THE

Lancashire Dialect;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES AND MISFORTUNES

OF A

LANCASHIRE CLOWN.

BY TIM BOBBIN, ESQ.

Some write such sense in prose and rhyme,
Their works will wrestle hard with Time:—
Some few in Virtue's cause do write;
But these, alas! get little by't:—
Some write to please; some do't for spite;
But, want of money makes me write.——TIM BOBBIN.

Preston:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY L. CLARKE, 143, CHURCH-STREET.

1823.

TUMMUS AND MEARY.

Tummus.—" Howd:—Ney Meary; le me ha one smeawtch ot parting, for theaw'rt none sitch o feaw whean noather."

Meary.—" Ney.—Neaw,—So Tummus; go teaw, on slaver *Seroh o Ratchot's* in ye bin so kipper."

THE

Lancashire Dialect;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES AND MISFORTUNES

OF A

LANCASHIRE CLOWN:

IN A

DIALOGUE

Between

TUMMUS o' WILLIAM's, o' MARGIT o' ROAF's, UN MEARY o' DICK'S, o' TUMMY o' PEGGY's.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

Lancashire Hob and Quack Doctor:

ALSO,

A GLOSSARY

OF THE LANCASHIRE WORDS AND PHRASES,

&c. &c.

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THE

LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

Tum. ODDS mee, Meary! whooa the dickons wou'd o thowt o' leeting o thee here so soyne this morning? Where has to bin? Theaw'rt aw on a swat, I think; for theaw looks primely.

Mea. Beleemy Tummus, I welly lost my wynt; for I've had sitch a traunce this morning os eh neer had e'meh life: For I went to Jone's o Harry's o' Lung Jone's, for't borrow their thible to stur th' furmetry weh, un his wife had lent it to Bet o' my Gronny's: So I skeawr't eend wey, un when eh coom theer, hoo'd lent it to Kester o' Dicks, un the dule steawnd him for a brindl't carl, he'd mede it int' shoon pegs! Neaw wou'd not sitch o moonshine traunce potter ony body's plucks?

T. Mark whot e tell the, Meary; for I think longer ot fok liv'n, un th' moor mischoances tey han.

M. Not awlus o Goddil.—Boh whot meys o' t' sowgh un seem so dane kest? For I con tell o' I'm fene see o' wick un hearty.

T. Wick un hearty too! oddso! boh I con tell the whot, its moor in bargain o't im oather wick or hearty: for 'twur seign peawn'd t' o tuppenny jannock, I'd bin os deeod os o dur nele be this hewer: for th' last oandurth boh one meh measter had lik't o kil't meh: un just neaw, os sure os thee un me ar stonning here, I'm actilly running meh country.

M. Why, whot's bin th' matter, hanney fawn eawt with ur measter?

T. Whot! there's bin moort' do in o gonnort muck, I'll uphowd teh; for whot dust think? bo' th' tother dey boh yusterdey, huz lads moot'n ha' o bit on o hallidey, (becose it wur th' circumcision onner ledey I believe) yet we munt do some odds-un-eends; on I munt oather breeod meawdywarp-holes or gut' *Ratchdaw* weh o keaw un o why-kawve—Neaw, loothe, Meary, I'r lither, on had o mind on o jawnt: so I donn'd meh Sundey jump o top o meh senglit, un wou'd goa

with kew un th' kawve; un te dule tey aw bad luck for me, for eawer bitch *Nip* went wimmey un tat mede ill wur.

M. I connaw gawm heaw tat cou'd mey ill luck, Tummus.

T. Now, nor no mon elze till they known; boh here's a fine droy canking pleck under this thorn, let's keawer us deawn oth yearth o bit, un I'll tell the aw heaw't wur.

M. Weh aw meh heart, for meh dame's gon fro whoam, un hoo'll naw cum back ogen till bagging-time.

T. Whau, os I'r telling the, I'd gut' *Ratchdaw:* So I geet up be skrike o dey, on seet eawt; on went ogreath tilly welly coom within two mile oth teawn; when, os te dule wou'd height, o tit wur stonning ot on eleheawse dur: un meh kawve (te dule bore eawt it een for meh) took th' tit for it moather, un wou'd need seawk hur; un I believe th' foolish tooad of a tit took th' kawve for hur cowt, hoo whinnit so when hoo saigh it; boh when hoo felt it seawk hoo up whe her hough un kilt me kawve os deeod os o nit!

M. E Lord! Whot o trick wur tat.

T. Trick! odds flesh, sitch o trick wur ne'er plede eh *Englondshiar.*

M. Why, hark ye Tummus, whot cudney doo weet? Yoad'n be quite brock'n!

T. Doo! whot cud eh do? 'sflesh, in't had bin kilt greadly, 'twou'd ha bin os good veeol os e'er deeod on a thwittle; for meh measter moot o had seignteen shillin un sucepence for't th' yeandurth ofore.

M. On didney leeof it ith' lone?

T. Ne, Meary; I'r naw sitch a gawby os tat coom too, noather: for as luck wou'd height, o butcher wur ith' eleheawse, un he coom eawt when he yeard meh kawve bawh; boh estid o being sooary, when he saigh it sprawling oth yeorth, th' fly'ring karron seet up o gurd o leawghing, on cou'd for shawm tell meh he'd berry it meh for o pint of ele.

M. Whau, that wur pratty chep; for Dicky o Will's o Jone's o Sam's, towd me, ot he berrit o chilt tother dey ot *Ratchdaw,* un he pede *Jo. Green* o groat for o greave no bigger in a phippunny trunk.

T. Whau, that moot be: boh I'd naw geet him: for I borrot o shoo, un wou'd berrit it meh seln; I'r thrunk shoaving it in when o thowt coom int' meh noddle, ot th' hoyde cou'd be no war; so I'd flee it; boh th' dule o thwittle wur't be leet on boh th' butcher's, un th' spoytfoo tyke wou'd naw leeond it meh: Neaw, Meary, whot cou'd onny mon doo?

M. Doo: I'st o' gon stark woode.

T. I believe ot wou'd, or onny mon elze; boh tat wou'd doo nowt in my kese: so I bargint weh th' rascot; he'ur to tey th' hoyde gooing to th' carcuss, un geh meh throt-teen-pence: so I geet th' brass, un went eendway with keaw

M. Neaw meh mind misgives meh ot yoar'n gooink o sleeve-less arnt; un ot felly wou'd naw tak' th' keaw bate th' kawve.

T. Uddzo, Meary! theaw geawses within two tumbles of o leawse; for it wur lunger lung un' ofore eh wou'd; boh when I tow'd him heawt wur knock'd oth sow, wi'o tit coak'n os eh coom, un that he moot order weh meh measter o beawt it, he took hur ot lung length: then I went un bowt two peawnd o sawt, un on eawnce o black pepper for eawer fok, un went toart whoam ogen.

M. Weh o fearfoo heavy heart, I'll uphowd o'.

T. Eigh, eigh,: tat's true—boh whottle to sey, when ot en tell the he ne'er berrit kawve, boh sowd it ot *Owdhum* that oandurth, for twopence hawpenny o peawnd!

M. Sey! why, be meh troth, it wur fare cheeoting; boh it's meet like ther rascotly tricks; for there's not an honest booan ith hoyde o ne'er o greasy tyke on um aw.

T. Indeed, Meary, I'm eh thy mind; for it wur reet rank: boh I think eh meh guts, ot rascots ith' ward, ar os thick os wasps in o hummobee neest.

M. It's not 'tell; boh I'st marvel straungely un yo leet on o wur kneave in this.

T. Alack-o-dey! theaw knows boh little oth matter.——Boh theawst year—I'd naw gett'n forrud, back ogen, oboon o mile, or soa, ofore eh saigh o parcel o lads un hobbletyhoys, os thrunk os Thrap-wife. When ot eh geet too um, I cou'd naw gawm whot tearn obeawt; for two on um carrit o steeigh o ther shilders, onother had o riddle in his hont, on *Hal o' Nab's*, ith' *Midge-lone*, had his knockus lapt in his barmskin: awth' rest on um had hoyts, or lung kibboes, like swinging sticks or raddlings.

M. Ith' neme o Katty whot wur tey for?

T. Nowt ots owt theaw may be sure, if tat hawmpooing tyke Hal wus weh um: new theaw mun know ot one neet last shearing time, when *Jone's o Harry's* geet ther churn, this seme scap-gallows wur tean eh ther pleawmtree; on wur eh sitch o flunter eh getting deawn o gen, ot eh fell, un broke th' collar booan on his leg.

M. O wrang joynt, hong him. I know him weel enough; for th' last gret snow he'ur for honging o hare e some hure gillers; un throttled eawer poor Teawzer in o clewkin-grin.

T. The varra seme—So I asht him whot tear'n for; Whau, sed he, ween meet neaw seen on eawl fly through yon leawp hoyle into th' leath, un we'er gooing 'tey hur; come, Tum, (sed he) egad, iftle geaw wee us, theawst see sitch gam os tha newer saigh eh the life; beside, theawst howd th' riddle,—sed I, I know naw whot to meons be howding th' riddle, boh Ill geaw weh aw meh heart intle teytch meh. I con show the in a crack, sed he; so owey we went, un begun o cromming oth leawp-hoyles, un th' slifters ith leath-woughs full awts; then we reeart th' steeigh sawfly ogen th' wough, under th' eawle hoyle. New, lads, (sed Hal) mind yer hits, I'll lap meh hands ih meh barmskin, ot hoo connaw scrat meh when ot eh tak' hur ith' hoyle. *Tum o' William's* mun clime th' steeigh, thrutch th' strey eawt oth leawp-hoyle, un howd th' riddle cloyse on't; awth rest mun be prowlerers, un flay hur into't.- So owey they seete into leath, on toynt dur; un I——

M. Why, neaw, I'll be far, if I'd naw reathur ha seent in o puppy-show.

T. Good Lorjus, Meary! theawrt so heasty; so I clum th' steeigh in o snift, shoavt th' awts eawt, on smack'd meh riddle oth' hoyle: I'd no soyner done sooa, but I yeard one on um sey, see o, see o, hoos teear! Shu, sed one; shu, sed another ——Then they aw begun o hallowing un whooping like hey go mad. I thowt it wur rear'st spooart ot ewer mortal mon saigh. So I gran, un I thrutcht, till meh arms warcht ogen; still they kept shuing, un powlering ith' leath; un then I thowt I felt summot nudge th' steeigh——I lookt deawn, un ther wur on owd soo bizzy scrattin hur a—se o one o'th' strines.—'Sflesh, thinks I t'meh seln, hool ha meh deawn eend neaw:——just then I thowt I yeard th' eawl cum into th' hoyle; un presently summot coom weh o greyt flusk through th' riddle.

M. Odds mine! un didney let her gooa, or yo took'n hur?

T. Took'n hur! ney, Meary, on eawl's naw so sooyne tean —boh I con hardly tell the, I'm so waughish—for I'm ready t' cook'n weh th' thowts ont; ther wur non 'tey, Meary.

M. Whot! no eawl?

T. Now, now, not teear—it wur nowt oth ward o God, boh arron owd lant, ot teyd'n mede war weh loasing ther breeches in't: that hodge podge coom eh meh fease weh sitch o ber, ot o sum heaw it mede meh measy, un I fell off th' steeigh, boh

more be choance thin onny good luck, I leet disactly oth' soo, weh sitch o soltch, ot I think eh meh guts ot hoor booath wur flaye'd un hurt in I wur.

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

T. Eigh, faw, eigh; for I thowt I'd brok'n th' crupper-booan o meh a—se: boh it were better in lickly, for I'd no hurt boh th' tone theawm stunnisht, un th' skin bruzz'd off th' whirl booan o meh knee, ot mede meh t' hawmpoo bit.

M. Awt upon um, whot unmannerly powsements! I'st o bin stark giddy at um, un o radd'lt ther booans.

T I'r os woode os teaw cou'd be, or ony mon elze: boh theaw knows ev'ry mon's not o witch: heawe'er I hawmpo't reawnd th' leath fort' snap some oth' bullocking basturts: boh noan cou'd eh leet on; for they'rn aw cropp'n into th' leath; un th' durs wur os fast os *Beest'n* Castle: boh they mead'n me t' year um efeath! for ther'n aw wherrying un leawghing wooping on sheawting, like maddlocks, ot ther new tean eawl os tey cawd'n meh: wuns, Meary! in id had foyar I'st o set th' how leath on o halliblash in id deed for't; boh then th' soo kept sitch o skrikeing reeking din, os if hur back wur eteaw eh two spots, ot I durst stey no lunger for feeor o sumbody cumming, un meying meh necessary to hur deeoth; so I scampurt owey os hard os eh cou'd pinn; un run o mile eh that pickle ofore eh ga one glent behund meh: then I leept o'er a ryz'n-hedge, en os o rindle o wetur wheem, I wesht aw meh clooas, till it coom to meh hure: un aw little enough too; for I think eh meh guts I'st stink like o foomurt while meh neme's *Tum.*

M. Neaw een be meh troth! I thowt yo savort' feearfoo strung on o yarb. Boh when aw's done, Tummus, this killing oth' kawve, an eawl catching, wur noan awlung o Nip.

T. Odds heart, howd te tung, Meary; for I oather angurt sum hewitch, or te dule threw his club o'er meh that morning when eh geete up: for misfartins coom on meh os thick os leet.

M. Uddzlud, noan thro' Nip, o Goddil!

T. Thro' Nip, yigh thro' Nip; on I wou'd hur neck hod bin brock'n eh neen spots when hoo'r whelpt for mee, (God fargi' meh; th' deawmp creatur does no hurt noather) for I'd naw greadly washt, on feettl't meh! on lipp'n into th' lone ogen, boh I met o fattish dowing felley in o blackish wig, un he stood un glooart ot Nip; ko he, onnest mon, wilt sell the dog? sed I, meh dog's o bitch, so's ne'er o dog ith' teawn: for be meh troth, Meary, I'r os cross os o f—t.

M. Odd, boh yoar'n bobbersome, on awnsurt him awvishly too-to.

T. Well, boh dog or bitch, sed t' felley, if I'd known on hur three deys sin, I'd ogen the twenty shilling for hur, for I see hoo's a reet stwanch *bandyhewit,* on there's o gentlemon ot wooan's abeawt three mile off, ot wants one meet neaw.——Neaw, Meary, to tell the true, I'd *o* mind t' cheeot (God forgi' meh) on sell im meh *sheep-cur* for o *bandyhewit;* tho' I no moor knew in th' mon ith' moon whot o *bandyhewit* wur. Whaw, sed I, hoo's primely bred; for hur moother coom fro *Lunnun,* tho' hoo'r whelpt ot meh measter's; on tho' hoos os good os onny eh *Englondshiar,* I'll sell hur if meh price cum.

M. Well done, Tummus! Whot sed eh then?

T. Whau, ko he, whot dust ax for hur? Hoos worth o ginny un o hawve o gowd, sed I; boh o ginny I'll ha for hur; ko he, I gen o ginny for mine un I'd rether ha thine be a creawn; boh iftle gooa to justice—justice, hum le meh see.—Boh I freat'n heaw he set (boh no greyte matter on im, for I think hee's o piece on o rascot, os weel ost rest) he'll be fene oth bargin,

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

T. Yigh, meeterly.—Then I asht im whot wey eh munt gooa un he towd meh: un o wey I seete, weh meh heart os leet os o bit on o flaight; un carrit Nip under meh arm; for neaw, theaw mun understond, I'r feard o loysing hur; ne'er deawting I could be roytch enough, t' pay meh measter for th' kawve, un a summot t' spere.

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

T. Whau, boh theawst year: it wur a dree wey too-to: heaw'er I geete theeur be three o'clock; un ofore eh opp'nt dur, I covert Nip weh th' cleawt ot eh droy meh nese weh t' let im see heaw I stoart hur. Then I opp'nt dur; on whot te dule dust think, boh three little tyney *bandyhewits,* os I thowt then, coom weawghing os if th' little rott'ns wou'd ha worrit meh, un after that swallut meh wick. Then ther coom o fine fresh cullert wummon ot keckt os stiff os if hood swallut o poker, un I took hur for o hoo justice, hoor so meety fine—for I yeard *Rutchot o' Jacks' o' Yem's* tell meh measter, that th' hoo justices awlus did mooast o'th' wark,—heawe'er, I axt hur if Mr. Justice wur o whoam; hoo cou'd na opp'n hur meawth t' sey 'eugh, or now; boh simpurt un sed iss; (the dickons iss ur un him too) sed I, Iwudidd'n tell him I'd fene speyk to 'im

M. Odd, boh yoarn bowd; I'st o bin timmersome:—Boh let's know heaw yo went on.

T. Whau, weel enough, for theaw mey nip, un cheeot os ill os one o' ther clarks, un they'n naw meddle weh the: boh theaw munna frump, nor teeos um, for they haten to be vext.

M. Boh heaw went'n yo on?—Worth' justice o whoam?

T. Eigh, eigh, un coom snap, un axt meh whot eh wantut? Whau, sed I, I've a varra fine *bandyhewit* t' sell, un I yeard yo want' none, sur:—hump—sed he—a *bandyhewit*—prethee let's look at it——yigh, sed I; un I pood th' cleawt fro off on hur, stroakt hur deawn th' back, un sed, hoos os fine o *bandyhewit* os ewer run ofore o tele.

M. Weel done, *Tummus!* yo cou'd na mend tat in eh had'n it t' doo ogen: boh yo're fit t' gooa eawt efeath.

T. Hoos a fine un indeed, sed th' justice; un its o theawsand pities boh I'd known on hur yusterday; for o felley coom, un I bowt one na so good os tis be hoave o ginny; un I'll uph owd tey theaw'll tey o ginny for this. Un that I'll hav' in eh cou'd leet on a chapmon' sed I. Hoos roytchly worth it, sed he, un I think I con tell the wheear theaw mey part wee hur, if he be not fittut awready.

M. Odds-like, boh tat wur o good neatert justice, wur he na?

T. E, Meary, theaw tauks like o seely ninnyhommer; for tey mey wort fort, nowt ot's owt con coom on't, when o mon deeols weh rascotly fok: boh os I'r tellink the he neamt a felley ot wooant obeawt three mile off on him (boh te dule forgeat him os I done), so I munt gooa back ogen thro' *Ratchdaw.* So I geet Nip under meh arm ogen, mede o scroap weh meh hough un bid th' justice good neet, weh a heyvy heart theaw mey beh shure: un boh os eh thowt eh cou'd a selt hur eh this tother pleck, it wud sartinly ha brock'n my heart.

M. Lord bless us! It wur lik't trouble o meetily!

T. Boh theawst year, I'd na gon o'er oboon o feelt or two boh I coom to o greyt bruck, weh a feaw narrow sappling brig o'er it. Os it od reint th' neet ofore, os th' welkin wou'd ha opp'nt th' wetur wur bonkful: tho' it wur feggur o deeol i' th' morning, un o sumheaw, when I'r obeawt hauve o'er, meh shough slipt, un deawn coom I, arsy, versy, weh Nip eh meh arm, it'h wetur. Nip I leet fend for hur seln, un flaskurt in't till eh geet howd on o sawgh, un so charr'd meh seln, or elze noather theaw, nor no mon elze, had newer sin *Tum* ogen: for beh meh troth I'r welly werk'nt.

M. Good Lorjuis deys! th' like wur never! this had lik't to shad awth' tother! un yet yo coom farrantly off, marry, for it wur o greyte marcy yo wur' na dreawnt.

T. I know na whether't wur or na, noather: boh theaw meh be sure I'r primely boyrnt, un os weet os eawer eh cou'd sye: beside, I'd no com to keem meh hure, so ot I lookt lickker o dreawnt meawse in o mon.

M. Beside, yoad'n be as cowd os iccles.

T. Eigh, theaw mey geawse I'r non mough'n: boh theawst year. I'd naw gon oboon o stone's thrut, efore eh wundurt whot teh pleague wur th' matter wimmey, for I begun t' smart os if five hundred pissmotes wur eh meh breechus; I loast um deawn boh cou'd see nowt ot wur wick, un yet I lookt os rey os o fleed meawse (for we're seln beawt th' scrat ot meh measte'rs). 'Sflesh, I'r ready t' gooa woode, un knew na whot eh ealt;—un then I unbethowt meh oth' sawt.

M. E wea's me! I'r freeat'nt o that too; I deawt it wou'd quite mar o'.

T. Now, now, Meary, I'r na quite marr'd; its true, I went wigglety-wagglety for an eawer or so, ofore I'r ogreath ogen: un when eh geet reet, un coom't groap ee meh senglit pocket for meh sawt, te dule o bit o sawt wurthur, for it wur aw run owey.—Un neaw it jumpt into meh mind, ot I seed two rott'n pynots (hongum) ot tis seme brig os eh coom.

M. Did ever! that wur o sign o bad fartin: for I yeard meh gronny seh, hoode os leef o seen two owd harries os two pynots.

T. Eigh, so seys meh noant *Margit*, un o meeny o fok; un I know pynots ar os cunning eawls os wawk'n oth' yeorth. Boh os I'r telling thee, Meary, whot with smart, un one think un onother, I're so strack woode, ot I cou'd ha fund eh meh heart ta puncht th' bitch's guts eawt; un then I thowt Nip's eh no fawt: for be meh troth I'r welly off ot side.

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

T. Tat's true, boh theaw knows one con boh doo whot tey con doo.

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

T. Yigh, be meh troth; I dithert ot meh teeth hackt eh meh heeod ogen: boh that wur na aw; it begun t' be dark, un I'r beawt scoance in a strawnge country, five or suce mile fro whoam: so that I maundert ith' fields oboon two eawers, un cou'd na gawm where eh wur; for I moot os weel o bin in o noon: un in I'd howd'n up meh hont I cou'd no moor o seen't in eh con see o fleigh o thee neaw; un here it

wur I geet into o gete: for I thowt I yeard summot cummin, un if truth mun be spok'n, I'r so feerfully breed, ot meh hure stood on eend, for theaw knows I noather knew whooa, nor whot it moot be.

M. True, Tummus, no marvil ot o wur so flay'd; it wur so fearfoo dark!

T. Heawe'er, I resolv't meyth' best on't, on up speek I—Whooas tat? O lad's voice answert in o crying din, elaw, dunnaw tey meh, dunnaw tey meh. Now, now, sed I, I'll naw tey the, beleady: whooas lad art to?—Whau, sed he, I'm Jone's o'Lall's o'Simmy's o'Marriom's o'Dick's o'Nethon's o'Lall's o'Simmy's ith' hooms, un i'm gooink whoam. Odd, thinks I't meh sell, theaw's o dreear neme in me: un heere Meary, I cou'd na boh think whot lung nemes sum on us han; for thine and mine are meeterly; boh this lad's wur so mitch dreear, ot I thowt it dockt mine tone hawve.

M. Preo na, tell meh ha theese lung nemes leet'n?

T. Um—m—um, le meh see—I connaw tell the greadly, boh I think its to tell fok by.

M. Well, un ha did'n yo gooa on weh him?

T. Then (os I thout he tawkt so awkertly) I'd ash him for th' wonst whot uncoth he yeard sturrink. I year none, boh ot Jack o'Ned's towd meh, ot Sam's o'Jack, o'Yed's Marler, has wed Mall o'Nan's o'Peg's, ot guz obeawt o beggink churn-milk with pitcher, with lid on. Then I asht him where Jack o'Ned's wooant? ses he, he's prentice weh Isaac o'Tim's, o'Nic's, oth' Hough-lone; on he'd bin ot Jammy's o'George's, o'Peter's, ith' Dingles, for hauve o peawnd o treakle t' seaws'n o beest-puddink weh, on his feather and moother wooan ot *Rossendaw*, boh his gronny's alive, on wooans weh his Naunt Margary o Grinfilt, ot pleck where his nown moother coom fro Good lad, sed I, boh heaw fur's tis *Littlebro'* off? For I aim t' see it t' neet, if eh con hit. Seys t' lad, its obeawt o mile, on yo mun keep straight forrud o yer lift hont, on yoan happ'n do. So o this'n we partit: bow I mawkint, un lost meh gete ogen snap. So I powlert o'er yeates on steels, on hedges on doytches, till eh coom to this *Littlebro'*; on there I'r ill breed ogen, for I thout I'd seen o boggart; boh it prooft o mon weh o piece-woo, resting him on a stoop ith' lone. Os soon os eh cou'd speyk for whackering, I asht him where teere wur on eleheawse: on he shoad meh; I went in, on fund'nt two fat troddy fok wun'nt teer: on teyd'n some ot' warst fratchingst cumpony, os e'er eh saigh, for theyr'n warrying,

banning, on cawing one onother lewsy eawles, os thick os leet: heawe'er, I pood o cricket, un kewart meh deawn ith' nook, o side oth' hob; I'd na soyner done, boh o feaw seawer lookt felley, weh o within kibbo he had in his hont, slapt a soart of a wither meazzilt feast mon, sitch o thwang oth' scawp, ot aw varra reecht ogen with; on deawn eh coom oth' harston, un his heeod ith' asshole; his scrunt wig feel off, on o hontle o whot corks feel into't, un brunt, un frizzelt it so, ot when he ost don it, on unlucky karron gen it a poo, un it slipt oe'r his sow, un lee like o hawmbark on his shilders. I glendurt like a stickt tup for feeor on o dust meh seln: un crope fur into th' chimney. Oytch body thout ot meazzil fese wou'd mey o flittink on't un dee in o crack; so sum on um cryd'n eawt o doctor, o doctor, while others meyd'n landlort goo saddle th' tit to fetch one. While this wur o dooink, some on um had leet on o kin on o doctor ot wooant o bit off, un shoad him th' mon oth' harston. He ley'd howd on his arm to feel his pulse I geawse, un pood os if he'd sin death pooink ot tother arm, un wur resolv't o'er poo him: after looking daukinly wise o bit, he geet fro his whirly booans, un sed to um aw, while his heart beots, un his blood sarclates, teer's hopes, boh when that stops, its whooup weh him efeath. Meazzil fese yearink summot o'whooup, startit to his feet, flote none, boh gran like o foomurt dog: un seete oth' black swarfy tyke, weh booath neaves, un wautit him o'er into th' gal keer, full o new drink wortching; he begun o possink, un peylink him int' so, ot aw wur blendit t'gether snap. S'ffesh, Meary theaw'd o bepisst teh, 'ta' seen heawth' gobbin wur autert, when ot they pood'n him eawt: un whot o hobthrust he lookt weh aw that berm obewt him: he kept droying his een.—Boh he moot os weel ha sout um in his a—se, tin th' lonledy had mede an eaw'rs labbor on him ot pump: when he coom in ogen, he glooart auvishly at meazzil fese, un meazzil fese glendurt os wrythenly ot him ogen; boh noather warrit nor thrapt: So they seete um deawn, un then th' lonledy coom in, un wou'd mey um't pey far th' lumber ot teyd'n dun hur. Meh drink's wur be o creawn, sed hoo; beside, there's two tumblers, three quifting pots, un four pipes masht, un o how papper o bacca shed. Tis mede um't glendur ot tone tother ogen; but black tyke's passion wur coolt ot th' pump, un th' withen kibbo ud quiet'nt tother; so ot teh camm'd little or none: boh ogreed t' pey aw meeon, then seet'n um deawn, un wur friends ogen in o sniff.

M. This wur mad gaumling wark; un welley os ill os teying th' eawl.

T. Ney, na quite, noather Meary; for berm's o howsom smell; heawe'er, when aw wur sattl't, I crope nar th' foyar ogen; for I wantot o wharm fearfully, for I'r booath cowd un weet, os weel os hungry un droy.

M. Beleemy, Tummus yo moot'n weel; boh yoarn in o good kele too to, ot idd'n money eh yer pocket.

T. Eigh, I thout I'd money enugh; boh theawst year moor o that eend neaw. So I caw'd for summot t' eat, un o pint o ele; un hoo browt meh some hog-mutt'n un special turnits; un os prime veeol un pestil os ned be toucht: I creemt Nip neaw un then o lunsion, boh Tum took care oth' tother, steawp un reap; for I eet like o *Yorshar-mon,* un cleeart th' stoo.

M. Well done, Tummus! yoad'n sure need no ree-supper; for yo shadd'n Wrynot, un slanst th' charges frowt I year.

T. True: so I seete un restut meh, un drunk meh pint o ele; boh os I'r na greadly sleckt, I cawd for onother, un bezzilt that too; for I'r os droy os soot: un as't wur t' lete t' gooa onny wither weh meh bitch, I axt' th' lonledy in eh cou'd stey aw neet; hoo towd meh I moot in eh wou'd: sed I, I'll geaw neaw, innin geaw wimmey? I geaw with the? ko hoo, whot ar to feeard o boggarts, or theaw'rt na weynt yet, un conno sleep beawt o pap? S'flesh, sed I, whot ar yo taukin on? I want gut t' bed! Ho, ho; if that be aw, sed hoo Margit's t' shew the: so Margit leet o condle, un shewd meh o wisty reawm, un o bed weh curtnurs forsuth: I thout Margit pottert un fettl't lung ith' choamber ofore hoo laft it; un I mistrust it ot hoor meault for o bit o tussliug un teawing! boh o sumheaw I'r so toyart un healo, ot I'r eh no fettle for catterweawing: so I sed nowt too 'ur; boh I forthout sin, for hoor no daggletele I'll uphowd tey, boh os snug o lass os Seroh o'Rutchot's eary bit.

M. Marry kem eawt, like enough, why not: is Seroh o'Rutchot's so honsum?

T. Eigh, hoos meeterly. Heawe'er, when hoor gon, I doft meh donk shoon un hoyse, un meh doage clooas, un geet in, un eh troth, Meary, I ne'er lee eh sitch o bed sin eh wur kersunt!

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

T. Ney, I conno sey ot eh did; for I'r meetily troublt obeawt meh kawve.—Beside, I'r feeard o eawer fok seeching meh, un meh measter beasting meh when eh geet whooam: its true, meh carkuss wur pratty yeassy, boh meh mind moot os weel o line on o pissmote-hoyle, or in o rook o hollins or gorses; for it wur one o'clock ofore eh cou'd toyn meh een.

M. Well, un heaw went yo on ith' moarning when eh wack'nt?

T. Whau, os I'r donning meh thwooanish clooas, I thout I'll know heaw meh shot stons ofore I'll wear moor o meh brass o meh brekfust: so I caud, un th' lonledy coom un kest it up to throtteen-pence: so, thout I t' meh seln, o weaunded deeol! Whot strushon have I mede here! I cou'd o fund meh seln o wick weh hus for that money. I'st na have one boadle t' spere o meh hoyde silvur: un neaw I'r in os ill o kele os meetshad! wur eh na?

M. Now marry na yo: in idd'n mede strushon, un bezzilt owey moor brass inny hadd'n, yo met'n ha tawkt.

T. I find teaw con tell true to o hure, into will Meary; for byth' mess, when ot eh coom't grope eh meh slop t' pey 'ur, I'r weaunedly glopp'nt, for the dule haupunny had eh! un whether eh lost it ith' bruck, or weh scrauming o'er th' doytch backs, I no moor kno in th' mon ith' moon: boh gon it wur! I steart like o wil cat, un wur welly gaumless: un ot last I toud hur I'd lost meh money. Sed hoo, whot dunneh meeon mon; yoost na put *Yorshar* o mee; that tele winno fit meh; for yoar like't pey o sumheaw. Sed I, boh it's true, un yo mey grope eh meh breeches in eh win. Theaw'rt some mismanert jackonapes I'll uphowd tey, sed hoo: ney, ney, I'st na grope eh the breeches, not I. Whau, sed I, yoar lik't ha nout then, beawt yoan tey meh woollen mittins, un meh sawt cleawt: thoos'n na doo, sed hoo, tey'rn na booath worth oboon two groats.—I nowt elze, sed I, beawt yoan ha meh sneeze hurn, un I'm loath t' part weet; becose Seroh o'Rutchot's gaight me last Kersmus. Let's see um, sed hoo, for theaw'rt some arron rascot I'll uphowd teh, so I gan um hur: un still this broddling fussock look't os feaw os thunor when id done.

M. Good-Lorjus-o-me! I think idd'n warst luck ot ewer kersun soul had!

T. Theaw'll sey so eendneaw: well, I'r toyart o that pleck; un crope owey, witheaut bit or sope, or cup o sneeze; for I gaumbl't un leet that gooa too. I soyn sperr'd this gentle-

mon's hoah eawt! un when eh geet tear, I gan o glent into th' shipp'n, un seed o mon stonnin ith' groop. Sed I, is yer measter o whoam, prey o'? Eigh, sed he; I wou'd idd'n tell him I'd fene speyk to him, sed I; Yigh, sed he; that I'll doo. So he'r no soyner gooan, boh o fine, fattish, throbby gentlemon coom in o trice, un axt meh wot eh wantut? Sed I, I understond yo want'n o good *bandyhewit*, Sur, un I've o pure on t' sell here: let's see th' shap on hur, sed he? So I stroakt hur deawn th' back, un cobb'd hur o'th' greawnd. Hoo's fin'st ot ew'ry eh saigh, sed he: boh I deawt things'n leet unluckily for the; for I geete two this last week, un they meyd'n up meh keawnt.—Neaw, Meary, i'r ready t' cruttle deawn, for theaw moot o knockt meh o'er weh o pey. Boh whot's the price, sed he? I conna thwole hur t' meh nown broother under o ginny, sed I. Hoos cheeop o that, sed he; un no deawt boh theaw mey sel hur.

M. Odds like! Yoarn lung eh finding o chapmon; oytch body'r awlus fittut so.

T. Eigh, fittut eigh; for they ned'n none no moor in I need wetur eh meh shoon, not they: boh theawst year. Then, sed he, there's un owd cratchenly gentlemon, ot wooans, ot yon heawse, omung yon trees, meet anent us; ot I beleeve 'll gi thee the price: if not, Justice sitch o one's o likely chap, iftle gooa thither. Sed I, I'r theere last oandurth, un he'd leet o one th' yeandurth ofore. That leet feawly for the, sed he:—Eigh, sed I, so it e'en did; for I mede o peaw'r o labbor obeawt it I'm shure. Well, boh this owd gentlemon's lik'lyst of onny I know. So I mede 'im meh manners, un seete eawt for this tother pleck.

M. I hope in ha' better luck, egodsnum.

T. Whau, I thout eh cou'd too: For neaw it popt int' meh mind, ot Nip did na howd hur tele heeigh enough, un ot fok wou'd na buy hur becose o' that. Un int' has na freeat'n, I beawt two eawnce o pepper when I'd meh sawt; un tho' it wur os thodd'n os o thar-cake, I'd rub hur a—se wee't: for I'd sin *Oamfrey o Matho's* pley that tutch be his creawparst-mare, that dey ot *Yem* oth' *Redbonk* coom't buy hur. So meet ofore eh geet teear, I took Nip, un rubb'd hur primely efeath: e'en till hoo yeawlt ogen. I'r ot heawse in o crack, un leet oth' owd mon ith fowd, ossing t' get o tit-back. Sed I too him, is yoar neme Mr. SCAR? Sed he, theaw'r oather greeof or greeofby; boh I gex I'm him ot to meeons. Whot wants to whimmey? I'm informed, sed I, ot yo want'n o *bandyhewit*,

un I've o tip-top on eh meh arms here, os onny's eh *Englonashiar*. That's o greyt breeod, sed he; boh prethe let's hondle hur o bit, for in eh tutch hur, I con tell whether hoo's reet bred or naw.

M. Odd, boh that wur o meety fause owd felly, too-to.

T. S'flesh, Meary! I think eh meh guts ot hee'r th' bigg'st rascot on um aw: boh I leet him hondle'r, un hee'r so seely, un his honds whackert so desprately, ot eh cou'd na stick too hur, un hoo leep deawn. New fort, thout I. Nip, cock the tele, un shew the sell; boh estid o that, hoo seet up o yeawll, clapt th' tele between hur legs, un crope into o hoyle ith' horsestone!

M. Fye on 'ur, I'st ha bin os mad attur os o pottert wasp.

T. Whau, I'r os mad os teaw cou'd bee, ot hoode shaumt hur sell so wofully; heawe'er, I sed to th' owd mon, munneh tak' hur ogen, for yoan find hoose no foogoad on o bitch? Now, now, sed he; I feel hoose os fat os o snig, un os smoot os o meawdewarp: un I find os plene os o pike-staff, be hur lennock yeears, ot hoos reet bred: un I'd a had 'ur, if hoode cost meh o moider, but ot o frend oz sent meh one eawt o *Yorshar*, un I need no moor: boh I'll swop weh the into will. Now, sed I, I'll swop none; for I'll oather have o ginny for hur, or hoost newer gooa while meh heeod stons o meh shilders. Then I con chaffer noane weh the, sed he: boh hast bin ot yon fine bigging anent us! Eigh, sed I, boh hee's onoo on um. Well, boh tey're os scant neaw os ewer they wur eh this ward, sed he; un there's one *Muslin* eh *Ratchdaw*, ot's o meety lover on um. Whau, sed I, I'st go see.—Un neaw, Meary, I begun t' mistrust ot tearn meykin o foo on meh.

M. The firrups tak um, boh they ne'er wou'd be aw olike.

T. Whau, boh howd the tung o bit, un teawst year; for I thout I'd try this tother felly, un if hee'r gett'n fittut too, I'd try no moor: for then it wou'd be os plene os *Blackstone-edge* ot tearn meying oh arron gawby oh meh. So I went t' *Ratchdaw*, un sperr'd 'tis mon eawt. I fund him o back oth' shopbooart, weh o little dog ot side on 'im; thout I to' meh seln, I wou'd teaw'r choak't, 'tis felly 'ill be fittut too, I deawt. Well, sed he, onnist mon, whot done yo pleeos t' have? I want nowt ot yo han, sed I; for I'm come'n t' sell yo o *bandyhewit*. Neaw, Meary, this very rascot, os weel os rest, roost meh bitch to the very welkin; but ot that time he did na want one.

M. E wea's mee, Tummus! I deawt tear'n meying o parfit neatril on o!

T. O Neatril! Eigh, th' big'st ot ewer wur mede sin Kene kilt Ebil; un neaw I'r so strackt woode, I'r arronly moydert, un cou'd ha fund eh meh heart t' o jowd aw ther sows t'gether. I'r no soyner areawt, boh o threave o rabblement wur watching on meh at t' dur. One on um sed, 'tis is 'im; onother, he's here; un one basturtly-gullion asht meh if I'd sowd meh *bandyhewit?* By th' miss, Meary, I'r so angurt ot that, ot I up weh meh gripp'n kneave, un hit him o good wherrit oth' yeear, un then weh meh hough, puncht him into th' riggot; un ill grim'd, un deet th' lad wur for shure: then they aw seete ogen meh, un ofore I'd gon o rood, th' lad's moother coom, un crope sawfly behunt meh, un geete meh by th' hure, un deawn coom Nip un me ith' rindle, un th' hoor ot top on meh: while th' tussle lastit, hur lad, (un th' basturts ot took his part) kept griming, un deeting meh weh sink-durt, ot I thowt meh een wou'd newer ha done good ogen; for I moot os weel ha bin o'er heeod in o middinspuce, or ot teying o two eawls.

M. E walla-dey, whot obundanze o misfartins yo had'n.

T. Eigh, for if *Owd-Nick* owt meh o spite, he pede meh whoam weh use; for while skirmidge lastut, awth' teawn wur cluttert obeawt us; I sheamt os if I'd stown summut, un skampurt owey weh o fleigh eh meh yeear, un up th' broo into th' church yort: there I'd o mind t' see if onny body follut meh, I turn'd meh, un whot te dule dust think, boh I'd lost Nip!

M. Whot senneh!

T. It's true, Meary; so I cawd, un I wheutit, boh no Nip wur'l be fund, hee nor low; un for aw I knew meh measter seete sitch stoar on hur, becose o fotchink th' beeos un sheep, I durst os tite o tean o hear by th' tooth, os ta ost seech hur ith' teawn. So I took eendwey, for it wur welly neet, un I'd had noather bit nor sope, nor cup o sneeze of aw that dey.

M. Why, yoad'n be os gaunt os o grewnt un welly fammisht.

T. I tell the, Meary, I'r welly moydart: then I thout meh heart won'd ha sunk int' meh shoon; for it feld os heavy os o mustert-boah, un I stanct so, it mede meh os waughish os owt, un I'd two or three wetur-tawms: besid aw this, meh bally warcht: un eh this fettle I munt daddle whoam, un fease meh measter!

M. E dear! whot kin of o beawt had'n yo weh him?

T. Whau, I'st tell the moor o that eend neaw: boh furst theaw mun know, that os i'r gooink toart whoam, os deawn

heartit un mellincolly os o Methody, ot thinks he's in-pig of Owd Harry, o mon o'er took meh riding o tit-back un leeoding onother; thinks I't meh sell, tis is some Yorshar horse jockey, I wou'd hee'd le' meh ride; for theaw mun know, I'r wofoo weak un waughish. This thout had hardly glendit thro' meh nob, before ot felley sed, come, honesty, theaw looks os if to wur ill toyart, theawst ride o bit, into will: that's whot eh want, sed I, in yo pleeas'n, for I'm welly done. So loothe, Meary, I geet on, un I thout eh neer rid yessier sin eh cou'd get o humpstridd'n o tit-back.

M. A good deed *Tummus,* that wur no ill felley; yoad'n ha no ill luck ot tis beawt e goddil.

T. E, Meary, teaw's een gext rank monny, un monny o time, un neaw theaw p—sses by th' bow ogen; for I wou'd I'd ridden eawer Billy's hobby-horse o how dey t'gether estid o gettink o this tit: for hark the meh; we'd na ridd'n oboon five rood, but felly asht meh heaw furr I'r gooink that wey? Seys I, obeawt o mile un o hoave. That's reet, seys he, there's on eleheawse just there obeawt; I'll ride ofore, un theaw mun cum saufly after, un I'll stey for the there. So he seet off like hey go-mad, boh I kept o foot's pese; for meh tit swat, un seem'd os toyart os I wur. Neaw, loathe Meary, after this, I'd na ridden mitch oboon hoave o mile, boh I yeard some fok cummink after meh o gallop o gallop, os if the deel had bad hallidey. Theyd'n hardly o'er ta'en meh, boh one on um sweer by th' mass this is my tit, un I'll heyt too, if owd Nick ston not ith' gap. Weh that, o lusty wither tyke pood eawt o think like o piece on o bassoon un slappink meh oth' shilders weet, sed, friend, I'm o cunstable, on yore my prisoner. The deel tey yer friendship un cunstableship too, sed I; whot dunneh meeon mon? Whot mun I be prisner for? Yoan stown that tit, sed he; un yoast goo back wimmy before o Justice. I stown non ont', sed I, for I boh meet neaw gett'n ont, un o mon ots gallopt ofore, un whooa I took for th' oner, ga meh leeof; so whot bisness han oather yo or th' justice weh me! Stuff, stuff, mere balderdash, sed th' cunstable. Wi' that I lept off th' tit in o greyt hig, un sed, in't be yoars tak't o, to the deel o; for I know nowt ont, nor yo noather, not I.

M. Weel actit, Tummus; that wur monfully sed, un done too, think I.

T. Boh husht, Meary, un theawst year fur. Cum, cum, sed th' cunstable, that whiffo whaffo stuff winna do for me: for gooa yo booath mun un shan, oather be hook or crook.

Un wi' that he pood eawt some ir'n trinkums, ot rickt like o parsil o cheeons. Weauns thinks I t' meh sell, whot ar thoose? In the bin shackils, I'm in o rere scroap indeed; I'm wur off neaw in eer eh wur: I'st be hong'd, or some devilment ot tis very time. For be meh troth, Meary, I hated th' jinkling of his thingumbobs os ill os if theaw, or ony mon elze, had bin ringing my passing bell.

M. Good lorjus deys! its not t' tell heaw cramm'd things con happ'n!

T. Heawe'er, I mustart up meh curridge, un sed, hark o'. yo cunstable, put up thoose things ot rick'n so: un inneh mun gooa, I will gooa; un quietly too: for theaw knows ot force is meds'n for o mad-dog.

M. Whoo-who, whoo-who, who! Why Tummus! its meet neaw buzz'd into meh heeod, ot tis seme horse jockey had stown th' tit, un for fear o being o'ertene, geet yo t' ride 't seve his own beak'n, un so put Yorshar on yo o thiss'n.

T. Why I think theaw guexes to o hure: for he slippt th' rope fro obeawt his own neck un don'd it o mine, that's sartin. Heawe'er, it mede pittifo wark indeed; to be guardit be two men un o cunstable back ogen thro' *Ratchdaw*, where id so latly lost meh bitch, un bin so very maukinly roul't ith' riggot! Heawe'er, theese cunstable fok wur meety meeverly un modest too-to, un os mute os meawdywarps, for we gee't thro' th' teawn weh very little glooaring un less pumping, un wur ot Justices in o crack.

M. E deer, Tummus, did na hauter run straungely eh yer heeod? for summot runs eh mine os int wur full o ropes un pully-beawls.

T. Why, loothe Meary, I thout so pleagy hard, ot I cou'd think o nothing ot aw; for se the meh, I'r freen't aw macks o weys. Still, I'd one cumfort awlus popt up it heeod; for thinks I t' meh sell, I stown no horse, not I; un theaw knows ot truth un honesty gooink hont eh hont, howd'n one onother's backs primely, un ston os stiff os o gablock.

M. True, Tummus, tey'r prime props ot o pinch, that's sartin. Boh I yammer t' year heaw things turn'd eawt ot eend of aw.

T. Theaw's no peshunce, Meary; boh howd te tung un theawst year in o snift; for theaw mun know, ot tis seme cunstable wur os preawd os id tean poor Tum prisner, os if theawd tean o hare un had hur eh the appern meet nea: but th' gobbin ne'er considdert o' honging wou'd na be cawd good spooart

be ony body eh ther senses, un wur enough for t' edge o finer mon's teeth in mine Heawe'er he knockt os bowldly ot Justices dur, os if id ha dung it deawn, This fotcht o preaw'd gruff felley eawt, whooa put us int' a pleck we os monny books un pappers os o cart wou'd howd. To this mon (whooa I soon perceivt wur th' clark) th' cunstable towd meh wofoo kese; un eh troth, Meary, I'r os gawmless os o goose, un begun o wackering os if I'd stown o how draight o horses. Then this felley went eawt o bit, un with him coom th' Justice; whooa I glendurt at sooor, un thout he favort owd Jone o' Dobs, whooa theaw knows awlus wears o breawnish white-wig, ot hongs on his shilders like keaw-teals. Well, Mr. Cunstable, sed th' Justice, whot on yo brout meh neaw? Why pleeos yer worship ween meet neaw tean o horse-stealer, whooa wur meying off with tit os hard os he cou'd. Od, thout I't meh seln, neaw or or never Tum, speyke for the sell, or theawrt throttlet ot this very beawt; so I speck up, un sed, that's na true, Mr. Justice, for I'r gooink o foot's pese. Umph, sed Justice there's na mitch difference as to that point. Heawe'er, howd teaw the tung, yung mon, un speyk when thew'rt spock'n to. Well theaw mon ith breawn cooat, theaw, sed th' Justice, whot has theaw to sey ogen this felley here? is this tit thy tit, seys to; It is, Sur. Here Clark, bring's that book, un let's swear him. Here th' Justice sed o nomminy to im, un towd him he munt tey kere o whot he sed, or he moot os helt be foresworn, or hong that yeawth there. Well, un theaw seys ot tis tit's thy tit, is it? It is pleos yer worship. Un where had teaw him seys to? I bred him Sur. E whot country? Cown-edge, Sur. Un when wur he stown seys to? Last dey boh yusterday, obeawt three o'clock ith' oandurth: for eawer Yem saigh 'im obeawt two, un we mist him obeawt four o'clock. Un fro Cown edge theaw seys? Yus, Sur. Then Justice turned 'im to me, un sed is aw this true ot tis mon seys, hears to meh? It is, sed I, part on't, un part on't is na; for I did na steyl this tit, nor ist oboon two eawers sin furst time ot eh brad meh een on him. Heaw coom theaw't be riding awey wi' him then, if theaw did na steyl him? Why, o good deed, Sur, os I'r goink tort whoam to dey, o felley weh o little reawnd hat, un o scrunt wig, cullur o yoars, welly, boh shorter, o'er took meh: he wur riding o one tit un led onother. Neaw this mon seeink I'r toyart, becose I went wigglety-wagglety ith' lone, he offert me his led tit t' ride on. I'r fene oth proffer beleemy, un geet on: boh he rid off, whip un spur, tho' he cou'd hardly

mey th' tit keawnter, un wou'd stey on meh ot on ele-heawse ith' road. Neaw Measter Justice, I'd na gon three quarters on o mile, boh these fok o'ertean meh; toud meh I'd stown th' tit, un neaw han browt meh hither, os in I'r o Yorshar horse-steyler. Un is aw true, Measter Justice, or mey I ne'er gut' on ill pleck when eh dee.

M. Primely spok'n efeath, *Tummus!* yo meet shad'n Wrynot eh tellink this tele, think I; boh whot sed th' Justice then?

T. Whau, he sed, hears to me ogen, theaw yungster; tell meh where theaw wur't tother dey boh yusterday, especially ith oandurth, will to. Whau sed I, I seet eawt fro whoam soon ith yoandurth, wi' o keaw un o kawve for Ratchdaw: meh kawve wur kilt ith' lone, weh o tit cooakn os eh coom; un ith' oandurth I'r aw up un deawn eh this neburhood, dooink meh best t' sell meh bitch ot fok cawd'n o *bandyhewit,* t' see if eh cou'd mey th' kawve money up for meh measter: boh waes me, e'erybody wur gett'n fittut weh um. So I'r kest into th' dark, and force to stey ot *Littlebro'* aw neet. Un where wur to yusterday? sed th' Justice. Whau, sed I, I maundert up un deawn hereobeawt ogen, oth' seme sleeveless ar'nt, un wur force t' harbor awth' last neet in o barn, where boggarts swarm'n (Lord bless us) un breed'n, I believe, for oytch body seys its ne'er beawt um; un to dey os I'r gooink whom, I leet o this felley ot I took for o horse-jockey, un wur tean up be theese fok for o tit-steyler. Boh hark the meh, theaw prisner, sed th' Justice, wur na theaw here tother dey boh yusterday wi' the dog, prethee? I wur, Sur; boh yoad'n na buy hur, for yoarn fittut too. Whot time oth' dey moot it be, thinks to? Between three un fore o'clock, sed I. Beleemy, mon, I think theaw'rt oather greeave or greeaveby, sed he. Here, yo Measter Cunstable, follow me. Neaw, Meary, whot dost think? boh while theese two wur eawt o bit, this teastril, this tyke of o Clark caw'd meh aside, un proffert' bring meh clear off for hoave o ginny. Seys I, mon, if I knew o hawter munt mey meh neck os lung os o gonner neck to morn, I cou'd na rese hoave o ginny: for hong'd or na hong'd, I ha' na one hawp'ney t' seve meh neck weh. Boh, seys he, wilt gi' the note for't? I'll gi' no notes, not I; for I'd os good t' be hong'd for this job, ost' steyl, un be hong'd for that: un I no other wey t' rese it boh steyling ot I know on.

M. Good Lord omarcy! moor rogues un moor! neaw awt opo' sitch teastrils for ever un o dey lunger, sey I.

T. Hust, hust, Meary; for neaw th' Justice un th' Cunstable coom in.

M. E law, I'll be hong'd meh seln if eh dunna dither for fear: boh go forrud, Tummus.

T. Whau, th' Justice, after rubbing his broo, un droying his fese deawn, sed, here, yo Measter Cunstable, un yo felley ot owns this tit, I mun tell yo, that yore booath ith' rang box, un han gett'n th' rang soo by th' yeer. For this yungster here cou'd na steyl this tit th' last oandurth boh one, for between three un four o'clock that dey, I seed him here meh sell: un yo sen this tit wur stown fro' Cown edge obeawt that time. Neaw, he cou'd na be eh two plecks ot one time, yo known. So hears to meh, yung mon, I mun quit the as to this job; so go the wey whom, un be honest. I will, sed I, un thonks, Measter Justice, for yoan pood truth eawt on o durty pleck ot lung length. So I mede him o low bow, un o great scroap weh meh shough, un coom meh wey.

M. Brevely cumn off, Tum! eigh un merrily too, I'll uphowd o'. Neaw een God bless aw honest Justices, sey I.

T. Eigh, eigh, so sey I too, for I'd good luck ot heel of aw, or Tum had a bin here t' towd teh this tele. Boh yet, Meary, I think eh meh guts ot teers meawsneezes omung other fok; or why shou'd this seme Clark o his, when he perceiv't I'r innocent, proffert' bring meh off for hauve o ginny? Had na this o strung favor o fere cheeoting; na deawn reet nipping o poor fok. Un does teaw think ot tees Justices dunna know, when these tykes plene o hundurt wur tricks thin this in o yeer? Beside, Meary, I yeard that fause felly *Dick o' Yems* o owd *Harry's* sey, ot he kneaw some on um ot went snips wi' theese catterpillars ther Clarks; un if so, shou'd they na be hugg'd oth' seme back, un scutcht with seme rod wi' ther Clarks; hears to meh?

M. Now, now, not tey, marry; for if sitch things munt be done greadly, un os tey ought to bee, th' bigger rascot shou'd ha th' bigger smacks, un moor on um, yo known, Tummus. Boh greyt fok fot dun whot tey win wi' littleons, reet or rank; whot kere'n tey. So let's leeof sitch to mend when tey con hit on't; un neaw tell meh heaw yo went'n on wither Measter.

T. Eigh, by th' miss, Meary, I'd freeot'n that. Whau, then theaw mun know, eh sitch o kese os that I'd no skuse to mey, for I towd him heawth kawve wur kilt ith' lone; un ot I'd soud th' hoyde for throtteen-pence. Un then I cou'd tell him no moor, for he nipt up th' deashon ot stood oth' harston,

un whirld it at meh; boh estid o hitting meh, it hit th' reeammug ot stoode oth' hob, un keyvt awth reeam into th' foyart; then battril coom, un whether it laumt th' barn ot wur ith' keather I know na, for I laft it rooaring un belling; so os I'r scampering owey, eawer *Seroh* asht meh where eh wou'd gooa? I towd'r ot Nicko oth' farmer's greyt leath wur next, un I'd goo thither.

M. Uf awth' spots ith' ward, teer wou'd not I ha com'n for o yepsintle o ginnys.

T. I geawse theaw meeons becose fok sen boggarts awlus hontit it; boh theaw knows I'r wickitly knockt up, un force is meds'n for o mad dog, os I towd te ofore.

M. It matters na, it wou'd ne'er ha sunk'n into me ta harbort teere.

T. Well, boh I went, un just os I'r gett'n to th' leath dur, whooa shou'd eh meet boh Yed o Jeremy's, ther new mon.

M. that leet weel. for Yed's os greadly o lad os needs t' knep oth' hem of o keke.

T. True; so I towd him meh kese e short, un sooary he lookt too-to; I wish eh durst let te lye wi' me, sed he, but os I boh coom to wun here this dey sennit, I dare na venter. Boh I'll shew thee o prime mough o hey, un theaw mey doo meeterly frowt I know. Thattle do, sed I, shew it meh, for I'm stark un ill done. So while he'ur shewink it meh with sconce, he sed, I summot tell the Tum, but I'm loath. Theaw meeons obeawt boggarts, sed I, boh I'm lik't venter. Theaw's meet hit it, sed he; un I con tell the, I cou'd like meh pleck primely boh for that. Heawe'er, os th' tits mun eawt very yarly, I mun provon um obeawt one o'clock, un I'll caw t' see heaw tha gus on: 'Sblid, sed I, if theaw mun eawt so yarly, I'll fodder un provon the tits for the, un theaw mey sleep, intle ley th' provon ready. Then he shew'd me heawth' mough wur cut weh o heyknife haave wey deawn like o great step, un that I moot cum off yeasily o that side: so we bad tone tother good neet. I'r boh meet sattl't, when eh yeard summot ith' leath. Good-Lorjus, Meary! meh flesh crept o meh booans, un meh yeers crackt ogen weh hark'ning. Presently I yeard sumbody caw saufly, Tummus, Tummus. I knew th' voice, un sed, whooas tat, tee, Seroh? Eigh, sed hoo, un I stown o loyte wetur podditch, un some thrutchings, un o treakle-butter-keke, if eh con eyght um; fear meh not, sed I, for I'm os hongry os o rott'n. Whau mitch-go deet o wee um, sed hoo, un yo mey cum un begin, for tey need'n no

keeling. Neaw I'r e sitch o flunter e getting deawn to th' wark, ot I'd forgeeat'n th' spot ot Yed towd meh on, so I fell deawn off th' heest side oth' mough, un sitch o floose o hey follut meh, ot it driv meh shiar deawn, un Seroh, with meyt inner hont, o top o meh; un quite hill'd us booath.

M. Cotsfish, this wur o nice trick oth' bookth on't, wur it na?

T. Eigh, sot' wur; boh it leet weel ot th' podditch wur na scawding, for when we'd'n mede shift to heyve un crope fro' underth' hey, some oth' podditch, I fund had daubt' up tone o meh neen. Thrutchings wur'n shed oth' weastbant o meh breechus, th' treakle-butter-keke stickt to Seroh's brat. Heawe'er, weh scrauming obeawt ith' dark, we geet up whot cou'd, un I eet it snap, for beleemy, Meary, I'r so keen bitt'n I mede no bauks ot o heyseed. So while I'r busy cadging meh wem, hoo towd meh hoo lipp'nt hur feather wur turn'd strackling, un if I went whom ogen, I'st be e daunger o being breant; that meh deme wou'd ha me t' run, for I shou'd be lose ot Feersuns-een, un it matter't na mitch. I thowt this wur good keawnsil, so I geet Seroh t' fotch me meh tother sark: hoo did so, un I thankt 'ur, bid farewell, un so we partit. I soon sattl't meh sell ith' mough under o floose o hey, un slept so weel, ot when eh wackn't I'd feerd ot I'd o'er slept meh sell, un cou'd na provon th' tits e time.

M. It wur weel for yo ot e' cou'd sleep ot aw, for I'st ne'er ha lede meh een t'gether I'm shure.

T. Whau, boh I startit up to goo to th' tits, un slurr'd deawn to th' lower part oth' mough; and by the Maskins-Lord whot dost' think, boh I leet hump stridd'n up o summot ot feld meety hewry, un it startit up weh meh on its back, deawn th' lower part oth' heymugh, it jumpt, crost t'leath, eawt oth' dur wimmy it took, un intoth' waterink-poo os if te deel o hell od driv'n it; un theere it threw me in, or I fell off, I conna tell whether for th' life on meh.

M. Whoo-who, whoo-who, who? whot ith' neme o God winneh sey?

T. Sey—why I sey true os t' gospil; un I'r so freet'nt, I wur warr seet to get eawt (if possible) in eh wur when Nip un me fell off th' bridge.

M. I ne'er yeard sitch teles sun meh neme wur Mall, nor no mon elze, think I!

T. Teles!—Udds bud, tak um awt'gether un teyd'n welly mey o mon ston oth' wrang eend.

M. Well, boh wur it owd-nick, think'n eh, or it wur na?

T. I hete to tawk on't, wilt' howd te tung, boh if it wur na owd-nick, he wur th' orderer on't to be shure.

M. Whau, Tummus, pre'o' whot wur it?

T. Bless meh, Meary! theaw'rt so yearnstful, ot teaw'll na let meh tell meh tele. Whau, I did na know meh sell whot it wur of an eawer.—If eh know yet.

M. Whau, boh heaw went'n yo on then?

T. Whau, weh mitch powlerin I geet eawt oth' poo; un be meh troth, 'lieve meh as to list, I cou'd na tell whether I'r in o sleawn or wak'n, till eh groapt ot meh neen: un os I'r resolv'd to cum no moor ith' leath, I crope under o wough, un stoode like o gawmlin, or o parfect neatril, tin welly dey; un just then Yed coom.

M. That wur passing weel, considerink th' kese ot yoar'n in.

T. True, lass; for I think I'r ne'er fener t' see nobody sin I'r kersnut.

M. Whot sed Yed?

T. Whau, he hove up his honds, un he blest, un he prey'd, un mede sitch marlocks, that if I'd na bin eh that wofo pickle, I'st ha bross'n weh leawghing. Then he asht meh heaw he coom t' be so weet? Un why eh stoode teer? un sitch like, I towd him I cou'd gi' no okeawnt o meh sell; boh I'r carrit eawt oth' leath be owd-nick os I thout.

M. I'd awlus o notion whot it wou'd prove ith' heel of aw.

T. Pre'the howd te tung o bit—theaw puts meh eawt. I towd him I thout it wur owd-nick; for it wur vast strung; varra hewry; un meety swift.

M. E, whot o greyt marcy it is yoar where yo ar, Tummus!

T. Eigh, Meary, so't is; for its moor in I expectit. Boh theawst year. Yed wur so flay'd weh that bit ot I'd towd him, ot he geet meh be th' hont, un sed, cum, Tummus, let's flit fro' this pleck; for my part I'll na stey one minnit lunger. Sed I, iftle fotch meh sark eawt oth' leath, I'll geaw wi' the. Ney, sed he, that I'll ne'er do while meh neme's Yed. Whau, sed I, then I'm lik't gooa beawt it. Dunna trouble the nob obeawt that, I two o whoam, un I'll gi' thee th' tone, cum, let's get off, sed he. So were'n marching owey; but before weed'n gon five rood, I seed summot, un seete up o greyt reeok, (for I thout I'd seen owd-nick ogen, Lord bless us) seys Yed, whot ar to breed weh neaw, Tummus? pointit

th' finger, un sed, is na tat te dule? Which, sed he: that under th' edge, sed I. Now, now, na it; that's eawer yung cowt ot lies areawt, sed Yed. The dickons it is, sed I; boh I think eh meh guts ot that carrit meh eawt oth' leath. Then Yed axt meh if th' dur wur opp'n? I towd him I thout it wur. But I'm shure I toynt it, sed Yed. That moot be, sed I, for after theaw laft meh, eawer Seroh browt me meh supper; un hoo moot leeve it opp'n. By th' Mess, sed Yed, if so, Tum, this varra cowt 'll prove th' boggart! Let's into th' leath, un see, for its na so dark as't wur. Weh aw meh heart, sed I: boh let's stick to th' tone tother's hond then. A this'n we went into th' leath, un heh meh troth, Meary, I know na whot' think: teere wur o yepsintle o cowt-teeorts upoth' lower part oth' hey-mough, un th' pleck where it od leyn os plene os o pike staff. Boh still, ift' wur it ot carrit meh, I marvil heaw I cou'd stick on so lung, it wur eh sitch o hurry to get owey.

M. Whot te firrups! it signifies nowt, for whether yo stickt on, or feel off, I find that eaw'r owd-nick wur th' cowt ot lies areawt.

T. Whau, I conna sey o deeol obeawt it, it looks likely, os teaw seys; boh if this wur na o boggart, I think ther ne'er wur none, if teyd bin reetly siftit into.

M. Marry, I'm mitch eh yore mind—boh hark ye, didneh leet o' yer sark?

T. Eigh, eigh; I height eh meh pocket se the, for its boh meet neaw ot eh took meh leeof o Yed, un neaw theaw sees I'm runnin meh country.

M. Un whot dunneh think t' do?

T. I think t' be on ostler; for I con mex'n, keem, un fettle tits, os weel os onny one un um aw, tho' theaw mey think its gaustring.

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

T. Howd—Ney, Meary; leh meh ha one smeawtch ot partin, for theaw'rt none sitch o ferw whean nother.

M. Neaw—neaw—so, Tummus; go teaw un slaver Seroh o Rutchot's, in ye bin so kipper.

T. Why, neaw, heaw spoytfoo theaw art! Whot in o body doo like Seroh; ther's nobody boh the lik'n somebody.

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

T. I geawse whot to meeons; for theaw'rt glenting ot that flopper-meawth't gob-slotch, Bill o'owd Katty's: becose ot fok sen Seroh hankers after him; I marvel whot te dule hoo con see in him; I'm mad at hur.

M. Like enough, for its o feaw life to luff thoose ot luff'n other fok; boh yoar o ninnyhomer t' heed ur; for ther's none sitch farrantly tawk obeawt'r.

T. Why, whot dun they sey?

M. I mennaw tell—Beside, yoan haply tey't none so weel in o body shou'd.

T. Whau, I conna be angurt ot tee, chez whot to seys, os lung os to boh harms after other fok.

M. Why then, tey sen, ot hoos o mawkinly, dagg'd a—st, whisk-tel't whean: un—un—

T. Un whot, Meary? speyk eawt.

M. Why, to be plene weh o', tey sen ot 'ur moother took Bill o'owd Katty's un hur eh bed t'gether, last Sunday morning.

T. E—the dev—*(good Lord bless us)* is that true?

M. True! Heaw shou'd t' be otherways, for hur moother wur crying un soughing to meh deme last Mundey yeandurth obeawt it.

T. 'Sflesh, Meary! I'm fit t' cruttle deawn into th' yearth; I'd leefer o tean forty eawls!

M. Whau, luckit neaw; I'm een sooary for't; God help it, will it topple o'er? Munneh howd it heeod while it heart brasts o bit?

T. E, Meary, theaw little gawms heaw it thrutches meh plucks! for int' did, theaw'd na mey sitch o hobbil on meh.

M. Neaw eh me good troth, I con hardly howd me unlaight; t' see heaw fast yoar e luff's clutches! boh I thowt I'd try o.

T. Meary, whot dus to meeon?

M. Whau, I towd o parcil o thumpin lies, o purpose t' pump o'.

T. The dickons tey the, Meary—Whot an awkert whean ar teaw! whot teh pleage did t' flay meh o this'n for? theaw'rt o wheant lass—I'd leefer o gooan th' arnt forty mile.

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

T. Whau, un if I dunna try thee, titter or latter, ittle be o marvil!

M. It's o greyt marcy yo conna doot neaw for cruttling deawn.—Boh I mun owey; for if meh deme be cumn whom ther'll be ricking.—Well, think on ot yoad'n rether ha tene forty eawls.

T. Is't think on ot teaw looks o bit whisky, chez whot Seroh o'Rutchot's is.

M. I yeard um sey ot gexing's o knit' lying, un ot proof oth' pudding's ith' eyghting.—So fareweel, Tummus.

T. Meary, fere the weel hearty; un gi' meh luff to Seroh, let't leet heawt will.

M. Winneh forgi' meh then?

T. Byth' Miss will eh, Meary, fro'th' bothom o meh crop.

Epitaphs.

The Author's *Epitaph.*

A YARD beneath this stone,
Lies *Jack-of-all-Trades,* good at none,
A Weaver first, and then School-Master;
A Scriv'ner next: then Poetaster,
A Painter, Graver, and a Fluter,
And fame doth whisper, a C————r:
An Author, Carver, and Hedge-Clark:
E Whoo-who-whoo, whot whofoo wark!
He's laft um aw to lie i'th' dark!

On Jo. Green, *late Sexton of Rochdale.*

HERE lies *Jo. Green,* who arch has been,
And drove a gainful trade
With powerful death, till, out of breath,
He threw away his spade.

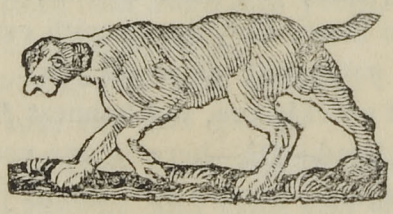
When death beheld his comrade yield,
He, like a cunning knave,
Came, soft as wind, poor *Jo.* behind,
And push'd him int' his grave.

Reader, one tear, if thou hast one in store,
Since *Jo. Green's* tongue and chin can wag no more.

Hob and the Quack Doctor.

A THRIFTY carl was tir'd of lonely cot
Because the tooth-ache he so often got:
Six teeth were all he had to chew his food;
All gave him pain, and none could do him good.
Hob hearing *Rochdale* town did then contain
A famous Quack, that drew teeth without pain;
To him he flies, and, in a voice as loud
As *Stentor's*, thus bespoke him thro' the crowd:
Ho—onist mon whot munneh gi' ye t' dra
A tush ot pleagues me awmust neet on dea?
Six-pence the Quack replies.—*Hob* spoke again,
On conneh do't me, thinkneh, beawt mich pein?
Ho, well enough.—Quoth *Hob*, *Suppose I two,*
Yoan do for neenpunce? That I will not do.
Heaw monney then for twelvepunce winneh poo?
All that thou hast.—Quoth *Hob*, *They're just enoo.*
The Doctor took this for a country joke,
Till he saw *Hob* hard pressing thro' the folk,
And mount the Stage.—Quack now some mirth intends,
And slily for a pair of pincers sends;
Thinking he'd met one of those puny fools
Would run away from such inhuman tools.
Hob takes the pincers, *vara weel*, said he,
If they'n fit yo, i'm shure they win fit me.
Hob now aloft is seated in a chair,
With open mouth, in which the Quack did stare;
Who laughing, said, you have but six, I find,
And they're so loose, they'll wag with every wind.
Better for yo, yo known; do yo yer job.
Yes, yes, and quickly too, my honnest *Hob*;
Hold up your head—*Oh*—here is one you see;
Come, hold again—here's two—would you have three?

I think ot Mon's a Foo ; we bargint plene,
Poo these aw eawt, or set thoose in ogen.
If that be th' case, hold up again, my friend,
Come open wide, and soon the work we'll end.
Hob now extends his spacious jaws so wide,
There's room for pincers, and good light beside,
Cries Quack, here's three, here's four, *Hob* bawls out *Oh!*
Hold, hold, says Quack, there's something more to do:
Come, gape again :—here's five, here's six and th' last,
And now I'm sure thy tooth-ache pains are past.
That's reet, quoth *Hob*, *gi' me meh teeth, on then*
I'll pey os freely os soms roycher men,
The Quack complies, and *Hob* his twelve-pence paid,
Then, in dismounting, to the mob thus said,
They're arron foos ot six-pence pein for one,
While for o shilling I ha six jobs done;
But still they're bigger foos ot live e pein,
When good seawnd teeth may choance to come ogen.
The Doctor stares——and hastily replies,
They come again! not till the dead shall rise!
One single tooth no more thy jaws shall boast:
I hold a crown thou ev'ry tooth has lost.
'Tis done, quoth *Hob:*—and stakes a Charles's crown;
The Quack as nimbly throws five shillings down.
Hob takes up all, and in a neighbour's hand
Secures the total: then makes his demand.
Measter, yo known eawer bet is, that I've lost
My teeth; and that I have not one to boast.
The Quack replies 'tis true; and what by that:
Why, see I've six neaw, eh meh owd scull hat.
Ne sur, if yoan geaw wimmy whom, I'll shew
Yo e'ry tooth, ot e meh meawth did groo.
The Quack ill vex'd he such a bite should meet,
Turn'd on his heel, while *Hob* said, *Sur—good neet.*



A GLOSSARY
OF
Lancashire Words and Phrases.

Those Words marked *A.S.* come from the Anglo-Saxon—*Bel.* Belgic—*Bi.* British—*Da.* Danish—*Du.* Dutch—*Fr.* French—*Sw.* Swedish—*Teu.* Teutonic.

ACTILLY, actually
Ancliff, ancle
Anent, opposite. *A.S.*
Appern, apron
Appo, an apple
Ar, are
Areawt, out of doors
Arnt, errand
Arrent, arrant, downright
Arsey-versy, heels over head. *A.S.*
Ashelt, likely
Ash, ask. *A.S.*
Asht, Axt, asked
A't, at it
Awkert, untoward
Awlung, all owing to
Awlns, always
Awnsert, answered
Aw o'like, all the same
Awt'pont, out upon
Awtert, altered
Awvish, queer
BACCA, tobacco
Backurt, backward
Bagging-time, teatime
Bandyhewit, a name given to any dog, when persons intend to make sport with its master
Bant, a string
Bang, to beat
Barmskin, a leather apron
Barn, a child. *A.S.*
Barst, burst
Bastert, bastard
Beaut, without
Battril, a batting-staff used by laundresses
Be, by
Beasting, beating
Becose, because
Beeos, cows
Begunt', began
Beleady, by our lady
Beleeft, believed
Beleemy, believe me
Belling, making a noise
Ber, force
Berm, yeast. *A.S.*
Bezzle, from embezzle, to waste.
Bin, been
Bitter-bump, a bittern
Blendilt, mixed. *A.S.*
Blid, from blood
Boggart, a spirit, an apparition
Boh, but
Boke, to point finger at
Bonkful, bankful
Booan, a bone
Booart, a board
Bookth, bulk, largeness
Bo'th', but the
Borrut, borrowed
Boyrnt, washed. *A.S.*
Brabble, falling out
Brad, } burst
Brastit, }
Brat, coarse apron *A.S*
Breechus, breeches
Breed, frightened
Brekfust, breakfast
Breve, brave
Brigg, a bridge
Brindit, a mixture of colours in cows, &c.
Brok'n, broken
CAMMID, argued ill naturedly
Cank, to talk of
Capt, to out do a person
Carrit, carried
Catterwawing, wooing
Cawd, called
Char, to stop
Cheeons, chains
Cheot, cheat
Chez, from chuse
Chieve, to prosper
Choamber, a chamber
Choance, a chance
Cleeort, cleared
Cleawt, a clout
Clamm'd, famished, starved
Clewkin, a sort of strong twine. *B.S.*
Clooas, clothes
Clum, did climb
Cluttert, gathered on heaps
Coaken, sharp part of a horse-shoe
Com, a comb
Coom, came
Con, can
Condle, a candle
Cokes, corks, cinders
Cowd, cold
Crap, money
Creawn, a crown
Creemit, to give a thing privately
Cretur, creature
Cricket, a small tool
Crom, to stuff
Crope, crept
Crop'n, crept into
Crump, cramp
Cruttle, stoop down
Cud'n, could
Cudneh, could you
Cumn, come
Cumpunny, company
Cumt', come to
Cunn, can
Cup o'sneeze, a pinch of snuff
Curtners, curtains
DADDLE, to reel, or waver on the road
Dagg'd-tale, dirty slut
Deawn, down
Dawnger, danger
Deawmp, dumb
Deawt, doubt

Deeing, dying
Deeod, dead
Deeol, deal, much
Deeoth, death
Deet, besmeared
Deme, dame
Desunt, handsome
Dey, day
Didneh, did you
Din, a noise
Disactly, exactly
Dither, to tremble
Doage, wettish
Dofft, undressed
Donk, a little wettish
Donn'd, dressed
Doo, do
Doytches, ditches
Doytch-backs, fences
Draight, a drought or team
Dreawnt, drowned
Dree, long, tedious. *A.S*
Dreeomt, dreamed
Droy, thirsty
Dunna, do not
Dunneh, do you
Dur, a door
Ealt, ailed
Eary, every
Eawer, or are ; our, also an hour
Eawls, owls
Eawnce, ounce
Eawt, out
Eawther, author
Ebil, Abel
Eem, I conna eem, *i.e.* I have no time
Een, eyes
Endways, forward
Endneaw, by and by
Eete, did eat
Egodsnum, in God's name
Eigh, yes
E-law, ah lord!
Ele, ale, also ail
Ere, ever before
Esshole, the hole under the fire
Estid, instead. *A.S.*
Eteaw, in pieces
Ewer, ever
Fammish'd, starved
Far, for
Fargeh, forgive
Farrently, likely
Fartin, fortune
Faw, fo, fall
Fawse, wise
Fawt, fault
Feear, afraid
Feaw, foul, ugly
Feaw whean, an ugly woman
Fearfo, fearful
Feel, fell
Feggur, fairer. *A.S.*
Feelt, a field
Felly, a man
Fend, to endeavour to provide for
Fettle, dress, condition
Fin'st, best
Fittut, supplied
Flasker, to play in water
Fleed, skinned
Fleigh, a flea
Flit, to remove. *Du.*
Floose, *q.* fleeze of wool, hay, &c.
Flunter, in a great hurry
Flusk, to fly at
Flyte, to scold. *A.S.*
Fok, folk
Follut, followed
Foo, a fool
Foomurt, a wild cat
For sartin, certainly
Forrud, forward
Foryeat'n, forgotten
Fotch, fetch
Frap, in a passion
Fratching, quarrel
Fresh-cullurt, rosy
Fro, from
Frowt, for ought
Gaight, gave it
Galkeer, a tub to work drink in
Gam, fine sport
Gaunt, lean, empty, *A.S.*
Gawby, a dunce
Gawm, understand
Gawmless, stupid, *A.S.*
Gawster, to boast
Geaw, go
Gi', give
Geete, did give
Gex, guess. *Du.*
Gillers, hair twisted
Gill-hooter, an owl
Glendurt, stared. *A.S.*
Glent, a sly look *A.S.*
Gloppn'd, frightened
Goddil, God will
Gonner, a gander
Gooa, go
Gooink, going
Gooan, gone
Gran, did grin
Greadly, well, right
Greawnd, ground
Greeof, or greeof by, right, or very near
Grim'd, besmeared. *Bel*
Gurd o'leawghing, a fit of laughter
Gutt', go to
Hackt, knocked together
Had'n, had
Hal o'Nab's, *q.* Henry of Abraham's
Halliblash, a great blaze
Hallidey, holyday
Hammeh, have me
Hanker, to desire
Harms after, to speak the same thing
Hawmpoo, to halt
Hawm-bark, the collar of a horse
Heaw, how
Height, have it
Hew'r, or Hure, } hair
Ho, or haw, a hall
Hoave, half
Hobbil, a blockhead
Hog-mutton, mutton of a year-old sheep
Hont, hand
Hontle, handful
Hongry, hungry
Hoo, shee
Hoor, a whore, also she was
Hough, a foot
Hoyde, a skin
Hoyts, long rods or sticks
Humpstridden, astride
Hur, her
Husht, silence. *Du.*
Hus, we

ICCLES, long pieces of ice
I'd, I had
Iftle, if thou will
I'm, I am
Innin, if you will
I'r, I was
I'st, I shall
Ittle, it will
JAWNT, a walking or riding out
Jump, a coat
KEAW, a cow
Keather, a cradle
Keawer, to sit
Keawnsil, counsel
Keck, to go pertly. *Du.*
Keel, cool
Keem, to comb
Keke, cake
Kersunt, christened
Kest, cast
Keyvt, overturned
Kibbo, long stick
Kilt, killed
Kipper, amarous
Knep, to bite hastily
Knockus, knuckles
LABBOR, labour
Laft, left
Laith, a barn
Lastut, lasted
Lawm, lame
Le, let
Leawpholes, *q.* loop-holes
Ledy, lady
I'd os leef, I would as soon. *A.S.*
Os thick os leet, as quick as one flash of lightning follows another
Lenger, longer
Lennock, slender. *Fr.*
Lieve, believe
Lik't, likely to have
Lipp'n, expect
Lite, a few
Lither, idle. *A.S.*
Littlebrough, a country village near Rochdale
Lonledy, a landlady
Lone, a lane
Loothe, look thee
Luck'o, look you
Luck it, a nurse's term, also used by way of scoffing
Lung, long
Lunnun, London
MANDER, manner
Mar, to spoil
Marr'd, spoiled
Marry kem-eawt, a scornful interjection
Masht, broke
Maunder, wandering stupidity. *Fr.*
Mawkinly, sluttish
Meary, Mary
Measter, master
Measy, giddy
Meeon, mean, also to go halves
Meeny, a family. *Fr.*
Meet-shad, exceeded
Meh, me, also my
Menna, cannot
Mezzil-feas'd, fiery. *A.S*
Misfartins, misfortunes
Mistrustit, doubted
Mitch-go-deet'o, much good may it do you
Mistene, mistaken
Mitch, much
Moot, might. *A.S.*
Moydert, puzzled
Mun, must
Munneh, must I
Mustert bo, mustard ball
NAB, a by-name for Abraham
Naw, not
Ney, nay
Neamt, named
Neatril, a fool
Neen, eyes
Neet, night
Newer, never
Neyve, a fist
Ninnyhommer, a vile dunce
Noon, an oven
Nowt, nothing
OANDURTH, afternoon
Oather, either
Obeawt, about
Oboon, above
Odds-un-eends, odd trifling things
O'er't, over it
Ofore, before
Ogoddil, if God will
Ogreath, right
Onny, any
Onoo, quantity
Os leef, I would chuse
Ot, at
Ottle, that thou will
Owdhum, a village near Rochdale
Owt, any thing. *A.S.*
Oytch, every
PAPPER, paper
Parfit, perfect
Parisht, very cold
Peawnd, a pound
Peawer, might
Pede, paid
Peshunce, patience
Pistil, the shank of a ham of bacon
Piece-woo, wool to make a piece
Pingot, a small croft near the house
Pissmote, ants
Pleawm-tree, plumb tree
Pleck, a place. *A.S.*
Pleeos, please
Plucks, the lungs
Poo, a pool
Poo'd, pulled
Pottert, vexed
Powse, lumber
Powsement, a term given to a bad person
Pre o, pray you
Primely, very well
Proven, provender
Punch'd, kicked
Pynots, magpies
QUIET'UT, made still
Quitting pots, half gills
RABBLEMENT, crowd or mob
Raddlings, long sticks
Rank, wrong
Rascotly, knavishly
Ratchdaw, Rochdale
Reant, rained
Reeam mug, cream mug
Reeok, a shriek. *A.S.*
Reesupper, a 2d supper
Reet, right

Restut, rested
Rether, rathur
Rea, raw
Ricking, scolding
Riggot, a gutter. *Du.*
Ryz'n hedge, a fence of stakes & twisted boughs
SARK, a shirt. *A.S.*
Sartinly, certainly
Sattlt, quiet
Sawgh, a willow
Scampo, to run fast. *Du.*
Scoance, a lantern
Scrunt, an over-worn wig
See't, saw it
Sefe, safe
Seign, seven
Seln, self
Sen, say
Senneh, say you
Shad, excelled. *A.S.*
Shan, shall
Shiar, quite entirely
Shilders, shoulders
Shoavt, thrust
Shoo, shovel
Shoon, shoes
Shop-booart, a counter
Siftit, examined
Sin, since
Singlet, an undyed woollen waistcoat
Sinkdurt, channel-mud
Skeawr, make haste, *Ten.*
Skirmidge, a little battle
Skrike o'dey, day-break
Skuse, an excuse
Slap, a blow
Slekt, quenched
Sleeveless-arnt, going to no purpose
Slifter, a crevis
Slotch, a greegy clown
Smeawtch, a kiss
Smoot, smooth
Sneeze-hurn, a snuff-box, made of the tip of a horn
Snig, an eel
Snug, tite, handsome
Soo, a sow
Sooary, sorry
Sope, a sup, little
So't, so it
Sow, the head
Sowgh, to sigh
Sowd, sold
Speek, did spake
Speer'd, enquired
Spooart, sport
Spoytfo, spiteful
Stark, very stiff
Stark-giddy, angry, mad
Steart, stared
Steawp un reawp, all
Steeigh, a ladder
Stoar, store, value
Stonning, standing
Stoo, a stool
Stown, stolen
Strines, side of a ladder
Stroakt, stroaked
Strushon, waste
Strowlt, strolled
Stunnish, to stun
Sumheaw, some way
Suse, six
Swarfy, tawny
Swinging stick, a stick for opening wool
TA', take
T'a, to a
Tak't, take it
Tat, that
Tawk'n, they talk
Tawm, to swoom, vomit
Te, thy
Tead'n, they had
Tealier, a tailor
Teal, taken
Tearn, they were
Teastril, a cunning rogue
Teawst, thou shall
Teawrt, thou art
Teawse, to ruffle
Teear, they were
Ten, then
Tey, they
Tey't, take it
Teytch, teach
Theaw, thou
Theaw'rt, thou art
Thear'n, they were
Theawm, thumb
Theawst, thou shalt
They'n, they will
Thible, a piece of wood to stir meat with
Thin, than
This'n, this manner
Thooan, wettish
Thooal, to afford
Threap, argue hot
Throddy, fat
Throtteen, thirteen
Throtl't, strangled
Thrunk os Thrap-wife, when hoo hong'd 'er sell 'ith dish-cleawt, this is spoken of persons triflingly busy.
Thwittle, a knife
Tyke, *vid.* tike
Tilly, till I
Tin, to shut a door
Tit, a horse or mare
Toart, toward
Tone, the one
Toose, those
Topple, to fall
Tother, the other
Tynt, is shut
Toyart, wearied
Traunce, tedious journ.
UNLAIGHT, unlaugh'd
Uncoth, strange, new
Un, and
Urchon, a hedge-hog
Us't, used
VARMENT, vermin
WADDLE, like ducks
War and war, worse and worse
Warrit, did curse
Warst, worst
Ween, we have
Weh, with
Welly, well nigh. *A.S.*
Welkin, the sky
Weynt, weaned
Whackert, trembled
Whau, why
Whinnet, neighed
Wisty, large
Whoam, home
Why-kawve, a female calf
Whimmy, with me
Wrythen, twisted
Wunt, did live
Wythen kibbo, strong willow stick
YEASY, easy
Yeate, a gate

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