

"CUMMERLAND TALK."

“CUMMERLAND TALK;”

BEING

SHORT TALES AND RHYMES IN THE
DIALECT OF THAT COUNTY.

BY

JOHN RICHARDSON,

OF SAINT JOHN'S.

SECOND SERIES.

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P R E F A C E .

IN publishing this Second Series of Dialect Pieces, the author begs respectfully to inform his readers that the present volume, like the former one, consists of sketches in prose and verse, illustrative of the dialect, as well as of some of the habits and modes of thought which still prevail in all the rural parts of Cumberland. The stories and rhymes introduced are, with one or two exceptions, strictly Cumbrian in character and idiom, the author having taken pains to ascertain that the real incidents related actually happened in that county; while in the few pieces which are purely imaginary, he has been careful to preserve the same characteristics.

It may perhaps be objected by some critics that the dialect as here written is exaggerated, or, in other words, made broader and more bucolic than it is anywhere spoken at this time of day. That, however, is not so; but, on the contrary, in the more purely pastoral and agricultural parts of the county the vernacular used is very much ruder than anything to be found in this volume. In fact, any one who attempts to write in the dialect will find that if he intends to make his composition in any degree understandable, he will be under the necessity of modifying to some extent the folk-speech which he has heard. One of the greatest impediments in the way of writing the dialect exactly as it is spoken, is the tendency which many of those who speak it have to disregard all the rules of grammar. A single specimen, taken at random, may serve to illustrate this habit. A country man, speaking of his wife and himself going to market, will say, "Hur an' me's gaan." Here we have two pronouns

in the objective case in place of two nominatives, and a singular verb instead of a plural one—three palpable errors in a sentence of five words. Considering, however, such anomalies as nothing more than corruptions and abuses, the omission of which would not in any way affect the expressiveness of what Dr. Gibson lovingly styled “our grand old dialect,” the writer of these pieces has thought himself justified in discarding many of at least the more glaring of such solecisms.

There being no arbitrary rule for spelling dialect words, as might be expected, almost every one who tries it has a method of his own ; and some writers seem to think that if they can only manage to spell every word, dialect and non-dialect, in some outlandish way, that is all that is required. Failing to see the utility of making what is difficult enough at any time, to outsiders, more unreadable still by such a system, the author has in this volume adopted the opposite plan of spelling all ordinary English words

in the usual way, while in spelling dialect words he has followed to a large extent, though not altogether, the phonetic system, as used by the late Dr. Gibson and Mr. Dickinson.

With these few remarks, he offers to the public this second volume of trifles, hoping that it may meet with as cordial a reception as greeted the first, and trusting also that it may afford entertainment and amusement during an idle hour to at least all Cumbrians into whose hands it may chance to fall.

J. R.

SAINT JOHN'S.

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“CUMMERLAND MAK
O’ TALK.”



SECOND SERIES.



COMING HOME SOBER.

SAYS laal Gwordie Tarlton, t' tailyor, to me tudder neet—as he was sittin' cross-legg't on oor teàble at heàm, wid his lapbwoard an' geùss, his needles an' threed, an' aw t' rest iv his nick-nackeries scatter't about him—says he to me:

When I was a young buck iv a chap, a gay deal different to what I is noo, I oft went to sewe for a week togidder at Lord William Gordon's, at t' Watterend—it was a grand shop that i' Lord William's time—an' as he keep't a gay lock o' sarvents an' fwok about him, we hed some rare fun at times.

It happen't yance ower 'at I was theer when auld Mary Cwoats o' Rostwhate, was gantè hod hur merry neet; an' t' footman, an' t' butler, an' me meàd it up, (if we could nobbut git leave fra my lword,) we wad gang; an' t' butler promis't to ax him t' furst chance he hed. Noo, as good luck wad hev't, it wassent varra lang till t' bell rang about summat or anudder; an' seeah, what, t' butler meàd free to ax his lwordship.

“Well,” sed he, “I’ll consider about it, and let you know before night.”

Some time on i' t' efterneùn he com oot o't' drawin' room into t' kitchen, an' telt us we mud gang to t' merry neet if we liket; an', handin' a laal parcel to t' butler, says he, “You must give this, with my respects, to old Mary Coats, and tell her it is something to pay your reckoning with. I hope,” says he, “you’ll enjoy yourselves; and you must all be sure to *come home sober.*”

What! we aw meàd oor best boos, an' thank't

him varra mickle for his kindness, an' sed we wad tak good care to come back ageàn aw reet an' square. He rayder smil't at that, an' than left us to mak oor oan arrangements amang oorsels as best we could.

Just aboot dusk we set off to t' merry neet, an' gat to Rostwhate famishly. T' butler handit t' laal parcel to auld Mary; an' when she oppen't it oot it was nowder mair nor less than an auld speèd yas guinea, lapt up in a bit o' brown paper. T' auld body was quite stunn'd when she saw't glitterin' befure her, an' sed, "Lord, bless me weel! Dud ivver enny body see! Ye'll nivver can drink t' worth o' aw this! It 'ill pay your shots twice ower, barne!"

Bit we telt her she was to hev't an' neahbody else, as it was sent for her specially by lword William hissel'.

"Wy, wy, good lads!" sed she, "Ye mun just drink what ye will, an' as mickle on't as ye can, that's aw."

Wid that she went an' browt ivvery yan on us a glass o' rum to be gaan on wi', an' gay stiffeners they war, ye may depend on't.

Efter we'd sitten a laal bit an' drucken oor glasses off, we went up into t' dancin' room; an' I's nut far wrang when I say, we meàd a bit iv a sensation theer. I was a bit iv a buck mysel' i' them days; bit t' butler an' t' footman war a parlish deal finer nor owt I was, wid their white powder't wigs, their reed plush waistcoats, white neckleths, short-knee't buckskin brutches, an' white stockin's. An' when it gat whisper't about 'at we'd browt a heàl guinea wid us to spend, we war leuk't on an' thowt summat wonderful i' sec a pleàce as Borrowdale.

Loavins me! hoo we danc't, an' drank, an' sang, an' squeez't t' lasses, an' enjoy't oorsels to oor heart's content! An' what wi't' drink auld Mary an' udder fwok wad ha' geen us, we could aw ha' gitten drunk twice ower! We sartenly dud git middlin' fresh; bit as lword William hed telt us to keep

swober, we thowt 'at if we could we mud. We agree't amang oorsels to stop an' see t' end o' t' hake, an' than he mappen wad ha' gone to bed when we gat heàm, an' wadden't see if we chanc't to be rayder blash't like.

Well, t' dance brak up at last; an' just as we war gaan to start, auld Mary shootit oot: "Stop, lads, ye mun ivvery yan hev anudder glass afwore ye gang! Ye hevvent gitten *hufe* t' worth o' your guinea yet!" An' wi' that she set off an' browt us a girt yarken glass o' whiskey a piece, eneuf to knock a fellow doon if he'd gitten nowt afwore.

I was allus a varra bad sayer nay, when I hed t' loff iv owt to drink, an' I think my mates war about mickle sec like; seeah, we swipe't them up, bade "Good neet" to auld Mary, an' off we set doon t' rwoad.

Dar bon! bit them last glasses dud top us off to some teùn. Befwore we gat to Grange t' rwoad was pinch't to be wide eneuf for us. We mannish't

some way to keep up on end a kind o' decently as lang as t' rwoad was owts decent. Bit when it grew rougher, doon below Branley, we fand oorsels liggin' fairly maizelt, ivvery noo an' ageàn; an' t' best on't was, we cuddent yan laugh at anudder, for furst t' butler went doon, an' than t' footman follow't suit, an' than I was doon mysel'! Oft eneùf two on us war liggin' in t' gutter togidder; an', as bad luck wad hev't, when we war gaan through t' moss, varra nar at heàm, t' butler lost teà leg intul an auld peet-pot! An' when he poot it oot ageàn, ods wunters! it was as black as tudder was white!

We yan sed till anudder, ivvery noo an' than, "I whop my lword 'ill be geàn to bed when we git heam!"

Bit we war fairly dumfoonder't, as we gat gaily nar t' hoose, to see a leet i' t' drawin'-room window. We knew than his lwordship was up, an' wad be lissenin' for us.

Seeah, we tried to sneak in, yan efter anudder, as

deftly as we could, bit it was aw neah use. We'd hardly gitten weel into t' kitchen till t' bell rang, an' t' footman was wantit. He was fworc't to gang; nowt else wad deù; an' for aw he stiddy't hissel' as weel as he could, he stacker't an' meàd some gye steps, 'at his lwordship saw, bit nivver seem't to nwotish.

"Well, footman," sed he, "you've got back, then? What such a merry-night have you had?"

"A capital merry-night, my lord," sed t' footman. "We've enjoyed ourselves very much indeed."

"Yes," says his lwordship, "I think you've been enjoying yourselves; and you've come home sober, I see?"

"Oh yes, my lord, qui—quite sober."

"Yes," says lword William ageàn. "I see you have! You can go now; and send the butler here."

Fain eneùf to git away, I's warrent ye, oot com t' footman, an' in went t' butler. He was warse iv owt nor t' footman; an' just as he was gaan in at t'

drawin' room dooar, his shoe neb catch't t' edge o' t' carpet, an' doon he went heid furst on to t' mid-flèur! He gedder't hissel' up as fast as he could; an' as seùn as he'd gitten a kind o' stiddy't, withoot ivver seemin' to nwtotish t' accident at aw, my lword sed, "Well, butler, you've got back? What such a merry-night have you had?"

"Oh!" says he, "a famous merry-night, my lord. We've enjoyed ourselves amazingly."

"Yes," says his lwordship, "I have no doubt of it; and you've come home sober?"

"Oh! yes, quite sober, my lord."

"But what is the matter with your legs, butler? Is it usual to go to merry-nights with a black stocking and a white one?" sed his lwordship.

"No, my lord," says t' butler, "it's not that. As we were crossing the meadows, a gust of wind blew my hat off, and in following it I slipped into a ditch."

"Oh!" sed he, "that is what it is, is it? Well, you may go now; and send the tailor here. I want to see the tailor."

Cockswunters! when he com oot an' telt me that, I fairly trimmel't ageàn, fra heid to feùt, I was seeah flate. I thowt to mysel' I wad keep hoald o' t' dooar, an' it wad rayder stiddy me; bit that waddent fit. My lword kent a trick worth two o' that.

“Come on into the room, tailor,” sed he. “I want to see you.”

I saw a laal bit iv a teàble stannin' on t' mid-fleùr, wi' some writin' things on 't, an' I thowt if I could nobbut mannish to reach that I wad git hoald on't; bit, hang't! it hed neah mair stiddyness in't nor I hed mysel'. I neah seùner pot my hand on't nor ower it went, an' t' papers an' t' things flew aw t' room ower.

He leùk't at me a minute, an' than sed, “Well, tailor, you've got back; and sober, too, I see?”

“Oh, yes!” says I, “quite sober, my lord.”

“But what have you thrown my table over for?” says he.

“Beggin’ your pardon, my lord,” says I, “it was an accident.”

“Yes,” sed he, “there seems to have been a chapter of queer accidents to night. It was an accident when the butler got into the bog! It was an accident when he caught the carpet with his foot! It was an accident when you upset my table! And, I suppose, it was an accident when *you all got drunk together!* Go away, tailor!” says he, “go away! I don’t want you any longer. You have all three disgraced yourselves in a most shameful manner!”

I was fain eneuf to gang away, I can tell ye; bit when I gat back to t’ deur it was shut. Lord William hed aw his deurs mead ’at they wad shut o’ the’rsels; an’ I cuddent ha’ gitten’t oppen if I mud ha’ hed aw t’ Watterend for’t. I greapp’t an’ fummel’t theer I dar say for ten minutes, an’ t’ auld kneave nivver as much as let wi’t he saw me.

At t’ last he leuk’t up, an’ sed, says he, “What!

there yet, tailor! What's the matter you've not gone?"

"Well, my lord," says I, "beggin' your pardon, I can't finnd t' sneck."

"No," says he, "mine are all doors, and no snecks."

An' just wi' that I gev a bit stacker ageàn t' deùr, an' oppen it flew, an' I went lang streight into t' lobby!

"There! there! tailor," says he, "there's *another* accident, I suppose!"

I stop't to hear neah mair; an' we aw three slunk off to-bed as fast as we could, leùkin' gay hang't leùks, I dar say; expectin' 'at ivvery man-jack on us wad git t' seck next mwornin'. Bit, lucky eneùf for us aw, we nivver hard anudder word about it.

THE FELL KING. ,

Breet summer days war aw gone by,
 An' autumn leaves sa' broon,
 Hed fawn fra t' trees, an' here an' theer,
 War whurlin' up an' doon;
 An' t' trees steud whidderin' neak't an' bare,
 Shakken wi' coald an' wind,
 While t' burds war wonderin' hoo it was
 Neah shelter they could finnd.

Helvellyn, toorin' t' fells abeùn,
 Saw winter creepin' on,
 An' grummelin' sed, "Hoo coald it's grown;
 My winter cap I'll don."

.

Clean wesh't an' bleach't, as white as drip,

He poo't it ower his broo;

An' than to t' fells aw roond he sed,

“Put on ye'r neetcaps noo.”

Auld Skiddaw, lap't i' hedderry duds,

Laal nwotish seem't to tak:

An' seùn wi' lood an' thunnerin' voice,

Ageàn Helvellyn spak:

“I say, put on that winter cap,

Broon hill ower-groun wi' ling;

Rebellious upstart! put it on;

Obey thy lawful king!”

Auld Skiddaw lang hed hanker't sair

Itsel to be t' fell king;

An' Saddleback hed egg't it on,

Thinkin' 't wad honour bring;

An' bits o' profit it mud be,—
Fwok see eneuf o' that;
When kings an' girt fwok thriven ur
Their flunkies oft git fat.

Seah, Skiddaw stack it' hedder up,
An' pertly sed, "Is yon
Rough heap o' crags an' shilly beds,
To tell us what to don?
I'll freely oan it's wise eneuf
To hap itsel wi' snow;
If I was neak't an' bare like it
I'd hide mysel an' aw.

"I's nut asham't my heid to show,
Withoot a neetcap on;
An' claim mair reet to be t' fell king
Nor a bare hill like yon.

Fra t' farthest neùks o' t' warld fwok come

Fam't Skiddaw bit to see;

Whoar ten climm up Helvellyn breest,

Ten twenties climm up me!"

With threetnin' storm, Helvellyn laps

Dark clouds aroond it' heid;

An' noo a voice fra t' clood com oot,

"A bonny king, indeed!

A hill thrown up by mowdiwarps,

An' cuvver't ower wi' ling,

Withoot a crag, withoot a tarn,

Wad mak a nice fell king!

"Laal brag it is for enny man

To climm up Skiddaw side;

Auld wives an' barnes on jackasses,

To t' tippy top may ride:

When theer, it's nut sa' much they see,
Bit level country roond;
They're better pleas't when gangin' up,
Nor when they're comin' doon.

“Bit let them climm Helvellyn side,
If climm't they nobbut can;
They munnet be auld wives or barnes;
It taks a strang hale man,
To stand on t' dizzy edge, an' leùk
Doon t' screes, whoar Gough was lost;
An' he's neah snafflin' 'at can say,
Ower Striden edge I cross't.

“Than what a glorious scene it is
'At 's spread befware his eyes,
O' lakes an' tarns an' woody deàls,
An' fells ower fells 'at rise.

A dozen lakes, an' twenty tarns,
Ur spread befware his een;
An' Skiddaw, like a low black hill,
Far doon to t' north is seen!"

What mair palaver theer hed been,
It's hard for yan to tell;
For grummelin' soonds, an' snarlin' words,
Noo spread fra fell to fell;
An' some their caps o' white don't on,
While udders went withoot;
An' some proclaim't Helvellyn king,
While some wad Skiddaw shoot.

Bit noo roond Scawfell Man theer hung,
As midneet black, a clood;
An' oot fra't brast a thunner clap,
'At rwoar't beàth lang an' lood:

Than hail an' snow com whurlin' doon,
An' hap't beàth crags an' ling;
While t' fells aw roond, as whisht as mice,
Oan't Scawfell as their king!

“FOR SHAM O’ THE’, MARY!” SES I.

This clattin’ an’ tattlin’ ’s about nowt;

I nivver give ear to sec stuff;

When Mary comes whisperin’ an’ preachin’,

I oft send her off in a huff.

She comes wi’ her mischief an’ clish-clash,

To git me to lissen she’ll try;

Bit I’ll give neah ear to her tattle;

“For sham o’ the’, Mary!” ses I.

She sed ’at lang Sally was stannin’,

Till midneet wi’ laal Gwordie Bell;

’At Scott hed been drinkin’ a fortneth,

An’ Jinkison hoondin’ on t’ fell.

’At Broon sed he’d send him a summons,
 As seùr as t’ stars glitter’t i’ t’ sky;
 Bit I give neah ear to her tattle,
 “For sham o’ the’, Mary!” ses I.

She telt a lang teàl t’ tudder mwornin’,
 About Sammy Thompson an’ t’ wife;
 She sed they war scoaldin’ an’ fratchen,
 An’ leadin’ a dog an’ cat life.

’At Sammy hed gitten on t’ batter,
 An’ gien t’ wife a thumpin’, forby;
 Bit I lissen nin to her tattle;
 “For sham o’ the’, Mary!” ses I.

It maks yan as mad as a piper,
 To lissen to this, that, an’ t’ tudder;
 An’ that ’at will git in at teà lug,
 I send gayly sharp oot at tudder!

“For sham o’ the’, Mary!” 21

An’ when Mary comes wi’ her preachment,

I’s vext eneùf sometimes to cry;

Bit I lissen nin to her tattle;

“For sham o’ the’, Mary!” ses I.

JOHN CROZIER'S TALLY HO!

The hunt is up, the hunt is up;

Auld Tolly's on the drag;

Hark to him, beauties, git away,

He's gone for Skiddaw crag.

Rise fra ye'r beds, ye sleepy-heads,

If ye wad plessers know;

Ye'r hearts 't will cheer, if ye bit hear,

John Crozier's Tally ho!

Hurrah! hurrah! he's stown away;

Through t' Forest wild he's geàn:

Sweet music tells 'mang t' heather bells,

What track sly reynard's teàn.

Rise fra ye'r beds, &c.

To Carrick fell, to Carrick fell,

His covert theer 'ill fail;

Unlucky day, he cannot stay,

Blencathra's heights to scale.

Rise fra ye'r beds, &c.

Ower Louscale fell, by Skiddaw Man,

An' doon by Millbeck ghyll;

To t' Dod he's gone, his reàce is run,

Hark! Tally Ho! a kill!

Rise fra ye'r beds, ye sleepy-heads,

If ye wad plesser know;

Ye'r hearts 't will cheer, if ye bit hear,

John Crozier's Tally ho!

THOWTS BY THIRLMERE.

A bonny summer day it was,
 As mortal ivver wish't for ;
 When Thirlmer's shore I steud upon,
 An' prickly bass I fish't for.
 Wi' mennums furst, an' next wi' worms,
 And than wi' grubs I baitit;
 My cork, wi' anxious eye I watch't,
 An' for a nibble waitit.

Till tire't, my rod in t' grund I stack,
 An' sat me doon to watch it;
 Thinkin' if owt sud mak it bend,
 Reet up I'd boonce an' catch it.

Bit lang afwore t' laal cork hed dive't,
Or ivver fish hed bitten;
Bass bitin', cork, an' fishin' rod,
By me war aw forgitten.

A skylark, heigh abeùn my heid,
Was soarin' up an' singin';
While clwose behint was Reàven crag,
Wood croon't an' ower-hingin'.
Aw roon' about war rocks an' woods,
O' nater's awn creation;
Wi' human habitations nin,
Nor patch o' cultivation.

A leùkin' glass on t' boddom laid,
That shore wi' this connectit;
Whoar fells, an' woods, an' shilly beds,
War upside doon reflectit.

A lang neck't heron, still as deith,
 To strike a fish was waitin';
 An' up to t' knees, in t' watter, steùd
 Three crummies ruminatin'.

Musin', thinks I, i' this sweet pleàce,
 So whyet an' delightful;
 Neah jarrin' soond 'ill ivver come,
 Or owt 'at's cross an' spiteful.
 When just wi' that a kestrel hawk,
 Like flash o' leetnin' gleamin';
 A dart at t' Jenny-lang-neck meàd,
 An' sent it off lood screamin'!

In' t' watter clear, a shoal o' bass,
 Clwose on by t' shore com sailin';
 Amang them rush't a hungry pike,
 Aw t' swarm like deid leaves scalin'!

Next t' coos began to switch their tails,
 Wi' clegs an' midges hamper't ;
An' when t' horse-bees com buzzin' roond,
 Like mad up t' woods they scamper't!

Thinks I, laal peace can be in t' warld,
 Fra teà end on 't to t' tudder ;
As lang as brutes, an' fwok ur aw,
 Yan paiken at anudder.
Fra spite an' envy nin 'ill sceàpe,
 Whativver their condition ;
Hooivver humble they may be
 Or free fra aw ambition.

Some whyet, honest, bashful soul,
 To git a leevin' strivin' ;
'Mang croods an' thrangs 'ill venter nin,
 Whoar yan ower udder's rivin'.

An' when it's meast within his grasp,
Wi' toilin', waitin', watchin';
Some human kestral doon 'll swoop,
T' prize fra his clutches snatchin'!

A family blest wi' competence,
Wi' prospect weel contentit;
Nor dream 'at owt 'ill come atween,
To hinder or prevent it.
When deith, like hungry pike 'll come,
As unconsarn't they wander;
T' main prop an' stay just whisk away,
An' t' rest ower t' warld squander!

Theer few i' life bit summat hev,
To bodder an' perplex them;
An' if fra bigger plagues exempt,
They lesser hev to vex them.

Theer human midges, clegs, an' fleas,
To kittle, plague, an' bite fwok;
Their teeth ur nobbet short; what than?
They deù their best to spite fwok!

At last my fishin' rod I spy't,
An' aw my dreams war endit;
Clean oot o' seet my cork was gone,
Hofe double t' top was bendit.
While I'd been tryin' this an' that,
To mak oot, an' consider,
An' eel my heùk an' bait hed tèan,
An' swallow't aw togidder!



THE COCKNEY IN MOSEDALE.

A mwornin' seun on i' spring, I think it was t' fwore end o' March mebbly— hooiver, it was befware we'd gien ower fodderin' t' sheep, 'at I set off wi' my hay-sheet on my back up into Mwosedale, whoar I'd carry't menny a hundred steàn o' hay befware. It was a gay fine mwornin' for t' time o' year; an' Wily went trottin' away on about fifty yards befware me, for he kent t' rwoad as weel as I dud mysel.

I clam away up wi' my lyàd, till I gat whyte away up t' hollow, varra nar at t' hee end o' Mwosedale beck, an' clean oot o' seet iv aw t' hooses an' ivvery thing else bit fells; an' than I began howin' an'

shootin' at t' sheep to come to their hay; when aw at yance summat jump't up fra back iv a girt steàn about a hundred yards off, an' steùd stock still. Fra whoar I was, it leuk't likest a flay-crow iv owt 'at I could compare't teù, bit I thowt to mysel', what the hangment! neah body wad be sa silly as put a flaycrow up theer! T' crows mud be some pleace, an' they cuddent be varra weel whoar they wad deù less hurt ner they cud up i' Mwosedale. Hooiver, I thowt I wad gang an' see what it was. An' sooa I went towarts it, when Wily spy't it an' aw, an' gev a girt bow-wow, as it allus does when it sees owt fresh.

What wi' t' dog barkin', an' me gaan towart it wi' my hay-sheet on my back, it set off across t' hollow, an' ran like a new clip't sheep; bit it duddent git varra far till it went soss intul a peetpot, up tull t' middle, an' stack theer as fast as a fiddlepin! I threw doon my hay-sheet than an' went to see what it was; an' when I gat to beside it, I saw 'at it was a

fellow o' some mak, bit he was sartenly sec an object as I'd nivver seen befware!

T' feàce on him, aw bit a laal bit about t' nwise an' eyes, was grown ower wi' reed hair, an' his chin was t' likest a moss beesom iv owt 'at I could compare't teù, an' he was trimmelin' theer in that peetpot, an' sayin', "Oh dear! dunnet kill me! dunnet kill me!"

"What does t'è think I mun kill the' for, thoo maislin, thoo," says I. "I think thoo wad be o' laal use if thoo was kilt, withoot I gat the' stuff't an' carry't the' about in a show. What! whoar does t'è come fra? an' what is t'è deùn here?"

I could mak laal iv his talk; nobbut he sed summat about Lunnon an' Pellmell.

"Aye aye!" says I, "thoo hes pell mell't it tull a bonny pass. Thoo's run pell mell intul a peetpot!"

Wily stop't aboot twenty yards off, an' as he was like me an' hed nivver seen sec a thing befware, he was girnen neah laal, an' t' fellow keep't sayin', "Oh keep 't off me! Will 't bite me?"

“No!” says I, “it ’ill bite nin. It ’ill nut mell o’ the’, thoo neudlin, thoo.”

An’ than he spy’t some sheep cummin’ blairen ower t’ hill, an’ was flaiter nor ivver, an’ sed, “Oh dear me! what’s yon ’at’s cummin’?”

“Nowt bit t’ sheep,” says I. “They’re wantin’ their hay; they’ll nut mell o’ the’, nowder.”

“An’ what ur aw them girt hee pleàces roond aboot, an’ whoar hev I gitten teù?” says he. “Oh dear me!”

“Wy, aw them hee pleàces ur fells,” says I; “an’ thoo’s gitten intul a peetpot, that’s whoar thoo’s gitten, teù.”

What, I thowt it was o’ neah use axin’ him enny mair questions, for he knew nowt; bit I mud be fworc’t to tak him some way whoar he wad be leùk’t efter. An’ than I thowt ageàn ’at if I set him ageàt he wad mebby tummel doon some crag an’ breck t’ neck on him, an’ I mud be bleàm’t; an’ seah, I wad just let him bide whoar he was till I gat

my sheep fodder't. I knew he was fast eneuf in' t' peetpot, an' seah I sed to mysel, "Thoo'll just stay whoar thoo is, my lad, till I git t' hay-sheet empty't, an' than we'll see what's t' best to be deun."

I kind o' consider't it ower i' my awn mind while I was fodderin' t' sheep, an' it com into my heid 'at I could easily carry him doon on my back, if I hed him ty't decently up i' t' hay-sheet; an' that wad be t' seàfest way for me to deu. Seah, as seun as I'd deun, I went away back an' spread t' hay-sheet on t' grund, an' than I teuk him by t' cwoat neck an' poot him oot. I held him a laal bit to let t' durty watter a kind o' sipe off; an' than I clapp't him into t' hay-sheet, an' hed him ty't up in a jiffy. T' thing scraffle't an' fidg't a bit, an' chatter't neah laal; bit I care't nowt about that. I let him hev his heid oot, or else I thowt he wad mappen smudder. When I'd gitten him fettle't up, I swang him onto my back an' set off doon't fell.

Wily wad ha' divartit owt to see hoo he furst ran

on a bit afwore, an' than com back to beside me, an' jump't about an' bark't ivvery step. I dar say he thowt we hed gitten a fine prize, an' he cuddent ha' been pleaster if we'd catch't a fox, or a foomart, or owt o' that mak. I thowt it wad be t' best way to tak him doon to Trootbeck Station, as it was just possible they mud know summat aboot him theer; an' if they duddent I could leave him till somebody com to lait him or summat, as he wad varra likely beleng to somebody someway or anudder.

What, I fagg't away doon till I gat about hofe a mile fra t' station, when I met auld Joe Mitchison, an' as seùn as Joe saw me he meàd a full stop, an' sed.

“What, the divvel, hes t'è gitten i' t' hay-sheet?”

“Well,” says I, “I've gitten some mak iv a fellow I fand up i' Mwosedale. He says 'at he comes fra a plice caw't Pellmell; bit hoo he's gitten up yonder's a capper. I dunnet know wheder I could ha' catch't him or nut if he heddent run intul a peetpot, an' mire't sel' on him up!”

“Fellow!” says auld Joe, “fellow! thoo dussent caw that hairy feac’t creeter a fellow, does t’è? What it’s some mak iv a monkey, I’ll uphod ’t.”

“Nay,” says I, “what he hes cleàs on, an’ gay fine uns, teù, they hev been; bit they’re a gay pickel noo wi’ peetmoss watter.”

“Aye aye!” says auld Joe, “it’s a monkey, I’s warrent it; they deù don them up i’ that way. It’s gitten oot o’ some caravan likely.”

“Nay, bit than, it talk’t to me,” says I; “an’ I nivver hard tell at monkeys could talk.”

“Neah, nor I nowder,” ses Joe. “What dud it say?”

“Wy, nowt varra sensible,” says I; “he shootit ‘dunnet kill me! dunnet kill me!’ an’ when I axt him whoar he com fra, he sed, ‘Pell mell’ an’ ‘Lunnon.’ He was varra nar freetent to deith o’ t’ dog, an’ t’ sheep; an’ for t’ fells he duddent know what they war.”

“Wy, it caps me,” says Joe, “What is t’è gaan to deù wi’ t’ creeter when thoo’s gitten’t?”

“I dunnet know,” says I, “I think I’d best tak him doon to t’ station; they may know summat about him theer; an’, what, I cuddent leave him up yonder stickin’ in a peetpot.”

“Wy, it caps me,” says Joe ageàn. “I’ll ga wi’ the’.”

An’ seah, what, we set off to t’ Station, an’ as seùn as we gat him intul t’ waitin’ room, an’ t’ dooar shut, I lows’t my hay-sheet an’ let him oot.

What, he duddent seem sa’ wild at aw when he’d gitten to ’mang fwok; an’ seah, I left him theer, an’ thowt ’at I’d gitten varra nicely shot on him.

I enquire’t at t’ station a day or two efter, an’ they telt me he was a chap ’at hed nivver been ootside o’ Lunnon befwore, ’at he’d cum’t doon iv a neet train, an’ whedder he’d been asleep or what he cuddent tell. Bit, neah doot, he’d gitten oot when t’ train stop’t at Trootbeck, an’ wander’t i’ t’ dark aw t’ way to whoar I fand him, an’ than laid doon i’ back o’ that steàn.

It was neah wonder 'at he was lost when day-leet com, an' he could see nowt bit fells aw roond, an' me gaan wi' my hay-sheet on my back; an' God knows what wad ha' come't on him if I heddent catch't him in that peetpot.

LAAL ISAAC.

[Isaac Todhunter, who during a great number of years hunted the Blencathra hounds for Mr. John Crozier, of the Riddings, was well known in most of the vales in the Lake district as "Laal Isaac."]

When cworn wi' thack an' reàpp was hap't,
 An' stubbles aw war bare,
 Laal Isaac, in his cwoat o' green,
 For twenty year an' mair,
 As constant as October broon,
 An' winter com their roonds,
 Was at his post, wi' whip an' horn,
 An' tarriers an' hoonds.

"Howp! come away! my bonny pets!"
 'Cross fell an' deàl wad ring;
 An' a clear blast fra Isaac's horn,
 Wad hoonds an' hunters bring.

For miles aroond, 'cross moor an' field,
They'd come at brek o' day;
To that familiar weel ken't voice,
That cheery, "Come away!"

Theer sceârce a crag i' Skiddaw range,
Fra t' Dod to Carrick fell,
Bit whoar some huntin' feat hed been,
'At Isaac ower could tell.
Through Borrowdale an' Wyburn heids,
He ivvery burrent kent;
An' ivvery smoot in t' deàls aroond,
Which ivver way he went.

Bit noo he's gone, an' nivver mair,
His cheerful voice we'll hear;
Reet sair Laal Isaac 'ill be miss't,
By hunters far an' near,

His drag an' chase ur finish't, noo,

His Tally ho's! ur past;

His huntin's endit; an' poor Ike

Is run to earth at last!

HOO GWORDIE GAT A DINNER.

Gwordie was a funny fellow;
 His delight was pints o' yal;
 Always spendin' aw his aidlins,
 Oft eneuf withoot a meâl;
 Schemes an' tricks he'd withoot number,
 Aw contriv't a pint to git:
 Some fwok cawt them barefeàc't swinlin';
 Some fwok laugh't an' cawt them wit.

Yance he'd been a week on t' batter;
 Drinkin', shoolin', aidlin' nowt;
 Ivvery trick he hed he'd try't it;
 Monday mwornin' black leùks browt.

Nowder brass nor credit hed he,
Nor a bite iv owt to eat;
Wark he hed eneuf to gang teù;
Wage for t' day he'd git at t' neet.

Fastin', off he went to drainin',
Nar auld Betty Vickers' farm;
Sunshine meàd him throw his cwoat off,
When wi' hackin' he grew warm.
"Brekfastless I com i' t' mwornin';
Dinnerless I'll hev to gang:"
Thowts like thur went back an' forrat,
Gwordie' schemin' brains amang.

Reùten, reùten, Betty's grunters,
Snuffin' com whoar t' cwoat was left:
"Wons!" says Gwordie, "I'll hev dinner;
Lang I've study't,—noo I hev't!"

44 *How Gwordie gat a Dinner.*

Oot o' t' drain, wi' speàd upliftit,
 Squeelin' heàm t' two pigs he dreàv;
Weel he knew 'at Betty Vickers,
 Oot wad come her pigs to seàv.

Gwordie sweerin', t' grunters squeelin',
 Kick't up some gay bonnie shines;
Betty shootit, "Lord! ha' marcy!
 Ur ye gantè kill them swines?"
"Kill them! d—m them! aye, I'll kill them!
 Ivvery bite o' dinner geàn!"
"Dinner ye sall hev," says Betty;
 "Pray ye let t' poor swines aleàn!"

"Come away, an' git some dinner;
 Come away, an' let them leeve!"
Gwordie leuk't as mad as need be;
 Bit was laughin' in his sleeve.

How Gwordie gat a Dinner. 45

Nut sa menny could ha' scheme't it;

Dinner sec a way to git:

Some fwok caw't it mean an' kneàvish;

Some fwok laugh't an' caw't it wit.

CHEAP ADVICE.

It's passin' strange, an' yet its trew,
'At in this warld theer varra few,
Fra t' heighest up to t' lowest doon,
Fra t' wisest man to t' daftest cloon,
 Bit thinks he's qualify't,
Wi' solemn feàce an' leùks sa wise,
To snub, an' lecture, an' advise,
 An' udder fwok to guide.

It 'meàst wad mak a parson sweer,
A ning-nang snafflen thing to hear,
'At 's been a waistrel aw his life,
Beàth starvin' t' barnes and threshin' t' wife,
 Hev impidence to tell,
Some decent youngster t' best way hoo,
To keep his feùt streight in his shoe,
 As if he'd deùn't hissel.

It maks yan mad some snob to hear,
Wi' his five thoosand pund a year,
'At gallops, gammels, drinks an' bets,
Till he's ower heid an' ears i' debt,
 Advise wi' coonsel sage,
Some boor wi' hofe a croon a day,
To keep aw streight an' pay his way,
 An' seàve up for auld age.

It maks yan laugh to see some deàm,
 'At likes "My lady" to her neàm,
 'At cudent mak a meàl o' meat,
 Fit for a christian to eat,

If he was starvin' quite,
 Pretend to larn some thrifty wife,
 'At 's been contrivin' aw her life,
 Hoo best to keùk a bite.

Some lady fine 'ill scoald an' preach,
 Poor fwok economy to teach,
 An' tell them hoo to leeve an' dress,
 To seàv far mair an' spend far less;

An' than streight off she'll gang,
 To buy a dress an' think it cheap,
 At what a family wad keep,
 Through t' winter coald an' lang.

If sec advice was good for owt,
Fwok waddent git it aw for nowt,
For that 'at useful is or nice,
Ye'll hev to pay a market price,

O' that be seùr eneùf;

What ivvery body gives away,

Unass't an' nut expectin' pay,

Is nobbut silly stuff!

NANCY'S CURE.

Wild Lantie was a canker't carl,
A canker't carl was he;
Mad Nancy was a rattlin' jade,
A rattlin' jade was she.

Wild Lantie was a jealous tike,
A jealous tike was he;
Bit nut a peg dud Nancy care,
Neah! nut a peg care't she!

When ugly things wild Lantie sed,
 An' ugly things sed he;
Far uglier things could Nancy say,
 An' uglier things sed she.

When Lantie sulky was an' soor,
 An' soor eneuf was he;
Far soorer still could Nancy leùk,
 An' soorer still leuk't she.

To t' public hoose wild Lantie went,
 To t' public hoose went he;
To lait him heàm mad Nancy went,
 To lait him heàm went she.

"What's browt thee here?" wild Lantie sed,
 "What's browt thee here?" sed he.
"My awn good shanks," mad Nancy sed,
 "My awn good shanks," sed she.

“Than back ageàn thoo’d better gang,—

Reet back ageàn,” sed he.

“I’s gaan reet back,” mad Nancy sed,

“Bit thoo’ll gang furst,” sed she.

Wild Lantie knew ’at gang he mud,

Seah, reet away went he;

Mad Nancy follow’d at his heels,

Hard at his heels went she.

To bed in t’ pet wild Lantie went,

To bed in t’ pet went he;

Ses Nancy, “Stop till thoo’s asleep,—

Till thoo’s asleep,” sed she.

An’ when wild Lantie snworen was,

An’ snworen seùn was he;

Mad Nancy sew’t him up in t’ sheets,

Him up in t’ sheets sew’t she!

“Oh, Lord! ha' marcy!” Lantie rwoar't,

“Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!” rwoar't he.

Mad Nancy bray't wi' t' beesom stick,

Wi' t' beesom stick bray't she!

“Thoo'll gang to t' public hoose ageàn,

Thoo'll gang ageàn!” sed she.

Wild Lantie greàn't, “Nay, nivver mair!”

An' nivver mair went he!

A CRACK ABOUT AULD TIMES.

Come Joe an' hev a friendly crack,
 Draw up thy chair to t' chimley neùk;
 Here t' 'bacco piggin, full thy pipe,
 An' while we crack we'll hev a smeùk.
 Let's talk o' times i' auld lang syne,
 When country fwok could card an' spin;
 To weer a cwoàt o' hodden grey,
 I' them auld times was thowt neah sin.

I've hard me ganny, (rust her soul!)
 Tell hoo fwok don'd i' her young days;
 An' hoo they leev't, an' what they eat,
 An' aw their queer auld fashin't ways,

To hear her tell about auld times,
For 'oors I patiently wad sit;
An' pleas't to hev a lissener, she
For 'oors an' 'oors wad talk an' knit.

She telt hoo t' men, their woo wad card,
I' winter time when t' neets war lang;
Hoo ivvery neet a pund they dud,
Hoo while they wrowt they crack't or sang.
Hoo t' lasses, wi' their spinnin' wheels,
Aw t' cardin's into garn wad mak;
An' hoo t' auld fwok their hanks o' garn,
To t' market ivvery week wad tak.

Hoo some their garn at heàm wad weave,
An' than their webs wad tak to sell;
An' when some plague was bad i' t' toons,
Hoo fwok wad meet on Armboth fell,

56 *A Crack about Auld Times.*

To buy an' sell, nar a girt steàn;
 Web-steàn it 's caw't still to this day;
Auld shipperds sometimes point it oot,
 To toorists when they gang that way.

An' next she'd talk o' what they eat,
 Laal tea or coffee than they hed;
Bit beef, an' legs o' mutton dry't,
 Wi' butter, cheese, an' havver bread.
Good heàm brew't yal, three times a day;
 "Nowt in 't bit hop an' mawt," ses she;
"T was wholsomer an' better far
 Nor coffee an' thin swashy tea!"

For plates, wood trenchers aw fwok hed,
 Horn speùns to sup their poddish wi',
Oot o' wood piggins 'at war meàd,
 Just like t' cofe geggins 'at we see.

They'd pewder plates an' dishes, teu;
Bit they war less for use ner show;
As breet as silver they war meàd,
An' set on t' drusser in a row.

She sed, for eldin, peats they hed,
Browt meàstly doon fra t' hee fell tops;
An' when they sat by t' grateless fire,
They hed to watch for t' hallen drops.
A rannel boak t' wide chimley cross't;
An' fra 't a chain some three yards lang;
'At held a creùk at t' smiddy meàd,
Whoar t' kettle belly't keàlpot hang.

An' next she'd tell about their wark;
Neah cars or carridges hed they;
Ses she, "We carry't t' muck i' hots;
We sleddit t' peats an' truss't oor hay.

Pack horses dud for carriers than;
Lang strings, fra toon to toon, wad gang,
A bell to t' fwormost nag was ty'd,
To keep aw t' rest fra wanderin' wrang.

“T’ men fwok hed cwoats o’ hodden grey,
An’ buck-skin brutches ty’d at t’ knees;
Wi’ silver buckles to their shoon;
It’s nut oft noo sec legs yan sees,
As t’ men hed than; an’ oft their hair
Was pooder’t white as enny snow :
Red waistcwoats, they’d for Sunday weer,
An’ some hed ruffle’t sarks an’ aw.

“Aw t’ women fwok hed bedgoons lang,
Wi’ tails ’at to their knees hung doon;
An’ linsey woolsey petticwoats,
An’ clean greas’t clogs i’ steed o’ shoon.

Blue aprons they'd for war-day weer,
Turn'd sides when durty wark was deùn;
A check't un clean, an' bedgoon blue,
To don o' t' Sunday efternèun."

Ses she, "At Cursmas time we went,
Fra hoose to hoose sweet pies to meàk;
We use' to yan anudder help,
Oor Cursmas pies an' things to beàk.
An' their war feasts at ivvery hoose,
Beàth rich an' poor war ax't to gang;
Whoar some at three card lant wad laak,
An' some at whisk, while udders sang."

An' than she'd sigh an' say, "Oh dear!
What chops an' changes yan hes seen;
This warld's nut like t' seàm warld at aw,
It was when I was i' me teens!"

60 *A Crack aboot Auld Times.*

Bit what thoo's gaan; aye, varra weel;
 We've hed a good auld fashin't crack;
Thoo'll mappen caw an' tell us t' news,
 An' smèuk thy pipe as thoo comes back.

TOM AN' JERRY.

Says Ben to t' wife, "Auld wife," says he,

 "We'll hev a Tom an' Jerry;

An' thoo can wait, an' I can drum,

 By jing! but we'll be merry!

We'll hev a cask o' yal for t' start,

 An' than when we want mair,

We'll pay wi' t' brass we've selt it for,

 An' summat hev to spare."

What, t' cask was browt, an' it was broach't;

 Says Ben, "Auld wife, I say,

We'll nivver trust a single pint,

 Seah, them 'at drink mun pay.

I've just three penny pieces here;

I think a pint I'll hev."

Seah, than a pint t' auld woman browt,

An' he her t' threepence gev.

Says she, "If fwok sud ax if 't 's good,

I'll nut know what to say;

I'd better hev a pint an' aw."

Says Ben, "Bit thoo mun pay."

Seah, she'd a pint, an' he'd a pint,

An' ivvery time they paid;

An' back an' forret t' threepence went,

Till beàth on t' flags war laid!

An' when they'd sleep't it off, they up

An' at it still they went;

Till t' cask was empty, seùr eneùf,

An' nobbut threepence spent,

Says Ben, "Auld wife, we've mead a mess,

An' what 'ill t' brewer think?"

Says she, "He'll git his cask ageàn,

Just wantin' t' sup o' drink!"

SNECK POSSET.

[The old fashioned mode of courting in the northern counties, which is still common in many places, is for the young man to go to the house where his sweetheart lives, late at night, after all the other members of the family have retired to rest, when gently tapping at the window, the waiting damsel as soon as she has ascertained, by sundry whisperings, that he is the expected swain, admits him. If from any cause she refuses to let him into the house, he is said to have got a "Sneck Posset."]

Hoo lang it's sen, I willent say;
 For if I that sud tell,
 Some busy fwok mud reckon up,
 Hoo auld I is mysel'.

Neah matter 't is hoo lang it 's sen,
I than was young an' daft;
Nin flate o' wark, an' nivver tire't;
At fash an' care I laugh't.

A strappin', good like chap I was,
For aw I say't mysel;
An' when to t' merry neets I went,
I still could gang wi' t' belle.

Bit yance theer was, I'll tell ye where,
A sneck posset I gat;
Reet sarret, teù, ye'll think I was;
Ye'll likely aw say that.

Ya Thursday neet, 't was winter time,
An' t' grund was hap't wi' snow;
T' wind strang fra t' north, ower Hutton-moor,
Wi' whisslin' blast dud blow.

'T was t' merry neet at Moorend Hoose;
For many a lang, lang year,
Auld Isaac' fwok hed keep't it up,
An' lots o' fwok war theer.

They com fra Threlket, an' fra t' Sceàls,
An' doon fra t' Paster side;
Fra Sooter fell an' Grizel Mill,
They com fra far an' wide.

Some drank, some danc't, some laik't at cards,
An' aw went merrily on;
Yan hardly knew 'at yan was theer,
Till two or three 'oors war gone.

I danc't oft wi' a canny lass,
I needent tell her neàm;
We grew quite thick, an' beath agreèt
At I sud set her heàm.

I thowt I'd see her seàf to t' dooar,
An' than reet back I'd run;
To t' merry neet at Moorend hoose,
An' see some mair o' t' fun.

A single kiss at t' dooar I steàl;
An' than says I, "My pet,
I'll come ageàn anudder neet,
My feet ur possen wet."

Thinks I, as back ageàn I ran,
That wassent badly deùn;
T' wet feet war just a bit excuse,
For leavin' her sa seùn.

A lot o' jolly dogs war left,
Gay rivin' yarks we hed;
An' t' cock hed crown it' second roond,
Befwore I went to bed.

A fortneeth efter, off I set,
My bonny lass to see;
An' nivver yance a doot I hed,
Bit welcome I wad be.

I gently tap't at t' window pane,
An' when she saw me theer;
Says she, "Thoo meàd me start, thoo dud!
What is t'è wantin' here?"

Says I, "I telt the' I wad come;
An' noo thoo sees I hev."
"Oh! aye, I see who 'tis!" says she;
An' a laal snirt she gev.

"Thoo's manish't varra weel," says she,
"To come aw t' way to neet:
I's flate thoo'll git thy deith o' cauld;
Gang heàm an' *dry* thy feet!"

AT THE GRAVE OF ROBERT BURNS.

Brave Robin ! merry, tender, rantin',
 Independent, reverent, wanton,

Peace to thy dust !

Queer checquer't life was thine when leevin',
 Plewin', rhymin', singin', grievin',

Here thoo's at rust.

While hoddin' t' plew, as noo I see thee,
 Kind Providence wad dootless gi' thee

Thy happiest days.

As weel I know, when t' plew stilts hoddin',
 Thoo sang, while up an' doon t' furs ploddin',

Thy sweetest lays.

70 *At the Grave of Robert Burns.*

Wi' bonnie daisies roond thee springin' ;
Wi' t' skylark up abeùn thee singin',
At peace thysel :
What meàd thee leave a life sa' bleàmless?
Was it for fear o' deein' neàmless?
Who can tell?

'Twas worth a sacrifice, hooivver,
To gain a neàm to last forivver,
Still breet to shine.
But hed t'è still stuck to thy tillin',
That neàm, I'll bet a silver shillin',
Wad still been thine.

Thy native wit an' inbworn genius,
Hed left a neàm, to bide as green as
A field i' May.
Fwok still wad been thy sweet sangs singin',
When this pleàce was i' ruins hingin',
Or pass'd away.



AULD GWORDIE THOMPSON.

[The author begs to state that in writing this and the piece which immediately follows it, his intention was not by any means to attempt to throw ridicule upon religion, but merely to shew off, from a ludicrous point of view, the absurd notions which some people have regarding sacred things.]

THEER leev't up on t' edge o' Huttonmoor, for menny a year, an auld chap they caw't Gwordie Thompson, 'at was quite a character in his day. He allus weàr short-knee't, ribb't brutches, an' a Skiddaw grey cwoat, varra nar as rough as an unclip't sheep; an' auld Gwordie his-sel was ameàst as rough as his cwoat.

T' auld chap use' to say 'at t' two things he liket best, iv owt i' this warld, war a pint o' yal an' a pipe

o' 'bacca; an' t' two things at he liket warst war priests an' doctors. He oft brag't an' telt fwok he'd nivver nobbut been twice in t' inside iv a church sen he was bworn: 'at t' furst time his mudder carry't him theer to git kursen't, an' t' tudder time t' wife trail't him off to git weddit.

Till a lock o' weeks afwore Gwordie dee't he was nivver off hilth a day in his life; an' as he'd nivver wantit a doctor his-sel, he varra likely thowt they war o' neah use. He reckon'd he duddent wonder at fwok bein' badly when they'd doctors cummin' an' givin' them eneuf o' nasty physic to puzzen a swine, let aleàn a christian. When he gat to t' public hoose, an' intul his reàvellin' way, he oft sed, if aw t' doctors an' priests war oot o' t' country, it wad be a gay deal better for t' fwok 'at war left. Bit ye'll see theer come a time he wantit beàth.

When he'd gitten up towards sebbenty year auld, nater began to tak t' tetch wid him, an' wadden't be meàd ghem on enny langer. If he gat drunk he

was badly t' next day; an' if he chanc't to git wet, an' dudden't change his cleàs, he wassen't reet for a week or mair. At last he gat a warse coald nor common, 'at fairly laid him up; an' efter a lang while, an' a gay deal o' persuadin', he consentit to hev a doctor. When t' doctor com an' examin't him ower, an' enquir't hoo he was hodden, he seùn saw 'at t' auld man was aboot deùn, an' hedden't varra lang to leeve; an' as he thowt it was o' laal use fashin' him wi' takken physic, he order't them to give him a laal sup o' rum het, twice a day, to nourish and cheer him up a bit, as lang as he could tak it.

When they telt t' auld chap what he was to hev, he was t' girttest at ivver owt was, an' sed,

“Ods wons! if I'd thowt he wad ha' order't me sec physic as that, ye mud ha' fetch't him lang sen.”

As it was than on i' February, he reckon't if he'd anudder month ower, t' wedder wad git warmer, an'

wi' his two glasses o' rum a day, he wad seùn be as reet as a fiddle ageàn.

As t' spring went on, hooivver, auld Gwordie, istanceed o' growin' strang-er, gat waker an' waker, till afwore March was oot he cudden't manage to tak hofe a glass i' t' day; an' than he was fworc't to give 't up aw togidder. He fairly lost heart than; an' if enny iv his neighbours try't to cheer him up a bit, wi' tellin' him 'at he wad growe better efter a while, he sed,

“Nay, nay, theer neah way bit yan for me. Ye may depend on 't, if auld Gwordie 's past takken a glass o' rum, he's gaily far on in his journey, an' hessent lang to be here.”

When it gat on to t' middle o' April, he'd gitten sa' wake 'at he cudden't git oot o' bed, an' he sed to t' dowter ya day,

“I finnd 'at my time willen't be lang noo. I've meàd my will an' settle't aw my consarns, bit theer' ya thing at rayder boddors me at times: I think I

sud hev somebody to pray wi' me. What does *thoo* think? Does t'è think thoo can git enny body to come?"

"Aye!" ses she, "I'll send for t' priest. He'll come, I'll warrant him, if he be ax't."

"Wy, send for him than," ses Gwordie, "as seùn as thoo can. Theer 'ill mebbly nut be ower mickle time to scowp on."

When t' priest hed cum't an' gone ageàn, t' dowter went in to see t' auld man, an' sed tull him :

"What, ye'll be satisfy't noo, likely, when he's been here, an' pray't wi' ye?"

"Satisfy't!" ses Gwordie, "aye, I 's satisfy't eneùf wi' him. I'll nut want him ageàn, thoo may depend on 't."

"What hes he sed to ye, fadder, to vex ye seah?" ses Betty.

"Sed!" ses Gwordie, "he sed plenty, an' a gay deal mair nor he durst ha' sed if I'd been as I was

yance. He telt me he'd kent me for menny a year to be an auld harden't sinner 'at nivver went to t' kurk, bit oft to t' public hoose; 'at I gat drunk an' sweàr an' dud a deal mair things I wad hev to repent on befware I deet, or else I wad gang tull a pleàce 'at needn't be mention't. I dunnet think 'at that's enny mak o' prayin! Does t'è think thoo can send for that methody chap, 'at léeves up t' broo yonder? They say 'at he pretends a bit o' prayin'."

"I dar say I can," ses Betty; an' she went an' sent t' sarvent lad off to tell him to come.

When he'd cum't an' gone ageàn, Betty went in to t' room, an' sed,

"Noo, fadder, hoo ur ye noo? What, ye'll be better satisfy't this time, I whop. Hes he deùn enny better for ye?"

"Nay!" ses t' auld fellow, "he was varra laal better nor t' priest. He mebbly wassen't just as plain wi' me; bit he jibe't an' went on wi' a wry

feàce, an' was varra lang windit. I knew weel eneuf what he was hintin' at. I'll nut hev him cummin' ageàn, I'll gi' the' my word o' that."

"Wy!" ses Betty, "I dunnet know what's to be deùn, I's seür."

A few days efter that, when auld Gwordie was gitten to be sa' wake he could hardly raise his-sel up i' bed, two iv his auld neighbours, Tom Benson an' Jossy Jopson, com in to see him. They sat an' crack't on a while, an' when they gat up to gang, Jossy went oot furst, while Tom stay't behint to say a few mair words to t' auld chap, as they'd lang been friends.

"What," sed he, "ye'll varra likely hev settle't ye'r affairs, an' meàd aw reet?"

"Aye, aye!" ses Gwordie, "I gitten aw that deùn, an' theer nobbut ya thing 'at boddors me enny."

"What's that?" sed Tom.

"Wy," sed auld Gwordie, "I thowt theer sud ha'

been some prayin' afwore I deet. I've hed beath t' priest an' that methody fellow, an' nowder o' them dud me a bit o' good. What does t'è think? Can thoo pray enny, Tom?"

"Nay, be divvel't!" ses Tom, "I can pray nin. Bit as ye say, I think theer sud be some prayin', teù. We'll see what Jossy ses, if he can deù owt that way. Here, Jossy, come back," shootit Tom. "Can t'è pray enny? If thoo can, thoo mun pray wi' auld Gwordie."

"Wy!" ses Jossy, "I's neah girt fist at it, bit as it's a keàse o' necessity I'll deù t' best I can."

An' wi' that he com to t' bedside an' kneel't doon an' began :

"Lord hev marcy on auld Gwordie Thompson, an' help him to git better. Let him^s leeve menny an' menny a year yet. Send him good crops on t' moor, an' fine wedder to git them. Keep his wheys fra takkin' t' redwatter, an'—an'——"

When he'd gitten that far, auld Gwordie rais't

his-sel up i' bed, an' shootit wi' aw t' bit strength he hed left,

“Howay wi' the', Jossy! Howay wi' the'! Hod on! Thoo fews t' best iv oot I've hard yet. Ods wons! theer some sense i' sec prayin' as that. Carry on, min!—carry on!”

Bit t' exertion o' raisin' his-sel up, an' shootin', an' ya thing or anudder, snap't t' laal bit slender threed 'at was left; an' t' poor auld man sank back iv his bed, an' nivver spak mair: an' that was t' end o' auld Gwordie Thompson.

LANTIE'S PRAYER.

Tom, Gwordie, an' Lantie war quarrymen three,
 As lish, listy deàlsmen as ivver ye'd see ;
 As streight, ivvery yan, as a poplar tree,
 An' t' least o' them five feet elebben inch hee :

Aw healthy an' strang,
 As June days ur lang ;
 Stoot, stalwart, an' reet,
 Wi' hands fit for feet,

Their feet lang an' broad, an' weel splay't.

Rare guardsmen for t' queen,
 Sec chaps wad hev been,
 If nobbut they'd yance
 Gien t' soldiers a chance,

They waddent in t' deàl lang hev been.

It chanc't on yā fine summer day,
 'At Tom an' Gwordie teùk their way,
 To t' toon, where they still gat their pay,—
 What theer they wantit, I can't say :

They'd mainly stop,

An' tak a drop ;

An' sometimes they

Wad sup away,

Till they war gaily fu' :

At times they'd rear,

An' rip an' sweer ;

An' say they'd feight

Owt o' their weight ;

They kick't up menny a row.

Hooivver, it happen't on that summer day,
 A pint just apiece they'd, an' than turn't away ;
 It's dootful, bit t' reason was mappen 'at they
 War hard up, an' riddy for t' fortneth pay ;

Whedder that was, or wassent, t' keàse,
They trailen went up t' market pleàce ;
An' when they saw a weel kent feàce,

They gev a frindly nod.

Bit when ameàst to t' cross they gat,
They saw a crood aw geàpen at
A man, 'at steùd withoot his hat,

An' sed he com fra God ;

To tell what sin,

They aw war in ;

An' he was sent

To bid repent,

Aw t' drucken, roysterin', sweerin' crew ;

An' than he sed,

'At t' lives they led,

They needent try,

For to deny,

For aw their wicked ways he knew.

He preach't an' palaver't a full 'oor or mair,
 A full 'oor that crood steùd to lissen an' stare ;
 Some whisper't an' sed it was hardly fair,
 To shew aw their sneakin' tricks, neàked an' bare ;
 While udders a penneth o' snaps duddent care,
 Who knew what they dud, or hoo, when, or where.

Tom an' Gwordie steùd like t' rest,
 An' thowt 'twas varra queer,
 Hoo t' preacher chap hed known sa' weel,
 'At they wad beàth be theer.
 For paddy hints anew he'd gien,
 An' ivvery time they leùk't, they'd seen
 Him glowerin' at them wi' beàth een,
 Ower t' heids iv aw 'at steùd atween.

Withoot a doot,
 He'd fund it oot,
 By heùk or creùk,
 Or auld black beùk,—
 'At when they com to t' pays,

Hoo oft it was,
They spent their brass,
An' drank an' fowt,
An' aidle't nowt,

For mebbe twea 'r three days.

Ses Gwordie to Tom, as they went heàm that neet,
“ This fuddlin' an' royin' whenivver we meet,
An' spendin' oor quarry-pay, cannot be reet ;
For t' futer I mean to hev nowt to deù wi' 't ;”
An' wi' Gwordie's opinion Tom quite agreeet.
“ An' Gwordie,” ses Tom, “ fra this varra day,
I mean to gang on in a different way ;
I's gantè begin to keep swober an' pray,
I dunnet care what enny body may say ;”
An' Gwordie agreeet, for he duddent say nay.
Tom, Gwordie, an' Lantie that summer neet sat,
Their pipes to smeùk, efter their suppers they gat ;

When up Lantie spak, an' sharply sed, "What
 Maks ye sa' dull an' sa' sulky an' flat?"
 Ses Tom, "We're convertit, theer neah doot o' that!"
 Ses Lantie, "Is I gantè eat my auld hat?"
 An' than wi' lang an' solemn feàces,
 They telt him aw their desperate keàses ;
 An' hoo their sins,
 As sharp as whins,
 Or auld dry thorns,
 Or uncut corns,
 War stangin' through their flesh an' beàns.
 Bit Lantie laugh't,
 An' jaw't an' chaff't,
 An' sed, he thowt,
 'Twad end in nowt,
 Bit empty talk an' hollow greàns.

Lang feàces Tom an' Gwordie hed
 That neet, when off they went tò bed ;

An' whisperin', teàn to t' tudder sed,
They waddent off ageàn be led ;
They'd just gang on an' persevere,
An' tak their pay, an' heàmwards steer,
Withoot a drop their hearts to cheer,
Neah matter who mud laugh an' jeer.

They thowt withoot

A grain o' doot,

'At Lantie was

A stupid ass ;

An' neet an' day,

They beàth wad pray,

'At sometime he

His fawts mud see,

An', like theirsels, convertit be.

Some twelve months efter, on a day,

(Time's fleein' still, an' willent stay,)

Oor heroes gat a parlish flay ;

Hoo dud it happen ? This was t' way :

They wrowt in a level 'at ran under t' fell,
 A canny few fathoms, hoo far I can't tell.
 Well, yā efterneùn they war sittin' an' smeùkin',
 An' at yan anudder through t' dim leet war leùkin';

When aw on a sudden,
 A prop (nut a good un,)
 Through t' middle on 't brak,
 Wi' a thunderin' crack,
 An' doon wi' a smash,
 An' a terrible crash,
 Ten yards o' reùf fell ;
 An' awful to tell,

Quite block't up their passage fra under that fell.

Tom gev a scar't like, lowish shoot ;
 While Gwordie glop't an' glower't aboot ;
 An' Lantie sweàr his pipe was oot,
 An' aw his 'bacca deùn.

Bit when he spy't aroond aw t' pleece,
 He saw it was a desperate keàse :
 He let doon a bit langer feàce,
 An' rayder chang't his teùn.

Ye know Tom an' Gwordie war beàth weel convertit ;
While Lantie, poor fellow, was sadly pervertit !
For while they war mournin' for him as a sinner,
He was thinkin' o' laal else bit t' want of his dinner.

He grummelin' sed,
Aw t' grub they hed,
Was just a bite o' cheese an' bread ;
They'd browt for t' bait,
An' noo their fate,
Wad be for dinner lang to wait.

“ Ye see, lads,” ses Gwordie, “ we cannot git oot,
Away i' this bye-pleàce, neah body about,
To hear us, hooivver we yoller an' shoot :

I think we may
Kneel doon an' pray,
What d'ye say ?
I's seùr I see neah udder way.
I think if we,
(I mean us three,)
To that wad 'gree,
We mebbe mud deliver't be.”

Noo, Lantie was glumpy, an' waddent submit,
 As if in his oan mind some plan on he'd hit,
 'At he o' that ratten-trap oot on could git ;
 Bit what he was thinkin' he nivver let wi't.
 What! Gwordie an' Tommy gat terribly flurry't,
 An' Lantie to kneel doon they pester't an' worry't ;
 Bit Lantie sed gruffly, he waddent be hurry't,
 If he wantit to say owt, he durst say he could ;
 An' mappen git on wi't as weel as they dud.
 An' if he was fworc't to pray, well than he mud,
 He'd pray if he thowt it wad deù enny good.

At last he kneel't doon in a neùk,
 An' three lang draughts o' air he teùk ;
 An' next he twin't an' screw't his feace,
 To git it into t' proper pleace.

An' than, ses he,

“ Oh Lord ! help me,

My way to see,

Yance mair to git my liberty.

I'd scwarn like them two chaps to be,
Creàvin' for ivvery thing they see :
They pray for this, they beg for t' tudder,
Furst ya thing an' than anudder ;
Bit I declare, an' faith it's true,
I nivver pray't for owt till noo ;
An' if ye'll let me oot o' here,
I'll nivver pray ageàn, I sweer !”

AULD GWORDIE AN' HIS COO.

Auld Gwordie was a tailyer,
 An' Nelly was his wife ;
 Aw t' neighbours sed, they nobbut led
 A dog an' cat-like life.
 Auld Gwordie use' to brutches mak,
 For fwok beàth far an' near ;
 Bit Nelly still contriv't an' schem't,
 'At t' brutches *she* mud weer !

They hed a coo 'at went on t' rwoads,
 An' pastur't on t' dyke back ;
 She'd just a white snip on her feàce,
 Aw t' rest o' t' coo was black.

Her age was — nay, I cannot tell ;
Theer was neah way to know ;
Some t' wrinkles coont on t' horns, bit than
She hed neah horns at aw.

Ses Gwordie, "Cowey's up i' years,
I think we'd better try
To sell her off at t' furst May fair,
An' than a younger buy.
I think I'll tak her up to t' fair."
"Thoo'll tak her up !" ses Nell ;
"What's t' use o' sendin' thee to t' fair ?
I think I'll gang mysel."

What, teàn wad gang, an' t' tudder wad,
An' menny a fratch they hed ;
They fratch't about it aw t' day lang,
An' oft they fratch't i' bed.

Till t' fair-day com, an' Gwordie sed,

“I'll t' brutches weer for yance!”

“Wy, weer them—an' be hang't!” ses Nell,

“Be off an' tak thy chance!”

Clean wesh't, an' shav't, an' in his best,

To t' fair off Gwordie set;

Wi' cowey marchin' on afwore,

An' Nell at heàm i' t' pet.

Ses Gwordie tull his-sel', ses he,

As he went on to t' fair:

“I'll sell her dear, an' buy yan' cheap,

An' than I needent care.”

Bit Gwordie hed forgotten quite,

Or else he nivver knew,

'At when a bargin's to be meàd,

Theer always mun be two.

An' when he gat to t' fair that day,
As luck wad hev't to be,
A wag frae Gursmer, ripe for fun,
Poor Gwordie chanc't to see.

Ses he to yan just like his-sel',
"A jolly brek we'll hev."
An' off he went, an' bowt t' auld coo ;
Just six pund ten he gev.
He paid his brass, an' dreàv her off
To some back yard i' t' toon ;
Ses he to t' mate, "We'll sell her back,
I'll bet the' hofe a croon.

"We'll black her feàce, an' crop her tail,
An' tak her back to t' fair ;
To Gwordie thoo mun sell her back,
An' ax eight pund or mair."

'Twas deùn ameast as seun as sed,
 For seùr as we're alive,
 Auld Gwordie bowt his oan coo back,
 An' paid doon eight pund five.

Off heàm he set, an' thowt aw t' way,
 Hoo he wad brag auld Nell ;
 An' tell her hoo he'd deùn as weel
 As she could deùn her-sel'.
 Bit when he landit up to t' dooar,
 T' furst words auld Nelly spak,
 Were, "What, ye hevvent selt her, than ?
 Hoo is't ye browt her back ?"

"Browt what?" ses Gwordie. "Wy, t' auld coo!
 A feùl may see it's t' seàm."
 "By gock !" ses Gwordie, "it caps owt ;
 I thowt she kent t' way heàm."

Ses Nell, "I knew hoo it wad be ;
It's weel eneuf at thoo
Gat back thysel', an' duddent bring
A jackass for a coo !"

ROBIN'S LOVE.

They needent come, wi' flatterin' tongue,
An' wheedlin' suggar't words to me ;
My plightit faith I' geen to yan,
An' he his promise pledg't to me.

To tempt my pride they needent come,
Wi' promis't gold an' dresses fine ;
Wi' Robin's love I's weel content,
He sed he'd be content wi' mine.

What's aw their gold an' gear to me,

 If I mun false to Robin prove ?

What signify their dresses fine,

 If I mun part wi' Robin's love ?

A cottage low, wi' reuf o' straw,

 Wad me content, wi' Robin theer ;

Bit oh ! a palace e'er sa' fine,

 An' wantin' him wad be ower dear !

I cannot brek my plightit faith ;

 I cannot fra my Robin turn ;

What good wad riches deu, if I'd

 Heart brokken aw my life to mourn ?

Than tempt me nut, for worthless wealth

 Can nivver me fra Robin part :

Aw t' gold i' t' Indies cannot buy

 T' love iv a faithful woman's heart !

SHE'S WEDDIT AN' WEEL.

"She's weddit an' weel!" ses Betty to Jane;

"Submittit at last; bit t' maislin wad fain

Hev teàn laal Bob Wilson for love."

"Bit, Betty," ses Jane, "theer sometimes, I guess,

When t' money's far mair, 'at t' cumforts ur less;

It's t' eatin' 'at t' puddin' 'ill prove."

Ses Betty to Jane, "Oor Fanny's aw reet!

I's seùr she's been lucky, an' fawn on her feet;

Weel fedder't her nest is for life."

"Bit, Betty," ses Jane, "If love was away,

She nivver dud warse nor she dud, o' that day

'At they meàd her an' unlovin' wife."

“ Love willent full t' meàl-kist,” ses Betty to Jane,
“ Nor finnd fwok a shelter fra t' coald wind an' rain
Nor mak t' pot o' Sunday to boil.”

“ Bit, Betty,” ses Jane, “ Love's a wonderful thing,
It gars sorrow laugh, an' grim poverty sing,
An' maks leeter t' hardest o' toil.”

Ses Betty to Jane, “ I've hard auld fwok say,
When poverty com, love wad still flee away,
An' nivver ageàn wad come theer.”

“ Oh ! Betty,” ses Jane, “ Love desarvin' o' t' neàm,
Through plenty an' poortith ivver is t' seàm ;
Misforten maks t' object mair dear.”

“ Land an' money hes Gwordie !” ses Betty to Jane,
“ Oor Fanny's deùn weel sek a husband to gain ;
She'll nivver know sorrow or care.”

“ Oh ! Betty,” ses Jane, “ Theer fwok 'at I know,
Wi' money eneùf, bit neah cumfort at aw,—
For mickle thoo knows wad hev mair.”

Ses Betty to Jane, "He 's this, an' he 's that ;
A hoose whoar she need nobbut hing up her hat."

Ses Jane, "It's aw true, I dar say ;
It comes to t' seàm thing, whativver thoo ses,
I'll know what he *is*, an' nut what he *hes*,
When I give a dowter away."

ANGLING.

When toilin' on life's dusty track,
 Tir't nature will protest,
An' sternly bids you pause awhile,
 Your muddle't brains to rest.
Neah better way can ye your steps,
 For recreation turn,
Than fishin' rod in' hand, to roam,
 By river, lake, or burn.

Away fra business carkin' cares,
 Fra t' endless hum o' men ;
Away to some sweet ripplin' lake,
 Or some wild rocky glen ;

Whoar nature, pleas't to see your feace,
Wi' liberal hand an' kind,
Will to your body gie back health,
An' vigour to your mind.

Delightful 'tis to wander on,
By some clear eddyin' stream ;
To fish awhile, an' rust awhile,
To meditate an' dream.
Whoar t' craggy fells, o' ayder side,
To t' clouds their heids uprear ;
An' nut a soond bit t' watterfaws,
Or t' sang o' burds, ye hear.

Care nowt for Johnson's surly growl,
Nor Byron's puzzent sneer ;
Bit honest Isaac Walton tak,
For aw he's quaint an' queer.

An' when wi' floggin' t' stream, you're tire't,
 Sit doon on some crag neùk,
An' see hoo nater corresponds,
 Wi' that auld fashin't beùk.

Gā threed some gorge, whoar two fells meet,
 An' t' boilin' fleùd is seen
Come lowpin' doon, faw efter faw,
 Ower hingin' crags atween.
Your bait drop in, just here an' theer,
 I' some bit whyet neùk ;
An', mebbe, when a troot ye land,
 Ye'll see 't drop off your heùk !

Doon, doon t' broo side it jumpin' gangs,
 In t' watter wi' a splash ;
Ye meàst may hear t' fish say, “ Ye gat
 Your labour for your fash.”

“Come, nivver mind,” I hear ye say,
“Fret nin for that 'at's gone ;
It 's t' chances, whedder won or lost,
'At leads yan on an' on.”

Or in some low an' holmy deàl,
Whoar t' pool runs deep an' slow ;
Wi' stiddy aim an' watchful eye,
Your salmon flees to throw.
What better spwort could mortal hev,
What mair excitement wish—
When boilin' up, a blash ! a pull !
Ye've hoald o' t' king o' fish !

Away it gangs, noo up, noo doon,
Noo sulkin' willent stur ;
Than off ageàn like t' wind, it gars
Your line frae t' wheel to whurr !

Noo, nearer up to t' bank it comes ;

You calculate it's size ;

An' hoo exultant, when at last,

You gaff an' land your prize !

Some for advenster moontains climm,

Where ivverlastin' snow

Unmeltit is, when t' burnin' sun

Is scorchin' t' plains below.

Some for excitement follow t' hoonds,

An' ride neck-breck or nowt ;

Nor when t' view halloo soonds, do they

To danger give a thowt.

Some like to range, wi' dog an' gun,

Ower stubble field an' moor ;

While some at cricket, bools, or quoits,

'Ill spend a leisure 'oor.

Bit gie me fishin' rod an' creel,

An' varra seùn, I'll be

Away whoar nowt bit fell an' field,

An' wood an' stream I'll see.

JOHNNY AN' HIS FAT BUCK.

At Lyulph's tooer, auld Johnny leev't ;
 Park keeper lang was he ;
An honeste or heartier chap,
 Yan needent wish to see.

When Norfolk' duke, to t' tooer com doon,
 A week or two to spend ;
Reet prood was Johnny, on his wants
 An' wishes to attend.

Sometimes to Peerath toon he went,
 Provisions for to buy ;
 Sometimes to Ullswatter for fish,
 His teàble to supply.

Ya time, (as t' stwory gangs,) t' auld duke,
 A feast was gaan to hev ;
 An' orders for a good fat buck,
 'Mang t' rest o' things, he gev.

His fire-lock auld, wi' buck-shot charg'd,
 Auld John set off breest hee,
 Up t' park ; an' as he went, he hum't,
 " This day a stag mun dee."

An' seur eneuf, a buck was shot,
 An' hoistit off to t' tooer :
 T' auld duke, when he knew it was theer,
 Come oot an' leùk't it ower.

Johnny an' his Fat Buck. I I I

Says he, "You've got a fine one, John."

Says Johnny, "Aye, bit, dar!

Ye'r grace, *that yan I aim't at, was*

A finer buck, by far!"

HE HEDDENT A WORD TO SAY.

Shy Willie lov't young Maggy Blain ;

An' oft he sigh't an' thowt,

If he could nobbut win her love,

To wish for he'd hev nowt.

An' oft wi' pensive, lingerin' steps,

He'd wander on that way ;

Bit when fair Maggy Blain he met,

He heddent a word to say.

Hoo lang he suffer'd, an' hoo sair,

Nin knew bit his oan sel' ;

He thowt, when Maggie next he met,

His secret he wad tell.

Lang speeches he meàd up i' bed,
An' thowt them ower by day ;
Bit still when he'd a chance to speak,
He heddent a word to say.

An' when a chance was lost, he'd say,
"A cloonish gowk was I !
When next sweet Maggy Blain I meet,
To tell my teàl I'll try :
I'll tell her hoo I've love't her lang,
An' ax for aye or nay :"
Bit when they met, 'twas always t' seàm,
He heddent a word to say !

When Maggy saw his sheepish leùks,
She gently led him on ;
Till sheepish leùks an' bashfulness,
War awtogidder gone.

114 *He heddent a word to say.*

An' when as lovin' man an' wife,
Lang years hed slip't away ;
They oft wad jwoke an' talk o' when
He heddent a word to say !

IRREPRESSIBLE O. P.

AN HUMBLE IMITATION OF A POEM IN THE
 "BIGLOW PAPERS."

Whoarivver yan happens to gang or to be,
 Yan allus incoonters that silly O.P. :
 It 's mebbly aw reet, bit it seems varra queer,
 'At happen what will, he sud allus be theer :
 Oh, dear me ! I nivver dud see
 Sec a bore i' my life, as that horrid O.P. !

If a party o' weddiners gangs past, ye'll see,
 Wi' a rose in his button wholl, smilin' O.P. ;
 If it's a funeral ye chance to be at,
 O.P. 'ill be theer, wi' a crape on his hat ;

Oh, dear me ! I nivver dud see
 Sec a bore in my life, as that horrid O.P. !

If ye gang tull a teetotal meetin', ye're seùr
 To meet wi' O.P., takken tickets at t' dooar ;
 An' if tull a clippin' ye happen to gang,
 Ye'll hear fra O.P. recitation or sang.

Oh, dear me ! I nivver dud see
 Sec a bore i' my life, as that horrid O.P. !

If ye oppen an album, wy, t' furst feàce ye see,
 Is t' hairy phisog o' that silly O.P. !
 An' barrin' subscription lists, t' list wad be queer,
 Wi' a lang row o' neàms, if O.P. wassent theer.

Oh, dear me ! I nivver dud see
 Sec a bore i' my life as that silly O.P. !

If a meetin' theer be, whativver aboot,
O.P. 'ill still mannish to poke in his snoot ;
An' if it's a meetin', religion to talk,
He'll be don't in his sober religious cloke.

Oh, dear me ! I nivver dud see
Sec a bore in my life as that horrid O.P. !

He's blue or he's yellow, he's black or he's white,
To suit times an' chances to git sup or bite ;
O' jibin' an' snirtin' unconscious he'll sit ;
If fwok laugh at his daftness, he thinks 'at it's wit !

Oh, dear me ! I nivver dud see
Sec a bore in my life, as that horrid O.P. !

NATHAN'S COORTIN'.

Greit Nathan went cwortin' to Maggie at t' Yews,
 An' cuddent believe she wad ivver refuse ;
 Bit Maggie was saucy, and threw up her heid,
 An' sed, "Will I hev thee? Aye, likely, indeed !"

Says Nathan, "Thoo'll nivver deù better, I think ;"
 An' leùk't varra wise, as he gev her a wink ;
 Says Maggie, "Wy, mebbe I mayn't, what than?
 I care laal for that ; bit I will if I can."

Says Nathan, "I've two nags, an' sebben good kye ;
 A nice stock o' sheep, an' some money, forby."
 Says Maggie, "I whop it'll nut be my luck,
 To wed wi' a middin' for t' seàk o' t' lock muck."

Says he, "What! thoo's saucy; I think thoo's to
bleàm;

Thoo'll leùk through thy fingers an' miss a good
heàm."


Says Maggie, "Just lissen, I'll nut tell a lee;
Theer laal fawt i' t' heàm, if 't wassent for thee!"

Says he, "If thoo means it, I think I'll be off;
Thoo'd better be takken' noo when thoo hes t' loff!"
"Ay, likely," says Maggie; "what, mebbe I hed,
Bit fwok sud be cwortit befware they sud wed."

Says Nathan, "If cwortin' thoo wants, thoo sal hev't;
Thoo just spak i' time, for I'd varra nar left:"
Says she, "Thoo may try a bit langer, an' than,
I mebbe may like the'—I will if I can!"



BILLY SPEDDING.

MONG the group of boys who were my playmates and contemporaries at school, (a group long since widely scattered by the relentless hand of time,) there was one familiarly known by the name of Billy Speddy.

In the far off memory pictures which the mind will occasionally conjure up, one does not see Billy sitting on the front form, or standing near the head of his class in the school-room, or as the captain and leader of the games in the play-ground; but he is conspicuously noticeable all the same. One may see him, always in the background, either

standing on one leg on a bench, or in a far corner, peeping over the edge of his book, instead of at the pages ; or in some out of the way nook of the playground, bullying and taking the marbles from some little boy about half his own size.

Billy, however, though a regular scapegrace at school, and as full of mean and contemptible tricks as he well could, grew up to be, as far as I have heard, a respectable member of the community.

Many years after he had left school, I met with him at the Penrith railway station, where he was then employed as a porter, and having to wait a considerable time for a train, I had a long chat with him about school-boy days and other kindred subjects.

Among other things, Billy told me the following story, which I made a mental note of at the time ; and though he was not celebrated for veracity, in his boyish days, the tale is so thoroughly character-

istic of him as I knew him, that I have very little doubt but it was mainly true.

Said Billy, "It's varra queer, I've thowt sometimes, 'at some fwok when they git a thing into their heids, if it be ivver sa' far wrang, hoo they'll stick teù't, an' twist an' twine ivvery thing else to fit it, an' imagine things, till they quite think 'at udder fwok sud believe't as weel.

"About t' time we're talkin' on, when I went to t' scheùl, I use' to caw ivvery day, mwornin' an' neet, 'at auld Joe Gill's, to ax what o'clock it was. Thoo kent auld Joe an' auld Mally weel eneùf? Thoo knows, auld Mally was a parlish body for hens; she keep't about hofe a scwore iv as fine ghem hens as ivver yan saw, an' a ghem cock; bit t' cock wassent hur oan. It beleng't to yan auld Mawson. What thoo kent him weel eneùf, teù? Thoo knows he follow't cock-feightin', an' it was yan 'at he'd carry't to auld Mally's to walk.

"Well, ya neet I was gaan heàm fra t' scheùl, an'

aw t' hens an' t' cock war in a field doon below t' rwoad. What! I was like t' meàst o' lads, full eneuf o' mischief, likely, an' I thowt I wad hev a shot into 'mang them wi' a steàn, nivver thinkin' 'at I wad hit enny o' them, or mair likely nivver thinkin' owt about it, whedder I wad or nut. Be that as it wad, I threw yan, an' as bad luck wad hev't, it hat t' cock reet ower t' heid, an' knock't it ower.

“By goy! it just gev a flap or two wi' t' wings on 't, an' nivver stur't mair. Thoo may be seür I duddent caw to see what o'clock it was that neet; bit I think auld Joe an' Mally war nowder o' them at heàm, for as I was gaan by to t' scheul t' next mwornin', they'd nobbut just fund it. Auld Joe was just cummin' oot o' t' door wi' t' deid cock under his arm; an' ses he, as seùn as he saw me.

“‘That laal nasty tarrier at t' tudder hoose hes worry't auld Mawson' fine ghem cock. I dunnet know what I'll be to deù. I's just gaan to see.’

“Thoo may be seùr I was nin sworry to hear ’at t’ poor tARRIER hed gitten t’ bleàm; an’ as auld Mawson leev’t nut far fra t’ scheùl, an’ was a gay rough cheely, I march’t off wi’ auld Joe, an’ thowt I wad hear what he sed. When we gat nut far fra t’ pleàce, we met t’ auld chap, an’ as seùn as auld Joe saw him, he sed,

“‘Theer a varra bad job happen’t. I dunnet know what mun be deùn. Yon laal nasty dog o’ t’ tudder fwok’s hes worry’t t’ cock.’

“Mawson, thoo knows, was an ower t’ Raise chap, an’ he talk’t ower t’ Raise mak o’ talk, an’ ses he,

“‘Od zounds! bit I’ll wirry’t if I git hāld on ’t! Ya thing or anudder ’s gaantè destroy o’ t’ things ’at I hev! Theear’ some unlucky divvels o’ lads ’at gang wi’ summè fra me ivvery week end. First they went wi’ a duck, than they went wi’ a goose : they’ll be gaan wi’ t’ cow an’ t’ cuddy next. They wad ha’ geàn wi’ them lang sen, bit they cudden’t

conseall them. Ye may tak t' cock yam ageàn, an' boil t' pot wi' 't: it's aw 'at ye'll git for t' walk on't.'

“An', seah, auld Joe set off back wi' his cock under his arm, an' I went on to t' scheùl.

“When I went heàm at neet, I thowt to mysel', as they nivver suspectit 'at I'd hed owt to deù wi' killin' t' cock, I mud venter to caw an' ax what o'clock it was. Auld Mally was sittin' knittin' as she mainly what was; an' t' hens war pickin' about aw t' fleùr ower, bit theer was neah cock to be seen. Efter she'd telt me it was hofe efter fower o'clock, I venter't to say,

“‘What do ye think it hed been t' tARRIER 'at kilt t' cock?’

“‘Theer' nut a bit o' doot on't,' ses she, ‘a laal nasty urchin. It hed bitten 't aw ower. I poot it this efterneun, an' it heddnt a free bit on't. It was aw bites ower.’

“I dursent tell t' auld thing, or else I knew 'at t' dog hed nivver been nar't: for it was just kilt wi' a steàn ower t' heid on 't, as I telt ye befwore.”

AULD WILL RUTSON' MACHINE.

[William Ritson of Wasdale Head, who died not long since, was well known to most of the tourists who went over Sty Head Pass, for nearly half a century. His house being a sort of call or resting place which pedestrians almost without exception availed themselves of; and being a most original and note-worthy character, he managed to scrape an acquaintance with most of them. Young fellows sometimes attempted to draw fun out of him, but old Will always managed to put them down most effectually. The following lines are founded on an incident of the kind, and are literally true.]

Auld Will was famous at a crack ;

An' thowt 'at nin could tell,

A better teal or bigger lee,

Nor he could deù his-sel'.

Ya day, a stuck-up chap com in,
 'At thowt auld Will to jeer ;
He sed he'd been to Manchester,
 An' telt what he'd seen theer.

About their butchin' swine, he talk't,
 Three hundred in a day ;
An' yan could druss them off, as fast,
 As two could tak away.

Says Will, "It's wonderful, neah doot,
 Sec butchin' feats thoo's seen ;
Bit in that granary loft, oot theer,
 We hev a queer machine :

"Thoo sees t' auld sewe, on t' midden theer ?
 I'll bet a pund, an' win,
If thoo'll just tak her to t' machine,
 An' pop her nicely in,

“An’ give ’t three turns about, she’ll come
Oot bacon, nicely dry’t!
Anudder turn, an’ t’ hams ’ill be
Weel boil’t, an’ t’ flicks weel fry’t!

“Weel meàd aw t’ sossiges ’ill be,
Just by a turn o’ t’ crank!
An’ t’ brussels, min’, ’ill come oot, teù,
Good brushes riddy shank’t!”

T’ chap glowered at Will, an’ than he sed,
“Oh! what a horrid lee!”
Says Will, “Does thoo think I’d be bang’t,
Wi’ sec a thing as thee?”

THE SNOW.

It com doon as whisht an' as deftly as death,
 O' soond nut a murmur, o' air nut a breath ;
 Flake reàcin' wi' flake. Oh ! 'twas bonny to see
 Hoo it cuvver't up moontain, an' valley, an' tree.
 Doon, doon it com floatin', sa' white an' sa clear,
 Ivvery twig, ivvery leaf, hed its burden to beàr ;
 Ivvery dyke, ivvery hoose, ivvery rough cobble wo',
 Hed its blossom, its reùf, or its copin' o' snow.
 Doon, doon it com' floatin' sa' swiftly an' leet,
 Seùn t' landscape was white as a tribble bleach't
 sheet ;
 An' t' grund 'at was leàtly sa' starv't like an' bare,
 Was lapt in a mantle, a feùt thick or mair.

Their coald stores exhaustit, t' leet clouds floatit by,
An' pure white as t' earth was, as deep blue was t'
sky ;

Far sooth Sol appeared, majestic an' breet,
His rays wake an' slantin', an' guiltless o' heat,
Threw ower that white picter a splendour an' sheen,
'At twice in a life-time can rarely be seen.

Ivvery crag, ivvery dyke, ivvery snow-leàden tree,
Was an object worth gaan a lang journey to see ;
Neah art, tho' by t' cleverest artist, could show
A picter sa' grand as that landscape o' snow.

T' grim demon o' winter, wi' envy hofe craz'd,
To see sec a scene i' December—uprais't
A fierce wind fra t' north, 'at whissel't an' rwoar't,
An' dreàv t' snow i' blinndin' clouds dancin' afwore 't.
Fra t' fells into t' valleys, doon whurlin' it went,
It fand ivvery crack, ivvery crevice, an' rent ;

Through t' mortarless wo's ; in auld hooses, it's sed,
Fwok waken't to finnd theirsels snown up i' bed.
While creelin' by t' fences for shelter, t' poor sheep,
In t' snowdrifts war hap't up, aye, ivver sa' deep ;
For days an' days efter, t' auld shipperds wad post
Off wi' t' cwoillies, to hunt up odd sheep 'at war lost ;
An' some nivver fund war till spring, when leàte on
They frozen turn't oot efter t' last snow was gone !

NAN'S SECRET.

“It’s a secret,” says Nan, an’ she whisper’t quite
low ;

“I waddent for t’ warld enny body sud know ;
Tom Gill, low be’t spokken, wad fain coddle me ;
Bit say nowt ; I waddent tell mortal bit thee.

“He com t’ tudder neet, an’ at my window tap’t :
To know who it was for a while I was cap’t ;
Seah, I peekel’t an’ watch’t, till his feace I could see ;
Bit say nowt ; I waddent tell mortal bit thee.

“Ses I, ‘Tom, what wants t’è?’ ses he, ‘Let me in!’
Thinks I, that’s a rayder blunt way to begin :
It’s trew as I’s here, I’ll nut tell a lee,
Bit say nowt ; I waddent tell mortal bit thee.

“Ses I, ‘Thoo’s a capper to come i’ that way ;
An’ say—let me in : is that aw thoo’s to say?’
Ses he, ‘I’ll say mair when thoo sits o’ my knee :’
Bit say nowt ; I waddent tell mortal bit thee.

“Lord ! when he gat in, he hed plenty to say ;
He thowt he wad wed me, I just wish he may.
He duddent just promise’t, bit sed he wad see ;
Bit say nowt ; I waddent tell mortal bit thee.”

I sed to mysel’, as I went on my way,
It’s a secret, an’ nivver a word I mun say ;
To tell owt, a sham an’ disgreàce it wad be,
When she sed, ‘at she waddent tell mortal bit me !

Bit seùn I fand oot, when oor lasses I saw,
'At she'd tel't them t' seàm teàl as a secret an' aw ;
An' than, what, I fand it was nobbut a lee,
When she sed, 'at she waddent tell mortal bit me !

THE FINAL PARTING.

Nay ! git the' geàn, thoo durty slut ;
 A fair disgrace thoo is !
 I saw the' wi' thur varra een,
 Cock up thy neb to his !
 An', noo, thoo comes wi' smilin' feàce,
 Just as if nowt hed been ;
 An' fain wad flaatch me up ageàn,
 As if I heddent seen.

Nay ! nivver mair I'll trust the' noo,
 Lang time I've hard eneuf ;
 Bit ageàn aw 'at fwok could say,
 My trustin' love was preùf :

Bit what I saw, I can believe ;
Sa', nivver, nivver mair,
Will thoo deceive me wi' a smile,
Or wi' thy speeches fair.

It's laal use noo to think o' t' past,
Or talk what mud ha' been ;
What happy years we hed i' store,
If nowt hed come't atween.
Thoo's hed thy choice o' him or me ;
To beàth a smile thoo gev ;
Bit aw thy schemin' noo mun end,
For beàth thoo cannot hev.

Nay ! dunnet say anudder word—
For nut a word I'll hear !
Theer was a time when aw thoo sed,
Was music in my ear !

The Final Parting.

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Bit, noo, that music 's oot o' teùn ;

That voice hes lost its charm ;

I saw the' smirk i' Jemmy's feàce,

An' hod by Jemmy's arm !

KEAT CRAAL.

I kent an' auld woman, Keàt Craal was her neàm ;
 An' auld-fashin't body, beàth wrinkle't an' leàm :
 She sed, she was canny an' active when young ;
 Bit, Lord, she was alter'd! aw'd fail'd bit her tongue.

Her mem'ry was good : she'd tell whoar an' when,
 Owt strange hed tèan pleàce, for three-scowre year
 an' ten ;
 Ses she, "I' this world I've seen some queer scrowes ;
 An' langer yan bides in't an' queerer it growes.

“When I was a young lass aboot sebenteen,
Nowt smarter was Peerath an’ Carel atween ;
Whoarivver I went—to dance, market, or fair,
I allus hed sweethearts, far mair nor my share.

“I flirtit wi’ this, an’ I flirtit wi’ t’ tudder,
Till sometimes aboot me, they’d feight yan anudder ;
An’ oft for a brek when teàn tudder they’d bang,
I’d slipe wi’ anudder, an’ wid him wad gang !

“Oh ! man, aboot harvest sec jwokes we oft hed,
When whinbobs an’ hollins we pot into bed ;
An’ than we wad lissen hoo t’ shearers wad shoot,
When they pop’t into bed, bit far sharper pop’t oot!

“Beside bein’ canny, reet weel I could sing,
An’ aw t’ lads i’ t’ toonship I hed in a string ;
Just when I was twenty, it’s trew, I declare—
My choice I could hed iv a dozen or mair.

“They talk’t hoo they lov’t me, an’ aw sec as that ;
Bit nowt bit a laugh an’ sneck-possets they gat :
Till yan an’ anudder began to tail off,
An’ at five-an’-twenty, I’d nin sa much loff.

“At thirty, I fand through my fingers I’d leuk’t,
An’ was riddy to jump at t’ furst finger ’at creuk’t :
Oor Tommy was daftish, an’ feckless, teù ;
Bit when he wad hev me—Lord! what could I deù?”

SOAVIN' TIME.

'Twas someway on i' soavin' time,
 An' frosty, I remember ;
 Fwok soav't far leàter than nor noo,
 Sometimes quite through November ;
 'At Gwordie Cwoats, an' Scott, an' me,
 Oor suppers when we'd gitten,
 A walk wad tak, to streight oor legs,
 'At cravvick't war wi' sitten'.

Fra Girmsmere quite up t' Raise we clam,
 An' warm't oorsels wi' walkin' ;
 An' menny a laugh we gat at Scott,
 For he dud t' main o' t' talkin'.

A walk he sed wad deù us good ;
 Says I, " We'll gang to t' top, than :"
 When just wi' that a voice we hard,
 'At sed, " Wilt'e come op, than ?"

For full a minute, mebbly mair,
 We steùd stock still an' lissent ;
 Says I, " It's farder up on t' rwoad ;"
 Says Scott, " Nay, nay, it issent !"
 An' pointin' wi' his hand, says he,
 " T' soond com fra ower theer ;
 Nut far fra t' intack boddem, min,
 Or else my lug's a leear."

" Come op !" we hard ageàn or lang ;
 An' Scott was nut mistakken :
 'Cross t' field we went, an' theer we fand,
 What 'twas 'at t' row was makken,

A man an' horse war theer; an' t' feùl
A hog-wholl* through hed croppen;
An' t' bridle rine he poo't an' poo't,
An' theer he was, "Come op-pen'!"

"Ho! ho!" says Scott, "What hev we here?
What chance hes browt ye hidder?"
Says t' man, "I cuddent tell ye that,
I's maizelt awtogidder;
I've wander't roond an' roond that field,
Bit finnd a way oot, cuddent;
I think I nivver com thro' here"—
Says Scott, "I's seùr t' nag duddent!"

We browt them beàth away to t' yat,
An' when oot theer he'd gitten,
An' fand his-sel yance mair on t' rwoad,
Astride o' t' galloway sitten:

* A "hog-wholl" is a hole about two feet high by eighteen inches wide, through the bottom of a stone fence, for the sheep to pass from one field to another.

He thank't us ower an' ower ageàn ;
An' than to 'sceàpe Scott's banter,
He gev his nag a sharpish switch,
An' set off in a canter.

WHAT MATTER?

Hut, min! what matter? she's nobbut a woman;

Brek nin o' thy heart about that.

Theer' good fish i' t' sea, min, as ivver com oot on't;

When thoo's elder, thoo'll finnd oot what's what.

When next thoo leets on her be quite independent;

Keep whusselin' Rory o' More;

To shew 'at thoo's merry, an' cares laal about her—

Thoo'll seùn put her intul a stoor.

Some women gang allus by t' reùls o' contrary;

If thoo whinges an' begs, thoo may whinge;

Bit if thoo puts on a fine "What care I," swagger,

They'll turn roond an' follow an' cringe.

If t' warst come to t' warst, an' thoo happens to
lwose her ;

T' warst 'ill mappen be t' best i' t' lang end.

If she dussent want the', thoo's better without her ;

O' that thoo may seàfly depend.

Seah keep up thy spirits, an' sing rompti-addity !

Yā laugh's worth a hundred greàns.

She's nobbut a woman, min, care nowt about her ;

Theer' plenty mair left when she's geàn !

OOR BETTY.

Oor Betty's allus wawin', wawin',
 Theer' summet ivver gangin' wrang ;
 Nowt in this warld, o' that I's sarten,
 Wad keep her fra her wawin' lang !

Oor Betty's allus scrattin', scrattin',
 Eneùf she thinks she'll nivver git ;
 Fra seùn i' t' mworn to leàt i' t' ibnin',
 Sceàrce a minute will she sit.

Oor Betty's allus scrubbin', scrubbin',
 Aye scoorin', rubbin', dustin' still ;
 T' wark she does, i' nowt bit cleanin',
 Teà hofe o' t' younger mak wad kill.

Oor Betty's yan amang a thoosand ;
An' efter aw 's been sed an' deùn,
Theer' nobbut oddens better leukin',
When deck't up i' t' efterneùn.

Oor Betty's yabble, an' she's willin',
To help a neighbour in a strait ;
An' ivver riddy when she's wantit,—
Ifs an' ans she duzzent wait.

Oor Betty's yan o' t' best in England,
Let t' tudder come fra whoar she will ;
For whedder wawin', scrattin', scrubbin',
Her heart 'ill be i' t' reet pleàce still.

GRUMMELIN' FARMERS.

Fwok talk aboot grummelin' farmers,
 An' thrum ower an auld cuckoo shoot ;
 Bit few ivver think or consider,
 Hoo much they've to grummel aboot.
 Their rents heigh eneùf to begin wi',
 For t' landlwords ur raisin' them still ;
 An' what is ther' for 't, bit to gi' them 't ;
 If ye dunnet, somebody will.

Their cesses an' taxes iv aw maks ;
 T' collectors ur nivver away ;
 Ye'r hand's nivver oot o' ye'r pocket ;
 Their nowt for 't bit—grummel an' pay.

Fwok talk aboot t' balance at t' bankers ;
Oh ! man, but they're sadly wrang ;
Ye mak bits o' brass, theer neah doot on't,
Bit whativver ye meàd it wad gang.

Theer bills fra coo-doctors an' blacksmiths,
They're wantin' their money o' t' day ;
An' sarvents, industrious or lazy,
Ye hev them their wages to pay.
An', than, ye hev losses an' crosses ;
Ye'r sheep dee i' t' seekness or t' sowt :
If milk coo or nag chance to torfet,
Anudder 'ill hev to be bowt.

Theer flees to demolish ye'r turnips ;
Theer grubs aw ye'r havver to eat ;
An' crops 'at ye thowt sud be heavy,
'Ill come off bit stragglet an' leet.

What varmint their fashes a farmer,
Their nowt bit a farmer 'at knows ;
Their wissels, an' foomarts, an' foxes,
An' rabbits, an' pheasants, an' crows.

An, than, their cross wedder to feight wi' ;
It's coald when it sud ha' been het ;
An' i' spring oft when gurse sud be growin',
It's dry when it sud ha' been wet.
Wet wedder 'ill oft come i' hay-time,
When t' men for a month are just hir't ;
Ye may wish for fine wedder, an' wish for't,
An' oft hev to wish till ye'r tir't.

It's nobbut a few things I've mention't,
'At bodder poor farmers at times ;
Udder plagues I could neàm withoot number,
They'd hod oot far langer nor t' rhymes.

Bit plenty I've telt, I've a nwotion,
Befwore aw my rhymes ur run oot ;
To show fwok 'at farmers 'at grummel,
Hev plenty to grummel aboot.



THE HOBTHRUSH.

I' them auld times, lang lang sen,—when
ivvery lonely pleàce amang t' fells hed it'
oan boggle or ghost, when auld women an' black
cats war nivver seàfe o' bein' droon't or burn't for
witches, an' when here an' their i' some oot o' t'
way pleàces hobthrushes dud aw maks o' queer
pranks an' unpossible feats,—their leev't up aside
Watendleth tarn an' auld crusty tyke iv a farmer
they caw't Jos Harry. He was yan o' them can-
tankarous, cankert, crusty auld fellows yan sometimes
leets on noo a days, for they're nut quite o' deid
yet. Yan 'at neah body could talk teù five minutes

without hevven an argiment about summet or anudder. If ye'd sed tull him, "It's a fine day;" he wad mebbly ha' sed, "Who sed it wassent?" If ye'd axt him hoo he was, t' answer as like as nut wad ha' been, "Does 't mak enny odds to the'!"

Hooivver, it was sec an oot o' t' way pleàce whoar he leev't at, theer wassent menny fwok he could git a fratch wi', an' for that reason he nivver miss't an opportunity when he hed a chance.

At that time just ower t' fell fra t' Watendleth, in a wood abeùn t' Rostwhate, fwok sed theer leev't a hobthrush. I could nivver larn what shap it was, or what colour or what size, or owt aboot it; bit yan use' to hear o' some parlish feats it hed deùn i' Borrowdale an' udder deàls as weel.

Sometimes in a mwornin' when fwok gat up they fand a field o' gurse mown, or a field o' hay they left oot t' neet afwore aw hoose't, or mappen aw their lock o' havver thresh't an' deetit. It was a teptious kind iv a thing teù, for if fwok gat t' wrang

way on 't, it wassent to tell t' mischeeves it wad ha' deùn them. Sometimes when fwok hed hoose't hay aw t' day, an' thowt they'd meàd a good darrick, they wad ha' fund it aw oot in t' field agean t' next mwornin'! Or, mebby, when they gat up in a mwornin' aw their kye wad ha' been milk't, an' aw maks o' tricks o' that kind it gat t' bleàme on. Neah doot it wad be varra convenient for enny ill-dispwos't body, 'at wantit to deù a spiteful action, to hev t' hobthrush to lig t' bleàme on.

Auld Jos waddent oan 'at he believ't owt about enny hobthrushes, an' wad ha' flire't an' laugh't at fwok when they war tellin' ower what it dud; bit he believ't it aw t' seàm. It was nobbut for t' seàke o' contradiction he sed he duddent.

He hed a sarvant lass they caw't Mary Wilkinson, 'at was t' best match for him iv enny body ivver he leet on; for whativver he sed tull her she allus gev him as good as he sent. She was a girt strappen, lish hussy, an' was flate o' nowt. She wad ha' carry't

a girt heavy sheet-full o' hay up t' fell breest, or clip't a sheep oot o' t' whicks, or soav't yan as weel as enny man in owder Watendleth or Borrowdale.

It happen't ya hay-time 'at t' wedder was varra shoory, as it oft is amang t' fells, an' Jos hed a gay lock o' gurse doon, an' that meàde him crosser nor ivver, if that was possible. Ya week it rain't ivvery day till Setterday, an' that day was darkish till ameàst neùn, an' than it clear't oot, an' was a regular whurler. Fwok gat aw into t' hoose 'at ivver they'd brokken, an' a lock o' them wish't they'd venter't mair.

Auld Jos gat a good slipe in as weel as t' rest, bit he hed ya field i' girt cock, they caw't Farclwose, 'at they duddent brek; an' when t' day gat oot sa' fine, it was ower leàt to scail't, an' seah it wad ha' been as weel to say nowt aboot it. Bit that wassent Jos's way. He went on grummèlin' aw t' efterneùn. Aboot ivvery ten minutes it was, "I wish t' Farclwose hed been brokken." T' lass dud nowt bit

laugh at him, an' tell't him she thowt they war deùin' ivver sa finely ; they war gitten a good slipe in, an' he'd better mak hissel content. Hooivver, he grummel't on as lang as ivver he was up, an' went grummelin' to bed. T' last thing Mary hard when he turn't t' stairs landin' was, "I wish we'd nobbut brokken t' Farclwose !"

As seùn as they'd aw gone to bed bit t' lass, an' aw was whyet, what dud she deù bit slip oot, an' away to t' Farclwose, an' faw to wark an' skail oot ivvery haycock in t' field. She than com heam ageàn, slip't whyetly in an' to bed withoot ennybody seein' her.

T' next mwornin' it was rainin' pell mell. When auld Jos com doon his furst words war,

"I wish, to the lord, we'd brokken that Farclwose yesterday."

Mary laugh't in her sleeve, bit sed nowt. It pot on till about mid fworneùn, when Jos com in leùkin' varra scar't like, an' sed,

“What! t’ hobthrush’s been in oor Farclwose yesterneet.”

“T’ hobthrush!” ses Mary. “I thowt, maister, ye duddent believe i’ hobthrushes?”

“Wy! I know nowt about it,” ses he, “I know ’at t’ hay’s aw spread oot, an’ it ’ill be as wet as if it hed been trail’t through t’ beck.”

“Aye!” ses Mary, “that’s like eneuf. It sometimes happens when fwok grummel when they’ve neah kashon to grummel, they git rayder mair nor they bargin’t for.”

ILL-GIEN GOSSIPS.

Plague on that slanderin' tongue, 'at still

Is whisperin' o' its neighbours' ill ;

An' blast that ill teùn't ear,

'At deif to aw 'at's good an' pure,

'Ill oppen like a swine-hull deùr,

A filthy teàl to hear !

Blar't be that jandic't, squintin' eye,

'At bad intention still can spy,

A neighbour's ways amang :

It's like a Jack-wi'-t'-lantern leet,

'At hings ower durty spots at neet,

Daft travellers leadin' wrang !

T' FLEET O' TIME.

Days, weeks, an' months gang glidin' by,
 Like clouds across a summer sky ;
 They come, an' meàst afwore we know,
 They're gone ageàn like April snow.

Fair Spring, wi' laughin' feàce, we see,
 I' green don up field, bush, an' tree ;
 Bit sceàrce we've time, "Hoo sweet !" to say,
 Till Summer's here, an' Spring's away.

Prood Summer marchin' by 's noo seen,
 Cled in a robe o' darker green ;
 Bit aw t' fine trimmin's hardly on,
 Till Autumn comes, an' Summer's gone.

Fields, woods, an' trees we than behold,
 I' purple, orange, green an' gold ;
 Bit Winter seùn wi' vengeful spite,
 Maks t' trees aw bare, an' t' fields aw white.

Thus season follows season roond,
 Like speeks o' wheels, noo up noo doon ;
 An' we, midge like, awhile hod on,
 Bit seùn drop off, oor bit time gone.

Sen we war barnes, withoot a care,
 Like plants i' Spring, young, fresh, an' fair ;
 To leùk back seems like yesterday,
 An' noo we're growin' auld an' grey.

A few mair turns o' t' wheel, an' than,
 Oor hoalds 'ill slacken, yan by yan ;
 An' we'll be left by t' side o' t' way,
 For time 'ill nowder stop nor stay.

SEC WARK ABOUT A MAN.

O loavin' days ! sec wark theer is,
 An' aw just ower a man ;
 Theer hofe a dozen, which for which,
 To git him if they can.

Theer Betty cocks her cap an' smirks,
 An' thinks his wife to be ;
 Lord, bless me weel ! hoo daft fwok ur ;
 He'll wed nin, nay, nut he !

Theer Sally, teù, an auld daft thing ;
 Yan thowt mair sense she hed.
 She's forty, noo, if she's a day ;
 An' wi' a lad wad wed.

An' than theer Aggie—ha ! ha ! ha !
She cocks her wedder e'e ;
An' ses, "Just wait a bit, an' than,
Thoo'll mebbly summet see."

Theer twea-three mair I willent neàm,
An' they're aw just as bad ;
What is t'er at him, bless me weel !
To mak fwok aw gang mad !

I met him t' tudder neet mysel',
He sed nowt much amiss ;
He talk't some nonsense about love,
An' fain wad hed a kiss.

What mair he sed, an' what I sed,
Yan issent ty't to tell ;
I think if I my cards play reet,
I'll mappen win mysel.

DICK WATSON.

Yance on a time a man theer leev't,
 'At oft wi' jealous thowts was griev't,
 Dick Watson was his neàm.
 His wife was Betty, and for t' life
 They leev't o' bickerin' an' strife,
 They teàn wad t' tudder bleàm.

A roysterin' butcher went that way,
 'At oft to Betty things wad say,
 'At rile't auld Watson sair.
 Reet savage war his leùks, an' soor,
 While Betty steùd an' gaff't at t' dooer,
 An' nivver seem't to care.

'Twas on yā coald November neet,
 They coorin' sat by t' fire o' peet,
 While t' reek ower t' hearth dud puff.
 When Betty fain a crack wad hev,
 While nowt for answer Watson gev,
 Bit an' ill-nater't gruff.

At last up steùd Dick, brant an' streight,
 An' leukin' fra his biggest height,
 Sed, "If thoo wants a crack,
 Put on thy hat an' cloak, an' gang
 Whoar thoo's been hingin' efter lang,—
 Gā off to Abram Jack."

"Reason!" ses Betty, "reason, man!
 Just reason, Watson, if thoo can—
 An' think hoo kind he's been!
 For years oor swines he's kilt for nowt;
 An' aw oor coaves an' fat sheep bowt,
 An' t' best o' prices gien."

“What can yan reason, dus t’è think?”

Ses Dick; “Yan cannot git a glass o’ drink,

Bit fwok mun laugh an’ hint.

Beside, I’ve seen an’ hard mysel’,

Eneuf ’at I wad scworn to tell,—

Theer is neah reason in’t.

“I’ll tell the’ what I’s gaan to deù;

Tak nwotish, for I mean it, teù;

Seah, thoo may let him know.

If ivver he comes here ageàn,

I’ll shut him deid as cobble steàn,

As I wad shut a crow!”

Just then outside a soond—thump! thump!

Meàd Watson start, an’ Betty jump,

While beàth their mooths geàp’t wide.

Thump! thump! ageàn. Ses Dick, “He’s theer:

Talk o’ the divvel, he’ll appear:

I’ll shut him! Stand aside!”

Fra t' chimley boak his gun he teuk,
 An' bleudy murder in his leuk,
 Oot into t' neet he stryàd.

An' than to owder see or hear,
 If Abram Jack was sneaken theer,
 He like a statue steùd.

Through t' murky darkness seùn he saw,
 A heid peep ower t' low garden wo',
 An' than pop oot o' seet.
 Ses Watson, "If thoo be a man,
 Tell what thoo's wantin', if thoo can,
 At this deid time o' neet!"

Ageàn t' heid peep't, bit nivver spak ;
 Ageàn Dick Watson silence brak ;
 Ses he, "Speak, or I'll shut !
 I'll send through't hofe an oonce o' leid,
 If up ageàn thy turnip heid,
 Abeùn that wo' thoo'll put !"

Than slowly up com t' heid ageàn—

A flash, a crack, an awful greàn,

Through t' neet's still darkness ran !

In Watson rush't through t' oppen dooer,

An' white as sheet steùd up on t' flure,

Ses he, "I've shot a man !

"'Twas Abram's voice, a deep base greàn !

Oh ! hed I letten him aleàn !

Whativver mun be deùn ?

Oh ! Betty, thoo mun stick to me,

An', like a cleg, I'll stick to thee ;

An' we by t' leet o' t' meùn,

"Will tak him oor oan fields across,

An' hap him up i' Rontry moss,

Doon in a peetpot deep :

Whoar mappen nivver he'll be fund,

Till thee an' me be under t' grund,

If we oor secret keep !"

Says Betty, "Nay, thoo cannot 'sceap ;
 About thy neck thoo'll git a reap ;
 Thoo'll hing on t' gallows tree !
 Thoo's tean thy oan ill-temper't way ;
 Thoo for thy feulishness mun pay ;
 Thoo'll hang ! an' that thoo'll see !"

"Oh ! Betty, Betty, come away !
 Sec dreedful things thoo munnet say !
 To hide him let us gang !
 Forgie me this time, if thoo will,
 An' what thoo bids me, I'll deu still,
 Let it be reet or wrang !"

"Wy, wy," ses Betty, "if I mun,
 Put oot o' seet that nasty gun,
 An' git thysel' a spead :
 We'll tak him off to t' moss at yance,
 An' than to 'sceap thoo'll hev a chance,—
 A bonny job thoo's mead !"

“ Bit, furst let’s see if he be deid ;
If nut, a speàd thoo willent need ;
 A doctor we mun hev.”
Beàth went togidder, till they gat
To t’ pleàce whoar t’ heid was peepin’ at,
 An’ ower a scar’t leùk gev !

When Betty t’ bleedin’ carcase saw,
’At lifeless laid ootside o’t wo’—
 Says she, “Ods wons ! Od rot !
Thoo silly, newdlin’, jealous ass,
Thoo’s nut hofe wise, nor nivver was—
 Oor oan poor coo thoo’s shot !

“ Thoo silly feùl ! it’s like thy sense !
T’ auld coo was stannin’ under t’ fence,
 An’ rubbin’ wi’ her heid :
An’ when it com to t’ top o’ t’ wo’,
Thoo thowt ’twas Abram Jack thoo saw,
 An’s geàn an’ shot her deid !”

SPRING'S MISTAK.

Grim Winter soond was sleepin'
 Clwose up by Scawfell-man ;
 When Spring oot slyly peepin',
 Her wark o' love began.
 She cuvver'd t' fields wi' greenness,
 Invitit t' burds to sing ;
 An' they, pleas't an' delightit,
 Meàd woods an' groves aw ring.

Breet crocuses an' snowdrops,
 On garden beds war seen ;
 An' daisies white war scatter't,
 Ower t' fields so fresh an' green.

Some trees push't oot their blossoms,
An' primroses upsprang ;
Bit t' auld esh pollard shak't its heid,
An' sed 'at Spring was wrang.

Beàth burds an' flures fell laughin',
To hear t' auld knarl'd thing ;
Mair buds prepar't for burstin',
Mair burds began to sing.
Bit t' pollard, neàk't an' leafless,
Still grummelin' seem't to say,—
Young things 'at will be silly,
Mun for their daftness pay.

Just tell them owt 'at suits them,
They're riddy to believe't ;
If t' treùth wad nobbut grieve them,
They'd rayder be deceiv't.

Tell them 'at Winter's sleepin',
They'll laugh at what ye say ;
Bit aw their silly jeerin'
'Ill nut mak March be May.

Wi' that sec sweets o' laughin',
Brast oot o' ivvery side ;
An' spread ower hills an' valleys,
'Cross t' country far an' wide.
Burds, trees, an' flures aw join't in't,
Fra t' biggest, aye, to t' least ;
Till t' echo fra Helvellyn,
Rang far up Scawfell breest.

At last grim Winter snworin',
Up in a snow-druft theer,
Sprang up an' thunner't madly,
"What's aw this din I hear ?

Shut up your buds an' blossoms,
Your seasons larn to know ;
Keen frost, gang stop their silly pranks ;
Blow fiercely east wind, blow !”

Seùn t' burds war sad an' silent,
An' t' flures their heids low hung :
Bit t' pollard growl't oot gruffly,
“I telt you Spring was wrang.
When t' best o' frinds advise ye,
Ye'll hev your awn daft way ;
As if a sunny mwornin'
Wad mak March into May!”

AULD CURSMAS.

Spring, summer, an' autumn war here an' ur gone,
 An' winter, coald winter, ageàn hes com on ;
 Poor robin's at t' window to watch for his crumbs,
 An' mittens ur laatit for fingers an' thumbs.
 Noo cheerful auld Cursmas is on us yance mair,
 Wi' his lang snowy beard an' his thin silver hair ;
 An' a smile on his feàce, as merry as when
 Oor greit, greit granfadders war nobbut young men.
 He ses, (as he hotches his shooders,) ses he,
 "Ye'r yule logs git riddy, I's cummin', ye see ;
 Ye'r misseltoe bunches on t' mid-ceilin's hing ;
 Ye'r laurels an' hollies wi' red berries bring.

I's cummin', I's cummin', auld wives beak ye'r pies ;
Some big uns, some laal uns, some ivvery size ;
Ye'r frinds 'ill be cummin' expectin' to meet,
A reet hearty welcome their cummin' to greet ;
Ye fwok 'at hev plenty, bring oot ye'r good cheer ;
An' doff off ye'r churlishness noo when I's here.
Put a smile on ye'r feàces, an' banish yer cares ;
Forgit aw ye'r seàvin', ye'r banks, an' ye'r shares !
Just think hoo ye've prosper't sen I was here last ;
An' shew yoursels grateful for aw blessin's past ;
Ye've hed luck i' handfuls, an' joy i' full weight,
While some hev hed laal bit a toil an' a feight.
Just oppen ye'r hearts an' ye'r hands for a while—
Ye hev't in ye'r power to mak poverty smile ;
An' t' greitest o' blessin's I bring i' my train,
Is t' sympathy shewn to poor misery an' pain.
Help that misery to lessen, an' than nivver fear,
Ye'll hev what I wish ye—a Happy New Year !

POLITICAL ECONOMY.



POLITICAL ECONOMY.

TOM. What thinks t'e Dick aboot aw thur strikes, an' turnoots, an' lockoots, an' things 'at t' papers ur full on ivvery week? What's this warld gantè git teù efter a bit, I wonder; theer use to be nowt o' t' mak when thee an' me war young.

DICK. Neah, neah! fifty or sixty years hev meàde a girt change i' t' way o' carryin' on, an' I think t' meàst part o' things ur chang't for t' better. Theer' some fwok 'ill maunder on an' talk aboot good auld times, an' hoo fwok use to deù lang sen; bit I think theer' nut yan in a thoosand 'at ur alive noo, 'at wad care to leeve as they leev't, an don as they don't, or deù a deal o' things as they dud three scwore year sen.

TOM. Mebby nut: bit hoo about thur trades' unions, an' strikes, an' sec like—ur they aw for good? Ur they aw improvements, thinks t'e?

DICK. Theer' issent a bit o' doot bit trades unions hev deùn a deal o' good to wark-fwok, i' t' way o' gitten them better wages, shorter 'oors, an' sec like; an' strikes, for aw they cause a deal o' distress, an' deu ill eneùf t' time they last, ur like war an' some udder bad things, necessary evils, mebby. Thoo sees, when t' men think 'at they sud hev mair wage, an' t' maisters doon't want to gi' them't, an' beàth sides think they're reet, an' beàth git stupid, it ends wi' a strike, an' beàth parties mebby throw twice as mickle oot o' their pockets as owt they war disputin' about.

TOM. Thoo talks about necessary evils, an' theer seems to be laal doot bit they're varra girt evils; bit for my part I cannot see 'at they're necessary at aw. Theer nivver use to be owt o' t' kind lang sen. Wark-fwok dud without them than. What's t' reason they cannot deu without them noo?

DICK. They dud without them, we know; an' they dud without a lot o' mair things 'at they hev noo. Thoo knows 'at they use to be treatit like dogs, while they leev't like pigs. It use to be 'at if a fellow waddent work as lang 'oors, an' for as laal a wage as a maister thowt fit, he müd gang whoar he like't: an' if, as it oft happen't, he duddent know what way to gang to mend his-sel, he hed to grub away fra leet to dark for a canny laal. Thoo knows them lines by Bobby Burns:—

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil:
And see his lordly fellow worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife,
And helpless offspring mourn.

That's t' way 'at labourin' fwok war situatit i' Burns' time, aboot fower scwore year sen. A deal o' that's alter't noo. an' t' rest 'ill be alter't i' time, I've laal fear, when worken fwok hev gitten to thinkin' for theirsels, an' understandin' things better.

TOM. What wad t'e gang farder yet? It seems

to me 'at things hev geàn ower far noo, for wages ur gitten to sec a pitch, an' t' 'oors 'at they work for them sa' short, 'at if they alter much mair i' t' seàm direction, t' men 'ill git to be maisters, an' t' maisters 'ill hev to be t' men.

DICK. Thoo needent be a bit flate o' that. Money's t' girt reùler i' this warld, an' them 'at hev it 'ill allus be t' maisters, as lang as t' warld stands. When theer a strike, an' t' maisters give in, it's nut because they're fworc't teù't, it's because they see 'at they're mair oot o' pocket ivvery week wi' aw their mills an' machinery stannin' idle, nor they wad be if they paid t' men t' advance o' wages 'at they wantit.

TOM. Bit I see 'at theer some o' thur newspaper fellows 'at think fwok sud aw be equal, 'at theer sud be neah upper, an' middle, an' lower classes, 'at yan's as good as anudder, an' 'at aw fwok through t' country sud be iv a height. What does thoo think about that?

DICK. I'll tell the' what I think. I think theer' a laal bit o' treùth in't, an' a girt deal o' balderdash.

Fwok ur aw meàd i' t' seàm way, o' t' seàm mak o' stuff, an' for aw they hevvent aw t' seàm gifts an' ability to larn gien, if they war aw browt up i' t' seàm way, an' aw hed t' seàm chances, theer' some 'at wad be gayly nar t' top o' tree 'at ur nut far fra t' boddom noo. I hevvent a grain o' doot bit theer' as good men i' ivvery respect to be pick't oot iv a gedd'rin' o' five or six hundred workin' men as theer is oot o' t' seàm number in a Queen's drawin' room, where nowt bit t' nob's ur alloo't to gang. What than ! that doesn't bring us a bit nearer bein' equal. Neah body 'at hed as mickle sense as my dog wad ivver talk sec rubbish as that.

TOM. What, if t' heigher an' t' lower classes ur aw meàd o' t' seàm way, o' t' seàm mak o' stuff, an' hev t' seàm talents gien to them, I cannot see enny reason 'at teàn sud be sa mickle abeùn t' tudder. Can thoo?

DICK. Aye, reasons plenty to satisfy me 'at it issent possible 'at aw fwok ivver can be equal in enny country. I' t' furst pleàce, as I sed befwore, t' rich fwok 'ill allus be ower t' poor fwok, as lang

as t' world lasts, because money 'ill allus buy power, an' respect, an' amèast ivvery thing else 'at sets ya body abeùn anudder. I' t' second pleàce, theer 'ill allus be rich an' poor fwok, as lang as theer' seàvers an' spenders, misers an' waistrels, generous fwok an' shabby fwok, cunnin' fwok an' simple fwok, honest fwok an' rogues, wise fwok an' feùls. I'll admit 'at a good, wise, an' clever man, let him be ivver sa' poor, is better in ivvery way nor a rich man 'at's nut particularly owder clever or good; bit t' rich fellow will be a lang way abeùn t' poor fellow for aw that. If a man be ivver sa' clever, he mun use his cleverness to git¹ money befowre he mun expect to hev much owder power or influence amang fwok. An' than t' best reason iv aw 'at fwok cannot be equal is, 'at they nivver try; bit i'steed o' that, aw t' fwok i' t' world ur reàmen t' best they can to git yan abeùn anudder. It's i' t' varra nater o' things, an' it's t' nater o' t' beast 'at maks t' hair growe. We needent gang up to lords an' dukes, an' doon to tramps an' beggars, to see hoo fwok set theirsels up yan abeùn anudder. Cannot we see eneùf on 't

i' ivvery parish an' neighbourhood? Furst, theer' t' set wi' their three or fower hundred a year a piece, 'at can leeve a kind o' independent, an' hev "squire" set on t' back o' their letters. If they or their wives or dowters ivver mix amang t' farmers or tradesfwok, they tak good care to mak them understand hoo far they've condescendit, an' sec an' honour they've deun them. Next theer' t' farmers, an' tradesmen, an' their wives an' dowters, wad a deal o' them throw up their nwooses, an' put on a leuk as if they'd been suppin' vinegar, if they war to gang tull a party, an' fand two or three sarvants or laberin' fwok invitit to tak tea wi' them. An' if yan gangs lower still to 'mang a lot o' sarvants, theer 'ill be upper sarvants, an' middle sarvants, an' under sarvants, an' they'll be yan lworden't ower anudder t' best they can. I hevvent a bit o' doot i' my awn mind, bit if theer war just three fwok left in a country, theer wad be t' maister, t' heid sarvent, an' t' slush.

TOM. What's t' meanin' o' aw this noise about liberty, equality, an' fraternity, 'at they mak i'

France? I see 'at their' some i' this country bodderen' aboot it an' aw. If it be as thoo ses, 'at fwok cannot aw be equal, what's t' use o' talkin' sa' much about it.

DICK. Thoo cudent tak a better example nor France to preùve 'at fwok cannot aw be equal in enny country, for they've talk't about it noo for abeùn a hundred year, an' mair they talk an' farder they seem to git away fra 't.

TOM. By jing! they've deùn mair ner talk sometimes. I was readin' t' tudder day about t' French revolution 'at began i' sebbenteen hundred an' eighty-nine; an' a bonny time it was amang them for menny a year efter. What! they beheidit t' king, an' t' queen, an' hundreds o' girt fwok beside, an' teuk what they hed, an' dud as they like't wi' 't. Yan mud ha' thowt 'at when they hed o' things to bits, 'at they mud ha' meàd aw fwok equal than if if ivver it could ha' been deùn.

DICK. Enny feùl may poo things doon, thoo knows, bit it taks a chap 'at hes some skill to put them up ageàn. Enny girt lumpheid could poo oor

clock to bits; bit if he dud it in t' crazy way 'at they poo't things to bits i' France, it wad tak a clever fellow to put it togidder ageàn; for varra likely t' better hofe o' t' wheels wad be smash't. Beside that, by t' accoonts 'at I've read about t' revolution o' eighty-nine—an' menny a revolution they've hed i' France sen that—they nivver try't to mak things equal, bit war allus feighten whilk o' them mud hev t' meàst say, an' tryin' yan to crow ower anudder; an' if thoo taks nwotish, it allus happen't 'at them fellows 'at meàd meàst noise about liberty an' equality, an' shootit t' loodest, "Doon wi' t' tyrants!" war allus t' biggest tyrants theirsels as seun as ivver they gat t' upper hand. They may talk about equality as much as they like, an' turn't what side up they like, an' what side afwore, an' it 'ill allus amoont to t' seàm thing, an' they'll just be as far off't as they war when Sampson was a laal lad.

TOM. Theer' anudder thing I see i' t' papers: theer' some o' them speechifyen fellows think 'at t' land's gitten into far ower few hands, an' 'at it sud

be dividit oot afresh amang mair fwok, an' into less bits. What thinks t'e aboot that?

DICK. Aye, that's anudder silly nwotion, i' my opinion. I cannot see 'at land's enny different fra owt else 'at can be bowt an' selt. Yan may see advertisements o' land to sell ivvery week, an' enny body can buy't 'at hes money to pay for 't wi'; an' when a man hes bowt it an' pay't for 't, I can't see bit it's as much his awn, to deù what he likes wi', as t' hat I hev on my heid, or t' shoon I hev on my feet ur mine to weer, or give away, or deu what I like wi'.

TOM. Bit they say 'at thur girt fwok tak far ower mickle o' t' land for their awn plesser an' amusement, makkin't into deer-parks, an' plesser-grounds, an' sec like. I hardly think 'at that can be reet, when aw t' land i' t' country 'ill nut growe as much as 'ill feed t' fwok 'at ur in't.

DICK. It may seem nut at t' furst leùk; an' efter aw I think their' nut sa menny fwok 'at wad vwote for aw t' plesser grounds, an' aw t' fine auld trees aboot t' gentlemen's hooses, bein' reùtit up,

an' t' grund plantit wi' cabbige an' taties. We hear a deal about liberty, an' freedom, an' sec like, an' we wad grummel neah laal if theer was a law meàd forbidden' us to plant in oor gardens a bit flure, or owt bit what yan could eat ; an' yet that wad be just as reasonable as to forbid t' gentry to mak plesser grounds.

TOM. What about thur girt deer-parks 'at they tell about than? I think it mun be a girt weàst to keep sec demains o' fine land, wi' nowt i' them bit them things 'at ur likely good for laal bit to leuk at.

DICK. I fancy a deal o' t' fine demains o' land 'ill be laal bit craggy moors, an' grund 'at wad nivver pay for cultivaten if yan hed it for nowt, mebbly ; for I think 'at t' meàst part o' t' landlwords know t' vally o' land ower weel to let it lig idle if they thowt they could git enny rent for 't. At enny rate, I think 'at a man whedder he be a nobleman or a poor fellside statesman, if he hes land 'at's fairly an' honestly his awn, hes a parfet reet to put it to enny, or whativver use he hes a mind. I think 'at if a guvverment begins to meddle wi' sec things

as them, they'll hev to deù away wi' aw useless things whativver. It wad be just as reasonable to forbid thee or me to keep a pet dog or a pet burd, as to forbid a gentleman to keep deer, for aw t' difference theer is i' t' two things is 'at t' gentleman can affword to keep deer, an' we can affword to keep nowt bigger ner a dog or a burd. They'll nin o' them leeve withoot meat; an' if theer be enny difference t' deer ur o' mair use, for they're eatable, an' a dog issent. T' treùth o' t' matter is, Tom, a deal o' thur fellows 'at mak speeches an' write in t' newspapers, ur wonderfully clever at stringen words togidder, an' makken them leuk sa plausable an' fine 'at it's neah wonder if they deceive a deal o' fwok 'at willent bodder to think for thersels. If thoo'll tak yan o' their fine clues an' hev patience to reàvell't oot for theesel, thoo'll oft finnd at t' garn 'at aw t' fine wurds ur strung on 's nowt bit shoddy; an' when it's brokken at two or three pleàces, they're nowder summet ner nowt.

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