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***Forness Folk, the'r Sayin's an' Dewin's; or
Sketches of Life and Character in Lonsdale North
of the Sands (1870)***

[Pages 1-2 omitted]

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AMANG T' ROWNDHEEADS

A fine summer day I thowt I'd gang oover Kirby Moor an' see for mesell what mak o' folk they wor i' thor parts, an' leek at the'r girt sleatt quarries an' company. I set off by t' Gillbanks efter I'd suppt me poddish i' t' mornin', an' fadged away up Gamswell, oover a terbil knoppy rooad till I began to think it wos langsome and dreesome beath, but efter a bit I landt at top o' Hasty Gill Brow.

I rested a lile bit, for I's gittin rayder puffy ye knā, and wiped sweet off me feass wi' a hankutcher, and leeakt o' rownd an' square, aboon and belah. Shanky-naggy's nearly out o' fashun now, or else meny a body amang t' better end i' Ooston I thowt mud finnd a benefit if they nobbut wod come up here i' good time i' t' mornin' isteed o' neslan abed tui neann varra near. Thai isn't a finer seet

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anywhārs ner that 'un—I doat care whār it is. Bonny lile Ooston ligs as snug as owt can be at t'boddom, an' away past it thar's t' seeah an' swarms o' gulls, wi' vessels, an' Chapel Island, an' Lancaster Moor at t'other side o' t' watter. Thar's t' Barrow monniment a top o' Hoad o' yā side, an' t' Priory Park an' woods at t'other, an' ivvery house i' t'town as plain ye may amaist leak down t'chimleys. I've heeard tell o' t' sublime an' ridikulous cummin' varra near tul yan anudder, but I dudn't think it wod ha' dun sooa here.

I thowt o' aad Jim Dyson, an' I lafft till I varra near brost mysel, an' me sides wor seear. Aad Jim gat ont' spree yance at t' Black Bull, an' when he sud a setten off yam he sed t' rooad wos sooa dree it leeakt at 'em cruelly. Yā fella sed it wos nowt; he cud wheel enny man leeving oover it, and wod dew it for five shiilin'. "Done," sez Jim, "I'll tak the'," an' t' bargin was meadd. A weight o' folk seed them start, an' a fine hake ther' was, ye may depend on't. Jim hed suppt a conny lot, but he wos nin soft, an' he kept middlin' wyat till they gat clooass tull Gamswell. At last they com tull Hasty Gil, an' t' fella fund t' barrow a sayrious

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weight, an' he want't Jim to git owt and walk up t' brow, but Jim wodn't. "Nay, nay," he sed, "a bargin's a bargin. I'll be wheelt o' t' way into Kirby or I'll pay nowt, net a farden piece." Sooa t' sily fella hed to dew it, an' a rare toke it meadd at t' time—aad Jim ewst ta brag terbly a lang while efter, that he wos t' furst man 'at hed been wheelt oover t' fell in a barrow. Poor aad Jim! T' last time I seed him he toked about gaain tull Amerika, an' he's aboon seventy. "What ye knà," he sed, "I sall nobbut be a fortneth

aalder enny way.” Sec breks folk hed wi’ ‘em sometimes. Yance oover a off-cum chap at t’ Punch Bowl wod twitch some yars owt o’ Jim nooaz end wi’ a par o’ tweezers, an’ he let him dew it. Efter t’ man hed done Jim ext him if he want’t owt mair wi’ him.

I seean went by Horass farm an’ gat to t’ beck at Harlock. It ewst ta gang accross t’ rooad yā while, but they’ve gitten it cuvvert in now, an’ a lile lah brig oover it. I yance heeard a teel telt about t’ aad possty ‘at woked atween Ooston and Whitehevven yance oover ‘at leet on a lile lad at this varra beck. T’ lile lad hed a cofe in a helter, an’ was

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tryin his best ta git it oover t’ beck, but it woddent gang, sooa he ext possty to blah behint in t’ lug on’t, an’ mappen that wod flay it. T’ lad was on t’ steppin steanns, an’ t’ aad man meadd a girt blast wi’ t’ horn o’ on a suddent wi’ sic foorce ‘at beeast loupt clean down t’ poo, an’ draggt lad in t’ watter. He hisk’t when he went in, but as seean es he pickt hissel up he sed, “Duz ta co’ that’un a likely blah for a cofe? It wos big enuff for a buli, thou!” Yance oover, when t’ meeda wos nin draynt, an’ t’ watter ewst ta gedder terbly atween Raadmoss an’ Harlock i’ a girt poo, a chap gat intul a cow tub, an’ thowte he wod just hev a bit of a ride, an’ push hissel wi’ a stick. Efter a bit he com i’ contact wi’ t’ middle o’ t’ beck whār t’ stream wos ganging at a cruel speed, sooa he hed a sharpish time on it in t’ dub, for he fund hissel wesh’t oover three fields varra seann, an’ t’ sapheed rooart owt for help. A hind at wark a bit off com up an’ showt’t to t’ fella i’ t’ tub ta ex him whār he com frae. “Frae Raadmoss, i’ England,” t’ chap sed. “Seavv me!”

I wrowte away oover t’ moor now, passin by spots whaar folk hed greavvt toppins an’

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spread ‘em to dry. It’s a wild leekin pleass, wi’ nowt but ling an’ moss, an’ mowdywarp hills, an’ pisimire nests ah’ dodderin girse, an’ brakens—varra thin pickin’ for owt at hes to leeve on’t. Ther’ wos jenny-spinners, girse-hoppets an’ midges, an’ bees bumman about i’ thowsand. I cud see t’ Dudden belah, an’ Millom, an’ Black

Cowmb, as plain as a pictur. It leeakt nobbut a catloup, efter o', intul Millom. Behint yā corner o' Black Cowmb, reet in t' sea, ther's a iang crag stickin' up, an' frae what I'd heeard tell, I thowt it mud be t' Isle o' Man.

T' rooad wos o' down bank now, sooa I manisht gayiy weel; an' when I gat to t' mili at Beckside, I meadd accross t' fields reet away to t' Crah brow, whā t' sleatt office is, an' men skiftin' sleatts owt o' lile waggins intul girt uns on t' railrooad. I gat leeave at t' office to gang up i' t' waggins; an' while they wor gittin riddy I watch'd a chap catchin' eels i' Kirby poo. He whipt 'em owt yan efter anudder as sharp as ivver he cud; yan mud ha' suppoozed t' eels wos waitin the'r torn ta be takken owt. I sa' t' rowm whār o' the'r girt meetins er heM; an' a gradely spot, tew,

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for sic like jobs it seem'd. Teetotal chaps hed hed the'r treat an' yearly meetin', an' o' t' decorashuns were on t' wo's, meakkin a tremendius consarn o' t' inside. A man telt me ta git intul yan o' t' empty waggins, an' ta keep me heead lah down while I went under t' brig a bit up t' incline.

T' waggins set off at a terble reatt, maist like fleein' of owt, an' I seed a reapp pooin' 'em, but nowte else. When we'd gitten abowt hofe way up, I met a lock mair waggins, full o' sleatts, gaan down as fast as if they wor ganging be steeam, an' anudder reapp teed to t' hinder end o' them.

T' lile train seean gat to t' top, an' then a chap i' a sma' wood howse com owt an' dropt a bar reet accross t' line. "Hello! Will," sez I, "how is ta, me lad, an' how's aad Deeavid?" Will stayrt at me a good while, an' sed, "Middlin', how's yersell;" but he dudn't ken me, sooa I thowt I wodn't let on. I ext 'em if he twin'd thor waggins up t' brow wi' a masheen or owt inside his box, and he girmed an' sed, "Nay, nay, barn, I isent quite match to dew that yet." "Wy, then," I sez, "how is it dun?" Sooa Will a-mak a show'd

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me how t' full waggins pood t' empty yans up t' incline, and whār t' reapp meadd o' wires went oover t' rollers atween t' rails. "Wy, if that duzzent cap the divvel," sez I, "I nivver seed sic mak' o' wark afooar." I telt 'em I thowt it was a terble nice spot, an' a good leak owt tull it ano', and he ed, "Wy, mappen it wos, but it wos rayder o' t' wetteest sometimes."

Prizzently I set off heigher up, for ther' wos a bit furder ét gang, but t' waggins duddent run o' t'way that time. I fun' mesell arnang heeaps o' rubbish an' brokken steanns, wi' clinkin' an' hammerin' an' rumblin' gaain on o' rownd, but I cuddent see a body anywhars. In abowt five minnits I reeacht t' top, whār lile rails ran abowt ivvery whārs varra near—sum cummin' out o' dark hooals, and gangin' reet across a wide level spot, wi' a lock o' shades evven on t' edge. Ther' was t' bell that co's t' quarry foke to wark, an' tells 'em when ta leeave off; an' I meakk na dowt it sounds plainer at neet than i' t' rnomn, if I isent mistacken.

I meead oover to t' forside o' this pleass, past sum girt weighs, and saa o' t' fellas ageeatt.

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Lads wos drivin' horses an' waggins owt o' t' tunnels, an bringin' girt clogs o' stuff to t' chaps i' thor shades as they co' ryvers, to be keekt up reet in front o' them. I'd heeard a deaal o' toke about this rying job, sooa I teakk partiklar noatis o' yā chap as seem't ta hev it off gayly weel. He layt't owt a girt lump o' mettle, hofe as heigh as hissels, fra his leadd, an' set it up on end, an' then tappt deftly reet accross it fra yan side to t' other, ta scrat a mark like. He hed a queerly sooart o hammer, wi' a sharp edge at ayder side, an' he streakk oover t' seamm coorse again an' again, liggin' on mair ivv'ry time, till at iast it reavv off clean throo, seamm as a bit o' wood. It leeakt varra eeazy, an' I telt 'em sooa. He sed, "Ey, wy, it is ta them at knaas how èt dew it, and hes sarred the'r time tull it." He let me try a lile bit, but I fund it owt it wos nin o' my job, for I wos varra num indeed.

Evven anenst wos a fella sittin' on t' ground, dressin' t' sleatts his mate hed rivven up atop of a thing afooar 'em like a dure screeaper, wi' an' aad carvin' knife or summat

o' t' mak, an' he choppt corners off yan end till it wos rownd. I ext 'em what he wos dewin', an' he sed,

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"Meeakin' Kirby Rowndheads, thou, duzzent ta see." "What's ta say," I clappt in deftly, "hezzen t' foke rownd heeds i' Kirby, then?" "Nea, that's o' maapment. Sum mafflin' fella set it agaa'in' yance, but it's t' sleatts ye knā et gev that bye-neamm to t' spot, 'cos the'r kenspak amang udder sooarts." "Thow's larnt me summat I duddent knā afooar," I sed, "an' I'se obleegt ta the';" but I thowt ta mesell, "That is a hefter."

I tornd rownd an' leakt abowt me, an' I cud see rubbish hilis on t' fell side for a mile or mair, an' t' fellas keekin' waggins o' steanns o'er t' batteries, as they co'd 'em, an' flingin' girt uns down wi' a terble clatter to t' boddom, slap bang on tul an aad howse 'at poor foke hed bin flayt out on, likely. Down belah wos Beeanthe, Grizebeck, Brou'ton Tower, Dunnerhowm, t' mosses, an' t' railroad, an' o' that. Behint wos Cunnisen Aad Man, Scofell, an' a lock mair, an' a cruel lumpy country ano'.

I leet on a chap gaan wi' a jumper fra t' smiddy to yan o' t' quarries, sooa I followt 'em, an' just as we gat tul it, thay fyert a shot wi' a tremendius bang, like thunner, an' smook com up i' clouds. When it cleart off ther'

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wos a hooal big enuff to hod o' Ooston amaist, an' down i' t' boddom t' quarry fellas wos runnin' abowt as rank as mice in a meel kist. I wos fairly gloppen'd, sooa I mud as weel speak truth at yance, for I nivver seed sic a awful spot i' o' me life. Ther' wos menny mair sic like, but I cuddent bide ét see 'em, sooa I gat on to t' fell side an' set off torts t' Chapeis.

I seed a thing atop on a haymoo or shuppen or summat, like a wedder-cock, but it wos a rum'an! It hed a man gaan a shuttin wi' dogs an' gun, an' a yār afooar 'em twistin' about i' t' wind. An aad fella wos sledderin' alang yam fra t' quarry, sooa I ext 'em what wos ét dew wi' him, for he leakkt varra badly, "I'se rayder wankly, ye see, but it's nobbut aad age cummin' o' me," he sed; "this yat wedder an' hard wark fairly

knocks a body up, but I've wrowte aboon forty year on t' fell. I hev bin terble bad, barn, an' off wark a bit. I'se a cruel seet better, sooa ye see I gang hofe a day at furst, till I can mannish a yall un."

"What the hangment's yon?" I sed, pointin' to t' thing I hed been leakkin' at when he com up. "Ey, wy, that's a bit o' aad Bat's

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wark, an' he dud it o' wi' t' hammer." "Whā's he?" I ext. "I sud ha' thowte ivvery body kent aad Bat varra near; but he's gone down now, poor fella. He was varra notable, wos Bat, an' meadd a deaal o' fancy things for different foke i' his ā'n lile smiddy. He ligg'd i' bed a lang while afooar he deed, an' ewst ta git up ta leet his pipe, an' gang back again. Yance oover, t' lile parson co'd at dure, an' ext t' aad 'ooman if he mud see her husband, as he'd hard he wos i' bed. T' aad wife sat by t' fire, an' she sed, "See 'em—see t' divvel's as like. He's rovven o' t' bed ta bits, an's lost amang t' caff." "Gok sonn!" I sed, an' I dud laff. "I'll upho'd 'em it's true," t' aad man sed. Be this time we'd gitten ta Kirby Ho', an' a queerly aad-fashont pleass it is, but we were fooarst èt part company, sooa I went forrad under a brig and away on t' rooad for a mile to'rt Beckside.

A frend o' mine yance tellt me he wos i' Kirby a lang while sen, an' he co'd at a publichouse (we needn't mention t' neamm), for he'd hed nowt èt itt o' t' day, an' wos varra gyversom. He ext if they hed enny caad meatt or owt, as he want't sum dinner meakkin' ridy,

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gayly sharp. "Nea, we hev nowt o' t' mak," t' landleddy sed. He try't if they hed enny mutton, or a bit o' beef, or ham an' eggs, but they duddent keep hens, an' heddent a bit o' bacon i' t' house. T' fella begun ta feel varra waffy, an' he sed mebbe she wod meakk a dish o' tea, "Ey, I dar say I can." Efter a bit she set tea on t' teable, an' a plate o' breead an' butter, sooa t' chap set ta wark ta sup intul it, but he'd nobbut gitten start't, when he showt't "Hey! mistress, ye've forgotten t' milk." She com in an' sed

they hed nin, net a drop, sooa t' poor fella hed ta dew wi' nowt but a varra plain tea indeed.

I gat to t' Punch Bowl just i' time ta be oer leeat for t' dinner; but t' landlord dowter seann meadd me summat èt itt. She wod ha' warmt me sum taty hash, nobbut I want't ham an' eggs. Ivvery thing about t' pleass vos bonny an' cleean, cans an' tins, an' brass cannell sticks, an' chimley creann an' creakks as breet as silver. A rare good dinner I hed, an' left nea clart o' me plate, ye may be sewer. I heddent bin i' Kirby for a lang while, sooa I ext William ta hev a glass (he duzzent smook 'bacca), an' we hed a reet

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good crack, ye knā, about Ossick, an' aad times, Hee wozzent i' sic varra good fettle, poor fella; cos he'd lost t' wife a bit afooar. Hooiver, I vos reet glad t' finnd 'em speakkin' so weel on her—I'se olas pleeast ta hear a man praise his wife—but aad Betty vos a clevver woman, an' a reet good mannisher.

A man may spend
And God will send,
If his wife be good to ought:
But man may spare
And still be bare,
If his wife be good to nought.

William show'd me t' rooad ower t' fields ta Sowtergeatt, as I hed time plenty ta gang rownd theear afooar t' train com. I ewst to ken an aad Cumberlan' body 'at leevt thar, cos she olas co'd ta see owr foke when she com to t' markut. She'd just thraan down a girt leadd o' fire eldin, she'd fetcht off t' fell, when I fund her house. "Hoo is ye, to-day? an' hoo's o' at yam?" she sez. "What we're o' middlin', I think," I sed, an' tell't her I cuddent leave t' pleass whattivver wi'owt geein' her a showt. "Ye dud reet," she sed, "I'se fain èt see ye," an' she heid t' snuff box

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owt efter she'd tain a reet good snifter hersel. She wod ha' meadd me a cup o' tea, but I heddent mich time èt spar, sooa we clattert away, ye knā, as hard as we cud gang.

I wos flayte o' missin' t' train, sooa I daarant gang to t' smiddy, but meadd t' best o' me way to San'side, an' efter waitin' a bit, t' train com in, an' I gat seaff yam i' good time for t' supper, weel satisfyt wi' me day's owtin'.

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T' POOR MINERS I' FORNESS

Oert weltin fortunes hes bin meadd i' Forness amang thor red mynd pits at time an' time. Plenty o' foke as is leevin' now can think on when nobbut hofe a dozen aad men scrat't a lile bit o' iron ore atop o' Lindal Moor into swills, to be cart't away to Bardsea to gang i' yan er two flats across t' seea; an' t' last year (1868) varra near eight hundred thousan' ton wos gitten i' Forness. Mair 'en yan body lait't an' boor't o' oeer to finnd some o' this red stuff, an' nivver leet on owte worth while—sooa it's a rayder slippery bis'ness is this mak o' wark. Some spots whaar t' muck on t' top wos red as blood dudent torn out a bit, an' udders whaar nowte but rock cud be seen, ther' wos mynd for ivverrnair.

Foke es wos flait o' spendun' brass ext some o' thor jollyjists to come an' leakk ower t'

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country side to tell them whaar to sink, an' to larn them o' t' likeliest pleasses to dig for t'oor. A lock o' thor off-come chaps seann began prowlin' about, grubbin' an' greavvin', an' pickin', an' chippin' steanns an' o' maks o' tricks; but at t' end of o' they wor fairly maddled an' moidert amang it, an' gev it up as a bad job. An' what's mair, nin o' them cud meakk out how t' iron oor wos meadd. Yā fella sed it hed o' settled frae t' sypins o' t' fells intul sops i' t' limestone; anudder sed he believ't 'at t' grund hed been shakken up wi' a yearthquake an' fire, an' t' metal hed bubbl't an' boil't up frae t' bottom o' somewhaars; an' a lock o' them meadd it out as it wos done wi' t' thunner an'

leetnin', an' nowte else; an' thor udder fellas es toked different knew nowte, an' wor o' wrang togidder. This wos a bonny come up, ye knā, for them es want't to be among this stuff es sic fine fortunes wor gitten wi', wor t' first èt try away still an' gang be guess wark, seamm as the'r fadders dud afooar them, nobbut they gat steam engines to wark èt boor wi' an' cud gang a parlish seet deeper.

Wy, barn, efter a pit hes bin sunken it's

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meeast sayrious hard wark to git t' oor out o' t' rock, an' they hev èt blast wi' powder some chance time to skift it. Some poor fellas hes to work arnang watter in t' boddom, or else doubled up i' varra lile rowm indeed, or propt atween t' sides o' t' level whaar they can hardly git a pick to swing. It's sic a sleavvish job, an' sa cruel yat for want o' air belah, that they can't bide as lang as if they wor at wark on t' top, sooa they hev what they co' *shifts*— neet shifts an' day shifts—net shirts, ye knaa, but torn an' torn about, sooa as to git eight hours of a spell for a day-wark. They stick cannels i' lumps o' clay to see what the'r dewin', but it's nea eeasy rnatter at t'best o' times.

Yance oover a slonkin sooart of a chap ext for a leet job o' some mak at t'pits. T' captin partly-what kent t' fella, an' set 'em to pump in a spot at t'bottom. He gayly seann funnd out 'at he'd gitten hod of a queerly mak of a job, for he mud ayder keep pump, pumpin' away or else be drown't, t' watter com in that fast. Sooa, for yance in his life, t'idle taistrel wos as gradely fit up as if he'd bin sent to t' treadd-mill for a month.

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Some o' t' companies hev wesh houses fit up wi' warm watter, an' an aad man, as is pension'd for bein' leamm'd, or badly, or summat, keeps the'r cleaz dry while they're o' underground, sooa when they come up out o' t' pit o' greeast oover wi' this red paint like, they can gang in an' clean the'rsells—doff the'r wet things an' don the'r dry yans. It's a pity but what o' t' iron maisters provid't sic accommodashun for the'r poor wark foke. It wod surprise a deal o' grand foke to see thor poor miners, m'appen twenty or

thirty at yance in t' middle o' t' neet, hofe neakked, scrubbin' the'rsels to git freshent up afooar gangin' yam.

Terble accidents come sometimes, an' poor fellas git mash't to bits varra near. Ther's clubs for 'em èt leets of a misfortin or complent, but ther's a girt difference i' ther' management, for while at yā spot t' men gits ten shillin' a week sick pay, an' summat han'som' èt bury 'em wi' (if they need it), at anudder they nobbut git about hofe-a-crown a week, an' seamm to pay in at beath pleasses. It's a queerly mannisht job, that's what it is, an' caps many a yan.

Well, a body wad sartin-ly suppoaz èt thor

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chaps èt hes sic terble nasty, dang'rous wark to dew, wod be glad to git yam an' be wyat, but it's net ol'as t' keass. A lock o' them can nivver git by thor jerry-shops on' t'rooad side, but mun git sumrnat to sup on ivvery like, till they offen fill the'rsells varra full o' drink, an' feight an' fratch, an' meakk cruel hakes. When they gang away again i't' mornin' they er somtimes num wi' bein' drunk t' neet afooar, an' tummel, an' hort the'rsells as seann as they git ageatt. Some o' t' aad 'ans es hes gitten weel seeason'd can sup up a gay lock o' drink. Ther's yā aad sinner, atop o' t' moor yet, èt can tak a reet good skin-full, for t' wife says she can't tell he ails a thing, net even smell 'em, till he's hed on to twenty pirit.

A weight o' t' miners nivver gang tul a church or a pleass o' worship o' nea mak, an' t' parsons is sa terble hard wrought on Sunda's that they hevent time to lait the'r lost sheep on t' warda's. An odd 'an or two here an' there does gradely weel, but t' main ruck o' them's sic-an'-sic-like.

A goodish teall's telt about yā chap co'd Ned, es hed bin lectur't be t' maister for not gangin' tul a church, a parlish lock o' times,

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but Ned woddent. Hooiver, yā Sunda' a new preacher com' for t' day, while t' parson 'at belangt pleass was off a lile bit. T' next day when Ned seed t' maister, he was riddy an' keen enuff to teil 'em he'd bin to t' sarvice, an' heard t' freysh man. When he was

ext what he thowte on him, Ned sed, “Wy, t’ man dud varra weel, I meakk nea doubt, but he hed a terble *leet colour’d* voice.”

Anudder time, an aad chap at Ossick, ‘at hedden’t bin to church for a cruel lang while, aboon twenty year, I’ll bail ‘em, for o’ t’ priest hed bin at ‘em till he wos fairly bet wi’ ‘em, he wos sic a stordy aad tyke, suddenly meadd up his mind to gang, an’ he sat away an’ sat away o’ t’ time, tul t’ priest wos through wi’ his sarment amaist, an’ sed “world without end.” “Warl’ wi’ out end,” t’ aad fella scream’d out, reet up amang them o’—an’ he dud meakk them stare aboon a bit—” nay I think it’s nivver gaan to be an end.” T’ parson went to ex him what he dud o’ thattan for, an’ sed it wos sic a thing to dew to behave sa badly. T’ aad fella telt him t’ reeason in a minute. He sed, t’ wife hed putten a duck to boil, an’ some payz, an’ he knew varra weel

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they wod be spoilt, sooa he cuddent bide an’ it meant nowte he mud speakk out. Efter a bit, t’ aad man surpriz’d o’ t’ parish be gaain’ to church again, an’ when o’ was oer, an’ ivvery body hed gitten out, he sat away still in t’ seatt, till at last t’ parson com tul ‘em, an’ sed he wos fain èt see ‘em, but what wos to dew he dudden’t gang yam. “Wy,” sez t’ fella, “me aad mistress hes putten a hen intul t’ pot for t’ dinner, an’ it’s sebbenteen year aald, sooa I kent it wod tak a parlish girt while to git done, an’ I thowte this wos t’ likeliest spot to come tul to put time off.” He wos nea gommeral thattan, an’ he likely thowte he’d teann t’ best means o’ larin’ them he duddent set mich be the’r teddisum bis’ness.

Well, efter o’s sed an’ done, ther’s a lile bit o’ rowm for improvement i’ t’ poor miners o’ Forness, an’ them ‘at’s takkin pains to meakk better men o’ them sud gang to t’ cottages whaar they leev, an’ ex t’ wives a few things, an’ then co’ at t’ nearest shopkeepers an’ hear what they’ve gitten to say about it eno’, an’ they’ll finnd a deal mair out than they’re aware on. Some bleamms t’ lang pays, some t’ jerries,

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some t' *bad limes*, bad health, bad manishment, an' o' maks o' things; but ther's sewer to be a gay bit o' grumblin' amang hands.

When they've follow'd that partly, they sud gang an' hev a toke wi' thor chaps es hes bin meadd captins o' mines, reet tidy fellas, as stiddy as t' aald fashon't Winsters clocks, an' they'll tell 'em mair than them o'. T' miners gang to wark at o' hours o' t' neet, an' they generally what pay a triflin' matter tul an aald woman to knock them up at t' time they want. Yā poor thing may be seen 'i Oostan trampin' about o' maks o' weathers, wi' a lile nob-stick to lig on to t' dures wi'. Ey, wy, ye may be sewer o' yā thing, as ther's a deal o' quality an' varra yabble foke es knaas lile about thor chaps as follows t' pits. As t' aad woman sed, "Te-a hofe o' foke duzzent knā how t' udder hofe leeves at o', an' sooa than."

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COCKLES AN' FLEEAKS

Me mind hed bin meadd up a lang while to gang an' see cockles an' fleeaks catcht, t' varra first time I'd a chance, sooa I set off yā day èt hev an exkorshun to Bayclay. At Dragley Beck I seed t' cottage whaar Sir John Barrow was born, an' it leakt alert some way, but at last I fund it out 'at t' thack hed bin teann off, an' sleatts put on t' top asteed. Yan can see t' Monniment atop o' Hoard frae t' corner o' t' house, built to think foke on that ther' hes been yan dacent lad browte up i' t' pleass that's gitten forratt. T' lile house is a keeak an' apple shop now, an' t' sign ower t' dure's a queerly yan—*Parum sufficit*. "Pare 'em sufficient," I sed to mesell. "Well, it's varra thowteful o' them to remind foke to peel the'r apples an' peears, or mappen they mud hev indigestion."

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I meadd up tul a chap es was gaain my way, an' when we gat to t' Lane House I heard a whisselin' an' jinglin' noise in a field like a reapin' machine. I sed to me mate, "Ther's a girt change now frae when I was a lile lad, an' o' t' sheerin' hed to be done be hand. Now, he sees, foke can git the'r grain in like nowte ameast." "Ey, wy, t' times hes

terbly alert to be sewer. What, ye knā it's nèt sa terble lang sen 'at ower foke ewst èt say, 'We sall hev èt beakk two days for harrust,'—ay, an' two leadd o' meecal wos nin ower lile for owte like a spot."

We seann left t' model farm house an' t' bonny garden, an' gat into t' Priory Park. O! barn, but it's a cruel nice pleass, wi' sic fine trees, an' o' thattan, an' t' Priory towers, an' belfries, an' steeples, an' weddercocks, an' ivverything—it is a grand spot, an' its weel tu be them 'at can afford to leeve at it. Thar ewst to be a cave yance ower in t' wood anenst t' house, partly built i' t' front, an' lin'd wi' moss an' ling an' leeavs. I' t' innermost rowm of o' thar's a window wi' bits o' glass in't of o' colors, an' a skull an' cross afooar it. By goy! barn, it leeakt sa queerly, foke wor

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varra near ower flayte èt gang near it. Kornel Bradyll paid an' aad chap to bide i' thar olas, an' nivver sheavv at o', an' he ewst to bring t' friends es wos stoppin' wi' 'em in t' gert house, ye knā, to see this fella, an' it surpris'd them ye may be sewer. What cud they meakk on a chap i' sic a okshun as thattan? They mud sewer-ly think t' kornel wos clean off it to keep a taggelt hugger-mugg'rin about i' that fashion, an' t' fella his-sel mun ha' bin a waistrel to pig in thar, or else ower kysty to be amang dacent foke.

Net sa varra lang sen, a young chap wos gaain about mezzerin' for t' gover'ment, an' hed to gang thro' this plantin', sooa he leet o' this cave, an' crept wyatly in cos he thowte he seed a woman liggin deead, which put him in a sad pucker, for she'd mappen bin morder'd or summat o' t' mak. He'd nowte èt sup on to git his pluck up, sooa efter a bit he felt he wos like te gang forrads an' help t' poor body, whaaiivver it wos. He meadd up tul it—an' wad ye believe?— it wos a girt plaister figure of a woman wi' a barn in her arms. Somebody hed flung it theear likely.

I seed t' stags i' Bards'a Park, whaar they

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hed bin cuttin' trees down, an' I thowte o' thor niggers 'at com yance to t' town èt ex riddles o' yan anudder. Yā fella sed to t' udder, "What's reeason 'at this rown's like a

gentleman's park 'a?" "Cos thar's sic a lock o' lile dears in't," t' chap sed. "Ey, ey, an' thar's some aad bucks, tew," t' first man clapt in; an' bless o' how he dud girn, an' o' t' foke lafft fit to brust the'rsels.

I cud see varra lile o' t' Ho', 'cos t' wo' vos sa terble heigh, sooa I fund my way to t' Bradyll Arms, whaar I vos sewer to finnd a welcome. T' bonny lile lan'lady com in a minute, wi' her yār o' fettled up, barn, an' she vos pleeast èt see me ano. She's a gay fendy lile body; an' a terble favorite amang o' maks o' foke. She hes an eye like enuff to fetch a duck off t' watter; an' if ye cud nobbut see her when t' house's full, to watch how she darts about, ye wod say she vos clean heel't an' nea mistak. Some poor thing hed bin abus'd be a girt hulkin' fella, an' she vos giein' him his neamm for nowte when I vos theer. "It's a fair sham," she sed, "a girt dummel-heead; it hes a feass for owte," an' she clickt t' glass off t' teeable an' wod gie

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him nowte, an' sarrad him reet. "What's to dew," I sed, "What er ye i' sic a fiuster about?" "Wy, I's mortal mad, I tell ye; a parson wod sweer to see sic wark; a girt maapy, seesta, to gā an' lick t' lad, nobbut a skarrymouch, yan may say." "Oil o' hezzel's stuff to cure that complent," I sed. "Ey, it desarves a larrapin, marry does it." T' winda vos oppen, an' I sat a lile bit, leakkin' at t' sea an' garden, an' then set off again on me jo'rney to'rt Baycla'.

Just afooar I land't theer I com up tul an' aad chap sittin' on a heapp o' steanns, pickin' lile 'ans out, an' tappin t' udders wi' a hammer, ivv'ry now an' again wrappin' yan in a bit o' paper, an' liggin' it tul yā side in a bag. "Hello! John," I ses, for I kent 'em varra weel, "What's ta dewin', man? Bless o', but thou hes wrought a lang time for a lile matter if thou's drivven to git a bit o' breadd wi' this mak o' wark." "Nay, nay, friend," he sed, "I'se nin sa badly off as thattan. I'se laitin' specimens," an' then he teakk girt pains to larn me, how like, thor shells an' queer things he vos pickin' out o' t' steanns hed been alive yance oover an' petrified, as he co'd it, many

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thousand year sen. “Well, I nivver hard t’ like, wy what ye knā thor cockles mun ha’ follow’t gangin’ i’ Baycla’ sands a cruel lang while ye,” I sed tul him. “Ey, wy,” t’ aad man sed, “it’s sic a parlish girt while sen ‘at I darent say, for thou woddent believe me.” I telt t’ aad chap that a deal o’ foke wod likely think he wos nobbut hofe reet for bodd’rin’ wi’ owte o’ t’ mak, ‘cos I thowte it wos a bonny consarn mesell when I first leet on ‘em i’ that bis’ness. Me aad friend telt me a deal mair about thor things, an’ whaar I cud see t’ cocklers, an’ fishers at wark, sooa I think’t ‘em, an’ seann gat to Baycla’.

It’s a spot I kent varra lile about, an’ I’se acquaint’t wi’ neabody i’ t’ pleass; besides, I nivver dud gang mich that rooad, i’ o’ me time, ‘cos ye knā, as yan may say, I nivver went mair ‘an a mile frae me’ aan ass-midden afooar leattly. I seed yā fella an’ an’aad wife as seann as I gat intul t’ village, boilin’ summat in a girt pan out o’ dures, an’ meadd up tul

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‘em, an’ fund out they wor boilin’ sherrimps to meakk them red. I wos rayderly capt wi’ that trick now, ye may depend on’t, for I olas thowte that wos the’r natteral color. I duddent let on as I’d nivver seen owte o’ t’ mak afooar, but I wossent surpris’t foke sud like sic things meadd rayder mair dacent èt luck at, when they hed èt itt ‘em. By goy! what a deal o’ things a body may larn if he nobbut gangs frae yam a lile bit!

A lile lass sho’d me t’ rooad on t’ sands, an’ I tramt away an’ tramt away tul I act’ly thowte I nivver sud git tul t’ cockle foke, they seem’t sa near an’ yet sa far, o’ t’ time. Hooivver, I com up tul them at last an’ seed ‘em at wark gradely enuff. Men and women, lads an’ lasses, wor liggin’ intul’t as hard as ivver they cud gang, ‘cos t’ tide wodden’t be sa varra lang afooar it wod be oover t’ cockle bed, an’ o’ t’ sands ano’. Ivvemy yan hed a queerly sooart o’ reakk, or cockle-scraan as they co’d it, an’ he leakk’t out for a he smooth

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hollow spot in t' sand an' whipt in his lile reakk an' drew out a cockle i' less than hofe a minute. As seen as they'd gitten a gud lock they put 'em intul baskets, an' then teem'd 'em in t' carts. Some o' t' foke hed nea shoes on, an' t' aad wives hed stockin's wi' out feet, an' o' togidder they wor hapt up in a varra funny fash'on.

Yā lad hed bin as keen as a whamp to let me see how they dud it, but o' on a sudden he ses, "Dusta see thattan?" an' he point'd wi' his finger to'rt Peel an' away down t' sand. "What is it, min?" I sed. "Wy, it's t' tide, ye, cummin' pell-mell, tew!" "Shaff!" I sed, "it'll bang the' if it is: thou'll nivver git to t' shore wi' that leadd." He dudent seem to keear a bit, but I wos rayder flait, sooa I sed, "Hey, lad, theer's a penny for the'," an' I meadd off at a gay speed to catch up to t' udders 'at hed begun to move off yam. Yā chap hed bin a bit off tul a girt skaar to lait mussels, an' he'd gitten a swill fuiL They o'

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sed it wos a kind o' leatish to be out, but it hed bin nobbut thin pickin's for a day or two, sooa o' t' yall kit o' them hed stopt langer than usual. T' sky wos ower-kessen an' t' wind began to git up, till be t' time we'd gitten by t' last brog an' off t' sand, it rooar't an' blew fit to thraa a body oover, or skirl 'em round like a skopperel.

T' young divvelskin I'd spokken tul wos t' last of o', an' he hed to waad knee deep in t' tide oover t' shilla. Yā aad woman, wi' a killdry't feass, com out o' yā lile cottage an' she dud rip an' tear becos her aad chap heddent browte mair cockles; but t' aad fella sed she wos olas terbie reedan, he let her knag away. "What's t' odds," he sed, "she mud as weel hev o' t' jangle tul hersell."

A man wos tornin' out of a jerry-shop varra full o' drink, an' if he'd nobbut hard t'conversation gaain on about 'em amang us o', it wod ha' browte 'em tul his-sel amaist. Yan ses, "Leeaks-ta at yon girt slonk, it's olas

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honkin about yam when he sud be at wark, a drukken thing." "Wy," put in anudder, "it's net sic a langwhile sen I seed it sa full it cud nayder gang nor stand nor hod be t'

girse.” “He *is* a hayler at it,” sed a girt lass, “he fairly follows it seamm thing as gangin’ tul a day-wark, barn.”

I join’t yā lock an’ went wi’ ‘em yam, an’ we seean hed some yat tea an’ a smookin’ bowl o’ cockles on t’ teeable. We wor o’ i’ varra good trim, an’ we meadd a hake amang t’ breead an’ butter, I’ll awarnd ye; an’ we teakk a dry’t fleek off a stick aboon t’ chimleypiece, now an’ than, an’ tooast’t it again t’ bars o’ t’ grate, an’ then poo’d meatt off wi’ yan’s teeth clean off t’ beens. We slocken’d oersells wi’ tea, an’ clean’d o’ up rarely; an’ I wod fain ha’ paid ‘em, but they woddent hev a farden. I think’t ‘em an’ went to t’ dure, an’ be this time it wos full seea, sooa I watch’t me new frends wesh the’r cockles, an’ weigh ‘em, an’ put ‘em i’ bags ready for gangin’ tul t’ station.

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I forgit how many hundert tons a-week they sent off to Manchester, Bolton, Oldham, an’ Preston i’ t’ seeason frae o’ parts o’ Forness an’ Cartmell; but they dud tell me. It wos a conny lock, I knaa. Ther’ wos nowte varra partickler i’ Baycla’ to see, sooa I set off to t’ shore again, for t’ tide hed bin gain’ out fast o’ this while, an’ I seed a chap amang some nets aside of a lile poo’ or backwatter or summat, an’ I slidder’t away on t’ sand’ to whaar he wos at. “Slashy weather, maister,” I sed. “Ey, varra clashy,” t’ chap sed. “Rayder slatt’ry wark, thattan.” “Ey, slushy, varra.”

He hed doft his clogs an’ stockin’s, an’ wos paddlin’ amang watter an’ soft sand o’ of a slushment togidder. Ivvery now an’ than he kept proddin’ down intul t’ mud wi’ a grain’t stick, an’ bringin’ up a fleek, black at teea side an’ white at t’ udder. Yance or twice he clapt his foot atop on a spot whaar ther’ wos like a bit of a rumpus gain’ on in a sloppy

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part, an’ darted his neef down aside on it, to bring out a girt slapper. I nivver seed sic fish i’ o’ me life. I watch’t ‘em a while, but I daarent bide lang theer on account o’ me rhowmatiz, sooa I telt t’ chap I sud nivver grudge t’ price o’ cockles an’ fleeks mair,

now I seed how they catch't 'em. T' man sed he thowte a deaal o' foke wod ken better how hardfully t' fishermen wrowte for a leevin' if they wod nobbut gang an' see 'em at wark.

I went yam oover Birkrigg, thinkin' o' t' while on t' rooad about thor poor cockle foke, an' what I'd seen. T' time slipt away nicely, an' meadd me clean forgit my aad steann-brekkin' fr'end an' t' lile lan'leddy at Bards'a.

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SMUGGLIN' AN' WRECKIN' I' FORNESS

Rare dewins ther' ewst to be forty year sen. Nobbut yā aad gentleman at Oostan hed t' customs a leakkin' efter i' o' Forness at that time, an' nea admirality o' nea mak com forrats to mell on anybody; sooa ivvery yan dud amaist as be liked, an' smugglin' was a gay good job than.

Yā aad fella about Leece hed been suspect't a girt while; but he wos that cunnin' nivver a yan as hed bin set to watch 'em cud ivver leet on 'em at wark. Many a time they leakk't efter him, but it wozzent a bit o' ewse, cos he wos oover clever for o' t' lot o' them.

He hed a bull-coppy i' t' front o' t' bouse,

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reet afooar t' winda, but bars went across to keep t' bull frae brekkin' it. T' bull wos olas keep't terble man-keen, an' neabody but them as hed t' feedin' on it mud come near er else, by goy, it shakk't it heead an' beller't an' rooart awful. It flayt 'em off gayly sharp. T' bull-coppy wos spread o' oover wi' sand, an' whenivver they hed a lock o' casks com in wi' booats frae Peel, they scowpt t' sand up i' t' coppy seamm thing as sugar, an' bury't t' casks i' nea time ameastt, an' cover't o' oover as nice as owte cud be. He wos oover many for them wos Jamz.

Yance oover, hooivver, they pounc'd on 'im in a loon, whaar they'd bin liggin' a lang while in a dyke boddom, when he hed a girt cask o' sperrits in a coop cart, fetchin' it yam frae t' sandside be a round about rooad. "We hev the' now, Jamz," they sed, "an'

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we'll tak' good keear thou duzzent beatt us this time." Sooa, they follow't him reet away tul his aan house. "Ey, wy, lads," he sed tul 'em, "ye hev me, howivver, an' sooa a body mny as weel mak t' best on it"

He telt them they'd better gang in wi' 'im an' hev a mouthful o' sumrnat èt itt, cheese an' breading, or owte as wos gaain', an' then they cud tak 'im an' t' cask, an' dew as they'd a-mind wi' them. They back't t' cart into t' barn, an' lows'd t' horse out to leeave it riddy, an' went in wi' t' farrner. Ther' wozzent a body to be seen about t' pleass, sooa they hed it to dew the'rsels.

As seean as they'd gitten in, t' aad fella layt't t' wife up an' hed them some good ittin' an' drinkin' browte out an' set on t' teeable, an' they meadd a cruel hake amang ivverything, smackin' the'r lips oover Jamz's good drink, an' thinkin' how nicely they'd done 'im.

O' this while t' men an' women foke

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belangin' t' house as hed hidden the'rsels when they seed them comin', hed gitten to wark i' t' barn, an' wor fillin' cans, buckets, tubs, an' owte as ivver they cud git hod on wi' sperrits out o' t' girt cask in t' cart, an' wor hidin' them i' t' shuppens, or peat-house, or anywhaars handy. They likely hed bin larned how to dew i' sic like keasses. They seann finish't the'r job, an' fill't t' cask wi' watter, an' meadd o' tidy, an' then gat up i' t' hay moo, an' t' udder spots they knew on out ageatt.

Efter a good bit t' men com out o' t' house, an' t' farmer let 'em a horse to tak t' cart just as it wos, an' sed mebbe they wod be eeasy wi' 'im for behavin' sa weel to them. They set off wi' the'r prize, an' telt ivvery body on t' rooad as they'd catch'd aad Jamz at wark smugplin', an' takken t' stuff frae him. When they gat to Oostan they wor

meeast mortal proud o' the'r job, an' bragg't cruelly how nicely they'd done t' sharpest fella i' Forness.

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At t' far end o' the'r jo'rna they let t' maister see it, an' they o' wer' terbly pleass't when he telt them they mud oppen it an' teeast what mak o' stuff it wos. They drew a can full an' hand't it round to sup on, but as seean as they clapp't the'r lips tull it, they yan efter anudder began to see how weel they'd bin done. It hed a lile wakely smell o' gin, to be sewer, but they fund gayly seean they'd fetch't nowte but a cask o' watter. It wos nea ewse they cuddent mannish Jamz: he hed ower mich o' t' aad man about 'im for that lot. He sartenly wos a capper, an' cud bang them o', whativver they dud to git hod on 'im. He wos t' cleverest chap tew for feightin' an' wrustlin' as ivver ye sã; an' when a girt slappin' chap stands aboon six foot in his stockin'-feet, it's nea triffin' matter to meil on him.

Anudder time they'd gitten to knaa i' Oostan that Jamz hed land't a girt cask o' rum, an' they thowte they wod hev it this

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time. But Jamz hed frends ameastt ivverywhaars, an' afooar t' men gat down, a lish young fella hed setten off on horseback to tell 'im, sooa t' aad smuggler meadd o' riddy again they com. They seann funnd t' cask, but they thowte they wod teeast it this time afooar they offer't èt skift it. When they brok' intul't it wos nobbut watter colour't wi' bornt horse beens! "Done again," sed t' heead man, an' he ext Jamz whaar t' rum wos at. Jamz sed he wos welcome to o'he cud finnd about t' pleass, 'cos he knew weel enuff it wos seaff in t' buil copyy.

Anudder fella brewed ale an' sent it to t' Isle o' Man. Ivvery now an' again, a vessel wod come to t' Sandside, an' he ewst to gang down to see about it, an' stand on t' deck while barrels o' ale wor draan up out o' t' hold; an' ivvery yan, but mappen a dozen empty yans or sooa, wod be marked "BAD," an' t' fella wod fret away like a barn, an' varra near cry sometimes. He ewst èt say, "Oh dear!

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oh dear! whativver is to become o' me—bad again, oh dear! oh dear! I sall be ruin't, I sall, hooivver.”

T' aad hypocrite meadd his fortun' tho'— for o' t' while he knew varra weel 'at them barrels es hed “BAD” setten on 'em, was fin bad ale at Q', but was fuil o' rum!

Sic wark, tew, ther' was when a vessel was wrecked on t' shore. It meadd nea odds whaar it was at, it gat sarred t' seamm way. Yan girt 'an leadd't wi' woo' com on t' scarrs belaa Leece yance oover, an' ivvery-body 'at hed a mind went tull it an' teakk as mich as ivver he cud beear away.

T' warst spot of o' was t' back o' Waana, be ten times. They keear't for nowte theer, an' wod hev o' t' things they cud lig the'r hands on. Foke dud say that i' former times a cuddy was torn't on t' shoor side at neet wi' a lantern round it neck, an' teea leg teet up to meakk it lift t' leet up an' down when it limpt, seamm thing as a leet in t' bow of a

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vessel, an' i' t' mornin' t' storm wod ha' sent a ship aground, an' mebbe some poor fellas thraan heigh up on t' shilla ano'—deead enuff.

Gay good brecks is telt o' thor days, but it was slender wark! A couple o' wornen 'at leev't hard by t' shoor i' yā spot on t' island wor cruel fond o' wreckin', an' as keen as whamps at it. They weren't aboon emptyin' t' pockets of any deead fella 'at they funnd liggin', an' yan wod ha' thowte it wod ha' flayte any wornan body èt dew sic a like shamful thing.

A farmer son i' Waana meadd it up to see if these aad maids hed as mich divvel i' them as to rob a corpse. He donn't some saior's cleaz an' watch't at back of a dyke till full seea, an' then crept wyatly oover to evven anenst whaar t' cottage was 'at beleng't to them, an' roll't his-sel into t' tide again a lile bit of a gully 'at run in theer an' out again at t' udder side aboon heigh watter mark, an' set his-sel out like a drownt man.

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He heddent bin theer sa varra lang afooar t' aad spiders catch't seet on 'em for they olas kept a good leakk out to see if t' tide hed browte owte likely, an' com runnin' up to t' spot as seann as they sã t' deead sailor like. T' aad teallts spied o' round èt be sewer neabody cud see them, seamm as a weasel peedlin out efter a ratten, an' gat to wark at t' chap pockets. Yan hed just gitten her neef reet weel down intul t' reet hand britches pocket, when t' man start't greeanin' awfully, an' partly try't to git up, but nobbet torn'd his-sel oover. By gocks! thor women, how they dud tak off, tearin' an' skrikin' an' skirlin' like crazy things into t' house. They nivver mell't wi' owte o' t' mak again.

Yã Sunday i' rough weather, t' parson hed gitten mappen hofe thro' his sarmen when t' foke i' t' chapel begun to be varra uneeasy, an' cough't, an' shuff'lt the'r feet, an' dud on till at last they cud bide nea langer, sooa a lock o' them gat up an' meadd for t' dure.

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T' parson leakk't up to see what wos to dew, an' funnd t' reeason at yance.

A vessel wos driftin' on t' shilla, an' they hed seen it thro' t' windows, an' wanted to be at it. T' parson showt't out to them, "Hod stil a lile bit theer, let's o' hev a fair start"— an' he shut t' book up, an' ivvery yan o' t' congregation ran for't.

Sic-a-tè-dew! They snap't o' up as com tull 'em—shepherd an' sheep—beeath alike, rivin' an' fratchin' an' sweerin' amang the'rsels o' i' yã girt scraffle.

Ter'ble bisness! What a blessin' it's o' put down now!

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An extraordinary story, illustrative of the power of controlling grief possessed by strong minded females, is told of a certain widow of Kirkby Ireleth, who had crossed the sands and buried her husband in the old churchyard of Millom.

On the evening of the day of the funeral, and on her return from performing the last sad duties, she was sitting in her lone cottage refreshing herself with that universal and innocent beverage, now summed up in the word TEA; when in stepped three neighbour women, with stealthy tread, on an errand of condolence, each with a lengthened countenance appropriate to the occasion.

The gossips placed themselves erect against the wall, like spectres in the twilight, and in

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suitably solemn tones and doleful accents, thus addressed the bereaved relict. The first one said, "Well, how dud she bide it, Mary?" After a short interval the second plaintively remarked, "What, it's a terble conflickshun!" The third, with still more melancholy aspect and visible shudder, asked, "Hooivver, dud she hod up under it o'?"

After a painful pause, broken only by the crackling of the "toppins" on the hearthstone, the widow gently lifted her head, as if awakening from a revene, and thus replied to the visiting matrons:—"Isabella Williamson, Margat Joanson, an' Agnes Mackerthet, if ye'll believe me, I rooar't o' t' way theer— an' I rooar't o' t' time I was theer—an' o' t' way back again, and" (continued she, half sobbing,) "when I've hed this cup o' tea, I's gaan to rooar again!"

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A GRAND GENTLEMAN

YANCE oover a cruel smart fella com tul Oostan fra Lunnon, an' set up as a barber an' yār fettler. He donned varra fine cleass olas, an' hed a terble grand white hat on top of his heead, wi' girt breadd flypes tul it like a collegian ameastt. He was a varra fine toaker, tew, an' meadd sic speeches, 'at foke thowte he kent ivverything, as t' sayin' is.

Yā day he gat a conveyance an' dreavv to Haaks'ed, whaar he put up. T' landlord com out an' bow'd an' screeap't, an' meadd a terble to dew wi this grand gentleman, sic as nivver was hardly—givin' orders to lowse t' horse out, an' exin' him what he cud dew for him.

T' man sed he mud hev a first rate dinner meadd riddy be sic a time tul a minut', an' he

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wod gang an' leakk about at some o' the'r mountains an' things i' t' nebbberhood. T' landlord thenk't 'im, an' screapp't an' telt 'im he wos his humble sarvant like an' o' thattan, an' set off in t' house to gie directions for t' dinner, praisin' t' off-cum chap o' t' while, 'cos he wos sewer he wos gaan to stop a week at t' varra leeast.

Efter a good bit an aad quaker com up frae Oostan, an' hed his horse unyokk't, an' went in t' house to ex if he cud hev summat èt itt, 'cos he stopt at that spot reg'lar when he went his rounds, an' olas co'd theer, sooa they kent 'im weel enuff. T' lan'lord telt 'im if he diddent mind waitin' a lile bit there wos a grand gentleman wod be in at sic a time exactly, an' mappen they mud mannish èt git the'r meatt togidder, an' yance cookin' wod sarra beath. T' quaker sed, "Varra weel, thou can tell me when this fine stranger o' thine comes in."

T' time wos up, an' t' dinner set out, an' o'

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reet an' ivverything, an' t' man i' t' white hat wos theer quite correct, sooa t' lan'lord tuk t' quaker in t' rowm. "Hello! Jim," says t' quaker, "it's thee, is't? I cuddent tell, whativver I mud hev, whā they'd gitten at Haaks'ed to-day,"—an' he torn't to t' lan'lord an' sed, "Why, thou needn't ha' bin i' sic a fluster, thou maapy, *it's nobbet t' barber frae Ooston!*"

T' lan'lord fairly jump't again, an' dart't out o' t' dure i' sic a way that he knock't a sarvant lass down wi' a lot o' plates in her hand, an' wos as near crazy as

owte. "What an aad thick-heead I is," he sed, "to think how I've put mesell out o' t' way for nowte, an' screapp't a par o' shoe-sooals off ameastt, an' nobbet a barber efter o'!"

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HIGH WINDS IN FURNESS

An old woman in High Furness was heard giving an opinion about the weather.

She said, "Why, barn, I doat knaa mich about sic things, but I niver thowte their cud ha' bin sic wild weather. What a terble time we hev hed, to be sewer! I've a lile pig, ye knaa, an' I went out yā day èt sarra it, an' if ye'll believe me, t' wind com round t' comer o' t' shuppen wi' sic a foorce that it fair-ly tuk me an' skirrel'd me round like a scopperel, an' threw me reet into t' muck. It blew an' blew again, but I duddent think it wod ha' blaam me down i' that fashion. I wos a seet, ye may be sewer! an' I's nèt gradely reet yet."

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A POOR RELATION

A Furness worthy, it is related, a few years ago visited a relative of his in comfortable circumstances, established upon a farrn in another part of the district. Whether intentionally or by accident, the visitor arrived at the house of his kinsfolk just as the family were at dinner, and was told to be seated on a sofa on one side of the room, while they went on with the meal without interruption.

The relative, who had travelled many miles on foot, and felt rather weary, did not exactly relish the obviously cool reception which his "bettermer" friends gave him, but eyed the well-spread table with wistful looks, and noticed with some aggravation that the abundance of good things was duly appreciated by those who had the privilege of enjoying them. After waiting patiently for some time without

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receiving an invitation to join the assembled group at the festive board, he began to think a delicate hint as to his position would not be out of place. The master of the house had not spoken much after the first greeting, but by-and-bye he enquired how they were all getting on in his part, and if there was any news. "Oh dear, aye," replied the poor relation, with considerable excitement, "Sam Satterthet's soo hes ferried a litter o' pigs." "Indeed," said the farmer rather coolly. "Wy, wy, but it's a queer bisness ye; ther's thirteen lile pigs, an' nobbut twelve teats, that's t' job on it, an' they feight, an' scrat, an' tummel ower yan anudder, ye nivver seed t' like, an' efter o' ther's olas yan left out." The whole party now looked up, with the greatest interest in the story manifested in their countenances, when several exclaimed, "Well, an' what does t' odd one do?" "Wy," quickly added the narrator, "it sits on it hinder legs, an' licks it chops, an' leakks on—*seamm as I'se dewin' now.*"

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FASHIONABLE BONNETS

AN old lady belonging to Coniston recently undertook a journey to Ambleside with her daughter, for the purpose of providing the latter with an outfit. They accordingly entered a weil-known shop with the intention of making some necessary purchases. The old lady asked to see some bonnets, when some of the peculiar diminutive contrivances of "the period" (*temp. Vic. I.*) A.D. 1870, were shown her. She stood perfectly amazed at the extraordinary littleness—one had almost said nothingness—of the head gear, so totally opposed to her notions of what a bonnet should be.

When her astonishment had subsided into contemptuous indifference, she ventured to enquire the price of the infinitesimal millinery productions, and she was informed of their

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The Salamanca Corpus: *Forness Folk...* (1870)

value in the market. Indignation now took the place of all other emotions, and she exclaimed, "What! sic a price as thatten for thor things. They're ter'ble dear, ye. What, ther's nowte o' them for o' that brass!" The attendant replied that the quantity was not considered in these articles, but that *style* was of much more importance, and it was the latter she was getting in an investment of that sort. "Wy, wy," said the customer, "ye ma' toke, me lad, as mickle as ivver ye like to toke, an' I see ye've gotten t' gift o' t' gob gay middlin', but ye'll nivver meakk me believe 'at ther's ayder style or owte else i' sic maapment!"