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THE PLACE OF CARLISLE IN ENGLISH HISTORY.¹

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In the course of the journeyings of our Institute through various parts of our island, in the course of the meetings which it holds year by year in our chief cities and boroughs, it often happens that the immediate scene of our researches specially calls back, as a matter either of likeness or of contrast, some other scene which we have examined in earlier years. I remember well how, in the discharge of the office which the kindness of the Institute has so often laid upon me, I was once called on to flit over a large part of our island, from British Cardiff to East-Saxon Colchester. Strangely enough, I found that in two stirring periods of history, at some distance from one another, in the first century and in the seventeenth, the fates of the Silurian and the East-Saxon lands were twined together in a way which beforehand we should hardly have looked for. Here, on our second visit to this renowned border city, on my first visit to it in the character of an officer of the Archæological Institute, my thoughts have wandered to stages in our progress earlier than the meeting of the Institute at Cardiff. From the hill and the castle of Carlisle I would ask you to look south-eastward to the flats of Holderness, to the haven of Kingston-upon-Hull. I would ask you also to carry your eyes more directly southward, to that one among all the *chesters* that Rome has left us which has specially taken that once vague description as its own proper name, to the scene of the bloody victory of Æthelfrith and the peaceful

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triumph of Eadgar, to the City of the Legions by the Dee. Between Carlisle and Chester, between Carlisle and Kingston-on-Hull, I trust to show some instructive historic analogies and contrasts.

There are not many of the chief cities and boroughs of England which can point with undoubting certainty to a personal founder in strictly historic times. On founders who are purely mythical I need hardly dwell, and it would almost seem that they are passing out of date even in popular belief. I found at Colchester that, while yet wilder legends were still in vogue, old King Coel was well nigh forgotten in his own city, and that it needed rather hard work to get a copy of the music of his own song to sing on the battlements of what for the nonce we may call his own castle. Among more real personages, who do not claim to be looked on as grandfathers of the founder of the New Rome, it has happened in not a few cases that some well-ascertained man has founded a castle or a monastery, and that a town has grown up around his foundation. So it was, to take only two examples out of many, with the abbey of Saint Eadmund in one age and with the castle of Richmond in another. So in northern England Durham owes its being to the happy choice of Ealdhun, when he picked out the peninsula girded by the Wear as the fittest place to shelter Saint Cuthberht's body after its wanderings. So in southern England the younger Salisbury owes its being to the happy choice of Richard Poore, where he moved his church from the waterless hill of elder days to the merry field that looks up to it. But I speak rather of cities directly called into being as cities, as great military or commercial posts, by the policy of princes who strove to strengthen or to defend their kingdom. We believe that Edinburgh came into being at the bidding of Eadwine the Bretwalda as the outpost of Anglian Lothian against the Scot. We know that Taunton came into being at the bidding of Ine the King as the outpost of Saxon Somerset against the Briton. But the foundations of Eadwine and Ine belong to a time so early that we can hardly look on them as cities or boroughs in the later sense. In the long list of English towns which first appear in history among the works of Eadward the Unconquered and Æthelflæd the Lady, it is hard to say

where they bade an uninhabited site to become for the first time a dwelling-place of man, and where they simply strengthened sites which had from the beginning of English settlement in Britain been covered with English homes. But it is one of the works of Æthelflaed, and one of the works, if not of the elder Eadward, yet of the namesake of after-times who walked in his path and renewed his glories, which I would ask you to look to as fellows, in the way of likeness and of contrast, to the city in which we are now met. Chester, Carlisle, Kingston-upon-Hull, can all point without doubting to their personal founders. Let the eldest of the three, the work of the Mercian Lady, wait a while. I would first ask you, dwellers and sojourners within these ancient walls, at the foot of yonder historic castle, dwellers and sojourners on a spot which has played so great a part in English warfare, not to look with scorn on the lowlier, the more peaceful, the more recent fame of the great haven by the mouth of Humber. I can hardly believe that the men of Hull would willingly exchange their founder for the founder of the Carlisle that now is. On the stairs of their town-house stands their founder's statue, a statue which fifteen years back I had often to pass, and which I could never bring myself to pass without showing some mark of worship to the greatest of England's later kings. Carlisle, I believe, contains no such memorial of her founder, and, if she did, I am not sure that some years of very near acquaintance with him and his doings would lead me to pay him like reverence. For while Hull may boast herself as the creation of Edward the First, the Carlisle that now is can claim no worthier founder than William the Red. I give the founder of Hull his conventional number under protest. Lawyers and courtiers have taught us to forget the worthies of our own stock ; but the men of the great Edward's own day better knew his place in history ; they counted him, by a truer and worthier reckoning, as Edward the Third and Edward the Fourth, fourth among the Kings of the English, third among the Emperors of Britain. If we are to change the number of the founder of Carlisle, we must change it the other way ; for, as we are standing here on soil which formed no part of the realm of the Conqueror, he who was William the Second for the kingdom of England, might

be deemed to be only William the First within the earldom of Carlisle. Between the founder of Hull and the founder of Carlisle, between Edward the First and William the Red, the general contrast is certainly as wide as any that can be found between any two of the princes and leading men of our history. I need not now draw their portraits. The portrait of the great Edward I have striven over and over again to draw as occasion served. The portrait of William Rufus I have so lately drawn in the fullest detail of which I am capable that I am not as yet ready with a single freshening touch. Between the father of his people and their oppressor, between the foul blasphemer and the devout crusader, between the man of the most debased life and the mirror of every personal virtue, there is indeed little likeness. And though the reign of Rufus does in its way mark a stage in our national progress, it is hardly in the same way as the reign of the king whom we may hail as the founder of our later commerce and of our later law, the king who made fast for ever the great political work of the uncle whom he overthrew. And yet there are points in which two men so unlike as the founder of Hull and the founder of Carlisle may truly stand side by side. Each gave a king to Scotland; each warred with the Briton; and, if the Welsh warfare of Rufus brought him but little of immediate gain or immediate glory, it did in truth open the way for the victorious warfare of Edward. But, before all things, each enlarged the borders of the kingdom of England in a way that was done by no king between them. That the ground on which I now stand is English ground is the work of William the Red. And that the city in which we are met has been for nearly eight hundred years a dwelling-place of man is his work also.

But it may be that some one stirred up by a praiseworthy local patriotism, may arise and ask how the King's-Town-upon-Hull, whose plain English name bespeaks a comparatively modern origin, can be in any way set side by side with a city like this, whose British name points to an antiquity far older than the Conqueror's son. Hull, he may say, had undoubtedly no being before the days of Edward the First; do I mean to say, he may ask, that Carlisle had no being before the days of William the Red? And I must answer that, though each prince is, on his own

ground, alike entitled to the honours of a founder, yet the work of Rufus by the Eden and the work of Edward by the Humber were not wholly of the same kind. They differed in this, that the one called into being a haven of peaceful trade, while the other called into being a border fortress for the defence of his kingdom. But they differed further in this. Edward was strictly a creator. If men already dwelled on the site of the King's-Town-on-Hull, there was, till his keen eye marked the advantages of the site, nothing that could claim the name of town or borough. But William Rufus, in founding what has lasted from his day to ours, did but call into renewed being what had been in ages long before his. He called into being a city of men, and he girt it with walls and towers; but he called it into being on a site where men had dwelled in past times, and which had been defended by walls and towers of an older pattern than those with which the Red King fenced it in a second time.

As I have already hinted, if we had no record to tell us of the fact, the very name of *Carlisle* would be enough to teach us that the history of this city is essentially different from that of any other English city; and, above all, that its first being dates from a day long before the day of William Rufus. Alone among the cities of what we now deem the proper England, Carlisle bears an almost untouched British name, a name which was assuredly not given to it by a King of the English of Norman birth. This alone would show that, if Rufus was on this ground truly a founder, yet he was a founder only on ground where others had been founders long before him. Now here comes in the analogy between Carlisle and the other city with which I have already asked you to compare it. The part which was played at Carlisle by the son of the Conqueror was essentially the same as the part which had been played at Chester by the daughter of Ælfred. Rufus and Æthelfrith alike called into renewed being a city which had once been, but which was no longer. Deva, Caerleon, the City of the Legions, had stood void of men for three hundred years, since Æthelfrith smote the Briton beneath its Roman walls. It stood, as Anderida stands still, a "waste chester" which the invading Dane could turn on occasion to warlike uses.¹ The Lady of the Mercians built

¹ See the Chronicles, 894.

up the waste places, and filled the empty walls with inhabitants. The "waste chester" rose again, bearing an English version of its ancient name. Caerlleon, City of the Legions, became in English mouths *Legeceaster*. But so renowned was the chester of the Legions, the chester of Æthelflæd, among the many chesters of the land, that it became emphatically the Chester, and has for ages been known by no other name.

Whether Roman *Lugubalia*, British *Caerlluel*, ever sank so low as Roman *Deva*, British *Caerlleon*, we have no means of judging. We know not whether it ever stood as a mere "waste chester," like *Deva* and *Anderida*. On the whole, the evidence looks as if *Rufus* had not found it utterly desolate. The story of its restoration looks that way; the history of the name looks that way. At *Caerlleon-on-Dee*, the British name was, according to the usual rule, turned round and translated. The Briton, according to the idiom of his tongue, had put his *caer* before the qualifying name; the Englishman, according to the idiom of his tongue, put his *ceaster* after it. *Caerlleon* became *Legeceaster*, as the southern *Caergwent* became *Wintanceaster*, *Winchester*. But on the spot where we now stand the British name has ever lived on. *Lugubalia* became *Caerlluel*, as *Venta* became *Caergwent*; but while *Caergwent* has become *Winchester*, *Caerlluel* has not, in modern speech, become something like *Lulchester*, but, with the slightest change of sound, it remains *Caerlluel* to this day. As far as modern usage goes, it has not shared the fate of the *Caerlleon* by the *Dee* and the *Caergwent* by the *Itchin*; it has lived on, like the other *Caerlleon* by the *Usk*, the other *Caergwent* on the *Silurian* shore. And this fact, the fact that we speak of *Winchester* and not of *Caergwent*, while we speak of *Carlisle* and not of *Lulchester*, becomes the more remarkable when we light on another fact, namely that, for a season, on some mouths at least, *Lulchester* was the actual name of the city where we are met. There is just evidence enough, but only just enough, to show that the English form of the name was really known.¹ In the ninth century we hear of *Lulchester*; in the eleventh we hear of *Caerlluel*

¹ The form *Luercestre* is found twice in the two lives of Saint Cuthberht printed in the Surtees edition of Simeon of Durham, pp. 146, 231. It must, as

the editor says, be a corruption of *Luelcestre*. *L* and *r* sometimes get confounded in a strange way, as we often see *Guillermus* for *Guillelmus*.

again. This seems to prove almost more than if the name of Lulchester had never been heard at all. It does not absolutely prove continuous habitation; but, combined with other facts, it looks like it. And it does prove that, while there had once been an English day on the spot, it was followed by a renewed British day. In the case of the City of the Legions, some form of the name, British or Latin, must have lived on for Æthelflæd to translate into English. But it was she who translated it. In her father's day the spot had no English name; it was not the Chester of the Legions, it was simply a "waste chester." But William Rufus did not think it needful to translate the name of Caerlluel into either French or English. He did not think it needful to call again into being the English translation which had been once made, but which was by his time doubtless quite forgotten. Neither did he, like the founders of Richmond and Montgomery, give his creation a name in his own tongue, borrowed perhaps from some well-known spot in his own land. All this shows that, when Rufus came, the British name of the spot must have been in familiar use.¹ The name of Caerlluel must have been far better known in his day than the name of Caerlleon could have been in the days of Æthelflæd. And this looks as if Caerlluel was not so utterly a waste chester in the days of Rufus as Caerlleon-on-Dee was in the days of Æthelflæd. But we must further remember that English Æthelflæd had every temptation to give her restored creation an English name. To the French-speaking Rufus—for there is no reason to think that he knew our tongue like his greater brother²—a British name would sound no more strange than an English one. If he found the name of Caerlluel as well established as the name of Eoforwic, he had no more temptation to change the name of Caerlluel than to change the name of Eoforwic.³

¹ Yet *Luel*, rather than *Caerlluel*, would seem to have been the better known form. See Sim. Dun. *Historia Recapitulatio*, 854, 883 (pp. 67, 72, Surtees ed.). In the former place the words are "*Lugubalia, id est Luel (nunc dicitur Carleil).*" In the second we read of Abbot Eadred that "*pro eo quod habitabat in Luel Lulise cognominabatur.*"

² Indeed the Peterborough Chronicle (1095) seems directly to imply the con-

trary. William Rufus gives the tower which he makes to blockade Bamburgh the French name of *Malvoisin*. As the chronicler puts it, "*hine on his space Malveisin het, yæt is ou Englisc yfel nehhebur.*"

³ The contraction of *Eoforwic* into *York* is not change in the sense that is here meant, and there are several intermediate forms.

Such then are our analogies and contrasts. Between Carlisle and Kingston-on-Hull there is such fellowship as may be deemed to arise between those two of the chief cities and boroughs of England which, alone or almost alone, can each claim as its personal founder a king of all England and a king who enlarged the bounds of England. Between Carlisle and Chester there is such fellowship as may be deemed to arise between cities which, after lying for a long time more or less thoroughly forsaken, were again called into being as cities of men, as border fortresses of the English realm. Other cities have in the like sort risen again. So pre-eminently did *Aquæ Solis* Acemannesceaster, the old borough which by another name men Bath call. So in all likelihood did most of the inhabited *chesters* throughout England; so not unlikely did *Londonwick*, *Londonborough*, itself. But in no other cases can we be so certain of the fact, so certain of the motive, as we can be of the work of Æthelflæd in 907 and of the work of William Rufus in 1092.

But it rarely happens that any ancient and historic city, however close and instructive may be its points of likeness to its fellows, is left without some points in its history which are absolutely its own and which might serve as its definition. I do not mean simply incidental definitions, based on some great fact in the history of the city. In this way we might so define Chester as the city which beheld the last great victory of the heathen Englishman over the Christian Briton and which was the last of English cities to bow to the Norman Conqueror, So we might define the elder Salisbury as the city which looks down alike on the field of battle which decreed that Britain should be English and on the field of council which decreed that England should be one. These are indeed events whose memory is now inseparably bound up with the historic spots where they took place; but the course of history might have taken such a turn as to cause them to take place elsewhere. York or Exeter, instead of Chester, might have been the last city to hold out against the Conqueror. Gloucester or Winchester, and not Salisbury, might have been the scene of his great act of legislative wisdom. To take the highest range of all, if York stands alone in Britain as the seat of

Imperial rule, the peer of Trier and Milan and Ravenna, that post of supreme dignity might just as easily have fallen to the lot of London or Verulam or Camelodunum. If Lincoln stands out within our world as the head of aristocratic commonwealths, as the city which, but for the day of Senlac and the day of Salisbury, might perchance have ruled like Bern and Venice over subject lands, yet it might have been that the lawmen of Stamford or Cambridge should have held the place which was held by the lawmen of the Colony of Lindum. I speak rather of definitions which enter as it were into the essential being of the cities themselves. It is after all an accident in the history of Exeter that she should have withstood William the Conqueror and welcomed William the Deliverer. It is an essential part of her personal being that she should have been among cities what Glastonbury is among churches, that she should have been the one city of Britain whose historic life is absolutely unbroken, the one city which passed from the Christian Briton to the Christian Englishman, it may even be without storm or battle, certainly without any period of abiding desolation. And Carlisle has her personal definition of the like kind. We can say of her that she is the one city which, having once become part of an English kingdom, again fell back under the rule of the Briton, the one city which became again part of the united English realm when, by a strange process indeed, the son of the Norman Conqueror drove out the one man of English blood who ruled as a prince in any corner of Britain.

It is a relief to one whose immediate business it is to speak specially of the city of Carlisle that he is not called upon to mix himself up with all the puzzles which surround the history and ethnology of Cumberland. He is not called upon to fix any limits to the extent of a name whose extent was ever changing. When Eadmund the Doer-of-great-deeds gave Cumberland, as perhaps the first of territorial fiefs, to his Scottish fellow-worker, when Æthelred, in one of his strange fits of energy, came to Cumberland on an errand of havoc, the site of Carlisle may perhaps have been in some way touched in either case. But the city of Carlisle was certainly untouched; for the city of Carlisle just then was a thing which had

been and which was to be again, but which at that moment was not. Nor is he called upon to solve that most puzzling of problems, the history of Scandinavian settlement and influence in the land around us. That Scandinavians of some kind, Danes of Northmen, made their way into the land is plain alike from the record of history and from the traces which they have left to this day. On the eastern side of England, in Northumberland, in Lindesey, in East-Anglia, we know the time of their coming; we know the names of their kings and earls who reigned at York. Here we simply know that they did come, and, as a matter of actual record, we know that they did come by one fact only. But that is a fact which touches our immediate subject in the most direct way. The one thing that we know was done in this immediate region by Scandinavian hands is the thorough destruction which Scandinavian hands wrought in the city where we are come together, destruction so thorough that, for two hundred years, the city ceased to be a city.¹ This fact concerns us most intimately; I do not know that we are at this moment called on to enter on the problem, how it was that Cumberland could be spoken of as especially Danish land,² while the presence of Danes in it certainly did not hinder the succession of a line of Scottish princes.³ But I am not called on to speak of Cumberland. In the time that specially concerns me, we have only to do with the name of Carlisle, not at all with the name of Cumberland. The land which the Red King added to the English kingdom was not the land of Cumberland, but the land of Carlisle. When under Henry that land became an English earldom, it was an earldom of Carlisle, not an earldom of Cumberland. When under the same king the land became an English diocese, I need hardly say that its bishop was Bishop of Carlisle, not of Cumberland; by that time the

¹ The words of Florence (1092) seem enough—"Hæc civitas, ut illis in partibus aliæ nonnullæ, a Danis paganis ante cc. annos diruta, et usque ad id tempus mansit deserta." We of course connect this with the notice of the Danish invasion and the action of Abbot Eadred in Simeon of Durham (875) and the two lives of Saint Cuthbert before referred to.

² See Henry of Huntingdon, 1000, where he speaks of Æthelred's Cumbrian expedition as a victory over the Danes; "Ubi maxima mansio Dacorum erat."

³ See the succession of the kings of Cumberland or Strathclyde in Palgrave English Commonwealth, ii, cccxxvi.

territorial titles of bishops had altogether died out in England. The land which formed its diocese had no name, it had to be pointed at as that land in which is the new bishopric of Carlisle.¹ The name of Cumberland, like the name of Westmoreland, as the name of a part of the immediate English kingdom, dates only from the days of the Angevin. And, as for the problems of Cumbrian ethnology, let them be debated beyond the city walls. Of the city itself written history tells us only, what we have already heard, that the Dane overthrew the city and left it empty, and a point on which I shall have to speak again, that, when the Norman came to restore and to re-people city and land, it was with a colony of Saxons that he re-peopled them.

I have defined Carlisle as being that one among the cities of England which, having once become English, became British again. The unbroken English life of Carlisle begins with the coming of the Red King and the settlement of his southern colony. For two hundred years before he came, it had been British or nothing. For at least two hundred years before that, it had been part of an English kingdom, that of the Angles of North-umberland. For at least two hundred years before that it had shared the independence of those parts of Britain from which the Roman had gone, and into which the Angle or the Saxon had not yet come. Of the Roman and British life of the city we have little to tell, but that it had a long Roman and British life no man can doubt. Under various shapes and corruptions of its Roman and British name, we find it in every list of the cities of Britain. Luguballium, Lugubalia—I may be forgiven for cleaving to the shape which the name takes in the pages of English Bæda—occupies a site which seems marked out by Nature for a great fortress. It is a position, it is a site, which seems specially marked out as designed to guard a border, to defend a land against dangerous neighbours who may one day become wasting invaders. And this duty the hill of Lugubalia has had laid upon it throughout more than one long period, in the hands of more than one set of masters. I was

¹ Hen. Hunt. i. 5 (p. 10 ed Arnold). "Illa regio in qua est novus episcopatus Carluii."

tempted to say elsewhere that it is not without a certain fitness that the spot which was to be the bulwark of England against the Scot should of itself put on somewhat of a Scottish character. I pointed out that the castle-hill of Carlisle bore a strong likeness, though a likeness in miniature, to the castle-hills of Edinburgh and Stirling. In all three the castle crowns the summit of a hill, steep at one end only. It crowns it therefore in a different sense from those hill-towns where the fortified akropolis forms the centre of the city. At Edinburgh, at Stirling, at Carlisle, the castle alike crowns and ends the city. It is at once an akropolis and an advanced bulwark. All three strongholds are emphatically watch-towers, homes of sentinels, standing and looking forth to guard the land of their friends and to overlook the land of their enemies. But when I spoke of Carlisle, the bulwark of England against the Scot, as having itself a Scottish character, I was thinking of some later ages of its history. In wider view of the history of our island, I might have expressed myself otherwise. From one side we might look on all three as being for several ages charged with what was essentially the same historic mission. In a more general view than that of the fluctuating political boundary of the English and Scottish kingdoms, each of these fortresses, looking out as they all do, so significantly and so threateningly to the north, might pass, from the days of Eadwine, from the days of Rufus, as a bulwark of Teutonic Britain against the Celtic lands beyond it. That duty was at least as well discharged by Stirling in the hands of an English-speaking King of Scots as it was by Carlisle in the hands of a French-speaking King of England. In a broad view of things, the artificial boundary of the English and Scottish kingdoms, that is, the boundary which parted off the Angle of Northumberland from the Angle of Lothian, is of far less moment than the boundary of Teutonic speech and civilization, whatever might be the name or the formal nationality of its champions. But what distinguishes Carlisle from its two northern fellows is that, while it has shared with them the championship of Teutonic Britain against the Celt, it, alone of the

three, had already held an analogous place in days before any part of Britain was Teutonic.

It will be at once seen that, while Stirling and Edinburgh guard one natural line of defence, Carlisle guards another. Stirling and Edinburgh guard the northern line, the line of Antoninus and Valentinian, the line drawn across the isthmus between the firths, at the point where Britain becomes so narrow that some ancient writers looked on the land beyond this line as forming another island. It is strange how nearly Valentia, the recovered conquest of the elder Theodosius, answers to the Scotland of later history, the English kingdom ruled by kings bearing a Scottish title. Of that kingdom Stirling and Edinburgh were border fortresses against the genuine Scot, save so far as Teutonic speech and culture crept up the Eastern coast to meet the kindred settlements which the Northman made in the lands which lay beyond the home of the Scot himself. Ages came when that was no mean function; but it was a function whose counterpart was called into only rare and fitful action in the days when the Cæsars ruled in Britain. To hold the land against the Celt was the calling alike of the Roman and the Teutonic lords of Britain. But the Roman could not be said to hold anything with a firm and lasting grasp beyond that great bulwark of which Lugubalia kept the western ending, as the Ælian bridge kept the eastern. Speaking without strict topographical accuracy, but with an approach to it near enough to convey the general idea, we commonly say that the Roman wall stretches from Carlisle to Newcastle. The Roman wall, the greater of the Roman walls, the only Roman wall in the sense which the word conveys in modern usage, the mighty bulwark of Hadrian, of Severus, and of Stilicho, may be fairly said to take Lugubalia as one of its starting-points. Not placed itself immediately on the line of the wall, the fortress looks out, as one of its chief points of view, on the station of Stanwix, the near neighbourhood of which may have caused Lugubalia itself to have been really of less military importance in the days of Roman occupation than in either earlier or later times. Yet the fortress itself does in some sort form part of the great bulwark, if it be true, as I have

heard suggested, that the moat in advance of the wall to the south may be traced along the line dividing castle and city. On this point I venture no opinion, but leave it wholly to those of greater local knowledge to decide. Of one thing we may be sure, that the Roman was not the first to turn this natural fortress into a place of strength. He was possibly the first to fence in the headland with a wall of masonry—though indeed some have suggested that Lugubalia was defended only by a stockade; he was surely not the first to part it off by a ditch from the sloping ground to the south. We may be sure that such a site as this was marked off as a place of defence even in the days when the art of defence was rudest. Here, as in so many other cases, the Roman did but seize on and improve on the works of the older inhabitants of the land. But we may be equally sure that it was at Roman bidding that the primitive stronghold became the akropolis of a city, a city where the arts and luxury of southern Europe were for the first time planted on this furthest border of Roman abiding power. From his own world the Roman had gone forth to bring the other world of Britain under his dominion. But, as he looked forth from the akropolis of this his most northern city, he must indeed have felt that there was yet another world beyond, a world within which the power of the Cæsars could spread itself only now and then, in moments of special and at last of dying energy.

Presently a time came when the Roman world, within and without Britain, was to be cut short, when the older barbarian world against whose outbreaks Lugubalia had been planted as a bulwark was again to be enlarged, again to take in lands and cities where the Roman had ruled and where he was still to leave his memory behind him. We enter that unrecorded age whose silence is more eloquent than any record, that age of darkness whose gloom gives us a clearer teaching than we can often gain from the fullest light of contemporary history. The Roman has gone; the Teuton has not yet come. The second period of British independence and isolation has begun, the length of which was so widely different in different parts in Britain. In Kent many a man who had seen the eagles of Rome pass away from Britain must

have lived to see the keels of Hengest draw near to the coasts of Thanet, and to take his parts in the bloody fights when the Welsh fled from the English like fire. Nay, the life of man is now and then so long that some who were born under Roman law, subjects to the sons of Theodosius, may have stayed on to die as helpless elders when Ælle and Cissa left not a Bret alive within the walls of Anderida. Far otherwise was it here in Lugubalia. Two centuries at least of untouched Celtic independence must have passed before this corner of the island which the Roman had forsaken fell under the rule of any Teutonic conqueror. How are we to fill up that long gap when even the most meagre records are speechless? It might indeed be easy to fill it up from the world of legend. We may at pleasure people merry Carlisle with the company which poets of earlier and later days have called into being to gather round the shadowy form of Arthur. The knights and ladies of Arthur's court, their loves and their exploits, I leave poets to deal with; I leave poets too to deal with the warfare of the British prince in lands far beyond the shores of Britain. But the question whether we are to look for a historic Arthur in so northern a part of our island is a fair question for critical discussion. If such an Arthur there was, we may fairly look on Caerlluel as in every way likely to have been his capital. But can any one here who bears in mind whence I have come, reasonably ask me to become the prophet or champion of a northern Arthur? As a disciple of Dr. Guest, I must accept a personal Arthur; but both my local and my personal allegiance constrain me to place him and his exploits in a part of our island far away from this. I must accept an Arthur who was a thorn in the path of our fathers, a valiant enemy who did somewhat to delay the work which turned Britain into England. I must grant to him the glory of a victory of no small moment over the English arms; but I must place that victory far away from Lugubalia and the Roman wall, on the spot where he met Cerdic face to face beneath the rings of West-Saxon Badbury. Dwelling within sight of the Tor of Avalon, hard by a hill which bears Arthur's name, and which looks out on the spot where men deemed that

Arthur slept, I may join in honouring the memory of a gallant foe, the Hector, the Hannibal, the Hereward, of Britain; but I must be allowed to honour him on my own ground or on the ground of my immediate neighbours. If any man asks me to believe that the tyrant Arthur came with the men of Cornwall to win back his wife whom the King of the Summer-land had carried off to the sure shelter of the Glassy isle, I feel no special necessity laid on me to refuse so harmless a request.¹ But I cannot let the hero of our *antecessors* in the south-western peninsula go further from us than to the lands which may be seen from his own southern hill. Two British names, of which I have often had to speak, have a tendency to get confounded both ways. We of the *Æstiva regio*, where Arthur found his tomb, may let him go so far from us as to keep his court at Caerlleon by the Usk; we cannot part with him on so long a journey as to let him go to keep it at Caerlluel by the Eden.

The fifth and the sixth century pass away; the seventh brings us face to face with deeds with are more certain, and with doers of those deeds of whom, if legend can tell us less, history can tell us more. At some time in that century, earlier or later, Lugubalia, beyond all doubt, passed under English rule. But was it earlier or later? When Æthelfrith had done what Ceawlin had failed to do, when he had cloven asunder the solid British land which still stretched from the Clyde to the Severn Sea, when he had smitten the monks of Bangor and left the City of the Legions a howling wilderness, are we to deem that the spot on which we stand was among the lands which the last heathen king of northern England added to the Northumbrian realm? Or shall we deem it that Lugubalia bowed to Æthelfrith, but that what Æthelfrith won, Cadwalla won back, when for the last time the northern Briton went forth conquering and to conquer? Was the city and its fortress part of the immediate realm of the Bretwaldas, Oswald and Oswiu? One thing is certain that, later in the century, Caerlluel formed part of the realm of Ecgrith. It may have been part of his

¹ See the Legend in the Life of Gildas, § 10, p. xxxix. ed. Stevenson. There we have King Meluas "regnans in æstiva

regione," and we read how "Glastonia, id est, Urbs Vitrea. . . . obsessa est ab Arturo tyranno," &c.

conquests from the Briton; it was at least not one of those among his conquests which were won only for a moment. For nearly two hundred years after Ecgfrith, the city remained part of the dominions of the Northumbrian kings, part both of the spiritual fold and the temporal possessions of the bishops of Lindisfarn.¹ In English mouths too at least, its name took an English shape, and British Caerlluel became, as we have seen, English Luelceaster. It had its abbots, its abbesses, one at least among them of royal birth, the sister of Ecgfrith, to whom and to others the holy Cuthberht foretold their king's coming end.² Indeed, save his own holy island, few places stand out more conspicuously than Lugubalia in the history of the saint of Lindisfarn. We see him, in the picture of Bæda himself, visiting the city with somewhat of the curiosity of an antiquary, taken, as we have been this day, to look at its ancient walls, and to stand by the fountain which had been wrought in a wondrous sort in the days of Roman rule.³ Can we deem that, of the walls on which Cuthberht gazed we have this day gazed on any abiding fragments? Carlisle is not as dead Anderida, it is not as living Colchester, it is not even as Chester, which was dead and is alive again. Had saint Cuthberht been taken to see the walls of any of those ancient cities, we could point with all assurance to the stones and bricks on which he looked, abiding in the place in which he saw them. In the walls of Carlisle I have believed myself to see Roman stones; I leave it to more minute local knowledge than my own to judge whether any of them still abide in the places in which Cuthberht can have looked on them. One would be glad indeed if we could thus directly connect the Carlisle of the present with the Bernician saint, for it is simply through its connexion with him in life and death that we hear at all of the first English occupation of the

¹ We find the grant of Ecgfrith to Saint Cuthberht and the Saint's foundations in the second life in the *Surtees Simeon*, p. 230:—"Huic adjecerunt civitatem Luel, id est Carlei, et in circuitu XV. miliaria, et ibi Sanctus Cuthbertus congregationem sanctimonialium et abbatissam ordinavit, et scholas ibi constituit." This agrees with the

story in Bæda's own *Life of Saint Cuthberht*, 27.

² Bæda, u.s. The city is described as "Lugubalia civitas, quæ a populis Anglorum corrupte Luel vocatur."

³ "Deducitibus cum civibus ut videret mœnia civitatis fontemque in ea miro quondam Romanorum opere exstructum."

city. The living Cuthberht prophesied within it; well nigh two hundred years later the dead Cuthberht appeared in a warning dream to its abbot Eadred. Thus we learn that Lulchester was then still part of the Northumbrian realm. It was to be so no longer. The Dane was in the land, and Luelchester was to perish at his hands, though not to perish for ever. Its abbot had a share in placing a king on the throne of York, now that York was the seat of Danish kings, as it had once been the seat of Roman Cæsars. He had a share in guarding Saint Cuthberht's bones till they found that home at Cunegaceaster which sheltered him till Ealdhun found for them a nobler resting-place. But the city from which Eadred Lulisc took his surname ceased to be, and its site passed away from the rule of the foreign King of Deira, for whom he found a kingdom, from the fellowship of the native saint of Bernicia, for whom he found a tomb. Of the site where Lugubalia once stood we hear nothing; but it cannot fail to have shared the fate of that Cumbrian under-kingdom which afterwards came to form the appanage of the heirs of Scottish kingship, and over which the West-Saxon and Danish lords of all Britain claimed at most the rights of an external over-lord.

Thus we learn from incidental notices, and from incidental notices only, that towards the end of the ninth century, the site, the walls, the ruined dwellings, of Lugubalia, passed away from immediate English rule. They ceased to be part of any English kingdom. They had been part of the realm of the Northumbrian; they never became part of the realm of the West-Saxon. They formed part of a kingdom whose princes became the men (perhaps sometimes rather the men of the men) of Danish Cnut and of Norman William, but they were no part of the realm which owned the Danish and the Norman conqueror as its immediate sovereign. It is surely hardly needful for me to dwell on the exploded errors which were matters of more than local controversy only nine years back.¹ There is surely no doubt now, there ought never

¹ I refer to the controversy in the *Times* in the year 1873, of which I have said something in my *Reign of William Rufus*, ii, 545. But I must correct one assumption which I made both in that note and in the text, namely, that Lugubalia was

part of the lands lost to Northumberland at the fall of Egfrith. I had not given heed enough to the story of Eadred, which clearly fixes the loss of the country, as well as the destruction of the city, to the Danish invasion of 875.

to have been any since the day of our Institute's earlier meeting on this spot, why it is that Cumberland and Westmoreland do not appear by those names among the shires which are entered in the Norman Survey. Why Northumberland and Durham are not entered may still be a question, though to my mind it is not a very hard question; but the case of Northumberland and Durham and the case of Cumberland and Westmoreland have nothing in common. Northumberland and Durham might have been entered; we may fairly ask the reason why they were not entered; but Cumberland and Westmoreland, by those names, were no more likely to be entered in Domesday than the earldom of Orkney or the county of Ponthieu. Domesday is a survey of lands which formed part of the dominions of the King of the English, not of lands which formed no part of his dominions. In the days of William the Great, nay, in the days of his sons and of his grandson, there were, as I have already said, no English shires bearing the names of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Of the lands which now bear those names, part already belonged to the English kingdom and formed part of an English shire. Those lands are duly entered in the Survey under the shire of which they then formed a part, the great shire of York, yet greater in those days than it is now. But the parts which immediately concern us, the site of Carlisle, the special land of Carlisle, are not entered in the Survey, for the simple reason that in the days of William the Great, they formed no part of the English kingdom.

Again I repeat—it is no discovery of mine; it was announced in this city three-and-twenty years ago by a master of the history of Northern England¹—it was not under the Conqueror himself, but under the son of the Conqueror, that the land of Carlisle was restored to the English realm, that the city rose again, strengthened by fresh bulwarks and colonized by new inhabitants. The tale which carries back Earl Randolf and his earldom into the Conqueror's day, which further turns him from an Earl of Carlisle into an Earl of Cumberland, has been copied over and over again; but no statement

¹ See Mr. Hodgson Hinde's Paper on the Early History of Cumberland in the *Archæological Journal*, xvi, 216.

ever was more utterly lacking in authority. The reference commonly given is to a well-known passage in a printed text of the writer known as Matthew of Westminster. This would at most prove that a single inaccurate writer of somewhat doubtful personality had made a not very wonderful confusion ; but the authority for the common tale is even less than this ; it comes simply from a marginal note written by some unknown person in a copy of Matthew Paris.¹ Genuine contemporary history knows nothing of the restored city of Carlisle till the days of William Rufus ; it knows nothing of an earldom of Carlisle till the days of Henry the Clerk. In the year 1092, so witnesses the Chronicle, "the King William with mickle *fyrð* went north to Carlisle, and the borough set up again, and the castle reared, and Dolfin out drove that ere the land wielded, and the castle with his men set, and sith hither south went, and mickle many of churlish folk with wives and cattle thither sent to dwell in the land to till it." There is the true tale. It is a curious instance of the way in which so much of our most trustworthy history has to be patched up from notices which are purely incidental, that it is from another record of this same event that we learn the destruction of the city by the Danes two hundred years earlier.² That fact might otherwise have been passed by ; but it was needful to put it on record to explain the state of things which the Red King found in Lugubalia and the coasts thereof.

No part of our fragmentary story is more thoroughly fragmentary than this, the central fact of the whole tale. The entry in the Chronicles stands by itself ; we are left to connect it as we can with anything that went before, and with anything that came after. We are not told what led to this action of the Red King at this particular time ; we find a certain Dolfin in possession of the land ; but we are not told what he had done to lead to the attack which the King of the English made upon him ; we are not even told who he was. But, from his name and from the whole circumstances of the story, we can

¹ This was shown by Dr. Luard in the *Times*, January 16, 1873. See *Saturday Review*, January 18, 1873.

² See the extract from Florence in p. 480.

hardly be wrong in setting him down as one of the house of the Lords of Bamburgh and Earls of Northumberland, and as the son of that Gospatric who in his youth risked his life to save Earl Tostig, and who afterwards himself ruled for a while as Earl under the Conqueror, but who had in the end to find shelter with the Scottish King. And we can hardly be wrong in assuming that whatever Dolfin held he held as the man of Malcolm. Here then was a corner of Britain still ruled by a man of the loftiest English birth, sprung by the female line of the stock of West-Saxon kingship, but held under the supremacy of the King of Scots. The land now becomes in one sense more English, in another less. Up to 1092 there was still an English ruler in Britain; there was still a man of English blood holding an earldom, lordship, or whatever it is to be called, which so far formed a distinct State as to be no part of the immediate dominions either of the Norman or of the Scot. Here was still a ruler, who, sprung from Northumbrian earls on the one side, from West-Saxon kings on the other, might, with the minutest accuracy, be set down as an Anglo-Saxon. As long as such a ruler still reigned, there was still something like an English power in Britain twenty-six years after the Norman landed at Pevensey. But its existence as an English power implied separation from the now united English kingdom, it implied dependence on the Scottish crown. After the change which the Red King wrought at Carlisle, no man of purely English descent ever again ruled in Britain, but this sentimental loss might be looked on as counterbalanced by the reunion of the severed land with a kingdom of England which was soon again to become an English kingdom. The French-speaking founder of Carlisle made way for a king who was English in birth and speech, if not in blood, and who handed on his crown to descendants who came of the old kingly stock by the same tie of female descent as Dolfin and Gospatric themselves.¹ We are not told what it was that

¹ One is always tempted to forget, or rather one is always tempted to remember that the sons of the Conqueror did come from Ælfred through their mother Matilda. But this bit of pedigree was doubtless utterly forgotten, while the

descent of the sons of Henry the First from the old English stock through their mother Matilda was in everybody's memory. One lay within, the other without the range of practical politics.

led the Red King to march with a great fyrd to Carlisle and to drive out Dolfin. Save for this expedition, the year 1092 was a year of peace. The events recorded under it are mainly ecclesiastical. Just before his march into Carlisle, the King would seem to have been at Lincoln, ready for the hallowing of Remigius' minster, a hallowing which did not come just yet.¹ The year before had been a busy one indeed. King William had made peace with his brother Duke Robert, and the two had dispossessed their younger brother Henry, Ætheling, Count, and Clerk. Malcolm of Scotland had meanwhile harried Northumberland as far as Chester-le-Street, and had been driven back by the Normans and English of the land. The three sons of the Conqueror, all now reconciled, had come to England together; they had all gone northwards; they had entered Malcolm's dominions; but, instead of a battle, the mediation of Robert and Eadgar had led to a treaty, and to an act of homage done by Malcolm to the King of the English. Then the brothers had quarrelled again, and Robert and Eadgar had gone away to Normandy. So much for 1091. In 1093 a Scottish embassy comes to William Rufus during his momentary fit of reformation at Gloucester. Then Malcolm is summoned to the court of his over-lord; Eadgar is sent to bring him honourably; he comes, but the capricious Rufus refuses to see him; Malcolm goes home in wrath; he invades England for the last time, and dies at Alnwick.

Here there are two years, 1091 and 1093, both full of warlike dealings between England and Scotland, but dealings broken by a treaty, a treaty followed by a year of peace as far as the two kingdoms are concerned, but in which we find these remarkable doings on the borders of the two, the driving out of Dolfin and the establishment of the English power at Carlisle. We may be sure that these events had some reference either to what went before or to what came after. One might suppose that Malcolm, like some other kings, betrayed his ally and vassal Dolfin, and that the surrender of Carlisle to William was one of the articles of the treaty agreed upon between him and the King of Scots. But if this were so, William would surely have taken possession of his

¹ See William Rufus, i. 312.

new dominion on his way southwards, and would not have waited till seemingly the latter part of the next year. It is far more likely that the occupation of Carlisle was a piece of capricious aggression on the part of Rufus, an act which, whether it was or was not a breach of the letter of the treaty, was sure to kindle the wrath of Malcolm to the uttermost. A King of Scots might reasonably be wrathful at the wrong done to a vassal of Scotland, and still more at the standing menace which was now set up against the Scottish kingdom itself. We cannot be certain, because it is not recorded ; but we may be strongly tempted to believe that the occupation of Carlisle held a foremost place among the complaints which Malcolm and his embassy had to make to Rufus, and to which Rufus, when he had risen from his bed of sickness and penitence, characteristically refused to hearken.

The whole later history of Carlisle—one might say, the whole later history of England—witnesses to the importance of the step which was now taken by the Red King. The whole later relations between England and Scotland, from that day to the union of the crowns, were influenced by the presence of a great and strong English city so close to the Scottish border. The step, whatever may have been its moral aspect towards Malcolm, towards Dolfin, or towards Dolfin's subjects, was, as an act done by a king of England, for the strengthening of his kingdom, the act of a keen-sighted general and a far-sighted statesman. And William the Red, though he did not always choose to be either, could be both whenever he did choose. What became of Dolfin we know not ; as concerns Dolfin's subjects, the story suggests that they could not have lost much, and that there were not very many of them to lose anything. The words of one of our best authorities, literally taken, would imply that the city was a mere uninhabited ruin. As I have already hinted, it is perhaps dangerous to press descriptions of this kind too far. Some dwelling-places of man may likely enough have still gathered round the ancient walls, more likely within than, as at Anderida, without. It is enough that Lugubalia had ceased to be a city and a fortress, and that, at the bidding of William the Red, it again became both. How much, in wall and

castle, may be his work, how much may be the work of his brother, I must leave local knowledge to settle. What William wrought, Henry undoubtedly strengthened.¹ As for the land, as distinguished from the city, our story certainly implies that it was, to say the least, not very thickly inhabited. No part of Britain was thickly inhabited then according to modern standards; but the land of Carlisle must have seemed empty of men according to the standard of the eleventh century. To drive out those whom he found in the land, and to plant in it a colony of his own subjects, might be an act of wise policy on the Red King's part. It might even be a wise way of disposing of men who might be dangerous in other parts of the kingdom. Dissatisfied Normans, oppressed Englishmen, would be turned into loyal subjects, when they were set to guard the border city of England against the Scot. But this is not the kind of migration of which the Chronicler speaks, or at least he speaks of another kind of migration as well. The land must have really lacked inhabitants of any kind, when William found it a wise step to bring churlish folk from southern England to dwell in the land and to till it. I need not dwell on the guess, in any case a mere guess, and to my mind not a likely guess, which connects this settlement with the dispossession of English—sometimes of Norman—owners to make way for the New Forest. The important point is that the colony planted by William Rufus in the land of Carlisle, was strictly a Saxon colony. It was a Saxon colony in a land for which Briton, Angle, Scot and Dane, had often striven, but where the Saxon was altogether a new comer. Now in all the discussions on the ethnology of Cumberland this Saxon colony seems to be forgotten. Yet its coming is an undoubted fact, and perchance the fact of the eleventh century may have left some signs even in the nineteenth. I merely throw this out as a subject for local inquiry. Are there any distinctively Saxon elements to be traced within the land

¹ Simeon (1122) is emphatic on this work: "Hoc anno rex Henricus, post festum sancti Michaelis Northymbranas intrans regiones, ab Eboraco divertit versus mare occidentale, consideraturus civitatem antiquam quæ lingua Brittonum Cairlel dicitur, quæ nunc Carleol Anglice,

Latine vero Lugubalia appellatur, quam data pecunia castello et turribus præcepit muniri." Mr. Hinde remarks that the earldom of Carlisle had lately reverted to the Crown, by exchange with Earl Randolph for the earldom of Chester.

colonized by Rufus, that is, I would again remind every one, not all modern Cumberland and Westmoreland, but the special land of Carlisle, the old earldom, the old diocese? In the neighbouring land of Bernicia I have sometimes seemed to notice points that were distinctively Saxon. The *chesters* of that land, as opposed to the *casters* of Deira, are, if not distinctively Saxon, at least English as opposed to Danish. And I began to doubt whether it was owing to the coming of Octa and Ebussa or to what, when I heard, along the Roman wall, such names as Bellingham and Ovingham sounded with a soft *g*. Surely, I said in my heart, here are folk who are *Westsaxonibus ipsis Westsaxoniores*.

One thing we must not forget, namely, that the ecclesiastical side of Carlisle is not the work of William Rufus—we could hardly expect it to be so—but the work of Henry the First. Early in the reign of the Lion of Justice, the fallen abbey of Eadred rose again in the shape of a new priory of Austin canons, of which the King himself, if not the founder, was at least a benefactor. Here, as in many other places, from Wells to Manchester, from the tenth century to the nineteenth, the chapter or other ecclesiastical body is older than the bishopric. Nearly thirty years after the foundation of the priory King Henry planted his English confessor Æthelwulf in the new episcopal chair of Carlisle. It was not till the next century that the unbroken succession of the Carlisle bishops begins; still Henry is none the less the founder of the See, although for many years his foundation remained vacant. And if Henry was the first to give bishops to Carlisle, Henry was also the first to give her earls. And they were bishops of Carlisle, earls of Carlisle. The limits of the land added to England by Rufus were the limits of their diocese and their earldom. If Henry founded bishops and earls, it was in a city founded by Rufus that he founded them. Yes, I would say to the citizens of Carlisle, the Red King is your founder, and you cannot escape him. You might better have liked the Conqueror, to whom an old-standing blunder has assigned you. You might better have liked Ecgfrith or Æthelfrith, Cadwalla or Arthur. You might better have liked one whom a

writer of the twelfth century gives you, even Divus Julius himself.¹ The future Dictator is, I suppose, carried thus far northward by the same kind of process which has carried Hengest, out of the narrow Kentish range which history gives him, to Stonehenge and Sprotburgh, and I know not where else besides. But the journey which Cæsar never took was taken by the king into whose body some thought that the soul of Cæsar had passed.² The Roman must be satisfied with having called Corinth and Carthage into a restored being; it was his Norman *avatar* that did the same good turn by Carlisle. You must be content that the work of calling your fallen city into a new being was the work of him who every morning got up a worse man than he lay down, and who every evening lay down a worse man than he got up.

I am near the end of my discourse, but some might think that I am still near the beginning of my subject. But I have really reached its goal. I have carried the history of Carlisle through those stages of its history which give the city its distinctive historical character, which work out what I would call its personal definition. We have seen, at Lugubalia, as in other parts of the land, the Roman city left as a city of the forsaken and independent Briton, and then pass under the rule of an English kingdom. So far Lugubalia has simply followed the rule, except so far as it would seem to have been one of those more favoured places which passed from British to English rule without any intermediate period of desolation. The thing which forms the distinctive character of Carlisle is that its time of desolation came later, that the coming of the Danes wrought not only the overthrow of the city, but its separation from English rule. The forsaken site became part of a British kingdom, which presently bowed to an external English supremacy, but which, instead of passing under immediate English rule, became an appanage of the Scot. Then at last the land returns, if not to English rule, at least under the rule of England, and the Norman builds up again what the Dane had overthrown.

¹ So Orderic (917 B), in recording the taking by David, calls it "Cardulium

validissimum oppidum, quod Julius Cæsar, ut dicunt, condidit.

² See William of Malmesbury, iv., 320.

But I should hardly have said "at last;" Carlisle was yet again to pass under the rule of a King of Scots, and to be again restored to the realm of England. When all the sons of the Conqueror had passed away, when the nineteen years of anarchy had come with his grandson, King David, in all zeal for his Imperial niece, cut short the kingdom of his other niece's husband, and added Carlisle, with other lands and fortresses of Northern England, to the Scottish dominions. Just then subtle questions of homage were not likely to be argued, and the King of Scots doubtless held Carlisle by whatever right he held, if not Dunfermline, at least Lothian.¹ But what one Henry had strengthened, the next won back, and if Dunfermline and Lothian passed under the outward supremacy of the Angevin king, Carlisle again became part of his immediate kingdom. In this way the distinctive feature of the history of Carlisle, its falling away from England and its recovery by England, was really acted twice over. But the second loss, the second recovery, were but a feeble after-shadow of the first; they did not involve the destruction of the city and its calling again to a renewed life. For the moment indeed the question might have been asked, whether the rule of David was not more English than the rule of Stephen, if in courtesy we look on Stephen as exercising any rule at all. Practically Carlisle, with the other parts of England which were ceded to David, obtained a happy exemption from the horrors which laid waste the rest of the kingdom, and, as soon as the kingdom had again a settled government, they again became members of the English body.

The place of Carlisle in English history is thus fully ascertained. The city has run a course of its own in the earlier times of our history; it now finally takes its place as an English city in order to discharge one special function among English cities. Carlisle has now to be, before all other spots, the bulwark of England against the Scot. So I must speak in obedience to the received rules of language; but we should ever bear in mind that warfare with the Scot hardly ever meant warfare with the true bearers of that name, allies as they so often were of the English over-lord; the truer name of the warfare of

¹ On the nature and effects of this cession, see *Norman Conquest*, v. 258—263.

which Carlisle was for many ages the centre would be warfare, as in the old days before England had a single king, between the northern and the southern English kingdoms. One king marched from Westminster, another from Dunfermline, each at the head of armies of the English speech, strengthened, it may be, or weakened by wilder allies from the Celtic background which overshadowed both English realms alike. In this warfare the border city was ever the main object of attack and defence. The time would fail to tell how many times Carlisle was besieged by the Scottish invaders, how many times it was the trysting-place of the hosts of England. It has a strange sound when, in the year of the Great Charter, the Scottish Alexander took the city, as David had taken it before him, and how he presently did homage—for Carlisle, for Scotland, or for what?—to the French prince whom the Norman barons of England had chosen to take the place of the rebel tyrant from Anjou.¹ But the Scottish occupation under Alexander was yet shorter than the Scottish occupation under David; two years later the Scottish king, ere he could be absolved from ecclesiastical censures, had to give up Carlisle, not to the Lord Lewis to whom he had so lately done homage, but to the Lord Henry, chosen and hallowed King of England.² Through the wars of the Edwards, the name of Carlisle meets us almost at every page; it stands out specially as a spot bound by another tie to one of the other spots with which at starting I compared and contrasted it. The needs of warfare and of policy caused the city of William Rufus to be many times honoured with the presence of the founder of Hull. Edward, father of parliaments, held three famous parliaments within your walls, and, as you were told three-and-twenty years ago by a voice which is now silent, the good estate of the river Thames and its traffic was

¹ See the Chronicle of Lanecrost under the year 1215, pp. 18, 19. The passage about the homage runs thus :—" Rex Scottorum in Angliā moram faciens, homagium fecit dicto Lodowico. sub ea forma quæ barones Angliæ eadem fecerant. Et tamen ipse Lodowicus quam barones Angliæ, tactis sanctuariis juraverunt quod nunquam sine ipso rege

Scottorum pactum pacis cum rege Angliæ inirent, quod omno tamen non est observatum."

² *Ib.* 1217, p. 25 :—" Rex Scottorum Alexander, antequam absolvi mereretur, Carliolum voluntati regaliū Angliæ tradidit." "Regaliū," because the King was a child.

discussed in this distant corner of the English kingdom.¹ From Carlisle the Hammer of the Scots set forth on his last enterprise, when the enfeebled frame of the mighty warrior and lawgiver sank beneath the weight of cares and labours beside the sands of Solway. A generation later the presence of Edward King of Scots at Carlisle may be a momentary puzzle; but the personage so described was no Scottish conqueror like David or Alexander; Edward Balliol, faithful vassal of his southern over-lord, found it convenient to make use of Carlisle as something between a court and a place of shelter.² In the sixteenth century Carlisle again received a Scottish sovereign; but it was a deposed queen flying from her own people. In the seventeenth and in the eighteenth century, the city was again occupied by a Scottish army; in the earlier case by a Scottish army in league with the Parliament, in the latter by a Scottish army marching in the cause of a pretender to the English crown whose claims were at least Scottish rather than English. And in this last occupation we are after so many ages brought back to a race which has been for a long while out of our sight. If most so-called Scottish armies were more truly to be called armies of Englishmen of Lothian or of converted Britons of Strathclyde, we cannot say this of the Highland host of Charles Edward. Then the true Scot—or, for aught I know, the true Pict—showed himself on English ground in his true garb—his true garb, I say, for the devices of the famous army-tailor to whom the present so-called Highland dress is said to be owing, must have come at a later date. Let some student of the antiquities of dress tell us the exact distinction between the two. If that distinction should prove to be very wide, it might save King George the Fourth, who doubtless clad himself in the more modern fashion, from Lord Macaulay's gibe that he "disguised himself in what, before the Union, was considered by nine Scotchmen out of ten as the dress of a thief."

I have rushed with somewhat headlong speed through

¹ See Mr. Hartshorne on the Parliaments of Carlisle, *Archæological Journal*, xvi., 326.

² See the year 1334 in the Chronicle

of Lanercost, pp. 277-281. "*Dominius Edwardus rex Scotiæ*," has to be distinguished from "*David quem Scotti ante unxerant sibi in regem*."

several stirring ages. But to tell what Carlisle, after the city had put on its characteristic character, did and suffered is rather the business of other members of the section, and not of its president. For detailed notices of such points we look to local zeal and local research ; my business is rather to point out what Carlisle is, to fix its place among the cities of England, to trace out what is special and distinctive in the history of the one English city which still keeps its almost unaltered British name, the city where a foreign king, the most deeply hated of his line, showed himself as the enlarger of the English kingdom, the man who, if he drove out the last separate ruler of the old English stock, drove him out only to become himself the founder of a Saxon colony, and to give England her abiding bulwark against her northern neighbour, so often her northern enemy.