ROUND THE LAKE COUNTRY

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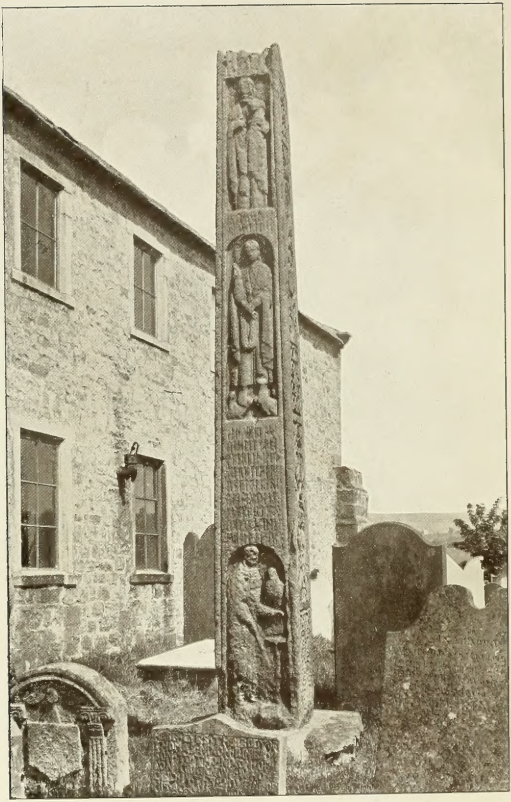

THE BEWCASTLE CROSS (WEST SIDE)

Round the Lake Country

By the Rev.

H. D. Rawnsley

Honorary Canon of Carlisle

Author of "Literary Associations of the English Lakes," etc.

With Eight Illustrations

Glasgow

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I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE LATE

REV. W. S. CALVERLEY

A PIONEER IN THE PRESERVATION AND

UNDERSTANDING OF MANY OF THE

NORSE SCULPTURED STONES

IN CUMBERLAND

PREFATORY NOTE

In the writing of some of these chapters, I have been much helped by the Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Archæological Society, and desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to the late Canon Knowles, the late Canon Venables, the late Rev. T. Lees, the late Rev. W. S. Calverley, the late George Watson, and Professor Earle; and also to the Bishop of Bristol, Canon Loftie, Miss Noble, Dr. Parker, Mr. H. Gaythorpe, Mr. W. G. Collingwood, and Mr. Rupert Potter.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The illustrations of Furness Abbey, and The Gosforth Cross, are reproduced by permission of Mr. Pettitt, Keswick; the two illustrations of Bewcastle Cross by permission of Mr. J. P. Gibson, Hexham; and The Sandwich Terns by permission of Mr. W. Bickerton, Watford.

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I.

ROUND THE COAST OF THE LAKE COUNTRY.

At a time when we are told that our naval supremacy largely depends on the dispatch with which we can build Dreadnoughts, visitors to the Lake Country may have some interest in one of the birthplaces of these huge sea monsters that is within sight of our Lake Country hills. Anyone who has stood at Tarn Hawes above Coniston will have seen the smoke plumes of the Barrow chimneys floating out upon the southern horizon, and, if the wind is from the south, may actually have felt their sooty breath.

In 1801 there were eleven houses in the village of Barrow. The total population of the seven villages that are now comprised in the borough of Barrow were only 477 in the year 1806. It now contains a population of 70,000.

Barrow is worth a visit, not only for the sight of the vast ship-building industry that goes forward there, but also for sight of the model city, Maxim Town, as it is called, which has been laid out on

Walney Island under the care of the ship-builders. The monks of Furness at Barray or Barley Island, as it was called in the year 1190, when Clement III. was Pope, would rub their eyes a great deal, as they left their single grange to carry their barrels of herring and fish or their sacks of salt to Furness Abbey, if they could come back and hear the forges roar and the clatter of the rivet hammers upon the ship sides, or watch the pouring forth at the dinner hour, from dock-yard and rolling-mill, of the thousands of workmen.

Little did the Romans under Agricola, as they built their great sea road, dream of the vast engines of war that would hence go forth to keep the world at peace. Little did the Viking rovers, who laid their Chief with his splendid one-edged steel sword [1] in the barrow on the Foreness, dream, as they took their seats on the thwart of their beakéd ships that such leviathans would ever pass from the dock-gate sea-ward. How surprised would have been the dark-haired, short-statured, long-headed men, who had not even a dog to be their friend, and whose only weapon was the stone celt—such celts as have been found in the Walney brick-fields—

[1] At Rampside—The Seat of the Raven—there has just been unearthed in the churchyard a Viking sword of steel which in its day must have been a very famous weapon.

could they come to life again, and, leaving their caves by the sea-shore at Grange, or their hut dwellings by the tarns on the Ireleth fells, gaze at nighttime in the direction of Barrow, and see the whole darkness throb and blaze. Remains of the settlements of that ancient race are to be seen all along the coast, they are visible on the north-west slopes of Walney Scar, at Barnscar, at Bleaberry Hawes, west of Torver, at Stone Scar, at Swinside, east of the Duddon, at Heathwaite and Beck Head Moss, and were discovered on an island in Ehenside tarn to the west of St. John's Beckermet, that was drained a few years since, to the great gain of the British Museum's collection of stone celts.

We know, too, that when they died they were laid to rest in oval barrows ; and the remains of such barrows may be found on the Fells between us and Coniston, and on the slopes of the hills north-east of Gosforth and Burn Moor, Ulpha Fell, and near Devoke Water.

But somewhere about a thousand years before Christ, the little "long-head" had to fight for existence with men who knew not only the use of the stone hammer and the stone axe, but while using these also used bronze—big brawny men, with large cheek-bones and heavy jaws and round heads. It was natural that the Long Head succumbed, and

though it is evident from the buried remains that the Round Head settled down amicably afterwards with the Long Head, he probably settled down as man the master with man the slave, and the dominant race hereabout, when the Romans came to conquer Cumberland, was the round-headed, fair-haired Celt, who had tamed the goat and the dog, and knew the art of beehive-hut building, and the use of the hand mill and quern. Such hut circles may be seen at Hampsfell, on Thwaites Fell near Fenwick, at Urswick, up Crosby Ghyll, and under Wormcrag, and at Stainton Beck and on the moor behind Bootle.

When they died they were buried in round barrows, and in life they worshipped or met for assembly in "Kirocks" or stone circles.

The remains of such a stone circle may still be seen near Seascale. A fine example is found at Swinside, two small ones exist at Lacra, another is seen at White Moss, north of Boot, and at one time many were known to exist on the slopes of Black Combe, that frowns on us across the water-flood of Duddon Bay. Such, for example, were the circles at Gutterby, Annaside, and Hall Foss—all, alas! now destroyed by hands that knew not what they did. At Sunbrick, near Morecambe, we may still see a specimen of the double "Kirock," or concentric

circle—circle within circle of standing stones—while it is possible that the standing stones at Kirk-santon were part of an ancient "kirock."

Whether they kept time by the stars, and built their stone circles by astronomical observations, as has been lately suggested by Sir Norman Lockyer, we cannot tell, but brigands as the "roundheads" of the race of the Brigantes were, they apparently kept rather to the high fells than to the sea level, and hugged the protection of the woods. Fiercest and least civilised of the Celts, whether they belonged to the tribe of the Voluntii across the Duddon, or the tribe of the Sestuntii in Lancashire-north-of-the-sands, it is pretty clear that the Romans had their work cut out for them in subduing them, when in the summer of 79 A.D. Agricola left Wales and, as we gather from the twentieth chapter of Tacitus, crossed the estuaries of the Dee, the Mersey, the Ribble, and came thither by way of the sands of Cartmel and Ulverston.

It is clear that Agricola felt that the warlike Britons of these parts were not to be trifled with, and that it needed not only a good and well-fortified Roman road by the coast, but a fleet to keep him company, if he was safely to pass to the Solway Frith, and compass that part of the kingdom of the Strathweallas or Strathclyders which we now call Cumberland.

We can, to-day, trace the remains of that Roman road of Agricola that must have passed along the coast. It crosses from Lancaster to Pigeon-Cote lane near the Wyke in Cartmel. It passes Flookburgh, where part of the Roman road remains, thence comes across the Ulverston estuary, and goes to Mount Barrow and Lindal to Dalton. Then it crosses the Duddon Sands to Millom, goes by Troutbeck and Bootle to Eskhead, passing on its way Selker's Bay, where tradition has it some Roman galleys lie sunk, thence to Muncaster, whose name tells its story, and in the basement chamber of whose "pele"-tower a Roman Emperor's coin of gold has been discovered, and then by Ravenglass to Moresby and Ellenborough, and so along the coast to Bowness and Solway.

I have spoken at some length of this Roman road, because those interested in Roman antiquities should certainly make a point of visiting Ravenglass to see the most remarkable remains above ground of what was probably the Roman General's house, at a time when, in order to guard a very important harbour, and to superintend a Roman road, it was necessary to have a strong detachment and imposing military station at Ravenglass. There, outside the remains of the Roman camp, may still be seen what is known as Walls Castle. It is, in truth, the skeleton of a

Roman villa. You can pass through the doors, see the square frames of the door sill, the rose-red coating of plaster made of cement with pottery or tile chips in it, the "cella" where the bust of the Emperor stood, and the remains of the hypocaust that heated the bath, and gave genial warmth to the house in the winter days of long ago.

The Roman coast road of Agricola, though it was afterwards forsaken for an inland road by Kendal and High Street to Penrith and Carlisle, or by Ambleside and Keswick to Old Carlisle near the Red Dials, must have been kept in repair for centuries, and must not a little have ministered in the sixth century to the Christianisation of Strathclyde. It was down that road that St. Kentigern passed on his way to the south in 553. It was by it he would again travel when, after the battle of Arthuret twenty years later, he was recalled to be first Bishop of Strathclyde. The forerunners of St. Bega and her Irish mission, the monks and sisters of Saint Bridget Abbess of Kildare, would know it in the days they had their cells at Moresby and Beckermet; and if St. Patrick had a cell at Heysham and he was of North British parentage, he, too, in earlier days than the time of St. Kentigern, would know this Roman road. It is true we have no record of St. Cuthbert's coming farther than to Carlisle, but

it is possible that, when in 685, along with Carlisle and fifteen miles round about, "the land of Cartmel with all the Britons it contained" was given by Egfrith of Northumbria to Cuthbert, in one of his two visits to Cumbria in that year, the saint may have journeyed along it to see his southern possession.

But the road, if it helped Christianity, hurt it also. Those of us who take a map of the diocese in hand, and note how either side the Roman road the termination of "ham and ton" are found in the village names, will see that whether in the time of Æthelfrith (607-617) or Egfrith (670-685), the Angles made their way round by the sea coast, and from Dearham to Aldingham, from Oulton to Warton Crag have left us in place-names the traces of their occupation.

When the Danish occupation ceased we know not, but the evidence of the Anglian cross at Irton and Waberthwaite looks much as if before the Norse broke in upon the sea-coast from the Isle of Man, and harried the Danes and dispossessed the British hillsmen of the Lake District, there was Anglian art of first excellence associated with the religious life of the time.

Anyone who looks at a map of Cumberland and Lancashire-north-of-the-sands, will note the abundance of Scandinavian village and hill names. The terminations of thwaite, rigg, fell, dale, seat,

side, wick, garth, how, holme, abound. Those who journey up Dunner Dale or on to Thurston Water (Coniston), or to Gosforth, will find remains of Thor the Thunderer, while as they go from Ulpha's town by Dalton to Ulpha in the Duddon vale, may have echoes of Norse chieftains, Ulph and Dali, in their ears. If they enter into the farmhouses they will see the "rannel boke" and the creamstick made of the Viking's holy ash-tree or Igdrasil as charm against the bewitching of the milk. They will hear "eldin" asked for, they will eat "haver bread" the Vikings ate; if they go afield they will find the "mere staens" and the "reans" the Viking farmers set or left to mark the divisions when they ploughed their "dales" or "deals" or allotments. They will hear the old Norse tongue spoken as the shepherd bids them see "hoo t' sheep's raking to-daäy." They will note the Herdwicks, the sheep of the Vikings, the twinters and the thrunters, two years old and three years old, and remark how the smit-mark, and the lug-mark, or ear marking have come down from Norse days, and though the old way of counting, "Yan, tyan, hethera, tethera, pimp," has gone out, they will remember that their great-grandfathers still counted their sheep as the Vikings counted theirs.

If they look at the blue eyes and the fine cut profile and heavy jaws, and large limbs and long

arms of the shepherds and farm folk of the dales they speak with, they will feel that just such were the Norse sea-rangers, who probably in two invasions under their leaders Thorolf and Ingolf, between 874 and 920 A.D., ran their beaked ships across from the Isle of Man to Ravenglass and the Fore Ness, and came with further force to take complete possession of the Lake Country between 1000 and 1060 A.D. Thanks to the indefatigable labours of the late Robert Ferguson and the Rev. W. S. Calverley, and to the present Rector of Torver, the Rev. T. Ellwood, the translator of the Landnama Bok of Iceland, and Mr. Collingwood, we know how these Norsemen, though many sailed away to people Iceland in the eleventh century, left their kin in full possession of the land, and the "howes" they mounded, the "thwaites" they cleared of forest, the "stads" they built, the "seats" or high camps they occupied, the "doom circles" they inherited, are with us at this day.

As far as literary associations go, we have not many in the immediate neighbourhood, but we can never forget that it is to Jocelin, the monk of Furness, in the latter half of the twelfth and the first quarter of the thirteenth century, we owe the account, not only of the lives of St. Patrick and St. Waltheof, that Abbot of Melrose of such gentle heart that he

did penance for the killing of a gadfly, but also of our own first Bishop, St. Kentigern.

Readers of George Fox's journals will know how much of his life's interest centres round Ulverston. Bidden by a vision of angels on our Westmoreland fells to come from Yorkshire to preach the Word in 1669, he found in Mistress Fell the good angel of his fortune, heart and home, and dwelt many years at Swarthmoor Hall, and built the Friends' Meeting House close by in 1688. Those who visit Swarthmoor will remember how Daniel Lambert, who had raised his banner of revolt, on landing at the Peel of Fouldrey, marched hither with his 2,000 Flemish soldiers, under the command of Colonel Swart, and encamped here in May of 1487; but they must not conclude that the moor takes its title from the rebel colonel's name.

In modern times the voice of Wordsworth has made the Duddon vocal with high thought in sonnet form. No one has better described the sandy inlets of the Furness coast or little island chapel on the Leven's estuary, or the sight of the company who used to cross the Lancashire sands:

> "A variegated crowd
> Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,
> Wading beneath the conduct of their guide,
> In loose procession thro' the shallow stream
> Of inland waters; the great sea meanwhile
> Heard at safe distance, far retired!"

than that Cumberland poet, whose early teacher, the Rev. W. Taylor, lies buried in the Cartmel Churchyard.

Those of us who look across the water to Black Combe may care to remember that this mountain, so beloved by the sun worshippers and stone-circle builders of old, has not only been immortalised by Wordsworth, who describes the marvellous prospect seen from the summit of the hill, but that the poet Faber devoted a whole canto in his poem *Sir Lancelot* to a description of

> "The more than common majesty that breathes
> From the mysterious features of Blacke Combe!"

Lovers of Cumberland "crack" and Cumberland humour will remember that Dr. Gibson, writer of dialect poems and racy sketches, dwelt at Yewdale Bridge, Coniston, from 1844 to 1851. That such different minds as John Beaver, the fisherman, his sisters the botanists, Professor Sedgewick, and J. G. Marshall, have found the joy of work and observation in this vale; that at Tent Lodge, from 1800 to 1806, Elizabeth Smith, the young girl genius, dwelt. That to Tent Lodge came Tennyson with his bride in 1850, and that Carlyle met them there. That Linton, the poet and engraver, dwelt at Brantwood, and that, after him, the last of the Lake poets, John Ruskin, dwelt, off and on for thirty years, at

the same Brantwood on the eastern shore of the Lake, and there, on January 20, 1900, fell on sleep. Plagued as he was by the Barrow smoke cloud, which, drifting inland, coated the fair waters with grime and ash, he passionately loved the copses and the rocky knolls and gentle, swelling hills, and the autumn colours of the marshland between Coniston and Barrow, and cared much for the absolutely unspoiled country side through which the river Crake sought the sea.

He was not the only artist whose heart and eyes were helped by the quiet pastoral beauty and peace of this countryside. The country round Rusland remembers George Romney ; and it is with pleasure one records how, a short time ago, the manager and directors of the Furness Railway Company saved from what was about to be swift and absolute destruction the little cottage on the quarry's edge at High Cocken, which young Romney, as a lad of eleven years old, helped his father, the joiner, to build in 1744. It was the carpenter's shop, attached to the house, with its supply of paint pots, which enabled the young artist to begin to realise his dreams of colour and draughtsmanship. That carpenter's shop, with rough sketches upon its walls, was pulled down only a few years ago.

So short-lived is the memory of man that it was

forgotten that in this cottage George Romney spent part of his boyhood, that either to this cottage, or to one close by, his lonely wife, whom he had left behind him when he went to London, came to reside in 1767, and that later, grown to fame and described in the deed of purchase as "George Romney, of Cavendish-square, Middlesex, limner," he bought it with the adjacent property, and that it remained for a hundred years in the possession of the Romney family. Hence it came to pass that the fathers of the Furness Railway sold the cottage a short time back for an old song to a builder who was about to demolish it, and the public owe a debt of gratitude to the manager and his public-spirited directors for having bought it back as soon as they discovered the interesting association with the painter, and for having determined to preserve it to future generations.

All visitors to the district will wish to see Furness Abbey. Its plan, thanks to the labours of the late Mr. R. S. Ferguson and Mr. St. John Hope, whose admirable account may be found in the *Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian Society*, vol. xvi., is now accurately determined. When Stephen, "Earl of Bulloign and Mortaign," in the year 1127, gave all the land between Duddon and the Leven, with sac, soc, tol

and team and infangentheof, excepting the lands of Michael le Fleming, in honour of God and St. Mary, and to the monks of Savigny who had migrated from Tulket to "Bekansghyll," the vale of the bitter-sweet night-shade or solanum dulcamara, he can little have thought to what an end the splendid inheritance, that Abbey then grey Benedictine, but afterwards white Bernadine, would come. Here was an abbey which, under Cistercian rule, grew to be second only to Fountains in power and prosperity. "Considering," said the donor in his original grant, "owing to the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of kings, emperors and dukes, and the crowns and palms of the great, wither and decay, and that all things with an uninterrupted course tend to dissolution and death, I therefore return, give and grant to God and St. Mary of Furness, all Furness and Walney, etc."

There grew up within a great wall-encircled park of sixty-five acres, a magnificent series of buildings whose remains show that building went on from the twelfth to the late fifteenth century. These buildings were massed round a grand cloister, on the north of which stood the Abbey Church; on the south the Misericordia with "Frater" over it, and a meat kitchen beyond; on the east of which ran the Chapter house, and monks' dormitory; on the west

the cellarer's building, and later kitchen. To the north-west of the Church was the porter's lodge; to the north-east of the Church was the guest house, to the south-east of the monks' dormitory lay the Abbot's visiting house and Abbot's lodging, and to the south of the whole mass of buildings lay the monks' infirmary. A mill and a brewing house were of course included: a watch-tower on the neighbouring hill kept the monks in touch with the Pele of Fouldra.

The Abbot was to all intents king; such hospitality was used that till the dissolution there was no inn in any part of Furness necessary. On Tunning days two hundred gallons of beer were distributed to the tenants. Every Monday and Friday ninety-nine shillings' worth of bread and six mazes of herrings were given as alms at the Abbey gate. On the anniversary of St. Crispin two oxen, two cows, and one bull were distributed as meat among poor folk who met at the porter's lodge.

The Society at the time of the dissolution numbered 330 monks and 100 converts with their servants. Outwardly it had prospered, inwardly it had fallen from its first ideals. The royal donor's presage of decay and death was fulfilled, and great as had been the services to agriculture and to civilisation in law and order in this wild No Man's

FURNESS ABBEY

Land in earlier days, the morality of both Abbot and monks became, in the sixteenth century, a scandal that went far beyond the Abbey walls; and when on April 17, 1557, Abbot Rogerus Pele was summoned to Whalley to sign the deed of surrender, he and the Prior and twenty-eight of his monks confessed with their open hands and sign manual, "the mysorder of an evil lyfe both to God and our prince of the brethren of this monastery." We cannot wander round the Abbey precincts, beautiful in their ruin, without a sigh for these men who, in April of 1537, clad in lay garments, and with forty shillings each given them by the king, went forth to face a world of poverty and degradation.

Visitors must not omit to visit the Infirmary Chapel, now used as a museum, and they should specially note the fine effigies of a knight and lady uncovered in the north aisle of the Church, and the remarkable figures of two knights in flat-top helms removed from the Presbytery, which Mr. St. John Hope tells us are "among the earliest monumental effigies in the country." And as they return to the open, and gaze

> "On the mouldering pile,
> Belfry and images and living trees—
> A holy scene,"

they will remember how this scene touched the

heart of Wordsworth as a boy, and how in the second book of the *Prelude* he has described it thus:

> "To more than inland peace
> Left by the west wind sweeping overhead
> From a tumultuous ocean, trees and towers
> In that sequestered valley may be seen
> Both silent and both motionless alike,
> Such the deep shelter that is there, and such
> The safeguard for repose and quietness."

Those who wish to see what a priory Church really looked like before the dissolution of the monasteries should visit Cartmel. Cartmel, like Furness, gives its name to a considerable tract of country, in fact all the land between Levens and the Winster; and its very name, if, as is possible, it is derived from Caer Meol, takes us back to the Beehive-hut men who held their British camp on Hampsfell ages before Egfrith the King, gave in 685 Cartmel and the land round it, "with all the Britons therein," to his friend St. Cuthbert.

Here in 1188 the Earl of Pembroke gave land to the Austin canons, and thanks to the mercy of Scotch raiders in 1322 and the prayers of the parishioners to Henry the Eighth at the time of the dissolution, we have to-day in substance a Church that links us by continuous line with the twelfth century. Visitors will note the chained

Bible and books in the Church library, the so-called Harrington tomb, late thirteenth or early fourteenth century. Whoever the knight it commemorates was, he was fond of hawking, and his favourite peregrine went down to the grave along with him.

With sorrow all will bend above the monument by Woolner of the gentle and brave-hearted Lord Frederick Cavendish, who died at the post of duty, in Phoenix Park, Dublin, by the hand of the assassin in 1882.

It is a far journey to Calder Abbey, but the visitor to the Cumbrian coast will be well repaid if he thither turn his way, for he will be able, in one and the same day, to see Ravenglass and Walls Castle, and the ancient harbour of the legendary King Aveling's town. By public-spirited leave of Lord Muncaster, the present representative of the Pennington family, who have held the Pele since the thirteenth century, he will see the fairest castle terrace view in the North—the sea on the one side, the Esk coiling in silver down the vale beneath, and Scawfell in grandeur at the head of the valley, with the great Roman camp at Hardknott in sight. He will note the little chapel on the fell, which commemorates the fact that Henry VI., after the battle of Hexham, 15th May, 1464, flying for his life to the sea coast with chance of escape by shipboard,

was found here by shepherds and conducted to the castle, and given refuge and hospitality. The celebrated green glass and enamelled bowl, "the Luck of Muncaster," was given as a record of the visit. The portrait of Tom Skelton, the fool of Muncaster, is preserved on the hall staircase.

On leaving Muncaster the visitor will make his way by train to St. Bees and delight himself with sight of the old Irish "Beowulf stone" above the gateway by the church, and will dream of the days of St. Begha, who is said to have been stranded here with her deft-fingered sisters from Ireland in the year 650, and to have obtained from the then Lord Egremont as much land as snow could cover on Midsummer's Day. A lucky snowstorm, perhaps induced by bergs and pack ice from the Arctic sailing south, came to the aid of these godly women, who were supporting themselves by their embroidery work. The Lord Egremont was as good as his word, and St. Begha or Beghog became possessor of large lands for the support of her mission enterprise.

William de Meschines founded the priory, whose church remains to us at this day, in the twelfth century, as a cell of St. Mary at York; and though not so lucky as Cartmel, during the Scotch raids, and though it suffered fire in 1315, it was spared at

the dissolution for use as a parish church. The interesting tomb of Prior Cottingham, 1300, should be seen.

As one turns back from the "Head of Baruth" —the Red Headland, as it was called, Tomline Head of to-day—and crosses the little stream by the station, one remembers by the coat of arms on the bridge that near here, at Hensingham, was born the brave blind preacher, Spenser's friend Algrind, who held his own against the Queen and Archbishop Grindall, the giver to us of part of the old Church Catechism, the giver to St. Bees of a flourishing grammar school.

Calder, or as it used to be called, Caldra Abbey, may be reached either by drive from St. Bees or Sellafield. Those who do not visit St. Bees should leave the train at Seascale and drive from thence, returning by Gosforth that they may visit the most interesting Christian monument, excepting only the Bewcastle Cross, in the Diocese.

It should be remembered that Friday is the day for a visit to Calder, when the owner of the private house which occupies the monks' frater and dormitory allows admittance to the church and Chapter house ruins that are within his grounds. The best description of the ruins are given by the Rev. A. G. Loftie in his book, *Calder Abbey*,

published by Bemrose. It is enough to know that the Abbey was founded for a colony of Benedictine monks under an Abbot Geraldus from Furness in 1134, by the Lord of Copeland, Ranulph Fitzwilliam, that the Scots broke in, dispossessed the owners, and burnt the newly-erected buildings to the ground, and that the monks fled to Furness and were denied admittance unless Gerold would give up his abbatical orders and enter as a simple monk. There is nothing more pathetic in the annals of Calder than the way in which, because Gerold refused to do this, the doors of Furness were shut in his face, and he, with his few companions, with one cart drawn by eight oxen, containing all their worldly goods, a few books, and their clothes, set out with God alone as guide to seek elsewhere a home. The little band made its way, or begged its way, to York, and through the kindness of the Archbishop Thurstan were allowed first to settle at Hode in the East Riding, afterwards to obtain lands for a monastery at Byland.

In 1138 a second founding of the Abbey took place from Furness. William Fitzduncan, of Egremont, rebuilt Caldra, and Hardred became Abbot. Nothing of his building remains. In 1148 the monks of Caldra became Cistercian. In 1220, the fourth Abbot, Ralph, became head of the

monastery, and it is probable that to him as director of building operations, and to Thomas de Multon of Egremont as benefactor, we owe the buildings whose ruins are still so beautiful in their decay.

After the second Scottish raid, in 1322, the church was restored, and book chambers each side of the west door were added. The Abbey was suppressed on very doubtful charges against the monks by Henry VIII. when Richard Ponsonby was Abbot, February 4, 1536. A letter is extant from the Earl of Sussex, the Commissioner to King Henry VIII., admitting that he cannot find any material things that would serve his purpose, only two monks being found "faultye," and asking the king "by what means the monks might be ryd from the said Abbey." But Furness had fallen, and the daughter must share the mother's fate.

In the ruined chancel may be seen effigies which are believed to be those of Sir John le Fleming of Beckermet, and his son Sir Richard, and of a Leyburne of Cunswick, who was connected with the Le Flemings in the fourteenth century.

At Gosforth we end our long day's pilgrimage. Thanks to the labours of Dr. Parker, and the late Rev. W. S. Calverley, we have been able to realise that here on the beautiful Tree of Life or Igdrasil,

as Dr. Stephens thinks in the seventh century, as others think in the ninth or tenth centuries, was set up a Thor's Hammer transformed into an emblem of the Christian faith. Here, drawing upon Norse mythology, Christian teachers of old placed at the grave of some old Viking hero a cross whereon, from a Saga story, the gospel might be bodied forth, and under the forms of Odin, Balder, Heimdal and Vidar, the White Christ should be plainly set forth as Saviour upon the Tree of Life for all the world.

II.

THE LILY-WOODS OF ARNSIDE.

THERE is a little bit of Lancashire beyond the sands which is still in its own seclusion an almost undiscovered land of pastoral peace. One gets a glimpse of it as one goes from Carnforth to Barrow. It lies between Warton Crag on the east, Arnside Knott on the west, Whitbarrow and Beetham Scar on the north. The Vikings knew it of old, and have left their mark in place names and field names. Thus, for example, the tiny strips of meadow upon the hill slope are still called "dales," and the "thwaites" and "scars" and "forths" and "knotts" and "tarns" bespeak the Norse occupation. The Conqueror knew it, and his Domesday Book, though it has no chapter about Westmoreland, still tells of the later rule of Norman barons hereabout. Before Viking and Norman days it is possible Agricola and his soldiers may have passed through it, though it is true no trace of Roman road on its way to "Concangium" is found to-day, and the legionaries may

have crossed the sands before they entered the vale of the Kent. Certain, however, it is that the Scottish raiders "kenned it weel." The three pele towers that were, so tradition has it, built by the three sisters of the great family of Thweng, the Kendal Baron, in the thirteenth century, Dhallam, Hazelslack or "Hesluck," and Arnside, prove incontestably that the visits of men from across the Solway, riding down by the western seaboard or crossing the lakeland hill passes from the north, were not unexpected; and that as far south as North-West Lancashire the "hot-trod" was a thing to be reckoned with even in the Middle Ages. There are diaries still extant and letters from loyal but distressed country squires hereabout in the olden time, who complain to the King that they are unable to send their court rolls to be examined, inasmuch as when the Scots burned the roof above their heads the said rolls and charters perished in the flames.

But in later and historic times the "boys" from over the border hither came. In 1715 and 1745 they marched down the old pack-horse road on the way to the South and to Lancaster, and some of the neighbouring gentry went to the Tower and only escaped by the grace of God and a heavy fine, to enter again into possession of the pleasant meadow-lands and ample deer parks because they were

tempted to go along with them. On that latter occasion "Bonnie Prince Charlie" lay at a hall near by, and went on his disastrous way with sight of the blue grey hills and glimmering sea and lustrous sands to cheer him, but to bid him know that peace was better than war, and that there is "a tide in the affairs of men" that only when "taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

This little-known corner of the busy county of Lancashire offers rest which, thanks to its up-hill and down-dale ways, and the absence of main trunk roads, is as yet undisturbed by the motor car. The peasants who dwell by the road side can still open their little casement windows, whose mullions speak the age of great Elizabeth, and tend their tulips in their untarnished beauty, and the farmers' cattle can still crop the grasses by the hedge side without the fear of dying from dust in the stomach. It is a land where the wych elm and beech and sycamore flourish, and where the Scotch fir and yew tree find a native habitat. A land of wonderful oak and hazel copses within whose depths may still be seen the mounded circles of the charcoal burner, and in whose glades the bloomaries known by the monks of old are found, though now only in name. Land of fire and furnace of human making, here never fell the ashes of the volcanoes that upreared the lakeland

hills. These bluffs and headlands, now inland and unwashed by tide, except the tides of corn and grass that flood the earth in spring with emerald, were built by the shells of some warm water sea. Then fell the Arctic winters on the land, and in how many glacial epochs none can tell the ice floes moving southward ran their ploughs upon the shoulder of the hills and scooped out vale and ground out cliff and dropped the mighty granite boulders brought from Skiddaw and the far North, upon the naked marble hills, that now are veiled with green, save where, loosened by centuries of frost and rain, the old cliff ramparts crumble and renew their milk-white youth. Milk-white, too, are the marble dusty roads that lie like ribands across the vale or climb like silver serpents up the hill, and very lilac grey are the limestone bluffs that as yet withstand the storm, and rise terrace upon terrace, here green-gold with young oak scrub, or black with yew tree fringe and wind-blown fir, and there gold as gold can be with gorse and flowering broom to the grey-blue sky.

But at times the sun strikes upon these inland bluffs, and turns them into dazzling silver; and I have sometimes thought that when Fox, the Quaker, standing on the Yorkshire moors, imagined he saw a vision of white angels upon the hills of Westmoreland calling him to come over and preach the everlasting

Gospel of the Free Spirit to the Swarthmoor yeomen, what he really and indeed saw was none other than the sun on Farlton Knott and Whitbarrow Scar, that seemed, as I have seen them midway on the steep, to be girdled round with angel hosts of silver cherubim. Seen near by, mighty are the broken bones of the limestone outcrop that lie in bleached wreckage, or the "thrang" crags split by the frosts and yew tree roots, and pitted and pock-marked by rains of innumerable years. Vivid are the mosses that crawl along the sun-bleached walls in February, and crimson are the Herb-Roberts that people the walls in May, and very purple the columbines that take these shiny roadside walls for background in July. It is a world of flower life. Nowhere else in the neighbourhood of the English Lakes are snowdrops so plentiful. Nowhere else are daffodils so gay, and as soon as these have passed from orchard and wood, behold the miracle of April's ending, the damson blossom's silver round each farm.

But May is the month for this paradise. Then as one passes unchallenged down the woodland path that leads from scar to scar, a blue mist swims to meet one through the sunny hazel wood, and now upon a bank where the primroses were lately so gay, now in a hollow round some silent tarn which sends back to us the splintered glory of the noontide sun,

one sees and breathes the wild wood hyacinth in its multitudinous splendour of Maytide carpetry.

One climbs the scar: a hyacinthine sea is sweeping shoreward, filling the estuary with a violet and grey flood. One gazes landward, hills of hyacinth-blue are seen fold behind fold and range beyond range away to the north and west and east, and here at our feet are the bluebells of old England bringing sea and hill glory of colour close to us and making us feel that "earth has not anything to show more fair," and that surely the feet of angels move in hyacinthine fields.

Yet this is not the only gift of flower in our little-known corner of the Garden of Eden, for which we bless the May. There is hardly a woodland that has not at this season of the year, beside the purple orchis and the bluebell, that strange quaint double tway-blade kind of plant that holds the single drop of heart's blood at its core, the Herb-Paris. And where the Herb-Paris grows, grows also the Lily of the Vale.

I had often heard of the lily woods of Leighton and Arnside, but it was not till this year of grace 1905 that the dream of a visit to their wonder and their joy was realised. Thanks to a kindly friend who was able to gain access for me to the Grisedale Wood, and to the permission granted on a small

payment which goes to a charity by the agent of the proprietor of Arnside Park, I found myself one day, after passing through a meadowy land filled with the first scent of the hawthorn and loud with song of birds in the last week of May, driving up the white road east of the Arnside Knott. Above me ran a fair oak-clad hill patched here and there with dark Scotch fir and dwarfed and wind-blown yew. The fairy green of the young beech had not died away, and the oaks were still in leaf of gold. It was good to exchange the unsightly new lodging-houses we had just left for this as yet untroubled hillside woodland. It was true that quarrymen were at work hauling pink-grey limestone blocks from their bed, giving us unhappy thought of more gim-crack lodging-houses to be, but below us lay the strength and calm of the old fortress pele whose oak beams and roof timber went, so tradition has it, to roof Knowsley Hall, which still stands in stout defiance of all storms, and testifies to the day when Dame Thengue, of the Kendal barony, quarried the Knott to build a lodging-house that should outlast time.

We were soon driving up a lane to a quiet farm, whose beauty lay in its old-fashioned porch, where-over the golden laburnum was just beginning to drop its rain of fire.

"Oh, it's keeper's cottage you'll likely be wantin'," said the bright-eyed body at the door. "You'll ga into t'field and across by gate yonder, and Mr. L. will seun sarve ye wid tickets for Lily Wood, I'se warrant ye."

We did as she bade; we paid our King's shilling, inscribed our names upon the card, which begged us to pluck moderately and not to root up the lilies, and so up over the wind-blown slopes of the scar we went towards the wood. Below us gleamed to the southward a vast world of amethystine sand, mottled here and there with seagull parliaments, and flickering here and there with the sea-birds' wings. Pools of quiet bluebell colour reflected the Maytide sky in the far distance, and rivers that seemed to have lost their way wandered aimlessly through the vast plain that waited for the coming of the tide from the far Morecambe Bay. One river alone seemed to know her own mind—that was the Kent. She was pouring her silvery water with a fine musical rush along close under the scar, and was evidently determined to eat away the samphire and grass plot between us and the south-eastern headland. Then, flung back by the limestone bluff, she turned herself to the south, and passed out into the waste of glamour and glory that stretched illimitably, as it seemed, to the blue-grey hills of Lancaster on the

one side and the smoke cloud of Furness beyond dark Humphrey Head.

One little patch of red roof at our feet told us of the holiday home for the poorest children of the Leeds alley and court, and the little red dots and dashes by the shore showed us some of the red-capped sea urchins who had for a week's holiday exchanged the slums of Armley for the shores of Arnside. Gladder in heart for their gladness, we crested the hill, and a glorious view broke suddenly upon us. The estuary of the Kent stretched up in tawny waterlessness right into the blue hills beyond Levens and the shining Whitbarrow Scar. Meathop, like a fortress island of green and grey, stood up out of the sea of emerald—Meathop, the fortress home of health for the poor consumptive. A great millepede lay across the estuary mouth, and with a puff of smoke and the roar of thunder a train from Carnforth passed over towards Grange. Grange winked at us through sultry haze from its green woodland retreat—Grange, once a riverside pleasaunce, Grange, still pleasant for all who love sea air and iodine, but Grange no longer blessed by the wayward Kent. That strange river changes its mind and its course twice each century. One hundred years ago it flowed by Arnside Knott, as it does to-day. Fifty years ago it deserted Arnside, and turned its attention to Grange. To-day,

inconstant wooer, after having served Grange and helped for a time the far-off steamers and their holiday folk to land at the Grange landing, it has incontinently determined now to do the Arnside people a good turn, and will in its merry knavery induce the speculative and progressive pier-builder to believe that the only place where Morecambe steam-packets should come for shrimps and tea is Arnside haven.

But the chief beauty of the prospect from above the Arnside Park wood was the wonder of flying gleam and purple shadow upon the hills out west. Far beyond Cartmell fells the eye ranged on to Walney Scar and Coniston Old Man, and following the rampart of the hills northward to the east, saw clear Wetherlam, Crinkle Crags, Bowfell, Scafell, the Pikes, and an indistinguishable mass of lilac blue and deep cobalt where Helvellyn melted into High Street and High Street faded into the Pennine range.

We were soon in the Park itself, lily-scent filling the air and lily leaves "for ever"; but not till one rummaged through the leafage did one find the tender stalk with its silver veles; and many more seemed to be in bud than in full flower. It was not to be wondered at, for the past fortnight, as the keeper assured me, people had been picking hard from morn to night, "and the warst o' t' job is, they're so

greedy. Our Maister 'ull likely close t'wood next year, for though he is glad folk should come and gether, he can't abide all this basket wark."

"I see we are bidden pluck in moderation."

"Ay, ay, but when you see a party of lasses coming in, each with two girt baskets on their arm, or as I fund last week, a man with a girt sack full upo' his back, theer's noe modration at all aboot it, ye knaw. But you're likely a foreigner," he said, "and theer's yon spot still ungethered if you'll be content wi' buds, and they're the best far and away, for they come out i' watter and lasts fer days and days, when tudder is blown and oaver."

I had lost my friend—lily gatherers cannot possibly keep together—but guided by the keeper, I was soon at the place. Impenetrable as the thicket had seemed, one did just as the keeper had done, crouched and turned one's back to briar and oak scrub, and pushed oneself bravely unblinded and untorn to the lily sanctuary. Through the twilight came shafts of sun, through the openings of the golden leafage shone the far-off sands in patches of opal and light. A thrush sang his heart out as I kneeled on that scented green-tufted carpet, and plucked my hands full to my heart's content. Then on through a mazy wilderness where each lily bed called one, with its shining white pearls, now to this side, now to that, till tired

out with the actual gathering, one straightened one's back and leaned against a Scotch fir and looked out over a clearing enamelled with the gold rock-rose, to the creeks that were filling with blue water, and to the far-away white line of the incoming tide.

Thence by well-made paths walled up to heaven with hazel bowers, we went towards the outlet of the Park wood that leads to New Barn Farm. A watcher asked to see my ticket as I passed, and told me much of the ways of the wild lily gatherers and their ideas of what gathering "in moderation" meant. "It's not my business, you know, sir, but I've often thowt that it is cruel to pick them the way they do. Never no thought of anybody coming after them, and folks as pays a shilling has as much right to see the flowers to-day as they hed as paid to see 'em a week ago. The agent used to put on sixpence, now he has to put on a shilling, and it's my belief that he'll have to end in making it half-a-crown, and all because them as comes is so terble greedy they don't know, poor things, when they have got eneuf."

I showed him, somewhat shamefacedly, my bunch. "Is that moderation?" said I.

"Lor, sir, you hevn't picked nowheres near moderation, as we count moderation in lilies at Arnside, you know."

And I went home relieved. Past New Barn Farm

with its kindly hostess, and its pleasant cup of tea for the tired lily-picker, away over the hard sands and the seaweed of the promontory, with marvellous distant vision of cobalt hills mingling with the golden opal of the far-shining sands, and cries of stint and knot and plover at my side.

The cuckoo called from the hill, and the curlew called from the sky, and the seagull called from the deep. But there were other deeps and other heavens that held their winged messengers of joy, and I doubt if a heart ever heard clearer the call to praise than the heart of the man with his handful of lilies, who trudged that day homeward from the lily woodland by the western sea.

III.

IN A CUMBRIAN GULLERY.

It was a real May Day. There was no doubt of it; one heard it in the voice of the thrush, "May-Day! May-Day! May-Day!" and another voice made it doubly sure, for that quaint stammerer from over-sea who never feels quite so happy as when he is calling to his mate in an echoing valley, or against a resonant hill, was crying cuckoo on the slopes of Skiddaw as I took train for Ravenglass and Muncaster.

How the primroses starred the woods of Wythop, how they turned some of the meadows between Bassenthwaite lake and the Wythop woodland into veritable cloth of yellow gold! And then the scent of it! swiftly as we passed, the air was full of it. But there was not only yellow gold on the ground; there was dark deep gold in the wood, for the oaks on this 21st day of May were in the perfect colour of their full leafage.

On we went. The lordly Skiddaw faded with all its lilac beauty to the south, and beyond the grey town with its greyer castle, and the grey stream that "blended its murmur with the Nurse's song," when Wordsworth lay a little child in her arms; we passed the meadows, freckled with "lamb-lakins," gold with dandelions, to Workington and the sea. Through rifts of the grey cloud, the faint blue of the mid-May sky shone out with promise of gleam and glory, and the sun itself, now a flying phantom, now like a lusty moon, wheeled into sight, and flooded the Solway with golden light. It was a day of gold, and as the train swept on from St. Bega's headland towards the haunts of the Viking seafarers of old—Seascale of to-day, more gold glimmered and glinted at our side, for all the railway banks were peopled with cowslips, and the sight of them still gladdened the 'inward eye,' that cannot forget such splendours when one comes from a land where no cowslips are into their gentle company. The train pulled up at the Ravenglass station, and we knew we were near the sea-birds' happy nesting ground.

All along in the fallows and the fields for the past three miles white wings and black heads had been waving and tossing as they searched for food. Quartering their hunting ground as a hawk quarters it, they were sailing backwards and forwards, and

one guessed by their keenness that somewhere in the yellow sand-dunes across the estuary there were young hungry mouths that needed food.

We passed down the single street by the little village that must once have been, by reason of its land-locked water basin, one of the most important harbours of the Cumberland coast. Hither in "good King Aveling's time," came Roman galley to guard the road-makers and to bring stores of hypocaust tiles for the general's house, whose ruin still stands in the pleasant fields hard by. Hither in after days the beaked ships of the Norse rovers flew from Mona's Isle, for harrying of the Cumberland farms and flocks. Hither sailed in later days the fisher merchants bent on quest for pearls, for indeed as late as the time of Elizabeth the Irt and the Mite have been famous for this fresh-water jewelry.

But to-day the only seekers of merchandise from the shore are the two or three women who stagger up the beach with a sack full of limpets, to be despatched for those at Manchester who have a little vinegar and pepper and a pin, and a love of such delicacies as Ravenglass can supply.

As one passes down the street one is brought face to face with the land of Egypt, for one notes that the man who makes boots and shoes bears the title of the Egyptian kings. "Pharaoh" sounds a

SANDWICH TERNS AT RAVENGLASS

little strange, till one surmises that is a modern way of spelling the Norse name "Faroe," and that here we have a descendant of the flock master who, for all we know, helped to bring hither the Herdwick sheep long centuries ago. On emerging from the village street to the pebbly mussel-covered shore, the vision of Egypt that the bootmaker's name brought before our eyes is not dispelled, for nowhere on the coast does the sand-blown rushy billowing of the shore take the traveller so surely back to the sandy ramparts of the desert of Egypt between Nugdol and Pihahiroth on the Red Sea borders as here. We are armed with a permit from the kindly Lord of Muncaster.

The boatman rows us across the harbour estuary, and bidding us make for a certain opening in the sandy rampire, returns, but not to leave the world to solitude and me. For scarce have I gained the sandy portal when all the air is darkened with bird watchers, who had spied the intruder and come out to question his intent.

A short "chuck, chuck," succeeded by a cry that sounds like a harsh squeal, salutes one on every side, and here and there between the cries one hears the mewing sound of a cat in the air above one.

The keeper is waiting, and before we show

ourselves at the actual nesting ground we have a talk about the black-headed gulls.

"Well you see, Sir, they come up here in February, I think from the south. Nesting begins at the end of March or beginning of April. They lay two or three eggs, rarely four. Eggs all of a different colour, from deep brown to light olive green. They sit for twenty-one days, and begin to hatch out about May 5th. This year it was May 6th that I found the first chick. The young are very helpless for six or eight weeks, and take a deal of doing for."

"And what about the terns?"

"We have three terns that nest here. Big, little, and Sandwich tern."

He did not appear to know that it was one of the only two breeding places of the last-mentioned beautiful bird on the west coast of England, but he did know that his lordship was very careful of them, and "like enough they shuld be scarce, you know Sir, for they many of them only lay one egg, and they're that jealous of one another that they break a many of them their own selves, and take no trouble about their nests. They lay later than the black-headed gull, who will often begin laying on the 18th or 19th of April, and, later than the Sandwich tern, comes the oyster catcher. I have not found

more than one egg yet, though I expect they will be laying any day now."

"And where do the oyster catchers lay?"

"Oh anywhere down there on the flat," said the keeper, pointing to a great samphire-covered meadow red with the dwarf sorrel, "but you must always look at the rabbit holes, or places where the sheep have scratched up the sand to the surface. They like bare sand and not samphire for nesting on."

As he spoke, what seemed like two-legged dark or black plumaged birds fluttered into whiteness, and the shrill cry of "Keep-Keep," made me know that these were the oyster catchers one had wished to find at home. I could not get a glimpse of the orange yellow colour of their beaks, but one realised from that magpie quick-change effect why it was that the fisher folk called the bird "sea-pie," and why our forefathers corrupted the Dutch word for magpie "ackster" into "catcher," and instead of calling it oyster-magpie, speak of it as the oyster catcher to-day.

"We will show ourselves now," said the keeper, "but go quietly," and creeping up the warm sand, I found myself on the edge of a miniature crater, whose edges were sand hills and tussock grass, filled with white lily flowers, and whose floor seemed to be tapestried or carpeted with purple and green. The

green I found on nearer view to be young nettles, the purple, thousands upon tens of thousands of wild pansies.

In a moment the white lilies became a multitude of wings, and in another moment one involuntarily put one's hand up to protect one's head and eyes, so furiously, and with such a scream of savagery, did the blackheads sweep at one. The whole air quivered, and while the words that the gulls close beside me were saying seemed to be distinctly a shrill "gëet-away! gëet-away!" that was half hiss and scream, the sound of the distant flock of fearful creatures could only be compared to the angry sound of steam an express engine makes when it comes to a sudden standstill beneath a resonant station roof.

I could not wonder. Here at my feet lay tiny fluffy things of golden tabby colour, there in a heap of tussock grass three olive brown eggs. Just beyond two squabs four days old had left their nest and hid in the grass, and here another ten days old, with the blue quill feathers showing, who had changed from tabby to grey, went scuttling away till it fell head foremost, picked itself up, and fell again in its haste to be off.

Down on the sandy slope, another looking as one might suppose a fleet-footed dromedary would look among the sand dunes of the Arabian desert, if one

were high up in a balloon, was running for dear life, and Egypt came once again to mind. If one had but known black-headed gull language, one might have appealed to them to recognise the likeness, for many of these birds had probably wintered on the banks of Nile.

The nests were here, there, and everywhere.

It was with real difficulty one avoided treading upon nest or tabby chicks as one followed one's guide, but what struck one was the way in which there on the edge of the crater, at its most exposed part, the birds had nested, preferring the chance of quick look-out to shelter from the wind.

The variety, both of egg size and egg colour, was astonishing. Three was the usual number of eggs. Four were rarely seen in one nest. The nests varied much in size and shape. Here one builder had taken much trouble to arrange her bunch of tussock, here again close by a more careless mother had been content with the work of a few hours in preparing its cradle. We passed quickly along to a dune, where the nests seemed to be fewer in number, and then ceased. Suddenly my eyes caught sight of what looked in the distance like lumps of chalk on the bare sand. Lying singly or in pairs, a near view showed that the chalk lumps were beautifully mottled with black and brown, larger they seemed

in size than the olive green jewels we had seen in the caskets of the black-headed gulls.

"Here," said the keeper, "are the Sandwich tern's eggs, and as I told you, see what a number they have broken: it's a curious thing, and no one, I think, can explain it. It isn't the 'jacks,' that I am sure of, though they are the greatest thieves the black-heads have to contend with."

"No," said I, "the jackdaws are not to blame; it is, I think, the casual habit the bird has of laying its single egg in another nest that is to blame; at least that is a possible explanation."

All this while the cloud of wings thickened above us. The black-headed gulls had seemed to come to the relief of the handful of these graceful associates, and as fork-tailed mothers swung back and forward overhead, clear above the hissing scream and the chuck, chuck of the gull, came the shrill "Kirhitt! Kirhitt! Kirhitt!" of the Sandwich tern.

Back through the purple violas, and the red dwarf sorrel; back by the golden sand dunes and the blue shining mussel-covered beach we came, and still the gulls tossed and screamed in heaven, and though our hands were clean and our conscience untroubled by intent to harm, we felt verily guilty concerning our brother gull and sister tern, for all the needless anxieties we had caused them by being in the shape of man.

IV.

THE GOSFORTH CROSS.

THERE is no simple watering-place with such possibility of pleasant association for lovers of ancient history on the north-west coast of England as Seascale, which is within easy reach of the Lake District. We can get to it by Lakeside, or by Coniston and the Furness Railway from the south; from Keswick it is reachable by Cockermouth and Whitehaven in little less than two hours, while those who prefer a fine walk over the Styhead Pass to Wasdale Head can in summer months catch the coach that daily plies between there and Seascale.

Golfers find health and exercise on the golf links, and the lover of wild flowers finds the sand dunes in June purple with the cranesbill, in July broidered with dwarf roses, and in September glorious with the golden ragwort. The children have a safe beach to play on, and the lovers of landscape constant joy of glorious effects of sunrise over the distant fells, and of sunset over the glimmering sea.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the changing lights upon the fellside fastnesses in the direction of Scawfell as seen from the Seascale dunes. I have watched those hills shining sometimes so whitely that they seemed huge mountain slopes of chalk, enamelled with cobalt. At other times I have watched them violet-blue as the hills of Greece, or purple dark as night; and always against this blue or purple wall of the east may be seen in the near foreground the white wings of the gulls as they hover and cry over the fallows and fields of their inland paradise.

But it is to the lover of ancient history that Seascale or Seacales—"the huts by the sea" of the fishers of old time—most appeals. There is no part of Cumberland so remarkable for its traces of pre-Aryan man, with his polished stone celt and his long barrow, or of the later round-headed Gael, with his bronze weapons and his round barrows, or of the still later Celtic race, the Waelas or Britons of old time, as the rising ground, the foothills of the lakeland fastnesses seen from sand-ridges of Seascale.

On Eskdale Moor, on Burmoor, on Stockdale Moor, on Barnscar, on Waberthwaite Fell, on Friarmoor, at Tarn Bank, at Tongue Howe and Boat Howe, remains of these vanished races abound, and anyone who visits the British Museum will know how

a certain John Quayle who drained the Gibb Tarn at Ehenside has enriched our antiquarian knowledge by the stone axe in its original handle, and by the wooden implements that were there found. Casts of many of these relics are preserved in the Braystones tower.

The lover of Roman remains finds still above ground at Ravenglass, the chief living room of the general-in-chief, who commanded his Roman legionaries at this place. He can track Agricola's route along the coast inland, from Ravenglass to Moresby, or passing up Eskdale may find the Roman fort and the Roman exercise ground high up above the vale at Hardknott.

But it is of the religious history of old time that the Seascale neighbourhood is so full. If we look south we see Black Combe, and know that at one time its slopes were broidered with Druids' circles. If we look north we see St. Bees' Head and remember how, in the year 650, St. Begha and her nuns began their Irish mission work here, much helped in the obtaining of lands from the Lord of Egremont, by a gracious fall of snow upon the eve of Midsummer's Day.

Furness Abbey is easily within reach by train to the south, and Calder Abbey can be visited in an afternoon. I never go along that road from Seascale to Calder without in fancy seeing Abbot Gerald and

his hapless thirteen monks, with his one cart and eight oxen, carrying their clothes'-chests and the few books they had saved from the cruel onslaught of the Scots under King David in the year 1140, flying for their life back to Furness Abbey, the inhospitable Abbey that shut its doors against them.

Away at Irton stands a very remarkable Anglian cross, as it has probably stood for ten centuries, and well worth a visit it is. But it is not of the Anglian Church that one thinks so much as of the christianised Viking Church that flourished hereabout.

Any one who will take the trouble to walk to Gosforth, two-and-a-half miles from Seascale, will find himself face to face with the most remarkable Christian-Viking monument that exists in England. Once on a day in this little old Gosforth churchyard four of these remarkable crosses existed, one of them, destroyed as late as the eighteenth century, is still partly standing, turned into a sundial, and its head was found in 1874. The remains of a third, called "The Fishing Stone Cross," is preserved within the Church, the head of it was found in 1843, and part of its shaft in 1882.

The beautiful monolith that remains to us, set up not later than the year 1000, and perhaps as early as 900, is a poem in stone which all lovers of the Sagas and all interested in the history of the Norsemen

must make a point of visiting. We owe it to Dr. Parker and the late Reverend W. S. Calverley that the marvellous mission effort and the gospel sermon in stone of this monument should be unfolded to us. Here we have portrayed the myths of the Edda, and scenes from the "Vala's Prophecy" of the Völuspá, in such a way as that they should appeal with a Christian meaning to the newly converted Norsemen of old time.

We cannot hope to understand the story of this marvellous Gosforth Cross till we remember how in Norse mythology Loki, the spirit of evil, had by the witch of Jötenheim three monsters for offspring—the Fenris-wolf, the Midgard-Worm Jörmungand, and a daughter Hel—and that the All-father, knowing that from this offspring evil would result, cast the Midgard-Worm into the deep, where it waxed so great that it coiled itself round the earth and bit its tail with its teeth. Loki afterwards cast himself in likeness of a salmon into the waterfalls of Fránángr, and, as we learn from the Saga of the Œgisdrekka, he was there caught by the gods or Æsir and bound a prisoner in bonds made of the entrails of his own son Nâri, was cast into Hel "beneath the gratings of the dead" until Ragnarök or the day of doom.

It was while lying thus bound that Skâdi, wife of Njörd, took a venomous serpent and fastened it up

over Loki's face. Whereupon Sigún, Loki's wife, held a cup to catch the venom; but when the cup was full, and she was about to empty it, a drop of the poison fell upon Loki's flesh. It caused such exquisite agony that Loki in his struggles made the whole earth tremble, and the earthquake was looked upon by the Norsemen as the result.

Then, again, we must remember that the cross represents the ever-growing tree, the sacred Yggdrasil or World-Ash-tree of Norse mythology, the tree of life whose roots are in Hel and whose topmost branches, called the peace-givers, reach to Heaven and overshadow Walhalla. Its leaves are browsed upon by the white hart Eikthynir, and it cannot wither until the last great battle of Ragnarök.

The wolf Fenris had children who grew into horrible monsters, with knotted serpent-like bodies and tails, and with wolf heads; these were Hel, Skjöll, and Hati. They attacked the sun and moon, and attempted to devour the seat of the gods.

Norse mythology always looked forward to the awful day when Loki should escape from his bonds, and all the powers of evil, set free, should in the day of Ragnarök go forth to battle against the gods. The wolf should break loose, the waves of the sea should overflow the land, and the great Midgard-Worm should join in the struggle.

In Norse myth, ere the battle of Ragnarök begin, Heimdal, the warder of Asgard, restrains these wolf-monsters eager for the fray, and blows his mighty horn—his Giallar horn, or golden horn—to waken the Æsir and Einheriar, the gods and giants, and warns them to prepare for the last battle, and the crack of doom.

Odin, awakened, arms himself and mounts his horse Sleipnir, and rides down to Mimir's well or Mim's head, to consult the fates. Before Ragnarök and the twilight of the gods come, the wolf Fenris flies forward to attack the white hart, the divine hart Eikthynir, from whose antlers fall the drops of the fount of holy waters. The gods pursue the wolf and gag him with a sword, which is driven up to the hilt through the lower jaw, and is bent back into a loop after the point has pierced the upper jaw.

Meanwhile, in the 'twilight of the gods,' the battle begins. Heimdal and Loki fight hand to hand, and each the other slays. Thor attacks the Midgard-Worm, bruises his head and kills him, though he himself dies nine paces off, poisoned by the monster's venom breath.

Before Loki is slain, Baldr, the beautiful, the peace-giver, the bright son of the Father, has, through Loki's treachery, been slain, pierced by a dart of mistletoe, sent forth from the bow of the blind Hödr.

Nanna, the wife of Baldr, sorrows "in earth's deeper sanctuaries" for this deed of death.

And now Odin, who, mounted on his horse, leads the gods to battle, is slain by the wolf, swallowed at one gulp. But no sooner has the wolf swallowed Odin than another son of Odin, Vidar, the silent god, confronts him, and placing a heavy iron shoe on the nether jaw of the beast, with one hand seizes the upper jaw and rends his maw asunder and slays him.

But the Norsemen believed that though Baldr had been slain and Odin swallowed alive, and though evil had apparently triumphed, Baldr should come again, and the heavenly gods should inhabit glorious dwellings.

It was true the whole earth should be cast into flames, Surtur should come from the south with the fiery flying sons of Múspell—the personification of fire—"on the wings of tempest riding," and spread his fiery spell over all things. But out of the conflagration a new heaven and a new earth should rise, and the days of Eden should return, when the fields should bring forth fruit without man's sowing, and all evil should be amended.

All this and more than this is told us in the Vala's Prophecy of the Völuspá. Nor must we forget that Odin is sung of in the Sagas as having offered himself

to himself, and as hanging for nine whole nights on a wind-rocked tree, sore wounded by a spear.

Here, then, was an opportunity for Christian teachers of the ninth or tenth centuries to teach through Norse myth the truths of the Gospel. If the Norsemen had their tree of life, so had the Christians in Christ and His cross their tree of life, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations. If the Norsemen had their well of living waters, so had the Christians in the Spirit of Christ; and if in Norse mythology the white hart was the keeper of the well, the Christians saw in their church the white hart or spirit of goodness, by whom the waters of life should be preserved for the thirsty souls of men. If the Norse had their spirit of evil in wolf and serpent, Christians personified the Spirit of goodness in the form of the white hart, which the spirit of evil longed to hunt and devour. If the Norse Odin was hung upon a tree, and Baldr was wounded in the side, the Christians taught their Christ as the crucified one, His side pierced by the spear. If Nanna wept for the death of Baldr, Mary wept by the side of the cross. If Thor bruised the serpent's head, the seed of woman in Christian teaching should bruise the serpent's head also. Christian and Norse alike look forward to a time when evil, loosed from all bonds, should go forth to desperate battle with all good

but after the twilight of the gods, if the Norseman believed that the earth should be purified by fire, the Christian believed that after the dread battle between good and evil, and Christ's victory over the world, the flesh and the devil, the Holy Spirit should be poured forth with purifying power over all the earth, and a new heaven and a new earth should be born wherein righteousness should dwell. If the Norseman had his Heimdal or warder of Asgard to blow his trumpet, and to warn the gods to prepare for battle, the Christian had his forerunner to warn the people from wrath to come, John the Baptist, whilst at the same time the trumpet sound of the Gospel should hold at bay the powers of evil to the end of time. If the Norsemen had Vidar the silent to slay the wolf-headed serpent of evil, and open the jaws of the Hel-worm, the Christians had in Christ one silent before his accusers, who destroyed evil and opened by His resurrection the gates of death and of hell.

With these thoughts in our minds, let us now examine the Gosforth Cross.

A tree of life, it rises from a triple-stepped base-stone, emblematical of the Trinity ; and in the cross-head we see the triquetra emblems of the same Three in One. The powers of evil on the west, south and east sides are all intent with gaping mouths to destroy the Holy Trinity.

THE GOSFORTH CROSS

On the west side of the cross, a Norseman of old time would see in the lower panel, Loki bound, and Sigún with cup, catching the poison that falls from the serpent's mouth. Above this he would note Odin riding on Sleipnir down to the fount of Mimir beneath the earth, to ask the prophetess of things to come. Above him Heimdal, the warder of Asgard, who has blown a blast upon his golden horn, is holding back the wolf-serpents, Skjöll and Hati; whilst higher still, the evil power is attacking the seats of the gods—for these four triquetra emblems represent the twelve halls of the gods—or else bent on swallowing the symbols of the sun and moon as the wolf-serpent children of Fenris were fabled to do in "the twilight of the gods."

The Christian, as he gazed upon this western side, would see in the enchained Loki, Satan bound; would see in the horseman upside down, Death upon its pale horse, overthrown by the Heimdal-Christ, who with his staff keeps back the powers of evil; whilst above he would notice the serpent attacking the emblem of the Holy Trinity.

On the south side of the cross the Norseman of old time would note Odin riding through the hall of serpents, the wolf Fenris and the serpent attacking the divine hart at the spring head of the holy waters. Above was carven the wolf-serpent, gagged by Thor's

sword, and above again the power of evil attacking the halls of the gods or swallowing the symbols of the sun and moon.

It is conceivable that in the lowest part of the lower panel on this south side, the headless plaited serpent beneath the horseman represents the coiled body of the adder which was said to separate the home of the living from the Nâstrond, the strand of the dead. If this be so, the strange embryonic figure below Nâstrond must mean "the place of the dead."

Here one may remind those who visit the cross, that in Norse mythology, the daughter of Loki, Hel, who was said to have her abode in Niffelheim, under the tree roots of the World-Ash-Tree or Yggdrasil, was always spoken of as "the receiver of the dead," at any rate of those who died on land, and was represented as a hungry wolf-headed monster, whilst Freya or Frigg received the dead who fell in battle, and Rän received the dead who were drowned by the sea. It is conceivable, therefore, that the top-most panels of the western side really represented these three deathly powers, Hel, Freya and Rän, for the Norse as seafarers would never forget the death power that devoured the men who sailed the sea.

The Christian who gazed on this south side would see in the horseman a Christ riding out armed to battle, trampling already upon the headless serpent

of evil; would notice above him how the wolf Fenris and the serpent were bent on attacking the white hart, which was the symbol of the Church, and how, nevertheless, that white hart stood in peace and fearlessness, by reason of her knowledge that Christ had ridden forth to victory. Above the white hart and the gagged serpent, he would notice how the power of evil had been restrained by the conquering Christ and the power of the Church; but looking higher still, he would observe that the serpent still attempted to devour the Holy Trinity, and would be reminded that the power of evil was still in the land, and that the fight for the faith still went on.

On the east side the Norseman in old time would notice the serpents beneath the feet of Nanna, the spouse of Baldr; would see blind Hödr stabbing with a javelin Baldr the Beautiful, or perhaps would be reminded of how Odin, in his rune song, sang:

"I know that I hung,
on a wind-rocked tree,
nine whole nights,
with a spear wounded,
and to Odin offered,
myself to myself;
on that tree,
of which no one knows
from what root it springs."

Above this he would see the headless serpent and the double-headed serpent above, one mouth of

which is attempting to devour the symbols of the sun and moon, whilst the other mouth is being forcibly rent asunder by Vidar, the silent son of Odin.

The Christian, as he gazed on this east side, would note at once the crucifixion panel, deliberately set facing the east. He would see, in the woman with her foot upon the serpent's head, an illustration of the Gospel prophecy that the serpent's head should be bruised by the heel of the woman. Instead of Nanna, he would recognise the Magdalene, holding in her hands an alabastron for the anointing of the body of the Christ. Instead of the blind Hödr, he would observe the soldier, evidently a Roman soldier, by the fact that he is a shaven man, as was Roman military fashion, and how he had pierced the side of the Christ crucified, whilst the blood streamed down upon him from the wound. Above the crucifixion panel, in the headless serpent he would observe how evil had been conquered by the crucified Christ, and instead of Vidar the silent, rending of the jaws of the monster asunder, he would think of Christ silent before His accusers, opening the gates of Hell and destroying the power of death. Perhaps in the strong forward movement of Vidar he would think of Christ descending into Hades to take glad tidings to the spirits in prison, whilst as he gazed upon the

double-headed beast, whose upper head was still bent upon devouring the Trinity, he might be told that though Christ had destroyed the terrors of death, death still existed as the destroyer of men's bodies, and evil still existed to attempt to destroy God's death.

On the north side of the cross the Norseman would observe, on the lowest panel, endless interlacings which might symbolise eternity to him ; then a picture of Odin on his horse upside down, overcome in the last great battle of Ragnarök. Above, he would note Odin riding forth to battle against Surtur and his flaming, fiery, flying sons of Múspell, who with his host is descending to blast the earth with his fiery breath.

The Christian, as he gazed on this northern side of the cross, would be led to believe that the horseman upside down was death on a pale horse, who had been overcome for all eternity by the conquering Christ who rides His horse above him ; and in the fiery, flying serpent Surtur, at whose head rides the victorious Christ, he would be taught of the gift of Pentecost, and the rushing mighty wind of the Spirit, which, led by Christ, should conquer all the world.

The whole tree of life would thus become invested to the Christian with symbolical representation of the Heimdal-Christ boldly withstanding evil ; of the

Church of Christ, under the figure of a white hart, triumphing over evil; of the Baldr-Christ by His death overcoming death; of the victorious Odin-Christ leading the hosts of the Spirit to victory. And at the same time he would see in the runic pictures the story of "the twilight of the gods," and feel that though the power of the pagan gods of old against evil had proved futile in the day of doom and judgment, there was for them a God victorious, whose kingdom should know no twilight, even Christ the Lord.

We cannot tell who the inspired mission preacher was who thus welded together Norse mythology with Christian teaching. It is conceivable that this cross was set up at the head of the grave of a great Viking chieftain, who had been lately won to the faith of Christ. Another cross was probably placed at the foot of the grave, of which only a little portion now remains to us, the fragment of the Fishing-Stone Cross which is now to be seen inside the church.

As to the date, it has been suggested that it is likely that these crosses were erected in memory of some wealthy chieftain of a long-established settlement, and after the faith of Christ was well rooted in the land. Dr. Stephens, of Copenhagen, placed it as early as the end of the seventh century, but a

belief prevails now that we must look upon these crosses as not earlier than the end of the ninth century; some say the latter part of the tenth century. It has also been suggested that the crosses were placed here at a time when the Vikings were only half-Christianised. That these sea-rovers were quite willing to worship the white Christ ashore, but equally determined to trust Baldr and Odin and Thor when they were afloat.

I do not believe this. We have here evidence of a determination to teach through Northern myth the truths of Christianity. Crosses were set up at a time when the congregation that assembled here remembered their Norse myths, but had accepted Christ.

Inside the church may still be seen the remains of that second cross, which probably stood at the foot of the grave of the Christianised Norse chieftain who here lay buried. On the top of this stone is carved either a white hart or a lamb trampling upon two serpents. In this stone picture the Christian would see the Church on earth victorious over evil. Underneath is the knotted serpent, and beneath it a boat with a crow's nest at its mast,—the oldest picture in stone of such a vessel in our land. To the left of the mast a man is seen with his right arm extending over the prow, grasping the hammer. In his left hand he holds a fishing line baited with an

ox's head, around which large bait are gathered several enormous fish. To the right of the mast is another figure of a man grasping in his uplifted right hand a hatchet.

We could not have understood this Fishing Stone had it not been that Dr. Stephens of Copenhagen recognised it as an illustration of the "Lay of Hymir." According to the legend upon which that Lay is based, the god Thor desired to catch and destroy the Midgard-Worm which lay at the bottom of the sea. He asked his enemy, Hymir the giant, to go with him on this fishing expedition, and to give him as a bait for his hook, the head of his largest ox. This Hymir did, and they went off to their fishing. The Midgard-Worm took the bait, and Thor pulled him to the surface. Hymir the giant, terrified at the sight of the monster, lifted his hatchet and cut the line. At the same moment, Thor flung his hammer, Miöllnir as it was called, at the serpent's head, and the great worm sank back into the sea. The "Lay of Hymir" runs thus:

"The mighty Hymir drew,
he alone,
two whales up
with his hook;
but at the stern abaft
Veor (Thor) cunningly
made him a line.

Fixed on the hook
the shield of men,
the serpent's slayer,
the ox's head.
Gaped at the bait
the foe of gods,
the encircler beneath
of every land.
Drew up boldly
the mighty Thor
the worm with venom glistening,
up to the side;
with his hammer struck,
on his foul head's summit
like a rock towering,
the wolf's own brother.
The icebergs resounded,
the caverns howled,
the old earth
shrank together:
At length the fish
back into ocean sank."

The teaching to the Christians of this fishing incident would probably be an appeal to them to abandon their belief in Thor, inasmuch as he had been unable, for all his prowess, to overcome the serpent, while Christ and His Church, as typified by the white hart above, was evidently victorious, and able to trample all serpents underfoot.

In the church also are two excellent examples of pre-Norman tombs, "hogbacks." They represent the houses of the day, and one of them was possibly the

tomb of the great chieftain, who, when Ethelred the Unready led an expedition into Cumberland in the year 1000, was beaten back from this portion of the sea-coast by the chieftain to whom this tomb-stone was erected. This is only a guess by an able local antiquary but it is an interesting one. It may be these stones are earlier than the year 1000. They certainly are the tomb-memorials of Norse chieftains.

Both of them show the tiled roof of a chieftain's house. Possibly they represent the Mead Hall in Walhalla. On the larger tomb are wolf-headed serpents. Human figures destroy some of these, and wrestle and seize the upper jaws in their hands. On each side of the stone is the crucified Redeemer, and though the battle between good and evil may be seen to be portrayed, there can be no doubt that the suggestion is that in Christ and by the power of Christ, Death the devourer, and sin in all its serpent shapes, can be conquered.

The smaller tomb of the two is the more interesting. On one side are interlacing patterns, on the other side two armies stand opposite one to the other, not fighting, but apparently making a truce, the leader of the one host surrendering his flag to the other. The large round shields they bear are Viking shields. On the end is the figure

of an armed man, probably the portrait of the chieftain laid below. This picture of an armed man is extremely interesting as being a contemporary picture, and as showing us the large round shield the Vikings used. Whether we accept the suggestion that we have here a picture of Ethelred the Unready's submission to the Gosforth Vikings or not, we can none of us leave the church, without thanks to the careful hands that unearthed these stones from beneath the twelfth century wall, and gave them back to the light of the day.

Full of thought we make our way back to the "place of the huts by the sea." The larks sing over us, the gorse is gold at our side; the same song is in our ears, the same flowers delight our eyes that so often gladdened the hearts of the brave sea rovers, the sons of Odin and Thor, when, weary of climbing up the ever-climbing wave, they left their beaked ships on the shore, and coming back to their quiet home, to the welcome of wives and children, they heard once again above the sacred place of their dead, the church horns call to worship in the name of their new Lord Christ.

V.

AT ST. BEES.

VISITORS to the Lake Country north and south by the London and North-Western, or who come hither by the North-Eastern line, will remember Tebay Junction. They will perhaps hardly realise that the name of the station puts on record the mission enterprise of St. Begha and her Irish sisterhood, who in the year 650 began her work for Christ beneath the shadow of the cliff of Baruth, the St. Bees Head of to-day.

For Tebay stands for "Tighe Beghae," "the house of Begha," and whether she actually came hither during her lifetime, or whether the monks of St. Mary at York in after years founded a cell here in memory of the Abbess, it is to her inspiration that, long after Rome ceased to hold the pass and the great camp at Barrow Bridge had been deserted, this wild outway of the hills was held for Christ, and travellers north and south found here a shelter and a Christian welcoming.

But to-day, in honour of St. Begha, let us visit her first home on the Cumberland coast. There still beneath the shelter of Tomline Head are the remains of the famous Abbey of St. Bees, which William de Meschines, son of Ranulf, brother of the first Earl of Cumberland, after the Conquest, rebuilt to replace the earlier religious house destroyed by the Danes, and made it a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York. There, too, still stands and flourishes the Free School, which after the dissolution of the monasteries Archbishop Grindal founded. Wordsworth has chronicled for us in his poem of 1835 the history of the many changes that took place at St. Bees. But Wordsworth is not the only poet that comes to mind as we visit this little sea-coast sanctuary of learning. It is more than probable that Archbishop Grindal's friend Spenser visited "the gentle Algrind," "the gravest and greatest prelate of the land," as Lord Bacon called him, who was born at St. Bees in 1519, and who, growing up to become Archbishop of York and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, died blind from incessant toil in the year 1583.

But the poet one most thinks of at St. Bees is the poet who wrote the greatest heroic poem in early Anglo-Saxon times extant—the poem of Beowulf. For it is clear that that poem, written some say in

the seventh, others in the eighth, and which, as is more probable, was the work of the ninth century, was well known hereabouts in the days when the Christian missionaries both here and at Gosforth were using pagan stories to teach the way of Christ.

Opposite the west door of St. Bees Church, above the alcove where the crier used to take his stand to give notice to folk as they came out of church of the next public sale, may be seen a remarkable stone door impost which possibly belongs to St. Begha's foundation, though its design seems to be rather of the Christianised Scandinavian school. It represents a mighty winged dragon, whose coiling tail ends in what looks like the head of a seal swallowing a fish, its head turned back over its shoulder, and its mouth snouted somewhat like a swine, its open jaws showing five teeth breathing slaughter against an armed knight, who, helmed and with sword uplifted and shield on his left hand, is about to deal the monster his death-blow. There are interlacings of the basket-work type at either end of this stone, and on the left-hand corner is a dove, the symbol of the Holy Spirit. This door impost is of local red sandstone, and is about 5 feet 4 inches long. We have no stone like it in England. There can be no doubt that it represents Beowulf slaying the dragon of the Mound of Treasure.

The story of Beowulf is as follows: Hrothgar, King of the Danes, ruled successfully over many nations, and built a mighty hall or burgh called Heorot, in order that he might dispense noble hospitality. But a devouring fiend visited his hall every night and carried off one or other of his faithful warriors, so that at last, though habitable by day, none slept there.

Beowulf, nephew of Higelac, in the neighbouring land of the Gaetas, heard of old King Hrothgar's despair, and being adventurous and of great bodily strength set sail with fourteen companions to the Danish coast, and offered to keep night watch in the hall of Heorot, and do battle with the monster.

The monster, Grendel by name, visited the hall by night and clutched and devoured one of the sleepers. Beowulf made for him, and after a tremendous battle worsted the fiend, who escaped to the moorland, leaving one of his arms in Beowulf's hands. Beowulf was rewarded with a golden banner, a helmet and a coat of mail, with a famous ancient sword, and eight splendid horses cheek-adorned.

Magnificent festivities were held in his honour, and at the end of the minstrel's song the Queen handed the King's cup to Beowulf, and gave him bracelets and rich garments, and a golden torque.

That same night, whilst the men were sleeping

safely, as they supposed, in the Hall of Heorot, the fiendish wife of Grendel came to revenge her husband's death, for he had died of his wounds, and killed and carried off one of the sleepers, a man, Aeschere by name, the King's favourite battle-comrade. Beowulf asked where the cruel hag lived; was told that she dwelt at the bottom of a wild moor-land lake in a place of such terror that no animals would ever visit the neighbourhood. Beowulf determined to enter her watery lair, and taking his famous sword, Hrunting by name, a sword that had never failed in fight the hand that wielded it, bade farewell to Hrothgar, and went off to the lonely mere. Plunging into the abyss, the old hag or water-wolf, who had dwelt there one hundred years, clutched him and bore him off to a central hall, where there was no water and which was lighted by a strange gleam of fire. There Grendel's mate, the hag, awaited him; there too lay the dead body of Grendel. The fight at once began, and Beowulf was sore pressed. But, espying an old elfin sword amongst the armour in the hall, he seized it, and smiting the hag therewith she fell dead. Then with the same sword he smote off the head of the lifeless Grendel, and returned upward through the waterflood.

Beowulf's friends, Hrothgar's men, were just about to leave the height above the dreadful tarn, which

THE LEOWULI STONE

was already flushed from the bloody work that had been going on below, for evening was upon them, and they felt they would see Beowulf no more, when suddenly there was a movement in the waters, and Beowulf, holding aloft the monster's head and the gigantic hilt of the sword, whose blade had melted away like frost by reason of the venom of the hag's blood, stepped ashore in his dripping harness, told his story, bringing the hilt of the sword to Hrothgar the King.

Loaded with presents, the warrior Beowulf entered his sea-goer and sailed off to the land of Higelac, where he was received with great honour and presented with an ancient sword, with a wide lordship and a noble house, and dwelt with the King till Higelac fell in battle; and then, by prodigious swimming, he reached the homeland again, and offered his services to the widowed Queen and her infant child. The boy grew up, but fell in battle, and Beowulf reigned in his stead fifty years as a faithful king, and died by a supreme act of heroism.

It is of this supreme act of heroism which the stone at St. Bees tells us. A horrible dragon that wasted the land, dwelt above a vault filled full of wondrous treasure, and none dare do battle with the beast till Beowulf, with his sword of might, went forth to the adventure. He overcame the dragon,

but was so sore wounded in the fight that his life was no longer whole in him, and thus mortally wounded he turned to the single follower who had stood by him in the battle, Wiglaf by name, and spoke as follows:

"I have held this people fifty years; no neighbour has dared to challenge or molest me; I have lived with men on fair and equal terms. I have done no violence, caused no friends to perish, and that to one deadly wounded, who is soon to appear before the Ruler of men, is of much comfort. And now beloved Wiglaf go thou quickly in under the hoary stone of the dragon's vault, and bring the treasures out into the daylight that I may observe the splendour of ancient wealth, and that death may be the softer for the sight."

And this done while the wondrous heap was before his eyes, the victorious warrior spoke as follows: "For the riches on which I look, I thank the Lord of all, the King of glory, and everlasting Ruler, that I have been able before my death-day to acquire such for my people. Well spent is the remnant of my life to earn such a treasure; I charge thee with the care of the people; I can be no longer here. Order my warriors after the bale-fire to rear a mighty mound on the headland over the sea; it shall tower aloft to Hronesness for a memorial to my

people, when sea-going men in time to come, may call it 'Beowulf's Barrow,' when foam-prowed ships drive over the scowling flood on their distant courses."

He took his golden torque from his neck, his helmet inlaid with gold, his collar of mail, and gave them to young Wiglaf and bade him use them as his own. Then spake he and said, "Thou art the last of our race of the Waegmundings. Fate has swept all my kindred off into eternity." And so saying his soul went forth of his breast into the lot of the just.

John Earle, the late Rawlinson Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford, says in his manual on Anglo-Saxon literature that in this poem, a heathen mythical poem clarified by natural filtration through the Christian mind of the poet, in the descent into the abyss and fight with the dragon and the victory that cost the victor his life, he sees the Gospel teaching of Christ's descent into Hell, and Christ's victory over the Evil One. The victory that cost the victor his life, the one faithful friend whilst the rest are fearful, this is a reminder of the story of the cross and of the faithful St. John. Without disturbing Pagan tradition the poet has used such part of the old mythology as was in harmony with Christian doctrine.

"I conceive," says Mr. Earle, who places this

poem in the ninth century, "that Beowulf was a genuine growth of that time when the heathen tales still kept their traditional interest, and yet the spirit of Christianity had taken full possession of the Saxon mind, at least so much of it as was represented by their poetical literature."

But we who have come from Tighe Beghae, the house of Begha, on the east, to this her first home on the western shore, are thinking of other slayers of the dragon than Beowulf to-day.

Hither in the year 650, Begha, a holy woman from Ireland, the daughter of an Irish king, having vowed herself to Christian mission enterprise, left her father's house because she refused marriage with a Norse prince, and taking ship with one of her sisters, sailed for Cumberland. A storm arose and they were either wrecked at Whitehaven, or as tradition has it, were unable to make the harbour there; her sailors ran for the little bay to the south of Tomline Head, and so hardly escaped with their lives, and with loss of their goods, landed here friendless and destitute.

The Sandford MS., which is preserved in the Carlisle Chapter House Library, tells us how it came to pass that these poor ladies, eking out their livelihood with clever hands and the use of the needle, became possessors of landed property in Cumberland, and

were enabled to build St. Bees Abbey. The story runs as follows:

"There was a poor and religious ladye abbess and one of her sisters with her driven in by stormy weather to Whitehaven, and ship cast in the harbour, and so destitute. And so she went to the ladye of Egremont Castle for relief. . . . She desired Ladye Egremont to desire her Lord to build them a house and they would lead the religious life together. . . . Wherewith the Ladye Egremont was very well pleased and spoke to her Lord, who had land enough to give them to buye up treasure in Heaven; and the lord laughed at the ladye, and said he would give them as much land as snow fell upon the next morning, and in Midsummer Day. And on the morrow he looked out of the Castle window to the sea side, two miles from Egremont, all was white with snow for three miles together. And thereupon builded this St. Bees Abbie and gave all those lands was snowen upon it."

Those of us who know how in very hot summers in the northern zone ice-floes are detached and come floating south, can realise the possibility of this sudden winter falling upon our Cumberland coast at Midsummertide.

But we must not forget that whatever religious house was founded here by help of the snow miracle

in the seventh century, it was entirely swept away by the Danes in later times, and until its restoration by Ranulf de Meschines in the time of Henry I., St. Bees lay desolate. It is little less than a miracle that during that time the Beowulf impost was allowed to remain intact, for there can be little doubt that this stone belongs to the Irish foundation.

We in Cumberland owe a great debt of gratitude to the Irish missionaries both before and after St. Begha's time. Hither in their missionary zeal came other heroines of the Cross from the Isle of Saints opposite. St. Bridget has left her name in the Derwent valley, and St. Brigha, the sister of St. Branden, has left traces of her work not only at Bristowe Hill at Keswick, but at the Nuns' Well at Brigham near Cockermouth, and at Brigham near Keswick.

Let us, before we leave St. Bees, visit the priory church, look at the tomb of Prior Cottyngham dated 1300, and at the twelfth century west door, and capitals of the tower piers, and rejoice to think that when the Scots burned down the monastery in 1315, enough of the church was spared to enable the monks to restore their building to such grace that at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries the church was spared to become the parish church.

The blessing of Begha and her mission spirit still rests upon the place. It is true that the theological

college of St. Bees, whose birth Wordsworth celebrated in his poem, has ceased to be, but beneath the shadow of the priory church there flourishes the ancient Grammar School that is linked with the name of Archbishop Grindal, and the young Beowulfs of our time may here learn to go forth bravely against the dragon and its lust of gold.

Let us climb up the slopes of Tomline Head, and with the little thrift flowers pink against the blue-grey sea beneath, let us listen to the sound of the sea, and the plaintive cryings of the gulls that nest in the impracticable ledges beneath. Let us remember that these flowers were probably copied of old time by the hands of St. Begha and her embroideresses, and that they listened with just the same delight as we listen to the voice of the happy sea-gull multitude.

Commerce may have come in to destroy much of the beauty of the coast between us and Workington, but at least in its undesecrated glory the cliff of Baruth lifts above the tide, its sea-wall flushes with the sunset or shines gold-lichened at the noon, and in its ancient calm the quiet turf fringed with its thrift flowers gives fair haunt to meditation and to the wanderer peace.

Note.—I have told the story of St. Bees in *Poems, Ballads, and Bucolics*, p. 155.

VI.

ST. CUTHBERT'S LAST JOURNEY IN CUMBERLAND.

TIMES have changed much since Leyland, the chaplain of Henry VIII., wrote of Workington the *ton* or *tun* of the old British tribe, the Weorcingas, as "that pretty fysher toun where shippes cum to, cawlid Wyrkenton," but as one passes from Keswick to this busy manufacturing town to-day, one sees high up above the Derwent on the left, the battlemented Workington Hall, which was built round the ancient pele tower, which in the time of the Scotch wars, the de Culwen or Curwen of his day, built for his sanctuary.

For us that Hall is chiefly interesting because thither in her sorry plight once came an unfortunate Queen. We may regret with Wordsworth that the dining-room in that Hall was enlarged in such a way as that the spacious apartment where Mary Queen of Scots slept in the month of May, 1658, has been in part done away with. It was long kept, out of

respect for her memory, just as she had left it; and still within the house there is preserved the "Luck of Workington," a small cup of Scotch agate, two inches in diameter, brought by Lord Herries from Dundrennan Abbey, in the hastily-packed basket of refreshments that were provided for the Queen's journey.

"The fears and impatience of Mary," says Robertson, "were so great that she got into a fisher boat, and with about twenty attendants landed at Workington, in Cumberland." Miss Strickland tells us that "the Queen embarked with Lord Herries with sixteen of her train in the secluded little bay at Abbey Burnfoot, and desired to sail for France, but the wind and tide being contrary, the little fishing boat was driven into the harbour of Workington on a Sabbath evening. Here Sir Henry, being the manorial lord of the district, at once conducted the party to his own house, where they were met and welcomed by Lady Curwen and the Dowager Lady, who it is believed provided the Queen and her ladies with a change of linen and such other articles of dress as could be rendered available for their use."

One never passes the gates of Workington Hall without the thought of that courteous welcoming of the Queen in her distress. She may have even felt then some presentiment of her doom. The sorrow

and tragedy of that welcoming grows upon one as one reads Wordsworth's noble sonnet:

"Dear to the Loves and the Graces vowed
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;
And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed.
And like a star (that, from a heavy cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled; but time, the old Saturnian seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
With step prelusive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand—
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear
Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay."

But Workington has associations of an earlier time that are full of interest, for hither in the ninth century, during its seven years' wandering, was borne from Lorton valley, the body of St. Cuthbert, and the famous jewelled and illuminated copy of the four Gospels given to the monks of Lindisfarne by Eadfrith, successor of St. Cuthbert. It is with the loss of this missal that the Cumberland shore is associated.

I never pass between Workington and Whitehaven without feeling that although the commerce of the twentieth century has done its best to destroy its natural charm, the little episode in connexion with this missal, that took place probably somewhere near

Harrington, has still such a glamour about it as to be able to wipe out for the moment smoking chimney, pit refuse and mounds of slag, and to give us back the fair green quiet coast as Cuthbert's monks saw it on the day they recovered their lost treasure at low tide.

We cannot escape from the presence of Cuthbert in the diocese of Carlisle either alive or dead. If we go to Cartmel we find him coming to visit Cartmel and all the Britons therein that had been given to him by Ecgfrith the King—Ecgfrith who, between 670 and 685, had by his conquest made a portion of Cumbria English ground, and transferred it from the diocese of Glasgow to St. Cuthbert's See at Lindisfarne. If we visit Derwentwater we are at once reminded of how the close friendship of Cuthbert gave the lonely hermit there heart of grace until in the year 687, dying on the same day, as Bede tells us, they who had been friends on earth were friends in Heaven. If one visits Carlisle, every Grammar School boy one meets tells us of how by Cuthbert's advice, to whom the city of Carlisle and the land fifteen miles round had been given by the King by way of pecuniary endowment, a school had been founded to which the present school is in direct lineage. Nor can we ever pass through the market-place at Carlisle without seeing, in imagina-

tion, the sad face of Cuthbert gazing down into the Roman well which then probably stood in the market-place, and sighing deeply as if in vision he had there seen the death of his royal patron, and the triumph of the pagan Picts at Nechtansmere. Bede tells us that a day or two after Cuthbert's arrival, as some of the citizens were taking him round to show him the walls of the city and the well of marvellous workmanship constructed by the Romans, he suddenly became disturbed in spirit, and leaning on his staff, he bent down his face sadly to the ground and again raising himself up, he lifted his eyes to Heaven, and groaning deeply he muttered perhaps at this very moment, "the hazard of the battle is over." When questioned by the bystanders he would say no more than "Do you not see how marvellously disturbed the air is, and who among mortals is sufficient to search out the judgments of God?"

Next day, a Sunday, he preached a sermon on the words, "Watch and pray, Watch and pray." In a few days there came a solitary fugitive with news that the Picts "had turned desperately to bay, as the English army entered Fife, and that Ecgfrith and the flower of his nobles lay a ghastly ring of corpses on the far-off moorland of Nechtansmere."

It was then realised that the king had fallen on

the day and hour at which St. Cuthbert bent in sorrow over the Roman well.

It is not, however, Cuthbert alive, but Cuthbert dead, who haunts our Carlisle diocese. Of the forty-three churches dedicated to St. Cuthbert between the Humber and Mersey, and between Tweed and Solway, sixteen are found in Cumbria; and these churches are probably all of them memorials of the fact that Cuthbert in his coffin one time rested there.

Before he died, "this tutelar saint of the fierce northmen," as he has been called, had some prevision of sorrow that should befall the land at the hands of barbarous invaders, and "the said holy man, before his departure out of this life, amongst other wholesome counsels and goodly admonitions delivered, uttered these or the like words: 'If you, my brethren, shall at any time hereafter come unto one of the two extremities following, I do rather choose and wish that you would take my bones up and fly from those places, and take your place of abode and stay wheresoever Almighty God shall provide for you, than that you should by any means submit yourselves to the yoke and servitude of the wicked schismatics.' Which words he then spoke by the Spirit, probably foreseeing the perilousness of the time to come."

After he had died, we read in the *Rites of Durham* these words: "Also when, in the year 875, Eardulf was Bishop of Lindisfarne, and when Halfdene, King of the Danes, with a great number of the navy and army of infidels, arrived at Tinmouth haven, intending to sojourn there all the winter following, and the next spring, he meant with all his power to invade and destroy the county of Northumberland, whereof when Eardulf the Bishop had intelligence, with all his clergy and people after long consultation had among themselves what course was to be taken in that extremity to prevent the barbarous craft of the savage and merciless infidels, they in the end called to mind the words of monition delivered by St. Cuthbert to his children, and Bishop Eardulf did tacke, carry and beare awaie the bodie of Sancte Cuthbert from Holy Eland southward, and fled seven yeare from toune to toune, for the great persecution and slawtering of Paynims and Danes."

We know from a certain list compiled by Prior Wessington of Durham, who was prior between 1416 and 1446, and set up over the choir door at Durham, what were the places visited in Cumberland by the monks who were in flight with the body of St. Cuthbert. We can trace the journey that they took when they entered Cumberland, when after wandering down the valleys of the Rede and the

North and the South Tyne, they came by way of Haydon Bridge, passed Kirkhaugh, struck the Maiden way, surmounted the Crossfell range, and turning down by Hartside into the Eden valley, crossed the Eden probably at Force Mills, and came to Salkeld. Thence the party, consisting of Bishop Eardulf, Abbot Edred, seven priors, and other monks to bear them company, passed to Edenhall, rested at Clifton, Cliburn, Millom and Dufton. From Dufton they fled across the fells and entered Yorkshire at Cotheseton (Cuthbert's stone). After wandering into Yorkshire they came to Middleton, near Manchester, thence returning northwards they remained at Over Kellet; they then passed over the sands of Morecambe Bay, arrived at Aldingham, and after resting there came on to Kirkby Ireleth and Hawkshead. They appear to have gone thence to the sea coast; but driven from St. Bees by the Danes, they came back into the Lake Country and dwelt for a time at Lorton and Embleton, till they had knowledge of the departure of the invaders. Thence they went to Plumbland, then to Burrough Walls, near Workington, and so to Derwentmuth, determining that for safety's sake they would leave England for good and all, and make their way to Ireland. It is probable that at all the places where the body rested a church was built in memory of the saint.

It is at this point where the story of the loss of the jewelled missal, which lends such interest to our Cumberland shore comes in. The *Rites of Durham* tells us: "And so the bushop, the abbott, and the reste, being weirye of travelling thoughte to have stowlne awaye, and carried Sancte Cuthbert body into Ireland for his better saifftie, and being upon the sea in a shippe by myricle marveillous, iij waves of water was turned into bloode. The shippe that they were in was dreven back by tempest, and by the mightie powre of God, as it should seame, upon the shore or land. And also the saide shippe that they were in, by the grete storm and strong raging walls of the sea as is aforesaid, was turned on the one syde, and the booke of the Holie Evangelists fell out of the ship into the bottom of the sea."

The waves of blood spoken of in this tradition may well have been a tidal wave, the result of some earthquake disturbance, which would send upward the red hematite ore that probably lies in heavy mud beneath the Solway waters on our seaboard. Glad enough were the monks to escape with their lives, and with the coffin that contained the remains of their beloved master, but sad of heart were they that this beautiful missal, so deeply treasured as the gift of Cuthbert's successor, had fallen overboard in the wreck. I like to think with what joy these

devoted wanderers would hail the finding of this precious book at low tide by the Harrington shore, and how they would doubly cherish it, as passing over to Galloway, they found a little rest at Candida Casa, the place where St. Ninian, about the year 400 built, so Bede tells us, the first church in stone.

It was while resting here that Eardulf heard that Halfdene the invader was dead, and he determined to return to his own diocese. They turned eastward through Kirkcudbright, and after visiting Melrose, the native place of the saint, they entered Cumberland, found shelter at Kirklinton, and then at Abbot Edred's monastery at Carlisle. St. Cuthbert's church at Carlisle is probably the memorial of that visit. On by the Roman road eastward they went to Nether Denton, and so by the Maiden way direct to Bewcastle; thus their seven years of weary pilgrimage came to an end.

But we are at Harrington by the shore of the kindly sea that gave back to them that honoured treasure, and those of us who wish to see it, may go to the British Museum, and ask to see the book in the Cottonian collection (Nero D. 4). If we take a microscope with us, and are allowed to examine the manuscript, we may see adhering to the leaves the salt crystals which the baptism in the Solway gave it.

When, close behind, the Danish robbers cried,
And Lorton's lap no longer gave them rest,
They bore Saint Cuthbert's body to the west,
And fain beyond the wave their trust would hide;
Against the vessel rose a sea, whose tide
Rolled back the Saint with blood, as if its breast
Were wounded to the heart, and all confessed
At Derwent's mouth the body must abide.

With loss it rose, with gain the tide sank low;
The monks who sought their Gospel of the Lord,
Wave-washed from out the ship, found whole and fair
The jewelled gift of Eadfrid: storms may throw
Such jewels overboard, but God will care,
And lo, with added salt, regives His Word.

VII.

GOWBARROW FELL AND AIRA FORCE.

WHEN the Speaker on August 9 of 1906 declared Gowbarrow Fell and Aira Force open to the public for ever, under the direction of the National Trust, he said humorously: "You have all heard, I have no doubt, of how a mountain was once in labour and brought forth a mouse. On this occasion it is the mice that have been in labour and brought forth a mountain."

As one of the mice who have laboured to obtain this Fell for the joy of the people, it would be well for me to put on record at once our thanks to the sixteen hundred public-spirited persons who have enabled us of the National Trust to add this noble property to our list of places, to be preserved for the nation in their ancient beauty to all time, and to ask that in future people who feel that they are passing away to the silent land, and have no heirs and much money to bequeath, shall remember that, in addition

to the Bible Society, the Infirmary, and the Homes for Dogs and Cats, there is a Society which, by its work, is doing its best to keep the Book of God's older Scriptures—the Book of Nature—open for the people, a Society that prevents the need of the infirmary by ministering to the holiday, the rest and health, of the toilers of the land; and that, at any rate, if the cat be a wild cat, that fast disappearing creature from our English fell-land, the National Trust will give it a chance of home.

We have no wish to divert funds from all these gracious kindly agencies, any more than we have the wish to prevent people leaving large sums or famous pictures to the National Gallery. But when one remembers that £32,000 was subscribed for the Velasquez "Venus" a year or two ago, and that by the subscription of £12,800 the nation is now possessed of a gallery of such unrivalled pictures as may be found on any part of the Gowbarrow Estate, one does wish that the legacy-leavers, or their trusted attorneys who suggest the leaving of legacies, would have the National Trust in mind, and let their clients feel, ere they close their eyes for ever, that every penny they so leave will go to the obtaining for future generations to all time the privilege of reading of God's revelation in this oldest Bible, of gaining health in His surest infirmary, and of finding

the creatures He has made kept tenderly and with love, for the joy and delight of the wanderer.

The Gowbarrow Fell Estate may well in time return to something of its ancient use as a sanctuary for wild life. A golden eagle was seen lately upon its heights; a buzzard's nest and a curlew's nest have since been found upon the fell. The red deer and the fallow deer may be seen there, as Wordsworth saw them of old. Last year upon its border a badger had his home, but we trust it may never be necessary to repeat the furious onslaught upon the vermin of the fell which old surveyor James Clarke describes on a Whitsun hunt there in 1759, when he saw destroyed fifteen foxes, seven badgers, twelve wild cats, nine sweet-marts, besides a prodigious number of foul-marts, ravens, gledes, etc. It may well be that the lover of natural history will in years to come bless the day when the National Trust took into its care the most beautiful wooded glen in Cumberland, and the fell whereon the most wonderful combination of lake and mountain scene and historic and literary association may be obtained. Certain it is that already the otter has had the benefit of this care, for within a few days of the purchase by the Trust, application was made for leave to draw down Aira beck with the otter hounds, and the leave was, by the terms of the Trust, refused.

Come with me down the Aira Glen. We enter by Dockray, and following the ancient road to the old corn-mill, now in ruins, walk through Martin's farm and a little plantation below Snake Plantation, with fine peeps of the Lake and Place Fell shining from the hollow gulf beneath us. Thence, with the Aira sounding in our ears at its upper fall, we pass beneath the finest birch-trees that may be found anywhere in the Lake District. They are self-sown, and some, having lived their life out, have fallen and lie in withered nakedness amid the bracken, for here, as Wordsworth in his *Guide to the Lakes* remarked, "The woodman's axe has never come."

We find ourselves involuntarily stopping to gaze at the beauty of the lake below us, thence, diverging to the right, cross over a bridge at the head of the lower fall and watch the amber torrent turn to silver (for there has been a heavy rain) as it flashes far down in its eighty-feet leap and casts upward its rainbow spray and the sweet fragrance of its peat-brown water-flood.

Thence, rounding the fall, we descend by an easy stairway into the depth. The amber torrent is seen to collect to itself an unwonted colour after its noisy dancing down the glen, and the green hue of the rocky basin shines up through the golden water, and one seems to be looking at liquid moss agate. One

is struck not only by the calmness of the water at our feet by contrast with the noise and foam of the double leap, but by the calm of the air about one, and one realises what a close observer the poet was who wrote :

> "Not a breath of air
> Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
> From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees
> Are steadfast as the rocks ; the brook itself,
> Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
> Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
> Where all things else are still and motionless."

We may forget all about the dolorous tale of Sir Eglamore and his lady love, as told us by Wordsworth in his poem, "The Somnambulist" ; we may regret that this beautiful waterfall and its wonderful caverned depth of sun, and shadow, and rainbow mist, and chrysolite water, was ever made the scene of such a tragic tale, but long as

> "Aira Force that torrent hoarse
> Speaks from its woody glen"

we shall thank Wordsworth for that picture of the ash-tree in the cleft that made

> "A soft eye-music of slow waving boughs"

upon that day in 1835, when hither, with Sir George Beaumont and Rogers the poet and Glover the artist, he came and gazed in wonder at the waterfall.

If we pass down by the path above the stream we shall see the "Bessy Dooker" or Dipper, curtsey from ebon black to silver star, upon the stone in mid-stream, or startle the squirrel, or watch him hard at work with a cone in the pine-trees. Or if we prefer to climb back up the stairway from the fall, we can emerge upon the fairest meadow of thirty-two acres that the National Trust holds, and, crossing it in the direction of the main road from Dockray, make our way by the public path through Glencoign to the Lake side and Stybarrow and Patterdale.

I would urge visitors to take this walk before they pass above Lyulph's Tower and ascend the Gowbarrow Fell, and this not only because of the beauty of the wild thorns and their embowering honeysuckle in the Glencoign Park, but because of the poet's wife and sister Dorothy. For, still, if the visitor come in daffodil time, though the daffodils are much reduced in numbers, and though, thanks to the Philistinism of the Highway Authority of the county, the margent of the lake has been entirely destroyed by a concrete wall, and has prevented any further floating to land of daffodil bulbs, there will be seen some of the gay-hearted, brave flowers that

> "Ere the swallow dares
> Do take the winds of March with beauty."

THE AIRA BECK (BELOW THE FORCE)

And as we look upon them, without theft of root or harm to flower, we may remember that it was to Dorothy we are indebted for that poem, "The Daffodils," and that it is to Mrs. Wordsworth we owe one of its finest lines—those lines:

> "They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude."

The story of that rememberable poem will not be out of place, as we walk back along the same road by which the poet walked on that stormy day in mid-April of 1802. This is the entry in Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal of April 15 of that year, in which, after saying that, when they were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park, she saw a few daffodils close to the waterside, "We fancied," she wrote, "that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more, and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there was a long belt of them along the shore about the breadth of a turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones, about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow for weariness, and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew over them from the lake."

Her brother must have entered heart and soul into all that the sister, in her enthusiastic delight, pointed out as they gazed and gazed that day, and the poem, though jeered at by the foolish critics when it appeared, has become a permanent part of our nation's cherished literature:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

People sometimes ask why should the sixteen hundred public-spirited people who in 1906 gave the

nation Gowbarrow Fell and Aira Force have been moved to put their hands in their pockets at all? No one, say they, has been hindered from using Aira Force, though it is true people have not had access to Gowbarrow Fell because it is a deer forest and strictly preserved ; but there are other fells in the neighbourhood, over which there is free right of roaming.

The answer is a very simple one. Gowbarrow Fell and Aira Force were in the market, and no one could tell what would have been the future chances of visiting Aira Force or climbing Gowbarrow Fell, if the property as a whole passed into private hands, while, if, as was possible, it was sold in separate lots for building purposes, half the charm of this incomparable lake-side scenery would have been destroyed.

Those of us who live at the lakes know how jealously lake-frontages, when they become parts of a residential estate, are ever guarded, and, as a matter of fact, until this estate was bought by the National Trust, there was no place where people in boats on Ullswater had a right to land from Pooley Bridge right down to Patterdale. In the opinion of the National Trust, to prevent Aira Force from being closed to the public, or turned to commercial uses by turbine, etc., and to obtain access to so beautiful a mountain-side fell as Gowbarrow, was an advantage for all time. It is not possible to stand

on Yew Crag and not to be grateful to the National Trust for having secured such a view of Ullswater as is obtained therefrom. There is no fell in the Lake District wherefrom such grouping of mountain and park land and lake scenery can be obtained.

Let us pass into what is called the Lower Parrock or Park at the point where the road from Dockray descending to the lake turns toward Lyulph's Tower, and, crossing that meadow with its incomparable views, pass over the Aira beck by the bridge, let us ascend Gowbarrow till we reach the memorial stone seat near the aforesaid Yew Crag. The Crossfell Range is seen to the far north-east; nearer, High Street shoulders the sky to the east. Nearer still, Barton Fell, Lode Pot, and Swarth Fell may be seen, and in front of these and nearer still to the Lake, Beda Head and Hallin Fell may be seen, with the deep glens of Fusedale, Boredale, and Martindale running down towards How Town. Immediately in front of us, and to the right hand of these converging valleys, there rise up Birk Fell and Place Fell, whose purple shales and varying slopes descend almost precipitously into the Lake. As the eye travels round towards Helvellyn, Red Screes and St. Sunday Crag dominate the nearer slopes of Glenridding and Black Crag, as seen across the hollow park-like grounds of Glencoign.

The scene is not only entrancingly beautiful, but is full of history. Ullswater, the water of Ulph the Viking, was long before Viking days much beloved of Neolithic man; and on Barton Fell the traces of the encampments and hut-circles of the 'round-headed' race, who knew the use of bronze, and who succeeded the little, 'long-headed' race, who only knew the use of stone, are still in evidence. Those who pass up the Lake towards Pooley Bridge will remember on the east side of it a green mound of low elevation about a mile south of Pooley Bridge, where the land juts out with gentle bend into the water on Mr. Hazell's estate at Waterside. It is called Hodgson Hill, and was identified two hundred years ago by the archaeologist Machel, as Tristermont or Cristermount. It was probably an island fort of prehistoric man similar to the "Crannoges" of the Irish lake-dwellers. At Pooley Bridge, the round and upstanding hill of Dunmallet, with the adjacent hill of Soulby Fell, with Caerthanock or Maiden Castle, still show plain evidences of their having been the high forts of early man, and as we return to Hallin Fell, its very name—the Holy Fell—speaks to us of sun-worship days and Druid rights.

Nor is the scene without some associations with Arthurian legend. Arthur's Pike or Peak rises up against the sky-line on Swarth Fell, while the Trister-

mont below, in Barton Park, nearer the Lake, is said to have taken its name from Sir Tristram, one of the knights of King Arthur's Table Round.

But it is not only to the Ancient Briton, who mounded his barrow and built his hut-circles, or raised his standing stones on "the lonely wine dark moor," that we think as we gaze out east, for there right in front of us against the sky-line runs the High Street that gives its name to the range which the Roman road-makers of old time constructed, and we may feel, as Myers the poet felt, deeply touched to think how once along that lofty road the eagles of Imperial Rome startled our British eagles, as the legions and their sounding cars flashed along the way.

Nor is it only of Pagan rite or Roman power that we think as we stand on Yew Crag seat. Other fires than British "Beltain fires," or Viking fires of sacrifice, have been lit on Hallin Fell. The very name of Beda Head recalls to us the enthusiasm for their great Christian teacher of the Benedictine monks, who in the thirteenth century made their home near Pooley Bridge, and probably gave the name of Beda to the fell; and going back to earlier days we may think of how the followers of St. Patrick came up the valley below us to preach the Gospel of Christ at the sacred well that still runs

clear by the roadside, and left his name to the dale; whilst, if we forget for a moment Patterdale and St. Patrick, we may think of how St. Martin's friend Ninian may have sent his preachers from Whitherne across the Solway to penetrate these wilds, and St. Martin's Dale may be a memorial of that mission enterprise hereabout. In the little mountain ruined chapel below Place Fell the shepherds in later days implored the favour of their patron saint, St. Blasius, for Place Fell is probably St. Blasius Fell, and St. Sunday Crag seems by its name to carry on the story of the Christian Gospelling of these parts.

Turning from such memories as these, we find ourselves dreaming of later days, and of the men of letters who knew this vale and loved the Lake in the early days of last century. Not only do we think of Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy passing backward and forward from Grasmere to Eusemere, the home of Clarkson, the friend of the slave and philanthropist, but we remember how, on Saturday, November 3, 1807, Wordsworth, with his friend De Quincey, rode on a moonlight night to that same hospitable house at Eusemere, and how the Opium Eater has left this record of the journey: "All I remember is that through these most romantic woods and rocks of Stybarrow, through these silent glens of Glencoin and Glenridding, through that most romantic

of parks, then belonging to the Duke of Norfolk—Gowbarrow Park—we saw alternately for four miles the most grotesque and the most awful spectacles—

> 'Abbey windows
> With Moorish temples of the Hindoos,'

—all fantastic and as unreal and shadowy as the moonlight which gilded them. Whilst at every angle of the road bright gleams came upwards of Ullswater stretching for nine miles northward, but, fortunately for its effect, broken into three watery chambers of almost equal length, and rarely visible at once."

Or we may see the heavy-gaited Coleridge moving along the road, with manuscript under his arm and lost in reverie, passing to Penrith to seek out a printer for his new venture, "The Friend"; or Sir Walter Scott on his way from Lowther Castle to join his friends Humphrey Davy and Wordsworth at Patterdale in 1803, that they may ascend by the Red Tarn to Helvellyn's top, so full of vigour then, that years after when Wordsworth, musing near Aquapendente, remembered

> "Glenridding-screes, and low Glencoign,
> Places forsaken now, though loving still
> The muses, as they loved them in the days
> Of the old minstrels and the border bards,"

spoke of the Wizard of the North, and how at such words as bards and minstrels, he felt that his spirit would have flown to

"Old Helvellyn's brow
Where once together, in his day of strength
We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads."

Nor is the scene below us only dear to the memory of the greater Lake Poets. Wilkinson, the poet of the Eamont, and William Smith the poet and mystic, and his wife Lucy the poetess, loved this vale with undying enthusiasm; and Hartley Coleridge has left us in the Patterdale Churchyard a memory of his visit to the vale.

Above us the red deer stand in outline against the sky; below us, as we gaze, the fallow deer glance through the fern, and we are reminded how this vale was once part of the great Inglewood Forest, where Robin Hood and his merry men found hiding and wild-wood sport. Lyulph's Tower below us, originally, perhaps, a "fortress-pele," was in late days the hunting lodge of the Barons of Greystoke, and one cannot help being glad to think that, in future, the antlered beauties of the fell will cease to fear the sound of hound and horn. Never again will the county ladies be invited, as they were in September of 1812 by the Duke of Norfolk, to view the stag, close pressed by hounds and horns, descend the mountain, and vainly seeking refuge in the water, which we are told "presented a new host of assailants in the boats, vying with each other in

their exertions to seize him." Times have changed since then, as may be found in Bishop Nicholson's diary under date August 1, 1807: "Hunt at Gowbarrow. Were met by Mr. Gibbon, Mr. Wickins, Mr. Christopherson, Mr. Wilkinson, etc. The Buck swam long before ye Boat could come with him, but at last I caught him (as directed), by the Single (the tail) and pulled him unto us with assistance. Having brought to shore, his throat was cut and I took the Say for 5s."

Taking the say or assaye was the drawing the knife along the belly of the deer, taking out the brisket to declare how fat he was. The knife was put into the hands of the best person in the field, and drawn lightly down the belly, rather as a formality to entitle the huntsman to his fee.

The days of episcopal hunting are numbered. It is they who are the hunted now, for there is little rest for anyone who takes upon him the arduous round of duties that weigh heavy upon a Bishop's shoulders. The more reason why the National Trust should have obtained so happy a holiday haunt as this, where weary Bishops, as well as weary town workers, may now and again come to refresh their eyes with the beauty of hill and lake and bird and beast and flower, and fill their minds with the memories of old.

VIII.

AT THE WORLD'S END.

THE traveller from Tebay to Penrith, who sees the blue fells of Cumberland rise up to the west beyond the brown-purple moors of Shap, has little idea that beyond those moors, and between them and the mountain ranges, there is lying a pleasant pastoral valley, filled with old-world habitations of men, down which the Lowther, with its tributary streams, flashes onward to join the Eamont, and pass with Eden to the sea.

If one takes the ordnance map in hand, one sees how between Knipe Scar and the Bampton common this valley is found running southward from Penrith, by Clifton, Lowther, Ascham, and Bampton to Haweswater and Mardale. We shall note that the same main valley, continuing southward beyond Bampton, sends out a tributary arm, which we call Swindale, into the high fells, and if we would really wish to visit the sanctuary of the

Northmen, who for generations had fed their flocks and tilled their fields in Cumberland, we could not do better than make our way to the eastern side of our Cumberland fells, and visit the dwellers in these outlying vales.

Many of the farm houses are Elizabethan in age; there is hardly one later than the beginning of the eighteenth century. On almost all of them will be found the dates and initials of their founders; sometimes such an inscription as: "I did make this labour in the year 1677," or, "We look for a house made without hands." The terminations of the names of the owners, Stevenson, Simpson, Jackson, Hudson, Collinson, Wilkinson, Sanderson, and Allinson all tell one tale—the men whose houses we see were children of those Norse rovers who came into the Lowther Vale in the ninth century, and have tilled their fields, or kept their flocks upon the hills thereabout ever since. In a part of the country where, until the last fifty years back, the only means of locomotion was on horseback, it is still remembered traditionally that when the men of Bampton had all been called away to fight the Scots, and there was danger of a famine from leaving the fields unsown, "Ann of the Howe," ancestress of one of the chief landowners of to-day, took pack-horse, and herself went to Newcastle to buy seed corn for the

district. One can easily understand how likely it is that old customs and old ways of thought should have lingered longer than in any other parts of the county.

I had long wanted to see the district, and my chance came at last. "Come and see us at the world's end," wrote my kindly friends, "we are twelve miles from Penrith or eight miles from Shap. We will send to meet you at either place, but bring your overcloak, as the carriage will be an open one, and it sometimes rains." The weather god was propitious, and one of those mild September days that Keats spoke of as

> "Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness,
> Close-bosomed friend of the maturing sun"

I found myself jogging along the Penrith road to Eamont Bridge, past the tourney ground, or ground for wager of battle, that men call Arthur's Table Round, past Maybrough Mound, with its echoes of the days of tribal parliaments, past Yanwath, with its memories of the good old Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, who gave shelter to the young Clifford, the shepherd lord, in his home steading at Threlkeld, and so on to the south by a road that in June must be bowered with wild roses on either side of the way for miles, till on our left on its wooded hill one of the "stately homes of England," Lowther Castle, shone white in

the sun, and we dropped down to the picturesque village of Ascham, that is associated for me with the name of its late pastor, Cuthbert, the younger son of Robert Southey, the poet. The houses in picturesque confusion, the village green, and the descent to the river, gave one at once the feeling of an early world. Thence southward still by Helton Flecket, and the camp field of Setterah Park, we journey on to Butterwick, the Wyke of Buthar the Viking. Moor Divock, Tarn Moor, and White Stone rose up towards Loadpot and Hart Hill. In the south-east and east, beyond Lowther Deer Park, Knipe Scar stood up, its limestone front gleaming white above the pleasant fields that the horses love to run in beside the Lowther stream. Already we began to feel the moorland solitude, for the emerald fields seemed suddenly to stop short, and give place to the fell grass or heather. "Yon's Bampton," said the coach man. "The Hall there belengs to Miss Noble, the greatest lady in these parts, a grand landlady an aw she is—owns best part of the farms hereaboots."

And I remembered that the lady living there was the descendant of the Nobles of High Howe, who had taken a leading part in parish matters hereabouts since 1600, and whose surname suggests an aristocracy not made by kings, but by traditional

descent from times of tribal war and village chieftainship. We were now close to the little village of Bampton. "Yon's the church," said the coachman, "and near by is the school, and a very famous school it is, an aw." The man spoke with evident pride of that school, and who should wonder, seeing that from the earliest days the Bampton folks have believed in schooling and in books; that the village can boast to-day of three free schools and two libraries, the first of which was founded in 1623 by Thomas Sutton, who ordained that a licensed preacher of the Word of God should be chosen as its schoolmaster, who should by covenant with the Governors preach once a fortnight in the Parish Church, and teach all the scholars the grounds of true religion then professed in the Church of England, and such other good literature as was usually taught in other grammar schools. Long hours had these free scholars at the Bampton Grammar School, and the schoolmaster must have been pretty well worn out when Saturday night came, for the hours of attendance were from six in the morning to six at night, except an hour from eight to nine for breakfast, and two hours from twelve to two for dinner. They drove the plough in Latin at Bampton, and probably they drove their furrow none the less straight because they could read Virgil's *Georgics*, and as one gazes at that humble

free Grammar School in the valley one remembers with gratitude that it probably gave schooling to the father of William Hogarth, the painter, and that it sent forth into the world a Principal of St. Edmund's Hall at Oxford, a Bishop of Lincoln and London, a Bishop of Sodor and Man and Lichfield, a Provost of Queen's College, Cambridge, an Irish Bishop and Dean, a Senior Wrangler who became one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, an Admiral of the White, and many Fellows of University distinction.

Before entering the village we leave the main road and turn up to the right unto the steep breast of the Bampton Common called the Howe, for we are bound for the 'world's end,' and the 'world's end' lies two miles away to the westward. Never did grey rock stand up more picturesquely from close cropped turf, nor the golden gorse shine more brightly to the right and left as we slowly panted up an almost impracticable way. A gill that brings sweet music from far-off Bampton Fell comes leaping down on our left, and beyond the gill is a dark plantation that, nobody knows why, is called Ireland Wood. When we reach the top of the level common, white with its flock of geese, we must needs call a halt to gaze down into that beautiful Bampton valley we are leaving. We cannot wonder that every year, in

gipsy encampment fashion, there come to this common tent-loving tourists, who have lack of accommodation at the Mill Crags Farm close by, and are content to sleep beneath the canvas so that at dawn they may bathe in the gill, and look out upon the Knipe Moor Crags that the Druids knew. The old Mill Crags Farm is left behind, and we essay a rocky farm-yard road that struggles upwards still. Close by the gate that leads from the common is a stone that tells of the pilgrims to Shap Abbey, or pack-horse men and pillion riders, who here gave thanks for a safe passage in wild times over wild fells. The gate is called Christ's gate, and a cross once rose from the boulder stone hereby. There was perhaps another reason for giving this place the sanctity of the cross, for here for generations past have men been obliged to leave the provisions and household stuff brought from the far-off market town that the farmers who dwelt on the uplands might come and claim them. Even to-day flour bags are unloaded here and the farm folks send their men to fetch them. The doctor himself leaves his conveyance here and passes on foot to the distant houses, and that old cross that stood by the gate of Christ at this spot became to the Fell folk of the old time what the sacred tree or the sheik's tomb is still to the fellaheen of Palestine or the Bedouin of

the desert, a place of security for any property that might be left within its guardian ken until the rightful owner claimed it. We pass the gate and go upwards still until Ullock Howe, with its double farm, is reached. We turn to the left, enter the farm-yard, pass through it, as if the farm-yard was our own, and so gain the open fell, as we may judge by the saffron-coloured grass we pass over.

And now Bampton is all before us. To the east the High Street with its Roman Road touches the sky line. High Cob, Weather Hill, Loadpot and Hart Hill dominate Low Cob, Crag Top and Dod, from out whose rounded masses issue the Cordale Beck and Will Dale Beck, that we know join somewhere in the hollow to which we are bound, for we are bound to Staingarth, and we remember we have heard that the Howes Beck, by which we ascended when we left the Bampton road, begins to sing the song these two becks taught it, somewhere hard by the Elizabethan manor house, where the Jacksons dwelt in the seventeenth century. But where is this house—there is no vestige of a habitation? The moorland lies on before us, enclosed pastures cease, and if it were not that the road track still runs on in a hopeful kind of way, one might believe that one was on a fool's errand. On our left is a cleft in the moor and the beck is heard in the autumn silence.

A curlew calls overhead, some plovers go past, and still we go cheerily on. Stanegarth Hall is as though it were not. At last—after unutterable bumping by reason of the roughness of the cart track, that would be a real joy to a steam-roller man—at the head of the gully in the moor a grove of trees is seen, and the coachman smiles and says: "We'll not be lang before oor journey's ended noo," and we know that somewhere in that bowery hollow lies the 'world's end' we have come so far to see.

In front, under the shadow of a sycamore, a rude barn-like building stood. That surely was not to be the home of our welcome, and we supposed that somewhere beyond that a house of rest would be found, and we drove forward still. It was not until we were close upon it, that deep below us on our left, so hidden that at one hundred yards distance no wanderer might find it, the roof tree of a very ancient farm building was seen, almost level with the rough field pathway we were jogging over. The roof of this farm house was in part so entirely matted with grass and fern that one could hardly believe it was not part of the sloping meadow beyond. Huge sycamores and ash trees hung above it as though the very trees of the field as well as the deep-bosomed cleft of the moorland had conspired to keep Stanegarth from all view of the wayfarer,

but there was no doubt that Stanegarth had been reached at last, for our friends with their Dandy Dinmonts came up out of the house hollow to give us greeting. We went down steps that seemed to have seen centuries of use to the front doorway with its Cumberland farm house porch and stone bench for rest. The tiny mullioned windows that we gazed up at made us know at a glance that men had dwelt here since the spacious days of the great Elizabeth, and equally at a glance we saw that the house in old times had been contrived

> "a double debt to pay,
> A house for human beings and for hay."

"You shall come and see the house-place first," said our hostess, and entering a low-ceilinged room we saw the gigantic corbels of the vast fireplace, and the ingle nook, where of old the Jacksons of Stanegarth met for meals, and where on winter nights the humming of the wheel was heard, and the crack of the day's doings went forward. Thence we passed into what had at one time been a forbidden room, for more ghosts than one had haunted Stanegarth of old. As late as the middle of this past century a dweller in the house had drowned himself at Pooley Bridge, and men heard him speaking at the door at the fatal hour, but before his time that room had had its ghostly inhabitant, so

that it was boarded up, and none entered it. Then the roof gave way, and when our friends, who are to-day the happy dwellers in a house that is to-day only haunted by kind thoughts and tender care for all life on the fell side, wished for a drawing-room apart from the house-place, the owner of Stanegarth determined to re-build the haunted room. Certain mysterious bones were found beneath the hearth stone, and the possible secret of foul play in far-off generations was out. We enter the drawing-room, and find it delightful in its ancient rafterdom, with its low mullioned windows giving us an outlook little dreamed of, upon lawn and flower. Out of this room a newelled stairway led in the thickness of the wall to the bedrooms above. Another doorway gave us access to the passage between the house-place and the drawing-room. To this passage easy access was gained by a door that to all appearance might have come direct from Shap Abbey, so old and knotted and gnarled was the oaken timber. Passing through this oaken studded door into the garden, one found upon the lintel of a head in raised letters the initials J. and S. T., and beneath, 1679. One thought of Thomas Jackson, the Stanegarth schoolmaster, who for nearly forty-four years walked from hence to his charge of the Bampton school with his sword-stick in his hand,

and who died in the year 1719. We thought too of one other Jackson, of whom it is said that when his hand was damaged in a struggle with a neighbour with whom he fought, and the surgeons were forced to dismember it, he looked at it, and remarked of his handless arm: "Ah doot they hev cut it ower short; ah wo'nt can reach to hit him any more."

Passing into the garden we forget the passions of the past that have here played their tragic drama. Foul play or fair fight trouble us no more, for here is quiet turf and there a babbling stream. Far up the heath and from the fellside comes the sound of the calling of sheep, and the cawing of rooks—

> "No harsher sounds intrude
> Upon our garden solitude."

And what a garden it is! It seems filled with multi-coloured flame! Never in all my life had I seen such marvellous confusion of gorgeous colour as I found round this grassy garden plot. At the back stood up gigantic sunflowers, nearer, dahlias and sweet peas, penstemons, godetias, salvias, and every variety of antirrhinum, with asters and phlox of every colour combined to feast the eye and satisfy the soul. The sweet scent of mignonette was in the air, and butterflies, 'painted lady' and the 'red admiral,' hovered from bloom to bloom. In one

corner of the grassy lawn a sun-dial stood, that told us:

> "It stood in a place of flowers,
> To mark the flying hours."

Ah,—said our friend,—"here, so far away from clocks and clock-makers, we have real need of such a corrector of the time of day." Beyond the hedge of flowers and the grassy lawn a grey wall rose that kept away the wind from the eastward and the north, and at the back of the house a smaller garden or orchard was gay with more flowers. Re-entering the house, we passed into the ample kitchen, and saw how cleverly the farmhouse of ancient days had been arranged for the dwelling-house of the twentieth century. Thence, going forth into the stable yard, we made our way to the Bampton common.

Is there any part of Westmoreland, where in an hour's walk we can see more that is fair, or more that is of ancient time? As one passed along the pack-horse tracks under Drybarrowes over the Meikle Moss, one not only gazed upon the work of the glacier flood and the great perched blocks that had been sent hither by the hand of the frost giant, but, coming to later pre-historic times, one saw signs of far-forgotten races, and the name of every hill and every farm spot on the fell brought the time of the Brigantes back to the mind. There to the north

stood the Pen Hill, and beyond the Cordale Beck stood the farm-places of Carhullan and Moorah Hill. It was from that ruinous farm beneath its sycamore, called Cordale Hall, that there went forth the yeoman son whose children became—one of them Bishop of the Diocese and the other Lord Ellenborough; but one has to think of an earlier religion than any that Bishop Law knew of, as one gazes in the direction of Cordale Hall, for there just beneath it is the round circle of stones that men to-day call Towtop Kirk—the Howe Top Cirrik—that circle of stones within which men of Druid times held worship, the 'church' of the early British mountain dwellers.

We pass along underneath Drybarrowes over the purple and grey Meikle Moss. A drove of wild ponies comes scampering down towards us, catches sight of us, and sweeps away into the distance. Turning our eyes towards the high ground out west, four or five dark figures seem to lift their hands above their heads by a sudden movement; they are not men, but the red deer of the lord of Dalemain. These children of the mist and mountain height are part of a great herd that roam the country between Ullswater and Mardale. It is not until snow is on the ground, and they become pinched for food upon the heights, that the dwellers at Stanegarth have much more sight of them than we have to-day. . . .

But in the winter time they will come down two hundred strong, and appear almost as tame as park deer. They will visit the farmers' hayricks, and root their way into his turnip barrows, and make themselves at home with the food supply of the dales.

Going forward in a south-easterly direction, we catch sight of a gigantic perched rock, and, visiting it, dream of that old glacial age that brought the wanderer hither before the coming of man to this one-time peopled wilderness. I say peopled wilderness, for wherever one goes there are signs of man's habitation or his rest. Suddenly, passing along beneath Winnyeat, the ground falls beneath our feet through the brown heather and bronzed and golden fern towards the dark grey flood of Hawes-water. The suddenness of this apparition adds a sense of wonder to its beauty, as there it lies with the green promontory of Measand stretching almost into the middle of its waterflood beneath the steep wooded Naddle Forest that time out of mind has been the possession and the fuel-giver of the common. But the beauty of the scene does not lie with the red brown of the fern slopes to the north, nor the woodland on the south, but in that magnificent vista of mountain scene away to the south-west, where between Kidsty Pike on the one hand and Harter Fell on the other we catch a glimpse of the Nan

Bield Pass, by which pack-horses went in the olden time to Kentmere, Kendal and the south. The atmospheric effects as we gaze shift and change with rain drift and gleaming lights, and the beauty of the fell shoulders that are, as it were, the buttresses of the High Street range, Laythwaite Crags and Whelter Crags is made doubly interesting by the broken weather of the afternoon. One realises, as one looks at Haweswater and the emerald green meadows of Measand, how much a little beck can do to change the face of nature, for there can be no reasonable doubt that all those green meadows that reach almost across the lake would never have been there had not the Measand beck brought down through countless centuries its tribute from the High Street range. The scene would lose much of its delight for us if it were not for certain clumps of sycamores with white farm buildings peeping from their shade, to tell us that since the time of the de Culwens, de Cundales and de Cliburnes, or of the day when Hugh Holme, in the time of King John, was driven to these fastnesses for refuge, and became the ancestor of the Holms of Mardale, men have followed their sheep, cut the brackens, graved the peat, and mown their meadows in this happy vale of quiet at the end of the world. How much peat-graving must have been done on these fells may be

gathered from the peat-sled tracks which we cross hither and thither on our fellside walk to-day. Meikle Moss has given fellside comfort to many generations.

We are at Winnyeat now. The whin is here, but the gates have passed away. All that remains of the broken ruins, walled enclosure, and hut, circles, and cairns tell us of prehistoric man. Yet we can learn something of prehistoric man while silent cairn and broken ruin combine to tell us that at any rate the early Briton must have had some love of scenery, or never would he have perched his camp upon so fair a site. These are not the only remains, for going forward to look down upon Thornthwaite Hall, with its traditional memory of the death of the great Earl of Carlisle, Belted Will, in the time when he came hither to hunt in the forest in the days of long ago, we see a curious set of mounds, five in number, that lie upon the breast of the hill, which we call Burn Banks, on the upper slope of which we are standing. They seem to be within fifty yards of the roadway that leads along the valley from Haweswater to Bampton. What they are, none can tell. Are they witnesses of some great tribal battle hereabouts, or do they cover the remains of tribal chieftains, who were brought here for burial? Giants' graves we call them, but, if one may trust the excavator's spade,

giants have long since passed back into the dust that tells no tale. Yet if they came back to-day they would find the scene unchanged. The buzzard cries, the sheep move through the fern, the rain drift flashes into sunlight and marches forward into shadow. We turn our steps for home, and the early Britons of Winnyeat camp shall go along with us. We are going to drop down to the Meikle Moss, and pass along in the direction of Mile Crags to gain the four stones, as they are called, though they are but two to-day, which stand as mute memorials of worship or of rest. We pass a little tarn of crystal water wherefrom in old time these early Britons may have drunk. The hollow ground disparts, and suddenly gives us view of the upper end of Haweswater, and its cluster of rain-swept hills range beyond range to the south and west. The stones are not much larger than gate-stoops, and what their use was none can tell; but whoever stood here, whether early Briton, Roman, or Norse must have been a dull and senseless block if he were not moved by the beauty of the scene, and in later days the pack-horse drivers that came over the Nan Bield Pass, down Mardale, on their way to Bampton or to Penrith, must have paused here for a good look back before they went upon their way. The words of Stevenson come to mind :

"Blows the wind to-day and the sun and the rain are flying;
Blows the wind on the moors to-day, and now
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how."

For these stones are martyrs' stones, and witness that men lived and died and left behind them memories that cannot fail:

"Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places;
Standing stones on the vacant wine red moor;
Hills of sheep and the homes of silent vanished races,
And winds austere and pure."

So to the sound of the curlews' pipe we pass on along the pack-horse track, by the side of the little tarn, to Meikle Moss in the hollow, and through the wind and the rain and the falling of the dusk we reach the sounding beck, and the ancient farmsteading of Stanegarth at the end of the world.

We went out into a solitary place, but the moor is alive with men now—the days of the vanished races are with us—and the end of the world has become the beginning of the world for us—the world of poetry and romance.

IX.

AT THE COUNTESS' PILLAR.

"Who set this pillar by the way
She taught us how to live and pray,
How those on earth who truly love
May hope to meet in Heaven above,
And they who fearless are and just
Leave names that cannot pass to dust:
No Northern dame since time began
Led nobler life than Countess Anne."

It is April the second,

"When daffodils begin to peer—
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,"

and as one nears Penrith one sees the lapwings flickering into white above the rosy fallows of the city of the Red King, and the city of the Red Beacon Hill also.

But, in truth, to-day everything is rosy bright:

"April drest in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,"

and one feels something of the joy that Robin Hood

and his merry men must have felt when they roved the Inglewood forest hereabout, and saw the first green tufts upon the elder, and the tassels on the birch, and heard the rooks, with jubilant sound, busy at their nesting above.

Down by the ruined hunting-lodge that the Red King knew, through the streets of the old town that were narrow-built for fear of the Scotch, on by the quaint Dockray and its inn, whose Bear and Ragged Staff still keeps alive the Crookback's name, we go in the direction of Eamont Bridge: St. Andrew's clock chimes out cheerily the hour of 11. We have an hour's walk, for we shall have to pass by Eamont, to cross the Lowther, and so by Brougham Hall to the Vicarage. Thence, in company with the vicar, we mean to make our way to the Countess' Pillar. For to-day is the day when, in memory of one of the noblest women of the North—the Countess Anne, we intend to be present at the giving of her dole to the people of Brougham parish, at the place where she parted from her mother for the last time, in the year 1616. At that very spot, where stands the memorial pillar she erected forty years after, there has been from that day to this, upon the second day of April, a distribution of the sum of £4 to the deserving poor.

The sky above our heads is that pale blue that April so delights to spread over us. Quaint cumuli

clouds are dappling the meadows with shadow. The road we pass along, "late washed with a shower," shines like silver, and the red walls on either side the way, in their vivid moss enamelling, are as though some gracious hand had cast above them glorious tapestry for an expected pageant. The pageant is but a spirit one; the way is only filled with a phantom retinue, the cavalcade of Cumberland folk who go gratefully to-day in memory to the Countess' Pillar.

And yet, along this road between the town and the bridge have passed the legionaries of old Rome, the preaching friars of good St. Ninian, Prince Charles' men with forward hope or swift retreat, and pale affrighted people, fearful of death, who came trembling to the plague stone, that still stands there in the meadow, to take or get, without the feared contagion, the farm or town produce that they needed.

The buds of the wych-elms by the side of the road are purpling; the thrushes sing their hearts out, and we forget all the sorrows of the past as we move to Eamont Bridge. Here we are back again in an earlier century. Each house seems to have its date upon it. There is nothing later hereabout than 1761. Beneath the quaint sign of the inn called "Welcome into Cumberland," whereon the blue-tied, tall-hatted Englishman shakes hands with a

magnificently kilted-and-bonneted Highland soldier, we read the Latin inscription, "Nos fuimus sed nox venit." The river as it flows carries on the tale, things pass and the night time comes; the old Brougham Castle in the meadows below us on the left repeats the story. Away there on our right the huge circle of stones of Mayborough Mound lends emphasis to the thought, and all the seductions of the Beehive Inn with its verse,

"In this hive
We're all alive,
Good liquor makes us funny,
If you are dry
Step in and try
The virtue of our honey,"

fails to lift the cloud of regret for days that were. And the cloud seems to darken as here by the "Mound of the Wager of Battle," we stand face to face with the memorial cross that tells us how at their country's crisis this little Eamont village sent forth four of its sons to the African War, and beneath the bronze face of two of them repeats the Latin motto, "Fuimus sed nox venit."

But we are bound for the Countess' Pillar, and though all things change, gratitude and memory of a good life changes not, and the spirit of the Countess Anne is as gracious and alive to-day as ever it was.

And who was this Countess Anne? She was the

daughter, the only daughter, of George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, and of the Rt. Hon. Lady Margaret Russell, youngest child of Francis, second Earl of Bedford, and sister of the Countess of Warwick and the Countess of Bath. The blood of the Veteriponts was in her veins, but more interesting is it to remember that the blood of another great line, the Herefordshire Cliffords, filled her heart, and made her strong with almost manly strength of purpose and of will. The first Clifford that came to the North having married Isabella, the Veteripont heiress, in 1269, was a certain Roger. Henry III. had granted him property in the vale of Monmouth, which was by his son exchanged at a later date with King Edward II. for the famous Skipton Castle estate in Yorkshire that still belongs to the Clifford family. But going into Westmoreland from Monmouthshire with his fifteen-year-old wife, the Roger above spoken of rebuilt the ruined castle which we see yonder in the fields, and over the doorway set the stone that still exists with the simple inscription:

"THIS
MADE
ROGER."

As a Balliol man one cannot look upon that ruin

to-day without the thought of a later Roger Clifford who loved the chase more than the hunting of man, and peace more than war. For it was to visit him in the year 1333 that the King of Scotland, Baliol, came, and then it was that the great stag hunt took place from Whinfell to the Scottish border and back that ended so tragically—the stag with its last leap cleared the wall and fell dead, and the good hound Hercules leapt on the wall but fell back with a broken heart. The memory of that hunt was kept alive for three centuries, not only by a Northern ballad, but by the nailing of the horns of the hart upon a tree, and the Countess Anne in her diary speaks of the disappearance of the last horn thus: "This summer (1658) by some few mischievous people secretly in the night was there broken off and taken down from that tree near the pale of Whinfield Park (which for that cause was called Hart's horn tree) one of those old hart's horns which . . . were set up in the year 1333 at a general hunting when Edward Baliol, then King of the Scots, came into England by permission of King Edward III., and lay for a while in the said Lord Robert Clifford's castle in Westmoreland, when the said King hunted the great stag which was killed near the said oak tree. In memory whereof the horns were nailed up in it, growing as it were

naturally in the tree, and have remained there ever since till that in the year 1648 one of those horns was broken down (as aforesaid) this year. So as now there is no part thereof remaining, the tree itself being now so decayed and the bark of it so peeled off that it cannot last long. Whereby we may see that time brings to forgetfulness any memorable things in this world, be they never so carefully preserved. For this tree with the hart's horns in it was a thing of much note in these parts."

Other Roger Cliffords succeeded the hero at Cressy and Poictiers, one of them the obtainer of the charter for the Kirkby Stephen market, who built the greater part of Brougham Castle on the east side, and whose wife, Maud Beauchamp, made the moat-pool more than a mile away from the Castle, and probably brought the water by underground conduit to be a defence against her enemies. Nor can one omit mention of the bloody black Lord Clifford, who, fighting for the Lancastrians, after the battle of Wakefield brutally murdered the young Earl of Rutland, eldest son of the Duke of York and the Lady Cicely Neville, whose sad face may still be seen in the Penrith Church windows. No doubt the Countess Anne inherited her stern powers of fighting for her right against king, judges, and nobles, for as an old lady she showed what spirit she

was of, when, after the Restoration, she was pressed to go to Court, and, disgusted with the profligacy, had replied: "By no means, unless I may be allowed to wear blinkers." Or again, in answer to Charles II.'s secretary, who had written to nominate a member of Parliament for Appleby, answered: "I have been bullied by a usurper and neglected by a Court, and I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shall not stand."

But one would rather think of another Lord Clifford, from whom she derived simplicity, wisdom, and courtesy and condescension, so that Bishop Rainbow spoke of her thus: "She was in honour three countesses, but had a stranger seen her in her chamber he would not have thought he had seen one lady as ladies nowadays appear. Indeed, you might have seen her sometimes sitting in the almshouse at Appleby among her twelve sisters, as she called them, and as if they had been her sisters indeed or her children. She would sometimes eat her dinner with them, but you might often find some of them dining with her, and after meat as freely and familiarly conversing with her in her chamber as if they had been her greatest guests." Sedgewick says, "She wore in her latter days always very plain and mean apparel. Indeed, far too mean for her quality. A petitcoat and waist-coat of black

serge was her constant wear, nor could any persuade her to wear others."

This Lord Clifford has been immortalised by Wordsworth in "The Feast of Brougham Castle":

> "Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
> His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
>
> In him the savage virtue of the race
> Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
> Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
> The wisdom which adversity had bred."

As one gazes at the picture of Henry, this good Lord Clifford, that hangs in Devonshire House, one is able to see that the Countess Anne not only inherited some of his lovable disposition, but his forehead and his wealth of hair also. The little lady was born at Skipton Castle on January 30, 1590. She left it a babe in arms, and did not see it again till she had been twice married, fifty-eight years afterwards. Though it may be true that she got something of the shape of her brow from that great-great-grandfather, the good Lord Clifford, it is not to be denied that she was like her mother, not only in strength of character, but also in strength of nose and shape of eye and height of forehead.

Those who have carefully studied the somewhat saddened face of the Countess Anne at eighty-one

that is seen beneath her head-veil of black lace in the hall at Rose Castle, will agree that her close mouth and well-arched eyebrows were her father's mouth and eyes, and her dimple, her father's dimple.

The Countess Anne gives us the following picture of herself as a child: "Never was there child more equallie resembling both father and mother than myself. The collour of myne eyes was black like my father's and the forme and aspect of them was quick and lively like my mother's. The haire of my heade was browne and verie thick, and so long that it reached to the calfe of my legges when I stood upright, with a peake of haire on my foreheade and a dymple in my chynne like my father's." The Countess adds pathetically: "but now tyme and age hath long since ended all these beauties which are to be compared to the grasse of the feilde as Isaiah, Chap. xlv. 6, 7, and St. Peter I., Chap. 1. v. 24. For now when I caused these memorials of myself to be written I have passed the 63rd yeare of my age and though I say it my mynde was much above that of my bodie. I had a strong and copious memory, a sound judgment and a discerning spirit and so much of a strong imagination in me, as that many times my dreams and apprehensions have proved to be true. . . . From my childhood (by the bringing up of my dear mother) I did as it

were ever suck the milk of goodness, which made my mynde grow strong against the storms of fortune which few avoyde that are greatly borne and matched if they attayne to any number of yeares, unless they betake themselves to a private retiredness which I could never do, till after the death of both my two husbands. In my infancie and childhood by the means of my aunt Warwick I was much beloved by that renowned Queen Elizabeth. She dyed when I was about 15 yeares and 2 months old and my mother outlived that excellent Queene the same tyme of 13 yeares and 2 months over."

It was well she had a mother whom she loved with a passionate devotion, for her father, a gay rakish courtier, good at cockfighting by land as he was at fighting the Spaniard by sea—for he commanded the good ship "Bonaventure" at the time of the Spanish Armada—saw very little of the Lady Anne, and to judge by his behaviour in disinheriting her in favour of his brother and the brother's heirs male, cared less.

It says much for the loyalty of the little Lady Anne that when at the age of fifteen she became fatherless, she spoke of this father, George Earl of Cumberland, 17th in descent from the first Robert de Veteripont, as "her noble and brave father."

And that he had many dashing qualities of both grace and pluck, we may gather from the way in which the "peerless" queen chose him for her Champion, as those may know who see the splendid gold embossed suit of tilting armour that still hangs in the halls of Tufton at Appleby, or who gaze at the portrait of him in the Bodleian at Oxford with Queen Elizabeth's glove broidered and empearled, worn as token in his magnificent courtier's hat.

In one of her many eulogies of her mother's memory the grateful daughter writes of her as "with singular care and tenderness of affection educating and bringing up her said most dear and only daughter the Lady Anne Clifford, seasoning her youth with the grounds of true religion and careful virtue and all other qualities befitting her birth, in which she employed as her chief agent Mr. Samuel Daniel, that religious and honest poet who composed the civil wars of England between the houses of York and Lancaster in verse and also many other treatises both in prose and verse."

What kind of books the little lady read we are able to judge from the list of them painted on either side of the picture containing a full family group, which was painted for George, Earl of Cumberland. We need only mention Epictetus, Boethius, St. Augustine's *City of God*, Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*,

Camden's *Britannia*, George Herbert, Benjamin Jonson, Geoffrey Chaucer, and Plutarch's *Lives*, to show that her reading must have been extensive. In that list occurs the following: "All ye workes in verse of Samuel Daniel tutor to this young lady." She constantly speaks with reverence of what she owed to her tutor, the poet Daniel, and she afterwards raised a monument to him in Beckington Church in Somerset. But to me one of the most interesting memorandum in this library catalogue are the words "All Edmund Spenser's work." How much she cared for that poet may be gathered from the fact that she raised a monument to him in Westminster Abbey.

At the age of nineteen the Lady Anne Clifford married Richard Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, who within two days of the marriage became, by the sudden death of her father, Earl of Dorset. They did not live a happy life, for though he was a scholar and a gentleman, he was too fond of society and too extravagant to please the thoughtful and careful Anne, who, though she sometimes herself did a little gambling at glecke, could not away with her husband's cock-fighting and bull-baiting and dice-playing propensities; and though it is quite clear that he behaved with gallantry and forbearance to her, but little love was lost between them. Anne

was of an imperious disposition from the first, and the quarrel over her inheritance, in which her husband sided against her, was a constant cause of friction and trouble. She bore him three sons, who died in infancy, and two daughters, and after thirteen years of married life that was not all roses she was left a widow. She remained a widow six years, and then, more perhaps for position than for love, she married Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, and she must have bitterly repented it, for what had she in common with an illiterate man whose only care was horses, dogs and hawks, and whose sole desire in life,—and that life a not very reputable one—was to play favourite to King James and look after his stables and kennels for him. For twenty years she endured him, and then was obliged to separate from him.

We cannot help reading into the diary she kept something of her cup of bitterness in the account she gives of her own married life, whilst we may admire her reticence and refusal to speak unkindly of them. "I must confess," she says, "with inexpressible thankfulness that through the goodness of Almighty God and the mercy of my Saviour Christ Jesus the Redeemer of the world, I was born a happy creature in mind, body and fortunes, and that those two lords of mine to whom I was by God's

providence married, were in their several kinds worthy noblemen as any in this kingdom. Yet was it my misfortune to have contradictions and crosses with them both. With my first lord about the desire he had to make me sell my rights in the lands of my ancient inheritance for money, which I never did nor ever would consent unto; and with my second lord because my youngest daughter the Lady Isabella Sackville would not be brought to marry one of his younger sons, and that I would not be brought to relinquish the interest that I had in £5000, being part of her portion out of my lands in Craven, so as in both their life-times the marble pillars of Knowle in Kent and Wilton in Wiltshire were to me often times but the gay harbours of anguish, insomuch that a wise man who knew the inside of my fortunes,"—she is probably speaking of poet Daniel—"would often say that I lived in both my lords' great families as the river Roan or Rhodanus runs through the lake of Geneva without mingling any part of its stream with the lake. For I gave myself wholly to retiredness (as much as I could) in both these great families and made good books and virtuous thoughts my study and companions which can never deserve affliction or be taunted where it unjustly happens. And by a happy chance I overcame all these troubles."

She had her faults, and at times she gave way to temper; but "her mind to her a kingdom was," and there can be little doubt that she never lost hold on the deep verities of religion, which she pondered on daily as she read her Bible or had the Book of Psalms read to her by some of her women. Of her courage and determination one gets a glimpse by the way in which she refused compromise, and held her own in the great suit whose pleadings were begun in 1608, and that came to trial in 1615 at the Common Pleas Bar at Westminster—the great suit about her unjust disinheritance. Her husband, the Earl of Dorset, her uncle Cumberland and his son Lord George Clifford agreed to submit the matter to the arbitration of four chief judges in England. They made their award, but Countess Anne and her mother were inexorable. The Countess in her fully detailed diary, which is in the possession of the Sackville family, writes of this occasion thus: "Upon the 17th of February, 1616, my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, my Lord William Howard, and my Lord Rouse, my cousin Russell, my brother Sackville, and a great company were all in the gallery at Dorset House, where the Archbishop took me aside and talked with me privately one and a half hours, and pressed me both by divine and human means to set my hand to their agreement. But my answer to

his lordship was that I would do nothing until my Lady (she means her mother) and I had conferred together. Much persuasion was used by him and all the company, sometimes terrifying me and sometimes flattering me. But at length it was concluded that I should have leave to go to my mother."

The archbishop must have been as much astonished at her courage as the King on a later occasion was annoyed at it. For since all else had failed to persuade her to sign away her inheritance, she was summoned at a later time to a private audience with the King, when, as she and her husband the Earl knelt at the King's side, the King implored her to put the whole matter of the disputed inheritance in his hands. "To which my Lord consented, but I beseeched His Majesty to pardon for that I would never part with Westmoreland while I lived, upon any condition whatever. Sometimes he used fair means of persuasion and sometimes foul, but I was resolved before so as nothing would move me." And again, two days later, she is summoned into the King's presence and before the Lord Chief Justice and the various gentlemen who were parties to the suit; she is asked again to submit to his judgment in this case. Her husband and her uncle Clifford answered they would, "but I would never agree to it without Westmoreland. At which the King grew

in a great chaff." The end of the sorry business was, as her husband informed her afterwards, that as she would not come to an agreement, an agreement should be made without her consent. She adds in her diary: "I may say that I was led miraculously by God's providence, for neither I nor anybody else thought I would have passed over this day so well as I have done." That same providence never forsook her. Her uncle unrighteously entered into the inheritance, but he died without an heir. The male line of the Cliffords became extinct as long ago as the Shepherd Lord had predicted, and in 1649, the year before her second husband died, the Countess of Pembroke came northward by Skipton, Bardon Tower and Appleby Castle, and entered into peaceable possession of her sadly dismantled Brougham Castle on the 18th of August, 1649.

From that time to her death on the 21st day of March, 1676, she dwelt in the North, superintended the rebuilding of her castles and the churches of her manors, exercised all the rights of hospitality of a great dame of the shire, high sheriffess and magistrate of the county, her own steward and her own architect, and showed most extraordinary vital energy and resource in dealing with the various questions of manorial rights and other matters that had been allowed to lapse during the time of her

disinheritance. People told her that it was no good building up her castles, for the war between Royalist and Roundhead was at its height. "Let him destroy my castles if he will," she replied, "and as often as he levels them I will rebuild them, so long as he leaves a shilling in my pocket." It must have been a deep pocket, for she spent not less than £40,000 on stone and mortar. And what a castle builder she was may be gathered from the fact that Skipton, Pendragon, Brough, Appleby, Bardon Tower and Brougham were either rebuilt or repaired; and seven churches, including two at Appleby, the church at Brougham, and St. Ninian's, were also restored by her. She built and endowed St. Anne's Almshouse at Appleby for twelve poor women, whom she called her sisters. She built the bridge at Appleby and the grammar school, and left lands as an endowment for repair of both of them, as well as for the parish church. She kept her diary day by day, which showed that every Monday morning she caused twenty of the poorest householders of the place where she was lying to come for alms, and helped the needy at her gate as well. She bought all her supplies for her household and her stables of the nearest tradesmen or of her tenants, paying ready money for what she obtained, refusing to allow bills to run. But the tradesmen soon found out that

they must supply the right article and charge a fair price, or the bill was paid and they were not asked again to send goods to the castle. There is a delightful simplicity about her dealings with these various tradesmen. She is evidently so entirely the mistress of all the household economics. Here, for example, is an extract from her diary written only twelve days before her death:

March 10, 1676. "And this morning I saw George Gorgeion. Paid for 24 yds. of linen cloth that he bought for me at Penrith designed for 20 pairs of sheets and some pillow purses, and after dinner I gave away several old sheets amongst my servants; and this afternoon did Margaret Montgomerie from Penrith, a semptress, come hither, so I had her into my chamber and kissed her and talked with her; she came to make up the 24 pairs of sheets and pillow purses. The 13th day I remember how this day sixty years I went from my blessed mother to Naworth Castle."

One does not expect to find ladies of eighty-six thus acting as their own housekeepers; but the touching note in that day's diary is one that rings up again two days after, namely, her memory of her blessed mother, and on the 20th of the same month, two days before her death, again it is of that blessed mother's memory that her mind is full. "I remem-

ber," says she, "how this was. Sixty years did I and my blessed mother in Brougham Castle give in our answer in writing that we would not stand to the award the then four lord chief judges meant to make concerning the lands of my inheritance, which did spring out a great deal of trouble to us, yet God turned it to the best." Deut. chap. 23, v. 5. "Nevertheless the Lord thy God would not hearken unto Balaam; but the Lord thy God turned the curse into a blessing unto thee."

But the next day, 21st of March, she must have been feeling ill. She had never probably recovered from the swooning fit she had on the Sunday before. This is the entry in her diary: "I went not out to-day." Alas! the following day she went out for ever.

There were many hearts in Yorkshire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland sad that day. The gentlemen of the county, who had in the past years felt it an honour to escort her when in her horse-litter she came from Appleby to Brougham, now, with a large company of her servants, followed to its final rest a coffin whereon by her express command had been inscribed beneath her name and titles the words: "High Sheriffess by inheritance of the County of Westmoreland."

Her attendants seeing that she could not live long,

had asked how she felt. She answered, "I thank God I am very well." And they were the last words she uttered. Bishop Rainbow, who preached the funeral sermon when they laid her remains in the tomb by the side of her blessed mother in the church of St. Laurence at Appleby, said "that for the three or four days of last sickness she lay as if she endured nothing. She called for her psalms, and caused them to be read unto her. The rest of the time, as if it had been spent in speaking inwardly to her soul what she uttered with broken words, she lay quiet, and without sign of perturbation. In a gentle breath, scarce perceptible, she breathed out that soul which God had breathed into her. Thus," added the Bishop, "fell at last this godly building. Thus died this great wise woman, who, while she lived, was the honour of her sex and age, fitter for history than a sermon."

We cross the Lowther, and pass that magnificent meadow which the dews from Lowther and Eamont keep perpetually green. To-day it is full of horsemen and cantering fillies, for a trainer of race horses uses it as his exercising ground; but at one time it must have been filled with the horses of King James, who hither came a-hunting, the guest of Brougham Castle on his return from Scotland. One much regrets the loss of the registers of Brougham chapel,

for therein was written the full, true and particular account of that entertainment. As we go through the hollow above us, on our right rise the rosy bastions of Brougham Hall, and on our left the little church that the Countess Anne restored, of which she tells us in her diary of 1662 that on the 27th of July she received the blessed Sacrament in this "Brougham Chappelle," which she had lately built. We pass down the great avenue, and the Vicar comes across the fields to join us, and so we make our way in the direction of the old Brougham Castle, with its tower of leaguer, that the Countess Anne repaired, and its keep set round with trees, whereon the rooks are clamorous. Looking over the high wall between us and the Castle we see the ramparts that the Romans made, to greet the convoys from north and south, and east and west, in the stormy times of old. It looks as if some particular blessing were upon the ruined masonry of the oriel window high in the keep tower, for lichens have covered the walls and shine out like beaten gold in the sunlight.

And one does not wonder; for that window is the window of the little chapel oratory, the painted chamber, in which the Countess said her daily prayers.

We cross the road that leads to the Castle farm, and strike the main road from Penrith to York.

Now the Eden Valley lies in front of us, backed by the blue hills of the Pennine range. Upon our left to the north the Beacon Hill of Penrith, with its dark pines and fawn-coloured larches; away to our right the pine woods of Whinfell. And as we gaze back to the west one cannot help being struck by the shape and colour of majestic Bleucathra. We turn eastward, and the sun, that was momentarily behind a cloud, suddenly strikes upon a grey pillar by the side of the road and turns it almost into solid silver. That is the Countess' Pillar, which is our goal, and hurrying forward we see a band of village children, with their little red knitted Tam o' Shanter caps and rosy faces and blue eyes and blue frocks come, as we have come, to do honour to the memory of Countess Anne. They intend to sing a hymn to-day, a custom which was commenced a year or two ago. The gorse is bright by the roadside, the hedges here are full of leaf, and the larks are singing rapturously above. It seems as if all Nature had combined to blot out from the place forever the sorrow and the grief that once was here, for this was the place where loving mother and daughter parted in tears, never to meet again. It is a pathetic story and worth noting, and has been fully recorded in the early diary kept by the Countess Anne, which is still preserved at Knowle. "On the 16th of June, 1615,"

the diary tells us, "was that great trial for my lands in Craven at the Common Pleas Bar in Westminster Hall, as appears by the records of my time when I was Countess of Dorset. My first Lord (Earl of Dorset), and my uncle of Cumberland and his son, being all three present, agreed together to put it to arbitration of the four chief judges then in England, which tho' it never came to be fact because my mother and I absolutely denied to consent to it. By reason of that intended arbitration of the four judges I went to Brougham Castle in Westmoreland to ask her consent therein. But she would not be brought to submit or agree to it, being a woman of a high and great spirit, in which denial she directed me for good." Ps. xxxii., v. 8.

The Earl and Countess we know started on their journey to the north together, with two four-horse coaches and twenty-six horsemen. But they quarrelled at Lichfield, and Lord Dorset turned back. The Countess Anne went forward with ten persons and thirteen horses, and hardly had the Countess reached Brougham Castle than letters came from the angry husband, in the words of the diary, "to show that it was my lord's pleasure that the men and horses should come away without me, and so after much falling out betwixt my lady and them, all the folks went away, there being a paper drawn up show-

ing that they went away by my lord's direction and contrary to my will."

There must have been great heartburnings in Brougham Castle, probably as much sorrow in the servants' hall as there was in my lady's chamber. For the servants must all have felt that great injustice had been done to Countess Anne, and great ill temper had been shown her by her lord.

But hardly had the four-horsed coach and the thirteen horses passed out of sight in the Eden Vale, than the Countess Anne determined that it would be wiser that she should company them and be convoyed to the south. So on the next day we read: "I went after my folks in my lady's (that is my mother's) coach. She bringing me a quarter of a mile on the way, where she and I had a grievous and heavy parting." In the later diary we read: "So on the second day of April following, in the same year, 1616, was the last time that ever that mother and daughter saw one another, for that day about noon, a quarter of a mile from Brougham Castle, in the open air, they took their last leave one of another with many tears and much grief. The mother returning into the said Castle again, where she died the four-and-twentieth day of the month following." The place of that parting and all the sorrow of it haunted the Countess Anne, and one of the first things she did when at

last she came to her own again, her rightful estates, was to rear upon the spot the pillar that we see to-day, and to charge her lands in Brougham with the payment of £4 a year, to be distributed to the poor of Brougham on a "stone table hard by, each second day of April for ever."

I said "haunted her." Here is an extract from her diary which tell us so: "The second of that April, 1616, I took my last leave of my dear and blessed mother, the remembrance of whose sweet and excellent virtues has been the chief companion of my thoughts ever since she departed out of this world."

The Pillar itself is an octagon of limestone, about 14 ft. high, surmounted by a square head, which is again surmounted by a pyramidal head and a stone finial. On the east, west, and southern side of the square head are dials, or the remains of them, that ever since have marked the hour of noon, which was the sad hour of parting. On the north side are carved the arms of Clifford impaled Veteripont, and Clifford impaled Russell. The Countess Anne was proud of her ancestry, and determined upon the stone to link together the memory of the first Roger Clifford, who married Idonia Veteripont, and her father George Clifford, who married her mother, Lady Margaret Russell. On the same face, beneath the coat of arms, is a death's head and the date 1654.

THE COUNTESS' PILLAR

This was probably the date when the order was first given to the carver, for it is clear that the Pillar was not set up until 1656. On the southern face of the square head and beneath the sundial is a copper plate on which is engraved :

" This pillar was erected in anno 1656, by ye Rt. Honoble Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembrook, and sole heire of ye Rt. Honoble George Earl of Cumberland, etc. ; for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, ye Rt. Honoble Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, ye second of April, 1616. In memory whereof she also left an annuity of four pounds to be distributed to the poor within this parish of Brougham every second day of April for ever, upon the stone table hard by. ' Laus Deo.' "

Those words " for ever " and " Laus Deo" touched the heart of Wordsworth when he gazed upon this Pillar, and in his sonnet on the Countess's Pillar, he wrote :

" ' Charity never faileth ;' on that creed,
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious Lady built with hope sublime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever !*
' Laus Deo.' Many a Stranger passing by
Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavour :
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,
Has ended, though no Clerk, with ' God be praised.' "

It was a magnificent view-point that saw the scene of that lamentable parting. For the white road that runs on in front of us carries our eyes to the beautiful Crossfell range, which, from Croglin Fell on the north to Roman Fell on the south, is to-day a mottled wall of sun and shadow, of grey and blue and tawny hollow fading almost into whiteness; while, like some ancient pyramids, the various peaks of Merton, Dufton and Knock rise up against their mountain background. Julian's bower, with its romance, is away among the pine woods to the south. Memories of the Viking time linger upon Honey-pot beyond the river Eamont to the north-east. The hollow mead of Ninekirks is hid from view, but the river bank, with its caves of Isis and Parlis, and its memory of hermit times and robber times is in view. Away to the north and a little more to the west, the Gibbet Hill, among the woods of Edenhall, tells us of days when outlaws roved the Inglewood forest and justice was rough and ready; while the Beacon Hill, towering above Penrith, bids us remember that men who tilled the fields in this happy valley of the Eden, could never know how soon they might be called to leave the plough for the sword and go to the Marches.

But the beacon for us to-day is the Pillar by the

road-side, a beacon of gratitude and tender affection for a mother's memory, and love of the poor upon the Countess' lands. As one looks upon those who have assembled in their decent dress, the word "poor" seems a little out of place. In some senses there are no such people within the parish boundary. But the women who stand round, some with babes at the breast, are wives of labouring men to whom the 3s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. that they will receive are matters of some importance. In some families there is a doctor's bill to pay, to other families death has come and the bread-winner has gone home, so though poverty in the strict sense does not exist, the Countess' dole will minister to-day to many a home in the Brougham parish and gladden many a heart.

The churchwarden kneels down by the side of the little stone table, whose surface now is not much above the ground, and counts the £4 of shining silver pieces, the threepenny-bits, sixpences, two shillings, and half-crowns in separate heaps. Then in pleasant salutation to the good folk whilst we are waiting for some far off straggler to come up the road, the quavering voices of the children are lifted in Joseph Addison's hymn, which seems well to embody the sentiment of the occasion.

As I listened to that first verse:

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise,"

I felt that in a double sense that verse was applicable. For sun and shadow followed one another on the far-off fells, and a flock of peewits went by with joyful cry, and a lark sung its heart out above our heads, and the spirit of April was on the golden gorse and the greening hedgerows close beside me.

The hymn was ended, and the distribution of the dole began. There was much cheery talk with the folk who had assembled and seemed to be taken into consultation by the Vicar as to the fairness and fitness of the judicial decision in the matter of the varying amounts to be given to different families.

"You know, Mrs. So-and-So had influenza in her house this year, and her good man was off work for three weeks. I think she should have an extra sixpence."

And there was a general assent.

"And we have had the fever," said another woman.

"Well, I think then that you must have another shilling. Have you had a doctor's bill to pay?"

"Yes, sir; and a longer one than we cared for."

"Well, I think you must have an extra shilling, Mrs. So-and-So. Is Mrs. So-and-So here? Let me

see; there is an extra mouth in this family to feed since last year."

And the crowd nodded assent.

"Well, then, there must be an extra shilling there."

And so all those who came received their money, and only threepenny-bits remained. Then there was a threepenny-bit all round; and still four threepenny-bits were over. It seemed to be a great puzzle to the worthy Vicar and his assistant as to whom these should go. The claims of all were canvassed, and at the last, to judge by the common consent of those gathered round the Countess' table, these crumbs of comfort fell into right hands.

The Vicar called upon the friend who was with him to tell the children something of the history of the Countess Anne, and then with three cheers for the King and three cheers for the Countess, the assemblage broke up, to meet, all being well, next year at that "modest stone which pious Pembroke reared."

X.

ALD HOGGART O' TROUTBECK.

WESTMORELAND is rightly proud of being the native county of the father of William Hogarth the painter. Hogarth is still a well-known name in our north country, and who does not know the pencils of that ancient factory beside the river Greta at Keswick, which bears Hogarth's name, or the snuff that is made at Hoggarths of Kendal.

William Hogarth's ancestors were yeomen, and originally lived at Kirkbythore in Westmoreland. They afterwards migrated to Bampton, that lies in a depression of the Shap fells, from which entrance is made to Mardale and Haweswater, and which village, with its long record of good schoolmasters, gave to England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries some remarkable lawyers and divines. Hogarth's grandfather, the Bampton estateman, had three sons. The eldest succeeded his father on the sheep farm at Bampton ; the third son, after being educated at St.

Bees School, went in early youth to London, where he became a schoolmaster and afterwards a corrector for the press. A Latin letter from him, dated 1697, and still preserved in the British Museum, tells of a certain book which had been printed with great expedition; and a dictionary which he compiled in Latin and English for the use of schools, was in 1785 still extant in manuscript. His son, the painter, was born in 1698 in the parish of St. Bartholomew's. He became apprenticed to an engraver of arms on plate, a certain Mr. Ellis Gamble, a silversmith of some note, but wearying of the monotony of the work and feeling his own powers of draughtsmanship, he determined, before his apprenticeship was up, to leave his master, and gave himself, after some study of drawing from the life in an academy in St. Martin's Lane, to the work of his fame and name as a painter of satire, passion and character. Thomas the Rhymer, the second son of the Bampton farmer, migrated to Troutbeck, where he followed agriculture and the trade of a village carpenter. He married there, reared a family, acquired some little property, and died in or after the year 1709.

It is to this uncle we must turn if we would know the secret of satire and close observation which seems to have descended to his nephew the painter, William,

for this Thomas was a poet and satirist, and in the opinion of Adam Walker of Troutbeck, reformed the manners of the people as much at least as "the services" of the parson had done, and it is to Adam Walker, who was known in his day as "the natural philosopher," that we are indirectly indebted for having preserved to us Hoggart's name and fame and work. It was the article that he wrote upon Thomas Hoggart, spoken of one hundred and forty years ago in the dales as "Ald Hoggart," which, appearing as a reproduction in the *Whitehaven Packet*, attracted, in the middle of last century, the attention of Dr. Craig Gibson. He at once began to search for manuscripts of Ald Hoggart's satires and poems, and sent them for reproduction to the *Kendal Mercury*, and it is from the scarce pamphlet [1] that is a reprint of these articles, that I am indebted for the knowledge of Thomas Hoggart's work.

Adam Walker is remembered in Troutbeck by the bare note of the baptismal register date 1727, but Adam Walker's article will always be read by those who care to know something of the ways and habits and pleasures of the Troutbeck dalesmen two centuries ago. The fact that he as a little child had acted as a fairy in an open-air play called *The*

[1] An interesting selection from the pamphlet has been reprinted by George Middleton of Ambleside.

Destruction of Troy, given at Bowness in memory of the writer, Ald Hoggart, on the jubilee day, fifty years after the old satirist's death, gives him a kind of living link with the Troutbeck poet which adds interest to all he tells us about him. He says "Ald Hoggart lived at Troutbeck, a village about three miles from Ambleside. Happy should I be to rescue from oblivion the name of old Hoggart, whose songs and quibbles have so often delighted my childhood. These simple strains of this mountain Theocritus were fabricated while he held the plough or was leading his fuel, that is, 'his peats,' from the hills. He was as critical an observer of Nature as his nephew for the narrow field he had to view her in. Not an incident or absurdity in the neighbourhood escaped. If anyone was hardy enough to break through any decorum of old and established repute, if anyone attempted to over-reach his neighbour or fall into wrongdoing, he was sure to hear himself sung over the whole parish, nay to the very boundaries of the Westmoreland dialect, so that his songs were said to have a greater effect on the manners of his neighbourhood than even the sermons of the parson himself."

When Dr. Craig Gibson first began to collect the material for his pamphlet he received some help from *The Life of Hogarth* by Allan Cunningham,

and from Nichols and George Steevens, who, when collecting anecdotes of Hogarth, had many ballads and satires of Hogarth's uncle laid before them. The editor of the *Kendal Mercury* was also able to help him by sending him two of Thomas Hoggart's productions, one of which was a tirade recounting the mischief that befel heroes of both sacred and profane history through the agency of womenkind, and the other a versification of a coarse country anecdote. Dr. Gibson, though he marked that their prominent defect was the absence of delicacy, could not help being struck by the surprising command of language and idea of rhythm. A little later he received, through the kindness of the editor of the same journal, a dilapidated volume of manuscript, much discoloured and worn at the edges, containing an enormous mass of poetry in the hand-writing of Thomas Hoggart. The owner of this manuscript volume was resident at Ambleside. It had been given to him by a member of the Woodburn family, who was a lineal descendant of the Hogarth's—one of Hogarth's daughters having married a Woodburn—and he had on two occasions rescued it from destruction, the maidservant having taken it to light the kitchen fire. He appears to have obtained it from two maiden ladies named Hodgson, who were also descendants of Ald Hoggart, and who remembered

it being spoken of as "Hoggart's Testament." Dr. Gibson deciphered Ald Hoggart's book, and, as aforesaid, reproduced specimens through the columns of the *Kendal Mercury*. He was also fortunate in interviewing an old estatesman, Mr. Birkett of Town End, Troutbeck, who was then in his 87th year. He told him that Ald Hoggart was as noted for his jollity and whimsicality as much as for his habit of spinning rhymes, constructing plays, and getting up dramatic entertainments.

Those of us who know and wonder at the real dramatic power of the Grasmere villagers of to-day, can understand how the dalesmen of his time would delight in such plays as Ald Hoggart would produce for their countryside delectation. Lake country manners have been much altered in the last two hundred years. Many of the songs that Ald Hoggart wrote would not be tolerated in a public-house to-day, and some of the play-jigs or short dramas in verse, whose interest lay in incidents of low rustic intrigue, terminate with a moral application which no censor of the drama to-day would pass, and would certainly be hissed off any village stage in the Lake country.

"These jigs," says Dr. Craig Gibson, "appear to have been acted by old Hoggart and some of his neighbours, no doubt to the edification of those who

formed the audience. The *dramatis personae* usually consists of a man and his wife, one or two servants, and the gallant of the wife or the leman of the husband, for one or other of these is always represented as unmindful of their matrimonial obligations, and the interest or fun of the piece generally turns upon the detection and exposure of the delinquent, or otherwise upon the expedients adopted to screen them, the success of these often sadly violating all the rules of poetical justice."

We gather that the open-air theatre in Troutbeck consisted of a scaffold at the Moss Gap, and that St. James' Day was the usual play-day in the dales, thus, for example, "The Play Song made for the Play 'The Lascivious Quean' as it was acted on St. James' Day 1693, upon a scaffold at the Moss Gap in Troutbeck," is the heading of one of the songs.

But "Ald Hoggart" was evidently a reader of the classics, and was as much at home in Heathen Mythology as in the legends and manners of his dale; and we have from Adam Walker so interesting an account of Hoggart's play, *The Destruction of Troy*, as given at Bowness, that it is worth giving a full transcription of.

"His poetical talents were not confined to the incidents of his village. I myself have had the honour to bear a part in one of his plays (I say *one*,

for there are several of them extant in MS. in the mountains of Westmoreland at this hour). This play was called *The Destruction of Troy.* It was written in metre much in the manner of Lopez de Vega, or the ancient French drama; the unities were not too strictly observed, for the siege of ten years was all represented; every hero was present in the piece, so that the *dramatis personae* consisted of every lad of genius in the whole parish. The wooden horse—Hector dragged by the heels—the fury of Diomed—the flight of Æneas—and the burning of the city, were all represented. I remember not what fairies had to do in all this; but as I happened to be about three feet high at the time of this still talked-of exhibition, I personated one of these tiny beings. The stage was a fabrication of boards, placed about six feet high on strong poles: the green room was partitioned off with the same materials: its ceiling was the azure canopy of heaven; and the boxes, pit, and gallery, were laid into one by the Author of Nature, for they were the green slope of a fine hill. Despise not, reader, this humble state of the provincial drama; let me tell you, there were more spectators, for three days together, than the three theatres in London will hold; and, let me add, that you never saw an audience half so well pleased.

"The exhibition was begun with a grand procession from the village to a great stone (dropped by the Devil about a quarter of a mile off, when he tried in vain to build a bridge across Windermere; so the people, unlike the rest of the world, have remained a good sort of people ever since). I saw the procession begun by the minstrels of the parishes and followed by a yeoman on bull-back. This adept had so far civilised his bull that he would suffer the yeoman to mount his back, and even to play upon his fiddle there. The manager besought him to join the procession; but the bull, not being accustomed to so much company, and particularly so much applause; whether he was intoxicated with praise, thought himself affronted and made game of, certain it was that he broke out of the procession, erected his tail, and, like another Europa, carried off the affrighted yeoman and his fiddle, over hedge and ditch, till he arrived at his own field. This accident rather inflamed than depressed the good humour arising from the procession; and the Clown, or Jack Pudding of the piece, availed himself so well of the incident, that the lungs and ribs of the spectators were in manifest danger. This character was the most important personage in the whole play; for his office was to turn the most serious parts of the drama into burlesque and ridicule. He was a compound of

Harlequin and Merry Andrew, or rather the Arch Fool of our ancient kings. His dress was a white jacket covered with bulls, bears, birds, fish, etc., cut in various coloured cloth. His trousers were decorated in like manner, and hung round with small bells; and his cap was that of Folly, decorated with bells, and an otter's brush depending. The lath sword must be of great antiquity in this island, for it had been the appendage of Jack Pudding in the mountains of Westmoreland time out of mind.

"The play was opened by this character with a song, which answered the double purpose of a play-bill and prologue, for his ditty gave the audience a foretaste of the rueful incidents they were about to behold; and it called out the actors one by one, to make the spectators acquainted with their names and characters, walking round and round till the whole *dramatis personae* made one great circle on the stage. The audience being thus made acquainted with the actors, the play opens with Paris running away with Helen, and Menelaus scampering after them; then followed the death of Patroclus, the rage of Achilles, the persuasions of Ulysses, etc.; and the whole interlarded with apt songs, both serious and comic, all the productions of Ald Hoggart.

"The bard, however, at this time had been dead some years, and I believe this fête was a jubilee to

his memory ; but let it not detract from the invention of Mr. Garrick to say that his at Stratford was but a copy of one forty years ago on the banks of Windermere. Was it any improvement, think you, to introduce several bulls into the procession instead of one? But I love not comparisons, and so conclude."

It is a little unfair to judge of Ald Hoggart's verse and songs as written down by him in the old brown paper-covered manuscript book, for it seems pretty clear that originally most of them were written in the Westmoreland dialect. Play songs, love songs, Bacchanalian songs, satirical songs mingled in that old book with his plays and historical and classical drama, plentifully interspersed with epitaphs, some of them excellent, many of them odd. And we who read them to-day, though we may criticise a certain coarseness of sentiment and diction, faulty metres and defective rhythm, shall recognise in all of them a naïve humour and forcefulness of expression and idea ; shall remember that they are the work of a seventeenth century dalesman, who, in the pauses of his toil for daily bread, read and thought and wrote his satires and his songs with no idea of name or fame, but with the simple wish apparently to amuse his neighbours as he lashed them for their follies.

In his song that begins,

"When Corydon a wooer was,"

it is astonishing to note how the old farmer and carpenter seems to have the classical dictionary by heart:

"When Helen fair to Troy was brought,
And on Mount Ida's shepherd dotes;
When Hecuba at lovers laughed,
And lion skins turned petticoats.
When all the gods fell sick of love,
And Orpheus' harp made mountains move;
It was a merry season,
Love was bought by reason,
And Cupid's craft was well approved."
. . . . . .
O for those golden days again,
That Naso might write songs of love,
And shepherds in their antient strain
Might in the valleys sweetly rove,
And pipe and sing their roundelays,
And on the hillocks daily graze
Their flocks, most sweetly sleeping,
Hand in hand still keeping,
All to set forth the Shepherd's praise."

Let us look now at his love songs.

A SONG.

MAN.

"Come, be not coy, my only joy,
The rose in its prime;
The lily white doth us invite
To make use of the time, my dear,
To make use of the time.

MAID.

My dear, thou'lt see coy I'll not be,
Nor fickle will I prove;
But, spite of fate, I'll imitate
The constant turtle dove, my dear,
The constant turtle dove."

And after other verses that go to the classics for instances of true affection, the man says:

"If in the hold of death I'm cold,
Before thy life expire,
A Ghost forlorn, I'll sigh and mourn
For thee, my heart's desire, my dear,
For thee, my heart's desire."

The maid answers:

"If I invade the silent shade
Of that Elysium fair,
Then for thy sake no rest I'll take
Till I have found thee there, my dear,
Till I have found thee there."

And both together sing:

"And having there my true love found
No greater joy can be:
But Elysium's not Elysium
If unpossessed of thee, my dear,
If unpossessed of thee."

Nobody will deny the daintiness of the lilt of this song, and the following is a fair companion for it:

A LOVE SONG.

MAN.

"Dearest, I love thee,
Dearest, I love thee,

All the night, all the day,
With my love will I stay,
Whether she will or nay,
Dearest, I love thee.

MAID.

"As thou dost love me,
As thou dost love me,
And as thou'rt so kind to me,
Willing still will I be
To stay day and night with thee,
Dearest, I love thee."

"Ald Hoggart" was a cynic, and one must believe that in Troutbeck he had seen both sides of married life, or he never would have written a song entitled, "A Single Life's the Rarest."

"Marry not one that's old,
Lest thy thoughts do wander,
To match with shrow or scold
Thou never canst comand her:
To marry one that's poor,
She's proud when once promoted:
To marry one that's fair,
Worse things may be allotted.
The old she will grow stale,
The scold she still will brawle.
And pride will have a fall,
And fade soon will the fayrest,
The best is none at all,
So a single life's the rarest."

It is clear, however, that he knew the other side of the case, or he would not have written his song:

"You gallants all give ear
Who spend your time in courting,"

which ends,

"Now gallants have a care
At lawful love repine not,
I warn you to beware
And to lawless love incline not.
Let Venus' toyes alone,
A loving wife's a treasure
Whereto Hymen bids you come
And fly all foolish pleasure.
The sheep that haunts the breare,
Much of his wool leaves there,
And must go poor and bare
Whilst clean pastures feed the fayrest;—
Nothing can compare
To marryed life—'tis rarest."

And that there were scolds and shrews in Troutbeck at his day, I think is plain from his verse upon a shrewd wife:

"Speak of three furies now no more in Hell,
A shrewd wife makes the fourth and beares the bell.
An if all three were thence dismissed, this one
Would be enough for Pluto's realm alone."

Or again, "Grace before Meat":

"God be praised! my wife is pleased
It is but now and then,
So take your meat ye that can eat
Anon she'll scold again."

Or this:

"Who only in his cups will fight is like
A clock that must be oyled before it strike.
When men and women dye, as poets sung,
His heart's the last that stirrs, of her the tongue."

Poor William Idle must have been pitied if we may judge by this epitaph:

"Here lies a man who, in his life
Was blest in all things but his wife.
Death hovering by him did the sick man spy,
On Wife and Death at once he fixed an eye.
Revolving then what might be for the best,
With Wife to tarry, or with Death to rest.
'Come, throw thy dart,' he said, 'and take my life,
With thee I'll go, but, pray thee, leave my wife.'"

There is a song which probably went the round of the ale houses of the lake country called "The Taming of a Shrew," which begins:

"Upon a time a lusty lad did court a lively lass,
But long it was ere that he could his purpose bring to pass;
He woo'd her on until at length she granted his petition,
That she would be his married wife, upon this one condition,
That she should the breeches wear for a whole year and a day,
And not to be control'd at all whatever she did say.
It was the longest year he thought that came since he was born,
Yet he the matter could not mend, for he thereto had sworn,"

and which tells us how eventually the man mended matters. Though it does not speak well either for manners or humanity, it leads us to suppose that married life in Troutbeck did not always run smoothly. Nor did it escape "Ald Hoggart" that in the "estatesman's" circle, marriage was often a

matter more of acres and income than of true love. In one of his play songs which begins :

> "Farewell my Faleria before I resign
> That heart to another which ought to be mine,"

he makes the man say :

> "Deuce take the inventor of joyntures and dowers,
> The love whereof causeth me many sad hours,
> For a woman I find hath no power to say no
> To a fool that is fine and hath writings to shew ;
> Though his mind and his body alike be unsound,
> His wealth for his faults and his follies compound ;
> True love that is faithful can never prevail,
> Where marriage and love are but bargain and sale."

What Tennyson in his "Northern Farmer" describes, he also describes as being the state of affairs in the marriage market in Westmoreland, and he laments the change that has come over the dalesmen in this matter, in a poem entitled "True Love."

> "Gaye Gallands, all to love inclined,
> Draw near and fair attention lend ;
> To you I now express my mind,
> In these poor lines that here are penned ;
> I'll not romance, but plainly shew
> How times are changed—men's minds also ;
> Conscience is cold and virtue fled,
> And true love is quite banishéd.
>
> Guide but a stripling to a wench,
> That's fair and lovely to behold,
> Yet riches hath such prevalence,
> His mind is gilded o'er with gold.

What is her portion? first he cryes,—
A brace of thousands in his eyes
So far exceed all other graces,
As make those fair who have foule faces.

Inconstancy is in such use,
That virtue scarce is looked upon,
And all must yield to avarice.
'Tis money makes the mare to run;
True worth moves some, but yet not many;
True virtue's scarce upheld by any;
Wealth wins the most, but as we'll prove,
It liking breeds yet gains not love.

Young men now this caution take,
Build love's foundation on firm ground;
Who takes a wife for riches' sake,
His love scarce ever doth prove sound.
A loving life is always found
Worth, at the least, a thousand pound;
Wealth, makes it wings and flies away,
Whereas true love endures for aye."

There was probably in Hoggart's day a good deal of loving not wisely but too well, and in a play song that was acted on St. James's Day, 1693, on the Moss Gap scaffold in Troutbeck, beginning "Oh what a boundless thing is love," is given the piece of advice:

"And refraine,
If thou gaine,
And obtaine
It will staine,
And thine honour no longer will tarry,
Then beware,
Have a care

Of the snare
That lyes there,
Learn to love where 'tis lawful to marry."

It was probably a warning needed; whilst in another play-song which begins:

"When Cupid did Corrina court,
Then was't a merry time,"

it is clear that inconstancy in love was not a thing unknown in the dales, or we should hardly have found the bard writing:

"When Pyramus did Thisbe love,
And Hero from her tower
Did see Leander float on seas,
And wished him on the shoare,—
Arcadia's plaine
Had then no staine
Of love's inconstancy,
And we
Still be
In hope such dayes to see!"

But Hoggart lashed men for their inconstancy as well as maidens, as we see in the song, "Parnassus Mount," from which the following lines may be quoted:

"He that with false words and oaths
A wife doth woo and wed,
If with a filthy ugly scold
His chance is to be sped,
The proverb old

Shall here be told,
Who means for to deceive
A dirty cogging cheating quean
Best fits a lying knave.

Thus to conclude
These verses rude,
It's worth your observation
He is a man that rightly can
Know how to rule his passion."

Of the epitaphs that Hoggart wrote, one may quote the following on the death of Tom Wood:

"Is death begun to cut down Wood?
Then it's a sign his trade's not good."

and on Harry Askew, William Bell, and William Johnson:

"'If Bowness village you should know,
There may you hear my fyles to go,
Pins and needles, sirs, who buyes 'em,
Hard and sharp, whoever tryes 'em,
Toys and rattles to still babyes,
Temple wires that's fit for ladyes,
Come and buy, if you'll have any,
I wod fain draw the packing penny.'
Whilst the pedlar thus doth bawle,
And his wares for sale doth call,
Death passes by like one unknown,
Commands him pack—His market's done."

"Passenger, if thou wod tell
Who lyes here, 'tis William Bell;
He was sexton long together,
Then one Bell did ring another.

The tenth of March he left this world,
And here into his grave was hurled.
Be then assured, all that pass by,
Till the last trump here must he ly."

"Here's Johnson, the cobbler, by death stricken dead,
He poorly lived, poorly dyed, was poorly buryed;
For a pipe of tobacco was all his wife spent
On his funeral, so to the kirk-yard they went,
And made his interment in a great shower of rain;
It had been no matter if we'd left there the twain."

The most finished is an epitaph on M. B.:

"Here under lyes a casket that contained
A life unspotted and a soul unstained.
Studious in learning, virtuous, debonair,
For outward gifts remarkt, for inward rare;
Who, after twenty one years scarce expired,
Arrived at that safe port he most desired,
In life to friends and parents fresh joyes bringing,
In death to God sweet Halleluyahs singing."

The most satirical is the following:

"Here lies a woman,
No man can deny it,
She died in peace although she lived unquiet.
Her husband prays if e'er this way you walk
You would tread softly—if she wake she'll talk."

In his memorial verses, if one gets a glimpse of the man's self-knowledge and good opinion of his own powers, one also gets a glimpse of his sympathy and of his tenderness of heart. We have but to read the verse to his true friend, Anthony Kirkby, to see that he knew himself:

"O, then, lament, let my distracted breast
With universal sorrow be possest;
For sure our soules were near allyed, and thine
Cast in the self-same plastick mould as mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fooles we both abhorred alike.
Mourn, mourn, ye Muses, and your songs give o'er,
For now your loved Adonis is no more—
The mighty soule of Poetry is fled
Sith he in grave lyes dead and buryed";

and in the verses on the death of his dear and well-beloved son, who died on the 20th of May, 1704, aged 24, of whom he says, he was

"Loving to all, courteous he was and kind—
Such moral virtues did adorn his mind.
Whilst other graces did his worth advance,
Of gesture comely, pleasant countenance,
All duty to his parents did he show,
Love to his neighbour, and his Maker too,"

we find Ald Hoggart telling us at the end that tears prevent him writing more:

"My genius yet could more than this indite,
But mine eyes so swim in teares I cannot write."

He wrote allegories, and seems to have been full of quaint conceits. I quote one:

"Here's five in a town divided we see,
Three against two, and two against three;
Riches and Poverty cannot agree,
Nor can Riches abide with true Piety;
Content cannot stay where Riches are lord,
Riches and Labour cannot accord;

Proud Poverty, too, must needs disagree
With Labour, Content, Piety,—all three.

But these three last
Together hold fast.
Wherever they meet,
Even green-herbs are sweet;
A treasure they bring,
Above that of a King.
To Heaven they tend!
There let me end."

And in "A New Song, or the Author's Dream," he writes again allegorically:

"I thought that Honour, in great state,
Came swiftly riding on the wind;
His chariot was driven by Fate,
As by experience many find.
Then Fame she did her trumpet blow,
And at the blast
Gallands in haste
Came riding past,
All in a row.

Ambition was the first that came,
And did take up the chiefest seat;
With Pride, his great companion,
They both would be accounted great;
But Ambition got the overthrow,
For down he fell
From Heaven to Hell
And Pride before the fall did goe.

Covetousness came all in black—
I tooke him for some clergyman—
Tho' riches up he still did pack,
His mind was where that it began,

For satisfyed he ne'er can be.
He cants and prayes,
And what he says
He doth always
The contrary.

Pale-faced Envy thither came,
With Strife and Emulation too;
Hatred and Malice did the same:
Cruel revenge drove up the crew.
All these did ayme at Honour's place—
Tho' she awhile
On them did smile,
She left them all
In deep disgrace.

Plain-dealing came in thread-bare coat,
That was made up of homely grey;
The gallands all did at him flout,
And sware that he had lost his waye.
They straightway kicked him out of door,
No greater curse
Than empty purse!
No plague is worse
Than being poor!"

Epigrammatic, too, was the old dale Rhymer. Here are two specimens:

ON MAN AND MONEY.

"Money and man a mutual falsehood show;
Man makes false money, money makes man so."

ON BOWNESS AND ITS KIRK.

"An old kirk and a new steeple,
A poor towne and a proud people."

Perhaps our greatest interest in "Ald Hoggart" lies

in the side-lights that his rhymes and poems give on the manners and habits of the people of his time.

That he was a favourite at any ale bench may be pretty certain from the drink-catches that he wrote. Here, for example, is the first verse of a catch :

"Here is a good carousing health
All to the best of men,
And when we've bowl'd it well about,
We'll bowl't about againe.
There's nothing in this world so pure
That can be sought or found
Like drinking in good company,
So let this health go round."

Or, again, in his catch, in which he rhymes to his friend Brown, he tells us :

"Let him forsake our company
That will not drink his glass,
Knock under board, and be abhorred,
And reckoned for an ass."

And yet he was merciless upon the habitual drunkard, as you may guess by this epitaph on Tunstal, who drank himself to death :

"If drunkenness to Heaven doth lead,
Then Tunstal's choice was right indeed."

He must have made the fortune of the Rose Inn at Bowness, when he wrote upon its sign :

"Blythe and bonny is the Rose,
Whether in May or June,
No flower that growes so rare as the Rose,
Take her in time and tune."

And a good deal of hard drinking must have gone on at that Rose, or he never would have written his epitaph on the present Clerk of Windermere:

"Under these monumental stones
A Parish Clerk doth lye,
A hogshead doth enclose his bones,
For he was always dry."

Staunch Protestant, it is quite certain that he agreed with the poet Braithwait in his hatred of Rome, as we see in the following lines:

"At day of doom more tolerable 'twill be
For Sodom and Gomorrah than for thee.
. . . . . .
Thy Bishops' hands with blood are deep imbrued –
With Poet Braithwait thus I may conclude:
'A Pope, a Pope, Apostate; no!
A Devil incarnate—call him so.'"

That he was a staunch loyalist is clear from his health to the King:

"A health to the King;
Down let it fall.
In goes ocean—
Ships and all.

Drawer, make haste,
Quickly provide
A new supply
To maintain the tide.

Hoist up your sayles,
Without controul;
'Tis the King's health,
Drink off the bowl."

Protestant and anti-Papist, he was apparently a staunch Churchman. We have some verses "Upon ye neglect of ye Trustees of Troutbeck Church for ye defacing of ye X commands, and letting ye church wall go to decay":

> "The wall gives way to sheep, and swine, and goose,
> To snort and swaddle in this sacred House.
> The X commands which God to Moses gave,
> Within the church I nowhere can perceive."

It appears that the wall upon which the commandments had been printed had been broken down to make a window, and he concludes:

> "To live in darkness, is't a greater sin,
> Than break the X commands to let light enter in?"

But he has no patience with the way in which Puritanism has added dulness into rural life, as we may gather from a dialogue between Sawney and Billy:

SAWNEY.

> "Why, how now, Billy, art thou grown so sad?
> I've seen the day thou wast a jovial lad.
> Thou'rt metamorphosed. What mean this coat and band?
> Art thou a rag o' the Kirk?

BILLY.

> Yes, by this hand!
> And must forgoe all pastime, sport, and play,
> Nor turn a glass o'er thumb on holiday.

SAWNEY.

Ffaith, honest Billy, thou and I have seen
Full many a gambol danced 'pon Bell's green;
When Peg and Prue, with other lasses gay,
Did weare their garlands on St. James his day;
Daisyes and pinks and many a violett,
With rose and lily on Top Castle sett:
On Bowness Bank the swaines levantoes tread,
Led by Tom Piper at the Morrice head.

BILLY.

Sawney, that's past, which makes my heart full woe.
Then nut-brown ale in dishes round did goe.
Now such like things are all put out of joint;
Our zelots they do hold this very point,
And tell us dancing is a Jezabel,
And Barley—Break the ready way to hell;
The Morrice, too, and merry wakes can be
But prophane reliques of some jubilee.
They in their zeal express how much they do—
They organs hate and silence bagpipes too,
And harmless Maypoles are all rayled upon,
As though they were the towers of Babylon!

SAWNEY.

Ill thrive the lout that did this mirth gainsay!
Let's temples bud, that took these sports away!"

He was a friend to the maskers and mummers, as we gather from his "Passport for Maskers," and it is clear that the mummers in his day were in the habit of challenging the company in every house they went to to play cards:

"But here's a crowne we'll hazard at the cards;
Sixpence a cut so long as coine doth last,
And if we lose, 'tis but a Christmas cast."

It is plain also that in his time the Cumberland beggar was a good deal in evidence. He rather regrets that the magistracy are determined to put begging down :

> " In one thousand seven hundred, Blue Cap Hall
> Was built and begging got a fall ;
> The stocks on Airey Green erected were,—
> Wilson was constable,—a fatal year ! "

Blue Cap Hall was probably a tramp's lodging-house, though whereabout in Troutbeck it stood cannot now be discovered, nor can Airey Green be identified.

In a play song entitled, " True love is banished quite," he says :

> " What is become of Charity ?
> Her hands in fetters strong are bound,
> Or else with Hospitality,
> She's laid where neither can be found !
> I heard a poor man make this moan,—
> The begging trade is quite undone."

It is also clear that milling in his day admitted of a good deal of dishonesty. A mill has just been sold in Troutbeck, and he tells us :

> " Troutbeck's turnèd upside down,
> And wise men wane in skill ;
> Wives are leaving off to frown,
> And Browne has sold his mill.
>
> Shall Israel ever be opprest,
> And plagued by Pharaoh still ?
> For thus cry out some fickle heads,
> Let's have another mill !

For me, I am not of their mind,
For this is my belief—
You may as soon the Phoenix find,
As a mill without a thief."

If he disliked millers, "Ald Hoggart" disliked Scotch pedlars more. He would probably have read with great gusto a book that appeared a year ago entitled *The Unspeakable Scot*, as we may gather from the following:

"These Circumvoraneans 'Scotch cloth' cry,
'Hollands, muslin, cambrick, will ye buye;
Callicoes, lawns, or any other ware;
If you'll buye nought, then will ye sell some haire?'
Thus at your doors and windows do they call,
Several denials quiet not their bawle.
Into your house with confidence they go,
Name all their wares and hardly be said no.
From house to house, from town to town they run;
They spare no pains where money may be won:
They'll seek, and have it, if it may be found,
Traverse the country, nay, whole counties round,
Country and counties did I say? We find
To range whole kingdoms scarce will please their mind.
What Mr. Cleevland did of late decyde,
May to these Pedlars fitly be applyed,—
'Had Cain been Scot, they wod ha' changed his doom,
Not made him travel, but remain at home.'"

But I do not think that he was against the genus pedlar or packman, who in his time, as in Wordsworth's time, was the chief news-bringer as well as vendor of necessaries to the far farm-houses of the

dales. He is indignant with the levying of duty by the Government, of toll upon these honest itinerants, as we gather from his play song:

"When Oberon from fayry land
Brought Mab with all their jolly traine,
And in a ring they, hand in hand,
Danced gambols on the flowery plaine:
Then curds and cream we plenty had,
And many a syllabub was made,
A Tester in the dayry
Was left by the fayry
If the good house-wife Peg had played.

Those winsome dayes are not forgott
That we have had in Patterdale,
For sixpence we could have a pott
That held two gallons of good ale.
Now potts and pitchers go to wrack,
Pedlars pay duty for their pack,
The Ragman and the Roper,
The Sadler and the Soper,—
Trading is now thrown on its back."

And deeply this old poet of the dales deplores the going out of the village dance:

"When Philemon card't and Bacchus span,
When Amaryllis' ruff was sett,
And Strephon kept his tender lambs,
Upon the hillocks where they met,
The nymphs and shepherds in a row,
Did measures tread, and nimbly too,
Then both Nell and Nancy
Called for 'Wilson's ffancy,'
With 'John, come kiss me, now, now, now.'"

His love of the dance and the fiddler, which is as keen now in Westmoreland and Cumberland as it ever was, comes out in a dialogue song called "Mopsus and Marina," and one may well end his account of Cumberland ways and Westmoreland pastimes, by giving this spirited ballad in full:

MOP.—"Come, Marina, let's away,
Whilst the bride and bridegroom stay.
Fy for shame! why maids so long
Pinning of their headgear on?
Dost not see,
None but we
'Mongst the swains are left unready?
Come make haste!
The bride is past—
Ffollow nowe and I will lead thee.

MAR.—On, my loving Mopsus, on,
I am ready—all is done;
Ffrom my head e'en to my ffoot,
I am ffitted each way to't.
Busk't so gaye,
In gowne of graye,
Best that all our flocks can render;
Hatt of straw,
Platted through,
Cherry lip, and middle slender.

MOP.—And I think you shall not find
Mopsus any whitt behind;
For he loves as brave to goe
As most part of shepherds doe;
Cap of browne,
Bottle crowne;

This tight leg so rare at dancing;
Foot in pump,
So light to jump,
When we shepherds fall a prancing.

MAR.—But I feare— MOP.—What dost feare?—
MAR.—Crowd, the fidler, is not there;
And my foot delighted is
With no stroke so well as his.
MOP.— If not he,
There will be
Drone, the pyper, that will trounce it.
MAR.— But if Crowd
Strike aloud,
Lord, methinks how I could bounce it.

MOP.—Bounce it, Mall! I know thou will,
Well I wott that thou hast skill;
And I know that there thou'lt find
Measures slow to please thy mind;
'Roundelayes,'
'Irish Hayes,'
'Cogs and rongs,' and 'Peggy Ramsey;'
'Spaneleto,'
'The Veneto'—
'John come kiss me'—'Wilson's fancy!'

MAR.—But of all there's none so sprightly
To my eare as 'Touch me lightly,'
'Tis that which doth most blithely move,—
'Tis that which most we shepherds love.
There, there, there!
Aye to a hayre;
O, Tim Crowd, methinks I heare thee!
Young or old,
Ne'er could hold,
All must trip if they come neare thee!"

Enough has been said of "Ald Hoggart," who two centuries ago, strung rhymes together as he worked at his joiner's bench or cared for his little farm in Troutbeck, to show that William Hogarth the painter came of a stock that had cultivated the power of observing the virtues and follies of his time, and who used his satire for a lawful end, the mending of the people's manners. Coarse at times the village critic was, but coarse were the times he lived in, and if his rhymes are sometimes halting, at least there is evidence that he knew the worth of rhythm and lilt, and believed that reality was the soul of wit.

XI.

BROUGH HILL FAIR.

It is seven o'clock, the last day of September, and the train is just starting from Penrith for Warcop. To-day is Brough Hill Fair, and all who wish to see the modern version of one of the most ancient fairs of the North must, if they desire to see the Fair from first to last, take seats in the train. All yesterday the roads here, and in other parts of Cumberland and Westmoreland, were alive with horses, trim and spruce, with fair white halters on, with riband in their manes and plaited straw in their tails, making for Brough Hill Fair, while flocks of sheep and droves of cattle were seen heading the same way.

As one takes one's place in the train, crowded with the strapping yeomen of the Eden Vale, one remembers that the ruins of the Castle close by speak to us of the Red King, who to the repeopling of the Borderland once passed North "with mickle men and much cattle." Times have altered. The

mickle men and much cattle have for generations gone south to Brough Hill Fair. "Aye, bairn," said an old farmer, "ah can mind when theer was a smiddy under Whinfell, put up o' puppose for shoeing t' Scotch beasts for their journey to t' Fair and beyont intil England and t' South." "Aye, aye," chimed in another greybeard, "noo-a-days it's sadly altered. Theer was a few black beasts went by oor spot yistherday, but ah can mind when the whole pasture for a mile betwixt t' road and Whinney Brow Hill was rank wid beasts—Black and Scotch at this end and Shorthorns tudder. Theer was teens o' thousands i' them days. I mind yan drover as used to bring seven hundred hissel to t' Fair—and sheep! cush man—they war for ivver gaen up Whinney Hill breest, an' ah dar say theer'll not be mair nor 2000 theer to-day. Brough Hill Fair is noo nowt bit horses and plessur. There'll be a gey lock o' horses theer anyway, and a deal o' fooak frae aw parts—Lunnun an aw." "Yis," added a third, "and a gey lock o' them leet fingered gentry frae Lunnun an aw; they seem to run a special for 'em. Bob Wilson gat thirty pund for a horse last Fair, and hoo the deuce he manished he nivver cud tell, but he coomed back yam widout a brass farden. I suppowse you see payment is meade i' a booth, and them gentry kens o' that passes and

mark their men doon. They med pay by cheque, bit they're seah wrang-heided they wont, and they gang off wi' coin i' their pockets seeminly on puppos to gie t' leet fingered gentry a chance o' gettin a livin."

We talked on of old Brough Hill Days—days when the great Countess Anne would come up in state from Appleby to see the Fair, and later days when "quality" attended it as a matter of course.

We have left the Britons behind at the town of the Red Hill, and catch a glimpse of the river by which at Maybrough Mound they held their tribal parliament across Eamont stream. The dwelling place of the Bards of Eamont Vale, Wilkinson, Wordsworth's friend, brings us back from the olden time to the days of pastoral peace. Yet our dream is broken by the shoutings that we can hear in fancy of those wild Highlanders who in 1745 made their last effort for Prince Charlie in these quiet Clifton fields which then were called "the moor." We pull up at Clifton station.

My old friend evidently remembers that this is the station for Lowther, and he says: "If Lord Lonsdale was nobbut at yam, he wad likely be drivin doon to Brough Hill Fair to-day; he maistly what cums in his 'Canaries,' and buys the best dog upo t' field, taks a leuk round, and seah back to

t' Castle." He relapsed into silence, and we jogged on past heathery swamp and marshy meadow, where the heron sailed with a clang.

Cliburn and its fir forest was passed, and now we were in the land of the Vikings. The Temple to Odin, built in the "moisty" meadow, still survives in the name Temple Sowerby, and the stone circle that the worshippers of Thor raised will be remembered as long as Kirby Thore is seen on the station board. The grey morning mist was heavy in the Eden Vale —the great Pennine Range was hidden—but out of the mist stood forth plain to the eye those mighty pyramids of Knock, Dufton, and Murton Pike, that look as if the earth-giants had hereabout been giving lessons to the Pharaohs as how best to build their tombs. Presently to the right the Eden flashed towards us, and we saw Caesar's tower rise up among its ancient trees, above the village of the Water Pools the Norsemen knew, which we to-day call Appleby. We were delayed here the best part of half-an-hour by a train of horses and sheep, that were on their way to the Fair common. The clock struck eight as we moved forward to the next station, Warcop, written in the old time "Warthcop," which is said to mean the "Beacon Hill." Three tumuli were opened the middle of last century in this parish, that gave evidence of British and

Anglo-Saxon remains. The Roman Road ran right through the parish, and here perhaps Colomba's disciples came, for the church bears his name; here still each year, upon St. Peter's Day, the Rush Bearing Festival is held, and children take garlands and "burdens" with floral devices to the church, and hardly remember, as they do it, that they keep alive the Pagan Floralia of ancient times, when the Romans held their camp on the very place on which the church is builded.

The train stops at the station, and we pour forth to join the goodly multitude of men and horses that are bound for the fair, and though the Common, where the principal work of the day will go forward, is half a mile away, horses are being trotted up and down, and dealers are busy on the road all the way from the station to the fair field.

Every proposed sale serves to bring out the sturdy character of our North Country farmers. There are three or four horsey-looking gentlemen round a great horse that will do gallant work in his day. "Noo, give me thy hand," says one of them, "I want to do business—forty punds." The farmer smiles, and answers: "Aye, aye, and I want to do business an aw, the price is forty-two punds; I will tak him yam." The would-be purchaser's friend takes him aside and whispers in his ear. Again the purchaser cries,

"Give me thy hand; ah'll tell thee what ah'll do; ah'll divide wi' thee—forty-one punds; noo, 'tis my last offer; you may tak it or leave it." The imperturbable owner of the horse smiles, and says: "Than thoo mun leave it, but thoo'll come back agean."

Nothing is given away for love at Brough Hill Fair. It is diamond cut diamond from morn till night. A story is told of two brothers who met and did business one with another. The horse was sold and when taken home was found to be unsound, the brothers met, and the following conversation took place. "Wel Joe, Ah nivver thawt thoo wad ha played sic a trick upon me I'se thy brudder!" "Naay naay barn—answered Joe—tha knas as weel as I knas mysel that theer's neah brudders at Brough Hill Fair."

On to the field of the battle of prices we go, and upon entering we see drawn up in endless vista gipsy vans, and if one were a painter one probably would not wish to go beyond the first group, for more beautiful children and women can hardly be imagined than members of the Boswell family that are sitting at breakfast round their camp fire. It is breakfast time for the whole assembly of potters and gipsies, and every group has some individual picturesqueness which makes one pause. The vans themselves are gaily painted, the brass ornaments shine in

the windows, the dogs sleep beneath, the cats sit on the driving board, the canaries sing in their cages, and children in inexhaustible supply toddle down the steps from the tiny sleeping rooms to be bathed or to take their seats round the improvised breakfast table. What lovers of oriental colour these dark-eyed gipsy folk are! There is hardly a bit of crockery that they use for their breakfast that is not more gaily painted than any that we in the West are used to. The bacon sputters in the boiling fat, the tea is hissing hot, and the eggs are boiled to a turn. There is not a gipsy or potter to-day but has a breakfast fit for a king.

The sun has broken through the clouds, and the heavens are blue. Everybody is in good temper, and all are preparing for a day of hard work and pleasure combined. I said all, but I am wrong, for here is a sad little group gathered round a round-hooded tent, wherein there lies a fine-faced old fellow, who must have been strong as a giant in his day. He is dying, or, at any rate, has been struck with a paralytic stroke in the night, and feebly strives to lift his arm to show the onlookers that he has no power in it. There is no complaint—they all say "Poor fellow," and go about their business. The Doctor has been sent for; there is nothing more they can do.

Here is a group round the breakfast table—the grandmother, father, mother, uncles, and children. They do not resent that you should stop and gaze. On the contrary, in the cheeriest way they greet you, and if only another stool could be found, would ask you to take a seat. The grandmother smokes her pipe, but the younger women do not intend to do that until they become grandmothers in turn. What strikes one is their evident care for appearances. Here is a boy carefully washing down the van wheels; there is another polishing the harness. A mother here is washing her baby's face with splendid care and earnestness. All of them seem bent on blacking their shoes. I listened to a conversation between two of the tiny shoeblacks—a child of three, I should judge, and another of seven years. "I cannot black my shoes without blacking," said the elder child, and the younger said: "Thou can spit on them." "They are too bad for that," replied the elder. He went off for the teapot, and having poured some into the saucer containing the blacking he made a kind of magical mixture, which she applied to her shoes.

We went forward, and found the common or fair field was in reality a large strip of open ground, about 100 yards wide at its widest and three-quarters of a mile long, that ran between the hedge

and a steep bank that dipped towards the road. The potters' vans were drawn up by the hedge, then came the booths for refreshment, interspersed with knots of horses or ponies ready for sale. Nearer the road a second series of booths for refreshment ran along the course, leaving an intervening grassy street, which seemed to be filled with horses and men. Another intervening grassy street ran parallel, and beyond it, on the edge of the bank that sloped to the road, were some booths, so that the common at its widest part had really been divided into two grassy thoroughfares, in which the main sales of the day would go forward. Below the bank ran the great main road to Yorkshire and the South. On the green sward beyond it were seen a few more booths, and horses were being trotted up and down on this main road, which made a third sale course.

Beyond the road to the eastward a huge meadow dipped down and rose again towards the great green mounded height of Whinney Brow Hill. Whether so called from the furze or whins that grow upon its breast I cannot tell, but the top of that great mounded hill was green to-day as emerald in the sunshine, and freckled with flocks of sheep that had already been sold in the bottom, and were waiting for the trains to carry them away. The white refreshment tent shone out in the bottom, and pens

of sheep were seen beside it. Flocks of sheep that were unpenned and were kept together by the ever watchful collie dogs dotted the rest of this vast meadow, and a herd of Scotch cattle moved slowly across it. As one gazed from the tented bank above the road, which was now becoming quite black with horses and men, one saw beyond Whinney Brow Hill the pleasant undulating plain of golden harvest and grey-green turnip fields, sloping towards the Pennine Range, which was now blue as cobalt, now white almost as marble, according to the shifting of light upon its flank. From Roman Fell and Langside, from Middle Fell to Hellbeck Fell, that great wall of the Pennine Range, shown gloriously throughout the day, and the eye travelling south past Hellbeck Fox Tower swept westwards to other fells that closed one in and made one feel that Brough Hill was for the time being the centre of the world. Indeed, for horse fair folk it *was* the centre of the world, and fortunate the man who could enter into the life of the day as an idle spectator. Not so fortunate the droves of ponies, or the men who had to toil and sweat in the process of selling. If ever pandemonium let loose was heard by mortal ears it was heard by mine at Brough Hill Fair.

Imagine half a dozen knots of wild, unbroken ponies only kept together by the shouting of their

owners. Then imagine a dash at one in the middle of the drove, who lifts his fore feet into the air, and, before they come to the ground, is seized by the nostrils and wrestled with till with a great yell he emerges dragged from the drove by two boys at his neck and one at his tail, and is sent scampering apparently into a crowd of men, who scatter right and left of him, put their hats on their whips, and add to the hubbub. They strike at him with their sticks, and send him frightened and almost mad with alarm right down the grassy avenue, till, with more shouting and bellowings unutterable, the frightened creature is turned back, meets a friend from another drove flying in the opposite direction, cannons against him, knocks the boy over, and dashes wildly into a group of men who are taking their glass of beer in an adjacent booth. The creature is unhaltered, the boys are hanging on its neck and haunches, it rears, turns back, feels that a hundred whips are waved in its face, hears the rattle of twenty hats, and the shouts of a hundred wild Indians in its ears, and does not pause until it makes a dash into the middle of its drove, and finds temporary shelter among its restless brotherhood. Shouts of "Sold again" rise above the din, and buyer and seller go off to the booth to settle accounts. How it comes that men escape with their

lives on the Brough Hill Fair field I cannot tell, for as one gazes from a distance it looks as if a wild football match were being played—the ball of which is a maddened pony.

It is interesting to watch the manners of the dealers; they seem to run in couples. If a man looks at a pony for a moment hawk eyes are upon him, and he is told that all the ponies in that drove are ponies of sorts. "Thoo hes got as many colours to-day as there is in a rainbow," I heard one dealer chaffingly say to another, as a piebald pony was dragged out to be the football. "Ah dow'nt want yan o' them," said the purchaser, "Ah've cum here to buy t' lot. What's t' price?" The dealer takes the purchaser aside, puts his arms around his neck, assumes an air of solemnest confidence, and speaks in a whisper. "Ah wonder thoo hes cheek to ask sec a price," says the would-be purchaser; "If they war o' bloods, thoo cudde'nt ask hawf that. Ah cud buy Darby winners at t' price." The drover's friend beckons him aside, and again putting his arms affectionately around the purchaser's neck, whispers seriously. "Does t' think ah's a fule? Ah've bin at Brough Hill for thirty years. Thoo kens who ah is weel eneugh. Here's my price, and thoo can tak it or leave it. Ah'll buy the drove or nin at aw."

And so the game goes on, but the voices of the drovers and the stampeders are now and again broken into or commingled with the voice of melody. I hear a bag-piper in a cart at the end of a booth. The pipes cease, and a gaunt, grey-headed man, who looks like an undertaker out for a holiday, assures us that they will now sing us a song, and that the words and music can be obtained for threepence. He and the piper then treat the crowd to a duet. The song they sing is a song of patriarchs and prophets, and the refrain, in chorus form, which goes with a great swing, tells us who of the old Bible patriarchs and the New Testament characters we shall meet in heaven. One verse begins:

"There will be the prophet, who was swallowed by the monstrous fish,
And the lads in the furnace who were cast,
And one among the lions, who never was hurt.
They went straight up to glory at last."

Another verse assures us—

"There will be John the divine, who was loving and kind
And leaned on the Saviour's breast:
When alive down here he was truly sincere,
Though oft-times put to the test."

The spelling of these people's names was very interesting. There will be—Miriam, Esther, Rachael, Rebecca, Susannah, and Jocheobod. Lydia, Phoebe, Priscilla, Elizabeth, and Mary will all be there.

It is not encouraging to find that the pre-reformation heroes and saints would not be there, and, as a clergyman of the Church of England, one was sorry to think that our great English divines would for the most part be absent, as the last verse will testify—

"There will be Luther and Latimer, Ridley and Malanthan,
Wesley, Whitfield, Bunyan and Knox,
William Clowes and Uborn, Livingstone and Moffat,
Sister Booth and General Booth will all be there."

In the song sheet I obtained I found the author's name written Hugh Brown.

Nor were the performers of this duet the only singers at Brough Hill Fair. The old gleeman is not dead, and it was intensely interesting to listen to a young Tyneside troubadour reciting with considerable vigour a poem upon men whose names will never die. They were rather a medley, but there was no question as to the reciter's catholicity of spirit, as he assured us of the immortal fame of

"Hector Macdonald and Buller the Brave, whose names will never die,
And the primeer great we have laid in the grave, the good Lord Salisbury."

He was prepared, he assured us, to add an extempore verse on any subject of local interest that could be named. "Steadman of Brough," shouted the crowd, "Steadman, the champion heavy-weight," and to gain time for his extempore effusion he went

round with the hat. "I was made in England," he said. "You had a deal better patronise me than them foreign fellows as is making music down there to the crowd." "Half a dollar," he cried, "for one song, and then they ask me why I don't work." His extempore verse was marred by the rush of wild horses and the general scamper.

The next voices that filled the air were the voices of certain sellers of remarkable braces, the inventor of which, in a voice like a bull, prefaced his sale by a lamentable account of a sick friend who, but for the truss and brace that he, the seller, was now introducing to a broken-backed public, would never have been able to go about his work again.

Mixed with all these shoutings and singings and bellowings one heard the crashing of cups, where boys were practising their skill at a kind of multitudinous Aunt Sally, taking as prizes, when they were successful marksmen, good stout ash sticks.

Close by, a man stood behind a hedge of British-made umbrellas, and was lecturing on the need of public spirit to encourage home industries. The tent doors were open, and one could watch the yeomen taking their luncheon, and better fare was surely never given to hungry man than the beef and ham, commingled with red cabbage and onions thrown in, with apple pasty and bread and cakes of various

kinds, not forgetting to mention a curious yellow mixture, cold pease-pudding and cheese to follow.

I called for a cup of tea, and had a pleasant talk about Brough Hill Fair in the olden time with a grey-haired man, who said in a solemn way: "Bairn, Brough Hill Fair isn't Brough Fair as it was; it is a new mak of a Fair aw tegither. It's nobbut pownies and potters, and thoo can buy iverything at Brough Hill Fair noo, except a monkey or a giraffe, and ah's not seah sure but that next year there will be some monkey man about. Shaf man—it's nowt but pleasure noo. When ah was a lad yan com to buy beasts and sheep, and sec like. It's nowt bit 'pownies' and sweets and 'peers' noo-a-days."

It was with a great sense of calm, after the indescribable hubbub, that I found myself sitting on the Whinney Brow Hill talking with a farmer's son who had sold his 220 sheep for two shillings more per head than he sold them last year. The black-faced beauties were to go he knew not whither, and he said sadly: "It's like parting with old friends, you know; I had a deal rather have taken them back to Aikendale." This sadness at parting was emphasised as I came back in the train that afternoon with a farm servant from Appleby, whose master had sold his favourite cart-horse. "Ah tell thee," he said, "it's eneugh to brek yan's heart parting with a good

friend like that horse. He wad gang up Whinfell Brow wid a cart leade of stanes, an side boards doon, just as if they were a leade o' feathers. Ah doot ah wont sleep t'neet."

As I sat on the hill, a shadow swept across the fell, and turned green to gold and blue, and as the rooks came cawing over one almost envied them their want of head-ache, and felt that the clamour of their voices was sweeter than that shouting and shrieking and yelling babel, the blare and bellow that came across the distance from the Brough Hill field. On my way back I listened to the chaffering that was going on between a dealer and a shepherd, who had 50 half-bred lambs for sale: "Give me thy hand," he said, "I'll bid thee fifteen shillings aw round." "Nah," said the shepherd, "ah must hev a shillin mair than ah hed last year, or ah'll tak 'em yam." "What, what?" said the would-be purchaser. "Thoo hes a daft heid; doesn't thoo know that there's nean feed, and tunips is not wuth lifting." "Aye, aye," said the shepherd, "an ah know t' grass isn't done grawing yit." "Weel," said the buyer, "ah thowt thoo was a clever man, an ah knew thoo was a Quaker, but ah thowt ah cud do business wi' thee." "Aye," said the shepherd, "Quakers hes sense, like other fwoaks; we are not aw fules in oor society, though we doant talk mich. Please thyself, ga

round. Thoo'll find me here, and ah knaw thoo'll take the lot afoor the day's ower."

So from flock to flock I went, and passing back to the gate I noted the list of the tolls that the Lord of the Manor was empowered to charge—6d. for every horse, 1d. for every beast, 4d. for every score of sheep, 1d. for every tent stand, 2d. per wheel for every show vehicle.

Going home through the Fair for the last time I found one of the collectors at work, and was appealed to, to be judge between a man with a two-wheeled hand-barrow and the tax-gatherer. I refused to be made arbitrator, but I could not help feeling some sympathy with the man, who stated that he had already paid once, and that it was unjust that he should be made to pay again. "Are you civilized people round here," he said with indignation, "that this sort of thing should be possible? I don't want any row, so I'll pay, but it is not civilization, guv'nor."

Homeward to the train the road was still thronged with multitudes going to the Fair, and as one looked upon their faces one felt that it was worth while going all the distance, if there had been no booths, or potters, or gipsies, or ponies, or sheep, just to see the manly forms and the blue grey eyes and the bronzed cheeks of these sons of the Norsemen, who met at Brough Hill Fair.

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XII.

THE BEWCASTLE CROSS.

IN the most northern parish of Cumberland there stands, as it has stood since the year 670, the most remarkable Anglian cross that exists in the world.

This monument is remarkable not only as being our one source of a belief that Alcfrith the King had died in the moment of victory, but it also, as Bishop Browne has well pointed out, gives us the earliest example, known to be in existence, of English literature. Those of us, therefore, who want to see the earliest specimen of English writing in the world must pay a visit to the Bewcastle Cross.

And who was this Alcfrith to whom the monument was set up, probably to commemorate his death in battle in the year 670?

He was son of Oswy, King of Northumbria, and nephew of Oswald the King. He was the patron and friend of St. Wilfrith who built Hexham Church

and brought over to this country the arts of Gaul and Italy.

It was Alcfrith who turned the scale at the famous conference at Whitby in the year 664, by which English Christianity broke away from the ruder type of the Celt and joined itself with the Latin Church of the West, and all the civilisation that Rome at that time could offer. It was this same Alcfrith who was the chief instrument in the conversion of the Midlands. It was this Alcfrith who helped Oswy, his father, to conquer the Cumbrians. It is more than probable that Alcfrith the King was leading his Anglian soldiers against the Cumbrians when, in the moment of victory, he fell and died on this very spot.

It was to this Alcfrith, at the famous Easter Controversy, that Bede wrote, "Oswiu, taught and baptised by the Scots and understanding their language, knew no better than to accept their teaching, but Alcfrith had been taught by Wilfrith, who rightly thought his doctrine better than all the traditions of the Scots," and Bede adds, "It was Alcfrith who had given Wilfrith a monastery at Ripon."

It was this Alcfrith who married the daughter of Penda the Pagan. Her name was Cyniburg, and she had a sister Cyneswith. Their names are actually on the cross. It is a far cry from Bewcastle to

Peterborough, but those who stand by Alcfrith's cross will remember that those two ladies, Cyniburg and Cyneswith, the daughters of Alcfrith, became, with the help of their brother Wulfhere, the chief builders of Peterborough Abbey.

Alcfrith, whose monument still bids us pray for the high sin of his soul, had, after accepting Christ, gone over to Penda the Pagan King of Mercia; was it for love of Cyniburg the daughter of Penda, whom he afterwards married, that he had thus forsaken Christ for Paganism? We cannot tell. All we know is that if this was so, he added sin to sin, for he joined with his father-in-law Penda in an attack upon his own father Oswy the King. But later he was repentant. He came back to the banner of Christ. He persuaded Peada who was Penda's son, to be baptised with all his nobles "at the well" in 653, and was thus the means of converting Mercia to Christ; and two years after, in the year 655, he helped his father Oswy the King against his own father-in-law Penda, in the great battle of Winwaed, which established Christianity in the North by a victory won against great odds.

Let us go and see this marvellous monument of Alcfrith the King, Alcfrith the lover of art, Alcfrith the decider of the Church's faith at the Whitby Synod, Alcfrith the repentant, Alcfrith the conqueror

of Cumbria, the converter of Mercia. Set up in the first year of Wulfhere, King of the Mercians, who himself died 1233 years ago in the year 675, five years, that is, after the founding of the Cross, and in the first year also of Ecgfrith, Cuthbert's friend, who gave to the bishop Carlisle and ten miles round it, with Cartmel and all the Britons therein, in token of his honour for the great Apostle of the North.

Starting from Carlisle, we have a choice of two ways, the one by Newcastle road to Beanlands road end, by Irthington and Castlesteads through Walton, by Nicky's Hill to Askerton Castle and so to Bewcastle; the other by Brampton, Naworth, Lanercost, and so by Askerton to the site of the Cross. Let us go one way and return the other.

Crossing Stanwix Bridge we are soon upon the great high road that runs through the Roman cemetery to the westward above the fair meadows of Rickerby, and we remember the road-maker by the rhyme:

> "Had you seen the road before it was made,
> You would bless the maker, General Wade."

It was found at the last rebellion, in 1745, that there was such difficulty in the transporting of troops and ordnance from Newcastle to Carlisle, that there and then a military road was built, and I daresay, without his knowing it, the general took the Roman engineer for his guide, and determined that the

British troops should march backwards and forwards where in old days the Roman legions with their chariots thundered from fort to fort.

It is a pleasant landscape with much feature that we pass through. Away to the south-east, Crosfell range lifts up grey against blue sky. The Roman Wall, invisible, with its fosse still plain in places, runs along on our left hand. We pass Crosby-on-Eden, and see Castlesteads with its look of substantial English comfort against its background of wood on our left, and a mile further on strike up to the north through Irthington, cross the line of the old Wall, and so with the river Irthing on our right, away to Walton, the town that tells us of the Roman Wall. Then, instead of going forward to Kirkcambeck, we turn off to the right at Nicky's Hill for Askerton, and leaving Spadeadam Waste and Gillalees Beacon on our right, we make our way direct for the Shopford that the Romans in old time knew quite well, for their road from Gilsland ran direct to the fort.

It is a very interesting bit of country we pass through, for it is the Border country, not altered its general appearance since the days the Romans were here, and it has memories of the early Christianising of the North. Thus, for example, at Irthington, St. Kentigern preached the Gospel in the year 553, to

men who, for all we know to the contrary, held their camp at the Moot Hill in the village. Then coming to feudal times, we are brought face to face with the barons of the North, who held their lands by constant jeopardy of war. Askerton Castle is a very interesting example of a Border pele. We still see upon the tower the Dacre's scallop shell, and we remember how the Dacre who built it won fame at Flodden Field. Those of us who know *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* bear in mind how Sir Walter Scott tells us that all

"the German hackbut-men"

had

"lain long at Askerten,"

and as we are going to see the Bewcastle Cross, we must also bear in mind that the Dacre family who succeeded in ousting the Norman barons and were descendants of Beuth, the builder of that strong Beuth Castle, took for a crest, as I believe, from the Bewcastle Cross, the chequer-ornament which has been worn ever since by the Dacre family.

As we pass over the high upland Border country to-day, this second week of July, we cannot help being struck by the beauty of the harebells and the luxuriance of the wild rose. But the blue of the harebells is nothing to the blue of the far-off hills of bonnie Scotland as seen across the Solway, or the

blue of the hills of bonnie Cumberland as seen where Skiddaw looks to Criffel, range upon range. I know not by what atmospheric process, but except in Greece and the Umbrian plain, I have never seen such blues on distant plain or far-off mountain range as I have seen upon my pilgrimage to and from the Bewcastle Cross.

At last we reach the brow of the slope that leads down to the ford, with its two or three humble cottages close by the little public-house. We wonder what we have come for, for we are looking down into a depression in the moorland that is almost featureless, and has little evidence of the existence of man for miles, save for a white dot here or there, which tells us of a lonely farm.

But one thing takes our eye. It is the upstanding wall of a crumbling fortress-keep upon a green mound halfway up the near slope. That is Jacky Musgrave's Border castle, the terror of the Scotch marauding bands of old.

Where is the Cross? Where is the Church? Both of them seem absorbed in Jacky Musgrave's castle. It is not till one has looked for a few moments that one can dissociate them, and then the jumble of Church and Vicarage and Vicarage barn, and Bewcastle Cross gets disentangled from the castle building, and we see the spot where, in the shelter of the

fortress, the moorland Church lies, and where, in the shelter of the moorland Church, stands the Bewcastle Cross.

We had not been prepared to find the monument we are in search of, a simple upstanding block of stone, 14½ ft. high, for we had not heard that somewhere about the year 1600 a tremendous storm had blown the cross-head, which stood 2 ft. 6 in. higher, from the top of the shaft. Nor would anyone have known where that cross-head was, but for a slip of paper found in Camden's copy of his *Britannia*, under date 1607. "I received," runs this note, "this morn a ston from my Lord of Arundel, sent him from my Lord William. It was the head of a cross at Bucastle."

Belted Will, who sent this stone, never did an unkinder thing, though he meant well, for at Camden's death it was probably carted away as so much rubbish, and broken up by some builder, or else taken to add to the rockery of some gentleman's garden near; and all we know of it is, that runes which Camden could not read were written across it.

Approaching the monolith one is astonished at its size, and wonders how it got here. Even in these days of steam cranes and steam traction it would have been a great work to bring it from the quarry in the moorland, two miles and a half to the north,

to its present standing place. But that it came from thence there can be little doubt, for a sister stone, with a flaw in it, still lies there. The men who brought it here would have nothing but rollers and the strong arms of men and the willing help of oxen and horses to haul it there, and how they set it up on end would have been a puzzle for any but skilled builders. It was lucky for us that at that time, in the end of the seventh century, there were in Northumbria most skilled builders as well as most cunning carvers of stone. They had learned their craft from Gaulish and Lombardic carvers, brought over by the great church builders of the time, Benedict Biscop, Ceolfrith, Ecgfrith, and others, and those of us who know how still the Italian navvy contrives the haulage and the lifting of stones, may have a glimpse of how the Roman returned here with the arts of peace long after, with the arts of war, he had left the Roman Wall.

Now, let us carefully examine this Roman monument, which not only embalms the memory of three of the four northern princes who did more than any other to make the faith of the Church of England a reality in Northumbria in the seventh century, viz. Oswiu, brother of Oswald, Oswiu's son Alcfrith, and Wulfhere, the Mercian King, but also preserves to us the name of Cyniburga, Alcfrith's widow, daughter of

THE BEWCASTLE CROSS (SOUTH SIDE)

Penda, the Pagan King of Mercia, and Cyneswitha, who may either have been Cyniburga's sister or the widow of Penda and mother of Cyniburga and Wulfhere.

There was no greater fighter or missionary king alive at the time than Wulfhere, King of the Mercians, who died three years after this cross was set up, in the year 673. There was no greater benefactor of art and letters than Oswiu, the king under whose patronage Benedict Biscop established his famous seats of learning on the banks of Wear and Tyne and on the Isle of Farne; and there was no greater decider of the Anglian Church's destiny than Alcfrith, the arbiter at the Synod of Whitby. One's heart thrills as, with memory of that Northumbrian Church and its golden age before one's eyes, one gazes at a monument that brings before us such remarkable names.

Nor is it only as a pillar of remembrance of great actors in the Church's drama that this monument impresses us as we gaze. For as Bishop Browne puts it: "On the Bewcastle Cross we find the earliest example, known to be in existence, of English literature. On the last leaf of our Cambridge MS. of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, written in Bede's lifetime, there is on the back of the leaf, in a small hand probably contemporary, the English version of the beginning of Caedmon's first song, which in the body

of the MS. is given only in Latin. But that, even if it is contemporary, is not earlier than 731, sixty years later than the date of the Bewcastle Cross; this fact, that we have here the earliest known specimen of Anglian script, of English literature, is enough to give a unique position to this great monument of antiquity."

This cross had been set up two or three years before Bede was born, and shows us at a glance that he was born into a world rich in art if as yet but poor in literature; for no one can look upon the exquisite balance of the vine rolls, the naturalness of the birds and beasts upon the tree of life, the beautiful interlacing in the panels of knot-work, without being filled with wonder and admiration for the Anglian art or Anglian-Lombardic art of the time.

Let us examine the cross in detail. Its stability is seen to be at once guaranteed by the way in which it batters from the top to the bottom. The east and west sides are 14 inches wide at the top, and 22 inches wide at the bottom. The northern and southern sides are 13 inches wide at the top, and 21 inches wide at the bottom.

On the eastern side the tree of life springs upward from the base, its leaves and tendrils and grape bunches keeping exquisite balance, while birds and squirrels feed in peace and happiness upon the fruit,

and with no fear of the deadly bow and arrow before their eyes. It was not till the Normans came that the sporting instinct appears upon Christian monuments, and man is seen to be at deadly war with gentle life.

The carvers of this tree of life must have had some deep design in this picture of the power of Christ to shelter the innocents, for on the opposite side they were embalming the memory of a man who evidently enjoyed field sports, and could best fitly be portrayed with a hawk upon his wrist.

On the northern and southern sides we find the monument in five panels of unequal lengths, two of which, on the north side, are filled with interlacing patterns, whilst the third is carved with simple chequers. The intermediate panels on each side contain foliage work, sometimes springing from a double stem, sometimes from a single stem, but all in perfect balance, and so arranged as by leaf and scroll to cover the whole field.

On the south side there are three panels filled with interlacing work, the lower one of which is as good in design, Bishop Browne tells us, as any similar pattern in the Lindisfarne Gospels. It is well to remember that experts point out that these interlacing patterns are not Irish, but are distinctly Anglian in type. The feature of this side of the

cross is the sundial, which is worked with consummate artistic skill, almost in leaf form, so as to seem part of the growing trees and tendrils in the upper panel. It has been pointed out that there is more leafage in these fine panels than would have been possible had Lombardic workmen, uninfluenced by the Anglians, carved these vines, for in Italy, at the time of vintage, the leaves are often withered and dried up. Here the leafage is in full vigour.

On the west side, which is the important side of the cross, because it contains inscriptions, we find at the top, in a square-headed panel, the figure of John the Baptist with a nimbus, carrying a lamb with a nimbus in his arms.

A short inscription in runes is seen beneath. Below, in a round-headed panel, is a very striking figure of our Lord with a nimbus about His head, His right arm raised to bless, His left arm carrying a scroll, His feet treading upon the heads of swine to represent His power over evil. Then follows the principal inscription in runes, and beneath this, in a round-headed panel, is carved a man with a hawk on his left hand, and a rod in his right, whilst a hawk's perch beneath his left arm fills the rest of the panel.

In runes above the head of our Lord, in two lines, are written the words, "Jesus Christ." In nine lines

of runes are written the words: "This thin token of victory Hwaetred, Wothgar, and Olfwolthu, set up after (in memory of) Alchfrith once King and son of Oswy," followed by, "Pray for the high sin of his soul."

There can, I think, be no doubt that they who set up this slender token of victory, had in remembrance that other slender token of victory which Oswald set up thirty-six years before at Heavenfield, on the morning of the great battle that won that part of Northumbria to Christ. Twenty-five miles away to the east as the crow flies, there may still have been standing that wooden cross on the high ground opposite Hexham, above the river Tyne, and that that thin beacon-sign of victory impressed Northumbria, we gather from the fact that Bede tells us how up to that time no cross had been erected in Bernicia.

Now let us go to the north and south sides. Divided in five panels, between each two panels there is a horizontal border, and on this runes are inscribed, all of which are legible except some on the top border of the south side. Beginning at the lowest border of the five borders on the south side, experts read these words: "In the first year of the King of this realm Ecgfrith." The importance of this inscription is that it tells us that not only Alcfrith is dead but his father Oswiu also, and this

monument is erected in the first year of Oswiu's brother and successor, the warrior Ecgfrith. This year was 670 A.D.

Those who visit Jarrow Church will remember the famous beacon stone there which tells us how in the fifteenth year of this same King Ecgfrith, on the 9th of the calends of May, that Church, the Basilica of St. Paul, was dedicated. This is the second monument in the north that still gives us Ecgfrith's name.

Now going to the north side and beginning with the lowest border, experts in runes read the following words: "Cynisburga, Cyneswitha, King of the Mercians, Wulfhere"; and on the topmost band three crosses and the word Jesus.

We leave this great beacon sign of victory; the sound of war is in our ears, the tramp of the Roman soldier, the shout of the Anglian host, wondrous horn-blowing for alarm from Jack o' Musgrave's castle, and cries of the Scottish rievers, as they swoop from the moorlands on cattle-lifting bent. But here in its ancient quiet and silent protest against all battle except battle against the Evil One and war against sin, stands the Thin Beacon Sign that Hwaetred, Wothgar, and Olfwolthu set up.

For more than twelve centuries it has stood four-square to all the winds that blow, and

twelve centuries hence that noble figure of the victorious Christ will still bless all believers who come to see, and twelve centuries hence, as now, His soldiers and servants, who come to this saluting point, may feel sworn in anew against all lust and devilry, and go forth conquering and to conquer for love of Him Whose feet are for ever on the swine.

We will return to Carlisle by another route, but not before we have entered the twelfth century Church that bears St. Cuthbert's name. It stands in the place of the earlier house of prayer, probably built here by the monks who were bearing St. Cuthbert's body towards its final home, when after seven years' wandering through Yorkshire and Cumberland, Kirkcudbrightshire and the land north of the Border, they, on their way to Chester le Street, brought the body of the Saint to rest for a little while, in the year 875, beneath the shadow of Alcfrith's Cross.

We go down to the ford, call at the little post office and buy our picture post-cards, then ascending the hill, we look back upon the remains of Beuth's castle, near Cuthbert's Church and churchyard, wherein, so it was said in the olden time, only women were buried, because the men were all hung at Carlisle as Border rievers; and saying farewell to the far-off blue hills of Scotland, and to the wild intervening moorland that Sir Walter Scott in his *Guy*

Mannering spoke of as full of danger—the moorland where Dandie Dinmont was so nearly murdered by the robbers—we pass by pleasant road-ways with Gillalees Beacon on our left, to Lanercost Abbey, twelve miles to the southward.

At Walls we pause at the top of the hill that descends into the valley between us and Naworth, wherein Robert de Vallibus founded his Priory of Austin canons in the year 1169, and turning off to the right hand by a narrow lane, go, by leave of a cottager, into his garden, where may be seen still standing, 10 ft. high, a portion of the Roman Wall. We have to thank Lord Carlisle for having preserved this portion, and for having had the facing stones replaced in their original position.

We enter the west gateway of the precinct, pass over the broad green field in front of the parsonage, which is built round a pele, the work of Edward I. We remember how Edward I. stayed here in 1280, and again in 1306; and how Robert the Bruce in 1311, and David, King of the Scots, in 1346, did their best with fire and sword to ruin the place for ever.

We notice the base of the cross on the left of the main entrance to the Church, and the shaft with its inscription and date, 1214, inside the Church, the shaft that tells us who were the great monarchs

of Europe at that time; we visit the tombs of the Dacres in the ruined chancel behind the east end of the Church; we notice the Roman altar built high up in the wall, and go, by leave of the Vicar, into the monks' dormitory, and look out upon the cloister green.

Thence passing away by the beautiful bridge that spans the river Irthing, we see the towers of Naworth or the New Ward, with all its memories of Dacres and Howards, and so back to Carlisle, by Brampton, with the Bewcastle Cross a sure possession for ever.

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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