

ART. X.—*Sir Walter Scott and the Antiquities of Cumberland.* By T. E. CASSON, B.A., B.LITT.

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ON September the 21st of this year falls the centenary of the death of Sir Walter Scott, and it may not be inappropriate in this place to pronounce a eulogium in his honour. For Walter Scott, I cannot help thinking, was one of the greatest forerunners of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society. It will be at once answered that Scott was no archaeologist, but only a novelist and poet, and that he has little or no concern with our district, but only with Scotland. I hope to show that both opinions are far from the truth.

Scott is himself, in great measure, responsible for the opinion that he was not a serious historian. He did almost all that it was possible for a man to do to minimise his own performance. In his "Journal" he describes himself as "half-educated," and of archaeology he writes:

"I do not know anything which relieves the mind so much from the sullens as trifling discussions about antiquarian *old womanries*. It is like knitting a stocking, diverting the mind without occupying it."

Against these self-disparaging remarks, however, let us set the sober judgment of his biographer, R. H. Hutton:

"As regards the history of his own country he was no mean antiquarian . . . His love of romantic literature was as far as possible from that of a mind which only feeds on romantic excitements; rather was it that of one who was so moulded by the transmitted and acquired love of feudal institutions with all their incidents, that he could not take any deep interest in any other fashion of human society."

So far, indeed, was Sir Walter Scott from not being a serious historian that the study of antiquity was his predominant passion, an activity of the mind which informed and coloured all his work. More truthfully, or more adequately, he writes of himself in his "Autobiography":

"From this time (i.e. after leaving Edinburgh High School) the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by travelling over half the globe."

Space does not permit to dwell on the effects Scott ascribes to himself of his first reading Percy's "Reliques" under a platane-tree all a summer's day, nor on the description given by Shortreed of his incursions into Liddesdale in his youth in quest of Border antiquities. But two passages from Lockhart may be permitted, descriptive of Scott in the plenitude of his powers:

"So we rode by Philiphaugh, Carterhaugh, Bowhill, and Newark, he pouring out all the way his picturesque anecdotes of former times, more especially of the fatal field where Montrose was finally overthrown by Leslie. He described the battle as vividly as if he had witnessed it; the passing of the Ettrick at daybreak by the Covenanting General's heavy cuirassiers, many of them old soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus, and the wild confusion of the Highland host when exposed to their charge on an extensive *haugh* as flat as a bowling-green. He drew us aside at *Slainmen's-lee*, to observe the green mound that marks the resting-place of the slaughtered royalists."

"It was the same the following day," Lockhart continues, "when he rode with us to the western peak of the Eildon hills, that he might show me the whole panorama of his Teviotdale, and expound the direction of the various passes by which the ancient forayers made their way into England, and tell the names and the histories of many a monastic chapel and baronial peel, now mouldering in glens and dingles that escape the eye of the traveller on the highways. Among other objects on which he descanted with particular interest, were the ruins of the

earliest residence of the Kerrs of Cessford, so often opposed to his own chieftains of Branksome, and a desolate little kirk on the adjourning moor, where the Dukes of Roxburghe are still buried in the same vault with the hero who fell at Turn-again."

At the close of his life, when he was writing "Castle Dangerous," Scott visited Douglasdale to view, as Lockhart says, "the very extraordinary monuments of the most heroic and powerful family in the annals of Scotland." "As we drove over the high table-land of Lesmahago," says the biographer, "he repeated I know not how many verses from Winton, Barbour and Blind Harry, with, I believe, almost every stanza of Dunbar's elegy on the deaths of the Makers . . . presently (he) came back from the Lament of the Makers to his Douglasses and chanted, rather than repeated, in a sort of deep and glowing, though not distinct recitative, his first favourite among all the ballads:—

"It was about the Lammas tide,  
When husbandmen do win their hay,  
That the Doughty Douglas bounde him to ride  
To England to drive a prey,"—

down to the closing stanzas, which again left him in tears,—

"My wound is deep—I fain would sleep—  
Take thou the vanguard of the three,  
And hide me beneath the bracken-bush,  
That grows on yonder lily lee."

And, in his last journey to Italy, we read:

"(At Pompeii) he had himself carried from house to house and examined everything leisurely; but said little, except ever and anon in an audible whisper, 'The city of the dead—the city of the dead!'"

Such a man, it is clear, was inspired, from childhood to age, by a deep, an overpowering, and a devoted love for tradition and antiquity.

It is true that Scott was not an archaeologist in the modern sense of the word, and had no conception of the aims of that science, which indeed had not been invented in his day. His work was literary rather than empiric. It was done in the library, not with the spade. Thus by "antiquary" Scott understood, not only the student of ancient sites and relics but the editor of literary antiquities.

Moreover, his interests were somewhat specialised. He had always a strong predilection in favour of medieval, rather than classical antiquities. At the University, he astonished his tutor by a thesis advocating the superior claims of Ariosto to Homer; and, in a note to "Rokeby," he speaks of "Dr. Horseley, who saw all monuments of antiquity with Roman eyes."

But, with these reservations, Scott's antiquarian interests were keen and wide. Nor were they wholly literary. He was deeply concerned with the study of medieval castles and the preservation of ancient buildings; he inveighed bitterly against the vandals who destroyed Edinburgh Cross, and he dwelt so habitually on the memorials of Edinburgh that Lockhart says he felt as though the city were Scott's sepulchral monument. His house at Abbotsford was a museum, indeed so much so as to have excited the ridicule of the profane.

"The neighbours," Scott says, speaking of his removal to Abbotsford "were much delighted with the procession of my furniture, in which old swords, bows, targets and lances, made a very conspicuous show. A family of turkeys was accommodated within the helmet of some *preux chevalier* of ancient Border fame, and the very cows, for aught I know, were bearing banners and muskets."

Abbotsford Lockhart describes as his

"Romance in stone and lime—every outline copied from some baronial edifice in Scotland—every roof and window blazoned with clan bearings, or the lion rampant gules, or the heads of the ancient Stuart kings."

When he sat down to write, it was in a chair made from the oak of the house of Robroyston, the traditionary scene of the betrayal of Wallace by Menteith. On his shelves stood Montfauçon's *Antiquities* in fifteen volumes folio, presented to him by George IV. In his armoury a highly valued treasure was a sword given by Charles I to the Marquis of Montrose. The ring he wore had been dug out of the ruins of Hermitage Castle, and probably

belonged to one of the "Dark Knights of Liddesdale." It consisted of a broad belt of silver with an angel holding the heart of Douglas.

Scott is, in fact, his own Antiquary of the novel—Jonathan Oldbuck. This, Lockhart tells us, was his own favourite among the Waverley novels; and when, towards the end of his life, he began a descriptive catalogue of his collection of antiquities at Abbotsford, it was entitled "Reliquiæ Trottosianæ—or the Gabions of the late Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq."

Scott's contemporaries recognised the historian in him. It was at his suggestion that the Commission was appointed by which the long-lost Regalia of Scotland were discovered in 1818. In 1820 he was elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. In 1822, on the occasion of George IV's visit to Scotland, Scott procured from the king the return of Mons Meg to Edinburgh Castle, and also the restoration of the peerages forfeited in consequence of the insurrections of 1715 and 1745. Scott was a member of the Roxburghe Club, and the founder and first president of the Bannatyne Club, "whose Club Books," says Lockhart, "constitute a very curious and valuable library of Scottish history and antiquities." On the death of the antiquary Lysons, Scott was chosen Professor of Ancient History to the Royal Academy. And one of his greatest contemporaries, Goethe, wrote of his life of "Napoleon," on which he expended elaborate pains, having moreover the Duke of Wellington's aid in the elucidation of the military campaigns:

"The richest, the easiest, the most celebrated narrator of the century, undertakes to write the history of his own time.

What could now be more delightful to me, than leisurely and calmly to sit down and listen to the discourse of such a man, while clearly, truly, and with all the skill of a great artist, he recalls to me the incidents on which through life I have meditated?"

“ Yes,” I can imagine Dr. Dryasdust of York remarking, “ the author of ‘ Waverley ’ was in some sort an antiquary and, as it were, an annalist; he could from time to time write history; but at heart, Sir, he was a trifler, a furbisher up of old plays and romances, and a deceiver of the public in respect to imitations—little better, in fine, than a strolling playwright.”

This is a view which deserves examination. It is true that, as we have seen, Scott had no conception of scientific archaeology as it exists to-day. But what is the modern archaeologist’s ultimate end? When he has laid bare the remains of a Roman camp, has he finished? If so, he inhabits the valley of dry bones. His researches have told us nothing of human action, nothing of the agonising soul of man, and man’s immortal mind. To show us these, the scholar must be a poet.

Of poetry as the basis of history, Scott has spoken quite distinctly. “ To modern readers,” he says, in the Introduction to the “ Bridal of Triermain,”

“ the poems of Homer have many of the features of pure romance; but in the estimation of his contemporaries, they probably derive their chief value from their supposed historical authenticity. The same may be generally said of the poetry of all early ages. The marvels and miracles which the poet blends with his song, do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period of society; and, indeed, the difference betwixt poetry and prose, as the vehicles of historical truth, is always of late introduction. Poets, under various denominations of Bards, Scalds, Chroniclers, and so forth, are the first historians of all nations.”

And, in the broad sense of the word, Scott is primarily always a poet. He first collected the ballads of the Border. He then wrote his Poetical Romances. And, lastly, he composed his historical novels. There we have the three great divisions of his intellectual activities. His historical works in the strict sense, and his notes to his poems and novels, were chiefly written later to pay his debts.

Nevertheless, Scott was from first to last an historian, and a very great historian. In the first place, he had a completely forthright and consistent personality. Like the Duke of Wellington,

“ He stood four-square to all the winds that blew.”

He did not begin, like Wordsworth and Coleridge, as a republican and pro-Gallic pamphleteer and end as a loyalist and a Churchman. Scott was, from first to last, a Tory, a Royalist and an Episcopalian. He had no doubts in politics and morals. He was, in short, a clansman of the “ bold Buccleuch.” Secondly, he had a profound sympathy with these same characteristics as embodied in men of the past. In them he recognised himself, and thus he became, as an historian, a partisan, first, of the Scott clan; secondly of the Royalist cause; and thirdly, of Scotland. It was Scott, we hardly need reminding, who wrote,

“ This is my own, my native land; ”

and spoke of Edinburgh as

“ My own romantic town.”

Patriotism in Scott glows at a white heat. He is the consistent advocate of the Stuart family. Queen Elizabeth is to him “ the murderess of Mary.” And, when he leaves the soil of Scotland, his heroes are similar to the “ bold Buccleuch.” They are, if I mistake not, Richard Cœur-de-lion and Charles the Bold.

It follows, then, that, though Scott is again and again wrong in his facts, though in “ Ivanhoe ” he places the battle of Stamford Bridge on the Welland and not near York and makes King John the grandson of Rufus, he has the gist of the matter: he was a man, and, like Henry VIII, “ he delighted in a man.” If Froude has expressed anything of the truth when he says that Shakespeare in his Chronicle plays is our greatest historian, then Scott, in a somewhat similar way but with a greater technical justification, must be regarded as a very great historian.

There never lived, I venture to think, a man in whom the fibres of his whole being went deeper into the past than Scott. That forthrightness, that boldness, which Scott derived from the Scott clan, summed up in him the heroic character of ages. The history of the Scottish race lived in Walter Scott.

But it may be said, perhaps by Mr. Laurence Templeton, who, we are informed, was the author of "Ivanhoe" and lived near Egremont, What has this to do with Cumberland? To which we may reply, Everything. We have seen Scott at home studying antiquity in the valleys of the Tweed and Yarrow; and, in antiquity, this was Cumbria. From Clyde to Duddon the land was one kingdom; and Melrose and Dryburgh are set in the heart. Scott, when he was most himself, when he wrote from Ashestiel or Abbotsford, was "our man." He was one of ourselves. He was a Borderer.

This will be made yet clearer if we consider a work published by Scott in 1814, of which the full title is "The Border Antiquities of England and Scotland; comprising Specimens of Architecture and Sculpture, and other vestiges of former ages, accompanied by Descriptions. Together with Illustrations of Remarkable Incidents in Border History and Tradition, and original Poetry." A bare list of the places of historic interest on the Border described by Scott will show that, by the Borders, he meant places as far distant as Holyrood and Aspatia.\*

\* Morpeth Castle, Castle at Newcastle, Warkworth Castle, Warkworth Hermitage, Carlisle Cathedral, Carlisle Castle, Lanercost Priory, Bothwell Castle Northumberland, Bamborough Castle, Wetherall Priory, Tynemouth Priory, Jedburgh Abbey, Newark Castle, Selkirkshire, Bothwell Castle Clydesdale, Mitford Castle and Church Northumberland, Holyrood Abbey, Naworth Castle Cumberland, Prudhoe Castle, Northumberland, Kelso Abbey, Roxburghshire, Melrose Abbey, Roxburghshire, Hales Castle, Haddingtonshire, Yanwath Hall, Westmorland, Branksome Castle, Roxburghshire, The Tower of Goldieland, near Hawick, Dunbar Castle, Haddingtonshire, Hexham Abbey, Northumberland, Thirlwall Castle, Northumberland, Bywell Castle, Northumberland, Scaleby Castle, Cumberland, Aspatia Church, Cumberland, Wark Castle, Northumberland, Hawthornden, Edinbushshire, Monument at

A few details as to Scott's personal contact with Cumberland and the Lake District may be given. In July, 1797 he visited, in Lockhart's words,

"Carlisle, Penrith—the vale of the Eamont, including Mayburgh and Brougham Castle—Ulswater and Windermere, and at length fixed his headquarters at the then peaceful and sequestered little watering-place of Gilsland."

Here he met Miss Margaret Charlotte Carpenter, to whom he was married at Carlisle on Dec. 24th. The entry in his black-letter Bible reads:

"In ecclesiam Sanctae Mariae apud Carlisle, uxorem duxit Margaretam Charlottam Carpenter."

Anne Scott, his daughter, in a letter referring to May 31st, 1828, writes:

"Early in the morning before we started, papa took me with him to the Cathedral. This he had often done before; but he said he must stand once more on the spot where he married poor mamma."

In 1805, Scott, with his wife, visited some of the finest scenery of Cumberland and Westmorland, in company with Wordsworth. Scott, Wordsworth and Sir Humphrey Davy ascended Helvellyn; and each of the two poets wrote his poem on Charles Gough. On his return, he visited Gilsland and Carlisle.

In 1815 Scott visited Corby Castle, and made to Morritt his mock proposal for an edition of the "Poetical Works of David Hume," with notes, critical, historical, and so forth with an historical inquiry into the use of

Bew Castle, Cumberland, Lindisfarne Abbey and Holy Island Castle, Northumberland, Smallholm Tower, Roxburghshire, Elibank Tower, Peebleshire, Hermitage Castle, Cumberland, Percy's Cross, near Wooller, Northumberland, Dunfermling or Dunfermline Abbey, Fifeshire, Stirling Castle, North Britain, Abbey of Newminster, near Morpeth, Northumberland, Traquair Castle, Peebleshire, St. Constantine Cells, Witheral Priory, near Corby Castle, Cumberland, Dilston Castle, Northumberland, Garvald Tower, Haddingtonshire, Hawick, Roxburghshire, Gilnockie Tower, Dumfriesshire, Canoby Bridge, Dumfriesshire, The Steel and Hand and Arm and the Horn of Carslogie, Fifeshire, The Pennon of Sir Henry Percy and the Banner of the Earl Douglas. Under each section Scott gives a historical description; and each is illustrated by one or more pictures.

eggs for breakfast; and a physical discussion on the cause of their being addled; a history of the English Church music, and of the choir of Carlisle in particular; a full account of the affair of 1745, with the trials, last speeches and so forth of the poor *plaid*s who were strapped up at Carlisle; and lastly, a full and particular description of Corby, with the genealogy of every family who ever possessed it—the sole Poetical Works of Hume consisting of four lines\* inscribed on a pane of glass in the old Bush Inn at Carlisle.

In Aug., 1825 Scott visited Mr. Bolton at Storrs Hall, Windermere, in company with Canning, Wordsworth and Professor Wilson, when a Regatta was held on the Lake. He afterwards visited Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, Southey at Greta Hall, the Marshalls at Ullswater, and Lord Lonsdale at Lowther.

In Sept., 1831, on his journey abroad, he insisted on visiting the Giant's Grave in Penrith churchyard.

One or two slight errors made by Scott in regard to the district may be noted, in passing. He appears to have confused Glaramara with Blencathra. In "Redgauntlet" (c. xiii) he writes, of a view from the Solway:

"Neither Criffel rising in majesty on the one hand, nor the distant yet more picturesque outline of Skiddaw and Glaramara upon the other, could attract his attention in the manner in which it was usually fixed by beautiful scenery."

In a note to "Marmion," he writes of Martin Swartz:

"He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called after him, Swart-moor."

Swarthmoor, where Swartz is said to have encamped, did not derive its name from him, and it is in the parish of Pennington.

\* Here chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl,  
Here godless boys God's glories bawl,  
Here Scotsmen's heads adorn the wall,  
But Corby's walks atone for all.

In his original note to "Rokeby," which he afterwards emended, he placed the residence of Major Robert Philipson on Lord's Island, Derwentwater, not on Curwen's Island, Windermere.

We now come to a detailed account of the references to Cumberland, Westmorland and Lonsdale North of the Sands in the works of Sir Walter Scott.

In 1802 Scott published "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The whole volume is a treasury of legend, poetry and historical records relative to the Border. And here it may be noted that Scott begins to take sides. Whereas, in antiquity, he belongs to the ancient kingdom of Cumbria or Strath-Clyde, in historic times he is clearly one of the "Rough Clan," or those ruffians who harried Cumberland. I propose to mention those ballads only which belong to the English side of the Border. These are: The Lochmaben Harper, Kinmont Willie, Dick o' the Cow, The Death of Featherstonehaugh, Hobbie Noble, The Fray of Suport, Graeme and Bewick and Hughie the Graeme. The "Fray of Suport" is an "ancient Border gathering song," described by Scott as

"Of all the Border ditties which have fallen into the Editor's hands by far the most uncouth and savage." "An English woman, residing in Suport, near the foot of the Kershope, having been plundered in the night by a band of Scottish moss-troopers, is supposed to convoke her servants and friends for the pursuit, or *Hot Trod*."

Suport is situated in the Nicol forest woods in Cumberland.

In his introduction to "Kinmont Willie" Scott writes:

"In the following rude strains our forefathers commemorated one of the last and most gallant achievements performed upon the Border . . .

This ballad is preserved, by tradition, on the West Borders, but much mangled by reciters: so that some conjectural emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible."

The Ballad is too well known to need quoting here.

Another well-known ballad, "Dick o' the Cow," refers to Lord Scroope's jester. Thomas Lord Scroope of Bolton was Warden of the West Marches of England and Governor of Carlisle Castle from 1590 till the union of the crowns. Fair Johnie Armstrong and Willy Armstrong enter Cumberland on a raid; Dickie, whose cows they steal, pursues them and recovers the stolen property. He gets twenty pounds from Lord Scroope and twenty pounds from Lord Scroope's brother, for two horses which he recovers; and then retires to live at Brough under Stainmoor to be out of the way of the Armstrongs.

It may be noted that in "Fause Foodrage," where  
 "King Easter has courted her for her lands,  
 King Wester for her fee,"

King Easter and King Wester were, according to Scott, probably the petty princes of Northumberland and Westmorland.

In 1804, Scott published his edition of Thomas the Rhymer's "Sir Tristrem," which he had originally intended to form part of the "Border Minstrelsy," but which exceeded the limits of that work. Professor T. W. H. Atkins in the "Cambridge History of English Literature" is of opinion that "Sir Tristrem" was not by Thomas Rhymer, but Scott held that it was or an English rendering of the poem by Thomas. The most interesting feature of the book, however, to a Cumbrian audience lies in Scott's remarks on a passage by Robert de Brunne, which he quotes. Here mention is made of a poet Kendal, apparently a contemporary or fellow-worker with Thomas the Rhymer, hailing from Kendal in Westmorland. If, then, there existed a great romantic poet in the Lake District in the 13th century, in character similar to Thomas the Rhymer, who was carried off by the Faerie Queene to Faeryland as he sat under the Eildon Tree, where are his poems and what was his history?

The passages from Scott's Introduction to "Sir Tristrem" are these:

(I) "The English did not begin to translate these French poems till about 1300, nor to compose original romances in their own language until near a century later. But Thomas of Erceldoune, Kendal (whose name seems to infer a Cumbrian descent), Hutcheon of the Awle Royal, and probably many other poets, whose names and works have now perished, had already flourished in the court of Scotland."

(II) "These general observations on the progress of romantic fiction in the Border counties, lead us to consider the evidence given by Robert de Brunne, concerning the poetry of Thomas of Erceldoune, which is thus expressed in the Introduction to his Annals:

"I see in song, in sedgeyng tale,  
Of Erceldoune and of Kendale,  
Non tham sayis as thai tham wroght,  
And in ther saying it seemes nocht,  
That may thou here in Sir Tristrem,  
Over gestes it has the steem,  
Over all that is or was,  
If men it sayd as made Thomas;  
But I here it no man so say,  
That of some cople som is away."

"This passage," says Scott, "requires some commentary, as the sense has been generally mistaken. Robert de Brunne does not mean, as has been supposed, that the minstrel who repeated Thomas's romance of *Sir Tristrem*, disguised the meaning, by putting it into "quainte Inglis" but, on the contrary, that Kendal and Thomas of Erceldoune did themselves use such "quainte Inglis," that those who repeated the story were unable to understand it or to make it intelligible to their hearers. Above all, he complains, that, by writing an intricate and complicated stanza, as "*ryme cowee, strangere, or entrelace*," it was difficult for the *diseurs* to recollect the poem; and of *Sir Tristrem*, in particular, he avers, that he never heard a perfect recital, because of some one "*copple*," or stanza, a part was always omitted. Hence he argues, at great length, that he himself, writing not for the minstrel or harper, nor to acquire personal fame, but solely to interest the ignorant in the history of their country, does well in chusing a simple structure of verse, which they can retain correctly on their memory, and a style which is popular, and

easily understood. Besides which he hints at the ridicule he might draw on his poem, should he introduce the uncouth names of his personages into a courtly or refined strain of verse. They were

“ Great names, but hard in verse to understand.”

While he arrogates praise to himself for his choice, he excuses Thomas of Erceldoune, and Kendale, for using a more ambitious and ornate kind of poetry. “ They wrote for pride (fame) and for nobles, not such as these my ignorant hearers.” Thus, the testimony of this ancient historian, who was a contemporary of Thomas of Erceldoune, establishes at once the high reputation of his work, and the particular circumstances under which it was written. While the English minstrels had hardly ventured on the drudgery of translating the French romances, or, if they did so, were only listened to by the lowest of the people, our northern poets were writing original *gests*, “ for pride and noble eye,” in a high style and complicated stanza, which the southern harpers marred in repeating, and which their plebeian audience were unable to understand. In one word, the early romances of England were written in French, those of Scotland were written in English.”

To sum up, then, there was, according to Scott, a poet born presumably at Kendal in Westmorland, in the 13th century, who was a friend of Thomas of Erceldoune. Thomas of Kendal lived at the Scottish court, and wrote romances in a refined language and complicated stanza, to please the Scottish nobility. If so, where are his poems, and under what tree near Kendal did he meet the Faerie Queene, and where in the Lake District is Faerie Land ?

Of Scott's longer poems and novels I shall say very little, as they are familiarly known to all. “ The Lay of the Last Minstrel ” was published in 1805. The action occurs shortly after 1552, when Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh, Warden of the West Marches of Scotland, was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh, and turns partly on this feud, and partly on the Border-raid conducted by Lord Dacre and Lord William Howard against Branksome Tower. The English accuse William Scott of Deloraine of march-treason, for harrying the lands of

Richard Musgrave at Stapleton on Leven, and slaying his brother. This is the greatest of Border poems, and, if I may venture an opinion, the finest of Scott's poems. In his notes, Scott comments on Moss-troopers, Lord Carey, deputy Warden of the West Marches, the Captain of Bewcastle, Belted Will Howard, Lord Dacre, March-treason, the combat between Lancelot Carleton and Thomas Musgrave, Border truces, the Hot-trod and the Graemes.

"Marmion" was published in 1808. Notes are appended on Lochinvar, Brian Tunstall of Thurland Castle and Sir Edward Stanley.

"The Lady of the Lake" was published in 1810. The notes are chiefly remarkable as supporting Scott's claim to being a pioneer in the study of Fairy Mythology, already established by his Excursus to the "Border Minstrelsy."

"Rokeby" was published in 1812. Scott has a note on the Rerecross on Stainmoor, and the ancient district west of Stainmoor, which he regarded as the ancient Reged. He has a further note on the Elegies of Llywarch Hen, prince of Argoed, which he places in Cumberland. In his note to "Don Roderick," appended to the lines,

"And Cattræth's glens with voice of triumph rung,  
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch  
sung!"

Scott writes:

"This locality may startle those readers who do not recollect that much of the ancient poetry preserved in Wales refers less to the history of the Principality to which that name is now limited, than to events which happened in the north-west of England, and south-west of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Cattræth, lamented by the celebrated Aneurin, is supposed, by the learned Dr. Leyden, to have been fought on the skirts of Ettrick Forest."

In 1813 appeared the "Bridal of Triermain." This, as everybody knows, narrates how

“Childe Roland to the dark tower came.”

It comprises an adventure of King Arthur, and our semi-mythic hero, Sir Roland Vaux of Triermain, mentioned by Coleridge also. It has notes on the genealogy of De Vaux, on the Round Table at Penrith and on Mayburgh.

“The Lord of the Isles,” 1815, introduces as one of its primary characters Robert de Clifford of Brougham Castle,

“The bold Lord of Cumberland,  
The gallant Clifford;”

though the action ascribed to him was, in point of fact, performed by Percy. “This Robert de Clifford is said to have been the greatest man of all this family, being of a most martial and heroic spirit,” is the character given him by Nicolson and Burn.

In the “Doom of Devorgoil,” a drama written in 1817, is introduced Durward, a palmer, formerly Prior of Lanercost. The curse that has fallen on the house of Devorgoil is a punishment for the cruelty of Black Erick, one of their chieftains. While crossing the Solway after a raid into Cumberland, he drowned all his captives, in order to lighten his boat and save his spoil from the storm. The play closes with the union of the heiress of Devorgoil and the heir of Aglionby. This drama was itself unsuccessful, but contains the song, “Bonny Dundee.” A story similar to Devorgoil is told of Lord Herries of Hoddam in the “Border Minstrelsy.”

“Harold the Dauntless,” 1817, contains a reference to King Dunmail of Cumbria, but the story is frankly unhistorical and takes place in Northumberland.

Of the Waverley novels, space forbids to speak in detail. “Waverley” (1814) contains a description of the battle of Clifton and the pathetic account of Fergus MacIvor’s execution at Carlisle.

“Guy Mannering” (1815) gives a description of Mumps

Hall, an inn at Gilsland, and of the "waste of Bewcastle." Vanbeest Brown visits Allonby; and Mervyn Hall in Westmorland is mentioned. In "St. Ronan's Well" (1823), St. Ronan's has by some been identified with Gilsland. An Appendix to "Peveril of the Peak" (1823) on Edward and William Christian is communicated by John Christian, Esq. of Ewanrigg in Cumberland, Dempster of the Isle of Man.

In "Redgauntlet" (1824) mention is made of the Rikar-gate at Carlisle:

"His skull is yet standing over the Rikar-gate, and even its bleak and mouldered jaws command you to be a man;" and of the monument erected to Edward I at Burgh-upon-Sands:

"Edward's grave is the cradle of our national freedom."

Its Cumberland and Westmorland characters include:—Ralph Latimer of Langcote Hall in Westmorland; Squire Foxley of Foxley Hall; Nicholas Faggot, his clerk; Joe Crackenthorpe, publican; and the Misses Arthuret of Fairladies. In the "Talisman" (1824), Thomas de Multon, lord of Gilsland, is introduced as the companion of Richard Coeur-de-Lion on his Crusade.

There, then, let us leave Sir Walter. A hundred years ago he was laid to rest in Dryburgh Abbey. Above him, in the sunset, rise the Eildon Hills, where sleeps King Arthur, with his mailed host round him, till the call of Doom. Round Dryburgh circles the silver Tweed that, a little higher in its course, has washed the soil of the Abbey where the other great enchanter of the kindred name, Michael, also lies buried. Truly we may say, in a favourite quotation of Sir Walter, *Grata quies patriae*.