NORTHUMBERLAND: ITS HISTORY, ITS FEATURES, AND ITS PEOPLE,

BY

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Author of "Men and Things Russian"; "A Minister's Easter Mondays"; &c.

"O! the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country."
Seventeenth Century Northumbrian Ballad.

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DEDICATION.

To my Dear Wife, herself a Northumbrian, who for many years has greatly assisted me in all my work, and to all who love their Native County at Home and Abroad, this little book is Dedicated by their Fellow-Northumbrian.
PREFACE.

This little volume was originally prepared as a popular Lecture, and was delivered before the Tyneside Geographical and Carlisle Scientific Societies.

Being a native of Otterburn, where his father originated the Presbyterian Church, and was its minister for a period of twenty-eight years, and succeeding him in the ministry there, the Author has naturally been deeply interested in his native county, an interest which has not diminished by his removal to a neighbouring one.

It appears in this form at the urgent request of many who heard it as a Lecture. The Author therefore hopes that in this more permanent form it may serve to deepen the interest of Northumbrians in their native county.

He gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to the Rev. A. H. Drysdale, M.A., Morpeth, who volunteered to revise the proof sheets, and to Mr. Walter Cranston, Carlisle, who kindly supplied several valuable historical incidents.

Carlisle, April, 1893.
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CHAPTER I.

The Spell of the Word Northumberland—The Roman Domination—The Roman Wall and Dr. Bruce—Watling Street—Conversion to Christianity in the times of the Saxons—The Great Missionaries, Paulinus, Aidan, and Cuthbert—Battles of Otterburn, Flodden Field, Hedgeley Moor, and Hexham—Jacobite Outing and the Earl of Derwentwater.

NORTHUMBERLAND! Shakespeare asks:—
"What's in a name?" and replies, "That which we call a rose, by any other word would smell as sweet." No doubt it is so with the grand northern county of England, and yet who shall deny that the very word Northumberland has a royal look, as well as a royal ring about it? As it is with the name, so it is with the county, its people, its history and associations.

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own North-umber-land!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well."

What we have to deal with is not the Northumbria of our early English History, that is, the
whole country lying between the Estuary of the Humber and the Firth of Forth, but that most northern county of the England we live in, which, from its physical appearance, forms a triangular apex to our "right little, tight little island."

The history of our own times about any English county is full of interest and impulse; but when the storied past, which kindles the imagination with its witchery and glamour, is added to the more prosaic record of the present hour, a nameless charm is imparted to the short study. The wand of Merlin is laid alongside the more potent rod of our modern knights of industry, and the javelin of the Roman infantry, the sword of Douglas, and the spear of Hotspur, measure their exact force with the battery of modern artillery which hits with an unerring aim at the distance of several miles. Among English counties none lends itself better to the inter-blending of the old and the new than Northumberland. The past is rich in legend, and in the moving records left by the tramp of legions, and the shock of battle between warring hosts; the present is instinct with many-sided and unwearied endeavour to keep England foremost amid the van of nations.
In the galleries of the palace of Holyrood there is a long-extending line of the portraits of Scottish Kings, with regard to some of whom it is most likely, that we do not greatly err when we say, they go far beyond the historic period. We have no desire thus to deal with our study of Northumberland, and accordingly it is hoped that it will satisfy the most exacting; if, assuming the stride of a Colossus, we bring beneath the purview of the reader a period extending over no less an interval than nineteen hundred years and treat of Northumberland and its people.

From every point of view the beginning of the Christian era must form an altogether exceptional opening for a record of any kind, and it is with the dawn of Christianity that Northumberland first emerges from what, we are ready to admit, was until then impenetrable obscurity. It was then she had planted upon her well-marked and rugged features a work of almost imperishable endurance. Of course we refer to the Roman Wall. England was the last attempt at conquest, made by Rome in the west, and although internal disorders soon compelled her to withdraw her legionaries, she has left such a stamp of her might behind her, that we, the English of to-day, who among the nations most resemble the
Romans in our powers of colonising, and our general force of purpose, and endurance in endeavour, may well guard as a sacred treasure whatever relic of Roman dominion remains entrusted to our care.

Caesar, Agricola, Hadrian, Severus, are all names which readily occur to us in association with the Roman occupation of Britain, and upon the best authority, the Emperor Hadrian was the builder of the wall. That authority of course is the late Dr. Bruce—ultimus Romanorum, and a Roman he looked every inch of him. Of all the cohort of antiquarians, Dr. Bruce has done most for the Roman Wall. It was his life-long study; and the Lapidarium, and that magnum opus, "The Roman Wall," are destined to endure. Here are a few lines upon the Doctor and his work:

"A chief among these famous men is Doctor Heavytome,
Who has achieved a greater fame than all the gods of Rome,
For Rome was not eternal, we know it by her fall,
But the Doctor has decreed her an everlasting wall."

There is only one error in these lines. The Doctor was anything rather than a Heavytome. Both as a preacher, lecturer, and writer, he was
as interesting as he was scholarly, and there cannot be a doubt that the witty writer of the humorous lines only introduced the word because of the unbending exigency of rhythm.

Cæsar landed in Kent about half-a-century before the birth of Christ, and Hadrian built the wall most likely about the year 120 A.D. Rome's power was great, but it was even then upon the wane. Domestic feuds and servile wars, and the threatened incursions of barbaric tribes troubled and weakened the heart of the empire, and as one legion after another was called back to Italy, it was necessary to make the position of those serving in distant colonies as secure as possible. Hence the reason, as we conceive, why the Roman Wall was built between Wallsend and Bowness-on-Solway, covering a distance which Horsley estimates at sixty-eight miles and three furlongs. It was erected for the purpose of checking and thrusting back the Picts and other northern barbarian hordes. It may be mentioned here that British remains exist throughout the county to a considerable extent. Greaves Ash and Three Stone Burn, near Wooler, are the principal, while Mote Hills are to be found at Elsdon, Wark, Haltwhistle, and Morpeth. The Mote Hill, or council chamber as we should now say,
at Elsdon, is probably the finest and most perfect to be found in the country.

What a massive and noble structure the wall must have been at its best, with its stations, and mile castles, and watch towers, and roads, it is easy to suppose, and even now, after a lapse of eighteen centuries, during which interval, for hundreds of years, it was just a quarry for any and every kind of building all along the isthmus, the ruins that remain are enough to testify to the skill and purpose of the builders.

Imagination is fain to picture the stirring scenes that must have been witnessed when the wall was building. The short, thick-set, muscular Italian, the fiery Gaul, the olive-skinned and sedate Spaniard, the phlegmatic Batavian, one after another, must have been employed upon it, while of course the poor natives, *nolens volens*, would be impressed as beasts of burden and slaves. Nor are we to suppose that the enemies issuing from the Caledonian forest would not often put themselves *en evidence* while the work was being carried forward. Thus might it be in the building of the Roman Wall as it was in the re-building of the wall of Jerusalem in the time of Nehemiah, in the one hand they held the trowel wherewith to build, and in the
other they held the sword wherewith to drive off the enemy.

As often as we have walked along the wall, so often have we wondered how so stupendous a work could have been effected. If the country was then anything like what it is to-day, the population must have been exceedingly sparse. A few raids for foraging purposes would speedily exhaust all supplies, and if, as has been suggested, the troops were fed from York as a base of supplies—a distance of ninety or one hundred miles—the difficulties of transport must have been well nigh as formidable as they are to-day between Zanzibar and Uganda.

He who would have the best idea of this famous work should start early in the morning from Chollerford—where the piers of the old Roman bridge that crossed the North Tyne, are still to be seen when the river is low—and walk along the wall, where wall, and ditch and vallum, are still entire, to the north, past Haltwhistle, and along the Nine Nicks of Thirlwall, where the wall follows in the strangest manner possible the sinuosities of the Whinstone Dyke, which runs right through Northumberland.

Another marked feature of the Roman occupation is Watling Street. This was the great Military
Road in Britain. It begins at Watling Street in the City of London, where the first milestone may still be seen in the wall of a Church, and then branches off in different directions. The Northumbrian portion of Watling Street after crossing the Tyne, goes north-west by way of Corbridge, Ridsdale, Woodburn, and Rochester, and then following through interminable moors strikes Scotland at Chew Green. One of the peculiar features about Watling Street is that it pursues the even tenor of its way, just as the crow flies, and over the highest ground. This latter circumstance makes it a stiff enough road for conveyances and loaded vehicles in our day; but undoubtedly it had its advantage for the Romans, giving them so commanding a view of the surrounding country, that the native tribes had little chance of taking them at a disadvantage.

It is on the line of Watling Street that two of the finest Roman stations in Britain are to be seen. These are Bremenium and Habitancum, the modern Rochester, and Risingham near Woodburn. A number of years ago they were opened out, and antiquarians had some of their richest finds. The Duke of Northumberland, Algernon the Good, assisted greatly in those explorations,
and it is a melancholy reflection to think that the excavations have in a great measure been filled in again lest danger shouldbefall sheep and cattle, or chance passers by.

With the beginning of the fifth century—411 A.D.—the Roman dominion ceased, and when in the end of the sixth, and the beginning of the seventh centuries, our attention is again directed to Northumberland the Saxons are the over-lords. With the struggles and fierce contests there were for supremacy we shall not deal, but rather let us dwell for a short time upon that phase of God in history, which has a perennial interest attending it, namely the conversion of Northumberland to Christianity.

From first to last this period is replete with a nameless charm, and while the pencil of the artist, the genius of the poet, and the pen of the historian have often been employed in representing, each in its own way, the leading incidents, wide fields still remain in which imagination is free to revel and to roam.

Who shall say that some at least, if not all the boys who were exposed for sale in the slave market at Rome—very likely in the great Forum itself—and attracted the notice of Gregory, the Roman deacon, who afterwards assumed the
Pontificate, and sent Augustine, with forty monks, to sow the seeds of Christianity in what was then this heathen country, were not Northumbrians? To our mind it has always appeared self-evident that it could not be otherwise. The country between the Forth and Tyne was then called Bernicia, and that between the Tyne and the Humber, Deira. In a war between the two kingdoms—and it was a strife between conquerors—Ella, King of Deira, defeated the northern kingdom, and with a portion of the spoil hastened to fill the slave market at Rome. The story that follows is so well known that it might seem almost unnecessary to repeat it, but so irresistible is its spell that we cannot forbear. Among the slaves that were brought from many lands those from Britain could not fail to be the observed among all observers. Their faces were fair, their bodies were white, their stature and mien were noble, their locks were yellow gold. As Gregory passed through the market and stood astonished before this singular group, he asked the dealer who they were. "They are Angles," [that is, English] he replied. With a heart full of divine pity, Gregory answered, "Not Angles, but angels, with faces so angel-like." "And from what country do they come?" "From Deira,"
replied the merchant. "De Ira," said Gregory, with vivacious word-play, "Aye, plucked from God's wrath and called to Christ's mercy." "And who is their King?" "Ella," was the answer. Seizing the word as of good omen, Gregory exclaimed, "Alleluia shall be sung in Ella's land;" and as Mr. Green has beautifully put it in his *Making of England*, "he passed on, musing how the angel faces should be brought to sing it." And brought to sing God's praises the Northumbrians were in the seventh century, and somewhere about the year 627. The good work begun at Canterbury by Augustine at length reached these northern lands. Edwin the king was happy in having espoused as his queen the Christian Princess Ethelburgh, daughter of King Ethelbert. Zealous for the faith, Edwin, moved by her prayers, promised to believe in God if he returned successful from a fight he had on hand. He did return, and that as the victor, but—man-like—slow to redeem his pledge, he spent a whole winter in silent musing, until Paulinus stepping down, troubled the pool of his reflections, and roused the king to action, whereupon Edwin declared himself a Christian and summoned the wise men of Northumberland to take their oath upon the faith he had embraced.
The debate that followed, as related by Bede, shows admirably what is the trend of the human mind from the finer and the coarser side. To the finer mind, the charm of Christianity lies in the light it throws on the darkness encompassing our lives, both in the future and in the past. To the coarser fibre, it consists in the revelation it gives of the utter helplessness of heathenism. From amid the ranks of the Ealdermen of the Saxon Witan, there stood forth an aged man, and addressing King Edwin he exclaimed:—“So seems the life of man, O King, as a sparrow's flight through the hall when one is sitting at meat in the winter-tide, with the warm fire lighted on the hearth, but the icy rain-storms without. The sparrow flies in at one door, and tarries for a moment in the light and heat of the hearth-fire, and then flying forth from the other, vanishes into the darkness whence it came. So tarries for a moment the life of man in our sight; but what is before it, what after it, we know not. If this new teaching tells us aught certainly of these, let us follow it.” This argument prevailed with the wise men, and with the coarser crowd this word and action succeeded:—“None of your folk, Edwin, have worshipped the gods more
busily than I," said Coifi the priest, "yet there are many more favoured and more fortunate. Were these gods good for anything they would help their worshippers." Then, mounting on horseback, he hurled a spear into the Sacred Temple at Godmanham, and with the rest of the Witan embraced the religion of the King.

Thus were Woden and Thor, the gods of Scandinavia and the German forests, dispossessed of their pre-eminence, and the mild and merciful religion of the lowly Nazarene substituted for cruel and bloody rites. That this was done in a day, we are not so foolish as to imagine. Christianity had many a hard fight before lingering superstition was dissipated as into thin air. The people were ignorant, and old creeds and old ways, as a rule, die hard. The missionaries of the Christian faith however, had all spiritual forces at their back, and were encouraged by the knowledge that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

They were indeed noble men, and the mere mention of the name of any of them is sufficient to make the better manhood within every one of
us do them reverence. Let us briefly outline the life and labours of three of them, Paulinus, Aidan, and Cuthbert.

We have already mentioned the name of Paulinus. He came over in the train of Augustine, at the bidding of Pope Gregory, and like all his companions spent his entire life in self-consuming labours. When Ethelburgh was married to Edwin, King of Northumberland, Paulinus went with her as her Chaplain, and that he might be invested with all the dignity of office he was consecrated Bishop of York. In appearance, he is represented as being tall and stooping, slender in form, with an aquiline nose, and black hair falling round a thin worn face. A striking personality enough, which, coupled with never-wearying labours, continued from morning to night, and all through his life, made the name of Paulinus long remembered in the north. The field over which he travelled as a Christian missionary was indeed a wide one. It could not be otherwise. No church then existed between the Forth and the Tees, and Hexham Abbey, which dates from the time of Wilfrid, who was one of the Northumbrian monks of Lindisfarne, was the sixth stone structure in all England. Wherever Paulinus went as a travelling
preacher, crowds attended him, as they did John the Baptist when he went preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and confessing their sins, he absolved them in the name of Christ. Many spots in Northumberland are identified with this early Apostle of the North. Pallinsburn, that is, Paulinus Burn, is one of them. But dearest to the memory of a Northumbrian, is the Lady Well at Holystone, in the vale of the Coquet. There, in a secluded spot, is the holy well. It is neatly railed round, and a thin belt of trees surrounds it. The background of purple mountains heightens the effect that is produced, while the clear waters of the mountain-fed river as they flow over their pebbly bed with a soft and musical rhythm, woo the reflective mood. Hither, in the year 627, Paulinus came, preached the Gospel to the rude Northumbrians, and baptized. It was the centre of a wide district. They must have come from the slopes of the Cheviot on the north, and the water-shed of the Tyne and the Reed on the south; from Alnwick and Rothbury, Elsdon and Otterburn, from Harbottle, rude hamlets all of them, yet containing men who felt a divine impulse working within them. It was as when there was of old the sound of a-going on the tops of the mulberry trees, and God in Christ
was revealed by the tongue of Paulinus as the friend and the Saviour of every man. As the traveller sits on the wooden bench within the inclosure, and gazes into the clear waters of the large oval-shaped well where the gold fish chase one another, days speak, generations speak, centuries speak, and, as reflexions flow, he ceases to wonder at the meaning of the great words of the holy Apostle, for he is here face to face with their interpretation:—"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." A large and graceful Runic cross has been erected in the centre of the well bearing this inscription on the plinth:—"In this place Paulinus the Bishop baptized 3000 Northumbrians, Easter, DCXXXVII;" while on the pediment there is this other:—"In this fountain, called the Lady's Well, on the introduction of Christianity in the Saxon reign of Edwin, and early in the seventh century, Paulinus, an English bishop, baptized above 3000 people."

It was Colomba, the Irishman, who set up a mission station for the Picts at Iona, a low-lying island off the West Coast of Scotland, and thence came Aidan at the summons of Oswald to
CUTHBERT.

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evangelise the Northumbrians. The first missionary who was sent failed of success, and upon his return to Iona he reported that among a people so stubborn and barbarous as these Northumbrian folk success was impossible. "Was it their stubbornness, or your harshness?" asked a brother sitting by, "did you forget God's word, to give them the milk first and then the meat?" All eyes were fixed on the speaker, who was none other than Aidan. He was reckoned the fittest person to undertake the abandoned mission, and accordingly in the year 635 he fixed his Bishop's Stool or See in the island peninsula of Lindisfarne, the Holy Island of to-day. There, from a monastery, he poured forth preachers all over the land, and himself wandered on foot, preaching among the peasants. Great was the good that this holy man effected. But he was not suffered to continue by reason of death. Who should take his place? God always holds some one in readiness to succeed a labourer when his task is o'er. To Moses, Joshua succeeds; to St. Paul, someone else; and to Aidan, St. Cuthbert.

In the hagiography of Northumberland, St. Cuthbert undoubtedly stands first. Christian devotion, added to romance, gives him the fore-
most place in the bead-roll of the consecrated host. He was born on the southern edge of the Lammermoors, those long-backed ranges of hills which run eastward to the sea at Dunbar, and which, since St. Cuthbert's day, have proved the rearing ground of many a true-hearted and successful minister of the blessed Evangel. As a boy he was swift of foot, quick of wit, fond of laughter and of fun, and even from the spring of his lifetime was gifted with a poetic sensibility which was ever calling him to higher things. Attacked by a lameness, his religious impressions were deepened, and as he kept his master's sheep on the bleak uplands where the Leader flows into the Tweed, his bent was to a religious life. Thus he came to spend the night watches in prayer while his comrades slept; made these high lands resonant with hymns and holy songs, and with that spirituelle imagination of his, saw, in the falling stars, and in the wonder-filling Aurora borealis of these northern skies, angel hosts ascending and descending between earth and heaven. Moved to action by the widely-rumoured death of Aidan, he made his way to the straw-thatched log huts of the mission station at Melrose, and became a missionary through the length and breadth of Northumberland. He
needed no interpreter. His lowland training made him as one of the Northumbrian peasants themselves. He could _burr_ as well as they. Their frugal lives suited him. He was patient, good-tempered, full of common sense, had a pleasing countenance and an enduring frame, and it is not to be wondered that he was adored. Many were his troubles and vicissitudes. The secession that followed upon the Synod of Whitby gave rise to endless disputes and sadly reduced his company. He fled to a solitary island not far from Bamborough, the Northumbrian fortress of Ida, the flame-bearer, and spent years of seclusion in a rude hut. Reverence for his growing sanctity at length dragged this Apostle of the Lowlands back to fill the vacant See at Lindisfarne.

This was in the reign of the Saxon King, Ecgfrith. But extensive though the See of Lindisfarne was, St. Cuthbert bore ecclesiastical sway, and had personal over-lordship, over an additional domain. The learned Chancellor Ferguson in his _History of Cumberland_ argues from the position of the far famed Bewcastle monument, and the Runic inscriptions upon it, that in the seventh century, Cumberland was more or less subject to, or a tributary of
Northumbria, and that therefore at that time the history of the one was as that of the other. Victorious over the Britons in Cumbria, King Ecgfrith donated the conquered country to the See of Lindisfarne, so far as concerned the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and according to Symeon of Durham, on account of the insufficiency of the grant of a village and three miles round, at Craik, near Easingwold, in Yorkshire, the king also gave him land within a circuit of fifteen miles at Carlisle. By this, we are no doubt to understand the town and the area included in the old parish of St. Cuthbert Without-the-walls. "It occupies," says Chancellor Ferguson, "the angle between the rivers Eden and Caldew, and was probably the only land then cleared from scrub and cultivated in the vicinity of the town." It is in connexion with this jurisdiction in Cumberland, and over-lordship of Carlisle, that an exceedingly interesting incident occurs in the life of Cuthbert. Entering Carlisle in 685, at a time when King Ecgfrith had gone north to punish the Picts who had risen in rebellion, he found that all were anxiously awaiting the result of the great struggle which must be at hand. The Venerable Bede, in his life of St. Cuthbert, relates that a day or two after his
arrival, when some of the citizens were taking him round for the purpose of showing him the walls of the city, as he leant over a Roman fountain which still stood unharmed among the ruins, the anxious bystanders thought they caught words of ill-omen falling from the old man's lips. "Perhaps," he seemed to murmur, "at this very moment the hazard of the battle is over." When they questioned him he would only say:—"Do you not see how marvellously changed and disturbed the air is? and who among mortals is sufficient to search out the judgments of God?" On the following Sunday the burden of his discourse, as he preached to the brethren of the monastery was "Watch and pray, watch and pray." "In a few days more," writes Mr. Green in The Making of England, "a solitary fugitive, escaped from the slaughter, told that the Picts, under Bruidi their king, had turned desperately to bay, as the English army entered Fife; and that Ecgfrith and the flower of his nobles lay a ghastly ring of corpses on the far-off moorland of Nechtansmere." What the feelings of St. Cuthbert must have been, as in one day the Northumbrian King and supremacy fell—for Mercia and Galloway at once claimed independence—it is more easy to imagine than to
describe. The hand of the Lord was indeed heavy upon him: but it was His hand, and so he kissed the rod and blessed the smiter, and after a life in which the joy and the sorrow rapidly alternated, and where the self-denial was as marked as the service, Cuthbert died as he had lived, a true Apostle of the living God. But not even did death terminate his wonderful career. The troubles of the times, after the invasion of the Danish host, made it necessary for the monks of his order to carry his body about from one hiding place to another. The story of the wanderings of the body of the great missionary—the chiefest treasure of Lindisfarne—reads like a romance. For seven long years they carried the bones of the Bishop through the six northern counties of England, and a portion of the south of Scotland, and for one hundred and thirteen years these bones rested at Chester-le-Street, in the county of Durham. Faithful serving-men carried the mummified body of David Livingstone down from the very heart of the dark continent of Africa to the great wide sea, whence it was transported to our shores, and amid the prayers of a vast multitude for the opening up and the conversion of Africa, it was finally laid to rest in the nation's shrine at Westminster.
Faithful men, with loving hands, carried the body of St. Cuthbert about from one place to another, like another ark of God. Wherever it rested, men say a church arose, dedicated to the glory of God, and in honour of the saint; and when at length the wandering foot and the weary breast of these St. Christophers—for they lovingly carried the body of him who under Christ was himself a Christ to men—found rest, they laid the revered remains in the holy shrine on the banks of the Wear at Durham, where they shall sleep till the morning of the resurrection, when St. Cuthbert shall come forth a glorified saint, and joining the monks, and peasants, and shepherds of Northumberland, who worked alongside him, and were ministered to by him, shall join in the laud and chant and praise which shall rise to Him that sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb.

Time would fail to tell of all the progress that was made in many ways in Northumberland during the Saxon domination, or of the desolations that followed when the Danish invasion succeeded in the ninth century. Valiant, forceful men were these Danes. Quickly roused and masterful in war; patient, plodding, much-enduring in the arts of peace. What they were,
such are the men of Northumberland to-day. The Danish invaders of the ninth century live again in the Northumbrians of the present century. A mere tyro in ethnography, who traverses Northumberland, and then crossing the North Sea, visits Denmark, cannot mistake the fact. The two peoples are one. The very physical appearance is common to the Dane and the Northumbrian, the fair hair, the blue eye, long limbs, and plenty of bone, while the genius of the two peoples, so friendly, and so happily allied by the strong ties of royalty, is akin.

The tale of conquest and of struggle bulks largely in the staple of every country, and particularly so till there is dynastic settlement and security. Scotland and England were long full-blooded enemies, and during their mutual struggles, as might be expected, Northumberland was often called upon to bear the brunt of the shock of war. These struggles—internecine they might almost be called, but now long ago happily terminated for ever—crystallised into commanding proportions at the battles of Otterburn or Chevy Chase, and Flodden, and we need not say that their detail stirs pulses to this hour all round the globe.
The Rev. A. H. Drysdale, in his article "Round about the Cheviot," in Good Words for January, says:—"Otterburn is the real original Chevy Chase of the ballads, and type of all that followed. And so it has lodged its impression deep on every one of them from first to last."

In the battle of Otterburn it is as if the heroic ages had been transported into the fourteenth century. During that moonlight night, betwixt the twilight of evening and the twilight of the succeeding morn, another Homeric Idyll, a lordly Iliad, is worked out, perfect in every detail. Hector and Achilles, Priam, and all the Immortals, live over again in Douglas and the Percys, Sir Hugh Montgomery, the valiant Widdrington, and all the Knights and Squires, who, amid the bracken and the bent, shouted alternately, "A Douglas!" "A Douglas!" "A Percy!" "A Percy!"

"For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes;
For when his leggs were cutted off,
He fought upon his stumpes."

The battle was fought on August 19th, 1388, in the twelfth year of the reign of Richard II. The
Scotch, under James, Earl Douglas, invaded and harried Northumberland and Durham. In a skirmish outside the walls of Newcastle, the Scottish Earl seized the pennon or colours of Henry, Lord Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland, known in history as Hotspur, and, as might be expected, such an affront deserved and met with reprisal. Nor was it long in coming. Marching thirty miles to Otterburn, a party laid siege to the Castle there, and the Scottish army encamped on the northern slope of the river Reed, about a mile to the west of the village. Hotspur followed with a strong force, and without resting his men after the long march, began the attack as soon as he reached the Scottish camp. It was a moonlight night, but owing to the uncertain light there was not a little confusion. Single combats were common all over the field—the pure Homeric style of fight—and the rallying cries of either party, intermingled with the ring of battle-axes and the clash of spears. The tide of victory, according to concurrent testimony, was with the Scotch; but it was a dead man that won the field. Early in the fight Douglas was borne down to the ground. He had performed prodigies of valour, but having advanced too far into the ranks of
the enemy without being supported, he received a sheaf of the English spears, and if not slain outright, was wounded unto death. They laid his body below a bracken bush lest a panic might seize the Scottish army—for neither party generally knew what had happened—and when day broke, and the issue was decided, victory was more bitter to the conquerors than defeat was to the vanquished, for the valiant and noble Douglas was stark in death. On that night, Hotspur and his brother were taken prisoners and held to ransom. In Bishop Percy’s Reliques of Ancient English Poetry the heroic ballad of The Battle of Otterbourne is given with all Homeric circumstance.

We insert a few stanzas from this famous ballad:—

“It fell about the Lammas tide,
    When moorsmen win their hay;
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride,
    In England to take a prey.

And boldly brent Northumberland,
    And harried many a town;
They did our English men great wrang,
    To battle that were not bound.”
Then follows a full and particular account of the fight, and the concluding verses are as follows:

"There was slain upon the English part,
For truth as I you say;
Of nine thousand English men,
Five hundred cam away.
The other were slain in the field,
Christ keep their souls from woe;
Seeing there were so few friends,
Against so many a foe.

Then on the morn they made them beeres
Of birch and hazell grey;
Many a widow with weeping tears,
There makes them faint away.

This fray began at Otterburne,
Between the night and day;
There the Douglas lost his life,
And the Percy was led away."

A battle-stone — singularly enough called Percy Cross — has been erected to mark the spot where Douglas fell, although we imagine that event happened more to the north; and from time to time the plough — so long as there was any tillage in Reedwater, has turned up relics, of what Froissart says "was the hardest and most
obstinate battle that was ever fought," and of which Sir Philip Sidney said—"I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet."

Happily the union of the English and Scottish crowns put an end to the warlike raids of the Percys into Scotland, and of the Douglas and other Scottish nobles into Northumberland. We say warlike raids, for we are reminded that even in very recent times there have been raids of the Percys across the border. Just twenty-five years ago a certain young Northumbrian nobleman—Lord Percy—made a raid into Argyleshire, and carried off as his bride from Inverary Castle, a fair daughter of the house of Argyle, in whose veins flowed the commingled blood of Campbell and Douglas. "The whirligig of time brings about strange revenges." The future Châtelain of Alnwick Castle is of "the best Scotch blood," and we may hope that for centuries to come, a long string of Dukes of Northumberland will look back with loving pride to their ancestors, that Earl and Countess of Percy, who in the reign of Victoria, worthily upheld the best traditions of the distinguished families to which they belonged.
To Scotland, the field of Flodden was as disastrous as that of Bannockburn was glorious. Flodden Field is close to Ford Castle, and about eight miles from Wooler, and only a short distance from the Scottish Border. With regard to the quarrel which brought on the battle, it is not necessary to say more than that when James the Fourth of Scotland ascended the throne, he married Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry the Eighth of England. This alliance, it was thought, would inaugurate an era of peace. Henry however, in spite of the protests of his son in law, declared war against France, with which country Scotland had been long in close alliance. No sooner had Henry set out for France, than James, for the purpose of creating a diversion in favour of his ally, declared war against England, and in the short period of three weeks, one hundred thousand men were mustered for the fight in the vicinity of Edinburgh. Marching south, the Scottish army met the English host at Flodden. The battle was fought on September 9th, 1513, and owing to a tactical error, as great as that committed by the English at Bannockburn, the Scottish forces were completely routed. History narrates that on the night of the battle of Gravelotte, outside
Metz, in 1870, so terrible had been the slaughter during the day, that there was not a noble family all through Germany from whose hearth-stone a bitter wail did not ascend, similar to that which ran through Egypt when the first-born was slain. It was so throughout Scotland after Flodden. The English archers twanged their bow-strings to such purpose, that while on their side comparatively few of note were slain, the ranks of the Scottish chivalry were depleted—"The flowers o' the forest were a' wede away."

The king was slain. The hierarchy shared his fate, for they had followed in his train; twelve earls, fifteen lords and chiefs of clans, and in one family or clan—that of Douglas—two hundred gentlemen fell.

The battles of Hexham and Hedgeley Moor, fought in 1464, between the houses of York and Lancaster, during the Wars of the Roses, only need to be incidentally referred to, and happy to narrate, the Jacobite rebellion of 1715, for adhering to which the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater suffered so severely, saw the last muster on Northumbrian soil for the fight. It is known to everyone how the gallant but mistaken Earl was compelled to capitulate at Preston, and after being imprisoned in the Tower
till 1716, was suddenly hurried to the block on Tower Hill. The whole of the Earl's estates were confiscated and handed over to Greenwich Hospital, which draws a large annual revenue from them. Within the last thirty years we have had the fiasco of the so-called Countess of Derwentwater.
THE natural features of Northumberland are most diversified in form, as might be expected in so large a county. The Northumbrian plain is not to be compared with that of Cumberland, which is perhaps the most extensive in the kingdom. It is that part of the county which borders upon the German Ocean, and begins at the base and spurs of the Cheviot range. The valleys are generally long, and only moderately wide. They all bear testimony to the thickly-wooded character of the county in earlier times. In some places considerable patches of primitive alder and birch still survive where the repose of nature has never been molested. Fine specimens of black oak are frequently unearthed, or dug out of the bed of the streams and rivers, and several of the county houses contain articles
of furniture which have been made out of it. A strange phenomenon occurs at Meadowhaugh near Otterburn. In the centre of what must have been at one time a large morass bordering upon the river Reed, there is a pool of some considerable circumference, known as the Silver Nut Well. The waters are in a continual state of unrest, and as they keep boiling up, they bring to the surface the débris of forest trees and hazel nuts, which are still in a state of perfect preservation, and are so beautifully silvered by chemical action that they give their name to the well. These "silver nuts" are often bottled and carried away, and when the vessel is hermetically sealed they are an enduring curiosity. According to venerable tradition, a man and horse, and cart laden with hay, once disappeared beneath the waters of the well. *Credat Judæus!* Many of the names of places also bear testimony, in their reference to the fauna, to the unsubdued character of the county in former times. There is, for instance, the *wolf*, as Wolf Crag and Woollaw; the *wild cat*, as Catcleugh; the *fox* or *tod*, as Todholes; the *otter*, as Otterburn; the *hart*, as Hartburn; the *raven*, as Ravenscleugh.

The uplands of Northumberland are long-reaching, and the mountains of the Pennine
PENNINGE RANGE AND WHINSTONE DYKE.

The Pennine Range—the backbone of England—which begin at Cheviot and run down through Derbyshire, are only of a comparative height, and are rounded and covered with heather or grass. Cheviot itself—the glory of the "north countree"—is 2,676 feet high. Hedge Hope, Yeavering Bell, Hartside and Windygyle, Carter Fell, and the Simonside range, are imposing in form, and stand out in splendid relief against the sky outline. The northern part of the chain is porphyritic, the southern mainly carboniferous. The great geological feature of Northumberland, the Whinstone Dyke, crosses the county from east to west. It appears first at Holy Island, zig-zags between the mainland and the coast as far as Bamborough and to Dunstanborough, and then follows a well-defined and sinuous course by way of Ratcheugh, Rothley, Gunnerton, Sewingshields, Craig Lough, and Thirlwall, to Gilsland, where it enters Cumberland.

After leaving the alluvial plain on the east of the county, one range of hills succeeds another until the Scottish border is reached. The plough above the ground, and the miner below it, mostly occupy the lowland, while a race of sheep farmers tenants the higher grounds. These farmers are all alike, hardy and enterprising, and as flock-
masters, they possess splendid herds of the most beautiful sheep in the kingdom. The Cheviot breed is now domiciled all through Scotland and in many parts of England, not to speak of other countries, and they turn well to profit, owing to their hardy nature. Clean-limbed, with a fine intelligent head and eye, and a good constitution, they can manage to hold their own anywhere. The breeding of black-faced sheep has also attained to great perfection in Northumberland, and we need only mention the names of Messrs. Robson, Dodd, Thompson, and Mc.Cracken—all famous breeders and flockmasters—to prove that the Northumberland flocks are little likely to take a back seat anywhere.

When summer is in the land, it is a delight without alloy to be among the Northumbrian moors and highlands from early morn till dewy eve. Such is the fineness of the air that the well-shod pedestrian seems never to tire. The aroma that arises from the wind-swept grass and heather, and in autumn, from the newly-mown hay, is as that which poets attach to Araby the Blest. The prospects are wide, the farther the tourist travels there always seems something to lure him beyond, and indeed he follows no ignis fatuus. Should nature claim
a brief repose, a bed on the bent or the heather for half an hour replenishes the springs of vigour, and should he feel that a modest repast would agree well with a short rest, there is not a farmer's or a shepherd's house where generous hospitality will not be found. Many is the live-long day that we have spent among the moorlands of Northumberland, in their broad expanse, seeming to get wider views of men and things, and in the freedom we enjoyed to wander at our own sweet will, we formed to ourselves conceptions of liberty which enrich the mind, and transfigure the soul, and ennoble the entire manhood, far beyond the power of the gems of Golconda, or the fictitious creations of any of the courts of earth.

So far as we are aware, only one relic of the Draconic administration of the law in the past remains to disfigure any moor in Northumberland, and that is to the south of Elsdon, where a gibbet—Willie Winter's Stob it is called—still stands. Early in last century, Winter, together with some women, murdered Margaret Crozier, an old woman, at the Raw, near Elsdon. The gang seems to have belonged to the vagrant besom-making tribe, and the circumstantial evidence against Winter lay mainly in the fact, that Robert Hindmarsh, a shepherd boy, had noticed and
counted the number and curious arrangement of the nails in Winter's shoe on the day preceding the murder, as he sat on the grass whittling sticks and making besoms, and that after Hindmarsh had mentioned this circumstance, when footprints were discovered at the Raw, he, upon being confronted with the murderer, at once identified him and his shoes. After lying in Newcastle Jail for about a year, Winter and his companions were tried and condemned. Carted to the town moor, they were executed—Winter confessing his guilt—and then the body of the murderer was brought out to Elsdon Moor and hung in chains high on a gibbet, overlooking, in the distance, the scene of the murder, and to be seen from afar over a wide area. As the body dropped to pieces, the shepherds buried the fragments on the moor; and then, when it had altogether disappeared, a frightful-looking effigy in wood was strung up, to remind passers by and the country side of the crime. That too in time, fell into decay, and now the figure of a Moor's head, erected by the late Sir Walter Trevelyan, dangles in the air, to awe children, and at the same time to remind those who are of an older growth, how much milder the administration of the law is in the benignant reign of Queen Victoria than it was when Willie Winter did the deed of blood.
When the dry and searching east winds set in with the month of March—as they generally do—the Northumberland hills and moors present a rare spectacle, especially at night. It is customary for the shepherds to burn large patches of old heather, and bent or coarse grass, for the sake of the young heather which comes up in the one case, and the succulent grass which succeeds in the other, and when a stiff gale is blowing, it occasionally takes the beaters all their time to keep the flames from overleaping at one bound all bounds. The statutory time for moor-burning closes with the twenty-fifth of March, when the game birds begin to nest. In seasons however, when the weather has been very severe, we have known the burning continue far into the month of April. While the moor-burning continues, the atmosphere is invariably hazy by day, the smell of the burning heather—by no means a disagreeable thing—fills the air, and at night large patches of answering flame appear on every hill side, while the roar of the fire can be heard from afar. On a fine spring night, the wondering eyes of all are drawn to the striking scene. It is as though chariots and horsemen of fire were all drawn up in serried array ready for the charge, or as when
the beacons were fired at the time of the Invincible Armada, or, as when, on that magnificent night in June, 1887, the day of the Queen’s Jubilee, bonfires were alight on every hill.

The Northumbrians are famous bee-masters, and had Homer and Virgil lived among them, they would have had neighbours entirely to their mind. The great bulk of farmers and cottagers keep a few hives. They carefully feed them during the winter, are greatly interested in them when the swarming season comes on, and then, when the heather comes into bloom, they often transport them considerable distances to the moors, that “the little bee” may be near its work. For a small remuneration the shepherds undertake to keep a friendly eye upon the “skeps,” and at the close of the season, when that has been favourable, many stones of golden honey—honey in the comb—are distributed through the length and breadth of the county. Before modern methods were introduced, it was common to destroy the industrious workers in order to get at the honeyed sweet, happily however, methods more humane and economic now prevail.

We have already alluded to the sheep and tillage farmers of Northumberland, and here it may be remarked that the farms are mostly large, and
that men, horses and carts, stacks, and the general surroundings of a farm are on a corresponding scale. A small farm is now the exception; but it was not always so. Not only in the Northumbrian valleys, but on the lower ranges of the uplands, it is the commonest thing to come across a few solitary trees, or even one, it may be, together with ruined walls and an ample crop of nettles or mounds, so green and turfy that they tell only one tale, namely, that where there is now an unbroken solitude there were once small farmsteadings and cottages. They have all disappeared. They have been merged into large farms, and consequently the population has sadly dwindled down in rural Northumberland. Whatever advantage in one way may have resulted from so trenchant a change, we are far from thinking that it is an unmixed good. Why the plethora of our town and city population, and that sad iteration of the monotone of distress whenever trade languishes at any time, but because, owing to circumstances beyond their control, the rural population has been disinherited: as much so, indeed, as the once sturdy sons of the Highlands and Connemara, who now people Canada and swell the ranks of American citizens? That this present state of matters is always to
exist we are slow to believe. Rather do we think—and we are not ashamed to say that in this case the wish is father to the thought—that if by some radical, that is, some thorough and righteous alteration in our land laws, the sons of the soil in Northumberland, and all through this England of ours, should be brought back to their domain once more, and given fresh facilities for industry and endeavour, that a brave peasantry, which is every country's pride, will reduce to a condition of rich cultivation much of the land that is now unprofitable, and that rural England, together with its innumerable manufacturing industries, will yet be a granary filled with bread stuffs for man and beast.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates and men decay."

And if the high grounds of Northumberland are an eyrie for the young and the strong and the intrepid, her rivers and burns have no less a charm for the angler, and such gentle souls as take their pleasure in a quiet mood. With one exception—the Till—the rivers have all a rapid flow, and as for the not-to-be-numbered burns, there is not a yard of ooze or sedge about them from source to mouth. The Till, just mentioned, is full
of dangerous pools, and its banks are exceedingly treacherous. The Border rhyme runs:

"Quoth Tweed to Till,
   What gars ye rin sae still,
Quoth Till to Tweed,
   Sae still's I rin and sae fast's ye gae,
Whar ye droon ae man I droon twae!"

The Tweed, so far as it flows along the English border, the Breamish, the Aln, the Coquet, the Wansbeck, the Reed, and the North and South Tyne, are the very pride of Northumberland, and the Tyne is the foremost of them all. Rising above Alston in the lead mining country, and so near the source of the Tees, that in a time of need their waters have even been intermingled, the South Tyne rushes down to Haltwhistle by leaps and bounds, and then flows on through sylvan glades—every one of them a vale of Tempe—and with the most graceful windings, until it loses its solitary individuality when it blends its waters with those of the North Tyne, a short distance to the West of Hexham. The North Tyne again, rising at the water-shed near Riccarton—the tiny stream on the one side trickling down to the Atlantic, and on the other to the German Ocean—flows on amid far-famed sheep walks, past Keilder Castle, through straggling patches of natural
wood, and onward to its mouth, amid scenery as grand as that of any Highland river, and replete with legendary lore.

A mile below Bellingham, the North Tyne receives its darker-coloured tributary, the Reed, which, rising in the Carter Fell, flows past Rochester, Otterburn, and Woodburn, and for twenty-four miles drains a purely pastoral country. The romantic scenery of the Reed in the vicinity of Rochester, Horsley, and Woodburn is not to be excelled, and the river flows on through the fat pastures at Otterburn with stately mien and many a graceful sweep. The following lines occur in the twentieth Canto of Rokeby in connexion with Redesdale, and more particularly with Otterburn and Woodburn:

"Do not my native dales prolong
Of Percy Reed the tragic song,
Train'd forward to his bloody fall,
By Grisonfield, that treacherous Hall?
Oft by the Pringle's haunted side,
The shepherd sees his spectre glide.
And near the spot that gave me name,
The moated mound of Risingham,
Where Reed upon her margin sees
Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown
An outlaw's image on the stone;
Unmatch'd in strength, a giant he,
With quiver'd back and kirtled knee."
Ask how he died, that hunter bold,
The tameless monarch of the wold,
And age and infancy can tell,
By brother's treachery he fell."

Below Hexham, every additional mile of the course of the Tyne finds its volume swelled by tributary streams, until by the time it reaches Newcastle it is a proud river, where there are many galleys with oars and many gallant ships passing by. When speaking of the Tyne, it is worthy of remark, that Mr. Gibson of Hexham, a skilful amateur operator with the camera, has produced some very beautiful specimens of riverside and Northumbrian scenery.

The Coquet, farther to the north, is from head to foot the playground of the inhabitants of the large towns lying between the Wansbeck and the Wear. Nor is this to be wondered at, for every prospect pleases. Rising in the spurs of the Cheviot range, the Coquet, clear as crystal, flows on with most musical cadence past Linn Brigs; Harbottle, with its ancient and ruined castle; Holystone, where the spirit of Paulinus still haunts the wooded glades; Rothbury, nestling at the foot of frowning Simonside (seen by the sailor far out at sea), and where the Thrum draws wondering eyes; past Brinkburn, with its Priory; Weldon Bridge,
and Felton, and finally loses itself in the North Sea at Warkworth, right opposite Coquet Island. The sylvan scenery of Coquetdale is highly romantic. As the express rushes along from Morpeth to Berwick a very fine peep is to be had where the line crosses the viaduct from Morwick to Barnbill, but the entire course of the river is well-nigh the same.

Among fishing streams, the Tyne, Reed, and Coquet are renowned, and in *The Old Fisher's Challenge*, the famous Thomas Doubleday, who, in association with Robert Roxby, wrote "The Coquet-Dale Fishing Songs," thus sings the praises of the Coquet:

"O! freshly from his mountain holds,  
Comes down the rapid Tyne;  
But Coquet's still the stream o' streams,  
So let her still be mine.  
There's mony a saumon lies in Tweed,  
An' mony a trout in Till;  
But Coquet—Coquet aye for me,  
If I may have my will."

But even beyond the rivers, the Northumberland burns are the source of never failing delight.

"Many a burn from unknown corries,  
Down dark linns the white foam flings;  
Fringed with ruddy rowan berries,  
Fed by everlasting springs."
To right and left of the great arterial streams, the burns pass up to the hills, mile after mile, beautiful with rippling laughter and glee in summer, and awesome as they rush along with curved and tawny mane in winter's wrath. They are well-wooded in many parts. The "bonny white gowans," of Ailie in Guy Mannering, deck the green sward next the stream, the purple heather paints the rising fells, the alder droops, the sturdy hazel invites the traveller to fill his pockets with ripened treasure, the bleaberry beds and the juniper breaks are happy hunting-grounds for laughing youth, the whin scents the air with her perennial blossom, the peewit utters her plaintive note, the curlew, with wide-spread wing, describes many a graceful curve, a covey of grouse shoots across as if borne on the wings of the hurricane, the black cock looms up large on the distant dyke top, an occasional bleating of the sheep falls upon the ear, no human footfall is near at hand, the burn ripples, rushes, halts, and rushes again, now kisses the pebbles, and anon plays hide-and-seek beneath the overhanging grassy bank, one moment its face is limpid sunshine as the heavens above are bright, the next it frowns and threatens as the dark cloud passes over; the trout now
leaps into the air, now rushes to its safe retreat, and anon lies in all its silver and golden sheen panting its dear life out upon the grass. Morning passes into afternoon, that again yields to the soft witchery of the evening hour. He who from busy haunts has sought the solitudes where nature most soothes and refreshes, gathers himself together, and as he slowly descends the burn, and listens with keen set ear and thankful heart to its artless, childlike, simple evening hymn of praise, he blesses the common Father of all as he exclaims:

"These are Thy works Father of good,
Thyself, how wondrous great!"

It is thus that Mr. Swinburne, the poet, depicts the natural beauties of Northumberland in his tragedy "The Sisters":

"I just ask you where you'll find its like?
Have you and I, then, raced across its moors
Till horse and boy were well-nigh mad with glee
So often, summer and winter, home from school,
And not found that out? Take the streams away,
The country would be sweeter than the south
Anywhere: give the south our streams, would it
Be fit to match our borders? Flower and crag,
Burnside and boulder, heather and whin—you don't
Dream you can match them south of this? And then
If all the unwatered country were as flat
As Eton playing-fields, give it back our burns,
And set them singing through a sad south world,
And try to make them dismal as its fens—
They won't be! Bright and tawny, full of fun
And storm and sunlight, taking change and chance
With laugh on laugh on triumph—why, you know
How they plunge, pause, chafe, chide across the rocks
And chuckle along the rapids, till they breathe
And rest and pant and build some bright deep bath
For happy boys to dive in, and swim up,
And match the water's laughter."

Among the botanical treasures of the county,
none are more beautiful than these rare plants,
the Linnea Borealis and the Trientalis Europæa,
which are to be found in Redesdale. The Linnea Borealis has a small and exquisitely lovely pink flower. It takes its name from Linnaeus, the Swede, the father of modern botany, who is interred in the Cathedral at Upsala in the north of Sweden, his unadorned and horizontal monumental slab bearing the simple inscription:—"OSSA LINNÆI." This botanical treasure was his favourite flower. We have gathered it in quantities in the forests of Dalecarlia during the month of August, and instances have been known when Swedish emigrants to America have crossed the Atlantic again as the blossoming time of the
plant was approaching, just that they might look once more upon the flower which was dear to them as country, children, wife.

But neither on moor, nor by river nor burn, is it always summer in Northumberland, any more than it is elsewhere. Summer and autumn are wonderfully fine, and as there is always more or less of a breeze, even on the hottest day, those who come up from the stifling heats of the south count the climate a paradise. But winter and spring are often fell enough. When the north wind blows, and the treasures of the snow are distributed over Northumberland, the roads are sometimes blocked for weeks at a time, and not a little privation is experienced. I have sometimes walked for miles over snow-wreaths, in many places deeper than the dyke tops. The worst time I ever had of it was one winter afternoon, when I walked from Otterburn to Knowe’s Gate Railway Station, a distance of eight miles, over what were literally mountains of snow. By the time I arrived at the station my clothes were wringing with perspiration, and in that condition I travelled to Newcastle in a third-class carriage during a hard frost. It may be assumed that such exposure would, in most instances at any rate, be attended with some degree of danger.
At the time, however, that I speak of, the gentler passion was in the ascendency, and no harm befel me.

In the matter of courtship, Northumbrians are proverbially canny and careful not to commit themselves. I recollect that some short time after my ordination one of my elders, a large farmer, and a most kind-hearted man, addressed me one day as follows:—"Now Mr. Christie, ye'll very likely be doing a bit o' courting some day, and let me advise you never to put it in black and white, for you'll always find a horse in my stable whenever you want one." I may mention that I used my worthy elder's thoroughbred, and thinking it well to have two strings to my bow, at the same time committed myself to black and white.

And if the winter is often severe in the lower lying grounds, six and seven hundred feet above sea level, it is not difficult to understand what the rigour must be among the mountains. The cold indeed is excessive, as it occasionally is during blizzards from the east, even far into May, and once and again hapless travellers, or belated bacchanals, have fallen victims to the cold and storm. I recollect once, when, as a boy, I was returning from the Nest Academy in Jedburgh at Christmas to my father's manse, that I rode
over the Carter Fell on the top of a carrier's cart—for there was no other way then of covering the twenty-six miles unless it was on foot. What my sensations were it would be in vain to attempt to describe, for, so far as I can remember, they left me altogether. The story runs that when an old Carter Fell carrier was asked if he did not find it very cold on the top, he replied in terms laconic enough:—"Hoot, man, hoot, the vary deil himsel' wadna bide there half an 'oor unless he was tethered." In spring again, the east winds are generally long-continued and very trying. Such winds of God, as Charles Kingsley declared, no doubt made hardy Englishmen. But then what about the weaklings? As for rain, the "little summer shower" of the song is often a down-right spate "in the north countree," and then the burns roar and foam, and the rivers come down sometimes like a breast-deep wall. With regard to the general healthiness of the county there can be no doubt. The two unions of Rothbury and Bellingham swell the bills of mortality least in all England. Dr. Haviland, who has written on climate and disease, accounts for this on the ground that the air is pure, and because the precipitous coast of Northumberland causes the easterly winds to lose their dynamic force.
Hence it is that there is purity without the disastrous effects of the rude blasts.

Thick fogs are by no means uncommon in autumn and summer; but horsemen accustomed to the fells have no fear. The animals they ride, hardy and wise, are never put out, and all the rider has to do is just to give his steed a long loose rein, and he will be brought in safety "o'er moors and mosses mony O."

Northumberland is dotted throughout its length and breadth with castles and gentlemen's seats, and here, as might be expected, the Duke of Northumberland, the overlord of the county, takes first rank. Alnwick Castle is a princely residence, and in any other country would be a royal palace. It occupies a commanding position on a height above the river Aln, and overlooks a vast expanse of undulating and well-wooded country. The castle occupies about five acres of ground, and is surrounded by a massive wall flanked by sixteen towers and turrets. A few years ago Alnwick Castle was thoroughly renovated. Several Italians—the most gifted men of the day—were employed in the different departments of restoration, and the entire work cost, it is believed, somewhere about half a million sterling. In the summer of 1892, when Lord
Warkworth, eldest son of Earl Percy, and heir apparent to the Dukedom, came of age, there were great rejoicings at Alnwick Castle, and princely hospitality was extended to all.

It may be interesting to state that there is an important historic connexion between Cumberland and Northumberland with regard to the Dukes of Northumberland. For centuries the Percys were not only the great landowners of Northumberland, but also of Cumberland. They secured large possessions after the Norman Conquest, and some three centuries later these were greatly increased by the marriage of the first Earl of Northumberland—the father of the immortal Harry Hotspur—to Maud de Lucy, the heiress of Anthony de Lucy. The Percys thus acquired the honour and castle of Cockermouth. These estates remained in the possession of the main line of the Percys till 1670, when the eleventh Earl of Northumberland died, leaving an only daughter, Lady Elizabeth Percy, who became the wife of the seventh Duke of Somerset, and upon his death in 1750—he leaving an only daughter—came "the great divide." That daughter married Sir Hugh Smithson, who afterwards became Duke of Northumberland, and was the lineal ancestor of the present Duke.
The nephew of the seventh Duke became Baron Cockermouth and Earl of Egremont, and is the direct ancestor of the present Lord Leconfield. Thus after the lapse of five centuries, one of the descendants of Hotspur is still the owner of great estates in Northumberland, and another descendant is a great landowner in Cumberland.

The Duke's principal residence among the moors is at Keilder, in North Tyne. When the first volume of Macaulay's History of England came out, Duke Algernon and Duchess Eleanor were in residence at Keilder Castle. Every one knows with what a graphic pen the gifted historian, in his third chapter, portrays the England of the seventeenth century, and here we have one of his sonorous sentences:—"Within the memory of some whom this generation has seen, the sportsman who wandered in pursuit of game to the sources of the Tyne, found the heath round Keilder Castle peopled by a race scarcely less savage than the Indians of California, and heard with surprise the half-naked women chanting a wild measure, while the men with brandished dirks danced a war dance." The Duchess read the volume with an interest that thrilled her whole womanhood, but when she came to this sentence, she had no sooner finished it than, as
we have often heard Dr. Bruce tell the story, with the magnificent wrath of the strawberry leaf, she took it, and flinging it to the other end of the drawing room, vowed that no line of Macaulay should ever come beneath her eye again.

Dilston Castle, near Hexham, was the seat of the ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater, and is now a picturesque ruin.

Chillingham Castle, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville, is renowned for the breed of wild cattle—the *Bos Britanicus* or Caledonian Urus, the original British breed, some say—which are here parked. They are cream coloured. The inside of the ear is a bright pink, and the tips of the horns, the muzzle, and the hoofs, are black as sloes. The Chillingham cattle, together with the deer of the park, live again in the master-pieces of Sir Edwin Landseer.

Earl Grey has a famous seat at Howick, while Falloden is the seat of Sir Edward Grey, M.P., grandson of Sir George Grey, and Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Mr. Gladstone’s present administration. We cannot mention the name of Grey without laying it alongside that of John Scott, and that by way of contrast. Earl Grey and John Scott, Lord Eldon, were both Northumbrians—mighty men and men of
renown. Whatever may be the political views of the reader, we feel sure that radicals and tories will agree that no truer patriots ever lived. They loved their country with a full-hearted love, and we cherish their memory because we know they were true-born Englishmen to the core. It was in Earl Grey's ministry that the Reform Bill was introduced in 1832 by Lord John Russell, and when he did so, Lord Eldon declared in high British Doric that England was gone to the dogs at last. Earl Grey and Lord Eldon are now only names, mighty though they be, and old England is more vigorous, more prosperous and happy than ever. Liberal foresight and conservative energy have each furnished the necessary quota to guide the vessel of the state in safety over seas that have in turn been smooth and stormy, and in the near future, far from expecting a cataclysm, we look for such a golden age as ancients never pictured and poets never sang, and such a Utopia as Sir Thomas More never dreamed of.

Lord Armstrong has a splendid place at rugged Cragside, near Rothbury, and Sir George Trevelyan, the present Minister for Scotland, has his place at Wallington, near Cambo, the very garden of Northumberland.*

*See Appendix.
Bamborough, Dunstanborough, and Warkworth Castles, on the bold north coast, not to speak of Norham and other noble relics, are replete with the flavour of poetry and legendary lore, which clothe their ruins with undying interest, and place them on the bead-roll of Northumberland's choicest treasures.

Nor amid this list of country mansions and ancient castles may we omit to mention Hesleyside Hall, the seat on North Tyne of that ancient family, the Charltons. Within recent years, some portions of the large estate have been brought to the hammer; but till then, Squire Charlton could ride thirty miles on his own property over a splendid grazing and sporting country, from Tynedale to Kershope Foot. It is to the house of Charlton that the well-known incident of the served-up spur belongs. In ancient times, when border barons and squires reived and lifted—or in less euphonious terms, stole one another's cattle—whenever the larder at Hesleyside was getting empty, the lady of the house had a spur served up at dinner as a sign to the hard-riding squires and their retainers that they must to boot and saddle at once and fetch in a herd of fat beeves from Scotland.
Northumberland abounds in mineral wealth, coal, limestone, lead, and iron, and these all contribute in a very large degree to the fertility and wealth of the county. Limestone is to be found in most parts, and the Hareshaw Moors around Ridsdale and Bellingham abound in excellent ironstone. A generation ago, these districts had extensive iron works, but as there were no railways then, the cost of the land carriage of the iron was so great as to swallow up the profit, and consequently the furnaces were blown out, and the countryside is to-day an unformed heap of mouldering slag and pit débris.

Lead mining in Northumberland centres around Alston Moor and Allendale, high lands in the extreme south of the county, and bordering upon Cumberland and Durham. Abundant evidence exists to show that the ore was worked during the Roman occupation of Britain. It is rich in silver, and the W.B. lead—the name given to that found in Mr. Beaumont's mines—is famous in all markets. In fact, Northumberland lead is as renowned as the produce of the Cassiterides or Tin Islands of Herodotus, in whose pages we have the earliest notice of our country, and of one of its industries, which is mentioned as being among the marvels of the Father of History.
A cake of silver found in Mr. Beaumont's mines, weighing 12,162 ozs., and valued at £3,344 11s., was shown at the great exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851. These mines are said to yield one-fourth of the lead raised in England, one-sixth of the produce of Great Britain, and one-tenth of all that is produced in Europe, including the British Isles. Although the earliest method of working the ore appears to have been by sinking shafts as in the case of coal mines, horizontal levels or galleries have now been substituted. Rather more than a century ago they were introduced by Sir Walter Blackett, and are sufficiently large to admit of horses travelling in them. The Blackett Level in the Allendale mines extends underground for seven miles. The Northumberland lead miners are a stalwart, healthy, hardy and prolific race. They are inventive to a degree, many of them traverse with sure foot the soaring altitudes of pure mathematics, and far beyond coal miners, they often secure success in their craft, not as charlatans by using the divining rod, but by following the evolutions of a recorded experience, and of a far-searching, and often unerring, inner consciousness.
The best seams of coal, as might be expected, are met with in the vicinity of Newcastle, and along the seaboard; but the coal measures, with more or less regularity, are to be found as far to the west as the Plashetts in North Tyne, and on Hareshaw, Elsdon and Brownrigg, within the water-shed of the river Reed. Hard-headed and deft-handed Northumbrians have successfully tackled many a trouble in these outlying regions, and brought the black diamonds to the surface which have been eagerly purchased by widely-removed customers. Before Roxburghshire was as well served by the railway as it is now, long strings of carts used to come over the Carter Fell to Brownrigg, or Soppit near Elsdon for the purpose of carrying back coals. They had iron axles, and in frosty weather the ring they gave out in passing over the hard roads could be heard at a great distance. Before this time, however, and prior to the twenties, it was common to carry coal from Hareshawhead and Brownrigg over the Carter Fell in sacks balanced on the backs of ponies, which marched in cavalcade. The Roxburghshire seats of the Earl of Minto and neighbouring gentry were supplied with fuel in this way, and as the men who were engaged in the trade had to camp out on the
moors for one night both when going and coming, they often suffered severely from the rigour of the weather.

It cannot be said that there are many towns in Northumberland. Of course there is the one big town extending from Wylam to Tynemouth—for that long reach of the Tyne is as much a town as the modern city of Newcastle—but besides this, Wooler, Belford, Rothbury, Haltwhistle, Bellingham—all comparatively small places—Alnwick, Morpeth, Blyth and Hexham, make up the sum total of Northumbrian towns, and each of these places has its own individuality as a distinctive feature in the landscape.

Newcastle, situated though it is on the banks of the coaly Tyne, where hundreds of manufactures pour forth clouds of smoke from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon, is a magnificent city. Indeed, it would be difficult to find anything finer than the view that is to be had from the higher parts of the Town Moor on a Saturday afternoon, when the factories are closed for the week, and a brisk wind is blowing from the west. According to contemporary accounts, Newcastle, a century ago, was one of the most picturesque of towns. Orchards and
meadows abounded, and outside the walls there stood the Infirmary with its leafy surroundings, and the Forth with its shaded walks, where Lord Eldon and his schoolfellows used to steal flowers, the former for Bessy Surtees, and the rest for their several sweethearts. Such was Newcastle when John Wesley visited it, and made the following eulogistic entry in his diary:—"Lovely place, and lovely company! Certainly, if I did not believe there was another world I would spend all my summers here, as I know no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness." St. Nicholas, of course, is the architectural feature of the city. Its lanthorn, whether seen from the railway, Collingwood Street, the top of the Side, or from afar, is a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Grey Street, with the noble monument to Earl Grey, is as fine a thoroughfare as is to be found in Great Britain, while the Close, and the "Chares," and other surroundings of old Newcastle are all enchanted ground to any one who is bound on antiquarian research. To the late Mr. Grainger, who covered large fields with splendid buildings, which now constitute the business part of the city, Newcastle is more indebted than it is possible to say.
The quaint and never-to-be-forgotten Quay Side is indeed something to be seen. A long range of offices, with any amount of broken sky-line in the roofs, and some of the gables abutting on the Quay, after the manner of all seaport towns in the north of Europe; the swing bridge, and the High Level bridge, used alike by pedestrians and equestrians, and carriages and rollies, and the trains of the North Eastern system; the frowning Moot Hall to the north, and the rapid flowing and tawny maned Tyne to the south; the forest of shipping; the precipitous banks across the river leading up to the town of Gateshead, which is in the county of Durham; the polyglot of nationalities—in other words, seamen of all nations moving up and down; grave-faced merchants, and agile brokers' clerks who seem to know nothing of danger; the mendicant lame and halt and blind and brazen-faced; the orange lasses and the apple stalls; the loading and unloading of vessels, the whistling, and shouting, and screaming and burring;—of all this and of much more is the Quay Side of Newcastle made up. May its shadow never grow less!

The Tyne is a noble river now in its lower reaches, and is as useful there as it is picturesque
to the west. The services rendered to Newcastle by Mr. J. C. Stevenson and the Tyne Commissioners in removing the Black Middens—those dreaded rocks at the mouth of the river where so many harrowing scenes of shipwreck and wholesale loss of life have been often witnessed—and in dredging and deepening its bed till it can admit the largest tonnage at any state of the tide, are not to be forgotten. The Tyne Commissioners, equally with the Clyde Trustees, have been the makers of Newcastle and Glasgow as great commercial and industrial centres.

But what about Walker? for "there's ney place like Wālker." Walker, together with Wallsend, which is contiguous to it, is the great centre of pits and ship building, and all the allied industries. From the thin clear air of the Cheviots to the smoky atmosphere of Walker and its neighbour is a change indeed, and yet a great number of the workmen have originally come from the highlands and rural districts of the north. The pitman is supposed to have in Walker his Mecca or his Jerusalem, and it is thus the local song makes him sing:

"When aw cam to Wālker wark,
Aw had ne coat nor ne pit sark,
But now aw've getten twe or three,
Walker's pit's deun weel for me."
Byker Hill and Walker Shore,
Colliery lads for evermore,
There's ney place like Walker."

Tyneside songs, which are generally written in the vernacular, are a great treat to anyone who understands Northumbrian. There is an excellent collection, published originally by Mr. Davidson of Alnwick about the year 1840, and re-published by Mr. Allan of Newcastle in 1889. It is called *The Tyneside Songster*. A very fine illustrated edition bears the date 1891.

Lower down the river, and quite near its mouth, is North Shields, an old-fashioned town enough, living, moving, and having its being by means of shipping. Tyneside sailors are all proud of this stirring town, and Thompson, the song writer, puts the following patriotic lines into the lips of one of them:

"A Cockney chep showed me the Thames druvy fyace,  
Whilk he said was the pride of the nation;  
And thowt at their shipping aw'd myek a haze-gaze;  
But aw whopt ma foot on his noration.  
Wi' huz, mun, three hundred ships sail iv a tide,  
We think nowse on't, aw'll myek accyday,  
Ye're a gowk if ye did'nt know that the lads of Tyneside,  
Are the Jacks that myek famish wor navy."
Below North Shields, and only a short distance from it, is Tynemouth. The town stands on a bold rocky bluff, and looks out on the German Ocean. A monument to the brave Collingwood commands the attention of all as they approach the town, and is in every way a fitting memorial, at a fitting spot, of one of Northumberland's bravest and most distinguished sons. A native of Newcastle, and sent to sea as a midshipman at the age of eleven, he mounted the ladder step by step till he assumed the chief command at Trafalgar after Nelson had received his death wound, and completed the triumph of the day. He was created a peer of the realm because of his courage, and died at sea in 1810. Admiral Collingwood was a thorough seaman, and never allowed his courage to outrun his judgment. Alike firm and mild in command, his sailors called him their father, while his private virtues and generosity endeared him to all who came in contact with him.

The ruins of the Priory, which was burned down by the Danes, are a commanding feature, and are beautiful in decay. As for Tynemouth besides, it is a safe haven for ships since the rocks were removed from the sea-way, and the massive pier was run out far into the sea. It is
everywhere redolent of the ocean, a favourite seaside resort, and commands a noble stretch of sands, which are well-nigh as crowded during the season as Margate or Eastbourne. On the Tynemouth Marine Promenade, as men of years look upon the recreations of youth, they may recall to remembrance how they too disported themselves when the world was young: the children build castles in the sand—it is too soon almost for them to build castles in the air—and with that unwearied exercise of limb and lung which makes the sturdy Briton, they are happy as the day is long.
ALL the rivers run into the sea, and the long
Northumberland seaboard, extending from
Berwick to Tynemouth, is peopled by a hardy and
daring race—the fisher-folk. Of these people it
may be said, as of Israel of old, that they dwell
alone. With the inland population they are on
no terms of alliance whatever, save those of sale
or barter. No rural swain need ever hope to
woo and win a sea-nymph as she rises from the
wave. Frys and Armstrongs marry with Frys
and Armstrongs, and in process of time all
sorts of roundabout phrases have to be used to
distinguish one Fry from another, and one blue-
eyed, yellow-haired Armstrong, from his first
cousin. A Northumbrian fishing village is just
about as much a confused world's end of a place
as can be imagined. As for order, there is none, and the inequalities of the ground in front of the cottages are such that one can only suppose it is all of design, and is intended to suit those who go to sea, and whose life on the ocean wave is one of alternating upheaval and depression. No one who has gone through such a village can ever forget it. All kinds of ancient odours, pig-styes, gutters, and small garden plots are there. When it is washing day in "the fleet" the flannel duds of generations wave in the breeze, together with other articles of a more modern and attractive description. The village seems to be a maze of nets. When the boats are off, the only persons about, are white-capped old wives, and barefooted women, and boys and girls—the boys and girls always up to some sort of mischief—and when the boats are in, groups of weather-beaten and furrowed fishermen lounge about, smoking, and either discussing fishing affairs in an almost inaudible tone, or gazing out far to sea through a spy-glass which they steady on a wall, or giving a stranger the impression that they are "thinking, ye kna." The low-browed cottages are pantiled and white-washed, and between them, and the glowing colours of sea and foreshore, rocky strata and emerald banks, there is that singular inter-
blending of effect which makes the sea shore and the fishing village so dear to the artist's eye and easel. The interiors of the cottages are, as a rule, homely, and present scenes such as a Dutch artist of the seventeenth century would have revelled in. The box-bed, the dresser laden with china and crockery, the plain deal table, the "crackets" or three-legged stools placed before the blazing hearth, the long saddle lounge, the eight-day clock, the highly coloured German chromo-lithographs, a few chairs, and some well-thumbed books, these, together with a few pairs of sea boots, and two or three jerseys and coloured pocket-handkerchiefs hanging on the line above the fireplace, constitute the furnishing of a fisherman's cottage. And here they wed, and bear children, and die. Here they have the happy days, and the oft-recurring dark days. Yes, we think we are right to mention dark days in the fishing village. These simple-living, yet astute people, know as much about anxiety, and long waiting, and dool, as most. When the fishing fleet is off, and the north-east gale comes away in all its fury, when everything turns one universal grey-blue tint, and sea and sky are commingled as if the hour for the crack of doom had come, woe betide these tearful women, and sobbing children,
and palsied old folks, who often have only too sure a presentiment, that sons, and husbands, and fathers have sunk, down, down, many fathoms down beneath the North Sea foam. What a contrast between this day of wrath and the calm summer's eve, when the fishermen's boats set off for the fishing. This is one of the prettiest of sights. For some time, most likely, they have to use the oars, till, rounding the headland, they catch the breeze, and then quickly unfurling the sail they race right merrily to the ground. After the nets are shot, the boats lie by them for the night. Few sounds are heard—save the lapping of the wavelets against the sides of the boat—for our fisher folks are ponderously silent now. But, see, the first streaks of daybreak pour down from the east, and in a moment all is commotion! The fishermen stride about rapidly, ropes are pulled, oars are plied, a chorus of nautical monotones fills the air, the nets are being hauled in, and the wealth of the sea covers the deck of the boat often knee deep. During the herring-fishing season, the silver sheen of that beautiful fish, as they are caught by the gills in the meshes of the net, and as they litter the deck, is beyond all comparison, lovely. The nets hauled in, it is now, who shall get back first,
and when the little pier-head is rounded, and the boat made fast, preparations are hurried forward for the wholesale vend and general land-sale of this "harvest of the sea." Now is the time for the women to come to the front, and it is well known how strong, and agile, and untiring they are. Of many of them it may be said, beasts of burthen they; but they take to the toil with a brave heart and a single-eyed purpose, and all the world over, this converts toil and drudgery into luxury and ease.

In the previous chapter, we remarked that the Northumbrian rivers and burns are excellent trouting streams. Nor are salmon a-wanting. We do not say that that noble fish is now as plentiful as it was in the olden time, when the Newcastle apprentices had it entered on their indentures that they were not to be expected to eat salmon more than twice a week; but still in Tyne, and Reed, and Coquet, and par excellence in the Tweed, salmon abound.

In our times the river-watchers keep down autumn and winter poaching pretty successfully no doubt, although, perhaps, after all, the less that is said about that the better; but forty and fifty years ago it was thought nothing of, and still there was plenty for everyone. We have not
thought it necessary to make ourselves acquainted with the letter of the law as it then existed concerning the legality or the illegality of salmon poaching; but we remember well enough, when we were in a somewhat earlier stage of our existence than we are now, that every one in Redesdale, and Tynedale, and Coquetdale, gentle and simple, thought it no sin to secure a good store of kippered salmon for winter consumption. That these good-hearted, hospitable dalesmen, were sinners above all other men in England, because they got a salmon or two out of season, is not to be supposed, although we rather fear the Northumbrians' record law-ward is not of the best. History testifies that there is no evidence that the written law ever reached Northumberland during the Saxon rule, and since then Northumbrians have never objected to be a law unto themselves in subsidiary matters. No doubt in Saxon times, and in times much later—

"The good old rule
Sufficed them, the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

But be this as it may, the Muggers used to hawk cartloads of salmon about in the late autumn, and they mostly brought them from the Coquet.
Adepts say that the Coquet salmon, instead of being the *Salmo salar*, or the true salmon, is only the *Salmo eriox*, or the bull trout; hence, perhaps, these midnight raidings were the less reprehensible.

In connexion with the poaching and the vend of salmon, I have a vivid recollection of a striking incident. One afternoon in the late autumn, about tea-time, when all was dark without, and the candles were lighted, we children were in the parlour. Suddenly we heard the kitchen door opened with much noise, and heavy feet making their way in. The news soon spread that Sally the Mugger was there with salmon, and in a very short time the parlour was emptied, and the kitchen filled with every one about the manse, except the minister, my father, who upon this occasion remained an unknown quantity. Sally—Sarah Anderson was her baptismal name—was never more *en evidence* than she was on that occasion so far as I recollect. She was a mighty woman, and of herculean build. She could have felled an ox with her fist at the end of her huge forearm, and she generally managed to keep her consort "Wully," under her thumb. As for figure, she had none. She was square up and down as a Dutchman, and the waist of her
gown was generally somewhere immediately beneath her armpits.* Her black, or tartan dress was ample in its folds. She was generally bare-necked, if she could be said to have a neck, and a black velvet bonnet hanging far down behind, and exposing the frowniest head of hair imaginable, completed her attire, except that she had a pair of heavy laced-up boots as strong as man ever wore. Sally's attire always impressed me profoundly; but, after all, this was only a faint reflexion of the impression produced by her face. The superficies of this organ was vast, and it generally wore an inflamed hue, due, without a doubt, to the potent effects produced by strong waters. A resolute will, and a fixed determination, was stamped upon Sally's face without any possibility of mistake. She had only to open her lips, when, if not numbers, yet words not to be numbered, flew. One of her eyes, large, and round, and fully orbed as that of the Minotaur, looked direct at the person addressed, and shot out a meaning which brooked no contradiction, while the other, "with a fine frenzy rolling," was located, not parallel, as in common, but at right

* It will interest my fair readers to know that since this description of Sally's gown was written, I have been informed that the short waist such as she wore is now the latest fashion.
angles to it. With these overpowering organs of vision, Sally, always, everywhere, and before everyone, held the field. On the occasion to which I allude, she was in her grandest and most magnificent mood, and, truth to tell, we were all more or less afraid of her. Dragging a huge salmon after her, she flung it down on the kitchen table, threw her lordly head back, placed her arms akimbo on her hips, and with a whiskied breath that would kill at half a league, exclaimed, in the tones of a Stentor, to my dear little mother, who stood only as a mole hill beneath this towering mountain, "There's a salmon for you, mistress, hinny. A finer never cam out o' Coquet. It's only threepence a pund. Ye'll take't." Before time was given for any reply, Sally whipped out a big gully, brandished it aloft, as if she had been butcher-in-chief to an army in the field, and in far less time than it takes to describe, opened up the _Salmo eriox_, and prepared it for the kippering. Days speak, it is true, but Sally and Wully, and young Sally and young Wully, and many of those who were actors in this and other well-remembered scenes, have now gone to that lone and silent land where the weary are at rest.*

* See Appendix.
The one illicit suggests another, and to salmon poaching succeeds smuggling. "Gan' to Boulmer for gin," used to be a Northumbrian proverb. Boulmer was a noted place for running Hollands ashore, and bands of daring men, with strings of pack-horses, when they received signals that a Dutch lugger was off the coast, ran all risks, and often defied "the guager." Until the duty on spirituous liquors was equalised between Scotland and England, the Carter Fell used often to be a debatable ground between the exciseman and the smuggler. All manner of expedients were had recourse to, to transfer the usquebaugh from the one country to the other. The Scotch Andrew Fairservices, who happened to reside in Northumberland, thought it no sin to drown the memories of "the sad and sorrowful union" in the potent contraband; while the English were fain to form a still closer alliance with their ancient Caledonian foes in the matter of social cheer than the hard-riding officers of Inland Revenue were willing to allow. It is told of one borderer on the English side—and his ingenuity was surely deserving of a better fate—that when that dreaded postman, that *pallida mors*, who knocks at every man's door sooner or later, knocked at his, it occurred to
him to have the coffin made at Jedburgh, twelve miles into Scotland over the Carter Fell. In due time the coffin was finished, and having been put into a hearse, was brought with all becoming decorum across the frontier. It so happened however, that the eagle-eyed exciseman was on the outlook, and the inventive and wily Northumbrian came to grief, for when the officer demanded permission to look into the hearse, he found the coffin well stocked with “grey hens,” of another plumage than the grey hens, which, with the black cocks, abound in these regions. The carriers between Scotland and England did a good deal of smuggling, but in most cases it was only to their sore hurt in the long run, seeing that, in addition to falling into tippling ways, all their devices for concealment were exposed eventually. The writer has known instances where his father, as a sort of general pacificator, has been employed to use his best offices to secure a reduction of the fine inflicted upon the poor, and for the time being, penitent smuggler. In most cases, however, Rhadamanthine justice was the truest clemency.

To the north and east of the county the class termed hinds mostly belongs; to the hill sides belong the shepherds. The hinds are
ploughmen and general workers on the arable farms, and they are an unaccountably migratory class. In defiance of every law of social and domestic economy, it is said that at least one-third of them change their service every year, not because they secure any pecuniary advantage by so doing, but simply from love of change. The hind has a free house, his coals are led, a thousand yards of potatoes are planted for him, and he receives so much money. In addition to his own labour, he is required during the outfield working year to employ a woman, young or otherwise, who receives from his master a daily wage which runs considerably below the market price. This worker is known by the name of "Bondager," not to signify that she is held in slavery, but that her service is included in the bond between the hind and his employer. With such a custom prevailing, it is easy to understand how it is to the hind's interest to be very much a family man. These sons of the soil are a hard-working, intelligent class, and they are as strong as Hercules.

The shepherds are the aristocrats of labour in the highlands of Northumberland. Lithe and stalwart in their youth, when age comes upon them their advice is deferred to on all hands, and
in their reverend and hoary age they are, as a rule, the pride of the district where they reside, and in innumerable instances they are elders in the Presbyterian Church. What the writer owed to his shepherd elders as a young minister it would be difficult for him to say. The men to whom he refers were prevailing in prayer, and deeply read as they were in the old Marrow Theology of Boston of Ettrick, Flavel, John Owen, Ralph Erskine, Bunyan, and Doddridge, and all of them with the shorter catechism at their finger-ends, they were always ready to give a reason for the hope that was in them. Trained from their youth up to hill life, the habits of the Cheviot sheep, and the best way of shepherding them, come to these noble men as by instinct. No matter how biting the blast may be, with their legs well-stockinged above the trousers, the shepherd's plaid, either with the neuk or without it, wrapped round them as only a shepherd can, and with a stout stick in their hand, they are ready to sally out when duty demands, and many a shepherd of the Cheviots has been found after the tempest was past, smothered in the snow drift, and that, in not a few instances, not far from his own door. To assist them in their work they employ
the services of collie dogs—so much affected now by ladies and in town life—it is surely a mistake to take the sagacious collie off the bent and heather and puzzle his wits with a do-nothing town life, a sort of thing that no dog or fellow can understand: and it is amazing how easily by a single wave of the hand, or by the distinctive note of command, they will in a very short time secure the end their masters aim at. Many of the shepherds travel several miles to church on Sunday. During the short days in winter they must look through their hirsels when returning, and consequently the dogs accompany them. As long as the service lasts they lie quietly in the aisle of the church, or at their master's feet, but no sooner is it over than they shew themselves all anxiety to set out home again.

All over the west and north of Northumberland, church-going used to be a most important matter, and, except in the lambing and spaening time, the shepherds were always present, mingling heartily with the farmers and groups of villagers in the service of God. Six, seven, eight, nine, yes, and even ten miles, was thought not too great a distance to travel on horseback or on foot, and as a rule, those furthest from the church were the first to put in an appearance. Many
of them would meet half an hour before service began in front of the church. Of course they talked over the current affairs of farm, and hill, and district, and what harm was there in that, we ask? It was the only chance most of them would have to meet before Sunday came round again. But of all days, a Communion Sunday was the occasion. This used to be preceded by the exercises of a Fast Day on the Thursday, which again were succeeded by a preparatory service on the Saturday, and when the following morning dawned it was soon discovered by all that the Great Day of the Feast had come. From an early hour, the roads were covered with bands of intending worshippers. Where the roads were good, the farmers drove in their conveyances, while their servant men and women came—for that day—in a long hay cart. The shepherds always walked, unless they were growing old, in which case they rode to church on their hardy ponies. Where the wide moors had to be crossed, the farmer would ride on his brood mare, while his wife sat behind him on the pillion. It was indeed a sight to gladden every heart to watch these devout men and women pressing forward in all directions to the holy and common meeting place between God and
man. The summer Communion, as might be expected, was always the best attended. Every one wore the best of their apparel. The older female members invariably carried their bibles in their hands, wrapped round with a handkerchief as white as driven snow, and as they generally brought along with them a posy of southernwood, mint, and a red or white rose, the church on that day, and for many days after, was as fragrant as a herbarium.

The morning service over—and it lasted between three and four hours—during the short interval that elapsed before the work of the afternoon began, the manse, and the inn, and every house around, provided generous hospitality for all comers. Monday, again, saw a Thanksgiving Service rendered. At its close the ministers and elders used to dine together at the manse, and thus of old they kept the feast, and held high festival, till after a lapse of six months another Communion season came round.

More exigent times have now greatly shortened these holy feasts; but they were seasons of refreshing, and helped to shake the torch of life, and keep the lamp of devotion alive.

At a Communion the ordinary minister was invariably assisted by one, and occasionally by
several of his neighbours, who often came from a considerable distance, and who in return, were repaid at their own communion seasons for the good offices they had rendered. It may be said without fear of contradiction, that the communions of the olden time served the same purpose that the great festivals of the year rendered to the twelve tribes of Israel. They quickened the spiritual life of the people, and what between retrospect and anticipation, they helped a God-fearing people to walk in the light of the Divine countenance. "The Word preached" was highly prized. Though the services, owing to their great length, would prove insupportable to the present generation, the people never seemed to tire. Great value was set by ministers, who, in these preaching tournaments, were supposed to excel in any particular exercise. The services of preparation, participation, thanksgiving and revision, had their stated place and importance. The minister of the congregation was expected to preach the sermon on the Sunday morning prior to the Holy Communion, and this was known by the name of the Action Ser- mon. A venerable and experienced brother was always acceptable when addressing the communicants after the sacred emblems had been handed round, and he who on the Sunday afternoon
or evening could stimulate to better and fuller life and service was always sure to have an overflowing congregation. Monday's service was one of thanksgiving, and as it generally ended with a review of all that had been done during the season, abundant opportunity was given to a facile speaker to gather up the fragments that remained, so that nothing might be lost. We have a lively remembrance of these ministers who used to assist our father at the Otterburn Communion. They were godly and venerable men, and in entertaining them, it may be said angels were entertained unawares. Some of them so preached that it might almost be said they chanted their sermons, and when the fervid unction came upon them the effect they produced was simply overpowering. Several had all the grace of the courtier about them; others, again, were quaint and full of oddities. They abounded in anecdote, and were not devoid of wit and humour. The names of the Revs. Dr. Nicol, Jedburgh; Robert Cranston, Morebattle; John Black, Newcastle; John Boyd, Hexham; John Young, Bellingham; James Muir and John Parker, Sunderland; David Browning, Newcastle; David Donaldson, Alnwick; Walter Bell and James Robertson, North Middleton, are among the most precious treasures of our memory.
It was at these Communion seasons that the kindness of the congregation to the family at the manse was very conspicuously shown. In a thinly-peopled district, where little ready money was in circulation, the minister's stipend, as might be expected, was never large; but more or less throughout the year, the contributions in kind formed a very acceptable augmentation fund. In autumn, when the "mart," that is the young ox or heifer, was killed and salted for the winter consumption at the farm house, a joint was certain to find its way to the manse, and throughout the year there were kind and generous souls who never came that way without leaving farm produce of some sort or other. But when the Communion came round the contributions were multiplied four-fold. The abundant produce of the dairy and the farm-yard was certain to arrive on the Thursday and Saturday. During the interval of service on the Sunday, many of the men accepted the hospitality of the inn, while the female members of the principal families went into the manse, and with a generosity, the most delicate conceivable, they took care that they should not partake of refreshment at the manse table without having first largely contributed to fill it well. Nor were the humbler members of the
congregation forgotten at the repast provided in the kitchen.

At Communion seasons the book boards in the pews where the Communicants sat were covered with a "decent white cloth," as well as the Communion table, and as the Precentor's duties were supposed to be too arduous for any one man, an elder who could sing, or some other singing-man, was associated with him in the box immediately below the pulpit, to the great edification of the general congregation, no doubt, and certainly to the awe and wonder of the juvenile portion of the audience.

The Precentors in the olden time were sometimes characters. We recollect two of them well. The first was a knight of the needle, and as nimble as his needle. He could sing like a mavis, was a politician of the deepest dye, and in every conversation-circle Willie's voice, facility of utterance, and fund of general information, ruled the roost. Unfortunately he had contracted an inveterate liking for strong waters, and when under their influence, not only did he let loose such a Bedlamite tongue as frequently brought severe castigation upon him; but, as might be expected, he came under the discipline of the Church Session. On these occasions,
which frequently occurred, Willie sat on the stool of repentance with the deepest humility, and vowed many times deep that the cause for offence never should occur again. Alas, however, the flesh was weak, and at last after prolonged endurance, and well-nigh inexhaustible patience, his last suspension passed into deprivation of office, and Willie ever after carried a diminished head. It is only right to mention that his faults were condoned by the Session to the extent we have already mentioned, on account of the circumstance that no one could lead the congregation like himself. Poor fellow, he ultimately became stone-blind, and, except about his own door, where he could grope his way with the assistance of his stick, he was led about like a child. To the last day of his life however, his intellect was as keen as ever it had been, and when a chance visitor gave him a dram, his tongue was as rasping as in former days when it often led him into seas of trouble.

In these times the tailor went from house to house to make the clothes, and we boys looked upon it as a day of high jinks whenever we saw Willie seated on the kitchen table, with all the professional paraphernalia of lapboard, goose, yard measure, beeswax, and thread about him. On these occasions we were
in clover, for the best of the house was invariably provided for the tailor, just as it was for the ministers at the Communion time, and then Willie could always keep the house in a roar when the minister was in his study. There was one difficulty, however, which was often hard to overcome, and that was to get Willie to the manse, for he had a rare faculty for keeping the promise to the ear, but breaking it to the hope. Whenever he got upon "the spree," it took him two or three weeks to get sobered down, and, at these seasons our impatience grew beyond all bounds, for did it not seem to us that what should have been our new suits were spoiling in the very web? Nor was it until we saw him seated on the kitchen table that our anxieties were removed.

The other Precentor was one of quite a different type. Willie's form was always attenuated, Ned was a man of herculean build. Clumsy withal was he in form, but in every way his was a marked individuality. His beetling eyebrows formed a penthouse, beneath which a troop of fairies could easily have danced a minuet on a moonlight night, and, truth to tell, it is most likely they often did, for Ned had the reputation of having been a great poacher in his younger
days, and many a bonny black cock had found its way into his spacious pockets under the unerring aim of his shooting iron. Growing years, however, brought with them gravity and wisdom, and although always lazy—the former poaching propensities probably engendered this vice—he became a respectable, sober-living man, and ultimately, Ned, as everyone called him, except the minister, who always addressed him as "Edward," was installed in the Precentor's desk. He filled it well nigh to overflowing, and when on Communion days another was associated with him, the squeeze was manifestly very great.

Ned was a basso profundo, and sang with great birr. The act of leading the service of song was evidently a considerable effort, if one might judge from the frequency with which he wiped his spacious face with his red and white pocket handkerchief. And then when the text was given out, and the sermon once begun, he generally covered his bare head with the said pocket handkerchief, and went off sound asleep, secure from the minister's eye beneath his canopy of fringe. Willie was a tailor, and Ned was a cobbler, and many an hour have we spent in his shop, listening to the stirring tones of "Johnny Cope," delivered with a re-echoing force, enough
to raise the dead, and to his wonderful stories about men and things in Reedwater. He had a large family, and was always impecunious. Owing to this circumstance it generally happened that very little of his salary, which consisted of two half-yearly collections, remained to be lifted when pay day came round. Ned was a frequent visitant at the manse. When the shades of night fell—unless he had sent his little hard-working wife as a deputy during the day—he used to walk into the kitchen with a big plaid wrapped about him, and when our mother had been brought in—for he always transacted his dealings with her—the sentence was sure to come sooner or later:—"Just another half-croon, mistress, if ye can." The pittance being forthcoming, Ned treated us all to a few songs, rendered in his very best style, and then the poor fellow—we should have called him good-natured had he not had the reputation of being a domestic tyrant—went again into the darkness, and crossed the fields to his humble cottage.

When the minister had to repay his Communion debts of service elsewhere, it was common to announce that there would be no service on the following Sunday, and for us, there was left the option of going to the Presbyterian Church
at Bird-hope-Craig, five miles away, or to the Parish Church at Elsdon, three miles distant. For ourselves, we preferred to go to Elsdon, not so much on account of the distance being shorter than to Bird-hope-Craig, but because the Elsdon Church Choir offered great attractions. The big fiddle, and the violin, and the clarionet, were all employed in the service of song; the vocal music was good and led by enthusiasts, and we had never heard anything like it before. And then, there was the warm-hearted and eccentric rector, the Rev. Percy Gilpin—always the friend of the manse and every one in it—to listen to and wonder at when he was attired in his surplice, an ecclesiastical robe we never saw at any other time, and so unlike the Geneva gown our father wore. It always filled us with astonishment that Mr. Gilpin left the reading desk at one portion of the service wearing his surplice, and returned to preach in his black gown. What this change of garments meant we never could make out. Mr. Gilpin was a great walker; as he hurried along he used to twirl his walking stick around his fingers, and styling one of his legs "Percy" and the other "Gilpin," he used to keep on saying:—"Come along Percy, Gilpin will beat you. Come along Gilpin, Percy will beat you."
Next to spiritual life is that of the understanding, and the Northumbrian’s love of learning is proverbial. During the last half of this century it has been the rarest thing to meet with man or woman who could not write and read and cypher well—thorough masters of the three Rs—and in spite of almost insurmountable disadvantages, pitboys and ploughmen, shepherds and farmers’ sons, have won for themselves the patent of culture by plodding away at the night-school through the long winter months. After finishing their day’s work, we have known these lads come many miles to attend a minister’s class for the study of Latin, geography, and grammar, and to-day the bulk of them hold positions of honour, and some of them positions of eminence, not in one but in many lands. In a past generation the travelling schoolmaster was in great request. He was very often lame in limb but bright in intelligence, and after staying at one farmer’s house for three months or so, he would move on to another a few miles distant. In this way, the children in remote districts received their education, and in three points they excelled, in penmanship, arithmetic, and all branches of mathematics. Northumbrian youths excel in these departments to this day.
Every county has its local customs, and the long-continued Northumbrian method of conducting a funeral is well-nigh extinct. The caller went his rounds inviting guests to the ceremony on a certain day, and the cortege was invariably three or four hours late in starting for the churchyard. If we take Elsdon as an instance—a wide parish, twenty miles in length by ten in breadth—the order was somewhat as follows, say in the case of a much respected farmer:—A long procession, mostly on horseback, though some would be on foot, left the house of mourning as soon as the baked funeral meats were consumed. Following the hearse, each man wearing round his hat a long pendant scarf of crape, they kept that position till within half a mile of Elsdon, when, clapping spurs to the flanks of their steeds they galloped into the village, so as to stable their horses in the several inns, and be at the churchyard gate in time to meet the coffin. And a moving sight it was to see these ruddy-faced, stalwart dalesmen, reverently go through the solemn service, and with awe-filled faces commit the body of a friend and neighbour to the tomb. It was the custom to remain at the grave till it was filled in and sodded, which being done, the chief mourner
usually said in a loud voice:—“Gentlemen, I thank you for your presence on this occasion.”

The funeral over, the common thing was to adjourn to one or more of the inns, where each man threw down a shilling, and the value of the lump sum being returned in potable refreshment, every one drank to his liking. At a soldier's funeral the band plays *The Dead March* on the way to the grave, and *The Girl I Left Behind Me* on the return, and after a funeral at Elsdon, the solemn incoming was often attended with a somewhat hilarious home-going. The potent refreshment gradually drove dull care away. When steeds were mounted, the gentle amble soon passed into the trot, and with an incongruity which was ludicrous, however painful it might be to witness, the trot very often passed into a gallop, in which the horseman pricked forward, his crape scarf flying behind him, and making the pace as if he and his neighbours were hastening to the wedding. But in this brief life which is our portion transitions are often rapid, so there is no room to be censorious.

Between 1765 and 1812, Elsdon had for its rector the Abbé Dutens—the rich living is in the gift of the Duke of Northumberland. Unfortunately for Elsdon, the Abbé was at the same
time Chaplain to the British Embassy at Turin, and consequently his northern flock but seldom looked upon his face. Perhaps that mattered the less, as his broken English was well nigh unintelligible to them, but anyhow, the congregation was always small. Full of a quiet and ready wit, the Abbé determined to put himself on as good relations as possible with his parishioners, and going round his principal farmers he invited them to dine at Elsdon Castle on a certain day. A sumptuous feast was provided, and not one guest was absent. Then was the Abbé's chance. Addressing them, he said:—"You say you no understand vat I say ven I do preach, but you comprehend clear enough ven I invite you for to dine." The wit and spell did their work, and from that day the Abbé had a better congregation.

Many of the Northumbrian churches are very old, and most of them are now in an excellent state of repair. Occasionally an ancient peel is built into the church. The people hold the churchyards in reverential esteem, and in not a few instances the remains of deceased persons are brought from a long distance that they may lie side by side with the ashes of their forefathers. It is unnecessary to remark that the usual eccentricities to be met with in
tombstone inscriptions are not wanting, and that the halting feet of the lapidary's poet are not unknown. Close by the door of Elsdon Church, and in such a position that it must be seen by everyone who enters, the following rhyming apostrophe occurs:—

"Weep not for me my wife and children dear,
I am not dead, but sleepeth here;
My debt is paid, my grave you see,
Prepare yourselves to follow me."

It is sometimes alleged that the Northumbrian spirit is not the best, nor the temper the sweetest in the world. Perhaps not, only they that live in glass houses had better not throw stones. Well, men say of Northumbrians, that as a rule they are suspicious; that they keep up grudges to the end of the chapter; that they dearly love to have a bit law plea on hand once and again; are utterly opposed to any change or improvement at first, but if they are given time to think it over, follow as meekly as a lamb; that they are plodding, but non-assertive, and are lacking in that perfervidum ingenium which is so marked a feature in their Scottish neighbours. Burns sang:—

"O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us?"
In the above description we hold up a mirror fashioned by other hands than our own, into which Northumbrians need not be afraid to look, and from which they will, no doubt try to better as best they may.

The Northumberland pitman, of course, is a far-famed toiler, and only less so is his coadjutor on the Tyne, the keelman, who to a greater extent formerly than now, transported the coals from the drop at the river side to the colliers lying down the river. The keelman is perhaps the most muscular workman in all Northumberland, and we have his activity, and his frank and manly independence rehearsed as follows in the well-known local song "The Keel Row."

THE KEEL ROW.

Whe's like my Johnny,
Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bonny?
He's foremost 'mang the mony
Keel lads o' coaly Tyne.
He'll set or row so tightly,
Or in the dance so sprightly,
He'll cut and shuffle sightly,
'Tis true—were he not mine.

Chorus—Weel may the Keel row, &c.
He's ne mair learning
Than tells his weekly earning,
Yet reet frae wrang discerning,
Tho' brave, ne bruiser, he.
Tho' he no worth a plack is,
His awn coat on his back is,
An' nane can say that black is
The white o' Johnny's e'e.

Chorus—Weel may the Keel row, &c.

The pitmen, as might be expected, are a class by themselves, and they are one of which Northumberland may well be proud. In former times—which, be it remembered, were rougher and ruder than the present—they may have acquired a somewhat sinister reputation from the violent, or enthusiastic way in which they engaged in their sports, and from their cock and dog fighting propensities, but such things now no longer exist. The pitman, as a rule, is a quiet-living, religious, and godly man, and enters with the greatest heartiness into all the religious exercises of his communion, which is generally one of the many Methodist bodies, and par excellence the Primitive. The terrible colliery accident at Hartley, near Bedlington, in January, 1862, when so many pitmen died a lingering death after their "jowling" or knocking had been heard for some
days by the relieving parties who could not get near them, as the shaft had been blocked up by the half of the broken beam, is not yet forgotten by Northumbrians. Nor is the other touching fact, that when the workings were reached, and the long lines of dead bodies discovered, it was found that the doomed men, anticipating what their fate must be, had chalked on many parts of the woodwork of the pit, passages from the Word of God alike solemn and full of comfort. Those who have reached middle age will remember how our Queen, who herself had become a widow on the fourteenth of the preceding month addressed words of most kindly sympathy to the widows of those who lost their lives in the disaster, whereupon Mr. Spurgeon, in his own eloquent way, described Her Majesty as "The Empress of Sorrow," comforting the mourning.

Two hundred and four men and boys lost their lives in the Hartley calamity, and a subscription which was set on foot realised a large sum for the relief of the widows and orphans.* Edward Corvan, a Tyneside poet, alike comic and sentimental, but mostly pursuing the comic vein, wrote a piece called "The Queen has sent a Letter; or, The

* At this date there are 10 widows and 54 adults recipients of the Fund.
Hartley Calamity,” which went home to every heart in Northumberland at the time. We extract a couple of verses from the song, and to this hour they set all the heart’s chords in motion:—

“Oh! bless the Queen of England, who sympathy doth show,
Toward our stricken widows amid their grief and woe;
Old England never had her like, nor never will again,
Then bless good Queen Victoria, ye loyal-hearted men,
She sent a letter stating—"I share your sorrows here;"
To soothe the aching hearts of all and dry the widow’s tear.

Oh! gather round, ye generous band, whose bounty caused a smile
To 'llume the face of dark despair throughout old England’s isle,
Ye have ta’en the gloom from sorrow where rays of love will fall,
On the widow and the fatherless, who prays "God bless you all!"
For the Queen has sent a letter, tho’ she mourns a husband dear,
To soothe the aching hearts of all and dry the widow’s tear.”

The descent of a Northumbrian coalpit may not be a frequent experience to a landsman, but the adventure is worthy of being made by all who can muster up courage to go down. Doffing
a portion of his ordinary attire—be it clerical or civilian—and assuming the pitman's flannels and cap, with a stick in one hand, a lantern in the other, and pioneered by a viewer or overman, he is ready for the descent. Once into the cage, the levers are applied, and the downward motion begins. That is swift, silent, and thrilling, and in some way or other, as the novice descends he fancies he is being drawn up to the pit head, and vice versa. Upon reaching the bottom he gets into one of the empty hauling waggons, which, in a train, are let down by a stout wire rope to the working face of the coal, and as he gets in he is repeatedly admonished to stoop well down, lest his head come into collision with the roof, in which case, without a doubt, it would be bad for his head, on the same principle that George Stephenson declared before a Committee of the House of Commons, that it would be bad for the "coo," if it came into collision with his locomotive. No sooner do these empty waggons begin to go down the decline, than the daring investigator enters upon a new and entirely stiffening experience. The jolting is enough to dislocate every limb in his corpus vile; with ever-accelerated speed, the roar in the cavity of the mine rivals that of the tornado; as he rushes past the trap
doors, the gnome-like guardians, in the shape of boys, stare out into the darkness with penetrating gaze, and by the time he arrives at the end of his journey he feels perfectly limp in limb, and absolutely subdued in spirit. According to the width of the seam, he finds that the half-naked hewers at the "face," are either working in a stooping attitude, or are standing erect. The sharp picks strike the mineral treasure swift as lightning flash, showers of nuts and dross fall thickly around, and anon, large pieces of coal tumble down; these are shovelled into the corves, and thus the work proceeds until the shift is over. That it is both hard and exhausting is very evident, and as further proof of this fact, it may be mentioned that, so far as meat is concerned, the pitman eats the best and fattest joints, that he may keep himself up to the mark. In the recesses of the mine the heat is very great. The men stream with perspiration, and the visitor, although only present as a spectator, does the same. A visit to the stables where the ponies—mostly of the Shetland breed—are stalled is full of interest. These animals are perfectly at home they are as sagacious as their owners, and know quite well how to avoid danger. They appear to suffer nothing in health from their
confinement, and are on such good terms with their drivers, that ponies and boys are often up to astonishing tricks. The ponies in many instances are sent up to grass occasionally; but in others they have been known to be kept down the pit for a long term of years, and that without the slightest detriment. The doors to the side-workings are carefully bratticed and guarded, everything is kept in perfect order, any metal work is as bright down below as it is in the engine-room. The economy of the mine is not less perfect than that of any well-ordered establishment above ground, and after the visitor has seen what he can, and learned not a little, all that remains for him to do is to pay his footing ten or a dozen times over, exchange his pit suit for his own clothes, use so much soap when getting a good scrub that one would say the national revenue must be materially increased thereby, and go away with a lively sense of the importance to the country of so large and industrious a body of toiling men.

Accustomed to the darkness of the mine during so many hours, it is not to be wondered that the pitman should like to have a bright and comfortable house well filled with large and substantial furniture. It would do anyone good to
visit a pitman's house in the afternoon, when the shift is over, and everything polished up till it shines again. His thoughtful wife has a roaring fire on the hearth for the bread winners of the family—for the sons generally follow their father's craft—and gives them a singing hinny, the far-famed Northumbrian girdle cake, to their tea. Nor is "Geordie" averse to bright colours as to his attire. When we were boys the pitmen's plush and velvet waistcoats, with ever so many rows of buttons, were to us, never-failing objects of admiration. Of course the women affect colour also, and it is of one of them that the following story is told:—Going into a shop in Newcastle to purchase a shawl, the shopman inquired what colour his customer might prefer, and got the following for his answer:—"Nyen o' your gāady colours for me, gie me bonny rēed an' yallow." *

The Newcastle Races, and especially the race for the Northumberland Plate—the "Pitman's Derby" as it is called—used to be the miner's annual saturnalia, but the Temperance Festival, which within recent years has been instituted with such gratifying success on the Town Moor, has in a great measure toned down

*See Appendix.
the excesses once so prevalent. In connexion with the mention of the "Northumberland Plate," which is always run for on the Wednesday in race week, and is a much more important race than that for the "Newcastle Cup," which is run for on the Friday, it will not be out of place to mention that Northumbrians dearly love a bit of sport. Yorkshiremen are supposed to rank first in their relish for running horses, and Northumbrians will always be a good second. Throughout the length and breadth of the county Beeswing* and Lanercost, Dr. Syntax and X.Y.Z., have an enduring fame, and among old men, the blood grows hot again, and the eyes sparkle, as they recount the triumphs they have won on the turf. Nor will it be counted a crime to mention that next to a race horse, if even that, the Northumbrian eyes with tender regard a "Bedlington terrier," and still more the swift and shapely, and keen-eyed greyhound. The Waterloo Cup—the blue ribbon of the leash—has often gone to Northumberland, while the names of Mr. James Hedley and Tom Bootiman, as Judge and Slipper, are famous throughout the English-speaking world.

*See Appendix.
Among the favourite sports in Northumberland, there is no pastime that is more enjoyed by the people in general than quoiting. The county never has led conspicuously in the cricket field, and although football has always been a popular recreation, still it has never been carried to that degree of excess which is not uncommon in some places, for example, in Yorkshire, where only a few weeks ago, six members of the Leeds Parish Church Football Club, were laid up in the Infirmary at the same time, owing to wounds they had received on the field of battle. Quoiting, a quieter, and less destructive game, abounds over the whole of Northumberland. Every farm house has its set, every village has its pitch, every colliery has its ground, and there is nothing in which a true-born Northumbrian takes greater pleasure than a friendly main between two villages. When the hush of evening falls upon the hamlet during the summer months, youths and men of all ages are certain to be found gathered about the favourite haunt for a game at quoits. The ring of the metal discs can be heard through the still air from afar; the longer the game continues the greater becomes the excitement; all the fatigues of the day are forgotten under its spell; shouts of applause greet the deft-handed player who
oftenest rings the hob; as the shadows deepen pieces of white paper are placed near the hobs to indicate the goal, and we have witnessed enthusiastic doctors and ministers, blacksmiths and joiners, continue the game by candle light.

Any account of Northumberland would be incomplete, if no reference was made to its lingual peculiarity, the Burr. This is the Northumbrian shibboleth. "Then said they unto him say now R; and he said Arr; for he could not frame to pronounce it right." Now this aspirated, or rather much exasperated R is the Northumbrian Burr. In Somersetshire the S becomes Z, "Yez Zur." In Cockneydom, and more or less through England, the H and the O are most shockingly badly used. Away down in Wessex, the pronouns are all mixed up in inextricable confusion. The Cumbrians have as much difficulty with the th as any foreigner, weather, feather, and heather, becoming wedder, fedder, and hedder. And in Northumberland the Burr caps all. Long live the guttural! "Glororum." "Round and round the rugged rock, the ragged rascal ran." Said John Scott, Lord High Chancellor Eldon—a Newcastle man:—"We have His Majesty's commands to pro-rroge the Parliament, and the Parliament is pro-rrogued accordingly,"
an Act of Prorogation which is said to have been as remarkable for its sententious brevity, as for the high Northumbrian dialect in which it was performed. When a Scotch servant girl went to a situation in Newcastle, and on visiting her friends, was asked how she got on with the language, "O weel eneuch," she replied, "I just swallow the Rs an' gie them a bit chow i' the middle." During an election petition which was tried in the Moot Hall, at Newcastle, some short time ago, it was reported in the London press that two of Her Majesty's Judges, together with the barristers engaged in the case, had great difficulty in making out the replies that were given by the witnesses, and that the Court was often convulsed with laughter on account of the intricacies of the Northumberland dialect. And well they might. Here we have a specimen:

Barrister: "Now will you tell us how long you have lived there?"

Witness—a Northumberland farmer—"From time immemorial, sor."

Education and travel, and absence from Northumberland for a time, in some instances enable a man to get rid of this famous Burr, which is an enduring reminder of the Danish invasion in the ninth century, and of the Northumbrian's
general intermixture with the Scandinavian races, but this is not invariably so. It was not so with Lord Eldon as we have seen, and when Mr. Joseph Cowen—than whom a more cultured man there cannot be—had a seat in the House of Commons, his speeches were invariably delivered in the broadest of Northumbrian Doric. Mr. Cowen’s voice is no longer heard at Westminster; but in Mr. Thomas Burt, the Pitman M.P. for Morpeth, and Under Secretary to the Board of Trade, Westminster possesses a fine specimen of the thoroughbred Northumbrian, and one who is never ashamed of allowing his shibboleth to be heard.

To Northumberland, as might be expected, there attaches many eminent names. For two years John Knox preached in Newcastle; Bernard Gilpin, the apostle of the north, evangelised the county; and Willemoteswick, near Hexham, was the birth-place of Nicholas Ridley, the Reformer, who was burned at the stake, opposite Balliol College, Oxford, on the 16th of October, 1555. It was to Bishop Ridley that his fellow sufferer, stout Hugh Latimer, the Bishop of Worcester, exclaimed in noble and never to be forgotten words, when the faggots were being kindled:—

"Be of good comfort Master Ridley, and play the
man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.” This light never has been put out, and we trust it never shall. It is interesting to remember that there is a link between Northumberland and Cumberland in connexion with Bishop Ridley. Northumberland has the high honour of claiming him as a native, but Cumberland can also claim him as a descendant of one of her families. Mr. Ridley of Willemoteswick wooed and won Mary Curwen, daughter of the Squire of Workington Hall. In due time she became the mother of children, one of whom was the father of Bishop Ridley. Master Trebonius, Luther's schoolmaster, used to doff his hat whenever he entered the schoolroom, giving this as his reason:—“Among these boys are burgomasters, chancellors, doctors, and magistrates.” In imagination, we can, even after the lapse of four centuries, see the daughter of the Curwens cross the threshold of her father's house to become a Northumbrian bride, and the ancestress of the noble bishop who was faithful even unto death, and who as he stood at the stake, thanked God that He had called him to confess His name even unto death. Nor will it be amiss for Northumbrians of to-day to doff their hats to
the memory of sweet Mary Curwen of Workeington Hall. Ralph Erskine, a cadet of the noble Scottish family of that name, one of the founders of the Secession Church of Scotland, and author of the "Gospel Sonnets," was a Northumbrian, having been born at Monilaws.

In our own time Northumberland has produced some famous preachers. Thomas Binney, so long the brilliant minister of Weigh House Chapel, London, was a native of Newcastle — what a bulky, warm-hearted man Mr. Binney was, to be sure! When we were students in London, no visitor was ever more welcome than he. The lion-faced Joseph Parker, once a Hexham lad, has made an enduring name and fame for himself in Manchester and in the City Temple, and at Tyneholme, his residence in Lyndhurst Gardens, Hampstead, he leads a more than ordinary busy life. Newcastle is not likely soon to forget the name or the evangelical ministry of the Reverend Richard Clayton, Vicar of St. Thomas. Dr. Anderson of Morpeth, was in his day a very decus et tutamen to the Presbyterians, and happily, one venerable Presbyterian worthy still survives, although owing to extreme old age and feebleness, he is but little known to the rising generation of
Tynesiders. We refer to the Reverend George Bell. Mr. Bell was born among the Cheviots, and in the vicinity of Wooler. While yet a young man, he came to Newcastle in 1834 to his first and only charge—though he has migrated from one church to another as prosperity has flowed upon him—and has lived in the same house in Brandling Place ever since his ordination. Of humble origin, but of too sterling a mould to be ashamed of that, Mr. Bell, together with his comely and noble-spirited wife, reared a large family on a very small stipend, was powerful as an organiser, plain-spoken but warm-hearted as a man, and considers that all he has is God's rather than his own, and is to be used and accounted for by him as a steward.

Of great names in the Northumberland of the past there need only be mentioned a few. Among authors there are the Rev. John Horsley, author of "Britannia Romana;" John Brand, historian of Newcastle; and the Rev. John Hodgson, author of the "History of Northumberland." Horsley was the first Presbyterian minister of Morpeth, and was commonly known as "Widdrington," from some property he had in that part of the county. Hodgson was vicar of Kirkwhelpington, and his county history is
now so valuable that a complete copy commands a high figure. Morpeth can claim among its sons, Dr. Robert Morrison, the first English missionary to China, and author of that great classic, the Chinese-English Dictionary, and Turner the herbalist, who, equally with Morrison, was of much more than national celebrity. Robert Blakey, a philosophical and political writer, also belonged to Morpeth, and was the first Mayor of that town after the Reform Bill of 1832.

To Newcastle belonged these great luminaries, the brothers Scott, who are now known to an enduring fame as Lords Stowell and Eldon, and Martin the Painter, whose lurid canvasses at one time filled spectators with a strange awe. Mark Akenside, author of "Pleasures of the Imagination," was born in Butcher Bank, Newcastle, in 1721. He was the son of a butcher, haughty and pedantic, and one of the few great men who have been ashamed of a humble origin.

Newcastle might well feel aggrieved, if among its famous men no mention was made of Thomas Bewick the engraver, whose tail pieces are the masterpieces of wood carving, and Hancock the naturalist, whose collection of birds, preserved in the Natural History Museum at Newcastle, is the most valuable in the
kingdom. It seems only yesterday since John Collingwood Bruce and *John Clayton launched out for the unseen shore. They were both Newcastle men and great as archæologists. Dr. Bruce's name is inseparably associated with the Roman Wall; and John Clayton of The Chesters, himself an enthusiastic antiquarian, will live as the wealthy and generous patron of every endeavour to bring to light the storied past, and preserve it from vandalism and decay. Dr. Bruce's father established a school—Percy Street Academy—where the sons of the best Northumbrian families obtained a liberal education. The doctor himself succeeded his father as a teacher for a number of years, and father and son together taught the lads, who now as men, occupy the foremost positions in the professions and industries of the North. The eldest son of Dr. Bruce, Sir Gainsford—Mr. Justice Bruce—has recently been knighted upon his elevation to the bench, and has been delivering his first charge to the Grand Jury for the City and County of Newcastle-on-Tyne—his native

* John Clayton had as a schoolfellow at Harrow, the poet Byron, who had a high opinion of him, and in a letter published in Moore's life described him as "a school monster of learning, and talent, and hope," adding, "He was certainly a genius." At the examination for admission to the fifth form, Clayton was first, Robert Peel (afterwards Prime Minister) second, and Byron fourth. An interesting trio!
city—at the Winter Assizes, while this work was passing through the press.

Nor can woman’s rights be denied. Grace Darling, the very glory of her sex, was a native of Bamborough, on the iron-bound Northumbrian coast. She was born in 1815, and from her girlhood was familiar with every fitful mood of the North Sea. On the 7th September, 1838, when the Forfarshire was wrecked among the Farne Islands, Grace, together with her father, and at her own solicitation, put off through the storm to the wreck, and by the pity of her soul, the bravery of her heart, and the strength and skill of her arm, rescued the sufferers from a watery grave, and landed them in safety at the Longstone Lighthouse. This brave deed of the Northumbrian heroine echoed and re-echoed throughout the land, and valuable testimonials of gratitude and pride were heaped upon her. She was a sweet and gentle soul, and meekly carried her unexpected and uncoveted honours. It is said that when a visitor went to see her after her famous deed, he found her reading Boston's Fourfold State, a work which at that time was held in high esteem, and the fact that this young woman took delight in what, without contradiction, is the queen of all the sciences—
Theology—is enough to show what sort of stuff the Northumbrian peasantry of these days was made of. The humble heroine did not long survive her change of circumstances. After a year's illness she died of consumption on the 20th October, 1842, and is buried in the churchyard at Bamborough, within sound of the North Sea waves, which chant her requiem. Of recent years it has been somewhat common to detract from Grace Darling's exploit, on the ground that the risk she ran was not so great as is generally supposed. We have yet to learn however, that the love of chivalry has died out of the hearts of Northumbrians, or that there was anything but what was fitted to appal the heart of a young girl on that autumn morning, when the North Sea scud flew on the wings of the hurricane, and the sea hurled herself mountains high upon the strand in the very pride of elemental battle, and a shipwrecked crew was in momentary danger of being engulfed in the angry waters.

Wordsworth's lines upon the storm, the wreck, and the rescue, are worthy of the occasion, the heroine, and of himself:—

"Shout, ye waves!
Pipe a glad song of triumph, ye fierce winds!
Ye screaming sea-mews, in the concert join!
And would that some immortal voice, a voice
Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
Breathes out from flock or couch, through
pallid lips of the survivors,
Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
Yea, to celestial choirs, Grace Darling's name!"

It is only a few months since Sir George Biddell Airey, for many years Astronomer Royal, passed away. He was born at Alnwick in the first year of the present century, and throughout his long life he did much valuable work in many departments of science. He devised a system for correcting the disturbances in iron-built ships, and down to the very close of his existence he was an enthusiastic student. In our days, when weather prophets abound, it is interesting to know that Sir George, a year or two before his death, gave it as his deliberate opinion, that with our present knowledge of meteorological science, it is impossible in this country, accurately to forecast the weather for more than twenty-four hours, or at the most, forty-eight hours. Professor Airey's most noteworthy scientific experiment was that which he carried out at the Harton Pit, South Shields, in 1854. It was then that he weighed the earth by measuring the true time of the pendulum at the top and bottom of the mine. He ascertained that at a depth of 1,260 feet—the depth of the Harton Pit—the pendulum at the bottom
would gain two-and-a-quarter seconds per day upon that at the top. Generally stated, Sir George's deductions showed that the density of the earth is about six-and-a-half times that of water, and that the weight of the globe, 8,000 miles in diameter, and 24,000 miles in circumference, amounts to somewhere about the inconceivable quantity of 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

The transition from the grave to the gay is but a step, and we must needs refer to "Billy Purvis," the renowned Northumbrian harlequin in the beginning of the present century. Billy was born at Auchindenny, near Edinburgh, almost within a gunshot of the dwelling house of Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," but was brought by his parents to Newcastle at so early an age that to all intents and purposes he was a Newcastle man, and like many another his speech bewrayed him. He was a many-sided genius, and amused the public as a Conjuror, a Clown, and a performer on the Northumberland Bagpipes. For a number of years he travelled through the North of England and Scotland with a portable theatre, attending races and fairs, until his voice and form became familiar to everyone, and his
performance stood first among all the attractions. "Billy" used to appear on the outside stage of his theatre attired as a clown, when no one could look at him without laughing, and his gestures alone were enough to convulse the thronging spectators. Wherever he went he had several houses of call, and the mere fact that he was in any of them was sufficient to fill the inns to overflowing. It was at the Newcastle Races that he was in all his glory, when he would shout to the crowds of pitmen:—"Are ye cummin' in te see wor show, Geordy? Ay, it's clivor, 'tis clivor. . . . Only a penny for trappers, an' tuppence for wappers! Ay, it's clivor, 'tis clivor.

Come into my show,
My show's a dandy;
Come into my show,
It's sweet as sugar candy."

Like most theatrical people, "Billy" had his ups and downs. For nearly sixty-six years he resided in the same house in the Close, where he brought up his family in a highly respectable manner. He died at the age of seventy, at Hartlepool, where he was performing with his Victoria Theatre in 1853, and is interred in
the churchyard of St. Hilda, at a spot overlooking a wide expanse of ocean. Shortly after his death the Messrs. Sangers, circus proprietors, when visiting the town, gave a benefit for the purpose of raising funds to erect a stone over "Billy's" grave, and a neat monument bearing the following inscription, now marks the last resting place of the brief player whose mask and buskin like himself have returned to dust:

"Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

Here lieth William Purvis, better known as Billy Purvis, Clown and Jester of the North, who departed this life 16th December, 1853, aged 70 years.

"Where be your jibes now? Your gambols? Not one now, quite chap-fallen?"

Corvan sings the "Deeth o' Billy Purvis," in the following lines:

"Ne mair at wor races, friend Billy, thou'll grace us,
Nor call Geordies in yor fine show to admire;
For, oh! 'twas his boast, then, fine dramas an' ghosts, then,
Wi' pantomime plays full o' reed an' blue fire.
What troubles through life man, what cares an' what strife, man,
He had te amuse us—byeth aud folks an' young:
Oh! aw think wiv emoshun, an' tears of devoshun,
On the days when I first lisped his nyem wi' maw tongue!"

The Knights of Industry are the peculiar glory of Northumberland, and it is meet that we should refer to a few of those who stand out head and shoulders above their fellows.

It is enough to mention the name of George Stephenson, the much-gifted genius, and the inventor of the locomotive, which has revolutionised society as well as commerce. He was born near Ovingham, on the north bank of the Tyne. George Stephenson's son, Robert, was great as an engineer, and one of the many famous pupils who went out from his shops and office is the present Sir George Barclay Bruce, late President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and brother to Dr. Bruce. He who began life as an articled clerk in the office of Mr. Walters, Solicitor, in Eldon Square, Newcastle, in time became the renowned Sir Wm. Armstrong, and then blossomed, by the favour of his Sovereign and to the universal satisfaction of all England, into Lord Armstrong, although, somehow or other, Northumbrians never can manage to get their mouth about the Peerage title, Sir William coming to them
so much more readily than Lord Armstrong, as the head of an army of 12,000 artisans at Elswick, as an hydraulical engineer, an artillerist, a shipbuilder with his distinguished partner, Mr. Mitchell of Walker, as a general worker in the applied sciences, as a philanthropist and public benefactor, as a Fellow of the Royal Society, and one who can see as far into a Newcastle grindstone, or any kind of millstone as most men, Lord Armstrong's name stands out as a Mont Blanc or a Matterhorn among other Alpine peaks. Otterburn, famous in olden times in war and in border raids, is now honoured in peaceful industries. Sir Joseph Hickson, son of the village blacksmith, has greatly furthered the development of Canada by railways and in other ways, and because of this has received the honour of knighthood. Two well-known Northumbrian names remain to be mentioned—Sir William Gray and William Milburn. Born on the banks of the Blyth, full of that intellectual grit and brave bold spirit which never says die, and which it is said, makes the brains of Aberdeenshire and Northumberland men the heaviest in the kingdom, they have both made opportunity of difficulties, breasted the blows of circumstance, and grappled with their evil star,
and hand over hand climbed fortune's steep, till Sir William Gray has become the renowned shipbuilder at West Hartlepool, and by his generosity, has extinguished the debt on all the Churches in the Presbytery of Darlington; while William Milburn, who only seeks relaxation from the arduous duties of his office amid the moors and burns of Northumberland and Yorkshire, is the master of one of the noblest mercantile fleets of England and flies his flag on every sea.

Our task is completed, and it has proved more formidable than we at first anticipated. We are sensible that there are many imperfections and omissions in this little book; but, so far as we are aware, we "have nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice." It has been an exquisite pleasure to traverse again in thought our native county, to pass in review some moving scenes in her long history, to say something of her natural charms, to make mention of men—men of renown—who were and are past-masters in whatever they applied themselves to, and to challenge the Northumbrians of to-day, or any who may read these pages, to return answer, as these men summon them in life and action to the better and the best:—"God helping us, where you have gone we shall follow."
Mr. RUSKIN at Sir WALTER TREVELYAN’s, WALLINGTON (P. 73).

Mr. Ruskin in Præterita—Vol. ii—makes some interesting references to Wallington. He writes:—"I have no memory and no notion when I first saw Pauline, the Lady Trevelyan who was to become the monitress friend in whom I wholly trusted (not that I ever took her advice), and the happiness of her own life was certainly increased by my books and me. Sir Walter, being a thorough botanist, and interested in pure science generally, did not hunt, and was benevolently useful, as a landlord should be in his county. I had no interests in county business at that time, but used to have happy agricultural and floral chats with Sir Walter, and entirely admired his unambitious, yet dignified stability of rural and celestial life there amidst the north wilds. Wallington is in the old Percy country, the broad descent of main valley leading down by Otterburn from the Cheviots. An ugly house enough it was, and somewhat bare and wild, looking down a slope of rough wide field to a burn, the Wansbeck, neither bright nor rapid, but with a ledge or two of sandstone to drop over or lean against in pools; bits of crag in the distance,
worth driving to for a sight of the sweeps of moor around them, breaths of breeze from Carter Hill. There were no children of its own in Wallington, but Lady Trevelyan's little niece, Constance Hilliard, nine years old when I first saw her there, glittered about the place in an extremely quaint and wily way, talking to me a little like her aunt. Afterwards her mother and she at their little rectory home at Cowley (near Hillingdon), became important among my feminine friendships, and gave me of such petting and teasing as women are good for sometimes more than enough. But the dearness of Wallington was founded as years went on more deeply in its having made known to me the best and truest friend of all my life—best for me, because he was of my father's race and native town; truest, because he knew always how to help us both, and never made any mistake in doing so—Dr. John Brown. He was staying at Wallington, when I stopped there on my way to give my Edinburgh lectures; and we walked together with little Connie on the moors. It dawned on me so gradually what manner of man he was. This, the reader capable of learning at all—there are few now who can understand a good Scotsman of the old classic breed—had better learn straightway of the record he gave of his own father's life. . . . . Nothing could tell this loss to me in his death, nor the grief to how many greater souls than mine that had been possessed in patience through his love."

The Lady Trevelyan referred to, was Pauline, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Jermyn. John Brown was the author of "Rab and his Friends," he had fairly
reviewed on its first appearance, "Modern Painters" in the *North British Review*, and at a time when Ruskin had not many friends among the great reviewers. Hence, probably, to some extent, his warm friendship for John Brown.

Sir Walter Trevelyan, Mr. Ruskin's friend, was for a long term of years the Chairman of the United Kingdom Alliance. When he became a teetotaller it was commonly reported that he poured his wines down the gutter; but there was no foundation in fact for the story. By his will, Sir Walter left his large cellars of wines to Dr. Richardson to make such use of as he thought fit for the good of the country. Sir Walter was an extreme, but at the same time a good and kindly man, of high culture, character, and moral tone. What his joy would have been had he lived to see a Local Option Bill introduced as a government measure can easily be conjectured.

**SALLY THE MUGGER (P. 91).**

One of my people, Mr. James Stokoe, who was born near Capheaton, and is a typical Northumbrian both in physique and utterance, has given me the following living picture of Sally the Mugger:— "One morning when I was coming from Milkhope to Fairneyrig I called in at Sally the Mugger's to get a rest. She lived in a little white-washed, blue-slated cottage, just outside Harbottle, before you take the fell to go to Hedgehope. I had often heard of Sally, but had never seen her before. When I entered the house she was sitting at a little round table in front of the fireplace
getting her breakfast. She had before her such a plateful of bacon collops and boiled eggs as I had not seen for a long time. The eggs filled a big bowl, and the collops filled a good-sized ashet. As fast as she finished an egg she flung the shells below the bars. She had flung the shells of seven eggs away when I left the house, and she was still eating away. Sally washed down the eggs and bacon with huge draughts of tea. Nothing would serve her but that I should take my breakfast with her, but I could not stomach that. Sally was sitting at the table with a great towsy head, the hair hanging over her shoulders, and the black cutty pipe was lying on the hob, just as she had taken it out of her mouth to fall to at her breakfast. An old four-posted bed stood in one corner, and in another the horse was standing up to the belly in hay, sheeted with an old bed-quilt, and it was also getting a generous breakfast out of a large kitful of good crowdy. There was very little furniture in the house. The two or three chairs were well-nigh broken to bits. A cupboard, built into the wall, held Sally’s china and other odds and ends, while an old wag-at-the-wa’ clock helped to keep her up to the time of day."

The following utterance of Sally used to be widely known throughout Northumberland. Sally on one occasion went to Dunnshouses, near Trouthend, after calling at Heatherwick, near Otterburn, and addressing the mistress, she said:—"Eh! woman; what a kind, canny body yon is at Heatherwick. She sooped (swept) a’ round about me, and oot below me, an’ she never as much as asked me to get up yet.”
Mrs. Fellows, wife of Henry Fellows, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, and daughter of the late Thomas James, Esq., of Otterburn Tower, has written to me in the following terms about Sally, after reading the Coquet salmon incident in the columns of the Carlisle Journal:—"Your account of 'Sally the Mugger' took me back years upon years—to a little girl in a white frock, curly hair, socks, blue shoes, bare legs, and a flight down the back stairs to see the same 'Sally'; but I remember her years after that. I used to wish at the white frock age that I could go with her! So jolly out of doors all day—in a cart."

NORTHUMBERLAND PITMEN (P. 122).

Mr. Stokoe, to whom I have already acknowledged my indebtedness for his description of Sally the Mugger's cottage and breakfast hour, has also favoured me with a conversation about Northumberland pitmen. Mr. Stokoe said:—When I was a young man I used to go mowing in summer from one place to another, and on one occasion I stayed with an old woman at Greenside whose husband was a pitman. She kept two cows and a cuddy, and they were very well off, for the wife sold the milk to the neighbours, and as Greenside was badly supplied with water, the old man led it with the cuddy in the summer time during his leisure hours, retailing it at sixpence a barrel. She had also a big lot of poultry, hens, pigeons, and ducks, and used to sell the produce.

There were two sons, who also were pitmen, and worked in the pit with their father.
The house was well furnished, and one warm day when I came in for my dinner I looked through into the sitting-room as the door was standing open, and saw a clocker and a lot of little birds. She had some of the birds set on the top of the centre table, and I said to her:—"What hev you all thur in here for? Here's some on them on the top o' the table."

"Wey, man," she says, "thems two or three o' the little uns that the big uns was pegging. I thought I wad set them up there, pur things, to get a bit pick."

I says, "Here's the pigeons on the top o' the drāārs tae." They were gannin' cooin' back an' forrit in front o' the mirror, continued Mr. Stokoe.

She says, "Wey man, they dae like to see theirsells, them."

The parlour end had a grand carpet on it, and the mahogany centre table had a cover on the top on't, and the mahogany drāārs had a nice white cover a' set with fringe, and a glass case on the top to hold books. She had besides, a mahogany sofa in front of the window, and some grand pictures hangin' on the walls. It was aboot as weel furnished a room as you could set foot in. They fed well—my songs—it was as good a lodging shop as ever I had.

Referring to this time, early in the seventies, when the times were good, and the pitmen were making plenty of money, Mr. Stokoe remarked:—"I have seen the pitmen coming home frae the toon—that is the name they invariably give to Newcastle—in their double-horse carriages on Saturday nights, loaden with their roonds of beef, legs of mutton, and great big grocery
parcels. As a rule, each pitman had a rabbit dog, and did not consider himself fully dressed unless it was at his heels. I have seen the little boys in these good times playing pitch-and-toss with the half-sovereigns, just the same thing as if they had been ha'pennies. In these times the men were often in a state of hilarity, but never once did I see a woman the worse of drink.”

**BEESWING (P. 123).**

In connection with the name of Beeswing, the following is extracted from the author’s “A Minister’s Easter Mondays.” It is part of a description of a tricycle ride between Dumfries and Dalbeattie, April 18th, 1892.

“What's the name of this village, lassie?” we ask as we come to a row of white-washed houses on one side of the highway.

“Beeswing, sir,” was her reply.

“Beeswing,” we say to ourselves. “Surely this cannot be the place to find the bell of the rare vintage of Oporto. When we were boys in Northumberland every farmer's house contained the portraits of the great racehorses Beeswing and Lanercost. Can this clachan in the Stewartry have any connection with Mr. Orde of Nunnykirk’s, famous brown mare? Let us inquire.” And so we made for the manse. But the minister was at Dumfries, and then we went to the smithy.

“Son of Vulcan,” we ask, “how do they come to call this place Beeswing?”
"I'm no sure," replies the genial giant, "but there's an auld body there, an' she'll tell you."

Hereupon an old woman came up to my tricycle, and at her I put the same question. She was afraid her memory was not good enough now to answer any questions; but I reassured her, and dismounting, led the way into her cottage, and we, that is, Vulcan, the old woman, and myself, soon had the knotty point settled.

"Now tell me the right name of this place," I asked.

"Well," she replied, "I ought to know, for my father built the first house here, and he was the blacksmith. The right name is the West Park of Loch Arthur, but an auld wife used to call it Sclate Raw."

"But what about Beeswing?" I asked.

"Oh," said she, "a man cam' here and built a public hoose, an' put a galloping horse ower the door for a sign, and ca'ed it Beeswing, an' then the Post Office cam', an' they put Beeswing on the stamp, an' sae its Beeswing now." Shades of Mr. Ramshay's Lanercost and Mr. Orde's Beeswing, how days speak! Last Tuesday I turned up the file of the "Carlisle Journal" for July, 1840, and found the names of both horses entered for the Carlisle Races, and it is only a few weeks since I read of the death of the purchaser of the great Cumberland horse when his racing days were over."