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[193] A Dialogue in the Vulgar Language of Storth and Arnside, with a Design to mark for our Posterity, the Pronunciation of A.D. 1760. See page 100 of [MS].

Robert of Arnside] Taw's varra sean, Man, this cald Morning; pray tha' naw, whilk road takst Ta?

Tammy of Storth] Marry knaw I, Robbin. Mabby wa'd net let me lig a bed, soa aut I gat before a Body cou'd ken yan's finger end. It was bleady cald indeed; marry, had net I leat a Clodd, before Janny's Son knock'd at th' Window.

Robert] Hears't ta, wha's Janny's Son?

Tammy] [?], Taw kens lang legg'd Josee.

Robert] Eigh, Eigh, bless Ma.

The Salamanca Corpus: A Bran New Wark (1785)

Tammy] Soa as I was gangen to tell The, what said He, ista for Skeer? I was meeterley easy, quite matterless about It; but hawsomiver He egg'd Ma on, and I donn'd my Cloggs. He's stayan about a Pannier an el o'ertack Ma before I git to Cobler Roberts.

Robert] Ye baath want to be starv'd. Pray tha did ta see aut of aur black Stirk? Dun Why, & its gitten out o' th Fald this Minute amast, we ha sic a plague with Them, burn Them!

Tammy] I saw summat like two Bease nippen ith Blackidyke Loan, a Dunnen & a Black An.

Robert] Hee Coaly! Coaly! Wia good Luck to Ya. But Tammy!

Tammy] Haw says Ta?

Robert] I'll bett Ta a braad piece ye dunnet addle as mickle ta day, as we did Fryday was a Week.

Tammy] What likely, ye taen some pawer o' Fleaks.

Robert] Fleaks I marry come up! by'th Mess I hennet seen yan this fortnet, but did net Ta hear? Flead left a Girt Porpoise annenst aur Hause Deer. It had bee up as heegh as Bummiesha's, but was scramblen back with th' Ebb, an was lushing about in a lile splash o' Water ith bare Sand.

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[194] Tammy] Was it whick says Ta?

Robert] Whick, emeskins it baad Us Killing, but We gave it its Way-gate at last.

Tammy] I niver saw but yan emy life, they er terrible ugly Creatures, haw did Ye Manage it at last, Man?

Robert] I'll tell Tha. Billy & Jacky said, Father, what's Tat. We were sitting at Dinner, dure open, Lord aboon knaws said I; aut we O ran; Lads gat either a Stour. Billey's a courageous barn faith, He laid on Man, every girt bang, Thau wad a deed with laughing to seen haw Sand & Water flew about; Dogs were as fond ath Sport as we Christians. They bark'd & bate sare; but there was naa keeping their Hald. Efter working hofe an Haur Jacky with a deadly blaw laid it belly up bank.

The Salamanca Corpus: A Bran New Wark (1785)

Tammy] O brave! Wee's heve a Storm Robbin. It's a sign o' bad Weather when Them haten things cum up Sand. Dawkers scream'd sadly last neeght & th' Streamers shot wuite to th' middle of th' Alliment. but what become oth' Porpoise?

Robert] Wa worth it, We knew net what to make on't. Wife said naa Saul in his Senses wad taste si a faul Thing. I was for trying to sell it at Lancaster, Ladds wad carry it about for a Show. Marjery scolded sare, nay Father, yeel find naa sic Magezzlins; wha'l gee ye out to see that ugly Creature?

Tammy] By my Saul I sud a been ove her way a Thinking.

Robert] Tau & Hers mistaken e Folks. I ha seen Feals before naw & aur Barns ell see Feals when we er dead & rotten. Ta tell tha truly, I buckled Galloway into the Cart, cover'd up Porpoise in an ald Sheet & away went Ladds & I.

Tammy] Thau hed oways a Head for Invention, Gang on with thy Story. Midden was fits place for it.

Robert] Wia Mon we fetch'd by Warton, Boughton & Sline; Billey was Pursebearer & at Skerton Cross, he leak'd [i'] his Pocket & hed net we gitten at a hapenny a

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[195] peice Two Shillings & 11 pence. Lads poor things were teata dry, They ran to th' becksid & slocken'd their sells purely. I gat a pot of ale, & it help'd me on bravely to the Tawn. We show'd it at ivery Hawse in Brig Loan, & when we come to the Fish Stones what thinks't Ta maade we on't thare?

Tammy] Pray tha, what?

Robert] As I hope to be sav'd, we selt it for four pence a Pund & brought Hame four & twenty Shillings o but neen pence.

Tammy] Larelys! but ye hed special Luck. Yonder comes Lang Leggs.

Robert] Mappen ye'll co' as ye come back.

Tammy] Nay we's gang by the Tawer. Josee hes a Yow dead a back oth' Knott; & I promiss'd to flea it for him. Legs ell be varra good Meat when they ve hung a bit ith Chimney.

Robert] Eigh marry They'll be good hung Mutton at Kendall.

The Salamanca Corpus: *A Bran New Wark* (1785)

Tommy] Nay! nay! I'll net tek 'am thither, that Trick 'ell net fetch naw.

Robert] Ye Storthers er cunning enough for ald Nick!

Tammy] Net quite so bad as Arnsiders hawiver.

Finis.

