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John Harleey's Sammyewel Grômes and his Wife Mally
(1876)

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GRIMES AN' MALLY
LAIKIN' I' LAKELAND.
Sammywell Grimes
an his Wife Mally

Laikin' i' Lakeland

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 inscrub lightness and surprise.
And my rapt soul gave way to bursts of glee,
As glad I pondered on this inland sea."

CHAR. P. FORSHAW, L.L.D.

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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.

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 typpence 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 willin'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 throith nor pay for a weshier-woman."

"Mally, tha knows that isn't trewh. It's true we hav'n mich to stir on, but we're nooan soa badly off as tha tries to mak agh't. 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 tooath i' health an i' temper."

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

"Why, lass, aw think it's abaat time we made a bit ov a change. Tha knows tha'rt a bit ag-grayatin 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. Suppoosas tha leeves 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'n 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 nonsence! 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 suppoosas somdy 'ad 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 Hepsa-bah, an shoo can luk after th' haase wol we're away."

"Awr Hepscabah! Catch me leavin 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 Hepscabah."
"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 somewher we've nivver been befoor;—somewhere at tha can rest thi weary booans an have nowt to do but ait an drink an sleep, an get back some rooasies 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,—wheer's that? Aw've nivver heoard 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 leev it."

"Nooan o' thi gammon! If ther's nowt to recommend it noobt but 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 sooart ov a place this is. It'll be a poor shop if it has to depend on poets! Thank goodness, my dowter wed a paarloon 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 euuff an a bit to spare, an tha knows, a poet lives a good deal on imagina-

"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 good 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 befoor 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 right, Sammywell, but tha's nivver sed owt abaat whear th' brass has to come throu."
"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 th'fust 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 affoord to pay for what tha wants to sup withaat botherin me."

"All reight, lass! Wait wol aw get thee whear nubby 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 noon o' th' habit o' loisin onny brass. It isn't oft aw've a chonce."

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 feard 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 agh 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 thysit? 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 ammoot 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 soon 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 fool o' thisen, nowt aw can say will alter thi mind. But tha's sed nowt abaat my change aghit 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 connot 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 ith' mornin, an then we'est 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 roosies 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 cannel to thi. It isn't ha monny years one's lived 'at makes 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 sooart 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 connot affoord it."

"Connot affoord it! Be hanged to that tale! If tha wants it we'll affoord it."

"It's vary soil o' thee, Sammywell, to tak soa mich care on me. Be as sharp back as tha
con. If it won’t for thee aw doonant know what wod become on me. (He’s a bit ov a fool 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 shan’t be bothered wi’ it.”

“But, aw connot goa withaat mi umbrel, Sammywell, tha knows it goas whear aw goa.”

“Tha doesn’t meean to say tha’rt goin to tak that old gingham! Aw tell thi we’re gooin as millionaires, an if tha taks that old thing wi’ thi it’ll gie th’ whooolal thing away.”

“It makas noa matter,—that umbrella goas wi’ me or else we stop at hooam.”

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

“Awm noon gooin to tell fowlk thy character, soa tha can mak thi mind easy.”

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

BEAUTIFUL WINDERMERE.

"Nah, Sammywell, we may as weel consider this notion of goin to Lakeland all over, 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 over thi. When tha went to Lundun tha wor fain to tak it, an whearivver tha's goan its allus been thi companion. It's aboon fifty year old if it's a day, an a deel moor servicable 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 bowl. It isn't oft tha let's me have mich ov mi own way, but awm determinded 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 takes 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 getten all ready?"

"If tha leeaves ivverything to me, tha'll be all reight. Has ta getten 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 getten?"

"That's my business."

"Aw dooant believe tha's getten 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 over 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 fool?"

"Awm nooan foormced to tell what aw think. If aw did tha'd hear some vary unpleassant 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 getten 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 whatvver has ta getten 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 havn’t 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’ right 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 vary 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 boost! 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 vary kittle stummack. We shall want summat bigger ner a clooa
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 saunds 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 soo'n as ivver aw chapt mi een on it," sed Mally. "Tha remembe when we wor at Morcum last summer, we saw sum watter theer '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 surface 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 particular on hand at present, aw hooap yo'll stop wi us a bit longer, at onny rate we'll have a drink to-gether befor we part, for we're vary 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 pleas, 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 vary 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 shoosays, tha-sands, an shoos declares shoos can smell 'em as sooin as ivver shoos puts her nooas into th' place, soa if yo've noa objections, we'll goa into a place whear we'est 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 re-commend 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, noon soa, lass,—it's gooin to be share an share alike! Aw know what thy tastin wi me meeans. Here Adolphus! Aw dooant know thi name,—but bring us three dröps 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 ivver 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 impooased on i' this way.
GRIMES AN' MALLY

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 aghit 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."
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 inter-
est 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 noan
gooin to walk thee to deeth. As long as th' brass lasts, tha shall have all th' comfort we
can get thi."

It won'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 old'est lass o' Tom Ainsworth,
—her 'at wed Tommy Duck,—thaf knows who
aw meean,—wor sent to Rydal Watter when
shoo'd that bad spell o' yoller Joonas, an it
made a new woman on her, an shoo's nivver luft
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,"
said 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," said 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 kurnsened 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 there! Aw nivver saw sich a old foolil i' mi life! Tha taks moor lükkin 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 agian. An it's all thy fault, Sammywell, an th'Laikin' I' Lakeland.

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 heerd 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 hecap 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 soort 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 feeard 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 withaat 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 language, choice, divine,
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?
Nooon soa bad for Yorhshir 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 makes 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 Joonas, but it's poor stuff to fill ones belly on."
"Tha's heeard tell abaat castin swine afoor pears, 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, cosily 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 wom 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 goodness!” said Mally, “it seems as if we’d struck a bit of 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 yoursen, do,” sed Mistress Smart, and they didn’t, an they did.

“Aw’est 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 thissen, 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 noon like thee at fills thissen 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 soort o’ caahs gives cream like this. It’s thick enuff to ait wi a knife an fork. Yo nivver see owt like that i’ Bradford.”
GRIMES AN' MALLY

“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 hissen. 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 thasaand pitties 'at it doesn't belong 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!”

LAIKIN' I' LAKELAND.
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 aren’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 con
not 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 leav 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 befoor 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, “hap
pen Smart can tell us whear to goa, tha mun ax him.”

“Awst do nowt o' th' sooart! If tha'll leav it to me aw'll arrange matters,”
GRIMES AN' MALLY

"All right, lass. Thart gettin awfully cliver 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 soort. Tha'd goa into th' first big Hothell tha comes too an pay as mich for thi bed an braikfast as tha gives me to provide for boopath 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' 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' peeve. Tha'll natter an natter at me till tha gets it aw know."

"Nah, tha'rt tawkin sense, an aw knew all th' time 'at tha won'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 feeard. But let's tawk abaat summat else. Ha wod ta like a bit o' tripe to thi supper? If its weeel cooked it's as nice as owt for old teeth."

"Aw want noa supper after sich a drinkin as we had, we'zt 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 nobbuts 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 withaat 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 botherd 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 impoosin, tha cannot deny that."

"Noa, that's trew enuff; tha'd impoos 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 noobbut delicate, an if aw worn't allus coddlin an nurin 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 clean forgotten my wife's fizzic, an as aw knew ha shoo'd been tewed 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 feaerd 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.
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 onnybody 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 Sammy-
well 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 interlaided with
humorous 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 tsummeld into th' pool at Rydal Watter, an
aw did that withaat 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, awm dooant want onny societies to
medal wi me. Aw did once have a medal
presented to me;—it wor a silver en. It hap-
pened 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 enter-
tainment, 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 soort ov a chap, soa when th' meetin
wor ovver 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 ovver 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 good fellor' 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 gooa
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' bedsid 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 over 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
heaad 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 arrange-
ments 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 follored her. This ended awr furst day's
Laikin i' Lakeland. Nooan sich a bad be-
ginnin aw think,—wor it?
LAIKIN' I LAKELAND.

"Tha'll be all reight agean as soon as tha's rested a bit. Aw feel as if mi joints wanted oillin this mornin, but what's th' use o' grumlin, we've noobbut 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 noon 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 there. Mind tha doesn't get there theurst. 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 fochtched last neet?"

"Four an sixpence, regular price."

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

"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 summation better
nor th' mooast, awst be ashamed to swindle mi
wife aght ov a paltry two an thripple.

"Tha's getten all tha'rt goin to get agh 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 braik-
fast. 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 thripple
as soon as tha's getten some change."

"Owt else?"

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

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

"Nah, lass, when tha's getten 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 oth'
plate. Is ther summation moor tha wants?"

"Nay, it all luks vary nice. Aw nobbut
thowt tha might ha put that two an thripple
under one oth' 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, thall do noa sikh
thing! He's nobbut makkin a fool of 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 umbrellal it can't hurt
me."

"Oh, soa tha wants to borrow my umbrelal,
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 thripple an thripple extra for th' umb-
rella, 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 deeth 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 getten 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 dead 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 noonan feeard ov a whale swallerin thee, tha’rt noonan 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 hear. 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 noonan be away long. Try an get a good appeteite 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 noonan far throo here wehear 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, today? Fresh watter fish aw mean.”

“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 moost visitors goa fishin at one time or another. If it worsn’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 soooart 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 shallnt be long.”

“Noa, dunnot stop for awm net feelin wel this mornin.”

“Tha'll be right enuuff as soon as tha gets summat to do. Cleen 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 cozy 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 vary happy livin here.”

“Well, aw dooant know abaat bein happy. Fowk 'at's plenty o' brass can be happy onny-weigher, 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 vary nice to meet an tawk wi em sometimes.”

“Aw dooant know abaat that. All th' poets 'at onnybody tawks abaat here are deed 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 maaintains.”

“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 won'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 Mortum, ther's allus some stirrins thear, but when aw want a reight treat, aw goa to Leeds or Bradford. 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' Bradford."

"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 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'est 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 affoard 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 woundt sich a fool as to goa riskin thi life for a two o' three stinkin fish."

"Awm nooan as big a fool as tha thinks. Just cook them fish an let thi sait 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' breetd an butter's come thro."

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

LAIKIN' I' LAKELAND.

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

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

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

"Well, yo seem to ha getten 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 befoor; 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 niver noa tellin. Tha suits me weel enuff awm nobbut spakin 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' gooíd time, for Patrick—beggin yor pardon, aw meean Mister Revd. Patrick, will ha to be up i' gooíd time i'th' mornin, an aw hooap he'll net have onny dreems 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 sofly 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 con-
tinuous 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 sur-
roundings. Only a short time was spent here.

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

"Bless me!" shoo sed, "aw nivver saw
haases built o' that pattern befoor. They seem
to me to be varry unsafe; they luk as if they
wor built o' sum sooart o' confectionary, an
they're all full o' cracks, an net a bit o' morter
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
slatey 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 surround-
ings," 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 crampt, 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 re-
quest 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:—
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 over tawkin. Doesn’t ta know it’s varyr 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 sattle 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.

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 dooant be hingin on to my tail, for we want noon sitch 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 leeav th' lad aloooan, he's noon mellin o'
GRIMES AN' MALLY

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 thaa-sands an thaa-sands 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 poook 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 thy own dowter up heeapt an daan thrussen. But nawther thee nor onnybody else can say owt 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 will'n goa wi thi another yard! If tha'd been worth callin
a man thad 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 noonan his watter, is it? We're noonan gooin to stall 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, beauti-fullly 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 stooot 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 yearnings an images,' for aw think it's moor likely to fill fowk wi rheumas-tics, an th' sooner 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,” shouted 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 doant 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 further. “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 makes 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 vary modest sooart 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 fools at all ages.”

“True, all ages an boooth 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 befoor?” sed Sammywell.

“O, yes, scores of times.”
CHAPTER VIII.

SAMMYWELL NOOAN MICH I'TH' AITIN' LINE.

In 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 awn 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 treeat 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 varry temptin. Aw thowt after th' dinner awd had to-day, aw should want nowt noa moor befoor 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 noon 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 feard th’l’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 aloan, 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 sprits, 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 settles 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 summats'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 noon aight 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 chonce o' gettin his own back. Ov course we connot 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' leaast 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 befoor long, an hot watter at
that. Tha's swallowed moor whiskey sin tha
coom here ner aw've swallowed 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."
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 ivver 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 treeated, mark that."

"Aw've nowt to say nobbut this:—If tha finds onny fowk thear at 'll treeat 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 gooa to bed yet."

"It's varry likely he wod ha been thear befoor nah if it wort for thee."
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 aghit o' this haase this blessed day. Mistress Smart an me are gooin to tawk things ovver a bit, an shoo's promised to show me a new way to cook liver, an awm gooin 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 undesaved him, soa mind ha tha goosas 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 doant wait for me, an if tha sets off befoor 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 gotten a man in a thasand for a husband.”

“Aw know all abaat that, an if tha arn’t one i’ ten thasand, this world’s in a awful pickle.”

“Goid 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 nooan feeard o’ gettin lost. Goidd day to yo boooath.”

“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 goidd livin can do. Awm sooary Mally isn’t wi me, for shoo’s goidd cumpny, tho’ shoo does get a bit cranky at times. Well,—aw suppooas 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 cannot sleep i’ two beds at once, nor wear two suits o’ clooas at th’ same time wi comfort. He cannot have a bit moor pleasur nor me, but he’s sewer to have a lot moor care an anxiety. He cannot 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 leev when he dees. That's a foolics nooation. If him an me booath dee at th' same time we shall just leev th' same amaant, for we shall leev 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 min-nits. 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 mak's 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 wornt "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 asteed, aw fancy we should ha had a quieter world.

When a chap's nobody to differ wi, he's noa chonce 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 agree-ment, 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' heighroad 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 withaat, 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 gooa 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 poisens 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 withaat 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 root.

E'e,gow! but aw've had a good walk, an aw've hardly felt it, tho awm ready for a bit ov a sit daan, an a bit o' breaad an cheese an a raw onion, washed daan wi a pint o' ale will'n't be amiss.

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

It makes me think abaat old Billy 'at used to come twice a wick to Bradforth market, an whenever 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 re-member.

Bless me life! young fowk at's livin i' York-sher 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 furst 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 duzzen
mooer 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' altertions 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 heap 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 course 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 sho needed. If it doesn't suit, th' brass'll be wasted, but what bi that! Aw've wasted mooer 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 aghit.

"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' bread 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 leads to another.

Aw must say aw nivver remember to have enjoyed a meal better i' mi life. Under ordinary sarcumstances, aw should ha getten 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 vary near th' station at Windermere, soa aw landed hooam safe an saand, an when th' box wor oppened, aw thowt they'd takken leave o' ther senses. All but Mally, shoo nivver spaik, but wiped her ee'n as if shoo wor rooarin.

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 ovver 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 cheep at twelve an sixpence, aw thowt, an aw made mi way to th' teah table tryin to luk as unconsarned 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 drream abaat her bonnet, an me to drream 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 nivver does to put on gooid natur. Ther's noa daat we've caused Mistress Smart a bit o' trubble an extra wark, an vary 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 course 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 vary glad to have us, an at th' same time they may be vary 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' sooner we do it an better. Aw've enjoyed th' aghthin vary 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 fo young fowk, fo a bit o' exercise does 'em goood, but it's rest 'at aw want. Tha's been vary 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 shoe 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 fo 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 varry 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 varry 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 Abridge passed near them, and caused the little boat to pitch and toss in a most alarming manner.

"Aw wish to goodness tha'd hold thi din, Sammywell, tha's ommost upset th' whoal con-sarn. 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 ovver, 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 treat 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 niver 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' loveliest part i' all England, poets an painters come here throo all pairs, an some o' th' greatest have lived an dey'd here."

"It's ivverybody to ther taste, Sammywell, but for my pairt, aw'd rayther spend a hawf day lookin' i' shop winders at Bradford, ner maunderin abaght here starin at a sheet o' wattur. When aw want to see wattur, aw goa to Blackpool; nah, ther is some wattur thear an it's wattur wi' some life in it. Theas lakes are noobbut like a miln pond, but rayther bigger, Ogden reservoir is just as nice to me; — an as to theas hills, — well, what good 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 edicated up to it. Tha can see moor beauty in a new wrigin wheel, nor in a moss covered watter wheel, an a watterfall doesn't interest thee as mich as a brass tap oover a sinkstooan. Aw feel a bit sooary 'at aw perswaded thi to come, for aw believe tha'd ha enjoyed thisen a deal better at Blackpool."

"Tha's noa need to be sooary, Sammywell, on my accaant, for aw've enjoyed misen varyr mich, an aw like to see fresh places, but aw dooant see why aw should goa into hysterricks abaat things becoss somdy else has sed they're grand. What does it matter ha grand they are if they aren'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
gotten to th' end o' th' tether, an aw coinot
say 'at aw feel soary to get away, though
awm glad aw coom; but aw dooant feel like
goin 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, suppoosas
we goa an finish up at a nice quiet place
like Southpooar? 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 varyr 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 leev
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 men-
tioned it but aw wor feeard thad think aw
wor nivver satisfied. Ther's noa place awd
rayther goa to nor Southpooar 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
varyr 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 varyr 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 reason-
able, 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, shoos 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
good 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' boohan 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 sooarts to mak a world on, an may-be aw've filled mi little nooak as weil as th' mooast, at onnyrate it's noa goofd 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 pretty well, an if aw've niver been able to rise to th' same height as some o' mi naybors, aw've niver sunk as low as others, an when a chap is a fair average he owt to be thankful.

"Tha's been a varry gooide 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 niver 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 my time to do ovver agean awd do different.' In a varry few haars we shall bid 'em all fare-well, an aw can say wi' trewth as Dr. For-shaw sed.
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 booath 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 befoor 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 ivverything," 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 hear befoor 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 noobbut sheep heeads.”

“Aw wish tha’d spaaik 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 macks 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 umbrella on the rack, Sammeywell charged his pipe, and contentedly puffed away until the train moved out.

“Nah, it’s gooid bye Windermere,” sed Sammeywell, “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 aren’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 will’n 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 sewerr’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 satisfactorily 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' pionner 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 th'a't gooin to start showin onny o' thy tantrums here, Sammywell, th'a'll find thissen i' th' wrang box. Aw wil'n't stir agh a yard wi thi, awst be feeard tha'd be puncin me next. If th'a wants onny supper th'a mun goa an buy it for thissen."

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 th'a sed 'put it on th' pionner.' Th'a'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. Th'ear'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 'tho' 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 advis-able 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 goos!"

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 cheep 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 soorary 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 aght 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.

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CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

NEXT 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 looaf an a bit o' butter, an wi' th' rest o' that pie we shall do varyr 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 deel 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 please,” ordered Sammywell.

“Nay, nay, Sammywell, ther’s noa sense i’ this. Drinkin befor breafast! what wod fowlk 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 makin a fool o’ 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 chonce remark, tha’s all.”

“Aw dooant like sich chonce 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 breafast or yond woman ‘ll think we’ve sloped.”

“What does ta meean to do wi thisen after breafast?”

“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 trecat to walk on sich streets as these. They may tak ther maaintains 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."

"Eehah, aw know. Aw hate to do it, but tha sees awm foorc'd, 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 getten th'
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 goon an' hawf th' time."

"Varry likely. Tha buys th' first 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 will'n't call thi what tha art, but aw doon't believe thi; ther's nooan two pund o' chops here. Tha ain't fit to buy two penny cakes for three hawpence; tha'll do noa moor shoppin for me."

"Aw'nt 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.

"Ar'n't thay natteral, Sammywell? Ther's one thear at mud be Pat Geogan's brother, its th' vary spit on him. Dooant goa to near th' cage for fear one o' them chaps should shove thi in, an' leav 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 agh't 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 cconnot tawk sense. They'd put thee in but they're feear'd tha'd freeten all tothers to deeth."

"Has thi dinner disagreed wi' thi?"

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

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

"Awst want a glass o' summat to tak th' taste agh't 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 sic 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’ sikh 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 stoped 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 getten back aw see, well yo didn't stop long. Did mi father behave hisen 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 clearin 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 deserve 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, 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 nivver did see,"
An' it hurts me becos aw remember the day,
When they luft up to thee an' to me."

"Why, Sammy, what ails thee aw cannot mak aght,
For awm sewer we're a reight gradey pair;
An' th' young en's 'at laff are but fools aw've noa daat,
An' hav'nt mich gumpshun to spare.
We've been luft at befoor, yet we toddle along
An' aw think we booath thankfual 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 varry well, mi trusty old wife,
'At if we dooant move on others will."
Things we niver 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 agh't 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 bycycles 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.

IF yo wor nivver at Scarbro ther's a treet 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 agh't o' th' capital he invests i' one ov his entertainments.

SCARBRO SPA.

Ther's all sooaarts 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 deaeth, 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 gooa 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 sooaov ov a chap, an he made up wi bein liberal abroad for bein niggardly at hooam. His great desire, when he left Halifax heawre he wor known, wor to pass as a gentleman, an if gold watchguards an rings could ha helpt him he'd ha gooa 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 hissen 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 pretty 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 ivverbody 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 withaat 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 particular 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 booit, 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 boooth cooild daan an sober'd up, an after a while a chap put his heead in to luk if all wor gooin on reight. As soon 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 warrante 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 waisycoat ther's no tellin what mud ha happened.

Some chaps coom in a bit an dragged him
agh, intending to give him i' charge for travellin with 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 hoom. 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 seash side after this. Th' next time aw feel like gooin to th' seashide, aw'll send for th' foir engines an have a bit ov a doo o' mi own i' th back yard."

Joan gate twitted a gooid deal abaat it when it gate known, but he luks vary serious, an they say he's nivver been sober sin.

**BE HAPPY.**

SOME fowk ivverlastingly gruunmel
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 strinkle 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 gruunmel 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 determind 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,
Ivery 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, surranded 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'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'nh 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 conglomer-
ation o' lumber.

It wor his own bit o' property, for it belonged
to his wife when he wed her, an as ther wnor 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
vary 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 sooor, commin towards him.

"Good morning, sir. This is a nice morning."

"Onny fool could see that," sed Joss, lukkin
him ovver throo heead to foot.

"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,"
CAPPIN A CORN DOCTOR.

"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 deaeth. If tha's nowt to see me abaat clear agh." 

"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 Yorker 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 gooas 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 getten 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 before 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 connot 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 vary 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 pleaseth 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' luik after th' childer tha can do soa. Seth Bazzendel's gooin', an' aw dar say he'll luik 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 vary 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 shouldered bandy legged chap like me. An' aw believe if Seth hadn't been at Blackpool that time 'at aw should ha' fun th' wife sooner nor aw did. Net 'at aw'm jaylus:—net aw marry! for aw could trust Betty wi a shipload sach tailor's dummies as him, for he paints 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' don'n'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' ivvery 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 oft 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 thasand fowk thear, an' sooin some white chooker'd chapps 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 good 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 determin 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 good sarmon, won'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 foored to admit it tuk th' edge off that sarmon.
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