



This extract from a Climbers' Club Journal contains only articles/photographs where the copyright now belongs to the Climbers' Club.

It is provided in electronic form for your personal use and cannot be used for commercial profit without seeking permission from the Climbers' Club.

© Copyright 2010

DAME TYSON.

THE present generation of climbers can scarcely remember a time when the real centre of climbing in Wastdale was anywhere but at the Inn. Yet, in the same way that the strong personality of Will. Ritson had made the fortune of his hostelry, that of "Dame" (Mrs. Thomas) Tyson, when his star began to wane, drew the regular *habitués* to Rowhead Farm, which thereafter, for many years, continued to be the main resort of Wastdale mountaineers. The subjoined lines, as recording some of her more salient characteristics, are worthy of preservation. They appear to have been put together by joint contribution from different members of a party staying there nearly thirty years ago. They seem to have remained unpublished, and, though most frequenters of the fells have heard one or two stanzas, few know the whole, and perhaps even the version here given is not quite complete. The last line is the gem.

(Her Pride of Ancestry.)

Who boasts her long descended blood
From those old chaps before the Flood,
To which all other is but mud?

Dame Tyson.

(Her Household Treasures.)

Who owns the oaken keeper rough,
The Saxon chairs so hard and tough
That just to see them is enough?

Dame Tyson.

(Her Personal Dignity.)

Wha gaes about wi' twa black een,
 And hauds a proodfu' nose atween,
 As hee and mighty as a queen?
 Dame Tyson.

(Her Romantic Youth.)

Who tenderly addressed a curl
 Of him, who chose her as a girl
 But now has passed beyond this whirl?
 Dame Tyson.

(Her Magnificent Maturity.)

Who rules the plentiful estate
 Brought by her happy second mate,
 And always makes you "shet the gæte"?
 Dame Tyson.

(Her Skill at Games.)

Who plays at whist with stately grace
 And, putting on a knowing face,
 Proceeds to trump her partner's ace?
 Dame Tyson.

(Her Playfulness.)

That ancient immemorial joke
 "No pudding" who doth weekly poke,
 Then bring it in with fragrant smoke?
 Dame Tyson.

(Her Respect for Learning.)

Who loves the "Universal boys,"
 And, though they make a dreadful noise,
 The horsewhip but in threat employs?
 Dame Tyson.

(Her Housewifely Energy.)

Who makes grand pies of mountain sheep?
 Whose tones a good high treble keep?
 Who makes the loitering housemaid leap?
 Dame Tyson.