# WHITE JOHN WHITE

## LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE ENGLISH LAKE COUNTRY

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# Содержание

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## INTRODUCTION

In submitting this Book to the Public, I have thought it best to give it precisely as it was left in manuscript by my late Brother. His sudden death in 1868 prevented the final revision which he still contemplated.

The Notes may by some be thought unnecessarily long, and in many instances they undoubtedly are very discursive. Much labour, however, was expended in their composition, in the hope, not merely of giving a new interest to localities and incidents already familiar to the resident, but also of affording the numerous visitors to the charming region which forms the theme of the Volume, an amount of information supplementary to the mere outline which, only, it is the province of a Guide Book, however excellent, to supply.

The Work occupied for years the leisure hours of a busy professional life; and the feelings with which the Author entered

upon and continued it, are best expressed in those lines of Burns chosen by himself for the motto.

*B. J.*

*July 1st, 1873.*

# PREFACE

The English Lake District may be said, in general terms, to extend from Cross-Fell and the Solway Firth, on the east and north, to the waters of Morecambe and the Irish Sea; or, more accurately, to be comprised within an irregular circle, varying from forty to fifty miles in diameter, of which the centre is the mountain Helvellyn, and within which are included a great portion of Cumberland and Westmorland and the northern extremity of Lancashire.

After the conquest of England by the Normans, the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland, the ancient inheritance of the Scottish Kings, as well as the county of Northumberland, were placed by William under the English crown. But the regions thus alienated were not allowed to remain in the undisturbed possession of the strangers. For a long period they were disquieted by the attempts which from time to time were made by successive kings of Scotland to re-establish their supremacy over them. Supporting their pretensions by force of arms, they carried war into the disputed territory, and conducted it with a rancour and cruelty which spared neither age or sex. The two nations maintained their cause, just or unjust, with unfaltering resolution; or if they seemed to hesitate for a moment, and a period of settlement to be at hand, their frequent compromises only ended in a renewal of their differences. Thus these northern

counties continued to pass alternately under the rule of both the contending nations, until the Scottish dominion over them was finally terminated by agreement in the year 1237; Alexander of Scotland accepting in lieu lands of a certain yearly value, to be holden of the King of England by the annual render of a falcon to the Constable of the Castle of Carlisle, on the Festival of the Assumption.

The resumption, at no distant period, of the manors which had been granted to Alexander, renewed in all their strength the feelings of animosity with which the Scots had been accustomed to regard their southern neighbours, and the feuds between the two kingdoms continued with unabated violence for more than three centuries longer. The dwellers in the unsettled districts lying along the English and Scottish borders, being originally derived from the same Celtic stock, had been gradually and progressively influenced as a race by the admixture of Saxon and Danish blood into the population; and although much of the Celtic character was thereby lost, they seem to have retained in their mountains and forests much of the spirit, and many of the laws and manners, of the ancient Britons. They continued to form themselves into various septs, or clans, according to the Celtic custom; sometimes banded together for the attainment of a common end; and as often at feud, one clan with another, when some act of personal wrong had to be revenged upon a neighbouring community. Thus a state of continual restlessness, springing out of mutual hatred and jealousies, existed among

the borderers of either nation. The same feelings of enmity were fostered, and the same system of petty warfare was carried on, between the borderers of the two kingdoms. Cumberland and Westmorland, from their position, were subject to the frequent inroads of the Scots; by whom great outrages were committed upon the inhabitants. They drove their cattle, burned their dwellings, plundered their monasteries, and even destroyed whole towns and villages. A barbarous system of vengeance and retaliation ensued. Every act of violence and bloodshed was perpetrated; whilst the most nefarious practices of free-booting became the common occupation of the marauding clans; and a *raid* into a neighbouring district had for them the same sort of charm and excitement which their descendants find in a modern fox chase. Even after the union of the two kingdoms under one sovereign, when the term "Borders" had been changed to "Middle Shires," as being more suitable to a locality which was now nearly in the centre of his dominions, the long cherished distinctions and prejudices of the inhabitants were maintained in all their vigour; and it required a long period of conflict with these to be persevered in, before the extinction of the border feuds could be completely effected. These distractions have now been at an end for more than two centuries. The mountains look down upon a peaceful domain; the valleys, everywhere the abode of quiet and security, yield their rich pasturage to the herds, or their corn-fields redden, though coyly, to the harvest; and the population, much of it rooted in the soil, and attached

by hereditary ties to the same plots of ancestral ground in many instances for six or seven hundred years, is independent, prosperous, and happy.

Some evidences of the old troublous times remain, in the dismantled Border Towers, and moated or fortified houses called Peles, which lie on the more exposed parts of the district; in the ruins of the conventual retreats; and in the crumbling strongholds of the chiefs, which still retain something of a past existence in the names which even yet cling about their walls, as if the spirits of their former possessors were reluctant to depart entirely from them. Whilst a few traditions and recollections survive of those stirring periods which have left their mark upon the nation's history, and are associated for ever with images of those illustrious persons whose familiar haunts were within the shadows of the hills.

But the great charm of this region, which is not without attractions also of a superstitious and romantic character, lies in the variety of the aspects of nature which it presents; exhibiting, on a diminutive scale, combinations of the choicest features of the scenery of all those lands which have a name and fame for beauty and magnificence. Mr. West, a Roman Catholic clergyman, long resident in the district, and the author of one of the earliest Guides to the Lakes, thus expresses himself: "They who intend to make the continental tour should begin here; as it will give in miniature, an idea of what they are to meet with there, in traversing the Alps and Appenines: to which our northern

mountains are not inferior in beauty of line, or variety of summit, number of lakes, and transparency of water; not in colouring of rock or softness of turf; but in height and extent only. The mountains here are all accessible to the summit, and furnish prospects no less surprising, and with more variety than the Alps themselves." Wordsworth also, who could well judge of this fact, and none better; he who for fifty years

> "Murmured near *these* running brooks
> A music sweeter than their own,"

and looked on all their changing phases with a superstitious eye of love; after he had become acquainted with the mountain scenery of Wales, Scotland, Switzerland, and Italy, gave his judgment that, as a whole, the English Lake District within its narrow limits is preeminent above them all. He thus speaks: "A happy proportion of component parts is indeed noticeable among the landscapes of the North of England; and, in this characteristic essential to a perfect picture, they surpass the scenes of Scotland, and, in a still greater degree, those of Switzerland.... On the score even of sublimity, the superiority of the Alps is by no means so great as might hastily be inferred; and, as to the *beauty* of the lower regions of the Swiss mountains, their surface has nothing of the mellow tone and variety of hues by which our mountain turf is distinguished.... The Lakes are much more interesting than those of the Alps; first, as is implied above by being more happily

proportioned to the other features of the landscape; and next, as being infinitely more pellucid, and less subject to agitation from the winds." And again, "The water of the English Lakes being of a crystalline clearness, the reflections of the surrounding hills are frequently so lively, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the point where the real object terminates, and its unsubstantial duplicate begins."

It is therefore not to be wondered at, that during the greater part of a century, where the old Border *raids* of violence have ceased, excursions of a very different character should have taken their place. Every summer brings down upon the valleys clouds of visitors from every corner of our island, and from many countries of Europe and America, eager to enjoy their freshness and beauty, and breathe a new life in the companionship of the lakes and hills. And if in a spirit somewhat more akin to the moss-trooping Borderer of an earlier time, an occasional intruder has scoured the vales in search of their traditions; and in the pursuit of these has ransacked their annals, plundered their guides, and levied a sort of black-mail upon even casual and anonymous contributors to their history; it may in some degree extenuate the offence to remember that such literary free-booting makes no one poorer for what it takes away; and that the *opima spolia* of the adventurer are only so much gathered to be distributed again. More especially to the Notes which constitute so large a portion of the present Volume may this remark be applied. Scenery long outlasts all traditional and historical associations. To revive these

among their ancient haunts, and to awaken yet another interest in this land of beauty, has been the aim and end of this modern *Raid* into the valleys of the North, and the regions that own the sovereignty of the "mighty Helvellyn."

# THE PAST.
# (IN SIGHT OF DACRE CASTLE.)

Through yon old archway grey and broken
Rides forth a belted knight;
Upon his breast his true-love's token
And armour glittering bright.

His arm a fond adieu is waving,
And answering waves a hand
From one whose love her grief is braving—
The fairest of the land.

The trumpet calls, and plain and valley
Give forth their armed men;
And round the red-cross flag they rally,
From every dale and glen.

And she walks forth in silent sorrow,
Who was so blest to-day,
And thinks on many a lone to-morrow
In those old towers of grey.

From many a piping throat so mellow
The joyful song bursts forth:
On many a field the corn so yellow

Makes golden bright the earth.

And mountains o'er the green woods frowning
Close round the banner'd walls;
While mid-day sunshine, all things crowning,
In summer splendour falls.

But ours is not the age they walk in;
It is the years of yore:
And ours is not the tongue they talk in;
'Tis language used no more.

Yet many an eye in silence bending
O'er this unmurmur'd lay,
Beholds that knight the vale descending,
And feels that summer's day.

Lives it then not? Yes; and when hoary
Beneath our years we stand,
That scene of summer, love, and glory,
Shall still be on the land.

Truth from the earth itself shall perish
Ere that shall be no more;
The heart in song will ever cherish
What has been life of yore.

# THE BANNER OF BROUGHTON TOWER

The knight looked out from Broughton Tower;
The stars hung high o'er Broughton Town;
"There should be tidings by this hour,
From Fouldrey Pile or Urswick Down!"

Far out the Duddon roll'd its tide
Beneath; and on the verge afar,
The Warder through the night descried
The beacon, like a rising star.

It told that Fouldrey by the sea
Was signall'd from the ships that bore,
With Swart's Burgundian chivalry,
The false King from the Irish shore.

And Lincoln's Earl, and Broughton's Knight,
And brave Lord Lovel, wait the sign
To march their hosts to Urswick's height,
To hail him King, of Edward's line.

Brave men as ever swerv'd aside!
But faithful to their ancient fame,
The white Rose wooed them in her pride

Once more; and foremost forth they came.

The Knight looked out beneath his hand;
The Warder pointed to the glow;
"Now droop my banner, that my band
May each embrace it! then we'll go.

"And if we fall, as fall we may,
Thus resolute the wronged to raise,
The banner that we bear to-day,
Shall be our monument and praise!"

One look into his lady's bower;
One step into his ancient hall;
And then adieu to Broughton Tower,
Till blooms the white Rose over all!

High o'er the surge of many a fight,
That banner, for the Rose, had led
The liegemen of the Broughton knight
To victory's smiles, or glory's bed.

And 'twas a glorious sight to see
That break of day, from tower and town,
Pour forth his martial tenantry,
To swell the array on Urswick Down:

To see the glancing pennons wave
Above them, and the banner borne

All joyously by warriors, brave
As ever hailed a battle morn.

And 'twas a stirring sound to hear,
Uprolling from the camp,—the drum,
The music, and the martial cheer,
That told the chiefs, "We come, we come!"

Then in that sunny time of June,
When green leaves burdened every spray,
With all the merry birds in tune,
They marched upon their southward way.

And, as through channel'd sands afar
The tides with steady onward force
Push inland, roll'd their wave of war
To Trent, its unresisted course.

And spreading wide its crest where Stoke
O'erlook'd the Royal lines below,
Spent its long gathering strength, and broke,
And plung'd in fury on the foe.

For three long hours that summer morn
King Henry by his standard rode,
Through onset and repulse upborne,
A tower of strength where'er it glowed.

For three long hours the fated band

Of chiefs, that summer morning waged
A desperate battle, hand to hand,
Where'er the thickest carnage raged,

Till midst four thousand liegemen slain,
The flower of that misguided host,
Borne down upon the fatal plain,
Fame, honour, life, and cause were lost.

Turn ye, who high in hall and tower
Sit waiting for your lords, and burn
To wrest the tidings of that hour
From lips that never may return:

Turn inwards from the news that flies
Through England's summer groves, and close
The circlets of your asking eyes
Against the coming cloud of woes!

Wild rumour, like the wind that wings,
None knows or how or whence, its way,
Storm-like on Broughton's turret rings
The dire disaster of that day.

Storm-like through his dislorded halls
And farmsteads lone, the rumour breaks;
And far by Witherslack's grey walls,
And hamlet cots, despair awakes.

And all old things meet shock and change,
Since Broughton, down-borne in his pride
On that red field, no more shall range
By Duddon's rocks, or Winster's side.

And while the hills around rejoiced,
And in the triumph of their King
Old strains of peace sang trumpet-voiced,
And bade the landscapes smile and sing;

Far stretching o'er the land, his sign
The King from Broughton's charters tore;
And the old honours of his line
In his old tower were known no more.

His halls, his manors, his fair lands,
Pass'd from his name; round all he'd loved,
And all that loved him, power's dread hands
In shadow through the noontide moved:

E'en to those cottage homes apart,
His poor men's huts by lonely ways—
To crush from out the humblest heart
Each pulse that dared to throb his praise!

But when old feuds had all been healed,
And England's long lost smiling years
Returned, and tales of Stoke's red field
Fair eyes had ceased to flood with tears;

'Twas whispered 'mid the fields and farms,
That once were Broughton's free domain,—
His *banner*, saved from strife of arms,
Was somewhere 'mid those homes again.

That o'er the hills afar, where lies
Lone Witherslack by moorland roads,
His own old liegemen true the prize
Held fast within their safe abodes.

Thrice honour'd in that matchless zeal
To brave proscription, death and shame;
Thus rescued by their hearths to feel
The symbol of his ancient fame!

So for old faithfulness renowned,
The tenants of that knightly race
Their age-long acts of service crowned
With that last deed of loyal grace.

Last? Nay! for on one Sabbath morn,
An old man, blanch'd by years and cares,
Gave up his spirit, tired and worn,
Amidst those humble liegemen's prayers.

Gave up a long secreted life
'Mid hinds and herds, by peasant maids
Nurtured and soothed, while shadows rife

With death's stern edicts, stalked the glades.

He pass'd while Cartmel's monks sang dole,
As for a brave man gone to rest;
And men sighed, "Glory to his soul!"
And wrapt the banner round his breast:

And placed the tassell'd bridle reins
And spurs that, by his lattice, led
His thoughts so oft to far off plains,
Beside him in his narrow bed:

And borne on high their arms above,
As hinds are borne to churchyard cells,
With kindly speech of truth and love,
Mix'd with the sound of mournful bells,

They laid him in a tomb, engraved
With no memorial, date, or name;
But one dear relic round him, saved
To whisper in the earth his fame.

And when that age had all gone down
To mingle with its native dust,
And time his deeds had overgrown,
His banner yielded up its trust;

And told from one low chancel's shade
Where good men sang on holy days—

"Here Broughton's Knight in earth was laid.
Peace! To his tenants, endless praise!"

# NOTES TO "THE BANNER OF BROUGHTON TOWER."

Broughton Tower, the ancient part of which is all that remains of the residence of the unfortunate Sir Thomas Broughton, stands a little to the eastward of the town of that name, upon the neck of a wooded spur of land, which projects from the high ground above the houses towards the river Duddon, about a mile distant. The towered portion, as it rises from the wood, has much of the appearance of a church; but is in reality part of the ancient building, now connected with a modern mansion. It has a southern aspect, with a slope down to the river, being well sheltered in the opposite direction. "It commands an extensive view, comprising in a wonderful variety hill and dale, water, wooded grounds, and buildings; whilst fertility around is gradually diminished, being lost in the superior heights of Black Comb, in Cumberland, the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverston, and the estuary of the Duddon expanding into the sands and waters of the Irish sea."

The Broughtons were an Anglo-Saxon family of high antiquity, in whose possession the manor of Broughton had remained from time immemorial, and whose chief seat was at Broughton, until the second year of the reign of Henry the Seventh. At this period the power and interest of Sir Thomas Broughton were so considerable, that the Duchess of Burgundy,

sister to the late King and the Duke of Clarence, relied on him as one of the principal confederates in the attempt to subvert the government of Henry by the pretensions of Lambert Simnel.

Ireland was zealously attached to the house of York, and held in affectionate regard the memory of the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Warwick's father, who had been its lieutenant. No sooner, therefore, did the impostor Simnel present himself to Thomas Fitz-Gerald, Earl of Kildare, and claim his protection as the unfortunate Warwick, than that credulous nobleman paved the way for his reception, and furthered his design upon the throne, till the people in Dublin with one consent tendered their allegiance to him as the true Plantagenet. They paid the pretended Prince attendance as their sovereign, lodged him in the Castle of Dublin, crowned him with a diadem taken from a statue of the Virgin, and publicly proclaimed him King, by the appellation of Edward the Sixth.

In the year 1487 Lambert, with about two thousand Flemish troops under the command of Colonel Martin Swart, a man of noble family in Germany, an experienced and valiant soldier, whom the Duchess of Burgundy had chosen to support the pretended title of Simnel to the crown of England, and a number of Irish, conducted by Thomas Gerardine their captain from Ireland, landed in Furness at the Pile of Fouldrey. The army encamped in the neighbourhood of Ulverston, at a place now known by the name of Swart-Moor. Sir Thomas Broughton joined the rebels with a small body of English. The army, at this

time about eight thousand strong, proceeded to join the Earl of Lincoln, Lord Lovel, and the rest of the confederates, passing on through Cartmel to Stoke field, near Newark-upon-Trent, where they met and encountered the King's forces on the 5th of June, 1487.

The day being far advanced before the King arrived at Stoke, he pitched his camp and deferred the battle till the day following. The forces of the Earl of Lincoln also encamped at a little distance from those of the King, and undismayed by the superior numbers they had to encounter, bravely entered the field the next day, and arranged themselves for battle, according to the directions of Colonel Swart and other superior officers. The charge being sounded, a desperate conflict was maintained with equal valour on both sides for three hours. The Germans were in every respect equal to the English, and none surpassed the bravery of Swart their commander. For three hours each side contended for victory, and the fate of the battle remained doubtful. The Irish soldiers, however, being badly armed, and the Germans being overpowered by numbers, the Lambertines were at length defeated, but not before their principal officers, the Earl of Lincoln, Lord Lovel, *Sir Thomas Broughton*, Colonel Swart, and Sir Thomas Gerardine captain of the Irish, and upwards of four thousand of their soldiers were slain.

Young Lambert and his tutor were both taken prisoners. The latter, being a priest, was punished with perpetual imprisonment; Simnel was too contemptible to be an object either of

apprehension or resentment to Henry. He was pardoned, and made a scullion in the King's kitchen, whence he was afterwards advanced to the rank of falconer, in which employment he ended his days.

Sir Thomas Broughton is said to have fallen on the field of battle: but there remains a tradition, that he returned and lived many years amongst his tenants in Witherslack, in Westmorland; and was interred in the Chapel there; but of this nothing is known for certain at present, or whether he returned or where he died. Dr. Burn, speaking of the grant of Witherslack to Sir Thomas, on the attainder of the Harringtons in the first year of Henry's reign for siding with the house of York, and of its subsequent grant to Thomas Lord Stanley, the first Earl of Derby, on the attainder of Sir Thomas for having been concerned in this affair of Lambert Simnel, goes on to say—"And here it may not be amiss to rectify a mistake in Lord Bacon's history of that King, (Henry VII.) who saith that this Sir Thomas Broughton was slain at Stoke, near Newark, on the part of the counterfeit Plantagenet, Lambert Simnell; whereas Sir Thomas Broughton escaped from that battle hither into Witherslack, where he lived a good while *incognito*, amongst those who had been his tenants, who were so kind unto him as privately to keep and maintain him, and who dying amongst them was buried by them, whose grave Sir Daniel Fleming says in his time was to be seen there."

The erection of the new chapel of Witherslack by Dean Barwick, in 1664, at a considerable distance from where the

ancient chapel stood, has obliterated the memory of his once well-known grave. With this unhappy gentleman the family of Broughton, which had flourished for many centuries and had contracted alliances with most of the principal families in these parts, was extinguished in Furness.

After these affairs the King had leisure to revenge himself on his enemies, and made a progress into the northern parts of England, where he gave many proofs of his rigorous disposition. A strict inquiry was made after those who had assisted or favoured the rebels, and heavy fines and even sanguinary punishments, were imposed upon the delinquents in a very arbitrary manner. The fidelity therefore of Sir Thomas Broughton's tenants to their fallen master was not without its dangers, and is a pleasing instance of attachment to the person of a leader in a rude and perilous age.

In the wars of the Roses the Broughtons had always strenuously supported the House of York. It is however remarkable that, the manor of Witherslack having been granted to Sir Thomas by Henry the Seventh in the first year of his reign, he should have joined the Pretender in arms against that monarch in the following year.

Methop and Ulva, though distinctly named in the title and description of this manor, yet make but a small part of it. They are all included within a peninsula, as it were, between Winster Beck, Bryster Moss, and Lancaster Sands.

The fate of Lord Lovel, another of the chiefs in this disastrous

enterprise, is also shrouded in mystery. It has often been told that he was never seen, living or dead, after the battle.

The dead bodies of the Earl of Lincoln and most of the other principal leaders, it was said, were found where they had fallen, sword-in-hand, on the fatal field; but not that of Lord Lovel. Some assert that he was drowned when endeavouring to escape across the river Trent, the weight of his armour preventing the subsequent discovery of his body. Other reports apply to him the circumstances similar to those which have been related above as referring to Sir Thomas Broughton; namely, that he fled to the north where, under the guise of a peasant, he ended his days in peace. Lord Bacon, in his History of Henry the Seventh, says "that he lived long after in a cave or vault." And his account has been partly corroborated in modern times. William Cowper, Esquire, Clerk of the House of Commons, writing from Hertingfordbury Park in 1738, says—"In 1708, upon the occasion of new laying a chimney at Minster Lovel, there was discovered a large vault or room underground in which was the entire skeleton of a man, as having been sitting at a table which was before him, with a book, paper, pen, etc.; in another part of the room lay a cap, all much mouldered and decayed; which the family and others judged to be this Lord Lovel, whose exit has hitherto been so uncertain."

A tradition was rife in the village in the last century to the effect that, in this hiding place, which could only be opened from the exterior, the insurgent chief had confided himself to the

care of a female servant, was forgotten or neglected by her, and consequently died of starvation.

The ancient Castle or Pile of Fouldrey, (formerly called Pele of Foudra, or Futher,) stands upon a small island near the southern extremity of the isle of Walney; and is said by Camden to have been built by an Abbot of Furness, in the first year of King Edward the Third (A. D. 1327). It was probably intended for an occasional retreat from hostility; a depository for the valuable articles of the Monastery of Furness; and for a fortress to protect the adjoining harbour; all which intentions its situation and structure were well calculated to answer at the time of its erection.

It seems to have been the custom in the northern parts of the kingdom, for the monasteries to have a fortress of this kind, in which they might lodge with security their treasure and records on the approach of an enemy; of this the Castle on Holy Island, in Northumberland, and Wulstey Castle, near the Abbey of Holm Cultram, in Cumberland, are examples. It has even been said that an underground communication existed between Furness Abbey and the Pele of Fouldrey.

The harbour alluded to, appears to have been of considerable importance to the shipping of that period, when the relations of Ireland with the monks had become established. In the reign of Henry the Sixth, it is mentioned as being found a convenient spot for the woollen merchants to ship their goods to Ernemouth, in Zealand, without paying the duty; and in Elizabeth's days as "the

only good haven for great shippes to londe or ryde in" between Scotland and Milford Haven, in Wales.

It was apprehended that the Spanish Armada would try to effect a landing in this harbour.

# GILTSTONE ROCK;
# OR, THE SLAVER IN THE SOLWAY

The Betsey-Jane sailed out of the Firth,
As the Waits sang "Christ is born on earth"—
The Betsey-Jane sailed out of the Firth,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

The wind was East, the moon was high,
Of a frosty blue was the spangled sky,
And the bells were ringing, and dawn was nigh,
And the day was Christmas morning.

In village and town woke up from sleep,
From peaceful visions and slumbers deep—
In village and town woke up from sleep,
On Christmas-day in the morning,

The many that thought on Christ the King,
And rose betimes their gifts to bring,
And "peace on earth and good will" to sing,
As is meet upon Christmas morning.

The Betsey-Jane pass'd village and town,
As the Gleemen sang, and the stars went down—
The Betsey-Jane pass'd village and town,

That Christmas-day in the morning;

And the Skipper by good and by evil swore,
The bells might ring and the Gleemen roar,
But the chink of his gold would chime him o'er
Those waves, next Christmas morning.

And out of the Firth with his reckless crew,
All ready his will and his work to do—
Out of the Firth with his reckless crew
He sailed on a Christmas morning!

He steer'd his way to Gambia's coast;
And dealt for slaves; and Westward cross'd;
And sold their lives, and made his boast
As he thought upon Christmas morning.

And again and again from shore to shore,
With his human freight for the golden ore—
Again and again from shore to shore,
Ere Christmas-day in the morning,

He cross'd that deep with never a thought
Of the sorrow, or wrong, or suffering wrought
On souls and bodies thus sold and bought
For gold, against Christmas morning!

And at length, with his gold and ivory rare,
When the sun was low and the breeze was fair—

At length with his gold and ivory rare
He sailed, that on Christmas morning

He might pass both village and town again
When the bells were ringing, as they rung then,
When he pass'd them by in the Betsey-Jane,
On that last bright Christmas morning.

The Betsey-Jane sailed into the Firth,
As the bells rang "Christ is born on earth"—
The Betsey-Jane sailed into the Firth,
And it *was* upon Christmas morning!

The wind was west, the moon was high,
Of a hazy blue was the spangled sky,
And the bells were ringing, and dawn was nigh,
Just breaking on Christmas morning.

The Gleemen singing of Christ the King,
Of Christ the King, of Christ the King—
The Gleemen singing of Christ the King,
Hailed Christmas-day in the morning;

When the Betsey-Jane with a thundering shock
Went ripping along on the Giltstone Rock,
In sound of the bells which seemed to mock
Her doom on that Christmas morning.

With curse and shriek and fearful groan,

On the foundering ship, in the waters lone—
With curse and shriek and fearful groan,
They sank on that Christmas morning!

The Skipper with arms around his gold,
Scared by dark spirits that loosed his hold,
Was down the deep sea plunged and roll'd
In the dawn of that Christmas morning:—

While village and town woke up from sleep,
From peaceful visions and slumbers deep—
While village and town woke up from sleep,
That Christmas-day in the morning!

And many that thought on Christ the King,
Rose up betimes their gifts to bring,
And, "peace on earth and good will to sing,"
Went forth in the Christmas morning!

# NOTE

The rock thus named, lies off the harbour at Harrington, on the coast of Cumberland, and is only visible at low water during spring tides.

The Gleemen, or Waits, as the Christmas minstrels are called, still keep up their annual rounds, with song and salutation, and with a heartiness and zeal, which have been well described by the great Poet of the Lake district in those feeling and admirable verses to his brother, Dr. Wordsworth, prefixed to his Sonnets on the River Duddon.

In the parish of Muncaster, on the eve of the new year, the children go from house to house, singing a ditty, which craves the bounty, "*they were wont to have, in old king Edward's days.*" There is no tradition whence this custom arose; the donation is two-pence or a pie at every house. Mr. Jefferson suggests, may not the name have been altered from Henry to Edward? and may it not have an allusion to the time when King Henry the sixth was entertained at Muncaster Castle in his flight from his enemies?

# CRIER OF CLAIFE

A wild holloa on Wynander's shore,
'Mid the loud waves' splash and the night-wind's roar!
Who cries so late with desperate note,
Far over the water, to hail the boat?

'Tis night's mid gloom; the strong rain beats fast:
Is there one at this hour will face the blast,
And the darkness traverse with arm and oar,
To ferry the Crier from yonder shore?

A mile to cross, and the skies so dread;
With a storm around that would wake the dead;
And fathoms of boiling depths below;
The ferry is hailed, and the boat must go.

Snug under that cliff, whence over the Mere,
When summer is merry and skies are clear,
In holiday times hearts light and gay
Look over the hills and far away—

At the Ferry-house Inn, sat warm beside
The bright wood-fire and hearthstone wide,
A rollicking band of jovial souls
With tinkling cans and full brown bowls.

Without, the sycamores' branches rode
The storm, as if fiends the roof bestrode;
Yet stout of heart, to that wild holloa
The ferryman smiled—"The boat must go."

His comrades followed out into the dark,
As the young man strode to the tumbling bark;
And, wishing him luck in the perilous storm,
With a shudder went back to the fireside warm.

An hour is gone! against wind and wave
Well struggled and strove that heart so brave.
Another! they crowd to the whistling door,
To welcome the guide and his freight to shore.

But pallid, and stunn'd, aghast, alone,
He stood in the boat, and speech had none:
His lips were locked, and his eyes astare,
And blanched with terror his manly hair.

What thing he had seen, what utterance heard,
What horror that night his senses stirr'd,
Was frozen within him, and choked his breath,
And laid him, ere morning, cold in death.

But what that night of horror revealed,
And what that night of horror concealed
Of spirits and powers in storms that roam,

Lies hid with the monk in St. Mary's Holm.

Still, under the cliff—whence over the Mere,
When summer was merry and skies were clear,
In holiday times hearts light and gay
Looked over the hills and far away—

When the rough winds blew amid rain and cold,
The Ferry-house gathered its hearts of old,
Who sat at the hearth and o'er the brown ale,
Oft talked of that night and its dismal tale.

And often the Crier was heard to wake
The night's foul echoes across the lake;
But never again would a hand unmoor
The boat, to venture by night from shore:

Till they sought the good monk of St. Mary's Holm,
With relics of saints and beads from Rome,
To row to the Nab on Hallowmas night,
And bury the Crier by morning's light.

With Aves muttered, and spells unknown,
The monk rows over the Mere alone;
Like a feather his bark floats light and fast;
When the Crier's loud hail sweeps down the blast.

Speed on, bold heart, with gifts of grace!
He is nearing the wild fiend-blighted place.

Now heed thee, foul spirit! the priest has power
To bind thee on earth till the morning hour.

He rests his oars; and the faint blue gleam
From a marsh-light sheds on the ground its beam.
There's a stir in the grass; and there's ONE on a knoll,
Unearthly and horrid to sight and soul.

That horrible cry rings through the dark,
As the monk steps out of the grounding bark;
And he charms a circle around the knoll,
Wherein he must sit till the mass bell toll.

Then over the lake, with the fiend in tow,
To the quarry beyond the monk will go,
And bury the Crier with book and bell,
While the birds of morning sing him farewell.

The morn awoke. As the breezy smile
Of dawn played over St. Mary's Isle,
The tinkling sound of the mass-bell rose,
And startled the valleys from brief repose.

Then, like a speck from afar descried,
The monk row'd out on the waters wide—
From the Nab row'd out, with the fiend in his wake,
To lay him in quiet, across the lake.

And fear-struck men, and women that bore

Their babes, beheld from height and shore,
How he reached the wood that hid the dell,
Where he laid the Crier with book and bell.

"For the ivy green" the spell was told;
"For the ivy green" his knell was knoll'd;
That as long as by wall and greenwood tree
The ivy flourished, his rest might be.

So did the good monk; and thus was laid
The Crier in ground by greenwood shade.
In the quarry of Claife the wretched ghost
To human ear for ever was lost.

And country folk in peace again
Went forth by night through field and lane,
Nor dreaded to hear that terrible note
Cry over the water, and hail the boat.

And still on that cliff, high over the Mere,
When summer is merry, and skies are clear,
In holiday times hearts light and gay
Look over the hills and far away.

But what that night of horror revealed,
And what that night and morrow concealed,
Of spirits so wicked and given to roam,
Lies hid with the monk in St. Mary's Holm.

Peace be with him, peaceful soul!
Long his bell has ceased to toll.
Green the Isle that folds his breast;
Clear the Lake that lull'd his rest.

Though the many ages gone
Long have left his place unknown;
Yet where once he kneel'd and pray'd,
By his altar long decay'd,
Stranger to this Island led!
Humbly speak and softly tread;
Catching from the ages dim
This, the burden of his hymn:—

"Ave, Thou before whose name
Wrath and shadows swiftly flee!
Arm Thy faithful bands with flame,
Earth from foulest foes to free.

"Peace on all these valleys round,
Breathe from out this Islet's breast;
Wafting from this holy ground
Seeds of Thy eternal rest.

"Wrath and Evil, then no more
Here molesting, all shall cease.
Peace around! From shore to shore—
Peace! On all Thy waters—peace!"

# NOTES TO "CRIER OF CLAIFE."

The little rocky tree-decked islet in Windermere, called St. Mary's, or the Ladye's Holme, hitherto reputed to have formed part of the conventual domains of the Abbey at Furness, had its name from a chantry dedicated to the Virgin Mary, which was standing up to the reign of King Henry the Eighth, but of which no traces are now remaining. "When," says an anonymous writer, "at the Reformation, that day of desolation came, which saw the attendant priests driven forth, and silenced for ever the sweet chant of orison and litany within its walls; the isle and revenues of the institution were sold to the Philipsons of Calgarth. By them the building was suffered to fall into so utter a state of ruin, that no trace even of its foundations is left to proclaim to the stranger who meditates upon the fleeting change of time and creed, that here, for more than three centuries, stood a hallowed fane, from whence at eventide and prime prayers were wafted through the dewy air, where now are only heard the festal sounds of life's more jocund hours." Lately renewed antiquarian investigation has, however, disclosed the erroneousness of the generally received statement respecting the early ownership of this tiny spot; as in Dodsworth's celebrated collection of ancient evidences there is contained an Inquisition, or the copy of one, taken at Kendal, so far back as the Monday after the feast of the Annunciation, in the 28th Edward the Third, which shews that

this retreat, amid the waters of our English Como, appertained not to Furness Abbey, but to the house of Segden, in Scotland, which was bound always to provide two resident chaplains for the service of our Ladye's Chapel in this island solitude. For the maintenance and support of those priests, certain lands were given by the founder, who was either one of that chivalrous race, descended from the Scottish Lyndseys "light and gay," whose immediate ancestor in the early part of the thirteenth century had married Alice, second daughter and co-heiress of William de Lancaster, eighth Lord of Kendal; and with her obtained that moiety of the Barony of Kendal, whose numerous manors are collectively known as the Richmond Fee; or the chantry may have owed its foundation to the pious impulses of Ingelram de Guignes, Sire de Courci, one of the grand old Peers of France, whose house, so renowned in history and romance, proclaimed its independence and its pride in this haughty motto:—

> "Je ne suis Roy ni Prince aussi,
> Je suis Le Seignhor de Courci."

And which Ingelram in 1285 married Christiana, heiress of the last de Lyndsey, and in her right, besides figuring on innumerable occasions as a feudal potentate, both in England and Scotland, he became Lord of the Fee, within which lies St. Mary's Isle.

On an Inquisition taken after the death of Johanna de

Coupland, in the 49th Edward the Third, it was found that she held the advowson of the Chapel of Saint Mary's Holme, within the lake of Wynandermere, but that it was worth nothing, because the land which the said Chapel enjoyed of old time had been seized into the hands of the King, and lay within the park of Calgarth. It is on record, however, that in 1492, an annual sum of six pounds was paid out of the revenues of the Richmond Fee, towards the support of the Chaplains; and in the returns made by the ecclesiastical Commissioners in Edward the Sixth's reign, "the free Chapel of Holme and Wynandermere" is mentioned, shortly after which it was granted, as aforesaid, to the owners of Calgarth.

The singular name of the "Crier of Claife" is now applied to an extensive slate or flag quarry, long disused, and overgrown with wood, on the wildest and most lonely part of the height called Latter-barrow, which divides the vales of Esthwaite and Windermere, above the Ferry. In this desolate spot, by the sanctity and skill of holy men, had been exorcised and laid the apparition who had come to be known throughout the country by that title; and the place itself has ever since borne the same name. None of the country people will go near it after night fall, and few care to approach it even in daylight. Desperate men driven from their homes by domestic discord, have been seen going in its direction, and never known to return. It is said the Crier is allowed to emerge occasionally from his lonely prison, and is still heard on very stormy nights sending his wild entreaty for a boat,

howling across Windermere. Mr. Craig Gibson, in one of his graphic sketches of the Lake country, says that he is qualified to speak to this, for he himself has heard him. "At least," says he, "I have heard what I was solemnly assured by an old lady at Cunsey must have been the Crier of Claife. Riding down the woods a little south of the Ferry, on a wild January evening, I was strongly impressed by a sound made by the wind as, after gathering behind the hill called Gummershow for short periods of comparative calm, it came rushing up and across the lake with a sound startlingly suggestive of the cry of a human being in extremity, wailing for succour. This sound lasted till the squall it always preceded struck the western shore, when it was lost in the louder rush of the wind through the leafless woods. I am induced to relate this," he continues, "by the belief I entertain that the phenomenon described thus briefly and imperfectly, may account for much of the legend, and that the origin of many similar traditional superstitions may be found in something equally simple."

The late Mr. John Briggs, in his notes upon "Westmorland as it was," by the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, has furnished his readers with some curious information upon the "philosophy of spirits," which he collected from those ancient sages of the dales who were supposed to be best acquainted with the subject. Many of these superstitions are now exploded: but the marvellous tales at one time currently believed, still furnish conversation for the cottage fireside. According to the gravest authorities, he says, no

spirit could appear before twilight had vanished in the evening, or after it had appeared in the morning. On this account, the winter nights were peculiarly dangerous, owing to the long revels which ghosts, or dobbies, as they were called, could keep at that season. There was one exception to this. If a man had murdered a woman who was with child by him, she had power to haunt him at all hours; and the Romish priests (who alone had the power of laying spirits,) could not lay a spirit of this kind with any certainty, as she generally contrived to break loose long before her stipulated time. A culprit might hope to escape the gallows, but there was no hope of escaping being haunted. In common cases, however, the priest could "lay" the ghosts; "while ivy was green," was the usual term. But in very desperate cases, they were laid in the "Red Sea," which was accomplished with great difficulty and even danger to the exorcist. In this country, the most usual place to confine spirits was under Haws Bridge, a few miles below Kendal. Many a grim ghost has been chained in that dismal trough!

According to the laws to which they were subject, ghosts could seldom appear to more than one person at a time. When they appeared to the eyes, they had not the power of making a noise; and when they saluted the ear, they could not greet the eyes. To this, however, there was an exception, when a human being spoke to them in the name of the Blessed Trinity. For it was an acknowledged truth, that however wicked the individual might have been in this world, or however light he might have made of

the Almighty's name, he would tremble at its very sound, when separated from his earthly covering.

The causes of spirits appearing after death were generally three. Murdered persons came again to haunt their murderers, or to obtain justice by appearing to other persons likely to see them avenged. Persons who had hid any treasure, were doomed to haunt the place where that treasure was hid; as they had made a god of their wealth in this world, the place where their treasure lay was to be their heaven after death. If any person could speak to them, and give them an opportunity of confessing where their treasure was hid, they could then rest in peace, but not otherwise. Those who died with any heavy crimes on their consciences, which they had not confessed, were also doomed to wander on the earth at the midnight hour.

Spirits had no power over those who did not molest them; but if insulted, they seem to have been extremely vindictive, and to have felt little compunction in killing the insulter. They had power to assume any form, and to change it as often as they pleased; but they could neither vanish nor change, while a human eye was fixed upon them.

Midway on Windermere, below the range of islands which intersect the lake, extends the track along which ply the Ferry boats between the little inn on the western side and the wooded promontory on the opposite shore. The Ferry House, with its lawn in front and few branching sycamores, occupies a jutting area between the base of a perpendicular cliff and the lake. Few

finer prospects can be desired than that afforded from the summit which overhangs the Mere at this point. The summer house, which has been built for the sake of the views it commands of the surrounding country, is a favourite resort of lovers of the beautiful in nature, whence they may witness, in its many aspects afar, the grandeur of the mountain world; and near and below, the beauty of the curving shores and wooded isles of this queen of English lakes. From the Ferry House to the Ferry Nab, as the promontory is called, on the western shore, is barely half a mile. It was from thence that in the dark stormy night the Evil voice cried "Boat!" which the poor ferryman obeyed so fatally. No passenger was there, but a sight which sent him back with bloodless face and dumb, to die on the morrow.

# THE CUCKOO IN BORRODALE

Far within those rocky regions
Where old Scawfell's hoary legions,
Robed and capped with storms and snow,
Here like rugged Vikings towering,
There like giants grimly cowering,
Look into the vales below;

Once where Borrhy wild and fearless,
Once where Oller brave and peerless,
Hew'd the forest, cleared the vale,
Gave their names to cling for ever
Round thy dells by crag and river,
Dark and wintry Borrodale!

In that dreariest of the valleys,
Strifes for evermore, and malice
Without end the dalesmen vexed.
Neighbour had no heart for neighbour.
Never side by side to labour
Went or came they unperplex'd.

Cheerless were the fields and houses.
Gloomily the sullen spouses
Moved about the hearths and floors.

Sunshine was an alms from Heaven
That not one day out of seven
God's bright beams brought to their doors.

And 'mid discontent and anguish
Every virtue seem'd to languish;
Every soul groan'd with its load.
Lingering in his walks beside them,
Oft their friendly Pastor eyed them,
And his heart with pity glow'd.

"Ah!" he thought, "that looks of kindness
Could but enter here! the blindness
Of this life, could it but seem
To them the death it is!—but listen!"—
And his eyes began to glisten:
Spring was round him like a dream.

"'Tis the Cuckoo!"—In the hollow
Up the valley seem'd to follow
Spring's fair footsteps that sweet throat.
All the fields put off their sadness;
Trees and hills and skies with gladness
Answering to the Cuckoo's note.

Then on that still Sabbath-morrow,
Spake the Pastor—"Let us borrow
Gladness from this new-born Spring.
Hark, the bird that brings the blossoms!

Brings the sunshine to our bosoms!
Makes with joy the valleys ring!

"Coming from afar to cheer us,
Could we always keep him near us,
All these heavenly skies from far,
All this blessed morn discovers,
All this Spring that round us hovers,
Would be still what now they are!

"Let us all go forth and labour,
Sire, and son, and wife, and neighbour,
First the bread, the life, to win:
Then by yonder stream we'll rally,
Build a wall across the valley,
And we'll close the Cuckoo in.

"So this Spring time, never failing,
While it hears his music hailing
From the wood and by the rill.
Shall, its new born life retaining,
Till our mortal hours are waning,
Warm and light and cheer us still."—

Flush'd the morn; and all were ready.
Sowers sowed with paces steady;
Plough'd the ploughers in the field;
Delved the gardeners; planters planted;
Then to their great work, undaunted

Forth they fared their wall to build.

Stone by stone, the wall beside them
Rose. Their Pastor came to guide them,
Day by day, and spake to cheer;
While each labouring hand the others
Helped, and one and all like brothers
Wrought along the ripening year.

Then they gathered in their houses,
Men and maidens, sires and spouses,
Talking of their wall. And when
Soon the long bright day returning
Called them, every heart was yearning
To resume its task again.

And on every eve they parted
At their thresholds, kindlier-hearted,
Looking forth again to meet.
All had something good or gladdening
On their lips; the only saddening
Sounds were those of parting feet.

So their wall, extending ever,
Spann'd at length the vale and river;
Grasp'd the mountains there and here:
Reached towards the blue of heaven;
Touched the light cloud o'er it driven;
And the end at length was near.

June had come; and all was vernal:
Seemed secure their Spring eternal:
Eyes were bright, and skies were blue:
When—at Nature's call—unguided—
Out the voice above them glided,
"Cuckoo!"—far away, "Cuckoo!"

"Gone!" a hundred tongues in chorus
Shouted; "Gone! the bird that bore us
Spring with all things bright and good!"
While, in stupor and amazement,
Vacantly from cope to basement
Glowering at their wall, they stood.—

But though all forgot, while building
Up their wall, that months were yielding
Each in turn to others' sway,
With their leaves and landscapes changing;
And, to skies more constant ranging,
Fled the Cuckoo far away!

Winter from their hearts had perished;
Spring in every heart was cherished;
Every charm of life and love—
Love for wife and home and neighbour—
Sprang from out that genial labour;
Peace around, and Heaven above.

Faith into their lives had entered;
Joy and fellowship were centred
Wheresoe'er a hearth was found.
While the calm bright hope before them
Temper'd even the rains, and o'er them
Charmed to rest the tempests' sound.

# NOTES TO "THE CUCKOO IN BORRODALE."

If the traditions of the past, and the estimate formed of them by their distant neighbours, bear rather hardly upon the people of Borrodale, it must be remembered that the relations of that dale to the world without were very different a hundred years ago from what they are now. It was a recess, approached by a long and winding valley, from the vale of Keswick, with the lake extending between its entrance and the town. The highest mountains of the district closed round its head. Its entrance was guarded by a woody hill, on which had formerly stood a Roman fortress, afterwards occupied by the Saxons, and which in later times was maintained in its military capacity by the monks of Furness. For here one of their principal magazines was established, and the holy fathers had great possessions to defend from the frequent irruptions of the Scots in those days. Besides their tithe corn, they amassed here the valuable minerals of the country; among which salt, produced from a spring in the valley, was no inconsiderable article.

In this deep retreat the inhabitants of the villages of Rosthwaite and Seathwaite, having at all times little intercourse with the country, during half the year were almost totally excluded from all human commerce. The surrounding hills attract the vapours, and rain falls abundantly; snow lies long in the

valleys; and the clouds frequently obscure the sky. Upon the latter village, in the depth of winter, the sun never shines. As the spring advances, his rays begin to shoot over the southern mountains; and at high noon to tip the chimney tops with their light. That radiant sign shows the cheerless winter to be now over; and rouses the hardy peasants to the labours of the coming year. Their scanty patches of arable land they cultivated with difficulty; and their crops late in ripening, and often a prey to autumnal rains, which are violent in this country, just gave them bread to eat. Their herds afforded them milk; and their flocks supplied them with clothes: the shepherd himself being often the manufacturer also. No dye was necessary to tinge their wool: it was naturally a russet brown; and sheep and shepherds were clothed alike, both in the simple livery of nature. The procuring of fuel was among their greatest hardships. Here the inhabitants were obliged to get on the tops of the mountains; which abounding with mossy grounds, seldom found in the valleys below, supplied them with peat. This, made into bundles, and fastened upon sledges, they guided down the precipitous sides of the mountains, and stored in their outbuildings. At the period to which we refer, a hundred years ago, the roads were of the rudest construction, scarcely passable even for horses. A cart or any kind of wheeled carriage was totally unknown in Borrodale. They carried their hay home upon their horses, in bundles, one on each side: they made no stacks. Their manure they carried in the same manner, as also the smaller wood for firing: the larger logs they trailed. Their food in

summer consisted of fish and small mutton; in winter, of bacon and hung mutton. Nor was their method of drying their mutton less rude: they hung the sheep up by the hinder legs, and took away only the head and entrails. In this situation, I myself, says Clarke, have seen seven sheep hanging in one chimney.

The inhabitants of Borrodale were a proverb, even among their unpolished neighbours, for ignorance; and a thousand absurd and improbable stories are related of their stupidity; such as mistaking a red-deer, seen upon one of their mountains, for a horned horse; at the sight of which they assembled in considerable numbers, and provided themselves with ropes, thinking to take him by the same means as they did their horses when wild in the field, by running them into a strait, and then tripping them up with a cord. A chase of several hours proved fruitless; when they returned thoroughly convinced they had been chasing a witch. Such like is the story of the mule, which, being ridden into the dale by a stranger bound for the mountains, was left in the care of his host at the foot of a pass. The neighbours assembled to see the curious animal, and consulted the wise man of the dale as to what it could be. With his book, and his thoughts in serious deliberation, he was enabled to announce authoritatively that the brute was a peacock! So when a new light broke into Borrodale, and lime was first sent for from beyond Keswick; the carrier was an old dalesman with horse and sacks. Rain falling, it began to smoke: some water from the river was procured by him to extinguish the unnatural fire; but the evil was

increased, and the smoke grew worse. Assured at length that he had got the devil in his sacks, as he must be in any fire which was aggravated by water, he tossed the whole load over into the river. The tale of the stirrups is perhaps a little too absurd even for Borrodale. A "'statesman" brought home from a distant fair or sale, what had never before been seen in the dale, a pair of stirrups. Riding home in them, when he reached his own door, his feet had become so fastened in them, that they could not be got out; so as there was no help for it, he patiently sat his horse in the pasture for a day or two, his family bringing him food, then it was proposed to bring them both into the stable, which was done; his family bringing him food as before. At length it occurred to some one that he might be lifted with the saddle from the horse, and carried thereupon into the house. There the mounted man sat spinning wool in a corner of the kitchen, till the return of one of his sons from St. Bees school, whose learning, after due consideration of the case, suggested that the good man should draw his feet out of his shoes: when to the joy of his family he was restored to his occupation and to liberty. But the story of the Cuckoo has made its local name the "Gowk" synonymous with an inhabitant of the vale. There the Spring was very charming, and the voice of the bird rare and gladsome. It occurred to the natives that a wall built across the entrance of their valley, at Grange, if made high enough, would keep the cuckoo among them, and make the cheerful Spring-days last for ever. The plan was tried, and failed only because, according to popular belief

from generation to generation, the wall was not built one course higher.

The wetness of the weather in Borrodale is something more than an occasional inconvenience. It may be judged of by observations which show the following results. The average quantity of rain in many parts of the south of England does not exceed 20 inches, and sometimes does not even reach that amount. The mean rain fall for England is 30 inches. Kendal and Keswick have been considered the wettest places known in England; and the annual average at the former place is 52 inches. It was found by experiments made in 1852, that while 81 inches were measured on Scawfell Pike; 86 at Great Gable; 124 at Sty Head; 156 were measured at Seathwaite in Borrodale; shewing, with the exception of that at Sprinkling Tarn, between Scawfell, and Langdale Pikes, and Great Gable, where it measured 168 inches nearly, the greatest rainfall in the Lake District to be at the head of Borrodale. Taking a period of ten years, the average annual rainfall at Seathwaite in that dale was over 126 inches; for the rest of England it was 29 inches.

# KING EVELING

King Eveling stood by the Azure River,
When the tide-wave landward began to flow;
And over the sea in the sunlight's shiver,
He watch'd one white sail northward go.

"Twice has it pass'd; and I linger, weary:
How I long for its coming, my life to close!
My lands forget me, my halls are dreary,
And my age is lonely; I want repose.

"If rightly I read the signs within me,
The tides may lessen, the moon may wane,
And then the Powers I have serv'd will win me
A pathway over yon shining plain.

"It befits a King, who has wisely spoken,
Whose rule was just, and whose deeds were brave,
To depart alone, and to leave no token
On earth but of glory—not even a grave.

"And now I am going. No more to know me,
My banners fall round me with age outworn.
I have buried my crown in the sands below me;
And I vanish, a King, into night forlorn.

"What of mine is good will endure for ever,
Growing into the ages on earth to be,
When—Eveling dwelt by the Azure River,
A King—shall be all that is told of me."

For days the tides with ebbing and flowing
Grew full with the moon; and out of the dim,
On the ocean's verge came the white sail growing,
And anchor'd below on the shoreward rim.

His people slept. For to them descended,
In that good time of the King, their rest,
While the lengthening shades of the eve yet blended
With the golden sunbeams low in the west.

No banded host on his footsteps waited,
No child nor vassal from bower or hall:
He look'd around him like one belated
On a lonely wild; and he went from all.

Slowly he strode to the ship; and for ever
Sailed out from the land he had ruled so well;
And the name of the King by the Azure River
Is all that is left for the bards to tell.

# NOTES TO "KING EVELING."

The ancient, but now insignificant town and seaport of Ravenglass, six miles from Bootle and about sixteen from Whitehaven, is situated on a small creek, at the confluence of the rivers Esk, Mite, and Irt, which form a large sandy harbour. Of this place the Editor of Camden, Bishop Gibson, says—"The shore, wheeling to the north, comes to Ravenglass, a harbour for ships, and commodiously surrounded with two rivers; where, as I am told, there have been found Roman inscriptions. Some will have it to have been formerly called Aven-glass, i.e. (Cœruleus) an azure sky-coloured river; and tell you abundance of stories about King Eveling, who had his palace here."

Ravenglass appears from Mr. Sandford's M.S. to have been of old of some importance as a fishing town. He says—"Here were some salmons and all sorts of fish in plenty; but the greatest plenty of herrings, (it) is a daintye fish of a foot long; and so plenteous a fishing thereof and in the sea betwixt and the ile of man, as they lie in sholes together so thike in the sea at spawning, about August, *as a ship cannot pass thorow*: and the fishers go from all the coast to catch them."

There was also formerly a considerable pearl-fishery at this place: and Camden speaks of the shell-fish in the Irt producing pearls. Sir John Hawkins obtained from government the right of fishing for pearls in that river. The pearls were obtained from

mussels, by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who sought for them at low water, and afterwards sold them to the jewellers. About the year 1695, a patent was granted to some gentlemen, for pearl-fishing in the Irt; but how the undertaking prospered is uncertain. The pearl-mussels do not appear to have been very plentiful for many years. Nicolson and Burn observe, that Mr. Thomas Patrickson, of How in this County, is said to have obtained as many from divers poor people, whom he employed to gather them, as he afterwards sold in London for £800.

Tacitus in the "Agricola" describes the pearls found in Britain as being of a dark and livid hue. Pliny also:—"In Britain some pearls do grow, but they are small and dim, not clear and bright." And again:—"Julius Cæsar did not deny, that the breast-plate which he dedicated to Venus Genitrix, within the temple, was made of British pearls." So that it is not at all improbable that our little northern stream even may have contributed in some degree to the splendour of the imperial offering.

The manor in which Ravenglass is included is dependent on the barony of Egremont; and King John granted to Richard Lucy, as lord paramount, a yearly fair to be held here on St. James's day, and a weekly market every Saturday; and at the present time the successor to the Earls of Egremont, Lord Leconfield, holds the fair of Ravenglass, on the eve, day, and morrow of St. James. Hutchinson thus describes it:—"There are singular circumstances and ceremonies attending the proclamation of this fair, as being anciently held under the maintenance and

protection of the Castle of Egremont. On the first day, the lord's steward is attended by the sargeant of the Borough of Egremont, with the insignia (called the bow of Egremont), the foresters, with their bows and horns, and all the tenants of the forest of Copeland, whose special service is to attend the lord and his representative at Ravenglass fair, and abide there during its continuance; anciently, for the protection of a free-trade, and to defend the merchandise against free-booters, and a foreign enemy: such was the wretched state of this country in former times, that all such protection was scarce sufficient. For the maintenance of the horses of those who attend the ceremony, they have by custom, a portion of land assigned in the meadow, called, or distinguished, by the name of two Swaiths of grass in the common field of Ravenglass. On the third day at noon, the earl's officers, and tenants of the forest depart, after proclamation; and Lord Muncaster (as mesne lord) and his tenants take a formal repossession of the place; and the day is concluded with horse races and rural diversions."

A genuine specimen of feudal observances is preserved in the custom of riding the boundaries of manors, which, in the mountain district, where the line of division is not very distinct, is performed perhaps once during each generation, by the representatives of the lord of the manor, accompanied by an immense straggling procession of all ages,—the old men being made useful in pointing out important or disputed portions of the boundary, and the young in having it impressed on their

memories, so that their evidence or recollection may be made available in future peregrinations. In older times, when the interests of the lords outweighed farther than in our own day the rights of the peasantry, certain youthful members of the retinue, in order to deepen the impression and make it more enduring, were severely whipped at all those points which the stewards were most anxious to have held in remembrance. The occasions always wind up with a banquet, provided on a most liberal scale by the lord of the manor, and open to all who take part in the business of the day.

Another local usage connected with the landed interest, and long observed with notable regularity, was the following. When salmon was plentiful in the Cumberland rivers, and formed a very important element in the ordinary living of the occupants of adjoining lands, the tenants of the manor of Ennerdale and Kinniside claimed "a free stream" in the river Ehen, from Ennerdale lake to the sea, and assembled once a year to "ride the stream." If obstructions were found, such as weirs and dams, they were at once destroyed. Refreshments were levied or provided at certain places on the river for the cavalcade. This custom has long ceased to be observed.

About a quarter of a mile to the south east of this place is an old ivy-mantled ruin, designated Wall Castle. It is said to have been the original residence of the Penningtons, but in all probability it dates from a much remoter period. Stone battle-axes and arrow-heads have been found around it, and coins of

different people, principally Roman and Saxon. The building is strongly cemented with run lime.

This old castle stands at no great distance from the second cutting through which the railroad passes after leaving Ravenglass: adjoining to which, a little below the surface of the ground, an ancient fosse and several foundations of walls have been laid bare by the owner of the estate, and large quantities of building stone removed from them at various times. In making this cutting, the workmen laid open an ancient burial place, which was of great depth, and contained a quantity of human remains, with several bones of animals. The sides were secured by strong timber and stone work. The buried bodies were very numerous, and the place was evidently of very great antiquity. From the presence of oak leaves and acorns, charred wood, etc., it has been supposed to have been the tomb of the victims in some Druidical sacrifice: it being known that the Druids immolated their criminals, by placing them collectively in the interior of a large image of wickerwork, and then setting fire to it; and that various animals were sacrificed along with them by way of expiation.

About five miles to the east of Ravenglass is the small lake of Devoke Water, near the foot of which, on the summit of a considerable hill, stand the ruins of another interesting piece of antiquity, the so-called city of Barnscar or Bardscar. Its site is so elevated, as to command a wide extent of country, and an ancient road from Ulpha to Ravenglass passes through it. The name is

purely Scandinavian, and tradition ascribes it to the Danes. A well known popular saying in the locality refers to the manner in which this city is said to have been peopled by its founders, who gathered for inhabitants the men of Drigg and the women of Beckermet. The original helpmates of the latter place are supposed to have fallen in battle: what had become of the wives and daughters of the former place is not averred. But the saying continues—"Let us gang togidder like t' lads o' Drigg, an' t' lasses o' Beckermet."

The description of this place given by Hutchinson at the latter end of last century is as follows:—"This place is about 300 yards long, from east to west; and 100 yards broad, from north to south; now walled round, save at the east end, near three feet in height; there appears to have been a long street, with several cross ones: the remains of housesteads, within the walls, are not very numerous, but on the outside of the walls they are innumerable, especially on the south side and west end; the circumference of the city and suburbs is near three computed miles; the figure an oblong square." It is added that about the year 1730, a considerable quantity of silver coin was found in the ruins of one of the houses, concealed in a cavity, formed in a beam; none of which unfortunately has been preserved, to throw light upon the name, the race, or character and habits of its possessors.

From the Pow to the Duddon innumerable objects of interest lie scattered between the mountains and the sea coast, of which little more can be said than was stated, as above, by Camden's

editor—"Some tell you abundance of stories about them"—as well as "about King Eveling, who had his palace here."

# SIR LANCELOT THRELKELD

The widows were sitting in Threlkeld Hall;
The corn stood green on Midsummer-day;
Their little grand-children were tossing the ball;
And the farmers leaned over the garden wall;
And the widows were spinning the eve away.

They busily talk'd of the days long gone,
While the corn stood green on Midsummer-day;
How old Sir Lancelot's armour had shone
On the panels of oak by the broad hearthstone,
Where the widows sat spinning that eve away.

For, Threlkeld Hall of his mansions three—
Where the corn stood green on Midsummer-day—
Was his noblest house; and a stately tree
Was the good old Knight, and of high degree;
And a braver rode never in battle array.

Now peaceful farmers think of their corn—
The corn so green on Midsummer-day—
Where once, at the blast of Sir Lancelot's horn,
His horsemen all mustered, his banner was borne;
And he went like a Chief in his pride to the fray.

And there the good Clifford, the Shepherd-Lord,
When the corn stood green on Midsummer-day,
Sat, humbly clad, at Sir Lancelot's board;
And tended the flocks, while rusted his sword
In the hall where the widows were spinning away;

Till the new King called him back to his own—
When the corn stood green on Midsummer-day—
To his honours and name of high renown;
When Sir Lancelot old and feeble had grown;
From his rude shepherd-life called Lord Clifford away.

And sad was that morrow in Threlkeld Hall—
And the corn was green on that Midsummer-day—
When the Clifford stood ready to part from all;
And his shepherd's staff was hung up on the wall,
In that room where the widows sat spinning away.

And Sir Lancelot mounted, and called his men—
While the corn stood green on Midsummer-day—
And he gazed on Lord Clifford again and again;
And Sir Lancelot rode with him over the plain;
And at length with strong effort his silence gave way.

"I am old," Sir Lancelot said; "and I know—
When the corn stands green on Midsummer-day—
There will wars arise, and I shall be low,
Who ever was ready to arm and go!"—
For he loved the war tramp and the martial array.

"If ever a Knight might revisit this earth—
While the corn stands green on Midsummer-day"—
Said the Clifford—"When troubles and wars have birth,
Thou never shalt fail from Threlkeld's hearth!"
From that hearth where the widows were spinning away.

And so, along Souther Fell-side they press'd—
While the corn stood green on Midsummer-day,—
And then they parted—to east and to west—
And Sir Lancelot came and was laid to his rest.
Said the widows there spinning the eve away.

And the Shepherd had power in unwritten lore:
The corn stands green on Midsummer-day:
And although the Knight's coffin his banner hangs o'er,
Sir Lancelot yet can tread this floor;
Said the widows there spinning the eve away.—

Thus gossip'd the widows in Threlkeld Hall,
While the corn stood green on Midsummer-day:
When the sound of a footstep was heard to fall,
And an arm'd shadow pass'd over the wall—
Of a Knight with his plume and in martial array.

With a growl the fierce dogs slunk behind the huge chair,
While the corn stood green on that Midsummer-day;
And the widows stopt spinning; and each was aware
Of a tread to the porch, and Sir Lancelot there—

And a stir as of horsemen all riding away.

They turned their dim eyes to the lattice to gaze—
While the corn stood green on Midsummer-day—
But before their old limbs they could feebly raise,
The horsemen and horses were far on the ways—
From the Hall, where the widows were spinning away.

And far along Souter Fell-side they strode,
While the corn stood green on that Midsummer-day.
And the brave old Knight on his charger rode,
As he wont to ride from his old abode,
With his sword by his side and in martial array.

Like a chief he galloped before and behind—
While the corn stood green on Midsummer-day—
To the marshalled ranks he waved, and signed;
And his banner streamed out on the evening wind,
As they rode along Souter Fell-side away.

And to many an eye was revealed the sight,
While the corn stood green that Midsummer-day;
As Sir Lancelot Threlkeld the ancient Knight
With all his horsemen went over the height:
O'er the steep mountain summit went riding away.

And then as the twilight closed over the dell—
Where the corn stood green that Midsummer-day—
Came the farmers and peasants all flocking to tell

How Sir Lancelot's troop had gone over the fell!
And the widows sat listening, and spinning away.

And the widows looked mournfully round the old hall;
And the corn stood green on Midsummer-day;
"He is come at the good Lord Clifford's call!
He is up for the King, with his warriors all!"—
Said the widows there spinning the eve away.

"There is evil to happen, and war is at hand—
Where the corn stands green this Midsummer-day—
Or rebels are plotting to waste the land;
Or he never would come with his armed band"—
Said the widows there spinning the eve away.

"Our old men sleep in the grave. They cease:
While the corn stands green on Midsummer-day—
They rest, though troubles on earth increase;
And soon may Sir Lancelot's soul have peace!"
Sighed the widows while spinning the eve away.

"But this was the Promise the Shepherd-Lord—
When the corn stood green that Midsummer-day—
Gave, parting from Threlkeld's hearth and board,
To the brave old Knight—and he keeps his word!"
Said the widows all putting their spinning away.

# NOTES TO "SIR LANCELOT THRELKELD."

The little village of Threlkeld is situated at the foot of Blencathra about four miles from Keswick, on the highroad from that town to Penrith. The old hall has long been in a state of dilapidation, the only habitable part having been for years converted into a farm house. Some faint traces of the moat are said to be yet discernible. This was one of the residences of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, a powerful knight in the reign of Henry the Seventh, step-father to the Shepherd Lord. His son, the last Sir Lancelot, was wont to say that he had "three noble houses—one for pleasure, Crosby in Westmorland, where he had a park full of deer; one for profit and warmth, wherein to reside during winter, namely, Yanwath, near Penrith; and the third, Threlkeld, on the edge of the vale of Keswick, well stocked with tenants to go with him to the wars." Sir Lancelot is said to have been a man of a kind and generous disposition, who had either taken the side of the White Rose in the great national quarrel, or at least had not compromised himself to a ruinous extent on the other side; and has long had the reputation of having afforded a retreat to the Shepherd Lord Clifford, on the utter ruin of his house, after the crushing of the Red Rose at Towton, when the Baron (his late father) was attained in parliament, and all his lands were seized by the crown.

The Cliffords, Lords of Westmorland, afterwards Earls of Cumberland, were a family of great power and princely possessions, who for many generations occupied a position in the North West of England, similar to that held by the Percies, Earls of Northumberland, in the north-east.

Their blood was perhaps the most illustrious in the land. Descended from Rollo first Duke of Normandy, by alliances in marriage it intermingled with that of William the Lion, King of Scotland, and with that of several of the Sovereigns of England.

Their territorial possessions corresponded with their illustrious birth. These comprised their most ancient stronghold, Clifford Castle, on the Wye, in Herefordshire; the lordship of the barony of Westmorland, including the seigniories and Castles of Brougham and Appleby; Skipton Castle in the West Riding of Yorkshire, with its numerous townships, and important forest and manorial rights, their most princely, and apparently favourite residence; and the Hall and estates of Lonsborrow in the same County.

The Cliffords are said to be sprung from an uncle of William the Conqueror. The father of William had a younger brother, whose third son, Richard Fitz-Pontz, married the daughter and heiress of Ralph de Toni, of Clifford Castle, in Herefordshire. Their second son, Walter, succeeding to his mother's estates, assumed the name of Clifford, and was the father of the Fair Rosamond, the famous mistress of King Henry the Second. He died in 1176. His great-grandson, Roger de Clifford acquired the

inheritance of the Veteriponts or Viponts, Lords of Brougham Castle in Westmorland, by his marriage with one of the co-heiresses of Robert de Vipont, the last of that race. It was their son Robert who was first summoned to sit in parliament, by a writ dated the 29th of December, 1299, as the Lord Clifford.

The Cliffords were a warlike race, and engaged in all the contests of the time. For many generations the chiefs of their house figure as distinguished soldiers and captains; and most of them died on the field of battle.

Roger, the father of the first lord, was renowned in the wars of Henry III. and of Edward I., and was killed in a skirmish with the Welsh in the Isle of Anglesey, on St. Leonard's day, 1283.

His son Robert, the first Lord Clifford, a favourite and companion in arms of Edward I., was one of the guardians of Edward II. when a minor, and Lord High Admiral in that monarch's reign. He fell at the battle of Bannockburn, in 1314.

Roger, his son, the second lord, was engaged in the Earl of Lancaster's insurrection, and had done much to deserve political martyrdom in that rebellious age: but a feeling of humanity, such as is seldom read of in civil wars, and especially in those times, saved him from execution, when he was taken prisoner with Lancaster and the rest of his associates. He had received so many wounds in the battle (of Borough bridge), that he could not be brought before the judge for the summary trial, which would have sent him to the hurdle and the gallows. Being looked upon, therefore, as a dying man, he was respited from the course of law:

time enough elapsed, while he continued in this state, for the heat of resentment to abate, and Edward of Carnarvon, who, though a weak and most misguided prince, was not a cruel one, spared his life; an act of mercy which was the more graceful, because Clifford had insulted the royal authority in a manner less likely to be forgiven than his braving it in arms. A pursuivant had served a writ upon him in the Barons' Chamber, and he made the man eat the wax wherewith the writ was signed, "in contempt, as it were, of the said King."

He was the first Lord Clifford that was attainted of treason. His lands and honours were restored in the first year of Edward III., but he survived the restoration only a few weeks, dying in the flower of his age, unmarried; but leaving "some base children behind him, whom he had by a mean woman who was called Julian of the Bower, for whom he built a little house hard by Whinfell, and called it Julian's Bower, the lower foundation of which standeth, and is yet to be seen," said the compiler of the family records, an hundred and fifty years ago, "though all the walls be down long since. And it is thought that the love which this Roger bore to this Julian kept him from marrying any other woman."

Roger de Clifford was succeeded in his titles and estates by his brother Robert, the third baron, who married Isabella de Berkeley, sister to Thomas, Lord Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle; in which Castle, two years after it had rung with "shrieks of death," when the tragedy of Edward II. was brought to its dreadful

catastrophe there, the marriage was performed.

This Robert lived a country life, and "nothing is mentioned of him in the wars," except that he once accompanied an army into Scotland. It is, however, related of him, that when Edward Baliol was driven from Scotland, the exiled king was "right honourably received by him in Westmorland, and entertained in his Castles of Brougham, Appleby, and Pendragon;" in acknowledgement for which hospitality Baliol, if he might at any time recover the kingdom of Scotland out of his adversaries' hands, made him a grant of Douglas Dale, which had been granted to his grandfather who fell in Wales. The Hart's Horn Tree in Whinfell Park, well known in tradition, and in hunters' tales, owes its celebrity to this visit. He died in 1340.

Robert, his son, fourth lord, fought by the side of Edward the Black Prince at the memorable battles of Cressy and Poictiers.

Roger, his brother, the fifth lord, styled "one of the wisest and gallantest of the Cliffords," also served in the wars in France and Scotland, in the reign of Edward III.

Thomas, his son, sixth lord Clifford, one of the most chivalrous knights of his time, overcame, in a memorable passage of arms, the famous French knight, "le Sire de Burjisande," and, at the age of thirty, was killed in the battle at Spruce in Germany.

John, his son, the seventh lord, a Knight of the Garter, carried with him to the French wars three knights, forty-seven esquires, and one hundred and fifty archers. He fought under the banner

of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, attended him at the sieges Harfleur and Cherbourg, and was eventually slain, at the age of thirty-three, at the siege of Meaux in France.

Thomas, his son, eighth lord Clifford, described as "a chief commander in France," was grandson on his mother's side to the celebrated Hotspur, Harry Percy, and gained renown by the daring and ingenious stratagem which he planned and successfully executed for taking the town of Pontoise, near Paris, in 1438. The English had lain for some time before the town, with little prospect of reducing it, when a heavy fall of snow suggested to Lord Clifford the means of effecting its capture. Arraying himself and his followers with white tunics over their armour, he concealed them during the night close to the walls of the town, which at daybreak he surprised and carried by storm. Two years afterwards he valiantly defended the town of Pontoise against the armies of France, headed by Charles VII. in person.

In the Wars of the Roses they were not less prominent. The last mentioned Thomas, though nearly allied by blood to the house of York, took part with his unfortunate sovereign, Henry VI., and fell on the 22nd of May, 1455, at the first battle of St. Albans, receiving his death-blow from the hands of Richard Duke of York, at the age of forty.

John, his son, the next and ninth lord, called from his complexion the Black-faced Clifford, thirsting to revenge the fate of his father, perpetrated that memorable act of cruelty, which for centuries has excited indignation and tears, the murder

of the young Earl of Rutland, brother of Edward IV., in the pursuit after the battle of Wakefield, on the 30th December, 1460. The latter, whilst being withdrawn from the field by his attendant chaplain and schoolmaster, a priest, called Sir Robert Aspall, was espied by Lord Clifford; and being recognised by means of his apparel, "dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear. 'Save him,' said his chaplain, 'for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter.' With that word, the Lord Clifford marked him and said, 'By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee and all thy kin;' and with that word stuck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had done and said."

The murder in cold blood of this unarmed boy, for he was only twelve or at most seventeen years old, while supplicating for his life, was not the only atrocity committed by Lord Clifford on that eventful day. "This cruel Clifford and deadly blood-supper," writes the old chronicler, "not content with this homicide or child-killing, came to the place where the dead corpse of the Duke of York lay, and caused his head to be stricken off, and set on it a crown of paper, and so fixed it on a pole and presented it to the queen, not lying far from the field, in great spite and much derision, saying, 'Madam, your war is done; here is your king's ransom;' at which present was much joy and great rejoicing."

Lord Clifford fought at the second battle of St. Albans, on the 17th of February, 1461. It was in his tent, after the Lancastrians had won the victory, that the unfortunate Henry VI. once more embraced his consort Margaret of Anjou, and their beloved child.

Lord Clifford is usually represented as having been slain at the battle of Towton. He fell, however, in a hard fought conflict which preceded that engagement by a few hours, at a spot called Dittingale, situated in a small valley between Towton and Scarthingwell, struck in the throat by a headless arrow, discharged from behind a hedge.

A small chapel on the banks of the Aire formerly marked the spot where lay the remains of John Lord Clifford, as well as those of his cousin, Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who perished later in the day upon Towton Field, on the 29th of March, 1461.

For nearly a quarter of a century from this time, the name of Clifford remained an attainted one; their castles and seigniories passed into the hands of strangers and enemies. The barony of Westmorland was conferred by Edward IV. upon his brother Richard Duke of Gloucester; the castle and manor of Skipton he bestowed, in the first instance, upon Sir William Stanley; but in the fifteenth year of his reign he transferred them to his "dear brother," which lordly appanage he retained till his death on Bosworth Field.[1]

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[1] Whitaker gives the terms of this grant: "The king, in cons'on of ye laudable and commendable service of his dere b'r Richard Duke of Gloucester, as *for the*

The young widow left by the Black-faced Clifford, was Margaret daughter and sole heiress of Henry de Bromflete, Baron de Vesci. She had borne her husband three children, two sons and a daughter, now attainted by parliament, deprived of their honours and inheritance, and their persons and lives in hourly jeopardy from the strict search which was being made for them. The seat of her father at Lonsborrow in Yorkshire, surrounded by a wild district, offered a retreat from their enemies; and thither, as soon as the fate of her lord was communicated to her, driven from the stately halls of Skipton and Appleby, of which she had ceased to be mistress, flew the young widow with her hunted children, and saved them from the rage of the victorious party by concealment.

Henry, the elder son, at the period of their flight to Lonsborrow was only seven years old. He was there placed by his mother, in the neighbourhood where she lived, with a shepherd who had married one of her inferior servants, an attendant on his nurse, to be brought up in no better condition than the shepherd's own children. The strict inquiry which had been made after them, and the subsequent examination of their mother respecting them, at length led to the conclusion that they had been conveyed beyond the sea, whither in truth the younger boy had been sent, into the Netherlands, and not long after died there. The daughter

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*encouragement of piety and virtue* in the said duke, did give and grant, etc., the honor, castle, manors, and demesnes of Skipton, with the manor of Marton, etc., etc." Pat: Rolls, 15 Edw. IV.

grew up to womanhood, and became the wife of Sir Robert Aske, from whom descended the Askes of Yorkshire, and the Lord Fairfax of Denton in the same county.

When the high born shepherd boy was about his fourteenth year, his grandfather, Lord de Vesci being dead, and his mother having become the wife of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, a rumour again arose and reached the court that the young Lord Clifford was alive; whereupon his mother, with the connivance and assistance of her husband, had the shepherd with whom she had placed her son, removed with his wife and family from Yorkshire to the more mountainous country of Cumberland. In that wild and remote region, the persecuted boy was "kept as a shepherd sometimes at Threlkeld amongst his step-father's kindred, and sometimes upon the borders of Scotland, where they took land purposely for those shepherds who had the custody of him, where many times his step-father came purposely to visit him, and sometimes his mother, though very secretly."

In this obscurity the heir of the Cliffords passed the remainder of his boyhood, all his youth, and his early manhood; haunting, in the pursuit of pastoral occupations, the lofty moorland wastes at the foot of Blencathra, or musing in the solitude of the stupendous heights of that "Peak of Witches;" at other times, ranging amid the lonesome glens of Skiddaw Forest, or on the bleak heath-clad hills of Caldbeck and Carrock.

Thus being of necessity nurtured much in solitude, and, habited in rustic garb, bred up to man's estate among the simple

dalesmen, to whom, as well as to himself, his rank and station were unknown, he was reared in so great ignorance that he could neither read nor write; for his parents durst not have him instructed in any kind of learning, lest by it his birth should be discovered; and when subsequently he was restored to his title and estates, and took his place among his peers, he never attained to higher proficiency in the art of writing than barely enabled him to sign his name.

One of the first acts of Henry VII. was to restore the lowly Clifford to his birthright and to all that had been possessed by his noble ancestors. And his mother, who did not die till the year 1493, lived to see him thus suddenly exalted from a poor shepherd into a rich and powerful lord, at the age of one and thirty.

In his retirement he had acquired great astronomical knowledge, watching, like the Chaldeans of old time, the stars by night upon the mountains, as is current from tradition in the village and neighbourhood of Threlkeld at this day. And when, on his restoration to his estates and honours, he had become a great builder and repaired several of his castles, he resided chiefly at Barden Tower, in Yorkshire, to be near the Priory of Bolton; "to the end that he might have opportunity to converse with some of the canons of that house, as it is said, who were well versed in astronomy; unto which study having a singular affection (perhaps in regard to his solitary shepherd's life, which gave him time for contemplation,) he fitted himself with diverse instruments for

use therein."

Whitaker, in like manner, represents the restored lord as having brought to his new position "the manners and education of a shepherd," and as being "at this time, almost, if not altogether, illiterate." But it is added that he was "far from deficient in natural understanding, and, what strongly marks an ingenuous mind in a state of recent elevation, depressed by a consciousness of his own deficiencies." If it was on this account, as we are also told, that he retired to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, he found in it a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself.

Whitaker suspects Lord Clifford, however, "to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company," namely, the canons of Bolton, from having found among the family evidences two manuscripts on the subject of Alchemy, which may almost certainly be referred to the age in which he lived. If these were originally deposited with the MSS. of the Cliffords, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the Dissolution, they must have been the work of those canons with whom he almost exclusively conversed.

In these peaceful employments Lord Clifford spent the whole

reign of Henry VII., and the first years of that of his son. His descendant the Countess of Pembroke describes him as a plain man, who lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to court or London, excepting when called to Parliament, on which occasion he behaved himself like a wise and good English nobleman. But in the year 1513, when almost sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army which fought at Flodden, and showed that the military genius of the family had neither been chilled in him by age, nor extinguished by habits of peace.

He survived the battle of Flodden ten years, and died April 23rd, 1523, aged about 70; having by his last will appointed his body to be interred at Shap, if he died in Westmorland; or at Bolton, if he died in Yorkshire. "I shall endeavour," says Whitaker, "to appropriate to him a tomb, vault, and chantry, in the choir of the Church of Bolton, as I should be sorry to believe that he was deposited, when dead, at a distance from the place which in his life time he loved so well." There exists no memorial of his place of burial. The broken floors and desecrated vaults of Shap and Bolton afford no trace or record of his tomb. It is probable, however, that in one of these sanctuaries he was laid to rest among the ashes of his illustrious kindred.

The vault at Skipton Church was prepared for the remains of his immediate descendants. Thither, with three of their wives, and a youthful scion of their house, the boy Lord Francis, were borne in succession the five Earls of Cumberland of his name;

when this their tomb finally closed over the line of Clifford: the lady Anne choosing rather to lie beside "her beloved mother," in the sepulchre which she had erected for herself at Appleby, than with her martial ancestors at Skipton.

Having thus been wonderfully preserved—says a writer whose words have often been quoted in these pages—and after twenty years of secretness and seclusion, having been restored in blood and honours, to his barony, his lands, and his castles; he, the Shepherd Lord, came forth upon the world with a mind in advance of the age, a spirit of knowledge, of goodness, and of light, such as was rarely seen in that time of ignorance and superstition; averse to courtly pomp, delighting himself chiefly in country pursuits, in repairing his castles, and in learned intercourse with such literate persons as he could find. He was the wisest of his race, and falling upon more peaceful times, was enabled to indulge in the studies and thoughtful dispositions which his early misfortunes had induced and cultured. Throughout a long life he remained one, whose precious example, though it had but few imitators, and even exposed him to be regarded with dread, as dealing in the occult sciences, and leagued with beings that mortal man ought not to know, was nevertheless so far appreciated by his less enlightened countrymen, that his image was always linked in their memories and affections with whatever was great and ennobling, and caused him to be recorded to this, our day, by the endearing appellation of the "Good Lord Clifford."

This nobleman was twice married,—first to Anne, daughter of Sir John St. John of Bletsoe, cousin-germain to King Henry the Seventh, by whom he had two sons and five daughters. Lady Clifford was a woman of great goodness and piety, who lived for the most part a country life in her husband's castles in the North, during the twenty-one years she remained his wife. His second wife was Florence, daughter of Henry Pudsey, of Bolton, in Yorkshire, Esquire, grandson of Sir Ralph Pudsey, the faithful protector of Henry the Sixth after the overthrow of the Lancastrian cause at Hexham. By her he had two or three sons, and one daughter, Dorothy, who became the wife of Sir Hugh Lowther, of Lowther, in Westmorland, and from whom the Earls of Lonsdale are descended.

It is said that, towards the end of the first Lady Clifford's life, her husband was unkind to her, and he had two or three base children by another woman.

Lord Clifford was unfortunate in having great unkindness and estrangement between himself and his oldest son Henry. Early habits of friendship, on the part of the latter, with King Henry VIII. and a strong passion for parade and greatness, seem to have robbed his heart of filial affection. The pure simplicity and unequivocal openness of his father's manners had long been an offence to his pride; but the old man's alliance with Florence Pudsey provoked his irreconcilable aversion. By his follies and vices, also, the latter years of his father were sorely disturbed. That wild and dissolute young nobleman, attaching himself to

a troop of roystering followers, led a bandit's life, oppressed the lieges, harassed the religious houses, beat the tenants, and forced the inhabitants of whole villages to take sanctuary in their churches. He afterwards reformed, and was employed in all the armies sent into Scotland by Henry the Seventh and his successor, where he ever behaved himself nobly and valiantly; and subsequently became one of the most eminent men of his time, and within two years after his father's death, having been through life a personal friend and favourite of Henry the Eighth, was elevated by that partial monarch to the dignity of Earl of Cumberland, which title he held till his decease in 1542. It has been conjectured, but on no sufficient grounds, that he was the hero of the ballad of "The Nut-Brown Maid."

In addition to the members of this distinguished family who have already been enumerated as attaining to great personal distinction, may be named George, the third of the five Earls of Cumberland, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, called the "Great Sea-faring Lord Clifford," an accomplished courtier as well as naval hero,[2] one of those to whom England is indebted for

[2] A notable example of the piety of our ancestors is recorded in a MS. Journal of a Voyage to India, still preserved in Skipton Castle, made under the auspices of this Earl of Cumberland. It gives an account of the proceedings of the Expedition on a Saturday and Sunday."Nov. 5. Our men went on shor and fet rys abord, and burnt the rest of the houses in the negers towne; and our bot went downe to the outermoste pointe of the ryver, and burnt a towne, and brout away all the rys that was in the towne. The 6th day we servyd God, being Sunday."In what manner they served God on the Sunday, after plundering and burning two towns on the Saturday, the writer has not thought it necessary to relate.

her proud title of "the Ocean Queen." And lastly, his daughter, the Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, of famous memory, one of the most celebrated women of her time.

About three miles from Threlkeld, the ancient home of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld and his noble step-son, stands as the eastern barrier of the Blencathra group of mountains, that part of it which is known as Souter Fell; whose irregular and precipitous summit, everywhere difficult of access, rises to a height of about 2,500 feet. It is on the south of Bowscale Fell, leaning westward from the Hesketh and Carlisle road, by which its eastern base is skirted. This mountain is celebrated in local history as having several times been the scene of those singular aerial phenomena known as mirages. A tradition of a spectral army having been seen marching over these mountains had long been current in the neighbourhood, and this remarkable exhibition was actually witnessed in the years 1735, 1737, and 1745, by several independent parties of the dalesmen; and, as may well be supposed, excited much attention in the north of England, and long formed a subject of superstitious fear and wonder in the surrounding district. A sight so strange as that of the whole side of the mountain appearing covered with troops, both infantry and cavalry, who after going through regular military evolutions for more than an hour, defiled off in good order, and disappeared over a precipitous ridge on the summit, was sure to be the subject of much speculation and enquiry. Many

persons at a distance hearing of the phenomenon, proceeded to the places where it was witnessed, purposely to examine the spectators who asserted the fact, and who continued positive in their assertions as to the appearances. Amongst others, one of the contributors to Hutchinson's History of Cumberland went to inquire into the subject; and the following is the account of the information he obtained, given in his own words.

"On Midsummer Eve 1735, William Lancaster's servant related that he saw the east side of Souter Fell, towards the top, covered with a regular marching army for above an hour together; he said they consisted of distinct bodies of troops, which appeared to proceed from an eminence in the north end, and marched over a nitch in the top, but as no other person in the neighbourhood had seen the like, he was discredited and laughed at.

"Two years after, on Midsummer Eve also, betwixt the hours of eight and nine, William Lancaster himself imagined that several gentlemen were following their horses at a distance, as if they had been hunting, and taking them for such, paid no regard to it, till about ten minutes after, again turning his head to the place, they appeared to be mounted, and a vast army following, five in rank, crowding over at the same place, where the servant said he saw them two years before. He then called his family, who all agreed in the same opinion; and what was most extraordinary, he frequently observed that some one of the five would quit the rank, and seem to stand in a fronting posture, as

if he was observing and regulating the order of their march, or taking account of the numbers, and after some time appeared to return full gallop to the station he had left, which they never failed to do as often as they quitted their lines, and the figure that did so was one of the middlemost men in the rank. As it grew later they seemed more regardless of discipline, and rather had the appearance of people riding from a market, than an army, though they continued crowding on, and marching off, as long as they had light to see them.

"This phenomenon was no more seen till the Midsummer Eve, which preceded the rebellion, when they were determined to call more families to witness this sight, and accordingly went to Wiltonhill and Souther Fell-side, till they convened about twenty-six persons, who all affirm that they saw the same appearance, but not conducted with the usual regularity as the preceding ones, having the likeness of carriages interspersed; however it did not appear to be less real, for some of the company were so affected with it as in the morning to climb the mountain, through an idle expectation of finding horse shoes, after so numerous an army, but they saw not a vestige or print of a foot.

"William Lancaster, indeed, told me, that he never concluded they were real beings, because of the impracticability of a march over the precipices, where they seemed to come on; that the night was extremely serene; that horse and man, upon strict looking at, appeared to be but one being, rather than two distinct ones; that they were nothing like any clouds or vapours, which he had ever

perceived elsewhere; that their number was incredible, for they filled lengthways near half a mile, and continued so in a swift march for above an hour, and much longer he thinks if night had kept off."

The writer adds,—"This whole story has so much the air of a romance, that it seemed fitter for *Amadis de Gaul*, or *Glenvilles System of Witches*, than the repository of the learned; but as the country was full of it, I only give it verbatim from the original relation of a people, that could have no end in imposing upon their fellow-creatures, and are of good repute in the place where they live."

Not less circumstantial is the account of this remarkable phenomenon gathered from the same sources by Mr. James Clarke, the intelligent author of the Survey of the Lakes; and which account, he says, "perhaps can scarcely be paralleled by history, or reconciled to probability; such, however, is the evidence we have of it," he continues, "that I cannot help relating it, and then my readers must judge for themselves. I shall give it nearly in the words of Mr. Lancaster of *Blakehills*, from whom I had the account; and whose veracity, even were it not supported by many concurrent testimonies, I could fully rely upon. The story is as follows:

"On the 23rd of June 1744 (Qu. 45?), his father's servant, Daniel Stricket (who now lives under Skiddaw, and is an auctioneer), about half past seven in the evening was walking a little above the house. Looking round him he saw a troop of men

on horseback riding on *Souther Fell-side*, (a place so steep that an horse can scarcely travel on it at all,) in pretty close ranks and at a brisk walk. Stricket looked earnestly at them some time before he durst venture to acquaint any one with what he saw, as he had the year before made himself ridiculous by a visionary story, which I beg leave here also to relate: He was at that time servant to John Wren of *Wiltonhill*, the next house to *Blakehills*, and sitting one evening after supper at the door along with his master, they saw a man with a dog pursuing some horses along Souther Fell-side; and they seemed to run at an amazing pace, till they got out of sight at the low end of the Fell. This made them resolve to go next morning to the place to pick up the shoes which they thought these horses must have lost in galloping at such a furious rate; they expected likewise to see prodigious grazes from the feet of these horses on the steep side of the mountain, and to find the man lying dead, as they were sure he run so fast that he must kill himself. Accordingly they went, but, to their great surprise, found not a shoe, nor even a single vestige of any horse having been there, much less did they find the man lying dead as they had expected. This story they some time concealed; at length, however, they ventured to tell it, and were (as might be expected) heartily laughed at. Stricket, conscious of his former ridiculous error, observed these aerial troops some time before he ventured to mention what he saw; at length, fully satisfied that what he saw was real, he went into the house, and told Mr. Lancaster he had something curious to show him. Mr. Lancaster

asked him what it was, adding, "I suppose some bonefire," (for it was then, and still is a custom, for the shepherds, on the evening before St. John's day, to light bonefires, and vie with each other in having the largest.) Stricket told him, if he would walk with him to the end of the house he would show him what it was. They then went together, and before Stricket spoke or pointed to the place, Mr. Lancaster himself discovered the phenomenon, and said to Stricket, "Is that what thou hast to show me?" "Yes, Master," replied Stricket: "Do you think you see as I do?" They found they did see alike, so they went and alarmed the family, who all came, and all saw this strange phenomenon.

"These visionary horsemen seemed to come from the lowest part of Souther Fell, and became visible first at a place called Knott: they then moved in regular troops along the side of the Fell, till they came opposite *Blakehills*, when they went over the mountain: thus they described a kind of curvilineal path upon the side of the Fell, and both their first and last appearance were bounded by the top of the mountain.

"Frequently the last, or last but one, in a troop, (always either the one or the other,) would leave his place, gallop to the front, and then take the same pace with the rest, a *regular, swift walk*: these changes happened to every troop, (for many troops appeared,) and oftener than once or twice, yet not at all times alike. The spectators saw, *all alike*, the same changes, and at the same time, as they discovered by asking each other questions as any change took place. Nor was this wonderful phenomenon

seen at Blakehills only, it was seen by *every* person at *every cottage* within the distance of a mile; neither was it confined to a momentary view, for from the time that Stricket first observed it, the appearance must have lasted at least two hours and a half, viz. from half past seven, till the night coming on prevented the farther view; nor yet was the distance such as could impose rude resemblances on the eyes of credulity: *Blakehills* lay not half a mile from the place where this astonishing appearance *seemed* to be, and many other places where it was likewise seen are still nearer."

This account is attested by the signatures of William Lancaster and Daniel Stricket, and dated the 21st day of July 1785.

"Thus I have given," continues Mr. Clark, "the best account I can procure of this wonderful appearance; let others determine what it was. This country, like every other where cultivation has been lately introduced, abounds in the *aniles fabellæ* of fairies, ghosts, and apparitions; but these are never even *fabled* to have been seen by more than one or two persons at a time, and the view is always said to be momentary. Speed tells of something indeed similar to this as preceding a dreadful intestine war. Can something of this nature have given rise to Ossian's grand and awful mythology? or, finally, Is there any impiety in supposing, as this happened immediately before that rebellion which was intended to subvert the liberty, the law, and the religion of England; that though immediate prophecies

have ceased, these visionary beings might be directed to warn mankind of approaching *tumults*? In short, it is difficult to say what it was, or what it was not."

Sir David Brewster, in his work on *Natural Magic*, after quoting this narrative from Mr. James Clark, which he describes as "one of the most interesting accounts of aerial spectres with which we are acquainted," continues—"These extraordinary sights were received not only with distrust, but with absolute incredulity. They were not even honoured with a place in the records of natural phenomena, and the philosophers of the day were neither in possession of analagous facts, nor were they acquainted with those principles of atmospherical refraction upon which they depend. The strange phenomena, indeed, of the *Fata Morgana*, or the *Castles of the Fairy Mor-Morgana*, had been long before observed, and had been described by Kircher, in the 17th century, but they presented nothing so mysterious as the aerial troopers of Souter Fell; and the general characters of the two phenomena were so unlike, that even a philosopher might have been excused for ascribing them to different causes."

The accepted explanation of this appearance now is, that on the evenings in question, the rebel Scotch troops were performing their military evolutions on the west coast of Scotland, and that by some peculiar refraction of the atmosphere their movements were reflected on this mountain. Phenomena similar to these were seen near Stockton-on-the-Forest, in Yorkshire, in 1792; in Harrogate, on June 28th, 1812; and near

St. Neot's, in Huntingdonshire, in 1820. Tradition also records the tramp of armies over Helvellyn, on the eve of the battle of Marston Moor. To these may be added the appearance of the Spectre of the Brocken in the Hartz Mountains; and an instance mentioned by Hutchinson, that in the spring of the year 1707, early on a serene still morning, two persons who were walking from one village to another in Leicestershire, observed a like appearance of an army marching along, till, going behind a great hill, it disappeared. The forms of pikes and carbines were distinguishable, the march was not entirely in one direction, but was at first like the junction of two armies, and the meeting of generals.

Aerial phenomena of a like nature are recorded by Livy, Josephus, and Suetonius; and a passage in Sacred History seems to refer to a similar circumstance. See Judges ix. 36.

Many in this country considered these appearances as ominous of the great waste of blood spilt by Britain in her wars with America and France. Shakespeare says, in *Julius Cæsar*,

> "When these prodigies
> Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
> – — —they are natural;
> For, I believe, they are portentous things
> Unto the climate that they point upon."

# PAN ON KIRKSTONE

Not always in fair Grecian bowers
Piped ancient Pan, to charm the hours.
Once in a thousand years he stray'd
Round earth, and all his realms survey'd.

And fairer in the world were none
Than those bright scenes he look'd upon,
Where Ulph's sweet lake her valleys woo'd,
And Windar all her isles renew'd.

For, long ere Kirkstone's rugged brow
Was worn by mortal feet as now,
Great Pan himself the Pass had trod,
And rested on the heights, a God!

Who climbs from Ulph's fair valley sees,
Still midway couched on Kirkstone-Screes,
Old as the hills, his Dog on high,
At gaze athwart the southern sky.

A rock, upon that rocky lair,
It lives from out the times that were,
When hairy Pan his soul to cheer
Look'd from those heights on Windermere.

There piped he on his reed sweet lays,
Piped his great heart's delight and praise;
While Nature, answering back each tone,
Joy'd the glad fame to find her own.

"Could I, while men at distance keep,"
Said Pan, "in yon bright waters peep,
And watch their ripples come and go,
And see what treasures hide below!

"Rivall'd is my fair Greece's store,
My own Parnassian fields and shore!
I will delight me, and behold
Myself in yon bright Mere of gold."

Like thought, his Dog sprang to yon lair
To watch the heights and sniff the air:
Like thought, on Helm a Lion frown'd,
To guard the northern Pass's bound:

And with his mate a mighty Pard
On Langdale-head, kept watchful ward:—
That great God Pan his soul might cheer,
Glass'd in the depths of Windermere.

Then down the dell from steep to steep,
With many a wild and wayward leap,
The God descending stood beside

His image on the golden tide.

His shaggy sides in full content
He sunn'd, and o'er the waters bent;
Then hugg'd himself the reeds among,
And piped his best Arcadian song.

What was it, as he knelt and drew
The wave to sip, that pierced him through?
What whispered sound, what stifled roar,
Has reached him listening on the shore?

He shivers on the old lake stones;
He leans, aghast, to catch the groans
Which come like voices uttering woe
Up all the streams, and bid him go.

Onward the looming troubles roll,
All centring towards his mighty soul.
He shriek'd! and in a moment's flight,
Stunn'd, through the thickets plunged from sight.

Plunged he, his unking'd head to hide
With goats and herds in forests wide?
Or down beneath the rocks to lie,
Shut in from leaves, and fields, and sky?

Gone was the great God out from earth!
Gone, with his pipe of tuneful mirth!

Whither, and wherefore, men may say
Who stood where Pilate mused that day.

And with that breath that crisp'd the rills,
And with that shock that smote the hills,
A moment Nature sobb'd and mourn'd,
And things of life to rocks were turned.

Stricken to stone in heart and limb,
Like all things else that followed him,
Yonder his Dog lies watching still
For Pan's lost step to climb the hill.

And those twin Pards, huge, worn with time,
Stretch still their rocky lengths sublime,
Where once they watched to guard from man
The sportive mood of great God Pan.

And craggy Helm's grey Lion rears
The mane he shook in those old years,
In changeless stone, from morn to morn
Awaiting still great Pan's return.

Could he come back again, to range
The earth, how much must all things change!
Not Nature's self, even rock and stone,
Would deign her perished God to own.

The former life all fled away—

No custom'd haunt to bid him stay—
No flower on earth, no orb on high,
No place, to know him—Pan must die.

Down with his age he went to rest;
His great heart, stricken in his breast
By tidings from that far-off shore,
Burst—and great Pan was King no more!

# NOTES TO "PAN ON KIRKSTONE."

The sudden trouble and annihilation of Pan have reference to a passage in Plutarch, in his *Treatise on Oracles*, in which he relates that at the time of the Crucifixion, a voice was heard by certain mariners, sweeping over the Egean Sea, and crying "Pan is dead"; and the Oracles ceased. This idea, so beautifully expressing the overthrow of Paganism, and the flight of the old gods, at the inauguration of Christianity, Milton has finely elaborated in his sublime "Hymn on the Morning of the Nativity."

Many of the mountains in the North of England derive their name from some peculiarity of form: as *Helm-Crag* in Grasmere, *Saddle-Back* near Keswick, *Great Gable* at the head of Wast-Water, *The Pillar* in Ennerdale, *The Hay Stacks*, *The Haycocks*, *High Stile*, *Steeple*, &c.

There are also very marked resemblances to animate objects, well known to those familiar with the Lake District, as the *Lion and the Lamb* on the summit of Helm-Crag; the *Astrologer*, or *Old woman cowering*, on the same spot when seen from another quarter; the rude similitude of a female colossal statue, which gives the name of *Eve's Crag* to a cliff in the vale of Derwentwater. An interesting and but little known Arthurian reminiscence is found in the old legend that the recumbent effigy of that great king may be traced from some parts of the neighbourhood of Penrith in the outlines of the mountain range

of which the peaks of Saddleback form the most prominent points. From the little hill of Castle Head or Castlet, the royal face of George the Third with its double chin, short nose, and receding forehead, can be quite made out in the crowning knob of Causey Pike. From under Barf, near Bassenthwaite Water, is seen the form which gives name to the *Apostle's Crag*. At a particular spot, the solemn shrouded figure comes out with bowed head and reverent mien, as if actually detaching itself from the rock—a vision seen by the passer by only for a few yards, when the magic ceases, and the Apostle goes back to stone. The massy forms of the Langdale Pikes, as seen from the south east, with the sweeping curve of Pavey Ark behind, are strikingly suggestive of two gigantic lions or pards, crouching side by side, with their breasts half turned towards the spectator. And a remarkable figure of a shepherd's dog, but of no great size, may be seen stretched out on a jutting crag, about half way up the precipice which overhangs the road, as the summit of Kirkstone Pass is approached from Brother's Water. It is not strictly, as stated in the foregoing verses, on the part of Kirkstone Fell called Red Screes, but some distance below it on the Patterdale side.

Among the freaks of Nature occasionally to be found in these hilly regions, is the print of the heifer's foot in Borrowdale, shown by the guides; and on a stone near Buck-Crag in Eskdale, the impressions of the foot of a man, a boy, and a dog, without any marks of tooling or instrument; and the remarkable precipices of Doe-Crag and Earn-Crag, whose fronts are polished as marble,

the one 160 yards in perpendicular height, the other 120 yards.

On the top of the Screes, above Wastwater, stood for ages a very large stone called Wilson's Horse; which about a century ago fell down into the lake, when a cleft was made one hundred yards long, four feet wide, and of incredible depth.

# ST. BEGA AND THE SNOW MIRACLE

The seas will rise though saints on board
Commend their frail skiff to the Lord.
And Bega and her holy band
Are shipwrecked on the Cumbrian strand.

"Give me," she asked, "for me and mine,
O Lady of high Bretwalda's line!
Give, for His sake who succoured thee,
A shelter for these maids and me."—

Then sew'd, and spun, and crewl-work wrought,[3]
And served the poor they meekly taught,
These virgins good; and show'd the road
By blameless lives to Heaven and God.

They won from rude men love and praise;
They lived unmoved through evil days;
And only longed for a home to rise
To store up treasures for the skies.

That pious wish the Lady's bower

[3] See Note on page 80.

Has reached; and forth she paced the tower:—
"My gracious Lord! of thy free hand
Grant this good Saint three roods of land.

"Three roods, where she may rear a pile,
To sing God's praise through porch and aisle;
And, serving Him, us too may bless
For sheltering goodness in distress."

The Earl he turned him gaily near,
Laughed lightly in his Lady's ear—
"By this bright Eve of blessed St. John!
I'll give—what the snow to-morrow lies on."

His Lady roused him at dawn with smiles—
"The snow lies white for miles and miles!"
From loophole and turret he stares on the sight
Of Midsummer-morning clothed in white.

"—Well done, good Saint! the lands are thine.
Go, build thy church, and deck thy shrine.
I 'bate no jot of my plighted word,
Though lightly spoken and lightly heard.

"If mirth and my sweet Lady's grace
Have lost me many a farm and chace,
I know that power unseen belongs
To holy ways and Christian songs.

"And He, who thee from wind and wave
Deliverance and a refuge gave,
When we must brave a gloomier sea,
May hear thy prayers for mine and me."

# NOTES TO "ST. BEGA AND THE SNOW MIRACLE."

The remains of the Monastery of St. Bees, about four miles south of Whitehaven, stand in a low situation, with marshy lands to the east, and on the west exposed to storms from the Irish Channel.

In respect to this religious foundation, Tanner says, "Bega, an holy woman from Ireland is said to have founded, about the year 650, a small monastery in Copeland, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her. This religious house being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William, brother to Ranulph de Meschines, Earl of Cumberland, in the time of King Henry I., and made a cell for a prior and six Benedictine monks, to the Abbey of St. Mary, York."

The earliest documents connected with this place call it *Kirkby-Begogh*, the market town of St. Bega; and *St. Bee*, or *St. Bees*, the Saint's house or houses, names given to it *after* the Irish Saint resided there.

St. Bega is said to have been the daughter of an Irish king, "who was a Christian, and an earnest man, to boot." He wished to marry his daughter to a Norwegian prince; but she, having determined to be a nun, ran away from her father's house, and joining some strange sailors, took ship, and sailed to the coast of Cumberland.

The accounts given of the first foundation of the nunnery of St. Bees are very contradictory, the common version being the traditionary account in Mr. Sandford's MS., namely, that the extent of the territories was originally designated by a preternatural fall of snow, through the prayers of the Saint, on the eve of St. John's or Midsummer day. From this MS. it would appear that a ship, containing a lady abbess and her sisters, being "driven in by stormy weather at Whitehaven," the abbess applied for relief to the lady of Egremont, who, taking compassion on her destitution, obtained of her lord a dwelling place for them, "at the now St. Bees;" where they "sewed and spinned, and wrought carpets and other work and lived very godly lives, as got them much love." It goes on to say that the lady of Egremont, at the request of the abbess, spoke to her lord to give them some land "to lay up treasure in heaven," and that "he laughed and said he would give them as much as snow fell upon the next morning, being Midsummer day; and on the morrow as he looked out of his castle window, all was white with snow for three miles together. And thereupon builded this St. Bees Abbie, and gave all those lands was snowen unto it, and the town and haven of Whitehaven, &c."

The "Life of Sancta Bega," however, a latin chronicle of the Middle Ages, in which are recorded the acts of the Saint, gives the Snow Miracle somewhat differently, and places it many years after the death of the mild recluse, in the time of Ranulph de Meschines. The monkish historian relates that

certain persons had instilled into the ears of that nobleman, that the monks had unduly extended their possessions. A dispute arose on this subject, for the settlement of which, by the prayers of the religious, "invoking most earnestly the intercession of their advocate the blessed Bega," the whole land became white with snow, except the territories of the church which stood forth dry.

It is certain that the name of *Sancta Bega* is inseparably connected with the Snow Miracle; but the anachronism which refers the former of the accounts just given to the period of William de Meschines would seem to show that the narrator has mixed up the circumstances attending its foundation in the middle of the seventh century with its restoration in the twelfth; for, says Denton, "the said Lord William de Meschines seated himself at Egremont, where he built a castle upon a sharp topped hill, and thereupon called the same *Egremont*." This writer elsewhere says, "The bounders of William Meschines aforesaid, which he gave the priory are in these words: 'Totam terram et vis totum feodum inter has divisas, viz. a pede de Whit of Haven ad Kekel, et per Kekel donec cadit in Eyre et per Eyre quousque in mare.' Kekel runneth off from Whillymore by Cleator and Egremont, and so into Eyne; at Egremont Eyre is the foot of Eyne, which falleth out of Eynerdale."

The monkish version of the legend, therefore, refers to William de Meschines, as the Lord of Egremont, and to the lands which were given by him at the restoration of the Priory in the twelfth century: whilst that related by Sandford alludes to some

other powerful chief, who, in the life time of the Saint in the seventh century had his seat at Egremont, which, as has been stated elsewhere, "was probably a place of strength during the Heptarchy, and in the time of the Danes."

It might almost seem as if some such legend as that of the Snow Miracle were necessary to account for the singular form of this extensive and populous parish: which includes the large and opulent town of Whitehaven; the five chapelries of Hensingham, Ennerdale, Eskdale, Wastdale-Head, and Nether-Wastdale; and the townships of St. Bees, Ennerdale, Ennerdale High End, Eskdale and Wastdale, Hensingham, Kinneyside, Lowside-Quarter, Nether-Wastdale, Preston-Quarter, Rottington, Sandwith, Weddicar, and Whitehaven. It extends ten miles along the coast, and reaches far inland, so that some of its chapelries are ten and fourteen miles from the mother-church.

In the monkish chronicle of the Life and Miracles of Sancta Bega occurs the following passage:—

"A certain celebration had come round by annual revolution which the men of that land use to solemnise by a most holy Sabbath on the eve of Pentecost, on account of certain tokens of the sanctity of the holy virgin then found there, which they commemorate, and they honor her church by visiting it with offerings of prayers and oblations."[4]

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[4] Advenerat annua revolutione quædam celebritas quam sacro sancto sabbato in vigilia pentecosten homines illius terræ ob quædam insignia sanctitatis sanctæ virginis

In allusion to which, Mr. Tomlinson the editor and translator of the MS. observes that "this is another of those marks of dependence of the surrounding chapelries which formerly existed; a mark the more interesting because to this day some traces of it remain. Communicants still annually resort to the church of St. Bees at the festival of Easter from considerable distances; and the village presents an unusual appearance from their influx; and at the church the eucharist is administered as early as eight in the morning, in addition to the celebration of it at the usual time. There can be no doubt but that Whitsuntide, and perhaps Christmas, as well as Easter, were formerly seasons when the church of St. Bees was resorted to by numbers who appeared within it at no other time, save perhaps at the burial of their friends. The great festivals of the church appear in the middle ages to have been considered by the English as peculiarly auspicious for the solemnization of marriages. At these seasons then, from concurring causes, the long-drawn solemn processions of priests and people would be chiefly seen, and then also, the accustomed oblations of the latter to the mother church of St. Bees would be discharged."

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tunc illic inventa, et signa ibidem perpetrata solent solempnizare; et ecclesiam illius visitando orationum et oblationum hostiis honorare.Vita S. Begæ, et de Miraculis Ejusdem, p. 73.

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.