

Mr. Orde whether he would part with her. Mr. Orde is reported to have replied that he would personally have been happy to oblige her Majesty, but that Beeswing belonged to the people of the North!

While Beeswing was the Northumberland, Lanercost was the Cumberland favourite. The sire of Lanercost was Liverpool, the property of Mr. Ramsay, of Barnton, who, having bought him, when a yearling, from his Cumbrian owner, for £130, sent him to Tuppill to be trained. That great authority, Tom Dawson, next season considered him the finest-grown two-year-old he ever saw, and could hardly believe he was the same beast, "all belly and no neck," which he had seen at The Bush, at Carlisle, the year before. On his first trials, he failed, and disappointed the Carlisle folks; but the spirit of his nominator, James Parkin, did not flag. Parkin was a man who, in a general way, did not care much for racing, being devoted rather to steeple-chasing, fox-hunting, and stage-coach driving, in which latter line of business he was in his glory; but he nominated Lanercost for all his three-year-old engagements, in the firmest belief that he would yet prove to be one of the best horses the world ever saw. The animal verified Parkin's hope so far as to win at Newcastle, then at the Caledonian Hunt, then at Dumfries, and finally at Ayr, where the rivalry for the Cup was in those days high and keen among the Scottish dons. Lanercost was the winner of five races, in Scotland and England, between the 4th of September and the 18th of October; and on the 28th of the latter month he won the great Cambridgeshire Stakes, the first year they were established. In the following season, he gained a short-head victory over Beeswing for the Newcastle Cup, and also beat her on the Berry Moss for the Kelso Cup. Next year Lanercost won the Cup and two other prizes at Ascot, but was beaten at Newcastle by Beeswing. After that, he was sold for £2,800 to Mr. Kirby, for whom he won the Chester Cup in 1842. This was the last of his brilliant public performances. His stud career ended at Chantilly, in the Emperor Napoleon's splendid stables.

Stephen Hollin's Ghost.

MANFIELD, a small and scattered village on the south bank of the Tees, five miles west of Darlington, and nine miles north-east of Richmond, has to the north-east of it a number of high, bleak, lonely grass fields called the Carrs. In the midst of these Carrs there is a small house, used as a hind's house, built on the site of a former farm-house. In that farm-house the farmer, Stephen Hollin, was murdered by his two nephews, and his body was buried in the fields; but,

as suspicion was aroused some time after by his disappearance, his bones were taken up by them, and burnt in a brick oven. I well remember coming home from gathering mushrooms in these Carrs on misty autumn evenings, and looking round quite expecting to see Stephen Hollin's ghost coming along the "long grey fields" in the brown suit and low-crowned hat of which I had so often heard.

A dear old woman who lived near us, and who died a few years ago upwards of eighty, never tired of telling us tales of "Stephen," as the ghost was familiarly called. Her father, who died over ninety years of age, was the village blacksmith. The Tweddles have time out of mind been the blacksmiths at Manfield; the present blacksmith's name is Tweddle. Around Bessie's fire on winter nights, or seated on her "bink" at the door on summer evenings, we have listened spell-bound to strange tales of the ghost. I cannot say when the murder was committed; it must have been long, long ago, as the stories were then things of the past. Only one old man besides Bessie professed to have seen the ghost. A servant boy who came to her grandfather's blacksmith shop rather late in the evening, with a "plough coulter" to be sharpened, was warned that he might see Stephen as he returned home. He had to pass through the Carrs to another lonely farm-house. He replied that he didn't care for Stephen; if Stephen came to him, he would throw the "plough coulter" at his head. Next morning, his dead body was found in the fields, all scratched and torn. Of course, Stephen Hollin had killed him. A relation of my father's, who was coming from Grunton one winter night in the snow, saw Stephen's low-crowned hat over the hedge. She ran for her life, and lost her shoe in her fright. Many people searched for the shoe, but it could never be found. Stephen had got it.

At Cauldknockles, as his own house was called, he was on quite familiar terms with the inmates. He would sometimes hold the "milkus" door, preventing all admittance at his pleasure. Sometimes in a playful mood he would roll cheeses downstairs. Once he stole a tailor's thread, took it upstairs, and threw it down from a hole in the ceiling into the tailor's face. Sometimes, in a morning, the horses would be "all in a lather." Stephen had been riding them all night. Occasionally the noise of threshing (of course with a flail then) would be heard, and dust and "caff" would be seen streaming abundantly out of the barn door; but the initiated would take it as a matter of course, simply remarking, "It's only Stephen." A servant girl was on such familiar terms with him that she used, when she had a heavy "skeelful" of calf-meat to convey, to say, in a coaxing manner, "Tak haud, Stephen," and the invisible Stephen used to hold up the other side and carry exactly as a real person would do. But the strangest of all his pranks was a meaningless one. A cow had calved one night, and the calf disappeared, and could nowhere be found. At last it was heard to

"blair" in the air, and there it was thrown across the rigging-tree of the house. Of course, Stephen had put it there.

Many more such tales I could tell. These tales were spread far and wide over the neighbouring villages, and formed the subject of conversation round many a winter fire. Their real existence was devoutly believed in. We durst not venture on a word of unbelief to Bessie. Had she not seen Stephen herself when a girl?

Alas! he no more revisits the glimpses of the moon. He was conjured into a well by a priest. Will he ever return? I am afraid not.

DARLINGTON,

Nab Cottage, Rydalmere.

TOURISTS who travel from Ambleside to Keswick will notice a cottage on the roadside near the foot of Nab Scar—an offshoot of Fairfield—and within a few yards of Rydal Water. This modest dwelling does not present any extraordinary external features. Within a short distance there are many houses that are much more picturesque. Nab Cottage, as it is called, derives, indeed, all its interest from the circumstance that it was at one time the temporary residence of two of the literary giants of "Wordsworthshire"—Thomas de Quincey and Hartley Coleridge.

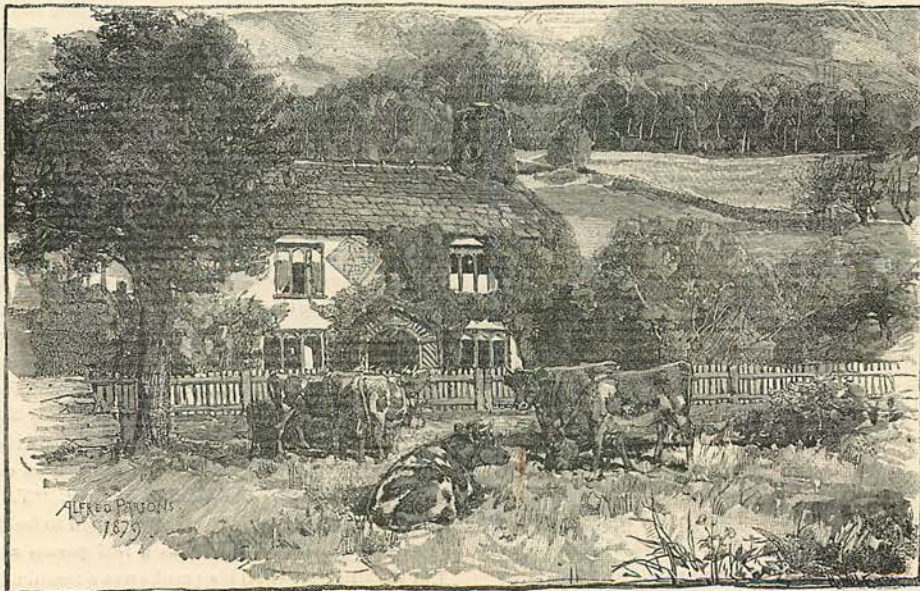
De Quincey lived for many years in a small house at Town End, Grasmere, which had been vacated by Wordsworth. Having married Margaret Simpson,

daughter of a Westmoreland farmer living at Nab Cottage, he, after this happy event, alternated between the two places. A great collector of books and papers, he first filled every conceivable corner in the Town End house with his treasures, and then stored the surplus in Nab Cottage. It does not appear that De Quincey was at any time the tenant of Nab Cottage; for after he left the Lake District in 1830 and went to Edinburgh, he still retained the place at Town End for a few years.

Nab Cottage was Hartley Coleridge's home for some seventeen or eighteen years. It is known that Hartley was held in great esteem by all the inhabitants of the valley of the Rothay. "La'al Hartley" (little Hartley) was a prime favourite with the sturdy yeomen, and the declaration that "he's yan on us" indicated how close was the intimacy. But Hartley Coleridge's irregular habits were a source of perpetual regret to his relatives and friends. Many will remember the forebodings of Wordsworth:—

I think of thee with many fears,
For what may be thy lot in future years.

Harriet Martineau thus writes on the same subject:—
"Those who knew the Lakes of old will remember the peculiar form and countenance which used to haunt the roads between Ambleside and Grasmere—the eccentric-looking being whom the drivers were wont to point out as the son of the great Coleridge, and himself a poet. He is more missed in his neighbourhood than in the literary world; for he loved everybody, and had many friends. His mournful weakness was regarded with unusual forbearance; and there was more love and pity than censure in the minds of those who practically found how difficult it was to help him. Those who knew him most loved



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NAB COTTAGE, RYDALMERE.