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Waugh, Edwin (1817-1890)
Sketches of Lancashire Life and Localities (1855)

RAMBLE FROM BURY TO ROCHDALE

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The place did not seem very promising, so far as I could see at all, but I felt curious, and, walking forward, I found a very homely-looking old woman bustling about there, with a clean cap on, not crimped nor frilled any way, but just plainly adorned with a broad border of those large, stiff, old-fashioned puffs which I used to watch my mother make on the end of the “Italian Iron,” when I was a lad at home. Old Sam, the landlord, had just come home from his work, and sat quietly smoking on the long-settle, in a nook, by the fire-side, while his good wife, Mary, got some tea ready for her tired old man. The entrance of a customer seemed to be as important affair to them, and partly so, I believe, because they were glad to have a little company in their quiet comer, and liked

to hear, now and then, how the world was wagging a few miles off. I called for a glass of ale, and something like the following conversation ensued:—

Mary: Aw'll bring it, measter. See yo, tay this cheer; it's as chep sittin' as stonnin' for aught aw know. An' poo up to th' fire; for it's noan so warnn te-need.

Sam: Naw, its nobbut coddish, for sure; dray up to th' hob, un' warm yo, for yo look'n gradely parish't.

"If you can bring me a crust of bread and cheese, or a bit of cold meat, or anything, I shall be obliged to you," said I.

Mary: Ah sure; we han a bit o' very nice codd mheyt; an' aw'll bring it eawt. But it's bhoylt, mind yo! Dun yo like it bhoylt? Aw dar say yo'n find it middlin toothsome.

I assured her that it would do very well; and then the landlord struck in:—

Sam: Does ta yer, lass. There's a bit o' nice picklo theer, i'th cubbort; aw dar say he'd like some on't. Fot it eawt, an' let him feel at it.

Mary: Oh, ay, sure there is, an' aw'll bring it, too. Aw declare aw'd forgotten it! Dun yo like pickle, measther?

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"I do, very well," said I, "just for a taste, thank you."

Mary: Well, well; aw mhyen for a taste. But aw'll bring it, an' yo can help yorsel to it. Let's see, wi'n yo hayo bard brade? Which side dun yo come fro?

"I come from Manchester," said I.

Mary: Fro Manchester! Whau then, yo'd'n rayther ha' loaf-brade, aw'll uphowsd yo.

"Nay, nay," said I, "I'm country-bred; and I would rather have a bit of your oatcake; beside, I very seldom get any in Manchester; and, when I do, it always tastes as if it was mismanaged somehow; so I can assure you that a bit of good country oatcake will be a treat to me.

Mary: That's reet; aw'll find yo a bit o' gradely good stuff! An' it's a dhyel howsomer nor loaf, too, mind yo. * * * Neaw, wi'n naut uncuth to set afore yo; but yo'n find that beef's noan sich bad takkin', iv yor ony ways sharp set. * * * Theer, seo yo!

Nea, may yoursel' awhom, an' spare naut, for wi'n plenty moor. But houd! yo ha'not o' yor tools yet. Aw'll reytch yo a fork in a crack.

I fell to my homely feast with a very hearty good-will, for the viands before me were not scanty, and they were both wholesome, and particularly welcome, after my sharp walk in the keen wind, which came whistling over the moors that night. The first heat of the attack was beginning to slacken a bit, and Old Sam, who had been sitting in the corner, patient and pleased all the while, with a very observant look, began to think that now there might be room for him to put in a word or two safely. I, also, began to feel as if I had no objection to taper off my meal with a little country talk; and the old man was just asking me what the town's folk said about the parliamentary crisis, and the rumour which had reached him, that there was an intention of restoring the corn-laws again, when Mary interrupted him by saying—“Husht, Sam; does ta yer naut?” He took the pipe out of

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his mouth, and, quietly blowing the smoke from a comer of his lips, held his head on one side, in a listening attitude. Old Sam smiled, and lighting his pipe again, he said, “Ah, yon's Jone o' Jeffry's.” “It's naut else, aw believe,” said Mary; “does ta think he'll co'?” “Co', ah,” replied Sam; “does he ever miss thinks ta? Tay thy cheer to th' tone side a bit, an' may reawrn for him, for he'll be i'th' heawse in a minute.” And then, turning to me, he said, “Nea then, measther, yo'n yer some gam, iv yor spare't.” He had scarcely done speaking, when a loud “Woyhe” was heard outside, as a cart stopped at the door, and a floor-shaking footstep came stamping up the lobby. The kitchen door opened, and a full-blown Lancashire Cossack stood before us. Large-limbed, and broad-shouldered, with a great, frank, good-tempered face, full of rude health and glee. He looked a fine sample, physically, of the genus *homo*, with a disposition that seemed to me, from the expression of his countenance, to be something between that of an angel and a bull-dog. Giving his hands a hearty smack, he rubbed them together and smiled at the fire; and then, doffing his rough hat, and flinging it with his whip upon the table, he shouted out “Hello! Heaw are yo,—o' on yo! Yo'r meeterly quiet again to-neet, Mary!

An' some ov a cowl neet it is. My nose sweats." The landlord whispered to me—"Aw tow'd yo, didn't aw. Bit yo still; he's mare company is Jone."

Mary: Ah, we're quite enough; but we shannut be quite so long, neaw at thir't corne'd, Jone, nothur.

Jone: Nea then; what yor noan beawn to flyte mo, owd crayter, are yo?

Sam: Tay no notiz on hur, wilto, foo; hoo mhyens naut wrang.

Mary: Nut aw! Sit te deawn, Jone. We're olez fan to sitho; for thir't noan o'th' warst mak o' folk, as roof as to art.

Jone: Aw'st sit mo deawn, as what aw am; an' aw'st warm

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mo too, beside; 80 ita reet. An', by th' masa, iv aw're hero a bit moor, aw'd may some rickin' i' this cauve cote, too. Whau, mon, yo'dd'n fair deo i'th' shell iv aw didn't wacken yo np a bit, oytch neaw and then.

Mary: Eh, inon! Thea sees, our Sam an' me's gettin' owd neaw, an' wi'dd'n raythur be quiet a very dhyel, for th' bit o' time at wi' ha'n to do on. Beside, aw could never do wi' roof wark. Raylee o' me! It'd weary a grooin' treo to ha' th' din, an' th' lumber, an' th' inuck at te han i' some ale heawzus. To my thinkin', aw'd go as fur as othur grace grew of waytur ran, afore aw'd live amoon sich doin's. One couhl elthur manage we't iv it're at th' fur end o' their days. But what, we hannut so lung te do on, neaw; an' aw wouhl e'en finish as quietly as aw can. We hannut had a battle i' er heawse uz—let's see—uz three yeer an' moor; ba'u wi, Sam?

Sam: Naw. But we soud'n a dhyel moor ale, just afore that time, too.

Jone: Three year, sen yo! Eh, the dule, Mary; heaw ha'u yo shap'd that! Whau' owd Neddy at th' Hoo'senam— yo known owd Neddy, aw reckon, dunnut yo, Sam?.

Sam: Do I know Rachdaw Church steps, thinks ta?

Jone: Aw dar say yo known th' steps a dhyel better nur yo known th' church itsel'.

Sam: Whau, aw have been bin np those steps a time or two i' mylife; an thea knows, ony body at's bin up 'em a two thoref times, 'I'll nut forget 'em so soon; for iv thi'n tay 'em sharpish fro' th' bothom to'th' top, it'll try their wynt up rarely afore they

reytch'n Tim Bobbin gravestone i'th' owd church-yort. But, aw've been to sarvice theer as oft as thea has, aw think.

Jone: Ah;—an' yo'n gotten abeawt as mich good wi't, as I have, aw dar say; an' that's naut to crack on;—ho'ever, wi'n say no moor uppo' that footin'. But, iv yo known ony body

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mo too, beside; so its reet. An', by th' mass, iv aw're hero a bit moor, aw'd may some rickin' i' this cauve cote, too. Whau, mon, yo'dd'n fair dee i'th' shell iv aw didn't wacken yo up a bit, oytch neaw and then.

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at o', yo known owd Neddy at th' Hoo'senam; and, aw'll be bund for't, 'at i' three years time, he's brunt mony a peawnd o' candies wi' watchin' folk fhey't i' their heawse. Eh, aw've si'n him ston o'er 'em, wi' a candle i' eyther hont, mony a time, whenthey'n bin fhey'tin'; an' he's kept co'in eawt, "Nea lads. Turn him o'er, Tum! Let 'em ha' reawm, chaps, wi'n yo; let 'em ha' reawm! Nea lads! Keep a loce leg, Jam! Nea lads!" And then, when one on 'em wur done to th' lung-length, he'd sheawt eawt, "Houd, houd!

he's put his hont up! Come, give o'er, and ger up." And, afore they'd'n gotten gradely wynded, and put their cloas on, he'd offer "another quart for the next battle." Eh, he's one o'th quarest chaps i' this nation, is owd Ned, to my thinkin'.

Sam: There isn't a quarer i' this countryside, as hea't be; an' there's some crumpers amoon th' lot.

Jone: Aw guess, yo know'd'n Bodie, too, didn't yo, Owd Sam?

Sam: Yigh, aw do. He wortches up at th' col-pit yon, doesn't he?

Jone: He does, owd craytur.

Mary: Let's see, isn't that him 'at skens a bit?

Sam: A bit, says ta, lass? It's aboon a bit, by Guy. He skens ill enough to crack a looking glass, welly. His e'e-seet crosses somewheer abeawt th' end on his nose, aw believe, if th' treawth wur known; su' he's as feaw as an empty pot, ole o'er,—an' as leawsy as Thump, too, beside.

Mary: Eh, do let th' lad alone, folk, win you. Aw marvel at yo'n no moor wit nor mayin a foo o' folk at's wrang wheer they connut help it. Yo met happen be strucken yorsels. Beside, he's somebory's chylt, an' somebory likes him too, aw'll uphowd him; for there never wur a feaw face i' this world; but there were a feaw fancy to match it, somewheer.

Jone: They may fancy him 'at likes, for me; but there's noan so mony folk at'll fancy Bodie, at after they'n smelled at him once't. An', by Guy, he's hardly wit enough to keep

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fro' runnin' again th' woles. But, aw see yo known him weel enough; an' so aw'll tell yo a bit of a crack abeawt him an' Owd Neddy.

Mary: Well let's ha it; an' mid ta tells no lies abeawt th' lad i' thy talk.

Jone: Bi' th' mon, Mary, aw connut do, abeawt aw say 'at he's other a pratty un, or a good un.

Sam: Get forrud wi' thy tale, Jone, wilto; an' bother no moor abeawt it.

Jone: Well, yo see'n, Sam; one mornin' Owd Neddy an' him had been fuddlin' o' th' o'erneet, an' thi'dd'n just gotten a yure o' th' owd dog into 'em; an' they sit afore th' fire i' Owd Neddy kitchen, as quiet, to look at, as two pot dolls; but they didn't feel so, nother; for thi'dd'n some ov a yed-waache apiece i' th' treawth wur known. When thi'dd'n turn't things o'er a bit, Bodie began o' lookin' very yearn'stfully at th' fire-hole o' at once't, and he said, "By th' mass, Owd Ned, aw've a good mind to go reet up th' chimbley." Well, yo known, Owd Neddy likes a spree as well as ony mon livin', an he doesn't care so mich what mak' o' one it ja, nothur; so as soon as he yerd him say that he jumped up, an' said, "Damn it, Bodie, go up—up wi' tho!" Bodle stood still a minute, looking at th' chimbley, an' doublin' his laps up, as he said to Owd Neddy, "Well, nea; should aw go up, thinks ta', owd crayter?" "Go?—ah; what elze?" said Owd Ned, "Up wi' tho; soot's good for th' bally-waach, mon; an' aw'll gi' tho a quart ov ale when tho comes deawn again!" "Will ta, for sure?" said Bodie, prickin' his ears. "Am aw lyin' thinks ta?" onswer't Owd Neddy. "Whau then, aw'm off, by Gos, iv it're as lung as a steeple; an' he made no moor bawks at th' job, but set th' t'one foot onto th' top-bar, an' up he went into th' smudge hole. Just as he wur crommin' hissels in at th' bothom o' th' chimbley, th' owd woman coom in te seo what they hadd'n agate; an' as soon as Bodle yerd hur, he code eawt, "Houd hur back a bit, whol aw get eawt o'th seet, or elze hoo'll poo mo deawn

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again." Hoo stare't a bit afore hoo could may it eawt what it wur at're creepin up th' chimbley-hoe, an' hoo said, "What mak' o' lumber ha'n yo afoot neaw?"—but as soon as hoo fund who it wur, hoo sheawted, "Eh, thea ghreyt gawmless foo! Wheer to for up theer? Thea'll be smoor't, mon!" An,' hoo would ha' mashed forrud, an' gotten houd on him; but Owd Neddy kept stonnin afore hur, an' sayin "Let him alone, mon; it's nobbut a bit ov a spree;" then he looked o'er his shoulder at Bodle, an' said to him, "Get tee forrud, wilto nowmun; thae met ha' bm deawn by neaw;" an' as soon as he see'd at Bodle wur gettin meeterly weel up th' hole, he leet hur go; but hoo wur to lat by a dhyel. An' o' at hoo could do, wur to fot him a seawse or two o'th' legs wi' th' poker.

But he wur for up, an' naut else. He did just stop abeawt hauve a minute,—when he feld hur hit his legs,—to co' eawt, “Hoo's that at's hittin' mo?” “Whau,” said hoo, “It's me, thae ghreyt leather-yed;—an' come deawn wi' tho!” “Nut yet,” said Bodle,---” but aw'll not be lung, nothur, yo may depend;—for it's noan a nice plaze,—this isn't. Eh! there is some ov a smudge! An' it gwos wur as aw go fur;—a—tscho—o! ByGuy, aw con see noan,—nor talk, nothur;—so ger off, an' let mo get it o'er afore aw'm choak't”; and then th' owd lad crope forrud, as hard as he could, for he're thinkin' abeawt th' quart ov ale. Well, Owd Neddy nearly skrike't wi' laughin', as he watched Bodle draw his legs up eawt o' th' seet, an' he set agate o' hommerin' th' chimbley wole wi' his hont, an sheawtin' up after him, “Go on, Bodle, owd lad! Go on, owd mon! Thir't a reet un, i' tho lhoyzus! Thea'st have a quart o' th' best ale i' this hole, i' tho lives till tho comes deawn again, as hea 'tis, owd brid!” And then, he went sheawting up an' deawn th' heawse, “Hey! Dun yo yer, lads; come here! Owd Bodle's gwon chleyn up th' chimbley! Aw never sprad my e'en uppo th' marrow trick to this i' rny life.” Well, yo may think Sam, th' whole heawse wur up i' no time; an' some rare spwort they ha'dd'n; whol Owd Neddy kept goin' te th' eawt

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side, to see if Bodie had gotten his yed eawt at th' top; an' then runnin' in again, and bawling up th' flue, “Bodle, owd lad, heaw arto gettin' on? Go throo wi't, owd cock!” But, whol he're starin' and sheawtin' up th' chimbley, Bodle lost his houd, somewheer toawrd th' top, an' he coom shutterin' deawn again, an' o' the soot i' the chimbley wi' him; an' he let wi' his hinder end thump o' th' top-bar, an' then roll't deawn uppo th' har'stone. An' a greadly blush-boggart he looked, yo may think. Th' owd lad seem't as if he hardly knowed wheer he wur; so he lee theer a bit, amoon a ghreyt cloud o' soot, an, Owd Neddy stood o'er him, laughing', an' wipein' his e'en, an' co'in' eawt, “Tay thy wynt a bit, Bodle; thir't safe londed! Thir't a reet un, bi' th' mon art ta, too. Tay thy wynt, owd brid! Thea'st have a quart ov ale, as hea 'tis owd mon; as soon as ever aw

con see my gate to th' bar eawt o' this smudge at thea's brought wi' tho! Aw never had my chimbley swept as chep i' my life, never!"

Mary: Well, it ever! Whau, it 're enough to may th' fellow's throttle up! A ghreyt, drunken leather-yed! But, he'd be some dry, mind you!

Jone: Yo'r reet, Mary! Aw think mysel' at a quart ov ale 'ud come noan amiss after a do o' that mak'. An' Bodle wouldn't wynd aboon once wi' it, afore he see'd th' bottom o' th' pot, nothur.

Well, I had a good laugh at Jone's tale, and I enjoyed bis manner of telling it, quite as much as anything there was in the story itself; for, he seemed to talk with every limb of his body, and every feature of his face; and told it, altogether, in such a living way, with so much humour and earnestness, that it was irresistible; and as I was "giving mouth" a little, with my face turned up towards the ceiling, he turned to me, and said quickly, "Come, aw say; are yo noan fyerd o' throwin yo'r choles off th' hinges?" We seon settled down into a quieter mood, and drew round the fire, for the night was cold; when Jones suddenly pointed out to the landlord, one of those

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little deposits of smoke which sometimes wave about on the bars of the fire-grate, and, after whispering to him, "See yo, Sam; a stranger uppo th' bar, theer;" he turned to me, and said, "that's yo, measther!" This is a little superstition, which is common to the fire-sides of the poor in all England, I believe. Soon after this, Mary said to Jone, "Hasto gan thy horse aught, Jone?" "Sure, aw have," replied he, "Aw laft it heytin', an plenty to go on wi', so then. Mon, aw reckon to look after deawn-crayters a bit, iv there be aught sturrin'." "Well," said she, "aw dar say thea does, Jone; an' mind yo, thoose at winnut do some bit like toawrd things at connut spheyk for theirsels, they'n never ha' no luck, as hoo they are." "Well," said Jone, "my horse wortches weel, an' he sleeps weel, an' he heyts weel, an' he drinks weel, an' he parts wi't flyerful weel; so he doesn't ail mich yet." "Well," replied Mary, "there isn't a wick thing i' this world can wortch as it should do, if it doesn't heyt as it should do." Here I happened to take a note-book out of my pocket, and write in it with my pencil, when the conversation opened again.

Sam: (Whispering). Sitho, Jone, he's booking tho!

Jons: Houd, measther, houd! What mak' o' marlocks are yo after, neaw? What're yo for wi' us, theer? But aw care'nt a damn abeawt it; for thi connut hang folk for spheykin neaw, as thi' could'n once on a day; so get forrud wi't, as what it is.

He, then, also, began to enquire about the subject which was the prevailing topic of conversation at that time, namely, the parliamentary crisis, in which Lord John Russell had resigned his office at the head of the government; and the great likelihood there seemed to be of a protectionist party obtaining power.

Jone: Ha'n yo yerd aught abeawt Lord Stanley puttin' th' Corn Laws on again? There wur some rickin' abeawt it i' Bury teawn, when aw coom off wi' th' cart to-neet.

Sam: They'n never do't, mon! They cannot do! An'

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it's very weel, for aw dunnut know what mut become o' poor folk iv they did'n do. What think'n yo, measther?

I explained to them the unsettled state of parliamentary affairs, as it had reached us through the papers; and gave them my firm belief that the Corn Laws had been abolished once for ah in this country, and that there was no political party in England who wished to restore them, who would ever have the power to do so.

Jone: Dun yo think so? Aw'm proud to yer it!

Sam: An' so am aw too, Jone. But what, aw know'd it weel enough. Eh, mon; there's a dhyel moor crussuz o' brade lvin' abeawt i' odd nooks an' corners, nor there wur once't ov a day. Aw've sin th' time when thi'd'n ha' bi'n cleeked up like lumps o' gowd.

Jone: Aw think they'n ha' to fot Lord John back, to wheyve his cut deawn yet. To my thinkin', he'd no business to lhyev his looms. But aw dar say he knows his own job betther nor aw do. He'll be as fause as a boggart, or elze he'd never ha' bi'n i' that shop as lung as he has bi'n; not he. There's moor in his yed, nor a smo'-tooth comb con fot eawt. What think'n yo, Owd Brid?

Sam: It's so like; it's so like! But aw dunnut care who's in, Jone, i' thi'n nobbut do some good for poor folk; an' that's ono o' th' main jobs for thoose 'at's power to do't. But, iv they wur'n to put th' Corn Bill on again, there's mony a theawsan' 'ud be clemrned to dhyeth, o' ov a rook.

Jone: Ah, there would so, Sam, 'at aw know on. But, see yo; there's a dhyel on 'em 'ud go deawn afore me. Aw'd may somebody houd back whol their cale coom! Iv they winuut gi' me my share for wortchin' for, aw'll have it eawt o' some nook, ov aw dunnut, damn Jone! (Striking the table heavily with his fist.) They's never be clemmed at our heawse, as aw ha' si'n folk clemmed i' my time,—never, whol aw've a knheyve at th' end o' my arm! Neaw, what have aw towd yo!

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Sam: Thea'rt reet lad! Aw houd te wit good, by th' mass. Whol they gi'n us some bit like ov a choance, we can elthur do. At th' most o' times, we'n te kill ursels te keep ursels, welly; but, when it comes to scarce wark an' dear mheyt, th' upstroke's noan so fur off.

Mary: Aye, aye. If it're nobbut a body's sel', we met manage te pinch a bit, neaw an' then; becose one could reayson abeawt it sorne bit like. But it's th' childher, mon, it's th' childher! Th' little things 'at look'n for it reggelur; an' wonder'n heaw it is when it doesn't come. Eh dear o' me! To see poor wortchin folk's little bits o' childher yammerin' for a bite o' mheyt—when there's noan for em;—an' lookin' up i' folk's faces, as mich as te say "Connut yo help mo?" It's enough to may onybody cry their shoon-full!

Here, I took out my book to make another note.

Jone: Hello! yo'r agate again! yor for mayin', sorne mak ov a hobbil on us, aw believe! What, are yo takkin' th' pickter on mo, or summat? * * * * *

Eh, owd Sam; what a thing this larnin is. Aw should ha' bi'n worth mony a hunderth theawsan peawnd iv aw could ha' done o' that shap, see yo!

Sam: Aw guess thea con write noan, nor read nothur, con ta Jone?

Jone: Nut aw! aw've no moor use for a book nor a duck has for a umbrell. Aw've had te wortch meeterly hard si'n aw're five year owd, mon, Iv aw've aught o' that mak to do, aw go te Owd Silver.yed at th' lone-side, wi't. It may's mo mad mony a time, mon; one look's sich a foo!

Sam: An' he con write noan mich, aw think, con he?

Jons: Naw. He went no fur nor pot-hooks an' ladies i' writin', aw believe. But he can read a bit, an' that's moor nor a dhyel o' folk abeawt here can do. Aw know nobory oppo this side 'at's greadley larnt up, nobbut Ash'oth parson. Bu there's plenty o' chaps i' Rachdaw teawn at's so browsen wi' wit whol nothur me, nor no mon elze, con may ony sense on

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'em. Yo rekelect 'n a 'torney co'in' here once't. What dun yo think o' him?

Sam: He favvurs a foo, Jone; ar aw'm a foo mysel'.

Jone: He's far larnt i' aught but honesty, mon, that's heaw it is. He'll do no reet, nor tay no wrang: So wi'n lap it up just wheer it is; for little pigs ha'n lung ears.

Sam: Aw'll tel tho what, Jone; he's a bad trade by th' hond, for one thing; an' a bad trade 'll sphoyle a good mon, sometimes; iv he'll stick weel to 't.

Jone: It brings moor in nor mine does, a dhyel. But wi'n let it drop. Iv aw'd his larnin, aw'd may summat on't.

Sam: Ah, well; it's a fine thing is larnin', Jone! It's a very fine thing! It tay's no reawm up, mon. An' then, th' baillies connut fot it, thea sees But what, a dhyel o' poor folk are so taen up wi' gettin' what they need'n for th' bally an' th' back, whol thi'n nothur time nor incli.nation for nought but a bit ov a crack for a leetenin'.

Jone: To mich so, owd Sam! To mich so! * *

Mary: Thae never tells one heaw th' wife is, Jone.

Jone: Whau, th' owd Iass is yon; an' hoo's nothur sickly, nor soory, nor sore, 'at aw know on. * * * Yigh, hoo's trubble't wi' a bit ov a bhreykin' eawt abeawt th' meawth, sometimes.

Mary: Does hoo get nought for it?

Jone: Naw, nought 'at'll mend it. But, aw'm mad enough, sometimes to plaister it wi' my hond,—iv aw could find i' my hoart.

Mary: Oh, aw see what te mhyens, neaw. * * An' aw dar say thea gi's her 'casion for't, neaw an' then.

Jone: Well, aw happen do; for th' best o' folk need'n bidin' wi' a bit sometimes; an' aw'm noan one o'th' best, yo know'n.

Mary: Naw; nor th' warst nothur, Jone.

Jone: Yo dunnut know o', mon.

Mary: Happen not; but, thir't te good te brun, as hea't bo

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Jone: Well, onybody's so, Mary. But, we're o' God Almighty's childer, mon; an' aw feel fain on't, sometimes for hes th' best feyther at a chylt con have.

Mary: Ah, but thea'rt nobbut like other childer, Jone; thea doesn't tak as mich notice o' thy feyther, as thea should do.

Sam: Well, well; let's o' on us be as good as we con be, iv we aren't as good as we sould be; an' then wi's be better nor we are.

Jone: Hello! that clock begins o' givin' short 'lowance, as soon as ever aw get agate o' talkin'; aw'm mun be off again!

Sam: Well; thae'll co' a lookin' at us, olez, when tho comes this gate on, winnut to Jone? In tho doesn't, aw'st be a bit mad, thae knows.

Jone: As lung as aw'm wick and weel, owd crayter, aw'st keep comin' again, yo may depend,—like Clegg Ho' Boggart.