XI.—THE OLD COQUETDALE VOLUNTEERS.

By D. D. Dixon.

[Read on the 26th February, 1890.]

Your kind and patient attention to my former papers has encouraged me again to lay before you a homely description of old village life in Upper Coquetdale.   To some of our members, perhaps, my notes may not be .of a sufficiently antiquarian nature; still, 1 think that. any account of the manners and customs of our ancestors ought to be of interest to·such a society as ours.   Along with the dryer details bearing upon the subject, I shall give the more amusing side of the question by introducing what might be termed the folk-lore of the Old Volunteers, consisting of tales—which were at one time current in the district—relating to the deeds of various local characters connected with the volunteer movement in Upper Coquetdale ·during the great French war at the beginning of the present century.   When, in 1793, the Revolutionary party in France declared war against England, notwithstanding the extreme party division in Parliament and the depressed state of the country, large sums of money were raised and great preparations made to meet the enemy.   But it was in 1804, when Napoleon Bonaparte's ambitious scheme of the invasion of England became known, that that intense thrill of patriotism went through the length and breadth of England such as there had not been since the days of the. Spanish Armada, bringing forth that characteristic trait in an Englishman which, it is said, we inherit from our Saxon forefathers—that strong, strong love of our fatherland, our hearths, and .our homes.   It was this feeling which gave so great an impetus to the volunteer movement of the early part of the present century, and in no county was this feeling more enthusiastic than in our own county of Northumberland; and here I wish to say, that although I shall relate some ludicrous tales at the expence of our volunteer grandfathers, I do not wish for a single moment to hold them up to ridicule, or to under-rate the value and moral effect of the volunteer movement either of the past or the present.

In our rural inland district—the valleys of the Aln and Upper

Coquetdale—there were (besides the Northumberland Militia) three volunteer companies, viz., the Coquetdale Rangers, the Cheviot Legion, and the Percy Tenantry Volunteers.

THE COQUETDALE RANGERS

were a troop of volunteer cavalry, composed mostly of yeomen and well-to-do farmers living in the parishes of Whittingham, Alnham, Alwinton, and Rothbury. In 1805 it consisted of 55 effectives, commanded and officered by Captain Thomas Selby of Biddleston, Lieut. John Mills of Glanton Pyke, and William Wilson of Hepple (cornet). In 1819 it was commanded by Captain Adam Atkinson of Lorbottle, and in 1821 the troop mustered 183 effectives under the command of Captain John Collingwood Tarleton of Collingwood House, Captain Henry Collingwood of Unthank, Captain William Lynn Smart of Trewhitt House, Walter Forster Ker of East Bolton (lieutenant), George Hughes Pringle (lieutenant), John Orde (cornet), William Tewart (cornet), and William F. Bowe (surgeon).[1] William Davy of Rothbury acted as bugler to the troop for nineteen years. The usual place of drill at Rothbury was Howey's Haugh, on that part where the races are now held. The Rangers' uniform consisted of a red coat, white trousers, and a large scarlet cloak for use in stormy weather; and, if I remember aright, the headpiece was a brass helmet with a black horse-tail plume. Their arms were carbine and sword. Some twenty years ago I saw an old Rothbury man (Tom Burn) march down the village of Rothbury wearing his scarlet cloak, his last relic of the Rangers. The sword carried by William Wilson of Hepple, while he was for some time a cornet in the troop, and also the sword he carried afterwards as a lieutenant, are now in the possession of Mr. George Wilson of Alnwick. On his leaving the troop in 1814, he was presented with a silver cup, also in Mr. Wilson's hands, bearing the following inscription:—

'Presented to Lieut. William Wilson by the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the Coquetdale Rangers, as a small token of their esteem, and grateful acknowledgment of his long service in the corps. 1814.'

The only other memento I have of the Rangers is a small one—a

[1] For names of officers and other interesting matter I am much indebted to Major Adamson's valuable book entitled *Notices of the Services of the 27th Northumberland Light Infantry Militia,* compiled and edited by William Adamson, Sen. Capt. and Honorary Major. 1877.

button.   This button was given to me the other day by Mr. George
Rennison, a mason at Thropton, a man of keen antiquarian tastes.   It
was taken from the coat of Major Atkinson of Lorbottle, and bears
the legend, ' Coquetdale Yeomanry Cav.'   The following notice of this
troop is found in the *Newcastle Courant* of April 26, 1806:—

' The Coquetdale Rangers, commanded by Capt. Selby, were inspected at
Glanton on the 22nd inst. by Lieut.-Colonel Rawdon, who expressed his entire
approbation of their discipline and soldier-like appearance.   The troop have
just received new clothing, &c., and have unanimously determined to continue
their services so long as Government may deem them useful to their country.'

I am told by one of our old residents that the troop was disbanded in
1822, when the members mustered at Lorbottle House and gave in
their arms to Major Atkinson.

It is curious to notice that, whilst the regulars are admired and in
some cases idolised by the populace, our volunteers and the militia
have at all times been bantered and teased with no end of satirical
squibs and rhymes.   In my native village (Whittingham) we had two
or three old Coquetdale Rangers.   One, whose name was George Vint,
a most respectable old man—distantly related to the Minto family—
often got us village lads to stand in a row, and, according to his
fashion, put us through our drill.   His great annual performance,
however, took place at the Eslington rent dinner, when, for the amuse-
ment of the company, he would get astride a chair, and with a stick
go through all the cavalry cuts and guards, occasionally giving the
luckless wight nearest to him a good sound whack over the head.   The
only time Trooper Vint drew blood was when he accidentally shot
himself in the leg with his own carbine.   The decent old man was
often annoyed by the village lads shouting after him the following
doggrel lines:—

> Reed back'd bummeller,
> Cock tail'd tummeller,
> Fire-side soldier,
> Darna gan to war.

THE PERCY TENANTRY VOLUNTEERS,

raised in 1798 at the sole expence of His Grace the Duke of Northum-
berland, was composed of horse and foot, and numbered 1,500 strong.
Rothbury was the headquarters of No. 8 Company, consisting of 70
rank and file, commanded and officered by Captain Thomas Storer of

the Manor House, Lieut. Thomas Redhead of the Rye Hill, and Lieut. John Donkin of Great Tosson. Captain Storer lived in a large white house at the head of the Malting Yard, on the south side of the village of Rothbury, midway between the church and the County Hotel. The captain occasionally put his company through its drill in front of his own house, and it is said that some of the men could never learn to know the difference between their left leg and their right. This, in company drill, was rather inconvenient; therefore the gallant captain ordered this awkward squad to appear at drill with a straw rope tied round their left leg, until they could distinguish which was which. Nevertheless a full muster of the Percy Tenantry Volunteers, in their invisible green uniform, armed with rifle and bayonet, presented an imposing sight. .

A Newcastle paper of 1805, commenting upon the Percy Tenantry Volunteers, said :—

'It is only doing justice to the Duke of Northumberland to instance his great patriotism at the present eventful crisis. His grace has raised amongst his tenantry a corps of 1,511 men, consisting of a body of Horse Artillery, commanded by a captain, six troops of cavalry, and seventeen companies of infantry, the whole clothed, appointed, paid, and maintained by himself. The Government have only found arms and accoutrements.'

The following is a copy of the muster roll of the Rothbury Company, from 1803 to 1806, kindly furnished by Lord Percy from the papers of the Regiment, kept at Alnwick Castle :—

Thomas Storer, Capt.	...	1803-6	James Anderson ...	...	1804
Thos. Readhead, 1st Lt.	...	1803-4	Thomas Arkle	...	1806
John Donkin, 2nd Lt.	...	1803	Wm. Bolam, Sergt.	...	1803-6 ·
William Bell, 2nd Lt.	...	1804-6	Thomas Buttiment	...	1803-6
William Crow, 1st Lt.	...	1805-6	Bartholomew Buttiment	...	1803-5
Robert Anderson ...	...	1803-6	Robert Black	...	1803-6
Ralph Armstrong...	...	1803-6	George Buddle	...	1804-6
Ord Armstrong	...	1803-6	William Buddle ...	...	1804-6
John Aynsley	...	1802-6	John Bulman	...	1805-6
James Arthur	...	1803-5	Thomas Burn	...	1805-6
William Arkle	...	1803-6	William Black	...	1805-6
Thomas Arkle	...	1803-4	William Beldon ...	...	1806
David Amory	...	1803-6	Robert Clennel ...	...	1803-6
Francis Amory	...	1803-6	George Carr	...	1803
Thomas Amory	...	1803-6	Robert Cowans ...	...	1803-6
James Amory	...	1803-6	James Cairns · ...	...	1803-6
Wm. Aynsley, Sergt.	...	1803-6	Robert Dunn	...	1803-5

William Dixon, sen.	...	1803-6
Robert Dunn	... ...	1803
Edward Dores	... ...	1803-6
Matthew Dixon ...	...	1803
William Dixon, jun.	...	1803-4-6
Robert Davy	... ...	1803
George Douglas ...	...	1803-6
Thomas Daglish ...	...	1804
John Douglas	... ...	1804-6
Thomas Dores	... ...	1805-6
James Douglas	... ...	1805-6
Robert Elliott	... ...	1803
Ninian Elliott, Corp.	...	1803-6
Daniel Elliott	... ...	1803-4
Thomas Elsdon ...	...	1803-6
William Elliott ...	...	1805-6
George Ferguson ...	...	1803-6
William Frater ...	...	1803-6
Robert Frater	... ...	1803-6
Mark Forster	... ...	1805-6
Matthew Ferguson	...	1806
John Graham	... ...	1803-6
Robert Hindhaugh	...	1803
William Handiside	...	1803
John Hownam	... ...	1803-5
William Hudson ...	...	1803
William Hall	... ...	1804-6
James Hall	... ...	1804-6
Edward Handyside	...	1804-6
Robert Heslop	... ...	1805-6
Alexander Heslop	...	1803-6
Robert Hope	... ...	1806
John Johnson	... ...	1803-6
William Jeffery ...	...	1803
Thomas Jobson ...	...	1803
Robert Leighton ...	...	1803-6
Daniel Leighton ...	...	1806
Thos. Mather, Corpl.	...	1803-6
John Mather	... ...	1803-6
William Milburn ...	...	1803-6
William Mather ...	...	1803-6
Thomas Nixon	... ...	1803
Thomas Pape, Sergt.	...	1803-6
Edward Pyle	... ...	1803-6

Benjamin Perry	... ...	1803
Robert Reed	... ...	1803-5
John Reed ...	... ...	1803-4
John Richardson ...	...	1803-5
Robert Robson	... ...	1803-6
Edward Robson	... ...	1803
John Readhead	... ...	1803-6
Edward Riddle	... ...	1803-6
Thomas Robison ...	...	1803-6
Adam Richardson ...	...	1803-6
George Ramsay	... ...	1803-6
Thomas Ramsay ...	...	1803-5
William Ramsay ...	...	1803
Ralph Robison	... ...	1803
John Riddle	... ...	1803-6
Ralph Robison	... ...	1804
John Robson	... ...	1804-6
John Ramsay	... ...	1805-6
John Robison	... ...	1804-6
Robert Readhead ...	...	1804-6
Walter Riddle	... ...	1806
Andrew Robson	... ...	1806
Robert Stewart	... ...	1803
Robert Smith	... ...	1803
William Soulsby, Corp.	...	1803-6
John Soulsby	... ...	1803-6
Gideon Spearman ...	...	1803
John Storey	... ...	1803-6
George Scott	... ...	1803-6
Robert Storer	... ...	1803-6
Thos. J. Sproat, bugle	...	1803-6
John Selby ...	... ...	1804-6
Charles Scott	... ...	1805-6
George Selby	... ...	1806
John Telford	... ...	1803
Matthew Thompson	...	1803
William Thompson	...	1803
Robert Taylor	... ...	1803-6
Edward Todd	... ...	1803-6
Robert Weir	... ...	1803-5
John Wintrip	... ...	1803
Andrew Wallace ...	...	1804-6
William Wilson ...	...	1804-6

It contains, it will be observed, several old, well-known Rothbury names, whose descendants, bearing the same names, yet fill the places of their fore-elders in the village life of Rothbury. Such names as Donkin, Aynsley, Soulsby, Arkle, Dores, Elsdon, Leighton, Thompson, Carr, Frater, Davy, and Cowans. The Percy Volunteers were spread over the whole county of Northumberland.

It may be of interest to know the names of the various companies and their officers :—

INFANTRY.

Alnwick Company	Capt. Thos. Bell.
Chatton	Capt. Adam Atkinson.
Guizance and Thirston	Lieut. Thomas Tate.
Lesbury	Capt. W. John Hay.
Longhoughton	Thomas Buston.
Newham	Capt. Arthur Marshall.
Rothbury	Capt. Thomas Storer.
Shilbottle	Capt. Latham Blacker.
Warkworth	Lieut. Thomas Chrisp.
Barrasford, No. 1...	Capt. Cuthbert Nicholson.
Barrasford, No. 2...	Capt. Thomas Thompson.
Lemington	Capt. Joseph Lamb.
Newburn, No. 1	Capt. Henry Cramlington.
Newburn, No. 2	Lieut. Chris. Blackett.
Prudhoe, No. 1	Capt. John Dobson.

THE CHEVIOT LEGION,

consisting of both cavalry and infantry, belonged more to the neighbourhood of Glanton and the valley of the Breamish and the Till. In 1803 it numbered 124 effectives, and was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Horace St. Paul of Ewart, near Wooler. Thos. Selby, jun., of Biddlestone, was one of the captains. After the loyal muster this troop made at Glanton on the night of the false alarm, it received the name of the Royal Cheviot Legion. The *Newcastle Courant* of Sept. 6th, 1806, contains a notice as follows :—

'The Royal Cheviot Legion, commanded by Col. St. Paul, has unanimously continued its services under the reduced allowances. The corps had its last field day this week until the completion of the harvest.'

Wooler was the head-quarters of the Cheviot Legion. The only item I shall tell you of one of its characters is this, that the drummer's name was Peter Borthwick, and whenever the Wooler people heard

the sound of Peter's drum, they would say, 'Here comes Peter Borth-wick wi' his muckle drum.' An old woman, who lived in the same neighbourhood, generally finished up her story of the French war by saying : 'Wor Wull was at the "Water o' Battleoo."'

THE FALSE ALARM.

Although doubts have frequently been expressed whether Napoleon really intended to invade England in 1804, it is now a well-known fact that our forefathers had every reason to fear such a calamity. At that period the name of Bonaparte was the dread of the whole of Europe, and it has since become known in history that a hundred thousand men were in camp at Boulogne, provided with a fleet of flat-bottomed boats to convey them across the Channel, whilst Napoleon himself felt so certain of victory as to have had a commemorative medal prepared with a boastful inscription, declaring it to have been struck in conquered England. On the obverse of the medal is a finely-cut bust of Napoleon (the head bound with a laurel wreath) en-circled by the legend 'Napoleon Emp. et Roi.' On the reverse is a spirited design of Hercules conquering Antæus, the features of the Hercules being modelled after the Napoleonic type. The inscription on the reverse is 'Descente en Angleterre,' cut in large capitals, while smaller characters beneath are the words 'Frappe a Londres en 1804.' It was only by the death of one of Napoleon's generals that the cam-paign was delayed. Meanwhile 300,000 volunteers had risen in England ; and, from John o' Groat's House to Land's End, every county had its contingent of armed men, its rank and file of citizen soldiers, ready to meet the coming attack.

Although the recital of the false alarm may be to us at the present day the source of much amusement, to our grandfathers and our grandmothers it was a dread reality, and the cause of the greatest fear and consternation throughout the counties of Berwick and Northum-berland. Many of my notes on the false alarm were told me, years ago, by an aged relative of my own who had good cause to recollect the incident, having experienced in no small degree the terror and alarm of that eventful night. She was then a girl of some fifteen years of age, living at Easington, near Belford, not far from the coast, and in full view of the flaming beacon on Ros Castle. She

often told the story how the whole household at Easington sat in readiness during the long hours of that fearful night, with horses harnessed and carts ready to convey them all to the Cheviot Hills for safety, whilst the silver and other valuables were buried in the garden.

As the circumstances connected with my relation's residence at Easington are rather interesting, I might be pardoned if I shortly digress to relate them. In the last decade of the 18th century, her father, my great grandfather, David Dippie, joined the Aberdeen Fencibles, in which regiment he became ensign, and, during the Irish rebellion of 1798, he was with the Fencibles at the battle of Vinegar Hill. I have the pistol which was his companion. He afterwards joined the 98th Regiment as quarter-master and went out with it to America, leaving his daughter in charge of her aunt, the wife of a Captain Scott, in the merchant service. This Captain Scott was in command of one of the transport ships in which the remnant of Sir John Moore's army embarked after its unfortunate retreat at Corunna in 1809. As far as can be ascertained, the facts of the false alarm were as follows:—On the night of Tuesday, the 31st of January, 1804, the inhabitants of Berwickshire and Northumberland were thrown into a state of great consternation by the lighting of the beacons, and the cry of alarm that the French had landed, an event which at that time was the great dread of the English nation. On the night in question one of the watchmen had either mistaken a distant light for that of another beacon, or, as many people thought at the time, the first beacon was fired by order of the Government to test the loyalty of the volunteers. Be that as it may, the three counties—Durham, Northumberland, and Berwick—were thoroughly alarmed, and the whole of the volunteers arose in arms. It was late in the evening of that memorable Tuesday, when the inhabitants of the valleys of the Breamish and the Aln were startled by the lurid glare of the beacon fire on Ros Castle, a lofty hill in Chillingham Park, which was speedily responded to by the beacons in Alndale and Coquetdale. I hope shortly to obtain a complete list of the beacons in Northumberland at that period, but as yet I have only been able to identify two hills—viz., Ros Castle and Ryle Hill, near Whittingham. As soon as the alarm spread, the various volunteers began to muster each at their

own local rendezvous, armed and ready to march to Glanton, the centre of mobilisation for the district. At Rothbury the Coquetdale Rangers assembled to the bugle call of William Davy; whilst to the notes of Bugler Thomas Sproat, the rank and file of the Percy tenantry formed in front of Captain Storer's house, and proceeded in all haste towards Glanton.

Traditions of the sad and sorrowful partings of husband and wife, of father and children, linger amongst several of our older Coquetdale families even to this day. One old farmer died at the Newtown, near Rothbury, a few years ago, who, as a little boy, could remember his father standing at the door of the old farmhouse at Whitton, armed and mounted, ready to go and fight the French, and his weeping mother lifting him up to give his father the last kiss ere he rode off to join the troop at Rothbury. But Tommy Redhead, the Netherton miller, who was drying oats on the high kiln took a more practical view of the case. When he heard the sound of the bugle, he shouted to his wife—'Come here, Mary, and kill thur yetts, and grind thum, and if the French dis land at the mill we'll let thum see she's not toom.'

A story is also told of a gallant trooper in the ranks of the Rothbury Company of the Coquetdale Rangers, who, although living at a farm-place a few miles distant from Rothbury, never on any occasion omitted attending the weekly drill on Rothbury Haugh, whether it was real military ardour or whether it was the love of good company at the 'Three Half Moons' after drill that was the primary cause of such regular attendance on the part of this yeoman trooper I am not prepared to say; but this I can tell you, his wife noted these things in her mind. On the night of the alarm, this worthy yeoman was in bed sound asleep when the shrill blast of the bugle at his very door suddenly awoke him. He jumped up, and, looking out of the window, enquired what was the matter. 'The French is landed,' was the reply. 'No! no!' said the newly-awakened Ranger, 'it cannot be true; there must be some mistake.' But the bugler blew another blast, and hastened on to raise the next man. The wife of the trooper then addressed her spouse as follows:—'Aye,' she said, 'ye were always ready eneuf to gan te the drills at Rotbury just to get a boose. So now that the French hes landed, get your claes on an' be off wi' ye.' Aroused by the spirited words of his Spartan wife, he mounted his

charger and hastened to join his comrades at Rothbury. The troop
proceeded to Glanton to await orders; and early the next day news
arrived that the alarm was unfounded—the French had not landed.
Therefore the remainder of the day was spent at Glanton in that
sociable and jovial manner for which our yeoman ancestors of that
period were rather famous. Late in the afternoon three of our Coquet-
dale troopers were returning from Glanton home by Rimside Moor,
and when near Debden they espied a man called Jimmy McFarlane,
a besom maker, whereupon these three hearties proposed to make
Jimmy believe they were the French, and take him prisoner. So,
putting spurs to their horses, they galloped across the moor with
drawn swords towards Jimmy; but the besom maker was more than
a match for the valiant Rangers, as they approached him, he sud-
denly turned his back to the foe, stooped down, and, looking through
his legs, ran backwards towards them, shouting at the pitch of his
voice. The horses, unaccustomed to such an extraordinary spectacle,
reared and plunged, and would, on no account, face the charge of
Jimmy McFarlane. The cavalry were, therefore, fain to retreat, at
which Jimmy shouted triumphantly after them, 'Hey! three bonny
sodgers, canna tak' a busem maker!'

Many of the county squires had their servants told off each to
certain posts in the event of an invasion. For instance, Mr. Clennell
of Harbottle had men set apart to drive the wives and bairns of his
dependents to the hills in carts; others to drive the cattle; whilst
others were armed in a promiscuous manner with guns, pistols, and
swords, to act as an escort. Once a week these men were paraded on
the lawn in front of Harbottle Castle, when the squire called over their
names, and each man had to detail his duty. The name of one man
has been handed down to us, which shows how the drill was conducted.
When the squire called out 'John Lunn,' the answer was 'Sword
and Gun.' The alarm was given at Harbottle by a man galloping
madly up the village shouting, 'Fly to the mountains! fly to the
mountains!'

One or two short anecdotes relating to the behaviour of some of
our old Coquetdale Volunteers at the false alarm shall conclude this
paper; but before relating these anecdotes I shall give the following
extract from the vestry books of Rothbury Parish Church, which

throws a gloomy sidelight into the condition of the poorer classes, and affords us, amid all the seeming fun and frolic of our ancestors, a graver and a sadder glimpse into the state of our rural population during that memorable period :—

'Dec. 22, 1800. At a meeting of the rector, churchwardens, and four and twenty, holden this day, it was agreed, in consequence of the extraordinary high price of all the necessary articles of Life, to allow seventeen guineas out of Rector Thomlinson's fund for the purchase of provisions for the use of the poor.
            Signed, GEO. WATSON, Rector.'

In the account of the expenditure of this sum occurs the following :— '5 cwt. of rice at 5½d. a pound ; by cartage and shipping of rice to Alemouth, 8s. 8d.; postage of two letters concerning the rice, 1s. 6d.' On the back of this vestry book is written the following :—'This book was bought of Mr. William Charnley of Newcastle for £2 15s. April 6th, 1776.'

George Atkinson, yeoman, of Alnham, was 'fothering' when he saw the beacon fire on Ryle Hill, so he buckled on his armour, mounted his charger, and made for Caisley Moor, the rallying point of the west countrymen. At Netherton there was great excitement. Tom Nevison, Captain Smart's servant man, better known as 'The King o' the Causey,' scoured round the outlying district and gathered all the stragglers in. Amusing excuses were said to have been given by several who did not care about going. For instance, Tom Bolam had 'a pain iv his breest,' but three glasses of whisky at the ' Fighting Cocks' at Netherton soon cured him, and then he was open to fight ' Bonnie ' or any other man — so said his neighbours. Willie Middlemas was seized with a violent pain, which nervous people are liable to have during a heavy thunderstorm ; but no sooner did it become known that the alarm was false than Willie at once mounted and joined the troop in time for dinner at Collingwood House. Jack Dixon's horse wanted shoeing, and whilst that was being done the news came that it was a false alarm, nevertheless he boldly mounted his charger, and was also with the troop at dinner time, where there was plenty of good cheer, and, as it was wickedly reported, the troopers felt so much relieved that they really had not to fight the French that they partook largely of the eatables and drinkables set before them and very soon their spirits rose beyond all bounds. Jack

Dixon, the Noodle, as he was called, became so elated that when he mounted he knew not right from left, and, therefore, took the wrong road home, and went by Alnham instead of Yetlington. Old Geordie Buddle of ' Yeldom' was standing at his garden gate when he heard in the distance the sound of a charger coming by Hogspethford. Presently the trooper rode up and saluted Geordie, who looking somewhat curiously at the Ranger, said, 'An' what wad thou de, Jack, if the French was comin'?' 'De,' exclaimed Jack, 'aal sune let ye see what aa wad de,' and saying this he drew his sword and with one bound leapt off his horse right into the garden amongst the winter cabbages, at the same time shouting in a commanding tone of voice, ' Give point against infantry,' ' Give point against cavalry.' Singling out a nice big cabbage he made a ferocious cut at it, saying, ' If that had been a Frenchman, that's what aa wad hae dune tiv him.' In this manner he laid about him until the whole of poor old Geordie Buddle's cabbages were cut into mince meat, and then, puffing and blowing with the exertion, he boastingly exclaimed, ' Aave lettin' ye see what aa can de.' ' Yes,' Geordie observed, very quietly, ' yor a brave soldier, Jack, you'll sune be an officer.'