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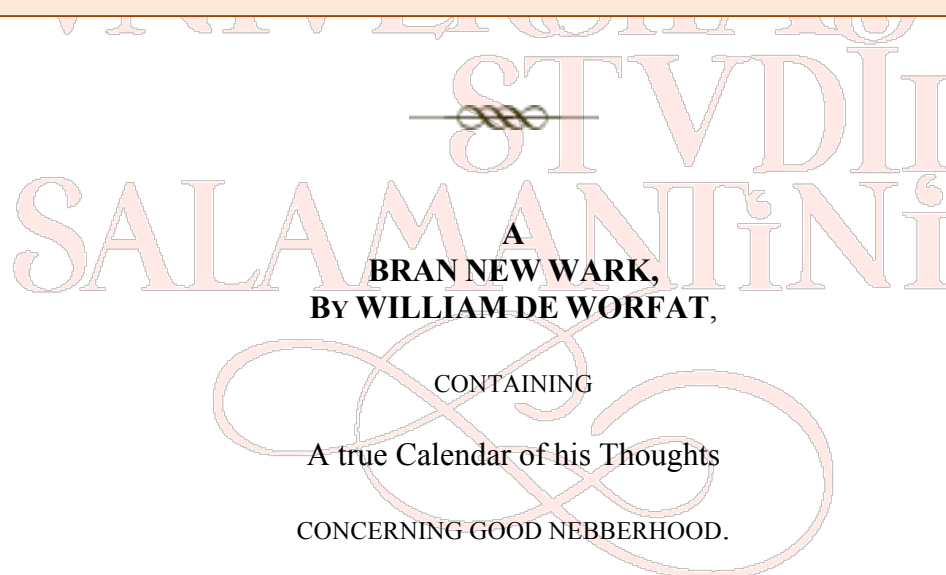
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Naw first printed fra his M. S. for the use of the hamlet of  
WOODLAND

Diligens appetitus aliquando negligit verba cultiora nec curat  
quid bene sonet, sed quid indicet atque intimet quod ostendere intendit.  
*St. Aust.*

LONDON

Printed and sold by all the Booksellers in Great-Britain.

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THE  
PROLOGUE  
BY WILLIAM DE WORFAT,\* CLERK;

*Shewing his awn estate, and then addressed to sic north-  
country folks, as may be flown into the autlands, or sped  
thro' these realms in divers occupations, and wha in  
length of time, and wi' good leeving, may hev ameast  
forgotten their mother tongue.†*

God be with ye! I regard with the tenderest affection every muther's barn o' ye, fra the heeghest to the lawest; I equally respect the gentleman that treads in black snod pumps, and the clown that rattles oor the peavement in cakert cloggs; because each hes a race to run, a saaul to save, and may he prosper! The person that addresses himself to ye, is pleaced by providence

\* Alias *Orfat*, alias *Overthwaite*.

† Several words which occur in these pages mark the different sources from which the English language is derived, at the same time they shew the mutability to which it is subject, confirming the observation of *Horace*.

*Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere; cadentque  
Qua nunc sunt in honore vocabula; si volet usus  
Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.*

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amang woods and scarrs, oorun with brocks and soomerts, otters and weezels. Ye waat it is the height of aur fun to beat the bushes and hunt thro' the scroggs; what can excel the chaace of a wild cat? or neaked in summer to splash in the *Ea*, and dive like a porpoise?

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different spots\* have their different pleasure, eigh and difficulties tea. We laugh at a wedding, and cry at a berring; a christning brings a feast; on the sabbath we say aur prayers, and the rest o' th week ya day marrows another. What I mean to give ye, gentlement, mun be delivered in heamey manner in clauted terms, net that my reading, sic as it is, was gitten in a summer's heat, as said auld Ascham, nor I trust will be weshed away with a christmas snaw, for my books hev been conn'd early and leate; but inkhorn words, to be honest, we know lile about; in this hamlet, they wad net edify. 'Tis the pride of my heart to tell ye, that for aboon twenty four years I hev duly tended the stock of my allotment, nea prawling wolf, nea cunning fox iver escap'd my eye, nea sad dog iver glanc'd on the virgin of the dale without my giving an alarm. Pleased with rural simplicity, aaiming to hev a good conscience, I am meeterly content. My humble situation indeed may check ivery sprauting thought, but then my duty to my parishioners is mear strangely enforced, "and my attention kept in by necessity, is mear sharpened towards concerns which end net with

\* *Spot*, upon the spot, in the plural also *places*.

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my life."\* Every pleace hes its advantage and its disadvantage; heigh leeving and extravagance heve net fund their way yet into *Arnside*, and *Worfat* is a deserted village; what then, nea hard fac'd bumbalif comes within my fald-yeat, fidling and revelry disturb net my hause, except when the waits gang their raund: Then to be sure the *Yule* clog blazes on the harth, then the lads of my family thump the flure to the tune of *Ald Roger*. The barns of the nebber-raw merrily carrol the story of the *Cherry Tree*† with other godly *Ballads*; ‡ lasses fidge they parts; naw *Jumping Joan*, || naw *Queen of Hearts*. Fine times but seldom seen; o the rest of the year, they mend and darn, knit and spin, bauk and

\*This is the sentiment of minister of one of the Islands of the *Hebrides*.

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† One of our carrols has a story of *Joseph* and *Mary's* going into a garden, when the virgin desired *Joseph* to pluck her a cherry, telling him she was with child. This is very ridiculous, yet in all ages people have entertained themselves with rude conceits on this subject. In a chamber of *Shelbrea* priory, *Sussex*, there is now remaining some paintings of animals bearing testimony to the birth of Christ. From the beak of a cock in the act of crowing is a label with these words, *Christus natus est*, next a duck from whose beak issues another, *quando quando*, from a raven, *in hac nocte*, a cow has *ubi ubi*, and a lamb seems to bleat out *Bethlam*. Such is the production of monkish leisure.

‡ In an old translation the song of *Solomon* is called the ballad of ballads.

|| Names of old country dances.

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bleech; they hev mucking and threshing, ploughing, peating, mawing, haying, shearing. Haw lile knaws ya part o'th ward haw tother leeves.

Ye good christians, that like swallows and cuckoos, love to change to mear sunney hawghs and naw feed on richer pickings, turn yer thoughts for a minute to the shaws, the Crofts and intacks of the north, to the strea theck'd cottages which gave ye birth? think of them, then strike your breasts, and thank your God, thank him twice, nay thrice, for weel I wat ye ken the poverty of aur deales; sic saunds as these ye sauked in upon yer muther's laps, ye lisp'd and prattled on yer father's knee; But hah! wha is this that fancy marks, shooting dawn the braw of *Stavely*, and laaking on the banks of *Windermere*? the water nymphs popple up thro' the surface of the deep, and hail his future fortune.

*Most learned and venerable prelate,*

Excuse my provincial dialect? I only annex such words to my ideas as we and our fathers have used for ages past. When I reflect on the number of

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\*About fifty years ago, my worthy predecessor, not indeed a saint, but worth a hundred saints of the middle ages, with twenty marks per year, brought up a large family decently, and gave to two of his sons a college education. About that time a living in *Cumberland* was no better; the vicar had 5*l.* per year, a goose grass, a white gate, and a harden sark.

These revenues however are greater than that of *Micah' Levite*, see *Judges XVII*, who had ten shekels of silver, a suit of apparel, and his victuals.

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*men\** which the north country produced, some of whom † even assisted in translating the bible and in composing our liturgy, I am not ashamed of it; I know them by their *lingua*, I trace them to have gone out from us. They did not conceal their *areas*, they cou'd not their *foces*. But see! another form peers forward, he holds the gospel in his right hand, a crucible in his left. Once the play-fellow of my childhood, excuse my language? thro' *Woodland* we communicate all aur ideas in cast off terms, yet terms which monarchs formerly deign'd to use, and which were yours and mine, when we rambled together o'er the head of *Heversham*, or angled in the brook of *Beetha*. Reverend champions of aur holy faith, defend it from every

\*Amongst these the northern apostle *Barnard Gilpin*, stands first in the list, then follow a *number* of eminent persons, *Airy, Smith, Crakenthrop, Chambers, Barwick*, the bishops *Carleton, Pearson, Fleming, Barlow, Gibson, next Mills, Seed, Shaw, Fothergill, Lancelot Addison, Peter Collinson, &c.*

*Roger Askam*, speaking of Dr. *Medcalf*, master of *St. John's* college, *Cambridge*, about 1533, says he found that college spending two hundred marks per year income, he left it spending a thousand marks and more. Speaking of the donors, he says all these givers were almost northern men. Some men thought that Dr. *Medcalf* was partial to northern men, but sure I am that northern men were partial in doing good, and giving more lands to the furtherance of learning than any other country men in those days did.

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† Rydley the martyr, born in *Northumberland, Aglionby* and *Grindal* of *Cumberland, Sands of Hawkshead*.

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public, every insidious enemy? Do ye inform the great and affluent? proselyte them from the vanities of the world to the knowledge and love of the saviour? but permit me, whilst I grovel amongst these knots and barrows, to instruct my people by every honest mean, which may enlighten vulgar comprehension. 'Tis my wish by slow degrees to reduce the savage tempers of the Saxon lineage, to calm their passions, and humanise their hearts.

*Yule Tide*, 1784.

W. DE WOLFAT.

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VNiVERSiTAS  
STVDII  
SALAMANIiNi  
THE  
PLAIN ADDRESS.

Haw strangely the mind of man slackers and flounces? It skims oor earth, air, fire and water; it is nivver at rest, ner nivver will be whilst the *ward standeth*. I *Cor.* viii. 13. Sometimes it is butter-flee mad; sometimes tears itself with measuring the tail of a fiery comet. There's nea sort of parlish feats it will net attempt. Two hundred years sen somebody thought of harnessing a flock of wild geese for a trip to the moon. They nivver cou'd du it. A good bishop was cock-sure that in fifty summers, it wad be as common to co for my wings, as it is naw for my boots: We quite beat these ald dons at invention; aur fathers knew some at, we knaw mickle mear. 'Tother day I was inform'd, that an unshot codfish hes mear raans in its belly than thare be people on the feace of the earth, and that a mite er a maggot will run as fast as a reace-horse. These discoveries, my good bretheren, er ta fine for my addle peate; I will neither venture my neck, ner strain my wits. What is it to us, shoud thare really be four millions of tead-poles in a single drop of vinegar? god hes wisely hidden

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them fra aur seet. I grant it, that ya drop o alligar may be an ocean to sic tiny inhabitants, but when yan comes ashoar, 'twill be time enough to study his shap. We believe in god, *let us magnifie his works*, which men er sure *they behold*. His works, varily, er net stinted; see them in the lile tomtit? the chitterwren? leak at them in the great eagle, the ostrich, the condor?\* ye heve heard of elephants, and whales; what huge lumps of beane and grsle, of fat and blubber! deary me! let net these creatures surprise ye? should a kraken† welter up the sands, and fill the gap between *Arnside-point*, and *Meethop-cragg*, ye mud well be astonished. But, what am I talking about? such marvelous things indeed shew the vastness

\*A large American bird in the woods of *Potomack*, fierce and formidable, with a body as large as a sheep, and its wings measure 12 feet from tip to tip.

†The kraken is an enormous sea animal of a crablike form, found near the coast of *Norway*. Its back only has appeared to be of a mile, or a mile and a half surface, with several poins or horns growing out of it, as high as the masts of a middle sized vessel. Mr. *Guthrie* says, he would not mention this animal could there be the least doubt of its existence. There is no fixing the limit of bulk increasing by longevity; perhaps no man has yet seen the greatest whale in being. Serpents increase their size the longer they live. The one which stoped the Roman army in *Africa*, was 120 feet long. 'Tis very credible, for there are now Serpents in that country as large; some have been seen to swallow an ox or buffalo whole, others will take the water roll o'er the deck of a ship lying at anchor.

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of creation, and they tickle the ear of curiosity; they dunnet edify mich. It is a blessed ruth, that the mind cannot continue lang in a bree,\* when teered with ballooning, it therefore descends to mear useful subjects. Star-gazing is a pleasure, but to leak to yans feet is mear necessary. *Tully*, a sensible fellow, said that we come into the ward to stare

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about us, to admire this and and and tother; a seet of folks think soa still, yet God seems to design us for better business. *We er called by faith in Christ Jesus to good works*, and a promise of ETERNAL LIFE is made to us, if we du aur best humble endeavours. Aur God is good, is merciful thro' o generations, and ta assist us, hes laid dawn two great commands. Ye knwa 'em beath, my dear bretheren, and he that *loves God with all his heart, with all his soul, with all his mind*, will sartenly love his brother also. If we gang wrang here, we er lost for ivver.

THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF.

*Math. XIX, 19.*

I write this in capital letters, and wish it to be engraven on aur hearts. It s a teata conny verse indeed, yet things mun widely alter before it be duly obsarved. At present thear er in ivvery neak ta manny mischief-meakers, busy-bodies

\*Strong agitation.

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What! love my neighbour\* as mysell will a gripping covetous hunx belief this to be gospel? nay, nay, says he, rubbing his elbow, emess its enough naw a days to pay ivvery man his awn. Charity begins at heame. True my friend, but let me raund it in thy ears, charity shoud reach to the Hottentots; thy guts hev nivver yearned with compassion, nor hes tau *followed on*, as *Hosea* says, to love thy fellow creatures. A covetous man trips to th' kirk-garth on a sunday morning, he meets them that he wants to see, and it saves another journey; then he mappen enters the Lord's hause, doffs his hat, claps it before his face, and squats dawn in a form. I wish that mammon is net next his heart, I wish that christians wad, during the sarvice, be serious and devout, net come to kirk with a moon belief, † with unsettled thoughts, but to pray and praise God as they ought. The jews hed a rule to run to the synagogue, but to walk slowly back; I wish that when folks git heame, they wad turn oor their bibles.‡ Bibles and testaments

\*The wretch I am speaking of, never thinks he has grist enough at his mill.



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† Archbishop *Laud's* expression.

‡ Let me beg of parents to make their children and servants read the scriptures at home. "The scriptures are the two paps of the church from which we suck the sincere milk of the word, and one pap is not more like another than these two for substance."

*Leigh's Crist. Sacra.*

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were formerly seen on the sconce or lang-settle end; they my naw be oftener met with on a seaty shelf covered with dust, or mause-itten; wad there was a leaf turn'd dawn, whare a seal ex'd *Wha is my neighbour!* But again, I heve net done with kirk business, I mean the spiritual business which shoud thare employ weel disposed christians. Hes neane of ye seen a young thing, giggling and laughing at a firley farley? she quite forgat what the clark was saying, *Lord have mercy upon us!* dizend fra head to foot, she coud think of nought but her bran new bonnet. Her sawcy een were ticing fools, whilst the parson was converting sinners. Can ye think that her virginity was "donn'd with the helmet of faith.\*" It is bad neberhood, † when a body is not suffered to say his prayers quietly. ‡ Yan ell be winking and prating, another glopping and makking remarks, a third nodding his head in an easy slome. Waa betide thee! and yet let me net wish ought ats bad! haw fast hes ald nick § sic folk in his

\*A line in *Fairfax's Tasso*.

† "He that dwelleth in a city where there is a synagogue, and prayeth not there with the congregation, this is he that is called a bad neighbour," *Rabbi Maim*. On which words Mr. *Tomdike* observes, "well may be celled a bad neighbour, who will not lend his neighbour's prayers the strength of his own."

‡ I love to hear myself say, *The Lord be with you*, and my neighbours answer, *And with thy spirit*.

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clutches? Good friends, these er sad duings, efeclings. My saal is vexed within me. \*  
Hoa fellow thare! sweetly sleepest ta naw, when the devil rocks thy cradle. Pardon my  
zeal, mappen it may rise heegh in a good cause. In sone churches the sidesmen gang  
about with staves, and give ivvery sleeper † a good nope. Is this reet or wrang? aur  
Lord, when he fand his disciples fast and saund asleep, only just chided them, *What!*  
*cannot ye watch one hour?* Let us bear with yan another's infirmities, let us persuade net  
drive men into Christ's faald? Oh! may that heathen monster,

\*Mr. *Farmer*, vicar of *Heversham*, spoke thus from the pulpit, to a sleeper, I am  
told with success. Another time observing, as he took his text, some company talking in  
Lord *Berkshire's* pew, he stop'd, they star'd, Gentlefolks, says he, when you have done,  
I'll begin. Another time the people being in a hurry to get their hats for going out, Stay,  
cry'd he, and take the peace of God with ye. One sunday, observing some ladies  
laughing and talking in Lord *Berkshire's* spew, in the lesson which was taken out  
proverbs, when he came to the following verse, he looked passionately at the ladies and  
thus delivered himself as if to them solely, *as a jewel in a swine's snout so is a fair*  
*woman without discretion*, ladies! flyer and laugh at that if you please. At *Kendal*  
church, hearing some officers talking aloud, he stopped when you have done I'll go on.

†Bishop *Babbington* says, "if the fervent spirit of the preacher should break and  
tear his inwards in pieces, all is one, men snort and sleep, and go on in a damnable  
dulness of mind." Really, my Lord, if this would not waken them, I do not know what  
would.

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persecution, that curst dodt cow\* never mear plague this country! they say she yance  
hed horns and put furiously, God be praised her bulls beal and bellow nea langer. Good

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father of mercies! that folks can co themsells christians efter frying and roasting, and braying to mummy ought of their awn likeness; and apreia for what? for difference of opinion, or for net allowing that a thing can be in two places at yance, † that black is white. God gav us our senses to feel with, to handle with, and when St. *John* was faithless, aur Saviour appeald to them. Zleads! he nivver played hocus pocus, ‡ or offered to drag men like

\**Chillingworth* speaks of this curst cow; he was her great enemy, and baited her purely.

† This made *Averroes* resolve, *quando quidem christiani adorant quod comedunt, sit anima mea cum philosophis?* When Mrs. *Ann Askew* the martyr was examined, they asked her whether a mouse eating the host received God or not? She smiled but returned no answer. *Gardiner* in one place says, "a moouse cannot devour God; but soon after the wily prelate thinks that Christ's body may as well dwell in a mouse, as it it in *Judas*." To what difficulties learned men are driven in support of falsehood! Old *Bale* after quoting a page of such nonsense, concludes, "mark this gear for your lernyng, oyled divynes!" Archbishop *Tillotson* declared of transubstantiation "that it was a millstone hung about the neck of popery, which would sink it at the last. It will, says he, make the very pillars of St. *Peter's* crack."

‡ Supposed to mean, *hoc est corpus*.

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dogs with a reap.\* What can be said of juggling, and gulling, and knocking on the head? Cruel bad nebbourhood! Coud Beelzebub and his comrades put on flesh and dwell amang us, they was play just sic tricks.

Turn we to mear pleasing views, to meditate on the prince of peace, the meek, the mild, the loving Jesus. Hear him! hear him! *love one another as I have loved you*; again and again he repeats it, which made St. *Paul* observe to the *Thessalonians*, *as touching brotherly love, ye need not that I write unto you, for ye yourselves are taught*

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of God to love one another. I infer from hence, that Christ will love good nebbours, his father will love them, and the Holy Ghost will dwell in their hearts. The jews expected that Christ wad heve appeared a helter-skelter† Hero treading on the necks of kings and emperors. Mad

\*I shall here briefly remark, that our Lord's legacy to us was this, *my peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you.* "He therefore who fosters within his breast, malice, envy, or an unforgiving temper, is in a very dangerous state with respect to salvation. Heaven can have no relish without love. To meet there, if possible, a person we have not lov'd, and from the bottom of our hearts forgiven, would distract and make us miserable. Let then love work by faith, that is, be the fruit of our faith, and not mingle mangle rightenousness." This is the language of a martyr for the truth.

† *Hileriter* and *celeriter*, merrily and quickly. I might have used a better epithet, *harem skarem*, rash, mad, who turns all into confusion.

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thoughts! he meant nea harm, to the persons or property of men: net to craw oor the poor creatures of his hand, net to destroy them, but their vices: ner did he design to govern any kingdom on earth. He com to break in pieces the ald kingdom of darkness. This he did, my beloved, without wrath or anger, without the murdering instruments of war, for he conquer'd by suffering. His patience and his mercy were as infinite as his love, or else he hed *blawn away his enemies with the blast of the breath of his displeasure*.\* God drawnd the praud children of *Adam*; the rainbow is a witness. *Raven-Scout*† and *Beetham-fell* to this day shew us the marks of the flead. Folks,

\*Who would imagine that christians in aftertime should be able to copy this fine figure so literally. In 1655 the Portuguese governer of *Solvaterra* tied a *Castalian* officer to a great gun and blew him away. In 1683, the Algerines blew away a French consul from a mortarpiece. It the *East Indies* this is the common punishment of desertion. In 1760, there were twenty four persons blown away. 2. *Sam.* xxii. xvi. "at

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*the blast of the breath of his nostrils."* The blast of a furnace, the blasting of rocks give fine ideas.

†I do not know the derivation of this word, which is a common name for a great precipice. Our waterfall in the river is called, sometimes the *farce*, sometimes the *scout*. The steep ridges of rocks on *Beetham-fell* are called *scouts*, the fell beneath them *Underlaade*, that is *Underload*. *Raven-scout* is the highest point of a ridge of rocks in *Holme-park*, adjoining to *Farleton-knot*, frequented by ravens, and sometimes visited by eagles on their passage.

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it seems were grown cock-a-hoop; (but the heegh leaks of the meety were sean brought laa) they were swept away like the peatstacks in *Faulshaw*. which yesterday tawer'd aloft with their black heads, but to day er scal'd\* oor the marsh of *Milnthrop*. Good Lord! when I consider thy kindness shew to the jews by neet and by day; thy sending them *Moses* and *Joshua*, and prophet efter prophet, I am lost in devout amazement, astonished at their conduct. Thou didst bring them up as thy awn family, thou declarest it in *Esaiah* i. ii. and yet they rebelled against thee. They judged net the fatherless, nor did the cause of the widow come before 'em. Their great men were pelsy and praud; their women were haughty, with stretched aut necks and wanton een, mincing as they walked and tinkling with their feet. Their nation were continually provoking God to anger; and yet his lang suffering and his mercy endured for many ages. At length he even sent his son, and compleated their awn distruction. Methinks I hear ye, my beloved, cry aut, fie upon! fie upon this worthless people! od sent his son to save us tea, wha at that time were daws'd\* in sin

\*Scaled, scattered, levelled, so to scale much, or molehill, to scale hay, and yet this word puzzled most of the editors of *Shakespeare*.

\* "Dause thyself in jordan seven times, the leprosy of sin will no off."

Archdeacon *Nicholson* of *Brecon*.

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and concupiscence. What mun we du? I'll tell ye, Craw net oor the obstinate jew; but in your day repent, believe, and love; yea love yan another without dissimulation.

I heasten hawever to ask a meast important question. Suppose this efternean you were to see *Jeremiah*, *Obadiah*, or *Jona*, standing on *Windscar*, with a voice that wad carry a league. Ye hear him co, *repent! repent!* or the earth will swallow ye up: The saund is redoubled fra crag to crag; *Whitbarrow* and *Brigsteer* echoe back, *repent!* My brethren, if ye believe the sarmon of the prophet, haw wad ye tremble in your skins? Soa when the Israelites saw the leetnings and the burning Maunt, they were sear fretted, but fear is net repentance, and the danger geane, the testrils leev'd and lusted as usual, were bad nebbours, and in their good days hated o the ward but their sells, Ye think mayhap, that ye was surely listen to a prophet; nea sic thing; net to an angel fra heven, if ye will net mind the *still small voice of the gospel*. Your minister begs of ye to consider the four last things, death and judgment, heaven and hell; as the tree falls, soa mun it lig. Life is short, and he wad rouse ye fra the lithargy of inconsideration. He wad heve ye prepared to meet your God.

Suppose then again, and we have a reet to suppose it, that this varra neet the trumpet should

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wakken ye? in the twinkling of an eye ye jump aut o bed; th'house totters, th' earth trembles, th' element opens, the dead er rising, angels fleeing in the air, devils roaring, bad nebbours screaming, shrieking, swooning. Your families cling abut ye, help! help! Ye leak up, heaven shines breet as chrystal; ye leak dawn, hell flames blue, a tarn of melted brimstone.\* On the reet hand ye behold your judge, terrible in majesty, in justice, The register of your faats lies before him.† O Jesu, ye wad say, let us alean yaw wee bit! we er net ready with aur accaunts; we heve net lov'd aur nebbours. Hah! he wad answer, the prayer of your distraction is vain, the hour of mercy is past, long have I been your mediator and intercessor with my father. The universe now requires the

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rigour of my justice. My dearly beloved! haw feel ye about your breasts? This is serious talk; it

\*"Oh! said a divine of our church, that a body might take a peep into hell!" This scene is introduced with the like design, to urge faith, love and charity, as preservatives against falling into that horrid chasm.

†That elegant writer bishop *Hall* thus describes the giving of the law. " Here was nothing but a majestical terror in the eyes, in the ears of the Israelites; the lightning darted in their eyes, the thunders roaring in their ears, the trumpet of God drowning the thunderclaps, the voice of God outspeaking the trumpet of the angel: the cloud enwrapping, the smoke ascending, the fire flaming, the mount trembling. If such were the proclamation of God's statutes, what shall the sessions be?"

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makes me wither; may it bring forth in you quiet and peaceble leeving! Ye hev nought to lig white\* on, but you awn frowardness.† Think nea warse of me for giving you Godly advise! Eternal life, ‡ wha can help repeating it,

\**White*. This loval word, signifying the mark at which an arrow is shot, may not the sense here, *nought to blame*, be borrowed from thence.

† Frequent thoughts on the shortness of temporal life and the day of judgement are excellent means *to call our ways to remembrance*, to set the Lord still in our fight. Bishop *Babbington* makes the following comparison, but it is the fancy of an elder writer. "Life is like a tree, at the root whereof two lile mice lig gnawing and nibbling without mercy; a black an and a white an. The white mouse nibbles o the lang day, the black an o the neet; who can tell how far these two mice have eaten through him?" His lordship I must confess, does not edify me very much.

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‡ I am better pleased with the speech of one of the courtiers of *Ina*, King of *Northumberland*, concerning *Paulinus* who was then preaching the gospel in that little kingdom. "We may, says he, addressing himself to the king, aptly compare man's state unto this little robinredbreast that is now in this cold weather, here in the warm room, chirping and singing merrily, and as long as she shall remain here, we shall see and understand how she doth; but anon, when she shall be flown hence, abroad into the wide world; and shall be forced to feel the bitter storms of hard winter, we shall not know what will become of her; so likewise we see how men fare, as long as they live among us, but after they be dead, neither we nor our religion have any knowledge what becomes of them; wherefore I do think it wisdom to give ear unto this man, who seemeth to shew us not only what shall become of us, but also how we may obtain everlasting life."

This is a translation by the great *Camdem* in his remains from venerable *Beda*.

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is the prize, and remember! that you receive it by Christ Jesus your Lord; wrestle then for it with an active faith; leeve fouzanably and kindheartedly for a year and a day; and then if your conscience rue, co me a lear, and divide my tithes amang ye! The truths which my divine mester gave to the ward, I deliver unto you, a truth with which St. *John* when near a hundred years ald, spreading aut his arms, thus accosted those about him, *little children, love yan another*.

Without this binding quality o aur righteousness is as filthy rags,\* yea I say filthy? yea

\*See *Esaiah* 6. 5. *Qu*. Might not the translator have conveyed to us the sense of the sacred writer by a more delicate expression? I have often asked myself this, on reading other parts of scripture; I know with *Chaucer* that

"*Bread words er good, whilst good folks use them,  
They er only bad, when bad folks abuse them.*"

and again



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*"Christ spake himself full bread in holy writ,*

*And weel I wat, no villany is it."*

This is no way satisfactory, but at length I find myself extremely obliged to the learned bishop *Lowth*, for his excellent comment on this subject, which I beg leave in this place to lie before my readers. "The Hebrew religion regulated the common conduct of social life. Many of those images which the Hebrew poets made use of with the greatest effect on their contemporaries, are lost upon us, and even appear low and sordid. The Jewish laws have for one of their chief objects the discrimination of things pure from those that are impure. Amongst the various subjects of purification, we find certain diseases and bodily infirmities, and indeed habits of body, which cannot by any human means be conquered or removed, wherefore it is not to be wondered at, that the sacred poets call in the use of those images in their descriptions of the most important objects, when they either lay open the corruption and depravity of human nature, or arraign the wickedness of the times in which they lived, or when of the virgin daughter of *Sion*, stripped and naked they lament the forlorn and abject condition. Figures these, which if considered only in themselves, seem odious and disgusting, but which, when they are traced to their sacred source, will appear to be full of energy and dignity."

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the Holy Spirit in abhorrence of sic sort of conduct, seems to make use of words purposely breade.

My fellow christinas, I heve oready noticed pride and earnestness, as unfriendly to social life; 'tis lang\* o these that good nebbourhood fails in part, but thare er other enemies which I munnet pass over sleightly.

\*The great *Bacon* has this expression in his life of *Henry 7th*, "It was not long of himself," (through his own fault) Who could have thought of finding this in *Bacon*?

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PART THE SECOND

A Plain address needs nea apology; it begins with simplicity, and ends with common sense; it is delivered in the language of aur hills and dales, a language which sarves o the purposes of life. Ivvery trumpet is good which gives a fixed steady saund, *there er many kinds of voices in the world, and none without signification*. There er many hugh big books also, but a great book is a great evil, wearing aut the eyes and tearing the patience. We er somat mear merciful hawivver to aur fellow creatures than formerly, and yet net tender enought. Times hev thar vices as weel as diseases. Inhumanity lessens, and before the end I expect perfect good nebbourhood; my reason is, folks dunnet burn their barns to plesse that cruel devil *Molock*; ner drag their prisoners at chariot wheels; ner throw them to be worried by lions and tigers; ner feed their eels with 'em. Religion or wrang conceptions about it dunnet make folks leeve in caves and holes of the rocks by their fells, to shun mankind; ner git upon pillars and posts twenty feet heegh, and thare spend their days;\* *they forgat that love is the fullfilling*

\*Christians dunnet naw wrangle fra morning to neet in porches and piazzas about the thruth, striving wha can speak meast against it, that is, wha can be the cleverest blockhead. They dunnet form a meety contest about what nivver can be determined, haw many millions of angels may sit upon a pin point. They dunnet twist and twine probabilities and intentions, in a manner either to lull their consciences, or quibble with their God. *See the provincial letters.*

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*of the law*. God be thank'd that christians naw know better, practice better. Barbarous customs are banish'd the land. Formerly great people kept monkeys to grin, and mock at human actions, kings hed fools tu, to shew the weakness of aur nature; these fools durst speak truth when noblemen wad net. Drolls and buffoons were kept to mak mirth at feasts, they leev'd by their wits and laugh'd at their mesters. These merriments and greater fun still was reserved for Christmas holidays.\* Envy net, my parishoners, the pleasures of your forefathers, ner say the present times er warse; it is a mistak, an I am

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only sorry that with their coarser diversions, English hospitality hes tean its flight. To rougher manners were joined great virtues, great vices: May we copy efter the first, and banish the latter from aur gentler bosoms; May we think fra morning to neet of this conny pithy sentence, this motto which I wish was written aloft at ivvery loanin end of the parish,

*Love thy neighbour as thyself!*

\**Baldwin le Petteure* had his name and held his land in *Suffolk* per saltum sufflum and pettum, for dancing point-puffing, and doing that before the King of *England* in christmas holidays, which the word pet signifieth in French.

*Camdens remains.*

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What yet hinders! I will tell ye freely. The enemies to aur peace spring fra aur passions, and corrupt inclinations. Knavery flees directly in the face of this great command; adultery robs us, eigh, within aur varra bedstocks; fornication is a lawless liberty takken in a dark corner, and drunkenness commonly ends in frandish riot, or in madness. Wee'l handle 'em singly. Wha is a knave? He that geas creeping in the dark, nimming and nifting whatever he can lig his fists on. Bold villany I meddle net with, it tells its awn story; but shifting of mere-stanes and bending young tress wrang side oth hedge, to make *Jammy's* twig become *Roger's* tree, this is a sad and an evil coveting of aur nebbour's property, and desarves hanging. If seven aut of then in a lile tawnship were to be dishonest, what mud become of tother three? why! they wad be cheated aut of hause and harbour: Thare wad be an end of nebbourhood truly. Weel may I say, good father in heaven forgive a manny poor wretches, wha hardly know what they du. Knavery is the sin of poverty, it deals in dirty wark, and nivver ends in ought thats good. Whativver is gitten is like a swallow's nest made up of a little dirt and a few streaws, which in a frosty winter drop dawn fo themselves.\* To rob a roost, to break an orchard, to filch pows withys, spelks, to cut dawn sapplings, and carry off rotten ring-fences er reckoned

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\*This simile I have from Archdeacon *Nicholson* of *Brecon*. believe he had it from St. *Chrysostom*.

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tricks, but fitter for heathen *Sparta*,\* than the barony of *Kendal*. And yet methinks, my brethren, he that selle'd me 'tother day a barren cow and a calf, for a calver, outbang'd 'em o for wardly cunning. But what said the good bishop *Latimer*, "Thou that doest this; do it if thou lust, shall go to the devil, and be hanged on a fiery gallows world without end." They holy martyr shall tell the story at the bottom of the page, † whilst I gang on with another of my awn.

THE PARSON'S TALE.

Last saturday sennet, ‡ about seun in the evening, (twas lownd and freaze hard) the stars twinkled and the setting moon cast gigantic shadows. I was stalking hamewards across *Blackwater-mosses*,

\*At *Sparta* robbing made a part of the education of their youth.

†"They go (says his hordship in one of his sermons) and take a calf of another cow and put it to a barren cow, and so come to the market and sell the barren cow six or eight shillings dearer than they should have done else. The man which bought the cow, cometh home, hath many children, and no more cattle than this cow, and thinketh he shall have some milk for 'em, but he findeth it is a barren cow, and the poor man is deceived. The other is a jolly fellow, and called one that can shift; sic folks can speak soa finely that a man would think butter would scant melt in their mouths." Excellent old man! I love thy simplicity, thy boldness in the worst of times, thy apostolic zeal. May I be found like thee at the last, a good, if not a great man!

‡A week or seven nights, so fortnight, fourteen nighs.

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and whistling as I tramp'd for want of thought, when a nose struck my ear, like the crumpling of frosty murgeon; it make me stop short, and I thought I saw a strange form before me; It vanished behind a windraw; and again thare was nought in view but dreary dykes, and dusky ling. An awful silence reigned araunder; this was sean brokken by a skirkling hullet; sure nivver did hullet, herrensue, or miredrum, mak sic a noise before. Your minister was fretted, the hears of his head stood an end, his bleed storkened, and the haggard creature moving slowly nearer, the mirkness of the neet shew'd her as big again as she was. Scarcely did a rag cover her neakedness. She stoup'd and drop'd a poak and thus began with a whining tone. Deary me! deary me! forgive me good Sir, but this yance, I'll steal nea mear. This seck is elding to keep us fra starving. My mother, my brothers and sisters, and my ald neam, O deary me! Whilst she speake these words, her knocking knees, and diddering teeth melted my heart. Ah! said I to mysell, did net King *David*, when hungered, eat the holy bread? Did net Jesus and his disciples crop the ears of their nebbour's corn! Hunger will break through stane-walls. Necessity will disturb the laws of moral obligation; get thee heame, my lass, and sin nea mear. I judge the net, oready thy conscience condemns thee. The Almeety bless ye, Sir, said she, aur wooning is net aboon a dozen stanethraws fra this spot, apreia gang with

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me, and see with your awn een, aur pitiful plight.

We nivver feel greater pleasure than when we relieve distress, than when we du good; *it is more blessed to give than to recieve*: Nivvertheless, sometimes thare is danger and temptation even in the godly deed. Thares a thin partition 'tween good and evil; this minute I feel mysell a saint, the next a dannet. Whence spring aur thoughts? what first mover starts them fra their secret lodgment? mickle talk hes thare been about it; I confess I cannot fathom this; somat like a flint with gunpowder, strikes fire and springs a mine, when we the least expect it. We passed by the rocking stane oor a bed of scars, they were slippy, and she stottered, she fell: I had liked to have tumbled a top of

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her snocksnarles. I believe it was pity meade me lift her or help to lift her up. Be it what it wad, up as she rease, a star fell directly athwart, and shined full in her face, discovered to me the finest flesh and blead that ivver was compassed by mortal man. My pulse bet quick, my quicker thoughts ran oor aur father's prayer, and I fund mysell safe. Luckily we were come near the hovel; the girl unsneck'd the raddle heck. Wretched scene! the hovel or hut belong'd to a widow in a peck of troubles. Tis just aleun weeks sen I buried her husband. Poor *Geordie!* he was a greedly bain fellow, and wrought his sell to death; What coud a body dea mear for his family? She followed his coffin with

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neen barns crying efter her, and a tenth sawking at her breast. When she saw me she wept; I wept ano.\* She sat on a three legg'd stool, and a dim coal smook'd within the rim of a brandreth, oo which a seaty rattencreak hung dangling fra a black randletree. The walls were plaister'd with dirt, and a stee, with hardly a rung, was rear'd into a loft. Aaround the woman her lile ans sprawl'd on the hearth, some, whiting speals, some, snottering and crying, and ya ruddy cheek'd lad threw on a bullen to make a loww, for its mother to find her loup. By this sweal I beheld this family's poverty. She was confaunded; I was motionless; at length, *Maggy*, ‡ said I, *Maggy*, I am thy teacher, thy friend, tak comfort! God's aboon still, tho' the ward awns thee net; he will net forsake thee. *Afflictions and troubles dunnet spring fra the dust; they er sent for wise purposes*

\**Anne means and all, that is also.*

‡ After writing this interview, I was much pleased with reading a letter from Mr. *Bradford*, the martyr, in Queen *Mary's* reign, to a person under affliction. "Ah my joy! if you were a market sheep, you should go in more fat and grassy pasture. If you were for the fair, you should be stall-fed and want no weal; but because you are of God's own occupying, therefore you must pasture on the bare common. Happy and twice happy are you, my dear sister, that God now haleth you wither you would not, that you may come where you would. Suffer a little and be still!"

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‡A professor of *Aberdeen* about 1660, gives a caution, lest teachers in driving their flocks to green meadows, should overdrive them. Not a bad hint to some at this Day.

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and it is aur part to bow dawn like the bulrush, to be humble and resigned, tho' mebbly, with sear troubled hearts. It is said, *The trust of the evil-doer shall be an attercob-web,\* but a perfect man God will net cast away.* Trust thau then, *Maggy*, in the great Father of mercies, and wait for better day! the poor will net oways be forgotten. But let me ask thee; Haw darst ta wink at thy children, whilst the lead theirsells with burthens of iniquity? Thinks ta, God, sees these bad tricks and will net punish? Whether they were peats or flushcocks, or prickings that thy daughter hes stown, whether of lile or greater value, she is guilty of filching; she fand 'em before the were lost. My brethren! ye know the woman and her circumstances; I speak to ye overseers, relieve the poor, and tempt them net to be dishonest, by scanty relief. A piece of mouldy jannock, a dubbler of haver-meal, and a pan-full of cockle-broth were o that these poor wretches hed to keep life and soul together. Let us dea what mense† we can, and prevent what evil. This is true charity and they that think otherwise, seaner or later, a hagworm will bite fra the clint, a slaaworm will wrap raund the ancles.

\*Which, says the excellent old *Sanderson*, the light touch of a besom striketh away in a moment. *Esaiah* xiv, in the finest ode extant is made to say by the translator, concerning *Babylon*, *I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of Hosts.*

†*Mense* from *mensa*, a table, alluding to the tables in the old monasteries spread for the poor.

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I come, secondly, to that warst sort of theft, that cruel unnebbourly action ADULTERY: Next to murder this is the blackest faat; yet they tell us, 'tis common among great folks, stars and garters gentlemen! or rether gentle-sinners! ye that er careful ffor nought but proggng for belly-timber, \* I beg you to love your awn wives, otherwise as sure as a gun, dawn yee'l gang to the bottomless pit; Thare ye may ring, knock, and hallow, through eternity for a drop of cald water, but nea sarvant waits to give it. *Abram* will be deaf, and your hell-fire thirst mun be bidden. Instead of goulden cups ye wad then be fain to lap it aut of your neaves. The rich man in the gospel "laid it on thick only in purple and fine linen, in vanity and pomp."† We read net that he was an adulterer. Yan of this stamp, soa far fra loving the man of his next dure, studies ivvery nick of time to rob him, to give him a feastering waund. He destroys the peace of a family, confaunds kinship, and when he hes hed his will of a silly woman, leaves her to blush at her guilt, and to bear the resentment of an injured bedfellow. Thus is adultery the greatest sin against good nebbourhood, under the cope of heaven; yan excepted, and indeed a body mud nearly as weel lose his life, as his peace of mind.

\*Sir *Thomas More* uses this expression.

†Dr. *Stanhope*.

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I come next to simple WHOREDOM, God hes daid, this he will likewise judge. Young tykes oft buy pleasure dearly. *Solomon* gives 'em good advice, but they turn a deaf ear.\* Oh! that folks wad but lust when and whare they mud lust lawfully.† Oh! that they wad leak forward to what in the end follows unhallowed liberties. Unchastity in man or woman teems with misfortunes, with wretchedness; he suffers often in his health, maastly in his pocket, oways in his mind; restless and unsettled, he is lead like the ox to the slaughter. Nor is her case mickle better; with the loss of her maidenhead, she loses all that is valuable, her honour, her dignity, her purity, her innocence, nay that awful respect which even bad men pay to virtue and chastity. The good ald word *head*



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mean oft a place of command, naw dea fond silly girls give up their only place of command for a minute's gratification; maar

\*A king of *France* more averse to fornication than *Solomon*, once travelling into the *Holy-land*, and was long absent; but a good bishop shall tell the story. "Upon this he sickened, and the physicians did agree it was for the want of a woman, and did consult with the bishops of the country, who did conclude, that because of the distance of his wife, he should take a wench. This good king hearing their conclusion, would not assent thereunto, but said, he had rather be sick unto death, than break his espousal." In 1303 the rector of *Orton, Cumberland*, gave a bond of ten marks to bishop *Halton* to be forfeited whenever it should prove that heas guilty of incontinency.

†See *Deuteronomy* xii, 20, 21.

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the pity! We hev another word of special import, *maiden-hood*. *Hood* is hod or possession, a hod-fast; and may all the virgins in the nation defend it lustily. They that yield to the perfidious enemy, sean find their ruin, er shun by the modest, despised by the villainous. Efter ya slip 'tis difficult to fetch back lost reputation, and her barn tea, bears the reproach of the cruel: But if she fo a second time, her ways then lead dawn to misery, to rottoness, to death, to everlasting destruction. Haw lile is this thought on? when youth giving up the reins to appitite, rush headlong into unlawful pleasure.\*

Tis time here to bring forward the boon companion of the dishonest and the wanton, the DRUNKARD. He, poor fellow, is never quiet till ligging in a hedge-bottom. He gaas net to kirk or market without stopping at the ale-house. 'Tis a burning sham to see him like a maffling bezling dawn strang liquors. His blead whirls fast thro' his veins, he becomes a rattlehorn, leaks

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\*Mispent youth leaves a spent body to old age. This was the true saying of Dr. *Boyce*, a translator of our bible. It is said of him that he could read hebrew at five years of age.

Old *William Perkins* says, *St. Paul* offers six reasons for fleeing fornication; one of them thus, "*The body is the temple of the Holy Gost, these swine make it the devil's sty.*" How strangely do old divines paint the devil. The translator of *Luther* to the *Gallatians* thinks the white devil that forceth men to spiritual sins, is far more dangerous than the black devil which maketh them to commit fleshly ones.

[37] wild, loses his limbs, his senses: A drunken man should be teed like a wild beast, till his reason returns. He can be nea nebbour at dow, that tipples and sattles, and idles fra morning to neet. Naa maar can the *idleman* be; he leeves on the industry of other folk; maunders about fra hause to hause, haking and slinging, with a tongue as glib as a bell-clapper: What has been said at *Robert's flees* to *Josee's* next minute; the story spreads, but naa boby knaws whare it began. Tittle tattle begits scandal; scandal, like a curdog, bites into 'th heels; besides it iw weel knawn, "*Thro' idleness of the hands the house droppeth.*" *Eccless. x, 18.* Weel indeed may it du toa when the awner will net send for his sell. Honesty and industry maks a poor man thrive. Its a pleasing seet when fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters work the day land, without quarrelling.\* When sarvants er bund by love and duty, as mitch

\*Bishop *Latimer* in one of his sermons, gives the following little history of his own family. "My father had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pounds a year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walks for one hundred sheep; and my mother milked thrity kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to *Blackheath-field*, (1497) He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to preach before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with twenty nobles a piece, so that he brought them up with godliness. He kept

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hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor, and all this he did of the same farm.

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as by wage when naa brawling or threaping is heard, naa noise but the goodnatur'd laught, the thoughtless whistle, and the sang of *hearts at ease*. Lang may my parishoners leeve merry and wise, share and share alike, helping each other at ivvery lift. We dannot du without this; he is the praudest of men that thinks otherwise. If aur nebbour's stot or stirk breaks into 'th fog, let us net pinfald it, rather settle the matter with soft words. Let us give and tak. If a man rails, bid God bless him, and soa *heap coals on his head*. My brethren, ye mappen dea net understand this verse of St. *Paul's*, which he repeats from King *Solomon*, in the *Proverbs*. He does not mean by heaping coals to consume a nebbour, but either that by thy doing thy duty to him, thou exposest the man to the will of God, who will be thy avenger, as Mr. *Locke* explains the passage; or as Dr. *Doddridge* and others think thou wilt mak him ashamed of his awn conduct, and he will in future seek thy friendship. Hawivver, to be reet in case of quarreling, \* oways obey the laws of

\*Wharting begits quarrels, in families, in nations; quarrels often end in war, in rebellion; either is dreadful, the last particularly. Once an archbishop of St. *Andrews* was taken by his enemies, and directly hung upon a live thorn, upon which a wit wrote the following verse.

*Vive diu felix arbor, semperque: virto*

*Fronibus, ut nobis talia poma feras?*

The cruel wit wishes, that the tree may long flourish to bear such glorious fruit. Such indeed the fruit of rebellion!

This puts me in mind of an enigma in *Pope's Pastorals*, which is blamed by a critic as a puerile conceit.

"Say, *Daphnis*, say in what glad soil appears

A wonderous tree, that sacred monarchs bears?"

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This is far fetched, because *Cahrles 2d.* only stood within the shade of the boughs. *Qu.* Had not *Pope* though of the above latin verse?

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God; as for human laws, keep aut of the brears, to save your breeches. Whareivver ye woon, whativver is your station, be eminent in goodness. Good peaceable believers er scarce, they er, in the words of bishop *Hall*, "like stakes in a hedge, pull them up, all the rest are but loose and rotten sticks easily removed."

And naw I nearly hev done, I commit my parishoners to God's providence, to his mercy. Remember, the all just, the all seeing judge of human actions is lot like a whamp, which when yance it hes stung, cannot sting again;\* nor will Christ clock like a hen, he hes shewed mercy. judgment will come. Ye are the flock allotted to me in my humble walk of life; I will love ye *whilst the breath is in me*,† and may I, oh! may I be able at the last day thus to address my Lord and Master! These are they that you gavest me, they are washed, they are sanctified, they have believed have trusted in thee, and hope for thy salvation.

*Amen, Amen.*

\*These allutions, odd as they appear, are taken out of the sermons of eminent divines, who wrote in the sixteenth century.

† *Job* xxvii, 3. Dr. *Cheney* bishop of *Gloucester* writing agains the reformers, has this curious piece of advice. "In reading the scriptures, be you like a snail; for when he feels a hard thing against his horns, he pulls them in: So in points of controversy, do ye pull in your horns." The advice may be good but not as the doctor means it.

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My pen is net yet worn to the stump; my candle is net burnt to the socket; but hasten, *William*, hasten, if thou hes ought to add. To love my nebbour was and is my subject. I hev oready shew'd many lets and bars in the way; many hev escaped my memory. Mistakken zeal hes murdered its thousands of christians; ignorance its ten thousands: Nay, sometimes we destroy aur friends unwittingly; several good-folks hev been buried alive, besides *Duns Scotus*, poor fellow, he dash'd aut his brains against his coffin-lid. I beg of ye, nivver carry aut a nebbour to the grave before he be stark dead, a body may be in bad fettle in a fit, a trance and yet whick at heart. There was another great faat formerly in the country, ald women were in constant fear of net leeving aut their time. A bow'd back, a blear eye, or a comicl leak, was sure to mack an ald woman pass for a witch, and then she was as sure to be condemn'd and burnt. Sham to the times! to the men of the times, that could judge so poorly! In 1697, twenty miserable creatures were condemn'd in *Scotland* on this supposition, and five really suffered death. Dea I mention *Scotland!* for hundred of years what debateable wark, what rhaading, and watching, and

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warding! what dakering and cruel nebbourhood along the *Border Service*. Need I mention the red and white roses of *England*. Was net the religion of Christ oways forgotton, as weel as his legacy? *My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you*. But on, *William*, on! These fewds and evils hev lang ceas'd fra troubling us. I start them up in memory, to shew aur happier condition. My beloved, we were a happy people, indeed till lately, till grown cobby; aur family fell to wrangling, to blaws, till the west gable-end shrinking dawn, hed like to hev laid aur hause in ruins. Ye brethren that er gaan aut fra us, God speed ye weel! ye will net sean git sic another built up; before that can be, father will be set against the son, and the son agains the father; eigh and millions of your barns yet unborn, will only break forth from the womb, to welter in their bleed. Heigh ho! heigh ho! struggle we must with a bad ward, before we can enter the joy of aur Lord. Wha! wha! wha is my nebbour? he of the next dure? it may, er it may net be. My relations? seldom. Is it the rich and powerful? they hev the means, if they hev the

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inclination. Is it the parsons? they hev leet and knowledge, may they fev feeling hearts. The story of the good Samaritan sets the priest in a bad view: He was blind to distress; he passed by on the other side. We er come thn at last to the single body, that may be esteemed aur nebbour, he that is merciful. The compassionate, the loving,

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the humane, the charitable, these nswer the end of the commandment. And we knaw that concerning these qualities, enquiry will be mead at the last day. Beloved, I hav nearly done, my address to you is an address to my awn conscience; I am a sarvant of Jesus Christ, tho' net in soa gaudy a livery as some of my school-fellows, wha hev jump'd into better places.\* I envy 'em net; my sarvice is amaast oor, and I think I cannot du maar good elsewhere. I love ye my parishioners, and nought can maak a miff amang us, but ya thing. When the devil wants mischief, he rolls a tithe-egg before us se stoup to tak it up, and tea often it bursts in aur hands. Tithe maintenance is a tryial to bath ye and me; it trys my patience, and my honesty. Ye consider net that the dues ye grudge me, er part of your estates; that for seven hundred years together your estates hev been bought and heired with them. Let us then shak fist and neaf in love and friendship; if I hev the white, ye hev the yolk. And naw, fare ye well, ivvery saal of ye! when my flesh is consum'd, and my banes dry as kiln-sticks may *Woodland* continue to flourish in o virtue and godliness of leeving. This is the prayer of your vicar for *Arnside* and *Storth*, for *Hale* and *Whasset*, for *Beetham* and *Haverbrack*, for *Farlson* for *Oakbank*, and *Worfat*.

\*Since writing the above, my school-fellow, formerly of *Hincaster*, is made an Irish bishop. I therefore should have named him in the prologue.

[43]

The author begs, that those gentlemen who have forgot their mother tongue, will remember that

**The Salamanca Corpus: A Bran New Wark (1785)**

*Abaut* means about, *amang* among, *amaast* almost, *ano* also, *awn* own.

*Bane* bone, *braw* brow, *bath* both.

*Co* call, *craw* crow.

*Dawn* down, *dunnet* do not, *du* or *dea* do.

*Eigh* yess, *efter* after, *er* are.

*Fra* from.

*Gitten* gotten, *git* got, *ga* or *gang* go, *gaan* gone.

*Haw* how, *hes* has, *hev* have.

*Ivver* ever.

*Lang* long.

*Mare* more, *mebby* may be, *mud* might.

*Naa* no, *naw* now, *nivver* never, *net* not, *ner* not.

*O* of, *o* all.

*Preia* pay you.

*Raund* round, *reet* right, *raw* row.

*Saund* sound, *saal* soul, *sic* such.

*Ta* to, *ta* thou, *tea* too.

[44]

*Waund* would, *wark* work, *warse* worse, *wad* would.

*Varra* very.

*Ya* or *Yan* one, *yance* once.

The derivation of the old words from the Saxon roots, is left to the knowledge and ingenuity of the reader.

*FINIS.*