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John Hartley's Seets i' Paris. (1878)

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Yours Truly,
John Hartley

SEETS I' PARIS.


SAMMYWELL GRIMES'S TRIP WITH HIS
OLD CHUM BILLY BACCUS; HIS OPINION O'TH'
FRENCH, AND TH' FRENCH OPINION
O'TH' EXHIBITION HE MADE OV HISSEN.

BY JOHN HARTLEY,

AUTHOR OF "CLOCK ALMANACK," YORKSHIRE DITTIES,"
"SEETS I' LUNDUN," "GRIMES'S TRIP TO AMERICA,"
"MANY A SLIP," "A ROLLING STONE."
"YORKSHER PUDDIN'." &c.

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PREFACE.

 O them 'at read this book an are disappointed becoss aw've described noa 'Seets' but what they knew all abaat befoar, awd simply beg on em to bear i' mind 'at they didn't mak a new Payris o' purpose for me to visit;—an to them 'at's inclined to daat trewth o' some o'th' descriptions aw do give, becoss when they wor thear things lukt different to them, awd beg em to remember at we dooant all see wi th' same een, an if it had been intended 'at we should, one pair o' een wod ha done for th' lot, an then what wod ha becoom o'th' spectacle makkers. Nah, if hawf o'th' book is fact, that's worth sixpence, an if t'other hawf is fancy, that's worth sixpence; soa bless mi life! what wod yo have?

Yors i' hard eearnest,

SAMMYWELL GRIMES.



DEDICATED AS TOKEN OF RESPECT,
TO
JOHN STANSFIELD, Esq.,
HALIFAX,
WITH THE BEST WISHES OF
THE AUTHOR.

November, 1878.



SEETS I' PARIS.



CHAPTER I.

AW niver intended to let yo know what had happened when aw went to Payris, but as aw wor foolish enough to tak' another chap wi me, an as awm feear'd if aw did'nt tell he wod, why awm foorced to tell misen. Nah, awm quite willin' to admit 'at ther may'nt be mich 'at yo'll consider reight abaat it but for mi' own Karacter's sake aw shall try to prove at ther wor nowt vary far wrang.

Aw could like to tell yo all aw saw an' all aw heeard, but aw've lived long enuff to know at trewth isnt allus pleasant, an' i' this case awm sewer it wod'nt be, for if aw may judge other fowk bi' misen awm foorced to say at th' inklin aw gate o' some types o' society made a bad impression 'at has'nt left me yet.

Awd been advised whativver else aw did, to leav Mally at hooam, for they sed noa chap could enjoy hissen i' Payris if he tuk a woman wi' him, an' especially if shoo considered hersen to be his guardian angel, which is another word for maister.

But aw did'nt feel inclined to goa bi' misen like a wanderin' jew, soa aw went to ax Billy Baccus if he'd join me an' then we could goa like th' Cussican brothers. Nah, it soa happened at Billy had been ailin' for a long time, ha long nubdy knew but hissen, for he's a famous memory an' booasts 'at he can recollect his father an' mother havin' a fratch as to whether th' next child should be a lad or a lass befoor he wor born; but then awm nooan foorced to believe all he says, an' yo can please yorsen. Hasomivver, his ailments began somewhear abaat that time, an' he's nivver had ony gradely health sin. When Billy's at hooam he keeps a beershop at th' moorside an' does a varry tidy trade ov a Sundy, but durin' th' wick its seldom or ivver at onybody darkens th' door an' that's a varry gooid job, for he's sich a martyr to his trade, an' soa anxious to suit his customers, at he'll nivver sarve onybody wi a pint until he's supt a gill to sample it, an' when it comes shuttin' up time, he's soa full up at he has to sit ith' arm cheer as straight as a pikestaff for fear if he should lig daan it mud run aght an' be wasted. During th' rest o' th' wick he suffers tarrribly, an' monny a time he's hard wark to get on wi his brewin.

He's nivver been wed, tho' he's a gooid lukkin' chap enuff, but his old mother lives wi him an' nurses him up as weel as shoo can. Shoo's tell'd him monny a time at shoo thinks he'd be better if he'd a wife, but he allus says he's feear'd if he wor wed an' should have ony childer 'at they might have his complaint an' he doesnt want to be th' means o' onybody else havin' to suffer as he's done. But altho' his mother has a deal to do for him, shoo's varry praad on him, for he's her only lad an' shoo says he's th' best brewer at ivver smell'd o' malt, an' for a duzzen year he's nivver had a brewin at wornt fit to sup, though nah and then ther's one 'at isnt fit to sell, but he's ov a careful turn an' nivver wastes it, an' wol he's supp'in that he's savin' summat better, an' if it maks noa profit yet it isnt mich ov a loss. Aw've tell'd yo soa mich abaat Billy to introduce him like, an' yo'll get to know him better as we goa on.

Aw tuk th' first chonce aw had to goa see him an it happened to be Sundy mornin' an' he wor varry bad, an' when aw tell'd him what aw wanted he grooaned like a sick caah, an' puttin' his hand onto his wayscoit he shuk his heead an' stared at me as if aw wor a bum bailey come for th' rent.

"Payris!" he sed, after waitin' for a minit or two, "Payris! what have aw to do wi Payris? A'a! lad, if tha nobbut knew what aw suffer! It's weel to be like thee at nivver ails owt, but if tha'd sich a miserable carryin' on as aw have tha'd have summat else

to think on! Awm bilious tha knows, an' aw wor born soa, an' awm feard awst nivver be better. What wi ta have to sup? Awve some ov as grand four-penny as tha ivver tasted. Mother, just draw a pint for Sammy, he'll do wi' it after trailin' up here, an' yo can draw me a pint too for that matter for it cannot mak' me ony war nor aw am."

"Aw think sometimes 'at tha'd be better if tha did'nt sup quite as much as tha does Billy," sed his mother.

He nivver answered her, but after hauf emptyin' th' pint he sed, "Payris! whativver's put Payris into thi heead? Why, they're all feightin' aw reckon i' that quarter arn't they? Aw remember some chaps tawkin' abaat it ith' kitchen one Sundy 'at neet."

"Feightin'! net they marry! That's aboon hauf a duzzen year sin."

"It is a bit sin aw believe, but aw nivver heead at they'd dropt it, but if its all over what does ta want to goa for? does ta think they're baan to fuffen agean?"

"Billy, tha caars up here wol tha knows nowt abaat what's gooin on ith' world."

"A chap at's troubled wi bile has plenty to do withaat botherin' wi th' world—but aw mud happen ha gooan if they'd been gooin to have another set too. Payris! whativver is ther to goa to Payris for when they've done fuffenin?"

"If ther'd been onny feightin' aw should'nt ha wanted to goa, tha can be sewer o' that, but ther's th' exhibition, an' they say ther wor nivver owt as grand befoor an' its th' grandest city ith' world, an' its full o' monuments an' fine buildins, an' ivverything ats worth lukkin' at."

"Why, what does ta want wi fine buildins,—are ta thinkin' abaat flittin? Aw should think at yond haase tha's lived in soa long wod fit thee thy bit o' time aght, an' then varry likely, if tha leaves yor Mally owt tha'll get a moniment o' thi own, an' as for th' exhibition;—aw generally try to goa to Keighley Cattle show once ith' year, though aw've missed for three or four year aw believe, but that's gooid enuff for me. Payris! nay, awst goa nooan to Payris if ther's noa fuffenin."

"Well, tha mun be like to suit thisen,—aw nobbut thowt tha'd happen like to get shut o' that bile at troubles thi soa, an' they say at ther's monny a scoor goa for nowt else."

"Nah tha begins to tawk sense. If aw thowt gooin to Payris ud cure me an' mak' me like other fowk awd goa befoor aw went to bed! What soart ov a place is it for gettin summat to sup?"

"Th' best ith' world an' th' cheapest, an if tha'll goa aw believe tha'll be a man new made over agean, an' they say ther's th' bonniest women thear at's to be fun onny whear, an' who knows but what tha mud leet o' one."

"Bonny wimmen, says ta? Aw care nowt abaat em bein bonny, have they onny brass? That's what's wanted isnt it mother?"

"Aw think tha's brass enough, an' if settin' off for a day or two 'll mak' thi better, if aw wor thee awd goa."

"Well, fill theas two pints agean an' awl think abaat it."

"Awst ha noa moor ale this fornoin," aw sed, "an' if tha thinks o' gooin' tha'll ha to mak up thi mind sharp for aw mun be off hooam."

"Tha'rt allus in a hurry when tha comes here, but ha mich will it cost?"

"Ten paand 'll see thi throo it nicely aw think."

"Tha thinks does ta? But aw mun be sewer afoor aw start! Awm nooan gooin to slave my sowi aght for th' best pairt ov a lifetime o' purpose to tak it to keep a lot o' lazy french fowk! But when does ta think o' gooin?"

"Next Wedensdy mornin—tha's lots o' time to get ready."

"Well, awl goa if it settles me. But can ta tawk French?"

"Nay, but aw've getten a book an awm leearin a word or two."

"Does ta know th' French for a pint o' ale?"

"Nay but aw can sooin leearn it,"

"Well, be sewer tha does,—or tha'd happen better mak it a quairt wol tha'rt abaat it for ther'll be two on us to it."

"Awl mak' that all reight. Soa awl expect thi to meet me at Bradforth station bi nine o'clock."

"Awst be thear. Then tha will'nt have another pint?"

"Noa moor aw mun be off nah—Gooid day!"

"Gooid day! nah dooant forget to leearn th' French for a quairt an' we can manage for owt else."

Aw wor glad to get away for fear he should change his mind, an' aw knew awd some bits ov arrangements to mak' o' mi own, an' th' leeast on em wornt makkin it all reight wi Mally.

When aw gate hooam an' tell'd her at aw wor thinkin' o' gooin, shoo set too an' blagarded me as nubdy else has a reight to do, an' shoo finished up wi sayin', "An' soa tha'rt gooin to Payris are ta?"

"Aw am," aw sed, "an' its a pity tha cannot goa wi' me, but tha knows as well as me 'at a haase left to itsen gooas to rack an' ruination. Tha knows what trouble it is for me to goa away an' leave thee at hooam."

"Sammywell, if tha tawks as tha does aw shall begin to think 'at tha's forgettin ha to spaik trewth. Aw dunnot know what awve done, nor what tha'rt short on at hooam, nor what it is tha meets wi when tha'rt away, but for this last two-o'-three year if

tha's stopt at hooam for a day or two tha's been war nor a worm on a whut backstun an' tha niver seems happy unless tha'rt galivantin abaat; but its noa use me wastin' mi' wind tawkin' to thi, for tha's made up thi mind to goa thi own gate an' it'll be varry weel if it doesnt land thi somewhear at last whear tha'll find a deal moor brimstun nor tha will traitle, mark that. If aw could see ony gooid tha gate aght on it, it mud be different, but ther's noa improvement in thi. Tha wor niver nowt to luk at an' varry little to feel at, an' tha seems to pride thisen i' thi awkwardness. Tha seems to forget at tha'rt a gron-father; but tha can goa awther to Payris or to Payredise for owt aw care, but aw believe tha'll just come back th' same as tha went, or else war."

"Well, but if aw goa to Payris awst happen come back french-polished an' then tha'll hardly know me."

"Aw pity them at 'il have th' french-polishin o' thee, for they'll ha ther wark set! All th' bees wax an' turpitine ith' country ud be wasted o' thee. But awl tell thi what aw think, Sammywell, an' aw've been considerin it for th' last forty year—"

"Spaik aght lass, an' let's know th' warst."

"Ther's nowt nawther nice nor new in it, aw weant say whether tha wor born soa or tha's made thisen soa, but th' conclusion awve come to is 'at tha'rt a foil."

"Well, tha mud be farther off th' mark nor that, an' tha's tell'd me th' same tale soa oft wol tha's ommost made me believe it misen!; but what says ta, will ta goa wi me?"

"Sammywell! aw've been wed to thi all theas years an' aw should ha thowt, simpleton as tha art, at tha'd ha geen me credit for moor sense. What have aw to goa to Payris for? Who's to wesh theas clooas aw should like to know if aw goa scaarin a country same as thee? Ther's awr Hepsaba wi yond youngest child hardly a twelvemonth old, an' awm expectin to be sent for ivvery day an' neet, but tha wod'nt care if shoo'd to goa abaat wi a child i' awther arm an' a couple teed to her back, tha'd goa to Payris an' leeav em to muck amang it; but awm different to thee, aw want to be whear aw can be o' some use to them at belangs to me an net ramlin' abaat makkin misen a laffinstock for fowk! But awst be suited when thart gooan for awst—ha one less to luk after, an' if tha stops wol aw send for thi back tha'll net show thi face i' this fold agean yet a bit!"

Aw set varry quiet an' sed nowt for aw knew if aw spaik aw should mak' it war, an' after shoo'd scaled fire an' clattered th' pooaker agean th' ribs, banged th' oven door to, upset th' tangs, punced th' fender aght ov its place an' dragged it back agean, shoo turned raand an' sed as quiet as could be, "Then what wi ta want to tak' wi thi, coss tha'd better let's

be knowin soas aw can get it ready an' net drive
ivverything to th' last minit?"

"Varry few things 'll suit me, for we're nobbut
goin for a day or two."

"We! who does ta mean bi a 'we'?"

"Aw've been to ax Billy Baccus if he'll goa
wi' me, aw thowt he'd be a bit o' cumpny tha
knows."

"Oh! Billy Baccus is it? Well an' awm fain tha
has axd him! yo do reight to goa together, Billy an'
thee! They'd ha built another exhibition if they'd
known you'd been gooin, Billy Baccus! raillee,
Sammywell! an' what does his mother say? Is he
baan to tak' a brewery wi him or will he rent one wol
he's thear?"

Someha this seemed to put Mally in a gooid
temper an' aw wor nooan inclined to spoil it, soa aw
laft when shoo laft an' ther wor nowt onnymoor sed.

Th' mornin sooin coom, an' when aw wor biddin'
Mally gooid bye, aw slipt a bit o' paper into her hand
at awd scribbled on,

Awm gooin to leeav thi Mally lass,

But tho' aw love to rooam;

Awst nivver let an' haar pass,

Withaat a thowt for hooam.

An' tho' aw feeast mi 'een o' seets

All strange, an' wondrous grand;

Awst turn mi heart i'th' silent neets,

To this mi' native land.

Awst think o' thee, at's shared mi woe,

'At's proved mi' joy as well;

An' far an' wide wheare'er aw goa,

Awst prize nooan like thisel.

Shoo read it—"A'a, Sammywell!" shoo sed, "tha
thinks tha can get over me onnytime wi' a bit o'
nonsense like that, but tha mun mind tha doesnt try
it on once too oft. Try an' tak' care o' thisen, but
whativver else be careful o' thi umberel!"

Aw wor sooin at th' station an' Billy wor waitin.
If ivver aw saw th' pictur o' misery it wor his face
that mornin'.

"Ha does ta feel?" aw says.

"War an' war, aw think awst ha to give it up, awm
nooan fit to goa."

"It's a pity tha set off," aw sed, "has ta gotten war
sin tha left hooam?"

"Nay aw've been soa ivver sin aw saw thi; aw
should like to goa, but a'a dear a me!"

"Why then," aw says, "aw need'nt get two
tickets?"

"Noa, get one for thisen, aw've gotten mine."

"An' whear's thi luggage?"

"Its ith' van yonder all reight."

Aw sed noa moor but gate mi ticket—th' time wor
up, we jumt into th' carriage an' wor sooin off to
London.

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CHAPTER II.

MERCREDI.

NEXT to bein' th' eleventh chap to get into a carriage 'at's suppoosed to be weel packed wi' ten, aw hate to travel wi' one chap 'at's made up his mind to be miserable—an' aw could see in a twinklin' 'at Bill meant it. But aw wor off for a spree, (aw owtn't to ha sed that, for awd left word at hooam 'at aw wor gooin to collect information for th' benefit o' mi fellow men,) but whativver wor th' principle reason for me gooin aw know 'at th' interest had summat to do wi' a jollification.

"A'a, aw wish awd stopt at hooam," he sed, as sooin as th' train gate aght o'th' station.

"Awm soary but tha had," aw sed, low daan.

"What says ta?"

"Awm soary tha'rt soa bad," aw shaated.

"Tha doesn't know what aw suffer, lad. Has ta owt to sup?"

"Eeah, aw've a drop 'at Mally wod mak mi bring; see what it's like."

"That stirs it," he sed, when he'd had a gooid swig, "what does ta call it?"

"Nay, aw dooant know for aw've nivver tasted it—happen it's gin?"

"Is it?" an' he held th' bottle to luk at it. "May-be it is," he sed, an' he tuk another swig to find aght. "Nay it's nooan gin aw think, aw fancy it's whisky."

"Varry likely it is whisky," aw sed, "it doesn't luk unlike."

"Aw dooant pretend to say 'at it is, for awm noa judge, but it happen is gin," an' he supt agean to mak reight sewer, an' then he handed me th' bottle an' sed, "tha can call it what tha likes but aw call it whisky—taste for thisen."

He did reight to say "taste," for he hadn't left enough in for a sup, but aw didn't care for that for it seemed to liven him up a bit, an' bi th' time we stopt at Peterborough he jumpt aght to stretch his legs a bit an' try what sooart o' ale they kept at th' station, an' he lukt leetsomer nor awd seen him for a twelvemonth, an' when he coom back he'd a cigar in his maath an' another for me. "What mak o' ale do they keep?" aw ax'd.

"Muck! Aw wodn't sell sich stuff, an' th' glasses are nobbut like thimmels an' they dooan't aboon hauf fill 'em. It's a scandlous shame ha they impooas o' fowk, if awd to do sich things aw couldn't sleep for thinkin' on it," an as if to prove 'at he nivver did owt

o'th' sooart he lained back his heead an' in a varry little time wor snoorin' away like a bacon makker.

When th' train stopt at th' far end aw had to waken him an' it wor noa easy job. "Come on!" aw sed, "Ger up! Doesn't ta know 'at we're at th' far end?"

"Aw care nowt abaat it whear we are, awm nooan baan to get up!"

"But tha mun care, for tha'll be forced to get aght here; an' whear's thi luggage? If tha doesn't stir thi somdy 'll run away wi' it!"

He oppened one e'e abaat hauf way just to squint at me, "An' who's baan to run away wi' it? Let me catch him an' awl bet ther'll be one Frenchman less to feight th' next battle o' Waterloo! Awl poise his frog-aitin heead off his shoolders if he touches owt o' mine!"

"Ther's noa Frenchmen here; tha's nobbut getten to Lundun, an' tha munnot tawk abaat poisin' when tha gets to France, tha'll ha' to leearn to parleyvoo!"

"Aw dooant care whether it's poisin' or parleyvoo-in', awl bet his heead comes off schews ha!"

Just then th' guard coom "All out here! Hi there! what's to do?"

Aw knew th' guard an' he knew me. "O, it's nobbut a friend o' mine 'at's been asleep a bit an' didn't know we'd landed," aw sed.

"And where is he off to? not to Paris surely? He 'll be lost."

"Nay, he'll nooan be lost for awm baan wi' him to luk after him."

Aw didn't see owt funny abaat that but he laft wol aw thowt he'd getten a spasm. "And who's going to look after thee, Sammywell?"

"Well, when aw want a bigger fool nor misen to keep me company awl ax thy maister if he can spare thee for a day or two."

My temper isn't as long as it used to be an' aw didn't relish a strackle brain like him takkin' liberties wi' me, just as if he'd paid his fare an' we'd been paid for commin', an' aw wor i' hauf a mind to goa to th' firerup an' ligg a complaint, but Billy had his hand on his wayscoit agean an' began grooanin.

"Well, what says ta," he sed, "are we to goa onny farther or stop whear we are? Aw wor nivver fit to set off i' this state an' aw should nivver ha' come but for thee. An' what are we to do wi' this luggage? An' what time does train start? An' whear does it start throo? An' what are we to do wi' ussen wol it does start? An' what's to come o' yond malt 'at's masht? An' ha does ta expect an old woman like mi mother to be able to tun? It wor a wrang-heeaded affair ivver to set off an' if we nivver get back it'll be thy fault."

"Bless mi life!" aw sed, "tha needn't goa! Ther'll be a train back to Bradforth directly! Aw dooan't want thi to goa if it's agean thi mind!"

"It's nooan mi mind it's mi stummack! if aw worn't sufferin' like this aw should be fain to goa; but say what it's to be; are we to goa forrad or turn back?"

"Aw shall goa forrad an' tha can pleas thisen."

"Then aw shall goa forrad if tha does. Goa an' find aght all particlars an' see after this luggage an' mak all as reight an' square as tha can an' then if ther's time, tak me somewhear to get summat to stir this pain. Awm a deaal fitter for bed nor to be knockin' abaat like this."

Aw left him wol aw made enquiries, but aw couldn't help wonderin' if Smith had as mich bother w' me when he tuk me raand to see th' Seets i' Lundun as aw seemed likely to have w' Billy.

"The best plan for you to do is to take a cab and get your luggage to Victoria station, the train starts from there and they'll give you all information," sed th' pooarter aw ax'd. Ther wor plenty on 'em an' we gate one an' wor sooin rollin' away. "Couldn't we ha' walked it, Sammy? Tha knows walkin' is far better for me nor bein' shook to bits in a ditherin' consarn like this."

"It's too far to walk an' we'st be thear directly."

"Has ta emptied that bottle?"

"Eeah, does ta want summat? Awl stop th' cab in a minit."

"Does ta want summat? 'coss if tha doesn't tha's noa need to stop th' cab for th' sake o' me. Aw've been used to sufferin all mi life, an' happen if aw did get summat aw should be noa better."

But just then th' cab did stop an' when aw shoved mi heead aght to see th' reason on it, thear wor th' same railway guard sittin' on th' dicky ov another cab w' my umberel over his shoolder, an' he wor grin-nin' like a Cheshire cat. "Is this thy parryshute, Sammywell?"

"Awl shute thee if tha doesn't hand it over here!" aw says.

A'a, but aw wor fain to see him, for if awd lost that umberel aw niver dar ha' faced hooam! Ov coorse that wor a nice excuse to get aght an' have a leck on. Billy called for a pot o' hauf an' hafe, an' when he gate it up to his lips he held it thear soa long wol aw thowt he'd gotten his teeth fast i'th pewter an' couldn't leeav lawse, but when he did put it daan th' bartender whipt it aght o'th' rooad ready for another customer an' Billy wiped his lips and gave a sigh o' satisfaction 'at wor like music to me.

"Nah, what does ta think o' that?" aw sed.

"Middlin', but it's rayther short o' malt."

Aw wor soa thankful to get mi 'nelly back wol aw stood treat twice raand. "Aw'st ha' to be more care-

ful for th' futer," aw sed, "for aw wodn't pairt wi' it for its weight o' new ens."

"If tha did tha'd be able to start a shop," sed Billy.

"Why not have your name put on it?" sed th' guard.

"Bith' mass! aw niver thowt o' that!"

"There's a shop next door but one, a regular umbrella hospital, I dare say they would do it for you in a few minutes, and you've got plenty of time; I'll stay with your friend till you come back."

Aw went, an' gate inside aw tell'd what aw wanted to a nice modest lukkin' young woman, an' as sooin as shoo saw it, it seem'd to remind her ov her early days, maybe shoo'd an old mother somewhear 'at had one like it, or a fayther moulderin' away i'th' churchyard 'at had once been praad o' sich a one. Aw ommost felt soary aw'd spokken, for whativer it wor, it made her bury her face in her white kertchy an' hurry away in a state o' agitation 'at touched me to th' quick. In abaat a minit, a young bit ov a whipper-snapper ov a chap, wi' his hair pairted daan th' middle, comes, an' aw tell'd him what aw wanted. He seized hold ov it an' began handlin' it as if he'd noa more respect for it nor he had for hissens, (an' a chap 'at pairts his hair daan th' middle is niver troubled wi' mich,) an' then he started laffin' an' began axin' me all sooarts o' questions abaat it. "Young man," aw sed, "Aw didn't come here to give th'

history o' my umbrella, aw coom to ax if yo could put mi name on it, an' if tha doesn't stop off messin' it up an' daan awl come raand an' see if my shoe tooa can stir thi brains a bit." He saw aw meant it so he sobered daan a bit an' handed it back to me, an' he sed 'he wor varry sorry but it worn't i' their line, but if aw tuk it across to a ironmonger's opposite aw should happen be able to get a door-plate to fit it.' "An' if aw do," aw says, "awl come for thy heead for th' door nop;" an' when aw come aght o' that shop yo couldn't tell whear th' pairtin' o' that chap's hair had been, but awl bet it worn't i'th' middle for a wick or two at after.

Aw didn't goa to th' ironmongers, but aw went back to whear aw'd left Billy, but he wor soa taen up wi' th' guard wol aw sat mi daan, quietly to wait an' as aw'd been put abaat a bit aw eased misen wi' havin' a tawk to mi umberel.—

What matters if some fowk deride,

An' point wi' a finger o' scorn?

Th' time wor tha wor lukt on wi' pride,

Befor mooast o' th' scoffers wor born.

But awl ne'er turn mi back on a friend,

Tho' old fashioned an' grey like thisel;

But awl try to cling to thi to th' end,

Tho' tha'rt nobbut an old umberel.

Whear wod th' young ens 'at laff be to-day,

But for th' old ens they turn into fun?

Who wor wearin' thersen bent an' grey,
 When their days had hardly begun?
 Ther own youth will quickly glide past;
 If they live they'll all grow old thersel;
 An' they'll long for a true friend at last,
 Though it's nobbut an old umberel.

Tha's grown budgey, an' faded, an' worn,
 Yet thi inside is honest an' strong,
 But thi coverin's tattered an' torn,
 An' awm feear'd 'at tha cannot last long.
 But when th' few years 'at's left us have run,
 An' to th' world we have whispered farewells;
 May they say 'at my duty wor done,
 As weel as mi old umberel's.

Awd gotten soa far when they called me to 'em, an' after another sup we bid gooid day to th' guard, gate into th' cab an' wor sooin at Victoria station.

When we gate thear, we fan th' train didn't start till past eight o'clock. "Nah, tha's gotten us into a bonny mullock, tha has! Aw thowt tha reckoned to know summat abaat travellin'. We've hauf a day to goa wanderin' abaat an' me i' this state—net fit to walk a yard. What does ta mean to do? We'd hap-pen better caar here? An' ther's three quarters o' malt i'th' mash at hooam an' here aw am hallockin' abaat fast what to do wi' mi time."

"Aw care nowt abaat thy three quarters o' malt, Billy; if tha'rt soa anxious abaat it tha should ha'

stopt wi' it or else browt it wi' thi! Awm baan to have summat to ait an' tha can pleas thisen."

"Nay, aw nooan want to pleeas misen, net aw marry! Aw've come here o' purpose to pleas thee. Do whativver tha likes it'll be reight to me; tha's gotten me here nah soa aw mun mak th' best on't."

We set off an' had a long walk an' aw could see 'at he wor a bit capt as we passed some o' th' big buildins an' monuments soa aw ax'd his opinion on 'em.

"Varry fair, considerin'," he sed, "but aw expected findin' 'em bigger, an' ther's nooan on 'em over cleean."

"Why," aw sed, "tha'll have to goa a long way to find bigger nor theas."

"They're noa bigger, accordinglye to th' place nor yond little haase o' mine up at th' moor end."

Aw tuk him into a place whear aw knew we could get a gooid meal at a reasonable rate an' axt him what he'd have.

"Aw dunnot know what to say—ther's nowt aw dar touch wi' mi stummack i' this state—thee order what tha likes."

"Awm gooin' in for a mutton chop an' some fried puttates."

"Well, aw'll ha' th' same; one thing's as gooid as another to me, for aw'st ait nooan on it. Do they sell

ale here? but if they do aw expect it willn't be fit to sup."

Aw called for two bottles, an' whether it wor fit to sup or net his didn't last long. Th' mutton chops an' fried puttates wor browt, an for a matter o' five minits nawther on us spake.

"Well, doesn't ta think theas is varry nice?"

"Aw can tell nowt abaat it for ther's nowt but booaan o' this o' mine, but if they've forgotten to put th' mait on it, they'll nooaan forget to put th' price on it awl warrant."

Aw wor satisfied wi' mine, but aw ordered two moor for him, an' he polished 'em.

"Nah, has ta enjoyed 'em?" aw sed as he sopped th' gravy up wi' a chunk o' cake.

"Aw've had war; but, bless mi life! yo can get as gooid chops as theas at hooam if yo'll pay th' price for 'em, an' aw dooaan't expect they'll agree wi' mi nah aw've gotten 'em."

Aw worn't gooin' to argy that point wi' him, soa aw settled th' bill an' we lit a cigar a-piece an' walked quietly to th' station.

It wanted abaat fifteen minits to th' train time soa aw went to see after tickets, an' aw must say when th' chap sed four paand fifteen shillin' a-piece it knocked th' steam aght on me. Aw felt sewer ther must be some mistak an' aw went to th' station maister, but he sed it wor all reight, ther wor nowt nobbut furst class that neet. Aw tell'd Billy, an' ax'd what we should

do.—"Do just as tha likes," he says, "tha has it all i' thi own hands; awl ha' nowt to do wi' it; tha can awther goa or stop just as it suits thisen. Aw know nowt abaat sich things, it's nobbut thee 'at has all th' knowledge;—but *aw know what aw wish*."

As weel be hung for a sheep as a lamb, aw thowt, soa aw gate two tickets an' we wor sooin in a furst class carriage speedin' on to Dover. Billy slept om-most all th' time an' when we landed it wor dark an' drizzlin'. "Aw expect this is th' sooart o' weather we shall have all th' time," he sed, "aw allus consider this th' warst month i' th' year for onybody to set off in, an' nubdy i' ther reight wit ivver wod."

Ther wor noa time to tawk for we'd to get on th' booaat as sooin as we could. This wor th' furst thing 'at seemed to set Billy's bile reight agate o' workin'. "If aw'd a known 'at we couldn't ha' gooaan bi land aw'd ha' seen thee blowed befoor tha'd ha' gotten me here! But it's just on a par wi' all tha does!—but if ivver aw live to get hooam awl remember thee for this! If mi mother knew shoo'd goa off'n her heed!"

Aw tuk hold ov his arm an' led him daan th' steps an' when he saw a table full o' bottled ale he seemed a little moor reconciled. We wor sooin off, but as sooin as th' booaat began to roll Billy sed he'd goa up stairs, so we went on deck. When aw saw th' stewards an' stewardesses all grinnin' an' gettin' aght piles o'

tin bowls an' buckets aw'd a guess what it meant. A nastier neet it could hardly ha' been, for it, wor rain-in' an' blowin' an' th' watter wor rougher nor aw'd ivver saw th' Atlantic Ocean. Aw thowt aw wor a pratty gooid sailor misen, but aw wor fain to let mi cigar goa aght. Billy had folded his arms raand a wire rooap an' ther wor noa mistak he intended to stick. Aw crept up to him in a bit, "Tha'rt varry quiet," aw sed, "what are ta thinkin' abaat?"

"Aw wor just thinkin' abaat that three quarters o' malt," he sed, an' he lained his heead over th' side soa as he could study undisturbed. Just abaat that time it struck me 'at aw'd heead tell what a beautiful seet it wor to watch th' waves all glittering wi phos-phorus, soa aw lained over to luk for it. Aw didn't see onny but that worn't my fault for aw nivver lifted mi heead up except once or twice to see if Billy wor thear an' aw saw he wor still studyin' abaat th' malt.

After abaat two haars o' scientific investigation o' that sooart, land, whether foreign or native, wor varry acceptable. We had to pass over a little bridge when we landed an' one chap took tickets an' another stood to ax what yo wor. "Are you English?" he axed Billy.

"What's ta think, muleface!" he sed, an' as he let him pass aw suppoas he wor satisfied 'at he wor. We'd hauf an haar to wait for th' train to Payris, an' Billy made straight for th' refreshment raam. "Ha does ta feel?" aw sed.

"Aw ail nowt, an' nivver should ha' done but for them mutton chops, an' aw tell'd thi mi stummack wodn't stand sich muck. Aw wish aw wor back hooam."

"Awm pratty weel sick on it misen," aw says, an' if tha's a mind we'll goa straight back hooam."

"Nay, by-gow! aw've had enuff o' that booaat-ridin' for to neet!"

After a dry biscuit an' a drop o' lemonade we gate into a comfortable carriage, worn aght an' weary, we booath fell asleep. When we wakkened th' sun wor shinin' an' we could see men an' wimmen at wark getherin' in th' harvest, ivverything lukt cheerful an' bonny. Th' whistle saanded an' th' train slackened speed an' we crept slowly into Payris at hauf-past six o' one o' th' grandest mornins aw ivver remember. When we gate aght o' th' station we lukt raan' wonderin' which way to goa to seek lodgins.

"Nah, Billy," aw says, "this is Payris at last."

He lukt at th' graand, then at th' buildins all raand, then up at th' sky, an' finished off wi' starin' at me.

"Well?" aw says.

"Why, it's nowt!"

CHAPTER III.

JENDI.

AS we saw at ivverybody else 'at had come bi th' same train wor runnin fit to braik ther necks for fear they should'nt be able to find lodgins, an' as awd heeard at th' city wor full we made a bit ov a rush. Billy walked as briskly as if he'd been four stooan leeter, an' for owt aw know he wor. "Aw pitie'd some o' th' fowk at wor on that boat," aw sed.

"Well, aw dooant pity them mich, for they need'nt ha been on unless they liked, but aw did pity th' fish, for they'll be a sickly lot this mornin aw should fancy," an' he fairly chuckled at th' nooation.

"Nah then, what sooart ov a spot mun we steer for? Had we better try some quiet respectable shop or mun we goa in for a place right up to Dick an' run th' risk o' what it costs?"

"Its noa use axin me; do whativver tha's a mind it'll be reight to me."

Just as we turned a corner aw saw a sign up 'CAFE' DU NORD,' an' on th' winder wor painted i' big yollo letters, ENGLISH SPOKEN, this is th' shop for us, aw says, if thers raam, soa aw went in an' Billy follered an' a young woman at seemed as if shoo'd been dip-ped i' bacca-watter an' dried in a hurry, coom to meet us—"Gooid mornin, Mistress," aw sed.

"Commyvoo portyvoo," shoo sed.

"Aw dooant parleyvoo, awm throo Yorksher; can-not yo spaik plain English?"

"Jenny compronpa."

"Aw can mak' nowt o' this lot, Billy, if that's th' sooart o' English they tawk here awst nivver be able to understand it."

"Come on an' lets leeav her, shoo's nooan reight in her heead! aw dooant believe shoo knows what shoo's sayin.

"Shoo'll happen understand better if awm moor perlite—"Have, you,—a,—bedroom?"

"Betrooom! Ha! wee! Chamberacostrah? wee, wee!"

"Nay awm nooan one o' that sooart aw want one to misen."

"Jenny compronpa."

"Jenny's noa need to come for if shoo's noa hansomer nor thee aw wod'nt touch her wi' th' tangs!"

We wor just gooin aght when up comes a tallo faced chap at lukt as if th' smell ov a cookshop

wod'nt hurt him, so aw thowt awd have another try—French this time,—“Parleywoo English mouse ear.”

“Hi,” he sed, what is it tha wants?”

“E'e! gow! lad! but awm fain to see thi. Are ta th' maister?”

“Hi, aw wish aw wornt; yo could'nt mak' my wife understand yo aw reckon?”

“Is that her? well, ther's noa accaantin for taste—for aw should'nt care for livin' i' this country at all if aw wor yo,” aw sed, for awd ommost made a mess on it, “can we have two beds for a few neets an' a bit o' summat to ait if we want it?”

“Can we get summat to sup?” sed Billy, “awm ommost dried up.”

“Caffy-o-lay? Bordoo? Bass's bottled ale, or owt yo like.”

“Caffyolaybordoo be hanged! let's ha some ale,” sed Billy, an' he sooin browt two bottles, an' when he'd filled a glass Billy tuk it but he nobbut just tasted on it an' put it daan agean.

“Is ther summat matter wi it?” sed th' maister.

“Nay, aw dooant know at ther is,—it nobbut wants a bit o' ginger an' sewgar an' a pinch o' nutmug an' it'll mak' varry nice spiced drink. Do yo allus sell it warm like that?”

“Yo connat help it gettin warm in a country like this unless yo keep it i' ice an' aw neer bother for ther's nubdy grummels, for they dooant know th' difference—Its a hot shop is this aw can tell yo, an'

yo'll be luckier nor th' mooast if yo dooant find summat a deecal warmer nor that befor yo've been long.”

“Well, but tha'rt an' Englishman an' owt to ha moor sense—why, when awm brewin aw let it keel below that befor aw set on.”

“Tha says reight when tha says awm an' Englishman, at onnyrate awm a Brummagem when awm at hooam, an' aw hooap it weant be long befor awm back. But what are we to get for yor braikfast?”

We ordered some coffee an' eggs an' a beefsteak an' wol we wor gettin it, aw ax'd him ha it wor he seem'd soa dissatisfied wi th' place?

“Th' place ud do weel enuff if ther wor owt to be made at it, but ther isnt hauf as monny fowk as what ther's accomodation for, aw've lost a gooid bit o' brass sin aw coom an' if yo ax other fowk they'll tell yo th' same tale.”

When we'd finished he tuk us up a corkscrew staircase an' showed us two raams—they wor cleean, thers noa denyin' that, an' they wor furnished, after a fashion—part Parisian an' pairt Brummagem—aw should think what wor in em booath had'nt been bowt for a penny less nor thirty shillin', but ther wor white lace curtains up to th' winders an' they lukt varry weel throo th' aghtside an' that wor all at mattered. We booath on us wanted a wesh, an' on a little table we'd each on us a cream jug an' sugar basin, an' we had to mak th' best on em; thear wor

noa feear on us sloppin' ony watter abaat, for if we had ther'd ha been nooan left. After dippin' us finger ends in we rubbed us faces ovver an' tryin' to believe at we wor a deaal better for th' trouble we started for a luk raand aghtside. Aw thowt Billy lukt varry glum agean an' as he did'nt offer to tell me th' reason aw axd him if ther wor owt 'at had'nt suited him ?

"Ther's nowt 'at has suited me soa far, an' what's moor nor that ther's net likely to be—an' to mend matters when aw come to luk i' mi box, awm blessed if aw hav'nt come withaat a cleean shirt."

"Why," aw says, "ther's a shop across th' rooad at sells em soa tha can easily mak that reight," soa we went inside an' aw tell'd him as plain as ivver aw could spaik 'at we wanted a shirt, an' aw pointed to his mucky dicky. "Wee, wee," he sed, an' jabbered away, an' Billy tawked back to him like a man, an' gave him sich a karakter i' broad Yorsher as awm sewer he wod'nt want i' writin' if he wor lukkin aght for a fresh shop. Th' ticket wor easy to read soa Billy paid him six francs an' walked away wi it in a breet green paper box, an' we turned back to us lodgins for him to put it on. He had'nt been up stairs long befoor aw thowt one ov his bilious attacks had come on agean—"Sammy!" he bawled aght, "come here!" soa aw went to see what wor to do.

"Luk thear! What does yond chap tak us for? Awm in a gooid mind to tak this back an' shove it

daan his throat! Is ther owt like a woman abaat me, thinks ta?"

Thear it wor reight enuff, printed on th' box i' big letters, "Chemise." "Well, he's varry likely made a mistak, here mistress!" aw sed as shoo wor just passin th' door, "shirt—he wants a shirt an' they've seld him a shift." Shoo lifted her e'e broos ommost to th' top ov her heead an' lukt at th' box an' then shoo pointed to his dicky an' sed, "Chemise! wee, wee."

"Shoo's war nor a guinea pig, wi her ivverlastin' 'wee wee,'" sed Billy, an' he wor shuttin' th' box up agean but shoo coom up an' tuk it aght an' awm blowed if it wornt a shirt after all. After that we decided to goa to th' Exhibition an' spend th' furst day thear—but as Billy wor detarmined net to walk an' wod call at ivvery shop 'at had one o' Bass's or Alsop's cards ith' winder it tuk us wol after dinner-time to get thear, but it wornt after th' time 'at we could do wi a dinner for all that, but ther wor soa mich to see wol aitin seem'd ommost aght o' th' question—even Billy, although he wor walkin up an daan oppen maath seemed to ha forgotten to grow dry. They manage theas things better i' France; (aw fancy aw've heead that befoor) but although aw know awst nivver be able to do justice to it, yet aw think aw owt to give yo as gooid an' accaant as aw can. Well then to begin wi; we'll goa back a little bit an' mak a fair start.

In a strange country moost things luk strange an' ith' walk we'd had we saw a deal at capt us, but nowt moor surprisin' nor th' amaant o' ugly wimmen. We'd come prepared to be dazzled wi female luvliness an' grand dresses but ther wor nowt at sooart to see. Th' moost on em wor dark skinned—sharp een'd, podgy-bodied, dowdy-donned crayturs 'at lukt varry mich like weshewimmen aght o' wark. Th' chaps wor better lukkin' bi th' hauf, but Billy sed he thowt they'd luk better if they'd stop off suppin' red ink an' get some gooid ale an' beef onto ther booans. But ther's one thing 'at aw dooant believe ony Frenchman can do, an' that is, slouch along th' street wi his hands in his pockets like a thorough-bred Yorksherman! Even them at's huggin loads o' boxes an' hampers o' ther rig, (sich loads as a Yorksher chap ud stand an' luk at wol somdy went an' fotched a horse an' cart,) trip away as if they'd somewhear to goa, an' as if ther feet had been created to carry ther body an' net as if it wor th' body at had been intended to trail th' feet after it. An' yet someha or other, nubdy seemed to be in a hurry—th' street cars are run thear to save th' trouble o' walkin', but ther seems to be noa idea o' savin time. If a chap wants to ride he nivver thinks to wait wol a car comes up to him, he walks on till he overtaks one. Th' cabs are a little bit better as regards speed but aw could'nt help thinkin' at if they'd give th'

horses moor oats an' less whip it ud be better for all sides. Aw nivver i' mi life heeard owt like th' whipcrackin' at wor to be heeard ith' busy streets, it reminded me o' nowt soa mich as th' fourth o' July in America; ivvery driver wor alike an' ther whips went wi as mich regularity as a wayver's pickin' stick. To us it wor a newsance an' for th' chaps it must ha been hard wark but th' horses did'nt seem to tak ony nooatice—but if they give 'em plenty o' whip aw dooant think they oft kill 'em wi wark, for we passed monny a team o' six or eight mucky lukkin' grays, big booaned an' ill tended an' wi heeads on 'em like soa monny churns turned th' wrang end up, at wor walkin' i' single file an' suppoosed to be draggin' a waggon wi a load ov abaat hauf a tun. Ther wor noa shops or buildins 'at had owt abaat 'em to admire an' aw must confess aw felt a trifle disappointed, but aw wor detarmined net to show it, for Billy had curled up his nooas when he started aght an' if he did spaik at all it wor allus th' same strain o' regret for what he'd left, an' contempt for all he'd fun.

This wornt varry mich to be wondered at, as we discovered next day 'at we'd been trailin abaat throo all th' back slums an' had nivver once gotten onto th' reight track, an' it wor moor bi gooid luck nor gooid management at we ivver fan th' exhibition buildin' at all, but when we did, even Billy could'nt grummel. It wor a queer feelin at coom

ovver me when aw went in. Aw seemed to sink into insignificance all at once, an' aw could'nt help thinkin' at ther wor happen moor trewth i' what awr Mally had tell'd me nor awd felt inclined to admit,—Aw could see at Billy wor as mich capt as nie for he walked a yard or two an' then stopt to turn raand, an' his een lukt fairly to be startin' aght ov his heead, an' his lower jaw hung onto his shirt as if th' back hinge ov his face had brokken. "Nah," aw says, "what does ta think abaat this? will this do for thi?" but he nobbut gave me a luk an' withaat spaikin' went a yard or two farther an' turned raand agean. After a while we gained th' oppen air agean an' then we sat daan whear we could have a view o' th' watter fall an faantens. "This is grand," aw sed.

"Tha says reight for once, an' to tell th' plain trewth nah, awm nooan sooary aw've come, for it'll fit me to tawk abaat for monny a year."

"Well, awm glad tha's fun summat to suit thi an' aw think tha will be suited befoor we've done; for th' buildin' we've come throo is varry little moor nor th' gateway to a show at occupies 140 acres. Aw dooant think we've owt i' England to equal that!"

"Now!—Bith' heart! Sammy; if a chap could nobbut get that buildin' at a easy rent an' start it as a brewery it ud lick owt o' th' sooart we have! Tha sees ther's plenty o' gooid watter—yo could

pile yor barrels up ith' centre thear—ther's plenty o' raam for th' waggons to goa in an' aght—th' brewin plant could be fixed at this end—th' malt an' hops could be kept i' one o' them steeples, an' th' grains could be shot aght o' that winder. It mud ha been built for it. It nobbut wants them moniments an' gim-cracks clearin aght, an' it could be made to do i' noa time ommost.

Well, Sammy aw must say awm fain aw've come, an if tha's a mind, we'll get aght o' th' sun an' see if we can get summat to sup, but we will'nt have ale this time; aw dooant feel to care soa mich abaat it just nah. If tha's nowt agean it we'll join at one o' them bottles o' red ink; it can nobbut pooisen us 'schews ha."

Aw felt soa mad wol aw could'nt help wishin' at it wod pooisen him for aw thowt he desarved it. We went to a bonny little place whear aw saw some bottles an' glasses, aw dooant know what to call it, but it wor a sooart ov a goa between a public haase an' a summer haase, an' aw managed to mak' a bonny young lass understand what we wanted, an' shoo sarved us wi a smilin' face an' as mich curtseyin' as if we'd gooan to ax abaat th' vallyation, an' when aw held aght a handful o' silver for her to tak pay aght on, shoo nobbut tuk one French shillin, an' yo can buy em at tuppence a-piece less nor awrs. We thowt that wor bein' gentlemen at a varry cheap rate. Yo may hardly

believe it, but aw've paid three times as mich for stuff 'at has'nt been hauf as gooid,—“Aw call this reasonable,” aw says.

“Cheap as muck,” sed Billy, “its worth that mich to see a bonny lass like that—tha sees shoo's like a lady an' shoo knows manners too. Its a thaasand pities at shoo connot tawk gradely English.”

“It is; shoo's to be pitied for that. English fowk have a deal to be thankful for, but happen shoo's satisfied, for shoo'll be able to understand other fowk.”

“Tha munnat tell me at a lass like yond can ivver be satisfied wi a lot o' gabberin' fowk at cant tawk soas to be understood, shoo's like yond buildin' we've just come throo, shoo owt to be put to a better purpose. A'a! what a brewus yond wod mak'!”

“Well, tha knows we've all noations ov us own, an' aw connot agree wi thee thear. Tha seems to care nowt abaat art, all tha thinks on is ale.”

“Well, did ta ivver know onnybody at filled ther belly o' art? Nah aw've known monny a one do it wi ale. That's th' way to luk at it.”

“It's thy way but it is'nt mine, but as time's gooin on lets goa into th' place whear all theas wonderful things are to be seen.”

“Goa thi ways, for thar't th' mooast restless chap aw ivver knew, tha'rt like a worm on a whut back-

stun, an' if tha gets into a comfortable corner tha will'nt stop. It's nice an' cooil here, but awst be sweltered i' th' sunshine. If th' weather's owt like this at hooam it'll play the hangment wi yond galcar.”

Awm net gooin to say mich abaat th' Exhibition for one or two reasons—furst is aw think it's been a deal better done bi somdy else, an' second, it'll tak up soa mich time, an' ther's net monny fowk at has'nt seen one, an' they're all mackley—Its enuff to say at this licks all at's gooa befoor it, an' 'at noa Englishman had ony need to shame for his country, an' nubdy had moor cause for pride nor Yorksher fowk. We roamed abaat for an' haar or two but feastin' one's een does'nt satisfy th' stummack, an' soa aw hinted at we should goa to th' English buffet whear my guide book sed we could get owt we wanted to ait an' find fowk at could tawk English. As sooin as aw mentioned it Billy sed he cared nowt for a buffet, he'd a deal rayther have a arm cheer, but when aw explained what it wor he wor ready enuff to goa. Awd been warned befoor aw coom abaat extortion an' roagery an' tell'd what awful charges they made for simple things, but aw meant havin summat daycent to ait whativver it cost—soa we sat daan an' ordered soop, an' a plate o' rost beef an' puttates, an' some roilly polly puddin for a start, an' we thowt if that

wornt enuff, we'd ax if they could give us a plate o' pie. We sooin gate throo th' soop, but we sat a long tîme waitin' for th' rost beef to follow. Next to Billy wor a Frenchman an' his wife,—(aw suppoas Frenchmen have wives sometimes),—an' one o' th' waiters browt him a nice plate o' boiled chicken, soa we thowt, but he didnt seem to tak onny noatice on it but went on wi his tawkin—Billy kept lukkin first at him an' then at th' plate an' at last he turned to me an' says, "This chap doesnt seem hungry an' its a pity to see this gooin cold, soa he shifted th' plate an' began to wire in. It did'nt tak him aboon three minutes to finish th' lot an' he passed back th' empty plate, an' just then th' waiter coom wi awr rost beef. We'd just getten fairly started when th' Frenchman turned raand to begin, an' when he saw th' plate wi nowt on it he lukt as if he could ha swallered them at had swallered his dinner, an' he called for th' waiter an' be th' way he shaated an' shrugged his shoolders it wor plain to be seen 'at he wor lettin somdy have it hot, but that did'nt affect Billy for he wor cooil enough an' stuck to his mark like a brick, but this Frenchman wor detarmined net to let it drop soa easily, an' he stormed an' raved as if he'd been robbed ov a pop-ticket, "Whats to do wi this cranky fooil," sed Billy?

Th' waiter could spaik English an' he says, "This gentleman says that he has had nothing to

eat and he wont pay, and I am certain I brought him a dish of stewed frogs, and now he wants to declare he's never seen them!"

Billy's face went as white as mi hat, an' he dropt his knife an' fork, "Nah, aw've done it!" he sed, spaikin' to me, awst be poisened, aw know aw shall! It's all thy fault an' tha'll ha to answer for it."

"Awd nowt to do wi it, tha should let stuff alooan at doesnt belong to thi; but ha did they taste?"

"Aw thowt awd nivver had owt as grand i' mi life an' aw wor meeanin to have another plate but nah at aw know what it wor awd rayther ha gien a fiver nor ha touched sich-like powse. Tha mun promise me nivver to tell when we get back, or else they'll plague me abaat it as long as they've a day to live."

He seemed to ha lost his appetite after this, but aw stuck to mi corner an' made a rattlin dinner an' when awd to pay, an' it wor nobbut two franks an' a hauf (that's little moor nor two bob,) aw felt varry mich inclined to ax em if they could let us have a bed for th' neet, an' then awd send for awr Mally an' live thear for six months, for awm sewer aw could'nt live as cheap at hooam. Then we went to have a luk at th' picturs, an' aw felt praader nor ivver as aw went throo th' English gallery—it wor grand! but ther wor others at wor ommost as gooid.

Ther wor a lot o' gooid paintins i' th' French gallery, an' it tow't me th' meanin o' what fowk call 'poor art,' for th' French art is too poor to find clooas for th' men an' wimmen they paint, for throo one end o' th' raam to t'other it lukt like nowt as mich as a empty swimmin bath whear a craad o' wimmin, three rows deep, wor waitin' for th' watter to come in. Billy pooled a handful o' copper aght ov his pocket an' reckoned to be thrang caantin it, wol he gat aghtside, for he could'nt fashion to luk up, an' aw felt thankful at Mally wor at hooam. Awve noa daat ther wor a deecal o' beauty at we missed, an' a deecal o' things 'at wor varry trew to natur but its possible for trewth to be too bare-faced at times. It had getten farish on ith' day when we coom aght, dazed and maddled wi th' wonders 'at we'd seen, (an' we had'nt seen a quarter o' what wor thear) an' we felt at a cup o' teah, wod'nt do us ony harm soa we started off for us lodgins.

Billy sed he'd had enough o' walkin' an' he wod'nt stir another peg till we gat a cab, soa aw put up mi finger an' one coom. Aw tried all th' French aw knew an' a gooid deecal o' th' English but he could'nt understand a word, soa aw wrate th' name o' th' place an' th' name o' th' street on a card an' gave it him an' he grinned like a Cheshire cat an' started off. It wor then we began to find aght what Payris wor like. We went throo one big

archway at they call Arc de Triomphe de 'Etoile, an' it fairly made us tremmel. Aw lukt at mi guide book, (an' yo can do th' same if yo have one,) an' gat to know all abaat it, an' what it had cost; aw cant say 'at it seems varry useful but its varry ornamental. We rattled on throo bustlin streets whear th' shops wor palaces, an' ther wor soa mich to tak us fancy at we tuk noa noatice o' th' cab chap wol he pooled up suddenly ith' front ov a arched passage an' coom an' oppened th' door an' pointin to th' haase hê mooationed us to get aght. But it worn't th' reight shop! 'Café du Nord,' wor printed up an 'Manchester House,' wor on a big sign an' 'English spoken,' wor i' big gold letters on th' winders but it wor nawther th' same place nor th' same street at we'd left ith' mornin. Aw gat aght to mak enquiries but Billy wod'nt stir. "Arnt ta baan to get aght?" aw sed.

"Awst stir nooan wol yo find th' reight shop, awm varry comfortable here."

Aw did'nt feel varry comfortable, but aw went inside to mak a few enquiries, but they mud as weel ha been Objibberaway Indians for ony sense aw could mak on em, they did plenty o' bowin an' scrapin an' hutchin up o' ther shoolders but that did'nt help me ony, soa aw gate hold o' one chap bi th' collar an' tuk him an' planted him opposite th' words 'English Spoken,' an' aw says, "Nah then, can ta read that?" "Wee, wee," he sed an' off he

set, an' aw lukt for th' cab an' Billy but awd hard wark to find it for ther wor a craad o' fowk gethered raand an' th' driver wor stampin an' ravin away at Billy wol he fair fooamed at th' maath, an' aw felt thankful just then 'at aw did'nt understand French, for my belief is at he wornt prayin for him to get aght but swearin at him for stoppin in, but Billy wor lainin back smookin a cigar an' seemed to be enjoyin it. "Sacrey mon dew!" he shaated at him. "Sacrey thisen, if tha wants," sed Billy, awst nooan stir aght o' this wol tha finds th' reight shop; if tha connot find it awm sewer aw connot an' aw've trailed abaat wol awm stall'd."

But, for a blessin, th' chap at awd had hold on, coom back an' browt a lass wi him, one at aw sup-pooas wor kept o' purpose for th' job, an' as shoo happened to know as mich English as aw did French we gate on famously. At last aw bethowt me o' th' railway station an' that shoo seemed to understand, an' shoo tell'd th' driver summat, but he seemed to think he'd had enuff on us, but aw shoved him o' one side an' set daan along-side Billy, an' as he could see noa way else aght on it, he jumpt on th' dicky an' tuk his revenge aght o' th' horse. Befoor he gat us to th' station aw saw th' haase we wor seekin soa aw stopt him, an' we gat aght, an' as we gave him double his fare he gave us a flourishin' salute an drave off. As aw wor gooin in at th' door Billy pooled me back an' pointed to two

little childer abaat eight year old an' he laft wol he could'nt spaik for ivver so long, "He, he, he, ho! did ta ivver come across owt like that? Tha mun tell Mally abaat that when tha gets hooam for it licks all! Why even th' bits o' childer can tawk French!" an' it wor true too, tho' when aw coom to consider abaat it aw did'nt see owt soa varry wonderful in it after all.

A cup o' teah an' a walk to th' railway station whear we gat a gooid wesh for a penny, freshened us up a bit an' we prepared to spend th' furst neet i' Payris th' same as mooast fowk do; that is, we started aght i' hoaps at we should see summat at we should condemn after we'd seen it, an' deplore th' existence ov th' varry things at form th' principal attraction for nine aght o' ivvery ten at pay a visit to th' finest city ith' world, whear gaiety flooats over th' surface o' ivverything an' th' cankerin sorrow is busy deep ith' heart.

A sorrowing heart ne'er seems as sad
As when 'midst gaiety;
You see beneath the flimsy veil,
Its writhing misery.

The apple with the golden rind,
The greedy eye gloats o'er,
But then, alas, 'tis sad to find
Dry ashes at its core.

The smiling face, the beaming eye,
 The soft and snowy skin ;
 Turns pleasure into horror when
 We find all black within.

Better the humblest face and form,
 If virtue dwells therein ;
 Than all the beauties that adorn
 The inward heart of sin.

CHAPTER VI

JENDI SOIR.

BOULEVARD des Italiens;—aw copied that off a gas-lamp. It's a grand saandin name but it is'nt hauf as grand as th' street, (for it is nobbut a street after all.)

When Billy an' me turned aght we lukt as spruce as two new scrapèd carrots, an' we walked along th' street like as if we'd just come into one fortun an' wor expectin another. It wor a lively lukkin seet, varry nearly ivvery other door wor a Cafe or a restèrant or a saloon, an' ith' front on 'em all wor little tables an' cheers an' chaps wor sittin an' chattin an' laffin just as if they'd been i' ther own hooams, an' ther wor one thing at aw could'nt but admire an' that wor, 'at they had ther wives an' ther sisters an' ther dowters wi 'em, an' altho' we could'nt tell owt they sed, it wor easy to tell at they wor all enjoyin thersèn. We walked along, starin at all abaat us, for ther wor a deal

at wor strange to us. Th' gas-lamps all seemed to grow aght o' sentry boxes, an' they wor leeted up like lanterns an' wor turned into newspaper or cigar shops, an' th' leets throo th' winders made all seem as breet as day ommost. Even Billy seeméd satisfied wi it.

But we sooin gat to whear it wor breeter still, an' lukkin up at th' corner ov a buildin' aw saw we'd gotten to th' Champs Elysees, an' what th' Elysees is, is unknown to me, but thaasands o' gas jets wor blazing away an' thaasands o' fowk wor sittin enjoyin ther drink an' ther smook or strollin on, chattin an' laffin, as if th' world an' them wor varry gooid friends. We went wi th' stream an' sooin fan ussen i' th' Tuileries Gardens, whear bands o' music wor playin an' th' faantens wor workin, an' th' lamps wor moor plentiful nor ivver. Aw wor enjoyin misen furst rate, an' aw knew Billy must be for he'd nivver grummeld once an' he wor soa takken up wi things abaat him wol he'd forgotten to get dry, an' it wornt until aw wanted a leck on misen 'at he bethowt him he'd a maath. It wor strange to me to see him suppin his caffy-o'-lay, (yo see awm leearnin French) asteead ov his pint o' ale, an' aw tell'd him soa, "When yo're i' Rum yo mun do as th' Rummens do," he sed, "an' aw dooant think at th' ale is quite as gooid here as it wor at hooam! We strolled on until we saw summat breeter an' moor glitterin nor all else an' we made for that. Aw thowt it wor a

triumphal arch 'at had been put up for some famous chap to goa throo, an' aw straitened mi shirt collar an' shoouldered mi umberel an' walked wi as mich dignity as aw could, but it wor noa use for we had to pay to goa in. A'a! but it wor a grand spot! It wor unlike owt awd ivver seen befoor! aw've heeard fowk tawk abaat fairy land, but fairy land wor a fooil to it—faantens an' flaars an' coloured lamps ivverywhear an' ith' middle on it all wor a stage for doncin, an' a band o' mewsic. As we wor lukkin at it a chap comes up an' says, "Billy, Billy," an aw nivver saw Billy luk as capt i' mi life. "Tha knows mi name," he sed, "but awm blessed if aw can tell whear aw've met thi befoor," an' he held aght his hand to shake hands wi him an' as sooin as he did this, th' chap shoved him a ticket into it an' stood waitin'. Aw saw ther wor a mistak somewhear, soa aw tuk one an' gave th' chap a franc an' he left us, an' then aw saw at they wer nobbut programmes for th' Jardin Mabille. Th' music struck up, th' doncin stage wor sooin full o' fowk, (an' some o' th' grandest young wimmen aw ivver saw i' mi life; nay, they lukt ommost too grand for owt but angels,) an' ther wor hundreds standin raand to watch 'em, an' Billy an' me wor ith' front row. It wor a dazmlin seet, one aw shall nivver forget, but one such as aw hooap nivver to see agean. Aw dooant believe th' pen's been made yet at i' th' cliverest hand could tell what that wor like. It wor indescribable! an' aw may as well

let it pass withaht makkin an' attempt at it; but if all th' fiends i' Hell had stown heavenly shapes an' played such shameless pranks, Satan wod ha turned away an' blushed for em. An' yet, this wor done ith' front o' weel dressed men an' wimmen, some on 'em wi ther. sons an' dowters standin by,—young, an' innocent;—will ther innocence aghtlive ther youth? Awm feeard net. An' soa that's what all theas blazin leets an' flaars an' faantens an' temples is for. A glitterin frame to a filthy picter! a string o' jewels to hide a festerin sooar! hide! did aw say? Nay, net soa! but to deck; an' bi that means to thrust th' looathsum cancer in yer face an' seek for admiration, an' applause for that which makes ivvery drop o' virtuous blood i' yor body stop in its coarse an' hurry back to th' inmost chamber o' yor heart to mourn over th' deeach o' ther sister, Modesty.

We stopt wol we thowt we'd seen enuff (aw thowt we'd seen too mich,) an' then we turned toward's 'Hooam, Sweet Hooam,' (tho' yo can cut th' middle word aght an' net loise mich o' th' trewth,) an' when we gat thear we pyked off to us beds, rare an' fain 'at we'd beds to goa to, for we wor just abaat done up. Aw slept vary weel considerin', tho' aw dreamt a gooid bit, an' mi dreams worn't as pleasant as aw could ha liked em, for all th' neet long aw fancied at aw wor runnin' as hard as aw could to get aght o' th' gate o' awr Mally, an' shoo wor after me wi th' pooaker i' one hand

to knock me daan, an' th' bellus ith' tother to blow me up, an' fowk a booath sides wor scagein me wi ladies heigh heeld bootis, silk stockin's an' stuff, an' when aw wakkened aw wor thankful to find at aw wor at a safe distance throo em all, an' especially Mally. But ther wor a fearful row gooin on i' th' next raam to mine, an' aw wor a bit befoor aw could reight reckon it up, but when aw bethowt me at that wor whear Billy slept, aw jumpt aght o' bed as if ther'd been a whut cinder under me an' flew to see what wor to do. It wor a rare gooid job aw went, for if aw had'nt, one o' them two wod ha been tried for manslufter, an' it wod'nt ha been Billy. Nah, awve monny a time nooaticed what an' amaant o' courage ther is in a pair o' bootis an' a pair o' britches, for aw nivver yet met a brave man when in his shirt an' nowt else—let a chap have his bootis an' his britches on, an' he'll run th' risk o' havin' a bullet sent throo his heead or his heart, but ther's net monny at 'll goa bare foorit an' run th' risk o' havin' ther corns trodden on. Well, when aw jumpt aght o' th' arms o' Morpheus, aw did'nt stop to put owt on, an' when aw gate into th' next hoil an' went daan onto mi knees to seperate Billy an' another chap, aw lukt vary mich like what th' infant Sammywell wod ha lukt like at my age if they'd dressed him ith' same fashion as aw've allus seen him pictured in as a child. Nah, ther's an' owd sayin' at one Englishman is equal to two Frenchmen

at any time—but like a lot moor o' th' old sayins it isnt true, for there are times when one Frenchman can bother a couple o' Yorkshermen, (an' they're English if onybody is,) an' this happened to be a case in point; an' ther's noa daat he'd ha lickt us booath if he'd takken us booath at once, but when aw started o' him he left Billy an' stuck to me, an' as we wor rollin' on th' floor Billy lukt aght for a chance, an' sat him daan fair on his shirt front, an' that settled him. If he'd been seized wi th' neet-mare he wod'nt ha been hauf as helpless, as he wor under Billy's horse weight. My ovver coit (aw call it ovver coit for it wor all aw had ovver me, an' nah it wor all ovver wi it,) hung raand me like strings o' tape, an' aw borrowed a sheet off Billy's bed to wind raand me, tho' aw did'nt like th' idea ov a windin' sheet; but Mally's allus drilled noations o' daycency into me, an' aw knew shoo'd forgie me a deal sooiner for gooin to th' Exhibition nor for makkin one. When Billy had getten his puff, (an' bi that time th' chap he wor sittin on had lost his,) he began to explain matters. "What does ta think?" he sed, "when aw wor asleep i' bed this mornin', this black muzzled, Kay-legged Payris chap coom into my raam, an' when aw wakkened up he wor marchin away wi mi britches, an' all mi brass is ith' pockets, an' when aw lawped aght o' bed to stop him he grinned an' gabbered away as mich as to say at awd promised to give em him th' neet

afoor, an' he'd nobbut come to fotch em to save me th' trouble o' sendin' em—but tha knows that sooart o' wark will'nt do for me, for aw've nooan lived up at yond moor end all mi life withaat leearnin a thing or two—but, by gow! aw believe he'd ha getten th' best on me if tha had'nt come in, but what mun we do wi him?"

"Sit on him," aw says, "Sit on him! tha could'nt give him a heavier punishment, tho' tha mud hurt him war! but, judgin bi th' colour ov his face aw think if tha keeps him thear mich longer at his next lodgins 'll be one stooary below th' graand floor." Just then th' mistress coom up, an' when shoo saw Billy dooin a balancin act on th' Frenchman's stummack, an' me walkin abaat like a public statty at wor waitin to be unveiled, shoo held up booath hands an' set up sich a skrike wol th' carts stopped ith' streets, an' in abaat two minnits ther wor sich a hullabaloo as yo nivver heeard, an' th' thowt flashed throo mi heead at th' time, ha it wor 'at Napoleon lost his country an' his craan—it wor just because they'd wasted ther brass an' ther time i' gettin guns an' swords an' sich like things, whearas if they'd gooan empty handed, an' had full liberty to use ther tongues, they could ha tawk-ed to deeach ony army ith' world. Aw wor gooin to skedaddle into mi own raam an' leav Billy to get aght on it as weel as he could, but aw wor met at th' door wi a couple o' sodger lukkin chaps an'

they shoved me back in a way at they'd ha wished they'd niver lent if awd been all squared up as aw owt to ha been. Billy had gotten up an' rolled hissen in a blanket, an' varry sooin th' raam wor filled, mooastly wi wimmen an' bi th' way they gethered raand Billy, an' me, an' pooled an' bang'd us abaat, it wor enuff to tarrify older fowk nor us. It wornt 'at we wor alarmed for ussen, but we'd a deaal o' respect for th' sheet an' th' blanket. Luckyly for us th' maister coom up an' wanted to know what wor to do, an' when he saw us donned up like two Roman orators on th' strike, he seemed to forget th' respect at wor due from a hooast to his guests, an' he crackt aght laffin as if he'd seen somdy's hat blown off, (an' that's abaat th' only thing i' this world at ivverybody (bar one) can agree to laff at.) Wol one lot had gotten th' Frenchman upended, an' wor tryin to tak th' bulge aght ov his chest, Billy tell'd him all abaat what had happened, an' th' moor he gat to know an' th' moor cranky he seemed to get, wol Billy stept to ax him if he thowt he wor reight in his heead?

"Awm reight enuff," he sed, "but two sich Yorksher hawbucks as yo owt'nt to leeave hooam unless yo've somdy wi yo to tak care on yo. That chap," he sed, pointin to th' Frenchman at wor just beginnin to show signs o' life agean, "he's engaged here, an' his duty is to fetch away gentleman's

clothes early in the morning an' brush them and bring them back, he's the valet de chambre."

"Aw want nawther hills nor vallies i' my chaymer an' if awd been i' mi own haase awst ha gien him his mornin's fisick agh' ov a blunderbus, an' he'd niver come for a second dooas. But aw should feel varry mich obleeged to yo if yo'd order theas fowk aght o' this hoil, th' wimmen espesially, an' then if ther's owt wrang, as sooin as awm weshed an' donned awst be ready to answer for it."

"Oh, that's no matter," he sed, "the women here think nothing about it."

"Happen net, — but that's noa reason aw should'nt." Soa th' maister turned raand an' tell'd em all ha ther'd been a mistak an' after laffin a bit, they pitied us an' coom to stroke us daan as if we'd been a couple o' cannibals at had swollered a missionary in a mistak', an' wor to be sympathised wi, becess we knew noa better. An' if Billy had been a cannibal he could'nt ha been moor savage nor he wor when one old woman wi a face like a dried caah blether, went an' shoved her maath under his nooas an' gave him sich a dooas o' onions 'at that an' a bit o' liver wod ha done for his braikfast.

Th' maister made us understand at it ud be better to give em a trifle just to save ony bother, soa Billy gate his britches an' pooled aght a handful o' silver an' held it for him to help hissen, but he nobbut

tuk aght one france an' gave it to one o' th' police 'at awd fancied wor a sodger, an' he held it up for em all to see, an' they went aght smilin an' makkin bows an' droppin curtsey's as if we wor kings.—Thinks aw, a little brass gooas a long way here, for if yod to give a shillin to two chaps at hooam, one on em ud be sewer to turn raand an ax if yo intended that for em boooth.

We made a hearty braikfast after all wor squared up an' then we began to plan ha to spend th' day, just then th' pooastman coom in an' after starin at me for a minit, he gave me a letter—When aw saw th' envelop aw did'nt wonder at him lukkin a bit hard at me, for it wor throo Mally an' shoo's a way ov her own wi mooast things, [an' as shoo knew at Sammywell Grimes' wor English, an' varry likely could'nt be understood bi forriners, shoo'd cut mi pictur off th' back o' one o' th' "Seets i' Lundun," an' pasted it on, an' had written undernaith

"Public Haase,

PAYRIS."

CHAPTER V.

VENDREDI.

MALLY'S LETTER.

DEER SAMMYWELL.

IF tha doesnt get this letter be sewer an' rite to let me know as awm nooan fond o' wastin mi time penkin ovver a piece a papper all for nowt an' if tha does get it tha need'nt bother to let me know for awm ommost at mi wits end an' fowks cryin shame on thi for leeavin me as tha does an' aw've had nowt to ait nobbut a cup o' teah sin tha left except a beefsteak an' a box o' pills an' ha they'll do for me aw cannot tell yet but awl let thi know next letter an' tha mun tell me ivverything tha does an' says for awve had a nasty dream abaat thi an' aw fancied tha wor an' angel an' aw dooant want thi to fly away an' leeav me befoor tha's settled thi club 'at should o' been paid last wick an' awr Hepsaba says at they'll happen present thi wi a legion o' horror an' if they do aw want thi to leeav it behind for we've lots o' flaysom stuff here already an' black clocks creeps abaat wi as mich cheek as if it wor them at paid th' rent an' we're swarmin wi flees noa moor at present soa tak care o' thi umberel an' be careful for tha knows what aw meean for tha'rt a gronfather an aw

believe awr Hepsaba's child is gooin to have th' meesasles wi kind love noa moor at present Billy's mother is ommost ranty abaat him for th' last brewin is soa waik wol it will'nt run aght o' th' barrel an soa noa moor at present—

A'a Sammywell ha can ta fashun
To leav thi wife i' this here fashion
When tha owt to be at hooam mindin thi wark.
But aw believe tha wor nivver fond o' wark.

Nah tha sees aw can rite as weel as thee an' if ther isnt as mich poetry in it thers a deaal moor sense in it nor ther is ith' mooast o' thine soa noa moor at present

An' aw remane

Thi lawful wife an' dooant forget it

MALLY GRIMES.

A'a! shoos th' same old lass as ivver shoo wor an' wi all her faults aw love her still. Nah Billy, whear are we to steer to to-day? What says ta if we goa an' have a luk at th' Tuileries for they tell me at its a grand spot?"

"Aw care nowt abaat it! Aw wish we wor gooin back hooam for aw call this a waste o' booath time an' brass."

"Oh, tha'll begin to enjoy thisen nah an' awm sewer tha luks better an' aw hav'nt heeard thi say owt abaat bein bilious sin yesterdy mornin."

"Bilious! Who th' duce does ta think can be bilious in a country like this? Ther's nowt to get bilious on!"

"Awm sewer tha's seemd to enjoy thisen as far as aitin an' drinkin's consarned, happen tha'd like a bottle o' ale befor we start off?"

"Nay aw want noa ale. Aw dooant fancy it here th' same as when awm at hooam. Aw wonder ha mi poor mother's gettin on. Ther's that three quarters o' malt, an' here am aw payin soa mich a day for hallockin mi time away dooin nowt; but let's start off for if ther's owt to see we may as weel be lukkin."

It wor a grand mornin, th' sky wor a breeter blue nor awd ivver seen it an' as we walked on th' river side all wor gay an' bustlin, an' th' air wor soa pure an' sweet wol it made us booath feel leeter, an' altho' it wor vary whut it did'nt seem to weary us. Th' Tooileries, (yo can buy a pictur on em for a penny,) aw shall'nt forget em in a hurry, we walked raand em but it ud ha killed th' best pairt ov a day to ha done em justice, pairt on em wor still standin up, blackened ruins, a monument grim an' ghasly to testify to th' blind fury ov a lot o' misguided fanatics at had escaped aght o' th' harness ov law's authority, an' to gratify ther unreasonin desires for destruction, wrecked beauties, at nawther ther brains nor ther purses had ever helpt to raise, an' left as a legacy to others, th' cost an' th' labor to patch up, an' as far as can be, replace what their senseless rage had destroyed, an' to try to blot aght th' black stain, 'at an' insane mob had left on the blood red

page ov th' darkest day throo which fair France has passed.

We went throo th' Louvre next, an' if Payris could boost nowt else it could still hold up its heead an' be praad;—even Billy wor varry quiet as we went throo one gallery after another, an' aw must confess 'at aw worst soary when we gate aght for ther wor soa mich to dazzle one wol th' pleasur wor painful. Just as we turned th' corner, Billy clapt his hand o' mi shoolder an' browt us booath to a deead stand—“Sithee! by gum! did ta ivver see sich a oonion as that i' thi life?”

Aw lukt, an' reight enuff it wor a queer object at wor anent us, an' it did'nt luk mich unlike a monster oonion th' wrang end up; an' as it sway'd throo side to side it lukt like th' dome o' St. Paul's on th' rant, “Why,” aw says, “that's th' baloon! What says ta if we have a ride?”

“Whear too?”

“Up ith' air an' daan agean.”

“But what better shall we be when we get daan agean?”

“When we goa up we shall be able to see all ovver Payris at once, an' it'll be a grand seet.”

“Will it!—Well if tha thinks awve come here to mak as big a fooil o' misen as tha art, thart mistakken, if tha wants to goa sky-larkin tha can goa, but if awve ony larks awl have em o' th' graand.”

“Well, Billy, aw niver thowt tha'd be flaid ov a bit ov a thing like that, aw gave thi credit for moor pluck.”

“Pluck! does ta think at aw've kept a aleus at th' moorend all theas years withaat pluck? Ther's moor pluck i' my little finger nor ther is ith' whooal carcasse ov a played-aght-old-poverty-knocker like thee, an' if aw tak a fancy to goa up to th' moonin, aw shall goa!”

We'd to pay a franc to get into th' square whear it wor, an' then it wor zo francs to have a ride, “rayther a heigh price,” aw sed to Billy.

“Well its happen a heigh journey,” he sed, “but awst want to have a gooid luk at it befoor aw ventur, net at aw care owt abaat it whether its safe or net, but just to see ha its contrived for commin daan. Well, aw do wonder what they'll do next! ther's engines here big enuff to work a factory, an' a rooap thick enuff to tug th' Great Eastern an' as mich clooath used to mak that gurt bag as ud ha supplied ivvery poor body i' Payris wi a new suit, an' as mich gas to fill it as ud sarve my aleus for aw dooant know ha long; an' ther's as monny sailors to attend to it, as John de Morgan can find sixpences ith' collectin' box, an' its all for what? Nowt i' this world but to suit a lot o' strackle-brained foails at'll be just as wise, or less, after they've come daan as they wor befoor they went up.”

But i' spite o' all he had to say he meant gooin up, aw could see; net at he wanted, an' net becoss he'd noa fear abaat it, but just on accaant o' me havin spokken as aw did, an' rayther nor be thowt to be short o' pluck, he'd ha gooan up if he'd felt sewer he'd nivver ha come daan. Aw cant say 'at aw felt varry mich up on it, but aw wornt gooin to give Billy th' chonce to crow ovver me, soa we went to th' little office an bowt a ticket apiece an' wor sooin stood up among a scoor moor in a big raand mahogny tub 'at they called a car. Th' time coom for us to be off an' after as mich bustle an' shaatin as if we wor gooin to th' north powl, th' captain,—(Aw suppoos he'd be a captain;—)sed, "Now we're off!" in as plain English as aw ivver heeard. But aw did'nt see 'at we wor gooin up at all, for we did'nt seem to stir, but when Billy lukt ovver th' edge he turned to me an' says, "E'e gow! lad, th' world's tummelin!" An' that wor just like what it seemed like, for asteead o' us seemin to be leeavin th' world, th' world seemed to be leeavin us.

Well, it wor a wonderful seet reight enuff; but when we'd getten to th' end ov th' journey, an had mustered courage enuff to have a gooid stare raand, Payris nobbut lukt a littlish spot compared wi all we could see beyond it. A chap 'at acted as guide gave a lectur, an' pointed aght ivverything worth noatice, but as it wor all i' French it wor Dutch to Billy an' me. We coom daan as gently as we'd

gooan up, an' aw fancied at we all seemed in a bigger hurry to get aght nor we'd been to get in—When we stud once agean o' solid graand Billy stamped on it to mak sewer at it did'nt shake an' findin it as firm as usual he turned to me, "Well, what does ta think on it?"

"Why, awm glad we've been up," aw sed, "for it 'll be summat for us to tawk abaat."

"Eeah, but awm glad we've come daan, for if we had'nt ther'd ha been summat moor to tawk abaat, an' ony chap at'll goa up i' that consarn aboon once, unless he's weel paid for it, owt to stop up. Suppooas th' rooaps had brokken whear should we ha stopt thinks ta? Happen ha gooan up an' up wol we'd struck bang agean th' top an' had to stick thear! It's what aw call flyin ith' face o' Providence an' its a thing 'at owt to be stopt."

"Whear shall we goa next; suppoos we try Notter dame."

"Try who tha likes if they sell a daycent article."

"Aw wornt meeanin owt to ait an' drink, aw meant a famous church 'at ther is."

"Suit thisen, but awst nooan caar long to hear th' New Testymnt made a fooil on."

We walked daan th' river side an' grand it wor—th' watter is a deecal cleaner nor th' Thames, but th' river's varry narrow an' ther's bridges ivvery few yards. Th' steeam booats wor full o' gaily dressed men an' women, an' music wor playin, an scoars o'

little boats wor skimmin along; all lukt lively an' fowk seemed happy. At ivvery convenient spot ther wor men fishing wi ther long rods, an' lollin ith' sun watchin th' bit o' cork bob up an' daan ith' watter; an' aw may as weel mention it here; aw saw th' same chaps ivvery day ith' same spots, sometimes early ith' mornin, sometimes when it wor om-most to dark to see, noa matter whativver time aw passed they wor at ther old pooasts. Judgin bi ther dress they wornt fishin for a livin, an' after lukkin at ther baskets an' nivver bein able to see at one on em had gotten owt, aw made it aght at they must be fishin for enjoyment, an' aw hooap they caught it. Wol aw wor takken up wi watchin 'em Billy wor tryin to mak aght what wor gooin on o' th' other side. "Sithee, Sammy! What's all yond wimmen reckonin to be dooin? Are they weshin'?"

He'd guessed reight, an' thear they wor in a long shed at seemed to be fit up wi ivverything they wanted, soa far as we could see at that distance, an' they wor splashin an' brayin an' stampin an' tawkin as if ther lives depended o' which could mak th' mooast ov a slop an' th' biggest din. As we went walkin on, one o' th' seets at lukt to us mooast strange, wor th' number o' men walkin abaat i' black petticoits an' brooad brimmed hats. If a chaps face is an index to his karracter, as some fowk say it is, th' fewer o' th' priests, sich as we met, an' th' better

for th' country aw should think. Aw dooant want to say owt to offend onybody, but to be truthful awm foorced to say 'at aw nivver saw sich a lot o' ill favvord fowk i' mi life, an' if Madam Tooswords wants to add another chamber o' horrors to her show shoo could'nt do better nor get th' casts o' some o' their mugs. Ther's noa likelihood o' ony wolves destroyin ony o' their flocks, soa long as they've sich scarecrows for shepherds. Still they seemed a jolly lot, but just as we gate to th' Cathedral a oppen cab drives up, wi a priest in it i' full canonicals, white lawn sleeves an' all to boot; but th' seet on it knocked th' wind aght o' booath Billy an' me.—Aw dooant say 'at what we saw wor wrang—aw say at it did'nt luk reight to us—for he wor lollin' back ith' cab, dressed as awve tell'd yo, withaat hat, an' smokin a short public haase clay pipe—It saands strange to yo awvc noa daat, but its true, an' when he jumpt aght, he lifted up his petticoit an' pooled some paper aght ov his pocket, an' stuffed some into th' pipe heead, put it in his pocket, spit onto th' porch ov a temple erected for th' holiest o' purposes, an' makkin some mooation at aw did'nt understand, he walked in, aw hooap wi motives purer nor his clooas or his breath wor likely to be. At ivvery corner at yo'd to pass, wor a woman kneelin on a cheer, an' dressed to luk as solemn as a mute at a funeral, an' to render as ugly as possible, faces an' forms 'at God had made beautiful; an' they'd each

on 'em a bag i' ther hand wi a few coppers in' it, an' they shook 'em as yo went past. Aw did drop a copper into one but Billy wod'nt, for he sed if they wanted to cadge let 'em goa aght into th' street an' cadge reight. He'd hardly getten th' words aght ov his maath when he sprang back an' planted his heavy boot fair at top ov a corn at awve been nursin for th' thick end o' thirty year, an' made me exhibit a one-legged performance at wor somewhat aght o' place just then, but Billy wor too mad to tak any noatice, an' wor havin a row wi a long lank wizzened carcace an' face at belanged to a woman at stood behind a little table, an' had a little besom in her hand, but when Billy axed her what shoo'd done that for? shoo held up a bag wi some moor coppers in an' shook it at him grinnin at him like a monkey. "What's to do?" aw ax'd for it wornt a place to kick up a disturbance in—"Shoo's slarted me all over mi face wi watter aght o' that besom."

"Tak noa noatice," aw sed, it's a practice they have i' this country to sprinkle fowk wi what they call holy watter;—ha mich did ta pay her for it?"

"Pay her! does ta think aw've gooan cleean of th' side?"

"Well, if tha hasnt paid her owt tha's lost nowt an' tha sees shoo has lost her watter, an' her trouble."

Th' watter will'nt matter much for shoo'll be able to mak some moor as sooin as that's done, an' as for th' trouble,—if awd had her aghtside awd ha gein her trouble. But Sammy, is this a church or is it some sooart ov a bazaar? Sithee, thers a woman thear sellin candles, an' another little picturs an' gimcracks, aw did'nt know they allaad fowk to sell stuff in a church. What's yond chap dooin." We went to see, an' he wor tawkin away at a gate an' as fowk went in he handed em a ticket for which they paid. We follered an' he gave us each a ticket for 50c. an' we went to see th' wonders o' th' Treasury, as it wor called. Aw quite agree wi Billy 'at it wor a sell, for ther wor little to see, an' that little not near as well worth seein as ony silversmiths shop winder. We did'nt stop long thear, but we had a long stroll throw th' buildin, an' it is a wonder—its a whoal mass o' beauties—an' someha it has'nt soa mich ov a luk ov a gravestooan makkers show raam, as awr St. Paul's an' Westminster Abbey—but one thing spoilt it all to me, for it seemed to sarve noa purpose nobbut money makkin, an' aw wonderd if th' time ud ivver come when another Man should mak a scourge an' drive aght th' desecraters ov His Father's temple—It's ommost time!

When we left that grand old pile, we crossed a street an' entered a buildin whear daily can be seen th' mooast sorrowful an' sickenin seet i' Paris. Aw

meean th' Morgue. When th' remembrance ov ivvery other seet has faded, that 'll still be fresh. It will'nt be rubbed aght an' yo connot blot it aght, aw wish aw could. Billy gave one glance raand—"Aw'll wait for thi aghtside," he sed, an' he wod'nt ha had long to wait if it had'nt been 'at aw felt it a sooart ov a duty to see all at wor to be seen. It wor a scorchin hot day aghtside, but as sooin as yo entered this bare comfortless lukkin place, yo felt a chill creep all over yo. Why it is 'at places intended to contain objects soa repulsive should be contrived i' sich a way as to add to th' painfulness o' th' Exhibition aw could niver tell; but soa it is. Even i' Payris, whear glass an' glitter meets yo at ivvery turn, an' ornamentation runs wild over ivverything, recent or ruined, they could'nt spare one solitary touch to soften an' subdue soa agonizin a show—But th' place wor full o' fowk an' 'at ther wor summat moor nor common aw could guess. Inside a big glass screen, like th' winder ov a fish shop, wor a big braan stooan slab wi watter tricklin over it, an' on it wor laid three bodies 'at had been pickt aght o' th' river; one a man, but aw will'nt say owt abaat it—it wor too fearful for me to try to paint it—one wor a bonny little lad abaat four years old, weel nourished, an' ivvery thing it had on throo its shoes to its hat showed ha praad somebody had been on it—My heart ached as aw thowt o' that poor mother at wor somwhear lamentin' her loss, an'

yet buildin up hooaps at one glance at that little face wod settle for ivver—But it wor th' third, raand which th' craad wor clusterin;—it wor that ov a young woman, beautiful i' boooth face an' form—soa beautiful 'at it wor hard to believe her deead. What could have caused her. put an end to a life 'at had hardly fully blossomed into womanhood? It could'nt be poverty, for th' jewels still on her small white hands, wod ha been enough to ha warded off want for a long time; her whole dress showed signs ov wealth an' extravagance. Aw could nobbut wonder an' feel sad an' repeat

“ Has she a Father?
 Has she a mother?
 Has she a sister?
 Has she a brother?
 Or is there a nearer one
 Still, and a dearer one?”

It lukt hard to see one soa young an' fair laid o' that weet stooan, past all help—One could but sigh an' walk away

“ Admitting her weakness,
 Her evil behaviour;
 But leaving with meekness,
 Her sins to her Saviour.”

When aw joined Billy agean aw wor startin to tell him all abaat it—“ Shut up !” he sed, “ aw saw quite

enuff, an' aw want to hear nowt noa moor abaat it. If it suits thee to goa maunderin abaat seekin' for sorrow, it doesnt me. Aw want summat to ait, an' it'll have to be summat substantial, soa leead th' way into th' furst place tha comes to at tha thinks gradely."

We kept walkin on, an' havin soa mich to luk at, we went a long way withaat callin, but at last aw sed, "Wod ta like a plain sooart ov a shop or mun we goa to a showy spot?"

"Aw care nowt abaat it whether its plain or net if ther's summat fit to feed a true born Englishman throo Yorksher, but tha'll ha thi wark set to find a place here 'at isnt showy—in fact as far as aw can judge, it's moor show nor owt else i' this blessed country; th' Exhibition is a big show—th' baloon's another show—yond doncin demons wor a show—th' churches are turned into shows—ther deead haase is a show—ther buildins are stuck up an' bedizened wi gingerbreead an' gilt, all for show—th' men an' wimmen are all shuffle an' show—an' sithee here! awm blowed if ther isnt a church steeple stuck up for a show! Well, that's a rum en! Aw've monny a time seen a church baat steeple but this is th' furst time aw ivver saw a steeple baat church!"

"Its true what tha says, an' a grand monument it maks ith' middle o' this square. It luks weel doesnt it?"

"Luks! aw care nowt abaat ha it luks! What is it for? That's what aw want to know! What's th' use o' fillin up a place wi stuff at's o' noa use nobbut to be lukt at?"

"They'll nivver stick thee up to be lukt at, for tha arn't hansom enuff, soa tha need'nt freeat!" aw says, for aw felt a bit nettled.

"Noa, aw dooant hardly think they will, an' aw should fancy they havnt been to ax thee yet, have they? Aw think my turn 'll be abaat th' next after thine."

Aw did'nt answer him back, for a varry gooid reason; as long as a chap tawks sense awl tawk to him, but as sooin as he maks a fool ov hissen aw've done.

"Nah then, will this shop suit thi?" aw sed, as aw stopt anent a resteraunt door.

"If its fit for a littleary chap-like tha reckons to be, it should be gooid enuff for a chap at keeps a aleus at th' moor end."

"If tha thinks tha can get my monkey up wi makkin a desplay o' thi own stupid ignorance tha'rt varry much mistakken! for awl nawther be put aght o' temper wi thee nor a man twice as gooid! an' if tha'rt anxious to be shut o' mi cumpny, aw think awst be able to spare thine!" an' aw walked on leavin him to suit hissen whether he follerd me or net. Aw went to th' end o' th' street an' wor just

enterin another square wi another big monument ith' middle, when aw turned raand to see if he wor comin, an' just as aw did soa aw felt as if a cannon ball had landed o' mi stummack. A potbellyed Frenchman, donned i' red britches, an' a black coit an' a white apron teed raand him baanced abaat a yard off on me an' began tawkin an' shruggin his shoolders an' poolin his face into all sooarts o' shaps—nah it ud ha been better for him if he wor anxious to mak mi acquaintance, to ha chosen another time—Aw did'nt loise mi temper, coss awd made up mi mind 'at aw wod'nt, but aw just gave him one for his nob 'at sent him spinnin like a castle top, an' his hat flew monny a yard, an' aw stood ready to give him another o' th' same sooart if he thowt it worth his while to fotch it, but he did'nt, an' varry sooin two or three gethered raand us an' lukt as if they meant mischief to me, but aw kept cooil—aw wor detarmined aw wod'nt be put aght o' temper; an' aw seized hold o' mi umberel an' aw just felt as if aw could fettle abaat a duzzen on em—or two duzzen for th' matter o' that,—its cappin what a chap fancies he can do if he nobbut keeps cooil.—Just then Billy coom up an' th' Frenchman went up to him an' aw suppoos bi th' way he kept pointin to me, he wor tryin to explain matters, an' although Billy could'nt tell a word he sed he seemed to understand what he meant, an' he sed to me, “come on Sammy, awve ordered steaks an' puttates for two, an'

another bottle o' red ink. Tha's nowt to be feeard on, it'll be all reight.”

“Feeard on! ther's nowt aw am feeard on! Aw shuddent be feeard o' thee if tha wor twice as big as tha art, aw can tell thi that mich! Tha's been tryin all tha knows this mornin to mak me loise mi temper, but tha'rt suckt, for it 'll tak a better man nor thee!”

“Well, aw dooant think tha has lost it, Sammy, it'd be a gooid job if tha had, an aw should pity th' chap at fun it, but ther's a treat for thi; tha could'nt ha pickt aght a better shop nor this if tha'd gooan all throo Payris, for ther's a stooan mason throo Manchester gettin his dinner, an' he can tawk awther French or English, an' he's knockt off wark for th' day, an' he's willing to show us raand.”

This wor gooid news an' it made me feel—(net better tempered, becoss awd niver been aght o' temper, tho' Billy swears to this day at aw wor as mad as a wasp, but then he's a poor judge o' human natur is Billy;) but it made me feel moor,—well, moor,—aw hardly know what to say, but yo'll know what aw meean, for awve noa daat yo've felt that way yorsen. When we gate in, he wor as pleeased to see us as we wor to see him, an' he sooin made th' Frenchman, (who turned aght to be th' maister) understand ha things stood, an' then he shuk hands wi me an' bowed, an' sed summat; an' th' mason tell'd me at he wor sayin 'he wor varry sooary if he'd

hurt me, an' hooaped aw should forgie him; "Ov coorse," aw sed, "tell him awm one 'at niver bears malice, an' at he mun thank his stars he met me when he did, for if aw had'nt happened to be i' th' best humour ith' world, aw should ha fettled his nop for him."

"Eeah, friend, be sewer an' tell him that for it'll happen saand moor like trewth i' French nor it does i' English—" Th' steaks happenin to come in just at that time put an' end to th' tawk, an' it wornt long befoor we put an end to th' steak. Then they browt us a big dish o' fruits—grapes an' plums an' apples an' peaches, an' we had a reight tuck in. "Aw dooant think aw've etten as mich crash sin aw wor a lad," aw sed, an' Billy sed he wor sewer he had'nt, an' he'd noa idea it wor as gooid as it wor!

"Well," th' mason sed, "that is owing to the climate, you would'nt enjoy the same things as well at home—I get fruit for breakfast. I dont think you drank much claret when you was at home."

"Awm sewer we did'nt," sed Billy, "for aw supt nowt but ale, an' nah aw hardly feel to care for it. But aw dooant think ale's as gooid here as it is at hooam."

"It ought to be for it comes from the best English breweries, but look at these workmen gettin their dinners, they look a fine set of men."

An' they did, an' Billy an' me did watch em, as aw began wonderin whether or net it wor true, at

English fowk had all th' sense ith' world. Its worth while givin an' accaant o' their dinner, for this book will noa daat fall into th' hands o' monny a workin' chap at's apt to grummel even if he has to put up wi a beefsteak at hasnt come off th' steak booran, an' it may do him noa harm to know ha other fowk live.

One bottle o' claret, for which they paid a franc—a loaf, abaat a yard long, an' abaat as thick as mi arm, for which they paid half a franc—a jug o' cold watter an' three tumbler glasses. Aw wonder what three stooan masons at hooam wod ha made aght o' that for ther dinner—fifteen pence wor all it cost for three on em. They each hawf filled ther glass wi wine, then filled it up wi watter, an' then divided th' loaf into three, an' each takkin a foot on it, they pooled pieces off an dipped it into ther wine an' watter an ate it wi a relish. "Sewerly," aw sed, "tha doesnt mean to say at that's all they'll ha to ther dinner."

"But it is, and what may surprise you to know is that breakfast and supper only differ by the addition of fruit or some simple vegetable, and yet they can work for twelve hours a day, and they dont look bad."

"They're three o' th' finest chaps aw've seen sin aw coom into Payris aw sed," but aw should think they'll hardly be able to do as mich wark as Englishmen?"

"Well, its generally thought so, but my experience is that they do—They never break any time—I have been here nearly two years and have over two hundred men under me—and there has never one lost a day through drink since I came."

"Well, its cappin isn't it Billy? one could hardly ha believed it if they had'nt seen it. What wod English masons think if they'd to be stopt off ther beef an ale?"

"Nay, its flaysome to think on, it maks me low spirited,—let's sup off an' be gooin—its as ill as th' deead haase is this."

CHAPTER VI.

LES BRASSERIES.

PETER,—that wor th' name 'at this stooan mason had been kursened,—agreed to spend th' rest o' th' afternooin an' neet wi us, an' show us what he could. Aw had'nt forgotten seein th' monument at th' time awd had a dust wi th' Frenchman, an' soa aw propoosed we should goa thear furst, an' we did—at th' furst seet it reminded me o' th' monument o' London, but it proved to be summat far hansomer, for it wor th' Vendome column. Awd read abaat it befoor an' knew all abaat th' silly lumpheeads 'at spent days o' labor to pool it daan, as if bi destroyin that they could blot aght th' memory o' th' man it wor raised to honor; whearas if it wor possible to sweep ivvery stick an stooan 'at forms ther splendid city, off th' face o' th' cearth, an' leeav nowt but a barran tract o' land in its place, noa pilgrim wanderin ovver it but what wod find his thowts circlin raand

th' memory ov Napoleon. All honour to them, who while strivin to wrest an empire from his successor's grasp, raised once agean this monument to his fame.

It ud be wearisome if awd to attempt to describe all th' grand buildings, statys, faantens an' churches 'at we passed—Pèter wor ivedently at hooam, an' could show us moor i' hauf a day nor we should ha seen in a wick—Just a passing word abaat one an' then awl leeav writin abaat what yo can read abaat i' scoors o' books beside this, an' give an idea or two abaat things 'at other writers awther havnt seen or darnt tell. La Madaleine,—that's th' name ov a church—but it does'nt luk a bit like a church, its far moor like St. George's Hall at Liverpool, but ther's summat far grander abaat it. It wor oppen free, an' we went in. Inside it lukt as Billy sed, 'far moor like a gurt cungerin show nor a church,' but ther wor noa mistak abaat its beauty. Ther wor a gooid lot o' fowk in, mooastly strangers like ussen, but here an' thear wor one 'at seemed to have moor serious business on hand. Unless ther's moor virtue in a candle nor aw think ther is, ther's a fearful waste o' wax gooas on i' that spot, for ther wor scoors burnin, net to give leet, that awm certain.—Peter sed it wor a custom wi em to burn a lot o' candles after th' deeath o' onybody, soa as to leet ther soul into th' next world,—aw dooant think it does ony harm, an' if it satisfies em, its as weel to say nowt abaat

it, but when my time comes aw hooap ther'll be a breeter ray to show me th' rooad nor what them candles seemed to give. Although they let yo in for nowt, yo'd hard wark to get aght withaat payin summat, but we did manage it, an' felt better suited wi ussen,—net 'at we wor too meean to pairt wi a copper or two for th' seet wor worth it, but becoss we did'nt agree wi th' principle on it.

Another wonder worth mentionin, is th' New Grand Opera House, but altho' it did cost a million paands sterlin it ud be as mich as mi heead wor worth, if awd to say at it wor owt fit to be compared wi th' New Grand Opera house they've built i' Leeds, becoss ther nivver wor sich a place as that, accordin to all accaants, an' if th' architect should ivver 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' aw hooap they'll put him in a bottle, an' set him up ith' Philosophical Museum as a new curiosity, for ther's nivver been owt fresh put in sin aw wor a lad, an'—that's a year or two sin—th' last time aw wor thear aw thowt th' mumny lukt fair looansome. It's a pity at th' Grand Opera Haase i' Payris doesnt pay, but what it falls short, th' government maks up, an' its to be hooaped 'at if th' Leeds "Grand" does'nt pay 'at th' Corporation 'll suppooart it aght o' th' rates—for awm gien to understand at it wor nivver built wi th' idea o' makkin a profit aght on it, but nobbut to elevate th' public taste, tho' they tak gooid care 'at yo get noa taste o' th' elevation unless yo pay to go

in. When aw read th' Leeds Mercury, (aw allus read all th' theatrical news i' their paper,) an' saw all they had to say abaat it, it reminded me ov a chap aw knew 'at lived at Halifax, an' when ivver ony friend called to see him, he used to delight i' marchin em abaat th' taan to show em th' wonders, (an' ther is some wonders i' Halifax, ther's noa denyin that;—an' to me th' biggest wonder ov all is at th' taan's thear at all,) but he allus finished off wi takkin em daan bi th' old church to have a luk at Beacon Hill—"Nah then," he'd say, "what does ta think abaat that for a hill? Th' sun has his wark to get ovver that i' daycent time in a mornin tha can bet!" An' if th' chap he's showin it too should happen to say 'at 'he'd seen hills ten times as big,' he'd shak his heead an' say—"Awve heead fowk tawk like that befoor; but it's th' biggest hill awve ivver seen, an' it'll be time enuff for me to believe ther's a bigger when aw find one; but inasmich as he's niver been monny yards away throo hooam he believes 'at Beacon hill is th' biggest hill yet.

Peter propoosed nah at we should have a carriage as it ud help us to see a vary deaal moor nor we should be able to do, if we depended o' shanks gallowy, soa we agreed, an' wor sooin seeated behund a pair o' spankin greys—"Cannot yo drive us to some brewery?" sed Billy, "aw mak nowt o' comin here unless aw can leearn summat."

"There are breweries here, plenty of them, but not the class you want to see, they call them Brasseries, but they are in reality places for drinking beer, and not for making it."

"Well, neer heed, lets goa, for aw should feel shamed o' misen if awd to goa back hooam withaath leearnin summat abaat th' trade, an' when awm called on at th' next annywel vitlers dinner, to mak a speech, it'll nooan mak a bad start to say 'th' last time 'at aw wor i' Payris &c.,' an' it'll mak some on em oppen ther een 'at fancies coss a chap lives at th' moor end 'at he's foorced to be a foil. Aw wor allus ov an enquirin turn o' mind Mr. Peter, an' ther's Sammy thear, he luks as big a cauf heead as yo'll meet wi in a day's march, but them at taks him for a foil mak a mistak, aw should nooan ha browt him wi me on a journey like this if aw had'nt thowt summat abaat him."

"Aw did'nt know 'at tha had browt me," aw sed, "it wor me 'at axd thee to coom if aw ammot mich mistakken."

"Awm nooan baan to fratch abaat it mun, if tha says a thing tha'll stick to it aw know that, an' if ther's ony credit tha'll awther have it or swelt—but aw wonder whear tha'd ha been if it had'nt been for me—tha'd ha been lockt up for riteous conduct ith' street Mr. Peter knows that; by th' heart! but this is a queer lukkin neighborhood yo're takken us into—Aw dooant like th' luk o' some o' theas fowk—aw

nivver saw sich a cutthroat lukkin lot i' mi life! Awm nooan soa varry particular abaat gooin to see th' breweries; if yo think ther's ony danger, let's goa back;—net at it matters for me for awm a single chap, but Sammy's left a wife at hooam an' its her awm thinkin on."

"Thee think o' thisen an' thi mother, an' leeav Mally to me—but if tha'rt beginnin to duff tha'd better get aght an leeav it to Peter an' me."

"Sammywell! if it worn't for thi age and respect aw have for thi family awd pitch thi cleean aght o' th' cab! Duffin! nah Mr. Peter awl put it to yo;—do yo think its likely, 'at a chap what's kept a beer-haase at th' moorend all th' years 'at awve done, whear thers been as monny as three or four rows in a wick, some wicks;—tho' aw allus kept a orderly haase, perleece 'll tell yo soa if yo ax em,—an aw've seen chaps brayin one another to bits ommost, an awve nivver stirred aght o' mi cheer,—nah, do yo think aw should be likely to duff?"

"Your courage will not be called into requisition, so you need not be at all alarmed. This leads us to the Quartier Latin, let us get down here and try this."

It wor commin dusk an th' lamps wor bein leeted ith' streets, but inside all wor a blaze wi leet. It wor a big, rayther low raam, gay wi gold an colours an lukken glasses, an supported with a lot o' thin

pillars covered up hawfway wi crimson velvet—seeats covered wi th' same stuff went all raand th' sides an' th' floor wor covered wi little marble tables, an stooils wi velvet tops, an altogether, th' place lukt varry grand an hardly seemed suitable for th' company at wor thear, for altho' they didn't luk like workin men, ther wor an untidy, unwashed, unkempt look abaat em 'at aw hadn't noaticed in ony other lot. Peter gave th' order an in a minit a young woman, donned up like a playacter coom wi three bottles o' beer, an six glasses. Shoo put em all daan an Peter paid, an in a twinklin th' six glasses were filled, two moor lasses at didn't wear sleeves i' ther gaaons, but hung em on wi two narrow shoulder straps, an wi skirts made that length wol yo didn't need to wonder whether they wore garters or net, —coom an smiled an each takkin a glass, popt it off at one swig, (an they held a gill,) an filled em up agean, (for all bottles thear hold three gills) an withaat waitin to tak ther breeceath, sent th' second to see after th' first, wiped ther lips an lukt as dry as if they hadn't tasted for a month. Th' empty bottles an glasses wor takken away, an wi a smile an a wave o' ther hand they went to attend to somdy else, leeavin us to sit as long ovver awr glass as we'd amind. Peter said we were too sooin to see th' place at its best,—which meeans at its warst,—but he tell'd us at th' customers wor mooastly artists an students, an theas wimmen wor dressed up i' sich

fantastic style to draw fowk thear, an it wor ther principal duty to get off as mich drink as they could, an at from 12 at nooin to 1 next mornin they oft took more nor 100 glasses o' beer, to say nowt abaat th' glasses o' liquors an wines they had in between. It wor hard to believe it, but after watching em for abaat an haar, aw could ha believed it if he'd sed 200, for we wornt moor nor an haar ith place, an aw saw one lass, net moor nor 20 year old, drink 15 glasses o' beer, one o' coffee and brandy, an one wine, an when we left shoo seemed as reight as if shoo hadn't had aboon twopenoth. After each glass shoo ate a couple o' shrimps aw suppoos to mak her thirsty for th' next. Peter sed they seldom lasted moor nor four years, for if it didn't kill em it awther made em bloated an ugly or browt on some disease, but wol they lasted they could mak throo 200 to 400 pounds a year, an during that time they wor generally living wi some student or artist as his mistress, an givin him all shoo could get, i' return for which, as sooin as shoo could hold her situation noa longer, he turned her into th' street, to add one moor to that swarm, estimated at 30,000 women, at live i' that fair, gay and fashionable city called Payris, by prostitution ov th' worse sooart, an this 30,000 doesn't include some thaasands moor, who carry on th' same trade, under th' sanction an protection ov ther government. Yo'll feel inclined to say, "Well, Sammy, we've heeard enuff o' that,—

tell us summat else." "Aw wish aw could tell yo summat else, an paint yo a true pictur, withaat havin to drag in that spectre, 'at i ivvery guise o' revoltin ugliness, an heavenly beauty, haunts church, street, cafe, garden, river, and even holds its revel alike in th' perfumed chaymer, surrounded wi youth an innocence, an' in th' pestiferous stinkin den whear vice is life, and virtue all unknown. Noa wonder 'at ther's a free exhibition at th' Morgue ivvery day, an "One more unfortunate" sleepin her long last sleep on that drippin stooan, all unconscious ov th' curious crowd at see in her limp limbs, an distorted face nowt moor nor a spectacle provided bi a thowful government for their entertainment, but fail to leearn th' lesson 'at it owt to taich.

France has her warriors,—her statesmen, an' her poets! Has'nt shoo one man, with a voice at can ring throo her fair cities—her vineyards, an' her lovely hamlets; at will raise it to rid her o' th' biggest curse under which a nation can grooan. Shoo's safer wi a thaasand invadin armies hemmin her raand, nor wi that enemy gnawin away at th' vitals ov her heart.

When we left th' brewery we had a drive up an' daan th' principal boulevards, an' it wor a treeat an' noa mistak. Th' mooin wor as breet varry near as a sun, an' th' gas lamps lukt to burn wi a yallo blaze at shed noa leet. Th' trees sparkled as they shook

ther leaves an' th' buildins stood aght agean th' breet blue sky as if they'd been cut aght o' cleean card-booard. Men sauntered along puffin ther cigarettes, or set ith' front o' one o' th' cafes, enjoyin th' luxary o' havin nowt to do, an' knowin ha to do it. It wodn't interest yo to tell yo whear we went; for yo 'at nivver wor thear ud be noa wiser an' yo at have been can tell for yorsen. It wor a long drive, an' we stopt at last at th' Arc de Triomphe de L'Etoile an' aw should think ther isnt sich another seet ith' world. Payris appears to lay at yor feet, an' strings o' gas leets mark aght ivvery principal street. Billy could'nt find words to express hissen, all he could get off wor, "E'e, gow! Sammy! E'e gow! By gum mun! A'a mun!"

It wor one o' them things whear yo could'nt help onybody: Aw did think 'at Billy wor a bigger foil nor me, but awm forced to own 'at he could describe it just as weel as me, for aw kept tryin to remember what awd leearnd aght o' th' bookshunary soas aw could say summat, but it wor noa use, aw could nobbut stare an' ax misen, in a whisper, whether aw wor i' this world or th' next.

Payris wor asleep. That rattle an' clang 'at had caused a hum to float over th' city wor silent.—Aw lost misen i' thowt:—aw didnt see a city;—aw saw a wood, an' mi fancy tuk me throo it; all th' singin birds had dropt ther songs an' wor nestlin' i' ther cosy hooams, but ther still wor some lukkin aght

for what they could catch—owls,—human owls,—wor nobbut makkin a start. Aw've oft seen th' owl stuck up as a symbol o' wisdom, but aw could nivver understand it: an' aw should be thankful if one o' them cliver chaps 'at know soa mich wod kindly point aght to me whear th' sense is, i' sittin an' blinkin all th' day, when th' sun is makkin ivverything lovely, an' turnin aght at neet when all is dark an' solemn, to drop onto some timid little maase at wod ha been aght i' th' daytime if it dar. Noa,—aw nawther see wisdom nor principle ith' owl. Gie me a lark 'at shaks his wings as sooin as th' sun sends aght his furst pale ray as an agent i' advance to tell th' world he's gooin to show agean, an' starts towards heaven whear he hings, a dot agean a dull blue dome, an' pours his melody on an awakenin eearth, cheerin the sad an' addin' joy to them whose cup wor full exceptin for those drops ov harmony.

Ther's summat at feels heavy o' yor heart when a gurt, bustlin city is asleep,—when th' solitary cab rattles wi a peevish din along a silent street—an' th' quiet steady traid o' th' watchman saands like th' pulse-beeat ov a district lapt i' sleep. We made it up 'at we wod have a nod neet aght an' see th' dark side as weel as th' breet. If awd been a praicher aw could ha fun plenty o' subjects for a sarmon as we wandered raand. Ommost all th' places wor shut up and nubdy seemed to be abaat.

As we slowly tramt along, nah an' then a—(what-do-yo-call-em, we call em Bobbies i' England,) passed us, or we passed him, but Peter sed a word or two an' we wortnt interfered wi. We coom anent one grand place whear th' winders wor blazin wi leet an' we went in. It wor another o' them grand shops sich as we'd seen soa monny on, but all along one side wor little raams screened off, an' they called em "*Cabinet particulier*," an' we went into one;—ther's noa mistak abaat th' luxury an' beauty o' theas little places, but it doesnt tak th' e'e ov a hawk to see even moor in one nor they'd wish aghtsiders to believe. We had'nt been long an' th' waiter wor nobbut bringin us th' furst cup o' coffee when in coom two wimmen, (aw call em wimmen becoss they wor ith' shape on em,) but Peter gave em to understand 'at we did'nt want to add to th' number o' th' compny

We had a rest an' a smook an' then we started aght agean, we had'nt walked monny yards befoor we coom to another spot 'oth' same sooart, an' we sat daan o' th' opposite side o' th' rooad to luk at what wor gooin on. Th' winders wor open an' th' leets wor up at full, an' th' saand o' what aw suppoos they meant for mewsic, coom aght o' th' oppen shutters—ther wor a rustlin ov a silk dress an' a grand lukkin lass fit for a duchess coom up to th' door, but th' chap 'at wor standin thear shoved her away as if shoo'd been a beggar—shoo

stood for a minit or two lukkin up at whear th' saand coom throo an' then shoo walked away wipin her een wi her pocket hankerchy an' vanished. Aw felt as if aw could ha liked to goa an' try to comfort her a bit, an aw ommost felt sooary at Mally wortnt thear, for aw know shoo can set onybody reight if onybody can, but Peter sed it wod be noa use for shoo wor varry likely lukkin for him who had promised to meet her an' had disappointed her—Just then a lad coom past sellin papers an' Peter bowt one; (Billy wod ha bowt one, but after lukkin at it he declared at th' fowk 'at had printed it did'nt know ha to spell) an' after a bit he sed, (aw meean Peter,) "This is a sad case but only one of many such."

"What is it? aw says.

"Only an account of the finding of a body in the river to-day. A young and beautiful girl who ran away from home leaving parents, sisters, brothers and a lover and came to Paris, was admired, *feted*, courted and betrayed, and in the midst of her gaiety and dissipation was confronted by the honest-hearted suiter for her hand who had followed her, and remorse having mastered her infatuation, and despair overwhelmed her hopes she put an end to herself. Her body has been claimed by her friends;—it was at the Morgue to-day. It is almost an everyday story, but it is only an individual case of reaping

the whirlwind when the seed has been so plentifully sown.

"Nature! impartial goddess!—never forgets her duties," sed Peter, braikin off throo what he'd been sayin, an' aw could'nt help thinkin ha mich beauty a chap loises, and what joys he misses wi liggin i' bed ov a neet—Reight enuff a chap cannot be up boooth day an' neet, but its worth while for ony body to sacrifice a bit o' sleep nah an' then for th' sake o' seein what th' world luks like when its wakkenin. Th' sun wornt fairly up but yet it wor growin leet, an' we made another move; Billy an' me boooth lukkin a bit solid owin to th' accaant he'd gien us aght o' th' paper, an' Billy says, "Lets goa back hooam; awm sick o' seein an' hearin soa mich abaat what owt'nt to be."

"Remember, Billy," aw says, "we munnot judge too hastily, becoss it's just likely 'at luck may ha led us to, see th' warst pairt an' th' better pairt is to come—Nivver let us condemn ony country or ony city—for what we may see in an' haar or two, for th' best fruit tree ith' world may have a rotten en on sometimes. But what's that row o' fowk abaat? They luk a queer lot! What does ta mak on em, Peter?"

"They are waiting for the superintendent who will be here shortly, but with tneir advent subsides another class that belong particularly to Paris; the rag pickers; we have not met them to-night for

the streets we have been in are not those likely to yield them a harvest, but whilst we wait here I may as well tell you a few facts which I have gleaned since my arrival in the country. There is one wending his way homewards with a basket weighty with his gatherings of the night—let us speak to him, a few sours will amply repay him for his trouble and any time he may loose." Soa he stopt him an' he emptied his hamper, an' sich a lot o' stuff aw nivver saw befoor—aw dooant believe 'at thers a beggar i' Yorksher 'at ud bend his back to pick sich rubbish up.—Bits o' rooap, paper, cabbage leeavs, cigarettes, cigar stumps, booans, rags, crusts o' breaad, an' some things 'at aw should fancy ther wornt onybody but him 'at had gethered em could give em a name. Billy's heart wor inclined to oppen—nay, it did oppen, an' he gave him a franc, an' when he gate it, th' tears rushed into his een an' altho' he wor a Frenchman his tongue wor useless for his heart wor soa heigh up in his throit 'at he could'nt spaik, an' Billy lifted his fist an' sed, (but in a voice at wor varry shaky to say it belanged to Billy,) "Tak thi hook! if tha doesnt awl punce thi!" an' for th' next three minits he did nowt but blow his nooas an' complain abaat havin gotten some dust in his e'e—A'a! he's nooan all guts isnt Billy! Aw believe after all 'at he could'nt hold that heart o' his unless it wor in a big carcass.

We went then to see all this lot o' fowk at wor waitin for th' superintendant. They wor th' street sweepers, an' they wor just same as solgers, an' as th' word o' command wor gien they went off i' pairties o' four, an' started o' sweepin th' streets an' makkin all cleean an' tidy for them at had nobbut just goan to bed, soas they could get up ith' mornin an' find th' city as trim an' tidy as they'd ivver seen it, an' nowt left for th' day-leet to show ov what had been done under th' gas-leet. Did yo ivver see a woman on a stage, donned up i' muslin, silver lace an' spangles, wi a painted face, her e'en made breet wi brandy,—her e'e-broos black wi charcoil or indyink,—her hands covered wi white kid gloves, an' her feet pinched into tiny slippers,—wol her legs wor padded to luk like what its just possible they may ha been once, an' covered wi silk stockings, an' nawther moor nor less nor an' angel withaat wings?—an' did yo ivver see th' same woman next mornin, when shoo's gotten up aght o' bed an' left all her false ringlets o' th' dresser (if shoo has one,) when her paint is rubb'd off her cheeks, her red hands, hooped an' scarred uncovered,—her ee'n heavy an' bleared,—her feet shoved into th' wrecks of a pair o' men's booots,—an' wi a thyble in her hand, an' a bit o' mail in a paper bag, as shoo gooas to wark to mak a bit o' porridge for two or three squallin childer 'at nivver knew ther father? If soa yo must ha been struck wi th' difference.

Well, thers just that much difference between what Payris is on th' surface an' what it is when yo goa below.

We went along an' Peter sed he'd like to show us ha fowk i' Payris lived an' give us an inset into things at if they did us noa other gooid mud happen taich us economy, an' prove at it wornt allus them fowk 'at had th' mooast brass an' made th' mooast ov a spread 'at lived best.

“There's nothing thrown away in Paris,” sed Peter, “excepting human life. The rag-picker with his basket and his crook is one of the most important personages in the city. The stumps of cigars and cigarettes are what form the snuff of the most fastidious men who indulge in the habit—the scraps of old paper are all utilised and every bit of rag is converted to good use—the garbage, consisting of outside leaves of cabbages, turnip tops and even rotten fruit serve as ingredients for soups sold in the inferior restaurants; but the bread perhaps is most remarkable,—private families and boarding houses throw out crusts which are merely stale; cafes have plenty of broken crusts and soiled bits, but although it is cast into the street it is all carefully collected and preserved and the very refuse which is cast into the street from the sumptuously furnished tables of aristocratic salons on the Rue de Rivoli will not unlikely reappear in another form on the same tables and be appreciated. Crusts of stale bread

are collected by inferior bakers and are soaked and rebaked and served again as new bread in cheap restaurants, the small broken pieces are carefully collected and cut up into small dice and after undergoing some secret process are converted into those appetizing toasted chips which give such a relish to soup—but there is another class, much more objectionable, at least to our ideas,—the soiled and dirty scraps such as were to be found amongst the rubbish of the rag-picker's basket, are seldom or ever given to poultry or pigs as you would imagine, but undergo a process of cleaning and are then dried, pounded into crumbs and burnt upon greased tins until they become a rich brown, and of this bread dust, every restaurant, from the one where the members of the senate meet, to the one whose customers regard a dish of meat as an exceptional treat, keep a stock; your cutlet is made to look beautiful with it—ham, fowls, or baked meats all owe more or less of their attractiveness to the same source. This is no secret here, and just so long as the dish set before them is pleasing to the eye, and pleasant to the taste, they ask no questions nor trouble themselves to wonder of what it is composed. There is scarcely any part of any animal—ox, horse, dog, cat, sheep, goat, sparrow or frog that is not utilized and made to furnish savoury morsels for one class or other—the better portions of a beast naturally

find their way to that portion of the city where money is most plentiful, but I do not think it is too much to say that had the English people the same knowledge that the French possess in culinary matters, that the quantity of meat and vegetable that is daily wasted at home would furnish food, both toothsome and wholesome, enough for every starving creature within its shores.

“Well, it may seem all reight to thee tha knows, to mak thi belly into a muck-middin, but for mi own pairt awd rayther have a rasher o' gooid hooam fed bacon an' a couple o' boiled eggs to mi braik-fast nor th' grandest lukkin dish o' chopt up offal tha could set befor me, an' aw fancy Sammy's o' th' same opinion.”

“Aw must say, Billy, 'at aw had rayther sit daan to a bit o' summat gradely, an' as a rule aw like to know what it is awm aitin, yet it's happen nobbut th' result o' ignorance, an' we turn up us nooas at things simply becoss we've been tow't noa better; but aw could do wi a bit ov a snack if aw had it,—what says ta Billy?”

“A bit ov a snack ud be noa use to me—aw could just do a quairt o' porridge an' milk to start wi, but awst be ommost tarrified aght o' mi wit o' touchin' owt nah. If we'd had ony sense we should ha brow't summat wi us, an' aw should ha done but aw thow't aw wor commin wi a cliver chap 'at knew summat, but aw find awwe been mistaen.”

"Eeah an' ther's somdy else been mistaen as weel as thee, for if awd known what a chuffin heead tha'd ha turned aght aw wod'nt ha been paid to come."

"Why dooant freeat Sammy, for it isnt varry likely 'at tha'll ivver be troubled wi onybody offerin to pay thee for owt unless it wor for keepin thi maath shut, an' if they'd start a subscription for that awd gie th' price ov a pint towards it misen."

Th' shops wor all oppenin nah, an' Peter tuk us into a place an' ordered braikfast, but altho' we wor ommost clammd, we booath felt a bit suspicious abaat what we should have set befoor us to ait; but when it coom in an' we saw a dish full o' ham steaks wi' fried eggs laid all raand em an' a loaf a breed abaat a yard long, an' cups o' coffee 'at sent a smell like a garden o' pooaseys all throo th' place, all fear o' bein awther impooased on or poisoned left us, an' ther wornt a word spokken bi ony on us until Billy threw daan his knife an' fork an' sed, "Thear!"

We finished ommost as sooin as him an' Peter settled th' bill, an' as we walked aght we felt like men new made ovver agean, but we wor varry glad to get into a cab an' leet a cigar an' enjoy th' beautiful drive to us own lodgins. We went a long raand abaat way but it wor ommost all throo gardens or under trees, here an' thear we went throo a

square an' stopt a minit to luk at a faantain, a monument, or a wonderful buildin, or went a short distance along th' river's bank or made a cut throo a street, an' we'd noa time to do owt but admire all we saw, whether it wor natural or artificial an' th' impressions o' th' neet befoor seemed like ugly fancies at th' mornins flood o' beauty an' gaiety wor quickly sweepin away—Aw could'nt help but repeat,

"One little favour, O, 'Imperial France!'

Still teach the world to cook, to dress, to dance,
Let, if thou wilt, thy boots and barbers roam,
But keep thy morals and thy creeds at home."

To say we'd been up all th' neet we did'nt feel varry weary nor sleepy an' after a gooid wesh an' a brush up we felt noa desire to goa to bed soa we sat daan at one o' th' little tables aghtside an called for a bottle o' Bordeaux, (we'd gotten reight to like it) an' we tipt us cheers back, yankee fashion, an' amused ussen wi watchin fowk goa past. We sooin discovered at a cheap trip had just come in, an' as they went past wi ther boxes an' carpet bags Billy lained ovver to me an' he says, "What gawky chaps English fowk luk when they land here at furst; why, aw feel soa different sin aw coom to live i' Payris wol awm feear'd they'll tak me for a born Frenchman when aw get back hooam."

"Tha's noa need," aw says, "they may tak thi to be a born summat at begins wi a F, but it will'nt be Frenchman!"

Peter had to leeav us nah, we wor varry soorary to pairt wi him, but he sed his business wod'nt allaa him to stop ony longer, soa we shook hands wi him an' thanked him for all his kindness, an' as he turned away he sed, "And be sure you remember me kindly to Mally."

"This rayther knockt th' wind aght on me, an' Billy says, "Nah lad thart in for't, an' sarve thi reight! yond chap 'll write off to yor Mally, an' tell her o' thi gooins on an' then tha'll get thi heead cooamd wi summat tha weeant like when tha gets hooam! Aw wod'nt be i' thy shoes for a trifle!"

"Well, if thers been owt wrang tha's been as deep ith' muck as aw've been ith' mire, soa tha can shut up!"

"Has ta ivver answered that letter shoo sent thi?"

"Noa, aw've nivver had a chance but aw will do reight away an' then that'll happen ease her mind a bit, an' aw wod'nt cause a minit o' bother, if aw could help it for all aw can see."

"It's a pity tha doesnt try to mak her believe it."

"Aw do try, an' aw allus did!"

"Eeah, aw meeant its a pity tha art'nt moor successful."

"Thee mind thi own business, an' leeav me to mind mine!"

Aw felt it wor a waste o' time to tawk ony moor to him, soa aw left him to sit bi hissien wol aw went to write a letter to Mally. Aw did'nt goa wi a varry leet heart, net at aw cared owt abaat th' trouble, but aw wor fast what to say. To write th' plain trewth aw knew wod'nt do, an' to write what worn't true wor a thing aw wod'nt do, an' aw sat some time studyin befor aw made a start.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOW ACTIN'.

AWVE discovered it to be a varry gooid plan niver to write a letter withaath rhyme or reason—If yo've gooid reason for it, fowk 'll niver care abaat th' rhyme, but if yo've noa reason, give 'em some rhyme.

Dear Mally lass, awm fain to say
 Aw gate thy letter yesterday;
 It fun me weel as when aw started,
 Except for freeatin' 'coss we're parted.
 Ther's lots i' this strange place to see,
 But nowt at's hauf as dear to me,
 Whearivver its mi fate to rooam;
 As that old lass 'at's set at hooam.
 Awd come back bi th' next booot, but then
 Billy 'd be looansome bi hissien;
 Aw want to keep him free throo bother,
 An' hand him safe back to his mother,

Aw think he's gettin cured at last,
 His stummack's mendin varry fast;
 An' ale!—its true lass what aw say,
 He doesnt sup a pint ith' day.
 He niver has a bilious baat,
 Tho' aitin' moor withaath a daat,
 Awm savin all th' news till aw come,
 An' then tha'll see awst bring thi some;
 We meean to leeav here varry sooin,
 Aw think abaat next Mondy nooin;
 To find thi weel will mak me fain;
 Till then, believe me to remain,
 As oft befoor tha's heeard me tell,
 Thy faithful husband Sammywell.

Bith' time shoo's managed to get throo that an' had a chance to study it over we shall be abaat at hooam, soa aw need'nt bother ony moor wi letter writin. Aw went to th' pooast office an' paid 30 cents for a stamp an' sent it off, an when aw gate back to whear awd left Billy, aw fan him hard asleep an' th' sun shinin straight daan his throit. A claat o' th' side o' th' heead wakkened him, an' he jumt up to show feight but th' seet o' mi umbrella nop quietened him an' as he saw whear he wor an' who wor anent him he smiled an' sed, "A'a! is it thee Sammy? Aw wor ommost droppin off!"

"Aw think tha had dropt off, but what are we to do wi ussen nah, for aw mak nowt o' caarin here, let's have a walk."

"Ov coorse, awm sewer if tha thowt onnybody wor comfortable tha'd want to disturb em, but tha may do as tha likes for it will'nt last long. If awm spared to see yond bed o' mine agean awl have sich a sleep as aw havnt had lately—start off wi thi an' get us booath lost an' then tha'll be happy."

I' spite o' what Billy sed, aw knew he wor better pleased to be walkin abaat nor sittin still, soa we went up one street an' daan another until we gate into one 'at wor like what Bradford market wor twenty year sin, nobbut aw nivver saw onny English market wi sich a show o' fruit. Ommost ivverything wor ticketed, an' that wor a gooid thing for us, an' we booath on us enjoyed ussen to us heart's content. Ther wor nowt moor cappin to Billy an' me nor th' amaant o' plums, an' peaches, an' sich like stuff 'at we put aght o' th' seet. If we'd etten quarter as mich at hooam we should ha been ligg'd up for a wick at leeast, an' should ha thowt we wor lucky if we wornt ligg'd under th' sod. We hecard a band o' music strike up soa we went to see what wor to do, an' it wor a circus,—an' they had ther bills printed i' booath French an' English soa we thowt it ud be a nice way to spend th' afternooin an' we should be able to see th' difference between an' English show an' a French en. We wor just gooin in when a chap touched me o' th' shoolder an' sed summat, but aw shook mi heead—"English?" he sed.

"English throo Yorksher," aw sed.

"O, well, I can speek English—the English peeples have been var goot to me, I vill be goot to dem. You going to de cirque? yaas; I have some ticket; my wife is sick an cannot come and I vill sell dem to you for hafe—only two franc de one, four franc de two."

"What are we to do Billy?"

"Buy em ov coorse if tha thinks it'll save owt."

Soa aw tuk em an' gave him four franc's an' then he shovd us each a bill in us hand an' grinned an' lifted off his hat, "One franc each if you plees gentlemons."

"Oh, be blowed!" aw sed, "tak em back we want nooan on em!" but he began quaverin abaat an' gabberin away an' whewin his arms abaat wol we wor sooin ith' middle ov a craad, soa Billy gave him th' two francs an' he bowed an' smiled as perlite as if we'd been his long lost uncles come to leav him a fortun. We went up th' steps an' gave th' chap th' tickets but he wornt for lettin us goa in. It wor noa use tawkin to him for he could'nt understand a word we sed. Aw just began to smell a rat an' aw whispers to Billy, "Aw believe we've been done."

"Done or net done," he sed, "Awm baan in!" an' i' hauf a second th' chap flew wi his heead agean tother side o' th' passage an' Billy an' me walked in. Th' show wor gooin on, just th' same as any other

circus for owt aw could see, an' Billy stawped forrad an' made straight for th' best seeat he could find empty an' aw stuck to him for aw thowt two together in a row wor better nor one, an' aw unlawsd th' tape at wor teed raand th' middle o' mi umberel so as to give it fair play an' aw set waitin for th' rumpus. In a bit a dapper little chap comes an' touches Billy o' th' shoolder an' mooationed him to follow, but he mud as well ha tried to coax one o' th' pyramids o' Egypt; Billy nivver stirred but sat starin at two chaps ith' ring at wor playin antics wi a long powl. After a while th' same chap comes back wi other two, one on em dressed up like a malishyman ith' awkward squad, an' he touched Billy, but net just as gently as tother had done, but Billy nivver stirred, soa this chap shoves past me an' seizes him bi th' collar, (which to say th' leeast on it wor a foolish thing to do until he'd kalkilated th' weight o' th' chap,) an' th' next minit he wor dooin a flyin lowp an' turned a summerset into th' middle o' th' ring. This wor a performance 'at they'd nivver seen befoor an' th' audience all jumpt up an' th' chaps wi th' powl threw it on th' sawdust an' lukt as capt as ony o' tothers. Billy stood thear like a baited bull, waitin for th' next. Aw dooant know who th' next wor but he did'nt show up. Aw could'nt help feelin a bit praad o' Billy, an' altho' awm gettin into years aw grun mi teeth an' felt detarmined at awd feight as long as a bit o' th' umberel ud hing

together. But it seemed at gooid luck had'nt forsaken us for one o' th' actors coom up to us an as sooin as awd a gooid luk at his face aw knew him in a minit, for awd seen th' same chap wi Pinder's circus i' Bradforth, an' he knew me an' laffed wol aw wor feear'd he'd braik his middle garment, (aw dooant know what they call it, but its that 'at they sew spangles on an' devides ther legs from ther carcasse,) an' aw tell'd him what had takken place, an' he tell'd tother chaps an' then he sed 'he'd made it all right for us and we must wait for him when all was over,' we promised we wod, an' aw felt a bit easier i' mi mind to know 'at we'd gotten another o' awr side. Th' performance went on then, but ther wor nowt in it different to what awd seen befoor an' we wor booath pleeased when it wor ovver. Herr L——t wor as gooid as his word an' wor sooin wi us, an' we walked aght withaat onybody mislestin us. It seems 'at we'd been duped, for th' tickets we'd bowt wor old ens 'at had been done away wi sin th' year befoor, an' when we showed th' programes he laft harder nor ivver, an' he sed, one on em wor for a theatre an' tother wor a bill o' fare for a cafe. We gat some refreshments an' then Herr L——t left us an' we set off agean i' search o' adventurs. Ther wor a craad raand a shop winder soa we went to see what it wor. It wor a pictur 'at filled th' whole o' th' winder, an' if yo daat, as some fowk may, th' trewth o' what aw say, ax

some o' yor friends 'at's been, 'an' if that will'nt satisfy, read what th' "Graphic" correspondent says. It wor th' figure ov a woman, dressed ith' same fashion 'at Adam an' Eve wore befor they sewed fig leeavs together. It wor moor nor life size an' shoo wor shown standin on her heead, an' th' artist had taen gooid care 'at yo should'nt mistak it for a man. It wor surraanded wi dumb-bells, indian clubs, an' different gymnastic implements, an' aw wor informed after 'at it wor an advertisement for a taicher o' gymnastics an wor intended to show ha a woman's form could be developed wi folloin his advice an' takkin lessons off him—"But," aw sed, "dooant yo think its scandalous to have sich a thing exhibited in a public street whear men, wimmen an' childer have to pass?"

"Oh, you see we have none of that false modesty here, that you English people have. The very thing you object to has become one of the sights of Paris and your own countrymen are as anxious to "pay it a visit as any others."

"Awm net gooin to say 'at my countrymen are better nor yors, but this aw will say, 'at if yo consider what yo style their false modesty to be their hypocrisy, aw hooap an' trust they'll continue to be hypocrites an' to breed em as long as th' world lasts: for awd rayther have a chap at tried to appear gooid, even if he isnt, nor one at 'll flaunt his brazen sin an' wickedness i' yor face!"

It wor a grand relief to sit daan agean ith' cooil o' th' day an' sip a drop o' coffee; (an' ther's noa mistak, they can mak coffee up to th' mark,) ther wor just a gentle breeze an' fowk wor all awther lollin an' takkin ther ease or else hurryin on to th' theatres. It ommost seems as if pleasure wor ther livin, an' to a gurt extent aw suppoas it is. As we'd been up all th' neet befor we agreed to goa to bed i' gooid time so as to be prepared for th' next day. We strolled along a rayther dark an' narrow street till we coom to a door wi a row o' lamps ovver th' top—fowk wor rollin in, an' bi th' bills we could manage to mak it aght to be a sooart o' Variety Theatre. Havin a bit o' time to spare we went in, an' it reminded me varry mich o' th' same sooart o' places at hooam. It wor pretty well filled an' th' fowk seemed varry weel behaved, tho' some o' th' men's faces wor ugly enough to fretten a child into a fit. Th' band played some grand music, an' it wor a treat to hear "God save the Queen," as a pairt on it. It seemed to have moor meanin nor awd iver known it to have befor—Th' singers aw did'nt mak mich on, 'ith' furst place ther wor nobbut one on em 'at had a voice ony moor musical nor a penny trumpet, an' they shrugged ther shoolders an' twisted ther faces an' stuck ther hands into sich shapes 'at they lukt varry mich like tryin to play th' foor an' had'nt lent ha—One woman,—a strapper shoo wor too—wi a voice as strong as a steam organ, an as sweet—

coom on drest to represent Liberty—republican liberty aw mean,—an' shoo shaated an' yell'd an' threw hersen into shapes, an' waved a flag abaat, an' altogether kickt up sich a row, 'at th' fowk all began to shaat an' yell an' wave ther caps abaat as if they wor goin wrang i' ther heeads, (if sich heeads can,) an' when shoo'd done they kept up sich a hullabaloo wol shoo coom back agean for a oncoor, but we'd had enough soa we pyked aght as quietly as we could an' wended us way hooam. We bid one another 'goid neet,' an' wor sooin i' bed, net soary to know at it ud be Sundy ith' mornin.

CHAPTER VIII.

DIMANCHE.

EVEN i' Payris day seems to braik moor softly o' th' Sabbath nor ony other day i' th' wick, an' th' burds tune ther throats to a mellower nooat, an' th' sun seems to kiss old mother Eearth moor lovingly, an' th' trees wave ther branches wi' a slower, statelier nod, as they whisper to each other an' to ivverything araand, "It's Sunday." It may nobbut be a fancy, but it's one o' them fancies aw favor, an' i' th' time o' bits o' upsets an' bother, (an' aw get mi' share same as th' rest o' fowk,) aw fall back o' that inner chaymer whear aw've stoored up pleasant memories an' fond concaits an' find a comfort i' livin for a while among mi fancies an' mi follies. When aw gat daan to mi braikfast Billy wor waitin', an' aw could see 'at Sundy made a difference even to him. His shirt neck lukt stiffer, an' he'd put a extra dooas o' tutty on his top-pin', an' he'd treated hissen to a shave for th' furst time sin he'd left hooam, an' when he bid me gooid

mornin', he called me Sammywell asteead o' Sammy, an' if it hadn't been for him sayin' ("Aw wonder ha they'll be gooin on at hooam? if it's a day like this mi mother'll be run off her feet;—shoo should tak between four an' five paand to day for ale, to say nowt abaat cheese an' breead an' cold beef; but happen if it runs owt short to day we'st be able to mak it up next wick, for shoo'll nooan forget to let fowk know whear aw am, an' they'll be sewer to call after aw get back to hear ha aw've gotten on. What are we to do wi' ussen, Sammywell?") Aw should ha thowt 'at he'd th' same sooart o' feelins as me; but use is second natur they say, soa aw made noa moor remark abaat it.

"Well, aw thowt aw should like to goa to one o' th' cemetaries for they tell me they are beautiful places."

"Awm reight for onywhear if there isn't mich trailin' abaat, but mi legs feel rayther stiff this mornin'. What a racket all them bells keep up! They've been at it ivver sin aw wakkened this mornin'. They must goa to church i' gooid time i' theas pairts."

"They do, an' aw should ha gooan misen but aw couldn't ha understood owt they'd sed, but if tha's a mind we'll start aght nah for it's a pity to loise this grand mornin'."

When we went into th' street, ivverything lukt breeter an' cleaner nor usual—th' fowk wor hurryin'

along i' opposite ways, all weel-dressed an' cleean, an' throo ivvery pairt o' th' city th' bells wor ringin' an' nubdy could mistak 'at it wor th' time for Payris to be at church. Th' lanlord wor stood at th' door lazily smookin' his pipe, an' aw ax'd him which cemetary he considered best worth a visit, but he sed he didn't know for he'd nivver been to one but he'd heeard a gooid deaal said abaat *Pere la Chaise*, an' th' best way wor to get a carriage an' ride thear for we should have plent o' walkin' abaat at after. "What time do yo expect to land back?" he sed, "we shut up at eleven on Sundays soa yo'll know."

"Why," aw says, "aw hardly know but couldn't yo let us have a latch-kay soas if we should be lat we can get in?"

"We've noa latch kays, but as yor two chaps aw can trust, awl let yo have th' kay for th' back door an' then yo can come in what time yo like, an' awl leeav th' gas burnin' an' a bit o' supper ready for yo."

We tell'd him we wor varry much obleeeged to him, an' aw put th' kay i' mi pocket an' we wor sooin comfortably seated in a carriage drivin' along. It's cappin ha different streets luk when th' shops are shut up! we'd gooan over a lot o' th' same grand befor but us een had seldom or ivver been lifted higher nor th' furst stoor, but nah we wor surprised to see what a lot o' things ther wor aboon 'at wor worth nooatice. Awd nivver enjoyed a ride

better an' aw felt ommost soary when we gate to th' entrance. We paid th' cabby an' walked in, an' when aw tell yo 'at we wor content to spend th' mooast pairt o' th' day thear yo may be sewer ther wor summat worth stoppin' for. To me th' graves an' th' monuments wor th' leeast interestin' o' owt we saw, but th' walks under th' trees an' between beds o' th' richest coloured flaars, set like brilliant gems ith' midst o' emerald green velvet, carried mi thowts back to what awd seen at th' Crystal Palace, but it worn't to compare one wi' t'other but to contrast 'em, for this wor as mich superior to that as that had been to owt awd seen befoor.

"What does ta think it luks like, Billy?"

"Aw dooan't know what it's like, but it's as unlike a cemetary as owt aw ivver saw; let's sit daan an' have a rest."

They seem to think a deaal moor o' ther deaad nor we do, for ther wor hardly a stooan or a grass covered grave but what had wreaths o' flaars strewn over 'em, yet amang all th' craads 'at passed us aw could find no trace o' sorrow or sadness, an' them 'at had flaars i' ther hands to lay over th' remains o' one 'at had been dear to 'em when livin', wor laffin an' chattin' away as if they wor gooin' to a gala, but yet they all wor dressed in the "habiliments of woe"—fashion an' show,—nowt else!

"What impious mockery, when, with soulless art,
Fashion, intrusive, seeks to rule the heart;

Directs how grief may tastefully be borne;
Instructs Bereavement just how long to mourn;
Shows Sorrow how by nice degrees to fade,
And marks its measure in a ribbon's shade!
More impious still, when, through her wanton laws,
She desecrates Religion's sacred cause;
Shows how the narrow road is easiest trod,
And how, genteelest, worms may worship God."

Th' place had gotten soa full o' fowk wol we thowt it wor time to be movin', an' nivver had aw seen sich a change as had takken place wol we'd been in. We gate into a ricketty cab an' telled him to drive to Champs Elysees, net 'at we'd owt particular to goa for but aw knew if we wor set daan thear 'at aw should be able to find mi way hooam an' have a chance to see ha one pairt o' th' city spent Sundy. Th' streets wor fairly filled wi' fowk, the cawseys wor ommost blocked an' moor cabs an' carriages wor ith' streets nor we'd ivver seen. It wor hardly to be wondered at on sich a afternoon 'at fowk should be tempted aght for a ride or walk; an' it made up a seet moor gay nor owt we'd witnessed befoor. Th' Cafes an' shops wor oppen, (net all th' shops but mooast on 'em,) an' it seemed to bi far th' busiest day ith' wick. Ther wor noa church bells ringin' nah, th' fowk had gotten throo ther religious nomony for th' day, an' them 'at hadn't had time to goa back hooam an' leeave ther prayer-books had 'em stickin' aght o' ther pockets as they sat ith' front

o' th' drinkin' shops playin' cards an' laffin' an' smokin'. Awm net able to argefy as to whether it's reight or wrang, but it isn't my noation o' "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it Holy."

Old England has a lot to answer for i' that respect, maybe a deecal moor nor we're apt to admit, still Payris licks all places aw ivver did see for th' amaant o' religion it can booaast an' for th' want o' Christianity 'at characterizes it.

We'd had noa dinner soa we went into a place an' ordered Cafe au lait, bifteck, Champignons, pain an' beurre, an' if yo cannot tell what that is awd advise yo to get to know befoor yo goa, for yol find it's nooan a bad pooltice for a empty stummack. Aw noaticed 'at other fowk sittin' raand rayther stared when th' chap browt it, but they stared far moor when he tuk th' empty plates away in abaat ten minutes at after. When we'd squared up we went aghtside agean, an' pickin' aght a little table 'at wor as far removed as onny throo th' craad 'at wor sittin' ith' front, an' one 'at wor grandly shaded wi' a young sycamore tree, we ordered brandy an' watter an' cigars, an' sat daan intendin to enjoy th' richness an' th' beauties ov an evenin' sich as it mud be a long time befoor we should have th' chonce ov enjoyin' agean. Sittin' under a tree has it's advantages, but ther's allus a drawback to all pleasures i' this life. Th' French fowk as a nation are vary perlite, but they dooant seem to have eddicated th' burds up to th' same pitch, an' aw suppoos

burds will be burds whether they're i' Payris or i' Pudsey; at onyrate, when aw pickt up mi brandy an' watter aw saw ther'd been an addition to it sin th' waiter put it daan, 'at caused me to teem it daan th' gutter asteead o' daan mi throat. Billy tuk warnin' bi my mishap an' he made sewer o' his. It wor noa serious loss for aw railyly didn't want it, but yo cannot sit at sich places withaat havin' to spend summat. Th' sun wor settin' an' th' sky lukt all aflame for a while, an' then it faded away an' a soft purplish leet crept over th' heavens, an' th' day went to sleep an' neet drew th' curtain ov his bed. Th' lamps wor sooin aleet but their glories wor sooin at an end, for th' mooin coom smilin' up, an' flingin' her silvery rays, turned ivverything into fairyland. "We nivver see moonleet as breet as this at hooam, Billy."

"Noa, aw wor just thinkin' it ud be grand to have a bit o' poachin' ov a neet like this; awl bet ther's two-o-three chaps sittin' i' yond haase o' mine to neet 'at ud give a wick's wage for a mooin like that i' November."

"Billy!" aw sed, disgusted, "aw believe tha's noa poetry i' thi soul!"

"Varry likely net, but aw've gotten a pain i' mi back wi' caarin' o' this peggifoggin' stooil, th' top on it's nobbut abaat big enuff to mak a sealin' wax stamp on."

We made a move towards hooam then, but we didn't hurry for it wor soa cooil an' pleasant, an' for

fear o' landin too sooin we tuk a bit ov a raand abaat way 'at we felt sewer ud land us at th' same spot. It's just as foolish a thing for a chap to tak a raand abaat rooad to a place i' Payris if he doesn't know it, as it is for a stranger to try to tak a short cut i' Lundun, for he's sewer to get wrang. Billy an' me kept walkin' on an' tawkin' abaat what arrangements we'd to mak abaat gettin' hooam, an' aw heeard a clock strike eleven.

"It's a gooid job aw browt this kay wi' mi," aw sed, "for we'st be lockt aght. This rooad's takken us farther nor awd ony idea on, an' awm blest if aw can tell whear we are."

"It's just like thi! an' nah when tha's trailed me abaat wol mi feet's soa sooar aw can hardly bide to put 'em daan aw expect tha'll find aght 'at we're two or three mile off hooam."

"We cannot be far away nah," aw sed, tho awm blessed if aw knew ony better nor a foil whear we wor or whear we wor gooin; "an' if th' warst comes to th' warst tha knows Billy we can do as we've done befoor—get a cab."

"If tha'd to wark for thy brass same as aw've to do for mine tha'd nooan be soa varry fond o' payin' it for cabs."

Aw wor a bit put aght an' aw knew he wor, soa we nawther on us sed another word but kept marchin' on an' aw wor i' hooaps o' meetin' a poleeceman to see if he could tell us whear we wor, but th' poleece

are th' same all th' world ovver, for they're niver thear when they're wanted. Aw felt sewer we should meet with a cab or summat, but th' streets seemed as if ivverybody'd gooaan to bed all at once. It'll be a long time befoor aw forget that walk, aw lukt all raand an' up an' daan but aw couldn't see a thing awd ivver seen befoor except th' moooin an that couldn't help me ony; th' clock struck twelve—Billy gave a sigh but sed nowt—all at once aw heeard th' clink ov a metal heel on th' causey an aw stopt. It wor a gaily dressed young woman hurryin' off somewhear. Aw stopt anent her an' shoo stopt, an' aw tried to mak her understand what we wanted but shoo could mak nowt on it, an' as sooin as shoo saw it wor noa use tryin' to coax us to goa her way unless we'd been sewer her way wor awrs shoo sailed away an' left us. It wor a fit o' desperation 'at caused me to seize hold o' Billy's arm an' march daan a narrow street, but it wor a stroke o' gooid luck as it happened, for at th' bottom o' th' street wor th' river. Aw lukt to see which way th' watter wor runnin' an' then cheered up wi' hooaps we set off agean. We didn't need to mak ony enquiries nah, soa we met plenty o' poleece, but noa cabs, but it wor a long walk befoor we coom to owt we knew, but at last we did, an' th' clock struck one. We'd abaat two miles to walk then, for it wor evident we'd been altogether astray—but aw mun gie Billy credit for patience that time for he niver grummed a bit, although he

limped a gooid deaal. We gat hooam at last an' as we expected all wor shut up an' i' darkness. Nah we'd nawther on us ivver been awther in or aght o' th' back door but we went to seek it an' as ther wor nobbut one ther worn't mich fear on us makkin a mistak, an' we could see th' leet 'at wor inside shinin' throo th' winder shutters. Aw put th' kay i'th' hoil an' th' door wor oppened in a sniff an' a welcome seet it wor 'at met us. A bit o' fire wor burnin' i'th' range, an' at that time o' th' mornin' a bit o' fire's allus welcome, an' aw turned th' leet up, an' thear on th' table wor a grand set aght for two. Ther wor fish an' a joint o' cold beef, a big dish o' sallit an' some nice butter an' breead, an' two bottles o' Bass' ale an' a bottle o' claret; an' th' raam wor a deaal nicer fitted up nor th' big shop we'd allus been used to havin' us meals in. "This is a change for th' better," aw sed, "aw wish we'd known abaat this befoor."

"It's all ov a piece is thy wark,—tha allus finds ivverything aght when it's too lat! Here we've been all this time, as uncomfortable as ivver we could be caarin i' that big raam, when we mud ha been enjoyin' ussen in here if tha'd nobbut ha oppened thi maath! but aw can just do justice to it to neet, soa let's start."

He drew all th' three bottles an' he supt th' ale aght o' one befoor he touched owt to ait, but it didn't interfere wi' his appetite, an' aw can't say 'at

aw could find ony fault wi' mi own. Th' fish sooin disappeared, an' th' beef grew smaller bi degrees, an' we didn't leeav a drop o' ale nor claret, an' when we'd finished Billy propoosed a smook befoor we went to bed, but when he pooled his watch aght to see what time it wor, he saw it wor standin', an' as aw hadn't one aw gate up to oppen th' door 'at led into th' big raam whear we'd been used to sit, for aw knew ther wor a clock thear; but by-gow! aw lawpt aght o' that shop sharper nor aw went in. "Billy!" aw says, "Bi th' heart, lad! we'st be put i'th' hoil for this! We've gotten into th' wrang haase!"

"Then awm one 'at's baan to get aght," he sed, an' seizin' his booits off th' harthstun he aght o' th' door like a shot—he didn't limp then, awl awarrant yo! Aw sammed up my booits an' seizin' th' kay aw after him in a twinklin'. When we gat into th' street ther worn't a soul stirrin'. Aw lukt up at th' winders to mak sewer we wor anent us own lodgins an' then aw went to th' end o' th' buildin', an' aw saw a door 'at we'd missed befoor. "Here we are, Billy!" aw shaated in a whisper. Aw oppened th' door an' we went in pratly, an' we sooin saw 'at we wor ith' reight shop this time. A supper wor thear but we wanted nooan on it, we lockt th' door an' turned aght th' leet an' crept up stairs o' tippy-tooaa, an' befoor yo could ha caanted ten we wor booath i' bed. Yo may be sewer we wor booath wide enough awake, an' when in abaat fifteen minits we heeard two wimmin skrikin

an' some men shaatin', an' fowk runnin' up an' daan th' street, an' somdy brayin' at th' door at th' place we lodged at, we'd a vary gooid noation o' what wor up, an' as we didn't think 'at we should ha gained ony moor information nor what we knew already, we thowt 'at it wor awr best plan to stop whear we wor, an' if we couldn't sleep we could snoor, an' we at it i' hard eearnest, an' when th' maister coom an' knockt gently at furst one door an' then t'other an' heeard th' music 'at we wor makkin' aw think he thowt th' same as we did, an' couldn't find in his heart to disturb us. Ha th' fowk went on at wor aghtside we could nobbut guess, but th' sun wor shinin' breeetly befor all wor quietened daan; then we did fall asleep an' it wor nine o'clock when Billy coom to my door to wakken me. He shoved his heead in an' says, "Sammy! Sammywell!"

"What's up?"

"Has ta heeard owt abaat thieves braikin' into th' haase next door?"

"Thieves? what thieves? Aw've nobbut just wakkened! aw know nowt abaat it!"

"No moor do aw," he sed. "Awm baan daan to mi braikfast an' tha can coom as sooin as tha'rt ready."

Th' events o th' neet befor flashed across mi mind in a minit—aw saw his meanin', an' when aw'd getten donned aw went daan to join him prepared to act gawmless abaat all it wouldn't be wise to know.

CHAPTER IX.

LUNDI.

UHER wor plenty to tawk abaat at th' braikfast table, an' all sooarts o' guesses wor made as to who it could ha been at had done sich a trick, but ov coorse we couldn't tell owt at wor sed, nobbut what th' lanlord repeated to us, an' aw thowt he lukt vary hard at us ivvery nah an' then as if he thowt it wor just possible we knew moor abaat it nor we felt inclined to tell, but that mud happen be all fancy, for we know 'at a guilty conscience is sooin accused. In a while we wor left to ussen an' had time to think abaat ha to mak th' best use o' th' few haars at wor left us, for we'd made up us minds to goa hooam that neet. It wor a weet mornin but yet it wor a vary welcome change, for it made all feel nice an' fresh an' cooil. Billy wor quite lively an' he says, "Nah Sammy, whear are we to steer for to-day?"

"Awve just been readin this book," aw sed, "an' it tells me 'at one o' th' mooast wonderful seets i' Payris is th' sewers."

"Sewers! what sewers?"

Th' drains;—yo can travel varry near all under th' city ith' drains, an' aw think that's a thing 'at we owt'nt to miss. Aw've travelled on th' undergraand railway but this 'll be th' undergraand-watterway. —What says ta?"

"Why as far as drains is consarned, awd rayther swallow hauf a duzzen nor be swallow'd bi one misen, an' as thas had me on th' watter an' sent me up to th' sky, an' trailed me ovver th' surface o' th' eearth in a foreign land, aw think awst do varry weel for one trip withaat gooin into th' bowels o' th' eearth."

"Well, aw hardly think its a thing likely to suit thi, but its just one o' them seets at aw dooant meean to miss, for aw wor allus ov a scientific turn o' mind, an' studyin th' results o' man's ingenuity suits me; an' if tha likes to wait here wol aw get back or say whear aw can find thi at a sarten time, awl awther come back here or meet thi whear tha likes."

"Tha'rt varry kind Sammy, an' varry scientific too, noa daat; but all thy science is like thi beauty, for its all aght o' th' seet. Aw dooant like to run onny man daan, an' tha knows aw wod'nt hurt thi feelins, but aw must say 'at aw nivver knew at it tuk onny

science to mak a poverty-knocker; but aw defy yo to mak a brewer aght ov a chap at's born withaat it. Science is to brewin what a horse is to a cart, its what maks it goa, an' aw defy thee, or yor Mally awther, for that matter, to say at aw cannot mak a brewin goa as weel as onny man! soa shut up abaat science as long as tha lives!"

— "Aw believe thi when tha says tha can mak a brewin goa, an' unless it wor a varry big en tha'd be able to do it withaat onnybody's help; but if tha thinks becoss a chap's a wayver 'at he's nowt in his heead but west an' warp, tha't varry mich mistakken, for some o' th' cliverest chaps aw ivver met wor wayvers."

"Varry likely,—becoss tha's spent th' mooast o' thi time amang em, but if tha'd kept a beershop like yond o' mine at th' moor-end, tha'd ha met wi all sooarts o' fowk throo wayvers up to caah-jobbers, to say nowt abaat excisemen an' magistrates. Thy mind's like a three quarter loom, it can produce things up to a three quarter width an' noa moor, but mine's different, it'll wratch to ony width, an' when tha begins tawkin abaat science tha shows thi foolishness;—net at aw meean to say tha'rt a fool, —nowt o' th' sooart,—but aw think tha owt to be thankful to know 'at tha arn't one, seein what a varry narrow escape tha's had."

"Billy,—if tha's gotten thi praichin suit on an' fancies tha can tawk to me like tha tawks to yond

swillguts 'at tha meets at th' moor-end, thas made a mistak. Awm off to see th' sewers an' tha can awther come or stop as thas a mind."

"Come! ov coorse aw shall come! for if aw did'nt aw dooant think they'd ivver let thi come aght, for they'd varry likely think that wor th' fittest place for thi—mun they're far seein fowk abaat here."

"Well, aw think th' risk o' bein kept daan 'll be doubled if tha gooas, but awm willin' to risk it."

"Does ta think thers onny risk on us gettin draanded?"

"They'll nivver be able to draand thee until tha gets some moor weight i' thi heead, soa tha'rt safe enuff."

"If that's soa, tha's noa need for a life belt, soa come on!"

We gat th' lanlord to write it on a piece a paper whear we wanted to goa, for we could'nt afford to loise ony time, an' jumpin into a cab we wor driven off.

Nah, it'll saand strange to some fowk to hear tell abaat ridin throo a main sewer in a railway carriage, but its just as true as it is strange—th' carriages are nobbut little ens reight enuff, an' ther's noa engins, but ther's men to pool an' men to shov an' yo goa along varry nicely—its like travellin throo a big

railway tunnel nobbut ther's a river runnin along side on yo or under yo all th' way, an' net a varry nice en—but awm sewer awwe seen th' Bradford beck as mucky an' as black. It wor leeted i' some pairts wi' gas, an' i' some pairts wi' lamps an' th' names o' th' streets at yo wor passin under wor put up, an' nah an' then yo passed a boat wi' men in it, an' ivvery-thing loked wonderful but flaysome. Billy sed he thowt they made a mistak to charge fowk for gooin in, it ud be better to charge em for comin aght, an' aw wor foorced to agree wi' him for once, for i' spite o' all ther ventilation, ther wor a sickenin sensation at aw should'nt care to have aboon once. Dayleat an' fresh air wor varry welcome when we gate into em agean, an' for all mi love o' science aw could'nt but admit 'at ther wor seets at we'd missed 'at awd rayther ha seen. If we'd been booath gooid Templars it wod ha proved an' economical trip for we wanted noa dinner, but as we wornt, awm feeard it proved rayther expensive. Brandy at hauf a franc a glass caants up when yo get a duzen or two, but ther wor nowt else for it at we could see, an' as we went hooam to pack up us bits o' duds aw discovered at things had gotten a varry awkward way o' doublin thersen, an' Billy wanted to stand at ivvery street corner to sing 'Rule Brittania,' but we landed safely an' gate a cup o' teah an' that set us all straight agean. Th' train left for Calais at 8 o'clock, an' it tuk us all us time to settle up an' get us luggage to

th' station. Th' landlord went part way wi us for he had to call to get a new lock an kay for his back door, for he'd a noocation 'at his next door naybor's kay wod fit his lock, an it wod be varry awkward if they'd to mak a mistak some neet and get into th' wrang shop. Billy said he thowt soa too, an it wor varry wise to guard agean sich things i' time. Altho' we wor booath on us glad to turn us faces toward hooam yet we felt a regret to leave a place wi soa monny beauties, an' sich a lot 'at we'd nivver had a chance to see; for ther's noa denyin it—Natur an' art have done all they could to mak it th' finest city ith' world — It hasnt th' quiet classic beauty o' Edinbro', nor th' moil an' bustle o' Lundun, nor th' quiet sedate luk o' Dublin—nor can it compare wi some o' th' startlin featur's o' th' American cities, but its fresher an' leetsomer an' altogether moor perfect nor ony one on em. It seemed a long wearisom ride throo Payris to Calais an' it wor a miserable drizzlin neet when we gate thear an' we lost noa time i' gettin onto th' booat at wor waitin. What wor th' difference between furst class passengers an' third class we could'nt tell for all seemed to mix in amang. After a grunt or two we wor off, an' th' mooin peept aght o' th' clads as if to say 'gooid bye' an' wish us gooid luk—th' waves coom wi a swish an' a swash agean th' vessel's side, an' th' two electric lamps glared after us from th' shore like two big een, an' marked a path o' leet on th' watter

for us to goa by. Th' neet cleared up, but it wor varry chill, an' Billy an' me stopt on th' deck all th' time. We had'nt a bit o' sickly feelin soa we could enjoy a smook an' luk abaat us. Mooast o' th' fowk wor asleep an' all wor quiet, an' nowt happened worth mentionin until dayleet showed us th' white cliffs o' old England.

It wor like as if it gave mi heart a bit ov a fillip an' aw felt aw mud awther aght wi' summat or aw should brust, for nivver did a child run to meet its mother wi' moor joyous heart nor aw had when drawn near mi native land—Billy wor capt when aw struck up—

They may say what they will, but no Englishman's
heart,

Whate'er his condition may be;

But feels a keen pang when he's forced to depart,
And a thrill when he comes back to thee.

For whatever thy faults, thou art dear to us all,
No matter what strange countries boast;

No blessings are there, that can ever compare,
With our home in thy sea-girdled coast.

Then here's to thyself, thou wee bonny land,
Here's a bumper, old England, to thee.

Brave sons and fair daughters shall join heart and
hand,

And sing "Ho, for the land of the free!"

If we grumble sometimes as all Englishmen will,
And in politics fight tooth and nail;

When hard times are pinching and trade standing still,
 If at government's tactics we rail;
 There's no rash outsider who dares interfere,
 Or he'll find to his cost if he tries;
 That our flag's independence to each one is dear,
 For there's freedom where ever it flies.
 Then here's to thyself, thou dearly loved land,
 Here's a bumper, old England, to thee;
 Dizzy, Gladstone and Bright in one theme can
 unite
 And sing, "Ho, for the land of the free!"

If the world's all upset, and war's terrors abound,
 And tott'ring thrones threaten to fall;
 Thy Lion on guard, keeps his watch all around,
 And his growl gives a warning to all.
 They have seen his mane bristle, and heard his deep
 roar,
 And his grip, once felt, none will forget;
 And although he's grown older he's strong as of yore,
 And he's king of the world even yet!
 Then here's to thyself thou wee bonny land,
 Here's a bumper, old England, to thee;
 Thou hast nothing to fear, whilst our hearts hold
 thee dear
 Then "Hurrah! for the land of the free!"

We stept ashore an' th' train wor waitin. Dover
 wor a strange place to me but still it felt like hooam
 —aw gat into a comfortable carriage, lained mi
 heead back o' th' cushin an' when aw wakkened we
 wor at Lundun.

CHAPTER X.

MARDI

IT wor seven o'clock ith' mornin when we arrived
 at Victoria Station—an' as we wanted to get
 hooam withaat loisin any time we tuk a cab to
 King's Cross. It wor a breet clear mornin' an'
 as we rattled along th' streets, ivvery buildin'
 lukt like an' old friend, an' th' same feelin'
 coom ovver me at awve soa oft felt befoor—what
 had passed seemed mich moor like a dreeam nor a
 reality. Aw noaticed at Billy put on some airs at
 awd nivver seen him spooart befoor, an' if aw
 had'nt known him aw mud ha mistakken him for
 Beaconsfield commin back after signin th' Berlin
 treaty, but then he's a deal bigger man nor Beacons-
 field is Billy, an' if his influence isnt as big ith'
 city, he's weightier ith' corporation. But awm
 sewer he lukt better bi monny a paand nor when
 we started. When we gat to th' station we fan at
 we'd a bit o' time to spend befoor ther wor a train

soa we went an' gate a cup o' coffee an' summat to ait.

"Nah, Billy," aw sed, "aw should like to know if tha's enjoyed thi trip?"

"Ov coorse aw've enjoyed it! Did ta think aw went to be miserable? It isnt oft aw set off throo hooam, but when aw do aw mak up mi mind to enjoy mysen. But aw dooant care ha sooin aw get back hooam nah, for awst ha to start brewin to-morn."

"Well, tha luks a deecal better onyway,—an' awm sewer thi mother 'll be fain to see thi soa mich improved."

"Thee think abaat yor Mally an' leeav me an' mi mother to manage us own affairs—If aw've gotten a bit better awve paid for it aw reckon! Tha tell'd me 'at it wod'nt cost aboon ten paand an' it's cost aboon eleven,—Aw've enjoyed misen furst rate an' aw do feel a trifle better, an' awve enjoyed thy compny varry weel too, but if aw wor gooin agean awd goa be misen."

"Tha cant get me mad this mornin soa its noa use to try, an' tha'd better save thi wind to blow thi porridge when tha gets hooam."

"Well, that's reight enuff; tha knows what aw mean,—but aw say—wi' ta promise me at tha'll keep thi maath shut abaat them frogs?—Nah fair dealins among mates, Sammy."

"Awl promise thi one thing," aw says, "awl tell nowt at isnt true, an' if what aw tell isnt pleasant it's becoss trewth isnt pleasant at all times."

"Do as tha likes an' gooid luck to thi lad! Th' time's ommost up lets be off."

We wor just i' time an' after a partin glass to start wi for fear ther might'nt be a chance to get one at th' finish, we jumpt into th' train an' wor sooin lessenin th' distance between Lundun an' Bradford. Th' journey wor pleasant enuff but it seemed rayther long as it does when yor anxious to get to th' far end, but we landed at last, an' wod yo believe it? Ther wor Mally an' Hepsaba waitin at th' station for me—It wor a little attention at they'd nivver shown me befoor, an' aw felt touched,—for awm varry soft hearted.

"Whativver made thi come to meet me Mally?" aw sed.

"Aw coom becoss aw wor feear'd tha'd happen ha started a growin a mushtash an' thart freet big enuff as it is, an' aw thowt awd tak thi to th' barbers to get made daycent befoor tha coom hooam, for tha's been a laffin stock for th' naybors long enuff; an aw wanted to set mi mind at ease abaat that umberel, for thart nooan to be trusted, an awve hardly been able to sleep for dreamin at tha'd lost it, but if tha had tha'd ha been wise nivver to show thi face here agean!"

"Well, but tha sees aw havnt, an if awd had aw suppoos its mi own?"

"What's thine's mine aw reckon?"

"An' what made thee come to meet me Hepsaba?"

"Aw coom to see what yo'd browt for us, soas aw could ha mi pick afoor yo'd pairted wi' th' best."

"Why lass, awve browt misen an' that's all, aw should think that owt to satisfy thi."

"If that's all yo need'nt ha goan for we had yo befoor."

Mally an' her walked off arm i' arm, takkin th' umberel wi em an nivver spaiking a word, but just givin a nod to Billy—"Awl tell thi what we'll do," sed Billy—we'll just goa into th' taan an' ware abaat a paand a piece o' some sooart o' gimcracks an' we'll mak 'em believe we have browt summat after all!"

Aw thowt it wor a gooid nooation soa we went an' bowt a cap for Mally an' a pair a gloves for Hepsaba, an' a imitation meersham pipe for Ike, an' one or two moor nonsensical things, an' then we put em i' my box at th' station. Billy bowt a new dress piece, real French merino for his mother, an' then we shook hands an' pairted. My reception wornt all at aw could wish when aw went in hooam, but when th' box wor oppened an' Mally saw her cap, shoo pawsed th' cat off th' fender becoss it wor sittin

anent me, an' as sooin as Hepsaba gate her gloves, shoo fun me a long pipe, an' filled it wi bacca an' gat me a leet, an' Ike sed 'he'd hardly been able to bide at his wark, he wor soa anxious at aw should land back safe;' an' he walked abaat wi' th' pipe in his maath as if awd browt him th' grandest thing aght o' th' Exhibition—Ther wor nowt to gooid for me just then, an' aw thowt at after all, Billy wornt happen sich a fooil as aw tewk him to be.

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