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Hadfield, H.H. (pseud. Tummus Yellond) (?-?)
***Th' Triumph o' Proide* (1860)**

PREFFUS

Gentle, or roof reader, as th' case may be, win' yo' just let me say one word by way o' preffus to th' followin' tale?

Whatevur may be its fauts, aw con consent, wi truth, it's bin written wi' a pure motive, an' for a reet end; an' aw feel quoite sartin if it does no good, it'l do nobody ony harm: an' that's more than con be said o' a great lot o' stuff 'at's publisht now a-days.

T.Y.

PART TH' FURST--SUNSHOINE

Jim Boardman work't at th' joiner's bench,
Ailse Sidewell sarv'd at th' Ho':
Than hu wur, *then*, a tidyur wench
Yo' dn' foind nor hee nor low.
What pity 'tis 'at mont things
Are not as once they wur;
Bur different as breet goud rings
Fro' th' links on th' pig-cote dur!
Jim furst seed Ailse when mendin' th' shuts,
An' jobbin' for th' oud squoire:
An' as his sisters both wor sluts,
It set his heart afoire
For t' see a wench so trim an' nate,
Belungin' to his kest;
An' soigh how happy'd be his fate
If by hur hand he'r blest.

When Jim geet whom he thour it o'er,
An' said unto hissell,
"Aw've seen noice wenches--mony a score,--
"Eigh! more than aw con tell!

[6]

"Bur nevir fancied one so mitch
"As Ailse 'at sarves at th' Ho':
"Aw'll envy nothur hee nor rich
"If hu'll no' say me no."

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Now Jim wur saving money fast;
For he workt hard, an' ne'er
Thrut out away---bur put it past,
Wi' prudence an wi' care.
So that, yo' seen, he weel could keep
A house above his yed;
An mak' a woife contented t' sleep
Upo' a four-post bed.

Well! Jim to Aise resolv't for t' spake;
An' th' followin' Sunday don'f
His bran-new cluos--o' furst-rate make--
An' strode to th' Ho' quoite grond.
When he geet theur, th' mon-sarvant said,
I summut loike a growl,
"The girl's not in"--then turn'd his yed,
Wi' a most savage scowl.
Jim, for a whoile, stood wheur he wur--
He'r take so a-back;
An' staurt at th' knocker o' the dur,
As if he'd gi'e 't a whack,
Intended for th' boud Flunky's phiz--
He felt so mad an' roil'd:
Whoile th' blood into his brain-pon riz,
An' made him look quoite woild.
At length, wi' just a bitter word
'Gen flunkies, one an' o',

[7]

He staukt, as lofty as a lord,

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Away fro' th' porch o' th' Ho',
An' as he ramb'lt up an' down
A lone, nor fur fro' th' place,
who should approach bur th' mon wi' th' frown,
Stompt deepur on his face.

“What makes you loiter here about,

“Young man?” i' wrath, said he:

Jim quick reploid, “Go foind it out--

“What matters it to thee?

“Aw've just as mitch a reet i' th' lone

“As ony flunky wick:

“So less thou loikes a broken bone,

“Aw'd ha' thee t' cut thy stick!”

My stars, but this made th' Flunky mad--

Eigh! mad as ony bull;

An' had Jim been a wakely lad

He'd soon ha' crackt his skull;

Bur, as it wur, he durst as san

Ha' gone i' th' lion's den,

An' pool it by its whiskers, than

Hause meddul wi' him then.

So swallurin', as best he could.

His proide--bout more ado

He left Jim--takin' th' road through th' wood,

Crest-fone, an' baffull, too.

“So-oh!” thout Jim, “my gentleman

“An that's the game yo're at!

“If aw'm no very mitch mista'en

“Aw guess aw smell a rat!

[8]

“Yo’re wantin’ Ailse as weel as me--

“This cooses no surprise--

“’Tis nout but nataral, yo’ see:

“Bur then yo’ are no’ wise,

“To pick a quarrel w’ a lad

“At wushes yo’ no ill--

“Theur is no sense i’ goin’ mad:

“It’s nobbur Ailse’s will

“Con settul th’ mattur, which o’ th’ two

“Hu’ll marry, or refuse--

“It’s nothur yo’ nor me; bur hu

“Who, sartinly, mun choose.

“Bur, howsoe’er, aw’ll follor yo’,

“An see how this’ll end:

“Aw fancy aw’ve a reet to go

“Th’ same road, my worthy friend!”

So Jim went on by th’ lone through th’ wood,

An’, hapon, walkt a moile:

When, reet before him, th’ Flunky stood

Wi’ Ailse anent the stoyle.

Theur backs wur towart him at the toime:

So, as he wur no’ seen,

He quietly crept up to th’ lime,

Which spread its branches green

O’er wheur they’re talkin’; for he thout

He then could know the moind

O’ Ailse regardin’ the Flunky bout

Performin’ out unkoind,

Just as he gaint the spot, Ailse said,--
For hu could talk quoite foine,--

[9]

“Whatever put it in your head,
“John Thomas! puzzles mine,
“That, by one word, or look, I’ve given
“You ever could conceive
“I’ve had a wish--and much less striven--
“Your heart to gain or grieve,
“So let me beg, that, from this day
“This matter may be dropt;
“And suffer me to go my way--
“Too long I’ve, e’en now, stopt.”

Whoile this wur goin’ on, Jim’s heart
Bwet loike a squoz-un brid;
When wi’ a bound, an’ sudden start,
He jumpt fro’ wheur he’r hid:
An’ streight out o’ his button-hole
A sprig o’ lad’s love took,
Then close to Ailse he, blushin’, stole,
An’ gan’t’ hur, wi’ a look
So full o’ meunin’, that hur face
An’ neck wur crimson’d o’er:
Whoile th’ Flunky slunk away fro’ th’ place
An’ troub’lt um no more.

To make a long tale short, Jim won,
An’ made sweet Ailse his woife;

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An' smoot', at furst, did th' moments run
Upo' theur married loife:
For th' house wur o' so toidy, loike,
It favurt Ailse hersel,
An' when yo' coom th' dur knocker t' stroik
It glissunt loike a bell.

[10]

Yo' nevur seed a clannur place--
Aw'm sure! yo' nevur did!
Yo' met ha' fairly seen your face
I' ev'ry breet pon lid.
Then th' furniture wur o' so noice--
Jim made it every jot--
Fro' th' dressur down to th' porritch sloice;
Fro' th' four-post bed to th' cot,
Made t' houd a chilt; for Jim, yo moind,
Had th' futur in his e'e:
An' no' loike foolish folk who're bloind
To what may come, yo' see!

An' when Jim us'd for t' come fro' wark,
He fund a tabul spread
Wi' a whoite cloth, without a mark;
On which pure whom-made bread,
An' othur things, by Ailse prepared
Wi' evur watchful care.
No lord i' th' lond wur bettur fared
Than him, aw'm bund for t' sware!
Now ev'ry thing about being nate--

Includin' Ailse hersel--
Jim could n' boide for to' sit at mate
'Bout bein' cleun as well:
An' so he evur kom'd his yeur,
An' wesh'd his honds an' face,
Afore he could at o' endure
For t' sit an' ax a grace.
Bur nor in house-houd things alone
These two desarvt o' praise:

[11]

They did no' mak' theur own hearthstone
Theur idol, by no ways;
For, sure as Sunday coom, yo' met
Ha' seen um both at church,
No mattur whethur foine or wet,
Yo'dn foind um on their purtch
I' th' pew close to the pilpit steers,
Wi' bowed or upturnt yed,
An' oppun an' attentive ears,
List'nin' to what wur said.

Aw wish 'at aw could leuv off heur--
Yo're abul an' yo' choose:
Ithappon met prevent a teur
Fro' fo-in' at bad news.
Bur aw feel bund for t' finish th' tale;
So'll add a secund part,
An' truly hope it may no' fail
Some lastin' good t' impart!

Aw'm fond as ony mon aloive
For t' yer a tale o' through,
Wi' nout in't bur maks th' moind deroive
Profit, an' pleasure, too.
Aw'd rather read 'bout David's roise,
Than yer out o' his fo'--
O, Solomon, when he wur woise,
Than when he sunk so low
I' folly an' intemperance,
Idolotry an' shame,
Produc'd by croimes no mon o' sense
Would evur like for t' name.

[12]

Bur truth should ne'er be put asoide
For th' sake o' mere deloight;
So, by this precept aw'll aboide,
An' th' rest o' th' tale now write.

[13]

PART THE SECUND--DARKNESS

For two-thry happy years, an' odd,
Both Ailse an' Jim went on
I' favur, not alone, wi' God,
Bur, loikwise too, wi' mon.
At least wi' thuse whose common sense
Wur worth a brokun pot;
For sum theur wur 'at took offence

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Through envy, at their lot:
An' code, i' banter, Jim, "My Lord,"
An' Ailse, "Your Ladyship!"
Bur this to both did bur afford
A smoile for t' cross their lip;
For what caurt Jim for such loike chaps
As drunken blusterin' Blythe?
An' what caurt Ailse--why, not a rap--
For Bet his durty woife?
As lung as they could pay their way,
An' chose nor t' meddul wi'
Out but their own concerns--Yo' dn say--
They're quoite at liberty

[14]

To act as they thout best, nor moind
What meddlin' foos met say:
Heedin' such things, you'n offun foind,
Has made folk miss their way.
Yo' see my thouts still lingerin' dwell
On th' toime 'at o' went reet;
Bur we mun leuv th' leet road we'n gone,
To spake i' metaphur.
An' tak' a turn up th' dark croot lone,
Afore we travil fur.

Well! as aw said, for twothry year
O' things workt true an' square;
Bur aftur that they 'gan t' appear
No quoite so slick an' fair:

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Th' brass knocker furst made this be known
To thuse 'at coom to th' dur,
Its hondle, now, no longer shone,
Bur grew too stiff for t' stur;
An' th' window bloinds wur o' askew,
An' none so cleun besiode.
Thuse who'd bin off a whoile scarce knew
Th' house, it so mitch beloide
Its former sel i' ev'ry point--
Fro' th' scraper up to th' spout
O' seem'd be gettin' out o' joint,
An' roof as Shetlond cout.
This outside look bur plainly spoke
O' what went on within:

[15]

Just as the face o' mony folk
Betray theur civurt sin!
Noice as a cleun an' new-made pin,
No lunger Ailse wur seen
For t' mak o' streight ere Jim coom in--
As formerly they'd been;
Bur drabbl't, an' hauve-drest, hu slurd
About fro' place to place,
Or sat i' th' nook, an' nevr stur'd
Till th' husbond show'd his face;
An' when he coom no cleun whoite cloth
Wur spread, nor out wur cook'd,
Unless it wur some bad-made-broth,
I' th' smooky chimly hook'd.

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An' th' chilt wur fairly lost i' durt,
An' skroikin', laid o' th' floor;
As if 't wur evur newly hurt,
An' none would strive for t' cure.

Such being th' awturt state o' things,
It coses no surprise
'At Jim 'gan way to grumblin',
An' for his whom t' despoise.
An' so he did! an' nevr sat
I' th' house fur lung togethur;
Bur donnin' on his Sunday hat,
I' ev'ry koind o' weathur,
He streight made off to th' Angel Inn,
Or th' public o'er the way,
Wheur, oft', he's cowurt--drinkin' gin--
Till whelly th' brake o' day.

[16]

No goin', now, on Sunday morn,
To th' church by Ailse's soide;
Bur i' his bed remain'd, quoite worn,
Till it grew evun-toide:
An' then he'r quickly off again,
An' startud t' drink afresh--
Regardless of o' future pain--
He'r gettun so i' th' mesh
O' th' foiry Fiend's desateful net,
Through which he could no' brast;
Or, raythur, would no'--whoile, as yet,

His grief at whom should last.
Aw'll grant 'at it wur every wrung
For Jim to go astray
Becose he'd suffurt, somewhot, strung
Fro' Ailse's awturt way;
Bur then, yo' see, its very hard
Always to do whot's reet,
When fro' o' wedded joy debar'd,
Durin' both day an' neet!
For how could Jim i' th' neet e'en rest
Wi' th' bed hauve-made, an' wur!
Wi' durty sheets; an' Ailse, at th' best
As sulky as a cur?

Bur to my tale: such goings on
Soon did theur sartin wark;
Poor Jim! fund o' his money gone,
An' o' around lookt dark!
For he wur sent awar for debt
To th' jail at Lankestur,

[17]

An' o' his furnitur wur swept--
E'en th' beds--fro' out his dur;
An' Ailse an' th' chilt had no wheur t' hoide
Bur th' insoide th' warkhouse woes.
Aw connor--nowh! aw connor 'boide
More mis'ry for t' disclose!
Bur what, yo'n ax, wur th' reul cause
Of o' this wretchidness?

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What made Aisee furst for t' break thuse laws

'At brout hur joy an' peace;

An' made both hur an' Jim houd up

Theur yeeds wi' honest proide;

An' fill'd to th' brim theur arthly cup

Wi' happiness besoide?

Wur aw a rank teetotallur,

Aw reckon, aw should aim

For t' show 'twur drink, an' nothin' bur

Strung drink, 'at wur to blame.

'Twur nout o' th' sort! though aw'll admit

It had a hond i' th' poie;

Bur th' mischief wur begun ere it

Crept in, wi' footsteps sloy.

Yo' munnur think 'at things went bad--

At least, so bad, at once;

E'en Jim, hissel, no notion had

'At th' little circumstonce,

Aw'm bown for t' mention, wur a soign

'At out had gone amiss:

He nobbur smoil'd, an' said, "How foine,

"For sure, our Alice is!

[18]

An', sartinly, hu wur reet foine--

Wi' ribbins, an' wi' lace--

An' stonidin' out wi' crinoloin--

Jim scarce could houd his face

Fro' (whoile he eoyed hur) brastin' out

Wi' laughter loud, and woild;
Bur Ailse, 'twur plain, wur put about,
An' seemt quoite vext an' royl'd.
"And what," said hu, "Do you observe
"In me to cause you fun?
"I do not think that I deserve
"Such treatent--so have done!"
"Nay, Ailse, my wench!" croyd Jim, quoite tan,
"If that's the way thou talks,
"Its' toime for me t' drop jokin', an',
"At once, for t' walk my chalks."

Ailse, seein' Jim wur griev'd, gav' in,
An', wi' a winsome smoile,
Just, gently, chuckt him under th' chin,
Kissin' his cheek the whoile:

"And now," hu said, "let me explain
"Why I am dressed so smart;
"No doubt, you will remember Jane,
"Who, when you won my heart,
"Serv'd at the Hall along with me,
"And took, at length, the post
"I, willingly, gave up for thee,
"Without e'er counting th' cost.
"Well, let me see! thou's been away
"Since Monday morning last;

[19]

"Why, then! 'twas Tuesday, th' following day,
"When Jane came walking past.

“I was cleaning windows at the time
“That she was coming by,
“And, looking at her, made a sign,
“Soon as she caught my eye.
“I quickly join’d her to come in,
“When we recounted matters o’er,
“In which thou figur’d, Jim!
“And then she told me she had took
“John Thomas for her spouse;
“And that she’d just come out to look
“For a convenient house.
 (“At present, it appears, they live
“In lodgings close at hand;
“But that the price they’re forc’d to give
“Would a good house command.)
“Then added, with a look of pride,
“She never would engage
“To cook, and clean the house beside;
“She’d sooner earn a wage
“By going back to serve again,
“As house or chamber-maid;
“And that, not for the best of men,
“Would ever she be made
“To fill an all-work servant’s place--
“Clean windows, and what not:
“She thought such acts quite a disgrace
“To those who knew what’s what.

[20]

“And, as she spoke, she cast her eye

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“Upon my working dress;
“Resuming, with affected sigh,
““Nor would I, I confess!
“I’m sure I would not! on my word!
“Consent to dress like you!
“Why, really, can you not afford
“To purchase something new?
“The stuff and pattern of your gown
(“Tis but a common print)
“Was dear if bought at half-a-crown;
“I wonder James should stint
“His wife to worse than pauper’s fare;
(“At all events in dress.)
“But, I forget! ‘tis your affair,
“And not my own, I guess!”
“While this went on, fierce passion burn’d
“Within my angry heart;
“Which she observing, quickly turn’d
“To subjects quite apart
“From those she’d just been meddling with--
“Confound her impudence!
“James! bless thy stars thou dost not live
“With one so void of sense!
“And as she still went on apace
“I’d time to cool a bit;
“And, ‘stead of storming in her face,
“I on a method hit
“Of letting both John Thomas, and
“Herself, most plainly see

[21]

“That I can dress myself as grand,
“And grander, too, than she!
“So, knowing thou’ d be home to-night,
“I asked her here to tea;
“And said, John Thomas likewise might
“Come have a cup with thee.
“And now thou knows the reason why
“Thy wife’s so very fine;
“To humble Jane this might I’ ll try,
“Both for my sake, and thine!”

When Ailse had finisht o’ hur tale,
Jim could howd out no more;
But, wi’ a laugh ‘at made th’ cat quail,
Rollt fairly upo’ th’ floor:
An’, “Well done, Ailse--my plucky lass!”
He shouted out wi’ glee;
“Thy plan’s a good un, by the mass!
“An’ ll answer to a T!”
He then put on his hat, an’ said,
“Aw’ve just to do a job;
“Bur aw’ ll be back ere th’ cloth is spread,
“Or th’ kettle sings o’ th’ hob.”
He’er in again afore the toime
That Jane arroiv’ d for tea,
An’ ‘gan round Ailse’s neck for t’ twoine
A pure good negligee.
“Let Jane, wi’ o’ her proide, byet that,”
He croy’ d, i’ vain deleet;

“Win put hur in a pratty swat,

“Adore win done, this neet!”

[22]

Poor Jim! He little, little, thout
The mischief he wur brewin',
When to the foire o' proide he brout
A faggot t' cause theur ruin!

It's needless t' travel o'er o' th' space
On which wur madly run
By Ailse, now backt by Jim, the race
O' rivalry begun
'Twixt hur an Jane. It's quoite enough
For t' briefly state it wur
A losin' game, an' soon gan proof
They'dn fo', bout runnin' fur.
Jane 'gan, i' no toime, t' staggur sore
Wi' wake an' bruised foot;
An' none her failure for t' deplore;--
John Thomas havin' cut--
An' wur fain glad for t' skult away
An' get a place--none leet--
Wheur hu did th' house-wark durin' th' day,
An' sarv'd i' th' shop at neet.
An' Jim, who, when it wur too late,
Began for t' rue th' day--
An' curse his maloncholy fate--
That he'd helpt lead astray
His woife fro' duties, which no more

Wur done wi' ready hond;
Bur brout about what aw've, before,
Led yo' to understond.

[23]

TH' BIT

Aw'l nor attempt a sarmon t' praitch
Fro' this disast'rous tale;
Bur leuv it to itself for t' taich:
An' if, forsooth, it fail,
Aw feel quoite sure I nout could add
For t' mak' my readurs t' see
The consequences, evur sad,
O' proide an' vanity!

[24]

[25]

APPENDIX

CONTAININ' AILSES' AN' JIM'S LETTURS

Afore gi'ein' yo' th' two letters for t' read, aw met as weel tell yo' how they geet into my possession; an' by whose authority they're now publisht.

Knowin' th' Parson 'at did duty i' th' parish i' which Jim an' Ailse resoided afore they'rn seperated, aw code on him, just as aw wur finishin' my poim, for t' inquire if he had seen Ailse sin hu went into th' Warkhouse; an', if he had, how hu wur gettin' on. He towd me he'd seen her that very day; when hu gan him a lettur for t' read which had just come by post fro' Jim, i' answer to one hu writ to him th' week afore. Moreover, he

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added, hu wur so mitch overjoyed at th' communication that he wur feurt he should no' sleep when he went to bed at neet fro' thinkin' on it.

I then axt him, if he thowt Ailse would have any objection to my seein' th' lettur. He said he wur pratty sure hu whould no'; bur that he would communicate wi' hur th' followin' day.

Well he did so, an' not only sent me Jim's, bur, also, a copy of Ailse's lettur: wi' both theur free consent to mak' what use o' them aw thout proper. This bein' th' case aw felt no delicasy i'th' mattur o' theur publication; bur geet um printed just as they're written, 'bout correctin' um i' th' least--othur as regards theur grammur or spellin'. O' aw've dun is for t' put in a stop, here an' theur; an' if out else has bin done it's printur's faut, an' nor mine.

T.Y.

[26]

AILSE'S LETTUR TO JIM

MY DEER JAMES,

i feel i should rite to thee, and yet i arldly kno how to begin, i am so ashamd of myselfe for being the cawse, not only for my own suferin, which i rishly deserv, but of thine also, which thou dose not; for i am sure, if i had dun my dutie as i showd, thou woud hav dun thine. thou never toke to drink, or neglectud thy work, til i foret thee to it by thinking more of finery, and trying to be a ladie, insted, as i wouse used to do, doing al i could to make the hous clene and cumfurtabul, and cook thee somthing nise by thou came home to thy meels; which usd to be alwas reddy for thee. though Jane was the furst cawse of my going rong (and, poor girl! deerly as she sufurd for it) it is me thats to blame; for i haught to hav ad more sense than lett her hav so mutch influense over me, as she was much yunger than me. but it is of no use regretin what is past unles it makes us determind to act diferunt in future: so plese God we should com together agen (& i think we shal befor long) i wil try my best to make amends for what i hav dun, and hope we shal yet live to se briter dais. what i hav suferd in my minde sinse i was parted from thee none but God and myselfe knoes, & nevvur wil. when i furst got hear i was quite

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stupifide, in a maner, tho they al behavd very kind to me, as i did what i could to plesse the matron; for i could not bide to receive board & login without doin sumthin in return, and this makes the matron say she shal be sorry when i leve; tho she hopes I shal do bettur for myselve than sta here: and so i think i shal when thou comes from lancaster. thou art yet yong and strong, and will

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soon get work agen; and not only be abul to kepe thyselve and familie, but likewise to pay al thy old dets off: for i kno thee to wel to beleve thou wil be evur appy, and hold up thy head as thou haught, til thou as dun this. little mary is quite wel and gettin as plump as a partridge: thou wil arldly kno her when thou sees her, she is so much altered. the minister whos church we usd to atend when i was doing as i should, as often been to see me, and as dun al in his powr to incoridge mw stil to trust in God, and my Saviour who came to cal sinurs, and not the righteous to repentense: and i feel there nevur was a gratur sinur than me, or one more needing of mercy. God bles thee my own deer James, and give thee grace to surmount al the difficultes i hav brought upon thee, and beleve me to be,

thy affectionate wife,

Alice Sidewell.

p.s. rite to me soon.

JIM'S LETTER TO AILSE

MY DEUR AILSE,

when i furst recevut thi lettur i wur so flutert ut i tore th envelop e oppunin it, and it wur moor then a nour afor i cud mustur curidge to rede it, and wen i ad red it, i wur so mitch oercom ut i had to li down upo a form, were i stade sobbin have i greef, and havv i joy, mostlie, thwol oth dai i think thourt rung i takkin oth blaum on thisel for what as appent. awm sure i am quoitte as mutch e faut & moor so

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than thee ith mtttur; for i incuridgd thee ut furst, o i cud for to cut poor jane out, & vex boouth hur and john tumus. if i ad actud difurunt ith mattur to what i did things met no ha turnt out so bad; bur i acted as a foo oth wai thro, & disarvd o awve gettun; bur as thou sais it's futur we maun look at, & i am very fain fort yer thee sai wat thou dus. god willin i wil troy & mak up for past folie; tho i dunnut intend fort start work agen ith oud plase: awl go sumwhur else til i con woipe out oud skores. when i paid o my oud dets (& i dunnor think bein heur, for evur so lung, ul do that--its nobbur increasin th los oth crediturs, thou sees!) aws happun go back toth formur shop. i am glad to yer ut thou and mary is outh whol so cumfurbabuly circumstonst. ive lane wakn neet afuer neet, mony a toime, thinkin o yo bothe, til ive bin welly reddy fort do somut at misel. i feel, howsomdevur, quoite in good spirits sin i geet thy lettur, & think i cud weley jump oer the castul wo. i expect awse be out o heur afore very lung, as my detanin creditur begins, awne toud, fort tak a moor favorabul vn o my case--i think sumbuddy's bin riten to him i my behaue--dust think its parson? ill bet a new hat it is! awm glad at o events hes takun such a interest e thee. god ul reward him for it e du toime--dust recolect th last sarmon thee & me yerd him praitch fro th text "yore advousary the devel gus about sekin whum he mai devour?" ive thout about it mony a toime sin, thank god! howevur, theres one strunger then the devel; tho one shud nor presume on this; as hes oftun aloud to ha his own rode when folk are determind resist grace as awve dun, e sted o followin its convictions. gi my best respects to him, and tel him, as soon as i get out a limbo, furst thing i intend doin is fort mak him a book case,

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or summat o that sort. gie littul mary ten thousand Kessus for me, &, when i next see thee, thou mun expect such a squeezin as thous never ad afore sin thou wur wick. so prepare forth wust! god bles yo bothe--amen! i remane thine for evur & a dai,
James Boardman.

The Salamanca Corpus: Th' Triumph o' Proide (1860)

p.s. thou mun excuse this lettur, as i am no so mitch usd to ritin as thou as bin, & am no so weel edicated nothur.

Readur, what dun yo' think o' these cuppul o' letturs?--Dunnur they mak yore hearts reet glad? They dun mine, aw know!

T.Y.

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A NOTICE, AN' BIT O' FRIENDLY WARNIN'

If th' public i' geneural han wit enough for t' relish th' liturary faist which aw've already provided for um--an this'll be the best known by th' quantity o' th' partakers thereof, o' which th' sale o' th' above poem will, sooner or latter, gi'e th' best proof--awst, happon, prepare um another trait afore lung. Aw've, o'ready, plenty o' furst-rate materials on hond, which nobbur requoie puttin' togethur, an' spoicin' a bit, afore they're ready for th' oon.

Aw may, loikwise, as weel add, t' prevent ony body gettin hissel into a hobbul, that this book is a copy-reet, an' that aw should nor loike for t' stond in his shoon who dars t' infringe upo th' same.

T.Y.