolution came to £65 yearly, or something equivalent to about £1,000 at the present time. After the nuns had been satisfactorily disposed of, by bestowing the before-mentioned sums as compensation, the building and lands were granted by his muscular Majesty Henry VIII. to John Uvedale. From them it was transferred to the Brackenburys, who in the year 1592 sold it to Sir Timothy Hutton, of Marske. His son Matthew resold it to the Brackenburys, in 1633, for the sum of £3280, and from them it ultimately passed to the Piggots. The living is a vicarage of the yearly value of £100, in the gift of Major Francis Morley.

“ Marrick Church is seen the best  
 Just as the sun withdraws to rest ;  
 It's tower appears of ancient date :  
 Most of the rest was built of late ;  
 While on the right flows on the Swale,  
 Just in the centre of the dale.  
 With specks of wood and pastures green,  
 Which brighten up the pleasing scene ;  
 Up to the north stands Marrick Vill  
 In straggling houses on the hill,  
 And on the east the parks are placed,  
 With gardens and plantations graced.”

*Coates.*

From Marrick Abbey we proceeded to the village of Fremington, lying snugly ensconced at the base of Fremington Edge, and sheltered from the north winds by this rugged mountain, which rises abruptly from the banks of the Arkle and the

Swale, which have their confluence at the west end of the village

Draycott Hall, the seat of Sir George W. Dennys, Baronet, J.P., stands in the middle of the village, embowered in trees and beautifully screened by luxuriant foliage, which waves in dense masses all around.

We ascended the mountain, from which we had a splendid prospect, the view extending eastward to the town of Richmond, which is distinctly observable, together with the neighbourhood of Darlington a little farther to the north. The vast panoramic-like view to the east and south-east is circumscribed by the varied forms and dusky outlines of the Cleveland and Hambleton range of hills, running along the eastern confines of the great vale of York. Southwards Penhill limits the extent of vision in that direction, and westward the lofty summit of Great Shunnor Fell shuts in the view. Farther north are Holgate Hill, Windegg and Arkendale moors, the latter rendered classic by Sir Walter Scott. One of the scenes in "Rokeby" contains the following lines:—

But westward Stainmore's shapeless swell  
And Lunedale wild and Water Crag Fell,  
And rock begirdled Gilman Scar,  
And Arkengarth lay dark afar.

We descended the mountain, passing the remains of an old entrenchment, which crosses the valley, and runs in a line parallel with those on Harker-side. G. A. Robinson, Esq., of Reeth, has in his possession an old Roman coin found not long ago in close proximity to this line of entrenchments on the slopes of Fremington Edge.



Returning to Reeth, we start off from the Buck Inn for a peep into the charming little vale traversed by the Arkle. We pass up Reeth Lane, which presents as many angles or corners of abrupt zig-zag wall as we have witnessed anywhere, particularly on the west side, for about a mile; we then reach the open common, called Reeth Low Moor, and the turnpike runs nearly direct on the eastern outskirt for two miles further, when we reach the Rawmoor, having the Calvey hill to the left, and a deep glen through which runs the Arkle in its exit from Arkendale. Diverging to the summit of Calvey hill (1599 feet) we view the delightful scenery visible therefrom. Looking towards Reeth we espy the tops of some of the houses, then the bridge, Fremington, Draycott Hall, the seat of Sir George Wm. Denys, Bart.; then Grinton Bridge (very conspicuous), Grinton, Grinton Church (St. Andrew), Grinton Lodge, Swale Hall, with Harkerside and Whitaside running west, and High and Low Harker hills. Below Grinton is Cogden Hall, the residence of Matthew Whitelock, Esq.; Ellerton, with its remnant nunnery, on the south side of the river Swale. On the north side, Marrick Abbey, an ancient Friary, Marrick Church, and the much noted stone steps (hidden from view by the trees of the wood), Garnless Scar, a limestone terrace of unsurpassable beauty, with trees of numerous kinds adjacent. North by west is the Fremington Edge, which presents "a rocky face," and a gradual rising for two or more miles, until we have before us on the east of the Arkle a highly elevated mountain barrier, terminating at Fell End, on the top of which are found several huge masses of millstone

grit rock, of many hundred tons weight. They are frequently visited by lovers of mountain scenery. The mountain on its western face shows the main-lime. The millstone grit slopes gradually and quickly downwards to the greatly-noted Roan Well, west of Hurst. The well is now filled up with debris, but the water is a Chalybeate spring, clear as crystal, which leaves behind it as it runs away a sediment of iron oxide. Near to this well several attempts have been made to find a layer of coal, but without much success; but the lepidodendron fossil imprint on the shale is abundant. About one mile further east, or north by east of Hurst, Mr. Thomas Hodgson found some excellent specimens of the fossil now called (after the late Mr. Wood, geologist, of Richmond) "Woodocrinus."

Returning to Fell End, we cross a deep glen, at the bottom of which is Booze beck, which soon empties itself into the Arkle, near Sturfit Hall. On the prominent brow of the hill is the scattered village of Booze, from which is a pretty view down past Reeth. Creeping along upwards on the ridge of the hill, we arrive at Windegg, where the main lime prominently manifests itself, on the highest point of which was erected (some 20 years ago) a huge wooden or oak cross by Miss Horrocks, governess to R. M. Jaques, Esq., then temporarily residing at Eskelith Hall, in Arkendale. The "Horrocks' cross," as it is called, seems inclined to succumb to the elements; the inscription being nearly obliterated. Near to this place (it is worthy of remark) the great master vein crosses, called the "black side," owing to "blacks" or plate beds generally placed in apposition with the "bearing beds," limestone, etc. The vein has a

“throw” of 40 fathoms, *i.e.*, the main limestone on one side is 40 fathoms below the same stratum on the other side, and is very conspicuously displayed even to the non-initiated capacity of a casual observer, as one side promenades on Windegg top, and the other down in “the Scars,” near Longthwaite (or as it is mostly called, “Lanquit.”) The point of this huge dyke or vein is N. W. and S. E. Nature appears, after forming the dale, to have made a gigantic effort to split it into two, crosswise, and partly succeeded. Going further (rather west of) northwards from Windegg, we mount the Stang ! Who has not heard of “Riding the Stang ?” Thanks to the progress of the times,—this is now an obsolete folly. From the high elevation of the Stang Hill we have a magnificent prospect north, and nor-eastward, over to Bowes (2 or 3 miles), so far-famed as the place where the notorious Boarding School for London boys was situated, from which the late Charles Dickens’ novelized “Nicholas Nickleby,” “An overtrue tale, founded on fact !” “Edwin and Emma,” also founded on the following fact : In 1714, two young lovers, Roger Wrightson and Martha Railton, were interred in one grave, in Bowes Parish Church (St. Giles) ; the former died of a fever, and the latter of a broken heart, immediately after hearing of his demise ; thus being “united in death.” Down below, in a steep declivity, is Starforth, with its ancient church, which was formerly the ancient place of resort of the Arkendale church-goers, before a chapel of ease or church was erected at Arkletown, now abolished. In Starforth churchyard is a stone

monument, erected in memory of Hannah Latham, who was murdered by some ruffians that managed to escape the "elongated necktie," their merited due. On the opposite side of the river Tees, is Barnard Castle, with its ancient (St. Bernard) Castle, much abraded (report says) by the belchings from Cromwell's cannons placed on "famous Towler Hill." Here, also, is being erected a very conspicuous museum, at an enormous expense, but a present to the town. Barnard Castle, with all its surrounding scenery, stretching away for many miles in circuit, must be seen to be appreciated, and a description of which must be left for abler pens—some able imitator of Sir Walter Scott, whose "Rokeby" (which is partly visible from here), describes quite potently much of the scenery. We leave reluctantly, and return to this seat of desolation, from which, by the bye, we have been reconnoitring, being quite absorbed by the beauties of the prospect. Westward we behold a nice little prominence, conically eminent, and garbed in verdure, and from it we will view the upper part of Arkendale. Westward still, is the productive lead mine, called Faggergill, which of late has realised more lead ore than all the other adits in the Arkendale mining field. Look further west and you find many scattered farm houses, and the road which runs on past the coalmines, known as "William-gill" and "Tan-hill," and onward past Barras-end to Brough, in Westmoreland. Near those coal deposits in the millstone grit stratum we find the noted hill, "Water Crag" (2186 feet), on which are huge masses of rock. Near to Tan-hill mine is a public-house, said to be