

Author: Benjamin Brierley (1825-1896)

Text type: Prose

Date of composition: 1869

Editions: 1869, 1870

Source text:

Brierley, Ben. 1869. *Ab-o'th-yate at the Isle of Man*. To the editor of Ben Brierley's Journal in the year 1869.

e-text:

Access and transcription: March 2009

Number of words: 9,710

Dialect represented: Lancashire

Produced by Javier Ruano-García

VNIvERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTINI

Brierley, Benjamin (1825-1896)
***Ab-O'th-yate at the Isle of Man* (1869)**

FIRST LETTER

Walmsley Fowt,

Mesther Yeadhitter, July, 1869.

THANK yo' for that bit o' papper yo' sent me. It coome in very weel, aw con tell yo'. If it had no' bin for that yo'd ha' had no letther abeaut Pussy-beaut-tail ; for aw should never ha' gone across th' herrin' bruck. As soon as eaur Sal see'd it, hoo went o of a tremble, an' said hoo knew aw should be gettin' misel' in a hobble wi' mi writin' an' mi nonsense. But when aw towd her it wur a bank-cheque, an' not a summons, as hoo thowt, hoo fainted, an' wanted o'er i'th' nook. Hoo said hoo could yer waves dashin' into her ears, an' cats beaut tails maawin'; an' hoo felt her bits o' pains leavin' her quite natteral like! If that wurno' a hint at th' Isle o' Mon, it's eaut of a woman's peawer to give

one; so aw took it for as mich as it meant, an' set abeaut makkin' mi kalkilations for th' eaut.

It took abeaut three week fort' prepare things. Different to th' last eaut! Aw wish it had takken three year; for they'rn th' comfortablist three week ever aw passed i' mi life. Aw could noather say wrung nor do wrung; an' aw're never fotched fro' th' "Owd Bell" once i' o th' time Eaur Dick kalkilated ut, if things kept on that road, his clooas ud last twice as lung, as he couldno' remember when he'd a threshin'. Ther' wur nobbut one point we couldno' agree abeaut at fust, an' that wur what part o' th' island to go to. Someb'dy had tow'd th' owd Rib ut Douglas wur th' best shop, an' 'ut everybody went there, whether they went onywhere else or not. Aw said aw didno' care for gooin' where so many folk went, as they stared at me so, an' sheauted me. Aw'd rayther goo where aw could be quiet. Ther' a place they co'ed th' "Cauve," an' another th' "Chickens," where folk lived i' rappet-holes, if they lived onywhere. Aw thrwt we'd best lond at one o' those shops, an' do a bit o' Robinson Crusoe wark for a change! Afore we could sattle it, ther' a letter coome ut put things as straight as ninepence. This is it:-

"Falcon's Nest,

"Port Erin,

"Isle of Man.

"Old Swell,

"A little bird has just dropped into this nest, and told me that you and your old Rib intend coming to the Isle. If you do, come here, and I'll see that you are made as comfortable as two pigeons. The place is very pretty, and the air is as sweet as a nut. Besides, the company will just suit you. We've an old codger that's always laughing, and he's dying to see you. Then the landlord's a jolly fellow. He says he'll see you get pop enough; and if that doesn't suit you, you may have as much "jough" as you can swim in. Say you'll come, and I'll see that a coach and pair meets you on landing. Write at once, and say when you are coming. If you don't, the next time I meet you, you had better have a pair of cricketer's leg-guards on your shins; so make up your mind in a

minute, if you value your understandings. I have determined to stay a week longer, just to have a good spree with you; so don't disappoint me. Give my best regards to your old Ticket, as you call her, and tell her I've seen nothing on the island that can equal her: I mean nothing of the woman kind. When she comes she will take the shine out of everybody. So no more at present from your old companion and friend,

S. SMITHIES.

"P.S.-You had better make your will before you come, or get a cork to tightly fit your throat!

S.S."

"An' a very nice letther too, it is," th' owd lass said, as soon as aw'd finished readin' it." Sam's a very sensible chap; a deaal moore so nur aw took him to be. What nice words he uses; an' heaw nicely he puts 'em together. Well, aw think we conno' do betther nur go to wheere is it, Ab? "

"Port Erin," aw said.

"Ay, Port Herrin;" that's wheere o th' fresh herrin' come fro', aw reckon. We may have 'em chep there, aw should think, fried i' butther an' scittert o'er wi' parsley, as Peggy Thuston does 'em." An' th' owd lass went off wi' her kalkilations just as if hoo'd londed an' gotten hersel' comfortably sattled deawn at th", Neest."

Aw could see at once ut th' owd damsel wur so bent upo' gooin', ut it wur no use tryin' it on to go by misel' ; tho' aw did just throw eaut a feeler for t' see heaw it 'ud work. Aw said:-

"Aw dunno' like th' thowts o' gooin' across. It's made me aw couldno' sleep for a neet or two."

"Wheay, what art unyessy abeaut?" hoo said.

"Thee," aw said. "It's mooestly a roough vowage. If theau gets dreaownt what mun aw do beaht thee?"

"Aw shall stond as good a chance as thee, aw reckon," hoo said.

"Aye, aw dar'say theau would, if thi tongue could help thee ony!" aw said. "But what if we booath on us went to th' bottom?"

"We took one another for betther an' wurr, an' that ud be a bit o'th' wurr soart; that ud be o. If we'rn booath dreawnt we shouldno' be feart o' one another gettin' wed agen, an' a stranger wearin' one's clooas. Wheere ther's as mich love as ther' is between us two it should never be parted. Eh, Ab?" An' hoo gan me one of her owd looks ut took thirty year off mi shooters, if it took one, an' sattled th' eaut like puttin' a seal on a bit o' papper.

This wur Wednesday; an' we agreed we should set sail th' Setterday after. Aw took th' bank cheque to owd Thuston, an' he gan me a hontful o' gowd for it, ut aw thowt wur very good on him. He said he could pay it i' Manchester for oil cake. Aw'd mi best woollen cords wesht, an' a canary singlet ut ud bin mi feyther's; an' aw'd four pair o' lambs' wools ut hadno' a darn abeaut 'em ; an' if yo'd seen th' shirts ut wur gotten ready, yo'd ha' thowt aw're some lord, or summat, gooin' off to Ameriky. Heaw one woman could get through o that, an' mak' 'em as white as they wur, is one o' those things ut mak's a mon shawm when he thinks heaw little he does

If th' owd lass had made o these preparations for me, yo' may ha' some idea as to what hoo'd done for hersel'.

Between her an' Peggy Thuston ut had gone to Blackpool, they'd farmed every box an' trunk ther' wur i' Walmsley Fowt, an' wur one short at last. Eaur Sal said if it wurno' for th' rockers hoo'd tak' th' kayther (cradle), an' put some things i' that! But when Jack o' Flunter's wife said hoo could mak' her a chignon (chignon) for her yead ut ud howd as mich as a firkin tub, hoo gan th' owd fruit-basket up, an' said hoo'd be i'th' fashion for once.

When th' mornin' coome for bein' off it wur like a rush-cart finishin' abeaut eaur dur. O th' neighbour women wur i'th' heause helpin', or purtendin' t' help, eaur Sal to get ready. Aw dunno' think ther a pin laft i'th' fowt, ther so mony wanted for t' tack her gears t'gether! Just as th' last touch wur bein' made, ther a big sheaut set up i'th' fowt, an' then a skrike as if someb'dy were bein' kilt! Aw ran eaut to see what ther' wur up, an' seed eaur Dick comin' to'ard th' dur as weet as a dreawnt rotten, an' givin' meauth as leaud as a showmon. Aw couldno' get a word Baut on him as to what he'd bin doin', but

eur wench'es said he'd bin sailin' to th' Isle o' Mon on a plank i' owd Thuston's pit, an' he'd gotten shipwrecked. Aw dhroighed his back wi' a stick, an' promised him another warmin' when aw coome whoam if aw yerd on him gooin' on a chep trip agen beaut ticket!

Aw'd engaged owd Thuston's donkey cart for t' tak' us to th' station, an' it wur drawn up to th' dur just as eaur Sal wur ready for puttin' her bonnet on; but "Edward" aw fund, had a haue an heaur to wait yet. When th' bonnet wur tried it fitted th' top of her yead like one o' those tin caps they putten candles eaut with; an' hoo could hardly raich it when hoo coome to feel for it! That ud never do; so th' shinnon had to be poo'd deawn, an' th' things ut wur put inside on't crommed i' mi pockets till ww're pannier't as weel as ever a jackass wur.

Just five minutes moore, an' then we're off. Eaur Sal wanted that time to hersel' 'ith' loomheause. So hoo went in an' shut hersel' up; an', enneaw, aw could yer her axin blessin's for everybody, even those ut hadno' behaved to her as they should ha' done ; but more par-ticularly her own bits o' chickens, ut met be feytherless an' motherless afore th' day wur o'er. Hoo axed Somebody to raise up a protector for' em i' case one wur wanted; an' to see they didno' go wrung, but kept i' reet ways, so ut hoo could meet 'em agen when th' sae o' life wur crossed, an' th' Isle o' Summat else nur Mon wur raiched. Hoo finished up with-

An' bless eaur owd Ab, if he eautlives me: an' dunno' let him wed Joe Tinker's widow, ut says hoo's waitin' for mi shoon, becose if he is a bit of a foo sometimes, he's to good a mon to throw away upo' sich like as her. Aw'd as lief he'd ha' Peggy Thuston as onybody, for hoo's a dacent hard-workin' woman, an' 'ud be a mother to mi childer. Amen!"

This done, th' childer wur co'ed up, an' tow'd to be good till we coome back, an' no' fo' eaut an' feight; if they did, they'd ha' th' knots dress't off 'em wi' a rope! Then we set off, an' geet to th' station o reet.

We'd no sooner gotten sit deawn i'th' railway carriage, nur th' train shot eaut o'th station like a dart eaut o a gun, an' wur beawled into a tunnel afore we knew where we wur. While we'rn i' that dark hole eaur Sal geet howd o' mi arm, an' squose it till it's black this minute. Hoo said hoo could see a dark-complexioned chap, wi' horns an' a

fishhook tail, grinnin' at her i'th' darkness, an' then a smell like brunnin' matches, ut hoo didno' haue like on! At last we coome into dayleet agen, an' soon after we fund we'rn at Liverpool station, wi' as mony chaps i' cord clooas slappin' at carriage durs as would a bin enough to ha' etten us.

Ther a gentleman ut had ridden wi' us ut gan me some very good advice. Aw'd axt another chap which wur th' road to th' Isle o' Man, an' he towd me ut if aw'd get on th' reet packet aw should ha' no 'casion t' sper (to inquire), ut made me aw're as wise as ever. But this t'other gentle-man towd me mi best plan ud be to get into a cab, an' tell th' droiver to droive me to th' Isle o' Man packet, an' aw should ha' no bother abeaut it. Aw took his advice, an' thanked him, an' towd him if ever he coome as far as Walmsley Fowt, we'd ha' a pint together for bein' so obleegin'.

So, wi' mich ado, aw geet th' owd Rib into a cab, an' th' luggage wur pil't up so hee, ut ww're feeart on ther' bein' some lumber wi' it upo' th' road. Heaweever, we managed to get deawn safe, an' geet among a creawd o' folk ut wur runnin', an' pushin', an' jostlin' abeaut as if they'rn gone crackt', an' we'd summat to do to get eaut o'th' cab for th' creawd o' lads ut wur bobbin' ther' honds in at th' dur, offerin' shoe-tees for t' tee mi hat on, so as it wouldno' be blown off bi th' wynt. Aw had to gi'e two on 'em a cleaut o'th' side o'th' yead afore they'd shift. One on 'em sheauted eaut-

"Yo'll want arf a dozen for that old pot o' yours!" T'other sheauted-

"Buy a cable for the old girl's bonnet! Get yer one cheap!" Then they clapt the'r thumbs to the'r noses, an' scuttert off wi' a yeawl.

While this wur gooin' on, eaur Sal stood lookin' at a great lot o' summat ut wur rooarin' away i'th' front o' where we stood, an' ut wur sendin' as mich reech up two red chimdvs as would ha' driven two factories. Hoo're axin a chap what that big thing wur, an' when he towd her it wur a "boat," an' it wur co'd th' Tinwil', hoo oppened her peepers wider nur ever. Hoo thowt it wur quite big enough for a ship. Ther' no ships upo' Hollin'o'th Lake hawve as big.

"Isle of Man packet," th' chap said, "an' a very fine craft she is!"

"It's a woman ship, then!" th' owd lass said, makkin' th' chap look as if he thowt hoo're trottin' him. "Well, aw'm fain o' that. Aw'd rayther trust misel' with it nur a mon ship. Come, Ab, we'st ha' to get on this-this- Tinwil, aw reckon, as everybody else is

gettin' on. Help me o'er that plank, an' see ut th' boxes are safe. Theau knows which they are, aw reckon."

Aw did just happen to know which they wur then; but when they'rn weel mixed up wi' a lot ut aw see'd abeaut, aw'd some misgivin' ut o wouldno' be reet at th' fur end.

We'd no sooner gotten upo' th' ship nur we parted, never to meet agen for an heaur at leeast. Aw seeched th' owd lass up an' deawn, but could see noather top nor tail on her! Aw thowt they'd happen letten her deawn i'th' hole amung th' boxes, but as aw could see nowt wick deawn there, aw looked reaund agen. At last aw fund her, laid deawn on a sort o' couch cheear, in a grand parlour deawn some steps. Hoo're busy talkin' to hersel', like owd Ailse o' Beawker's when hoo's knittin', an' th' ramble ut hoo're gooin' through made me think hoo're poorly.

"He're a good Ab to me," hoo said, an' soiked;" an' heaw he could leeave me this road is moore nur aw con tell! If this be gooin' to th' Isle o' Mon, an' on a woman ship, too, save me fro' owt o'th' soart next time! Aw wonder wheerever he is! Eh, my Ab!" Aw thowt aw'd just roose her up a bit; so aw said, just leaud enough for her t' yer-

"He's knockin' abeaut Liverpool yonder wi' Joe Tinker widow!"

"What!" hoo said; an' hoo sprang up. Then, seein' me, hoo set to an' gan me th' length an' breadth of her tongue for abeaut two minutes, an wonder't heaw aw could think o' leeavin' her as aw had done. But it wur just like me. Aw never cared nowt abeaut her; an' sooner hoo gan Joe Tinker widow a chance o' wearin' her clooas an' moore satisfaction it ud be to everybody.

Aw tow'd her it wur her ut had gan me th' slip when aw're gettin' th' boxes put deawn i'th' saw-pit. But hoo'd have her own road abeaut it, an' said aw'd done it becose aw're feart hoo'd be some trouble to me. After that hoo quietened deawn, an' laid her yead upo' th' pillow agen.

"Heaw soon is th' ship gooin' to start, Ab?" hoo said, coverin' her face wi' her shawl. "Aw dunno' like this ranty-pow wark; it mak's me feel so quare. It's like ridin' in a swingin'-boat. Oh, dear me!"

Aw tow'd her we'd bin on th' road above an heaur, an' we'rn gettin' eaut o'th' seet o' lond. We should be at th' fur end in abeaut four heurs if o went weel.

"Eh, aw didno' think we'd stirred!" hoo said. "Aw'm so thankful! Is ther' a pig-cote somewhere abeaut, Ab?"

"Nawe. What dost ax that for?" aw said.

"Becose," hoo said, "aw con yer a lot o' little pigs squeakin. Where are they?"

"Aw think theaw'd best not know where they are," aw said. "Sae pigs are no' very partikilar abeaut folk's clooas, if they getten nee 'em. Lie thee still, an' never mind ship bacon."

"What's that bell ringin' for, Ab?"

"Aw'll just ax. Oh, it's dinner-time, aw see. Couldto' do wi' a meauthful o' summat?" Hoo put her hont eaut as if hoo meant to say "husht!" "Heaw would some mutton broth do, wi' th' fat skimmed off?"

Another puttin' eaut o'th' hont.

"Or some fresh herrin' fried i' butther?"

"Hub!"

"Or a plateful o' Scotch collops?"

"Hub-hub!"

"Aw'll get thi a bit o' boilt ham, if theau likes."

"Hub-hub-heugh!"

"Theigher! If theau doesno' mind theau'll be sae-sick. Howd up!"

"Bucket, Ab!-tub!-owt! Heugh! Oh, dear my!"

Just as aw're wonderin' what to do, a sailor chap, wi' a face made eaut o' ballis leather, coome creepin' in; an' he'd summat with him like a tin grindle-stone ut he put drawn upo' floor o'th' side o' where eaur Sal lee. He said summat very kind to her, an' towd me to go on deck, as aw're gettin' very white abeaut my nose. Aw should want a tin grindle-stone misel' if aw didno' mind.

Aw unteed th' owd lass's bonnet-strings so as hoo wouldno' be throttled; then aw scrambled up steers to what they coed th' deck to see heaw things wur gooin' on there. Th' seet as aw seed wur hardly calkilated for makkin' me i' fettle for my dinner! Folk lee abeaut like carrits after a scrimmage in a pantymime; an' aw con hardly say ut it wur quite as pleasant as bein' in a garden filled wi' roses, an' wallfleawers, an' honeysuckles.

Aw may say it wur owt but that. Aw geet to th' wynt side as soon as aw could, an' looked eaut upo' th' sae.

Waves wur tossin' abeaut like a lot o' sheep havin' a fifty-hond reel in a fielt ; an' they dashed agen th' ship as if they wanted to climb o'er th' side an' have an odd twell among us! Th' owd Tinwil wur workin' away like one o' thoose rockin' hosses in a toy shop, an' churnin' sae wi' her paddles, ut looked like two big bobbin wheels, till aw expected seein' some o' owd Daf Jones' butther turn up, if he deels i' owt o'th' sooart. Aw axt a chap ut stood at th' side o' me if he didno' co it roough.

"Oh, no; not at all, it's only merry! It may be a bit lumpy when we get further out. I call this very nice! " Just then th' ship gan a yead-fust plunge, an' aw're sent wilta-shalta crash agen summat like a big cage-top, wheere aw could see th' engines pumpin' away like as if th' very owd lad wur droivin' 'em! Aw geet a waft o' summat like th' smell o' brunt oighl, ut made me feel as if somebody wur liftin' mi inside eaut, like takkin' a clock i' pieces. It wur a case wi' me, aw fund. Aw could howd up no lunger; so o'er aw went, as sick as a wench when hoo's havin' a tooth drawn.

Aw remember nowt no furr!-nobbut neaw an' then yerrin th' plungin' o'th' engines, an' what eaur Sal coed th' squeakin' o'th' little pigs, till someb'dy said lond wur i' Beet. Aw gethert misel' up then, an' fund my legs wur very bad to manage, an' my singlet wur as slack as if th' back had bin takken eaut. Aw looked reaund, an' seed ut folk ut had bin laid deawn wur neaw on the'r feet, walkin' abeaut as aw've seen patients do i'th' Infirmary gardens; .an' a woful lot they looked! Aw went deawn i'th' parlour for t' see heaw th' owd Rib wur gettin' on, an' fund her nicely asleep. So aw leet her snooze on till th' ship gan o'er marlockin', an' we'rn gettin' within a stone's throw, as aw thrwt, o'th' Isle o' Mon. Then aw roosed her up; an' hoo soiked, an' said-

"Where am aw?"

"We're gettin' very nee to th' fur end," aw said.

"Eh, thank goodness!" hoo said, an' soiked agen. "Aw thowt aw must never ha' seen lond no moore! Aw wonder heaw eaur childer are gettin' on! Eh, Ab, aw ha' bin prayin' for 'em! Tak' me eautside, wilts, for aw feel welly smooart!"

So aw gethert her up, an' took her up steers, an' put her on a form eautside, wheere boo could see a lot moore ut had bin like hersel'. Then th' ship begun a gooin' slower.

"We're gettin' close to th' sod neaw," aw said, "an ther's mony a hundert folk waitin' on us!"

"Does t' see ony cats beaut tails?" hoo said.

"Aye!" aw said,—"ther's three or four runnin' upo' some slates yonder!"

"Catch me one as soon as theau con, for aw want to see what they're like."

Before aw'd time to ha' mi laaf at her, aw're sent bang thunge deawn th' ladder, wi' a stream o' folk after me, scramblin' for the'r luggage. Boxes wur knockin' abeaut mi shins like clogs at a ffoot-bo playin', an' aw're as nee as a toucher bein' tumbled yead-fust deawn th' sawpit, where th' luggage wur bein' wun up. For't soart mine eaut o' that pack o' lumber wur like seechin' a wench when hoo's eaut wi' her chap! aw should aulus be lookin' i'th' wrung place, aw thrwt. One o'th' sailors seein' me powlerin' abeaut like a dog in a fair, took pity on me, an' axt me what mi cargo wur like, an' he'd try t' find it for me. Aw tow'd him aw didno' know; but aw thowt it wur like nob'dy's else; an' that wur o' th' chance aw had o' ownin' it.

"Haven't you got your name on?" he said, lookin' at me as if his temper wur breakin' eaut, an' he couldno' howd it.

"Nawe," aw said, "ther's nowt nobbut a weight-rope or two tee'd reand. If aw conno' own th' lot by those, aw shall be like t' wait till everybody else has soarted theirs, an' tak' what's laft."

Th' owd lad gan me a look, an' then spit on his bonds, an' walked away, mutterin' summat abeaut a "lubber," ut aw da'say meant me, if it wur nobbut explained reet.

Heawever, aw waited till th' place wur middlin' weel swept eaut; an' then aw collared o' ut wur laft, an' fund aw'd th' reet keawnt, whether they'rn th' reet boxes or not. By th' time aw'd getten th' lumber on th' deck, aw fund we'rn th' last upo' th' ship; an' th' owd rib wur havin' a fluster wi' th' sailors becose hoo wouldno' stir beaut me. Aw tow'd 'em aw'd talk to the'r betthers abeaut 'em when aw geet upo' dry lond; so they drew the'r burns in, an' went abeaut the'r wark. At last we loded, an' wur Jaded up some steps on to what they coed th' "pier," but when we wur laft to eaurself's we booath on us dawled abeaut as if we'd bin drunken! Th' pier rocked like th' ship, or favvort doin'; an' heaw folk could keep the'r feet ony betther nur us wur a puzzle to me, becose a lot on 'em had fuddled on th' road, an' we'd had nowt!

We hadno' gotten mony yard deawn th' pier, pushin' amung folk ut wur starin' at us as if we'd bin curiosities ut had bin catcht i'th' sae, when a gentleman in a white shoiny cooat an' a straw hat, coome an' tapt me on th' shooter.

"Isn't your name Fletcher?" he said, lookin' me full i'th' face.

Aw said it wur; or he met have it Ab-o'th'-Yate, if he liked; oather ud suit me.

"Well, I've orders to arrest you, and take you to Port Erin Castle," he said; so you'd better follow me!"

"But he's never done nowt wrung!" th' owd Rib put in, lookin' in a great flusterification. "He wouldno' hurt a worm; aw'm sure he wouldno'."

"That may all be very true," th' gentleman said; but it has to be proved. I'm afraid you'll have to go with me."

"Well, aw dar' face up owt ut aw've done," aw said; "so come on! But someb'dy 'll ha' to carry these boxes, too; aw shall no'."

"Oh, I'll see to that. This way, please."

"Theau's bin dooin' summat wrung, Ab!" th' owd lass said, turnin' to me. "Aw con see it i' thi face! Aw reckon that wur what theau gan me th' slip for. Eh, 'at we'd never come'n! But where theau goes ww'll goo, at ony rate; so let's know th' wust."

When we geet t' th' gates, th' gentleman ut wur wi' us, ut aw took to be a policeman i' disguise, winked at another ut come up to us, an' this mon said "Oh, I see you've caught him!"

"Yes, fairly nobbled" t'other said. "Where's the van?"

"Getting ready."

"Well we'll just have a nip at the hotel before we go;" an' whether it wur wi' th' woful look ther' wur upo' eaur Sal's face, or they couldno' howd no longer, aw conno' tell, but they booath brasted eaut o' laaffin' an' then geet howd o' me an' th' owd Rib, an' shook eaur honds till they fairly wartcht!

Aw went as leet as a fither o at once, an' mi owd stockin'-mender's face breentent up like summer when hoo see'd they'd nobbut bin havin' us on. So we went into th' hotel, an' we'd a dose o'th' best physic they could get for curin' sae-sickness; an' bi th' time we'd finished, ther' wur a two-hoss coach at th' dur, waitin' for t' tak' us eendway. We wur honded in like a king an' a queen; an' when we'd gotten sattled deawn aw looked

reaund me. Th' whul wo'ld an' his grondmother, an' two or three cousins fro' th' moon, met ha' bin there, it wur so thrung wi' folk!

It wur like a wakes; an' what they could see i' maulin' abeaut there aw conno' tell, for it isno' one o'th' sweetest places aw've bin in, no' by a lot. Aw could see mony a face ut aw knew; an' some wur middlin' weel oppent when they seed me pearched as aw wur, wi' th' owd Rib at side on me. They seemed to say, "Yond's owd Ab doin' it grandly!" or summat like it; an' one or two sheauted, but aw couldno' tell what they said, as we'rn droivin' off, me an' eaur Sal i'th' carriage, an' th' two gentlemen gooin' on before in a trap," as they coed it, carryin' th' luggage.

We'd hardly gotten eaut of a bit o' nice country eaut-side Douglas nur aw yerd my queen wur takkin' it cozily, bein' gradely knocked up. Aw followed th' suit, for aw're quite done o'er misel'; an' we boooth slept like two tops till we geet to eaur journey's end.

It wur gotten' abeaut th' edge o' dark when we loded at Port Erin; an' th' Falcon's Neest, aw fund, wur in a blaze o' welcome. Aw wurno' soory ut th' journey wur o'er, as we'd ridden lung enoof, aw thowt, to ha' browt us to th' wo'ld's end. Th' tits had behaved weel, aw thowt, when we just kalkilaten what they'd had to draw; an' they'd kept the'r yeads up for fifteen mile i' fust-rate style, an' coome in as fresh as if they'd just gotten ready for gooin' to a main brew.

We fund we wurno' quite by eaurself's when we geet to th' "Neest," for ther' a lot o' ladies an' gentlemen stood i'th' front waitin' on us comin' in, beside some ut wur lookin' eaut o'th' windows; an' these waved the'r hats an' napkins, an' sheauted-" Hurray for Lankeyshur!" "Bravo Ab!" "Welcome to Port Erin!" "One for th' owd Rib!" "Hurray!"- till it made me feel as preaud as if aw'd won a ribbin at a doancin' match. Aw rose up off mi seat, an' geet upo' mi pegs, an' doft mi hat to 'em, thinkin' they wur sheautin' for me, till th' owd Rib wakkent up an' poo'd at mi coot laps, an' said they wur sheautin' for her; an' if hoo could ha' gotten her bonnet off hoo'd ha' showed me that too; but th' owd lass had it teed on wi' a knot, an' couldno' losen it.

After th' sheautin' wur o'er, aw geet deawn fro' mi peearch, an' helped th' owd lass deawn, tho' hoo said hoo "needed no helpin', thank goodness." Aw felt a bit stiff abeaut th' angles o' mi shanks wi' sittin' so lung, an' lookin' after folk ut couldno' look after

the'rsel's ; but aw believe if aw'd bin shreawded up i' mi coffin-shirt, wi' tuppence upo' mi peepers, aw should ha' had to shull eaut agen ; for ther th' smartest lot o' duleskins ut ever aw coome across i' my life! They coome at me as if they'd ha' worried me, an' then etten me wick at afther; an' they'rn reawnd eaur Sal till nowt could be seen on her nobbut th' bonnet, ut looked like a buoy in a roough sae!

When this squeezein', an' slappin', an' ado makin' on slackent a bit, we'rn pushed whether or not into a reawm where ther a lung table laid eaut wi' o' sorts o' things for atin', as if ther a regiment o' so'diers for t' feed, or a colliers' club. Aw shuttert my knees under beawt waitin' to be axt, an' geet howd of a knife an' fork ready for t' tackle summat as soon as it wur put afore me. Th' owd Rib said hoo're hardly ready for a job o' that soart yet. Hoo felt as if th' heause wur rowlin' abeaut like a ship; an' hoo wondered what it wur built on' an' if it wur safe! It must be a neest wi' rockers on, hoo thowt, as it made her feel a little bit in a gooin' o'er way, as if hoo're gooin' to have a beawt, same as hoo'd had upo' th' wayter. Hoo'd just have a sope o' tae an' a cracklin', an' then hoo'd go to bed, an' see if hoo should be a bit betther i'th' mornin'. Ther a very nice lady made tae for us, an' beside that, made sick ado of eaur Sal, ut th' owd lass said it wur as good as physic to her, an' hoo thowt hoo should be able to stop up a bit longer. Her tung geet so loce, an' her face geet so nicely French polished, ut aw fancied ther summat else i'th' cup beside tae; but when aw named it, hoo said it wur sae-air ut had done it! Aw've some deauts yet, but dunno' like to say mich.

After aw'd etten as mich as ud ha' sarved a gang o' navvies, aw're shuttert deawn th' steers into as nice an' snug a fuddlin' shop as ever aw reddent my-nose in; an' afore aw could get misel' plankt into a cheear, aw'd as mony glasses afore me as ud ha' done for neet-caps for a whul week. Sam Smithies wur as red abeaut th' ears as a turkey's bonnet, an' he're flourishin' abeaut as if th' place belunged to him. Th' londlort coome in an' said- "Ab, mak' thisel' a-whoam; if t' doesno' theau'rt a foo'!" Th' londlady coome in too, an' said th' same, obbut hoo laft th' foo' eaut, an' didno' squeeze my hont as hard, To my thinkin' hoo's th' finest woman i'th' wo'ld obbut one! Well, aw met say the very finest, obbut aw like quietness a-whoam, an' sayin' that met mak' things a little bit lob-sided i' Walmsley Fowt.

As soon as aw'd gotten my pipe, an' had dipt my nose a time or two inside a reechin' tumbler, aw begun a-feelin' a-whoam, as if aw're at th' "Owd Bell," gettin' misel' i' singin' fettle. Someheaw it wur like windin' a curtain up to me, as aw hadno' seen th' company gradely before; an' aw must say ut moore aw see'd on 'em an' moore aw felt a-whoam. Ther th' husbant to that lady ut made tae for us; an' aw fund it eaut ut he coom fro' Manchester, an' had yerd abeaut Walmsley Fowt afore. He pointed to a little reound barrel of a chap, wi' a straw hat on, sit in a corner, an' makkin' th' place fair ring agen wi' laffin'. They said he're th' Bishop o' Port Erin, gettin' hissel' i' tiff for Sunday wark. He had to praich at Castleteawn, they said, an' walk there i'th' mornin' ; an' as th' distance wur a good five mile, he couldno' manage so weel-as a jolly-lookin' captain said-witheaut "takkin' plenty o' coal on board." Ther' wur a coalin' station abeaut th' haveu road, ut went by th' name o'th' " Shore Hotel," but they never filled bunkers of a Sunday, so he had to prime hissel' o'er neet.

Aw thowt he're th' quarest bishop ever aw coom across, an' ut if o' bishops wur like him ther' wouldno' be as mony Dissenters as ther' is. Aw should say he'd more laffin' tackle abeaut him nur ther' is i' th' whul church beside, for it coome rowlin' up fro' under his waistcoat as if he'd had a little steeam engine there ut worked off condensed whiskey! His face wur made for fun, if ever ther' wur one formered for owt o'th' soart, for it rollicked abeaut his meauth an' his een, an' sit stroddle-leg on his nose, an' peeped fro' under his double-barrelled chin, as if it knew it had to be boxed up o' Sunday, an' wur havin' a extry fling o' purpose. It wur "Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! heigh, heigh, heigh!" if nob'dysaid nowt; so what must it be if somb'dy had th' luck to mak' a joke? Wheay, his white neck-napkin favvort hangin' him, an' his waistcoat buttons flew as if they'm a lot o' keys blown off a flute wi' playin' merry music ! If he'd had a hat-peg heheend his shooters, an' a cappel put on his nose, he'd ha' done for Punch. Oh, yo' "owd toad!" yo'n a good deel o' soreness abeaut my ribs to onswer for. If aw'd stopt' wi' yo' a week lunger yo'd ha' to ha' said I dust to dust' o'er me! Well, we spent a jolly neet, an' aw fund it wur th' forerunner of a lot o' jolly neets-aye, an' days too; an' th' fun we had wur too mich to tell yo' abeaut i' one letther; so aw'll let yo' wait another month for it, when aw con tell yo' what wur th' consequences o' not puttin' tickets on my luggage, an' other quare things. For th' present aw'll wish yo' good neet, an' say aw'm

Yo'r own, AB.

SECOND LETTER

Conclusion

Walmsley Fowt, August, 1869.

Mesthur Yeadhitter,

IT'S a common sayin' ut after a storm comes a calm. It wur so wi' me after londin' at Port Erin. If yo' recollecten it wur Setterday when we went, an' th' day after wur Sunday-that grand day o' rest, when if a mon doesno' feel different to what he does other days, ther's summat wrung wi his clockwark.

As it happened, aw'd a good deel o'th' mornin' to misel'. Th' owd Rib had made up her mind to see an' yer as mich as hoo could; so hoo wur up an' eaut as soon as th' larks had wesht an' donned the'rsels; an' aw conno' say but hoo went upo' th' wisest plan. Aw lee a good while collectin' my Sunday feelin's t'gether, an' harkenin' a jackdaw praich upo' th' window-stone, ut put me i' mind of owd Pa'son -yo' known whoa aw meean. Aw could just mak' as mich eaut o' what this fithert praicher said, as aw could of ony sarmon ut he ever geet folk asleep wi'!

Aw're havin' a bit o' my vowage o'er agen. Aw could feel th' bed rock like a ship; an' aw fancied aw could yer th' plungin' o'th' engines, an' th' squeakin' o'th' little pigs, an' th' wynt makkin' bagpipes o'th' chimdies. Th' jackdaw did for th' captain; so ut my bedchamber wur as weel fitted eaut as th' owd Tinwil. Then aw'd a wakken dream abeaut a sleepy ride in a coach; a great sheaut, an' a deel o' hondshakin'. An' it coom o'er mi abeaut a straw hat, an' summat under it like a piece o' red gutty-perchy, ut had a deel o' strain on it betimes; an' lower still a waistcoot ut had gotten St. Vitus' doance, an' wouldno' be cured; but kept jowtin' up an' deawn, like that little engine ut used to grind coffee in a shop window i' Manchester.

Well, aw swung misel' eaut o' bed at last, an' fund aw wurno' quite as weel as aw'd calkilated on. My yead wur a good weight, an' my legs wur bad to steer. Aw reckon it wur th' change o' air ut made me feel poorly, though eaur Sal said it wur summat else,

moore likely. Aw'd bin playin' wi' a tae-spoon to mich th' neet afore! Tae-spoons are dangerous playthings when they're i' company wi' owt beside cups an' saucers. They met knit comfortable neet-caps wi' 'em, but they didno' fit so weel in a mornin'.

Bein' Sunday aw thowt aw'd don me in my best black short-legs, so ut if aw went to th' church ther' wouldno' be so mich starin' at me. So aw sit misel' deawn upo' th' bedside, an' looked at my box. Whether change of air didno' agree wi' it, or my e'en wur a bit quare, aw couldno' tell, but th' owd bit o' lumber looked as if it had bin havin' a marlock, an' knocked itsel' into a fresh shape. Then th' rope ut wur reand it seemed to ha' wasted itsel' oather wi' frettin' or sae-sickness, an' gone thinner. It wur a weight-rope when aw put it reand; but neaw it wur gone quite genteel, as if it wanted to be a clooas-line. Th' knots aw'd teed on it wur quite changed, as if th' Davenport Brothers had bin abeaut, doin' some sperrit conjurin'. Heawever, aw set too, an' untee'd th' rope wi' mich ado, an' hove th' box lid up, an' had a peep inside.

Strange! my best Sunday short-legs had changed fro' black karseymere to white calico, wi' summat like window curtains reand th' bottoms, i'stead o' buttons an' ribbins! Thoose ud never do for me to go to th' church in, at onyrate. Aw thowt aw should be sheauted wi' th' childer, as if aw're a pace-egger paradin' th' lones. Aw threw 'em o' one side, an' put my studyin' cap on, an' wondert heaw this had bin browt abeaut. Then aw looked a bit furr to see if owt else had changed. Divin' deawn i'th' box aw fished up a shirt beaut oather sleeves or collar; an' another thing ut wur like a balloon wi' palisades reand th' bottom. Then aw coome on a square box made o' pastbooart, ut had summat inside on't like a white capscreen wi' silk strings to it! After aw'd gotten my spectekles aw made it eaut ut this thing wur a bonnet o' some soart; but which wur th' back an' which wur th' front wur eaut o'th' peawer o' mon to tell. Aw'd an idea once ut eaur Sal had swapt me boxes; but aw thowt agen aw'd never seen her wi' no soart o' gears like these abeaut her. Th' next thing aw geet howd on sattled o. It wur a letther! As it had bin read afore aw thowt ther'd be no hurt i' just lookin' through it; not as aw wanted to know other folks' consarns, but to find eaut whoa it belunged to. So aw read-

"GEORGE HOTELL, DALE ST.

"Liverpool July 1869

"DEAREST POLLY

"I rite these few loines hopping they will foind you all right as they've left me. I got in Liverpool all right after a very pleasant gorny the train was very punctil "the old chap dosnt know but i am in Yorkshire buying up pottatus wodnt he be wild if he knew where I was and what I was doing. O my dear Polly you should see the ring Iv bught a regular bobbydazler it is I do so long for the toime that I shall put it on your sweet finger I bught it to fit the propper finger as I got some stuff to fetch the wart off in an hour's toime. I shall get the lisens to-morrow and be happy dont be too late you know wat toime the train leeves Bolton I will meet you at the station so no more at present from your ever ever ever loving

"N.B. 50 toimes over these is kisses.

"N.B. after the wedding hurray for the Isle of Man."

Theigher! Aw thowt to misel' as a put th' letther back, somb'dy's bin makkin' foo's o' the'rsels! havin' a runaway weddin, as if it wurno' a trial big enough doin' it wi' o'th' help they con muster. Aw felt wurr hobbled nur ever when aw fund this eaut. What must be done? Aw could see plain enough ut gooin' to th' church wur sattled for that day; so aw'd a plash i' some wayther, an' donned misel' i' my tother clooas, an' prepared for gooin' deawn th' steers, as ther a bell ringin', an' a scutter gooin' on up an' deawn th' heause, as if everybody bad made it up to go deawn at th' same time. Just as aw're teein my napkin on ther a knock coome to th' dur. "Yo'r at th' wrung shop," aw said, thinkin' it wur somb'dy ut had missed the'r road.

"Is it Ab?" they said; an' ave could yer it wur a men's voice.

"Well," ave said, "aw'm hardly sure abeaut it. If appearances are owt to go by, aw'm a mixture. What dun yo' want?"

"Heave's thy yead?" th' chap said.

"It's a bit on th' ramble," ave said. "It 'll happen be a bit better when ave gotten my bonnet on."

"Well, aw've gotten a bonnet for thee here," th' mon said.

What's up neaw? ave wondert; some moore mystery? Heawever, ave oppent th' dur, an' fund it eaut ut it wur th' londlort vei' a glass o' summat like milk in his bont.

"This is th' bonnet," he said, howdin' th' glass up. "A rare thing to fit on after to mich neet-cap!" "What's it made on?" ave axt.

"Manx miik," he said. "Nowt like this i' Walmsley Fowt! just try heave it fits."

So ave did try; an' rare stuff ave fund it wur-warm fro' th' keaw an' o! Aw never tasted newt like it! Aw thowt if owd Thuston's keaws gan milk o' that soart he'd never get through t' fowt vei' it. He'd be sowd up, snap! Aw axt him what made th' difference; but o ut ave could get eaut on him wur ut they fed keaws at th' Isle o' Man different to what they did i' England. Happen it wur so Aw said newt abeaut me havin' gotten a wrung box just then. Aw thowt if ave did ave should never yer th' last on't. So ave bundled misel' deawn th' steers, an had a meawthful o' sae wynt afore breakfast. Aw see'd th' owd Ticket scramblin' up th' broo at th' end o'th' neest, an' a warm job hoo had afore her. Hoo'd bin deawn among some heauses at th' bottom, cat huntin'; but had seen noane nobbut what had tails. Folk toved her ut they wurno' owd enough yet for 'em t' drop off, so it seems they areno' born beaut. Th' owd lass wanted to know if th' breakfast wur ready; an' ave dar'say hoe met weel, considerin' what hoo'd gone through th' day afore.

"It's just gooin' on th' table neaw," ave said; for ave could yer a clatter o' pots, an' spoons, an' knives, an' forks, ut made me fair yammer agen.

"That's reet!" hoe said; an' hoe geet hoved o' mi arm. "Aw're never so hungry i' mi life! We'n goo in linkin', like quality folk dun; for we are a bit quality neaw, when we con ride in a carriage. So come on!"

Well, we went into th' neest; an' ave geet mi knees nicely stabled agen, vei' summat i'th' front on me ut looked like Hazlewo'th bridge on a plate as big as a coal riddle. Black eautside, an' red an' white inside it wur, vei' gravy wheezin' Baut o' bits o' crivices, ut made it so temptin' ave could hardly keep off it.

"Rare stuff for th' yure, Ab!" Sam Smithies said, seein' me grinnin' at it. An' he winked at some chaps across th' table.

Then ave yerd someb'dy to'ard th' bottom sayin':-"Theau conno' cut that vei' th' scithors!"

When Sam begun operations, he shoived it deawn i' tremblin' slices as thin as an owd sixpence, an' went through his wark as if he'd bin browt up to it; an' he bonded a plateful o'er to me, ut ave made to look wizzent in abeaut two minutes or so.

Aw fund ther nob'dy for havin' beef beside me, as ther' wur plenty o' things beside, sich as ham an' eggs, an' cowl summats vei' parsley scattert o'er, an' fresh herrin' as big as yung whales, an' aw dunno' what beside. When aw fund ut nob'dy wanted no beef aw made a deal o' trouble o' axin 'em, but wur desperately feart on 'em sayin' aye. A gentleman axt th' owd Rib if hoo'd have a mackerel; but hoo shaked her yead, an' said hoo'd ha' nowt ut ud mak' her ill; hoo'd bin bad enough th' day before; but hoo thowt ut hoo could do summat i'th' ham an' egg way. Aw'm o'th' same way o' thinkin' misel' neaw, after seein' th' lot ut hoo polished off. Aw'd abeaut five cups o' coffee, an' as mich beef as would ha' made a leather apron if it would ha' howden t'gether; an' aw consider ut that wurno' bad doin'!

Well, after abeaut an heaur's good heausin' we finished eaur breakfast, an' thanked Somebody for it, as we'd occasion. Aw stroked mi waistcoat deawn, an' felt as if th' wo'ld an' me wur gettin' on very weel t'gether. If those foo's across th' wayther, ut wur gooin' to cut one another's throats, had had rich a breakfast as that, they'd ha' shaked bonds wi' one another, an' gone whoam

Th' day ut had started middlin' breet, had begun o' gleawmin', an' warnin' us 'at it wouldno' be safe to venture far eaut o' civilized quarters. But nowt 'ud stop th' owd Rib fro' gooin' to oather church or chapel or summut o'th' sort. Other folk met carry on as they dar' no' do awhoam, an' couldno' forshawm, if they durst; but for hersel', while th' same Heaven wur spread o'er her, an' th' same Somebody watched whether her feet went reet or wrung, hoo'd do just th' same at Port Erin as hoo would if hoo yerd th' owd Hazelwo'th bells ringin' the'r mornin' peal, an' th' childer wur musterin' for th' skoo. So hoo went up th' steears for t' have a word or two wi' th' lookin' glass, an' put a bit moore black abeaut her fithers, for t' mak' her look solem. Aw nipt up afther her, an' wur just i' time for t' see her howdin' up what should ha' bin mi black karseymeres in a way aw didno' like on.

"What's th' meeanin' o' these, Ab?" hoo said. An' th' way hoo said "these" had the same effect upo' mi nerves as if aw'd clapt mi ear to th' dur of a hummabee cote, after givin' th' inside a bit of a roozer.

Aw put on as innocent a look as aw could weel muster, considerin' ut it looked a very bad case, an' tow'd her heaw th' mistake had bin made,-heaw ut some woman had takken mi box, an' laft me her's i'th' place, as hoo met see.

Hoo looked at th' box, then rummaged it through-natteral enough for a woman, aw thowt; an' when hoo'd done, an' aw'd read her th' leather aw'd fund, hoo set up one o'th' yead cracks o' laafin' ut ever aw yerd for one ut's a bit kilt for her wynt.

"Eh, Ab," hoo said, when hoo'd getten eaut of her laafin' fit, "Aw see neaw what theau wouldno' goo to th' church for. If theau'd " an' hoo went off agen wi' another brast. Aw never seed a thunner storm blow o'er so nicely i' mi life, an' gi'e th' matrimonial sky sich a cleean sweep. Th' only bit o' cleaud ther' wur abeaut it wur-heaw must th' mistake be reeted? When aw tow'd her ut th' th' londlort said advertizin' i' one o'th' Douglas pappers 'ud put things square, that bit o' dimness past off, an' gan her face sich a polish, ut aw raily think a mistake o' that sort 'ud be wo'th while bein' made every day, just for th' fun o' stretchin' up agen.

Well, after this hoo set off to th' church,-her an' th' londlady, an' that lady fro' Manchester. Aw wondered mony a time while hoo're away if hoo could manage to keep her face i' th' reet shape when hoo should look as sollit as a hommer. Aw know heaw aw should ha' bin misel' when aw thowt abeaut th' mistake.

Th' day glided o'er nicely an' calmly, as Sundays should. I'th' mornin' part i'stead o' gooin' wi' th' wife, aw did mi bit o' th' sarvice by th' sae-side,-hearkenin' th' waves sing the'r anthem, an' watchin' th' sky rowl deawn it's flocks o' cleauds into a grand congregation, ut didno' seem to care whether that great praicher ut spoke to th' sae, an' th' mountains, an' th' woods, an' th' valleys,-praiched in a black geawn or a white un, or brunt candles an' incense, or worshipped as thoose fishermen of owd did, wi' nowt nobbut th' love o' the'r Great Mesther to help 'em. Aw con recommend this sort of a sarvice to mony a one i' England.

Afther breakfast next day (that wur Monday) th' male portion on us went for a sail. We engaged a captain an' made th' londlord into th' steward. We sailed to Th' Cauve o' Mon, where th' only seaunds we yerd wur th' slushin' an' bangin' o' th' sae an' th' cry o' th' saegulls as they skimmed abeaut that lonely but bonny bit o' moor-lond purpled o'er wi' heathery blossoms.

Wurno' aw i' fettle for mi' dinner when we geet back Rayther! an' so wur one or two beside. We fund th' owd Bishop o' Port Erin waitin' for us, an' as straight as a new pin, he wur. Th' fust inklin' aw had ut th' owd laafin' machine wur abeaut, wur a two-thri cracks o' summat comin' up stairs eaut o'th' snug. Aw went deawn, an' fund him i' one o' his humours, havin' a bit of a dust wi' an owd lady ut wur knockin' abeaut. He pur-tends to hate women; but he's a quare way o' showin' it.

"Now, my dear lass!" he're just sayin', "what must I have to drink? Eh! Ha, ha, ha! D'ye hear, you old toad? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Well, well, well-I think I'll have bitter. Ha, ha, ha!"

He'd a mop yured dog wi' him ut he coes "Fido," an' he's taiched it hate women, too, for it never barks nobbut when it sees a skirt.

"Here, Fido!" he'd say, "Fi, Fi, Fi ! There's an old toad coming, Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bow, wow, wow!" an' Fido 'ud skeawl through th' yeald yorn ut hung abeaut it's e'en, an' hutch between it's mesthur's shoon, as if it had gotten three or four lion peawer an' wur gooin' to ha' a meauthful o' legs, if a dacent pair coome nee.

As soon as th' owd lad seed me, he fired off some of his best artillery, an' set his senglet buttons o doancin' like mad. He said he're gooin' to dine wi' us, an' then if we'd a mind he'd tak' us to Castleteawn, just for an after-noon's walk. Th' day had breentent up into a good sort o' one, an' as it wurno' so very wot, it ud be a nice walk. just as he're layin' th' plan eaut, th' dinner bell rung; so aw clattered upsteears, an' had howd o' a knife an' fork afore th' owd bishop could get eaut o' th' snug, for aw could yer him tumblin' up after me.

As we sit at th' table th' owd rib said to me-"Ab! is that a gradely bishop?"

"To be sure, for owt aw know," aw said; "look at his skin; as red an' as smoot' as an apple. An' look heaw he's filled up at th' back o' th' ears. A curate, or a common pa'son hasno' gotten to that yet. Aw reckon he doesno' wear gaiters becose ther's no danger o' his legs gettin' starved this weather. But what made thee to ax if he're a gradely bishop?"

"Well," hoo said, "aw're talkin' to him a bit sin' an' he co'ed me an' owd toad, an' aw thowt that wur quare talk for a bishop.

"Oh," aw said, "that's just what theau owt to be preawd on. A toad theau knows, is reckont fort' ha' th' nicest een in it yed ov owt; an' when he'd seen thine, aw dunno' wonder at him co'in' thee a toad."

"Aye, well, it may be reet," hoo said; "but it's like a crackt shillin', it's a quare seaund wi' it."

"It matters nowt," aw said, "when we seen he meean weel. It's nobbut his way."

"But he's aulus laafin'," hoo said. "Aw thowt bishops shouldno' laaf."

"Aw shouldno' like to be one, then," aw said. "If eaur religion taiches us nowt nobbut heaw to poo a long face, it's time we'd a doctor to it. But get on wi' thi atin', if theau doesno' meean to come beheend. Aw'm two plates afore thee neaw. We han to go to Castleteawn, theau knows."

Well, after th' dinner wur fairly heawsed, we made a party up to go to Castleteawn, an' agreed to peg it o' th' road. Manx miles seemed to be lung uns, aw thowt, for they kept stretchin' eaut as we went; but it's a nice walk, an' that mak's up for th' distance. Ther's nobbut one baitin' shop upo' th' road noather, an' that's th' "Shore Hotel;" an' snug it is, an' a pleasant body is th' londlady, an' nice uns are th' chickens. We didno' wonder at th' owd Bishop gooin' there, if he does purtend to hate women. We fund eaut ut he're weel known there; for we hadno' bin in above a minute when he co'ed 'em owd toads an' yung toads o' reand.

It wouldno' be possible, even i' this lung ramblin' letther fort' tell yo' everythin' ut we seed an' enjoyed. But Tuesday wur a grand day, an' we spent it grandly! To Fleshwick Bay i'th' mornin', getherin' shells an' white stones fort' put reand th' fleawer-pots; an' to Port St. Mary i'th' afthernoon, wheere we lost th' owd bishop for an heaur or so, an' at last fund him coartin' an owd damsel in a garden. We should never ha' fund him, noather, if we hadno' yerd someb'dy saying, "you old toad!" as we passed.

O' Wednesday th' carriage wur browt eaut agen fort' tak' us back to Douglas. Aw'd yerd abeaut my box, ut it wur o reet at Hotel, waitin' for th' swap.

Ther a leaud sheaut for us as we set eaut; th' Owd Rib axt everybody to come a seein' us at Walmsley Fowt; an' they said we'rn quite as welcome at th' "Falcon's Neest." Farewell!

The Salamanca Corpus: *Ab-o'th-yate at the Isle of Man* (1869)

We see'd moore o'th' place as we drove back. "Rushen Abbey," a ruin stonidin' i' one o'th' nicest bits o' country to be fund i'th' island, an' cozy villages scattered here an' there, an' far away. We drove eaut of eaur road a bit to see "Kirk Braddan;" an' if ever ther' wur a nook made o' purpose for sleepin' a last snooze in, surely this is one; for it's like a garden, where th' seeds of a past life are sown i' fit company, to spring up in a new life that shall blossom to eternity!

We geet to th' pier i' plenty o' time to get on board th' Tinwil, an' had a nice sail to Liverpool, an' managed to catch a train ut loded us whoam i' time for eaur tae. O Walmsley Fowt turned out to welcome us and to inquire heaw we'd enjoyed eaur eaut to Isle o' Man.

Your own, AB.

VNIVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTINI

THE END

