

**FORNESS FOLK, THE'R SAYINS
AN' DEWINS; OR, SKETCHES
OF LIFE AND CHARACTER IN
LONSDALE NORTH OF THE SANDS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649399338

Forness folk, the'r sayins an' dewins; or, Sketches of life and character in Lonsdale north of the sands by Roger Piketah

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ROGER PIKETAH

**FORNESS FOLK, THE'R SAYINS
AN' DEWINS; OR, SKETCHES
OF LIFE AND CHARACTER IN
LONSDALE NORTH OF THE SANDS**

**FORNESS FOLK,
THE'R SAYIN'S AN' DEWIN'S.**

Forness Folk,

THE'R SAYIN'S AN' DEWIN'S;

OR,

SKETCHES OF LIFE
AND CHARACTER IN LONSDALE NORTH
OF THE SANDS.

BE ROGER PIKETAH.

"Come sit thy ways down an' gie us thy crack."
Old Song.

LONDON: JOHN RUSSELL SMITH.
CARLISLE: GEO. COWARD.
MDCCLXX.

P R E F A C E .

THE quaint old characters of Furness are fast dying out. Two or three are still in existence, hearty octogenarians, and "gay good 'uns at suppin' poddish" yet, as they take care to inform you.

Teeming with fun, and brim-full of native wit, they are always ready to draw upon their vast fund of local anecdote and history for the amusement of their listeners, detailing names, places, dates, and circumstances with surprising minuteness. To hear one of these honest old fellows "spinning a yarn," (and their tales generally crop up in conversation appropriate to the subject, without the least effort,) is a great treat.

The natural dramatic power, the energetic gesticulation, the accompanying wink or nod, the clear ringing voice, and the sparkling eye, as memory recalls the actual occurrence he is relating, are irresistible. Then, the rich broad

dialect, going out of fashion it is to be feared, even among natives, is worth everything.

These mirth-provoking old men, with their faculties and senses so clear at "sebbenty-eight," excite our admiration and wonder, and they tell you their fathers lived to "aboon ninety, an' nivver ail'd a thing." So much for simple, temperate, active lives. In the days of our grandfathers, when in remote country places the chief amusement in the long winter evenings was sitting in the chimney "neakk," over the peat or turf fire, what excellent company was the man who could tell a good tale, and how eagerly every one looked forward to a "crack" with him! It is with a view of rescuing from oblivion some of these stories, that the following sketches of life and character in Furness have been written, many of which, though familiar to a few now living, will be new to the next generation. No claim is made for originality, or any apology for what is old. A good tale will bear twice telling, if not spoiled in serving up. Whether that is the case in the present instance or not, we leave our readers to judge.

R. P.

October, 1870.

CONTENTS.

Amang t' Rowndheeads	1
T' poor Miners i' Forness	17
Cockles an' Fleeaks	27
Smugglin' an' Wreckin'	41
ANECDOTES :—	
The Widow of Kirkby	55
A grand Gentleman	57
High Winds in Furness	60
A new fashioned Turnip Drill	61
Urswick Tarn v. Lake of Como	63
Pot Luck	65
A Poor Relation	69
Fashionable Bonnets	71

AMANG
T' ROWNDHEEADS.

AMANG T' ROWNDHEEADS.



A fine summer day I thowt I'd gang oover Kirby Moor an' see for mesell what mak o' folk they wor i' thor parts, an' leek at the'r girt sleatt quarries an' company. I set off by t' Gillbanks efter I'd suppt me poddish i' t' mornin', an' fadged away up Ganswell, oover a terble knoppy rooad till I began to think it wos langsome and dreesome beath, but efter a bit I landt at top o' Hasty Gill Brow.

I rested a lile bit, for I's gittin rayder puffy ye knā, and wiped sweet off me feass wi' a hankutcher, and leeakt o' rownd an' square, aboon and belah. Shanky-naggy's nearly out o' fashun now, or else meny a body amang t' better end i' Ooston I thowt mud finnd a benefit if they nobbut wod come up here i' good time i' t' mornin' isteead o' neslan abed till neann varra ncear. Thar isn't a finer seet