

BETTY WILSON'S



CUMMERLAND

TEALS



ABS. 1.76.56

BETTY WILSON'S
CUMMERLAND
TÈ À L S.

Reprinted from "WEST CUMBERLAND TIMES."

—○—
"Cannie oald Cumberland caps them aw still."

Anderson.

—○—
CARLISLE:
MASON, CASTLE STREET AND ENGLISH STREET.

EDINBURGH: MENZIES & Co.

1876.

Printed by JAMES C. MASON, Carlisle.



TO
JOHN BLACKSTOCK, Esq.,
OF HAYTON CASTLE,
M. R. A. S. E.,
IN TESTIMONY OF HIS
APPRECIATION OF THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT,
AND ALSO AS A
MARK OF THE FRIENDSHIP
WHICH HAS EXISTED BETWEEN HIM AND
THE AUTHOR,
DURING A PERIOD OF MANY YEARS,
THESE TALES ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



AUTHOR'S PREFACE.



THE whole of the Cumberland Tales in this Volume were originally written for the *West Cumberland Times*, in which paper they appeared weekly, under the title of "Betty Wilson's Sketches."

Subsequently, they were issued in small numbers, and the immense popularity which they then attained, may be adduced as the chief reason why they are now published in a collective form. Not only in Cumberland were the sketches read and appreciated; they were also extensively circulated in many of the large towns of England; in some of the New York Club-houses they were regularly read at special meetings; and in the Australian Bush they brought delight to the heart of many a home-loving Cumbrian.

The speech in which the sketches are written is intended to represent that heard in the Western Division of the County; the dialect spoken in the Eastern, particularly near the Borders of Scotland, being Scoto-Cumbrian, and not *pure* Cumbrian. The line of demarcation between these districts may naturally be drawn where the article "the" is abbreviated, and becomes "t" only: for example,

the sentence—"the man did it," as heard in the Eastern district, would become, in Western phraseology, "t' man did it," and so on.

In the main, I have adhered to the spelling of my much-esteemed friend, the late DR. GIBSON, whose style is well worthy of imitation; to this however, I have made some exceptions. A speaker of the true vernacular never uses the pronoun "I"—it is always rendered as if written "Ah," as heard in the sentence, "Ah meàd it." The sudden transition from the pronoun "I," spoken properly, that is in English, to the word "meàd" as pronounced in the broad Cumberland dialect, seems to be highly incongruous; in my opinion it is "oot o' t' parler, intill t' kitchin."

I might multiply instances where my spelling differs considerably from that of other authors, but as it would serve no useful purpose, and only swell this preface to an undesirable length, I, therefore, conclude by expressing my grateful acknowledgements for the very flattering reception accorded to the sketches when offered in numbers, and only hope that in the present complete form, they may be as well received, and as thoroughly appreciated.

THOMAS FARRALL.

Aspatia, Christmas, 1875.

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BETTY WILSON'S
CUMMERLAND TEÁLS.



Tea Cozy.

AH mind as weel as if 't hed nobbet been last neet—an' its vārra nār twenty 'ear sen, noo—lāl Mary Jackson sent ther sarvant lad, Tommy Wilson (a chap 'at was oalas consider't rayder leet, bit neah connekshun o' mine, mind), ta tell meh 'at ah was wantit ower t' way efter nine o'clock.

“Whoa wants meh?” ses ah.

“Ooar Mary,” ses he.

“Varra weel, Tommy,” ah sed, “ah'll be theear just noo.”

An' away Tommy went santerin' off, like as if he'd just mendit oot ov a lang illness, an' as if his clogs hed been shod wid cuddy cawkers.

Ah mun just tell ye 'at lāl Mary was an oonly dowter, an' her fadder an' mudder hed a farm in Emmelton boddem, ther land join'n' ooar's, an' it was rumor't 'at Mary wad hev a bit o' kelter, an', as she was gay canny ta leùk at for-

bye, she hed plenty o' admirers. Theear was big Jack Hodgins oalas hingin' aboot; an' lāl Billy Carrick com' menny a week end fra Bwole; an' Jimmy Bell, fra Kes'ik, was seah offen leùkin' efter her at Cockermuth market 'at fwoaks thowt they wad sartinly mak a match on't efter a bit. Hooivver, that's nut gitten on wid mê teál.

As seùn as ah'd got t' pigs sarret, an' t' men ther suppers, an' t' dishes wêsh't up, ah pot on a cleen cap, mê white brat, an' a pair o' strang ledder slippers 'at Will, t' shoemaker, meàd meh, an', takkin t' lāl lantren in mê hand, ah set off for Jackson's.

When ah gat theear, t'oald fwoaks hedn't gon ta bed, an' lāl Mary shāk't her neef at meh, as much as ta say, "Divn't say 'at ah sent for yê." Efter hoaf-an-'ooar's crack, t'oald fwoak shuntit off, an' left Mary an' me, just ooarsels.

Mary seùn began an' telt meh 'at she'd seen Jimmy Bell ô' Mikkelmas fair-day, an' he sed he wad send her a present next Sunday, yan 'at wad be "nice, useful, and fashinabel;" an' seah she ses it com' last nect.

"It's a fine bag kind ov a thing; a real nice culler ootside, lined wi' silk, and paddit wi' cot-ten backin', like fadder's cwoat neck. Well, ah cudn't mak oot what it was for. 'Nice' shurely it is; 'useful' neah doot; an' 'fashinabel' ah'll lay mê life on't—for ah nivver saw nowt o' t'

kind afooar. Noo, when ah'd got fadder an' mudder off till t' market, ah tûk't in till t' parler, an' pot a pair o' gleuves, a neckleth, a cleen brat, an' several odd things in till't, as if ah was gâun till t' sea side, bit it hed nowt ta fassen't wid, nor nowt to carry't be—seah, ah ses, 'this will'nt fit.' Well, ah tûk t' things oot ageàn, an' com' oot ô' t' parler, an' cleen't up t' fire-side, sayin' ta mê-sel' aw t' time, 'nice, useful, an' fashinabel.' Aw at yance ah jump up, an' ses, 'Ah hev 't at last; its for a wurk bag.' Seùn beàth bobbins, an' needels, an' threed, an' tape, an' buttens, an' ah know nnt what, wer in 't; bit ah fand this wasn't what it was for, for a greet bob on t' top or t' boddem, whedder ivver 't was, wadn't let it stand—it just toitelt ower an' let aw t' things oot on till t' flooar. Ah puzzelt me brain aw t' foorneùn, an', just as ah hed gitten mê dinner, anudder thowt struck meh: 'It's a new hat for winter—a forren snow hat, ah'll be band.' Up stairs ah flew, fettlet up mê hair, an' hed it on in a crack. Shaff, it wadn't fit meh neah way! It was far ower lang, an' went doon ower mê eyes, till ah cudn't see a bit. Ah turn't it t' udder way, bit it wasn't a bit better, an' seah ah just threw 't doon on t' bed, and sed ah wad bodder't neah mair, till yoo com' an' saw 't."

Than, away she went for 't, an', shure anenf, it was "nice, useful, an' fashinabel." When ah saw 't ah laff't reet oot.

"Wey, wumman," ses ah, "this is a TEA CWOSEY!"

"*Tea Cwosey!*" ses Mary; "what's that."

"Wey," ses ah, "'t next time when Jimmy Bell cums, mak him a cup ô' tea, an' put this ower t' tea-pot, an' it'll keep it as warm as twoast, an' Jimmy 'll see thoo knows hoo ta use 't."

T' furst tea-party Jim an' Mary hed efter they weddit, aboot a duzzen on us was invitit till 't, an' ah meàd them aw laff till they varra nâr crak't ther sides, be tellin' t' stwoary aboot Mary's TEA CWOSEY; an' Mary, blushin' aw t' feàce ower, join't in t' chorus.

Black Pheasants.

Ov aw t' fwoaks ô' Emmelton, Widdup, or Sekmurder, theear nivver was a fellah keener o' devarshun nor ooar Bob. A gud temper't swort ov a chap he was, ta be shure; helply amang t' nabourz: 'onest as t' day's leet: an' a gud wurker when he hed a mind; bit sum hoo or udder, t' mind was seldom theear when t' hay was i' dry cock, or t' cwoorn ruddy for hoosin'. He wad git up seùn i' t' mwornin', an' toak as if he wad duah aw ov a day, an' wad git his brekfast, an' gâ' reet off till Widdup Mill, or t' Blùe Bell, or t' Peel Wyke, an' mebbe drink a full week. Sumtimes he tel't us aw his rises ower ov a neet, an' sum ov them war queear aneuf, ah duah ashure yê.

Well, menny a 'ear sen, Bob was drinkin' at t' Peel Wyke two or three days just aboot midsummer, when he cud ill be spâr't at heàm, bit what câr't Bob for that. At that time t' cwoach horses use't to be chāng't at Smiddy Green, an' Jobby Hodgin waitit on them,—seah ye may kalkulate it wasn't yisterday.

Pooar Willy Harvey keep't t' Peel Wyke, an' him an' Bob was toakin' just as oald Deavy Jonson drov up. Oot gits a fellah wid a dubbel-barrel't gun, an' two greet ghem bags strap't ower his shooders. He was varra polite, an'

noddit, an' ran back an' forret, prancin' like a cat on a het girdel.

Well, ooar Bob cudn't mak oot what he was efter, seah bê way ov introdukshun, Bob ses,

"Gâun ta shût, mister?"

"Yes," sed he.

"What ur yê gâun ta shût at this time o' t' 'ear?"

"O, fessents," ses he.

"Fessents! at this season?" sed Bob; "wey, man, they're just breedin', an' if yê war ta kill yan noo, yê wad be teàn ta Cockermuth in a crack."

At this, t' fellah leùk't raydcr doon i' t' mooth, leetit a segâr, tuk a drink ov his yal, an', efter puffin' away for ten minnets, ses he, "it's a bad job."

Bob ses, "What is?"

"Well," he ses, in his awn mak ô' toak, mind, "ah was stoppin' at t' Bush Hotel, at Carel, last neet, an' a lot ô' fellahs an' me got on toakin' aboot fessents, an' ah sed theear was hundreds aboot Widdup, an' they aks't hoo ah knew; an' ah sed ah'd seen them. They raydcr disputit mê wurd. Seah at last, fra less ta mair, ah bet them fifty pund, 'at ah wad shût two duzen afooar to-morra neet. Noo, they wad likely know weel aneuf 'at as it wasn't t' season, neahboddy wad let meh shût, an' as theear wad be nìn ta be gitten wid t' silver gun, that is wid munney, they wad win ther wager."

Well, t' fellah humm't, an' he haw't, an' toak't mighty fine, for Bob cudn't tell hoaf o' what he sed, an' t' reason o' this was 'at he com fra Lunnun. He cawt his-sel sum'at like a Cocker.

"Neah matter," thowt Bob, "whedder thoo's a cocker, setter, or spaniel; bit ah know yá thing thoo is, an' that's a big fcùl." Yit Bob did'nt say seah; let Bob aleán for that: his pokkets wer empty, an' his pint full, at t' cocker's expense. It wad'nt anser ta 'frunt him, at leest nut than. Seah they sat an' supp't an' crack't on till towards eight o'clock, t' fellah vārra nār bet what ta duah, an' Bob hardly knowin' hoo ta help him, nor ah dar say nut carein' a heep as lang as his pint was full.

At last t' cocker says,—“If yoo'll help ta git meh mê quantity o' fessents, ah'll giv ye five pund for yer labor.”

Well, five pund sartinly was a tempter for Bob, 'at hed sitten two or three days, owder on sumboddy's cwoat lap, or hed been hingin' up, as t' sayin' is, aback o' t' bar dooar. Than Bob began to aks t' fellah if ivver he'd poach't enny, an' he sed he hedn't, nor he'd nivver shùtten enny fessents bit yance, when he fand sum yung uns in t' nest in a tree, an' shot them throo t' branches.

“Fessent's nest in a tree?” ses Bob.

“Yes,” ses t' cocker.

Bit t' truth just than flash't across Bob's

mind 'at t' fellah didn't know a fessent when he saw yan, seah Bob consider't a bit, an' at t' last he ses,

"Well, ah mun try ta help yê; we'll sit till barrin' up time, an' than we'll off when aw's whyet."

Than, efter revivin' t' deed yal, 'at was i' ther stommaks, wid a sup o' Mrs. Harvey's rum, away they went sneakin' off at t' deed time o' neet, bent on plunder. Thehear was neah boddy ta bodder them much i' them days, an' they nobbet met oald Ann Simpson till they gat till t' pleâce whoar t' fessents war.

T' cocker ses — "They shurely sit nār t' hooses."

"Oh, ay," ses Bob, "clwose till."

Well, Bob gat up furst yà tree, an' than anudder, an' fand burds plenty. He twin't ther necks roond, an' threw them doon, an' t' cocker pop't them intill t' bags.

"Cleen full," ses t' cocker at last.

"Aw reet," ses Bob.

Wi' that he com doon t' tree, an' away they sally't off to t' Pcel Wyke. T' cocker went ta bed, an' Bob laid on t' swab aw neet; seùn i' t' mwornin' t' cocker gat up an' order't brekfast for two. Ham an' eggs, an' a chop, an' ah know nut what, was neah deaf nut for Bob ta crack, seah efter he'd whyte astonish't t' cocker bê cleanin' up ivvery plate, they coontit t' burds

ower, an' fand they hed two duzzen, an' ten ta beùt.

"Stop," ses Bob; "we mun put a lock o' shot in them." Well, they hung them up bê t' waw side, an' smatter't away at them, till they war gaily weel riddel't.

Than t' cocker drew oot five golden sover'ns, an' gev them ta Bob, paid for him a gud dinner an' a bottle o' rum; an' just wi' that, t' cwoach druv up. In gat t' cocker wid his burds, an' as t' horses mov't off, he wav't his hat, an' meàd his-sel varra daft.

Whedder he wun his bet wid his BLACK FESSENTS nowder Bob nor me ivver hârd tell; bit ah think Carel fwoak wad know 'at they war nobbet *Crows!*

In Evening Spent with an Old Friend.

ABOUT five o'clock last Setterday ebenin', ah ses till ooar Jim, "wad ta like ta gà till this greet circus 'at's gànn ta be at Cocker-muth ta-neet?"

"Ay, weel," ses Jim.

Seah, as we'd gitten aw t' cworn in, an' a lock ô' t' taties up, ah ses, "varra weel, mê lad, we'll beàth gà."

Than we startit an' meàd ooar-sels ruddy as fast as we cud. Ah pot on mê broon stuff goon at mudder-in-law gev meh; mê check't shawl; a pair o' fine black wusset stockin's; mê ledder slippers; an' a hat t' marrows ô' Mary Han-son's; an' when ah leùk't in t' glass, ah cud hardly help sayin' "Betty, lass, thoo's varra canny, ah's shure." Jim pot on his gray Tweed trousers, his bottel-green swallo'-tail't cwoat, wid t' brass buttens, an' a big stiff collar; tied his black silk neckleth roond his neck, an' ses,

"Noo, mê lass, ah's i' fettel."

Just wi' that, a leet car drov intill t' foald, an' ah ses—"Well, ah declare, theear's oald Joe Watson an' Matty cum't ta see us."

Ah tell't Jim ta lowse Bonny oot o' t' car, an'

aks them ta cum in. Ah may say, Joe an' Matty wer' greet frends o' oars; we wer' aw browt up tagidder, an' still varra kind. Joe was terrable whyet, bit Matty hed toak for dog an' man. She was oot o' yà thing intill anudder as fast as leet-nin'. She cud toak aboot hoaf-a-duzzen sub-jeckts at a sing'el wind.

Efter they'd seen t' meear kannily hoos't, an' teàn t' bowster oot o' t' car, 'at they hed putten in ta sit on, they com' in.

"Loàve-in-days," ses Matty, "hoo is ta?—ah thowt ah was nivver gaun ta see thê mair—hev yê gitten dun wid t' harvest?—hoo menny pigs hev yê?—is yêr taties bad?—it's been series wet wedder."

Wi' that Matty fairly gasp't for breath. Ah anser't her as weel as ah cud, an' while she was toakin', ah set t' gurdel on till t' fire, an' began ta mak a singin' hinney. Well, we hed a gûd cup o' tea, an' than ah ses till oar lass,—“Thoo may gà till t' circus, if thoo likes.” Her feàce breeten't up at yance, an' she ses,

“Think yê, mistriss; ah nivver was at a circus in aw mê life, an' it'll be a rare treet.”

Than she up stairs, an' donn't her-sel sharper nor ivver ah saw her afooar, an' was off in a crack.

Efter tea, Joe an' Matty, an' Jim an' me, toak't oald times ower, bit ah mun confess it wasn't much Joe an' Jim sed, for they hardly hed room ta git a wurd in edgeways. Well, hoaf-past ten

o'clock com', an' wid it, ooar lass. Ah tell't her ta draw up till t' fire, an' set her feet on t' fender, an' tell us what she hed seen.

"Tak that ta warm thê," ses ah, as ah gev her a pint o' het tea, "an' that's a bit o' gud gurdel ceàk. Noo, let's heear what thoo's gitten ta say."

"Well," she ses, "t' furst gà off, ah gev a lad sixpens ta git meh a ticket, theear was sec croodin'; bit ah nivver saw him neah mair, nowder him nor t' sixpens."

"That's t' way ta pay for thê larnin'," ses Matty.

"Hooivver, ah bowt anudder ticket when t' crush gat by, an' ram't in till t' circus at last, an' if ah didn't fin'nd a seat, ah ennyways gat stan'in' room. Two chaps com' in, an' danc't on a reàp. My wurd, they cud stiddy ther-sels weel. Than two udder fellahs com' in, wid strip't cleàs on, an' ther feàces pentit, an' ah's shure 'at if they'd been at t' Crab spworts they'd hev gitten t' bacca for gurnin'. They cud gurn noo. An' sec things they sed. Yan was real impiddent wid t' maister, and tell't him *he* was t' maister, an' gev him a heep o' lip."

"Nasty varmin'," ses Matty.

"An' sec things he sed about t' p'leesmen. He sed they cwortit aw t' ceùks for t' seàk ô' gittin' sùm'at gud ta eat, an' ther pokkets wer aw grease wid t' bits o' scrap meet they pot in them. An'

he sed, 'at 't' red, white, an' blew,' gat its neàm fra a 'blew p'leesman runnin' off wid a reed her-rin', lap't up in a bit o' white paper.' It's a wunder if t' p'leesmen hesn't him afooar noo for his skand'lus tung."

"Sarra him reet, if they hev," ses Matty.

"Ah sartinly did laff at yà thing he sed," t' lass went on. "He sed he was yance in lûv, an' he tell't hoo his lass grew bad, an' dee't, bit he pot it intill a kind ov a sang, sùm'at like this—

"Bit mê lûv grew sick yā summer day,
An' they laid her in the coald, coald ground;
Yet still methinks ah heear her say——"

"Well, what div ye think ye heear her say?' interruptit t' maister.

"Prime codfish heear at tuppence a poond!"

Well, Joe an' Jim did laff at this sally, an' neah mistak', an', as for Matty, she clapp't her han's, an' bray't till t' tears ran doon her cheeks. Ah may tell ye 'at she's vārra nār t' watter is Matty; she hes a bit yool for ivvery 'cashun, an' t' best on 't is, she can laff an' yool aw at a wind. Efter tellin' a few mair breks, t' clock struck elebben, an' t' oald fwoaks thowt they mud be gāun heàm, seah we aw gat a sup ô' punch an' a cracker, an' Joe jump on till his feet, bit ah ses—

"Joe, afooar thoo gās, just sing us 'Canny oald Cumberland; for thoo can dùah't seah weel, an' ah hev'n't hard thê sing't for menny a lang 'ear."

“Oh,” Joe ses, “ah can sing nin.”

“Nin o’ thê lees,” ses Matty.

At last Joe ses—“Well, ah’ll sing ’t for ye, if yoo’ll sing yan efter, Betty; noo, that’s fair. Ye ûset ta be a gud singer ô’ yer yunger days, owder hymns or sangs.”

“It’s a bargain,” ah ses.

Seah Joe sang, an’ weel he did it. His vois is rayder crack’t, bit he ’umor’t it till a T. Efter a lâl bit, Joe ses—

“Noo, it’s my turn for a caw, an’ ah beg ta caw on Betty Wilson for that lâl sang she meàd her-sel about her brudder Joe, when he was just a bit ov a yung lad.”

When ah’d cleer’t me thro’at, ah gev them mê sang till t’ seàm tune as Joe’s—“Canny oald Cumberland.” As sum ô’ mê reeders mebbe nivver hard it, ah’d better ’rite it doon, an’ they can reed it for ther-sels:—

Squire Jackson com doon yā neet durin’ summer,
Ta see ooar lâl Jwosep, ooar yungest lad theu;
He wantit him sairly ta gā up ta Lunnun—
For Cumberland lads mak sec ’onest yung men.

He sed ’at he’d fin’nd him a grand sittywashun,
Nār St. Paul’s greet Cathedral, ’at was hilt hê C. Wren;
He’d hev nowt ta duah, hit ta sit aw day ’ritin’—
For Cumberland lads mak sec ’onest yung men.

Mê fadder com heàm seùn, an’ he was deltit,
Ta heear ooar lâl Joe shud hev fund sec a fren’;
He sed, “tak him off, au’ may t’ lâl lad still prosper,—
For Cumberland lads mak sec ’ouest yung men.”

Bit madder fronn't sadly, an' nivver consentit;
She's rare been seah trubbel't afooar or sen';
She sed, "we can duah wid a gud lad in farmin',—
For Cummerlaud lads mak sec 'onest yung men.

"Theear's plewin', an' threshin', an' reepin', an' mowin';
An' thoo's gitten feckless—a fact we aw ken;
Than what cud we duah widoot ooar lal Jwosep'?—
For Cummerland lads mak sec 'onest yung men.

"He mud git a loevin' wid pen an' wid larnin',
An' scarce soil his fing'ers,—but loavins, what then?
His helth mud give way, or mischief foarset him,—
Tho' Cummerland lads oft mak 'onest yung men."

Mê fadder ses—"Betty, thoo's spokken rect wisely,
Lal Jwosep mun stay for ta plew hill an' glen;
Ah'll tak thê advice,—t' wife's oft t' better planner,—
Tho' Cummerland lads mak sec 'onest yung men."

An' mudder was rect; ah'll lig doon a wager
'At a wumman will lceve, when a man cannet fen';
She'll see throo a bargain, an' pick oot it's failin's:—
It's t' Cummerland wives 'at maks aw t' clever men.

Ye shud hev just hard Matty Watson when ah
was singin'. T' furst vurs it was,

"Gud lass—weel deùn—stiddy noo—raise thê
vois, Betty," an' seah on. Than when fadder was
neàm't, it was,

"Pooar fellah—a nice man—gud till his barns
—t' best nabour ivver a pooar boddy hed," while
t' tears wad hev been streemin' doon her cheeks,
i' spite ov owder t' corner ov her fadit black
aperon, or her reed cotten neckleth.

When t' last line ov ivvery vurs com, she sung

wid aw her might, an' than began ta mak comments on t' sang ageàn, as it proceedit. She did punish her tung, an' her boddy as weel. T' furst nivver laid still, an' t' latter was sweyin' back and forret like a popler tree in a Jannewerry wind. Bit t' last line tickelt her t' meàst ov enny. She ran reet across t' room till pooar innisent Joe, an' shakkin' him wid aw her might ses :—

“Dis ta heear that, thoo greet gaby? Hoo offen hev ah tell't thê 'at t' gray meear's t' better horse. Contradict meh ageàn, if thoo dār, thoo useless spraffin'!”

Pooar Joe just leùkt up an' laff't, an' ah seùn saw it was nowt new ta him.

“Bit, hooivver,” ses Matty, jumpin' on till her feet, “we mun be off—what o'clock is 't?—war ye at Cockermuth o' Monday?—d'ye git menny eggs noo?—hoo's butter sellin'?—‘for Cumberland lads mak sec 'onest yung men '—lal, lal, der, dal, al,—ah cannet forgit that sang.”

At t' lang last, t' meear was yok't; t' bowster putten alang t' seet; in gat Joe an' Matty; or rayder Matty an' Joe; an' away they went. We cud heear Matty scoaldin' Joe cleen away till they gat past Ned Harrison's—about a milé-an'-a-hoaf—for stoppin' seah lang, an' keepin' us oot o' bed.

Tom Henderson's Will.

BRUDDER JOE ûset ta crack sair ov his awn skollership. Sartinly he gat far mair nor owder me or Bob, or beàth tagidder, for that matter on't; bit than, he was yunger, an' wasn't putten ta wark seah seùn. We leev't nār t' scheùl than, an' hed a rare gûd maister, bit, like meàst udder fwoaks, he hed his foats. He tûk a gay sup ta drink, an' efter a drinkin' boot was hard on t' skollers.

Well, Joe larn't grammer, an' 'rithmatick, an' workin' sums bê letters—ah think they caw't Gibberalter—an' menny udder things, an' was consider't rayder clivver.

Seah much for ooar Joe.

Noo, yà mwornin' seùn efter we tûk them grassin' feelds ô' Mister Wilson's, fadder an' Joe went ta Carel spring fair ta buy sum'at ta put in them, ta eat up t' grass. Ah thowt ah wad tak t' advantidge, like udder wumman fwoak, when they war kannily oot ô' geàt, ta gā up till Aunt Sarah's till mê tea: an' seah off ah went.

When ah gat heàm i' t' ebenin', ah fand a letter shùv't under t' dooar boddem. Ah gat a

cannel leetit in a greet hurry, leùk't at t' direkshuns, an', as true as mê neàm's BETTY WILSON, theear was "Joseph Wilson, Esquire," 'ritten in greet letters. Well, ah was prood ta be a squire's sister, ah can tell yê, Ah wish't theear hed nobbet been sec a titel for a wumman as weel, an' than mebbe sumboddy wad hev sent me a letter wid "Betty Wilson, Esquire," on't. Bit, hooivver, ah consider't 'at things mun just be as they ur', an' nut egsactly as yan wants them.

Just wi' that, ah ses ta mê-sel'—"Dar, ah mun be mistakken; it's mebbe sùm-'at else 'at's on t' letter." Seah, ah gits 't doon off t' clock feàcc, an' spells't—" 'J-o-s-e-p-h,' that's Joseph enny-hoo; 'W-i-l-s-o-n,' that's Wilson, as shure as eggs is eggs; 'E-s-q-u-i-r-e,' that's nowt else bit Esquire, as sartin as this is Munday ebenin', for ah've seen 't a scooar ô' times on Squire Jones's cars."

Wi' that, in cums ooar scheùlmaister, an' ah shaw't him 't, an' he just a kind ô' giggelt an' laff't. Efter a bit, he ses,

"Ah'll warrent it's fra sumboddy 'at wants sùm'at; becos Jimmy Litel scs, 'at if ivver he gits a letter wid 'Esquire' on't, he burns 't widoot reedin' 't; for, he knows fra expeeriens, it'll be owder fra a begger ô' t' bettermer māk wantin' munney for sum charitabel purpos'; or sumboddy 'at wants a favor ô' sum udder way;

or else, fra a 'turney for a job 'at's nowt till yans credit."

"Well," ah ses, "yan may leev an' larn, for ah's shure ah thowt it a gran' thing ta be caw't Squire."

Hooivver, nowt mair was sed about it till t' next day, when whoa shud cum up till ooar dooar bit oald Tom Henderson, t' clogger, an' ses—"Is Joe in?"

An ah ses, "No he's nut; did yê want him?"

"Ay," ses he; "ta be shure ah did, or ah wadn't hev aks't for him. Ah sent him a letter yisterday, tellin' him ta cum up till ooar hoose, bit he's nivver leuk't nâr."

Well, ah tell't him Joe was away, bit ah wad send him as seùn as he com heàm; an' true ta mê wurd, Joe hedn't heatit a chair in t' hoose, till ah tell't him 'at oald Tom Henderson wantit him.

Bit ah mun giv yê a few wurd's ô Tom's history. He was what oald Greàm, ô' Riggwud, wad hev cawt a "queear fellah;" an' queear aneùf he was—that's a fact. Ah mind ô' t' time as weel as can be, theear was a seàl ô' sum burk an' eller wood, for clog swols, up in t' Banks, an' t' condishuns war, 'at t' munney hed ta be pait afooar t' last tree was fell't. Seah, Tom bow't aw t' wood, an' nivver pait for't, becos yonder t' *last tree's still growin'* in Willie Black's worchet

dike. Sartinly, he stuck till t' condishuns, bit sec a trick dusn't say much for a man's 'onesty. He was yance fishin' up t' rivver Darwin, an' gat a big unclean sammen. He was stiltin' away wid it iv a bag ower his back, when he met Mister Frinks.

"Now, Tom," ses Mister Frinks, "got a salmon, I see; I hope it's a new one!"

"*It's new ta me, ennyway,*" ses Tom, as he shooder't his bag, an' woak't off.

Anudder time t' kipper watchers fand a sammen in Tom's swine-hull, an' they ses—

"Tom, dis t' oald sêc catch fish?"

"Wey, she's nut ta lite on," ses Tom.

Ah've just tell't yê this ta let yê ken what sec a chap ooar Joe hed ta deel wid. When Joe went that day, t' oald man ses—

"Joe, thoo's gitten a grand scheûlin', can ta mak meh mê will, thinks ta?"

"Dar," ses ooar Joe, "ah divn't ken; ah raydcr doot meh!"

"Ah'll warrent thê," oald Tom ses; "keep up thê pecker; ah'll help thê aw 'at ah can; an' we'll mannish rarely, ah'll bet two turmets till a leg ô' mutten."

Seah, they gits t' pàper, an' t' pens, an' t' ink oot, an' they startit.

"Noo," ses oald Tom, "thecar's mê dowter Bella, 'at leevs wid meh, mun hev ivverything

bit t' drawers an' t' cloek, an' them mun gā till her dowter Maggie."

Efter t' preliimmynaries, Joe starts—

"I give an' bequeeth aw till Bella, an' drawers an' t' cloek ta Maggie."

"Noo, reed," ses t' oald clogger, "an' let's heear what thoo's gitten."

An' Joe reeds 't ower.

"Nay, that'll nivver duah: Bella cān't git aw, if Maggie gits t' drawers an' t' cloek. Try ageàn, mê man."

Joe skrattit his heed lang an' sair, an' than skelps doon t' drawers an' t' cloek till Maggie, an' aw ta Bella.

Bit that didn't suit. At last they gat it wurded first-rate, an' it ran thus:—

"Iverything ta Bella, bit t' drawers an' t' cloek, an' them ta Maggie. Tom Henderson—his last testament—Amen."

"Shwort an' sweet," ses Tom, "an' just till t' point."

"Noo, whoar's t' witnesses," ses ooar Joe.

"O," ses Tom, "ah'll sine, an' thee witness."

"Bit," ses ooar Joe, "theear mun be two witnesses."

"Wait till ta-mworn," ses t' oald chap, "an' cussin Willie's cummin', an' he'll sine."

Seah it was left that way. Efter that, he wad nivver let Joe tuteh that will more.

"It's aw reet," ses he.

An' Joe tell't Bella it was ó' neah use. Bit she just sed,

"O, yes, fadder's reet—fadder kens—just let fadder aleàn, noo—a deep thinker is fadder."

Six months efter, t' oald fellah shuffelt off this mortal coil, as Rip Van Winkle, or some udder greet 'riter sed; an', efter t' funeral, Joe was sent for ta reed t' will. Joe set off whyte narvish an' flate, an' leùkin' mair like a kirkyard ghoast nor Joe Wilson, t' farmer's lad.

Well, aw t' sons, an' t' dowters, an' t' granbarns, an' t' cussins, an' ivvery boddy else 'at was owt akeen, gäs intill t' parler, an' Joe trimmelin' like an esp leaf, reeds—

"*This is the last will of me, Thomas Henderson.*"

"Aw reet," ses t' son Will.

"*I give an' bequeeth,*" continny'd Joe, an' than fairly gasp't for breath.

"Proceed," sed Joe Henderson.

"*Ivverything ta Bella,*" read Joe, efter which he dash't t' sweet off his broo wid his cwoat sleev, for t' want ov a neckleth.

"Gan on," rwoar't oot t' thurd son, Harry, ter-
rably agitativ.

"*Bit t' drawers an' t' clock,*" t' reeder went on.

"Be sharp, min," pot in Will.

"*An' them ta Maggie,*" ses Joe.

"Finish't oot," aboot hoaf-a-duzzen join't in.

"*Tom Henderson—his last tes—tes—tes—*

"Goks wunters man, spell't," ses läl Billy.

"Caw't 'passover,' an' gā on," ses Bella;
that's t' way we did at Bessie Wilkin's scheùl
when we didn't ken a hard wurd."

"Nivver mind it; chance owder thee or me
'll ivver see 't mair," chime't in cussin Bob.

At t' lang last t' will was got throo, an' theear
was greet discontent wid aw bit Bella an' Maggie,
till t' son Dick spak. He sed—

"Whoa sine't that will?"

"Fadder," spak up Bella.

"An' whoa witness't it?" ses Dick.

"Me," ses Joe.

"An' whoa else?" continny'd Dick.

"Neahboddy!" sed Joe.

"Than," ses Dick, "it's neah use; we aw git
ooar shares."

Wi' that Dick gits up, an' ses till ooar Joe,

"Cum' heear; ah want thê."

An' they went intill t' gardin, an' scs Dick,
"It's a quecar will."

An' Joe ses "it is."

"Well," scs Dick, "fadder sent for meh a fortnet sen, an' he sed he thowt he nivver wad git better, an' seah ah aks't him if he'd gitten his affairs settel't. An' he just laid his hand on till mine, an' he sed, 'ye'll aw git alike—ye'r aw alike ta me; bit ah meàd a mock will, an' left ivverything ta Bella an' Maggie, as ah thowt they wad wait better on meh when ah was bad, an' aloo meh mair 'bacca.'"

This was a greet releef ta Joe, neah doot, an' ah belcev' he'll remember his furst will as lang as he leev's; bit, he ses, it'll be his last as weel, for he declares they're quecar things ta meddel wid.

An', than, it was a lessen ta me. When mè husband, Jim, gat his will meàd, an' sed he'd left meh aw 'at he hed for mè life time, ah just slip't kannily away efter he'd gon ta bed ta see if theear was two neàms at t' boddem; an' shure aneuf, theear was Sandy Charters an' Calep Martin on yà side, an' James Wilson on t' tudder.

Cousin Dan's Agricultural Report.

A SHARP fellah was cussin Dan, an' he did'nt need three fwoaks ta tell him 't, for ah beleev' he knew 't his-sel. His fadder hed a shop in Liverpool, an' a gud fend he meàd, oald Dan did, an' gev his barns a grand eddicashun. Yung Dan cud kest up 'counts wid enny boddy, an' läl Libby cud play t' peeanho when she was nobbet aboot t' hight ô' six penn'orth ô' copper, an' hed ta stand on a brick ta see on till t' kitchin teàble.

Well, ah'd offen hed a pressin' invitashun ta gā ower ta Liverpool ta see mē frends. Seah, nut lang sen, ah ses ta Jim, "Ah think ah'll gā ta see Dan's fwoak at Liverpool."

"Varra weel," ses Jim, "gā, an' welcom'; thoo wurks hard aw t' 'ear. an' it's queear if thoo cannet hev a bit pleasher sumtimes:—gā, mē lass, gā, an' may ta meet wi' neah aksident."

Seah, ah meàd mē-sel ruddy. Ah tûk a clwoak ta keep meh warm; an umberella ta keep t' rain off; a läl parasole ta keep t' sun off; sew't a five pund nwote in mē stays, for fecar ah shud be

rob't; an' pot a soveren, three hoaf-croons, an' two shillin' in a ledder purse in mē pokket, an' off ah set.

Well, ah got theear widoot mishap, an' fand them aw weel—Dan bigger nor his fadder, an' Libby a gey bit smarter nor her mudder. When we sat doon ta supper they tell't meh aw t' news they cud think on—what trade they wer mak-kin' Dan, an' what läl Libby was gâun ta duah. At t' lang last t' fadder gev meh a wink, an' ses he,

“We're gâun ta mak an edditur o' Dan,” bit t' yung man's munkey was seùn up. His feâce grew as reed as t' chollers ov a bubbly jock, an' widoot sayin' much, he jamp up an' went oot.

Than his fadder tell't meh t' brek ower, an' ah'll 'rite it oot for mē reeders, in mē awn wurd, as nār as ah can think on't.

Oald Dan sed—“We sent ooar lad intiff a printin' offis, ta larn ta set up tipe, an' sec like; an', efter a bit, he gat vārra gud at t' job. He cud set up t' letters, an' reed t' bills an' things ower, an' mak them as k'rect as t' heed man in t' shop, an' gat ta be a varst thowt on; bit t' mair they thowt ô' Dan, t' mair Dan thowt ov his-sel. An', mebbe, neah wunder; for sense is gaily equally distributed — ivvery boddy thinks he's gitten a better share nor his nabour. Things went on nice an' canny, till yā day Dan's mais-ter gat a letter fra a frend ov his 'at hed a

smaw pàper in Chesher, an' t' edditur was vārra badly, an' he wantit ta know if Dan's maister cud send him a yung man for a few weeks ta reed t' cobby ower, an' ta arrange t' matter, an' sec like, while t' edditur went ta t' sea side, for t' gûd ov his helth—an', seah, he fix't on Dan. Loave-in-days, t' hoose wad hardly hod t' lad.

“‘Fadder,’ sed he, ‘mê time’s cum’t; ah’ll raise mê-sel up ta be a greet man. Noo’s t’ time for showin’ mê abillites.’

“Dan toak’t a varst mair nonsens, an’ aw t’ anser ’at ivver ah gev him, was, ‘Keep him in, Dan: keep him doon, mê lad: he’s gâun ta maister thê.’

“‘Keep what in?’ sed Dan.

“‘T’ feùl, mê lad,’ sed ah.

“Dan was terrably huff’t at this, bit ’twas aw for his gûd, as yung lads offen git far ower big for ther shoos.

“Ta mak a lang teàl shwort, Dan got theear at t’ last, an’, for a week or seah, did weel aneùf, just arrangin’ what com’ as weel as he cud, an’ ’ritin’ nowt ov his awn. In three weeks, Dan gat boulder, an’ sed ta his-sel sùm’at like this—

“‘Noo, Daniel, thoo mun cum oot ov thy shell. Thoo won’t hev a chance ivvery day. Didn’t Tommy Saul tell thê ta mak hay while t’ sun shines? Didn’t thy heed line, at Joe Sirey’s scheùl, tell thê ’at ‘Oppertunity neglectit seldem

returns?' What dus t' maxim say?—We mun strike while t' iron's het.'"

This was Dan's solilloquy. At neet, when aw was as whyet as a moose, Dan sat doon in his offis, an', in two or three 'oars, efter a vast ô' rubbin' oot, an' puttin' in, he hed meàd up his furst artikel on farm affairs. This is Dan's re-pwort, as neear as his fadder cud tell meh, an' ah can think on:—

"FARM CALLENDER FOR SEPTEMBER.

"T' harvest is finish't in this distrikt, an' t' shavvs is in t' farmer's barn. T' crop is gud; wheet will give 100 bushels per yakker; barley 95½; an' havver 89¼ ta 89½. Theear will be gud breed, an' plenty on 't, if ower much floor isn't used for gurdel ceàks an' rowley-powley puddin's.

"Noo, for turmets. Sum is fine, an' sum hesn't growen, becos they wer nivver sown. We saw sum bare feelds this day. They shud noo be sown at yance, for winter will be heear in a crack, an' it taks at leest a munth ta growe fine turmets. Put in 20 pund o' seed per yakker, an' let t' muck be varra strang, an' t' turmets will growe as hard as they can ta git oot ô' t' smell.

"Potaties is a nice crop. Where nut wantit ta be eaten aw in a day or two, put in pits, an' keep fra frost an' taty-steelers. T' furst spoils them, an' t' last gā's wid them cleen eot ô' t' belt end. Sum crops is hevvy, as menny as six bagfuls on a stitch; bit, whoar theear's only fower, let t' farmer be a contentit mortel, asteed of a grummelin Jwhon Bull.

"Seeds is fine. We saw sum ruddy for mowin', an' when we tell't t' man, 'at belang't them, ta cut them, he just laff 't, an' sed, 't' wedder's rayder ower wct.' Well, well, if fwoaks won't tak a tellin', they mun just wurk on in ther awn way, an' seo what 'll cum on them.

"Hay is deoar. We wor tell't 'at it's six pund a tun, an' we

wad advise farmers ta use nowt bit grass for ther stock. It's cheeper nor hay, for they grow't in ther awn feelds, an' than it's far less bodder.

"Sum o' t' paster land is as bare as a barn flooar. Coos an' horses can hardly git a bite, an' as we went by a bare feeld yisterday, a pooar cuddy prick't up his lugs, an' rwoar't at us. We thowt it was for want, bit Joe Bell sed it was just showin' its brudderly affeckshun. Pooar beest!—a degraded reàce!

"Bit ooar pàper is gitten' shwort—ooar narves 'raxed—ooar brain is reelin' like a casselly—an' ooar heed is as empty as a misshinary box. Let us clwose wid a few wurds on t' labor questin. T' farm laborer is nut ta be meàd fun on enny mair. He will gā ta t' far West, whoar verily t' varra hooses is thack't wid panccakes, t' streets peàv't wid penny pies, an' whoar eben t' pigs run up an' doon t' rwoads ruddy rwoastit, wid a knife an' fork stickin' in them, sayin', 'whoa'll eat mē! whoa'll eat mē!!'"

Efter Dan hed finish't his repwort, he brok oot intill anudder solilloquy—

"Oh, Dan—oh, Dan: thoo's meàd thê neàm;
What will thê fadder say——"

Heear, Dan stuck in t' middel ov his poetry, an' finish't oot wid real Cummerland toak. (He kent Cummerland well, becos he menny a time stop't at ooar hoose.)

"Well," he went on, "thy neàm's gitten abroad noo, Daniel; thoo 'll hev ta plod an' wurk neah mair; thoo 'll be leùk't up till bê greet an' smaw, bê rich an' pooar, bê gentel an' simpel. Thoo's attain't ta fame at last; thoo's *gitten breed for life, an' cheese for ivverlastin'!*"

Wi' that, he laid doon his pen, like a man 'at

hed dun his duty, an' hedn't forgotten ta tell his-sel on't. For aw, Dan thowt ivvery minnet an ooar, an' ivvery ooar hoaf a lifetime, t' prentin' day com' at last, an' t' pàper went oot intill t' wurreld—an',wid it, Dan's repwort.

T' next market day, when Dan went doon till t' offis, about ten o'clock, a greet lot ô' farmers was stannin' aboot t' dooar, an', as Dan com' up, they ses, yan till anudder, "That's him, that's him—leùk at his eyes—what a big knollidge box he's gitten—dis ta think yon was dun for a lark?" Theese, an' sec like, wer t' kind ô' remarks 'at Dan hard, an' he was pleas't. His pulse bêt like Sandy Tupper's, when he'd run a three mile reàce; his eyes glented fire like Jemmy Morgan's, when he's three sheets i' t' wind; his lāl breed-basket heev't like Percy Mayson's, efter he'd gitten his dinner at Samson's, ô' t' Queen's Heed, ov a Set-terday; an' t' sweet stud on him as it ûset ta duah on oald Joe Lander, efter he'd mannish'd ta mak away wid 13 cups ô' tea.

He tried hard ta compwose his-sel, bit he'd hardly sitten doon on a steùl for t' purpos', till in cums an oald farmer, an' sed he,

"Dud thoo 'rite yon repwort?"

Dan sed—"Ah hed t' 'onner, sir."

"Dud ta ivver 'rite yan afooar," continny'd t' farmer.

"No," sed Dan.

“Mind thoo nivver dus ageàn,” sed t’ farmer ;
“or else thoo’ll hev ta be teàn care on;” an’ wi’
that he went oot smudjin’ an’ laffin’, an’ when he
gat oot, theear was a greet bray fra them aw like
as yan heears noo an’ than at t’ ’leckshun times.

About five minnets efter, in cums a läl lad, an’
ses,

“Sum men gev meh a penny if ah wad cum
an’ aks if them rwoasted swine wer aw eaten
yit!”

Dan just meàd a spring at him, an’ ah dar say
t’ läl lad was thankful he was seah nār t’ dooar.

At t’ lang last, t’ maister com in.

“Hear Dan,” ses he, “heear’s thê munney, mê
man; an’ if thoo hesn’t meàd thê-sel a neàm,
thoo’s at leest gitten my paper yan, ’at it won’t
wipe off for a bit. Gā heàm, mê lad, gā heàm;
an’ tell thê mudder ta git thê a job at sellin’
tape, or sùm’at ô’ that kind, whoar ther’s nowder
danger till thê-sel, nor neah boddy else, for ah
think thoo’s hardly seàf ta be at large.”

An’ till this day, whenivver ah see a man at
thinks he’s “A 1 at Loids,” or a wumman at
forgits her-sel, and beleevs she’s sùm’at better
nor what she is, ah oalas think ô’ t’ newspaper
repworter.

Why Tom Sloker Loves Silloth.

O, tell me neah mair o' fell, forrest, an' feeld,
Neah lang'er they hev enny 'trackshun for me;
Ther charms ta yon sea-side reswort noo mun yeeld,
For ah dearly like Silloth, that pleàce doon bê t' sea.

Ah yance lûv'd a city—nivver pleàce was as dear—
Neah spot in t' wide wurrel'd was fairer ta me;
Mê whopes, an' mê thowts wer aw center't thecar—
Bit noo they're at Silloth, that pleàce clwose bê t' sea.

Sum ma' like ta clim' mountains, an' sum ta explore,
While udders i' t' train far countries may see;
Bit gi' me a few days on Solway's nice shore—
For ah decarly lûv Silloth, that pleàce doon bê t' sea.

Fwoaks may toak ô' ther Spās, an' ther grand institu-
shuns—
They may gā thecar an' drink ô' spa-watter for me;
Thecar's nowt like sea-breezes ta improv constitushuns—
They blow keen at Silloth, that pleàce doon bê t' sea.

Ah lûv t' ebenin' woaks on that oot-stritchin' pier:
Bit ah'll tell yeh a secret—atween yoo an' me—
Just ten days ah've been married, an' mê darlin' is heear;
That's why ah lûv Silloth, that pleàce clwose bê t' sea.

Seah, batchclors, maidens, yung fwoaks, an' oald,
Cum rect doon ta Silloth if mated yoo'd be,—
Cum doon afooar t' wedder gits deàzy an' coald,
When lûvvers leev Silloth, that pleàce doon bê t' sea.

Village Characters.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

DEAR ME, hoo t' times hes alter't sen ah went ta scheùl. T' oald things hes verrily geen pleàce till t' new, an', whedder for t' better or t' warse, ah cannet tell; mebbe sum things better, an' sum warse.

Ah was just thinkin' t' tudder neet hoo t' kustoms hes change't in ooar awn villidge. Reely, yan cannet immagin' its t' seàm pleàce; an' ah just menshun't it till ooar Jim, bit he nobbet sed, "Nivver mind t' villidge—let's off ta bed."

An' seùtin' t' ackshun till t' wurd, he gat doon mê pooar oald mudder's brass cannelstick, lcetit yan ô' grosser Tweddel's fardin' squeeckers—ah caw them bê that neàm, for they're nowt else, for aw we buy them for lang eighteens at six-pens a pund—an' off he went.

"Happy riddens," ses ah; "if thoo will gā, wey gā: an' thoo may tak me when ah cum."

That's t' way ta duah; if a man will hev his awn way, let him hev't, an' than he'll nut dee i' t' pet.

Ah yance hard a man say 'at if he wantit ta

be shot ov his wife, he wad egsactly give her aw her awn way for a munth, an' she wad brek her hart for t' want ô' contradickshun.

“Haud on, mê man,” sed ah; “nut seah fast—what's saus' for t' geùse, is saus' for t' stegg; mebbe t' wife cud say sùm-'at till that if she was heear.”

An', wi' that, he nivver spak anudder wurd, seah ah began ta think 'at ah wasn't vārra far off t' mark.

Bit, ta mê teàl, as t' novvel 'riters say. When Jim hed gone ta bed, ah pull't t' lāl snap teàbel oot: leetit mê-sel a compossit: gat a bit ô' pàper, a twill pen, an' thowt ah wad sketch a “Villidge Karakter,” yan ô' t' oald mak, when ah was nobbet a lāl lass.

Ah ses ta mê-sel, “mun 't be t' lanlword ô' t' publik-hoose—or t' teàleor—or t' shoomakker—or t' parish clark—or t' blacksmith—or t' dokter—or t' scheùl-maister?”

Ah cudn't help bit laff at t' ideea, bit sùm-'at seem't ta say—“That's him, Betty lass; that's him—pooar oald Harry Todd, t' Villidge Domminy.”

Aih man, Harry was a cure! He cud owder duah a questin, meshur a feeld, see hoo menny yards theear was in a steàn heep, or git ta t' boddem ov a pint ô' yāl wid an odd 'un.

Bit in t' oald scheùl, that was t' pleàce ta see him. Seatit on a big steùl, nut far off t'

fire, he was "monark ov aw he survay't." An' wo' betide a toaker, or a leàt cummer, or yan 'at led'nt his tasks off—than t' maister's oald gray frizzels began ta stand up on an end. An' hoo he cud lekter aboot Murrah an' Lenny. An' whedder he was reet or nut, neah skoller cud tell—an' ah's weel shure nin on us durst hev spokken, if we hed kent, ivver seah bravely, 'at he was 'rang.

Ah can mind as weel as if it was sen oar Jim went ta bed this vārra neet, t' furst day 'at ah went till t' scheùl, t' maister was heearin' Ben Charters his grammer, an' furst yan, an' than t' tudder on them was saying, "Ah lûv, thoo lûvs, he lûvs, we lûv, you lûv, they lûv," an' tellin' t' persons they lûv't, whedder t' furst, t' sekkint, or t' thurd, for aw they didn't menshun neàms. "Well," thinks ah, "mebbe t' maister may lûv, but ah think he leùks ower mad like ta lûv much at present; an', as for Ben, he leùks liker a ghoast, nor yan i' lûv." Hooivver, t' end ô' that lot was, 'at pooar Ben gat t' beùk clash't at him, an' he was setten on a furm t' rest ô' t' day, wid a pàper cap on, t' shāp ô' yan ô' grosser Twedel's shuggar bags, oanly rayder bigger. Hoo he com' on at neet, ah cannèt tell, for ah went heàm, an' left him theear.

Bit ah fand oot efter, 'at t' maister hed a spite at pooar Ben. He was oalas pickin' fawts wid him. His 'riting was bad, or his questin' was 'rang, or his task wasn't off, or sùm-'at still; an'

sartinly, t' truth be spokken, Ben hed n't t' best ov abillitys; bit than, he hed sec as was geen till him, an' he wasn't ta bleàm for ther bein' pooar. At t' seàm time, he med be thankful 'at his mudder hed a big leàf ta cut at, an' his fadder a gud worchet for him ta gā till, or his questins wad nivver ha' been deùn. He gat aw deùn for hire. Lāl Willy Broon did him two questins for an appel, an' three for a crust. Ah've hard Ben laff, an' tell menny a time sen, 'at Reduckshun cost him ten pokket crusts, an' twenty-fower appels, an' t' Rule o' Three, fifteen pokket crusts an' thurty appels; an' he beleev't 'at aw t' leàves i' Carr's shop, an' aw t' appels in Betty Watt's worchet, at Beckbank, wadn't hev gitten him throo Practis. As luck wad hev't, he gev ower gāun ta scheùl, just as he startit wid t' furst questin in Practis—a farden is a fowerth.

An' ah may say 'at Ben's mudder, like udder fwoak, didn't think her lad larn't weel. Yā day she com' ta pay his quarter pense, an' she bodder't on lang an' sair aboot Ben nut gitten on. Ah saw at yānce 'at oald Harry's brissels was beginnin' ta rise, an' me an' Polly Walker was leùkin' oot for squalls. Efter a bit t' mudder sed—

“Ah reely think yê divn't tak t' seàm pains wid ooar lad as yê div wid sum o' t' tudders.”

Than Harry was fairly up, an' he ses—“Well, mē gud wumman, ta tell t' truth, Ben 'll nivver git on, for he hes neah capassity.”

“Neah capassity!” bawl’t oot Mistress Charters, at t’ heet of her vois; “ah say neah capassity! fie for shām, maister, fie for shām!—what’s t’smatter yê hevn’t tell’t meh that lang sen, for his fadder’s drivin’ t’ carrier cars twice a week ta Carel, an’ he wad hev gitten him yan whativver it hed cost.”

An’ wi’ that, she clash’t t’ dooar till, as much as ta say, “Harry, thoo hes neglectit thê duty.” T’ next thing ’at ah saw was Ben’s beùks, an’ sleàts, an’ coppys fleein’ oot o’ t’ dooar, an’ Ben gâun a varst sharper efter them nor ah’ve seen him gâun till t’ schcul, when t’ lâl burds was bildin’, or t’ brummel-kites was ripe. Still, t’ next day, Ben com’ back, an’ t’ passhin bein’ off t’ maister, he teùk him in ageàn—what else cud he duah?

Theear was yā skoller ’at t’ maister thowt a a varst on. That was Billy Bond. Ta be shure he was a sharp lad, an’ gat on capitally. Bit fwoaks sed that wasn’t t’ reeson he was seah weel like’t.

T’ maister was offen at his fadder’s boose i’ t’ neets, an’ Joe oalas set him heàm gaily leát on, an’ menny a time they gat intill t’ maister’s cwoal boose asteed o’ t’ kitchin, an’ it wasn’t seah dark nayder. An’ that wasn’t aw. When t’ swine was kil’t, or eggs was plentiful, or t’ ducks was fat, or t’ appels was ripe, a big red-dikule was offen sent ower till t’ maister’s, an’ sum fwoaks sed in a jwokin’ way, efter t’ “ca-

passity" stwory gat oot—"Shurely they're send-in' 'capassity's' for Billy."

T' Munday efter Christmas, t' villidge Squire cums in till t' scheùl. Harry boo't an' screáp't terrably, an' meàd a varst o' palaver.

"Bring out your best boy," ses t' Squire.

Seah Billy was march't on till t' flooar.

"I went out shooting," sed t' Squire, "and there were five rooks sitting, and I took up my gun, and shot two: how many were left?"

"Two," sed Billy.

"How was that?" aks't t' Squire.

"Becos t' two deed uns wad be left, an' t' three live uns wad flee away."

At this anser t' Squire seem't plees't, an' Harry clapp't his hands, an' laff't till we thowt he wad ha' splitten his sides.

"Noo," sed t' maister, "try him wi' navviga-shun."

Seah t' Squire ses—"Can you box the mariner's compass."

An' Billy went reet throo 't widoot missin' a wurd.

An' t' oald maister laff't harder an' harder, an' t' Squire crack't mair an' mair, an' Billy leùk't pleester an' pleester, as if he cud beet aw poears.

“Noo, box t’ cobbler’s compass,” rwoar’t oot t’ maister, fairly delitit wid Billy’s sharpness.

Seah Billy startit off—

“Nail an’ be welt, nail, nail, welt,
Nail welt an’ be nail, nail welt;
Nail welt, an’ be welt, welt, nail welt,
Welt, an’ be nail, welt.

Swol’ an’ be welt, swol’, swol’, welt,
Swol’ welt, an’ be swol’, swol’ welt;
Swol’ welt, an’ be welt, welt, swol’ welt,
Welt, an’ be swol’, welt.

Nail an’ be ’eel, nail, nail, ’eel,
Nail ’eel an’ be nail, nail ’eel;
Nail ’eel, an’ be ’eel, ’eel, nail ’eel,
’Eel, an’ be nail, ’eel.

Swol’ an’ be ’eel, swol’, swol’, ’eel,
Swol’ ’eel, an’ be swol’, swol’ ’eel;
Swol’ ’eel, an’ be ’eel, ’eel, swol’ ’eel,
’Eel, an’ be swol’, ’eel.”

T’ Squire was amus’t at this, an’ laff’t hart’ly, an’, afooar he went off, gev t’ lad sixpens.

He’d neah seùner gitten t’ dooar shùtten, nor we gat sec a lecter aboot *ooar* stupidness, an’ Billy’s sharpness, as ah nivver hard t’ like on, nowder afooar nor sen. T’ oald maister was seah upliftit wid t’ Squire’s prais, ’at we thowt he was gâun ’rang ov his mind. Hooivver, he ceul’t doon in time, as t’ broth dus when they’re dish’t up for a bit. Still, we wer lang ô’ heearin’ t’ last ô’ that day’s wark.

T’ maister went up ta Mister Bond’s as usuel .that neet, an’ t’ skollers offen thowt they wad

like ta ha' been aback ô' t' curtains when he was leedin' off about lâl Billy.

Noo, ah've tell't yê about t' lad oald Harry like't t' warst in t' scheul, an' about t' lad he like't t' best, an' ah'll be hang't if ah can tell whedder ah wad rayder ha' been. Yan was hatit bê t' maister, an' t' tudder bê t' skollers; an' seah, it appears 'at throo life, ivveryboddy hes his friends, an' ivveryboddy his ennemys, whedder he be sharp or dull.

As for t' rest on us, we gat on gradely, sum-times bein' crack't on bê t' maister, an' sumtimes scoaldit; bit we hed sartinly larn't sùm-'at at t' oald fellah's scheul, or ah cudn't hev 'ritten this lang rammel oot, for t' amusement of mê readers.

Village Characters.

THE LANDLORD.

AH mun noo giv' yé a tutch aboot Wat Adams, t' villidge publiken, becos ah think 'at, tak him fra yā week end till anudder, as menny wad see him as an odd un. He keep't t' "Fox and Geùse," Wat did, just below oald Jobby Rennik's smiddy. Fwoaks sed 'at t' hoose gat its neám fra t' wife bein' as cunnin' as a fox, an' Wat as daft as a geùse. Ah can mind weel o' t' hoose yit. T' outside waws was white-wêsh't; t' windo's aboot t' size of a scheùl-bwoy's sleàt; an' t' reùf was thack't. T' hoose was cleen sweep't oot ivvery mwornin'; a lock ô' sand thrown on't; an' a läl heàm-meàd streeah mat laid outside o' t' dooar for fwoaks ta cleen ther feet on—an' than aw was ruddy for kustomers.

Noo, for aw fwoaks sed Wat was rayder thin, he wasn't yān o' t' daftest mak; he wad tak gay gud care ô' two things—t' furst was his munney, an' t' next, his-sel. His wife sed he wad nivver kill his-sel wid wark. She menny a time de-clar't she cud buy him as much wark for tup-pence as wad last him twelve munths. Bit Wat gat dun widoot much wark, an' seah them 'at caws Wat daft, ah'll warrent they're nut ower an' abeun sharp ther-sels.

When ennyboddy went intill t' hoose, theear was Wat in his shurt sleeves, like as if he was ruddy waitin'. When t' visiter hed sitten doon, Wat wad hev gitten gay nār him, an' than t' questin was generaly putten,

"Will ta hev a drop, Wat?"

"O dār, if ah ken; ah think it's ower seùn."

"Cum min, nivver mind aboot it's bein' seùn; what's ta gâun ta hev?"

"O, just a drop ô' yāl."

It was oalas a drop wid Wat; nivver a glass; becos that wasn't what he wantit, an' he didn't like ta say a pint, for feear t' givver thowt he was greedy. Still, it gaily offen endit wid a pint. This kind ô' wark wad hev gon on aw day, Wat gitten sumtimes less, an' sumtimes mair, as t' ceàs med be. As a rule, he was tight yance or twice a day, an' ocashunly, three times, when ther was a better day or comen. Ivverytime he gat tight, he laid doon on t' swab till he com' roond ageàn; Norman Bell, a vārre queear tyke, caw't it "dryin' kil-ful's off."

When a fellah com' in 'at was gay free wid spendin', Wat was terrabel cheearful, an' pot aw kind ô' questins till him. If t' fellah hed been a shûttn', Wat wad ha' sed 'at t' dog was t' meàst beutifullest 'at ivver he saw, or his gun was a nice un, or what ivver he thowt wad please; an' if t' spwortsman happen't ta be led on ta say what he'd shûtten', Wat wad hev sed—

"Bless me, dus thoo say that, mê lad; sec a

thing as nivver was known—it shud be putten in t' pàpers—ah cudn't hev thowt it; bit thoo was oalas a gud hand."

An' if t' fellah happen't ta tell a teàl, it didn't matter a butten whedder it was gud, bad, or indifferent, Wat's laff was ruddy. Efter ke-heein' till he was black i' t' feàce, an' gitten a tear or two ta run doon his cheeks, ta show hoo weel he was plees't, he wad ha' letten off wid—

"Well, ah nivver hard as gûd a teàl afooar; oh deear, it's fairly meàd meh badly; div'nt tell neah mair yit, ah beg on yê. An' sec a lang un—hooivver div yê think on't aw? Ah cudn't larn't in a week. An' than, yê can tell't seah weel: if sum fwoaks hed tell't it, it wadn't hev raised a laff at aw."

When Wat was hevvin' a gûd day, an' theear was plenty ô' fwoaks in, an' t' crack hed ta be keep't up, Mistris Adams hed ta skeem a lâl bit. "Wat," she wad ha' sed, "tak rum; thoo's hed plenty ô' clash yâl—that's t' sixteent pint."

"Wey, ah's willin', Mistris."

Than Wat wad ha' gitten coald tea; or, if he'd choos't whiskey, he wad been sarret wid watter; or if sherry wine, wid watter culler't wid twoastit breed. An' t' pooar sarvent lads, an' sec like, mud haul oot ther thrippenses ta giv Wat a treet, an' t' lanleàdy be pokketin' t' coppers for a sup ô' coald tea. Bit when drink's in, sùm-'at else is oot—seah ah've hard menny a boddy say.

T' best ô' t' fun com' on for them 'at was in t'

publik when Wat began ta sing. If ennyboddy spak, Wat gev them a blackin' i' t' middel o' t' sang, an' if they didn't speek, they gat a blackin', seah it was aw as yan at t' lang end. A greet favorite sang ô' Wat's was "Robbin Tomson's Smiddy." Efter he'd gitten t' dooar shutten, an' aw whyet, he wad ha boonc't on till his feet, an' when he'd cleear't his throoat, startit wid t' sang:—

"Mê mudder ment mê oald broeks—keep that dooar shut,
An' aye bit they wer duddy, O!—hod thê noise, Sam;
She sent meh to git shod ooar meear—snuff t' cannell, Will,
At Robbin Tomson's smiddy, O!—put that dog oot yoolin'."

"Nay, ah can sing nin—ah's i' neah fettel—
ah've a bad coald—an' ah hedn't t' reet pitch.
Doh-sol-me-doh."

"Is ta latein' t' tune noo, Wat?" lâl Jemmy Hardin' yance sed.

"Confoond it," sed Wat, "isn't that ower bad?
Ah'll sing neah mair. Whoa can sing when that
yap's squeeekin'?"

Bit, efter a bit ô' perswadin', Wat gat up ageàn.
"The smiddy stans ayont the burn—Simon wants anudder
pint,
That wampels throo the clakken', O!—Ah've just gitten t'
reet pitch, noo;
Ah nivver yit gā by the dooar—keep yer feet off that teåble
leg,
Bit aye ah faw a laffin', O!—noo, aw on ye sing t' corus."
"An' aye she ment—no, that isn't next;
Ses ah, mê lass—well, well, ah nivver saw t' like;
Ah've new uns at——"

"Nay, ah can sing neah mair—yê'll hev ta be
content—ah've cleen forgotten't"

Than theear was a cheear, an' clappin' ô' han's,
till yān ô' Wat's dowters shoots throo t' bar rails,

"Aih, fadder, that's a gûd sang."

"An' weel sung tuah," join't in anudder.

"Giv fadder anudder drink," ses t' oaldest.

Well, two or three wad hev order't drink in,
till Wat wad sumtimes hev hed three or fower
pints or glasses in at yance, aw untuch't. Than
Joe Cooper order't anudder pint, bit ses he—

"Ah hev'n't thrippense till ta-mworn."

"Than gā heàm," ses Wat; "thoo's gitten
plenty ennyway."

"Yes, he's drunk," bawl't oot Mistris Adams
fra t' bar."

"No, ah's nut argu't, t' man."

Seah Jacop Watson held up his thum', an' ses,
"Thum' or fing'er?"

"Thum," ses Joe.

Bit, hooivver, they wadn't let him stop a bit
langer; nut becos he was drunk, for he was t'
swoberest man in t' hoose—bit becos ther was
neah mair "mooter" in him.

Wi' that, a statesman's son, 'at hed been
sleepin' in t' corner for two 'oars, rais't his heed
up, an' order't aw t' glasses round.

"Whoas-sat-go-go-go-gon oot?" sed he.

"Joe Cooper, Mister Prood."

"Well, ah-ah-ah th-th-th-think th-th-th-that
m-m-man was thrunk."

"Aye, drunk aneuf, Mister Prood," reply't t'
lanlword.

“Du-du-du-rtty fel-fel-fel-fellah — shud-shud-shudn’t git thrunk.”

Wid that, t’ chair gev way, an’ Mister Prood was landit sharply intill t’ neùk.

“Ch-ch-ch-chair isn’t lev-lev-lev-level, sed Mister Prood, tryin’ ta pull his-sel up bê t’ creùk.

Mistriss Adams was oot in a crack, an’ help’t him up, sayin’, “pooar fellah, ah whope yer neah warse.” Well, he wasn’t that bad, ’at he cudn’t drink anudder glass ô’ whiskey; he than sed— “Gu-gu-gu-gud ne-ne-neet,” an’ off he went.

In aboot two minnets theear was a soond like knockin’ t’ end ov a barrel in.

A cannel was leetit, an’ back ageàn stakkers Mister Prood, wid a lump on his broo like a led-der baw, an’ his ten-an’-sixpenny beaver smash’t ta atoms.

“B-b-b-by go-go-gocks,” he stammer’t oot, “b-b-big blag-blag-blagard th-th-that p-p-pump. St-st-struck at m-me l-l-like a-a-a ho-ho-horse, an’ m-m-me n-n-n-nivver t-t-t-tuchin’ it.”

“Wey, it mun hev been dark, at meàd yê run ageàn ’t,” Wat pleedit.

“Pity we didn’t set him oot, pooar gentelman,” addit Mistris Adams.

“Be-be-be-beleev that Jo-Jo-Joe C-C-Cooper pot p-p-p-pump theear f-f-for me ta-ta-ta-ta run a-a-ageán.”

“He’s bad aneùf for ’t,” sed Wat.

“Durdy drukken hoond,” sed t’ lanleády.

Mister Prood gat away towards midneet, an' Wat hed ta set him heám wid t' lantren. Bit he was aw reet, was Mister Prood; it wasn't a nip ô' trubbel gâun wid him, pooar gentelman. O no, 'cos he was a gûd spender.

T' best time ta see an' heear Wat an' Mistris Adams i' ther true cullers, was when they hed trustit enny bettermer boddy a sup ô' drink, if they'd happen't ta run shwort ô' munney. They gat t' beûks intill t' lâl parler, an' t' mistris gev them oot, while Wat meád up t' bills.

"This is Mister Boo's bill, noo, Wat. He was as drunk as cloy when he treetit t' fwoaks wid t' stuff, an' 'll know nowt about it—mind that. Oct. 4th—Fower glasses o' yäl, 6d.—mak them a shillin'; it's lâl aneuf. Oct. 5th—Eight glasses o' rum, 2s.; say ten, that'll be 2s. 6d."

"Is ah gâun ta 'rite aw that for hoaf-a-croon? Nut likely," sed Wat. "Twelve glasses o' rum, 3s. That's what ah caw watterin' t' milk twice ower, eh, Ann?"

"Aye, aye: three or fower times, Wat. This is ooar harvest time. Let's see—ah gev them ther glasses vârra wake, an' asteed o' costin' t' usuel price ov 1½d. a-peece, they nobbet cost a 1d.—that's 8d. aw tagidder, an' we git 3s.—ha, ha, ha! Will Tonter's bill—Nov. 9th, one glass ov yäl, 1½d."

"Will ah be hang't," sed Wat; "will ah turn t' pen for three-hoapens; nut for Joe—ah'll mak't thrippens."

"Nut likely," sed Ann; "t' man was swober, an' we want neah shindies. Nay, nay, three-hoapens be't. Ah nobbet gev him a sup o' barrel boddems, an' he'll be a kustomer anudder time. As ah've tell't thê menny a time, Wat, thoo wants judgment. Leùk afooar thoo lowps."

Sumtimes, when ennyboddy hed been drinkin' gaily hard for a day or two, t' wife wad mebbe ha' cum't ta lait him. As seùn as Mistris Adams saw her, she wad ha' sed,

"Well, ah'll be hang't, if ther isn't that impiddent boddy cummin ageàn. She's nivver off t' pooar fellah's back. Toak about bein' henpikk't. Ah's shure Joe is, if ivver a pooar man was. Joe, thee slip intill t' parler; an', Wat, thee say he isn't in."

Seah, t' wife com', an' ses, whyte civil like—"Plees, is ooar Joe in?"

"No," sed Wat; "we've nivver seen him: hev yê lost him?"

"Aye," ses she; "he went oot ô' Wednesday mwornin' afooar brêkfast, an' sed he was just gaun ta hev a sharp walk: an' ah've nivver seen him sen, for aw this is Setterday. Ah think 'at if he's woak't on ivver sen, gey sharp, he'll be at Lunnun bê this."

An' off t' pooar boddy wad ha' gon', knowin' as weel as me, 'at's tellin' yê, 'at Joe was in t' back parler, bit sayin' till her-sel—"Mebbe Mistris Adams wants a new heed-dress, as ah see she's gitten her hair dyet."

Village Characters.

THE PARISH CLERK.

“Seben times seben 'ears, as you may mark,
He sarvèd heear as Parish Clark.”

YAN ô' t' queearest fellahs 'at ivver ooar villidge produce't, ah think, indeed, was Tommy Eenton, t' Parish Clark.

He was yan o' t' oald stile, was Tommy; dres't plainly, widoot regard ta fashun, an' when he went ta kirk ov a Sunday mwornin', he thowt neah trifel ov his-sel. His hat was nin o' yer silk yans, bit a reeal oald ruff beaver, Tommy's was; his cwoat was a bottel green, cutten away at t' tails, swallo' fashun, wid brass buttens, an' a neck 'at tûk oald Tom Wilson, an' his prentis, two days ta mak; his wastecwoat was mead o' fawn-culler't cleath; an' his britches—shwort-nee't yans, mind—wer t' best ô' wusset cword.

When them kind ov peanhos, 'at they caw harmonias, com' up, Tommy *was* rile't'. He sed they wer durty sqeekin' things, an' nobbet for spoilin' t' voices. Efter they gat yan intill ooar kirk, Tommy wad nivver sing anudder wurd, bit just sat in his seet, leûkin' as mad as a piper. Pooar fellah, he thowt he knew aw aboot singin', bit he was as innisent o' musik as a cat is ov makkin' new milk chees. When he was gâun

ta give a teùn oot, he wad hev studden up, an' putten on his specks, an' cleear't his throoat, an' leùk't as if aw t' fwoaks in t' kirk was caff an' sand till him. Efter aw was i' fettel, he wad hev rais't his oald crack't vois till about t' pitch o' Q sharp, or Z flat, or sum udder ootlandish kay (a thing ah ken vārra lāl aboot), an' than wad hev sed—

“Let hus sing tow the pràis, an' glory of God,
a part of the eight 'sawm.”

An' than he wad hev blown his big pitch-pipe, 'at hed vārra nār as much wood in't as a heàm-meàd cleàs-box, an' geen t' wurds oot—

“Ho thoo, tow whom hall creeturs boo,
Within this urthly frame.”

Than he began singin', follo't up bê t' quire. When he gat fairly startit, he a kind o' hoaf clwos't his een, like a cat in t' neùn-day sun, bet t' time wid his pitch-pipe, nap't on't t' flags wid his coaker't shoo, swung his-sel back an' forret like a popler tree in a storm, an' leùk't for aw t' wurreld like a man 'at was duahen his duty, an' kent what he *was* duahen. An' if t' tune hap-pen't ta gā wrang, as it offen did, Tommy wad ha' shāk't his heed or his han' at sum bit ov a bwoy or lassy; an' if that wadn't duah, he wad ha' geen ower singin', an' shootit oot reet in t' middel ov t' kirk—“Hat, tat, tat; what's thoo duahen, Billy Tomson,” or Jane Dodd, as t' ceàs mud be.

Tommy was a greet man at chrissenin's. He

claim't his tea at ivvery chrissenin', an' a glass o' whiskey as weel. He needit neah aksin', nut he; he hedn't been clark for vārra nār fifty 'ear widoot gainin' a bit ov confidans: an' he just went till t' hooses, an' sat up till t' teáble as if aw t' laws ô' t' land cudn't hinder him.

Ah mind as weel as if it was nobbet yisterday, theear happen't ta be two chrissenin's ô' yā day, an' Tommy was fairly capp't hoo ta duah. Seah he cums till mê fadder, an' sed,

"Joe, ah's in a dìmella—thoo'll hev ta help meh. Thoo sees ah hed two chrissenin's this mwornin', an' ah div n't know hoo ta mannish t' tea bisness; ah cannèt weel gā ta beàth ov a day, an' if ah put yān off till next Sunday, aw t' ceàk 'll be eaten, an' t' whiskey sup't—an' that 'll nivver duah!"

Mê fadder consider't a bit, an' than he sed—
"Well, gā till yā hoose an' git two glasses ov whiskey asteed o' yān an' thê tea, an' than finish up at t' tudder wid thê tea an' yā glass."

An' Tommy was delitit; he meàd t' remark—
"What a grand thing it is ta be a skoller." T' oald clark nivver forgat that dodge—he carry't it oot as lang as ivver he leev't.

Tommy like't a weddin' as weel as owt. Theear was generaly a gūd feed, plenty o' drink, an', as Tommy was weel kent, mebbe a few shillin's in his pokket at neet. When Jacob Mills was weddit, they wer vārra kind till t' oald clark, an' he sed—"Yer kindness shan't gā for nowt."

Ah may say it was t' kustom o' them days ta sing t' weddin' 'sawm t' Sunday efter enny weddin' hed teàn pleàce; seah, Tommy, ta show his gratitude for Jacob's greet kindness, thowt he wad mak a spesshal vurs' ta sing t' next Sunday. Seah, efter puzzelin' what brains he hed for t' remainder o' t' week, he com' oot wid t' followin' lines ô' t' Sunday mwornin' sarvis:—

“O, she is blest who has a man
Her livin' for ta make-up;
Bit blester still is that new wife
Hoos man is Jacob.”

Well, t' singin' went on swimmin'ly till t' last line, an' as theear was ower much tune for t' wurd, on akount ov Tommy nut hitten t' reet meshur, t' quire was thrown off t' sent, an' they aw gev ower bit Tommy. He was detarmin't nut ta be bet, an' when aw was whyet, an' t' fwoaks lissenin' ankshusly hoo it wad end, Tommy rwoar't oot at t' vërra top ov his crack't vois—

“Ja-a-a-a-fol-de-riddel-cob.”

Well, theear was sum snurtin' an' laffin', ah'll mak yê shure, bit Tommy woak't off till his seet as prood as if he'd releev't Lucknoo, or capter't a gang o' pirets. *He* thowt 'at t' fwoaks wer' laffin' at t' tudder singers, cos they cudn't gā throo *ther* part. Bit Tommy gat ta see throo 't at last, an' he nivver like't ta heear tell ov that 'sawm-makkin', nut as lang as his neàm was “Tommy.”

Tommy was yance reedin' a vurs in t' 'sawms, ah beleev its in t' sebbent ebenin' o' t' munth, whoar it ses, "an' flurishin' like a green bay tree." Sum idle lads hed cut t' wurd "horse" oot ov a newspàper, an' stuck it ower t' wurd "tree," an' Tommy reeds away—"I myself have seen the wicked in great prosperity, and flourishing like a green bay '*horse*'—horse, horse," he continny'd, doo'tful like; "aye, begoks, its '*horse*' heear, hooivver."

When enny stranger com' in rayder leàt, Tommy wad ha' been reedin' away, an' wavin' his han', pointin' whoar they hed ta sit, like as if aw t' seets was his awn. Yā Sunday, two nice yung laady's com' in when they wer reedin' t' Littany, an' Tommy read, an' pointit, an' noddit his heed, bit aw ov neah use—they cudn't tak t' hint whoar they hed ta sit. Seah Tommy lost aw pashuns kind in t' middel ov a response, an' sed—"Have mercy upon us—*gà in theear*—miserabel sinners.

Ther leùks may be better immagin't nor describ't, when they hard sec a severe sentens pass't on them.

Tommy hed yā grand point—he was nivver absent fra t' kirk. Nay, bless yeh, he thowt as oald Robin Briggans sed bê his son Dan, 'at "he cudn't be deùn widoot." Nivver-thô-less, we did duah widoot him yance or twice. An' this is hoo it com' aboot t' furst time. Tommy hed his prayer beùk at heàm for sum purpos or anudder,

an' was stiltin' away on t' Sunday mwornin' wid it under his arm, past t' "Fox an' Geüse" publik hoose. Joe Tomson shoots—"Tommy, will ta hev a pint?"

An' Tommy caw't in, an', ah dār say, hed two or three. Glancin' up at t' clock, he clikk't up his beùk ov a terrabel hurry, as it was far leäter nor he immagin't, an' off he set in a tremendès tatter. Asteed ov gitten t' prayer-beùk, he gat an edishun ov "Jack the Giant Killer," just about t' seám size.

He nivver fand oot his mistak till he hed ta start, an' he just oppen't intill t' beùk whoar theear was a grand picter ov Jack blockin' gient Galligantus, an' Tommy didn't know what ta think, nor he didn't know what ta duah owder. Seah, when it com' till his turn ta reed, he thowt he mud say a läl matter, seah he apologis't in süm-'at like thees wurd:—

"Gentelmen an' laady's, yê mun excuse meh for reedin' this day, for aw t' reedin' in mê beùk hes turn't intill picters."

An' it was a lang time afooar Tommy fand oot whoar t' mistak was, an' ah reely beleev' 'at he thowt owder t' fairy's or t' witches hed been at wark. Bit, ah dār say, 'at if t' truth was known, t' lanlword's dowter at t' "Fox an' Geüse" hed a hand in t' trans-mogger-i-fi-cashun ô' t' prayer beùk.

Theear was a weddin' yā Setterday mwornin', an' Tommy was theear as úsuel. Noo, Joe

Nobel hed promis't ta len' Tommy t' oald gray meear an' t' car ta fetch a car-ful o' cwoals in t' efterneún.

Well, Tommy gat gaily wecl cworn't afooar he set off, an' he was dry ageàn bê he gat ta Cockermuth, when he laid in anudder stock. Sumboddy full't him his cwoals at t' far end, an' he gat back till Cockermuth widoot mishap, t' oald meear pullin' at yā end o' t' car, an' Tommy hoddin back at t' tudder. T' "gray meear," hooivver, proovin' ta be t' "better horse," she pull't t' car, an' Tommy, an' aw away tagidder; bit, asteed ov gāun reet heàm, she landit intill t' "Oald Haw" yard, or sum ov them pleàses i' t' Market Street, an' t' lanlword tūk pity ov beàth Tommy an' t' meear. T' meear he pot intill t' steàble, an' t' clark intill t' fittest pleàce for him—amang t' blankets.

Ten o'clock com', an' neah Tommy; than elebben, an' than twelve—bit theear was nowder man, meear, nor car. Joe Nobel was flay't he'd lost t' better hoaf ov his draft; an' Mistris Benton thowt she'd lost t' lesser hoaf ov her-sel—as like menny mair ov us wumman fwoaks, Sara thowt her-sel ô' far mair worth nor Tommy.

T' neet set in keen an' frosty, an' Joe Nobel an' Sara Benton druv two pair ov rare big clogs throo Cockermuth streets in t' deed 'ooar o' t' nect, an' menny a boddy gat up an' leùk't throo t' windo', ta see if theear was anudder Pretender fra Scotland, an' a ridgment ov sowlgers wid

him. Bit they nivver fand Tommy that neet. An' they wer in a sad way.

Sunday mwornin' cums, an' neah Tommy.

Than Mistris Benton sed she was shure sum'at series hed happen't him, or he wadn't hev stop't away fra t' kirk. Away she gā's till Cockermuth ageàn—whoar she lands aboot nine o'clock, an' gits t' lāl bellman ta gā roond ta caw Tommy.

Aw this time, t' oald clark was fast asleep, an' nivver woaken't till he hard t' bellman ring a bit, an' than caw oot—

“Lost, stolen, or stray'd away, an oald man, in t' prime ov life; stands two yards, six feet, an' an inch, accordin' ta Dick Ledsom's messhurment, up yā side, an' doon t' tudder.”

“Dar, that's shurely meh,” ses Tommy; “bit whoar is ah, enny way? We ha' neah white bed-curtins, nor we ha' neah greet jugs an' bowls ta tak ooar meet oot on.”

T' soond ov t' bell stop't his solilloquy. Than t' bellman startit ageàn.

“He was dress't in a bottel-green cwoat——”

“That's me, ah declare.”

“Beaver hat——”

“Neah mistak, whativver.”

“Shwort'-ne's'd britches, an' low shoos——”

“Well, ah nivver saw nor hard nowt like that. Whoar is ah, cnnyway? Ah wunder whedder this is me, or it's sumboddy else. Whoar ista', Sara? Dar, let's see mê-sel—aih, what?—this

is tied ta be mê cwoat, an' britches, an' shoos,—an', let meh see—this hat—no, its far ower low ô' t' croon—cush, sumboddy's mash't it in! Ah wunder whoa's deùn that trick. Still, mê cleàs is reet, bit ah div n't know about t' man. Tommy, mê lad, Tommy—let's heear thê say 'Amen,' an' than ah'll know whedder thoo's t' oald clark or nut. Stop, theear's t' bell gânun ageán."

Noo, t' lâl bellman's cryin' oot—

"Went tiv a weddin' yisterday."

"True as we're heear, if it be us—Mat Watson's weddin'."

"Got rayder fresh——"

"Aye, vârra, mê lad, thoo may say."

"Went for sum cwoals wid a nabour's car."

"Did ah? Than ah'll be hang't if ah hev'n't lost it, for ah've neah car heear. Theear's nowt bit a bed, an' a chist o' drawers, an' a lâl teàbel, wid a big jug an' sosir on't."

An' pooar Tommy began ta think he mud be at a public hoose, for, in a lâl closet in t' corner ô' t' room, he saw a reed cword like a bell pull. "That's t' stile," sed he; "ah'll git sumboddy ta cum ta meh noo."

Seah, he gev a pull, an' than waitit a lâl bit, bit neah boddy leùk't nâr.

"Harder, Tommy, mê man—harder, Tommy. It's nivver rung ah doot," he sed ta his-sel.

Seah, he step't intill t' closet, an' gev t' reàp a gûd hard pull, an' afooar ivver he knew, about

ten gallon o' watter com' splatterin' doon on till his heed, an', besides spoilin' his beaver, vārra nār droon't him. Ov aw t' rows he kick't up, neah boddy nivver hard t' like.

He shootit—"Murder! *murder!!* MURDER!!—they're droonin' meh!—*hev marcy on meh!*—if ah nobbet be a bit oald parish clark."

Than he pull't t' reàp harder an' harder, an' t' watter com' doon faster an' faster, an' Tommy shootit looder an' looder.

When t' maid com' up ta see what was t' smatter, Tommy was pullin' t' reàp like a horse, an' t' watter was cummin' doon i' bukket-fulls.

When he saw t' maid, he shootit—"O be sharp, an' cum on—they're droonin' meh."

"Why, you silly old man, you're drowning yourself."

An' she gat him oot; an' they gev him a seùt ov dry cleàs ó' t' lanlword's, an' set him an' his meear kannily off.

Just as t' Cockermuth church bells began ta ring for sarvice, Tommy woak't up t' streets—for t' furst time in his life in a pair o' troosers—wid t' oald gray meear an' a carful o' cwoals.

An' when he gat heám, t' wife didn't know him in his new cleàs: an' she wadn't beleev' at it was him, nut till he stud on t' flooar, an' gev oot t' "Oald Hundred" 'sawm, hoddin' t' rowlin' pin in his hand in pleàs ov a pitch-pipe.

Village Characters.

THE JOINER.

ON an oald yak tree: beside a smiddy: nār a joiner's shop: an' within a few yards ov a swort ov an oald fashin't farm hoose, mead up intill a cottidge, swung a big sine-bwoard bê two hinges, containin' thees wårds:—

“ Henry Dodd, a true born Quaker,
By trade a joiner, trunk an' cleas-box maker;
Can mak a plew, a pair o' wheels—in truth, fit up a car
As weel as enny udder man—leest, vārra nār;
Kills swine in winter, draws teeth fra coo or cob—
Aw thees he's match ta duah—or enny udder job.”

It's a pity he hedn't been a glazener as weel, an' than he mebbe mite ha' mendit his shop windah. It shud hev hed eight panes in't, bit they warn't whyte aw in. Yan ô' t' panes was unbrokken, it's true; two was crak't; two was wood; two pàper; an' yan hed nowt in, bit sarret for a ventilatur. Ivvery mwornin'oald Tom Fillips ûset ta put his heed, throo this whol', intill t' shop, an' say—“ Is Henry Dodd in ? ”

An' if Harry was in a gûd temper, he wad ha' thrusten his throo a pàper pane intill t' street, an' replie't—“ No—he's—just—popp't—oot; he—hes; awur me man.”

That was Harry's way ô' toakin'—a lang pause

efter ameàst ivvery wurd, an' he vârra nâr finish't ivvery sentens wid "awur me man," whedder he was toakin' ta man or wumman—that meád neah odds.

Ah can mind as weel as if it was nobbet last Munday, Harry went ta fettel sum bits ô' jobs for Rob Elliot, a farmer nut far off; seah, for a jwoke, t' lasses cot t' nwose-end off a swine heed 'at they were ceùkin', an' boil't it wid t' ring in, an' laid it nicely beside t' rest ô' t' meet. Seah, when Harry's turn com' ta be sarret, Rob gives him t' nwose. Harry just leùk't a lâl bit, an' than he sed—

“Well—mê—man—ah—nivver—larn't—ta—eat—iron yit; ah—hevn't; awur me man. Them—lasses—shurely—cannet—tak—much—pains—wid—ceùkin'—or—they—wad—ha'—seen—this—ring; its—vârra—weel—they—hevn't—a—hors'—ta—ceùk—or—else—they—wad—ceùk't—wid—t' saddel—an' bridel—on; they—wad; awur me man.”

A minnet efter, t' plate, an' t' swine snoot, an' t' ring, an' aw tagidder, was fleein' oot on till t' peàvement, an' Harry leùk't as if he'd lost aw his propperty within t' last few minnets.

Mister Harry Dodd like't his meet deearly. He wasn't ta be putten off wid a pooar meâl—nut he. He like't it teásty, substanshal—an', between you an' me—a gay bit on't.

Thehear was yan or two pleàses under Skiddo' Harry didn't like ta wurk at. For “Thoo sees—

mê lad—when—they—boil—t' pot—they—just—borro'—a swine—lug—ô' ther—nabours—an' than—ah'll—mak—yê shure—t' broth—isn't—ower—strang. A gûd—boar—lug 'll—sarra—aw t' country—side—a heâl—winter; it will—awur me man."

He was yance aks't ta yan ô' ther slápissh meet hooses ta repair sum dooars, bit Harry wadn't gā till they promis't him sùm'at gûd for t' dinner. T' mistress sed—"O, nivver mind, Harry; cum yêr ways, an' yêh shall hev a rare gûd dinner,—beàth rwoast an' boil, yêh shall hev, Harry; noo, mind that."

"Ah's plees't—ta heear—that; it'll—be sùm'at—ta think—aboot—aw t' focarneùn; it—will; awur me man."

Harry went, an' he wurk't hard, an' leùkt lang for dinner time, an' just as twelv' o'clock struck he was caw't in. An' Harry gat his rwoast an' boil—*rwoast herrin' an' boilt turmets!*

Harry sed—"Sec—a dinner; yā—dish—nut fit—for—a swine; an'—t' tudder—nut—a relish for—a hung'ry—beggar."

When he ûset ta be wurkin' off enny way, an' finn'din' his awn meet, he gat t' best dinners. His wife was a rare provider. Ah leuk't intill his bag yâ day, an' thees' are sum ô' t' things ah fand in towards his mid-day feed:—*Yá big appel-ceàk, two thumpin' tuppenny ceàkes or biskeys, six friet eggs, three slïces ô' ham, two beefsteàks, an' as menny butter-skags as Jinny Bell ûset ta mak for*

ten or a duzzen. Than theear was a lot ov läl páper bags 'nockin' aboot, sum wid pepper in, sum wid sawt in, an' an oald tin match box wid a bit ó' mustard in. Harry just úset ta mak yà cwoorse, hoo menny dishes ivver he hed. Two 'oars was his stintit dinner time. Bê way ov apologisin' for his-sel, Harry wad ha' sed—

“Thoo sees—ooar—oald—wife—sends—seah—much; an' it's—seah—gûd; an'—mê—teeth's—seah—bad; an'—ah mummel—mummel—on, till—ah menny—a time—think—sham'; as—ah know—ah mud—ha' meàd—hoaf-a-croon—in' t' time—ah—was—eatin'—two—shillin's—wurth; ah—mud; awur me man.”

Well, t' result ov aw this eatin' was, 'at Harry's beard grew white lang afooar his hair; simply, as Willy Boak sed, becos he gev his jaws a gay bit mair ta duah nor his brains.

Harry relish't a glass ov whiskey far abeùn t' averidge ov fwoak: let me see,—better or Ted Martin: about t' seàm as Tom Gray: an' vërra nâr as weel as Nancy Adams. At Chrismas time he was vërra thrang cawin' amang his friends.

Harry was vërra keen ov a shot at a hare, or owt else he hed a chance at. Seah, Tom Armstrong (a reeal mischeef ov a yung fellab) stuff't a hare skin wid hay, an' pot it in Mistris Litel's dyke, an' went an' tell't Harry. He wasn't a minnet ó' gitten his gun, an' off he set, an' gev that oald hare skin fower barrels sittin'. Ah's just thinkin' t' fift' wad ha' been for Tom if he hedn't

keep't oot ov his reech till t' passhun gat off him. A reel gûd brek yance happen't efter t' hare job. When Cockermuth kirk was burn't doon, theear was a sang meàd aboot it, an' yā vurs ran gaily nār like this :—

“ Of pride and presumption I'd have you beware,
Don't make your hare soup till you've first caught
your hare.”

Yā day two yung chaps aboot eighteen wer gâun aboot t' country singin' t' new sang, an' they stop't ta give Harry a stave. He was at his dinner, an' he lissen't vārra attentively till t' hare bisness was menshun't. He than gat up an' gev them pooar lads sec a breàkin' wid a brush shank 'at they wadn't forgit for menny a lang day ; an' ah quessin' they ivver kent what it was for, widoot oald Routledge tell't them.

Harry sed, “ Durty—low—life't—creeturs—cummin'—an' toakin'—aboot—hares—heear ;—ah'll—larn—them ; ah will ; awur me man.”

Harry ûset ta profess a lāl bit ó' skollership. Nut 'at he knew much, bit when he hed a glass in him, he toak't sair aboot what he did know. He met Dick Hill yā neet in t' publik hoose, an' they gat on whedder was t' better skoller. Dick was a farmer—nay, a statesman-farmer—an' hed gitten a vārra fair eddicashun. Seah, they bettit five shillin' which cud figger farder, an' when t' munney was doon, an' t' pàper, pens, an' ink ruddy, Harry sed—

“ Than—whoar—mun—we start—mè—man ?”

“O, in t’ Rule ô’ Three,” sed Dick.

“Bodderashun—till—yer—Rule—ô’—Three ; we’ll—begin—as—far as—Algebray.”

“O, then you win,” sed Dick, “for I can’t do a single figure in Algebra.”

An’ Harry gat his munney, an’ was varra big about it. He sed—“Ah oalas—like—ta snape—varmin—ah duah ; awur me man.”

Efter Dick went oot, sum o’ t’ cumpany aks’t Harry whoar he’d larn’t Algebray. An’ he meád anser :—“Ah nivver—did—larn’t ; an’ ah nivver—hard—tell on’t—bit—yance—ah didn’t ; awur me man.”

Ah mun just give a short akount o’ hoo Harry was yance puzzel’t at his awn trade, an’ than ah mun finish. A laady sent for him ta mak a wardrobe. Well, nowder Harry, nor aw his kin, cud mak oot what this wardrobe cud be. Efter studyin’ lang an’ sair, Harry maks a writin’ ceàs. Gä’s off wid it i’ greet glee, bit t’ laady only stare’t at him. At last she gev him t’ len’t, an’ brenth, an’ depth, an’ show’t him hoo it hed ta stand, tellin’ him it was for dresses.”

“O, ah—see—noo,” sed he ; “a big—cleás—box—ta stand—on—yā end ; ah’ll—mak’t ; awur me man.

An’ off Harry set heám in greet glee, an’ tell’t fwoaks ’at he hed ta mak a big box for t’ laady ta dress in ; bit he declar’t theear was just yā thing yit ’at cap’t him,—“He cudn’t—tell—what—aw t’ pegs—wer—for ; he cudn’t—awur me man.”

Village Characters.

THE DANCING MASTER.

BEN JOPSON leev't in a läl cottidge, just abeùn t' villidge inn, an', in his way, ther wasn't a prooder man in t' country side. He ûset ta mak his breed an' chees' bê fiddlin, an', as for his drink, he gat t' meàst ô' that ge'en. He hed dancin' scheùls in different parts ov t' country; fiddel't at murry neets, partys, an' sec like. It wad hev deùn ennyboddy gûd ta hev seen him gâun off, dres't in his swallo'-tail't cwoat, leet waste-cwoat, smart troosers, an' thin shoos. His fiddel he carry't in a green bag; an' if that bag cud only ha' spokken, ah wad ha' like't neah better fun nor hevvin' a neet's crack wid it.

Ben hed gitten a vërra läl bit ov eddicashun at best, an' ah think 'at t' main o' what he hed gitten hed gon till his feet an' fing'er ends, for he cud dance a heep better nor he cud 'rite, an' fiddel ten times as weel as he cud reed. An' yit, he toak't fine in his way—(sùm-'at like t' flunkey's)—he sed mighty fine wurds, bit spak bad grammer. He was endow't wid a nasal orgin far abeùn t' commen sise, an' he keep't it gaily weel imploy't wid takkin' in snuff. This meàd his toak rayder bad ta unnerstan', for aw his

“*n*’s” wer chang’t intill “*b*’s,” an’ his “*n*’s” intill “*d*’s;” seah, ah think ’at this sketch wad reed better if ah gev his toak just as he sed it.

T’ proodest moment ô’ Ben’s life was when Mistris Jones, t’ bwoardin’ scheùl keeper, aks’t him if he cud give her yung laadys a few lessins in dancin’. Ben off wid his hat in a crack, an’ sed,

“O yes, baab, very dicely; I cad badage theb first class. By dabe’s well kdowd id polite circles. I’ve do (no) doubt I will be recorded id future histories as wod of the best professors id by tibe of life. I cad teach theb all the fashidabel dadces frob a cobbod reel to a waltz or a bazaruka. I bay say——”

Hear Mistris Jones col him shwort wid a wave ov her hand, an’ tel’t him ta start ta-mworn.

Ben went ta wark like a man, an’ seùn hed them yung laadys fleein’ roond t’ musik room like wild things. An’, aih deear, hoo they did laff at t’ oald chap’s way ô’ teechin’. They fairly crak’t ther sides. When he thowt on, he caw’t them “youdg laadys,” or “Biss Seah-an’-Seah,” bit when he forgat his-sel, it was “Doo Polly,” or “go od lassy,” or “keep id tibe you big wod with the light hair.”

Sumtimes, when they war gâun ta start a set ô’ quadrilles, he wad ha ge’en yan her instruksions, afooar he startit, i’ sùm-’at like this stile, “Dow thed, good girl, I beed youdg lady, head up, hadds dowd; very dicely dode iddeed; bove very gedtly forward, because the cessedce of cal-

isthedies is polite bovebedts; beet your partder wodee, thed retire; beet agaid; then bow, add re-turd to place."

Ben's teechin' went on for a munth, an' Mistris Jones tel't him ta mak oot his bill. Seah, he went to t' scheulmaister. An' t' maister sed—

"What may ah stile t' lessons?"

An' Ben did put in a staver. For fecar ah cudn't think on, ah gat t' maister ta 'rite meh 't doon at t' time, it was see a gud un; ta mak shure it losses nowt bê my tellin' ah'll copy't off, wurd for wurd.

"Mrs. Jones,

To Benjamin Jopson.

"November 5th to December 6th.—To Eight Professional Lessons in Imparting Instruction to the distinguished ladies of Mrs. Jones's far-famed and most-justly-renowned Seminary, in the noble and beautiful Calisthenic Exercises, so highly calculated to strengthen the body, to give grace and freedom to the limbs, to promote expansion of the chest, to ensure development of the frame, and to improve the carriage and deportment of the refined and intelligent young ladies, generally. At 2s. 6d. each lesson £1 0s. 0d."

Ben dictatit, an' t' maister 'rit it doon, t' latter tellin' Ben aw t' time he nivver thowt he hed as much in him. T' dancin' maister *was* plees't wid t' remarks ô' t' scheulmaister, an' t' scheulmaister laff't at Ben's elloquens, as he eaw't it; an' seah they wer beath weel satisfi't, yan wid an-udder. Bit Ben driet up when he saw t' bill.

"It is far too well dode—because whed I sigd the bill after I've got by boddey, Mistris Jodes will see I have dot bade the bill byself."

Than t' scheùlmaister meád him anudder, an' sine't it ruddy, an' when Mistris Jones gev him t' bill ta sine, he just popp't in t' tudder, an' aw was reet. Ah beleev, hooivver, she keep't t' bill as lang as she leev't, for a kûrosity.

Ben úset ta like ta gā till a pri-vet party ta fiddel. T' pay was gûd, an' theear was plenty ta eat an' drink; an' than, theear was sum ple-shur ô' mixin' up wid rayder bettermer fwoaks. He was yauce cummin' heàm fra a party aboot fower o'clock yā mwornin', wid a rare parcel o' sandiches in ayder cwoat pokket, 'at t' mistris hed ge'en him ta tak for his wife an' barns. He was thinkin' till his-sel what a grand brekfást him an' t' family wad hev, when a greet New-foon'land dog pop't ower t' dyke, an' set it-sel reet afooar him. It didn't offer ta bite, bit it wadn't let him stur an inch. He hed a stick, bit he dursn't hit it, for feear it jump at him. Well, it stud aboot ten minnets, till Ben was fairly starvin' on his feet wid t' hard frost, an' sweetin' on his boddy wid bein' seah flate. At last, he thowt ô' t' sandiches. Oot he pull't t' less lot, an' gev t' dog first yā bit, an' than anudder, an' than anudder, till aw was deùn. Than he triet ta git past, bit no! t' dog was kind aneùf, bit it wadn't let him stur.

"Dash," Ben sed, "thou's eated our Bella's share, add the childred's share; thou surely does dot wadt bide as well!" He triet ageàn ta git past, bit it was ô' neah use. Oot he pull't his

awn sandich, an' gev't till t' dog, bit nut widoot menny a grudge. Bit t' dog was neah better.

Ben than began ta think he wad ha' ta stop theear till sumboddy drew up, which was an unlikely thing for menny an 'oosar ta cum. A thowt struck him. He oppen't his green bag; t' dog stud waggin' his tail, varra plees't like, wantin' sùm-'at mair; bit, asteed ov a sandich, Ben gev him "tally-gorum" on t' fiddel—an' ov aw t' flate animels, Ben sed—

"It beat ady-thidg that ever I saw. He popped his tail betweed his hidd quarters, gev two or three udearthly yells, add galloped dowd the road as if bad. Had I kdowd that he loved busic so well, he should either have had the 'Liverpool Hordpipe,' or the 'Devil abodgst the Tailors,' before he had got by breakfast for his supper."

Anudder time, Ben was cummin' fra a murry neet middlin' tight. He creep't intill a nabour's byre, an' laid doon in t' fodder gang, whoar he fell fast asleep. T' cooman was a new run Paddy, an' when he com' for sum fodder i' t' mwornin' he was like ta drop. He just stud thunner-struck, wid t' leet shinin' on Ben. At last Ben woaken't up, an' thowt he wad like ta be oot afoosar enny udder ó' t' farmer's fwoak saw him, for he didn't want them ta know 'at he hed sleep't in ther byre. Bit hoo was he ta git shot o' Pat? It occur't till him 'at he wad give pooar Pat t' seàm saus as he gev t' dog. Seah he gev him "Merrilly danc't t' Quaker's wife;"

an' Ben oalas stuck till't, at he "didd't kdown whether Pat or the dog rad faster."

Simpel Pat ran intill t' hoose, white as a cloot, an' sed—"Shure master, there's a big man in the byre, sur, an' he had something like a brown turkey, which he held by the neck, while he scratched its back wid a long stick; an', by the holy Scent Patrick, how it did squale! Shure an' I wouldn't go into that byre again for a cow's price, or I'm afraid I'd never live to see me darlint Judy Callaghan any more, sur." Bit when they went wid Pat, Ben an' his fiddel wer off.

Just about when Ben was in t' heet ov his fame, a teetotel club was form't in t' villidge. Yā neet a band cums ta git Ben ta join.

"Well," sed Ben, "this requires sobe little codsideratiōd, because whed I'b travellidg the coudry, I get bady glasses gived, add it would be a great loss to give theb up. However, I'll sigd teetotel with the exceptiōd of the gived glasses."

This wadn't fit, seah they invitit Ben doon till a meeting. Ben went, an' he join't.

"Noo," sed they, "yê mun mak a speech."

"O dear do (no), I caddet speak, I assure you; I dever spoke id by life."

"Than give us yer maiden speech," sed Tommy Law; "better leát than nivver."

Efter a varst ô' perswadin', Ben sed—"Well, *gedllebed, I'll do by best. Bay we always have hills of tobacco add boudtaxids of sduff, add rivers of whiskey add glory; add the big bode for the big*

dog, add the little bode for the little dog, add the gristle for the cat; add pledty of beer, bread, add bacod for me, for O, how I do relish theb. Gedtle-bed, bay we always have pledty of everythidg, add a little sduff besides."

Efter that speech t' promwoters thowt Mister Jopson wadn't mak a trew teetoteller.

Noo, t' Munday neet efter, happen't ta be Willy Morgin's kurn supper. Ben was sent for ta fiddel. T' smell ô' t' grog was a greet temptashun ta Ben. He thowt his chist was bad, seah he hed a glass ô' rum het, an' than he hed udder thurteen ta keep't kumpany, an', as he sed, "to help be to keep the pledge."

When t' yung men hard this, they war seah mad 'at they went till Ben's hoose wid tin whissels, an' oald cans ta drum him oot ô' t' club; bit Ben was ower menny for them. He keep't his temper—gat t' fiddel doon, an' play't them "T' Rwogue's March,"—an' they tuk t' hint, an' set off ageàn gaily sharp. Ben consoal't his-sel bê sayin'—"That little bit of busidess is over."

Ben was yance sent for up intill t' fell country ta play for a pri-vet party. Dancin' was ta start at ten o'clock, bit t' mistris ô' t' hoose sed, "Cum seùn, lad, an' than thoo'll git a cup o' tea afooar thoo starts."

Eight o'clock struck, an' he didn't land up; nine struck, an' neah Ben; than ten chim't, an' they gev him up; bit, just wi' that, Ben landit. Sum lads kent ô' t' party, an' triet ta fuddel Ben,

an' they succeedit ta sum extent. Ben apologiz't, an' oppen't oot his green bag, bit asteed ô' his weel trim't fiddel, he pull't oot an oald blackin' box, wid a peel't battin nail't on for a neck, an' bits o' sail-twine for strings.

Ben was mad, an' sworry, an' flate aw at yance. Mad 'at t' lads hed play't sec a trick on him—sworry ta disappoint t' laadys—an' flate he'd lost his fiddel. He, hooivver, borrow't a fiddel for that neet, an' fand his awn next day.

An' it wad vārra nār ha' cure't ennyboddy o' t' sulks ta hev hard what Ben sed till t' fiddel when he fand it. He led off wid—

“Welcob to by arbs, thou dear old fiddle. I will call thee a violid—a sweet busical idstrubedt. Thou hast beed by friedd id prosperity add adversity: with thee I have charbed the heart of bad (man), add soothed the savage breast: with thee I have brought forth roars of laughter frob the vacadt rustics at fair tibes add hiridgs, add caused tears to flow frob the eyes of the thoughtful. With thee I have scared a dog albost to death: dearly frighteded a Paddy out of his wits: add set off the howlidg teetotallers; while thou, for bady years, has gived busic for by food, by dridk, by washid, add by lodgidgs. Returd thed to thy fiddle bag, add let ady ode beware how he touches thee agaid.”

This sed, he put it an' t' bag under his arm, an' went off ta see what Mistris Jopson hed ta say.

Village Characters.

THE SHOEMAKER.

BOB SPENCER sarret his time wid oald Tom Blenkinship, an' a gay gûd shoemaker Tom meàd on him. Bob gat ta be a jurnyman, an' than he gat ta be a maister. For menny a 'eear he was stiddy—rowt hard, an' seàv't a bit ô' munney. Than Bob, in commen wid t' rest o' fwoak, tuk till hissel a wife,—lâl Betty Hodgins; an', if he hed left her temper behint her, he med ha' mannish't sùm-'at like, bit he gat aw tagidder—clogs an' udder. Up till his weddin' he leev't in a sing-el room, an' was like t' oald cobbler in t' teâl.

“Theear was yance an' oald cobbler whoa leev't in a stall,
That sarv't him for kitchin', an' parler, an' all.”

Bit, when he tûk Betty heàm it was till a gûd new hoose, wid two rooms an' an attic, besides a cobbler's shop 'at oppen't oot intill t' lobby, an' a nice T-fawt' ledder-loft abeàn.

Well, t' furst neet Bob drew up a chair till t' fire, an' set his slipper't feet on till a stuff't steul 'at t' wife hed browt for him; an', ah dar say, he thowt hissel t' happiest ô' mortels. Hooivver, afooar ivver he knew, his new-meàd wife com sec a crack under his lissener 'at aboot knock't him off t' seet, sayin'—

“Dûs ta think ah browt that steul for thê ta

set thê feet on, thoo iggerant fellah? Dar, ah wish ah'd nivver seen thê feâce!"

Bob leùk't askance at her, an' ah beleev' he was wishin' vārra nār t' seàm thing,—if nut *egsactly* t' seám. Well, matters wore on for a few 'eears, sumtimes middlin' smooth, an' sumtimes gaily ruff, bit theear's neah doot Betty wore t' nedder garments.

In a jwokin' way, when Betty was rile't, Bob ûset ta say 'at t' eclips was on. "Yea," he wad ha' sed, "T' darkness cuvvers t' feâce ô' mé wife, thrusts t' corks hard intill t' whisky bottels—hinders t' taties fra rwoastin' at t' dinner time, an' willn't let t' tea mass till bed-time." *That meen't, in plain English, 'at she gev him nowt ta eat or drink.* "Verily," he continny'd, "we're badly off." Bob cawt this his po'try, an' he sed it seah offen 'at he hed it off bê rote, an' t' lads 'at went intill t' shop at neets knew what was cummin' when he startit.

A greet draw-up hoose for t' villidge lads was Bob's, up till eight o'clock at neet, when they went ta ther horses ta fettel them up, an' Bob went ta bed. It wad ha' been a queear fellah 'at keep't Bob up efter eight yance ov his day.

Fwoaks nwotic't this, an' seah yā neet Tim Beckson ses till Will Dawton an' Joe Foster—"Ah say, bwoys, let's mak Bob sit up a bit, ta-neet, for t' brek." Seah they wer willin'.

At neet, off they set, an' landit up till Bob's at eight o'clock. In they went, as theear was

neah sirrimonnies ô' them days—it was lift t' sneck, an' woak in.

“Well,” sed Bob, “yê're leàt; ah just hed mê shoos lows't ta gā ta bed; an' Betty's off.”

Accordin' ta t' bargin, furst yan an' than anudder tel't a gūd teàl, an' Bob hotch't an' laff't till nine o'clock, fairly like ta tummel off t' chair. When nine struck, Bob driet up, an' laff't neah mair, an' t' tudder three rwoarin' fit ta crack ther sides at ther awn teàls, an' Bob's sulks.

“Laff, min, Bob,” sed Tim.

“Giv us a teàl, Bob,” join't in Will Dawton.

“Aye, a gay staver,” addit Joe Foster.

“Nay,” ses Bob, “it's neah time ô' neet ta tell teàls for fwoaks 'at hes ta git up at fower o'clock i' t' mwornin'. Yan wad be a gay bit better i' bed.”

Ten struck, an' Bob caw't them lads neah lāl. Elcbben struck, an' Bob gat warse an' warse, an' t' lads laff't harder an' harder.

At last twelve struck, an' Bob just jump on till his feet, an' ran up stairs, tellin' them they mud stop aw neet if they like't, bit he wad stop neah langer. An' Bob didn't hear t' last o' that for menny a lang day.

In a few 'eears Bob tūk ta drinkin', mainly throo t' wife; an', when he com' heàm ov a nect, she offen lok't him oot: an' sumtimes they differ't, an' fratch't, an', at odd times, fowt.

Ah can mind yā day, ah was gāun on t' rwoad by Bob's hoose, an' oot cums Bob wid his heed

cutten, an' he sed to me—"Betty, theear's been war atween t' Turks an' t' Rushians; bit t' Rushians hes lik't." Bob representit t' Turks, an' Betty t' Rushians.

Bob gat a trick o' lyin' on t' ledder loft, asteed o' gâun ta bed, when he was tight, seah Betty sed till her-sel—"Ah'll cure thê, mê lad."

An', yā day, when he was off, she sed till Joe Foster—"Let's put a trick on Bob."

An' Joe consentit. He black't his feâce, an' creep't on till t' loft, gitten a-back ov a lot ô' ledder. Just as he'd gitten kannily laid doon, in cums Bob, an' Betty leeds off wid—

"Thoo durty, drukken spraffin'!—whoar's ta been? Gā back ageàn, an' stop till ah send for thê."

That was whyte plenty for Bob. Up t' steps he went on till t' ledder loft; an', as sharp as leetnin', Betty gā's off wid t' stee. Bob laid doon clwose aside Joe. Efter he was aboot hoaf asleep, Joe shuv't a pin intill his leg.

"Betty," shootit Bob, "is ter a 'whamp' nest up heear?"

Betty nivver spak, nor Joe nowder, an' efter a lāl bit, Bob snoozels ower ageàn. T' next minnet, Joe was thrustin' Bob, an' t' ledder, an' aw away tagidder.

"Od dash," sed Bob, in a hoaf whisper, "is ah on t' ledder loft, or in a cuddy car?"

T' thrustin' gās on for a lāl bit lang'er, an' Bob turn't flate.

“Betty, mè lass, bring a leet — ah’s flatc; heear’s sùm-’at gâun wid meh. O, be sharp! — it’s gâun cleen off wid meh! *Ah div like thé, Betty! cum an’ help meh.*”

Seah Betty com’ intill t’ lobby wid a leet, an’ Bob just leùk’t ta see what was sturrin’ him, an’ he saw nowt bit a pair ô’ greet starin’ eyes an’ a black feâce. He gat up as sharp as a hare, an’ tûk nobbet two steps — yan on till t’ edge o’ t’ loft, an’ t’ tudder intill t’ lobby, at leest ten feet doon; an’, at t’ seàm time his feùt struck t’ flag, his nwose hit t’ waw, an’ pooar Bob blare’t like a greet coaf, an’ bled like a stick’t pig. An’ for aw he knew ’at t’ black man was only Joe Foster, it cure’t him o’ sleepin’ on t’ loft.

Betty an’ her man differ’t seah much yance ’at she left him an’ his two sons, an’ went ta leev at Cockermuth wid her sister. Yā Sunday she sed till her sister —

“Ah’ll gā an’ sec pooar lāl Bob an’ Gwordie, mè bits ô’ barns, an’ Tommy an’ Willy shall gā wid meh ta see ther cuss’ns.”

When they gat theear, Bob nivver spak ta Betty, nor she ta him. Bob ceúk’t t’ dinner, an’ meàd a rowley-powley puddin’, — big as a lāl lad. He sat at t’ top ô’ t’ teåble, Betty at t’ boddem, an’ two lads at ayder side. Than Bob gat a knife, an’ cut yā end off t’ puddin’, aboot fower pund weight. He pointit till yan ô’ t’ lads ta hand it till his mudder, laffin’ till his-sel ’at he’d cutten her sec a big lump.

Betty saw t' jwoke, an' she'd neah seüner gitten 't, nor she up wid t' puddin', an' v'arra n'ar knock't Bob off t' chair wid it. He was aw rubarb fra lug ta laggin.

He a kind o' wip't his feace wid his cwoat sleev, for want o' süm-'at better, an' than he up wid t' puddin', an' threw't at Betty. She, hooivver, jook't, an' t' puddin' stuck on t' waw as flat as a panceäk.

Betty gat hoald ov as much as she cud, an' threw't back at Bob; an' theear, they peltit yan anudder wid boil't flooar an' rubarb, till yan wad ha' thowt they hed been oot in a hevvy shooar o' rowley-powley.

An' t' pooar lads leúk't an' leúk't, an' ah div n't know whedder they wer mair trubbel't ta see t' two cloddin' yan anudder, or at lossin' ther dinner.

When Bob hed got a glass or two he was a greet man at owder runnin' or woakin'. He was oppen ta mak a wager wid ennyboddy. Yä day he was cummin' oot o' Cockermuth bê Saint Helens, an' up com' Sam Todd on a powney.

"Can thé horse trot enny?"

"Ay, weel, Bob, lad."

"Ah'll run thé till t' Wheet Shaff i' Emmelton, for hoaf-a-croon," Bob sed.

"V'arra weel, mè man," return't Sam.

Efter wettin' ther whissels at t' Fessent Inn, off they went at full tatter. Bob ran, wavin' his reed neckleth, an' as they pass't t' market swoaks in ther cars, shootit at them ta git oot o' t' rwoad.

Aih, he did hook it up till t' Bank End watterin' troff, an' Sam trottin' on behint aboot a hundred yards.

"Noo, ah'll beet thê," sed Bob. "It's doon t' broo aw t' way till t' Wheet Shaff, an' ah's t' vërra beggar ta gā in-bank. Ah beleev ah's sùm-'at akeen till an oald cab horse."

An' on they ran till they gat within aboot a hundred yards o' t' winnin' post, when Sam trottit past him. An', aih my stars, hoo Bob did lig in. At last, when he saw he hed neah chance, he sed—"Gā on wid thê oald powney, or ah'll run ower yê beàth."

In anudder minnet Bob hed hoald ô' t' dooar cheek. "Bring meh a pint o' yāl," he fairly gasp't oot. "Noo, anudder," sed he, afooar he'd teástit t' furst. Seah, they full't t' yan t' time 'at he was emptyin' t' tudder, till he'd gitten six pints, an' than he sed—"Theear noo, ah's rayder slokken't; ah'll gā in, an' tak mair time ower t' next."

T' reàce, an' t' coald yāl on a heatit stummak, hed, hooivver, been ower menny for him, for aboot an 'oosar efter he was drinkin' oot ov an ornament 'at was stannin' on t' mantel pees, asteed ov his pint, an' fratchin' wid a picter o' Lord Nelson 'at was hingin' on t' waw.

Bob generely tûk aw t' munney he hed bê him in his pokket. T' sarvant lads meastely knew this: seah, yā neet when he was at Cockermuth (winter time, an' meùn-leet) they meád it up ta

flà Bob. Ta duah this, they gat intill a läl three-cworner't plantin', elwose bê t' rwoad side—hed a pistel charg't wid pooder, an' waitit pashently for Bob. At last, as he was cummin' on t' rwoad, rayder fresh, an' sayin' till his-sel,

“If Betty ses owt ta me——”

Bang gäs t' pistel, an' up Bob lowp't intill t' air, aboot as hee as a six-bar't yät. T' lads than meàd a rush throo t' dike, an' theear was sec a scuffer alang that Emmelton boddem, as theear hed nivver been afooar, sen Sir Frederick's hunt in t' 'ear 1829. Aih, they sed he did plet them oald legs o' his, an' for aw they wer yung lish fellahs, they cudn't offer ta hôd feùt wi' him. They sed if he'd run hoaf as fast, when he reác't Sam Todd's powney, he wad ha' won t' reàce as cleen as a clock. When he gat intill his awn hoose, he leúk't as white as a cloot, an' dropt doon afooar t' fire.

“What's t' smatter wid thê, thoo silly wooden hewlet?” sed t' wife.

“What's thoo?” sed he; “a gray jenny!”

T' last time 'at ivver ah saw t' oald shoemaker was at Kessik, yä Martinmas Setterday, an' he beg't a ride heàm, for, he sed,

“Ah div n't like ta gã doon them lonely Widdup wuds me-sel; it's sec a queear pleàce about that Smiddy Green; an' ah think ah's flater ivver sen ah was shütten at, an' vërra nâr rob't.”

A Christmas Story.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

Chapter I.

NAT SQUEERS' STRANGE ENCOUNTER
NEAR THE HOLLY.

MENNY, menny 'ears sen, as t' oald stwoary beùks begin, just aboot t' middel o' Desember, ah was vārra thrang makkin' t' pies for Chrismas aboot ten o'clock yà foarneùn. Fadder hed gon oot ta watter t' bêase, an' Bob an' Joe was off sprafflin' ah know nut whoar; 'deed, ah dar say they wad hardly know ther-sels, if yan hed akst them. T' mwornin' was keen an' frosty, an' t' trees was aw bare, while a sheet o' ice cuvver't Job Dawson's meedah, on which t' scheùl bwoys an' lasses was amusin' ther-sels neah lāl. A thunnerin' rat, tat, tat com till t' dooar; nin o' yer beggerly taps, bit yan at soondit aw throo t' hoose, an' ah ses ta mê-sel,

“Sum o' t' Squire's fwoak, ah warn, wantin' two or three geese or ducks for Chrismas.”

Wi' that, ah let doon mê goon in a crack, gev mê hans a bit ov a dabbel, an' hoaf driet them on mê cwoars aperon, an' went till t' dooar. Ah

was terrably surpris't ta see a yung laàdy boddy about twenty 'ear oald, vërra nicely an' cumfortably dres't, an', when she saw me, she held oot her han', an' sed in a nice tone ô' voise —

“ Good morning to you.”

Ah sed—“ Gud mwornin' ; bit yê hev t' better on meh. Hooivver, cum inside, mê lass ; cum inside, an' tak yer clwoak an' hat off, an' than we'll see.”

Seah, ah show't her intill t' lāl parler, an' efter she'd teàn off her travellin' toggery, ah hed a better leùk at her. She was taw—vërra taw ; hed leet hair—awburn ah think ; a plesent coontenans—a leùk oot like a mixter ô' gûd nater an' mischeef ; cheeks reed an' white—a bonny culler, sartinly ; an' han's 'at hedn't deún much wark, as ah leùk't at them.

“ O dear,” she ses, “ do you not know me ? ”

“ It isn't mê cussin Tom's dowter fra Liverpool—Libby Moor ? ”

“ The same,” she sed.

“ Glad ta see yê cum ta spend yêr Christmas ; fadder 'll be delitit. Mak yêr-sel at heàm—mak yêr-sel at heàm—theear's neah sirrimonies i' thees country pleáces.”

An', afooar twelv' o'clock, Libby—ah meen Miss Moor—was runnin' about t' hoose, helpin' ta mak t' dinner, as cheearful as a lark, an' as bissy as a bummely.

T' day pass't ower vārra nicely: Libby was grand cumpany, an' she tel't meh aw t' news about Liverpool, an' mē frends an' relashuns. At five o'clock darkness set in, an' ah drew doon t' blinds, an' leetit a cannel 'at ah gat fra grosser Tweddel for Chrismas—while fadder fetch't in a greet log o' wood, an' a trug full o' smaw cwoals for t' fire.

We'd neah seūner gitten seetit, nor in cums ooar nabour, Nat Squeears, an' t' neet went off vārra cannily. Nat chaff't Libby, an' Libby chaff't Nat, till at last they gat ta be rayder gūd frends. Nat was nobbet five-an'-twenty—a whyet, shy kind ov a fellah, pertiklarly amang strangers. He lcev't wid his fadder an' mudder on a smaw farm hoaf-a-mile fra ooar hoose. T' land was aw ther awn, an', as Nat was an oonly son, t' farm wad belang ta him sum day.

Afooar Chrismas, we meād it up ta hev a bit ov a party. We invitit aboot ten aw tagidder, mainly yung uns: an' they sang, an' danc't, an' tel't teals: an' they meād ther-sels beāth cumfortabel an' heāmly. Libby was t' maister ô' t' whol' lot: she cud beet them aw at dancin'—nin ô' them cud tutch her at singin'—at teals she cud owder mak them laff, or flay them as she hed a mind—an' she fairly cap't them wid sūm-'at she caw't conundrums, an' sharades. Them was things ah cudn't see intill: seah, when t' tudder fwoaks laff't hard, ah confess ah wasn't hoaf suitit, becos ah saw nowt ta laff at, an' cudn't

join in; espeshally when t' jwoke happen't ta be aboot mē-sel. She set yan 'at ah thowt theear was neah kind ô' 'cashun for, bit she just laff't meh oot on't. It was sùm-'at like this—

“What great poet does cousin Betty's hair put you in mind of?”

An' Sarah Pelter ses—“Gray,” an' than theear was a laff at my expense. Anudder time she com oot wid—

“Why is cousin Betty's head like a musical box?”

“Because it hes seah mcny 'airs' in't,” Nat Squeears sed.

Efter a bit, she set yan aboot her-sel. She was sittin' aside Nat in t' corner, an' givin' a sly leùk at him, she sed—

“Why am I like a tailor?”

An' neahboddy saw that 'un, seah she hed ta anser't her-sel. It was a gay gùd 'un, hooivver, an' ah cud see t' jwoke, efter she tell't us t' anser. Pointin' at Nat, she sed—“Because I'm sitting so near a goose.”

When t' sharades an' things ô' that kind gat deùn, an' it was wurkin' on for time ta gā heàm, she propwosed 'at ivvery yan hed ta tell a teàl, an' aw aboot Cumberland, or else they wad hev ta pay a forfeit o' sum kind or anudder. Well, ooar Bob was sittin' at t' fardest corner, seah she ses—“Now Robert, your turn first.”

“Well,” Bob sed, “yā Christmas time, Teddy

O'Flannagan, a Paddy 'at hedn't been lang fra t' Emerald Ile, was cummin' fra Kesiek ta Cocker-muth, an' he caw't at t' 'Swan wid Two Necks,' an' stop't rayder langer nor he shud ha' deùn. When he gat in ta Widdup Woods a big yoolet began o' screamin'. Teddy was freetent, bit he didn't want ta show 't. 'Shure,' sed he, 'you fellah, wid the big voice, none o' yer airs, or I'll be afther setting ould Flannagan's son, Teddy, upon yees.' A few mair shoots fra t' yoolet set Teddy on till his mettel, an' he meàd a pair ô' cleen heels ta t' Peel Wyke, an' he telt them 'at a man was lost in t' woods. T' lanlwoꝛd went till t' dooar wid him, an' when t' yoolet shootit ageàn, Paddy sed—'That's the very same voice I hard afore, an' shure, if yees be for Cocker-muth, come this way.' "

"Dar," sed Tim Bell, "that part ô' t' country puts me i' mind ov a Borrodale stwory. They're vārra helthy, lang-life't fwoaks up theear, an' bodder lāl wid dokter's phissik. A stranger was yance gāun up, an' he com till a *gray-heedit man sittin' on a heap o' steàns, yoolin'*. 'What's the matter?' sed t' stranger. '*Mé fadder lik't meh!*' 'Your father! what age are you, pray?' '*Sebbenty-three, sur.*' 'Well, I should like to see your father: he must be an old man.' 'Well,' ses t' oald chap, 'if ye gā up till that farm hoose, ye'll see him.' An' off t' stranger went. When he gat theear, he knock't at t' dooar, an' a *white-heedit man com' oot, leùkin' varra mad like.* 'O,'

sed t' stranger, ' why did you whip your son which I saw down the road?' ' *Becos,*' sed he, ' *ℓ durty, nasty, läl jackenyaps was settin' feáces at his gran-fadder!*' This meàd t' stranger vërra anxshus ta see t' oald fellah, an' ta shak han's wid him. ' *Well bit,*' sed t' son, ' *he can't see varra weel, an' he hes sec a terrable grip, ye mun be careful. We oalas tak hoald ov a läl plew cooter, 'at we keep in ℓ neák, an' he shaks that.*' Seah t' stranger went in, saw t' oald chap, an' gev him t' plew cooter as usuel. An' t' oald fellah nip't it that hard, 'at a greet lump com' off t' end on't. ' *Bless mé life,*' sed he, ' *fwoaks's han's is meàd ó nowt bit grissel, noo-a-days: they're gud for nowt at aw. They shud niver ha' ta wurk till they're seb-benty, an' than ther beáns git weel set afooar they begin.'*"

Than Tom Sunton sed—

"That puts me in mind ov a man at Bassen-thet. Yā hay time his two sons cudn't suit him wid forkin', an', at last, he sed he cud leád as fast as they beàth cud fork. Ta wark they set, an' t' oald chap trod it doon on t' car, shootin', 'Mair hay; cum on lads, mair hay; hang it, if ah hed a cuddy hoaf as làzy, ah wad tak a stick til't.' Than they cuvver't him cleen owerheed, bit they cud still hear him shooten oot, fra under t' heep—'Mair hay lads—give us mair—let's be gitten on—ah's fairly tire't ó' waitin' seah lang.' Efter a minnet, t' hay, an' t' oald chap, an' aw com' tummelin' off t' car tagidder, bit he

wadn't giv in, an' he keep't shooten harder an' harder, — 'Mair hay, lads; aih deear, yê ur slow; cum, on wid anudder forkful—ah hev plenty ô' room noo.'"

Jim Sharp than sed—

"That's sùm-'at like Bob Norman's wife at Widdup Mill. Bob sed 'at t' teàbel-cleàth hed been cutten wid a knife, an' t' wife sed it hed been deùn wid a pair ov sidders. Ses Bob—'If thoo repeets that ageàn, ah'll put thê intill t' mill dam.' An' she just shootit as hard as ivver she cud—'Sidders, sidders, sidders!' Seah, he pop't her ower heed. When he poo't her oot, she cud hardly speak, bit, hooivver, she man-nish't ta say—'Sidders!' Doon she gā's ageàn, an' when he pull't her oot a sekkint time, she cudn't speak, bit she began *clip, clip, clippin'* wid her two fing-'ers. Than Bob sed—'It's neah use, ah see; thoo'll nut give in—seah *ah* mun; thoo was whyte reet—it was t' sidders.' She sed—'No, 't wasn't: 't was a knife!'"

T' laff was lood an' boisterus at this, an' ah beleev' Libby rayder tuk t' hint at t' wumman fwoaks bein' seah heed-strang.

T' wind-up o' that neet's wark was Libby's stwory. She tel't ov a man yance bein' rob't beside a hollin buss 'at Nat Squeears hed ta gā by. Whedder t' teál was true or nut, ah cannet tell, bit Nat leùk't rayder queear. Hooivver, ah think it wad be as true as t' Borrodale stwory.

When that tcal was finish't, they aw gat ther cwoats, an' hats, an' clwoaks on, an' set off for heam. Afooar that, ah may say, Libby plaguet Nat 'at he was flate, bit he sed if ennyboddy offer't ta tutch him he wad knock them doon flat.

He ling-er't lang ta see Libby afooar he set off, bit she cudn't be fund, seah at last he båd us aw "gûd neet," an' off he went.

He'd neah seûner gitten till within a hundred yards ô' t' hollin buss, nor he thowt he hard sùm-'at sturrin', an' he imagin't he saw a black leúkin' consarn in t' dyke. His teeth began ta chatter—his legs ta trimmel—t' sweet ran off his broo—an' his hair vârra nâr bwore up his hat. Just as he gat till t' buss, oot steps a greet kustomer, wid a mask on, hods a pistel at pooar Nat's heed, an' demands his munney or his life. A quarter ov a minnet efter, Nat was latein' oot his ledder purse, an' his big oald gould watch, 'at his gran-fadder hed left him.

*Chapter II.*NAT SQUEERS HAS A SECOND STRANGE
ENCOUNTER.

WHEN NAT offer't his ledder purse an' oald watch till t' robber, t' latter stud back, an' sed—

“Before I take thy money and thy watch, let me first enquire into thy circumstances. Though following the calling of a robber, I have within me a heart as tender as the veriest lady of the land. Tell me, art thou rich?”

Nat falter't oot, as weel as his trimmelin' vois wad let him—“No, theear isn't much in mê purse, an' ah think ah wad be slam't on't, if yê tuk't fra me.”

“Then answer me still further,” sed t' robber. “Art thou honorable with the fair sex?”

“Yes,” sed Nat.

“Hast thou either been married, or offered marriage to any one?—answer me truly,” sed t' robber, ageàn pointin' his pistol.

“Ah'll tell yê ivverything—ah'll keep nowt back, if yê'll nut freeten meh wid that terrabel pistol. Ah've nivver been weddit i' mê life, an' ah nivver saw neahboddy like sùitin' meh till t' tudder neet: an' ah meen ta aks her ta be mê wife afooar she gā's away.”

“Her name?—who is she?”

“Libby--ah meen Miss Moor.”

“And if you obtain her hand, will you make her a true and loving husband?”

“Ah will—ah’ll wurk ta provide her wid ivvery thing she requires, an’ if enny man dar ta say a wrang wurd till her, ah’ll knock him doon flat.”

“Aye, unless he be a robber.”

“O yes, ah forgat that; ah beg yêr pardin.”

“Then put thy money, and thy keepsake watch into thy pocket, and go thy way; but, above all things, keep thy word, and carry out thy good intentions.”

An’ off Nat went, wipin’ t’ sweet off his broo. T’ trimmelin’ began ta gā off him; his hat settel’t doon on till his heed; his legs bwore him up better—an’, awtagidder, Nat rayder revive’t.

He tel’t his wonderful advenster aw t’ country ower, bit, like t’ Scotchman, “he aye keepit sùm’at till his-sel;” for, he tel’t hoo he wadn’t giv up his purse an’ watch, an’ ’at him an’ t’ robber hed a terrabel struggel. Hooivver, Nat’s teals, if they *did* rayder praise his-sel, wer like big Harry Tonter’s, they “caff’t neah cworn.”

A few neets efter, Nat ventur’t doon till ooar hoose ageàn, full ô’ news, an’ prood ta tell Libby aw that terrabel neet’s wark ower. Sumtimes she laff’t at him, fit ta split—an’ sumtimes she pretendit ta pity him. He sed *he wasn’t flate—nut a bit*. An’ still he wantit ta be seùn heàm that neet. Seah we meád a cup ov coffee, an’ a bit ov black puddin’. When Nat hed gitten t’ furst cup, ooar Bob rwoart reet oot a laffiin’, an’

sed—"Well, ah'll be hang't; heear's *Nat eaten t' robber's pistel!*"

Nat aks't him what he meent.

"Wey," sed Bob, "that black-puddin' was what thoo hed vārra nār been shūttēn wid. It maks a rare pistel, dus hoaf a black-puddin'. An' this is t' robber's mask," continny'd Bob, as he pull't oot my oald crape vail. "An' this is his hat—mē fadder's oald beaver, wi' neah croon in. An' *this is t' robber—mē cussin Libby!* Dar, Nat, ah doot thoo'll be takkin' ta thē heels if thoo ivver sees a fla-cro' in a feeld i' tatie time."

Just wi' that, Ben Jopson, t' dancin' maister, com' in. "Good evedidg, good evedidg," sed Ben; "I hear there has beed a woderful robbery attebted dowd here. I hope you are do worse, Bister Squeears, for your stradge advedture."

Than Ben tūk a pinch o' snuff, leūk't at Nat, wink't at Bob, laff't at me, an' gev Libby a dunch wid his elbo'—for he knew aw t' dodge.

"Why, Bister Squeears, if ady wod presedted a black-puddidg at be, I would walk right up add sdap the edd off with by teeth, add say, as I said to the herridg bad, "good lad, be upod the road with adother or two."

Ooar Bob rwoars oot—"Aih Mister Jopson tell us t' herrin' teål."

Seah Ben tūk anudder gūd pinch ov snuff, an' than sed—"Well thed, I was odce sedt for a distadce of twedty biles to fiddel at a party, add the bistrass did dot pay be for by work whed I was

dode, so I had to trudge off the whole twedty biles without ady food, or a sidgle peddy id by pocket. About three o'clock id the afterdood, I was goidg through a village, add, O dear! how hudgry I was. By poor old spiddle-shadks, which could trip so berrily across a dadcidg roob to the 'Rigs ô' Bogie,' or the 'Liverpool Hordpipe,' refused to go ady farther; by kdees kdocked together like a curly digger's dattlidg bodes; by sides were as thid as Bella Watsod's bacod-collops, that her husbadd declared he could read the dewspapers through; by chest was heavidg like the bellows of a big orgad; add by stobach, I really believe, thought by fiddle hadd't bade sixpedce for a fortdight. Just as I got idto the village, a great rough bad was sellidg herridgs. O, they were fresh add fide, just the very sort to tebpt a poor hudgry dadcidg baster: add old wives were buyidg theb up like two o'clock. But I says to byself—

“‘Bed, by old boy, how are you to get a heridg to satisfy the cravidgs of your poor hudgry stobach? You have got do bodey (money), add I'll be hadged if they'll trust you, eved in your owd dative village, leave alode here where you are a stradger. You bust try to get sobe by stratageb.’

“So, after these few words of edcouragebedt, I walks up to the cuddy cart, gets hold of two or three herridgs, sbells theb, add says, ‘Why, by good lad, your herridgs stidk worse thad a fox.

Thed the old Irishbad's bodkey was up id a bid-det, add he just up with a couple of herridgs add threw theb right at by face, sayidg—

“‘Be aff wid yer ould fiddle; for shure, an' its mê mother's son that nivver sells bad herrings, at all, at all. Shure, man, don't yê see they're alive yet. When I came past that pond, as soon as ivver they saw the wather, I had hard work to keep them in the car. An', bê mê wurd,' sed he, as he threw other two or three haddfuls, 'if yê don't get out of mê road, I'll knock the life out of yees wid live herrings.'”

“As sood as he had fidish't throwidg herridgs I pick't theb up, add put theb id by pocket, add said to the boisterous Paddy—‘Good boy, good boy—keep thy tebper; I will trouble thee do bore. I odly waded two of thy herridgs, add dow I have got six, I have do bore tibe to talk to thee: I bust be off, add have by fish fried, for by sides are albest clapped together with hudger. By the way, thou hasd't a pidch of salt thou could spare be for theb, hast thou?—but dever bidd (mind), I will play this shopkeeper a tude for a graid of salt add a halfpeddy cracker, add thed I will have a feed fit for a kidg.’”

We aw laff't at Ben's stwory, an' Libby meàd a greet deel ô' fun ô' Nat;—she sed “he was a dangerous man — he'd eaten a pistol, and was ready charged.”

For aw Libby meàd sec fun o' Nat, it was plainly ta be seen 'at she like't him; an' for

aw she cud be sec a dredful robber, Nat like't *her*. Ta mak a lang teál shwort, t' next time Nat com' ta ooar hoose, theear was neahboddy in bit Libby. An' ah dar say, they wer nowder sworry.

Nat aks't her if she wad like ta leev at Bonny Rigg (Nat's pleàs), an' she a kind o' rackon't she wad—seah Nat sed—“Wey, yê can cum if yê hev a mind.”

An' Libby just blush't, ah beleev', an' sed she thowt she wad. “Only,” sed she, “You are so frightened of ghosts and robbers, Mr. Squeears.”

Than Nat declare't he wasn't.

“Well, then,” sed Miss Moor, “in order to try you, and see if you are proof against ghosts, dare you go to the old church at twelve o'clock, three nights running, and sit in the aisle half-an-hour?” An' Nat was willin'.

“Well, next Thursday night, Friday night, and Saturday night,” sed Libby. An' efter a few mair words, which they nivver tell't meh, they partit ageàn.

Noo, Nat didn't want ta loss his prize for t' want o' bein' brave, bit he was flate ta tak this job in hand, for theear hed offen been teáls oot 'at sùm-'at hed been seen about t' church at midneet. Hooivver, Thursday neet com', an' Nat gat his-sel two or three glasses ov brandy, an' com' doon till ooar hoose, whoar he sat till ten minnets ta twelve. He than bundel't off.

He went intill t' oald church, an' sat doon in a seet, just as t' clock struck twelve. T' furst stroke meàd Nat vārra nār jump ower t' seet, till he consider't what it was. As seùn as t' time was up, off Nat cums, a prood man.

T' sekkint neet, he gā's ageàn, nut hoaf seah flate. T' clock rayder startit him. A minnet or two efter, he leùk't up t' alley, an', as shure as deeth, theear was a wumman at t' far end o' t' chancel, dress't i' white. He cud see her fair bê t' leet o' t' meùn. He shöt his eyes—a minnet efter, he leùk't ageàn, an' she was gon'. As whick as leet'nin, she was theear ageán. Sumtimes she appear't, an' sumtimes vanish't, till he was fairly puzzel't. An' he wasn't flate, nut he. At leest, he *sed* he wasn't a bit flate—bit his teeth chatter't terrably—he mud be coald sartinly; his hair stud stiff up on an end—bit that wad likely be for want o' hair oil; his knees 'nock't tagidder—bit that wad mebbe be becos they hed nowt else ta duah; his feàce was as white as a cloot—it mud be wid t' meùn shinin' on't; an' his mooth was wide oppen—for aw theear was nowder a tune ta sing, nor a tatie ta swallo'. He triet ta coff, ta shaw he wasn't flate—bit his tung hed gon up intill t' reùf of his mooth, an' wadn't cum doon ageàn for him.

He stop't in t' church, hooivver, till t' time was up—an' than about three steps browt him fra t' dooar ower t' churchyard waw, when he fell as flat as a panceàke. For t' furst time sen he saw

t' boggel, his mooth went shut when he fell, an' his teeth vārra nār bit his tung throo.

T' next neet he was i' two minds whedder ta gā or nut. Bit ah just sed till him—"Keep up thê pecker, Nat, keep up thê pecker; theear's nowt i' t' church warse nor thê-sel."

An' wi' that, he revive't, an' went manfully.

Bit as he drew nār t' churchyard, his curridge began ta falter. For aw it was a coald frosty neet, t' sweet was runnin' off him, bê he gat intill t' church, an' seetit ageàn bê twelve. Just efter t' clock hed struck, an' aw was whyet, t' ghoast com' ageàn, just till t' seàm pleàs up in t' chancel. Nat's legs, an' mooth, an' hair tūk t' vārra rwoad 'at they'd deún t' neet afooar. Than t' ghoast began ta cum farder an' farder doon t' church, an' Nat's hair grew stiffer an' stiffer; drier an' drier was his tung; wider an' wider his mooth oppen't—it was gitten fairly flaysum, he hed sec a set ô' gûd teeth; an' his 'nees wer nattlin' tagidder like a mill hopper.

T' ghoast was that nār him at last, he didn't ken what ta duah. Widoot enny warnin', an' widoot knowin' a thing what he was duahen, Nat jump oot ô' t' seet, an' threw beàth ov his arms roond t' object afooar him.

T' ghoast gev sec a screech as hed nivver been hard i' that church for menny a lang 'ear—bit Nat keep't his hoald.

Chapter III.

NAT SQUEERS HAS A PLEASANT ADVENTURE.

NAT didn't need ta be tel't whedder t' ghoast was reeal or oanly immaginary, for besides knowin' t' vois, t' sheet fell off in t' skuffel, an' reveel't t' lithe form ô' Libby Moor—her een glentin' wid mischeef, an' her cheeks as reed as churries.

"Catch't at last," sed Nat; "it's an oald-fashin't moose 'at runs for ivver. When *you* play't t' robber you gat t' better on meh; noo, it's *my* turn—time an' time aboot's fair play."

"What is it you wish, Mr. Squeers? In my opinion a brush and a comb would be useful to put your up-standing locks into order, as well as a little stimulant to steady your nerves; as you have not even yet got over your strange adventure," sed Libby, wid a malishus twinkel ov her eye.

"Aye, aye: bit mê hart's beetin' whyeter ivvery minnet—it'll seùn be aw reet."

"Suppose we retire then from this cold church. The air is damp, and I feel chill since I lost my ghostly covering."

"O, bit hod hard," sed Nat; "nut seah fast, mê grand laady. When yoo wer a robber, an' hed a flate man in yêr pooar, yê meàd him give

a promis' afooar yê let him gā; noo, when ah've a nice yung laady in *my* pooar, ah'll mak *her* giv' meh a promis'."

Than Miss Moor *did* leùk confus't amang t' pale shaddo's in that lonely church. She sed, "What would you of me, Mr. Squeers?"

"Well, ta be plain, will yê be mê wife, under t' terms 'at ah meàd wid t' robber?"

Libby sed nowt, bit she laid her heed on his breest, as if she cud trust him.

"Bless yêr hart, Libby—for aw yêr pranks ah like yê still. Whedder as robber, ghoast, or maid-ov-aw-wark in a kitchin', yêr deear ta me!"

An' they wer vārra happy that meùn-leet neet, an' as they woak't oot ô' t' churchyard, they linger't menny a time ta toak on pleesin' subjects. They didn't gā hoaf as fast as Nat did t' neet afooar, nor they didn't tummel ower t' waw, nor ther mooths warn't seah wide oppen; nor Nat's hair didn't stand on an end seah much, an' his legs wer as stiddy as possibel; while his tung hed sùm-'at else ta duah nor flee up intill t' reùf ov his mooth.

It was lang or they gat heàm, an' t' taties 'at ah'd meàd for t' supper wer vārra nār wastit, bit they didn't care for that, for they nowder hed much appy-tight; seah, ah chaff't them, an' ooar Bob chaff't them, an' he sed—"Shurely, yoo've beàth seen a boggel!"

Ah forgat ta say 'at while they wer oot, Ben

Jopson com' in, an' when Nat an' Libby landit, he seën saw hoo matters stûd.

“Bless by life,” sed he, “bless by life—batters have taked a bost serious turn. I should dot like to take a ghost for a wife, dor a robber either. Let be tell you, Bister Squeers, the wobed people have all deed to be adgels at first, for they sood turd Turk upod you. For byself, I bay say I thought I barried a youdg girl, that could dot say ode wrodg word, dor give a cross look; but the first week we were barried, she pulled a face as lodg as this dear old violid; the seeodd week she barred be out for beidg so late at a party; add I do assure you she is like the Irishbad's horse—she ibroves worse every day. However, dever bidd—we bust always bake the best of a bad bargaid, I suppose—we will say dothing bore about the batter.”

Whedder wumman fwoaks change whyte as fast as Ben Jopson meàd oot, ah caunet tell, bit theear mud be sum truth in't, as ah nwtie't 'at fra that neet Libby nivver nowder meàd fun ô' Nat, nor wadn't let ennyboddy else, if she was nâr.

Libby spent anudder fortnet at ooar hoose efter playin' t' boggel, an' Nat was a constant visitor. Nat's fwoak wer left ta mind t' bease an' t' horses ther-sels, an' t' oald ehap (ah meen his fadder) began ta wonder what hed teàn pleàce, an' he aks't Ben Jopson if he knew t' reeson 'at Nat didn't stiek seah much aboot beàm as he ûset ta duh.

“O, by dear sir,” sed Ben, “other fish to fry: other fish to fry. Bister Squeers has captured a ghost, add has dobesticated it so buch, that it will put its head upod his breast, add look as lovidgly idto his eyes, as a hudgry boy looks idto a baker’s shop widdow. He has foudd a prize, add do bistake. To be plaid with you, he has heed probised a very lovely girl for a wife, add I ab sure you have reasod to be proud of your future daughter-id-law. Go to the farb, by boy, go to the farb, add see for yourself—add if I have told you wrodg, dever edgage be to furdish busic at your Churd-suppers add Christbas parties ady bore.”

An’ Nat’s fadder an’ mudder beàth com’ up, an’ they wer delitit wid ther lad’s choise.

Nut lang efter, Nat set Libby off bê t’ cwoach fra Peil Wyke, an’ ah nivver saw her seah cutten up afooar. Hooivver, Tom Preston crak’t his lang whup, an’ t’ three grays seùn tûk her roond t’ turn oot ô’ seet. Nat keep’t stannin’ aside t’ oald granary stairs yonder, like as if he’d been engage’t ta hod them up, till sumboddy gat pay for bildin’ them, an’ a big tear rowled doon ayder cheek.

Just wi’ that, Ben Jopson appear’t on t’ seên. “O by good lad, O by good lad,” sed he, “have you got the sulks, or what is the batter with you? I ab sure I dever thought that you would either cry for a robber, or fret od accoudt of a boggel! butted up your lip, dry your eyes, add cobe id-

side, add I will play you a lively tude to cheer up your spirits. Ode (one) would really thidk all your friedd s were off to Aberica, add you were left od this side of the Atladtic to dadce your calisthedics alode."

An', wid that, Nat follo't Mister Jopson.

Fwoaks say, 'at if a man was ta throw his-sel off a steepel, theear wad be shure sumboddy else ta follo' his exampel; an' ah beleev it's t' ceàs.

Robbers an' boggels gat ta be vārra fashunable efter Nat's adventers, an' it was nowt fresh ta heear ô' fwoaks bein' flate at neets. Ah mun just tell yê a lāl bit ov a teal 'at happen't a few weeks efter Libby left.

We hed a big Scotch lass, an' an Irish lad for ooar sarvants. Janet was as deep as a draw well, an' Teddy as queear as Dick's hat-band. An' offen Janet wad ha' questin'd Teddy whedder he wad be flate ov a robber. An' Teddy wad hev anser't—

"Shure, Janet, as thrue as my name's Teddy Dummigan, ef a boggel or a robber was ta interfere wid yêr master's sarvant boy, Teddy, I'd be afther crackin' his croon wid mê shillaleh. Wouldn't I make him look two ways for Easter Sunday. For the honner of thê ould counthry, it would nivver do for Teddy to act the part av a coward."

Than Janet wad ha' leùk't vārra shy, an' sed—
 "Yê're a brave fallow at the fireside, bit ah dinna think ye wad prove verra val-yant if yê war at-



tackit awa' oot beside a hollin' buss, or in a kirk-yard."

"Now, Janet, just thry me, an' then ye'll see; the proof o' the pudding 's in the ateing av it."

An' than Teddy wad hev struck up wid a sang—

"Widow Machree, when yer dhrameing at night—

Och, hone! Widow Machree!

Av yer own darlint swatchart—mø own heart's delight,

Och, hone! Widow Machree!

I dhream't av yer charrems, rolled fast in mõ arrems—

How I hug and caress ye so happy an' free.

When I awake they're all fled; och, I wish I were dead!

Och, hone! Widow Machree!

An' Janet did try Teddy, bit he stûd his grund, for he knew what he hed ta contend wid.

Teddy hed been at t' smiddy wid t' plew irons, an' he hed t' lâl dog, Laddie, wid him, an' Janet dres't her-sel up, an' fôoarset him. Just as she mcàd her appareens, t' dog gev a low growl, an' Teddy sed—"Whist wid yees; what does an English dog know about a Scotch robber, when its wid an Irishman?"

Than Janet step't forret, an' sed—"Deliver yêr money, if yê dinna wish onny ill ta befa' yê!"

"Troth, an' will yees be afther havin' it now, or yê'll wait till ye get it. Although yêr a big man, begorra! if I hadn't known yê were a woman, I'd have broken ivvery blessed bone in yêr body!"

"Ma guid man, I'm no' jestin'; I am sadly in need."

“Faith, an’ I believe yê nicely—you’re in need, an’ I’m in need, an’ so we’re both in need—you ov a husband, and I ov a wife. Be aisy now, till I take yêr big hat off!”

An’, suitin’ t’ akshun till t’ wurd, Pat tûk her hat off, an’ pop’t t’ questin’ in his awn way.

“Shure,” sed he, “would yees mind washing Teddy his clothes, cooking him his mate, and kapeing him clane an’ dacent, if he dug a nice pratee patch for you in return?”

Janet consider’t a lâl bit, an’ than sed—“Ah wadna mind tryin’.”

Seah, t’ next Whisunday, theear was a weddin’, an’ Ben Jopson was sent for ta fiddel, an’ Janet danc’t her Heeland reels, while Teddy danc’t his Irish jigs, an’ a rare jollificashun they hed. Ben Jopson sed—

“It bust be a happy udiod, it bust be a happy udiod—for Paddy frob Cork has taked to wife Scotty frob Ayr, add ad EdGLISH clergybad has barried theb, add a rare professiodal calisthedic teacher has supplied theb with busic at the weddidg. If we had odly had a black bad to have played od the bodes, I thidk all would have beed cobplete.”

* * * * *

Twelve munths seùn pop’t ower, an’ t’ time com’ when Nat an’ Libby’s weddin’ hed ta cum off. Nowt wad duah bit it hed ta be held at ooar hoose, an’ seah ah consentit. Nat met Libby at t’ Peil Wyke, bit he didn’t prop t’ granary stairs

up ageàn—nut he. If ivver theear was a happy man, it was Nat.

Well, t' lang leùk't-for day com' at last, an' within a few yards ô' t' spot whoar Libby play't t' ghoast, they wer meàd into yān—an' a nicer cuppel ah've seldem seen. When they gat till t' hollin' buss, about a duzzen scheùl children gev them a grand hurra', an' wer rewardit for ther pains wid a shooar ô' copper. We hed a splendid weddin' awtagidder, an' ivverything went off as merrily as t' proverbial marridge bell.

Ta be shure, Ben Jopson was invitit, an' he meàd a grand speech, ov which this is t' latter part:—"Well, I wish every success to the dewly barried pair, add bay their path through life be buch bore easy thad that of Bister Squeers, whed he hopped over the tobbstodes, add fell over the church wall."

* * * * *

Mê Christmas stwory is finish't, an' ah who po ther'll nivver be a mair dangeres weppon amang us nor hoaf a black-puddin'. Ah think ah cannet duah better nor adopt t' wurds 'at pooar oald Ben Jopson meád use on for menny a 'ear—

"Bay we all have a Berry Christbas, add a Happy Dew Year, add bay they be ofted repeated."

A Tolwewater Herb-Pudding.

AN lie neah mair claim till this teál, bit meearly t' tellin' ower; it aw belongs ta Isaak Wilton. It happen't till his-sel, an' nut menny 'ears sen— an', as its lokal, an' moddern, an' Isaak tells't i' grand stile, it nivver fails ta interest them that heears it. Isaak ses—

“Thoo sees, Betty, ah gat a lang letter fra a Liverpool chap, ta say 'at he was cummin' ower ta spend a few days wid meh just efter Whisunday. 'Cum, an' welcom', ah 'rit back; an' this commarshal chap needit neah mair invitin'—leev' a cad o' that kind aleàn for that—they divn't need twice aksin', if they've setten ther minds on owt.

Well, he com' ta Emmelton, as he promis't. T' days wer gitten nice an' warm; theear was plenty o' dust knockin' about, an' sumtimes theear was a sharp shooar, an' things wer growein' kannily, an' leùkin' weel.

Mè frend was yan o' thees kind o' chaps they caw bottanists. He wad gā till t' dike back, an' leùk about for 'oars, bit what he wantit ta fin'nd ah cannat tell. Ah've offen hard fwoaks say 'at bottany requir't a greet deaal o' studdy, bit sen than ah've nivver beleev't it—for theear's nobbet yā neàm ta think on, an' that's—“*Spessymen!*” If yan tük a nettel ta Mister Bottanist, he sed—

"O, yes, that's a nice spessymen;" or a robin-run-up-dike, it was t' seám thing. A bit o' moss was a spessymen, an' a keàl blade bwore t' seàm neàm.

Well, he sartinly was a queear chap. Ooar garden isn't t' cleenest ov ennyboddy's, an' this chap wad ha' gon intill't, an' leùk't amang t' greet weeds as carefully as ant Sara' dus, when she's latein' t' hen nests; an' he wad hev pik't this bit oot, an' that bit oot, an' laid them ta yā side, wid a varst ô' care, an' cawt them his spessymens! At t' seàm time, he wad ha' tummel't ower a big yallow cabbish, an' nivver seen't, or ha' been howkin' away in a tatie stitch, an' nut known whedder it was plantit wid Skerry Blues, Reed Rocks, or Forty Foulds.

Ah cudn't agree wid t' bottanist at aw, for ah nivver cud see what was t' use o' thees spessymens; yit, as t' man hed cum't for *his* holliday, ah nivver sed a wurd, bit went wid him whoar ivver he hed a mind ta gedder a few. He wasn't hoaf a bad chap—he stúd treet like a man, an' as we didn't mak't ower hard wark, we hed menny a plesent day.

Sumtimes, we went till under Skiddo': noo an' than till Bassenthet Lake: whiles roond bê Isell Oald Park: an' yance doon as far as Bullgill. As luck wad hev't, we caw't in t' "Wheet Shaff" yā neet, an' leet ov a lāl scheùlmaister, 'at yān cud git sùm-'at else oot on nor t' word—"spessymens,"—an' neah mistāk. Ov aw t' lāl

windy wallets 'at ivver ah met wid, he was t' crooner. He went throo Greek an' Latin neams, just as a quaek dokter gives a list ov his fissicks, an' mē frend was as prood as Punch ô' t' lāl scheulmaister.

He aks't him if he kent ov enny rare spessymens? Ah spak up, an' sed—

“If ye'll gā as far as Dubwath Brig, ye'll git sum ô' t' finest “spessymens” 'at growes in this country.”

An' they beàth glower't ebben at meh!

“Did ah meen it?” they aks't.

An' ah sed—“Ta be shure ah div, or ah wadn't hev sed seah.”

Than t' bottanist aks't—“Hoo far is't off?”

“Pinch't ô' two mile,” sed ah.

Seah off we set. When we gat theear, ah show't them a *greet bed ô' wild rubarb!* an' ah thowt they wad ha' splitten ther sides wid laffin'. Ah nivver cud see what amus't them. They aks't for “*rare spessymens!*” an' ah tûk them till t' *biggest in t' country*; seah, what mair cud ah duah?”

T' upshot ô' this was, we went on till t' Peel Wyke, an' hed anudder glass a-pees, an' a chat. T' scheulmaister rekkon't 'at Loweswatter was t' pleàs for rare spessymens. He'd gedder't them theear menny a time. Seah, we meàd it up ta visit Loweswatter t' next day.

Gits up at five o'clock, an' hes brekfast; than t' bottanist strap't a new ledder bag ower his

back, containt' a snack o' sandwich, an' a glass o' sherry wine a-pees in a lāl flask, while ah pot mē fishin' pannier on mē back ta hod t' spessymens in.

True till his wurd, t' scheulmaister met us at Widdup Mill, an' away we went throo bê Emmelton Kirk. We meād ooar furst caw at "T' Pack Horse," in Lorton; an', efter refreshin' ooar-sels, an' rustin' ooar legs, we keep't on till ooar reet hand, passin' clwose bê (ah think they caw him) Jonathan High-le-raddel-dal's, ov Tak-thee-that, or sum udder sec ootlandish neám, an' a gay tramp we fand it.

We saw two wumman fwoak an' a lad just startin' ta howe turmets—it wad be gitten on gay weel ta eight o'clock—an' as seùn as ivver t' lad saw us gâun on t' rwoad at t' hee end ô' t' feeld, he doon wid t' howe, an' set off a runnin' as hard as ivver he cud run, an' shootin' for his life—

"Aib, mudder, three gentelems!—by gocks, mudder, three gentelems!—mudder, cum an' see them! be sharp, mudder, or they'll git roond t' corner!"

We nivver drew rine till we gat till "T' Kirk Steel," whoar we hed some mair wine an' crackers, till, ta tell t' truth, ah began ta care lāl whedder we leùk't for enny spessymens, or nut. Hooivver, we sets sail doon bê a beck side, an' leets ov a lāl lad stannin' beside a yat.

"Open us the gate, boy," sed t' bottanist.

T' lad just stare't for a mawment, an' than sed,
"Oppen't thê-sel, thoo làazy beggar!"

T' bottanist culler't terrably, an' ah saw he
wasn't suitit. Than, thinkin' ta flay t' bit lad,
he continny't in t' seàm authory-tative strain,

"What! do you know who you are talking to?
I'm Sir John Checkwood, Knight and Baronet, of
Grecian Villa; do you hear me now?"

"Aye, ah heear weel ancùf; bit what care ah,
if thoo be Sir Jwhon Cheet-fwoak, 'Nife an' Bacca
Pipe, an' a Greeasy Villain! Thoo'll nut cum up
ta Loweswatter ta flay me, mind that noo. Just
oppen t' yat thê-sel, an' be vërra thankful ah'll
let thê!"

An' off he went, struttin' like a Loweswatter
buzzard, efter he'd hed his say.

Ta mak a lang stwory shwort, we huntit vërra
nar ivvery crag an' crivice atween Buttermer an'
t' fardest neùk o' Loweswatter. Ta finish up we
com'till a farm hoos, 'at stud at t' heed ov a gill.

An' as t' day was gitten rayder warm, Mister
Bottanist tûk off his lunch bag, an' laid it at t'
feùt ov a yak tree, till we huntit t' gill for spes-
symens.

Just as we gat back, a greet cur dog was gâun
across t' adjoinin' feeld as hard as ivver it cud
nail, wid t' bottanist's bag hingin' at its neck.
T' truth was, it hed ferretit t' lunch oot gay
sharp, an' efter eatin' that, hed gitten its heed
throo under t' strap, an' was vërra nâr flate ta
deeth. T' furst dyke, hooivver, 'at it tuk, pull't

t' bag off, an' we gat it agcàn widoot much trubbel—t' bottanist thankin' his stars 'at t' dog hedn't a cork-screw, or it wad ha' nail't ooar sherry as weel. Still, mebbe that dog was a tee-totaller.

As we wer bewailin' t' loss ov ooar lunch, t' awner ô' t' farm com' up, an' larnin' hoo things stud, kindly offer't ta giv us ooar tea, if we wad gā up till t' farm hoose. An' as traveller's are nār a-kêen ta beggars, we wer thankful ov his invitashun.

Mister Bottanist, an' t' scheùly, an' t' farmer chattit away famishly, an' ah santer't a lāl bit behint wid t' pannier full o' spessymens. Seein' a nice bed ov Easter-mer-gicnts, ah pull't two or three han'ful, an' spred them ower t' spessymens, ta keep them fra widderin' as much as possibel.

We gat intill t' farm hoose, an' hed a gūd wesh, an' a cup ô' tea, an' fand ooarsels terrably freshen't—an' t' crack was capital. T' bottanist an' t' farmer hat on egsactly, an' t' scheùly join't in whoar ivver he cud. As for me, ah mainly keep't t' mistris up wid converse—an' that's sayin' neah lāl, for she sprang fra about t' Abba Holm, an' her tung was like Joe Hodgins' car w'eels—it hed plenty ô' play.

Noo, t' farmer saw at yance 'at t' bottanist kent nowt about farmin', bit he didn't kontradiet him,—he let him hev his full sewope. An' ah belev' t' pooar bottanist went away wid t' impresshun 'at t' farmers cut ther cworn two or three

times ower, like as fwoaks cut ther cress in t' garden, or like as a man gits his hair cut bê Jim Wilson, t' barber.

Hooivver, at last, seein' we hed a gay bit ta travel, we set off, promisin' ta caw sum udder day. When we wer crossin' Widdup Mill Beck ah meàd a full stop. Sed ah—

“Dar, ah've forgitten t' spessymens.” Well, it was ower leàt ta gā back, seah we meàd it up ta bring't t' bag t' followin' Monday.

Monday com', an' off t' bottanist an' me set. When we gat theear, t' farmer began a laffin', an' aks't if we'd cum't for ooar yearb-puddin'. T' bottanist didn't understand him, bit ah did, seah ah repliet 'at we hed.

An' he anser't—“Well, ye'll nut git it. Ah leùk't intill t' basket o' Setterday neet, an' as seún as ah saw t' Easter-mer-gients, ah was shure it was a yearb-puddin', an' seah we hed it till t' dinner yisterday. An' ta tell t' truth, theear hesn't yan on us been weel nivversen. T' puddin' was as bitter as gaw. An' ah just sed till ooar Nanny, at t' time—‘ah like nin ô' ther toon's fancy kicks: gi' me a yearb-puddin' o' t' oald-fashin't country māk, meàd ô' nowt bit Easter-mer-gients, nettels, chives, curly greens, an' sec like—widoot enny ô' them weed plants.’”

An' t' pooar bottanist sank back in his chair, leùkin' as white as a cloot, an' aw 'at ivver he cud say, was—“*Confound that fellow—he's EATEN ALL MY SPECIMENS!*”

THEREABOUTS.

JOBBY SIMON wasn't yan ô' t' sharpest mak ô' fwoaks—still he cud duah a gay bit o' husbandry wark when he was reetly guidit. He leev't lang wid a farmer nār Cockermuth, 'at gev him three pund wage: tel't him he was his heed man: an' gat for ivver o' wark oot on him.

The writer of this sketch often met with Jobby in after years, when the following dialogue was almost certain to ensue:—

“Well, Jobby: what, you lived long with Mr. Bowe, as his head man.”

“Aye, aye: ah did, 'awivver.”

“Well, being the head man, you would have a good wage?” “Vārra gud, vārra!”

“Ten pounds?”

“Sum way theear, an' theear aboots!”

“Nine-ten, then?”

“Clwose on, mê man; clwose on! Nut whyte that oot, but eight as nār as a tatcher!”

“Seven, perhaps?”

“Wey, wey, as nār as mud be; yê cannet cum neah narder t' mark!”

“Had you six out?”

“Nut egsactly,” somewhat curtly.

“O, I see; it's been a fiver!”

“No! nor that owder!” quite snappishly.

It was very rare that he would allow his wages to be reduced below the five pounds, for he lost his temper, declaring that the writer “wad quiz a dog's tail oot ô' joint.” For half-an-ounce of twist tobacco, however, he could be persuaded to stand being reduced to three pounds, but it required a great struggle to determine whether he would stand on his dignity at five pounds, or “collar” his half-ounce of “brown.”

Penny Brown's Adventure at Rosley Hill.

PENNY BROON com' up fra Lunnon, ah beleev, wid a theatrikal cumpany, or sùm-'at ô' t' mak, till Carel, an' he was delitit wid Cumberland. He sed, in his awn way ô' toakin'—

“It's a fine county, this 'ere: I should like to live in it hall my days. The 'ills are so beautiful, and the hair so pure, one might reside 'ere a lifetime, and never be hill.”

That's what he sed ta 'onest Jwhon Bell: an' Jwhon ses—“Well, ah'll sell yê 'Ivy Villa'—a nice hoose, an' a gardin, an' two yakker ô' land ta beût.”

T' bargin was seùn struk—Penny was plees't as punch 'at he'd gitten sec a nice pleàce, an' Jwhon was plees't 'at he'd gitten vërra nār twice as much for't as it was wurth.

In a few weeks Penny gat settel't doon at his new hoose. He browt wid him a vërra nice boddy for a wife, bit ah dar say she hedn't been yoos't ta duah much wark, for she boil't t' pot t' furst week, an' forgat ta put enny meet in. An' Penny sed—

“They be duffers, these Cumberland people! I don't like the way they make broth—not I.

They're as weak as rice water. I say, Polly dear, don't make any more."

An' his wife, Polly, didn't. Bit she mead him sum queear feeds for aw that.

In about a munth, Penny went mad o' hen-farmin'. He bowt up aw t' clokkers an' oald hens o' t' farmer's wives, an' was gâun ta mak his fortien' at yance. Bit he seùn fand oot his mistak. In anudder munth, or seah, theear was a greet change.

"O dear, the hen-farming's all gammon! For every pennyworth of eggs you get you have to spend three pence to feed the hens! Then, besides, the latter are so *stoopid* they'll only 'lay' just when they've a mind to. My wife and I kept a couple in the house three weeks by way of experiment, and not an egg could we get from 'em. At first, it was nothing but '*cluck, cluck, cluck!*' and then, for spite and vexation, they let all the feathers come off 'em. 'Blow me,' sed I, 'let 'em out, or they'll pine 'emselves away; they're as *stoopid*, in their way, as the north country people.'"

Seah, t' three shillin' hens was sel't off ageán, at a shillin', or fowerteen pense a-pees, for bein' seah "*stoopid!*"

Yā day, Bob Nixon was gâun past Penny's hoose, an' he caw't oot—

"Come in, Robert, come in, and taste our nice bacon. My own curing, I do assure you—none of your Cumberland rubbish. Polly, dear, put

on the frying pan, and make a nice rasher of bacon ready. I am sure we will all enjoy it; and let us have a cup of tea as well."

Penny cot sum nice strips off t' thinnest part ô' t' flick, an' keep't sayin'—

"This is the choicest cut, Robert, my boy; none of your bony scrag, this 'ere, but sweet and prime. We Londoners know the choice cuts; but you Cumberland duffers live little better than pigs. Why, you don't know good meat when you see it!"

Nixon geap't wid astonishment. He sed—

"Mister Broom, yêr a clivver fellah. Ah'll agree wid ye 'at this 'at we're eatin' is t' best cut; bit what d'yê duah wid t' shooder part, 'at yê caw t' beanny scrag?"

"What do Cumberland people do with it?"

"O, boil t' pot, an' mak broth, offen."

"Confound the broth; they're not food for a street Arab. If that be all the use the shoulders are for, have 'em both, and welcome. I'll cut 'em off for you, you duffer."

Seah Bob gat t' two swine shooders heàm wid him, an' beath Penny, an' *his* wife, an' Bob, an' *his* wife, war deed sartin they'd gotten t' best part ô' that pig.

T' ghemkeeper yance meàd Mistris Broom a present ov a hare. An' sec a job Penny an' her hed a makkin't ruddy for ceùkin'. It tûk them vërra nâr a week; an' t' next time 'at t' ghemkeeper cawt, he aks't them hoo they like't t' hare.

“By jove,” ses Penny, “no more of your ’ares ’ere. He was a tough brute. Polly *tore at ’im*, and I *tore at ’im*, and we were *never like to get his ’air off!* After we’d both *plucked*, and *plucked*, and *better plucked*, until we were quite tired, I *singed the hobstinate hanimal*, and after all, we ’ad to *scald ’im*, *before we could get hall the ’air off!* Then Polly cut ’im to pieces, and *fried ’im*, and he wern’t so bad after all. I’d rather pluck ten geese than one ’are, if they’re all as tough as that there gentleman was.”

T’ next fancy Mister Broon tûk was ta hev ten milk kye. He said he’d read Cobbet’s beûk, or sum udder greet fellah’s, an’ if he was ta plant his feeld wid cabbish, it wad keep ten kye aw t’ ’ear roond. T’ next time ah saw t’ feeld, it was a fine plantashun o’ cabbishes. T’ ten kye was bowt when t’ cabbish was ruddy, bit they didn’t last them lang, nut them. An’ Penny meád his brag in t’ villidge inn, amang his nabours, i’ this fashun:—

“I’ve got ten splendid cows cheap, good old sorts, (none of your rubbish three or four-year-olds, but fine aged cattle); and the best of it is, that not one either gives skim milk, or butter milk, but all new and rich; although, perhaps, some of them little of it. Ah! you Cumberland duffers can’t get along with us Londoners! we could teach you a little business, bless you—Cumberland isn’t half farmed, and the farmers themselves are as poor as rats. I’ll set ’em an

example. Now gentlemen, just listen to me. I expect to clear a pound a week out of every cow. That's the way to make money. The duffers out here only carry on from hand to mouth: they live like slaves, and save nothing. Comfort they have none. When they proceed to market they go rattling along in an old jaunting machine, or worse still, they drudge along wearily in a muck cart. Now, I'll tell you what I've done. I've bought a beautiful double-horse phaeton, which I can open out on a fine day, or close up when wet, and my dear Polly and I will let you see how to go some of these days. Then we can come 'ome at six in the evening, and dine with a friend or two, if we choose; after which, the said friends and I can crack our filberts, sip our wine, and talk about farming and the Cumberland duffers. You all know my pony 'Frank.' He is a pony, he is. Beautiful bay; stands fourteen hands; and can trot, *he* can, and no mistake. Only cost me £40—not a coin more,—and I intend to buy a match for him, that I do; and I'll have as splendid a turn out as any gentleman in the land, that I will; if only for the sake of showing the Cumberland duffers how to farm profitably. Why, if I only rode my pony 'Frank' once along Rotten Row in London, I warrant I could have £100 for 'im, that I could; although as I said I bought 'im from a Cumberland duffer for £40."

Penny than sat doon efter deliverin' this speech,

an' t' Cumberland duffers wink't, an' laff't, an' drank Mister Broon's helth,—at his expense mind,—an' meád him beleev' 'at he was clivverer nor he was. Bit ta tell t' truth Frank *was* a fine powney. He was a gûd trotter, whyet an tracktabel, an' a greet pet at heám. Whenivver he landit in till t' yard fra a journey, his furst errant was till t' kitchin dooar, ta git a crust. Frank nivver forgat that. He *hed* two bits o' fawts nivver-the-less. T' yan was when he was gâun on t' rwoad he wad hardly pass by a publik-hoose. A picter on t' waw was plenty ta stop him. Bit neah wunder ; for oald Tom Reed hed hin fower 'ear, an' if Tom wasn't fit ta spoil owder a man or a horse in fower 'ear, they mud be bad larners. T' tudder fawt was, he was a crub-sooker.

Well, Rosla Hill fair-time was cummin' on, an' seah Penny was detarmint ta hev a match for Frank. T' day afooar t' fair, Penny gits Frank saddel't an' bridel't, puts a gay lock ó' munney in his pokket, an' sets off for t' Reed Dial. Gits theear aw' reet, tacks lodgins for his-sel an' t' powney, orders his tea, an', efter he'd gitten't, gä's intill t' parler, whoar a lot o' horsey fellahs wer sittin'. He seùn join't in t' crack, an' wasn't lang o' lettin' them ken what they were shwort on. He was on wid his "Cumberland duffers" gaily seùn on, an' he *wad* buy a match for Frank whativver he gev for yan. Well, jwokes pas't free till bed time, an' than t' company retir't,

after makkín' 't up ta hire a trap ta tak them aw till Rosla t' next mwornin'. As fine a day, as ivver brak ower Skiddo' forrest, shine't on them o' t' Munday, an' efter brekfast, Mister Broon gās till t' ostler, an' ses,—

“Now then, look 'ere, I'm a-going to buy another 'orse, and if I'm not back 'ere to-night, you can conclude I've got one at Rosla 'Ill, and you can bring mine over to Ivy Villa to-morrow. 'Ere's a shilling for you, and see you don't make a duffer of yourself. I'll take the saddle and bridle along with me. Be alive now, and don't be a duffer.”

An' off they aw set. Yān o' t' chaps, an' Mister Broon was terrabel frendly, an' this fellah sed he wad help Penny ta buy a match for Frank. They leùk't at yān, an' 't was ower leet o' t' beàn; at anudder, an' 't was ower big; at a thurd, bit it wasn't whyte dark aneuf o' t' culler; bit at last they com across yan 'at Billy Lawson cawt “a real rattler.”

“What's the price of your 'orse, my man?” ses Penny.

“£100, sur, an' ah won't beàt a strand o' mê whup-cword.”

“Dar, that's a big price, Mister Broon; yêh won't be for givin' that, will yêh?”

“O, bless you, it isn't dear for that 'ere 'orse; I know the price of a good hanimal pretty well, I assure you; not like a lot of you Cumberland duffers. 'Ere my boy, has he got any faults?”

“Nin at aw, sur; he’s as honest an’ ghem a hack as ye’ll fin’nd on t’ grund ta-day. Leùk in his mooth, an’ ye’ll see what age he is; than leùk at his legs an’ his mettel; ah’ll let ye see him trot; noo than, oot o’ t’ way wid yêr oald rips, an’ let a furst-class nag hev room!”

“By Jove! he trots well, friend. I’ll offer £95 first stroke. He’s a fine ’orse and no mistake; none of your duffers, *he* isn’t. ’Ere, my boy, ’ere’s my hand at £95, and no more words about it.”

“Can’t tak’t, sur; nowt less nor what ah say.”

“Come now, don’t be a duffer! take a good price when you’ve one offered. ’Ere, bring down the hanimal to this tent, and I’ll split with you at £97 10s.”

Efter a bit mair banter, t’ yung fellah aksepted t’ price. T’ horse was handit ower, an’ t’ munney pait, an’ Mister Broon’s saddel and bridel just fittit it.

Than Mister Broon set off heàm, an’ he triet its peàces; furst he woak’t it—than he trottit it—than he kanter’t it—an’ last, he gallop’t it; an plees’t he was.

“A beautiful match for Frank, and just about his paces. O, he is really a splendid hanimal! cheap as rags. If I ’ad ’im on Shoot ’Ill, in London, I could easily get £150 for ’im. By Jove! I’ve done the duffers this time. Won’t Polly, dear, be pleased. Poor simple duffers!”

Just than they com up till a publik hoose, an’

t' new powney stop't, and drew up till t' frunt dooar.

“By Jove! this is something good too. I see my two 'orses will not be in two minds when travelling. Well, I think there never was such a match. I have done the thing right this time. I should like to know what Cumberland duffer could have done this? Now pony, get along: let us get 'ome to Polly: she will be anxious enough to see both you and me. She will soon see my bargain with the duffers.”

Than Penny sets him off kanterin' ageàn, an' gev ower toakin', for he hed aw his watter on ta keep his scet, widoot toakin' till his-sel. Sum-times he let gā o' t' bridel rine awtagidder, an' held be t' saddel wid beáth hands; an' yance in pertiklar he was as neear capsiz't as cud be, wid a greet tom cat squirtin' throo an' air whol, oot ov a byre, an' flayin' t' powney; an' it hed kanter't cleen up t' next hill, afooar Penny gat plum' on till t' saddel ageàn.

At last, hooivver, Penny gat heàm; trottit up till t' steàble dooar; threw his leg off t' powney; an' he'd neah seùner deùn that, nor it went reet till t' kitchin dooar, ta beg a crust.

“Well, I do declare, if this doesn't beat hany-thing I ever saw in my life! the new pony 'as hall the hactions of Frank. No duffer could 'ave made such a match.”

Up cums Will Simon, Mister Broon's groom, an' ses Will,

“Maister, whoar’s t’ new horse; whoar’s t’ new horse, maister?”

“Confound you, for a Cumberland duffer, don’t you see it there? You know no more about a ’orse than a cat knows about making cheese, you double duffer.”

Wi’ that t’ mistris com oot, an’ ses she, whyte innisent like—

“O Penny, dear, ’aven’t you got a new ’orse?”

“Whatever do you mean? are you a-going to be a Cumberland duffer? Don’t you see this is a new ’orse, and Frank will be ’ere to-morrow.”

Neah mair was sed, t’ new horse was teàn intill t’ steàble, an’ began direktly ta sook t’ crub t’ way at Frank did, an’ t’ leet began gradually ta flash across Penny’s mind. Tuesday com, an’ neah Frank—for pooar *Mister Broon hed bow’t his awn Frank on Rosla Hill t’ day afooar.*

An menny a time, up till this day, t’ villidge lads ’ll say ta Penny when they meet him,

“Well, Mister Broon, div yê ivver meet wid enny Cumberland duffers noo?”

A Few Words on Money Matters.

WHAT a yoosful thing is munney! Widoot it, we're as nowte—wid it, ivverything! If theear hed been neah munney, we wad hev hed sad wark ta mak ooar bargins—*aw* wad hev hed ta be dun bê t' Rule ô' Barter, 'at oald Dicky Telford, t' villidge domminy, hed sec trubbel in teechin' ooar Joe.

An', suppwosin', yan hed a horse ta sell, yan mud ha' meàd a bargin wid a grosser ta hev teàn t' wurth oot in suggar, seàp, an' cannels; an' t' consekwence wad ha' been 'at yan's tea wad ha' been ower sweet, yan's cleàse ower offen rub't wid seàp—*a thing, bê t' way, sum fwoaks ô' t' present day isn't ower guilty on*—an' farden squeekers wad ha' been as plentiful as ice-shokkels in a frosty Desember. Than, if yan happen't ta sell till a draper, he wad ha' cleen oot-stok't yan wid shawls, stays, frocks, shimmys, an' udder sworts ô' fashinabel toggery.

Bit noo, yan can just git munney for yan's artikel, an' than buy owt yan wants.

Well, it's yoosful—but it's deuced bad ta keep. Sally Twigg ses it's becos it's roond, an' whurrels away; bit ah div n't know. Ah beleev 'at if it was square, it wa'dn't stop i' Sally's pokket, as

lang as theear was a pund ô' "same" in t' grosser's shop—a leet tea ceàk in t' beàker's—a rowl ô' sossage in t' butcher's—a fine cap, wid a dubbel bworder, an' trim't wid lots o' reed ribben, at t' milliner's—or a lâl drop o' rum at t' 'Dog an' Gun.' Terrabel fond ov a guzzel, an' a fine appearens, was Sally. She leev't on t' fat ô' t' land, an' pooar henpek't Joe 'rowte hard; an' him an' Sally's lâl pet dog, 'Sambo,' pik't t' beàns between them, Joe takkin' what 'Sambo' cudn't mannish. Sumhoo or udder, Sally's helth was oalas t' best when Joe hed nobbut hoaf wark, becoss, as Jobby Armstrang meàd t' remark, "T' supplies wer stop't, an' her stommak gat inta better order."

Munney proof't o' vârra greet sarvis till Nanny Walker. She nivver cud git a man, Nanny cudn't, till she was fat, five-an'-forty, an' as active as Daniel Lambert, when he weigh't fifty-two steàn. Than oald Ned Kennedy, her unkel, pop't off, an' left her fifty pund a 'ear, an' she gat a man in a fortneet, twenty 'ear oald, as smart as a varnish't woakin' stick, an' as lazy as Betty Gibson's cur dog. Bit nivver mind—*he* gat a gûd beàm, an' *she* gat a man.

Oald Bill Bentik was t' best sarret oot. He weddit for munney, an' they forgat ta give his wife enny, an' aw t' brass she possess't, she hed it in her feáce. Sarret him reet; for ah wadn't tie me-sel ta neah body, if ah didn't like him—nut if he was meàd ô' gould.

Ah' oalas think theear's yā queear thing aboot munney. If enny body maks oot a bill, an' theear's a mistak in't, it oalas favers t' sender. It seldem (ah may say nivver) happens t' tudder way. Even t' lāl bits ô' transakshuns ah've hed, hevn't been widoot menny mistaks in t' bills. It wad tak a beùk as big as a family bible ta rekword them aw 'at was ageàn meh, bit them 'at was for meh, cud be copyy't forty-fower times ower on a two-'eear-oald-barn's lāl fing'-er nail. Whedder fill-oss-ifers wad caw that yan o' Nater's laws or nut, ah cannet tell; bit it's t' truth enny-way.

Wid respect ta payin' twice ower, that dusn't offen happen—nut wid t' payer's sankshun. Neahboddy ivver offer't me munney a sekkint time, bit yance, an' that was pooar oald Gwordie Meldroon, a lāl bit afooar he went till t' 'silem. Ah was shure t' pooar man was far aneùf geàn than.

When Sarah Tyson was badly, her husband just pas't t' seàm opinnion. She ses, "Mat, Bob Wilson owes us 4s; Tom Watson, 8s. 6d.; Sarah Black, 11½d; an' Jim Nelson, 12s."

"Sensibel till t' last minnet," ses Mat, dryin' up a tear afooar enny boddy cud see't.

"Than," she ses, "we owe t' miller 18s. 6d.; t' grosser, 14s. 9d.; an' t' draper, 7s. 6d.; nut forgitten 2s. 3d., ta Willey Black, for swolin' lāl Tommy's clogs."

"Lissen hoo t' pooar woman raves ageàn," ses Mat, "she kens nowt what she's toakin' aboot."

Theear's anudder law in Nater 'at's rayder queear. If yan's happen't ta hev left a few punds o' butter, or a few steàns o' taties, or a bushel or two ô' cworn at enny tradesman's hoose, an' caws for a settelment ov t' akount, yan 'll mebbe say till t' lass, or t' yung man, or whativver yan happens ta see :—

“Is Mister Seah an' Seah in?”

“Is it enny thing pertiklar, ma'am?”

“Nay, nut much; oanly ah wantit him ta pay a trifel for that cworn,” or butter, or taties he gat.

“O, he's engaged ma'am,” or—“he's oot, an' won't be in for several 'ooars,” or sùm'at o' t' kind!

Bit if yan was gâun ta pay a bill, t' ceàs was whyte different.

“O yes, ma'am, he's in, an' 'll attend till ye in a crack. He isn't pertiklarly engaged.”

When ah went till t' scheùl, ah mind ooar oald maister hed sad wark ta git his scheùl pense. It shud hev been paid ivvery week; bit that didn't exactly ans'er for menny reasons. Yan o' t' slape mak off let t' pense run on for say six weeks, an' than if it was fower-pense a week it com till 2s. Well, t' lad mebbe com' up wid 1s., an' sed :—

“Plees maister, mudder didn't know whedder ah owe't for two weeks or three!”

Than t' maister hed ta explain, an' send a nwote; next caw at t' lad's hoose his-sel, an' try ta insense them intill 't, bit his wind went for nowt. Mistris Philbottel wad far rayder trust till her awn memory, nor t' maister's beùks, an'

seah she conquer't, an' pay't what she hed a mind, becos she hed t' hank in her awn hand. Last, she wad tell 't up an' doon t' villidge, hoo t' maister was gâun ta charge for "ooar lâl Joe," when he was nivver theear, bit was stoppin' at his unkel Sam's.

Ah yance differ't wid a swell draper, 'at ah deel't wid, becos he just mead oot a lump bill, when ah was payin' for a supply. His stile was—"To goods, £3 : 4s. 6d." Shwort an' sweet ta him, bit sooar an' puzzelin' ta me. Like Aby Bell, ah demandit a bill ô' pertiklars. Seah, ho 'rowte, an' pen't, an' thowt, an' skrattit his heed, bit he cudn't mak t' bill tally till five shillin'. Than he pretendit he'd sêttèn doon sumboddy's else till my akount in a mistak. Seah, matters pas't on that time. Bit he com t' seàm rwoad ower offen; an' seah, last ov aw, ah gev him his munney an' his billet.

It's a series thing when a chap isn't content wid his full pay. It's sùm-'at like t' man 'at let his son leev on a farm ov his for neah rent, till at last t' son ses—"Fadder, ah wish yê wad pay meh t' rates this 'ear; t' times is hard."

When beggars is cadgin' up an' doon t' country, they like munney better nor owt else ye can give them. Beùts an' shoos may pass—oald cleàs may sârra—meet an' breed's vârra fair, an' a crust's better nor nowt—bit aw them artikels is ta bodder wid, an' sell ower ageàn: an' they div n't oalas git as much for them as they're wurth. An'

munney gā's inta less room—it's easy keep't oot o' seet—an' than, it's handy when they cum up till a picter shop. Pooar beggars—t' trade war-sent five shillin' a day when t' tatie disease was on, an' five shillin' when t' vagrant akt com' in fworce: till really, an oald tramp tel't me t' tud-der day, he wad vārra nār as seún be a scheùl-maister, as a beggar noo.

Ah think ah cannet duah better nor sum up wid t' golden maxims o' Harry Tiffen, a scheùl-maister o' t' furst rank. He ses—

1. *Nivver pay munney twice ower — oalas yance.*

2. *Nivver git gúds on credit—beùkin's varra deear wark—becos clarks hev as far as Ten Shillin' a week.*

3. *Div n't eat yér week's wages till ye've beàth rowt for an' gitten them.*

4. *Remember, 'at oot o' 5s. gēen in charity, 4s. 8½d. nivver gits till t' reet pleàce.*

5. *T' best way ta spend munney is ta gá till a gùd shop, an' buy at a gùd price, an' than yer shure ta git cheep gùds.*

6. *Div n't wed for munney—wed t' lass yé like best—bit be shure she's gay weel ta duah afooar yé like her better nor t' rest.*

7. *An', best ov aw—remember 'at feúls pense keeps menny fine queens.*

Farmer Denton.

AH quessen vārra much if menny o' mē reeders ivver kent Willy Penton. Aw 'at ah can say is, 'at them 'at kent him, kent a gay queear un, an' them 'at didn't ken him, mis't a treet o' neah commen kind. Willy hed a bit ov a farm i' t' nighbourhūd, an' as it maks lāl matter till t' stwory, ah needn't say whoar: hooivver, it wasn't a hundred mile fra Cockermuth, for he com' till t' market ivvery Munday.

Ah think 'at Willy was sartinly yān o' t' warst farmers 'at ivver hed a yakker o' land under his mannishment. Ah mind yance o' seein' sec a crop o' twitch in a feeld 'at shud ha' been bare fallow, as ah nivver saw nowder afooar nor sen. Widoot stritchin' a bit, it was a feūt hee.

Well, yā day, t' lanlword cums ta leùk ower t' farm, an' ooar Bob, oalas oppen till a bit o' fun, ses, "Ah declare yonder's Willy's lanlword leùken ower t' farm; ah wonder what he'll say ta that bed o' twitch? Ah'll git in aback o' yon hollin' buss, an' lissen!"

An' off he went, prood o' t' job.

Efter a bit, up cums t' lanlword, an' Willy.

An' t' lanlword ses, iv his awn kind o' toak,

(he was a gentelman kind o' fellah was t' lanlword, bit knew läl about farmin')—"Penton," ses he, "what's this?"

"Indian cworn, sur."

"Indeed, it seems to grow rarely."

"Yes, it hes strang reüts; it wad growe owder throo a cabbish runt, or a reed rock tatie."

Just wid that, an oald hen com' throo t' dike, wid six chickens efter her. They war oald aneüf ta be hens, bit hung-'er hed letten ther fedders wax, an' keep't ther boddys back, till they hed tails like läl peacocks, and karcases like throssels.

"What beautiful birds," ses t' lanlword; "what kind do you call them, Penton?"

"Chinees mung-'rels," pot in Willy.

"How much do you want for them, Penton?"

"Five shillin' a piece," ses Willy.

"There's thirty shillings then, Penton; send them up to my house, this afternoon," ses t' lanlword, an' off he went. An' t' chikkens was sent, an' they wer fed on rare stuff, an' ther boddys catch't up till their tails in a munth, an' t' Chinees mung-'rels turn't into commen pultry. An' t' lanlword shak't his heed, an' ses,—“He's a queer fellow, that Penton!”

Bit for a plewer, Willy wad ha' gitten t' bacca for t' warst whoar ivver he'd gon. Ah've hard

them say 'at when he leev't wid oald Mat Bell, he plew't aw yā focarneun wantin' t' sock, an' t' pooar horses fairly reekin' wid sweet. An' oald Mat was seah mad, he meàd him plew't aw back ageàn, till he fand it.

An' when he gat on till a farm ov his awn, he was lāl better. He hed two horses he caw't Bonny an' Dick, an' it wad ha' meàd a pig laff ta hev hard t' toak he pot off till them pooar horses. He wad hev begun wid, "Bon, Bon, Bon, Bon, Bon, ger on will ta; Dick, Dick, Dick, Dick, mind what thoo's duahen theear; hop up beàth—hop up beàth—hop up beàth." Than theear wad ha' been about a line ov a sang, nivver mair at a time, for t' horses wantit mindin'.

"Doon by the green bushes"—woy, whoap, heear thoo durty oald, silly oald, daft oald, confoonded oald—hod in Dick, an' mind thê wark Bonny—Shud oald acquaintens be forgot—hod up til't heed-rig, Dick—ah'll nivver forgiv' thê bad wark—An' noo as we hev gitten till t' end o' t' land, what d'ye think o' y'r-sels, yê stupid baboons, yê? Leùk back an' see what sec wark yê've been makkin'. D'yê nut think a thoosan' shams? What'll t' kirk fwoaks say ta-mworn when they cum on that trod? Noo, ah'll tell thê plainly, Dick, thoo sha'n't teàst cworn ageàn till ah git fra Cocker-muth ô' Munday neet, an' than ah'll promis' thê thoo'll nut be brussen wid what thoo gits. An' if thoo dusn't mind Bonny, ah'll

mak thê harrow aw t' day ô' Munday the-sel, an' ooar Jane shall hev t' horse whup ta drive thê wid. Noo, as ah've tel't yê what ah think on yê, gâ on beàth on yê, an' mind what yer about—Dick, Dick, will ta hop; will ta hop, Dick, Dick, Dick, will ta hop—wo, me lass Bon; wo, me lass Bon—'Twas on a frosty mwornin'—gud lass Bon—'Twas on a frosty mwornin'—mind the-sel Dick—"Twas on a frosty mwornin'—it wad mak' a parson mad—"Twas on a frosty mwornin'—yê *ur* a pair o' jackasses.

An' mebbe they med be jackasses, bit if 't was t' ceàse, they war big uns, an' lean uns, an' gat mair scoaldin's i' hoaf a day nor ah wad like ta hev in twelve munths.

Than Willy profes't bildin' waws as weel. Ta be sure he cud waw as weel as he cud plew, an' that isn't sayin' much for him. He yance gat greet Joe Hanson ta sârra him while he was bildin' a swine hull for Mister Tomkins. Well, t' twosum 'rowt a full week at it, an' gat it kannily sleätit, an' than sat doon about t' middel o' t' Setterday efterneùn ta git a pipe o' 'bacca, an' leùk ther wark ower. At last Willy ses,

"Dus thoo immagin' that hull's sturrin', Joe?"

"Ah beleev it is," was t' reply; "bê gocks it's cummin' doon."

"It is, hooivver," ses Willy; "thee put in thê back an' hod it up, till ah git pay for 't."

Seah Joe pot his back in, an' held it up bravely till Willy gat his pay, an' when he'd deùn that he shootit—"Theear, thoo may let her cum, Joe; ah've t' brass i' my pokket."

Sec a trick as that nowder sed much for Willy's warkmanship nor his prinsipel; bit it was weel known 'at he wasn't t' cleen tatie, wasn't Willy.

Ah think ah mun tell yeh t' brek ower aboot Willy's furst stack 'at he meàd. Oald Tom Sparrowgrass ûset ta mak him aw his stacks, an' sum o' t' lads ûset ta plague Willy an' say, "Mak thê awn, min, mak thê awn." Seah Willy detarmin't he wad try. He hed a terrabel big leàth, an' ses he till oald Tom yā Setterday,— "Ah's gâun ta hev a try ta mak a stack, bit ah'll mak't in t' barn; than if it faws, neah boddy 'll see 't, an' it won't git wet nowder, if rain shud happen ta faw i' t' meentime." Seah Tom fork't, an' Willy stack't, an' battit', an' prop't, an' thrast, till he was fairly black i' t' feáce.

"Dis ta think it'll stand, Tom?" ses he.

"Ay', if it dis n't faw," ses Tom.

At last it was gitten up, an' it was shap't aboot like a dice box, smaw i' t' middel, an' a kind ov a knob at ayder end.

"Smaw o' t' weàst, an' vārra genteel," ses Tom.

An' weel pleas't Willy was wid his efterneùn's wark. Afooar he went ta bed, he thowt he wad just hev yā peep at t' stack, an' like t' swine hull 'at he bilt, it was cummin' doon. At that minnet

he wad hev givven owt for big Joe Hanson ta hev hodden't up a läl bit. Bit theear was neah Joe ta be gitten, an' he just hed ta put his awn back in, an' theear he was stannin' an' shootin' "Jane!" for his life, when Harry Dodd was gâun heàm fra his wark, an' Harry held it up till Willy gat a car reàp roond it, just below t' eesin', an' fassen't it cleen up till a beem ov ayder side.

T' next mwornin' ooar nighbour, Hugh Martin, com intill t' foald, fairly splittin' his sides wid laffin'.

"What noo, Hugh mê man?" ooar Bob shootit oot.

"Wey," he anser't, "ah've seen t' queearest thing ta-day 'at ivver ah saw i' me lifetime; yan o' Willy Penton's stacks hes gone up in a balloon!"

An' we cudn't understand him.

At last Bob an' Joe went wid him, an' t' boddem part o' t' stack hed fawn, an' theear t' tudder part on 't was hingin' up at t' top o' t' leàth, bê t' car reáps. Bit ah's shure 'at if t' truth was known, sum ô' t' lads wad help 't ta faw, for oald Tom telt them aw in t' publik hoose at neet; an' ah's sartin nowt wad be finer fun for them, nor hevvin' a brek at Willy's expense.

Willy was a terrabel greedy fellah. T' hens was hunger't; t' dogs was smaw; and t' swine cud ha' gitten throo a six-inch pipe-tile, or at least they cud creep throo a whol' in t' gardin

dyke, 'at ah's vārra weel shure Joe Bell's clog wadn't ha' gon throo.

Yā day ah was gāun by, an' theear was Willy wid nowder cwoat nor wastecwoat on, in fact he hed nowt on bit a pair o' shwort-'neéd britches, an' he went throo dooars, an' ower yats, an' jump steāk-an'-rice, till ah thowt he hed geàn mad. Seah ah ses, "Willy, what's happen't?"

"Well," he ses, "we wer hoosin' a stack, an' that lāl broon klokker hen, 'at oar Jane gat fra Peter Dods, com up an' gat a wheet-heed, an' off wid it, an' ah was tryin' ta catch her, t' theevish rascal."

Bit pooar Willy nivver gat his wheet-heed till theear was nowt bit t' streeah left. Let Willy's hens aleàn for ivver leevin' owt i' t' eetin' line, when they hed yance a chance on't.

Willy keep't two dogs, an' ah'll wager mê best goon till an oald sang, 'at if they hed been liggin' at t' far side ô' t' kitchin, an' ennyboddy let a crust faw at t' tudder, they wad ha' catch't it afooar it gat till t' grund.

An' his swine wer as sharp as t' dogs. Ah yance saw a fellah clim yān o' Willy's appel trees for fun, an' shak' t' appels off, an' fower swine wer at t' far end o' t' meedah, an' hard them faw, an' ov aw t' reàces ivver ah witness't, it cap't them hollow. An at t' boddom they loup't a six-bar't yat, as cleen as a whissel. Theear was yan, a lāl black-un, t' vārra deuce ta gallop an'

loup, an' at t' seáme time pooar begger it was seah smaw, ye cud n't see't end ways—ye hed ta git till t' breàd side on't ta hev a vew. It wad hev meàd a grand un for a steepel-chess, or ta try for t' Darby—only it wad mebbe ha' teàn a nwotion o' runnin' throo sumboddy's gardin' dike, an' leevin' t' jockey stickin' i' t' thworns. An' it hed a rare nwotion o' swortin' appels tuah. As lang as theear was a reed cheek't un, it wadn't hev tutch't anudder, an' it wad rayder hev gitten its dinner oot ov ennyboddy's tub nor its maister's. It was a rare swine for Willy, for it cadg't vārra nār aw its meet.

THE END.



