

his mark in bolder characterizings when he pursued in *The Northern Cobbler* and *The Village Wife, or the Entail*, the line he first marked out for himself in the *Northern Farmer*.

The *Cobbler* is a temperance, or rather teetotal, ballad in dialect; the knight of St. Crispin telling the tale of his temptations and his final victory to the brother of his wife, a sailor just returned from sea. The natural request of the blue jacket for a glass of grog, and the sight of a quart bottle of gin very easily draws on the old man's tale. He had taken to drink, ill-treated his wife, stolen her small earnings, and seen 'Foalk's coostom flitting awaay like a kite wi' a brokken string.'

Repentance comes to him when he thinks how Sally has changed to a 'sloomy' being in a 'draggie-tailed owd turn gown' from the girl whom he courted 'Straat as a pole an' clean as a flower fro' ead to feeat,' and he remembers the day they walked through Thursby fields to meeting.

'An' Muggins 'e preached o' Hell-fire an' the loov o' God fur men,
'An' then upo' coomin' awaay Sally gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.'

He blubbers out that he will do it no more,—Sally mistrusts his determination not to 'goa sniffin' about the tap' 'Weant tha i' she says, 'an' my son I thowt i' mysen 'mayhap.' Then a bright idea strikes him, he rushes off, gets 'yon big black bottle o' gin' and stands it in the window,

'Fur I'll loook my henemy strait i' th' faace.'

To the question 'wouldn't a pint a' sarved as well as a quart?' he answers bravely, 'naw doubt

'But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi,' an' fowt it out.'

He has even got to 'loov' him 'agean in anoother' kind 'of a waay,' is proud of him

'Loovs 'im, an' roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im, an' puts 'im back i' th' light.'

At first his idea had been that when he died the bottle should be broken,—but the contemplation of the one fixed object has at last worked so strongly on his narrow comprehension, that

'Arter I changed my mind, an' if Sally be left aloan
I'll hev 'im a-buried wi'mma an' taake 'im afoor the Throan.'

In the same category falls the *Village Wife*, a gossipy scandalous chronicle about the doings of the old squire and his family, as related for the benefit of a retainer of the new Squire. The old dame has heard of a settlement in tail male and the legal terms have got jumbled up in the finest possible confusion in her mind. The 'taail' is to her an actual literal tail,—the new squire 'cooms wi' 'is taail in 'is 'and' the old squire's son is told by his father that he 'mun cut off his taail'

'But Charlie 'e sets back 'is ears, an' 'e swears,
an' 'e says to 'im "Noa"
'"I've gotten the 'staate by the taail an' be danged if I iver let goa!"'

Unfortunately Charlie was a reckless sort of fellow his likes were not to be found,—

'e were that outdacious at 'oam,
'Not thaw ya went fur te raake out *Hell* wi' a small tooth coomb.'

The result of this rashness is an unlucky jump on his favourite horse 'Billy rough-un' over the stream, in which performance

'Charlie 'e brok 'is neck
So theer wur a hend o' the taail, fur 'e lost 'is taail i' the beck.'

The old squire had no other boys, only seven or eight girls, who 'hedn't naw taails,' but who are sketched off by the old dame's vigorous and not over scrupulous tongue in a masterly manner, a line or two apiece sufficing to describe them to us. The 'village wife' didn't like Miss Annie, the eldest. When the villager's daughter died 'I thowt' says she,

'I thowt 'twur the will o' the Lord, but Miss Annie she said it wur draains,'

and it is evident that the cottager doesn't like that material way of putting things, as trenching somewhat on her family dignity!

Now in both these dialect poems the subject is nothing,—the prolocutor is everything. We feel that the Cobbler and the housewife are real beings of flesh and blood, fit companions for the farmer who 'stubb'd Thornaby waaste'