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***Plebeian Politics* (1798)**

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PREFACE

To the

Tenants of the Style in General;

and to the

Swine of Lancashire in particular.

Dear Porkies,

The following Dialogue betwixt two of your fraternity, upon the subject of the late Peace, and containing also some severe animadversions upon the shameful

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inconsistency and versatility of character, which attaches to the patrons and supporters of the late ruinous War, interested my curiosity so forcibly, that I could not avoid taking the first opportunity of laying it before you; and at the same time, beg leave to congratulate you on the good fortune you have lately experienced, in grunting your approbation of the Measures of Government, on the return of Peace.

I have thought proper to give you this in the Lancashire Idiom, exactly in the manner in which I heard it expressed by Whistle-pig and Tum Grunt: and however either the language or the characters here introduced may have been despised by the Aristocratic and Literary Pride of a

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Burke, I do assure you, that the opening of this address is done more out of derision to that Pensioned Apostate, than any contempt for your understanding; for I am perfectly convinced, not only that the provincial dialect of Lancashire contains a rich vein of forcible expression, the venerable and valuable reliques of the ancient Anglo-Saxon and Galic languages, but that the county of Lancaster, as well as every other county in England, may yet contain.

"Some village Hampden who with dauntless breast,
Can bay the little tyrant of his cot;
Tho' when he sees his country's wrongs redress'd.
Can rest contented with his humble lot."

For the better understanding some of the words and phrases contained in this work, and for the more entertaining my friends, in some remote parts from the county of Lancaster, I have added a small Glossary by way of explanation. If any thing has escaped my notice, which would have made it more pleasing to the public, I hope their candor, and good nature, will excuse any imperfection or inadvertency that may have come from the pen of a country rustic.

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Plebeian Politics, &c.

T.B. I Went ewt t'other mornink, an whooa do'n yoah think I shud see boh Tum Grunt, just kom'n eawt o'th' loom-heawse, a hark'nink for th' heawnds, for yoah mun know ot th' seeat booart is to' whot for a weaver's a—e, iv it wur at Kersmus, iv th' heawnds kom'n any wheear nee; an in neaw I seed owd Whistle-Pig, kommink weh a shoo ov his shilder, gooink a gutterink for owd Sonny o'Sims; I krope o'th' back ov a bush, ot tey kud'n no see meh.

Owd Whistle-Pig sed, "Good-morro, Tum, heaw dost doo neaw this Peeos is made? dost get porritch enoo?"

TUM. Theaw grete stopper meawtht Gobslotch, whot has teaw fund eawt; bekose ot teaw gets kept at other fokes tables, theaw thinks or teaw's a reet fort' mey gam ov any body; boh iv t' must a had theh mete a whom, theaw'd happen a livt no better thin wee'n don at eawr heawse.

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WH. Neaw Tum I'd na' ha' theht' be so kross, for I thout te no hurt; boh I kon tell theh won think, ween fund awtrekashon at other foke's heawses, this last two year; for wheear I wur ust hav a pint o'drink booath eends o'th, day, it would hardly be a jill, an e som pleks noan at O, an when ot e koomt' ha' meh mete awhom ov a Sunday, I'd az little okashon for meh teeth oz tee or any mon els.

TUM. Wha, I kon beleeve theh, Whistle Pig, boh, won think I kon sey, an sey true, ot wee'n had monny a thin day at eawr heawse, for wee'n bin beh deys t'gether, an had nout for t' live on boh a little howd-te-beh-th' woes, mede ov a bit o'mele, an saut an wetur, like gruel; poor foke han had a pewer o shifts, for t' get howd ov a bit o summot when they'rn welly klemt to th' deeoht. Won ov eawr nebors ot had a heawse full o' little childer, set som weter o'er th' foyar, won mornink, for t' mey som thick porritch on,

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an sent a lad for a quartern o' mele, an when th' shop keeper fund ot hee'd no munny, hee must ha' none; so when th' lad coom whoam, theh'rn fooarst ta' th' wetur off th' foyar, an four little childer, under six year owd, kry'dn oz iv the'r harts wud'n ha baws'n. WH. Both I'll tell theh whot Tum, owd Dik o' Jonny o' Noggs, e Saddleworth, had a better shift thin o' tha'n, for som time abeawt latter eend o' th' last February, after him an th' wife an four lads had'n liv't a whole dey o'nout boh

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abeawt a quart o' nettle porrich an a bit ov a krust o' breawn George: he geet up th' mornink after, an led to th' wife, "I'll tell theh whot, Nan, I'm very wammo this mornink, an I conna stond for t' weave meh bit o' th' peese eawt beawt summot t' eat, an wee'n nonute th' heawse; boh I've a kratchin kom'n int' meh yed, ot iv it awsners, we kon toar on till I woven me wough an peese eawt:" "Eigh!" says Nan, "An whot is it?" "Wha," says he, "ween send eawr Ned to Jones' o' Robin's o' Sim's o' Will's, for a quartern o' mele; an tell 'im eawer kase; an t'other three lads shan gooa with 'im, an stond abeawt hawv a quarter ov a mile, one behind another (for theaw knows, ot th' shop is abeawt hawv a mile off) an iv eawer Ned speeds, hee'st set up a sheawt to eawer Will, an Tum an Dick shan sheawt to one another, an theaw'st stond at th' Fout-yate, an theaw mey ha' th' porritch on in a krak."

TUM. Bith' wuns Whistle-pig, ov o' th' scheeams ot won has hyerd on (an won has hyerd o monny a won) this sheads O! won has hyerd ov a kontrivance ot tey had'n e France, fort' carry nuse a grete wey in a little time, or tey kod'n a Telegraft:...Mass! Whistle-pig, this shall be kode th' Saddleworth sheawtink Telegraft!

WH. God a massey Tum! theaw's kersunt it efeath; boh, as I're tellink theh, they sent'n th' lads off, an they stood'n oz they'rn ordert; so Ned went into th' shop, and sed, "I'm kom'n

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fort see iv yoah'n le' meh have a quartern o' mele for wee'n had nout t' eat sun yestur mornink, boh abeawt a quart o' nettle porrich an a breawn George krust; an wee'n nout eth' heawse."... "Hark the' meh, Ned," says th' shopkeeper, "Wheear did teaw leet o' theh nettles ot t'is time o' th' year, for there's none heearabeawt?" "Wha," says Ned, "I went deawn into th' Weturheawses, an leet o' som ot back o' Jim Tealier's, ot th' war-offis, in a warm plek ot side o' Joe o' th' Ho Meddow: an oz I're gooink for' tell yoah, meh fether has nout boh a wough an a peese fort' weave, an hee'l goah deawn to Mossley; an tak it with im, an ther' will de oathur munny or papper, an hee'l pey yoah oathur kneet or i'th' mornink, an a kreawn toart th' owd ot we ow'n yoah." "Good lad," sed th' shopkeeper, "theaw tells a good tele enough, iv'l do oz t' seys, theawst ha' t"—So Ned, cawt o' th' shop oz fast oz hee kud, an seet up a sheawt to Will; an Will to Tum; an Tum to Dick; an Dick to Owd Nan, at Fout-yate; an beh this shift hoo geet th' porrich on oz soon oz Ned had getten th' mele int' his poke; for owd Dick o' Jonny o' Noggs sweer, ot no time shud be lost, for hee kud goah to no wark 'till hee'd sommot t'eat; beh this kontrivance theh geet'n reawnd th' porritch dish beh won kud sey trapstick, after Ned koom into th' heawse wi' th' mele.

TUM. Egad! Whistle-pig, a gud kontrivanse ov a poor kontrivance; boh monny a skore han bin Klemt to th' deeoath:--mooar's

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th' pity!—Tho' I reesun fort' believe ot tey'rn better off thin a meeny ot wurn last whik:--Boh they'rn as shure kilt olung o'th' war oz iv they'dn bin kilt i'th' war; for they'rn kilt beh fammin—an some foke think'n ot th' war wur th' kaws on't.

WH. Think'n! boh the' mey be shure, or elze ther' wud no ho bin this awtrekashon i'th' prise o' provishions beh neaw:--Boh I'll tell the' whot, I bin ta'en to th' dur monny a toime, when I hyerd some grete letherhyeds, abeawt three or for yeer sin, ot kud'n hardly get the'r guts full o' mete, vindikatink this war; an iv won had sed out agen it, they'rn ready fort' hit won a slap i'th' sese.

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TUM. Wha, ther' is som foke ot won wud think th'er hoyd wud never smart, chuz heaw th'r'n flogt; or elze that foo ov a Dutch-loom-weaver, i'th' Owdum-street, wud ne'er ha gotten up beh four o'clock in a mornink, th' last summer, an wortcht till stone dark at neet, fort keep a wife an a parcel o' childer, an oytech neaw keep then be yeawlink eawt, an singing, "Britons never shall be Slaves!"

WH. Wha, a grete meeny soos ne'er think'n for the'r sel boh let'n other foke think for 'em; for iv Billy Pit an his krew had'n sed ot foar an five wur'n ten, they'n ha sed so too; Boh it wud set forty foke o feightink fort kno, whot tey began'n this War abeawt.

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TUM. Wha, they'n had skuses enoo at won time or another within this last nine year, an that I'll let te kno' afore e' dun:--Boh it wud welly make a mon t'stand o th' rang eend, fort' see whot shifts Billy Pit an his gang had'n fort' get into this kust war ot ween had; boh iv anny body'll reed th' tenth number o' th' History o' this War, printut by Sowler and Russel (an he may borro it o' Jim Street, ith' Shugar-lone); or Erskine's pamflet, titl't, th' Kaws an th' Konsequece o'th' present War weh France," he may see, iv he will see, whoa wur i'th' fort; for Shauvlin sed enough to Grenville, heaw ot the French Nashon wish'nt fort' be a free Nashon, they little thought'n ot we shoud'n set agen'em gettink the'r freedum; Shauvlin sed mooro'er to Grenville ot it wur th' wish o'th' French Nashon, ot eawer King shud use th' best meons ot hee kud, we these peawers at war, fort' bring abeawt a Peeos, an stop any more blud beink shed; an mooro'er sed, they'dn so mitch konfidence i eawer King, ot they'dn leeov it to him fort' settle it heaw it must be, or summot to that sense;--Grenville then made answer, and sed, "his Brittannik Majesty kud not interfere, witheawt o' th' Peawers at War ax'nt him."

WH. Neaw, beh meh Troth Tum, I never hyerd such a senseless, ill kontriv't awnser, e meh live; for theaw knoes, ot iv they must'n o on'em ax him fort' interfere, they must'n sartinly be o on'em toyart; an iv so, they mit'n oz weel a gan

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o'er o the'r sel beawt sumbody kummink perswadink 'em; it's just like oz iv thee and me, an another or two, mit'n beh feightink pell-mell, o ov a rook till weer'n o on us toyart, and seed'n a mon stondink a bit off, an ot wee must'n ko eawt to him, an sey, "Run the wey to th' warkheawse, az fast: oz't kon, an fotch George o' Sidebotham, ot he may kom and mak us give o'er feightink' for we konna give o'er ov our sels, tho' we'er o on us toyart, witheawt he'll kome and perswade us."

TUM. Wha, Whistle-pig, theaw's made a pretty good remark; boh, heawev'r, the' mede'n shift fort' get into th' War; an th' furst skuse ot tey mede'n wur, ot tey'dn set a King uppo th' throne o' France; boh the'n fone feawly short o' that:—The'dn had two Kings at a time, e'er sin I're born, an lung afore; boh neaw the'n none; for theaw knoes ot eawr King kode his sel th' King o' France; boh neaw, hee's ta'en th' sturdy, and has thrut in beink th' King of France: So its like ot tey mun oather ha' two Kings, or none ot O.

WH. Wha, witheawt ot tey kon keep 'em for less e France, thin the dun e' sum pleks, the'dn better be beawt oather two or won.

TUM. When the' kud'n na set on a King then the' sed'n it wur for' droyve Jakkobin prinsiples ewt o' th' kuntry; boh estead o' dooink that, the'n driven 'em fur in; for wheear ther' wur won then, theear's ten neaw. Burk sed, ther'?

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wur eighty theawzunt Jakkobins, ot chuz who[t] labber wur mede on 'em nobody kud mend em; boh I think ot Billy Pit an his gang han mede eight hundert theawsunt, sin that time; and tho' the' 're a grete deool on 'em ballybreant Jakkobins, mooast on 'em win ne'er go back ogen; then bitten so mitch o' th' sewer side o' th' appo.

WH. Boh whot dust' think Burk wud sey neaw, iv hee're whik? For o this loyal tribe ar' oather Jakkobins or hippokrites.

TUM. Wha, It's fifteen hundert to won, boh hee'd ha kode it a glorious Peeoss; an ha' leet up his Kandles as weel oz anny on 'em; iv it shuted th' bigger part o' th' ferm.

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WH. Boh, Tum, will teaw tell meh won think; I kon remember e owd King George time ot Jakkobites wur'n bekode, like oz Jakkobins ar' neaw; kon theaw tell meh whot differenfe ther' is between a Jakkobite an a Jakkobin?

TUM. Wha, a Jakkobite is won, ot's O for bakkink a tyrant an arbitrary peawer; an a Jakkobin's quite t'other wey on; hee's O for keepink 'im deawn, an wud hav' 'im t' rule wi' moderashun. E owd King George time ot teaw tells on th' Jakkobites an th' Kooart party wur'n bekoink won anothur oz ill os theeves; but sume foke think'n ot neaw o' deys the'n mede it up, like Hyerod and Ponshus Pilot, for the' seem'm fort' be frends.

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WH. I tell theh whot Tum, huz Jakkobins han bin bekode weh thees Warhawk's, monyoah time; boah let' em blush an put the'r hyeod in a poke, at whot t'at little stey-makker did e Stopport; for o'th' 17th ov August, e 99, when th' grete flood wur, ther' wur sum foak in a kotton factory, e Stopport, ot wur'n gooink for t' be dreawnt ith' billdink, an this mon, ot wur kode hout boah a Jakkobin, ordthurt a raft o' planks, an fast th' life o' monyoah poar kreture, at th' risk ov his own; an a rook a foos ot wurn brout up e nout boah ignoranse, stood'n by, an sed'n, "it wur a theawsunt pittys ot sitch a mon wur a Jakkobin."

TUM. Theaw mey see beh this, whot prejudis koms fro an ignorant bringink up.

WH. Mas! Tum, I think e meh konshonse, ot t'is Heaven-born Tinker, ot has bin nine year e mendink eawr Nashonal kettle, has laft it wur thin hee fund it; for hee 's mede pitifoo wark on't, oz far oz hee has gon.

TUM. Whah, boah the' sen ot t'is Tinkor lost his hyeorink, i' th' beginink o' th' yeor ninety-three, on went stark stone deeof; an very likely ther' mit be summot in't; for Charley Foks bawlt eawt, booath lung enough, an leawd enough, for 'im t' hyeor, iv 'e kud a hyeard; heaw ot iv he went on oz e did, he'd sothur up th' speawt o' this Nashonal kettle, ot shud peawer out peoss,

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an plenty, among us: Boah he took no notis whot Charley sed, an that wur th' eend on't, for weed'n nout boah war an poverty o th' lattur eend o' th' time ot he'd out do weet.

WH. Ods zeawns. Tum! boah iv it wur naw th' will deeof ot he'r trublt weh, iv they'd'n sent for wone o' Jones's bottles, sowd at Tummy Kowdry's, at No. 45, i' th' Owdom-street, Monchefter, it wud hah kewort 'im, iv he had naw bin blint, an deeof, an dum, an th' Devil in 'im; for they sen it has dun wunthors.

TUM. Whah, its thout be th' wyzor eend o' foak, ot he has bin trub'lt weh three, eawt o' four, o' thees disorthors, ot theaw tel's on; an it's a pitty ot he'd ony mooar use ov his tung, thin he had ov his eeors, for he's dun nout boah mischeef weet this eight or nine yeor o' my knolege.

WH. Whah it's twenty to won, when o's konsithort, ot it wur th' will deeof ot he mede use on for t' deseve us by; for theaw's hyeard 'em sey, "ot teeors none so deeof oz toos ot winnow hyeor."

TUM. Whah, won think's like anothur, weh this quevokatink Tinkor; boah he's bin put to his shifts monyoah time sin th' war begun: For I remember, ot when thoos State Prizners wur'n try'd for Hee Treeos'n, he wur kode up for t' witnes summot ot he'd sed sum time before, ot

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meh thout wud be i th' favor o' thoos priznors; boah he'r resolvt to forget, an towd 'em ot he "kud naw remembor nout abeawt it," tho' ther' wur foak by ot same time ot knew he'r lyink, so it wur proovt at tat time, ot he kud remembor to forget, an forget to remembor:--E plene spekink, he kud othur be deeof, or oz good oz dum, when he shud doo ony good.

WH. Whah, I went o' threshink tother dey, to owd Sonny o' Sims, an he sed, "he'd fund it i' th' news," for he awhos took it in o' th' war, "ot when this war-lovink Tinker op'nt his Butchet, o'th 21 o' December, 1796, ther' wur ordthurt, for keeping a pasel o' French runagates, ot wurn'n komn to this kuntry, ot te kode'n

Tlergy and Laety-----£540,000

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And o' th' 21 o' Novembor afthur,
ther' wur ordthurt for th' same
pios purpos,-----£168,000

An he sed, "when this Tinkor unbuk'lt
his Butchet, e 1799, ther'
wur ordthurt tor keepink sum
American runagates, kode Loyalists,-----£7,574

An for keepink sum French Pas'ns,
and othur runagates,-----£242,799

An fum ekspenees abeawt an "Alean
Bill," oz te kode'n it, boah the'
mit'n a oz weell a kode it a needless
Bill-----£6,30

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An sum sort ov "Adressus," ot te
sed'n wur naw mede gud e Pale-
ment, boah I kno'd nout abeawt
'em-----£26,233

O t'gethur wur, 990,915

TUM. Ods zweawns, Whistle-pig! boah iv I'd bin i'th' post ot sum ov eawar foak wur'n in at Lunnon, I'd ne'er ov abuste meh fello kretures a whoam, for t'keep a pasel ov idle strowlers fro bout sum on 'em a f[l]ele, and uthurs a shue, an sum on'em a loom, an I'd hah mede 'em t'hah bout sum on'em a loom, an I'd hah mede 'em t'hah worcht for the'r livink, or the' shud'n hah tlemt; and thoos ot wud'n not a worcht, I'd a sent 'em for sojourns. Ods flesh, mon! I've hardly any pashonse, when e think att; ot I must be peepink thro a bit a tallo, an a pair o' spektekles, till eleven or twelve o'tlok, ov a kowd

Winthurs neet, weh hardly out e meh guts, for t'help t'keep sitch a gang o'ragomowfins oz thoos:--i wunthurt whot ta plegue koom ov o th' munny ot wur gethurt, for ther's hardly out ot won other etes or weres, boah its takst; boah I need naw wunthur, neaw theaw's towd meh, whot konshumod wark this Tinkor's Butchet has mede.

WH. Whah, I wunthurt oz weel os tee, when owd Sonny o' Sims towd meh O abeawt it:---Boah, he sed. I shud wunthur sarr, "iv I'd reed th' Kooart Kalendar," for he sed, "ther' wur won an twenty theawsant a year went to Lords an

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Grooms o'th' Kin's Bed-chambor, an too hunthurt a yeor to a womon or te kone a Nessasary Womon;" whot theh dun for the'r munney, th' Lord ov Oksfort knoes, for I dunnaw.

TUM. Eigh, boh theaw's naw hyerd O yet. Another shuse o' this Heav'n-born Tinkor's krew, wur ot th' war wur fort' presarve Religion and Soshul Ordur; boh I think e meh konshense, ot tere's less o booath thin ther' wur when the' start'nt; for heaw shud it miss, when the'n drum't an eksorsis't foke O th' Sundy, o'er heaw fort' kill the'r fello-kreturs; ods flesh, mon! th' Kristian Religion teachers no sitch wark. I wur goeing by a Parish Church, not a hundert mile eawt o' Cheshur, won Sundy, abeawt two o'klock, an I met two Pa's'ns weh grete geawns on, whewhink i'th' wind, an as black oz iv ther'n just kom'n fro' sweepink owd Noll's kitchen chimney; an derekty after em I met three foos, pelink uppo three war-tubs; an two fifers, weh a pasil o' Sosiashon men, oz tey kone 'em; an a Justis o' Peeos wankink ot side on'em; an thees two sable saints, ot wud'n be thout fort' bee th' sarvants o'th' Prinse o' peeos, wur'n leedink thees sarvants o'th' Prince o' War, up to th' Church dur, to the'r devoshon; an a grete gazing rabblement wur'n lookink on, an despisink religeon e sitch a shape oz tat, an derekty went'n a brid-neezyink, an pleyink at hop-skip-an-lip.---An this wur Religeon.

WH. I'll tell the' whot, Tum, I think ot tis

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fammin, ot wee'n had, has bin a very poor prop to religion; for I hyerd ot a fello i'th' Woodheawses went eawt won Sunday, i' th' forenoon, and kode at a heawse, an fund th' wife thrung moppink th' flooar: Hoo sed, "tey'dn woven till welly midneet, o'th' o'er neet, fort get eawt som wark, an hoo wur like't' doo oz hoo kud." Hee went to another heawse, and fund a fello twinink in his peese, for he sed, hee knew whot he had fort' doo th' nekst week, an he must hav it reddy fort' start on th' Munday mornink." He went to th' nekst heawse, an fund a wummon bakeink a batch o' oat-kakes; hoo sed, "the'd'n getten eawt som wark o'th' Setterdey, an they'dn welly klemmt O dey, an as tey kud'n na boyh th' mele till th' Setterdey-neet, hoo're like t' bake it o' th' sundy." He kode ot another heawse, an fund a wummon mendink hur steys; hoo sed, hoo're foorst t' doo a that'n, for hoo'd no time o'th' warty;" hoo sed fur, "ot t'is war fammin had mede 'em ot tey'd'n noather time, nor klooaas, fort' gooa t' noather church nor chappel in, oz tey'rn ust fort' doo!" So mitch for th' proppink religeon.

TUM. Neaw Whistlepig, I understand, ot eawr kooart saints, han ordthurt a Thanksgivink dey, an wee mun o on us gooa to th' church, an gooa deawn av 'ur knees, an thank God ot weed'n so mitch sense oz fort' give o'er feightink. Boah I'll tell theh whot tis [?] is like, it's just like oz iv a mon ot wud naw be perswaded, boah wed leep in t' a pit, an when hee'r in, hee

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flaskart abeawt an geet eawt aghen oz weel oz hee kud, an then went deawn ov his knees an thank God ot hee wur naw dreaunt. Boah I tell they whot Whistlepig, I're lookink i'th' newspaper tother day, an I fund a Protlamashon for this Thanksgivink dey, an I find, ot tey'n awthurt the'r tone meetyly fro a Protlamashon for a Fast, for then they kod'n it "just an necessary." Boah neaw they kone it a "Bluddy, ekstendot, an ekspensive war." Had'n they kode it *unjust an unnecessary*, theyd'n a mede it parfektly komplete. I bin lookink for this Thanksgivink Dey a good while, boah I thout they'dn

forget'n it; I'd a noshon t' think ot te shud'n be O ov a pees, for they'n had neaw an then a Fast Dey.

WH. Neaw an then! Whot dust tawk on mon, they'n had Fast afthur Fast, for nine year t'gethur; boah I ne'er seed ot it did any good: they'n had it e Lent, an they'n had it eawt; an they'n had it o' th' Friday, an shiftot it to th' Wed'nsday; an they'n try'd the'r Maker o weys, for t' hah brout 'im int' partnershop weh em; boah he took no notis on 'em so oz for t' awnsor the'r eend; for he's laft 'em i' th' durt at last.

TUM. Marry! wur naw eawar Fast like that ot owd Ezeah tells on, in his 58th chaptor; for he tells uz ov a set o' hippokrites e his dey, ot wud n need fast; boah he sed, it wur for nout boah strife an debate, an for t' hit foak weh th' fist o wikedness, an it's weel iv eawars han bin any betthur; boah Ezeah tells 'em whot fort ov a fast

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the'r maker wud look weel on; and iv any body 'il look at th' fourth, fifth, sixth, an th' seventh versus o' that chaptor, the' mey see whot sort ov a fast'll doo, an then let em judge whethur wee'n follot that rewl.

WH. Whah I know ot owd Ezeah ses, iv we mun ekspekt any benefit fro a fast, wee mun tak off every burden, opression, an yoak, and g'e summot t' ete, to thoos ot ar hungry, an don sum tloos up 'o those ot ar naket, an sitch like.--Boah we mey sey weh eawar Church konfeshon ot eawer war-hawks han laft O thees things undun ot tey shud'n hah dun, an dun thoos things ot tey shud'n not hah dun; an heaw kudn the ekspekt any benefit fro' a fast.

TUM. Neaw, Whistle-pig, wee'n tak a peep at soshal ordur:—Let's look at Gales an Montgomery, at Shessilt; Faulkner an Birch, an Kowdry, at Manchester; som on 'em put e prison, sum driv'n the'r kuntry, others the'r windows brokk'n an the'r property distroid, an O for printink unawnserable truths. Neaw, lets gooah to Brimmejam, an see heaw the' use'nt Doctur Preestly, as pceosable a mon oz ever liv't; his heawfe brunt, and his-sell an his family ruint; an O bekose he kud na think an akt weh a kooart rabble. Neaw lets gooah to Brighton, an see whot wur don to Docktur Noks, beh a pasil o' sojurs i' th'

pley-heawse; they'd'n like t' ha' kilt him, for preachink a sermont th' Sundy before, fro' these words, "Glory to God in the

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highest, and on Earth Peace and Good Will towards Men."--So at tat time the'rn killink two brids weh one stone, theaw knows, for the'rn pooink deawn booath Religeon an Soshal Ordur at wunst.--An neaw lets gooah to Norwich, an see heaw the' us'nt Measter Thelwell; he narroly koom off weh his life, for no other krime thin lekturink uppo' th' Liberties an Freedom ov O Monkind. An ogen, le meh naw forget Measter Tummus Wauker, o' Manchester, a mon persekutet an prosekutet to his utter ruin, uppo th' evidense ov a for-sworn skeawndril, for no othur krime, thin beink a knone Frend to Liberty; indeed, that perjurt ragamuffin, Dunn, wur seeminkly hoyart beh sum o'th' black gang, for no othur purpose thin for t' tak away th' life o' this grete Champion ov English Freedom.--Asso, agen, Hardy, Horne Took, an Thelwell, tri'd for Hee Treeoson, an nout fund agen 'em; beside Gilbert Wakefild, Primtur Williams, an Kneet o' Saddleworth, an a meeny other foke or suffert'nt impris'nment, on sum on 'em deooth, for beeink true lovers o' Rashonal Libberty; an O this wur dun an suffert for th' sake o' whot Billy an his gang kode'n Soshal Ordur.

WH. This war has mede konshumed wark, tak it won eend weh another; boh, I'll tell the' whot e sey to the' Tum, oz far oz I kon see weed'n no arnt fort' meddle wi' thesee French: Whot okkashon had'n wee fort' gooa t' war wi' 'em for hom kuttink off the'r King's hyed? Breawns,

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mon! when eawer foke dubb'nt owd Charls shortur beh th' hyed, the' ne'er kom'n hear, tho' eawer Queen wur th' King o' France's sistur.--Owd Solomon sed, "Ot toos ot pas'nt bye an meddl't'nt wi' strife, ot did naw belung 'em, wur like takkink a dog beh th' eears;" an I think ot eawer kese is mitchwhot th' same:--Boh I rethur think ot eawer

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kese Billy, an th' rest o'th' gang ot wur'n e partnership wi' him, had'n thout t' ha' likt the'r fingurs eawt o'th' pye; boh it prov't so hee seeoz'nt, an so plaguy whot, ot tey geet'n konfoundedly skaud'n.

TUM. I think ot weed'n oz little reawm fort' meddle oz anny Foke e Yourope, abeawt killink Kings; for ween hyeddet three Queens, an won King, an driven another his huntry; beside two Neds, an won Dick, ot hardly deed'n E Godsnum; an won ov eawar King Harry's, koom off naw mitch betthur, for a pasel o' Munks, strip'nt 'im naket, an made'n'm gooah barfut, a matthur o' three mile; an whip'nt 'im weh rods, ov his bare bak, till blud dro'pt at his heels, o th' wey up to Beket's tomb; an the'r made'n 'im do pensanse; an o this wur dun bekose he feel eawt weh a kompany o' Pas'ns:--An iv anny Nashon e Yourope has mede wur wark thin wee'n dun, they's'n tak't 'em.

WH. There has bin a grete deeol o'bother weh thees war-hawks ov eawars, abeawt kuttink off th' French King's hyeod; boah iv anny boddy will reed th' owd book, they'n find ot Kings

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went'n to th' lob, e mooar plecks thin France, for I're lookink int' tother neet, and I popt up o'th eight chaptor o'th sekond o'Kings, an I fund ot won chap took a weet tlewt, an brad it o'th top ov a King's fase as he lee ill e bed an smothort 'im to th' deeoht; an 'ith nekst chaptor afar, I fund ot Jehu kilt too Kings of a dey; an th' fourth chaptor o'th sekond o'Samol, I fund ot too fellos kutt'nt off a King's hyeod, an brout'n it to David, and he fund a deeol o fort weh'em, boh it wur soon knone whot that wur for, it wur bekose ot they'n made him King, and he'r feeord ov his own knob gooink. Then I began o' riflink abeawt i'th owd book, an I fund i'th fifteenth chaptor o'th furt o' Samol, ot owd Sammy ov Elkanos, took an aks an hyew'd a King a peeses, just oz iv he'd bin tleevink wood, for sum owd womon for t'bake wut kakes weh: an it seys, "he did it before the Lord," so its like he stood by an leete 'im do it quietly, for I hyeord nout sed aghen it. I kept creepink bakort ith owd book, an I fund i'th ninth chaptor o' Juges, ot a womon geet o'th top ov a hee bildink, an ot hoo th'rut a pees ov a mill-stone o'th top ov

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a King's hyeod, an knokt eawt whot loyt breans he had. Then I lookt ith third chaptor of Juges, an it sez, ot keneav't Ehad went an stabt a grete fat baws'n King, so ot he lost his daggor in his guts, an then took a keigh an lokt im up in a reawm an laft'im. Then I took a peep into th' book o' Josho, an he play'd for up e feath, for th' tenth chaptor sez ot he kilt five Kings ov a dey, an kept

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on kilink 'em 'till he'd kilt won an thirty; th' twelvth chaptor sez so.

TUM. "Whooh whooh, whooh whooh, whooh," boah iv Billy Pitt an kompany had'n bin alive at tat time, that Grand Regiside, owd Josho wud hah ston a pooar chonse I deawt; beside, o Asho wud hah bin ov a blaze weh war, az yurope has bin, this eight or nine yeor, abeawt kilink won King, mitch mooar thirty an won. Boh this war ov eawars, wud hah bin ore monyoah yeor sun, iv the' had'n naw shakt a purs, weh millions o' money in it, to a deool o'th' nashons e yurope, for t' keep it a gate. Boah its weel, ot tis war cendot oz it did, for iv th' French had'n lost the'r cend, ther' wud a bin no livink e this kuntry weh any quietness; boah I'll sey no mooar on 'em,

WH. Theaw's towd ov a peawer o' shifts an skuses ot Billy Pitt an his gang had'n fort' get into this war an fort' karry it on:—Boh, dus teaw think ot tey had'n not a fur eend in't thin anny they'n menshunt yet;—some foke think'n ot it wur mede up among th' whul gang, fort' part France among 'em, oz wur dune e Powlond, or elze som o'th' prinsipal chaps i'th' ferm fort 'a had oytch on 'em a loyt provinses, an ha mede Lewis King o'th' reft; an beh that shift theaw knoes they'd'n ha klipt his wings for th' time t' kome.

TUM. Wha, boh they'dn moor skuses thin I

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towd te on yet: Won o' this gang o' kooart saints said, ot tey kud'n naw give o'er feightink till weed'n "Indemnity for th' past, and sekurity for th' futur:"—Neaw i' th' name o' konshonse, whot han the' gett'n toart indemnity for spendink two hundert an

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fifty million o' munny, an throwink away three hundert theawsant mens' lives? dun they think ot too ilonds ar' a rekompense for O th' blud an treshure ot has bin spilt an spent? Beh th' wuns I'd oz leef a had Duck'nsilt Ho, an Sheply Ho, gan meh; beside thesee islonds ne'er belong'nt to France; Bonnipeeter wud naw let us ha nout ot belongt to France:—Thesee two islonds belong'n't to th' Dutch, an th' Spanniarts, ot wurn two of eawer allyes at th' beginnink o' th' war!! Odds breawns, I'd oather ha had summot ot belong't to France, or I'd ha had nout; for witheawt trade had prospert better, I kud ne'er for shawm ha ta'en ought eawt o' th' ferm. So mitch for indemnity.

TUM. An as for sekurity, whot sekurity han the' getten, boh whot the' mit'n ha had monny a yeor sin; they ever sed'n ot tere wur nobody fort' mey peeoss wi', bekose ot th' French had'n no King; boh that wur nout but an idle skuse fort' karry on the'r darlink war, for the' kud'n find sumboddy fort' feight wi:—Odds blid, I'd ha bin like th' King o' Prusho, he mede peeoss monny a yeor sun, an it has ston'n wi bin;—beside the'n had chonses enoo, sum years sun, when Lord Mumbleberry went to Paris; an agen when the' sent'n him to Lisle e Flanders; an

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agen, th' last year, when Bonnipeeter sent o'er, the' mit'n ha mede a farrantlier peeoss thin the han mede neaw; an beh that theaw may party geawse whot sort o' sekurity the'n gett'n for us: Boh, indeed I belive sum o' th' wizer eend o' foke think'n ot tis peeoss 'l stond lunged mede wi' Bonnipeeter thin it wud, mede wi' a King o' France, for wee'n had nout boh pleague wi' those Lewises lung t'gethur.

WH. Wha, it's oz gud a Peeoss as kud be ekspektot, for ther' wur oz little onnisty at furst, oz ther' wur onnor at th' last:—Boh I understond ot th' Bishop o' Lunnon kares nout abeawt onnor, for he says, "he thinks ot wee're kom'n pratty weel off, ot wee'n gett'n shut o' nine year o' war, an two year o' fammin.

TUM. Wha he speek like a Kristion; boh they sen ot th' Bishop o' Rochester, an Measter Windy, krak'n the'r brenes meetily abeawt it, ot tey'n mede no better a job on't.

WH. Wha, ther' is here an t'ere a windy foo i' th'kuntry, ot tis fammin has naw right th'bothum o' the'r guts yet; won 'on 'em, ot lives e th' Woodheawses, says, "ot tis Peeoss is naw fit t' be kode a Peeoss," an ot hee thinks, "it wud naw stond lung iv France wur fort kontinue," boh, he says, "hee ekspekts it'l be swallot up wi' an erthquake, ere lung, th' French ar' so D—mt nout." Another o' Mr. Windy's foos, ot lives at Kutler Hill, is so plaguily off weh Jak-

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kobins an a Jakkobin Peeoss, ot hee says, "no Jakkobin shiud pis uppo' his essmiddink for under hawve a kreawn.

TUM. Bi th' maskins, Whistle-pig! boh that wud be deer turnink won's tap, fort' gi' hawve a kreawn for leeov t' pis ov a foo's essmiddink; afore I'd do so, I'd pis e meh shune, an karry th' lat whom wimmeh, for owd Hollont t' boyl his hats in.

WH. Wha, Tum, theaw's deskript 'em pratty weel; boh won think I ta'en notis on, ot tees war-lovink sperrits, chuz heaw just an nessary the' kod'n this war, they'dn doo oz little toart it oz tey kud'n help, for they'dn as soon ha kilt a dog for feear o peyink th' Dog-tax, oz anny Jakkobin e th' kuntry:—An when Saddle Hawses koomn fort' be takst, ther' wur won loyal mon ot swapt his saddle away for a sek, for feear a peink th' Hawse-taks, wi' a loyal arch jockey at Stopport Moor; an he saddlet a cush wi' it, an rid on't to Stopport Market: theaw knoos that wur naw ridink a saddle hawse.—An as for th' tother mon, he thrut th' sek upov a tit, an rid abeawt whither hee'd a mind; an so th' forther mon kode his a Saddle Kush; an th' latter mon kode his a Sek Hawse; an a that'n the'r'n ridink throo Billy Pit an his Akts o' Parlyment e oytech eend.

TUM. Wha, Whistle-pig, iv no munny must ha bin reist boh whot had bin last to th' opshun o' those loyal grunTERS, ot wur'n so reddy fort'

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promise ther' lives an fortunes, th' war wud ha bin o'er monny a year sin. Boh they winna pey thoose Taksess ot ar' mede lawfo beh Akt o' Parlyment, iv the' kon anny wey kleep eawt; for I knew a verry loyal gentlemon o' th' Kok an Barril, ot did naw liv a hundert mile fro Ashton, ot brew'd a jorum o'maut, an wortcht it in a chambur where th' Gager ne'er koom; an when it wur reddy fort' tun, he set sum klumsy seawterhyed a tunnink it ot shed sum o' th' likkor, an it ran thro' th' chamber-flooar, an it happ'nt fort' be o'er a gateway entry, an th' Gager wur unlukkily gooink throo, at same time, an it peawart deawn ov his hat; he dost it off, an dipt his fingurs i' th' likkor, an slak't em throo his meawth oz an owd wummon duz, when hoo's bin stroakink th' reeam pot. "Wuns," sed hee, "ther's sum rogory gooink forrod hear." Hee went up th' stairs, an katcht 'em i' th' fakt, an ther' wur the hangment t' be dun abeawt it; boh for that time I beleeve ot t'is ring-spiggot lump o' loyalty koom owey bith weepink kross feawly.

WH. Ho, I remembur summot abeawt it, for I're at a smithy e krikkety abeawt tat time, an ther' wur two loyal bucks taw kink abeawt it, an makkink the'r gam on't, an ther wur an owd mon by, ot tey kode'n a Painite at tat time, an hee sed "eigh, eigh, I hyerd on't, what wud'n yoah ha sed iv anny Painite had bin katcht e sitch a nipe; I hyeor, yoah'r for dissonink him, and throink him to th' Painite rook, boh wee'n ha non on him, for iv ever yoah'n don with 'em, ot

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tey're too bad for yoah, I'm shure, they're fit for nout boh th' mukmiddink."

TUM. Zuns, mon! boh I seen th' dey when won wur likker t' ha' bin breant wi' thoose foos sor seyink hawve oz mitch oz so; heaw did e kum off wi' em?

WH. Wha, theaw sees hee'r an owd mon, an the' kud naw for shawm meddle wi' him, an so they put'n't it off with a sort ov a flire.

TUM. Boh abeawt t'is peeoss, Whistle-pig, has teaw ever hyerd anny greathly akkeawnt, heaw or when it koom int' the'r hyeds fort' mak it oz tey han dun.

WH. Wha, I find ot tey'n bin eksorsizink the'r breans o th' last summer abeawt it, an went'n bakkart an forrod between Lunnon an Paris oz mitch length o' gate (oz foke

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sed'n) oz wud a bin three times reawnd th' globe; boh it koom eawt at last oz unekspektot oz a krak o' thunner ov a fine dey: They sed'n ot Johnny Bull whimper an kry'd welly O September; an sed to Bonnipeeter, "Yoah'n le' mee ha nout oz yoah go'n on; I'm shure I lede eawt a peawer o' munny, for I dubble't th' Nashonal Debt, beside throwink three hundert theawsant men's lives away, an I think I shud ha summot: Iv yoah'n le' meh have a shugar butter-kake, weh a bit o' nutmeg gratturt on it, I'll give up O ot I se eawt for at

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furst." "Wha," sed Bonnipeeter, "Theaw axes e'en little enough konsidurink trubble ot teaw's bin at, I'll send it tey." An akordinkly hee sent it him o' th' furst ov Oktober at aftur dark, an Jonny lede it up till mornink; an as soon oz it wur leet, he shode it to O th' family; an ther' wur sitch wark oz ne'er wur seen', the'r'n so sene; th' owd bulls an th' yung bulls, an th' grete bulls an th' little bulls, O frisk'nt an kapert'nt abeawt, an wag'n't the'r teles like oz monny little dogs at a krust: Boh those bulls ot had'n th' lung'st hurns, an had'n bell't an rooart, an wur'n sitch kurst bulls O th' war, fort see too, wur'n oz fene oz anny.

TUM. Neaw, Whistle-pig, afore a part'n, I'll geh the' sum akeawnt ov a grete halebello, ov a kik up, I hyerd tother dey between a sartin parish Nabob, ot duz naw live a hunthurt mile eewt o' Lankeshhur (ot's won o' thees inkonsistant foos) an an owd mon ot te kone a Jakobin.

Oz I wur stondink at Windy Korhar, I seed t'is owd mon gooa into th' Nabob's shop; thout I t' meh sel, thew'rt goink a dunnink, for I knode ot th' Nabob owd him sum munny:—I I krope klose up to th' dur, for I'd a mind to hyer, an indeed I did hyer sitch a beawt ov argilink oz e ne'er did hyer afore, sun my neme wur Tum:—Th' owd mon sed, "I want sum munny;" th' Nabob sed, "Boh I ha' none for yoah." "Wha," sed th'mon, "Boh I mun ha sum, for I konna doo beawt. I'th' beginnink o' th' year

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ninety-three, I kud ha' lien eawto' twenty peawnd better thin eawt o' twenty shillink neaw; at t'at time I'd awlus between twenty an thirty ginneys by meh; boh neaw, I naw so monny shillinks, an sumtimes naw so monny pennies i' th' heawse; boh I kud ha had oz mitch neaw, and mooar too, iv meh property had naw bin unjustly purloint away fro' meh." Th' Nabob breek eawt int' sitch a pashon, ot he sed, "G-d d—n it mon, yoar ever beginnink abeawt tis war." So, thout I t' meh sel, boh th' owd mon has thrut th' bell neaw.—Th' mon sed, "Ney, I ne'er neme't th' war."—Th' Nabob sed, "Boah I knoe whot yoar'n hintink at." Th' mon sed, "If th' kap fits yoah, yoah mey don it."

WH. Boah stop a bit Tum, whot's th' rees'n thinks ta, ot tees foak ot han bin so fond o' this war, an kod'n it just and necessary, kud naw abide for t' hyeur it nemt?

TUM. Whah soon knone, bekose the' had naw get the'r eend o'th French: Boah iv ever th' French koomn be th' wurr, wee'd'n bothor enough abeawt th' wa'r e feith, for ther' wur no sturink eawt o'th dur weh anny quietness, for peeosable mindot foak; for I're gooink deawn Ash'n street won dey, in ther' wur sum news komn ot th' French wur'n byeat'n an I met a mon above seventy yeor owd, and he slapt meh bith brest, an sed, "Neaw G—d yoah for an owd Jakobin theef, ween give ir yoah neaw." There wur a trew sample o' so-

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shal ordthur, and dooink onnur to his King and kuntry.

WH. Whah, I knew a mon ot livt e Steley wood, ot wur utterly aghen this war ot ween had, an that wur enough theaw noes for t' mak'im int' a Jakkobin: an he koom t' Ash'n won dey, a dooink sum arnts, soon afthur th' war wur begun, an he put up his hawse weh a red wot loyal sun o'th koolar, at th' sine oth Ward, and when he'r for gooink whom, he thout he kud naw boah hah summot t' drink, an he kode for a glass o' brandy an watur, an ther' wur a too legt loyal kur, o'Billy Pitt's ith barr, an he sed to this mon, "heaw ar things gooink on neaw," "whah," said th' mon, "I hyeur nout particular;" "wha boah whot dun foak sey abeawt tis war," sed tis loyal lump ov ill manners," "whah" sed

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th' mon, "sum ar for it an sum ar aghen it;" "whah," sed tis Church an King foo, "boah whot dun yoah sey abeawt it," "whah," sed th' mon, "I think it had bin bethur let'n a looan," "this lump of loyalty fell a d-mink 'im, an this brimstone whot loyal sun 'oth kok an th' barrel, set in with 'im, an sweear "he'd hah none sitch foak in his heaws," an slapt 'im bith brest, an driv 'im ore th' table, an th' glasss o' brandy an watur wur shed, an this peeosable mindot mon wur fene t' pey for his glass, an get his tit eawt ot he kud get away weh his life; an this wur another true sample o' soshal ordthur.

TUM. Whah neaw Whistle-pig, I'll let tey

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see, ot tear humanity keeps pase weh the'r soshal ordthur. I knew a little twazzy too legt kur, ot belongt to Mr. Windy's kennel, ot kud hardly get porritch for his guts, or tooas to his bak, an wur like his meastur, ot wud hav o th' French "kilt off," an he'd hyeord sum akeawnt ov a battle ot wur fout, o'th twenty-fifth ov August, e ninety siks, an th' French happ'nt for t' kome be th' wurr; an he sed "ther's sume blessot news komn neaw iv pleeos God it 'ill boah proove trew." "Eigh!" says a by-stonthur, "whot is it, "Whah," says this unseelink loyalist, "th' French ar welly o kilt!!" There wur Church an King humanity, keepink pase well loyalty if 'll gooah to th' prise on't.

WH. Neaw, Tum, I meeon for t' geh the' a pittifo akeawnt ov an owd mon ot livt e Feilsworth, ot wur so wiked ot wud naw let Pitt an kompany think for im, boah wud think for his sel, an that wur enough ot won time o'th day, for t' mak 'im int' a Jakobin, an for t' hav sum sum fort o' vengense, peawart deawn o'th hyeod on him, be a kennel o' too legt kurs, o' Mr. Windy's, kept not a hunthort mile fro' th' sine o'th Blak Hawse, e Feilsworth. It hap'nt ot tis owd mon had a sun, ot went to Amereka, sum yeors before, an theaw mey beshure wur awlos fene fort t hyeor fro' im; an oz this kennel o' kurst kurs durst naw nip 'im ke th' heels be dey leet, they'r'n rezolvt for t' worry 'im ith' dark. So they forg'nt a letthur, oz iv it wur komn fro Liverpool, an sed ot a rider-eawt had laft it, an

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wanted hom for t' get it to this owd mon. An th' letthur sed, he wur tayne very ill there, an they nam'nt th' street, an th' name o'th foak ot he'r well dezirink his feathor for t' home a seeink him; so this owd mod musthurt up sum money an set off, oz won shud a dun the'r sel; an thees unfeelink loyal whelps o' Mr. Windy's kennel, witheawt anny pitty, leet'n this ow'd mon, nee seventy yeor owd set off, leighink 'im to' skorn. Boah I kno whot owd Mr. Moses sez, for he sez, "kursed is he that smiteth his nebor sekretly;" an let tees windy puppies mumble at tat, when they kome for t' dee, for iv it wur naw smitink 'im sekretly, it wur th' nekst dur too't. So this owd mon geet int' Liverpool, an fund th' street ot th' letthur towd on, an sperd o abeawt for th' name o'th foak ot he'r sed for t' be with, boah no sitch foak wur'n t' be fund; so this owd mon wur fooarst kom whoam again e grete distress, booath e pocket, body, an mind, for it had line im e between twenty an thirty shillink. They sho'd'n me th' letthur, an I're so sorry, I kud hah fund e meh hart for t' a gan 'im a kreawn, boah this kursed war had welly rewint meh, so ot I had it not e meh peawar. Boah fro o sitch prinsoples, an sitch praktises oz tees, good Lord deliver meh. Neaw, Tum, lets hyear heaw this Nabob an thee went'n on.

TUM. "Whah," th' Nabob sed, "Ther' had bin no war, iv it had naw bin for yoah, an sitch like." Th' owd mon sed, iv I'd sed so I shud ha towd a lye: le' me tell yoah, it wur yoah, an O

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those ot sinet'nt for war ot wurn th' kaws on't.—"Wha," sed th' Nabob, "an I'd sine for war, iv it wur fort' doo agen." "Wha," sed th' mon, "an yoah min, and see whot yoan get by't."—"Wha," sed th' Nabob, "an I ne'er lost nout by 't. Th' owd mon sed, "Marry, weel for yoah, for iv yoah hannaw, monny a thousant han; boh I wud yoah'dn gi meh meh munny beawt so mitch adoo:--Th' last time I geet ought on yoah, I lost three hawve deys, Sundy, Tuesdy, an Wed'n'sdy."—"Wha," sed th' Nabob, "boh yoah dunna rekk'n

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Sundy won, dun yoah?" "Yigh," sed th' mon, "boh I do, for I koom when yoar'n just gon to th' parrade, an I're fooarst t' heng abeawt till noon, an geet nout when I'd dun."—

"Wha," led th' Nabob, "an I'll gooah to th' parrade agen, for theaw mun knoe, he koes hissel a sarjent among these new trumpt up Allixandurs.

WH. Boh Tum, dus teaw think ot iv Bonnipeeter had bin at th' Roy-kroft weh abeawt two huntlert Frenchmen at his heels, ot hee'd a bin oz reddy fort' a gethurt up his raddlink a meetink him?

TUM. Now, be meh troth, I dunna think hee wud:—Wud hee not ha bin wappink up Steeley wood afore Bonnipeeter had gett'n to th' kross.

WH. Wha, not unlike, for when theese heroik suns of Allixandur wur'n kode eawt fort'

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tent a badjer's shop, e famin-square, the' mede'n but a durty jobb on't; for it wur nowt boh "foyar an run," an too ar three Saddleworth chaps beet'n 'em off weh a loyt pavink-stones.

TUM. Th' mon sed to th' Nabob, "Win yoah awnser meh a question or two? Whot did'n yoah let eawt for i' th' beginnink o' this war?—Han yoah attaint onny won thing ot yoah sett'nt eawt for?"—Th' Nabob sed nowt of a gud while; boh i' th' eend, he sed, "Yoar an owd d—nt raskot." Th' owd mon sed, "an whot' ammy an owd d—nt raskot for? I'm oz gud a mon oz yoah e anny shape, iv yoah'n howd yoar honds off meh:—ly yoahn prov yoarsel oz onnist a mon oz i've done hitherto throo life, it'll doo weel for th' parish." Th' Nabob sed, "an I kon;" th' mon sed, "I wud yoah'dn set abeawt' it."

WH. I wunder where th' owd mon's breans wur'n; I'd a axt him whether hee had naw hyerd ov a mon ot steel a snuff-box eawt ov another mon's pokkit, won Sundy oz he lee asleep ov a bed, at th' fine o' th' Beaver, i' Odenshaw, an whethur he did naw hyer ot hee took it to a Justis o' peoss, nine or ten mile off, bekose that sedishos wort Libberty wur written o' th' boks lid: He mit ha kode that mon a d—nt raskot, for it wur a raskotly trik.

TUM. Eigh, that's trew, boh theaw's hyerd

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'em sey, ot sum foke had'n oz gud fort' stele a sheep, oz others t' look o'er th' hedge.

WH. Wha, I knoe ther' ar sum foke ot kon see a verry little mote in anothur boddis ee, ot konna see won e the'r own, iv it wur oz big oz a thrippenny kabbitch.

TUM. Th' owd mon sed to th' Nabob, "an whot ammy an owd d--nt raskot for? I tell yoah, ot yoar a yung d—nt raskcot, for koink meh so, witheawt yoah kon proof it." He'r sum time an sed nowt; boh i' th' eend, he said, "Its abeawt toose shoone." So, thowt I t' meh sel, this owd mon has brokk'n sum shoe warehouse, or sum dev'lment or other, o'll kum eawt neaw, they'n hav im ith krib. Th' owd mon slickt up his finns, an sed, "Whot shone? I kno nowt abeawt no shoone."—"Wha," sed th' Nabob, "Thoose ot wurn sent to th French, hav e towd yoah neaw?" Wha," sed th' mon, "Whot han yoah towd meh neaw? wur ther' onny hurt e sendink a pair o' shoone to thoose ot wurn barfeet, chuz whooa they wur'n' afore war wur deklairt?" Theaw mun kno, at tere wur ten theawsant pair o' shoone sent to th' French, afore th' war begun, an this mon had gan hawve-a-kreawn toart 'em, an I rekk'n th' Nabob had gett'n t' hyer on't.

WH. Whot sort ov a mon is tis Nabob, thinks ta', dus hee koe hissel a Kristion, fort' mey that

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int' a krime ot's a Kristion duty: For I're lookink i'th' owd book, t'other dey, an I fund ot eawer gaete Kristion lawgiver sed, at thoose ot had'n two kooats must'n gi' th' tone to sumbody ot war beawt; an I look't a bit fur, an fund ot owd Paul sed, ot iv eawer ennimy wur hungry, we must'n giv him summot t' ete; an iv hee'r droy, wo must'n giv him summot t' drink; an beh this mode o' reeosnink, one wud think ther' wud be no hurt e sendink a pair o' shoone to thoose ot wurn barfut: Iv these Church an King stoondhyeds wud'n look at sich pleks oz tees, an praktis a bit on 'em, it wud doo vrrey weel.

TUM. Th' Nabob sed, "Boh war wur deklairt e ninety-two," th' owd mon sed, "that's naw trew, for th' French King wur hyeddet o' th' twenty-furst o' Jennuary, ninety-three,

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an word koom to eawer Parlyment o' th' twenty-fort, an Shauvlin wur sent off o' th' twenty-eight, and he geet int' France i' th' beginnink o' February, an th' French deklairtn't war soon aftur, an that's true." An neaw, Whistle-pig, theaw mey be shure ot tis seme Nabob must be an ignorant bledderhyed, or hee'd ne'er a tawkt a that'n; for eawer state-gards wud'n ne'er a lett'n foke a releev't an ennimy i' th' opp'n war; beside, I remember meh sel, ot too subskripshions, "*abeawt toos shone*," wurn't quite klose e ninety-two.

Boh th' owd mon sed fur, "It's kom'n to a pratty pass ot a boddy munna meean' e'm when hee's unjustly flogt." Th' Nabob sed, "yoah

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mey gooa to Amerika or France, wher yoah mey be justly flogt." Th' mon sed, "as I pleeos for that, boh I've a reet be better use't e meh own kuntry, for onny hurt e don yoah."

WH. I tell the' whot Tum, one wud ha' thout ot th' post ot tey'dn put tis Nabob in, an th' leearnink ot hee pretends t' hav, shud ha' bred better manners thin t' ha' use't an owd mon a that'n.

TUM. Wha, that's trew, boh theaw's hyerd 'em sey ot it's a feaw life fort' mak a silk purse eawt ov a soo's-ear, an theaw kon ekspekt no mooar eawt ov a pig thin a grunt. Whot I meeon beh beink so partikular abeawt tis Nabob, is fort' sho whot sort o' hodge-podge, churn-milk-an-wetur prinsopls hee howds, for hee's just like th' rest o' th' foos ot han no oppinnions o' the'r own; boh grunt'n after eawer nashonal pig-leaders, one dey for war, an another for peeoss; for they sen ot tis Nabob's heawse wur oz nee o ov a blaze weh kandles, that neet ot th' rejoisink wur for th' peeoss, oz anny boddis abeawt him: Sitch praktises oz tees, gi'n his former prinsopls th' lye konfoundnedly, iv I've onny skill, or els hee's an arrant hippokrite: Heaw fort' rekonsile sitch kondukt weh konsistency, is a paradoks to mee.

WH. Paradoks! eigh, Mas, I think it is; for iv owd Solomon wur alive ogen, an i' th'

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prime ov his time, it wud set him fast; hee kud ne'er peese theese two eends t'gether to onny sense.

TUM. Solomon! nough, nor forty Solomon's, weh o the'r hyeds lede t'gether kud'n ne'er mey owt o' sitch weatherkok, fawnink, krinjink, hypokritikal, sykofantine, skeawndrils oztees: Theh shud'n ne'er a won on 'em ha leet a kandle, withewt theyd'n axt pard'n booath o' God an mon, for o th' blud ot wur shed, an th' ruin ot wur browt uppo' th' nashon, an mede satisfakshon, oz far oz ther'n able, to every won ot they'n parsekutet an abus't; beside, oytch on em dooink pennanse in a white sheet, an puttink the'r sell i' th' nuse.

WH. Zeawns Tum, boh iv this skeeam mun bee put e praktis, theaws lede eawt pratty weel o' wark for proktors an printers; they'n hav a row o' fat efeath. Boh won mey tawk abeawt 'em o dey, boh wee kon ne'er mend 'em, while meet o'erkoms reet.

TUM. Mend 'em! nough, I kno naw whether owd Nick wud mend 'em; boh I'll lose no mooar time abeawt 'em, for I mun gooa to meh loom.

WH. Wha, an I mun gooa too, or else owd Sonny o' Sims will be hear wi' th' baggink afore I stik't th' shoo i' th' gutter.

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T. B. J. So these two breether of eawers part'nt; boh I thowt they'd'n lede Billy an his gang bare at th' root afore they'd'n done: Tum Grunt began t' groo warm toart th' latter end; I thowt his last speech boh one, wur very hee seeoz'nt; it had a good deeol o' pepper and sawt in it; for,

Iv O theese kn—ves mun go to th' proktors,
An tell the'r krimes to theese foul doktors;
They'n bring 'em O to trew repentense,
When-e'er they kom'n fort' pas the'r sentense;
For theese blind guides will not be jokit,
Boh mak 'em O t' repent i'th' pokkit;

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An' tell 'em O they shure ar sinners,
An' hardly leeov 'em owt for dinners:
So, iv thesee Ch--h an Roy--l foos
Mun pur thersels i' th' publick nuse.
Ther's monny a bo thro'eawt this nashon,
Weed bite his nails for meer veklashon,
An' kurs booah Hawk' an Master Otto,
Sayink toum booath the devil fott O,
For makkink peeoss wi' Bonnipeeter,
So neaw I'll eend meh klumy meeter.

For, I'd naw rime other two lines, iv th' ward wur at th'stake, for feear o' those boggarts
ot owd Tim Bobbin tow'd on:---Boh I'm naw so feert o' those tother boggarts, but I dar
subskribe meh sel,

One o' Mr. Burk's Eighty Theaws0ant inkorrigible
Grunters.

Dated this 21st of Nov. 1801.—From my owd original Stye, at 12 9 20 12 5 13 15
19 19, 14 5 1 18 1 19 8 20 15 14 21 14 4 5 18 12 25 14 5.

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FROM
THE CHESTER CHRONICLE
OF MARCH 27, 1795
MEASTER PRINTUR

SUR,

I Understond ot som unthoutfo gobbin has sent yoah a Shuit Dumplink for th' Fast Dey,
an' yoah stoad'n at it; heaw kud th' grete bledder-yed think ot yoah'dn ete Shuit
dumplink, or onny think els oth' Fast Dey, so tikkle as times ar? Lord Blessus! wur he

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leyink a trap for yoah; boh sumetimes won noes nah whot yoah meeon' beh whot yoah sen, it mit happ'n be summot fort print, an' if it wur, I'd ha yoah t' beh carefo, for ewer foak at Lunnon ar very tikkle neaw a deys, won noes naw whot'l doo, an yoah meh sanner get into th' Sedishon Tub, thin get eawt ogen; for yon's a Printur at Sheffilt has gett'n is sell int' a pratty hobble weh printink a sunk ot an owd Pas'n made at Belfast eh Oyreland; 'Sflesh won wud a thout ot a Pas'n shud a known better tha t'ha led onny boddy int' mischeef, for th' Printur is gett'n put eh pris'n for three munths, besides peyink twenty peawnd, an that's a droy shot for him I'm shure;—an neaw wee'r tawkink abeawt thees things it unbethinks meh ov a chat ot I hyeard 'tother dey:—I went eawt an whoah shud I see boah owd Whistle-pig an Tum Grunt, tawking politiks at

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owd Sonny o' Sim's barn side; thout I t' meh sel I'll hyear whot yoah kon sey; so Whistle-Pig began an sed "I'll tell theh whot Tum, I wunder ot tey han naw try de owd Sam ov Elkenow's for that sedishious chaptor in is furst book."—How theaw tawks mon, says Tum, ' Hee's eawt o'ther Gate, for he's oth' tother side th' blue blankit, an has bin monny a yeer, hee cares nout abeawt 'em: "Wha," says Whistle-pig, "Theaw meh say ot Tum Payne's eawt o' ther gate, for hee's eh France, wheer theh dar'n naw tuch him, but they'n tryde is ritinks an theh sen ot te're naw fit t' bee eh onnyboddy's heawse, an ot noboddy mun reed 'm, and I think ot owd Sammy ov Elkenow's eight Chaptor is az il az anny o' Tum Pane's ritinks, for hee bekows King's an lets 'em deawn meetily, I wunder ot tey hanno pood it eawt o' th' book afore neaw,"... "Ho! ho!" says Tum, "Boah they'n ne'er do so, that'l be as il as leyink seege to Lambert Heawse, for iv theh wunce begin'n, sum'n find fort weh won think an sum weh another, ot tey'n hath th' owd book aw t' bits, and then it'll beh whoo up weh th' black kooats efeath! for its whot tey liv'n by, for won on 'em meys won part t' doo an anothur meys anothur part t' doo, ot tey mey'n it aw t' fit sumboddy or other."

Says Whitstle-pig; "There's monny a strawnge pees i'th' owd book ot wee'n bin tawkink on, for I're lookink i'th' 37th an th' 38th chapters o' Jeremy, an I fund ot summot

had flown rank between th' King o' Juda, an th' King o' Babylon, an owd Jeremy at tat time wur look't on as th' Hammel's skonse among 'em eh Juda, an theh koom'n to 'im for keawnlil, and he wur like B--d and S--e eh eawer dey, and sed it wud be th' best wey for t' mey peoss, and tow'd 'em whot wud be th' end on't iv theh did'n naw, boh estid o' takkink it weel as tey shud'n ha' dun, theh abusn't im.

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an put'nt 'im ith' dungen, an iv th' Hebus Korpus Akt had bin set aside tere, as it is eh sum pleks, he mit ha' roted tere; boh they'd'n better t' ha teyn his keawnsil, for nout ot wur owt wur th' eend on't; and its weel iv it be anny better weh us, for wee'n sum Jeremys ot sen enough ogen this war ov eawrs, boh theh ne'er heed'n 'em. Boh as I're tellink theh they put'n 't him i'th' dungen an boh for a blakamoor he mit ha' steyd tere nob'dy noes heaw lung, for hee'd mooar masey toart him thin aw th' foak abeawt th' sitty, for he went to th' King an speek for him, and ley'd eawt his kese so ot he geet him eawt, an he're more behowd'n to this blakamoor thin he wur to aw th' ribbins, stars, and gartes, abeawt the King's kooast,"...,"Wha," says Tum, "Moor shawm for 'em ot a blakamoor shud ha mooar komphashon in him thin monny a won ot think'n they'n so mich mooar sense, an ot blaks ar hardly humon kreturs, an fit for nowt boh t' beh bowt and soud like tits, az a deeol ov eawer foak may'n a trade on;....these ar pitifo things when the're weel thout at "Boah I mun gooah to my threshink," says Whistle-pig, "Wha," says Tum, "An I mun gooah to meh loom;" so theh part'n't, and I thout they d'n reeos'nt pratty weel, an sey ot tey'r'n nowt boh too o'th' owd Apostle o' St. Omer's Pigs.

Boh abeawt tis Fast Dey, Measter Printur, dun yoah think ot tey meeon'n for t' ley in a sttok o' gud fortin ogen neks Summer, beh flatterink ther Meker, int' pard'nership weh em? Boh I think the'r rathur chettink 'im ov a dey, for yoah nown ot th' forty deys eh Lent ar Fast Deys awreddy, an as tey'n awdert it, tis is won on 'em, witheawt ot tey'n a fur thowt in't, and think'n ot Fast uppo' Fast will ha' mooar weight weh Him. Boh what dun yoah think ot tey'n shiftet it fro' Friday to th' Wed'nsday for?...Too oth' last yeers it has bin o'

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th' Friday, dun yoah think ot tey'r a bit-noshunable like owd pooar Robbin abeawt lukky or unlukky deys, an ot Friday's won on 'em, bekose it has naw awnsert ther eend?

Boh ogen, whot dun yoah think is th' reeos'n ot th' Skotch an huz konnaw booath fast ov a dey?...Dun theh think ot ther Meker is like th' owd hump back't Skoomester at Owdum, ot keudnaw hyeur too lads at wunse?...Won hopes we'en a bettur kaws beh th' eend thin wee had'n ith' Merrikin war eggoddil, or I'm feart wee's lose th' eend as we did'n then, for wee'd'n Fast uppo' Fast, an geet'n nowt eendwey: Won yeer th' Merrikins an huz wur'n fastink booath at wunse, they'r'n pooink at t'one eend an weer'n pooink at t'other, as hard as o kudd'n nazz, an sum foak wondert'nt whooa must be hyerd, boh it wur seen ith' eend, for theh o'erpood'n hus; wee meh fast an prey as lung as o win, boh witheawt wee bin more ov a peese thin sum on zs ar' it'll naw meeon mich I deawt, for there's a pas'n ot lives not a hundthurt mile fro' Manchester, ot gus to th' Church oytch Sundy an says, "Give Peace in our Time O Lord!" An th' dey after gets a cokkade in his hat, as big as a butter print, an gus weh sojurs o listink foak's lads, an wimmin's husbands dus naw this leond directly to War? Lord blessus! whot dust mon think at? dus hee naw doo mooar Hurt o'th' Mundy weh is akshons thin he guz gud o'th' Sundy weh e preyink?...I kud sey a grete deool mooar abeawt 'em, boh I'm feart o' wearink your peshunce, besides I mun gooa t'meh dressink, for I've a gud deool t'doo.

I am, Mester Printur,
Like th' mooast o'me Breether o'th' Styte,
A greter Luvver o' Feastink thin Fastink.
PORKARIA, FEB. 28, 1795.

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FROM

**THE SAME
OF JULY 31, 1795.
LIBERTY IN LIMBO**

A Person, near Ashton-under-Lyne, having a snuff-box, with the seditious word liberty engraved upon it, a certain pig-tail'd prig of the parish, being endowed with more loyalty than honesty, very gravely picked the man's pocket of the said box, and, out of zeal to his King and country, delivered this seditious receptacle for nose powder to a certain Justice of the peace, who is somewhat more distinguished for furious loyalty than strong intellect. What greatly contributed to enhance the crime, with these sedition-hunters, was, that the man to whom the box belonged was a constable, and consequently a king's officer...The man was summoned to appear at...before a bench of Justices on..., where being called upon, he answered to his name, when an examination to the following purport took place, which I shall attempt to give, as near as I can, in the true Rochdale idiom:

Just. Hark the' kunstable duz teaw tey snuff?

Con. Eigh sur sumtimes.

Just. Kud e get a pinch with the' thinks ta?

Con. Yigh that yoah sha'n, iv e hav' onney.

So the man searched his pockets, expecting to find a little in a paper (having had no box for near a week, and little expecting to meet with it there, eight or ten miles from home) but in this first attempt to oblige the sapient justice, he was

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disappointed, for, alas! he found neither snuffbox nor snuff-paper, on which he laid I hav none sur, or yoah shud'n ha had sum.

Just. Will t'kom a bit narr, an lemme feel i' the' pokkit, for iv theaw teys snuff theaws a box I war'nt tey. So he goes forward, and his worship, under pretence of searching for the box, conjurer like, contrives to leave it in his pocket.

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Just. Will t' mey a bit moor labor abeawt tat box for I thout I fel'd sumnot hard i' the pokkit. So the man put his hand into his pocket, where his worship's sedition-hunting fist had just come from, and found the box, on which he said, I ha' fund won neaw sur, boah I had non afore yoar hond koom theear.

Just. Wil t' lets look at 't? So the man gave it to him.

Just. Theaw's a strawnge wort o' th' box for a mon o' thy plek, duz theaw think ot theaw'rt fit to be a Kunstable? e prithy hooa sweer the' in?

Con. Wha, Mr. W..., sur.

Just. Wil speke too 'im t' nere mey thee a Kunstable ogen.

Con. That'll naw do mey mich hurt.

Just. Boh has naw theaw a pleck e leoss under Lord S---

Con. Yigh a bit o' won fur.

Just. Boh I'll speke to him t' ne'er leoss weh thee ogen, for theaw'rt not fit t' be hear; so I'd ha the' t' sell whot t' has e this kuntry, an' pey the' detts, an get obeawt tey bizzness.

Con. Wha sur iv my money'll naw gooa fur thin yoar tung, I'm like t' be beawt plek.

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Just. Boh e prithy wheear did teaw leet o' this box?

Con. Wha, a mon e Ash'en mede it mey.

Just. Whot did t' give him for't?

Con. Two shillink sur.

Just. Wha hee's sum raskot like th' sell, or hee'd ne'er a mede a box like this for two shillink; prithy whot's his neme?

Con. I'll naw tell yoah sur.

Just. Yoah're too raskots I'll uppoud yoah, I've a good mind t' brun it.

Con. Wha, your like t' do as yoah win abeawt tat; boh it's my box an' I pey'd for 't.

Jufs. Will teaw brun it?

Con. Now, I'll naw brun it.

Just. Then I'll fine the' e five pound, for naw komink hither t' other day when t' shud ha don.

Con. Wha, yoah mey doo as yoah win abeawt tat too; but I'll naw brun my box.

Just. Look ye gemmen, hee as that sedishous wort LIBERTY written ov is box, is hee fit t' bee a kunstable? Mun's brun it? Upon which another sapient son of the bench said, Surs I'd ha yoah to be karefo whot yoah're abeawt, for iv yoah brun'n this box, that mon I'll bee oth top on uz, so I'd ha yoah t' give 't im ogen. When his worship who had been his chief examiner said, heear tak it tey an' lets be shut on the' an' kom no mooar heear, for theaw'rt a raskot I'll uppoud tey.

By this time the affair was blown over the town, and a great concourse of people was collected before the door of the public-house, and the constable, being anxious about his own safety, in-

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sisted on one of their worships conducting him through the crowd, reasonably supposing, that if they had been instrumental in railing the Devil, it was their business to lay him at rest. Then one of them very kindly conducted him through the town, when his worship said, dust think ot kon doo neaw?—C. No, yoah shannaw leov mey while there's three foke t'gether, beside I mun ha mey tit. Ne'er heed tey tit, mon, said the Justice, so ot teaw kon geet sefe eawt o' th' teawn, I'l send it after theh. So his worship left him, and poor Mr. Constable was fain to get away without his horse, and walked booted and spurr'd, with whip in his hand, jockey-like, six or seven miles before his horse overtook him.

Thus poor Liberty, and Mr. Constable, very narrowly escaped, the one with his life from the swinish multitude, the other from being condemned to the flames by their sedition-hating worships on the bench.

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**FROM
THE MANCHESTER GAZETTE
OF MARCH 5, 1796**

MEASTER PRINTUR

YOAHH knone ot abeawt tis time twelmunt, wen yoa'n at Chester, I kawshunt yoaHH abeawt printink anny think ot wud nettle eawr grete foke at Lunnon, bekose times wur'n so tikkle; boh I think eh meh guts ot tey'r lurger an' t'wur, for they'n hardly beh lookt at neaw, eh sum pleks.—YoaHH knone I towd yoaHH it wur yeasier fort' tumble into th' Sedishon tub thin t' stride eawt ogen. But whot ta dule dun yoaHH think! boh yon' sapyed ov a printur at----has tumbelt into sum sort ov a tub agen: Breawns mon, its not a twelmunt sin he koom eawt o' pris'n afore, for printink an owd Oyerish Pa's'ns sunk, an neaw the' sen hee's gett'n in agen, for vexink sum mak ov a chap ot wears a rastikratikal liv'ry kooat: bith wuns! boh I'de ha' teyn kare t'ha held off those sort o' kattle, or I'de ha seen whot had stickt on't: Odds flesh, I'de naw kum within th' length ov a barbor's pow on 'em, ive he kud shun em: Sum sen ot th' printur pood a feaw

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faze at 'im oz, hee'r gooinck. by th' shop dur; sum sen ot hee'r pissink ot th' woah side, an' unlukkily breek wint bakkart as th' felley went by 'im; other foke agen sen, ot when those raskots wur'n shot at—, ot th' printur put summot i'th' nuse ot charg't this chap weh being guilty o' maslakre or sum sitch like wort, ot tis fly-bith'-sky thout had sum spitefoo meeanink, an verry likely it wur summot o' this sort ot disgruntl't this nue trump't up Allixandur. Boh its no mattur, o' seyink mitch abeawt 'im; boh won mey thump it o' thinkink. Neaw meastur printur, I kud like yoaHH t' gith' Manchester Thinkink Tlub a bit ov a hint, ot next time ot tey meet'n fort' think reet seawndly abeawt it, whether shootink those poor raskots wur massakre or naw', an' iv theh think'n it wur,

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whether iv sum Jakobin had bin guilty o' th' like in az gud a kaws, ot sum foke wud'n not ha kode him a krimson-mindet skeawndril.

Boh when aw's sed an' done, I'm soary abeawt tis printur, for monny a weel meeanink mon mey be lett'n in neaw these two Lunnon Bills ar' kom'n eawt; boh won thinks hee'll be karefoo for th' time t' kome, for they'n lede pratty weel o' weight on 'im neaw, for I understond hee mun be a kompanyon for th' lads e limbo, for siks munths, an pey thirty peawnd: an so its very like ot veksink; this chap koom to ten peawnds mooar thin printink an owd pas'n's sunk; beside he mun ha' three munths mooar heawse reawm neaw, thin hee had afore: For th' last job hee

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boh pede twenty peawnd, an' wur boh three munths e limbo; boh these ar' droy shots heawe'er, when theh kom'n uppo poets an' printurs oz weel oz other foke. Boh neaw meastur printur, whot dun yoah think bee mun be don weh when he komes eawt o' th' krib agen? Sumbody mun be bund with 'im for two year; an' hooa tha' dule dun yoah think will these tikkle times? For I think it wud set Sittiz'n Avery o'th' rang eend fort' invent muzzils ot wudd keep this mon streight i'th' geers, for he mit muzzil 'im booth frunt an' reear, beside makkink 'im t' wear th' hond kufts, or I deawt heed bee eh sum mischief these tikkle times.

Boh, when aw jestink's said an' dun, th' worst ot I wish th' printur is, ot hee mey live up to th' ears eh rost beef an' plum puddink weh a pot o' gud breawn ele, awlus at is elbo, an' a pipe o bakko, weh an onnist frend t' speke too, for six munths; an' when hee kums eawt, I'de hay' 'im t' be karefo, boh bite oz nee th' whik oz hee dar.

I am, measter printur,
Yoar frend an weel wisher,
Won o'th' Gruntink Herd.
Porkaria, Feb. 20th, 1796.

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**FROM THE SAME
OF SEPT. 3, 1796.
PICTURE OF MODERN LOYALTY**

Two persons in the neighbourhood of Ashton under Lyne, remarkable, according to outward professions, for their flaming zeal in supporting the cause of—*Kings and Princes, versus Ragamuffins and sans Culottes*, kept each a dog of the name of Prince, previous to the month of July last, one an English spaniel, subject, by the late act, to a tax of 5s.; and the other a small cur, subject to a tax of 3s. a year.—Now, strange to tell! these vehement supporters of Royalty rather than contribute such small sums as the above mentioned, to the very best of Princes, towards carrying on this just and necessary War, took it into their heads, on Sunday the third of last month, to hang each his household prince—One would think the very name itself sufficient to have palsied their hands in the regicidal attempt, but a circumstance, which happened at the execution of prince spaniel, seems to indicate that tho' the bow-string may be well enough adapted for the dispatching of subjects in Turkey, it will not have quite so sure and certain an effect on some princes; for the aforesaid prince spaniel, having hung the usual time, was taken down, and laid on the ground, while his executioner fell to digging a grave—this Jack Ketch Sexron had not been many minutes at work, but on turning his head aside, he found to his no small surprise, that his Highness had risen up and walked off some paces, and was eyeing the grave digging operation with a very inquisitive look, on which the operator broke out into the following exclamation:—"Od dam thee prince, art teaw which'nt again? I find I began at rang wark furst, boh I'll be a match for th'

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for I'll be like th' owd woman, when hoo set Jannocks ith' oon, ot clapt up th' oon stone oz soon oz hoo'd done, for fear'd on 'em runnink eawt ogen, for I'll mey th' hole reddy

afore ot eh tee the' up ogen." Which he accordingly did, and poor Prince was executed a second time, and buried as speedily as possible, to prevent the disagreeable consequences of a resuscitation.

**FROM THE SAME
OF NOVEMBER 22, 1795.
ENOCH DISGRACED**

A BRIMSTONE hot, loyal fon of the forge, commOnly called a blackSmith, at Stayley Bridge, near Ashton-under-lyne, (being stimulated more by interest than idleness) lately erected an instrument on the opposite side of his anvil, to which he gave the name of Enoch, which was to do the duty of a tellow-labourer, by assisting him in turning horse-shoes, and doing other strong work. And as the nature of this one arm assistant required neither meat, drink, washing, nor even a bed to lie down upon, honest Vulcan promised to himsels no small advantage. All things being now ready, in order to try the operation he puts a piece of iron into the fire, and pours forth a copious blast of wind, sufficient to have supplied all the bagpipes in Scotland to play the *Reels of Bogy* for a fortnight. After about ten minutes nod and puff, the smith takes the iron from the fire, and lays it upon the anvil and by the tip of a tradle, Enoch instantly obeyed the signal; when unfortunately the blacksmith holding his head rather too low, honest Enoch struck his master full in the face; which unfortunate stroke threw poor Vulcan upon his back: after lying a few minutes he reco-

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vered himself a little, and presented a mod frightful spectacle; the gnomon of his face stood awry, all besmeared with crimson gore.

As soon as he recovered the use of his speech, he broke out into this exclamation, " G—d d...n thee, Enoch, boh I'll gi' thee theh bonds; theaws soon gett'n

shut o' thy prentyship weh meh; thoose mey tey theh ot win, for I'le ha no moro o' thy sarvis."

Thus poor Enoch, fell under ir retrievable disgrace, at the time he was yielding implicit obedience to the dictates of his master.

**FROM THE SAME
OF MARCH 12, 1796.**

ANECDOTE

It is related of old Doctor Clayton, the celebrated water-caster, in this country, that it was usual with him to admit his patients into that part of the house where an arch servant girl was about her business, there to wait their turn to approach the sage disciple of Galen. It happened one morning a number of persons from different parts were got together discoursing what their business was, where they came from, &c. &c. One man said his wife had fallen down stairs, and had been poorly ever since. The servant girl on hearing this, immediately acquainted the Doctor with this circumstance. When it was this man's turn to come before him, he says, "here Doktor I browt yoah meh wiv's weatur t' look at...any person who had the opportunity of hearing the Doctor, knew him to be as rusticated

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in his dialect as any of his patients. After pouring out the water, and looking a few minutes at it consequentially, he said, "Why mon the' wife has fown deawn stears I see!" "Eigh!" says the man "han yoah fund tat eawt!" iv yoah kon tell that, yoah kon tell heaw monny steps hoo fell down." The Doctor takes up the phial of water again, and turning it two or three times about opposite the window, said, "Wha mon the' wife mit

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as weel o' bin kilt, hoos fown deawn a dozen steps I find!" "Wha," says the man, "yoar vere faws, boah oz faws oz yoah ar, yoa'n mist it, for hoo fell deawn fifteen!" "Wha," says the Doctor, "did teaw bring O th' wetur?" "Nough," says the man, "I slat a little sope eawt, ot Bot'l wud naw houd," "Ho, ho!" says the Doctor, "that's tha very thing, weh thee doink so, theaw threw thoos three steps away!"