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**Anonymous,**  
***A Marquis on the "Boards"* (1868)**

Scene.- *Royal Exchange*. Time.- *Tuesday 1.30 p.m.* "High 'Change: usual densely packed mass of mortals wriggling about, in the attempt to make a commission out of each other. A faint cheer suddenly heard above the confused hum; scattered hand-clapping; great commotion visible in the central alley.

Timbre Merchant *in east*, or Iron Alley, *addressing everybody*. Hello! What's up here?

Pig Iron Salesman, *at a venture*. Oh, it's Salisbury, I suppose!

Sagacious Oil Agent. Aye, so it is; it will be Salisbury!

Oldham Cotton Spinner. Salisbury? Who's he? What does he buy?

Copper Smelter. Buy? Why he's a marquis!

Cotton Spinner, *excitedly*. A markis! Aw mun see that.

**The Salamanca Corpus: A Marquis on the "Boards" (1868)**

*Grand rush from each side towards centre; elbows and shoulders brought into play. A lane in the middle of crowd visible. Elderly gentleman gesticulating violently. Excited individuals trying to get on each other's shoulders.*

Spinner, *frantically*. Where is th' markis? Is he coomin'?

Spinner's friend. Theere, mon; conna' tha' see his toppin'?

Spinner. Aye, aw con just see him; but he's geeten no toppin', mon; he's geet a bare nob!

Spinner's friend. Theer's two on 'em wi' bare pows! Which on 'em's th' markis?

Spinner. Niver moind which; let's give him a clep!

*Both cheer furiously.*

Shipper, *ceasing to cheer, and turning dubiously to Cloth Agent*. Ah! let me see, though; he's a Conservative, is he not?

Agent. Well, I do believe he is a Conservative, now I think f it!

Blackburn Manufacturer, *unceremoniosuly*. Not 'e, mon! He's a-nout-an-out Troy.

Another B. Manufacturer. Tha're a Tory! Any chap knows as Salsberry a reglar Radical!

Oldham Manufacturer. Who's a Radical! Tha' knows neught about it, now; he's a Liberal.

Blackburn Manufacturer. Aw tell thee 'e's a Tory!

Conciliatory Cloth Merchant. Never mind what he is, give him a cheer. Hooray! hooray!

*More cheering and clapping, during which the Marquis and Alderman Bennett, his guide (who have modestly taken off their hats to avoid recognition), push their way towards the gallery overlooking the "boards." An excited mob seen rushing up the stairs; in its midst two semi-bald heads distinctly visible, glistening in the light. Burst of cheers.*

Yarn Salesman, *breathless with shouting*. There they are; two on'em! Which is which?

Facetious Friend. Why, aither on'em yo loike.

Yarn Salesman. Will he speak, I wonder?

F. Friend. Not 'e; Simpson won't let him.

**The Salamanca Corpus: A Marquis on the "Boards" (1868)**

*Crowd of knowing birds that have rushed to the gallery here divide. The Marquis and his friend appear in front, hat in hand. More cheers and hand-clapping. The Marquis surveys the cotton trade timidly through his eye-glass. Alderman B. standing jauntily by in the attitude of one used to that sort of thing.*

Mr Bennett, from gallery. Gen'lmen--this--first--time--Marquis Salisbury--been--Manchester--and--first--visit--Exchange--sure--give--hearty--welcome!

Everybody. Hoorah! hoorah!

Somebody else (*decidedly*). His-s-s-s!

Marquis of Salisbury, advancing. Sure---been---favourably---impressed---all---seen---your---great---city. And---not---least---by---great---sight---now---spread---before---me. (*Great cheering*).

Facetious Salesman, to friend. Aw say, Tom, tha' didn't know afore as tha' we'r one o't seats o' Manchester! Did t'a'?

*The Marquis, after lingering in the gallery, slips out quietly, and everybody rushes eagerly back to business, or off to dinner.*