

**The Salamanca Corpus: Owd Sammy Twitcher's Crismas Bowk  
for the year 1870 (1870)**

**Author: Joseph Barlow Robinson (1820-1883)**

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OWD SAMMY TWITCHER'S  
CRISMAS BOWK FOR THE YEAR 1870.

FULL A FUN, TALES, AN RHYMES, SUITABLE  
FOR'T SEASON.

ROAT, KOMPOAZED, AN HILLUSTERATED  
BY  
A DARBYSHER MON.

COPYRITE RESARVED FOR REASONS BEST KNAWN TA MYSEN.

DARBY

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR J. B. ROBINSON, DERWENT STREET

AN SOWD BY AWT' BOOKSELLERS I'T TAAN AN CAANTY,  
AN IVERYWHEER ELSE.

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PREFACE

My first little Book written in the Derbyshire dialect having had such a large sale, I have been encouraged to produce another, in the shape of a Christmas Book, which I now present for the approval of Sammy's numerous admirers. In this I have endeavoured to make its contents as interesting and entertaining as the former work, and as a novel feature, which, so far as I know, has not been before adopted, I have given a rhyming verse at the head of each Advertisement to suit its special character. Should this little work meet with the same favour as its predecessor, I may be induced to make it an Annual, so that

Sammy Twitcher may become a household word;  
To read it who has not tried.  
His morals true, his subject new,  
And always well applied.

Wishing my Friends the Compliments of the Season,

I remain, their obliged servant,

JOSEPH BARLOW ROBINSON,

A Darbysher Mon.

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OWD SAMMY TWITCHER'S  
CRISMAS BOWK

SAMMY TU'T REEDER

FREND, ah gey thee my hond, ah dunna mene tow fingers, bur a gud grip, az tha'll feel tinglin e aw thy veins. Heers a merry Crismas ta thee an thoine, ta thy woife, thy big childer an thy little childer, thy men sarvants an thy maid sarvants, an ta them az caws thee mester. Let aw under thy rowf enjoy thersens fur this dey at least, an if tha's onny moor munney ta spare, goo aat intu't streets and foind aat who wants it moost, an gey em a little sixpense wee a koind lowk an cheerin wods, az all dow em ommast az mich gud az t'munney. Ne'er moind if tha's gen munney afoar ta them az didna deserve it; a mon's allis liable ta bee ta'en in by sum undesarvin scamp or anuther; bur az tha's gen it wi't best intenshuns, it'll bee them az all hae ta anser for't.

Wen onny body ses ta mee, Tha's bin ta'en in agen, Sammy, ah ses Ah didna gey it tu't mon, ah gen it ta humanity; an if ah've bin imposed on, why bettur soo nor miss

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down a gud turn. Them's my senterments; bur if ah foind em aat wunce, ah lowk aat fur summuddy else anuther toime.

If tha's had a bit ov a tiff wee onnybody, try ta set aw straight at this toime, goo up tow him, an sey, Well, lad, mee an thee hasna bin varry gud frends fur sum toime; bur if tha thinks ah've dun owt rong, ah'm willin ta beg thy pardin, az ah conna afford ta loose an owd frend; soo let aw't past be forgotten an berried fro this dey, an wee'll start afresh. If hee's owt ov a mon e him,

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hee'll gey thee his hond, an yo'll be bettur frends aftur than ivvir.

At this toime, let us awsoo rimember them az is absent. If yo han childer az conna get tu't owd nest at whom, at Crismas, an yore pratty well off, send em a nashon big hamper, an put summat az thay used ta loike in it, and thay'll know it's a fayther's or mothur's luv az has thowt a that. T' remembrance ov owd toimes all com thick an fast wile thay are unpackin it. Thay'll ha'e a hard job to keyp t'lump daan e ther throat az is welly chokin em; an if it's a wench, th' tears all non bee slow e comin.

Wee shud awsoo rimemur them who wunce jined aar Crismas dinner, whoose jovial cheery owd faces wor a picter ta lowk on, bur whoose seats are naw vacant, nivver moor ta bee filled by them. Theer song is hushed, theer story is tow'd for't last toime; bur theer memory still remains, an wull remain until aar own is closed in that last long sleyp, the doom of aw.

These are sad thowts; an awtho wee conna help referrin tow em, yit t'season requoires that wee shud bee merry; soo order in t'dinner, an eat an drink, fust thankin t'Giver of all, for that He has provided fur us, an wiaat whoose help non on us con live, or moove, or have aar bein.

If theer's onny puddin left, aftur yo han aw had anuff, think a wot poor owd foaks theer is az lives near yo, an send em a bit. Yo'll bee now poorer fur down soo. Ah awlis think, wot a mon geys away wee a gud motive, is awlis returned tow him e sum shape; an t'greatest satisfacshun a mon con ha'e wen hee leys his yed on his piller, at neight, is, that hee's dun a gud action durin t'dey, or helped summuddy az cudna help thersens.

Naw bring aat t'woine, an let us fill a bumper, an drink tu't success ov aar owd Taan an Caanty, an ta uz aw collectively an individiwally, az wot benefits won mun dow summat toards benefittin aw, az wee are soo dependin on won anuther. Wile yore drinkin t'remainder o't bottle, ah'll try ta entertain yo we a few tales an jokes, ta ma'e yo loft, az thay sen its gud fur digeschun. An if it be true az foaks gets fat by loffin, wy wee sholl hae sitch a race a jolly fat owd fellers e aar caanty, az all wack aw uthers, let em bee wheer thay may; an ah sholl tell yo fust haw ta ma'e

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T' CRISMAS PUDDIN

If yo wish ta ma'e a puddin e which ivvery won delights,  
Ov a duzzen new leyd eggs, yo mun ta'e th' yokes an whites;

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Beat em well up in a bason till thay thororly comboine,  
An shred an chop sum suit up partickelarly foine.

Ta'e a paand a well stoaned reasins, an a paand a currans dried,  
A paand a paanded sugar, an a paand a peel beside;  
Stir em aw well up together, wi a paand a wheaten flaar,  
An let em stond ta saddle fur a quarter ov an haar.

Then tee t'puddin in a cloth, an put it intu't pot—  
Sum foaks loike t'watter cowl, an sum prefer it hot—  
Bur tho ah dunno which a theese tow methods ah shud preise,  
Ah know it owt ta boil an haar fur ivvery paand it weighs.

Wen t'puddins ta'en aat at pot, an put on ter a dish, caw t'childer, an let em march  
befoar it az its carried intu't sittin rowm, wi little flags e ther honds, to stick intow it wen  
its placed on't table. Yo might larn em ta shaat aat t'follerin loines, or to sing em:-

Hurra ! bring t'puddin aat o't pot,  
An let us eat it wile its hot.

If you'n monny little uns, ma'e a smaw puddin fur each on em, an put raand t'big  
un. Let em cut up ther own, an ther little een all sparkle we plessur; and wile thay live  
thay'll ne'er forget t'Crismas puddins thay had at whom.

JIM'S PEANNER

AFTUR aar visit tu't gret Exhibishun e Darby Jim seemed ta bee quoite anuther lad; hee  
gen up his pley, an becom soo thowtful, ah fancied ther wor summut up wee him,  
spesherly az hee fell off e his eatin. Hee used ta eat az hearty az onny lad; bur, at th'  
toime ah'm speakin on, hee didna seem ta care fur owt, bur ta get away agen az sown az  
ivver he

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cud. This went on for towthry weekes; an ah notissed t'lad pickin up aw't bits a wud, an  
bricks, an stoan, as he cud foind, and carryin em inter an owd hovel az wee didna ma'e  
onny use on, an az ah thowt it ud keep him quiet, an aat a mischif, ah let him goo on  
wiaat lowkin wot hee wor up tow. Wen won dey hee com runnin intu't haase, shaatin  
aat, Fayther an Mothur, com an hear my Peanner; ah've getten it aw e tune naw; an hee  
towk howd a booth aar honds, and powd us along till hee'd getten us tu't back o't hovel,  
wheer hee'd meyd sum holes, an theer wor a lot a peeses a wud stickin aat.

Naw, hee ses, yo'll heer mee pley; an hee run i't frunt ov em aw, geyin em a shuv  
wee his fist; an theer wor sitch a row az ah ne'er heered afoar. Theer wor t'owd boar  
gruntin, t'pigs squealin, an t'owd cat an kittlins wowin, aw at t'same toime. Ah ses, Wot  
ivver has ta bin up tow? Wheers aw that row com fro? Is that thy Peanner? Hee ses, It

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is, an it's a gud un tow; an hee gen t'bits a wud anuther shuv, an t'row wor tremendus; an hee kep on pleyin, az hee caw'd it, till ah thowt ah wor e Bedlam.

At last ah meyd him oppen t'door, an let's see wot aw't row wor; an ah declare, if hee hadna meyd a lot ov hutches, an i't fust hee'd put aar owd boar, an i't next theer wor't sow, then com t'little pigs an t'owd cat an kittlins. It wor theese az meyd t'row wen hee tutcht wot he caw'd t'keys ov his Peanner. At t'end ov t'key o'er t'owd boar an sow hee'd put a sharp neal, fur t'little pigs theer wor a pin, while t'cat an kittlins wor tee'd tow it by ther teals, an they wor aw soo fast, thay cudna get away. Now, ses hee, Watch em az ah pley aatsoide; an wen hee begun t'owd boar grunted, an lowked that vishus, ah thowt hee'd ha had t'plase daan; t'owd sow wor ommast az bad; wile t'little pigs cudna ma'e aat wot wor up wee em, an squealed till thay cud squeal now longer; an t'owd cat an kittlins wor wowin an spittin ta that degree, ah thowt thay'd ha gone mad; an ah shaated aat fur Jim ta com an let em loose. Az soon az hee oppened t'spot weer t'owd boar wor, aat hee com in a fury, an run full bump at aar owd wummun, nockin her daan, an tearin up t'graand wee his nose till hee get ter a tree, agen which hee rubbed his owd hide till ah thowt hee'd a rubbed a hole in it. Then com t'owd sow, an little

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pigs tumblin won o'er anuther, an thay wor sown aat a seight; whoile t'owd cat an kittlins run up intu't loft, an we seed now moor on em fur towthry deys; an it wor a long toime befoar onny on em cud forget Jim's Peanner; t'owd boar, espesherly, az soon az hee seed Jim comin, hee'd run up tu't tree, an begin rubbin his hide, az if he thowt hee'd bin in for't agen.

TU'T OWD WUMMAN.

Duz ta remember, Molly,  
That Crismas long agoo,  
Wen wintry winds blew laad an cowl,  
An t'graand wor wite we snoo ?  
A happy lot wor gethered raand  
T'fire-leighted hearth;  
The tale an merry joke wor heard,  
An song, an joyous mirth.  
T'wor theer ah met thee, Molly,  
So young, an gey, an fair,  
Wee holly berries curled among  
Thy locks of gowden hair.  
The fairy ov that Crismas toime  
Did thaa appear ta mee;  
An in that merry evenin haar  
Ah gen my heart ta thee.  
Ah led thee tow the festive dance;  
Thy touch my bosom thrill'd;

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The glances of thy soft blue een  
My heart we rapture filled;  
Ah watched the blush upon thy cheek,  
Ah heared thy falterin tone;  
An on that happy Crismas neight  
Ah won thee for me own.

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Agen it's Crismas, Molly,  
An wee are happy naw,  
Awtho, perchonce, youth's early fire  
Has left each thowtful brow;  
Bur tha has soothed my mony cares,  
An cheered my path ov loife;  
Ah bless the by-gone Crismas neight  
When fust ah met my woife.

JACK WHIFFLER'S DREAM.

IN a village not fur fro Bakwell, theer lived sum toime agoo a mon o't neame a Jack Whiffier, az honest an hard workin a feller as ivver lived. Hee wor t'village blacksmith, locksmith, gunsmith, and ivviry other sort ov smith, an cud mend owt fro a poker ta a cart wheel. Heer at a neight came aw't yung fellers i't neyborhood ta heer t'news an crack a joke wee him, az hee wor az full a fun az a merry andrew at a show, an wen thay wunce get him farely agooin heed ma'e em loff for an haar. Hee wor one a thoose az throws care tu't winds, awthoo, poor feller, hee'd had anuff on't e his own haase, az his woife used ta bee a sad trubble tow him, geyin wey ta drink, an neglectin her childer an ivviry thing else ta indulge e her bad habits.

Jack had tried ivvery plan hee cud think on ta prevent her gettin onny sort ov intosticatin drink. Hee stopped geyin her onny brass, an bowt wot thay wantud himsen; bur it wor now use, if how cudna get t'munney ta pey for't how cud get credit at t'ale shop i't village. An wen hee stopped that, how towk things aat at haase an sowd em.

Hee wor at his wits' end wot ta dow, wen aw at wunce an idee popt inter his yed, wich hee duly carried aat t'fust toime hee fun her sober anuff ta understond wot hee wor sayin tow her. How

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seldom went ta bed wiaat ta'ain t'bottle wee her, an hae'in a drop t'last thing at neight an fust thing i't marnin, soo her moind wor ommast awlis e a muddle. Bur won marnin t'bottle by sum mischance had tumbled off t'cheer, an aw its contents had run on tu't floor. Jack notissed this, an az sown az how wor waken how put aat her hond, an findin it aw spilt, how wor aw e a dither, an didna know wot ta dow, az her lips wor parched,

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an her honds shakin ta that degree, hee towk pity on her and fetched a cup a cowl watter, which hee put ta her maath ta revive her a bit, and then hee spoke.

"Madge," hee sed," ah've had a dream, an won az has soo fixed itsen e my moind ah con remember it az weel az if ah'd bin wakken aw't toime. Ah thowt it wor a nice fine dey, an az ah hadna mitch wok e hond, ah'd goo aat for a wauk an enjoy mysen a bit. Ah thowt ah'd rambled a long wey, an cudna tell wheer ah'd getten tow, wen ah suddenly fun mysen i't frunt ov a gret pair ov yates, az prevented me fro goin onny futher. Wile ah wor lowkin aat haw ta oppen em soo az ah cud continey me wauk, theer wor an owd- mon wi a long white beard an a foine lowkin face come up wi't keys in his honds, an axed me wot ah wantud theer. Ah towd him ah wor gooin a jurney, wishin him ta let me throw, an if ther wor owt ta pey, hee'd only ta tell me haw mich an ah'dhond it o'er.

Hee axed me if ah knew wheer ah wor, an towd me thay wor t'yates ov Parradoise, an sed nubuddy cud ivver bee admitted theer wiaat thay'd led a gud loife, and bin sober an honest, awlis down ta uthers az thay'd wish uthers ta dow ta them.

Why, ah ses, tha mun bee Sent Peeter, az ah've seen e picter bowks; ah remember thy owd face naw, an a gud tempered owd feller tha lowks, bur ah sey, dow just let me in ta lowk raand a bit befoar ah goo back agen. Hee ses, ah dunna know abaat that; wot's thy neame, an ah'll lowk e my bowk an see if ah con foind it theer. Wen ah towd him, hee lowked t'bowk o'er an o'er wiaat foindin it, and sed hee cudna let mee in. Ah towd him ta lowk agen, az ah wor suer hee mut a missed it, az ah'd awlis gon ta Chuch, an ne'er missed seyin my prayers az weel az tryin ta dow aw't gud e my paar, nivver rongin onnyboddy if ah

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know'd it. Well, hee towk his bowk an lowked it o'er agen, an suer enuff e a little corner, hee fun my neame, Jack Whiffler, an awthoo theer wor sum little crosses agen it, hee ses, ah foind nowt bad agen thee, theese little crosses signerfies errors o't yed not o't heart, an ah'll let thee in for a short toime, that tha may see haw plessant t'toime passes wi those az wunce ta'es up their abode heer.

Hee then oppened t'yates, an directly ah got in aw my owd cloos dropped off, an ah fun mysen e a whoite and flowin robe; my sperits wor that leight ah felt as if ah cud fly, bur ah wor afreed ta try, soo ah kep waukin on till ah come ta anuther pair a yates made aat a solid gowd, an which oppened a ther own accord, az sown az ah went up, an let me in, bur t'leight wor so breight an dazlin ah had ta shade my een a bit befoar ah cud bear ta lowk raand. Wen ah'd getten used tow it, ah seed lots moor dressed same az mysen, an thay aw seemed soo happy an contentud, ah felt az if ah shud loike ta stey wee em fur ivver, bur az ah'd promised Sent Peter ta goo back agen e a cupple ov haars, an havin allis bin a mon o my wod, ah ment ta dow soo.

Az ah wor lowkin raand, aw at wunce the white robed throng rose up intu't air an went flyin off, then ah seed thay'd aw getten wings, and feelin a gret desoire ta goo wee em, ah thowt ah'd try, an suddenly fun aat ah'd wings az well, wee which ah rose up intu't air and follered em. Well, wee went on an on till wee com ter a splendid temple, the loike ov which now mortal een cud describe, its length an breadth cud nivver be

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messed, an its pillars wor ov solid gowd an cudna be caanted. Heer wor rowm fur hundreds ov millions ta com an view its splendors. Heer ah seed poor owd Tommy Smith, t'cripple, az deed towthry year agoo, bur he wor a cripple now longer. His limbs wor streight, an his face hadna a lowk ov pein, bur wor breight an cheerful as t'rest. Then ah seed owd Nelly Moss t'poor blind wummun, whoose deth happened not long sin, bur how worna blind heer, how cud see as weel az onny on em. Theer wor monny uthers az ah know'd, an ah axed em if thay'd loike ta goo back wee me, bur thay sed thay wor tow happy ta hae onny earthly cares, aw ther toime bein spent e geyin praise ta God for aw't plessur thay enjoyed.

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Aw at wunce their wor a sweet strain ov music, now still and soft, an then burstin into grond gushes ov sitch melody az now mortal ears ivver heerd, comin fro millions upo millions ov tuneful voices. Theer wor now singin aat a toime, aw wor harmony, now discord their. Az it gradually ceased, ah perceived a leight at t'end o't temple gettin breighter an breighter, an thay shaated aat, Hail the High the Holy One, an fallin daan on ther knees, bowed their heads in His presence, bur it worna gen ta mee ta lowk upo His face, awthoo t'tuthers cud see Him. Wen ah lowked up the brightness wor fadin, an ah then remembered t'promise ah'd meyd ta Sent Peter ta goo back agen.

On reachin t'yates their hee stood reddy ta let me aat; bur befoar leavin ah sed, da thee just lowk e thy bowk an see if tha con foind aar Madge's neame, az ah shud loike her ta com heer wen how dees, ah shudna loike ta bee separated fro her. Well, hee towk daan t'bowk an lowked it o'er an o'er, bur hee cudna foind thy neame onnywheer. At last hee ses, ah'll lowk if ah con foind it e my black bowk, an wen hee oppened it, suer anuff on't fust page their wor roat e big letters, Madge Whiffler, bad wummun, neglects her husband an childer, an their wor ivver sa monny gret black crosses at t'end on't. Ah wor soo sorry ta see this, an ah axed him if their wor now chance ta get thy neame intu't tuther bowk.

Well, hee ses, for mee ta dow that, their mun be a gret awteration in her. Ah see by these crosses how ne'er goos ta Chuch or ses her prayers, bur wastes that toime az has bin gen tow her ta prepare for comin heer e selfish indulgences, carin for nowt else. Tha mey tell her fro mee if ah heer a gud accaant on her fro her guardian angel for t'next twelmonth, ah'll put her e my white bowk, bur if how goos on az how dus naw, how'll ne'er com throw these yates.

Ah then wakkened, an t'dream had meyd sitch an impression on me moind ah cudna goo ta sleep agen. Wile ah'd bin tawkin ah watched her face, an az ah went on tears began ta glisten in her e'en, an wen how fun her neame wor i't black bowk, thay sown fell on her honds clasped befoar her, an az ah finished, how fell on her knees, an sed, Jack, wi God's help ah'll be a different

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wummun fro this dey, an leave off the cursed drink az has meyd mee the wretch ah am, an tha shall ne'er ha'e cause to complein agen.



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Fro this varra toime Jack's whom became a pattern ov neatness an comfort for aw't neyburs raand. This had gon on for a year, wen won neight az her an Jack wor sittin afoar t'foire aftur his dey's wok wor dun, aw at wunce how sed, Jack, have ah gen thee onny cause ta complein sin tha towd me thy dream.

No, hee ses, tha's bin az gud a woife az onny i't parish, bur why dus ta ax me that, tha knows wot aw't neyburs ses az theers naw haase i't village soo neat an clean az Madge Whiffler's.

Ah, bur Jack, tha knows it worna awlis soo, an az a twelmonth is naw gon, dus ta think Sent Peter's put my neame i't white bowk yit.

Ah, ah'll bee bun hee has, ah beleeve tha's dun ivvery thing hee wished thee ta dow, an tha mey depend thy neame's put i't white bowk wiaat onny crosses tow it. Then, ses Madge, ah'll ta'e gud care it ne'er comes aat agen. An fro this toime now persuasion cud induce her ivver ta tutch drink agen, an Jack had gud reason ta bless the dey on which hee related his dream.

THE OWD BALLAD OF THE DARBY RAM.

As I was going to Darby,  
All on a market day,  
I met the finest ram, sir,  
That ever was fed upon hay.

Indeed, it is a truth, sir,  
For I never was taught to lie;  
And if you had gone to Darby,  
You'd have seen it as well as I.  
Oh ! you lie, you lie, sir ! singing  
Fal de lal, de ral day.

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This Ram was fat behind, sir,  
This Ram was fat before;  
This Ram was ten yards high, sir,  
Indeed, he was no more.  
Indeed, it is a truth, sir, &c.

The wool upon his back, sir,  
Reached up into the sky;  
The eagles made their nests there,  
For I heard the young ones cry.  
Indeed, it is a truth, sir, &c.

The wool that grew on his belly,

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It dragged upon the ground;  
And the people wiped their feet on it,  
As they walked round and round.  
Indeed, it is a truth, sir, &c.

The space between his horns, sir,  
Was as far as a man could reach;  
And there they built a pulpit.  
For the parson there to preach.  
Indeed, it is a truth, sir, &c.

The teeth that were in his mouth, sir,  
Were like a regiment of men;  
And the tongue that hung between them, sir,  
Would have dined them twice, and agan.  
Indeed, it is a truth, sir, &c.

This Ram jumped o'er a wall, sir,  
His tail caught on a briar;  
It reached from Darby Town, sir,  
All into Leicestershire.  
Indeed, it is a truth, sir, &c.

And of this tail so long, sir,  
(Twas ten yards and an ell,)  
They made a goodly rope, sir,  
To toll the market-bell.  
Indeed, it is a truth, sir, &c.

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This Ram had four legs to walk on, sir,  
This Ram had four legs to stand.  
And every leg he had, sir,  
It stood on an acre of land.  
Indeed, it is a truth, sir, &c.

The butcher that killed this Ram, sir,  
Was up to the knees in blood;  
And the boy that held the pail, sir,  
Was carried away by the flood.  
Indeed, it is a truth, sir, &c.

All the maids in Darby, sir,  
Came begging for his horns,

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To take them to the cooper's,  
To make them milking gawns.  
Indeed, it is a truth, sir, &c.

The little boys of Darby, sir,  
They came to beg his eyes,  
To kick about the streets, sir,  
For they were of football size.  
Indeed, it is a truth, sir, &c.

The Tanner that tanned its hide, sir,  
Would never be poor any more;  
For, when he had tanned and retched it,  
It covered all Sinfin Moor.  
Indeed, it is a truth, sir, &c.

The jaws that were in his head, sir,  
They were so fine and thin,  
They were sold to a Methodist parson,  
For a pulpit to preach in.

Indeed, it is a truth, sir,  
For I never was taught to lie;  
And if you'd gone to Darby,  
You'd have seen it as well as I.  
Oh ! you lie, you lie, sir ! singing  
Fal de lal, de ral day.

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FIND EM AATS.

1. Wot did aw't yung ladies wish for wen thay went tu't  
Exibishun ?
2. At wot partickelar toime dus t'Coroner a Darby resemble a  
traveller ta India ?
3. Why is Parker the butcher a very simple feller?
4. Why is t'taar of Aw Seints Chuch loike t'nose on yer face ?
5. Why is a Crismas puddin loike a wheel-barrow?
6. Whoose t'grestest simpleton e aw Bilper ?
7. Why are Johnson's watches loike a windmill ?
8. Why is a grond displey a firewoks loike t'chimley at 't Darby  
Gas Woks ?
9. Why is Bassendine the shoemaker loike a parson ?
10. Why is t'top o't spire ov Ashbourn Chuch loike a praad mon ?

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11. Why is edicashun loike Mainprize the tailor?
12. If one ov Greaves's hosses wor ta loose its tail, why shud hee sell it by wholesale ?
13. Why is the Volunteer moovment loike a basket a apples?
14. Would yo rather a lion killed yo or a tiger?
15. Why is it dangerous to ta'e a nap in a train wile its gooin fro Darby to Ripley ?
16. Wot is the difference between Winter the photographer an the hoopin cough ?
17. Wheer wor't fust neal struck wen thay begun ma'ain t'new St. Jeames's Hotel e Darby?
18. Wot is't colour ov Darby Arboretum wen its covered wee snow?
19. Wot difference is ther between t'prattiest wench e Matlock-Bath an a potater ?
20. If a bear wor ta goo inter George's draper's shop wot wud hee want ?
21. If t'noicest wench e Buxton wor ta gey yo a kiss, wot shape wud it bee ?
22. Why is't spire a Chasterfild Chuch loike a speech at an election ?
23. Why is Owd Sammy Twitcher's Crismas Bowk loike a medley pie?

*For ansers see page 22.*

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THE IRISHMAN I'T CAVERN.

THEER'S varry few foaks e Darbysher bur wots heard o't gret cavern e Casselton caw'd t' Devil's Hole, an strangers coms fro aw parts o't wold to see it, az theers nowt loike it ta bee fun e Hingland. Well, won dey t'owd guide happened ta be aat o't road wen tow gentlemen com up an wantud ta see t'cavern. Thay sed thay'd com fro Buxton, a perpus, an thay wor foinely disappointed when thay fun hee wor away. As ah'd offen gon in, an knew t'wey ommast az weel az t'guide himsen, an az ah worna very busy on't farm, haein just finished gettin in t'hey, ah towd em ah'd tae em throw, if thay'd ventur ta goo wee me. This thay agreed tow, an, by wey o clenchin t'bargin, pop't a foive shillin peece e my hond, which ah thowt a grond stroke a luck; an ah towd em ta weit wile a went intu't haase fur sum candles.

Wen ah com aat agen, ah fun a rough lowking chap, an Irishman, had strolled up, an t'gents wor tawkin tow him. Az soon az thay seed ah wor reddy, thay axed Pat if hee'd loike ta goo in wee em. " Woudn't I," ses Pat, " but I haven't a blessed copper in me packet af t'wud save me life." " Oh, ne'er moind that," ses thay, " come along, wee'l may that aw reight."

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for the year 1870 (1870)*

Just az wee wor gooin throw t'door, won o't gents wispers tow mee, an ses, "Dunna yo be fretened at onnything yo heern; goo fust, wi't Irishman, an wee'll hae sum fun aat on him afoar he coms aat agen." Soo, ah goos up ta Pat, an gen him a candle, an ah sez, " Naw, da thee moind an stick cloose ta mee, or else summut mey happen tow thee, an ah shall get blamed." "Faith," ses Pat, " an is it meself yer afrade ov gettin inta thrubble; ye needn't fare for me; I can take care of meself anywheres." - Well," ah ses, " tha knows wot thay cawn this place—'t'Devil's Hole'—an tha mey happen see him befoar long." " The Lord be betune us an all harum," ses Pat, wen a puff a wind came, an blew aat booth aar candles; bur ah wor provided agen this, an sown leighted em agen. Well, wee went on ta wot's cawd "t'Bell Haase," were their's a big hole aboon yer yed, summat loike a bell, weer wee leighted moar candles, soo as ta see it bettur; then

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wee went ontu't fust watter, weer their's a boat, e which yo han ta lie daan, soo az ta pass throw a narrow passage only just big anuff fur a boat ta goo throw. Ah cud only tae won at wunce, an had ta wade throw mysen, pushin t'boat befoar mee; bur at last ah landed em aw safe in't gret haw. This is won o't wonders o't place, it's sitch a size. It wor messered sum toime sin, an thay fun it wor 250 feet long, 200 feet wide, an abaat 120 feet high. Heer we leighted a gret lot moor candles; an az the breight glitter ov the spar caught t'Irishman's een, hee began dancin. "Shure," hee ses, " I nivver saw a more illigant place in all me life fur a whiskey still; non o the gaugers ud ivver find won heer. I wish I had yez in Ireland; us Connemara boys ud soon put yez to a betther use than yez are now."

Ah ses, "Howd thy tongue; wen wee wanten whiskey e Darbysher (which isna varry often, as wee'n plenty a rare gud ale), wee con pey for't wiaat beein afreid o't exciseman, an wee conna spare t'cavern fur thee ta ta'e ta Ireland, even if it wor possible ta dow soo. Now," ah ses, "march along, or we shall ne'er get tu't fur eend; an tha sees wee are by aarsens, weer t'gents is gon ah dunna know, az thay wor heer a bit sin."

Well, on wee went till wee come ter a big lump a rock az wor reight i't wey wee wor gooin, wen, aw at wunce, their wor a noise loike sumuddy moanin. "By the powers," ses Pat, " what's that? Whare did the noise come from?" Ah ses, "what noise?" Bur befoar ah cud get t'wods aat, t'noise grew laader, an Pat shaats aat, "Whare are yez, an what's the matther ?" "Oh ! oh ! ah'm under this stoan ! for heaven's sake let me loose!" "There," ses Pat, "did yez hare that ?" "Hear wot?" ah ses, "their's nowt bur t'watter drippin fro t'rowf; come on, or else wee shall bee i't cavern aw dey," jumpin o'er t'stoan at t'same toime. Just az hee wor abaat ta foller mee, their wor a noise com fro under his feet, "Oh ! oh ! my poor yed! yo're hurtin me;" an it startled him soo mich, he gen a spring, jumpin abaat four yards, wen t'same voice said, "Naw yore on my legs; dow get off, an let me at liberty." "By the powers, it's a big chap ye must be, whoivver ye are. What can I do for yez?" " Rowl away t'stoan fust." "Bedad, so I will," ses he; an he off we his coat, an aftur sum hard wok, hee managed to shift it a bit.

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Aw this toime ah'd ta'en now notiss; bur, az ah turned raand, ah seed both o't gents peepin at us fro behint won o't rocks. Wen Pat had shifted t'stoan a bit, hee ses, "Are yez any asier now, me jewel?" " Wy, you'n shifted t'rong stoan; ah'm under this, stupid." "Shure, an ye might kape a civil tongue in yer head, an ye bein unable to help yerself; but tell me whare yez are, an I'll get yez out in a jiffy." "Oh, ah'm heer, neer t'soide o't cavern; dow ma'e haste." An Pat run off ter anuther stoan ivver soo mich bigger nor t'won hee'd bin tuggin at befoar. "Dow shift it soo as ah con get away; wot a cruel mon yo are, ta let me bee e aw this pein soo long." "Do yez mane to say, yer under this big sthone ? Why, it's flat as a pancake ye must be! How long have yez been here?" "Oh, ah conna tell; ah shud think abaat a fortnit; bur ah shonna bee able ta bear it mich longer, az ah'm gettin weaker an weaker ivvery dey." " Faith, an I should think so," ses Pat. "Here goes, thin, to shift the sthone." An he lugged an pushed at it till t'sweat run daan his foreyed; bur he cudna stir it. At last hee sat daan aat a breath, ta rest a bit, wen t'same voice begun moanin agen; bur this toime it wor at t'oppersit soide. "Whisht!" ses Pat. "Is that another?" "No, it isna; it's mee." "Oh, it's you, is it? An there I've been liftin at the wrong sthone again, till me very heart's almost broken." "Well, dow try wunce moar." An Pat set his shouder ta this, an gen it a shuv az sent it rowlin ivver sa fur, till it bumped agen anuther e its wey.

" Oh! Oh! Oh! " yelled aat t'same voice az wee'd heered afoar; "Oh! ah'm nearly killed! Oh! my poor yed!" An Pat run off, expectin ta foind sumuddy lamed, az t'shrieks wor horrible. Wen hee com up tu't stoan, theer wor nowt ta be seen, an hee caw'd mee tow him, an hee ses, "Whare is the poor fellow that I've been thryin to set at liberty?" "Wot poor feller?" ses ah. "Why, didn't ye hare him cryin out?" "Heer wot?" ses ah; "ah heered nowt, an ah cudna ma'e aat wotivver tha wor up tow, runnin abaat, an shiftin them stoans. Wotiver possessed thee ta dow that?" "Do yez mane to say ye hard nothin? Didn't yez hare the man cryin out for me to get the sthone aff him?" "No, ses ah, shakin me yed, "ah heard nowt."

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"Shure, thin, it's bewitched I am, or I must be aslape and dhramin; give me a pinch, will yez, that I may be shure." Ah went up tow him, an gen him sitch a pinch as meyd him yell aat. "Bedad, shure enuf, it's awake I am; and sorra's the day I ever came into a black hole like this. Let me out, let me out, I say, before I go mad." An off hee run; bur in his haste hee'd forgotten t'watter, an wor hafe draaned afoar ah cud get him aat. At last wee get tu't entrance, and cud see deylight wunce moar. Wen t'Irishman got aatside, he shook his fist at t'cavern, an ses, "Shure enuff, an yere rightly named, for it's in purgathory I've been, and I dunno rightly ware I am at this blessed minnit; but ye'll nivver catch me inside yer ugly jaws agen."

Just at this toime the tow gentlemen came aat an jined us, an axed Pat how hee'd enjoyed it. "Enjoyed it," ses hee, "shure if yez call that enjoyment, let me be far away whin next ye take it." "Why so?" ses one o't gents, an Pat then aat wee't an towd em aw hee'd gon throw, axin em at t'same toime if thay'd heerd nowt. Thay booth sed aw had bin quiet, an now sitch saands az hee descroibed had bin heered by them.

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"Shure thin, it must have been a pinance for me sins, an it's one I'll remimber for a long time to come." "Well," ses they, "heers a shillin, goo an get summat ta eat an drink, an dry yersen, or yo'll get cowd wi beein i't watter." "God bless yer honners for thinkin av that," an off hee went an wee seed now moar on him.

Az sown az hee wor gon, th' tow gents begun loffin, an ah thowt thay'd niver ah left off, an it turned aat won on em wor wot thay cawn a venterilerquist, az cud throw his voice onnywheer, an thay'd had some rare fun watchin us, bur allis keepin aat a seight o't Irishman.

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BILLY WREIGHT AN SARER BRAAN.

E Darby taan a wench wunce dwelt,  
Her neame wor Sarer Braan;  
Her cheeks wor red, her hair wor black,  
An how wor considered by gud judges  
ta bee by long odds t'best lowkin  
wench i't taan.

Her age wor neerly twenty-one,  
Her een wor sparklin breight;  
A varry noice wench how wor,  
An for abaat a year an a hafe theer  
had been a yung chap peyin attenshun  
tow her by't neame ov Billy Wreight.

Naw Billy wor a noice yung chap  
Az onny in the taan;  
An Sarer luved him dearly,  
Bur on accaant ov his beein obleiged ta  
wok fur a livin, hee ne'er cud ma'e himsen  
agreeable ta owd Mester an Missis  
Braan.

Her parents wor resolved  
Anuther how shud wed,  
A rich owd miser in the place.  
An owd Braan allis declaired that  
rayther than ha'e his dowter marry  
Billy Wreight hee'd sowner knock him  
on the yed.

Bur Sarer's hart wor brave an strong,  
How didna fear t'owd foaks' fraans;

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An az fur Billy Wreight soo bowd,  
Ah've heered him sey moor nor fifty  
toimes that (wi't excepshun a Sarer) he  
didna care a fig fur aw the race a Braans.

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Soo Sarer Braan an Billy Wreight  
Detarmined thay wud marry;  
A month agoo last Monday neight,  
Thay started for t'Register's Offis ta bee  
united i't holy bonds ov matrimony, tho  
it wor reinin loike Owd Harry.

Bur Owd Braan wor wide awake,  
Hee loaded his owd gun;  
An then run aftur t'lugin pair,  
Hee o'ertook em wen thay'd getten abaat  
hafe wey tu't offis an then Billy an Sarer  
started off upo't run.

Owd Braan then towk a jedly aim,  
Towards yung Billy's yed;  
Bur oh ! it wor a bleedin shame,—  
Hee meyd a mistak an shot his only  
dowter, an had the unspeakable anguish  
ov seein her drop daan stoan jed.

Then anguish filled yung Billy's hart,  
An vengeance crazed his breen;  
Hee drew an awful big knoife aat  
An plunged it inter Owd Braan abaat  
fifty or sixty toimes, soo az it is varry  
daatful abaat his e'er comin ta loife  
ageen.

The briny drops fro Billy's een  
E torrents paared daan;  
Hee yielded up the ghost an deed,—  
An this moloncholy an hart-rendin matter  
finishes the history ov Billy and  
Sarer, and loikewise ov Owd Braan.

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ANSERS TER FIND EM AATS.



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1. Ta bee amused.
2. When he sits on *Suez* side (suicide.)
3. Becos he steels his own knives an cuts off wee em.
4. Becos its t'most prominent feature in view.
5. Becos neither on em con climb a tree.
6. T'chap az beleeves ivvery wod az is printed i't newspapers.
7. Becos theer sales are extended an carried raand ta ivvery  
point o't compass.
8. Becos they booth end in a smoke.
9. Becos hee has monny soles (souls) wantin help, an his attenshuns  
heels (heals) them.
10. Becos wee aw its aspirin it is bur a *vane* thing.
- 1 1. Becos they booth form aar habits.
- 1 2. Becos hee conna *re-tail* it.
13. Becos ivvery corps (core) has its colonel (kernel).
14. Rather the Lion killed the Tiger.
15. Becos the train allis runs o'er sleepers.
16. Becos one ma'es fac-similes, an t'other sick families.
17. On the yed.
18. Invisible green.
19. One wears a gaan an t'tuther a jacket.
20. Hee'd want *muzzlin* (muslin).
21. Elliptical (a lip tickle).
22. Becos its twisted ta suit its own views wich ivver wey yo  
lowk at it.
23. Becos its full a gud things, an yo han ta oppen it befoar yo  
con see em.

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DAFT SAMMY O' CASSELTON.

EVERYBODY az has visited Casselton durin the last twenty year wull rimember Sammy Eyre, or az hee wor generally caw'd, Daft Sammy; bur why thay caw'd him daft ah cud ne'er ma'e aat, az hee wor cute an sharp enuff wheer hee thowt onny munney cud be gotten. Wen onny foaks came ta Casselton, let em com either a foot, on hossback or in a carriage, by east, west, north or saath, now matter e wot direcshun, Sammy wor suer ta meet em an interdooce himsen az the guide tu't Cassel, an thay wor cliver fellers az cud shake him off wiaat geyin him summat. In the earlier part of his loife hee used ta wok at one o't lead moines it neyburhud, fro where hee cud see t' Buxton road, an if hee seed a carridge comin hee'd throw daan his towls in a minnit an run az fast az hee cud ta meet it, an begin tellin t' visitors abaat Mam Torr, Peak Cavern, or Peveril Cassel, an then hee'd ax em for sixpense, an if hee got it hee'd go back ter his wok e gret glee. After a while hee fun this soo profitable hee constituted himsen the regilar guide tu't

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Cassel. Ah wor offen supprised haw hee cud interdooce himsen ta strangers, an a rimember beein towd haw hee did soo e one case. A party ov leadies wor gooin fro one o't inns e Casselton throw t' street, wen Sammy com runnin aftur, an placin himsen befoar em hee sed, "Ah'm t' guide." "Thank you," sed one o't leadies, "we don't want a guide." "Bur ah'm t' guide," contineyd Sammy. "But," sed t' leady, "we do'nt want any guide." "Abber ah awlis goo wee em," sed Sammy; an hee wudna be turned away. Aftur hee'd ta'en onny visitors tu't Cassel sumtoimes hee'd ma'e a charge, bur if hee had a gud soat e hond, az hee used ta caw um, heed sey, "Ah nivver ma'e now charge, ah awlis leaves it tow um an then thay geyn me hafe-a-craan." Wen hee'd getten peyd hee'd sey ther wor sumuddy else wanted him, an run off seyin, "Gud dey, gentlemen, thank yo, gentlemen, ah hoap t'st see yo agen anuther dey."

It deys a stage coachin, wen t' coaches used ta pass throw Casselton fro Shevvild ta Buxton, it wor customary fur Sammy ta

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ley e weit for 't passengers who got off ta wauk up t' hilly road o'er Mam Torr. Here Sammy ud gravely stretch aat his hond an ax one o't passengers ta ta'e howd on't, an for't next ta ley howd i't same wey, til thay wor aw e a loine, wen Sammy ud pull we aw his strength ta get em up t'hill. Havin tried this for a long toime, Sammy's coot, which sum on em wud ta'e howd on wor soo torn az to looze its original colour, az he added patch after patch ov aw forms an shapes. Sum o't visitors once axed him wheer hee'd bowt his coot. Hee sed hee nivver had bowt it. "Wheer then did yo meet wee it?" "Why," sed Sammy, "ah towk it in e numbers."

Sammy used ta live we his mother, who like himsen, wor on't lowk aat for aw how cud get. One marnin Sammy had az usual fastened himsen on a party ov visitors, who, obsarvin t'owd wummun follerin, axed Sammy if hee knew who how wor. " Oh," ses hee, "its sum poor owd wummun or uther; *gey her a sixpense.*"

Sammy's memory wor varry gud wen onnybody had promised him owt. Hee awlis carried his munney e his hond, an if yo tried ta ta'e it away fro him hee uzed to cuss an swear e an awful manner. Hee awlis used ta get inter a sack ta sleep, an draw it o'er his yed, an sleep we his munney e his honds. Sammy ud rather ony toime receive a copper than gey one. One toime theer wor a poor owd beggar mon comin daan t'Winnats inter Casselton, an meetin Sammy hee axed for summat, tellin him hee'd had nowt ta eat that dey. Sammy stud grindin his teeth for a minnit an sed, "Then goo thy wey whom an get summat, wee've enew e this cuntry wiaat thee," an then wauked off leavin t' poor feller ta comfort himsen we wods loike them.

Sammy ne'er had ony schoolin, an yet hee'd offen boast haw hee cud spell an sing. One o't wods ah rimembur heerin him spell wor "brazen," which hee spelt "*Bra uzzet en,*" an uther wods e a similar manner. Ov his singin hee used ta boast vary mich, spesherly if t'foaks hee wor singin for ud "crack" on him. His songs worna mony, an his musikal taste wor less. One ov his songs wor

Then Nancy spun harder, an thowt it now harm,  
Az how went ta market wee her mammy's yarn.

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for the year 1870 (1870)*

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Another wor

Then poor robin think a mee,  
Wen thaa has thy liberty.

Hee'd several uther songs, bur generally heed finish az if hee wor one of Her Majesty's most loyal subjects wi "God save t' Queen."

Sammy wor generally merry at the Crismas season, ta which toime hee lowked forrad we gret expectashuns az it wor his practis ter goo ta sartin haases i't village, an wiaat onny invitashun, hee'd sit daan an start a Crismas carol or sum ov his favorite songs. Ov course t'foaks knew wot hee came for, an would gey him his Crismas box. Sammy worna a regilar beggar, bur hee'd sartin places ta caw at wheer thay gen him wot bits a scraps ov food thay had ta spare, ov which hee'd devour onny quantity e a varry short toime. His habits worna vishus, only wen hee wor teased or provoked, which wor tow often t'case, booth by men an lads aloike.

Toward t'latter part ov his toime hee got moor feeble an worna soo fond a runnin up t'Cassel hill az hee uzed ta bee, an when he got tu't gate at t'bottom o't hill hee'd lowk at his visitors an sey, "Thay awlis peyn me heer." Hee wor nivver vary trubblesum tu't parish only fur a year or tow befoar his deth, an then only fur a short toime i't winter season. The last Sunday Sammy lived e Casselton hee wor spokken tow abaat been prepared ta dee, an towd that Christ died for aw men, an hee sed, "Ah, Hee deed for mee same az onnybody else, didna Hee," an then ommast i't same breath hee sed, "By t' mons, its been a weet dey, hasna it." Wen hee wor axed if hee ivver prayed, hee sed, "Ah, ah pray moor nor Tommy Cock." When axed wot hee sed wen hee prayed, he said, "Aar Father which art e Heaven." Let us hoap that aar Father which is in Heaven heard his prayer, and that wen hee entered t'dark valley ov the shadder ov deth, hee had a gleam ov a breight future, an deed in serenity an pease in the full assurance ov a joyful resurrection. He deed January 30th, 1868, e t' sixty-fifth year ov his age at the Union Workhus at Chappel-a-Frith, wheer hee'd only bin abaat a munth. His earthly remains wor browt ta Casselton an buried e a

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respectubble manner, a large number of villagers havin assembled either fro curoosity or respect, ta witness t'last ceremony performed o'er " Po Sammy."

THEER AH'VE FINISHED.

Bur befoar we break up wee mun ha'e another song, an az wee'n gotten az gud a little Queen az con be fun t'wold o'er why it sholl be God save t' Queen.

Wheers that yung rascal Jim, ah'll be bun yo'll foind him i't pantry; tell him ta com an bring his fiddle (ahve had ta buy t'lad one sin hee got sitch a taste for musik



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wee's peanner), an az God save t'Queen's one o't tunes hee's larnt ta pley, wee'll ha'e it e gud style.

Naw Jim, strike up—

God save aar grashus queen,  
Long live aar noble queen,  
God save the queen.  
Send her victorius,  
Long tow reign o'er us,  
God save the queen.

Theer, ah think wee'n dun that pratty weel, bur tha shud a pleyed slower, ah had ta wag my owd jaws aboon a bit ta get aw't wods in. Put on thy cap, lad, an wee'll be gooin az its gettin late, an now just a few wods befoar we part:—

Mey God's blessin rest on those az tries ta dow ther best, luv'in ther neyburs az thersens, awlis downin az thay'd wish ta be dun by, till aw men shall live e one bond of univarsal brutherhud. For't comin ov this happy toime will the prayers be offered ov

SAMMELL TWITCHER.

GUD NEIGHT.

BEMROSE AND SONS, PRINTERS, LONDON AND DERBY