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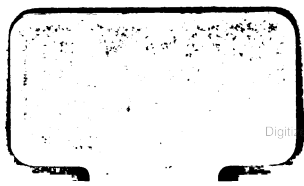
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Eng Long
Wheeler

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THE
WESTMORLAND DIALECT,
IN FOUR
FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL

THE
Westmorland Dialect,

IN FOUR
FAMILIAR DIALOGUES:

IN WHICH
AN ATTEMPT IS MADE

TO ILLUSTRATE
THE
PROVINCIAL IDIOM.

~~~~~  
THE SECOND EDITION,

*To which is added a Dialogue never before published.*

~~~~~  
By A. WHEELER.

~~~~~  
London,

Printed for W. J. and J. Richardson, Royal Exchange; Wilson and Spence, York;  
H. Walmley, Lancaster; and other Bookfellers;

by  
M. Branthwaite, Kendal.

1802.



## TO THE PUBLIC.

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

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

*Monthly Review, August, 1791.*



TO THE  
READER.

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

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

In the dialogue between Sarah and Jennet, she has, as far as she was able, stuck close to nature, and attempted to delineate the heart of a rural Coquet, whose ideas seem to be the same as those of the modern town Lady, only allowing for the difference of education; to give pain seems to be the *summum bonum* of both.

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

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

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

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

## PREFATORY DISCOURSE.

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

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

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

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THE  
WESTMORLAND DIALECT, &c.

DIALOGUE I.

BETWEEN

ANN & MARY.

*Upon running away from a bad husband.*

*Ann.* SAE whaar er yee bawn, yee er  
fae dond awt ith check happron? what  
ails tae? what haesta been greetin?

*Mary.* Aye, marry ive enuff tae greet  
about.

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



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

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

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

*Ann.* But what hees nea waars then he wur, is he? what thau knas him, prais maak yerfel yeafy.

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

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

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

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

coats, ise foa mad at him I cud welly hong me fel.

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

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

*Ann.* What is he a cocker teya?

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

*Ann.* Hees fearful nowt I racken, but

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

*Mary.* Dule tak him, he felt her; yee  
mun kna we tewk sum gerse for her; it  
wor tae be a ginny, man com tae lait th  
brass monny a time, I towd him it wur a  
sham he dud nit payt, he sweaar he wad  
sell her, an like a rascot as he wur, he  
dreav her tae Kirby fair an felt her, an  
staid thear tul he hed spent oth brass  
he gat for her; I thout I shud ea gean  
craisy I wur sae wae about partin wie her,  
thof she war but a lile scot she gay a  
conny swoap oa milk, an ive churned  
five paund a butter ea week frae her; I  
cud sumtime felt a paund unknown tae  
him, an Fadder Fowk dud let us chop her  
intul ther parrak ith winter; sae we dud  
varra connoly while we hed her, he cud  
net clam us while we hed a caw; but  
naw oas gean, an leav him I wul.

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

*Mary.* Whya they mun gang toth

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Mary.* What the dule mune a dea? I'll gang afoat then, for stay I caant, I'll gang toth farvis, I'fe fet ont.

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

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

*Ann.* Du stay kna whaar shee leevs ith Lirple?

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

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

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

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

*Mary.* Dule may spin tow for me, I'll gang toth farvis, then ise niver fear but don me fel like udder fowk, I can dea onny mak a wark in a haufe, nowt cums rang toma.

*Ann.* Whya barn, thau mun pleas the fel, but ise sure thaul nivver dea at Lirple, tawns wark is net likt cuntry, thear fae

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

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

*Ann.* Ayè, but haw can tae git, waulk thau cannet; its a terrable way, an thau mun git toth kna whaar thee breeders leevs, for was a straanger tae gang intae Lunon, they wod sean be taken up wie baads an they don awt varra grand, a fine claihs, an let em awt fae mitch a week toth men, but lile ath brafs cume toth las her sel.

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



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

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

*Ann.* Then its awt ea Lunon I racken if its a feelt.

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

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

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

*Ann.* Aye but nebbors say they er baith whoers tae sum gir fowk, an thate bad deains lafs.

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

*Ann.* Marcy on us, times is fearfully awtered sen I wur a young woman; we thout it varra mensful to hev a par a worfed stockins, wie white or yellow clocks, in awr awn spinnin an knittin; a par a ledder shoon wie white roands; a gud calimanco or camlet gawn; and a mannerly claith happron; an Hindee silk handkercher for fundays; a conny daisent mob an a blak shag hat et wad last us awr life-time; an we bout nowt but we thout whedder it wad dea if we fud be poor mens wives; when awrs an I wor wed we cud but meaak neen shilin between us, we baith draad yaa way, an we hed fewen barns, born and kirsend, an we bun thre on em to traads, set tother twea foret ith ward, an berrid twea; leevd thirty yeer tegidder, an when he deed he left mea a conny haufe, a parrak, a garden, an twea conny lile mosses, and I feend it varra comfortable teaa dra; but naw ivvery tow spinner is dond awt ith claith shoon an white stockins; weel may lads be feared to wed when lasses

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

*Mary.* Sic things dud varra weel when they wur ith fashon, but naw yee see nea yan bawntith ith worfed stockings, et can git white yans, an they dunnet leak weel when fowk is dond ea their funday claihts, an young fowk wad be like their nebbors.

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

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

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

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

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

*Ann.* Wiltae gang heeam an fettel the sel to the wark, an I care nowt what they dea wie ther brafs.

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

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

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

*Mary.* What an be lickd an clamd?

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

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

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

*Ann.* What yee hae sum cufens thear, I racken.

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

c

*Mary.* Sfieeh! yee hae fum lasfs wie barn, an want tae git awt oth way, yee leak sea wea; for sure he blushes.

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

*Stranger.* Nae yeer mistane, I nea lasfs wie barn, but ise leavin me pleaas fumet about a lasfs bein wie barn, thats farfan.

*Ann.* Cum the way wie me, leak sea, yons my haufe, an if thaul gang wie me I'll gie the a fleak an a pot-ful a saur milk, an thau maes tell us awe about it.

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

*Ann.* Aye, aye, barn wees tel the awt wie kna, when tau-hes filt the belly, cum gae the wae in wie Mary, an ise bring a lock a peats toth fire. Sfieeh, leak! soo-hes gitten in toth garth an shees hitten up awth turmits, rooted up awth parcel, an trodden dawn oa me poleanters; dule tak her for an unluc-

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

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



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

Jewel teak fret, an ran oway, brak oa  
th gear fearfully, leaand her showder,  
an like tae kilt me; neist time I wur  
gāngin toth mill anth watter wur awt,  
an I hed four laaid a corn, I hed like tae  
been drownt, an I lost yaa laaid of corn,  
an was varra glad to seaav me sel; soa  
yee may think haw fretend I wur when  
I saw my stockins.

*Mary.* Ive hard folk say its fearful  
unlucky.

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

*Ann.* An preia what happend?

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

cum this way?' 'ive summet tae leav,'  
 fed I; 'what haesta ith cart?' fed they,  
 'woo,' fed I; 'woo,' fed they, an wie  
 that they com about it. I naw began  
 tae be fretend; yan on em tewk haud  
 oma, an fwenaar I fud drink wie em,  
 tudder twea gat haad oth horse; they  
 pood me toth yale haufe dure, an cood  
 for a quart of yale, an a dram int, an  
 we hed sean dun; I offerd tae pay for  
 it, but they swaar I fud pay for neist;  
 just then awr Bet sneesd, an they hard  
 her. 'Aye, whats that,' says Joan Sca-  
 pin, a raskot et hes leevt ea varra gud  
 pleaces; but can bide ith nin, hees sea  
 drucken; 'what toth dule hes tae git-  
 ten amang woo? it mun be alive, but  
 weel see hawivver; wie that I tewk  
 haad oth meear an offerd tae drive on,  
 but they ran toth a—e et cart, an tornd  
 upth claith, an saw Bet. Lord how they  
 laft, an fleerd, an bullied. 'Woo!' fed  
 yan; 'woo!' fed another, 'pure soft  
 woo, weel teas it a bit;' an Scapin gat  
 intul th cart. Bet wur a brave staüt

lafs, an clickd haad ea Scapin beeth collar, an flang him awt; an he leet on his back, an brak his heaad on a stean; it bled fearfully, he gat up an streak at me, I streak agayn, an they oa three set omea. Bet lowpt awt oth cart, an tewk my part, an we fout for sum time, but we fairly dreave em towart haufe; they coad her awth whoors they cud think on, an me awth baads; it vext her fae ill, that she fetchd Scapin sic a drive I thout she hed kilt him; he bled at noafe an mauth, an wor a terrable feet. lanlord an wife com an tewk agayn us; lanlady sed I mud be shamd on mysel tae offer tae gang away, an nit tae pay for th yale; I sed ' I nivver meant but but tae pay fort, but I wur fae vext wie them leakin intul th cart; ' thau ert a dirty lairly,' sed she, ' tae cary whoors up an dawn th cuntry, an becaus twea or three young fellos hed a mind tae leak intul th cart, thau mun knock ther een up, than, an cheat poor fowk ea their due.' Poor Bet hed her cap an neck-

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

man sed she hed gud beef an bacon collops, an pankeaks, I went an telt Bet, she gat awt an com in; I eshd for a privat roum, but nea yan et hed a fire in but thr haufe. I went tae leak hefter my mear, when a lile barn com tae me an sed, 'yee mun cum in, th womans fawn 'owar;' I ran in, fretend awt omea wits, an fand Bet in a soon; th lanlady wur a varra graadly body, she laafd her stays, flat watter in her feace, an brout her to her sel, meaad her tak sum brandy, en she wur sean better, and hit her dinner varra weel. We set off as sean hes we hed awr dinner, an we hed twea quarts of yale at dinner, an I thout Bet drank varra mitch for a young woman. I payd awr rack-nin, an we set off agayn, an dud varra weel about twea mile, when we met sum lads an lassies ganging tae keft their pankeaks, they com about me' lik bees, an oa at yance eshd what I hed gittenimme cart, I sed wild beasts, an if yee dunnet gang yaur ways I'll hopen

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

*Mary.* Belike man yee hed nae mair mishaps.

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

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



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

*Stranger.* Well, whileth awd mear wur hittin I went intulth haufe, thear wur a varra gud fire; I cood for a pint a yale, while I wur drinkin it in com thor fouggers an feet dawn beeth fire, an esht me if I wad sarve the king, they wad meak me a captan sean? I sed nay I hed nae thouts ont yet; they cood for punch, an listid yan befoar me feace; I wad net drink wie em ner hae nowt tae dea wie kings stuff; las oth haufe com wie a lock ea peats toth fire, an they gav her a jow an she fell oa my knee, an dang me hat off, th sargant clapt his omme heaad, an sed naw yee hev worn his madgestys livery, yee er listid; I pood it off an

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

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

ife wae tae see haw thair wor turmoild-  
 wie thow varmant oth fougers, they er  
 th' bottenst hairlys et ivver com ea onny  
 haufe? I do thank her monny sa time,  
 payd hoaf a crown, en gav her sixpences  
 for tae by her a riban, an set off as hard  
 as I cud drive heam, an thout like me  
 maister wad be gayle weel content when  
 he had haw in our wie me, but when I  
 gat heam he wur gear awt, an awt Mad  
 telt me haw he hed hard haw that Scapin  
 that us at fine oth Jolly Boutchers, an that  
 like I mead fines for em tae leak intul  
 me cart, an that I tewk agayn Bet, an  
 he fell intul ghit passion, an if swear he  
 wad transport me, for he was fure he  
 stown th' mear, an run away wie her, an  
 he towd her when he went awt, he wur  
 gangin awt, that he wur gain tae git a  
 commandment tae tak me onny vhaa er  
 ea onny spoo whaar ivver he find me  
 o' th' caunty; she fed she thout like I'd  
 best gang away awt on this gaait, an she  
 wad gie me a lile pye, an sum ches an  
 bread, an a quart botle ea drink, I tewk

what brags I hed an she wad fend me  
 claihs taē me mudders; I telt her haw  
 it aw wor, at she mud tell me maister.  
 We tewk a sorroful fareweel, an I set off  
 taē cum owar th fels an I wor twea  
 heaal days an twea heaal neets on em  
 tal I wur ameaast clamd an starvd taē  
 deaath; an ameaast fretend awt omme  
 wits wie sic a terrable boggart ab I be-  
 lect niver omny yan sae befoar, nay th  
 varra thouts ont meyas me back beaan  
 wark.

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

*Adam.* Aye, preia tell us what yee sae,  
 what wur it like a coaf? I kna a man at  
 wur sadly flayd with a boggart like a  
 a coaf, an it mood fearfully, an steada  
 hauns behin, chewing it cud.

*Mary.* It mappen wan a coaf.

*Stranger.* Whya, mappen it wur, but  
 this at I sae wur twenty times as big as  
 a coaf. I hed geaan twoa days an a neet  
 owar thoe fels an cud fand nae way.

off em, ea this side; I wur sea teerd wie maanderin up an dawn an teaavin ith ling; I laaid me dawn on a bread scar, an sean fel asleep, tul summet weaked me varra caad omme feace; I leakt up an summet stead gloarin at me as big as a girt bull an sic a par oa saucer een, as wad hae flayd the dule his fel, hed he seen it, ife sartan; I hofferd tae git up but I cudnt stand; it nivver stird but stead gloarin in no feace, an then seat up sic a roar as wad hae flayd twenty men, an reerd it fel eun up; I cud see it wur oa owar black, an twea horns as girt as onny bulls; I shut me een an hoppend em many times, to see if it wad gang away, for I hey hard fowk say if yee shut yer een a spirit will vanish, but it nivver stird, but stead a lang while, then laaid it dawn about ten yards frae me; I then thout for sure, I sud dee wie freet, an wight mesel back wie me maister, Hawmomy hawers it ligd thear, I kna net, but when it wur leet it hed tornd itsel intul a girt black teap; I wur then

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

graadly body she wur at leevt at it; I gat a pint a yale an fum ehees an bread; I telt her haw I hed been flayd, an she sed ther wor flayin oa thor fels, she her sel hed yance been fadly freetend, she saw a horse wie awt a heaad, ou that varra spot whaar I wur fae flayd, an she sed she wad net gang on it ath neet for aw Sebber, for a man yance steal a horse an morderd it ith top a thor fels, an it spirit hes oways haunted that spot ivver sen; sumtimes like a horse, sumtimes like a teap, an oft like a man wie awt a heaad; yee may think haw flayd I wur when she telt me oa this; she sed she thout I hed better stay oa neet an set off this mornin, I dud fae; an hed a gud neet sleep, or I sud hae been quite kilt, ifs sartan. An naw if yee can shoo me th way intul Laa Fornas is be mitch behouden tae yee; ife nit be lang awt oa wark, I racken, an I think beeth heaamr ath ward it ligs sum whaar yonder, if I cud but git owar this watter ife sean feend it awt, an I hoap ife nit be lang agitten a spot.



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

*Stranger.* If ea thout sea I'd stay, but whaar mun I gang tae git wark? yee mun help me tea it, I ken nae yan ea this spot.

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

*Ann.* Aye, thau mun stay hear aw neet, an toth morn ise find tea a maister, a goddil thears a merry-neet at awr neist neighbors tae neet; an thau may gang the way an git a fwesthart, it will chear the a bit, whatfays tae?

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

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

*Ann.* Why dunnet yee, whya yee er a boarn foal, wad I cud donse an wor young, I'd gang mesel, whya lad thau mud meak the fortun.

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

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

*Stranger.* Aye, ise sean ken em, ise nae way fwamas.

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

*Mary.* Ise be varra fain'tae sea yee, for I hae neayan'tae hoppen mesel teaa but yee. Fareweel Ann.

END OF DIALOGUE FIRST.

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DIALOGUE II.

BETWEEN

BETTY, AGGY, &  
JENNET,

*Upon the loss of a husband.*

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

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

*Jennet.* Let me sweep upth fire-side, this rotten tow meaka aw dirt: dunnet fit thear Betty, for when th dure hopen awth-feat an th reek el blaw ca yer

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

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

*Betty.* Aye, here hes been a girt awter-ation fen I wur here.

*Aggy.* Aye, waist omme! I hev hed a saar los, I hev parted wie a varra gud husband, oh dear! oh! oh!

*Betty.* What yee munnet greet, but mack yer tel content, its GOD's will; we mun oa gang yaa time er udder, I rack-en.

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

*Betty.* Ise fain ethear it, en thau mun sta et heaam, en be a gud las, en cumfert the mudder, en keep thesel unwed en tae can.

*Jennet.* Ise dea me best.

*Betty.* What il yee keep awth swine, er yeel fell fum ont, yee can nivver dea wie it oa.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Betty.* Whya mind et tae dus. I hev a girt favor tae eih on yee, will yee preia fell me a goos, summet hes worried yan ev ours, we fand it riyven tae bits, an liggin ath middin; I saa yaurs es e com in, an they leak varra fat, en a fearful steggy yee hev for fure.

*Aggy.* Yees hev a goos en welcom, I felt em et hoaf a crawn a piece at Lankester, en we hed a varra girt flock.

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



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

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

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

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

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

*Aggy.* Oh Betty! I nivver can think on a nudder husband, ise sure barn ise dee on a brocken heart, haw cud the cusen Thomas tauk about me, hees a a weedo his sel, en mud kna what sorro yan mud be in; tae be sure if I thout a weddin agayn, I hed as leev tak him as onny yan I kna. Cum las put tee kettle on, I think nowt ea sweetharts, its fearful queer thee cusen sud tauk a me.

*Fennet.* Mun e maak a bit a breaad mudder.

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

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

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

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

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

*Aggy.* Nay shaw sud they.

*Betty.* Whya oa my barns is wed naw, baath ladien lass, they wur clever servants; as toth lasses ise sure nint cud top em, eider for milkness, or in dure wark, baath Mary an Nelly hes led shearin field when thear wur twenty men, an shear till sweat braist throu their stays, they wod hae been brosen afore they wod hae been banad.

*Aggy.* Aye they wur gud workers,

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

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

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

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

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

*Betty.* What taws mappen fer Joany, he hes a gonnny haufe weel let tae tak the teea, kaws en theep, boos sweept en band hung up; a thau ert a reet fause en.

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

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

*Aggy.* Aye for sure she wur groon aud, what then, yans like tae stay tulyans time cums; but they says hees a reet farrantly fello; soa yee see thears luck e leifer.

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

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

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

der es he used tae dea, for yee kna tul he wur badly things wur net a thissen; God fend him better say I.

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

*Fennet.* Lord mudder, he hes barns e-now on his ane; hees a matter on a du-fen; dunnet yee kna I wur readin em ith Almanack, ya Sunday, when it rained?

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

*Betty.* Lord woman! girt fowk coos ther barns sic heathenish neaams hes wod flay yan; whya me cusen Ann, et leevs e Lunon, welly beeth kings haufe, brout a barn dawn wie her, et she cood Ariet, I wur quite wae et she dud net coo it Margery, hefter her mudder, wha wur a varra graaidly body.

*Aggy.* What wur it a lad or lass ea preia?

*Betty.* Nay it wur a lafs for fure.

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

*Fennet.* What yaur nebbors gangin tae wed, I hear.

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

*Aggy.* Sure thear is nowt fae simple es weedos, they nivver kna when the er weel, if she wed him sheel dra herfel tae a pair oa Torro, sheel kna nae end ont e this ward, I daut.

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

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

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

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

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

*Betty.* What er yee begun tae greaav peats yet?

*Aggy.* Nay barn, oas foa wet et I think its tae sean, beside me cufen Toms tae



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Fenist.* Cum, will yee torn toth tea-  
ble? an git sum tea, an tack sum oa this  
breed while its warm.

*Betty.* Ise sorry yee sud put yerfel soa  
mitch awt oth way for me; this is var-

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

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

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

*Jennet.* What can yan see nbwt but sweetharts, think yee?

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

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

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

*Aggy.* Nay yees hev anudder dish for sure, what sinifies fix or sewen a thor lile dishes, cum tak a bit mair breecad.

*Betty.* For sure I hev bitten an drunk

tul ea sweat, leak haw it runs dawn me feace, ife fram me sel.

*Jennet.* A preia mak free, yee er welcom yee kua, an weel cam an see yee a Sunday, I think ittcl be better then Monday, mudder.

*Aggy.* Whya I knaanet but it may; what yee er nit gain yet fure.

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

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

*Betty.* Nay barn, but he was cumin heeam, just ith milk ath neet, he hed been at smiddy tae git it shod, en ea cumin dawneth loah, that plaigy danner, Bil Watton, clattered his clogs, an flayd galoway, et it fet off a gallop an thraud him off.

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

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

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

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

*Aggy.* They dea indeed, I'd leever be

wieaut hoit then fleaks, I oaways think th  
chimly leaks varra bare when thear  
nae fleaks int; beside I think they leak  
varra conny, when they er icht sticks, but  
I hev been oways used tul em sen I wor  
wed, but thats oa owas naw, I nae yan  
tae git onny for me.

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

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

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

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

*Aggy.* Nit it.

*Betty.* Whya faar yee weel, en ise ex-  
pect tae see yee affendry; its a fine ew-  
nin but its a fort a

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

*Betty.* Whya gud neet en thank yee for me; I'll fend forth goos neist week, wie awr lafs? awr awd fello is foa leam he can dea nowt but rive taas for whisketts en teanals.

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

END OF DIALOGUE II.



## DIALOGUE III.

BETWEEN

## SARAH &amp; JENNET.

OR

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

*Sarah.* LORD! what a stranger; what a  
thout tae see yee hear! I langd tae see  
the, ive a pair tae tell the.

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

*Sarah.* Wait hart! its a terrable bad  
thing when it fairly gits had oa yan.  
What yee hard I wor at weddin fracken.

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



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

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

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

farrantly; I howd it while they wor wed, an I thout parson leakt varra cross, he sed when he tewkth barn, 'this fud hae cum neen months hence.' We wor sadly frettend for fear he fud scoud us; for yee kna hees a reet gud man, en he sed nae mair, an I thout imme mind I wod nivver be wed while ea leevt before ea broot mesel tae sic sham; ife sure we wor fearful glad when we hed gitten it owarri. We went toth yale haufe, en hed four girt bauls a punch, an wimmen hed caaks an terrable merry we wor, an awe raaid heaam fearful wael; anth young-ans raaid forth ribban; me cusen Betty hang'd awth lads an gat it for sure. We hed a varra gud dinner at her faddèrs, hefter we hed dun Tom leakt awt twea botels a rum, he hed fetchd frae Lankester, an meand a fearful girt baul a punch, an he leakt les if he wor fearful weel pleast et he wor wed. Sam an Dick, Bets twea cufens, sang monny a conny sang, an fearful gud fingers they er, I wod they wod cum offea tae Silverdale chappel.

Whenth punch wor drank, Tom' fweaar ivvery man an las' sud drink a girt-dram, an that las' et refused sud he vit putdawn her throat wie a coaf horn. Wimmen mead a girt deal a wark but it finifed nowt, for drink it they mud, en dud; an I think wie yale an punch at Beetham, their varragud drink at dianer, an punch an drams, we wor sum on us far geaan, an began tae be varra quarrelsum. Bets puncle Joan hofferd tae lig five ginneas et his auld mear wod draa Tom ath hives twea carts, horses en awe, en put sum brassimme fadders hand; Sam leet et sayth mear wod draa baith horses, carts, en awe, toth dule; wie that Tom gat up an lent a girt drive at Sam, drave him agaynth chimley back, an if she hednt new laaid on a lock a mul, he wod hae been saarly bornt, he brast his noafe; an what wie blead an feat, I niver sa' sic a feat; he dud nit lig lang; up he gat an tewk haad ev Tom beeth shirt neck; rave it awe dawn an throppld him; an shackt him tul he mead him spew on

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

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

*Sarab.* It wor rang on him tae mell on em, they wor sayin nowt tae him, but when drinks in wits awt. Toms a varra lunges fello, an he hed nae reet tae strike a bla at Sam, but he wor gayle une wie him, for he gav him twea black een an rave his fine lin shirt wie a girt haufin ruffel tae bits, an taar his new stampt vest dawn toth pocket, it wor new on Easter Sunday, he wor at Borton in it for th first time.

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

*Sarab.* What finifies taukin, they wor baith toth bleaam; we wimmen tewk

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

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

*Sarab.* An may kna him langer, fowk says he huddlesthe a bit, soa thaus like tae hod ea his side. Is nit that true, Jennet.

*Jennet.* Nea las can be seen wie onny lad but nebbors gies it awt he huddles her. Sam'el leak hier then me; yee kna heeas a staat, an nae claut el be for a girt porshon, yee kna he huddles Mally, she can bring him a partak.

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

*Jennet.* Did he gang wie yee toth merry-greet?

*Sarah.* Nae for sartan, he wor toth ill.

braaid tae hev onny thouts ath merry-neet.

*Fennet.* I hard et Tom punchit him an lowpt on his teaaas, hees a lairly ugly as ivver wor unhangd!

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

*Fennet.* Neaa daat. Haw com yee on ath merry-neet.

*Sarab.* Whyd barn, th dule hed thrawn his club amang us that day for-fartan, I gat frae yaa spot ea foin awt tae anudder. I racken we wor twenty on us lads en lasses, awe dond in awr varra best; an blind Tom wor fiddler, an a gud fiddler he is; an we donst about twae haurs, thon they went raund en

gidderd a penny a piece fraeth lasses, an  
- toopence fraeth lads. That lairly ugly  
Joan, et leevs wie farmer Furrows, wad  
nit part, we his brass tho he donst as  
mitch as onny yan, an taukd varra  
shamful toth wimmen, wie that young  
Harry Scar tewk him beeth britches, an  
tumbled him awt oth donsin loft dawn  
stairs, he sed he hed lost sum brass, but  
nae yan heeded him. We then began tae  
donse agayn, an went on a gud bit, en  
monny a conny jig an reel teya; then  
they wor awe for cuntry donses, an we  
went dawn yan varra weel; neight cup-  
ple et com toth top good for seasons;  
when it wor playd, lad cud nit lead it off,  
this mead a deal a scraffle; wie that  
Harry Scar sed, 'tak my partner, I'll  
gang dawnth donse an shoo thee, then  
thau may begin thee sel,' he sed he  
wodnt, he cud deat; they tryd monny  
a time, but cud meya nout out; 'coo up  
anudder tune,' sed Harry, 'I'll nit, sedth  
lad, 'an thaus a saucy oaf for mellin  
omme,' an sed he wad feight him if he



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

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

*Sarah.* Aye, I racken its true, whya they mak a conhy farrently par; en' they baith dra yaa way ittal dea varra weel, shees gayly nottable, an' I racken ea is part he leaks like a varra widdersful grandly young man. Wiltae hev a swoap a tee et a swoap a bortery-berry wine; yan than sal hev, soa mak nae words lafs.

*Jennet.* I hev nae occashon for nin, sae preia gie yersel nae trubble about fotechin me awt.

*Sarab.* Yees hev yan for sure, fae chuse?

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

*Sarab.* Oddwhite tae, thau knaas ife nae fortun-teller, en ea cud a telt fortunes I'd ea gean nin toth donsin neet, for far-tan.

*Jennet.* What time gat tae heaam, a preia?

*Sarab.* When ea eudnt git Ann tae cum heaam I stead up an hofferd tae cum mesel, when that plaigy Dick Sanders pood me on his knee; I gat up an wad gang, wie that he reaav me hap-pron awt o h bindin, pood creak awt oth keep omme pettycoat, an tae meaak it up wieme he cood for hoaf a dusen caaks an wad meya me tae em, an wod en dud cum heaam wie me, intulth bargin.

*Jennet.* Aye, I racken Dick dudnt like

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

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

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

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

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

*Sarah.* Nay lass en tae will, I care nowt haw monny sweetharts I hev, I fat up three neets last week wie three fendry yans, soa yee see I hev plenty.

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

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

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

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

*Sarab.* Thau is grown fae grave yan wad think thau wor just gangin tae huv an obay. Preia when is yaur weddin feast tae be holden?

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

*Sarab.* Is tae leein or is tae ea gud ginn earnest?

*Jennet.* Nay for sure, fadder fowk hes meaad it up ea baith sides, en I racken Samny an I hes nit mitch agayn it.

*Sarah.* Whya for sure yee er a fly par, haw snag yee hae kept it; whya ife cum tath be sure.

*Jennet.* Aye; preia dea, yee mun be my brides maid; for thear is nae lass I like as weel as yee. I thout nit tae been wed yet, but me fadder hed a mind tae see me setled in his lifetime; an he hofferd tae give us Laa Hause tae leev in, en twea crofts, enth lile mofs, a kaw, en a heffer, an awr grey horse, hoaf ath scot hees feedin, an a flick a baken; woo tae meak three par a blankets an twea happins. En me mudder al spin an gie me twea dufen a tow for sheets an bord claihs; an three score pound a hard bras. Sammy thout we hed better tak em ith mind; auld fowk mun be taen ith humour yee kna.

*Sarah.* Yer fadder is a varra graidly auld fello; ife sure mine wad nit part wie a grote while he leevs; he oft says heel keep it as lang as he leevs, an if barns will wed they mun work as he hes duh; yet a hie matter frae yans fadder

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

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

*Sarah.* It wor a bornin sham for sure; thee noant Margerys a nipper, she wod flea twea dules for yaa skin barn. But ife reet fain yer fadder will dea see far-ently be yee, yeel dea I warrant tae, yeel be carefel an dra baith yaa way, an yan stoup tott tudder, en I racken thats best way tae leev quietly yan wie tudder,

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

*Sarah.* Thats reet barn; takt maist pleaser at heaam, nivver gang frae haufe tae haufe, gossapin an neglectin thee ane wark; its a poar haufe et deaam cannit keep hersel deain int. I racken thaul be thrang sewin an meakin toward haufkeepin.

*Jennet.* Aye, wees nit gang toth aurfels this quarter. Ise be varra thrang spinnin for sure; me mudder hes geen me a par a varra fine blankets an a flaurd border she workt at school, for a pety-coat, I hev baund em weet, an varra grand they leak, soa yee see ise offin toward haufkeepin.



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

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

*Sarab.* Nay for sure, my noant Betty says et while lasses al tauk saucy tothmen, an let them tauk it ea ther hearin, lasses al dea wars, for she says a lafs et al prostitute her ears, al nit stick tae deyat seaam wie her body.

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

*Sarab.* I think fae teya; thau hes be haavd thesel varra connoly while a lafs, an I dunnet fear but thaul dea soa when a wife.

*Jennet.* I hoap fae; but tae gang an see me cufen Aggy an her husband, it wod quite flay yan frae iyver been weddit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Sarah.* For sure this weddins like draa-irith lottery, thear is monny blanks for yaa prize, I think imme hart thears few gud husbands. Dustay think thear yan in a score?

*Jennet.* Marry, I fear its a lottery a baith sides, thears monny bad wives, en oft a gud Jack meaks a gud Jill.

but yans like toth dea yans best when yans teed.

*Sarab.* Varra true barn.

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

*Sarab.* I care nowt about him.

*Jennet.* He glad oa that, for Sammy an hees terrable girt, an he towd Sammy he wor baun et wed wie his cufin Ann, fae yeel be rid on him; I question but its tae be neisht week.

*Sarab.* Is tae leein; is toth joakin; preia tell truth.

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

*Sarab.* Ah! hong thee for a lairly, thaus mead me seek.

*Jennet.* Aye, I see haw yeer hodden, girt words cums of wake stomacks; what dustay forgie me las?

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

*Jennet.* Whya, as thau hes fund awt thau likes yan better then awth rest, preia fend tudder tae leak for sweet-harts in anudder spot.

*Sarab.* I think I sal; what er yee bawn?

*Jennet.* Aye, I mead a lang stay, awr fowk al be at heam afore me; yee hev a pair a conny sheep aforeth dure; I for-gat tae tell the I saa ea yaa field as ea com throu, yaa yow be itfel, I thout it wor mappen badly.

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

END OF DIALOGUE III.

The first part of the document discusses the general principles of the proposed system. It is intended to provide a clear and concise summary of the main points.

The second part of the document details the specific procedures and methods to be followed. This section is crucial for ensuring the accuracy and reliability of the results.

The third part of the document presents the results of the study. These findings are based on a thorough analysis of the data collected during the experiment.

The final part of the document concludes the study and offers recommendations for future research. It is hoped that these findings will be of value to other researchers in the field.

H. J. ...

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DIALOGUE IV.

BETWEEN

BARBARY &  
MARY.

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

*Barbary.* **S**ARTANLY! er yee gitten  
heaam agayn.

*Mary.* Aye, I com heaam yester neet,  
an I thout I wad cum tae see yee first  
spot; ea went tea; en shaw er yee awe  
heer? haws yaur gud man an my life  
god, dowter; I brout her a Lunnon la-  
ken, a conny bab.

*Barb.* Ah Lord! its fearful pratty,  
indeed; but yee wur tae bleaam tae  
put yerfel tae onny cost about her, theel



be mear praud on it; her fadder hes nivver been weer fentn cock-fights; he gat drunk an fell ith lone, an gat caad, he means him fearfully on his back.

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

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

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

*Barb.* Fowk tauks et yer unkle hes left yee a thousand pound; a girt porthon, indeed; yeel hev sweet harts emow, for naw a days wads is awe for lasses wie brads.

*Mary.* Ifo varra thankful for my shear; I nivver expected onny thing frae him; he nivver tewk onny kennein tae me in his life time, an I leakd for nowt at his death; he hes left me cusin monny a thousand, but they er tae grand they kna haw tae spend it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Mary.* I nivver went awt be mefel, er ise sure I sud hae been lost, for ye nivver saa mair fowk at Kendal fair, than is oways ith streets, an when we er gangin yee er fae knockd an jowd, an bemi-red we dirt, et yee mun hev clean stockins ivvery time yee gang awt, or yee wod be a tham tae be seen; I wur fae

teerd ith streets wie waukin twea miles  
ith streets, nay warfe then ivver I wur  
wie a days lhearin; me cusen wur fae  
fat she cud nit wauk, soa we maaisfly  
raaid.

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

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

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

*Mary.* Nae daut but gangin frae he-  
aam is varra pleasin, en maks a girt aw-  
teration in yans manners; a body knaas  
better haw tae carry therfel, when they  
er amang gentlfowk; yan leaks nit quite  
fae gawmin.

*Barb.* En preia what dud yee see?

wor yee at onny plays en merry neets?  
*Mary.* Plays! plays! aye, aye; I wur at a play; but I hard of nae merry neets. I wur at yaa play they cood a tragedy; me cusen an I went fean tae git a gud spot, th play haufe wur bigger than Bee-tham kirk; we steaad a lang time atth dure befoar we cud git in, but when I dud git in I wur quite gloperd tae see sic a grand pleace, far bigger than Bee-tham kirk, an fet raund wie forms, an they wur fean filld wie fowk at sat as close as bees in a hive. Lord; haw I stard at em, an they kept sic a din, et me heaad wur ready tae rive; an monny on em hed brout wine, an punch, an caaks, an oranges, an seemd varra merry; hefter a while I think imme hart thear wor forty fidders, an trumpets, an horns ba maaks, streak up an playd a varra conny tune; then a lang green curtan wur drawn up, an a fine lang pictur at reachd fraeth top oth haufe toth bottom; then it oppend ith midst an play began; it wur summet about yaa king killing

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

*Barb.* En what then I preia?

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

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

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

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

*Barb.* Aye, they think varra lile of us.

*Mary.* It wur hardly hoaf owar when this lairly wur kilt; thear wor a lang pictur hung frae top oth haufe toth bottom, it seemd hoaf a haaiker lang; it wur slit it midst, they draad it a baith sides an then we saa a fine wood, wie picturs like raecks an scars as we see on Beetham fell, ant sun peepin awt on a claud, it shind reet on a girt egg at laid ath fluer, an ye mud see it stir; hefter a bit it fell ea twea, an awt jumpt a lile blackemoor; it thunnerd terrably, en awt oth yearth rin a droave a witches, an they leakd at this lile blackemoor, an they seemd fearful fond on him, an dud their spels owar him; belive yee mud see him wax, nay I tell nae lees, they gav

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

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

*Mary.* Aye, but I racken th man thout udderwas, for he sent hester her ent farvant fand her awt, an went eto mead sum meamwas taе his maister for they in vuar yan on em spak oath time they wur a lott hester him, but he sear cheated em, for whoap went thof picturs, en oa ad yance thar wur woars biggin a gurt grand haufe; ise sure I was gloppend



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

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

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

amang em but he wur fean feen bē yan oth wedmers, en ran tae tell; black dond maisters gawn on, then sum fellos wad tak him, but he scaapdl yance mair, for nae body kent him he wor bawd ith lang gawn; then ea lefs time then I can tell anudder comical trick a thor picturs, thear wor a wind mill gangin; black ran up a stee, man hefter him on toth top; black jumpd dawn eth' far side, pair man wur ath fleers, en rawnd it went; he cryd awt terrably, an weel he mud, yee kna he cudnt help bein sadly hort; black com tae this side oth mill; hit a bang wie his sword, dawn went pair maifkin enoa; next up started a smiddy, thear wur a stiddy len men maakin horse shoon; I faa a man blaw th belas.

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

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

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

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

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

*Barb.* What went ye tae onny other spots, or dud ye gang agayn toth play-hause?

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

stand strick up ith heeghst haufe ith parish.

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

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

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

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

*Barb.* I sud ea likd tae been wie yee,

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

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

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

*Mary.* I knanit, for me cufin fowk niver went toth kirk while I staid; I wur whaint sorry tae hear her tell her

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

*Barb.* What te cufin sure wad be kind tae the.

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

pet manners fort, I sud meak mashment  
ont, sae I hed better be es ea was.

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

*Mary.* Varra trup, but when I towd  
her haw I hed leevd, she wod sling up  
her heaad an leak as scornful, an coo  
me a wulgar cratur, auth dowter et was  
net owar foreteen, wod thra up her  
heaad like an unbrocken cout at me wul-  
gality.

*Barb.* Marcy on us! what wur that?  
*Mary.* Nay I knanit, what she meant,  
sae I wur yeasy about it. Me cusins  
wife is dond up in a fornean wie a yal-  
low silk neckclath raund her heaad.

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

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

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

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

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



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

*Barb.* It wur a lile haufe I racken.

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

*Barb.* A party! whats that preia?

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

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

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

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

*Mary.* Aye, sic a yan as yee nivver saa barn, for oa maks a gardin stuf, en potates wicawt end et ivver ye can neeam, en far cheaper then its at Kendal rae's oa carts, an its a reet nice spot.

*Barb.* What is ther but yaa gardin?

*Mary.* Aye, monny scores, I dar be

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

*Barb.* Aye, thau thout a pair Thomas, thau gat nae huddlin ea Lunnon, I racken; speak truth, dud, tae niyver with, thesel wie him, hees a bonny young man he sure, en they say et. Bet his cufin, is varra fond on him; but cum, what else dud tae see?

*Mary.* Yaa day me cufin, sed Sadlers Well, wor oppend that neet, oh then we mun oa gang, for th play haufe wur shut, she sed. We set off in a coach tae this Sadlers Wells; thear wur a pauer oth fiding, en men doned a raaps, hed a teaple an glasse on it, I knanit haw they dud, I wur quite frestend wie em; then ea man dand on a slack wire, I thout he wod brack his neck; me



cusin' lass, an seemd fearfully pleas'd,  
 but I thout th' ware leakd nae thicker  
 then noggy wife thread; he swang ont  
 an seemd verra careless; I wur reddy  
 toth foond; I thout he wad brick his  
 neck, he went up a stee at stead agayn  
 now; I wur then sure I wud be amang  
 dules. I gat tae say th' Lords prayer,  
 then I knew howe cud hort me; me  
 cusins clapt ther hands an' offen eshd  
 me 'is net this clever? is he net great?  
 did you ever see the like in Westmor-  
 land? nay, thout I; God forbid I sud,  
 we er broit up thair ith fear ea God,  
 an net ea wonderin at dules tricks.  
 At last this donsin was owar, en thair  
 com sum lile tinny dogs doud ea gawns  
 petycoats, en they donsd an stead up  
 ea ther hinder legs, then com a pig an  
 towd fortune; this was th connyest feet  
 I saa ea Lunnon; pig fed I; sud net be  
 a yeer unwed; think ea that Barbary.

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

*Mary.* I knawit what may happen;

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

*Barb.* Why whar dud thou sail teya?

*Mary.* Whya I saild monny a time while I wur ea Lunnon, thear is oways boats liggin ith watter for onny yan et el hire em; we went teya a spot coad Greenige ea yan a thor lile boats; I wor ill flayd, for we seemd close toth flead. I saa a terrable fine palace, an a conny park a heigh hill in it, we went toth top ont, an me cusin sed 'sit dawn ath this form,' I dud, en oway it ran toth bottom wie me; I nivver thout but I sud hae been ith beck, en I cud net stop mesel whativer I cud dea; me cusin followd me an tuck haad omme arm up agayn, en was varra merry wie me, but I telt him I likd nae sic spoart, en was glad when we gat heaam et neet. Ya thing I saa et pleasd me weel, that wor

swans sittin ath watter; they leakd varra grand indeed.

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

*Mary.* They er like girt geese, er rader like girt steggs, sittin ath top oth watter; they leak sae grand, en if yee hev onny caak er owt tae giv em they'll follow th boat they er sae tzaam; nae yan dar kill em.

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

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

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

*Mary.* Nae, I cannot find imme hart tae loav her yet; shees been a mudder tae me, an she sal want for nowt; naw I hev it imme paup, for her aue barn is foa taken up wie huddlin, et she minds nim of her; hed her fadder thout she wod hev dum es she hes, he wod hev left her mudder mair, en her less; but I fear nowt et dow elcum on her en she dont awter fear.

*Barb.* I heer shees gain tae wed Fredrick, et com we sum girt fougers tae Kirby, is it true thinkstea, I daut en she dea sheel maak a paup weddin ont!

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

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

*Mary.* I niyver ea for me time kent yan ea thor luv matches ivver dea weel; thear sud be sum thout as weel as luv. What can yan dea wie a haufe ful ea barns, an nowt but luv tae gang tae market wie; will it buy breaad er flesh? nay, itteligroo varra caad when its done ea poverty: Luv parrd wie a lile tae stock a farm, en by twae er three guds, dus varra weel.

*Barb.* Whya, for hor ane feak; I will she wed dea weel.

*Mary.* Lord barns shees giffen in wie sid a gang, sudt niyver due ther gud, en indeed shees quite enuff herfel.

*Barb.* Dud tae fee the cufin Cicely while thau wor ea Luffon.

*Mary.* Aye, monny a time, she keeps a girt yal haufe, welly beeth Taur, en shees groon sic a girt fat tulse es yee niyver saa, but they due fearful weel. I sud step in tae fee yaur nebbors en



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

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

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

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

*Mary.* I'll be back ea nae time.

END OF DIALOGUE IV.



A SONG.

*To the Tune of Bobbin Joan.*

**G**UD morrow gossip Nan,  
 Haw dus awe at heaam dea!  
 Haw dus ivvery yan,  
 Lile Dick en awe dea?  
 Tom is gaylie weel,  
 Sends his sarvis teaa,  
 Sall hes hort her heel,  
 Er wod ea cum et seea.

II.

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

## III.

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

## IV.

Awr lafs hes taen her tow,  
 An gane in heaast tae don her,  
 Shees gaain toth this show,  
 For nowt et dow el cum on her;  
 Jennet went toth feet,  
 En com en telt sic wonders,  
 She fed in like them cud deat,  
 Why barn they mead it thunder.

## V.

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

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

IV

# GLOSSARY

OF

## Westmorland Words and Phrases;

containing

UPWARDS OF EIGHT HUNDRED WORDS.



**A**  
**ABAUT**, *about*  
 Aboon, *above*  
 Addle, *to earn*  
 Afoar, *before*  
 Afoat, *on foot*  
 Agayn, *again*  
 Agaynith, *against*  
 Aggy, *Agnes*  
 Al, *will*  
 Aloan, *alone*  
 Alang, *along*  
 Alleker, *alegar*  
 Amang, *among*  
 Amealst, *almost*  
 An oren, *and, also, if*  
 Ane, *own*  
 Anth, *and the*  
 Anydder, *another*  
 Ariët, *Harriet*

**A**  
 Arrant, *errand*,  
 Ath, *at, or upon*,  
 Atth, *at the*  
 Auld, *or awd, old*  
 Auriels, *ourselves*  
 Awe, *all*  
 Awt, *out*  
 Awter, *alter*  
 Awteration, *alteration*  
 Awtered, *altered*  
 Awth, *all the*  
 Aye, *yes*

**B**

**BAAD**, *where*  
 Baaist, *baite*  
 Baait, *to bite*  
 Bad, *bid*  
 Badly, *ill*  
 Baith, *both*

**L**

**B**  
Bains, bones  
Bang, to beat  
Banged, beaten  
Barn, a child, also a familiar  
way of speaking one to another.

Barns, children  
Bassan, bason  
Bastert, bastard  
Baterd, beat  
Bawn, going  
Bawned, dressed  
Beaasts, beasts  
Becofe, because  
Becin, being  
Befoar, before  
Behavs, behaves  
Behoaf, behalf  
Behouden, beholden  
Beleev, believe  
Below, below  
Belive, presently  
Berrin, funeral  
Bet, Betty  
Big, great  
Bigg, to build  
Biggd, built  
Biggin, building  
Bide, bear, endure  
Blaw, blow  
Bleaad, blood  
Bleaam, blame  
Bleb, a bubble  
Blend, mix  
Bleend, blind  
Boasm, balm  
Boarn foal, a silly person  
Bob, Robert  
Bold, bald  
Boggart, a spirit, a spectre  
Boggle, to be afraid

**C**  
Boll, a ball  
Bord-claith, table cloth  
Born, suffered, endured  
Borned, burned  
Bornt, burned  
Borterry, the elder tree  
Botel, bottle  
Bout, bought  
Braaid, broad, to beat  
Braaid-scar, broad stone  
Brant, sleep  
Bran-new, quite new  
Bras, money  
Braft, burst  
Brat, a coarse apron  
Braut, brought  
Bread, bread  
Breeder, brother  
Brig, bridge  
Britches, breeches  
Broafen, brosen, burst  
Brokeni, broke  
Broo, brow, forehead  
Bund, bound  
Butch, to kill

**C**  
CAAD, caud, cold  
Caake, cake  
Caant, or cannit, cannot  
Caars, cares  
Calimanco, calamanco  
Camlet, camblet  
Cam, comb  
Camd, combed  
Cankert, rusty, ill-natured  
Cannit, or caant, cannot  
Captan, captain  
Carryth, carry the  
Caud, cauld, caad, cold  
Caul, a swelling  
Cauncel, council

C

Caw, or kaw, cow  
 Chaars, chairs  
 Chat or tauk, talk  
 Chees, cheese  
 Chop, put  
 Choptin, put in  
 Claakin, scratching  
 Claith; cloth  
 Claiths, close  
 Clam, starve or hunger, also  
 climb  
 Clamd, starved or hungered,  
 climbed  
 Clarting, daubing  
 Clatter, to make a noise  
 Clauns, clowns  
 Clavver, clover  
 Cled, cloathed  
 Click, to snatch  
 Clod, to throw  
 Clumb, climbed  
 Clung, to hold fast  
 Coats, cloaths  
 Coaf, calf  
 Cocker, a cockfighter  
 Cockler, a cockle getter  
 Cocklin, getting cockles  
 Com, came  
 Connoly, prettily  
 Conny, pretty  
 Coo or coe, call  
 Good, called  
 Corrans, currents  
 Corle, curse  
 Corring, cursing  
 Cout, a foal  
 Craaled, crawled  
 Craisy, insane  
 Crap, crept  
 Crapen, crept in

D

Crown, crown  
 Credel, cradle  
 Cud, could  
 Cudee, could I  
 Cudnt, could not  
 Cum or com, come  
 Cumfert, comfort  
 Cuntry, country  
 Cusen, cousin  
 D  
 DAARK, day-work  
 Daimont, diamond  
 Dailent, decent  
 Dannet, a bad man or wo-  
 man  
 Dar, dare  
 Dars, dares  
 Daut, doubt  
 Dawn, down,  
 Dawnth, down  
 Dea, due, deya, do  
 Deaings, deains, doings  
 Deait, do it  
 Deas, does  
 Dee, die  
 Deed, died  
 Deet, dirt  
 Deg, to sprinkle with water  
 Dere, dear  
 Dick, Richard  
 Didderd, trembled, shivered  
 Din, noise  
 Doft, undressed  
 Dond, dressed  
 Donnin, dressing  
 Donse, dance  
 Donfin-neet, dancing-night  
 Dpout, do not  
 Dofen, dozen  
 Doteage, dotage



## E-ff

Dowly, *lonely*  
 Dowter, *daughter*  
 Dra, *draw*  
 Dreave, *drove*  
 Dree, *long, tedious*  
 Dreeamt, *-dreamed*  
 Dry, *to wipe, thirsty*  
 Dubbler, *a large dish*  
 Dud, *did*  
 Duddnt, *did not*  
 Dule, *devil*  
 Dulish, *devilish*  
 Dun, *done*  
 Dunct, *doant, do not, or doth not*  
 Dure, *door*  
 Duste, *dustay, dost thou*

## E

EA, *in, and*  
 Een, *eye*  
 Eider, *either*  
 Eigh, *eye*  
 El, *will*  
 Em, *them*  
 En, an, *and, also, if*  
 Enth, *and they*  
 Enuff, *enough*  
 Es, *our, or, are*  
 Esh, or ax, *ash*  
 Esht, *asked*  
 Et, *at, to, that*  
 Eunin, or evnin, *evening*  
 Ev, *have*

## F

FAAD, *fold*  
 Faavor, *favour*  
 Faddler, *father*  
 Fadder-fowk, *father's family*  
 Fain, *glad*  
 Fand, *found*

## F

Farlton knot, *a hill near Burton in Kendal*  
 Farrently, *orderly*  
 Fashion, *fashion*  
 Faufe, *false, cunning*  
 Faut, *faults*  
 Fawn, *fallen*  
 Feard, or feard, *feared*  
 Feace, *face*  
 Fearful, *very*  
 Feater, *a dancer*  
 Feeind, *find*  
 Feight, *fight*  
 Feighten, *fighting*  
 Felloy, *a man*  
 Felt, *fell*  
 Fend, *to provide for*  
 Fer, *for*  
 Fest, *to board out*  
 Fettle, *condition, case; also a cord which is used to a pannier*  
 Filth, *a scoundrel*  
 Flaayd, *frighted*  
 Flackerog, *showering*  
 Flaured, *flowered*  
 Flower, *flower*  
 Flay, *to frighten*  
 Flead, *flood*  
 Fleak, *flock*  
 Flear, *flood*  
 Flyer, *to laugh scornfully*  
 Flyte, *to scold*  
 Foal, *fool*  
 Foat, *foot*  
 Foe, *fall*  
 Foeth, *fall the*  
 Foin, *falling*  
 Foin-awt, *quarreling*  
 Folloin, *following*  
 Foumart, *the polecat*

F

**Foosten, generosity**  
 Foolenable, *generous*  
 Foret, *forward*  
 Fowk, *folk*  
 Frae, *from*  
 Fraith, *from the*  
 Freat, *to mourn, to grieve*  
 Freet, *fright*  
 Fresh-cullert, *rosy, well coloured*  
 Fulom, *notable, tidy*

G

**GAAPEN, hands**  
 Gaain, *or gangin, going*  
 Gaily, *or gaylie, tolerable, very well*  
 Gam, *game*  
 Gane, *gone*  
 Gang, *go*  
 Gangin, *going*  
 Gar, *make*  
 Garth, *garden, croft, or parrock*  
 Gat, *got*  
 Gav, *gave*  
 Gavelock, *a strang iron bar, used for a lever.*  
 Gawn, *gown*  
 Gaylie-weel, *very well*  
 Geaat, *a street or road*  
 Gean, *gone*  
 Geen, *given*  
 Gerse, *grass*  
 Gezlin, *goslings*  
 Gidder, *gather*  
 Gidderd, *gathered*  
 Gie, *give*  
 Gilliver, *gilliflower*  
 Ginny, *or ginnea, guinea*

H

**Girn, to grin**  
 Girt, *great*  
 Git, *get*  
 Gitten, *getting*  
 Godil, *God's will*  
 Godlins, *God willing*  
 Goos, *goose*  
 Gose, *gauze*  
 Glenders, *stares*  
 Glimmer, *to shine a little*  
 Gloar, *to stare*  
 Gloarin, *staring*  
 Gloppen, *surprize*  
 Graaidly, *honestly*  
 Graaped, *groped*  
 Greaav, *to cut peats*  
 Greet, *to weep*  
 Greetin, *weeping, crying*  
 Greaan, *groan*  
 Grepn, *clasped*  
 Grondy, *or grandy, grandmother*  
 Groon, *grown*  
 Grooin, *growing*  
 Grows, *grows*  
 Grote, *groat*  
 Gud, *good*  
 Guds, *goods*

H

**HAAD, hold**  
 Haaiher, *acre*  
 Haat, *hot*  
 Haanted, *haunted*  
 Haard, *heard*  
 Hae, *or hev, have*  
 Haim ath ward, *aim of the world*  
 Haista, *hast thou*  
 Happin, *a caverlid*  
 Happron, *apron*

## I

Haufe, *house*  
 Haur, *hair*  
 Haw, *how*  
 Hawers, *hours*  
 Head, *head*  
 Heaal, *whole*  
 Heaam, *home*  
 Hears, *here is*  
 Hed, *had*  
 Hednt, *had not*  
 Heeas, *he has*  
 Hees, *he is*  
 Hes, *has*  
 Hesternean, *afternoon*  
 Helter, *halter*  
 Hester, *after*  
 Heesta, *hast thou*  
 Hitten, *eaten*  
 Hoaf, *half*  
 Hoap, *hope*  
 Hod, *hold or held*  
 Hodd, *odd*  
 Hodden, *holden*  
 Hong, *hang*  
 Hoppen, *open*  
 Hoffer, *offer*  
 Hort, *hurt*  
 Hoales, *holes*  
 Hoangry, *hungry*  
 Hundreth, *hundred*  
 Huddle, *huddlin, belonging*  
     *courtship*

## I

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

## J—R—L

Intil, or intul, *into*  
 Intulth, *into the*  
 Ist, *is it*  
 Ister, *is there*  
 Ith, *in the*  
 Ittil, *it will*  
 Ive, *I have*  
 Ivver, *ever*  
 Ivvery, *every*

## J

JAMMY, *James*  
 Jellus, *jealous*  
 Joan, *John*

## K

KAW, or caw, *a cow*  
 Kem, *a comb*  
 Kem, *a comb; to comb*  
 Keep and creak, *hook and*  
     *eye*  
 Ken, *know*  
 Kent, *known*  
 Kerly merly, *a fanciful or*  
     *useless thing*  
 Kest, or kessen, *cast*  
 Kilt, *killed*  
 Kirsen, *christen*  
 Kirsend, *christened*  
 Kist, *a chest; also kissed*  
 Kissin, *kissing*  
 Kitlins, *kittens*  
 Kna, *know*  
 Knaanit, *know not*  
 Knackd, *sneered*  
 Knaanit, *know not*  
 Knain, *knowing*  
 Knaas, *knows*  
 Kneaf, *neaf or fist*  
 Ky, *cows*  
 Kyesty, *dainty*  
     L  
 LA, *low*

L

Lau, law  
 Laaf, or lauf, loaf  
 Laaid, load  
 Laait, or lait, look for  
 Laafe, to lose  
 Laas, laws  
 Laff, laugh  
 Laffin, laughing  
 Lairly, }  
 Laify, } idle  
 Lake, to play  
 Lakein, a toy  
 Lang, long  
 Langs, songs  
 Langer, longer  
 Lankester, Lancaster  
 Laukin, weeding  
 Leam, lame  
 Leaamd, lamed  
 Leaav, leave  
 Leak, to look  
 Leaksta, look at it  
 Lealer, leisure  
 Lecftail, quick sale  
 Lecin, lying  
 Lectnin, lightning  
 Lects, happens  
 Leev, five  
 Leever, rather  
 Lick, beat  
 Lickin, beating  
 Lickd, beat  
 Liekd, loved  
 Lig, lay  
 Lile, little  
 Lirple, Liverpool  
 Loom, lame  
 Low, to blaze  
 Lownd, calm  
 Lowpt, leaped, left  
 Luke, look

M

Luking, looking  
 Lump, sum; a large piece  
 Lunnon, London  
 M  
 MAAD, mead, made  
 Maak, or mack, make  
 Maaid, made  
 Maakin, or mackin, making  
 Maaks, or macks, makes  
 Mammelt, a villain  
 Maander, miss one's way  
 Maar, more  
 Macks, sorts  
 Madlin, bad memory  
 Magget, a whim  
 Maint, may not  
 Maiflikin, foolish  
 Mal, Mary  
 Mannerly, decent; neat  
 Mappen, may be; perhaps  
 Matchd, paired or pitted  
 Maut, or mote, mats  
 Maw, to mow grass  
 Me, my  
 Mea, or meya, make  
 Meand, complained  
 Meck, or maye, make  
 Meedo, meadow ground  
 Meect, might  
 Meety, mighty; very large  
 Meectily, mightily  
 Meeterly, moderately  
 Mell, medal  
 Mensful, decent  
 Mere, mare  
 Mid, middle  
 Middin, sunhill  
 Mirk, dark  
 Mistacken, mistaken  
 Milmannerd, unbecoming

N

Mitch, *much*  
 Moant, or munnet, *must not*  
 Monny, *many*  
 Mood, *roared*  
 Mooan; *moon*  
 Mowdywarp, *male*  
 Mud, *must or might*  
 Mudder, *mother*  
 Mul, *dust of peats*  
 Mun, *must*  
 Munea, *must I*

N

NANNY, or Aggy, *Agnes*  
 Naw, *now*  
 Nea, *no, not*  
 Neaam, *name*  
 Neaan, *noon*  
 Neak, *a nook or corner*  
 Neb, *a point*  
 Nebbor, *neighbour*  
 Neet, *night*  
 Neen, *nine*  
 Neider, *neither*  
 Neisht, or neist, *next*  
 Net, *not*  
 Nettle, *to vex*  
 Nin, *none*  
 Nit, *not*  
 Nivver, *never*  
 Noant, *aunt*  
 Noyls, *the nose*  
 Noder, *neither*  
 Norfe, *nurse*  
 Nout, or nowt, *nothing*  
 Nudder, *another*

O

OA, or aw, *alk*  
 Occashon, *occasion*  
 Oddwhite, *a word sometimes used in scolding*  
 Omgah, *always*

P

Ommea, or omme, *of me*  
 Onny, or ony, *any*  
 Oat, *of it*  
 Ossing, *offering*  
 Osler, *hostler*  
 O'th, *all the, of the*  
 Owar, *over*  
 Owarteaak, *overtook*  
 Oways, *always*

P

PAAPER, *paper*  
 Paddock, *a toad; also a small inclosure*  
 Par, *pair*  
 Parrak, *a croft*  
 Parcel, *parstry*  
 Parlish, *dangerous*  
 Partin, *parting*  
 Paund, *pound*  
 Paur, or pawer, *power*  
 Peat, *turf*  
 Peays, *peas*  
 Pesterd, *teased*  
 Pettycoat, *peticoot*  
 Pey, *a pea*  
 Peyl, *to beat*  
 Peyled, *beaten*  
 Pig-hull, *hog-slye*  
 Plaum, *plum*  
 Plaigd, *plagued*  
 Pleace, *place*  
 Pleaast, *pleased*  
 Plood, *ploughed*  
 Poak, *a sack or bag*  
 Podish, *porridge*  
 Pood, *pulled*  
 Pooin, *pulling*  
 Porphon, *fortune*  
 Potates, *potatoes*  
 Preis, *pray you*  
 Praud, *proud*

Q—R—S

Primely, *very well*  
 Puzend, *poisoned*  
 Pyannet, *a magpie*

Q

QUALITY *mak, gentry*  
 Quartern, *quarter*  
 Quean, *queen*

R

RAAID, *ride or rode*  
 Racken, *think; also to count*  
 Rader, *rather*  
 Rang, *wrong*  
 Rappia, *wicked man*  
 Ralcot, *rascal*  
 Rabas, *rabbits*  
 Raum, *room*  
 Raund, *or rawed, round*  
 Raundth, *round the*  
 Rave, *toe*  
 Readin, *reading*  
 Reddy, *ready*  
 Reeden, } *ill tempered*  
 Reedin, }  
 Reek, *smoke*  
 Reerd, *rise on end*  
 Rench, *rinse*  
 Reet, *right*  
 Reetly, *rightly*  
 Ribban, *ribband*  
 Ridin, *riding*  
 Ritin, *writing*  
 Ritten, *written*  
 Rive, *tear*  
 Rivven, *toen*  
 Ruggs, *coverlids for beds*  
 Runnin, *running*

S

SAAK, *sale*  
 Saar, *fore*  
 Sackless, *innocent*  
 Sac, *or sea, fo*

Saes, *says*  
 Sair, *fore*  
 Sairly, *forely*  
 Sarra, *serve*  
 Sartan, *certain*  
 Sarvants, *servants*  
 Saryie, *service*  
 Sarvth, *serve the*  
 Sark, *a shirt*  
 Saurin, *vinegar*  
 Saut, *salt*  
 Scant, *or scanty, scarce*  
 Scawt, *scour*  
 Scrat, *or skrat, scratch*  
 Scratting, *scratching*  
 Sea, *see you*  
 Seaal, *sale*  
 Sezam, *same*  
 Seaave, *save*  
 Seager, *or sugar, sugar*  
 Sean, *soon*  
 Seat, *soot*  
 Sed, *said*  
 Sedth, *said the*  
 Seet, *fight*  
 Sel, *self*  
 Selt, *fold*  
 Sen, *since*  
 Sendry, *different*  
 Senth, *since the*  
 Seterday, *Saturday*  
 Seune, *or sewen, such*  
 Shakin, *the ague*  
 Shap, *shape*  
 Shear, *sheep*  
 Shearin, *reaping*  
 Shilla, *a stony beach*  
 Shilin, *shilling*  
 Shoo, *shoe*  
 Shoon, *shoes*  
 Sic, *such*

Sine, sign  
 Sinifies, signifies  
 Skeer, where they get cockles  
 Sken, to squint  
 Skreengd, squeezed  
 Slat, split or throw  
 Sleeveless-arrant, going to no  
 purpose  
 Slird, slide  
 Smiddy, a blacksmith's shop  
 Smoar, smother  
 Smut, a black spot  
 Sneck, the latch of a door  
 Snags, eels  
 Soary, sorry  
 Soond, to faint  
 Sopole, suppose  
 Sorro, sorrow  
 Spaan, wear  
 Spanin, weaving  
 Spak, spake  
 Span-new, quite new  
 Spenfes, expences  
 Spetacles, spectacles  
 Spew, to be sick  
 Spinnin, spinning  
 Spoart, sport  
 Staat, an estate  
 Start, to begin  
 Startin, beginning  
 Stayt, stand  
 Stead, stood  
 Steal, stole  
 Stealin, stealing  
 Steak, a stake: also to strut  
 Steaan, a stone  
 Steal, a stool  
 Stee, a ladder  
 Steg, a gander  
 Stoand, stand  
 Stockins, stockings

T

Stoup, to bend forward  
 Straanger, stranger  
 Streaak, struck  
 Strick, straight  
 Stud, stood  
 Sud, should  
 Summet, something  
 Swaar, or sweaar, swear  
 Swap, to exchange  
 Swaymus, shy  
 Swoap, a sup  
 T  
 TAAREN, condition  
 Taar, tore  
 Taas, wood split thin to make  
 baskets with  
 Taavin, or teaavin, ticking  
 Tac, to  
 Taick, or tak, take  
 Takenth, taken the  
 Tan, then  
 Tangs, tongs  
 Tath, to the  
 Tauk, talk  
 Teable, table  
 Teaan, taken  
 Teanale, a basket  
 Teap, a ram  
 Tea draa, an home  
 Teca, or teya, too  
 Tee, tea: also to fasten  
 Tee-pot, teapot  
 Teerd, tired  
 Tegidder, together  
 Tha, or thau, thou  
 Th, or the, they  
 Thack, thatch  
 Thaul, thou wilt  
 Thault, thou will  
 Thaum, thumb  
 Thar, or ther, their

## T→U

Thaurt, thou art  
 Ther, those  
 Thear, or thiar, there  
 Thee, tha; also thigh  
 This lids, this manner  
 Thissen, this way  
 Thof, although  
 Thout, thought  
 Thraad, throwed  
 Thrast, thrust  
 Thrawn, thrown  
 Thru, through  
 Throoth, through the  
 Tift, to be in good order  
 Tike, any out of the way person  
 Tiny, little  
 Todder, the other  
 Toma, to me  
 Tomorn, tomorrow  
 Toneet, to-night  
 Torn, turn  
 Tornd, turned  
 Tornups, or turmits, turnips  
 Toth, to the  
 Torner at laa, attorney at law  
 Toupence, two-pence  
 Tow, two  
 Traid, trade  
 Trubble, trouble  
 Tudder, the other  
 Tul, till  
 Tult, to it; till the  
 Tummelt, tumbled  
 Turmoild, distressed  
 Twea, two, twice  
 Twilt, to quite  
 U  
 UDDER, other  
 Ugly, or uglis, disagreeable,  
 unhandfome

## V→W

Unknaan, or unnanc, unknown  
 Uac, even  
 Upth, up the  
 Urchon, hedge-hog  
 V  
 VARRA, very  
 Varmant, vermin  
 Varlet, a vile person  
 Varfa, universal  
 Vest, the wastcoat  
 Vilage, a village  
 W  
 WAAK, awake  
 Waat, apprehend  
 Waair, or waare, were  
 Waaitin, attending  
 Waars, worse  
 Waintly, very well  
 Waistomea, woe's me  
 Wake, weak  
 Watter, water  
 Wae, concerned  
 Wauk, walk  
 Wark, work  
 War, was  
 Ward, world  
 Wards, worlds  
 Weatin, urine  
 Weddin, wedding  
 Weeds, widow, widower  
 Weedos, windows  
 Weel, well  
 Weet, wish it  
 Wees, we shall  
 Welly, almost  
 Weshd, washed  
 Whaar, where  
 Whaarth, where she  
 Whaarkt, where is it  
 Whaint, very



W.

Whaintly, *very well*  
 Whaker, *quiver, shake*  
 Whikerd, *quivered, shook*  
 Whenth, *when the*  
 Whick, *alive*  
 Whoor, *whore*  
 Whya, *welt*  
 Widdersful, *endeavouring*  
 Wie, *with*  
 Wieawt, *without*  
 Wieth, *with the*  
 Wieme, *with me*  
 Wiltac, *wilt thou*  
 Winnit, *will not*  
 Wiskett, *a basket*  
 Wod; or wad, *would*  
 Woo, *wool*

Y.

Wor, *were*  
 Worsted, *worsted*  
 Y.  
 YA, *ya, yan, one*  
 Ya, *an eye*  
 Yale, *ale*  
 Yallo, *yellow*  
 Yance, *once*  
 Yans, *ones*  
 Yaur, *your*  
 Yeasy, *easy*  
 Yee, *you*  
 Yeel, *you will*  
 Yeer, *year*  
 Yerd, *yard*  
 Yer, or yaur, *your*  
 Yerfel, *yourself*

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Handwritten notes in the top right corner, possibly including "1/2" and "1/3".



