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ADAPTED FOR PUBLIC READING.

TUMMUS AN' MARY,
MODERNISED;

BEING A
RENDERING INTO THE LANCASHIRE VERNACULAR
OF THE PRESENT TIME,
OF TIM BOBBIN'S FAMOUS PRODUCTION,
"THE LAUGHABLE ADVENTURES OF A
LANCASHIRE CLOWN."

BY TOM KERSHAW,
Author of "Bits o' Skits," &c.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

MANCHESTER :
JOHN HEYWOOD, 141 & 143, DEANSGATE.
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[187-?]]

(PKARE)

“TUMMUS AN’ MARY.”

IN these days of “Penny Readings, “Cheap Concerts,” &c., at which the Lancashire dialect is in such great request, it has been a want much felt and often expressed, that we have no edition of * “Tummus an’ Mary” *in readable form*—there being as much difference between the dialect spoken in Tim’s day, and that spoken now, as there is between the dialect of the present time and pure English. It is to supply such want that the following has been written—the decision as to its merits being respectfully left to those who may form an acquaintance with the work.

Enter TUMMUS an’ MARY.

TUM. Odds me Mary! who the dickens would ha’ thowt o’ leetin’ o’ thee here so soon this mornin’? Where has to bin? Theaw’rt o on a swat aw think, for theaw looks primely.

MARY. Believe me Tummus, aw welly lost my wynt, for aw’ve had sich a treaunce this mornin’ as aw neer had i’ my life; for aw went to Jone’s o’ Harry’s o’ long Jone’s, fort’ borrow their thible to stur th’ furmetry wi’, an’ his wife had lent it to Bet o’ my Gronny’s, so aw skeawrt endway, an’ when aw coom there, hoo’d lent it to Kester o’ Dicks, an’ the dule steawnd him for a brindled cur he’d made it int’ shoon pegs! Neaw, would’nt sitch a moonshine treaunce potter onybody’s plucks?

T. Mark what aw tell thee Mary, for aw think longer ’at folk livin’, an’ th’ moor mischoances they han.

M. Not olis, God willin’. But what ma’es thee sough and seem so deawn kest, for aw can tell thee aw’m fain to see thee whick an’ hearty.

T. Whick an’ hearty too! but aw can tell thee what

* The term still applied by country people to everything in the dialect—thus: “It’s Tummus an’ Mary,” or “It’s Tummus an’ Mary mak’ o’ talk.”

it's moor nor th' bargain 'at aw'm oather whick or hearty, for 'twur seven peawnd to a twopenny jannock aw'd been as d'yed as a dur nail by this heawr, for yusterday afternoon my maisther had liket' ha' kilt me, an' just neaw as sure as thee an' me are stonnin' here, aw'm act'ly runnin' my country.

M. Waw, what's been th' matter; has to fone eaw, wi' thy maisther?

T. What! ther's been moor't do nor a gonner to cleon after, aw'll uphowd to! For what does to think, but th' day before yusterday us lads mu't have a bit of a halloday, yet we mut do some odds and ends, an' aw mut oather spread mowdy warp holes, or goo to Rachda wi' a ceaw an' a why cauve. Neaw see thee, Mary, aw'r lither an' had a mind on a jaunt, so aw donn'd my Sunday jump o' top o' my singlet, and wo'd goo wi' th' ceaw an' th' cawve, an' the dule ta'e o bad luck for me, for eawr bitch Nip went wi' me, an' that made ill wur.

M. Aw conno see heaw that could ma'e ill luck Tummus.

T. Nawe, nor no mon else whol they known, but here's a fine dry cankin pleck under this thorn, let's ceawr us deawn o'th' greawnd a bit, an' aw'll tell thee o heaw't wor.

M. Wi' o my heart, for my dame's gwon fro whoam an' hool no' come again whol baggin time.

T. Well, as aw'r tellin thee, aw'd goo to Rachda, so aw geet up by breyk o' day, an' went whol aw welly coom within a mile o'th' teawn, when, as the dule wo'd ha't, a tit wor stonnin' at an ale heawse dur, an' my cawve took th' tit for her mother an' wo'd need seawk her, an' aw believe th' foolish twod of a tit took th' cawve for her cowt, hoo whinny'd so when hoo seed it, but when hoo felt it seawk hoo up wi' her hough, an' kilt my cawve as deeod as a knit.

M. Eh, Lord, what a trick wor that!

T. Trick! sich a trick wor ne'er played i' Englan'shire.

M. Waw, hark yo, Tummus, what could yo' do wi't? Yod'n be quite brokn.

T. Do! What could aw do? th' flesh, if't had been kilt gradely, 'twould ha been as good veeol as e'er deed on a thwittle, for my maisther met ha had seven-teen and sixpence for't th' day before.

M. An' did to 'lyev it i' th' lone?

T. Nay Mary, awr noan sitch a gawby as tat coom too noather, for as luck would ha't, a butcher wor i'th' ale heawse, an he coom eawt when he yerd my cawve bawh. But estid o' beein' sooary when he seed it sprawlin' o'th' greawnd, th' flyrin' carron set up a greyt roar o' laughter, an' could for shawm tell me he'd bury't me for a pint o' ale.

M. Waw that wur pratty chep, for Dicky o' Wills' o' Jone's o' Sam's tow'd me, that he bury'd a chylt tother day at Rachda, an' he paid Jo Green a groat for a grave no bigger nor a phippunny trunk.

T. Waw, that met be, but aw'd not gi't him, for aw borrow'd a shoo and would bury't mysel. Aw'r throng shovin' it in, when a thowt coom int' my noddle 'at th' hide could be no wur, so awd flee it, but the dule a thwittle wor't be leet on, but th' butchers, an' th' spiteful tyke would no' l'yend it me. Neaw Mary, what could ony mon do?

M. Do! Awst ha' gwon stark mad.

T. Aw believe theaw would or ony mon else; but that would do nought i' my case so aw bargaint with rascot. He'r to tak th' hide groin to th' carcass an' gi' me thirteenpence; so aw geet th' brass an' went endway with ceaw.

M. Neaw my mind misgives me at theawr gooin o sleeveless arrand, an' 'at th' felly wo'dnt tak th' ceaw beawt th' cawve.

T. Well done Mary! Theaw guesses within two tumbles of a leawse, for it wur long and longer before he would, but when aw tow'd him heaw't wor knockt o'th' yed wi a tit coaken, as aw coom, and that he mut order wi' my maister abeawt it, he took her at long length. Then aw went an' bowt two peawnd o sawt and an' eawnce o black pepper for eawr folk, an' went toward whom again.

M. Wi' a fearfo heyvy heart aw'll uphowd yo.

T. Aye, Aye, that's true, but what'll to say when aw tell thee he ne'er bury'd th' cawve, but sowl it at Owdham that afternoon for twopence-hawpenny a peawnd!

M. Say! Waw by my sake it wor fair chettin', but it's meet like their rascotly tricks; for there's not an honest bwon i'th hide o' ne'er o' graisy tyke on 'em o.

T. Indeed, awm i thaw mind, for it wur reet wrang but aw think i' my heart 'at rascots ith' world are us thick as waps in a hummabee neest.

M. Its not to tell, but awst marvel strangely if theaw met wi a wur case nor this.

T. Eh, dear, theaw knows but little o'th matter, but theawst yer. Aw hadn't gotten forrud back again aboon a mile or so before aw seed a parcel o lads and yung chaps as throng as thrap wife. When aw geet to 'em, aw couldn't gawm what they'rn abeawt, for two on 'em carried a ladder o ther shoolders, another had a riddle in his hond, an' Hal o' Nab's i'th' Midge Lone had his knockles lapt in his leather brat, an' o'th rest on 'em had staves or long swinging sticks.

M. I'th name o Katty, whatever wur they for?

T. Nought 'ats ought thae may be sure, if that hawmpin tyke Hal wur wi 'em. Neaw thae mun know 'at one neet last shearin time, when Jone's o' Harry's geete their churn, this same scap-gallows wor taen i' their pleawm tree an wur i' sich a flunter i' gettin' deawn again, at he fell and broke th' collar bwon of his leg.

M. A wrang joint hang him, aw know him weel enough, for th' last greyt snow he'r for hangin' a hare i' some yure gillers an' throtlet eawr poor teawser in clewkin grin

T. The very same. So aw axt him what theyrn for. "Waw," said he, "we'n just neaw seen an' eawl fly thro' yon leawp hole into th' barn, an' we'r gooin' to tak her." "Come Tum," said he, "if thae'll goo wi us theawst see sitch gam as thae ne'er seed i' thy life before, beside thaest howd th' riddle. Said aw, "aw

know not what thae m'yens by howdin' th' riddle, but aw'll goo wi' o' my heart if thaell teytch me." "Aw can show thee in a crack," said he. So away we went, an' begun a crommin' o' th' slifters ith' barn woles full o' straw, an' then we reared th' ladder sawftly again th' wole, under th' eawl hole. "Neaw lads," said Hal, "mind yo'r hits, aw'll lap my honds i' my leather brat so 'at hoo cannot scrat me when aw tak her i' th' hole. Tum o' Williams mun climb th' ladder, thrutch th' straw eawt o' th' leawp hole, an' howd th' riddle close on't, oth' rest mun be powlerers, an flay her into't. So away they went into th' barn, an tint th' dur an' aw—

M. Waw neaw aw'll be hanged if aw wouldn't rayther ha' seen't in a puppy show.

T. Good Lord o' me, Mary! theawrt so hasty. So aw climbt th' ladder in a snift, shoved straw eawt, an' smackt my riddle close o' th' hole. Aw'd no sanner done so nor aw yerd one on 'em say, "See yo', hoos thear!" "Shoo," said one, "shoo," said another. Then they o began o' hallooin an' sheawtin like hey goo mad. Aw thought it wur th' rarest spwort 'at ever mortal mon seed. So aw gran an aw thrutched whol my arms wartcht again. Still they kept shooing an' powlerin' i' th' barn, an' then aw thought aw feld summat nudge th' ladder. When aw looked deawn, ther an' owd soo busy rubbin' hersel' o' one o' th' strines. Byth' mon, thinks aw to mysel', hoo'l ha' me deawn inneaw. Just then aw thought aw yerd th' eawl come into th' hole, an' presently summat coom wi' sich a flusk thro' th' riddle.

M. Stunnin! an' did to let her goo or theaw took her?

T. Took her! Nay, Mary, an eawl's noan so soon taen, but aw can hardly tell thee, aw'm so waughish, aw'm ready to cruttle deawn wi' thoughts on't. Ther wur noan to ta'e, Mary.

M. What? no eawl!

T. Nawe, nawe, not there. It wur nought i' th' world o' God, but some mak o' Hodge-podge 'at coom i' my face wi' sich a ber 'at o' someheaw it made me mazy, an' aw fell off th' ladder, but moor by choance

nor ony good luck, aw leet exactly o' th' soo wi sich a soltch 'at aw rayly think hoo'r bwoth wor flayed an' hurt nor aw wur.

M. Eh, Lord, what a awful fo, had'n yo'!

T. Fo, ah; for aw thought aw'd broken my collar bwon, but it wur better nor likely; for aw'd no hurt, but th' tone theawm bruist, an' th' skin knockt off th' tone knee 'at made me hawmple a bit.

M. Ought upon 'em, what unmannerly powsements! awst ha' been stark giddy at 'em, an' ha' raddlet ther bwons.

T. Aw'r as mad as theaw could be, or ony mon else, but thae knows every mon's not a witch. Heawever, aw hawmplet reawnd th' barn to snap some o' th' waistrills, but noan could aw leet on, for they'rn o crop'n into th' barn, an' th' durs as safe as Beest'n Castle. But they made me yer 'em bowdly, for they'rn o laaghin' an' sheawtin like madlocks at ther new taen eawl, as they coed me. By go, Mary, if aw'd had fire awst ha' set th' whol barn on a halliblash if aw'd deed for't, but then th' soo kept up sich a skrikin reekin din, as if her back wur e'teaw i' two spots, 'at aw durst stop no longer for fear o' somebody comin' an' mayin me onswerable for her d'yeth. So aw scampert away as hard as aw could pin, an' ran a mile i' that pickle, before aw gav one glent behind me.

M. But when o's done an' said, Tum, this killin' o' th' cawve an' eawl catchin' wur noan o long o' Nip.

T. Aw beg thee howd thy tung, Mary, for aw oather angert some he witch, or the dule threw his club o'er me that mornin', for misfortins coom o'er me thick as leet.

M. But surely noan thro' Nip.

T. Thro' Nip! Yigh thro' Nip! an' aw wish her neck had been brocken i' nine spots when hoor whelpt for me (God forgi' me th' deawnt crayter does no hurt noather), for aw hadn't gotten mich aboon a mile on th' road before aw met a fattish felly, in a blackish wig, an' he stooed an' stared at Nip. Says he, "honest man, will you sell your dog?" Said aw, "my dog's a

bitch, an' so's ne'er a dog i' th' teawn," for by my sake, Mary, aw'r as cross as aw could be.

M. Aw mun say 'at theaw onswert him rayther awvishly.

T. Well, "but dog or bitch," said th' felly, "if I had known of her three days since, I would have given you twenty shillings for her, as I see she is a right staunch Bandyhewit! and there is a gentleman that lives about three miles off who wants one just now." Neaw, Mary, to tell thee true, aw'd a mind to chet (God forgi' me), an' sell my sheep cur for a Bandyhewit, though aw no more knew nor th' mon i' th' moon what a Bandyhewit wur. "Waw," said aw, "hoo's primely bred, for her mother coom fro Lun'on, though hoo'r whelpt at my maisthers, an' though hoo's as good as ony e' Englan-shire, aw'll sell her if my price come."

M. Well done, Tummus; what said he then?

T. "Well," says he, "what do you ask for her?" "Hoo's worth a guinea and a hawve o' gowd," said aw, "but a guinea aw'll tak for her." Says he, "I gave a guinea for mine, and I would rather have yours by a crown, but if you will go to Justice——" Justice hum—let me see, but aw forgotten what he code him (but no greyt matter on him, for aw think he's a piece on a rascal as weel as th' rest), "he will be glad of the bargain."

M. That wur clever, too, wur not it?

T. Ay, middlin'. Then aw axt him what way aw met goo, an' he towd me; an away aw set, wi' my heart as leet as a bit o' flaight, an' carried Nip under my arm, for neaw theaw mun understond aw wur flade o' loysin her, never deawtin aw should be rich enough to pay my maisther for th' cawve an' ha' summat to spare for mysel'.

M. But that wur brave. Theawr i' no ill kail neaw, Tummus.

T. Waw but theawst yer. It wur a dree way, too; heawever aw geet thear by three o'clock, an' before aw oppent th' dur aw covert Nip wi' my pocket hankicher, to let him see heaw aw storet her. Then aw oppent th'

dur, an' what does to think, but three tiny Bandyhewits, as aw thought, coom weaughin as if they'd a worried me. Then ther coom a fine fresh colourt woman, 'at keckt as stiff as if hoo'd swollen th' poker, an aw took her for a hoo Justice, hoo wur so meety fine, for aw'd yerd Richard o' Jack, o' Yem's tell my maisther 'at th' hoo Justices olis did most o' th' wark. Heawever aw' axt her if Mr. Justice wur at whoam. Hoo couldn't oppen her meawth to say *aye* or *naawe*, but simpert an' said, "*iss*." (The dickins iss her and him too.) Said aw, "Aw would yo'd tell aw'd fain speyk to him."

M. Bith mon, but theawr bowd; awst ha been a bit timid. But let's yer heaw theaw went on.

T. Waw weel enough, for theaw may nip and chet as ill as one o' ther clarks, but theaw munnot pump or teaze em, for they haten to be vext.

M. But heaw did to goo on? Wur th' Justice a whoam?

T. Ay, an' coom at once an axt me what aw wanted. "Waw," said aw, "aw've a very fine Bandyhewit to sell, an' aw yer yo' wanten one, Sir." "Humph," said he, "a Bandyhewit; please allow me to see it." "Aye," said aw, an' aw pood my cleawt off her, stroaked her deawn th' back, an' said hoo's as fine a Bandyhewit as ever run afore a tail.

M. Well done, Tummus. Theaw couldn't mend that if thae had it to do again, but thaert fit to turn eawt.

T. "She is a fine one, indeed," said th' Justice, "and it is a thousand pities but I had known of her yesterday, for a man came and I bought one not so good as yours by half a guinea, and I'll be bound you'll take a guinea for this." "An' that aw'll have if aw con meet wi' a customer," said aw. "She is richly worth it," said he, "and I think I can tell you where you may part with her, if he be not fitted already.

M. But that wur a good nayturt Justice, wur he not?

T. Eh, Mary, theaw talks like a silly ninnyhommer for tak maw word for it, nought 'ats ought con come on't when a mon d'yels wi' rascotly folk. But as aw'r tellin' thee, he named a chap 'at livt abeawt three mile

off, so aw mut goo back again thro' Ratchda. So aw geet Nip under my arm again, made a scroap wi' my shough, an' bid th' Justice good neet, wi' o' heyvy heart theaw may be sure, an' but as aw thought aw could ha' sell'd her at this tother pleck it would sartinly ha' brocken.

M. Lord, bless us! it wur like to trouble thee very mich.

T. But theawst yer, aw hadn't gwon o'er aboon a felt or two, before aw coom to a greyt bruck, wi' a feaw sapplin' brig o'er it. As it had raint th' neet afore as th' sky would ha' oppent, th' wayter wor bonk-full though it wor fairer o' d'yell i' th' mornin', an' o' some-heaw, when aw'r haue way o'er, my shough slipt, an' deawn aw coom, wi' Nip i' my arms, i' th' wayter. Nip aw leet fend for hersel, an' aw flaskert in't whol, aw geet howd of a saig, an' so helpt mysel, or else noather thee nor no mon else 'ould ever ha' seen Tum again, for by my sake, aw'r welly dreawnt.

M. Good Lord o' me! the like wur never! this had like to b'yetten o' th' tother! an' yet theaw coom off middlin' considerin, for it wor a greyt marcy theaw wurn't dreawnt.

T. An know not whether it wur or not, but theaw may be sure aw'r prinmely bornt, an' as weet as e'er aw could sye. Beside, aw'd no com' to ready my yure, so 'at aw lookt moor like a dreawnt meawse nor a mon.

M. Beside, theaw be as cowl as iccles.

T. Ah, theaw may guess awr none o'er yetted.

M. Aw deawt it 'ould quite mar thee?

T. Nay, it didn't quite mar me, Mary; but aw went wigglety, wagglety, for an heawr or so, afore aw geet reet again. An' neaw it jumpt into my mind 'at aw seed two rotten pynots at this same brig as aw coom.

M. Well aw never! that wur a sign o' ill fortin, for aw yerd my gronny say, hoo'd as lief ha' sin two Owd Harries, as two pynots.

T. Aye, an' so says my Aint Margit, an' a good d'yel o' folk, an' aw know 'at pynots are as cunnin' eawls as walken. But to tell thee th' truth, Mary, aw'r

o'most at my wits end, an' could ha' fun i' my mind to ha' punct Nip, an' then, aw thought, hoos i' no faut, for by my sake, aw'r welly off at th' side.

M. Indeed, Tummus, aw believe thee, but puncin' Nip would ha' been reet wrang.

T. That's true, but theaw knows, one con but do what they con do.

M. Reet; but heaw did to do wi' thy weet clooas, wur not to welly parish't?

T. Yigh, whol aw dithert 'at my teeth fair hackt i' my yed again. But that wurnot o. It began to be dark, an' aw'r beawt lantern, in a strange country, five or six mile fro whoam. So aw maundert i' th' fields for aboon two heawrs, an' couldn't tell wheer aw wur, for aw met as well ha' been in a oon, an' if aw'd held my hond up, aw could no moor ha' seen't nor aw con see a fleigh o' thee neaw. Here it wur, aw geet into a gate, an' aw thowt aw yerd summat comin', an' if truth mun be tow'd, aw wur so flade, 'at my yure o'most stood o' th' end, for theaw knows, aw noather knew who nor what it met be.

M. True, Tummus, no wonder ut theaw wur so flade, seein' as it wur so very dark.

T. Heawever, aw resolvt to may th' best on't, so up aw spoke: "Who's that?" A lad's voice onswert in a cryin' din. "Hello, dunnot ta'e me!" "Nawe," aw said, "aw'll not ta'e thee, my lad. Whose lad ar'to?" "Waw," said he, "aw'm Jone's o' Loll's o' Sim's o' Mary Ann's o' Dick's, o' Nathan's o' Loll's o' Sim's i' th' Holmes, an' aw'm gooin' whoam." Bith mon! thinks aw to mysel, theaw's a longer name nor mine; an' here, Mary, aw couldn't but think what long names some on us han, for thine an' mine are meeterly, but this lad's wur so mich dreer, 'at aw thowt it dockt mine by th' tone hawve.

M. Pray, neaw, tell me heaw these long names leetn.

T. Um—m, let me see, aw connot tell thee gradely, but aw think it's to tell folk by.

M. Well, an' heaw did to goo on wi' him?

T. Well, (as aw thought he talkt so awkertly) aw axt him what uncouths he yerd sturrin. "Aw yer noan," said he, "nobbut Jack o' Ned's tow'd me 'at Sam o' Jack's o' Ned Marlor's has wed Mal o' Nan's o' Sal's o' Peg's, 'at gwos abeawt a beggin' churn milk wi' th' pitcher wi' th' lid on." Then aw axt him wheere Jack o' Ned's livt; says he, "he's 'prentice wi' Isaac o' Tim's o' Nick's o' th' Hough-lone, an' he'd bin to Jammy's o' George's o' Peter's, i' th' Dingle, for hawfe a peawnd o' traycle, to sweeten a beast puddin' wi'," and "his feyther an' mother livt at Rossendo, but his gronny wur alive, an' livt wi' his Aint Margit, i' Grinfi'lt, at th' place where his own mother coom fro'." "Good lad," says aw; "but heaw far's this Littleborough off," for aw aim to see't to neet, if aw con hit. Says th' lad, "it's abeawt a mile, an' yo mun keep straight forrud o' yor lift hond, an' yo' may happen do." So thus we parted, but aw mawkint an' lost my gate again: So aw maundert o'er yates, an' steels, o'er hedges an' doytches, whol aw coom to this Littleborough, an' theer aw'r flade again, for aw thought aw'd seen a boggart, but it prov'd a mon, wi' a woollen piece, restin' hissel on a stoop i' th' lone. As soon as aw could speyk, for whackerin', aw axt him wheer ther wor an ale-heawse, an' he show'd me. Aw went in, an' fun two fat throddy folk livt theer, an' they'd some o' th' fratchinst company 'at e'er aw seed, for they'm foin' eawt, an' coin' one another lazy eawls, as thick as leetnin'. Heawever, aw geet a stoo an' ceawrt me deawn i' th' nook, at th' side o' th' hob. Aw'd no sanner done so, nor a feaw seawr lookin' felly, wi' a stick as he had in his hond, hit a mezzil faced chap sitch a thwang o'er th' yed, 'at o fairly reetched again, an' deawn he coom o' th' harstone, wi' his yed i' th' asshole. His scrunt wig fell off, an' a hondful o' red whot cinders fell into't, an' brunt an' frizzlet it, so 'at when he coom to don it on, some mischievous felly gan it a poo, an' it slipt o'er his yed, an' lee like a horse collar on his shoolders. Aw staret like a stickt tup, flayed uv o dust mysel', an' crept fur into th' corner. Everybody thought mezzil

face would ha' made a flittin' on't, an' deed in a crack, so some on 'em coed eawt, "a doctor! a doctor!" whol others made th' lonlort saddle a tit, to fot one. Whol this wur gooin on, some on 'em met wi a doctor, 'at livt a bit off, an' show'd him th' mon o' th' harstone. He laid howd uv his arm, to feel his pulse aw guess, an' poo'd as if he'd sin d'yeth pooin at tother arm, an' wur resolved to o'er poo him. After lookin' very wise a bit, he said, "while his heart beats and his blood sarcilates, there's hope, but when that stops, it's *whoo up* wi' him i' faith." Messil face yerrin summat abeawt *whoo up*, started to his feet, flote non, but gran like a foo-murt dog, an' set at black swarty tyke wi' bwoth kneyses, an' wawted him o'er into th' galker full o' new drink wortchin, an' began o' possin' an' peylin him into't, 'at o wor blended together in a snift. Bith mon, Mary, theawd ha' laught whol theawd welly split, to ha' seen heaw th' sow bow wor awtert when they poo'd him eawt, an' what a hobgoblin he lookt wi' o' that berm abeawt him. He kept dryin' his face, but he met as weel ha' feld for his e'en at th' back uv his yed, whol th' londlady had made an heawr's labber on him at th' pump. When he coom in again, he staret awfully at mezzil face, an' mezzil face staret as hard at him again, but noather on 'em coed th' tother. So they sit 'em deawn, an' then th' lonlady coom in, an' would make 'em pay for th' lumber 'at they'd done. "My drink's wur by a creawn," hoo said, "beside there's two tumblers masht, an' a whol papper o' 'bacca shed." This made 'em stare at tone another again, but black tyke's passion wur coolt at th' pump, an' th' rap wi' th' stick had quietent tother, so 'at they fratcht little or noan, but agreed to pay between 'em, an' then they sit deawn an' wur friends again in a snift.

M. That wur mad gawmlin' wark, an' welly as ill as th' ta'ein o' th' Eawl.

T. Not quite, Mary; not quite. Heawever when o wur sattlet, aw crope nar th' fire again, for aw wanted to warm me fearfully, for aw're bwoth cawd an' weet, as weel as hungry an' dry.

M. Believe me, Tummus, theaw met weel, but yo'r'n n a good kale, too, 'at yo'dn brass i' yor pocket.

T. Aye, aw thowt aw'd brass enough, but theawst yer moor o' that inneaw. So aw coed for summat t' eyt, an' a pint o' ale, an' hoo browt me some hog mutton, an' special turmits, an' as prime v'yel as ned be toucht. Aw creemt Nip neaw an' then a luncheon, but Tum took care o' th' tother steawp an' reawp, for aw eat like a Yor'shire man, an' cleart th' stoo.

M. Well done, Tummus, theawd sure need no second supper, for yo' eawt did Wrynot, an' beat th' charges for aught aw yer.

T. True, so aw sit an' rested an' drank my pint o' ale, but as aw'r noan gradely sleckt, aw coed for another, an' drank that too, for aw'r as dry as soot, an' as't wur too lat to goo onywheer wi' my bitch, aw axt th' lon'lady if aw could stay o neet. Hoo towd me aw met if aw would. Said aw, "aw'll goo neaw if yo'n goo wi' me." "Aw goo wi' thee, cuckoo? What! arto feard o' boggarts, or theaw'rt noan weynt yet, an' conno sleep beawt a pap?" "Confound it," said aw' "what are yo' talkin on, aw want goo t' bed?" "Oh, oh, if that be o," said hoo, "Margit's shew thee." So Margit leet a candle, an' shew'd me a wistey reawm, an' a bed an' curtners forsooth. Aw thowt hood ha' done wi' a bit o' coartin, but o' someheaw aw'r tired an' haylo, 'at aw'r i' no fettle for catterweawin', so aw said nowt to her. But aw forthowt sin', for hoo'r no daggle tail aw'll uphowd to, but as nice a lass as Sarah o' Dick's every bit.

M. Marry come out, like enough.—Why not? Is Sarah o' Dick's so honsome?

T. Aye, hoo's meeterly. Heawever aw wurnot long after hoo showed me th' reawm afore aw geet to bed.

M. Aw warrant theawd sleep seawndly.

T. Nay, aw connot say 'at aw did, for aw'r meeterly ill troublet abeawt my cawve. Beside, aw'r ill flade o' eawr folk seetchin' me, an' my maister b'yetin me when aw geet whoam. It's true my carcawse wur pratty yezzy, but my mind met as weel ha' line in a rook o'

hollins or gorses, an' it wur one o'clock before aw could tin my een.

M. Well, an heaw went ta on i' th' mornin', when theaw wackent?

T. Waw as aw'r donnin my damp clooas, aw thought aw'll know heaw my shot stons afore aw ware ony brass o' my breakfast, so aw coed th' lonlady, an' hoo kest it up to thirteen pence. Thought aw to mysel', it's a shockin d'yel; what mak o' foolish wark have aw made here? Aw could ha' fun mysel' a whol week for that brass. Awst not have one bodle to spare o' my odd silver. An' neaw aw'r in as ill a kale as aw weel could be. Wur aw not?

M. Nawe indeed theaw, nother. If theawd gotten drunk, an' made moor brass away nor theaw had, theaw met ha' talkt.

T. Aw find theaw can tell true to a yure if theaw will, Mary, for byth' mon when aw coom to grope i' my slop to pay her, aw'r awfully gloppent, for not a hawpenny had aw! An' whether aw lost it i' th' bruck, or wi scrawmin o'er th' doytch backs, aw no moor know nor th' mon i' th' moon; but gwon it wur. Aw staret like a wild cat, an' wur welly gawmless, an' at last aw towd her aw'd lost my brass. Said hoo, "what done yo' m'yen? Yost not put Yor'shire o' me. That tale winnot fit me, for yo'r like to pay someheaw." Said aw, "but it's true, an' yo' may grope i' my clooas if yo' will." "Thae'rt some mismannert jackonapes," hoo said. "Well," aw said, "yo'r like to ha' nought, beawt yo'n ha' my woollen mittens an' my pocket-hankicher." "Thoose winnot do," hoo said. "They're not bwoth worth aboon two groats." "Aw've nought else," aw said, "beawt yo'n ha' my sneeze horn, an' aw'm loath to part wi't, becose Sarah o' Dick's ga't me th' last Kessmus." "Let's see 'em," hoo said, "for theaw'rt some arran rascot." So aw gav' 'em to her, an' still th' owd fussock lookt as feaw as thunner when aw'd done.

M. Good Lord o' me," aw think theaw'd th' worst luck at e'er Kessunt soul had.

T. Theaw'll say so inneaw. Well, aw'r turet o' this

pleck, an' crope away witheawt bite or sup or pinch o' sneeze, for aw gawmblet, an' leet that goo too. Aw soon sperr'd this gentleman's ho eawt, an when aw geet thear aw gav a glent into th' shippon, an' seed a mon stonnin thear. Aw said, "is yo'r maisther a whoam, if yo' plezn?" "Aye," he said. "Aw wish yo'd tell him 'at aw want to speyk to him," said aw. "Aw will," said he. So he'd no sanner gwon but a fine fattish bulky gentleman coom an axt me what aw wanted. Aw said, "aw underston yo' wanten a Bandyhewit, Sir, an' aw've a pure un to sell here." "Let me see the shape of her," said he. So aw stroked her deawn th' back, an' cobb'd her o' th' greawnd. "She is the finest that I ever saw," said he, "but I am afraid things have happened unluckily for you, for I received two last week, which make the number that I require." Neaw, Mary, aw'r ready to cruttle deawn, for theaw met ha' knockt me o'er wi' a peigh. "But what's your price?" said he. "Aw cannot afford her to my own brother," aw said "for less nor a guinea." "She is cheap at that," said he, "and no doubt you may sell her.

M. By th' mon, but yo'rn long i' findin' a customer, everybody wur olis fitted so.

T. Aye, fitted aye, for they needed noan no moor nor aw need wayter i' my shoon, not they; but theawst yer. "Then," said he, "there's an old cratchingly gentleman, who resides at that house among the trees opposite to us, who I believe will give you your price, if not, Justice such an one is a likely man, if you'll go there." Said aw, "aw'r thear yusterday afternoon, an' he'd let o' one th' mornin' afore." "That happened awkwardly for you," said he. Aw said, "an' so it did, for aw made a d'yel o' labber abeawt it." "Well," said he, "but this old gentleman is the most likely of any whom I know." So aw thankt him, an set eawt for this tother pleck.

M. Aw hope theawd ha' better luck this time.

T. Waw aw thought so too, for neaw it popt into my mind 'at Nip didn't show hersel' reet, an, 'at folk

wouldn't buy her becose o' that, so afore aw geet thear, aw took her an' fettlet her up, so 'at hoo could show hersel' like a new un. Aw'r at th' heawse in a crack, an' leet o' th' owd mon i' th' fowd, tryin' to get o' tit back. Said aw, "is yo'r name Mr. Scar?" Said he, "you are either right, or nearly so. I suppose I am the man you want; what do you require?" "Aw'm informt," said aw, "at yo' wanten a Bandyhewit, an' aw've a tip top un i' my arms here, as ther's ony i' Englanshire." "That's a great breadth," said he, "but please let me handle her a little, for if I touch her I can tell whether she is right bred or not."

M. But that wur a meeterly fawse owd felly too.

T. By Jove, Mary, aw think i' my heart he'r bigg'st rascot on 'em o', but aw leet him hondle her, an' he'r so seely, an his honds tremblet so desperately, 'at he couldn't stick to her, an' hoo leep deawn. Neaw for't, thought aw, Nip, show thysel', but istid o' that hoo set up a yeawll an crope into a hole i' th' horse-stone!

M. Fye on her, awst ha' been as mad at her as a pottert wasp.

T. Waw aw'r as mad as theaw could be ut hoo'd shamet hersel' so woefully; heawever, aw said to th' mon, "mun aw tak her again, for yon find hoo's use beside ornament?" "No no," said he, "I feel she is as fat as an eel and smooth as a mole, and I find as plain as a pike staff, by her ears that she is right bred, and I would have had her if she had cost me any amount of money, but that a friend sent me one out of Yorkshire, and I need no more; but I will exchange with you, if agreeable." "Nay," said aw, "aw'll swap noan, for aw'll oather have a guinea for her or hoost never goo whol my yed stons o' my shoolders." "Then I can do no business with you," said he, "but have you been at the fine building opposite?" "Aye," said aw, "but he's enoo on 'em." "Well, but they are as scarce now as ever they were in this world," said he, "and there is one Muslin, in Rochdale, who is a great lover of them." "Waw," said aw, "awst goo

see." And neaw, Mary, aw begun to mistrust ut they'rn makin' a foo on me.

M. Be hang'd to 'em, but they'd ne'er be o alike.

T. Waw but howd thy tung a bit, an' theawst yer, for aw thought aw'd try this tother felly, an' if he'r fitted too, aw'd try no moor, for then it would be as plain as Blacks'nedge, at they'rn makin' an arron gawby on me. So aw went to Rachda', an sperr'd this mon eawt. Aw' fun him at back o' th' shop-bword, wi' a little dog at side on him. Thought aw to mysel' aw wish theaw'r choket; this felly 'll be fitted too, aw deawt. "Well," said he, "my man, what do you want?" "Aw want nought 'at yo' han," said aw, "for aw coom to sell yo' a fine Bandyhewit." Neaw, Mary, this rascot as weel as th' rest, roost my dog to the very skies, but at that time he "*didn't want one.*"

M. Eh dearo'me, Tummus, aw deawt they'rn makin' a perfect hal on thee.

T. A hal! aye th' biggest ut e'er wur made sin' Cain kilt Abel; an neaw aw'r so mad aw'r fairly moydert, an' could a fun i' my heart to ha' jowed ther yeds together. Aw'r no sanner eawt but a lot o' rabble wur watchin' on me at th' dur. One on 'em said, "this is him," another, "he's here." An one waistrell axt me "if aw'd sowd my Bandyhewit." By th' mass' Mary, aw'r so vext at that 'at aw up wi' my gripp'n kneve an' hit him a good box o' th' yer, an' then wi' my shoon aw punct him into th' gutter, an' ill grim't an' deeted th' lad wur, for sure. Then they o set again me', an afore aw'd gwon mony yards, th' lad's mother coom an' crope softly behind me, an' geet me by th' yure, an' deawn coom Nip an' me an hur i' th' gutter. Whol th' tustle lasted, hur lad and th' waistrells 'at took his part, kept grimin' an' deetin' me wi' sink durt, 'at aw thought my een would ne'er ha' done good again, for aw met as weel ha' been at th' takin o' two eawls.

M. Eh dear o' me, what a host o' misfortunes theaw had!

T. Aye, for if Owd Nick ow'd me a spite, he paid me back wi' interest, for whol th' scrimmage lasted, o

th' teawn wur cluttert abeawt us. Aw shamet as if aw'd stown summat, an' scampert away as hard as aw could leather an' run, an' up th' broo into th' Church yard. Thear aw'd a mind to see if onybody followed me. Aw turned me, an' what the dence does to think, aw'd lost Nip.

M. What says ta?

T. It's true, Mary; so aw coed an' whewted, but no Nip wur to be fun hee nor low, an' though aw knew my maisther set sich store on her becose o' fottin th' beaoss an' sheep, aw durst as soon ha ta'en a bear by th' tooth as begin to seech her i' th' teawn, an' aw'd noather bite nor sup nor pinch o' sneeze ov o' that day.

M. Waw theawd be welly famisht.

T. Aw tell thee, Mary, a'wr welly moydart. Then aw thought my heart would ha' sunk into my shoon, for it felt as heyvy as a mustert bo, an' aw'd two or three wayter taums. Beside o' this, my belly warcht, an' i' this fettle aw mut daddle whoam, an' face my maisther.

M. Eh, dear! What mak of a beawt had thae wi' him?

T. Wau, awst tell thee moor o' that inneaw, but furst theaw mun know that as aw'r gooin' to'rd whoam, deawnhearted and quite melancholy, a mon o'ertook me, ridin' a tit and l'yedin' another. Thinks aw to mysel' this is some Yor'shire horse-jockey; aw would he'd let me ride, for theaw mun know aw'r very weak an' faint. This thought had hardly entered my nob before th' felly said "Come, Honesty, theaw looks as if thae wur ill turet, thaest ride a bit if thae will." "That's what aw want," aw said, "if yo plez'n, for aw'm welly done." So sithee, Mary, aw geet on, an' aw thought aw ne'er rode yezzier sin aw could stride o' tit back.

M. A good deed, Tummus; that wur no ill felly, theaw'd ha' no ill luck at this time, surely.

T. Eh, theaw's e'en guessed rang mony a time, an' theaw'rt a long way off bein' reet again, for aw wish aw'd ridden eawr Billy's hobby horse a whol day together, istid o' gettin' o' this tit, for we hadn't gwon aboon

five rood before th' felly axt me heaw far aw'r gooin that way. Says aw "abeawt a mile an' a hauve." "That's reet," says he, "Ther's an aleheawse just thearabeawt; aw'll ride afore, an' theaw mun come sawfly after, an' aw'll stay for thee thear." So he set off like hey-go-mad, but aw kept a foot pace, for my tit swat, an' seemt as ill turet as aw wur. Neaw, sithee, Mary, after this aw hadn't ridden mich aboon hawve a mile, before aw yerd some folk comin' after me, a gallop, a gallop, like fury. They'd hardly o'erta'en me, when one on 'em swore "By th' mass, this is maw tit, an' aw'll ha't too, if Owd Nick ston not i' th' gap." Wi' that, a lusty ill-mannert tyke poo'd eawt summat, an' hittin' me o' th' shoolders wi' 't, said "Friend, aw'm a constable, an' yo're maw prisner." "The Dickens ta'e yor friendship, and constableness too, said aw; what done yo' m'yen, mon! What mun aw be a prisner for?" "Yo'n stown that tit," said he, "an' yo'st goo back wi' me, before a justice." "Aw stown noan on't," said aw, "for aw but just neaw geet on't, an' a mon 'at's gallopt afore, an' who aw took for th' owner, ga' me ly'ev, so what business han oather yo' or th' justice wi' me!" "Stuff, stuff! mere balderdash," said th' constable." Wi' that, aw leep off th' tit in a greyt hig, an' said, "if it be yo'rs, tak' it, an' to Owd Harry wi't, for aw know nought on't, nor yo' noather, not aw."

M. Weel acted, Tummus, that wur monfully said, an' done too, think aw.

T. But husht, Mary, an' thae'st yer fur'. "Come, come," th' constable said; "that whiffo whaffo stuff win not do for me, for goo yo' bwoth mun, an' shan, oather by hook or crook." An' wi' that he poo'd eawt some iron trinkems, 'at rickt like a parcel o' chens. Thinks aw to mysel, what are these. If they been shackles, aw'm in a rare scrape, indeed, aw'm wur off neaw nor ever aw wur before. Aw'st be hanged, or some mak' o' lumberment, at this very time; for by th' mackers, Mary, aw hated th' jinglin' of his thingumbobs as ill as if thee or ony mon else had been ringin' my passin' bell.

M. Good Lord, o' me! it's not to tell heaw croot things con happen!

T. Heawever, aw mustert up my courage, an' said, "Mr. Constable, put up thoose things 'at rickn so, an' if aw mun goo, aw will goo, an' quietly too, for theaw knows 'at force is medicine for a mad dog."

M. Waw, Tummus, it's just neaw buzz'd into my yed, 'at this same horse-jockey had stown th' tit, an' for fear o' bein' o'erta'en, geet thee to ride to save his own back, an' so put Yor'shire o' thee thus.

T. Waw, aw think theaw guesses to a yure, for he slipt th' rope fro' abeawt his own neck, an' donn'd it onto mine, that's sartin. Heawever, it made pittiful wark indeed, to be guarded by two men an' a constable, back again, thro' Rachda, wheer aw'd so latly lost my bitch, an' been so very awkwardly rowl'd i' th' gutter! Heawever, these constable folk wur meeterly good, an' modest too, an' as mute as mowdywarps, for we geet thro' teawn wi' very little starin', an' less pumpin', an' wur at th' justice's directly.

M. Eh dear, Tummus; did'nt a hawter run strangely i' thy yed, for summut runs i' mine, as if 'twur full o' ropes an' pully beawls.

T. Waw, sithee, Mary, aw thought so plaguy hard, 'at aw could think o' nought at o, for aw'r freetn't o maks o' ways. Still, aw'd one comfort olis popt into my yed; for thinks aw to mysel', aw stown no horse, not aw, an' theaw knows 'at truth an' honesty gooin' hond i' hond howd one another's backs primely, an' ston as stiff as a gayblock.

M. True, Tummus, they're fine props, at a pinch, that's sartin. But aw long to yer heaw things turnd' eawt at th' end of o.

T. Thae's no patience, Mary, but howd thy tung, an' thae'st yer in a snift, for thae mun know 'at this same constable wur as preawd as they'd ta'en poor Tum prisner, as if thae'd ta'en a hare, an' had her i' thy brat just neaw, but th' goblin's ne'er thought 'at hangin' wouldn't be coed good sport by onybody i' ther senses, an' wur enough to edge a finer mon's teeth nor mine.

Heawever, he knoct at th' justice's dur as if he'd ha' dung it deawn. This fotcht a preawd gruff felly eawt, who put us into a pleck wi' as mony books an' pappers as a cart would howd. To this mon (who aw soon perceivt wur th' clerk), th' constable tow'd my woful, case, an' i' truth, Mary, aw'r as gawmless as a goose, an' began o' whackerin' as if aw'd stown a whol draight o' horses. Then this felly went eawt a bit, an' wi' him coom th' justice, who aw staret at very hard, an' thought he favurt Owd Jone o' Dob's, who thae knows olis wears a breawnish white wig, 'at hangs on his shoolders like keaw tails." "Well, Mr. Constable," said th' justice; "what have you brought me now?" Why, plez, yo'r worship, we'n just neaw ta'en a horse-steyler, who wur mayin' off wi' th' tit as hard as he could." Neaw, then, thought aw to mysel', neaw or never; Tum, speyk for thysel', or thae'rt throtlet at this very beawt. So aw spoke up, an' said, "that's noan true, Mr. Justice, for aw'r but gooin' at foot pace." "Umph!" said the justice, there's not much difference as to that point. Heawever, hold your tongue, young man, and speak when you are spoken to." "Well, you man, in the brown coat," said th' justice, "what have you got to say against this man here?" "Is this your horse, did you say?" "It is, sir." "Here, clerk, bring the book, and let us swear him." Here the justice said a nomony to him, an' tow'd him "he mut ta'e care o' what he said, or he met yezzily forswear hissell', or hang that youth theer." "Well, and you say this is your horse, do you?" "It is, plez your worship." "And where had you him from?" "Aw bred him, sir." "In what country?" "Colne-edge, sir." "And when was he stolen?" "Th' day before yesterday, abeawt three o'clock i' th' afternoon, for eawr Yem seed him abeawt two, an' we misst him abeawt four o'clock." "And from Colne-edge, you say?" "Yes, sir." Then th' justice turned to me, an' said—"Is all this true which this man says,—listen to me?" "It is, aw said, "part on't, an' part on't isn't; for aw didn't steyl this tit, nor is't aboon two heawrs sin' aw furst seed

it." "How came you to be riding away with it, if you didn't steal it?" "Waw, a good deed, sir: as aw'r gooin' to'rd whoam to-day, a felly wi' a little reawnd hat, an' a scrunt wig colour o' yor's welly, but shorter, o'ertook me. He wur ridin' o' one tit, an' l'yedin another. Neaw, this mon, seein' aw'r turet, becose aw went wigglety wagglety, i' th' lone, he offert me th' led tit to ride on. Aw'r fain o' th' proffer, an' geet on; but he rid off, whip an' spur, tho' he could hardly may'th' tit ceawnter, an' promist to stay on me at an aleheawse on th' road. Neaw, Mr. Justice, aw hadn't gwon three-quarters of a mile, before these folk o'ertook me, towd me aw'd stown th' tit, an' neaw han brought me here—as if aw'r a Yor'shire horse-steyley—an' this is o as true as aw'm a livin' mon, Mr. Justice."

M. Primely spok'n! Tummus; but what said th' Justice then?

T. Waw he said, "Listen to me again, youngster, an' tell me where you spent the day before yesterday, particularly in the afternoon." "Waw," said aw, "aw set eawt fro whoam soon i' th' mornin' wi' a keaw an' a cawve, for Rachda. My cawve wur kilt i' th' lone wi' a tit coakin as aw coom, an' i' th' afternoon aw'r up an' deawn i' this neighbourhood doin' my best to sell my dog, 'at folk co'n a Bandyhewit, to see if aw could ma'e th' cawve brass up for my maisther, but dear o' me, everybody were gettin' fitted wi' 'em. So aw'r left i' th' dark, an' forct to stay o' neet at Littleborough." "And where did you pass your time yesterday?" said th' Justice. "Waw," said aw, "aw maundert up an' deawn hereabeawt again o' th' same sleeveless arrand, an' wur forct to harbour o last neet in a barn wher boggarts swarm'n (Lord, bless us an' breed'n, aw believe; for everybody says it's never beawt 'em), an' to-day, as aw'r gooin whoam, aw leet o' this felly 'at aw took for a horse jockey, an' so wur taen up by these folk for a tit steyley." "But listen to me, prisoner," said th' Justice, "were you not here the day before yesterday, with the dog?" "Aw wur, Sir, but yo' wouldn't buy her, for yor'n fitted too." "What

time of day might it be, do you think?" "Between three an' four o'clock," said aw. "I believe, my man, you are either right, or thereabout," said he. "Here, constable, follow me." Neaw, Mary, what does ta think? but whol these two wur eawt a bit, this tyke of a clark coed me aside, an' proffert to bring me clear off for hawve a guinea. Aw said, "mon, if aw knew a hawter mut may neck as long as a gonner neck to-morn, aw couldn't raise hawve a guinea, for hang'd or not hang'd, aw ha' not one hawpenny to save my neck wi'." "But," says he, "will you give your note for the amount." "Aw'll gi' no notes, not aw, for aw met as weel be hang'd for this job, as steyl an' be hang'd for that, an' aw've no other way to raise it but steylin, 'at aw know on."

M. Good Lord, ha' mercy! Moor rogues an' moor, neaw; awt up o' sich scamps for ever an' a day longer, say aw.

T. Husht! husht! Mary, for neaw th' justice an' constable coom in.

M. Aw'll be hang'd mysel, iv aw do not dither for fear; but goo forrud, Tummus.

T. Well, th' Justice, after rubbin' his brow an' dryin' his face deawn, said "Mr. Constable, and you who own this tit, I must tell you that you are both in the wrong box, and have taken the wrong sow by the ear. For this youngster could not steal the horse the day before yesterday in the afternoon, for between three and four o'clock on that day, I myself saw him here, and you say the horse was stolen from Colne edge about that time. Now, he could not be at two places at one and the same time." So then he said, "Young man, I must acquit you of this charge, so go your way home, and be honest." "Aw will," said aw, "an' thanks, Mr. Justice, for yo'n pood truth eawt ov a durty pleck at long length." Aw then made him a bow, an' coom my way.

M. Bravely conn off, Tum! aye an merrily, too. Neaw, e'en God bless o honest justices, say aw.

T. Aye, aye; an' so say aw too, for aw'd good luck

at th' heel of o, or Tum hadn't been here to ha towd this tale. But yet, Mary, aw think 'at ther's meawse neeses amoon some on 'em, as weel as amoon some other folk, or why should this same clark of his, when he seed as aw'r innocent, proffer to bring me off for hawve a guinea? Hadn't this a strong savo'r o' fair chettin',—nay deawn reet nippin o' poor folk? An' does tae think 'at these justices doesn't know when these tykes play o hundert wur tricks nor this in a yer? Beside, Mary, aw yerd that fawse felly, Dick o' Yem's o' owd Harry's say, 'at he knew some on 'em at went snips with these catterpillars, their clerks, an' if so, shouldn't they be hugg'd oth' same back, an' scutcht wi' th' same rod as ther clerks.

M. Nawe, nawe, not they; for if sich things mut be done gradely, an' as they ought to be, th' bigger rascots should ha' th' bigger smacks an' moor on 'em. But greyt folk oft done what they win wi' little uns, reet or wrang, what car'n they? So let's l'yev sich to mend when they con hit on't; an' neaw tell me heaw thae went on wi' thy maisther.

T. Eh aye, by th' mass, Mary, aw'd forgotten that. Well, theaw mun know aw'd no 'scuse to may, for aw towd him heaw th' cawve wur kilt i' th' lone, 'an 'at aw'd sowd th' hide for thirteen pence. An' then aw could tell him no moor, for he nipt up th' stoo' 'at stood o' th' harstone, an' whirl'd it at me. But istid o' hittin me, it hit th' rem mug 'at stood o' th' hob, an' keyvt o' th' rem into th' fire. Then th' hond brush coom, an' whether it lam't th' chylt 'at wur i' th' cayther, aw know not, but aw laft it roarin' an' bellin', an' as aw'r scamperin' away, eawr Sarah axt me whear aw'd goo. Aw towd her 'at Nick o'th farmers greyt barn wur th' next; an' aw'd goo thear.

M. Ov oth' spots i' th' world, thear aw wouldn't ha' gwon for two hondful o' guineas.

T. Aw guess theaw m'yens becose folk sen boggarts olis haunted it. But theaw knows aw'r awfully nockt up, an' force is med'cine for a mad dog, as aw towd thee afore.

M. It matters not; it would never ha' enter'd maw yed to ha' harbort thear.

T. Well, but aw went, an' just as aw'r gotten to th' barn dur, who should aw meet but Ted o' Jeremy's, ther new mon.

M. That leet weel, for Ted's as gradely a lad as needs to nip o th' hem of a cake.

T. True; so aw towd him my case i' short, an' soory he lookt too. "Aw wish aw durst let thee lie wi' me," said he, "but aw've nobbut been here a week, so aw dar' not venture. But aw'll show thee a prime moo o' hay, an' theaw may do meeterly, for ought aw know." "That'll do;" said aw, "show it me, for aw'm stark an' ill done." So whol he'r showin' it me wi' th' lantern, he said, "Aw summat to tell thee, Tum, but aw'm loth." "Theaw m'yens abeawt boggarts," said aw. "But aw'm like to venture." "Theaw's meet hit it," said he. "An' aw con tell thee aw could like my pleck primely but for that. Heawever, as th' tits mun eawt very early, aw mun provven 'em abeawt one o'clock, an' aw'll co to see heaw thae gwos on." Said aw, "if theaw mun eawt so early, aw'll fodder an' provven th' tits for thee, an' theaw may sleep if theaw'll lay th' provven ready." Then he show'd me heaw th' moo wur cut wi' a hay knife; hawve way deawn like a greyt step, an' that aw' met come off yessily o' that side. So we bid tone tother good neet. Aw'r but just sattlet, when aw yerd summat i' th' barn. Goodness, Gracious, Mary; my flesh crept o' my bwons, an' my ears crackt again wi' hearkenin'! Presently aw yerd sombry co sawfly, "Tummus, Tummus." Aw knew th' voice, an' said, "who's that—thee, Sarah?" "Aye," hoo said. "an' aw stown a twothrey wayter porritch, an' a traycle butter-cake, if thae con eyt 'em." "Fear me not," said aw, "for aw'm as hungry as a ratten." "Mich good may they do thee," said hoo; "an' come on, for they needn no coolin'." Neaw, aw'r i' sich a flunter i' gettin' to th' wark, 'at aw'd forgett'n th' spot at Ted towd me on, so aw fell deawn off th' heest side oth' moo, an' sich a floose o' hay followed

me that it drove me reet deawn, an' Sarah too, wi' th' meyt in her hond, an' quite covert us bwoth.

M. By th' mon, but that wur a nice trick, o' th' size on't.

T. Aye, so it wur, but it leet weel 'at th' porritch wurnt scawdin, for when we'd made shift to heyve, an' creep fro under th' hay, some o' th' porritch aw fun had daubt up tone o' my een, an' th' traycle butter-cake stickt to Sarah's brat. Heawever, wi' gropin' abeawt i' th' dark, we geet up what we could, an' aw eat it in a hurry, for believe me, Mary, aw'r so keen bitten aw made no bawks at a hayseed. Whol aw're busy puttin' my cadgins eawt o' th' seet, hoo towd me 'at her fayther wur o'most distracted, an' if aw went whoam again, awst be i' danger o' bein' lam'd; an' that my mistress would ha' me to run away, for aw should be loce by Shrovetide, an' it mattert not mich. Aw thought this wur good ceawnsel, so aw axt Sarah to fotch me my tother shurt. Hoo did so, an' aw thankd her, bid her farewell, an' so we parted. Aw soon sattlet mysel' i' th' moo, under a floose o' hay, an' slept so weel 'at when aw wackent aw'r f'yert 'at aw'd o'er slept mysel, an' couldn't provven th' tits i' time.

M. It wur weel for thee 'at theaw could sleep 'at o, for awst ne'er ha' laid my een together, aw'm sure.

T. Waw but aw started up to goo to th' tits, an' slurr'd deawn th' lower part o' th' moo, an' by th' mackers, what does ta think, but aw leet astride o' summat at feld very yury, an' it started up wi' me on it back; deawn th' lower part o' th' haymoo it jumpt, crosst th' barn, eawt o' th' dur wi' me it went to th' well, as if owd Harry hissel had driven it; an' thear it threw me in, or aw fell off, aw connot tell whether, for th' life on me.

M. What, i' th' name o' Goodness, will ta say?

T. Say; waw aw say it's true as Gospel, an' aw'r so fretnt aw'r wur set to get eawt (if possible) nor aw wur when Nip an' me fell off th' bridge.

M. Aw never yerd sich tales sin' aw coom deawn th' stairs, nor no mon else, think aw.

T. Tales! by Jove! tak 'em o'together 'an they'd welly may a mon ston o' th' wrang end.

M. Well, but wur it owd Harry, thinks ta, or wur it not?

T. Aw hate to talk on't; wilt ta howd thy tung? but if it wurnt Owd Nick, he wur th' orderer on't aw'm sure.

M. Waw, Tummus, whatever wur it?

T. Bless me, Mary! theawrt so eager 'at thae'll not let me tell my tale. Waw aw didn't know mysel' what it wur of, an' heawr, if aw know yet.

M. Well, but heaw went ta on then?

T. Waw wi' mich scramblin' aw geet eawt o' th' well, an' by Jingo, believe me or believe me not, aw' couldn't tell whether aw'r in a sleawm or wack'n, whol aw gropt at my een, an' as aw'r resolv't to come no moor i' th' barn, aw' crope under a wole, an' stood like a gawby till welly day, an' just then Ted coom.

M. That chanct weel considerin' th' case 'at theawr in.

T. True lass, for aw think aw'r ne'er fainer to see nobody sin' aw'r kessent.

M. What said Ted?

T. Waw he heave up his honds, an' he blest an' he pray'd an' made sich marlocks, 'at if aw'd not been i' that woful pickle awst ha' split wi' laughin'. Then he axt me heaw aw coom to be so weet; an' why aw stoode thear, an' sich like. Aw towd him aw could gi' no acceawnt o' mysel', but that aw'r carried eawt o' th' barn by Owd Nick, as aw thought.

M. Aw'd olis a notion what it 'ould prove i' th' heel ov o.

T. Aw pray thee, howd thy tung a bit. Theaw puts me eawt. Aw towd him aw thought it wur Owd Nick, for it wur vast strong, very yury, an' swifter nor a race-horse.

M. Eh, what a greyt marcy it is yo'r where yo' are, Tummus!

T. Aye, so't is, for it's moor nor aw expected. But theaw'st yer. Ted wur so flayed wi' that bit 'at aw'd towd him, 'at he geet me by th' hond, an' said, "come, Tummus, let's flit fro' this pleck; for maw part, aw'll not stay one minute longer." Said aw, "if theaw'll fotch

my shurt eawt o' th' barn, aw'll goo wi' thee." "Nay," said he, "that aw'll never do, whol my name's Ted." "Wau," said aw, "then aw'm like to goo beawt it." "Do not trouble thy nob abeawt that, aw've two awhoam, an' aw'll gi' thee th' tone. Come, let's get off," said he. So we'rn marchin' away, but before we'd gwon five rood, aw seed summat, an' set up a greyt skrike (for aw thought aw'd seen Owd Nick again). Says Ted, "what are ta flade wi' neaw, Tummus?" Aw pointed wi' my finger, an' said, "is'nt that Owd Harry?" "Which," said he. "That under th' hedge," said aw. "Nawe, nawe, nought o' th' kind. That's eawr young cowt, ut lies her eawt," said Ted. "The dickons, it is," said aw. "But aw think i' my heart, that carried me eawt o' th' barn." Then Ted axt me if th' dur wur oppen?" Aw tow'd him aw thought it wur. "But aw'm sure aw shut it," said Ted. "That met be," said aw; "for after theaw laft me, eawr Sarah brought me my supper, an' hoo mut l'yev it oppen. "By th' mass," said Ted, "if so, Tum, this very cowt 'll prove th' boggart! let's into th' barn, an' see, for it's not so dark as 'twur." "Wi' o my heart," said aw; "but let's stick to th' tone tother's honds." An' thus we went into th' barn, an' by th' mon, Mary, aw know not what to think, but ther wur a yep o' cowt dung upo' th' lower part o' th' hay mough, an' th' place where it had lyen, as plain as a pike staff. But, still, if it wur it at carried me, aw wonder heaw aw could stick on so long, it wur i' sich a hurry to get away.

M. What the dickens! it signifies nought, for whether yo' stickt on or fell off, aw find 'at er Owd Nick wur th' cowt 'at lies her eawt.

T. Waw, aw cannot say a d'yel abeawt it, it looks likely, as theaw says. But if this wur not a boggart, *aw think ther never wur noan, if they'd been rectly sift.d into.*

M. Aw'm much i' thaw mind, but did ta leet o' thy shurt?

T. Aye, an' aw ha't i' my pocket, sithee, for it's but just neaw 'at aw took my l'yev o' Ted, an' neaw, theaw sees, aw'm runnin' my country.

M. An' what does ta intend to do?

T. Aw think o' bein' an ostler, for aw con cl'yen a stable, and kem an' fettle horses as weel as ony one on 'em, though theaw may think aw'm braggin'.

M. Nay, aw con believe thee.— Eh, laws, what a chat han we had, aw cannot eem to stay ony longer. Good luck be wi' thee, for aw mun away.

T. Howd! nay, Mary, let me ha' one smeawtcher at partin', for theaw'rt noan one o' th' feaw uns, noather.

M. Nay,— Neaw,— So 'Tummus, thee goo an' smeawtch Sarah o' Dick's, if yo' been so lovin'.

T. Waw, neaw, heaw spiteful theaw art. What, if a body does like Sarah, ther's nobody but they likn somebody.

M. Aye, true, Tummus, but then, sometimes somebody likes somebody else.

T. Aw guess what thae myens, for theaw'rt hintin' at that flopper meawth leatheryed, Bill o' Owd Katty's becose 'at folk says Sarah hankers after him. Aw wonder what the deuce hoo con see in 'im, aw'm mad at her.

M. Like enough, for it's a feaw life to love thoose 'at lov'n other folk. But theaw'rt a cawve robin, to heed her, for ther's noan sich nice talk abeawt her.

T. Waw, what done they say?

M. Aw may not tell. Beside, theaw'd happen not tak' it so weel, if a body should.

T. Well, aw cannot be mad at ta, chus what thae says, so long as theaw but harms after other folk.

M. Waw, then, they sen 'at—'at—'at—

T. 'At what, Mary? Speak eawt!

M. Well, to be plain wi' thee, they sen at her mother has catcht Bill o' owd Katty's, an hur together.

T. Eh—the—good Lord, bless us! is that true?

M. True; heaw should it be other ways, for her mother wur cryin' an soughin' to my mistress last Monday abeawt it.

T. Dang it, Mary! aw'm fit to cruttle deawn into th' greawnd. Aw'd liefer ha' ta'en forty eawls!

M. Waw, look thee neaw. Aw'm very sorry for it.

God help it. Will it topple o'er? Mun aw howd it yed whol it heart gi'es way a bit?

T. Eh, Mary, theaw little knows heaw it makes my heart goo thump, thump. If theaw did, thae wouldn't make sich a foo on me.

M. Aw con hardly howd fro laughin', to see heaw fast thae art i' love's clutches. But aw thought aw'd try thee.

T. Mary! what does ta m'yen?

M. Waw aw've tow'd thee a parcel o' lies a purpose to pump thee.

T. The Dickins tae thee, Mary. What an awkward plague theau art! What did to flay me thus for? Aw'd liefer ha' gwon thee an arrand o' forty mile.

M. Aye, a hundert rayther than ha' had it to been true. But aw thought aw'd try thee.

T. Well, an' if aw dunnot try thee oather sooner or latter, it'll be a marvel.

M. It's a great marcy yo' cannot do't neaw, for cruttlin deawn. But aw mun away, for if my dame be comn whoam there'll be rickin. Well, think on 'at yodn rayther ha' taen forty eawls.

T. Awst think 'at theawrt a bit frisky, chus what Sarah o' Richard's is.

M. Aw yerd 'em say 'at guessin's akin to lyin', an' 'at proof o' th' puddin's ith' eyghtin'. So farewell, Tummus!

T. Mary, fare thee weel heartily! an' gi' my love to Sarah, let't leet heawt will.

M. Will ta forgi' me, then?

T. By th' miss, will aw, Mary; fro' th' bottom o' my crop.