

squares and less frequented streets. But it is continually hopping about, so that it is not easily got sight of; and this has led to the supposition that it is not so generally diffused as it really is. The 'blink' of reddish orange displayed by the flirt of the tail, even when there is not time to notice the peculiar movement of that organ, is, however, sufficient to distinguish it from every other bird. Its song is sweet though plaintive, and has some resemblance to that of the nightingale, only very inferior in compass and power, and audible only at a short distance. The song is uttered from the perch, on a ruin, a tall post, the trunk of a blasted tree, or some other situation from which it can see around it; and one who has heard the plaintive strain of the redstart from the top of a ruined abbey or crumbling fortalice, would be inclined to call it the bird of decay, rather than the wall nightingale, as Buffon did."

The nest of the redstart is usually well concealed, and is mostly built in a stone wall, or in the hollow of a decayed tree. Yet it sometimes builds amid the branches of wall-trees in gardens, and its nest has also been found under the eaves of a house, and even in watering pots and flower pots.

The black redstart (*Phœnicura tithys*), though common in Southern Europe, is a rare visitor to this country. Several have been shot in the two counties. The late Mr. Hancock states that a pair of black redstarts, in the year 1845, nested in the garden of the late Rev. James Raine, the historian of Durham, in that city. Mr. Raine



presented Mr. Hancock with an egg from the nest. This is the only instance where the black redstart has been known to nest in the North. The bird is rather larger than the common redstart, and the dusky grey plumage of the head, back, and breast gives it its distinctive name.

The Wild Dog of Ennerdale.

THE subjoined graphic and exciting account of the escapades of a remarkable animal which was known far and wide as the Wild Dog of Ennerdale, is taken from the late William Dickenson's "Cumbriana"—a volume of the greatest interest to all lovers of Cumberland folk-lore, as well as to all interested in the life and customs of the sturdy inhabitants of the Cumberland dales.

SERGEANT C. HALL.

The misdeeds of the Ennerdale dog were so numerous and audacious, that whatsoever mischief other dogs might have done in other years, their deeds of destruction were greatly overshadowed by the doings of this animal in the year 1810. "T'grit dog" was talked about, and dreamt about, and written about to the utter exclusion of nearly every other topic in Ennerdale and Kinniside, and all the vales round about there; for the number of sheep he destroyed was amazing, and the difficulties experienced in taking him were almost beyond belief.

It is upwards of half a century ago, but many of the incidents in connection with the depredations and exciting chases of this wonderful dog are fresh in my memory, and were recorded as well soon after their occurrence; others have been related to me by persons who suffered losses of sheep by him, and who took active part in the watchings for and ultimate capture of the animal. Amongst the rest, Mr. John Steel, of Asby, who fired the fatal shot, has carefully written his recollections of the affair.

No one knew to whom the dog had belonged, or whence he came; but, being of mongrel breed and excessively shy, it was conjectured he had escaped from the chain of some gipsy troop. He was a smooth-haired dog, of a tawny mouse colour, with dark streaks, in tiger fashion, over his hide; and appeared to be a cross between mastiff and greyhound. Strongly built and of good speed, being both well fed and well exercised, his endurance was very great. His first appearance in the district was on or about the 10th of May, 1810, when he was seen by Mr. Mossop, of Thornholme, who was near, and noticed him as a stranger. From that time till he was shot in September following, he was not known to have fed on anything but living mutton, or, at least, the flesh of lambs and sheep before the carcasses had time to cool. From one sheep he was scared during his feast, and when the shepherd examined the carcass, the flesh had been torn from the ribs behind the shoulder, and the still beating heart was laid bare and visible. He was once seen to run down a fine ram at early dawn, and, without killing it, to tear out and swallow lumps of flesh from the hind quarters of the tortured animal while it stood on its feet, without the power to resist or flee, yet with sufficient life to crawl forward on its forelegs. He would sometimes wantonly destroy seven or eight sheep in one night, and all his work was done so silently that no one ever heard him bark or growl.

At other times, when a lazy fit came over him, or when he had been fatigued by a long chase, a single life and the tit-bits it afforded would satisfy him for the time—taking his epicurean meal from a choice part of the carcass. He seldom fed during the day; and his cunning was such that he did not attack the same flock or sport on the same ground on two successive nights, often removing two or three miles for his next meal. His sagacity was so matured that his choice often fell on the best, or one of the plumpest, of the flock; and his long practice enabled him to dexterously abstract his great luxury, the warm blood from the jugular vein; and, if not with surgical precision, it was always with deadly certainty, for none ever survived the operation. The report was current at the time that he commonly opened the vein of the same side of the neck.

All through his career of depredation he was exceed-

ingly cautious and provident in the selection of his resting places; most frequently choosing places where a good view was obtainable, and not seldom on the bare rock, where his dingy colour prevented him from being descried on stealing away. For a few weeks, at first, it was thought from his shy habits that it would be easily possible to drive him out of the country. But this was an entire fallacy; for he seemed to have settled down to the locality as his regal domain; and though many a time chased at full speed for ten or fifteen miles right away, he was generally discovered by his murderous deed to have returned the first or second night following.

A few hounds had been usually kept in the neighbourhood to help in the destruction of the fell foxes, which took tribute of lambs in the spring and of geese and poultry at other seasons. These hounds, distributed among the farm houses in the vale of Ennerdale and Kinniside, and being allowed to run at large, were easily assembled at the halloo of any shepherd spying the dog, and were often available in chase, though of no real use; for the dog got so familiarised with their harmlessness that, speedy and enduring as they were, he has been known to wait for the leading dog and give the foreleg such a crushing snap with his powerful jaws that none of the pack would attack him twice. From the unequal speed of the local hounds, he seldom had more than one dog to contend with at a time, and his victory was quick and effectual.

The men of the district volunteered to watch on successive nights, armed with guns or other weapons; and when these were wearied out other volunteers came in from a distance, or were hired to watch on the mountains through the night, rain or fair; and the hounds were distributed in leading amongst them, covering many miles of the ground nightly. If anyone fired a shot or gave the view halloo, the dogs were let loose and were soon laid on the scent, pursuing it with the same bustling energy that accompanies the chase of the fox. But no dog had any chance to engage him singly till the rest came up. Various schemes were tried to entice him within shooting range, but he took especial care to keep out of harm's way. Poison was tried, but soon abandoned, on account of the risk of injury to other dogs. The bait of the sheep already destroyed had no effect on him, for he was too well versed as an epicure to touch a dead carcass, if ever so fresh. Week after week the excitement was kept up. The whole conversation of the neighbourhood and adjoining vales was engrossed by the interesting topic of the "Worrying Dog." Newspapers reported his doings, and friend wrote to distant friend about him, but no one took time to write a song about him.

Every man who could obtain a gun, whether capable of using it with effect or not, was called out, or thought himself called out, to watch or pursue, daily or nightly; and many an idle or lazy fellow got or took holiday from work to mix with the truly anxious shepherds, and to snooze under a rock at night, or stretch himself on the heather during the day, with a gun or a pitchfork, or a fell pole in his hand, under pretence of watching for the wild dog.

Men were harassed and tired out by continuous watchings by night and running the chase by day. Families were disturbed in the nights to prepare refreshments for their fatigued male inmates, or for neighbours who dropped in at the unbarred doors of the houses nearest at hand at all hours of the night. Children durst not go to school or be out alone, and they often screamed with fright at the smallest nocturnal sounds, or in their dreams; while women were exhausted with the toil of the farm their husbands and brothers were obliged to abandon to their care. The hay crop and all field labours were neglected, or done by hurried and incomplete snatches, no one attempting jobs that could not be performed in an hour or two—every eye on the look out and every ear listening for the alarm of the frequent hunt which every one was ready to join in. Property was disappearing in the shape of sheep worried, crops wasting, wages paid for no return, time lost, and work of all kinds left undone. Cows were occasionally un milked and horses unfed or undressed. Many fields of hay grass were

uncut, and corn would in all likelihood have shared the same fate if an end had not opportunely come.

There are few dogs that do not occasionally indulge in a long and melancholy howl, when quite alone, and listening to the distant howl of other dogs; but "The Worrying Dog of Ennerdale" was never known to utter a vocal sound. And along with this remarkable trait, his senses of sight, hearing, and scent were so acute that it was rare indeed for anyone to come upon him unawares in the daytime. On the few occasions when he was accidentally approached he exhibited nothing vicious, and always fled hastily.

Seldom a week elapsed without the dog being once or twice chased out of the district, most frequently down in the lower country where the level land better suited his running, and where the softer ground of the fields did less harm to his feet.

On one occasion he was run across the vale of Ennerdale, through Lowes Water, and lost in the mist of night. Next morning his traces were found on his old ground by two or three fresh carcasses. On another occasion he was run from Kinniside fells through Lamplugh and Dean, crossing the river Marrow several times, and resting in a plantation near Clifton, till a number of horsemen and some footmen came up, and the hounds again roused him and ran him to the Derwent and there lost him, after an exhausting run of nearly twenty miles. This chase was more severe than usual, and he took two days to rest and return.

Many times he was run in the same direction, but always found means to escape. One Saturday night a great number of men were dispersed over the high fells watching with guns and hounds; but he avoided them and took his supper on a distant mountain; and the men, not meeting with him, came down about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning and separated about Swinside Lane end. In a few minutes after, one Willy Lamb gave the view halloo. He had started the beast in crossing a wooded gill, and away went the dog with the hounds in full cry after him. The hunt passed Ennerdale Church during service; and the male part of the congregation, liking the cry of the hounds better than the sermon, ran out and followed. It has been said the Rev. Mr. Ponsoby could not resist, and went in pursuit as far as he was able. This run ended at Fitz Mill, near Cockermouth, in a storm which the wearied men and dogs had to encounter in a twelve miles return.

Next morning the dog was seen by Anthony Atkinson to steal into a grassy hedge and lie down to rest. Such an opportunity seldom occurred and was not to be lost. Anthony charged his gun with swan shot and crept towards the place, with a determination to have as close a shot as he could; but the wily animal was on the watch, and stole away at a long shot distance with three of Anthony's pellets sticking harmlessly in his hide, as it proved when the skin was taken off some weeks after.

On another occasion thirteen men, armed with loaded guns, were stationed at different parts of the wood and fields where he was believed to be lurking. The halloo was soon heard, and every armed man was in hopes of earning the ten pounds reward that had been offered. The dog ran in the direction where Will Rothery was stationed with gun in hand, but so much was Will overcome by his near and first view of the creature that, instead of lifting his gun to take aim, he quietly stepped back and suffered the dog to pass at a short pistol shot distance without attempting to do him any harm; merely exclaiming with more fear than piety, "Skerse, what a dog!"

Many other long and arduous chases took place, but, the incidents not varying much, a full recital might become tedious.

On the 12th of September, the dog was seen by Jonathan Patrickson to go into a cornfield. Jonathan quietly said, "Aa'll let ta lig thee a bit, me lad, but aa'll want to see tha just noo." Away went the old man, and, without the usual noise, soon raised men enough to surround the field; and as some, in their haste, came unprovided with guns, a halt was whispered round to wait till more guns were brought and the hounds collected. When a good muster of guns and men were got

together, the wild dog was disturbed out of the corn; and only the old man who had seen him go into the field was lucky enough to get a shot at him, and to wound him in the hind quarters. This took a little off his speed and enabled the hounds to keep well up with him, but none durst or did engage him. And though partly disabled he kept long on his legs, and was often headed and turned by the numerous parties of pursuers, several of whom met him in his route from the upperside of Kinniside, by Eskat, Arlecdon, and Asby, by Rowrah and Stockhow Hall to the river Ehen. Each of these parties he shied, and turned in a new direction till he got wearied. He was quietly taking a cold bath in the river, with the blown hounds as quietly looking on, when John Steel came up with his gun laden with small bullets, but durst not fire, lest he should injure some of the hounds. When the dog caught sight of him, he made off to Eskat woods, with the hounds and John on his track, and after a few turnings in the wood, amid the greatest excitement of dogs and men, a fair chance offered, and the fatal discharge was made by John Steel, when the destroyer fell to rise no more, and the marksman received his well-earned reward of ten pounds, with the hearty congratulations of all assembled.

After many a kick at the dead brute, the carcass was carried in triumph to the inn at Ennerdale Bridge; and the cheering and rejoicing there were so great that it was many days ere the shepherd inhabitants of the vales settled to their usual pursuits.

The dead carcass of the dog weighed eight imperial stones. The stuffed skin was exhibited in Hutton's Museum, at Keswick, with a collar round the neck, stating that the wearer had been the destroyer of nearly three hundred sheep and lambs in the five months of his Ennerdale campaign.

The Rev. Frank Walters.



SUCCESSION of able lectures on the poets has helped to make the name of the Rev. Frank Walters, pastor of the Church of the Divine Unity, familiar as a household word in Newcastle.

Mr. Walters was born at Liverpool, on December 28, 1845, and was educated at private schools in that city. Greatly influenced by the ministry of the Rev. C. M. Birrell, a leading Baptist minister, and father of Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., author of "Obiter Dicta," young Walters in 1859 joined the church of which the rev. gentleman was pastor. He preached his first sermon on Aug. 4, 1861, at the Baptist Chapel, Ogden, near Rochdale; and subsequently spent vacations in preaching throughout Lancashire and Cheshire. Having obtained a bursary for five years in 1863, he proceeded to Rawdon Baptist College, near Leeds, to study for the Baptist ministry, his theological training being superintended by the Rev. S. G. Green, D.D., now one of the secretaries of the Religious Tract Society. In 1866, Mr. Walters proceeded to Edinburgh University, where he remained for two years. He studied English Literature under Professor Masson, Logic under Professor Fraser, Greek under Professor Blackie, and Latin under Professor Sellar.

Towards the close of the year 1868 Mr. Walters received an invitation from the Baptist Church at Middlesbrough,

which he accepted. In the following year he acted as Moderator of the Northern Baptist Association on its visit to that town. During the spring of 1869, Mr. Walters paid a visit to Newcastle to conduct services in Ryehill Baptist Chapel.

The next important step in Mr. Walters's life was his appointment as pastor of Harborne Chapel, Birmingham. During his four years' ministry at this place, he passed through great mental changes. In his distress he took counsel of Mr. George Dawson, who advised him to resign his position among the Baptists. After much anxious thought, this step was taken in September, 1873.

Some correspondence now took place between Mr. Walters and Dr. James Martineau, who invited him to preach in his pulpit in London. An introduction to the Unitarian Church at Preston, Lancashire, followed, with the result that Mr. Walters was invited to become



Frank Walters

the minister. He accepted the proposal and settled there in January, 1874. Early in 1877, he received at unanimous call to the St. Vincent Street Church at Glasgow, in succession to the Rev. J. Page Hopps—the same church of which the Rev. George Harris was once minister. Having given the matter his favourable consideration, he commenced his ministry in Glasgow in May, 1877.

Mr. Walters's literary activity may be said to have commenced during his residence on the Clyde. He lectured at various times on "Shakspeare's Life," "Shakspeare's Heroines," "Shakspeare's Fools," &c.; and he became editor of the *Unitarian Magazine*, and subsequently of "Modern Sermons."

The year 1885 saw Mr. Walters settled in Newcastle, where he has not only endeared himself to his congrega-