

*The Salamanca Corpus*

VNIVERSITAS  
STVDII  
SALAMANTINI



*John Hartley's Sammywell Grimes and his Wife Mally  
(1876)*

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GRIMES AN'  
MALLY  
LAIKIN' I'  
LAKELAND.



Sammywell Grimes  
an his Wife Mally

Làikin' i' Làkeland

A HUMOUROUS ACCOUNT OF THEIR VISIT  
TO THE HOME OF FAMOUS POETS, &c., &c.

By JOHN HARTLEY

AUTHOR OF "CLOCK ALMANACK," "YORKSHIRE LYRICS,"  
"SEETS I' LUNDUN," "GRIMES' TRIP TO AMERICA," ETC.

"I stood at eve by beauteous Windermere—  
The sinking sun shed streams of shimmering gold  
Upon the waters rippling in mine ear,  
Upon the wavelets as they onward rolled.  
How peaceful and how glorious was the scene!  
Pure, bright, and calm, the hours of coming night;  
Joyous and free—triumphantly serene,  
A view of splendour—with rich beauties dight.  
I deeply drank at this blest fount of good;  
And pondered on the visions 'fore mine eyes  
And thought how glad was Nature's habitude—  
How fraught with lustrous lightness and surprise.  
And my rapt soul gave way to bursts of glee,  
As glad I pondered on this inland sea."

CHAS. F. FORSHAW, L.L.D.

*Yours Truly,  
John Hartley*

LONDON:  
W. NICHOLSON & SONS, LIMITED,  
26, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.,  
AND ALBION WORKS, WAKEFIELD.

DEDICATION.

TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND  
DR. CHAS. F. FORSHAW, L.L.D.

To whom I am deeply indebted for  
many kindnesses, including  
the permission to insert the beautiful  
SONNETS,

written by him on the occasion of his visit  
to the LAKE DISTRICT,  
some years ago, a full account of which is  
given in his book entitled

"TEN DAYS IN LAKELAND,"  
I dedicate this simple Yorkshire Sketch  
as a small token of

ADMIRATION AND GRATITUDE

From his sincere Friend,

JOHN HARTLEY.

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# GRIMES AN' MALLY LAIKIN' I' LAKELAND.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A BIT OV A CHANGE.

SAMMYWELL GRIMES and his wife Mally had just breakfasted and Sammywell had gone out, to see, he said, what prospect there was of a fine day. Mally, however shook her head and muttered: "He cares nowt abaat th' weather. He connot chait me. If he's tuppence in his pocket he mun be off an spend it. It isn't at aw can't thoil it him, but aw think sometimes he mud do summat else wi his brass. But tawkin abaat him willn't get this weshin done, soa aw may as weel mak a beginnin." And she was soon in the midst of steam and surrounded by heaps of soiled clothes, and as she expressed it,—“Up to her een i' wark.” In a short time Sammywell returned.

"Well, Mally, tha'rt at it agean. Aw nivver saw sich a woman for makkin a mooild."

"Tha says reight, awm at it agean, an it seems to me 'at aw have to keep at it. It's ivvery day alike, workin an tewin throo morn to neet wi hardly time to sit daan to get mi meals. Ther'll nivver be onny rest for me till awm put under th' sod, an then somdy 'll miss me."

"Why, lass, aw think tha does sadly to mich. Couldn't ta get some woman to come in an gie thi a helpin hand?"

"Ther's nubdy 'll gie me a helpin hand unless they get paid for it, an aw've noa brass to pay onnybody wi, an awm sewer tha has'nt, an if tha had tha'd rayther swill it daan thi throit nor pay for a wesher-woman."

"Mally, tha knows that isn't trewth. It's true we havn't mich to stir on, but we're nooan soa badly off as tha tries to mak aght. Tha knows 'all wark an noa play maks Jack a dull boy,' an aw think if tha'd work a bit less an laik a bit mooar tha'd be better booath i' health an i' temper."

"Aw dooant know at awther mi health or mi temper ail owt, but awm abaat stawld, aw connot deny that."

"Why, lass, aw think it's abaat time we made a bit ov a change. Tha knows tha'rt a bit aggrayatin sometimes, but aw dooant wonder at it, an aw dooant want to loise thi just yet, an ther's noa reason why aw should if tha'll nobbut agree to stop this ivverlastin workin an have a spell o' laikin a bit."

"Tawk sense, Sammywell, an then aw'll hearken to thi."

"That's what awm tryin to do. Nah, luk here. Suppooas tha leeaves things jist as they are, an we shut up th' shop, an wi th' key in us pocket wi goa away for a wick or two an enjoy ussen?"

"Ha tha tawks! What sooart of a haase does ta think we should have to come back to? An whear's th' brass to come throo?"

"That's what tha allus says when aw say a word abaat givin thee a bit ov a rest an a bit ov enjoyment. Bless mi life! Ther's nubdy 'll run away wi th' haase if we left it for six months, an as for th' brass,—well,—we hav'nt onny too mich to stir on, but we con scrape up enuff to buy a railway ticket an when we're away we can live th' same as we do when we're at hooam, an maybe cheaper."

"That's all nonsense! Aw've nooan forgotten th' time when tha tuk me to Blackpool. We didn't land thear wol nooin, an befoor we went to bed tha'd spent moor nor wod ha kept us at hooam for a wick. An suppooas somdy had to braik into th' haase an rob us ov all th' bits o' things we've managed to get together."

"Well, tha can leav th' key wi awr Hepsabah, an shoo can luk after th' haase wol we're away."

"Awr Hepsabah! Catch me leeavin th' key wi her! Shoo'd ransack ivvery box an drawer ther is ith' haase an tak ivvery stitch o' clooas shoo could find;—aw know awr Hepsabah."

"Well, shoo couldn't tak mich for tha sed tother day at tha'd hardly a rag to thi back."

"Nivver thi mind what aw sed tother day. Tha'rt nooan gooin to drag me off to Blackpool agean. Aw gate a sickener last time."

"Aw've nivver mentioned Blackpool. Aw want us to goa somewhear we've nivver been befor;—somewhear at tha can rest thi weary booans an have nowt to do but ait an drink an sleep, an get back some roosies to thi cheeks like tha used to have, an net be sich a wizzened old woman at when aw walk aght wi thi fowk think it's mi mother."

"Nay, Sammywell, aw willn't ha that, for tha knows fowk have takken me to be thi dowter, time an time agean."

"Well, some fowk are varry short seeted. But what does ta think abaat gooin an spendin a few days ith' Lake district? Aw've nivver been, but fowk tell me it's a grand place."

"Lake district,—whear's that? Aw've nivver heeard tell on it. If it's i' some foreign country awm net gooin. Tha can goa an welcome, but net me, aw know a gam worth two o' that."

"Railiee, Mally, awm ashamed on thi! Doesn't ta know whear th' Lake district is? Why, mun, that's whear th' great poets lived. Wordsworth an Shelley an Coleridge, an awm net sewer whether Shakspeare an poet Close haven't been thear. It fairly reeks wi poetical memories. Tha's noa idea what a grand place it is. Awm nubbut feeard if tha sees it once tha'll nivver want to leavay it."

"Nooan o' thi gammon! If ther's nowt to recommend it nobbut its havin been th' hooam ov a cletch o' poets, aw dooant want to goa. Tha calls thisen a poet when tha's had a extra twopenoth, an aw know what soart ov a place this is. It'll be a poor shop if it has to depend on poets! Thank gooidness, my dowter wed a paarloom wayver, an they can have a joint o' mait for ther sundy's dinner, an net have to put up wi porridge an puddin, an net allus enuff o' that!"

"But, Mally, that's hardly true, for tha must admit we've allus had enuff an a bit to spare, an tha knows, a poet lives a gooid deal on imagination."

"Well, aw know his wife does, for it's varry little o' owt else shoo has to live on, but awd rather sit daan to a gooid dinner, nor hear thee read a poem. But if tha's made up thi mind to goa to th' Lakes, aw'll goa wi thi. But, mark this, if aw goa awm gooin like a lady should goa; awm nooan gooin to fill mi belly wi poetry, aw want summat moor solid."

"Well, then, tha'd better frame an get ready, for we shall start next Monday, soa tha hasn't mich time; an dooant goa an kill thisen wi weshin an scrubbin befor we start, an dooant provide onny jock for us to tak wi us, for we shall be able to get all we want when we get thear. Awst tak nowt wi me except a yollo walkin stick. Nubdy'll know us when we get thear, an aw intend us to goa like a gentleman an lady who is summat an has summat."

"That's all reight, Sammywell, but tha's nivver sed owt abaat whear th' brass has to come throo."

"Noa, an awm net gooin to. It's my business is that."

"We'll see abaght that. Aw may as weel tell thi 'at tha can get nowt aght o'th' co-op, for aw've drawn aght ivvery penny."

"Is that soa? What's ta done wi it?"

"That's my business."

"All reight, lass. Ther's nowt to grummel abaght. Aw'st ax thi for nooan."

"Tha'd get nooan if tha did, for aw've bowt a new bonnet, a reglar spanker! It'll just be the thing to goa laikin in. But tha'll want a new hat. Tha's worn that old thing wol awm shamed to see thi goa aght o'th' door.\* Aw've seen one 'at'll just suit thi, an aw'll treat thi to it, and then tha'll luk as if tha belanged somdy. Aw wish tha had a bit moor pride, same as me."

"Pride! Ha can a chap feel like havin onny pride when his tongue is as dry as a lime kiln, an his throit ommost made up wi dust? If awd drawn th' co-op brass, one o'th' furst things aw shud ha sed wod ha been, 'Nah, Mally lass, what are ta gooin to have?' But tha nivver thinks abaat onnybody but thisen."

"Tha knows that isn't true, Sammywell. But if tha's getten brass enuff to tak us off to Windermere for a wick or two, tha can afford to pay for what tha wants to sup withaath botherin me."

"All reight, lass! Wait wol aw get thee whear nubdy knows us an then aw'll show thi. Does ta

think aw've noa moor sense nor to hug mi brass abaat i' mi pocket?"

"Well, aw have nowt noa less nor a sovrin, an aw've two or three things to pay for, but if tha'll get it changed for me, tha can have sixpence for thisen."

"Sixpence is all aw want,—let's have hold o' thi yello boy."

"Thear it is, an mind tha doesn't loise it."

"Awm nooan i'th' habit o' loisin onny brass. It isn't oft aw've a chance."

Sammywell put on his hat an went aght, leavin Mally varry uneasy abaat th' sovrin he'd getten. "Aw hooap he'll net meet onnybody he knows, if he does awm feear'd sixpence willn't satisfy him. He's varry free wi his brass when he's i' cumpny, especially, if it isn't his. Aw wonder whear he's getten th' brass to pay for us gooin away wi. He's net stown it, aw know that, an aw dooant believe he could borrow it; an awm sewer he's nivver worked for it,—he's moor sense-ner that. But aw'll find it aght some day, for he'll be safe to tell me when he's had a extra twopenoth. Soa aw mun wait and see."

Sammywell was not long away. "Nah then, old woman, what's ta think abaat this for style? Aw've bowt this yollo walkin stick for a bob, an this hat for hawf a craan. What does ta think on em?"

"Why, aw think nowt abaat em. Onnybody 'at sees thi wi a stick like that 'll think tha'rt some country gawby 'at's been to a fair an bowt a toffy stick, an as for that hat;—whativver



possessed thi to get a thing like that? Ther's nubdy wears a hat like that nobbut priests an parsons."

"That's just what aw bowt it for. When aw get a white choker on ther'll nubdy be able to tell aw ammot a parson. Tha doesn't understand things, but if tha'd travelled as mich as me, tha'd know summat. Noa matter ha craaded a train or a tram may be, as sooin as they see this hat, th' guard an poorters will find me a seeat whear aw shalln't be thrusen, an if ther's noa raam in a third class carriage, they'll put me into a furst. Mun, they allus luk after parsons an sich like, an if tha pools a long face an luks solemn, an can keep thi maath shut, tha'll see we shall be able to travel like th' Archbishop an his wife, an net pay mich. Parsons are nivver expected to give tips and that's a consideration."

"It's noa use for me to say owt if tha's made up thi mind to mak a foil o' thisen, nowt aw can say will alter thi mind. But tha's sed nowt abaat my change aht o'th' sovrin."

"Here it is sithee, caant it. Tha'll find sixteen shillin."

"Sammywell, that's th' last time tha'll ivver get a sovrin changed for me. It's like highway robbery, it's nowt else!"

"Tha'rt nivver satisfied. Awm dooin mi best for thi an still aw cannot pleas thi. Awd be shamed to goa on i' sich a way ovver a paltry four bob. Wait till aw get thee to Windermere an aw'll show thi ha to spend brass."

"Tha's noa need to tak me to Windermere to

show me that. Aw can see enuff at hooam. Aw dooant luk forrad to enjoyin missen one bit, an awm moor ner hawf inclined to stop at hooam an let thi goa bi thisen."

"That'll suit me up to th' knocker."

"Aw know that, but aw shall goa, if aw have to walk ivvery step o'th' rooad. Tha's been away bi thisen once too oft."

"Well, awm gooin to get th' tickets i'th' mornin, an then we'st be ready. Tha knows awm takkin this trip entirely on thy accaant, for aw care nowt abaat it, but aw've nooaticed latly 'at tha's fallen off thi aitin an tha doesn't seem weel, an what wod ha to become o' me if owt happened to thee? Awst be lost! Aw want thi to get some rooasies onto thi cheeks, an hear thi sing an laff like tha used to do. Tha'rt nooan a old woman yet. Bless mi life! If tha plucks up a bit ther's nooan o'th' young ens can hold a cannal to thi. It isn't ha monny years one's lived 'at maks em old. If tha'll keep thi heart young tha'll nivver grow old. Mak a sup o' teah an put a drop o' braan cream into it, that 'll liven thi up a bit."

"Well, aw do feel as if summat o' that soart wod breeten me up a bit, an if tha arn't too tired, here's a shillin, sithee, an ther's a bottle ith' cubbord, thoo awm sewer we cannot afford it."

"Cannot afford it! Be hanged to that tale! If tha wants it we'll afford it."

"It's varry gooid o' thee, Sammywell, to tak soa mich care on me. Be as sharp back as tha

con. If it worn't for thee aw dooant know what wud become on me. (He's a bit ov a foil sometimes but he's gooid ith' bottom. Aw made a fatty cake this mornin an he shall have it to his teah. It doesn't tak mich to pleeas him.")

"An nah, old lass, aw hooap tha'll bother me noa moor abaat this affair," sed Sammywell, "Aw've gotten all arranged an tha's nowt to do but just be ready at th' time. We shall tak noa baggage soas we shalln't be bothered wi' it."

"But, aw cannot goa withaat mi umberel, Sammywell, tha knows it goas whear aw goa."

"Tha doesn't meean to say tha'rt gooin to tak that old gingham! Aw tell thi we're gooin as millianaires, an if tha taks that old thing wi thi it'll gie th' whooal thing away."

"It maks noa matter,—that umberella goas wi me or else we stop at hooam."

"Well, do as tha likes, but remember my character is at stake."

"Awm nooan gooin to tell fowk thy character, soa tha can mak thi mind easy."

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One day, when feelin varry queer,—  
 Net knowin what to do,—  
 Thinks aw, aw'll goa to Windermere,  
 An Mally shall goa to;  
 Fowk say it is a charmin spot,  
 Wi Lakes an Maantains grand,—  
 Aw wish 'at we could own a cot  
 In sich a favoured land!

Awm quite content wi things near hooam,—  
 Old Yorksher's hills an dales;  
 But a wild hankerin to rooam,  
 At times o'er me prevails.  
 When cronkt beside mi ingle nook,  
 Aw dreeam ov joys long fled,  
 An in a claad o' bacco smook,  
 See visions that have sped.

Goa whear aw will awm allus fain  
 To come back hooam to rest,  
 An live mi pleasures o'er agean  
 Wi them mi heart loves best.  
 An aw should think misen unwise,  
 An feel mi lot wor hard  
 To allus dwell beneath thoas skies  
 'At hang o'er awr back yard.

It's easier to draw a tooith  
 Ner get Mally to stir;  
 Shoo allus has soa mich to do,—  
 Ther's few 'at tew like her.  
 Shoo seems to think this world wod stop  
 An all things goa to wrack,  
 Unless shoo's allus on the spot,  
 To keep it on th' reight track.

But this time aw've made up mi mind,  
 'At goa shoo shall, schews ha!  
 One mun be cruel to be kind,  
 An aw'll be th' maister, nah.  
 Aw wish 'at yo could all goa to,—  
 But that aw know can't be,  
 For yo'd enjoy a gradely doo  
 Wi Mally Grimes an me.

## CHAPTER II.

### BEAUTIFUL WINDERMERE.

"NAH, Sammywell, we may as weel consider this noocation ov gooin to Lakeland all ovver, for aw tell thi plainly, if aw connot tak this umberel wi me, aw dooant goa, an if aw stop at hooam tha'll ha to stop too! Aw dooant know what's come ovver thi. When tha went to Lundun tha wor fain to tak it, an whearivver tha's gooan its allus been thi companion. It's aboon fifty year old if it's a day, an a deaal moor sarvicable yet nor one tha can buy. What if it is old fashioned? Soa are we! Ther's moor sense i' huggin a thing like that nor a yollo toffy stick like that tha's bowt. It isn't oft tha let's me have mich ov mi own way, but awm detarmined to have it this time! Awther that umberel goas wi us or we stop at hooam; soa that sattles it."

"All reight, lass, but if tha taks it, tha'll ha to hug it. Aw'll ha nowt to do wi it, for aw wodn't be seen wi it at a hen race!"

"Tha'll be fain to creep under it when it comes on to rain."

"Do as tha likes; an nah, has ta gotten all ready?"

"If tha leeaves ivverything to me, tha'll be all reight. Has ta gotten th' brass ready, tell me that, aw've seen nowt on it yet."

"Th' brass is all reight, tha can mak thisen content abaat that."

"Aw want nooan o' thi brass,—net aw marry! Ha mich has ta gotten?"

"That's my business."

"Aw dooant believe tha's gotten onny at all. But tha needn't ax me for onny, for aw wodn't gie thi a hawpny,—noa, net a hawpny! Noa, net if mi pocket wor runnin ovver wi it. It'll be a bonny come off if we find ussen at Windermere, baght brass, an have to tramp back. Aw shouldn't be a bit capt."

"Hold thi din! Does ta think awm a foil?"

"Awm nooan forced to tell what aw think. If aw did tha'd hear some varry unpleasant things sometimes."

At last, all their little differences were settled. Early next morning they made their way to the Station, and with little delay found themselves comfortably seated in a carriage all alone, "Nah, aw tell'd thi, Mally, we should be all reight if tha left things to me."

"Time enuff to talk abaat that when we've been an gotten back."

Nothing occurred during the journey deserving particular mention. Mally slept most of the

time and Sammywell entertained himself with smoking and gazing through the windows. At eleven o'clock a.m., the train drew slowly into the Station. It was a glorious morning in September and everything looked its brightest and best.

"Nah, Mally," sed Grimes, "We've landed safe at last, but whativver has ta gotten thear? It luks as if we wor gooin to play golf, an tha wor to be th' caddie. Whativver is it? Aw nivver nooaticed it befoor."

"If tha worn't gaumless tha'd know what it is. It's mi umberal if tha wants to know. Let's be gettin on to see this wonderful lake tha's been tawkin soa mich abaat."

"Just a minnit, Mally;—aw dooant know ha tha feels, but awm awfully dry."

"Same as usual, Sammy; aw believe if tha'd to be draand tha'd still be dry."

"Here's a daycent lukkin shop, let's goa in here. What will ta have?"

"Aw'll ha nowt! Aw hav'nt come here to sup an gussle i' public haases."

"A glass o' bitter if yo pleas, miss. By th' heart! but it's a little glass; it nobbut luks like a pup o' one aw get at hooam. Thrippence, did yo say? Well, well, it's plenty o'th' sooart, but aw must say it's th' warst an th' dearest drink aw ivver had. If aw find owt war nor that wol awm at Windermere aw'll come for another, but ther's net mich likelihud o' that. Come on, Mally."

"It's daan reight robbery, it's nowt else," sed Mally. "Whear's th' watter?"

"Aw know noa moor abaat it, nor thee, but aw'll ax one o' theas chaps. Heigh! lad! con ta tell us whear th' lake is?"

"Drive you down, sir, for sixpence each."

"This way, sir, for the golf links," sed another, an withaat waitin for onny directions, we wor grab'd an shoved into a landhaw an wor ridin away like as if we'd been th' Lord Mayor an his wife. It wor nobbut a short distance, but it wor varry nice an suited Mally famously.

"Bowness!" sed th' driver as he pulled up.

"Bowness be blowed!" sed Sammywell, "we wanted to goa to Windermere Lake."

"This is the lake, you started from Windermere,—you'll find its all right."

"Well, it doesn't mak mich difference. On a mornin like this, fowk can be happy onnywhear. Come on, Mally, here's th' watter, sithee. Nah, isn't this a grand spot?"

"It ails nowt doesn't this. Luk what a lot o' little booats! Ther must be scoors on em. It licks all. Let's sit daan a bit an then we'll see after some lodgins whear we can leeav theas things, for we connot enjoy ussen if we have to drag em abaat all th' day."

"Would you like to have a row on the lake this morning?" sed a chap. "It's a delightful day for a trip. The lady will enjoy it I'm sure."

"Awm net soa sewer abaat that. Shoo's a bit like me, for shoo's a varry kittle stummack. We shall want summat bigger ner a clooas

basket to ride in when we ventur onto that pond."

"Well, then, why not have a sail on the steamer which leaves here in a few minutes for Ambleside? A pleasant sail for a shilling."

"That saands summat like. What does ta think, Mally?"

"Do just as tha likes; owt'll do for me."

"Then, we'll goa, an nah if tha can tell us whear to leeave all this parafinalia, we'll mak a start."

"Come this way, sir, and put all you wish to leave into this little cabin, and I will guarantee they will be safe until you return."

The things were soon stored away, and greatly relieved, Sammywell and Mally made their way on to the boat. They were gazing in astonishment at the beauties on every hand, when an elderly gentleman approached them, and entered into conversation.

"What a charming day," he said, "you are visitors, I presume?"

"Nobbut just landed," sed Grimes.

"I shall be pleased to act as guide during our sail, if you would like it. It is a little more than six miles to Ambleside and there are many things of interest as we pass along. You will notice the beauty of the lake, which is the largest in England, being 11 miles long and in its widest part 1700 yards in breath. Its depth is more than 200 feet. The water comes from many mountain streams and flows by the Seven into Morecambe Bay."

"Aw thowt aw knew summat abaat it as sooin as ivver aw clapt mi een on it," sed Mally. "Tha rememb' when we wor at Morcum last summer, we s' some watter thear 'at just lukt like this."

"Beautiful woods, as you can see, rise from the shore, especially on the western side, and in this month, September, are exceedingly beautiful. We are in a very elevated position here, for the serface of the lake is more than 100 fathoms above sea level. It contains plenty of fish, pike, char, perch and trout. In calm weather, the serene beauty of the lake, and the richness of its borders, with the mountains which surround it, make a picture not easily forgotten, and fill the mind with a feeling of pure and peaceful pleasure. Bowness Bay, from which we started is now a busy little place, the smartest fleet of yachts to be found anywhere are here. Bowness is the most convenient starting point for visiting other parts of the lake district. It is rich in associations of some of the most celebrated writers of the last century, including, Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, Christopher North, De Quincey, Coleridge, Harriet Martineaw, Mrs. Hemans, Ruskin, &c. There to the left rise Langdale pikes the most striking of all the mountains, and further you can see Bowfell and Scawfell, and beyond again are Wetherlam and the Coniston Old Man, but we are now nearing the landing place. This is Ambleside, a quiet, quaint village, where no doubt you will find much to interest you."

"But excuse me, mister,—aw dunnot know yor name, but if yo've nowt else particlar on hand at present, aw hooap yo'll stop wi us a bit longer, at onny rate we'll have a drink together befor we part, for we're varry mich obleeged to yo for tawkin to us, an tellin us a lot o' things we should nivver ha known but for yo, an me an my wife are Yorksher yo know, an we've net come here baght brass, an it's agean awr principal to spunge on onnybody, soa, if yo pleeas, pilot us into th' first licensed haase 'at yo know whear we can get a refresher an tawk things over."

"My name is Smart, Jonas Smart, and like yourselves, I hail from Yorkshire. I have, however, been living at Windermere for 12 years, and not having any business to attend to, have devoted much of my time to wandering about this beautiful district. If my company is not objectionable, it will give me much pleasure to accompany you, from day to day, and direct you to the places most worth visiting. Here is the County Temperance Hotel, where you can obtain refreshments of the best."

"Thank yo varry mich, Jonas, but my old woman nivver will goa into a temperance place. Yo see, it's this way, we once stopt at a place o' that sooart: when we wor at Leeds, an ther wor soa mich cumpny i' awr bed wol we couldn't get a wink o' sleep; ha monny we killed between us aw couldn't tell, but shoo says, thaa-sands, an shoo declares shoo can smell 'em as sooin as iver shoo puts her nooas into th'

place, soa if yo've noa objections, we'll goa into a place whear we'st net be likely to meet Lloyd George, nor onny ov his desciples, they tax a body's patience too mich."

"Well, then, let us try this one, I can recommend this."

"Nah, this luks summat like. Come, Mally, sit thi daan, an say what's it to be, an Jonas an me 'll luk after ussen."

"Tha knows, Sammywell, aw dooant believe i' fowk drinkin liquors soa sooin on i'th' day, but aw feel as if a sandwich an a drop o' whiskey an watter wod cure this sinkin feelin aw have i' mi stummack, but tha needn't order a glass for me, get one for thisen an aw'll taste wi thee."

"Nay, nooan soa, lass,—it's gooin to be share an share alike! Aw know what thy tastin wi me meeans. Here Adolfuls! Aw dooant know thi name,—but bring us three drops o' Scotch, an three ham sanwichses."

"Can't supply you with sandwiches, sir, you are just in time for dinner, if you wish it."

"Dinner! oh, well, but what do yo charge?"

"Three and sixpence each, wine extra."

"All reight, lad. Bring us summat to sup. We may be millionaires, but we dooant want to spend all we have. Did ta iver hear owt like that, Mally?"

"It's just what aw expected, if tha'd let me bring summat to ait wi us, as aw wanted to do, an a drop o' whiskey in a bottle, we shouldn't ha been impoosed on i' this way."

If awd nobbut had a bit o' sense, aw should ha done different."

"What's th' use o' tawkin. If tha'd nobbut had a bit o' sense, tha'd ha stopt at hooam. Tha'rt allus findin fault. Nah, maister, ha mich do aw owe for this lot?"

"One and six, please."

"Fiddle sticks! They're nobbut three two-pennoths. Well, here gooas,—tak it aght o' that. Wait wol aw catch thee at Bradforth an aw'll taich thi summat."

"Thank you, sir,—Beautiful day for the time of year, isn't it?"

"Well, it owt to be, yo charge fowk for it. They may weel call it Ambleside, but awst amble on tother side for th' futer. Sup up an let's be gettin on. Nah, Mister Jonas, lead th' way."

Aw have noa wealth i' gold or lands,  
Noa jewels rich an rare;  
But aw've mi health an willin hands  
Soa what need aw to care.  
This world holds riches fair an fine  
For ivverybody free,  
Then why sit daan to freecat an pine,  
Ther's quite enuff for thee.

Some chaps will grummel all day long,  
Schews ha yo try to pleas em,  
Aw nobbut laff an sing a song,  
It pleases me to teaze em.  
Becoss a chap owns moor nor me,  
I' coins or gems or acres,  
Yet that's noa reason aw should be  
One o' theas mischief makers.

He owns noa moor o'th' sky an stars,  
Noa moor o'th' boundin ocean,  
Awn net as feear'd o' strikes an wars  
As he is, aw've a noocation.  
His wife may wear a costly gaon,  
Have silks an laces plenty;  
Shoo may own th' biggest haase i'th' taan  
An still her heead be empty.

My Mally's worth her weight i' gold,  
This fact will, maybe, cap her,  
Although shoo's poor an gettin old  
Aw wodn't like to swap her.  
We're bun fast wi affection's chain,  
Nah, listen, henpeckt brother,  
If aw'd mi life to live agean  
Awd wed her an noa other.

Soa here aw sit bith' river side,  
Wi flaars an burds all raand me,  
Content wi Mally for my bride,—  
That's true, if net confaand me!  
An wi her tongue shoo me assaults,  
But aw care nowt abaat it,  
Shoo couldn't tell mi o' mi faults—  
As shoo does nah, withaat it.

## CHAPTER III.

## AMONGST NOTED PLACES.

"WHAT wonder, then, if, I whose favourite school  
Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural lanes,  
Look'd on this guide with reverential love?  
Each with the other pleased, we now pursued  
Our journey—beneath favourable skies.  
Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a light  
Unfailing: not a hamlet could we pass,  
Rarely a house, that did not yield to him  
Remembrances; or from his tongue call forth  
Some way-beguiling tale."

"THIS is the beautiful village of Ambleside.  
It is quite a busy little town, and most  
favourably situated, nearly a mile from the head  
of Windermere, and surrounded by hills varying  
in height from one to three thousand feet, all  
rich with wood and crag. The buildings are of  
various styles, a few, quite new in appearance,  
but the majority having an old-time aspect  
which carries one's thought back to the past.  
Prosperous looking shops, well stocked with  
goods displayed to tempt the passer by, some

in which pictures of the notable points of interest and beauty to be found in the locality, with guides of all excellencies from the humble and handy penny to the artistic and beautifully bound volumes at prices beyond the means of the average excursionist. Hotels and Inns which promised comfort and rest. Here it will be wise to take a conveyance and journey as far as Grasmere."

"All reight! Come on, Mally;—we're nooan gooin to walk thee to deeach. As long as th' brass lasts, tha shall have all th' comfort we can get thi."

It worn't a varry stylish affair, but it suited Mally, an shoo wor soa takken up wi what shoo saw, wol th' joltin didn't seem to bother her.

"Now we shall see many noted places, amongst others we pass Rydal Village, Rydal Mount, and Rydal Water, past Wordsworth's Seat."

"Ay, aw should like to stop at Rydal Water," said Mally, "That oldest lass o' Tom Ainsworth, —her 'at wed Tommy Duck,—tha knows who aw meean,—wor sent to Rydal Watter when shoo'd that bad spell o' yoller Jooanas, an it made a new woman on her, an shoo's nivver lukt back sin. We mun be sewer an see that."

The coachman was asked to pull up and the three descended.

"It's a bonny spot to say th' leeast on it," sed Grimes, "an what do yo call that big hill opposite,—it'll have a name o' some sooart aw reckon."

"That is Nab Sear, rich in foliage, and a



most picturesque object at all seasons of the year."

"Well, just wait a minnit," sed Mally, "aw mun have a taste o' that watter 'at did Liza Jane soa mich gooid. We allus called her Liza Jane, tho' that worn't her name, for shoo'd been kurseded Rebecca," an Mally ventured close to the edge of the Lake and stooping down to get some watter in the hollow of her hand, overbalanced, and fell with a splash into the Lake, but was immediately rescued by Grimes, who was near at hand. She was not in any danger, however, for the water was not more than 12 inches deep at the spot.

"What the hangment are ta tryin to do?" sed Sammywell, "if tha's made up thi mind to commit Susanside, come on here whear it's deeper, tha'll nivver manage it thear. Aw nivver saw sich a old fool i' mi life! Tha taks moor lukkin after ner a four year old child. Has ta had enuff thinks ta? Tha can have another dip if tha likes."

"Hold thi din, do! Aw knew summat wod happen if aw left hooam wi sich a gaumless hawbuck as thee. Tha owt to be shamed o' thisen!"

"Ah, well, little mishaps will occur at times, but let us be thankful that no harm has been done," said Mister Smart, soothingly.

"Aw wodn't ha cared a button if awd had mi old bonnet on, but this is my new en 'at aw bowt o' purpose. It'll nivver be fit to be seen agean. An it's all thy fault, Sammywell, an

tha'll ha to buy me another, an tha'd better gie me th' brass nah wol tha has some i' thi pocket!"

"Well, say noa moor abaat it, old lass, here's sixpence, sithee, an tha can't get a faaler nor that choose ha mich tha spends."

"Aw want nooan o' thi sixpence;—keep it thisen wol tha gets to a butcher's shop, an buy some brains wi it, for awm sewer tha needs em."

"All reight, lass, tha knows aw allus tak thy advice when aw think tha knows better ner me. But aw think we've seen enuff o' Rydal Watter, unless tha wants another duckin, an we'd better move on, for aw feel a bit peckish. What say yo, Mister Smart?"

"I think as we are in the vicinity, we had better see Dove Cottage, the early residence of the poet Wordsworth."

"That's soa. Aw shouldn't like to miss that, becoss aw've heeard soa mich abaat it. Will it cost owt?"

"Only a shilling."

"Aw thowt as mich. What says ta, owd woman? Mun we have a bob's worth."

"Thee goa if tha likes, but awd rayther see th' inside ov a cook's shop."

"Tak noa noatice ov her, Mister Smart; shoo's noa taste for sich things. A poet's noa moor to her nor a heeap o' muck o'th' rooad side."

"Tha says reight thear, if tha'rt a sample. Aw've noa use for sich like."

"Now look. Here is the house that is renowned throughout the world as having been once the home of the immortal Bard."

"An a varry nice place it is," sed Sammywell, "aw think aw could write poetry, if aw lived in a place like that. Aw wonder what rent he had to pay. Moor nor aw could afford aw fancy."

"Tha'll nivver live in a haase like it. In fact tha'll be lucky if tha has a haase o' onny-sooart if tha doesn't alter," sed Mally.

"Thee shut up! It's a waste o' brass to bring thee here, for tha can see noa beauty i' nowt. It wod mak a grand place for a beer shop if aw could get a license, but awm feear'd ther wodn't be monny customers becoss it's rayther aght o'th' way."

"It wodn't need monny customers if tha had it, for tha could keep a little brewery gooin witha'at onny help."

"Dooant tawk. Tha'd be ready enuff to help."

Inside we went and even Mally seemed interested, and after inspecting the rooms and listening to its history, with which Mister Smart was well acquainted, we inscribed our names in the book kept for that purpose, and then took a short and much needed rest whilst our guide went to explore the garden. Sammywell drew from his pocket a book written by a well known Bradford poet, and read alaad to Mally the following lines,—

"Beneath this hallowed roof,—for eight long years  
A prince of poets lived, and gave to men  
Sweet tributes of his loved poetic pen;  
Rich gems that vie with any of his peers.  
Could I invoke from spirit realms afar  
Those blessings which to him were freely given,  
Then would my pen like meteoric star  
Shining more clear than any in high heaven  
Strike out with sparkling languagē, choice,  
devine,

And give the world such garlands of delight,  
That some in coming days would at *my* shrine  
Bow down and tender blossoms fair and white,  
But Wordsworth's mantle never can be donned,  
It went with him into the Bright Beyond."

"Nah, Mally, what does ta think o' that? Nooan soa bad for Yorksher is it?"

"It saands varry nice, but aw dooant quite understand it. Can ta tell me why they call this 'Dove Cottage?' Aw dooant see onny pigeons abaat. It ud be a nice place to keep a few an a two or three hens owt. to do nicely here. Tawkin abaat hens maks me think abaat eggs an aw think aw could just do wi a couple fried wi a slice o' ham."

"If tha wor poetically inclined, thi mind wod be soa full ov thi surraandins 'at tha'd have noa raam for eggs an ham. My belief is tha could see moor beauty in a plate o' ham an eggs nor tha can see i' Rydal Watter!"

"That's true, Sammywell, my taste liggs i' that direction. Rydal Watter may be a fine thing for curin th' yoller Jooanas, but it's poor stuff to fill ones belly on."

"Tha's heeard tell abaat castin swine afoor pearls, an-this is a case i' point."

"And now," said Mr. Smart, "we had better be making the best of our way to Grasmere. It is a homely, cosy looking village and although its lake is small, yet the church and surrounding scenery will well repay a visit. In the church is the marble monument erected to the memory of Wordsworth, and in the churchyard can be seen his grave."

"An is ther a cookshop onny whear handy?" axt Mally.

"There are many places where you can obtain refreshments."

"Well, then, let's be off, for awm fair faint for summat to ait, an a cup o' teah wod be worth sixpence if aw had it just nah. An awm sewer Sammywell is gettin dry."

"Tha does reight to remember me, lass, for awm ommost dried up."

A pleasant walk soon brought them to the village and their wants were soon supplied, after which they strolled leisurely about the village, admiring its many beauties.

Mally sed little, but when asked her opinion replied, "It's just lovely! aw could like to end my days in a place like this."

"If tha'rt anxious," sed Grimes, "ther's nowt to hinder thi, an tha knows we've all to dee sometime. Awm i' noa particular-hurry to be shut on thi, but aw warn thi at awst nooan live bi mysen."

"Tha does'nt need to tell me that. But aw pity her 'at taks thi."

"Aw do wish, Mally, tha'd show a bit o' sense an net talk sich nonsense as tha does, awm sewer Mister Smart 'll be disgusted wi thi. This place owt to put different thowts into thi heead. Natur has done her best to mak it a Paradise, an Wordsworth made it sacred. Just be quite an sit o' this wall wol aw read thi what he sed. abaat it.

"I would call thee beautiful; for mild  
And soft and gay and beautiful Thou art,  
Dear valley, having in thy face a smile,  
Though peaceful, full of gladness, Thou art  
pleased,  
Pleased with thy craggs, and woody steeps, thy  
Lake.

Its own green island, and its winding shores,  
The multitude of little rocky hills,  
Thy church, and cottages of mountain stone,  
Clustered like stars, some few, but-single most,  
And looking dimly in their shy retreats;  
Or glancing at each other's cheerful looks,  
Like seperated stars with clouds between."

"Nah, that's as true an faithful a picter on it to-day as when it wor written fifty year sin."

"Now it is time to think of returning home," said Mr. Smart. "Here is a conveyance ready to take us back to Ambleside in time for the boat for Bowness, and then if you will accompany me to my home at Windermere I am sure my good wife will make you welcome, and after a short rest we shall still have time to see some other place of interest before darkness falls."

They were soon comfortably seated and bowling along happy and content, with the exception of Mally's anxiety as to the condition of her bonnet. Sammywell was in famous spirits and it was as much as he could do to refrain from bursting into song. A light breeze had arisen and tempered the heat rendering the drive most enjoyable. The ferry was soon reached and they stepped on board the "Terne" for the return journey to Bowness. Arrived there, Mr. Smart invited them to go to his house to tea, and they decided to walk to Windermere. The ride from Windermere earlier in the day had appeared very short, but the walk back being all on the rise, proved much more laborious.

"Only a few yards further," said Mr. Smart when the station was reached, and they soon found themselves in a comfortable cottage, where they were introduced to Mrs. Smart, an elderly, motherly-looking Yorkshire woman who at once evidenced her anxiety to do all she could to make her visitors feel at home.

"Thank gooidness!" sed Mally, "it seems as if we'd struck a bit o' christian country at last! Yo wod'nt believe," shoo sed, "ha theas men have dragged me abaat this day! Up hill an daan dale ivver sin we landed this mornin; net a cup o' teah has passed my lips this blessed day, an aw wish aw wor nicely back hoam. If ivver awm lucky enuff to see mi own harstun agean, it'll tak moor ner Grimes to tempt me to leave it."

"O, well,—yo've been doin a bit too mich,

that's all. When yo've had a cup o' teah an a bit o' summat to ait yo'll be rested a bit, an then yo'll feel ready for another jaunt raand."

Sammywell and Mally were shown into an upstairs room where they could have a wash and a brush up, and by the time they descended the table was spread, as only a Yorkshire woman can spread one, and with appetites sharpened with a long fast and fresh air, they gathered round and were soon enjoying the wholesome and abundant fare. Never was tea relished or more highly praised. The newly baked cakes, soddened with fresh butter,—thick cream which made Mally's eyes sparkle, together with a dish of lamb chops, cooked to a turn, was a banquet indeed.

"Dooant stop to be invited,—help yorsen, do," sed Mistress Smart, and they didn't, an they did.

"Aw'st want noa moor for a wick," sed Grimes, as he pushed back his chair;—"if aw could live like that ivveryday aw should want to live for ivver an a day longer!"

"Behave thisen, do," sed Mally, "tha'll mak fowk think tha nivver set daan to a daycent meal befoor."

"Well, aw've manners enuff to leave th' table when aw've had enuff. Awm noan like thee at fills thisen an then caars thear wol it sattles so as tha can start agean."

"Awm full up, that shall be true," sed Mally, "an aw've enjoyed misen famously. What aw should like to know is, what soart o' caahs gives cream like this. It's thick enuff to ait wi a knife an fork. Yo nivver see owt like that i' Bradforth."

"Noa, an tha nivver buys onny lamb chops like them."

"I'm glad to see that you have enjoyed your meal," said Smart, "and now, by way of a fitting winding up of a pleasant day, I suggest that we should take a easy walk to Orrest Head, from which point we obtain the best and most extensive view of the Lake."

"Sewerly, we've trampt an travelled far enuff for one day!" sed Mally.

"We may not have another evening so bright and suitable as this one whilst you remain here. Of course you need not come; your husband and I can go whilst you take a rest, which I am sure you must need."

"That willn't do at all! If Grimes gooa, aw goa. Aw wodn't trust him to goa bi hissenn. He might be all reight wi yo, but yo dooant know him. He isn't to be trusted aght o' mi seet when he's onny brass in his pocket. It willn't tak me aboon a minnit to put mi bonnet on, an then awm ready."

In a short time the three of them were climbing up the path, leading through Elleray Woods to the summit of Orrest Head. This is said to be the best view to be had of the Lake and all its islands. It is not considered a difficult climb, but it is a long one, and Mally, in spite of her determination, and Sammywell's help, had to pause several times on the way. When the summit was reached, they all sat down to rest and recover their breath.

"Sammywell," sed Mally, in a quavering

voice, "Is this what tha calls *Laikin* i' Lakeland?"

"That's just what it is, lass."

"Well, they're welcome to it 'at likes it; but if this is *laikin* aw feel as if awd rayther be back at hooam an doin a day's weshin bi th' way ov a rest."

"O, but luk what a view ther is here."

"Aw've seen views enuff to-day to fit me for a year. It's a thaasand pitties 'at it doesn't belang to th' Bradford corporation."

"Why, what could th' Bradforth corporation do wi it?"

"They'd varry sooin shift some o' theas hills into some o' them hoils an level it up soas it wod be possible for a christian to walk in a bit o' comfort."

"Thart wrang i' thi heead, that's what's th' matter wi thee!"

## CHAPTER IV.

## MALLY'S FIZZIC—NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

A MORE beautiful evening it would be impossible to imagine than the one which we were favoured with as we stood on Orrest Head. The day had been exceptionally hot for the time of year, but a gentle breeze had sprung up which cooled, and seemed to sweeten the atmosphere. The evening was clear and calm and the extensive view was almost startling in its distinctness. Grimes and Mally were so much impressed by it that they were lost in silent admiration. Not until Mr. Smart asked the question, "What do you think of this view?" did they speak.

"It's as bonny as a pictur!" sed Mally.

"It licks all! Shipley Glen an Bolton woods arn't a patch on it!" sed Grimes.

"It does, indeed, look like a scene from fairyland. The soft yellow light makes the Lake appear like a sheet of burnished gold! In the distance you can see Morcambe Bay; the mountains and woods seem bathed in azure, rose and

emerald! Never have I seen it look so charming," said Smart.

"It's well worth th' trubble o' comin to see, but its wonderin ha we're gooin to get back 'at awm thinkin on. Tha's fairly worn me aght, Sammywell," sed Mally.

"Oh, tha'll manage to get back all reight. Tha can lig i' bed all th' day to-morn. Tha sees tha'rt gettin old an feeble, an tha'rt net able to knock abaat same as us young ens. It connot be helpt. Mak up thi mind to put up wi it, an for th' remainder o' th' time we stop here Smart an me'll goa bi ussen an leeav thee at hooam to rest thisen, an then aw'll tell thi all we've done an whear we've been when aw come back."

"Aw may be old an feeble, Sammywell, but awm net simple. Tha's browt me here to pleas thisen an aw'll stick to thi till we get back. Tha's been off galavantin too oft befor time, an its time for somdy to luk after thi."

"Now, we had better be going homewards for it will be dark before me reach home, and the road is rather rough and long," said Smart, and with a sigh of resignation, Mally took Grimes' arm and together they began to descend.

"Has ta onny idea whear we're gooin to sleep to-neet?" axt Mally.

"Aw've nivver gien it a thowt," he sed, "happen Smart can tell us whear to goa, tha mun ax him."

"Awst do nowt o'th' sooart! If tha'll leeav it to me aw'll arrange matters,"

"All reight, lass. Thart gettin awfully clivver i' thi old age."

"Well, aw think its time one on us had a bit o' sense,—an started to use it. Aw know thy way o' managin things o' this soart. Tha'd goa into th' furst big Hothell tha comes too an pay as mich for thi bed an braikfast as tha gives me to provide for booath on us for a wick. Aw dooant know ha mich brass tha has, ner whether its been honestly come by, but we've noa need to waste it. Aw should feel easier i' mi mind if tha gave it to me to tak care on. Tha could keep a shillin or soa for thisen,—aw've nowt to say agean that, but aw think it doesn't luk reight when a man cannot trust his wife," sed Mally.

"Well, that's what aw think, an aw think a wife should trust her husband a bit sometimes. But aw'll tell thi what aw'll do;—aw'll divide it, share an share alike, for if aw dooant tha'll nivver let me have a bit o' peeace. Tha'll natter an natter at me till tha gets it aw know."

"Nah, tha'rt tawkin sense, an aw kenw all th' time 'at tha wodn't be unreasonable, an tha knows it'll be safe wi me."

"Oh, it'll be safe enuff if tha gets hold on it,—too safe awm feard. But let's tawk abaat summat else. Ha wod ta like a bit o' tripe to thi supper? If its weel cooked it's as nice as owt for old teeth."

"Aw want noa supper after sich a drinkin as we had, we'st do nicely wol braikfast-time. An aw wish tha'd stop callin me old, Sammywell. Awm a year younger ner thee, an aw've gooid

teeth yet—different to thine, for tha's nobbut two, one at th' top an one at th' bottom, an they dooant meet, soa tha mud as weel be baght, an tha can't even smook thi pipe withaath holdin it i' thi fist, soa tha hasn't mich to crack on as far as yewth's consarned, an as for beauty, why tha's nivver been bothered wi onny soa tha's nooan to loise. Net but what ther's war-lukkin old men ner thee if yo goa far enuff to find 'em, but awm nooan gooin into foriegn pairts to hunt for 'em."

"Nah, that's enuff. Aw think tha'rt tryin to get my rag aght. But if aw ammot hansom awm imposin, tha cannot deny that."

"Noa, that's trew enuff; tha'd impooas on onnybody 'at didn't know thi."

Darkness was now fast falling, and the lights of the Railway shone out brightly,—a welcome sign to our wayfarers that their toilsome journey was near an end. A minute or two more brought them to Smart's cottage which they entered, much to the delight of Mrs. Smart and themselves.

Mally appeared to be no more fatigued than the rest, and each one vied in declaring that they would be willing to undertake a walk even longer to have the pleasure of such another sight. They were soon seated around a cheerful fire which was not at all out of place, for although the day had been exceptionally hot for the time of year, the evening was chilly.

Sammywell suddenly jumping up and seizing his hat exclaimed "By Gow! Aw've forgotten summat," rushed to the door, and before any one

could interfere he had disappeared in the darkness. This sudden action spread dismay over them all.

"Whatever can it mean?" they asked each other.

"Aw believe," sed Mally, "he's left his stick on yond hill top an he's noa moor sense ner to goa an seek it. He'll be lost as sewer as sewer can be. Ther's nowt for it but for me to follow him. He's nooan to be trusted bi hissen! Yo might think him a strong wiry chap for his age, but he's nobbut delicate, an if aw worn't allus coddlin an nursin him he wodn't be here long."

Whilst Mally was speaking she was preparing to follow him, when to the surprise and joy of all, in came Sammywell rubbing his hands and smiling in a manner that plainly showed that whatever had been the object of his quest it had been obtained.

"Excuse me," he sed, "but awd cleeen forgotten my wife's fizzic, an as aw knew ha shoo'd been tewd to-day, aw couldn't sit daan to smook i' comfort until aw fotched it, an aw con do wi' a morsel on it misen, for its been a varry dry day, an aw hooap yo'll all have a taste. Dooant be feear'd on it. Ther'll be moor when that's done." Then with mock solemnity he drew from an inside pocket a bottle which he placed in the middle of the table, on the lable of which, in prominent letters, was the name "Roderich Dhu."

The sight had the effect of imparting a cheerfulness to all, and Mrs. Smart quickly had the glasses, sugar and boiling water &c. duly placed.

"Nah, Mally, stir thisen an buttle a bit, an luk pleasant. If tha thinks ther's too monny on us an we shalln't leeav enuff for thisen aw'll goa fotch another bottle. Tha's suited me furst rate to-day, old lass, tha has! Awm willin to back thi agean onny other woman, hawf thy age, for walkin an tawkin. What do yo think, Mister Smart?"

"She certainly is a wonderful woman as regards walking."

"Well, shoo's moor wonderful as regards tawkin, awm sewer. Here's to thi! May thi legs nivver grow shorter nor thi tongue longer. God bless thi, lass!"

The toast having been duly honoured the two old ladies retired to another room, taking their glasses with them, leaving the husbands to their pipes and the bottle.

"I wonder," said Smart, "if we shall have the pleasure of my friend the Revd. Patrick Kelly calling in to spend an hour with us this evening. He is a very pleasant man and well informed. He is only spending a few weeks here for pleasure and the benefit of his health."

"Then we'd better put this bottle aght o'th' seat. Bein a parson he might object."

"Oh, no! He is very sociable and enjoys his pipe and glass. He is vicar of a church at the east end of London, St. Barnabas,—St. Baccus, or something of that kind,—I cannot recall the name at present.

Sammywell was very quiet for a minute or



two,—he laid his pipe aside and throwing back his head sang out at the top ov his voice.

“Onnybody here seen Kelly?  
K, E, double L, Y,  
Onnybody here seen Kelly?  
Tell me if you can,  
He’s just like old Antonio,  
He’s left me on my own-i-o;  
Has onnbody here seen Kelly  
Kelly from the Isle o’ Man?”

The unusual noise brought back the wives and just as the last line was reached, Mrs. Smart opened the door and admitted the Revd. Kelly himself, who entered smiling, and shook hands with each one, and when he reached Sammywell, his eyes twinkled with merriment, as he said,

“Here is Kelly, but not from the Isle of Man.”

Much interest was caused when Smart gave an account of the day’s journeyings, and Sammywell and Mally listened in surprise to find that over the route they had gone, there were double the amount of interesting objects, which they had entirely overlooked. The Revd. Kelly gave graphic accounts of the scenery and much historic lore, that they had never before heard of. All these matters were interladed with humourous sketches of the people he had met.

“But, Mister Kelly,” sed Sammywell, “ha did yo get all this information?”

“Just pickt it up as I went along,” he said.

“Well, all aw can say is yo must be a marvel. All aw pickt up wor awr Mally when shoo tummeld into th’ pool at Rydal Watter, an aw did that withaast stoppin to think abaat it or aw happen shouldn’t ha done it.”

“Perhaps you may be awarded the Humane Society’s Medal.”

“Noa fear! Aw want to meddle wi noa societies, an aw dooant want onny societies to medal wi me. Aw did once have a medal presented to me;—it wor a silver en. It happened i’ this way. Awd written a few lines o’ poetry, abaat th’ evil ov intoxicatin drink, at seemed to catch on wi some fowk, an soa aw wor invited to read em at a Band o’ Hope entertainment, an th’ committee wor soa pleased, or pretended to be, ’at they decided to give me a medal. Thinks aw awr Mally ’ll be suited when aw goa hooam an show her this; it’ll mak fowk think awm a soljer or a football laiker, or some important sooart ov a chap, soa when th’ meetin wor over aw invited all th’ committee to goa wi me an have a partin drink at th’ heead on it. Well, they all lafft, but they all coom. Aw dooant know what they ordered, but when aw had to pay it coom to a trifle over five bob. Aw planted th’ brass daan on th’ table as if awd been a millionaire, an as sooin as awd done that they all stood up an sang ‘For he’s a jolly gooid feller’ an aw thowt aw wor a jolly big fool. Then they all supt up an left me, an aw started off to th’ station. It wor rainin cats an dogs as they say, an aw gate soddened throo

befoor aw gat thear an awd a gooid long ride befoor aw gat back to Bradforth, an when aw reckoned things up, aw faand 'at what wi railway fares an drinks that medal cost me a matter o' ten shillin.

"Nivver heed! aw thowt, if Mally doesn't like it, aw'll sell it. Well, when shoo saw it, shoo sed,

"'What's this thing?'

"'Connot ta see,' aw sed, 'it's a medal 'at's been presented to me.'

"'Put it aght o'th' seet, prathi!' shoo sed. 'If tha goas aght wi that on fowk will say tha's gooan dotty.'

"'Well, aw wor glad to say noa moor abaat it, soa aw tuk off mi weet cloas an gate into bed. When aw wakkened up an saw th' wife standin at th' bedside wi a basin o' hot mail gruel.

"'Get this into thi, lad, tha'rt in a burnin fayvor.'

"'Noa wonder,' aw sed, 'ther's allus somdy fayvorin me.' Yo may laff, but it wor noa laffin matter for me, for it kept me i' bed for a fortnit, an aw dooant think aw've ivver getten reight ovver it. When aw wor able to get aght, aw tuk me medal to a jeweller i' Westgate an axt him what he'd gie me for it?

"'Why,' he sed, 'it's noa use to me or to onny-body else, aw should think. It's been a gooid hawf craan once, but somdy's filed th' queen's heead off an printed 'Springfields Band of Hope' on it.'

"Then he weighed it, 'nine pence,' he sed, and aw tuk it, an that wor th' end o' my medal, an aw've nivver wanted another sin."

They all laft, tho' aw've nivver been able to see whear th' laff coom in. Th' fire wor gettin low an th' raam began to feel a bit chilly, soa we'd all another glass o' warm toddy, an then aw axt th' wife if shoo'd made onny arrangements abaat lodgins.

"All's sattled," shoo sed. "We're gooin to stop here wol wi start for hooam."

"All reight," aw sed, "tha couldn't ha suited me better."

"Leave things to me, an tha'll allus find em all reight," shoo sed.

Then we bid all gooid neet an went to bed, but aw believe Smart an Kelly had another glass a piece, judgin bi th' luk o'th' bottle next mornin.

Mally wor soa tired 'at shoo crept between th' blankets wi a sigh o' content, withaat-ivver mentionin owt abaat sharin th' brass, an aw sooin follered her. This ended awr furst day's Laikin i' Lakeland. Nooan sich a bad beginnin aw think,—wor it?

## CHAPTER V.

## SAMMYWELL GOOAS FISHIN'.

WHEN Sammywell awoke next morning he found the atmospheric conditions had undergone a great change. The sky was leaden and overcast and the rain pattered against the window in a persistent manner. He was hastily dressing when Mally awoke.

"Are ta gettin up, Sammywell?"

"It seems to me 'at aw've gotten up, but it's hardly worth trubblin on a mornin like this, for it's rainin heavens high, an's as cold as Kursmiss."

"Whativver will ta say! But it meean nowt as far as awm consarned, for aw dooant think awst be able to get up to-day, for awm as stiff as a pooast. Aw dunnot know whether awst iver be able to use me legs agean. Tha's ommost sattled me this time. Laikin i' Lakeland may be all reight for them 'at's use to it. It may suit th' young ens 'at wor born here, but it's nowt i' my line. Awm capt tha didn't think abaat that befor tha inticed me to come."

"Tha'll be all reight agean as sooin as tha's rested a bit. Aw feel as if mi joints wanted oilin this mornin, but what's th' use o' grumlin, we've nobbut just started yet. Aw'll net ax thi to goa aght agean to-day, aw'll goa bi misen."

"Oh! An that reminds me, Sammywell, tha forgate to gie me that brass tha promised me. Tha'rt nooan runnin off thi bargain, art ta?"

"What's ta want wi brass when tha'rt liggin i' bed? Aw believe tha'd be uneasy i' thi coffin if tha thowt awd onny brass i' my pocket."

"It'll be time enuff to tawk abaat ha awst feel i' mi coffin when awm thear. Mind tha doesn't get thear furst. But let's have hold o' that brass."

"Dear a me! Tha'rt war ner a child. Here it is, sithee, five golden sovrins. Nah art ta satisfied?"

"That's a bit better, but ha mich has ta kept for thisen?"

"Aw've kept five sovrins, same as aw've gien thee."

"Ha mich did ta pay for that bottle o' whisky tha fotched last neet?"

"Four an sixpence, regular price."

"Oh, then, aw want two an thruppence moor, for tha knows tha promised me hawf o' what tha had then, an that wor befor tha bowt th' whisky. Aw nobbut want what's fair, an two an thruppence is two an thruppence."

"Nay, Mally, that's commin it a bit too strong. Tha had thi share on it."

"Well, do as tha likes, but if aw wor a man

an reckoned to set misen up as summat better nor th' mooast, awst be ashamed to swindle mi wife aght ov a paltry two an thrippence."

"Tha's gotten all tha'rt gooin to get aght o' me this mornin, soa tha mun mak th' best tha can on it. What mun aw bring thi up for thi braikfast?"

"A'a, braikfast! Nay, aw want noa braikfast. But tha may bring me a cup o' teah an a bit o' tooast, an aw can smell they're cookin a bit o' ham, an tha may bring me a bit o' that, an a egg if shoo's cooked onny."

"Out else?"

"Eeah, tha can bring me that two an thrippence as sooin as tha's gotten some change."

"Owt else?"

"Nay, that'll do. Awm nowt i'th' aitin line this mornin."

When Sammywell got downstairs, he found breakfast just ready, so stating that his wife "worn't over an aboon weel," he asked permission to take her breakfast upstairs to her. Mrs. Smart quickly had it all arranged and Sammywell took it up to her.

"Nah, lass, when tha's gotten this into thi tha'll feel better aw hooap. Ha does ta like th' luks o' that? What are ta seekin? Th' salt's here, sithee, an th' mustard's on th' edge o'th' plate. Is ther summat moor tha wants?"

"Nay, it all luks vary nice. Aw nobbut thowt tha might ha put that two an thrippence under one o'th' plates."

"Tha thowt wrang, then. Smart's been

tellin me 'at this wod be a nice day for me to goa fishin, but he cant goa wi me an soa awm goin bi misen."

"Aw tell thi, Sammywell, tha'll do noa sich thing! He's nobbut makkin a fool on thi. Has ta noa moor sense nor to think onny fish at wor reight in its heead wod turn up in a shaar o' rain like this? They've moor sense, why they'd be wet to th' skin an thee an all."

"What difference will a drop o' rain mak to fish 'at live i' watter, an as for me,—when aw get me coit on an thy umberel it can't hurt me."

"Oh, soa tha wants to borrow my umberel, dost ta? But what security are ta prepared to offer? Tha knows tha owes me a trifle already, but aw'll net be hard wi thi. Pay me that two an thrippence an thrippence extra for th' umberela, that'll be just hawf a craan, an tha can have it."

"All reight, lass, aw'll agree to owt for a quiet life. An nah, aw'll goa get a bit o' braikfast misen an mak arrangements."

"Silly owd madlin! He'll catch noa fish, net he marry, but he'll catch his deeath o' cold. An another thing,—he'll be draaned, an then luk what a fix awst be in. An if he is it'll be awful wi all that brass in his pocket. But aw'll put a stop to sich like gooins on. As sooin as aw've gotten this into me aw'll get up an as sooin as aw can get ready, aw'll bundle him back to Bradforth, whear aw can keep mi eye on him."

Sammywell was soon up stairs again to announce that he was quite ready to start off. "Nah, Sammywell," sed Mally, "do listen to a bit o' reason," an her voice quavered a bit. "What's to come o' me, if tha comes back a deead man? Tha knows it's a fearful thing to plunge into th' next world wi five paand i' thi pocket an leave me unprovided for. Awm nooan feeard ov a whale swallerin thee, tha'r't nooan temptin enuff for that, an if it did it wodn't keep thi in its belly for three days; but that's nawther here nor thear. Dooant goa, lad, but if tha's made up thi mind to do it, let me have that brass tha's gotten i' thi pocket, to tak care on, an then if owt should happen th' loss willn't be soa mich after all, for ther's lots o' men can be had for less ner that."

"Dooant thee worry thisen abaat me. Aw'st nooan be away long. Try an get a gooid appetite ready, so as tha'll be able to enjoy th' fish aw shall bring back. Ta, Ta."

Sammy left her, but altho' he wor weel lapt up an had her big umberel, he felt hawf inclined to stop when he had th' storm to face, but pickin up his carpet bag, he started off. "Let me see," he sed, "It's nooan far throo here whear aw saw a fish shop when aw wor ramblin abaat yesterday. Aw mun find it. Ther's nowt like bein prepared for emergencies."

The shop was soon found, "Well, Maister," sed Sammywell, "have yo onny fresh fish, to-day? Fresh watter fish aw meean."

"Ther's a hamper full o' summat here," he sed.

"By gow! another Yorksherman, aw'll bet," sed Grimes. "Aw want abaat hawf a duzzen if they're daycent."

"Wait till aw see what they're like. O, they're just prime, they're alive yet. Half a duzzen do yo say? Here they are, grand ens."

"What do yo call em, maister?"

"They're char, but they call em different names."

"Are they to be caught abaat here?"

"They're just fresh aght o'th' lake this mornin."

"Aw suppoas ther's a lot o' fish i' this Windermere Lake?"

"Aw should think ther is for ther's varry few comes aght. Are yo thinkin o' gooin fishin. Aw guess yo're a visitor, an mooast visitors goa fishin at one time or another. If it worn't for them aw mud as weel shut up shop, for yo see they dooant like to goa hooam withaat some, soa they come to me an aw supply em—cheap an then they goa swankin abaat tellin what fine spooart they've been havin. But nubdy 'at's onny sense wod goa on a day like this."

"Well, aw wor thinkin o' tryin mi hand, but as yo say it's hardly fit."

"Aw see yor takin a tent wi yo, but it'll be noa use, for when it rains here, it rains reight, an yo'll find moor wind nor yo expect. Aw wodn't gie mich for that tent after it's been up ten minnits."

"Awm hawf inclined to turn back, but awm feeard o' been laft at for showin th' white feather."

"Suit yorsen, yo should know th' best; but if yo'll tak my advice yo'll leeav th' fish here an goa into some comfortable pub an get a drop o' summat to keep th' cold aght, an yo can call for th' fish as yo goa hooam, an yo'll be able to mak some sooart ov a tale up abaat em."

"That saands like gradely advice, an aw'll tak it if yo'll come wi me an show me a place whear ther's a bit o' fire, an whear yo can get summat to sup 'at's worth puttin into yor inside. What say yo?"

"Ov coorse aw'll goa wi yo, if yo'll wait a minnit or two. My wife generally comes daan abaat this time, to tak charge o'th' shop for it's too cold for me, aw cant stand it."

Just then an old woman came in, "Well, Jack, it's a bitter cold mornin is this; art ta gooin ovver to Ambleside this mornin, it hardly luks fit?"

"Aw dooant know whear awm gooin just yet, but aw shalln't be long."

"Noa, dunnot stop for awm net feelin weel this mornin."

"Tha'll be reight enuff as sooin as tha gets summat to do. Cleeen this skep full o' fish, an straighten things up a bit, an aw'll be back bith' time tha's done."

Sammywell, an his newly made friend left the shop and in a very short time were sat in a cosy room where there was a bright, warm fire, and with glasses containing hot drinks, were making themselves comfortable.

"It's a beautiful country is this," sed Sammy-

well, "Aw should think yo'll be varry happy livin here."

"Well, aw dooant know abaat bein happy. Fowk 'at's plenty o' brass can be happy onnywhear, but when they're like me, ther's net mich to live for. Yond shop o' mine hardly finds us wi daycent grub. It's a case o' workin throo morn to neet just for a bare livin. It's nobbut once in a while one meets wi a reight gentleman like yo. Aw wonder ha aw stand it."

"But it's a famous place for poets. It must be varry nice to meet an tawk wi em sometimes."

"Aw dooant know abaat that. All th' poets 'at onnybody tawks abaat here are deead an burried. Ther is sometimes one comes for a day, but they nivver come to my shop to spend owt. It's allus awther to enquire th' way to some grave stooan, or to change sixpence; ther's nowt to be made aght o' poets."

"But when th' weather's fine ther's some nice walks, an it must be grand to climb some o' theas maantains."

"That's a matter o' taste,—for a chap 'at con live on fresh air, ther's plenty on it, but aw've a fancy for summat moor solid."

"Then aw tak it 'at yo dooant care mich for livin here?"

"Livin here! Ther's noa *livin* here, it's nobbut existin. If aw worn't able to jump into th' train an goa as far as Kendal once a wick aw should goa off mi chump. Ther is a bit o'

life thear, nah an then. Sometimes i' summer aw goa as far as Morcum, ther's allus some stirrins thear, but when aw want a reight treeat, aw goa to Leeds or Bradforth. Aw wonder monny a time what made me come."

"Sup up an have another. It seems to me 'at fowk are nivver content whearivver they are. Nah, me an my wife coom ovver here for a bit ov a change for we'd grown sick o' Bradforth."

"It is as yo say, we're nivver content long together. But awm nooan like some fowk. If awd a paand a wick reglar, withaat workin for it, aw should be as happy as a sand boy throo morn to neet. A'a it's grand to ha plenty o' brass!"

"Brass is a varry gooid thing in its way. But it's a bit like this whisky;—yo think one glass wod set yo all reight, but as sooin as yo've supt it yo want another, an after that another, an another, wol yo get disgusted wi it, an it gives yo noa pleasur at th' finish. But time seems to be gettin on, an my old woman 'll be gettin anxious, soa we'll just have another drop an then aw'll be off."

"Plenty o' time yet, old friend. Well, th' best o' friends mun pairt. Aw hooap we'st meet agean monny a time yet. Nah, if yo want a reight nice day's aght, tak my advice, an if th' weather cleears up to-morn, goa to Kendal. Ther's a char-a-bang starts at ten o'clock to-morrow mornin, opposite to th' station. It's a grand drive, an yo'll find it's a nice spot to stop at. Awd goa misen an tak th' wife, but

aw connot affoord it for one thing, an then awm soa thrang."

"Eeah, yo seem thrang. But aw mun be off. Aw reckon awst be able to get them fish if aw call at th' shop?"

"Just a minnit. Aw'll goa wi thi. They'll be capt when tha gets hooam wi yond bag full o' fish."

They left the house together. Sammywell shouldered his umberel and with his bag of fish was soon on his way.

"Whativver mun aw say," he muttered, "Awm nooan gooin to lie abaat it, aw'll just bang em on th' table an say nowt, an if they find it aght, they'll nobbut laff an mak fun on me, an aw'll be able to stand that for aw've been lafft at befoor to-day. Here gooas!" an he walked in.

"A'a, Sammywell!" sed Mally, "awm fain to see thi back ageean. Aw knew tha worn't sich a foil as to goa riskin thi life for a two o' three stinkin fish."

"Awm nooan as big a foil as tha thinks. Just cook them fish an let thi mait stop thi maath."

## CHAPTER VI.

A DAY'S OUTIN' WI' KELLY AN HIS GENEROSITY.

SOON the table was spread, the place of honour being given to the dish of smoking fish. Sammywell, with a half guilty expression drew up his chair and was quickly joined by Mister Smart and Mally,—Mistress Smart still busy with providing other dainties was bustling round urging them to make haste lest the fish should grow cold.

"It's not been a wasted day in spite of the unfavourable weather. This fish is indeed a treat. We have to thank our friend Grimes for this," said Smart.

"Whear did ta leet on em, Sammywell?" axt Mally.

"Ne'er heed whear aw let on em. It's enuff for thee to know they are here. Tha'rt too inquisitive. Awm capt tha doesn't ax Mistress Smart whear th' breead an butter's come thro."

"That's a different matter altogether. Aw nobbut axt thee whear tha'd gotten em, becoss aw thowt aw wod like to buy some moor at th' same shop."

"That fish tha'rt aitin wor caught i'th Windermere Lake this mornin. Will that satisfy thi?"

"O, aw believe that. But whear wor ta wol they wor bein caught?"

"Aw wor i' bed if tha wants to know. Whear tha owt to be just nah."

"The Revd. Mister Kelly called in to see you this morning," said Mrs. Smart, who had now joined them.

"Did he actually. Well, an what had his reverence to say this mornin? Aw've takken quite a fancy to Kelly. Nubdy'd think he wor a parson, he'd pass for a respectable man onnywhear."

"He called to offer to take us all out for a day's drive and sightseeing to-morrow, if the weather takes up. We all think it very kind of him."

"Sartenly! That'll just suit me. Mally, does ta think tha'll be able to goa?"

"Goa! Ov coorse aw shall goa! It's mooostly on my accaant 'at he's ordered a carriage. He's takken quite a fancy to me. Mistress Smart has offered to lend me her Sundy bonnet to goa in, an awm sewer we shall have a pleasant day if tha'll nobbut behave thisen."

"Well, yo seem to ha gotten it all cut an dried, soa awm like to agree. But aw hooap tha'll bear i' mind 'at tha'rt a wed woman an net be messin abaat him as if tha'd nivver seen a man befor; mind that."

"Did onnybody ivver hear such a crack-



brained chap i' ther life. Why, it wodn't tak mich to mak him jaylus. As if onny young chap wod want to bother wi an old woman like me."

"Ther's nivver noa tellin. Tha suits me weel enuff an awm nobbut spaikin a word o' warnin."

"If tha'd nobbut tak a word o' warnin thisen it wod be better for us all."

"Well, then, aw think we'd better be gooin to bed i' gooid time, for Patrick—beggin yor pardon, aw meean Mister Revd. Patrick, will ha to be up i' gooid time i'th' mornin, an aw hooap he'll net have onny dreeams to disturb him."

The party soon seperated and doubtless slept serenely until awakened by the shining sun, to welcome one of the most lovely days that could be desired. An early breakfast was soon partaken of and all were seething with suppressed excitement. A carriage drew up at the door and the party of five were soon esconced in the comfortable vehicle, Grimes, Mally, Smart and his wife seated inside and Revd. Patrick Kelly seated beside the driver, took charge of the party.

"To the church at Bowness," was the first order. This was speedily reached and all descended and entered the sacred edifice, St. Martin's church proved well worthy of a visit. It has been recently restored at a cost of £8,000. The east window is considered equal to anything of the kind in the country. Some of the stained

glass is said to have come from Furness Abbey. It is also noted for its peal of bells, said to be the sweetest in the north of England. In praise of these bells, the following beautiful sonnet was written by my friend Dr. Forshaw on the occasion of his visit.

"List the sweet music of the chiming bells!

Full of a peaceful harmony and rest;

How grand their notes, their rich vibration swells,

Filling with joy my erstwhile empty breast,

Now softly pealing how their cadence dies,

Now loudly ringing how their echoes grow,

Teeming with some new fancy and surprise—

Now shrill, now clear, now wild, now long, now low!

Ye blessed messengers of God's love for man,

Long may ye spread your glorious tidings here,

Long help to tell of his angelic plan

Throughout the hills and dales of Windermere.

Hark! how they flood with perfect minstrelsy

The wood, the vale, the mountain and the lea."

A most pleasant half hour was spent here, the Revd. Kelly adding much to their pleasure by pointing out the points of interest.

They had a long day before them, but they had a long way to go, so they hurriedly bade good bye to the sacred pile and were soon rolling away over the road to Ambleside.

This was a much greater treat to Grimes and Mally than had been the journey by steamer two days previously.

The richness and profusion of the green shrubs and trees,—the stately old sycamores, and the

splendid rhododendrons,—the roses, trailing over the houses they passed, and the distant view of the mountains and the glittering water, made all so wildly beautiful that they seemed to be drinking in fresh pleasures every few yards they travelled.

Grimes and Mally, were filled with silent admiration and even Mr. and Mrs. Smart, to whom the road was well known, appeared to derive as much pleasure as though they were viewing it for the first time. It was one continuous delight until they reached Ambleside, which presented a much more pleasing aspect than when they arrived by steamer.

Here the beautiful and new church was first visited. It was built from designs of Sir Gilbert Scot, but although beautiful in itself, it hardly seemed quite in harmony with its surroundings. Only a short time was spent here.

Again resuming our way we had a charming drive to Grasmere, a distance of four miles. Nothing seemed to surprise Mally so much as the houses.

"Bless me!" shoo sed, "aw niver saw haases built o' that pattern befor. They seem to me to be varry unsafe; they luk as if they wor built o' sum soart o' confectionary, an they're all full o' cracks, an net a bit o' mortar to be seen. They must be varry damp an drafty."

"They do appear so to strangers, but that is owing to the peculiarity of the stone. It is slaty and appears as if it consisted of layer

upon layer, but I am informed that it is very durable, and it certainly suits well the surroundings," said Kelly. "It is a pity that the general picturesque effects should have been marred by the very modern style of Architecture, but we must be thankful that there are still left to us a few ancient cots and a fine old church to take our thoughts back into the far away past."

"Well, here we are at Grasmere, once moor, an aw think it's abaat time we considered th' poor horse. It's worked varry steady, an if it's as dry as me, it's to be hooaped ther's a place whear it will be able to ait an drink an rest a bit, an we can straighten us legs a bit. Aw feel a bit cramp't, aw dooant know ha yo feel."

"I think Grimes' suggestion a good one," said Kelly, "drive on to the 'Red Lion Hotel' and look to it that the horse is supplied with corn and a drink, also get what refreshment you require and we will follow you on foot."

A short walk brought us to the Hotel and Kelly ordered dinner for the party. The waiter said it would be ready in half an hour, then we each partook of a little liquid refreshment, and when Kelly and Sammywell had put a light to their pipes, they all sallied forth at Kelly's request to visit the old church, dedicated to St. Oswald. It is a venerable and ancient old pile with a massive square tower, and seems as though it forms a natural portion of the scene. In the Church is a Marble Monument to the memory of Wordsworth, with a portrait and bears the following epitaph:—

TO THE MEMORY OF  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

a true Philosopher and Poet,  
who, by the special gift and calling of  
ALMIGHTY GOD;

whether he discoursed on Man or Nature,  
failed not to lift up the heart  
to holy things,  
tired not of maintaining the cause  
of the poor and simple,  
and so in perilous times was raised up  
to be the chief minister  
not only of noblest poesy,  
but of high and sacred truth,

THIS MEMORIAL

is placed here by his Friends and Neighbours  
in testimony of  
Respect, Affection, and Gratitude  
Anno. 1861.

The Church and Churchyard are full af objects of interest. Hartley Coleridge was buried here in 1849. The Church and Churchyard are always open to visitors, thousands of whom visit them every year.

"An nah, Mr. Kelly, if yo pleas, aw think we've had enuff o' churches an deead poets for one day, an aw propooas we get back to th' Red Lion an cheer ussens up a bit, at th' same time thankin yo for all yor trubble i' explainin things. Soa far, this has been th' best day we've had, an aw think bith' time we get back hooam 'at we shall

be moor i' yor debt nor we'st ivver be able to pay," sed Grimes.

"Awm sewer," sed Mally, "we'st not forget yo in a hurry, an if ivver yo should chonce to come awr way, we'll mak yo welcome to th' best we have ith' haase."

"Thank you very much; if I have been able to add to your pleasure I am fully repaid. Now for dinner, and after that, if you are not too tired we will pay a visit to Stock Ghyll Force. I know it is not very far from here, but we cannot go all the way by carriage, but I will make enquiries. It is said to be a beautiful waterfall, about seventy feet high and is surrounded by most exquisite foliage."

On reaching the hotel they were at once ushered into a dining-room where all was spread out in most tempting array. Grimes fairly gasped. "By Jingo! but aw think we're dooin things up to th' knocker! It's fit for th' lord mayor is this. Tha knows, Mally, tha owt to let this be a lesson to thee. Sithee, ha grand theas flaars luk. They'd gie a chap a appetite whether he wanted owt to ait or net."

"It isn't oft tha needs owt to gie thi a appetite. But sit thi daan next to me an give ovver tawkin. Doesn't ta know it's varry rude to keep tawkin when tha'rt aitin."

"Soup, sir?" asked the waiter at Sammywell's elbow.

"Hi, lad, clap it daan here. It smells all reight."

"Every one was prepared to enjoy a substantial meal, and as everything was of the best, and served with taste and skill, they each did justice to it.

After they were all satisfied they adjourned to a smaller room and as Grimes said, "Gat a drop o' summat to saddle it."

Mr. Kelly paid all demands though Grimes protested, and then the men went out to see how the horse was faring, and to question the driver as to the distance to Stock Ghyll Force and how to get there with the least trouble.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A VISIT TO TH' "OLD MAN."

HAVING seen to the comforts of horse and driver, and getting directions as to how best to reach Stock Ghyll Force, with Mr. Kelly acting as a guide, Sammywell and Mally started on the journey, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Smart enjoying a rest at the Hotel.

They had not proceeded far before they noticed a boy, whose appearance was suggestive of the stable,—following them.

"Nah, lad," sed Grimes, "what art ta follerin us for? Away tha goas to thi wark, if tha has onny wark, an docant be hingin on to my tail, for we want nooan sich like. Ways wi thi!"

"I thought I might be useful to you in pointing out the way," said the lad, quite politely. "I know all about this district."

"Off wi thi!" sed Grimes, "we've getten a guide wi us at knows th' rooad to heaven, an sewerly he can find th' way to this Stock hill Farm or what they call it."

"Thee leav th' lad alooan, he's nooan mellin o'

thee. Tha'll happen be fain to have his help befor tha's done;" sed Mally.

"If tha wants him, tha can have him, but aw thowt tha put all thy trust ith' Revd. Kelly. Come on, lad—wipe thi nooas, an pool a long face an then tha'll do. Tha shall be th' clark; we've gotten a parson,—an my wife'll be th' congregation. Aw'll be th' church warden, an mak a collection, an thee an me'll share it. Con ta sing onny?"

"Only a little."

"Well, aw reckon th' less tha can do i' that line an th' better it'll suit. Tha's nivver heerd me sing, has ta?"

"No, and I have no desire. Yo see, sir, last season a man who talked just like you, came to sing for coppers in front of our stable, and the result was shocking."

"Oh,—did he freeten th' horses?"

"No, but he vext them, and they broke loose and would have kicked his brains out if he'd had any in. But it seems he was from Yorkshire and of course they couldn't."

"Noa, lad, aw believe thi;—if he'd had onny brains he'd ha stopt at hooam."

"They don't all."

"Nah, Sammywell, tha's gotten thi answer. Let th' lad alooan an gie him sixpense, awm sewer he deserves it," said Mally.

"Share an share alike, old woman;—aw'll let him alooan an thee give him th' sixpense, that'll be fair."

"Aw wonder ha tha can fashion to say sich a

thing. Tha knows aw nivver carry onny brass wi me when awm aght wi thee. Lend me sixpence an aw'll pay thi back."

"Well, here it is, sithee,—but when shall aw get it back?"

"When awm inclined to give it thee. If tha nivver gets it tha'll still be i' mi debt, for thaasands an thaasands o' paands tha's gotten aght o' me i' pennies an tuppinces 'at tha's nivver paid back an nivver will."

"Well, wait wol aw get thi back at Bradforth an aw'll gie thi bell-tinker for th' way tha's behaved to me."

"If tha says a wrang word to me when we get back aw'll tell awr Hepsabah ha tha's been gooin on, an then we shall see who's gettin bell-tinker!"

"E'e, gow! tha munnot say a word to awr Hepsabah. Shoo's a demon;—awd rayther face a poak full o' evil spirits nor awr Hepsabah. Shoo's thy dowter, mind that. Aw've done wi awr Hepsabah for ivver an ivver an a day longer ner that."

"Dooant thee say a word agean awr Hepsabah! What shoo is shoo has to thank her father for! Shoo's thi own dowter up heeapt an daan thrussen. But nawther thee nor onnybody else can say ow't wrang abaat her, for shoo's a hardworkin, respectable woman, an her childer are a credit to her. Aw wonder at shoo'll acknowledge thee for her father, for if tha's nivver browt disgrace onto all belangin to thi, ther's noa tellin ha sooin tha will. If tha doesn't mind what tha says aw willn't goa wi thi another yard! If tha'd been worth callin

a man tha'd ha left me wi Mrs. Smart, an net trailed an old woman like me, up hill an daan dale i' this fashion. Lad!—Ha mich farther have we to goa yet? It's my belief tha'rt takkin us raand abaat thinkin tha'll get paid moor for doin it. But aw'll see tha doesn't get a hawpny, noa, net a hawpny if aw catch thi playin onny o' thi tricks."

"We are very near to it now, maam,—just through this gate and you'll find a path that leads you to it."

"Now," said Mr. Kelly, "you may hear the sound of falling water. The sight will, I am sure, well repay us for our walk. Here we are, and the charming falls screened as they are by wild forest scenery make a picture worthy of artist's pencil or the poets pen."

"Eeah, its varry nice, Mr. Kelly, but had yond chap onny reight to charge us thrippence a piece for lukkin at it? It's nooan his watter, is it? We're nooan gooin to stail onny on it,—it's a swindle!" said Mally.

"Shut up, do,—Mr. Kelly'll think tha'rt wrang i' thi heead, an remember tha'rt my wife, an aw dooan't want disgracin wi thee."

"The water falls from a height ov seventy feet. Here at the bottom you see a large basin, beautifully clear, and all around are trees, and ferns springing from crevices of the rocks. Is it not a wonderful sight to see the water rushing down from such a height?" said th' lad.

"It's varry nice," sed Mally, "but aw dooant see owt wonderful abaat it rushin daan, becoss

ther's nowt to stop it. If it wor rushin up it wod seem moor wonderful to me."

"Tha can see nowt i' owt but th' weshin tub. It's a waste o' brass to bring thee to see owt. Sit thi daan on this stooan wol aw read thi what a lover o' natur says abaat it. Or happen Mr. Kelly will read it for us,—he can do it better ner me." And Sammywell passed the book to the Revd. gentleman, who read eloquently the following.

"Mid sound of sweetest music—brightly glancing  
Leaping and falling like a thing of life;  
Bewitching and delighting and entrancing,  
It rushes downward—ever full of strife,  
With silvery glitter its unending spray,  
Bounds, foams, and gleams with merry surging  
motion;  
Ever at war, yet ever full of play—  
It restless urges on its wild commotion!  
Its gladdening gleams and frothy waverings;  
Its rude turmoilings on its onward race;  
Fill me with yearnings and imaginings—  
For 'tis indeed a scene of rustic grace.  
It roars, it reels, and yet is blithe withal—  
Lovely, enchanting, Stock Ghyll Waterfall."

"Nah then, did ta hear that? That's poetry, a thing tha knows nowt abaat," sed Sammywell.

"Aw could understand it when aw heeard it read reight, but aw dooant agree wi that whear it says 'Fill me with yearnins an images,' for aw think it's moor likely to fill fowk wi rhue-matics, an th' sooiner we shift an th' less risk we shall run."

Mr. Kelly, put a shilling into the lad's hand, telling him to get back to the hotel as quickly as possible, and tell the people who were waiting there, that we were on our way back, and be sure to have the horse and carriage ready for us.

"Heigh, lad! Come hither," shaated Mally. "Ha mich did that gentleman gie thee?"

"He gave me a shilling. Why?"

"He's moor brass nor wit; that's all. Fowk 'at have to work for ther brass dooant throw it abaat i' that fashion. But aw reckon he'll get it back aght o'th' next collection when he gets back hooam."

The walk back was easily accomplished, and they found their friends with the carriage awaiting them. They were very hot and perspiring freely and Sammywell took upon himself the part of Medical Adviser and ordered hot drinks all round, for which he paid, much to the chagrin of Mally, who shook her head and sighing, murmured,

"It'll do as long as it lasts, but aw'll tell him abaat it when aw get him bi hissen."

Mr. Kelly interviewed the driver as to the advisability of going furtber. "Do you think we could go as far as Coniston, without exhausting the horse?" he asked.

"Safely, sir, the horse is as fresh as when he started, and as the distance is only seven miles, we can go there and make the return journey comfortably arriving at Windermere about eight o'clock, and if the horse shows any signs of

distress at Coniston, there will be no difficulty in getting another one."

This being satisfactorily settled, they took their seats and were soon on the way.

"It would have been a pity to have returned without paying a visit to the 'Old Man' of Coniston," said Mr. Kelly, "and we shall also have a splendid view of the Langdale Pikes, the loftiest and most striking of any of the mountains about here."

"Is this old man yo're takkin us to see, a quiet steady chap? Excuse me axin' yo, but yo see, that old man o' mine is sich a one for makkin friends wi onny old chap he meets, 'at awm allus feeard on him gettin on a bit ov a fuddle."

"You may set your mind perfectly at ease on that matter, for the 'Old Man' we are going to see is a mountain so called, so you may be sure it will be steady enough."

The heat of the day was by this time tempered by a cool breeze, which was very refreshing. The road, though not quite so good as the one they had already travelled on, was by no means a bad one. The horse stepped along briskly, and so many things new and beautiful, were constantly coming into view, that time and distance were unheeded. Sammywell had laid in a small stock of cigars which he handed to his two friends, who each accepted one with pleasure,—the driver was not forgotten and very soon four wreaths of smoke were ascending.

"Nah, this is summat like. If we had another woman wi us, fowk wod tak us to be a bridal party. If some o'th' Bradforth fowk could see us nah, they'd be capt. What does ta think, Mally?"

"Aw think they'd be moor likely to mistak us for a party 'at's takkin a lunatic to th' sylum; an they'd net have mich difficulty i' pointin aght which one it wor," sed Mally.

"Aw do wish, Mally, 'at tha'd awther keep thi maath shut, or else net be allus complimentin me. Tha maks me blush. If tha'rt anxious for fowk to know ha heighly tha prizes th' gentleman 'at wor soa sympathetic as to wed thee when nubdy else wod ha thi, tha should show it i' deeds an net words. Tha knows awm a varry modest soart ov a chap, an thy compliments mak me uncomfortable."

"If tha'd to tawk a bit o' sense sometimes it wod be moor i' keepin wi thi grey hairs. But they say ther's fooils at all ages."

"True, all ages an booath sexes."

"Now we get a splendid view of Coniston Lake surrounded by hills and trees, and lying like a silver mirror reflecting a sky without a cloud. The lake is small in comparison with Windermere, but it has beauties of its own which cannot fail to leave a pleasant impression on the mind of the visitor."

"Hi, driver! Have yo been this way be-foor?" sed Sammywell.

"O, yes, scores of times,"

"Then tha'll know which is th' best place to stop at. Aw think that horse wants summat to sup."

"Ther's plenty of water to be had about here."

"That's true enuff, but we arn't all horses. Theas ladies are gettin faint, an aw've a pain i' mi inside. Awm feard aw've gotten a touch o' hippipepty clumbus, an ther's nowt releaves it like a drop o' hot watter an seugar, wi a drop a Dewar or Johnny Walker;—tha understands?"

"Oh, yes, have patience for three minutes."

"All reight! Dooan't hurry thinsen what-iver tha does."



## CHAPTER VIII.

SAMMYWELL NOOAN MICH I'TH' AITIN' LINE.

**I**N a very few minutes they drew up at the door of a very respectable looking Hotel, and on entering were received as expected guests.

They were no sooner seated in a large and elegantly furnished room, than Sammywell started on an exploring expedition.

He was not very long away and on returning, with a face expressive of disappointment and disgust, slowly shook his head and took a seat.

"Well, what's th' matter, Sammywell?" sed Mally.

"Nowt mich. At onnyrate it's nowt 'at awm answerable for. It's a teetotal shop, that's all."

"Awm glad on it," sed Mally. "Tha's had enuff if tha nivver tastes agean to-day. We

havn't come here for a drinkin doo. An remember it's a parson's treet is this. Ther's nubdy else wants owt but thee."

"That may be soa, but if we can get nowt to sup, what have we come for?"

"Wait a bit an tha'll see."

Just then a nice looking young woman entered and announced that tea was ready, and on entering another room,—even more inviting in appearance than the one they had occupied, they discovered the Revd. Patrick Kelly seated at a table laid in a charming fashion, awaiting them.

"Aitin agean!" sed Sammywell, "Well, if yo can stand it aw can. It all luks vary temptin. Aw thowt after th' dinner awd had to-day, aw should want nowt noa moor befor th' end o'th' wick, but aw mun try to pick a bit. A'a! aw wish aw could put it aght o' seet as once aw could! But old age is creepin on, an aw connot do justice to sich things nah."

"Now, Mr. Grimes," said Mrs. Smart, who presided at the table, "a cup of this beautiful tea will do you good. Do you take cream and sugar?"

"If yo pleeas, Mrs. Smart."

"A little cold chicken, Mr. Grimes?" said Mister Kelly.

"Just a bit o' breast an a leg an a wing, an a bit o' stuffin,—but awm nooan mich i'th' aitin line,—but that luks like a nice bit o' ham, an yo can gie me a slice o' that."

"Sammywell, awm feear'd tha'll be brussen if tha gets all that into thi."

"Art ta payin for it?"

"Aw dooant know who's payin for it, but reason's reason."

"Then dooant interfere. Get some o' that hot muffin into thi, an ax somdy else to have a bit."

"I hope you will all make a good tea," said Revd. Kelly. "It is a long drive home and we shall not have time to stay anywhere on our return journey."

"Axin yor pardon, Mister Kelly, but do yo oft come to see this 'Old Man' at Coniston?" axt Grimes.

"Not very often, pass your plate for a little more chicken and ham."

"Noa moor thank yo. Yo've just messured my capacity to a nicetty. If aw tuk onny moor aw should have to have mi waiscoyt altered."

"Nay, Sammywell, do try to be daycent," sed Mally.

"Thee let me alooan, Mally, tha can boss me as mich as tha likes when we're at hooam, but when we're i' foreign pairts awm a independent Britisher."

"If all are satisfied, we will return thanks, and then, without waste of time, we will start for home. I fear it will be dark long before we reach there, but the driver is an experienced man and well acquainted with the roads, so we may trust ourselves with him."

The carriage was soon at the door and the return journey commenced.

The sun was already sinking and a silence seemed to brood over Lake and wood, the birds were silently flitting to their nests, with the exception of a few swallows, that darted here and there to catch the insects that now awoke to life. The mountains took on varied hues and soon their bases were enveloped in a rising mist from which their summits still stood out clearly clad in the gold and purple.

They were a very quiet party. Sammywell having snuggled down into his corner, and with hat pulled down over his closed eyes, his heavy breathing proclaimed that he was taking his rest. The others were too much absorbed in watching the everchanging landscape to indulge in any conversation, whilst the regular beat of the horse's hoofs were the only sound that broke the stillness, with the exception of an occasional passing vehicle evidently intent on reaching its goal. Twilight had given place to darkness before they reached Bowness, and then, the horse showing unmistakable signs of fatigue, it was decided to dismount and walk up the steep road to Windermere village. After such a long ride, it was a relief to be able to stretch their limbs a little, and as there was no need for hurry the walk was more of a pleasure than a labour, and they safely reached Smarts' comfortable shelter, in the best of spirits, full of satisfaction with the pleasure of their long jaunt.

But it is not all sunshine in nature, neither is it all pleasure in life. When our party were all gathered round the crackling fire, which was very acceptable, the conversation was general. Revd. Kelly was thanked by all for the treat he had given them, and he assured them that the pleasure it had afforded him was as great as theirs could have been.

But a cloud was cast over them all when he announced that his duties called him back to London to which place he must depart the following day. But he hoped that next year he would be again a visitor to that, the most delightful part of England that he had ever visited.

"That sattles it!" sed Sammywell, "aw dooant know ha it is, but aw think aw wor born under a varry unlucky star, for as sooin as ivver aw begin to enjoy misen summat's sewer to happen to put a stop to it.

"Aw've just been plannin for us all to have a day off at my expence, its nooan reight to goa on like this. Here's awr Revd. friend been payin away brass all this day, wol aw feel sewer his fingers must be soor, an nah, he's gooin away withaat havin a chance o' gettin his own back. Ov coorse we cannot help that, but aw shall feel easier i' mi mind if we all have a friendly glass at my expence. Tha's nowt to say agean that, has ta, Mally?"

"Nay, aw think its th' leeast tha can do. Soa off wi thi, an fotch a drop, an dooant stop

tawkin an drinkin wi' onnybody tha meets. Remember we're all waitin."

"Tha can depend o' me dooin what's reight," and in spite of remonstrances he took his hat and started out. He was evidently getting well acquainted with the neighbourhood for he was back again almost before Mrs. Smart had put the kettle on and placed the glasses &c. on the table.

"I am sorry you have put yourself to so much trouble, Mr. Grimes, but I hope this will not be our last meeting. There is so much in this district that I should have liked to show you and explain: things which a stranger is likely to miss; for instance, you have walked on the shore of Windermere, and also sailed on it from Bowness to Ambleside. Now, how many islands do you think the lake possesses?"

"Blest if aw know. Aw've nivver seen th' odd en."

"That seems strange for there are no fewer than fourteen. Belleisle, the largest, is thirty acres in extent, Crowholm,—Thomson's Holm,—House Holm,—Hen Holm,—Lady Holm,—Rough Holm,—Ling Holm,—Grass Holm,—Silver Holm,—Blake Holm,—Two Lily of the valley Holms,—and Berkshire Island. All these are worthy of a visit.

"Then the mountains;—Langdale Pikes are the most conspicuous, then Bowfell, Scawfell, Wetherlam, and Coniston Old Man. Some of these you have visited. Beautiful spots such as

Dungeon Ghyll,—Nab Scar,—Stybagrow Crag,—Waterfalls in plenty, besides many monuments and ancient buildings.

"Many of the noted buildings I have not had an opportunity to see, although I have been here as many days as you have been hours. But unless you can secure a guide you are sure to miss much and waste time by traversing the same roads again and again. Then again the villages such as Patterdale, Tilberthwaite &c., are most interesting places where a few hours may be profitably spent."

"A'a, Mally, we've seen nowt yet. We'st be like to come agean next summer."

"We've seen plenty o' watter at onnyrate."

"Watter! Why, mun, we've hardly begun to luk at th' watter yet. Ther's lakes, scoors on 'em, big an little, at we've nivver been near."

"That may be, but aw've had enuff on em."

"Eeah, aw see what thar't thinkin abaat. It's Rydal Watter at gave thee sich a sickener, but tha doesn't need to put thi heead into all th' watter tha sees."

"Dooant thee crow abaat it. Tha may find thisen ith' watter befor long, an hot watter at that. Tha's swallered moor whiskey sin tha coom here ner aw've swallered watter, soa tha's noa room to tawk."

"A'a, dear a me! aw wish awd nivver spoken. Is thi glass empty, lass? fill it up agean an tha'll feel better tempered."

"Awst be noa better tempered wol aw've had a neet's rest, for awm fair fagged aght. This laikin i' Lakeland is th' hardest wark aw've had to do sin awr Hepsabah wor born, an shoo'll be fifty come Kursmiss."

"Well, say noa moor abaat it. Tha can ligg i' bed all th' day to-morn if Mistress Smart 'll let thi. Onnybody wi hawf a e'e can see at tha'rt ommost done up. It'll put me in a bonny fix if awm left all bi mi looansome at my age. Aw will'nt wed a old woman because they're soa cantankerous, an young wimmen will'nt care to buckle on wi a old chap like me."

"If tha doesn't gie over tawkin aw'll goa to bed an leeav thi this minnit. An old chap like thee tawkin abaat gettin wed agean. What does ta think fowk get wed for? Tha's one fooit ith' grave an tother's shakey. If tha could nobbut see thisen as other fowk see thi tha'd goa an order thisen a coffin wol tha's gotten th' brass to pay for it wi, if tha doesn't awm thinkin tha'll ha to dumpt into th' hoil just as tha art."

"Tha'rt a hard-hearted woman to say sich a thing. But aw'st happen chait thi yet."

"It'll be summat fresh if tha doesn't."

"If aw had'nt old Job's patience an a bit extra o' mi own tha'd aggravate me. Nah, Mister Kelly, aw've been thinkin things over, an aw've made up mi mind to goa to Kendal to-morn. They tell me its a varry nice taan an

yo can meet wi some daycent chaps thear. What wod yo advise me to do?"

"If you have made up your mind, after thinking it over, I don't see what good my advice can be."

"It willn't, but if yo say aw owt to goa it'll enable me to square my old woman, an if yo should iver have a wife yo'll know ha important it is for a chap to keep th' band ith' nick as we say."

"Well, all I can say is that Kendal is a very pleasant little town, and I have been there and hope to go again for they treated me very well."

"Does ta hear that, Mally? Revd. Kelly has been thear an still would goa; an gat treated, mark that."

"Aw've nowt to say nobbut this:—If tha finds onny fowk thear at 'll treat thee, when does ta think tha'll land back?"

"Awm sewer to land back, bar accidents. Aw wish tha could goa wi me, lass, net at aw want thi, but just to hear thi singing my praises."

"Dooant goa to sleep wi a lie on thi lips, Sammywell, an it's time we went to bed."

"Time to goa to bed! What does ta meean? Time wor made for slaves an beds wor made for sluggards. Luk at awr friend Revd. Kelly, he hasn't goan to bed yet."

"It's varry likely he wod ha been thear befoor nah if it worn't for thee."

"That may be true. Aw see Mister Smart an his missis are lukkin a bit sleepy;—time an tide wait for noa man. But befoer we part we mun have a bit ov a sing, an aw hooap yo'll all join in:—

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind,  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And the days of auld lang syne.  
Hip, hip, Hooray!"

"Nah, lass, stir thi. Dooant caar thear keep-  
in fowk aght o' bed. Gooid neet, ivvery body.

"When shall we all meet again?"

"Blowed if aw know."

## CHAPTER IX.

## SAMMYWELL VISITS KENDAL.

AFTER the departure of Mr. Kelly, they all retired to rest in the best of spirits, although tinged with regrets at the loss of such a kind and social friend as he had proved.

Next morning Sammywell was up in good time.

"Nah, Mally lass, whear are we to goa to-day? Tha knows time's gooin on an we mun mak gooid use o' th' bit we have left."

"Tha can suit thisen whear tha goas, Sammywell, but aw know whear awm gooin to spend this day if awm spared to spend it onnywhear. Tha sed when we left hooam 'at tha wor gooin to bring me here to laik a bit, an tha's work'd me as if tha wanted to finish me off altogether. Awm net gooin to stir aght o' this haase this blessed day. Mistress Smart an me are gooin to tawk things over a bit, an shoo's promised to show me a new way to cook liver, an awm

goin to see ha shoo starches an irons her husband's shirts. They luck ivver soa mich better nor thine, an shoo says they're noa trubble at all. An aw think ther'll be mooar sense i' spendin a day i' that fashion nor i' walkin abaat starin at watter, an aw must say aw've seen as mich this last few days as'll fit me for a year or two at onny rate."

"That's all reight, lass, but aw want to see all aw can wol awm here, an as it's a grand mornin, aw thowt awd goa as far as Kendal an spend an haar or two thear."

"An who's gooin wi thi?"

"Awm gooin bi missen. Smart says he's some business to attend to, an tha knows Kelly's gooin to Lundun."

"Aw know that. But who art ta gooin to see at Kendal? Aw nivver knew tha'd onny friends thear."

"Aw've nawther friends nor enemies 'at aw know on, it's just to see th' place."

"Well, aw hooap tha'll be back i' gooid time for thi drinkin, an mind 'at tha comes back sober. Tha's behaved thisen fairly weel soa far, an aw dooant want thi to mucky thi ticket at th' finish. Smart seems to think tha'rt a varry respectable chap, an aw've nivver undesaived him, soa mind ha tha gooas on."

"Aw'll nooan disgrace thee, Mally, nivver fear. Mun aw bring thi a cup o' teah upstairs, or will ta get up to thi braikfast?"

"Aw'll get up. But dooant wait for me, an if tha sets off befor aw see thi agean, mind what aw've sed to thi, an if onnybody offers thi owt to sup, say, 'Get thee behind me, Saten.'"

"Mak thi mind easy, lass, tha knows tha's getten a man in a thaasand for a husband."

"Aw know all abaat that, an if tha arn't one i' ten thaasand, this world's in a awful pickle."

"Gooid mornin, old craytur, awm off."

A very few minutes sufficed for Grimes to get a hearty breakfast and he felt in first rate trim for a brisk walk. Smart gave him directions how to start, and advised him to walk there and take the train back.

"You will find plenty to interest you on the way on such a day as this, and many things at Kendal worth seeing. Kendal is a very old town, and was incorporated in 1575, under Queen Elizabeth. There is a fine bridge over the river Kent, and the ruins of a famous castle, that you cannot miss. The castle was the birthplace of Catherine Parr, one of the wives of Henry VIII. It is believed to have been erected by the first barons of Kendal, on the site of a Roman Station. It is a delightful walk and I regret that I am unable to go with you, but you will have no difficulty in finding your way, if you keep to the old coach road."

"All serene! awm noan feear'd o' gettin lost. Gooid day to yo boooth."

"Good day, and pleasant weather. We shall be glad to see you safe back."

Sammywell was soon on his way. "Aw believe awm growin younger," he sed, "If aw stop here mich longer, aw believe aw could lowp ovver a five barred gate! It's wonderful what a bit o' fresh air an gooid livin can do. Awm sooary Mally isn't wi me, for shoo's gooid cumpny, tho' shoo does get a bit cranky at times. Well,—aw suppoos we all do as we get older. What a grand world this is, if fowk wod nobbut luk at th' breet side on it. Aw envy noa man just nah; aw wodn't swap places wi Andrew Carnigie, if aw could, for if awd all his brass, aw couldn't feel as leet hearted as aw do.

"Ther's one thing abaat poverty, and that is, if yo have nowt yo can loise nowt, an th' burds seem happy enuff an the're allus provided for someway. Aw think ther'll allus be a bit for me.

A millionaire nobbut knows he's a millionaire becoss he's been tell'd soa, or seen it in a book. All his brass willn't cure his belly ache, nor give him a appetite to enjoy two dinners at th' same time. He connot sleep i' two beds at once, nor wear two suits o' clooas at th' same time wi comfort. He connot have a bit moor pleasur nor me, but he's sewer to have a lot moor care an anxiety. He connot have confidence in his friends, an he's nivver sewer whether his wife wed him for love or for fortun.

Ther's some get satisfaction i' knowin ha mich he'll be able to leav when he dees. That's a foils nooation. If him an me booath dee at th' same time we shall just leav th' same amaant, for we shall leav all ther is, an afterthowts will nivver trouble us.

All th' real an th' pure pleasures i' this world are free, an ther's moor on em nor we shall ivver taste if we live to be as old as Methusalem. We can nivver exhaust em becoss they're allus growin afresh.

Aw think it's abaat time aw had a bit o' bacca, for aw've come at a famous speed this last mile or soa. Aw seem to be havin th' world pratty mich to misen, for aw've nivver met a wick soul sin aw set off, except a bus looad o' fowk, 'at lukt daan at me as if i' pity becoss aw couldn't affoord to ride.

But what should aw ride for? Shanks gal-loway suits me weel enuff, an mi time's mi own.

Land's cheep i' this locality an they're nooan particlar ha mich they give for a mile, but aw'st get to th' far end in a bit, an moor tired aw am an th' sweeter will be mi rest.

It's surprisin ha mich pleasur a chap can get aght o' dooin a thing to suit hissen, an what a task it is when he knows he has it to do whether he likes it or net. It isn't what a chap needs 'at maks him miserable, it's what he wants, an he wants it becoss he wants it, an if he had it he'd nivver use it.

A chap 'at's used to carryin a watch in his pocket ivvery day, monny a time puts it thear when he starts off to his wark an nivver sees it agean till he winds it up when he's gooin to bed at neet; but if he starts off withaat it, he's wantin it ivvery two or three minnits. Aw know that is soa, becoss aw've been thear.

But this is a grand walk an noa mistak, but aw dooant enjoy it as aw should do becoss it maks me feel selfish. Aw want somdy to share it wi me.

Solitude is all varry weel in its way but its apt to feel looansum. Happiness wor born a twin, an when man wor furst created his Maker faand aght 'at it worn't "good for man to be alone," soa He gave him a woman for cumpny.

Aw suppoos that wor th' reight thing to do, but if He'd gien him a man asteead, aw fancy we should ha had a quieter world.

When a chap's noabody to differ wi, he's noa chance to air his superior knowledge, an that's a waikness we mooast on us have.

They say it taks two to mak a quarrel, an that's true, an it taks two to come to an agreeement, an that's true too. When a chap tries to argue wi hissen he's wastin time.

It's like a chap walkin on th' heighrooad till he comes to a public haase, an he feels at he could do wi a glass o' ale, but on second thowts he thinks he's happen better withaat it, soa he



hesitates, an to decide th' matter he taks a penny aght ov his pocket to toss up. If it comes heead, he says, aw'll have one, an if it comes tail aw'll goa withaath, an he tosses it up an it comes tail.

Well, tha's cappin! he says, aw intended to guess tail all th' time, soa he gooas in an gets his glass.

He mud just as weel ha saved hissen th' trubble o' tossin, an soa it is when a chap tries to argue wi' hissen, his pet idea allus wins at th' finish.

Luk yonder,—that's a fine stretch o' watter! That'll be th' river Kent 'at Smart mentioned. Ha it glitters i' this sun, an ha happy them caah's luk. It feels a bit like hooam does this; ther's a bit o' smook ith' air.

Some fowk grummel a lot abaat a bit o' smook, but aw dooant. They say it poisons th' atmosphere, well, happen it does if ther's too mich on it, but aw nivver felt it to do me mich harm. Aw like to see it for it tells me at ther's some trade gooin on. Whear ther's trade ther's brass, an we can't get on varry weel withaath it.

It's all varry weel to talk abaat it bein "the root of all evil," but we, mooast on us, like to get hold ov a bit o' that rooit.

E'e, gow! but aw've had a gooid walk, an aw've hardly felt it, tho awm ready for a bit ov a sit daan, an a bit o' breed an cheese an a raw onion, weshed daan wi a pint o' ale willn't be amiss.

Aw've kept joggin along thinkin an tawkin to misen an aw've hardly nooaticed th' distance travelled or th' time spent.

It maks me think abaat old Billy 'at used to come twice a wick to Bradforth market, an whenivver yo saw him he wor allus tawkin to hissen. One day a chap axt him why he wor allus tawkin to hissen, an he sed,

"Aw do it for two reasons;—one is becoss aw like to tawk to a sensible chap, an tother is, aw like to hear a sensible chap tawk."

Two varry gooid reasons aw thowt they wor, an aw fancy awm growin a bit like Billy.

Well, awm reight glad aw coom here, for awd noa idea ther wor a taan like this amang theas hills an lakes. This street reminds me ov some pairts o' Bradforth at aw can remember.

Bless me life! young fowk at's livin i' Yorksher to-day have little idea o' what Yorksher taans lukt like sixty year sin. In fact, they arn't th' same taans at all.

Luk at Westgate i' Bradforth to-day;—Net mich worth lukkin at even nah, yo say; but its a varry different Westgate to what it wor when aw first knew it.

If onnybody had tawk'd abaat a tramcar runnin up thear, they'd ha sed he wor wrang in his heead. Yo'd be capt, if it wor possible to tak away St. George's Hall,—Th' Taan Hall,—Th' Exchange,—Th' Mechanics Institute,—Victoria Hotel, an' th' New Market, an a duzen

moor sich things;—an aw can remember when ther worn't one on 'em.

But Bradforth's a city nah, an noa little city nawther. But all theas improvements havn't been made withaat shiftin an destroyin lots o' old land marks. Old haases an shops whear th' fathers ov th' present city were born, an all th' alterations havn't been improvements to my nooation.

Aw hardly feel as mich at hooam in it to-day as aw did then, but th' time is near at hand when aw shall be removed too, an th' men an wimmen who nivver knew th' old taan as aw knew it, will nivver miss me.

Aw hardly fit in nah wi' things as they are, but th' march ov improvement will goa on, an some day when a young couple are startin haase keepin, they may come on a tattered copy ov "Clock Almanack" an glancing throo it, throw it into th' rubbish heeap an say,

"There must have been queer fowk living at that day."

It willn't disturb them at's passed away. May th' new brooms at tak th' place ov sich old ens as me, sweep as cleean an leeav as little muck behund.

Theas thowts coom into mi mind as aw walked throo Kendal. Old haases turned into new shops seemed to form a link connectin th' ruined Castle wi new taan, for ov coorse this taan, quaint as it is, is still new compared wi mich at still stands to tak awr fancy back to

that long past, but could we revive some ov them whose lives are nah but a name, we should still find human nature to have changed but little; th' same hopes an fears,—loves an hatreds, —poverty an wealth.

As aw wor considerin theas things aw stopt to luk in a shop winder;—an what sooart ov a shop do yo think it wor?—A bonnet shop, yo may laff, but it's true.

Ther wor one at tuk mi fancy. Nah, ha wod Mally's face luk i' that, aw wondered. Aw knew nowt abaat th' fashion; but it seemed to me to be just th' sooart ov thing shoo needed. If it doesn't suit, th' brass'll be wasted, but what bi that! Aw've wasted moor monny a time, at onny rate it'll pleas her to know aw wor thinkin abaat her.

In aw went,—“Ha mich do yo want for that bonnet?” aw axt, pointin it aght.

“Twelve and sixpence, sir.”

Aw wor staggered! Twelve an sixpence a duzzen aw thowt wod be nearer th' mark.

“Tee it up,” aw sed, “an luk sharp befoor aw alter mi mind.”

Shoo put it in a box big enuff for a hen to hatch a cletch o' chickens in, aw gave her a sovrin an shoo smiled at me when shoo handed me mi change.

Well, her smile wor worth two shillin, for shoo wor a bonny lass, an aw hurried away for fear awst be tempted to buy her one too.

Then aw made a bee line for th' furst public haase aw could see, an went in an ordered a plate o' breead an cheese an a pint o' Bass.

Bass is a trifle aboon my cut as a rule, but as aw lukt at mi box aw felt a pint o' four-pny wodn't correspond. Soa it is, one extravagance leeds to another.

Aw must say aw niver remember to have enjoyed a meal better i' mi life. Under ordinary sarcumstances, aw should ha gotten another pint, but th' responsibility o' landin that box hooam safe prevented me dooin soa.

Aw made straight for th' station an as aw had but a short time to wait for mi train aw wor sooin on mi way hooam.

As aw've telled yo befoor, Smart lives varry near th' station at Windermere, soa aw landed hooam safe an saand, an when th' box wor opened, aw thowt they'd takken leave o' ther senses. All but Mally, shoo niver spaik, but wiped her ee'n as if shoo wor roarin.

Then shoo tried it on, an Mrs. Smart donced raand her, an Smart clapt me on th' shoulder, an Mally stood thear wi tears still runnin daan her cheeks, an aw must say aw felt praad o' mi choise.

They couldn't say enuff i' praise on it, an aw felt they wor rayther over dooin it.

"An what do *you* think, Mrs. Grimes," axt Mrs. Smart.

"It's just like him," sed Mally, "he's allus thinkin o' me."

That hat's cheeap at twelve an sixpence, aw thowt, an aw made mi way to th' teah table tryin to luk as unconsigned as if aw did sich things ivvery day.

Well, aw wor a hero for that neet onny way an aw began to think aw did know a bit o' summat abaat buyin bonnets onnyway.

Aw dooant know who paid for th' whiskey that neet, but it cost me nowt. We'd a long tawk an a quiet smook an full ov happiness an contentment we went to bed; Mally to dreem abaat her bonnet, an me to dreem abaat th' lass 'at sell'd it me. An soa ended another day.

## CHAPTER X.

## LEAVING WINDERMERE.

WHEN Sammywell awoke next morning, he did not, as was his usual habit, at once jump up. He felt the effects of the long walk on the previous day, and his mind was occupied with thoughts as to the advisability of preparing for their departure.

"We're all reight here, an we've been weel done to, but it niver does to put on gooid natur. Ther's noa daat we've caused Mistress Smart a bit o' trubble an extra wark, an varry likely, interfered wi' Smart's regular arrangements.

"It isn't wise to wear aght yor welcome, for if yo do it's net likely they'll feel anxious for yo to come agean. Ov coorse we expect to pay for all we've had, an for all they've done for us, but that isn't just it. They may have been varry glad to have us, an at th' same

time they may be varry glad to get shut on us. Awst have to tawk to Mally, as sooin as shoo wakkens."

He didn't have long to wait, for Mally turned round and asked him, "if he didn't think it wor time to be makkin a move," and then he told her what he had been thinking about.

"Awm glad tha's mentioned it," shoo sed, "aw wor thinkin abaat it yesterday. An awm quite prepared to shift, an aw think th' sooiner we do it an better. Aw've enjoyed th' aghtin varry weel, tho' it hasn't been just what aw expected;—it's too much for a woman o' my years to goa trapesin abaat an scramblin up hills an shutterin daan dales. It's reight enuff for young fowk, for a bit o' exercise does 'em gooid, but it's rest 'at aw want. Tha's been varry considerate, aw will say, an Mister Kelly wor as kind to me as if he'd been mi own son, but even carriage ridin wearies a body when they've getten to my age."

"Well, then,—as sooin as we've had a gooid braikfast, tha'd better ax Mistress Smart ha mich we are in her debt;—pay her whativver shoo charges, an dooant start hagglin abaat it. It promises to be another nice day, an we'll spend it quietly daan bi th' lake side, an to-neet we'll start for hooam."

When at breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Smart were much surprised to hear of their sudden determination to leave, but expressing a hope

that it would not be long before they had the pleasure of seeing them again, little more was said.

After breakfast, Sammywell, and his wife,—wearing her new bonnet, started off for Bowness, intending to sit and enjoy the sunshine and watch pleasure seekers sailing or rowing on the lake.

They had not been long seated when they were approached by a boat owner, who tried to persuade them to have an hours ride on the water.

Sammywell was at last prevailed upon to risk it, on conditions that an experienced man should take charge. One was soon found and they took their places in the frail-looking craft.

“Awm sewer to be seah-sick, aw can feel it comin on already,” sed Mally.

“Dooant be foolish,” sed Sammywell, “Ha can ta be seah-sick on a lake?”

“Whether it's seah-sick or lake-sick maks varyy little difference. Aw wish we wor safe back. Awm thinkin abaat awr Hepsabah an poor Jerrymiar.”

“Ther's noa danger, is ther maister?” axt Sammywell, “Ther's net oft onnybody lost i' this lake, is ther?”

“I've been working on this lake for above twenty years, an I've never known one to be lost. We do have a drowning accident now and

then, but they are never lost. We generally find them again in the course of a day or two.”

“Nah, Mally,—does ta hear that? Have a bit o' pluck, an enjoy thisen.”

“Awst nooan enjoy misen wol we get on to some solid graand. Tha doesn't seem to be mich takken up wi it, for tha'rt lukkin varyy white abaat th' gills.”

“A life on the ocean waive, a home on the rolling deep,” sang Sammywell at the top of his voice, and just then the steamer to Able-side passed near them, and caused the little boat to pitch and toss in a most alarming manner.

“Aw wish to gooidness tha'd hold thi din, Sammywell, tha's onmost upset th' whoal consarn. Keep quiet, do, remember aw've mi purse i' mi pocket an if we goa to th' bottom, whear's th' brass for railway tickets to come throo?”

“Aw nivver thowt abaat that. Tha'd better let me have th' purse to tak care on. Then tha'll know whear it is.”

“Aw know whear it is nah, but if tha gets hold on it, awst nivver see it agean.”

“All reight. But if tha doesn't hand it over, aw'll start singin agean.”

“If tha does, tha'll get a claat at th' side o' thi heead wi one o' them sticks at th' captin's shovin th' watter wi.”

"Tak us back maister, an aw'll treet yo as sooin as we land. It may be fun for some fowk, but it's flaysum to me."

"There is no danger, maam, I assure you. said the man.

"Noa, ther nivver is till a accident happens, an then it's too lat to tawk abaat it."

The man, seeing the state of affairs quickly brought them back, and although they had not been half the time they had bargained for, they paid cheerfully and Mally added a threepenny bit.

"Let's stroll on th' rooad a bit," sed Sammywell, "We may find some haases to let, an ther mud be one to suit us."

"Ther's noa haases here 'at 'ud suit me. Aw wodn't live here if aw could get one rent free."

"That's becoss tha's noa love for th' beauties o' Nature, for this is admitted to be abaat th' lovlitest part i' all England, poets an painters come here throo all pairts, an some o'th' greatest have lived an dee'd here."

"It's ivverybody to ther taste, Sammywell, but for my pairt, aw'd rayther spend a hawf day lukkin i' shop winders at Bradforth, ner mauderin abaght here starin at a sheet o' watter. When aw want to see watter, aw goa to Blackpool; nah, ther is some watter thear an it's watter wi' some life in it. Theas lakes are nobbut like a miln pond, but rayther bigger. Ogden reservoir is just as nice to

me;—an as to theas hills,—well, what gooid are they? It kills a body to climb 'em an when yo've getten to th' top yo've getten to come daan."

"Whisht, Mally, whisht! If onny body heeard thi tawk like that they'd cry shame on thi. Tha hasn't been eddicated up to it. Tha can see moor beauty in a new wringin machine, nor in a moss covered watter wheel, an a watterfall doesn't interest thee as mich as a brass tap ovver a sinkstooan. Aw feel a bit sooary 'at aw perswaded thi to come, for aw believe tha'd ha enjoyed thisen a deaal better at Blackpool."

"Tha's noa need to be sooary, Sammywell, on my accaant, for aw've enjoyed misen varry mich, an aw like to see fresh places, but aw dooant see why aw should goa into hystericks abaat things becoss somdy else has sed they're grand. What does it matter ha grand they are if they arn't grand to me."

"That's reight enuff as far as it gooas, but then tha shouldn't set up thi own opinion i' opposition to other fowk."

"If aw havn't to set up mi own opinion, whose opinion mun aw set up?"

"Tha could keep thi maath shut an net tawk abaat things tha doesn't understand."

"If we all did that awm thinkin ther wodn't be mich tawkin. Aw dooant think tha'd have mich to say sometimes,"

"Well, we'll say noa moor abaat it. We've getten to th' end o' th' tether, an aw connot say 'at aw feel sooary to get away, though awm glad aw coom; but aw dooant feel like gooin straight back to yond little haase i' th' fold.—

"It's hooam, when all's sed an done, but then a chap can allus goa hooam when he's noawhear else to goa. Nah, tha mentioned Blackpool a minnit sin, an it's a grand place for fowk 'at want a change,—a lively change aw meean,—but it's hardly th' best place for two old fowk 'at want a rest. What does ta say if asteead o' gooin hooam to-neet, suppoos we goa an finish up at a nice quiet place like Southpooart? We shan't be expected back hooam for a day or two yet, an we havn't spent what brass we browt. It's just struck me at that wod be a varry wise thing to do, an mak a grand wind up ov a halliday. What does ta think abaat it?"

"Nay, dooant ax me, Sammywell, aw'll leeav it all to thee. But awm capt ha th' idea gate into thi heead, for aw've been thinkin th' same thing for a day or two, an aw should ha mentioned it but aw wor feear'd tha'd think aw wor nivver satisfied. Ther's noa place awd rayther goa to nor Southpooart for some o' mi oldest friends live thear, an aw've been tell'd at ther's noa nicer place for fowk at's gettin on i' years to goa to."

"Then we'll consider that sattled, an we'll

turn back nah an call at Windermere station an mak a few enquiries abaat th' trains. But tha'll be feelin a bit faint nah, for it's a long time sin tha had thi braikfast, an aw feel as if a bit ov a snack an a glass o' bitter wod be varry acceptable. We'll net put Mistress Smart to th' trubble an bother ov providin a dinner for us to-day. But by-the-bye, Mally, did ta say owt to her this mornin abaat th' pay?"

"Eeah, aw squared all up wi' her befooar we started aght. Shoo sed shoo didn't expect owt, an we'd been varry welcome to owt we'd had, but aw tell'd her that worn't th' way we did business; but shoo wodn't mak a charge but sed aw'd to give her owt aw thowt reasonable, soa aw gave her a sovrin. Wor that enuff, thinks ta?"

"Well, it wor little enuff, but then we can mak it up to 'em when they come to visit us at Bradforth, an Smart says they've decided to come."

"When they come they'll be made welcome, tha knows that. Aw've taen a reglar fancy to Mistress Smart, shoo's sich a nice hooamly body, an her husband made me wish tha wor a bit moor like him. Nah, dooant say awm finding onny fault wi' thee, for tha has some gooid points, but tha keeps 'em aght o' th' seet."

"Noa daat, lass, tha'rt reight, but as tha knows, aw must ha been born soa. What's

born i'th' booran is sewer to show at one time or another. If awd mi life to spend ovver agean aw should do different, but tha knows it taks all soarts to mak a world on, an maybe aw've filled mi little nooak as weel as th' mooast, at onnyrate it's noa gooid cryin ovver spilt milk, an it's to lat on i'th' day for me to alter mich. It hasn't been all plain sailin i' my bit o' time, aw've had mi bits o' storms to battle wi', but aw've mooastly managed to pool throo pratty weel, an if aw've nivver been able to rise to th' same height as some o' mi naybors, aw've nivver sunk as low as others, an when a chap is a fair average he owt to be thankful.

"Tha's been a varry gooid wife to me, considerin all things, but tha wodn't ha suited ivverybody, an as long as tha suits me, what's it matter."

"Just luk at that lake nah,—ha it glitters i'th' sun;—an luk at these trees on th' opposite side,—th' offer aw see 'em an th' grander they seem, an especially nah when we're on th' point o' leeavin 'em. It allus seems to be soa. Things we have are nivver prized as they owt to be until we're i' danger o' loisin 'em, an when its too lat we begin to regret awr neglect, an we say 'A'a dear! If awd mi time to do ovver agean awd do different.' In a varry few haars we shall bid 'em all farewell, an aw can say wi' trewth as Dr. Forshaw sed,

"I've climbed the mountain and I've sailed the lake,  
Meandered through the fields by old farm-houses,  
And where the cow in meadows gently browses,  
I've strayed with heart devoid of pain and ache.  
On country lanes I've plucked the wild white rose,  
In woods I've gathered flowers rich and rare,  
And I have found new beauties everywhere,  
And joy which none but poet really knows,  
But now, alas! these scenes I leave behind,  
Yet they have shed a bliss that long will last,  
So, when returning where my life is cast,  
I shall in recollection always find  
Such tender memories of my visit here,  
That I shall ne'er forget loved Windermere."

"That's just what aw feel like, an awm thankful ther's been one here befor me whose been able to put mi thowts into sich beautiful lines."

"Here's th' station an we'll goa in an see what th' refreshment raams have to offer, for awm sewer tha'll be ommost done up. Sit thi daan, an wol tha'rt havin a cup o' teah an a sossing roll aw'll goa an mak a few enquirements."

"He's gettin one ov his serious fits on aw think. Aw believe he's sooary to goa away,"



sed Mally. "Aw believe he's dooin' it just becoss he thinks awm dissatisfied. But awm sewer aw've enjoyed misen furst rate, but aw didn't want to stop at Smart's onny longer, for it lukt like puttin on gooid natur. It's been a nice change for us booth an aw hooap its done him a bit o' gooid."

"Nah, Mally, we've nice time to goa an bid Smarts' gooid-bye, for th' train doesn't leave befor nine o'clock to-neet, soa let's be movin'."

"Tha'rt in a fearful hurry all at once. Does ta think aw owt to travel i' mi new bonnet?"

"Suit thisen! Come on."

## CHAPTER XI.

### A VISIT TO SOUTHPORT.

A WALK of a few minutes brought them back to their friend Smarts, and they gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to take a rest, as their long stroll had wearied them.

"Well, nah, aw think we've sattled ivvery-thing," sed Sammywell. "We can hardly thoil to leav' yo, for we've been varry comfortable here, an th' country seems to grow more charmin ivvery day. But if yo'll come to see us we'll do all we can to gie yo a gooid time. We're gooin hooam, but we're gooin raand-a-baat for th' gainest. We intend to tak th' nine o'clock train to Liverpool, whear we shall have to spend a neet, an then tak a early train to Southpooart, whear Mally has some friends

shoo's anxious to visit, an if th' weather is onny-bit-like, we may spend a day or two thear befor gooin hooam. What do yo think o' that for a plan."

"It is not possible for me to say, but, unless you have a particular reason for wishing to spend a night in Liverpool, a much better plan would be for you to have an early cup of tea and leave here about five o'clock, when you will reach Liverpool in time to take the Electric Train to Southport, where you will arrive in plenty of time to secure lodgings for the night, and then wake up in the morning rested and ready to enjoy the day. That would be my advice," sed Smart.

"That's my noation," sed Mally, "aw knew 'at two heeads wod' be better nor one, if they're nobbut sheep heeads."

"Aw wish tha'd spaik when tha'rt spokken to, Mally, an net till then, for too monny sheep heeads may spoil th' broth. If Mister Smart an me cannot arrange what to do we'll ax thee an then tha can mullock th' job reight."

"Aw'll net say another word. If it's left to thee, aw know ha it'll end, for tha maks a mess o' ivveything tha undertaks, an then tha comes to me to help thi aght o'th' muck. Aw know thee, Sammywell."

"Tea is quite ready," announced Mrs. Smart,

and attention to this put a stop to what might have led to mutual recriminations.

After the light, but refreshing repast, there was much handshaking and good wishes exchanged and they were soon on their way to the station, and having secured a comfortable compartment, and with due care deposited the venerable umberella on the rack, Sammywell charged his pipe, and contentedly puffed away until the train moved out.

"Nah, it's gooid bye Windermere," sed Sammywell, "Tha mun luk aght o' th' winder an mak th' best o'th' last glimps tha'll ivver have o' this bit o' paradise."

"Aw thowt tha sed we should have to come agean," sed Mally.

"Tha wor mistakken. Aw sed *aw* should come agean, that's all."

"Tha'll come nooan unless aw coom wi thi. Tha can mak thi mind easy on that scoor. Tha arn't fit to travel bi thisen. If it hadn't been for me tha'd net ha seen hawf as mich as tha has done. Mister Kelly wodn't ha driven thee abaat in a carriage, if it hadn't been for me."

"If it hadn't been for thee, aw could ha driven abaat bi misen."

"Tha'd ha done wonders to hear thi talk, but aw know."

"Soa it seems. Aw think tha knows too mich."

"That's true. Aw know too mich to suit thee. Tha owt to be 'shamed o' thisen to tawk to me as tha does. If tha wants to mak a bother, tha'll ha to have it all to thisen for aw willn't contend wi thi."

Conversation now ceased, and in a very short time they both dropt off to sleep and after a long, uneventful journey, they were aroused by a voice demanding "Tickets."

In a short time the train drew up at Exchange Station, and they got out. Sammywell was no stranger there, and he soon secured tickets for Southport, and in half an hour they arrived there, and standing in Chapel Street, conferred as to where they should put up for the night.

"We'st ha noa trubble on that point," sed Sammywell, "ther's lots o' gooid hotels abaat here, whear they'll tak us in tho' we arn't known."

"All th' better for that, aw should think. But we're net gooin to onny Hotels, aw've gotten th' brass an awm nooan gooin to waste it in Hotels. We want a nice quiet booardin haase, where we can be waited on. Just hold this umberel wol aw goa into this shop an enquire."

Sammywell found himself the custodian of the much despised umberel, and Mally disappeared in a baker's shop. In a few minutes she emerged, carrying in her hand a strip of paper on which was written the address given her of a place where she had been advised to apply.

"Nah, come wi me," sed Mally, "this is a place awm sewer'll suit us, an its cloise at hand."

"Which way do we goa?" axt Sammywell.

"Ax a poleeceman, ov coorse. What are they kept for?"

"Ax him thisen," he sed.

"A'a, dear! tha'rt nawther use nor ornament."

The policeman was soon found and courteously pointed the way they should go, and as they started off at once they reached the destination almost before they were aware.

Mally made all enquiries, which being satisfactory answered, they walked in and were much pleased with the comfortable appearance of the rooms, and the pleasant, smiling face of the woman in charge.

"Will this suit thi?" axt Mally.

"Owt'll suit me, tha knows that. But what abaat summat to ait,—awm feelin peckish, an its growin lat."

"Put thi umberel on th' top o'th' pianner an we'll goa aght an buy summat."

Sammywell glanced at thè piano and then threw the offending umberalla on the floor, and with a vicious kick sent it under the sofa.

"If tha'rt gooin to start showin onny o' thy tantrums here, Sammywell, tha'll find thisen i'th' wrang box. Aw willn't stir aght a yard wi thi, awst be feear'd tha'd be puncin me next. If tha wants onny supper tha mun goa an buy it for thisen."

Sammywell felt rather ashamed of his conduct, so he answered very quietly,

"Gie me some brass an aw'll goa. Aw didn't meean to do onny harm, but aw lost mi patience for a second when tha sed 'put it on th' pianner.' Tha'll be wantin to tak it to bed wi' thi next."

"An what bi that if aw do? It'll be as mich use an moor ornamental nor thee at onny rate. Thear's sixpence sithee, that's enuff for thee to spend at this time o' neet."

Sammywell went out, and had not gone many yards before he was attracted by the windows of a well lighted house, over the door of which swung a sign inviting passers by to step inside.

"This luks like a daycent place. Aw mud as weel goa in. Ther's noa tellin ha long we

may stop i' them lodgins, an its allus advisable to be nayborly. A glass o' Burton'll help a chap to sleep an aw've had a rayther thrang day."

The cosy room and cheerful company, together with the Burton was so much to the taste of Sammywell that he took no account of the flight of time until reminded that it was closing time and he was compelled to quit.

"Aw've made a mess o' this job for a start," he sed, "Whear con aw get owt for supper at this time o' neet? Hasumivver awm like to try."

He had not to go far before he came to a shop, in the window of which were displayed a pile of pies, made in dishes, such as he had never seen for sale before.

"By gum!" he sed, "this is a reight shop. Aw mun have one o' them, tho' Mally's sewer to ax mi whear aw gat th' brass. It's a pity shoo's sich a inquisitive old woman. But here gooas!"

He was soon in possession of a substantial pie; quite big enough for a family.

"Eighteen pence.—Well, if it's as gooid as it luks it's cheeap enuff, but Mally's sewer to want summat to sup to it, but aw caant get that?"

"Whear's ta been all this time? Whear

did ta get that pie? Bowt it, does ta say? Then whear did tha get thi brass? Tha's nooan getten that for sixpence!"

"Ax me noa questions an aw'll tell thi noa lies. Tell th' mistress tha wants some plates an knives an forks. Awm sooary aw couldn't get thi a drop o' beer, but it's after time, soa tha'd better ax her to mak thi a cup o' teah. Tha can mak do wi' that for an odd time."

"We shall manage, tha'll see," shoo sed. "Aw sent aht for a drop for aw knew tha'd forget it. Tha'll find a quart i' that can at th' back on thi."

"Mally, tha's moor sense ner aw gave thi credit for. Pool up to th' table an mak a beginnin."

"This is as gooid as if Mistress Smart had made it. Tha mun show me that shop ith' mornin."

The meal was heartily enjoyed, and after Sammywell had smoked a pipe they retired to rest in the best of tempers and were soon sound asleep.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

**N**EXT morning they were up early and out to make their marketing.

The weather was glorious, and Mally fairly trotted along, so pleased was she with the well paved level streets.

"This licks Lakeland!" shoo sed, "aw feel as if aw could walk for ivver on rooads like this. An luk what grand shops! Let's see, —we mun have some teah an coffee an sewgar, an a loaf an a bit o' butter, an wi' th' rest o' that pie we shall do varry weel for braikfast."

These things were soon bought, and as the shopman promised to send them home for them, they had no occasion to hurry back.

Sammywell suggested they should have a look around the station, as it was always wise to acquaint themselves with their surroundings. They had no sooner entered than

Sammywell's eyes caught sight of the Refreshment Room.

"Tha sees that place, Mally? Nah, what wod ta think if tha'd to see awr parson's wife waitin on as a barmaid i' a place like that?"

"Nay, sewerly net, Sammywell, aw'll nivver believe it!"

"Ther's a deecal o' strange things i' this world 'at tha knows nowt abaat. But if tha's onny daats abaat it, lets goa in an see."

They entered, and a young lady came to attend to them.

"Two small scotch whiskey's, miss, if yo pleas," ordered Sammywell.

"Nay, nay, Sammywell, ther's noa sense i' this. Drinkin befor braikfast! what wod fowk say if they knew?"

"Dooant let em know an they'll say nowt."

The drinks were soon served and Sammywell drank his and walked out, leaving Mally to pay for them. She quickly followed him.

"Tha's been makkin a foil on me aw think. Yon'd woman's noa moor like awr parson's wife nor shoo's like me!"

"That is soa. Awm satisfied its nooan her, an aw nivver thowt it wor."

"Why who tell'd thi?"

"Nay, nubdy tell'd me. It wor nobbut a chance remark, that's all."

"Aw dooant like sich chance remarks. It cost me sixpence."

"Eeah, it wod, but it wor a drop o' varry fair stuff. We'st know whear to come ith' futer if we should want owt oth' sooart."

"Aw believe it wor another o' thi lowlived tricks, but aw'll be ayven wi' thi at th' finish."

"Well, lass, let's be gettin back to braikfast or yond woman 'll think we've sloped."

"What does ta meean to do wi' thisen after braikfast?"

"We'll goa daan to th' shore for a start, an after dinner aw think we'll goa as far as th' Zoological Gardens. They say ther weel worth a visit. That is if tha thinks tha can bide to walk as far."

"Awm as weel able to walk as thee. Its a treecat to walk on sich streets as these. They may tak ther maantains for me. Gie me a bit o' Christian old England. Aw wodn't live whear Smart lives for a pension."

Breakfast being all ready, it was despatched with a relish and they were soon on their way to the shore.

Mally was in the best of spirits and when they arrived on what may be called the Fair Ground, she was quite overcome with wonder and delight. The antics of the Punch and

Judy caused tears to run down her cheeks, and the spectators were more amused with Mally than with the show.

The Aereal Flight across the Marine Lake appealed to her strongly, and when assured of its safety, its fascination was more than she could resist. Nothing would satisfy her but a ride on it.

Sammywell went also and so pleased were they that one journey did not satisfy them.

From one thing to another they went until they felt weary and thought it time to be making their way to what they regarded as their home, and as they strolled along Mally observed Sammywell had his hands in his pockets.

"What maks thi walk wi thi hands i' thi britches pockets? Tha luks like a country gawby."

"Eeah, aw know. Aw hate to do it, but tha sees awm forced, for aw've nowt else i' mi pockets, an awm net used to walkin wi 'em empty."

"Oh, aw know what tha'rt drivin at. Aw'll gie thi a trifle to put in if tha'll promise me tha'll keep it in," and she drew out her purse. "Ha long does ta think we shall stop here?"

"It's net for me to say. Tha's gotten th'

brass an awm willin to stop as long as it'll spin aght, soa suit thisen."

"Well, luk here, ther's a sovrin for thisen, an that's all tha'll get, soa mind ha tha uses it, an dooant come to me for onny moor."

"All reight, lass, aw thowt tha wodn't trail me abaat day after day withaat a penny to bless misen wi. Let's goa in here an see what its like."

"Tha'rt nooan gooin to spend it as sooin as tha's gotten it, sewerly?"

"Nooan soa, lass, but aw want to get it changed. Tha sees a sovrin's sooin lost, but twenty shillin's net likely to slip away all at once. Did ta say tha'd have bitter or mild."

"Aw sed nowt, an aw want nowt! Just order what tha likes."

"Aw think a drop o' bitter'll help thi to enjoy thi dinner."

"But ther'll be noa dinner unless we hurry hooam, for we've nawther bowt mait nor puttates. Tha'll have to borrow a basket an goa fotch some as sooin as we get in."

"All reight. Aw'll do owt tha wants me to. Tha'rt nooan a bad sooart."

Sammywell was soon off on his errand, light-hearted at the prospect of being able to call wherever his fancy should suggest.

He lost no time in making his purchases, and

then took what he considered a well earned rest in the house he had visited the previous evening. He did not remain long.

"What a time tha's been," sed Mally, "aw could ha goan i' hawf th' time."

"Varry likely. Tha buys th' furst thing tha sees, but aw walk raand an compare things. Tha doesn't know th' vally o' brass, but aw've had to haddle it."

"Ha mich has ta spent?"

"Puttates, sixpence;—mutton chops a shillin;—pickles an bacca a shillin, that just comes to hawf a craan."

"Well, aw willn't call thi what tha art, but aw dooant believe thi; ther's nooan two pund o' chops here. Tha arn't fit to buy two penny cakes for three hawpence; tha'll do noa moor shoppin for me."

"Aw'st nooan freeat abaat that."

The dinner gave satisfaction and they were soon on the way to the Zoological Gardens. Mally found it a long and tiring walk, but she never complained.

They got there at last and admired the grounds and the animals. The monkey house took Mally's fancy.

"Arn't they natteral, Sammywell? Ther's one thear at mud be Pat Geogan's brother, its th' varry spit on him. Dooant goa to near th'

cage for fear one o' them chaps should shove thi in, an leeav me to goa hooam bi misen. But if they do aw'll come an see thi ivvery day an bring some nuts."

"Let's get aght o' this shop for it stinks," sed Sammywell.

"It does, but tha'd get used to it if tha lived amang 'em."

"Shut thi maath, if tha connot tawk sense. They'd put thee in but they're feear'd tha'd freeten all tothers to deeach."

"Has thi dinner disagreed wi thi?"

"Noa, but tha has! Aw wish we'd nivver come."

"Just like a man. Selfish! Tha connot bide to see me enjoy misen."

"Awst want a glass o' summat to tak th' taste aght o' mi maath."

"Why, tha'd ha wanted a glass o' summat if tha'd had noa taste i' thi maath."

He soon found the place where he could change one taste for another, and then they took the tram and almost before they realized it they were at home. Sammywell seemed glumpy, but he could not remain in that state long.

As the evening was coming on he proposed they should take a walk and Mally gladly agreed.

Lord Street was alive with pedestrians, the



weather was perfect, and the Municipal Gardens were illuminated with hundreds of coloured electric lights, which hanging like gold and amber fruits amongst the foliage which they lighted up like to a fairy scene. The splashing fountains throwing up myriads of sparkling gems, the Bandstand outlined with gorgeous globes,—the assembly of uniformed musicians, and the varied costumes of the visitors parading the garden walks made a picture of such splendour that Mally was not only fascinated but awed; she clung tightly to Sammywell's arm and spoke in a whisper.

"Isn't it ommost like heaven?" shoo sed. "Aw've nivver seen sich a seet as this sin aw wor born, an if onnybody had tell'd me abaat it aw couldn't ha believed it. A'a, Sammywell. Windermere may be grand for sich as understand sich things, but this puts all ther Lakes an Maantains into th' shade! If this wor all Southpoort had to offer, its worth comin miles an miles to see."

"Awm glad tha's fun summat to suit thi at last. Let us goa inside an sit daan an lissen to th' music, then aw can enjoy a pipe o' bacco."

"O, Sammywell, dunnot! Its sacrilege to smook thy old clay pipe ith' presence o' sich a seet as this. If tha mun smook get a cigar an let it be a gooid en."

Sammywell, nothing lothe purchased one and then they took their places where they could see as much of the beauty as possible. Then the band commenced, softly at first as if whispering, and swelling by degrees until the air vibrated and the trees shivered at the mighty outpouring of melody.

Mally was as one entranced, and tears of joy rolled down her withered cheeks. Sammywell also felt stirred to his inmost depths. When the last notes died away they awoke, as from a pleasant dream, and silently made their way home and to bed, there to live over again the marvellous sights and sounds that had awoke within them sensations and passions of whose existence they had hitherto been in ignorance of.

Day after day were passed in much the same way. The visit to the shore, or on one occasion a walk along the pier from which they got their only view of the sea. Then after dinner a visit to one of the many parks or gardens, and the evening always found them sitting in the garden amidst the lights and flowers and statuary, listening to the band.

Mally seemed to be living in a dream, and Sammywell wore a contented look.

The time at last came when they must tear themselves away. They arrived safely in Brad-

ford on the evening of Saturday, and at once made their way home.

Mally was almost struck dumb when she opened the door. Could it be the same house that she had left only ten days ago? It was so small, and mean looking, but when the fire and gas was blazing she became more in love with it, for it was home after all.

On Sunday she stood in the doorway and bade good morning to the neighbours and was surprised that not one of them stopped to congratulate her on her return. In fact no one seemed to have missed them. Even Hepsabah seemed indifferent and only said,—

“O, yo've gotten back aw see, well yo didn't stop long. Did mi father behave hissen daycently?”

“Dooant let me hear thee spaik abaat thi father like that. Thi father's a gentleman an he behaved like one. He's th' best father tha'll ivver have, mind that! An if tha doesn't treat him wi respect, thee an me will have a difference at'll tak some cleearing up.

“He bowt me a new bonnet an aw believe he's been foolish enuff to buy summat for thee, an if tha behaves thisen tha may get it tho tha doesn't desarve it. Next time we goa to Windermere tha mun try to goa wi us, an it'll mak thi oppen thi een a bit.”

## SAMMY AN' MALLY.

A 'A, Mally awm capt 'at a woman like thee,  
 'At's lived to be ommost three scoor,  
 'At tha has'nt a trifle moor white i' thi e'e,  
 For ov green tha could hardly have moor.  
 Young fowk point ther fingers an' grin as they say,  
 “Sich old fogies we niver did see,”  
 An' it hurts me becoss aw remember the day,  
 When they lukt up to thee an' to me.”

“Why, Sammy, what ails thee aw cannot mak aght,  
 For awm sewer we're a reight gradely pair;  
 An' th' young en's 'at laff are but foils aw've noa  
 daat,  
 An' hav'nt mich gumpshun to spare.  
 We've been laft at befoor, yet we toddle along  
 An' aw think we booath thankful should be,  
 'At altho' we've grown old, we are hearty an' strong,  
 An' that is a blessin', sewerlee.”

“That's true, Mally lass, but tha knows i' this life,  
 We cannot expect to stand still;  
 An' tha know's vary weel, mi trusty old wife,  
 'At if we dooant move on others will.

Things we nivver dreamt on-i'th' days we wor young,  
 Are as common as common can be;  
 Soa monny strange things raand abaat us have sprung,  
 Wol we're reight aght o' th' hunt does ta see."

"Well, Sammy, aw think we've had huntin' enuff,  
 An' its time we wor takkin some rest;  
 New nooations for th' young ens are all proper stuff,  
 Yet old nooations suit thee an' me best.  
 Does ta want us to goa on bicycles to ride?  
 Or baloonin' goa up into th' sky?  
 Wod ta ha me to walk wi' mi legs cloisly tied?  
 Aw should tummel, lad, if awd to try."

"Well, happen tha'rt reight, an' for old fowk like us,  
 Old customs will suit us the best;  
 Soa to thee aw'll give in withaat makkin' a fuss,  
 An' contentedly sit daan an' rest.  
 We can watch others struggle as we i' times past  
 Have fowt i' this battle ov life;  
 An' acknowledge we're foorced to admit it at last  
 We're but an' old man an' his wife."

## SCARBRO SPA.

**I**F yo wor nivver at Scarbro ther's a treeat i' stoor. Mooast fowk goa to see th' seah, but ther's a gooid lot at goa to see th' Spa an th' chap at runs it.

Willie Morgan plays the organ, an he hasn't mich ov a heart in his belly at connot get abaat three hundred per cent aght o'th capital he invests i' one ov his entertainments.

Ther's all sooarts o' fowk goa to Scarbro, an to tell a quarter o'th funny things at happens wod fill a almanack.

Aw'll just mention one, becoss th' chap at its abaat axt me to do it, for he sed he'd nivver seen his name i' print, an he didn't ivver expect it wod appear thear, unless aw tuk it i' hand, until ther wor a nooatice ov his deeath, which he wodn't be thear to see.

Soa this is his tale abaat his trip to Scarbro, wi a bit o' mi own thrown in. Aw know its true coss aw wor thear misen. Well, here gooas abaat th' last visit aw paid to Scarbro.

Th' last time at aw wor thear aw met old Joa Warden, throo Halifax. He wor a jolly sooart ov a chap, an he made up wi bein liberal abrooad for bein niggardly at hooam. His great desire, when he left Halifax whear he wor known, wor to pass as a gentleman, an if gold watchguards an rings could ha helpt him he'd ha gooan throo wi flyin colours.

Unfortunately he wor rayther too fond ov his drops an he generally managed to get into some scrape or another befoor he gat hooam. One thing at bothered him moor nor owt else wor at after he'd had a few drinks, if he set daan he wor sewer to fall asleep; an monny's th' time when he's gotten into a railway carriage, say, at Hipperholme, when he's fun hissien at Sowerby Bridge or Tormorden.

One day, he went on a cheap excursion to Scarbro. (It wor a dear excursion befoor he'd

getten throo wi it) an he'd had a jolly time, but as usual, he'd had more leatherhead teah nor he could weel carry, but although he'd lost th' use of his legs ommost, he still had some ov his wits abaat him, an he called for th' guard, an after givin him a shillin for hissen, he axt him if he couldn't find him a carriage whear he'd be able to have a bit ov a nod.

"Why, if yo dooant mind ridin i'th luggage van, aw can mak yo comfortable, an yo can sleep all yo want," sed th' guard.

"That's th' ticket for me!" he sed, an he wor sooin snoorin away, an he knew nowt abaat whear he wor gooin.

It wor a pratty long run to Leeds, an that wor th' furst stoppin place, an th' mooast o'th fowk had to get off thear. Th' guard saw at ivverybody gate ther bags an boxes, but seein at Joa wor saand asleep didn't disturb him. He knew at another chap had to tak charge o'th train thear, an he intended to tell him abaat Joa, but wol he wor havin a drink wi a passenger, th' luggage van, wi Joa in it, wor shunted onto a side track an th' train went on withaath him.

Joa knew nowt abaat this, an when they wor all far away an th' stars wor shinin breetly, Joa wakkened. Yo can bet he wor dry! He allus wor dry, but at this particklar time he wor dryer nor he'd ivver been.

It tuk him some little time to reckon up whear he wor, but bi degrees he remembered havin

getten into th' luggage van, an he began gropin raand to find a way aght. He wor capt at ther wor nowt i'th place but hissen, an at he wor net travellin at all. All wor as dark as a boot, soa he hunted for a match; (but who ivver did have a match when they wanted one?)

"Ee, gow!" he sed, "Aw believe awm at Scarbro yet. Well, ther's nowt for it but to wait a bit," soa he ligg'd daan an wor sooin asleep agean.

Ha long he slept he didn't know, but all at once he jumpt up, for a stream o' watter as thick as a chap's shackle wor bluzzin in his face. He tried his best to shaat, but it wor noa use, an ivverytime he tried to get on his feet he flopt daan wi foorce enuff to knock th' bottom aght ov a barrel.

He wornt long befoor he wor booth coold daan an sober'd up, an after a while a chap put his heead in to luk if all wor gooin on reight. As sooin as he saw Joa, he threw daan his hose an jet an ran to tell at ther wor a tramp i'th luggage van.

Joa wodn't a cared abaat that, but just as he flung th' hose daan, th' nozzle gate into his britches slop. Joa's suit wor warranted to be watter proof, he sooin wished they wornt—for th' watter rushed in an filled em like a blether, an if it hadn't been for it managin to foorce a way aght at his shirt neck an brustin his wayscoat ther's no tellin what mud ha happened.

Some chaps coom in a bit an dragged him

aght, intending to give him i' charge for travellin withaat a ticket, but luk let there wor one at knew him, soa when he explained matters they let him off.

It wor abaat six o'clock i'th mornin, when he gate into another train for Halifax, an shiverin an shakin he landed hooam. Some ov his friends wor waitin for him, an they axt him anxiously ha it wor at he wor soa lat.

"Has ta been bathin, an missed thi train?" sed one.

"Aw've been havin a bit ov a duckin," he sed, "but let's goa whear we can get summat to sup."

"Awm sewer tha must be dry," sed another.

"If tha'd been wi me abaat an haar sin, tha wodn't ha thowt soa. But aw've done wi seahside after this. Th' next time aw feel like gooin to th' seahside, aw'll send for th' foir engines an have a bit ov a doo o' mi own i'th back yard."

Joa gate twitted a gooid deal abaat it when it gate known, but he luks varry serious, an they say he's nivver been sober sin.

## BE HAPPY.

SOME fowk ivverlastinly grummel  
 At th' world an' at th' fowk ther is in it;  
 If across owt 'at's pleasant they stummel,  
 They try to pick faults in a minnit.

We all have a strinklin' o' care,  
 An' they're lucky that ne'er meet a trouble,  
 But aw think it's unkind an' unfair,  
 To mak ivvery misfortun seem double.

Some grummel if th' sun doesn't shine,  
 If it does they find cause for complainin',  
 Discontented when th' weather wor fine,  
 They start findin' fault cos it's rainin'.

Aw hate such dissatisfied men,  
 An' fowk 'at's detarmined to do so;  
 Awd mak 'em goa live bi thersen,  
 Aght o'th' world,—like a Robinson Crusoe.

To mak th' pleasures surraandin' us less,  
 Ivvery reight-minded man must think sinful;  
 When ther's soa mich to cheer an' to bless,  
 Ov happiness let's have a skinful.

Aw truely mooast envy that man,  
 Who's gladly devotin' his leisure;  
 To mak th' world as breet as he can,  
 An' add to its gooid an' its pleasure.

It's true ther's hard wark to be done,  
 An' mooast on us drop in to share it;  
 But if sprinkled wi' innocent fun,  
 Why, we're far better able to bear it.

May wi live long, surraanded wi' friends,  
 To enjoy what is healthful an' pure;  
 An' at last, when this pilgrimage ends,  
 We shall niver regret it awm sure.

## Cappin a Corn Doctor.

**JOSIAH BLUNT**, or as he wor allus called bi his naybors, Blunt Joss, lived i'th nayborhood o' Rawdon. He lived bi hissen, an he sed he'd nawther kith nor kin an he didn't want onny.

His little cottage stood a piece back off th' heighrooad an had a piece of land fenced in all raand it. I'th front he used to grow greens an a few puttates, but th' remainder wor taen up wi a pig sty an hen hoil an a general conglomeration o' lumber.

It wor his own bit o' property, for it belanged to his wife when he wed her, an as ther wor noa childer, it fell to him when shoo deed.

It wornt mich ov a place to luk at, but it suited him, an as his wants wor few an simple he managed to get a livin aght on it an he felt varry independant an wor praad on it. But th'

thing at he tuk th' mooast pride in wor hissen an his ways. He wor blunt bi name an blunt bi natur.

He wornt a gurt tawker, but if he sed owt it wor to th' point, for he didn't believe i' wastin words, but if he'd owt to say he'd say it withaat considerin whether it pleased or grieved.

One mornin, he wor just gooin to feed his pigs when he saw a young chap, dressed like one o'th better sooart, commin towards him.

"Good morning, sir. This is a nice morning."

"Onny fooil could see that," sed Joss, lukkin him ovver throo heead to fooit.

"Is the good lady at home?"

"Ther's noa lady here nawther gooid, bad, nor indifferent."

"Indeed. Perhaps some of the family might be troubled with corns."

"Praps they mud be if ther wor onny family, but ther isn't nobbut me an th' pigs."

"Indeed. Well, sir, I'm the inventor of a salve for the cure of corns, sure, certain and speedy."

"Its nowt to me whether tha's invented owt to cure corns or to cure bacon."

"I thought that perhaps, you might be troubled with corns."

"Aw cannot help thee thinkin. But what's ta come here for?"

"I repeat sir, that I am the sole inventor and proprietor of a neverfailing cure for corns, and I came here to tell you that,"

"Well, tha's tell'd me nah, soa if that's all, goa abaat thi business. Theas pigs'll all think awm gooin to clam em to deeath. If tha's nowt to see me abaat clear aght."

"Sir, I asked you if you was troubled with corns."

"Tha'rt a liar! Tha nivver did. Tha sed tha thought aw mud be."

"Are you troubled with corns?"

"Eeah."

"Will you buy a box of my salve? only sixpence a box."

"Eeah, aw'll tak a couple on em. Here's a shillin for em. An aw'll gie thi a word ov advice at may be useful to thi if tha wants to do business wi Yorksher fowk. When tha goas to a chap to try to sell him a box o' sawve to cure his corns, dooant start o' axin him what chapil he goas to oth' Sundy, nor who he vooated for at th' last election; nor tha needn't ax him if onny ov his relations wor ivver hung, or if he's ivver had th' small pox or th' henflew-inza. Just tell him at tha's gotten some corn sawve an ax him to buy it, an tha'll save his time an thi own wind. A chap at wants corn sawve doesn't care owt abaat th' next eclipse, nor which horse is likely to win th' darby."

"Thank you sir, good day."

"Gooid day. He's capt wi me," sed Joss.

## Norland Camp Meetin'.

IT wor a long time after mi experience at Blackpool befoor th' wife an' me gat thick. Aw shouldn't ha' felt soa mad but shoo wod keep tellin' me ha' shoo'd enjoyed hersen. If shoo'd been miserable, same as me aw could ha put up wi it, but shoo hadn't an' shoo seemed to take a delight i' tellin' me what grand things shoo'd seen an' gooid things shoo'd swollered.

But, ov coorse yo cannot live i'th' same haase wi a woman an' luk glumpy all th' time, soa things worked raand into ther owd shap in a bit.

It wor Setterdy neet, an' aw wor sittin' smookin' mi pipe varry contently, when th' wife says, all ov a sudden like,

"Whear does ta think a gooin' to morn?"

"To th' chapel, for sewer," aw says, "tha doesn't think awm gooin' to th' theayter, does ta?"

"Nay, nobbut aw've just been thinkin' 'at ther's gooin' to be a camp meetin' up o' Norland Moor, an' it's a long time sin aw wor at one."

"Then what tha means to say, is 'at tha wants me to tak thee an' thi umberel to Norland, does ta?"

"Tha can pleas thisen abaat takkin' me; aw reckon aw'am big enuff an' old enuff to tak care o' misen, an' mi umberel too, an' if tha'd rayther stop at hooam an' luk after th' childer tha can do soa. Seth Bazzendel's gooin', an' aw dar say he'll luk after me."

Shoo knew when shoo mentioned Seth 'at aw shud goa, for awd rayther shoo went wi onny-body nor him; for shoo's a varry nice lukkin' body is my owd woman when shoo's don'd, an' he's a keen eye for beauty has Seth, an' aw've net forgotten him tellin' her 'at he wondered what shoo could see in a raand shooldered bandy legged chap like me. An' aw believe if Seth hadn't been at Blackpool that time 'at aw should ha' fun th' wife sooiner nor aw did. Net 'at aw'm jaylus:—net aw marry! for aw could trust Betty wi a shipload sich tailor's dummies as him, for he pairts his hair i'th' middle an' yo can smell th' scent on him when he's a field length off. But still aw think it's a chaps duty to be careful an' to keep fowk aght o' temptation.

We wor up early i'th' mornin', an' donn'd in us best we started off, an' aw prided misen 'at ther wodn't be a hansomer pair at that meetin'. Th' sun shone breetly an' all wor quiet an still; an' ivery thing seemed to say—"this is the Sabbath."

It wor a long walk, but if it had been longer we shouldn't ha' grummeld. When we gat o'th' edge o'th' moor, th' smell 'at coom off th' bloomin' heather wor sweeter nor owt aw can

remember. We saw lots o' fowk slowly wendin' ther way all to one point, an' we sooin follered. Ther must ha been two thaasand fowk thear, an' sooin some white chooaker'd chaps coom an' gate into a waggon, an' one on em gave aght a hymn, an' it wor sung as a hymn owt to be sung.

Th' voices worn't what could be called th' best, nor wor they exactly i' tune, but it wor evident ther hearts wor, an' tho' it wor plain to be seen 'at ther wor a gooid deal thear 'at had been drawn bi curiosity, yet as th' song swelled up; ther wor a feelin' o' reverence fell ovver all.

Th' sarmon wor plain an' to th' point, it wor all abaat forgiveness, net only seven times but seventy times seven, an' it made me detarmine i' mi mind nivver to say another wrang word to Betty abaat that Blackpool doo. As we wor gooin' hooam shoo sed,

"That wor a gooid sarmon, worn't it?"

"It wor," aw sed.

"Eeah! an' if tha'll behave thisen as tha has done to-day, an' promise me 'at when tha taks me to Blackpool agean 'at tha willn't leave me amang strangers, to drag a big basket abaat all th' day, aw'll goa wi thi agean next summer."

Aw sed nowt.—But awm forced to admit it tuk th' edge off that sarmon.



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