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**Scholes, John (1808-1863)**

***Abrum o' Flups Quortin and Weddin;  
Written by Ab Hissel (1867)***

Eh yo folk, yo should ha been wi us last Mondri morn when er Alice an me wur wed at Smobridge Church. Iv ever thir wur sich fun such laighin, and sich talkin, and sich talkin, an sich watchin, an dancin, and fiddlin, sin Jane, at Back o' Barn's pig killin, awl ha done. Aw beleev at passon hissels wur as nee tick'lt as cou'd be when he see us bwoath, donn'd as wi wuen mind yo, walkin straight up into that church an lewkin at tone tother as iv wi cou'd o like't put tone tother e tone tothers pockets. Aw wur some plezt, aw wur; an so wou'd'n yo o bin iv yo'd bin theer, but thirs a deyl o folk olez eawt oth gate when thir wanted, same as poleesmen. No aw iv yo known owt obeawt Smobridge yo mun know this, at its a place at wur made ofore wuld wur made, fur aw

*The Salamanca Corpus: Abrum o' Flups Quortin... (1867)*

yerd that said wi mi own ears at Jim Midgley's, at bull, an thats o place wheer folk meetin o purpos 't talk abeawt Lord John---Darby---Does-rayli. An as aw wur tellin yo, Smobridge bein made ofore th' wuld wur made, Jim hissel towd me at Bull wur made ofore Smobridge wur made, an at hes sin picturs where 'th Bull's proppin th' wuld up same as at Bulls Run e Meriks.

Heawever yo'll exqueeze me for deludin to things utt'n owt to do wi whot awm writtin abeawt.

Eh my! whot nice hew'r eawr Alice has, yo folk!---an sich een. But yo mun come an ha yo'r baggin wi us. Hoos a gradelo un---hoos a topper---bo yo mun come an see fur yoursel, and win ha wot moufflins an buther, and chives an reddishes, an a cleawd o bacco. Aw con tell yo o er Alice crinaline geet crusht, bwoath as win comin fro th' church an after. Eh yo should o yerd mi just at that time when 't ring wur gan mi ith church, an't paason wur gooin on wi his tawk. "What mun e do weet", aw says; by mon did I, an awd kleyn forgett'n becose iv a chap duznah keep gettin wed he cannot be expected to remember every part of the performance, con he?

Hut awm like gettin tuth end o mi tale ofore aw begin on't. Meaw aw wurnah like Robin-o-Bob's at geet wed ofore he quorted, for aw had to quort both neet and day, as sayin is, before hood gie her mind ta ha mi.

Well yo seen it begun o this fashun. Its abeawt nine months or so sin mi furst wife deed, an one day Alice coom o seein hur as hoo lee ill, an when Alice come deawn steers hoo lewkt mi fair ith face an said.

"Yon woman connah get bettur. Thea mun tay care o thissel Abrum for awst want thi when hoos gwoan." Well, wi hur sayin that an seein as hood so mucn pity on mi, aw geet as fold ov hur o at wonst as ever a cauve wur of it mother. An when awd berrid 't wife on th' Friday ofore rushbearin Sunday, an bein trubble 't [e] mi mind like, aw went o quortin Alice on th' Mond, an hoo says to me, hoo says "Abrum, aw coudna like thi't be a widow lung, for it mun be very lonesome for thi." An then hoo lewkt at mi wi thoos pratty een ov hurs till mi hart jumt for joy e mi inside, same as a pot-bo in a pon. What did aw do after this, bo bang off to Hollinoth, an theer aw geet mi likeness tain for a pint o ale, an hoo no sooner see it nor hoo says

"Its weel done Abrum", hoo says, but its noan have as pratty as thee.

*The Salamanca Corpus: Abrum o' Flups Quortin... (1867)*

“Wiltah ha mo, Alice”, aw says, “Ha thi?” hoo sez, “yigh, if thir wurnot another mon ith wuld, but theaw mun give eer wearin clogs ov a Sundi, or heaw con e think o walkin wi thi, an me wi mi crinaline on?”

Well aw promist hur awd do awt or wear awt to plez her, an it wur sattlet theer an then at wid bi wed reet off, an aw geet th' axins put up at Smobridge Church beawt moor ado. An hoo geet so fond o mi at hoo never misst comin o seein mi o Friday neets an Setturdis, when awd drawn mi wage, an aw made hur rare nice baggins, for aw live't in a heawse bi mysel at Weudle yon,---an wid pottytus an roasted mutton an o sorts o good things, an hoo said hoo couldna tell heaw it wur, but hoo olez like't mi best on Fridays an Setturdis.

Neow aw couldna tell heaw that wur mysel, for aw like't Alice iv it wur ith middle oth week when it coom to porritch as weel as when it wur beef stakes. An speakin o porritch rings it e mi yed at on th' Wed'nsdi neet ofore th' Mondi at wi wurn to be wed hoo coom o seein mo, an th' pon wur oth foyar for mi porritch, so beawt tellin, hoo set to work at makkin um.

“Thea'st ha some gradely porritch to-neet, Abrum”, hoo said, and hoo geet howd oth slice, and kept sturrin um reawnd wi hur left hond left road abeawt, and when thi wur welly done, who should come in but eawr James---that's eawt James at wur mit stur um a bit, an as luck leet, aw stur'd um just tother road abeawt fro whot hood bin dooin.

Well, yo should o seen heaw hoo flew up. My! but hoo far made mi jump ogon. Hoo clickt slice eawt o mi hond in a crack, an laft a hondful o skodin porritch stickin to my fingers,

“What artah doin, thea greyt stayrin, too”, hoo sheawtud. “Duz ta na see at theart unmakin th' porritch as fast as awve bin makkin um, wi turnin um 't wrang road abeawt. Whot! wed a cauve tele like thee, at hasna sense't may his own porritch. Never!” hoo said, an away hoo fleawnst eawt oth heawse like a wot pey off a backstone.

Well, aw thowt aw munt o deed ov a brok'n heart theer an then, an aw shou'd o done iv aw hadna had sense to bowster it weel up wi a extra lot a porritch.

Away hoo want tuth church an towd um 't stop th'axins, an that wur th' first time at hoo put weddin off, but it wurnot last, as yoan yer. Heawever, aw went to theer heawse, an hoo towd mi hoo couldna like me just then, but hoo thowt hoo could like me ogen

*The Salamanca Corpus: Abrum o' Flups Quortin... (1867)*

tord Friday or Setturdi, and by mon hoo wur as good as hur word, for when awd drawn my wage, an gan hur summat for hersel, and wid had o gradely good baggin an supper t' gether, hoo said thir wurnot a mon e O Hinglond at wur prattier, nor at hoo liket better nor me.

Well, on th' very next Sundi, as aw wur gooin to theer heawse, at Low Hill, just by Littlewood Mill yonder, who should aw leet on bo' Alice gooin tuth church wi hur crinoline brad eawt till it took up O th' cosey, an her hewer smoothed and kom'd till it shine 't like a crow's back, an hur bonnet on, wi ribbins in, and red deawrs, prettier nor onny ı o Shore garden. Aw thowt aw nare see owt lewk so handsome e mi days. But hoo whiskt bi m beawt-speyken a word, so aw strode on aftur hur, for aw thowt hoo could'nt o seen me but heawever! hood sin me, an aw had to lay mi clogs deawn some fast to catch hur.

"Alice", aw said, "awm com'n o seein thee. Mun e gwoa 't church wi thi?"

"Gwo thee whoam, theaw greyt gobbin," hoo says: "whot brings thi aftur me, clompin wi thi feaw clogs ov o Sundi?" An hoo skimi'd at mi an keckt hur yed up as iv awd bin sink durt.

"Days o me! aw says; 'do e shawm thi? Lewk at mi'", aw says; "for aw've wesht mi, an shave't mi, an donn'd mi best jackit and senglit. An duztnah see at awve mi clogs blackball't an O?" aw says.

"Theaw greyt feaw thing", hoo says, "heaw contah think awst bi sin thi eawt at dur wi thoos things o thi feet, an me donn'd o thish's! Awd liefer thead com'n barfoot, like a gonner as't art", an away hoo fleawnst, an left mi stayrrin ith street like a stickt tup.

Wi that, aw took off whoam open, but awre so gloppunt aw hardly know heaw aw geet theer, an on th' Fridi neet at aftur just as awd gett'n whoam wi mi wage an stuff at awd bin buyin in, whoa should come poppin in at dur bo Alice. Hoo mun o bin rare un fond ov mo aftur O, munnot hoo, for hoo pood a cheer up tuth foyar, when hood turned key ith dur, sayin same time.

"Thirs O in neaw at mun cum in. Ween ha nobody comin o heytin thi up, Abeum, win wi, maw luv?" hoo says. An hood pood off her shoon an warm't her feet at foyar whol [thl] meyt an pottaytus was doin, an when wid enjoyed ersels wi a gradely good feyst, hoo says:

*The Salamanca Corpus: Abrum o' Flups Quortin... (1867)*

“Abrum, thir isnah a mon ith wurd at aw like same as thee,” an when awd lent her a shillin ‘t buy summut wit, hoo sed “Win bi wed onny day at theas o mind Ab, an thea mi put th’ axins in ogen ith morn iv ta will.”

Well, aw thowt never mon wur so set up ofore, seen hur so fond on mi ogen; an aw geet th’ axins put up an wur as plezt O day at mi wark as a child wi’ a rattle.

It wurnah lung aftur that till wi went to Rachda t’gether, an aw gav hur a shillin to gwoa o buyin a gowd ring, whol aw went to Sager’s vault, an geet so mich to sup, becose aw sur so overjoyed at thowts oth weddin, at cosey wur to narrow for mi; and when aw leet on hur at aftur, hoo towd mi hood forgotten O abeawt ring, tll hood bowt a pair of stockins wi th’ shillin, an then hoo bethowt hur on it O in a minnit.

Everything went reet till th’ second day at wid ogreed to be wed on wurnah far off, an hoo kept co’in on mi tort Fridi and Setturdi, an wid’n warm mouffins to us baggins, an wur as comfortable as two folk cou’d be. It wur ogreed at aw shou’d lev th’ key for hur at Green Mon, whol hoo went o klenin th’ heawse.

An then coom th’ sundi ofore th’ weddin day, an th’ folk at Green Mon geet up at two o’clock at mornin to get th’ chamber ready to hav th’ dancin in, an th’ bride maid an th’ mon wur ready, an aftur O, whotever dun yo think? Hood na ha mi then.

Awd donn’d mi e mi best, yo seen oth Mondy morn, an away wi mi to theer heawse ready for ‘t tak hur to church, but awd no sooner set foot inside ‘t heawse nor th’ mother towd mi aw met gwoa whoam ogen; an Alice said hoo like ‘t mo weel enoof o Fridis and Setturdis, an when aw wur eawt ov her seet, but aw no sooner coom in hur seet but hoo moastly gav o’er thinkin o bein wed.

Well, aw flop’d deawn in a cheer, an theer aw set, wi one leg o’er tother smookin on thinkin mi hardest, an wi mi yed hanging deawn, mi cap fell on tuth floor.

“Eh, theaw greyt soft heawnt”, coo co’d eawt, “who hasta let’n poa thi hewr e that fushun? an hoo coom an run hur fingers through it, an heldt mi yed up, whol hoo lewkt mi straight ith face. “Tay this kom, an ready it” hoo says; and aw kom’d it so at hoo cou’d see it gradely.

“Whau, theaw feaw cauve, thea lets folks do just as theyn o mind wi thi,” hoo says.

*The Salamanca Corpus: Abrum o' Flups Quortin... (1867)*

“Ay, aw do”, aw said, “or aw should’nt o lett’n thee do who, theaw has done. An as for mi hew’r, it wur cut gradely, but aw geet sizzars an cut it o bit shorter mysel for Betty-o-Binns, an Will-ov-Owd Ann’s towd mi it wur so lung yo met tee it e knots.”

“Aw would o lett’n it obee till th’ weddin wur o’er”, hoo says. “Mon, theaw should o had it oilt an brush’d an kom’d an partud, wi a nick deawn th’ back, same as other chaps; an beside, whot artah com’n e sich o weskut as that o being wed in, when theaw owt hav had a rale double mill’d un, wi a double brenst, an double back, an double pockets, an a double row o butons, and then thead o lewkt summit like. Awst na ha thi at no price neaw. Duztah think at awm beawnt walk into yon church wi a felly at’s short o button, an at hasna his hw’r partud wi a nick deawn t’ middle? Neauw, Abrum; thee keep thy name, an awl keep mine. A dunnah think o bein kode Alice-ol-Flups’ to day. So thea mey off wi thi tord Weudle as soon as thea likes.

Well, aw did as aw wur towd to do, an went mi way tord Weudle, an every stride at aw took aw kept wishin to mysel at awd known sooner at Alice would o gwoan wi mi o bein wed iv awve nobbut had mi hewr brush’d an partud wi a nick deawn’t back, for awd o done awt ith wuld to plez Alice, that aw would, even iv hood wantud mi yed nickin an partin ole o’er. As aw wur moidering mi road whoam a leet o Charley-o-Bauves, an seeing mi so deawn ith meawth, he like gav me a bit o comfort wi tellin mi at aw wur a gradely foo to be runnin after a woman at cared na straw abeawt mi.

“Mon”, he says, “awve olez done as weel bi waitin whol things coom reawnd o thirsels as bi runnin after um. Iv thea’ll tay notis”, he says, “thea’ll see at folk may a d’yel o useless labbur e this wuld. Thea may see childer cobbin sticks an stowans at a apple tree, an iv thid nobbut wait th’ apples ud fo off o thirsels; an thea’s yerd o sodiurs gooin to war an killin folk an iv they’d nobbut let folk obee thid dee o thirsels; an thirs scores o yung fellies at run starin after th’ wenchus, when iv they’d nobbut tarry awhoam th’ wenchus ud run after them. Neaw, a knew a mon at wur makkin o deal o labbur ov a piece o lond at ud grow nought shuz heaw he toylt wi’ it. So aw towd th’ mon he should plant it wi’ ‘torneys, for they’ll thrive onnywheer, or else, iv he’d let lond obee, thid come an plant thirsels, and by mon, maw words coom true, for it wurnoh lung ofore th’ lond wur sowd, an a fine crop o’ torney e big fine heawses sprung up, for someheaw, wi th’ lond lying idle, thid shapt to plant thirsel on it, an O th’ weedin an

*The Salamanca Corpus: Abrum o' Flups Quortin... (1867)*

rakin ith wuld cou'dna shift um off it. An neaw, Abrum iv theas wit enoof t' find road, thea'll gwoa whoam an tarry theer, an mey no moor labbur oer th' wench, for hool bi same as th' 'torneys, hool come ov hursel an plant hursel deawn oside on thee, an tak O at theaw has quite soon enoof, thea'll see."

"Charley", aw said, "awve towd her monny a time ot iv hool wed mi, hoo mey hav O at hoo wants iv hoo wilna want summat hoo connut have, bo that's just what hoo does want, hoo says, an hoo should ha 't, aw towd hur iv aw could get it hur, iv it wur evenly a greyt fleysh bo every day, an new ribbons an fleawers e hur bonnet every Sundi."

So when aw said that, aw went an changed mi klewns, an then went to mi war at Potteries yonder as iv nought wur, an Fridi coom reawnd as usul, an aw bowt in, an went whoam an geet a nice baggin on th' table, an awd hardly gett'n the furst meawtful deawn, when Alice coom in again; an hoo put her arm reawnd mi neck, an gav mi a buss beawt axin, and said, hoo wur so fond on mi after O, at hood hav mi this time whether aw would or not.

Well, awre so plezt aw could o jumpt o'er th' moon for joy.

Aw minded mi work rarely O next wik, for aw thowt hoo will ha mi turn shuzheaw, an next Fridi at neet aw went o seein Alice for wonst, thinkin o havin mi baggin wi her, an soon as aw geet in an towd her what awd come for, hoo said,

"Thes met ha no wit", hoo said, "to think at sumbody like me, wi a little wench ov hur own to keep, con shap baggins for that greyt lung carcus o thine?"

Heawever, aw kept keawurin there for a bit, glentin at th' oon oytech neaw an ogen, an sniftin wi mi nose to smell iv there wur awt savoury abeawt, an Alice sturr'd noan to shap mi ought; an then aw rubb'd noses wi th' childt, an ax it iv it ud some livin wi mi, thinkin to get thick wi bwoath childt an mother, but no baggin coom. Heawever, Alice towd me iv awd gwo whoam hood soon be after mi, an hood shap mi summat worth heytin, for hoo like't mi too weel, hoo said, not to set summat afore my at aw could heyt wi a rallish. So aw went mi way, thinkin heaw luvvin hoo wur to want mi to heyt off th' best, an whot a wife hood mey mi.

Awd hardly gett'n ith heawse, when Mary-o-Binns an Will-ov-Owd-Ann's coom in, an thi towd mi at Alice wur meyin a gradely Tummy on mi, an at it wur mi brass an

*The Salamanca Corpus: Abrum o' Flups Quortin... (1867)*

stuff at hoo wanted, and noan o me. "As soon as hoo comes, that mun sarve hur same as hoo sarvt thee; send her back beawt baggin, an thah'll see", they said.

Well, awd nare thought o that ofore, never. "By mon, will I", aw says, an as soon as hoo comes, "Its my turn neaw", aw says. "Thea mey gwoa back, Alice, same as thea coom, for once". Awd some collops welly as lung as a pair o gallusses doin at th' foyar, an hoo lookt, furst at um, an then at me, an then; "Mun e ha' nought we thi", hoo says? "Nauw, Alice, theas nobbut bin meyin a Tummy on mi, an aw munnah bi made a foo on no longer. Sooner thear't cawt o mi seet an bettur", aw says.

Words wur no sooner eawt nor aw wished wad bin born beawt tung ofore awd spokk'n so. Alice flung hersel onto a cheer, an hoo strike't an strecht hursel eawt, an roll't fair ontuth floor, an lee theer wi hur een shut like somebody at wur in a d'yeath sweawnd.

"Awve brokkun hur heart! Awve kill'd hur!" aw co'd eawt, an as luck leet, Oed John, ats a sort ov a keaw doctor, happunt to come in that minnit, an he geet howd ov hur honds, an lewk't e hur face, an then he said to me, "Hie thi deawn to eawr heawse, an tell Betty to gie thi that block bottle eawt oth cubbort' an dunnah be a minnit a gooin. Whats good for a keaw mun bi good for other folk, for wir O fleysh an blood", he said. "Is this onny danger", aw says. "Danger! Yoigh!" said th' keaw doctor. "Thirs danger at iv thea artnah very sharp, hool bi reet ofore thea gets back." "Tull hur hoo mey hav hur baggin wi thi", said Will-ov-Owd-Ann's, "an that'll bring hur reawnd in a crack". "Eigh! or th' smell oth keaw drench oather", said Mary. "Eh, iv thea will but oppun thoos een o thine once moar, Alice", aw says, "thea'st hav aught ith wuld at aw con get thi."

Awd no sooner spokk'n nor hoo oppunt thoos pratty een ov hurs, an up hoo jumpt, same as a cricket, an hoo said, smilin at me O time, "Eh, Abrum", hoo said, "aw luv thi so weel at a cross word fro thee ud bi mi dy'eth. Contah beleev mi meaw at thea's sin it?" An hoo set kettle on th' foyar at wur singin on th' bar.

"Thirs nought bo dy'eth mun part thee an me, maw wench, fro this minnit", aw says, an aw clipt hur e mi arms, an gav her a smeawtch at crackt like a whip, an tothers went eawt an laft us, an wi geet us baggins, an aw twod hur awd believe nobody ogen shuz whot thi said ogen hur.



*The Salamanca Corpus: Abrum o' Flups Quortin... (1867)*

Awst soon ha' done tellin yo o'er quortin neaw. Hoo never misst o comin ov a Fridi, wi wur as comfortable as two turkey doves, an aw went wi hur o gatherin payshun docks , an daisys, an buttercups, an wid 't little wench wi us, an wi keawrt us deawn ith fields, an whol we sat theer, hoo like geet into a deep study O at wonst.

"Whot meys thi 't bi so quiet O in a minnit, Alice?" aw said. "Awm thinkin, Abrum," hoo says, "at iv aw wur to wed thi, an thea wur to dee, whoa aw should wed next, for thir isnah another like thee, is thir, Abrum?"

Thot wur gradely luv, wurnot it? An so things went on till th' axins ud welly run eawt for third time. Heawever, every thing wur sattel 't ut wid bi wed next Mundi at wur coming, an one day ith week ofore, aw gav hur a shillin to loose hur dress fro makkin, to bi wed in. A beautiful purple an white plad um it wur, done o'er wi nice falds at aw connah tell yo th' name on. Awd bowt in for th' weddin as far as mi brass ud stretch, an iv aw hadna leet o Charley-o-Rauves, aw should evenly o sowd th' fryin pon to raise moor.

"Whot artah beawnt sell thi frying pon for Abrum?" he says. "Aw went to raise brass for summat moor to put in it, or awd part noan wi th' pon", aw says. "Theaw greyt swoap yed," he says, "whot moor contah put intul when theas partud wi thi pon?" "By mon", aw says, "aw nare thowt o that ofore", an aw tuk pon intuth heawze ogen, an kept it.

At last coom th' joyful Sundi afore th' weddin day. Aw donn'd myself e mi best klewus, an away wi mi to their heawze as happy as ever mon wur ith wuld, an aw thwt awd never, sin awre wik, seen ought at lewkt have so pratty as Alice did in hur nice purple an plad dress, an hur hewr smooth't till it shoynt like sunleet, an hur een as breet as a looking-glass.

"Awm com'n, Alice, thea sees," aw says, an aw clapt mysel deawn in a cheer, an aw smile 't at hur wi O mi might.

"Aw see theaw art, Abrum," hoo says, "but aw dunnah know at thirs onny body here at wanta thi, Abrum."

Aw stayrt wi O' th' een e mi yed. "Not want mi, Alice," aw says.

"Nauw", hoo says, "becose, thea sees, awve been thinking at ittle tak o deyl o stuff to feed a greyt hungry felly like thee, Abrum, an at thir winnah bi mich laft for me; an

*The Salamanca Corpus: Abrum o' Flups Quortin... (1867)*

awve bin thinkin at iv thea should dee, thea'd ha nought, to lev mi to get a new usbant wi; an moor nor that, aw bin thinkin at iv aw wed thee, awst nare ha' th' chance o weddin another, as awd like 't do, for thea looks like 't be a lung while uppon mi hands, Abrum."

"An, beside, Abrum", hoo says, "aw bin thinking at theart so lung, ittle tay no end o kloth to may thi breechus, an awmost a whu keaw hide to may thi a pair o shoon, an iv thi klewus cost'n so mich, heaw con e expect to get awt for mi own back; an Abrum, aw connah say at aw like looks on thi so weel, an to end O up, awm determined at awl never bi co'd Abrum o Flup's wife as lung as e live, and so thea mi tay thissel off tord whoom ogen as soon as ta likes, Abrum."

Did ever mon e this wuld hav sich luck in his quortin? Aw lewkt at hur, an scrat mi yed as iv awre beawnt scrat O th' hewr off it. Beawt sayin another word, I up an off wi mi whoam, an rom'd missel as full o meyt as he could howd, f[ee]urt o mi hert brastin e mi inside iv aw didna prop it weel up, an awre so deawn reet troubl't e mi mind at aw went to bed theer an then, an wur soon na seawnd osleep as a boother. When aw wakkn't ith mornin, ittur time 't gwoa to mi wark, so deawn th' lone a went an wur soon at th' Potteries, an ogate, but oytech time at aw thowt of Alice, wark went a deyl harder wi mi nor it uses doin, an a thowt awd rayther o bin gooin wi hur tuth church nor toilin theer. Aw hadna bin lung ogate, ofore Bill-o-Martin's coom full bat, o tellin mi at aw munt come o bein wed that very minnit, for thid getten Alice ith mind, an iv aw wurnah sharp hoo might change it ogen. He took mi to theer heawsw reet off, an theer aw wesh'd me, an th' wife fund mi a kleyn shurt an help 't don me, an one fund mi o pair o breeches, another a cwoat, an anothur a weskut, an awre soon ready obut a pair o shoon. Thi run o borrowin fro one neeburs to another till thir wur soon as monny shoon ith heawse as ud do to set up shop wi, bo' thir wurnot a pair it lot ut nee gwoa uppo mi feet. At last sumbody went to er Jammys, an geet his, an then awre fittud fro top to toe, an away wi coom to Low Hill, wheer Alice wur gettin hur ready, an th' women abeawt wur deckin hur eawt like owt. One lent hur a shawl, an another an umbrel, an sumbody else a grand bonnet, an th' bridesmaid, an th' mon, an every thing wur ready in a twinklin. Off we set, linkin arm o arm, to Smobridge Church.

*The Salamanca Corpus: Abrum o' Flups Quortin... (1867)*

But before aw tell yo heaw we went on theer, a mun tell yo heaw th' neeburs abeawt ud shap't it to get Alice ith mind to ha me. Iv it hadna bin for a fiddle, aw should never o gett'n Alice ith wuld. Hoo wur fair fiddle't into weddin mi, that hoor wur, an awst like 't s[e]awnd ov a fiddle yuth end o mi days, that aw shall; bo awl tell yo O abeawt it. Thirs nobody fonder ov a bit ov a spree then Charley-o-Rauves, and thir wur him an a rock moor swoor thid ha th' weddin drink in that mornin, shuz whot come on't. Charley an Joe Martin, an aw connah tell yo' heaw monny moor, an a lot o women, quite early ith morning, went o trying 't persuade hur t' bi wed, but ittur o no use, O at thi cou'd say. Hood noather be martin't nor robbin't into weddin me, hoo said, so abeawt 7 o'clock, just as hoo wur ready to gwoa to hur wark at factry, whoa should come up th' lone bo' Tom Belfield, playin his fiddle, an Charley-o Rauves an Billy-o-Rauves, Tom othGrinders an Owd Lurry wi him, laighin, dancin, an playin O maks o antiks, whol O th' neeburs wur eawt watchin th' spoart. As soon as thi geet opposit Alice's dur, thi gatud o dancin like gud uns, an Tom fiddle 't away tuth tune ov "haste to the weddin". Bob-o-Bessy's ud bin o borrow'n't Prayer-bewk fro Jack-ov-Owd Ann's, an thi towd hur iv hoo wouldna gwoa 't church hoo munt bi wed theer, an iv hoo wouldna bi wed theer thid fiddle an dance for hur O th' road to th' factry. An then Alice says to hur mother, "mother, whot wou'd yo do? Wou'd yo bi wed iv yo were me?" "Wed! ay marry! that wou'd I," said th' mother; "Why wench, awd o gone thru foyar an waytur sooner then o misst havin thi feythur. Awd o swum cross Hollinoth iv aw cou'd gett'n at him no road else."

At last fiddle, an wot th' mother said, won th' day for good an O; an aw wur sent for fro mi wark, an Alice geet ready as awve towd yo, whol th' fiddler an th' dancers went back to Owd Abrum's at Slip, to see after weddin ale. Thir wur some seet o folks watchin as wi went tuth church, an Alice howdud hur yed deawn till wi geet tuth dur, an aw thought awd never seen awt prattier nor hoo wur that very minnit. Monny o one said at church door wurnot wide enoof to let hur an me in bwoath at wonst, an at it ud be no weddin aftur O; but heawever, yoan yer. In went, an as soon as wi geet in Billy-o-Rauves says.

"Theart O reet neaw, owd mon, passon ull may hur 't bi wed, neaw at theaw has hur ith church", an wi that aw linkt hur arm faster e mine nor ever, fear lest hood gie mi 't

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slip; an wi walkt reet up th' church, till we coom to wheer th' passon wur waitin on us wi a book e his hond, an aw nodded at him an made him m? best manners, whol aw kept smilin an cou'd hardly howd fro laighin, awre se plezt.

Thir wur some stock o folk theer, at ud com'n o purpose 't see Alice an me wed, every one on um lewkin as plezt as aw wur mysel, an then passon begun o readin summut eawt ov a book at e had, but aw connah say at aw cou'd mak eawt gradely whot it wur O abeawt, for yo seen he axt mi whether aw knowd ov onny impediment, why wi shouldna be lawfully joined together. Well, yo seen, awm a mon at olez likes spekin truth, so aw says,

"Yigh, awve a impediment e mi speech", aw says,---becose, yo known, aw stut o bit,---an aw wur beawn" 't o towd him at aw hope 't he woudna stop th' weddin for that, when he lewkt at mi quite sayrious as iv awd bin doing summat wrung, bo' then a honest mon should tell truth, shouldn't he, folk? An then he axt mi iv awd hav that woman for mi wife, so aw nodded mi yed for aw thowt a woudna offend him wi speykin ogen, an aw whispert to Billy, at wur th' mon, to tell him at awd hav hur ib hoo hadna a rag to her back, "an tell him Billy", aw says, "at hoos co'd Alice, for he co's hur a woman, thea yers, an awst happen bi wed to some other woman instid o Alice, iv e dunnot lewk eawt".

"Theart O reet", says Billy, "Thea mun say, I will", an so aw did, reet hearty an eawt leawd, an then the paason axt Alice iv hood ha' me, an hoo said, yigh, hoo wou'd, an by mon iv mi heart didna jump fair in 't mi throat when aw yerd that. Well, then wi had to tak howd ov honds, an as luck leet, aw get howd ov Alice left hond instid of hur reet. An aw went reawnd to t' tuther side ov hur, an that wur reet wrang ogen, by gum, wur it, an aw wur as nee unweddin mysel ogen, ofore a wur gradely wed, as ever mon wur ith wuld.

"Eh, theaw greyt churn yed", hoo whispurt, as fast as he weds thi, theart unweddin thiysel, mon. Just for O th' wuld", hoo says, "like unmakkin th' porritch wi sturring um wrang road abeawt, thea keeps unweddin thisel by doing things wrang road abeawt."

Well, theer wi stood, howd o tone tuthers reet honds, an paason begun o reedin, an he twod mi at aw munt say same as he said, but shuzheaw aw tried, aw coud'na lap my tung reawnd 't words same as him, an aw geet fair stuck fast ith middle on 't; so aw

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turned mi to Bills-o-Rauves, an says, "Billy, theart a better skollur then me. Thee say it for mi, wiltah, an awl abide bi th' bargain?"

"Thea mun do thi own wark", Billy says, an then I yerd th' paason say summut abeawt takkin Alice for better an wurr.

"Hoo connah bi wur to catch nor hoo has bin", aw says, "but awl chance it, for a better wench never breyth 't".

"Well, aw wur towd then to gie Alice th' ring, an aw did do, thinkin, yo known, at hood put it ov hur finger hursel, an so mey end oth job. Istid o that, sumbody laid ring on th' book, an in a bit paason gav it mi back, an aw tuk it an lewkt at it reet hard, wonderin iv thir wur aught wrang tut.

"Whot mun e do weet?" aw says, for yo sin its so lung sin awre wed ofore, at awre fast wi mi job, an as aw said at furst, a mon at duznah keep gettin wed connah be expected to remember oytcht thing at belongs tut. Heawever, as soon as aw knowd at aw wur to put that ring onto Alice finger, a wapt it on in a crack, an aw thrutcht it deawn hard an fast to mey shure at aw had hur gradely wed, an by mon, th' job wur done. An when wid kneelt us deawn a bit an gett'n th' paason's blessin, at aw hope ull stick to us to er deein day, Billy-o-Rauves, at wur th' mon at weddin, wur to sharp for mi bi have. Drat little felly, iv he didna get furst cuss off Alice ith church, theer an then that very minnit.

Well, eawt wi coom, an sich a sheawt as thi gav us whn wi geet eawtaid yo never yerd sin yo' born.

"Pay hur off neaw for what hoos done at thi, Abrum", said a rook o awvish folk.

"Aw cou'dna find e mi heart to hurt her nauw, not her little finger", aw says. "Sheawt", aw says, "an come an sup oth weddin ale, an drink success to Abrum-o-Flups an Alice for awm as fast wed as ever tit wur cheynt ith shafts".

"Neaw, Abrum", Alice says, "awmost as soon as wid gett'n eawt oth church, Awve o bargain to mey wi thi. Theas made one wi me, an fair's fair. Furst childer at wi han", hoo says, "mun be kersunt e this fashion, yer thi. Furst mun bi co'd Mary Alice, thea knows; well, next mun bi Abrum James; next mun bi Betty Hannah; next aftur mun bi John Tommus; an next after that mun bi co'd---".

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“Co’d whot”, aw says, “Alice. Whotever artah thinkin abeawt, wench? Wee’st never be able to keep th’ have o thoos”.

“Keep um” Yigh! Iv thi gett’n two names apieces, they’ll be able to keep thirsels, thea greyt [mouffln]. Mary Alice-o-Abrum-o-Alice-o-Flups ull have a seawnd wee ‘t, mon”.

“Theas moor wit nor onny woman ith wuld, Alice”, aw says. “It’s a bargain, mo wench”.

Deawn back wi coom to owd Abrum Kershaw’s. Joe Martin ud set bells o ringin minnit wi geet eawt oth church. Fiddle wur goin at Abrum’s, an clogs gatud o clatterin, an owd folk ov eighty an yung uns e teens wur dancin an jokin e honor o Abrum-o-Flup’s weddin.

Mi tale’s done neaw, obut aw mun tell yo this, at aw bin wed neaw welly a month, an er Alice an me are as comfortable as two con be. Hoos ‘t best wife e Hinglond. “Best o cowts hardest to catch”, Charley-o-Rauves says. “A fiddle’s next sweetest thing to a woman’s tung”, he says, an aw believe him, for iv it hadna bin for Tom Belfield fiddle, a munt nare o wed Alice.

