



# THENADAYS

The Richmondshire

Reminiscences

. OF .

Lord Russell, of Liverpool.

RICHMOND:—C. E. COOKES & SON,

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# THENADAYS.

## CHAPTER I.

THENADAYS—THE RAILWAY JOURNEY TO RICHMOND—  
FIRST VIEW OF THE TOWN—THE MARKET PLACE AND  
TRINITY CHURCH—THE PASSING BELL—THE CROSS.



PRETTY word, Thenadays. Obviously analogous to Nowadays; but pensively charged with sentiment. There is no very good authority for Thenadays. It is only in one dictionary that I know of; and there it is justified only by an extract from the extinct, though once excellent, "*North British Review*." Thenadays is not in Shakespeare, though it sounds as if it must be. But I found it in Shakespeare's Country; just outside Shakespeare's town; within a yard or two of Anne Hathaway's Cottage; and on the lips of a native fly-driver. So I appropriate it and assimilate it as a bit of unwritten Shakespeare.

I use Thenadays in writing of Richmondshire for several reasons. I love Richmond and delight to adorn it, needing as it does, no adornment, but doing justice to any literary adornment. Secondly, Richmond is Thenadays incarnate, with more of the oldest English world alive within it than lives perhaps in any active English town. Thirdly, it has altered so little in my time, that Thenadays for me is Nowadays in Richmond, except for

the disappearance of old people's-names, and the appearance of a few new buildings. Fourthly, if not lastly, I lived in Richmond from nine to twelve, and got my first and best schooling there—a period very much Thenadays to me.

When I betake myself thither to surround myself with its beauties and specially sweet recollections of my mother and father and quaint remembrances of my childhood—by far the most ambitious period of my life—I travel to Darlington, which was in my early days the nearest approach by rail to my Yorkshire Richmond, and from which now goes the branch line, which I saw a horde of rowdy navvies make. Darlington is a most pleasant, open-feeling, country business town. No part of it seems crowded or close. Commodious mansions in large “own grounds” not of modern date, are snug and spacious within its confines. Its railway station is one of the best and best-managed in the United Kingdom, and in it, sacredly monumented, are two of George Stephenson's old locomotives, constantly regarded by travellers with curious, reverent eyes.

The railway ride from Darlington is not remarkable. Richmond cannot be called the centre of Richmondshire beauty, which on this said ride by rail begins suddenly at the journey's end—at Richmond itself.

Suddenly, with just gentleness enough to avoid shock, and enjoy smoothness of new sensation, a panorama, but one of which you feel to be a part, unfolds around you. The lovely SWALE, the “Jordan of England”—for were not ten thousand Danes baptized in it?—bends gently on

its eddied course by tree-covered cliffs, some sloping, some precipitous. On the left a ruined monastery, St. Martin's. Ahead and aloft, rising in unparalleled majesty, the noblest and most nobly-placed **KEEP** in Britain, surely, with its steep, deep castle banks enfilading it; at the foot the river and its foaming, roaring foss. Then into a little, but sufficing railway station.

From it emerging I forgive George Hudson everything, in consideration of his having saved from spoiling this loveliest scene by making the bridge that leads towards the town gothically picturesque.

On the right, after crossing the bridge, is the old, and, (since the time when I walked awed after dark through its churchyard,) sympathetically restored **PARISH CHURCH**. St. Mary's, but never called so. Always from time immemorial the Low Church—or, in the local dialect, t'Low Church; not for any reason of ritual difference, but because it is down one of Richmond's many declivities, while another, and even older Church is "up" in the Market Place.

To the said Market Place I at once repair and esconce myself at the "King's Head," the principal Hotel of the town, with an imposing Queen Anne or Georgian elevation, red brick and long windows, like Croxteth Hall! as comfortable an inn as you could find. Take a sitting-room looking on to the Market Place; have nothing to do that bores; observe all that quietly goes on; make the "King's Head" your centre for seeing Richmond and Richmondshire. You will find perfect rest and delightful mental occupation.