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WANNY BLOSSOMS.

WANNY BLOSSOMS:

A NEW BOOK OF BORDER

SONGS AND BALLADS.

WITH A BRIEF

TREATISE ON FISHING,

FLY, WORM, AND ROE.

BY

JAMES ARMSTRONG.

CARLISLE:
G. AND T. COWARD, SCOTCH STREET.
MDCCCLXXVI.

PREFACE.

READER,—

Rough and unpolished as the rugged rocks of my native mountains, it is with considerable diffidence that I venture to present to you this book of verse; claiming no pretensions to literary merit, and with no higher aspirations to poetical eminence than to portray, in simple song, the wild and profuse grandeur of the heathery hills and sparkling streams of our glorious Border-land.

JAMES ARMSTRONG.

PLASHETTS,
October, 1875.

CONTENTS.

WILD HILLS O' WANNYS;

Sincerely dedicated to my affectionate Brother John Armstrong, in commemoration of our varied Wanderings together on the Hills and by the Streams of our native land.

The wild hills of Wannys, of which the following song is descriptive, and on whose heathery crests I first strung my rude harp, are situated between the head of the Wansbeck water and river Reed. Viewing the surrounding hills and glens from the peak of the crags, a scene of wild and majestic grandeur meets the enraptured eye, hills rising above hills on every side—Ottercaps, Hareshaw, Darna, Peaden, Simonside and Darden; on whose sides are reared Northumbria's peerless daughters and stalwart sons, and round whose base run sparkling streams, including Reed, Wansbeck, North Tyne, and Coquet, abounding with golden-spangled trout; and away to the north are the rugged crests of the Cheviots towering to the clouds and overlooking the battle fields of yore—Flodden, Chevy Chase, and Otterburn, sacred to the shades of Percy, Douglas, and Scotland's King, as also many warriors whose deeds of valour are yet recorded on the glowing scroll of fame.

Near to Wannys Crags stands Aid Crag, where the author resided for six years. It was from here, during the summer, the writer and his brothers often started with kindred spirits to run and wrestle with the shepherd lads on the heath-clad hills of Wannys, or to go a fishing excursion in the surrounding streams. And in winter, the ground all clad with snow, Sweethope Loch and adjacent rivers frozen over, we would track the otter and fox to their rocky den. It was at Dewlaw Mill, however, where the song of *Wannys* was written, in heartfelt devotion to the dear old spot.

MY heart's in the west, on yon wild mossy fells,
Amang muircocks an' plovers an' red heatherbells;
Where the lambs lie in clusters on yon bonnie brae,
On the wild hills o' Wannys sae far, far away.
There's Aid Crag an' Luma, an' Hepple Heugh, too,
Hartside and Darna, I've oft been on you,
Otter-caps, Hareshaw, an' Peaden sae hie,
And the wild hills o' Wannys for ever for me.

There the muircock he becks in his wild mossy hame,
O'er the tops o' the heather ye ken his red kame;
The plover is lilting on yon mossy flowes,
The black-cock is crooing on Fernyrigg knowes.
The cranberries creep where they scarce can be seen,
The blaeberries peep frae the heather between,
An' the sweet-scented wild thyme on yon bonnie brae,
On the wild hills o' Wannys sae far, far away.

O Wannys, wild Wannys! thou rears thy proud head,
And boldly thou stands 'tween the Wansbeck and Reed,
Thou rears thy proud crest o'er hill, dale, and knowe,
Where of yore Rob o' Risingame bent his strong bow.
The dark ravens bield on thy grey cliffs sae hie,
The fox rears her young anes, auld Wannys, in thee;
The wild flashing falcon he darts on his prey,
On the wild hills o' Wannys sae far, far away.

O Wannys, wild Wannys! the scene it is grand,
On a clear summer's morn on thy summit to stand,
The hills o' the Carter and Cheviot to view,
An' listen the lapwing an' lonely curlew.
The shepherd he climbs thee his fair flocks to see,
An' to woo that fair mountain nymph—sweet Liberty;
On the braes by the burnie the lambs loup and play,
Round the wild hills o' Wannys sae far, far away.

Round the wild hills o' Wannys 'twas glorious to tread,
When we went otter-hunting to the Tyne or the Reed,
When *Rockwood an' Ringwood an' †Bugle's clear cry,
An' Ranger was warning the otter to die.
Then we track't the sly fox to his den in the snow,
An' howkt him or trap't him for a grand tally-ho,
And wak'd the wild echoes by Sweethope and Rae,
Round the wild hills o' Wannys sae far, far away.

Round the wild hills o' Wannys in the morn's early gleam,
O 'twas grand to gan fishing away by the Leam;
Wi' the flee o' the woodcock, the green drake, or teal,
Wi' gould spreckl't trouts we filled monie a fine creel.

**Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, and *Ranger*, famed otter hounds belonging to Mr. Harrison, Woodburn.

†*Bugle*, a celebrated otterhound, the property of William Turnbull of Bellingham.

There's the Reed an' the Wansbeck, where the dews
sweetly fa',
The Lyles Burn and Reasey we oft fisht them a',
Aye, there's monie a burnie and sweet heather brae,
Round the wild hills o' Wannys sae far, far away.

Here's to the hills o' the brave and the free,
And the red waving heather sae bonnie to see;
An' the bright gushing streams wimplin' doun to the
dell,
By wild thyme an' gowan an' sweet heather bell;
Here's to wild Wannys' ilk hill, dale, and stream,
Still, still I am there in my thoughts an' my dream;
Here's health, peace, an' plenty, for ever and aye,
Round the wild hills o' Wannys sae far, far away.

AID CRAG.

High o'er wild Wannys' lofty crest,
Where the raven cleaves the cloud,
An' gorcocks beck around Aid Crag
Sae crousely and sae proud,
Gurlin thro' the glens o' Reed
Wi' a weird and eerie strum,
When round yon auld cot
The winter winds they'd come.

When Ottercaps an' Hepple Heugh,
  Hartside and Cheviots' height,
When Peaden's peak and Darna brows
  Ance mair were clad in white,
The fox an' otter in the snaw,
  We track'd to their den,
An' when we cam to the auld cot
  We were kindly welcom'd ben.

Wi' "Fling off yer plaids an' snaw lougs,
  We've wearied for ye lang;
Tak' a waught o' whusky, lads,
  An' sing us a guid auld sang,
Of 'Kieldar Cowt,' or 'Brandy Leash,'
  Or 'Johnnie o' Gilnockie;'
Ye ken we like the auld sangs best,
  Sae, an auld yen let it be."

O, then we sang the auld sangs
  We'd heard the auld folks sing,
Of monie a gallant reiver clan,
  Wha fear'd nae Lord nor King;
But harried the faulds baith far an' wide
  Of wether, cowt, an' steer;
An' when at need could wield the brand,
  An' poise the Border spear.

An' aye we sang o' the auld times,
  An' monie a tale we tauld
Of Tyne, and Reed, and Liddesdale,
  An' moss-troopers sae bauld;

Of midnight raid, an' morning fight,
By grey peel, cairn, or stream,
Till fancy heard the slogan wild,
And saw the bright steel gleam.

An' aye we tauld the fairy tales,
And sang the rebel sangs
Of dauntless Derwentwater's doom,
An' the exil'd Stuart's wrangs ;
We tauld of "Barty o' the Kame,"
"Red Cap," and Bowrie too,
An' sang of "Rob o' Risinghame,"
Until the grey cock crew.

THE HEATHER BELL.

DEDICATED TO LEWIS PROUDLOCK, THE BORDER MINSTREL.

Thou bonnie, bonnie heather bell,
That blooms sae fair an' free !
Thou glads my soul, thou lovely gem,
Where'er thy bells I see.
Sae sweet thou blows on Kielder braes,
An' round the Peerie Well,
On Wannys' brow an' Sweethope flowes,
My bonnie heather bell.

The mountain bee sucks life frae thee,
Around the lonesome dells;
The western breezes sweetly sigh,
An' kiss thy bonnie bells;
The lavrock sings a song o' love,
High, high o'er stream an' stell;
The braes a' sound wi' joy around
My bonnie heather bell.

In ither lands I've wander'd far,
Ayont the Atlantic tide,
An' seen bright flowers o' gaudy hue,
By the dark Beaver's side;
In trackless woods an' prairies wide,
Far frae my native dell;
It made me wae I couldna see
My bonnie heather bell.

The lavrock's song it wasna there,
Nor robin's, on the thorn;
Nae muircock's beck nor blackcock's croo,
Or sound of mountain horn.
An' O! my fancy saw thee still,
Fair flower, on mossy fell;
Light is my heart, nae mair we'll part,
My bonnie heather bell!

OUR GLORIOUS BORDERLAND.

DEDICATED TO OUR BORDER CHIEF, W. H. CHARLTON OF HESLEYSIDE.

On Monkside's wild and lofty heights,
Where roves the mountain bee,
Here blooms the bonnie heather bell,
An' muircocks whirring flee.
An' O! what sounds o' liberty
I hear, on every hand,
An' view ance mair the hills an' dales
Of our Glorious Borderland.

I've seen the spangl'd banner wave
Ayont Lake Ontario's tide;
An' chas'd the deer an' panther wild,
By the deep Beaver* side:
But aye my fancy wander'd back,
When on a foreign strand,
To the Dandie Dinmonts on the hills
Of our Glorious Borderland.

It glads my heart ance mair to see
The glens o' Reed and Tyne,
Of Wansbeck, Coquet, Tarset, too,
The Liddel and the Lyne;

* *Beaver*, a river in North America.

Where rugged tower an' moss-gray keep,
And castles proudly stand,
Where monie a hero mouldering sleep,
In our Glorious Borderland.

Nae mair adown yon lonely dells
Will dauntless Bowrie ride,
Or "Kinmont Willie," "Gilnockie,"
Nor brave "Jock o' the Syde,"
By Border Peel in glittering steel,
Wi' a true and gallant band;—
My heart yet swell o' them to tell,
In our Glorious Borderland.

The "Wily Brows," the "Harper Flowes,"
And "Archer Cleuch," I see,
Where "Cowt o' Kieldar" rang'd of yore,
Ower a' yon wilds sae free,
Wi' his true brother "Brandy Leash,"
Wi' arrow, bow, and brand,
Oft fang'd the red-deer and the wolf,
In our Glorious Borderland.

An' yonder's Darden's dusky peak,
And Wanny's sunny brow,
Beside where sparkling crystal streams
An' mountain burnies flow;
An' Cheviot's wild and shaggy crest,
High o'er them a' sae grand,
O'er "Chevy Chase" and "Otterburn,"
In our Glorious Borderland.

Of Flodden Field we yet will sing,
And of dread Waterloo;
Where Border lions strow'd the sward,
Wi' monie a gallant foe;
Their heather crests ran in their breasts,
As they stript the flashing brand;
And their crimson'd laurels proudly bore,
To our Glorious Borderland.

BONNIE BANKS O' REED.

Air: "The harp that once through Tara's Halls."

The snaw's a' gane frae Peaden-hill,
Sweet Spring returns ance mair,
An' strows the wild flowers o'er the dale,
Sae lovely and sae fair.
The primrose by fair Lyles-burn side,
Peeps oot wi' modest head;
And the daisy decks the green sward,
On the bonnie banks o' Reed.

O but the scene is fair and grand,
To stray down by the Leam,
When morn first breaks o'er Ottercaps,
And lights on hill an' stream;

When the throssel whistles on the bough,
An' the lark his pinions spread,
Up heavenward, wi' joyfu' sang,
Frae the bonnie banks o' Reed.

O for ane hour on Hepple Heugh,
Where often I hae been,
Reclining on yon mossy knowe,
To view the lovely scene;
The bounding pulse of liberty,
Wad then ance mair be freed,
While pondering on youth's early prime,
On the bonnie banks o' Reed.

MY MUIRLAND HAME.

INSCRIBED TO MY CLANSMAN, THOMAS ARMSTRONG OF THE LOW LEAZES.

(Written when the Author was on the banks of the Beaver River, North America.)

My bonnie, bonnie muirland hame,
I rue that I left thee,
An' a' Northumbria's hills and dales,
To cross the Atlantic sea.
O! gie me back my knowes an' flowes,
And tak yer wealth and fame,
Yer boundless woods, and prairies wide,—
Gie me my muirland hame.

My heart is yet in Borderland,
By streams an' sunny braes,
Where wildly wave the heatherbells,
In the bright morning rays;
Where a' my dauntless clansmen true,
That bear Gilnockie's name,
Still proudly tell o' days of yore,
Around my muirland hame.

Could I but see my Wannys wild,
An' hear the lavrocks sing;
Could I but see yon heathery dell,
Where the blae-berries hing;
The muircock's beck could I but hear,
And see his bonnie kame,
Or hear the heather-bleater hie,
Around my muirland hame.

Nae sparkling streams, nae yellow troots,
Nae heather-bells are here;
Nor lammies loupin on the braes,
My longing soul to cheer.
O bear me back! thou gallant ship,
Across the briny faem;
That I may see my mountains free,
My bonnie muirland hame.

LIZZIE STOREY.

The subject of the following song was a servant girl at Parkside, near Bardon Mill, Northumberland. The only other occupant of the house being an old lady, for whom Lizzie acted in the double capacity of servant and companion. During the month of October, 1867, Bardon Mill and vicinity was visited by two notorious burglars, named Finney and Adamson, for whom the police were diligently searching after for previous crimes.

Parkside, from its lonely and isolated situation, attracted the notice of the two villains, who after reconnoitreing, and being satisfied as to an easy accomplishment of their evil designs, set their plans in motion for the ransacking of the lonely homestead, between the hours of twelve and one, on the morning of the 24th October.

The house was entered by Adamson, admittance being gained by extracting the dairy window; Finney keeping watch without in order to prevent surprise, as likewise to hinder the escape of the inmates to raise an alarm.

The noise of their operations awakened the ever alert and watchful Lizzie. Springing from bed, she seized a broom-stick, and began a search of the house, followed by her enfeebled mistress. On coming to the dairy, they were confronted by Adamson. It was at this juncture that Lizzie showed one of the most striking examples of undaunted courage and noble daring that we have on record. Not thinking for a moment of her dishabille, she struck out right and left with the stick; and so effective was the onslaught, that the cowardly ruffian finding himself worsted in the fight, seized a scythe, and with it aimed a deadly blow at the heroic girl; warding it off, at the same time receiving a severe cut across the hand, she closed with her burly antagonist, who, finding the ungainly weapon of no advantage in close action, cast it aside, and seizing the girl by the hair, dragged and kicked her in a most unmerciful and brutal manner along the floor. In this desperate situation the undaunted girl's bravery and presence of mind still showed forth, as she called to her terror-stricken mistress: "Get the scissors and cut my hair!" to free her from the hands of the assailant. Before this could be done, she extricated herself, and tearing the mask from off the burglar's face, remarked that she would know him again. By this

time Finney was endeavouring to enter by the kitchen window. Seeing this, our heroine got hold of an old gun, and pointed it at the robber's breast, but being an old-fashioned flint lock, it missed fire; throwing it quickly aside, she seized the poker, and used it with such success, that the two villains beat a hasty retreat.

Information being given to the police, they immediately set off in pursuit, and subsequently captured Adamson at Annfield Plain; while Finney, actuated by some strange infatuation or motive of revenge, like a blood-thirsty tiger, still lurked around Parkside, where he was met by Sergt. Young, of the Northumberland Constabulary, who at once charged him with the crime, and proceeded to take him into custody. This was no easy task; and after a desperate struggle, in which the officer received very serious injury, Finney managed to escape. His liberty, however, was of short duration, for on the following morning he was captured at Whiteshields, and conveyed to Hexham gaol, 9th December, 1867. Here he succeeded in breaking out, but was soon recaptured, tried, and sentenced with Adamson to fifteen years penal servitude.

At the trial of the prisoners, when Lizzie had concluded her evidence, his Lordship said: "You deserve great commendation for your courage and fidelity to your mistress." And at the rising of the court, he said to Lizzie that "her conduct deserved something more than mere verbal praise. He had found that the law allowed him to do something more. She would be paid £5 as a reward for her fidelity and courage to her mistress. She had behaved so gallantly on the occasion, that it reminded him of some story of romance, rather than an incident of every-day life."

The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, desiring a more solid memorial of the girl's exemplary bravery and heroic courage, presented her with a silver tea-service, accompanied with a handsome silver vase, bearing the following inscription:— "Presented to Elizabeth Storey, as a token of esteem for her heroic conduct with the burglars at Parkside, on the night of the 24th October, 1867."

Strike the wild harp, ye bards of fame, and sing
along with me,
In measure bold the truth unfold o'er mountain,
dale, and lea;

My song is not of Highland chief, or knight of Palestine,
But of a female brave and bold—a dauntless heroine.

CHORUS :

Gallant Lizzie Storey, we'll drink her health in wine,
Northumbria's pride and glory—that dauntless heroine.

Like wolves that range the desert far in dark and dreary night,
To plunder Parkside's lonely bield two robbers do unite,
Where no one save an aged dame and this brave girl do dwell ;
And to sing of her gallant deed my heart with pride doth swell.

In at the dairy window now one robber doth appear,
Of woman's arm he dreads no harm, he enters without fear ;
Like lioness that guards her young deep in the jungle lands,
So dauntless now our heroine before the robber stands.

Now blow for blow she gives the foe, so dauntless and alone,
No martial voice nor beat of drum is there to cheer her on ;

Wild is the game, the blood doth flow, still gallantly
stands she;
Wild is the strife of death or life, of life and victory.

The robber now, with coward hand, doth seize her
flowing hair,
And throws her down, and drags her round, and
strikes her here and there;
She's up! see, see her rise again, and like Britannia
stand—
She tears the mask from off his face so gallant and
so grand.

To help his comrade in the strife, the outside robber
now,
With crash an' slash and deadly oath, the window's
coming through;
Still with a weapon in her hand, she strikes him
gallantly;
He and his coward comrade now, they for their
lives do fly.

Weave, weave a wreath of laurel, Northumbria's
daughters fair,
Entwine it with the tartan and heather-bell so rare;
Place it on Lizzie Storey's brow, that fought so
gallantly,
And crown our dauntless heroine the Queen of
Victory.

BLITHESOME MARY.

INSCRIBED TO MARY CONSTANTINE.

Blithesome Mary o' the glen,
Singin' but an' laughin' ben;
Heart as true as Border steel,
Lythe o' limb an' light o' heel,
Brow as bright as morning skies,
Ruby lips and hazel eyes.
O to see the cantie queen,
In the bonnie tartan sheen,
Trippin' like a Monkside fairy,
O'er the bent sae blithe an' airy;
Liltin' o'er the auld Scots ballants,
Daffin' wi' the hunter callants.
Weel can the sonsie lassie tell
O' a' the hunts on Kieldar fell;—
Loupin' on the bare-back'd steed,
Dashin' past wi' falcon speed!
O to see the ploy sae rare,
Beamin' e'e an' flowin' hair;
Singin' but an' dancin' ben,
Winsome Mary o' the glen.

COUNTESS OF DERWENTWATER.

Air: "The Tartan Plaid."

Inscribed to Mr. Finlay Mc. Naughton and every true adherent and supporter of "Amelia Countess of Derwentwater," the heroic but unfortunate Lady to whom the following Song is devoted.

PEDIGREE OF THE RADCLIFFE FAMILY GIVEN BY THE COUNTESS.

The family name of the Earls of Derwentwater is Radclyffe, and runs back anterior to the conquest, when the lineage was "of Radclyffe and of Woldsteine-waters" (the Anglo-Saxon name for Derwentwater), also Wolla-craig. The old Radclyffe, Knight of Woldsteine-waters, was called the "Emancipator of Children," from the fact that prior to the Danish possession of the island under Sueno he managed to get a law passed prohibiting parents from selling their children. There is a dinner bell in Keswick, which belonged to the early Radclyffes, Knights of Woldsteine-waters, bearing the date A.D. 1000. When William the Conqueror came over in 1066, the grants of lands in the kingdom made by him to the Norman lords included the estates of the house of Radclyffe. The Saxon possessors of these lands were driven out from Derwent Isle by the new Norman proprietors, and settled in Lancashire. In course of time the male branch of the foreign barons died out, and the elder branch of the house of Radclyffe marrying the daughter of the last Norman possessor, and the heiress to the estates, came to his own again, and the Derwentwater domains lapsed to their original owners. This family of Radclyffe came down unbroken to the early portion of the 17th century, when the first Earl of Derwentwater was created, and where the pedigree commences.

Sir Francis Radclyffe, born in 1624, and only son and heir of Sir Edward Radclyffe, of the Isle of Derwent, Cumberland, and of Devilstone, Northumberland (whence the abbreviation "Dilston"), was created first Earl of Derwentwater. He married Catherine of Meldone, by whom he had issue

Edward, second Earl. The Honourable Thomas Radclyffe (died unmarried), the Hon. Francis Radclyffe (died unmarried), the Hon. William (died in the church), the Hon. Arthur (died in the church), and four lady daughters, all of whom were nuns. The Earldom of Derwentwater was first created by James II. in 1688, and conferred upon Sir Francis Radclyffe, who enjoyed the honours nine years, dying in 1697. The distinction was also accompanied by the following honours and titles :—Radclyffe, Knight of Woldstein-waters, Keswick, with the motto, dating as far back as 1014, "Our country, our king, and truth;" Knight of Aigremont; Baron of Cockermouth; Knight of Allerdale; Baron Skipton; Baron Castlerigg and Tallentire; Earl of Sussex, and Fitzwalter Viscount Radclyffe; Lord of Tynedale; Baron Devilstone; and Baron Langley.

Edward, second Earl of Derwentwater, born 1645, died 1705. Married Lady Maria Tudor, in the year 1688, and had issue James, third Earl, Lady Maria Tudor Radclyffe, the Hon. John (died unmarried), the Hon. Francis (died unmarried), the Hon. Edward (died unmarried), and the Hon. Charles (who married the Countess of Newburgh, and whose family is now extinct). Lady Maria Tudor was married, but had no issue.

James, third Earl, born 1689, beheaded 1716. Married Anna Maria Webb in 1712, and had issue as follows :—John, fourth Earl, Lady Anna Maria (who married Robert, the eighth Lord Petrie, and had issue one son and three daughters).

John, fourth Earl, born 1713, died 1798, married Elizabeth Arabella Maria, Countess of Woldstein, in her own right, in 1740, at Frankfort-on-Maine, and had issue :—James, fifth Earl, the Hon. Sigismund, the Hon. Charles, the Hon. John James (sixth Earl), Lady Arabella, the Hon. Ferdinand, Lady Anna, the Hon. George, Lady Maria, the Hon. Alexander, and Lady Louisa. The whole of these eleven children died when young, with the exception of the first-born and John James, who afterwards succeeded to the title. This John, fourth Earl, was the lord who was supposed to have been killed when a young man. He died at Frankfort-on-Maine in his 86th year, and his heart was placed in an urn and brought over to Devilstone, where it was laid in the family vault. The present Countess complains that this urn has been tampered with.

James, fifth Earl, married Eleonora Graffin Mouravieff, and died shortly after the battle of Waterloo without issue.

John James (born at Alston, 1764,) succeeded his brother as the sixth Earl, and married Amelia Anna Charlotte Princess Sobieski on the 4th June, 1813, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The ceremony was performed in the German, French, and English languages. He had issue John James, Lady Elizabeth (born 1817, died 1818); the Hon. Frances (born 1820, died 1824); the Hon. Eugene (born 1824, died 1829); the Hon. Albert (born 1827, died 1829); and Lady Amelia Matilda Radcliffe, the present Countess, born at Dover, April 2, 1830.

John James, seventh Earl, born 1815, died 1854, unmarried, leaving Lady Amelia, Countess of Derwentwater. Her father, the sixth Earl, died in the year 1833, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine—her mother dying in 1835. When her brother, the seventh Earl, died in 1854, he left Lady Amelia, by his will, sole heiress to all his estates and effects. The estates are generally believed to have been confiscated on the execution of the amiable James, third Earl, who suffered for his zeal in the cause of the Pretender; but in the marriage settlement of 1712, this James had only a life rent in the estates, and therefore they descended to his son, who was in possession of them sixteen years. At the foot of the roll is this noteworthy inscription:—"Numerous pedigrees have been written about the house of Radcliffe, from tradition and supposition, so that it is indispensable to state that any of the aforesaid pedigrees differing from this one, have not been written from the family records of John, the fourth Earl, of the elder lineage of Derwentwater, which have hitherto been carefully concealed from the public and the cruel enemies of the fallen family."

A noble dame, her rights to claim,
Is come, a Radcliffe's dauntless daughter;
Of glorious name and spotless fame,—
Amelia, Countess of Derwentwater.

CHORUS:

Over the brave may the proud flag wave,
Over the Countess proudly wave.

In Dilston's fair and lordly halls,
Earl Derwentwater dwelt in splendour;
And his Lady bright, with her dauntless Knight
And gallant hearts for to defend her.

Till the cry of war came from afar,
By the exil'd Stuart proclaim'd fairly;
To claim his own—the British Crown—
The Royal Prince they lov'd so dearly.

Then war-steeds pranc'd, and banners danc'd,
And warlike men came late and early,
With white cockades, and glittering blades,
To fight for the Prince they lov'd so dearly.

When the Lady fair, with playful smile,
Held forth her hand, so white and pearly—
"My gallant Lord, give me your sword,
And I'll fight for the Prince we love so dearly."

His lion valour thus arous'd,
Unto his Lady said right fairly—
"A Radcliffe's name and a Radcliffe's fame,
Shall live with the Prince we love so dearly."

The Earl of Mar, like the god of war,
With his kilted clansmen marching rarely,
To the sound of drum and the pibroch's strum,
Went to fight for the Prince they lov'd so dearly.

At Preston town, for his Prince and crown,
So dauntlessly fought Derwentwater;
But by false friends and treachery,
The brave and true had to surrender.*

For treason tried, condemn'd to die,
Which griev'd the nation's heart full sorely;
In his youth and bloom, sad was his doom,
For the brave Prince he lov'd so dearly.

No more fair Dilston towers he saw,
Nor Tyne's fair stream, that runs so clearly;
Nor his Lady† bright, his heart's delight,—
He died for the Prince he lov'd so dearly.

* The news of the intended surrender filled the great body of the common soldiers with the deepest indignation. The Highlanders especially were terribly enraged, and declared they would die sword in hand, and insisted on making an attempt to cut their way through the Royal forces. Had Mr. Forster (the leader of the Northern army) appeared in the streets, he would have been slain, though he had had an hundred lives. As it was, he narrowly escaped being killed in his own room. A Scottish gentleman, named Murray, who had waited upon him to remonstrate against the surrender, was so enraged as to fire a pistol at him; and but for the prompt interposition of Mr. Patten, who struck up Murray's arm at the moment of the discharge, the ball would certainly have pierced Forster's body.

† If the Countess of Derwentwater had by her influence brought the Earl into his present dangerous state, she now exerted herself heroically to save him. On Sunday, the 10th of February, accompanied by the Duchesses of Cleveland, Bolton, and Buccleuch, and other ladies of the highest rank, she went to St. James's palace, and as the King was returning from the chapel, knelt before him and implored mercy for his noble captive. Her prayer for the royal intercession was

On Tower Hill they his blood did spill,
On Tower Hill they him did slaughter;
For his lands and gold, his life was sold,
The brave young Earl of Derwentwater.

THE FLOWER O' KIELDER.

White Kielder flows where milk-white yowes,
Are feeding on yon benty hill;
An' the shepherd, wi' his bleating lambs,
Is lying by the mountain rill.
His leal young heart is wi' the lass,
That wanders by the Sheil o' Brann;
Love in her e'e, an' footsteps free,
She's the Flower o' Kielder, bonnie Ann.

supported by the ladies who accompanied her; but George I. was not of a nature to be moved by such piteous appeals. It is tolerably certain that the prayer of the Earl's gentle advocates was heard with aversion by King George. The Earl's consanguinity to the exiled House of Stuart was of itself an offence which the occupier of the Stuart's throne could not forgive; besides, the historic page on which his dark and portentous shadow is cast records that he was incapable of generosity towards any but favourites and mistresses; that he was arrogant and imperious as he was ignorant, immoral, and depraved. The Peers who on the following Wednesday ventured to advocate mercy to the Earl, incurred King George's marked displeasure.

Where the heather bell round cairn an' stell,
Where daisies peep frae sunny braes,
Where red noops grow an' moss-roses blow,—
It's there the comely lassie strays,
Like Nature's sel', to view her treasures,
Or Flora in a fairy lan',
Wi' her gowden hair in tresses fair,
She's the Flower o' Kielder, bonnie Ann.

Where gowans sweet in the dewy weet,
Where cowslips and primroses bloom,
Where the dew-drop hings on the blue-bell's rim,
An' the wild thyme springs, she loves to roam.
When the lavrock spreads his wings in rapture,
An' sings his sang to heaven's span,—
His jóyfu' sang o' liberty,
To the Flower o' Kielder, bonnie Ann.

Where e'er the lovely lassie wander,
Wi' Eden fair it seems to vie;
An' O! the scene o' glorious grandeur,
Might bring an angel frae the sky.
Sing thy sweet sang, thou lark, in gladness,
Bloom flow'rets fair on ilka han',
Flow sparkling streams in sunny beams,
For the Flower o' Kielder, bonnie Ann.

RENFORTH.

See yonder gallant band,
Leaving the English strand,
And away to a strange land,
To ply the fleet oar;
With Renforth their captain brave,
Over the bounding wave,
Proud Albion's fame to save,
On Columbia's wild shore.

Mark then yon eager crowd,
List to that hurrah loud,
See now the rivals proud,
For the contest prepare.
See from Lake Huron's tide,
From forest and prairie wide,
Cheering by the white man's side,
The red-skin is there.

See, see the British crew
Stretch to their oars so true,
Over the waters blue,
With falcon-wing speed.
O! what stays their leader's hand?
O! what foils his stroke once grand?
Is it Fate's dread command,
Or Treachery's foul deed?

Weep, child and widow young;
Tell, Bard, in mournful song,
How in his pride so strong,
So nobly fell he;
Pulling against grim death,
On to his latest breath,—
Clouded is the victor's wreath,
With dark mystery.

THE SCOTTISH LASSIE.

[This song was one of the Author's earliest productions.]

Aneath the dusky peak o' Cheviot,
Where the falcon spreads his flashing wings,
Where the wild thymesprings, and blue-bells blossom,
And the lavrock ower the yowe-bught sings;
Where the fox-foot creeps, and the blackcock croos,
By auld gray stell and mossy stane,—
There I o'erhied the Scottish Lassie,
Gaun a yowe-milking a' alane.

Her sonsie brow sae brent an' bonnie;
Her skin was like the lilies fair;
Her eyes were like the sparkling diamonds;
Her lips were like the rubies rare;

Round her wee mou' were lovely dimples;
Her cheeks were o' the moss-rose hue;
While o'er her snow-white neck in freedom,
Her yellow hair in ringlets flew.

The Scottish Lass was clad sae sweetly,
In tartans o' the blue and green;
As bare-fit o'er the bent she trippit,—
I trow she was a comely queen.
Sweet innocence in every feature;
Fair emblem o' true liberty;—
I'll ne'er forget the Scottish Lassie,
And the Cheviots wild, till the day I dee.

PENCIL JACK.

Jack has been a sodger brave,
An' he's been in the wars;
Noo he's return'd, wi' glory crown'd,
And monie wounds and scars.
His cuts are a' afore his face,
An' nane ahint his back,
An' that in the right place, my lad;
He's a hero, Pencil Jack.

Jack is turn'd a merchant noo,
He deals in needles an' pins,
Envelopes, paper, and pencils, too,
Laces, braces, and skins.

He nacks his heels, an' round he wheels,
An' gies his thooms a crack;
Sae neat and slick he twirls the stick,—
Hurrah for Pencil Jack!

Jack's as happy as a king,
An' Pencil Mag a queen;
They range the Borders up and down,
Baith far and near they've been;
By Kielderhead and down the Reed,
They bauldly tak the track;
Sic sprees an' ploys an' rambling joys,
Hae Mag an' Pencil Jack.

FAIR JOAN.

Beside yon high and heathery mountain,
Where the burnie wimples by the brae,
An' the sun's mild rays by fell and fountain,
A' Nature wakes at early day.
Fair Flora there her flow'rets strowing,
Down the dewy dells on ilka han',
An' the cuckoo's note is saftly wooing,
The Border blossom, fair Joan.

Her eyes are like the beam o' morning,
When the mavis whistles on the spray;
Mild innocence her face adorning,
The young and winsome Queen o' May.

Auld Monkside's crest is towering proudly,
O'er the fairest flower in a' wer lan',
As if to guard the lovely lassie,
The Border blossom, fair Joan.

O weal befa' the comely creature,
Her faither's care an' her mither's pride;
Her brither's pet, and yon yauld lad's darling,
That tents his flocks on the mountain side.
'Mid scenes o' wild an' rugged grandeur,
As if touch't by some fairy wan,
To the lovely lass his thoughts oft wander,
The Border blossom, fair Joan.

Pour thy wae note thou lanesome pliver,
Toot thy sweet horn thou mountain bee;
Ye shy curlew and heather-bleater,
Join in the glorious melody.
Trill thy sweet lay thou wee mosscheeper,
Ye lavrocks sing in the carol gran',
Swell the heavenly chorus roun' an' roun'
The Border blossom, fair Joan.

PEER OALD JOE.

(In the Cumberland Dialect.)

Up in the moornein at hoaf-past five,
Killin' his-sel' ta keep him alive;
Bent hoaf dubbil, en' snow-wheyte heed;
Peer oald fella, he'd better be deed.
Haggin' in watter, en' kairyin kwoals,
Tummelin' inta th' gutters en' hwoals,
Stouterin' thro' beath sleat en' snow,—
As hard as an otter is peer oald Joe.

Inta the shop at hoaf-past six,
Blooin' the bella's en sharpin' th' picks;
He mun hev them oa' deun at hoaf-past eight,
Or else the back-men 'ill skowld en' feight.
Then ta th' hoos he mun slip elang,
For a lal sup tea ta mak him strang;
But in his heaste he's gitten a foa,
En brocken his shins, hes peer oald Joe.

Limpin' elang ta th' hoos et last—
But theer's neabody in, en' th' dour it's fast;
He knocks wud his foot, en' he jingles the sneck,
If he beyds ower lang he'll git th' seck.
He wags his heed en' cocks oot his chin,
En' says what he'll dee if he nobbit gits in—
He'll pack up his duds en' leave them oa',
En' ga tull Amerryka, peer oald Joe.

Back ta th' shop, en' inta th' neuk,
En' oot wud th' peype for a lal bit smeuk.
They cry, "What fettle, Joe? are ye well?"
"Oh, furst-rate, neycely; Hoo's yer-sel'?"
It's Freyday noo, en' th' pay's th' neet,
When a lal sup yall 'ill put Joe oa' reet;
Whe then 'ill be peartist emang them oa',
Whe laffin' en' jwoakin'—but peer oald Joe!

LIZZIE O' THE GLEN.

INSCRIBED TO ELIZABETH RUTHERFORD.

Blithe, blithe is the beam o' her bonnie blue e'e,
An' o'er her fair shoothers her linty locks flee;
Wi' light fairy footsteps wha laughin' comes ben?
It's lovely young Lizzie o' yon bonnie glen.

Wi' her lips like the cherries, sae red-ripe, I trow,
Or the scarlet noop-berries that on Cheviot grow;
Like the sweet blushing rose-bud in yon dewy fen,
Is lovely young Lizzie o' yon bonnie glen.

O the fair sonsie queen, wi' her bright sunny brow,
An' twa bonnie dimples near her comely mou';
She's the flower o' the muirlands, that's tauld by ilk ane,
When they sing o' young Lizzie o' yon bonnie glen.

Yon yauld hunter lad kythes the first break o' morn,
On the wild peaks o' Monkside he winds his clear horn;
What ails the leal callant? troth, he disna ken,
When he sighs for young Lizzie o' yon bonnie glen.

Thou gray spreckl't lark, shake the weet frae thy wing,
Rise high to the blue lift and sweet, sweetly sing;
Awaken ye sangsters in ilk bushy den,
And sing to young Lizzie o' yon bonnie glen.

THE STREAMS O' THE WEST.

DEDICATED TO J. M. HARTE.

The publication of the following song in the *Hexham Herald*, May 18th, 1872, originated a poetical controversy, chiefly between Mr. James Anderson, the bard of Throckley, and the Author, in which several poets of no mean order took an active part.

The poems composing the controversy appeared partly in *The North of England Advertiser*, *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and *Hexham Herald*. The Author considers himself justified, in vindication of his rights, in inserting the whole of the poems; and he sincerely trusts that, should his readers feel any repugnance at the strong invective used in his replies, they will bear in mind that his opponent attacked him in a most unmanly and covert manner, hinting at the Author's family misfortune in such pointed language as to rouse and call forth the innermost ire of every true man's heart.

We'll away to the West, where the lavrock on high,
Is singing a love song o' sweet liberty,
Where the wild thyme smells sweetly on yon bonny glen,
An' the noops grow in plenty round the fell foxes' den.
We'll away up by Wannup, where the fleecy flocks feed,
We'll fish the White Kielder, the Jed, an' the Reed,
Where there's fine yellow trouts, lad, and fishing the best,
Away in the bonnie clear Streams o' the West.

Then seek out thy tackle, thy creel, an' thy gad,
An' we'll ower the mosses sae lightsome an' glad,
Where the wild heather-bleater on high quivering wing,
An' curlew an' plover gars a' the fells ring;
Where the blackcock croos proud on his ain benty knowe,
An' the wee grey mosscheeper trills cheerie, I trow;
O but it's gladsome on the mountain's wild crest,
Away by the bonnie clear Streams o' the West.

An' then there's the Esk an' the Liddel sae fine,
The Slitrig, the Teviot, an' bonnie North Tyne,
The Ewes, an' the Yarrow, an' Ettrick an' a',
Comes wimplin' by monie a fair flowrie shaw;

Where we'll fling the flee lightly in linn and in stream,
An' twirl the trout deftly when his yellow fins gleam ;
While the throssel sings clear to his mate in her nest,
Away by the bonnie clear Streams o' the West.

Sae blythesome we'll wander where the dew's sparkling sheen,
Is shimmering in grandeur on the fairy-like scene,
Where the primrose peeps out frae the moss-covered brae,
An' the cowslip an' gowan sae lovely to see.
When the sun hides his glory ance mair in our dreams,
The bright spangl'd beauties we'll wile frae the streams,
Then joyfu' we'll wauken frae Nature's sweet breast,
Away by the bonnie clear Streams o' the West.

JAMES ARMSTRONG.

Plasketts.

THE BANKS O' THE TYNE.

(Being a Reply to James Armstrong's "Streams o' the West.")

O Armstrong, dear brother, why boast o' yer dreams,
About wild hills o' Wannip, an' clear western streams,
Ye boast o' yer hills an' yer green mossy fell,
Thinkin' nae ane can boast o' the like but yersel ;

Ye boast o' the plover, the moorcock, and hen,
Where the wild thyme smells sweetly in yon bonny glen;
Ye boast o' the lavrock as singin' sae fine,
While we claim the syem on the banks o' the Tyne.

O, the banks o' the Tyne are weel knawn far and near,
For their beautiful landscapes and streams running clear;
Where the trout fills yer eyes with a gold-spangled gleam,
And the salmon glides swift through the bonny clear stream;
Where the hills are all clad with the furze bush and trees;
Where down the deep glen blows the sweet western breeze;
Where the May flower, the wild rose, and bonny woodbine,
Send forth their sweet breath on the banks o' the Tyne.

Where the fruit blossom's verdure there's nought can surpass,
And the daisy would soften a heart made o' brass;
Where the cowslip and primrose peep out in the dell;
Where Nature's own self seems delighted to dwell;

Where the winter-sick world seems delighted to gaze,
And the critic's keen eye there will meet with amaze;
Where fortune and sunshine united do shine,
On the green grassy hills on the banks o' the Tyne.

But how does it happen, dear brother Armstrang,
That the fair-sex is scarce ever nyem'd in yer sang?
The real masterpiece o' Dame Nature's fine hand—
How could ye miss out, man, an idea sae grand?
The fairest o' flowers that shoot frae the stems,—
The greatest of blessings,—the purest of gems;
With a fair virtuous woman sweet comforts will shine,
Alike in the west and the banks o' the Tyne.

The roses may bloom, and the woodbine may climb,
The lambkins may sport in the height of their prime,
The daisy, the pink, and the primrose may spring,
The lavrock may soar to the clouds on the wing,
The Mayflower may bloom on the green crested thorn,
And the western breeze sport with the green waving corn,
But the country-bred lassie will all these outshine,
On the green mossy fells on the banks o' the Tyne.

JAMES ANDERSON.

Throckley, June 2, 1872.

North of England Advertiser, *June* 8, 1872.

NORTHUMBRIA'S PRIDE.

Inscribed to the Author of "The Wild Hills o' Wannys."

Tune: "Humours o' Glen."

Oh, Armstrang, how sweetly ye strike the wild lyre,
Ye gild ilka stream wi' a halo sae grand;
Your sweet hamely sangs set my bosom on fire,
Wi' langing to feel the warm grasp o' your hand.
But tell me, dear Jamie, my muse-loving brither,
Why leave oot the gem frae yer poetic dreams?
Ye may search lang and sair, but ye'll ne'er find anither
Mair pure than the Coquet, the queen o' a' streams.

Auld Coquet can boast o' her wild rugged mountains,
As grand as your "Wannie's" or Kielder's green knowes,
An' a thousand clear rills oozing creep fra' their fountains,
'Mang saft lintie blossoms that wave o'er the flowes.
Ilk bard o' auld Tyne may rejoice in its glory,
An' brag o' its vales clad wi' posies sae fair,
An' sing o' its heroes an' auld castles hoary,
But nane o' them a' can wi' Coquet compare.

They boast o' their "Staward" where nature rejoices,
An' chant o' their glens an' ilk wee wimplin' burn;
But our streams, rills, an' birdies wi' sweet joyful voices,
Trill'd sweetly a welcome when Coughron was born.
Yet lang, lovely Coquet, hast thou been neglected,
I'm wae for to see thee left out i' the cauld,
To gaze on ilk scene on thy bosom reflected,
Will aye warm my heart tho' I'm weary an' auld.

How sweetly thou glides in thy sweet silvery beauty,
Through groves where Pomono might sigh to repose;
Thou scoops out thy course where there's nought to pollute thee,
As on to the ocean thou murmuring flows.
Entranced wi' the prospect mute, muse-struck, I've listened,
To melodies sweet by ilk breeze borne alang,
While on ilka meadow pure crystal drops glistened,
An' hung fra ilk flow'ret in clusters sae thrang.

We've vales in the North, Jim, an' braes deck'd wi' flowers,
Where dog-rose an' sweet fragrant woodbine entwine;
We breathe Heaven's pure air in our ain cozie bowers,
Can ony say that on the banks o' the Tyne?

We have hills tow'rin' lofty, an' streams clear as onie,
Whilk ripple alang o'er ilk pebble-clad bed;
We have woods waving green, and we've Loughs
braid an' bonnie,
An' spots where the faes o' Northumbria have bled.

Then gie me your hand, Jim, there's joy yet before us,
We've pleasures the dull, soulless worldlin' ne'er
kens;
We taste bliss complete when the soft thrilling chorus
O' nature's wild sang-birds ring through the deep
glens,
Your sangs thrill my bosom, tho' coofs may deride
them,
An' saut melting tears aften ooze frae my e'e.
They creep down my cheek, tho' I'm fain for to hide
them.
As ilk ither line mair hame beauties I see.

Though critics may snarl, still their lash canna' harm ye,
Just laugh while they choak wi' their spleen and [abuse;
In return, Jim, the sweet smiles o' Clio will warm ye,
An' scatter the darts o' the faes o' the muse.
May ye lang sing o' streams ye affirm are the clearest,
An' soar o'er the crest o' adversity's tide,
But spare me ae toast for the stream I love dearest,
'Tis Coquet, sweet Coquet, Northumbria's pride.

LEWIS PROUDLOCK.

Ridsdale.

Hexham Herald, June 15, 1872.

BONNY NORTH TYNE.

Ye hills where the clear winding streams o' the west
Rin wimplin' awa' o'er the wild mountain's crest,
An' birdies flit lightly the green leaves amang,
Or warble wi' Armstrang a saul-thrilling sang;
Though far frae the scenes that enrapture me still,
And while fancy forgets na, her flight ever will.
Oh! the wild heaving Wannies, like robins lang syne,
Are blent in my bosom wi' bonny North Tyne.

Untutor'd by art, imperfections to hide,
There Nature exults in her grandeur and pride,
And flings her broad mantle o'er moorland and lee,
Where lambkins are sporting sae blithesome and free,
Oh! there let me ponder, and pensively stray
Through groves and green arbours the lang simmer day,
And muse, while at eve on my couch I recline,
O'er the wild heaving Wannies and bonny North Tyne.

Though fearfu' the frown o' the bleak northern sky,
And cheerless thine aspect as winter wins nigh,
How witching thy waters and woodlands appear
When ilka breeze whispers the spring-tide is near;
Then dewy the daisy peeps out fra the dell,
Where songsters a tale fu' o' tenderness tell,
Oh! Armstrang, dear brither, what then can outshine
The wild heaving Wannies and bonnie North Tyne.

But time presses hard, an' I canna weel spare
A moment frae duty to rhyme onie mair;
Syne theme of my heart for a season fareweel—
What I canna express, like my betters, I feel;
And though I may never set fit on thy shore,
Nor wander thy wave-mirror'd banks as of yore,
Deep, deep shall the course of affection enshrine
The wild heaving Wannies and bonny North Tyne.

JOHN TURNBULL.

Shull Lodge.
Hexham Herald, June 22nd, 1872.

THE CHARMS OF THE COQUET.

(An answer to James Armstrong's "Clear Streams o' the West," and James Anderson's "Banks o' the Tyne.")

O, ye crack o' your hills and your streams o' the West,
And ye brag o' the grandeur in which they are drest,
And ye boast o' your lasses, sae bonnie and fine,
That grace the rich banks o' your famed coaly Tyne.
But frae hame wad ye gan, it's then ye wad ken
There are hills, dales, and streams that will match wi' your ain.
Where our rosy-cheeked lasses like fair flowers shine;
They may challenge the West, and the world renowned Tyne.

And then we have lavrocks that cheerly sing,
We've blackbirds and thrushes can gar the woods ring;
Nay, our hills, dales, and streams, wi' Nature are drest:
Can the Tyne boast o' mair, or the streams o' the West?
By the stream o' the Coquet I love much to roam,
For there lies my fancy, and there stands my home,
To cheer me in need, when by sorrow oppressed,
And we baith love the Tyne, and the streams o' the West.

While the sun is up, and the morning is fine,
And the dewdrops on flowers like diamonds shine,
And each bird cheers his mate in the grove,
While the breeze skips alang wi' the sighs o' their love,
We'll away to yon hills where the curlews scream,
And we'll peep at the trout as they sport in the stream,
Where the shepherd tends flocks by the mountain's crest,
And Nature smiles by the streams o' the West.

We'll traverse the Kielder, and view grandeur fine,
We'll keek into the linty's nest on the banks o' the Tyne,
Yet we'll not rob her o' her young to grieve her breast,
And turn her to sighs by the streams o' the West;

But we'll soothe the heart, we'll smile with the gay,
Till the evening disrobes the bright orb of day.
Then like the sun, we'll retire to rest,
While Nature still blooms by the streams o' the West.

Rothbury, June 12, 1872.
North of England Advertiser, June 29, 1872.

THE QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS.

On reading "The Streams of the West" and "The Banks of the Tyne."

Let Armstrong, our brother, indulge in his dreams
Of the wild hills of Wanny, and the clear western streams;
Let him boast of the mountains and fells clad with bent;
Let him boast of the heath to his heart's full content.
No wonder he boasts of the streams of the west,
For each thinks his own country-side far the best.
He can boast of his mossy and heather-clad moors,
But no praise has he found for the Queen of the Flowers.

He can boast of the plovers and sky-larks that sing
Their sweet songs in the morn as they soar on the wing.

If the landscape his bosom with happiness fills,
And he pleasure can find in Northumbria's hills;
If he boast not the flower that adorns most our cot,
The choicest of gems, then I envy him not:
For this rich, lovely gem we can proudly call ours—
'Tis the pride of the earth and the Queen of the Flowers.

We will boast of the good and the virtuous fair,
And assert there is nothing with them can compare.
The glittering diamond is compared of no worth
With a pure-minded woman, the gem of the earth.
No wonder, friend Anderson, thou shouldst demand
How he could miss out an idea so grand.
She cheers with her presence life's gloomiest hours,
And claims as her right to be Queen of the Flowers.

He may boast, if he will, of his long range of sight,
As he gazes afar from black Belling's proud height;
He may boast of his wilds; to the song birds may raise
As high as the mountains his voice in their praise;
But a virtuous woman, my friend, is a prize
That he well might extol to the blue vaulted skies.
He might fancy his hills were the fairest of bowers,
If they were but adorn'd with the Queen of the Flowers.

THOMAS WALL.

Gosforth, June, 1872.
Newcastle Weekly Chronicle, June 29, 1872.

ANUTHER SANG.

(In the Newcastle Dialect.)

In answer te that Throckley chap. Syem Teun as "Haudaway Geordy."

Whei hinny, Jamie, hawd thaw hand
An' howay get thy bate, man,
Thou'll spoil the score pryce varra seun
If thou hews it sic a rate man;
Hoots man, hawd on, let's hev a low,
Put on thaw sark an' coat, man,
An' we'll hev a crack iboot thor sangs,
They tell me thou's a pote man.

Koris—Then set thawsel away for fair,
An' praise thaw weel-knawn river,
Thou has ne call te hew ne mair,
Ned Renwick says thou's clivor.

Thou says aw boast iboot maw hills,
An' bonny western streams, man,
Moorcocks an' hens an' bonny glens
It aw saw in maw dreams, man.
Eigh aw've fish't mony a sparklin' stream,
An' clumb the hills se hee, man,
An' aw wul sing iboot them yit
Until the day aw dee, man.

An' then thou tells ov thaw green hills
Alang the banks iv Tyne, man,
The May floor an' the weyld rose, tee,
An' wudbine smellin' fine, man.
Bit ov the smells iv Lemmintin
Thou nivor yence did speak, man,
An' thou hes mist a nidee grand
Iboot the Wylim reek, man.

Thou tells iboot that grand fur tree
Besyde thaw nobil rivor;
When thou boasts ov thaw lassis, tee,
Thou caps me clean hoosivor.
Noo thraw thaw picks an' drills away,
Shot-box, an' canny pit claes, man,
An' smash thaw cracket a' te bits,
An' myek sangs a' thaw days, man.

Is seun is thou kan git away,
Cum te the West, maw laddy,
An' we'll gan an' see that Coquet chep
An' the shephord an' his pladdy.
Man if thou saw the heathor bells
An' hard the whusslin plivor,
Thou wad think't fair hivin on the fells,
An' leave Sooth Tyne for ivor.

JAMES ARMSTRONG.

Plashetts.

North of England Advertiser,
June 29, 1872.

ANOTHER SONG

IN ANSWER TO JAMES ARMSTRONG.

Air: "There's nae luck aboot the hoose."

Noo, Armstrong ; aw hev seen yor sang
An' prood aw was te read it;
An' may yor life continue lang,
Te write the sangs that's needed.
Aboot hewin thoo hes shaved me clean,
Ne doot thou thinks't a mazer;
But before thoo tries to shave agyen,
Aw hope thou'll whet thy razor.

Chorus.

So try an' blaw anuther breeze,
An' divvent miss the mark, man;
But write ov lasses, flowers, an' trees,
An' miss oot dirty wark, man.

Aw nivor interfere wi' wark,
At least when aw is writin;
For aw nivor think it's worth the time,
Nor trouble ov inditin.
Gud subjects we can find bi scores,
Throughout the whole creashun;
So try agyen and choose a yen,
That better suits thy stashun.

Thoo says, aw nivor nyem the smoke,
Ov Lemminton an' Wylam,
Wey? thou surely thinks aw've just cum oot
A lunatic asylum.
When aw write sangs, aw try to praise,
Things worthy ov attenshun.
But te write ov smoke an' boast ov wark,
Such things aw'll nivor menshun.

Thoo says, thoo's fish'd i' mony a stream,
Wey! we differ there agyen, man,
Te kill a fish, or owt else, thoo
Must hev a heart o' styen, man;
Aw cuddent treed a daisy doon,
Nor anything alarm, man;
Aw cuddent treed upon a worm,
A moose aw cuddent harm, man.

Noo aw'll conclude an' thenk ye,
For yor kindly invitashun,
Te see the west i' nature drest,
Is indeed maw inclinashun.
So adieu! till aw can see a chance,
For us twee lads te meet, man,
An' ower a glass, wor sangs discuss,
An' spend a jolly neet, man.

JAMES ANDERSON.

Throckley.

Hexham Herald, 6th July, 1872.

ANITHER SANG

IN REPLY TO ANDERSON'S "CANNY TYNESIDE."

Anderson, my mannie, I've seen a graun' sang,
That ye threep is your ain, be it richt or wrang,
Whilk ye've made a' yersel', when ye cou'd hae been seen
A-wanderin' the road aboot Wa'bittle Dean.

Chorus:

It 'ill kythe on ye, Jimmie, an' that 'ill be seen,
Gin ye tak thae wanderin's by Wa'bittle Dean.

O Jimsie, O Jimsie, say hoo did ye feel,—
Was ye lauchin', or greetin', or was ye no weel?
Was ye luve-seek, or meun-struck? O, tell me *skrahean;*
Or what gars ye wander by Wa'bittle Dean?

Then tell me, my laddie, when ye tuk the fit—
Was ye on the fuddle or down in the pit?
Or courtin' the lassies o' whilk yer sae keen,
Or wanderin' the road aboot Wa'bittle Dean.

If luve ails ye, Jimmie, then tak' Lang Will's plan,
An' work't aff wi' physic as seun as ye can;
Yer a queer ane, deed are ye, to be sae aft seen
A-wanderin' the road aboot Wa'bittle Dean.

Or gin ye be meun-struck, then hasten wi' speed,
An' get a cauld kail-blade, an' lay on yer head
A neep-shaw, or dockan, or aucht that is green,
When ye tak thae wanderin's by Wa'bittle Dean.

Tak' my advice, noo, an' mind what I say,—
Get boor'd for the sturdy, and do not delay;
Or else some cauld mornin' they'll fin' ye, I ween,
Lyin' awelt and frozen by Wa'bittle Dean.

JAMES ARMSTRONG.

Plashetts.

Hexham Herald, November 23rd, 1872.

"ANITHER SANG."

In reply to Jimmie Armstrang's sturdy sang.

Oh, Armstrang, dear brother! whate'er can ye mean,
By askin' such questions aboot Walbottle Dene?
For aw wander these roads when the Muses do move,
Without e'er bein' sea-sick wi' meunshine or love;
And while aw love lasses, and lasses love me,
Aw'll sing of their praises in each bank and brae;
And aw think it an honour to be often seen,
In that famous old love depôt, Walbottle Dene.

And as for yer fuddlin' that's nyemed in yer sang,
If that's yer idea yer a thousand miles wrang;
For though aw'll admit that aw like a quiet gill,
Aw ne'er liked yer fuddlin', and hope aw never will.
Ony good social company awl join in their thrang,
And de me best to assist wiv a toast or a sang.
But for lyin' oot at neets, man, aw've ne'er yet been
seen,
Not e'en in my favourite spot, Walbottle Dene.

Or do ye think aw gan oot wi' the gun for me plan,
To slaughter dumb animals, or frighten frail man,
As Jim Westgarth tells me, when ye were wi' him,
The Pont keepers cam' and compell'd ye to swim.
O no, maw dear man, when aw wander the lane
It's not to cause any dumb animal pain,
But a-courting the Muse and admiring the scene
Of that dear auld romantic spot, Walbottle Dene.

So now, may brave fellow, aw'll finish me rhyme,
And aw hope that ye'll myek better use o' yer time:
And sing aboot lasses, and hills, woods, and dells,
Fine rivers and streamlets, and sweet heather bells.
And when ye gan forward Dame Nature to scan,
Just think o' the blessin' that woman's to man;
And then at a glance it is plain to be seen,
The reason aw wander by Walbottle Dene.

JAMES ANDERSON.

Throckley, Dec. 2, 1872.
Hexham Herald, Dec. 7, 1872.

TH' MUNKY IV TH' DEAN.

Anuthor sang for that Throckley chep, in his own vernacular.

Wey Jamie, what's meyd thou see lang
Eh kumin' frae the toon, man?
For et th' Dean thair's sic eh thrang.
We'v seen eh big baboon, man.
Sum say its reed, sum say its blue,
En uthors say its green, man;
Bit thay a' declair nowt kan kumpair
Te th' Munky iv th' Dean, man.

It wheels iboot te show itsel'
Emang the sweynish thrang, man;
En if thay gid eh glass eh yel,
It'll kobble up eh sang, man,
It sings iboot th' lasses tee—
Iv thaim it is reet keen, man—
En winks its ee, en leuks se slee,
Th' Munky iv th' Dean, man.

At uthors' sangs it teuk sic speyts,
En reyts, en fleyts, en brags, man;
Beath Wannies en th' western streems,
It rave thim a' ta rags, man;
En pickt oot bits just here en thair,
En tried itsel' te screen, man,
Bit for its tricks it gat its licks—
Th' Munky iv th' Dean, man.

It plays at pitch-en'-toss leyk mad,
Elang wi' th' riff-raff, man;
Thay shoot horray te see it play,
En lowp, en swear, en laff, man.
The forst teym thou gits on th' spree,
Then weyp thaw blinkin' een, man,
Leuk in th' glass en thair thou'll see
Th' Munky iv th' Dean, man!

MORAL.

Nu let this be eh lesson gud,
Until th' day thou dee, man;
Just leave this world en seek thaw wud,
En clavvor up eh tree, man;
Or howk eh hole en heyd thaw heed,
Leyk eh moudy or eh skunky.
Thor laffin', Sir, thay are indeed,
Te see Wannie flog th' Munky.
Maw Raven says nu chainge thaw lays,
En reyt on subjects clean, man.
Aw'll konclude then, en weyp maw pen
On th' Munky iv th' Dean, man.

JAMES ARMSTRONG.

51, Plashetts Colliery.
Hexham Herald, Dec. 14, 1872.

Mr. JAMES ANDERSON, the Throckley poet, desires us to state that his correspondence with the Plashetts poet, Mr. Armstrong, is at an end, as "he has neither time nor inclination to reply to rubbish." Mr. Anderson winds up his request with this stanza—

> With any decent, sensible folks,
> We can make free and pass our jokes;
> But with folks that's void of common sense,
> The slightest joke will give offence.

Hexham Herald, Dec. 21, 1872.

"WOR GRAN' WEEKLY PAPOR."

A sang to Messrs. Armstrang and Anderson.
Composed by T. Whatdeyecallim.
(Music at W. Thingimtibob's.)

Aw bout a pair specs, lads, bran new like maw verses,
Maw eyesight ti stren'then, tho' scant maw bit purse is
Fixt them on maw snoot like the glass on maw winkers,
Starts scratchin' maw grey pate, like other deep thinkers;
Aw's not a greet scholar, but still aw've a likin'
Ti ken if pit laddies is hewen or strikin',
So strikes off a lucifer, leets maw bit tapor,
An' hawls off the drawer heed wor gran' weekly papor.

Wide ower the columns me eye aw keeps runnin',
Expectin', ne doot, ti find oot sumick stunnin';
Upside-down, inside-oot, wor papor turns ower,
Gov' maw favourite corner a keek an' a glower;
Od's, smash maw pit earken, maw awd clay-stain'd
jacket,
Maw clogs an' maw hoggars, maw pickshaft an'
cracket,
If ivvor aw heerd o' sic tatlin' an' pratin',
Sic arguism rhymes, in the reign iv awd Satan;
Sic humbuggin' blethors o' smoke, wind, an' vapor,
As aw often twig noo in wor gran' weekly papor.

Oh, Armstrang, maw manny, an' Anderson, hinny,
Drop off your palayvors, not let it continny;
Jog cannily on wivoot breedin' contention,
Pure, smooth, free, an' like the streamlets ye mention.
Ye'll ne'er win a laurel be callin' each other—
Aw mean be exposin' the faults iv a brother—
Shake hands an' be frien's, then, nor cut sic a kapor,
As lately aw've seen in wor gran' weekly papor.

Let knickneyms aleyn, Jim, if J. A.'s a monkey,
That dissent seyve thoo, lad, frev bein' a donkey,
An ass, or ou't else in the shape iv a cuddy,
So drop a' sic neyms, or the fray may turn bloody.
Ye beyth write se spiteful, se desperately cruel,
An' if ye've gu'd plucks it might end in a duel.

So drop it in time, mind, an' not be so feulish,
Just let the world see thit yor not the leest mulish.
The next sang ye write, think on, mind an' shape her,
Iv a style that's reet worthy wor gran' weekly papor.

J. TELFORD.

Hexham Herald, *Dec.* 21, 1872.

MONKEY TRICKS.

In reply to J. Telford. *Air*: "The Rod in Pickle."

Ye birkie wi' the curly pow,
Put on yer specks agean, lad;
Keek in yer weekly paper noo,
An' ye'll see yer portrait taen, lad.
The sang ye write to Anderson,
Ye think't a guidish brick, lad;
But for to tak a *Monkey's pairt*,
Is just a *Monkey's trick*, lad.

Chorus.

Sae then come oot an show yer snoot,
For the faces ye've been makein;
Just stand up ye *Monkey's Pup*,
An' hae yer portrait taken.

When ye bout them bran new specs,
An' fix't them on yer snoot, lad,
I'd leykit weel to seen ye then,
It wad been a treat, nae doot, lad.

And when ye scartit yer grey pate,
To think on something slick, lad,
An' rowl'd yer eyes, and leukit wise,
Was just a *Monkey's trick*, lad.

If Darwin ever comes this way,
An' ye twa birkies catch, lad,
He'll draw yer teeth, an' clip yer claws,
Then ye'll neither beyte nor scratch, lad
He'll tie ye teycht unto a tree,
An' gie ye baith yer licks, lad.
He'll cut yer tails an' brick yer nails,
And stop yer *Monkey tricks*, lad.

And let me tell ye plump an' plain,
Ye puir twa-fac'd Baboons, lad;
I neither write for praise or fame,
Nor yet yer laurel Croons, lad.
Sae then, baith you and Anderson,
Can just gaun to auld Nicks, lad;
I'm independent o' ye twa,
And a' yer *Monkey tricks*, lad.

I HAVE had the pleasure of reading Mr. Anderson's short and sweet review, on my last reply to his effusion in the *Herald*. If I have cut him too hard, he has himself entirely to blame, it being impossible for me to forget, the cowardly manner in which he came sneaking out on my simple song, "The Streams o' the West;" when he

> "Stept into the arena of satire,
> With lash and brand of living fire."
> But now he cries, 't'was all a joke ;
> Cowers and yells for every stroke.
> At last he leaves the field quite snubbish,
> And hides his head in a pile of rubbish.

Wishing him a Happy New Year in his egotistical retreat, trusting that should his feelings e'er again o'erflow, he will keep in mind the good old maxim, "look before ye loup," and learn a lesson from the following farewell salute.

THE DUEL.

Brave Anderson went to the toon,
Wi his cronies a' in clusters;
Bout pistils, guns, an' twa lang swords,
Baith double cut and thrusters.

What ails ye noo Frank Maffen said,
Are ye gaun to shoot some fewil.
O! no lad, no I'm a hero,
I'm gaun to feycht a Duel.

Chorus.

It's nae use tryin to haud me noo,
I'll kill that ootbye huel;
Just beyde off me, I'll let ye see,
I'm gaun to feycht a Duel.

I'm gannin West to North Teyne heed,
Wul ye gan wi me my mannie;
I'll shoot that chiel o' Plashetts deed,
Him the weyld herds caa Wanny.
O! haud yer han, then Westgarth cried,
An' dinna be sae cruel;
Ye'll dae nae guid to spill his bluid,
O! dinna feycht a Duel.

It's nae use taukin noo, it's no,
He sal ken wi' wha he's dealin.
Bring me some poother an' some shot,
An' yon lang gun frae Ponteelin.
Brave *Telford*, he'll stand at my back,
Till I *slew* the heelin huel;
An' I'll never flinch a half an inch,
When I gan to feycht the Duel.

He put on that coat o' *Henderson's*,
Fill'd a pocket fu o' poother;
Put bullits, guns, caps, swords an' a',
An' pistils in the t'other.
Then he went on to Throckley Fell,
Wi' baggy Frank and Rowel,
And they put him thro' his exercise,
To gan an feycht the Duel.

They put a yetlin on his heed,
A horse tail on the middle;
At break o' day he maircht away,
To the soond o' feyfe and fiddle.
Come back, come back, the auld weyves cried,
O! come back, Jim, my jewel.
My lad, it'll wer doughters kill,
If ye faa in the Duel.

He mairchit on still thro Harlawhill,
The colours ower him flyin.
The gewgaws an' tin-whussils play'd,
There he left the lassies cryin.
The last teyme ever he was seen,
Was on the banks o' Ruel,
Shootin—hip hurray, noo clear the way,
I'm gann to feycht a Duel!

END OF THE CONTROVERSY.

GALLANT RUN WITH THE NORTH TYNE AND IRTHINGHEAD HOUNDS.

[THE following description of a foxhunt and a day with the hounds, were contributed to the papers sometime ago by the writer; and at the request of my hunting friends, I give them both as a reprint.]

DEATH OF "BURNT TOM."

Arouse, "Burnt Tom," my game old fox, the last time from thy den,
For Lang Will's voice is sounding far through Leasburn's shaggy glen,
He's cheering on the gallant hounds, I hear fleet Moudy's cry,
Take thy last look of cairn and brook, ere sunset thou shalt die.

THE hounds were uncoupled at Cranecleugh, on Tuesday morning, when they soon found a drag, hunting it slowly over the heights to Leasburn, but it is too old and cold. Let us lift them, and try down by the Forks, where the holes are barred. Presently they give tongue that makes music fit to lift your cap, and tells that the scent is new and warm. Away they go, streaming over the knowes, heads up; that's him, Ringwood lad. Hark! together, hark! Tallyho! he's away, and, by Jove, it's "Burnt Tom," the very fox that beat the dogs so often last year. Yonder he goes, with the beauties at his kenspeckIt brush, through the deer

park, and past Mouncies. They will kill him; not yet, he's on past Otterstone Lea.

Away, away, o'er bank and brae, they drive the wily game.
Where Moudy, Ruby, Royal, still uphold their glorious fame.

He means either Whickhope Linn, or the holes above Emmethaugh. He takes the east; they are nearest. Well done, Tom, but are you safe? Wait awhile, here comes Jock o' the Houp, with Venom, and in she goes, and comes out sorely dragglt. She cannot find him, shakes herself, and in again. There is a noise in the hole, the terrier has found him. Now, silence, and he'll maybe leap, there he's out. Ruby and Royal make a dash at him, but he clears them among the scraggs, and boldly faces the steep brae, and on to the open bent with all the hounds after him. Isn't yon glorious! Yonder they go, back past Otterstone Lea and Mouncies again. See yon lad of Yarrow, he's going like the wind, leaving Matt of Otterstone Lea, Tom Breckney, and Wannie, but Matt is sair hoppled he has a grew in a string, and the cloggs on, but take time, he will get the galloway if he was at the house; but, ah! waes me, his sister has been out for a morning scamper, her faither has met her, and he's on to the beast, and away after the "hunds." "The deil tak' me faither, he'll kill the galloway. He's sixteen stane onyway, forebye the heavy side saddle." The gallant little pack are still crushing on their fox, aiming now for Kersenberrie, or maybe Lisha holes, or Witch Linn. But they are too far,

so he changes his course, and tries the holes at the Forks. Ha! my old boy, there is a sneck before thy snout. Away down the glen, his relentless pursuers hot on him, past Ferny Knowe, and into Looie wood, where they rattle him round for a while, then all is silent. Is it a kill, or is he lost? Try the scroggs, rough heather, and all the likely ling. Sweep the hounds round the outside of the wood. Silent still; lost he must be, but how or where? Try again, it is useless wishing better luck next time. There is nothing but home for us. The guidwife of Looie is coming out of the byre, when Lang Will shouts "my woman, hae ye seen aucht o' the fox?" "Fox, aye, losh, man he's in the byre here, lying afore the cow; but o' man, Will, dinna kill the puir beastie." But Will was soon into the byre and out again with the beastie in his brawny hand, soothing the feelings of the good woman with the assurance that the fox should have a fair chance for his life. "Now, get hauld o' the huns," while Will slips him quietly over the dyke into the haugh. But the dogs wind their game once more, and are bad to hold. "They let them away." See they are on him again, full cry, through the wood and past Ferny Knowe again; over the hill, down to the burn, and along the edge of the shingles. Go into him now, my dogs of war. The blood of old Moudy for ever. Over the burn, and on to the top of the scaur. Over he goes, hounds and all, where they ran into as fine a specimen of the grey-hound fox as ever footed the heather. The

"steekers" in are now up, let us see who we have. Here is Jock o' the Houp, Matt o' Otterstone Lea, and Jimmie Sisterson of Yarrow, three wiry-looking lads, fleet as deer, and winded as Arabs; Adam of Smail, Tom Armstrong, Wannie, Tom Lowrie, Lang Will, W. Little, and Mitt of Cranecleugh, his homespun grey belted with a pair of couples over a back like a barn board, and a breast like a Kyloe bullock. With hearty acclamation the skin of the devoted fox is awarded to Wannie, who sends it away to be preserved, and the many grand hunts with "Burnt Tom," and the last run for his life, will long be remembered in North Tyne.

THE KIELDER HUNT.

Inscribed to John Robson, of Speethope Head, and all the gallant Foxhunters on the Borders.

Hark! hark! I hear Lang Will's clear voice sound
through the Kielder glen,
Where the raven flaps her glossy wing and the fell
fox has his den;
There the shepherds they are gathering up wi' monie a guid yauld grew,
An' wiry terrier game an' keen, an' fox-hund fleet
and true.

Chorus.

Hark away! hark away!
O'er the Bonnie Hills o' Kielder, hark away.

There's Moudy frae Emmethaugh an' Royal frae Bakethinn,
There's hunds frae Reed an' Kielderhead, an' Ruby by the Linn;
An' hunds of fame frae Irthingside they try baith moss an' crag,
Hark! hark! that's Moudy's loud clear note, he has bold Reynard's drag.

Away an' away o'er hill and dale, an' up by yonder stell,
The music o' the gallant pack resounds o'er muir an' dell;
See yon herd callant waves his plaid, list yon loud tally-ho,
The fox is up an' breaks away o'er the edge o' Hawkhope Flowe.

Hark forrit, hark! ye gallant hunds, hark onwart, hark away,
He kens the hauds on Tosson hills, he kens the holes at Rae;
There's no a den roun' the Kailstane but he kens weel I trow,
An' a' the holes on Lariston he kens them thro' and thro'.

There's Wannys Crags, an' Sewingshields, and Christenbury too,
Or if he win to Hareshaw Linn ye may bid him adieu;
The Key-Heugh an' the Cloven-Crags, the Cove, an' Darnaha',
Chatlehope-Spout an' the Wily-holes, auld foxy kens them a'.

Away an' away o'er bank an' brae they drive the wily game,
Where Moudy, Ruby, Royal still uphaud their glorious fame;
An' see the lish yald shepherd lads how Monkside heights they climb,
They're the pride o' a' the borders wide for wind and wiry limb.

Thro' yon wild glen they view him now right for the Yearning Linn,
By cairn an' crag, o'er moss and hagg, sae glorious is the din;
Weel dune, hurrah! they've run him doun yon's Moudy twirls him now,
The hunt is dune, his brush is wun, I hear the death hal-loo.

Here's to Will o' Emmethaugh, he is a sportsman true,
Here's to Robie o' Bakethinn, an' Rob o' Kielder, too;

At the Hope, Bewshaugh, an' Kersie Cleuch, Skaap,
Riggend, an' the Law,
In Tyne, an' Reed, and Irthinghead, they're gallant
sportsmen a'.

JOHN GALLON.

DEDICATED TO J. GRANT, ESQ., THE GALLANT MASTER OF THE TEVIOTDALE OTTER PACK.

JOHN GALLON, to whom the following song refers, was drowned in the river Lugar, South Ayrshire, Scotland, July 16th, 1873, while hunting the otter in company of Morton Macdonald, Esq., of Largie Castle, and other famed sportsmen of North Britain.

For many years previous to his untimely death, he frequently hunted the Tyne, Reed, and other rivers of Northumberland.

Mr. Turnbull, the renowned otter hunter of North Tyne, for 27 years accompanied Gallon in nearly all his Border hunting excursions. He describes him as the Model Otter Hunter, a man of undaunted courage and noble daring, a thorough gentleman in manner; of a kind disposition and a veteran in the hunt. In short Mr. Turnbull says, kind and good to the last. Frequently has he seen him when the otter was afoot and the hounds in full cry, plunge into the deepest pools in pursuit of the sable game; scorning the use of the spear, he would tail the otter in the centre of the pack, and amidst the loud cheers of his followers bring the prize to land, and in fair combat, try the courage of some favourite terrier. Long will our Border huntsmen hold in remembrance the name of the gallant but unfortunate gentleman, who lies interred in Elsdon Churchyard, near Otterburn.

Some sing of bold Napoleon, that man of warlike name,
Of Wallace, Bruce, and Wellington, all heroes of great fame.
Ye otter-hunters one and all, in chorus join with me,
And we will of John Gallon sing, in numbers wild and free.

Chorus.

Although John Gallon is no more, yet of him we will sing;
That gallant sportsman to the core, the otter-hunter King.

Northumbrias brave and dauntless son so gaily takes his way,
To hunt the Lugar's fatal stream at the first break of day.
With Starlight, Hopwood, Ringwood too, those hounds of glorious fame;
When Ormidale and Waterloo, the otter's drag proclaim.

Through shaggy cleugh, by willow stump, they hunt each hover true;
Old Wellington and Mitford, still the wily game pursue.
The music of each favourite hound the sleeping otter wakes,
He dives and tries his wildest shifts as his dark path he takes.

The sportsmen all join in the hunt, see where the bells they rise,
The otter's up and breathes, hurrah! the cheers they reach the skies;
He's down again, and down the stream by rugged rock and scaur,
The gallant pack pursue their game in imag'ry of war.

Through darksome cleft, by thundering Linn, are hounds and otter gone;
John Gallon too so bold and true, to follow him not one.
But, O! in deep and treacherous pool, unseen to mortal eyes,
He's down, the daring hunter brave, he's down no more to rise.

No more we'll hear his cheery voice so early in the morn,
No more he'll wake the echoes wild, or wind his bugle horn.
No more the sportsmen of the North with Gallon will combine,
To hunt the otter in the streams of Wansbeck, Reed, and Tyne.

THE TARSETTEARIAN FOX.

INSCRIBED TO THOMAS ARMSTRONG, THE CELEBRATED FOXHUNTER OF NORTH TYNE.

The various incidents described in the following song, occurred at the famous foxhunt held at Earls Seat, 20th March, 1875. The brilliant run was witnessed by the writer, who also was in the midst of the fun at the finish.

The Tarset men a hunting went,
Sae early in the morn;
Wi' Ruby, Royal, Windhim, too,
Away by Hunter Burn.
The joyfu' soond of horn an' hund,
Rous'd reynard frae the rocks.
At break o' day they view'd away,
A Tarsettearian Fox.

Over hills, thro' dusky dells,
By monie a cairn and scaur,
The little pack pursue their game,
Like gallant dogs of war.
Till on the Belling's shaggy brow,
Some o' the glaiky brocks,
Did scrauch an' shoot, an' scar aboot,
That Tarsettearian Fox.

Away o'er bent an' heathery heights,
The dogs and fox are gane;
Till little Ruby o' the Kame,
Was huntin' him alane.

When in the shire of Donkleywood,
The Tyne lads cam in flocks;
Horse, fut, an' hun' join'd in the run,
Of that Tarsettearian Fox.

Reynard noo ance mair heads back,
Straight for his hielan' sheil;
Frae monie a scrauch an' fearfu' yell,
Eneuch to flay the deil.
He leaves them a', far, far awa',
Hunds, Sandys, Wulls, and Jocks.
O! joy of joys, he's hol'd, my boys,
That Tarsettearian Fox.

The hunds an' hunters then cam up,
The howkin it begun;
Some sware the fox shou'd hae fair-play,
Some wanted a neck hunn.
Then Andra Robson rampit oot,
Sic thunnerin stanes in blocks;
He ript the haggs and splet the crags,
For that Tarsettearian Fox.

Stand back! stand back! then some did shoot,
When the terriers were set in;
The gallant fox was bagg'd at last,
The fun it did begin.
The Tyne lads and the Tarset men,
They neckit like game cocks.
"Kame Wully" stud stagnatit *see*,
Ower that Tarsettearian Fox.

Tom Armstrong grippit still his game,
Ye never saw sic fun.
That Yarrow cheil, Jim Sisterson,
Spangwhew'd a Tarset hun'.
The Meun gript Moffat by the neck,
An' sware he'd clean their clocks.
Some gat the skin peel'd off their shin,
Ower that Tarsettearian Fox.

Peace was then proclaim'd ance mair,
The fox was set away;
Horse, fut, an' hunds, a' after him,
In wild and grand array.
But frae the rush he sav'd his brush,
And hol'd in yonder rocks;
An' hid his nose frae frien's and foes,
That Tarsettearian Fox.

THE MORNING DRAG.

Air: "Whittle Scroggs."

Come away with me my boys, once for hunting joys,
The hounds o'er the bent they are bounding.
Away by yonder crag, they are on the morning drag,
So sweetly their music is sounding.

Then listen to each hound as they try the rimey ground,
Hark! to Moudy's loud note in the number.
It's Lang Will's voice we hear, the gallant pack to cheer,
That will waken the fox from his slumber.

That's Seizer calls him now, Ringwood and Royal too,
And Ruby's clear note is proclaiming ;
That the drag is new and warm our bounding hearts to charm,
For the wild Christenbury now aiming.

Through the scroggy glen, how they hunt him to his den,
Shall be told both in song and in story.
And when the fox shall die, our shouts will reach the sky,
Then each sportsman will be in his glory.

THE TRIAL OF WEE PIPER.

The subject of the following song is a Terrier dog, that was banished, by order of the Gamekeeper, from Kielderhead, on account of its supposed poaching propensities. The poor animal subsequently found a home at the Shaws in Liddesdale.

Wee Piper he wander'd awa,
And far up Whyte Kielder did daunder.
He nozzl't a rabbit or twa,
For the sake o' the fun an' the plunder.

Black———seun heard o' the raid,
An' sware he wad hang the wee huel;
A gallows sae hie then he made,
To fulfil his fell purpose sae cruel.

That Piper had trespass'd sae far,
Of that there could be no denial;
The herds then stud up for the Tarr,
And threep'd he should hae a fair trial.

Then Piper was put in the box,
Wi' his tail round his claws like a cat;
Still hoping the frasy might turn out a hoax,
Wi' patience puir fallow he sat.

If Lucas had been on the bench,
Some slight hopes o' mercy might been;
But the case must be tried by the law that is Lynch,
Where mercy is no to be seen.

Then guilty or not, the question was put,
But the prisoner said not a word;
The jury then saw that his conscience was cut,
When they cried oot, he's guilty my Lord.

The evidence then was summed up,
An' justice well'd up to the brim;
When——— gat up an' put on the black cap,
To pronounce the dread sentence on him.

Will o' West Kielder sat pale as the moon,
In suspense he did keep in his breath;
Musing the while if nought could be done,
To ward off the fell sentence of death.

Then Mitt o' Skaup sae bauldly stood up,
An' spak oot sae free an' sae ready;
That he'd kend wee Piper sin he was a pup,
An' aye thought him sae harmless *it did he.*

Then——— he paused an' to Piper said,
Your death will be no gain to me;
And by what Mitt has said, your life will be sav'd,
But you shall be sent o'er the sea.

The case it is proven, the verdict is given,
That you've been the cause o' this strife,
And to-morrow at sunrise, you off shall be driven,
For the term of your natural life.

WEE PIPER'S LETTER.

Noo, Wully, my man, when this comes to han',
Ye'll be thinkin' I'm ower the wotter,
But I gae them the slip an' lap oot o' the ship,
And swam to the land like an otter.
An' I've trampit thro' touns whair ill-deedy louns
Shoutit Peachim, an' Pincher, an' Viper,
An' man, Wull, sic dougs wi' short cuttit lugs—
I thocht they wad eaten Wee Piper.

I waddl't away by nicht an' by day,
O'er crags, thro' moss-haggs, an' lang heather,
Till I wan to the Shaws, gae thin i' the jaws,
An' the skin aff my feet a' thegither,
Sae couthiely then they cried on me ben—
An' a cheil bein' here frae the Kinmont,
Wha kens a' my kin frae the Knott to Bakethinn,
An' he threeps I'm a real Dandie Dinmont.

Here's milk an' here's meal, an' braxie as weel,
And the Laird is a gallant foxhunter;
Here's horses an' huns, an' cudgels an' guns,
Sae I'm safe frae Black —— this wunter.
I heard the Laird swear, if —— comes here,
He shall rue that he ever left Riddle;
For he'll lowse every hun', and he'll bet fifty pun',
That he never mair crosses the Liddel.

An' Willie, my man, I've fixt on a plan,
And I'll tell ye my mind in a blinkin',
I ken o' a ploy that'll suit ye, my boy,
An' monie mair. tae, I'm thinkin'.
We'll raise a' the huns an' ilk tyke that runs,
An' a' the yauld hunters, my mannie,
Rouse Liddel an' Reed, an' a' the Tyne-head,
An' we'll hae a graun' huntin' wi' ——.

Rouse a' swoft o' fit—bring Jock Gead an' Mitt,
An' Bowman, an' Ned, an' the Pether;
To the fun an' the din the Dagg's 'll a' rin,
Like bucks spankin' ower the heather.
Seek the Skinner an' Jim, an' Larry, bring him,
"Let the day be a regular fielder;"*
Seek Wull-o'-the-Raw, an' Wannie an' a',
An' we'll hunt —— oot o' the Kielder.

POSTSCRIPT.

Seek Yed o' Raenshill, an' Rob an' Lang Will,
Auld Jowhn o' the Houp, an' Lang Sally,†
An' Rob o' Bakethinn—I ken he'll steek in,
To gie the Black Loon a guid rally.
Bring ilka guid Tarr an' a' dougs o' war,
An' Clapperton tae, an' auld Tartar;
At first peep o' day, we'll set ——— away,
And hunt him richt ower the Cairter.

* Quotation from Mr. Milburn.

† William Dodd, of Cairnsyke the famous foxhunter.

A DAY WITH THE NORTH TYNE AND IRTHINGHEAD FOXHOUNDS.

At the Whisky Syke the hounds were lows'd, by Walter Dodd, the gallant huntsman of the pack, where spreading away to the hill of Burnt Tom, they hit off a cold drag, hunting it slowly but surely past Yet Burn Spout and Upper Longhouse. At this time we hear tallyho in the direction of Christenbury Crags, where a fox had been seen stealing away, but the hounds, true to their own instinct, keep on the old drag up the Long Rigg, and across Lewisburn, winding away up Merlin's Cleugh, where the notes of the beauties waken bold Reynard from his slumbers, and they view him away, leaving Glendue to the left, the music of the gallant pack ringing far and wide, bringing the footmen "frae a' the airts the win' can blaw," some from the heights above Bewcastle, and some from the heathery crests overlooking Liddesdale. Fox and dogs are now on the Oakenshaw side of the hill, over bent and broken braes, up the burn at a killing pace on to the heights and past Elliot's Pikes, where "my nabs" ran to ground. What is to be done? Must we try if he will bolt? Yes; here is "Tommy" the Bewshaugh terrier, that reminds us of an otter with his long body and short legs, a real Dandie Dinmont all over; he is in, and quickly challenges the game, but Tommy is too big and cannot get up

to the mark. It is perhaps as well for the fox, as there is danger in those fiery eyes and cruel-looking jaws. Try Wasp, of Tarnbecks. She is at him, but comes out again, apparently not liking the job, but in a short time returns to the attack, and closes with him this time. Call back the hounds, and keep quiet; yonder he is out. "Young Moudy," a pup of eight months, is laid on, and is tearing away and giving mouth grandly, reminding us of the glorious days of his illustrious sire, old "Moudy," of Emmethaugh, and equally celebrated "Seizer," of Redsyke. The rest of the dogs are now laid on, and are down to the burn in full cry, when a trial of speed among the shepherd lads takes place in anticipation of the brush. The chase is fast and furious, and the fox finding his pursuers too near him turns up the syke and takes refuge in some rocks near the Willow Bog. The terrier brigade are again brought up, and lay siege to the enemy, but it is useless. Out he will not come, and appears to have made up his mind to die rather than again try his speed before the remorseless foe awaiting him outside, eager for his blood. "Howking" tools are brought from the house, likewise a good supply of "storkning" and mountain dew. Work now commences in earnest; Wasp marks him, and an opening is made to the spot, but he shifts. The terrier is at him again, and comes out with a slight scratch on the nose. Redsyke, with a sly smile, remarks, "Marcy, Jimmie, hoo she's punish'd!" The slit of the crag is now opened, Rock, the Red-

syke terrier is now put in, and, as if to revenge past defeats and insults, at once goes into his fox, when a real battle royal takes place, and they are at a dead lock. Tarnbecks creeps in, tails the terrier, and draws the combatants to the light of day. The hounds are again collared, and the fox carried down the brae. Now he is off, hounds, hunters, collies, terriers, and all in full chorus and hot pursuit, in true imagery of war. Royal of Tarnbecks is leading. Well done—the Scotscoltherd dog passes him. Now Ruby of The Hope is past them both; Tarnbeck Scott is running like a redskin, as if he would outstrip both the hounds and the Oakenshaw lad that set away the fox; wild are the shouts and glorious is the din. "Hurrah!" there is the death hallo—it is over—and Watt of Oakenshaw Burn takes the coveted fur.

DANDIE DINMONT AND HIS TERRIERS.

Respecting James Davidson of Hindlee and his dogs, old Watty Jackson of Catcleuch gives much valuable information. "Monie a time," says that veteran hunter, "hae I huntit wi' Jamie; an' frae what Sir Walter reytes aboot Dandie Dinmont an' his Pepper an' Mustard terriers, Jamie was the verra man, there's nae doot o't; for his terriers wer maistly Peppers an' Mustards,—lang backit, shurt leggit customers; maybe rayther shurt i' the leg for rinnin' efter the huns ower rough grun; but Jamie was up to that: he aye carryit twae o' them in a wallet, ane on eyther seyde, afore him on the galloway's back; an' when the fox holed, they wer fresh. I mind yence o' my faither an' him howkin ane at the Little Worchet yonder; an' the fox gat Jamie by the han', an' he shoots 'Ha! the lim', he's beyten! Aweel, aweel my frien', if ye'll keep yer grip, I'll keep mine!' Od! I could tell ye ower as monie o' Jamie's brecks as wad fill a hale beuik."

But to Dr. Grant of Hawick I am mostly indebted for my information on this celebrated race of dogs, he being recognized as the best judge in

Britain; and I may state that, should ever that learned gentleman feel inclined to publish the voluminous manuscripts in his possession regarding the above, it would tend greatly to enlighten the public as to the interpretation of that celebrated novelist, Sir Walter Scott. On the authority of the Doctor, therefore, I give the various

Points and Characteristics of a Pure and Perfect Dandie Dinmont Terrier.

Head: Large and long, with very strong jaws, and teeth which are quite level; the head of the bitch is generally smaller than that of the dog. Ears: From three to four inches long. They should not be round at the point and broad like the hound, but somewhat in shape of the almond or filbert. No doubt the close lying ears look best, but it is not essential that either one or both ears should lie flat. Many of the best bred Dandies I have seen, when they were in much greater abundance on the Borders, carried one or both ears somewhat up, and I never met with the peculiarity in any but a thoroughly game animal. Like Sir Walter Scott, I prefer the small triangular ear, whether it lie flat or not, provided it be set properly on to lie well back, so as to be as far as possible out of the way of punishment in battle when closing with fox or otter. Nose: A flesh-coloured nose in a reddish coloured Dandie is not objectionable,

and does not in any way constitute him an illegitimate member of the Dinmont family; but I like the black nose best for Dandies of every colour. Eyes: Full, bright, and intelligent. The colour may vary much, and is, like the colour of the claws, fixed by mere influence of nature, that regulate the colour of the animal's coat. The "hazel" colour in all its shades I like most, and the darker it is so as to appear black when in its deepest hue, pleases my taste best. Neck: Well developed and rather short. Body: Long, with low shoulders and the back slightly curved down behind them, with a corresponding arch of the loin. Legs: Short, particularly in front, and turned out at the toes, with extraordinary strength of bone and muscle, in proportion to the animal's size. Tail: Somewhat curved, and carried over the back, with more or less feather, or almost none in some instances. Height: From about 10 to 13 inches at top of shoulder. Coat: A mixture of hardish and soft short hair, with more or less of silky hair of a lighter colour on the head, the legs and feet partaking to a slight extent of the same. Colour: Either reddish brown or bluish grey, or a combination of both, in which case part of the body and back is bluish grey, while the legs, and sometimes a large portion, if not the entire head, inside of ears, chest, and underside of tail is reddish brown, or verging on a pale tan or fawn colour, Weight: From 13 to 22lbs. Claws: White claws I positively object to as being proof of in-and-in-breeding, though

it is not proof in itself of impurity. Yellow claws are natural to reddish brown and flaxen-coloured Dandies, and are, therefore, not objectionable; while jet black claws on those light-coloured dogs are, like black eyes and black noses, by far the greatest beauty spots of the Dandie Dinmont race.

The following is the

Genealogy of the Dandie Dinmont Terriers belonging to Dr. Grant, of Hawick,

whose far-famed kennel of Dandies are by "The Druid," and other sporting writers, allowed to rank among the foremost in the canine peerage of the world.

Dr. Grant's (dogs) "Tom" and "Piper," by his "Shamrock III." and out of his "Nettle." "Shamrock III." by "Pepper III.," belonging to Sir George H. S. Douglas, of Springwood Park, Kelso, by his "Pepper II." "Pepper II." by his "Pepper I." "Pepper I." was by "Dandie II.," belonging to Mr. John Stoddart of Selkirk, by his "Dandie I." "Dandie I." was out of a bitch named "Gypp," belonging to the late James Davidson of Hindlee.

The dam of "Shamrock III." was a bitch named "Vixen," belonging to James Scott, by his "Shamrock II." "Shamrock II." was by Mr. Brisbane's "Dandie," bred by Lord Elcho. Doctor Grant's "Nettle," the dam of "Tom" and "Piper," was by his "Black Jack," and out of his "Gypp II."

"Gypp II." by his "Glorious Jack," and out of his "Lucy Anne." "Lucy Anne" out of "Muss." "Muss" out of "Vic." "Vic" out of "Maida." "Maida" out of "Meadow," (the renowned terrier bitch referred to in a book entitled *Stonehenge on the Dog*. See page 78.) "Meadow" by a dog named "Pepper," belonging to Sir George H. S. Douglas, and out of his "Schann." "Schann" by his "Old Pepper." "Old Pepper" was by "Dandie I." "Dandie I." was out of "Gypp," (the bitch already referred to) belonging to the late James Davidson of Hindlee.

The above genealogy I extracted from the Dandie Dinmont records in the possession of Dr. Grant; and may observe that Ned Dunn, of White Lea; Davie Kyle, of Broadlee; Yeddie Jackson, of Fairloans; Tom Potts, of Burnmouth; the Telfers of Skaap, and the Telfers of Blindburn,* were in possession of terriers that were sprung from those of the "Pepper" and "Mustard" breed possessed by James Davidson.

* The Telfers of Blindburn, nephews of Dandie Dinmont.

THE CELEBRATED FOXHOUNDS OF EMMETHAUGH.

Sprung from a race of hounds which confer fame upon the packs of Slaley, Haydon, and Buccleuch; and shed a halo of hunting glory around the names of Forster, Dodd, Routledge, Hedley, Dagg, Robson, Jackson, Potts, Davison, and Scott. Likewise, around the name of their gallant owner William Robson, of Emmethaugh, best known on the Borders by the homely *sobriquet* of *Lang Will;* with whom and many others of the stalwart and wiry type of hunters, that hunt their hounds on foot, the author has had many a glorious foxhunt in the wilds of Kielder, North Tyne, Reed-water, and Liddesdale. The blood of this famous race of dogs, has now asserted itself to be the hunting standard of the North, as they possess the scent, wind, pluck, speed, and endurance characteristic of the true Border Foxhound; and it may be interesting to the reader to learn that Tom Potts, of Burnmouth, the owner of "Towler;" and Yeddy Jackson, of Fairloans, (known by the cognomen of the *Hunter King,*) the owner of "Discord;" were both hunting

companions of James Davidson, of Hindlee, the undoubted prototype of Sir Walter Scott's Dandie Dinmont.

Genealogy of the Hounds.

Moudy the First, by the Riggend (Tyne) dog, (a draft from the Haydon pack,) Gilbert Forster's "Winder," and out of the Hope House bitch, Walter Dodd's "Ruby." Ruby, by a south country dog, and out of the Crook bitch, William Routledge's "Lady." Lady, by the Bewshaugh dog, James Hedley's "Ruler."

Moudy the Second, by "Moudy the First," and out of the Yarrow Moor bitch, Matthew Dagg's "Ruby." Ruby, by the Riggend (Tyne) dog, (a draft from the Slaley pack,) Matthew Forster's "Ranter," and out of the Oakenshaw Burn bitch, Fergus Robson's "Ruby." Ruby, by the Burnmouth dog, Tom Potts' "Towler," and out of the Riggend (Kielder) bitch, John Robson's "Beeswing." Beeswing, by the Emmethaugh dog, William Robson's "Ragman," and out of the Fairloans bitch, Yeddy Jackson's "Discord." William Robson's Ragman, by the Riggend (Kielder) dog, (a draft from the Buccleuch pack,) John Robson's "Sealim," and out of the Riggend (Kielder) bitch, John Robson's "Ruby."

Moudy the Third, (winner of the Silver Cup at Gilsland, on the 22nd of October, 1868; beating

a field of fourteen other hounds in a sixteen miles trail, over rough country, and covering the distance in fifty minutes,) by "Moudy the Second," and out of the Whookhope bitch, (a draft from the Haydon pack,) John Davison's "Ruby."

MOUDY THE FOURTH, by "Moudy the Third," and out of the Oakenshaw Burn bitch, James Scott's "Rally."

FISHING.

INTRODUCTORY.

THERE is no sport on which more diversity of opinion exists than Angling. Fishing of any kind, may be summed up in knowing, what to fish with; when, how, and where to fish.

Having fished the most of our Border streams: including, Reed, Tyne, Wansbeck, Coquet, Kielder, Jed, Liddel, Tweed, Teviot, Till, and Whiteadder; as also other streams; and in my wanderings, have met some of the most intelligent and successful anglers of the Borders, among whom I may mention, Mr. Robert Allen, the Brothers Armstrong of Bellingham, Mr. Morrison, Kelso, Mr. Thomas Brydon, Plashetts; and may include one, from whom I received many useful lessons in the "Gentle Art," namely, my brother, Sergeant J. Armstrong, of Scremerston.

Often have I had the pleasure of witnessing these gentlemen's brilliant illustrations of angling, and listened with intense delight to the exposition of their varied ideas regarding the habits of the fish, as also the attractive virtue of this and that lure; which, combined with practical experience, and the written authority of other true and devoted piscatorial disciples of the world renowned Isaac Walton; has warranted me in venturing to give a few brief and useful instructions upon the subject, in a condensed form. I have not attempted to give the various perplexing methods of capturing fish, supposed to constitute the finished angler. They are simply a combination of practice and oral information, interspersed with select extracts from Stewart's Practical Angler and Stoddart's Angler's Companion, which authorities are at the service and within the reach of every one having leisure and inclination to seek out and arrange. A task more difficult than I at first anticipated, but when complete, form a summary of correct and useful information; which, I surmise, will attract and interest such of my readers as are lovers of the delightful sport of Trout Fishing.

THE FISHIN', MY LAD.

Air: "My Mammie nae mair."

INSCRIBED TO PERCY ROBSON, OF SPEETHOPE HEAD.

By the clear winding streamlet the daisie now springs,
On the soft mossy brae-side the sweet primrose hings;
Wi' the cowslip an' gowan the green-sward is clad,
Sae we'll away off to the fishin', my lad.

Chorus.

The fishin', my lad, the fishin', my lad,
We'll away off to the fishin', my lad.
Wi' the cowslip an' gowan the green-sward is clad,
Sae we'll away off to the fishin', my lad.

Wi' the bonnie red-hackle an' dotterel sae fine,
An' black speyder too, lad, we'll tackle wer line.
The lavrock is singin' sae joyfu' and glad,
Then come on wi' me to the fishin', my lad.

In the Reed an' the Wansbeck, the bonnie troot thrives;
In yon lang peuls an' streams, where the dun otter dives.
It's there, where the big yellow-fin bends the gad,
Then come on wi' me to the fishin', my lad.

In the Jed, an' the Liddel, and Coquet sae clear,
North Tyne an' Whyte Kielder, there's troots never fear.
We'll gan to the streams where there's fun to be had,
Then come on wi' me to the fishin', my lad.

ON TROUTING WITH THE FLY.

The first subject which naturally suggests itself, is the rod and tackle most suitable for fly-fishing. The two great requisites in a rod are stiffness and lightness, qualities exceedingly difficult to combine. Great difference of opinion exists as to how a rod should be put together; but the tie system is by far the best. A tied rod is not so apt to break as one with brass joints, and also bends more equally throughout, and is therefore the most agreeable one to use. A rod of eleven feet, is about the best length for fly-fishing; and when put up, should yield slightly from a little above the hand to the top; and balance about a foot from above the hand.

With regard to the wheel line, good chestnut coloured hair is best. After the wheel line, there should be a casting line composed of six lengths of triple gut, twisted together. This can only be properly made by a machine for the purpose. Only the longest threads should be used, and as nearly as possible of one thickness. Before attaching them to the machine, they should be soaked in cold water for half an hour, or they will break in the process of twisting. The most secure method of

joining them, is with the single slip knot, and lapping the ends over with well waxed thread, a little spirit varnish makes all secure. The fly-cast should be joined to the casting line, by four lengths of picked gut, tapering in thickness to where the fly-tackle is attached.

In making up a fly cast, lay the ends of the threads of gut side by side, and simply knot the one round the other; in the right direction it will hold together, but may be separated by pulling the short ends. The above is the single slip knot. The double slip knot is so far the same, but in knotting the threads round each other, the ends are passed twice through instead of once; this, if properly done, makes by far the neatest joining, and can be drawn asunder, a dropper taken off and another substituted in its place. A single knot, not more than two inches from the hook, inserted between the closing ends, will hold the dropper quite secure. The distance between the flies should be twenty-two inches.

And here, I wish, to call the attention of the angler, to the most important subject connected with his tackle; and, that is the gut. For angling in clear water, inhabited by cunning cautious trout, *fine thin gut* is absolutely necessary for success.

All gut is, more or less, of a clear colour, which glitters in the sun; and in order to divest it of this, it requires to be stained. To attain this, boil a handful of logwood in a pint of water, and add copperas till it is of a bluish green tint, a piece of

copperas about the size of a pea will be sufficient. If too much is put in, it will make it quite blue. The gut should be put into the liquid when cold, and allowed to remain till of the required colour.

As regards flies for trouting purposes; this is a subject, involving such a variety of ideas in different anglers; that to describe the features, which characterize and distinguish each kind of fly, is utterly impossible. Simply for this reason, they baffle all power of description, and any attempt to do so, would only perplex the reader. Therefore, I shall at once go straight to the mark, and give what I have found to be a killing fly-stock.

1.—The Woodcock.
2.—The Teal.
3.—The Green Drake.
4.—The Dotterel.
5.—The Red-hackle, or Red Spider.
6.—The Black-hackle, or Black Spider.

Experience has taught me to consider the above diversities of flies as unsurpassed. It may be very true, however, as I have already said, that many anglers give preference to more perplexing varieties. And when in possession of such; it is here, where the fly-fisher often makes the mistake, when the trout are on the feed, by consuming the primest portions of the day, in testing the attractive power of this and that fly; now taking off one, because he thinks it a shade to dark; now another, because he thinks it too large; and attaching in turn, as many

different kinds of fly, as would stock a fishing-tackle shop. And to upset such erroneous notions, I may safely affirm, that one or other of the flies above specified, may be employed with a fair measure of success, on Coquet, Reed, Tyne, Wansbeck, or any of our Border streams.

In April, the angler must look for sport in the pools, as the trout are not yet strong enough to lie in the streams, therefore, it is no use fishing in them. There are some parts of a pool, in which trout are more likely to be found than others. There are always plenty of them lying in the shallow water at the pool foot; which if there is a ripple on it, will be found to be the best place of all. In cold weather, in the early part of the season, the sunny side of the water is where feeding trout are to be found.

Passing from April to May, trout improve greatly in condition, and move into the stronger water, about the heads of pools, and scattering themselves through the streams. At this season of the year, it is of little use attempting fly-fishing before nine in the morning; from nine till two is the best time, after that, they generally leave off taking; but commence again in the evening if the weather is mild. Towards the end of the month, a showery day is best, with a south or west wind.

The best condition of water for capturing trout, is when of an amber colour. If it is only coloured or slightly swollen, trout will be found in the same

places as when it is clear; but, when the water is large and dark coloured, it is of no use fishing the streams, as they are too rapid; and in the pools the trout are all congregated about the sides. In such circumstances, therefore, the angler should not waste time fishing the centre of the pool, but merely fish the sides; fishing the side he is on straight up, and as near to the side as possible, and the opposite side partly up and partly across.

The flies used in May, should be smaller than those used in April. If the waters are clear, No. 11 or 12 size of hook will answer very well; but if the water is coloured, a size larger may be used, as a good sized fly will catch the best trout in heavy water. Towards the end of May, the trout are in prime condition, strong and vigorous. They now forsake the deeper portions of the pools, moving up into the strong water at the head, and into broken water and streams; where they choose convenient feeding stations, such as eddies, behind stones, below banks, and tufts of grass; in short, every place where they can remain unseen and watch for their prey, as it comes down stream towards them; and the angler should neglect no place, where he thinks it likely for a feeding trout to be.

Streams should be fished in exactly the same manner as pools; fishing the side you are on straight up, and the opposite side partly up and partly across. All quiet water between two streams, and eddies behind stones, should also be carefully fished.

It is more difficult fishing streams than pools, as it requires more nicety in casting. Casting partly across and partly up stream, for a variety of reasons is more deadly than casting directly up. The advantages of having a number of flies, is entirely lost by casting straight up, as they all come down in one line, and it is only the trout in that line that see them; whereas, if thrown partly across, they all come down in different lines, and the trout in all these lines see them. A trout on seizing an artificial fly, is instantaneously aware that it is counterfeit, and never attempts to swallow it, frequently letting it go before the angler has time to strike; so it is of the utmost importance to strike immediately, and this is the reason, why a quick eye and a ready hand are considered the most necessary qualifications for a fly-fisher.

A trout takes a fly and makes the motion termed a rise, which consists of their turning to go down; the angler therefore does not see the break on the surface until the trout has either seized or missed the fly; so that he has already lost so much time, and should strike immediately.

Striking should be done by a slight but quick motion of the wrist, not by any motion of the arm, and to strike in the direction the rod is moving at the time. In fishing up, the rise of a trout is by no means so distinct, as in fishing down. They frequently seize the fly without breaking the surface, and the first intimation the angler gets of their

presence, is a pull at the line. The utmost attention is therefore necessary, to strike the *moment* the least motion is either seen or felt. This is in some measure owing to the flies being in general a little under water, but principally to the fact, that trout take a fly coming down stream in a quieter and more deadly manner, than a fly going up. Seeing it going up stream, they seem afraid it may escape, make a rush, and in their hurry to seize, very frequently miss it altogether. It is very different fishing up stream; the trout see the fly coming towards them, rise to meet it and seize it, without any dash, but in a firm deadly manner. Another advantage of this mode of fishing is that it does not disturb the water so much. Let us suppose the angler is fishing down a fine pool, he of course commences at the top, the place where the best trout and those inclined to feed invariably lie. After a few casts he hooks one, which immediately runs down—and by its leaping in the air and plunging in all directions alarms all its neighbours, and it is ten to one he gets another rise in that pool. Fishing up saves all this. The fisher begins at the foot, and when he hooks a trout pulls it down, and the remaining portions of the pool are undisturbed.

From about the latter end of May to the beginning of August is the worst part of the whole season for fly-fishing in large rivers; in the hill streams however it is different, as there the trout never seem to tire of anything in the shape of surface food.

As I have been informed by Mr. William Douglass, gamekeeper to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, that he has frequently seen the trout eagerly rising at and seizing the feathers, that fell from the hawks which he shot about the Linns of Skaap Burn and White Kielder Water.

As I have already stated, the months of June and July afford but indifferent sport to the fly-fisher frequenting our larger streams. During these months, however, he will find a killing lure in the worm.

ON FISHING WITH THE WORM FOR TROUT.

Of the various lures for trout, the worm unquestionably ranks among the foremost. The season for worm-fishing seldom commences until the latter end of May, or beginning of June, when the main streams and their tributaries are, in ordinary seasons, considerably reduced. June and July added to the latter end of May, constitute our best worm-fishing months.

I am not alluding to the simple and coarse practice of the art, as pursued in flooded and discoloured streams, among hungry unwary fish. I treat of it solely as respects clear waters, inhabited by cunning cautious trout, and in consequence, as a method of angling, requires of the craftsman, great skill, consummate address, and no stinted amount of practice, prudence, and patience.

The angler who can capture trout when the waters are low and clear, the skies bright, and atmosphere warm, will have no difficulty in filling his creel in a flooded stream. I heartily concur with Stoddart and Stewart, those accomplished

anglers and brilliant writers on the subject, when they assert that, fishing in clear water is the only branch of the art that ought to be dignified by the name of sport.

Angling and butchering fish I consider two totally different occupations. For my own part, I would rather capture eight or nine pounds of well fed, plump trout, than twenty pounds of lank, lean, big-headed fish, such as are to be met with in the Tarset.

And as a contrast to the above-named rivulet, I may mention the far famed Coquet, which is unquestionably one of the finest trouting streams on the Borders; and of all the streams that I am acquainted with, is, moreover, the most amply stocked with trout. The Coquet trout externally is a beautiful fish: the back is finely curved, the head small and of a fine golden-olive tint, the stars on each side being of a purple hue. And I may observe that there is a marked resemblance existing between the trout of the Coquet, Liddel, and Whiteadder.

As regards the sister streams—Reed and North Tyne, the trout frequently to be met with in them unite the characteristics belonging to the fish of each river, and are deeply shaped small headed trout. The outward complexion of the sides is yellow, beautifully bespangled with stars or beads of a deep crimson colour. And with regard to the neighbouring stream, the Wansbeck, the same observation holds good.

Regarding clear water fishing, the first subject is the rod and tackle most suitable for the purpose; this merits very strict attention. The rod should not be shorter than twelve feet; this, with a line from one to one and a half times the length of the rod, is sufficient to keep the angler out of sight in the clearest water.

And with respect to the reel line, the one you use for fly-fishing will suit the purpose. That for casting should be fine, long, and well tapered; the lower portions composed of four lengths of the *very finest gut* that can be had, tinged with the ordinary decoction of logwood and copperas.

As to the size of hook best adapted for this mode of fishing, I recommend James Dyson's round bend, No. 6 fine wire, which can be purchased of Mr. Thompson, fishing-tackle manufacturer, Hexham. In attaching worm hooks to the gut, use fine silk thread of a crimson colour. See that it be well waxed, and adopt a small projection of gut or bristle to keep the worm in position, so as to prevent it from slipping down and exposing the shank of the hook; then carefully lap downwards, and finish with two hitch knots;—a touch of spirit varnish makes all secure.

Many different kinds of worms are used by the angler; but above all others I prefer the moss-worm, which, unfortunately, is very scarce, and to be found only in certain localities. Although around Aid Crag, the vicinity of Woodburn, and

other places where the ground is of a mossy nature, they may be had in abundance ; they may also be obtained among old clots or sods by the sides of open drains. When taken from the earth they are of a creamy hue, and on being kept a few days, and put through the process of toughening, subsequently recommended, they assume a lively pink colour. Next to the moss-worm ranks the brandling, which species of worm is too well known to require any description, as it is to be found around nearly every farm-steading, and is a good substitute for the moss-worm when the latter cannot be procured.

A small bright lively worm is always more enticing to a well fed trout, than a big soft reptile ; and when the waters are clear, worms can hardly be had too small, if they will cover the hook. A worm from two to three inches long, and about the thickness of a hen quill, is the largest size that should be used.

Worms on being unearthed (and not intended for immediate use,) should be placed for three or four minutes in a vessel containing water; the further effect of this immersion is to cleanse them partially of what imparts to the skin a dingy hue. Thus washed, they should be allowed to crawl about on a clean dry board, with a view of freeing them from all superfluous moisture. When this is sufficiently done, transfer them into a large jar, filled, or nearly so, with hartshorn moss.

The hartshorn is a species of moss found chiefly on moorland and in boggy places surrounded by heath. Externally, on the exposed parts, it possesses a reddish tinge; the lower foliage is of a pale yellow. When dry it keeps for years, and the worm-fisher ought to possess a stock of it, as in cultivated districts it is difficult to procure. Before using the moss, let it be well washed, the hard and whitish stalks twitched off, and the red portions retained. The drier the moss among which the worms are placed, the quicker they become fit for use; at the same time be it remembered, their natural juices are sooner exhausted, and if kept beyond a certain period without moisture, pine away and die.

The dryness of the moss ought therefore to be regulated by circumstances—by the state of the weather, the temperature of the apartment where the jar is placed, and the time its contents are required to be used.

The essential matter is, to have your worms red and lively. This can be accomplished by feeding them on a species of highly coloured earth, reduced to a fine powder resembling brick dust. This may be purchased at any druggist's, under the name of Bole Armenian. Being deprived of their natural sustenance in the shape of earth, the worms consume a portion of it as their food, imbibing at the same time its alluring colour. It is administered to them by being first moistened with water, then mixed among the moss. While undergoing the

above mentioned process, they should be placed in a cool shady place.

Regarding the time of day when trout take most greedily, that depends not a little on the state of the atmosphere. In warm weather they are in feeding humour shortly after sunrise, and continue to be so until one or two p.m.; generally, however, they do not take freely before eight or nine a.m. The whole of a pool may be fished when there is a breeze upon it. When there is no wind, the only part of a pool worth fishing is the strong rush at the head. But the streams are what the angler should rely upon; and the best trout are to be got in shallow water, close on the edge of the strong run.

In trouting with the worm in clear waters, all able anglers cast up stream. Angling up stream with the worm possesses all the advantages which have been mentioned in fly-fishing; and to fish up a clear water, a proper casting of the line is of primary importance. The two things to be attended to are—first, to throw highly, so as not to break the worm; and secondly, to throw with certainty to any required spot. In casting a worm, you should allow it to go out behind, then urge it forward slowly: all sudden jerks must be avoided, as they are apt to tear the worm. The point of the rod should go nearer the water than in casting a fly; and extend the rod to the full length, in order to get the bait as far out as possible. In

doing this, you must not lower the point of the rod till you have given the worm all the forward impetus intended; then lower it slowly almost to a level with the water, and the worm will go to the full stretch of both rod and line. Whenever the worm alights, raise your rod gradually, but take care not to raise it so quickly as in any way to interfere with the motion of the worm. It is of great importance that there should be very little line in the water, not so much because it is calculated to alarm the trout, as that the action of the stream upon the line will in some cases bring the worm much faster down than it would otherwise come; in others it will bring it nearer the surface, and in either case giving an unnatural motion to the lure. As already remarked, all able worm fishers invariably cast up stream; in so doing they take up their stand below where the trout are presumed to lie, never allowing the bait as it is carried down to pass below them. This practice embodies two advantages, both of which demand attention. In the first place he is kept better concealed from the wary eye of the trout, which, as is well known, when resting fronts the current, and although possessed of visual organs sufficiently prominent to detect objects above or on either side, can descry but very partially what takes place in its rear; and secondly, from his position he can strike with greater certainty and effect. In this particular he acquires a very decided advantage over the old-

fangled mode of worm-fishing, that, namely, of casting down stream, adopting which system the angler when striking is more apt to pull the hook fairly out of the mouth of the fish without even pricking it, than when he throws against the current and strikes downwards to bring the bend and barb in contact with the mouth of the trout. A third advantage obtained by the mode of casting recommended is that the water is less disturbed, the unavoidable plunging of the wader affecting only those portions of the water that lie below him. The other advice conveyed by the practice, never allow the bait which is carried down by the current to pass below you, lift it always before coming in line with the opposite bank of the river. In permitting it to descend further you not only angle without much hope of success, but you frighten more good trout than you are aware of. A fish, for instance, has just caught a glimpse of your bait as it travels towards you ; he follows it, but by the time he can give you any intimation of his approach it is carried down either to your feet or to a short distance on either side of where you stand. Still he pursues it, but being made aware of your presence, he becomes alarmed, darts off, and scares all the fish in that place ; whereas, had you lifted your worm in sufficient time you would have left him above you on the look out, and readier than ever to seize the bait when again thrown beyond him. The first notice you get of a trout having taken your lure is a stop-

page of the line. This is the moment for striking, as in clear-water fishing the greatest error that the angler can fall into is to feel for the trout. Never do this, but on the least tug at your lure or straightening of your line—*strike.* In performing the movement do so steadily, and with firmness, not by means of a jerk, which is apt either to snap the gut or tear away the hold obtained by the hook; and remember always to strike downwards, or as near as possible with the flow of the stream. In playing a trout, let out as little line as possible, and never allow it to get slack. In taking the fish out of the water, take him out with your hands; never attempt to lift him with the line, or you are almost sure to lose both your trout and your temper.

THE CURING OF SALMON ROE, AND HOW TO FISH WITH IT.

(Chiefly extracted from Stoddart's Angler's Companion.)

There are two or three ways of curing salmon roe. It is either cured entire—that is, as it is taken from the fish in the form of what is provincially termed the "waim"; or it is reduced into a paste; or else it is converted to single particles termed beads.

The first object of the curer is to obtain what is reckoned an available supply of roe. Much of the ingredient met with under that name is next to useless, the seed or ova being too small in the particle, or else through an injury done to the fish from which they are taken, largely transfused with blood. In either case, and under other circumstances easily recognisable, it ought to be rejected. The roe best adapted for curing is to be found in the "baggit" fish, or ripe spawner; that is, a salmon on the eve of depositing its ova. The beads or pellets should, unless intended to be cured in the way first mentioned,—have attained their full size, equalling that of a small pea or swan shot. They

ought, moreover, to be distinct and easily separated, as well as of a high pink or brick colour.

In every preparation of this bait, the first step of the process is to cleanse the leaf, by removing from it the clotted blood and other impurities which it may happen to have contracted. In some cases, when the roe is designed to be cured in the leaf, this may be done simply with a cloth or towel; the natural juices are thus kept intact in their primitive condition. But it seldom happens that the leaf is so pure and undamaged as to allow of such a superficial mode of cleansing. Accordingly, in most cases it is found essential to wash and pick it. To do this properly use water slightly warmed and mixed with a small quantity of milk. Perform the operation in a large hand-basin, and transfer when cleansed each leaf, layer, or fragment, to a sieve or cullender, by means of which the superfluous fluid will most readily be drained off. Thus cleansed and strained, the roe is made fit for one or other of the processes of curing already alluded to.

The speediest and most efficacious method of curing the roe for immediate use is this: Take the layers of roe as they are taken from the fish, cleanse them from all adhering particles of blood, then take a piece of flannel, and after spreading it out on a table, place upon it one of the layers, sprinkle it thoroughly with salt, roll once or twice round with the flannel, then proceed in a like manner with the next, and so on, until the flannel is full;

expose the whole then to a gentle heat. In the course of two or three hours it will have become firm and of a most glutinous nature, in which state it is ready for use.

In curing roe in the leaf saltpetre is sometimes employed with a view of heightening its colour. I would recommend, however, that this ingredient be used very sparingly, as its flavour is by no means palatable to the fish, nor indeed are its effects in improving the natural colour of the bait otherwise than doubtful.

There are two modes of preparing paste from the salmon roe. The one generally adopted is the least tedious, and although the ingredient produced from it is not so equal or thoroughly broken up or mixed as that of the other, it possesses all, and to spare, of its attractive virtues, being a compound of the bead and paste, and on this account insinuating itself into the good graces of the bull-trout, which species of fish give a preference to unbroken over finely reduced roe. The following is the method to be observed in preparing it: After cleansing, proceed to break down the leaf, separating at the same time the beads and pellets from the films, to which they are attached, then throw over them a quantity of fine salt in the proportion of three or four ounces or upwards to every pound of roe, and stirring the mixture with the hand, incorporate all thoroughly, also squeeze together, and occasion to burst several handfuls of the beads, in order that

thus expressed their adhesive contents may operate in binding and giving consistency to those left intact. This process concluded, transfer the whole mass to a tin cullender, there to remain under cover for some hours, during which time a considerable quantity of oily matter becomes separated and drained off, the pieces of the pellets being acted upon by the salt to this effect. When the draining has ceased, the paste is ready for use. If intended to be kept for some time, remove it into small pots, pressing it well down with the hand in filling, and running over it a little melted lard.

The other preparation of roe-paste alluded to undergoes up to a certain stage the same process as the one above described. After the beads, however, have been separated, place them in a jug or deep jar, and by means of a small wooden shaft or pestle, bruise, mix, and stir them up vigorously, until every individual pellet has become broken and dissolved, and the whole forms a thick, creamy-looking substance. During this operation, which is somewhat of a tedious one, and will occupy the person engaged in it at least an hour, a handful of salt ought from time to time to be added. When all has been thoroughly incorporated and mixed up together, pour boiling water upon the mass and it will instantly harden and become formed into a solid lump of paste, capable of being removed by the hand. The water, be it again remarked, must be quite hot, and poured into the jug or basin con-

taining the roe, not applied to it externally. This is the true secret of preparing salmon-roe paste.

Of the curing of this ingredient in the bead state, little is required to be said. It consists simply in the drying and packing up of the roe in the separated pellets, and requires no process beyond that of submitting them to the action of air and heat until sufficiently toughened, and then committing them to earthenware pots or small jars.

In curing salmon roe for bait, the preservation of its natural colour should always be kept in view. The sweetness of taste also is a matter upon which some anglers lay great stress. If by that is meant freedom in the flavour of the roe from salt, I take the liberty of differing with them; for there is no doubt that, independent of the properties of the roe itself, that substance possesses qualities of its own highly attractive in their nature. These in regard to wild animals of various kinds are well known; they are exemplified in the instance of what is termed by the American hunter*— a salt lick," or moist spot of ground highly impregnated with the mineral in question. To this deer and game of all descriptions repair from great distances, lured by the attractive nature of the salt. I am of opinion, therefore, that the flavour of this substance is very agreeable to trout, in common with other animals, and that a measure of the success met with by the angler in fishing with salmon roe is owing to its liberal use.

* See Stoddart's "Angler's Companion."

I shall now very briefly direct the attention of the reader to the tackle best adapted for roe-fishing, interspersing a few instructions as to the proper mode of angling with this attractive and deadly bait. The hooks to be used are No. 7, two of which tie back to back, and press forward by means of the finger and thumb, so as to be at right angles with each other. These serve sufficiently to retain or secure the bait, without resorting to wool or cotton fibres. Leaf roe I seldom fish with, preferring the mixed paste already described. I also employ strong round gut, and weight or lead my line largely, in order to keep the bait from progressing too rapidly.

In fishing with the salmon roe, I recommend the following instructions: Let the angler be provided with a stiffish single-handed rod, and the tackle already described; sally forth either alone or consorted, at most with one companion; he may then betake himself to a favourable stretch of water, the depth being from two to five feet, the bottom gravelly and free from impediments, and the current gradual. Near the head of this he ought to select his stand, on a dry and unexposed portion of the bank. There is no necessity on commencing operations that he should bait the spot; this in the course of a few throws will be done sufficiently. In throwing, the angler should generally employ a short line, not much exceeding his rod in length, and occasionally a good deal shorter. He can always in that highly

discoloured state of the water in which salmon roe is most effective as a bait, entice his spoil to within a yard's distance from the margin. Accordingly, he loses no advantage by employing the description of line recommended; and in the matter of striking, acquires a very important one. Sometimes, however, in certain localities, and when bull-trout are on the feed, it may be expedient to increase the length of his cast or throw; also in brown or fine waters it is essential to do so.

In baiting with the mixed or other paste, let the angler extract a small portion, equal in size to a horse bean, from the pot or jar. This may be done readily, by means of an old pocket-knife, or other sharp-pointed instrument. He then requires to insert the bait in question betwixt the projecting barbs of his hooks, in the angle formed by their junction. A slight pressure of the fore-finger will assist greatly in attaching it; but it is not necessary to conceal every portion of the wire, as in worm-fishing. When casting, the angler ought to be extremely cautious, lest by excess of force he should occasion his bait to drop off. He will find it preferable to pitch it out gently from him, instead of throwing the line over his shoulder; this in general he requires to do partially up and against the stream, not forward at right angles with the bank, as is practised under the ordinary style of roe-fishing. He must then allow the bait to sink rapidly, and to travel at a measured rate along the

bottom or channel. When checked he ought to consider it seized by a fish, and on such occasions to act as if it were so, striking down in the direction of the current.

In the mode of fishing recommended, the angler, as already hinted, should restrict his operations to to a single spot in the range or beat occupied by him; doing so, he will most effectually concentrate the feeding trout. He should on all occasions keep his line *taut*, sounding as it were the bottom with the leads attached to it, and holding on the alert, in case of any sudden strain or stoppage arising from the interference of a fish with his bait. On favourable days this will happen in the course of every cast or throw taken by him, and he has only to strike at the proper moment to secure the trout. March, April, October, and November being unquestionably the most suitable months, a flooded river during one or other of them is the sure index of sport. The proper moment for commencing operations is when the water on its decrease has begun to assume a yellow or light brown appearance, the particles of sand and soil being still to some extent in an unsettled state. From this period until the water merges into the deepest brown or black colour, the salmon roe may be successfully fished with, as it is the most attractive and deadly bait that can be employed in capturing trout.

HOW TO COOK A TROUT AT THE RIVER SIDE.

Kindle a fire of dry wood; take your fish when just out of the water, or from your creel, roll him up in some damp clay, then lay the fish among the embers of your fire; when the clay presents a white colour, which generally occurs when it has got thoroughly hard and cracked, the trout is properly done, and a slight blow will easily remove the clay, and display to the hungry angler a delicious meal. Wandering tribes of gipsies frequently may be seen cooking various dishes in the above manner. The fish, I may observe, must not be cut open and cleaned. During the firing process the intestines and other impurities will draw together, and not in the slightest degree injure the trout. In the absence of clay, paper may be used. Two or three folds of old newspaper rolled round the fish, the ends being twisted together, the whole then completely soaked in water and placed on the fire until well charred, will answer the same purpose. Salt will improve the flavour of your trout.

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