

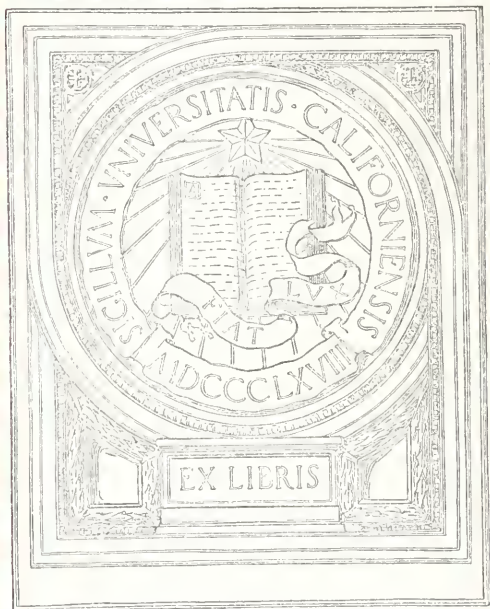
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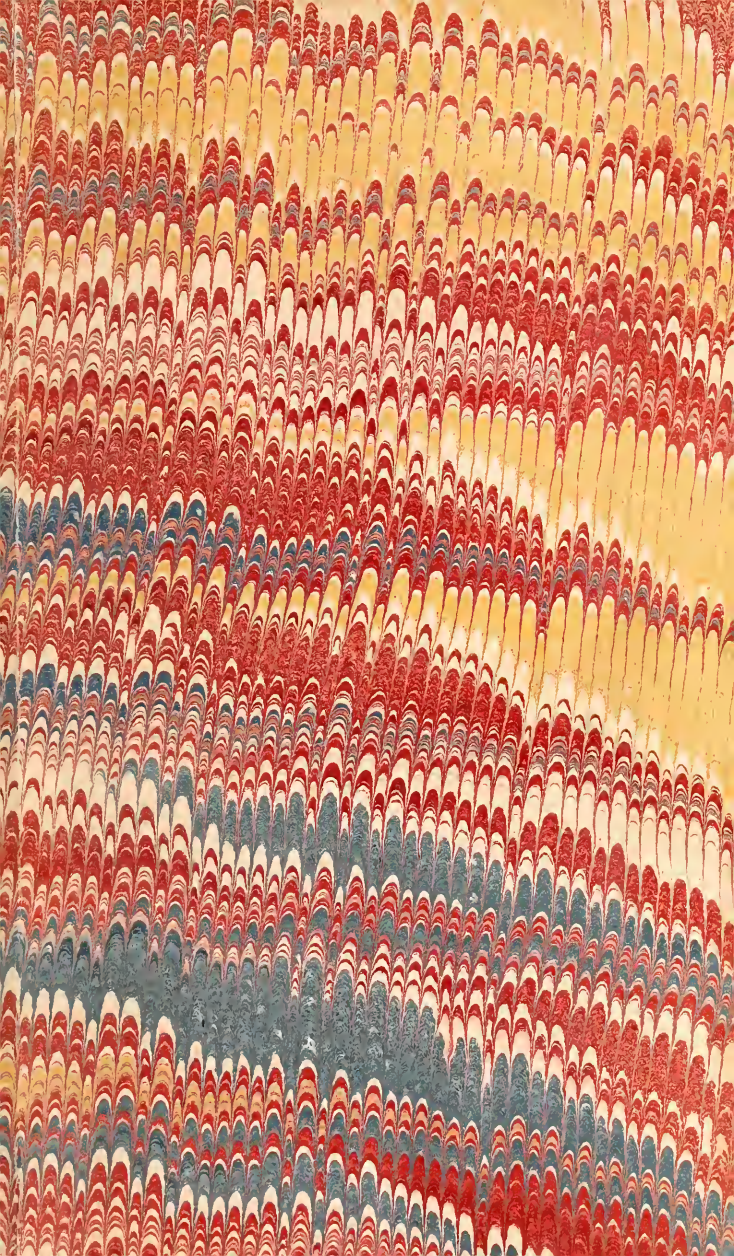
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AN
EXMOOR SCOLDING;

IN THE
PROPRIETY AND DECENCY

OF
EXMOOR LANGUAGE,

BETWEEN TWO SISTERS,

WILMOT MOREMAN AND THOMASIN MOREMAN.

As they were Spinning,

ALSO, AN

EXMOOR COURTSHIP.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH NOTES AND A GLOSSARY

EXPLAINING UNCOUTH EXPRESSIONS AND INTERPRETING
BARBAROUS WORDS AND PHRASES.

LONDON:

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,

4, OLD COMPTON STREET, SOHO.

MDCCCXXXIX.

1839

ALPHABETICALLY

OF THE

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1874
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P R E F A C E

TO THE

EIGHTH EDITION PRINTED IN 1771.

English Dictⁿ - 4 V. in 1
NOV 3 '42

THE former editions of these Dialogues, though well received and esteemed by those who had some acquaintance with the provincial dialects in the western parts of England, yet for want of such a Glossary as is now added, were in a great measure unintelligible to most others, except perhaps a few etymologists and collectors of old and uncommon words. The editors have therefore endeavoured to supply that defect; and that this eighth edition might be rendered as correct as possible, the whole has been carefully revised, some explanatory notes inserted, and the spelling of the provincial words better accommodated to their usual pronunciation among the peasants in the county of Devon. This, as well as their explanations in the Vocabulary or Glossary, it is presumed may be of some use to such lawyers as go the western circuit, by whom the evidence of a countryman is sometimes mistaken, for want of a proper interpretation of his language. In this Glossary we have not only shewn in what sense the most uncommon words are generally understood in this county, but also the etymologies of most of them, whether derived from the old Anglo-Saxon, or from the British,

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French, Dutch, &c. Some few, whereof the true signification was somewhat doubtful, are distinguished by a Q. The meaning of these we should be glad to see better ascertained; and if any person of judgment shall observe any other words to be ill explained in this Glossary, he is desired to signify it to the editors, to be corrected in a future edition.

It may be proper to advertise such of our readers as may be strangers to the Devonshire dialects, that the following is a genuine specimen thereof as spoken in those parts of the county where the scene is laid; (the phraseology being also agreeable thereto, and the similes, &c. properly adapted to the characters of the speakers;) and not an arbitrary collection of ill-connected clownish words, like those introduced into the journals of some late sentimental travellers, as well as the productions of some dramatic writers, whose clowns no more speak in their own proper dialects, than a dull school-boy makes elegant and classical Latin; their supposed language being such as would be no less unintelligible to the rustics themselves, than to those polite pretenders to criticism who thereby mean to make them ridiculous. It must be confessed that the following dialogues have not been exempt from somewhat of the like censure; it having been alleged, that in the Exmoor Scolding particularly, the substantives have frequently too many adjectives annexed to them, nearly synonymous; and that the objurgatory wenchings in that part of the country have not such a *copia verborum* as is here represented: but we may appeal for the truth of the contrary, to all who have heard the most noted scolds among them, when engaged and well-matched with foul-mouthed and nimble-tongued antagonists; and how apt they are to

string up together a variety of abusive words and devout names (as they term them), though many of them like Sancho's proverbs, have nearly the same meaning; not sparing others which may be sometimes impertinent to, and beside their purpose, provided they are sufficiently abusive.

The following collection was originally made, about the beginning of the present century, by a blind itinerant fidler, (one Peter Lock, of North-Moulton, or its neighbourhood, who was a man of some humour, and though his skill and dexterity as a musician is said to have recommended him to the notice of the great, his more common converse with the lower class of people gave him frequent opportunities of hearing and observing their phrases and diction; and as persons deprived of sight have generally a good memory, he was thereby the better enabled to retain and repeat them. This attracted the notice of a neighbouring clergyman, who by the fidler's assistance put the "Exmoor Scolding" into the form in which we now have it, and before his death (which happened soon after the year 1725,) communicated it to the editor of the first and subsequent editions, who perfected the "Courtship;" but copies of the Scolding were, for some time before and after this, handed about in manuscript, of which the writer hereof has seen one near 40 years since, which was then taken to be the original composition of the clergyman aforesaid; few being then apprehensive of its having any other author, or how far the person who furnished the materials might claim title thereto, though his fame as a fidler was not yet extinct.

It may be also requisite to observe here, that the Forest of Exmoor (so called as being the moor wherein the river Exe rises), is for the most part

in the County of Somerset; and though Parracombe and Challacombe in its neighbourhood, which is the scene of our drama, be in Devonshire, it must not be thence inferred that the same dialect in all particulars extends through the whole county; it being chiefly confined to the northern parts thereof: for many words and phrases therein, would not be well understood by people in the South-Hams, (by which is meant all the southern parts of Devonshire, and not any particular town as some topographical authors have supposed); where the dialect varies as much from this, as this from that of Dorset and Wiltshire. And even near Exmoor, none but the very lowest class of people generally speak the language here exemplified; but were it more commonly spoken by their betters, perhaps it might not be so much to their discredit as some may imagine; most of the antiquated words being so expressive as not to be despised, though now grown obsolete, and no longer used by the politer Devonians, who in general speak as good modern English as those of any other county. 'Tis well known that after the expulsion of the antient Britons from those parts of the kingdom which our Saxon ancestors had conquered, the English Saxon language (a dialect of the old Teutonic or high Dutch) took place of the British, every where but in Wales and Cornwall; and so continued till the Norman Conquest, when the conqueror endeavoured to introduce the French tongue, and causing all edicts and judicial proceedings to be in that language, the Saxon soon became intermixed with much of the old Norman French. But notwithstanding this, and some tincture of British and Danish, besides the words borrowed from the learned languages by the Professors of Arts and Sciences, &c. the antient Anglo-Saxon tongue, with

some variation of its sound and orthography, chiefly prevails in the vulgar part of our present language ; and it will appear in the Glossary subjoined to the following dialogues, that most of the remarkable words therein inserted, are of Saxon derivation, and if they are not all retained in other counties, such counties have many others derived from the same fountain ; not to mention the variations of the pronunciation in different places. Hence every county has its peculiar dialect, at least in respect to the vulgar language of their rustics, insomuch that those of different counties can't easily understand each other. Among persons engaged in commerce indeed, or who have had a liberal education, we may better distinguish their several counties by their accent, than by any impropriety in their language. But we are here speaking only of the lower class of people in each county ; and that these have in several parts of England a more uncouth and barbarous jargon than the worst among the Devonians, might be easily shewn. Let it suffice to give an instance in the following specimen of the Lancashire Dialect, transcribed from a Dialogue therein, which was published in 1746.

“ *M.* Odds fish ! boh that wur breve—I wou'd I'd bin eh yore kele.

“ *T.* Whau whau, boh theawst hear—It wur dree wey too-to ; heawe'er I geet there be suse o' clock, on before eh opp'nt dur, I covert Nip with the cleawt, ot eh droy meh nese weh, t'let him see heaw I stoart her :—Then I opp'nt dur ; on whot te dule dust think, boh three little bandyhewits coom weaughing os if th' little ewals wou'd o worrit me, on after that swallowt me whick : Boh presently there coom o fine wummon ; on I took her for a hoo justice, hoor so meety fine : for I heard Ruchott o'Jack's tell meh measter, that hoo justices

awlus did th' mooast o'th'wark : Heawe'er, I axt hur if Mr. Justice wur o' whoam ; hoo cou'd naw opp'n hur meawth t'sey eigh, or now ; boh simpurt on sed iss, (the Dickkons iss hur on him too)—Sed I, I wudyid'n tel! him I'd fene speyk to him."

The reader must be left to judge, on a comparison of this with any part of the Exmoor language, which of the two has the most barbarisms. Perhaps he will want an interpreter to inform him, that kele means place or circumstance,—that dree wey denotes a long and tedious way,—that stoart means valued,—that bandyhewits are little dogs,—that hoo stands for she,—and wudyid'n is wish you would ;—and unless thus explained, may be apt to think it little more intelligible than the Buckinghamshire Farmer's speech, " I ken a steg gobblin at our leer deer ;" which few besides his countrymen would guess to mean, " I see a gander feeding at our barn-door." But to trouble our readers with no further observations on this subject here, we must refer them for other particulars to the Vocabulary and Notes, submitting the whole to their candid censure.

Exeter, Nov. 1771.

From the great interest which is now taken in the local dialects of England, and the frequent applications that have been made to the publisher for copies of the Exmoor Scolding and Courtship, he has been induced to put forth a new edition, which he hopes will meet with general approbation ; he begs to remark that the present edition is a verbatim reprint of that of 1771, without any attempt at additions, or alterations, more particularly after the great care which was bestowed on it by the then publisher, Mr. Andrew Brice of Exeter, whose etymological talents have been universally acknowledged and esteemed.

London, Oct. 1838.

AN

EXMOOR SCOLDING.

THOMASIN. Lock ! Wilmot, vor why vor ded'st roily zo upon ma up to Challacomb Rowl?—Ees dedent thenk tha had'st a be' zich a labb o' tha tongue.—What a vengeance ! wart betwatled, or wart tha baggaged ; — or had'st tha took a shord, or a paddled ?

WILMOT. I roily upon tha, ya gurt, thonging, banging, muxy Drawbreech?—Noa, 'twas *thee* roil'st upon *me* up to Daraty Vogwill's upzitting, whan tha vung'st to, (and be hang'd to tha !) to Rabbin.—Shou'd zem tha wart zeck arter Me-at and Me-al.—And zo tha merst, by ort es know, wey guttering ; as gutter tha wutt whan tha com'st to good tackling.—But some zed “ Shoor and shoor tha ded'st bet make wise, to zee nif tha young Josy Heaff-field wou'd come to zlack thy boddize, and whare a wou'd be O vore or no.”——Bet 'twas thy old disyease, Chun.

THOMASIN. Hey go ! What disyease dest me-an, ya gurt dugged-teal'd, swapping, rousling Blowse ? Ya gurt Roile, tell ma. Tell ma, a zey, what disyease dest me-an?—Ad ! chell ream my heart, to tha avore Ise let tha lipped.—Chell tack et out wi' tha to the true Ben, fath ! Tell ma, a zey, what disyease dest me-an that tha dest cham a troubled wey ?

B

WILMOT. Why; ya purting, tatchy, stertling, jowering, prinking, mincing theng, chell tell tha what disyease. Is dedn't me-an the Bone-shave,* ner the Heartgun, ner the Allernbatch that tha had'st in thy Niddick. 'T'es better twar: vor than Ount Annis Moreman coul'd ha' blessed vore, and net ha' pomster'd about it, as moather ded.

THOMASIN. What disyease than, ya gurt haggage?

WILMOT. Why, e'er zince tha wart twonty, ay zewnteen and avore, tha hast a be' troubled wey the Doul vetch tha.

THOMASIN. What's me-an by that, ya long-haujed meazle? Did'st hire ma? Tha call'st ma stertling roil now-reert.—How dedst thee stertlee upon the zess last harest wey the young Dick Vrogwill, whan George Vuzz putch'd?—He told ma the whole fump o' th' besneze.

WILMOT. O! the very vengeance tear tha!—Dest thee tell me o' Dick Vrogwill?—Why thee art in a nimmiwatch e'ery other torn, nif zo be tha dest bet zet zeert in Harry Vursdon.

* The *bone-shave* (a word perhaps nowhere used or understood in Devonshire but in the neighbourhood of Exmoor) means the sciatica; and the Exmoorians, when afflicted therewith, used the following charm to be freed from it:—
“The patient must lie on his baek on the bank of a river or brook of water, with a straight staff by his side, between him and the water, and must have the following words repeated over him, viz.—

“ Bone-shave right;
“ Bone-shave straight;
“ As the water runs by the stave,
“ Good for bone-shave.”

They are not to be persuaded but that this ridiculous form of words seldom fails to give them a perfect cure.

THOMASIN. How! ya gurt chounting, grumbling, glumping, zower-zapped, yerring trash!

WILMOT. Don't tell me o' glumping: oll the neighbourhooden knowth thee to be a veaking, blazing, tiltish hussey.

THOMASIN. And thee art a crewnting, querking, yeavy, dugged-yess, chockling baggage.

WILMOT. Net zo chockling, ner it zo crewnting, as thee art, a colting hobby-horse!—Nif tha dest bet go down into the paddick, to stroak the kee, thee wut come oll a gerred, and oll horry zo vurs tha art a vorked; ya gerred-teal'd, panking, hewstring mea-zel!—Thee art lick a skittish sture jest a yooked. Tha wouldst bost any keendest theng, tha are so vore-reet, nif vauther dedn't ha-ape tha.

THOMASIN. Ay, ay! Kester Moreman wou'd ha be hove up, nif zo be a had a had tha; a toteling, wambling, zlottering, zart-and-vair yheatstool.

WILMOT. Ay, and zo wou'd tha young George Vuzz, munn, whan a had a had a rubbacrock, rouzeabout, platvooted, zidlemouth'd swashbucket.—Pitha dest thenk enny theng will e'er vittee or gooddee wey zich a whatnozed, hagggle-tooth'd, stare-bason, timersome, rixy, wapper-c'ed theng as thee art?

THOMASIN. Dest hire ma? Oll the crime o' the country goth, that wan tha liv'st up to tha cot, tha wert the old Rager Hill's under bed-blonket. And more 'an zo, that tha wert a chittering, raving, racing, bozzom-chucked, rigging, lonching, haggaging moil.

WILMOT. How! ya confounded trapes! Tell me enny more o' Rager Hill's bed-blonket, ad!

cheel pull the poll o' tha; chell plim tha, chell vulch tha. Looks zee,—Rager Hill es as hones a man as emny in Challacomb;—no dispreise.

THOMASIN. And do thee tell me o' stertling upon the zess, whan George Vuzz putch'd, chell gi' tha a lick;—chell lay tha over the years wey the vire-tangs. Ad! chell ting tha. Thy buz-zom chucks were pretty vittee avore tha mad'st thyzel therle, and thy vlesh oll wangery, and thy skin oll vlagged, with nort bet agging, and veaking, and tiltishness.

WILMOT. Bed-blonket akether!* Ha! zey zich a word more chell cotton thy waistecoat. Chell thong tha, chell gi' tha zich a strat in tha chups,† ya grizzledemundy.

THOMASIN. Me a strat in the chups? Dest hire ma? Come ancest me, chell pummel tha, chell vag tha, chell lace tha.

WILMOT. Thee lace ma? Chem a laced well-a-fine aready.—Zey wone word more, and chell bresh tha, chell tan tha, chell make thy boddize pilmee.

THOMASIN. How a man a zed! make my bod-dize pilmee? Ad! if e'er tha squeakest wone word more o' tha bed-blonket, chell trim tha, chell crown tha, chell vump tha.

WILMOT. Why dedst thee, than, tell me o' the zess, or it of the hay-pook, as tha dedst whileer?—Chell drub tha, chell curry thy scabbed yess var tha.

THOMASIN. And why dest thee, than, tell me 'isterday o' losing my rewden hat in the rex-

* Akether! means quoth he! or quoth her!

† Chups or chucks, the cheeks.

bush, out a whorting? And more and zo, that the young Tom Vuzz shou'd le-ave he's cod-glove!—Ad! zey a word more o' the young Tom Vuzz, chell baste tha, chell stram tha, chell drash tha;—chell make thy kepp hoppee, wi' thy Vlanders lace upon't.

WILMOT. Vlanders lace! What's me-an by that, ha-ah? Tell me enny more o' Vlanders lace, chell make thy yead addle. Chell up wi' ma veest, and gi' tha a whisterpoop, and zitch a zwoop as shall make tha veel ma, looks zee!

THOMASIN. Gi' me a zwop?—Ad! chell gi' tha a wherret, or a zlat in the chups,—or up wi' thy dugged coats, and tack tha gre-asy yess o' tha.

WILMOT. Thee tack ma, ya unlifty, ill-bearty, untidy mea-zel?—Andra wou'd ha' had a trub in tha, nif vauther hadent a strat the match.

THOMASIN. How dem! a trub?—Go, ye rearing, snapping, tedious, cutted snibblenose!—Th' art always a vusted up in an old jump, or a whittle, or an old seggard, avore zitch times as Neckle Halse cometh about:—Than tha wut prinkee.—Thee hast a let the kee go zoo vor want o' strocking. It a vore oll* th'art an abomination pinchvart vor thy own eends.—Ay, ay! Shoort, Wilmot, shoort!—Zwer thy torn, or else tha tedst net carry whome thy pad, and meet Neckle Halse by tha way. He'll meet tha in the Vuzzy-park coander by cockleert, or avore, chell warndy.

WILMOT. Tell ma wone word more o' Neckle Halse, chell skull tha, tha hassent a be' a skull'd zo vor wone while. Ya gurt fustilugs! The old

* It (or eet) a vore oll, means yet notwithstanding.

Mag Dawkins es bet a Huckmuck to tha. Zet tha about ort, why, tha dest thengs vore-and-back, a cat-hamm'd, a vore-reert, and vramp-shapen, like a totle.

THOMASIN. How ! ya long-hanged trapas ! Ya blow-monger baarge ! Thee wut coal-varty a-bed* avore be voor days. Th'art so deeve as a haddick in chongy weather. Or whan 'tes avrore or a scratcht the le-ast theng out, or whan snewth, or blunketh, or doveth, or in scatty weather, or in a tingling vrost, than tha art theck-listed, and ba hang'd to tha.

WILMOT. And thee art a lams'd in wone o'thy yearms, and cassent zee a sheen in thy reart ee.

THOMASIN. Rex-bush !—Fath ! tell me o' tha rex-bush, ye tee-heeing pixy !—Es marl who's more vor rigging, or rumping, steehopping or ragrowtering, giggleting or gambowling than thee art thyzel.—Pitha, dest'nt remember whan tha com'st over tha clam wi' tha old Hugh Hosegood, whan tha wawter was by stave, how tha vel'st in, and the old Hugh drade thee out by tha vorked eend, wi' thy dugged clathers up zo vur as thy na'el, whan tha wart just a buddled ?

WILMOT. Lock ! dest dwallee, or tell doil ?—Pitha tell reaznable, or hold thy popping, ya gurt washamouth.

* Coal-varty a-bed, to warm the bed with a Scotch warming pan ; that is, with half a farthing.

AN

EXMOOR SCOLDING.

BOUT THE SECOND.

WILMOT. Dist hire ma, dem? Chell ha tether vinny wi' tha.—Tha told'st ma now-reert, or a whilere, of rigging and rumping, steehopping and ragrowtering, giggleting and gamboyling. What's me-an by thate? But thee, thee wut ruckee, and squattee, and doattee in the chimly coander lick an axwaddle; and wi' the zame tha wut rakee up, and gookee, and tell doil, tell Dildrams and Buckingham Jenkins.—Ay, ay, poor Andra Vursdon wud ha' had a rigmutton rumpstall in tha, nif tad net ha' be' strat. A wud ha' had a coad, riggelting, parbeaking, piping body in tha; olwey wone glam or nether. And more an zo, there's no direct to hot tha tell'st. Tha wut feb et heartily. Na, tha wut lee a rope up-reert.* Chad a most a borst my guts wi' laughing, whan's zee'd tha whilere trapesee hum from tha Yeoanna Lock, thy shoes oll besh—, thy hozen muxy up zo vurs thy gammerels to tha very hucksheens o' tha, thy gore coat oll a girred, thy head-clathing oll a foust; thy

* To *lie a rope upright* contains a pun on the word *lie*, and means the telling such a lie as implies a contradiction in itself; or what is as impossible to be true as for a rope which *lies* on the ground to stand *upright* at the same time.

waistcoat oll horry, and thy pancrock a kiver'd wi' briss and buttons.

THOMASIN. Why thare zo! Bet dist net thee thenk, ya long-hanged trapes, that tha young Josy Yeaff-field wud ha' be' plasad, when ha had zitch a crewdling theng as thee art? Eart lunging, eart squatting upon thy tether eend. Zey ort to tha, why tha wut twitch up thy teal, and drow up thy noaze, and take owl o', or take pip o'. Nif won zey the le-ast theng out, tha wut purtee a zennet arter.

WILMOT. How, hussey! ya confounded trash! Dist remember when tha wenst out in tha Vuzzey-park, in tha desk o' tha yeaveling, just in the dimmet, wi' tha young Humphry Hosegood,—and how ha mullad and soulad about tha? Ha bed tha zed down;—and tha zedst tha wudst net, nif ha dedent blow tha down. Zo ha blow'd, and down tha valst. Who shud be hard by (vor 'twas in tha dimmet) bet tha Square's Bealy,—and vorewey ha cry'd out tha “oll windvalls belongad to's measter.” Wi' tha zame tha splettest away—down tha pen-net—hilter skilter—as if tha dowl had ha' be' in tha heels o' tha.

THOMASIN. Oh the dowl splet tha! who told theekee strammer?

WILMOT. Why, 'twos thee thy own zel up to stooling o' Terra's.

THOMASIN. Oh! a plague confound tha! dest tha thenk ees ded tell't to tha to ha' et a drode vore agen? Well, 'tes well a fine.—Es can drow vore worse spalls than thet to thee:—Ad! es cud rep tha up.

WILMOT. What, a dowl, and be hang'd to tha, canst tha drow vore to me?

THOMASIN. How many times have es a hoard tha, and a zeed tha, pound savin, to make metcens, and leckers, and caucheries, and zlotters.—Tes good to know vor why vor.

WILMOT. Oh! a plague rat tha!—Ya mulligrub gurgin! ya shug meazel!—Th'art good vor nort bet a gapes-nest. A gottering hawchamouth theng! Whan tha com'st to good tackling, thee wut poochee, and hawchee, and scrumpee! tha wut net look vor lathing, chell warndy; and nif et be loblolly, tha wut slop et oll up.

THOMASIN. How a man a zed! How dedst thee poochee and hawchee, and scrumpee, whan tha young Zaunder Vursdon and thee stey'd up oll tha neert a roasting o' taties? pritch tha vor me!—Why, than tha wut be a prilled, or a muggard, a zennet outreert; and more an zo, thee wut rowcast, nif et be thy own vauther. Nif tha beest a zend to vield wi tha drenking, or ort, to the voaken, where they be shooring o' beat, handbeeating, or angle-bowing,* nif tha com'st athert Rager Hose-good, tha wut lackee an overwhile avore tha com'st, and ma' be net trapesee hum avore the desk o' tha yeavling, ya blowmaunger ba-arge! Oll vor palching about to hire lees to vine-dra voaks. Whan tha goast to tha melking o' tha kee, in tha Vuzzy Park, thee wut come oll a

* *Angle-bowing*, a method of fencing the grounds wherein sheep are kept, by fixing rods like bows with both ends in the ground (or in a dead hedge) where they make *angles* with each other, somewhat like the following figure:



dugged, and thy shoes oll mux, and thy whittle oll besh—. Tha wut let tha cream-chorn be oll *horry*,* and let tha melk be buckard in buldering weather.

WILMOT. Tell me o' Rager Hosegood, chell make thy kep hoppee.—Ay, ay, es marl hot to tha vengeance the young Zaunder Vursdon wud ha had a do wi' tha, nif ha had a had tha. Vor why? Tha hast no stroil ner docity, no vittiness in any keendest theng.—Tha cortst tha natted yeo now-reert, or bet leetle rather, laping o'er the Yoanna Lock : (chell tell vauther o'tzo zoon es ha comath hum vrom angle-bowing, don't quesson't). Hot ded tha yoe do, whan tha had'st a cort en by tha heend legs o'en—(but vurst ha button'd ;—tes a marl tad net a valled into tha pancrock, as uzeth to do); but thof a ded viggee, and potee, and towsee, and turvee, and loustree, and spudlee, and wriggled, and pawed, and wraxled, and twined, and rattled, and teared, vig vig, vig vig, yeet rather than tha wudst ha' enny more champ, and holster, and tanbast wi' en, tha tokst en, and dest wetherly bost tha neck o'en.

THOMASIN. And nif tha dest pick prates upon me, and tell vauther o', chell tell a zweet rabble-

* *Horry*—for *hoary*, *mouldy* or *finnew'd*—Vide *Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet* ; where *Mercutio* puns upon the words *hare* and *hoar* :—

Mercutio. ————— So-ho !

Romeo. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No *hare*, Sir, unless a hare, Sir, in a lenten pie,
That is somewhat stale and *hoar* e'er it be spent.—

An old hare *hoar*, and an old hare *hoar*, is very good
meat in Lent ;

But a hare that is *hoar*, is too much for a score,
When it *hoars* 'ere it be spent.

Horry also signifies *foul* and *filthy*, (see the Vocabulary), and perhaps this is its true meaning here.

rote upon thee, looks zee. Vor when tha shudst be about tha yeavling's chuers, tha wut spudlee out the yewmors, and screedle over mun: And more and zo, tha wut roily eart upon wone, and eart upon another, zet voaks to bate, lick a gurt baarge as tha art: And than getfer Radger Sherwell he must qualify't agen. When tha art zet agog, tha desent caree who tha scullest: 'Twos always thy uze; and chem agest tha wut zo vore thy een. Tha hast tha very daps o' thy old ount Sybly Moreman upazet.

WILMOT. Why, ya gurt roil, chant zo bad's thee. Thee wut ha' a hy to enny kessen soul. Than tha wut chocklee, and bannee, and blazee, and roundshave enny body that deth bet zey Ay to tha. Tha wudst buy tha cot up to town rather than thy live, but tha hassent tha wharewey; and tha wudst kiss tha yess of George Hosegood to ha' en; but tha hasent tha why for ay.

THOMASIN. How! ya gurt mulligrub gurgin?

WILMOT. And thee art a long-handed blow-monger baarge vor telling me o' Neckle Halse, and tha Squarc's Bealy, and tha zess.

THOMASIN. And thee art a convounded trash vor telling me of an under bed-blonket, and o' pound-ing savin, and making caucheries and slotters wi't. Tha art a beagle, chun, pritch tha! vor anether trick. Chad et in my meend, and zo chave still. Bet chawnt drow et out bevore tha begen'st agen, and than chell.

WILMOT. Heigo! Mrs. Hi-go-shit! A beagle? And hot art thee? That wut drow, and hen, and slat,—slat tha podgers, slat tha crock, slat tha keeve and tha jibb, bost tha cloam. Tha hast a most a stinned e'ery earthly thing in tha houz. Abslently

tha art bygaged. Ay, ay, Ont Magery was death the near vor tha. Her moort ha' vet et, nif zo be tha hadst net let her totee up and down zo ort.

THOMASIN. Why there low! Bygaged! And hot dedst thee do bet jest now-reert? Tha henst along thy torn, tha wud'st ha' borst en to shivers nif chad net a vung en, and pung'd en back agen. Than tha wut snappy, and than tha wut canifflee. and than tha wut bloggy.

WILMOT. And hot art thee? A brocking mungrel, a skulking mea-zel!—And eet a vore oll* good vor nort bet scollee, avore tha art a hoazed that tha cast scarce yeppy. Petha, dest thenk enny theng will goodee er vittee wi' enny zitch a trub es thee art,—that dest net caree to zey thy praers?—bet—wut stramnee, and fibbee, and blazee, and bannee: And more an zo, wut coltee and riggee wi' enny trolubber that camath athert tha. And whan tha dest zey mun, 'tis bet whilst tha art scrubbing, hewstring, and rittling abed. And, nif by gurt hap tha 'dest zey mun at oll, thy marra-bones shan't kucelee,—thof tha cast ruckee well a fine.—'T'es a marl if e'er tha comst to hewn only to zey men; zence tha ne'er zest men, chell warndy, but whan tha art half azlape, half-dozy, or scrubbing o' thy scabbed yess, whan tha art a coal-varting abed, † ya gurt lollipop!—Tha hasn't tha sense to stile thy own dressing. Vor why, et wel zet arter tha, ether antlebeer lick tha doorns of a door, or wotherway twel zet e-long or a weewow, or oll a puckering. Tha zedst twos squelstring and whot while'er. Ad! tha wut be mickled and a steeved wi' tha cold vore 'T Andra's Tide, chun, nif tha dessent buy tha a new whittle.

* See note in page 5.

† See note in page 6.

THOMASIN. Why, ya gurt kickhammer baggage! thee art good vor no sauce. Tha wut net break the cantlebone o' thy tether eend wi' chuering, chell warndy; tha wut net take et zo vreach, ya sauntering troant!

WILMOT. Heigo! sauntering troant than! Vor why vore dest tell wone, than, o' tha rex-bush, and tha hey-pook, and tha zess?

THOMASIN. And why vore dest thee drow vore zitch spalls to me?—Go pey tha score, vor tha lecker tha hast a had zo ort in thy teening bottle.—There's a rumple, chun!

WILMOT. Nif tha young George Hosegood had a had tha, he murt a hozed in a little time. Ha wud zoon ha' be' condidled.—Yeet a-vore oll, avore voak, tha wutlustree, and towzee, and chewree, and bucklee, and tear, make wise, as anybody passath; but out o' zeert a spare tole in enny keendest theng.

THOMASIN. Why, there's odds betwe' sh--ng and tearing won's yess. Wone mussent olveys be a boosting, must a?—But thee,—thee wut steehoppee, and colty, and hobby, and riggy wi' enny kesson zoul: oll for whistering and pistering, and hoaling and halzening, or cuffing a tale.

WILMOT. Ad! tell me o' hobbing and rigging, chel vlee to tha kep o' tha.

[*Pulls her poll.*]

THOMASIN. Oh! oh!—Mo-ather! mo-ather!—murder!—Oh! mo-ather!—Her hath a chuck'd ma wi' tha chingstey.—Es verly bleive es shell ne'er vet et.—And nif's dou't vet et, looks zee, in a twelvemonth and a dey, cuzzen Kester Broom shell zee tha a trest up a ground.—He shall zee tha zwinged, fath!

Enter the old JULIAN MOREMAN.

JULIAN. Labbe, labbe, soze, labbe.—Gi' o'er, gi' o'er :*—Tamzen and thee be olweys wother egging or veaking, jawing or sneering, blazing or racing, kerpig or speaking cutted, chittering or drowing vore o' spalls, purting or jowering, yerring or chounting, taking owl o' wone theng or pip o'tether, cchockling or pooching, ripping up or roundshaving wone tether, stivering or grizzling, tacking or busking, a prill'd or a muggard, blogging or glumping, rearing or snapping, vrom candle-douting to candle-teening in tha yeavling,—gurt hap else.

* Speaking to Wilmot, who had pulled Thomasin's cap.

SO ENDS THE SCOLDING.

AN
EXMOOR COURTSHIP;
OR A
SUITORING DISCOURSE,
IN THE
DEVONSHIRE DIALECT AND MODE,
NEAR
THE FOREST OF EXMOOR.

THE PERSONS.

ANDREW MOREMAN, a young farmer.

MARGERIE VAGWELL, his sweetheart.

Old Grammer NELL, grammer to Margery.

THOMASIN, sister to Margery.

AN
EXMOOR COURTSHIP.

SCENE—MARGERY'S HOME.

To Margery enter Andrew.

ANDREW. How goeth et, cozen Magery ?

MARGERY. Hoh ! cozen Andra, how d'ye try ?

ANDREW. Come, let's shake hond, thof kissing be scarce.

MARGERY. Kissing's plenty enow ; bet chud zo leefe kiss the back o' ma hond es e'er a man in Challacomb, or yeet in Paracomb ; no dispreze.

ANDREW. Es dont believe thate,* yeet es believe well too.

[Zwop ! he kisses and smuggles her.]

* *Thate* is the proper word here, according to the Exmoor Dialect ; though *thek* was in the former editions improperly inserted instead thereof. 'Tis true the word *thek*, as well as well as *thecke* or *thecka*, is (generally but not always) used for *that*, when it is a pronoun demonstrative ; but never when it is a pronoun relative, or a conjunction, in which cases *thet* or *thate* is the word used. The Devonians however in their distinction between *thek* or *thecke*, and *that*, do not altogether conform to that which our Saxon ancestors made between THYLLIC or THYLCE (whence the Scotch *thilk*), THYLLICE or THYLCE, *hic* & *hæc talis*, and their THAT or THAET, by which they commonly expressed *id*, *illum*, *illud*, *istud*, also *hoc*, *istoc*, &c. The Devonshire use of these words may be exemplified by the following phrases:

—“ Hot's *thet* tha zest ? What a gurt lee es *thate* !
The man *thet* told tha *thecka* story, thof 'a murt zey theeze

MARGERY. Hemph!—Oh! tha vary vengeance out o' tha!—Tha hast a creem'd ma yearms, and a most a bost ma neck.—Well, bet, vor all, how dost try, es zey, cozen Andra? Es hant a zee'd ye a gurt while.

ANDREW. Why, fath, cozen Magery, nort marchantable, e'er zince es scoast a tack or two wey Rager Vrogwell tether day.—Bet zugs! es trem'd en and vagg'd en zo, that he'll veel et vor wone while, chell warndy.

theng and *thicky*, whan a had a parwobble weth tha, to make hes tale hang vittily together, cou'dn't bleeve et 'es own zell: shore and shore, *thek* man shou'd a' had the whitstone."

This is the proper Exmoorian language, and in plain English runs thus :

"What's that thou sayest? What a great lye is that! The man who told thee that story, though he might say this and that thing when he held a parley (or conference) with thee, the better to connect and embellish his tale, could not believe it himself: verily and indeed that man should have had the whetstone."

And here it may be requisite to observe, that the whetstone is deemed a proper present for a notorious liar, or one who has asserted the truth of an incredible story: but for what reason I know not, unless it be by way of allusion to the story of Attius Navius,† the celebrated augur; who being required by Tarquinius Priscus, when questioning the utility of his art, to determine thereby whether his then concealed design was feasible or not, performed the usual auguries on that occasion, and answered him in the affirmative: and then the king informing him that his design was to have such a stone as he then produced to be cut in two with a razor that had been whetted thereon, the augur is said to have established his credit by cutting through the whetstone with the razor, in the king's presence.

† This augur's name is spelt differently by different authors:—By Cicero, de Divinatione, Lib. I. § 17. *Attius Navius*: by Lactantius, de Origine Erroris, Lib. II. § 7. *Accius Navius*: and so by Livy, Lib. I. Chap. 36. But in some MSS. *Navius*. By Dionysius Halicar. Ant. Rom. Hist. Lib. *Navus*. Ἀττιος Νεβιος. Val. Maximus de Auspiciis, *Atius*

MARGERY. How, cozen Andra! Why es thort you coudent a vort zo.

ANDREW. Why, 'twos oll about thee, mun;—vor es chan't hire an eel word o' tha.

MARGERY. How! about me!—Why, why vore about me, good zweet now?—Of a ground ha can zey no harm by ma.

ANDREW. Well, well, no mater. Es coudent hire tha a run down, and a roilad upon zo, and zet still lick a mumchance, and net pritch en vort.

MARGERY. Why, whot, and be hang'd to en, cou'd a zey o' me, a gurt meazel?

ANDREW. Es begit tha words now; bet ha roilad zo, that es coudent bear et.—Bet a dedent lost hes labour, fath; vor es toz'd en, es lamb'd en, es lac'd en, es thong'd en, es drash'd en, es drubb'd en, es tann'd en to the true ben, fath:—Bet stap! cham avore ma story.—Zes I, “Thee, thee art a pretty vella!” Zes he, “Gar! thee cassent make a pretty vella o' ma.”—“No, agar,” zey I, “vor th'art too ugly to be made a pretty vella, that's true enow.” Gar! a was woundy mad thoa.*—“Chell try thate,” zey he.—“As zoon's tha wut,” says I.—Zo up a roze, and to't we went.—Vurst a geed ma a whisterpooop under tha year, and vorewey a geed ma a vulch in tha leer.—Ad! thoa es rakad up, and tuck en be tha collar, and zo box'd en, and zlapp'd en, that es made hes kep hoppy, and hes yead addle to en.

MARGERY. Well, es think ye, cozen Andra, vor taking wone's peart zo.—Bet cham agest he'll go vor a varrant vor ye, and take ye bevore tha

* *Tho* or *thoa* is used for *then* when spoken of time *past*; but *than* when referred to time *future*.

cunsabel ; and than ye mey be bound over, and be vorst to g' in to Exter to zizes ; and than a mey zwear tha peace of es, you know.—Es en et better to dreuk vriends and make et up.

ANDREW. Go vor a varrant ! Ad ! let en, let en go ; chell net hender en : vor there's Tom Vuzz can take his cornoral oath that *he* begun vurst.—And if he deth, chell ha' as good a varrant vor he, as he can for me, dont quesson et ; vor the turney into Moulton knoweth me, good now, and has had zome zweet pounds o'vauther bevore ha dy'd. And if he's a meended to go to la, es can spend vorty or vifty shillings as well's he. And zo let en go, and whipe whot a zets upon o'Zendeys wey hes varrant. Bet hang en, let's ha nort more to zey about en ; vor chave better bezeneze in hond a great deal.

[*He takes hold of her and paddles in her neck and bosom.*]

MARGERY. Come, be quiet ;—be quiet, es zey, a grabbling o' wone's tetties.—Es wont ha' ma tetties o' grabbed zo ; ner es wont be mullad and soulad.—Stand azide ; come, gi' o'er.

ANDREW. Lock, lock ! How skittish we be now ! You werent zo skittish wey Kester Hosegood up to Daraty Vuzz's up-zetting.—No, no, you werent zo skittish thoa, ner zo squeamish nether.—He murt mully and souilly tell a wos weary.

MARGERY. Es believe the very Dowl's in voke vor leeing.

ANDREW. How ! zure and zure, you wont deny et, wull ye, whan oll tha voaken took noteze o'et.

MARGERY. Why, cozen Andra, thes wos the whole fump o' the beseneze.—Chaw'r in wey en to daunce ; and whan the daunce was out, tha

croud cry'd, "Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak," (as a uzeth to do, you know) and a cort ma about the neck, and woudent be a zed, bet a woud kiss ma, in spite o' ma, do what es coud to hender en.—Es coud borst tha croud in shivers, and tha crouder too, a voul zlave as a wos, and hes vid-destick into the bargain.

ANDREW. Well, well, es b'ent angry, mun.—And zo let's kiss and vriends.—[*Kisses her.*]—Well, bet, cozen Magery, oll thes while es hant told tha ma arrant;—and chave an over arrant to tha, mun.

MARGERY. [*Simpering.*] Good zweet now, whot arrant is et? Es marl whot arrant ye can ha' to me.

ANDREW. Why, vath, chell tell tha. Whot zig-nivies et ta mence tha mater? Tes thes; *bolus nolus* wut ha' ma?

MARGERY. "Ha ma?" Whot's thate? Es cant tell whot ya me-an by thate.

ANDREW. Why, than, chell tell tha vlat and plean. Ya know es kep Challacomb Moor in hond; tes vull statad: but cham to chonge a live for three yallow beels. And than there's tha lant up to Parracomb town: and whan es be to Parracomb, es must ha' wone that es can trest to look arter tha gerred-teal'd meazels, and to zar tha ilt and tha barra, and melk tha kee to Challacomb, and to look arter tha thengs o' tha houze.

MARGERY. O varjuice! Why, cozen Andra, a good stedly zarrant can do oll thes.

ANDREW. Po, po, po! chell trest no zarrants.—And more an zo, than they'll zey by me, as they ded by Gaffer Hill tether day:—"They made two

beds, and ded g' in to wone." No, no, es bant zo mad nether.—Well, bet, look, dest zee, cozen Magery : zo vur vore es tha wut ha' ma, chell put thy live 'pon Parracomb Down. Tes wor twonty nobles a year and a puss to put min in.

MARGERY. O vile! whot, marry?—No chant ha' tha best man in Challacomb, nor yeet in Parracomb. Na, chell ne'er marry, vor ort's know. No, no; they zey thare be more a marry'd already than can boil tha crock o' Zendeys.—No, no, cozen Andra; es coud amorst zwear chudent ha' tha' best Square in oll England.—Bet, come; prey, cozen Andra, zet down a lit. Es must g' up in chember, and speak a word or two wey Zester Tamzin. Hare's darning up of old blonkets, and rearting tha peels, and snapping o' vleas.—Es ell come agen prezently.

ANDREW. Well, do than; bet make haste, d've zee.—Me-an time, chell read o'er the new ballet cheve in ma pocket.

MARGERY. New ballet! O good now, let's hire ye zing et up.

ANDREW. Zing!—No, no; tes no zinging ballet, mun; bet tes a godly one good now.

MARGERY. Why, whot's 't about, than?

ANDREW. Why, tes about a boy that kill'd hes vauther; and how hes vauther went agen, in shape of a gurt voul theng, wey a cloven voot, and vlashes o' vire, and troubled the houze zo, that tha Whatjecomb, tha Whit-Witch, vos vorst to lay en in the Red-Zea; and how the boy repented, and went distracted, and vos taken up, and vos hang'd vor't, and zung saums, and zed his praers. "Twull do your heart good to hire et, and make ye cry lick enny theng.—There's tha

picture o'en too, and tha parson, and tha dowl, and the ghost, and the gallows.

MARGERY. Bet es et true, be zure.

ANDREW. True? O la! Yes, yes; es always look to thate. Look, zee, tes here in prent—*“Lissen'd according to order.”—That's olveys prented on whot's true, mun.—Es took care to zee thate whan es bort en.

MARGERY. Well, well, read et; and chell g'up to Zester.

SCENE—THE CHAMBER.

To Thomasin enter Margery.

MARGERY. Oh! zester Tamzen! Odd! ee es a come along, and vath and trath hath a put vore tha quesson to ma a'ready.—Es verly beleive tha banes wull g' in next Zindey—Tes oll es ho'* vor.—Bet es tell en, Marry a-ketha! and tell en downreert es chant marry tha best man in Sherwill Hunderd.—Bet dest tha hire ma, zester Tamzen; dont ye be a labb o' tha tongue in what cham a going to zey, and than chell tell tha zometheng.—The banes, cham amorst zure, wull gi' in ether a Zindey or a Zindey-zenneert to vurdest. Es net aboo two and twonty;—a spicy vella and a vitty vella vor enny keendest theng.—Thee know'st Jo Hosegood es reckon'd a vitty vella: Poo! Es a zooterly vella to Andra; there no compare.

THOMASIN. Go, ya wicked cunterveit! why dest

* So country people used to read *licensed*, &c.

† *Ho'* is here an abbreviation of *Hope*.

lee zo agenst thy meend; and whan ha put vore tha quesson tell en tha wudsent marry?—Bezides, zo vur as tha know'st, ha murt take pip o', and meach off, and come no more anearst tha.

MARGERY. Go, ya alkitotle! ya gurt voolesh trapes! Dest thee thenk a beleev'd ma, whan es zed chudent marry? Ee es net zo zart-a-baked nether. Vor why? Es wudent be too vurward nether; vor than ee murt dra back.—No, no; vor oll whot's zed, es hope tha banes wull go in, es zey, next Zindey.—And vath, nif's do vall over the desk, twont thir ma, ner yeet borst ma bones.—But nif they dont g' in by Zindey-zenneert, chell tell tha, in short company, es chell borst my heart. Bet es must go down to en; vor he's by ees zel oll theez while.

SCENE—THE GROUND-ROOM AGAIN.

To Andrew enter Margery.

ANDREW. Well, cozen Magery, cham glad you're come agen: vor thes ballet es zo very good, that et makes wone's heart troubled to read et.

MARGERY. Why, put et up than, while es git a putcher o' cyder. Wull ye eat a croust o' brid and chezee, cozen Andra?

ANDREW. No, es thankee, cozen Magery; vor es eat a crub as es come along; bezides es went to dinner jest avore.—Well, bet, cozen Magery, whot onser dest gi' ma to tha quesson es put vore now-reert.

MARGERY. What quesson was et?

ANDREW. Why, zure, ya bant zo vorgetvul. Why, tha quesson es put a little rather.

MARGERY. Es dont know what quesson ye meean ; es begit whot quesson twos.

ANDREW. Why, to tell tha vlat and plane agen, twos thes : “ Wut ha’ ma, ay or no.”

MARGERY. Whot ! marry to earteen ?—Es gee tha zame onser as geed avore, Es wudent marry the best man in oll England. Es cud amorst zwear chud ne’er marry at oll.—And more and zo, cozen Andra, cham a told ya keep company wey Tamzen Hosegood, thek gurt banging, thonging, muxy drawbreech ; a daggle-teal’d jade ; a zower-zop’d, yerring, chockling trash, a buzzom-chuck’d haggaging moyle, a gurt fustilug. Hare’s a trub ! And nif ya keep hare company, es’ll ha no more to zey to tha.

ANDREW. Ay, thes es Jo Hosegood’s flim-flam. Oh, tha very vengeance out o’ en !

MARGERY. No, no ; tes none of Jo Hosegood’s flim-flam ; bet zo tha crime o’ tha country goth.

ANDREW. Ah, bet twos Jo Hosegood’s zetting vore in tha vurst place. Ha wull lee a rope upreert.—Whan ha hatha took a shord, and a paddled, ha wull tell doil, tell dildrams, and roily upon enny kesson zoul.—Ad ! nif es come athert en, chell gee en a lick ;—chell ly en o’er tha years ; chell plim en, chell toze en, chell cotten en, chell thong en, chell tann en ;—chell gee en a strat in the chups ;—chell vag en, chell trem en, chell drash en, chell curry hes coat vor en ;—chell drub en, chell make hes kep hoppy.—Ad ! chell gee en zutch a zwop !—chell gee en a whappet, and a

wherret, and a whister-poop too :—Ad ! chell baste en to tha true ben.

[*Speaks in a great passion, and shews with his hands how he'll beat his adversary.*]

MARGERY. Lock, lock, lock ! cozen Andra ! Vor why vore be ye in zitch a vustin vume ?—Why, es dont zey twos Jo Hosegood zed zo, bet only zo tha crime o' the country goth.

ANDREW. Well, well, cozen Magery, be't how twull. whot caree I ?—And zo, good-buy, good-buy t'ye, cozen Magery.—Nif voaken be jealous avore they be married, zo they mey arter.—Zo good-buy, cozen Magery. Chell net trouble ye agen vor wone while, chell warndy.

[*Going.*]

MARGERY. (*Calling after him.*) Bet hearkey, hearkey a bit, cozen Andra ! Es wudent ha ye go away angry nether. Zure and zure you wont deny to see me drenk ?—Why ya hant a tasted our cyder yet. (*Andrew returns.*) Come, cozen Andra, here's t'ye.

ANDREW. Na, vor that matter, es owe no ill-will to enny kesson, net I.—Bet es wont drenk, nether, except ya vurst kiss and vriends.

[*Kisses her.*]

MARGERY. Ya wont be a zed.—(*He drinks.*)—Well, bet hearkey, cozen Andra ; wont ye g' up and zee grammer avore ye g' up to Challacomb ? Tes bet jest over tha paddick, and along tha park.

ANDREW. Es carent much nif's do go zee old Ont Nell.—And how do hare tare along ?

MARGERY. Rub along, d'ye zey ?—Oh ! grammer's wor vover hunderd pounds, reckon tha goods indoor and out a door.

ANDREW. Cham glad to hire et ; vor es olweys thort her to ha be bare buckle and thongs.

MARGERY. Oh ! no, mun ; hare's mearty well to pass, and maketh gurt account o' me, good now.

ANDREW. Cham glad to hire o' thet too. Mey be hare mey gee tha a good stub.—Come, let's g' ender than.

[*Takes her arm under his, and leads her.*]

SCENE—OLD GRAMMER NELL'S.

To her enter Andrew and Margery.

ANDREW. Good den, good den, ont Nell.—Well, how d'ye try? How goth et wey ye.

OLD NELL. Why, vath, cozen Andra, pritty vitty, whot's chur. Chad a glam or two about ma. Chad a crick in ma back and in ma niddick. Thoa chur a lumps'd in wone o' ma yearms. Tho come to a heartgun. Vorewey struck out and come to a barngun. Tho come to an allernbatch ; and vorewey fell in upon ma bones, and come to a boneshave.—Bet e'er zenz the old Jillian Wrinkle blessed vore tes pritty vitty ; and cham come to my meat-list agen.—Well, bet hearky, cozen Andra : es hire ya lick a lit about ma cozen Magery ; ay, and have smelled about her a pritty while. Chawr a told that ye simmered upon wone tether up to Grace Vrogwill's bed ale. Well, cozen Andra, twull do vary well vor both. No matter how zoon. Cham oll vore, and zo chawr zo zoon's es hir'd o'et. Hare's net as zome giglets, zome prenking mencing thengs be, oll vor gamboy-

ling, rumping, steehopping, and giggleting; bet a tyrant maid vor work, and tha stewarliest and vittiest wanch that comath on tha stones o' Moulton, no dispreise.

MARGERY. (*Softly aside to her.*) Thenk ye, grammer, thenkee keendly. And nif es shudent ha en shoud'd borst ma heart.—(*Aloud.*) Good grammer, dont tell me of marrying. Chave a told cozen Andra ma meend aready, thet chell ne'er marry vor ort es know.

OLD NELL. Stap hether, cozen Magery, a lit and tarn these cheesen.—(*Pretendedly private to her.*) Go, ya alkitotle, why dedst tell zo, tha wert ne'er marry? Tha wutten ha tha leek; a comely spreyy vitty vella vor emmy keendest theng. Come, nif tha wut ha en, chell gee tha good stub. Thare's net a spreyyer vella in Challacomb.

MARGERY. Bet, grammer, wull ye be zo good's ya zey, nif zo be, vor your zake, es vorce ma zel to let en lick a bit about ma?

OLD NELL. Ay, es tell tha—(*aside.*)—Cham agest hare'll dra en into a promish wone dey or wother.

ANDREW. Well, ont Nell, es hired whot ya zed, and es thank ya too.—Bet now chave a zeed ye, tes zo good as chad a eat ye, as they uze to zey. Es must go home now as vast as es can.—Cozen Magery, wont ye go wey ma a lit wey.

MARGERY. Mey be es mey go up and zee ont Moreman, and mey be es mant.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—THE OPEN COUNTRY.

Enter Andrew followed by Margery.

MARGERY. Ad! es'll zee en up to Challacomb Moor stile.—Now must es make wise chawr a going to ont Moreman's, and only come theez wey. *[Aside.*

ANDREW. *(Spying her.)* Cozen Magery, cozen Magery! stap a lit. Whare zo vast mun?—*(She stays.)*—Zo, now es zee ya be as good as yer word; na, and better; vor tha zedst "may be chell, and mey be chont."

MARGERY. Oh, ya take tha words tether way. Es zed "mey be chell, and mey be chont, go up and zee ont Moreman." Es zed no more an zo. Es go thes way vor to zee hare that es oll. Bet chudent go zo vur to meet enny man in Challacomb, ner Parracomb, ner yeet in oll King George's kingdom, bless hes worship! Meet tha men aketha!—Hah! be quiet, es zey, a creeming a body zo. And more an zo, yer beard precketh ill-vavourdly. Es marl what these gurt black beards be good vor. Ya ha made ma chucks buzzom.

ANDREW. Well, whot's zey, cozen Magery? Chell put in tha banes a Zendey, *bolus nolus*.

MARGERY. Then es ell vorbed min, vath.

ANDREW. Oh! chell trest tha vor thate. Es dont think you'll take zo much stomach to yer zel as to vorbed min avore zo menny vokes.—Well, cozen Magery, good neart.

MARGERY. Cozen Andra, good neart.—Es wish ye well to do.

SCENE—MARGERY'S HOME.

To Thomasin enter Margery.

MARGERY. Zester Tamzen, whare art? Whare art, a popeling and a pulching? Dost hire ma?

THOMASIN. Lock, lock, lock! Whot's the matter, Magery, that tha leapest, and caperest, and zing'st zo? What art tha hanteck?

MARGERY. That's nort to nobody. Chell whistley, and capery, and zing, vor oll thee.—Bet yeet avor oll, nif tha wuttent be a lobb of tha tongue now, chell tell tha zometheng.—Zart! whistery!—Ma banes g' in a Zendey, vath, to Andra, the spicest vella in Sherwill Hunderd.

THOMASIN. O Ia! why thare lo! Now we shall be marry'd near together; vor mine be in and out agen;—thof my man don't yeet tell ma tha dey. Es marl ha dont pointee whot's in tha meend o'en.

MARGERY. Chell g' in to Moulton tomarra pritty taply, to buy zome canvest vor a new chonge.

THOMASIN. Ay, ay; zo do; vor tha cassent tell what may happen to tha in thy middle banes.

MARGERY. How! ya gurt trapes!—Whot dest me-an by thate? Es scorn tha words. Ded ort hap to thee in thy middle banes? Happen aketha!

THOMASIN. Hah! Ort happen to me in my middle banes? Es scorn et to tha dert o' ma shocs, looks zee, ya mencing, kerving baggage.—Varewell.

THE END.

VOCABULARY.



A

VOCABULARY OR GLOSSARY,

EXPLAINING THE MOST DIFFICULT WORDS IN
THE FOREGOING DIALOGUES.

Note.—The *English Saxon* words occasionally referred to in this Vocabulary, and in the foregoing notes, are, for want of proper types, printed in the old **English** character; preserving the proper powers of the letters which differ from it in form, and using **th** instead of the Saxon *Theta*.

A.

AGEST, *aghest*, or *agast*, afraid, terrified; and sometimes used to express such great terror, as if a *ghost* had appeared: the word being derived from the English Saxon *gast*, *spiritus*.

Agging, murmuring, provoking, egging on, or raising quarrels.

Alkitotle, a silly elf, or foolish oaf. [Perhaps, a foolish creature troubled with fits or epilepsies to which the elk (in Latin *alce*,) is said to be subject. Q.]

Allernbatch, an old sore: from the Angl. Sax. *Aldor* and F. G. Bosse, a botch.—[or perhaps from A. S. *Ælan*, *accendere*, *Botch* ut supra; and then it may signify a carbuncle or burning boil.]

A-long, as spelt in some former editions, but should be *E-long*, means slanting.

Angle-bowling, a kind of fencing against sheep: see the note thereon, page 9.

Antle-beer, cross-wise, irregular.

A-prill'd, soured, or beginning to turn sour, when applied to milk, beer, &c.—[sometimes, to be prickt or gored, so as to be made to fret and fume. Vide Skinner.]

Apurt, sullen;—disdainfully silent, with a glouting look;—in a sour dogged disposition.

Avrouar or *Avraur*, frozen, frosty.

An *Axwaddle* or *Axwaddler* (from the Devonshire word *axen* for *ashes*), an *ash-pudder* or *peddlar*; one that collects and deals in ashes: sometimes one that tumbles in them.—(Hence an *axen-cat*)—[“and sometimes one that paddles and draws lines in them with a stick or poker.”]

B.

Ba-arge, (from the Saxon *Bearge*, *majalis*, a barrow pig,) generally used in Devonshire to signify a fat heavy person. one that is unweildy as a fattened hog.

Baggaged or *By-gaged*, behagged, i. e. hag ridden or bewitched.

Banging, large, great.

Barngun, some fiery pimples breaking out upon the skin.—[Or perhaps a burning sore of the erysipelas kind, vulgarly called St. Anthony's Fire; but this is what the Devonians call *ill-thing*.]

Barra or *Barrow*, a gelt pig.

Beat or *Peat*, turf burnt for the improvement of cold land, commonly called *burn-beating*, and in some counties *Denshiring*, because frequently used in some parts of Devonshire.

Bed-ale, groaning ale, that which is brewed for a gossiping or christening feast.

To the true *ben* or *bend*, to the utmost stretch, when applied to the bow;—soundly and to the purpose, so as to make it flexible, when applied to one sort of leather,—but stiff and almost inflexible by being well tanned and beaten, when applied to another:—whence the *ben-sole*.

Betwattled, seized with a fit of tattling, or *betotted* and turned fool.

Blazing, spreading abroad news, or blazoning and proclaiming the faults of others. [Belg. *Cor=blaesen*, to blow in one's ear, meaning to *whisper*.]

To *Blenky* or *blenk*, to snow but sparingly, resembling the *blinks* or ashes, that sometimes fly out of a chimney, and fall around the place.

To *Bless vore* (i. e. to bless for it, with a view to cure it,) to use charms or spells to cure disorders.—“She should have needed no more spell.”—Vide Spenser's Calendar, *Ægl.* 3d.

Blugging, looking sullen.—Vide supra, *Apurt*.

Blowmaunger (perhaps from the French *Blanc-manger*, White meat, a kind of flummery, used by the Exmoorians, &c. to denote a fat blow-cheeked person, as if blown up with fat by full-feeding and junketing,—[or perhaps it may be also applied to one who puffs and blows while he is eating.]

Blowmaunger baarge, vide supra, under the word *Baarge*.

Bone-shave, the Sciatica. Note to page 2.

Boostering, labouring busily, so as to sweat.

Bozzom, or *Buzzom-chuck'd*, the having a deep dark redness in the cheeks.

Briss dust.—*Briss and Buttons*, dust and sheep's buttons, or sheep's dung. See *Buttons*.

A *Brocking* mungrel, a mongrel jade that is apt to throw her rider.—From the Saxon *Brœc*, *caballus*, *equus vilior*.

Buckard, or *bucked*, when spoken of milk, soured by keeping too long in the milk-bucket, or by being kept in a foul bucket: when spoken of other things, *hircum olens*, having a rankish taste and smell.

To *Buckle*, or *buckle to*, to gird up the loins; to be diligent and active.

Buddled, drowned, suffocated.

Buldering weather, hot and sultry; perhaps from *boiling* or *broiling* heat.

Busking, running up against one-another's busk by way of provocation. Q!

Buttons, besides the commonly known meaning of the

word, is sometimes used to express *sheep's dung*, and other *buttons* of that kind: as also the *burs* on the herb *burdock*, but these in Devonshire are called *Cuckold-buttons*, in some other places, *Beggars-buttons*.

Buzzom, and *Buzzom chuck'd*. See *Bozzom*.

C.

Candle-teening, candle-lighting.—To *teen* and *dout* the candle, means to *put in* and *put out* the candle.

To *Caniffle*, or *Canifflee*, to dissemble and flatter.

Cat-ham'd, ungainly, fumbling, without any dexterity.

Caucheries, perhaps for potential *cauteries* caustics, or burning medicines; but in Devonshire means any slops or medicinal compositions without distinction.

Champe, a scuffle.

'*Chave*, i. e. *Ich have*, I have. And so '*ch* for *Ich* (Sax. *It*, Germ. *Ich*). *Ego* is prefixed to many other words; as in page 29th, "*mey be chell and mey be chon't*," i. e. It may be I shall, and it may be I won't, or will not.

A *Chaunge*, or *Chonge*, a shirt or shift; because it should be often *changed*.

Chockling, the cackling of a hen when disturbed; and when spoken of a man or woman, means hectoring and scolding.

Chounting, taunting, scornfully reviling, or jeering.—This is not derived from *chanting*, nor has any relation thereto, unless meant in a harsh disagreeable tone.

Chuer, in other counties, a *Chare*, a job of work; generally applied to the work of a person who assists on all occasions, and in different kinds of work. Hence a *Chare-woman* or *Chewrer*, who helps the servants in a family.

To *Chuery*, or *Chewree*, to assist the servants, and supply their places occasionally, in the most servile work of the house.

Clathing, clothing.—*Clathers*, clothes.

Chun, quean or woman, Q? But a *Quean* formerly meant a *whore*, and generally *now* denotes a bad sort of a woman.

Clam, a stick laid over a brook or stream of water to clamber over, supplying the want of a bridge.

Clome, (perhaps from loam,) earthen ware.

Cockleert, (i. e. Cock-light) *Diluculum*, the dawn, when the cock crows:—in the evening, *Crepusculum*.

Coad, unhealthy, consumptive, or cored like a rotten sheep.

Cod-Glove, a furze-glove without fingers.

To *Coltee*, to act the hobby-horse, to be as playful as a young colt.

To *Condiddle*, to waste, disperse, or convey away secretly or imperceptibly.

Condiddled, insensibly wasted away.—Spoken of goods or substance clandestinely and gradually spent and consumed.

To *Creem*, to squeeze, and as it were to eramp.

Crewdling, a cold, dull, unactive and sickly person, whose blood seems to be as it were curdled.

Crewting, or *Cruning*, groaning like a grunting horse.

The *Crime of the country*, the whole cry, or common report of the neighbourhood.

Crock, (Sax. *Cracca*) always means a *pottage-pot*, when not distinguished by any adjunct; but besides this *porridge crock* (as 'tis sometimes called) there is the *butter-crock*, by which the Devonians mean an earthen vessel or jar to *pot* butter in; and the *pan-crock*, which see in its place.

A *Croud*, a fiddle.

A *Crub*, a crumb of dry bread, with or without cheese.

To *Cuff* a tale, to exchange stories, as if contending for the mastery; or to canvas a story between one and another.

Τὸν δαπαμειβομενος
τον δημειβειτ' επειτα—HOMER.

D.

The very *Daps* of a person,—the aptes, aptitudes or attitudes: the exact likeness of another, in all his gestures and motions.

To *Dere*, to hurry, frighten, or astonish a child.—See *Thir*.

Dem! you slut.

Good *Den*, good e'en, good even,—an afternoon salutation.—*Vide* Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*;

“*Mercutio*. God ye good e'en, fair gentlewoman!

“*Nurse*. Is it good e'en?

“*Mercutio*. 'Tis no less I tell you, &c.”

To tell *Dildrams* and *Buckingham-Jenkins*, to talk strangely and out of the way.—The latter seems to be an allusion to some old incredible story or ballad concerning one Jenkins of Buckingham. Q. Whether that Jenkins, who is said to have lived to the age of 167 years, was a Buckinghamshire man? or what other person of that name may be here alluded to?

The *Dimmet*, the dusk of the evening.

No *Direct*, no plain downright truth, and consequently no trust to be given.

To *Doattee*, to nod the head when sleep comes on, whilst one is sitting up.

To tell *Doil*, to tell like a sick man when delirious.

The *Dorns*, the door-posts.

It *Doveth*, it thaws.

The *Dowl* or *Dæul*, the devil.

A mucky *Draw-breech*, a lazy filthy jade, that hangs an a—se as if overladen by the dirt at her tail.

Dugged, *Dugged-teal'd*, and *Daggle-teal'd*, wet, and with the tail of the garment dragged along in the dirt.

To *Dwallee* or *Dwaule*, to talk incoherently, or like a person in a delirium.

E

Eart one, *eart* t'other,—now one, then the other.

Egging, spurring on, or provoking.

E-long, slanting.

Elt. See *Ilt*.

Es, that is *Ise* (the Scotch of the pronoun *ego*) which, as well as *ich*, is sometimes used in Devon for I.—(See *Chave*)—*Es* or *Ez* is also sometimes used for *is*.

F.

Foust or *a-foust*, dirty and soiled; but this word is not

used in Devonshire to express *mouldiness*, as in some other counties.

Fulch or *Vulch*, a pushing stroke with the fist, directed upward;—from *fulcio*, *fulcire*, to prop up or support.

Full stated, spoken of a leasehold estate that has three lives subsisting thereon: that is, when it is held for a term, which will not determine till the death of the survivor of three persons still living.

The whole *Fump* of the business,—for *Frump*, (*Sanna*)—the whole of the jest; or all the circumstances of a story, and the means by which it came to such an issue.

Fusty-lugs,—spoken of a big-boned person,—a great foul creature.

G.

The *Gammerells*, the lower hams, or the small of the leg.

A *Gapesnest* or *Gapesness*, a wonderment, a strange sight.—“Fit only for a gapesness,” i. e. fit only to be stared at, as some strange uncommon creature.

Geowering or *Jowering*, brawling or quarrelling; expanding the jaws in noisy squabbles.

Gerred or *Girred*, for *Gorred*; dirty or bedaubed; from Ang. Sax. *Gore*, *lutum*, *stercus*.

Gerred-teal'd meazles, filthy swine; because frequently scrophulous, or, in many places, spotted.

Glam, a wound or sore, a cut or bruise, botch or swelling, &c. an accidental hurt. [Possibly from the Saxon *gelamp*, *acdidit*.]

Glumping, looking sullen; dark and lowering, gloomy or glum.

To *Gookeé*, to have an awkward nodding of the head, or bending of the body backward and forward.

A *Gore-coat*, a gown or petticoat gored, or so cut as to be broad at the bottom, and narrower at the upper part; such as may be seen in some ancient pictures, particularly of Queen Elizabeth.—Vide Ball's edition of Spenser's Calendar, Ægl. 4.

To *Grabble*, for grapple.

- To *Grizzle*, to grin, or smile with a sort of sneer.
 A *Grizzle-de-mundy*, a foolish creature that grins or laughs at every trifling incident.
Gurt, great.
Guttering, guttling and devouring, eating greedily.

H.

- Ha-ape*, stop, or keep back. To ha-ape, is generally applied by ploughmen, to the forcing the oxen backward, to recover the proper direction of the furrow, which is termed haaping them back ; and the word of command to the bullocks in this case is *Haape ! Haape back !*—P. 3. — “ Nif vauther dedn’t haape tha ; ” i. e. if father did not stop, restrain, and force thee to a contrary course.
- Haggage*, an awkward slovenly hag, or slattern.
Haggle-tooth’d, snaggle-tooth’d.
Halzening, predicting the worst that can happen.—[A Sax. *Walfian*, *augurari*.]
- Hange* or *hanje*, the purtenance of any creature, joined by the gullet to the head, and hanging all together, viz. the lights, heart, and liver.
- Hanteck*, antic or frantick.
- Hare*,—her ; by the Exmoorians used for she.—By the Cornish (on the contrary) and also by some few Devonians, she is also used instead of her, viz. in the accusative as well as nominative case.
- To *Hawchee*, to feed foully.
- Hawchemouth’d*, one that talks indecently,—or rather makes no distinction between decent and indecent language, but mouthes out what comes uppermost ; and whose discourse therefore is a mere hotch-potch.
- To *Henn*, to take and throw. (Vid. Spenser’s Calend. Ægl. 3. “ The pumie stones I hastily *hent* and threw.”) But this word is seldom used in Devon, though frequently in Cornwall.
- Hewstring*, *houstring*, coughing or wheezing.
- Heart-gun*, (*Cardialgia*—*Tabum quoddam Cordis*.) Some great sickness in the stomach, or pain about the heart, rather worse than the common *heart-burn*.
- Hire*, used for hear.

To *Hobby*, to play the hobby-horse, to be at romps with the men.

Horry, foul and filthy; (Sax. *horig*, *sordidus*, *mucidus*.)

Hoazed, hoarse.—See *hozed* below.

To *Holster*, to hustle and bustle.

To be *Hove up*, means the same as

Hozed or *hawzed*, finely off!—Ironically spoken.—[Perhaps finely housed, or in a fine hovel; for the word hobble, (probably from hovel,) is used by the Devonians ironically in much the same sense; as, such a one is in a fine hobble! meaning, in some great difficulty.]

A *Huckmuck*, a short thick-shouldered person; or rather meant for a person with short legs, one whose hocks are immersed in, or bespattered by, the muck or dirt;—or perhaps an unshapely creature like a brewer's huckmuck, i. e. a sort of wicker strainer used to prevent the grains and muck from running out with the wort.

The *Hucksheens*, the legs up to the hams, or hocks.

To have a *Hy* to every body,—to call after, to have somewhat to say to;—*Heus!* Heigh sir! You sir!

I. J.

The *Jibb*, a stiller to fix a barrel of liquor upon.

The *Ilt*, the spayed female pigs.

Jowering, see *Geowring*.

K.

The *Kee*, the kine, or cows.

Any *Keendest thing*, any kind of thing; all sorts of things; ever so much.

Keeve or *hieve*, a mashing tub.

A *Kep*, a cap.

Kerping, carping.

Kesson, Christian.

A *Kickhammer*, a stammerer,

L.

A *Labb*, a blab.

To *Lace*, &c.—See below in the note under this letter.

To *Lackee*, to loyter, or be long lacking or wanting from home.

Lamps'd, lamed or disabled by a wound or otherwise.

Laping or *leaping*, leaping.

Lathing, invitation.—Sax. *Lathan invitare*.

The *Leer*, the *leer-ribs*,—"He gave him a fulch under the leer," i. e. in the hollow under the ribs. See *Fulch*.

Lipped, to be let pass; to be loose and free; and sometimes the breaking out of the stitches in needle work, or the like.

Loblolly, (so called, perhaps, *quasi* Lubberlolly, as being the broth of the country lubbers; or rather laplolly, because it may be lapp'd up and eaten without a spoon) an odd mixture of the worst kind of spoon meat. The word is also sometimes used for thick beer.

Lock! What! Heydey! Alack!

Lonching, *quasi* launching, or making long strides.

Lounging or *lundging*, leaning on any thing, such as a gate or stile, like a lazy creature that hath nothing else to do.

To *Lustree* or *lewstery*, to bustle and stir about like a lusty wench.

Note.—To *lace*, to *lam*, to *lick*, to *linse*, to *liquor*; as likewise to *baste*, to *cotton*, to *carry*, to *drub*, to *drum*, to *fag*, to *tan*, to *thong*, to *thresh*, to *toze*, to *trim*, *cum multis aliis*.—are metaphorically used to signify,—To *give a sound beating*, and want little or no explication: It was therefore thought needless to insert them under their several initials, but only to hint thus much concerning them.

M.

Marl, a marvel or wonder.

Meazles, sows, or swine.

Mickled with the cold, shrunk up and benumbed; the same with *steev'd*, which means also stiffened and benumb'd, from the Saxon *stifian*, *obtorpere*.

Min or *mun*, for them; as P. 12, "When tha dest zey muu;" i. e. when thou dost say them;—and P. 22 "a puss to put min in," i. e. a purse to put them in.

—*Mun* is also used vocatively for man, and sometimes even in speaking to a woman, but then it seems rather to mean *mannus*, for the which the Saxon word was also *man*; thus P. 21 “chave an over arrant to tha, mun,” i. e. I have an important errand to thee, my little hobby.—See the word *Over*, explained below,

Moil, or *moyle*, a mule.

To *Moily*, to labour like a mule, to be an incessant drudge.—“I have toiled and moiled all day,” i. e. I have had a very hard day’s work.

Mullad or *mulled*, closely rubbed and tightly squeezed, or bruised like tobacco in a mull, or Scotch snuff-mill.
—See *Soulad*.

Muggard and *muggaty*, sullen and displeased, at a real or supposed affront.

A *Mulligrub gurgin*, a meal-grub that feeds only upon gurgins or gurgians, the coarsest kind of meal, and the common food for hounds.

A *Mum-chance*, a fool dropt as it were by chance, or by the fairies; or one who is for the most part stupid and silent, and never speaks, at least not to the purpose, but by mere chance.

Mun, vide supra. *Min*.

A brocking *Mungrel*.—See *Brocking*.

Mux, muck or dirt.

Muxy, dirty, filthy.

N.

The *Natted yeo*, (for notted, or not-head, because without antlers,) the ewe without horns.

The *Niddick*, the nape or hinder part of the neck.

A *Ninniwatch*, (q. d. the watch of a ninny or fool,) a foolish expectation,—vain hopes or fears.

Now-reert, (i. e. now-right,) just now.

O.

To take *Owl o'* (i. e. to take unwell of it) to take it ill, or amiss.

Ort, sometimes used for ought, or aught, any thing; at other times for oft, often, as in P. 12, L. 3.

Over, is frequently used to express over great, material, or important: as "he hath an over mind to such a thing," that is, a great inclination to it:—an over errand, an important message.—See *min* or *mun*, as above explained.

P.

To *Paddle*, signifies not only to dabble in the water, &c. but also to make too free with liquor, or to drink freely. See the old song of the swapping Mallard,

"And as the Mallard in his pools,
So will we paddle in our bowls."

To *Palch* along,—to stalk, or walk on softly,—[possibly à *Belg. pas=garn*, walking step by step.]—To *Palch*, also signifies to *patch* or mend clothes, that is to put a *palch* or *palliage* on them; from the word *palliate*, which signifies either to *disguise* or to *patch up* a matter.

A *Pan-crock*, a little earthen pan; from *Ponne*, *patella*, and *Crocca*, *olla*, *testa*. Sax.

To *Pank*, to pant.

Parbeaking, belching; perhaps a corruption of *par-breaking*, vomiting.

Pilm, flying dust: hence in p. 4, "I'll make thy boddice pilme," means, *I'll thresh thee so, as to make the dust fly out of thy boddice*.

Pinchvart or *Pinchfart*, a miserly niggard, who pinches and saves that which is not worth half a *farthing*.

To *Ping*, to push.—In the præter tense *pung*, as "he *pung* me," i. e. he pushed me.

To take *Pip*, and meach off,—See p. 24.—to take amiss, or be out of humour, and so steal away.

Piping, in p. 7, means *wheezing*.—"A *purbeaking* and *piping* body"—a person subject to belching and wheezing.

Pistering, a word which whenever used, is always joined with *whistering*, i. e. whispering, (as in p. 13) perhaps from the French *pester*, to rail at, or tell tales; and so *whistering* and *pistering* must be understood to mean telling stories to the disadvantage of others in whispers, or with an air of secrecy.

Plat-footed, broad and flat-footed.

To *Plim*, to swell up, as new bacon, &c. in dressing : —“ Chell plim tha,” p. 4.—i. e. I shall or will beat thee, so as to make thee swell, like a young fowl put to the fire:—so to make the cheeks *plim*, is to beat them so as to make them swell and look plump.

Podger, a platter, whether made of pewter or earthen ware ; but the former is generally termed a *podger-dish*, and the latter a *cloamen podger*, or frequently a *podger* without any distinction.

To *Poochee*, to make mowes or mouthes, or screw up the mouth like a pouch.

Pook, a haycock, *quasi* *Peake* or cone.

To *Popple* about, to hobble about.

Popping, blabbing, like a popinjay or parrot.

To *Potee*, to push with the feet.

To *Powt*, to thrust out the lips and swell the cheeks in token of anger.

To *Prink* or *prinkee*, to dress fine, or set one's self off to the best advantage.

Prill'd. See *A-prill'd*.

To *Pritch*, to prick holes in ; to make holes for the wires in the leathers of wool-cards,

Puckering, in rolls and wrinkles,—all zig-zag and awry.

To *Pummel* a person,—to beat him soundly, to box him.

Pung. See *Ping*.

To *Purt*, *Purtee*, or be *Apurt* ; to sit silent and sullen.

To *Putch*, to pitch up corn or hay to the mow or zess with a pitchfork. See *Zess*.

Pixy, *Pigsnye*, a fairy.—(ab Islandic. *Puke*, dæmon. —*Teeheeing Pixy*, p. 6. Laughing fairy or goblin.

Q.

Quelstring, hot and sultry, or sweltry.

Querking, the deep slow breathing of a person in pain ; a tendency to groaning.

R.

Rabble-rote, a repetition of a long story ; a tale of a tub.

Racing, raking up old stories, or rubbing up old sores.

Ragrowtering, (*quasi* rag-rough-tearing) pláying at romps, and thereby rumpling, roughening, and tearing the clothes to rags.

Rathe, (not *rear*, as Gay has it,) early, soon ; e. g. “ a *lect-rather*,” or as in p. 10, “ *bet leettle rather*,” i. e. but a little while ago,—a little *sooner*. I would *rather*, i. e. I would *sooner* do so and so.—In Somerset, “ *Why do you op so rathe*,” i. e. get up or rise so early !

Rathe-ripe fruit, early fruit.

A *Rathe-ripe* wench, a girl of early puberty.

To *Ream*, to stretch or strain.—[Bread is said to *ream*, when made of heated or melted corn, and grown a little stale ; so that if a piece of it be broken into two parts, the one draws out from the other a kind of string like the thread of a cobweb, stretching from one piece to the other.—Note, corn is said to be melted, when put together before thoroughly dried, and so heated and fermented in the zess or mow.]

Rearing, mocking, by repeating another’s words with scorn and disdain.

Reart, right.—So *light* is pronounced *leart* ; *might*, *meart* ; and the like pronunciation prevails in almost all words ending in *ight*, among the rustics in Devon.

Rearring, righting or mending.

Rewden Hat, a straw hat ;—a woman’s hat made of rood or reed, that is, of combed straw.

Rex or rather *Rix*, (ab Angl. Sax. *riřan*, *junci*) a rush ; *Rixen*, rushes.—The *Rex-bush*, p. 4, a bush or tuft of rushes.

A *Rigg*, an impudent wanton girl. Minsbew.

Rigging, acting the wanton ; ready to bestride any inactive stallion, and give him a quickening spur.

A *Rigmutton-Rumpstall*, may sometimes mean a ram-mish ridgel ; but is generally used to denote a wanton wench that is ready to ride upon the men’s backs :

or else passively to be their romp-stall;—from the Saxon *stelan*, *salire*.

Ripping, taking off the rind and exposing our nakedness; or ripping up our character and laying open all our faults.

Rittling a bed, wheezing, rattling, routing, and snoring.

Rixen. See above.

Rixy, quarrelsome, scolding. [à Lat. *Rixa*.]

A *Roil* or *Royle*, a big, ungainly slammakin; a great awkward blowze or hoyden.

To *Roily* upon one, to *rail* on him, or traduce his character.

Roundshaving, spoke-shaving, reprimanding severely.

A *Rouabout*, a restless creature, never easy at home, but roaming from place to place. Also a sort of large peas, which from their regular globosity will hop or roll about more than others.

To *Rowcast* (i. e. to *rough-cast*), to throw dirt that will stick.

Rowl or *Real*, a revel or wake; the anniversary of the dedication of a church.

Rubbacrock, a filthy slattern, that is as black as if she were continually rubbing herself against a boiler or kettle.

To *Ruckee*, to quat or crouch down, whether on a necessary occasion or otherwise.

A *Rumple*, a large debt contracted by little and little. [Somerset, “’Twill come to a *rumple*, or *breaking*, at last: but *rumple* in Devon means not the same as *rupture*, but a thing ruffled and drawn up together, as a garment tumbled up to a wad, with many plaits and wrinkles.]

S.

A *Scutt* or *Skatt*, a shower of rain. [There is a Proverb at Kenton, in Devon, mentioned by Risdon, “When Halldown has a hat, let Kenton beware of a *skatt*.” See Brice’s Topog. Dictionary, Art. Kenton.]

Scatty weather, showery, with little skuds of rain.

Scoarse or *Scoace*, to exchange. “Es scoast a tack or two,” p. 18. i. e. I exchanged a blow or two,—I swopped with him a fisty-cuff or two.

- Scratch'd* or *a-scratch'd*, just frozen; the surface of the earth appearing as it were scratched or scabby.
- To *Screedle*, or *scrune* over the embers, to hover over them, covering them with one's coats as with a skreen.
- To *Scrumpee*, to scranche like a glutton, or as a dog eating bones and all.
- Seggard*, safeguard, a kind of outer garment so called.
- Shoard*, a piece of broken earthen ware, a potsberd.
- To take a *Shoard*, to take a cup too much.
- A *Shool*, a shovel.
- To *Shoort*, to shift for a living.
- To *Simmer*, to simper, like water in a kettle, or broth in a pot, when beginning to boil.
- To *Skull*, to school; to rate or scold at.
- To *Slat*, to slit a stick or board lengthwise, to crack, to throw a thing against the ground so as to break it; also to give a slap or blow.
- Snibble-nose*, or rather *Snivel-nose*, one who snuffs up the snot.—Cutted *Snibble-nose*, a cutting niggardly person; one that would save the very droppings of his nose:—a common description of a miser, in this country.
- To *Sowl*, (Sax. *solt*) to tumble one's clothes, to pull one about, &c. See *Mullard*.
- Soze*, or *Soace*, properly for *Sirs*; but sometimes spoken to a company of women as well as men.
- Spalls*, chips.
- To draw vore *Spalls*, to throw one's errors and little flaws in one's teeth, *quasi Spalls* or *chips*, which fly off from the carpenter's axe or woodman's bill;—or to throw out spiteful hints, or spit one's venom against another, *quasi spawls*.
- *Spare*, slow. It also sometimes means a thing not constantly used, but kept in reserve for a friend occasionally, as a *spare-bed*, &c.
- Sprey*, sprack, spruce, and clever.
- Sproil*, a capacity of motion, ability to *sprawl* about, and be active. See *Stroil*.
- A good *Spud*, a good gift or legacy, such as may answer your hopes and expectations. (Sax. *spud*, *opes*.)

To *Spudlee* or *spudde* out the *yewmors*,—to stir or spread abroad the embers, with a little spud or poker.

To *Squat* down, to quat down.

Squelstring weather, sweltry or sultry.

A *Stare-bason*, one that is saucer-eyed, and impudently stares one in the face.

Stave, a staff; also a tree or plank laid across the water for a foot-bridge, with something of a rail.—“When the water was by *stave*,” (p. 6.) or up by *stave*, i. e. When it was so high as to cover the bridge, and render it dangerous to pass over.

Steehopping, gadding abroad idly to hear or carry news. (Possibly from the British *Ystiferion* evedroppings, and so may denote the conduct of evedroppers who hearken for news under windows; but more probably from the Saxon *stær* *historia*, and *hoppa* *gestire*, and so is expressive of the tale-bearer’s chief employment, viz. to carry stories from house to house.)

Steev’d with the cold (see *Mickled*), quite stiff and frozen. (Saxon *stifian* *obtorpere*, à Gr. *στερος*.)

To *Stertle*, to startle.

Sterling Roil, (p. 2.) a wag-tail blowze, or one whose motion is directed like a ship by the rudder in her stern. (Sax. *stær*=*stern* *puppis*, and hence *stær* or *stert*, *cauda*.)—“Stertle upon the zess,” (as in p. 4.) i. e. to act the wag-tail there.

To *Stile* linen, &c. to smooth it with a steel, or ironing box. To iron the clothes.

To *Stool Terras*, to set up wet turfs two and two, one against another, touching each other at the upper part, and astrout at the bottom, that the wind may blow between them, and help to dry them for fuel.

A *Stram*, any sudden, loud, and quick sound: so (a *sa* verb) to *stram* the doors, means to shut them with noise and violence. Hence a bold and unexpected lie that greatly shocks and surprises the hearer, i called a *strammer*; and hence also to *strammee*, means to tell great and notorious lies.

To *Strat*, to dash in pieces; to throw any thing against the ground, or &c. so as to break it: hence to *strat*

the match, that is, to break it off, or prevent the intended marriage.

A *Strat* in the chops,—a blow in the face or mouth.

To *Strat* a person up,—to dash the foul water or mud of the streets against him, and bespatter him therewith ; from the Saxon *Strægdan*, *spargere*.

Stroil, (from *struggle*) strength and agility.—“ Thou hast no *stroil* nor docity,” (p. 10.) i. e. no activity nor docility ; no more agility or motion than a person disabled from striving or struggling.

Stroil is also a denomination of the long roots of weeds and grass, in grounds not properly cultivated.

Stroaking or *Strocking* the *Kee* (i. e. the cows), milking after a calf has sucked.

A good *Stub*, a large sum of money, whether given or expended ; as, “ it cost a good stub,” i. e. it was bought at a good price.—“ He did not give his vote without having a good *stub*,” that is, a large bribe.

A *Sture*, a steer ; also a dust raised.

Swapping or *Swopping*, big, large, unwieldy ;—as the *swopping-mallard* of *All-souls* College in the song, means a *very large* mallard.

A *Swash-bucket*, a wench who carelessly swashes and splashes the pig’s wash out of the bucket, when she carries it to feed the hogs : that this, or some such slatternly conduct, whether of the pig’s bucket, or milk-pail, &c. is meant by this word in the foregoing dialogues, seems evident : at least that it can have no reference or allusion to a *swash-buckler* or hectoring soldier, but to some mean office of a woman servant in the country.

T.

To *Tack*, (from *Attaquer*, Fr. to *attack*), means in Devon, to give a stroke with the palm of the hand, not with a clinched fist.

A *Tack*, a stroke so given.

To *Tack Hands*, to clap hands, either by way of triumph or provocation ; as also in a dauce, &c.

Tanbaste, or *Tanbase*, scuffling or struggling ; perhaps,

from the Sax. *tron trahere*, and basing *chlamys*, pulling and tearing off one another's clothes in the scuffle.

Taply, (a corruption of *timely*, Sax. *Timlice*, *tempes-tive*)—early; betimes in the morning. Spanish, *temprano*, i. e. *maturè*; *tempore matutino*.

To *Tare*. See *Tear*.

Tatchy, peevish, captious, displeased on every trifling occasion.

Taties, potatoes.

To *Tear* or *Tare*, signifies (in Devon) not only to *rend*, *crack*, or *break*, but also to make a great stir.

To *Tear* or *tare* along; to bustle through business, to be stiring and active.—“How do hare tare along,” (p. 26.) i. e. How doth *she* go on, or make her way in the world? How doth *her* diligence and assiduity succeed?

Ted or *Tet*, to be ordered or permitted to do a thing; as I *ted* go home at such a time, i. e. I *am to* go home, &c. “We *tet* not put on our shoes till we have them,” i. e. we *are not* to put them on till, &c.

Terra or *Terve*, a turf.

Tervee, to struggle and labour to get free.

Tetties, (teats,) breasts.

Thick-listed, short-winded or breathing with difficulty, (as very fat persons do)—asthmatical.

To *Thir*. This signifies much the same as to *Dere*, a word commonly used by nurses in Devonshire signifying to frighten or hurry a child out of his senses.

Dr. Hicks mentions it as a Norfolk word of *Cimbric* origin, to *dere*, *nocere*: as you *dere* me, *mihî nocēs*. So in the Exm. Courtship, p. 24, “twont *thir* ma,” means it will not hurt, hurry, or astonish me.—Sax.

Derian, *nocere*; *dere*, *damnum*.

Thirl or *Therl*, gaunt and lank, thin and lean.

Ting, a long girt or surcingle, that girds the panniers tightly to the pack-saddle.

To *Ting* a person, to give him or her a tight scolding; or to upbraid one with such particulars as touch to the quick, and pinch as feelingly as the *ting* does the belly of the horse when tightly buckled.

Torn or *Tourn*, a spinning wheel; so called from its *turning* round.

A *Totle*, a slow lazy person ; an idle fool, that does his work awkwardly and slowly.—(So called perhaps, q. d. *taught ill*, but q. as to this?)

To *Totle* and *totee* about,—to totter up and down.

To *Towzee*, to toss and tumble.

A *Troant* (not a *truant* or *mieher*, but in Dev.) a foolish witless fellow, and sometimes a lazy loitering lubber.

A *Trolubber* or *Trough-lubber*, a common labourer, whose ordinary business is hedging and ditching, i. e. digging and working in the hedge-troughs, &c.

A *Trub*, (not a little squat woman, as Baily has it, but) a slut, a drab, or trull. When masculine it denotes a sloven.

How do you *Try*?—How do you find yourself? How do you do?—Sometimes the salutation is, “*How d’ye hold it?*” To which some punsters will answer, “*In both hands when I can catch it!*” but the meaning is, how do you *hold* or retain your health?

U.

Unlifty, unwieldy.

Upazet, or *Uppazit*, opposite ; set before you in full view.

Upzetting, i. e. *Up-sitting*—a gossiping, or christening feast.

V.

To *Vag*, to thwack, or beat one with a rod, &c.

To *Vang*, (Sax. *fangau*, *capere*,) to take :—and likewise to *undertake* at the font of baptism, as a sponsor for a child. In the præter, *Vung*. Thus, (p. 1.) “*Whan tha vungst (and be hanged to tha!) to Rabbin,*” i. e. When thou wert godmother (and may hanging await thee!) to Robin.

Veaking, (*quasi* feiging, carping) ; fretful and peevish.

Vigging, (see *Potce*), *vig*, *vig*, *vig* ; used to express the action of dogs digging with their feet, in order to scratch out fleas.

Vinnied or *Vinnad*, finnewed, mouldy.—From the Saxon *Fynnegian*, or *fyuig*, *mucidus*.

Vinny, a battle or skirmish; and in the foregoing dialogues (see p. 7.) a *scolding bout*. Possibly from Whinniard, a hanger, or crooked sword, used as a defence from assaults; and this perhaps derived from the Latin *vindicta*, revenge: for the word *vinny* here, cannot mean to *whinny* or neigh like a horse, this being a signal of kind invitation, rather than garrulous opposition.

To *Vine-dra Voaks*, (p. 9) i. e. to *fine-draw folks*; to flatter or deceive people by fair speeches; to cut their throats with a feather.

To *Vit* meat, to dress it, or make it *fit* to be eaten.

To *Vittee*, to go well, fitly, and successfully.

Vitty, (*quasi* fitty,) apt, decent, handsome and well.

Voar, *Voor*, or *Vore*,—*Forth*;—also a *Furrow*.

To *drow Voar*, i. e. to throw forth; to twit a person with a fault.

Voar-and-back, reversed; the right-hand side being placed on the left, or what should be *forward* put *backward*. So *up-and-down* (in the Devonshire dialect), means *up-side-down*, or inverted.

Vore Days, or *Voar-Days*, late, or *forward* in the day; the day being far advanced.

Vore-reert, *forth-right*, or right forward; headlong, without circumspection.

Vorked, forked. P. 3, “so vur’s tha art a *vorked*,” i. e. “so far as thou art *forked*;” and p. 6, “drade tha out by the *vorked* eend;” i. e. drew thee out by the *forked* end; which phrases want no other explanation, the *fork* therein meant being well known: and, perhaps, it may be deemed beside our purpose to add, that the same word is used for the *twist* or *twissel* of maiden trees.

Vort, or *Voart*, fought.—P. 19, “Es thort you condent a *vort* zo,” i. e. I thought you could not have *fought* so.

Vramp-shapen, distorted.—[à *Belg. wrimpen*.]

Vrcache, (perhaps from the Saxon *Vraccend*, *persequens*, following closely; or from *rcean*, *curare*; or possibly

from the *Islandic*, *bareigð*, *cautio*, *prudentia*: Q?)
Readily, carefully, diligently, and earnestly.

Vulch. See *Fulch*.

A *Vump*, a thump.

To *Vump*, to thump, or give one blows with the fist;
also to *vamp*, or botch up old clothes.

Vustin fume, a mighty *fume*, a swelling boisterous
rage.

Vustled-up, wrapped up; à *Lat. fascia*.

W.

Wambling, a rumbling, or commotion in the guts;—
also waving, tumbling or lolling a thing backward
and forward, or from side to side,

Wangary, or *Wangery*, soft and flabby.

Wapper-eyed, goggle-eyed, having full rolling eyes;
or looking like one scared; or squinting like a person
overtaken with liquor—[Possibly from *wapian*, Sax.
fluctuare, *stupere*.]

'Chell *Warndy*, I'll warrant you.

Washamouth, one that blabs out every thing at random,
or whatever happens to be uppermost.—[Perhaps
from the Saxon *wcas*, *fortuitò*, and *muth*, *os*. But Q?]

Wee-wow, or *a-wee-wow*; waving this way and that
way.

Well to pass, in a thriving way, possessed of a good
estate, or having a competent fortune.

Wetherly, or *Witherly*, wilfully; with main force and
violence.

A *Whappet*, a blow with the hollow of the hand.

Wharewey, wherewith, or wherewithal.

Whatjecom, or *Whatchecam*, what d'ye call him?

Whatnozed, for *hot-nosed*, (formerly spelt *hoate-nosed*),
red-nosed, as if heated by drinking too freely.

A *Wherret*, or *Whirrit*, a clap or cuff given on the face,
according to *Minsheu*; but in *Dev.* it rather means
a box o' the ear.

Whileer, i. e. *a while e're*, or a while before ; a little while since.

To *Whister*, to whisper.—“ Zart ! Whistery,” p. 30, i. e. Soft ! let us whisper !

Whistering and Pistering. See *Pistering*.

A *Whisterpoop*, a sort of whistling, or rather whispering pop ; a blow on the ear ; ironically meant, to express a sudden and unwelcome whisper.

Whitstone, a Whetstone ; a *liar's* property. See Notes on p. 17 and 18, and the note subjoined to this page.*

A *Whitwitch*, a white witch, a conjuror.—A good witch, that does no mischief unless it be in picking the pockets of those who are *no* conjurors, by pretending to discover the rogueries of others.

Whorting,—“ out a *Whorting*,” p. 5, i. e. out in the woods, &c. to search for and gather *whorts*, or *whortleberries*.

The *Why for Ay*, a sufficient compensation, or valuable exchange of one thing for another:—as in p. 11, “ Thou wouldst kiss the a— of G. H. to *ha' en* (i. e.

* In our notes on p. 17 and 18, we have given a conjectural account for what reason a *Whetstone* may have been (as it is) commonly esteemed a fit present for a *Liar* ; but have been since favoured with the following anecdote, from whence we learn the real origin thereof.

“ Two journeymen shoemakers working together in the same shop, in or near Exeter, had a dispute concerning their property in a *Whetstone*, (a necessary implement of theirs,) each claiming it as his own. At length it was proposed, that he of the two, that could tell the greatest lie, in the judgment of a third person then present, to whose decision it was referred, should have the *Whetstone* to his own use. This being agreed to, the one to make sure of it asserted, that he once *drove a nail through the moon*. The other readily acknowledged this to be *true*, swearing that he at the same time stood on the other side of the moon and *clinched it*. Upon which this latter was immediately adjudged to have an indisputable title to the *Whetstone*.—Hence the *Whetstone* came to be deemed a proper present for a notorious liar ; and hence every great lie, when intended to corroborate another, is called a *clincher*.”

to have him); but thou hast not the *Why for Ay*," i. e. not a sufficient fortune to answer his.

Wimbling, winnowing corn.

To *Make-Wise*, to pretend; to make as though things are so and so, when they are not.

Wraxling, wrestling.

Y.

Yellow Beels, or *Yellow Boys*, guineas.

To *Yappee*, when spoken of a dog, signifies to *yelp*.—

See *Yeppy*.

Yeavling, the evening.

Yeavy, wet and moist; à Sax. *Ʒea*, *uqua*.

To *Yeppy*, to make a chirping noise, like chickens or birds:—also used negatively to denote the voice of a person that cannot be distinctly heard:—as in p. 12, "thou art so hoarse that thou canst scarce *yeppy*."

Yerring, yelling, noisy.

Yess, *Podex*—Saxon *fars*, in Chaucer *earse*; in plain English, *mine a*—

Yewmors, embers, hot ashes. The same word is also used for *humours*.

Yeo, an *Ewe*-sheep.

Z.

Zawl, or *zowl*, (Sax. *Ʒul*, or *sulh*, *aratrum*; from *Sulco*, *Sulcare*, to cast up furrows;) a plough.

Zenneet, or *zinneert*, sev'night.

Zewnteen, or *zæwnteen*, seventeen.

'Should *Zem*, for "*It should seem*;" it seems, or so the report goes.—As in p. 1, "'*Shou'd zem* thou wert sick," &c. i. e. it was so reported.

The *Zess*, the sheaves regularly piled and stowed in a barn, in like manner as a *corn-rick* or *mow* is without doors; but the Devonshire word *zess*, always means the pile of sheaves *within* the barn.

Zidle-mouth, the mouth awry, or more extended on one side than the other.

Zoo, as “To let the Kee go *zoo*,” p. 5, i. e. let the cows go dry.

Zowerswopped, (*quasi* Sowre-sapped,) ill natured, crabbed.

Zwir thy Torn, (p. 5.)—*Qahir*, or whirl round thy spinning-wheel with speed; let thy diligence be proclaimed by its *zvirring*, or *quhirring* noise.

Zwop, (à Sax. *swapa ruina*,) the noise made by the sudden fall of any thing; as, “He fell down, *zwop!*” In the *Exmoor Courtship*, p. 17, it expresses the sudden snatching of a smacking kiss.

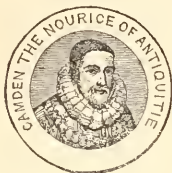
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IN THE

DIALECT OF ZUMMERZET.

EDITED BY

JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.

LONDON:

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH.

1843.

(Only fifty copies printed.)

H. COOKE, PRINTER, OXFORD.

THE VISIT

OF A

ZUMMERZET MAN TO LONDON.

[From MS. Ashm. 36, fol. 112—113.—Seventeenth century.]

At Taundeane Lond I woz a bore and a bred,
Vor to tell yow the troth my name is a call'd Ned ;
Cham noe Annabaptist, Ice can't abide them,
Vor Ice chave a received my trew cizzendom.
Chill don my to boots and my zord by my zide,
Vor unto London Ice doe mean vor to ride ;
Ice tould vather and mother chould zee thick vine toun,
Chill ztay thare a ville and then chood come doune.
Chad a zore mind to zee thick zame holy thorne,
And vaith when Ice come thare Ice did zeeke vorn ;
But thay tould mee that Joseph had a bin thare avore mee,
But Ice chod not a vind Joseph nor yet the tree.
Not var vrom thick place chad a zpide grote hill,
And a tower on the zame hard by a wind mill ;
Ice clamred up avore chad done,
Then mee thought Ice wor zo high az the zunn.
And az Ice ztood thare O how my hart did quiver,
Chad near a drop a blood a left in my liver ;
Ice zleurd and zleurd and never gave ore,
'Till Ice zleurd me doune to the bellvree dore.
And az Ice ztood upon thick zame motheatn ztars,
Ice did zit upon my neese and I zaid my praires ;
If evor Ice doe come heare againe, Ice zaid,
Chill give thee my mother vor a maid.

Ice azked whooe tooke downe the leads an the beels,
 And thay tould me a doctar that lived about Wels;
 In the 7th of Jozhua pray bid them goe looke,
 Chill be hanged if thick same chaptar be not out of his booke.

Vor thare you may reade about Achan's wedge,
 How thick zame goolden thing did zettz teeth an edge,
 'Tis an ominous thing how this church is abused,
 Remember how poor Abbott Whitting was used.

Zoe Ice tooke my leave of thick good old tower,
 But az zoun Ice came to ztonige I was in a dor,
 Vor so many gallowsiz to me did appeare,
 Ice thought the azizes had been kept thare.

Ice tould the ztones nigh twanty times ore,
 And then Ice waz az wize az I waz bevore;
 The greatest reathmetizone that eare you did zee
 Can never tell justly how many thare bee.

Then to my Lord Bale's chapell I came,
 And Ice kneeled downe and thought to kizt the zame,
 But Ice zmeled a zpell not zo zweet az a roze,
 That the zent a month auter waz not out of my noaz.
 You may call this zame building a church if you please,
 But I had rather call it a chapell of eaze,
 Vor zmalle commings in beelong to it, I tell yee,
 And great goings out if vrom a laze belley.

I asked if zome preezt had a lived thare,
 And thay told mee not any thiz threezcore yeare,
 But if I had a bin thare paitron I chod a bin zure
 That zume gifted man zhould have zerved the cure.

Att last the zitty came into my vew,
 And then, to zpake troth, I waz ready to zpew;
 There was zuch a zent about the towne
 That I waz in a zuome and ready to zound.

What with the zmoke and what with the criez,
 I waz amozt blind and dunch in mine eyez,
 Cood yow blame me then to be zad and zorrow,
 It waz like unto Zodome and Gommorrow.

O how the coaches did run up and downe,
 Ice thought zure the Zcottz had aentred the towne ;
 The ztones did zpet vire, and the horzes did vlee,
 As if it had bin dunder and lightning in the zey.

In sadnes my ztomake began for to rize,
 At the vresh chees and creame and the what pyze,
 The zluts ware zo nasty how cood it be cleane,
 Chad rather a eate whitpot at Taundeane.

Then to the Exchange I went with a whir,
 What lack you, what lack you, thay cried, good zur ;
 A wench, coth I, if with any yow meete,
 And thay zhoed me the way into Turnbol-ztreet.

Ice went into a house and Ice zat me doune,
 Then in came a wench in a tavity goune ;
 Yow tuch pot, Ice tuch penny, shee opens her ware,
 Without ready money Ice must not come thare.

Why then zweethart, if I zhant have they—
 Doe thee keepe thy ware and I'le keep my money ;
 Ice can have one for a quart of wine
 Shall bee zweeter and zounder and better then thine.

In Paules Churchyard chad a zpend an hour,
 In vewing of thiek zame goodly tower,
 It did tuch the zey, or els cham blind,
 Because the zteeple Ice cood not vind.

Ice went in and thought to have valen to praier,
 But when I cam thare it was like to a vare,
 Vor the durt and the dung that waz thar to be vound
 Would have zoiled at least an acar of ground.

Then to the Bridge I went with a wherry,
 And thare I had small cauz to be merry,
 Vor thay emptied a cloaszoole downe on my hed,
 And in what a zweet caze waz then pore Ned.

But oh how the wattarz did raig an roare,
 Chod a gin any money zo chad bin a zhoare,
 Az long as cham able to goac or ztand,
 Chill ner goae by wattar an vorzake land.

Too Pallaz Garden roe mee, quoth I,
 And thather they carried mee by and by,
 But the doges and the bearez did zo ztinke an vart,
 That a petty qualme came over my hart.

At Westminster Abby thare be vine thinges,
 And thare they zhewed me the toubmes an the kinges,
 But because I cood not a vine Charles the vurste,
 By my troth, my hart waz readdy to burst.

Zoe Ice took my leave of thick good ould towne,
 Chad a zpent all my mony and Ice must goe downe,
 Chad a hole budget of newez to relaite,
 To vaither and mother an ziztar Kaite.

SOLILOQUY OF BEN BOND, THE IDLETON.

BEN Bond was one of those sons of idleness that ignorance and want of occupation in a secluded country village too often produce. He was a country lad on the borders of sixteen, employed by old Titball, a querulous and suspicious farmer, to look after a large flock of sheep. The scene of his soliloquy may be thus described: a green sunny bank on which one could agreeably repose, called the "Sea Wale:" on the sea side was an extensive common, called "The Wath," and adjoining it another, called "The Island," both were occasionally overflowed by the tide; on the other side of the bank were rich enclosed pastures, suitable for fattening the finest cattle; into these enclosures Ben Bond's charge were disposed frequently to stray. The season was June, the time mid-day, and the western breezes came over from the sea, a short distance from which our scene lay, at once cool, grateful, and refreshing. The rushing Parrett, with its ever shifting sands, was also heard in the distance. It should be stated that Lawrence is the name usually given in Somersetshire to the imaginary being who presides over the idle. Perhaps it may be useful also to remark, that the word Idleton, which does not occur in our dictionaries, is assuredly more than a provin-

cialism, and should be in those definite assistants. During the latter part of the soliloquy, Farmer Titball arrives behind the bank, and hearing poor Ben's discourse with himself, interrupts his musings in the manner here described.

SOLILOQUY.—Lawrence? Why doos'n let I up? vot let I up?—Naw, I be a sleapid, I can't leet thee up eel. Now, Lawrence, do let I up.—There bimeby Maester 'll come an a'll beat I athin a ninch o' me life, do let I up.—Naw I want. Lawrence I beg o'ee do'ee let I up. D'ye zee, tha sheep be all a breakin droo tha vive-an-twenty yacres, an farmer Stag-gitt 'll goo to lâ wi'n, and I shall be kill'd, Lawrence.—Naw I wunt, 'tis zaw whit, bezides I hant a had my nap out. Lawrence, I da za thee bist a bad un, ool thee hire what I da za? come now and let I scoose wi. Lord a massy upon me, Lawrence, whys'n thee let I up?—Caz I wunt. What muss'n I ha an hour, like aither vawk, ta ate my bird an cheese?—I do za I wunt, an zaw 'tis niver tha near to keep on. Maester tawl'd I nif I war a good bway, a'd gee I iz awld waskil, an I'm shower, nif a da come an vine I here, and tha sheep a brawk into the vive-an-twenty yacres, a'll vling't awa vust. Lawrence do'ee let me up—vol'ee, do'ee?—Naw, I can't let thee goo eel. Maester 'll be shower to come and catch me, Lawrence, doose thee hire? I da za ool let me up? I zeed farmer Haggitt zoon ater I upt, an a zed nif I voun one o' my sheep in tha vive-an-twenty yacres, a'd drash I za long as a cood ston over me, an wi a groun ash too. There zum o'm be a gwon droo tha vive-an-twenty-yacres into tha drawe. Tha'll be pound, Larence. I'll gee thee a peny nif ool let me up.—Naw, I wunt. Thic not sheep ha got tha scab. Dame tawl'd I ta mine tha scab water. I vorgot it. Maester war despers'd cross, an I war glad ta git out o' tha langth o' his tongue; I da hate such cross vawk. Larence, what ool niver let I up? There, zum o' tha sheep be a gwon into Leek-beds, an zum o'em be in Hounlake, dree or vour o'cm be gwon za vur as Slow-wa, the ditches be menny o'm za dry 'tis all now rangel common. There, I'll gee thee dree ha pence ta let I goo, Lawrence. Why thee hass'n bin here an hour and vor what shood I let thee goo; I

da za lie still. Larence, why doos'n let I up, there zim ta I? I da hire thic pirty maid, Fanny o' Drimmer hill, a chidin vin I be a lying here while tha sheep be gwaing droo thee shord or tuther shord, zum o'm a-ma-be be a drown'd. Larence, doose thee think I can bear tha betwitten o' thic pirty maid? She, tha primrawse o' primrawse hill, tha lily o' tha level, tha gawl cup o' tha mead, tha zweetest honey zuckle in tha garden, tha yarly vilet, tha rawse o' rawses, tha pirty poley-antice, whun I zeed er last, she said, " Ben, do'ee mine tha sheep, an the yows, an lams, an than *zumbody* ool mine you. Wi that she gid me a beautiful spreg o' jessamy jist a pickt from the poorch." Tha smile war za zweet; Lawrence, I mus goo, I ool goo, you must let I up, I 'ont stay here na longer, Maester 'll be shower to come an drash me. Thic awld cross fella wi iz awld waskil. There, Larence, I'll gie thee thether penny, an that's ivry vard'n I a got, oot let I goo? Naw, I mus ha a penny moor. Lawrence, do let I up. Creepin Philip 'll be shower to catch me. Thic Cockygee, I don't like en at all, a's za rough an za zour. An Will Popham too, betwite me about the maid, a called er a rath ripe Lady Buddick, I don't mislike the name at all, thawf I don't care vor'n a straw nor a read, nor tha thithe of a pin: What da tha call he? Why tha upright man, cas he da ston upright an'll wrassly too. I don't like such plais, nor single stick nuther, nor squailin, menny games that Will Popham da volley, I'd rather zit in the poorch wi that gissamy rangling roun it, and hire Fanny zing—oot let me up, Larence?—Naw, I tell thee, I 'ont athout a penny moor. Rawsey Pink too an Nanny Drabby axed I about Fanny, what bisniss had tha ta up wit; I don't like non o'cm; girnin Jan too shaw'd iz teeth, and put in his verd—I wish theze vawk vod mine thur awn consarns, an let I an Fanny aloane. Larence, doose thee mean to let I goo?—Eese, nif thee'l gee me tuther penny. Why I ha'nt got a vard'n moor, oot let me up?—Not athout tha penny. Now, Larence, doo'ee ven I ha'nt no moor money, I a bin here moor than a hour, when the yows an tha lams an all tha tothering sheep be how I don't know. Creepin Phelip ool gee me a lirropin shower anon. There, I do think I heard zummel or zumbody oon the wall.

Here, d——n thee, I'll gee thee tuther penny, said Farmer Titball, leaping down the bank with a stout shiver of a crab tree in his hand. The sequel may be easily imagined.

THE SOMERSETSHIRE MAN'S COMPLAINT

[From *MS. Lansd. 674, fol. 21, Seventeenth Century.*]

God's boddikins, 'chill worke no more,
Dost thinke 'chill labor to be poore ?

No, no, ich have a doe.
If this be now the world and trade,
That I must breake, and rogues be made,
Ich will a plundering too.

'Chill sell my cart, and cake my plow,
And get a zwird, if I know how,
For I meane to be right.

'Chill learne to drinke, to sweare, to roare,
To be a gallant, drab, and whore,
No matter tho' nere fight.

But first a warrant, that is vitt,
From Mr. Captaine I doe gett,
'Twill make a sore a doo ;
For then 'chave power, by my place,
To steale a horse without disgrace,
And beate the owner too.

God blesse us what a world is here,
Can never last another yeare,
Voke cannot be able to zow.
Dost think I ever 'chad the art
To plow my ground up with my cart,
My bease are all I goe.

Ize had zixe oxen tother day,
And them the Roundheads stole away,

A mischief be their speed.
 I had six horses left me whole,
 And them the Cavileers have stole,
 God's zores they are both agreed.

Here I doe labor, toile, and zweet,
 And 'dure the cold, hot, dry, and wett,
 But what dost think I gett ?
 Hase just my labor for my paines,
 Thes Garrizons have all the gaines,
 And thither all is vett.

There goes my corne, my beanes, and pease,
 I doe not dare them to displease,
 They doe zoe zweare and vapor ;
 Then to the governor I come,
 And pray him to discharge the some,
 But nought can get to paper.

God's bores, dost think a paper will
 Keep warm my back, and belly fill,
 No, no, goe burne the note.
 If that another yeare my veeld
 No better profit doe me yeeld,
 I may goe cut my throate.

If any money 'chave in store,
 Then straight a warrant come therfore,
 Or I must plundred be.
 And when 'chave shuffled up one pay,
 There comes a new without delay,
 Was ever the like a zee.

And as this were not grief enow,
 They have a thing called Quarter too,
 Oh, that's a vengeance waster ;
 A pox upon't, they call it vree,
 'Cham sure that made us slaves to be,
 And every roage our master.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S RAMBLE THROUGH
BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

[From " *Pills to Purge Melancholy*," 1719, vol. iii. p. 41—42.]

ADZOOKS ches went the other day to London town,
 In Smithfield such gazing,
 Zuch thrusting and squeezing,
 Was never known .

A zitty of wood, some volk do call it Bartledom Fair,
 But ches zure nought but kings and queens live there.
 In gold and zilver, zilk and velvet each was drest,
 A lord in his zatting
 Was buisy prating,
 Among the rest :

But one in blew jacket came, which some do Andrew call,
 Adsheart, talk'd woundly wittily to them all.
 At last, cutzooks, he made such sport I laugh'd aloud,
 The rogue, being fluster'd,
 He flung me a custard,
 Amidst the croud :

The volk vell a laughing at me ; then the vezen zaid,
 Bezure, Ralph, give it to Doll, the dairy-maid.
 I zwallowed the affront, but staid no longer there ;
 I thrust and I scrambled,
 Till further I rambled,
 Into the Fair.

Where trumpets and bagpipes, kettle-drums, fiddlers, were
 all at work,
 And the cook zung, Here's your delieate pig and pork.
 I look'd around, to see the wonders of the vair,
 Where lads and lasses,
 With pudding-bag arses,
 Zo nimble were ;

Heels over head, as round as a wheel they turn'd about,
 Old Nick zure was in their breeches without doubt.

Most woundy pleas'd, I up and down the vair did range,
 To zee the vine varies,
 Play all their vagaries,
 I vow 'twas strange.
 I ask'd them aloud, what country little volk they were?
 A cross brat answer'd me, che were cuckold-shire.
 I thrust and shov'd along as well as e'er I could,
 At last did I grovel,
 Into a dark hovel,
 Where drink was sold;
 They brought me cans, which cost a penny apiece, adsheart,
 I'm zure twelve ne'er could fill a country quart.
 Che went to draw her purse, to pay them for their beer,
 The devil a penny,
 Was left of my money,
 Che'll vow and zwear;
 They doft my hat for a groat, then turn'd me out of doors:
 Adswounds, Ralph, did ever see zuch rogues and whores.

A LOVE SONG.

[From the same work, p. 256—257.]

SIR thee down by me, mine own joy;
 Thouz quite kill me, should'st thou prove coy:
 Should'st thou prove coy, and not love me,
 Oh! where should I find out sike a yan as thee.
 Ize been at wake, and Ize been at fare,
 Yet ne'er found yan with thee to compare:
 Oft have I sought, but ne'er could find,
 Sike beauty as thine, could'st thou prove kind.
 Thouz have a gay gown and go foy,
 With silver shoon thy feet shall shoy;
 With foy'n'st flowers thy erag Ize crown,
 Thy pink petticoat sall be laced down.

Weeze yearly gang to the brook side,
 And fishes catch as they do glide :
 Each fish thyn prisoner then shall be,
 Thouz catch at them, and Ize catch at thee.

What munn we do when scrip is fro ?
 Weez gang to the houze at the hill broo,
 And there weez fry and eat the fish ;
 But 'tis thy flesh makes the best dish.

Ize kiss thy cherry lips, and praise,
 Aw the sweet features of thy face ;
 Thy forehead so smooth, and lofty doth rise,
 Thy soft ruddy cheeks, and pratty black eyes.

Ize lig by thee aw the cold night,
 Thouz want nothing for thy delight :
 Thouz have any thing if thouz have me,
 And Ize have something that sall please thee.

A SONG ON A WEDDING.

[*From the same work, p. 278—279.*]

Ods hartly wounds, Ize not to plowing, not I, Sir,
 Because I hear there's such brave doing hard by, Sir ;
 Thomas the minstrel he's gan twinkling before, Sir,
 And they talk there will be two or three more, Sir ;
 Who the rat can mind either Bayard or Ball, Sir,
 Or anything at all, Sir, for thinking of drinking i' th' hall, Sir ;
 E'gad not I ! Let master fret it and storm it, I am resolv'd :
 I'm sure there can be no harm in't ;
 Who would lose the zight of the lasses and pages,
 And pretty little Sue so true, when she ever engages ;
 E'gad not I, I'd rather lose all my wages.
 There's my Lord has got the curiousest daughter,
 Look but on her, she'll make the chops on ye water ;
 This is the day the ladies are all about her,
 Some veed her, some to dress and clout her :
 Uds-bud she's grown the veatest, the neatest, the sweetest,
 The pretty littl'st rogue, and all men do say the discreetest.

There's ne'er a girl that wears a head in the nation,
 But must give place zince Mrs. Betty's creation;
 She's zo good, zo witty, zo pretty to please ye,
 Zo charitably kind, zo courteous, and loving, and easie:
 That I'll be bound to make a maid of my mother,
 If London town can e'er zend down zuch another.

Next my Lady in all her gallant apparel;
 Ize not forget the thumping thund'ring barrel;
 There's zuch drink the strongest head cannot bear it,
 'Twill make a vool of zack, or white wine, or claret:
 And zuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good vellows,
 May tippie off their cups, until they lie down on their pillows;
 Then hit off thy vrock, and don't stand scratching thy head zo,
 For thither I'll go, cods — because I have said so.

MERRY TALES.

[From "*The Bristol Garland*," 12mo. n. d.]

OF A SCHOLAR AND A TAPSTER ON A WINTER'S NIGHT.

THE tapster said, sir, will you go to bed? No (quoth the scholar), there are thieves abroad, and I will not willingly be taken napping. So the tapster left him, and being gone, in came a spirit into the chamber, with his head under his arm, so that he durst not stir, but cryed out, Help! help! fire! thieves! thieves! So when they of the house came to him they asked what was the matter? Oh! (quoth he) the devil was here, and spoke to me with his head under his arm, but now I will go to bed, and if he comes again I will send him to the tapster to help him to make false reckonings. It being a cold night (quoth he) I will first put fire to toe, that is, I will warm my toes by the fire, then I'll go to bed. And so he did, and a great reckoning the next morning put the scholar out of his jest, saying, that was in earnest made two large a reckoning, he being but poor Sir John of Oxford.

OF A FELLOW'S LARGE NOSE.

DOWN in the west country, a certain conceited fellow had a great nose, so a countryman coming by with a sack of corn justled him, saying, your nose stands in my way; whereupon the other fellow, with the great nose, took his nose in his hand, and held it on the other side, saying, a pox on thee, go and be hang'd.

A MAN CROSSED IN EVERY WAY.

ONCE there was a company of gypsies that came to a countryman on the highway, and would needs tell him his fortune; amongst other things they bid him assure himself his worst misfortunes were past, and that he should not be troubled with crosses as he had been: so coming home, and having sold a fine cow at the market, he looked in his purse for the money, thinking to have told his wife, but he found not so much as one cross in his purse; whereupon he remembered the words of the gypsies, and said, that the gypsies had said true, that he should not be troubled with any crosses, seeing that they had picked his pockets and left not a cross purse. Whereupon his wife basted and cudgelled him so soundly that he began to perceive that a man that had a cursed wife would never be without a cross, tho' he had never a penny in his purse: and because it was winter time, he sat a while by the fire side, and after went to bed supperless and pennyless.

THE NINTH ODE OF HORACE.

[*From Collins' Miscellanies, 4to. Bristol, 1762, p. 114—116.*]

WHY, rot the Dick! zee Dundry's Peak
 Lucks like a shuggard motherin-cake;
 The boughs are ready to tear with snaw,
 And the vrawz'd brucks vorget to flaw.

A zwingen vrawst! why, make more vire,
 Faggot on faggot heap,—dost hire?
 Zens we can't make the chimble wider,
 We'll help to make it up with syder.

The dubble jugg—dwon't degg thy head,
 What's all the world whun we be dead?
 Zucks fill the cup, we'll drownd all sorrow,
 And never think about to-morrow.

I'm shower he's right that lives to-da,
 Woo'l zeng and dance, and kiss and pla;
 We must graw auld, thease head graw white,
 To pleasure then a long good night.

Now Dick's the time to mind thy sport,
 And jovial be the life that's short;
 Horses and hounds by da delight,
 And Sall can merry meak thy night.

Whisper the jead, what Sally, vleys,
 But her laf tells thee where she is:
 In some dark corner, Dick, she'll lurk,
 A corner fitting for the wurk.

There will she gee thee all her charms;
 Thou'lt vind a welcome to her arms:
 Perhaps she'll za she'll make a naiz,
 Don't mind her, Dick, I knaw her ways.

Struggle she may a little while,
 Seem crass, and vor the world, wont smile:
 She's all thy own, snatch any thing,
 And tho' she squeeks, you'll have her ring.

Besides these pieces may be mentioned a Clown's Song, in Brome's "Songs and other Poems," 12mo. Lond. 1661; and a Dialogue in the "Garland of Good Will," reprinted by Percy. See Mr. Russell Smith's "Bibliographical List," 1839, p. 18.

THE
BAIRNSLA FOAKS'
ANNUAL,

AN ONY BODY ELS-AS BESIDE,

FORT YEAR OF OUR LORD

1842.

BE TOM TREDDLEHOYLE.



BARNSLEY:

PRINTED BY JOHN RAY, BOOKSELLER, MARKET-HILL.

1841.

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FOREND AT BOOK.

Another year, another year,
Hez cut its stick! O dear, O dear!—
But nivver mind, wal we ar here,
Let's merry be!—

—TA be suar, wot's t'use a grindin ginger, becos we happan ta be a bit owder ivvery time we get aght a bed in a mornin; its no use at all; but sum foaks hez gottan a noshan e ther head, at thale mack faal owd men, an faal owd wimmin: hey, theaze sum at ah naw varry weel, at's freatin an witterin ther senz ta death abaght it; an rather then look inta a sceein glass, thade goa five mile anuther road, all becos thave gottan a toathre a wrinkles e ther faice, an a gray hair or two e ther toppins: nah wot an a silly consarn it is; cos wot duz it argify wen wir gottan owd, if wer faices wor wrinkald like a pill-board, wer heads az gray az a badger tail, a noaze like a bodkin, a chin like a spaaght-plane, an a nod tooith it frunt ta keep wer tung in wer maath; if its a man ats a this fashans, theaze not a womman e ten thaasand al say owt abaght him it luv way; an if its a womman, it al be just same wit men, ta be suar; so ah think its wisely contrived, az't monkey sed tut

jackass, at we ar az we ar, for wid better be faal wen wir owd then wen wir young, becos we hevant sa long ta live ta be look't at. Then ah say, be content we yer senz, an doan't keep grumalin an freatin abaght yer shaps an yer macks, but toddle on throo't wurd az streight an az merrily az good times an bad times al let ye.

Then bless ye all, boath great an small,
An may yo niver see
A Bailiff in a poor man's hause,
Or the Devil in a tree.

Amen, say I, an a merry Chresamas; an that yo may donce, fiddle, an sing, an height spice-cake an cheese till May-day, iz the sublime an spontaineas wish a mesen. Thus *fareweel*, good foaks, till anuther year.

Yors,

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE.

T^H A N N U A L.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

TOM TODDY AN HARRY HATECRAFT,

ABAGHT TEETOOTAL PERCESSHAN AT TUCK PLAICE A NEW
YEAR'S DAY AT BAIRNSLA.

TOM TODDY.—

T'last New-year's-day, it afternooin,
Ah wunder'd wot the duce wor doin,
Sa monny foaks throo't streets wor goin,
Singin, Strong tea for me!

It's like thay did; an just wal ah wor it middle a all
this wunderment, up cum Harry Hatecraft we a beak
az red az a Muscovy duck.

HARRY HATECRAFT.—Wot, thaaze turn'd aght, then,
Tom, same az uther foaks, ta hev a peep at this grand
percesshan.

TOM TODDY.—Hey ta be suar, am like ta be a bairn
same az't rest; wot iz it all abaght, Harry?

HARRY HATECRAFT.—Wha, thare Teetootal chaps, ta
be suar; an thare e goin all up an daanet' taane ta let
foaks look at am, an ta shew them grand meddals at thay
hev raand ther necks.

TOM TODDY.—If that wor all, thay cuddant do much harm ; but it strikes me thare *meddalin* an botherin ther heads we uther foaks' consarns ; but thah sez, thare goin raand't taane ta let foaks look at am, wha its varry funny if it iz so, for al be heng'd if ah diddant think at furst seet, at it wor a lot a chaps at wor e cumin throo't *Isle-a-white*, for't good a ther healths,—

For all ther faices wor sa pale,
An ivvery leg just like a rail,
Poor things ! thowt I, wot do thay ail,
Singing, Strong tea for me !

Ah thowt ah sud we lafter burst,
Soin az ah saw them three ride t' furst,
For my belief wor, fall thay must.
Singin, Strong tea for me !

HARRY HATECRAFT.—Nay, lad, ah nivver thowt owt a that soart, for thay'd pick't three at quiatist horses it taane for't job ; wha one on am belong'd ta owd Joa, an't tuther thay trail wattar barrils regiler, so thade carry a Teetoataller better an safer then onny boddy else. Thay scamper'd abaght a bit e Cherch-street, when Tim What-the-ma-call-it wor e goin by we a ale-barril in a wheel-barrow, becos t'bung flew aght an hit one at horses over't head ; he look't az surly an az fearse az Don Quixote, did t'chap at wor on it back, an ah beleeve at if id hed a soard in hiz hand, id a run it reight throo't bung, if he cud a gottan at it, nobbat just for a soart of a victry like.

TOM TODDY.—

Wha happan he mud, for in ther way
A bung or barril thay wod slay,
Or poor sign post, or brewer's dray,
Singin, Strong tea for me !

Wod the ? hey, an al be bun for it at it wor that bung

consarn at fretand them two slaves, at wor e huggin a blenkit we a likeness on a chap at thay call Matthew painted on it, for daane it cum siap ontat floor just at that varry same time.

HARRY HATECRAFT.—Ah thowt mesen tha wor sa wake, poor things, thay cuddant get na farther; but chuse which way it wor, thay shuddant a goan an rowl'd ther *father* it muck, for iz *hug'd* them a great deal longer then thay hug'd him, an *niver* wor tired.

TOM TODDY.—Varry true, lad (*clapping Harry upon the shoulder*); an anuther thing, it happand ta be just within t' seet at owd Cherch: it wor varry cureas it happand soa; thagh may depend on't, it wor nowt but a warnin to am, for between thee an me an't man it mooin, theaze Papist chaps ment a good deal; am not sich an a foil but wot ah cud see throo that craft wethaght speck-teckles; for wot hed all them banners an emblems ta do we Teetoatalizm, wethaght it hed been't weshin-day, an thay wor carryin am abaght to dry; thay wor affeard, ah reckon, at foaks shuddant naw oa thay wor; hey, but thay did, an wot thay ment an all!

HARRY HATECRAFT.—Thart abaght reight, Tom; nah if thade a walk't an dun summat like wot am goin ta menshan, ead a bin sum sense in it. (*Here Harry describes his plan.*)

ORDER AT PERCESSHAN.

It frunt, six *real* Teetoatallers, we *red faices*, playin jew-trumps.

An owd womman we a chist a tea on hur head, singin—

This iz a chist a real good tea,
 From China streight it cum;
 Ile drink it pure, upon me wurd,
 Wethaght one drop a rum.

A sperrit cask, stuck at top an a powl, we boath't ends aght; a one side on it writtan "*Teetoatal telescope;*" at tuther side on it, "*I've seen throo it.*"

Sixty men, three deep, we masks on, heightin opium.

FLAG—"No Hypocrisy." "*Success to the revenue, an may it flourish.*"

EFFIGY—Baccus swingin on a galas.

Twelve tenkards carrid upside daane.

Six wattar barrils two deep—Teetoatal Lecturers astride on am, singin one after anuther—

Wot care I, wot foaks may say;
It's a rare good wage iz a paand a day;
A better job ah near wor in,
Then goin up an daane Teetoatalin.

CHORUS.

Teetoatal! Teetoatal, hura-a! hura-a!! hura-a!!!

Teetoatal! Teetoatal, hura-a! hura-a!!

Teetoatal! Teetoatal, hura-a!

Ten men walkin e files, suckin ice-ickles.

FLAG—"Morallity aghtside, Deceit in."

Four wheel-barraws, painted black, an fill'd we spiekits an fawcits.
Three young wimmin a-brest, carryin Tea-pots, wit spaghts e ther maaths.

Taane pump deck't we laurel, an carried like a sedan, wit followin inscripshan it frunt,—

Some foaks ah see apein ta be
Teetoatal men this day,
Oh, shame on them, an all sich men,
For Hypocrites ar thay!

Twelve Peniston sheep, we a bunch a wattar cresses a ther heads.

FLAG—"Once for ale ah wor a glutton,
But that av left, an tain ta mutton."

Twenty-four men, two deep, we fryin-pans over ther shoolders.

PLAN—Sough Dyke.

Muzisshans a mule back, blawin wisals. AIR—"Honey Well."

FLAG—We a *green T* an a *black T* a one side, an two Tea-pots rampant at tuther.

A Public-house Sign, "*DAVID DEATH, Whoalsale an Retail Dealer e Sperrits;*" an writtan across we chalk,—

David Death liv'd in this taane
For more than forty year;
He kept a noisy public-house,
An poison'd foaks we beer:

But after this Teetoatal Tom,
 For't luv he hed for't Taane,
 Wethaght a soard, or ere a gun,
 Knock't him an't sign-board daane.

Two lads pullin hop-sieves ta pieces.
 Four men we winmills a ther heads.
 FLAG—" Onny way for a little apple."

A cart-load a brockan pots.
 FLAG—" A sot, a sot,
 Brack ivvery pot."

A Papist we a big sceein glass.
 FLAG—" We are seen into."

Two men breckin a ale-cask ta pieces.
 Three men carryin begs a meil a ther backs.
 FLAG—" May the lovers of dumplins nivver want dust."

Music, an *grand* CHORUS,—
 Come on! come on! ye drunkards,
 An don't be reelin thear,
 But join *we uz true sober lads*,
 An shout " Downfall of Beer."
 Sing Wattar! fal la ral la ral la.
 Sing Wattar!! fal la ral la.
 Sing Wattar!!! fal la ral la ral la.
 Sing Wattar!!!! fal la ral la.

Thear, nah then, this finishes wot ah call t'waukin consarn; duzant ta think, Tom, sumat a this soart ad a bin a deal likelier an near't mark then wot thay hed?

TOM TODDY.—Its capital; but eaze one consarn thaaze forgottan.

HARRY HATECRAFT.—Wot iz it?

TOM TODDY.—Wha, that big kettle.

HARRY HATECRAFT.—My wurd an so ah hev, lad; nah that owt to a been abaght it middle at percesshan, an carried shoolder-height, wit Union-Jack hoisted at top on't, an all't bal'd-head chaps ther wor it lot goan befoar it, we tunnils a ther heads, singin—

Here's a kettle, a kettle,
 This iz the kettle for me;
 Ah nivver saw sich a kettle,
 For brewin a jolly good tea.

TOM TODDY.—Good agean, Harry lad ; it sartanly iz one at bigist kettles at ivver ah saw e all me life before, its more like a gassometer then owt else ; thay tell me it tuck five men a fortnit ta mack it, wurkin az hard az ivver thay cud wurk ; but wot duz ta think thay did ? wha thay went an sawder'd t' poor prentice lad up in it in a mistack, an thear he wor all't neet trying ta get up't side like a black clock in a glaiz'd panshan ; at last he sat hizsen daane it middle, an ta keep hiz sperrits up wal thay cum ta let him aght, he sang—

A chap thear wor call'd Jona,
 Once liv'd inside a whale,
 Three daize an neets az I am tell'd,
 An throo the deep did sail.
 But this iz quite a different case,
 An duz that wunder settle ;
 For here am I, a Tinner's lad,
 Made fast up in a kettle.

He wor goin ta be a Teetoataller wor't lad, but we am doin so at him he woddant at noa price ; he sed id hed kettle enuff ; an wot wor az funny az't lad bein fasant up it kettle, thay made it so big thay cuddant get it aght at shop wal thay pull'd door-hoyle daane.

HARRY HATECRAFT.—Well, nah then, after all this fun an jokin, Tom, let's just hev a little bit a owd-fashand tawk abaght this Teetoatalin ; for me awn pairt, eaze noabdy likes Temperance better then ah do ; az for druckaness, thears noabdy naws wot that iz better then ah do, not be experience, Tom ; thaght naws better then that ; but ah mean ta say av seen plenty on it, an ah naw this, it brings nowt but poverty an disgrace : it macks wives an bairns hev thin faices an reg'd cloaze ; it leaves on meil scores, milk scores, an rent, an a thaasand uther scores ; this iz't fruits a druckaness ; so temperance

preichin, ah mean ta say, iz a varry good thing, an ah do think at furst when thay began, thay ment weel; if thear wor a fault belongin to am, it wor, thay wor rather ta keen, thay wanted to get on ta fast; nobbat look ah savage thay wor an ar ageant poor public-hauses an them at keeps am; thay want ta knock am daane befoar thay naw where thay ar; nah ah doant like this soart a wark; "fair play's a jewel." Thave laid sum brass aght e ther trade same az uther foaks, an hez wives an bairns ta bring up an hediccate, same az thay hev at wants ta knock am daane; e this case, foaks sud look at hoame, preich Temperance az long as thay like, but do it honor breet. For,

"'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance! that we owe
 All pleasures which from health or strength can flow;
 Vigour of body, purity of mind,
 Unclouded reason, sentiment refined!"

This iz wot CHANDLER sez upat subject, an varry good it iz, ah wish ivvery boddy at reckans ta be temperate wor az honest az he wor; but am griev'd tut heart on me to say thay arn't soa; noa, thears ovver menny Hypocrites crept intat consarn, professin ta be temperate, tectoatal, an all't rest on it, an thear thay ar pullin faices az long az band-walks,—fine school-maisters theaze—fine preservaters of the human constitushan! Hey, hey, but all ther craft iz seen throo; an ah do hoape, 'Tom, at them at began this consarn, al hoppan ther ees, an tack ther senz to ther senz, for depend on it the devil's in am, an thare wearin morality's cloak for no good. Thear, nah, ah think plenty's bin sed upat subject; so al finish we this,—

"Ah wish that man may nivver grow fat,
 That carries two faices under one hat."

TO GEORGE FERRIMAN,

ABAGHT CHRSMAS-DAY DINNER.*

HA, George, my lad, ah did feel sad,
 An tears cum in me ee,
 For near befoar did ah feel moar,
 Or think sa much a thee!

For, mun, thowt I, a things goan by,
 When t' dumplins thay cum in,
 Thay wor sa nice an full a spice,
 Just thy soart to a pin.

Ah sigh'd, O dear! if George wor here,
 Haw pleaz'd he wod but be,
 For near a lad here look't more glad
 At Chresmas time then he.

Twice went each plate at railway rate,
 Till not a bit wor seen,
 Said I, ' By gum, thare sooin all dun,
 We've bolted just fifteen!'

Then smoakin hot cum sich a lot,
 Az ah near saw befoar,
 A nice rost beef—an my belief
 It weigh'd five stone an moar.

But varry sooin, knife, jaw, an spooin,
 Began ta wurk away,
 An ivvery one, boath owd an young,
 Call'd it a glorious day.

* John Nocks, an inmate of the Barnsley Poor-house, and who is supposed to be the author of this epistle, was particularly acquainted with the late George Ferriman. The annual festival of Roast Beef, Plum-pudding, and Ale, was anxiously looked for by both of them, but more especially by George, who acted as chairman, in which capacity he played off no small share of pride.

Wha, weel thay mud, beef wor sa good,
 Ant masht potatiz too,
 For menny a year av near seen here
 Not hauf sa grand a doo.

A pint a' ale, boath fine an pale,
 For ivvery one wor drawn;
 An ah sud think, at stronger drink
 It taane wor nivver nawn.

Thowt I nah, then, theaze gentlemen
 Hez all behav'd sa weel,
 Its nowt but reight, for all this meit,
 Ta say ah glad we feel.

So up ah gat, an look't streight at
 Am ivvery one it faice;
 But when ah spack, thay turn'd thcr back,
 An cut reight aght at plaice.

" Stop, stop a bit! don't—don't goa yit!"
 Call'd ah we all me main;
 But t'wor na use, for't barley juice
 Thay thowt hed tuch't me braine.

So daane ah sat, slap on me hat,
 An crush'd it flat tut brim—
 Ha wot a job t'wor for me nob!—
 We that ah held me din.

" Nah let uz sup wer ale all up,"
 Sed *Highland Mary* then;
 " An drink long life ta bairn an wife
 Of ar good gentlemen."*

" Thart reight, ma lass! raand let it pass,"
 Call'd aght George Oaxterbe;
 " It thay deserve, for when thay carve,
 Thay allas cut sa free."

" Ta finish then," sed I mesen,
 " Weve all sa happy been,
 Here's luck ta all, boath great an small,
 An bless ar gracious QUEEN."

JOHN NOCKS.

Back Lain, Dec. 26t, 1840.

* The Overseers of the Poor are here meant.



T' ROYAL CHRESANIN.

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Nah, ah duz ta like the tea, Bess?

BESS BRIMSTONE.—Wha it's capetal, Mally; better nivver ran aght ov a pot. Whot prise did ye goa to, preya?

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Wha, ta speak't truth, ah did-dant goa to a prise at all, for't Queen sent me two paand an a great lumpin piece a spice-cake daane throo Lunan yisterday afternooin.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—My wurd, Mally, but yo'l begin ta think noa small bear a yersen if that's t' caise.

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Nay, bairn; hav noa pride abaght me, nor nivver hed.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—Ah sud think it al bi't same soart at Queen uses at ther awn hause; if it iz, it al be wurth a guinea a paand, al be bun for't; wor it mix't?

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Noa, it wor all black.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—Then it's what thay call gunpaader?

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Well, then, wi'll put anuther spooniful in, an it may blaw't lid off if it likes. Nah, reich too, Bess, wilta, an get a bit a that spice-cake, an put a drop moar rum e the cup, do, an doant need sa much invitin.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—Nay, Mally, ah darant venter na moar an suar, for ah feel like a gooise nick't it head nah; al hev a bit moar curn cake just for't sake a where its cum'd throo.

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Hey do, lass, an mack the sen at hoame; mun, thar az welcome az't flaars e May, or els ah woddant a ax't tha. Duz ta naw, av bin full a thowt all this blessed day abaght t'chresanin at yung Princess.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—It's near trubald me a bit, for wots it onny moar then a poor boddy's barn, ah sud like ta naw?

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Wha, wir all one same az anuther, it's true, as far as flesh an blood goaze; but when a King or a Queen's put ovver us, we owt ta look up to am, an feel pleaz'd at we live in a country where thay ar; for thagh may depend on't, if it warrant soa, we sud bi't same az't toad wit harrow teeth, all maisters; soa we sud respect an think weel a ther childer, becos when ther father an muther deeze, thale hev ta wear ther craans, an bi't same az thay wor. Nah, al just put it it shap on a parrable, an bring it hoame to a bodiz sen: suppoasin yor Jonny an thee wor both ta be laid low, an all yor bairns left ta fend for thersenze az weel az thay cud, an yor Bill at's twenty year owd sud reckon to carry't hause on; for a bit all ad goa on reight, an then t'gam ad begin; Jack ad hev knock't posnit ovver and scolded Sally; Ben ad hev druckan al't milk, an Jack ad hev thrawn a stoan throo Tom Paine window; Bess ad hev fagottan ta bray't sand an fill't tea-kettle; Harry ad hev brockan his leg we tumalin aght av a cherry-tree; Mary ad hev hur hair az long az a foil tail, an all hur stockin heels aght; Sally or Peggy, sumady or anuther, ad be call'd in ta

mack a bit a bread, an steal hauf at doaf; Tom an Ned ad be feightin end ovver end, an tearin all't cloaze off a ther backs; Billy ad be gettin tut sugar-basin, an Fanny woddant skawer't flooar for a munth; dinner ad nivver be gottan reddy at reight time, becos it ad all be hetan affoar hand; t'weshin-day ad be just when it happand; Simon ad be goin tut pop-shop wit quilts an blenkets, an ivvery thing else, wal ther wor nawther reg nor stick left it hause. Then ta finish off we, thade all be grown up ta men an wimmin, wethaght ivver goin tut skoil for a bit a hedication, or hevin larnt a trade, an then ead be nowt but t'warkhause starin am it face to goa too; nah, we sud all be just a this fashans, if we worrant ruled an guvarn'd just az we ar.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—My wurd, Mally, yo mud a bin browt up at a boardin-skoil yo can talk so, yor quiat a dab hand it poletickle way; if ivver ther wor ta be a member a parlement wanted for Bairnsla, yo owt ta be sent am suar, Mally.

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Thagh may talk, Bess, but depend on't, wot av sed iz sumwhere abaght mark.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—Yor rather ta far larnt, Mally, for me; but ah do think at yond yungist lass a ar Joaze ad mack az good a Queen az shoo will, shooze't bonnyist an't sensibleist bairn at ivver wor born.

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Wot agraprovokin nonsense thagh duz tawk, Bess; thagh gets maggin we that Sal Socialist, wal thagh hates t'seet a ivvery boddy at's a bit heigher it wurd then thesen.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—Yo mud be a witch, Mally, for shoo cums inta ar hause, an if shooze seen onny boddy we a deacenter coit on then thare Jack hez, or a better

gaane an cap then hersen, shoo calls am a shame'd ta be head; shooze goan on a that fashans, wal al be heng'd if I amat homast az bad az shoo iz hersen.

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Thal nivver do no good we sich cumpany az hurs am suar, an sooiner thagh cuts hur an better, nah tack my wurd for it. Ha, Bess, just look at that clock! if weve bin a minnit gettin wer tea, wiv bin two hours; let's tak't things away. an burn a bit a braan paper ta tak't smell at rum off affoar onny boddy pops in.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—Hey, time goaze weather owt else duz or noa; av nawn menny a time when Sal Socialist hez bin at ar hause tellin her tales, its bin 12 o'clock e noa time, then aght shood run intat market ta bye sum potatiz or a bit o' stake for dinner.

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Thear nah, then, Bess, will hev a drop a cumfat, lass, an enjoy wer senze, as we owt ta do. Thagh duz smook, ah think?

BESS BRIMSTONE.—Hey, an ah wish bacca wor a guinea a naance, for it costs me fourpence haupenny a week az regular as't week cums.

MALLY MUFFINDOAF—(*taking up her glass.*)—Cum, ears good health tut Queen, an wishin her long life an happiness.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—Wot ar thay goin ta call this bairn, then?

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Wha, if ah reckalect reight, it al be chresand Victoria Louisa Adelaide; an't wattar at thay chresand it we, cum all't way throot river Jordan in a stoan bottle.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—Iz it possable? Wha, nah, doan't yo think at wattar aght at Sough Dyke, or Jonny Pickerin pump, ad just a dun az weel?

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Wot, thart beginnin a the rade-cal tawk agean; gie az a song, an let's hear na more on't.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—Nay, Mally, ah think we suddant sing, foaks al say wir boath drunk if ah do; but, am-sumiver, al try.

Thear wor a little curly dog
Once bark't at Missis Hick;
O, fie! sed shoo, you saucy dog,
That iz a naughty trick.

Chorus.

That iz a naughty trick,
That iz a naughty trick;
O, fie! sed shoo, you saucy dog,
That iz a naughty trick.

Nay, Mally, yo mun help me a bit it chorus, or else ah sal nivver be able ta get on am suar.

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Wha, bairn, av lost all me teeth, but al do me goodist ta please the; so nah goa on agean.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—

God save ar Jack an me,
May we near live ta see
Ar chimley fall!

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Nay, Bess, give ovver, prethe, for thart singin a galemawfra nah. Wha, here's yor Sal cumin full cut; wot's amiss, ah wonder?

SAL.—Tell Bess Brimstone ta cum hoam dereckly, her grommuther's tumald t'ead furst intat peggy tub, an thay caant get hur aght.

BESS BRIMSTONE.—Thear, its time ta goa, nah, for thears allas sumat amiss when a boddy leaves ther awn hause a toathrea minmits; yor like ta excuse me, Mally, soa good neet.

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.—Good neet, Bess, an be suar the doant goa past Nell Slippytung's hause; for if ta duz, an shoo seeze the we that red faice, shool tell all't taane om-mast, at thali cuddant walk ardlly for bein so and so.

SAL SWIVELJAW'S ANSWER TO RUEBEN
RUDDLEPUTTY.

BAIRNSLA, MAY 6T, 1840.

DEAR RUEBEN,

Eaze not a lass it wurd beside
Feels hauf sa praad az me,
Becos am goin ta leav me plaice,
Ta liv an dee we thee.

Ha, ah wor in a tackin, Rueben, when thy letter cum, ah diddant naw wear ivver ta get to ta read it ardlly, cos av bin plaig'd soa wit tuther sarvant-lassas; thare allas agate a callin me Missis Ruddleputty, an axin me wear Rueben iz; but when thay begin a sayin soa, ah allas set up a singin—

O, me Rueben! lovly Rueben!
Rosy cheeks an sloe-black hair;
When by hiz side I am waukin,
The wurd then seeze a happy pair.

This macks am mad, cos ah doant think at theaze a young chap cums ta see onny on am, an thay doant naw wot ta do we thersenz becos av gottan a sweetheart. Am glad thah went tut cherch ta hear't Parson reed t'spurrins ovver; ha, ah sud a like't to a goan mesen, but it worrant my Sunday aght; but for all that, Rueben luv, ah diddant faget ta think abaght both t'spurrins an thee; ah felt one at happyist wimmin alive, nobbat ah wor a little bit daane at times, ta think wot an a bad job it wor ta loise t'size at ring, for it weant do for me ta measure me finger nah am suar, for av just bin weshin a fortnit's wesh, an me finger's az thick az a cloaze-peg; but av bin thinkin at top-end a yor bellas-spaght al just bit size to a minit, cos ah measured it just for a bit a nonsense t'last time at ah wor at yor hause. Me weddin-cloaze, thah mun naw, thare all made, an az nice az hands can mack am, an thare it furst fashan too; Mistriss Greenbobbin shooze bin wurkin day an neet at am, rather then dissapoint me; me bonnets a Turkey red, trim'd we white sattan ribban, an it inside at neb eaze sum artefishal roses; am suar, when thah seeze me, Rueben, thal say,

"A rose-tree, in full bearin,
Iz nowt cumpair'd ta me."

Then me gaane its a deep brimstan colour, we leg-a-mutton sleeves, an six flaances raand t'bottom, an a red waist-band, an a vandyke collar, an a pair a green Victorea bootis; bless the, av hed all't young lassas it taane nearly ta look at am; an theal be sich an a craad that mornin wir wed, az nivver wor seen at a fair ardlly. Thah duzant say owt abaght oaze ta be t'owd father, Rueben, but ah think thah caant do better then ax Jim Guileford, cos eaze an owd crony a thine, an a bit ov a sweethart a Bess Butterlips, an shooze goin ta bi't bride's-maid.

Nah, then, Rueben, thah tawks abaght the domestic habits, —

Wha, mun, ah laft till boath me sides
 Thay crack't like thavin ice,
 Ta find thah wor sa varry fond
 A sheep tail, eggs, an rice.

Nah, Rueben luv, doant think at am mackin gam, cos av bits a fancys e that way a me awn; for sin av grown up a woman, av gottan varry fond a nanny-goat milk an suit dumplins, a sheep bead cut inta stakes, fat cake we a bit a nutmeg grater'd in it, fish-broth sweetand we trakle, an a raw onion ta bite at ta me tea. Theaze anuther thing, Rueben, ah shaant like ta give up me young tricks an ways all at wunce; ah sal want ta goa tut feast wunce a year an stop a week, an goa to a doncin, an a tea-drinkin nah an then, an stan at yard-end at Sundays ta see't Cherch lowse, an look at foaks' dresses; an when ah goa tut pump for wattar, if theaze onny boddly thear at ah naw, ah shall like ta stop an tawk we am a bit abaght owd affairs. But theaze anuther thing, Rueben, at ah think on moar then all them, an that iz, ah hoape thaal mack me a good huzband, an not cum hoam drunk at neets ta breck pots, an strike me, cos if ta duz. am suar ah sal mack away we mesen varry sooin, cos ah caant stand ta be struck, nor frumt nawther, nor nivver cud; beside—

Ah think a man at hides hiz wife,
 He owt ta be transported for life.

That's wot ah think; but am not affread, Rueben, a thee doin owt a that soart, cos am suar thah naws better.

Nah, then, look aght ta-morrow afternooin for Peter Pickinpeg's mule an cart, cos eze goin ta bring a toathre a things for't hause: theaze a whitenin-pot, two rowlin pins, a tinder-box, panshan, fender an fire-irans, a stump bedstid, a sceein glass, a coil-hammer, a rockin chair, a bit a carpet for't bed-side, a creddle at ah wor rock't in, an a boolder ta bray sand we. Nah be suar an look aght, Rueben, as ah naw weel enuf at all't nabors al cum aght gapein an starein, ta see wot thear iz it cart. Thear, nah then, ah conclude, wishin the all't best wishes at ah can think on. Excuse all folts.

Me pen iz bad, me ink iz pale,
 Me luv ta thee shall nivver fail;
 For Rueben iz me awn true luv,
 Me lark, me duck, me turtle duv.

Stop, ah forgottan ta say at them verses a thine, ha thay wor nice an's; ah thowt ah woddant be behint hand we summat at soart mesen, soa ah gat Sammy Strap-jacket t'skoil-maister ta write me sum, an am suar thah caant but say at there varry suteable.—One bell, ah think, al be plenty, an ah think it sud tinkle wal abaght four a elock it afternooin. An w'll ware abaght hauf a craane e humbugs an spice marables, ta squander amangt foaks an't childer az we eum aght at echerch; this ah think al do varry weel, an al be plenty, for wots t'use a uz squanderin wir bit a brass, we doant naw wot we may want befoar we dee.

Thy iver faithful Luvr,

SAL SWIVELJAW.

[ADVURTISMENT.]

BILLY GUM AN JACKY FUNGUS

BEGS ta say moast patickelerly, at thave just set up a India Rubber Chimley Manefactary, at Owd Taane, an thave a lot just nah reddy made, an them at wants onny, thay may depend on it thale find am t'grandist consarns at ivver wor nawn, an just the thing for't Ackt a Parlement for doin away we Chimley-Sweeps, for when thay get sooit in, thay can be turn'd inside aght we az much eaze az a owd woman can turn a stockin; beside, thay nivver spoil't inside at hauses we smookin, for e windy weather thay wabble abaght soa, t'wind caant find t'road in at top. T'follain iz a list at soarts an't prizes :—

Steam Ingan Chimley, 60 yards long an 3 inches thick. . *Nine Paand.*

Set-Pot Do. 9 fut long, made we a elbow. . *Five an Sixpance farding.*

Cottidge Hauses Do. 3 fut long. . *Seven an a Haupny fardin.*

One ta turn raand a corner, an wurk on a swival. . *Eight an Ninepance.*

Blacksmith Shops Do. dubble mill'd. . *Ten Shillin.*

Flews for warmin Cherches. . *Three an Sixpance three fardins a yard.*

Brick Ovans Do. . . *Four an Fourpance.*

TACK NOATIS.—All theaze thare warranted ta stand wurlwinds, hurekins, rain, hail, snaw, frost, fogs, sun, thunar an leetniu, or owt else, it macks na differance wot it iz.

Them at wants onny sud apply e time, for boath t'Mais- ters, yol understand, thare aboon seventy year owd, an when thay dee, theal not be anuther Chimley made.

Tickets ta get ta see over't wurks can be gottan a Jonny Noggs, it Back-lane. Its a great cureossaty, al assure ye, an weel wurth seein; an t'man at made this grand an wonderfull diskovery, wor teed up in a seek three days an three neets studdyin abaght it. This varry same man al shew ye raand t'plaice, an all't things at hiz made.

Theaze a Wheelbarrow, Laidiz Bussal, Umbrella, Grid-iran, Dutch Oven, Throsal-Caige, Grinal-stan, Dumplin-Mould, Pincushiu, Peggy Tub, Legs, Arms, an Noazes, Man-Trap, Wig, Cart-Saddle, Cowl-Rake, Rowliu Pin, French Horn, Fiddle, an a oal lot moar things beside.

Fruents a Hauses, garrit height, Indian Rubbard.. *Three Paand Ten Shillin.*

Draw Wells lined.. *A Penny Fardin a fut.*

Turnap Rowlers.. *Two Paand a piece.*

Milk Cherns.. *Eight Shillin.*

Pig Troffs.. *Five an Ninepance.*

Strait Jackits, six scoar tut hundard, az low az.. *Four Paand Twelve.*

N. B.—Good Wurkmen, awther bow-leg'd, tup-shin'd, pincer-toad, nock-a-kneed, hump-back't, ry-neck't, or onny uther shap at foaks ma fancy, sent all ovver England, Slawit, Shelly-Benk-Botham, Toad-Hoyle, Jimaca, t'North Powl, Siberia, an all uther pairts at t'wurd beside, we all possable despatch, in a minit's noatis.

BILLY GUM, }
 JACKY FUNGUS, } MAISTERS.
 RALF RATCHIT, OVERLOOKER.
 SAM STRETCHIT, BOOKKEEPER.
 LUKE LIKELEATHER, RIDER-AGHT.
 NED NIVERBRECK, FORMAN IT BACK
 SHOP.

Owd Taane, April 1st, 1841.

SAYINGS, &c.

Short yet, sed Shaw, when he shot at mooin.

Smile agean, bright eye, az Senior sed tut tup.

Spotted an spangled, like Joazy Addy devil.

Quiatness iz't best, sed Toabe, when he wor put upat fire-br c'k.

Stop, stand, sed Dicky Totty, when he bur'd t'cart-wheel we hiz hat.

Shooze az saucy az a dogs hairy, sez Matty Gabs.

Wipe the noaze we a whisp a straw, sez Jonny Gill.



MALLY MUFFINDOAF'S
LETTER T'UT QUEEN

ABAGHT T'YUNG PRINCE.

MISTRISS QUEEN,

My wurd, lass, but yor goin on't reight way ta hev a hause full a childer; but, nivver mind, ah hoape yor middlin, an't little yung King an all. Do ye naw, am sa pleas'd at yov gottan it ovver sa nicely, ah doant naw whereivver ta put mesen ardly. That day at news wor browt ta Bairnsla, ah cut up an daane't taane like sumady at wor soft, an av noa daght at lots a foaks thowt soa; wha yo ma think wot soart on a tackin ah wor in, when ah ran slap agean a gass-poast an made me noaze bleed e all derekshans, an brack me honnit neb clean off, an smash't me speckteckles inta az menny pieces az thear iz pebbles it owd dyke; but this didant stop me, for ah went all up an daane't main streets, an't Dog-lane, Pinfowd-hill, Jonny Batty yard, t'Nook, Boslam-square, an Amen corner, tellin foaks at yod gottan a lad; sum wor pleaz'd, an shaghted fit ta rive ther throits; uthers went on shamefully, an sed sich things, nay, it ad be a sin for me ta say wot thay did, both abaght yo an yer huzband; ah wunder thay worrant fretand at owd lad fetchin am befor mornin. Just when ah gat hoam agean, in cum P'eggy Pratewell full cut ta tell me at yod gottan yer bed, thinkin ah diddant naw, an shoo began a doncin an caperin abaght t'hause for joy; ah thowt, for suar, shood be splintern t'blade-boane on her big toe, an nowt else. Just when shood dropt it, an rear'd hersen agean't set-pot ta get her wind,

t'owd Cherch-bells began a ringin like heigo mad, an thear thay kept at it wal midneet, and ta speik't truth ah wor reight scaard; thay kept firin am soa, me an Peggy ran aght we ar cloaze-line, an teed it raand steeple, far ah nivver eggspected na uther but wot thade a split it throat top tut bottom; az it wor, t'clapper belongin tut big bell flew off, an went reight bang throat clock-faice just where t'figure a nine wor, an sent long hanal tut far corner a lun wood, an thear, am teld, it kill'd a magpie, an't small point stuck fair intat rooit on a dog daizy.—Theaze iz abaght all't patickelers at av time ta menshan at present; after a while ah mean ta write to ye agean, if am spaird, an gie ye a bit a my advise hah ta bring t'lad up. Nah, if yo feel onny weze poarly like, an caant sit up e bed, get yor husband ta reed this letter for ye, but be suar an doant let him reed it up ta heigh, for't least noize it wurld for't furst fortnit iz enuff ta distract onny womman ats e yor way. Nah, ah hoape yol excuse me for writin to ye; an at same time, ah wish ta say, am varry much obleig'd to ye, for't spice-cake an't tea at yo sent me, e honorashan at chresanin at yung Princess. An, depend on it, yol allas find me, wal ivver theaze a hare grows in a mule tale, one a yor best an faithfullist subjects.

So, beleeve me ta be, nivver forsakin, yors for ivver,

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.

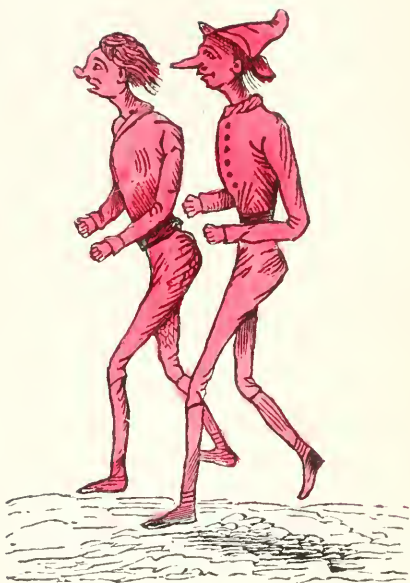
But, stop.—Ad ment ta menshand befoar, at ah think them childer caps, at ah sent ye t'last year, al be ta little for't lad; macks me think so, becos lads, nineteen times aght a foar-an-twenty, hez bigger heads nor lasses; but if thay sud, yo can sooin let a little bit in at back side. An be suar an doant faget ta stitch abaght two sqware inches a fine flannil it inside, allas when yo chainge it cap, becos theaze a soft place at top a childer heads, an if they catch coud thear, poor little darlins, it fills am full a all soarts a cumplaints, an macks am squint; nay, av nawn menny a one e my time ats lost ther senses wit nurses neglectin that varry thing. An another thing, be suar an be varry patickeler e tellin t'nurse ta allas put t'wot-the-ma-call-it away (yo naw wot ah mean), for when ar little dick wor nobbat three week owd, he rowl'd reight off at bed-side once when ah wor asleep, an hed az near bin draanded as cud be; but ivver after that, av hed a sheep-net fasand all't way raand t'bed, an ah sud like yo ta hev sumat at soart yersen, ah sud indeed, lass, for ah sud be varry sorry ta hear a onny acksident happanin tut yung Prince.

LARNT FOAKS AN REMARKABLE OCCURRANCES
AT BAIRNSLA.

(CONTINID AN ENDED.)

	ANNO.
IT latter end a' this year, a chimley gat a fire, an Frenk Flareaway put a slate at top, so az't blaize muddant skellar't moonin	1680
Paul Packsaddle's mule, after livin an waukin abaght aboon a hundard year we a wood leg, deed at jaun- dice; an wot wor remarkable, it ears wor sa long, at when thay wor laid flat on it back, tip ends tutch't stump-end on it tail	1700
Cloaze-pegs furst invented	1702
Rueben Ribgrass gat up in hiz sleep ta maw a fish- pond	1704
It same year, a dicky-dunack we two tales wor seen e Betty Bell pear-tree.	
Will Windpipe, it prezance a three thaasand foaks, back't hiz sen ta eight thissals agean a jack-ass, an, to ther astonishment, he bet it be thirty nips. King George, hearin tell a this extrordianary feat, made him a preasant on a soard-fish; it wor sich an a length, it wor two daize an a neet e goin throo't taane.	1780
Tom Treddlehoyle's great gronfather discover'd at a squirril-tail an't back-bone on a creekit wor boath jointed alike	1800

T' E N D.



(Scarlet Runners.)

THE
BARNSELEY AND VILLAGE

Record;

OR, THE
BOOK OF FACTS AND FANCIES,

FOR THE YEAR 1841.

BY NED NUT.





HOAX EXTRAORDINARY.

THE *gullibility* of poor John Bull is proverbial; and perhaps it is as conspicuously seen in the eagerness to purchase the trash which is daily coming out in the shape of *Panaceas*, for every malady to which our poor frail bodies are continually exposed, as in any thing else. But in this particular view, there should seem to be something like a venial plea; for who, when suffering under acute bodily disease, is not tempted to catch at any remedy which holds out a chance of relief? Perhaps, however, a more clever hoax upon English credulity was never played off, than in the following instance about to be narrated, of which Barnsley was the selected scene. Early on the Saturday previous, the town was industriously placarded with the following announcement:—

“UNRIVALLED FEAT!!!—M. S. Von de Bughie, the celebrated German aquatic, begs leave to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Barnsley, that on Monday, the 16th October instant, at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, he intends displaying his wonderful and novel feat of walking upright on the surface of the water*, from the Wharf at the Old Mill to the Aqueduct, and back again, with no other

* “M. S. Von de B. deems it unnecessary to load the limited space of a hand-bill with any disquisition on the nature of his performance, or with any abstruse mathematical calculation on the effect and operation of solids when brought in contact with fluids; but begs to state to the scientific and curious, that he has on sale a number of copies of a publication by himself and Dontsapie (an eminent German philosopher), containing a luminous exposition of the theory of this surprising feat.”

assistance than a pair of small cork shoes, which will not be wet above the soles, on which occasion he earnestly invites every admirer of genuine science and agility to witness the above unparalleled exhibition, which has excited the wonder and astonishment of assembled thousands, both in England and on the Continent. M. S. Von de B. will wait personally upon the inhabitants on the following morning, and confidently relies upon their liberality. M. S. Von de B. hopes the authorities of the town will use their best endeavours in maintaining order on the occasion, inasmuch as his performance in other places has invariably drawn together an immense concourse of spectators."

Many and various were the rumours and surmises respecting both the man and his performance. Some few, wishing, no doubt, to appear wiser than their neighbours, readily admitted its possibility, and pretended they had often seen a similar feat performed in other places; whilst others were manifestly dumb-struck; and the announcement furnished a tit-bit for discussion among the knowing ones. At length Monday arrived; lots of parties were made up, and appointments ratified. Every favourable concomitant seemed adapted to enhance the relish of the coming bait,—slack trade, Monday an idle day, concert in the evening, occasional sermons, &c. &c.; beside which, the day was beautifully fine, the sun shining with all "his majesty" on the gently-rippled water; the air salubrious, though somewhat cool: in short, there was a simultaneous resolve to have a holiday; the warehouses were all closed, the schoolmasters dismissed their scholars, the collieries stood still, the weavers left their looms, the old women their tea, and all labour and business were suspended; even the Quakers rose from their deliberations (for it was their monthly meeting at Barnsley) an hour before the usual time, to be present at the feat.

The Wharf (as stated in the placard) is admirably situated for a joke of the sort; it is on the Barnsley canal,

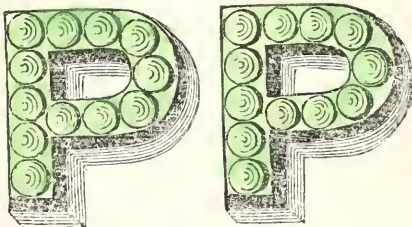
at the foot of the very steep hill at the entrance to the town from Wakefield, affording every facility for the inhabitants of Barnsley, Worsbro', Gawber, Darton, &c., on the one side; and Burton, Carlton, Roystone, Staincross, &c., on the other, to gratify their curiosity. Amazing to say, the canal-bridge, immediately adjoining the wharf, was secured and possessed, three deep, by half-past two in the afternoon, being two hours before the time fixed for the performance; and from that time to half-past four, dense masses of people continued to pour down the two hills, until the banks of the canal on each side, from the bridge to the aqueduct, a distance of about 500 yards, were crowded to excess; the very trees, too, in the line were topful; and, by four o'clock, the warehouse-windows of Mr. Twibell were well stocked with the smiling countenances of young ladies, surmounted by polite and unassuming young gentlemen. The counting-house, too, which commanded an excellent view of the whole line of the canal, and which might have been erected for the purpose of minute observation, or making "mathematical calculations," was brimful of philosophers and the literati. Every little eminence, such as casks of sugar, herrings, treacle, &c., piles of flags, and logs of wood, in the wharf, was kept warm by anxious groups. The dunghills, which had been erected without the stables of the wharf, and which, of course, would not have been preferred on ordinary occasions, were now *grateful* elevations; several persons sat at the top of a crane, at great risk and personal inconvenience; nay, even the top of a *leetle* building, which is generally situated at the extremity of the domicile, was no 'bad eminence' on this occasion. Thus were they situated, each warning his bystander to keep his

place, and prevent, if possible, the invasion of new comers. Some were wagering considerable sums of money on the possibility and impossibility of the thing—others discussing a knotty problem in hydrostatics—others thrusting and blustering to obtain front places,—whilst others were busily engaged in placing string or wire over the canal, in order to trip up *Bughie*, if he attempted any imposition. At length, the appointed hour arrived. The scene was truly animating; *eight thousand* people, at least, having by this time assembled on the banks of the canal, with their eyes fixed in profound silence on the wharf, from whence De Bughie was to *take the water*. Alas! there was no De Bughie; no person seemed to know anything of such a being; he had not been seen in the town; he had not arrived by the mail; there was no coach from Sheffield; “he *must*,” reasoned they, “fulfil his engagement.” A reviving rumour flew along the banks, that the mail had passed a post-chaise at Chapeltown, containing a very singular-looking person; that of course *was* the man. Two hours elapsed since the mail came in; the singular-looking man had had plenty of time to arrive; “O, he could not be long!” And again the 8,000 *see-gulls* composed themselves with a little more patience. Another rumour was shortly circulated, that he had arrived in the town, and would be down directly. This was also very refreshing. They waited anxiously, but he did not arrive. At length, many thinking they might safely leave the damp bank of the canal, and walk about the fields to warm themselves a little before De Bughie arrived, did so, having first made covenants with the bystanders to restore their places if he came. They were soon recalled, by a heavy dash in the water. All

the stragglers hurried down to the canal like so many sheep when assailed by a dog. At this moment there was a great confusion; the individuals who had strayed from their places endeavoured in vain "to compel a specific performance of the contract." "*Bughie's in!*" "*He's coming!*" reverberated along the banks. Alas! on closer examination, it was found to be—not De Bughie—but, a great sheep-dog! The church-clock now struck half-past five, and the patience of the crowd began to flag. A small skiff, soon after, was seen sailing up the canal, which was supposed to contain the person of De Bughie; but which in fact was occupied by several persons, who would rather not have had anything to do with the sequel. As they skimmed past the lime-kilns, some mischievous fellow threw a large piece of lime-stone into the water, at a little distance from the skiff; this was instantly responded to from the opposite bank, and the attack was kept up from each side until the *sailors* were not only wet through, but obliged to row to the side, greatly to the amusement of the spectators.

The assembly now began gradually to retire, like so many schoolboys, who, having undergone some bitter disappointment, would rather not, if possible, give any *watery* evidence of their mortification; so they endeavoured to laugh. Some consoled themselves by saying, with a forced smile, "Well, I did not think that I had such a bump of gullibility;" others said, in a more remonstrating tone, "I am clean done!" others, looking about, exclaimed, "But this is a capper!" whilst others, with sad countenances, silently stole off without making any audible demonstration of their feelings. Some few, not being able to persuade themselves they were gulled,

continued to lurk about the banks until the green meadows, the windings of the canal, the auspicious wharf, and the beautiful scenery around, were all enshrouded in cheerless gloom. What became of the ladies and gentlemen in the warehouse, or the literati in the counting-house, we are unable to say; but the reasonable and fair conclusion is, that they quitted their retreat before midnight, the young and old gentlemen and ladies mutually preferring to walk separate, and each party careful (as they ascended the steep hill homewards) not to attach the slightest blame to the other; and thus 8,000 persons, or thereabouts (philosophers and literati inclusive), reached home practically wiser than they were the Monday previous.



Green P's (Peas.)

SOBER ALE.

A COLLIER living at Crane-Moor, finding that several neighbours around him were in the habit of brewing their own ale, mentioned the fact to his wife, who at once agreed that they would do the same, "an hev a drop a' drink in't hause az weel az them;" accordingly a strike of malt was forthwith purchased; and the husband, on going to his work on the following morning, left his better half busily making preparation for brewing,—a job, mind you, which she never had before engaged in. At night home comes Johnny, big with the idea of being master of some strong ale, and quickly to the brewing-tub he marches. Finding it full—nothing short of 18 gallons—Johnny, with a countenance marked with disappointment, still quite in good humour, turned to his fatigued wife, and said, "Al tell the wot, lass, ah think thaaaze made ta much on't." "Well, av bin thinkin soa mesen, an av thrawn a kit-full aght."

 PETER PRIESTLEY.

THIS eccentric and witty character lived about the year 1790; he was clerk, sexton, and grave-stone cutter at the Parish Church of Wakefield, and was well known by many of the inhabitants now living. Dr. Amory, a celebrated contemporary, was particularly partial to Peter, and often affably loitered to enjoy a chat. The Doctor's jokes and Peter's wit were very amusing to those who were fortunate enough to be near these Wakefield worthies when they met together. One day, as Peter was laying down a grave-stone in the old church-yard, the Doctor,

who was coming by, stopped as usual to greet his old friend, but found a great deal of fault with the cutting and setting out of the letters; Peter, who had apparently taken no notice of what had been said, at last turned up his face, and, with a countenance as grave as his profession, observed, "I'll tell ye what, Doctor, ye've na 'casion to find na fault, for I've *cover'd* a many a' yere blunders."

"VENICE PRESERVED."

IN days of yore when the plays of Shakspeare were much thought of by all classes in Barnsley, one of the managers, on taking his usual morning-walk before the rehearsal, was accosted by a comic-featured dame, "If yo please, Mestur Huggins, wot's t'play goin ta be ta neet?" "As you like it, Mally," was the tragedian's reply. "Thank ye, sur, am suar yor varry good," responded Mally, and away she went to her husband, who was standing at the door waiting her return. "Ha, wot an a nice't man," said she, "yon Mestur Huggins iz, he sez at play's ta be 'az *we* like it.'" "Duz he?" said Johnny, "then run after him, an tell him, w'll hev '*Venus* presarved an't plot discover'd.'" Off went Mally at the top of her speed, and overtook Mr. H. by the bank, "If yo please, ar Jonny an me hez made up az minds ta hev '*Venas* persarv'd an't pot uncover'd.'" This unexpected patronage for a moment put Mr. H. to a nonplus; but recollecting the conversation he had had just before, he burst out into a hearty laugh, at the close of which he gravely replied, "Very well, Mally," and back again she trotted, taking it for granted that her request was complied with; but whether Mally or Johnny went to see, or to taste, *Venus preserved*, it is not recorded.

A LONELY ROAD.

A BOY who had gone from Barnsley to Pontefract, to receive some money, during one of the short days in winter, did not arrive at home again till late at night; his master, fearful that something had befallen him by the way, said, "Well, John, I'm very glad you have come; did you meet any body on the road?" "Noa, sur," said the lad, extending his winkers, and looking as lively as a bee, "ah nivver met we a livin soul all't way, nobbat two carts."

A CHAPEL OF EASE.

Two rustics in the west country went to a place of worship, called *a chapel of ease*; after they had sat a considerable time, out went one of them in a great hurry, which appeared to astound the congregation. On getting outside the door, the dog-whipper, as he is styled, said, "Wot hez ta cum'd aght sa sooin for?" "Wha," said Tommy, pulling his face all awry, "ah thowt this spot hed bin a chapel a' *ease*, but its nowt at soart ah find, for av hed sich an a belly-ache az nivver poor fellar hed, all't time av bin in."

THE UNFORTUNATE GRAVE-DIGGER.

IN or about the year eighteen hundred, when the town and neighbourhood of Barnsley were not so densely populated as it now is, lived one Billy Strafford, who filled

the serious and important situation of grave-digger at St. Mary's Church, Barnsley. Billy, it must be understood, together with his wife, were both of industrious and frugal habits. Orders, however, became slack, and as Billy in his line could not work on speculation, their minds became uneasy touching the baking days. Sally, his faithful spouse, one morning (and not the first time by many), was eyeing the spade over at the door, which had become quite rusty for want of a job. A person going by at the time, Sally, holding up the spade, said, "Just look at this; nah, iz it likely at onny boddy can liv here, think ye? Here ar Billy's bin, an az niver buried a livin soul for this last fortnit!"



A NOVEL OIL-PAINTING.

ONE evening during the past winter, two admirers of the fine arts were sitting together, talking of the beauties of the old masters. One of them remarking that he had a real Vandyke, the other very naturally wished to have a peep at it. The request of course was willingly complied with, and John, the servant, was called into the room. "John," said his master, "I want you to go to Mr. P.'s for an oil-painting by Vandyke." "Yes," said the owner, "and tell Betty, the one I want is in the long passage." Off went John, and delivered his message. On his return, poor John, who was nearly exhausted with his load, squeezed into the room with *Vandyke on his shoulder*, saying, "Where am e ta put it, Sur?" "Put it!" exclaimed his master, "why what the d—l are you bringing, man?" "T'oil-painting, Sur," said John,

panting as he spoke. "Oil-painting!" responded Mr. P., "why, blockhead, you have brought the oil-cloth off the passage-floor." "Wha, ah thowt mesen like," repeated John, "at it wor a varry quear oil-paintin az soin az ah saw it; but when Betty sed it wor all't *vandyke't* consarn thear wor it passage, ah thowt it wor e my place ta say nowt, but bring it." The circumstance naturally called forth a laugh from the antique worthies, whilst poor John and blundering Betty rectified the mistake; and the anxious connoisseur was afterwards gratified with a sight of the object of his wish.

"POOR THING."

As a female was proceeding along Shambles-street, Barnsley, she met with old widow Allsop; "Good morning, Becca," said the maid, "pray how is poor Betty Dewsnap this morning?" "Wha, my lass, ah nawn't wot ta mack on her,—heh, heh, heh,—Poor thing, shoo's nearly worn to a *Nottingham*."

MUSICAL HONOURS.

A SHORT time ago, a dyer was walking out a horse belonging to an auctioneer and bailiff. On approaching the line of houses called Marine Row, a weaver was playing on a fiddle. The horse pricked his ears and began to caper, and by some means got away and bolted into the house to the musician, when he commenced kicking away at the chairs, tables, and window. The fiddler, with his vain bit of wood, had a narrow escape. After

his worship had done, and thought proper to walk out again, the mistress of the house popped her head down stairs, and after viewing the wreck for a short time, she exclaimed, "I think't bailiff mud az weel a cum'd hizsen an *mark't goods*, an not a sent hiz horse."

APRIL FOOLS.

ON the first of April, as two inebriated knights of the thimble were sitting, quaffing deep draughts of the nappy, one of them (a celebrated button-hole-maker) laid a small wager of five shillings with his companion, that he could go up the chimney, and put his head out at the top, and sing "God save the Queen," in less time than Jonathan his shop-mate. Button-hole, who was a high-minded gent, went up the chimney first, and accomplished the task in little more than ten minutes. Jonathan, whose turn it was next, did not at all like the appearance of his antagonist after his arrival from the sooty region, and would feign have given up the contest but for his *friends*, who held out to him every prospect of success! At last, up jumped Jonathan, threw his coat on the floor, and tied a handkerchief on his head, and off he started on his pilgrimage. A great number of people had assembled in the street to witness the exploit of Jonathan, who, on reaching the top of the chimney, commenced his song in admirable style; but, unfortunately for the knight, when he got to the words "Send her victorious," down dropped Jonathan, and of course lost the wager, together with a small portion from the tip of his nose.



THE RECORD.

THE New Schools connected with St. George's Church, Barnsley, was completed in December, 1840, at a cost of upwards of One Thousand Pounds. The design was given by Mr. Pritchett, architect, of York.

Frederick William Thomas Vernon Wentworth, Esq., of Wentworth-Castle, was appointed High-Sheriff of the county of York, Jan. 1841.

W. Bennett Martin, Esq., of Worsbro'-Hall, accepted the Captaincy of the Barnsley Troop of Yeomanry Cavalry, Feb. 19th, 1841, vacant by the resignation of the Hon. Charles Stuart Wortley.

John Mitchell, of Barnsley, stone-mason, was found guilty, at the March Assizes, 1841, for the murder of Mr. George Blackburn, and sentence of death was then recorded; but on the 3rd of April, his sentence was commuted to transportation for life.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENON.—On Monday night, March 22nd, between the hours of eight and ten, a splendid luminous bow of white light was seen here, and in other parts of the North, which excited the awe and admiration of all beholders. The bow, as it were, bestrode the fir-

mament from East to West, and was better defined than anything of the kind we ever before witnessed. It was not a lunar rain-bow, for there was no moon at the time; but it partook of the nature of aurora, and was evidently magnetic, though assuming a form different from that in which the phenomenon usually manifests itself in these latitudes.

ANCIENT COINS.—On Monday, the 10th of May, as the workmen were pulling down the old building previously occupied by Mr. Henry Machin, at Sough-bridge, Barnsley, a number of old coins were found in the walls, namely, two half-crowns and a sixpence of William III. one ditto of Charles II., and a guinea of William III.; the whole of which, with the exception of the sixpence, were in a good state of preservation.

CENSUS.—The census, which was taken on the 7th of June, 1841, at Barnsley, is as follows:—Males, 6187—Females, 6120—Total, 12,307. Inhabited houses. 2380—building, 28—unoccupied, 45.

Early on the morning of Thursday, July 8, the sawing-mill of Messrs. Young and Shaw was destroyed by fire.

At the West-Riding Election, which took place on the 8th and 9th of July, the following were the numbers polled in the Barnsley District:—

The Hon. John Stuart Wortley	606
E. B. Denison, Esq.	537
Lord Morpeth	615
Lord Milton	647

At the close of the poll for the Riding the numbers for each candidate stood thus:—

The Hon. John Stuart Wortley	13,165
E. B. Denison, Esq.	12,780
Lord Morpeth	12,031
Lord Milton	12,080

On the morning of the 22nd of November a fearful explosion of fire-damp took place at Mount-Osborne Colliery, Barnsley, belonging to Messrs. Day and Twibell, by which no less than fifteen persons, men and boys, lost their lives.

CHIEF CONSTABLES OF BARNSELY.—Mr. Matthew Mal-
lison, maltster; Mr. Charles Rogers, painter; Mr. George
Smith, linen-manufacturer; and Mr. Francis Johnson,
druggist.

CHURCHWARDENS.—Mr. William Johnson, farmer; and
Mr. Massie, draper, for *St. Mary's*. Mr. William Hop-
wood, colliery-proprietor; and Mr. Thomas Taylor, jun.,
linen-manufacturer, for *St. George's*.

OVERSEERS.—Mr. Christopher Haxworth, innkeeper;
Mr. Thomas Frudd, innkeeper (both second year); Mr.
Robert Pickles, linen-manufacturer; and Mr. Thomas
Guest, grocer.

In November, Mr. John Ray, bookseller, was appointed,
by the Lords of the Treasurer, Sub-distributor of Stamps
for the Barnsley District.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 7th.—At Silkstone, Mr. Benjamin Shaw, professor of music,
York, to Miss Eliza Headon, Prospect-house, Barnsley.

Jan. 18.—At the same Church, Mr. William Hall, plasterer and
landlord of the Turf Tavern Inn, to Miss Catherine Bramah, both of
Barnsley.

Feb. 3.—At St. Mary's Church, Barnsley, by the Rev. R. Willan,
Mr. Thos. Marsh, of Sheffield, to Mary, second daughter of Mr. Geo.
Tattershall, Barnsley, formerly of Tyers-Hall; also, Mr. Christopher
Hirst, of Sheffield, to Elen, third daughter of the above Mr. Tattershall.

March 12.—At the office of the Superintendent Registrar, Eccles-
field, Mr. Thos. Lister, post-master, Barnsley, and one of the Society
of Friends, to Miss Hannah Schofield, straw-bonnet-maker, of the
same place.

April 14.—At St. Mary's Church, Cheltenham, by the Rev. Daniel Louis Cousins, M.A., Samuel Edelston, Esq., Warrington, to Amelia, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Horsfall, Barnsley.

April 15.—At the Parish Church, Silkstone, Mr. John Lowrance, tinner and brazier, Barnsley, to Miss Sarah Blackburn, third daughter of Mr. Thos. Blackburn, joiner and carpenter, of the same place.

April 15.—At the same Parish Church, Mr. Henry Clegg, currier, Barnsley, to Miss Jane Collier, second daughter of Mr. Wm. Collier, leather-cutter, of the same place.

May 11.—At St. Mary's Church, Barnsley, Mr. James Wood, shopkeeper, Barnsley, to Mrs. Grayson, widow of the late Mr. George Grayson, of Deepcar Mill.

June 4.—At St. Mary's, Barnsley, by the Rev. R. Willan, M.A., Mr. Frederick Brown, eldest son of Mr. William Brown, plumber, to Miss Sarah Mallison, eldest daughter of Mr. Matthew Mallison, inn-keeper and maltster, all of Barnsley.

Oct. 28.—At Wakefield, Mr. George Wood Bayldon, son of Mr. Wm. Bayldon, linen-manufacturer, Folly-Hall, Barnsley, and great nephew of Baron Wood, to Miss Anne Green, of Tankersley.

Nov. 4.—At the Parish Church, Darton, by the Rev. T. Thexton, John, the eldest son of Mr. J. Silverwood, of Swithen, bleacher, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. John Clarke, farmer, of Oaks, all in the same parish.

Nov. 11.—At the Calvinist Chapel, Barnsley, by the Rev. Mark Docker, Mr. Slater, of Sheffield, tool-manufacturer, to Miss Anne Athorn, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Athorn, of the firm of Young and Athorn, iron-founders, Barnsley. This being the first marriage at the above-named Chapel, the newly-wedded pair was presented by the Minister with a handsome bible.

Nov. 15.—At St. Mary's Church, Manchester, Mr. William Taylor, jun., Redbrook, near Barnsley, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Mr. James Raywood, of Leeds, and niece to Mr. Richd. Raywood, linen-manufacturer, Barnsley.

Nov. 25.—At Roystone, by the Rev. G. Fenton, Mr. John Thomas Scales, of Burton-Grange, farmer, to Caroline, eldest daughter of Mr. John Harrison, all of the same place.

DEATHS.

Jan. 11.—Eliza Anne, infant daughter of Mr. Rycroft Raywood, grocer, Barnsley.

Jan. 11.—At her daughter's residence, Mary, relict of the late Mr. John Woodcock, Barnsley.

Jan. 15.—At Carlton, near Barnsley, Mrs. Stocks, after a severe affliction, borne with christian fortitude.

Jan. 21.—Aged 85, Mr. George Shaw, formerly of the White Bear Inn and Posting-House, Barnsley.

Jan. 23.—Aged 73, Mr. John Hill, wire-drawer, Pogmoor, near Barnsley.

Jan. 24.—Anne, wife of Mr. William Birkinshaw, farmer, Gawber-Hall, near Barnsley, aged 67.

Feb. 7.—Aged 25, Mr. John Haxworth, fourth son of the late Mr. John Haxworth, linen-manufacturer, Barnsley.

Feb. 8.—At his mother's residence, aged 24, Mr. Bartley Hodgetts, eldest son of the late B. Hodgetts, Esq., of the firm of Jackson and Hodgetts, linen-manufacturers, Barnsley.

Feb. 16.—Aged 63, Mr. Michael Headon, plasterer and painter, Prospect-House, Barnsley.

Feb. 27.—At the residence of Mr. John Wood, Wood-Cottage, Swinton, Mrs. Grierson, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Oxley, butcher, Barnsley, aged 46.

March 3.—In a fit of apoplexy, aged 65, when on his way to Barnsley market, Mr. Thomas Parkinson, farmer, of Hay-Green. The deceased was highly respected by all who knew him.

March 19.—Mary Anne, infant daughter of Mr. Spurr, draper, Barnsley.

March 20.—Aged 49, Mr. John Perkins, Prince's-place, Lambeth, youngest son of the late Richard Perkins, Esq., of Dodworth-Green, near Barnsley.

April 4.—Aged 73, Miss Sarah Mence, eldest sister of William Cooke Mence, Esq., solicitor, Barnsley.

April 14.—Of a violent attack of the brain fever, Mr. Wm. Greaves, aged 25, eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Greaves, wine-merchant and stationer, Barnsley.

April 14.—In her 79th year, Anne, relict of the late Jas. Shepherd, gentleman, and eldest daughter of the late John Turton, Esq., of Gildersome.

April 22.—Aged 32, Mr. William Ostcliffe, farmer, and landlord of the Cross Keys Inn, Stair-foot, near Barnsley.

April 28.—Aged 25. Mr. John Clegg, of the firm of Spurr and Clegg, linen-drapers, Barnsley.

May 6.—Aged 62, Mr. Francis Burton, lime and timber-merchant, Barnsley.

May 7.—Aged 33, Mary Ann, wife of Mr. Joseph Wood, linen-manufacturer, Barnsley.

May 7.—Much and deservedly respected, Eliza, the wife of Mr. Charles Broadbent, draper, Barnsley, aged 26.

May 14.—Aged 83, George Oxterby, formerly one of the leading and most scientific joiners in Barnsley.

May 16.—To the great grief of his parents, aged 6 years, Thomas, only son of Mr. William Ridsdale, carrier, Barnsley.

May 24.—Edward Jackson, Esq., of Beaver-Hall, of the firm of Jackson and Hodgetts, linen-manufacturers, Barnsley, aged 46. It is no small praise to the deceased, that his work-people were strongly attached to him as a master.

June 11.—Aged 32, Mary Anne, wife of Mr. Richard Tomlin, jun., cabinet-maker, Barnsley.

On the same day, Alfred, the infant son of Mr. John Wilcock, confectioner, Barnsley.

Aug. 31.—Very suddenly, at Cawthorne, aged 22, Mr. Geo. Bailey, youngest son of the late Mr. John Bailey, shopkeeper, Silkstone.

Sept. 11.—Aged 58, Mr. Tobias Fletcher, clock and watch-maker, Barnsley.

Sept. 13.—At her mother's residence, Hoyland, Eleanor, wife of Mr. Spurr, draper, Barnsley, aged 22.

Oct. 1.—Aged 49, Anne, wife of Mr. Thomas Marshall, hair-dresser, Barnsley.

Oct. 27.—At Barnsley, Matthias Mason, Esq., solicitor, aged 30, after a short but severe illness, deeply lamented by a numerous circle of acquaintance.

Nov. 1.—By accidentally swallowing a quantity of vitriol, Benjamin, son of Mr. Warbis, dyer, Barnsley, aged 2 years.

Nov. 19.—At Carlton, near Barnsley, aged 66, after a debilitating infirmity, borne with exemplary fortitude, which had confined the sufferer ten years to her bed-room, Mrs. Bayldon, relict of the late Mr. John Bayldon, a name of very old standing in the rent-roll of the excellent and noble Lord, who is now President of the Privy Council.

Nov. 27.—At Darton, near Barnsley, Jane, second daughter of the Rev. T. Thexton.



Dec. 2.—Mr. Joseph Burnett, aged 36, landlord of the Vine Tavern, Barnsley, and foreman to Mr. Pickles, linen-manufacturer.

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THE
BAIRNSLA FOAKS'
ANNUAL,
AND
POGMOOR OLMENACK,
FOR
1843.

BE TOM TREDDLEHOYLE.

Fourth Edition.

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1843.



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HERE I am agean, ah declare ! but az near aght a wind az a tatcher, e runnin ta tell yo at theaze a FOWAT EDISHAN at Annual cum aght. Ah think e me heart yol nivver be satisfied, an sooiner ah cut me stick into a wood, for a bit a quietnass, an better ; if ah doant, ah see varry plainly, ah sal be az throng az a toad in a meil-tub, ah sal indeed ; —but, do just az yov a mind, cos am yor sarvent ; an, wal ah am soa, al try ta sarve ye, be t' consequence wot it may.

Just, wal av this opportunity, al tell yo, bit way ov a cloizer, at ah nivver laft sa much e all me life, noa, nivver, az ah hev dun laity, corsarnin theaze Stronamy Foaks, mackin sa much ta do abaght t' great Comet ; an weel ah may, ta hear an see sich nonsense az thay tawk an rite abaght it ; for, between yo an me, it's az much a Comet az Sant Paul's iz a mustard-pot, or Maant Etna a suet-dumplin. Then just lizan, wal ah tell yo t' cause a this long-tail'd star, az thay call it, bein seen at present time.

Abaght two munths sin, between three an four a clock it mornin, t' Man it Mooin wor goin ta oil't gudgeon belongin tut fly-wheel at wurks t' planetary bodiz, when, sum hah or anuther, we it bein dark, he tumald over a thunar ball, an wun on hiz legs went reight throo a thin plaice it sbye ; this bein t' cause, yo see, when t' sun sets, it shines throo hoyle, an reflecks it's rays for menny a mile on't surfas at furmament. Nah, this explenashan, ah hoape, al set foaks' minds at rest, an goa ta shew hah foilish it iz for pretendin stronamers ta meddle an tawk a things at thay naw nowt abaght.

Bein short a room, al bid yo all good bye ; an wit Man it Mooin's best respecks, an me awn, beleeve ma ta be,

Yor's, varry thankfully,

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE.

T'PREFACE TUT THURD EDISHAN.

THEAR nivver wor a litterery chap e this wurld, noa, nor at Daw-Green nawther, at ivver stud e sich an a magnifasant an praad disposishan az ah do, just at this varry time; noa, nivver; an wot ta do we mesen ah doant naw, am sa pleaz'd at yo wantin a Thurd Edishan at Annual. Av bin thinkin, wunce or twice, just for't honorashan at event, at ad stan a me head, for hauf a day, it middle a Hickam Common; but ah caant reightly mack up me mind, not just nah; beside, ah think, it ad arldy be reight this winter ta do owt at soart, for if a boddy wor ta get ther death a coud we doin it, look wot an a loss it ad be tut cumunaty; hey, ah reckan it wod; beside, wun hauf at country ad roar ther ees aght, an sweal thersenze daan ta notamises we freating. Then, t'best way al be for me, ta think ye for wot yov dun, it deasantist way ah naw hah, cos eze noa dainger e that.

Thear, nah then, ta hev dun,—diddant ah tell yo all, at ad back mesen agean onny Weather Docter it nashan? Ta be suar ah did; then warrant ah reight, when ah sed soa? moast undaatedly; an this iz a proofecashan on it. My wurd, Owd Moore, Sugden, an all't uther Stronamy Chaps, thay will be mad when thay get ta hear abaght this; am sorry e wun sense, do ye naw, at am foarst ta do wot ah am doin, becos ah naw it al lecktrefy ther feelins, an stagnate ther mistryficatory understandin; but if it duz, ah caant help it, cos if ah am ta be t'leadin Chap e Skye an Weatheronamy, ah am. We, this, al say na moar, but conclude, az fearce az a snail,

Yor stronamecal an weather-larnt Sarvent,

T. T.

N. B.—Hav bin thinkin, sin ah wrate wot's aboon, ta gie all't poor wimmin it taan, at's a hundard year owd, a quarter ov a naance a black tea a-piece.

TUT READERS.

GOOD mornin to yo all, hey, all on yo, an a happy new year it bargain; an ah hoape yol wish t'same ta me like, cos ah consider mesen a deasent soart ov a chap, ah do. T'reason wha av cum'd befoar yo it shap ah hev, iz, ah dream'd a dream, an that dream wor, at Man it Mooin cum wun neet an sat hizsen daan upa my cloaze-chist lid, an he sed, "Tom, thah mun set to dereckly, an begin an write a Olmenack for't benefit at cumunaty, an al tell the things at nawther Hurshill, Owd Moore, Murfy, nor Sugden naws owt abaght." We that, ah wackand, an az sooin az ad don'd mesen, began a writein, an nivver dropt it wal ah gat tut thurty-furst a December; an nah yov seen it, al back mesen agean onny weather dockter it nashan, for wot thave a mind, (wit Man it Mooin ta help me,) at ah naw moar abaght Skyeomaty then thay do.

If ah sud happan ta liv wal anuther year, yol
 “ten ta wun” hear throo ma agean. But stop! nah
 ah bethink ma, its “wun ta ten” weather yo will
 or noa, cos av gottan sich an a rhumatic cherch-
 yard soart ov a cough like, we sittin astride ov a
 hay-stack for thurdy neets t’last winter, wethaght
 hat, caantiu t’sstars. After that, ah gat at top a Sam
 Stithy’s Blacksmith’s shop chimley, we me skye-
 crascope, ta hev a fair glent at moon, an ta find
 aght wot thickness t’skye wor, when all at wunce
 me fooit slipt, an daan t’inside at chimley ah went,
 an rowl’d reight intat sleek-trough, an ah beleve if
 ah hedant a gottan aght, ah sud a bin thear yet, an
 happan draanded. Nah, we this, yol hev sum
 noashan at wot av sed izant romansashan ; so, for’t
 preazent, yol excuse ma sayin onny moar e this
 pairt at book ; an beleve ma ta be, for t’furst time e
 me life,

Yor elementry, graandometry,

An skyentific sarvent,

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE.

POGMOOR OLMENACK,

FOR 1843.

JENEWEERY.

Woad a thowt at we sud liv ta see anuther year,
 When foak thare deein day be day, boath here an ivvery where;
 Then let uz all be thaneful, lads, an try ta mend wer ways,
 Cos noabdy naws, nor nivver will, the number ov hiz days.

- 1 S Hurrah, lads! here begins anuther year. Nah reck-
 2 M alect, if theaze onny bairns cums tut door, wishin
 3 T ye a happy new year, be suar an let am intat
 4 W hause,—if thave black heads, nah mind that,—an
 5 T gie am a slice a spice-cake an a haupny; if yo
 6 F doant, yol nivver hev a bit a good luck all't year.
 7 S But stop! ad fagottan it wor Sunday; nah be suar
 8 S yo all goa tut Cherch or tut Chappil, not just ta
 9 M day, but ivvery Sunday e yer lives; an mind when
 10 T yo put yer faice e yer hat, doant just look oa made
 11 W it, an tack it aght agean, but say summat at al
 12 T do ye sum good when yo dee.
 13 F Fair—wha, if it izant, ah naw a yung womman at iz.
 14 S Varry dusty; an will be ivvery Seterday all this
 15 S year, mind if it izant.—Ah recaleckt a poor little
 16 M cobler wunce tumalin off hiz *throne* ontat floor
 17 T dead asleep, an't wife, we thear bein sich an a dust
 18 W it hause, we emptyin t'grate-hoyle, swept him
 19 T reight aght a doors intat chanil, an thear he laid
 20 F an nivver wackand, till a fellar happand ta run a
 21 S wheelbarrow reight oovert brig on hiz noaze;
 22 S nivver mind if he diddant kick up a dust ov anu-
 23 M ther soart like, when he gat intat hause agean.
 24 T
 25 W T'Mooin, just nah, al be like Billy Bowler's muffin
 26 T when id bittan a piece aght.
 27 F Thick fog;—but not quite sa thick az that wor at
 28 S Sheffield, at a chap drave a nail into ta hing hiz
 29 S hat on.
 30 M When yor e goin aght a this munth intat next, mind
 31 T yo doant slip an put yer henkle aght.

FEBREWERY.

Another munth iz born, an't graand iz white we snaw,
 But, nivver mind, it weant stop long when it begins ta thaw;
 Am suar it weant, az were all here, an't sun it west duz set,
 Agean, ah say, when that tacks place, wha t'graand al be all wet.

- 1 W Rather greazy;—but not quite sa bad as it wor wit
 2 T lad when he fell t'head furst intat swillin-tub.
 3 F Mally Muffindoaf's owdest lad fun sixpance it inside
 4 S ov a fiddle.
 5 S Snaw, awther just nah, or sumtime else, when it's a
 mind ta cum daan.
 6 M Collap Munday.—This time reminds me on a bit
 7 T ov a consarn at happand abaght two year sin, to
 8 W a chap at thay call Jeremiah Fudgemutton. This
 9 T Jerry, yo mun naw, went ta see a yung womman,
 10 F a sweetheart a hiz, an when he put hiz arms
 11 S raernd her neck ta gie her a cus, it happand shood
 12 S been hevin sum fried bacon to her dinner, an fa-
 13 M gettan ta wipe't grease off on her magth at after.
 Thear hiz faice slip't off on her chin-end, an slap
 went hiz head reight throat winda, an cut tip ov
 hiz noaze off.
 14 T This iz Volantine Day, mind, an be wot ah can see
 15 W theal be a good deal a hanksiaty a mind sturrin
 16 T amang't owd maids an't batchillors; luv sickness
 17 F al be war than ivver wor nawn, espeshly amang
 18 S them ats gettin raither owdish like, but all al end
 19 S weel, so doant be daan abaght it. Ah recaleckt,
 20 M when ah wor a yung man, ah went tut Poast-Office
 21 T an bowt hauf a peck a Volantines for tuppance, an
 22 W when ah look't em ovver, thear wor wun dereckted
 23 T for mesen—an this wor wot thear wor it inside:—
 24 F “ Paper's scarce, an luv iz dear,
 So av sent ye a bit a my pig-ear;
 An if t'same bit ease we yo, my dear,
 Pray send me a bit a yor pig-ear.”
 Ha, ah wor mad, yo mind, ah nivver look't at a
 yung womman for two days at after for't;—but it
 wor becos ah hedant a chance.
 25 S Freezin, weezin, an sneezin, tut end at munth.
 26 S Crookassas begin ta shooit aght at graand; yo mun
 27 M understand, ah doan't mean we gunpaader, ah
 28 T mean we *flaar*.

MARCH.

Primroses nah begin ta deck the quiat snug benk-side,
 An coud winds blaw enif am suar ta pierce a donkey's hide ;
 An mowlwarps, too, begin ta serat, an rooks begin ta pair,
 An robin, fit ta split hiz beak, sings up aloft in't air.

- 1 W The Dival hed three inches on hiz tail trap't off be-
 2 T tween a hurthquake an a wurlwind, 1320.
 3 F Expect hail, awther ta-day or sumtime else ; mind
 4 S ye, ah doant mean that wot cums aght at barril,
 5 S ah mean that at cums throot clads.
 6 M Cobler Munday.—T'reason wha this iz call'd soa,
 7 T yol understand, thear wor a cobbler e King Cris-
 8 W pin days went ta hiz wark wun Munday mornin,
 9 T sich an a thing az nivver wor nawn ardlly, an
 10 F we bein e sich an a hurry, he mist t'lapstan we
 11 S hiz hammer, an split cap on hiz knee, soa that
 12 S fraternaty hez nivver reckand ta wurk ov a Mun-
 13 M day sin.
 14 T Coughs varry trubblesum just nah ; an if sum on
 ye duzant mind, an tack varry good care a yer-
 senze, theal be *coffins* an all.
 15 W If a pig puts hiz for-feet upat hull doar, its a sign
 16 T eze hungry.
 17 F T'Mooin—if thear iz wun, an it duzant shine, theal
 18 S be a claad befoar it, just tack noatis.
 19 S Dicky Grime whitewesh't t'inside ov a coil-pit 1816.
 20 M Searchin wind.—Be suar an tuck t'bed-cloaze in
 21 T weel at foot ivvery neet, an draw't curtains, if yo
 22 W hev ouny : owd maids see ta this.
 23 T Hoppan weather.—A nice time this for giein bairns
 24 F a good doase a brimstan an trakle, but be suar
 25 S yo mind at thay doant get t'spooïn fast e ther
 26 S magth. Ah recaleckt a lot a chaps wunce, at wor
 27 M meazerin which hed t'biggest magth, we a cherch-
 28 T door key, an wun on am gat it fast in hiz jaws,
 an thear he wor for two days an cuddant get it
 aght ;—hiz faice wor just for all't wurd like a lad
 when eze blawin a blether up.
 29 W Day brecks sumtime it mornin ; mind, ah doant
 30 T mean at its goin ta be a benkrupt ; nowt at soart,
 31 F cos if it wor, we shud hev nowt but neet then.

APRIL.

Fair sunshine nah begins ta smile, if claad's be not it way,
 An hullats thay begin ta hause just when it's peep a day;
 But, April, thagh sal niver be a munth at ile admire, [fire.
 Cos menny a time thaaz wet me through when miles away throot

- 1 S April Fool Day.—Mind yo doant get made gam on
 2 S a this day : az for mesen, ah reckon ta be ta owd
 3 M raither ; but mind, ah hevant allas been soa, for
 4 T when ah wor a lad, an stud abaght t'eight on a
 5 W skittle-pin, ah uze't ta goa ta Sammy Strapjackit's
 6 T ivvery day-scooil : thear wor me an two moar lads
 7 F wor sent aght ta three differant shops, wun for hauf
 8 S a naance a memry paader, tuther for a gilla pidgin
 9 S milk, an mesen, ah went ta owd Billy Helsin's for
 10 M a pennath a sturrap-oil, but niver mind if ah
 11 T diddant drop in for't spooil ; he laice't me raand
 12 W t'cobler's shop for a quarter ov an haar, reight
 streight a head ; an thear ah wor all't time screamin
 like a pig in a gate, an ha much longer id a goan
 at it, ah doant naw ; but he happand ta tumal
 overt lapstan, we hiz head intat wax-tub, then
 aght a cut : my shoolder aik't wal April-fooil-day
 cum agean, he leather'd me soa, it did indeed.
- 13 T Short Showers.—Not sa *short*, yol understand, but
 wot thale reich tut graand.
- 14 F Tack a blenkit off at bed nah abaght, ivvery boddy
 but batchillors, an thay may do az thave a mind.
- 15 S Stop! al be heng'd if ah hevant fagotten summat at
 16 S ah owt to a menshand befoar nah, that iz, at
 17 M fowart a this munth, 1820, a fut-ridgeient a
 18 T Bairnsla Radical Luditors march't tut Grainge-
 19 W Moor, we fifes an drums, spikes, gums, an bag-
 20 T nats, an noabdy naws wot beside, ta turn t'country
 upside daan az thay thowt : az sooin az iver thay
 21 F gat thear, an begun a tawkin wot grand things
 22 S thade do, a jackass pop't hiz head over a bilberry
 23 S bush an begun a rawtin ; away thay went, end
 24 M over and, e all dereckshans, (exceptin that way
 25 T weart jackass wor,) freetand aght a ther *sensas* ; an
 26 W when thay gat hoam agean, sun on am wor sa
 27 T hungry, thade a ettan a stewd cart-saddle, if thay
 28 F cud a gottan it. Nah theaze chaps wor bigger
 29 S fools then ah wor, when ah fetch't sturrap-oil.
 30 S

MAY.

Am glad thart't cum, me bonny May, thagh cheers me varry soul,
 Cos t'macks a boddy think a times when dons in raand a powl;
 We lads an lassas upat green e numbers menny a scoar,
 An ivvery wun we flairs deck't, best natur hed e stoar.

- 1 M Cuckoos begin ta sing, at least foaks call it singin.
 2 T Nah, be suar, when yo goa aght intat cloises,
 3 W for a walk, at yo put sum brass e yer pockets,
 4 T becos if yo hear't cuckoo, an hez noan, yol hev
 5 F nowt but bad luck all't year;—ah dar say, sum
 6 S on ye wishes at cuckoo ad sing all't year raand,
 7 S if yo eud cum that.
 8 M Ventpeg born 1792.
 9 T Ah doant egshactly naw weather theal be a mooin
 10 W this munth or noa, but if thear izant, it al be all
 11 T reight, an if thear iz, it al bit same.
 12 F Fine an clear.—Mind, a good deal clearer then ah
 13 S naw oaze ale allas iz; av told em, menny a time,
 14 S thade na cashan ta bother thersenze we puttin it
 inta a barril, when a seck ad do az weel.
- 15 M Tom Treddlehoyle's cat kittald, 1840.
 16 T Begin a bug-huntin nah abaght.—Nah, al tell ye
 17 W a bit ov a nannygoat abaght bugs: yo see, thear
 18 T wor two chaps wunce lodged at Sam Sluvin's, an
 19 F av heard foaks say, we me awn ears, at bugs, it
 20 S neet time, uzet ta trail't bed up an daane't
 21 S chaimber floor, thear wor sa menny on em.—
 22 M Wun a theaze chaps, yo see, at wir e tawkin
 23 T abaght, went up stairs ta bed, but when id gottan
 24 W thear, id lost his pairtner, soa he call'd aght,
 25 T “Jack, wear ar ta!” enah, Jack lifts up an owd
 26 F chist-lid, an puts hiz head aght; “Wot ivver ar
 27 S ta doin e thear!” sed tuther lodger, az he set
 28 S up e bed. “Wha,” sez Jack, gapein like a yung
 rook, “ah thowt ad get in hear, soa az't bugs
 cuddant find me, for av nivver hed a wink a sleep
 this last fortnit for em.”
- 29 M Expeck't blue skyes, we a good deal a *wet*, neet an
 30 T mornin, summat like wot owd farmer Go-tut-
 31 W dyke's milk allas is.

JUNE.

Az burds ov ivvery soart this munth begin ta *chainge* ther *note*,
 May ivvery wurkin man dut same, but ov a differant soart!
 That iz me wish, me hearty wish; an t'will ah think, be so,
 For wiser men nah rule the land then did two year ago.

- 1 T Here begins June, an sun foaks sez at "ivvery
 2 F thing's e tune;" but ah doant think soa yo mind,
 3 S for theaze a chap nex door ta uz larnin ta play a
 4 S bazoon: eze bin agate nah, just two year cum't
 5 M tent a this munth, an ta speik't truth, ar bairns
 6 T hez nivver bin clear at belly-ache sin he blaw'd
 7 W t'furst blaw; yo may believe me, if yo like, but it
 8 T costs me wun-an-ninepance a-week, az regeler az't
 9 F week cums, e byein hoppadillock an uther soart a
 10 S fizick for em ta tack, he gripes em soa. Sea, av
 11 S bin sa mad at him at times when eze bin reckamin
 12 M ta play, "In a Cottage near a Wood" an "Robin
 13 T Adair," av wish't boath him an hiz bazoon at
 14 W Jerico; an weel ah mud, for yo nivver heard
 15 T sich an a noise e all yer born days az he made:
 16 F a bull roarin, or an owd stockin-frame at wark, iz
 17 S *muleodious* whear hiz *musick* cums; al be bun for
 18 S it, if't truth wor nawn, at theaze nawther a maase
 19 M nor a creckit within hauf a mile a thare hause:
 20 T this ah do naw for a sartanty—at furst blaw at he
 gav't bazoon, thare cat, at wor asleep upat arstan,
 jump't up an bang'd reight throot winda, an away
 sho went over't hause-rigs like wildfire, an thare
 nivver bin able ta keep wun thear sin; an weel
 thay main't, for eze enif ta freetan a boggard ta
 death—an that'a all abaght it.
- 21 W Fresh breeze.—Wha, it al be wun at yo nivver felt
 befoar.
- 22 T T'maister linen-manefacterers, at Bairnsla, made a
 23 F law, an that wor,—at if onny a ther wareas-men
 24 S sweated when thay wor at ther wark, soa az it
 25 S drop't ontat cloth, thay wor ta be sent abaght
 26 M ther bizniss at a minit's noatis. It's nah aboon
 27 T twenty year sin this law wor put inta foarse, an
 28 W its varry astonishin ta say theaze nivver bin wun
 29 T lost hiz wark upa that head all that time.
- 30 F A hoop flew off a Mally Muffindoaf peggy-tub, 1829.

JULY.

Lads an lasses nah will hev full menny a happy day,
 For't time iz cum when scoars ar aght it cloizes mackin hay;
 But, lassas all, tack this advise, ah tell it for yer sake,
 That's, niver wed at all be suar, if't chap he be a rake.

- 1 S Dry.—Summat like Jossy Hudson, a Wakefield,
 2 S wor, when he went intat public hause thear, an
 3 M bet a wager, a three haupence, we a Ossit chap,
 4 T at hed just gottan a quairt a ale in, at he end
 5 W drink three gills aght on it egshactly, nawther
 6 T moar nor less: Jossy nipt up't quairt, an whip't
 7 F it all off at a swig. "By gow," sed Jossy, lookin
 8 S intat quairt, "ah beleeve av lost, lad," an threw
 three haupence upat table: t'chap staired like a
 great soft lass at him.
- 9 S Flees begin ta bite—but not quite sa bad as a two-
 10 M legg'd soart at thear is call'd Backbiters.
- 11 T Hot an sulferly happan,—but ah doant naw, soa it's
 12 W noa use liein.
- 13 T Bent Bunt measered t'shaddh ov a windmill, when
 14 F it wor e goin raand twenty mile a minnit.
- 15 S T'mooin, nah abaght, al be like a mince-chopper,
 16 S wethaght hanal.
- 17 M If its fine all't day ta day, it weant rain.
- 18 T T'sm al hev a red faice ivvery neet tut end at
 19 W munth, when it goaze daan; just as red as owd
 20 T Jerry Grogblossom's wor. Hey, poor fellah, do
 21 F yo naw, he gat draanded, an cuddant be fun for
 22 S three daize; an he woddant a bin fun when he
 23 S wor, but sumady, wun neet, skim'd top at wattar
 24 M we a lucifer match, an when it gat ovver whear
 his faice wor, it set it a fire.
- 25 T If yo hear a jackass rawt it neet-time, its a sign its
 26 W mackin a noize.
- 27 T Warm tut end.—Not sa much soa as it wor when
 28 F owd Ventpeg fell we hiz noaze intat fire.
- 29 S A this day, 1840, a stoan-mason wor seen wurkin at
 30 S five minits past 12 o'clock at nooin-time at day;
 31 S if that warrant a merricle, ah niver saw wun.

AUGUST.

Poor grause, ah think ah hear yo skrike a ivvery side at moor,
 An see yer bonny spreckald breasts lay bleedin upat floor;
 Oh, shameful law, ta license men sich cruel wark ta do!
 It izant reight, an this ah naw, like me, yol think soa too.

- 1 T It al happan thunar ta-day, soa be suar an hev t'sel-
 2 W lar-doar hoppan, soa as t'wimmin can run daan;
 3 T for me gronmuther, whenivver it thunard, thowt
 4 F t'world wor goin ta be at an end, an daan t'sellar
 5 S steps shood cut, an get under't stoan-table: av
 6 S nawn hur be thear be hauf a day together.
 7 M Thick *air*,—But not quite sa thick as Will West's
 8 T wor. He use't ta say, did Will, "ah doant naw
 9 W hah them foak stands it at coombs ther hair ivvery
 10 T neet an mornin; ah nobbat coamb mine wunce
 11 F a-year, an that's agean Bairnsla Feast, an it lugs
 me rairly then, yo mind.
 12 S Varry hoat.—Dolly Dyson dog thowt soa, when he
 13 S gat his head fast in a tin can, whear ther wor sum
 boilin hoat broth.
 14 M Druffy for sum time, an grand weather for weshin
 15 T blenkits for them at izant ta idle.
 16 W Billy Blueblossom, gardiner, hed a redish at grew
 17 T sa long, it tuck him hauf a day ta pull it aght at
 18 F graand, 1840; hey, an it made him look *red-ish*
 it faice an all befoar id dun.
 19 S Sam Swill hed a blister on hiz heel we goin throo
 20 S wun public hause to another, e drinkin, 1841.
 21 M Clear neets.—Moar so then it wor when Bess
 22 T Whaleboan tuck't canal aght a doors ta see if it
 wor mooin-leet.
 23 W T'inhabitants a Pogmoor, hearin a rumlin soart ov
 24 T a noize, run aght a ther hauses screamin like jays,
 25 F thinkin thear wor a hurthquake e cumin, an off
 26 S thay went full split ta Bairnsla, sum loadend we
 27 S wun thing, an sum we anuther; an just when
 28 M thade gottan tut Taane-end, Jack Roscoe over-
 29 T tuck am, an teld am ta goa back agean; it warrant
 30 W a hurthquake at thade heard, it wor nowt but owd
 31 T Mally Macktinder, blawin t'sooit aght at top at
 uvan we a hawpath a gunpaader, 1841.

SEPTEMBER.

Leetnin happan nah may flash, an thunar it may roar,
 An hail an rain fall twice az fast az near wor seen befoar;
 But this, yo naw, iz all a guess, then doant be mad we me,
 If nowt at soart throo all the munth yo nawther hear nor see.

- 1 F Flyin claad.—Hey, Natty Marshall, a Pogmoor,
 2 S gat it into hiz head at he cud fly, soa he gat at top
 3 S a thare hause wun mornin we a pair a woodan
 4 M wings on; but az sooin az he made a start, daan
 5 T he went, end over end, into a quarry-hoyle, an
 breck hiz leg.
 6 W Bill Bung's yungist bairn swalad a fardin, 1804.
 7 T Well, al be heng'd, if ah hevant goan an fagottan ta
 8 F put cannalmas day e Febrewery; but nivver mind
 9 S eal noabdy naw if thay doant find it aght, soa
 10 S al tell ye a bit ov a tale for it. Yo see, thear wor
 11 M an owd womman wunce went to a groacer's shop
 12 T for a quarter ov a paand a haupny canals, an
 13 W when shoed gottan em, shoo sed, "Maister, wot-
 14 T ivver iz it at macks em sa dear, preya? "Wha,"
 15 F sed t'groacer, "it's owin tut war, Mally." "War!
 yo hev sed it; it's t'furst time at ivver ah knew
 at sowgers fate be canal leet."
 16 S If t'moon's at full ta neet, it al be reight rand;
 nah mind if it izant.
 17 S Begin a savein bits a canal for't lantern.
 18 M Betty Scarkill stuf't a gooise we green wursit, 1837.
 19 T Theal be noa soart a wether ta-day, cos thare e
 goin ta mend t'skye.
 20 W Inclined for wet.—Summat like't chap wor, when
 21 T hiz wife hed geen him sum brass ta bye a suit a
 22 F new cloaze we; he toss't up when he gat tut shop-
 23 S door, ta see weather t'back or t'belly hed it, but
 24 S when t'back hed won, he sed it warrant a fair toss,
 25 M soa he tried agean, an t'belly won; off he went tut
 public hause, an spent ivvery haupny e drink.
 26 T 1840.—Jim Grindleford spent six weeks e tryin ta
 27 W mack a streight hook, an after all he wor foarst
 28 T ta gie it up for a bad job; he wor mad, cos foaks
 laft at him soa.
 29 F It al be reight broad day-leet abaght 12 o'clock at
 30 S nooin-time at day; he patickelar e tackin noatis.

OCTOBER.

Here cums owd Oc. we chearful faice, ta brew the Squire's beer,
 An menny a joke an funny tale will pass wal he iz here;
 Teetoatal foak maint like it much, but that iz nowt ta me,
 For he may brew strong drink at likes, an thay may mash ther tea.

- 1 S Harry Hollyoak, three year sin, grew a carrit at
 2 M wor nine fut long; an thear thay hev it nah at
 3 T thare hause, an uzeas it ivvery weshin day for a
 cloaze-prop.
- 4 W Long neets.—Hey, an ah naw a chap at bez sum
 5 T long legs too; my wurd, yod think id bin born
 6 F an browt up in a willow garth bit look on him.
 7 S Wha, yo may think wot hiz legs is like, when
 8 S hiz wife is foarst ta draw hiz stockins on to a rail
 9 M so as shoo can get ta mend t'heels. It's as rege-
 10 T lar as clock-wark for foaks, when thare e goin on
 11 W tut moors e shooiin, ta call at thare hause to bye
 12 T hiz owd stockins ta mack gun-caises on. T'furst
 13 F time ah saw em, ah laft wal a button flew off
 14 S a me shert-neck, ah did hacktly. Hiz shenks,
 15 S wha thare just for all' wurd like a pair a gig-
 16 M shafts; an hiz shaddah, on a mooin-leet neet, is
 17 T as long as t'Sheffield an Rotherham Railway.—
 18 W Thear wor a dog, not long sin, when he wor e
 19 T goin to a gentleman's hause, sam'd owd a wun on
 20 F hiz legs, but we bein sa small, it went between it
 21 S teeth an niver hurt him. Anuther time, he went
 22 S tut gardin in a great hurry ta get sum sallery, an
 23 M sum hah or anuther, he mist t'spade we hiz foot,
 24 T an intat graand it went, an hat a collier at wor e
 25 W wurkin underneith oovert top at head, an thear
 he wor as fast as a flee in a tracle-pot; at last a
 chap cum we a shuval an dug him aght, but he
 wor two days yo mind e doin it.
- 26 T Fair.—Ah recaleckt two Leeds loiners wunce tawkin
 27 F tagether; an wun on am sed tut tuther, as owd-
 28 S fashand as cud be, "Jack, hey, if thear wor nob-
 29 S bat thee an me it wurd, we cud bye horses rare
 an cheap then at Lee gap fair.
- 30 M Put anuther blenkit upat bed, that is, them at hez
 31 T wun; an them at hezant, mun thraw ther coits
 an gaanz on.

NOVEMBER.

Look aght, this munth, for drizzlin rain, hey ivvery day an neet,
 For t'Man it Mooin hez sed ta me at theal be lots a weet ;
 Soa get yer shooze weel mendad up, an all t'umbrellas too,
 Then if it rains boath cats an dogs, yol nivver get wet throo.

- 1 W T'skye, this munth, al just look t'same az if it hed
 2 T bin dun ovver we black lead an whitenin.
 3 F Rub yer heels we turpentine ta keep t'frost aght.
 4 S
 5 S Bunfire day.—Nah, lads, be suar yo mind at when
 6 M yor e lettin rockits off, ta houd em aslant; cos
 7 T t'Man it Mooin fun a good deal a folt t'last year,
 8 W becos wun went reight throo t'skye, an hed likeand
 ta set thare hause a fire.
 9 T If it snaws all't day ta day, t'graand al be white;
 10 F nah just tack noatis.
 11 S Owd batchillors begins ta crooedal thersenze up on
 12 S a lump e bed at neets, like hedge-hogs.
 13 M Tommy Kenny Club istablish't 1792; an wun a ther
 14 T main rules wor, at if onny at members spack a
 sensible wurd, thay wor turn'd aght at saciaty.
 15 W Ned Nut hed a mule at gallap't hauf an haar e
 16 T twenty minits, 1816.
 17 F Begin a brewin nah abaght, for Chresamas; an
 18 S mind an let it be dubble ex, cos ah sal happen
 19 S be giein sum on ye a bit ov a call like.
 20 M Jerry Jowlter bate boath hiz awn ears off, 1570.
 21 T Theal be a new mooin it skye sumtime ta day; nay,
 that's all.
 22 W Frosty.—Hey, an mind at sum on ye izant laid up
 23 T at floor as streight as a booit-jack, singin aght,
 24 F "Oh, my head."
 25 S Yung wimmin may keep ther stockins on for abaght
 26 S hauf an haar after thave gottan inta bed, but noa
 longer; owd wimmin an maids may do as thave
 a mind.
 27 M A sup a stew made ov a caws hind leg al be varry
 good just nah, if yo can manidge ta get houd on't.
 28 T When Harry Hop chresand thare bairn, he carried
 29 W it all't way throo thare charch to thare hause rang end
 30 T up, an diddant naw.

DECEMBER.

Up, up, good foaks, December's here, an a rare owd trump iz he,
 Cum frost or snaw, or coud winds blaw, a jolly dog il be;
 Then tap yer barrils, jokers all, when Chresmas-eme draws near,
 An drink success ta ivvery wun, an a happy gay New Year.

- 1 F Coud an wet.—Not like az it wor we a chap it west
 2 S country, at Frenk Froth tawks abaght. He sez,
 3 S wunce when he wor e goin across sum cloises, he
 4 M saw a chap stanin it middle ov a pond we hiz head
 5 T just peepin aght at top at wattar; he staired at him
 6 W for abaght hauf a minnit, thinkin he knew hiz
 7 T faice, an then call'd aght, "Jack, wotivver ar ta
 8 F doin in thear? thal be draanded, mun." "Wisht,"
 9 S sed Jack, "doant menshan it, am gettin a coud."
 10 S "Gettin a coud," sed Frenk, "a think thagh will,
 11 M so az its freezin, wot ar ta doin soa for?" "Wha,"
 12 T replied Jack, az hiz jaws rattal'd, "cos am goin
 13 W ta sing baise at Honly Cherch t'next Sunday."
 14 T It al be fine ta day, if thearze noa uther soart a
 15 F weather.
 16 S It izant true at a tectoataler gat hiz noaze fast it
 17 S neck ov a ginger-beer bottle, an thay wor foarst
 18 M ta breck it ta get it off.
 19 T Unlucky day.—Mally Muffindoaf split t'cap on hur
 20 W knee we sneezin.
 21 T Thick fog.—Sich an anuther az Jonny Longlaps wor
 22 F in, when he ran we hiz head agean a oak-tree, an
 23 S nock't nine fut a bark off wit brig on hiz noaze.
 24 S Chresmas Eme.—Tap t'barril, an just tack't ale of
 at wood, then yol naw wether its good or noa;
 put t'yuil-clog upat fire; doant faget that upa
 noa acaant, an be suar an doant let it all be burnt
 away, cos thear mun be a bit saiv'd till t'new
 year cums in, for luck.
 25 M Chresmas Day.—Thear, nah, t'gam begins, t'doar
 26 T al niver keel for a munth, mind if it duz, we
 27 W foaks cumin ta wish ye a "Merry Chresmas."
 28 T Theaze wun chap amang't lot at cums at puts my
 29 F pipe aght, an that's t'grave-digger; nah it looks
 30 S ta me, do ye naw, summat like two faicin him
 31 S goin abaght; cos look at t'idea on a grave-dig-
 ger *wishin* onny boddy a *merry* Chresmas: just
 think a this, an turn it ovver e yer awn mind.

OBZERVASHANS

UPAT PLANITARY SYSTAM.

DEAR FOAKS,

Another year hez just rowl'd itsen intat wurld, an wot al bit end on it, its noa use me tellin yo, cos yo all naw az weel az ah do, at it al bit thurty-furst a December.

Hevin, az yov seen, gooan throot vairious munths it year, al nah sit mesen daan an gie yo a bit ov an accaant a things at belongs tut planitary systam, boath it inside at gloabe an it aght; t'egshackt patickelers a wich, av cum'd to we noa small piece a trubble, yo may depend on it. Eaze menny a time (speikin hireaglifically) wen ah sud a bin set daan gettin me dinner at hoame, av bin at t'North-Powl, tryin ta find aght weather it wor square or raand, an ta see if't icehickles thear wor made at same soart a stuff az thay are at Bairnsla; av dun this, sea, wal me noaze, throo bein sa coud, hez bin az blue az an owd womman's elbow. Agean, when ah sud a bin fast asleep e bed, av bin waukin amang t'claads, an slurrin daan t'back side at skye inta "caos," cuvver'd all ovver we dust an cockwebs, wal av bin a regeler mule-colour; so, yo see, a chap beginin Maister for hizsen in Astronomy iz noa eazy job. Nah, theaze bin a good deal writtan be Hurshill an uther larnt men, homast az clever az mesen, but thare all rang, an ime reight, depend on it, an that yol find aght, if yo liv long enif. Wha, theaze nivver a wun on am teld yo weather t'sun wor square or raand, nobbat look at that; then, warrant it time, think yo, at sumady like mesen sprang up ta inleeten yo? Ta be suar it wor; an yo owt ta goa daan onta yer bended nogs ievvry wun on yo, ta think at sich an a chap az me wor born.

It furst plaice, ta gie yo sum noashan a me paars upa Skyeometry, al begin wit

SUN.—Nah, sum foaks sez, (ah mean Stronamers,) at t'sun iz reight raand, summat like a dumplin-mould; nah, it's nowt at soart, cos, if it wor, doant yo see at wen it gat past t'central seam at gloabe, at it ad rowl daan t'side or t'faice at skye, an burn am all ta death it West Indias; ta be suar it wod. Then, wot ah tell yo iz, at sun iz wot thay may call a hauf-raand, summat like a Dutch cheese cut e two; or raither, ah sud say, a bowl, like what thay rowl greensauce in, an theare t'fire iz put intat inside on it; an wot macks it move sa nicely an sa regeler, theaze a lot a mashenery fix't it East we sails too, like a windmill, but a deal moar cureaser, an thear it's allas goin day an neet.—Sum Skyeologers sez (hey, an thay stick to it an all) at t'sun iz made fast, an at gloabe goaze raand on a axil-tree, same az a barril-chern; nah, wot nonsense that iz, cos, if it wor soa, wha we sud hev ta run up t'skye-side like a squirril in a caige, or a maase in a glaiz'd panshan, ta keep on wir legs. But wot ad be war then all that, t'rocks, maantains, hauses, hay-stacks, pig-trofs. an ivvery thing else, ad tumal daan at top on uz; an't rivers an't draw wells ad be emptied, an cum daan it same way, we that ivvery boddy nearly ad boath be kill'd an draanded. Hevin sed thus much, wil move ontat next orb, an that iz—

T'MOIN—call'd be vulgar an unedecated foaks, “t'parish lantern.”—Az this cums under't second head a skyeological notifications, ah mean ta say at yol be wunderstruck when yov heard wot av gottan ta say upat subject, Theaze bin nowt but differin amang wun skye-peeper an anuther, abaght t'constitution at Moin ivver sin t'furst neet it wor fun aght: wun sez, at it's a raand hoyle cut it skye; anuther sez, it's t'shaddah at sun; an a thurd sez, at it's a wurld same az this iz, not inhabited be livin objects, but at theaze burnin maantains, cataracks, rivers, an forests, squander'd all up an daan it. Nah, wot nonsense this iz, eos, wot's t'use on a wurld, wethaght theaze sumady livin in it? If id sed at id seen a jackass nepin thisals in a lain, or t'bellman we a

wheelbarrah cryin cockles, or two winmin differin abaght nowt, a boddy mud a tain a bit a noatis happan; but az it iz, it izant wurth while tryin ta believe it. Then, agean, a fowart sez, at it's a raand river, made ta supply t'clads we moister, an he trys ta prove it, be sayin, at that's t'reason at t'mooin looks wattery sa offan. If ah recaleckt, he wor a teetoataler at gav this last accaant. Nah, ta refute an consternate all this, ah tell yo, at t'mooin iz nowt na moar, nor nowt na less, then a *skye-lect*, mov'd abaght wit same mashenery az wot t'sun iz. This explainashan, ah hoape, al boath please an satisfy yo, an be sum sarvice ta risin generations. Wil nah goa ontat

STARS.—Theaze little twinklin specks a fire, an wot looks az small az brass nails tut naked ee, iz, by my skye-crascope calkalashans, abaght ten times az big az a grinalstan, an thay fit intat skye we shenks like a bell-button. Nah, sum ignerant foaks al say, when a star iz seen ta drop, or shooit, az thay call it, at its nowt but a spark or a snuff ats tumald off. Nah, it's a rang noashan this alltagether, cos, av awthoraty ta say, at t'reason theaze stars leaves ther plaices, iz, at t'man it moin, when eze sweepin t'skye-floor, al nock a shenk off sumtime we hiz brush-head, so we hevin nowt ta houd by, daan thay tumal intat clads, an thear gets sleek't aght: this al accaant for rain-watter sumtimes bein sa varry warm.

RAINBOWS.—Wal wir up it elements, will just noatis this finonema, be way a mackin t'cause moar clearer then wots ivver bin laid daan be onny fillossafers it ainshant or modern times. Blackburn, a genias livin at t'prezant time near tut city a Pogmoor, sez, at this cercular bow ats seen across t'skye, iz nowt it wurd else but a crack, shewin't thickness at gloabe, an all't colours yo see, iz wot he calls t'strata. Another chap hez it, at its a wurl-pool ats it middle at red sea, an when a hauf-mooin passes ovver't spot, it thraws it shaddah upads. Another great fellah at ah naw, records it az bein t'refleckshan at rim at fly-wheel at univarse when t'sea's low. Nah, this caant be true, cos, if it wor, ah sud a nawn all abaght it; soa, ta satisfy yo, an

mack things clear, ah tell yo at it's a brig ats thrawn over wot Stronamers call "spaice," soa az Jupiter may get across ta titean t'equanockshan line after theaze bin a whurlwind. Yo may tack this az a fact; if not, yo may ax't t'man it mooin yersen, for he told me, if onny boddy did. Theaze wun moar piece ov astronomekal infamashan ah sud like ta tawk ta yo abaght, an thats't,

CLAADS.—Well, nah, theaze iz moast astonishin things; an accordin ta my mezerment, eaze abaght three thaasand hacker a different soats: eaze wun for rane, wun for hale, wun for snaw, an wun for all macks a wether. T'man it mooin tells me at thare e goin ta mack fifty hacker moar a new claads for Ireland, owin ta thear bein sa menny tectoatalers thear; for, sez he, if it duzant rane ivvery uther day, thay begin a gizanin a all sides, like stuf't turkeys, for want a summat ta drink. Hah theaze claads iz made, yol want ta naw, an suar. Then, yol understand, it furst plaice, theaze a valve abaght two fut off at North-powl into "caos;" this iz turn'd, an aght rushes a lot a stagnashan'd air, which iz mixt we smooke, foarst throo Maant Etna in a pipe, an wot rizes throot chimleys. This bein dun, off it goaze e different pairts at gloabe like thisal-dawn, an sucks watter up aght at sea. Wot macks it rane, iz, when thay cum e contactt wun we anuther, its like squeezin a spunge full a watter; thats t'reason at its allas rainin sunwhere.—Thear, nah, ah begin ta think at av sed eniff at this time, tutchin t'planitery, claadatery, an uther lofty matters; an it next book, yo shall hear upa this skyeantific subject moar interestin patickalers.

WATTER-GAIGES.—Befoar ah goa inta patickalers abaght cumin events, it al be moar stronamical, like, ta gie yo an accaant at debth at wet at tumald at different plaices all t'last year. Ah doant mean ta tack that inta noatis, mind yo, wot *idle* foaks throws aght at chaimber-windaz; if ah did, ah sud want anuther book az big ageau az this iz: ah mean, wot cumms *fair* aght at claads. Then thear wor at Skelmanthorpe pinfowd, 3 fut 9 inches; Jonny Batty pigtroff, 2 yards; Pogmoor, 3 fut 12 inches; Siberia, 14 yards;

Hickam-it-North, $4\frac{1}{2}$ fut; Jeruslam, 10 inches; Betty Brumby's watter-tub, 4 yards 17 times ovver; t'Isle-a-Skye, 2 yards an hauf an inch; Toad-Hoyle, 150 gallons; t'Sough Dyke, Bairnsla, (a varry diffeult calkelashan this, owin tut tide,) 10 yards an a nail. But t'deepest fall a watter ov onny plaice e this country ats cum ta hand, wor daane wun at spaghts at goaze throot top a Sant Paul's, e Lunnun, tut bottom.

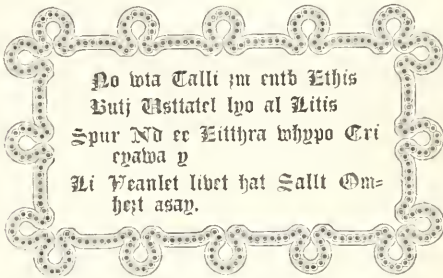
CUMIN EVENTS,—Be wot ah can see throo my skyecra-scope, a good deal a uneaziness an auksiety a mind al exist amang't wesherwimin, owin tut wetness at days: sun al get into a rage, an beng things abaght, same az if thay wor red hoat; wal uthers, if thay can nobbat get owd on a sup a tea we a drop a strike-fire in it, an a good blazein fire ta stick't winter-hedge befoar, all al be reight, depend on it. If ime not mistain, theaze summat ov a warlike soart ov a natur threatans t'womman tribe: it hings fair ovver Speddin-fowd, Bozlam-square, t'Nook, Jumal-lane, t'Pinfowd hill, an Amen-corner; am affread it al be dreadful; theal be tungue agean tungue, fist agean fist, cap agean cap, an scrat agean scrat: this, accordin tut planetary bodiz, al be a sum durashun. Theal be a good deal a underhand wark, too, amang't middle class a sociaty; ah mean, it shap a backbitin an illifyin wun anuther, but not quite sa much az e former years: noa, it weant do; foaks thare beginnin ta hoppan ther ees, an discover woa ther enemies ar. An glad am I ta see a conjunkshan we all this. Pride, hey, that hatefull pride, which hez long bin rampant, al begin ta humble itsen; an time it did, for its strutted abaght it wurd long enif, carein fa noabdy, we it's beggarly purse. Soa, look e this quarter for a better an moar cumfatubble state a sociaty an things.

Nah, an suppoaz'd ta hev gottan tut stump-end at t'last munth it year; an thear seems ta me ta be summat brewin, but weather it be ale or sedition, ah caant reightly say; but it al happan be wot ah menshand at furst; if so, all al be reight, al warrant it.

N.B.—Yol think it varry strainge, noa daght, at av niver menshand noawhere it consarn abaght an Eclipse at Sun or t'Mooin; t'reason on it iz. at when ad that unfortnat job a tumalin daan Sam Stithy's chimley, ah twisted me Skyelescope, an brack me seet-pin at ah discover Eclipsas we: its a great loss ta sociaty, am aware; but it cuddant be help, soa yo mun wait wal t'next year, cos it izant sa weel ta be made wise all at wunce.

T'followin, yol understand, iz't Hireaglifick; but wot it iz, yol recaleckt, am not goin ta tell, soa yo mun try an find it aght.

T'HIREAGLIFICK.



T'WETHER AN UTHER SIGNS.

If a womman's seen ta scrat hur head, an bite hur lip at same time, expectt a *storm*.

When a cat's seen lickin't tip-end on it tail, theaze suar ta be *moister it hair*.

If two nabors happanze ta brew together, no matter weather it be summer or winter, theaze suar ta be sum *ale*.

When a lot a pigs gets into a potaty-cloise, expectt a *convulshan it earth*.

If yo hear a guu crack in a wood, look for a *daan-fall*.

TUT

BAIRNSLA OWD SET A RINGERS,

T'followin Lines

IZ MOAST HUMBLY DEDECATED BIT
AUTHOR.

NAH, me lads, am goin ta tell ta yo a funny tale,—
At least, ah think its wun mesen, so here goaze tooith an nail :
Sum five-an-thurty year ago, az near az ah can guess,
(Or happan not sa long, yo naw, it may be summat less,)
Eight Bairnsla lads tuck in ther heads, not nawin hah ta sing,
At thay wod start, hey wun an all, an larn thersenze ta ring ;
St. Mary's bells wor fixt upon, bein all thear wor it taan,
An sich a rah thay made at furst, foaks thowt thade pull am daan.
But on thay pusht, an varry sooin thay made each clapper tell,
At thay cud singal just like nowt, an strike weel ivvery bell.
Nah woa theaze nawin lads all wor, an wot thay did am call,
Al just here name,—then, like mesen, yol naw am wun an all :
BILL FLEETWOOD, then, yol understand, wor t'leadin chap it “ *set*,”
An this ah say, be wot ah naw, he ardly ere wor bet ;
JACK ADDY, too, wunce pull'd t'same rope, an not amiss wor he ;
An next to him GEORGE GILLATT wor az fussy az cud be ;
Then to hiz left, az fearce az owt, stood little BARNEY HYDE,
An he wor famed for callin “ Bob ! ”—hey twice ta all beside.
Nah MILNER, UTLEY, DENTON, GRAY, macks up the number eight,
But wot thay rung ah cant pretend ta tell egshacktly reight ;
For thay sa offance chaing'd ther bells, ta suit thersenze no daght,
Thearfoar ta say wich rope thay pull'd, ah happan sud be aght.
Togather thus theaze ringers stuck for menny a good long year,
An az thay rung thay thowt thear wor no better onny where ;—
For “ Kent ” an “ Oxford Treble Bobs,” an “ College Trebles ” too,
Thay all cud start on onny time, an faultless ring am through :
“ Morn ” an “ London Pleasures,” too, ta them wor eazy jobs,
An ivvery thing it ringin way beside wor in ther nobbs.

Pride nah began ta prompt am on—at least *six* ov the lot—
 For wun or two hed cut ther stick, an thay wor all thade got;
 Thus off thay went, brimfull a glee, among the Moorland sons,
 An Peniston bells wor heard that day ta saand like disant guns;
 This wor ta try (ah sud a sed) woa best cud pull the ropes,
 But luckless here wor Bairnsla chaps, all blasted wor ther hopes—
 “A sore an sad consarn iz this!” thay wun an all nah cried,
 But all the blame is on the back ov that thear *Barney Hyde**.
 Nah Barney hed a faithful dog† that went bit name a *Wolf*,
 An, when hiz jaws extended wor, resembled much a gulf;
 This trusty dog he allas went wherere hiz maister did,
 An just ta mack hiz value moar, he did az he wor bid.
 Nah on this day, the ringin day, poor *Wolf* wor left it street,
 An we him hevin goan sa far wor lame e all hiz feet;
 Sum roguish lads, woa saw him thus, snatch’t up a piece a rail,
 An in a second he wor off we it tee d to hiz tail.
 Helter skelter daan the hill he went we menny a grin,
 An foaks thay laft as he ran by ta see him bite at string;
 But sooin poor *Wolf* hiz peaceful hoam he reach’t e breathless glee,
 An thear he gat hiz tail reliev’d, an rare an pleaz’d wor he.

Not daunted then, theaze Bairnsla lads resolv’d ta try wunce moar
 Ta gain the laurels that thade lost at t’cherch upon the Moor;
 Away ta Darton then thay went, we hearts az leet az air,
 An thear ta all araand sed thay, “Will mack the natives stare.”
 But here, alas, ther boasted luck turn’d daan a different tide,
 An wun an all agean cried aght, “Its all that *Barney Hyde*!”

Time pass’d on, an menny a peal thay rang among thersenze,
 In hoaps that practice for the past wod shortly mack amenze.

* The reader should be told, that at all the Prize-Ringings in which the Company in question attended, and were not successful, they invariably laid the blame on Barney Hyde, as having been the only defaulter; not that it was so, but merely as an excuse for their mishap; for perhaps in the science of Ringing he was not inferior to any of them.

† This dog was of the French breed, and from his singular appearance excited attention; he was, however, a faithful attendant to his master, and was seen and known at all the Prize-Ringings in the neighbourhood, but was unhappily marked down by all the good folks in the village as an omen of ill luck; this will account no doubt for the sad persecution thus alluded to.

News cum agean,—anuther match at Silkstone wod be rung,
 Ta this, sed thay, like az befoar, “ Will win it just like fun.”
 Well; thus thay went, an ivvery man resolv'd ta do hiz best;
 The day wor fine,—an this ah naw, the wind wor in the west;
 The favourin breeze on Silkstone Fall caus'd hundards thear ta stand,
 An as the saand rang through the trees, thay sed its really grand;
 And so it wor, but sooin a chainge spread desperashan raand,
 For ivvery bell in discord clapt, an sooin thay ceas'd ta saand;
 Then off thay cut ta Bairnsla Taan, each grumalin ivvery stride,
 An as thay went, the fault agean thay laid on *Barney Hyde*.

The greatest men that ere wor born hez sad mishaps at times,
 Then doant be daan an gie it up, think not ov sich designs;
 “ Not so,” cried thay, all Phenix-like, “ will awther rise or fall,
 An when a chonce ere cums agean, will honour true the call:”
 No sooiner sed, then throo the saath* an invitation cum,
 An off thay went, like Britons all, ta see wot cud be dun.
 But sad misfortan, as befoar, sooin on ther heads befell;
 Ah wod not thus hev stated it, but mines the truth ta tell;
 Thay felt it much, yo may depend, that cannot be deny'd,
 An sich a callin ah near heard as thay gav *Barney Hyde*.

Nah, time rowl'd on, an theaze defeats began ta dee away,
 An Bairnsla lads cheer'd up agean az fresh az flaars e May.
 So thus ta cut the story short, an wind the matter up,
 Thay rung at last on Royston bells, an won a silver cup.
 This, thowt thay, wor wonderous grand, an all delighted, cried,
 “ Hurra! hurra, for Bairnsla chaps, an weel dun *Barney Hyde!*”
 Thear nah, fareweel, good fellows all, me name ah winnat tell,
 But here subscribe wun to yor view,

ST. GEORGE'S LITTLE BELL.

* Ecclesfield.

TOMMY KENNY CLUB.

THIS Club, at am goin ta gie yo a bit an acaant abaght, wor establish't at Bairnsla, sunwhere abaght fifty year sin, an wor wun at rumist e all't country. It wor guv-vernd be two rules; t'furst wor, them at did t'moast foilish thing, or sed t'moast foilish wurd, wor made t'chairman; an seckand wor, them at spack a sensible wurd wor ta be turn'd aght at saciaty. T'followin iz a list at chairmen, just as it stands it club-book:—

CHAIRMEN.

- NEDDY ALLBRAINS—Muck't anuther man's cloise astead on hiz awn.
- CALEB CARRYTALE—Sed at Betty Jumper wor sea-sick e ridin throo Pogmoor ta Bairnsla in a broad-wheel'd cart.
- DICKY DROLLDADDY—Rung a litter a suckin pigs ta keep am throo rootin; an ivvery time thay went tut owd sue ta suck, thay prick't hur soa wit wire, at off shoo cut raand t'straw-fowd, gruntin an squealin an bleedin like heigo mad, an t'youngans full tilt after hur; an thear thay wor, an Dicky nivver fun it aght wot wor amiss we am, wal sumdy tell'd him, an't pigs pined ta death nearly.
- TOMMY TUTCHWOOD—Made a turnap-rowler at wodant turn it middle ov a six hacker cloise.
- PAUL PUMICESTOAN—Sed at a toad-stooil wor a fossil.
- JIM GRUNSL—Tried ta tee hiz awn shadda agean a tree, becos it fretand him wun moonleet neet.
- SAM SILLYWAY—Set sum sheep-bars raand t'hay-cloise ta keep't wattar aght.
- HARRY HOLLYOAK—Sew two haance a gunpaader for onion-seed; when id waited two munths for it cumin up, he sed at seed warrant wurth a hep.

TOM TURNITHEAD—Went hauf a mile we a cullinder ta fetch sun watter for hiz gronmuther.

SAM SOFTY—Made a woodan gridiran for hiz awn use.

NEDDY NADGE—Made a wheelbarrah we a sqware trunal.

LUKE LITTLENOB—Put a riddle it pickin-hoyle, soa az t'wind mudant blaw throo intat laith.

JERRY GOZLIN—Cut t'duck-beaks to a small point, so az thay mudant pick up na moar corn then t'hens did.

BILLY BUTTON—Made a pair a getters boath for wun leg.

TOMMY THOWTLESS—Belt a wall raand t'straw-fowd, an when thade dun, he fun it aght at thade left t'broad wheel'd cart in, an thear thade ta pull pairt on it daan ta get it aght.

JERRY JAYLEGS—Put hauf a paand a canals intat huwan ta dry.

DAVID DUBBIN—Made two quairts a melted butter a bacon-fat.

GILES GINGERTOPPIN—Clip't all t'nap off on hiz sunday hat, becos sumdy tell'd him at it ad grow agean.

RALPH ROSINDUST—Went wun day ta look throo Wintath Hause, an when he gat hoam agean, he tell'd hiz wife at id seen wun at grandist tables e all't wurld, for it hedant *wun* leg e like.

BILLY BREARLY—Pind hiz awn caw, waift hur, an then seld hur ta pay expences we.

MIKE MERRYLEGS—Az soon az he gat hoam throo Dodath-feast, teld hiz gronmuther at id bin dons in a *wall-pipe* an a three-handad reel be hizsen.

MEMBERS TURN'D AGHT.

NEAMIA NOODLE—For sayin at t'faandashan-stoan a Hickam pinfowd wor laid next tut graand.

FRENK FATAL—For saying, at if a man wor born ta be heng'd id nivver be draanded.

SAM SHUTTLE'S
 RULES,

To be put over ivvery bodiz Fire-plaice ats a mind,

AT BEGINNIN AT YEAR 1843.

MIND an nivver put yer ear to yer nabor's lock-hoyle, nor yer ee to a crack it winda-shut, becos, if yo doo, yo set yer tungue agate a liein derecktly.

Recaleckt burnin couks macks a hoat fire, then doant thraw am ontat has-middin.

Befoar yo put yer stockins on in a mornin, look if thear be onny hoyles it heels, if thear iz, mend am.

Allas bake two oal days befoar yo run aght a bread,—if yo can.

Mind an clean t'windaz wunce a week at least, then yo can see t'foaks goa by.

Idle foaks allas drives t'weshin day till t'latter end at week,—mind yo doant.

When yo go up stairs ta mack t'bed, doant put yer head aght at chaimber-winda, cos its a bad look-aight if yo do.

Try ta hev ivvery thing yo want wethaght borrain.

It's a bad sign when yo goa into a nabor's hause aboon wunce a day.

Nivver uze t'fryin pan, nobbat on a Pancake Tuseday, cos ah reckan em t'warst piece a furnitur at a poor man can hev in hiz hause.

If yor coil-hoyle's beside ov anuther, mind an allas burn yer awn;—nivver mind't temptashan.

When yo clean't door-step, think on an do a little bit a summat at hause-floor an all at same time.

Nivver sweep't fire-grate wit hand-brush, cos, if yo do, ah call it a burnin shame.

Doant stand gapein an starein at yard-end ov a Sunday at foaks goin tut chersch, but get yersenze clean'd an follah thare example.

Recaleckt, a mucky cap an a reg'd gaan iz t'sign a idleness; then doant yo hev owt at soart.

When yo brush yer shooze up a yer feet, mind an doant faget t'heels; but its a nasty sluviny trick at best on it, so try ta brush am when thare off.

Nivver try ta wesh at same day a nabor duz; cos, if yo do, yol ten ta wun get into *hoat watter* abaght t'cloaze-line.



MALLY MUFFINDOAF'S LETTER

TUT QUEEN,

TELLIN HUR HAH TA BRING TYUNG PRINCE UP.

Bairnsla, November Ninet, 1842.

MRS. QUEEN,

NAH, my good Laidy, hah dun yo all do. Yo see am as good as me wurd abaght writein yo; its not sa sooin, nawther, as ad ment; but yo see, a boddy hez sa monny things ta do we hevin a family a childer ta look after, eaze allas a summat wants doin: a button settin on after thave goan ta bed, or a shoolder-strap, or a string upa ther pettycoit, an lots a uther little matters, yo naw. Beside, sin ah wrate ta yo befoar, av gettan a Mengal, an am suar its wun bodiz wark that iz ta look after it, an ta lizen tut tales at wesh-erwimin an sarvent-lasses brings; av wish't menny a time, sin ah gat it, at it wor at bottom at sea; becos, yo naw, am not wun a them soart a bodiz az likes ta hear foaks illified an tawk't abaght behind ther back; an theaze a menny on am al say things consarnin yo, but ah suddant like it ta be menshand at av gien yo a bit ov a hint on it, becos wun hez ta get wer livin amang sich like. A little wurd sum-times, spoekan inasantly, macks a great deal a mischief, at least av fun it soa e my bit a time; t'best way iz, ta say yes an noa to ther

tales, for t'least se'd iz't sooinist mendad, depend on it. But thear iz wun good thing, ah can say moar ta yo then ah uze ta cud, when that tuther womman wor at yor hause, ah mean t'Barraniss: my wurd, thear wor sum bonny wark it plaiice when that owd lass wor thear. Yo naw, if ah am a poor womman, an lives at Bairnsla, ah hevnt fagottan abaght that nice young laidy at deed, noa, nor nivver sal, wal t'day am e goin up ar street tut tune at minnit knowl. Sea, if shood been my dowter Sal hersen, ah cuddant a feeld for hur moar then ah did an duz just at this time. But thats nowt at all, my good Laidy, ta do wit consarn at am e writain abaght.

Ah told yo befoar, at ah sud like ta gie yo a bit a my advice ah ta bring t'yung Prince up, soa az, if he lives, il make a man on hizsen, an be a pattern-caird in hiz kingly duties, an morality ta hiz subjects, an all't surraandin nashans abroad. Yo naw, theaze a good deal depends a wot soart ov a womman yo hev for a nurse. Theaze sum—hey, marry, scoars at ah naw—spoils an ruins bairns we ther nasty tempers, an lettin am roar be an baar together it credde, wal thare off calin amang t'nabors. This womman at yo hev, ah hoape, shooze a farrantly soart ov a boddy, an hez nowt a that soart abaght hur; if soa, its a good job, am suar, becos thay caant be ta lively an tidy, an tentative we childer. An be suar, when t'wether's fine, let t'lad be tain aght a doors for a bit a fresh air; but mind an let him hev a bit a muzlin befoar hiz faice, becos ah allas think when thare sa young, at t'sun damages ther ee-seet; an be suar at yo an yer husband goaze an all, cos it looks better, espeshly for sich like foaks as yo ta do soa. Bless ye, when ad my furst bairn, ar Billy an me wor off be oal days together we it, we wor sa pleaz'd; but nah, ween get sa menny childer, wha ov summat else ta do, ah can assure yo. Well, but we yo its differant, an so yo can do az av bin advizin ye.

Theaze another thing; be suar yo doant let t'nurse try him to wauk ta sooin, becos it macks ther little henkles stick aght, an bowleg'd it bargain: an yo see, if that wor't caise, id happan get call'd a Sheffield nogler az long az he liv'd. Az for mesen, ah wor allas varry patick-aler abaght am footin t'graand sa sooin; an if yo be wise, an thinks my advice wurth owt, be yo soa an all.

Nah, theaze ar Ned, (but ah cuddant help it,) eze as bowleg'd as a haand whelp; it wor dun we nowt it wurd else, but we sittin astride ov a barril at we uzed ta mack helliger in: yo see, ah put it bit side at fire ta get sooiner saar, an ah cuddant keep him off on it, do an say all ah cud; but nah eze grown up ta be a middlin-sized lad, eze sadly off abaght it, cos he caant wear a pair a stripet traasers like hiz cumerades; if he duz, he looks ashamed ta be seen, we hevin sich rainbow legs; beside, all t'yung lassas macks gam oh him when eze a dons in at feast-time, an that tutches hiz pride warse then owt.

Ah sud think abaght nah, t'yung Prince al be wantin sum toys ta lake we; an if ah wor yo, ah sud be varry nice abaght wot soart thay wor. It nobbat looks simplish soart ov advice, but depend on it, eaze moar meanin e them things nah a days then menny a foil thinks on; for if yov noatist an, yol hev seen Boanepairt a horse-back, foorit-back, e puzzle-boxes, an lots a uther things: nah, tell me if thear izant summat moar then just pleasin t'bairns; ta be suar thear iz, but that izant all: theaze Boanepairt made inta watch-seals, pipe-stoppers, umbrella an waukin-stick nobs, broaches, chimley ornaments e lots a ways, painted upa snuff-boxes; nay, marry, ah doant naw wot besides he izant picktard aght on.—what ah say, its between uz two senze, yo naw,—but depend on it, theaze sum Poapery wark at bottom on it, an noan a little bit nawther, tack my wurd for it.

Nah, then, eaze this skooilin; yor best plan al be ta let him goa ta sum owd womman. Ah sud varry much like, if yo cud spare him aght a yer seet, ta cum ta ar hause, an goa tut same skooil at ar Bess an Dick duz; shooze a varry nice soart ov a missis, al assure yo; eaze not a better e all't Taane for gettin an on it furst ruddements a larnin; bless ye, thare aght at A, B, C, intat Reedy-madeasy e no time; an shoo duzant put a wedge e ther maath, an thimal-pie an when thay do a bit a owt rang, same as a menny duz. Beside, shoo goaze tut Cherch regeler ivvery Sunday, an that's wurth a trifle; if yol nobbat let him cum, shool be rare an praad, ah naw, ta think at shooze t'honer a teichin a yung King ta read off at point ov a needle. But this yol tawk ovver amang yersenze; an if yo mack up yer minds ta let him cum, he sal liv same as we do—ah mean t'bairns, yo naw—an thave

boil'd milk we oat-cake sopt in ; an sumtimes thickans, sweetand we trakle, to ther breikfast ; an at dinnar-time thave a puddin, as thick as a Greenmoar fleg, made at best flaar : if owt can beat that for childea, ile hev nowt for it. If he wor ta get this soart a stuff wal he wor abaght nine year owd, id be as strong as a donkey, an fit then ta goa to a better soart ov a skooil. But, agean, mind yo, ah sud be varry cawshas woa ah sent him too, theaze ower much underhand wark goin on nah-a-days e this country, boath we yer awn subjecks, an foaks at cums throo't tuther side at herrin-poand. They want nawther King nor Queen, nor nowt else, but a regeler scramal ; then, when that hed tain plaice, that chap at thay reckan ta kiss his big toa, ad cum an want ta bit maister at nashan. Hey, theaze a menny a wun a that tribe, that hez upa ther tungue-end wot thay hevant e ther hearts, depend on it ; but thare seen throo, that's t'beauty on it. So we all this befoar yo, ah begin ta think it ad homast be better for yo ta keep him at hoame, an hev a teicher thear ; but mind an let him be a Englishman : beside, yo cud tak him tut Cherch we yo at Sundays, an see at he sed hiz prayers neet and mornin, an reed t'Bible, an uther books sich as Protestants owt ta reed ; il then be a blessin boath to yo an to his country.

When he gets up to wot ah call a young man, an finish't his hedi-cation, il begin then ta want ta goa aght intat wurld, that's nataral eniff ; but be suar an look weel after him, an doant let him get amang theaze caird-parties an sich like, for if he duz, il play the *deuce* we yor pocket, an ruin his *constitushan* it bargin. Ah suddant like yo ta check him ov a bit a pleasure, noan ah, marry ; ah sud hev nowt agean him goin ta see't Tunnil-hoyle, Tawer, Sant Paul's, t'Collanseum, t'Zological Gardins, t'Monument, t'Museam, an t'hatchit wot thay chopt King Charley's head off we, becos ah think that ad be a mortal lesson for him, an gie him a bit ov a inseet a wot ad be his duty when he began a huggin t'cran a top on his head.

Another thing, be suar at yo hev him we yo as much as ivver yo can, for wot can be prattier then yer awn hoame, an all raand abaght. Yo see, if yo get him a doukey, he can gallap up an daan't gravy-wauks, grass plads, an throo wun end at turpentine river tut tuther ;

an be as happy as a King, an yo as pleaz'd as a Queen ta see him.—Theal be a lot a young lassas, av noa daght, callin ta see yo an't young Princess, at least thale reckan ta do soa; but be yo up to am, good Laidy, eos it al be all me eye, for thare e cumin for nowt else but for yor son to fall e luv we sum on am. Mind this thing, doant yo let him wed a dress-macker, eos, if he duz, il be let in, mind if he izant, for av seen plenty on am; thare poor helpless dawdles, an naws na moar abaght hause-keepin then ah do abaght astronomy. All thay think on iz, bein stuck on a chair or a soafa, tawkin abaght fine caps, fine gaans an bonnits, an flaantin up an daan; an as for am mixin a puddin, or neidin a bit a bread, wha thade mack a side-saddle for a drumaderry as sooin. Then, agean, ah sud be upat look aght an mind at he diddant get houd ov a bobbin-winder, for thare ten times warse then a dress-macker, if its possable, al least nineteen aght a twenty on am iz, al be bun for it: as sooin as ivver wun a them gets wed—at least e two days at after—shool naw all t'winmin it naberhood, if theaze five hundard on am; an sich an a hause shool hev for muck, at its shockin. Nah, hevin menshand all this to yo, let me perswade yo ta tell him ta hev a deascent soart ov a sarvent-lass, eos thay naw hah ta wurk, thay do, an mack a man an hiz hoame eumfatubble; an that's t'situashan at ah sud like t'young Princee ta be in: mun, if eze a womman a that soart, il allas hev a clean sbert nicety plaited it frunt ta put on, on a Sunday mornin, an a pair a good stockings ta put on hiz feet. Yo naw, am nobbat just thrawin this aght bit way ov a hint, for ah reckan il just please hiz awn fancy, awther for yo or me; but let it be which way it will, yol think na war a me for wot ive sed, an suar, becos yo naw av a good meanin both to yo an all't family, an allas hed: hey, marry, a bonny seet moar then sum foaks, or else thay woddant want ta shooit yo, good Laidy. Wot an a shame it iz, at thay shud be onny boddy livin ta doo sich a thing! When ah heard on it, ah sed ta Fanny Farrantly, “If ide nobbat that nasty murderin villan under ar mengal, ad rowl him wal he wor az thin az a pan-eake,” an sarve him reight too. An if ah wor yo, ah wodant stop amang sich an a set: cum ta Bairnsla, an liv; am suar ar door sal be hoppan for yo onny day, or neet awther; an sich as we hev it hause yor weleum too. An sea, will mack all on ye as eumfatubble

az we naw bah. Its true, we hevant menny beds ; but yor huzband cud lig we ar Billy, an yo cud lig we me ; an az for't bairns, ead be sum way contrived. But this yo can tawk ovver amang yer two senze. Soa at preasent, al say na moar, but wish yo good by, an good luck wal ivver yo liv ; an when yo dee, ah hoape God all bless yo. That's all ah can say to yo nah, my Laidy. So beleev me ta be

Yor true an luvin subject,

MALLY MUFFINDOAF.

STOP!—Eaze wun thing at ive quite fagottan ta menshan, an that iz, let me beg an pray a yo not ta let t'Prince, when eze grown up a man, ware mustashas, same as hiz Father duz ; for al be heng'd, if he duzant look for all't wurld, like sumady goin up an daan we a shoe-brush in hiz maath.



TOM TREDDLEHOYLE'S AWN "SEDS."



AL mack a *stur* amang ye—az't spooiin sed tut porridge.
 Av gottan into a *scrape*—az't chin sed tut raizor.
 Wait wal ah get aght—az't cork sed tut soda-watter.
Sharp wark this—az't grass sed tut scythe.
 We boath wear rings—az't pig sed tut laidy.
 I'me up ta ye at last—az't kite sed tut clads.
 Ah caant stop—az't stream sed tut pebble.
 Yo mun goa—az't wind sed tut dust.
 'That's my bizness—az't butcher sed tut dog at wor killin
 hiz sheep.
 Al mack ye *rise*—az't yist sed tut doaf.
 Ah caant *bear* ye—az't snail sed tut weggin-wheel.
 Al do it we *hair*—az't brush ted tut cock-web.
 Al turn ovver a new leaf—az't hurrekin e spring sed tut tree.
 After me—az't needle sed tut threed.
 Ah can *bark* az weel az yo—az't tanner sed tut yard-dog.
 Al mack a man on ye—az't sculpter sed tut marble.
 Ah doant *value* ye—az't auctioneer sed tut cubbard.
 Yor too *pointed*—az't muffin sed tut toistin fork.
 Al bit daanfall on ye—az't ball sed tut nine pins.
 Cum ta me lap—az't cat sed tut milk.
 Ah can *roar* az weel az yo—az't bull sed tut thunar.
 Al gie ye a *stave*—az't carpenter sed tut brockan ladder.
 Ah sal be glad ta receeve ye—az't empty purse sed tut
 suvverin.
 Yor too *ruff*—az't cloth sed tut tazzle.
 Ah *blaw* ye all up—az't trumpet sed tut ridgement.
 Yor noa *man*—az't magpie sed tut scar-craw.
 Al be we yo in a *crack*—az't ball sed tut targit.
 Wir owd friends—az't brandy-bottle sed tut red noaze.
 It cuts sweet—az't knife sed tut spice-loaf.

BEN BOBBINHAT'S
LECTER TUT WEYVERS,

OR ONNY BODDY ELSE AT IT CONSARNS.

NAH, lads, av hed it e me head this noabdy naws hah long ta gie yo, what ah call, a bit ov a tawkin to. Yo doant hauf please me we yer goins on, be a good deal. Theaze a set on ye, yo get stuck together bit Union-corner, Beckett-square, an a menny moar spots like at ah cud menshan, an thear yo ar, morn, nooin, an neet, tackin ivvery boddy off at yo see. If a chap happans ta goa by at squints a bit, yo shaft aght, "Look at owd gimlet-ee;" an if anuther goaze by ats knock-a-kneed, yo bawk aght, "Away witha, owd trusal-legs, an mind an doant get the foit fast in a cart-wheel." Same agean, if a poor fellar goaze past we a hump-back, yo set up a great horse-laff, an shaft, "Thear goaze owd maantin a misery, we hiz trunk on hiz rig." An soa yo keep goin on Sunday an waterday all elike; nay, yo weant een let a poor dog goa by, wethaght thrawin a owd shoe or a stoan at it.—An't lasses, thare not a pin bettar then yo ar; its a shame, am suar, ta see am, rompin an jumpin abaght we ther bare heads an bare necks; thade moar likelier be at loom or t'windin wheel, or doin a bit a dumestick wark, then spendin ther time az thay do. Wha, it wor nobbat last winter, when Dame Tidyback wor e goin up Sheffield-Road for a bit ov a wauk, at Sal Sluin tuck up a dead cat bit hind-leg, an skew'd it reight across hur neck-hoyle, an like't ta knock't hur bonnit off an hur head; ah thowt for suar t'owd lass ad a goan into a fit at after; an thear that impedant huzzy, an a lot moar, went an cock't ther

faices raand a corner, an did nowt but laff an mack gam on hur. Ah nivver struck a womman e all my life, but ah cud a dun then an not a thowt ad dun rang, becos ah wor sa mad, ta see sich an a thing dun in a civiliz'd country like this.

It second plaice, theaze a varry deal a Sunday-wark goin on ; its reight abobbinable ta see it, astead a gettin up on a Sunday mornin, an cleanin yersenze az yo owt ta doo, an goa tut Cherch or Chappil. An if yo doant like ta go ta nawther a them spots, becos yo happan hevant cloaze good eniff ta goa in, clap yersenze daan on a stooil, or it winda-bottom, an reed a chapter or two aght at Bible, or sum uther book ats likely ta doo yo sum good ; an doant meet, sa many on ye, at Jim Charter's, Harry Headlong's, Bob Anarchy's, an Luke Levelall's, ivvery Sunday, reedin an spaghtin stuff ats eniff ta mack foak's hair stand streight a ther head. An theaze anuther thing at ah reckan az bad within hauf an inch, an that iz, at same day at am tawkin abaght, yo cut off e fives, an tens, an twentys, e yer shert-sleeves an white haprons, stockins daan, an yarn trailin abaght yer henkles same az if yod just turn'd aght at weivin shop ; thear yo goa intat cloises an woods, sum burd-catchin, sum nest-seekin, sum fishin or dog-feightin, sum gettin sticks, pinchin an tossin for brass ; an beside, thear izant a bean or a turnap cloise, within five mile at taan, but wot yov made a road into am. Nah this izant reight be a long way, an am az serias az a hullat when ah say soa, cos eaze a menny on yo ats wed, an hez bairns, an thale nattarly do az ther father duz, espeshly if its owt ats bad.

Theaze anuther thing ah mean ta tell yo on, an then av dun ; an that iz, when theaze plenty a wark, yo stand gapein at door an't ginil-ends we short pipes e yer maaths, Monday, Tuesday, Wedensday, hey, an homast

Thursday, an then yor foarst ta set too an weive fit ta knock t'hoyle daane, neet an day, ta get t'piece aght at loom be Setterday; ah naw this is az common az it iz for a pig ta chew coil. Then yo begin a grumlin an graalin, at weivins a poar trade, an yo caant addle eniff ta bye canals an sough we. Mun, yer ees al steil all t'cloaze off a yer backs, if yo doant olter. Al be buu for it, if onny boddy wor ta goa, on a Thursday, an rap at shop-winda, an say, "Bill, witta goa an hev a jill a ale?" t'shuttle ad be az still az Heestan stoan derecktly, an aght id cum az dry az a kex; yo caant deny this a menny on yo, ah naw yo caant. An thear yo ar, az av sed befoar, gapein an starein at ginil-ends, all't for-end at week, we yer arms teed on a knot, an if a midge wor ta fly bye we a toppin on, yor suar ta see it an tawk abaght it for an haar or two; an if onny boddy hez gottan a good bulldog at can feight a bit, or a gam-cock at can dut same, like; or a gray lennit, gold-flinch, skye-lark, throsal, or a blackbird, at can sing e stile, its grand: pearkin it loom, we a piece a damask or drill befoar yo, iz nowt to am; an am suar if onny boddy wor ta cum intat taan, in a bit ov a hurry, an say, thear wor goin ta be a dog-battle at Dodath, or at thade seen a dicky-dunack in a wood onny where, five mile off, yod start off fit ta breck yer necks, ta try which cud get thear furst ta see am. Nah ah hoape yol tack wot av sed e good pairt, an doant think na warse a Ben Bobbinhat for tellin yo a bit ov hiz mind. Next time, ah mean ta gie t'wimmin foak a good settin daan, ah do indeed; soa good afternooin to ye till't time cums.



A decorative rectangular frame with ornate floral and scrollwork patterns. Inside the frame, the text "THE RECORD" is written in a large, bold, serif font, and "FOR 1842." is written in a smaller, bold, serif font below it.

THE RECORD
FOR 1842.

ON the 10th of February the Proprietary of the Barnsley Banking Company unanimously voted 300 Guineas to John Thornely, Esquire, one of the acting magistrates, for his assiduous and faithful attention to the duties of his appointment, as one of the Directors of that highly respectable establishment.

Burton-bridge Mill, (occupied by Messrs. Jackson and Watson, millers,) was destroyed by fire on the night of the 26th of February, together with a large quantity of grain and flour.

In consequence of the great distress which prevailed at the commencement of this year, a public subscription was set on foot by the inhabitants of this town. About 3000 individuals were supplied with food for several months, four tons of Oatmeal, twenty-four tons of Bread, and fifty-six tons of Potatoes being dispensed during that period.

Ardley new Church, together with the Burying-ground, consecrated by the Archbishop of York, on the 7th of June, when His Grace held a Confirmation.

On the 27th of June Barnsley was recorded as one of the towns for taking the Corn>Returns.

On the Rev. Charles Watson removing from the Incumbency of Monk Bretton Church, to the neighbourhood of Darlington, the pew-holders and hearers attending

that place of worship, presented him with a splendid silver Tea-pot bearing the following inscription :—

“ Presented to the Rev. Charles Watson, on the 4th July, 1842, by his hearers at Monk Bretton, as a token of their esteem for him as a Christian Minister and a Gentleman, during the period they have enjoyed the benefit of his Ministerial labours.”

On the 26th of September a Prize-Ringing took place at Wragby, betwixt the six bell-ringers of Barnsley and Darfield, for £20. The performance consisted of 5040 changes, which the former completed; the Darfield company having got out in the fourth peal, the Barnsley youths were declared the victors.

The Lord Bishop of Ripon held a Confirmation at St. Mary's Church, Barnsley, on the 21st of October, on which occasion many adults availed themselves of this interesting rite.

On Monday and Tuesday, the 14th & 15th of November, a great Prize-Ringing took place at Barnsley. Fifteen Companies of six bell-ringers, from different parts of Yorkshire, attended. The prizes contested for were four purses of £6, £4, £2, and £1, and were awarded to those who rang the best of “ Three True Treble Peals.” The Barnsley youths welcomed their brother-ringers by three peals, which they executed in a style seldom equalled, after which they took their seats as Censors, and the several Companies went on in the following order :—

	<i>Faults.</i>		<i>Faults.</i>
High Hoyland	2063	Mirfield	1458
Kirkheaton	<i>Out.</i>	Meltham	1489
Wath	1271	Holmfirth	728
Kirby	<i>Out.</i>	Darfield	845
Roystone	1617	Almondbury Juniors ..	<i>Out.</i>
Darton	2240	Silkstone Seniors	754
Silkstone Juniors	<i>Out.</i>	Ecclesfield	<i>Out.</i>
Almondbury Seniors ..	1060		

The Censors, in the presence of the Committee, summed up the number of Faults of each party, and awarded the prizes as follows :—Holmfirth, first prize: Silkstone, second; Darfield, third; and Almondbury Seniors, the fourth. Ten Shillings each were given to the two Companies from Mirfield and Meltham, these (among them that rang through) having come the furthest distance.

The New Schools, connected with St. Mary's Church, Barnsley, were completed in the month of October. The design is in the Gothic order, Mr. John Whitworth, of this town, being the architect.

A fine specimen of the Mammoth Gourd, or *Cucurbita Maxima Papo*, was cut in November, in the grounds of John Birks, Esq., of Hemingfield, near Barnsley. Its horizontal circumference was 5 feet $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches; diameter, 1 foot $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches; height, 1 foot $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches; and weight, 6 st. 10 lbs. The plant covered a space of 9 yds. by 8.

BARNSELY DISTRICT REVISION.—New Claims,—Blue, 85; Yellow, 94; Doubtful, 7;—Objections,—Overseers, 54; Blue, 92; Yellow, 113;—Struck off,—Blue, 55; Yellow, 82; Doubtful, 10.—In this district there are 1571 Parliamentary Voters for 1843, being an increase of 16 over 1842.

CHIEF CONSTABLES.—Mr. John Cordeux, linen-manufacturer; Mr. Thomas Cope, draper; Mr. Henry Richardson, linen-manufacturer; and Mr. George Harrison, stationer. This is the first appointment after the passing of the New Parochial Constables Act.—The following were chosen Deputies, with salaries:—John Carnelly, £40 per annum; George Kershaw, £25; Joseph Winter, £20; and Francis Batty, £5.

CHURCHWARDENS.—Mr. William Johnson, farmer, &c. and Mr. Joseph Massie, draper, (both second year,) for *St. Mary's*. Mr. Thomas Taylor, junior, linen-manufacturer (second year), and Mr. John Ray, stationer, for *St. George's*.

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.—Mr. Robert Pickles, linen-manufacturer; Mr. Thomas Guest, grocer, (both second year;) Mr. Jonathan Carnley, linen-manufacturer; and Mr. Charles Broadbent, draper.

Mr. Thomas Cope and Mr. William Hopwood are the Assessors under the Income Tax; and Mr. George Keir, solicitor, is the Clerk to the Commissioners.

Mr. Thomas Marshall was appointed Clerk to the Magistrates 29th December, 1841.

MARRIAGES.

March 3.—At St. Gile's Church, Pontefract, Robert Willan, Esq., solicitor, Bury St. Edmunds, only son of the Rev. Robert Willan, M.A., Barnsley, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of James Coleman, Esq., Pontefract.

May 24.—At St. John's, Paddington, by the Rev. James Hughes Haillet, John Staniforth Beckett, Esq., late of Barnsley, to Gertrude Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Sir William Howe Mulcaster, R.N., K.C.N., K.T.S., and C.B., and niece of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Frederick William Mulcaster, K.C.H.

May 28.—At the Parish Church, Wakefield, William Shepherd, Esq., solicitor, Barnsley, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Charles Greaves, wine and spirit merchant, of the same place.

March 3.—At St. George's Church, Barnsley, by the Rev. R. E. Roberts, M.A., Mr. W. Ellis, to Miss Eliza Lawton, both of Barnsley.

August 11.—At the Parish Church, Silkstone, Mr. Isaac Burrows, to Miss Mary Ann Gomersall, dress-maker, both of Barnsley.

August 25.—At Wath, by the Rev. R. E. Roberts, incumbent of St. George's, Barnsley, Mr. Hawksworth, solicitor, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, to Sarah, daughter of the late Mr. Briggs, Brampton, and niece to Miss Rock, Barnsley.

On the same day, at Burton Church, by the Rev. A. Lambert, B.A., Mr. John Henry Carter, professor of music, Barnsley, to Anne, second daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Scales, Burton-Grange, farmer.

August 23.—In Calry Church, Ireland, by the Rev. T. A. Gillmor, L.L.D., the Rev. Irwin Lloyd, B.A., curate of St. George's, Barnsley, to Alicia, eldest daughter of James St. Lawrence, Esq., Sligo.

Sept. 14.—At the Salem Chapel, Hull, by the Rev. John Sibree, Mr. Thomas Dale, junior, Barnsley, to Mary Ann, second daughter of Mr. Richard Atkinson Read, spirit-merchant, Burton-on-Stather.

Oct. 9.—At Castleford Parish Church, by the Rev. J. P. Kemplay, Mr. W. F. Fletcher, clock and watch maker, Barnsley, to Amelia, daughter of the late Mr. N. Moore, farmer, of Beale, near Ferrybridge.

Oct. 27.—At Ardsley Church, by the Rev. R. G. Micklethwait, B.A., Mr. George Scolah, farmer, to Mrs. Ostcliffe, widow of the late Mr. William Ostcliffe, innkeeper and farmer, both of Ardsley; this was the first marriage solemnized in the above-named church.

Nov. 3.—At Wortley, near Sheffield, by the Ven. Archdeacon Corbett, Mr. John Surtees, son of Mr. John Surtees, woodman to the Right Hon. Lord Wharnclyffe, to Miss Smith, only daughter of Mr. Joseph Smith, of the Wortley Arms Inn, of the same place.

Dec. 1.—At the Parish Church, Leeds, by the Rev. Dr. Hook, vicar, Andrew Faulds, Esq., Darley Hall, near Barnsley, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Richard Jackson, Esq., Park-square, Leeds.

DEATHS.

1841, Dec. 20.—At Valparaiso, aged 30, Ellen, wife of J. W. Hawksley, Esq., merchant, and the beloved and only daughter of Thomas Taylor, Esq., Dodworth, near Barnsley.

Dec. 27.—Aged 3 years, of scarlet fever, Benjamin, third son of John Micklethwait, Esq., of Ardsley-House, near Barnsley.

1842, Jan. 4.—At Barnsley, aged 34, of a violent attack of scarlet fever, which he survived only three days, Mr. George Whitworth, linen-manufacturer, and nephew of Mr. John Whitworth, architect, of that place. The deceased was organist of St. Mary's Church, an appointment he discharged for a number of years with much credit to himself.

Jan. 15.—Aged 71, John Cordeux, Esq., an old and pious member of the Wesleyan body.

Jan. 15.—Aged 29, Jane, the wife of Mr. Richard Inns, ironmonger, Barnsley. Mrs. I. was possessed with a most amiable mind, the result of early and carefully cultivated piety; and her premature loss filled the hearts of her disconsolate husband and relatives with the deepest grief, in which a large circle of friends most sincerely sympathized.

Jan. 25.—Aged 58, Mr. George Birkinshaw, whitesmith and bell-hanger, Barnsley.

Jan. 27.—Aged 59, Hannah, the wife of John Clarke, Esq., of Keresforth Hall, near Barnsley.

Feb. 1.—Aged nine months, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Thomas Wainwright, surgeon, Barnsley.

Feb. 17.—Aged 20, Emily Mary, third daughter of W. C. Mence, Esq., solicitor, Barnsley.

Feb. 25.—Suddenly, aged 56, John Gibson, of Cudworth. He had been 40 years in the employment of Mr. Bamforth and his family, by whom he was highly respected for his ability, integrity, and his long and faithful service.

March 12.—At Dodworth Green, near Barnsley, aged 80, Maria, Sutcliffe, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Sutcliffe.

March 15.—Aged 41, Mary, the wife of Mr. Edward Bromley, grocer, and a member of the Society of Friends.

April 4.—Of consumption, aged 38, Mr. John Heywood, stone-merchant, Hoyle-mill, Barnsley.

April 30.—Of a decline, Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. Robert Gelder, of Saville-Hall, farmer and butcher, aged 17.

May 6.—John Hopwood, Esq., Barnsley, aged 74.

May 24.—At Barnsley, Diana, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Kershaw, butcher, aged 10 years.

May 31.—Aged 44, Mr. Ed. Furniss, bookkeeper, Barnsley.

June 25.—At Barnsley, aged 39, Mr. William Brammah.

July 8.—After a few days' illness, aged 18, Francis John Brown, of Carr-lane House, near Peniston.

July 26.—At Barnsley, aged 60, Frances, relict of Mr. John Norris, formerly merchant, of Sheffield, and daughter of the Rev. James Dixon, vicar of Ecclesfield.

Aug. 10.—Aged 8, Richard, son of Mr. John Carnelly, constable, Barnsley.

Aug. 17.—Highly respected, Mr. John Travis, solicitor, Barnsley, and only son of Mr. George Travis, hatter, of the same place, aged 24.

Aug. 25.—Aged 71, Mr. George Woodcock, principal manager in the banking-house of Messrs. Beckett, Birks, and Co., Barnsley.

Sept. 5.—Of scarlet fever, aged 51, Mr. William Mollison, head ostler, at the Royal Hotel, Barnsley. The deceased was a truly valuable servant, and highly respected by his employer.

Sept. 11.—By being accidentally drowned in the basin of the Barnsley Canal, Mr. Joseph Wilkinson, nursery and seedsman, Hill-top, near Barnsley, aged 47.

Oct. 13.—Aged 16, Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Wilcock, landlord of the Stanhope Arms, Cawthorne, near Barnsley.

Oct. 16.—At the Vicarage, Darton, Anne, fourth daughter of the Rev. Thomas Thexton.

Oct. 17.—At Barnsley, aged 67, Miss Ann Frudd, milliner and dress-maker. The deceased was one of the oldest of her profession in the town, and was highly respected by all who knew her.

Oct. 16.—Aged 50, Jane, wife of Mr. George Jackson, miller, Barnsley. Her affliction, which was of some duration, was borne with Christian fortitude and resignation; and she died deeply lamented by her family and a large circle of friends; and also by the poor, to whom she was a sympathizing and generous benefactor.

Nov. 8.—At her brother's house, Barnsley, Sarah, daughter of the late Mr. James Rolling, of Aldam Mill, near Barnsley.

Nov. 24.—Catherine Carr, Barnsley, aged 87.

Dec. 3.—Aged 72, Mr. James Barber, stone-mason, Barnsley.

Dec. 6.—Mr. Charles Fletcher, formerly clock and watch-maker, Barnsley, aged 67.

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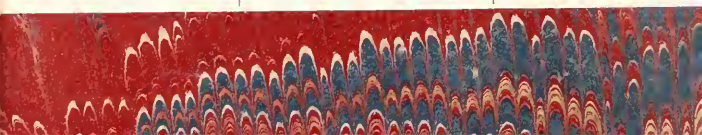
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