

this, however, you will be a better judge after I have detailed my antiquarian researches. — Now, as to Barnard Castle, it was built in Henry I.'s time, by Barnard, son of Guy Baliol, who landed with the Conqueror. It remained with the Baliols till their attainder by Edward I. The tomb of Alan of Gallo-way was here in Leland's time; and he gives the inscription. Alan, if you remember, married Margaret of Huntingdon, David's daughter, and was father, by her, of Devorgild, who married John Baliol, and from whom her son, John Baliol, claimed the crown of Scotland. Edward I. granted the castle and liberties to Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; it descended (with that title) to the Nevills, and by Ann Nevill to Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III. It does not appear to whom Henry VII. or his son regranted it, but it fell soon into the hands of the Nevills, Earls of Westmoreland, by whom it was forfeited in the Rising of the North. It was granted by James I. to the citizens of London, from whom Sir Henry Vane received it by purchase. It does not seem ever to have been used as a place of strength after the Rising of the North; and when the Vanes bought it of the citizens, it was probably in a dismantled state. It was, however, a possession of the Vanes before the Civil Wars, and, therefore, with a safe conscience you may swear it stood for the Parliament. The lady for whose ghost you inquire at Rokehy, has been so hurried in uncertainty, you may make what you like of her. The most interesting fiction makes her the heiress of the Rokehys, murdered in the woods of the Greta by a greedy collateral who inherited the estate. She reached the house before she expired, and her blood was extant in my younger days at Mortham tower. Others say it was a Lady Rokehy, the wife of the owner, who was shot in the walks by robbers; but she certainly became a ghost, and, under the very poetic *nom de guerre* of Mortham Dohhy, she appeared dressed as a fine lady, with a piece of white silk trailing behind her — without a head, indeed (though no tradition states how she lost so material a member), but with many of its advantages, for she had long hair on her shoulders — and eyes, nose, and mouth, in her breast. The parson once, by talking Latin to her, confined her under the bridge that crosses the Greta at my dairy, but the arch being destroyed by floods in 1771, became incapable of

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