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A View of the Lancashire Dialect (1748)

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READER

Hear o Cank, between th' Eawther, on his Buk.

E. Come; theaw mun eawt ogen:awth' Crap's done ot to geete meh, eh the furst Tramp.

B. Whot te firrup! mun eh geaw weh aw these foyar-new Perches o men A---se!

E. Eigh-- on if fok oather frump'n, or kib'n at teh, theaw mun speyk for the seln:
theaw's shure bin fur in between th' Cubbort on th' Hob; has to naw?

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B. Yigh--boh whot tenn: I deawt tone hawve on um'n newer gawm meh Gibberidge:
beside yo shoud'n teytch meh whot sey.

E. Whau, when onny body has bowt teh, theaw mun sey; Wheaw koth I! on win yo
harbor meh too! I thowt idd'n had moor breans.

B.Odd, boh that's to bobbersome o deeo!; ist naw?

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E. Poogh--howd teh tung o bit. Then theaw mey reawn, on tell cun, ot teaw teys aw
Buks t'be th' Barns o two Breether; tone het Stiddypete, on th' tother Meazysow.
Stiddypete had boh loyte Childer: boh then he donn'd um os farnatly os ewer eh cou'd,
on mede um as os fawse os Boggarts: Meazysow, bred like o May-gut in o deeo Tit, on
donn'd his Barns like whot teh wur'n, meer Gonnorheeds: Neaw these Childer
threep'n ot tear nowt o kin, on cawn tone tother Eawtcumblings: Indeed they favor'n
no moor in o Charn-curdle does o foot-boah: yet these hobbling Gonnerheeds ar oft
dawntl't like Ritt'lings, wise tother ar no moor hed in o parcel o Lumber.

B. Heaw the firrups leets tat, I marvel!

E. Becose Stracklings swarm'n; on they're hoave Cuzz'ns to th' Meazysows.

B. Ney, in that be hit I done: boh heaw in they ash'n meh, which o these Breether wur
my Fether?

E. Tell um arron truth; for theaw'rt oth yunger Heawse: I'm one oth' Meazysows, on
theawrt meh nown Barn.

B. 'Sflesh that mede so monny Stracklings t' harbor, ot cutter o'er meh so, eh meh
furster jawnt: boh I connaw gawm why ye don'n meh o thiss'n for yo mey'n bigg'st
Hobgobbin o'me, of onny Barn on us aw.

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E. Why does o Meawntebank don his awvish foo in o Petchwark-jump; but t' mey th'
Rabblement titter, on't Crom his nown Slop?

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B. Boh whot mun eh sey those wrythen tykes het Cri-- Crickets (I think)? especially those fawse Lunnoners, ot glooar'n secont time ot Buks? for in they ley'n ther Clozzums on meh, they'n poo meh over-boddy't-jump eteaw.

E. Newer mind non on um after theawrt eawt o ther reytech; for in tha' dunnaw fly Staniel-hee, theaw con slip um be deawking like o Snig eh Slutch; con to naw?

W. Wuns yigh--that's reet; whot it is t' ha Breans; I'd quite freeatn that.

E. Heawe'er in those Lunnon-boggarts shou'd leet hows on the, gi' meh luff too 'um on tell'um--tell'um--hum leh meh see--

B. Eigh eigh, its rer tawking; boh whot mun eh tell'em?

E. Wuns whot o din! blid tell 'um this Tele.

A Tealier eh Crummil's time, wur thrunk pooing Turmits in his Pingot, on fund on Urchon, ith Had-loont-reean; he glendurt at't lung, boh cou'd mey nowt on't. He whoaves his Wisket oer't, runs Whoam, on tells his Neighbours, he thowt in his guts, ot he'd fund o think ot God newer mede eawt; for it had neather Heeod, nor Tele, Hont, nor Hough,

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Midst nor Eend. Loath t'believe this, hoave o Duzz'n on um wou'd geaw t' see in they cou'd'n mey shit gawm it: Bot it capt um aw; for newer o one on um ewer saigh th' like afore. Then theyd'n o Keawnsil, on th' eendon't wur; ot tead'n fotch o lawm, fawse, owd felly; het on Elder; ot cou'd tell oytch think: for they lookt on im as th' Hammil-Scoance, on thowt he'ur fuller o leet thin o Glow-worm's A--se. When theyd'n towd him th' kese, he stroakt his becart; Sowght, on ordert th' Wheelbarrow with Spon-new Trindle t' be fotcht, ' Twur done, on they beawlt'nt him owey to th' Urchoon in o crack. He steart at't o good while; droy'd his becart deawn, on wawtit it o'er with his Crutch. Wheell meh obeawt ogen, cloyse to't, oth' tother side sed he; for it sturs, on be that it shou'd be whick. Then he dons his Spectacles; glooart at it o gen; on Sowghing sed,--it's--summot:Boh Breether; Fether Adam noather did, nor cou'd Kersum it--Wheell meh Whoam ogen.

B. Whot o gawmless story's 'tis! 'Sflesh they'n sey its on arron Urchon on has noather Heood nor Tele.

E. Con they gawm Rimes, thinks to, if they'n Heoods on Teles?

B. Rimes! Eigh, boh naw sitch seely on's os yoan mey.

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E. Whau, boh husht o bit on I'll try, houghs or no houghs.

Some write to shew their wit and parts:

Some shew you W--g, some T--y hearts.

B. Ar naw yo one oth' furster fort think'n eh?

E. Some flatter Knaves, some Fops, some Fools, And some are M--st--l Tools.

B. Eigh marry fok sen so: on Gonnerheoods they ar' for ther labbor.

E. Some few in Virtue's cause do Write, But these, alas! get little by't.

B. Indeed I con believe o' --weel Rim't heawe'er--gooan on.

E. Some turn out Maggots from their Head.

B. Whooas tat yo? or Taleded's Father. Some Write to live after they're dead:

B.Odd; boh that's hard; too-to!

E. Some few Print Truth, but many lies

On Spirits---down to Butterflies.

B. Reet, obeawt Boggarts--on th' tother Ward--on th' Mon ith' Moon, on sitch like Geer--get eendwey; its prime Rime efeath.

E. Some Write to please, some do't for spite,

But want of MONEY, makes me Write.

B. By th' Miss, I think eh meh Guts ot tat's true--ittle doo--Yo need'n Rime no moor, for this is better in lickly--Whewt o Tummus on Meary.

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ENTER, Tummus and Meary

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Tum. Odds me, Meary! whooad othowt o seeing thee here, so soyn this Morning?

Mea. Beleemy Tummus, I os little dreomt leeting o ye here.

T. Odd, on I'll tell the Meary, it wur Seign Peawnd ta tuppunny Jannock, I'd bin os deed os o Dur Nele be this awer; for th' last oandurth boh one me Measter had lik't o killt meh: on just neaw, os shure os thee and me ar stonning here, I'm actilly running meh Country.

M. Why, whot's bin th' matter, hanney fawn eawt withur Measter?

T. Whot! there's bin moort' do in a Gonnort, muck, I'll uphowd tey!--For whot dust think? bo'th'tother Dey boh Yusterdey, huz Lads moot'n ha' o bit on o Hallidey, (becose it wur th' Circumcision onner Ledey I believe) yet we munt do some Odds-on-ends; on I

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munt oather breeod Moedywarp-hoyles or gut' Ratchdaw weh o Keaw on o Whykawve--Neaw, loothy Meary, I'r lither; on had o mind on o Jawnt: so I donn'd meh Sundeey Jump, o top o meh Singlet, on wou'd goa aw bad Luck far me, far eawer Bitch Nip went wimmey, on that mede ill wurr.

M. I connaw gawm heaw that coud mey ill Luck Tummus.

T. Now, nor no Mon elze till they known: boh here's o fine droy canking Pleck under this Thurn, let's keawer us deawn oth Yeoarth o bit, on I'll tell the aw heaw't wur.

M. Weh aw meh Heart, for meh Deme's gon fro Whoam, on hoo'll naw cum ogen till Bagging time.

T. Whau, os I'r telling the, I'd gut' Rachdaw: So I geet up be skrike o Dey, on seet eawt; on went ogreath tilly welly coom within two Mile oth Teawn; when os the Duke woud height, o Tit wur stonning ot on Eleheawse Dur; on meh Kawve (the Dule bore eawt it Een for meh) tok th' Tit for it Mother, on wou'd need seawk hur: on I believe th' foolish Tooad of a Tit took th' Kawve far hur Cowt, hoo whinnit so when hoo saigh it; boh when hoo feld it seawk, hoo up with'ur Hough on kilt meh Kawve os deed os o Nit!

M. E Lord;--whot o Trick wur that!

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T: Trick! Odds flesh, sitch o Trick wur newer plede eh Englonshiar.

M. Why hark ye Tummus, whot cudney doo weet?

T. Doo! what cou'd eh do? 'flesh in't had bin kilt greadly, twou'd ha bin os good Veeol os e'er deed on o Thwittle; for meh Measter moot ha had seignteen Shilling on susepence for't th' yeandurth ofore.

M. On didney leeof if ith' Lone?

T. Ne Meary; I'r naw sitch o Gawby os tat coom too noather: for as luck wou'd height, o Butcher wur ith' Eleheause, on he coom eawt when he heard meh Kawve bawh: boh estid o being sooary, when he saigh it sprawling oth Yeorth, th' fly'ring Karron seet up o Gurd o Leawghing, on cou'd shawm meh he'd berry it meh for a Pint o Ele.

M. Whau, that wur pratty cheap; for Dicky o Will's, o Jone's o Sam's, towd me, at he berrit o Chilt tother Dey ot Rachdaw, on he pede Jo. Green o Groat for o Greave no bigger in o phippunny Trunk.

T. Whau, that moot be; boh I'd naw geet im: for I borrot o Shoo on wou'd berrit meh seln; I'r thrunk shoaving it in when o Thowt coom int' meh Noddle, ot th' Hoyde cou'd be no War; so I'd flee it; but the Dule o Thwittle wurt' be leet on bo'th' Butcher's, on the spoytfoo Tyke, wou'd naw leond it meh: Neaw Meary, whay cou'd onny Mon doo?

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M. Doo! I'st o gon stark Woode.

T. I believe ot wou'd, or onny Mon elze: boh that wou'd doo nowt eh my kese: so I bargint with th' Rascot; he'ur to teyth' Hoyde grooing toth' Carcuss, on geh meh throtteen Pence: so I geet th' Brass, on went eend wey with Keaw.

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M. Neaw meh Mind misgives meh ot yoar'n gooin a fleeeveless Arnt; on at Felly wou'd naw tak'th Kah bateth' Kawve.

T. Uddzo, Meary! theaw geawses within two tumbles of a Leawse; for it wur long, on lungur, ofore eh wou'd: boh wen I twod him heawt wur knockt oth Sow, with a Tit Coak'n os he coom, on that he moot order weh meh Measter obeawt it, he took hur ot lung-length: Then I went on bowt two Peawnd o Sawt, on on Eawnce of black Peppur for eawer Fok, on went toart Whoam ogen.

M. With o fearfoo hevyv Heart I'll uphowd'o.

T. Eigh, eigh--; that's trye--boh whottle to sey when ot eh tell the he ne'er berrit Kawve; boh sowd it et Owdum that Oandurth, for two pence haw-penny o Peawnd!

M. Sey why be meh Troth it wur fere cheeoting: but it's meet like their rascotly Tricks, for there's not an honest Boan ith Hoyde o newer o greasy Tyke on um aw.

T. Indeed Meary, I'm eh thy Mind; for it

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wur reet Rank: boh I think eh meh Guts ot Rascots ith' Ward, ar os thick, as Wasps in o Hummabee-neest.

M. Its not tell, buh I'st marvil straungely, on ye leet on o wur Kneave in this.

T. Alack o dey theaw knows boh little oth matter.--Boh theawst hear--i'd naw gett'n forrud o Parcel o Lads on Hobblytyhoys, as thrunk as Thrap-Wife: when ot eh geet on um, I cou'd naw gawm what tearn obeawt; for two on um carrit o Steeigh o ther Schilders, onother had o Riddle in his Hont, on Hal o' Nab's ith' Midge-lone had his Knockus lapt in his Barmskin: awth' rest on um had Hoyts, or lung Kibboes, like swinging Sticks or Raddlings.

M. I'th' neme o Katty, whot wur'n the for?

T. Nowt ots nowt theaw mey be shure, if that hawmpoing tyke Hal wus weh um: Neaw theaw mun know, ot one neet last Shearing-time, when Jone's o Harry's greeete thear Churn; this seme Scap-gallows; wur tean eh thear Pleawmtre; on wur eh sitch o flunter eh getting deawn o gen, ot he feell, on broke th' Collar-boan on his Leg.

M. O wrang joynt hong im: I know him weel enough, for th' last great Snow he'ur for

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honging o Hare: on throttl't eaw'r poor Teawzer in o Clewkin-grin.

T. The varra seme--So I asht him whot tearn fat? Why sed he, ween meet neaw seen on Eawl fly thro' yon Leawp-hoyle into th' Leath, on we're goeing tey hur: Come Tum (sed he) Egad, iftle geaw with us, theawst see sitch gam os tha saigh eh the live: Beside theawst howd th' Riddle;--sed I, I know naw whot to meeons be howding th' Riddle, boh I'll geaw weh meh heart intle teytch meh; I con show the in a crack sed he: So owey we went, on begun o cromming oth Leawp-hoyles, on th' Slifters in Leath Woughs full o Awts; then we reart th' Steeigh sawfly ogen th' Wough under th' Eawl-hoyle. Neaw Lads--(sed Hal) mind yer hits: I'll lap meh honds eh meh Barmskin ot hoo cannaw scrat meh wehn ot eh tak'ur ith' hoyle: Tum o Williom's mun clime th' Steeigh, thrutch th' Strey eawt oth' Leawp-hoyle, on hows the Riddle cloyse on't. Awth' rest mun be Powlerers, on flay hur into't--So owey they seete into th' Leath, on toynt dur; on I--

M. Why neaw, I'll be far, if I'd naw rether ha seent in o Puppy-Show.

T. Good Lorjus, Meary! theawrt so heasty, so I clum th' Steeigh in o snist, Shoavt th' Awts eawt, on smackt meh Riddle oth' hoyle: I'd no soyner done sooa, but I hearts one on um

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um sey; see o, see o, hoos tear!--Shu, sed one; Shu, sed another.--Then they aw begun o hallowing on whooping like hey go-mad. I thowt it wur rear'st spooart ot ewer mortal Mon saigh: SO I gran, on I thrucht, till meh Arms wartcht ogen; still they kept Shuing, on Powlering ith Leath; on then O thowt I feld summot nudge th' Steeigh.--I lookt deawn, on there wur an owd Soo bizzy scratting hur A--se o one o'th' Strines.--'Sflesh,

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thinks It' meh seln hool ha meh deawn eend neaw:--Just then I thowt I heard th' Eawl come into the hoyle; on presently summot come with a greyt flusk thro' th' Riddle.

M. Odds mine on didney let hur gooa or yo took'n hur?

T. Took'n hur! Ney Meary; on Eawl's naw so sooyen tean--boh I can hardly tell teh I'm--so waughish--for I'm readyt cowk'n with th' thowts ont; there wur non tey Meary.

M. Whot no Eawl?

Now, now,--not tear--it wus nowt oth' Warld o God boh arron owd Lant ot teyd'n mede war weh loasing ther Breechus in't: on that Hodge-Podge coom eh meh fease weh sitch o ber, ot o sumheaw it made meh meazy, on I feel off th' Steeigh: boh moor be choance thin onny good luck, I leet disactly oth' Soo

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wey sitch o Slotch; ot I think eh meh guts ot hoor booath wur flay'd on hurt in I wur.

M. E, Lord! whot o wofoo faw had'n yo!

T. Eigh, faw eigh: boh it wur better in lickly, for I'd no hurt boh th' tone. Theawm stunnisht, on th' skin bruzz'd off th' whirlboan o meh knee, ot mede t' hawmpo o bit.

M. Awt upon um, whot unmannerly powsements! ist o bin stark-giddy at um, on ha raddlt ther booans.

T. I'r os woode os teaw could be, or onny Mon elze: On hawmpo't reawnd th' Leath fort snap some oth' bullocking basturts: Boh none cou'd eh leet on; for they'rn aw cropp'n intoth' Leath; on th' Durs os fefe os Beest'n Castle:Boh they mead'n me't hear um efeath; far thear'n aw Wherrying on Leawghing, Whooping on Sheawting, like Maddlocks ot ther new tean Eawl os teh cawd'n meh: Wuns, Meary! in id had foyar I'st set th' how Leath on o Halliblash in id deed for't; boh then th' Soo kept sitch o Skrikeing Reeking din, os if hur back wur eteaw eh two spots, ot I durst stey no lenger for fear o sumbody comming, on meying meh necessary too hur deooth: So I scamspoot owey as hard os eh cou'd Pinn: On ran o Mile eh that Pickle ofore eh ga one glent behund meh: Then I leep o'er Ryz'n-hedge, on os o Rindle o Wetur wur wheem, I washt

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aw meh clooas, till it coom to meh hew'r: On aw little enough too; far I think eh meh guts I'st stink like a Foomurt while meh neme's Tum.

M. Neaw be meh troth! I thowt ye savort'n feearfoo strung on o Yarb; boh when aw's done Tumus, this Killing oth' Kawve, on Eawl-catching, wur non awlung o Nip.

T.Odds heart howd teh tung Meary; far I oather angurt some He-witch, or the Dule threw his Club oe'r meh that Mourning when eh geete up: far Misfartins coom on meh os thich os Leet.

M. Uddzlud, non thro' Nip o Goddil!

T. Thro Nip, yigh thro' Nip: on I wud hur Neck had bin brock'n, eh neen Spots, when hoo'r Whelpt far mee (God fargi' meh; th' deawmp Cretur does no hurt, noather) far I'd naw greedly washt, on fettl't meh, on lipp'n into th' lone ogen, boh I met a fattish dowing Felly in o blackish Wigg; on he stoode on glooart ot Nip: Ko he onnest Mon wilt sell the Dog? Sed I, meh Dog's o Bitch, on so' neary o Dog ith' Teawn: For be meh troath Meary I'r os cross os o f--t.

M. Odd, boh yoarn bobbersome, on awnsurt him awvishly too-to.

T. Well, boh Dog or Bitch sed t' Felley, if I'd known on hur three Deys sin, I'd o gen the Twenty Shilling far hur, for I see hoos o

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reet stawnch Bandyhewit; on there's o Gentlemon ot wooans abeawt there Mile off, ot wants one meet neaw.--Neaw Mearey, to tell the true, I'd o mind t' cheeot (God forgi' meh) on fell im meh Sheep-Cur for o Bandyhewit; tho' I no moor knew, in th' Mon ith Moon whot o Bandyhewit wur. Whaw sed I, hoose primely bred; for hur Moother coom from Lunnon, tho' hoor Whelpt ot meh Measter's; on tho' hoos os good os onney eh Englonshiar, I'll sell hur if meh Price come.

M. Well done Tummus! Whot sed eh then?

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T: Whau, ko he, whot dust ax for hur? Hoos worth a Ginny I'll ha far hur: Ko he, I gen o Ginny far mine on I'd rether ha thine be o Creawn, boh iftle gooa to Justice--Justice hum--le meh see.--But I freat'n heaw he het (boh o greyt Matter on im, far I think he's Piece on o Rascot, os weel ost' rest) he'll be fene o'th Bargin.

M. That wur clever, too to; wur it naw?

T. Yigh' meeterly--Then I ashy im whot Wey eh munt gopa? On he twod meh: On o wey I seete, weh meh Heart os leet os o bit on o Flaight; on carrit Nip under meh Arm; for neaw theaw mun understand I'r feear o loysing hur; ne'er deawting I cou'd be roytch

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enough, t' pay meh Measter for th' Kawve, an ha summot t' spere.

T. Odds-fish! boh that wur breve, yoarn eh no ill kele neaw Tummus.

T. Whay, boh theawst hear: It wur o drie Wey too-to; heawe'er I geete there by suse o'Clock; on ofore eh opp'nt Dur, I covert Nip with th' Cleawt, ot eh droy meh Nese weh, t'let him see heaw I stoart hur.--Then I opp'nt Dur; on whot te Dule dust think, boh three little tyney Bandyhewits (os I thowt then) coom Weawghing os if th' little Rott'ns wou'd ha worrit meh, on after that swollut meh whick. Then there coom o fine fresh-cullert Wummon; on I took hur for o hoo Justice, hoor so meety fine.--For I heard Rotchot o' Jack's o'Yem's tell meh Measter, that th' hoo Justices awlus did moost o'th'Wark.--Heawe'er, I axy hur if Mr. Justice wur o Whoam; hoo cou'd naw opp'n hur Meawth t'sey eigh, or now; boh simpurt on sed iss, (the Dicksons iss'ur on him too) sed I wudid'n tell him I'd fene speyk too 'im.

M.Odd, boh year'n bowd; I'st o bin timmersome.--But let's know heaw ye went'n on,

T. Whau, well wnough, for theaw mey Nip, on Cheeot os ill os one o ther C--ks on they'n naw meddle with the; boh theaw munnaw prey far th' P--r, nor sey d--n with

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R--p nor sitch Things os toose: On as I'de newer moydert meh Sow, weh sitch geer, I'r no moor feared in eh am o Killing a Fleigh. So hoo went hur Wey on presently th' Justice coom: On I thowt he did naw look mitch like o Justice for I'd seen meh Measter os weel donn'd ot eaw'r Rushberring ewry bit.

M. Wheaw koth I, bot that wur odd! on neaw I unbethink meh, I con tell o summot o greyt deeol odder: For I would eh moot newer stur off this Pleck, if eh dunnaw think eawer Pars'n mun be hong'd.

T. Heaw theaw tawks! theawrt reaving!

M. Boh its true.--For I heard, im sey opp'nly, last Sunday Yeandurth i'th Pilpit, ot fok wur naw greadly Christians if they did'n naw prey for oytch body; Enemies on aw: Neaw whoy cou'd tat meeon boh ot fok munt prey for th' P--r (Lord bless us)--On whott'n th' Justices sey, if ever they gett'n o winde on't? For if I've onny skill, he'd better ha sed D--n with R--p ith Pilpit.

T.Indeed, I'm eh thy mind--This is woofoo Wark! 'Sflesh if they hear'n on't, I'd naw be in his jump for Soany o Sym's Brindlt Stirk.

M. A Brindlt Stirk! Edear, I'd naw be in his Kele in theyd'n mey meh a Lord! Boh heaw went'n ye on?--Wur the Justice o Whoam?

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T. Eigh, Eigh, on coom snap, on axt meh whot eh wantut? Whau, sed I, I've o varra fine Bandyhewit t'fell, on I hear yo want'n one Sur:--Humph--sed he--a Bandyhewit--prethee let's look at.--Yigh sed I; on I pood th' Cleawt fro off on hur, stroakt hur deawn th' Back, on sed; hoos os fine o Bandyhewit os ewer run ofore o Tele.

M. Well done Tummus! yo cud'n naw mend tat, in eh had'n it t'doo ogen: Boh yo're fir t' gooa eawt efeath.

T.Hoos o fine on indeed sed th' Justice; on its o theawson Pities boh I'd known on hur Yusterdey: For o Felly coom, on I bowt one naw so good os this by hoave o Ginny; on I'll uphowdtey theaw'll tey o Ginny for this? On that I'll have, in eh cou'd leet on a

Chapmon, sed I. Hoos roytchly worth it, sed he, on I think, I con tell the where theaw mey part with hur, if he be naw fittut awready.

M. Odds-like, boh that wur o good neatert Justice, wur eh naw?

T. E, Meary; theaw tawks like o seely Ninnyhommer: For tey mey wort fort, nowt ot's owt con come on't, when o Mon deeols weh rascotly Fok: Boh as I'r telling the, he neamt a Felly ot wooant obeawt three Mile off on him (boh the Dule forget him, os I done) so I munt goot back ogen thro' Rachtdaw. So I geet Nip under meh Arm ogen, mede o

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Scroap weh meh Hough, on bid th' Justice good neet, weh o heyvy Heart theaw meh be shure: On boh os eh thowt eh cou'd ashelt sell hur eh this tother Pleck, it wou'd sartinly ha brock'n.

M. Lord bless us! it wur like't trouble o meetily!

T. Boh theawst hear. I'd naw gon o'er oboon o Feelt or two; boh I coom to o greyt Bruck, weh o feaw narrow Sappling. Brig o'er it: As it had reint th' neet afore, od th' Welkin wou'd ha opp'nt, th' Wetur wur bonkfull; tho' it wur feggur o deol i'th Mourning; on o someheaw, when I'r obeawt hoave o'er meh Shough flipt, on deawn coom I, Arsy-versy, weh Nip eh meh Arm i'th Wetur, Nip I leet fend for hur sell'n, on flaskert int' eh geete how'd on o Sawgh, on so charr'd meh sell'n; or elze nother theaw, nor no Mon elze had newer Tum ogen: For be meh troth I'r welly wherk'nt.

M. Good-Lorjus-Deys! th' like wur never! this had lik't o shad awth' tother! on yet yo coom'n farrantly off marry, for it wur o greyt Marcy ye wur'n naw Dreawnt.

T. I know naw whether't wur or naw, naother; But theaw mey be shure I'r primely boyrnt on os weer os ewer eh cou'd fye: Beside I'd no Com to keen meh Hure, so ot I lookt licker o Dreawnt Meawse in o Mon.

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*The Salamanca Corpus: A View of the Lancashire
Dialect (1748)*

M. Beside, yoad'n be os cowl os Iccles.

T. Eigh theaw mey geawse I'r none Mough'n: Boh theawst hear. I'd naw gon oboon o Stone's throt, ofore eh wundort whot teh Pleague wur th' matter wimmey, for I begun t' smart os if five hundurt Pissmotes wur eh meh Breechus: I loast um deawn, boh cou'd see nowt ot wur whick; on yet I lookt as rey os o sleed Meawse; 'Sflesh, I'r ready gooa woode on knew naw whot eh ealt:--On then I unbethowt meh o meh Sawt.

M. E wea's me! I'd freeat'n that too! I deawt it wou'd quite mar o'?

T. Now, now, Meary, I'r naw quite marr'd: its true, I went wigglety-wagglety, for on eawer or so, ofore I'r ogreath ogen: On when eh geet reet on coom t' groap eh meh Singlet Pocket for met Sawt, the Dule o bit o Sawt wurther, for it wur aw run owey.--On new it jumpt into meh Mind ot I saigh two rott'n Pynots (hongum) ot tis seme Brig os eh coom.

M. Did ever! that wur o sign o bad Fartin: Far I heard meh Gronny sey hoode os leef o seen two Owd Harries, os two Pynots.

T. Eigh, so seys meh Noant Margit on o meeny o Fok: On I know Pynots ar os cunning Eawls os wawk'n oth' Yeorth. Boh os I'r telling the Meary, whot with smart, on one

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think on onother; I're so stract woode, ot I cou'd ha fund eh meh Heart ta puncht th' Bitches guts eawt: On then I thowt ogen Nip's eh no Fawlt: For be meh troth I'r welly off at side.

M. Indeed Tummus I believe o; boh o lack o dey purring th' Bitch, wou'd ha bin reet rank.

T. That's true, boh theaw knows one cun boh doo whot they cun doo.

M. Reet; boh heaw didney doo with'r weet Clooas; wur'ney naw welly parisht?

T: Yigh be meh troth; I didthert ot meh Teeth hackt eh meh heeod ogen: Boh that wur naw aw; it begun t' be dark, on I'r beawt Scoance, in o Strawnge Country, five or suse Mile from Whoam: So that I maundert ith' Fields oboon two Eawers, on cou'd naw gawm where eh wur; for I moot os weel o bin in o Noon: On in id howd'n up meh Hont

*The Salamanca Corpus: A View of the Lancashire
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I cou'd no moor ha seen't in eh con see o Fleigh o thee neaw. So I powlert o'er Yeats on Steels, Hedges on Doytches, till eh coom too o Pleck ot teh cawn th' Littlebrough; on there I'r ill breed, for I thowt I'd seen a Boggart; boh it prooft o Men weh o Piece-woo, resting him o Stoop ith Lone. As soon os eh cou'd speyk for whackering, I asht im where there wur on Eleheawse? On he shoad meh: I went in on fund ot two fat throddy Fok unn't tear: On

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theyd'n some oth' warst fratchingst Cumpany, ot e'er eh saigh theyr'n warring, banning, on cawing one onother leawsy Eawls, os thick os leet: Heawe'er I pood o Cricket, on keaw'rt meh deawn ith Nook, o side oth' Hob:I'd no soyner done so, boh o feaw seawr lookt Felley, with o Wythen Kibbo he had in his Hont; slapt o Sort of o wither, meazzilt feas't Mon, sitch o thwang oth' Scawp; ot aw varra reetcht ogen with; on deawn he coom oth' Harstone on his Heeod ith Esshole: His scrunt Wig feel off, on o hontle o whot corks feel into't, on brunt, on frizzlt it so, ot when he oft don it, on unlucky karron gen it o poo, on it slipt o'er his Sow, on lee like o Hawmbark on his Shilders. I glendurt like a stickt Tup, for fear on o dust meh seln: On crope fur into th' Chimley. Heaweer Mezzil-fease wur snap up, flote none, boh gran like a Foomurt-Dog; on seete ot black, swarffy, Tyke we booath Neaves, on wawtit him o'er into Gal-keer, full o new Drink wortching: He begun o passing, on peyling him int' so, ot aw wur blendit t'gether snap. 'Sflesh Meary! theaw'd o bepiss't teh, 'ta' seen heawd'th' Gobbin wur awtert, when ot tey pood'n him eawt; on whot o Hobthurst eh lookt eawt; on whot o Hobthurst eh lookt weh aw that Berm obeawt im! He kept droying his Een, boh he moot os weel ha sowt um in his A--e, tin th' Londledey had mede on eaw'rs labbor on 'im ot Pump: Then

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he coom in ogen, on glooart awvishly ot Mezzil-fease: On Mezzil-fease glendurt os wrythenly ot him ogen; boh noather warrit, nor thrap: So they seete um deawn, on then th'Londledey stept in; on wou'd mey urnt' pey far th' Lumber ot teyd'n done ur. Meh Drink's war be o Creawn, sed hoo; beside, there's two Tumblers, three Wuifiting-Pots, on four Pipes masht; on o how papper o Bacca shed: This mede 'umt glendor ot tone tother ogen; but black-tyke's Passion wur coolt an't Pump, on th' Wythen-Ribbo had quiet'nt tother: so ot teh camm'd little or none; boh agreed t'pey aw meeon, then seet'n um dreawn, on wur Friends ogen in o Sniff.

M. This wur mad gawmling wark; on welly os ill is th' teying oth' Eawl.

T. Ney, naw quite, noather Meary; for Berm's o howsome smell: Heawe'er, when aw wur sattl't, I crope nar th' foyar ogen; for I wantut o whawm fearfully; for I'r booath cowl on weet, os well as hongry on drov.

M. Beleemy Tummus yo moot'n weell: boh yoarn in o good Kele too to, ot idd'n Money eh yer Pocket,

T. Eigh, I thought I'd Money enough; but theawst hear moor o that eend neaw. So I cawd for summot t'eat, on o Pint o Ele; on hoo browt meh some Hog-mutt'n in special Turmits; on as prime Veeol on Pestil os

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ned be Toucht: I creemt Nip neaw on then o Lunshon, boh Tum took care oth' tother, steawp on reawp; for I eet like Yorshar-Mon, on cleart th' Stoo.

M. Well done Tummus! yoad'n shure need no Ree-supper; for yo shadd'n Wrynot, on slanst th' Charges frowt I hear.

T. True: So I seete on restut meh, on drank meh Pint o Ele; boh as I'r naw greedly sleckt, I cawd for another, on bezzilt tat too; for I'r os droy as foot: On ast wur t'lete t'gooa onny whither weh meh Bitch. I asked th' Londledey in eh cou'd stey aw Neet? Hoo towd meh I moot in eh wou'd: Sed I, I'll geaw neaw, innin geaw wimmey? I geaw with the ko hoo? Whot ar to feeard o Boggarts or theaw'rt naw weynt yet on connaw sleep beawt o pap? 'Sflesh, sed I, whot ar ye tawking on? I want gut' bed! Ho, ho; if

that be aw sed hoo Margit s't shew the: So Margit leet o Condle, on shoad me o wistely Reawm on a Bed weh Curtnurs forsuth: I thowt Margit pottert on fettlt lung i'th Choamber ofore hoo laft it; on I mistrust it ot hoo'r meawlt for o bit o tussling on teawing; boh o someheaw [?] so toyart on healo, ot I'r eh no fettle for Catterweawing: So I sed nowt too 'ur: Boh I forthowt Sin, for hoor no Dagg[?]etele I'll uphowdtey, boh os snug o Loss os Scroh o Rutchots eary bit.

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M. Marry kem eawt, like enough, why not?

T. Heawe'er, when hoor gon, I doft meh donk Shoon on Hose, on meh doage Clooas, on geet in, on eh Truth Meary I newer lee eh sitch o Bed sin eh wur Kersunt!

M. E dear Tummus, I cou'd ha lik't o bin with o; I warrant yoad'n sleep seawndly?

T. Ney, I connaw sey ot eh did; for I'r meetily troublt abeawt meh Kawve--Beside, I'r feeard o eawer Fok seeching meh, on meh Measter beasting meh, when eh geet Whoam: Its true, meh Carkuss wur pratty yeasy, boh meh Mind moot os weell o line on o Pissmote-hoyle, or in o Rook o Hollins or Gorsses; for it wur one o Clock ofore eh cou'd toyn meh Een.

M. Well on heaw went'n ye on ith Mourning when eh wack'nt?

T. Whau, as I'r donning meh thwoanish Clooas, I thowt I'll know heaw meh shot stons ofore ill wear moor o meh Brass o meh Brekfust: So I cawd, on th' Londledey coom, on kestit it up to Throtteen pence; So thowt it' meh seln, o weawnded deeol! Whot strushon hav I mede here! I cou'd ha fund meh seln o how wick weh hus for that Money. Ist naw have one Boadle t' sphere o meh Hoyde

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Silver: On neaw I'r in os ill Kele os meet shad! Wur eh naw?

M. Now marry naw yo: In idd'n mede strushion, on bezzilt owey moor Brass inney had'n, yo met'n ha tawkt.

*The Salamanca Corpus: A View of the Lancashire
Dialect (1748)*

T. I find teaw con tell true to o Hewer, into will Meary; for byth' Miss, when ot eh coom't grope eh meh Slop t'pey 'ur, I'r weawnedly glopp'nt, for the Dule o haw punny had eh! On whether eh lost it ith' Bruck, or weh scrawming o'er th' Doytch-backs; I no moor know in th' Mon ith' Moon: But gon it wur! I steart like o Wil-cat, on wur welly gawmless: On ot last I towd hur I'd lost meh Money. Sed hoo, whot dunneh meeon Mon? Yoast naw put Yorshar o me; that Tele winnaw fit meh; for yoar like't pey o sumheaw. Sed I, boh its true, on yo mey grope eh meh Breeches in eh win. Theaw'rt some mismannert Jackonapes I'll uphowd tey sed hoo, Ney, ney; I'st naw grope eh the Breeches, not I. Whau, sed I yoar lik't ha nowt, beawt yeaw tey meh Woollen-Mittins, and meh Sawt-Cleawt: Thoos'n naw doo, sed hoo, they're naw booath worth oboon two Groats.--I nowt elze, sed I, beawt yeaw ha meh Sneeze-hurn, on I'm loath t'part weet becose Seroh o Rutchots gaight meh th' last Kersmuss. Let's see um, sed hoo, for theaw'st some arron Rascot I'll uphowd teh. So I gen

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un hur; on still this brodling Fussock lookt eaw os Tunor when id done.

M. Good-Lorjus-o-me! I think idd'n th' warst luck ot ewer Kersun-Soul had!

T. Theaw'll sey to eend neaw: Well, I'r toyart o that pleck; on crope owey, witheawt bit or sope, or Cup o Sneeze; for I gawmbl't on leet tat gooa too. I soyne sperr'd tis Gentlemon's Hoah eawt; on when eh geete tear, I gan o glent into th' Shippn, on seed o Mon stonning ith' Groop. Sed I, is yer Measter o Whoam prey o'? Eigh, sed he; I wou'd idd'n tell'im I'd fene speyk at im, sed I: Yigh, sed he, that I'll doo. So he'r no soyner gooan, boh a fine, fattish, throody Gentlemon, coom in o Trice, on axt meh whot eh wantut? Sed I, I understond yo want'n o good Bandyhewit, Sur, on I've a pure on t' sell here: Let's see th' shap on hur, sed he: So I stroakt hur deawn the Back, on cobb'd hur oth' Greawnd. Hoos th' finst ot ew'ry saigh sed he; boh I deawt things'n leet unluckily for the; for I getw two this last Week, on they mey'dn up meh Keawnt--Neaw Mewary, I'r ready cruttle deawn, for theaw moot o knockt meh o'er with a Pey. Boh whot's teh

Price sed he? I cannaw thwoal hut t' meh nown Broother under o Ginny, sed I. Hoos cheep o that sed he; on no deawt boh theaw ,ey sell hur.

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M. Odds-like! Yoarn lung eh finding o Chapmon; oytchbody'r awlus fittut so.

T. Eigh, fittut Eigh; far they ned'n none no moor in I need Wetur eh meh Shoon, not tey: But theaw'st hear. Then sed he, there's on owd Cratchenly Gentlemon, ot woans ot yon Heawse, omung yon Trees, meet anent us; ot I believe'll gi thee the Rpice: If not Justice sitch o one's o likely Chap, iftle gooa thither. Sed I, I'r there last Oandurth, on he'd leet o one the Yeandurth ofore. That leet seawly for the, sed he:--Eigh, sed I so it e'en did; for I mede o peaw'r o Labber obeawt it i'm shure. Well, boh this owd Gentlemon's lik'ly'st of onny I know. So I mede'im meh Manner's on seete eawt for this tother Pleck.

M. I hope in have better luck, Egodsnun.

T. Whau, I thowt eh cou'd too: For neaw it popt int' Mind, ot Nip did naw howd hur Tele heeigh enough, on ot Fok wou'd naw buy hur becose o'that: On int' has naw freeat'n, I bowt two Eawnce o' Pepper when id meh Sawt; on tho' 'twur os thodd'n os oa Thar-cake, I'd rub hur A--se weet: For I'd seen Oamfrey o Matho's pley that tutch be his Creawparst-Mere; that dey ot Yem oth' Redbonk coom't buy hur. So meet ofore eh geete tear, I took Nip, on rubb'd hur prime-

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ly efeath; een till o' yeawlt ogen. I'r ot Heawse in o Crack, on leet oth' owd Mon ith' Fowd, ossing t'get o' Tit-back. Sed I, too him, is yoar Neme Mr. Scar? Sed he, theaw'r oather greeof, or greeof-by; but I gex I'm him ot to meeons: Whot wants to wimmey? I'm infarmed, Sed I, ot yo want'n o Bandyhewit, on I've o tip-top on eh meh Arms here, os onny's eh Englondshiar. That's a greyt breed, Sed he; boh prethe let's hondle hur o bit, for in eh tutch hur, I con tell whether hoo's reet bred or naw.

*The Salamanca Corpus: A View of the Lancashire
Dialect (1748)*

M. Odd, but that wur o meety fawse owd Felly, too to.

T. 'Sflesh, Meary! I think eh meh Guts ot he'r th' bigg'st Rascot on um aw: Boh I leete im hondle'r, on he'r so seely, on his Honds whackert so desprately, ot eh cou'd naw stick too hur, on hoo leep deawn. Neaw fort thowt I: Nip, cock the Telem on show the sell: Boh estid ot that, hoo seete up o yeawll, clapt th' Tele betweene hur Legs, on crope into o Hoyle ith Horse-stone!

M. Fye onn'r, i'st ha bin os mad atter os o Pottert-Wasp.

T. Whau, I'r os mad os cou'd be, ot hoode shawmt hur sell so sofully; heaw'eer I sed to th' owd Mon, munneh tak' ur ogen for yoan find hoose no Foo-goad on o Bitch? Now, now, sed he; I feel hoose os fat os o Snig,

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on os smoot os o Mowdewarp: On I find os plene os o Pike-staff, be hur lennock Yeears, ot hoose reet bred: On I'd a had 'ur if hoode cost meh o Moider, but ot o Friend has sent meh one eawt o Yorshar, on I need no moor: Boh I'll swop with the into will. Now, sed I, I'll swop none; for I'll oather hav o Ginny for hur, or hoost newer gooa while meh Heed stons o meh Shilders. Then I con chaffer none with the, sed he; boh hast' bin oy yon fine Bigging anent us? Eigh, sed I, boh he's onoo on um. Well but they're os scant neaw os ewer the wur eh this Ward, sed he; on there's one Muslin, eh Ratchdaw, ot's o meety lover on'um. Whau, sed I, I'st go see.--On neaw Meary, I begun't mistrust ot tear'n meying o Foo on meh.

M. The firrupts tak'um, boh tey ne'er wur be aw o like.

T. Whau, boh howd tey Tung o bit, on teawst hear; for I thowt I'd try this tother Felly, on if he'r gett'n fittut too, I'd try no moor: For then it wou'd be os plene os Blackstonedge ot tearn meying on arron Gawby on meh. So I went t' Rachdaw on sperr'd 'tis Mon eawt. I fund im o back oth' Shop boort, weh o little Dog ot side on 'im: Thowt I t'meh seln I wou'd teaw'r choakt, 'tis Felley'll be fittut too, I dreawt. Well, sed he, onnist Mon, who done yo pleeost' hav?

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I want nowt ot ye han, sed I; for I'm come'n t' sell ye o Bandybewit. Neaw, Meary; this Rascot, os weell ost' rest, roost meh Bitch to the varra Welkin; but ot tat time he did naw want one.

M. E wea's me Tummus! I deawt tearn meying o parfit Neatril on o!

T. O Neatril! Eigh, th' big'st ot ewer wur mede sin Kene kilt Ebil: On neaw I'r so strackt woode, I'r arronly moydert on cou'd ha fund eh meh Heart t'a jow'd aw ther Sows t'gether. I'r no soyner areawt, boh o threave o Rabblement wur watching on meh at t' Dur. One on um sed, this is him; onother, he's here; on one Basturtly-gullion asht meh if I'd sowd meh Bandyhewit? By th' Miss, Meary, I'r so angurt ot tat ot I upweh meh gripp'n Neave, on hit im o good wherit oth' Yeear, on then weh meh Hough, puncht him into th' Riggot; on ill grim'd, on deet the Lad wur for shure; Then they aw seete ogen meh, on ofore id gon o Rood th' Lad's Moother coom, on crope sawfly behunt meh, on geete meh by th' Hewer, on deawn coom Nip on meh ith' Rindle, on th' Hoor ot top on meh: While th' tuffle lastit, hur Lad, (on the Basturts ot took his Part) kept griming, on deeing meh weh Sink-durt, ot I thowt meh Een wou'd newer ha done good ogen;

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for I moot os weell ha bin o'er th' heed in o Middingspuce, ot ot teying o two Eawls.

M. E walla-dey, whot obunnanze o Misfartins yo had'n.

T. Eigh, for if Owd-Nick owt meh o Spite he pede meh Whoam weh Use: For while the Skirmidge lastut, awth' Twean wur cluttert obeawt us: I sheamt os if did stown summot on Skampurt owey weh o Fleigh eh meh Yeear, on up th' broo into th' Church Yort: There I'd o Mind t' see if onney body follut meh, I turn'd meh on whot teh Dule dust think, boh I'd lost Nip!

M. Whot senneh!

*The Salamanca Corpus: A View of the Lancashire
Dialect (1748)*

T. It's true Meary; so I caw'd, on I whewtit, boh no Nip wur t' be fund, hee nor low: On for aw I knew meh Measter seete sitch Stoar on hur, becose o fotching th' Beaoss on Sheep; I durst os tite o tean o Bear by th' Tooth ostta ost seech hur ith Teawn. So I took eendwey, for I wur welly Neet; on I'd had noather bit, nor Sope; nor Cup o Sneeze of aw that Dey

M. Why, yoad'n be os gaunt os o Grewnt; on well fammisht.

T. I tell the Meary I'r welly moydert; Then I thowt meh Heart wou'd ha sunk int' meh Shoon; for it feld os heyyv os o Mustert-boah, on I stank so, it mede meh os waughish ot owt, on I'd two o thre Wetur-tawms: Beside aw

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this, meh Bally wartcht; on eh this fettle I munt daddle Whoam, on fease meh Measter.

M. E dear! Whot kin of o beawt had'n ye weh him?

T. Whau, I'd no Skuse t'mey, for I towd 'im heawth' Kawve wur kilt ith' lone, on it I'd sowd the Hoyde for throtteen-pence. On then I cou'd tell im no moor; for he nipt up the Deastron, ot stoode oth' Harstone, on whirld it at meh: Boh estid o hitting me, it hit th' Reeam-Mug ot stoode oth' Hob; on Keyvt awth' Reeam ot stoode oth' Hob; on Keyvt awth' Reeam into the Foyar: Then th' Battril coom, on hether it lawmt the Barn ot wur ith' Keather I know naw, for I laft it roaring on belling, on Skampurt owey, on hud meh oth Hey-mough. I'd lyen obeawt on Eawer, on then I heard somebody come into th' Leath, on caw sawfly Tummus,--Tummus--I peept fro under o floose o Hey, on seed eawr Seroh: Sed I, whooas tat, tee Seroh? Eigh, sed hoo; on I stown ye some Weter-podditch on Thrutchings, on o Treacle-butter cake, in ye con eighte um: E Seroh sed I, theaw moot obin o Witch be the gexing, for I'm os hask on hungry os o Rott'n: Whay mitch-go-deet-o with um, sed hoo, boh yo mun let um keell or they'n scawd ye. Fear meh not, sed I; on weh that, I'r eh sitch o flunter weh coming

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deawn, ot I feel off th' Mough on brought sitch o floose o Hay wimmey, ot it covert Seroh, on wth' Meyt.

M. Whoo.who, whoo-who, whoo! this wur o nice Trick oth' Bookth ont!

T. Eigh, so't wur: Boh I'r so keen bitt'n on I emde no bawks ot o Hay-seed: So while I'r buzy cadging meh Wem, hoo towd meh o t'hoo lipp'nt hur Fether wur turn'd Strackling; on ot I'r eh dawnger o being breant. That meh Deme wou'd ha meh t' run, for I shou'd be loase ot Feersuns-een, on it matter naw mitch. I thowt this wur good Keawnsil: So I geete Seroh t' fotch meh tother Sark, on Slept ith' Hay-mough aw Neet; on but ot eh thowt Ettercrops or other Varmen tickl't meh, I lik't pratty weell, on wur os Whot os o Dog; on ot peep o Dey I coom deawn; on new theaw sees I'm running meh Country.

M. On whot dunneh think t'doo?

T: I think t'be on Ostler; for I con mex'n, keem, on fettle Tits, os weell os onny one on um aw, tho' theaw mey think its gawstring.

M. Ney, I con believe 'o. --E law, whot o cank han we had! I mennaw eem t' stey onny lunger. God be with o; for I mun owey.

T. Howd:--Ney Meary; le meh ha one Smeawtch ot parting, for theaw'rt none sitch o seaw Whean noather.

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M. Ney--Neaw,--So Tummus; go teaw, on Slaver Seroh o Ratchot's in ye bin so kipper.

T. Why neaw, heaw spoytfoo theaw art? Whot in o Body doo like Seroh; there's no Body, boh the lik'n somebody.

M. Eigh, true Tummus; boh then sometimes somebody likes somebody elze.

T. I geawse whot to meons: For, theaw'r't flenting ot tat flopper-meawth' t-gob-slotch, Bill o' Owd Katty's: becose ot Fok sen Seroh hankers after im: I marvel whot te Dule hoo con see in him: I'm mad at hur.

M. Like enough; for its o feaw life t' Luff those ot Luff'n other Fok: Boh year o Ninnyhommer t'heed 'ur; for there's non sitch farrantly tawk abeawt'r.

T. Why, whot done they say?

M. I mennaw tell:--Beside yoan happily tey't non so weell in o Body shou'd.

T. Whaw, I connaw be angurt ot tee, chez whot to seys, os lung os to boh harms after other Fok.

M. Why then, they sen, ot hoos o Mawkinly, Dagg'd--a--st, Whisk tel't, Whean; on--on.--.

T. On Whot Meary? Speyk eawt.

M. Why to be plene with o; they sen othur Moother took Bill o owd Katty's on hur eh Bed t'gether, last Sunday Mourning.

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T. E..the Dev--(good Lord bless us) is tat true!

M. True! Heaw shou'd t' be otherways for hur Moother wur crying, on sougning to meh Deme last Munday yeandurth obeawt it.

T. 'Sflesh Meary! I'm fit cruttle deawn into th' Yeorth: I'd leefer o tean forty Eawls!

M. Why luckit neaw; I'm een soary for't: God help it: Will it opple o'er? Munneh howd it heeod while it Heart brasts o bit?

T. E Meary; theaw little gawms heaw it thrutches meh Plucks! for if t'did, theaw'd naw mey sitch o Hobbil on meh.

M. Neaw eh good Troth, I con hardly howd meh unlaight, t'see heaw fast yore eh Luff's Clutches! Boh I thowt I'd try o.

T. Meary, whot dus to meeon?

M. Why, I towd o Parcil o thumping lies, o purpose t'pump o'.

T. The Dickons tey the Meary--Whot on awkert Whean ar teaw! Whot teh Pleague did t'flay meh o this'n far! theawrt o wheant Lass--I'd leefer o gon the Arnt forty Mile.

M. Eigh o hundurt, rether thin o had it o bin true: But I thowt I'd try o.

T. Well; on if I dunnaw try thee, titter or latter, ittle be o marvel!

M. It's o greyt marcy yo connaw doot neaw for cruttling deawn.--Boh I mun owey: For if meh Deme be cumn Whoam there'll be rick-

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-ing--Well think on ot yoad'n rether ha tene forty Eawls.

T. Is't think on ot teaw looks o bit whisky; chez qhot Seorh o Rutchots is.

M. I heard um sey ot gexing's o kint' lying, on ot Proof oth Pudding's ith Eating--So
Fere well Tummus.

T. Meary, fere the weell heartily; on gi'meh Luff t' Seroh, let't leet meh then?

T. Byth' Miss will eh Meary, froth' bothum o me Crop.