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**Buttercup, Sammy (pseud.) (?-?)**

***Lancashire Sketches: Poor Widow Smith* (1893)**

When Grabem an t' broker entered Mrs Smith's reawm, t' broker sed, "Sorry to intrude, ladies: dunno be flayed; but bizness, yo known, mun be attended to."

"Well, ma'am, I hope you are prepared," sed Grabem.

"Not ye," sed Mrs Smith, in a calm voice.

"Then I distrain, ma'am, that's all! ?," he sed, turnin to th' broker, "just tak an inventory"

Grabe pood a book eawt ov his coat-tayle pocket, oppend it, dippt his pen in a little bottle ut hung to one ov his button-hoyles, and then lookt reawnd th' reawm in a sneerin soart ov a way.

Then he began--"One table--four cheears"

*The Salamanca Corpus: Poor Widow Smith (1893)*

This wur a awful moment fur Kate an her mother: never afoar had they witnessed th' imposing ceremony ov [ma]kin a inventory ov a poor widow's goods. Th' tears fell fast fro booath their een, till gettin gradely excited, Kate left th' place wheer hoo wur stonidin, an castin hersel at th' feet o' th londlord, sed:

"Fort' luv o' heaven, spare us a bit l[u]nger, an dunno break mi poor mother's heart."

"Aye, I thought pride would have a fall," sed Mr Grabem, as hoo stood th' sentry at th' dur, thinkin th' widder an her dowter mut happen be tryin to skift their goods eawt bi force, while at the same toime hoo'd getting th' idea in her yead ut th' faded silks an a toothri moor odd things belunging th' widder an her dowter ud neaw be hers.

"Get up, Kate", sed th' widder: "sich hearts as thoose isno moved wi tears."

Kate did as hoo wur towed, while Grabem, in a growlin voice, sed, "Goo on, Grabbs"

"One fender," sed th' broker.

"Wants one claw", sed Grabem.

"One lookin-glass--one poaker--one shure!--one ballis, beawt noo[ane]," the broker went on, in a bizness sooart ov a way.

"Don't forget, Mr Grabbs, to put deawn those three small shells upon the mantelpiece!" sed Mr Grabem.

"No, mum," sed Grabbs, an after he'd bookt um he co'd eawt, "Three smo Indian shells, nicely polisht."

This wur applied to three common shells, which Kate ud seen clapt uppoth shelf, and they mut happen bin wo'th abeawt tuppence, but Mrs Grabbem intended havin um.

"One pitcher--one basin--one tumbler--one candlestick--three wine-glasses, two on um brokken--one cut glass," continued th' broker, as he kept bookin um deawn.

"Grabem, just see how many tea-spoons they have," sed Mrs Grabem; "they ought to have four and a broken one."

"All right," sed Grabem, as he begun o' huntin i'th cupbord.

"Silver, dear?" hoo axt.

"No!" growled Grabe,

"When they came here I know they were silver", hoo sed. "I know every article my lodgers have, from a pin upwards".

*The Salamanca Corpus: Poor Widow Smith (1893)*

“One mahogany French polished walnut lady’s writin-desk,” sed th’ broker, as he entered a common work-box in his book.

“That shall be mine,” sed the londady, an Kate lookt at her throo her streamin eyes.

“Six plates--one tureen--one little mug--one ditto--ditto--ditto--ahem, three ditto--ahem, crockery ditto!”

Here Grabbs wur runnin at railrode speed, when he wur towd bi th’ londlady ut Mrs Smith had some jewellery.”

“Excuse me, ma’am, but, if I mistake not, you have a handsome locket round your neck.”

Th’ color rose on Mrs Smith’s brow, an, takkin th’ locket fro her breast, sed: “It’s nobbut a loikeness o’ mi poor deead husband; yo surely wouldno tak it fro mi; it’s th’ only remembrance aw have on him.”

“Solid gowd!” sed the broker; “wo’th everythin else i’th reawm,” an [med] a note on it i’th book.

As Mrs Smith took it fro her neck hoo lookt at th’ hondsome face ut wur in it, an wi a deep sigh hoo laid it gently uppoth table.

While these things wur goin on i’th widder’s reawm, a gentle known wur yerd at th’ street dur.

“Mary,” sed Mrs Grabem, in a whisper to the servant, “if that is anyone for the Smiths, say they’re not at home.”

“Yes, mum”, sed th’ dirty-faced slave what they co’d a sarvant, an hoo went deawn to oppen th’ dur.

“Does Mrs Smith live here?” th’ stranger axt.

“Yes, sir,” sed th’ lass, “they live here, but they’re not at home”.

“That’s all the same,” sed th’ stranger: “which is their berth?”

“Their what, sir?”

“Their room, young mutty-face?”

“The back room on the second floor, sir; but you can’t go up.”

“Who told you that lie?” sed th’ stranger, as he shoved her o’ one soide an bowted upstays.

*The Salamanca Corpus: Poor Widow Smith (1893)*

He wur soon in his mother's arms an then his sister's, and their tears begun to flow agean wi joy. When things ud gotten sattled a bit, Bill wanted to know what those ugly "swabs" wanted theer as he lookt at th' broker, th' landlord an his woife.

"Yo mun excuse me, sur," stuttered th' broker, "but aw'm here profeshunally."

"Is that a fact, mother?" Bill axt, "for there's a suspicious look about the fellow's phiz." (Bill ud changed his Lankeshir dialect while he'd bin away for that ov a sailor's.)

"It is, Bill," sed his mother.

"Concerning a trifle of rent," sed Grabem.

"I am sure, sir," sed Mrs Grabem, "we should be very sorry to do anything unhandsome: but you know, sir, we want--"

"Your rent, I suppose?" sed Bill.

"If you please, sir" sed Grabem.

"How much is it, mother?"

"Nobbut twenty shillin," sed his mother.

"An five shillin' expenses," sed th' broker.

Bill clapt th' brass uppoth table, an sed, "Now, if you're not off like a shot, by the boatswain's ugly nose, I'll make you swallow it."

Grabem and th' broker poikt th' brass up between um, while Mrs Grabem "hoped the ladies would not leave their lodgings, for she always sed they wur such nice, quiet people."

"Off! off!" sheawted Bill, in a voice ut mut o' bin yerd at th' mastyeard of a seventy-four. "Clear th' decks, or I'll--"

They didno wait to yer him finish, but sc[u]tted deawnstays.

When o ud gotten quiet, an' th' widder ud cusst th' sunbrunt cheeks ov her darlin son, they begun to tawk abeawt family affairs.

"Dear mother," sed Bill, "what on earth made you come into such a horrible hole as this?"

"Becose it wur cheap," hoo sed.

"Shan't stop here any longer," sed Bill; "so put on your bonnets and come with me. I wish you to see a friend of mine."

*The Salamanca Corpus: Poor Widow Smith (1893)*

They soon geet their clooas on, an Bill geet a cab, an it wernt lung afooar they stopt at th' door ov a gradely nice heawse.

“An who lives here, Bill?” his mother axt, when they'd getten eawt o' th cab.

“I live here,” sed Bill.

His mother's and sister's een kindled with plezzer, an after th' dur wur oppend bi th' sarvant, Bill showed um into a grond reawm, wheer a lady wur waitin to meet um.

“Mrs Smith,” sed Bill, “allow me to introduce you to my beloved mother an sister.” Kate and her mother wur gradely astonisht, an at last Kate sed “Why, Bill, you mun be wed.”

“You have guessed it,” sed Bill.

“An why didno yo tell us afooar?” sed Kate, as hoo went an cusst her sister-in-law.

Th' widder happiness wur neaw complete. One part o'th heowse wur sattled to Kate an her mother, an Bill's woife proved to be a good an kind frend to um.

Bill's woife wur a Indian lady, an had a greyt fortin, so he'd no need too goo to th' say ony moor; so he stopt awhoam; an they o lived happy together.

In less nor a year after Bill's return, his sister Kate geet wed to a chap wo'th a deal o' brass, and Kate an her mother often thowt abeawt that day when Grabem fotcht th' broker to tak an inventory o' their bits o' traps.