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STVDII
SALAMANTINI

Wheeler, Ann (1735-1804)

***The Westmorland Dialect in Four Familiar
Dialogues (1802)***

THE

Westmorland Dialect,

IN FOUR

FAMILIAR DIALOGUES:

IN WHICH
AN ATTEMPT IS MADE
TO ILLUSTRATE
THE
PROVINCIAL IDIOM.

THE SECOND EDITION,

To which is added a Dialogue never before published.

By A. WHEELER.

London,

Printed for W.J. and J. Richardson, Royal Exchange; Wilfen and Spence, York

H. Walmsley, Lancaster; and other Bookselsters

By

M. Braithwaire, Kendal.

1802

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TO THE PUBLIC

The favourable reception which the Westmorland Dialect has met with, has encouraged the publication of a second Edition; and to render it more entertaining, another Dialogue is added.

“ We believe there is much of nature, and somewhat of humour, in these dialogues: but we speak with caution of a work written in a language which we cannot perfectly read; and which, we are persuaded, would baffle the united learning and abilities of all the Reviewers in Europe. We shall, therefore, only repeat what we have said of Tim Bobbin’s “View of the Lancashire Dialect,” that compositions of this kind, whatever merit they possess, from the genius of the author, require an intimate acquaintance with the vulgar provincial dialects in which they are written; and without which, the jokes and pleasantries contained in them will be as little understood in other parts of the Kingdom, as is the language in which they are disguised.”

Monthly Review, August 1791

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TO THE
READER.

STRUCK with a dialect, which, to the authoress, from her long residence in other parts of the kingdom, appeared quite novel, she was determined to try what kind of orthography could be formed from it, and accordingly wrote the dialogue between Ann and Mary, without any intention of its ever appearing in print; this she read to some friends, who persuaded her to add some more dialogues and publish them, presuming that they might afford an agreeable amusement to those who take a pleasure in observing the progress towards improvement which is daily making in the dialect of every district, and the great

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difference which exists between the dialect of the country and town, though in the same kingdom.

In the dialogue between Sarah and Jennet, she has, as far as she was able, stuck close to nature, and attempted to delineate the heart of a rural Coquet, whose ideas seem to be the same as those of the modern town

Lady, only allowing for the difference of education; to give pain seems to be the *summum bonum* of both.

In all dialogues she has endeavoured to convey the ideas of the people in the situations of life she has fixed upon; how far she has succeeded she does not presume to say, but if she is happy enough to amuse her readers, she will think herself sufficiently recompensed.

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Such as find fault with the orthography used in the dialogues, are desired to remember that provincial orthography is one of the most difficult tasks of literature; for, in the application of letters to sounds and pronunciation, scarcely two people think alike.

As a Female she hopes for lenity, and that her faults will be overlooked; to the candid and humane she appeals, and to them she wishes to submit her errors, being convinced that their judgements will be tempered with mercy.

In the dialogue between Barbary and Mary she has equalled, if not excelled, any of the preceding, in a lively display of those jokes and pleasantries so peculiar to her manner of writing.

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A

PREFATORY DISCOURSE.

I kna monny of my reeders will think, nay en say, I hed lile et dea tae rite sic maapment about nae body knas wha, I mud liev fund mitch better imployment in a cuntry hause, tae mind milkness, farra coafs, leak heftert pigs en hens, spin tow for bord claiths en sheets, it wod hev been mitch maar farrently then ritin bukes, a wark ets fit for nin but Parson et dea; but en ea mud rite I sud hev meaad receipts for sweet pyes en rice puddings, en takin mauls aut eth claiths; this mud hev dun gud, but as to that nea yam knas what it means, its a capper.

It wur net ith time of Oliver Crumel, ner king Stune, but some udder king, twea men com a girt way off, ameast be Lunon, en they wanted toth gan owar fand, but when they com en leakd what a fearful way it wur owar, en nae hedges ner tornpike to beseen, they wur flayed,

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en steud glorain abaut net knain what toth dea, when belive a man com ridin up tew em en esht whaar they wur bawn, they sed owar sand, but it wur sic a parlish way they didnt like tae gang, for feard ea been drownt. This mon sed cum gang wie me, I'll tak ye'th seaf owar I'll uphod ye'th, wie that they set off; an thor men hed been at a college, caod Cambrige, en they thout to hev sum gam wie their guide, foa as they raaid alang, yan on em sed he wod giv a supper an a crawn baul of punch, if they cud cap him wie onny fix words; they try'd monny a time, but cud net deat. At last they gat seaf owar sand, en ridin up Shilla, twea wimen wur feighten, hed pood yan an udders caps off, en neckclaiths; they steud and leakd et em a lile bit, when th guide coad out “ *en udder blae el deat,* ” upon hearing this awr travellers sed yee hev won the wager, for that wur a language unknown tae onny University.

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THE

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THE
WESTMORLAND DIALECT,&c.

DIALOGUE I.

BETWEEN

ANN & MARY.

Upon running away from a bad husband.

Ann. SAE whaar er yee bawn, yee er sae dond awt ith check happron?
what ails tae? What haesta been greeetin?

Mary. Aye, marry ive enuff tae greet about.

Ann. Whya what farts flawn rang naw I praia? whats Joan en the
fawn awt agayn?

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Mary. Aye, ise gangin tae Lirple wie Peter, I'll stay nin here, I'll
nivver leev wie him maar, ise git a sarvis sum whaar I racken.

Ann. Nae daut but thau may, but thaul want to be at heaam agayn.

Mary. Nay nivver while I leev, for ive born his ill-humour and
sorliness ivver sen I wor wed, naw gangin ea eight yeer, an hes ivvery day
waars, an I'll bide nea langer, sae gang I will.

Ann. But what hees nea waars then he wur, is he? what thau knas
him, praia maak yersel yeasy.

Mary. When we wor wed he tewk me heaam to leev ith auld end wie
fadder fowk, it wur sic a spot as yee nivver saw barn, it wur black as the
dules nutin bag wie seat, an it reeks yee cannit see yan anudder; he began
wie corsin an lickin me, an hees hodden on ivver sen. I doant like cocklin,
an gang toth skeer I'll net, an I can nivver spin tow enuff to please him,
hees sic a reeden paddok; last neet he lickd me wie steal, threw a teanale
wie cockls at me, brack aw me cups an saucers, a tee-

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pot I gav a grote for at Kendal Fair, threw teeimme een, but I was gaily
une wie him for I slat a pot a weatin in his feace, meaad his een sae saar
that he cud net hoppen em, he swaar he wad kill me when he gat haad
omma, soa he may, for ise nivver ane him mair while I leev.

Ann. Thau tauks terrably, whya thau wod be teerd in a lile time was
tae frae him, what cud tae dea at Lirlpe, nae yan dar tak the in, a husband
hes terrable pawer, nae Justice can bang him, he can dea what he will wie
the, he may lick the, nay hoaf kill the, or leaam the, or clam the, nay fell
the, an nae yan dar mell on him.

Mary. Oddwhite Justice an King teea, for meaakin sic laas, nae yan
can bide wie him, an arrant filth! hees oways drunk when heeas brass, an
then he grudfes me faut to me podish, nay he he taks brass I git wie spinnin
tow, an barns an I may clam ith hause, he cares nowt about it; leak et me
shoon, me

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cooats, ise soa mad at him I cud welly hong me sel.

Ann. Nae that wad be wars then runnin away frae him ; he wod like
to be rid baith oth wife an barns I racken.

Mary. Aye, then he mud gang hefter oth filth ith parish, for thear is
net a dannet ith cuntry but he knas her, dud not he spend hoaf a crown on a
lairly ugly, and staid oa neet wie her; lost poak, hoaf a steaan a woo, a
paund a shuger, hoaf a quartern a tee, a conny lile chees; dule rive him for a
drunken foal, its enuff to meaak onny woman mad, but ea godlins I'll
match him as sure as ivver he matchd awr cock at Beetham.

Ann. What is he a cocker teya?

Mary. Aye that he is, he meaad breed for cocks, when barns
clamd, an lickd lile Tom for bricken a bit oth cock breed, an becaase I
tewk up for me nane barn, he up wie his gripin neaf an felt me owar.

Ann. Hees fearful nowt I racken, but

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sum haw I wad nit hae the leaav him; whya whaarst caw; what yee hae
milk an butter.

Mary. Dule tak him, he felt her; yee mun kna we tewk sum gerse
for her, it wor tae be a ginny, man com tae lait th brass monny a time, I

towd him it wur a sham he dud nit payt, he sweaar he wad sell her, an like a rascot as he wur, he dreav her tae Kirby fair an felt her, an staid thear tul he hed spent oth brass he gat for her; I thout I shud ea gean craify I wur sae wae about partin wie her, thos she war but a lile scot she gay a conny swoap oa milk, an ive churned five paund a butter ea week frae her, I cud sumtime selt a paund unknown tae him, an Fadder Fowk dud let us chop her intul ther parrak ith winter; sae we dud varra connoly while we hed her, he cud net clam us while we hed a caw; but naw oas gean, an leav him I wul.

Ann. What'al become o'th barns? ise wae about them.

Mary. Whya they mun gang toth

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cockl skeer wie him, th lads is gayly weel up, an lafs is wie her grondy, for tae leev ith auld end wie th auld Fowk I nivver will, for they meaak bad waars an hes ivver sen we wur wed, they er arrant filths; en he caant dea wieth barns he mun fest em awt.

Ann. Aye they er a terrable breed for sartin, en thau hed ill-luck tae cum amang sic a bad geat.

Mary. Aye en I hed net been wie barn I wad nit hae hed Joan; but what cudee dea, tother fello et hed tae dea wie me ran away, soa I wur forst to tak this lairly.

Ann. When laffes deas sic tricks as that they mun tak it as it leets, what at dow cum ea sic deains, but I mun say thau hes carried the sel mannerly enuff sen thau wor wed.

Mary. Aye, I nivver rangd him, but he hes hed deains wie awth lairlys ith parish, an monny a lump ea brass he hes teaan frae his poor barns an me, to carry to thor uglis; but I'll gang an see for captan an kna when he fails, for

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gang I will, I'll nivver stay an clam here.

Ann. I tell thee barn he dars net tak thee, nea captan dar tak anudder man's wife, whya Joan wad sean clap Lomax on his back wur he to tak thee.

Mary. What the dule munea dea? I'll gang afoat then, for stay I caant, I'll gang toth sarvis, I'se set ont.

Ann. But wha'el tae gang tae barn? Lirples a girt spot, if tae kna nea yan theyl nit tak thee in.

Mary. Me cusen Bets thear, an sent a letter for me tae cum, an she wad git me a rret gud pleease; sae yee see I hev yan tae gang teea, ise net gangin a fleevles arrant. Bet cud git lile wie bearin peats at Faulsha, she naw gits varra connoly, an sent a letter for me to cum, an man et brout it sed she wur dond varra weel, an waar white stockins an claith shoon, an why maint I praia?

Ann. Dustay kna whaar shee leevs ith Lirple?

Mary. Aye, aye, she leevs at ea yale hause beeth dock.

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Ann. Beeth dock? whya barn thear ar twenty docks an ea hundred yale hauses, thaul nivver find it by that, thau mud as weel leak for to feend a cockl er musel grooin a top a Farlton Knot, I see thaust an arrant maislikin an net fit ta gang frae heaam.

Mary. Yeer mistacken, I ken her maister, he keeps sign oth Teap, hees a lile stiff fello, wie a varra snod feace, they coo him, they coo him, what toth sham meyas me forgit his neaam?

Ann. What toth dule finisies thee knain it, Joan al hefter thee an nivver let thee aleaan, an tak thee brass frae thee, and lick thee beaans fair in toth bargain; stay et heaam gud lafs an spin tow.

Mary. Dule may spin tow for me, I'll gang toth sarvis, then ise niver fear but don me sel like udder in a hause, nowt cums rang toma.

Ann. Whya barn, thau mun pleas the sel, but ise sure thaul nivverdea at Lirple, tawns wark is net likt cuntry, thear sae

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mitch waatin on em, an the ar awe sae praud, thaul nivver larn I daut.

Mary. Then I'll gang tae Lunon for I hev twee ane breeders thear, yan an ostler, tudder wed varra grand, keeps a varra girtshop, sells oa maks a garden stuff, cabage turmits, carrats, an leevs terrable weel, for Joany Garth saa him an wife, she hed monny gowd rings an sum dimont yans on her hands: naw if I cud git thither I sud be meaad at yance.

Ann. Aye, but haw can tae git, wauk thau cannot; its a terrable way, an thau mun git toth kna whaar thee breeders leevs, for was a straanger tae gang intae Lunon, they wod sean be taken up we baads an they don awt varra grand, a fine claiths, an let em awt sae mitch a week toth men, but lile ath brass cums toth lass her sel.

Mary. Whya marry I matter net wha I leev wie, for I racken they doont work hard, ner they er nit plaiged wie spinnin tow, an as tae up wark, whya I like it weel enuff.

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Ann. Stay at heaam, thau er tae girt a dance tae gang tae Lunon, thoul nivver dea. But whaar leevs te breeders I preia?

Mary. Whya Joany leevs at sing oth foos heaad and Boats, ith neak ath what toth dule meyas me fergit street, its caw market I kna, its Smithgate, Smith- street, nay its Smithfeelt I kna.

Ann. Then its awt ea Lunon I racken if its a felt.

Mary. Nae its ith mid mang oth streets awr Joan says. Its naw cum into my heaad what I'll dea, ive hoaf a ginny unnane tae onny yan, that I'll pay for gangin up with wagon, an I'll tell it oa raund ise gangin tae Lirple, sae awr Joan al nivver feend me awt, ise quite thraw him, git but frae him ise dea: I dunnet feer an ea fix or fewen yeer time, I mappen cum dawn dond in mea filks an satans, wha can tell?

Ann. Whya hang thee, thau er farrently enuff tae leak at, war thau but dond awt weel.

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Mary. I'll sean be that, let me yance git tae Lunon; I dunnet fear leetin on a pleace; beside me breeders I kna wod help me, an I'll nivver send a letter tae ovr Joan as lang as I leev if I thrive ea Lunon, an I nivver hard ev onny that dudnt; whay thear wur me twea cusens, Bet an Mal, went up, an naw they hev claiths wad stond an end, an dond like Queans, ive hard monny say and mass I'll be soa teya, er I'll try.

Ann. Aye but nebbors say they er baith whoors tae sum gir fowk, an thats bad deains lass.

Mary. Thats aw spite, nowt ith ward else, an if they be thats nowt tae nea yan, its mitch better than spinnin tow; but awr nebbors is sic a spiteful gang, if onny lafs don her fel a bit better than they, they aw coo her, an if they cud they wad poo her ea bits, yee nivver hard sic spiteful deains as when awr Nan gat her new bonnet with a white linein an a par a white stockins, they wur ready et stane her.

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Ann. Marcy on us, times is fearfully awtered sen I wur a young woman; we thout it varra mensful to hev a par a worsed stockins, wie white

or yellow clocks, in awr awn spinnin an knittin a par a ledder shoon wie white roands; a gud calimanco or camlet gawn; and a mannerly claith happron; an Hindee filk handkercher for sundays; a conny daisent mob an a black shag hat et wad last us awr life-time; an we bout nowt but we thout whedder it wad dea if we sud be poor mens wives; when awrs an I wor wed we cud but meaak neen shilin between us, we baith draad yaa way, an we hed sewen barns, born and kirsend, an we bun thre on em to traads, set tother twea foret on em to traads, set tother twea foret ith ward, an berrid twea; leevd thirty yeers tegidder, an when he deed he left mea a conny hause, a parrak, a garden, an twea conny lile moffes, and I feend it varra comfortable teaa dra; but naw ivvery tow spinner is dond awt ith claith shonn an white stockings ; weel may lads be feaared to wed when laffes

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ligs awt their brass ea gose caps, an girt corls, an sic like gear, fit for nea body but Madam Wilson, an sic like girt gentelfowk.

Mary. Sic things dud varra weel when they wur ith fashion, but naw yee see nea yan bawnth ith worsed stockings et can git white yans, an they dunnet leak weel when fowk is dond ea their sunday claiths, an young fowk wad be like their nebbors.

Ann. Sflesh! to hear cocklers wife an a tow spinner tauk a fashons, it wad mae a body spew: when I wor young we hed nea donsinnets, it wor nit ith fashion for ivvery young lafs to be wed wie her Happron up, it wor nit ith fashion te keep wedden en kirsenin at seaam time that com up wie donsinnets, an girt caps, an corls.

Mary. Yee see ivvery pleasee groos maar grand, wards prauder then when yee war young; leak ath men haw they er dond; they er as fine as laffes; leak what fine ribans rawnd thar hats, ther

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vests haw they er tornd dawn, an sic girt buckles, ameast oa owar ther shoon, rufld shirts an fine neckclaths; I think they lig ther brass awt as badly as laffes ea my mind.

Ann. Nivver dud I leak to see sic girt deains, an sic pride croppen intul Storth an Arnside, nowt can awt dea them ise sure, they er dond awt maar then ony that cums to Beethom Kirk.

Mary. Whya they git it an sure they hev a reet to lig it awt oa ther backs; I hev hard monny lads say at connyst laffes et cums toth Kirk, cums awt oa Arnfide an Storth.

Ann. Wiltæ gang heaam an fettel the sel to the wark, an I care nowt what they dea wie ther brass.

Mary. Nay nivver while ea leev, I'll gang reet tæ Lankester, an frae thear tæ Lunon, and when gitten a pleaas ise send yee word haw I like.

Ann. Thaurt a reet hard harted lairly, than can torn the back oth barns, what hæ they dun at the, poor things, for

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sham, gang heaam an meaak it up wie Joan, an stay wieth lads.

Mary. What an be lickd an clamd?

Ann. Thau caant be ill clamd an feaav hoaf a ginny; clamin wad hev meaad the brick it for breed; cum, gang heaam, kifs tæ barns, an then if thau will gang preithe dea; but a lile fire-fide at yans ane heaam, is better than a fearful girt yan at yans Maisters.

Mary. I kna net what tæ dea, ise laath tæ leav th barns, I think I mun stay; but wha can this be? he leaks an he wur lost. Whaar cum yee frae a preia?

Stranger. I com frae aaboon an ise gangin toth below, but I lost me fel on thor plaguy Fels, an I been maunderin twoa heaal neets an twoa days, an naw ise gitten on tæ thor sands, ise as ill off as ivver; a preia haw munea git in toth Laa Fornafs?

Ann. What yee hæ sum cusens thear, I racken.

Stranger. Nay, net as I kna on, ise gangin to lait wark.

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Mary. Sflesh! yee hæ sum lass wie barn, an want tæ git awt oth way, yee leak sea wea; for sure he blushes.

Ann. Tak my cauncil, gang the way back agayn an wed her, its better then runnin thy cuntry, an if shees a farently lafs yee mun beath dra yaa way an yeel dea, I warrant tæ.

Stranger. Nae yeer mistane, I nea lafs wie barn, but ise leavin me pleaas sumet abaut a lafs bein wie barn, thats fartan.

Ann. Cum the way wie me, leakstea, yons my hause, an if thaul gang wie me I'll gie the a fleak an a pot-ful a faur milk, an thau maes tell us awe abaut it.

Stranger. Ise ean gang wie yee, an yeel mappen show me th way into Fornefs.

Ann. Aye, aye, barn wees tel the awt wie kna, when tau hes filt the bekly, cum gae the wae in wie Mary, an ise bring a lock a peats toth fire.

Sflesh, leak! soo hes gitten in toth garth an shees hitten up awth turmits, rooted up awth parcel, an trodden dawn oa me poleanters ; dule tak her for an unluc-

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ky carron, but I'll fean meaak an end a the, for I'll sell the if onny yan will by the ea O kirsendom cauntry. But cum naw let us kna, what braut yee hear? a preia.

Stranger. Yee mun kna I leevd up ith Fels, a girt way aboon Hougil, maister hed a girt staat, he kept it in his awn hands, we wur twoa men an twoa laffes, yan wur hause-keeper, an like, we thout they wor tath girt, but we wur laith tae sayt, for he wur a terrable man, an if onny yan fead awt about em he wad laa em tae death, oa th nebbors feard him, nea yan durst mell on him onny whaar raund; yaa neet he cood me intul th barn, 'Joan,' sed he, 'I want the tae gang an arrant for me, ith mornin, yee mun be reddy tae set awt sean, an give Befs a gud feed a corn, ise gangin tae put girt trist ea the, thau mun be reddy be faur a clock;' I sed 'aye, I wad.' I wur up as seen as I cud see leet, an maister bad me yoak th coverd cart; I cud net think

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what he wur gaain toa send me for; when I hed dun it I brout it toth dure, an he put in a box an a chair, then tewk me intul th hause, gav me a dram, and a crown for spences ath road, bad me tack girt caare ea what I wur bawn tae carry; I sed 'I wod.' He went in an braut awt Betty, awr hausekeeper, helpd her in toth cart, then coverd her sea cloase nea yan cud see her, and bad me tak her tae Temple Saurby, an gav me a ritten paaper, whaar tae leaav her, we wur just gangin off when maister com tae me an sed, 'I'll gie the hoaf a ginny for the daark, an thau git her feaaf thear,' I sed 'ise dea me best,' an we set off an went about three miles, an I thout I'st meaak a gud daark ont. We wur gangin dawn a lile hill when I saw I hed twoa hod stockins on; I thout I sud hae tumeld owar, for I knew varra weel I sud hae ill luck; for I nivver but twice dond twoa hod stockins on, an yaa time I wur plooin ith lang deal, an

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Jewel teak fret, an ran oway, brak oa th gear fearfully, leaamd her showder, an like tae kilt me; neist time I wur gangin toth mill anth watter wur awt, an I hed four laaid a corn, I hed like tae been drownt, an I lost yaa

laaid of corn, an was varra glad to feaav me fel; soa yee may think haw
freetend I wur when I saw my stockins.

Mary. Ive hard folk say its, fearful unlucky.

Stranger. Terrable soa indeed; ise sure ive hard me mudder an me
grondy say they wad rader see a spirit er the dule his fel, then hev twea hod
stockins on ther legs; it boads sum girt truble.

Ann. An preia waht happend?

Stranger. When we hed gean abaut five mile we com tae an yale
house, whaar ther wor tae be Cock-feighten, for it wur pankeak Tuesday;
thear stewd at dure three young men; I kent em aw. ‘Whaars tau gaain?’ ses
they, ‘to Sebber,’ sed I. ‘What mes tac

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cum this way?’ ‘ive summet tae leaav,’ sed I; ‘what haefta ith cart?’ sed
they, ‘woo,’ sed I; ‘woo,’ sed they, an wie that they com abaut it. I naw
began tae be freetend; yan on em tewk hand oma, an sweaar I sud drink wie
em, tudder twea gat haad oth horse; they pood me toth yale hause dure, an
cood for a quart of yale, an a dram int, an we hed sean dun; I offerd tae pay
for it, but they swaar I sud pay for neist; just then awr Bet sneesd, an they
hard her. ‘Aye, whats that,’ says Joan Scapin, a raskot et hes leevt ea varra
gud pleaces, but can bide ith nin, hees sea drucken; ‘ what toth dule hes tae
gitten amang woo? it mun be alive, but weel see hawivver; wie that I tewk
haad oth mear an offerd tae drive on, but they ran toth a---e et cart, an
tornd upth claith, an saw Bet. Lord how they laft, an fleerd, an bullied.
‘Woo!’ sed yan; ‘ woo!’ sed another, ‘pure soft woo, weel teaas it a bit;’
an Scapin gat intul th cart. Bet wur a brave staut

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lafs, an clickd haad ea Scapin beeth colar, an flang him awt; an he leet on
his back, an brak his heead on a stean; it bled fearfully, he gat up an streak
at me, I streak agayn, an they oa threo set omea. Bet lowpt awt oth cart, an
tewk my part, an we fout for sum time, but we fairly dreave em towart
hause; they coad her awth whoors they cud think on, an me awth baads; it
vext her fae ill, that she fetchd Scapin fic a drive I thout she hed kilt him;
he bled at noase an mauth, an wor a terrable feet, lanlord an wife com an
tewk agayn us; lanleady sed I mud be shamd on mysel tae offer tae gang
away, an nit tae pay for th yale; I sed ‘ I nivver meant but but tae pay fort,
but I wur sae vext wie them leakin intul th cart;’ ‘thau ert a dirty lairly,’
sed she, ‘tae cary whoors up an dawn th cuntry, an becaus twea or three

young fellos hed a mind tae leak intul th cart, thau mun knock ther een up, than, an cheat poor fowk ea their due.’ Poor Bet hed her cap an neck-

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clath pood off, her noase brosen, an leakt like a mad thing; I wur fearful feard they mud hae hurt her or her barn; she hed brosen twea oa their noases, an peyld their feaces black an blue; an pood off heal handfuls of haar. I gat her intul th cart, an set off as fast as I cud drive; when we hed gean about a ile, I faa a lile well at botom on a hill; I telt Bet I wad drive tea it, an she mud wesh hersel, ‘dud I think they wad follow us,’ I sed ‘nay I thout imme hart they hed gitten enuff;’ when we com tae it, she gat awt, wesht her feace an neck, camd her haar, an tweek a clean cap, an neckclath, an happron, awt on her box, an lockt up her riven rags, an they wur aw blead beside. My blaws hed meaad me heaad wark fearfully, an I cud hardly see awe omea een; an we thout it began tae be ameast nean, we wur baith on us varra feekly. I saw a yale hause, an telt Bet, she bad me gang tult, an see if we cud hev onny dinner; th wo-

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man sed she hed gud beef an bacon colops, an pankeaks, I went an telt Bet, she gat awt an com in; I eshd for a privat roun, but nea yan et hed a fire in but th hause. I went tae leak hefter my mear, when a lile barn com tae me an sed, ‘yee mun cum in, fretend awt omea wits, an fand Bet in a soon; th lanleady wur a varra graadly body, she laafd her stays, slat watter in her feace, an brout her to her fel, meaad her tak fum brandy, en she wur fean better, and hit her dinner varra weel. We set off as fean hes we hed awr dinner, an we hed awr dinner, an we hed twea quarts of yale at dinner, an I thout Bet drank varra mitch for a young woman. I payd awr racknin, an we set off agayn, an dud varra weel about twea mile, when we met sum lads an laffes ganging tae kest their pankeaks, they com about me lik bees, an oa at yance eshd what I hed gitten imme cart, I sed wild beasts, an if yee dunnet gang yaur ways I’ll hoppen

[34]

th dure omea cart an let omea lyons an dragons awt; they steud starin at me, an Bet, ith inside, fetchd a girt greaan, an gloard at em thro a lile hoole ith claith, it fretend em, they set a runnin as fast as their legs wad let em, wich varra weel pleasd Bet an me; an we draave on till about a mile off Temple Saurby.

Mary. Belike man yee hed nae mair mishaps.

Stranger. They wur but beginnin woman! Why as I sed we wur about a mile off Temple Saurby, when a fargant an drummer, an ya fouger, owarteuk us; ‘haw far this way friend?’ sed they, ‘to th neisht vilage,’ sed I. What hae yee gitten ea yer cart?’ sed they, ‘wild beasts,’ sed I; ‘let us leak at em,’ sed they, ‘an weel gie the a hoopenny a piece; ‘nay’ sed I, they er tae hoangry tae be leakd at, naw yee may see em when they cum toth far end;’ wie that they went on, an I sed laa dawn tae Bet, I wur fearful fain we hed gitten rid on

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em; wie that she set up a gir shaut ea laffin, an they lewkd back, an steud still, I sed they hev hard thee for sartin, they er cummin back agayn; I quite didderd for fear; the sargant com up an sed, dud my wild beaasts laf? dud I kna it wer condemnation tae owar sea for makin gam on his madgestys cumanders by land or seaas; an he leakt sae terrably I war ready tae soond; I thout they wad tak me for a souger for sure. While he taukd tae me, tother twea pood upth claith an leakt intulth cart, an sweaar she wur a reet conny lass an they wad hev a kiss on her, an they baith lowpt intulth cart, an I thout Bet leakt weel enuff pleaast; an they oa raaid ith cart tul we com toth spot whaar I set Bet dawn, for I fand it awt varra sean; I then tewkt mear an went oth yale hause an gat her sum gud hay an three pennerth a corn, an while she hit it I went intulth hause, but it wur a weary gangin in for me, an I’ll nivver gang intul onny hause whaar, ther is fougurs while my neaam is Joan.

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Ann. They er wicked fellos for sure theyl dea awt tae git poor lads listed, yan oa my barns hed like tae been taen wie em, he gat awt on a lile windaw an left a bran span new hat, worth hoaf a crown, an ran o’th way frae Kendal tae Sizer, afore he ivver leakt back, he hed welly brosen his sel wie runnin frae thor varmant.

Stranger. Well, whileth awd mear wur hittin I went intulth hause, thear wur a varra gud fire; I cood for a pint a yale, while I wur drinkin it in com thor sougers an feet dawn beeth fire, an esht me if I wad sarve the king, they wad meaak me a captan sean? I sed nay I hed nae thours ont yet; they cood for punch, an listed yan befoar me feace; I wad net drink wie em ner hae nowt tae dea wie kings stuff; lafs oth hause com wie a lock ea peats toth fire, an they gav her a jow an she fell oa my knee, an dang me hat off,

th fargant clapt his omme heaad, an sed naw yee hev worn his madgestys
livery, yee er listed; I pood it off an

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scund it upth flear, an ran toth dure as faft as ea cud, but he wur sean hefter
me, gat haad omme be me shirt neck, an hod me fae fast I thout he wad
throple me; when ea cud speak I esht him what he wanted wie me, he sed I
hed listed, an he wad mak me gang alang wie him afoar a Justafs to swear;
I wur sadly fretend an whakerd ea ivvery Jim, nay I tremelt sae I cud net
stand, fargant clapt me oth back an sed ‘currence man, I’ll meaak the a
genral,’ I sed pleaas yee fir ise a farvant, an if I dunnet carryth mear back
tae neet my maister will hang me, for he will swear I hae stown her, an
hees a fearful awful man, as onny yan that knaas him can tel yee; he laft, an
sed if he com he wad list him teya, then cursed an sweaar terrably, ‘for as
tae thee,’ sed he, ‘thau ert fairly listed as onny man can be ith varfal ward,
he wod stand teak.’ wor ameast beside mysel, an it wor naw neen a clock at
neet, I hed roard an begd an prayd an toth nae end, I bethout mea I wad git

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sum yan tae rite a letter tae me maister, an send him word haw I wor off, an
for him tae cum an fetch th mear. I esht lanlord if I cud git onny yan tae rite
for me, he sed ‘aye tomorn, but nin toneet.’ We drank till midneet, for
they wad nit let me gang awt oth their feet; we hed a gay gud bed, but I wur
sae fearful uneaafy imme mind I cud net sleep; abaut four a clock th lafs
ath hause crap intoth loft wie a resh canel; thear wor twea beds, th fargant
an I ligd ith yan, an th twea sougers ith tudder; she leakd ith yan then ith
tudder, then sed laa dawn tae me, ‘git up,’ I crap awt a bed varra soaftly an
dond mesel, steaal quietly awt oth loft an dawn stairs intoth hause; th sed
‘here sup thor podish, I hev yoakt theeth cart, an git off wie the as fast as
tae can, their is hoaf a crawn for the tae pay, but thau hed better pay that
than be a souger, an if thau hesent sae mitch abaut thee, I’ll lig it dawn for
the an we mappen meet at Kendal or Warton fair, an thau may gie it me
agayn, for

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ise wae tae see haw thau wor turmoild wie thor varmant oth sougers, they
er th []et ivver com ea onny hause I thankt her monny a time, payd hoaf a
crawn, en gave her sixpence for tae by her a riban, an set off as

hard as I cud drive heaam, an thout like me maister wad be gayle weel content when he hard haw it wur we me, but when I gat heaam he wur gean awt, an [await] Mad telt me haw he hed hard haw that Scapin that us at sine oth Jolly Boutchers, an that like I meaad fines for em tae leak intul me cart, an that I tewk agayn Bet, an he fell [intukas girt pashon], an if weaar he [wak] transports me, for he was sure I hed stown th mear, an run away wie her, an he towd her when he went awt, he wur gangin awt, that he wur gaain tae git a command [hen tae tak] me onny whaar er ea onny [saop] whaar ivver he [fand mea] o' th caunty; she sed she thout like I'd best gang away awt on his gaait, an she wad gie me [allile pye], an sum [chees an bread, a quait botle] wa drink, I tewk

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what brass I hed an she wad send me claiths tae me mudders; I telt her haw it aw wor, at she mud tell me maister. We tewk a sorroful fareweel, an I set off tae cum owar th fels an I wor twea heaal days an twea heaal neets on em tul I wur ameaast clamd an starvd tae deaath, an ameaast freetend awt omme wits wie sic a terrable boggart as I beleev nivver onny yan saa befoar, nay th varra thouts ont meyas me back beaan wark.

Mary. Whya, marcy on us! yee hed oa maks a trubble, whaar saa yee it? what wur it like? what shap wur it in?

Ann. Aye, preia tell us what yee faa, what wur it like coaf? I kna a man at wur sadly flayd with a boggart like a a coaf, an it mood fearfully, an [sheaad haurs] be him, chewing it cud.

Mary. It mappen wur a coaf.

Stranger. Whya, mappen it wur, but this at I faa war twenty times as big as a coaf. I hed geaan twoa days an a neet owar thor [fels] an cud [feend mea way]

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off em ea this side; I wur sea teerd wie maanderin up an dawn an teaavin ith ling I laaid me dawn on a breaad scar, an sean fel asleep, tul summet weaaked me varra caad omme feace, I leakt up an summet stead gloarin at me as big as a girt bull an sic a par oa saucer een, as wad hae flayd the dule his fel, hed he seen it, ise [fartan]; I hofferd tae git up but I cudnt stand, it nivver stird but stead glorain im ne feace, an then seat up sic a roar as wad hae flayd twenty men, an reerd it sel eun up; I cud see it wur oa owar black, an twea horns as girt as onny bulls; I shut me een an hoppend em mony times, to see if it wad gang away, for I hev hard fowk say if yee shut yer

een a spirit will vanish, but it nivver stirt, but stead a lang while, then laaid it dawn about ten yards frae me; I then thout for sure I sud dee wie freet, an [wisht mesel] back wie me maister, Haw mony [hawers] it [ligd] thear I kna net, but when it wur leet it hed tornd itsel intul a girt black teap; I wur then

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warse freetend beeth hoaf, for I wur fartan it cud be nowt but the dule et cud torn his fel intul onny shap. I raafd me fel up but I whakerd fearfully, me knees knockt yan agayn tudder, an I crap quietly by it, an tewk dawn th fel as fast as ea cud; I hed gitten about five hundred yerds frae it when I thout I wad leak behint me, an see if it stird, but marcy on us ! it wur within a yerd omme, I then cud bide nae langer, I tumelt owar an roard awt fearfully, I thout then it wur awd Nick cum for me, et maister hed geaan toth wife man tae kna whaar I wur, an that he sent th dule hefter me tae bring me back; I thout I wad torn agayn, for it dud nit matter gangin onny farther. I leakt up an saa a hause about hoaf a mile frae me; I creaap a girt way omme hands, for I hed nit pawer tae git up, an was terrable feard tae leak back et laft I dud an it wur clean gean; I wur nivver sae fain ea oa me born days, I sean gat up an ran toth hause, it wur a yale hause an a reet

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graadly body she wur at leevt at it; I gat a pint a yale an sum chees an bread, I telt her haw I hed been flayd, an she sed ther wor flayin oa thor fels, she her sel hed yance been sadly freetend, she saw a horse wie awt a heaad, on that varra spot whaar I wur sae slayd, an she sed wad net gang on it ath neet for aw Sebber, for a man yance steaal a horse! an morderd it ith top a thor fels, an it spirit her oways haunted that spot ivver sen; sumtimes like a horse, sumtimes like a teap, an oft like a man wie awt a heaad; yee may think haw flayd I wur when she telt me oa this; she sed she thout I hed better stay oa neet an set off this mornin, I dud sae; an hed a gud neet fleep, or I sud hae been quite kilt, ise fartan. An naw if yee can shoo me th way intul Laa Fornass ise be mitch behouden tae yee, ise nit be lang awt oa wark, I racken, an I think beeth heaam ath ward it ligs sum whaar yonder, if I cud but git owar this watter ise sean feend it [awt, oan] I hoap ise nit be lang ea gitten a spot.

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Ann. Lord barn! yee need nit gang tae Laa Fornass, for wark, hears fowk enow hear et will employ yee.

Stranger. If ea thout fea I'd stay, but whaar mun I gang tae git [warkr] yee mun help me tea it, I ken nae yan ea this spot.

Mary. Thau cudnt a leet on a better body then Ann, she kens awth girt farmers rawnd, an will git the intul sum spot.

Ann. Aye, thau mun stay hear aw neet, an toth morn ise find tea a maister, a goddil thears a merry-neet at awr neist nebbors tae nect; an thau may gang the way an git a sweetheart, it will chear the a bit, [whatlfays] tae?

Stranger. I hae nin omme donsins shoon I wod I hed, for ise rackend a fearful top donser at heaam, an ise terrable keen ont, I nivver miss a merry-neet for ten mile raund; awe awr kin is rackend girt featers, I think imme mind I cud bang awth ward in a hornpipe, an ise a top hand at a jig an a reel, nin ea awr parts can

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top me, nay I bangd th maister et com tae Hougil, at his boll, an thear wur a fearful grand man et com frae a spot welly be Lunon, an ea cood me tea him, an sed, 'me lad, thau ert best donser I ivver saw ea oa me time,' then sed he, dud tae ivver donse on a stage? I sed 'nay,' he sed, 'if I wor thee I'd gang toth Hopera Hause,' I think he coad it, 'thau mud git a hundreth a year, for donfin for th king.'

Ann. Why dunnet yee, whya yee er a boarn [foad], wad I cud donfe an wor young, I'd gang mesel, whya lad thau mud meaak the fortun.

Mary. An yet yee er agayn me gangin onny whaar ith ward.

Ann. Whar toth dule wod tae gang, is tae net wed an gitten barns about tea, hang the for a lairly, stay at heaam an be content, mind tea tow spinnin, an let me hear nae mair othee maggats ea runnin frae the ane heaam. Cum lad, ise tak thee amang young fowk, yeell sean kna yan anudder.

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Stranger. Aye, ise sean ken em, ise nae way swamas.

Ann. Fareweel Mary, ise coo an see thee neist week, ise cum yaur way, an I'll bring a bit a tee imme pocket, an a white leaaf, an weel hev a swoap a teetegidder, an nivver heed Joan.

Mary. Ise be varra fain tae sea yee, for I hae nea yan tae hoppen mefel teaa but yee. Farweel Ann.

END OF DIALOGUE FIRST.

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DIALOGUE II.
BETWEEN
BETTY, AGGY, &
JENNET,

Upon the loss of a husband.

Betty. WHYA haw er ye oa hear, I wod hae cum et seaa afoar naw, but it hes been sae caad, I wur terrable feard a meaakin mesel badly agayn, en ive hed a fearful time ont for sure.

Aggy. Yee hev indeed, en yee leak fearful badly; cum an sit yee dawn ith neak, en keep yersel warm.

Jennet. Ley me sweep upth fire-side, this rotten tow meaaks aw dirt: dunnet sit thear Betty, for when th dure hoppens awth feat an th reek el blaw ea yer

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feace; kem awt yer haar mudder, an put on yer cap, what a feet yee er.

Aggy. Dear me barn, I dunnet mitch heed mesel, I hae lost oa me cumfort ea this ward.

Betty. Aye, here hes been a girt awteration sen I wur here.

Aggy. Ayer, waist omme! I hev hed a saar loss, I hev parted wie a varra gud husband, oh dear! oh! oh!

Betty. What yee munnet greet, but mack yersel content, its GOD's will; we mun oa gang yaa time er udder, I racken.

Jennet. I oft tell me mudder shees rang tae freat, mony a yans wars of then us sheeas a varra gud hause en twea conny fields; a mofs an a varra gud garth, four kaws; a coaf; a galoway; twenty sheep; en a varra gud swine, et dunnet want aboon a week ea been fat enuff tae kill; e hae baith meal an maut ith kist, en a bit oa a flick a bacon, beside a net ful a fleaks, en plenty a potates; soa then yee kna ther can be nae want.

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Betty. Ise fain et hear it, en thau munsta et heaam, en be a gud lafs, en cumfert the mudder, en keep thesel unwed en tae can.

Jennet. Ise dea me best.

Betty. What il yee keep awth swine, er yeel sell sum ont, yee can nivver dea wie it oa.

Aggy. Nay, ise sell o'th legs an a flick, en keepth rest. Ive a deal tae think on naw sen I lost my poor man, he oaways used tae butch it hissel, but naw I mun pay for it been dum. Nae weast me! what a girt loss I hev on him; he was sean gean ith end, thof he hed meand him this hoaf year en hed a girt caadnefs in his heaad, en wod oft tak awt his pocket neck-clath an lig it on his heaad, en he thout it meaad it yeasy; I fewd him flandin in his neet cap, but oa wod nit dea, I wod fain hev hed him tae hed a docter, but nin oa his side, neither men fowk nor wimen, ivver hed yan, en he wod bring up nae new customs, en I racken they cud hev dun him nae gud.

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Betty. Nae net they, they er fit for nin but girt fowk, et hes brafs enuff tae gie em; hen my lile barn was bornt, et it varra guts wur seen, we sent for yan, en what she deed, en monny a yan sed, en I hed ligd on enuff a porpefs oil, she wod hae ment. What ye er for mackin faals er net yee? ea sum eth ky en sheep.

Aggy. Aye, I hev maar en I can dea wie, I'll keep nowt but yaa kaw andth galoway, it el be far less trubble, I cannit dea wieth land; a woman is whaint ill of when shees left aleaan, but me cusen Giles promises tae dea for mea.

Betty. Hees rackend a varra graadly man; but hes your maister meaad a will; ther el net be sae mitch trubble, en fowk saes he hes left yee a fearful rich weedo, en yer dowter a varra mensful porshon.

Aggy. Ayer, we er left varra connoly, en she dea but mind hersel, en net thra hersel oway a sum lairly fello.

Jennet. I'll hae nin, I'll thra mesel oway a nin, noder bad ner gud; I'll

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lake a bit ith ward efore e tee mesel tae forro.

Betty. Whya mind et tae dus. I hev a girt favor tae esh on yee, will yee preia sell me a goos, summet her worried yan ev ours, we fand it rivven tae bits, an liggin ath middin; I saa yaurs es e com in, an they leak varra fat,

en a fearful stegg yee hev for sure.

Aggy. Yees hev a goos en welcom, I felt em et hoaf a crawn a piece
at

Lankester, en we hed a varra girt flock.

Betty. I think yee oways hev; we hev hed weary luck wie our daum
things this yeer; we hed twea fine cocks gat tagidder, en yan [kile] tudder,
I
cud hae hae felt yan on em tae fout at Beetham cock feights, for hoaf a
crawn; then goos wur rivven tae bits, fox gat four hens, a dog et com
through faud raav a duck heaad of, en tummelt owar a girt pot wie best wort
in, I hed set awt tae gang caad, brack pot spilt drink; it wur weary wark, I
thout ea sud hae gaan craaisy, I wur fae rotten mad.

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Aggy. Cum lafs fetth wheel by, an git tae the sewin, en git me caps
meaad, thau mun lig braaid hems ath borders; I wur forst tae by new black,
baith for her an mesel.

Betty. Whya nowt but weel, yee hev enuff tae by wie. Thear wur a
paur a fowk et berrin I hard, en ye gat meat for em awe; ye mud hev a paup
a
cooks, I wur whaint forry et e cud net cum.

Aggy. I wur fearful wae et yee [wur] badly, I sud hae been glad tae
see
yee amang fowk, we hed been lang nebbors, en I kent yee ivver sen we war
lile laffes, en oways liekt yee. Thear wur plenty ea oa macks ea meet, an
varra weel gitten, varra gud pyes an rare puddins, full ea raisens en corrons,
better wur nivver meaad e aw Betham parish, ise sure.

Betty. I haard awe wur fearful gud, an a varra mannerly berrin it
wur; nay I mun tell yee what me cufen Tomy sed when he com heaam, he
sed, says

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he, yon weedo is tae conny a body, he sed, tae be lang a weedo, says he,
lads el be hefter her fean, she leaks younger then her dowter.

Aggy. Oh Betty! I nivver can think on a nudder husband, ise sure
barn ise dee on a brocken heart, haw cud the cusen Thomas tauk about me,
hees a a weedo his sel, en mud kna what forro yan mud be in; tae be sure if
I thout a weddin agayn, I hed as leev tak him as onny yan I kna. Cum lass

put tee kettel on, I think nowt ea sweetharts, its fearful queer thee cusen sud tauk a me.

Jennet. Mun e maak a bit a breaad mudder.

Aggy. Aye barn, an maak it gud, for ise reet fain tae see Betty, shees a girt stranger.

Betty. Whya for sure I wod net hae been sae lang but thro bein badly, en I wur vext at awr lafs weddin, en we hed twea kaws pickt coaf, an yaa thing er udder maad me warfe en e sud hae been

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Jennet. E preia wur it true et Tom wod hardly hev her.

Aggy. Awt on him, wha wur sae likely, when he hed gitten her a barn?

Betty. Yee say truly Aggy, but I daut hees nowt et dow, for her fadder gav her forty paund, en he wod hardly hev her then, but he [behaavs] varra weel sen, an I hope theyl [deal]; what he fishes, an she spins tow tae be sure she oannit git mitch wie a lile barn; I gie her a swoap a milk en a heap ea potates; naw an tan, en monny an hodd thing, yan cannit help draain tother ane barn.

Aggy. Nay haw sud they.

Betty. Whya oa my barns is wed naw, baath ladien lafs, they wur [clever] farvants; as toth laffes ise sure nin cud top em, eider for milkness, or in dure wark, baath ary an Nelly hes led shearin field when thear wur twenty men, an shear till sweat braft throu [their stays], they wod hae been brosen afore they wod hae been [baned].

Aggy. Aye they wur gud workers,

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they hed fearful spirits, nowt feard em, but I think sum on em is mitch awterd sen they wur wed.

Jennet. Aye for sure it wad flay yan frae weddin tae leak at em, tae see haw their turmoild wie barns an wark, en lile tae dea on; I'll nivver leaav me mudder, I'll stay wie her, nae weddin far me, I'll be nae mans drudge.

Aggy. Sic maapment thau tauks, thau mun stay tulth reet an cums, heel tak nae nay barn.

Betty. But what el Dicky say tae that, for I hard hees fearful fond on the, en lowpt raund the like a young teap, that neet ye wur at a merry- neet tagidder.

Jennet. He may sit ath middin unstown, for me, ise for nae Dickys ner Richards neider.

Betty. What taws mappen fer Joany, he hes a conny hause weel set tae tak the teea, kaws en sheep, boos swept en band hung up a thau ert a reet fause en.

Jennet. Nay ise for nin on em, I kna when ise well, I'll gang tae bed maister en git up deam.

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Betty. Whya reet enuff en tae can but hod a that mind it may dea, but thaul nit like et be cood en aud maid; leak et me cusen Jennet, she may norse barns in her doat-age, en put her spectacles on tae don em.

Aggy. Aye for sure she wur groon aud, what then, yans like tae stay tul yans time cums; but they says hees a reet farrantly fello; fos yee see thears [Juck] e leifer.

Betty. Aye, awr Tom wur at Lankester ya Seterday, en he sed he wur thear wie butter an eggs; markets hes been terrable laa this lang time, hardly worth gangin teea; but it wur size, en wur a varra liefel market, an et wur a wunder.

Aggy. Aye barn its this Irish butter et cums fraeth awt lands, its a sham tae let it cum tae foeth markets soa, butth girt fowk aboon, dont mindth paur fowk below, er else yee kna they mud send it tae French or Scotch.

Betty. Aye for sure, but I racken th king hes been fearful badly, en soa things hes gaan rang, en he cud net or-

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der es he used tae dea, for yee kna tul he wur badly things wur net a thiffen; GOD send him better say I.

Aggy. Amen. If he sud dee wha mun be king then? is ter onny aboon Lord Darby? will he be king? I sud think that mud dea weel for Beetham Parish, weest happen git an organ then.

Jennet. Lord mudder, he hes barns enow on his ane; hees a matter on a dusen; dunnet yee kna I wur readin em ith Amanack, ya Sunday, when it raind?

Aggy. I thout them hed been sum udder kings barns, they hed sic autlandish neaams, thau cud nit coo em.

Betty. Lord woman! girt fowk coos ther barns sic heathenish neaams hes wod flay yan; whya me cusen Ann, et leevs e Lunon, welly beeth kings hause, brout a barn dawn wie her, et she cood Ariet, I wur quite

wae et she dud net coo it Margery, hefter her mudder, wha wur a varra graaidly body.

Aggy. What wur it a lad or lafs ea preia?

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Betty. Nay it wur a lass for sure.

Aggy. Lord bless us! what a neaam, en she leevd e this cuntry she wod hev Ariets enow.

Jennet. What yaur nebbors gangin tae wed, I hear.

Betty. Wae worth her, et cannit mack hersel contented wie her barns, but she mun hev a man tae git her maat, an she may mentain them an him teea, for heel work nin, I daut.

Aggy. Sure thear is nowt sae simple es weedos, they nivver kna when ther er weel, if she wed him sheel dra hersel tae a pair oa sorro, sheel kna nae end ont e this ward, I daut.

Betty. Marry, en awe be true ets taukd she may be glad en heel hev her, she hes put it awt on her pair ta fay him nay.

Aggy. Lord barn! what is cum amang wimmen an laffes e this parish? I think the dule hes thrawn his club owar em, they er oa gaan craify, they er shamful nin on em wed but they hev their happron up, modesty is clean gean awt oth

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cuntry, it wur nit sae when yee an I wor young; I kna nit whaarth faut is, I wod it cud be fund awt.

Betty. Aye soa deya I, but they mind nowt but donnin thersels, en gangin srae hause tae hause, hearin news an mellin ea ther nebbors, an gittin sweetarts, an when they gang toth kirk they mind nin oth parson, they cannit keep ther een hoppen, they been up oa neet wie sum lad, they tak mair pastime ea what they see ith kirk-garth, then what they hear ith kirk.

Aggy. I think yaa girt faut is, fowk dunnet keep their barns enuff under when they er young, for I kna monny et el corse their fadder an mudder, an bid em dea it thersel. Naw preia what et dow can cum oa sic like mismannerd deams, it mun end ea sorro, for I kna nit what side toth bleaam.

Betty. What er yee begun tae greaav peats yet?

Aggy. Nay barn, oas soa wet et I yhink its tae sean, beside me cusen Tomd tae

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greeav em for me, an he is ivvery day at cockl skeer, for yee kna I hev nowt naw but a hirein, en ea want twea or three fleaks naw I mun by em; oh! waes me; I'se badly off for sure, I nivver knew what it wor tae by a fleak sen I wor wed, naw gangin ea forty yeer.

Betty. Whya, whya, yeel tak better teaat hefter a bit, summer is cumin on, yeel git awt a dures, en yeel nit be fae dowly, yeel see. I wod baith yee an Jennet wad cum tae awr hause neist monday, awr Mary is gaain tae twilt a yallo linsey twilt, an awth young fowk is cumin tae help, ad varra conny ittil be, its her ane spinnin baith linnin anth woon, an it left on her cortans, en she meaad em up varra grand wie [leace], an tae dra raund, I wod hae hed her tae set bed tath woe, but she wodnt, she wur tath praud, en likes toth be like quality mak.

Aggy. Whya nowt but weel, she seems a varra conny fusom wife, en I hear they hoffer et dea varra weel, en baith draas yaa way, en giten ther lile farm varra

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connoly stockt, en her fadder I racken, hes been varra gud tae her.

Betty. He hes dun tull em oa alike, he gav em, lad en lass, forty paund a piece, toth set em foret ith ward, we thout it wur better then keepin it tull we deed; we sud see haw they hofferd, an it wad be better then keepin em ea poverty, an makin em wish for awr death.

Aggy. Toth be sure, young fowk is oft kept dawn ith ward when they wed, an fadder fowk will net help em, an a deel a barns, what can they dea? naw yaurs may git while they er young, an seaav sumet agayn they er aud.

Betty. Whya, we hev dun awr part ise sure, yee kna we mun tak care oa aursels, we er grooin aud en cannit be thout tae work es we hev dun.

Jennet. Cum, will yee torn toth teaable? an git sum tea, an tack sum oa this breead while its warm.

Betty. Ise sorry yee sud put yersel soa mitch awt oth way for me; thi is var-

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ra gud breead, Jennet, I think thau hes put butter int.

Aggy. Ise reet fain yee think it gud, thear naa yan ise fae fain taeth see es yee, ive oft taukt on yee, an awr lafs an I wur for cumin et see yee neist Sunday, for sure.

Betty. Cum what day yee will, yees be welcom, nae yan mair soa; what thaus leakin ith cup, what can thau see, thaul nivver wed, whats tae leakin at?

Jennet. What can yan see nowt but sweethearts, think yee?

Aggy. Thats what meast et young fowk leaks for naw a days.

Jennet. Whya mudder, duddnt they when yee wor young?

Betty. Aye, aye, we hev oa been foalish in her time; dunnet torn me dish up barn, ise welly brosen for sure.

Aggy. Nay yees hev anudder dish for sure, what finisies fix or fewen a thor lile dishes, cum tak a bit mair breead.

Betty. For sure I hev hitten an drunk

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tul ea sweat, leak haw it runs dawn me feace, ise sham me fel.

Jennet. A preia mak free, yee er welcom yee kna, an weel cum an see yee a Sunday, I think [ittel] be better then Monday, mudder.

Aggy. Whya I knaanet but it may; what yee er nit gaain yet sure.

Betty. Whya I mun be like beggars, hes sean as I hev gitten what ea can, I mun gang, for awr aud fello is soa leaam ivver fenth galoway ran oway wie him, an dang him off, an he leet on a braid fear, just beeth well; it wor a marcy it dudnt thra him in, he mud hae been drawnt for sure.

Aggy. Haw leet it preia, dud it ivver run away afore?

Betty. Nay barn, but he was cumin heaam just ith [mirk] ath neet, he hed been at [fmiffy] tae git it shod, en ea cumin dawnth loan, that plaigy dannet, Bil Watson, clatterd his clogs, an flayd galoway, et it set off a gallop an [thraud him] off.

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Jennet. Hang him for a lairly ugly, dud he help him up er haw gat a heaam.

Betty. He help him up! nit he, hang him! awr lafs hed been atth shop, for a quartern a hops, en hard him mean hissel, et first she wur flayd, en steaad still toth harken, but she sean fand it wor her fadder? she gat him up, an draad him heaam a sum fashon, I thout ea suf a foond et feet on him, I wor fae flayd, he hed hort his shouder varra ill, en his back; I rubd him wie porpass oil, en he ligd ea bed ameast a week.

Aggy. An varra weel it wor nae wars, he mud a brocken a lim er twea.

Betty. Aye that he mud, en he hes nivver keffen it, ner nivver will ea this ward, I daut, for hees a girt age, welly four score, awe but for fewen. What a girt net a fleaks yee hev, we hev nit hed yan ith awr hause this twea months, awr aud man cannit gang toth fand naw hees sae leaam, en they mak awt mony a meaal.

Aggy. They dea indeed, I'd leever be

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[wienut hout] then fleaks, I oaways thinkth chimly leaks varra bare when thear nae fleaks int, beside I think they leak varra conny, when they er ith fticks, but I hev been oaways used tul em sen I wor wed, but thats oa owar naw, I nae yan tae git onny for me.

Jennet. Here Betty, tak thor twea or three heaam wie yee, theyl be a neak of a novelty for yee.

Betty. Whya thank yee, but ise flayd I rob yee, ittel happen be a girt bit afore yee git onny mair. Whtas tae gaain tae dea?

Aggy. Yee mun sup a swoap a rum wie me, ittel nit hort yee barn.

Betty. Whya en ea mun ea mun, heres tae oa awr varra gud healths; its fearful strang, I daut ittel maak me drunk.

Aggy. Nit it.

Betty. Whya [fair yee weel,] en ise expect tae see yee[a san day] its a fine ewnin but its a sort a []

Aggy. Whya faar weel, an I wish yee weel heaam.

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Betty. Whya gud neet en thank yee for me; I'll send forth goos neist week, wie awr lass? awr awd fello is soa leaam he can dea nowt but rive taas for whisketts en teanales.

Aggy. Whya varra weel, yees hev it onny time.

END OF DIALOGUE II.

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DIALOGUE III.
BETWEEN

SARAH & JENNET.

OR

*The humours of a Coquet in low life
displayed.*

Sarah. LORD! what a stranger; wha thout tae feen yee hear! I langd tae see the, ive a paur tae tell the.

Jennet. I wad hae cum lang sen but for this plagy shakin, it meyas me sae wake I can hardly dra yaa foat afore tudder.

Sarah. Waist hart! its a terrable bad thing when it fairly gits had oa yan. What yee hard I wor at weddin [Pracken.]

Jennet. Aye an kirsennin teea, an feight hefter awe.

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Sarah. Sic deains wor nivver seen ea awe Beetham parish; ise glad yee er cum this hefter-rean, for awr awd fowks gane toth berrin oa me noant's son's wife's grondy, sae we can hev a bit a a tauk tae awr sels.

Jennet. Ise reet fain ise cum this hefter-nean, awr fowks oa atth moss; cum I lang tae hear about this weddin.

Sarah. Lord [barn!] I knaanit weel whaar tae begin; thear wor neen on us set osf frae this side, an we wor awe dond in awr varra best claiths yee may be sure. I hed on me new stampt gawn et ae bout a John Risk, an gav him three shilin a yerd far it, me white petycoat an me girt plaited cap an me corls, white stockins an claith shoon, an thout I leakt varra fine. Bet hed on her stampt gawn an a fearful girt plaited cap an a neck-clatih on her heaad. Barn hed a varra conny cap on, godmudder brout it [srae] Kendal, an varra bonny it leakt; its a conny lile lass for sure, an varra like Tom, an it wur [dead] awt es

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farrantly; I howd it while they wor wed, an I thout parson leakt varra cross, he sed when he tewkth barn, 'this sud hae cum neen months hence.' We wor sadly fretend for fear he sud scoud us, for yee kna hees a reet gud man, en he sed nae mair, an I thout imme mind I wod nivver be wed while ea leevt before ea brout mesel tae sic sham; ise sure we wor fearful glad when we hed gitten it owar. We went toth yale hause, en hed four girt bauls a punch, an wimmen hed caaks an terrable merry we wor, an awe raaid

heaam fearful woel; anth youngans raaid forth ribban; me cusen Betty hangd awth lads an gat it for sure. We hed a varrra gud dinner at her fadders, hefter we hed dun Tom leakt awt twea botels a rum, he hed fetchd frae Lankester an meaad a fearful girt baul a punch, an he [leakt] es if he wor a fearful weel pleast et he wor wed. Sam an Dick, Bets twea cusens, sang monny a conny sang, an fearful gus singers they er, I wod tey wod cum offen tae Silverdale chappel

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Whenth punch wor drank, Tom sweaar ivvery man an lass sud drink a girt dram, an that lass et refused sud hev it putdawn her throat wie a coaf horn. Wimmen meaad a girt deal a wark but it finised nowt, for drink it they mud, en dud; an I think wie yale an punch at Beetham, their varra gud drink at dinner, an punch an drams, we wor sum on us far geaan, an began tae be varra quarrelsum. Bets nuncle Joan hofferd tae lig five ginneas et his auld mear wod draa Tom ath hives twea carts, horses en awe, en put sum brafs imme fadders hand, Sam leet et fayth mear wod draa baith [horses], carts, en awe, toth [dule]; wie that Tom gat up an lent a girt drive at Sam, drave him agaynth chimley back, an if she hednt new laaid on a lock a mul, he wod hae been saarly bornt, he braft his noase; an what wie blead an seat, I nivver saa sic a seet; he dud nit lig lang, up he gat an tewk haad ev Tom beeth shirt neck, rave it awe dawn an throppld him, an shackt him tul be meaad him [speiv us]

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amang us. Tom up wie his gripen neaf en felt Sam owar, an fel a top on him an skreengd him terrably, an if nae yan hed pood em frae tegidder its my thouts they wod hae kilt yan anudder, they wor sae mad.

Jennet. Ise fearful fain I wor nit thear I'st a been freetend toth death; I hard Sam wor varra ill dun teya.

Sarah. It wor rang on him tae mell on em, they wor sayin nowt tae him, but when drinks in wits awt. Toms a varra lungess fello, an he hed nae reer tae strike a bla at Sam, but he wor gayle une wie him, for he gav him twea black een an rave his fine lin shirt wie a girt hausin ruffel tae bits, an taar his new stampd veft dawn toth pocket, it wor new on Easter Sunday, he wor at Borton in it for the first time.

Jennet. Aye, but Sam spoilt his coat ith dirt ath flear, he nivver can put it on agayn tul its scaurd at Kendal.

Sarah. What finisies taukin, they wor baith toth bleaam; we wimmen tewk

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Sam, en weshd him as weel es we cud, baith feace en coaat, an gav him sum alleker en brawn paaper, tae lig on a girt caul on his braw, an ise sureth lad wor wae enuff; as toth Tom he went away swearin he wod be up wie him for rivin his claiths when they wor dawn ath flear. Bet wor sae freetend she clam on that lang teaable wie her barn, an awe us wimmen creap intoth neak beeth hooun, an stead up tul we went toth part Tom an Sam, an I hort me thaum terrably we pooin em frae tegidder, for they braaid skrat an fout like mad fowk, nay for sure they beaat yan anudder, anth aud fello, et caused oath wark, creap intulth neak, he wos sae flayd.

Jennet. Yee cannit think what a tauk it hes meaad ith nebborhood, an ivvery yan bleaams Tom, for Sams a varra soaber quiet lad I oaways thout, an I hev knawn him monny a yeer.

Sarah. An may kna him langer, fowk says he huddles thea bit, soa thaus like tae hod ea his side. Is nit that true, Jennet.

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Jennet. Nea lass can be seen wie onny lad but nebbors gie it awt he huddles her. Sam el leak hier then me; yee kna heeas a staat, an nae daut el be for a girt porshon, yee kna he huddles Mally, she can bring him a parrak.

Sarah. I omast think heel hae Jennet, she can bring mair then yan when her fadder dees; he esht me atth weddin when ea saw yee; he seemd fearful wae yee hed gitten hald ath shakin, an sed yee wor a terrable conny lafs, ‘aye,’ sed I, ‘an shees gangin tae wed a reet conny lad;’ ‘whaas that,’ he sed, I sed ‘a reet smart young sailor, she gat in wie him when she wor at Lankester;’ he leakt wae en sed nowt for a gud bit, then esht meth mans neaam, I sed ‘what er yee jellus Sammy,’ he sed ‘nay nit I;’ but I saw he wor ameast ready tae greet, I’ll be [hangd] en he dunnet like the, say what tae will agayn it, Jennet.

Jennet. [Dud] he gang wie yee toth merry-neet?

Sarah. Nae for fartan, he wor toth ill

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braaid tae hev onny thouts ath nierryneet.

Jennet. I hard et Tom puneht him an lowpt on his teaas, hess a lairly ugly as ivver wor unhangd!

Sarah. Aye, that he is, but hees up ith ward en cares for nae yan, an if o'th ward wor ea my mind ise care as lile for him; beside staat he meaaks a paur wie his apples, plaums, an straeberrys, for hees for ivvery thing et stirs; he en his fister er a reet par ath greedy yans, an they racken his earth is as gud as onny ith parrish, an hees oways muckin it, soa yee kna itst way toth gud crops.

Jennet. Neaa daut. Haw com yee on atth merry-neet.

Sarah. Whya barn, th dule hed thrawn his club amang us that day for sartan, I gat frae yaa spot ea foin awt tae anudder. I racken we wor twenty on us lads en laffes, awe dond in awr varra best, an blind Tom wor fiddler, an a gud fiddler he is; an we donst about twes haur, then they went raund en

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gidderd a penny a piece fraeth laffes, an toopence fraeth lads. That lairly ugly Joan, et leeves wie farmer Furrows, wad nit part we his brafs tho he donst as mitch as onny yan, an taukd varra shamful toth wimmen, wir that young Harry Scar tewk him beeth britches, an tumled him awt oth donsin loft dawn stairs, he sed he hed lost sum brafs, but nae yan heeded him. Wethen began tae donse agayn, an went on a gud bit, en monny a conny jig an reel teya; then they wor awe for cuntry donses, an we went dawn yan varra weel; neisht cupple et com toth top cood for seasons; when it wor playd lad cud nit lead it off, this meaad a deal a scraffle; wie that Harry Scar sed, 'tak my partner, I'll gang dawnth donse an shoo thee, then tahu may begin thee fel,' he sed he wodnt, he cud deat; they tryd monny a time, but cud meya nowt ont; 'coo up anudder tune,' sed Harry, 'I'll nit,' fedth lad, 'an thaus a faucy oaf for mellin omme,' an sed he wad feight him if he

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wad gang awt donfin loft; wie that o'th laffes gat about Harry, an wad nit let him feight, an oa bleaamd tudder lad for meaakin a stir about nowt; an for my part I wor sae teerd I esht me cufen Ann tae let us gang heaam, for my heaad wor ready to rive wie noise an din, but tae nae purpose, she wod nit gang wieawt Harry.

Jennet. Like enuff, fowk sen they er gangin tae be wed; I hard hees tornd butcher, an started for his sel last Tuesday at Borton, an they hev taen a hause? an yee kna that leaks likely.

Sarah. Aye, I racken its true, whya they I mak a conny farrently par, en they baith dra yaa way ittal dea varra weel, shees gayly nottable, an I

racken ea is part he leaks like a vara widdersful graidly young man. Wiltæ hev a swoap a tee er a swoap a bortery-berry wine; yan thau sal hev, soa mak nae words lafs.

Jennet. I hev nae occashon for nin, sae preia gie yersel nae trubble about [fotchin] me awt.

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Sarah. Yees hev yan for sure, sae chufe?

Jennet. Whya barn, en ea mun I'll hev a swoap a tee, an yeel leak ith cup for me an tell me when ea mun be wed, I kna yeer a varra gud hand at fortunellin.

Sarah. Oddwhite tæ, thau knaas ise nae fortun-teller, en ea cud a telt fortunes I'd ea gean nin toth donsinnit, for fartan.

Jennet. What time gat tæ heaam, a preia?

Sarah. When ea cudnt git Ann tæ cum heaam I steaad up an hofferd tæ cum mesel, when that plaigy Dick Sanders pood me on his knee; I gat up an wad gang, wie that he reaav me happron awt [orh] bindin, pood creak awt oth keep omme pettycoat, an tæ meaak it up wieme he cood for hoaf a dusen caaks an wad meya me tæ em, an wod en dud cum heaam wie me, intulth bargain.

Jennet. Aye, I racken Dick dudnt like

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tæ see onny yan huddle thee but his sel, is nit that it, lass?

Sarah. What yee hev hard hees yan ev my sweetharts, Lord! this ward is brimful a lees, for fartan.

Jennet. Aye, thears lees enow, but I racken thats nin.

Sarah. Yee may be mistaan, as weel as udder fowk. Yee mun kna I went tæ Arnside Tawer, wie awr breaddy toth bull, an she wod nit stand, but set off an ran up Tawer Hill, an throoth Joan, on tæ Middle-barra Plane, an I hefter her, tul I wor welly brosen; Dick wor cumin up frae Silverdel an tornd her, helpt me wie her toth bull, an then went heaam wie me, an while ea leev I'll nivver tak a kaw mair; ise sure its a varra shamful farvis tæ send onny young woman on, en what I think imme hart its dun ea nae spot but Beetham parrish. En frae this nebbors ses we er sweetharts.

Jennet. Paur lass, haw they belie it, a conny lile neat yan, it cannit bide tæ be taukt on, hah! hah! hah!

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Sarah. Nay laff en tae will, I care nowt haw monny sweethearts I hev, I sat up three neets last week wie three sendry yans, soa yee see I hev plenty.

Jennet. Ise whaint sorry tae hear thau er sic maislykin, thau er hortin thee ane health, en happen for them thau caars nowt for; preia leak awt yan an stick tae him, an let awth reft gang by, yee can but maak yan a husband, an yee hae my wish et yee may takth best.

Sarah. Thank yee, thank yee; but yee knaath fairs cumin on, an I kna oa thor lads al treat me at fair. O its conny spoart tae sit up in a raum window drinkin wine en brandy sack, hittin caake, ea leakin inteth geaat at monny a reet nice lafs et can git nae yan tae tak her in, an tae see em leak up at yan, ready tae greet wie spite an envy; oa haw I laff when I see em, an if it rain its mair pastime behoaf tae see em stand under shop windows an ea duers droppin wet, while ise donfin dry an warm; an ifth lads git a swoap a drink an foe tae quarrelin

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about yan, its finer spoart behoaf tae see twea dunces reddy tae knock yan anudders brains awt for a lafs et cares nowt about em, its fearful merry.

Jennet. Thau an I er ea twea ways a thinkin, I dunnet think its for onny womans credit tae fit up wie sae monny lads; oppertunity is a fearful dangerous thing, en hes beenth dawn foa ea monny a conny lafs, tak thau care er sum a thor lads dea thee nae rang, mind th auld fayin, ‘shees weel kept et GOD keeps,’ en dunnet think sae mitch oa thee ane strength.

Sarah. Thau is grown sae grave yan wad think thaur wor just gangin tae luv an obay. Preia when is yaur weddin feast tae be hodden?

Jennet. Ise cum tae invite yee naw, its tae be neisht Seterday.

Sarah. Is tae leein or is tae ea gud girnin earnest?

Jennet. Nay for sure, fadder fowk hes meaad it up ea baith sides, en I racken Sammy an I hes nit mitch agayn [ic].

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Sarah. Whya for sure yee er a sly par, haw shug yee kept it; whya ise cum that be sure.

Jennet. Aye, preia dea, yee mun be my brides maid, for thear is nae lafs I like as weel as yee. I thout nit tae been wed yet, but me fadder hed a mind tae see me settled in his lifetime, an he hofferd tae give us Laa Hause tae leev in, en twea crofts, enth lile moss, a kaw, en heffer, an awr grey horse, hoaf ath scot hees feedin, an a flick a baken; woo tae meaak three par a blankets an twea happins. En me mudder al spin an gie me twea

dusen a tow for sheets an bord claiths, an three score paund a hard brafs. Sammy thout we hed better tak em ith mind, auld fowk mun be taen [ith] humour yee kna.

Sarah. Yer fadder is a varra graidly aud [fello]; ise sure mine wad nit part wie a grote while he leevs; he oft says heel keep it as lang as he leevs, an if barns will wed they mun work as he hes dun; yet a [hle] matter frae yans fadder

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dus weel tae beginth ward wie, an if it wor a lile scot an twea or three guds, it wod set yan forit, for when yan hes awe tae by an lile toth dea wie, its hard. I nivver dare wed; what thears meal poak, maut poak, groat poak, flower poak, an faut poak. I nivver dare wed while ea leev barn, for fartan [ilc] quite flayd.

Jennet. I warrant tae thaul awter e that whenth reet yan cums. Me fadder wor tae hed a hundred paund wie me mudder, but me gronfadder ran back, an he nivver gat nowt frae him; when her mudder deed she left her a shilin an a flaurd pocket, my noant Margery gat awt rest, en yee see shee hes nae yan left for it.

Sarah. It wor a bornin sham for sure; thee noant Margerys a nipper, she wod flea twea dules for yaa skin barn. But ise reet fain yer fadder will dea fae faerently be yee, yeel dea I warrant tae, yeel be carefel an dra baith yaa way, an yan stoup [toth] tudder, en I racken thats [best] way tae leev quietly yan wie tudder.

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Jennet. I'll dea me best tae meaak him content. When he cums heaam hees hev oways twea things, reddy for him, cleenlinefs an gud humour, an what he brings I'll dea me best tae gar it gang es far es ea can, for I daut monny a lafs loafes her husband luv wie gangin a flattern hefter weddin; I think I wod be mair conceted about mesel: what finifies gittin a hart if yan cannit keep it.

Sarah. Thats reet barn; takt maift pleaser at heaam, nivver gang frae hause tae hause, goffapin an neglectin thee ane wark; its a poar hause et deaam cannit keep hersel deain int. I racken thaul be thrang fewin an meaakin towart hauskeepin.

Jennet. Aye, wees nit gang toth aur fels this quarter. Ise be varra thrang spinnin for sure; me mudder hes geen me a par a varra finc blankets

an a flaurd border she workt at school, for a petycoat, I hev baund em weet, an varra grand they leak, soa yee see ise offin towart hauskeepin.

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Sarah. Whya nowt but weel, wees nit hev th weddin an kirsennin a yaa time, thats a cumfert.

Jennet. Hed Sammy ivver hofferd onny thing thats mismannerd tae me, awr courtship wod sean hae been at an end. I dunnet mean tae tauk agayn onny yan, but I think it o'th laffes wod keepth men at a girter distance, an nit let em tak sic liberty as they deya, thear wod be fewer laffes brout tae sham than there is, ea my mind.

Sarah. Nay for sure, my noant Betty says et while laffes al tauk saucy toth men, an let them tauk it ea ther hearin, laffes al dea wars, for she says a lafs et al prostitute her ears, al nit stick tae deyat feaam wie her body.

Jennet. Marry I think shees reet, for what man wad chufe a wife frae sic a gang, an whativver company he keep afore weddin heed like an honest wife.

Sarah. I think fae teya; thau hes behaavd thesel varra connolly while a lafs, an I dunnet fear but thaul dea soa when a wife.

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Jennet. I hoap sae; but tae gang an see me cusen Aggy an her husband, it wod quite flay yan frae ivver been weddit.

Sarah. Dustay think they deaa foe awt, or is it but nebbors tauk?

Jennet. Lord barn! I saa enuff mesel; me mudder lent her a whicknin an we wor bawn at brew, soa I went for it; I hard a fearful noise afore ea hoppend dure; I thout tae tornd agayn, hawivver I thrafft hoppend dure, an saa sic deains as wod a welly meaad yan hong thesel. Chees-hoaft liggin ath flear; cream pot brocken ea twea; cream runnin rawndth hause, an they twea liggin amang it, feighten, scrattin, an brayin yan anudder, as hard as they cud, an ther feaces nowt but blead an batter.

Sarah. Marcy on us! frae weddin say I. Haw fell they awt, kna yee.

Jennet. When she saa me they gat up, an Tom sed, 'yee see cusen what a lairly ise teed teaa, this is oa her ane deains, an about nowt teaa. I com awt oth shuppen an esht her, hed she put me up

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me dinner an a bottle a drink, I wos gaain toth moss; she sed I mud tak sum saur-milk an breaad en be hongd, it wor tae gud for me. She sed just takenth hoast awt oth whey, an she threw hoast bassan, en awe at me; mist me but dang it reet agaynth cream-pot an brack it tae bits; I gat haad on her, I thout she wor mad, she punched, scrat, an beaat; I then tumeld her dawn ath flear an sweaar I wod bind her, for ise sure shees mad, or she wod nivver dea as she dus.' Sic a a seet yee nivver saa, her cap pood off, her hair hingin about her een, her bedgawn rivven, an nae neckclaith on; she coad him oath faul neaams she cud think on. I gat a spoan an streave tae seaav sumath cream, an he an I pickd upth hoaft an what cream we cud, it hed run intul sum hoals ith flear, soa et we feaavd a conny swoap. As tae her part, she sat ith neak, shakin her foat an singin; he leakt about an tewk what he cud find for his dinner, an set off. I then esht forth whicknin, she coad Tom fearfully,

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an sed she [hed] a gud mind toth run oway frae him; I sed I think it wod deya better en tae cud run frae thee ane ill humor, an larn tae behave thesel dutifully tae thee ane husband, en nit meya thesel a cuntrys tauk; consider thau is tae leev thee heaal life wie thin man, an tae gang on a thisen is a fearful thing, thau wants nae fence, soa preia, sed I, tak it intul consideration, an leev quietly. She gret an seemd wae for what she hed dun, but haw she gangs on I knanit, for I hard nowt oa her sen; I'll esh her an her husband tae my weddin, for I wur at thairs, an a goddil wees nivver dea as they dea.

Sarah. For sure this weddins like draain ith lottery, thear is monny blanks for yaa prize, I think imme hart thears [few] gud husbands. Dustay think thear yan in a score?

Jennet. Marry, I fear its a lottery a baith rides, thears monny bad wives, en oft a gud Jack meaaks a gud Jill,

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but yans like toth dea yans best when yans teed.

Sarah. Varra true barn.

Jennet. I desire an yee see that plaigy Dick Sanders, yeel esh him tae my weddin, what if tae doont like him thau can bide him ith seam raum, I racken.

Sarah. I care nowt about him.

Jennet. Ise glad oa that, for Sammy an hees terrable girt, an he towld Sammy he wor baun et wed wie his cusin Ann, sae yeel be rid on him; I question but its tae be neisht week.

Sarah. Is tae leein; is toth joakin; preia tell truth.

Jennet. What ails tae, thau leaks as if thau wor gaain tae greet, thau er as white as me cap; cum preia keep up yer hart, nae yan will tak it luv frae it, I dud it but tae [cry] yee.

Sarah. Ah! hong thee for a lairly, thaus meaad me seek.

Jennet. Aye, I see haw yeer hodden, girt words cums of wake stomachs;
what dustay forgie me [lafs]?

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Jennet. Aye, that ea dea, but I kna mair naw then I dud befoar, for I nivver thout I caard mitch for him, but I naw kna I cannit bide tae part wie him, I'd be laith he knew it, it wod mak him aboon wie his fel.

Jennet. Whya, as thau hes fund awt thau likes yan better then awth rest, preia send tudder tae leak for sweetharts in anudder spot.

Sarah. I think I sal; what er yee bawn?

Jennet. Aye, I meaad a lang stay, awr fowk al be at heaam afore me; yee hev a pair a conny sheep aforeth dure; I forgat tae tell the I saa ea yaa field as ea com throu, yaa yow be itsel, I thout it wor mappen badly.

Sarah. Ise set a bit, then ise see what ails it; me fadder gav me four lams, an last yeer they hed twea a piece, oa but yan, soa thau sees I hae summet toart a fortun; stay while ea putth key owarth dure. Naw ise reddy.

END OF DIALOGUE III.

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DIALOGUE IV.

BETWEEN

BARBARY & MARY.

*Containing observation and remarks on a
journey to London.*

Barbary. SARTANLY! er yee gitten heaam agayn.

Mary. Aye, I com heaam yester neet, an I thout I wad cum tae see yee first spot[r]ea went tea; en haw er yee awe heer? haws yaur gud man an my lile god dowter; I brout her a Lunnon laken, a conny bab.

Barb. Ah Lord! its fearful pratty, indeed; but yee wur tae bleaam tae put yersel tae onny cost about her, [shoel]

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be meaar praud on it; her fadder hes nivver been weel [lenth] cock-feights; he gat drunk an fell ith lone, an gat caad, he meaans him fearfully on his back.

Mary. Waist hart, thats bad, its brout on ruematism, I racken.

Barb. Aye, hees fairly plaigd weet; ye leak white; haw likd yee Lunnon.

Mary. Nit et awe; I wad nit leev thear for awth ward; Its a miry dirty spot; an sic rumbling a coaches an carts we can hardly hear yan anudder tauk, full a pride an that ets dannet.

Barb. Fowk tauks et yer unkle her left yee a thausand paund; a girt [pormow], indeed; yeel hev sweet harts enow, for naw a days lads is awe for lasses wie brafts.

Mary. Ise varra thankful for my shear; I nivver expected onny thing frae him; he nivver tewk onny kennin tae me in his life time, an I leakt for nowt at his death; he hes left me cufin monny a thousand, but they er tae grand they[l] kna tae [spondia].

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Barb. I daut paur Thomas el be thrawn awt a favor, thau el leak heer.

Mary. Ise be in nae hast about it, ise think tae weel a mesel tae hev out tae dea wie onny I kna; I hev enuff, en ea meaak gud use ont; as tae Thomas we hed a fort of a bree ont afore ea went; I think ise hev nae mair tae dea wie him.

Barb. When, when! sweetharts foes awt, en foes in oft, [yeel] kifs an be frens; what was tae jellus on him, lass?

Mary. Yee mun kna I hed geen him me cumpany a heaal yeer, an I thout him a varra graidly lad, en I cud hev trysted mesel wie him onny whaars; but yaa neet we wur sittin up tegidder, en he behaavd his sel varra unseemly tae me; I gat frae him hester mitch scraffling, an lit up a cannel, an set it ath teaable; he eshd what that wur for, I towed him tae leak at him, I wod see if he cud for sham dea ith leet, what he hed offerd ith dark; I bid

him git heaam, an nivver mair cum ea my cumpany; he leakd varra filly, an wod fain hev meaad it

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up, but I wodnt. Week hefter I went tae Lunnon.

Barb. Whya, mind tesel, an thau may git a man wie a staat.

Mary. Whya I cud hae been wed ea Lunnon, tul a man et hed a girtshop, en dond as fine, en leakd like a squire; but I dud nit like tae leev in a tawn; he wur me cusens wife breeder, an she meaad a girt ta due for me tae hev him, but I wadnt, I hed nae mind et awe.

Barb. Haw likes tae Lunnon; plenty wod hae the when thau hes sae mitch money, either ith tawn er cuntry; I sud hae been whaint sorry hed tae wed that man, an stayd thear; wur tae nit afeard a gangin [awt].

Mary. I nivver went awt be mesel, er ise sure I sud hae been lost, for ye nivver faa mair fowk at Kendal fair, than is oways ith streets, an when we er gangin yee er sae knockd an jowd, an bemired we dirt, et yee mun hev clean stockins ivvery time yee gang awt, or yee wod be a sham tae be seen; I wur sae

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teerd ith streets wie waukin twea miles ith streets, nay warse then ivver I wur wie a days shearin; me cusen wur sae fat she cud nit wauk, soa we maaistly raaid.

Barb. What dud the cusen keep a horse an a shanderee.

Mary. Nay, nay, nit he, we oways raaid in a coach. Whya barn she may hire a coach ea onny street; every foul ea Lunnon rides ea coaches, howd up yer finger an theyl cum!

Barb. Lord! Lord! what a fine spot it mun be; what maislikins yan is nit tae gang frae heaam when yan is young; what fearful things thau hes seen, en I nivver mun see; I mun stay atth awd spot awe me life.

Mary. Nae daud but gangin frae heaam is varra pleasin, en maks a girt awteration in yans manners; a body knaas better haw tae carry thersel, when they er amang gentlfowk; yan leaks nit quite sae gawmin.

Barb. En preia what dud yee see?

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wor yee at onny plays en merry neets?

Mary. Plays! plays! aye, aye; I wur at a play, but I hard of nae merry neets. I wur at yaa play they cood a tragedy; me cusen an I went sean tae

git a gud spot, th play hause wur bigger than Beetham kirk; we steaad a lang time atth dure befoar we cud git in, but when I dud git in I wur quite gloperd tae see sic a grand pleace, far bigger than Beetham kirk, an set raund wie form[s], an they wur sean filld wie fowk at sat as close as bees in a hive. Lord; haw I stard at em, an they kept sic a din, et me heaad wur ready tae rive; an monny on em hed brout wine, an punch, an caaks, an oranges, an seemd varra merry; hester a while I think imme hart thear wor forty fidlers, an trumpets, an horms oa maaks, streak up an playd a varra conny tune; then a lang green curtan wur drawn up, an a fine lang pictur at reachd fraeth top oth hause toth bottom; then it oppend ith midst an play began; it wur summet about yaa king killing

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anudder, nay he kilt him befoar awr feaces, an a varra fine awd man he wur, I cud nit help greeting he wur sae like me gronfadder.

Barb. En what then I preia?

Mary. Whya the thear com twea lile lads, an this lairly ugly bargand wie a plaiguy dannet, tae morder em, an then he puzemd his wife, an kilt monny mair, then he went tae bed. Marcy on us! me varra flesh creeps omme bains, while I tell yee haw thor fowk, et he hed kilt raaise awt oth yearth, an steaad raund him, en thof he wor asleep he saa em, en he wrought, en greaand, en bawneed as en he hed been in a fit, at last he whackerd en wor ill flayd, wicked es he was; I cud net help being sorry for him; a bad consence mun be a fair thing tae bide; he sed he wur warse fretend wie dreamin then ever he wur ea battle.

Barb. Hang sic lairlys, I hev nae pity for em; what end dud ne meaak?

Mary. Sic rappis comonly git their due, he wur kilt be yan at was meaad

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king in his raum; but what vexd me warse then awt tudder, me cusen wad meaak me belive it wor awe true; Lunnoners wod threap awt intul cuntry fowk, an think they will be soft enuff tae swallow awe their lees, but she was mistane ea me.

Barb. Aye, they think varra lile of us.

Mary. It wur hardly hoaf owar when this lairly wur kilt; thear wor a lang pictur hung frae top oth hause toth bottom, it seemd hoaf a haaiker lang; it wur slit it midst, they draad it a baith sides an then we saa a fine

wood, wie picturs like racks an scars as we see on Beetham fell, ant sun peepin awr on a claud, it shind reet on a girt egg at laid ath fluer, an ye mud see it stir; hester a bit it dell ea twea, an awt jumpt a lile blackemoor; it thunnerd terrably, en awt oth yearth rin a droave a witches, an they leakd at this lile blackemoor, an they seemd fearful fond on him, an dud their spels owar him; belive yee mud see him wax, nay I tell nae lees, they gav

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him a wooden sword, I thout it war liker a girt thibel, an he wur as big es a man in a [mini], they charmd this sword soa that he cud dea what he wod wie it; he wor sae pleasd he lowpt an beald abaut like a yong bull; witches steaad gloarin at him, an then sank intoth yearth; he dancd abaut en wur dond like a mountebanks foal, when a [fire] a fowk com in wie fiddlers gangin tae a weddin, en [ca] sumhow this black fello contrivd tae steaal th wife et sud hae been, en gat off wie her unknane.

Barb. Ea my thout she mud be a [leet] en, et cud sae sean awter her mind, she wur better lost then fund.

Mary. Aye, but I racken th man thout udderwas, for he sent hefter her ent sarvant fand her awt, an went en meaad sum meamuas tae his maister for they [ni uer] yan on em spaek oath time they wur [] hefter him, but he sean cheated em, for whoap went thor picturs en oa a yance thear wur woars biggin a girt grand hause; ise sure I was gloppend

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haw it com thear. I wur fairly flayd, black ran up streight toth top oth biggin, man hefter him; black pood out his thibel et witches gav him, hit it a knock, daun com th hause man en awe; aye, ye gloar, but it is true for fartan: sum time I thout it mud be cunjerin an a wicked sin, but when I leakt raund an saa th king an queen, an monny a ther barns, an a deal a fine fowk beside, I thout it mud be summet like a man I yance saa at Millthrop, et congered money awt of yans pocket, an cut ther neckclaith an gloves ea monny bits, an when he gav it yee it wur nae warse, an he wur a fine gentlman et wad nit hae dun it, if it wor net reet.

Barb. Larnin is a fine thing tae be sure, en scholars can dea what sic as me wad think cudnt be done, wieawt the dules help, but gang on a preia.

Mary. As fean as th hause wor dawn, black com in, he streagak wie his sword as he coad it, an thear wor forty barns gittin ther lessons, en this black lairly lukd

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amang em but he wur sean seen be yan oth wediners, en ran tae tell; black dond maisters gawn on, then sum fellos wad tak him, but he scaapd yance mair, for nae body kent him he wor bawnd ith lang gawn; then ea lofs time then I can tell anudder comical trick a thor picturs, thear wor a wind mill gangin; black ran up a stee, man hefter him on toth top; black jumpd dawn eth far side, paur man wur ath fleers, en rawnd it went; he cry awt terrably, an weel he mud, yee kna he cudnt help bein fadly hort; black com tae this side [oth mill], hit it a bang wie his sword, dawn went paur maislikin [enoea]; next up [started] a smiddy, thear wur a stiddy en men maakin horse [shcon], I saa a man blaw th belas.

Barb. Whya for sure this leaks varra like conjerin, an yet awr king is quite tae gud a man tae gang tae onny spot but whats reet thau may be sure; dustay net think et thor feets thau faa isnt let yan behint anudder, en when black felt

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picturs owar then yee saw em; whya it may be soa I kannet, but what thinks tae?

Mary. Marry I nivver thout ea that, for I was ill flayd, en gat up an sed I wad gang heaam, I wod stay nae langer, for I thout nin but the dule cud dea sic tricks.

Barb. Marcy on us! marcy on us! what deains yee hev feen; com ye heaam then?

Mary. Nay barn, I cud net git out, but I shut me een, en nivver hoppend em mair, tul awe was owar, Me cusen wor bleady mad at me, coad me cuntry foals, clauns, an I knanit what, she taukd sae fast en sae fine I kent net what she sed, sae it wor quite lost ea me.

Barb. What went ye tae onny other spots, or dud ye gang agayn toth playhause?

Mary. Nay, I'd hed enuff, we went tae see th giants, Lord hae marcy on me, they hed feaces as braaid as th dial at Dallam Tawr, en I think they wod net

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stand strick up ith heeghst hause ith parish.

Barb. Lord! Lord! what yee hev seen. Wor thor giants alive?

Mary. Nay, nay, lemme see, they er net whick I racken, they er what they coo otayms.

Barb. Like enuff, what saw ye else; onny new farly?

Mary. I quite forgotten tae tell yee what a nice donce I saw et play-hause; thor picturs draaid aside, en then we saw a fine lang wood, en et far end a man en a woman wur cumin owar a steel; they com dawn oath way donsins, an a varra conny tune they hed; they wor sae lish they seemd hardly tae tucht groond, I cud a leakd at em awe day; when they wor teerd awt com six men, an as monny wimmen, awt oth side ath raum, an sic fine donsins I nivver faa ner mun see agayn; they wur awt bawnd alike, an I nivver faa onny like em ea awe me boarn days.

Barb. I sud ea likd tae been wie yee,

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I wur oways fearful fond ea donfin. Saa yee awt else et wur conny while yee stayd? weel may gentl fowk be fond ea gangin tae Lunnon, when thear sae monny spoarts for em tae gang tea; but preia tell on, for I cud hear the for ewer I hoap thau hasnt dun.

Mary. Dun! I think it wod tak a month tae tell thee what ive seen, but ea my mind I saw a deal ea witchcraft an conjeration; I wur yaa time gangin wie me cusens wife dawn a lang street, an she sed 'leak up at that clock;' we stud a bit, an I saa twea men cum awt o eider side eth clock, an when it streak they hit it a bang wie a club; she sed they wur meaad a wood, but can wood dea this, sham eith ward sic deans near a kirk, it mun be rang ise sartan.

Barb. This Lunnon mun be a fearful wicked spot; dustay think thear is nae godly fowk int?

Mary. I knanit, for me cusin fowk nivver went toth kirk while I staid; I wur whaint forry tae hear her tell her

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dowters tae hod thersels, ea this lids an that-lids, but nae prayer ner catecism I hard, they wer corlin en donnin awth fornean, enth hester we raaid in a coach intul sum cuntry spot tae tee, an then we hed a bottl a wine an caak; raar leevin, we wanted for nowt neider tae hit ner drink, but for awe that I wishd mesel at heaam agayn, ise sure.

Barb. What te cusin sure wad be kind tae the.

Mary. Aye he was varra weel, but she was oways at me about me donnin, an wanted me tae by this kerly merly er tudder. I was forcd tae by monny things et I thout I'd lile occashon for, er they wad net gang awt wie me, I used tae esh her what I mud dea wie em when ea gat heaam; I towd her I wur brout up ith cuntry whaar a mannerly bed gawn an linsey petycoat wur awr every day donnin, an ea conny stampd gawn for sunday,

an I thout I leakd es weel es me nebbors, an as for settin mesel up for a gentlwoman I nivver sud, for I hed

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net manners fort, I sud meak mashment ont, fae I hed better be es ea was.

Barb. Yee sed truly indeed, for tae be dond fine an knanit haw tae cary yansel, we sud be nowt but spoart for ivvery foal, I oft leak at awr squires wife an think haw nice she leaks, en sum haw carrys hersel es I cudnt en ea hed oth ward, they larn tae donce en sing, en tak conny steps, en howd thersels up an dea es yee en I cudnt dea, beside they er oways wie sic hes thersels, an heers nae ruff tauk.

Mary. Varra true, when I towd her haw I hed leevd, she wod fling up her heaad an leak as scornful, an [coo] me a vulgar cratur, anth dowter et was net owar foreteen, wod thra up her heaad like an unbrocken cout at me wulgality.

Barb. Marcy on us! what wur that?

Mary. Nay I [knanit] what she meant, sae I wur yeafy about it. Me cusins wife is dond up in a fornean wie a yallow silk neckclaith raund her heaad

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her gawn drawn up tae her gisard, en a girt ruff raund her neck, sae leetly clad yee may see her shap; for sartan I sham wie em, I promise yee when I wur dond awt imme ruff en es they wod hae me, I was sae shamd I thout ivvery yan leakt at me.

Barb. Lord hev marcy on us! what fashons thear is ith ward.

Mary. Sic deans imme cusins haufe yee nivver wad believe, me unkle gat him a gud spot, an left him monny thausans, er he cud net dea es he dus; dowters larns tae play on a thing cood a pena, hes a maister cummin twice a week tae teach em; they fang teat, but I think I cud hev bangd eider on em at singin wieawt a maaister.

Barb. Why an they gang on a thisan theyl spend what they lev. Thau ses she wur dond awt ith moarnin, what dud she don twice ea yaa day?

Mary. Aye, ith hefter nean she wor ea muslin as thin es a cap boarder, an sea lang they lapd raund chaars an teaa-

[108]

bls, enuff tae ding em owar, lang coats is fit for nae raums but sic es Dalam Taur, whaar ther gawns can traail along wieawt gittin haad ath guds, er draain th fender hefter em.

Barb. It wur a lile hause I racken.

Mary. Th rarlour wur lile enuff, but but what they cood the draain raum wur a varra fine yan, an a gay girt en; I staard first time I wur in it, tae see sic grand deans; she knackd en sed she was tae hev a party that eunin.

Barb. A party! whats that preia?

Mary. Why barn I knew nae mair that thee what she meant, but I fand it was a pair a fowk com tae lake et cards, an hed tee at eight o'clock; she eshd me if I cud lake, I sed aye, et three handed lant, an pops, an pars; she fetchd up a girt gird a laffin, an sed nane thear knew sic cuntry gams.

Barb. Thau mud ea sed her maaister kent it, en awe his feed, breed, en generashon, for sure they er aboon ivvery thing, pride mun hev a foe.

[109]

Mary. Ea lile bit befoar I com away, th audest dowter com intae my raum, 'o cusen see what my papa hes meaad me a present on, a beautiful wig;' 'ea wig,' sed I, I wur quite gloppend, 'leak, dont I leak mighty well in it;' I knew nit what to say, I sed I think you want nae wig, ye hev haar enuff; she fleard imme feace, en sed 'its quite th fashion, but cuntry peple er sae claunish won cant mak them dasent;' but she spak fae fine I cant tauk like her, en yeel me belive; soa she fiseld awt eth raum, 'why mudder her a wig.'

Barb. Is tae leein? or is tae speakin truth? Flesh! thaus maakin gam ise sure. Is ter onny gardins eth Lunnon, er it is awe hauses?

Mary. Aye, sic a yan as yee nivver saa barn, for oa maks a gardin stuff, en potatoes wieawt end et ivver ye [can] neaam, en far cheaper then its at Kendal raes oa carts, an its a reet nice spot.

Barb. What is ther but yaa gardin?

Mary. Aye, monny scores, I dar be

[110]

bawnd, but they oa cum here toth be felt; they coo this spot Comon Gardin, an ivvery yan gangs thear tae by; thear is oa maks ea things tae sel. Ea Lunnon, if yee hev money, yee may hev awt tae hit onny time ith day, reddy roasted er boild; its a wondros spot, en yet I was glad tae leaavve it.

Barb. Aye, thau thout a pair Thomas, thau gat nae huddlin ea Lunnon, I racken; speak truth, dud tae nivver wish thesel wie him, hees a

bonny young man ise sure, en they say et Bet his cusin, is varra fond on him; but cum, what else dud tae see?

Mary. Yaa day me cusin sed Sadlers Well wor oppend that neet, oh then we mun oa gang, for th play hause wur shut, she sed. We set off in a coach tae this Sadlers Wells; thear wur a pawer oth fidling, en men [doncd] a raaips, hed a [teaable] an [glaffes] on it, I knanit haw they dud I wur quite freetend wie em; then ea man dansd on a flack wire, I thout he wod brick his neck; me

[111]

cufin [laffd], an seemd fearfully pleasd, but I thout th ware leakd nae thicker then noggy wife threaad; he swang ont an seemd varra carelefs; I wur reddy toth foond, I thout he wad brick his neck, he went up a stee at steaad agayn [nowe]; I wur then sure I [mud] be amang dules. I gat tae say th Lords prayer, then I knew nowt cud hort me; me cusins [clapt] ther hands an offen eshd me ‘ is net this clever? is he net great? did you ever see the like in Westmorland?’ nay, thout I, God forbid I sud, we er brout up thear ith fear ea God, an net ea wonderin at dules tricks. At last this donsins was owar, en thear com sum lile tinny dogs dond ea gawns petycoats, en they donsds an steaad up ea ther hinder legs, then com a pig an towd fortunes, this was th connyest feet I faa ea Lunnon, pig fed I sud net be a yeer unwed, think ea that Barbary.

Barb. Whya, like enuff, I think that may cum true.

Mary. I knanit what may happen

[112]

but I hae nae thouts ont at this time; I hev sum thouts ea gangin tae Lirple, for a month; I hev a cusin thear hes oft eshd me tae cum; I think tae gang ith stage coach, for ise weary wie failing.

Barb. Why whar dud thau fail teya?

Mary. Whya I faild monny a time while I wur ea Lunnon, thear is oways boats liggin ith water for onny yan et el hire em; we went teya a spot coad Greenige ea yan a thor lile boats; I wor ill flays, for we [saemd] close toth flead. I saa a terrable fine palace, an a conny park a heigh hill in it, we went toth top ont, an me cusin ved ‘ fit dawn ath this form,’ I dud, en oway it ran toth bottom wie me; I nivver thout but I sud hae been oth beck, en I cud net stop mesel whativver I cud dea; me cusin followd me an tuck haad omme arm up agayn, en was varra merry wie me, but I telt him I likd nae

sic spoart, en was glad when we gat heaam et neet, Ya thing I saa et pleasd me weel, that wor

[113]

swans fittin ath watter; they leakd varra grand indeed.

Barb. I hev hard a swans, what er they preia, I forgit?

Mary. They er like girt geefe, er rader like steggs, fittin ath top oth watter; they leak sae grand, en if yee hev onny caak er owt tae giv em theyl follow th boat they er fae [teaam]; nae yan dar kill em.

Barb. What er the th kings? what ye faa him, enth wife, enth barns.

Mary. Hees a varra gud leakin auld man, an shees a fine leakin woman; shees like yee I think, she taks a deal ea snuff; dowters is varra fine young quality maak ea wimmen; they hed awe girt heaps on, an sic fedders ea ther heaad hoaf a yerd heigh, en ther heaads an necks shines like stars. But I saa monny grander seets then this; I faa lyons, an queens [afs], an Lord Mare, an Methodist chappel, an Bagnio Wells, en twea men hangd et Newgate, en forty things beside.

[114]

Barb. Why for sure yeel be priaam cumpany ea lang winter neets; I wod I wor neer ye, yeel be for kirby tae yer aunts, I raacken yeel nit gang tae Lirple yet.

Mary. Nae, I cannet find imme hart tae loaav her yet; shees been a mudder tae me, an she fal want for nowt, naw I hev it imme paur, for her ane barn is soa taken up wie huddlin, et she minds nin of her; hed her fadder thout she wod hev dum es she hes, he wod hev left her mudder mair, en her lefs; but I fear nowt et dow el cum on her en she dont awter fean.

Barb. I heer shees gaain tae [wed] Fredrick, et com we sum girt sougers tae Kirby, is it true thinkstea, I [daut] en she dea sheel maak a paur weddin ont.

Mary. Sheel hev him, en heel hev her, for shees stark mad on him; ow her kin hes taukd me her; she ses hev him she will, en she ligs in a sendry kaw boose ivvery neet, nay sheel gang ea beggin wie him.

[115]

Barb. Like enuff she will, for its my thout hees an arrant dannet.

Mary. I nivver ea oa me time kent yan oa thor luv matches ivver: dea weel; thear sud be sum thout as weel as luv. What can yan dea wie a haufe ful ea barns, an nowt but luv tae gang tae market wie; will it buy breaad er

flesh? nay, ittel [gro] varra caad when its sond ea poverty: Luv parrd wie a lile [tae] stock a farm ,en by twea er three guds, dus varra weel.

Barb. Whya, for her ane seak, I wish she wod [dea weel].

Mary. Lord barn! shees [gitten] in wie [ud] a gang as [] nivver due her gud, en indeed shees quitenes [] hersel.

Barb. Dud tae see the cusin Cicely while thau wor ea Lunnon?

Mary. Aye, monny a time, she keeps a girt yal hause, welly beeth Taur, en shees groon fic a girt fat tulse es yee nivver saa, but they due fearful weel. I sud step in tae see yaur nebbors en

[116]

[ant] er they will be vexd, en think me porshon hes meaad me praud.

Barb. Dunnet stay lang, gud lafs, I'll hev tee reddy varra fean; I nowt but breaad tae toaast; kettle dus boil. Hang the for a mammelt; leak at this lairly tom-cat haw he hes hitten a bit rawnd ivvery bun; for sure me maaister maks fae mitch wark wie him, es en he wur a lile barn.

Mary. Lord bless us! hees a fearful girt cat; he wod flay yan wor yan tae meet him in a wood; I nivver saa his marrow, but I racken he leevs weel maks him groo ea this lids.

Barb. Aye, heel tak caar on his sel. Naw dunnet stay.

Mary. I'll be back ea nae time.

END OF DIALOGUE IV

[117]

A SONG.

To the Tune of Bobbin Joan.

GUD morror gossip Nan,
Haw dus awe at heaam dea!
Haw dus ivvery yan,
Lile Dick en awe dea?
Tom is gaylie weel,
Sends his farvis teaa,
Sall hes hort her heel,
Er wod ea cum et seea.
II.

Lile Dick hes deet his coat,
Wie follin widdle waddle,
He flird in wie his foat,
Intul a dirty poadle.
Spinky hes coavd a bull,
En I thout tae felt it,
Soo brak awt oth hull.
En varra nearly kilt it.

[118]

III.

Bet is girt wie barn,
I think they'r awe gane crasy,
She'd better mind her garn,
But she's fearful laasey;
En wha dea think mun haait,
They say simple Sammy,
Troth! I'd be laith tae sayt,
But it belongs tae Jammy.

IV.

Awr lass hes taen her tow,
An gane in heaaf tae don her,
Shees gaain toth thi show,
For nowt et dow el cum on her;
Jennet went toth feet,
En com en telt sic wonders,
She sed nin like them cud deat,
Why barn they meaad it thunder.

V.

Sic deaaps is awt ea rule,
Yee may be varra sartan,
They'r dealin wie the dule,
When they dra up ther [costan]

[119]

Wod awr Tom but stay oa neet,
When he gangs wie fish tae Kendal,
Mafs I'd gang en feet,
I'd kna haw they fend all.

VI.

I hae gitten a swoap a gin,
Rare hummin liquor,
Troth I'm on the merry pin,
Cum gud lass be quicker;
Heres tae awe awr varra gud healths,
En may we hae plenty on it,
I hate tae drink by stealth,
Sfish! I hardly ken my bonnit.

VII.

I cannit miss this spot,
But mun coo et feea,
I'd rader gang rawndth knot,
Then nit say haw dea.
Fare yee weel, dear Ann,
As I am a sinner,
Clock her strucken yan,
Fleaks toth fry for dinner.

[120]

[121]

A

GLOSSARY

OF

Westmorland Words and Phrases;

containing

UPWARDS OF EIGHT HUNDRED WORDS.

A

ABAUT, *about*
Aboon, *above*
Addle, *to earn*
Afoar, *before*
Afoat, *on foot*
Agayn, *again*
Agaynth, *against*
Aggy, *Agnes*
Al, *will*
Alaan, *alone*

A

Arrant, *errand*,
Ath, *errand*
Atth, *at, or upon*,
Auld, *or awd, old*
Aursels, *ourselves*
Awe, *all*
Awt, *out*
Awter, *alter*
Awteration, *alteration*
Awtered, *altered*

Alang, *along*
Alleker, *alegar*
Amang, *among*

Ameast, *almost*
An or en, *and, alsom if*
Ane, *own*
Anth, *and the*
Anudder, *another*
Ariet, *Harriet*

Awth, *all the*
Aye, *yes*
B

BAAD, *whare*
Baaist, [*baste*]
Baait, *to bite*
Bad, *bid*
Badly, *ill*
Baith, *both*

[122]

B
Bains, *bones*
Bang, *to beal*
Banged, *beaten*
Barn, *a child, also a familiar*

*way of speaking one to ano-
ther.*

Barns, *children*
Baffan, *bafon*
Bastert, *bastard*
Baterd, [*beat*]
Bawn, *going*
Bawned, *dressed*
Beaasts, *beasts*
Becose, *beacuse*
Beein, *being*
Befoar, *before*
Behavs, *behaves*
Behoaf, *behalf*
Behouden, *beholden*
Beleev, *believe*
Belaw, *below*
Belive, *presently*
Berrin, *funeral*
Bet, *Betty*
Big, *great*
Bigg, *to build*

C
Boll, *a ball*
Bord-claith, *table cloth*
Born, *suffered, endured*
Borned, *burned*
Bornt, *burned*
Borterry, *the elder tree*

Botel, *bottle*
Bout, *bought*
Braaid, *bread, to beat*
Braaid-[*fear*], *broad stone*
Brant, *sleep*
Bran-new, *quite new*
Brafs, *money*
Brast, *burst*
Brat, *a coarse apron*
Braut, *brought*
Bread, *bread*
Breeder, *brother*
Brig, *bridge*
Britches, *breeches*
Broasen, *brosen, burst*
Broken, *broke*
Broo, *brow, forehead*
Bund, *bound*
Butch, *to kill*

C

Biggd, *built*
 Biggin, *building*
 Bide, *bear, endure*
 Blaw, *blow*
 Bleaad, *blood*
 Bleaam, *blame*
 Bleb, *a bubble*
 Blend, *mix*
 Bleend, *blind*
 Boaam, *balm*
 Boarn foal, *a silly person*
 Bob, *Robert*
 Bold, *bald*
 Boggart, *a spirit, a spectre*
 Boggle, *to be afraid*
 [123]
 C
 Caw, *or Kaw, cow*
 Chaars, *chairs*
 Chat *or tauk, talk*
 Chees, *cheese*
 Chop, *put*
 Choptin, *put in*
 Claakin, *scratching*
 Claith, *cloth*
 Claiths, *close*
 Clam, *starve or hunger, also*
climb
 Clamd, *starved or hungered,*
climbed
 Clarting, *doubling*
 Clatter, *to make a noise*
 Clauns, *clowns*
 Clavver, *clover*
 Cled, *cloathed*
 Click, *to snatch*
 Clod, *to throw*
 Clumb, *climbed*

CAAD, *caud, cold*
 Caake, *cake*
 Caant *or cannit, cannot*
 Caars, *cares*
 Calimanco, *calamanco*
 Camlet, *camblet*
 Cam, *comb*
 Camd, *combed*
 Cankert, *rusty, ill natured.*
 Cannit, *or caant, cannot*
 Captan, *captain*
 Carryth, *carry the*
 Caud, *cauld, caad, cold*
 Caul, *a swelling*
 Cauncel, *council*
 Crawn, *crown*
 Credel, *cradle*
 Cud, *could*
 Cudee, *could I*
 Cudnt, *could not*
 Cum *or com, come*
 Cumfert, *comfort*
 Cuntry, *country*
 Cusen, *cousin*

D

DAARK, *day work*
 Daimont, *diamond*
 Daisent, *decent*
 Dannet, *a bad man or*
wel-man
 Dar, *dare*
 Dars, *dares*
 Daut, *doubt*
 Dawn, *down*
 Dawnth, *down*
 Dea, *due, deya, do*

Clung, *to hold fast*
Coats, *cloaths*
Coaf, *calf*
Cocker, *a cockfighter*
Cockler, *a cockle getter*
Cocklin, *getting cockles*
Com, *came*
Connoly, *prettily*
Conny, *pretty*
Coo or coe, *call*
Cood, *called*
Corrans, *currants*
Corse, *curse*
Corsing, *cursing*
Cout, *a soal*
Craaled, *crawled*
Craify, *insane*
Crap, *crept*
Crapen, *crept in*

[124]

E
Dowly, *lonely*
Dowter, *daughter*
Dra, *draw*
Dreave, *drove*
Dree, *long, tedious*
Dreaamt, *dreamed*
Dry, *to wipe, [thirfty]*
Dubbler, *a large dish*
Dud, *did*
Duddnt, *did not*
Dule, *devil*
Dulish, *devilish*
Dun, *done*
Dunnet, *doant, do not, or
doth not*
Dure, *door*
Dustea, *dustay, doft thou*

Deaings, *deains, doings*
Deait, *do it*
Deas, *does*
Dee, *[the]*
Deed, *died*
Deet, *dirt*
Deg, *to [sprinhle] with [waser]*
Dere, *dear*
Dick, *Richard*
Didderd, *trembled, shivered*
Din, *noise*
Doft, *undressed*
Dond, *dressed*
Donnin, *dressing*
Donse, *dance*
DonSin-neet, *dancing-night*
Doont, *do not*
Dosen, *dozen*
Doteage, *dotage*

F
Farlton knot, *a hill []*
Burton in Kendal
Farrently, *orderly*
Fashion, *fashion*
Fause, *false, cunning*
Faut, *fault*
Fawn, *fallen*
Feaard, *or feared, feared*
Feace, *face*
Fearful, *very*
Feater, *a dancer*
Feeind, *find*
Feight, *fight*
Feighten, *fighting*
Fello, *a man*
Felt, *fell*
Fend, *to provide for*

E

EA, *in, and*

Een, *eye,*

Eider, *either*

Eigh, *aye*

El, *will*

Em, *them*

En, *an, and, also, if*

Enth, *and they*

Enuff, *enough*

Er, *your, or, are*

Esh, *or ax, ask*

Esht, *asked*

Et, *at, to, that*

Eunin, *or evnin, evening*

Ev, *have*

F

FAAD, *fold*

Faavor, *favour*

Fadder, *father*

Fadder-fowk, *father's fa-
mily*

Fain, *glain*

Fand, *found*

[125]

F

Foosen, *generosity*

Foosenable, *generous*

Foret, *forward*

Fowk, *folk*

Frae, *from*

Fraith, *from the*

Freat, *to mourn, to grieve*

Freet, *fright*

FreSh-cullert, *rosy, well co-
loured*

FuSom, *notable, tidy*

Fer, *for*

Fest, *to board out*

Fettle, *condition, cafe; also
a cord which is used to a
panni[r]*

Filth, *a [scoundrel]*

Flaayd, *frighted*

Flackering, *shivering*

Flaired, *flowered*

Flower, *flower*

Flay, *to frighten*

Flead, *flood*

Fleak, *flook*

Flear, *floor*

Flyer, *to laugh scorn
fully*

Flyte, *to scold*

Foal, *fool*

Foat, *foot*

Foe, *fall*

Foeth, *fall the*

Foin, *falling*

Foin awt, *quarr[i]ling*

Folloin, *following*

Foumart, *the polecat*

H

Girn, *to grin*

Girt, *great*

Git, *get*

Gitten, *getten*

Godil, *God's will*

Godlins, *God willing*

Goos, *goose*

Gose, *gauze*

Glenders, *[s]tares*

Glimmer, *to shine a little*

Gloar, *to stare*

G

GAAPEN, *hands*

Gaain, *or gangin, going*

Gaily, *or gaylie, tolerable
very well*

Gam, *game*

Gane, *gone*

Gang, *go*

Gangin, *going*

Gar, *make*

Garth, *garde, crosst, or
parrock*

Gat, *get*

Gav, *gave*

Gavelock, *a strang iron [bag,]
used for a lever*

Gawn, *gown*

Gaylie-weel, *very well*

Gaat, *a street or road*

Gean, *gone*

Geen, *given*

Gerse, *grass*

Gezlins, *goslings*

Gidder, *gather*

Giddered, *gathered*

Gie, *give*

Gilliver, *gilliflower*

Ginny, *or ginnea, guinea*

[126]

I

Hause, *house*

Hair, *hair*

Haw, *how*

Hawers, *hours*

Heaad, *head*

Heaal, *whole*

Heaam, *home*

Gloarin, *staring*

Gloppen, *surprize*

Graaidly, *honestly*

Graaiped, *groped*

Greaav, *to cut peats*

Greet, *to weep*

Greetin, *weeping, crying*

Greaan, *groan*

Grepen, *clasped*

Grondy, *or grandy, grand-
mother*

Groon, *grawn*

Grooin, *growing*

Grows, *grows*

Grote, *groat*

Gud, *good*

Guds, *goods*

H

HAAD, *hold*

Haaiher, *acre*

Haat, *hot*

Haanted, *haunted*

Haard, *heard*

Hae, *or hev, have*

Hain ath ward, *aim of the
world*

Haista, *hast thou*

Happin, *a caverlid*

Happron, *[aprou]*

J-K-L

Intil, *or intul, into*

Intulth, *into the*

Ist, *is it*

Ister, *is there*

Ith, *in the*

Ittil, *it will*

Ive, *I have*

Hears, *here is*
Hed, *had*
Hednt, *had not*

Heeas, *he has*
Hees, *he is*
Hes, *has*
Hefternean, *afternoon*

Helter, *halter*
Hefter, *after*
Heesta, *hast thou*
Hitten, *eaten*
Hoaf, *half*
Hoap, *hope*
Hod, *hold or held*
Hodd, *odd*
Hodden, *holden*
Hong, *hang*
Hoppen, *open*
Hoffer, *offer*
Hort, *hurt*
Hoales, *kholes*
Hoangry, *hungry*
Hundreth, *hundred*
Huddle, *huddlin, belonging*
courtship

I
I'D *I would*
Idly, *lazily*
Ifth, *if the*
Ill-favort, *ugly*
Immea, *in my*
Inder, *hinder*
Inkling, *a hint*

Int, *in it*
[127]

L
Laa, *law*

Ivver, *ever*
Ivvery, *every*
J

JAMMY, *James*

Jellus, *jealous*
Joan, *John*

K

KAW, *or caw, a cow*
Ken, *a comb*
Kem, *a comb; to comb*
Keep and creak, *hook and*
eye

Ken, *know*
Kent, *known*
Kerly merly, *a fanciful or*
useless thing

Kest, *or kessen, [cast]*
Kilt, *killed*
Kirsen, *christen*
Kirsend, *christened*
Kist, *a cheft; also [hiffed]*

Kissin, *kissing*
Kitlins, *kittens*
Kna, *know*
Knaanit, *know not*
Knackd, *sneered*

Knaanit, *now not*
Knain, *knowing*
Knaas, *knows*
Kneaf, *[neaf or sisk]*
Ky, *cows*
Kyesty, *dainty*

L

LA, *[low]*

M
Lucking, *looking*

Laaf, *or* lauf, *loaf*
Laaid, *load*
Laait, *or* lait, *look for*

Laase, *to lose*

Laas, *laws*

Lass, *laugh*

Laffin, *laughing*

Lairly,

Laify,

Lake, *to play*

Lakein, *a toy*

Lang, *long*

Langs, *longs*

Langer, *longer*

Lankester, *Lancaster*

Laukin, *weeding*

Leaam, *lame*

Leaamd, *lamed*

Leaav, *leave*

Leak, *to look*

Leaksta, *look at is*

Leaser, *leisure*

Leeftail, *quick sale*

Leein, *lying*

Leetnin, *lightning*

Leets, *happens*

Leev, *live*

Leever, *rather*

Lick, *beat*

Lickin, *beating*

Lickd, *beat*

Liekd, *loved*

Lig, *lay*

Lile, *little*

Lirple, *Liverpool*

Loome, *lame*

Low, *to blaze*

Lownd, *calm*

Lump, *sum; a large piece*

Lunnon, *London*

M

MAAD, *meaad, made*

Maak, *or* mack, *make*

Maaid, *made*

Maakin, *or* mackin, *mak-
ing*

Maaks, *or* macks, *makes*

Mammelt, *a villain*

Maander, *miss one's way*

Maar, *more*

Macks, *sorts*

Madlin, *bad memory*

Magget, *a whim*

Maint, *may not*

Mailikin, *foolish*

Mal, *Mary*

Mannerly, *decent; neat*

Mappen, *may be; perhaps*

Matchd, *paired or pitted*

Maut, *or* more, *male*

Maw, *to [mowgrass]*

Me, *my*

Mea, *or* meya, *make*

Meand, *complained*

Meck, *or* maye, *maye*

Meedo, *meadow ground*

Meet, *might*

Meety, *mighty; very large*

Meetily, *mightily*

Meeterly, *moderately*

Mell, *medale*

Mensful, *decent*

Mere, *mars*

Mid, *middle*

Middin, *dunghill*

Mirk, *dark*

Lowpt, *leaped, lept*

Luke, *look*

[128]

N-O

Mitch, *much*

Moant, *or munnet, must not*

Monny, *many*

Mooad, *roared*

Mooan, *moon*

Mowdywarp, *male*

Mud, *must or might*

Mudder, *mother*

Mul, *dust of peas*

Mun, *must*

Munea, *must I*

N

NANNY, *or Aggy, Agnes*

Naw, *now*

Nea, *no, not*

Neaam, *name*

Neaan, *noon*

Neak, *a nook [en]corner*

Neb, *a point*

Nebbor, *neighbour*

Neet, *night*

Neider, *neither*

Neisht, *or neist, mexe*

Net, *not*

Nettle, *to wex*

Nin, *none*

Nit, *not*

Nivver, *never*

Noant, *aunt*

Noase, *the [nuse]*

Noder, *neither*

Norse, *nurse*

Nout, *or nowt, nothing*

O

Mistacken, *mistaken*

Mismannerd, *welcoming*

P

Ommea, *or omme, of me*

Onny, *or ony, any*

Ont, *of it*

Offing, *offering*

Ofler, *hoftler*

O'th, *all the, of the*

Owar, *over*

Owarteak, *overtook*

Oways, *always*

P

PAAPER, *paper*

Paddock, *a toad; also a
small inclosure*

Par, *pair*

Parrack, *a croft*

Parcel, *parsley*

Parlish, *dangerous*

Partin, *parting*

Paund, *pound*

Paur, *or pawer, power*

Peays, *peas*

Pesterd, *teased*

Pettycoat, *petticoat*

Pey, *a pea*

Peyl, *to beat*

Peyled, *beaten*

Pig-hull, *hog-siye*

Plaum, *plum*

Plaigd, *plagued*

Pleaace, *place*

Pleaast, *pleased*

Plood, *ploughed*

Podifh, *porridge*

Pood, *putled*

OA, *or aw, all*

Occashon, []

Oddwhite, *a word sometimes
used in scalding*

Omast, *almost*

[129]

Q-R-S

Prin[]ely, *very well*

Puzend, *poisoned*

Pyannet, *a magpie*

Q

QUALITY mak, *gentry*

Quartern, *quarter*

Quean, *queen*

R

RAAID, *ride or rode*

Racken, *think; also to count*

Rader, *rather*

Rang, *wrong*

Rappis, *wicked* []

Rascot, *rascal*

Rasins, []

Raum, *room*

Raund, *or rawd, round*

Raundth, *round the*

Rave, *tore*

Readin, *reading*

Reddy, *ready*

Reeden,

ill temper } ~~ed~~

Reedin,

Reek, *smoke*

Reerd, *rife on* [ind]

Rench, *rinse*

Reet, *right*

Reetly, *rightly*

Ribbam, []

Ridin, *riding*

Pooin, *pulling*

Porshon, *fortune*

Potates, *potatoes*

Preia, *pray you*

Praud, *proud*

S

Saes, *says*

Sir, *sore*

Sairly, *sorely*

Sarra, *serve*

Sartan, *certain*

Sarvants, *servants*

Sarvis, *service*

Sarvth, *serve the*

Sark, *a shirt*

Saurin, *vinegar*

Saut, *salt*

Scant, *or seanty, scarce*

Scaur, *scour*

Scrat, *or skrat, stretch*

Scrattin, *scratching*

Sea, *see you*

Seaal, *sale*

Seaam, *same*

Seaave, *save*

Seager, *or shugar, sugar*

Sean, *soon*

Seat, *soot*

Sed, *said*

Sedth, *said the*

Seet, *fight*

Sel, *self*

Selt, *sold*

Sen, *since*

Sendry, *different*

Sensh, *since the*

Ritin, *writing*

Rive, *tear*

Rivven, *torn*

Ruggs, *coverlids for beds*

Runnin, *running*

S

SAAK, [*soks*]

Saar, *sore*

Sacklefs, *innocents*

Sae, *or sea, [so]*

[130]

S

Sine, *sign*

Sinifies, *signifies*

Skeer, *where they get cockles*

Sken, *to squint*

Skreengs, *squeezed*

Slat, *spill or throw*

Sleevefs-arrant, *going to no
purpose*

Slird, *slide*

Smiddy, *a blacksmith's shop*

Smoar, *smother*

Smut, *a black spot*

Sneck, *the latch of a door*

Sniggs, *eels*

Soary, *sorry*

make

Soond, *to faint*

Sopose, *suppose*

Sorro, *sorrow*

Spaan, [*wean*]

Spaanin, *weaning*

Spak, *spake*

Span-new, *quite new*

Spenses, *expences*

Spectacles, *spectacles*

Spew, *to be sick*

Seune, *or fewer, fever*

Shakin, *the ague*

Shap, *shape*

Shean, *heap*

Shearin, *reaping*

Shilla, *a [stony] beath*

Shilin, *shilling*

Shoo, *shoe*

Shoon, *shoes*

Sic, *such*

T

Stoup, *to bend forward*

Straanger, *stranger*

Streaak, *struck*

Strick, *straight*

Stud, *stood*

Sud, *should*

Summet, *something*

Swaar, *or sweaar, swere*

Swap, *to exchange*

Swaymus, *shy*

Swoap, *a sup*

T

TAAKIN, *condition*

Taar, *tore*

Taas, [*wood spht thin to*

baskets with

Taavin, *or teaavin, licking*

Tae, *to*

Taick, *or tak, taks*

Takenth, *taken the*

Tan, *then*

Tangs, *tongs*

Tath, *to the*

Tauk, *taulk*

Teaable, *table*

Spinnin, *spinning*
Spoart, *sport*
Staat, *an estate*
Start, *to begin*
Startin, *beginning*
Stayt, *stood*
Steaad, *stood*
Staal, *stols*
Steaalin, *stealing*
Steaak, *a stake; also to shut*
Steaan, *a stone*
Steal, *stoul*
Stee, *a ladder*
Steg, *a gender*
Stoand, *stand*
Stockins, *stockings*

[131]

T-U

Thaurt, *thou art*
Ther, *thoSe*
Thear, *or thiar, there*
Thee, *tha: alSo thigh*
This lids, *this manner*
[Thiffen], *this way*

Thof, *although*
Thout, *thought*
Thraad, *throwed*
Thraft, *thruSt*
Thrawn, *throw*
Throu, *through*
Throoth, *through the*

Tift, *to be in good order*
Tike, *any out of the way per-
Son*
Tiny, *little*
Todder, *the other*
Toma, *to me*
Tomorn, *tomorrow*

Teean, *taken*
Teanale, *a [basket]*
Teap, *a ram*
Tea draa, *an home*
Teea, *or teya, too*
Tee, *tea; also to [sasen]*
Tee-pot, *teapot*
Teerd, *tired*
Tegidder, *together*
Tha, *or thau, thou*
Th, *or the, they*
Thack, *thatch*
Thaul, *thou will*
Thault, *thou will*
Thaum, *thumb*
Thar, *or ther, their*

V-W

Unknaan, *or unnane, un-
known*
Une, *even*
Upth, *up the*
Urchon, *[hidge-hog]*

V

VARRA, *very*
Varman, *vermin*
Varlet, *a vile [perSon]*
[VarSa], *univerSal*
[VeSt], *the [warStcoat]*
Vilage, *a village*

W

WAAK, *awake*
Waat, *[opprehend]*
Wair, *or waare, [woro]*
Waaitin, *attending*
Waars, *worse*
Waintly, *very well*
Waistomea,

Toneet, *to-night*
Torn, *turn*
Tornd, *turned*
Tornups, *or turmits, [turnips]*
Toth, *to the*
Torneralaa, *attor[my] at law*
Toupende, *two-pence*
Tow, *two*
Traaid, *trade*
Trubble, *trouble*
Tudder, *the other*
Tul, *till*
Tult, *to it; till the*
Tummelt, *tumbled*
Turmoild, *[diStreSSed]*
Twea, *two, twice*
Twilt, *to quite*
U

UDDER, *other*
Ugly, *or uglis, [diSagretable],*
unhandSome

[132]

W

Whaintly, *very well*
Whaker, *quiver, [shake]*
Whakerd, *quivered, shook*

Whenth, *when the*
Whick, *[alive]*
Whoor, *whore*
Whya, *well*
Widdersful, *[endeavouring]*
Wie, *with*
Wieawt, *without*
Wieth, *with the*
Wieme, *with me*
Wiltae, *[will] thou*
Winnit, *will not*
Wiskett, *a [basket]*

Wake, *weak*
Watter, *water*
Wae, *concerned*
Wauk, *walk*
Wark, *work*
War, *war*
Ward, *world*
Wards, *worlds*
Weatin, *urine*
[Weddin], *wedding*
Weedo, *widow, widower*
Weedos, *widows*
Weel, *well*
Weet, *[with] it*
Wees, *we Shall*
Welly, *[almost]*
Weshd, *[waShed]*
Whaar, *where*

Whaarth, *where the*
Whaarst, *where is it*
Whaint, *[very]*

Y

Wor, *[were]*
Worfed, *worfted*
Y

Y A, *yaa, yan, [one]*
Ya, *[an ewe]*
Yale, *ale*
Yallo, *yellow*
Yance, *once*
Yans, *ones*
Yaur, *your*
Yeasy, *easy*
Yee, *you*
Yeel, *you [will]*
Yeer, *year*
Yerd, *yard*

Wod, *or* wad, *would*
Woo, *wool*

Yer, *or* yaur, *your*
Yersel, [*yoursilf*]

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