A thousand copies of this little pamphlet having been disposed of in a few days, and a second edition called for, I beg to return my sincere thanks for the patronage bestowed upon it. I believe it is the first work ever written in the Derbyshire Dialect; and from my own intimate acquaintance with the Peak District, it may be relied upon as giving a fair representation of the thoughts and manner of speech of one of the many old farmers yet to be met with: jolly old chaps, with more genuine fun in them than half-a-dozen of the young ones growing up round them. But the time is fast approaching when, by the spread of education, railways, and other means, all peculiarities will be lost, and merge into one general and universal manner of speech throughout the kingdom. A work of
this character will then serve to give future generations some idea of those who lived before them, and prevent their many peculiarities from being totally lost. Several friends have asked me why the work cannot be purchased in the Exhibition, to this I reply that it has been offered to the Committee at a liberal discount, and refused; why, I do not know, as they have not condescended to give any reason for their decision. But one thing may be relied upon as certain, that although they have shown a wonderful aptitude to take all the money they can get hold of, they have yet to learn how to take a JOKE.

In conclusion I hope this will not be the last occasion of Sammy Twitcher's appearance in public, as I may be tempted to give a few more of his quaint savings and doings at a future time.

JOSEPH BARLOW ROBINSON,

A Darbysher Mon,

Whose Ansisters wor nashon big foaks i't Peke, moor than four hunded yere sin.

[3]

OWD SAMMY TWITCHER'S VISIT TUT
GRET EXTBISHUN E DARBY.

IT’LL ne'er dow ta stey at whom wen ivveryboddy els has bin tu't Exibishun. Or meens ta goo, sed ah ta mysen won neight, wen ah get whom aftur a hard deys wok i't feelds.

Soo ah meyd hup me moind ta goo i't marnin, an tae aar owd wummun w ey me, az how rimembus t'fust Exibishun ther wor e Darby a monny yere sin, an how thinks they conna bete that'n. Soo wee begun ta mae a bit ov prepurashon loike, i't best wey wee know'd had. It' fust plaise a kaanted me brass, an teed it hup i't smaw eend ov me neetcap, az a thowt it wudna lowk respektubble loike ta goo wi'aat a puss. Then ah went an get won a't loaves a't last batch, an a noice bit a ham ta kut inter sangwitches tu keyp uz fro feylin feint on't rode. T'next marnin wee wor hup e gud toime, an haftur brekfuls wee sent aar Jim ta Skowl, an donned aar Sundy cloos, lok'd t'door an left t'haase tu't keer ov t'owd Kat, an startud for't Reylwey Stashun at Peek Farrest, wheer wee jined t'speshel Treyn fro Manchistur, just gettin theer e toime ta tak aar seats e a third klass karridge fur Darby. It wor a foine long treyn, an meyd t'owd steme-hoss puff an blo aboon a bit afoar wee kud get reight hoff, bur mah wod, wen wee wonse get farely agooin didna wee spank daan ta Rowzlee e foine stile.

[4]

Wee hed a foine vew a't rivvir Darrand az wee went along, an kep tae'in hup lots a foaks at ivvery stashun wee kom tow, an wen wee get ta Darby theer wor a jollee lot on's, aw e heigh sperrits thinkin o't grond seights wee had befoar uz, an meyd aar wey intu't owd taan. Wen wee get part wey t'owd wummun ses, Sammy, we mun hae summut to heat an drink (how's won as ta'es keer ov her own bred basket) afoar wee goon intu't Exibishun, an ah knoes weer to foind a pleise e sent Jeemes's Lone, weer a went wen e wor e Darby befoar. So ah ses, well, tha'd bettur sho uz t'wey an weyl goo theer. How
The Salamanca Corpus: *Owd Sammy Twitcher's Visit tu 't Gret Exibishun e Derby* (1870)

went on till wee'd getten neer tu'it plaise weer how thowt ta foind hit, but they'n pow'd it aw daan na, an's meyin a grond new streight, wi sich foinebildins az ah ne'er seyd afoar. Soo wee follered aar nozes an kep on keypin on, az Molly sed thay wor meyin Darby sich a grond plaise how cud hardly foind her wey abaat. At last wee get inter Hiron Yate, weer theer wor a lot moor grond bildins, an wee fun a heatin haase kep be a mon o't neym a Simmons an theer wee get a gud tuck aat, t'owd wummun hevin a kup a tee, az how sed it wor moor refreshin tu't inner mon. Wee then went ta sey t'foine owd Taar ov Aw Seints' Chuch, which they sen wor bilt by t'yung men an wimmin az lived e Darby e them deys. Molly sed how thowt if t'yung men an wimmin wor theer at t'sain toime theer wudna be much wok gooin on. So ah sed ah thowt t'men bilt it, an t'wimmin fun theer shair o't brass for't; bur ony how it's a foine peece a wok an woth gooin a long wey ta sey. Aftur wee'd seyn this, ah sed, Nah, Molly, wee'l goo tu't Exibishun, an follerin a craad a foaks we soun fun aarsens in frunt a't Bildin, wen ah sed, Naw, Molly, kom on—an went bowdly in an peyd me bob at t'whirligig, an get hadmitterd. Wen ah tunned raand fur Molly how cudna get throw, how's soo fat, an theer wor t'foaks loffin at her. At last t'mon as towk t'munny hoppened a side yate an let her in.

[5]

T'fust thing ah did wor ta lowk abaat tu't left an reight an befoar an behint me, an nivver shall ah forget t'sensashun az kom o'er me wall ma neym's Sammy. Me math flew hoppen tu't back, an me hart thumped agen me weskit till it welly bost ivvery button off at ah had on. Az sown az it went off a bit ah stepp'd forrad, an wey begun aar peregrinashuns throw t'varias plaises. It fust plaise wee lowked at a chap az wor meyin ribbins wheer ther wor a picter ov Aw Seints Chuch, an sum reedin az sed it wor maid at t'Exibishun; an az wee thowt it varry gud wee bowt won ta tae whom wee uz. Theer wor anuther feller had getten a lot a bits a wud, an hee ket an karved it wee a knoife till hee meyd it inter a leadsie' fan e abaat foive minnitts, an heyd lots a foak raand him buyin em. Wei then went inter wot they cawn t'furnery, wheer theer wor a lot of stuff growin az wee cawn bracken e aar part, an a lot a watter skwirtin e aw derechuns. Theer wor awsoo tow big boxus wee live fish in em, yung wales or su'mmut els, bur wee didna stey long theer as we wantud ta sey t'picturs an sitch loike. Well, at last wee get intu't big Haw, an theer wor a chap riggin abaat an wokkin wee's hans an feyt i't frunt a summut loike a big chist a draurs, wee a lot a pipes at top on't, an ah ne'er hearred sitch a noize az it meyd sin ah wor at Bakwell Feyr, an heared t'brass band i't frunt of a wild beeste sho. Ah axed a chap az wor stannin close by wot they cawd it, an he sed it wor a Horgin, an theer wor another feller behint blowin intu't pipes az fust az t'chap i't frunt cud let t'wind aat on em, Molly sed how thowt t'poore feller ud sown be brokken winded if hee had to blo theer aw dey. But t'musik wor nashon grond, spesherly wen e meyd a noize loike thunner, an then finnished wee a row loike a hunded tom-cats havin theer teels trodden on. Well, aftur t'chap had dun peylin wee turned aar attenshun tu't picters, havin bowt a katterlog ov a peart little wench ah seyd in a plaise boxt off

[6]
The Salamanca Corpus: *Owd Sammy Twitcher’s Visit tu ‘t Gret Exibishun e Derby (1870)*

aftur ah get throw t’whirlegig. Ah think how had Humberellers an Parrersols ta sell bur how didna ax us tu buy onny.

Ah ses ter Molly, Naw do thee karry t’katterlog, az tha knoes ah ne'er went ta skowl an conna tell mony a’t letturs, if thay wor aw aloike ah shud bee a fuss-reate scollard, az ah con allis tell O it's sa much loike t’owd grindlestun at whom, bur thay's had a bettur chonce ta get sum larmin havin bin e sarvis at a bordin skowl. Soo Molly how towk t’katterlog an hoppened it at t’fust paige, an t’picter az fust towk aar attenshun wor, "Leyin daan t’Law" It wor a lot ov Dogs dun be a mon o’t neyme a Lansere for aar Dowk as lives e Chatswuth Haw, an a grond picter it is an now mistak. T'Dogs faces lowks loike loife, an az if yo wor ta caw Pincher heyd jump at awan an lik yer hond wi a lowk sitch az yo only seyn i’t een ov a Dog an a gud luvin woife. Then wee kom ter annuther caw’d "Hasses in a Shed" an won on em wor az loike aar owld Neddy at whom az tow pees, az t'peintor had gen him a rare ruff coot, an he lowk'd az if hee'd just had a rowl i’t dust. Theer wor annuther little picter not fur off. "Childer wi a Bod's Nest!" T'chap as peinted this had getten aw his buttons on, an his eyeseight gud. Wee seyd annuther picter wheer theer wor a wummun we a leighted candel, an a thowt it wor a gud chonce for me ta leight me poipe; bur Molly sed smokin is ner allawed, an if it wor tha cudna leight thy pipe at a picter; bur ah thowt at fust seigh az it wor real, as t'leight wor soo bright an dazzlin. T'next ta kom under aar notis wor t’gett picter cawd "Bowton Habbey it Owden Toime" anuther picter a Lansere's, wheer theer's a owd fell er wi a bawd yed reedin a paypur, bur he looks az if hee wor skennin a bit az well at t’yung wench az has getten a lot a fish wich ah think how wants ta sell him. This picter belongs tu't Dowk, an they sen it cost a thaasun pun, an it's wuth moor naw. Molly ses if

[7]
picters iz wuth soo much how'l seave up her butter munney, an send aar Jim ta Lunnnon to be meyd a peinter, az he con draw a picter naw o't owld cat az natteral as loife on's sleate. Theer wor won neer this'n, cawd "On t'Sunny Side." It wor by Garge Smith, an wor vary nocieely dun for a yung chap; they sen he's a Darby mon, an ah hope t'Darby foaks ull paternize his hinfant effits, an kepy him on't sunny side for't rest ov his loife. Anuther picter wor cawd "Nubnudys Comin ta Marry Me:" it seemed a pity, cos how wor a gud lowkin wench. Molly sed if how wanted a husban how shud get up an lowk aat for won wheer thay cud be fun, as t'yung chaps wudna be loikely ta faindir her sittin at whom. Wee next lowked at t’Watter Kullers, an aheer wor t' "Owd Mill at Rowzlee" kwite natteral loike. Then wee seed won cawd "T' Gipsy Fortin Teller." Molly sed how beleeverd tsaim wummun cawd at aar haase an wantud ta tell her fortin, but how conna aboide sich brazen-faded huzzeyes, an how sed, Ger aat a't haase wi’ thee; ah kno weel anuff wot my fortin iz, it's hard wok an plenty on't. After that'n we kom to won weer theeer wor a noice-lowken yung wummun liftin up t'lid ov a *Owd Oak Chist.* They sen how'd just bin marrid, an aftur t'weddin thay wor runnin abaat e pley, an how thowt how'd hide hersen, an get inter t'chist an shut t'lid daan, but it wor a spring lok, an how cudna hoppen it agen, an wor smutherd ta deth. It wor monny a yere aftur befoar thay know’d wot had bekom on her, az nubuddy thowt a lowkin i’t owld chist; at last sumuddy hoppen'd it, an theeer they fun a skellerton, an know’d it wor her by t’cloos it had on.
The Salamanca Corpus: Owd Sammy Twitcher’s Visit tu ’t Gret Exibishun e Derby (1870)

Theer wor anuther neer it, wheer a lad wor Bloin Bubbles, wich a thowt pratty gud. Wee then seyd won, t’name of which i’t katterlog wor "Rodias dauncin afoar Erod." How wor a foine-lowkin wummun, bur Molly sed how shud a put moor cloos on afoar how went flarin up an kickin her legs abaat loike

[8]
thatn. Not a long wery froy this theer wor a picter cawd "Ronial Ospertallery e Haddon Haw." It wor loike to’d plaise, but theer isna much Ospertallery theer naw. Ah hoffen wunder why t’Dowk a Rutlan dushna stey toothy wicks at it naw an then, as it's a foine owd plaise, an ud be a noist cheange fro t’gran cassel he has at Beaver.

Theer wor severul uther picters dun be Darby hartises, won wor cawd "Pont " summat, bur ah cudna mae aat wot. Ah ne'er heered nowt begin wee "pont," except Pontchus Pielet, an it cudna be him. It wor moor loike a Brigg nor owt els. It wor dun be a chap o't neame a Greaslee, an seymed ta be pratty an gud. Garge Tunner is th'eyme of anuther Darby mon az sends a picter cawd " Robin Hud i’ t’ Trent." Ah seyd trivvur pleyn ennuf, but wheer Robin war ah cudna mae aat. Theer wor a vary noist picter ov Happels an Greapes wee an Horinge an sum Reasins, dun be Charley Harcher, an some pratty littel picters wi' haases an treys an sich like, be a chap named Bowt. Aw these they cawn Risin Hartises, wich ah supraas menes they getten up e gud toime ov a marnin ta peint their picters. Sammy ses ta wan an haul hee hoaps they'l keyp on risin til they getten tu't top a't trey, az they'n aw chuzed a differunt soat of a trey ta climb, an winna nock won anuther daan e gettin up.

Wee then went tu't Hoil Peintins, az they sen iz dun be t’ Owd Mesters, an theer wor won cawd t’portrit ov a Leady, bur ah shud a cawd it a Owd Wummun; t'peinter feller az put aw’t rinkels e her feyce, an ah’ve seyn monny a bettur lowkin wummun e Casselton. Aftur wee’d gon az fur az this'n wee didna think much a’t Owd Mesters, wee loiked t’ bran new uns betturr, an tunned raand an went betweyn t’skreyns i’t sentre o’t haw, an ah wor e a vary braan studdce befoar a picter ov sum Grewnds, wen Molly shaats aat Kom heer, Sammy, luk thee heer; duz ta kno who that iz? an lawks a mussy if it worna a potrit ov aar

[9]
Jim, wi egsworth t'seym hexpreshun in iz eyn, az they sen runs e aar famerley. It wor soo loike ah cudna get Molly away fur ivver soo long, an how tow’d me ta bee suer an remember t'nummer on't, soo az how cud tell t’Casselton foaks ta lowk at ’t wen thay kom tu’t Exibishun, soo a put a mark i’t Katterlog wi me thum neal, an for't bennerfit ov aw woam it mey consarn or onnyboddy els az wants ta sey wot a gud lowkin lad he iz, let em lowk fur nummer fore hunded an two, cawd a "Hinterestin Yuthe." Molly sed how didna keer ta lowk at ony moor picters naw how'd fun Jim among em.

Soo wee went intu" Hindustrial Appartmunt" un t'just thing az ketched Molly's een wor sum smart bowts fur wimmen. How sed if how had a peyr on how wud mae t'foaks e Casselton steare wen how went ta chuch a Sundy. Bur ah sed thay worna fur the loike ov her, but fur them az cud by a peyr an weer em twise, an then get fresh uns. Wee then lowked at t’Sowin Masheens, an t’wey az t’neydle did its wok wor wunderfu.
The Salamanca Corpus: Owd Sammy Twitcher's Visit tu 't Gret Exibishun e Derby (1870)

Thay wor aw gud lowkin wenches az wor paddlin t'masheens, an ah notissed wheer t'noicest wench wor theer wor severul yung chaps taein lessuns. Ah thowt soo uz thay cud mae ther own kollers az thay mae ther own collars at whom, az its raythur hexpensiv wen a chap weers dickys. Wen wee tunned raund wee seyd sum whopping big Cheyses meyd be a chap fro Merriky at a fact'ry theyn hoppened e Darby, wheer they taen t'milk fro monny o't farmurs raand an maes ivvir sa monny a theyse in a dey. It'll be a foine thing for't farmurs' voives and dowters, an seave em a deel ov hevvy wok. Molly notissed a Harterfishul leg, meyd be a mon named Cawlisher, an how sed if Owd Tommy Sleek cud hae won, it wud be ivver sa much bettur nor going bobberty bob on's wooden pin as hee duz naw. Theer wor a big Glas Kase neer this, filled we things meyd be a feller o't neym a Bemruse, an among em wor a nashun big knife wee abaat

[10] hafe a hunded blaids in't; ah thowt it wud a bin a noist pleything for't childer ov owd Blunderboar t'giant, az ah heered red abaat e Jack t'giant killur. Hoppersit theer wor anuther Kase filled wi aw soats a things e brass meyd be a mon o't neyme a Smith. Thay wor aw very bright, an meyd a gud sho. Ah had notissed this chaps neyme on tow big pea-shooters, az hey'd gen tu't volunteers; thay wor neer t'door az we com in. Strutt's fro Bilper sho'd ivver sitch a lot ov soats a kotton. Ah wunda wheer it aw goes tow. Molly ses a kottan baw a foine an koarse, iz enuf fur hur ta uze we a hank a thred to stitch t'buttens on me brichus.

Among uther things theer wor a kase az had a gret big black bonnit in, sich az ah remimber me mother weyrin wen ah wor a lad, an by't soide on't wor won a them things thay cawn bonnits naw a deys. Ah allis thowt a bonnit wor t'keyp t'eyed warm, but t'size thay are naw to wot thay uzed ta wes is abaat e t'sayme proporshun az a hey stack iz ta a pokit hankecher, an haw t'wimmnin con go aat ov a cowld witer's dey wi nowt moor nor a bit a ribbon on ther yed ah conner himmagin. Mester Heywuds had awsoo a kase wi lots a noice things in, ta mae presents on ta luvin woives an gud childer, an ah hoap thay'll bee well paternised, as it iz ner munney lost as iz spent e that wey; its better nor goin an spendin it e woine an smoak, as it keyps t'nest at whom warm wen yo shown koinness to them as luvs yo. Mester Possett sho'd a lot a lasticks sitch as they putten i't soide ov bowts naw a deys ta save t'trouble a lacin on em up, if ah wor ta sey him a cud put im up ter a dodge a tw; wy duzna he try ta mae a lastic sute a mon's cloos, so as wee cud pow em on withaat ony buttonin; Strutts a Bilper wud hae ta shut up shop then. Mester Bennit had a nashun big fire pleyce, big enuff ta cowk vittals fur a parish, an ah think t'vollunteer fellers shud keep it ta cowk ther grond dinnars wen ony o't gret nobs coms ta sey em. Mester Handyfist

[11] mun be a cliver feller; hey meyd t'rowf o't Exibishun, wich iz a foine specemen ov hironwok. He awsoo maes Briggs an greynhaases, an lots ov othur things az hee sho's pictures on. Ah notissed e anuther kase a lot a things meyd aat a pigskin be a chap neymed Nicklersun. Theer wor saddles for't leadies meyd aat at little pigs, an uthers for't men aat a't big uns, thay lowked vary noice an ah think he mun a had sum o't
sowin masheen wenches at em, thay wor dun soo neat an smart. Ah wunder if heyd buy
t'skin ov aar owd boar at whom, isna much gud naw fur owt els, as onybody az had
to eat him ud want sharp teyth ter mastercate him. Bur tawk abaat a skin, whoy its as
toff as a helephant's, an he taes now moor notis ov our Jim shutin at him wee his bo an
arrer than if it wor only a fley az had just buzzed agen him. Hif hee loikes ta koerespond
wee me on this subjec hey'l foind my korrect haddress at t'eend ov t'bowk, only hee
munna put squo ire, az ahve meyd a rule nivvir ter permit sitch a libbuthy bein taen wee
mah neyme. Theer wor awsoo a lot a kases filled we owd lase bur sum on't lowked az if
it wantud weshin varry bad. *Mester Lo* sho'd a broide kake ommost as big as a heystack,
an a lot a stuff for't young winmin ta suck ter keyp t'cowd aat a ther stummuchs wen
thay goon for a walk at neight wi t'yung chaps.

*Mester Yates* had a kase wi a lot ov rifles an aw soats ov guns an pistils,
warunited ter kil hafe a hunded man e foive minnits if yo letten em off fast enuf. We
awsoo seed a kase wi a lot a lastic stokkins an uther things, aw varry useful e ther wey
now daat; thay wor meyd be a mon neymed *Longdun*. Theer wor a big clock meyd be
*Mester Wudlewud* an sum signel things az thay uze on't reylwey, wor thowt ta bee
t'reight thing e t'reight plaise.

Wee then thowt wey'd hae a lowk at t'cheney which t'Darby foaks iz nashon
praad on becos neerly aw t'fellers az meyd em's gon jed. Theer wor kups an sarcers an
pleyts

[12]
an dishes e aw t'kullers o't reinbo, an sum we picters on. Theer wor won we a little gell
on, an how lowked soo hinnercent, an her kumplexion hall serene, that Molly sed how
shud loike ta buy it, az it wor soo loike aar little wench az deed aboon ten yere sin. Wee
lowked i't katterlog an it wor peinted be a chap o't neym a *Haslem*, an Molly sed wen
how get whom how'd ax t'skowlmester ta rite tow him, an if it worner moor nor a shillin
how'd hae it an put it at top o't chimley peese.

While we were stonnin lowkin at thees things, theer wor sum chaps neer uz sed
thay'd forgotten ta send ta hafe a't Pot Works an it worna a fare sho a wot Darbysher cud
dow e that wey. Theer wor non a't braan mugs fro *Brampton*, non a't bottels fro *Denby*,
non a't flaar pots fro *Chuch Greaslee*, an lots ov other plaises i't kaanty. Molly sed how
hadna seyn nother a yaller porrengur nor a red panshen sin how'd bin i't plaise, an how
wor sartin thay wor as youseful as onny a't foine potts as thay towk sa much keer on.
How sed how wunded why sum a't gret jinniasses cudna mak a himproovment be puttin
a bit ov a poctit at t'aatside ov t' panshen for t'sope, ta seave t'wesherwimmin stretchin
ther harms ivvir so fur when they wantud it.

Wee didna keer ta lowk much at t'silver pleyte, az it wor aboon aar
komperhenshun, an wee thowt wat a lot a brighth shillins it ud mey if t'wor meltud
down ta put inter a poor mon's poctit.

We wauked hon till wee got inter wot thay cawn a havenew—ah caw it a
gennell—an heer wor moar potts meyd at t’ *Darby Cheney Woks*. Ah wor supproized ta
see sa monny noice things wor meyd theer naw, wich a thowt kwite az gud az them
they'd shut hup soo keerfully e glas kases bec's t'chaps wor jed as meyd em. Bur theers
The Salamanca Corpus: Owd Sammy Twitcher's Visit tu 't Gret Exibishun e Derby (1870)

sum kwite az good left if foaks will bur gey em az much fur meyin em az thay wull for t'owd things. T'chaps neym wor Hankok, an wee bowt a little cheny dog ov im ta tae ta

[13]
aar Jim, an a matchbocks, fur t'keyp t'lusifers in, az Molly ses 'tbockses thay sell'n sown breaks e bitts, an hows afraid t'haase mey be set a foire sum toime or anuther.

A chap o't neyme ov Cartur hed a slap up set aat; hee sho'd uz won bit ov pott az hee wanted moor nor fifty paund for. Molly sed how wished hee wud get it, bur how shud lowk at fifty paand a long time befoar how'd gey it for aw t'potts i't Exibishun. Cartur's a feller wi sum pluck e him ta spekerlate e sich a lot a noice things; thay'n cost a foine lot a brass, ah'll warrand.

Cloose by wor a lot ov varry noice baand bowks by Mester Bemrus an Suns e aw kullers, hornimentud an kivered wi figgerin e gowd. Thay lowked varey gud spesermens ov wot cud be dun e that loine a bizniss.

Not fur off wee seed a moddle ov t' Taar ov Aw Seints Chuch meyd owt ov a lump ov stoon be a yung chap o't neyme a Lichifild; it wor varey perfect, an hee mun a begun on't sown aftur hee left off suckin, theer wor sitch a lot a wok int. Molly sed how rimembered wen how wor e Darby befoar heerin tell a tow lads goin up tu't top winder o't Taar ta tae a jakdaw's nest, an they pushed a peese a wud threw an won on em held it wall tother went aatside ta get tu't nest. He sown fun it, an sed ter his buttus inside, "Thers three yung bods int." "Well," ses t'lad as wor howdin t'plank, "That's tow fur mee, an won fur thee." " Nay," ses tuther lad, "Ah sholl haee tow an thee won." T'lad inside sed, " If tha dusna gey mee tow a'h tip thee up." "Well, tha con tip me up; ah shanna dow nowt a't soat." T'lad insoide then gen t'plank a shuv, an daan hee went, bur hee'd getten a staat pinnerfoar on, an az hee fell it filled wee air, an t'yung bods spred aat thir wings, an hee kom tu't graand e saify. Hee then shaated tu't othur lad. " Naw tha'st hae non, ah'll keep em aw mesen." Molly thinks it mun a bin t'saim lad, az it wor a foine chonce fur him ta mae an hexamenashun ov it.

[14]
Ther wor anuther moddle ov a hause not fur fro thisn, wheer if yo dropped a pennee inter a hole, theer wor a chimley sweep pop't his yed aat a't chimley, an anuther wheer ther wor a Cassell, an wen yo put in t'pennee, ther wor tow doors hoppened, an tow trumpeturs kom aat an pleyed a tune.

Az wee wauked on we seed a moost singerler thing e a glass kase. It wor a Blak Crow, wi' a horn growin aat ov its brest, thay sen it wor shot e Darbysher. Ah wunder whoy t'shutin fellers cudna let it aloone, az if thay'd a bin wakken enuf they mite a taen it aloive. If ivvir onny raire bod maes its happerance theers aw t'shuters it neeborhud sown aat ta kill it. Wee shud hae mony a noice bod breedin heer an flyin abaat if thay'd let em aloon. Thay sen thayn shuted nearly aw't kingfishers by t'soide at Darrand, and thay'r abaat az pratty a bod as onny thay han e forrin parts. Mester Cowk sho's sum stuffed bods ov hiz dowin; hee's a downy kustomer, ah think hees bin aat watchin t'bods, az thay'r ommost az natteral az loife.
We next notisse d a kase wi aw sorts ov aatlandish Muzikel Insterments; won wor a smaw drum, as thy cawn faythur an mother e Hafricker, ah thowt it a strainge neym fur a drum. Heer wor awso a trumpet meyd aat ov a mon's leg boan, and wot beat aw theer wor a flute az thy pley'n on wee ther noses. Theer's now accaantin fur teyste, an wee shudna loff at em, az aar things ud seym e theer een az kweer az theers duz ta uz.

Theer wor a gret lot ov owd soards an sitch like, an won on em thy sed wor a hundaated soard ov William Wallace, t' gret Scotchman az gen t' English foak soo much feightin ta dow e King Edwud's toime. He wor a brave feller, an iv ah'd had owt to dow weet thy shud nivver a hung him for feightin for iz own kuntry.

Neer ter this theer wor wot thy cawn a hinternashonul Vollunteer troopy. It wor a grond peese a wok an meyd a silver, an ah shud think wor az much as foar men cud lift.

A happened ta cok up me yed an seed tow raand baws; at fust seight a thowt thay were t'een ov t' Darby Ram, az ah'd heerd em sing abaat, bur thy warna. They wor t'varyr identical fut baws az thay pleyed we e Darby abaat foive an twenty yere sin. Won o't baws bein taen fro t'pleyers be a rigmunt a sowgers, an a hard job thay had ter get howd on't, as t'Darby chaps didina mean to let it be taen fro em if they cud help it. Lawful sake aloive them wor toimes when aw t'young chaps e Darby an sum o't grey yeded uns tow, went intut Markit Please, mony on em in ther shut sleyves an wiaat onny hats on, reddy for t'baw ta be thrown up. Thay meyd tow soides; won wor cawd Sent Peyters, an ather wor Aw Seints, an wen t'baw fell daan Peyters tried ta get it to wot thay cawd t'Ozmuston Rode, an Aw Seints chaps to Nun's Mill, an t'gymne wor ta stop eyther soide fro gettin t'baw thear. T' kickin an afeigntin wor furius a booth soides ta goo ta ther own goal, an sumtoimes thay get intut Darrand, an won chap ud mae off wit baw up t'owd Mill Fleam, bur theer wor sown a lot reddy for him wen he kom aat at tother end. Thay didna keer where thay chucked t'baw so az tother soide shudna get howd on't, an t'dammidge az wor dun to foaks propetty wor summat awful', an t'authoritys ov t'taen wor obleeged ta put a stop too't. T'een ov sum ov t'owd fellers az wor players wen thay wor lads, all leight up wi sum a't owd sparkle if yo begin to tawk too em abaat it; an ah wonce heared ov a Darby chap bein i't back woods ov Meriky, an hee meets anuthur feller an axes him weer he kom fro; Wy, hee sez, ah kom fro Darby. Peyters fur ivver, sez hee ta try him, an ather chap shaated aat Aw Seints fur ivver, an hee towk iz hond an gen it a gud sheake, az hee knew e wor a Darby mon then.

Neer by theers ivvir sitch a lot a pots ov raal cheney, sitch az has bin meyd theer, an a kweer lot thay ar, sum on em's getten dragons on. A wander if them soat ov kwaderpeds grows theer, as thy putten dragons on monny o thear things. T'Emprur ov Cheney iz a foine swell wen heys dress't up e his Sunday cloos, kivered o'er wi gowd an sattin an neydlewok e aw kullers, an on's back they putten a gowd dragon we foive claws on
The Salamanca Corpus: *Owd Sammy Twitcher’s Visit tu ’t Gret Exibishment e Derby (1870)*

ivvery fut, an if onnyboddy else wor ter put won on wee as monny claws thay'd chop hiz yed off.

We next had a peyp at't Harmory Kase weer theer wor skores ov guns an pistils an soards an speers, an uther aatlandish things az a didna kno t'neym on. Wot kweer weys thay had a konvisvin won anuther they wor rong e them deys. Theer wor won thing loike a kest hiron pot, ta put on a fellers yed wen he wor feightin, bur ah thowt if he had ta karry it long heyd hae a crik e iz neck afoar iz supper wor reddy. Ah shud a tried a bit a hargfyin afoar ah'd jined that lot.

Theer wor sum soards left e Darbysher be sum o't Scotch Rebils az kom wee a mon they cawd t'Pretender; he sed hee wor a son ov King James, an he owt ta bee King ov Hingland, bur az King Garge had gotten t'craan on his yed an fun it fit him pratty well he wudna part wee't agen, an wen he heered t'Pretender chap had left Scottlund wi a lot a rebils, hee sent t'Dowk a Kumberland wi a lot a sowgers ta feight him an droive him bak agen. T'Pretender chap had gotten as fur as Darby when hee heered this, an he run away wee's teel between his legs t'next mornin, an aw's rebils aftur him. Theer wur sum foine reijicing wen thay'd gon; ah heered tell as thay gen t'ringers e Casselton foive shillin ta ring t'bells at chuch, an thay did t'same e monny uther pleaces.

Fro theer wee went intut Hinduni Coart, an theer wor sum a’t cloos thay wear'n e that kuntry. Theer wor aw

[17] soats ov silks an sattins, kivered we gowd an silver, an t'funniest part on't wor booth men an wimmen weers petticuts; ah sed ta Molly ah wunda haa thay con tell tother fro which, an ah thowt let me stey e howd Hingland wheer ah con weer me brichus an not stond a chonce a bein taen for a wummun, az ah shudna loike to hae won a thoos black fellers kissing mee, thay'r nashun ugly.

Wee then retraised aar steps, an went intu't Minnerul Rowm, an theer wee seyd lots a things, sich az is meyd at Casselton. Theer wor sum foine lumps ov spar, an hironstone, an cole, an lots ov other things, aw gud e theer wey an uzeful.

Theer wor another rowm just at t'fut ov t'steircase, weer ther wor seyd bods, bu az wee con heer plenty ov them at whom, we didna goo in, bur we wauked up t'steps, an t'fust plaize az wee kom tow wor caw’d Tapperstrey Rowm, an heer wor a lot a neydlewok dun by t'Caantess ov Shrewsbury, or, as how is generally knone, Bess ov Hardick. Thay sen how wor a 'nashion praad wummun, an wore t'britchus ov aw her husbans, an how’d four on em, an aat-liv'd em aw. Sum fortin teller towd her wunce az how’d nivvir dee wile how kept on bildin summat, soo how bilded Chatswuth Haw fust, an then how bilded Hardick Haw, an then how begun ta bild anuther pleyece at Owdecotes, an while thay wor bildin this it kom on a hard frost an stopp’d aw t'masons fro’ wokkin, an how deeds at that varry toime, an wor berrid under a grand moniment e Aw Seints’ Chuch e Darby az how’d had fixed e her loife-time. Fro heer wee went intu't Fotergraf Rowm, an t'fust thing az wee notissed wor sum sent be Ser Josif Whitwuth, shoin t'gret wokshops weer hey maes iz kannens an Roifles an uther implements ov construcshen. He's a mon az has gotten on well i’t wold, an meyd a nashon lot a brass,
The Salamanca Corpus: *Owd Sammy Twitcher’s Visit tu ‘t Gret Exibishun e Derby (1870)*

bur hee dusna button up his britches pockit, an sey hey's nowt ta geyawy. Hee kno's hee'l

[18]
hae ta gey an accaant on't aw sum dey, an hee sez ter himsen, Wot'l be t'best thing for mee ta dow wi' aw this lump a gowd az ah've getten: an he thowt, Well, az ah've getten on soo well mysen by settin me wits at wok e inventin an skeemin differunt things, ah'1 lay aat t'brass az ah con spare to teech them az is ta kom aftur me how ta keyp up t'neym ov owd Hingland for gud wok, be havin em begin reight at fust under gud teechers, az, if yo putten a lad i' reight wey at fust hee'l keyp thee aw's loife. So he gen a hunded thasaand paand aat ov iz own pokit for't gud ov t'ladz ov owd Hingland, ta gey em a gud eddicashon e mekanikal knoleedge. T'ladz owt ta get up a subscripsishun an pezent im wee iz statter e gowd, or praps iv hee taes snuff he mite haccect a gowd snuffbocks.

Thee'r sum gud fotergrafs be a chap fro' Linkon ov t'neyme ov Slingsbee; awtho ah conna bee hexpected ta bee a gud judge, ah loike em better nor onny o't tothers ah've seyn i't Exibishun.

Ovver t'chimley peese e this rowm theer's a lot ov pratty little bits ov wood cuttin. Thay sen thay wor dun by a hamateur az hasna ter get iz livin be wok. Ah loike that soat ov chap; hee foinds his breens summat moar ter dow nor idlin abaat wee a cane in his fist, an a heye glass oglin aw t' wenches hee meets. This chap wud bee able ter get his livin if t'bank wor ta break weer aw his brass iz, which sum a't rest on em wudna.

Mester Basfut sho's tow bits ov his wok e this rowm; hee's a cliver feller wi' his peint brush, an his spesermens duz him kredit.

In anuther little rowm close by theer wor sum picters ov Darbysher karackters, bur wee didna sey Daft Sammy among em, az uzed ta live e Casselton. Theer wor a potrit ov Sammel Slater, az wor prentissed wi' Mr. Strutt at Bilper, an aftur hee wor aat ov his toime he went ter Merriky, an wor t'faander ov ov t'kotten manefactur e that kuntry. We awso seyd a loikeness ov owd White Watson, gehologist ov Bakwell, wi' his faythur an hunkel. His faythur lived at Ashful, an wor t'fust mon ta tonn aar Blue John spar into vases; an iz hunkel wor a cliver owd feller at aw soats ov masheenery.

We then went intu't Room weer ther wor Picters ov Darbysher Wothys, sitch az had meyd thee mark i't wold e sum wey or uther. Theer wor *Strutt* az meyd t'Darby rib stock in freyme, an t'fust calica az iwer wor meyd e Hingland. Not fur fro him thee wor *Arkwrite*. They sen hee uzed ta bee a shaver e Wukswuth, an t'fust moddles he meyd fur spinnin kotten his woife broke em up, az how thowt it worna loikely ta pey for t'belly timber az her an her childer wanted. Theer wor awso *Josif Write*, a gret peinter, az meyd soo monny picters wi fire leight in em. Thy sen hee wor a cliver lad, an his fayther ter encourage him bowt him a Donkee, an he h ad ter tae him ta be shod wen heee kom fro skowl at night, an this gen him his fust idee, as won ov his fust picters wor t'owd blaksmiths shop wheer hee went. Theers monny ov his picters in t'Exibishun, an t'cullers is ommast az fresh as when thee wor peinted.
Sammy Richerson comes next. Hee wor a gud lowkin owd feller, an roat a lot ov Bowks. Won wor caw'd Pameler, bur its a nashon long teale an a awlis went ter sleyp wen my mother begun ta reed it, bur it wor thowt a gud deel on e them deys. Theer wor a lot mooar, bur we hadna toime ta lowk at em aw. Wee notissed a lot a kases filled be sum Hantequeery fellers, an amung em wor a lot ov skulls ov foaks az had gon jed monny a hunded yere. Ah thowt ta mysen wot reight had thay to goo hoppenin ther greaves; wy cudna thay let em rest e peese. Thay sen its fort hintrest ov siance az thay getten em, but wot i't name o't wold dun thay want soo monny for, or wot duz it matter wether won mon's yed is hafe an inch moore raound nor anuther, or wether hiz jaw boones pointed or squeare, at onny rate a wudna hae em e my haase. Ah shud expec ta sey a lot ov sperrits kom raund me bed sum neight an sey wot's thee dun wi my yed ? If ter dusna tae it an put it back wi me uther boans it'l be wos for thee.

Theer wor won kase wi a wummun in wi aw t'flesh on er boans, dried up till how wor ommast blak. They sed it wor a Hegipshun mummery, or summat ov that soat, an thay'd stitch a lot on em e Hegipt thay chopp'd em up ta loight ther foires wee. Ah thowt thay wor stuffin me up we a lot ov bosh, bur ah wor hassured it wor kwite korrect. E lowkin throo t'Exhibition, ah wor reely supprised to sey sa monny things aat ov Darbysher. Theers now uther kaanty con lick uz e meyin most things, an wee can mey ommast ivvery thing wee wanten. Theers gud stuff amung uz Darbysher foaks yet, an aar owd kaanty taan isna ta be sneezed at be a long chawk.

Theer wor a gud monny uther things bur they are tow numerus ta mention. They wor aw varry noice, tho sum on em seem'd moor for show nor use, ah thowt, bur theer's no akkantin fur teyste sin nubuddy izzant nivvir loike ivveryboddy els.

Theer wor sum things ah shud a loiked ta hev seyn, bur ah didna. Won wor t' skull ov t'Darby Ram, az thay sed wor meyd inter a Pulpet for't Parson ta preech in. An tother wor t'Darby Bull, az thay sen con mae a rore az yo con heer for farty moile or more. Thay shud ha had im for't korusses; hey wud a bin a grond help tu't feller pleyin t'horgin. Ah hoap t'kommitty al think ov this t'nex rorytory thay bring aat.

Befoaer wee left wee rekwested ta be interdooced tu't Manegur, az we thowt hee'd bee a chap wuth lowkin at, az hee'd dun soo much ta bring aw t'wunnerful things inter sitch horder an compliserty, bur we wor towd he'd just nip'd aat ta get his tee. Soo we sed tu't polliseman (a varry sivil yung feller), he mud gey t'varyr best respeks ov Mester an Missis Sammel Twitcher tow him, an sey ow sorrey thay wor az they cudna sey him pssonully, ta hexpress thayr hentire apperbashon ov 'is effuts ta amoose an hinstruct ivverybody, an ta sey if hee ivvir com ta Casselton, ta be shure an caw at t' Nook Eend, nere t'gret Kavern, an t'best wee had i't haase shud be offer'd him.

Az it wor gettin on for't toime t'reyn wor ta start bak, wee' meyd aar wey tu't Steyshun, an had a gud scrouge befoar wee cud get intu't carridge, bur at last wee aw
fun aar seats. Monny o't passengers wor fresh, an sum on em daanreight fuddled; they wor quite rampagus an wee'd summat ta dow ta keyp em quiet. Aftur a wile wee wor rattlin awey, bur t'reyn wor ommast stawed befoar we reeched Peek Farrest. Wee sown started whom and towk t'gainest wey, an get ta Casselton abaat ten o'clock. We fun aw safe, an t'cat wakken'd up an cum rubbin agen us az if how wor pleased ta see uz bak agen.

[22]

A GLOSSARY OF THE DERBYSHIRE DIALECT
INTRODUCED IN THE WORK

Aboide, Endure
Ah’d, I had
Aboon, Above
Aboon, Above
Ah’ll, I will
Afoar, Before
Aarsens, Ourselves
Awsoo, Also
Aw’tt, All the
Ah’ve, I have
Ax, To ask
Bangs Aw, Excells all
Batch ov bread, As much as is 
baked at one time
Behint, Behind
Beloike, Certainly
Bread Basket, The Stomach
Bonny, Good
Bosh, Nonsense
Bob, A shilling
Bracken, Fern
Bost, Burst
Bran new, Entirely new
Brass, Money
Bun, Bound
Brasen, Impudent
Bod's Nest, Bird's nest
Bur, But
Budge, To go
Bug, Glad, pleased
Bumptious, Overbearing
Caa, Cow
Cawn, Call
Cawf, Calf
The Salamanca Corpus: *Owd Sammy Twitcher’s Visit tu ’t Gret Exibishun e Derby (1870)*

*Canna, Cannot
Cap’t aw, Beat all
Canting, Deceiving
Chap, A young man
Childer, Children
Cock sure, Quite certain
Cloos, Clothes
Cudna, Could not
Cos, Because
Darrand, The river Derwent
Daudlin, Slow
Dee, Die
Don, Put on
Dow, Do
Deys, Days
Een, Eyes
Fayther, Father
Feller, Fellow
Flare up, To show off
Fow, Ugly

[23]
*Fresh, About half tipsy
Fro, From
Fuddled, Stupified with drink.
Fun, Found
Gainest way, Nearest way
Gawky, Awkward
Gennel, A narrow passage
Gaupin, Staring
Gen, Gave
Gawky, Simpleton
Glent, A glimpse
Glum, Gloomy
Goon, Go
Grewnd, Greyhound
Grindlestun, Grindstone
Grumpy, Surly
Grond, Grand
Gumption, Acuteness
Ger-aat, Get out
Han, Have
Hah, How
Hantle, Handful*
The Salamanca Corpus: *Owd Sammy Twitcher’s Visit tu ’t Gret Exibishun e Derby* (1870)

*Haase*, House  
*How*, She  
*Heigh*, High  
*Haw*, Hall  
*Hond*, Hand  
*Inner Mon*, The inside  
*Inter*, Into  
*Jed*, Dead  
*Kiver*, Cover  
*Lap*, To wrap up  
*Lone*, A Lane  
*Lowk*, Look  
*Lug*, To pull  
*Loff*, Laugh  
*Mae*, Make  
*Mun*, Must  
*Mony*, Many  
*Mysel*, Myself  
*Mon*, A man  
*Mud*, Might  
*Nashon grond*, Very grand  
*Neddy*, A donkey  
*Noist*, Bonny  
*Ner*, Not  
*Nip’d aat*, Gone out  
*Nob*, The head  
*Nowt*, Nothing  
*Nudge*, To push with the elbow  
*Own*, Oven  
*Onny*, Any  
*Panshen*, Earthenware Pan  
*Peart*, Lively  
*Pow’d, Pulled*  
*Pottered, Confused*  
*Puss*, Purse  
*Peyd*, Paid  
*Rampagus*, Unmanageable  
*Rare*, Good, first-rate  
*Reet*, Right  
*Rowm*, Room  
*Ruck*, A lot
The Salamanca Corpus: Owd Sammy Twitcher’s Visit tu ’t Gret Exibishun e Derby (1870)

Sartin, Certain
Scrouge, Squeeze
Sen, Say
Shanna, Shall not
Skenning, Squinting
Stawd, Set fast
Summat, Something
Swagger, To boast
Stey, Stay
Soats, Sorts
Tae, Take
That’n, That one
Thaas loike, You must
They’n, They have
Thumper, A great lie
Thowt, Thought
Unbethowt, Suddenly remembered,
Watter, Water
Welly, Well nigh
Wey, Way
Wees, With his
Whom, Home
Wi’aat, Without
Wok, Work
Weskit, Waistcoat
Whoppin, Very large
Yate, Gate
Yed, head