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SALAMANIINI

THE
YEAR BOOK
OF
DAILY RECREATION AND INFORMATION,
CONCERNING
REMARKABLE MEN AND MANNERS,
TIMES AND SEASONS,
SOLEMNITIES AND MERRY-MAKINGS,
ANTIQUITIES AND NOVELTIES,
ON THE PLAN OF THE
EVERY-DAY BOOK AND TABLE BOOK;
FORMING A
COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE YEAR,
AND A
PERPETUAL KEY TO THE ALMANAC.

BY WILLIAM HONE.
Old Customs! Oh! I love the sound,
However simple they may be;
Whate'er with time hath sanction found,
Is welcome, and is dear to me.
Pride grows above simplicity.
And spurn then from her haughty mind,
And soon the poet's song will be
The only refuge they can find.—CLARE
With One hundred and fourteen Engravings

LONDON:
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1832

[43]

JOHNNY GREEN'S WEDDING, AND
DESCRIPTION OF MANCHESTER COLLEGE.

New lads where ar yo beawn so fast,

Yo happun ha no yerd whot's past;

Au gettun wed sin au'r here last,

Just three week sin come Sunday.

Au ax'd th' owd folk, an aw wur reet,

So Nan an me agreeet tat neet,

Or if we could mak both eends meet,

We'd wed o' Easter Monday.

That morn, as prim as pewter quarts,

Aw th' wenches coom an browt th' sweethearts

Au fund we'r loike to ha three carts,

'Twur thrunk as Eccles Wakes, mon

We donn'd eawr tits i' ribbins too,

One red, one green, and tone wur blue,

So hey! lads, hey! away we flew,

Loike a race for th' Ledger stakes, mon.

Reet merrily we drove, full bat,

An eh! heaw Duke and Dobbins swat;

The Salamanca Corpus: Johnny Green's Wedding (1832)

Owd Grizzle wur so lawm an fat,

Fro soide to soide hoo jow'd um:

Deawn Withy-Grove at last we coom,

An stopt at Seven Stars, by gum,

An drunk as mich warm ale and rum,

As'd dreawn o' th' folk i' Owdham.

When th' shot wur paid an drink wur done,

Up Fennel-Street, to th' church, for fun,

We donc'd loike morris-dancers dun,

To th' best of aw meh knowledge:

So th' job wur done i' hoave a crack,

Boh eh! whot fun to get th' first smack!

So neaw meh lads 'fore we gun back,

Says au, we'll look at th' college.

We seed a clock-case, first, good laws,

Where death stons up wi' great lung claws,

His legs, and wings, and lantern jaws,

They really look'd quite fearink.

There's snakes, and watch-bills just loike poikes

Ot Hunt an aw the reformink toikes

An thee an me, an Sam o Moiks,

Onc't took a blanketeerink.

[44]

Eh! lorjus days, booath far an woide,
There's yards o' books at every stroide,
Fro' top to bothum, eend an soide,

Sich plocks, there's very few so:

Au axt him if they wurn for to sell,
For Nan loikes readink vastly well,
Boh th' measter wur eawt, so he couldna tell,

Or au'd bowt hur Robinson Crusoe.

There's a trumpet speyks and maks a din,
An a shute o clooas made o tin,
For folk to goo a feightink in,

Just loike thoose chaps o' Boney's;

And there's a table carv'd so queer,
Wi' os many planks os days i' th' year,
An' crinkum-crankums here an there,

Loike th' clooas press at meh gronney's.

There's Oliver Crumill's bums an balls,
An Frenchmen's guns, they'd tean i' squalls,
An' swords, os lunk os me, on th' walls,

The Salamanca Corpus: Johnny Green's Wedding (1832)

An' bows an' arrows too, mon:

Au didna moind his fearfo words,

Nor skeletons o men an birds,

Boh au fair hate seet o greyt lung swords

Sin th' feyght at Peterloo, mon.

We seed a wooden cock loikewise,

Boh dang it, mon, theas college boys,

They tell'n a pack of starink loies,

Os sure os teaw'r a sinner;

That cock when it smells roast beef'll crow

Says he; boh, au said, teaw lies, au know,

An' au con prove it plainly so,

Au've a peawnd i' meh hat for meh dinner.

Boh th' hairy mon had missed meh thowt,

An th' clog fair crackt by thunner bowt,

An th' woman noather lawmt nor nowt,

Thew ne'er seed th' loike sin t'ur born, mon.

There's crocodiles, an things indeed

Au colours, mak, shap, size, an breed,

An if au moot tell ton hoave au seed

We moot sit an smook till morn, mon.

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Then dewn Lung-Mill-Gate we did steer

To owd Moike Wilson's goods-shop there,

To bey eawr Nan a rockink chear,

An pots, an spoons, an ladles:

Nan bowt a glass for lookink in,

A tin Dutch oon for cookink in,

Au bowt a cheer for smookink in,

An Nan ax'd proice o' th' cradles.

Then th' fiddler struck up th' honey-moon,

An off we seet for Owdham soon,

We made owd Grizzle trot to th' tune,

Every yard o' th' way, mon.

At neet oich lad an' bonny lass,

Laws heaw they donc'd an drunk their glass,

So tiert wur Nan an' I, by th' mass,

Ot we lay till twelve next day, mon.