

The Salamanca Corpus

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Reuben Hallam's Wadsley Jack (1866)

WADSLEY JACK;

OR, THE

Humours & Adventures

OF A

TRAVELLING CUTLER.

BY

REUBEN HALLAM.

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PREFACE.

The Author feeling a deep interest in the moral advancement of his fellow-man, and deploring the systematic desertion of the domestic fire-side for the glittering gin palace or the drunkard's haunt, and in the hope of furnishing a source of agreeable home amusement that the evil may in some degree be diminished, by creating a taste for reading and home, this story has been written; and the thousands of readers it has met with during its publication, through the medium of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, (extending over a period of five months,) and the numerous solicitations on the part of its readers to possess in a complete form that which has so materially ministered to their social and domestic enjoyment, have induced me to decide upon its publication; and in order that the Author's primary object may to the utmost be realized, the cheapest mode of its production has been adopted, so that it may come within the means of the humblest to obtain it. With the Author's object in view—that of promoting a taste and desire in the heads of families to instruct and amuse home—it is most respectfully submitted to the public by

THE PUBLISHER.

WADSLEY JACK;

OR, THE HUMOURS AND ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELLING CUTLER.

“Rahnd Legs to Wadsley went,
Fal, lal, lal, la!
With berrin' cakes he wer' sent,
Fal, lal, lal, la!”

“A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relish'd by the wisest men.”

INTRODUCTION.

Nah, owd lad, hah ar ta—midlin? Wot, tha'rt gooin' to read this, ar' ta. Well, for thie encouragement, I'll just tell thee 't course I mean to persue. I don't want thee to be afrecad at it 'il be beyond thie comprehenshun; soa, to set thie mind at rest, I beg to tell thee 'at incomprehensible stuff 'il be avoided; but I moight as wheel tell thee twoathree subjects I'm not bahn to trouble t' contents o' thie cranium with. I reckon tha has a cranium o' some sort, an' summut in it. Wot! does ta say tha wer' born at pancake-day, an' got a substitoot for brains? Then tha 'rt a reight un for me, an' we shall be able to travel together vary noicely. Well, tha's a heead, tha says. Then that's equal to a pin, at ony rate: an' if thie heead were put on t' same way, tha kno's whot it is to be flattened. Nah, as tha seems to have raither a quear heead, we'd better not mak' it quearer wi' quear subjects. Soa, moind thee, I shan't trouble thee wi' a system o' philosophy 'at proves 'at nowt niver wor, nor niver will be, nor couldn't live if it wor, 'an if it worn't wouldn't be reight, nor sich loike stuff at's only calkilated to crack thie brain-box. Nah, though we live on a globe (if it wor to brust, I wuunder where we should slutter to,) I shall not prove to thee 'at it 'nd a been better rahnd, nor t'shape it is, soa as it wouldn't a been bak'd wi' sich a crust; nor I'm not gooin' to interfere wi' them chaps wot says 'at when 't first it wor set i' motion, it tuk a rectilinear coarse—that is, roll'd streight forrard like a wickit-ball, but when it came under t' action o't sun, it begun a revolvin' as it does nah. I'm not gooin' to contradict it, an' prove 'at though ther wer

now't but itsen, yit it wor a jossel, or a sort o' collishun, 'at set it a wob-
lin, an' it's wobled iver sin'. Tha doesn't see it? Did ta niver jossel
agean thysen—hasn't a collishun took place between thy inner an' outer
man, at's set thee staggerin', an' fun' thee plenty o' wark to keep thee
pendiklar. If tha hasn't, I have. Well, I shan't show thee it moight
a been improved by havin' a thief magnetic paver i't center, which as
sooin as a theft wor committed 'ud a drawn t' thief t' pole, teed him fast,
an' kept him till a policeman cum. Nor I shan't bother wi' telling thee
t' dimenshuns o't pre-Adamite animals' eyes, which enabled 'em to see i'
darkness; nor contradict t' theory 'at t' atmosphere wor a sort o' lumin-
iferous ether which wor equal to twoilight; nor loise time wi' explainin'
t' natur o't backbones ov animals two hundred yards long, nor show ha'
they could a got aht o' Tudor-street, an Arundel-street, up t' Norfolk-street,
on Norfolk-row, up t' Fargate, an' into Orchard-street, withar bendin',
or obstructin' t' pathway. Nor do I think it 'ud be advisoable to intro-
duce astrology, an' inform thee whoa t' man i't mooin wor before he got
thear, or raise t' question (as t' Bible sez it's not good for man to be
alone) is he fulfillin' his destiny? or whear he is when shu's on her back?
or if he's troubled wi' indigestion? An' I've noa daht but tha'd loike to
kno' if t' moonshee o' China, bein' a feminine lunar, is his wife or his
sister; but I shan't snitch. Nor I shan't introduce geology, to tell thee
hah many times t'earth's betten till it's brust itsen, an' thrown up till it's
quaked for fear. Noa, I shall say nowt abaht it. An' as for theology,—
'at proves 'at sum things are an' sum arn't—I think it 'ud better be let
aloane; or else I shall want to ax Dr. Adam Clark wot soart of a monkey
it wor, an' not sarpent, 'at beguiled Eve?—whether it belonged to 't gor-
illas, mandrills, apes, or if it wor a whistlin' Jemmy, wi' a tail on? We're
tellt'd plain enuff 'at t' sarpent wor moare soothill than ony beast o't field,
an' I think a bill o' soot is a proper emblem ov a dark transaction. But,
haiver, we'll leave it to Clark, Matthew Henry, McKnight, Kitto, &c., to
sattle it; an' if t' Doctor should happen to get *his* monkey up, they can
examine it for thersens. Soa, I'm not bahn to meddle wi' these subjects,
for freedd thee heead should become soa heated wi' excoitement 'at thee
brains would be bak'd to a solid loaf. Soa, tha can stroak thy face dahh
again to it's proper place, for thee eyebrows ar' sum height by nah, an'
thee mouth's as woide as it can get. Noa, lad, I don't want, nor I want
to disperse t' glumps, soa as yoare owd lass mon't get 'em anole, for if shu
duz, shu'll rake ivery unpleasent thing up 'ats took place iver sin' shu
knew thee, an' then tha'd have to nip off to bed, an' stuff t'blanket, or a
pillow, i'thie ear, to shut her noise aht. I'll warrant shu's g'ien it
thee, mony a toime, through 't bottom o' t' stairs, or follow'd thee
up an' thrown t' window oppen for iverybody to hear, an' black'd
thee an' starv'd thee till tha's dithered agean. Nah, if I wor
to say summat abaht her relashuns, tha'd see her smoile, but it 'ud
have to be summat noice, or else 'fat 'ud be i' t'foire, for tha kno's, I'll
warrant tha duz, 'at her soide's allhas reight. But I'll tell thee wot I'll do,
an' see if we can manage it that way. I'll gie thee a bit o' my travels
—my fortunes—misfortunes—ups an' dahns—an' soa on—at I've expe-
rienced i' passing through this vale o' tears. I've been i' mony a ludicrous

situashun, varry oft i' hot watter, though I never wor scalded to death;
an' though some o' these incidents made me roar, yet I kno' they'll mak'
thee laugh—an' a laugh is worth summat, for I see men goin' abaht ther
business t'week through withaht iver havin' one to streighten ther face
up: t' consequence is, 'at before t' end o' t'week, ther own family hardly
kno's 'em, for their noases cock up, treatin' ther bodies wi' contempt,—
ther bottom lips stick aht,—ther eyebrahs knit,—an' wot should be sweet
an' pleasant at hoam, assumes a general picklin' appearance. Nah, as
that's not t'soart ov a man to mak' hoam chearful, but rather calculated
to produce a soart ov a funeral or awful calamity aspect an' feeling, my
intenshun is to change this gloom into chearfulness, an' cast a ray ov
sunshine into dull an' doleful dwellin's, an' if yoar owd lass 'il get her
knittin', an' moind shu doesn't narrow when shu gets to t' woidenin', an'
t' childer doesn't laugh all along, but stops wi' a look, an' tha clears thy
voice and reads trippin'ly my history, I've noa daht but t' end 'il be
accomplished.

CHAPTER I.—MY ANCESTORS.

Nah, then, here goes! Tha'll want to kno' whoa I am. I'm soa called
Wadsley Jack, formerly a flatback cutler, an' a descendant ov Jean
Lichtenstein, a Garman of great renown. My ancestry is as ancient as
ony man's, for I can trace it in a direct loine to Adam; but as things had
a sort of another beginnin' loike, aftert' deluge, I've followed i' t' wake ov
Japhet, one o' Noah's sons, an' I've noa daht but he wor t' best i' t' lot.
My respected ancestor wor a cutler an' sausage manufacturer, resoidin' at a
rumantic place called Saxe Wemunick, near Hesse Darmstadt, situate on
t' slope ov a hill, owerlookin' a splendid serpentine river, beyond which
lay in "purple" grander a rich array ov meadows; an' toke abaht lambs
skippin'!—they wor just loike a cat on a hot baxton'—t' sun wor employed
to shoine soa much there at that toime 'at it wor wi' great diffikulty it got
to shoine a bit elsewhere, an' that wor only nahs and thens, soa they had
to put up wi' t' mooin—an' ha t' foaks did but goa on, an' call'd it soft,
espheshilly when it passed behint a black klawd. Well, t' same thing's
done wi' men, for mony a man is possessed ov bright quallificashuns
which are rendered useless by bein' kovered wi' a klawd o' dissipatin'
pashuns, or useless crochettoy noashuns!

Jean Lichtenstein's sausages were fam'd from one end o't State to t'
uther, an' it wor only when his couldn't be got 'at they'd have uther
foakes's. Well, dun yo see, from not bein' able to meet t' demand, it
caused him to set his wits to work, an' one day, as he stud wi' his bak to
t' foire, watching t' owd women stuff t' sausages, he twig'd summat he
didn't exactly loike. Yo'll understand 'at t' owd women whoa fill'd sausages
wor all snuff tackers, an' dun yo see, he noaticed 'at, when they were at
work, their stuffin' finger kept performin' sundry sanitary opperashuns
abaht t' end o' their snuffious organ. Well, he wor nearly fallin' back
into t' foire, for besides not exactly meetin' his idias o' cleanliness, it wor

a key to sarten insinuashuns 'at his sausages had a partikler flavour—ay, the raws he had wi' his woife, for shu reckon'd to have t' management o't seasonin', an shu wor sure they wor reight-bewtiful,—it wor him 'at had noa taste, an' shu often had 'em to her dinner i' preference to onything else, when he'd fun' fault wi' 'em, just to show ha' grand they wor. "Snuff!" he cried to his sen—"it's snuff shure enuff." Soa, yo see, he wor a chap 'at wor up to snuff, an his sausage anole. Well, he wor determined to alter it, but he knew 'at while iver t' women did it, he should have 'em wi' snuff seasonin'. Soa, an idea struck him 'at that very diffikult process moight be done by a machien. He went an' shut his sen up i' t' chamber for I don't kno' ha' long exactly, but haiver, when he came aht, he smolled all o'er his face; his buttons actually shoined brighter than iver; his hat would but rest soideways on his hecad; an' when he walked, nowt but his toaes touch'd t' grahnd. By-an-by he sent for a tinker, an' after bein' a day drawin' him a plan, t' souderin' iron got to work. After a whoile t' machien wor cumpleted. It consisted of a tin can, loike a jar fixed on its soide, wi' a tube stickin' aht o' t' center o' t' solid end; then he had a soart ov a ranrod, 'at wor foast up t' can by turnin' a wheel; an' if yo'd nobbut a seen 'em put a skin up o' t' tube end—fill t' machien wi' chopped meat—then turn t' wheel. Nay, he wor foast to stuff 'em on a rope-walk, an' onybody looking o'er t' wall wouldn't kno' but they wor spinnin' roapes. Well, Lichtenstein could produce sausages for all Garmany. Didn't he mak' sum money,? aboon a bit, he did! Yo may guess, for he wor so pleased wi' his good fortin, 'at he determined to have a public display—soa he got up a possession wi' his whole establishment. He employ'd a lot o' lads an' lasses to weigh an' lap up, an these he dress'd an' bedoizen'd wi' links o' sausage, placed 'em in a waggon 'at yo'd a thought wor made o' sausage,—then came t' owd women wi' t' bottom o' ther dresses fringed wi' sausage,—another row rahnd where ther waists used to be,—another rahnd ther necks, hingin' gracefully off at t' shoulders,—an' if yo'd nobbott a seen ther heeads—talk abaht turbans! why they'd sausages lapp'd rahnd ther heeads while they wor like young baloons! Well, they paraded all Hesse Darmstadt, peltin' t' foaks wi' sausages as they went, an' a good mony ov 'em were consum'd up at t' premises. "Better than iver!" they cried, "Hurrah for Leichtenstein's sausages!" Then they nodded to one another, an' sed they hadn't sich a pekuliar flavour, though some few thowt they could just woin'd it. Lichtenstein thowt 'at it wor just possible, 'at when t' owd women wor choppin' t' meat, they still "snuffed" t' choppin' box. It wor a pity, he thowt, but it couldn't be helped.

Well, t' business prospered; t' new system o' stuffin' becum pop'lar; an' t' consequence wor, he got nearly all t' trade to his sen. This caused disaffeshun an' alarm among t' sausage dealers, an' a regular cry wor got up agean t' use o' macheenery.

A neybourin' Duke, fearin' 'at his sausage manufacturers moight loise their trade, took advantage ov the affair, an' levied war agean Hesse Darmstadt, i' order to anholate t' machien, or secure it for his sen. The people—I mean t' interested portion—favoured the scheme, an' Hesse Darmstadt, after feighting a bloody battle for liberty, an' improvemen i't welfare o't masses—whoilst t' enemy wor aktuaded by selfishness an' a

determinashun to protect t' interests o't few at t' cost o' t' mony—wor beaten. Then follar'd sich a ransackin' o' Leichtenstein's premises for t' stuffin' machien; but nother man nor machien could they foind. They set foire to t' place, in order to unkennel him, but to noa purpose. An' they moightn't weel; for Lichtenstein, forescein' t' result o't the battle, had pack'd up his sen, t' machien, an' wot wor convenient, an' cut his stick.

A gloom settled o'er Garmany which has niver (to my knowledge) dispersed. Alas, poor Garmany! for not only Lichtenstein, but numerous uther skill'd artisans, whoa look'd upo' this onslaught as a barrier to future progresshun, pack'd up all moveables an' fled to England.

CHAPTER II.—MY ANCESTOR SATTLES AT WADSLEY, AND MY OHN ADVENT INTO T' WORLD.

I' t' year 1570, when good Queen Bess reigned ovr England, an' George Earl o' Shrewsbury wor Lord ov Hallamshire, Wadsley wor a village, or rather Hamlet, three moiles N.W. o' Sheffield, an' a place ov abject poverty. It wor romantically situated—rocks an' dells interspersed wi' rude cottages, gieing it a jagged appearance. At it's base flow'd a beautiful stream called t' Rivelin; an' t' Hall, a venerable lookin' poile, wor t' anshent secat ov the knightly family o' De Wadsley. Nother loife, sowl, nor bisness, appeared to attach itsen to t' place. Scareely a kaw wor iver hecard to mooh, a pig to grunt, or a dog to bark. This appeared to be t' place ov t' skulls, or t' waste hawling wilderness men-shuned i't Scripture. Scareely a change iver came ovr this barrenness, except on t' birthday o' sum o't De Wadsleys: then t' Hall wor thrown oppen an' t' villagers entertained in a reight knightly manner.

It wor on one o' these occasions—t' birthday ov the Lady Maude, whoa had attained her twentieth year—that t' village rung wi' musik, an' for once wor lit up wi' joyous faces. They luv'd Lady Maude, for she wor t' only one 'at took an interest i't place; an' in order to facilitate ther enjoyment on this occashun, a maypole had been provided, an' after feastins an' rejoicins throuhowt t' day it wor arranged to finish up wi' maypole donce—De Wadsley an' his luvly dowter to be present.

Nah, it wor a grand evenin'. It wor t' latter end o' May, an' t' sun wor still aboon t' orizon; tippin' t' various hills wi' gowld, while t' valleys wor enrich'd wi' beautiful tints graduatin' from silver grey to t' deepest purple. It wor a grand seet to look up Loxley Vale as t' atmosphere wor getherin' an' softenin' t' juttin' points, while at its summit majestik oakes stood aht in bould relief agean a beautiful blue sky. All t' singin' birds i't country seem'd to be engaged for t' occashun, for didn't they sing!—larks linnets, blackbirds, throstles, an' even poor Robin gie'd twoathry extra twirls an' chirrup. Then abaht hofe a moile off, an' at foot o' Shoirecliffe Park, nearly a moile an' a hofe i' length, stretchin' from Neepsend to Wardsend, the Don appear'd to be in a hurry to get hoam to sea before dark, an' t' Rivelin, pushin on to owrtak' him an' gie him a thrust, mur-

mer'd in his coarse as if grumblin' to leave t' stirrins. Well t' lads an't lasses talk'd, laugh'd, sung, an' jump'd, till not only Wadsley, but Worrall Staninton, Storrs, Malin Bridge, an' iverywhere within twoathry moiles rung again. But toime approach'd for t' finishin' stroake—t' maypole donce—an' across t' lawn could be seen De Wadsley, wi' his dowter howd on' his arm, comin' to honner 'em wi' ther presence: T' owd fella's buckles did shimmer boon a bit, an' his whoite wig look'd as if it had been run through wi't blanket, it wor soa clean. His noase had raither a purpleish hue, but for all that he wor a jolly lookin' chap. When they arrov'd, two chairs were placed for 'em, but Lady Maude sed shu intended to be in a't donce. T' owd chap smoled, tuk his seat, threw one leg ovr t' uther, an' rearin' back i't chair, laughed till his soides shak'd agean.

T'donce went on—lappin' an' unlappin' t' pole, an' whirlin' rahnd, till all wor drunk an' got into a general jossel, when a conveyance, stoppin' i't road, attrakted their attention. Aht o' this conveyance cum sum o't quearest chaps iver seen i' that quarter. Sich hats, loike chimley poipes—owd Mother Shipton's stoile; great woide boots, up aboon t' knees; puff'd breeches, an' long cloaks hingin' off ther shoulders. Hah, all t'foaks croid aht, "Whoaiver can these be?" They had a good deal o' luggage, which they pack'd on't roadside, then made ther way to'ards t' wondering villagers. When they arrov'd on't green, one tall dashin' fella step'd up to De Wadsley, raised his hat to Lady Maude, (who made sich a pratty curtchy back agean,) an' entered into conversashun wi' him. They appear'd to understand each uther, for De Wadsley kept shakin' him be't hand, an' lookin' soa sympathetic. At last he order'd sum o't lads to fetch ther luggage to't Hall, whear they wor to stop till arrangements could be made for ther final settlement.

Reader! don't yoa kno' who that foine dashin' fella wor 'at appeared to be't principal man? Why, it wor my ancestor, Jean Lichtenstein, cutlery an' sausage manufacturer, thro' Garmany—wi' his woife, dowter, an' a few friends who had escaped along wi' him. They'd fun' their way to Wadsley, an' a rare job it wor. Well, as they follow'd De Wadsley to't Hall, t' foaks couldn't hely moipin' after 'em, each surmoizin' summat. Some had suspishuns respek'tin' 'em—they'd heeard tell o' foaks been tuk in i't same way, and i't morning all't family had been fun' murder'd. Oh, dear! they shouldn't sleep a wink that neet! An one ould woman sed shu remembered a simular cirkumstance where a party o' foriners ap'ploied at a manshun for sheltur one stormy neet, an't good owd lord tuk 'em in, entertain'd 'em as tho' they wor his moast intimate friends, an' provided 'em wi' comfortable beds. But what dun yo think tuk place at neet? Why, do y'sec, they turn'd aht to be part of a banditti, an' when all wor quiet at neet, they cum dahn stairs, let in ther companions, an' broke oppen iverything whear treashure wor loikely to be fun. One o't sarvants, hearing 'em, gied t' alarm, an't owd lord an' all't hawsehold wor stirrin' in a jiffy; but these cut-throits brain'd 'em as they cum at 'em. T' villains all escap'd, an' if it be true wat t' butler sed, t' leader on 'em, a tall, strappin' fella just like yond, went thro' t' lockhoile—an' a month after t' butler happen'd to be lockin' t' door, an' discover'd 'at lockhoile wor burnt for two or three inches rahnd as black as a coil. "Hai! what-iver dun ye say, Mally?" they croid in astonishment. "It's true, I

uphowd ye;" and not one of 'em dar queshtun her. Soa a soart ov a dytherin' fit got amang 'em; sum o' ther teeth chatter'd, i' spoite o' ivery effort to prevent 'em by squeezing 'em together as toight as they could.

By this toime, t' party had entered t' Hall; t' bloinds wor pull'd dahn, an' leets appear'd i' every room. T' villagers returned hoam, to toke an' wonder whoa these strange lookin' foaks could be. Jemmy Shipton, a care-for-nowt soart ov a chap, call'd t' men together, an' tell'd 'em 'at he suspected these men wor a set o' cut-throits, an' wot wor dress'd as women wor noa woman at all, but men i' disgoise; an' if they'd follor his advice, they'd all arm thersens wi' owt they could 'at 'ud split a heead, an' watch all't neet. They all agreed to that; and t' women gettin' to kno' on it, wouldn't be left aht, but wor determined to goa anole. Besoides, they darn't stop at hoam be ther sens. Well, they flew to arms—some wi' flails, uthers wi' scythes an' sickles, one or two wi' pickaxes, sum wi' shovels, howdin' 'em edgeway ready for a split; t' women wi' smoothing irons, rowling-pins, a maiden or two, potters an' tongs, an' one wi't mincemeat-meat chopper fasten'd at end ov a cloasprop. Jemmy arranged 'at as soon as t' Hall wor i' darkness, they should goa an' tack ther stand by't front entrance, an' be as still as moice till day-leet; then, if nowt happen'd they moight breik up an' goa hoam.

Durin' these arrangements ahtsoide, t' interior wor all pleasant an' cumfortable. An excellent supper wor provided, an' eagerly consumed; an' after t' cloth wor drawn, cans o' beer replenished, an't poipes let, Lichtenstein related ther history, dwellin' on't sleepless neets he endured to discover an' invent his machien—the battle—his suspishun 'at thear wor enemies i't camp an' they should be beat—his determinashun to hook it—ther journey an' arrovial at Wadsley. De Wadsley sympathoised deeply wi' 'em, an' promised all't assistance it wor in his power to afford for he'd long wish'd for men wi' mekanikal skill to resoide there, as it 'ud introduce an' oppen aht new resoources for't Wadsley people.

Bein' fatigued wi' ther journey, they retoired early to rest, an't Hall wor sooin i' darkness, an' as still as a graveyard. An't ahtside wor as still as't in. Not a word wor spok', or scarcely a breath drawn—in fakt, ther wor summat loike fear stailin' ovr 'em—one, especially, a young fella 'at wor secretly wishin' he wor at hoam wi' his muther—he didn't hofe loike it, an' in a sullen humour kross'd his legs an' leined his back agean't door. Abaht two o'clock, he wor i't same posishun, an' hofe asleep. Nah, it appears it wor't weshin' day at t' Hall an' it wor customary for t' sarvants to begin at two o'clock, an' get done by brekfast toime. One o't sarvants, anxious to kno' wot soart ov a day it wor loikely to be for dryin', pull'd t' only fast'ning thear wor to't door—a bolt—an' in fell Simon, smack upo't floor. He screamed "Murder!" wi' all his moight. One wi' a spade ovr his shoulder, turnin' as quick as leetnin', catch'd anuther at back o't hecad wi' it an' floored him. But didn't he shaht. T' sarvant i't hall scream'd hersen into fits. They rushed insoide, but, bein' dark, could see nowt. A big strong chap, wi' a flail wor't first, an' he let goa wi' all his moight, swingin' it abaht, thinking 'at if ther wor onybody he'd foind 'em. Well, it came i' contact wi' Jemmy's hcead—an' didn't it rattle!—but he let go wi' his pikaxe an' struck it reight thro' t' middle o't table, up to't shaft,—(my word, if it ad been sumbody's

heed!—and there it stuck, for it wouldn't come aht agean. An' whoile he wor tryin to losen it, he got flooar'd wi't flail, an' thear he lay. One o't women's smoothing irons fun its way thro't peir glass; but it fetch'd 'em all owt o' ther beds, an' my respekted ancestor, Jean Lichtenstein, wi' a neetcap nearly a yard hoigh, seized a sward 'at wor hung in his room an' rush'd dahn stairs, follow'd by t'uthers, an' De Wadsley, arm'd wi' various weapons. They arrioved i't hall just as't foaks had tumbled ovr one anuther, an' wor hofe on 'em up'ot floor. Lichtenstein roared aht, "Stand!" Well, them at could stand didn't, but run for ther loives; an' them 'at worn't standin' could't be made to stand, for after they'd lifted 'em up an' left howd on 'em, dahn they went agean. De Wadsley order'd t' door to be fastun'd, to sekure them 'at wor in, an' amang 'em wor Jemmy, who, having had eight or ten noapes wi't flail, wor possess'd ov a heed wi' a wonderful phrenologikal development.

When things wor a bit sattled, an't fear coased by't formidable appearance o' Lichstenstein an' his sward, De Wadsley demanded o' Jemmy an' his sarvant t' meanin' ov it; an' Jemmy howding his poor heed, sed 'at it wor sartin insinuashuns thrown aht by Mally Noasepoker 'at kreated suspishun i' his moind, and his desoire to presarve his lordship an' his hawse from danger cosed him to tak t' steps he did. T' sarvant tell'd her tale abaht unboltin't door—Simon fallin' in—her own terror—after which all wor a blank. "Robbers!" cried Lichtenstein, brandishin' his sward, at which Jemmy run into't corner, thinkin't flail worn't to be sneezed at, but a nope wi' that thing 'ud be middlin'. De Wadsley accepted t' explanashun, fully understandin' it; in fact, he wor pleased wi sich a proof o' their good wishes towards him, soa he tell'd Jemmy he moight tak' his pikaxe an' goa. Jemmy, still keepin' his eye upo't sward, troied to get his weapun o'warfare loose, but it would't move, soa he sprung his body upo't handle, when wot wor consider'd a splendid specimen o' carved oak, polished loike a lookin' glass, split thro' one end to't uther; but still it wor a stikker; but he wor determined to have it aht and be off, so he gied a wrench wi' all his moight, an' splinter'd a piece abaht hofe a foot woide reight aht o't middle. But worn't he pleased when he shoulder'd his mattock an' got on't march. But when him an' his party got hoam, they'd summat to do to get in—doors wor barrikaded wi' beds, furniture, an' iverything it' place to keep't robbers aht; an' it worn't till Jemmy had applied his pikaxe an' brussen t' door oppen 'at he got in.

T'next day, De Wadsley call'd 'em together, an' ashured 'em ther wor no coase for alarm, an explain'd to 'em t' nature o't stranger's bisness, an' 'at they intended to saddle amang 'em. Sum whizz'd their hats rahnd, an' shouted "Hurrah! Jemmy wor abaht pullin his off, but thinkin' ther moight be a flail somewhere abaht, pull'd it a bit toighter on.

Premises wor inspekted suitable for bein' konstrukted into cutler's shops, an' a large barn belongin' to De Wadsley was decoided on. Masons an' joiners wor set to work, nocking winders aht an' soa on, till it wor made into a varry comfortable place. All bein' in readiness, they commenced bisness; an' from this date Wadsley gradually acquired its greatness.

Time roll'd on. De Wadsley slept wi' his forefathers; Lady Maude married an' went abrooad, an' wor nivver heard ov after. T' village

improved; an' grew i' importance; an' Lichtenstein, whoa's woife had been deead some toime, an' he grown an owd man, tuk to his bed. He wor onshious 'at his end wor approachin', soa he call'd his dowter, whoa wor married, and his friends, together, to receive his last will an' testament. Pointing to a big strong chest, he sed, "I bequeath to t' first male descendant ov Jean Lichtenstein that valluable chest an' its contents—only to be oppen'd on his attainin' his majority. An' I farther desoire 'at a plate bearin' an inscripshun to this effect be attached to t' lid." They promised 'at his wishes should be religiously obey'd. That wor t' comin'-in post wi' my great ancestor. He finished his earthly race, and turn'd his face to t' wall.—It wor a stoan 'un.

Well, toime pass'd on, an' no soigns ov a male choild,—or, as t' saying is, "a chip off t' ould block." It's true ther wor plenty o' childer, but they wor all lasses. Sich a nest o' hens wor nivver seen.

But this state o' things couldn't last for iver; soa at last, i' t' year 1785, t' great event which cosed a moral earthquake i' Wadsley, took place. Sich a gettin' a watter in, an hingin' o' sheets an' blankets rahnd t' hawse, an' set-pot boiling! Thear wor mi fathher, wi' his shirt sleeves up, stirrin' grewel o' his ohn makin' wi' a great stick! Yis, reader, it wor me 'at wor abaht to mak' my advent into this world, an' t' hawse wo full o' foaks, an' thear wor sich anxiety manifested 'at I suppose a breath could scarcely be drawn. But yo should ha' seen 'em when Betty Middiff eum dahn stairs wi' me, lapped i' nearly all t' things i' t' hawse, an' showtin', "It's a lad!" i' sich a tone. I hecard it, an' it's rung i' my ears iver sin'. Worn't ther sum jumpin' an' clappin' o' hands! An' my father done'd all rahnd t' hawse wi' them legs—for they wor symetar an' pruner—nay, nobody could stop him; he wouldn't be stopp'd, till at last six or eight women got howd ov him, an' held him i' t' chair wi' t' bottom aht—bringin' his knees an' chin together, doing t' hacrobat. When he could foind breeach to toke, he sed, he allhus thowt, sumbah, 'as it 'ud be a lad. Betty Middiff smoil'd an' hinted 'at shud a good deal to do wi' it; but my father cast his eyes to'ards t' set-pot, an' would have it 'at his grewel wor strengthenin' an' must ha' done summat. Then followed t' unlappin o' t' blanket, to bring me to daylect. Some on 'em declared I wor t' pictur o' my father, before they had seen a hair o' my heed. By-an'-by I fell into all their clutches—Greenland-hands, like iceburgs. They tumbled an' starved me, an' starved an' tumbled me, till I wor spotted an' dappled wi' cowl loike a leopard. At last, t' weshin' bein' ovr, I had to be robed. Sich boindin' an barrahin'—lappin' ovr an' pinning—nay, theer wor nivver nowt loike it, for I wor twitch'd an' bun' up till I could hardly breathe.

But, haever, here I am, squallin' through t' first akt o' t' grand drama o' loife!

CHAPTER III.—WHAT A WONDERFUL BABBY I WOR.

I wor a wonderful babby, though I say it mysen. I had a bulging braw, loike a cobbler's lapstone; an' all childer wi' hecads o' that pattern are summat o' feelosophurs. In fakt, I wor weel red to begin wi' for I wor

red all ovr. I toked weel as soon as I wor born, but t' stupid neybour couldn't mak' it aht, becos all't sahnds ended wi, O, O, O, an' a gurgle i't throat—an't gurgle wor German, after Lichtenstein, an't O's wor Italyun. I wor a rare singher too, wi' a foine voice, an' Betty sed shu niver heeard soa small a choild as could get up so hoigh an' keep it up so long; an't foaks t' next door had to keep their Tommy at hoam, becos, as he'd cut up his big drum to see whear t' noise cum thro', they wor freeard he wor soa desp'rately inquisitive that he'd rip me up anole, to see hahiver so much musik cum' aht o' my little insoide. I wor a rare 'un to crawl, too, an' used to crawl like t' cocks at dayleet to wakken t' owd foakes; and when they wouldn't wakken up, didn't I pull their noases, an' poak my little warm fingers into ther e'en, an' lug their hair just as if I wor a bell-ringer doing a treble-bob major on't parish bells! I think sumtoimes 'at childer must be fitted up wi' secondhand sowls 'at once were in birds. There's t' crawling—that's one-soign; an' there's t' snoozlin' way they sleep—that's another; an' there's t' queer unfinished look they've got when they're first hatched. But what I think t' moast on is t' way they've got o' flapping their little wings; for when I wor a young 'un I kept crawin' an' lifin' up my arms just as tho' I wor a-going to floy, an' it wor only when I got bigger, an' knew 'at I couldn'd floy, 'at I gi'd it up. Yo'll say 'at I wor a happy youngster; but I wornt. Hah can a fella be kontented in his moind, an' at peace wi't t' world, an' serene in his temper, if he's got a pain in his insoide? Sir Isaac Newton couldn't hissen. A pain i't heart is romantik; a pain i't hecad is intellectual; but a pain i't belly has no poetry in it at all. Even a king foinds anarchy in his kin'dom better to bear than barricades and seditions in his own interior state; and tho' I worn't a king, nor a prince, my condishun needed a council o' war. Betty, who wor't Minister for't Interyur, ordered Godfrey an' a teaspoonful o' gin—shu wor greeat upo't merits o' gin, an' sed it owt to be kept i't house whear shu could get it ony hawr o't neet; an' shu sed it wor nourishin' an' 'at muther owt to have lots on it regular, as shu wanted "suppoart." Betty wor a praktikal body. Shu held 'at example wor better than precept, an' soa by way o' showing her konfidence i' gin, she supp'd a good deal on't hersen. Shu tuk it, shu sed, to mak' her strong, an' she succeeded, for my muther tell'd her shu mut have had t' most o't gin—she wor so vary strong. Nah, Betty wor a bit scandalus wi' her tongue; an' shu sed 'at wot caused pain, an' made me draw up my little legs an' scream, wor "wind,"—as if a Lichtenstein could be infekted wi' owt soa low; an' shu sed as hah sum foakes wor troubled wi' wind all their lives, but that it didn't pain 'em, becos Providence had so fitted up ther macheenery that ther tongues acted as safety-valves, an' they toked it off. Betty hersen were one o' that soaft. She used to get to hoigh preshure, an' wor actually dangerous, if shu couldn't ivery day or two manage to "ease her moind." An' sum foaks will have it that there's sum members o' Parliament quoitte as bad. Hahever, they did me i' warm flannels, an' doased my little stomak wi' gin till it wor loike a small cask wi' ribs on i'stead o' hoops; an' they toked all sorts o' blarney to me. Betty sed my noase wor just loike t' father's—an' father's noase wor hoigh Garman, while moine wor nea nooase at all, but just a nebulous promise o' summat 'at had to grow; an' shu would have it 'at I

wor a bouncer, an' a beauty, an' 'at foaks thowt me double my reight age, I wor soa big. But Betty had two opinions upo' that subjekt. Shu sed to me 'at I wor a dear, ducky, darling dickey-bird; but behint my back shu sed it wor a blessin' for poor foaks when their childer wor "took!" and that I wor a bad-tempered little "brat." Ould Bet had a queer way o' washin' an' feedin me, for shu did it i't regular profesunal moad. I' washin' she scrubb'd sooap into my little eyes wi' a sponge, an' when I scream'd shu popp'd t' sponge into my mathe till it frothed wi't lather. Yo see shu wor rather a religious woman, and used to grooan at chapel, an' it wor her wish 'at I should be wesh'd inardly as weel as aht. By stuffin' t' sponge into my mathe, shu managed two things—shu stopp'd my noise, an' shu sent dahn a reasonable supply o' sooap. An, hah shu did but cram me wi' milk and bread, when mother had noa milk! Shu pack'd me as if I wor a portable portmanteau; an' when I kick'd shu show'd t' spoon dahn my rebellious throat, an' wedg'd food dahn wi't spoon. Surely my vitality wor vary great, or I shouldn't ha' lived ovr t' stuffin I then got; for when I could howd noa more, shu spoon'd up't ovrplus as it run dahn my little rahnd face, an' thrust it bak into my mathe. They say there's uther nurses loike Betty. But t' owd lass thowt noa small beer ov hersen as a nurse; for whoeiver held me couldn't do it reight for her. I know I wor rar' an' sore wi' bein' toss'd abaht from one to another.

"Nah, wot dun yoa think to him?" ax'd Betty, smoilin ovr her sawsur. (Moind ye, 't women wor enjoyin' thersens—they d made a cup o' good tea, wi' a sup o' brahn creeam in it, to strengthen it—ham an' eggs fry'd, toast an' butter, an' sundry uther things—ther' wor sum lickin' o' lips.) "Whoi, wot I think," sed Nancy Wildgoose, "is 'at he's nowt at soide o' my lass's choild. To be shure he's weel enuff; but yo can't put him asoide o' ahr Nan's." "Wha," sed Milly Rhoades, "I wouldn't say owt abaht onybody's choild; soa long as they re reight an' streight wo owt to be thankful."—"That's reight, Milly lass," sed t' women, which made Nancy Wildgoose shuffle her feet an' potter t' foire.

My father, wor a dacent chap, as far as his inner man went; but t' owtsoide wor nowt. Sartenly, he wor vary shapeable, wi' his crooked legs an' twisted body—he wor loike t' rest o't cutlers. When he wanted to show a full frunt, he had to dress his sen behint befoar, an' then his rahnd back spread his dickey to sum pattern.

Well, my abdominal organs, which had been ov rather loose habits, begun a strengthenin', an' I becum wot foaks call "noice" i' my inard affairs an my father thowt it wor hoigh toime I wor kristen'd; soa my muther wor busy, along wi't dressmacker, mackin' all soarts o' furbilows to deck me i' iverything whoite; an' sich bak-stitching an' frunt stitchin'! It wor a pity to touch me, for fear o' crumplin' me. Nah, when we started for t' church, it wor noice an' foine ovrbeead, but sloppy underfoot, on accaht ov a heavy fall o' rain during t' neet. Ther wor a noice party o' frends an' relashuns invoited; an' amang 'em Betty Middiff, whoa had invoited hersen, on't pretence o' dressin't choild. Shu shud feel cumfortable, shu sed, if shu did it hersen; tho' iverybody knew it wor a blow-aht shu wanted. Well, as we pass'd along; t' women were kongregated together, wi' ther arms lapp'd i' their aprons, an' first one an' then another uncover'd my face to have a peep at me, an' i't childer could only touch

t' hem o' my garment, worn't they prahd! Well, a little cousin, a bonny little lass abaht seven years owd, begg'd to be allahed to carry me a bit, an' shu bein' reckoned sich a handy lass—a regular owd woman, I wor plac'd in her arms, an' varry noicely shu carried me. Lots o' childer, ov simular ages, toddled each soide of her, an' wish'd they wor her. At last, they raither throught her, an' shu order'd em to keep ther distance; but whoile shu wor' tokin' she worn't looking at her rooad, an' comin' i' contact wi' a stoane behint which wor a big slophoile, dahn shu goas into it, wi' me undermost! My muther scream'd—in fakt, iverybody scream'd, even my father. Hah many hands had howd on us to lift us up I doan't kno'; but wot a pickel I wor in!—weet thro', an' sludgy boath heead an' boddy! My father would have my long gahn took off, an' nippin' his ohn koat off put it me on. Well, my hood wor wet thro'. What to do they didn't kno'. My father try'd his hat on, but it wor too big; but he worn't to be dun, soa he lap'd a handketcher rahnd my heead twoathry toimes, an' then his hat stuck on noicely. He didn't care abaht bein' bareheead an' bareback'd, if I wor comfortable. I should think I wor't first bab' at wor iver krissen'd in its father's clooas; but sumboddy remark'd 'at I look'd a little man. T' parson didn't hofe stare when they plac'd me in his arms wi' my father's hat on! but he moinded his ohn bisness, an' made noa remarks. When he ask'd what name, my father made t' church ring agean wi' "John Lichtenstein!"—an' that's t' name I wor krissen'd. My father thowt t' parson didn't use enuff watter, tho' I wor weet thro'. "But never moind," sed he to my muther, "he'll happen mak' up for't next toime." "Pray thee howd thy soft; tha'rt clean craz'd," shu sed, altho' t' idia o' having to goa there agean seem'd to tickle her fancy aboon a bit.

As sooin as t' ceremony wor ovr, my father got howd ov me. He meant to carry me hoam—no more risks wi' noboddy. If anyboddy offer'd to touch me, he shoulder'd 'em off. An' didn't he waw on t' fields, wi' his trakle legs bendin' at ivery stroide, abaht a dozen yards t' first! It matter'd not whoa spoak to him, he dinn't kno' 'em, an' my muther wor rare an' pleas'd when we d gotten hoam agean. Well, a good tea wor provided, to which my nearest relashuns wor invited. And didn't Betty enjoy it! Shu did, I think! Shu'd come a purpose; an' moind yo shu tuk care to mak' a deal to do o' t' choild. "Yo may depend on it," shu sed, "this lad al kut a figur i' t' world, for I'll warrant there's a pratty penny i' that box; he'll have to live at t' Hall, that's sarten." An' my father thowt it wor reight. Then they felt t' weight of me all rahnd t' hawse, cryin', "Wot a lump! an' my word, mester, but he's not hofe a choild nah he has cum! Look at them showlders! wot rinkles! He's as red as fitch, an' sits up as stiff as a choild iver soa owd." My father first looked at my muther, then at me, then at his sen, an' by t' smoile on his kountenance appear'd perfectly satisfoied wi' t' lot.

Well, after tea, Roger Cockin, Ralf Towler, Jerry Slack, an' Farmer Goslin dropp'd in, an' as ahr foaks had brewed for t' occasion, ov cooarse t' pitchers mut be on t' table, along wi' a saucer o' bacco an' some poipes. They ax'd Mattie Dismal to tell a tale, an' shu did, abaht a honted hawse, whear a woman had been seen withaht a heead. Whoile shu wor tellin' it, yo moight ha' heeard a pin fall, an' they all stared reight i' t' foire.

Billy Scrapper an' Joasy Scrat popp'd in wi' ther fiddle and bass, just to gi'e 'em a tune; but it wor whisper'd 'at they'd heeard o' t' ale an' t' bacco, for they wor nowt but a pair o' slapes. My father, thinkin' things rather dull, proffer'd to gi'e 'em a song. T' musishuns offer'd to accompany him, but not soa; their scrapin' ud nobbut him aht, soa clearin' his crack'd voice, he struck up wi' t' followin' affecting song:—

"Rahnd Legs to Wadsley went,
Fal, lal, lal, la!
With berrin' cakes he wer sent,
Fal, lal, lal, la!"

An' soa on. When he'd finish'd his song, he jump'd up, donc'd rahnd t' hawse, an' bownced i' t' chair agean amid roars o' lafter. He wor goain' rahnd agean, but my muther stopp'd him. Betty sung 'em "Captain Thunderbolt," and Farmer Goslin sed he loik'd to hear a luv song abaht murder. "Nah," sed my father, "we'll have a donce to woind up wi'. Strike up wi' t' 'Wadsley Romp.' Nah, then, square yersens. Betty, cum here, yo an me al show these lads hah to do it. Off we goa." Then they wor all on a heap for want o' room. My father pull'd poor Betty abaht whoile she wor loike doncin' wi' a bag o' sawdust. She wor clean fagg'd aht, and my father's legs at last gi'ing her t' crook, shu cum' dahn all on a lump, an' Farmer Goslin on t' top ov her. Shu wor nearly flatten'd. They put her in a chair, but didn't shu puff! Just at this toime I happen'd to sneeze. My father shahted, "What's that—a sneeze? That choild's got his deeach o' cowd. I think we'd better break up as we can get him to bed. Betty yo'll look in i' t' mornin', just to see hah he is." Shu sed shu would, an, rekomended 'em to get summat hot into me, an' I should be reight i' t' mornin'. Soa, biddin' good neet, they went away. But t' musishuns hadn't got many yards aht o' t' hawse before they begun o' complainin' 'at it had been a shabby consarn—they had'nt been ax'd to sup aboon hofe a dozen toimes all t' neet, an' then it worn't worth belly-room. Goslin took it up, an' sed he made noa accahnt o' foaks 'at went abaht slapein' ale. But didn't they bristle up! for they wor boath cobblers, an' wanted to kno' if ther musik worn't value for wot they got? Goslin sed he thowt not, nor hofe value if they got owt. Well, they got thro' little to much till it ended in a feight; Goslin throwin' boath on 'em ovr a wall, an' jumpin' t' poor bass an' fiddle to deeach. Ther wor a foine skare i' t' village abaht it.

But to return mysen. My father havin' great faith i' his gruel, determin'd I should hav sum, an' be weel lapp'd up i' flannel, an' 'at my muther should hav t' grindlecowk hecated an' put to her feet; it 'ud mak' her milk hot—nearly boil—soa as it 'ud warm an' murrish t' lad, an' he'd fetch t' biggest stoane he could carry an' heeat it for his ohn feet. "Soa," sed he, "if t' choild's i' t' middle, between us, we can nearly heeat 'im red-hot. Besoides, I feel sneezish mysen." Well he teem'd t' gruel into me wi a spoon too big by t' hofe, soa moare run aht at soides than went into my mathe. After all had been dun at could be dun, us an't stoanes wor noicely bedded for't neet. We hadn't been long i' bed, hahever, befoare my muther thowt ther wor a queer smell—loike burnin', shu thowt. She nudg'd my father, but he sed, "Howd thie noise!—I'm steamin' noicely—a loimekiln al be nowt to us presently." "Duz ta

heear?" shu shabted, "t' bed's a foire!" My stars! didn't them legs jump aht o' bed? He emptied all soarts o' things he could fond, an' t' ass aht o' t' ass—nook (thinkin' it 'ud smuther it) upo' t' bed befoare my muther could get aht. A wot a stew we wor in! shu run dahn stairs, wi' me in her arms, nearly sufficated, an' he had a job to get t' foire aht. Well, my muther an' me wor nearly weat through, an' t' hawse-foire wor aht, an' thear we wor ditherin' for a nawr, till he could change t' bed cloas, an' then t' bed wor damp; but we couldn't pretend to sit thear, soa wonce more we crept to bed. A, but when they wacken'd i' t' mornin', worn't I in a tackin'! My eyes wor made cleean up, dischargin' a soart o' gummy matter. My father wor ommost crazed. My muther sed, "Pra thee howd thie noise mun, an' don't bother thysen soa, Betty al be here presently, an' shu'll set him reight." "Wha," sed he, "I'll get up an' kindle t' foire, an' cum to bed agean, for I'm nobbut poorly this mornin'." He did soa, an' my muther got up, leaaving him i' bed. As shu wor set rockin' me on her knee, in pops Betty Middiff, an' t' first question wor, "Nah, my lass, hah's t' choild this mornin'?" My mother, uncoverin' me, sed, "Look wot a ploight he's in wi' his eyes—wot to do I doan't kno'." "Gie me howd on him," sed Betty, bouncin' hersen' into a chair; "it's astonishin' ha helpless some foaks are wi' childer!" Hearin' my father moanin', my mother run up stairs, an' thear he wor in a red-hot faver. Shu call'd Betty up, whoa, as soon as shu see'd him, sed t' doctor should be fetch'd at wonce. T' doctor wor sooin thear, an' sed it wor a vary bad case. Day after day pass'd, till at last t' faver wor t' mester, an' he deed t' same day I wor six weeks owd.

My mother's forlorn posishun, an' t' funeral, are things too mooarful for me to dwell on, soa I shall only say 'at i' consequence o' t' shape o' my father's legs, t' coffin had to be made a soart o' wrong end up, which made it very awkward to carry. Wi' t' excepshun o' that, an' arrangin' that vary diffikult matter whoa should walk t' first (for ther wor a bit o' dodgin' abaht that), all pass'd off weel, an' my muther an' me wor left aloane in ahr loncliness.

I shall not trouble yo wi' my muther's diffikulties an' hardships—hah she had to work i' t' fields i' t' day an' wesh at neet, to get us a bit o' bread, but pass on to t' time 'at proves I worn't only heir to a box, but a lot more things—grand uns—chicken-pox, small-pox, kincough, whooping-cough, measles, an' ringworms—I had 'em all, loike a reight man. My poor muther had a totterin' toime wi' me, for I tuk sum rearin'. Well, I got ovr 'em all, an' took to growin' fast. My muther sent me to Nanny Knownt's school, an' foaks sed I cum on rarely—quite a sharp lad. I wor nah abaht seven years owd, nearly ready for t' cutlers' shops, when my mother wor tuk seriously ill. T' doctor sed he wor fread he could do nowt for her—it wor t' inflammation o' t' lungs, browt on wi' cowds got thro' bein' expos'd to t' rough weather i' t' fields. Shu wor aware shu couldn't get better, soa shu sent for Billy Methody, a good owd soul whoa'd a loikin' for John Wesley, a man 'at wor makkin' a great stir i' Shevild just then. Billy wor a good deal skoff'd at, for havin' meetins i' his hawse; but wot did he care for skeffs when he thowt he wor doin' reight? He wor t' same trade as my father—a cutler—but sumhah or other he' duff'd trade's mark wi' one leg, for it wor streight, but tuther stood at five an

twenty minutes past twelve, actin' as a soart ov a tressle; for t' shoulder o' t' same soide, I should say, wor hofe a yard at least aht o' plomb, an' his coat, when he woked, wor t' same as if it hung on a peg—it swung thro' one soide o' t' causeway to t' uther. But hahiver mis-shapen his boddy, he'd a good heart; an' my muther, kno'ing it, hoap'd an' believ'd he'd befriend her orphan choild, an' this hoape wor strengthen'd by t' fact 'at Billy had noa childer o' his ohn; an' then his woife, Mary Methody, wor lur'd by ivery body. A, shu wor a noice owd cretur, wi' her little frill cap rahnd her matronly face; heav'n beamin' in her eyes, an' a koind sweet word for iverybody. Wouldn't shu be a muther to him? My sufferin' an' fast-siukin' mother determin'd to ax him.

CHAPTER IV.—MY BOYHOOD, AND APPROACH TO MANHOOD.

Woindin' up't third chapter o' my history, I sed—or meant to have sed—'at my poor muther sent for Billy Methody. Well, Billy worn't long afore he wor standin' at her bedsoide. "Nah, Mary," sed he, "wot is it, lass? Yo seem rather loanly here—not many friends or relashuns seem to visit yo. Wha, niver moind, thear's a friend 'at sticketh cloiser than a brother. If he is wi' yo, he's moar than all 'at can be agean yo." My muther put her long thin hand aht a bed, an' Billy tuk howd on it, saying, "Wot is it, Mary?" My muther couldn't get t' words to leave her tongue for grief. Billy see'd it, an' wept loike a choild. After her grief had summat subsided, shu got Billy's hand i' boath her's, an' lookin' soa implorin'ly in his face, sed, "William, my—my choild—my boy"—an' her face fell on his hand, an' t' tears flow'd afresh. Billy, wi' great diffikulty, sed, "Mary—Mary, spaik aht, my lass—wot does ta want? If it's anything i' my pawer to do, depend on it 'at it shall be done." An' nah my muther's face broighten'd, an' wi' sich a smoile as only can be gi'en when they're loll'd agean t' gatepost o' Heav'n, sed, "William, yoa have noa childer—can yo—will yo—have moine?" "Can I!—will I!" exclaim'd Billy; "Mary, I boath can an' will; an' whoile this arm has strength or pawer to work, thy boy shall not want a hoam." My muther kuss'd his hand ovr an' ovr an' her tears flow'd afresh, but they wor tears o' joy. "Bless yo! bless yo!" shu murmer'd, an' sunk on her pillow. Billy comforted her wi' kind assurances ov his fatherly care for her darlin' lad; an' as for his woife, bless her! shu'd deloight in it! soa he begg'd ov her to mak' her moind easy. Shu desoir'd him, when shu wor gon, to sell what ther wor, except t' owd box. Shu didn't kno', shu sed, wot wor in it; but shu should loike me to have it. Billy promis'd 'at her wishes should i' ivery respect be attended to; an' after this arrangement wor made, my muther appear'd quiet happy. Billy came daily to see her, ministerin' sich consolashun as befitted her posishun, an' bringin' noice bits to tempt her appetoite. His woife cum' every meal-toime, an' prov'd hersen a ministerin' angel.

Day by day my muther's cheek grew paler, and her hand felt thinner, till at last her happy spirit burst its tenement o' clay, an' soar'd to a brighter an' better world.

For't first toime, I begun to realize my posishun. All I held dear wor gone, for my muther wur iver'everything to me, an' nah—noa father, noa muther—left aloane i't world. T' lads an' lasses, when they see'd me, couldn't help sayin', "Poor Jack, poor Jack!" My posishun wor, indeed, pitiable. Nah, t, past history o' my life, up to this period, cum to my knowledge thro' t' tradition ov the elders—I don't mean t' owdest elders i't world, tho' they are vary elderly elders, whoa had their origin not only in a *patri*-ark but in *Noah's* ark—an' sum on 'em left their testimony (an' I'm sorry to say it wor't only "mon'y" they did leeave me) scribbled i't Boible; soa, by one means an' anuther, I petch'd up t' informashun I've g'ien yo. If it's not all true, you mun think it is, an' it al be all't same. Soa much for't past. Well, it's a blessin' 'at i' this case we can depend on't future, for I shall, on my ohn responsibility, and from my ohn experience, deliver a rahnd unvarnish'd tale ov my journeyins thro' this world o' perplexities an' disappointments.

My muther's funeral being ovr, an' goods dispoased ov, I wor install'd into Billy Methody's keepin, an' he laid aht t' money realised by't sale o' my muther's goods i' things for my comfort. At noine years owd, he put me a apron on an' tuk me to't shop. Worn't I a man! Yo should ha' seen me woke! I didn't feel hofe chuff! Well, toime pass'd away till I reached my fourteenth year, an' I hadn't only grown i' years but assurance, if not impudence, for a soart o' bullheadedness cum ovr me, an' I could be as stupid as a pot mule. Yit, tho' I say it mysen, I wor possess'd ov a charitable disposishun, an' 'ud gi' owt away, or do owt for onybody. But I wor soa fond ov a lark, or a bit o' fun! which got me into many a hobble. I remember it bein' buzz'd abaht i't village 'at Nancy Moildmay (whoa, same as my mester, wor a Methodist,) wor gooin' to mak' a bit ov a tea for twoathry moar o't same soart. I think they number'd abaht foive women, an' Billy, who wor't only man—on which occasion sum chap thro' Shervild wor to be wi em, an' after tea to toke to 'em a bit. Well, as nother Billy Methody nor his woife could be theare, me an' two o' my companions resolved to have a lark wi' 'em if possible. Soa, when tea wor ovr, an' t' hawse made in, we peep'd thro't nick o't window-shutters, an' thear wor four owd women—not one under sixty—peak'd in a row, t' table separatin' 'em thro't chap 'at wor laying things dahn to 'em. Nah, then, wot could we do? "I have it," sez Dick Greasy, "stop o bit whoile I fetch a roape." He nipp'd into their hawse, an' his muther bein' aht, browt cloase-loine an teed t' door fast. We then got two cats, an' an owd clockin hen, (shu could scream aboon a bit,) an' teed t' cats' tails an' t' hens legs all together. We then got a ladder, an' rear'd it at back o't hawse. An' I mud be't man to do it. "Gi' 'em me I sed!" an' up I goas. Dick an' Luke run to peep thro' t' shuts. I got agean't chimley, an' as sooin as I could get 'em in a position, dahn't chimley t' cats and hen went. I scuffled to get dahn, for ov all t' noises an' scares I iver heeard, it flogg'd all; but t' ladder slipped soideway, an' boath it an me cum dahn together, my noase-end groindin' agean't hawse soide all't way dahn; an' didn't my head get a jowl upo't grahnd! As t' ladder belong'd to t' premises, I'd noa trouble wi' it; soa I run rahnd to see wot wor going off, an' Benny Sofly wor cuttin't roape wi' a knife. When t' door wor oppen'd, ov all t' seets I iver clapp'd my eyes on, this wor't

licker! T' hawse wor a reglar soothoile. I should think 'at chimley had niver been swept sin' Adam wor a lad. They wor all upo't floor, table an' chairs anole! Dick tell'd me 'at when cats an' hen cum dahn chimley, he couldn't see 'em for't cloud o' soot 'at in a hinstant enveloped 'em; an' worn't ther a scuffle i't chimley wi't owd hen's wings an' cats feightin', an' when they scuffled to't bottom, on't fire, didn't they jump! T' owd women, Dick sed, who had ther hands rais'd, ther mathes oppen, drinkin' in't words ov exhortation, fell back screamin', ther feet catchin' under't table, an' liftin' it on't top ov 'em. T'lekturer tumbled ovr anole—t' cats an' hen wor feightin' all ovr't hawse, first upo't women, then upo't man i' holy order; when Sofly, passin' by an' hearin' noise, brok't bonds o't door asunder. Well, we got away as sooin as possible; but it flew loike woildfire 'at owd Nick had appear'd to't Methody's; t' foaks noddin' ther heeads, an' sayin' they worn't a bit surpris'd. As for me, I wor in a bonny pickle wi' my noase. Hah much shorter it wor I didn't kno; but yo couldn't tell wot my apron wor made on, for blood, an' when I'd got hoam, an' Billy wanted to know what I'dun at it, I tell'd him I'd fallen dahn wot wor called t' steep bank, and 'at I shouldn't be surpris'd if my noase had cut a gutter thro't top to't bottom. That lie has haunted me iver sin'; and mony's the toime I've wish'd I could recall it; but I determined that, for't future, a lie should niver stain my lips.

A short toime after this, Dick Greasy and Luke Milkcup ax'd me if I'd mak' one to goa a scrumpin', that is, fetchin' apples off sumbody's trees—a reglar practice amang lads. I didn't much loike it, but they persuaded me to goa. Soa when we'd dun at neet, we set off for't Hall, as ther wor a splendid tree full at back o't hawse. I'd mark'd my way ov escape if we should be surpris'd: it wor by't midden wall, which wor built agean't ahtsoide wall. We'd just got to't tree when't sarvant-man shahted to a great dog, "At 'em, Keeper!" But didn't we run! I made for't midden, an' wor on to't wall in a jiffy; but i' gettin' ovr t'uther, which wor cover'd wi' spoikes, my breeches' behind hooked upo' one ov 'em, an' thear I wor danglin' i't air. I kik'd an' sprottled for nearly a nahr, an' darn't mak' a noise for fread o't keeper foindin' me. I wor nearly brokken i' two when up cums Dick an' Luke. They got howd o' me, an' lifted me up off't spoike, but unfortunately dropp'd me wi' all my weight on't spoike agean. I scream'd an' tipped back into't midden. But hadn't I sum liftin' to get my legs ovt agean! Niver moind! Hah-ever, i' toime I managed on't wall agean, but I got on wi' my knees, turned rahnd, an' let my legs dahn. They samm'd howd o' me to help me, but let goa agean as I loosen'd my howd, an' I dropp'd on my nether end, jowlin' my heead agean't wall. But didn't they donee an' shak' thersens. My word, we wor all ready for a muck-cart, an' wot wor to be dun we didn't kno'. At last we resol'd to goa to Dick's; he thowt his muther wor aht, an' we moight manage to clean us, an' noaboddy be ony woiser. Well, we made t' best ov ahr way, an' as luck would have it, aht shu wor. But had'nt we sum rubbin' an' skawrin' before we wor fit to be seen! Dick made a rare foire to dry us quick, an' I got as cloise to it as I could, for t' toime wor gettin' on. Well, dun yo kno', my trousers' legs run up nearly to breeches. "Look, look! whear they're goaing to!" I sed; "catch howd on 'em!" Dick tuk howd o' one leg,

an' Luke got howd o' t' uther, an' they pull'd an' grinn'd to get em dahn, but it wor noa goa: they meant bein' up, and noa soart o' persuashun or physikal force could move 'em. Dick's muther cum in, an' shu stood i't middle o't floor, rear'd streight up, snuffin' an' lookin' abaht so inquiringly. "Bless me!" shu kept sayin', "what on earth can it be?" I wanted to be off, an' sigled to't door. Then, seein't foire, shu ax'd Dick wot he wor doin' wi't up t'chimley? did he think shu fun't coails i'thoigh road? Thinks I, I'd better be goain' befoare a storm comes, soa, biddin' "Good neet," I made mysen skarce. When I got hoam I set o't back-soide o't hawse, an' Mrs. Methody kept sayin', "Whoi doesn't ta cum to't foire, John?" I knew whoi, an' I sed I'd rather be whear I wor; an' it wor reight—I wor speikin't solid truth. I then pull'd my boats off to goa to bed, when shu ax'd if I worn't goin' to have some supper. I sed I didn't feel to want ony; an' that wor true. As I wor goin' up stairs, I heerd Billy say, "Hah that lad grows! I niver noatic'd it afoare, but his trahsers are nearly up to't knees." "Wha," sed shu, "he's lately begun then, for they wor long enuff this morning." Havin' got aht o' hearin', I don't kno' wot follow'd. But an idia struck me i't neet, which fetch'd me aht o' bed i't mornin' wi' a rip. It occur'd to me to damp my trahsers, an' pull 'em aht whoile they wor damp, an' let 'em dry by degrees. I try'd it on, an' it succeeded admirably. At breakfast, t' missis coek'd her eye at 'em, remarkin' 'at they wor long enuff for owt. Billy declar'd they wor up to't knees last neet; an' shu sed 'at it wor impossible—he wor dreamin'. Nah, I niver heerd 'em contradict each uther afoare. This wor summat new, soa, for fread they should appeal to me, I bolted off to't shop. Well, t' weck past ovr, an' nowt occur'd respektin' ahr scrumpin' excurshun, except a repoart 'at sumboddy had been robbin't squoire's midden, but that dee'd away i' toime.

Sum months had nah pass'd away, an' I wor growing a big lad, an' nowt materially occur'd to mar t' even tenor, bass, or treble, o' my way. Things seem'd to goa smoothly on loike, an' one Sunday I agreed wi' Dick an' Luke to have a woke to Loxley Common, to see Frank Pearn's jibbit, havin' heerd a great deal o' toke abaht it. We went, but I shall niver goa to see anuther. He follow'd me wheariver I went; he slept wi' me, an' wak'd at middle o' t' neet wi' me. Hah I did use to sweat, an' cuver mysen ovr t' heerd wi' t' bedcloas! An' when I wor aht at dark, an' had to pass a corner wi' a shadow in it, I shut my eye o' that side till I'd got safe an' sahd past. This soart o' thing stuck to me for sum toime; in fakt, I can't tell hah long it's left me. It's help'd to mak' many a boggard, I can tell yo that. But I shall niver forget goin' to see a neybour 'at wor deead—he wor to be bury'd t' next day, an' they wish'd me to see him. It wor just befoare ten o'clock at neet. I should think I wor hofe turn'd fifteen at that toime. Well, when I went in, I sed I'd cum to have a look at George. "That's reight, Jack," they answer'd, "thah can tak t' candle, he's it first room." I becum a deaf man all at once. I heerd noa more. My breath, pawer, an' nearly consciousness, went loike leetnin'. Thear I stood, an' couldn't ha' reicht candle off t' cornish for a million o' money. His woife sed shu'd snuff it, as I could see him reight—he wor sich a pratty corpse. I wish'd it wor t' only candle they had i' t' hawse, an' 'at shu'd throw it on t' foire-back i'

snuffin' it; but shu did it beautiful. I niver see'd nowt done soa oliver as it wor, an' then shu stuff'd t' candle i' my hand, an sed, "Away wi' thee, lad." Well, I daren't refuse, afread o' bein' laugh'd at i' t' village, as it 'ud be sure to be made knohn. Wi' totterin' steps an' hardly kno'in whether I wor goin' up stairs or i' t' cellar, I mov'd mekhanically on, but it wor t' chamber, sure enuff I'd gotten into, for thear wor t' bed cover'd wi' a whoite sheet. They'd left window oppen, to mak' him keep. I mov'd on to t' bed-heead, which wor cloise to t' window, 'an held t' candle ovr him. At t' same instant, a puff o' wind blew t' leet aht. * * A blank, but for hah long I dont kno.

CHAPTER V.—HAVIN' TA'EN MY DEGREES, I SET AHT ON MY TRAVELS.

T' first thing I remember, after my candle had been blown aht, wor, I fun mysen up o't floor dahn stairs, an' sum women wor bathin' my temples; but i' course o' toime they gi'd me to understand 'at I'd brusten all't doors dahn, an' roll'd dahn stairs into t' hawse floor, scarin' 'em all to deeach. I wor got hoam by four i' t' morniu'. Poor Billy Methody wor nearly craysed wi' wonderin' what had gotten me. An' when I wor tuk in by three or four women, whoa wor howding me up o' other soide, he croid, "Good heaven, whatever's t' matter?" Ther tale worn't easily tell'd, becos they had to descroibe wot did tak' place an' what didn't, an' wot they thowt tuk place an' wot moight ha' done—altogether they made a grand tale on it. Billy ax'd me whear I wor hurt, for, sed he, "It's noa joak to do t' 'rowlin' Molly' dahn stairs." Moind yo, I worn't hofe sore; but to pik ony partiklar place aht I couldn't; soa, t' nearest description 'at I could gi' wor, 'at I wor batter'd an' tatter'd, bump'd an' thump'd, a brokken heead an' all t' bark off my shins. "Dear a me!" sed Billy, then, "tha'at all ovr aloike! Summut mun be dun at wonce; soa I'll tak' t' flour bag, an' call William Tyler up for sum linseed-dust, an' tha shall have a univarsal pultice—wone at 'il cover thee all ovr." Soa he went an' fetch'd a stoane. Mary approved o' Billy's idia, an' set t' set-pot agate. Well, they made abaht four buckets full, an' put a sheet on't top o't bed, an' spread it abaht a foot thick. Toke abaht a pultice! but this wor o' stunner! Well, I stripp'd an' got into it, "Nay," sed Billy, "tha moant ha' thy heead in (one soide o' my face had sunk to my noase in a hinstant) tha'll be choak'd, slocken'd an' smuther'd; get thie heead ahtsoide, lad—thear, that's abaht it." Then he lapp'd me up an bandaged me. If ony Egyptian mummy had seen me he'd ha' been asham'd on his hissen. They kept me i' this pickle till dinner toime, when they thowt weel to let my various members move wonce moare. After bein' unlapp'd, a rather diffikult job presented itsen, for't pultice hadn't been greased, soa it stuck loike bird-loime to my sodden skin! Billy, good sowl, begun to scrape it off wi't back edge of a joiner's saw, But dun yoa kno' he made a mistak'. He got t' rang edge, an' gi'd me a scrape wi't teeth. I scream'd loike a jay. I'll warrant they heerd me

sum way off, for foaks came runnin' i' all quarters; an' it matter'd not wot Mary sed, three or four men foarced theirsens up stairs, an' a woman or two wi' 'em; but when t' women seed hah things wor, they bolted dahh agean quick. Billy wor glad ov a bit o' help, for he wor nearly bet, an' me anole. Well, these chaps set too i' earnest, an' scrubb'd till they swet agean. They thowt 'at if a lump o' salt wor put i't watter, it 'ud mak' it ask, and boite better—it nobbut slipped ovr as it wor. A lump wor fetch'd in a minute, an' put i't watter, an' then they fell on me afresh. Oh, my poor back! it wor scored loike poark. It really wor grievous. I could ha' becum a general strangler; nay, if iver ony fellow wor stark mad, it wor me. I done'd t' big panshun 'at I wor stood in i' two, an' worn't thear a mess! I sed I'd be scrubb'd noa moar, but I should put my cloas on, an' let 'em wear it off. These chaps wanted to hear thro' my ohn lips t' cose o' my disaster, for ther wor soa mony tales, they said, they didn't kno' wot to believe; but I fun by what they said 'at t' murder wor aht. This wor wot I dreaded, an' hah to meet t' folks agean I didn't kno'. Fortunately we'd nowt to do, for trade had been bad sum toime, soa I stopp'd at hoam all't week. Well, I didn't satisfy these chaps, soa they went away, but nearly iverybody stopp'd 'em to hear a full an' correct accahnt. An' wot tales they had to tell! They knew t' bottom on it, but shouldn't loike to tell all they knew, makin' it moare mysterious. Billy would ha' me just tell him hah it occurred—top an' main on it. Well, I run thro' it; but when I cum to't lect goain' aht, I wor foare'd to rest a bit. At last I muster'd sufficient courage to tell him, an' added 'at I didn't feel sure whether it wor t' man or t' window being oppen 'at put it aht. He said it must ha' been t' window. Well, tho' Billy promis'd to keep it a secret, he just mention'd it to a friend i' confidence, an' that friend havin' a friend, just mention'd it to him, an' so it went on till all t' village knew; an' t' lads didn't wait till I woked abroad, but cum an' showted i't door, "Who put t' leet aht?"—"Hah many doars did ta Brust off o't hooks?"—"Hah art ta gettin' on wi' thy pultice?"—an' lots o' similar things 'at made me miserable. When we'd a bit o' wark, I wen to t' shop i't morning befoare ony boddy wor stirrin', an' stay'd till iveryboddy wor i' bed at neet, but it only increas'd my misery.

Just abaht this toime I made a discovery which nearly lifted t' hair off my heead. I wor puttin' my stockings on one morning an' thrustin' my leg, as I thowt, streight aht, when, to my utter dismay, I fun 'at it worn't streight, but 'at a soart ov a bend wor takkin place. Well, I look'd at it an' felt at it—felt at it an' look'd at it—till Billy wanted to kno' if I wor goin' to stop up stairs all't day. It sartenly wor late, soa didn't I catch it as I went to't shop, wi' foaks shawtin' me. Well, I couldn't work for thinkin' abaht my leg. It wor't biggest trouble I'd had, for I wor at that age when a lad combs his hair as much moare as he used to do, an' is varry particklar hah he tees his hankatcher—an', in fakt, attends to a many little things abaht his sen 'at he didn't yuse to do. I wor a big lad, sixteen year owd, wi a thick down on my top lip, an' some sed 'at afoare long I should have whiskers. I look'd a year or two owd nor I wor, an' wor generally call'd a young chap.

Nah, ther wor another thing at wor a soarce ov uneasiness to me. I knew 'at I worn't addlin' my livin', for abaht two days an' a hofe a week

wor as much as we generally got. I noaticed 'at table worn't soa plentifully supplied, an' could see a deal o' duvtailin to mak' things meet an' tee at thear didn't use to be. This troubled me, an' I could hardly height at all. I determin'd at last to do summat to get aht o't place, if it wor even goain' for a sowger; for wot wi' shame, fear, an' a hoast o' uther unpleasant things, I fairly hated t' seet on it.

One mornin', as I wor i't shop by mysen, I set wi' my heead restin' i' boath my hands, wonderin' wot to do; an' as my eye rested upo't glazer frame, I thowt—"Aye, lad, I wish I could run thee abaht t' country, wi' a little groindstone an' a glazer, soa as I could groind, clean, an' sharpen knives, scissors, an' razors, I'd bid good by, i' precious quick sticks, to Wadsley?" T' idia wouldn't leave me, but honted me neet an' day; soa I made a strict investigashun o't glazer frame, an' got a board an' a bit o' choke, an' made a sketch. I wor only at it abaht an haver befoare I could see my way clear. It could be dun; an' in a week's toime I could become't proprietor ov a groinding wheel. I nearly jump'd aht o' my skin for joy, an' resolv'd to commence opperashuns at wonce. I'd saved up a bit o' money wi' workin' owrtoime when things wor reight—soa I had nowt to do but get my materials together an' goa at it. I made arrangements wi' a joiner to help me at neets when he'd dun, an' by that means we made a good job ov it. Well, by't week end we had it finish'd, an' i' working order; an' didn't t' shopmates bless thersens when they see'd it at work. I wheel'd it abaht t' shop for praktice, shawtin', "Knives to groind, knives to groind!" for a nahr together. Poor Billy try'd to dissuade me from it, but it wor noa yuse. My moind wor made up; in fakt, I wor quite fav'rish abaht it. I felt a desoire to travel an' see't land o' my fathers, if I wok'd ivvery inch o't rooad. I hadn't been to Shevield a dozen toimes i' my loife, soa I knew but varry little abaht it, much moar onywhar else.

Well, t'neet befoare I started, we'd sum roarin' at har hawse. Boath Billy an' woife wor dun up. They wor afreerd I should have cose to rue t' steps I wor tackin, but as I appear'd to be fully bent upo' goin', they wouldn't stand i't way. "It's true," sed Billy, "we've varry little to do; but tha kno's, Jack, whoile iver we've a crust, there's a piece of it for thee." Then I roar'd an' woip'd my noase till it wor soare. They promis'd to tak' care o't owd box, an' let wot would cum it should be forthcumin' when I wor at age.

T' next mornin' I wor up early, for I'd had noa sleep all't neet; besides, I wanted to be off befoare anyboddy wor stirrin'. Soa t'owd woman got up, an' made me a good brekfast, but I didnt height much, I wor soa excited. All bein' ready, I fastened Pincher to t' barrah, wi' a chain, to pull a bit—shuk hands wi't owd foaks ovr an' ovr, promis'in' to let 'em kno' hah I wor getting on—an' if I didn't loike it, or it didn't answer, to mak' my way back agean. I promised 'em ivverything they wanted, an' at last took up my groindin' barrah, an' jogg'd along, singin', "Rahnd legs" loike a noightingale.

But, my stars! wot a turnowt ther wor to see me an' my factory gettin' on i't world. All't village wor up. Sum thowt 'at my barrah wor a grand consarn, whoile others kick'd up a great laugh abaht it. But it didn't mean to me wot they thowt or sed. I wor biddin' goodbye to

unpleasant things, an' it made me feel as leet an springy as a ball o' india rubber. I wouldn't hear one or two ov 'em 'at wanted to kno' "hah many deead foaks I should see by candle leet befoare I cum back?" As they tolk'd, I shawted, "Rahnd legs," an' I'll warrant noaboddy hecard 'em. Well, I sooin left Wadsley behint me, an' wor i' full swing for Shevild; but I made some brass on't rooad, for chaps kept stoppin' me, an' inquirin' wotiver that thing wor? My answer wor, 'at if they'd getten a knoife 'at wanted groindin' I'd show 'em for twopence. They sooin brought a knoife aht, to see it perform, an' I sooin did it 'em an' pocketed t' brass. Well, they sed it wor't finishedist consarn they ivver clapp'd ther eyes on, an' wanted to kno where I'd pick'd it up, but I'd noa toime to toke—business wor wot I wanted, soa I trudg'd on to Owlerton. I gied 'em a salute wi' "Knoives to groind!" an't women cum to ther doors wonderin' wot it meant, "Knoives to groind!—scissors an' razors grun' an' made better than new!" I sooin got a crahd arahnd me. "Owd lad," sed a big rough-lookin' chap, "hah many horse paw'r are 'ta?" "Nobbut a mule an' a bit," I answer'd. "Well," sed he, "tha 'rt a sharpish soart of a chap—can ta crop ahr owd lass's tongue, for I'm sick o' hearin' it?" "Whoi," I sed, "does'n't tha kno' 'at croppin' things mak's 'em sprut? soa, i'stead ov her havin' only one tongue, shu' moight hav' a baker's dozen—shu'd be able to gie thee summat then!" "Wha," he ax'd, "could ta manage to stop it thro' waggin'?" I sed I could, an' tell'd him hah to do. "I' t' first place, when tha gets hoam, fasten a chain rahnd her tongue, an' convey it through passige communication wi' her noase, an' be sure, whatever tha does, to draw her tongue toight agean t' roof o' her mathe—an' then slip t' chain on a hook in her noase-end fasten'd there for t' purpose—an' then tha can loisen it a bit when ta loikes; but if it begins o' takkin' liberties, tha mun whip t' chain on to t' hook agean." Well, worn't thear a laugh! I worn't hofe gettin' on. T' chap wok'd away reckonin' 'at I wor fit to travel. A little lass browt me a pair o' scissors to groind. "Hah is thie muther, las?—oh, midlin, is shu?—an' thy father, he's midlin' anole, is he? Wha, nah, I'll make sich a job o' these scissors as al mak' thy muther bless hersen. They'll be able to cut new dresses aht o' owd uns—cut hair withaht steps, luggin', or snippin' a piece aht o' t' ear, an' if thie father's bauld, tell him to keep clippin' t' ends, an' it al strengthen it wonderfully. Ony moare jobs befoare I move my factory?—if not, on we goa! Pincher! cum owd chap, tha'rt fore horse, if I'm t' shafty—soa tha mun do sum pullin'." Pincher pull'd enough to put his neck aht, an' away we went at a grand speed. An' when we came to Hillfoot, ther wor sich a crahd o' foaks I wonder'd wot wor up. Puttin' my barrah dahh I inquir'd wot it wor all abaht? an' they sed 'at a cat had been drawin' a chap thro' t' river. "Wot!" sed I, "t' cat's drawn him thro' t' river i'stead o' him drawin' t' cat thro'?" Well, an' I laugh'd whoile ivryboddy turn'd to look at me. A groinder, wi' a bag in his hand, sed, "Wha, does ta think 'at t' cat couldn't pull thee thro'?" "Noa," sed I, "I'm sure it couldn't." He sed he'd lay me a crahn 'at it could. "Aye," said he, "this little cat," turnin' it aht o' t' bag, "can pull thee thro' like winkin'." Well, I thowt I'd have a crahn'sworth at that, at ony rate, soa we stak'd t' crahns, an' t' rope wor fasten'd rahnd

my middle, an' t' uther end rahnd t' cat's loins. I cross'd t' bridge to t' uther soide, an' had to stan wi' my back to t' river—soa t' cat an' me wor back to back. I got a good foothowd, an' intended, as sooin as t' signal wor gi'en, to mak' a sudden start. But, a dear! t' cat wor t' quickest, an' in I went backhards way—t' foaks shahtin' an' clappin' ther hands loike mad! For my part, I could see nowt to clap an' shaht at. I wor pull'd aht at last, nearly slocken'd, an' t' watter runnin' aht o' my trahsers' bottoms loike a sluice. Worn't I in a takin'! An' I believe I shu'd ha' stud thear till nah if t' chaps hadn't ha' tuk' me, ommost by foarce, to a public-hawse, whear they got me i' t' brewhas, befoare a great fire, an' stripp'd me. But wot to put me on whoile my cloas dry'd raither puzzled 'em. At last they fun' an owd malt sek, an' put me into it, an' teed it rhaund my neck, an' sed they'd keep poppin' in to see hah I got on. An' thear I wor, by mysen as I thowt; but I fun' aht my mystak', for presently ther wor summat movin' abaht at bottom o't sek; then it begun to screom up my legs, an' stuck its claws into me like needles. Wotiver I look'd loike at that particular moment I don't kno', but when I becum conscious 'at it wor a rat 'at wor teed up wi' me, stannin' wor impossible, an' I darn't fall dahh, soa I began o' shawtin', an' thro' shawtin' to screamin'. Then t' rat jumped and scream'd, thinkin' 'at it wor in danger. Thear niver wor a sek soa thoroughly shak'd as I shak'd that. Keepin' my feet wor a thing nah impossible, an' dahh I goas, rollin' thro' one end o't brewhas to t' uther, at t' rate o' ten moiles a nawr. At last, sum on 'em hearin' my noise i't hawse, cum runnin' to see wot wor t' matter. I wor just dun clean up, for I'd roll'd all t' wind aht o' my boddy. They reard me up agean t' wall, axin' me what wor t' matter. When I got my breeath, I tell'd em to let me aht o't sek, for thear wor a rat in it. They stripp'd me loike a shot, an' turn'd t' sek upsoide dahh, when aht he came as flat as a pancake. I'd roll'd him aht to sum pattern! Well, my cloas wor nowt near dry, soa a chap fetched me his woife's gahn to put on for abaht hofe a nawr, till they wor reight. Well, I wor set wonderin' hah that cat had manag'd to jerk me into t' watter as it did, when a woman peep'd into brewhas winder, an shawted, "I say, wot ar' tha doin' peak'd thear wi' my bit o' best gahn on? Tha'll wok it off happen, or I'll wok thee if tha doesn't." I wanted to explain, but shu march'd into t' brewhas to me, shawtin', "Off wi' it, or I'll flail thee wi' this;" howding a thick brush steil ovr my hecad. I sed, "Hah can I tak' it off when I've nowt underneyth?" Shu sed shu'd show me, an' shu got howd o' me to drag it off my back; but I worn't goin to stan' that without a struggle, soa dahh we went together, an' hah long we should ha' stay'd there I don't kno', hadn't it been for t' woman's lass, whoa, cumin' in to seek t' muther, seed us upo' t' floor, an' kick'd up sich a noise, 'at two women wor feightin' i't brewhas, t' men cum runnin to see t' fun, an' amang 'em her husband, who got another or two to help him to part us. It fun' em a job, for shu wor determined to tak' t' gahn wi' her, other whoal or i' bits. But at last they manag'd to loisen her howd, an' four ov em carried her kickin' an' sprottlin' hoam.

My cloase by this toime wor quite dry, soa I got 'em on as quick as possible, an' got on t' rooad for Shevild. Well, t' nuvelty o' my machine got me plenty o' customers, an' I kept it workin loike a black. As I wor

stannin' at top o' Bower Spring, I heeard some chaps tokin' sich gibberish—one ov 'em sed to another, "It a we hooar goo to orra mo eet nee?" an' t'other sed, "Hish a way." Well, I wonder'd wheariver I'd gotten to. I'd heeard foaks say 'at ther wor a place stuck on't soide o't gloab wi' a bit o' clay, whear they tok'd as noaboddy could understand 'em; an', thinks I, this is it. I wonder'd wotiver they could be. I rubb'd my eyes, an' first look'd hah they wor dress'd, an' then whether they'd tails on or not. Well, tho' after cloise examination they seem'd to be men, yet its possible I wor deceiv'd, for all are not men whoa look loike men. Soa, winkin' an' noddin' to mysen, I push'd along up Lambert street. But toke abaht business! hadn't I a rush! I had noa sooner gi'en 'em a verse o' "Rahnd legs," an' chorus'd wi' "Knoives to groind!" than t' foaks cum runnin' i' all directions—knoives, scissors, razors, an' even owd bacca boxes to glaze up, kept me at it till nearly dark, when I begun to feel toired; an' as I'd lodgins to seek, I determin'd to make t' shop in for t' day, soa, promisin' to cum agean, I took my way dahn Scotland street, Grindlegate, an' up Tenter street, till I cum to Ratten row, at t' corner o' which wor a public hawse T' soign o' which arrested my attention—it wor t' "Lion an' Lamb." Yes, thear they wor, laying soide by soide. Well, thowt I, if t' soigns owt to goa by, I couldn't have a better place than this, soa I tuk my barrah into t' yard, an' ax'd t' landlord if he could accommodate me wi' lodgins. "To be sure I can," sed he, an' yo'll foind 'at my hawse as alhas a bit o' company in o' sum sooart. "Wha," sed I, "that al suit me." Soa we lock'd my barrah an' Pincher up i' wot he called t' stable, tho' I should think noather a horse nur a donkey iver put ther noase within t' door. I then fetch'd hofe a pahnd o' stake, a pen'orth o' onions, an' sum breead, an' peak'd mysen at soide o't foire we' a point o' ale, whoil't lan'lady wor cookin' for me. Well, I felt vary comfortable at t' end o't first day, especially considerin' wot I'd gone thro'. My supper bein' ready, I fell to i' good earnest, an' I niver relish'd owt better i' my loife—ivery matheful tasted better an' better. Whoile I wor smackin' my lips an' lickin' my fingers, for t' first toime sin' I begun I rais'd my eyes off my plate, an' thear wor a chap watchin' me aht o' t' corner ov his eyes. "Owd lad," he sed, "that beats pulling t' cat thro' t' doike." I let t' knoife drop wi' not expectin' 'at that touch wor kno'n i't tahn. "Nay," he sed, "tha's noa occashun to be asham'd—I'd been thro' befoare thee." I tuk another breath, an' then I supp'd. He continued—"Didn't ta think it a rare strong cat?" Nah, this wor wot 'ad bother'd me, soa I sed, "I did, didn't tha?" He sed he did, but when he see'd 'em do me he fun' it aht 'at cat had nowt to do' wi' it. Wot!" I sed, rather sharp, "Worn't I pull'd thro' by't cat?" "Sartenly not," sed t' chap, "it wor't men 'at pull'd thoe in; but wi' thee havin' thie back to 'em, tha knew nowt abaht it." Well, I wor as pleas'd as Punch, and Judy anole, 'at I hadn't been catlick'd, an' ax'd t' chap hah mony thear wor on 'em? "Oh," sed he, "six or eight." "Wot!" I sed, "it tuk six or eight big chaps to pull me in! Cum, then, thear's nowt to be ashamed on, becos't same pawr 'ud a pull'd ony uther man in." Soa gie'ing twofthry satisfactory nods an' snuffs, I put my hands i' my pockets an' shot me legs reight across't harthstun. My partner i' cat dealin' sed, "I reckon a boddy can sup wi' thee?" "To be sure tha can, or

have a point to thie ohn cheek if tha wants one." I felt a soart ov a loikin' for't chap, becos he'd seen it tak' eight men, wi' a roape rahnd my middle, to get me dahn, an' I begun to feel rather prahd than urtherwise o't consarn. Well, he sed he'd have a point if I pleas'd; it worn't oft he wor withaht money, but it happen'd soa that neet; but he'd tak' good care an' have plenty't neet after, when summat 'ud be goin off. "Why lad, wot by to'morrow neet?" I ax'd. "Why," sed he, "does'n't ta kno' it's t' mischief neet?" "Noa, not I, I've niver heeard it mention'd;" an' I ax'd wot it wor call'd mischief neet for? "Wot for," sed he, "becos all soarts o' mischief is dun. Hai, t' pranks I've seen play'd an' been in at! If I wor to tell thee t' things I've dun, tha'd laugh thie soides soar." An he went on relatin' sum o't devilments he play'd till I couldn't oppen my eyes. "Well," sed he, "if tha'll join me an' another or two, we'll start thro' here abaht eleven o'clock." I sed nowt 'ud please me better, soa if they'd be sure to cum, I'd stop up an' goa wi' 'em. He promised faithfully he'd be there, an' drunk his point off an' went. I ax'd for a candle, an' went to bed as full o' glee wi't thowts o't neet after as made me tweedle owd "Rahnd Legs" all't way up't stairs.

CHAPTER VI.—BESIEGED BY RED JACKETS—INCIDENTS O'T MISCHIEF NEET.

My room i't Lion an't Lamb wor rather anshunt; great bokes runnin' across t' top, t' chimley jome hoily coild, an' t' walls dun wi' loime an' archil, which stood i' great blisters or else had shaled off. It wor a dingy place, an' render'd moare soa by a miserable dingy leet produced by a fardin' candle. T' boards o't floor didn't meet by an inch, an' thro' t' gaps t' wind whistled loike a milkjogger. Well, I got i' bed, an' cover'd mysen owr t' head as quick as lectnin'—a tuch I wur vary expert at, havin' practised it iver sin' George puff'd t' candle aht. I worn't long afoare I wor asleep, an' I worn't long afoare I wor waken agean. Wotiver ail'd me I didn't kno', but I wor conscius ov a blood-sucking sensation; all owr my boddy wor aloike, ov a complete move, a regular ant hillock. Thinks I to mysen, I mun be aht o' this, soa I jump'd up an' struck a leet wi' t' tinder-box, an' when t' candle wor i' full blaze, I commenced exploarin' t' bed cloas—but I can't tell yo' t' number o' red jackets' at wor i' my bed, wi' bayonets fix'd, an' which brobb'd me moast unmarcifully. I didn't kno' wot to do: to sleep in a bed in a state o' siege wor impos- sible, soa I could see nowt for it but a wholesale slaughter. Well, I tuk't top an' bottom sheets an' doubled 'em up, wi' t' swaddies insoide, an' set to an' rubb'd t' walls wi' 'em all owr, t' same as if I wor sandpaperin' 'em. But toke abaht paintin' t' Red Sea loife soize, I becat that holler. An' I didn't only paint t' sea, but t' land anole—hills an' dales, mowntins an' valleys, wor browt aht wunderfully, an' (I may say without egotism) in a masterly stoile. Hahiver, after a nahr's starvin', an' my flesh lookin' as if I'd worn feathers an' been newly pluck'd, I popp'd i' bed agean, an' manag'd (provin' mysen gamo to t' backboane) to keep in till six i't mornin'.

When I got up, it struck me 'at t' landlord sed I should generally find a bit o' company o' sum soart i' his hawse; an' I thowt, "Wha, lad, I've fun' one soart rather afoare I wanted—a thowsand to every brick—but I've massacred em." I wor ommost fast, moind ye, wot to say abaht it, for fread ov offendin' 'em, because they moight keep t' red jackets on't "Live an' let live" principle, an' if that actually wor't case they cum me noa thanks, but order me to proceed noa farther wi' t' bloody business; yit I wor foare'd to say summat, to accahnt for't wall havin' dun't chameleon, an' changed colour; soa as I wor set, after brekfast, t' landlord cum in, bid me "Good mornin'!" an' ask'd wot soart ov a neet's rest I'd had. This wor a grand opportunity, soa I oppen'd aht at wonce, an' when I'd tell'd my tale, he sed it wor just as he expected—I'd been hoighly favour'd, becous he didnt let onyboddy sleep i' that room—noa, he thowt not—nobbut them at look'd rather slow, to wakken 'em up a bit. "Wha," I sed, "if tha kept 'em for that purpose, I'll warrant t' purpose is answer'd." Wi' that he kick'd up a great laff; but when I tell'd him I'd mullicrush'd 'em, an' wot a mess I'd made wi't wall, he sed I'd been tryin' to ruin him, for foaks 'ud lay as long agean i' bed, rubbin't bedcloas i' pieces, an' he wouldn't let me sleep i' that room noa moare. I inardly sed, "I hope not."

It wor nah noine o'clock, an' toime to turn aht, soa I fetch'd Pincher, gi'd him a good feed, greas'd my barrah wheels, an' oppen'd t' shop. I hadn't far to goa for work, for I wor stopp'd i't middle o' "Rahnd Legs" by a chap 'at had seen me't day afoare, but hadn't toime to wait while I grun his knife. I niver mov'd all't day, for afoare I'd finish'd one job anuther cum, an' all ready money. Toke abaht cutlers, wi' ther grease an' legs, for twoathry shillins a week, an' owd lass reckon'd in! aye becous they twain wor one flesh, they wor both cawnted one, accordin to't mangle cawnt—and then, when he'd haddled abaht hofs as much as ony uther trade an' went to reckon, worn't he a poasy, for abaht sixteen shillins! A twenty years' fashelawt wor nowt to him! Noabody could stand up o' t' warehus steps wi' him, he wor sich a strong article—hoighly season'd an' ready to be turn'd aht for a trail hunt—an' all for wot? Whoi, for nowt; for I wor gettin' as much in a day as I could ha' got in a week at t' shop. Didnt I promise niver to goa into t' shop agean.

Dusk wor comin' on, an' I'd had a good day, soa I thowt I'd soign in to get ready for neet, abaht which I felt noa small degree ov excoitement. I tuk my barrah an' Pincher into t' stable, got a good wosh, an' had t' neet afoare me for pleasure. Mischief makin' appear'd to be t' general topic o' conversation, iveryboddy 'at cum in havin' sum funny tale to tell—summat 'at they'd done 'at surpass'd onyboddy else. One Joasy Focey sed it wor nowt but fools 'at got dun, an' for his part he'd willin'ly forgi' onyboddy 'at could do him. Bill Mackplate (t' chap 'at I wor goin' aht wi', an' whoa'd just call'd in to see if I intended it,) answer'd, "Wha, tha sees, tha 'rt soa varry foace I'm satisfoied 'at tha must sleep wi' a fox, an' as tha sez, noaboddy 'ud iver think o' goin' to yo're hawse." Focey reploid, "Well, I think not; but I mun be off to my wark, for I'm on t' neet shift this week, an' it's happen a good job, an' 'ill keep me aht o' worse actions." Mackplate sed, "Hah tha'd foind a worse job than workin' I doan't kno'; all I can say is, it bothers me strangely." "Ay,

tha kno's, tha doesn't loike it," sed Focey, an' supp'd off his point an' went. "Tha sees yond chap," continued Mackplate, "he's a good trade, an' can't do withaht lettin' t' woife goa aht weshin. For my part, if I'd his wage, abr owd lass shouldn't be sich a slush. Moind ta, I should strangely loike to see yond dun to neet, but he's at work, or else we'd a gien him a goa. We've arranged for thee to work t' prop."—"T' prop," I sed, "Wot does ta mecan?" "Wha, tha kno's," he went on, "tha gets a cloasprop, an' goes under a windah, knocks at t' door, an' when they pop ther heeads aht o't casement, tha noaps it wi' t' prop, an' maks off." Well, I Brust aht o' laffin aboon a bit. "An' soa," I sed, "that's to be my job, is it? I'll warm 'em—ha, ha! I'll try t' ring o' ther heeads. But wot art tha goin' to do?" "Oh," sed he, "I shall put t' lamps aht—I've manufactured a consarn a purpose, by putting a long small tube at t' end o't blow-bellas poipe, soa as it 'll reich lamps an' put 'em aht in a jiffy. Then we do as opportunity offers; but tha'll kno' moare abaht it befoare we start. I've a bit ov a place to be at for abaht a nawr, soa I'll goa an' get dun, an' I expect Joa Reckless an' Steem Faceowt, two stunnin' chaps, 'il meet me here at eleven. Nah, tha'll be ready, an' I've no daht we shall have a rare neet on it." Wi' that he went, an' I moiped into t' back-yard i' search ov a prop 'at 'ud be long enuff for t' job, an' I tumbled on a reight un. I got howd on it, an' troy'd it agean t' hawse soide. It wor a grand un—reight length, an' fell wi' a good crack. It dither'd agean when I rattled t' wall wi' it, fancyin' it to be a chap's head. I couldn't help cryin', "Ho, ho!" Well, I gig'd to mysen as I planted it in a corner, an' wish'd it wor toime to put it into opperation; but toime wor gettin' fast on, soa I thowt I'd have a point o' ale, to gi' me a soart ov a proimin'. I wor varry restless till t' toime arrov'd, but it cum at last, an' browt wi' it my companions in harms—Bill Mackplate, Joa Reckless, an' Steem Faceowt, (an' ther wor noa denyin' his steeamy appearance.) My stars! thowt I, but we shall be able to goa aheead wi' this cock. He'd a varry big noase, full o' blue veins—Bardolph's wor a foil to it. He sed, "It's toime we wor off—are ta goin' to stand a quart afore we goa?" "To be sure I am—two, if yo loike." Well, they loik'd two, an' two they had; then away we went, through yards, alleys, and on back lanes. Ther didn't seem to be much need to put t' leets aht, for t' lamps, compos'd o' cotton an' oil, wor noa better than rush-leets. Well, I shoulder'd my prop, loike a man at wor eager for t' fray, but my companions thowt I'd better leaave it i' sun corner an' call on it agean, as we should have to come back that way befoare it wor used, soa into a snug corner I rear'd it, feelin' varry loath to part wi' it. We travell'd on till we got into a street called Newhall-street. "Nah," sed my mates, "be careful! we're goin' to do owd Jemmy." "Whoa's that?" I whisper'd. "T' watchman," sed Faceowt; "we're goin' to send him dahn t' Millsands dyke in his watchbox, only let us catch him in." Well, as luck 'ud have it, up he cumms an' wokes into t' box. We pull'd 'ur shoes off, as he couldn't hear us get to him, an' crept up tot' box. We'd howd on it, an' wor runnin' dahn t' horse watterin' place in a minute. He shahted, but it meant nowt, for we launch'd him beautifully, an' gi'ing him a shove, set him sailin' withaht rudder or compass, an' stuck 'ursens in a corner, to watch hah he'd goa on. T' stream tuk

him dahn till he got to t' bridge 'at cross'd into t' Millsanda. It wor a vary low arch an' he'd have to sit dahn to goa under; but he did'nt mean goin' under if he could help it, soa when he cum to t' arch, he stood up an' thrust hissen back, shawting for his loife. T' streeam bein' agean him, he couldn't thrust it aboon two or three yards, but he kept at it, t' distance gettin' shorter ivery toime, till at last it wor "push, push—bob, bob," till t' sweat run dahn his face to sum pattern. At last, bein' completely exhausted, he dropped, and under he went, screaming, "Murder!" Where he went to I niver heeard, but we rear'd 'ur backs agean t' wall, an' laff'd i' one anuther's faces till t' tears run off 'ur chin ends.

Well, thowt I, soa much for that lot, an I niver felt soa pleased i' mi' loife. Reckless sed, havin finished that job, we'd better trudge back agean; soa, after we'd got 'ur shoes on we travell'd back, callin' on t' road for my prop. I wur sum an' chuff when I'd gotten owd on it, an' wanted sadly to try its nobblin' qualities. "Nah," sed Mackplate, whoa'd puff'd all t' lamps aht as we pass'd 'em, "We'll goa an' prop Dick Dawney." Summat jump'd bang agean my ribs, an nearly floor'd me, at t' mention o't prop, an' my hands gripp'd wi' all ther moight. "Agreed," they croid. "Cum on, owd lad," sed Mackplate, "an' let goa at him reight when tha's a chance." We'd nah gotten sumwhere i' Hawley croft, when they show'd me a hawse an' sed, "That's it." They got in a entry opposite whoile I march'd across to enter into t' bisness on my ohn acchaant. I get fast owd o't prop, by't small end, thinkin' t' uther 'ud be moare effective, an' breathin' soa hard an' fast, 'at they could hear me at t' uther soide o't street. I punch'd at t' door; t' casement oppen'd an' summat popp'd aht. I let goa wi't prop, but hit nowt, only sent t' end thro' t' windah, makin sich a smash 'at we wor obloiged to cut. But when we stopp'd, Mackplate sed he didn't kno' hah I missed him, for he could ha' sworn he see'd summat pop aht. "Oh" I sed, "tha wor reight—summat did pop aht, an' it popp'd on to my heead, an's all i' my neckhoile nah—sich a mess!" They sed they believed 'at Dawney had been savin' that lot for at least a month, o' purpose. "Wha but," I sed, "am I to carry it abaht wi' me all't neet?" "Hah could it be altered?" they wanted to know. "Wha that puzzles me:" an I sed i' would'nt be't first heead I nobbled for a troifle—I'll warrant he'll be troubled wi' a ringin' in his heead for loife. Soa I gi'ed mysen a good shakin', an' determin'd to bear't weight o' misfortune wi' becumin' dignity. Well, we turned aht o't top o't street into Campo-lane, an thear a woman wor shawting aht ov a chamber window for help. "Whoi," sed Mackplate, "if it isn't owd Foccy's woife!" "To be sure it is," shu repleyd, "some raskald has plugg'd t' lockhoile up, an' I can't get aht to goa to my weshin', an' I have to get dun by brckfast toime." Mackplate axed if there wor a ladhur onywhear i't neighbourhood? "Aye," shu sed, "there's one i't next yard." Faceowt run an' fetch'd it, an' they would have me to goa up and try to foaree't door. I sooin nipp'd up't ladhur, an' got dahn i't hawse. (It wor shameful,) but Faceowt nipp'd ladhur back agean. I struggled wi't door, but couldn't move it a hair's breadth. Well, whoile I wor plannin' for't woman, Mackplate wor plannin' for me, an' tellin' foaks 'at thear wor a chap i' that hawse wi' anuther man's woife. "Aye," sed they; an' one on 'em reckon'd it wor a convenience to have a husband on't

neetshift—but they fetch poor Foccy, Well, I heeard sich a din an' a clatter ahtsoide, I wonder'd wotiver wor't matter. I run up stairs to look, an' thear wor sich a lot o' women wi' owd cans, fryingpans, kettles, sausepans, an' onything 'at they could mak' a din' wi' knockin' 'em abaht loike mad. A man cum runnin' up to't door, an' women croid, "That's reight, Foccy, fetch him aht!" My word, but didn't he soon brust t' door oppen! I look'd for't ladhur to get aht wi', but it wor gone. Oh, dear o' me. I thowt, an' this great fellab's cumin' up stairs! I shall need noa ladhur, for I shall goa aht o't windah in a lump! I shall niver forget him when he entered t' chamber. Foire—real livin' foire—flew aht ov his eyes—he raised his hands, his fingers lookin' loike soa many hooks or drags, an' run at me loike a demon. Bless yo, I wor nowt i' his hands! But sumha or uther, we managed to rowl dahn t' stairs together. T' woman, sympathoisin' wi' my position, held him till I got loose. An' didn't I bolt! But t' women follow'd me wi' ther cans an' implements o' clamour. I run into a lane at t' foaks sed wor "Bloind," an it wor lucky for me it wor, for I run thro' t' passage ov a public-hawse into t' back yard, an' lookin' for a place to hiddy mysen, I fun a great box or chist, an' wonder'd whether I could get into it; but hearin' t' women's voices at t' door, declarin' they see'd me cum in, decoided it, an' in I jump'd, an' it worn't till t' landlord had chuck'd some hot water on 'em 'at he got shut. Well I hadn't been i' t' box ovr two or three minutes befoare ther wor sich a skare among t' customers, an' they seem'd all to be cumin' i' t' yard, an' dogs wor screamin' on all soides. Wi' that, summat i' t' box begun a hummin', "Hum, hum, hum," on a vary base low noate, I begun o' sweeatin', an' wanted to shift, but darn't for fread o' bein' catch'd. Oh, dear! tho' t' hum ahtsoide had ceased, t' hum insoide grew stronger, then a sudden plunge fretten'd me nearly to deerth. I thowt Owd Scrat wor i' t' box wi' me, an' nowt else; an' as for smell, doan't mention it! for it wor t' decest smell I iver smell'd. One o' t' men had bet a wager 'at he'd put his dog i' t' box an' 'at he didn't screem to come aht agean i' ten minutes. Wi' that he oppen'd t' lid an' popp'd: dog in. But worn't thear a scuffle i' t' hoile. I'd gotten i' t' badger box. If t' dog didn't screem to get aht, I did; but t' noise i' t' yard wi' t' dogs applaudin' t' performance prevented me bein' heeard. They wor first upo' me, an' then me upo' them; but t' chap belongin' t' dog howdin' t' lip dahn prevented him gettin' aht. An' dun yo see it had t' same effect on me. Well, they had me wedg'd up in a corner; soa nah t' last effort for loife had to be made, an' it manifested itsen i' t' shape ov a screem 'at shack'd t' hawse, t' yard, t' customers, an' t' dogs anole, an' especially him 'at wor i't box wi' me. He niver wor soa fretten'd i' his loife. He screamed hard enuff nah to get aht, an' flew abaht t' hoile like a wild cat. An' as for't customers, if yo'd a seen't scuffle! They let their dogs drop, which got feightin' all ov a heap, whoile ther mesters run aht o't hawse, ther hair howdin ther hats iver soa hoigh. Well, i't general scuffle, I got aht o't box, cut dahn't passage, an' run till I wor ready to drop. I turn'd into a corner, an' lecan'd my poor heead agean't wall, when a watchman got owd o' me, an' wanted to kno' wot I wor runnin' for. All I could say wor, 'at wokin' wor too slow a process for me under existin' circumstances, an' I wanted to get hoam. He sed he mud sarch me, an he felt i' all my

pockets, but foindin' nowt suspicious, he let me goa. Ther wor no diffi-
culty i' foindin't Ratten row, for all t' neighbourhood wor in a perfect
blaze. I got in sich a pikture, wi' a mixture o' mucks, at foaks shawted
agean, beside a skinful o' sooar bones.

CHAPTER VII.—A LITTLE O' MY FEELOSOPHY AN' SCIENCE—PEREGRINA-
TIONS THRO' SHEVVILD, AN' ARRIVAL AT ATTERCLIFFE.

' When I got to mi' lodgins, (i't pickle descroibed i' my last chapter,) I
felt disgusted wi' iverybuddy—iverything—an' mysen t' moast ov all,—
an' wi' them feelins went to bed i't same room, for I'd moare need o'
bein' waken'd up than iver. It seem'd nah pratty sarten 'at Mackplate
worn't pull'd across't doike wi't cat, but wor one ov 'em at pull'd me thro',
an' 'at my prop excursion wor a reglar plant. I laid wacken nearly all't
neet, determinin' wot I'd do i't future. One thing I resolved on wor—
niver agean to think o' takin' pleasure i' owt 'at do onyboddy bodily harm,
or gi'em unprovok'd pain. I'd often heeard at evil wishes an' desoigns
(or curses) cum' hoame loike chickens to roost; an' havin' nah realoised
t' bitter truth o' that eastern proverb, I determined, at all events, 'at I'd
be at noa moare pains to mak' a rod for my ohn back.

T' next mornin' I gi'd mysen an' cloas a regular cleeanin'. This tuk
me till afternooin, an I thowt it wor then too late to do ony wark that
day, soa after lookin to Pincher, I set dahn (not on a tombstoan, but on
a three-legged stool.) to meditate on my position an' circumstances.
Many things passed thro' my moind (moare than I could remember if I
wor wroiting volumes i'stead o' chapters) but I shouldn't be doin' justice to
my ohn pawers ov imagination if I didn't recahnt one ov its floights. Soa
here goaes for

A BIT O' MY FEELOSOPHY.

A travellin' groinder is a subject for reflection. Here I am wi' my
wheel, straps, (or bands,) my grindstone, an' my barrah. My straps o'
leather are call'd t' "droivin' straps," an' remind me o't droivin' I got
wi' t' leather strap when I wor at schooil. My grindstone wears off i'
dust its sand o' loife; an', t' faster it goas t' more it wastes itsen, which
is t' fate o' "fast" men thersens. It's loike a daft fellah i' one way, for,
altho' it's soft, it helps to sharpen wot's hard, just as t' sharp fellahs whet
ther wits to a foine edge i' practisin' o' foaks 'at's a bit less sharp. As for
my wheel, it's a wheel o' fortin—all prizes, an' noa blanks. My carriage
is t' reight scart o' thing. Uther men keep a conveyance, but my con-
veyance keeps me. Uthers droive ther ohn carriages, an' get cold and
stuffy for want o' exercise; but I droive moine in-a moare sensible way,
an' soa keep mysen warm. Ther wor a swaggerin' fellah kept a four-i'-
hand, an' blew a horn oather for fun or to annahnce to t' world 'at he
wor cumin', and all uther mortals mut stan' asoide an' let him pass; but
I beeat him hollah, for I've got a tin trumpet 'at calls admoiring crahds
rahnd me, an' brings grist to t' mill. As for a cooat-o'-arms, I hav' n't

got one yit, but I'm thinkin' ov a pig rampant in a sty proper. An' I'm
nah follahin' t' advice o' my Lord Chesterfield, an' am travellin' to finish
my edication. As I trundle my barrah along t' streets, cryin' "Knives
to grind!" "Scissors to grind!" interspersed or interspoiced nahs and
thens wi' a stave o' "Rhand Legs," I see moare o't real livin' world—an'
a rare deaal moare o' all 'at goas to mak' a happy an' throivin' world—than
all yoar travellers on't Continent, across t' Alps or't Pyrenees, an'
to't Eternal City. An' as for Pincher, whoi, he's gettin' to be quite a
larned dog, an wags his tail i' manifest glee when, as we mak' t' "grand
tour," t' lasses cums nippin' up wi' ther scissors, an't childer stan's rahnd
to see t' sparks fly off t' bissin glazer. I' all t' country hereabaht I shall
sooin be as well knohn—aye, an' better knohn—than t' King—an' this I
reckon to be rale fame; indeed, I think 'at figure o' Fame 'at I saw on a
soignboard had borrah'd my trumpet, an' wor cryin' aht to all t' world
"Scissors to grind, O!"

Sich is loife i' general. It's a wheelin', an' turnin', an' trudgin' i' all
weathers, wi' much blowin' ov ahr ohn trumpet, if one meean to get on.
Afoare I got my tin trumpet, t' larned professions had got theirs—silver
gilt, but not plain, streight forard blowers loike moine. T' fashionable
trumpet has a small mathepiece, an' a woide spread-aht, an' goaes rahnd
abaht and rahnd abaht wi' different sloide-pieces an' valves on; but it
meeans just t' same thing as my tin 'un—custom—"Scissors to grind,
O!" Goa along t' streets, read t' tickets i't widahs, tak' up t' newspapers,
listen to t' speeches at t' public meetins, an' yo'll hear nowt but trumpet
blowin'—all blowin' their ohn trumpets, from t' squeakin' penny 'un o't
cheap tailor to t' solemn bass o't rahnd-bellied divoine; an' t' drift o' all
t' sahnds is for "Scissors to grind, O!" Sich is loife—a thing o' trudgin'
an' trundlin',—an affair o' straps an' wheels—a muddy tramp sumtoimes,
a dusty 'un at uthers, an' t' men wi' t' large trumpet an' t' full cheek
(uther things bein' equal) ar' t' men whoa get t' moast "Scissors to
grind!" An' as for t' little friends I wrote abaht i' my last chapter—t'
scarlet militia (who remind me o't new book called "Hunt on t' Skin")—
has real human loife got nowt loike 'em?—noa parasites whoa soidle to
mak' yoar acquaintance, hoopin' to catch you nappin'?—small flatterers
whoa want an introduction, an' regard you as summat noice—toiny tasters
whoa have, in ther varry little way, ther "Scissors to grind, O!" It wor
wrag I kno', to name t' creepers—indelicate—but I have to paint loife
as it is, an in one shape or anuther—human or insectoile—dependents will
stick to warm-blooded men, for they, too, as I sed afoare, have their livin'
to look to—ther "Scissors to grind, O!"

MY DEBUT AS A MAN O' SCIENCE.

Darkness put a stop to my meditations on't resemblance o' loife to a
groinder's barrah; an I thowt I'd have a stroll i't tahn. I'd noa wish to
spend t' evenin' i't "Lion an' Lamb," as my last neet's mates would noa
daht meet thear to have a laff at my expense; soa I concluded to tak' a
turn i't main streets t' first, an' then to drop *incog.* into sum public-hawse,
whear I could spend a nahr or two till it wor toime to goa to bed. Moind
yo, I'd noa occasion to goa to ony public-hawse becos I wor weet
—I'd got us'd to weet,—rather loik'd it, an' tuk to a shower o' rain as

kindly as a growin' cabbage. Man's all't better for sun, an' wind, an' rain: an' a little moisture nah an' then 's rather refreshin' to a healthy man. Sich, at lecast, 's my experience on't rooad. I vegetated i't shawers: t' grateful moisture freshen'd me, an' I smoil'd i't weet an' enjoy'd it just as if I wor a roase. My reason for goin' to't "public" wor becos I wanted company. Well, I hadn't strow'd far, afoare I cum to Townhead street, at top o' which wor a rather spicey lookin' hawse, wi't entoicin' soign o't "Warm Hearthstone." My stars; but worn't ther a foire i't grate! Thinks I, this is moare than a "Warm Hearthstone." But bein' company i't room, I sed, "Foine neet, gentlemen; foine mooin to-neet!" "Isn't it t' same mooin we allas had?" ax'd a chap i't corner. "Noa," sez I, "nowt o't soart!" T' owd n's deead, an' if yo goa aht, yo'll see't young 'un wi't ghost o't owd 'un in its arms. An' ther it wor, just as I sed. "I say," sez another fellah, "yo're a sharp 'un, lad; may be yoa can tell us hah it is 'at t' mooin looks breeter i't South than it duz here?" "Duz it?" sez I. "God's truth," sez he, "I've a bruther a sowger i't West Indies, an' he sez 'at t' mooin thear's as breet agean as it is wi' uz." I lifted up my eyebraws, drew mysen up to my full height, sayin', "Don't yo kno't cause?" "Noa," sed they all, "do yo?" "Yis," sed I, "they're soa far away off thear, they see t'uther soide o't mooin." "Dang it," sed they, "we niver thowt o't that afoare." Nah, these chaps wor borin' for a well, an' wor put aht o't way becos they'd have to drop borin' on accahut o' havin' cum' to watter, an' it tasted o' iron. "There's noa iron in it," sed I. "Bring t' landlord in, an' I'll show him." A bucket o' that watter wor got, an' I pull'd aht o' my pocket a horse-shoe magnet, an' held it o'er watter. "Noa," sez I, as they stood starin' at me wi' ther mathes woide oppen, "If thear's a grain o' iron i' this bucket, t' loadstoan 'ill fetch it aht." Noa iron cum'. "Hurrah!" sed t' landlord. "Hurrah!" echoed t' men, an' added, "We'll goa to work agean, and sink it lower." "What will yo have?" ax'd one ov 'um. "A glass o' rum?" tak' two an welcome." I wor up i' their loikin'. They thowt me a larn'd fellah, an' ax'd if I thowt ther wor people i't mooin? an' wot I thowt it wor? Nah, I wor in for a bit o' chaff, soa I sed:—

T' mooin a red-hot plate is,
Wherein a proper grate is,
Whereon all't stars to supper late
Warm up ther cowl'd patatoes.

This vex'd 'em an' they got to be unpleasant loike, for t' drink wor takin' howd on 'em. Soa sed I "There is iron i' that watter, nah I think on it, an' yo'll ha' to gi' up't well borin'." "It's a loike," sed they. "Boil it dahn" sez I. "Put six gallons on't foire, an' boil it dahn." They did, an' let it boil all't neet an' all't next day. I tell'd 'em not to lift t' lid off clear till they wor sure, by't feel o't pan, 'at t' watter wor nearly all gone. They did soa, an't next neet, when I'd gone, they gether'd all t' neighbours to see t' result. To't utter astontshment o' all, they fun' a two pahnd weight, wi't Shevild stamp on it, an' a flat-iron, wi' a handle to't. "Lord!" sed they, "he's a sharp chap that "Wadsley Jack." (They'd fun me aht, i' spoite o' my wish to remain *in-og*.) It's noa yuse (they continu'd) goain' on wi't well borin' if t' watter is soa full o' iron as that." T' lan'lady suddenly interposed, "Whoi, bless me, that's my flat-

ron!" They fetch'd me thro't "Lion an' Lamb," and when I got thear, they lock'd t' door, an' wor goain' to mak me stan' glasses rabnd, but they let me off on condition 'at I gi'ed 'em a song, so I tipp'd 'em "Rahnd legs," an' bowt my freedom.

I got to my lodgins, thinkin' at my achievements entoitled me to a neet's quiet repose. But it worn't to be, it turn'd aht. When I got to t' "Lion an' Lamb," I fun' at ther wor two chaps in whoa appear'd to be reglar mates—they call'd one Flatstick, an' uther Buffstick. They'd had all't day together, an' wor gettin' rather boozy. Flatstick sed, "Wha, owd lad, we'en been mates twoathry year nah, an' tha niver see'd nowt amiss wi' me i' thie loife." Buffstick made rather a drawlin' "Naw," i' reply. Flatstick sed, "Wha did ta nah, speik aht?—did ta iver kno' owt amiss by me?" "Whoi noa," sed Buffstick, "but yoar Jack's noa man." "Wha nah, hear me," repleid Flatstick (hiccupin), "I doant mean to say 'at ahr Jack's a man, but, moind thee, he's my bruther, an' I'll not hear him run dahn wi' noa man livin'." "Wha," but I shall speik my moind, spoite o' awther thee or onyboddy else, returned Buffstick. "Wi' ta," sed Flatstick, "but tha mon't let me hear thee,—if tha does, thear I be a bother i't hoile, I can tell thee." "Wha," sed Buffstick, "I think I can mak' as much bother as tha can, at ony rate." "Wha, just get o' thy legs, then," shawted Flatstick; but he'd noa sooiner sed it than boath on 'em wor o' ther legs, an' fell too a pummellin' one another reight. It tuk me all my toime to get aht o't gate. I had to jump first upo't table, then on't langsettle—off o' thear into chairs—nay, noa poor jackdaw niver hopp'd abaht as I did. T' landlord cumin in put a stop to it. Then he had to listen to't explanation o' boath at wonce, which nearly turn'd him craz'd, soa he left 'em to it! Flatstick sed, "Wha, owd lad, I ne'er thowt"—"Noa, nor I ne'er thowt," return'd Buffstick. Then boath on 'em together sed they didn't think at other on 'em iver thowt—soa they join'd at a point, an' begun o' singin' they'd "drive dull care away," when in popp'd Flatstick's wife an' four childer. Shu went reight to him an' smack'd him i't chaps, sayin', "Tha'll happen wok hoam, tha murderin', idle lawnge!" "Here," sed he, "sit thee dahn, an' sup. I'll goa wi' thee directly. I wor just cumin', lass." "Lass," shu croid, "doan't lass me—I've been lass'd too oft. When are ta goain' to get me my bit o' gahn aht? for I've nowt to my back, nor't childer nother, but wot we stan' up in—an' I'd plenty afoare I knew thee. I owt to ha' been flogg'd for iver speikin' to sich a rooag as tha art. But my poor muther sed hah it 'ud be." "Wha, thie muther knew summat, I dar say," squeak'd Flatstick; an't woife, mimickin' him, sed "Shu knew moar than ony o' thy let; an' tha mon't aggravate me or i'll throw't ale i' thie chaps." Well, t' company gi'd a reglar laff, an' her an't childer bounce'd thersens upo' t'uther end o't form I wor sittin' on, an' thear shu set rockin't choild an' hersen anole. Then suddenly stoppin' shu wanted to kno', wonce for all, if he worn't goain' hoam? He answer'd 'at he should goa hoam when he wor ready nah. Soa I sed, "I'd go hoam withaht him, Missis." Wi' that he sed he'd poise me ovr. I jump'd up to be off, when t' form weigh'd up, an' shot her an' t' childer upo' t' floor. They all screem'd, an' Flatstick, i' scuffin' to get from behoint t' table to pummil me, threw it ovr, smashin' t' pitchers an'

glasses. I wor rushin' aht, an' met t' landlady plum i' t' doorway, an' dahn shu went wi' a tray full o' glasses. I got up stairs, an' jump'd i' bed wi' my cloas on, for I wor satisfoy'd shu didn't see whoa it wor. I hecard her screame "Murder!" an' charge Flatstick wi' stroikin' her, as he happen'd to be on his legs near t' door. Soa, t' landlord pitch'd into him. Flatstick's woife got howd o' t' landlord by t' hair o' t' hecard, an' chisel'd him reight. T' watchman cum in, an' Flatstick wor gi'n i' charge, whoile t' woife pelted t' landlady wi' brocken pots, but at last wor mov'd off by t' watchman threatenin' to lock her up. Well, I thowt, i've gotten noicely aht o' this mess, an' feelin' at I wor varry fortunate, an' i' luck's way, I dropp'd asleep. When I waken'd i' t' mornin', judge o' my astonishment at foindin' mysen i' bed wi' my cloas on; but when I turn'd aht my astonishment wor increas'd to summat boarderin' on insanity, for sich a pair o' sheets wor niver seen i' this world, nor 't next nother. Dun yoa see, I'd been aht just afoare t' blurry tuk place, to feed Pincher i' t' stable, an' wi' it bein' dark an' a varry nasty yard, I pick'd up a good deaal o' dirt, an' I'd jump'd i' bed wi' my shoes on, just as they wor; but they wor clean enuff when I got aht. Wot to do I didn't kno': t' sheets wor in a bonny pickle, an' wi' t' landlord bein' sich a passionate chap, I wor afreed o' his clottymoles comin' i' contact wi' my bowster: soa thowt I, I'd wesh 'em, an' just sponge my cloas dahn at t' same toime. Havin' nowt i' t' room big enuff for t' job, I smuggled a big panshun up stairs. It wor but an owd un, wi' three petches on to howd it together, but I thowt it 'ud do for wot I wanted, soa I set it in a chair withaht a bottom, thinkin' it 'ud stand firm, an' they'd be noa fear ov accidents. I then sponged my cloas dahn, an' hung em aht o' t' windah to dry; but it worn't a varry warm job, havin' nowt on but my shirt, an' t' windah oppen. Well, I begun o' t' sheets, an' wor goain' on varry noicely, when, horrible to relate, t' panshun cum i' two, an' t' watter fun it's way thro' t' floor upo' Mrs. Stateley's hecard, or raither, her bonnet, for shu wor cleean'd, an' goain' aht for t' day, an' had just ax'd t' landlady if shu'd look in an' pull her foire together. Well, they all rush'd up stairs—t' landlord first, whoa, gettin' howd o' my shirt lap, an' twistin' it rahnd loike a taile, pull'd me all ovr t' room. Mrs. Stately cumin' in, an' gettin' a glimpse o' my situation, fainted, an' knock'd t' choild aht o' t' sarvant's arms, rollin' it dahn stairs. T' landlord threw my cloas dahn upo' t' cawsay, an' kick'd me aht o' t' hawse as I wor. Hai, hah t' mob did but shaht, as I dress'd mysen on a door-step. I wor rarely sham'd, but wot could I do? Nowt but mak' t' best on it, but I determin'd at all hazards to get aht o' Shevfield. Yis, not anuther matheful would I have in it, soa I got my barrah an' Pincher, an' bid good-bye to Ratten-row—I hoap'd for iver.

It wor ommost a new thing for me to be workin' an' takin' money, an' I assure yo it wor quoitte refreshin'. I humm'd owd "Rhand Legs" as I grun my scissors an' knives, an' I felt quoitte a man agean. I tuk on t' Bank-street, into Castle-street, where I got plenty o' jobs, an' plenty o' money for doin' 'em. I then popp'd thro' t' Fishmarket, into Puddin'-lane, whear I shahted, "Knives to groind—scissors to groind!" then follow'd up wi' "Rahnd Legs," till I turn'd t' Shambles insoide aht, for t' butchers wor all at t' ahtsoide, i'stead o' t' in. Well, they wanted me

to groind iverything they had. Sum browt me ther cleavers; an' uthers ther weights. "Nay," I sed, "doan't bother a simple lad, but gi' me a loikely job an' I'll do it for yo." Well, I turn'd my back o' that soft lot, an' tuk my way dahn t' Haymarket an' t' Waingate. When I got to t' bottom, I stopp'd to look at a place 'at foaks sed wor formerly Shevfield Castle, but nah wor converted into killin' shambles. I stood lookin' an' wonderin' hah many dark an' mysterious transactions had tuk place insoide those walls, when I wor rawsed from my study by shahts ov, "Aht o' t' way thear!—eh, mun, waken!" I turn'd to sec if it wor me they wor shahtin' at; an' as sure as yo're thear, it wor me, for I fun mysen surrahded by abaht fifty beeasts. I got howd o' my barrah to try to get aht, but not soa. T' slaughterers at t' ahtsoide sed I'd noa bisness to erect a factory i' t' middle o' street, an' they carried on sich a gam' o' shawtin' an' throwin' ther arms up, wi' long sticks i' ther hands, 'at turn which way I would they hemm'd me in. T' sweeat fairly pour'd dahn my face. Well, one o' t' beeasts hook'd his horn into t' barrah, an' threw it an' Pincher ovr his heead thro' a shop window, an' if I hadn't left my howd I should ha' gone anole. A general cry wor got up to let 'em stand still, soa as t' poor fella' could creep aht. Order an' quietness bein' partially restor'd, I dahn'd o' my knees, an' crept under ther bellies an' thro' ther legs. It wor owt but clean travellin', moind yo, altho' I shouldn't ha' cared soa much for t' muck under foot. When I got aht, I wor a reg'lar noasgay. One o' t' slaughterers shahted, "Owd lad, tha'd be a reight un to nail up for t' soign o' t' Green Man." Sum piti'd me; but t' slaughter butchers didn't forget to mak' a skare wi' horse laifs. After gettin' my barrah an' Pincher, (whoa, by the by, had been some toime in a fit,) I cross'd Ladies' Bridge, an' turn'd dahn't watterin' place an' had a cleean. I then went into t' Hare an' Hounds, for a rest, a dry, an' soa on. I got plenty o' jobs i' this establishment, an' tuk care they paid me weel.

T' next mornin' wor t' market-day, soa I had a good prospect afoare me. I turn'd aht abaht ten o'clock, an' tuk my stannin' at front o't Owd Brahn Kah public-house, i't Wicker. Ther wor a foine stock o' pigs in, an' egg an' butter stalls. One o't butter an' egg deaalers browt me his knoif to groind. He sed it wor his gronfather's, an' he thowt soa much on it 'at he'd had it new scal'd, new spring'd, an' new bladed; an' he sed, "They don't mak' sich knives as these nahdays." Well, it sartenly did look ancient—it couldn't help it—soa I bestow'd a bit o' trouble an' made a good job ov it. I charged him fourpence, an' he thowt it wonderful cheeap. He gi'd me a shillin', an' I return'd him eightpence. As he turn'd away, I noatie'd a bit ov a smoile playin' abaht his physogg, but didn't then think much ov it. I worn't long, hahiver, afoare I fun t' secret aht, for havin' to gi' change aht o' hofe-a-crahn, I fun I'd got a bad shillin'. Nah, I knew it wor t' same as t' egg man gi'd me, becos I happen'd to look at it afoare pocketin' it, an' noatie'd a bit o' wax agean t' ahtsoide rim, an' I thowt to mysen it had been i't possession o' sum cobbler. I nah understood t' smoile—t' knowin' smoile, 'at made his face look as greasy as his basket. He thowt he'd dun me, an' got t' knoife dun for nowt. But didn't I woke to him wi' my heckle up, an' ax'd him what he thowt on hissen to try to rob a chap loike me! He

just skew'd at me a second or two, and then said if I didn't march abaht my bisness I varry loikely should feel t' weight ov his foot. "Oh, thie foot," sed I, "nor t' shaft 'at 's stuck in it, weean't skar me—noa, not if it wor a hobbin foot, an' its moare loike that than owt else—I meean havin a good shillin' befoare I shift." "Tha duz, duz ta?" he sleeriny reploid. "I do," I sed, at t' same toime peakin' mysen on t' end ov his stall. "Wha, then," sed he, "we'll see abaht it. Wi' that he got howd o' me, an' he pull'd an I pull'd, an' it turn'd aht I wor as strong as him. He pull'd me up a toime or two, but I pull'd mysen dahn agean, when sumbah he slipped his howd, an' I went back wi' sich a foaree, 'at t' sta I wor knock'd cleean ovr, an' I dropp'd wi' my nether end into a basket o' eggs. Well, when he pull'd me aht, I look'd pratty behint, I kno' I did; an' see yo, t' chap wor that mad at loisin' his eggs, 'at he samm'd t' basket up an' emptied it on to my heead. I wor grand nah all ovr—a ginger-bread man, gilded, wor nowt to me! Toke abaht t' ointment runnin' dahn Aaron's beard to t' skirts o' his garments, he should ha' seen me, an' he'd ne'er ha swagger'd abaht that. T' egg fellah's woife cum in a bonny passion—pull'd her shawl off (a very grand un) an' threw it ovr t' chair back, hardly knoin' what aild her, for t' bystanders wor callin' him o' all soides. Well, her an' me wor varry much aloike—shu didn't kno' wot shu wor doin' for passion, an' I put mysen into a passion becus I couldn't see what else to do. I look'd rahnd for summat to woipe me on, an' twigg'd t' shawl (an' it wor a bewty), soa, while she wor blackin' him, I got howd on her shawl an' rubb'd mysen dahn wi' it—an' a rare thing it wor—it did fetch it off wi' a rattle. A chap whisper'd i' my ear 'at it wor Cashmere, or camel's hair, or summat o' that soart. I sed I didn't care wot it wor—it must ha' been made o' purpose for t' job, or it ud niver ha' come thear at that toime. Well, she worn't hote toired o' raspin him, but kept it up loike a good 'un; an' t' fellah grew asham'd o't consarn, an' lein'd hissen ovr a pig-pen rail, lookin' at t' pigs. This gi'd me a good opportunity o' thoroughly cleeanin' mysen, an' a chap 'at wor lookin' on rubbed me dahn behint, whoile t' foaks wor laffin' o' all soides. When I'd dun wot I could, I chuck'd t' shawl ovr t' chair agean, an soiged off. But didn't I shimmer! I'd becum a shoinin' character all at wonce. Nah, I thowt to mysen, I shouldn't wonder but my cloas 'll turn t' rain rarely, (for they wor gettin' vary stiff an' glossy,) soa I'll get sum moare, an' keep these for weet weather. Well, thear wor sich a shaht kick'd up!—an' when I turn'd to look for t' cause, I saw t' egg fellah's woife wi' t' shawl on. Shu'd gotten howd on it an' thrown it rahnd her shoulders; shu troy'd to shak' it dahn, but not soa—it wor reight enuff whear it wor, an' meant stoppin'. T' husband seein' it, sed, "Whoi, if that imp of a groinder hasn't gon an cleansed hissen wi' thy foive pahnd shawl!" Shu gi'd a screeam, an' whipp'd it off her back; but when shu see'd it, shu shut her eyes an' screeam'd agean, an' her legs done'd loike mad. Shu then turn'd to t' husband, an' rearin' hersen straight up, (it wor wonderful hah she shot aht withaht deein') shu sed, in a varry masculine an' sepulchral tone, "I've thee to thank for this;" then shu gi'd a shriek, an', grinnin' loike a Cheshire cat, fell o' clahnting him wi' t' shawl, amid roars o' lafter, an' peltin' him wi' butter, till he wor nearly as bad as I'd been. Thinkin' it varry probable 'at he'd want

to revenge hissen upo' me, I tuk up my barrah an' shot past t' bottom o't Occupation Road, for Attercliffe.

Judge o' my surprise to foind 'at it wor Attercliffe feast, an' 'at ther wor goin' to be bull-baitin's, bear-baitin's, hasty-puddin' heightin', snuff-takin' matches, an' grinnin' thro' t' horse-collar. Then ther wor to be a grand wicket match wi' Attercliffe an' Grimesthorpe. Thinks I to mysen, I've fun' t' place for money an' sport to-morra; soa I put up at t' Plough Inn, an' soign'd in wark for t' day. I went to bed early, to have a good neet's rest, soa as I could lay abaht me t' next day, as I felt varry anxious to get a bit o' money i' my cloas, for though I wor aht-ardly prepared for a rainy day, I had nah varry slender meean for keepin' up t' inner man.

CHAPTER VIII.—I GOA TO'T BULL-BAITIN' TO FETCH T' BULL (*an get it!*)—MY VISIT TO'T STUPID CLUB.

I slept pratty sahdly at t' Plough Inn,—got up it mornin' quoitte re-fresh'd, an' ate a stunnin' brekfast. Abaht noine o'clock I thowt I'd turn aht, an' get a good day's wark dun by drinkin' toime, soa as I could have a bit o't fecast. Havin fetch'd my barrah an' Pincher aht ov a back place, I fixed o't top o't Green, next to't turnpoike, soa as t' foaks could see me ovr't wall withaht crahdin' me. I'd noa scoiner struck up wi' "Rhand legs," than't foaks cum runnin', not to see wot wor't matter, but becus t' strength o' my voice pull'd 'em. When I'd gotten a good crahd rahnd me, I publish'd my bisness, by shahtin' thro' my trumpet, "Knoives to grind!—Knoives, scissors, an' razors to gro-i-nd!" Sum sed at that last shaht cos'd t' aquedock to leeake—them 'at wor cumin' under at t' toime declar'd it run loike a riddle or a shaver-bath. Yo should ha' seen't foaks howdin' ther knives an' scissors ovr't wall, especially when I'd dun one an' tuk it to't ohner I wor fairly deeaften'd wi' croies ov, "Tak' moine—tak' moine!" an't gam' wor kept up all't day, soa 'at I'd scarcely a minute to get a bit o' owt to height. Abaht four o'clock, a chap ax'd me if I wor goin to tak' my dog to't baitin's—I moight get oather't bull or't bear. "Whoi," sed I "do they play for 'keeps?'" "To be sure," reploy'd chap, "if tha dog can pull oather on 'em aht o't ring, it's thoine." "Well," I sed, "my dog should kno' summat abaht it, for he fun' his way thro' amang abaht fifty on 'em by't killin' shambles." "I see'd him do it," sed t' chap. "Oh, did ta? I put in; "then tha kno's its reight." Wi' that, t' chap grinn'd an' wok'd away.

Nah, see yo, I couldn't help thinkin' it possible 'at Pincher moight mes-ter one on 'em, but I hardly knew which. I'd raither have, to be sure, a great bull, for 'it 'ud be really worth havin'; but still I'd heeard tell ov a chap 'at wonce catch'd a bear, an' at first he wor fast wot to do wi' it; but, bahiver, he tuk it hoame an' invented a machien into which he put t' bear, an' then, by turnin' a handle, serubbin' brushes cum aht o' one end an' pork sausages aht o' t'uther. An' if I didn't foind this machien, a bit o' genuine bear's grease 'ud be a novelty. for ommost ivery-boddy wor carryin' abaht bristles (for hair) produc'd by usin't barber's

labell'd an' patented bear's grease, which sum on 'em declar'd wor consolidated sweat, yet foakes couldn't help but noatice 'at barbers generally wor asham'd to look a pig i't face, havin' committed soa many swindles i' his name. Well, I made't gates o' my factory, an' lock'd all up, then started off wi' Pincher to fetch oather't bull or t' bear, or maybe boath on 'em. When I got to Carbrook, in a field opposite t' Hall, ther wor a heeap o' foaks all gabblin' at wonce—sum wi' dogs, whoa, loike me, had cum for't bull. I wok'd up wi' Pincher, an' they sooin begun to noatice him, for they got rahnd me, axin', "Owd lad, will thie dog run?" "Ha, ha!" sed uthers, they'd warrant him. I'd a string rahnd his neck, but i'stead o' him pullin' me, as sum o' their dogs did, I'd to pull him. I thowt it wor his delicacy, not bein' us'd to company, an' he'd get ovr it in a bit, soa I dragg'd him forrard, (hah his neck kept in I doan't kno'). Well, t' bull wor fastened by a roape to a stake, an' sum chaps run rahnd wi' sticks to mak' a ring, and I don't kno' hah it wor, but, let t' sticks swing which way they would, they generally fanci'd my heead i' preference to any o't rest, an' noap'd it for choice loike. Wot a skare wor kick'd up wi't shahtin' an't screeamin' o' dogs, an' Pincher screeam'd as hard as ony on 'em, soa I'd summat to do to howd him. I really thowt he'd hah me dahn, for he would keep bustlin' between my legs. Well, t' dogs kept runnin' at t' bull, an' t' man kept pocketin' t' threepences. Then, cockin' his eye at me, he sed, "Young chap, ar' ta goain' to hav' a run." I begun to pull my coat off, but he went on, "Noa, noa, mun; I meean thie dog." "Oh, aye," I sed, hardly kno'in' wot I wor doin', t' foaks wor gigglin' soa, "I've browt him o' purpose." ("Heigh, Pincher," I sed, as they couldn't hear me.) "Bring him to t' scratch, then," croid t' chap, "an' tip thie threepence." I sooin chuck'd him t' brass, but I wor in a strange way wi' Pincher, for he'd got thro' my legs, rahnd my legs, an' platted t' string in an' aht' toothry throothy, whoile I couldn't move. Well, as t' man wor impatient when he'd gotten my money, an' t' foaks wor laffin', an' wanted to kno' whear I cum thro', I made dextrous efforts to get loose, but got faster than iver. Pincher wor wun wi' t' soide o' his his heead agean my leg, an' seem'd determin'd not to face t' bull, for he struggl'd, an' I struggl'd to keep o' my legs, at ivery move gettin' on to his toas. Hadn't we a scuffle! But Pincher had t' odds o' me, havin' four legs whoile I had but two, an' them teed fast. At last I tumbled ovr, loike a stoop. Worn't thear a uproar! It wor varry weel they had ther dogs fast, or, I can tell yo, I should ha' been worri'd sure enuff. Well, t' ring mackers roll'd meabaht till t' string wor undun', an' I got wonce moare o' my feet, puffin' loike a brocken-winded horse. I got Pincher by t' neck, an' tuk him to t' scratch. I "heigh'd" him an' clapp'd him, an' then let him goa—left howd on him, I meean—an' thear he stood wi' his tail straight aht—t' bull cumin' nearer an' nearer, till they wor noase to noase smellin' at one anuther. At t' last t' bull made a soart ov a sudden start, an' sed "Booh!" Pincher yelp'd an' shot loike lectnin' thro' my legs, knockin' my feet thro' under me, an' cosin' me to fall forrards flat upo' t' flooar. T' bull at t' same toime made a rush—his roape just keepin' him thro' gettin' his horns to me, but he troy'd to pull me nearer wi' his paw, an' just gi'd me a scrape dahn t' crahn o' my heead, removin' t' hair an' t' skin, an' if I'd been a bit nearer he would sartenly

hav' entoirely scalp'd me. Two chaps got howd o' me an' pull'd me back by t' feet, ploughin' t' grahd wi' my noase whoile I grinn'd agean. They rais'd me up, sayin', "Owd lad, he's shav'd t' crahn o' thie heead for thee; tha'rt ready for a monastery ony minit," It meant nowt wot they sed—I wor soa troubled abaht Pincher, becos, if he wor skarr'd at a bull, he worn't at a barrah, an' pull'd loike a thresher, soa I took noa notice o' ther laffin' an' jeerin', but started off to foind him. I could hardly woke, my heead smarted soa, but I trudg'd on, wi' a soart ov a long leg an' a short un, till I got to t' turnpoike, an' thear wor Pincher runnin' (yis, an' he could run) back'ards an' for'ards to foind me—an' rar' an' pleeas'd I wor at he'd turn'd up, an' he wor pleeas'd—soa both on us wor pleeas'd, an' tuk ahr way to t' Plough Inn, sayin' nowt to noaboddy, but tryin' to get aht o' t' seet as sooin as possible. When I got in, t' landlady put sum stickin' plaster o' my heead; but shu'd t' heaviest hands, or rather, cake spittels, iver I felt i' all my loife. Shu wor a varry big woman—sixteen or eighteen stone weight—an' shu slapp'd plaster all ovr wi' her heavy mawleys, to mak' it stick, till my teeth rattl'd an' my eyes donc'd agean. Hah I held up under this action o' battery I doan't kno'; but t' first chonce I had I shot up stairs to bed, for freead of a second edition. Shu shahted up stairs to kno' if shu wor to bring me summat hot in a whoile, but I sed, "Noa, nor cowd nother." Shu'd as sure a wanted to look at my plaster as yo're thear, an' if it hadn't ha' suited her—if it had been loose or summat at corners—shu'd ha' begun to pay it agean, an' deeah, stoone-deeah deeah, must ha' been't consequence; soa I barricaded t' dooar wi' a greeat chist 'at wor full o' joiner' tools, an' ivery thing else, loikely an' unloikely, I could lay my hands on, bein' determin'd not to be murder'd if I could help it—noa, not even wi' koindness—soa, havin' made all secure, I got into bed; but ov all't neets I iver passed, this wor't moast horrible! Toke abaht t' neet mare!—it's nowt to't neet bull! For I got him after all: yis, I had him after me all't neet, i' full galop! I wor thrown up into't air hofe a moile hoigh, wi' him, an' cum dahn lectin' on his horns! I wor then runnin' an' pullin' for my loife, an' still couldn't get one leg afoare t' uther, an' him after me, till he pinn'd me wi' his horns ageant' wall; an' I remember, when they wor just ready to stick into me, I screeam'd thickest an't longest screeam 'at iver wor heead i' that country. It waken'd me, an' just as I wor i't thick on it, I jump' aht o' bed an' donced abaht t' place loike sumboddy 'at wor just let loose; an' it appears 'at I worn't t' only one 'at my screemin' had waken'd, but it had waken'd all't hawse, an' they cum to see wot wor't matter. But I got on wi' my doncin' an' groamin'. They troi'd to get in, but t' dooar couldn't be mov'd an inch. T' landlord sed he'd be in sunnah, soa whoile't son went to get a ladhur, to get into't chamber windah, t' landlord ripp'd sum o't ceilin' dahn 'at parted my room thro' theirs. Just afoare t' crash wor made I wor partly recuver'd, but that awful noise made me worse than iver, an't landlord cumin' in wi' his shirt an' neetcap on,—t' owd woman follarin' as whoite as him,—an't son brustin' t' windah oppen—nay, nother tongue nor languidge,—nor man, woman, nor parrot, could offer to begin (lettin' aloane 'end) to tell wot my mental, physical, an' spiritual condition wor at that particular toime. Robbers—murderers—things

earthly an' unearthly—an' even t' end o't world (wot sum chap calls t' crack o' doom) wor befoare me! Theare's no evil i' this world, nor that 'at 's to cum, but wot I thowt had broken loose t' cum to Attercliffe feeast, an' I wor sum toime afoare I could persuade mysen 'at hell woru't empty, an' all t' devils wor howdin' a public meetin' at t' Plough Inn; but t' landlord gettin' howd o' me an' geein' me a good shakin', an' t' owd woman shreikin' at t' top ov her nasal twang, "Wot-iver's t' matter?" convinced me 'at they wor a combination o' flesh, blood, an' voice, an' at that minit I shouldn't wonder but my eyes wor four or foive inches across—I oppen'd 'em to that degree. But see yo' when I got a glent o't landlady, whether my poor hecad troy'd to vanish into my boddy, same as goin' dahn a trap, but wor prevented by t' ears catchin' my showlders, I can't say, but I kno' my chin rested upo' my breast boane; an' wot wi' her clatter, an' t' landlord swearin' an' threatenin' to throw me aht o't windah, I wor in a bonny takin'.

At t' last, t' landlady insisted they should hear wot I had to say. Well, I tell'd em bah I'd been fix'd wi't bull, an' t' awful position 'at extorted sich a display o' my vocal abilities; but, as a soart ov a sweetener, added 'at I didn't often dreeam. T' landlord reckon'd 'at I hadn't need, for they'd nearly pull'd t' hawse dahn thro' me havin' wot sum 'ud call a bit ov a dream; an' if I wor to have a whoale 'un, all Attercliffe 'ud be dahn. T' owd woman sed, "Wha, tha sees, t' chap wor scar'd in his sleep, an' I remember wonce bein' fren'd i't same way mysen, an' I kno' I cosed a bother i't hoile." T' landlord sed he thowt it 'ud be much if shu didn't; but a varry quick "Wot's ta say?" only made him gi' a sniff an' replot, "Nah, nowt." When things wor a bit sattled, t' landlady sed, "Who, thas' shawted t' plaster nearly off o' thie hecad; it's only hingin' by a corner. I'll put it thee reight." I gee'd mysen up for lost. I look'd all roads for a way ov escape, but all wor barr'd except t' chimley, an' if I'd ha' fac'd that, I believe t' owd lass 'ud ha' follar'd me—shu wor soa bent o' pummellin' t' plaster. I've often thowt sin' 'at shu wor troubled wi' a longin' that way. Havin' noa alternative, I fell a second toime into her soa-called hands; soa, gettin' howd o't plaster, shu sed it couldn't be made a job on withaht warmin' it,—an' it wor goane in a minit, an' I thowt sum o' my hecad wor goane anole, for it wor faster nor shu thowt. Well, after havin' it at t' foire, shu cum runnin' wi' it, boilin' hot, an' on to my hecad it went. Nay, noaboddy kno's, nor niver will kno', becos it isn't know'able—an' I can't tell 'em, becos it isn't tellable—wot took place as I set up i' that bed wi' boilin' rosin, an' summat more boilable, upo' my scalp'd hecad. Toke abaht skares, as her clottimauls batter'd t' plaster to mak' it stiek, wore't thear wone! It's a fact 'at, whoile shu wor puttin' plaster upo' my hecad, I wor fetchin' plaster off't wall, for it wor fallin' i' all direc-tions. T' landlord sed, "Preythee, lass, let him aloane, or we shall have't hawse dahn abaht 'ur ears." After t' job wor compleated to her satisfac-tion, they left me for't remainder o't neet—an' if I remember reight, it wor between three an' four o'clock; but sleep wor aht o't question—I darn't do it for fread I should dream, an' by sum meeans loosen my plaster, soa I laid waken, an' onything but weel. Whoile I lay rumin-atin', I ax'd mysen raither seriously, "Can it be Attercliffe feeast 'at I've

been to?" I'd heeard owd Billy toke abaht "luv-feests," an' I'd read summat abaht "t' feeast o' reca.on an't flow o' soul;" but sartenly, thowt I, wot I've seen o' Attercliffe feeast wer more loike "the Devil's feeast" than owt else.

Abah't eight o'clock, t' landlady ax'd if shu mut bring me a cup o' tea. I sed "Yes," for I felt as if I'd as leave be finished aht as get up—I wor soa dun up wi' fret, hard usage, an' loisin' me rest. Well, shu browt my brekfast, an' when I wor-ended mysen a bit shu look'd rahnd my hecad to see if t' plaster wor reight; and, be it kno'n to iveryboddy con-sarn'd, it wor soa. After advoisin' me to lay till nooin, sayin' 'at I should then be better, shu shut t' door after her. Worn't I thankful! an' my brekfast tasted rare an' good to me. When I'd had it, I laid me dahn agean an' fell asleep. Abah't nooin, t' landlady inform'd me 'at thear wor lots o' jobs cum for me, an' tell'd me 'at I could do 'em i't kitchen when I felt weel enough, an' have noa occasion to goa aht; soa, feelin' wonderfully improv'd after a good sleep, I thowt I'd turn aht an' do 'em. Well, I made a good day's wage after all, an' when neet cum, I went to bed at eight o'clock, thinkin' it 'ud set me reight. I slept sahdndly, an't next mornin' wor man enuff for owt. I went aht wi' my barrah, an' did a good business till drinkin' toime, when I thowt I'd stroike it, an' spend a neet at t' Stupid Club, as I'd heeard soa much abaht it. After lockin' up, gettin' my drinkin', an' soa on, I set wi't landlady for a nahr, tellin' her sum o' my past history, which made her gape like a young pelican.

It wor nah gettin' toime for t' Club to meet, soa I put on my hat an' saunter'd on to t' Blue Bell, an' sittin' me dahn call'd for a point. T' landlord (a owd chap, wi' a belly like a cask, an' a rhand face at mut ha' been a full moooin,) look'd at me, an' as he couldn't believe his ohu eyes, he put his spectacles on. He sed nowt, but fetched a owd woman, bent double wi' age, an' a tuft o' hair i' t' shape ov a tussack stuck on each corner ov her chin. "Nah," sed he to her, "wot thinks ta?" "Let me put my glasses on," shu squeak'd. Havin' dun soa, after a good deal o' woipin, shu cum within abaht three inches ov me, an' held her breeath for abaht a minit, starin' reight i' my face—her breeath gettin' vent producin' a groan—an' as shu tuk her glasses off shu sed, "Wha, I'm not one 'at noatices young men nah days, but I should say he's too young." Thereon, t' landlord, whoa had a varry short, snappish way o' speikin, ax'd ha owd I wor? I tell'd him, but sed I wor a traveller, goisin' thro' t' village, an' had just popp'd in havin' often heeard ov his hawse. "Oh," sed he, "under them circumstances I'll fill yo a point." It appear'd I wor raither sooin, as ther wor but one man in; but it worn't long befoare t' room begun o' fillin', an' at eight o'clock in wok'd t' Committee—six on 'em wi' ther coates button'd behind, an' t' frant o' ther hat-brims turn'd up, an' ivery one on 'em havin' a hump on his back—in fact, they must all ha' been made i' one mould, for they wor all t' same i' iverything. Hadn't they some white i' ther eyes! Yoi, raither, an' yo could see it, for they made t' moast on it. Ivory one on 'em wor possess'd o' what is call'd a awful sken, ther eyes turnin' to t' left, whoile ther noases (long an' pointed) turn'd to t' reight. Whether they'd had 'em brocken, an' set i' that shape, I niver larnt, but thear they wor to be seen, an' alive.

One on 'em—t' president—mahnted on to a rahn'd table 'at fit i' t' corner between t' windah an' t' foireplace, an' t' landlord browt him a whip, wi' a bleyther at t' end which wor charged wi' peas, an' when he rattled ther heeads t' peas gi'ed 'em a rattlin' chorus, amid t' lafter o' t' company. Ony man leetin' his ohn poipe wor bleyther'd an' foin'd a point, for that office belong'd to one at sat at t' jome corner wi' a kex at 'ud reich all rahnd t' room for t' purpose. I think they call'd him Jacop; he us'd to get three hapeth o' ale in a point measure, an' keep it on t' cornish, whear it wört long afoare it got warm an' disagreeable. As they cum in, Jacop ax'd 'em to sup. Wha, they put it to ther lips, but niver tasted. Of course they ax'd Jacop to sup, an' he did sup reight, an' they knew he'd supp'd—hadn't a daht restin' on ther moinds respectin' it. This cock wor carried hoam drunk ivery neet. Ther wor a quearish soart ov a chap cum in whoa refus'd to sup wi' Jacop, an' he didn't ax Jacop to sup wi' him; soa one ax'd him hah it wor he didn't let Jacop sup? "Becos," sed he, "he drinks hofe on it an' syles t' goodness aht o' t' uther hofe; it's t' thinnest stuff i' t' world after Jacop's supp'd." Wi' that, ther wor a laugh, for which they wor weel bleyther'd. Sum groinders thro' Sheffield cum in, bringin' wi' em a great lump o' coil 'at they tuk off o' sum cart, an' put it endway on't foire. They wor rough lookin' chaps, but vary cheerful for all that, an' one on 'em sed 'at Mr. Crackshot had been aht shootin' an' had kill'd fifty hares, fifty pheasaats, an' fifty partridges, within t' hahr. Well they all kick'd up sich a shawt, an' sed he wor crazed! "Why, man," sed t' presid'nt upo't table, "he couldn't loaden t'gun as mony toimes, let aloane t' killin'; an' then, duz ta see, ivery toime he shot, them 'at worn't kill'd 'ud shoot off sumwhear else—that is, they'd flit. Wha, then, he'd have 'em to foind afoare he could have anuther goa at 'em. Prethee, lad, t' next toim tha tells a tale, let it be summat loikely. Nah, I can tell the wot I've dun. I once kill'd a hundred rabbits i' under ten minutes." "Ho, ho!" t' company cried. "Nah," sed he, "stop a bit an' I'll prove it, an' tell yo hah I did it. I't first place, I got a great stoane, an' laid it whear't rabbits regularly sat, an' yore aware 'at there's nowt 'at they're so fond on as parsley. Well, I tuk a lot up, and cover'd t' stoane we' it; then I got a nahnce o' snuff, an' sprinkled it on t' parsley. Nah, when't rabbits begun to nibble t' parsley, t' snuff made 'em sneeze an' jowl ther heeads agean't stoane, which knock'd ther brains aht."—Well, nah it wor't groinders' kale to shawt, an' ne'er moind if they didn't; an' him 'at tell'd t' shootin' tale ax'd "Is that true, owd lad?" an' he sed it wor, an' he could prove it.

CHAPTER IX.—MY EXIT THRO' T' STUPID CLUB, AN' RENEWAL O' MY TRAVELS.—SPENCE BROUGHTON AN' HIS GIBBET.—MIDNIGHT SCENE I' CONISBRO' CASTLE.—MY STOILISH ENTRY, I' MY OWN TRAP, INTO DONCASTER, TO SEE T' RACES.

"Wha, then, we'll have anuther quart," sed one o't Shevield groinders. "But nah I cum to think," added he, "'ur brass is dun; but, ne'er moind, t'owd mester 'ill strap uz a quart—wean't yo, landlord?" "Nay,

nay, I'm varry sure I shan't," replot'd Boniface; "besoides, it's cloasein' toime." "Yo wean't?" return'd t' groinder; "then we'll have ahr koil back agean." "Wha," snapp'd t' landlord, "Tak yer koil, an' be off wi' yo." "Wha, then, we will," growl'd t' groinder, gi'in' a wink to t' uther. He got howd on it (an it wor a lump, an' noicely burnin'). Well, when he'd got it i't middle o't hawse, he dropp'd it, an' one o't uther put t' candle aht. But worn't ther a puther i't hoile, for it brok' in a thahsand pieces all burnin' an' smookin'. T' groinders begun o' crahnin' t' committee, an' I got under t' langsettle aht o't gate, for freead my heead shud require anuther plaister. Well, they run aht, an' t' landlord bang'd t'doos to, lock'd it, an' run up stairs aht o't smoake, sayin' 'at it wor a stoane floare, soa he'd let it aloane a bit till it had dun smookin', for he couldn't face it for his cough.

Well, thear I wor, under t' langsettle, nearly stoiffed to deeah, an' darn't speik for fread he should think I'd planted mysen to rob t' hawse. Havin' got on to my feet I fun' 'at I could hardly breathe, an' my eyes an' noase wor runnin' at a pace at two influenzey's couldn't catch. Wot to do I didn't kno, but it wor quoit sarten 'at summat 'ud hav to be dun, an' sooin too, for I wor as nearly suffocated as iver owt wor i' this world. I examin'd t' windah, an' t' hesps wor fasten'd wi' stappels to prevent thieves gettin' in. Oh dear! t' smoake had turn'd to sulphur, an' I wor nearly dun—my face bein' swell'd to nearly double its usual soize. Aht I mut goa, thro' sumwhear; but hah to get aht wor t' question. Ther wor noa foire-potter i't room to mak' a way wi'. "Wha, then," I thowt, "it's noa yuse botherin' ony longer, soa here goes!" I jump'd into t' seat under t' windah, turn'd mysen rahnd, an' yus'd t' thickest an' t' heaviest part o' my body as a batterin'-ram. Jos, jos! an' smash, smash! went t' glass, an' t' stonshons anole, an' i't last charge I went clean thro' t' windah, catchin' t' crahu o' my heead agean t' top, an' tearin' off part o' my plaister. But I wor aht, an' could breathe, an I made my way to t' Plough, whear they wor waitin for me. I didn't want ony supper—noa, if I'd stay'd dahn stairs two minits, shu'd ha' fun my heead aht, an' 'ud ha' wanted to put anuther plaister on; soa I got up stairs withaht her bein' ony wiser.

But presently all't street wor up, an' foaks wor shawtin' 'at t' Stupid Club had been brokken oppen, an' t' Club brass wor goane. I got into bed, sick o' Attercliffe, an' determin'd to leaave it t' next day. Sumhah or uther, hahiver, I didn't feel i't humour for travellin' when I got up, soa I did sum jobs i't hawse 'at tuk me nearly all't day, an' prepar'd for off early t' next mornin'.

But wot a windy neet it did turn aht—dreadful. I thowt 'at ahr roof 'un goa, an' nowt else. But, bad as it wor, I wor up by four o'clock, an' me an' Pincher wor shiftin' t' factory at a rattlin' pace thro' Carbrook. It wor just cumin' twyleet, an' t' trees soigh'd an' moan'd, produsin' sum-toimes rather unpleasant sensations. When we'd got on to t' Common, t' t'wind wor much stronger, an' rear'd furiously. I wor struck wi' a curious creakin' noise—harder t' wind blew an' lahder t' creakin' becum, an' as I got nearer to whear it seem'd to cum thro', a sloight rattle ov a chain cos'd me to turn my eyes to't reight-hand soide, an' horrible to relate, or even think on, there wor a man i' jibbits—Spence Broughton! An' a hah t'

wind swung him abaht, to be sure! I thowt he pointed his boany fingers at me, laff'd a regular jibbit laff, an' wor determin'd to cum dahn. My hair wor on end, an' my legs went i' all shapes as I try'd to woke. Ther wor nowt for it but shuttin' that eye, an' gettin' away as fast as I could, soa up it went, an I thrust, an Pincher pull'd, till't creakin' gradually dee'd away, an' my blood, which had been frozen neearly to ice, begun wonce moare to move i' my veins.

It wor nah gettin' dayleet, an't farmers wor astir, whistlin' behint t' plough, an' appearantly free thro' care an' trouble. My travel to Rotherham had nowt in it worth relating', for I didn't meet aboon hofe a dozen foaks all t' way. When I arroiv'd, I put up at an owd public-hawse at back o't Church, becos' it wor near to t' market. They provided me a good brekfast, an' I got a nap for hofe a nahr on' t' laugsettle. At abaht ten o'clock, I tuk my stand i't market, singin "Rahnd Legs," an' shawtin' thro' my trumpet, "Knives to ground!" till t' bells i't owd steeple fairly jingled. Still t' foaks star'd an' seem'd as if they didn't understand wot it all meant; soa I thowt I'd toke to 'em a bit. "Aye, aye," I shahted, "yo see afoare you t' wonderfulest lad as iver wor laddad, an' he wor t' wonderfulest bab' at iver wor babb'd, for he had to be christen'd in his father's hat an' coat—he put wind into a deead man, an' a deead man knock'k all t' wind aht o' him. An' hero he is—sole inventor of the moveable cutler's shop an' groindin' wheel. Knives to grind! eh, eh! who wants a howd knoife makkin' into a new un."

My stars, but didn't they cum runnin'! Jobs i' all directions, an' I wor kept at it all t' day. Well, I dropp'd it abaht six o'clock, weel toir'd; an when I got in, an' sat dahn to sum stakes an' onions, if ony boddy had ha seen me, they'd ha' thowt it wor t' first meal I'd had sin' I wor born. Soa far all went well; but when I ax'd abaht my bel, an' they tell'd me 'at I should have to sleep in a treble-bedded room, I didn't feel to fancy it, but still I thowt it 'll be a bit o' company, an' may be it 'll be a himprovement.

Abahht hofe past ten I went to bed. There wor a foire i' t' room, an' rahnd it set twoathry lodgers. They made room, an' invited me to a seeat. I kah'd me dahn, an' thowt it varry noice to have a foire i' t' sleepin'-room. Well, I begun o' sneezin' whoile I thowt I should shak' my noase off. Three on 'em wor tailors an' didn't they knock sum snuff abaht! an' t' uther (for ther wor four ov 'em) wor a tinker. Nah, t' tailors begun to strip for bed—an' sich shirts an' dickeys! nay t' room wor turn'd into a curiosity shop, for one had a bit ov a woman's neet-gahn on, 'at didn't reich to his trahsers' tops. Another had t' tops ov his stockings pinn'd to t' bottom ov his trahsers, an' they wor lapp'd ovr an' pinn'd i' all directions, an' ther pocket-hanketchers consisted ov a bit o' paper or rag, three inch square. Well, t' tinker sed he'd a bit ov a job to do afore he got i' bed, an' he put his sawderin' iron i' t' foire. He worn't long afore he wor sawderin' a kettle spawt, an' kickin' up a bonny puther i' t' place. T' tailors fun' fault, an' sed at ther sleepin'-room should'nt be turn'd into a tinker's shop. He reckon'd 'at a tinker wor moare respectable than a snuffy tailor ony day i' t' week. Well, they got thro' little to much till one o' t' tailors brandish'd a sleeveboard i' t' middle o' t' room (same as Sampson did t' jaw boane), declarin' he'd flay t' tinker if he us'd ony more rosin. Then t'

tinker whipp'd sawderin' iron aht o't foire, an' confronted him. Well, I niver see'd two fellahs jump an' donce abaht soa i' my loife. They wor all ovr't room. I troy'd to get aht, but they flew abaht soa, 'at I kept gettin' i't middle, an' nah an' then a clowt ovr't soide o't heead wit' sleeveboard, or a brob i't stomach wit' sawderin' iron, made me dizzy. One o' t' uther tailors lock'd t' door, as noaboddy could cum in to interfere. Thinks I, there'll be nowt noa less nor murder wi' this job—I wish I wor aht. I peep'd aht o't back windah, an' fun' 'at it oppen'd just aboon't roof ov an aht-hawse, or rather shed, i't corner o' which wor a set-pot, for boilin' stew for't customers in a mornin'. It seem'd loikwoise to be a soart of a general repositry for pots, panshuns, &c. T' foire wor let, an't stew boilin', when I oppen'd t' windah, an' got aht. I'd only tuk a stroide or two when t' landlord an't hostler cum runnin' i't yard, for sum-boddy had tell'd 'em 'at a chap wor seen oppenin' chamber windah, an' they'd have him. Well, I laid me dahn all my length on't roof, as they couldn't see me, when, dredful to remember, t' roof gi'd way, rollin' me off into a swill-tub 'at stood just under, whoile all't pots an' panshuns wor smash'd, an't stew fill'd wi' slates, loime, an' spar-ends. T' landlord an't hostler had just cum thro' under when it gi'd way. They got howd o' me to drag me aht o't tub, an' i' their hurry pull'd it ovr. Well, I wor determin'd to have a struggle for my loife, soa dahn we all went together, an' we mopp'd the swill up bewtifully. They gain'd ther feet, an' dragg'd me into't hawse; but t'foaks run aht, becos we wor too hoighly season'd for 'em.

At this moment a cry ov "Murder!" cum dahn t' chamber stairs, an't landlord left his howd o' me an' rush'd to see wot wor't matter, an I sunk into't big chair, an' should noa daht ha fainted but for't strong smell which I carried abaht wi' me. T' hostler stud ovr me wi't foire-potter, threathenin' to cleave me dahn't middle if I offer'd to stir. He'd noa occasion to trouble hissien, for I couldn't ha' mov'd a limb if I mut ha' had his hawse for doin' it. But t' woife cumin' in made me shift, for I wor i' her chair—her splendid arm-chair, an' her best dress wor thrown ovr't back—an' I had made it a dress, an' a chair anole, as noather ov 'em wor nah worth twopence. But wot wi' her an't hostler, I wor sooin hoisted aht. Well, a chap cumin' in croy'd, "Whoi, it's t' knoife groinder!" "T' knoife groinder!" exclaim'd t' landlady, "wotiver is all this abaht?" I can tell yo I wor rar'an' thankful for a opportunity o' explainin' my position, soa I run thro' it, gi'ing a description o't feight wi't sleeveboard an't sawderin' iron, which led to me escapin' thro't windah. "Dear o' me!" an' "Good gracious" wor frequently put in by't landlady, an' when I'd dun shu wor varry sorry for me, sayin' "To be knocked abaht as yo've been, an' year cloas spoil'd is noa joake. But I think I can rig yo aht wi' sum o' ahr mester's cast-offs." Soa shu made noa moare ado but fetch'd me a lot dahn, an' I went into a little room to put 'em on. They fit first-rate, only t' coat wor rather too long, an' too woide i't back, but wi' runnin a couple o' tucks in it, it did varry weel.

"Well, I wor peak'd i't bar, i' my new cloas, an' a glass o' brandy i' my hand 'at t' landlady had gi'en me, when t' landlord cum bahncing in wi', "Nah, then, whear's that vagabond we catch'd i't yard?" T' woife repley'd, "Whoi, lad, it's all a mistak'." "Mistak'!" he shawted, "Wot

when we catch'd him i't swill-bub?" "Aye, aye," shu sed, "but listen." Shu then tell'd him all abaht it,—whoa I wor, an' wot shu'd dun wi' his cloas, an' finish'd wi', "That's him!" pointin' to me. "Wha," he sed, "it wor a bad job altogether, but he should loike to kno' whear *he* wor to goa for sum cloas, for them he hed on wor in a bonny pickle." T' woife tell'd him not to bother his sen, for shu'd tak' care an' watter iverything i't hawse, even t' ale, an' sooin fetch it up. Well, all wor made comfortable, an' I sung 'em "Rahnd Legs," to which they chorus'd till they fairly reek'd; an' then, for t' second toime, I went to bed. T' snuffy tailors, wi' bits o' rags pinn'd across t' front o' ther wesecoats to represent shirts, an' t' tinker, had been turn'd aht, soa I'd t' room to mysen. I worn't long befoare I wor i' bed, an' durin' t' neet t' battle wor fowt ovr agean, me bein' paid to sum tune wi' t' sleeveboard. But my dreeam didn't fetch me aht o' bed; it wor one o't better soarts; an' by eight o'clock I wor ready for up agean.

Well, I did a good business i' Rotherham, but I'd grown restless an' couldn't stop long in a place, soa one mornin' I pack'd up an' an got on t' tramp for Doncaster. I did varry weel on t' road, amang t' farmers, my pocket gettin' summat weighty, soa when I got to Conisbro', I thowt I'd stop a day or two. I meant bein' at Doncaster for t' races, but as it wanted abaht a week, I'd no occasion to hurry. I put up at a public-hawse at t' top o't hill, an' a rare shop it wor, especially when I'd fix'd my barrah in it, for I'd endless a wark day by day, an' things went on smoothly. But one day, abaht drinkin' toime, I thowt I'd have a ramble rahnd t' Castle, soa I woked, wi' my hands under my coat-laps, varry leisurely dahn. As I wor goin' rahnd it, I discover'd a hoile i't wall, 'at oppen'd into a passage. I thowt, well, I niver wor in a castle i' my loife I'll just see whear this passage goaes toa, an' if I can get inside it 'ill be grand. It wor ommost dark, soa I thowt I'd just peep into it, an' cum agean t' next day. When I'd got a piece dahn t' passage, another passage cross'd it, soa I turn'd into that, thinkin' it 'ud leead sumwhear, an' soa it did, but bein' soa intent on foindin' t' interior, I wor forgettin' t' toime o' neet, an' tho' it wor dark i't passage, I expected leet burstin' on me by an' by. Well, I woked on an' on, in a soart of a hofe groape, but could foind noa dooar. As t' passage turn'd, I turn'd, but my hands fun' nowt but t' solid wall. I begun to feel fidgetty, an' all at wonce t' toime o't neet struck me, an' not only struck me but sear'd me, for it rush'd thro' my moind 'at it mut be dark. I turn'd rahnd to foind my way aht agean, an' it had to be dun wi' gropin', for it wor gone as dark as pitch. I felt rather clammy, an' varry parch'd, but I kept on my way—but which way I wor in I didn't kno'. Well, I groap'd abaht t' passage to noa purpose, till I wor completely fagged aht, an' at last I lein'd agean t' wall i' despair. If I wor foar'd to stop thear, wot moightn't I see abaht twelve o'clock, when them chaps 'at couldnt rest quietly i' ther graves cum aht for a woke? I believe at this toime, if t' truth wor known, I wor actually steamin'; but it meant nowt, I couldn't foind a way aht, soa stop I mut. Hahiver, after hahrs had pass'd away, an' me stamin' all t' toime, for I daren't sit upo' t' flooar (an' thear wor nowt else,) at last a glimmerin' leet at a distance freeten'd me wahr than iver. I croodled into a corner as t' leet cum nearer, an' I should think I did'nt weigh hofe a stone, for I

got a glimpse ov a figure all i' whoite, wi' a candle i' its hand, an' cummin' toards me. I could ha' got into a mahse-hoile if I could ha' fun wone. Well, when it got nearly to whear I wor it sneez'd, an' aht went t' candle. I wor wahr nah i't dark nor I wor wi't leet, for I could hear t' figure cloise besaide me. But when a hand glided ovr me—nay, thear wor nowt noa moare for sum toime, for I went aht same as t' candle.

Hah long I remained i' this state I don't kno', but t' first thing I remember wor a rattlin' o' cheins,—then follar'd moare figures, an' mutterin' o' voices. Heavy footsteps wor approachin',—more figures all i' whoite wor cumin', as I thowt, to fetch me. I squez'd into 't corner, when a deep guttural voice sed, "These boanes mun be grun' an' tuk away afoare daylect, to prevent discovery." Oh, dear! my back fairly oppen'd an' shut as I sed to mysen, "T' boanes o' sumboddy loike me, 'at had noa bisness here!" I couldn't ha' sung "Rahnd Legs" if I'd had t' world offer'd for doin' soa, but should ha' been same as t' chap 'at troid to whistle a hornpoipe wi' his matheful o' meal.

At last, all wor still, an' thinkin' it wor noa yuse stoppin' theare, I ventur'd a bit farther, an' discover'd a leet shoinin' thro' a nick. Well, thowt I, I'll kno't warst; soa I crept gently up, an' after musterin' sufficient courage, pep'd thro'; an', if I wor niver to speik agean, all't figures I'd seen wor howdin' cahnsel! I'd noa daht but it wor abaht me, an' my belly rumbled strangely. Ther wor a horse i't centre, wokin' rahnd an' rahnd, whoile't figures i' whoite wor i' cloise conversation. At last, one on 'em spok' lahd enuff for me to hear, an' wi' a varry fause titer—"eh, eh, eh!"—he sung aht, "Toke abaht breed, an' superfoine flahr!—boane dust!—eh, eh, eh! They little think 'at a good deal o' ther dumplin' dust is boans aht o' greasy horse heels, grun' up i' this Castle." Well, I see'd thro't all't job in a twinklin', but I went that sick wi't thowts o' greasy heels 'at I vomited streight aht, makin' a skare 'at made t'owd Castle ring agean!

My word, but didn't they start, an' had t' lects aht in a minit! Well, ther wor sich a clatter o' feet i't passage, cumin' toards me, an' befoare I could think wot wor t' best to do, they'd tumbled o'er me, all bein' dahn together, an' me undermost. When one on 'em fell on me, I thowt t' Castle wor dahn. I shall niver forget it, for when I got up I wor that flat 'at I wor foar'd to walk edgeway dahn t' passage. He must ha' been twenty stoane, at least. I wor completely scam-vent. But I worn't goain' to be left behint. Not soa—as much flatten'd as I wor, I could keep ap wi't hippopotamus, an' I stuck at his heels loike glue, till at last we got aht into t' oppen air. An' toke abaht Boreas blowin'—t' best iver he did wor nowt to t' blowin' o't big-bellied miller, an' ivery breeth he tuk wor accompany'd wi't grooan o' all grooans—they wor regular grahd-shackers! but I got away as fast as I could to my lodgins, whear a good deal o' knockin' wor necessary afoare I got in; but after answerin' sum questions thro't lockhoile, t' bolts wor drawn, an' in I march'd.

They wanted to kno' wheariver I'd been, an' I related my adventure. An' if yo'd ha' seen t' landlord gape!—I lost one-hofe ov his face—I could see nowt below t' noase—ther wor nowt but an elongated vacuum. T' landlady sed ther wor allas a mystery abaht t' owd miller, an' foaks wander'd till ther jaws aked whear he got his money thro'. But t' boane-

dust unravell'd it, an' shu hoap'd 'at I should mak' it known an' have him punish'd. After a few moare questions an' surmoises, we got off to bed.

I only stay'd two days i' Conisbro', for it begun o' bein' buzz'd abaht 'at I knew summat concernin't Castle 'at 'ud ruin sum varry greeat foaks, an' I wor ommost loike summat in a cage, to be star'd at. I didn't loike it, an' determin'd to shift my quarters, soa I pack'd up an' got on my road to Doncaster. It wor varry noice travellin'—good rooads, an' dry. Callin' at Bawtry, an' doin' a roarin' trade, I thowt I could'nt do better than to remain thear till t' raceday, soa I pocketed a good deal o' brass, an' havin' noa mishaps o' ony koind, I wor varry comfortable, an' wor rayther sorry when t' day cum to leave it; but to miss t' races 'ud niver do.

Soa, a beautiful September mornin' fun' me an' Pincher on't hoigh road to ruin. When we got aht o't lane into't main road, we'd summat to do to dodge in onywhear. Carriages,—carts,—men o' horseback, donkey-back, an' Shank's mare, wor rushin' on loike fury! Thinks I, this 'll niver do, iveryboddy seems to be doin' t'grand, an' I'm slo'in it—for, moind yo, it wor noa easy job thrustin' a factory abaht! Well, two chaps wor cumin' by 'at look'd as if they'd forgotten hah to height—dress'd up skeletons, aht o' sum Medical Schooil, I thowt, at first seet—an', starin' at me, they ax'd if I'd a penny to spare, for a bit o' bread? I replot'd, 'at if they'd thrust my carriage wi' me sittin' i't front, to Doncaster, I'd gi' 'em a shillin' a-piece. They snapp'd at my offer, an' I mahnted, an' drove my ohn trap to Doncaster races! Worn't I gettin' on? I wor, I think, for t' moast o't traps 'at wor floying abaht me wor borrah'd whoile moine wor my ohn. Well, I wor swaggerin' an' rearin' mysen streight up, singin' "Rahnd Legs," an' feelin' mysen t' biggest maysn on't road, when t' wheel cumin' i' contact, wi' a stoane threw my heead foaremost i't gutter, jowlin' my chuckle till it rung loike a panshun. I didn't only rub it, but boath my men rubb'd it; but, rub as we would, t' lump 'ud noather goa dahn nor cum off. One o' my poppoes prov'd hiss'n equal to Balaam's, for he spok' to me, an' ax'd me rather reproachfully if I wor bad gam, an' darn't face it agean? "Bad gam'!" I croid, and bristled up as tho' I wor insulted; then, wi' a spring, mahnted my chariot. "I'll show yo whether I'm bad gam' or not. Yo say we have but hofe a moile to goa—nah, if yo'll tak' me into't tahn first-rate, I'll risk my neck bein' put aht. They sed they would—an' they did, for they run wi' me into't tahn, an' tuk' me to a owd-fashion'd public-hawse i' Frenchgate, whear I not only paid 'em accordin' to bargain, but stood beer an' grub till they wor boath weel fill'd.

CHAPTER X.—MY DEBUT ON'T DONCASTER RACE-COURSE—WARK MOARE PROFITABLE TO ME THAN BETTING—DONCASTER AFTER T' RACES AN' MY EXIT THEREFROM—MY RETURN TO ROTHERHAM.

Havin' put my barrah, or rather my cooach, i't stable, I went wi't pair 'at had driven me to Doncaster to t' races, where they could ha' run if they'd ha' thowt proper, but wolking appear'd t' moast suited to their

condition. When I got on t' course, I wor kept turnin' rahnd, loike a piece o' beef roastin', to look first at this thing, then at that—chaps wi' wot they called crates, a piece o' wood wi' hoiles in, thro' which foaks bawld'd a ball (that is, if they could); uthers shakin't doice an' throwin't stiek—boxin shows, whear chaps pummell'd one anuther's heeads till they wor ready to pass into any shape yo'd a moind—but t' finish'dist thing ther wor thear wor a tailor (at least, I expect he wor a tailor) wi' three thimbles an' a pey; an' if yo'd nobbut ha' seen him push 'em abaht—push-pins wor nowt to it!—yo'd ha' sed he wor clever. But wot lick'd me, he sed 'at noaboddy could tell him which thimble t' pey wor 'under. Wi' that I watched him an' follah'd t' thimble whear t' pey wor bewtiful. He then offer'd to bet sixpence 'at noaboddy could foind it. I sooin had my sixpence dahn, for I'd niver mov'd my eye off t' thimble, an' when I lifted it up thear wor't pey. An' worn't he foine an' mad! An' he wizz'd 'em abaht agean. Thinks I, thah'l happen to be soft enuff to want to bet—if thah art, I'll have thee. Well, he kept pushin' em abaht, toothy throothy; but I kept my eye on t' pey—at lceast, I thowt I did—but it turn'd aht, after I'd laid him a crahn, 'at I'd miss'd it. Ther wor noa pey—an't only swad ther wor ver' mysen. I scratted my heead rarely as I went to'ards t' course.

Well, as I stud, ther wor sich a foine lady passin', an' shu seem'd to noatice me soa, 'at I couldn't help takin' my hat off. Wi' that, sumboddy behint; crahn'd me wi' a umbrella, an' my heed, not bein' quite weel, hurt rarely. I wor rubbin' it, an' movin' back'ards to see who'd dun it, when I upset a poor owd woman's table wi' peppermint watter, an' dropp'd into a basket o' cakes. Shu got howd o' me by 't two ears, an' lifted me clean up by 'em. Well, three Irishmen pull'd a leg a-piece aht o't table, an' jump'd abaht an' screeam'd soa 'at I wor glad to get aht o't gate. A cooach happen'd to be near, an' I cloimb'd onto't top o' it—an' didn't I get to see a shindy! Heeads wor nowt—noather hard uns nor soft uns—an' I should think, afore they'd dun, ther worn't one on 'em 'at knew his ohn head, they'd wax'd to that degree.

T'horses runnin', on't shawts, put an end to't scrimmage, an' I turn'd to look at t'course, an' thear they wor, helter-skelter, nearly flyin'! I jump'd an' shawted as hard as onyboddy, droppin' once or twice on a woman's corns at soide o' me. I niver enjoy'd owt better i' my loife.

But, dun yo kno', ther wor one little drawback to that pleasure, an' it wor this:—T'chaps on't coach wi' me hadn't only seen an' enjoy'd t'fun o't race, but they'd made money on it. One on 'em, a varry "horsy" lookin' chap, an' evidently a kno'in soart o' chap as to ohners, trainers, an' jockeys o' race-horses, an o't horses too, had advois'd us all, before 't start, to back t'horse 'at had nah won, assurin' us 'at he'd got "streight tip" thro't stable 'at it must win. Well, dun yo see, they'd all acted on his "streight tip" but me, speculatin' oather ther hofe-crahns or crahn, an't "horsy" chap hiss'n sportin' his guineas, ("sovs." worn't then coin'd, I mun tell yo) an' gettin' em back agean wi' two or three more to em. Nah, thowt I, if I'd nobbut ha' follah'd suit, I should ha' gotten' back, wi' good interest, t'crahn 'at I'd left wi't tailor, an' I should also have escap'd a good deal o' chaffin'. Well t' bell worn't long i' ringin' for anuther race, an' seven or eight horses cum canterin' dahn to't startin'.

poast. Ahr "horsy" friend pointed aht one 'at he call'd "Daredevil," as t' winner. He sed it belong'd to t' Prince o' Wales, (afterwards Prince Regent, an' then George IV.,) altho' not enter'd i' his name, an' it wor a "cartainty"—it 'ud "woke in at t' finish." By way ov cloimax, he declar'd it a "moral" (I didn't then kno' what a "moral" wor i' horse-racin', but I kno' nah 'at it's furnish'd me food for sundry "moral" reflections.) Whether it wor t' name o't animal 'at tickled my fancy, or t' prestige of soa great an' illustrious a ohner, or t' grand looks o' "Daredevil" hissen, as he cum majestically along, whether I wor impell'd by moar selfish moatives, or whether it wor a bit o' all these comboid, I weant nah tell yo, if I could: suffoice it for me to say, 'at I invested three crahns on "Daredevil," an' expected to get 'em back, wi' four moare added to 'em when "t' certainty" had been consummated. Nobbut to think o' that! "They're off! they're off!" sooin resahued from one end o't spectators to t' uther. An soa they wor—all but one, and that one, aboon all t' uthers, wor t' varry animal I'd back'd—"Daredevil." Cumin' up to his horses, he'd turn'd obstropulous, an' when t' signal to start wor gi'en, his tail wor whear his hecad owt to ha' been, an' afoare his jock could get him rahnd to tak' his part i't race, t' uther horses wor nearly hofe rahnd t' course. But didn't he goa, when he tuk it into his hecad! Toke abaht "greas'd loighting!" I should think (not havin' been to Yankeeedom to see that agency, I can only gi' yo my ohn thowts) I should think it's nowt to t' speed o' "Daredevil" when he did start. For a few seconds, I really flatter'd mysen 'at he'd be able to catch t' other horses, as he'd already gain'd abaht a hundred yards on 'em; but by t' time they'd reich'e t' distance poast he'd shot his bolt, and wor pull'd up. Well, my "horsy" friend wor reight as far as t' letter o' his "tip" went, as "Daredevil" did literally "woke in at t' finish!"—but, unfortunately for my three crahns, he wok'd in behind i'stead o' befoare t' uther horses! Well, after all, it didn't bother me much, as I worn't aloane i' my misfortunes—an' ahr knoin' "horsy" friend, i' particular, had sported a deal moare nor me, an' nah pull'd a face soa long 'at I forgot my ohn loss i' thinkin' abaht his.

An' I may here dahtless be allahed to digress a bit, an' tell yo 'at I've offens sin' my venture on "Daredevil," seen sportin' "tips," an' flamin' noatices o' "glorious successes," an' jist as often have I indulg'd i' grave speculations whether these "horsy" prophets—these wonderful chaps 'at mak' yer fortune for "twelve stamps"—could iver cum soa near t' mark, except by guesswark, as ahr unfee'd "tipster" had cum, if all t' stamps i't country wor forrarded to 'em—unless it be truc, as I've heeard moare than wonce hinted, 'at a portion o't "tippin'" fraternity (varry loikely them whoa, i' ther great desoire to sarve ther fellah-mortals, send their "tips" for nowt, an' content thersens wi' stipulatin' for a "per centage o't winnins") mak' sure o' bein' reight by sendin' *all t' runners*, an' dividin' 'em *equitably* and *fairly* among their patrons. Nah, i't glorious owd toimes when I sported my three crahns, public "tipsters" (as sich) wor unborn, an' I'd nivver heeard then o' sich a trade or profession as "bookmakkin'"; an', dun yo kno', it often puzzles me nah, i' my owd age, to accaht for t' swarmin' o' these characters, an', i't absence ov a moare satisfactory explanation, I'm foare'd to accept t' cause assign'd

by an owd cutler o' my acquaintance, whoa declares 'at all t' boilin' o'— (noa, I wean't tell yo wot he calls 'em) sprung up wi't railways, an' 'at they consist entoirely o' coachmen, guards, hostlers, an' t' hangers on o't owd an' repudiated stage coaches, an' their progeny. But if this be soa, I really doan't kno, hah to escape t' conviction 'at they've been amaziny prolific. Well, possibly they may have felt ther shortcumins i' regard to uther scriptural injunctions, an' troy'd to mak' up for these by a full determination to carry aht, to t' utmost o' ther ability, that injunction biddin' 'em to "Increase an' multiply."

But to get back thro' my wanderin' speculations, I may tell yo 'at, altho' ther wor several moare races, I didn't dabble wi' 'em. I fun' at I could heartily enjoy t' performances boath o't four-legged troibe an' o't troibe 'at wor only gifted wi' hofe that number, withaht riskin' my adlins; an' I wouldn't be inducd by my "horsy" friend's taunt to "Be a man or a mahse!" to put dahn another shillin'. I thowt mysen a man already, an' didn't seem to fancy 't chance, hahiver remoate, o' becomin' a mahse.

When't day's racin' wor ovr, I sat me dahn varry comfortably on't coach. T'droiver (whoa had been away i't ring, doin', I hoape, moare successfully than I'd dun amang't ahtsoiders) cum up, mahnt'd his box, flourish'd his whip, an' started off at a rattlin' pace. Thinks I, "This is grand!—I've got up here, an' forgot to get dahn agean, an' I'm gettin' a couple o' moiles' roide to't tahn for nowt. If that droiver did but kno' at I wor gettin' best ov him, he'd hate t'seet on his sen. Well, t'horses first trotted an' then gallop'd, an' I giggl'd to mysen, till all at wonce it struk me 'at we owt to ha' been i't tahn afore nah, for we'd been longer than I wor i' wokin' it. I got up to look rahnd, an' we wor just cumin' to't hawses. T'droiver pull'd up, an' one o't passengers sed 'at we wor at Hadfield Woodhouse. "Wot!" I sed, "isn't this Doncaster?"—an' it wor no foil ov a horse-laugh they kiek'd up, I assure yo. "Noa, lad," t'chap giggled, tha'rt nearly hofe a dozen moile off." I jump'd off, but t' droiver see'd me, an' croy'd, "Hallo, my foine fella, wot have yo been doin' o' my coach?" I tell'd him I'd gotten on aht ov a raw, an' forgotten to get off agean." "Well, then, sed he, as a soart ov a thinker-on, tip me one an' sixpence, an' mak' thysen scarce, or I shall hand the ovr to sumbody at 'll droive thee farther than I've dun, an' charge thee nowt for it." "Nah I've noa daht I look'd rather sheepish, as I potter'd my eighteenpence aht, but it worn't money I car'd soa much for—it wor't woke back agean 'at troubled me; but ther wor nowt for it but settin' my shanks i' motion, which I did by degrees, shiftn' one t'first.

Well, as I hadn't had much wokin' durin't day, I manag'd varry weel, wi't exception o' gettin' weat thro', for heavy rain cum on, an' nowt loike shelter wor to be fun'. At last, I got to my lodgins, i' Frenchgate—but up stairs, dahn stairs, an' iverywhear, wor full. I got a good plate o' beef an' ham, hahiver, an' sum beer, which disappear'd as if by magic, an' I felt noa worse for my woke. T' sarvent tell'd me 'at i' consequence o't room upstairs bein soa full, they wor goin' to have't doncin' i't brewhawse—an' her eyes twinkled agean. "Oh," I sed, "yo're goin' ta have a donee, are yo?" An' shu gi'd a splendid quick nod i' answer. "Wha," I grinn'd, "if yo'll stan' up wi' me I'll cum in: yo see I'm a stranger, an' a bit shame-fac'd, an' should be afreed to ax onyboddy else." "Oh

vis, shu return'd—shu should have noa objections, but it 'ud be late afoare shu could get dahh, owin' to bein' soa throng. I tell'd her I'd wait till shu cum'.

When I went into't brewhawse, it wor nearly full. They'd up-ended a barrel at soide o't barm-tub, upo' which t'fiddler wor peak'd, an' soided t'things till it wor tolerably comfortable. It wor three o'clock afoare t'sarvent cum in. I'd wish'd mony a toime I wor i' bed, but when shu cum to me an' sed hah sorry shu wor as shu couldn't get sooiner, its astonishin' hah I did but wacken up! Well, t'next donce, they sed wor to be a galop. Thinks I, it's a reight un, for gallopin' an' rompin' wor i' my way, an' I'd noa daht but I should show off. Soa t'fiddler struck up wi' a merry tune, an' at it we went, rahnd an' rahnd t' brewhawse. I dar' say we'd kept it up for abaht ten minutes or a quarter ov a nahr, when I wor gettin' soa drunk 'at if shu hadn't ha' held me fast in her grip I should ha' been upo't floor mony a toime. Yit nowt appear'd to ail her—shu wor as fresh as iver. But dun yo kno', shu let me slip just as we wor comin' by't t'fiddler, and I sent bim flyin' off't barrel into't tub full o'barm—ther wor sich splutterin' an' splashin' as yo niver see'd i' year loife, till we wor all barmy aloiko. Well, t'sarvents sweetheart cum' an' challeng'd me aht to feight for dancin' wi' his lass, an' he worn't satisfoied wi' challengin' but let goa at me. Ov course, I couldn't stan' that, soa at it we went. Then't women, fallin' aht abaht it, got feightin' all ov a a heeap. Gahns wor torn off o' ther backs' an' hair off ther heeads—an', to finish up, a sweep, heearnin't rah, popp'd in, an' laid abaht 'em wi' his poake, till men an' women wor i' all shapes, colours, an' conditions. At last, t'watchman wor fetch'd to clear't place, an' after't owd fiddler 'ad fun't component parts o' his unmusical instrument, an' t' women 'ad gather'd ther rags together, they begun to disperse, all tokin' an' blamin' one an' uthey. As for me, I got aht as sooin as I could, an' got some watter an' wesh'd mysen, for my noase 'ad bled an' I'd rub'd it all ovr my face.

T' next day, i'stead o' goain' to t' races for pleasure, I went for business, an' a rare stroake o' bisness I did. I tuk moare money i' one day than I'd tuk i' onny week sin' I begun; an' it didn't bate much t' remainder o't week, but I wor kept i' full goa up to Saturday at drinkin' toime. But t' week after wor a corker, for t' tahn appear'd to be worn aht—thear wor nowt nor noaboddy stirrin'. It seem'd ommost loike t' day after doomsday, or loike fall'n Pompeii, only t' hawses wor still stan'in'. I wander'd abaht t' streets as if I wor t' only human bein' left o' that streamin' throng which had soa lately crahded t' tahn, an' when I'd shahted till I wor nearly black i't face, happen sum owd woman 'ud just oppen t' door an inch to see wot t' noise wor abaht. It sartenly wor t' humdrumest place I'd iver put my head into. Yo see I wor gettin' yus'd to a busy loife, an' this double-long meter slow toime didn't suit me, soa I resolv'd to pack up my shop an' return to Rotherham.

Nah, I've noa daht but yo'll think, by t' way I pass'd my toime i' Doncaster, 'at I wor a happy chap; but yo wor niver farther aht i' yer loife, for I'd a trubble to contend wi' 'at marr'd iverything, an' I troy'd all I knew to forget it, but couldn't. I shall just tell yo, as a friend (but yo munn't let it goa ony farther) wot it wor. Wha, then, it's noa use goain' rahnd abaht, but yo shall kno' at wonce, 'at wen I wor i' Rotherham, I

see'd a—wot dun yo think?—whoi, a young woman 'at set me wokin' o' my heead, an' my heels i't air—that is, turn'd me wrang end uphards—an' shu honted me neet an' day. I troy'd to forget her, but couldn't, soa, i'stead o' goain' forrards, as I intended, I resolv'd to goa back agean to Rotherham, on t' speculation o' secin' her. I wor satisfoy'd 'at shu didn't live far thro' my lodgins, becos I'd niver seen her oather wi' bonnet or shawl on, soa, feelin' confident 'at I should meet wi' her, an', i' order to do soa as sooin as possible, I got on t' coach, hoisted my barrah i't centre, an' worn't long by this process afoare I arrov'd. After I'd had a good, feed, I turn'd aht, as usual, wi' my barrah an' Pincher. Well, whoile I wor at wark, whoa should cum up, wi' a pair o' scissors to grind, but t' varry lass I'd cum all t' way thro' Doncaster to see, an' shu wor prattiest lass I iver clapp'd my eyes on. Shu wor a bloomin', bouncing bewty,—a chubby breet-fac'd lass, wi' a turn-up noase, an' a eye wi' soa much leetnin' in it 'at when shu turn'd it on yo shu gi'd yo summat loike an electric shock; an' her lips had a knack o' stickin' aht in a position as set my mathe o' watterin' aboon a bit. Nah, wotiver ail'd me I didn't kno, for I couldn't howd t' scissors upo't glazer, nor could I look at my wark for lookin' at her; an' as I noatic'd her pawtin' lips it browt to my moind the play, whear Juliet rests her cheek on her hand, an' a chap at's watchin' her says, "Would I wor a glove upo' that hand, 'at I moight kiss that cheek!" An see yo, I'd ha gi'en t' world (if it 'ad been moine) to ha' been t' whoite collar rahnd her neck, or a stick o' tragle in her fist, for shu wor the lickinest lass I iver seed. Well, to my sorrah, I got her scissors dun, an' only charg'd her hofe price; but when shu gi'd me t' pay, an' her finger-ends tuch'd my hand, I wor pins an needles all ovr, an' burn'd to that degree 'at I wor afreed o' my shirt catchin' foire. Shu tuk her way hoam, but I samm'd up my barrah an' trudg'd after her, determin'd to kno, whear shu liv'd, an' at last shu went into a bonnet-shop i' Church-gate, o't left hand. It had a bow windah, wi' a broad bottom for bonnets to stan' on, an' a red curtain runnin' across, but low enuff for t' foaks to see 'em at wark. I fix'd my factory opposite, an' shawted for jobs, an' wor pratty sharply i't shop to kno' if they wanted owt doin', upo' which they tell'd me 'at I'd just dun wot they wanted. "Oh, indeed!" I replot'd. "Oh yis, I see nah, that young woman thear browt 'em me—hai, they're a grand pair o' scissors, them!—niver grun owt loike 'em!" "Indeed!" sed t' missus; "we've been gi'n to understand 'at they re sah-metal, an' we nobbut gi'd thrippence for 'em new." That wor neearly a flooarer—I'd sum gapin afoare I could catch at owt, but at last I sed, "Wha, Missis, I'm a Shevilder, an' browt up i't trade; I should kno'. If they gi'd yo a pair aht o't wrang paper, soa much better for yo; but yo may depend on it thear's nowt very sahr abaht 'em." (T' young woman wi't lips wor usin' em.) Wi' that they titter'd a bit, to think bah t' fellah they'd got 'em on had dun hissien. "Then yo think yo haven't a bit ov a job o' noa soart?" I ax'd agean. "Not at present," they answer'd; soa I cum aht o't shop.

Well, when I got to my lodgins, my drinkin wor ready for me, but I could height nowt. I wor too full already—noa inflated balloon wor iver brae'd up as I wor, an' I should think I wor abaht i't same shape, for I felt as big agean abaht t' brest. But my legs must ha' been queear uns, for

I didn't kno' whear I stud. I wander'd first i' one room an' then i' anuther, not knoin' wot I wor wanderin' for, when at last I wander'd aht o't hawse—dahn t'street—into a shop, an' bowt a dickey, one wi' a ruffl'd frunt, to stand abaht hofe a yard aht o' my westcot,—an', to be grand, I got t'hoighest collar they had i't shop.

"Well," thinks I, "if I can get noicely parcell'd up, bun', an' labell'd, whoa kno's but shu may think t'insoide 's a grand 'un (for I've seen sum, i' my travels, 'at, nobbut tak't cloath away, an' they're bonny articles!)" I'll troy it on, I thowt; but a rather awkhard circumstance nah presented itsen. My cloas wouldn't match t' dickey; t'Wadsley cut 'ud pair wi' nowt nobbut Wadsley. Wot wor to be dun, I didn't kno', an' I wor abaht gi'ing it up when I remember'd seein' a secondhand cloas shop by t' market. Hoape revoiv'd, an' I wor goain' off at wonce to it when anuther thowt cum i' my heead, an' that wor 'at I'd have a straw hat. Yo may depend I worn't hofe plecas'd wi't idia, for it 'ud be anuther introduction to t' bonnet shop; soa, feelin' as springy as a cork, I soil'd off to gi' my order. I march'd into t' shop, an' hardly knoin' wot I wor doin', ax'd if they'd "ony scissors to groind?" "Whoi," sed t' Missus, "yo grun' 'em this afternooin!" But t'bewty bein' thear oppen'd my eyes an' shut my ears, soa I went on sayin' 'at I'd mak' a good job on 'em. Wi' that shu rais'd her voice abaht four octaves, an' shawted 'at they didn't want doin'. This wacken'd me, an' I sed, "I beg pardon, mum; but I want a straw hat mackin'—I suppoase yo can do it." "O yis," shu answer'd, "but it's t' wrang toime o't year for straw hats." (I hadn't thowt o' that.) "Niver moind t' toime o't yeear," I croy'd, "they're a foine thing for keepin't heead cool." "Oh, sartenly," shu sed, "it's all reight. Jemima, measure his heead!" "Jemima!—whoa—which is Jemima?" went thro' me loike leetnin'; an' see yo, if it didn't turn aht to be her! I'd summat to do to howd thro' doncin'. Shu wor goain' to tak' howd o' my heead! I'd a gi'n a guinea if sumboddy 'ud ha' empty'd a pot o' bears grease on it just then. But, hahiver, I presented it to her as it wor, an' I shan't tell yo hah mony toimes shu had to put t' tape rahnd afoare I wor satisfoy'd loike 'at shu'd got it reight; but wi' a deal to do we reckon'd 'at shu'd manag'd it, an' havin' got a promise 'at I should have it t' next mornin', I march'd my boddy to t' Market-place, to see for sum cloas.

CHAPTER XI.—MY LUV ADVENTURES, AN' THEIR MELANCHOLY TERMINATION.

As I tell'd yo i' my last chapter, I went to t' Market place for some cloas. I wor moar bent on it nah than iver, for I fancy'd I catch'd her smoilin' o toime or two ovr mesurin' me—and that I thowt, wor a good soign. I fun't shop, and sharply got a suit, consistin' ov a pair o' yollah pantaloons, a chince wescot, an' a skoy-blue cooat—to be sure it wor a good bit too short i't waist, but t'laps made up for it—they wor grand uns—swallah tails, nearly dahn to t' heels, an't collar turn'd back on to

my showlders. I took 'em hoam, but afoare I troy'd 'em on, to see hah I look'd, I thowt I'd just run dahn an' have a peep thro't corner o't win-dah, or I should niver sleep, soa callin' on't rooad for some cumforts, a horange, an' wot not, to pleease her wi', (for I intented poppin' in to see hah t'hat wor gettin' on) I trotted dahn, an' thear if t' shuts worn't up! But whoa should be stood at t'dooar but Jemima; soa puttin' my hair streight, aud spreedin' my hanketcher ends, all twitters an' twirls, I soilded up an' ax'd hah't hat wor gettin' on? "Oh varry weel," sed shu. "That's grand," sed I, an' bringin' aht my stock o' sweets, I ax'd her to have sum, feelin' satisfoy'd 'at shu'd think me a spoicy young chap after that. I peel'd t'orange' an' sed to her coaxinly, in a whisper, "Will ta have a suck?" "That wor my beginnin' o' luv makin'." Shu sed, "Aye," an tuk a boite. Worn't I pleeas'd! When I got t'orange back, they could ha' heeard me smack my lips o' t'uther soide o't street. I wor goin' on feedin' her wi' all soarts, an' makin' mysen as sweet an' agreeable as possible, when shu sed shu mud bid me a good neet, as shu had a bonnet to tak' hoame; an' in shu went afoare I'd toime to ax if I moight goa wi' her.

But I worn't to be dun for t' want ov a bit o' waitin'—not soa, an' when shu cum aht, thear I wor, lol'd agean t' dooar-cheek (I couldn't get away, an' it wor noa yuse tokin'). "Deear o' me!" sed Jemima, as shu wor puliin't dooar too after her, "yo made me jump!" Wot to say, or hah to say it, I didn't kno'; but as shu wok'd on I did t' same, an' kept cockin' my eye to see if shu wor skewin' at me. When shu cross'd t' rooad, I cross'd anole—still I could foind nowt to toke abaht; but, as fortin 'ud have it, her toca catch'd agean t' end ov a paver, an' nearly threw her dahn, but wi' a good deal o' scufflin', an' me to help her, (for t' quickest job I iver did wor catchin' howd on her,) shu manag'd to keep on her legs. Wi' sum difficulty, an' in a varry quear squeak, I ax'd her if shu'd hurt her-sen, an' yo can't think hah I did but tremble. "Not much," shu answer'd "only dragg'd her shoe off." But didn't I gi' that paver a kick! "I'll howd yer bonnet box," I sed, "whoile yo put it on agean." (It wor a grand point that, I've often thowt.) But when shu'd got it on, I didn't turn t' box up, nor did I see her howd her hand aht for it—niver soa loikely; I knew better, I think; it had requoir'd all t' wit I wor possess'd ov, to get howd on it, an' I worn't goain' to part wi' it soa easy as that, for whoile I'd t' box, I'd a good excuse for wokin' o't soide ov her; an' it's a fact 'at my eye wor beginnin' to stick loike i't corner wi' cockin' it to try to catch her peepin' at me, an' my face aked agean wi' howdin' it i' one o't prattiest smoiles I wor capable ov, for t' chance on her takin' a glent o' me. Well, we travell'd on till we got to t' brig, wi't Tahn Hall i't middle on it, an' foindin' 'at I wor wokin' upo' my boot-laces, (which had nearly had me dahn a toime or two,) I put t' box upo't wall whoile I fasten'd 'em. That dun, I up'd wi' my hand to reich it, and knock'd it ovr't wall, an' away it went into t' river. "Oh, dear!" shu said, "wotiver's to be dun? T' bonnet wor for a weddin' i't mornin'!" "Whoi," I sed, I'll buy anuther. "T'weant do," shu sed, "they kno' ther ohn materials, an' if yo'd ha' moinded yer ohn bisness it wouldn't ha' happen'd; but yo'll have to pay for it." "Oh," I sed, "willingly, hah much?" (I wor rather pleeas'd to have to pay, to show her 'at I'd

plenty o' brass.) "Seven an' sixpence," shu replot'd. I aht wi't money in a minit sayin', "Thear it is!" an' shu begun to toddle hoame. I toddled anole, but shu tuk' noa noatice o' me. I troy'd to get her to toke, by sayin' 'at it wor a bad job—hah sorry I wor, an' soa on; but not a word would shu utter. We trudg'd on till we got to't shop; shu oppen'd t'dooar, an' as I wor follahin' her in, shu slamm'd it too, neearly knockin' my noase flat to my face. It bled rarely; but as shu lock'd t' dooar after her it wor no yuse me stoppin' thear, soa I turn'd wi' a heavy heart toards my lodgins'.

I didn't get a wink o' sleep that neet, but toss'd an' turn'd, turn'd an' toss'd, an' thump'd t' pillah to make' it soft till't insoide flew i' all directions. Ov all't neets I iver pass'd this wor't longest. I've sum toimes thowt 'at a day wor miss'd, an' two neets cum together, but forgot to mak' inquiries abaht it.

Hahiver, a mornin' cum at last, an' I wor up long afoare onybody else, passin' my toime by wokin' abaht—sit I couldn't, for I burn'd an' aked, yit had a ditherin' sensation all thro' my boddy—an' all wi' longin' for't toime cumin' to fetch my hat, for it wor to be ready i't mornin'.

Brekfast toime cum at last, but I could see nowt but bein' chok'd if I offer'd to swallah owt, soa I went withaht. T' missus wanted to kno' what ail'd me, but not knoin' mysen I wor unable to gi' her 't requoir'd informashun. Shu sed I look'd faverish, an' wanted me to goa to bed agean an' hav' a sweet. "Bless yo!" I sed, "I'm all ov a lather, an' I don't think I could get my cloas off in a month—they stick soa." Besoides, I'd swell'd an' fill'd 'em up to that degree, wi' excoitement, 'at t'secams wor begginnin' to oppen, an' they'd ha' been all assunder if I'd meddled wi' 'em. A, wot a nahr t'last wor, throught eight to noine, for that wor't toime I intended to goa to fetch my hat. If onybody spok' to me, I couldn't hear wot they sed; an' as for seein', I wor as bloind as a bat. I wor aht o't hawse into 't yard, then in agean, an' up stairs to look at mysen—alterin' my hair an' my hanketcher, an' pullin' my cooat dahn. My twoathry wiskers bein' varry streight raither bother'd me, havin' seen a chap wi' curly uns which gi'd him a varry killin' appearance; but remem-berin' 'at Mally Frizzle, at Wadsley, curl'd her hair wi' her poipe, I jump'd ommost aht o' my skin wi't idia, an' dahn stairs I went, an' shuv'd a poipe steil i't foire—then nipp'd into 't kitchen wi' it, whear thear wor a glass, an' i' noa toime one soide o' my wiskers wor goane, for't poipe bein' too hot, I'd noa scoiner lapp'd 'em rahnd than thear wor a fizz an' a smoake, an off they cum. I set me dahn in a chair, an roar'd for mad. But as i't midst ov ahr greatest trubbles thear's generally one ray o' hoape, soa it wor wi' me, for it struck me 'at shu moightn't unloikely fancy me better withaht wiskers than wi' 'em. Well, t'thowt cheer'd me, an' havin' fetch'd t'scissors, off went t'tuther soide, an when I'd made boath soides aloike, it sartenly wor a himprovement.

T' toime had nah arroived when my eyes wor wonce moare to behowd my pawting bewty; soa, after gi'in' mysen a foinal streitnin', I hurry'd tohards t' bonnet shop, an' on gettin' in, thear shu wor; but didn't shu colour up, an me anole! Shu made various soigns to me, as t' missus wor lappin' my hat up, which, i'stead o' me understandin' as not to mention t' bonnet affair, I thowt she wanted me to clear her, soa, rearin' mysen up,

(for I wor goin' to please Jemima,) I sed, "Nah, Missis, yo mon't blame t' young woman thear for loisin' t' bonnet last neet, it wor my fault—I wor carryin' it an'——" I got to say noa moare, for t' owd lass shawted, "Wot's that?—Yo' brazen huzzy, I understand this hat makin' nah. Be off aht o' this hawse!" shu croy'd, turnin' to me, "an' darken my door agean if yo dar'. Be off, or I'll throw a canful o' watter on yo if yo don't."

I can tell yo, as self-preservation is consider'd to be t' first law o' nature, I tuk advantage o't consideration, an' wor glad to get aht wi' a whole heead, for t' sperit shu wor manifestin' wor ov a smashing character. "Theare," I thowt, "I've dun it—ruin'd all!" An' I wor soa bewilder'd 'at I didn't kno' whear I wor goain', till I fun mysen at t' top o' Wellgate. Havin' made t' important discovery 'at I wor goain' ony rooad but t' reight un, I turn'd back, an' i' course o' toime fun mysen at my lodgins. After studyin' for some toime, it occurred to me 'at I'd one squeeak left yit, an' that wor i' my new cloas. I thowt as if I went dahn at neet, t' missis 'ud niver noatice 'at I wor t' same chap, an I moight have a hoppportunity o' speikin' to Jemima; but then agean, thinks I, shu'd kno't hat—that'll niver do. Soa off I march'd to t' second-hand shop, to buy a new one (I mean new to me). We turn'd all t' shop ovr afoare I could foind a reight un, when at last I troy'd one on which wor a stunner—a regultr chimley-poiper, wi' a varry narrah breward. It wor raither wi't leeast, but by stickin' it a bit back it did varry weell, an' gi'd me such a helevated appearance, at I wor reight pleas'd wi' it, an' after it wor lapp'd up (for he'd noa hat-box hofe deep enuff for it) I bundl'd off hoame to rig mysen aht. Well, i' puttin' my pantaloons on, I fun' bendin' to button t' bottoms to be a awkward job, especially as they wor raither strait. I'd sum screwin' an' blowin' afoare they wor dun. As for t' dickey, thear wor soa mony strings abaht it 'at I wor fast to kno' whear they belong'd, but I fasten'd 'em sumwheare. I'd got a stunnin' cravat. Worn't thear sum ends when it wor teed. Ne'er moind. An' my collar wor that hoigh 'at it cuver'd my ears compleately in. Then my chince wescut (bed-curtain pattern) nipp'd me rahnd t' waist soa toightly 'at I'd serious thowts o' cumin' i' two. My cooat, from bein' too strait across t' showlders, pull'd my arms back whoile they had t' appeacrance o' bein' hung onto't back i'steard o't soides. But it shew'd my wescut an' ruffl'd frunt off to advantage.

All wor nah ready for trimmin' my hair up, but as I couldn't get my hands to my heead withaht a split or brokken limbs, t' cooat had to cum off agean. Nah, wot stoile to put my hair in to suit me t' best, an' to be unecommon, worn't a easy job. I first troy'd it all o' one soide, an' then at t' uther. It sartenly look'd odd bein' a one-soided affair, but after troyin' a many different stoiles, we agreed (me an' t' hair) 'at for fair play it should be parted i't middle, an' put behint t' ears. Havin' got it to my loikin', on went my cooat again, an' stickin' my chimley-poiper on, I wor ready for off. My cooat-tails raither bother'd me at first, wi' knockin' agean my ankles (yo mun understand 'at I wor ankle neearly to t' knee, soa yo're sure I look'd pratty i' pantaloons) but it wore off in a bit, as things will. When I cum dahn stairs, t' hawse wor in a uproar in a minit, t' company declarin' 'at they niver see'd owt loike it. Thear,

thinks I, whoile my appearance astonishes t' men, what will it do wi't women.

I started off i't direction o't bonnet-shop, stoppin' at t' different windahs thear thear war a lookin'-glass just to peep at mysen. Judge o' my disappointment, when I reich'd t' shop containin' my treasure, to foind all t' bloinds dahn! They'd a relation deead, an' had shut t' dayleet aht soa as they could indulge i' gloomy thowts. Well, it wor noa yuse stoppin' theare; besoides, I wor gettin a crahd rahnd me, which rather owrfac'd me, soa I turn'd hoamhards agean, t' crahd follahin' me, sum laffin, an' uthers inquoirin' whoa I wor. "Whoi, it's t' knoife-groinder, Wadsley Jack, to be sure!" sed a knoin' un. "Well, he'd a star," croy'd another, an' rarely they laff'd, an' reckon'd I wor a topper.

When I got to my lodgins, t' hawse wor pratty sharply fill'd, but I fun' my way up stairs, an' got my things off, to have a bit o' ease, an' to think for t' future. Whoile I wor runnin' ovr t' various bits o' conversation 'at tuk place between me an' Jemima t' neet we tuk t' bonnet hoam (I meean should ha tuk it hoam), I remember'd hur sayin' 'at it wor too bad for hur to have to carry t' wark aht after shu'd dun, for shu had to be up t' first in a mornin' to kindle t' foire, prepare t' breakfast, an soa on. Nah, havin' obsarv'd 'at they liv'd i't cellar-kitchen, I resolved to goa i't mornin', becos I could see into it dahn a greecat grate i't cawsay under t' shop windah, an' thear wor a casement 'at shu could oppen if shu loik'd—moind ye, I sed if shu loik'd—an' speik to me. Soa, havin' decoided, I put my owd cloas on, an' thowt 'at I'd have a woke. I fun' my way to the churchyard, an' red all t' owd tombstones, an' cahnted hah many corners thear wor rahnd t' church. After that I went insoide, an examin'd t' owd carv'd woodwark, as black as koil, an' worm-etten—t' owd chests, t' copper plates, an soa on, an' felt a greecat reverence, as I stud wi' my cap i' hand for t' place. Thro' thear I wander'd as far as t' race-course, cross'd t' fields dahn to Thrybergh, an' back agean hoame, when, after a bit o' supper I went to bed. T' fear o' owrsleepin' mysen cos'd me to wakken ivvery twoathry minnits, soa 'at I'd a varry poor neet's rest. At hofe-past four I turn'd aht, bein' aware 'at it 'ud tak' me all my toime to get ready by six, at which toime I understud shu wor stirrin'.

At exactly five minnits to't toime, I left my lodgin', as perfect i' my toylet as possible, an' bun' up till I could hardly breathe. I wor sooin at front o't shop, lookin' dahn't grate, but as yit all wor darkness. I pac'd backhards an' forrards i't twoileet, castin' my eyes dahn't grate as I pass'd, for a quarter ov a nahr, when at last a leet reflected on't windah. I stood an' look'd dahn, but bein' too hoigh, I could see nowt. I wanted sadly to be dahn o' my knees, but wor afread o' soilin' my canary-color'd pants. Well, but thinks I, as thear's noaboddy stirrin', I'll oather mak' one thing or t'uther on it, an' wi' greecat difficulty I got on my hands an' knees, lookin' dahn't grate, when a moast unpleasant disaster tuk place. Yo'll understand 'at it wor a varry owd-fashion'd shop, wi' a windah-shut at wor hing'd at bottom, which they pull'd up wi' a string to save 'em't trubble o' cumin' aht oather to oppen or mak' in. Well, just as I'd my face cloise to't grate, troyin' to get a glimps o' Jemima, dahn cums t' shutter, hittin' me plump, an' sendin' my heead agean't wall to sum pattern. T' owd lass (for it wor her) foindin' 'at it didn't goa reight dahn,

an' wonderin' wot made it stick, drew it up agean, durin' which toime I rais'd mysen on an end, when dahn it cum agean, knockin' my chimley-poipe on to my showlders. T' owd lass, in a rage wi't shutter, kept it goain' loike a batter'n-ram, which made it impossible for me to get away, till at last I rowl'd off o't cawsay, splittin' my pants i' all directions.

As I set i't gutter, troyin' to get my hat back withaht takin' my noase wi' it, up cum a chap call'd Puddler Dick an' twoathry moare whoa'd been on't neet shift, an' seein' me, one on 'em croy'd, "Wotiver's this?" "Nay," sed Joa Greashorn, "whoa knoas?—here's legs an' arms, an' by reights thear should be a heead to match sumwhcar." I shahted aht o' my chimley-pipe (in a hawful snavel, wi' my noase bein' flat to my face), "Help me!" "Whoi, sed Puddler Dick, "if it is 'nt Speikin' Tommy i't chimley!" Wi' that they got howd o' me, an' havin' had a sup o' drink sin' they'd dun wark, they worn't particular loike hah they handl'd me. "Owd lad," sed Greashorn, "tha hasn't hofe riv'n thy foine trahsers! Whoi, they're brussen all rahnd t'knees; an' as fort't behint, doan't mention it! Pra'thee, lad, wheare duz to cum thro'?" I shawted, wi' my snavel, to tell 'em: but t'puddler sed 'at they couldn't understand me (I should ha' wonder'd if they could); soa, sed he, he'd oppen't chimley-top, an' takin' a knoife (one o' my ohn groindin') he cut t'crahn aht, an' shawted dahn, "Wheare ar' ta, lad?" They appear'd determin'd to have sum fun at my expense, an' as I couldn't help mysen, I wor loike a condemn'd criminal, waitin' for execution; an', withaht ony gammon, if they didn't execute me, they did my cloas, for Greashorn got howd o' one lap, an' puddler howd o' t'uther, an' quick as leetnin' it wor split up to t'neck, layin' bare all my nethermoast imperfections. Well, I wor i't middle o't street, whoile they wor nearly upo' each cawsay, wi't ends o' my swallah-tail i' their hands, marching me tohards my lodgins. And I wor feelin' varry thankful 'at I wor gettin' hoame onyway, when see yo, if they didn't drag my cooat hofe way dahn my arms an' left me! Theare it wor, all swingin' at front! Heare wor a precious pickle to be in—i' total darkness, (my heead bein' fast i' a chimley,) an' darn't offer to move, becos hofe o' my cooat wor upo't flooar, at frunt o' me, an't first stroide I tuk I wor on to it wi' my feet, which bent me dahn till I expected my heead bein' turn'd into a boulder thumper.

As it wor nah abaht seven o'clock, an' foaks had begun o' stirrin' I'd sooin a bonny crahd rahnd me, when one fellah, a brewer, sed 'at he'd sharply have't hat off, an' makkin' noa moare to do, he ripp'd it up't back, thro' top to bottom, an' off it flew—when, horrible to relate, t' first thing I see'd wor Jemima! I instinctively felt for t' chimley, t'pull it dahn agean, but it wor goane. This wor't cruellest cut ov all, for after a hexibition loike that, I could nivver look her i't face agean! I lapp'd my cooat rahnd me as weel as I could, an' gettin' to my lodgins, bahnc'd up stairs—doff'd my rags—jump'd into bed, an' cover'd mysen ovr't heead; but if I shut a bargest aht, I cloas'd one in—a grand un! I stay'd i' bed all't day, an't next mornin' fun me upo't Doncaster coach, glad to get aht o' Rotherham. But after all, I larnt summat—an' that wor, hah to cure luv sickness, for let a chap only be render'd ridiculous i't presence ov her 'at he'd gi't world to please, an' I'll warrant it cures him; for, after this, I'd rather ha' met Owd Scrat, an' a hoast o'

pick'd uns from't infernal regions, than Jemima. Soa I wor rar'n pleeas'd, I can tell yo, when I agean reich'd Doncaster.

CHAPTER XII.—MY JOURNEYS TO THORNE AN GOOLE—MY ENCAHNTER WI' A CAMP O' GYPSIES—A ROMANTIC EPISODE.

My readers weant expect 'at my return to Doncaster wor wi' ony view o' remainin' there. Noa, I'd already seen it both i' its gloary an' i' its desolation; an' altho' I had fun t' former summat grand an' wonderfully excitin', t' uther phase had noa charms for me. To a man ov a moare reflective disposition, it 'ud loikely enuff ha' been interestin' to mak' sum inquiries as to hah t' tahn subsisted i't intervals between t' races—yo'll kno' there wor then noa railways, an' of coarse noa railway plants—but if I'd been iver soa curious i't matter, it wouldn't ha' "made t' pot boil," an' I should still ha' been withaht response to my appeal "Knoives to grind?" Soa, t' mornin' after my arrovial, my equipage bein' i' full trim, saw us *en route* (arn t I becumin' larned?) for Thorne.

I did varry weel on t' road, addin' to my little stock daily, an' when I got to Thorne, I felt 'at I wor sumboddy, for to have a factory o' yer ohn, an' lots o' money i' yer pockets, isn't to be sneez'd at wi' onny boddy. Well, when I'd got to t' watter soide, I noatic'd 'at it came rowlin' up an' then rowl'd back agean, just t' same as if sumboddy had howd o't t' uther end, an' kept first raisin' it an' then sattlin' it. I shawted to a chap at t' uther soide o't street, an' ax'd him, "Whear does this watter cum through?" "T' sea," he answer'd. "Wot's that?" I inquir'd. Wi' that he set up a great horse laff; but I meant knoin', an' ax'd him agean. "T' sea, I tell thee, lumpheed!" "Cums aht o't sea," I sed to mysen. Well, I wor regularly bother'd, an' I kept chewin' it ovr till I fun it aht. Ther had been sum trouble amang t' mermaids—sum heavy grief 'at had cos'd 'em to roar an' bluther; an' wot t' chap meant by t' seas wor ther eyes, an' this swellin' o't watter wor cos'd by t' sheddin' o' tears. Yis, tears soa salt 'at they'd turn'd all t' river salt. Well, I thowt, hah soft I must be not to see it at first! an' as I look'd at t' watter it browt to my moind 'at I'd heeard Billy Methody read i't Boible summat abaht tears bein' bottled. My stars! I thowt, but it 'ud tak' sum bottles to bottle this lot. An' feelin' satisfoy'd wi' my discovery, I look'd for lodgins, an' put up at t' Griffin Inn.

But Thorne worn't place for me to live an' dee in. It wor rather too owd maidish, for I don't remember iver seein' a smoile, or hearin' a laff, all't toime I wor in it. To be sure, as far as business went, I'd noa cose to grumble; but when I'd dun at neet, I couldn't stan' sittin' to hear 'em toke abaht nowt else but hurricanes, nor'-west gales, larboard an' starboard, an' especially one knotty point, hah mony knots shu could run i't hahr, i'stead o' hah mony shu could tee. I thowt, "My lads, it may be reight to yo, but it's wrang to me." Soa, not bein' much i' luv wi't place one morning I inquired t' way to Goole, an' t' distance. A chap informed me 'at it wor just dahn a lane call'd "Journey-my long." I worn't long afoare I fun' it, an' thear wor anuther thing I fun'—'at it wor t' lane withaht a turn.

Well, it wor nah November, an' I thowt at all t' sludge an' snobbroth i't country had dun summat amiss, an' cum to Journey-my-long, for freed o' bein' tuk up. But I tuk sum on it up, for I wor cik'd wi't hofe up my legs. I'd journey'd dahn this Journey without meetin' a soul for four moiles, or havin't sloightest prospect o' gettin to t' end, when at last I cum to a hawse, which, havin' convenience for man, dog, and carriage, I went in. Whole I wor gettin' sum refreshment, I explain'd t' nature o' my bisness, an' t' owd woman sed shu'd several jobs 'at wanted doin', especially t' clock cleanin', an' if I could do it, hah thankful shu should be. "To be sure I can do it," I repley'd, for though I'd nivver tuk won to pieces, yit I thowt my genious equal to a larum; soa after groindin' sum knoives an' scissors, an' a couple o' iron candlesticks, I fac'd t' clock. I had it i' pieces in a jiffy, an' gi'd t' wheels a good glazin', o' boath soides and rahnd t' edges, an' they did shoine anole. I then begun o' puttin it together agean, but I wor niver soa bother'd i' my loife: nowt 'ud fit, "Wha, but," I sed, "yo'll ha to goa in sum-wheare." But, skame as I would, there wor wone 'at I couldn't foind a place for. I troy'd all meaus to stick him in, wi' screws an' without screws, but it wor noa yuse: havin' tasted a bit o' liberty, he worn't goain, to be screw'd up i' that box agean—noa, nor he didn't, for I had to pocket him. Soa, when I'd gotten t' clock up agean, I gi'd t' pendle a good swing, an' nipped up my barrah an' wok'd off. I push'd along till I wor within abaht three moiles from t' end o't lane, when I cum across a lot o' gipsies, camp'd. They worn't long i' gettin rahnd me, an' wantin to kno' what I'd gotten there. I tell'd 'em t' bisness I carried on, an' they sooin handed me a knoife, which I'd noa sooiner dun than they seized t' barrah, sayin' it wor just t' thing they wanted. Worn't I in a bonny pucker! I begged on 'em, as they wor gentlemen, not to keep my barrah. I wor, I sed, a poor orphan, troyin' to get a honest livin', an to ruin me I wor sure 'ud be a haction they'd repent ov after. A owd woman sed, "Gi t' lad his trankliment, an' let him goa;" an' t' ringleader answer'd he would, on conditions 'at I let 'em tak' pattern o't machien, an' grum all ther knoives, scissors, an' razors, for them to larn hah to do 'em. I readily agreed, an' they fun me sum stock to grind! Then one on 'em troy'd if he could do it; an' I couldn't help laffin' to see him gi' ovr turnin' when he put t' knoife on—he could noa moare manage to turn an' grind than he could floy. But he persever'd, an' by and by he manag'd a bit better. He sed then, 'at wi' a bit o' practice he thowt he could manage it; soa, after takin' dahn full particulars, an' muvin' t' barrah aht o' his way, they sed 'at I could goa. An' they hadn't to tell me twice—I heeard 'em t' first toime, an' I'll bet a wager they thowt me cliver o' my legs when I got i' full swing on my journey.

Well, I thowt, I've had sum jobs, but for payin' this is t' mester. In abaht a nahr an' a hofe I got to t' end o't lane, an' wor on t' bank o't river Ouse. It wor varry dark, an' Goole bein' but three moiles distant, t' lamps at t' mast hecads look'd loike soa many stars. Unfortunately, t' rooad (which wor alongsoide o't river) had been newly gannister'd; an' wot wi' bein' toired an' uncomfortable, boath me an' Pincher wor hard put to it to get on at all. But I thrust an' he pull'd away reight valiantly, knoin' at ivery stroide browt us neearer t' end.

Nah, whoile we wor travellin' that dreadful rooad, I mun inform yo' o' summat 'at wor takin' place i' anuther part o't country. At a little vil-lage call'd Drax, seven moiles sathe o' Selby, an' three from t' small tahn o' Snaith, liv'd one Squire Beverley, t' descendant ov a ancient an' influ-entia family, (for t' Beverleys had been magistrates iver sin' one wor requoir'd.) Thear also resoided at Carlton, two moiles off, owd Colonel Hardy, a prahd owd buffer 'at had sarv'd i't Pennysular (I think they call'd it) war. It wor worth onnyboddy's whoile loisin' hofe a day to see him woke dahn t' village, wi' his bob wig, three-corner'd hat, canary-colour'd wescut, (button'd wi' gowld buttons up to t' neck,) an' a wokein'-stick wi' a gowld knob 'at sarv'd for a snuff-box, an' when he set it dahn, t' pavement even croy'd "Oh!" Well, i' consequence o' his yarn-spinnin' he wor a great favourite wi't Squire, an' they generally pass'd ther toime together, oather shootin' on t' Squire's preserves or wot they call'd enjoyin' thersens wi' ther poipe an' glass, whoile t' owd Colonel related deeds 'at noather him nor onnyboddy else iver see'd or did, at which t' Squire 'ud lein back i' his chair an' laff till his belly swagg'd agean. Colonel Hardy had a dowter, whoase splendid figure cos'd foaks to stan' an' watch her aht o't seet; but her cahntenance, though far from ugly, wor ov a cowd an' repulsive character. Shu wor awfully prahd an' unapproach-able,—hawty when spok to,—an' t' owd women yused to say 'at they pity'd t'man 'at 'ud have to wear her. Squire Beverley, too, had a son Bob, a warm-hearted, cheearful chap, whoa had a smoile for ivveryboddy. As he wok'd thro't village, he'd frequently tak' sum choild up i' his arms, an' carry it iver soa far, t'muther follahin' behint as prahd as a queen, an' when he put it dahn shu'd drop a curtehy neearly to't grahnd. T'owd women chuck'd "Good day, Bobby!" when they met him, an' t' young uns had summat to do to keep ther bonnets on—they'd sich a nack o' gettin' soideway when Bob made his appearance. T' Colonel an' Squire wor boath anxious for a match between't young uns, as they call'd 'em an' yus'd ivvery art an' stratagem to bring it abaht—an' wonderful to say, they accomlish'd it. Joan Hardy consented, bein' sick o' her present monotonous loife, as shu call'd it; and Bob yielded i' order to gratify his father, for whoam he had a moast hardent luv, an' nivver did anything contrary to his wishes.

It wor a grand day at Drax when't young cupple went to't church, to be sploiced; but it wor strange to see't foaks all stan'ing o' one soide o't pathway to gi' Bob a smoile, whoile't broide wor scarsely noatic'd, an' a tear could be seen steilin' thro' Bob's eye as t'owd women bless'd him. T'owd Colonel had sum flourish wi' his stick, which went three or four toimes rahnd afore it fun' its way to't cawsay, whoile't Squire exhibited a satisfactory smoile on his good-humour'd face. T' bells wor ringin'—yis, I think I'm reight i' sayin' "t' bells," for theare wor three—an' made a noise same as if sum women wor rattlin't insoide ov a crack'd panshun wi' a rowlin' pin.

T' ceremony bein' ovr, t' rejoicins begun' an' hail'd one o' them misalloi-ances (as they're call'd) 'at's productive o' soa much misery—leet an' darkness, cork'd up in a bottle together—cowd sewit dumplin', an' a warm savoury dish—iceburgs an' genial warmth tee'd together wi' summat stronger than a roape—a dear! it's enuff to mak' us call 'em a cupple o'

owd foails for not knoin' better! Well it wor arrang'd at t' young foaks should resoide at t' Squire's, an' it worn't long afoare t'owd man dis-cover'd t' mistak' at he'd made, which bow'd him wi' sorrah to't grave, for he didn't live moare than two years after t' marriage. T'owd Colonel, too, wi' all his swagger, wor seiz'd wi't gawt, which, after months o' torture, gi'd him t' back fall, an' t' mansion (as t' Squire's residence wor call'd) wor a place wheare domestic sunshoine nivver enter'd.

Engag'd i't Squire's hawse (for Bob wor nah't Squire) wor one Roasey May, as attendant on Mrs. Beverley, an' foaks sed 'at if it worn't for her, t' poor Squire, who had noa childer, 'ud noather be ear'd for nor look'd after. An' it wor true, an' t' Squotore felt it, an' hoighly prois'd Roasey for her attentions to him; but unfortunately, a criminal inter-course sprung up between 'em, t' result o' which wor 'at shu had to be re-mov'd (on pretence) for her health; but i'stead o' goain' reight away, shu only went to Dorothy Gray's, an' owd dependent o't Squire's, whoa liv'd at a raither solitary place sum two moiles thro' Drax; an' in a few weeks Roasy May wor't muther ov a luvly female babby. Ivvery attenshun necessary wor paid her till she wor able to return to her situation, t' choild bein' left i't care o' owd Dorothy.

Ten years pass'd away, an' little Nancy (as t' choild wor call'd) grew i' stature an' bewty, bearin' in her face unmistakable marks ov her parent-age. T' Squire see'd this, an' wor miserable. Fear ov a disclosure kept him i' constant dread. He probably wou'd ha' married Roasey, had he been in a position to do soa, but that not bein't case, he agreed to leave her a thahsand pahnd at his death, provided shu would consent for't girl to leave t' neybourhood, an' not to return to it whoile Mrs. Beverley liv'd. Shu consented, an' a will wor made accordinly—an, i' the event ov her deein', t' same amount wor to cum to't choild. This part o't bisness bein' arrang'd, t' Squire sent for his gamkeeper, Will Black, an' explain'd all't affair to him, concludin' wi' a request 'at he would tak' t' girl to sum uther part o't country, whear shu could be kept as his. Will's eyes glisten'd as he scratted his heead an' wonder'd hah he could turn it to his ohn advantage; for Will Black wor a villian at heart, an' repoart had often cum to't Squire's ears (in fact, sum o't powchers had sed soa when he'd been troyin' 'em) 'at he allah'd 'em to fetch his master's gam, an' went shares i't profits, but t' Squire wou'dn't entertain it, thinkin' it a tale invented to get him aht o't way. At last, Will agreed to tak' her to a relation's i' Cornwall, whear he could noa daht board her reasonably. T' Squire sed he wish'd her to be weel dun to, an' he would pay liberally for it. All bein' sattled, he handed Black a ten-pahnd noate for expenses, an' instructed him to arrange wi' Roasey for't possession o't girl. Will went into t' Sarvents' Hall, wheare Roasey join'd him, an' agreed to have her i' Drax by six o'clock at neet.

I't meantoime, Will Black wor hetchin' a villanous plan, which wor to tak' Nancy to Goole an' loise her, an' soa pockit not only't ten pahnds, but her board, an' uther allahances, may be for years. An' it wor possible, thowt he, 'at boath t' Squire an' Roasey moight dee, an' he could then ad-vertoise for her, an' he'd noa doubt 'at a thahsand pahnd would sooin bring her to leet. He could then claim her as his ohn choild, and grab

howd o't thahsand, an' he chuckled an' twitch'd his fingers convusively as he grunted, "I'll do it."

Six o'clock fun him near't owd Windmill, wheare he wor to receive t' girl from Roasey, an' in a few minits poor Nancy wor i' his fangs. T'poor crater had been gi'n to undertsand, 'at she wor goain' aht to place, to fit her for a similar position to Roasey May's, not knowin' 'at shu wor her muther; an' as shu wor wokin' an' hofe runnin' to keep up to Will shu ax'd whoi shu couldn't ha' goane i't mornin' i'stead o' goain' that long way i't dark, an' soa as it snow'd. Black growl'd 'at shu wor wanted to be thear ready for mornin'. "Oh, varry weel," shu sed, an' toddled on. T'distance from Drax to Goole wor abaht twelve moiles, soa that, afoare they'd got hofe o't way, Nancy wor varry toir'd an' her feet begun to burn an' blister; but Will got howd ov her hand, an' literally dragg'd her forhards, sumtoimes pullin' her completely off her feet, an' then checkin' her up agean, till't little thing wept, wept, wept. In passin' along't river soide, which they had to travel for two moiles, he threaten'd to throw her in if shu didn't woke faster. Fear cos'd her to limp moare to his satisfaction, an' they turn'd on to't turnpoike by Rawcliffe Bridge. They push'd on t' remainder o't rooad, for Black wanted to be rid o't job, an' at last t'leets at t'mast heeads i' Goole docks glimmer'd i't distance. "Oh!" mutter'd Black, "we shall be thear in a few minits." It wor abaht ten o'clock, an' as Nancy wor cumin' into Goole at one end, I wor goain' in at t' uther. An' hah it did but snow! Well, Black just turn'd aht o't main rooad into Ouse-street, an' tell'd her to sit on a step till he look'd for t' place—he should be back presently. "Noa, doan't leave me," shu croy'd, "I shall be freeten'd to deaath." "Sit dahn, I tell thee," he mutter'd between his teeth, "or I'll smoite thee." Shu, bein' alarm'd, clung to him, when wi' his clenched fist he struck her dahn an' run off.

Well, by this toime I'd got to t' end o' my ruff journey, an' wor restin' mysen an't barrah upo't bridge 'at crosses t' Ouse an' leads into New Geole. Hah long I'd been theare I doan't kno', but feelin' rested I pick'd up my barrah, an' on I went. Bein' late, I turn'd into t' first street I cum to, an' I'd noa sooiner got into it than I see'd summat laid upo't grahnd loike a human form. I dropp'd my barrah an' went to it, and if it worn't a young girl! I pratty sharply lifted her up aht o't snow, an' fun 'at shu wor bleedin' from her left temple. I spok to her, an' troy'd to restore her to a state o' consciousness, an' in a bit shu begun to move, an' as shu cum rahnd shu started an' croy'd, "Oh, doan't, doan't stroike me." "Stroike thee, lass! I should think not; an' I should loike to catch onnyboddy else doin' it." "Whoa are yo?" shu ax'd; "yo're not him 'ats browt me here an' struck me to t' floor?" "Struck thee!" I croy'd, an' for t' first toime i' my loife I felt all my blood run into my knuckles. My word! but if they'd ha' been put i' operation just then upo' sum-boddy's noase, I'll warrant they'd ha' spread it all ovr ther face loike a cauliflower! "Wha, wot are ta doin' here?" I ax'd, at t' same toime stroakin' t' hair off her pratty face. Sobbin' as if her heart 'ud breik, shu tell'd me her journey an' its object, an' hah shu wor left, to me foindin' her; "but," shu continued, "I can't move for cowl." "Tha carnt!" I

sed, "my word, but tha sooin shall if I've owt 'at 'ill do it." Soa I doff'd off my cooat an' put her legs i't arms for trahsers, then threw t' laps ovr each showlder, pull'd 'em weel dahn i't frunt for a wescut, an' button'd it rahnd t' waist. An' yo're sure, withaht me sayin' owt, 'at shu look'd loike a little emperor. I nivver see'd a grander or a readier made suit o' cloas i' my loife. "Thear, bless thee," an' I kuss'd her. It wor t' first kuss I'd gi'en i' my loife, an' yo can't think hah warm I felt after it, altho' I wor withaht cooat. "Wi' ta goa wi' me?" I ax'd, "an' whole I've a boite o' breead, or a penny i't world, tha shall noather want nor be abused." Wi' that shu laid her little heead agean my wescut-pocket an' croy'd bitterly, an' I'd summat cum into my throit as big as a tater. I really thowt it 'ud ha' choak'd me, an' at last I roard' as hard as her, an' my shirt sleeves becum weet thro' for want o' a hanketcher.

When I'd got as I could speik, I repeated t' question—"Would shu goa wi' me?" "Oh yis, if you please," shu replot'd, soa pratty, an' begg'd 'at if t' man 'at browt her cum back agean 'at I wouldn't let him hav' or touch her. "Noa, nivver," I croy'd, "for a thing 'at can stroike a helpless choild may wear t' form ov a man, but has t' heart ov a demon. Cum thie way, we shall get lodgins sumwhear. Cum, bless thee," an' I kuss'd her agean,—an' I can tell yo, I'd summat to do to howd off singin' "Rahnd Legs."

I nipp'd up my barrah, an, see yo, if t' little thing didn't put her hand to it to help me! My heart jump'd into my throit, an I sed, "Nay, luv, tha'rt toir'der than me—let me thrust it. See thee, there's a public-hawse yonder—we'll get lodgins theare to-neet, an' if we don't loike 'em, change to-morrah." Soa, pullin' up to't door, I fun' it wor't Owd Crown Inn. I inquir'd for lodgins' an' wor tell'd 'at I could hav' ivvery accommodation I requoir'd; soa I tuk my barrah an' Pincher i't brew-hawse,—got t' lass's suit o' cloas upo' my ohn back, an' went i't hawse. I sooin had sum ham an' hot tea provided, and didn't my little fowndlin' relish it, for shu wor as hungry as me. After supper, I got a sponge an' sum hot watter, an' bath'd her temples, which wor sadly swell'd, an' I sed to mysen, "Only let me cum across him, that's all!"—an' I kno' 'at if I'd ha' seen mysen, my mathe wor screw'd rar'an toight.

Well, wishin' to goa to bed, we wor shown up stairs, an' shu had a little room next to moine, an' when I bid her "Good noight," shu cum an' kuss'd me,—a tear glistenin' loike a dew-drop i't corner ov her eye. "Good noight—an' God bless thee!" I croy'd an' set me dahn on't soide o't bed—roarin' an' not knoin' wot for—only I felt as if I wanted to roar, soa I let it cum. I wor presently asleep after I'd got i' bed, an' nivver had sich pleasant dreams. I shan't tell yo wot they wor abaht, but they wor grand, an' I got up i't mornin' nivver feelin' better i' my loife. I cum aht o' my chamber an' tapp'd at her door, but thear wor noa answer. I knock'd lahder, but all wor still. I doan't kno' hah I felt, but I'd howd o't door, an' it wor oppen, an me at t' bedsoide in a hinstant. Shu worn't theare! I felt as if a red hot furnace had been all at wonce plac'd i' my insoide, an' rush'd dahn stairs a regular woild foire— an' thear shu wor, soa noice an' clean, gettin' breakfast ready for me. I literally dropp'd i't chair. Shu see'd at summat wor't matter, an' cum an' ax'd if I wor poorly. I tuk howd on her pratty little hand, an' squeezin'

it, sed, "Noa, I only thowt, by her not bein' i' her room, 'at that bceast ov a man had got to kno' whear shu wor an' had fetch'd her." Shu smoilinly sed shu'd been dahn sum toime, thinkin' 'at I should want my brekfast, an' soa shu'd have it ready for me. I bless'd her, an' call'd her a good girl. T'lanlady remark'd 'at shu wor varry glad to see her mak' hersen yuseful, an' wish'd shu'd one loike her; an' lookin' i' my face sed, "Shu can't be year's?" but I sed shu wor, tho' I didn't tell her hah I'd got her. "A" shu croy'd, "I shouldn't ha' thowt it—yo look soa young—but there's noa gettin' to't bottom o' sum men's ages, noa moare than women's." Shu moight weel wonder, for I wor under eighteen years owd, tho' I look'd to be turn'd age, an' t' lass wor neearly eleven.

I didn't feel at all incloin'd to goa aht that day, an' bein' moareover curious to kno' all I could abaht t'lass, I resolv'd to stop i't hawse, an' hav a chat wi' her; so as ther wor a noice little room i't Owd Crahn which wor seldom yus'd, I ax'd t'missis if sho'd put a bit o' foire in it, an' o'd pay for it. "To be sure shu would;" an' it wor noa sooiner sed nor dun, for shu took a shovelful of't kitchen foire, an' there wor a ratlter in a minit.

CHAPTER XIII.—I BECUM A FATHER (BY ADOPTION)—ATTACK OF FEVER,
AN'T DEVOTION O' MY DOWTER—MY FIRST TASTE O' SALT WATER,
AN' ARROIVAL AT HULL—PLENTEY O' WARK—GET INTO "DURANCE
VOILE"—FISHIN' EXCURSION.

When we'd got noicely set dahn i't quiet little room at t' Owd Crahn, an' I wor stroakin' her hair dahn 'at shoin'd like satin, an' puttin' t' stray hairs streight 'at rather marr'd t'partin', I ax'd what they call'd her? an' shu look'd me full in't face—her large an' bewtiful eyes all lustre—shu sed,—“Nancy.” “Nancy,” I repeated, “a varry noice name too. An' nah Nancy? I continu'd “Whoa's thie father?” T' poor lass lock'd dahn as shu sed shu “niver had one.” “Wha, then, what do they call this muther?” “Nivver had a mother, noather” “A dear!” I sed, an' felt for't top o' my heead. I then ax'd, “Whear does ta cum through?” an' shu replot'd 'at “shu didn't kno'.” “Wot!” I sed, “tha's noather father, muther, nor a cum thro'!” Oh dear, a terrible thowt flash'd across my moind—had I gotten howd ov a fairy?” an' I ax'd t'next questions varry hurriedly—“Has onything browt thee up?”—“Has ta liv'd wi' owt?” “Oh, yis,” shu sed, “Dorothy Gray.” “An' whoa's Dorothy Gray?” “An owd woman,” shu answer'd. That didn't at all mend t'matter for me, soa I ax'd her agean who Dorothy Grey wor? An' lookin' dahn, evidently sham'd, shu sed once moare shu didn't kno'. “Oh dear,” I sed “but summat's t'matter, or I'm goane reight wrang i' my heead—I'll get it pump'd on directly. But Nancy, not heedin' me, an' wishful to communicate all't information shu could, went on tokin' abaht owd Dorothy—hah koind shu alhas wor to her, an' hah shu croy'd when Roasey May browt her away, “Roasey May!” I exclaim'd, “an who wor Roasey May?” “Oh,” shu sed, “I can tell yo whoa shu wor. (Nah this wor summat loikely.) Shu wor a varry koind young woman i't Squoize's sarvice, an' waitid on his lady. Shu often cum to

see me an' Dorothy, an' alhas browt summat noice for us from't Squoir's. It wor her 'at gi'd me to that ugly man to tak' me to my place.” “Then,” I sed, “shu wor noa good, an' wor as deep i't mud as he wor i't moire.” But Nancy couldn't think it, for shu'd alhas received t' greatesst koindness thro' her. I begun to feel easier, an' as shu went on tokin' it wor evident to me 'at thear wor a great mystery connected wit' lass, an' I wor determin'd to protect her as far as I could.

Wi't exception o' just runnin' rahnd t' tahn to see if I could hear owt abaht my fondlin' i't street, we spent all't day i't hawse, tolerably comfortable. I went to bed i' good toime, intendin' to work t'next day—not 'at thear were ony immediate necessity for it, for I'd plenty o' money, but I felt it to be a soart ov a duty to add to't stock. I wor nah i't position (an' I can tell ye, I felt aboon a bit pruhd on it) ov a man whoa has a greater interest at stake than that ov an isolated, self-indulgin' individual—in short, I look'd upo' mysen as havin' all at once dropp'd into't responsibilities ov a family man. an' that, too, withaht any o't details o' courtship, weddin', &c., (pleasant, noa daht, occasionally, i' their way, but my ohn reminiscences o' courtship, at all events, had a dark as weel as a breet soide,) an' I felt it a recally pleeeasin' thing to have sumbodd'y 'at look'd up to me as a father.

Well, we'd a good neet's rest, an' got up early, an' I can't tell yo hah much pleasure I felt i' noaticin' Nancy. I watch'd her up an' dahn't hawse as shu busy'd hersen puttin' ivverything i' order, till I wor cleean lost i' admiration an' wonder. I felt as prahd ov her as if shu'd been my ohn ivver soa.

After a good hearty brekfast, we turn'd aht to work. I bowt a new collar for Pincher, an' Nancy had wesh'd him, an' yo can't think hah prahd he wor i't street—he'd hardly noatice won o' his equals. I niver got aht o't street whear we commenc'd operations all t' day, for a verse o' “Rahnd Legs” stirr'd 'em up o' all soides. “Knoives to grind!—knoves to grind!” I shahted, which went bobblin' aht o' one street into t'uther reight thro' t' tahn, causin' a regular commotion, an' as t'foaks stud abaht, poor Nancy wok'd up to 'em, an' droppin' t' grandest curtchey 'at ivver grac'd a petticut, ax'd, “Onny jobs, pleease, for t' cutler?” A, hah they did but admoire her, an' them 'at had a knoife gi'd it her, whoile them 'at knew they hadn't couldn't help fumblin' i' all ther pockets, tryin' an' wishin' they could foind one. Shu becum sich a favourite 'at t' women carried ther scissors i' their pockets purposely to gi' her a job if they should see her.

We carry'd on week after week at t' same rate, sumtoimes takin' t' streets, at others goain' rahnd t' docks, an' occasionally visitin' t' villages rahnd abaht. Thus fortin' smoil'd upon us, but a change cum ovr us by me bein' ta'en ill ov a faver. I'd work'd hard, an' i' all weathers, anxious to get wot I could to mak Nancy comfortable, an' scarcely a week pass'd but I bowt her summat, an' when shu went aht shu wor loike a little queen. Shu'd often shed tears when I tuk bits o' things hoame to pleease her an' shu sed 'at I should spoil her. On one occasion I fun her i' tears, an' thinkin' 'at her forlorn condition wor't cose on it, I sed, “Ne'er moind, Nancy lux, doant cry! If tha hasn't a father, I'll be thy father.” Shu look'd up i' my face, wi' sich a sweet smoile playin' on her cherry lips,

an sed shu luv'd me as deear as any father could be luv'd, an' shu should treecat me as sich; an' from that toime shu allas call'd me father, i'stead o' John. Wotiver trubble sum foaks have had to get to be a father, yo see I'd noane.

But, as I wor sayin', I had a serious attack o' faver, browt on by repeated cowds, which laid me up for mony a week. I first begun o' bein' sadly stuff'd i' my noase, soa I greecas'd t' soil o' my feet to set it at liberty, an' put a pitch plaister on't top o' my heead. I mustard-plaister'd my chest an't small o' my back, an' swallah'd ivverything 'at foaks recommended me, till I wor a wokin' druggist shop; but at last t' doctor had to be fetch'd, an' he prenahn'd it to be a severe attack o' brain faver. Well, thowt I, it's prov'd me to have some brains, at ony rate; but I worn't conscious o' havin' oather brains or owt else long, an' knew noa moare wot tuk place for a toime than a mad dog.

I shall not trubble yo wi' a description o't various stages o' my illness, but merely say 'at durin' t' whoale toime Nancy wor constantly at my bedsoide, an' attended to my ivvery want. Shu made a bed on sum chairs at t' soide o' my bed, an't landlady tell'd me 'at shu wouldn't even allah onnyboddy to gi' me my medicin—Nancy did it all, an' watch'd me day an' neet till t' foaks, an't doctor anole, wor afread 'at shu'd be laid up. T' first thing 'at I wor conscious ov, wor her tears droppin' o' my face. I put my hand aht o' bed, an' a hah shu grasp'd it, cryin', "Father, dear father, yo'll live—live for me—for poor Nancy." I sed if it wor Heaven's will I would, for shu wor a hangel. Kuss after kuss shu planted o' my lips, an' then reich'd me various things to taste ov.

T' faver havin' pass'd t' height, I sooin' gi'ed symptoms o' improvement, an' mended daily, till, at t' end o' seven or eight weeks, I got dahn stairs. T' little room wor noiceiy fitted up for me, soa as I shouldn't interfere wi' bisness, nor it wi' me. Well, wot wi' bein' weel nurs'd, an' takin' care not to get cowd, I gain'd strength daily, but nearly four months had pass'd away withaht my arnin' a penny, an', as yo may think, my fob wor gettin' rather low, soa I wanted to turn aht. But Nancy thowt 'at t' best plan 'ud be for her to goa rahnd an' seek jobs, an' me to do 'em i't hawse, an' shu could then tak' 'em back agean. But I ax'd whoa wor to tak' care ov her? "Oh," sed shu, "I'm not t' little lass I wor; between two an' three years has made a difference. Besoides, I should only goa aht at dayleet." At last I agreed, though varry reluctantly, an' away shu went as clean an' tidy as a new pin.

A, hah I trembled all t' toime shu wor away. I wor same as a man ditherin' wi' cowd—not a limb could I howd still. I troy'd to woke abaht, but it wor noa yuse—an' I couldn't stand still—an' sittin' wor aht o't question. I'd just gotten my things on to be after her, for I wor nearly suffocated wi' suspense, when in shu cum, smoilin' all ovr her face, an' showin' two rows o' teeth as white as snoh, an' as even as if ivvery tooth had been fil'd to a pattern. "Did yo think me long, father?" shu ax'd, producin' at t' same toime a quantity o' scissors an' knoives. "I did, luv," I answer'd, "an' we mustn't have ony moare bisness o' this soart—noa, we 'll goa together; I'am weel enuff for owt; it's only fecar o' ahr part; but still I can yuse care." Soa, after t' jobs wor dun, I went wi' her to liver 'em, an' seek moare.

As I grew stronger, I begun to toire o't place, an' to wish we wor aht on it; soa one day I broach'd it to Nancy 'at I should loike to have a trip to Hull. Shu offer'd noa objections, soa we pack'd up wot we had, started for t' dock, wheare t' vessel wor waitin', an' got aboard. It wor a cowd misty mornin', an't Humber wor rowlin' an' splashin' agean t' dock soides loike mad. I quak'd for fear, an' ax'd Nancy if shu durst face it. "To be sure shu durst," shu answer'd, raither raisin' her eyebrahs, as much as to say, "Darn't yo?" Well, I didn't hofe loike it, an' tho' I'd paid ahr fares, I felt incloin'd to turn back, but I darn't shew it.

We set sail, an' for't first toime I wor ridin' in a conveyance at could goa withaht horses; but it wor a dizzy affair, I can tell ye, an' when we'd gotten abaht hofe way I wor trubb'd i' my throit wi' a roisin', then a sattlin', then a roisin' moare soa, an' a troy to gulp it dahn; but, see yo, though I troy'd all I knew to swallah all unpleasantness, it wor noa yuse, for disagreeable things will pop aht, an' I worn't long afoare I expos'd wot I'd had for brekfast. It worn't oft I'd a herrin', but I'd fancy'd one that mornin', an' a bonny trick it sarv'd me, for it noa sooiner smelt t'salt watter than it wor determin'd to be back agean, an' aht it cum. It wor a nasty action, but it did it after costin' me a penny! I wor nah loike a shivrin' mahntain. I troy'd to woke, an' I turn'd an' twisted all rooads, soides, an' ends. I couldn't stan', much moare woke, an' as for my face it felt as big agean, an' as level as a football. I couldn't foind a noase, an' watter aht o' my eyes wor runnin' off my chin end. Well, I got set upo't flooar, wi' my back agean't horse-box, an' my heead turn'd wi't moation o't vessel first reight an' then left, tryin' to wear all't hair off t' back. Nancy did wot shu could to ease an' help me, but I did nowt but murmur, cryin', "This cums o' travellin' to foreign parts." I niver had sich a totterin' toime i' my loife; my barrah couldn't ever stan' it, for dahn it cum wi' a rattle. "A dear!" I mutter'd, "t' barrah's sick anole; wotiver 'il becom ov us?"

Well, at last we landed, an' if I could I should ha' jump'd up—ne'er moind if I shouldn't—but they had to lift me, an' wanted me to woke on. Wi' a desperate effort I manag'd to lift one leg, but hah heavy it felt I can't say, not sufficiently understandin' weights, but when I put it dahn agean, it appear'd to slot reight up into my body, an' left me wi' only one; but in a whoile it cum back agean, sich as it wor, an' I wor i' that takin' for hofe a nahr; but at last I paid a chap to wheel my barrah to a place I'd been recommended to tak' lodgins at, an' wi' a decal o' trubble we got thear. It wor a widdah 'at belong'd t'hawse, an' havin' noa family, we'd t'hawse loike to ahrsens—an' a varry comfortable place it wor. I wor two days i' foindin' my feet, but when I did foind 'em they wor i't owd place, at t'end o' my leg.

Sumbah I thowt I should loike Hull—theare appear'd to be sum stir in it; soa, t'third day I set my factory a-going, an', my word, we did get sum trade! I could ha' dun wi' two or three journeymen. Work wor soa plentiful, 'at I wor obloig'd to leave Nancy at home, for shu ovrstock'd me. Toke abaht reckonin'!—it wor one continual reckon, an' I sooin got my purse up agean. Things continu'd o' this fashion for a twelvemonth, nowt happenin' to mar one's cumfort, till one day I met wi' two rough-lookin' fellahs who touch'd me on't showlder an' ax'd if I wanted to buy

a shawl—they'd a grand 'un 'at had been smuggl'd, an' if I'd pass into a entry wi' 'em, they'd shew it me. We turn'd into't first we cum to, an' one on 'em whoa had it lapp'd rahnd his body ungear'd hissen, an' browt it aht. But it wor a grand 'un, an' I bowt it; but I'd noa sooiner paid for it than three or four custom-hawse officers pahnced on us, an' tuk us to't hoile. Heare wor a grand situashun! They wor tuk up for smugglin', an' me for dealin' i' smuggl'd goods. I sent word to Nancy, informin' her o' my position, an' for her to be at t'cooart t' next day.

At twelve o'clock we were browt up, an' they made it aht 'at I wor't warst i't lot. Theare wor noa daht, t'magistrate sed, 'at these men pass'd goods ovr to me, an' at my knoife groindin' wor a bloind—dealin' i' contraband goods bein' my real callin'. When they ax'd me wot I'd got to say, I tell'd 'em my history streight forhard (which it isn't necessary to repeat heare,) an't magistrate sed I manag'd it varry weel, at t'same toime smoilin' ovr his spectacles. "Have yo a witness?" he asked. "Yis, sir," answered a voice—Nancy's voice. "Well," sed t'magistrate an' whoa are yo?" That wor a floorer to begin wi', becos shu didn't kno', but shu sed, "Pleease, sir, he's my father." "Eh, wot?" croy'd t'owd weasel. "Stop a bit—wot age are yo?" "Turn'd fifteen," replot'd Nancy. "Oh," grunted perriwig, "an' pray, sir, hah owd may yo be?"—an' when I sed "Twenty-two," he chuck'd hissen back 'i his chair, an' takin' off his specks, sed he thowt it worn't necessary to hear ony moare. But Nancy sed, "Pleease, sir, yo don't uunderstand it—there's a mystery abaht it." "I should think there is," he giggled; "but," sed he, "if yo can unravel it to't prisoner's advantage, do soa." An' Nancy begun, wi' her pratty tongue an' sweet voice, an' tell'd her history as I'd tell'd moine! an' when shu got to that part wheare shu wor struck senseless, an' on recoverin' fun' hersen i' my arms,—an' me takin' her an' keepin' her—an't koindness I'd shown to her—an' thro' me actin' part ov a father to her shu call'd me father, an' luv'd me as a father—thear wor sum snuffin' i't court, but it did t' trick, for they discharg'd me at wonce; an' I can assure yo 'at when I got aht I shak'd dust off my feet an' vow'd 'at if ivver I got i' ther clutches agean it 'ud be by physical foaree, for they should trail me by't heels all't rooad.

We popp'd into a public hawse t' soign o't Dolphin—for I wor neearly clamm'd to deeah, an' couldn't wait till we got to ahr lodgins. Nancy inform'd me 'at Mrs. Whoitely, t'widdah we lodged wi', wor tain varry bad ov a faver. "Wot!" I sed, "faver!—I've had enough o' faver—an' I shan't goa whear it is, soa tha can get ahr things away as sooin as ta loikes." Nancy sed 'at shu should be sorry to leave't poor woman; an' I replot'd, soa should I, but I should feel sorrrier to stop wi' that chap i't hawse; I didn't loike him, an' it wor noa yuse tokin'. Soa I rung for't landlord, an' ax'd if we could be accommodated theare? "Cartinly," sed he, "an we'll mak' yo cumfortable anole. Soa Nancy went an' pack d up, but after all I wor foare'd to fetch my barrah; but I'd only one eye open all't toime I wor i't yard.

Durin't neet as I set havin' my gill, I got acquainted wi' two fisher-men, who gi'd me an invitation to goa a-fishin' wi' 'em t'next day. I accepted it, an' wor rar'an pleas'd, for I'd ne'er fish'd sin' I dabbled i't Rivelin wi' a bent pin for a hook. As sooin as I got up t'next mornin',

I went into't stable, to feed Pincher, an' to see 'at boath him an't barrah wor safe, an' to my surproise I fun' 'at they'd been shifted. I natterally went to't stall wheare I'd put 'em, to see't meanin' on it, when a chap rose up i't straw blacker than ivver hoilycoile wor i' this world. I dar say he thowt I wor craz'd—I star'd soa; but when I'd gotten my breaath (for he'd scarr'd it all aht o' me,) I sed, "I say, wor it thee 'at I see'd at a bacca shop-door i' t' Waingate at Shevfield?" but he didn't seem to understand me, for he sed nowt, soa I continued wi'—"I reckon tha'rt clean'd wi't range—an' I can tell thee one thing, 'at tha'd be a reight 'un for Shevfield, to do Tom Dockin, an' scar't childer to bed withaht supper." Wi' that he did summat he moight call smoilin', but it wor strangely loike a grin, for sich a trapful o' teeth I nivver see'd. He offer'd to get up—whether he succeeded or not I didn't stop to see, for at t'first move I shot loike leetnin' thro't yard into't hawse, an' tell'd 'em wot I'd seen. They only kick'd up a laugh, sayin' it wor "Black Peter," a poor owd negro 'at had slept theare for years.

When I'd had my brekfast, I set off to meet t'fishermen, an' after a bit o' trubble I fun' 'em just ready for off. Nah, moind yo, I thowt 'at we should sit on't soide sumwheare, wi' sticks an' band' an' a cork wi' a quill thro't it. But not soa; I fun' to my sorrah 'at their stoile o' fishin' wor different to moine. I ax'd wot they wor dooin' i't boat? an' they (twiggin' 'at I wor afreead o't watter) sed 'at t'fish would't cum to't soide, soa they got t'boat as they could get nearer to 'em. Well, wi' a good deal o' persuasion they got me in, an' they manag'd to get me aht anole, but it wor to t' sea, for they stud at frunt o' me, an' tok'd, an' show'd me their tacklin', durin' which toime we wor gettin' away as fast as wind an' toide could tak' us. Well, I happen'd to lift my heead up, an't shock I receiv'd on foindin' mysen i't middle ov a pond loike that neearly capsoiz'd us. I could ha' screeam'd, but darn't for fear o' sinkin' t' boat. "O dear!" I tremblinly sed, "wotiver have yo, dun?" "Howd yer noise!" croy'd one, "yo'll have sum spoart presently. "Shall I?" I croak'd; "I think 'at yo wor nivver soa deceiv'd i' yer loife, for I can tell yo 'at it's impossible for me to have onny spoart in this predicament; an' I can loikewise inform ye 'at it 'ill be impossible for yo to have onny whoile I'm here, for I shall get in a state presently 'at 'ill scar all t' fish to t' bottom, hahiver deep it may be." Well, they Brust aht o' laffin' at me, soa I got howd o't boat to try to turn it wi't head back agean, but it wor all to noa purpose—on he went, sumtoimes heead first, at others t' tail, an' sumtoimes soideways. Wot to do I didn't kno, for we wor actually playin' at duck an' drake, t' watter goain reight ovr us. Bein' toss'd in a blanket wor nowt to it! At last, I fun' 'at that thing they call'd a sail wor t' cose ov ahr goain as we wor, an' I thowt 'at as if I could turn it rahnd to t'uther soide it 'ud tak' us back agean. I wor up in a crack, an' had t' coard undun' an't sail swingin' i' all shapes in noa toime; but one on 'em jumped up, seiz'd t' roape, an' push'd me away. Summat bein behind me which tripp'd up my heels, ovrboard I went! Nah, wot I thowt, did, or felt, whoile I wor under t' watter, is nowt to nobbody—all at I kno' is, 'at I wor got aht by sum means, an't owd fellah sed 'at he'd seen sum ruff seas i' his toime, but he nivver see'd it hofe soa ruff as I made it. Well, I wor in a bonny pickle—a reglar dishclaht, ready for wringin';

but they sed I mutten't keep my cloas on, for they'd summat they alhas carry'd wi' 'em i' readiness for accidents, soa I stripp'd, an' they put me on a thing 'at I fun' to be a bear's skin. It seem'd to fit varry weel, an' wi' bein' button'd at frunt, yo can't think hah warm it wor!

My disaster produc'd one good effect, for they sed they'd turn back agean, an' gi' up t' day, for frecad I should get cowl. "Aye, aye," growl'd one, "tack abaht." I interrupted him by sayin' 'at I didn't want "tackin' abaht" i' that shape, but "tackin'" streight hoame; but they tuk noa noatice o' me—they'd do as they'd a moind—soa I set still, havin' my arm fast rahnd summat, for I wor determin'd, if I went ovr ageean, I'd "tack" all t' menagery wi' me. Well, I stuck to my howd, an' set as still as a mahse, when we appear'd to cum all at once to t' landin'-place. Worn't I pleas'd, an' as sooin' as they pull'd to, I jump'd abt, wi' my cloas tee'd i' my pocket-hanketcher; but if yo'd ha' heeard t' laffin' an' shawtin' as I pass'd on t' street, yo'd ha' bless'd yersen; an' at last a big dog, 'at had been yus'd to bear-baitins, smelt at me, an' tuk a fancy oather to me or t' skin, for he wor determin'd to have howd. I run as if for my loife, an' turn'd into a china shop, fretnin't missus, whoa, in her bustle, dropp'd into a basket o' china. As I wor keepin't dog off wi' a long brush 'at stood i't shop, t' cat flew neearly to t' roof, bringin' dahn crockery, decanters, lookin' glasses, &c. Another dog, hearin't rhaw, rush'd in, an' a regular feight sooin commenc'd between t' two animals, ivverything abaht 'em goain' to smash. I laid abaht me wi't brush, an' paid 'em boath; but as t' dooar wor block'd up wi' foaks, they made ther way thro't windah, an' I dropp'd dahn, compleately dun up. T' fishermen made ther way in, an' after explainin' all t' affair, tuk me hoame.

When Nancy got to kno' at I'd been i't sea, shu wor quite ill, an' made sich ado abaht it, 'at t' poor lass wor neearly as bad wi't thowts on it as I wor wi't reality. But toke abaht a cowl, I'd a red-hot 'un, for I burnt ivverywhere—especially my noase. I'd breakin'-ins an' breakin'-ahts, swell'd lips, an' a noase just the thing for a tater-musher. Yo may guess hah I wor, for I wor neearly a fortnit afoare I wor in a fit state to turn aht. An' as for Nancy, shu sooin forgot her fret i' her efforts to bring me rahnd ageean.

When I'd got abaht fit for wark, I tuk it into my heead to hav' a tour o't tahn, an' mak' noates o' owt at tuk my fancy. I bowt a book an' pencil for 't purpose, an' set aht t'first thing one mornin'. Wot I saw, an' thowt desarvin' o' record, yo'li foind i't next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.—MY REMINISCENCES O' HULL—WHALES AN' T' WHALE FISHERS—DISASTROUS RAMBLE I'T AHTSKIRTS—I RESOLVE TO RETURN TO GOOLE.

When I wor i' Hull, it wor owd Hull; an' wot is Hull nahdays wor then nowt but gardens an' green fields. It wor a queer place that venerable tahn, as I see it nah on't tablet o' my memory. I't principal thoroughfares, t'hawses ovrhung t'street as tho' they wor staircases built upsoide

dahn; an' if 't lads o' one soide o't street loik'd to do it, they mut ommust step aht o't top bed-room windahs into't lasses' bed-rooms at t'uther soide o't street. Yo'd ha' thowt at t'buildins wor playin' at lowp-frog, an' 'at ivvery hawse wor makin' a back for anuther to lowp ovr it. Hoigh street wor pav'd wi' stoanes i't shape o' big eggs, an' set wi't hard end uphards; an' at one soide o't rooad liv'd mony o't merchantz o't tahn—an' rare good hawses they liv'd in. T'walls wor all pannell'd wi' dark oak. T'chimley-pieces wor carv'd an' carv'd till it tuk a fellah a day to mak' aht all 'at wor on 'em; an' as for't staircases, my eye! yo might ha' driven a coach up 'em, for ther wor as much wood in 'em as 'ud nah be yus'd i' Shervield to build ivver sich a big hawse. But t' funniest things wor't ships at t'back o't hawses. Ther wor noa dock but one, an' t' moast o't ships were cramm'd together in it till their riggin' look'd loike a raffle o' spoiders'-webs. An' i't Owd Harbour, as they call'd it, it wor just t' same pack o' ships an' tangle o' roapes. But they wor sich ships! They wor broodest at boath ends, an' cock'd up at boath ends, an' had sich starns as if they wor made to sit on, an' they'd booards at their soides loike wooden wings—not painted, but made o' bare wood, an' rubb'd ovr wi' varnish till they actually look'd loike soa many beech-wood cradles, rubb'd breet wi' bees'-wax. These wor Dutch 'uns—an', between yo an' me, rar'an cleean they wor. T'women abooard wore real gold-plates for ornaments, till they glitter'd just loike't monument o' King William i't Market-place, which is gilded all ovr—only theare wor this difference, t' women were only giided abaht t' top. Wheare t'docks are nah, theare wor then t'remains o' gates an' walls; an' all to't east an' sathe o' Hull theare wor forts wi' walls soa thick 'at dayleet had to foind it way in thro' tunnels. I't Market-place, t'tradesmen had all rahnd bellies, an' t' shop-windahs had all rahnd bellies loike't shop-keepers; an' as i't wor a brooad street, t'market-woives spread ther wares aht i't oppen air, sum on it upo' stalls, an't rest on't grahnd. Hull wor then a cleean, countrify'd, stupify'd, fortify'd, well-fed, heavy-starned, soart o' place,—wi' a gallows an' a bull-ring gain at hand,—an' a number o' young ladies i't streets who wor varry koind to speik to strangers loike me. It wor a rich place too. You could smell t'blubber a moile off, i't winter, when't little greasy whale-ships, wi' woide-sprawlin' soides, an't riggin' full o' whales' jaw-boanes, fill'd hofe o't deck. T'air wor all oil, an't watter i't dock wor all cover'd wi' oil; up't river they were boilin' oil; an', i' short, it wor a land o' oil an' tar, an' poiles o' deals, an' fat men an' rar'an good-lookin' women, an' salt fog 'at feeds 'em, an' salt watter 'at looks loike peyse-soup.

Yo maybe we'nt believe it, but t'watter wor hoigher than t' land, an' when t' toide wor up, t' ships on t' two rivers seem'd to be sailin' on rais'd rooads, hoigh aboon t' land. Theare wor noa hobbies then, but a twoathry tubby-boddy'd owd constables, bundl'd up i' bundles ov brahu cloth, an' put at neet i' tubs loike sentry boxes, wheare they slept. T' worst enemies o' these fat constables wor t' young Greenland sailors, whoa all cum up fresh an' frisky i' October. A, but it wor a seet to behowd t' whale ships cum in! All t' lads i' tahn wor i't riggins, playing abaht t' roapes loike a swarm o' munkeys; an' all t' lasses i't tahn wor dahn on t' piers. T' jawboanes i't riggin' wor aboon twelve feet hoigh; an' yit, wi' all their

jaw, t' whales they'd belong'd to had niver made as much jabber as Saunders. My word, I should ha' loik'd to ha' had twoa o' them jaw-boanes browt ovr to Shevfield, an' set up as gate-poasts at t' Cahnsel Hall, for they say at t' fish they belong'd to had tongues as long as feather beds, an' had hoiles i' ther heeads thro' which they made a big noise call'd "blowin'." A sailor tell'd me as hah t' whales couldn't live if they didn't cum up to't top to blow ivvery twoathry minits; an' when I think o't soize o' ther jaw, an't length o' ther tongues, an't blow hoiles i' ther heeads, an' o't mud they're under, an' cumin' up to't top to blow ivvery twoathry minits,—whoi, I can't help regardin' it as a greeat misfortune 'at we haven't sum memorial on 'em i't Shevfield Tahn Cahnsel.

Nah, when t' whalers cum up, ther ships wor quickly trotted up t' harbour, an' into t' owd dock. Theare wor noa delay. Ivvery ship swarm'd wi' men on t' deck an' wi' lads i't roapes an' on t' masts. An' wot a hurry t' chaps wor in to get hoame to ther woives! It did my eyes good to see 'em. They wor all fresh an' loively, an' bahne'd abaht on deck as if they wor made o' India rubber, an' as tho' Heaven itsen depended on ther gettin't ships into t' dock an' thersens hoame. Well, they wor n't only excusable, but to be admoir'd. Absence makes t' heart grow fonder. Greenland's a cowl country,—bears are but indifferent society,—blubber isn't ivverything,—an' I can tell yo, Hull woives have fair skins, foine eyes, an' toidy foiresoides—an' a woife is a woife to a chap at's been six months among ice an' snob, courtin' whales.

But these Greenlanders wor a sad plague to t' market-women an't owd constables. They wor as full o' mischief as soa many young bears. On a winter's neet, they roam'd abaht i' bands, an' it wor a fav'rit' amusement wi' 'em to nail ap a constable i' his watchbox, an' rowl him dahn t' street in it, loike a loive animal in a cask; an' sumtoimes they would have a run thro't Market-place an' capsoize all t' stalls—laughin' an' yellin' an' tossin' ther hairy caps, as if t' varry deuce wor in 'em. But they wor good chaps at bottom for all that—free wi' ther brass,—knew t' taste o' good beef an' good ale,—an' wor as koind to ther woives when they cum hoame as if they wor new married, an' gi'd 'em lots o' brass, an' droy'd bear's paws, pouches made o' seal's skin, an' all soarts o' nicnaes from t' Esquimaux. Rum lads they wor. I can't tell yo wot they sed abaht me, an't various parts o' my machien, for t' delicacy o' ther remarks worn't equal to t' fun ov 'em.

But wot pleas'd me t' moast wor t' manners o't young ladies. I't day-toime they wor shoy, but abaht dusk, when I wor dress'd up, they sed, "Good night huv'!" an' call'd me "My dear!" an' they would have it 'at they'd seen me afoare. I niver kno'd ony lasses to have sich civil ways wi' 'em. Them as didn't speik tapp'd their heels together as they wok'd befoare me, as if to get noatic'd; an' one on 'em said as hah she wor quoitie struck wi' me, an' 'ud loike to have a bit o' confidential talk wi' me. A, hah pleas'd I felt, soa we stepp'd asoide into a passage end, an', see you, if t' first thing shu sed worn't, "May I kiss you, dear?" Lohs, I wor ta'en aback, for shu suited t' action to t' word. Just then, a chap sprung up an' knock'd me tail ovr end, sayin', "Wot are yo doin' wi' my woife?" I wor clean flabbergasted, an' when I got up t' chap wor goane, an' soa wor t' foine lady—an' soa wor my foine real silver watch, an' all t' brass I had i' my pocket.

T' mornin' after my ramble i't tahn, I thowt a stroll i't country 'ud mak' me in first-rate trim for wark; soa, after dinner, I started off to see t' dams, or reservoirs, 'at supplied t' tahn wi' watter—an' varry pleasant I fun' it. Ther wor some varry foine gentlemen's hawses i't neighbourhood, but one, especially tuk my fancy, an' I thowt I'd have a peep rahnd it, soa I troy'd a gate, but bein' nail'd up I cloimb'd ovr, an' wander'd wi' my hands i' my pockets among t' trees. I wor wokin' backwards, lookin' if I could see t' skoy thro' t' branches—they wor that thick—when my leg got fast in a thing they call'd a man-trap; an' I believe one o't biggest skares 'at iver wor made sin' the Devil an' his clique wor cast aht wor made on this occasion, for theare wor sich a rush o' grooms, coachmen, butlers, bakers, an' sarvin' men o' all descriptions—John wi' coves on his legs 'at touch'd one anuther as he stud wi' his hands under his cooat laps, an' strad'lin' I should think a yard an' a hofe—t' cooachman had his whip wi' him, an' begun o' troyin' hah mony toimes he could mak' it lap rahnd my body, an' I can bear testimony 'at he knew hah to use it—t'chap wi't coves, an' his hair all o' one soide ov his heead, reckon'd to be sayin' summat—at all events sahnds cum from him 'at they seem'd to understand, but t'only thing at I ivver heeard loike it wor made by a monkey i't wild beast show; but t'groom shawted, "An' I believe't same—a't this is't chap 'at cums after Rachel." Wi' that they tuk me aht o't trap, an' sed they'd keep me till't Squoire cum to dinner. Well, they tuk me into't hahse, up sum stairs, on a long passage, an' at last shut me up in a little room lookin' into't grandest garden I ivver see'd. I wor a great height up, an' had a splendid view o't surrahndin' country, but it had noa charms for me i' my present situation. Lookin' aht, I could see a glass roof under me, an' it appear'd to be a glass birdcage on a large scale, into which birds o' all descriptions an' countries were collected, for I could see 'em floyin' abaht all soizes on' colours. I wish'd I wor floyin' abaht instead o' bein' cag'd thear.

T'toime pass'd on till it wor gettin' dusk, an' I wor nearly crazed. Nah, wotiver made me I doan't kno', but I oppen'd t'door ov a closet, an' theare fun a coard hung on a peg. An' idia struck me 'at I moight let mysen aht o't windah, up o't glass-hawse; but hah to fasten't end rayther puzzl'd me. At last, I tee'd it to't handle o't closet dooar, then sneck'd it an' gi'd a pull to see 'at it wor fast. Stunnin' I sed to mysen, an' foindin' it reight I then look'd aht o't windah to see 'at t'course wor clear, an' not a soul was stirrin', I open' t'windah, an' fun' 'at t'rig o't birdcage cum reight under't windah. Couldn't ha' been better!" I mutter'd, an', feelin' desperate, I sed to mysen, "Ill let that fellah wi't humpback'd coves see whether I'm bahn to be kept here or not!" Soa I let dahn my roape, an' gi'n a knoin' nod to't room as a sort ov a "good bye," begun to let myson aht. Well, but dun yo kno', whether t' roape slipp'd or broke I can't tell, but I went thro't roof wi' a bonny crash. Theare wor a scuffie i't hoile wi't birds, whoa fun' ther way thro't roof, as I'd dun'. I run to't door, but it wor lock'd, soa I sed, "Theare's nobbut one way for it, an' here goas!" soa I joss'd my back agean t' soide, an' sent t'glass an't stonshuns floyin' i' all direcshuns, soa, wi' takin' panes, I wor ahtsoide in a crack; but t'wall bein' soa hoigh it wor

impossible to cloimb it, soa I run crawehin' under it till I cum to a dooar 'at wor a bit oppen. I pept thro't soide by't hinges, an' could just see a bit ov a woman's gahn. I determin'd to rush aht, an' risk t' consequences. I did soa, gettin' one leg in a bukket o' watter, which threw me dahn an't sarvent anole. I didn't need biddin' to get up, an' whoile shu wor screamin' "Murder, murder!" I run an' jump'd o'er a wall, an' in a bit fun' a soart ov suff or shore, for carryin' off t' superabundant supply o' watter to't reservoirs. I could just get into it doublefowld, soa in I popp'd; but when I'd been i' that position abaht a quarter ov a nahr, I begun to wonder if ivver I should get up agean. I'd ha' gi'en t' world to ha' been aht, but darn't venture till it wor reight dark. I couldn't sit, for it wor owr t shoe-tops i' sludge, soa I stuck my heead agean't wall to howd it up.

It wor nah abaht dark, an' I thowt i' hofe a nahr it 'ud be safe to venture aht, when sich chirrupins, squealins, an' rumblings, cum dahn t' shore, I wonder'd wotivver nah; but I sooin' fun wot nah, for rats cum splashin' thro't mud loike fury. Theare had been heavy rains, an't dams bein' full, watter wor rushin' dahn t' shore, an' aht I wor foard'd to cum; but as for wokin'—here wor a goa!—I couldn't lift mysen up, much moare woke, soa I crawl'd on my hands an' knees, howdin' my noase off t' grahnd as weel as I could, till I got under t' wall, wheare I rowl'd o' my soide i' despair. After layin' i' this way for sum toime, by frequent stretchins I fun 'at I hadn't grown fast, but could streighten mysen a bit. I then troy'd to get up, an' manag'd middlin', but I wor as bad up as dahn, for I didn't kno' which way to goa. Well, I thowt, stoppin' heare's up to nowt, soa I'd follah t' first rooad I get into, an' noa, daht I shall meet wi' sum-boddy 'at 'ill put me i' t' reight way for t' tahn; soa I got into t' rooad as sooin as I could, an' trudg'd on. It worn't long afoare an' Irishman, wi' a pack on his back, pass'd me, an' I thowt it 'ud be a good plan to follah him, as I should be sure to goa sumwheare, soa I stuck to him, an' turn which way he would I wor at his heels, till at last he stopp'd, tuk off his cooat, then' jumpin' abaht an' flourishin' his stick, croy'd, "Is it robbin' me ye're after?—sure Barney's the man for ten o' the loikes o' yo!" My stars, I thowt, if he could smash ten, wot soart ov a state should I be fun in i't morning' if he's nobbut me, soa I shot dahn a rooad to t' left, an' as luck 'ud have it, it wor t' reight un, for I fun my way hoame.

What a way poor Nancy wor in! I'd nivver been away soa long afoare, an' when shu seed t' state o' my cloas, shu wor nearly goain' off i' hystericks, but I tell'd her not to tak' on soa, an' I'd tell her wot had happen'd. I run thro it, an' when I got to bein' horsewhipp'd, shu started aht o't chair, an' bitin' her lips, wok'd abaht t' room as if shu ment theare an' then to goa an' administer upo't coachman some signal and condoign punishment. When I'd finish'd shu sympathois'd wi' me, an' would mak' me summat hot afoare I went to bed. I bless'd her a hundred toimes, an' promis'd niver to goa for a woke agean wilhaht takin' her wi' me.

I wor rar' an' soare for a day or two, wi' bendin i't suff, but wi' that exception I felt tolerably weel, soa I thowt I'd begin o' workin agean, soa I trimn'd my barrah up, as it wor rather out o' jearem, an' set it goain' once moare. Bisness wor plentiful, an' I rarely shifted aht o' John Street, as I generally met wi' sufficient jobs in it to keep me g'oin'. Nah, I can't say but I wor rather sick o' thrustin't barrah abaht, for tho'

Pincher did his best, yit it wor hard wark; an' a chap puttin' up at t' Dolphin havin' a donkey to sell cheeap, I bowt it, an' set a joiner at wark to mak' a pair o' shafts, an' when it wor finish'd it travell'd splendidly. Nah, thowt I, this is summat loike, for I'd a pair o' reins made o' roape, an' set on t' frunt, an' went to bisness loike a reight man, singin' "Rahnd Legs." I fix'd i't t' owd place, an' everything went on grand till Edward begun o' fancyin' to be upo't floor, instead o' stannin' on his legs. I troy'd all I knew to keep him up, but it wor noa' yuse—dahn he went. I got a chap to help me to lift him up by t' tail, an' we did lift him up, but he didn't meean bein' dun aht o' his rowl, soa dahn he went agean, an' afoare I could get howd o' his tail, he wor owr o't uther soide. He did that gam' twoathry toimes, clabtin't barrah abaht as if it wor worth nowt, an' then got up as if nowt wor t' matter. Moind yo, he queard all't wark for that day, for he broke one o't puppies an' made it jiggle abaht to that degree 'at I had to buy sum roape to tee it together wi', to tak' it hoame. Havin' made it, as I thowt, safe, I mahnted, an' set me dahn on't frunt rail, an' begun to trot hoame. Well, see yo' wi' goain' owr a boulder, one end o't rail I set on snapp'd an' went dahn, rattlin' Neddy's heels to sum pattern, leavin' me sittin' upo't nowt wi a leg owr each shaft, an' howdin' fast by Neddy's tail, which I happen'd to click howd on, an' I wor droppin' but didn't he start off! T' street wor full o' smoke thro't foire he struck aht o't boulders, an' away he went (it wor a good job I'd nowt under me to joss on) an', see yo, if he didn't turn dahn tohards t' sea, an' when he'd getten on t' sand an' sludge left bare by t' toide bein' aht, an' gallopin' loike mad for t' watter, I sed to mysen, Pharaoh's affair wor nowt to this! but as I didn't see Moses abaht, an' Neddy's movements makin' it appear 'at a passage thro' t' sea 'ud be necessary, I thowt t' best plan 'ud be to leave goa o't tail, an' risk wot follah'd. I did soa, an' cum to t' grahnd, gi'in' my heead a jowl 'at set t' sea ov a compleate dither. Well, as noa rooad had been made thro't great deep, Neddy stopp'd, an' as sooin as I'd dun rubbin' my heead, I went after him, pickin' up pieces o' my barrah on t' rooad. When I got to him, ther wor nowt left o't machien but t' shafts an' wheels, soa I got howd on him to lecad him back, but he didn't meean moovin', an' it wor t' eddy toide 'at had begun to rowl back agean; but still he wouldn't shift. I got behint to thrust him (an't watter wor actually up to t' ankles) by main strength. I foare'd him abaht four yards, an' then stopp'd to get my breath, then at him agean till my shirt stuck to my back. At last, a chap, seein' hah I wor fix'd, browt his horse an' yoak'd him to, an' dragg'd Neddy aht, me collectin' my glazers on t' rooad; but t' frame wark wor all smash'd. Well, I gi'd t' Jerusalem away, for I'd had enuff o' his antics, an' set abaht makin' anuther barrah.

This affair gi'd me a sickener o' Hull, an' I made up my moind to return to Goole as sooin as I could get ready for travellin', for t' happiest hahrs 'at ivver I'd spent had been pass'd theare. An' I thowt, hah they will but stare at Nancy! Why, shu's seventeen years owd, an' qnoite a woman—an' not only a woman, but qnoite a lady—if not i' pocket shu is i' person, an' yo can't think hah prahd I wor to see t' foaks turn i't streets to look after her, for theare worn't one i' all Hull owt loike her. Well, i' better than a week I'd finish'd my shop, pack'd up, an' wor on t' march.

CHAPTER XV.—MY RETURN TO GOOLE—GREAT CHANGES AT DRAX—MY DEBUT ON T' STAGE, AN' RETURN TO T' "FACTORY."

Durin't toime we'd been at Hull, great changes had ta'en place at Drax. Will Black had receiv'd Nancy's allabance from t' Squire regularly, in addition to which, from bein' i' possession o't Squire's secrets, he knew 'at Roasey May had had will'd to her a thahsand pahnds at his deeach, soa he detarmin'd to marry her, an' if suin fail'd, threecats should accomplish his purpose. He sowt a interview wi' her, which wor easily obtained on pretence of his havin' news from Nancy. After he had deliver'd his intended message, he introduced his special bisness, an' after a petch'd-up tale abaht hah long he'd admoir'd her, but could niver muster up sufficient courage to tell her, or mak' his suit, he had at last resolv'd to offer hissen as her husband, an' he hoap'd shu'd accept him, or he meant to leave t' country. Shu gi'd him a flat refusal. Then t' devil in his heart donc'd abaht, an' fun his way aht i' threecats t' expoase all t' consarn respectin' her an't Squire. Shu trembled thro' heead to foot, an' begged for a day to consider his proposal, promising to gie him a hanser t' follahin' neef. Poor Roasey didn't kno' hah to act: shu loath'd Will, but her interest wor at stake, secrecy bein't condition on which t' Squire made his will respectin' her, an' in accoardance wi' which t' choild had been banish'd. Haliver, shu ultimately consented to marry him, an' they twain wor made one flesh, an' liv'd in a pleasant little cot under t' wood, but owin' to his brutal conduct tohards her, shu sicken'd an' deead i' less than a twelvemonth after their marriage. T' Squire, too, becum a widdaher shortly after, his weife bein' carry'd off by consumption.

T' Squire had frequently question'd Black abaht Nancy, but at last he tell'd him shu moight be browt back—in fact, t' Squire sed as he had noa relations he wor wishful to ohn her as his dowter. This annahncement nearly stagger'd Will; he wor compleatly puzzl'd hah to act: but bein' possess'd ov a readiness for lyin' an' villany, he tell'd him 'at he'd received a letter which he'd kept sceret, for fear o' cosin' him uneasiness, sayin' 'at shu'd disappear'd from her hoame—by wot meean they didn't kno'—but he sed it wor thowt 'at some gypsies campin' i't neybourhood had decoy'd her away. T' poor Squire wor ommost frantic, for remorse had, in addition to his unhappy marriage, embitter'd his existence—an' nah 'at he had a opportunity i' sum degree o' makin' restitution, he wor deny'd t' consolation sich a action 'ud yield him. He blam'd Will for not makin' him acquainted w' it afoare, soa as shu moight ha' been sowt for; but added 'at a hundred guineas should be his on foindin' her.

For four years Will had been on't lookaht for her. He'd been to Goole toimes mony i' all soarts o' dresses, i' hoapes o' discoverin' her, but i' vain.

Nah, respectin' ahr journey to Goole, it wor first rate. I'd lapp'd a piece o' flannel rahnd my heead, for fread it should get ageant horse-box for it wor as raw as beef when I got to Hull, but I'm thankful to say 'at it worn't needed, for we gloided on fizzin', havin' noa mishaps or obstructions o' onny scart. We arrovied at Goole docks, an' wor goain' in along-soide anuther, when a strong sudden breeze from't north blew ahr vessel bang ageant t' other. Triggin' gettin' entangl'd an' fast, they floated

apart, whoile't tops o't masts formed a arch, an' as't vessels got o' their soides, I begun o' sayin' my prayers. A chap sed he wor afread it wor all up wi' us. I sed I worn't, but I wor afread 'at it 'ud be all dahn wi' us. Just at this toime, a sailor run up't riggin' wi' a little hatchet an' euttin' away wi' it he sets t'masts at liberty, an' put t'vessels o' ther legs agean. I'll assure yo I wor rar'n thankful when I got peak'd i' my owd corner at t'Crabn Inn; an' yo can't believe hah pleecas'd they wor to see us. Didn't they mak' summat to do o' Nancy! T'landlady fetch'd t'neybours in to look at her, an' they couldn't believe ther eyes (soa they sed); an' a owd chap 'at wor in, button'd up to neck, remark'd 'at shu'd a splendid figure, an' 'ud be just t'thing for their bisness. I ax'd wot that bisness wor? "I'm a manager (a! an' he had a hollah back whoile he wor tellin' me this) ov a portable Theatre nah situate i' Spring Garden." "Oh, indeed," I sed. "Yis," he continued, "but unfortunately my company is too limited to produce t'pieces moast loikely to attract t'public." "Oh, wha," I sed, i' nonsense, "you mun engage me." If I could do owt, he answer'd he should be varry glad, for't sake o't young lady (that wor Nancy, bless her!) to engage me. "Wot does ta meean?" I ax'd, "Well," he sed, "if yo can act, sing, or donce, I shall be glad to receive yo into my company." "I can do two jobs aht o't three," I answer'd, "in a stoil'o at' noa uther man can; but as for actin', I ne'er troy'd, for I've generally reckon'd to do things reight; yit I've noa daht but wi' a bit o' practice, I can manage it. Wot sort o' pay do yo' gie?" "O, yo wish to kno' respecting sallary?"—"Sallary!" I mutter'd to mysen "whoi these actin' chaps are gentlemen,"—"Yo'll understand," he continu'd, "at I'm not one o' those men who desoire to get rich whoile my people have noa opportunity o' doin' soa; therefore (an't owd gentleman could toke), after expenses are paid, I divoide t'proceeds eqnally amang't company; in addition to which, they hav't share o't candle ends." "Well," I sed, "owd lad, but that's grand, an' I'm rather toir'd o' soa much aht-dooar work. I'll join yo; but I shan't let Nancy have owt to do wi't till I've troy'd it mysen." "Varry weel," sed he, "but t' young lady could be studvin' parts i't meantoime."

Well, as I could sing, he sed 'at I should oppen wi' Selim, i' "Bluebeard," an' he browt me a book to get my part aht on. I wor sum toime I assure yo, i' gettin' it off, but when I'd manag'd it, they stuck a booard at ahtsoide o't show, sayin' 'at that neef "Bluebeard" would be perform'd i' which "Senior Johnini Wadsleyani" would appear. Didn't I feel sum an' chuff, an' wok'd neerly as streight as they did. I went to practice (wot they call'd "rehearsal") but ov all't humbuggin' I e'er met wi', this flogg'd all. I couldn't speik a word reight for 'em, tho' I troy'd to say 'em as they wanted 'em till my jaws ak'd agean; but after abaht four hahrs' drillin', they thowt it 'ud do. Nah, if they understood what we'd been dooin', it wor moare than I did; an' wot becat me wor 'at t' owd fellah 'at call'd hissen t'manager, his weife, an' two sons, wor all't company; but they made up by "doublin'," soa't mester wor a owd man i' one scene an' a young 'un i't next, wi' a different name: an't young 'uns chang'd to owd 'uns, which set me compleatly fast to kno' whoa I wor tokin' to. "Alonzo the Brave" wor to be't last picce; but I'd nowt to do in it nobbt stan' wi' a long whoite shirt on for a priest.

Havin' finish'd practisin', I wor goain' to my dinner, but they tell'd me 'at I hadn't dun, for, sed they, we had to prade't tahn. Wot that meant I didn't kno', but I sooin' fun' it aht, for't manager got a big drum an' a reed, an' one o't sons a owd foife, t'uther a tromboane, an't owd woman (abaht sixty) 'at wor to be my sweetheart i't piece, thowt 'at by way o' strengthenin't band, I moight tak't property poipe (a solid piece o' wood, i't shape ov a musical instrument, to be blow'd at one end, an' yus'd for't stage) an' gammon to play it, whoile shu rattled a triangle. Well, as t' uthers thowt it a good idia, I tuk it, an' as we march'd thro't streets, I blew till my face wor as big agean, for wi' bein' solid, t'wind couldn't goa thro', soa it puff'd my face aht till my cheeks wor as thin as muslin paper. We finish'd this job by abaht three o'clock, an' gi'in in my instrument (which wor't best i't lot) I went to my dinner. Nancy wanted to kno' hah I loik'd it, but I couldn't tell her, for tho' I in'ardly wished I'd ne'er seen it, yit I thowt it wor varry noice to be cleean'd up all along an' reckon'd a gentleman, soa I pass'd it off t'best way I could.

When six o'clock cum, I started off to't Show, to gi' mysen plenty o' toime to dress, an' "mak' up," as they call'd it, (that's to paint t'face, put mustashus on, an' soa on) an' after I'd gotten a bit o' candle an' stuck it up, I got into my dressin'-room. It wor up o't flooar, between't stage an't soide o't show. I put a pair o' Turk's trahsers on't top o' my ohn' an' drew 'em rahnd t'ankles, an' when I'd put a bit ov a thing loike a wescut on, I wor dress'd, barrin't heead, an' as't heead wor't tail-end o't bisness, I tuk summat belongin' t' tail end for't heead—an' that wor a stockin'. They tell'd me 'at I mut have oather a turban or a hingin' cap, an' as I knew nowt abaht a turban, I manufactur'd a hingin' cap aht ov a whoite stockin'. I pull'd it onto my heead—pinn'd t'fooit up underneyth—twisted a ribbin rahnd my heead, on't edge o't stockin',—an' I wor't foinest man i't show. I then plaistered sum red raddle o' my cheeks, an' wi a burnt cork put on sum mustaches, curlin' 'em up onto my cheek-boanes, an' wor ready for action. I jump'd aht o' my dressin'-room onto't stage, an' stood waitin' to have a peep i't glass, which wor occupy'd by won o't company. I ax'd if I could hav a look. They turn'd—I screamed, an' fell backhards thro't drum-heead, upsettin' a buckit o' blood 'at wor wanted for't piece. It wor't ghoast for't blue chamber, an' as I'd ne'er seen one afoare, an' not knoin' or expectin' owt o't scart, it wor a reeal ghoast to me. Soa I becum mummy, an', box'd up i't drum. I went reight to't bottom, my noase pokin' aht between my legs. It must ha' been a clever trick to get into it, for they couldn't get me aht agean. They troy'd to pull me aht by't heead an' feet—but not soa, becos I wor't thickest at t'bottom. They then rowl'd me abaht t'stage loike a barrel, to see if it 'ud losen me, soa as I should shak' aht, but it wouldn't frizz. I stuck to't drum. T' audience begun kickin' up a reglar shindy abaht bein' after't toime, an' peltin't stage wi' orange pillin', groanin', hiss'n, an' threatenin' to pull't place dahn if they didn't begin. T' manager went on, an' tell'd 'em at Senior Johnini Wadsleyani wor seriously indispos'd, but he'd noa daht 'at in a few minnits he'd be able to appear. Well, t'owd chap wor reight abaht me bein' indispos'd, for I wor, too much soa even to oppen my eyes agean i' that shop. Moind yo, I'd been in a state o' consciousness sum toime, but wor I goain' to oppen my eyes an' see wot

I'd seen? Nay, I think not. At last, they split t'drum, an' got me aht; but didn't I tak' sum streightenin'! Nah, bein' as I could feel, I wor foare'd to see anole, an' when I oppen'd my eyes t'first thing I see'd wor't ghoast glarin' on me wi' eyes loike blood! I wor just goain' to troy wot soart ov a skare I could mak', when t'ghoast sed, "It's Adolphus Augustus—don't yo kno' me?" I gi'd a soart ov a gasp 'at set all't scenes o' swingin'. It wor't manager's son at wor takin't ghoast for want ov a woman.

After bein' weel assur'd 'at it wor nobbut a hactin' ghoast, I mended rarely, an' i' twoathry minnits I agreed to begin't piece, for I wor't oppenin' character; soa, all bein' ready, they rung a bell, an' up went t' scene, wi' Fatima's cottage o' t'uther soide. Nah, yo mun kno' 'at I had to goa on an' sing under't windah,

Twoiloiit glimmers o'er the steep,
Fatima, Fatima, haste thee, dear,
Grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
Fatima.

FATIMA (at t'windah)—
SELIM—

Wot, Selim!

Selim's here;

FATIMA—
DUET—

Down the ladder gently trip.
I'm afraid my foot 'ill slip.
Pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat

Well, as I tell yo, that's what I should ha' dun. A, but see yo, when I got on't stage, I couldn't think ov a word, an' theare I stud. T'manager stamp'd i't wing, an' order'd me to goa on; but I couldn't for't loife o' me oather think o't words or't musik, soa I struck up wi' "Rahnd Legs!" Sumboddy shahted, "Who, if it isn't t'owd knoife groinder!" an' a reglar uprooar follah'd. T'manager, in a rage, sed it wouldn't do; but I sed it wor't best song i't world. He gi'd a extra stamp, an' shahted, "It's not to't sense o't piece!" an' I shahted back 'at he mut alter't sense o't piece to it, an' it 'ud be all't same. Well, t'foaks scream'd agean. I niver see'd noaboddy soa pleeas'd i' my loife—I worn't hofe hittin' 'em. Well, I happen'd to get howd o't first loine o' my speech, but spok' varry low, soa they shahted, "Speik up!" I sed "It's t'first toime I've dun it." Wi' that they laff'd agean, but I went on. "We can't hear," they croy'd. "O," I sed, "its noise you want, is it?" an' I let goa wi' "Rahnd Legs," makin't caverin' o't show flap abaht as if a great wind had gotten into it. Wi' that t'manager rush'd on, an' seizin' me by't neck, run me off o't stage; but I got howd on him, an' wizz'd him agean't soide o't show an' brust it aht—t'foaks rushin' in loike mad, an' sooin' makin a crammin' hawse. T'manager woked upo't stage wi' a drumstick i' each hand, an' made a stunnin' speech. I couldn't help laffin to see't owd fellah first shooit aht one drumstick an' then t'other, as reglar as if dun by stecam; but when he said I'd ruin'd t'performance, an' it wor a unfortunate in-gagement, for I could do nowt, I march'd on, but yo should ha' seen that owd fellah jump! I should think he went hofevay across't show, an' let upo' onnybody. Dun yo kno I'd had howd on him, an' he knew it whoile I'd knock'd t'show nearly dahn wi' him. "Do nowt!" I shahted; "I'd sing 'Rhand Legs' wi' onny on 'em, or all on 'em; an' I didn't care for niver a man i't hoile." Soa, havin' gi'en 'em that as a finisher, I made my exit, leavin' a uprooar o' shahtin's an' smashin's o' seeats.

Well, I tuk to my barrah agean, an' yo can't think hah cumfotable I felt when I got i't owd track! An' thinkin' one day 'at I should loike a bit o' ahtsoide wark, I tuk my way to Howden, an' passin' thro' Hook, a varry small village two moiles thro' Goole, I cum to a public-hawse, whereo sich a rhaw wor takin' place. T'landlady wor determin'd not to keep a alchus, soa shud run all't ale off on't cellar flooar, an' throw't points aht o't windabs. T' raw had begun abaht wot wor to be't soign o't hawse. He wanted it to be't Dusty Miller, but t'woife (who wor jealous, an' foaks sed theare wor a visible cose to mak' her soa) wor rear'd agean't dooar cheek, shahtin' an' declarin' 'at soign should be "George an' his bis Babby," an' nowt else, T'landlord axin' me if I could groind a knife to cut a throat varry easy, made me trudge off for freead o' gettin't job.

I got to Howden, an' did o' quiet bisness, for I travell'd abaht t'streets shahtin' enuff to split my throat, but not a dooar oppen'd, an't only thing 'at I see'd 'at appear'd to have loife in it wor a chap wi' a black cloak on an' a hatband hingin' dahn his back. "Wa, nah," I thowt, "isn't this a loively place? Theare owt to be a booard put up wi' 'Earthquakes, volcanoes, an' eruptions wanted.'" But I got to't Hall. "Nah," thinks I, "this 'ill mak' up for t' tahn." Soa when I'd shahted a shaht 'at wor worth sixpence, t'sarvent cum an' wanted to kno' wot I'd groind t' Misses's two pair o' scissors for? "Fourpence," I sed. Shu tuk 'em back agean, but sooin returned an' sed 'at 'missis 'ud gi' "twopence." See yo, I wor that mad I didn't kno wot to do; but I sed, "Gi' uz howd on em!" soa I grun 'em, not to cut, but as they nivver would cut while't world stud. I got t' brass, an' march'd my boddy an' barrah back agean.

I cross'd Booth Ferry, an' call'd at Artill. A big hawse wor pointed aht to me as bein't Magistrate's, soa I went into't gate, an' struck up wi' "Rahnd Legs," an' "Knives to groind!" but if ivver I wor shahted dahn this wor't toime, for sich a caeklin' o' geese, quackin' o' ducks, squealin' o' pigs, bulls meobin' an' donkeys rotein', I nivver heeard, an' all cumin' tohards me. Nay, ov all't skares at ivver wor kick'd up, this wor't biggest. But I felt varry uncumfotable at their wantin' to form acquaintance wi' me, soa I thowt i'd better move off. I went aht o't gate backhards way, keepin't barrah between us; but when I got aht I turn'd rahnd, an' forgot to shut t'gate. They wor presently all aht i't rooad, an't bull wor i't frant, threatenin' boath me an't barrah. He cum cloise up, an' fancy'd rubbin' hissen agean't machien. I got underneyth, for freead he should fancy rubbin' hissen' agean me. Well, he rubb'd an' snuff'd till he got his horns fast i' my cooat; but this didn't suit him, soa after givin' me twoathry swings, he made a extra wiz, but luckily t'piece cum aht o't cooat, or wheare I should ha' goane to noaboddy kno's, an' I fell to t' grahd. At t'same toime, a besum steil fun' its way to his rump, an' off he went, jumpin' an' lopein', an' then stoppin' all at wonce as if to consider wot next. Ivverything wor aht, an' theare wor't farmer man sweearin' at he'd breik my neck, an't barrah's anole, if I worn't off.

I' curso o' toime I got back to Goole, rarely sicken'd wi't journey. I' paid for crossin' Howden Dyke an' Booth Ferry, an' got my cooat spoil'd an' tuk tuppence. I wor sooin sick o' Goole anole, for when I wor i't street singin't owd ditty, I wor frequently ax'd if that music worn't aht o' "Blue Beard?" (I could truly ha' answer'd 'em 'at I'd known it in.

Then another 'ud say, "Owd lad, but tha'rt a stunnin' actor. Let's see, what did they call thee?"—an' soa on. Well, I determin'd to be off, an' order'd Nancy to pack up. Shu did soa, an' we pass'd on to Rawcliffe. It wor a pratty village, en' we did weel in it for a toime, an' then went forhards to Snaith, an' got theare on t' Market day. But sich a market I nivver see'd. If yo wor theare a minnit afore twelve, yo wor too sooin; if it had struck, yo wor too late. I fix'd i' wot they call'd t' Market-place, an' shahted for jobs, when up cums a chap wi' a sythe to groind, an' another wi' a hayknoife, wot they cut stacks up into trusses wi'. "Well," I sed, "if ivver!" an' set me dahn to look at 'em. But t' mester (an' I should think he's had a medal afore nah) wor a chap 'at wanted to kno' if I couldn't groind t' edges ov his horses shoes, on his feet? "Well," I sed, "owd lad, if tha can get 'em on to't stoane or t' glazer, an' turn 'em rahnd, I'll groind 'em for thee grand;" but after troyin't height o't barrah, he sed, tho' his horse wor eliver, yit he wor afreead it wor rather too hoigh for him. But, after all, we did middlin', for Nancy went to t' hawses, an' got sufficient jobs to keep me agate; an' to finish up, a fellah wanted all his buttons glazin'. "Off wi' thic cooat an' wescut," I sed, "an' I'll mak thee a shoinin' character." He doff'd 'em, an' I did 'em, an' charged him a shillin', an' he shimmer'd to sum pattern!

We nah moov'd on to Carlton, t' seat o't Beaumonts, an' when we wor on t' bridge 'at divoides t' fi-h-ponds, an' see'd t' swans swimmin' abaht, an't hawse at top o't hill, an't bewtiful lands an' trees, we thowt hah happy foaks mut be 'at had sich luvly places to live in.

We could ha' stay'd all t' day,
But snuff'd an' dragg'd ahrens away.

CHAPTER XVI.—A THEATRICAL CONTRETEMPS—RETURN TO DRAX, AN LOSS O' NANCY—MY INCONSOLABLE POSITION.

Nancy an' me got good lodgins at t' Red Lion, i' Carlton, an' I worn't long afore I made mysen a favourite wi't farmers. I'd wark with-aht end, an' wor invoited onmost ivvery day to doine wi' some on 'em. T' reason wor, 'at I wor a dacent singer, an' they wor soa fond o' "Rahnd Legs" 'at I had to sing it ivvery meet. Well, dun yo kno', Farmer Eadle wanted me to goa wi' him to t' actin' show at t' uther end o't village. "To be sure," I sed, "an' should be varry glad;" soa away we went, t' farmer payin' for me. When we got in, I wor revitted to t' spot, an' couldn't move. T' farmer ax'd wot I wor starin' at? an' all I could say wor, "It's Puffy's." "Yo kno' him, dun yo?" sed t' farmer. "Raither," wor't only answer I gi'd him. We set dahn, an't performance went on; but owd Puffy's eyes fun' me aht, an' wor allas on me. Ther wor a varry poor hawse, an't farmer tell'd me 'at he believed they wor starvin made him cum. Well, I couldn't help feelin' griev'd for 'em, an' wor glad to put a sixpence i' ther way. When it wor owr, owd Puffy cum to shak' hands wi' me; t' farmer sayin' to him, "Yo kno this chap, Mr. Puffy, do yo?" "O, yis," he answer'd, "he at one toime belong'd

to my company," shakin' my hand warmly. We invited him to goa wi' us to t' Lion, an' when he see'd hah much they made o' me he wor stunn'd. He drew his chair to moine, an' whisper'd i' my ear 'at I had it i' my pawer to do him a good turn. "Hah?" I ax'd; addin' at I should be varry glad to do owt I could for him. "Play Selim for me—it'll fill't place." I repley'd 'at I'd had enuff o' Selim, an' 'ud rather be excus'd; but I'd noa objections to sing "Rahnd Legs" for him. Well, he sed he'd had enuff o' "Rahnd Legs," an' 'ud rather I play'd t'part, becous it 'ud be moare attractive; for, sed he, they wor in a state o' starvation, an' had noa meean o' removin' to anuther place. I felt griev'd for t'owd chap, for a tear wor tricklin' dahn his face, soa I got owd o' his hand an' promis'd I'd do it. He then stud ep an' made a speech, an' finish'd wi' tellin' 'em 'at he'd arrang'd for me to appear i't splendid drama o' "Blue-beard." Worn't thcare a rattlin' o' tables, an' all tokin' at wonce! They wor all for goain', soa Puffy pull'd aht sum tickets an' sell'd him i' quick sticks.

T'neet but one after wor fix'd for't performance, an' tho' it wor't ruffest neet I ivver put my heead aht in, t'show wor full. We wor just ready to begin, when a dreadful hurricane neearly lifted t'show off't grahnd. Scoares wor soa fretten'd 'at they run aht. Anuther whirler follah'd, rattlin' 't place abaht till 't scenery dropp'd upo't stage. T'foaks had just gotten aht when anuther roarin' wind browt t'place dahn, an' me an' twoathry moare wor rowl'd it't tilt as toight as if we wor goain' under a mangle. Well, all't village wor up wi' lanterns an' torches, an' sooin made ther way in, shahtin' to see if we wor aloive. Poor Nancy, hah shu did but croy, an' call, "John, John!" an' when I shahted, shu cum runnin' wi' sum moare, an' begun to unlap us, but they'd nivver sich a job i' ther loives: still, after a good deal o' rowlin' abaht, till I wor foine an' soare, they got to us, an' we wor worth lookin' at, I assure yo. T'raddle an' 't burnt cork had mix'd together all owr my face, till Tom Dockin' wor a gentleman at soide o' me.

We got to't Lion abaht two o'clock i't mornin', an' I wor nivver moare satisfoy'd wi' owt than wi' shows, an' vow'd 'at it wor't last toime they'd catch me i' one, oather to act or see onyboddy else. I worn't fit to turn aht till Sunday, when Nancy an' me had a woke together. We stroll'd as far as Drax Church, a tumble-dahn soart ov a place, wi' a square nut-board stuck up, corner-way, for a clock face. Tombstoanes an' grave-stoanes wor all fallin' dahn, an' them at wor laid flat wor cover'd wi' gress.

T'mornin' after I thowt I'd visit Drax "professionally," an' started off accoardinly wi' my barrah, Nancy agean accompanyin' me. I call'd at Camblesworth, an' did twoathry jobs. It wor a varry lonly rooad, but Nancy made it all sunshoine, wi' her pratty face cuver'd wi' smoiles, an' lookin' as happy as a queen. Hah shu did but nip off't grahnd, an' as streight as a maypow! Her leet-coloured hair an' blue eyes, matchin' wi't skoy, made ivverything look as if they'd been pair'd up o' purpose; an' then her skin wor soa breet, clear, an' smooth, 'at a gowld woman 'ud ha' been nowt to her. An' when shu laff'd, shu show'd sich a set o' teeth 'at t'black fellah's I see'd at Hull wor noawhere. Little did shu think 'at shu wor goain' to't varry place thro' which, seven yeears agoa, shu wor soa mercilessly dragg'd; but soa it wor, an' we wor gettin' fast at it, for

we could see't church-tahr an't nutboard, an't thatch'd roofs o't whoite-wesh'd cottages, just at front ov us; soa I begun o' gettin' my voice ready an' when we got within hearin' I struck up wi' "Rahnd Legs," an' "Knives to grind?" I'd all't village up in a crack, an' as Nancy went rahnd to 'em, they hoisted ther knives an' scissors aht, an' couldn't help it. Will Black, who wor sawnterin' abaht, on hecarin't croy cum to see wot wor going' off, an' Nancy made to him for a job. Will started back as if shu wor a ghoast, an' mutter'd, "The varry girl!" Nancy recognis'd him, an' faintly shriek'd "John, John!" Black seiz'd her, an' held her in his grip till a blow thro' my fist fell'd him to't grahnd. T'villagers flock'd rahnd to kno't meanin' on it, when Black declar'd at t'lass wor nowt to me, but that I'd stown her, an' 'at he knew whoa shu belong'd to; an't constable bein' attracted to't spot, Black gi'd me i' charge, whoile he bore Nancy's pale an' moationless body away i' his arms. "A hundred pahnd!" he mutter'd as he hurried on to't Squoire's; "a hundred pahnd noicely grabb'd!" Soa whoile I wor thrust into a felon's cell, Nancy wor convey'd to a mansion.

Will Black had ready admission to't Squoire's apartment wi' his proise, an' as he enter'd he chuckl'd, "I've fun' her, Squoire—I've fun' her!" T'Squoire, startin' up, an' behowdin' a livin' loikeness o't Beverley's, exclaim'd "Good heavens!" "Oh, yis," gabbl'd Black, triumphantly, "I've had sum trubble trackin' a knoife groinder thro' tahn to tahn, but I wor determin'd to have her, cost wot it would, an' heare shu is, an't fellah at's had her is i' custody. But see, shu's cumin' rahnd." Nancy gradually gain'd consciousness, an' oppen'd her eyes, an't first object 'at met ther woild an' searchin' look wor Will Black. Shu utter'd a shriek, an' rush'd to't Squoire, croyin' "Save me, save me!" "Fear not, my dear," t'Squoire repley'd, "You're safe under this roof," showin' her to't cowch; but shu still clung to him, sayin' 'at noa roof could be a shelter for the unfortunate under which that fiend wor admitted.

After't Squoire had prevail'd on her to be seated, he whisper'd to Will 'at it wor evident shu wor alarm'd at his presence, an' t'best thing 'ud be for him to goa dahn to't justice-room, (which wor at t'Beverley Arms,) an' he'd follah him presently, to examine t' prisoner.

When Will wor gone, t'Squoire mutter'd to hissen, "Hah beautiful!" an' approachin' her, sed, "Yo will noa daht think this a strange proceedin'; but as there's a mystery, i' which yo're deeply consarn'd, it's necessary for yer own welfare 'at yo should be restoar'd to those from whom yo sprung, an't rascal 'at inveyg'd yo thro' yer hoame, shall receive t' punishment he deserves.

"Thanks, koind sir," Nancy exclaim'd thinkin' he meant Black.

"Yuse yer best indeavours to compoase yersen," continu'd t' Squoire, durin't short time I mun leave yo, an' yo mun kno' 'at yo're wishes are law i' this hawse."

He then rung a bell, an' a sarvent enter'd whoam he strictly charg'd to treat Nancy as her mistress. After agean beggin' on her to mak' her-sen at hoame, an' sayin' 'at he should shortly return, he tuk his hat an' stick, an' repair'd to t' Beverley Arms.

T' idia o' seein' an' knoin' her parents revitted Nancy to t' spot, but tho't sarvent begg'd on her to have refreshment, an' tender'd many acts o' koindness, shu could nobbut weep.

T' Beverley Arms wor crahded to see me examin'd, as I'd made mysen rather popular i't village, an' when t' Squire tuk his seeat, detarmin'd to breik all connection between me an' Nancy, wot a mutterin' ther wor i't place. It wor on a perfect hum. After bein' order'd to stand up, t' Squire ax'd me my name, age, an' wheare I cum thro', an' by what means, when, an' wheare, I becum connected wi't young woman? I begun wi't position I fun her in at Goole, an' run thro' ahr travels up to cummin' to Drax. When I'd dun, he ax'd me if I wor ivver i' Cornwall, an' I replot'd 'at I did'nt kno' theare wor sich a place, an' 'at Hull wor't farthest place I'd been at. He seem'd rarely puzzl'd wi' it, but at last sed, "Yo're charg'd wi' steiling t' young woman, when a girl, by entoice-ment or uthewise; but t' only proof is her bein fun i' yer possession. Yo say at yo fun' her i' Goole at a toime when it's known shu wor wi' her friends in anuther part o't country. Still, theare's noa proof o't theft havin' been committed, I shall therefore discharge yo on condition at yo quit this village immediately; an' i't event o' yo're not doin soa, yo stand committed to t' Hawse o' Correction as a roogue an' vagabond.

He then got up, tuk his hat an' stick, an' walk'd off, leeavin' me wi' my mathe woide oppen, an' nearly jaw-lock'd. Hah long I should ha stopp'd i' that position, hadn't a chap wi' a red cape an' a greeat knobstick, cum an' order'd me off aht o't village, I doan't kno'. Well, I got aht o't place, an' theare wor my barrah an' Pincher waitin' for me, but noa Nancy. I didn't kno' wheare I wor, wot I wor doin', nor wheare I wor goain'; but t' fellah wi't long stick wi't gould skittle-ball at top, cum an' order'd me off, or he'd woke me back ageean. I lifted my barrah up, an' begun to woke, but my knees knock'd together an' trembled ivver soa; my chist wor that toight an' swell'd aht, ready for brustin', 'at if vent hadn't been made thro' my eyes, Yesurcus 'ud ha' been nowt to me. A, hah t' tears did but rowl off my face, an' Pincher had to drag boath me an't barrah, for I wor as wake as a choild. I hombled on till I got to Camblesworth, wheare I met wi' Jooanas, t' miller, whoa'd been i' my company twoathry toimes at Carlton. After hearin' my tale, he offer'd to let me stop a day or two i' his mill, soa as I moight goa at dark disgois'd i' his smock-frock, an' see if I could hear owt on her. I can't tell yo hah thankful I wor for his koindness, which I express'd to him moare by squeezin' his hand than tokin', an' tuk Pincher an't barrah into t' mill. I threw mysen upo' some secks, bury'd my face i' my hands, an' loike a choild roar'd mysen to sleep. T' miller browt me a basin o' tea, an' sum bread an' butter. I drunk t' tea, but to eit wor impossible.

T' day wor gettin' fast on, bein' nearly dark, an' I wor all on foire. I wok'd backhards an' forhards i't mill, waitin't toime, ivvery minnit seemin' a age, till at last t' miller thowt I moight venture. He dress'd me up as I shouldn't ha' known mysen, an' off I started. Well, I wander'd abaht Drax till I could hardly hobble at all, but could noather hear nor see owt on her; an' after doin' this for three neets to noa purpse, I gi'ed it up, an', withaht hoape an' spirit-brokken, I tuk t' rooad for Selby. I couldn't sing nah, for grief had brokken my voice. I wor infirm o' step—noa sleep—noa appetite—an' nivver thowt o' jobs, but becum a wanderin', brokken-hearted man.

When t' Squire left t' justice-room, he hasten'd hoame to see Nancy,

for my tale had cos'd him to have misgivins 'at Will Black had deceiv'd him, an' play'd t' villain, yit he thowt it necessary at ahr connexion should be brokken, an' wor satisfy'd wi't steps he'd tuk. Wheu he enter'd his room, he fun' Nancy i'tears, Geain' to her, an' gently takin' her hand, he sed, "Nah, my dear, yo mun cease to weep, an' rejoice at t' good fortin 'at awaits yo, for kno'—an' I blush to ohn it—at I'm yer father, an' this is yer hoame."

"My father!" exclaim'd Nancy.

"Yis," continu'd t' Squire, "tho' diahonorably born, still yo are moine, an' I bow mysen to't dust cravin' forgiveness, for it wor me 'at, for fear o' detection, banish'd yo from yer hoame an' muther."

"Muther, muther!" croy'd Nancy. "Oh sir, do satisfy't yearnins' o' my soul, an' tell me ov my muther. Whoa wor shu?"

"Roasey May," return'd t' Squire, who afterwards married Will Black, an' fun a' premature grave."

Poor Nancy reelin', exclaim'd, "Roasey May my—my muther! I cannot, sir, but weep for't memory ov her I soa dearly luv'd, tho' ignorant o't tie existin' between us."

When Nancy wor sumwot compos'd, shu continu'd, "Yo say, sir, 'at my muther wor married to that wretch yo call Will Black?"

T' Squire replot'd, "Yis, Will Black wor her husband; but why call him 'wretch'? Did he not convey yo to yer hoame i' Cornwall, an' supply yer ivvery want, for doin' which I furnish'd him wi' ample meean twice a year?"

"Cornwall!" ejaculated Nancy; "noa, sir, I nivver heard tell ov it, or seed it,"

Shu then related t' whoale affair, thro' leeavin' Dorothy Gray's to that minnit; but when shu mention'd bein' struck by Will, t' Squire clutch'd his stick, an' pacin't room, exclaim'd "The fiend!"

"Nah, sir," resum'd Nancy, "yo say yo are my father—I mun tell yo 'at I can acknowledge noa father but him 'at's perform'd a father's part. I wor deserted—forsaken—by those 'at owt to have protected an' cherish'd me. Left withaht hoame, friends, food, or bed on which to rest my weecary limbs, left to beggary—he fun' me i' this helpless condition, tuk me, succour'd me, fed an' cloath'd me, an' watch'd ovr me wi' moare than a father's care, for which, wor I a queen, an' he reduced to hawseless beggary, I would nivver forsake him."

T' Squire sunk into a chair, cuverin' his face wi' his hands; conscience upbraidin' him for his cruelty to me, whoa had acted soa nobly. But still his pride owrcum his conscience, an' he resolv'd to carry aht his plan. When he rais'd his heead, Nancy sed, "I wish to be inform'd at wonce wheare John is, an' to have free passage to him." T' Squire inform'd her 'at I'd left t' village, addin' 'at it 'ud be better for her to think noa moare abaht me, but to forget me.

"Forget him!" shu exclaim'd; "nivver. He mun be sowt for, or not one minnit will I aboide under this roof, wor yo ten toimes my father. Wot if he should be ill—nay, I kno' he is—an' noaboddy to care for him or minister to his wants? "O," shu croy'd, wringin' her hands, "I shall goa mad!"

T' Squire begg'd ov her to be calm, an' steps should be tuk at wonce to

foind me, provoidin' shu would be reconcoil'd an' acknowledge him as her father. He had noa relation i't world, an' i'stead o' her havin' 't thahsand pahnds will'd to her, all should be her's. An' as for that villain, Black, whoam he expected ivvery minnit, he should hav his deserts. "Nah," he continu'd, "will yo remain, provoidin' ivvery meens are yus'd to seek him aht an' bring him here?"

Nancy wor in a wirl. Wouldn't it be grand, shu thowt, to compensate me by makin' me a gentleman! This decoided her, an' shu promis'd to remain an' fulfil't duties ov a dawter on them conditions, thinkin' 'at they'd be sure to foind me. But t'Squire had noa intention o' carryin' it aht, an' tho' he left her for't purpose, as he sed, ov gi'in' instructions, yit not a soul stirr'd a inch after me.

Will Black waited on't Squire, as he wor order'd to do when at t'justice-room, for his reward; but when he enter'd t'room, t'Squire forbid him cumin' one fut further, t'Squire rechantin' to him t'history o' his villany, an' concludin' by dismissin' him from his sarvice. Black wor paralys'd, both body an' tung; but after't latter becum yusable, he sneerin'ly sed, "Yo may repent this, sir;" but t'Squire retorted quickly, "If tha threathens, tha shall goa to prison at wonce—so leeave my hawse." Will, mutterin' imprecations, carry'd his "Black" body dahn stairs.

But to return to mysen: I arroiv'd at Selby scarcely knoin' whoi or wherefoare. I'd noa friend nah but my owd dog. If I did a job, it wor't foaks 'at cumpell'd me to it, an' scarce a word ivver pass'd my lips, for one absorbin' thowt englutted an' swallah'd all others—an' that wor my darlin' Nancy. I wander'd thro' village to village, wi' scarce a breik i' my sattled sorrah. My general pitiable condition excoited sympathy, soa wark wor plentiful; still I mut wander to fresh scenes, or goa mad. I visited all't villages between Selby an' York,—an' thus, from't loisin' o' Nancy, nearly twelve months pass'd away. I got back agean to Selby, an' put up at t'Wheat Sheaf.

CHAPTER XVII.—A QUACK DOCTOR'S NOSIRUMS—T' SHAVER "SHAVED"
—JACK ATTACKED WITH DELIRIUM TREMENS, AN' PUT I'T 'SYLUM—
FEARFUL SCENES.

I'd been at Selby sum days, when, one mornin', goain' into t' Market-place, an' seein' a crahd rahnd a chap on a bit ov a stage, whoa seemed to be tokin' for a wager, I went to lissen. T' foaks call'd him a quack doctor. Well, he sed, he could tell 'em wot they ail'd an' wot they did'nt—wot they'd loike to ail an' wot they wouldn't. He sed he wor varry rich, bein' a descendant o't celebrated Dr. Parritomagpietojackdoiani, t' great Italyan physician, an' 'at simpathy aloane for sufferin' humanity cos'd him to tak that meens o' dispensing his wonderful medicines; an' he wor theare to tell 'em 'at Parritomagpietojackdoiani's gowlden pill could cure owt 'at is, or owt 'at isn't: for t' intoire loss of a noase they wor a sarten cure; after takin' two or three doasses, t' first symptom 'ud be a itchin', which 'ud lead to a scrattin'; by this repeated action, t' ahter membrane o't skin becums thin, an' a sprah't 'ill be seen i' four days, which can be foare'd to onny soize by continu'd doases, till it reiches t' proportions re-

quoir'd. A ordinary face cur'd wi two boxes. A long leg an' a short un easily cur'd. "Yo'll understan'," he sed "at exerceise promoates growth; wa, then, t' moade o' curin' is easily explain'd. For instance—strap t' long leg up, soa as it 'ill fall into disyuse, an' have a crutch, gi'in freedom o' action to t' short 'un; an' befoare long, if sufficient pills be tuk, they'll be both a length. He sed he'd kno'n cases wheare cripples had becum t' fleetest runners, ugliness show'd for bewty, an' a man rais'd from a lunitic asylum to t' senate—all by usin' his infallible pill. But t' wonderfulest cure 'at they'd effected wor a man 'at had his arm run owr an' grun' to pahder. He went to t' Infirmary, wheare it wor amputated. I persuaded him to try these wonderful pills; he did soa, an't first box fetch'd t' arm back agean, t' second produc'd a tendency to adhesion, an't third consolidated it into a perfect boane. Soa far, soa good. But joints wor nah requoir'd, which, after sundry sawins, jointins, an insertions o' ligatures, a perfect arm wor produc'd. An' these wonderful pills can be had at threppence a box!

"T' next article 'at I shall introduce to yo 'ill be my Ivoryaniapearltonia tooth pahder, each grain o' which possesses t' germ ov a new tooith. It doesn't only keep cleean t' teeth yo have, but supploies onny number o' new ones, up to a full set, accordin' to t' requirements o't yuser. Age is noa consideration: if t' person be noineity year owd, an' hasn't a tooith i' ther heead, one box 'ill produce a complete set; two boxes, two sets; three boxes, three sets all i't same mathe. A dog at's lost his tail can be re-tail'd by t' same process." Nah, Pincher had a tail, or I should ha' gi'en him a job, but I shahted an' ax'd, "If they're too short, owd lad, will it lengthen 'em?" "Lengthen 'em!" he croy'd, "look heare, a man havin' a dog wi' a short tail, troy'd t' experiment, an' it grew till he wor foare'd to wear it in a bob, t' same as women do ther hair, an' at neets they yus'd it for a cloas-loine!" I look'd at Pincher's, but thinkin' it 'ud do, I didn't buy onny.

"Well," sed t' quack doctor, "does onnyboddy want a plaister? Ov all t' plaisters 'at ivver wor plaister'd, this is t' *ne plus ultra*." A chap ax'd, "Will it draw?" "Draw!" answer'd t' fellah, "as a specimen ov its drawin' qualities, I'll only say 'at I stuck one (nobbut a small one) on t' gates o' York Castle, an' it begun to draw soa 'at if it hadn't been wesh'd off, all t' prisoners 'ud ha' been aht. An' yo can have one for sixpence."

"Nah, t'last article 'at I shall show yo is my celebrated Camelian hair-dye. It requoires ten camelians to be boil'd dahn to produce one bottle. It possesses t'extraordinary properties o' changin' t'hair to onny colour t'person may requoire by't volition o' his will. If it's red, it 'll turn black, by merely wishin' it to do soa; an' if it's black, to red, or onny uther colour he may requoire, up to a thahsand a day." Nah, then thowt I, I'm goain' to have sum o' this, for wean't it be a grand thing for a disgoise, to goa an' look for my Nancy. "Wot is it a bottle, owd lad?" I ax'd. "Sixpence," he answer'd, "an' worth a sovereign." "Reich one here, then," I sed, potterin' aht t'sixpence.

When I'd getten t' bottle, I bowlted off to my lodgins, an' when I went to bed at neet, I put a good deal on, becos I wanted it as black as koil; but yo should ha' seen't piller-slip i't mornin'! It had dyed *it* i'stead o' my heead. I thowt to mysen I've made a grand mistak' to get into bed

afaoere it had toime to droy. But I got at it agean, an' rubb'd it in till my heead smarted rarely. Well, it wor a bad day to turn aht in, but I thowt it 'nd gi't dye a troyal, an' I should be addin' a troiffe; so off I went to't ahtsoide. A, an' I had a black heead! Pincher didn't kno' me, an' t' foaks star'd at me as they pass'd wi' all't eyes they had. Aye, I thowt, yo may stare, an' yo'll have to stare agean afoare yo kno' me. I pass'd on, an' wor turnin' a corner thinkin' to get aht o't rain, for it wor comin' dahn rarely, when't wind, which wor raither hoigh, blew my hat off, an' ovr a wall it went. I mahnted t'wall to fetch it, an see yo if it worn't a socart ov a dam, an' theare wor my hat 'it middle on it, an' hah t'rain wor cumin dahn! Wa, it wor noa yuse stoppin' theare, so I trudg'd on, but I wor worth lookin' at afoare I got hoame, for't rain fetched t'dye aht o' my heead, an' dahn my face it went. Noaboddy livin' could tell wot it wor 'at wor underneyth—whether it wor man, woman, or monkey—an' hah t'foaks did but laff when I'd got i't Market-place, for I'd woip'd an' sloam'd t'dye all ovr my cooat sleeve. I can tell yo 'at I wor sich a bargest as yo ne'er see'd. But watter an' labour restoar'd me to my original colour, for which I wor thankful.

T'next day, as I wor sittin' i't hawse, not havin' sperit to turn aht, in cums t'quack doctor, wi' his razor to groind. I thowt, "Ay, lad, tha's shav'd me, an' I'm i' duty bun' to return't compliment," soa I set his razor wi' a woire edge. But he worn't long afoare he cum back, to let me see 'at he'd hardly a bit o' skin left on his face. T'company ax'd him if't owd lass had been gi'in him sum "howd-on," which put him in a strange passion; but t'moare he splutter'd an' moare they laff'd, till at last he wok'd his chokes off, blessin' boath me an' my barrah.

T'hair-dye had inspoired me wi' hoapes 'at I moight, by it's aid, venture back to Drax, an' not be kno'n, if I didn't tak' my barrah, an' by dooin' soa possibly discover Nancy, if shu should be i't neybourhood; but havin' turn'd aht a failure, I sunk lower i' sperits than ivver, an' it wor only by indulgin' i' drink 'at I could for a minnit forget my trubble. I ceas'd goin' aht to wark—I couldn't do it, for all energy had left me, an' I set thro' morn to neet drinkin', (an' sleepin' amang hands,) day after day, till I scarcely knew wot I wor dooin'. I'd noa appetite for food, but hated t'seet on it, for I could think after it, an' thinkin' wor wot I dreedaded. "Drink!—gi' me drink!" I shahted, "for it's my only friend;" an' I seiz'd an' hurried it to my lips, drinkin' till my brain wor afoire.

At last, my reason gi'd way; delirium tremens gripped my brain, an' I becum a ravin' maniac! It's impossible for me to descroibe t'horrors o' my situation; but I've a faint idea ov a terrible screeam escapin' me as a panorama o' horrors pass'd afoare me, consistin' o' frightful figures,—animals, wi' foire floyin' aht o' ther eyes an' nostrils, an' then ther heeads changin' to men's heeads, an' doncin'—makin' sudden floights, an' tipplin', i't air wi't speed o' lectniu', uttering froightful shrieks. T'atmosphere appear'd full o' dust or sand, each particle becumin' a heead o' sum description,—grinin',—laffin',—howlin',—an' turnin' into demons. Then imps,—fiends,—devils,—foiry dragons, illumin'd skeletons, an' doncin' skulls, by thahsands surrahnded me, makin' a chorus wi' yells, shrieks, and groanis. Croakin' ravens, screechin' owls, an' hummin' beetles, troyal, which wer t' mester at skare makin'. Hissin' sarpents whizzin' and twirlin' to and

fro, blatin' ther fork'd tungs aht an' spittin' blue foire at me, i't midst o' horse laffs. Darkness an' blazin' leet follahin' one anuther i' quick succession; an' sproites, pick'd uns from t' infernal regions, i' horrid jest emittin' their sulphurous breath, producin't pangs o' suffocation.

An oblivion follah'd, durin which I becum t' inmate ov a lunatic asylum. But my madness wor but temporary, cos'd by maddenin' drink, which, as it becum precipitated, cos'd recason by degrees to return. I knew after bein' stripp'd at t' Sylum to have t' institution cloas on, (as they're call'd.) 'at they worn't my ohn, an' wor determin'd not to have 'em on. Wi' that, four keepers got at me, an' wi' sum trubble got 'em on. They then browt me sum castor oil to tak, which I refus'd to do: but they threw me dahn upo't bed, an' gettin' howd o' each arm an' leg, screw'd 'em rahnd ahtards, as if they'd bring 'em aht o't sockets, whoile anuther tem'd it dahn my throit. I struggled for wot I thowt my loife, whoile they thowt me razin' mad, an' jowl'd my heead agean t' edge o't bed-shell till blood flew i' all directions. Bein' reduc'd nearly to insensibility, they did as they loik'd. But they made me feel, an' that wor one sense restoar'd. After they'd dun, an' thinkin' they'd nearly kill'd me, brandy wor tem'd into me, to stimlate my system to its wonted action, an' when neet cum, they lock'd me in a small cell i't basement o't buildin', to oather sleep or let it aloane. It's true ther wor a bed, an' a caverin' which consisted o' three or four thicknesses o' canvass quilted together, an' just t' same as throwing a caw's hoide an ye. T' place wor that chillin' 'at I trembled thro' heead to foot, for tho' it wor undergrahnd, ther wor noa accommodation for foire or warmth convey'd by uther mekans. Sleep i' this place wor impossible, for yells o' ivvery description an' tone rung thro't vaults from neet till mornin'—sum liftin' ther bedsteads up at t' foot (they work'd on a joint i't middle) an' hammerin' t' flooar wi' 'em t' neet thro'; others keepin' up a continual swarin', laffin', or wot they call'd singin'. T' patients generally confain'd i' this place wor o' sich dirty habits as cos'd a moast awful stench t'o permeate t' place, soa you may think I wer foine an' glad when, at six o'clock t' next mornin', my dooar wor unlock'd, an' me order'd aht. I sooin dress'd mysen, an' wor tuk up stairs to t' wesh-hawse.

Well, after a good wesh, I felt better, an' went into wot is call'd t' day-room, wheare they doine an' pass their toime durin't day. Theare wor but one chap in, an' he got in a corner, an' wor starin' at nowt, then laffin', an' his face becumin' streight all at wonce, t' same as if he wor pull'd by a string. He tuk noa notice o' owt, but theare he wor, quoite pleas'd wi' hissen. I spok' to him, but he didn't seem to hear me, for he laff'd a droy laff, an' then examin'd his fingers as if he'd nivver seen 'em afoare, bendin' joints separately an' together, an' appearantly amaz'd at their wonderful action. I turn'd to look rahnd, wunderin' wheare'vver I wor, an' anuther chap (if he could be call'd one) had pecak'd in anuther corner; his eyes in a hinstant fix'd on me loike a vulture. Tho' I had but a glimmering o' consciousness, I'd enuff to feel wot fear wor, an' my eyes becum revitted on his. At last, he sprung off't flooar, his arms floyin' up as if he wor "shooin'" a gooise, (but he worn't for I wor sum-boddy i' that shop). Hah hoigh he jump'd I doant kno', but I jump'd as hoigh as he did; he gi'd anuther howl, an' up he went agean, an' soa did

I, an' we kept at that gam' for I daresay ten minnits, when t' keeper cum in, started him off.

T' room nah becum fill'd wi' a lot o' fellahs 'at wor all gabblin' an' tokin' to thersens, nivver noaticin' one anuther, but wanderin' backhards an' forhards, toothy throothy, burstin' into a laff, or swarein', accoardin' as wot they'd gotten i' ther heeds mov'd 'em. Whoile I stud wonderin' wot country I'd gotten into, an' hah I cum theare, all at wonce I fun' mysen nearly agean't roof. I wor stud i't way ov a cuple o' chaps 'at nivver reckon'd to turn asoide for owt, but kept ther course upsettin' ivverything ther fun' i' ther way, soa as I happen'd to be i' their way they upset me; but I didn't stop up, for, as heavy substances fall to't grahnd, an' me belongin' to that class, I cum dahn quick: but, moind yo, they catch'd me, an' sent me up agean for I should think hofs a dozen toimes, but at last wok'd away, leavin' me to oather do't cat, an' leet o' my legs, or be loike mysen, an' cum dahn all odds an' ends, which I did, an' tho' I wor sadly hurt it did me good, for leetnin' went aht o' my eyes, an', in addition to't sense o' feelin' bein' improv'd, t'shak' seem'd to set t'uthers i' moation, for I could tell't keeper all abaht it.

In a whoile, t'brekfast wor ready, an' I set dahn to't table; but as theare wor a rule 'at noaboddy wor to sit dahn till grace wor sed by t' keeper, one on 'em cum behind me an' gi'd me wot they called a wackener-up—that wor, troyin' to smack his hands together thro' my heead. I've seen fellahs get gether'd ears, loike wicket-balls, wi' this trick, an' when they've brust, t'discharge run dahn their face for days together, an' after healin', tear wor shrivelled up into a little hard substance, makin't earhoile cupleately up.

Nah yo may judge o' my astonishment an' dismay on discoverin' at I wor in a lunatic asylum,—shut aht o' all hoape o' foindin, Nancy. If't thowt didn't droive me mad, it produc'd in me a sullen humour 'at made me savage. If onny o't poor fellahs bother'd me, I struck 'em, an' actually felt as if I could strangle 'em. I felt as if I wanted summat to tare. I pac'd t'passages, tellin' my misery to't walls, for nowt else 'ud lissen to 'em, till at last I threw msyen upo't flooar, wishin' to dec. T'keepers seiz'd me, an' tho' I begg'd on 'em to let me aloane, they dragg'd me into't padded room. Well, it wor't best place for me, for I wor away thro't absent-lookin' faces t'meeaninless smoiles, t'mad ravins, an't woild gestures, which sumtoimes cos'd me to ax mysen whether I wor mad or noa?

After bein' shawer-bath'd an' castor oil'd ivvery mornin', for a fortnet, I wor introduc'd i't ward agean—a chap wi' a hayfork (only't prongs wor made to fit t'neck, an' fasten'd behind) leeadin' me abaht loike a mad bull. Moind yo, i'd fun' twoathry things aht 'at I had to see to, an' one wor, not to toke too much, or I should be repoarted by't keeper to't doctor as bein excoited, an' have to live on castor oil; an' if I didn't toke, I should be repoarted as bein' low, an' too little moind, for which I should be shawer-bath'd. Cicero 'ud have had a job agate to kno' hab' to do—much moare do it—in a 'Sylum, for, dun yo see, t'keeper stops t'beer for punishment, which he pops in a bottle for his ohn yuse; soa sumboddy mun do summat wrang, to foind him 'i drink. By this meeans he guzzles four quarts a day, till he's as fawl an' clumsy as a hippopotamus.

One o't pattents 'at wor reight hissen, an' thowt I wor anole, tell'd me

hab it wor he wor kept theare, i'stead o' bein' wi' his family. His beard ov eight shillins a week, wor paid by his friends, an' though he wor perfectly cured, (rest for a over-wrought brain bein't only thing he wanted,) an' had frequently applay'd for his freedom, it wor noa yuse, an' he wor kept theare year after year. If t' commissioners, after conversin' wi' him, remark'd to t' governor 'at they thowt he moight be discharg'd, he sooin tell'd 'em 'at tho' sensible nah, he wor subject to a periodical relapse, which render'd it unsafe for him to be at large. "Nah," sed he, wi' teears i' his eyes, "this cums o' bein' a yuseful man i't establishment!" T' chap wor an excellent painter, an' ann'd thirty shillins a week, yit his booard wor paid. Yo mun understand 'at all soarts o' trades wor carry'd on, an' them at could work at 'em did, an' them 'at couldn't went into t' fields, an', yolk'd loike plough-bullocks, till'd t' lan'd, did all t' cartin, broke stoanes, an' kept t' rooads i' repair; trail'd manure-carts, an' gather'd crops. An' this wor dun day by day, i' all soarts o' weather, winter an' summer, an' by those whose friends wor payin' their money for 'em to be care ta'en on. Well, at last this chap escap'd, an' wor conceal'd by his friends for a sarten number o' days, after which they couldn't claim him withaht a fresh order thro' a magistrate, an' he mut commit hissen afoare one could be made; an' it is a fact 'at they nivver had him agean. Thus t' man had been robb'd o' his liberty, an't value ov his labour, an' his friends aht o' ther mon y, by what should ha' been a charitable institution, an' I've noa hesitation i' sayin' 'at hundreds, if not thahsands, ov English subjects are east into these places, (part Asylums an' part Bastiles,) not becos they're crais'd, but becos it's expedient to get 'em aht o't way.

Well, I fun' 'at if I wanted to get aht I mut square t' keeper, by makin' mysen yuseful to him, an' he'd tak' care I didn't goa ahtsoide to be yuseful i' owt else; soa I made a point to please him, especially wi' fillin' t' beer tots, for I gi'd 'em all short measure, soa 'at ther wor a great lot for his bottle. By this means I got to be what is call'd a helpin' hand, havin' to wesh t' dishes, mak't beds, sweep up, set t' tables, an' soa on. I wor set one neet to undress a chap 'at hadn't moind enuff to kno wot undressin' meant, but 'ud a stud for a month, whoinin' loike a little babby. (He'd been a great artist.) I hadn't got a single thing off when t' keeper cum in, shahtin', "Isn't that chap undress'd yit?" I sed I couldn't mak' him offer. He croy'd, "Watch me!" an' gettin' howd o' his jacket collar behind, an' puttin' his foot agean him he slipp'd it off in a jiffy, sendin't poor chap smash agean't wall. He then tuk off his braces, an' knockin his feet thro' under him, t' chap fell on his back. T' keeper then seized t' bottom o' his trahsers, an' dragg'd em off, an't same by t' shoes an' stockins; then gi'd him a kiek which browt him on his feet agean. Thro't quickness wi' which this trick wor dun, it made it look eliver, yit I shudder'd wi' disgust for t' thing 'at had dun it. T' same neet t' keepers (for ther wor two i' ahr ward) order'd me not to goa to bed, as theare wor a corpse to carry to t' deead-hawse. If ivver a man dissolv'd, it wor me that neet. I troy'd all ivver I knew to be badly; I sneez'd an cough'd, an' had two or three aguc fits; but I believe at nowt short o' bein' ready for t' deead-hawse mysen could ha' got me aht o't job, soa I had to do it. We went to t' room wheare he wor laid, an' as luck 'ud have it, they'd

teed him up i't sheet. Worn't I pleas'd 'at he couldn't be seen! They put me to t' head, wi' anuther chap who wor heead an' showlders taller than me, an' we soon hoisted t' corpse aht o't room, an' wor travelling dahn t' passage wi' him, me carryin't candle i't reight hand. Well, nah, see yo, t' chap had been deead sum toime befoare it wor kno'n, consequently his mathe hadn't been cloas'd up; an' wi' my partner bein' taller than me, it rowl' t' corpse to my soide, wi' his mathe fittin' upo' my hand. I scream'd, an' let both t' corpse an't leet fall, puttin' us all i' darkness.

CHAPTER XVIII.—FURTHER SCENES I'T 'SYLUM—RECOVERY O' MY FREEDOM—RETURN TO DRAX, AN' RECOVERY O' MY DARLIN' NANCY.

I t' darkness an't scuffle o' that nivver-to-be-forgotten incident i' my history—t' journey to t' deead-hawse—I fell upo't corpse, an' i' raisin' mysen up got howd o't deead man's noase. But there's noather language nor toime to tell what I felt. At last I got to my feet, an' anuther keeper hearin't noise an' bringin' a leet to see wot wor t' matter, I rush'd past him to my ohn room, jump'd into bed wi' my cloas on, an' cover'd mysen owr t' heead. I wor all ov a lump at t' bottom o't bed when they cum to look for me, an' didn't meean unlappin' mysen for all t' keepers i't world; but when they sed they'd dou' t' job withaht me, an' only wanted me to tak my things off, I breath'd wonce moare: but when they turn'd t' cloas dahn, they fun me in a smoulderin' condition, fairly smokin'. Nah, then, I thowt, I'll be aht o' this hoile by sum meens; an' as I wor trusted wi' a bit o' extra liberty when we wok'd aht, I'd watch for a hopportunity, an' duff 'em. T' next day, i't afternoon, as we tuk t' usual woke, I gammon'd to be gettin' summat aht o't edge whole they'd turn'd t' corner, an' then climb'd up a tree, thinkin' 'at if I stay'd theare till dark I could then get away. Well, theare wor sooin a croy got up 'at I'd escap'd, an't keepers wor runnin' i' all directions declarin' 'at I couldn't be aht o't grahnds: soa they set to examinin't trees one by one, till they cum to moine. Then they didn't forget to shaht, "He's here, he's here!" They order'd me to cum dahn, but refusing soa to do, they fetch'd a roape, an' puttin' it rahnd t' tree, they began pullin' it backhards an' forhards, to shak' me off, but I kept my howd. Then one on 'em browt t' roape up t' tree, made a noose, an' threw it owr my heead, when they sooin pull'd me off my peak, an' as they lower'd me, I spun loike a skopperdiddle. I wor hurry'd afoare t' governor, whoa order'd me back to No. 1 ward, an' all my privileges to be stopp'd.

I nah resolv'd to boide my toime, an' trust to Providence for my restoration to liberty, which at t'end o' three tedious months wor effected. I hardly knew wot ail'd me when I got my ohn cloas on agean; but I felt 'at I wor free, an' wok'd as sich. As I wor passin' thro't gates, it flash'd across my moind 'at if it hadn't been for drink I should nivver ha' cum theare. "Drink!" I croyd, "cursed drink! nivver agean shall ta mar my body or moind!" an' bustlin' dahn to't cooach-office, I wor presently on't box wi't droiver, trottin' to Selby.

We got in abaht eight o'clock at neet, an' I can't tell hah pleas'd

ivveryboddy wor to see me. Theare wor summat to do, I assure yo. They'd tuk care o't barrah an' Pincher, whoa, as weel as his owd legs 'ud let him, donc'd t' Highland fling all rahnd me. I went early to bed, an' slept sahdndly, gettin' up i't mornin' as vigorous as a lion, determin'd to visit York! soa I greas'd my barrah an' set off, callin' 'at little places on't rooad, doin pratty weel as usual, an' i' two days thro' leeavin't 'Sylum I wor in't city o' York.

I'd just got noicely agate o' workin' at t'corner o' Stoanegate, when whoa should come up but Billy Methody, thro' Wadsley. Sich a shakin' o' hands yo nivver see'd! I thowt my wrist 'ud be put aht, an' nowt else. Groindin' wor all owr for that day, soa we went to a coffee-shop, wheare Billy wor stayin', an' as they'd accommodation for me, I stopp'd anole, an' shar'd his bed. He upbraided me sadly for nivver wroitin' to 'em, tellin' me hah t'owd woman had wept abaht me. It appear'd at t'Soizes wor on just at this toime, an' Billy wor cum as a witness, an' wor goain' back i't mornin'.

I didn't get a wink o' sleep that neet, for after relatin' my adventures to Billy, I cud only think o' Nancy—my sweet, darlin' Nancy. When we got up i't mornin', Billy wanted me to goa back wim to Wadsley; but I refus'd, for an idia had struck me durin't neet 'at set me burnin' all owr— an' that wor, 'at tho' I wor order'd to quit Drax, theare wor noa order at I should nivver goa back; an' soa I resolv'd to venture at all risks, an' mak' my usual croy o' "Knives to grind!" an' if shu wor still i' that curs'd village, shu'd hear it, an' I should foind her—or, maybe, I should come across that chap they call'd Black; an', groindin' my teeth, I mutter'd, "Let him keep aht o't way, for I feel rash an' dangerous, an' should strangle't loife aht o' his black carcase."

I parted wi' Billy, sendin' koind words to Wadsley for all whoa wish'd to hear o' me, an' inspoird wi' a firm resolution to carry aht my preject, an't hoape o' agean secin' Nancy, I breeten'd up, t'foire return'd to my eye, an' theare wor a crispness i' my actions 'at had been unkn'o'n to me for twelve months. T'streets rung agean wi' owd "Rahnd Legs," which, sin' I lost Nancy, had nivver escap'd my lips. Poor owd Pincher's tail dar'd to roise to its proper height, an' even ventur'd on a wag, which he accomplish'd withaht breikin'. Merrily we went, nobbut haltin' for refreshment, rest, an' to do jobs pick'd up on't rooad. Village after village fell i't rear, withaht me noaticin' 'em, for my eye wor on Drax; a sweet hoape burnin' within me, 'at t'joy o' my sowl—my charming Nancy— would be restoared to me.

I travell'd on i't day, and had pleasant drecams at neet, till I arriv'd at Selby, nobbut seven moiles from t' place o' loife or deead. I reich'd t' foine owd Abbey Church, wi' its majestic tahr roisin' heavenhard, an' turnin' to't left wor on't rooad to Drax, which wor as level an' streight as a pavement. On I push'd: it wor June, one o' June's brectest days, an' Nature, dress'd in its best bibs an' tuckers, wor laffin' an' clappin' its hands in a regular romp. Pincher appear'd to ha' grown young agean, for he pull'd as hard as ivver. I loisen'd my hanketcher, threw my shirt-neck oppen, an' then jogg'd along, reichin' Camblesworth, wheare Joanas t' miller liv'd, by three o'clock i't afternoon. T' miller wor pleas'd to see me, an' stuff'd me all ends an' soides, after which I gi'd him t' history o' my

sufferin's an' adventures sin' I left him, moare than twelve months agoa. I then ax'd him, "Onnything new at Drax?" "Noa," repley'd Joanas, "except t' young lady at t' Squire's, who cum sooin after yo left t' village. Shu's a bewty—summat under age, an't luvliet cratur 'at ivver wor lac'd in a pair o' stays. An' then shu's soa koind, an' seems to luv ivveryboddy; yit sumbah, tho' shu's young, theare's a calm serenity abaht her ommost approachin' to sadness. T' young foaks idolise her, an't owd 'uns bless her. Whoa shu can be noaboddy kno's. It's true 'at sum say 'at shu's t' Squire's dawter, but it's weel kno'n 'at he niver had ony childer, yit theare's various hints thrown aht, 'at maks it mysterious. But theare's noa secret abaht t' number o' suitors shu's refus'd. Theare's t' magistrate's son at Selby—young Malvin, a smart, dashin' fella, 'at 'ud roide up a steep an' dahn ony dell, an' 'ud stick at nowt for a leap. Well, mony s t' toime he's su'd, an' su'd in vain, till he's gi'd it up i' despair. Young Mester Wellbred, t' incumbent o' Aidlinton, a clivver chap, has nearly gon cranky abaht her; in fact, I doan't kno' whoa isn't i' luv wi' her." Nah, it wor varry koind o't miller to toke to me i' this way, but as it didn't consarn me, it wor nobbut irksome, soa I ax'd if he'd ivver heard owt abaht Nancy. "Not a word," he sed, "sin't affair tuk place." Well, tho' this answer raither disappointed me, yit I wor still determin'd to proceed wi' my plan, soa, after bein' weel refresh'd, an' gi'in Pincher a brush dahn, which made him as frisky an' frolicsome as a kitten, tho' his hint legs had a soart ov a still-loike movement, I yoak'd him to t' barrah, an' away we went, hummin' t' owd ditty. But I can't descroibe to yo hah my voice trembled, an' my bosum seem'd to swell as big agean; then my heart 'ud sink within me, for freead o' disappointment. Still I wor impell'd by a unaccahntable an' unresistable pauer.

As I push'd on t' rooad, it browt to my moind my position t' last toime I travell'd it—a heartbrokken, ruin'd, an' blighted man. Whoile I wor thinkin' o't past, I wor fast approachin' t' land o' my future hoapes, for I wor nearly enterin' t' village, soa I sed, "Courage, Jack! be a man, an' do thie best, an' whoa kno's but all may be weel?" I begun o' "hemini'?" to clear my voice, same as singers do. I'd nah befoare me t' little cots mantl'd wi' ivy, t' sun shoinin' brilliantly, t' birds singin' ther sweetest carrolls, t' flocks i' herds wanderin' i' luvly meadows—all happy, whoile I wor i' t' deepest misery, for I felt warse nah than I did on t' rooad. Hah-ivver, I gi'd 'em "Knoives to groind, knoives to groind!" in a voice 'at made t' village ring agean. Hah t' foaks did but run! Theare wor t' owd women 'at recognis'd my voice, an't young ones whoa knew t' stoary o't knoife groinder, or t' stown choild, (tho' not one on 'em believ'd her to have been stown,) an't childer whoa'd listen'd to t' tale an' look'd into t' foire till they could actually see him fetchin' t' lass aht o' her bed—all wor up. Wot a commoation ther wor i' t' village. I did ther jobs as fast as I could, my heart knockin' agean my ribs loike a cobbler's hammer on his lapstoane; but as it worn't jobs I wanted, I wouldn't see sum on 'em, an' moov'd up by t' church. A chap sed, "Owd lad, can ta sing as weel as ta could t' last toime tha wor here?" but "Knoives to groind, knoives to groind!" echo'd thro't village agean; an' whoile groindin' a pocket-knoife, I struck up wi' "Rahnd Legs," at t' end o' which, t' foaks clapp'd an' laff'd rarely. But I tuk noa noatice, for my eyes ommost flash'd foire as

they run thro' hawse to hawse, windah to windah; then, wi' a sinkin' heart, I mutter'd, "Noa Nancy, noa Nancy," an' takin' up my barrah, I remoav'd to wot wor call'd t' Green—t' varry place wheare I lost my treasure. Theare wor a large hawse at t' top end, wi't porch spangled wi' roases, interspers'd wi' woodboine an' honeysuckle. T' owd grey build-in', wi' its decay'd barristrades an' ovrhangin' windahs, bespokane ease an' affluence. I fix'd reight opposite, an' it appear'd to be my last chonce, for they're wor scarcely a cot beyond.

Well, as this wor to be my last appeal to Drax to gi' to my longin' arms my lost one, my idol, "Knoives, to groind, knoives to groind!" rung aht from a chist weel inflated for't purpose—an' on it rowl'd, ivvery hill an' dale catchin' t' sahand. A windah oppen'd i't large hawse, an' a female, wi' a silvery voice shriek'd "John, John, dear John!" I stagger'd back, my hand to my heead; but recoverin' mysen, I turn'd to where't sahands had cum thro', an' there wor my Nancy i't windah, repeatin', "John, dear John!" I rush'd to't dooar, an' didn't wait for it bein' oppen'd, but brust it in, an' wor runnin' up stairs, when Nancy met me. I seiz'd her i' my arms, squatted mysen dahn upo't stairs, an' rock'd her o' my knee loike a babby, singin' "Rhand Legs" most lustily. When I got my breath, I croy'd, "A, Nancy, Nancy, my joy, my loife!" an' "Dear, dear John!" wor't first words shu could utter; then 'ur faces fun' their way upo' each other's necks, wherew wept together loike two childer. When I got as I could toke I croy'd, "Ha, ha, Nancy, I've fun' thee agean—my darlin' Nancy, an' I kuss'd an' look'd at her—look'd at her, an' kuss'd first her lips, t'next each eye, then follah'd t'chin, t'foreheed, an't noase. I wor reight 'boon a bit.

T'Squire cumin' in, Nancy run to him, croyin', "Father, here's John! —John, this is my father." "Thie father!" I sed, "Whoi, then, tha had a father after all, an' gettin' my arms rahnd his middle, I lifted him off't flooar, an' spu rahnd wi' him, tweedlin' t' owd tune. When I put him dahn, he offer'd me his hand, beggin' me to forgi' him for't wrong he'd dun me. "O, doan't mention it," I repley'd, for this repays me for all I've suffer'd.

Nancy order'd James, t'sarvent, to fetch t'barrah an' Pincher in, which he did, puttin' t'barrah i't back room, whoile Pincher went i't drawin'-room wi' me. Yo should ha seen him toind Nancy aht! Theare wor summat goain' off wi' em! I thowt they'd niver ha' dun, for one wor as bad as t' uther. T'Squire sed 'at he had an appointment which he wor compell'd to attend to, an' should be under't necessity o' leeavin' us for a cupple o' hahrs; but he begg'd 'at I should consider his hawse my hoame, an' shakin' me heartily by't hand, he left t' room.

T'news went loike woid foire 'at t'young lady at t'Squire's wor her at wor tuk thro't knoife groinder, an' 'at I'd cum agean, an't brussen't dooar oppen, to fetch her aht, which cos'd 'em to flock to't Green to hear hah I'd goane on, till all't village wor congregated at frunt o't hawse; soa I oppen'd t'windah, an' made a speech to 'em, touchin' t' principal incidents i't case, an' concluded by sayin' 'at that hawse wor't bank whearein my treasure wor deposited, an' I'd cum to draw it aht. Well, yo niver heeard sich a hurrayin', or see'd sich a wavin' o' hats i' yor loife—an, sum shahtin', "Luck to thee, lad!" an' soa en. I'd pleacas'd ivveryboy, an sum varry greate men 'ud gi' summat if they could do as much.

Tokin' an' explainin' various parts o' my speech to each uther, they wander'd to their hoames, an' I fun' mysen at t' soide o' Nancy, wi' her hand i' moine, examinin' her thro't top to t' bottom. "Whoi, Nancy luv, wot a foine lady tha art, to be sure! Wha, I allas thowt thee a lady, didn't I? I reckon tha puts thie bonnet on wi' a shoe-horn—thie shoes I mean, for they look raihter flimsy. A, Nancy luv, tha doesn't kno' hah happy I feel! I hardly kno' wot to toke abaht, or hah to howd my noise." Shu sed, "Tell me, John, wheare yo've been sin' we parted." I gi'd it her all, an' a, hah shu croy'd, an' I wor neearly as bad as her.

When I'd dun, shu sed, "John, dear John, an' I've been t' cose o' all this sufferin' comin' on yo." "Nay, nay," I sed, "Nancy, doan't say soa!" but shu went on—"I too, hav' had trouble, but ov a different character. When yo had left t' village, an noaboddy could discover wheare yo wor, I grew ommost frantic, an' becum ill, soa 'at I wor confoin'd to my bed for four weeks. After recoverin', I wor introduc'd into society; then follah'd an annoyance, disagreeable i't extreeam, i't form o' suitors who wor daily solicitin' my hand. I wor miserable, till at last I declar'd to my father 'at if it worn't put a stop to I'd leave his hawse. My future, I sed, wor mark'd aht, an' until sumhat tuk place renderin' it impossible for me to carry it aht, I refus'd to becum t' woife ov onny man. An' nah, John, my moare than father, t' preserver o' my loife, to yo I owe ivverything; an' doan't think me bowld whoile by thie meean I seek to compensate yo i' sum degree for yer past cares an' sufferin's on my accaht. This estate, John, is will'd to me, my father bein' t' last descendant o't Beverley's. I consented to remain heare, i't hope 'at I should one day be't meean o' makin' yo happy. That day has arriv'd, an' I nah offer yo my hand, John, an' all I have, or ivver shall possess." Then, droppin' her sweet heead on my bosum, shu wept bitterly.

CHAPTER XIX.—NANCY AN ME "WELL'D" TOGETHER—T' WEDDIN'
DINNER—OPPENIN' O'T CHIST—MY ANCESTOR'S WONDERFUL LEGACY
—CONCLUSION.

"A, wot, why," I sed, as Nancy still rested her heead on my bosum, "does ta' meean to say 'at tha luv's me wi' that soart o' luv?" "Yis, John," shu r'ply'd, raisin her heead an' lookin i' my face, "I luv yo deearly, varry deearly!" "Wot!" I sed, "Wi' woife luv?" "Yis, John," shu answer'd. "Tha does?"

"Rahnd Legs to Wadsley went,
Fal, la!, la! la!"

Didn't I reek it aht, an' got her i' my arms, done'd wonce rahnd t'room, an' kuss'd her neearly to deeah. T'Squire cumin' in just i't middle on it, Nancy at wonce inform'd him ov her intentions, an' he only answer'd 'at he suspected as much, an' should offer noa objections. After supper, I kuss'd Nancy an' went to bed; but when I got into it, I wonder'd wheare I wor goain' to, for I sunk owr't heead. I didn't sleep a wink—I couldn't sleep, for I wor soa full o' joy 'at I could ha' sung t'neet thro'. Well it wor't longest neet I e'er pass'd i' my loife. I recally thowt 'at mornin' 'ud nivver cum, but it did, an' browt wi' it a tailor, to measure

me for a suit o' cloas to be marry'd in. Nah, I'd seen mony a man i' my toime, but this wor t'mester—a regular Tomtarralegs. I doan't who hah tall he wor, but I should think he wor three yards if he wor a ninch. An' toke abaht legs, they wor up to t' neck, same as Billy Methody's foire-tongs, an't distance thro' his coat-collar to his heead wor a yard at least. T'nearest idea I can gi' yo on him is—if his arms an' legs had been tee'd dahn, he'd ha' made a dacent knurstick. He'd scarcely onny hair at frunt o' his heead, but havin' it longish at t' soides, he kept settin' it off to t' best advantage by ruffin' it up, till it stud aht for a foot o' oather soide his heead, foindin' him a job to soide hissen for foaks to pass him. His cloas wor neearly cuver'd wi' snuff, besides a mess on it under his noase. He'd a pin warehouse insoide his coot collar, arrang'd loike regiments o' sowgers, an' his trahsers wor up to wheare he should ha' had a cofe on his leg, an' white stockins. He wor a picture, I can tell yo. At last, after twistin' an' bendin' me i' all shapes, he reck'on'd I wor measur'd. I hinted to him not to mak' my trahsers too toight; but he sed they loik'd 'em to fit weel at first, as they got easier wi' wearin'.

T' happy day arriv'd 'at fun us on ahr way to t' Church, to reduce t' population by makin' two into one—an' Nancy an' me wor well'd together. We'd summat to do to get thro't churchyard for foaks, but perseverance manag'd it, an' when we got back to t' hawse, a splendid dinner wor provided, to which t' parson an' uther friends wor invitoed—an' whoa else, do you think? Wha, Billy Methody an' Mary, whoam I sent for wi' orders to bring wi' 'em t' owd chist. When t' dinner wor owr, a Isle o' Skye terrier-lookin' chap offer'd Nancy his arm to tak her i't drawin' room; but I got howd on him by t' scuft, an' swung him to t' uther end o't room, an' wi't suddonness an't foarce o't fling, t' would-be gallant fun hissen i' violent contact wi' James, t' waiter, knockin' him an' his tray, wi' a good deal o' china, upo't floor. Getherin' hissen up as quick as possible, t' young gentleman manag'd to stammer summat abaht me bein' "a perfect bewute."

When we got set dahn, t'Squire convers'd principally wi't Rev. J. Blandley, a man wi' a vocabular o' pick'd terms an' general phraseology. T'blam' way he had o' addressin' foaks had a varry enlargin' effect—if he wor to ask for a penn'orth o' soap, it 'ud sabud as if he wor buyin' all't shop. Then his toilet wor perfect! Not a hair wor aht o' its place—in addition to which, a strong blarney smoile wor ivver donein' on his cahutenance. There he sat, assentin' to ivverything, or expressin' wonderment at ivverything—"Dear me!" or "Varry good!" bein' his general expressions; an' for all he dealt largely i' blarney hissen, he wor dissapointed unless he received a considerable quantity i' return. If yo'd ha' seen him smoile, an' woipe his lips wi' his cambriek, (which he invariably held i' his hand) when't Squire remark'd wot a bewteful discourse he'd gi'n 'em on Sunday mornin' on that bewteful text—"Behowd, I stand at t'door, an' knock!" hed ha' pleeisd yo. For my part, I could see nowt i' knockin' at a doar, nobbut at t'mischief neet, an' then t'difficulty wor i' gettin' 'em to shuv ther heeads aht, to be noap'd wi't prop.

Well, t'day pass'd on, an' neet arriv'd i' due coarse, when't Squire propeas'd music. T'Isle o' Skoye fellah, wi' a glass to his eye, wangl'd (for he couldn't woke) to't piano, an' begun o' what he call'd singin', but sich "whawin'" I nivver heead, soa thinkin' he'd made enew wi't first

verse, I struck up wi' "Rahnd Legs." He spun rahnd on't stooil to stare at me, but I tuk noa neatrice, an' show'd him hah to sing loike a reight mau. Hah mony toimes I sung it thro' I can't say, for when I'd dun I begun at first agean, till Nancy sed, "Theare, John, that'll do." "Wha, I sed, I'm not to a dozen verses." But yo should ha' seen't Isle o' Skoye fellah howd his heead dahn—I hadn't hofe sham'd him.

T' next thing wor a donce, but I could see noa doncein' abaht it, for theare worn't one on 'em in a sweat; soa I ax'd em to stroik up wi' "Wadsley Romp," but noaboddy knew it, soa I whistled an' humm'd it i' turns, as I needed breeach; an' as I flew abaht t' hoile, I seez'd first one an' then t' uther, and wizz'd em rahnd till hofe on 'em wor upo't flooar. T' Isle o' skoy chap, thinkin' I should be havin' howd o' him, jump'd on t' top o't piano, shakin' a stick to keep me off. Well, my dickey strings wor hingin' dahn to my knees, an' I wor just thinkin' wot a clever chap that tailor wor, for tho' my trahsers wor toight at first they wor easy enuff nah, when James whisper'd i' my ear 'at I'd brussen 'em aht behiut, an' foindin' it to be a nak'd truth, I nipp'd upstairs to look for my owd 'uns, but they'd vanish'd. I worn't goain' to be done, soa I got a pair o't Squoire's breeches, an' whipp'd em on; but foindin' 'at they'd goa twice rahnd me, I shuv'd a pillah i't behiut, an' then they button'd noicely. They didn't hofe laff when I got i't room, but a difficulty presented itsen 'at I'd not calculated upon, an' that wor sitting dahn. It's true I troy'd mony a toime, but t' pillah stickin' aht prevented me gettin' on t' chair, an' upo't flooar I went. I wor dahn twoathry toimes afoare I fun it aht.

It wor nah toime to breik up, soa I sed we'd finish wi' oppenin' my box. I order'd it in, an' James an' Billy Methody (who meant havin' a hand in it) browt it in. But Billy had forgot t'key, an' hah mony toimes we troy'd t'oppen it withaht I doan't kno'; but bein' toird we got a crowbar, an' me, an' James an' Billy got onto it. Bein' owd, t'box-lid gi'd way all at once an' dahn we went, Billy undermoast, whoa wor nearly flattened. I wor sharply up, an' hoisted aht—what do yo think?—why t'sausage machine! But that worn't all, for I also browt aht by't tail a foine stuff'd cat, wi' a noate tee'd to his neck! I oppen'd t'noate, an' read t'follabin':—

"To whom this may consarn,—As it's a fakt 'at cat's meat is indispensable to sausage, I've furnish'd yo wi' a specimen o't choicest koind. If yo breed as many on 'em as possible, an' contriove to loise 'em when kittens in a sarten neybourhood, soa as 'at yo'll kno' wheare to look for 'em after bein' browt up an' fatten'd, it 'ill materially enhance yo'r profits."

"LICHTENSTEIN."

After gi'in t'Isle o' Skoye fellah (whoa wi' his glass to his eye wor examinin' t'cat which I held by't tail) a slap i't chaps wi' it, till they fairly rattled, an' apologeois'd for t'accident, I order'd my barrah to be unscrew'd an' put i't box, to be handed dahn for ivver, an' when Pincher could noa longer stuff hissen, to be stuff'd by sumboddy else, an' put in wi' it. T' company nah brok' up; t'hawse wor cleear'd; an' befoare long all wor fast asleep, an' as still as't garve.

Will Black, whoa, after bein' discharg'd thro't Squoire's sardice as gam-keeper, left t' neybourhood, an' join'd a gang o' thieves, but he wor wot they call'd "unfortunate" i' his new profession, for being convicted o'

theft, he wor committed to't Hawse o' Correction for a month. After a whoile, an' bein' hard up, t'idia struck him 'at if he could but get t'will consarnin' Nancy, a portion o't "swag," as he call'd it, moight becum his to produce it; soa, i' order to carry aht this plan, he'd fun' his way to Drax.

"Varry fortunate," mutter'd Black, as he lay conceal'd i' a ahtshed; "after this guzzlin, they'll sleep sahdndly." Soa, in abaht a nahr after all wor put i' darkness, Will, wi' a mask on his face, an' a small dark lantern i' his hand, moov'd loike a ghoast. Bein' acquainted wi't fastnins o't back door, it wor a easy job for him to get in. He wor sooin at t' Squoire' proivate room, which wor opposite to t' drawin' room, an' wi' his skeletons effected a entrance.

Nah, whoile he wor makin' his way into t' cubbard, I wor bein' disturb'd by Pincher (whoa alhas slept by my dooar,) whoinin' an' serattin'. I couldn't think wot ail'd t' dog, when it struck me 'at he wor varry owd, an' happen at t' far end o' his journey, soa thinkin' I should loike to have a partin' word wi' him, I put on my trahsers, an' cum to him, an' for owt I could see, t'dog wor as weel as ivver. He went tohards top o't stairs, an' as my eyes follah'd him, I see'd t' glimmer ov a leet agean t' wall. I crept softly dahn stairs, an' seein't room dooar oppen, an' a leet in it, I crept loike a cat to peep thro't nick o't dooar, an' theare he wor, wi' his "Black" face, owhawlin' t' papers. I dubbl'd my shirt sleeves up, an' waited for him, pantin' to hav howd on him. In a bit he cum aht, chucklin', "I've got it!" "An' I've got thee!" I croy'd seizin' him by t' throat, an' dashin' him to t' grahnd, then gettin' my knee into his stomach, whoile I croy'd, "Help, help!—James!—Squoire!—onnyboddy!—ivveryboddy!—quick!" an' Pincher wor barkin' an' runnin' up an' dahn t' stairs loike a lad. Then follard sich a clatterin' o' feet, an croys o' "Wot'st matter?" as yo niver heeard! "Oh," I sed, "it's nobbut a chap heare, Squoire, 'at thinks yo've rather too much, an' as he's hardly enuff it 'ud be as weel to level things a bit." Wot paper's that?" ask'd t' Squoire. I handed it to him, when he exclaim'd, "Good heavens! my will!—whoa can t' miscreant be?" I sed we'd sooin see; an' as I dragged t' mask off his face, "Will Black!" burst from ivvery tung. "Wot!" I sed, "is it that curs'd villain?" an I sent my knee under t' short rib, which made him cry, "Mercy, mercy!" "Mercy!" I repeated; what mercy did ta show me when tha robb'd me o' all I held deear on earth? Wot mercy did ta shaw that poor choild tha struck senseless at Goole? Mercy! I could drag t' black heart aht o' thy rascally body." "John, John," croy'd Nancy, "doan't harm him, but leave him to't law." "Well," I sed, "when a angel pleads for the devil, it's not for me to owd aht;" but I kept him wheare he wor till't constable cum an' tuk him to't lock-up. T'next day, T'squoire committed him to York, an' he wor afterwards fun' guilty an' transported for loife.

After this, t' Squoire grew marvellously foud ov me, an' ahr felicity wor complete; he loikewise fun Billy Methody an' his woife a comfortable hoame i' Will Black's owd cottage, under t' wood, wheare they wor as happy as t' days wor long, an' spent a day wi' us at t' hawse ivvery week, when we tok'd ovr t' owd toimes, an' generally chanted a verse o'

"Rahnd Legs to Wadsley went!"

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VNIVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTINI



The Salamanca Corpus