

Machell must have been well known to the Dalston family, for their cousin, John Dalston of Acorn Bank, M.P. for Appleby just before this time, was buried in Kirkby Thore church, of which Machell was vicar. What more probable then but that the contemplated conversion of Dalston Hall to regular architecture was commenced either by Sir William the first baronet, or Sir George the second, and was devised by Machell. To him also must be due the gate, pillars, and recessed entrance from the road, which deserve some notice. I have long been struck with their happy proportions, but it was not until I measured them that I found that Machell had adopted the device carried out in the colonnade leading to St. Peter's at Rome, and had made the inner pillars in all respects proportionably less.

ART. XVIII.—*Past and Present among the Northern Fells.*

By Miss POWLEY, Langwathby, Penrith.

Read at Appleby, July 28th, 1875.

THIS sketch of the Northern Fells was made some years ago, and kept as a record of primitive customs, and fast-fading local peculiarities, dear to the sons of the soil, but perhaps of little public interest. As, however, in addition to its other peculiarities, it is a region pre-eminent for the production of the two great objects of demand of the present day—food and fuel—and as, owing to the distribution and tenure of the land, and its superficial and subterranean qualities, it can hardly ever be turned to other uses, this description may possibly, now, have a wider interest. It is, moreover, a district to which tourists and artists are not attracted by any remarkable beauty; but it possesses far more of originality in speech and custom now, than the Lake Country; and perhaps, of the lives and doings of its people, little may be known to the reading public.

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By the kindness of a friend, I have become the possessor of a book which seems to contain an obscure, but a very interesting page of Border history. Not that the book professes to teach history, or anything beyond the difference between one flock of sheep and another. It is the least pretentious of books:—a list of names and marks, edited for the benefit of a rural association of four hundred individuals, whose names are here given: dwellers along that range of dark fells which stretches away from the Tweed, through the northern counties, through Derbyshire, and is afterwards lost in the level of the Midland counties. This range, besides a great deal of very picturesque scenery, includes immense tracts of lofty moorlands, on which, every year, great numbers of sheep are pastured.

Every member of this Society is interested, to an extent proportioned to his property, whether as owner or occupier, in the wastes which stretch, skyward, as it seems, often for many a mile, ridge over ridge, beyond the inhabited and inclosed portions of the parish to which they belong. There the sheep miscellaneously pasture; and it is for their better distinction and separation, and for the prevention of disputes, which on this somewhat intricate subject, have always been imminent, that this book is designed. Its full title is “The Shepherd’s Guide,” or “A delineation of the Wool, Horn, and Ear-marks of the different Stocks of Sheep on the East Fells: extending on the east side from Clover Hill, in Knaresdale, to Pike Stone in Weardale, and Lunedale in Yorkshire; and on the west side from Geltsdale Forest to Stanemore;” to which are prefixed the Rules,—a List of the Names,—Committee,—Index, &c.

Considering that this tract of, perhaps, forty miles in length, includes portions of five counties,—Cumberland, Westmorland, Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire, taking in twenty-eight parishes; and that along the tops of the fells it is one unbounded wilderness, that even lower down, the only landmark between two counties, may be a gill,

gill, or a fell beck, or a pile of stones called a boundary currock; and that a beck, a Raise,* or a grey stone, may be the division between two parishes—as is set forth in the parish books—the exceeding usefulness of this book may be understood. As to its interest or anything that may be said on the subject, it will probably be confined to lovers of rural life:—of the old quiet country and its ways.

About fifty years ago the first association of this kind was formed, and the first book was compiled by a Mr. Chapelhow, resident in Appleby. Since that time, a similar society has been formed, and a book of marks, for the owners of flocks on the fells of the Lake District, including Skiddaw and Helvellyn—the West Fells, as they are called, in opposition to those of the Cross-fell range.

The compiler of this book was a young farmer, one of the persons interested; both books must have cost an infinity of labour in collecting and arranging the necessary information, so as to give, with the name, the pastoral cognizance of each person entitled to the right on these fells. One may imagine what a voluminous and original correspondence there must have been, before each of these four hundred persons hit upon a distinct mark and cognizance, without a Herald's Office, and at the time of the first book, certainly without much benefit of postage, to many of these lonely fell-side nooks. What detention of letters in the pockets of market-day coats, until the next week, when the hand went into the same pocket again. There could only have been a postman once a week, then; and it was long after this date, that, on three days in the week, the mail bags were conveyed between two towns in Cumberland, the former of which enjoyed the privilege of the Great North Road passing through it,—Penrith and Alston—twenty miles apart, by a postman riding a mule, while on the three intervening days, the backward transit of the mail was effected by the same officer; and in those fortunate villages which lay in his

* *Raise*, an ancient burial mound. Danish, rös.

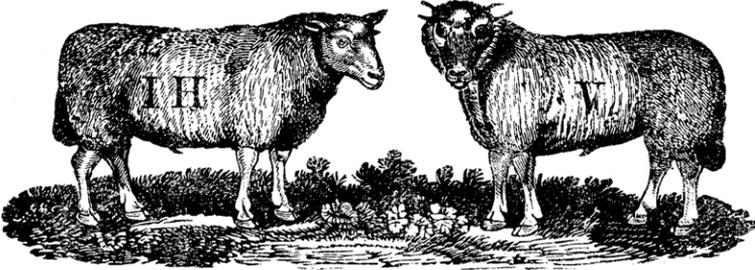
route,

route, letters were delivered at each house, by his own hand, as he sat in the saddle. It was well they were not then very numerous, for he was as stern and silent as the fells through which his path of life lay, and almost as brown. His zeal for punctuality brooked no delay, and when he thought his coming not promptly attended to, he would sometimes ride off holding up the letter, and giving the trouble of pursuit in retaliation; and he was inexorable in holding the missive till he had received the price of postage. Instead of the promptitude and cheapness of this railway world, there was then something of incident and adventure attending the delivery of a letter.

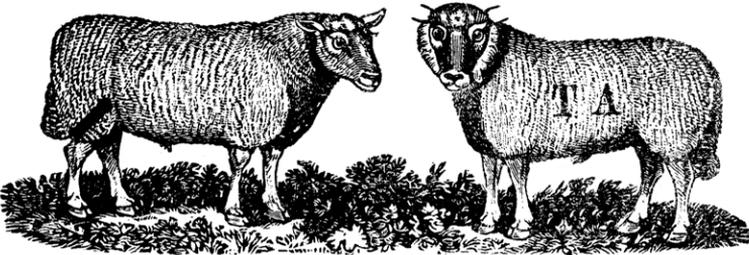
There were many excuses for his peculiarities; the rigours of his journeys in winter, and the liability to the fate of his predecessor, who perished in a snow storm, almost justified his impatience, and gave a solemnity to his daily passage, and weather-beaten appearance.

But, after this digression in illustration of the postal arrangements of a period not so very remote, we may imagine how much more laborious it must have been if each proprietor had to be visited. What wanderings by fell and dale; what weary climbing of green deceptive ascents; what plodding through miry slacks, where roads were not, and fording of upstart brooks which come between lonely houses and the short-cut traveller, who has kept them in view from afar! And what conferences there must have been to devise four hundred different ways of marking a sheep's fleece from a tar-pan! These must of necessity be of the simplest description, to save the waste of wool. Initial letters serve for the most part, and where these are in danger of being too often repeated, the exhibition of the letters in a different position conveys quite a different idea: then a star, a cross, a heart, an anchor,—all without the slightest symbolical significance—even a stirrup, a horse shoe, and “pops” and “strokes”—in all directions of the fleece, complete the varieties. If some of them appear imperceptible to us, they are no doubt distinct

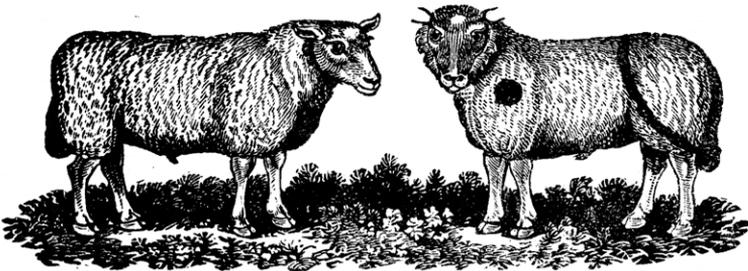
PARISH OF KIRKLAND, CUMBERLAND.



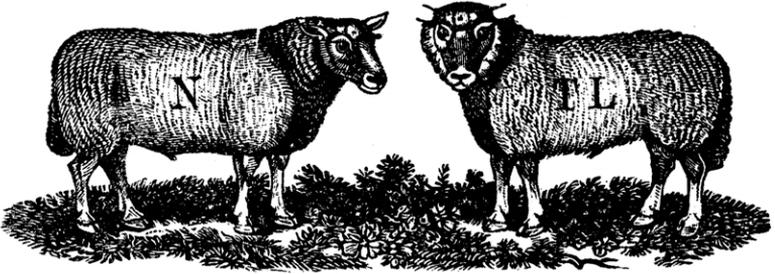
No. 1.—THOMAS HUTCHINSON, *Kirkland*.—Horn burn, I H on the near horn ; face burn, V ; near ear forked ; tar mark, V on the near, and I H on the far side.



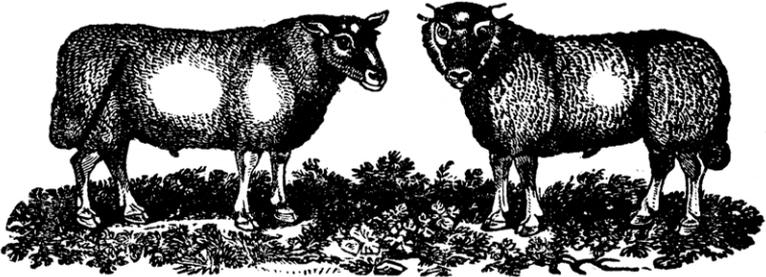
2.—RICHARD ATKINSON, *Kirkland*.—Horn burn, T A and a figure on the near horn ; tar mark, T A on the near side, and a stroke across the far buttock.



3.—JOSEPH SALKELD, Esq., *Ranbeck*.—Horn burn, a figure ; near ear cut off ; tar mark, a pop on the near shoulder, and a swipe from the near hook to the cameral. Field sheep, tar mark S on the near side.



4.—JAMES NICHOLSON, *Blencairn Hall*.—Horn burn, J N and a figure ; tar mark, T L on the near, and N on the far side.



5.—RICHARD SIMPSON, *Wythwaite*.—Horn burn, R S and a figure on the near horn ; tar mark, a swipe from the far hook to the cameral.



6.—JOHN CANNON, *Blencairn*.—Horn burn, I C on both horns ; far ear cropt ; tar mark, a pop on the near hook, and a stroke down far shoulder. Ear mark uncertain in bought sheep.

distinct enough to the practised eye of a shepherd, said in some cases to be able to recognise each sheep in the flock, by its face ; where we should certainly find only uniformity.

With the name and address of each person, is given on each leaf of this book, the figure of two sheep, looking in opposite directions, and on the sides of which are shewn the appropriate wool-marks. The horn and ear-marks can only be illustrated by description, and that is copiously given below. It is a book expected to be read only by shepherds, and its circulation to be limited to members of this Association : it is sent out without fear of the critics, or hopes from the public, as homely in style and material, as it is concise and technical in description, and simply appropriate in illustration,—with its ever-recurring lithograph of the two sheep, the one *passant*, the other *regardant* ;—but it has the merit which so few books possess, of answering the end for which it was designed, without one useless word. Little children, I hear, are always delighted with its pictures, and never discover in them anything like monotony. For me too, these simple pages have a strange fascination, and its associations a panoramic power, and I have mused over it till it seems one of the most interesting books I have ever met with. It is so direct in its statement of facts—facts not to be met with elsewhere, and from which inferences may be drawn on so many subjects besides that of pasturage. It is so trustworthy in its evidence of human advancement, peace and prosperity ; so suggestive of contrasts between the present and the past, that I may perhaps be excused the endeavour to convey to others a part of the pleasure I have derived from its perusal.

The four hundred persons here mentioned are by no means a community of shepherds, nor does any one among them bear the slightest resemblance to the pastoral hero of old, with pipe and crook. The ascent of such fells as ours leaves no breath for piping, and their summits are, at most seasons, too cold ; the Alpenstock would be a more useful implement than the crook, for these are “ sheep that
never

never knew a fold ;” driven out in spring, to those bleak uplands to find their own subsistence, and only visited, occasionally, by their owner, his sons, or servants, in the intervals of agricultural or other occupation, until the yearly meeting in October ; when all sheep are gathered from all the moors and fells, in anticipation of winter and snowstorms, during which, some sort of food can be given to them in enclosures.

There are wide differences of wealth and position, and great contrasts of exterior, education, and refinement, in these four hundred men. The link that connects them is one of locality ; their residence beneath this range of fells, and their right to what, in law, is termed “common of pasture.” There is the lord of a manor, and the squire here and there, and the clergyman who occupies his own glebe ; the wealthy statesman and farmer of hundreds of acres ; the small owner or farmer, who gains his subsistence from the cultivation of thirty or forty ; and the artisan, who manages to combine a little farming with the exercise of his craft. Almost everyone owns a flock of sheep, but the pastoral thread in their lot is so overlaid with other occupations as to be almost lost sight of. Hardy ponies pasture and thrive on the fells, and cottagers, like others, have their flock of geese, after the goslings are fit to travel, grazing there till the stubble-fields are ready. All have marks of identification ; and there is a Goose-book, which I have seen, for the parish of Kirkland.

There is here a pleasant picture of successful combination, to win from these bleak heights and slopes the utmost amount of profit, with the least possible risk, or expense, or loss of time. The wild descriptive beauty of the scripture parable of the man who went out into the wilderness to find the sheep which he had lost,—“and when he findeth it, he layeth it upon his shoulders, and goeth on his way rejoicing,”—hardly withdraws the attention from the excessive and exhausting labour of his task. Only those acquainted with the climate, the inequalities,

inequalities, and the extent of these wastes, can estimate the relief to the minds, as well as the sinews of men, who know that their lost sheep will be recovered on an appointed day, without any trouble of their own, except that of attending the next annual meeting for such exchanges, and for the adjustment of all pastoral business.

These meetings are held at three different places, here mentioned; at midsummer, and also in autumn. Men are appointed in every parish to take care of all stray sheep, and bring them to the place of meeting, "on pain of fines, and of forfeiting all benefit of this society." That the mutual confidence implied in this arrangement is not misplaced, is proved by the number of sheep thus exchanged, at each place of meeting. At a midsummer meeting, three hundred are sometimes thus restored to their owners. There is also a partial reliance on the instinct of the animals themselves, to preserve their own place, or *heaf*,* on the fell, which is one of the minor safeguards of property, in a region almost out of reach of the arm of the law. This is, indeed, part of the very ground on which the law was so long resisted; and from which flocks and herds, in the troublous times of the Borders, were so often driven away, either to be pounded till they were redeemed by the payment of black mail, or altogether appropriated by the fierce and needy freebooters. And then came the speedy retaliation,—the wild pursuit over moor and moss:—"the hot trod"—as it was called, with sleuth-hounds, kept on the Borders for this purpose; and with a blazing wisp, or torch, carried along, the sound of horns, and a cry like an Indian war-whoop, which all who heard were obliged to join in, and follow, on pain of death.

What a subject for a picture, if Jacob Thompson, or any painter of mountain scenery, would give us a pair of Border contrasts, like the "Peace and War" of Landseer! How many a fierce and bloody fight these silent fells have

* *Heaf*, that part of an open fell-pasture on which a particular flock feeds. *Hævd*, Danish; *Hefda* Icelandic,—prescriptive right; possession.

witnessed,

witnessed, how many a cruel and dismal death! (though plunder, rather than slaughter, was the object of these raids.) And how many a hunted fugitive may have perished, unknown to friends or foes of his own age, but leaving a mysterious trace to ours; as when a peat-digger finds a human skeleton standing upright in a bog, to his infinite wonder and awe, and to the intense interest of the archæologist, and the ethnologist, especially if there is also found a weapon, or any voucher for his race, or era! And doubtless, these, like other mountain wilds, have often proved a refuge from enemies, and a path of safety: though even in these days of enquiry and elucidation, nobody can tell whether "Dick o' the Cow," as seems very likely, made his escape by these lofty solitudes, when after his successful reprisals on the Liddesdale rieviers, pursuit was hot below: just as the London thieves often betake themselves to the house-tops, and elude the police by flying over the ridges of roofs, or lying perdue among the fastnesses of chimnies. According to the Border ballad, Dick o' the Cow said, "I may in Cumberland nae langer bide"; and when at the conclusion it is said, "At Brough under Stanemore, there dwells he,"—that is exactly the southern extremity of this chain, of which his country was the north.

The old spirit of savage selfishness seems to belong to no race, or time, in particular. Dr. Livingstone tells us of cattle-raids and forays by neighbouring tribes in Africa, before his settlement among them; and, just as the old tribes of the east or the north, or any other barbarians used to plunder each other in a larger way, exactly so the people of the neighbouring vallies mentioned in the Shepherd's book, seem to have filled up the intervals between the attacks of more powerful depredators, by free-booting excursions on each other. Now, in the spirit of Christianity, and good neighbourhood, the life of a sheep is more cared for than that of a human being three hundred years ago: and what a ubiquitous—almost a divine power, there

there is in a friendly and energetic combination! Now, there is in all this range, no spot so wild or lonely to which a sheep can stray, but it is pretty sure to be recognised, and reported, and restored. On "Stanemore's wintry waste," or by Wild Boar Fell, where the Eden rises, in Westmorland; or round the labyrinthine bases of those conical "pikes," of Knock, Dufton, and Murton, which may represent the vertebræ, if this chain is the "Backbone of England," no weary quest is needed. Some shepherd, looking after his own, will find the strayed sheep. Along the craggy front of Crossfell, or on its wide, brown, and dreary summit, almost 3000 feet above the sea level; or on the almost treeless waste of Alston Moor, whose outward poverty and desolation covers its internal wealth and busy mining population, the keen eye of some distant proprietor discovers the truant flock, and spares the owner's search. All over Hartside and Rodderup Fell, down to Talkin, almost to Tarn Wadling, and Gilsland, an interloper in any flock, or trespasser on any heaf, will soon be noticed, and looked after by the pastoral policeman of the parish. The rules for these cases are copious and stringent; and the responsibility is held, first by one, then another, in rotation, in each parish, so as to press equally on all; and the person in office is entitled to claim the assistance of his neighbours.

The character of the district for hospitality is thus illustrated. "That at this meeting, each member shall pay a shilling for refreshment, but if any member of the South Association be present, he shall be excused such payment." That there is no pretence of Arcadian innocence, is signified by another clause, "As it is generally supposed that every year sheep are driven off sundry moors, it is therefore requested that each member be diligent in studying his book, in order to be conversant with the marks, and able to check such improper proceedings." As it seems only to be *supposed*, and as in all this extent of fells and bogs, of crags and becks, there might be so
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many ways in which stray sheep might perish, and even their remains be undiscovered, it seems hardly conclusive that all deficiency of numbers is caused by "improper proceedings." Numbers perish in the snowstorms, when they occur earlier than October, or later than the spring turn-out. The more frequent case is that they are "overblown," as it is termed, by snowdrifts, perhaps while sheltering behind some rock; sometimes, sheep have been known to live for weeks under the snow, if their position was such, at first, that their breath could melt the snow, so as to keep up a sort of ventilation tunnel to the outside. People speak of their being "kept warm under the snow," and coming out *in good condition*. When the snow-fall is very heavy, and repeated day after day, the poor sheep, in unfavourable situations, have been found in great numbers—"over-blown," and dead; and sad losses have, at times, been sustained by members of this association.

The summer meeting at some of those lonely places indicated, might form a happy contrasting picture with that of War. The upland oasis, with its public house and a few surrounding habitations and trees and gardens, with their back ground of sheltering fells; the green hill side, below which flows a rapid brook, and on which are gathered, in reposing groups, the waif and stray sheep, tired from their long drive in the morning: the diversities of men, and ponies, and vehicles there assembled; the hearty greetings of friends, some of whom owe their friendship to this association, and who seldom meet but at these places; the illustration of feeling by the glasses, &c, hinting that the sum prescribed for refreshment may be exceeded, if it may not be reduced; the variety of dogs on guard, and participating in their masters' gladness, in the recovery of their charge, with wonderful sagacity; a few women looking on a little apart, and children playing around:—these, in the hands of an artist like Rosa Bonheur, would form a characteristic and
pleasing

pleasing picture ;—with a peep into a far-off valley, along the road to which, groups are already wending their way homewards.

Considering that the men of this region are believed to be descendants of the fractious and resolute Northmen— and, among other things, this book has something to say in support of that belief—it is not surprising that all this care and pains does not quite settle the question of individual rights; nor that their very indefiniteness, each being dependent on the enclosed land occupied, should admit of over-stocking, and encroachment, by men of perfectly just intention; that, notwithstanding the good feeling, and friendship, thus manifested, the open common is denounced at farmers' clubs, as unsatisfactory; and parish boundaries are forthwith to be built as far up as they can be carried. It is likely, however, that, in dealing with *the untameable fells*, there will remain the measure of imperfection which attends other human institutions, and which is most prominent in any attempt to bound the infinite.

A glance over the index gives one an impression of familiarity with the names, especially of those of the more northern portion of the district; and a moment's reflection makes it quite clear that these are names, in many cases, of both places and persons, which are celebrated in Border Minstrelsy, and that the same proper names are still associated with the same localities, as in "Rookhope Ryde," the "Raid of the Reedswire," "Johnny Armstrong," &c. In the high Northumbrian vallies, which Sir Walter Scott tells us were inhabited by some of the fiercest of the English free booters, there are still Riddleys, and Fetherstons, Elliots, and Emmersons; descendants, no doubt, of the old families who have clung to some few acres, and have never been tempted to leave their native mountains. This is not a country to invite new settlers, so much, perhaps; but the list speaks eloquently of the local attachment of the old. It speaks also of thrift and industry, and temperance, and other old fashioned virtues, quite essential to the preservation of such very small properties.

Many

Many of these proper names are local, derived from neighbouring places; bestowed, possibly, when the members of the families of settlers in a colony became too numerous to be longer distinguished by their patronymic; but there has been a slight transposition in many cases—not to a more smiling landscape, or a kindlier climate, but to some neighbouring dale, where scenery and climate, and conditions of life and property, are the same.

Teesdale no longer dwells in the vale of Tees, nor Ridsdale in that of the Reed, nor Kendal in that of the Kent. Milburn has gone a few miles from Milburne, and Blenkarn from Blencarn, and Dent from Dent. Renwick, and Salkeld, and Lonsdale, and Whitfield, and Sowerby, and Morland, and Bayles are no longer, each and severally, "of that ilk," but the names of both the men and the places are in this book, or within a short distance of each other, and of the spots where the names first were given to the ancestors of these very men. Of these four hundred names, one hundred and thirty, or about one third, are of that class ending in *son*; a termination held to be indicative of Scandinavian descent, and the testimony of every book, and every traveller in Norway and Denmark, and in Iceland, discloses such similarities as we never meet with elsewhere; besides that of the Sagas, shewing that this was the usual way of distinguishing the men of the north, a thousand years ago.

It would be curious if one could find out the links of connection between Mr. Thomsen, the Danish antiquarian, at Copenhagen, and our neighbours, the Archbishop of York, and Jacob Thompson, our artist of mountain scenes; between Hans Christian Andersen and Robert Anderson, our Cumberland Ballad bard; between the Nilsens, and Neilsens, and Nigelsens, and our Neilsons and Nicholsons. The name of our naval hero, Nelson, was claimed by Worsaae as of Danish origin. One single letter is often the only difference between such Danish names as Jonsen, and Hansen, and Pehrsen, and those of the same sound

sound and signification here. Arnison and Atkinson, both very common in this district, are very near the Arneson, and Akason, or Hakonson, of the Sagas; and it is observable that we have no such names as Arne, or Atkin. Collinson, into which middle *n* may have been interpolated, at some late time, as has been done with many similar names in my own recollection, is probably the son of Colli; Tolson of Toli, both Norse names. Rolandson and Rawlinson, might be sons of Rollo—it is here abbreviated to Rawnson. And Gunson, perhaps, a shortening of Gunnar, or Gudmundson. Egilsen is no doubt our Eggeson; and Sveinsen, our Swainson; Eimersen—Emmerson; Rennison, as with us, might be the son of Hrani, or of Rene, after Northmen became Norman. The opposers of these views should, at least, give some other reason why these names are so common here, and so scarce elsewhere. It is of some significance to notice, that in the list of two hundred and fifteen names of the poor sufferers by the Hartley pit catastrophe, there is no such proportion of names of this termination; but with some of the same, there is a mixture of Scottish and Irish names, very different from those of the old agricultural population.

The Christian names, too, are mostly of the old plain and scriptural kind, which come down with such persistency in Northern families; there is still a “Simon Elliot of the Hanging Shaw.” And while there is in many places, such a fondness for royal and novel names, it is pleasant to meet with what looks like appreciation of worth and genius, in the perpetuation of a good man’s name, quaint though it be;—Jeremy Taylor occurs twice in this list, once with a third and final name. Isaac Walton is a very common combination here, but probably without any connexion with the angler. Walton is doubtless the designation of many a family whose ancestor built a *tun*, or enclosure, along the course of the Roman Wall, which also, gives the names Walton, and Walby, to two villages near Carlisle;

lisle; and furnished sobriquets like "Will by the Wa," and other ballad names. The name, Ralph Emmerson, suggests a query whether Ralph Waldo Emmerson may be a descendant of this old border family.

The names of places have a very northern look, and sound; and though Mr. Wright claims, as Anglo-Saxon, the old Norse and Danish termination, "*thwaite*," a cleared place, "*by*," a dwelling, "*hope*," a shelter, there are so many evidences of our peculiarities of speech belonging to the high north, that we still keep our old opinion, and call them Scandinavian, if Southern-English speech is Anglo-Saxon. Baldershaw, or Baldersdale, and Balderswood, all look like memorials of the white God, Balder, or of some settler who bore his name. And we have the hard consonants in such as Skides, Skelling, Busk, and Marske, which Saxon, or southern influence would surely have softened into Shieling, Bush, and Marsh.

There is a hint of the fierce old rangers of these fells in such names as Wolfcleugh, Wild Boar Fell, Wild Boar Nuik; and in Hartshope, and Harehope, Swinehope, and Rookhope, and perhaps Kielhope, (Kiel being Danish for badger), *hope* being old Norse for shelter, each of these places might have been the haunt or lair of the animal whose name it bears. Stanhope and Rotherhope, (the latter pronounced like a Danish name *Rodderup*), have local associations. Knaresdale, interpreted by a Danish dictionary, means crabbed, or niggard valley, and the name is appropriate to its elevation, though cultivation may long since have altered its character. And Wanwood may have been some thriveless and stunted plantation, which is no longer so. Such names as Darkdale, Blackcleugh, Windyside, Scurvy Gill, Sievy Gill (Siv. Dan. a rush) Quarry House, Stone Riggs, Foul Lonning, Darth Gill, Marske, Slakes, &c., all speak of the simple honesty of old times, when things received their true names, and disadvantages of climate, soil, and situation were not sought to be compensated, or dignified, by high sounding epithets,
And

And where the names are complimentary, they may be relied on as appropriate; for we know that all along the skirts of these fells, are fertile valleys, and smiling villages, with meadows of the most vivid green, or cornfields of golden hue: gardens and orchards with abundance of hardy fruits, and sweet sequestered homes, are nestling in the hollows of the hills, or bordering the lively streams.

And the thought is suggested—how wonderfully all this resembles a peaceful chapter in the Nial Saga, as translated by Mr. Dasent. The names, the fells, the occupations, the neighbours combining to find the sheep, here as in Iceland, eight hundred years ago, when, perhaps the climate was better than now. But in that old time the peaceful episodes were few—or they were not chronicled; while the clash of war seems to have resounded long after its actual cessation.

“Once on a time when autumn was come, it happened that men had hard work to gather their flocks home, and many of Glum’s wethers were missing. Then Glum said to Thristiolf, ‘Go thou up on the fell, with my house-carles, and see if ye cannot find anything out about the sheep.’”

“So they went up South Rekiardale, and up along by Bangnagil, and so south to Cross Fell, but some of the band he sent to Sulafells, and they all found very many sheep.”

“They went south of Cross Fell, and found there a flock of wild sheep, and they went south of the fell and tried to drive them down but still the sheep got away from them on the fell.”*

Such is the story I read in this book; and such are its associations. It, and all the wide pastures and fells—

“They speak of customs long retained,
Of simple, plain, primæval life;
They mark the little we have gained,
With all our study, toil and strife,
Such England was in Shakespere’s time.”—

* History of Burnt Nial.—Translated from the Icelandic by Mr. Dasent.

Only

Only in regard to pastoral affairs, however. Changes there have been great, and beneficial, in many things. But looking at the character of this scattered population, at their peaceful, useful, and honourable lives, we may believe that there is an elevating influence in these lofty and solemn scenes, in which, as it were, they are overshadowed with the presence of the Almighty; and certainly are preserved from many debasing influences.

Since the above was written, twelve years ago, several of the commons belonging to the parishes here alluded to, have been enclosed, and the Association has been proportionably reduced in extent, and in numbers. It is as useful as ever, as active in spirit as before, and I see other places of meeting are appointed, for the convenience of its members.

ART. XIX.—*The Parrs, of Kendal Castle.* By SIR GEORGE DUCKETT, Bart.

Read at Appleby, July 28th, 1875.

A TABULAR descent of the Parrs from the Lancasters, Barons of Kendal, is given herewith. The following are further notices of this family.

The inquisition p. m. on Sir William de Parr, the husband of Elizabeth de Ros, recites:—

West'ml. { Willielmus de Parr ch'r tenuit, die quo obiit,
6 Hen. IV. { ad terminum vite sue per legem Anglie, ut
 { de jure Elizabethhe nuper uxoris sue, consang'
et her' Thome de Roos ch'r, et fil' Joh'is de Roos, filii
d'c'i Thome, quartam partem manerii de Kirkby in Kendal
de Rege in capite, per servicium militare, vizt, per servicium
quarte partis unius feodi militis, et quod Joh'es de Parr
est filius et heres ipsorum Will'i et Elizabethhe. (Dods.
MSS. 70, f. 136^b; 11, fo. 66; Bibl. Bodl.)

On this inquisition, Richard Duket of Grayrigg, was one of the jurors.

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