The Salamanca Corpus

John Richardson's "Cummerland Talk" (1871)

"Cummerland Talk;"

BEING

SHORT TALES AND RHYMES IN THE DIALECT OF THAT COUNTY:

TOGETHER WITH

A FEW MISCELLANEOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

By JOHN RICHARDSON,
OF SAINT JOHN'S.

LONDON: JOHN RUSSELL SMITH.
CARLISLE: GEO. COWARD.
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CUMMERLAND TALK.

Efter meùsen an' thinken for ivver sa lang,
I thowt I wad mak a few Cummerland sangs;
An' I sed to mesel, befwore writen a line,
My sangs s'all be true if t' words urrent sa fine.

It issent by t' dress iv a thing yan can judge,
For t' finest o' language is sometimes aw fudge;
An' Cummerland talk, 'at's as rough as git oot,
Hes sense, aye, an' treuth 'at some fine talk's withoot.

Yan oft sees a chap wi' a good-leuken feace,
Quite bonny eneuf to put in a glass kease;
Bit if ye just quiz him aboot this an' that,
Ye'll finnd him as thin, barn, as t' lug iv a cat.

An' than theer some lasses sa 'ticen indeed,
'At t' young chaps aboot them ga wrang i' their heids;
Bit fine as they ur, when they're fleein aboot,
They're worth varra laal bit to leùk at, I doot.

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The'r fine refinet language I know laal aboot,
The'r sooth country accent wi' t' "H's" left oot;
Fwok tell me 'at meanin' on't 's baddish to know,
'At "white" oft means "black," an' "aye" sometimes means
"no."

Bit Cummerland dialect issent that way,
Fwok say what they mean, an' they mean what they say;
It's rayder auld-fashin't, an' broadish, an' aw,
Bit plain as a pike-staff, an' easy to know.

Noo, sometimes when t' treuth's nut sa sweet an' sa good
Fwok willent know t' meanin' when mebby they mud;
They'll say it's daft bodder, it's this, an' it's that,
Bit treuth 'ill be treuth, barn, na matter for that.

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INTRODUCTION.

In submitting these sketches to the public, the author begs to inform his readers that they will not find among them any descriptions of rude and riotous scenes, similar to those so graphically described by Anderson, Stagg, and some others of the Cumberland bards. Such gatherings as "T' Worton Weddin'," "T' Bridewain," and many more described by them, have long been things of the past; and the half-century which has passed away since they wrote, has brought a great and beneficial change in the manners and customs of the Cumberland rural population.

Indeed, the author himself can remember the time when any local gathering, such as a fair or merry-night, had taken place, the first question asked the next morning by one person of another

who had attended it, would have been, "What, was t'er owts o' feightin' yesterneet; or aw was middlin' whiet?" and in nine cases out of ten, the other would have some "feightin'" to give account of. In Anderson's time, bull-baiting, badger-baiting, and cock-fighting would be in full swing; and one may imagine the scenes that would often be associated with such brutalizing amusements, and can easily believe that his descriptions are not much, if at all, exaggerated.

There are persons yet living who can remember a large stone in the pavement, near the centre of the market place in the town of Keswick, to which was attached a strong iron ring, called the "bull-ring." To this ring the poor bull was fastened, with a rope or chain attached to its nose, and baited by dogs till completely exhausted, when it was taken away and killed; and it frequently happened that during the exhibition there would be several fights among the spectators respecting the merits and prowess of the different dogs engaged in the contest. I have been told that the ring

remained in the market place for many years after bull-baiting was discontinued, and that to "shak t' bull-ring" was reckoned an act of uncommon daring, for it was the same as throwing down the glove, and amounted to a challenge to any one in the town at the time. To put a stop to these frequent quarrels and uproars, the late Mr. Dixon, (who was then agent for the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital,) had it taken away; and as a proof of the improved taste of the present day, an elegant fountain has lately been erected on its site.

During the last sixty or seventy years there has been a complete transformation among the rural population of Cumberland, in their diet, dress, and manners. Instead of the oatmeal porridge, oatmeal bread, salt beef, and home-brewed ale, which were then almost their sole living; wheat bread, tea, coffee, sugar, and other articles, which were then thought great luxuries, may be now found in the poorest cottage. Instead of the coarse Skiddaw-grey coats, and the linsey-woolsey gowns and petticoats, which were then universally worn

by old and young; the finest broadcloths, merinos, alpacas, and even silks, are common in every dwelling. Instead of the roystering merry-nights, weddings, bridewains, and other gatherings, described by Anderson and Stagg, the annual gatherings at the inns about Christmas are designated "balls," and are generally as well conducted, and as free from anything blameable or objectionable, as the balls and assemblies among the higher classes. The weddings, though sometimes gay enough, are almost invariably well conducted, and free from drunkenness and roystering, while the bridewains have long been obsolete.

At the sheep-shearings, or "clippings," as they are called, which are attended almost exclusively by country people, although the proceedings are characterized by the utmost hospitality, cheerfulness, and good-fellowship, they are now conducted with the strictest propriety. The author can remember being at "clippings" where the proceedings were of the most brutal and indecent description; when *persons* were compelled to drink, even against their

wills, till they became totally helpless; and when the songs sung were of the most obscene and disgusting kind. Indeed, in those days, a song was no song at all at a "clipping," if it had not, as they used to call it, "a strip o' blue in 't." But at the present day, although song-singing is a favorite part of the entertainment at all "clippings," there is very rarely anything sung that the most modest female need blush to hear.

It will be evident to the reader from the foregoing remarks, that any one attempting to write in the Cumberland dialect at the present time, will have to draw his incidents from far less exciting scenes than those described by Anderson and Stagg. But notwithstanding the changes which have taken place in Cumberland, as respects the manners, customs, and ways of living of its inhabitants, its dialect has undergone little or no change. In writing the specimens in the present volume, it has been the author's endeavour to give the dialect as nearly as possible as it is spoken; but it will be found by any one who will take the trouble to compare the two together,

that the dialect pieces written by Relph of Sebergham, one hundred and forty years since, contain almost the very same words and phrases as are in use at present. Indeed, if we are to have a dialect at all, we could not have one that would be more expressive, or better adapted for the interchange of ideas and feelings among country people. Any one will admit this who has heard rustics talking together in a free and unconstrained manner; but the fact is, that very few well educated persons ever do hear them converse so, because a great many of them try to polish their talk a bit when the clergyman, or the doctor, or any person of that description goes among them, and the result is a mixture that is neither dialect nor ordinary English. There are, however, some exceptions to this. There are some sturdy old dalesmen who would not modify a syllable if they were talking to the queen; and there are many amusing anecdotes illustrating this characteristic. One will suffice.

A Cumbrian gentleman, lately deceased, had an old tenant named Matthew, whom he valued

highly for his sterling honesty and straight-forward character, and had one day ridden over to assist him in planning some drainage, or other improvements on his farm. Having completed their survey, and arrived at the farmstead just as the family were going in to dinner, Matthew said to him, "What, ye may's weel come in an' hev a bit o' dinner afwore ye gang. Ye're varra welcome to sec as we hev." The old gentleman, partly from his great urbanity, and partly no doubt for the joke of the thing, accepted his invitation, and entered the kitchen, where was a large table which reached almost the whole length of the room, and at which were seated all his family, sons, daughters, servants, and labourers, to the number of nearly twenty. Near to each end of the table was placed a large hot-pot, which is a dish consisting of beef or mutton, cut into pieces, and put into a large dish along with potatoes, onions, pepper, salt, etc., and then baked in the oven, and is called in Cumberland a "taty-pot." Old Matthew placed a chair for his landlord next to his own at the head of the table, and, after

loading his own plate, shoved the "taty-pot" towards him, and said, "Noo, ye mun help yer-sel, an' howk in. Theer 'ill be meat eneùf at t' boddom; but it's rayder het." Now, that was what we may call unadulterated Cumberland; and who will say that it was not far more expressive than any of the half-and-half which we so often hear?

With these few remarks, I send my promiscuous pieces to the publisher, trusting that they may afford some amusement to those who take an interest in the time-honoured dialect of "auld Cummerland."

J. R.

SAINT JOHN'S.

"CUMMERLAND MAK O' TALK."

A CUMMERLAND DREAM.

I'D a dream t' tudder neet 'at bodder't me sair,
I thowt I'd just been at a Martinmas fair;
An' bein' varra tir't, an' nut varra thrang,
Next mwornin' I slummer't an' laid rayder lang.

I thowt i' me dream, when at last I gat up,
An' Sally wi' coffee was fullen me cup;
'At yan o' thur pharisee fellows com in,
An' sed 'at I'd deùn a meast terrible sin.

I knew nowt I'd deùn, an' I axt when an' where:—
Ses he, "What, ye been at this Martinmas fair;
An' I may's weel tell ye, 'at fwok 'at ga theer,
'Ill ga tull a war pleàce, when they ga fra here.

"It's awful to think o' sek horrible wark
Theer is wi' thur fairs an' this coddlin' i' t' dark ;
An' here, doon i' Cummerland,—issent it sad ?—
Theer hofe o' fwok basterts, an' t' rest nar as bad.

"If't wassent for me an' aboot udder ten,
Like Sodom it wad ha' been burn't up lang sen ;
An' that 'ill be t' end on't, wi'oot ye repent ! "—
I thowt when he'd sed that he gat up an' went.

I thowt i' my dream, 'twas a terrible thing,
Sek a judgment sud ower auld Cummerland hing ;
An' as I knew nowt 'at wad deù enny good,
I'd better git oot on't as fast as I cud.

Seeah, I pack't up me duds, an' set off at yance,
An' thowt I wad tak off to Lunnen or France ;
I thowt 'twas laal matter what way I sud gang,
If I gat oot o' t' coonty I cuddent be wrang.

I thowt I trudg't on till I leet iv a man,
An' I venter't to ax 'im what way he was gaan:
"To Lunnen," ses he, as he stop't an' leuk't roond:
"I hear 'at ye're Cummerland; whoar ur ye boond?"

"'To Lunnen," ses I, "if I nobbut kent t' way,
I've trudg't on afeùt for this menny a day;"—
An' than, I just telt 'im what sent me fra heàmm:
Ses he, "Oh! ye're silly an' sadly to bleàme.

"What, Cummerland fwok, let them gang whoar
they will,
Ur all'as respectit an' weel thowt on still;
An' to say they're wicked, it's aw just a farce,
Ye'll finnd them i' Lunnen a hundred times warse.

"Just leùk into t' papers, theer nivver a day
Bit barns ur fund murder't, an' put oot ò' t' way;
An' than theer men leeven wi' udder fwok's wives,
An' plenty 'at dew nowt bit thieve aw their lives.

"Theer thoosands o' wimmen 'at walken on t' street,
'Ill sell their sels off to t' best bidders at neet;
An' t' best o' them thoosands is warse, I'll be bund,
Nor t' warst theer can be iv aw Cummerland fund."

I was that sair suppris't when I hard what he sed,
'At I gev a girt rowl an' tummel't off t' bed;
That waken't me up, an' me ankle was leàmm,
Bit reet fain I was when I turn't up at heàmm.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

When winter winds blow strang and keen,
An' neets are lang an' cauld,
An' flocks o' burds, wi' famine teàm't,
Come flutteren into t' fauld;
I hev a casement, just ya pane,
'At Robin kens reet weel,
An' pops in menny a time i' t' day,
A crumb or two to steal.

At furst he's shy an' easy flay't,
Bit seùnn he bolder gits,
An' picks aboot quite unconsarn't,
Or here an' theer he flits.
An' when he gits his belly full,
An' 's tir't o' playin' pranks,
He'll sit quite still, on t' auld chair back,
An' sing his simple thanks.

Bit when breet spring comes back ageànn,
An' fields ur growen green,
He bids good day, an' flees away,
An' than na mair he's seen ;
Till winter comes ageànn wi' frost,
An' driften snow, an' rain,
An' than he venters back ageànn,
To leùk for t' oppen pane.

Noo, burds an' fwok ur mickle t' seàmm,
If they be i' hard need ;
An' yan hes owt to give, they'll come,
An' be girt frinds indeed.
Bit when theer nowt they want to hev,
It's nut sa lang they'll stay,
Bit just as Robin does i' t' spring,
They'll seun aw flee away.

"IT'S NOBBUT ME."

Ya winter neet, I mind it weel,
Oor lads 'ed been at t' fell,
An', bein' tir't, went seun to bed,
An' I sat be mesél.
I hard a jike on t' window pane,
An' deftly went to see;
Bit when I ax't, "Who's jiken theer?"
Says t' chap, "It's nobbut me!"

"Who's *me?*" says I, "What want ye here?
Oor fwok ur aw i' bed;"—
"I dunnet want your fwok at aw,
It's *thee* I want," he sed.
"What cant'e want wi' me," says I;
"An' who, the deuce, can't be?
Just tell me who it is, an' than"—
Says he, "It's nobbut me."

"I want a sweetheart, an' I thowt
Thoo mebby wad an' aw;
I'd been a bit down t' deàl to-neet,
An' thowt 'at I wad caw;
What, cant'e like me, dus t'e think?
I think I wad like thee"—
"I dunnet know who 't is," says I,
Says he, "It's nobbut me."

We pestit on a canny while,
I thowt his voice I kent;
An' than I steàll quite whisht away,
An' oot at t' dooer I went.
I creàpp, an' gat 'im be t' cwoat laps,
'Twas dark, he cuddent see;
He startit roond, an' said, "Who's that?"
Says I, "It's nobbut me."

An' menny a time he com ageànn,
An' menny a time I went,
An' sed, "Who's that 'at's jiken theer?"
When gaily weel I kent:

An' mainly what t' seàmm answer com,
Fra back o' t' laylick tree;
He sed, "I think thoo knows who't is:
Thoo knows it's nobbut me."

It's twenty year an' mair sen than,
An' ups an' doons we've hed;
An' six fine barns hev blest us beàth,
Sen Jim an' me war wed.
An' menny a time I've known 'im steal,
When I'd yan on me knee,
To mak me start, an' than wad laugh—
Ha! ha! "It's nobbut me."

T' BARRIN' OOT.

WHEN I went to t' scheull—oh! man, but theer hes been a deal o' ups an' doons sen that—I's abeùn sebbenty noo, an' seeah it 'ill be mair ner fifty year sen than. Bit i' them days fwoke use to gang far langer to t' scheùll ner they deù noo. They hev to start wark noo-a-days ameàst be they're peat-hee; while fifty year sen they dud nowte bit gang till they war girt lumps o' fellows, gayly nar as big as I is noo.

Well, as I was gaan to tell ye, I went to St. Jwohn's scheùll, when Preest Wilson was t' maister. He was racken't a varra good maister, teù. Sartenly, he was parlish sharp on us at times; an' some o' t' laal uns war nar aboot freetent to deith on 'im. Bit theer was on tull a scwore o' us girt fellows varra nar up tull men, an' we yan egg'd anudder on into aw maks

o' mischieves, till he was fworc't owder to be gayly sharp on us, or else we wad ha' gitten t' maister on 'im awtogidder.

By jing! hedn't we rare barrin's oot i' them days! Theer nowte et mak noo, for fwok hes gitten sa mickle pride, an' sa menny new-fanglet ways, 'at them auld customs ur aw deùn away wi'. It use to be than, when t' time com for brekkin' up for t' Cursmas er Midsummer hellidays, 'at when t' maister went heàmm tull his dinner, we use to bar up aw t' dooers an' windows, an' waddent let 'im in ageàn. An' than we wreàtt on a bit o' paper, 'at we wantit seeah menny week helliday, an' neah tasks, an' pot it through t' kaywholl. If we could nobbut manish to keep 'im oot, we gat oor helliday, an' neah tasks owder; bit if he contriv't enny way to git in, we use to hev to slenk of to oor seats gayly sharply, hingen oor lugs. An' than we gat ivvery yan on us a gay lang task to git off i' t' hellidays, an' a lock o' t' warst on us, mebby, a good hiden to be gaan on wi'.

Wy, theer was ya midsummer,—I can think on 't

as weel as if it hed nobbut been yesterday,—'at we war varra detarmin't, an' we contriv't aw to hev oor dinners wi' us that day, an' as seùn as ivver t' maister hed geàn tull his dinner, we began to prepare. We hed three or fower girt tubs riddy, an' we browt them into t' scheùll, an' than we fetch't watter oot o' t' scheùll dem till they war as full as they cud hod; an' we warrent varra partickler aboot gitten't varra clean nowder. An' than we hed swirts meàde o' kesks to swirt watter at 'im, if he try't to git in at t' windows.

We next bar't t' dooer, an' nail't t' window case ments, an' meàde aw as secure as we cud, an' than we waitit till he com. As seùn as he com an' fand 'at he cuddent git in, he shootit varra illnatur't like, 'at we mud oppen't dooer; bit asteed o' that we pot oor bit o' paper through t' kaywholl demanden a month helliday, an' neah tasks. When he saw that he was madder ner ivver, an' he sed 'at he wad owder be in or know 'at he cuddent git.

Efter that we hard neah mair on 'im for a canny bit, an' we began to think 'at he'd gone awtogidder

bit we war ower auld to oppen t' dooer, teù. We keep't watchen, an' peepen oot for a while, an' efter a bit whea dud we see bit greet Joe Thompson, at Sykes', an' their sarvent man, Isaac Todd, an' t' maister, aw cummen togidder, an' they hed geàvlecks an' hammers ower their shooders, to brek t' dooer in wi'. We war gayly flate than. This Joe Thompson was a girt fellow, a gay bit abeun two yerds lang, an' he was as strang as a cuddy, bit as num as a coo; an' a job o' that mak just suitit 'im. He wad ha' gone hofe a duzzen mile for a bit fun, enny time. Poor Joe! he was neah bad fellow, wassent Joe, bit he's deid an' geàn abeùn twenty year sen.

Bit, awivver, we consultit togidder, an' we thowt 'at as we'd begun, theer was neah way bit feightin't oot; an' seeah as seùn as ivver enny o' them com nar t' window we aw let flee wi' oor swirts, an' hofe droon't them wi' durty watter. We dreàve them back i' that way a gay lock o' times, bit they all'as come on ageàn, an' at last they brack t' casement in wid a greet hammer. For aw that they cuddent git in when they'd deūn. We ram't furms an' things

into t' wholl, an' dash't watter at them, till we fairly dreàve them back ageàn.

Efter that aw was whiet for a while, an' we began to think 'at we'd banish't them awtogidder; bit we fand it oot efter 'at they war nobbut waitin' till Isaac Todd hed gone to late some tin-cans. It wassent lang till they began to throw watter through t' window, ya canful efter anudder, that fast, 'at we war gaan to be fairly droon't oot. We duddent know what to deù than for a laal bit, bit oor mettle was fairly up, an' we detarmin't to mak what t' soldiers caw a sortie. Seeah, we aw rush't oot pell-mell, an' sed we wad put them aw three in t' scheùll dem. Two or three o' t' biggest gat hoald o' Isaac Todd, an' dud throw 'im in heid fwormost, an' telt 'im to git oot ageàn t' best way he could.

Theer was aboot a scwore on us buckel't greet Joe, bit he mannish't to git hoald o' t' dial post, an' he was that strang 'at we cuddent aw stur 'im. We mud as weel ha' try'd to trail Skiddaw, as Joe an' t' dial post, an' seeah we left 'im, an' aw teùk efter t' Preest, like a pack o' hoonds i' full cry; bit he was

a young lish fellow than, an' cud keep up a rattlin' pace for menny a lang mile. He teuk reet away on to t' Lowrigg, an' we seùnn lost 'im; an' I dar say if t' treuth was known we war pleas't eneùff 'at we duddent catch 'im.

Bit, awivver, we'd won t' day, an' ye may be seùr 'at we meàdd neeah laal noise aboot it, when theer was atween thirty an' forty on us aw talken togidder, an' tellen what greet feats we'd deùn.

It was mid-efterneun than, bit we set to wark an' sidit t' scheùll up as weel as we could. An' than we meàdd a collection amang oorsels, an' hed spworts, sek as russelin', an' lowpin', an' feut-reàcin'; an' t' maister an' Joe Thompson com back an' join't us, an' aw was as reet as could be.

We saw neah mair o' Isaac Todd. We thowt 'at he'd mebby geànn heàmm an' to bed till his cleàss gat dry.

"GIT OWER ME 'AT CAN."

WHEN I was a bit hofe groun lad,
To Threlket fair I went;
Sek lots o' fwok an' sheep I saw,
Bit varra few I kent.
An' some theer war meàdd noise eneùff,
Bit meàst I nwotish't yan,
'At still keep't shooten, as he talk't,
"Git ower me at can."

I ax't me fadder who he was,
Says he, "A statesman's son;
His fadder was a seàvven man,
Bit noo he's deid an' gone:

An' that's his eldest son an' heir,
'At's gitten aw his land;
He thinks he's summet when he says,—
'Git ower me 'at can.'"

That chap agean I nivver saw
For ten lang years or mair;
An' aw 'ed slip't me memory quite,
I'd hard at Threlket fair:
When yance a helliday I hed,
An' doon to Kessick ran,
An' theer I hard a voice 'at said,—
"Git ower me 'at can."

Thinks I, that mun be t' statesman's son,
An' ax't a chap, 'at sed,
"Aye, that was t' statesman's son an' heir,
'At land an' money hed;
Bit t' money's mainly gone, I think,
An' noo he's selt his land;"
Just than he stacker't in, an' sed,
"Git ower me 'at can."

Some hofe a duzzen year slip't ower,
An' t' heir ageànn I sees:
His cwoat was oot at t' elbows, an'
His brutches oot at t' knees;
His shoon war wholl't, beàth nebs an' heels;
Bit still his ower-teùnn ran,
As lood as when I saw 'im furst,—
"Git ower me 'at can."

Thinks I, it's queer, an' ax't a man
If t' reason he could tell:
"Aye, weel eneùff I can," says he,
"He's gitten ower his-sel;
He's swallow'd aw his fadder left,
Beàth hooses, brass, an' land,
An' twenty scwore o' sheep beside;
Git ower that 'at can!"

WHAT USE TO BE LANG SEN.

I's grou'en feckless, auld, an' leàmm,
Me legs an' arms ur far fra t' seàmm,
  As what they use to be:
Me back oft warks, an's seldom reet;
I've sceàrse a teùth to chow me meat,
  An' I can hardly see.

Bit yance I cud ha' plew't or sown,
Or shworn me rigg, or thick gurse mown,
  Wi' enny man alive:
An' yance, when in t' Crowpark we ran,
(An' theer war some 'at cud run than,)
  I com in t' furst o' five.

At russelin', if I say't mesel,
Theer wassent menny cud me fell,
An' theer war gooduns than :
I've russel't oft wi' Gwordie Urn,
An' still cud fell 'im in me turn,
An' he was neah bad man.

An' who wi' me cud follow t' hoonds?
I've travel't Skiddaw roond an' roond;
An' theer war hunters than :
Bit I was gayly oft wi' t' furst,
An' went whoar nobbut odduns durst,
An' nin noo leeven can.

An' than at fair or merry-neet,
Nin like me cud ha' us't their feet;
An' theer war dancers than :
What, noo they fidge an' run aboot,
Theer nowder jig, three reel, nor nowt,
An' steps they hevvent yan.

When I was young, lads us't to larn
To dance, an' run, an' russel, barn,
'Twas few 'at larn't to read:
Fwok thowt their barns war sharp an' reet,
If they cud use their hands an' feet;
'Twas laal they car't for t' heid.

Fwok use' to drink good heàmm brew't yal,
It steùd on t' teàble ivvery meàll,
An' ye mud swig ye're fill:
Bit noo theer nowt bit swashy tea,
Na wonder fwok sud warsent be,
Fair snafflins they'll be still.

This warld an' me are beàth alike,
We're beàth on t' shady side o' t' dyke,
An' tumlen fast doon t' broo:
Theer nowt 'at ivver yan can see,
'At's hofe like what it use' to be;
Aw things ur feckless noo!

JOBBY DIXON.

Auld Jobby Dixon lik't his beer;
An' oft he santer't on
O' market days, an' smeuk't an' sup't,
Till t' meast o' fwok war gone:
Bit jolly neets mak sworry mworns,
Yan's sometimes hard it sed;
An' yance I cawt, nut varra seùnn,
An' Jobby was abed.

At last he turn't oot, bit hang't like,
He geàp't an' rub't his heid:
Says I, "Wy, Jobby, what's to deù?"
Says he, "I's var' nar deid."
"I seàvv't thee poddish," Betty sed,
"Thoo'd better snap them up:"
Says Jobby, "They may ga to t' pig,
I cuddent touch a sup."

Ses she, "I mass't a cup o' tea,
  Theer t' pot on t' yubben top;"
Ses Jobby, "Thoo may drink't theesel,
  I cuddent tak a drop."
"I'd better mak a posset, than,
  Q' milk an' good wheat bread;"
"I cuddent swallow bite or sup
  Iv owt thoo hes," he sed.

Auld Betty steùd a bit, an' than
  She gev a wink at me:
An' than she sed, "I dunnet know,
  I doot thoo's gan to dee;
What, cant'e tak a glass o' rum?
  Thoo'll mannish that, I's warn:"
"Wy, fetch me yan," auld Jobby sed,
  I *mun* hev summet, barn."

WILLIE COOBAND AN' HIS LAWSUIT.

Dud ye ivver hear tell iv auld Willie Cooband? He use to leeve up at t' hee end o' Patterdal aboot sixty year sen, I've hard them say; an' use to git a leevin' be makkin' coobands, an' hoops, an' gurds for tubs an' furkins, an' sec like. That was t' way 'at he gat t' neàmm o' Willie Cooband.

"What, he was likely a smith," ye say. Nay, nay, nowt o' t' mak. Aw t' coobands, an' hoops, an' gurds, an' things o' that mak, war meàdd o' *wood* i' them days; an' a deal o' mair things 'at ur meàdd o' iron, noo. Bit, awivver, I was gaan to tell ye 'at Willie use to mak thur bands, an' hoops, an' things, an' carry them to Peerath to sell ivvery Tuesday, wi' an auld leàmm meer 'at he hed. Noo, it happen't ya week 'at t' auld meer was leàmer ner common, an' Willie thowt 'at she wad nivver git to Peerath

an' back, an' seeah he borrow't anudder auld meer iv a nebbor body 'at they caw't Tom Wilson.

I' them days t' rwoad fra Patterdal to Peerath wassent as it is noo, like a turnpike, wi' carridges an' things gaan back an' forret on't ivvery day, bit a rough shakky rwoad as cud be; an' iv a deal o' pleàces theer was nobbut just room for a car to gang. Theer was ya spot i' partickler, whoar t' rwoad went through a pleace 'at they caw't Stybarrow cragg, 'at was varra dangerous. Theer was nobbut just t' brenth of a car hack't oot o' t' cragg feàce; an' if owt went ower t' edge it wad gang reet doon into Ullswater, an' waddent be worth laten oot agean.

Wy, this time I's tellen ye aboot, auld Willie set off wi' his hoops an' his bands, an' when he gat to Stybarrow cragg summet went wrang wi' t' auld meer 'at he'd borrow't; an' she began yellin', an' kickin', an' backin', an' threw hersel an' t' car doon t' cragg into t' watter, an' was droon't.

What, Tom Wilson threeten't 'at he wad mak Willie pay for t' auld meer; bit Willie thowt 'at

Tom Wilson was liker to pay him for his car, an' his bands, an' hoops, an' things 'at hed gone to t' boddom o' t' watter, if theer was to be enny payin' aboot it. It pot on i' that way a laal bit, an' than somebody telt Willie 'at Tom Wilson was ganto put 'im into t' law to mak 'im pay for t' auld meer; bit Willie thowt he wad hev t' furst word, an' off he set to Peerath as hard as he could gang. When he gat to Peerath he inquir't o' somebody whoar t' Justice o' peace leev't; an', when they telt 'im, he bang't reet up to t' dooer, an' knock't, an', as it happen't, t' Mistress com' to t' dooer.

"Dus Mr. Justice leeve here?" ses Willie.

What, t' lady saw in a minute what kind iv a customer he was, an' rayder smil't, an' sed, "Yes, he does."

"Is he at heámm?" ses Willie.

"No," sed t' lady.

"Wy," ses Willie, "ur ye Mrs. Justice, than?"

"Well," she sed, "I suppose I am."

"Wy, than," ses Willie, "suppwose ye war Tom Wilson' auld meer, an' I was to borrow ye to carry

me bands, an' me hoops, an' me gurds to Peerath, to sell; an' when ye gat to Stybarrow cragg ye began o' yellin', an' kickin', an' backin', as enny auld wicked bitch iv a meer mud deu, an' was to throw yer-sel doon t' cragg an' breck yer neck, was I to pay for ye? Was I, be d——d!" An' away Willie set off heàmm ageànn wi' oot anudder word.

An' that was t' end o' Willie Cooband Lawsuit.

FWOK ALL'AS KNOW THER AWN KNOW BEST.

FWOK all'as know ther awn know best;
For aw theer some 'ill preach,
As if aw t' rest o' fwok war feùls,
An' they war bworn to teach.
A man may deù what leùks bit daft:
Bit hoo ur we to tell,
What motives or what reasons for 't,
That man may hev his-sel?

Fwok all'as know ther awn know best,
Hooivver some may bleàmm;
If them 'at bleàmms war in their shoon,
They'd mebby deù just t' seàmm.

We howk wholls in anudder's cwoat,
An' than shoot oot auld rags;
Bit oft he'll hev t' meàst wholls i' his,
'At loodest talks an' brags.

Fwok all'as know ther awn know best;
Bit theer 'ill wise uns be,
'At think they ivvery thing can know,
An' through a millstone see.
Bit oft I've nwotish't i' me time,
'At them 'at talk't sa fast,
An' thowt they hed aw t' sense theirsels,
Hev turn't oot feùls at last.

AULD PINCHER.

Me poor auld Pincher's deid at last,
  He's been a good un teù;
I'll nivver git anudder dog
  To deù as he wad deù.

For twelve lang years o' clood an' shine,
  He's been a treùthful frind;
A better nor I ivver else
  'Mang dogs or fwok cud finnd.

If I'd a crust he wag't his tail,
  An' thankful teùk his share;
An' if I'd nowt he wag't his tail,
  An' nivver seem't to care.

If I drest i' me Sunday cleàs,
He frisk't, an' still wad gang;
If I pot on me jerkin rag't,
He nivver thowt it wrang.

If I me plad or cwoat laid doon,
He'd watch 't for a lang day;
An' ill betide that sneaken kneàve
'At try't to tak 't away.

When I was merry Pincher bark't,
An' frisk't aboot wi' glee:
When I was dull he hung 'is tail,
An' leùk't as dull as me.

Bit what, he's geàn—it's nonsense noo,
To tell what Pincher was;
It's wake to freet for a poor dog,
An' seeah we'll let it pass.

SLY SALLY.

Young Simon an' his partner Jane,
War thick as thick could be;
An' oft they cwortit bits on t' sly,
An' thowt 'at nin wad see:
Bit Sally wi' her glancen een,
Wad watch them like a hawk;
She thowt she saw love in their leùks,
An' hard it in their talk.

They 'greed to hev a whiet walk,
Ya Sunday efterneùn;
An' nin wad know what way they'd been,
Or judge what they'd been deùn:
Bit Sally wi' her oppen ears,
Hed hard that bargin meàdd;
An' when they just war ganto start,
She slip't oot furst an' heàdd.

They santer't on reet lovenly,
When oot o' seet they gat ;
They walk't awhile, an' steùd awhile,
An' than awhile they sat :
Bit Sally wi' her leetsome step,
Still clwose at hand wad keep ;
An' when they sat an' bill't an' coo't,
She through t' thorn dyke wad peep.

An' when they santer't heàm ageàn,
They went in yan by yan ;
As if they'd nut tean tudder seen,
Sen oot o' t' hoose they'd geàn :
Bit Sally kent a bainer way,
An' heàm afwore them gat ;
An' when they com in fra their walk,
Quite unconsarn't she sat.

They seùn war talken merrily,
O' what they'd hard an' seen ;
As if they'd beàth gone different ways,
An' nut togidder been :

Bit Sally sed, "Ha! ha! ye're sly,
Bit cannot ower me git;
Ye went to leùk at t' 'Druid steànns,'
Bit nivver saw them yet."

They blush't an' at teànn tudder leùkt,
Reet sheepishly, na doot;
An' wonder't what sly Sally knew,
An' hoo she'd fund it oot:
Bit Sally sed, "A laal wee burd
Com flutteren oot o' t' wood
Just noo, an' telt me whoar ye'd been,
An' aw ye sed an' dud."

AULD FWOK AN' AULD TIMES.

We sometimes meet with an old stager,—though the race is fast dying out,—who will tell us that there is nothing in the world now that is anything like as good as things were when he was young; and after all it is a pardonable prejudice, for we are all apt to look back to the days of our youth with an affection and an enthusiasm which attach themselves to no other period of our lives. Not long since the writer heard an old man who was fast approaching fourscore, give his opinion of things, past and present, as nearly as he can remember in the following words:—

I dunnet know what this warld's gaan to git teù efter a bit, I's seùrr, for they gitten mowin' machines, an' reapin' machines, an' threshin' machines, an' sheep-dippin' things, an' I dunnet know what

beside. Enny body 'at leeves a few years langer 'ill see 'at theer 'ill nowder be mowers, nor shearers, nor soavers, nor owt else 'at's good for owt. Thur machine things come oot yan efter anudder 'at yan gits amakily teànn to them be degrees, or else I've oft thowt 'at if yan o' them auld fellows 'at deet aboot three scwore year sen could come back noo he wad gang clean crazy.

I wonder what Tim Crostet o' Wanthet wad think if he was to pop up some day, an' could see enny bit snafflen thing drivin' away an' whusselen an' mowin' sebben or eight yacker in a day. Tim was yan o' t' best mowers 'at ivver was i' this country. He use to mow wi' a sye 'at hed two yerds o' edge, an' he could fell fower square yerds ivvery stroke. He use to tak fower yerds o' breed an' a yerd forret ivvery bat. Bit, what, theer neah sek fellows as Tim noo-a-days! He was abeùn sixteen steànn weight, aw beànn an' sinny, an' as lish as a buck. He could ha' hitch't ower a five bar't yat wi' just liggen ya hand on t' top on 't, an' theer nut sa menny sixteen steànn chaps 'at could deù that.

Bit i' them days theer war men 'at war worth cawin' men. Theer was Tom Nicholson o' Threlket, 'at gat t' russelin' at Carel three year runnen,—an' it teùk a man 'at was a man to git it i' them days. Theer was mebby laal else bit a belt to russel for, an' they aw try't their best to git it. Theer was nin o' this blackleggin', an' barginnin', an' liggin' doon to yan anudder, as theer is noo. I've oft thowt 'at if three or fower sek fellows as Tom Nicholson, an' Will Rutson o' Codbeck, an' Gwordie Stamper o' Millbeck, war to step intul a ring some day they wad mak a bonnie scail o' thur scrafflen things 'at git silver cups, an' ten pund prizes, noo-a-days.

Bit, loavins me! it's nut ya thing—it's ivvery-thing. When I was young, yan mud ha' gitten a bit o' Skiddaw grey cleàth for a cwoat; or a bit o' good heàmm meàdd linn for a sark 'at wad ha' worn fower or five year, an' nivver ha' hed a wholl in't; bit noo, yan 'ill be varra lucky if yan gits owder a cwoat or a sark to keep heàll for three or fower week.

If yan happens to gang intul a hoose noo-a-days,

yan hardly dar set yan's feet doon for fear o' durtyen on 't. Aw fwok mun hev their fenders an' their bits o' carpet spread afwore t' fire, an' their fine grates brush't an' polish't, an' their cheeny cats an' dogs on t' chimley pieces; till t' hooses noo-a-days ur liker babby hooses nor owte else. When I was young fwok hed nowder grates nor chimley pieces. They use to hev girt oppen chimleys whoar they could hing hofe a duzzen flicks o' bacon, an' as menny hams to dry an' smeùk; an' than their fire-pleàces war on t' grund wi'oot owder grates or owt else. What wad ha' been t' use o' sek grates as they hev noo, when they use to put on a girt lump o' wood as mickle as yan o' them could lift; an' than mebby two or three armful o' peats, (they hed nin o' thur nasty seùty cwoals i' them days,) bit they hed fires 'at war worth cawin' fires.

I've hard them say 'at sometimes at Lenceùnn, aboot Cursmas, they wad ha' yok't a nag tull a heàll tree an' snig't it into t' hoose, an' than rowl't it on to t' fire; an' theer wad ha' been yan or two o' t' barns sittin' astride iv ayder end while it was *burnin'* at middle.

Fwok burn't nowt than bit wood an' peats, an' a fine peat time was iv as mickle accoont as a fine haytime or harvest. They use to git t' main part o' them off t' tops o' t' hee fells; an' it was a gay job to git them heàmm efter they war grovven an' wrout dry. They use to mainly-what tak a nag up to trail them to t' edge, an' than they had to sled them doon t' breest be hand; an' it was middlin' hard wark bringin' a sledful o' peats doon, an' beerin' t' empty sled up ageànn ivvery time. Bit, what, they car't nowt aboot a bit o' wark i' them days. Fwok wad aw be kilt reet oot if they hed sek things to deù noo.

They mun aw hev new-fashin't ways o' mannishin' their land an' aw. They're howkin', an' drainin', an' prowin' in 't forivver; an' mebby they deù mak't grow rayder mair sometimes; bit than if they put twice as mickle in 't as ivver they git oot ageànn, what good does 't deù? I dar say they think theirsels varra clever wi' their fine farmin'. Noo, for my part, I dunnet see 'at it shews sa varra mickle gumpshin to lig oot eighteen pence an' git aboot a shillin' or fifteen pence in ageànn.

When I was young neah body ivver thowt o' sek a thing as cuttin' a bit o' drain, or takkin' a cobble steànn oot o' t' grund, or owt o' that mak. They use to just mend t' gaps up as they tummel't, an' teùk what God sent, an' war thankful for 't; an' I dar say they dud as weel as a deal o' t' fine farmers deù noo, an' mebby better.

Yan nivver sees a good lang horn't coo noo-a-days, sek as aw fwok use to hev lang sen. They're aw thur girt lang-leg't slape-hair't beggars. An' what ur they good for? They can nowder bide heat nor coald.

Shaff on't! it's neah use talken—it's neah use talken at aw, barn. Fwok ur aw gitten to be sa wise 'at yan dussent know who's t' wisest or who knows t' meàst. For aw that, it caps me if a lock o' them wiseacres dussent finnd oot what's what afooar they're much aulder: tak my word for 't.

"SOMEBODY SED SEAH."

"SOMEBODY sed seah." Who could it be?
Whatsomebody sed mainly turns oot a lee;
I'd rayder gang supperless reet off to bed,
Nor lissen to "they say" an' "somebody sed."

For enny bit scandal 'at's fleean aboot,
'At somebody sed it theer varra laal doot;
Bit when yan wad fain know what's wrang an' what's
reet,
Somebody 'at sed it still sneaks oot o' seet.

Auld Betty o' Trootbeck hes gitten quite fat,
An' "somebody sed" theer war reasons for that;
"They say" 'at she likes summet strang-er nor tea,—
That summet means rum; bit it's mappen a lee.

When laal Betty-Sally was pleenen last year,
"They sed" her complent wad turn oot summet queer;
An' "somebody sed" 'at she'd been amang t' men;
Bit that was aw bodder—she's mendit lang sen.

"They sed" 'at laal Watson was back wi' his rent,
An' "somebody sed" 'at a nwotish was sent;
Bit that's been aw nonsense; he's rammen away,
An' gev eighteen pund for a coo tudder day.

Yan's oft hard fwok wish 'at "neahbody" was hang't;
An' what for deùnn mischieves he cannot be bang't;
Bit if he sud ivver on t' gallows tree hing,
"Somebody" an' "They say" mun be i' t' seàmm string.

BONNIE SPRING TIME.

It cheers yan up when winter's ower,
An' fields ur springen green;
It maks yan seùn forgit aw t' coald,
An' frost an' snow theer been:
Noo trees ur brùsten into leaf,
An' pomes on t' withe trees hing;
An' bees roos't fra their winter sleep,
Amang them work an' sing.

Theer t' blackburd whisselen on t' thorn-bush,
An' t' throssel on t' esh sings;
An' butterflees turn oot ageànn,
An' spreed their gaudy wings.
An' than theer t' lambs i' t' paster field,
Sa full o' spwort an' fun;
They'll aw draw up to some bit hill,
An' than they'll reàces run.

In t' woods theer bonnie primroses,
An' daffies in t' field neùk ;
An' daisies wi' their breet gold een,
Up fra t' fresh pasters leùk.
Theer crocuses on t' garden bed,
An' snowdrops i' full blow ;
An' menny mair just peepen oot,
Beside some shèlteren wo.

Whativver way yan turns yan's eyes,
Theer summet still to please ;
Some chirpen burd, some bonnie flooer,
Or brusten bud yan sees.
An', best iv aw, beàth rich an' poor,
Beàth beggars, lwords, an' kings,
Ur free alike to leùk at aw
'At bonnie spring time brings.

WHAT LAAL JENNY' SAY WAS WHEN SHE SED IT.

Thoo needent come smirken an' leuken sa pleas't:
Bit noo, as thoo hes cum't, I'll git me mind eas't;
I cuddent ha' sleep't mickle, up or abed,
Till I'd seen the', an' telt the', an' hed me say sed.

I've hard aw aboot the'; aye, weel thoo may glower;
Thoo'll nut wind me up as thoo's oft deùn befwore:
Oh! what hev I hard? What, I suddent believ't,—
Bit quite lang eneùf, I've been blinn'd an' deceiv't.

I' that fair feàce o' thine, nowt bit truth I cud see;
Bit noo theer nowt in't, bit deceit an' a lee:
An' them whiskers sa fine, 'at me fancy yance teùk,
They're nobbut to hide thee ill sinister leuk.

Thoo needn't deny't, for thoo's guilty, na doot;
Thoo needn't mak't strange, an' ax what it's aboot:
For thoo knows weel eneùf, what a taistrel thoo's been;
Theer issent a warse here an' Carel atween.

Thoo gangs slenken off, furst to yan, than anudder;
It matters nut much, whether t' dowter or t' mudder:
It's furst 'at comes handy, 'at's reet still for thee;
Bit thoo needn't come smirken an' kneppen at me.

It's aw stuff an' nonsense! Aye, mebby it may;
Bit I'll tak the' contrary to what thoo may say:
Thoo's meàdd it thee brag, 'at thoo welcome cud gang,
To enny i' t' deàll, bit thoo'll finnd theesel wrang.

Thoo thinks 'at thoo's cunnin', an' lang i' bein' catch't;
Bit when thoo gits weddit, I whop thoo'll be match't
Wi' an ill scoalden wife, 'at 'ill gi' the' thee pay,
An' cwoam the' thee toppin oot ten times a day.

Thoo'd better be gaan, for I've noo sed me say;
Thoo's nut welcome here, sa thoo'd best bide away:
An' next when thoo brags o' thee sweethearts sa menny,
An' neàms them aw ower, thoo may leave oot laal Jenny.

OOR JOE.

Ye say ye dunnet ken oor Joe?
  Wy, that caps t' cutlugs, teù:
I thowt aw t' wardle kent oor Joe,—
  I's seùr t' main o' them deù.

He's all'as selt oor sheep an' beese,
  Sen Jemmy went sa queer;
An' when we'd ivver owt to deù,
  Oor Joe was all'as theer.

An' when we've ivver owt ga's wrang,
  Or owt we dunnet know,—
We nivver need be at a loss,—
  We all'as fetch oor Joe.

He's meàdd trustee, an' assignee,
  For fwok beàth far an' near;
An' seàlls wad nut be seàlls at aw,
  Wi' oot oor Joe was theer.

At weddin's, clippin's, an' sec like,
He's furst an' fwormost still;
Na matter who may be left oot,
Oor Joe's invitit still.

Aw t' wummen fwok for miles an' miles,
Hev cock't their caps at Joe;
Bit, what, he'll nut be catch't wi' caff,
An' that I'd hev them know.

They say oor Queen 'ill wed na mair;
Bit, faith, I dunnet know,
She'd mappen change her mind ageàn,
If she sud see oor Joe.

Bit, what, ye'll git to ken oor Joe;
For owt 'at I can tell
Is nobbut like a fleabite, barn,
To what ye'll see yersell.

JEMMY STUBBS' GRUNSTANE.

A GAY lock o' years sen theer leev't doon at t' boddom o' Skiddaw an auld roysteren farmer 'at they caw't Jemmy Stubbs. He hed six sons, aw girt londeren chaps, nut yan o' them under six feùt; an' they war aw regular rapscallions for drinkin', an' feightin', an' mischief iv aw kinds. Theer was nivver a week end bit somebody's yats war thrown oot o' creùks, or their dooers tied, or their nags rudden off three or fower mile, or summet o' t' mak, an' thur Stubbs lads all'as gat t' bleàmm on't; an' I dar say they warrent oft bleàm't wrang.

This auld Jemmy was sek a fellow for sweerin' as wassent i' o' t' country side. He cuddent ha' oppen't his mooth to say owt bit theer hed to be two or three girt oaths amang't; an' as it mainly-what happens 'at "as t' auld cock crows t' young un

larns," thur lads hed grown up to be as bad or warse for sweerin' nor their fadder. I've hard them say, 'at yance when they'd some o' them fawn oot, an' war rippen an' sweeren varra nar ivvery word, 'at auld Jemmy went up to them, an' sed, "——— lads, mix yer talk; ye deù nowt bit sweer."

Noo, this teàll aboot t' grunstane 'at I was gaan to tell ye, happen't i' this way. Theer war two o' t' younger end o' thur lads 'at war twins, caw't Isaac an' Jacob, an' they war all'as racken't t' warst for mischief iv aw t' lot; bit this grunstane job happen't when they war nobbut lads, an' Isaac telt me his-sel menny a year efter.

Sed he to me: Theer was ya Setterday me fadder hed geànn to Kessick,—he all'as dud o' t' Setterdays, an' it suitit us lads weel eneùf, for we gat a gay bit mair iv oor awn way when he was off, nor we dud when he was at heàmm. He use to give us menny a good hidin' when he was at heàmm; bit I think indeed it dud mair hurt than good, for it meàdd us warse i'steed o' better.

Bit, awivver, a while efter he was geàn that

Setterday, oor Jacob com to me an' sed, "Will t turn us t' grunstane a bit, Isaac? I want to grun me knife." What, Jacob an' me war terrible gi cronies still. We hardly ivver fell oot as t' tudd lads use to deù; an' I was riddy eneùf to gang a turn him t' grunstane. Noo, when we gat to grundi we nwotish't 'at t' grunstane wabblet back an' forre an' hed neah stiddiness in 't. Efter he'd deù grundin' his knife we began to examin 't ower, a we fand 'at it hed gitten quite lowse i' t' asseltre an' we sed to teànn tudder 'at if we hed t' axe a some wood wedges, we could easy mend it. Seal what Jacob went an' gat t' axe an' t' saw, an' laitit up some bits o' wood, an' we meàdd som wedges an' dreàve them in, an' gat it fassen't gail weel, as we thowt; bit theer was ya pleàce 'at w thowt wad be o' t' better for just anudder wedg Well, we meàdd yan, an' I was driven't in middlii tight, when, 'ods wons! t' grunstane splat ebben two! We duddent know what to deù than. Oc Jacob an' me hed been i' menny a hobble, bit tha was t' warst job 'at ivver we'd hed, an' we thowt m fadder wad hofe kill us when he fand it oot.

What, we war stannen an' leuken I dar say as silly as a hopeth o' treacle in a two gallon jug, when oor Bob happen't to come that way. Bob was a gay bit elder nor us, an' when he saw what was up, he brast oot wi' a girt horse laugh, an' sed, "My song! bit ye'll drop in for 't to-mworn, me lads." Noo, that was just what we war thinken oorsels; an' when he saw hoo flate we war, he sed, "What will ye gi' me an' I'll tak t' bleàmm on't? If ye'll nobbut gi' me a shillin', ye may say 'at I dud it." We war fain eneùf o' that; an', wi' a deal to deù, an' borrowin' thrippence o' oor Willie, we gat t' shillin' rais't. We gev't to Bob, an' than he telt us 'at we mud say 'at he dud it; seeah we thowt 'at we war aw reet ageànn.

T' neist mwornin', me fadder hed gitten up, an' was peeklen aboot to see what mischieves hed been deùn o' t' Setterday,—an' chancen' to gang on to t' worchet yat, spy't t' grunstane liggen i' two bits. I've hard fwok say 'at it's a bad thing to hev a bad neàmm, an' I think Jacob an' me mud hev hed a bad neàmm, for as seùn as ivver he saw't, he com

reet away to us, an' sed, "Who's brokken t' grunstane?" What, we beàth shootit oot as bold as could be, "Oor Bob dud."

He turn't away an' went reet to Bob, an' sed, "Thoo girt lumpheid, thoo, what hes t'e been deùnn to brek t' grunstane i' yon way?" "I duddent brek't," ses Bob. "Who brak't, than?" ses t' auld chap. "Isaac an' Jacob," ses Bob. We thowt 'at we war in for't than, an' we war, teù. We gat twice as mickle as if we'd oan't wi' 't at furst, beside lossen oor shillin'.

We try't to git oor money back fra Bob, bit he dud nowte bit laugh an' mak ghem on us. He sed 'at it was a fair bargin eneuf. He nobbut gev us leave to say 'at he brak't: an' we dud say seeah—an' a deal better we war on't.

T' AULD FARMER'S MIDNEET SOLILOQUY.

IS'T thee 'at's cum heàmm sa leàtt, Zarah?
I been i' bed three 'oors or mair;
I thowt thoo was langer nor common,
An' lissen't an' twin't mesel sair.

What! hes t'er been owts iv a deù, than?
War owts o' them Gursmer fwok theer?
When I use to gang menny year sen,
Fwok than use to com far an' near.

I think thoo hes somebody wi' the';
I hard summet talken, I's seùr:
If 't sud be that ill Charlie Tirner,
Send 'im oot gaily sharp, an' bar t' dooer.

What ses t'e?—O! if it's Tom Sokelt,
Thoo'll give 'im some pie an' some yal;
Thoo'll finnd t' kay i' my brutches pocket,
An' tell 'im to mak a good meàll.

His fadder's a gay yabble steàtsman;
An' hes brass at Wakefield's an' aw;
An' theer nobbut Tom an' anudder,
Thoo'll nivver deù better, I know.

If thoo can git Tom Sokelt, Zarah,
I'll gi' the' five hundred or mair:
Bit if thoo taks that tudder waistrel,
Thoo's nut hev a plack, I declare.

I've mair nor fower thoosand at Wakefield's;
I dreem't yesterneet 'at t' bank brack;
If t' dream sud co' trew, I'll be beggar't;
I may just tak a pwok o' me back.

I keep talken on, bit I hear nowt;
What, mappen oor Zarah's asleep:
I've a hundred or two i' t' kist corner,
An' than I've a good stock o' sheep.

Theer three clips o' woo up i' t' woo-loft;
Them Kendal chaps bad me elebben;
I thowt I sud hev twelve an' sixpence,
An' noo, dang't, it's come't doon to sebben.

Sec prices ur fair beggaration;
I'll nivver tak sebben, I's seùr;
But whoar mun we put it neist clippin',
For t' woo-loft's mew't full up to t' dooer.

I's turn't rayder sleepy, bit mappen
I'll dream that ill dream ower ageàn:
Bit, what, hang them Wakefield's, they'll brek nin,
If I nobbut let them aleànn.

LORD! SEK A LAUGH I GAT LAST WEEK.

Lord! sek a laugh I gat last week,
At that bit lad iv oors;
He's sek a thing as nivver yet
I saw gang oot o' doors.

I hed a lock o' sheep to clip,
An' he wad gang an' catch;
Thinks I, laal divvel as thoo is,
Thoo'll mebby git thee match.

Ye wad ha' been devartit, barn,
(He's nobbut six year auld,)
To see 'im buckle an auld yowe,
An' hing on aw roond t' fauld.

He tugg't an' held, an' whing't an' held;
I laugh't till I was wake;
Cush, barn! I thowt he wad be leàmm't,
An' sent 'im off to laik.

He went to t' scheùll ya efterneùnn,
An' it's true as I's here,
He larn't far mair nor some 'ill deù,
'At gang for hofe a year.

He's flate o' nowte; he'll tak a stick,
An' gang to fetch t' kye in;
For aw we hev t' bull in t' seàme field,
He dussent care a pin.

He went to fetch t' auld meer ya day,—
It was a reet good brek;—
When wi' his helter he gat theer,
He cudden't reach t' yat sneck.

Says I, "Thoo's a nice gentleman,
To gang to fetch t' auld meer;
Thoo thinks to catch an' helter hur,
An' cannot git throo theer."

I'll lay, for twenty mile aroond,
Ye'll nut finnd sek anudder:
Bit what, ye'll wonder nin—ye ken
His fadder an' his mudder!

HE SED 'TWAS FOR HIS WIFE AN' BARNS.

If 't wassent for his wife an' barns,
  Auld Griper use to say,
He waddent care to seàve a pund,
  Or leeve anudder day:
'Twas aw for them he screap't an' seav'd,
  He all'as use to tell;
He care't nowt for his money-bags;
  He care't nowt for his-sel.

He keep't them toilen day by day,
  Fra t' dawn till dusk at neet;
An' if yan teùk a helliday,
  He thowt it wassent reet.
He sed it aw was for theirsels,
  'Twas nut for him they wrout;
For them it was he seàv't up aw;
  For him, he wantit nowt.

Bit yan by yan his barns wearr off,
An' sank doon into t' greàve;
An' still auld Griper harder grew,
An' still his brass wad seàve.
He sed 'twas for his wife he seàv't;
He cuddent bear to think,
'At she sud come to poverty,
When he to t' greàve dud sink.

Bit seùn wi' grief an' constant toil,
She boo'd her weary heid;
An' Griper than was left aleànn,
For t' wife an' barns war deid.
An' than it was 'at t' treuth com oot,
For when they aw war gone,
He harder still an' stingier grew,
An' still keep't seàvven on.

Some sed he seàvv't it for his-sel;
Bit that could hardly be,
For nut a cumfort dud he buy,
'At ivver yan could see.

Some sed he seàvv't for seaven seàke;
An' that was likely trew;
For mair he gat, an' mair he seàvv't,
An' poorer still he grew.

An' when auld age com creepen on,
An' he was deaf an' leàmm,
He still keep't seàven up his brass,
An' hurden up just t' seàmm.
He hed relations nut far off,
An' t' poor auld silly ass,
Knew weel eneùf they wish't him deid,
'At they mud git his brass.

An' than, when aulder still he was,
An' daft an' dwoten groun,
He'd gedder't aw his money up,
An' in an auld pwok sow'n.
An' than he steàll away i' t' dark,
An' bury't it in t' grund;
Bit whoar aboots neah-body knew,
For it was nivver fund.

An' when they ax't him whoar it was,
He glower't, an' cuddent tell:
He heddent keep't a penny piece,
To buy a leàff his-sel.
An' that was t' endin' o' his life;
He leev't to screàpe an' seàve,
An' deit wi'oot a plack at last,
An' hed a pauper's greàvv.

AULD SCHEULL FRINDS.

Come, Gwordie, sit the' doon,
  Let's hev a frindly crack;
It's menny year sen thoo left heamm,
  I's fain to see the' back.

Na doot thoo's seen a deal
  O' different fwok an' ways;
It's laal yan sees or knows, 'at bides
  Aboot heàmm aw yan's days.

Sen us two went to t' scheùll,
  Leùks just like t' tudder day;
For aw, I lay, it's forty year
  Sen thoo furst went away.

Bit when I saw the' noo,
It browt things back as breet
As if they'd happen't yesterday,
An' I'd just sleep't aw neet.

Oor lessins an' oor tasks,
Oor fishin' an' oor fun,
Come back ageànn when I saw thee,
As if they'd bit just gone.

Still when yan thinks it ower,
What ups an' doons theer been;
Aw things ur different noo fra than,
Wi' forty year atween.

Thy hair, like mine's, grown thin,
An' what theer is, is gray;
It was jet black, an' curly, teù,
When furst thoo went away.

Thoo's travel't up an' doon,
Na doot thoo's seen a deal;
An' thoo'll ha' hed thee sunny days,
An' cloody days as weel.

What, I've hed that at heàmm,—
Breet times an' dark an' aw;
Bit as I nivver gat much height,
I heddnt far to faw.

I've all'as try't me best,
To mak mesel content,
Wi' what I gat for deùn me best;
An' teùk still what God sent.

If enny frind drops in,
We're fain, as I can tell;
Bit if a frind gangs swaggeren by,
We let him suit his-sel.

If an auld mate like thee
  Hods oot his hand to shak,
Na matter if he's rich or poor,
  I bid him welcome back.

Bit if he puffs an' struts,
  An' marches proodly by,
I nivver let it brek me heart,—
  Neah, hang it, what care I!

We aw hev failins, barn,
  An' we've oor fawts, beside;
Bit that's a fawt I nivver hed,
  That nasty stinken pride.

Bit thoo's been lang away,
  Thoo'll hev a deal to tell;
An' I's sa fain to see the' back,
  I's talken't aw mesel.

AULD WILLIE BOONASS FWOK AN' T' HARE.

THEER was ya spring, nut varra lang efter I furst went to farmin',—I's warrent ye it 'ill be ameàst forty year sen, noo,—'at I was wanten a coaven coo, an' somebody telt me 'at auld Willie Boonass hed yan to sell 'at wad be like eneùf suiten me. I'd hard a deal o' funny stwories telt aboot auld Willie an' his wife Betty, bit I'd nivver seen them. I thowt to mesel 'at it wad be an earent for me gaan to see this coo, an' if she suitit me I mud mebby buy her. They leev't ower Ireby way, nut sa varra far fra whoar auld John Peel, "wi' his cwoat seeah gray," use to leeve, an' keep his famous pack o' hoonds. It wad mebby be aboot nine mile to gang; bit, awivver, ya day efter I'd gitten me dinner, I teùk t' meer an' reàdd ower to see this coo.

When I gat theer I saw nowt astur, an' seah I ty't t' meer to t' foald yat, an' went on to t' hoose dooer 'at was stannen wide oppen. I leùk't in, an' t' furst thing I saw was a girt auld sewe liggen snworen on t' mid fleùrr; an', I's warrent ye, theer wad be eight or nine ducks dabblen away in laal dubs o' durty watter up an' doon on t' flags; an' than theer was mebby hofe a duzzen hens,—some on t' teàble, an' some ya pleàce, an' some anudder. What, I gev a laal bit iv a *shoo*, an' theer was sek a hay-bay as ye nivver hard i' yer life! Some flew ower me shooders, some through atween me legs, an' some reet i' me feàce.

Auld Betty hed been some way nut far, an' when she hard t' uprwoar, she com waddlen away 'cross t' foald wi' t' burk besom in her hands. As seùn as she saw what was up, she fell to yarkin t' auld sewe wi' t' besom, an' sed, "Hang ye! ye're nivver oot o' t' hoose." I wonder't what meàdd her say *ye*, when theer was nobbut yan; bit prusently, when t' auld sewe began to squeel, theer was hofe a duzzen pigs com scamperen doon t' stairs, an' oot at t'

dooer, whilk to be t' furst. Efter t' row gat settlet a laal bit, an' I gat me earent telt, Betty axt me to gang in an' sit doon an' she wad mak me some tea, as Willie wad be cummen seùnn, an' than we cud talk aboot t' coo.

What, she hang t' kettle on, an' gat t' bellis, an' blew t' fire up, an' fuss't aboot gitten t' tea ruddy; an' talk't aw t' time, as fast as her tongue could gang, furst aboot ya thing, an' than anudder, while I sat an' leùk't aboot me, an' spak a word noo an' than, when I could git yan in edge way. It was a gay rough untidy swoart iv a hoose, when yan gat a fair leùk at it. Amang udder queer things, theer was an auld hen sitten on her nest amang a lock o' brackens in t' neùk, within two yerds o' t' firepleàce. When auld Betty hed gitten t' fire blown up, an' t' kettle began o' singin', she went an' gev 't a kick off t' nest, an' sed, "Git oot wi' the', an' let me hev thee egg." What, t' auld hen went cocklen oot at t' dooer, an' Betty bucklet hoald o' t' egg, an' boil't it for me to me tea. It wassent lang till Willie com, an' when we'd deùn oor tea we went an' leùk't

at t' coo, an' a rare good coo she was. Theer warse selt noo for eighteen or nineteen pund; an' I bowt her for sebben-pund-ten. That's t' difference o' times, ye see.

Bit when I startit I was gaan to tell ye aboot auld Betty an' t' hare. T' man 'at they farm't their bit land on, leev't iv a good hoose aboot two mile off, an' hed a gay bit o' property aboot theer. He was like a deal o' landlwords, keen o' shuttin'; an' like't to see a gay lock o' hares an' rabbits on t' grund. Wy, he'd been oot wi' t' gun ya day, an' happen't to be gaan through auld Willie foald as he went heàmm, an' leet o' Betty, an' axt her if they hed owts o' hares aboot their land.

"Aye," says Betty, "theer is a lock, I think. Oor Laddie puts yan off sometimes, bit it's all'as t' narrest at furst. Willie all'as shoots, 'Hy the', git away on, Laddie.' I tell him if he wad nobbut shoot, 'Hy the', git away by,' as he does when he sends 't for t' sheep, it wad mebby fwoorsett yan an' bring't back; an' than yan mud git a stew." T' landlword rayder laugh't, an' sed 'at if she wad

like a stew, he wad give her a hare; an' as he'd shot yan just afwore, an' hed it in his bag, he teùk 't oot an' gev her 't. What, she was t' girtest 'at ivver owt was; an' when Willie come in, she sed tull him, "I telt oor landlword 'at thee an' Laddie wad nivver git us a hare, an' seah he's geen us yan, an' we'll hev 't stew't for Sunday dinner."

Well, Willie was varra pleas't an' aw, an' thowt 'at it wad be t' best way to hev 't o' Sunday. Seah, theer was nowt mair sed aboot it till Setterday neet.

When Willie com in o' Setterday neet, he sed, "Wy, Betty, hes t'e gitten thee hare druss't riddy for to-mworn?"

"Aye," says Betty, "I gitten 't deùn, bit I hev hed a terrible job ower 't. It's teànn me aw this efterneùn; an' I'd a gay deal on 't to swinge off at last. I wad rayder poo a duzzen geese nor ya hare."

"What, dud t'e poo 't?" says Willie.

"Aye, what mud I deù wi' 't?" says Betty, "I cuddent stew't wi' t' doon on, cud I?"

"Neah," says Willie, "bit thoo sud ha' screàp't it, barn."

"Lord bless me weel!" says Betty, "issent it a wonder I nivver thowt o' that mesel? Bit if ivver oor landlword gi's us anudder, *I'll screap't, thoo may depend on't!*"

DRUCKEN BILL'S WELCOME HEAMM.

WHOAR hes t'e been, thoo maislen feùll,
At t' public hoose ageànn?
Thoo promis't me a fortneth sen,
To let that drink aleànn:
An', noo, thoo's drunk as muck ageànn,
An' shamful to be seen;
I wish thoo saw thee snuffy nwose,
An' silly, bleudshot een.

Thee cheeks, at ayder end o' t' mooth,
Wi' 'bacco slavver's dy't;
Like treacle it's been runnen doon
Thee chin o' ayder side.

Thoo's rowl't aboot i' t' muck an' mire,
An' spoil't thee cleàss for mense;
An' oot o' aw thee reavellen' talk,
Theer nut two words o' sense.

Thoo works for brass just like a horse,
An' than spends 't like an ass;
Thoo'll bring thee-sel, afwore thoo's deùnn,
Intul a bonnie pass.
Thoo's guzzlet doon thee greedy throat,
What t' barns an' me sud hed;
Od rot the'! hod thee silly noise,
An' tak thee-sel to bed.

Thoo wants thee supper? Thoo *may* want:
Theer nowt i' t' hoose to eat:
Thoo's spent aw ower thee nasty drink
We sud ha' hed for meat.
Thoo'll gang to t' public hoose ageànn!
I'd like to see thee try't;
Thoo'll off to bed, an' sharply, teù,
Or be to t' teàble tie't.

Tom, run away an' bring me t' cword
We use to helter t' pig;
I'll tie him up to t' teàble frame,
An' on t' bare flure he's lig.
Oh! what, thoo's gaan to bed, I see;
I think it's t' wisest way;
Bit seùr eneùff thoo'll vex me, till
I'll brek thee heid some day.

AULD JWOHNNY' HOOSE.

About two miles above Stonethwaite in Borrowdale, nea the track that leads over the Stake between Borrowdale an Langdale, is an old ruin which was formerly a dwelling house inhabited by an old man and his wife, and called "Jwohnny hoose," from the circumstance that the old man's name wa Jwohnny. The tradition embodied in the following verse has long been a current story in Borrowdale.

Theer was, some sixty-five year sen,
I've hard some auld fwok tell,
A cottage hoose steùd whyte away,
Up t' side o' Langstreth fell.

They use to caw't "auld Jwohnny' hoose,"
An' twea auld fwok leev't theer;
Their lives war lonely, ye may think,
For they'd na nebbors near.

They use to poo this beesom moss,
'At grew on t' top o' t' fell;
An' tak their beesoms yance a week,
To Kessick toon to sell.

O' Setterdays they still war seen,
Togidder trudgen doon,
To sell their beesoms, an' bring back
Their few odd things fra t' toon.

Ya Friday neet, some Langdale chaps
Hed cum't ower t' fell leàtt on;
An' when they gat to Jwohnny' hoose,
T' auld fwok to bed war gone.

They thowt they just wad hev a jwok,
An' mew't aw t' hoose aboot
Wi' brackens, fra auld Jwohnny' stack,
Till t' leet was aw dem't oot.

An' than they went to Kessick toon,
An' royster't aw t' next day;
An' neet was drawin' on afwore
They heàmward teùk their way.

An' when they gat to Jwohnny' hoose,
They teùk aw t' brackens back
To whoar they fand them t' ñeet afwore,
On t' top o' Jwohnny' stack.

At last when Jwohnny waken't up,
He to t' auld deàmm dud say:
"We mun be sturren, dayleet's cum't,
An' this is t' market day."

Sa up they gat, an' seùnn they war
Gaan trudgen wi' their leàdd;
Bit when they gat nar to t' Rostwhate,
They stop't, an' geàpen steàdd.

They met fwok i' their Sunday cleàss,
Nut as they gang to wark,
An' axt yan whoar they aw war gaan:
Says Dick, "We're gaan to t' kurk."

"What, gaan to t' kurk o' Setterday?"
"It's Sunday, min," says Dick:
Says Jwohnny, "We've laid ower a day,
As seùrr as we're aw whick.

"An' we may e'en ga back ageànn,
I know na udder way;
We've laid i' bed, theer nowt sa seùrr,
Ower two neets an' a day!"

AULD JEMMY'S ADVICE.

I'll tell the' what, Gwordie, what I've just been thinken,
Aboot fwok an' things 'at yan sees noo an' than:
If a chap talks o' honesty, nivver thee trust him;
It's nut oft he'll turn oot a reet honest man.
A man may be honest, when honesty pays best,
An' nowt comes across him to lead him astray;
An' turn oot a rascal if enny misforten,
Or enny temptation, sud come in his way.

If thoo hears a chap brag iv his curridge an' boldness,
He'll turn oot a cooard as seur as a gun;
He'll bluster an' bully, when nowts nar to hurt him,
Bit if theer be danger, he'll seùnn cut an' run.

An' if a lad thinks 'at he's groun varra clever,
An's gitten to be nar t' best scholar i' t' scheùll,
I's varra weel seùr 'at he'll nut grow much better;
He may think 'at he's sharp, bit he'll turn oot a feùll.

An', than, theer some fwok 'at show off their religion,
An' hing as lang feàces as fiddles; bit, than,
They're riddy eneùff to talk ill o' their neighbours,
An' 'ill nut stick at takkin them in if they can.
They'll lecter poor fwok aboot bein' rag't an' durty,
An' gi' them a tract when they're wantin' a meàll;
Bit if they war meàdd for a while to change pleàces,
I guess they wad be in a different teàll.

If a man be reet honest, thoo'll nut hear him speak on't;
If a man be bold-heartit, he'll nut mak't a sang;
If a man be religious, he'll show't be his actions,
An' nut be his preùvin' aw udder fwok wrang.

Noo, Gwordie, tak nwotish an' mind what I tell the';
Be smooth leùks an' fine speeches dunnet be led,
Or else when thoo finnds them aw false an' deceivin',
Thoo'll wish 'at thoo'd mindit what auld Jemmy sed.

THIS LOVE'S A CURIOUS THING.

Ya bonny summer neet it was,
  When days war lang, leàtt on i' June,
'At efter I'd me darrick deùn,
  I hed an earen'd into t' toon.

'Twas gitten dusk when I com back,
  For t' sun hed sunk doon into t' sea;
An' burds the'r merry sangs teùn't up,
  Ameàst fra ivvery bush an' tree.

When just a bit fra t' toon I gat,
  I met a young an' gradely pair;
I saw 'at they war gentry fwok,
  For beàth leuk't smush, weel dress't, an' fair.

She held his arm, he held her hand,
She leuk't up smirken in his feace:
Thinks I, a witch yan needn't be,
To know 'at that's a cwortin' keàse.

I thowt hoo happy they mud be,
Withoot a single want or care;
An' nowt to deu bit bill an' coo,
An' wander when they wad, an' where.

When meùsen on, nut quite content
'At things sud seah unequal be—
'At some sud nowt but plesser know,
An' udders nowt but hardship see:

Anüdder pair com trailen on,
Bit they war tramps as rag't as sheep;
They'd nowder shòon nor stockin's on,
An' t' chap leuk't like a chimley sweep.

He hed his arm aroond her waist,
An' she leuk't smirken in his feàce :
Thinks I, be aw the powers abeùn,
That's just anudder cwortin' keàse.

They seem't as happy as two burds,
'At flit frae tree to tree i' spring ;
For sceàrse ten yerds I'd gitten by,
When beath began to lilt an' sing.

Thinks I, this love's a curious thing :
Them two gaan wi' the'r barfet feet,
Seem just as happy as yon two ;
Their kiss, na doot, 'ill be as sweet.

DALEHEAD PARK BOGGLE.

DALEHEAD PARK is a low hill, over which the road from Keswick to Ambleside passes, and is about six miles from the former place. It is partly woodland and partly rough pasture, and slopes down to the margin of the beautiful lake Thirlmere. From its higher part, where the road crosses, there is a charming view of the lake, with the fine scenery on its western shore; consisting of precipitous mountains partly clothed with wood, and rocks grey with age, of the most fantastic forms, like some huge fabled monsters peeping out among the trees, and in several places overhanging the lake. But the road over Dalehead Park, though an exceedingly pleasant walk or drive on a fine summer day, is dismal and lonely enough on a dark winter night; and is

precisely such a place as a superstitious or timid person, if compelled to travel over on a dark night, would do so at a pretty brisk pace, without daring to look behind, lest some ghost or hobgoblin should be following. It is upwards of two miles from the King's Head inn, the last house in the vale of Legburthwaite, to Waterhead, the first in the more southerly vale of Wythburn:* and, in addition to its loneliness, it has time out of mind had the reputation of being haunted.

Having frequently heard of Dalehead Park Boggle, and being rather curious to know some particulars respecting it, I not long since enquired of an old dalesman—who I knew had traversed it frequently for fifty or sixty years—if he had ever seen anything supernatural there.

I give his answer in his own words.

"Aye, I've seen t' Park Boggle different times, an' Armboth Boggle an' aw; bit, what, I mindit nowt aboot them. Theer nowt to be flate on; for

* Pronounced *Wy-burn.*

they nivver mellt o' neah body 'at ivver I hard tell on. I yance spak to t' Park Boggle, bit it ga' me neah answer; an' I'll tell ye hoo it happen't.

"We'd hed t' hogs off winteren doon below Hawkshead. I'd been fetchen them back, an' as it's a gay lang geàte, an' I've a canny lock o' aquentance ower that way, 'at keep't me santeren on a langish time, it was rayder darkish afwore I gat ower t' Park. As I'd just gitten ower t' top, an' was beginnen to come doon o' this side, t' hogs aw stop't i' t' mid rwoad, an' wadden't gang a step farder. What! I shootit t' dog up to help me on wi' them; bit it wad nowder bark nor nowt, an' keep't creepen in ageàn me legs, like as if it was hofe freeten't to deith. I began to leùk than if I could see what it was 'at was freetenen beàth t' dog an' t' hogs; seah, an' seùr eneùf, I saw reet afwore them what leùk't like a girt lime an' mowd heap, 'at reach't clean across t' rwoad. It went up heigher nor t' wo' o' teàa side o' t' rwoad, an' slowp't doon tull aboot hofe a yard hee o' t'udder. Noo, I was seùr at neabody wad put a midden across t' rwoad

i' that way, an' I thowt 'at it mud be t' Park Boggle. I steùd a laal bit consideren what to deù, an' than I shootit an' ax't what was t' reason 'at t' hogs was to gang neah farder; when just wi' that yan o' them gev a girt lowp ower t' low end o' t' heap, an' than t'udder aw went helter-skelter efter 't doon t' rwoad. When that was ower, I went on tul't, an' thowt I wad set me feùt on't to see what it was; bit when I sud ha' step't on't theer was nowt, nor I could see nowt. It was geàn awtogidder.

"Theer was anudder time, teu, 'at I saw t' Park Boggle, in anudder form; bit I wassen't seah nar't that time, as I was when I'd been fetchen t' hogs. I'd been wo-en a gap 'at hed fawn ower o' t'udder side o' t' Park; an' as t' days war nobbut short, I wrout on till it was gitten to be duskish. I happen'd to nwotish 'at some sheep hed gitten intul an' intack 'at we hed away up t' fell side; seeah I thowt I wad gang up an' put them oot, an' mebby stop a thorn into t' gap whoar they'd gitten in, if I nobbut could finnd t' spot. Wi' that I clam up, an' bodder't on wi' putten t' sheep oot, an' stoppen t'

gap up, an' ya thing or anudder, till it was pitch dark. When I gat to cummin doon ageàn, I saw sec a fire on t' top o' t' Park, as I nivver saw befwore i' o' my life. It lowe't up sec a heet, an' sparks fell i' shooers o' aw sides on 't! What! I thowt it was varra queer 'at enny body sud kinnel sec a fire as that up theer, seeah I thowt I wad gang an' see what it meant. Bit when I gat to t' pleàce, theer was nowder a fire nor enny spot whoar theer hed been yan! Theer was nowder a black pleàce, nor a bit o' gurse swing't, nor owt 'at I could see, for aw it wassent a quarter iv an 'oor efter I'd seen t' girt fire blazing away furiously. Noo, ye may mak what ye will on't; ye may believe me or nut, just as ye like; bit nivver neabody 'ill persuade me 'at it was owt bit t' Park Boggle 'at I saw beàth times."

Having noticed that haunted places had almost invariably been the scene of some murder, or suicide, or other tragical occurrence, I enquired if there was any account of any thing of the kind

having happened in Dalehead Park, when he related to me the following tradition, which I give as before in his own homely but expressive words.

"I've hard some auld fwok say 'at theer was an ill hang-gallows iv a tailyer leev't at Foneside, 'at they cawt Robin Sim, who went up an' doon to sowe whoarivver enny body wad hev him. At t' seàmm time theer was a middle age't man leev't at Deàllheid, 'at they caw't Bob Simpson, an' he use't to gang aboot worken labouren wark, sec as threshin', an' dyken, an' owt o' that mak. Whoarivver he was worken he mainly-what stop't till t' week end, or till he'd deùn his job; bit t' tailyer use' to all'as gang heàm ivvery neet. Noo, it seeah happen't 'at they war beàth worken at Wyburn at t' seàmm time, bit nut beàth at t' seàmm hoose; an' Bob Simpson, hevven finish't his wark ya Thursday neet, set off to ga heàm efter it was dark, wi' two or three weeks' wages in his pocket. Well, as it happen't, poor Bob nivver gat heàm at o', an' he was nivver miss't for two or three days; becos

their fwok thowt 'at he was at Wyburn, an' Wyburn fwok thowt 'at he was at heàm. At t' last he was miss't sure eneuf, an' t' hue an' cry was rais't o' t' country ower. As Robin Sim hed come't frae Wyburn t' seàmm neet, they inquire't o' him; bit Robin waddent oan 'at ivver he'd seen him. What, theer war fwok oot laten i' aw directions; an' efter a while he was fund in t' watter, as neàkt as he was bworn; an' theer was a laal wholl in his heid, just sec a yan as mud be meàdd wi' a bodkin, or a pair o' scidders, or owt o' that mak.

"This Robin Sim hed a lad 'at use' to gang wid him sometimes. Well, it com oot efter 'at he wassent wid him at Wyburn on t' Thursday; bit he hed to gang o' t' Friday. Noo, at that time theer was a feùt rwoad went doon t' Park partly by t' watter side, an' that Friday mwornin Robin meàdd t' lad gang wid him through by that feùt rwoad. Nut sa varra far frae t' watter side they fand a bundle o' cleàs, an' heàdd them till they com back at neet, an' than carry't them heàm wi' them. It was strang-ly suspectit 'at they war this poor Bob

Simpson' cleas, an' 'at Robin hed murder't him an' strip't him t' neet afwore.

"What, theer wassent policemen to leùk efter sec things than as theer is noo; bit fwok war mickle t' seàmm for talkin, an' they gat to talkin aboot this Robin Sim, an' givven him bits o' hints on't at t' public hoose. He was all'as terrible mad aboot it, an' wad hae fowten wi' enny body 'at neàmt it. Bit fwok duddent mind his bein' mad, an' keep't talken on, till Robin gat to be sa flate 'at they wad be cummen to tak him, 'at he dursent sleep in his oan hoose at neets. He use' to gang an' lig in a hollow cragg, away up t' fell abeùn whoar he leev't, an they caw that pleàce "Sim's cave," yet. What, he dud on i' that way for a bit, an' than he teùk off oot o' t' country, an' was nivver mair hard tell on."

AULD ABRAM'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

THOO'S gaan away fra heàmm, me lad,
Thoo'll hev to feight thee way;
I want to gi' the' some advice,
Sa lissen what I say.

Theer two things I wad ha' the' deù,
Whoarivver thoo may gang;
An' than whativver else may come,
Thoo'll nivver be far wrang.

Git hoald o' brass, be heùk or creùk,
It's that 'at maks a man;
An' spend na mair nor thoo can help,
But still seàvv aw thoo can.

Thoo's larn't to seàvv thee hawpennies,
Sen ivver thoo could walk;
An' that's t' main thing for barns to larn,
Whativver feùls may talk.

They talk o' honest neàmms, bit what
That's nowder here nor theer;
If thoo hes brass thoo'll hev a neàmm,
Thoo nivver need to fear.

Theer some fwok mak a parlish fuss
Wi' sendin' barns to t' scheùll;
Bit if thoo hessent brass as weel,
Thoo'd better be a feùll.

I've kent some chaps wi' sense eneùff,
Bit they war nobbut poor;
An' slender welcome they could git,
At enny body's dooer.

An' some I've kent, girt blodderen' feùlls,
'At sceàrce knew reet fra wrang;
Bit if they'd brass they welcome war,
Whoar they'd a mind to gang.

I've kent some chaps 'at struggle't hard,
To keep an honest neàmm;
Bit they war poor, an' aw they gat
Was laal but kicks an' bleàmm.

An' some I've kent 'at's gedder't brass,
They dudden't care much hoo;
Bit as they hev't, their roguish tricks
Ur aw forgitten noo.

I've kent some chaps 'at wadden't lee
Anudder to deceive;
Bit they war poor, an' t' treùth fra them
Fwok hardly wad believe.

An' some I've kent, 'at hardly mix't
They're reàvellen' talk wi' treùth ;
Bit they hed brass, an' aw was still
Thowt gospel fra their mooth.

Sa thee git brass, be heùk or creùk,
It's that 'at maks a man ;
It matters laal, barn, hoo thoo gits't,
Bit git it if thoo can.

T' BONNIE DEALL.

Come, climm wi' me up t' moontain side,
An' see a charmen scene;
Aw t' hills, an' craggs, an' hingen' woods,
Wi' bonnie deàlls atween.

Come, see hoo naater carpets fine,
On aw t' fell side does spreed;
We crush some bonnie tiny flower,
At ivvery step we treed.

Just leùk hoo whiet is that deàll,
Wi' moontains guardit roond;
An' bit for t' watter splashen doon,
Yan cannot hear a soond.

Low doon i' t' deall theer t' ancient kurk,
Grown ower wi' ivy green ;
A sacred pleàce for ages geànn,
To deàllsmen it hes been.

A barn browt to its rustic font,
When groun up, comes to kneel
Doon on its altar steps, and wed
That lass he loves sa weel.

An' than when years hev glidit by,
Ageànn he's browt an' laid,
To sleep his lang, lang sleep o' deith,
Whoar t' kurk his greàvv does shade.

Yon hooses shadit wi' green trees,
Ilk in its shelter't neuk,
Breet picters o' sweet peaceful heàmms,
Blest wi' contentment leùk

An' t' smeùk 'at up fra t' chimleys curls,
Climms lazily an' slow,
As if it fain wad langer stay,
In t' pleasant deàll below.

An' t' watter, teù, 'at slowly twines,
Wi' menny a bend an' turn,
Noo slowly gliden' in a pool,
Noo blashen in a burn.

An' see yon kye how nice they leùk,
Just dottit here an' theer :
They leùk like bits o' snow yan's seen,
Left leàt at t' spring o' t' year.

It seems sa strange, an' yet it's trew,
'At in that whiet deàll,
Theer menny a lee gangs whisper't roond,
An' menny a sland'rous teàll.

Bit, what ! it's seah aw t' warld ower,
  Yan cannot help bit know ;
Whoarivver man is, theer 'ill be
  His selfishness an' aw.

WHAT BOB AN' CHARLIE THOWT ABOOT T' WAR.

BOB.

Thoo's gitten t' paper—is t'er owt
'At's fresh fra t' war to-day?
I hard they'd hed anudder feight,
An' t' French hed run away.

CHARLIE.

They've hed anudder feight for seùr,—
A dreadful feight it's been;
A murderen job, fra what I read,
As ivver yet was seen.
An' t' French as good a threshin' gat,
As ivver they've hed yet;
Bit run away they dudden't deu,
Because they cudden't gìt.

BOB.

If they war lick't, an' cudden't run,
They likely mud give in;
Bit as I leùk, theer laal i' t' odds,
Whilk lwoses an' whilk wins.
Beàth sides hev thoosands kilt an' leàmm't,
An' varra much I doot,
'At owder side could tell yan what
Aw t' feightin's been aboot.

CHARLIE.

That's trew eneùff. I'll tell the', Bob,
If two girt country cloons,
Like thee an' me, sud git on t' spree,
An' knock teànn tudder doon;
We'd be caw't drukken blackguards, an'
Afwore oor betters browt;
Bit mair they kill, an' mair they leàmm,
An' better men they're thowt.

BOB.

I hwop oor guvverment girt men
'Ill mind what they're aboot,
An' nut be meddlen' theirsels wi' 't,
Bit keep their nwoses oot.
I think, to keep us oot o' t' mess,
T' meàst part o' them 'ill try;
For aw thur feighten chaps wad fain
Their fingers hev in t' pie.

CHARLIE.

I think 'at t' guvverment's aw reet;
T' meàst danger theer 'ill be
Is frae thur traden taistrels,
'At send their ships to t' sea
Wi' guns an' pooder, an' sek like,
'At ower to France they tak;
They'd trade wi' t' auld un seùnn as nut,
If money they could mak.

BOB.

I'll tell the', Charlie, what I'd deù,
If I mud hev me way :
For ivvery gun they sent to t' war,
Twice t' value they sud pay ;
An' than I'd ship them off theirsels,
An' set them doon i' France,
Just whoar they're feighten t' warst iv aw,
An' let them tak their chance.

CHARLIE.

Bit hofe o' t' news I hevvent telt ;
Theer mair i' t' paper, far—
M'Mahon an' fifty thoosand men
Ur prisoners o' war.
An' Buonaparte's a prisoner, teù ;
An' who wad think it trew?
Aw t' French 'at thowt he was a god,
Caw him a cooard noo.

BOB.

Aye, that's just t' way them Frenchmen turn;
It is divarten, teù,
To read sec mighty deeds they talk
They're some time gaan to deù:
While t' German chaps keep marchen' on,
An' aw befwore them drive,
T' French chaps keep shooten' as they run—
"Ye'll nut git back alive!"

CHARLIE.

I saw two lads in t' garden theer,
Nut mair nor teàble height,
Aboot their marbles they'd fawn oot,
An' nowt wad deù bit feight.
Teàa lad—an' it was t' bigger, teù,—
Hed bully't lang an' sair,
When t' laal un threw his jacket off,
An' sed he'd tak na mair:

He buckel't in, an' dreàve him back,
Farder, an' farder still;
While t' girt un shootit, "If thoo does,
I'll gi' the' 't, aye, I will."
Bit t' laal un doon't him on his back,
An' telt him to ax pardin;
Says t' tudder lad, "I nivver will,
Till thoo gangs oot o' t' garden."
I thowt hoo like that was to t' French:
They say they'll nivver 'gree,
Till t' Germans aw gang oot o' France,
An' that they'll let them see.

BOB.

If Buonaparte an' t' Prussian king,
Like t' two laal lads i' t' garden,
Hed bray't teànn tudder's heids a bit,
It matter't nut a fardin;
Bit when theer tens o' thoosands kilt,
An' thoosands cripples meàdd,
I think if they've aw t' bleàmm to bear,
They'll hev a gay good leàdd.

WHAT I'D WISH FOR.

If Providence, wi' bounteous hand,
  Wad aw me wishes kindly grant,
An' just wi' wishen' I could hev
  Eneuf to furnish ivvery want:

I wadden't wish for empty power,
  Theer laal o' happiness i' that;
For girt fwok wad be bigger still,
  An' oft feight for they know nowt what.

I wadden't wish for heaps o' wealth,
  For mickle mainly creàvvs for mair;
An' when fwok to hurd begin,
  It's laal for owt 'at's good they care.

Bit furst I'd wish for peace o' mind,
Wi' conscience free frae owt 'at's wrang;
An' than, whativver comes amiss,
I cuddent be unhappy lang.

An' next, I'd hev a cottage snug,
In some weel-woodit shelter't neuk;
A rustic pworch I'd hev at t' dooer,
To give me heàmm a heàmly leùk.

A bit o' gardin grund aroond,
I'd hev for yerbs, an' frutes, an' flooers;
Where I could sow me seeds i' spring,
An' watch them sproot wi' April shooers.

Inside me cottage, I wad hev
Some shelves o' beuks, lang neets to cheer,
John Bunyan, Shakespeare, Crabbe, an' Burns,
Wordsworth, an' Goldsmith, sud be theer.

Eliza Cook, Sir Walter Scott,
An' menny mair 'at I could neame;
A hoose withoot a row o' beuks,
I nivver think leuks like a heàmm.

A newspaper, just twice a week,
I'd like to hev, to tell me aw
O' markets, politicks, an' wars,
An' news 'at I wad care to know.

Nut far away, a beck I'd hev,
'At twistit t' hills an' neuks aboot;
Where I wi' fishin' rod could gang
An' flog, an' watch for t' risen troot.

An' than I'd wish 'at I mud hev
Just brass eneuf to pay me way;
An' a laal trifle noo an' than,
To yan i' need to give away.

I'd hev a wife to love an' trust,
To whom I aw me thowts could tell;
An' I could like 'at she sud hev
T' seàmm wants an' wishes as me-sel.

An' if I'd barns, I'd hev them be
Industrious, sober, free fra pride;
Upreet an' oppen-heartit still,
Affectionate an' kind beside.

If I a frind or two mud hev
'At I could trust through clood an' shine;
Frinds 'at I knew as trew wad preùve
I' darkest times, as when 'twas fine.

I think theer nowt I'd want beside—
Bit oh! we're hard to satisfy;
Oor real wants ur nobbut few,
If we to limit them wad try.

TOMMY DOBSON'S TOOR TO T' LAKES.

It's cum't to be a parlish custom noo-a-days to gang off wi' thur excursions to Liverpool, an' Manchester, an' Lunnen, an' t' Isle o' Man, an' o' up an' doon; bit I nivver see enny o' thur fwok 'at's been off 'at can tell enny mack iv a teàll when they come back ageàn. An' hoo sud they? They're shut up in a clwose carridge aw t' way they hev to gang, an' than when they're let oot at t' far end in a strange pleàce, theer mebby neah body to tell them aboot owt. They may trail aboot till they're tire't to deith, an' than git into t' carridge an' come heàmm ageànn, just as wise as they war when they went. They can say 'at they've been at Lunnen or Liverpool, an' that's aw.

I happen't to hev a few days helliday nut lang

sen me-sel, an' I thowt to me-sel, I'll bodder nin wi' the'r railway excursions; I'll tak my excursion o' me shanks, an' than I'll mebby see summet. I'd leev't doon i' t' low side o' Cummerland aw me life, an' hed nivver been nar a fell, an' seeah I just meàdd up me mind to hev a rammel amang t' fells for a week or seeah.

I set off o' Michaelmas day, efter we'd deùn oor harvest, an' aim't reet away for Skiddaw. I could see Skiddaw fra whoar I leev't, an' I thowt 'at it leùk't sec a laal bit to gang 'at I wad be theer in a jiffy; bit, my song! I was weel teàn in. I lay I walk't atween fifteen an' twenty mile afwore I gat to Cawdbeck, an' they telt me 'at it was a good hofe day's-wark gaan on to Skiddaw fra theer. When I larn't that, I began to consider 'at it wad be neet when I gat to t' top, an' as I duddent want to lig on t' fell aw neet, I'd better stop at Cawdbeck, an' than gang ower t' top o' Skiddaw an' doon to Kessick t' neest mwornin'. An' seeah I spak for a bed at t' public hoose whoar I'd caw't at, an' than I went oot to see what I could aboot Cawdbeck.

Cawdbeck awtogidder, I suppwose, is a gay girt parish, bit whoar I was is just a canny size't villidge. Theer a gay lock o' hooses, an' they're built in aw shaps an' directions as they ur i' t' meàst part o' villidges. Theer a girt auld-fashin't kurk, an' a berryin' pleàce beside it wi' a gay lock o' heidsteàns in't; an' theer was yan 'at I was uncommonly pleas't wi', 'at's been setten up for auld John Peel, t' girt hunter—him 'at t' sang was meàdd aboot, beginnin' wi'—

"D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?"

I think I saw three or fower public hooses, an' a bobbin mill, whoar theer a lock o' fwok employ't; an' theer some mines nut far off, an' t' miners mainly leeve in t' villidge; an' than theer yan or two bettermer hooses, an' a lock o' farm-hooses; seeah 'at awtogidder it's a canny size't villidge. Theer a varra queer pleàce nut far fra t' bobbin mill, kent be t' neam o' t' *Howk*, whoar t' watter runs foamin'

an' rattlin' ower t' rocks, an' aw t' time maks a din in a chap's lugs varra nar like thunner. A laal bit 'aboon this theer anudder spot—a natteral cur'osity in its way—caw't *Fairy Kettle.* It's mead up of a lot o' girt wholls in t' limestone rock, nicely polish't i' t' inside ameast as smooth as marble. I think t' wholls hev been wesh't oot wi' t' watter, bit yan can hardly tell for sarten hoo they've been deun.

Efter gitten a good neet's sleep, I was up i' good time t' neest mwornin', an' set off up t' fell. Theer a gay bit o' inclwost grund efter yan leeves t' villidge, afwore yan gits fairly onto t' fell. I clamm away till I gat ower t' fell wo, as they caw't, an' a gay bit up abeùn that, an' than I turn't roond an' sat doon on a steàn to leùk aboot me, an' a parlish fine seet it was. I could see aw t' low side o' Cummerland, fra on beyont Workinton to t' tudder side o' Carel, an' it's a fine country, teu; aw t' way through theer be Wigton, an' t' Holme, an' away on as far as Marypwort. I could see menny a thoosand fields, iv aw shaps an' sizes, 'at ivver enny body could contrive; an' I just thowt to mesel 'at theer

waddent be a laal neùk in aw 'at I could see, whoar I could gang an' greàve a sod oot, bit theer wad be somebody to claim't an' finnd fawt wi' me.

Efter I'd gitten a rust, I set off ageàn an' clamm away till I gat to t' tippy top o' Skiddaw, an' I hed a finer view nor ivver. Leùken partly to t' west, I could see whyte away on to t' sea, for I dunnet know hoo far. Leùken north, I could see cross a gay bit into Scotland; an' east, I could see away to some fells a lang way at t' tudder side o' Peerath. Bit when I turn't to t' sooth it was t' grandest seet iv aw, for theer was nowt but ya fell aback iv anudder, as far as yan could see. Theer war twea or three bits o' deàlls, sec as Borrowdale, an' St. John's, an' some lakes, an' varra bonnie they leuk't; bit farder off yan could see nowt bit ya fell peepen ower anudder for menny a mile. Theer was a lot o' quality on t' top o' Skiddaw, 'at hed cum't up fra Kessick. They hed a guide wi' them, an' some Galloways to ride on, an' baskets, an' bottles, an' I dunnet know what, like as if they war gaan to bide theer for a fortneth. When I leùk't at them, an'

than leùk't roond me, I thowt to mesel, 'at God Almighty heddent dealt things oot seeah varra unequally efter aw. I duddent know bit t' Prince o' Wales, or t' Archbishop o' Canterbury, mud be amang them fwok. Bit I knew for aw I was theer wi' nowt bit a walkin stick i' me hand, an' a crust o' bread i' my pocket, browt fra t' public hoose at Cawdbeck, 'at He'd geen me as good eyes, an' spread oot o' that fine scenery I could leùk at an' admire, just as much as they could.

When I'd leùk't aboot me till I was tire't, I set off doon towarts Kessick; an' when I gat a gay bit lower, whoar I cuddent see sa far off for fells, I began to admire t' bonnie pleàce t' toon stood in. It's in a girt hollow 'at may seem to be twenty mile roond, an' fells aw aboot it, owt bit just at t' low end. T' sooth end on't, gaan up towart Borrowdale, is teàn up wi' t' lake, an' a fine lake it is. When I leùk't at it fra Skiddaw breest, I thowt I nivver saw owt sa bonnie i' me life. It was glitteren i' t' sun just like silver, an' than t' woods an' craggs aw roond aboot it, an' nice green islands up an' doon on't,

meàdd a fine picter to leùk at. Kessick stands partly at t' low end o' t' lake; an' than below t' toon theer a plat o' fine land aw t' way doon to t' low end, wi' hooses, an' villidges aw up an' doon; an' t' beck twinen away throo t' middle, till it gits into Bassenthwaite watter.

I santer't away, leùken at ya thing an' anudder, till it was leeàte on i' t' efterneùn when I gat to Kessick. It's a nice laal toon, mebby aboot t' size o' Wigton, an' hes some varra good shops in't. T' main street, 'at's use't for t' market pleàce, wad be a varra good street if it wassent for a girt ugly building caw't Meùt-haw, 'at stands reet i' t' middle on't, an' varra nar blocks 't up awtogidder. Theer a gay lock o' public hooses i' Kessick, as theer is in aw toons, an' I suppwose theer 'll be somebody to drink at them aw. When I'd wander't aboot till I was tir't, I went tull a decent leùken public hoose an' gat some supper. Efter I'd deùn I thowt I wad hev a glass o' summet afwore I went to bed; an' I axt t' mistress if they hed enny good yal. Sed she, "Aye, I dar say it's good eneuff; it's

Bobby's." I dudden't know what she meen't be Bobby's. I thowt it was mappen some new-fashint neàme they'd gitten for some o' their bitter yal or summet, an' seeah I telt her 'at I dudden't want owt o'that mak. I just wantit a glass o'good Cummerland yal, if I could git it. "Wy," she says, "it *is* good Cummerland yal; it's 'double X' fra Bobby Faulder' brewery; neah body drinks owt else bit Bobby' yal at Kessick, if they know't." "Varra weel," says I, "fetch me a glass on't;" an' when it com I thowt it sa good 'at I wad hev anudder, an' than I went to bed. When I gat up t' next mwornin I axt hoo far it was to Borrowdale. They telt me it was nine mile to t' hee end on't; bit theer was a cwoatch went ivvery day up through Borrowdale to Buttermer, an' back be Newlands, 'at wad tak me aw t' way roond for five shillin'. I thowt it was cheap eneùf that, bit I wad rayder walk, an' than I could tak me awn time an' see owt 'at I wantit to see.

Varra weel, I startit off up t' Borrowdale rwoad, an' when I gat hofe a mile or seeah, I thowt if aw

t' Borrowdale rwoads war as durty as that they wad hev plenty o' mire i' Borrowdale, if they'd nowt else. Bit efter I gat a bit farder, t' rwoad went on be t' watter side, an' was a varst cleaner. T' furst hoose I com teu was a gentleman's pleàce they caw t' Barrow Hoose, an' I thowt it was t' bonniest spot to leeve at I'd seen aboot Kessick. It frunts reet doon t' lake; an' aw roond aboot it theer nice shrubberies, an' at t' back side t' grund rises up just like a fell, bit it's aw groun ower wi' wood, an' girt craggs peepen oot, wi' ivy climmen up them.

Theer was a lad telt me 'at they hed a parlish fine watterfaw up theer, an' I could see't wi' gaan an' axin at t' Lodge: seeah I went an' knock't at t' dooer, an' axt if I could see't. A young lass pot her hat on, an' went to show me t' way; an' I think it was as weel worth gaan to see as owt I saw aw t' time I was away fra heàme. It's a girtish beck wi' a gay sup o' watter in't, 'at comes throo amang a deal o' girt steàns an' craggs, varra nar ebben doon, rworen, an' churnen, an' blashen, ower ya girt steàn, an' by anudder, an' under

anudder, till it's aw as white, 'at yan mud think it was menny a hundred gallon o' churn't milk cummen doon. Efter I'd leùk't at it a bit, I com away, an' I gev t' young lass sixpence for gaan wi' me, an' she sed I mud sign me neàme in a beùk she let me see. I thowt to mesel she likely nobbut wantit to know what they caw't me; bit awivver I went an' scribblet "Tommy, fra t' Abbey Holme," an' than I set off ageàn.

I next went by t' Lowdoer Hotel an' t' Borrowdale Hotel, varra nar clwose togidder, an' I cuddent bit wonder what they wantit wi' sa menny hotels i' sec a pleàce as Borrowdale; bit what I dar say theer a deal o' thur quality fwok astur i' summer time. T' next pleàce I saw was a bit villidge ower o' tudder side o' t' beck; bit I was t' meast tean up wi' t' beck iv owt aboot theer. Doon in oor part o' t' country, t' grund's aw sa level yan can hardly tell what way t' watter's gaan in t' beck, an' it all'as leùks meùdy i' t' boddom, teù; bit Borrowdale beck comes runnen away doon ower t' clean steàns an' gravel, as clear as glass; sometimes for a few yerds quite

slowly, an' than it sets off ageàn like as if it was in a parlish girt hurry. When I gat a bit farder on, I com at a girt quarry whoar they git sleàte, an' buildin' steàn, an' yat stoops, an' sec like, oot iv a greenish cullert cragg. They telt me it was t' "Whye-feut Quarry," an' t' way it gat that neame was this. Yance ower, lang sen, a chap steàll a whye fra somebody i' Borrowdale—an' theer's t' feùt-marks o' him an' t' whye, an' auld Harry, ('at was helpen him to drive't,) to be seen till this day on a slape cragg theer-aboots. I teuk t' hee rwoad by t' quarry, an' wassent lang till I gat to "Booder steàn." It's a girt rough steàn, varra nar like t' shap iv oor leàth, if it was stannen wi' t' riggin doon bank, an' I think aboot as big, teu. It's a terrible wild country aboot Booder stean. Theer nowt to see bit fells, an' craggs, an' girt steans iv aw sides, till yan gits a bit farder on; an' than yan may see a lock o' laal fields, an' a few hooses farder up t' deàll. What, I keep't gaan, an' varra seun I com tull a villidge 'at they caw t' Rostwhate. I wassent lang i' cummen tull anudder villidge, 'at a

chap telt me was t' Seatore, an' if I wantit to gang to Buttermer, I mud turn to me reet hand up t' fell. I dud seeah, an' clamm away a gay bit up, an' than I sat doon to hev a rust. I thowt to mesel when I was sitten theer, 'at I'd hard a deal o' queer teàlls aboot Borrowdale an' Borrowdale fwok; sec as ther tryen to wo t' cuckoo in, 'at they mud hev spring aw t' year roond, an' aw sec stuff as that; bit noo when I'd seen them, I dudden't see 'at they war much different fra enny udder country fwok.

Efter I'd rustit a bit I set off ageàn, an' efter a lang climm I gat to t' top; an' when I leuk't in at t' tudder side, I thowt it was a wilder like pleàce ner it was aboot Booder steàn. Up at t' left hand theer was a girt cragg 'at leuk't to ga up as hee as t' cloods; an' whyte away up t' feàce on't, theer war some sleàte qàarries, whoar yan mud ha' thowt 'at nowt but a fleein' thing could ha' gitten teù; an' theer was a man cummen doon wi' a sledful o' sleàte, whoar it was that brant 'at yan mud ha' thowt a cat cudden't ha' keep't it's legs.

Whoar I hed to gang doon was a hollow atween

two fells, an' theer was just room for t' rwoad an' a laal mad beck, 'at went splashen doon be t' side on 't. When I gat a mile or two doon it gat to be rayder wider, an' than I saw a hoose or two. Than I com tull a lake, an' wassent lang till I gat to Buttermer villidge, whoar theer a few farm hooses, an' two or three cottiges, an' a laal chepel, an' two public hooses. I went to t' public hoose 'at hed t' sign o' t' Fish, an' axt t' landleàdy if I could git a bit o' dinner. While it was gitten riddy, she telt me 'at that was t' hoose at t' Buttermer beauty leev't at; an' aw aboot a scamp iv a fellow 'at they caw't Hatfield cummen, an' pertenden to be some girt lword, an' wedden this Mary o' Buttermer, an' 'at it wassent lang till he was hang't for fworgery.

When I'd gitten me dinner I fand I was time eneùf for t' cwoatch back to Kessick. As I was gitten rayder tir't I thowt I cudden't deù better ner gang wi't. It's nut sa brant ower be Newlens as it is be Borrowdale, for aw it's brant eneuf; bit what t' driver was use't teu't, an' we warrent lang i' gaan to Kessick. Theer was a chap on t' cwoatch, a

rare talker, an' he telt me t' neàms iv a deal o' pleàces 'at we saw. He shew't me a rwoad ower t' fell lower doon ner that we com ower, 'at they caw Whinlatter; an' he sed as two Borrowdale chaps were yance gaan ower on i' t' spring o' t' year, t' cuckoo began to shoot in a wood on t' rwoad side, an' they thowt it was somebody shooten at them. Says tean to t' tudder, "Dust'e hear that, Jwohn? Wy, hang it! we're kent whoarivver we gang!"

When I gat back to Kessick I went to t' seàme hoose I stop't at t' neet afwore. I was sair tean up wi' an auld-fashint picter 'at was fassent up on t' wo' in t' room I was in. It was t' picter o' two chaps; tean o' them an' auld miserable leùken fellow as ivver yan saw, reàken up sovereigns wi' a hay-reàk. He'd gitten a canny heap o' them; an' theer was written doon below him—

> The sordid miser takes a world of pains,
> And often frets himself for others' gains;
> But what is't for? to leave a thoughtless boy,
> To reap what he himself wants wit for to enjoy.

T' tudder chap was a young rakish leuken fellow,

wi' his hat cock't o' teàa side. He was throwen t' sovereigns aboot iv aw sides wi' a pitchfork, an' theer was doon below him—

> I am clothed in gold lace and feathers,
> With a heart as light as a cork;
> What my old father raketh together,
> I throw it away with a fork.

They telt me 'at it was pentit by a chap caw't Salathiel Court, 'at leev't i' that neighbourhood menny year sen.

When I gat up t' next mwornin, I telt them I wantit to gang to Gursmer, bit I wad like to see t' "Druid steàns." They said I mud gang on t' Peerath rwoad a bit, an' than turn to me reet through St. John's. It was rayder a donky wet mwornin when I left Kessick, an' when I'd gitten aboot a mile oot o' t' toon, I leet iv an' auld man sitten on a steàn, tryen to bwore a wholl in 't wi' a jumper an' a laal hammer. He was tappen away wi' his hammer on t' end o' t' jumper, an' I stop't beside him an' axt him if it was hard. Sed he, "Aye, middlin'. *Dud ye* ivver hear tell o' auld Jemmy Andrew?"

"An' who was auld Jemmy Andrew?" says I. "Wy," says he, "he was a terrible chap for rhymin'. He yance was varra weel off, bit what wi' drinken, an' cock-feighten', an' ya mak o' idleness or anudder, he spent what he hed, an' gat to be varra poor. I remember menny year sen noo, I was gaan up that field just abeùn theer, an' Jemmy was sitten an' bworen a cobble, just as I is noo, an' when I gat tull him I sed, 'Wy, Jemmy, it's rayder coald this mwornin.' Jemmy leuk't up an' sed—

> 'On this coald steàn poor Jemmy sits,
> Reflecten on his drucken fits.'"

Efter I'd left t' auld chap, I clamm away up t' rwoad till I gat to t' top o' t' hill, an' than I saw t' Druid steàns in a field clwose by. I gat ower t' steel an' went to see what they war like. I fand 'at it was a circle mebby twenty or thirty yerds across, wi' girt rough steàns, some o' them three or fower ton weight, set up a bit off yan anudder aw roond. I thowt to mesel 'at they mud ha' studden theer menny a hundred year; I could just fancy I saw

them auld hofe neàk't savages, girnen, an' liften, an' setten them up, an' some auld grey-beardit Druid stannen ower them wi' a yak-bob in his hand, tellen them hoo to put them.

When I'd seen what I could I gat ower on to t' rwoad ageàn, an' went on a bit farder, an' than turn't up St. John's vale. I went on a bit, an' than through some fields, an' up by a beck; an' just efter I gat to t' beck I saw fower fellows fishen aw i' ya dub, two iv ayder side. I axt yan o' them what they war fishen for, an' he sed, "Salmon." I axt him than if theer was some i' that dub, as they war aw fishen in't. He sed, "Aye, isn't the'r!" "What," says I, "hes some o' ye seen some?" He sed, "No, nut to-day; bit theer was yan gitten oot o' theer last week." I went on than. I thowt that was warse ner owt I hard i' Borrowdale—aw them fower fellows to be floggen theer for t' fish 'at was gitten a week afwore! I went on up t' deàll, clwose by a girt cragg 'at they telt me was Cassel rock, an' was seún into t' Ammelsed rwoad. I caw't at a public hoose an' inquir't which was t' best way on to Hel-

vellyn. They telt me I cuddent deù better ner start climmen fra theer; bit they thowt it wad be varra misty at t' top. I sed I wad run t' chance on't, as I thowt it wad mebby clear up. Seeah, I set off reet away up t' fell. I fann it a gay bit branter an' rougher ner Skiddaw, bit I teùk plenty o' time. I oft stop't an' leuk't aboot me till I gat away up, an' could see partly ower o' t' tudder side, whoar I was lucky eneùf to leet iv a guide 'at belang't to Gursmer. We hed to cross ower a narrow ledge to t' reet hand, an' just as we war gaan up theer we met a man 'at sed he'd been lost on t' top for an' 'oor or two, an' 'at t' mist was that thick he could *cut it wi' his knife.* Just as we gat to t' top, awivver, it clear't away, an' a terrible fine view we hed. T' guide telt me t' neàms iv a deal o' spots I cudden't ha' fund oot mesel. Barn! yan mud see ya fell peepen ower anudder for miles an' miles. We could see eight or nine lakes, an' I dunnet know hoo menny tarns; an' we could see t' sea an' ships sailen on't, doon aboot Moorcom'. It's varra bare an' steàny on t' top; theer varra nar nowt growes theer; bit I saw

some o' thur laal Herdwick sheep picken away amang t' craggs, whoar yan mud think 'at ther wassent gurse kind to git. They're as wild as thunner: if a body happens to git nar yan o' them on a sudden, it gis a laal bit whissel, an's away ower a hill neuk, ameàst afwore yan can say "What's that?"

Efter we'd leùk't aboot us a bit, we set off towarts Gursmer, an' hed a gay lang travel on t' top afwore we gat to gaan doon t' breest into t' valley. It's a varra bonnie deàll is Gursmer, wi' a nice laal lake i' teà end; an' it's a terrible pleace for gentlemen's hooses. They're sticken iv aw corners. I think t' gentry ur like rooks; a gay lock o' them like to build nut far off yan anudder. T' guide telt me Dick Hudson's was t' likeliest pleàce for me to stop at, an' he shew't me whoar aboots it was, an' then I gev him hofe a croon for aw t' fash he'd hed wi' me. Efter I'd partit wid him, I met two drucken fellows cummen on t' rwoad, 'at hed fawn oot; an' I hard teàn say to t' tudder, "Thou'd better mind what thou's deun, or else I'll flounder the', thou girt thickheàdd thou."

What, I stopt aw neet at Dick's, as t' guide caw't him, an' t' next mwornin they axt me if I'd been to t' Kurkgarth to see Wordsworth's greàvv, bit I telt them I duddent know 'at he was bury't theer. Wy bit, they sed, he was, an' ivvery body went to see it; an' seeah I fand be t' heidsteàns 'at Wordsworth, an' Hartley Coleridge, an' some o' Wordsworth's family war bury't theer. It was aw paddle't aboot till it was just like a turnpike rwoad. I thowt it was a fair sham, an' I mak neah doot bit theer menny a duzzen gangs an' helps to treed t' gurse off 'at nivver i' their lives read a bit o' owt 'at owder Wordsworth or Coleridge wreàtt.

Efter I'd studden a bit I went on t' rwoad towart Ammelsed, on by t' Prince o' Wales Hotel just at t' low end o' Gursmer watter, an' through Rydal, whoar Wordsworth leev't, an' I was seùnn at Ammelsed. Yan wad hardly know whedder to caw't a toon or a villidge: it's ower laal for teànn, an' ower big for t' tudder. Theer a canny lock o' shops an' public hooses in't, an' a gay lock o' gentlemen's hooses roond aboot t' ootsides on't. I

leùk't aboot a bit, an' than I went on t' rwoad to Windermer, an' a varra nice walk it is iv aboot fower mile. I saw t' Low-wood, an' Booness, an' a deal mair varra nice pleàces as I went on. Windermer's quite a new pleàce: it's aw been built sen t' railway was meàdd, an' theer a deal o' varra good buildins, an' sum girt uns an' aw. An' than it's clwose at t' edge o' t' lake, whoar theer two laal steamers, an' scwores o' bwoats to see, sailen aboot. Es I'd nivver hed a sail on enny o' t' lakes, I thowt I wad try to git yan on Windermer; an' seeah I went an' axt a man if he knew iv enny body 'at wad let me hev a sail, an' he sed, aye, he wad. What, I gat intul his bwoat, an' we sail't away two or three mile on to t' lake, an' I nivver enjoy't owt sa much i' me life I think. It was a fine day; t' watter was as smooth as glass, an' t' fells, an' t' fields, an' t' woods aw roond, dud leùkk sa bonnie! When we'd sail't aboot a bit we com off ageànn, an' I paid him what he charg't, an' than startit back to Ammelsed. T' next mwornin I startit off to gang ower Kurkstan fell to Patterdale. I'd a gay lang climm afwore I

gat to t' top, an' when I dud git theer I fand a public hoose 'at hed t' sign o' t' "Traveller's Rest;" seeah, I thowt I wad hev a rust at it, an' t' landleàdy telt me 'at that was t' "Hee'st hoose in o' England." I duddent contradict her, bit I'd read some way 'at t' hee'st hoose in England was on Alston moor.

When I'd gitten a rust I set off ageàn doon t' tudder side towart Patterdale, an' I think it's branter o' that side ner it is o' t' Ammelsed side; bit I wassent lang i' gitten doon into Patterdale. It's whyte a wild fell deàll till yan gits a canny bit doon, an' than it gits to be ameàst like Gursmer. Just at t' hee end o' Ullswater theer a canny lock o' good hooses, an' two or three hotels. They caw aw t' public hooses hotels up amang t' fells. I suppwose it's for t' seàke o' gitten thur toorists to ga to them; an' I dar say theer some o' them 'ill stop at a middlin' leùken hoose when it's caw't a hotel, 'at waddent hev't sed 'at they stopt at a public hoose. I fand I could gang doon t' watter i' t' steamer fra Patterdale to Poola Brigg, an' than I waddent be far fra Peerath.

I thowt, as I wassent gan to walk, I mud as weel gang oot an' leuk aboot me, if theer was owt to see. What, I went up a rwoad a bit 'at seem't to ga reet to t' fell. When I'd gitten on a bit I fand it went to t' Greenside Mine. They telt me 'at they git leed an' silver oot on't, an' theer three or fower hundred fwok worken at it. Efter I'd santer't aboot a bit, I went doon to t' watter side whoar t' steamer starts fra. I was just i' time, as they war gitten up t' steam an' makken riddy to start. I teùk me passige, an' we war off doon t' watter directly. It's a gay lang lake is Ullswatter—nut sa lang as Windermer—bit I think 'at it's as bonnie a sheet o' watter as enny I saw i' me travels. Aw doon t' back side, that was at yan's reet hand as yan com doon, it's a wild felly country as can be; bit t' tudder side efter yan gits doon a bit, seems mair cultivatit; an' theer some varra nice hooses here an' theer. We war seùn doon at Poola Brigg, a nice villidge just at t' low end o' t' lake. Theer war two or three busses waiten at t' landin to tak enny passengers 'at wantit to gang to Peerath. I

gat into yan o' them an' went streight away to t' Railway Station ; an' teuk t' train to Carel. When I gat theer I happent to be i' time for anudder 'at was just gan'to start to Marypwort; seeah I gat a ticket for as far as I wantit to gang. I gat heàme i' good time, fand them aw i' girt buckle, an' varra pleas't to see me seàfe back ageàn.

Efter I'd gitten me supper, an' was fairly into my oan bed, I gat to meùsin' an' thinken ower what I'd seen while I was away. I'd hard a deal aboot t' fell-heid fwok bein' daft, an' cloonish, an' sec as that; bit noo when I'd seen them, I duddent see 'at they war enny way different fra udder fwok. Enny o' them 'at ivver I saw war just as civil, an' as sharp ; an' seem't to know as mickle as cuntry fwok deù doon here. Bit what, theer'ill be odds o' them, neah doot. Theer'ill be feùls up theer, as theer ur doon here, an' mebby neah mair o' them nowder.

T' PLESSER O' SEAVIN'.

WHAT'S t' use iv aw this screapin', screapin',
Seàven, seàven, aw yan's days?
T' bit plesser 'at yan hes i' takkin,
Turns to pain when owt yan pays.
What's t' use o' pinchin', pinchin', al'as,
Till yan's feàce grows ping't and thin;
An' nut a laal bit smile can git oot,
Through yan's dry an' wrinkel't skin?

What's t' use o' aw this toilin', toilin',
Al'as at it, seùn an' leàte;
To leave awt' brass for udders' spendin',
When yan's deid an' oot o' geàtt.

I sometimes think I'll alter, alter,
Just to sek a time I'll seàvv ;
Bit habit still gits stranger, stranger,
As yan nearer gits to t' greàvv.

When yan's seàv't ameàst a lifetime,
Aw yan's better thowts ur geànn ;
Nowt 'ill deù bit gittin', gittin',—
T' heart grows hard as enny steànn.
They may spend it ; let them spend it,
I'll hod hoald on't till I dee ;
An' may the'r plesser be as much as
Seavin', seavin's been to me.

A LAAL BIT O' MONEY'S A WONDERFUL THING.

A laal bit o' money's a wonderful thing;
Lord bless us! what changes it maks!
Like some famous mixter for cleanen auld cleàs,
Oot o' fwok seùn aw t' durtspots it taks.

A chap may be cloonish, an' lazy, an' daft,
Knock't aboot like a Setterday whelp;
Bit let him a legacy git, an' than watch,
Hoo he'll gang up three steps at a skelp.

His cloonishness seun aw gits hap't oot o' seet;
His laziness fwok seun forgit;
His stains an' his durtspots ur aw clean wip't oot;
His daft speeches turn into wit.

A lass may be thick-leg't, plain leuken, an soor;
Bad-temper't, a gossip, an' clat;
Bit if she hes money, she'll seun hev a chap,—
Aye, if she be warse ner aw that.

Her thick legs an' plain leuks 'ill nivver be seen,
If money she hods in her hand;
That turns aw her black spots to ornaments breet,
Like t' touch of a cunjurer's wand.

A chap 'at hes money hes frinds withoot stint,
Like as wasps a sweet pot swarm aboot;
Bit when t' money's deun hoo they'll vanish away,
Like t' wasps when aw t' honey's gone oot.

An' what efter aw is sec shinen stuff worth,
Withoot ye've a spirit to use't?
Some hurd, hurd it up till they cannot sleep for't,
An' some nobbut hev't to abuse't.

LANG YEARS SEN.

Tho' lang, lang years have pass't away,
An' trubles nut a few
Hev turn't my hair to silver gray,
An' wrinkle't thy fair broo :
Still happy memories hing aroond
That weel remember't spot,
Whoar furst we voo't to join oor hands,
An' share teànn tudder's lot.

When leùken through them lang dim years,
That niver faden scene
Leùks on life's wilderness, just like
A paster, fresh an' green.
I' aw oor ups an' doons o' life,
Na shade o' dark regret
Hes ivver thrown its shadow ower
That bonny green pleàce yet.

Aw t' toils an' trouble than unseen,
'At follow't on that voo,
If dark an' threetnen when they com,
Seem bit like shadows noo:
'At nobbut add anudder charm
To that still pleasen' view,
'At rises up like waken dreams,
Wi' plessers ivver new.

That day abeùn aw udder days,
When thoo becom me wife,
Hes been a star to guide me through
Aw t' lang creùk't rwoads o' life:
An' oft when I could see afwore
Nowt bit a dark rough track,
I still cud gedder heart ageànn,
Wi' just yance leùken back.

An' noo, when we're gaan hand i' hand,
Doon t' tudder side o' life,
It's nut sa much I want beside,
While I've me faithful wife.

We cannot tell what's on befwore ;
Bit, than, when we leùk back,
That bonny breet pleàce rises still
On life's lang winden track.

WHAT TOM BRIGGS SED ABOOT PRIDE.

Tom Briggs an' I war scheùlmates yance;
  Bit Tom's been lang away,
An's just cum't doon to see his frinds,—
  I met him t' tudder day.
He's just t' auld chap for aw the world,
  As when he went fra heàm;
A deal wi' stinken pride git spoil't,
  Bit Tom bides al'as t' seàmm.

Ses I to Tom, "Reet fain I is—
  This minds yan o' lang sen;
Theer some sa stuck up when they come,
  'At auld frinds they dooent ken.
Hoo is't 'at thoo keeps free fra pride?
  Theer some 'at boonce an' strut;
It maks me mad as a poo't swine,
  When they sec capers cut."

Ses Tom, "It's mebby want o' sense,
Or, mappen, want o' thowt;
Bit dunnet think 'at stinken pride
Is aw fra Lunnen browt:
I've travvel't England through an' through,
Fra teàa end on't to t' tudder;
An' pride I fand at ivvery pleace,
I' ya shap or anudder.

Fra lwords an' dukes, to tramps on t' rwoad,
I niver saw yan yet,
'At care't to bide in t' lower room
When he could heigher git:
An' if thoo'll leuk aboot the' here,
Thoo needent leuk sa lang,
To see some fra their brudders turn,
Wi' finer fwok to gang.

Thoo munnet think 'at pride's confin't
To him 'at struts an' brags;
Theer pride 'at's whisht as enny moose,
An' pride 'at's don't i' rags.

Theer some, neah doot, quite prood to think
They're humbler far nor t' rest;
An' whoar theer hoaf a duzzen rogues,
Yan's prood to think he's t' best.

It's want o' thowt 'at maks us prood;
If we could nobbut see
Oorsels as udders see us, barn,
Sec things wad nivver be.
Bit while we're watchen udder fwok,
An' hunten for a fawt,
We hev yan riddy catch't at heàm,
If we could nobbut know't.

T' COUNTRY FOR ME.

They may talk o' the'r wonderful cities,
An' brag o' the'r toons as they will;
Bit moontans, an' valleys, an' rivers,
To me ur mair wonderful still.

They may talk o' the'r railways an' stashons,
An' tell hoo the'r trains swift can glide;
Bit what's aw the'r speed to yon storm-clood,
'At darts across t' craggy fell side?

They may talk o' the'r buildin's an' steeples,
An' tell yan they're wondrous to see;
Bit t' ivy green craggs ur far grander,
Or t' gnarel't auld moss-cuver't tree.

What is t'er in t' toon to compare wi'
T' green woods when they're brusten i' spring?
What music o' art can be sweeter
Nor t' burds, when sa blithely they sing?

They may talk o' the'r picters an' statues,
O' the'r foontans sa fine they may brag;
Bit what ur they aw to sek foontans,
As spring fra an' dash doon yon crag?

Just gi' me a fishin' rod limber,
An' leisure to wander away,
Where t' watter winds roond be t' fell boddom,
An' t' craggs wi' auld age ur turn't grey:

An' neah mair plesser I'll wish for,
Nor t' beauties o' nater to see;
The'r toons, an' the'r railways, an' ingins,
May puff to auld Neddy for me.

OOR WANTS.

When burds war singen merrily,
An' trees war fresh an' green,
An' daisies peep't fra 'mang t' young gurse,
Wi' bonnie laughen een;
I sat doon clwose to t' edge o' t' Beur,
To watch t' breet sparklen stream,
When thowts o' days lang past away,
Com ower me like a dream.

I thowt aboot that happy time,
When i' sweet smilen May,
To poo a bunch o' daisies fresh,
I oft wad steal away:
I thowt thur daisies near me noo,
I' colour, form, an' size,
Just like them daisies, lang, lang sen,
'At dud i' memory rise.

I thowt aboot me scheùl-lad days,
When caw't sa seùn to rise,
Unwillin' I creàpp oot o' bed,
An' rub't me sleepy eyes:
Than wi' me setchel an' me beùkk,
Wi' sledderen steps I went
On t' rwoad to t' scheull; bit nut o' beùkks,
Bit laken I was bent.

I thowt aboot them ibnins, teù,
When aw oor tasks war deùnn,
Let lowse fra t' scheùll sa wild we war,
We meàst cud lowp to t' meùnn:
We than thowt if t' auld scheùll was gone,
We wad hev nowt to fear;
Sen than, for idleness at scheùll,
I've hed to pay reet dear.

I thowt aboot me youthful days,
When scheùl-lad days war deùn;
'Twas than I thowt 'at nowt bit joy
Wad be me portion seùnn:

Bit still I fand na happiness,
I wish't to be a man;
An' than to think o' t' lasses, an'
To cwort them, I began.

I thowt if I a sweetheart hed,
Hoo happy I wad be;
An' nowt worth leùken at i' t' warld
Bit lasses, I cud see.
Bit when I hed a sweetheart fund,
As dear to me as life,
I thowt I wad be happier still,
If nobbut I'd a wife.

I thowt if I but hed a wife,
I wad want nowt mair than;
Bit seùnn I fand it oot 'at noo
Me wantin' just began.
Me wants afwore hed been bit few,
An' them few war ideal;
Bit noo they ivvery day grew mair,
An' ivvery day mair real.

Sen that I've larn't 'at ivvery want
  Hes sisters an' hes brudders;
For when I banish yan away,
  Theer seàfe to be anudder.
Wi' me it ivver hes been seeah,
  An' mebby ivver will;
For when I git ya want supply't,
  I finnd anudder still.

THE MOTHER'S APPEAL.

O ! dunnet leave us, Willie, dear,
  Bit stay content at heàmm ;
What signifies if thoo sud git
  A fortune, or a neàmm ?
Thoo'd lwose far mair o' happiness
  Nor owt 'at thoo wad gain ;
O ! Willie, wad t'e nobbut stay,
  We wad be glad an' fain.

This menny a week I've twin't an' fret,
  Sen furst thoo sed thoo'd gang ;
It maks yan good for nowt at aw,
  'At's nivver varra strang.
Theer menny a neet I gang to bed,
  An' nivver sleep a wink ;
I turn an' cough, an' cough an' turn,
  An' than I lig an' think.

What could t'e deù when far fra heàmm,
If thoo sud ailen be;
An' nut a creeter 'at thoo kent,
Nor frind 'at thoo could see?
O! Willie, deù consent to bide,
I's seùr thoo'll nivver reù;
Just stay content, for t' seàke o' us,
An' Lizzie, teù, sa trew.

What, thoo mud dee, when far away,
Yan knows nowt when nor where;
Whoar nut a single yan theer is
To drop a tear, nor care.
Oh! Willie, dear, if gang thoo will,
I'll nivver dow that day;
I'll twine an' freet fra mworn to neet,
An' seùnn I'll pine away.

An' Lizzie, teù, peer sairy thing,
She's just as bad as me;
An' fadder, if it's laal he says,
He's mebbie t' warst o' t' three.

Just deù give up them wanderen thowts,
For t' seàk o' them an' me;
Just say them two laal words, "I'll stay,"
An' happy we will be.

TOMMY AN' JOE:

A DIALOGUE.

One evening, when wandering along by a wood,
I came to a place where an old pollard stood;
Its trunk was all matted with ivy still green,
But its centre was hollow, where heart had once been;
One side was quite open, and serv'd for a door,
So I stepped inside, where I'd ne'er been before;
Some one had there placed a stone for a seat,
When they'd crept in to shelter, from rain or from heat:
The place seem'd so snug and inviting to me,
That I sat down to rest in this old hollow tree;
Just over the hedge, close to where I sat down,
Was the highway that led to the next market town:
I had scarcely sat down when there driving up came
A neighbouring farmer, Joe Grasper by name,

Who had been to the market his produce to sell;
And the bargains he'd made, they had pleased him
well;
You might see by his phisog, oft gloomy and dark,
But now it seem'd cheerful and blythe as the lark.
While to his old dame he did cheerily chat,
As, pleas'd with the change, quite delighted she sat;
Just then Tommy Trueman came sauntering along,
His hands in his pockets, and humming a song;
Though his looks were but poor, and his dress coarse
and mean,
In his features blunt honesty plainly was seen:
The two neighbours met when just opposite me,
Where I sat snugly hid in my old hollow tree.
I knew that the news would be fresh from the town,
So my pencil I took, and their dialogue wrote down.

TOMMY.

Wy, Joe, thoo's been to t' market, than;
What news fra t' toon to-day?
I sud ha' geànn to t' market, teù,
Bit stay'd to help wi' t' hay.

It shin't oot breet at mwornin,
An' we brack't aw oot o' cock,
Bit seùnn it com on rain ageànn,—
We duddent git a lock.

JOE.

I thowt at mwornin' it wad rain,
I telt oor fwok it wad;
It shin't oot far ower breet be hofe,
It dry't a bit like mad.
I telt them nut to brek ower much,
But see hoo t' day turn't oot;
I' brokken wedder sec as this,
It's best when yan's aboot.

TOMMY.

Aye, wy, it mebby is, but still
Yan mun gang, noo an' than;
An' t' wife an' barns, when yan's away,
'Ill deù t' best 'at they can.

Bit, what sec markets hes t'er been
For butter, eggs, an' cworn?
I think 'at breid 'ill nut faw much,
Till t' new crop's gitten shworn.

JOE.

Wy, meàst o' things aboot sek like;
I hed some taties theer,
I selt them aw terectly, teù,
I thowt nut ower dear.
I selt them aw at fow'teen pence,
An' some fwok grummel't sair;
Bit they war heàmm taties, thoo knows,
They're worth a gay bit mair.

TOMMY.

They mebby ur, but still they're dear,
For them 'at hes to buy;
Yan cannot wonder if they deù,
To git them cheaper try.

A steànn o' taties issent much,
Crack o' them as thoo will;
An' if they be heàmm taties,
They're nobbut taties still.

JOE.

I wassent cracken o' them, Tom,
Thoo knows I nivver deù;
An' yet me things ur aw as good
As enny body's, teù.
An' mebby better nor a deal—
An' who can bleàmm me than,
If oft I deù git rayder mair
Nor udder farmers can?

TOMMY.

I think it's best to tak what's fair,
An' nut be ower hard;
A clever chap may be teànn in,
When rayder off his guard.

An' if yan be teànn in yan's sel,
Yan dussent like't ower weel;
I think it's t' best to deal yan's sel
As yan wad hev fwok deal.

JOE.

What does t'e mean be takkin in?
Thoo dussent mean to say
'At ivver I dud owt èt mak?
Nay, nivver i' me days.
For gitten aw yan nicely can,
I think yan's nut to bleàmm;
An' them 'at cannot bargins mak,
They'd better stay at heàmm.

TOMMY.

Bit if thoo knows what a thing's worth,
An' axes a bit mair,
An' cracks it off to git that price,
I think it's hardly fair.

An' than it mebby hes some fawt;
O' that thoo'll nut let wi't;
Noo, that, I think, is just as bad
As leein', ivvery bit.

JOE.

Hoo can yan lee, an' nivver speak?
Thoo talks just like a feùl;
I nivver larn't sec stuff as that,
Aw t' time I went to t' scheùll.
To lee's to say what issent trew,
Me mudder still telt me;
An' if yan nivver speaks at aw,
Hoo can yan tell a lee?

TOMMY.

A man may act a lee as weel
As tell yan wi' his mooth;
It's just as bad as leein', if
He keeps back part o' t' treùth.

If just a bit o' t' treùth he tells,
An' fwok think he's telt aw,
Is that nut ivvery bit as bad,
I just wad like to know?

JOE.

Does thoo think I wad be sa daft
As tell fwok aw I knew?
I dunnet think it's t' wisest plan
To say still just what's trew:
A lee or two i' t' way o' trade
'Ill nut deù mickle ill,
An' than, yan dussent tie fwok to
Believ't, withoot they will.

TOMMY.

Thoo all'as aims fwok to believ't,
Or else what good can't deú?
Thoo's caw't a leear for thee pains,
An' thoo's reet sarret, teù.

Bit if thoo tells a lee or two,
An' fwok, thee lees believen',
Gi' mair nor what thee things ur worth,
It's nar as bad as thieven'.

JOE.

I cannot see a bit o' fawt,
I' gittin' aw yan can;
Me mudder all'as use to say
'At they mud laugh 'at wan.
I all'as hed an honest neàmm,
An' all'as paid me way;
An' him 'at does that needn't care
What enny man may say.

TOMMY.

It's fine to talk iv honesty,
Bit nut sa good to know;
If aw war bworn an' try't alike,
Who'd stand, an' who wad faw?

A chap like thee, 'at nivver knew
What 'twas to want five pund,
An' ivver sen thoo wantit owt,
Hed what thoo wantit fund.
It's neah greit preùf o' honesty,
For thee to pay thee way;
Thoo dussent pay a penny mair
Nor what thoo's fworc't to pay;
Theer menny a fellow cannot pay,
'At gladly wad pay, teù;
Bit if he hessent brass eneùff,
What can a fellow deù?

JOE.

He suddent git things, when he knows
He hessent brass to pay;
He issent honest if he does,
That's aw 'at yan can say.
I think 'at fwok sud ha' their awn,
It's nobbut just an' reet;
An' poor fwok gitten into debt,
I cannot bide to see 't.

TOMMY.

I'll awn it's t' warst iv owt 'at comes
To any labouren' man;
Bit sometimes it may happen, teù,
When he does t' best he can;
For want o' health or wark 'ill mak
Want in his feàce to glower,
When ivvery penny he could mak
Was laal eneùf befwore.
It's hard for wife an' barns to starve,
When bread an' money's deùn;
He knows 'at he can credit hev,
An' thinks he'll git wark seùn.
Bit pay-day comes afwore he thinks,
An' mebby part he'll pay;
Bit when he's gitten into debt,
He's hamper't menny a day:
It's than it tries his honesty,
When dun't an' cannot pay;
An' threeten't oft, an' blackguardit,
An' bully't ivvery way.

If he can stick to t' thing 'at's reet,
An' tell t' treuth all'as than,
Yan may wi' reason set it doon,
'At he's an honest man.
It's nut for sek as thee to brag,
'At thoo can pay thee way,
An' 'at thoo's honest, an' sek stuff,
As I've just hard the' say.
If thoo was drovven tull a strait,
I waddent think 'at thoo
Wad stick at trifles, when thoo awns
Thoo'll lee for profit noo.

JOE.

Come 'op! Sally, we mun gang,
We're gaan to talk aw neet;
We sud ha' been at heàmm to milk
At six o'clock, wi' reet.
Bit ivvery body 'at yan met
Persuadit yan to stop;
Bit noo we mun gang, seah, "Good neet:"
Auld meer, I say, come 'op!

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

THE MEDICAL STUDENTS.

TWO medical students, on science intent,
One night to a churchyard clandestinely went;
To steal a dead body to anatomize,
And quickly had dug up and seized their prize.
But the great difficulty was still in the way,
How the corpse unobserv'd to the town to convey;
But, both being clever, this plan they contriv'd,
To dress up the body just as if alive:
Which, having performed quite well, as they thought,
To the church gates their covered vehicle brought;
And hoisted it in, and then whispering "All right,"
They jump'd up and drove at full speed through the night.
Thus they travell'd ten miles, till they came to an inn,
Where the people sold grog, whiskey-toddy, and gin;
And thinking the worst of their journey was o'er,
They drew up their now jaded horse at the door.

And, leaving their subject all snugly propp'd up,
They enter'd the tavern to smoke and to sup;
The ostler was order'd the horse to attend,
And, thinking the man in the car was their friend,
He thought he might venture to be just so bold,
As civilly ask him if he were not cold:
But the mysterious personage silence did keep,
So the ostler thought he was drunk or asleep.
But wishing to get at the truth if he could,
He climb'd up, and soon found out how matters stood.
Now, being a wag, for a moment he thought,
And then the dead body he quietly brought,
And cover'd it up in the stable unseen,
Then went and sat down where the body had been.
He had not thus long in the car to remain,
Till the young doctors mounted and drove off again;
Refresh'd by the rest, and the whiskey they'd quaff'd,
Their hearts were now light, and they joked and laugh'd.
At length, just to feel if the corpse was all right,
One stretch'd out his hand, but drew back with affright:

"It is warm!" he exclaimed, not suspecting the trick;
"So would you," said the wag, "if you'd come from
old Nick!"
Confounded with terror, they jump'd down apace,
And ran 'cross the fields as if running a race;
And they never came back; so the ostler, of course,
Had gain'd by his trick, both a car and a horse!

LINES WRITTEN AT "DRUID STONES," NEAR KESWICK.

Sometimes when the mind wanders back in its musings,
And looks through time's vista to ages gone by;
When left in the gloom of uncertain tradition,
From the pages of fancy the blank we supply:
We in fancy can picture the rude ancient Britons,
On their small sea-girt island, unknowing, unknown;
Undiscover'd by Romans or hardy sea-rovers,
Their world was contained in Britain alone.
How simple their wants we may learn from the climate,
The fruits of the island insipid and few;
The land with black morasses cover'd, an' forests
Where the birch, and the oak, and the alder tree grew.

There the fierce wolf would prowl, and contend for
the mastery
With man, who, half-naked, and arm'd with his
spear,
Would stealthily steal down among the rank brush-
wood,
To watch for the wild boar, the hare, or the deer.
How rude were their dwellings: the hut, or the
cavern
Would serve them for shelter when tempests howl'd
round;
Their seats would be stones, with the green moss
for cushions,
Their beds a few branches spread over the ground.
We can fancy the Druids with dark superstition,
And mystery awful enchaining the mind;
For ages no ray of enlightened knowledge,
Its way to this dark gloomy region could find.
Yet o'er all this dark prospect the fair face of nature
Was smiling as lovely, and blooming as fair
As now, when 'tis Britain the seat of refinement,
With cities *and palaces* everywhere.

Even then the grey skylark would soar towards heaven,
And sing the same song it is singing to-day;
Not a trill has been lost, not a note has been added,
Since it sang to the Druids its sweet morning lay.
Then, as now, would the swallow migrate in the autumn,
And return with the cuckoo when winter was o'er;
In summer the plover would dwell in the mountains,
And in winter return with its brood to the shore.
We can see some old priest in this temple of boulders,
It's floor the green turf, and its roof the blue sky,
Performing some strange act of mystical mummery,
While his rude congregation stands silently by;
The skylark is carolling sweetly above them,
And soaring up higher till lost to the sight;
The thrush on the hawthorn so sweetly is singing,
While the hawthorn itself is all blossom'd with white.
How constant is nature! for successive ages,
The beautiful process is ever the same;

Self-renewing, self-acting, and self-recreating,
It was perfect when first from its Maker it came.
That Almighty being, the Father of nature,
Left nothing to alter, and nothing to mend;
With wisdom omniscient, He from the beginning
Could see through all time, even unto the end.

BLENCATHRA.*

I stood on the summit of lofty Blencathra,
And gazed with rapture on mountain and vale ;
As far as the eye could reach endless variety
Of hills intermixed with streamlet and dale ?
From the brink where I stood on the south of the mountain,
The grey rocks fall sheer down and steep as a wall ;
While far down below in the dark humid caverns
The mountain born waters o'er rocky beds roll.
At the foot of the mountain, the hamlet of Threlkeld
Is nestling beneath it, its shelter to crave ;
With its houses all white, as the snows of December,

* Blencathra, the ancient name for the mountain, now more *generally* known by the name of Saddleback.

Which its bold hardy shepherds oft fearlessly
brave.
Beyond is the verdant Saint John's in the valley,
Spread out like a picture of beautiful sheen,
With its clear winding Beùr, like a long thread of
silver,
And its meadows and pastures all brightest of
green.
Still more to the south, lies the clear lake of
Thirlmere,
Like a sheet of pure crystal with emerald fram'd
round;
And beyond, in the distance, the valley of Wythburn,
Where the fabled Dunmail-raise the vision does
bound;
From the margin of Thirlmere, the mighty Helvellyn
Towers up steep and rugged, till capped with
cloud;
It frowns high above all the neighbouring mountains,
Like a giant who stands in the midst of a crowd.
To the east, where the prospect more uninterrupted,
Over fields cultivated, the eye stretches far

Till it rests on the distant and dark line of Crossfell,
Where helm winds and tempests incessantly war.
To the north, I could see through a gorge in the mountain
A rich fertile country slope gently away,
To the flat of Burgh-marsh, on the shore of the Solway,
Where the first Edward died, when his army there lay.
'Cross the Solway, distinctly I saw the white homesteads
Of Scotland, the land of the free and the brave;
Where the dear names of Wallace and Bruce are held sacred,
Who bled their lov'd country from thraldom to save.
Turning more to the left, there the prospect is bounded
By Skiddaw, whose summit seems rocky and bare;
Between is a long reach of heath-cover'd mountain,
The home of the plover, the grouse, and the hare.

Still more to the west is the sweet vale of Derwent,
The loveliest far of those beautiful scenes;
With its lake like a mirror reflecting the sunbeams,
And border'd with woods, meads, and pastures all green.
Beyond is the picturesque valley of Borrowdale,
Hemm'd in by steep mountains, which, starting from Grange,
Stretch for miles 'cross the country, still mountain o'er mountain,
The stupendous Scawfell o'ertopping the range.
Having view'd all the scenes in the vast panorama,
Reluctant and slow I began my descent
To the east, and then turn'd to the right down a hollow;
Where the damp rocks were shatter'd, and broken, and rent.
From the fissures and cracks, in the dark colour'd clay-slate,
The pure waters issue in bubbling springs;
Which, collecting their forces, then form a small streamlet,

That falls down the rocks as it murmuring sings;
Its course is but short till it reaches a bason,
Surrounded by rocks, sloping, rugged, and steep,
Where its waters dam'd up form the small tarn of Bowscale,
Whose transparent waters are placid and deep.
Tradition asserts that two immortal fishes
Have dwelt in this tarn since that far distant day,
When its waters were first in this bason collected,
And the mists on the top of Blencathra first lay.
Oh! 'tis healthful to climb to the mountain's high summit,
And gaze on the grandeur of objects around,
Or to range through its lonely and curious recesses,
Where nature unalter'd by art is still found.

THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

Two young and guileless happy hearts,
  Go on their separate ways ;
As buoyant as the feathery foam,
  Which on the ocean plays.

To them all nature wears a smile,
  Their thoughts are pure and bright :
By day their load is light as air,
  And sound their sleep at night.

While gliding on their lightsome ways,
  These two together meet ;
A new sensation springs to life,
  A feeling, O ! how sweet.

This feeling though unfelt before,
Is now the polar star;
The magnet that will draw these hearts
Together from afar.

The dreamy days of courtship now,
Their every thought engage;
Of all the ups and downs of life,
This is the brightest stage.

The joys of life, without its cares,
The lovers now enjoy;
Without a thought, without a fear,
Its pleasure to destroy.

But soon this life of dreams is o'er,
And they are man and wife;
They've sworn to cherish and to love
Each other, through this life.

This pledge to comfort and to help,
For better and for worse ;
If kept, is life's most precious boon ;
If broke, its bitterest curse.

But life in earnest now begins,
The past has been a dream ;
While future days, perhaps to them,
As bright and lovely seem.

They enter on their new abode,
No thoughts of sorrow near ;
They dream not of the many cares,
Which soon will gather here.

Alas ! how little do they see
The rough and stony road ;
How little burdens one by one,
Will add unto their load.

A few short years, the changing wheel,
Again is turned round ;
Where then two, only two, were left,
Is now a family found.

The little blessings, one by one,
Have gather'd round the hearth ;
And now the cheerful home resounds
With childhood's joyous mirth.

Perhaps some friend or parent dear
Is added to the ring,
And though they're ever welcome, yet
Some added care they bring.

Home is the blest abode of peace,
And if conducted right,
The pleasures will out-weigh the cares,
And make the burden light.

No happier scene on earth is found,
If through the world we roam,
Than sweet domestic happiness,
In home, sweet, happy home.

But years again have roll'd around,
Again we view the scene;
But oh! how altered is the place,
What changes here have been.

The sons and daughters, one by one,
Have left the parent hearth;
Some laid within the silent tomb,
Some scatter'd o'er the earth.

Two, only two, are at the board;
Oh! can it be the same—
The same two light and merry hearts,
Which first together came?

The fading autumn of their lives,
How different from the spring;
What different thoughts, and joys, and hopes
And feelings it does bring!

They then look'd forward high with hope,
Nor thought that they could mourn;
They now look back to joys long past,
And never to return.

The quiet evening of their lives,
Is now before them spread;
Their chastened spirits now are calm,
Their thoughts are upwards led.

They've tasted all the joys of life,
And many of its pains;
They now look forward to the place
Where joy unmixed reigns.

A few short years, once more we come,
To view the changing scene ;
The place is there, but they are now
As if they had not been.

CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

When lightsome childhood bounds along,
With loud and merry laugh;
How different 'tis from age bent down,
And leaning on a staff.

How different are the scatter'd locks,
When silvery white with years;
From the luxuriant glossy curls,
Which happy childhood wears.

How different too the dimpled cheeks,
And brow so smooth and fair;
From age's sunken cheeks and brow,
Furrow'd by years and care.

And yet that feeble tottering frame,
And deeply wrinkled brow ;
Were once as lithesome and as fair,
As this sweet child's are now.

A few short years have made the change,
A change that comes to all ;
The child is raised from the dust,
Age into dust shall fall.

The child grows up with beauteous bloom,
Like a sweet flower in spring ;
And age sinks down, like that same flower,
A dry and shrivelled thing.

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