



THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE (ON THE ESK).

A RUN THROUGH CLEVELAND.

THAT "most pleasant mountainous country, beautified with woods," which the pilgrims saw, might be taken in some points as the prototype of Cleveland.

Little known in the seclusion under which it was till a score or so of years ago, it is now known chiefly for its pre-eminence in one branch of the metallurgical industries, and it is in the public mind appreciated only as a producer of pig-iron. But it is only in a portion of its extent that that industry is known yet; along the north-eastern boundary the iron-smelting and manipulating trades are practised; a belt of country not very wide touching this furnishes the bulk of the iron ore; and except at one or two local centres it is unknown. Instead of being merely an iron-making centre, it is also a picturesque and varied tract of country, with a fertile plain, ranges of high hills, fair dales; and wide moorlands. Through the Vale of Cleveland, and the hills that divide it from the Vale of Pickering, not many large streams flow, but innumerable "becks" gurgle through the valleys into the little Leven, which is one of the feeders of the Tees, or into the Esk, which independently reaches the ocean. It has a history rich in remembrances of ancient possessors of the soil: of the castles, abbeys, and priories they founded, and of the enduring mementoes they left behind them; and probably it encloses as varied and picturesque a district, as

extensive industries, and as widely diversified scenes as any British district of similar extent.

From the south, with the exception of one border-spot, there is for many miles no industry of extent other than that of fishing on the coast and agriculture in the interior, and both of these are pursued under primitive conditions and with quaint attendant customs. From Sandsend to ruddy Huntcliff no railway yet intervenes; the ancient alum manufacture is now decayed, and at Staithes, at Runswick, and at other villages on the coast, the harvest of the sea is the source of the subsistence of a still primitive people. In a tract of country more than eight miles wide, and double that in length, the locomotive does not enter; there is a very sparse population, and from the high moorlands bleak ridges slope down to the cliffs on the coast, with interstices in the shape of "wykes" or inlets of the sea. Westwards, the hills rise and dip, forming rugged heights and winding dales, with high table-lands of moor—the sources of its streams. Of the 330 square miles contained in Cleveland proper, no small portion is included in the shape of hills and moors. In the words of its historian, there are "immense ranges of majestic hills" and "far-extending moors;" and across these, and over the great bulk of the district, there is a sparse population, a solitude amongst gorse and heather, unbroken save by the flight of birds or the leaping of the hare. Skirting the range of hills, and proceeding north, the iron-mining region is passed, and at the northern extremity signs of the reign of metallurgy are everywhere prominent. Instead, therefore, of Cleveland being simply the iron-manufacturing region

which it is generally imagined to be, it retains the appearances it had of old, and has only added thereto over a small portion those of the controlling industry.

Here, from the coast, is one of its nooks—an old-fashioned fishing village, which has been famous in the industry for centuries, and which retains yet much of the olden custom of fisher-folk. A little bay is formed by the projection of bold prominences of land,

boulders that protect the nearest houses from the sea. There, a mass of stone walls, roofs of grey slab, of red tiles, and of thatch patched with light and overgrown with green spots, the "town" is huddled; the winding paths to the sea being littered with brightly streaked fishing-boats, with occasional nets, with "trunks" for crab-catching, with bloated bladders, and other insignia of the craft of the place, whilst the nearer the sands



MULGRAVE CASTLE.

called locally "Nabs." Down the gully, that stretches its steep sides inland for far, till the thick woods with which it is clothed hide it, there brawls noisily over the stones a little brook to the shingly shore, over which it spreads unconfined, except when the high tide gives it a nearer access to the sea. On the steep and rocky sides of this gorge, and at its junction on the lower ground with the bay, are piled, rather than built, in rows necessarily irregular to the utmost degree, the houses of the village, climbing up the bank, struggling in stony greyness on the sides, distinguished from these only by the ruddy tiles and the brightly painted doors, and impinging on the rocky

the more close is an "ancient and fish-like smell." Beyond, the scarp has its quota of boats and of busy men, women, and children; whilst to and fro, with "swill" on head, with burden of lines, pass, in antique dresses, the hardy race of inhabitants, whose speech is racy of the sea.

Inland, we look upon a different scene. Looking from the isolated eminence called Freebrough, rising 800 feet above the sea-level, we see that there is little, if any, arable land; but, spotted with clumps of trees, divided by stony boundaries often, marked by thin streaks of small streams, great green fields present their sloping emerald sides in the lower

levels; whilst, as the ground rises, the open moor draws nearer, with its great masses of colour, golden and green, purple and green, or yellow and dark brown, as spring, summer, and autumn bring out their gorse, heather, and fern, or spread decay's effacing fingers over the latter. On the south, the sloping of one of the ranges of hills tells of the winding of the railway which first traversed the district; far northwards is Skelton and the region where the De Brus ruled; eastwards, there "glooms the dark broad sea;" and westwards, to the extremity of Cleveland, hill and moor embosom fertile little valleys in their dark and remote recesses—valleys as varying from the customs of the world

outside as their streams are from the swell of the sea. It is in the north that we see the change which has been brought about in Cleveland by the uprisal of the iron manufacture there. The decaying hamlets that clustered at either base of the spur of hills, Eston and Marske, Skelton, Kilton, and Brotton, have been made populous places by the introduction of iron-miners; Skinninggrove, where Paul Jones landed to strike terror into the half-score of dwellings, has become a mining centre; Lofthouse, a town; and though the stagnation which has been known so long in the branch of trade on which they depend is checking their growth now, their future seems an assured one.



"AN AUNT CHLOE OR DINAH, WHO MAKES CORN-MUFFINS" (p. 25).

SOME FAVOURITE AMERICAN DISHES.

BY A LADY RESIDENT.



with what?" seems a question that rarely disturbs the intelligence of the American provider. They certainly

PEOPLE who pay only a short visit to America carry a way with them, usually, a contempt for American cookery, only equalled by their amazement at the heterogeneous mass of food that appears at one meal.

"What goes

have as little idea of harmony in food as we English are said to have in colour. Yet it is quite as unjust to form an estimate of American fare from knowledge gained during a three months' scamper through the country, as it is to believe, as many do, that English people live on such fare as hasty travellers may pick up at a railway station. Thus the idea has occurred to me, since my residence in America, that there are many good things made on this side of the ocean which would be appreciated by lovers of good living in England.

Especially now that the importation of the large American oysters into the old country is so great, does it behove Englishwomen to know how to have them cooked—that is to say, cooked in the way special to America, and which seems peculiarly adapted to the American bivalve.

Perhaps one of the first things that will attract the eye of the newly-arrived European, after it has become accustomed to the general confusion of gay sign-boards,