

Author: John Scholes (1808-1863)

Text type: Prose

Date of composition: 1857

Editions:

Source text:

Scholes, James. 1857. *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt, e Ab-o'-Dick's Doldrums' Waggin, wi o Whul Waggin Full o Foak, Fro Smobridg to Manchester, o Seein't Quene, wi Just o Wap ut th' Eggsibishun; o Gradely Funny Teyle o Winter Foyar Soide*. Manchester: John Heywood; London: Kent and Co.

e-text

Access and transcription: May 2012

Number of words: 36,973

Dialect represented: Lancashire

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TIM GAMWATTLES
JAWNT,

E AB-O'-DICKS OTH' DOLDRUMS' WAGGIN,
WI O WHUL WAGGIN FULL O FOAK,
FRO SMOBRIDG TO MANCHESTER,
O SEEIN'T QUENE,
WI JUST O WAP UT TH' EGGSIBISHUN;
O GRADELY FUNNY TEYLE
FUR O WINTER FOYAR SOIDE.

MANCHESTER:

JOHN HEYWOOD, 170, DEANS GATE.

LONDON:

KENT AND CO.

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TIM GAMWATTLE'S JAWNT.

CHAPTUR FURST.

O CHAPTUR UT—LOIK DOROTHI TUPPER'S MANGLE—TAYS O DEYLE O TURNIN O'ER TO MAK OWT ON IT. THOOSE UT REYD'N IT ULL KNO MOOAR OBEAWT IT NUR AW CON TELL UM.

When awd writt'n o this buke O moin thru un thru, e mi best printhond, aw wap't off weet tuth printur, un sum plest aw wur forshure, wi thinkin ut awd gett'n so weel thru wi mi job. Awre o bit tayn in uppo that spek, us yoan yer inneaw. Aw suyne fund eawt ut o teyl's summut short till it gets twitchilt wi whot thi kone o preffus. Its loik a clock beawt fase, ur o woman beawt tung,—noan gradely finisht off. Aw hope ut women ull forgie mi fur supposin awt so unpossable obeawt um.

When aw geet tuth printurs, in aw bowtud; un when awd meyd um mi best manners, un pood my front tooat, un scrape't mi foote, seame us aw larnt ut skoo, Morning sur, aw sez tuth printur. Awve browt yo o hontle o pappurs to print for mi, un awve kersunt um TIM GAMWATTLE'S JAWNT E AB O-DICK'S-OTH-DOLDRUM'S WAGGIN, un it tells in um obeawt o eawt ut aw ad wi o whul rook oth neeburs un o tuthri oth Thwittle un Thwang Club fellis fro Smobridge.

Ab-o-Dick's-oth-Doldrums! Thwittle un Thwang fellis! sed th printur.

Ah, sed aw; thats us pleyne hinglish us con bi spokk'n. Aw rekk'n yo knoan hinglish, dunnot yo? Iv yo dunnot, aw con suyne larn yo. O thwittle yo sin's whot yo thwite'n wi, un o thwang meeons o thwack. Yo mey happin kno Ab o-Dick's, ut keeps o farm just above Cork-clod, nee hond to Smobridge. E's olez kode Ab-o-Dick's oth-Doldrum's bekose e koom fro theer; un yo sin, e lant us iz waggin to goo in, seein us it wur so mich leetur o draight un

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reawmyur nur Throddy's, ut wur bizzy with hey seame toime, un id o gwoan wi us izel, boh e con ardly hutch un aboide, iz so stark wi th kronikle.

Th printur meshurt mi wi iz been fro heed to foote. E happ'n thowt aw wurnah gradely reet, boh, mi moind misgav mi ut e wur

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weyin't choansus, supposin e wur to aws fur to punse mi eawt; so aw browt mi foote to a reet stonidin, ready; fur aw meynt avvin't furst punse, iv ony gam o that sooart wur beawnt bi pley'd at.

When id satisfyd hissle e sed, un whot's yure bisnis with me, mi man?

Awve sum pappurs heer, sur, aw sed, pooin um eawt ut seame toime fro under mi cwoat-laps, ut awve writtin mysel, un aw want yo to print um for mi intu o buke iv yo plez'n.

Yu wroite o buke! e sed, us iv e thowt nuborri cud du that obut those uttr browt up to it loik yoar booke-keepin chaps, wi thir kleyn starcht dikeys un thir pens stuck'n ut back o thir ears. Un then e sed, Whot's yure neame, pray?

Awm Tim Gamwattles, aw am, aw sed, us bowd us Hecktor, fur aw thowt aw wur beein scorn'd at; un aw wur born just below th Gallos, un aw belong tuth Gallos, yet on, fur o ut awve livt e Smobridge evvur sin awre e dadin-strengs.

E stayrt at mi arder nur evvur, un aw thowt aw seed o sooart ov o smoyl puckert up ith corners ov iz meawth whol e sed, I think yure not born to be hang'd, yu lewk more game than gallos. But whot do yu meen by thi gallos?

Hang'd! aw sed—thir nevvur wur o chap hang'd us koom fro theer awm thinkin. Whau, dunnah yo kno wheer th Gallos is, e Butter'oth, just o peese above Mildro. Yo mey welly reych fro theer tuth Stump un Poy-lad, wi three strids, un a hop, skip un jump.

Tak o cheer, Mestur Gamwattles, e sed, quoyt purloyt, un e reycht mi one hissle, un aw cud see ut o bit ov o twitter kept hangin obeawt korer ov iz meawth o't toime.

Awm mich obleeg'd tu yo, aw sed; us lung us aw stond awm noan feeurt o foain, fur aw cud see ut t cheer ud bin ith wars, un wur hawmput o one leg.

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Aw mun keep mi heen oppin thowt aw, fur this felle's troyin to may o hal on mi.

Heawe vur, e suyne fund mi onuther cheer, un sed e wur sorry fur makkin sich o blunderment, un't corners ov iz meawth twitchurt ogen, un iz heen lewkt quoyt fause—boh aw watcht im. Un then e sed,

Will yu stop theer o bit while me un my partnur lewk over yure paypurs in the next rume?

So aw keaw'rt mi deawn fur hauve un heawr ur mooar, aw darsey. Thi adnah bin lung together ofore aw yerd um twitterin to thirsels, un then laffin reet eawt leawd. Aw meyde sure ut thirn laffin un makkin gam o maw buke un mee. Un bith mass! aw're so mad o'er it, aw cud welly o punst dur opp'n, un takk'n mi pappurs, un then o punst um bwoath reawnd't reawm. Boh, howd on o bit, aw sed to myself; aw'll sho um o tutch when thi kom'n eawt; un in o whoile thi bwoath on um koom laffin thir ardest, un im ut awd sin't furst ad th' pappurs e iz hont, so aw up un off mi shet in o crack, un axt im to sit deawn, um beawt thinkin whot e wur dooin, e seet deawn, un oer ee went, heels up un yed deawn, omung o whul bundil o pappurs under't desk, just missin't kole box wi is yed; fur awd swappt cheers o purpus, un gan im th' owd sodiur to sit on, wi o leg short.

Its maw turn neaw mestur, aw sed. Yo munnah play yoar tricks uppo Tim Gamwattles. Thats fair play, aw ko it, fur laffin ut mee un

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maw buke, un fur awsin to do mi wi th' cheer; un aw'll bi hang'd, iv thi didnah bwoath on laff arder nur evvur, un im us wur deawn wur so tick'lt, id ard wark to get up off iz whirly-booans, fur us it happ'nt e wur noan hurt wi iz soft leetin.

Yure a kariktur, sed th' mestur, when e geet on iz legs. And so yure the awthur of this book, are you Tim?—Gambattles, I think I must call yu.

Aw wrote it mysel, aw sed; un aw dunnah thank yo two fur laffin un mayin gam ont, nur fur axin mi to gwo thru mi exersizes on yoar three-legg'd cheer. Un leh mi tell yo, ut awve no karaktur noathur, nur noan aw want, fur

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aw lost o gud place wonst thru takkin o karratktur wi mi: evvur sin then awve olez spokk'n fur mysel, reet streyt forrud, un towd foak whot aw am un whot aw amnot; un then thirs no chettin o no soide.

Un then thi bwoath howdud thir honds eawt tu mi, twitterin o't toime; un aw shake't honds wi um bwoath reet arty, fur thi towd mi it wurnah me ut thirn laffin at, boh summut ut thid fund ith' buke ut plest um; un wirn O freends in o snift.

An odd sample, sed th' partnur.

Dunnah ko me o sample, sed aw; awm O heer. Yo mey soart mi us yo want'n mi.

Why, these bukes ov yures must bi printud bi power, Tim, sed th' mestur, ur wi kon nevvur get um eawt ov hond us fast us they'n bi wantud.

Yo tawk'n loik print neaw, aw sed; un aw thowt awd neovur yerd o sensablur speych e mi deys. But heaw iv yoar mesheenury shud get eawt o flunter whol yoar o gate on um, seys aw, un put in o wul bundil o arrant thungers? Whot mun e du then?

In that case, e sed, laffin ogen, yuve only to tell yure readers ut iv thi find awt wrong thi mun lay it on the mesheenury, seame as the railrodes do when thirs o hacksidunt: theres nobody to blame you kno.

Yo mi print maw buke, mestur, aw sez. Yoar fit oather to print o buke ur wroite o buke, or be o derektur oth railrode, after that. Its yeazist rode o gettin eawt ov o scrape ut evvur aw yerd on. Aw wur komin owey, boh ee kode on mi back, un sed, Why, Tim, yuve writt'n no preffus to yure buke.

Preffus! sez aw. Well, sure, aye,—yo win want summut to goo ut th' end;—awd kleyn furgett'n that, sez aw. Boh yo munnah print finis theer, ur, bith masking! Peg Yep, maw next dur neebur, un Throddy, un Betty, un o meeny on um, ull du naut boh mey gam on mi, un tell mi ut Finis wur th' eawthur o maw buke. Yo mun put Tim Gamwattles ut th' end, mestur, ur awst happ'n miss bwoath brass un th' onnur.

Neaw thirs naut ut sharp'ns maw wits suyner nur sumborri laffin at mi, un when aw yerd th' printur crackin off ogen, O ut wonst it popt into mi yed whot e meynt. Yo want'n one o thoose quare bits o chapturs ut tawk'n obeawt

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summut un naut, aw sez; sich us yo foind stuck'n ut th' beginnin ov bukes, un ut aw olez skip oer to get on wi th' teyl. Thi put'n mi e moind ov a chap tunin un scrapin when e awt to bi fiddlin. Fur maw part, aw connah see ut thir ov ony use when nobody reads um.

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But yu shud tell yore reedurs who yu ar, wheer yu come from, un such like thiugs, yu kno, sed the mestur.

Yo oughtn to kno bettur nur me, shuzheaw, sez aw, un awl mey yo o preffus, just us it comes e mi yed, iv yoall bi so koind us to wroite it mi deawn, boh aw shud us suyne o thowt o sumborri gettin into eawr klock-ease o seein whot toime it wur, us ov onyborri axin aut abeawt Tim Gamwattles, sez aw, when awm us weel known us Pris Howdens bonnit, uts bin o chapil gooin consarn evvur sin awve ad hewr o mi chin; ur us Nanny Cleggs peggy-tub, ut gwoas o reawnd th hammil o dollyin evvuri wik. Whau thir isnah o chilt between th Haugh un Breawn-Wardle boh whot knows mi, fur awve olez o appel ur o mintdrop e mi pokkit fur um, God bless um! ur sum mak ov o jingumbob ur annther. Onyborri knows Tim Gamwattles, th best fiddler obeawt Smobridge, stwoan getter, stwoan cutter, un oytchthing welly. Ax Peg Yep, maw next dur neebur, ut duz for mi, iv aw amnah. Aw can clug mi hown clugs, pow hewr, fettle clocks, eigh, un cut letturs uppo greyve stwoans, un it wur thru that ut aw koom to wroite print-hond so weel, fur aw nevvur cud mannige pot-hooks un ladles gradely. Some foak kone mi o owd bachelur; but thiyn see, awl sho um o tutch ofore lung uttle mey umt oppn thir heen. Let um ax Peg Yep what aw am nesht New Market Mundi,—hool tell um summut. Yo known wheer Smobridge is aw rekkn? Iv evvur yo buyn ony sond ut yoar heawse, yo mun kno that. Well, aw liv—dun yo kno wheer Owd Tum Tottles feythur livt, ut sowd birm—just past th Green, ofore yo gettn to Weudle, reet oer ogen Milly Madens, hur ut wur so fond ov hur cat hoo olez dreawnt th kittlins e warm waytur, feeurt o hurtin um? Thats wheer aw liv at, un its wheer aw av livt evvur sin aw laft eawr foak on th Mildro soide. Un neaw, us awm tellin yo, mestur, yo mun kno ut awm noan one o thoose awkurt gobbins ut nevvur

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venturn o moile off thir hown durstwoan, fur when aw wur nobbut o lad aw went wi eawr foaks to Manchistur e mi hunkle Dody kart, un wi seed th Owd Church, un th hinfermari, un o deyle o things; un it wur nobbut summer ofore last ut awd o chep trip tuth say soide, un iv yoan harkin to mi awl tell yo oer o bit ov o do ut aw ad wi o chap whol aw wur theer. Iv yoan tay notis yoan see ut awve o sooart ov o gley wi mi heen, ut aw mun av gettn wi lewkin ut t fiddle wit tone ee, us awre pleyin, un ut lassus when thiyrn doansin, wi tuther. Thir wur o dandyfyd, monkeyfyd chap, ith seame karrige wi mi, ut kept troyin to mey gam o mi tawk o th rode ut wi went, un e did sken some ill. Awm us fond o fun us o fleigh is o ticklin childer, ur us o chilt is ov o traykle butterkake, its meyt un drink tu mi, un meyt un drink, sich toimes us these, Peg Yep seys, ur two oth best things ut hoo knos on, fur keepin foak fro elemmin. Well, us aw wur shammokin olung shore, aw koom up wi th seame felli, us e wur stayrin ut t waytnr, un e skennd ill aneuf to crack o lewkin-glass. When id stayrt iz ballyful, e turnt iz fase tort mi, un iz heen fro mi, troying, us aw thowt, to lewk streyt at mi, un then e sed, clippiu iz words off quoyte foine, its “igh wawtur,” e sed. Ee waytur sed aw! to be shure it is, thers noan better to bi ad fur brass; un iv theawl nobbut wesh thi heen in it, ittle kure thi o thi skennin. Boh th chap ud no feyth e whot aw towd im. E mayd no mooar ado, but koom un leyd howd

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o mi nose, un e pood, un riv'd, un liftud, us iv id o liftud th whul fase up loik o sauspon-lid. O ut wonst, e leet it goo ogen, us iv it ud bin o foyar potter red wot, un e skenn'd at mi arder nur evvur fur have o minnit, un off e bowtud loik o Rooshun wi o Brittish baynit ut iz crupper. Whether it wur ut e meyde mi sken wurr nur izesel, till aw feeurt im, ur it wur th swatch o Fawthrop's sole leather ut aw gav im, awl naw sey, boh e did bowt eawt o seet wi sum ov o skutter. Sarve im reet iv e cudn't tak o joke.

Mi moother, yo sin, wur o woman ut thowt o deyl obeawt givin childer o gud skoooin, un aw con suyne tell yo heaw aw koom bi O mi larnin. Awre no suyner put e breechus nur aw begun o takkin in larnin. To bi shure aw tuk it

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ut t wrang eend, fur aw geet um loyst deawn evvuri dey fur o lesson ith A B C, ur elze e pot-hooks, eawt ov o birch-rod. Aw studdit th battledur ut o Deyme skoo; un mony o battle aw ad weet, sich us killin flees, daubin it wi traykle, un peylin th yungsters over t yed weet; un mi moother peyd o penny o wik for mi, threshins un o. Thir wur o birch tree growin ut skoo dur, o soart ov tree o nollige, un it meyd maw breechus tingle when aw yerd th leeovs ruslin ith summer woint. Boh it met o bin musik tuth owd deyme, fur hood ley by hur spektek'ls un lewk ut that tree ov gud un evil, un hood shut hur heen, whol th cat sit winkin un purrin ut t durr ole. That wur o rare toime fur steylin eawt un foindin appels on th lowest boos ith gardin, un when hoo wak'nt aw use t foind summut elze ut wur noan wantud, un that wur o taste off that tree ut t dur. Sin then, awve larnt o deyl fro reyding bits o pappur ut koom lapt reawnd stuff fro th shop, un that's whot aw ko gettin larnin chep, fur iv yo buyn o pennurth o bally furnitur theyn gie yo o pennurth o yed furnitur fur nawt. Furst buke ut aw evvur bowt wur o istrey o poor Cok Robin, e one vollum, bund e red papper, proice o haupuny. Aw con remembur mi nose just reycht up to Towfe Mally's lowest winda quarrel when aw reart mysel o mi toes. Aw ad but o haupuny. On one soide oth winda wur o lump o gowd'n lewkin towfe, un on tuther wur th' wonderful istrey. My nose kept rulin streyt loines on th windo-pane us aw turnt to lewk furst ut t buke un then ut t towfe. What wurt bi dun? Aw wur us fast which to chuse us Neddy-Nocksaufli wur when id gett'n us far us Ractchda seame toime ut e wur gooin to Lundun, o axin fur George Foart's sittiashun, un sumborri towd im e met av a bunksmon's job istid, iv id rayther. Sowheaw ur onuther aw geet intuth shop, un th furst ut aw axt for wur th towfe. Bless thi little fase, sed Mally, theast av o gud hawpurth. Then aw thout awd raythur av th buke. Eigh, says Mally, thea shall maw chilt; ittle last thi lungst. Awve thowt mony o toime sin, ut Mally wur reet. Its naw to tell whot great things o mon mey come tu. Iv aw adnah chozzun th buke estid oth towfe, aw met happin nevvur o bin th awthur o this ut yoar readin.

Un neaw, us yoan yerd heaw aw wur hedikated, awl tell yo whot o chap sed, ut koom to Smobridge o bit sin, obeawt my funnylogikle bumps. E wur one o

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thoose ut komn obeawt foindin soft pleysus e foaks' yeds; un dang mi ribs iv aw wurnah foo big aneuf to giv im tuppuns t ha my yed gropt. Ut after id fumblyt owhoile e mi hew'r, us iv e wur feelin fur summut wik, e koom eawt wi o lot o words us lung

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us cheeons ut thi mezzurn lond wi, tellin whot this bump wur un whot tuther wur, boh when e laft off iz ninnyhommer speychus un gatud o tawkin hinglish, aw fund eawt ut th arrant chet know'd no mooar nur mysel, fur aw cud o towd im o ut e towd me. Yoar fond o childer e sed, un fond o musik, un fond o flesh bo's un o saup o whoam brew'd; un awd o janius e sed fur makkin woindy mills un O maks o jingum-bobs; un awd o konstitutshun ut ud stond o deyl o kumfortable yeasments,—un aw know'd that ofore, fur awm us fond ov o merri dooment wi o fiddle, un o bit o summut uts bwoath howsum un toothsum us Sawft Peggy wur oth chilt, when hoo put it ofore th foyar ith dutch-oon to warm it.

Aw thowt when awd towd th printur whot maw readers un redd, it wur toime to bi gettin tord whoam, so beawt moindin oather preffus ur awt elze aw tuk mysel off, un neaw awl finish mi furst chaptur witheawt seyin mich mooar.

It wur sattlt on o full wik before th Quene koom, hi oytch bodi un evvuri bodi O reawnd eawr parts, heaw thidn goo, un whoa wi, un whot thidn wear, un O obeawt it. O meeny on us, mooastly neeburs un freends, ud ogreed omung eawrsels to goo in o waggin, so ut wi shud O bi kumpuni, us thir wur sum ut ud nare bin furr fro whoam e thir loivs, nur Ratchda; un mony o one ut ud nare bin to Manchistur. It wur ov o Tusedey, un it wur t last dey e June iv yo remembur, ut t ruyul vissit wur, un oth Frydi neet ofore that aw wur ut t Thwittle un Thwang Club e Smobridge, un when thidn welly gett'n thru mooast o thir regelur club bisniss—that is, heyting, drinkin, smookin, un speych makkin, o lettur wur red ut yoan yer mooar abeawt iv yo loikn to read furr on. Heawevvur, us thi cudn't ogree oer it, sum wudn't goo ut O; sum went bith ralerode, un o tuthri on um went wi us ith waggin.

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Naut wur tawkt on, ur thowt on, boh goin to Manchistur. Betty Throddy sed hoo'd naw miss sich o seet us thid be o no keawnt, fur O ut hoo lipp'nt ut breawn keaw met kauve whol hoor owey; un thairn ith middle o thir hey, tu, hoo sed; un Betty's one o that sooart o bodys ut tayn kare ut O eends un dunnah swattle mich. Aw nevver wur so glopp'nt us when mi hunkle Dody sed e wur beawn to goo. O mon loik him! ut wur ardly evvur thri moile off whoam e iz loif! un sich o soize, ut when e geet theer, Manchester foak glendurt at im us iv thid sin Talamed feythur. Owd Tum Thrapper wur gooin tu, un yung Tum, iz grown up lad; un id sowd iz bestpoot, un o payr o blue draguns, so us naw to bi short o brass, e towd mi.

Peg Yep, maw next dur neebur, wur gooin wi me, us awd offurt to trate hur tuth eggsibishun; un neet o'fore wi seet off, whol wi wurn tawkin o'er it i'th heawse, whoa shud come in boh Jinny, th church singer, un hoo wur gooin, us weel; un hood kode on mi just then, hoo sed, wi o peese ov owd musik ut awd asht hur to land mi, uts kode "Haist to the weddin." Yo shud o sin heaw Peg skym'd un glentud at hur. Aw wundurt whot'r to du, O ut wonst; fur Jinny wur no sanner gwon, nur Peg sed hood awthurt hur moind; hood naw goo ut O, neaw, hoo sed; hood olez ad to worch ard fur whot hoo geet,—hood no toime fur gadding un junketting, un o deyl mooar sich loik tawk, till hoo meyd mi ut awre us gawmless us o tup; fur women han sich weys wi um us aw con mey noather yed nur teyl on. Yon kekin snikkit! hoo

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sed, bokin hur fingur aftur Jinny ut seame toime, con flawnt obeawt loik o ledy, wi hur foine fleawnsin geawns, un hur foine bonnit, stuck'n o'er wi fleawrs, un smart butes, wi ardly rewm in um fur hur toes, fur hoo cud see um O squozzn ov o lump loik hur grippin neyve, hoo sed. Thid'n cost sumborri sum brass hoo knowd;—hoo cud get no fleawrs—nut hur, indeed!—un wheer Jinny geet um fro cap't hur; boh hoo thowt hoo cud tell iv hoo wur weel slapt; hood sin Jinny un sumborri elze linkin past "Green Mon," un gooin up Wardle Lone, mooar nur wonst, ov o Sundi neet latly. Un hoo lewkt ut me, us iv aw wur sumborri elze. If aw wur—fur awst tell no loys o'er it—aw cudnah

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see us Peg Yep wur awt mooar to me nur other foaks. Hoo app'n thowt bekose awve ad th heawse to mysel evvur sin eawr Suzannah wur wed to one ov owd Bunk lads o Wardle, un bekose awd offurt to trayt hur, un wi hur beein o neebur un that, hoo app'n thowt—boh thirs no tellin whot women dun think—aw connah tell. Well, thi dun seem to bi kittle crayturs sartinly; boh awst loik aneuf foind summut eawt when awm wed. Un then ogen awve olez thowt ut weddin un hangin ur two us sayrius haksidunts us con app'n o mon in iz loiftoime. Heaweveur, Peg laft mi, un went eawt snurchin, wi hur appurun to her nose, beawt seyin gud neet ur awt. Whot koom on it, un whot seets un adventurs wi met wi, yoan yer in o bit; un us ittle bi winter toime when yo reydn this teyl, un O th childer, un app'n sum o yoar neeburs, un bi keawrt snug un warm uppoth harstwoan, let one on yo snuff th candl, un onuther stir th foyar, un onuther on yo reytech th posset, ur whotevvur yoar drinkin, off th hob, un let im ur hur uts readin up leawd for yo, sup; un then pass it reawnd to tuthers, un drink Tim Gamwattle's health ofore yo begin th next chaptur, un awl dut seame to yo us awm keawrt bi mi hown foyar soide at Smobridge.

CHAPTUR SEKUND.

TELLS O'ER SUMMUT UTS TAYN PLEYCE SIN WI AD EAWR JAWNT—OBEAWT O KUTE ARGYMENT UT THIR WUR UT THWITTLE UN THWANG CLUB, UN HEAW TH QUENE MEYD O NEET E BRODE DEY-LEET—FIZZY BOB'S GREYT DISKUVURI IN O KAUVE TEYL, UN IZ THOWTS OBEAWT SITTING EGGS WI FITHUR BREECHUS.

Awve yerd sumborri tell—boh whether it wur tru ur naw aw raythur deawt—ut thirs some sooart o bukes printud ut reydn backurt rode on, so ut yo han to begin ut th end. Neaw, yo munnah think ut awm beawn to tay o patterun fro um, bekose awve put this chaptur e this pleyce; ut tells obeawt whot app'nt nobbut o wik sin—a lung toime ut

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aftur wid bin ov eawr jawnt to Manchistur. Aw cud loik it to bi rememburt, ut noan obut better eend o foak cud get intuth eggsibishun whol't Quene wur i'th insoide. So, us wi adnah th choance o seein fur eawrsels, aw mun tell yo whot win yerd, un whots bin sed omung us, obeawt dooins ut thir wur whol hoo wur in; un, us ittle mey yo oquentud wi three o thaim ut aw went wi, aw connah see boh its us weel dun furst us last. So here it is:—

Aw wudn't o misst gooin o seein t Quene, un th Eggisbishun, un O th grand dooins us thir wur e Manchistur, sed Fizzy Bob, ut Thwittle un Thwang Club e Smobridge, last Mundi neet, when thiyrn tawkin o'er thir journi e Ab-o-Dick's waggin, un tellin obeawt seets un wondurs ut thid sin un yerd tell on whol thirn owey. Aw wudn't o misst gooin iv aw munt o bin kode Archimaydes us lung us aw livt.

Fizzy Bob's o greyt hond ut O maks ov invenshuns. Ee's olez o gate o'er summut ut e koes furst principuls. Iz yed's loik o owd hoyrn shop, crom full o lumberin crinkum-crankums, wheels un nuts, un bowts un screws, un thir isnah o screw i'th whol consarn boh whots so loyse its ready to drop eawt. Iv ee seechus un ideo e that owd lumber garrit ov his, his yed's shure to come jowt ogen summut ut e wur noan lewkin fur, till ee's so meazy e cudnah tell th fithurs on o weathercock's teyl fro those on o pleyne goose; fur e sticks tu it e wonst meyde t fithurs fly off Jone-ut-Stone's weathurcock us it wur flyin o'er th eend o'th barn. Iv e con leet ov o word with o onomy ur o ology tu it teyl, e as it bith teyl end e no toime; e just claps o fizzy tu it, us iv it wur o fusee, un foyars it off loik o rokit; un when O th putther un noyse ut e meys o'er it ur blown off, thirs nawt to bi sin boh th stick ut e meys ov izsel.

Eh, whot o seet it wur, furshure, e sed; thirs bin nawt marro tut sin th wuld gatud o turnin bi peawr. Yeds wurn bobbin ogen tone tuther us thick us pismotes on o hillok, ur bullyeds in o waytur-doytch. As fur feet, yo cudn't tell whoas yoar'n stonidin on, yoar hown ur sumborri elzus. Cullurs wurn flyin fro evvuri heawse, e evvuri street, fro top to bottom; fro lamp-pooasts, un archus, un bridgus, un yeazins, un ridgins, un evvurithing un evvuriwheer.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Aw yerd it sed, ut thir cudnah bi less nur o millenium o foak theer; un it sed e one o th pappurs, ut t seet o th cullurs meyde um t think ut Britanniuur ud sent eawt o hur weshin to bi done e Manchistur.

Un iv th owd dame ud bin theer hursel, sed owd Tum Thrapper, ut gwas bith neame o Kopper Nob, hood o bin fur sendin eawt mendin us weel, fur hood o fund it thrung wark fur hur stockin neeld, to sey naut obeawt th petchin un button seawin, to keep streyt wi nobbut that smo part ov hur famuli.

Un then, sed Fizzy, thir wur undurths o cart loads, un waggin loads, un carrige loads, o foak fro O parts o'th wuld, un worshippin corporashuns beawt end. Eh, boh th grand'st seet ov O wur when t Quene meyde o Neet, e brode oppun dey-leet, us it sez ith pappurs ut hoo did whol hoor i'th eggsibishun. Wi misst seein that. Aw'd o gan awt to ha sin that tutch. Yoan yerd obeawt Jossua makkin t sun stond still; un iv yoad studit skyentic bukes, seame us me, yo met o yerd obeawt Archimaydes liftin th wuld up wi o lung pow; boh whoad evvur o thowt us't Quene cud o meyde o Neet e brode oppun dey-leet.

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Well, sed owd Tum, aw've yerd on um turnin neet into dey e Lundun, wheer t Quene koms fro; boh thirs no sense ut O e tawkin obeawt onyborri makkin o neet, mon; it shads owd Batterlash, when e awst to whip t waytur up broo.

Whot sooart o mayguts hastah gett'n e th yed this toime, sed Brazilnose, us e browt iz mehoguny fase intuth reawm. Thea's gett'n t wrang soo bith teyl wi o venjune, Fizzy. Dunnah yo kno ut it wur o mon ut hoo meyde into whot thi kone o Knyt: quoite O together differunt to whots kode o Neet, mon, e gradely hinglish, sich us wi tawk'n. It wur summut loik kersunin t felly o'er ogen, fur Knyts un Surrys ur loik one un t seame, aw wur towd, un thir kode Sur fur short. Awl tell yo heaw it wur dun, fur it'r Tummus-o-Tum's, t cotton mestur, ut towd me, un ee shud kno, for e wur theer, un seed it dun wi iz hown een. Hur Majusti, e sed, pood off hur greyt gowd'n creawn, un wi hur hown two honds, ut wur cuvvert ole o'er wi nuggits un dymunze—un whoite thi wurn us fresh sallury sticks—hoo wapp't it uppoth Mare's yed, reet o'er iz

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

fase, un wi that e feel ov iz nees, ir so fley'd; un, bith maskins! yoad o bin fley'd tu, fur us t Mare glentud thru o ole, ur elze o crack, ut thir wur i'th creawn, e cud see t Quene, quoyte pleyne, stonidin reet o'er im, wi o drawn swoart in hur hont. Hoo wur happ'n dooin it eawt o fun, just to feeur im o bit, fur when hoo seed im gooin us whoite us o cleawt, hoo kode eawt, quoyte sharp, "Ger up Surry!" un up e geet fro iz whirleybwoans in o crack,—some feyne, awl uppowd im, ut things ud leetud no wurr. Its naw to be lipp'nt on, ut aw con tawk Quene's tawk; boh thats us nee whot hoo sed us meys no matter. Un theer th Mare stoode, noan o bit awthurt; nur lunger nur shorter, nur blacker nur whoiter, nur bettur nur wurr. Heawsevvr, ee's gett'n o nikneame thru it, awm towd, uttle stick tu im to iz deein dey.

Thats just loik Tummus-o-Tums, aw sed. Ee's oather bin avvin thi on, ur theas furgett'n t tone hauve o'th teyl, mon. Hark'n to me whol aw set thi reet. Boh t tuther two begun o puttin in, un stop't mi; un owd Tum sed, iv o nikneame wur O ut e wantud, e met o gett'n one ut Smobridge ony dey fur t labbur o fotchin.

Sumborris bin crommin that seely toppin o thoine wi o foine teyle, sed Fizzy. Thear't reddy fur sum mooar Quene's beef aw yer.

Aw dunnah rek'n to be us strawnomikully larnt us thee, sed Brazilnose. Hastah furgett'n gropin th cod's yed to foind eawt it s finnylogikle bumps? Sin theaw blowd't fithurs off owd Jones weathercock, un inventud o pappur mop fur yoar Saro Ann, thirs no komin nee thi wi o pikel.

That mak o tawk meeons nawt mon, sed Fizzy. It matters nawt whether it'r o mon ur o kauve at hoo ad to goo to wark on; its turnin summut into summut! that's th skyentik prinsipul ut aw want to get th nydeo on.

Whol Bob wur tawkin aw begun o thinkin ut after O eawr yeds ur nobbut loik greyt turmits; th best un biggest on um ur oft spekt wi soft pleysus. Aw thowt Fizzy Bob's munt hi one o'th very best iv that wurt case.

Whot aw've sin ov meazy-merism, un table turnin, Fizzy went on, meys mi shure ut awt con bi dun, possabul ur unpossabul, iv yo con

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

boh leet o'th reet prinsipul. Awl sho yo o tutch tuth poynt consarnin prinsipul. Lewk ut o broody hen; is'nt it th fithurs ut hatch'n th chickens? Coudn't owd Jess, Throddy weife feythur, ut connah stur fro th hob newk fur iz kronikle rewms, cudn't ee sit eggs us weel us ony owd hen i'th wuld, ive ad but o payre o fithur breechus on, think'n yo? Un lewk ut th heekonomy ont tu. Neaw aw cud o meyde o fortin eawt ov o prinsipul ut aw fund eawt mony o yer back, iv awd ad brass, un that's th prinsipul o'th screw purpellow. Aw'l try iv aw kon insense yo intuit. Yoan seen heaw o kauve gwos forrut, us yeazy un natterul us o mesheen ut's new hoylt, when th butcher just gies o noice wap ur two reawnd wi it teyle. O kauve teyle is o natterul screw purpellow, yo sin. Aw ad houd o that in a snift.

Houd o'th kauve teyle dunneh meeon? aw sed. Houd o'th prinsipul, Fizzy went on, fur aw fund ut th kauve, e sed, cudnah help itsel but goo forrut, us iv it ud just bin blest wi o new sensashun when th prinsipul wur ut wark in it teyle. Iv awd ad brass, awd o worcht it eawt lung sin.

Theaw'd o worcht kauve teyle eawt o sokit; wudn'tah Fizzy, aw sed ogen.

Aw kno whot aw meeon, mon; un as fur makkin o neet i'th eggsibishun, iv it wurr dun ov ony shap, it mun ha bin dun uppoth pully prinsipul—wheels within wheels; dun yo see it neaw? sed Fizzy, un then e gav th ale o gud poo.

Noan on us boh Bob cud see awt fresh, obut ut t jug wur empty. Fizzy's fawsur nur th pigs, fur thi con nobbah see th woyn't, boh ee fund th woyn't ole eawt—iz meawth—un e stopt it tu.

Aw cudnah houd fro laffin o't toime ut th gawmless ninnyhommers ud bin pooin their foo eawt; un then aw sed, iv yo wurn to loyse those yeds o yoars, it ud bi o terrubul loss to sumborri, for O ut thirs so little in um. Just hark'n to mee, un awl tell yo O obeawt it in o snift; prikmeet us it wur dun.

So aw tow'd um heaw th Quene meyde o knight ov the Mare of Manchistur whol e wur kneelin deawn ofore hur, un obeawt hur borrowin o swoart fro Generul Sir Arry Smith, ut ee'd cut scores o yeds off wi i'th Injis, un tutchin the Mare weet o'er bwoath shilders, un then seyin "Roise Sur Jeames," un obeawt iz kissin hur Majusti's hond. Efeakins, aw cud loik't shake honds wi hur! aw'd giv hur sich o grip o mi neyve us hoo nevvur feldt ofore, fur hoos

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

ov o reet deawn gud soart. Thirs bin no Quene loik ur e maw deys, nur e no mon's elze ut aw con yer tell on. Un aw didnah furget to tell um obeawt the Genurul kissin th hondle ov iz swooart when hoo gav it im back, us luvvin us iv it ud bin o noice yung ledi.

Un neaw aw mun bi gettin on wi mi wark bi tellin maw readers heaw wi seet off fro Smobridge in o fresh chaptur. Thi mun remembur ut th diskorce ut they'n just bin readin happ'nt ut th Club nobbut o wik sin,—lung aneuff aftur eawr jaunt tuth greyt sitty. Iv onyborri shud sey ut maw teyle's loik Fizzy Bob kauves—taks o deyle o twistin un turnin to mak it goo on—aw mun tell um ut awm nobbut howdin it back o bit, so ut when aw let goo, ittle scutter owey loike o twitchilt bandy-hewit.

Those three chaps ut thiyn just bin harknin tu belong to Thwittles

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un Thwangs, un aw thowt awd just giv um o swatch o thir tawk ut furst goo off, fur thi rekk'n to av sum fause owd yeds omung um, dun't Thwittles un Thwangs;—chaps utt'n furgett'n mooar nur sum foak un larnt, bi thir hown okeawnt; boh yo mun judg fur yoarsel us yo gett'n furr on ith buke.

CHAPTER THURD.

SHO'S HEAW THAIM UT WANT'N TO KEAYP SENGL E SHUD MOIND HEAW THI GWOAN O JAWNTIN E WAGGINS—STARGAZIN, UN WHOT KOON ON IT—SUMMUT OBEAWT O WESHIN MUG UN MAW BREECHUS NEES.

Aw shul nevvur furget t Quene komin to Manchistur us lung us aw liv, fur summud hap'nt tu mi thru that ut mey nevvur hap'n to mi ogen whol awm o livin mon; un awl tell yo whot it wur tu, iv yoan av o bit o pashuns wi mi, fur aw connah tell two teyles ut seame toime. Iv yoan rekolekt, aw towd yo, e mi furst chaptur, whot soart ov a felli aw wur, un whot aw thowt obeawt

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

weddin; un obeawt Peg Yep, maw next dur neeghbur, ut duz for mi, beein jeylus o'er Jinny th church singer; so awl goo on neaw wi un okeawnt o whot hap'nt ofore aw seet off o mi jawnt. Awre e bed th neet ofore just as t clock stroke noine, un Peg ud leyd oytch thing reddy for mi to don on, un awd gan mysel o gud slushin wi swoap un waytur, un shavt mysel, un as fur mi shoon, thi ned no clennin fur awd gettin o spon-new payre to put on, ut ud bin formert o thri wik gon.

Whether it wur wi thowts o mi journi ur whot, aw cud sleep noan us aw use dooin. Iv awd bin beawn to bi wed ur hang'd ith morn, aw cudn't o bin wur pottert. Aw wur in un eawt o bed O neet o'er; un aw streycht mi neck eawt ut winda till, iv it ad boh ad o strayk o red reawnd it, it met o dun fur o barber's pow, fur it feldt lung aneuf, un stiff aneuf. Aw stayrt fur th kommit, ut shud o komn o brunnin th wuld up; un aw stayrt ut t stars ut kept winkin thirsels eawt, till ut last thiyrn us scarce to bi fund us drops o fat on Owdum breawis. O deyle o quare thowts kept komin e mi yed ut mut o kom'n on t woint, aw think, fur awd nare bin bothert wi sich things mich, e mi loif, till then. Aw wundurt heaw foak munt feel when thi geet wed, un then aw gatud o thinkin iv aw wurnah gettin raythur too owd to bi livin sengle, wi o deyle mooar sich ninnyhommer stuff: un aw mun sey, ut aw feldt sooary o'er Peg Yep refusin to goo, fur yo sin, wi hur beein o gud neebur un sich, un wi us beein freends yo knoan, un wi hur dooin for mi un that, onyborri ull see ut wonst us it wur so loikly ut aw shud

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want hur to goo un injuy hursel. Not us hoo wur awt to me e pertiklur at aw know'd on mooar nur other foaks, obut beein o noice neebur un that; fur yo sin, when foak un livt nee neeghburs o lung whoile, un bin pley childer together, thi loik wantin to bi together mooar. Whol aw wur stayrin ut t stars, aw cudn't help thinkin ut Peg ud mey sumborri o gud woife—aw durst ley mi loif o that—sich o dowter us hoo is to hur owd mother, un see whot hoo duz fur O t famali, un aw will sey this for hur, hoo's us ard o worchin, howsom, farrently, daysunt o bodi us is to bi fund e Smobridge.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Heawevvur, aw gatud o wheautin to misel, fur whot wurt use o moiderin one'ssel o'er it, un as fur frettin, aw nare indulge mysel e that, no lunge nur duz my gud, fur us suyne us evvur aw begin to fret aw gate o beein hungry, un when awve gett'n o ballyful into mi its O o'er. Aw fund eawt ut aw mut av ad sum mak ov unyeasy thowts lyin uppo mi stummak fur aw begun o beein us hungry us o rott'n; so deawn stears aw clompt e mi clugs, o purpos to mey Peg yer ut aw wur gettin mi reddy; un hoo mut yer mi, fur thirs nobbut o wo between us. Then aw beetud foyar, un rattl't foyar potter ogen't back o'th grate, un then leet it fo wi o clatter uppoth fender; un then aw geet't shoo un sam'd it intuth esshole us iv aw wur siftin't cinders; un then aw unmeyd't dur, un aftur aw'd crop'n eawt sawfli o seein iv thir wur o leet e theer heawse, aw sent it too ogen, wi o bang. Kettle wur suyne buylin, un it wurnah lung before awd sich o brekfust to sam at us ad kure ony mon o'th bally wartch welly wi th smell on it. O noice ham collop, o cupple o new leyd eggs, un sum kake brayd, un loaf brayde, un butter; un awd gett'n o cup o rale strung tay, ut awd bowt o purpos, estid o mi koffi, ut Mestur Feylden's, e Yorkshur street, thinkin o givin Peg o trate. Just us aw wur reychin o bottle eawt o'th cubburt (Peg cannot oboide it—hoos teetotal) thinkin o avvin o gradely toothsom cup, aw thowt aw yerd sumborri kough; un it seawndud to be oather ut't dur, ur elze ogen th winda shut. In o bit aw slipt off mi shoon, un crope sawfli eawt, wi mi yed soidwey to yer bettur, so ut aw'd nobbut mi ear hole to lewk wi estid o mi heen, un thwack aw koom ogen sumborri, un jowt went mi yed ogen sumborri elzus, wi us bwoath liftin um up sharp ut seame toime.

Eh Tim! sed Peg, fur it wur hur, wi hur back tort mi, heaw yo meyd'n mi jump! Aw wur just komin o seein iv yoad land mi yoar weshin mug to wesh in to-dey.

Un aw wur just komin o seein whot toime it is bi yoar clock, fur awm feert moin's to lat. Boh kom in, un tay whot theaw wants; un when wi geet in, aw cud see ut hoo'd hur best cap on, un hur stuff geawn, un kloth butes: un aw thowt awd nare sin hur lookin more meeeverly.

Aw dunnah use tellin loys, nur Peg noather, boh that wur o whoite un o peese for us aw thowt.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Whau Peg, aw sez, theawrt nevvur beawn to wesh e that geawn artah? boh sit teh deawn o bit un get o boite un a sup o tay.

Aw mey us weel wesh in it, for ony difference it meys, hoo sed— to yo, ut ony rate. Aw notist hur seyin yo, fur hoo olez usus theawin mi. Aw see your for off, hoo sed, fur yoan gett'n your cankin breechus, un your jawntin weskut on; boh aw mey ax yo o questin: Are yo

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yo beawn to Manchistur wi your stockins wrang soide eawt, un your breechus noan buttont ut knees?

Hoo laft, un aw laft.

Aw think wir noather on us reet e eawr yeds this mornin. aw sed. Duztah kno, awve bin thinkin ut awm welly owd aneuf to bi wed.

Marcy-o-me! to yon keckin, squemous, creawse-fase't snikkit! Aw met weel see sich unkerts e mi dreemoms, un foind o edder crop creepin o mi cwoats, hoo sed.

Awst bi forty next Aister Sundi, fur awve fund it ith omenact, un theawrt gooin e thi thirty-sevent aw sed to Peg. Whot ses tah obeawt thee un me leyin eawr yeds together? Theaw sees whot thir is ith heawse; thea mi tak it O, un me weet iv theas o moind, iv awm ov ony use; un then theall naw need to kom o borrhin th weshin mug thea knows. ||

Peg's fase leetud up us iv awd helt o candle tut, un hoo whimput o bit, un smoylt O t toime, un o sumheaw, aw connah tell heaw it wur, aw geet mi arm reawnd hur, un gav bur o gradely smeawchin.

Wi bwoath injuy'd eawr brekfusts; un your shure ut Peg didnah sey naw, when aw axt hur to wap hur bonnet un shawl on to goo wi mi. O pale straik o dawn wur peepin o'er Blacksunedg us wi geet eawt ut dur. Awd no suyner gett'n intuth lone un smelt th breth o morn, nur aw clappt mi hurn-hondlt stick to mi shilder un gatud o whewtin un fiddlin owey tuth tune o "God save the Quene," un itr us mich us aw cud do to stop th music ur summut elze ut wur e mi whirlybwoans, fro pooin mi eawt o flunter.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

So yoall see neaw ut summut did happ'n us aw menshunt ut beginnin o this chaptur, thru maw gooin to Manchistur. We seed so mitch, un yerd so mitch, un lafft so mitch, ut win olez bin tawkin o'er it sin wi koom back; un neaw us deys ur gettin shorter, un wi hannot hauev toime aneawf to sey whot wi want'n, awm beawn to get o loisuns fro th paason, so ut wi con tawk o'er it O neet iv win o moind. Us awm beawn to finish this chaptur, aw dunnah moind tellin yo ut Peg Yep's gooin to change hur neame into Peg Gamwattles, on th dey before Kersmus dey; un aw hope yoan O drink eawr helths, un Peg un me un do t seame to yo. Aw mey hap'n leet o sum on yo e Ratchda, fur wi meeon keepin it up whol New Markit Mond. Peg Yep un me geet to Smobridge just us dey begun o beetin up his foyar un makkin o gradely leet. To lewk at, wi met o bin gatin toime ut noon, fur O th foak ith hammil wur huzzing obeawt loik o swarm o hummobees, un Ab-o-Dick's waggin wur stonidin ith lone, kleyn wesht un new payntud, loik t sung seys, "Red, white, un blue." Thir wur women un fellis, un lassus un thir chaps, wi smoot shoinin fasmus un breet een, buslin obeawt e thir spon new foinery, lassus wi new bonnets un shawls un ribbins; un lads, wi new weskuts un hankechers; un mony o sly lewk aw see'd that morn, un mony o sweet word aw yerd, ut aw shud desarve mi ears pooin iv aw menshunt. Thir wur baskits ov O soizus un patteruns nockin obeawt, sum loik yung skeps, rom full ov O maks o things ith heytin loin, un summut ith drinkin loin tu, bith lewk o th bottles ut wur pokin thir lung necks fro under th lids, loik o lot o green neckt ducks gooin to markit; un sum thir wur danglin uppoth lassus arms, naw mich biggur nur watch pockits; un sich o lot o shawls, un

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umbrels, un fizzgigs ut aw connah tell th names on, lyin on top ov um, yoad o thowt iv yoad sin O ut thir wur, ut wid bin settin off fur Omerika. Before wi gwoan ony furr, heawevvur, awl just ax yo to bi so kind us to turn oer o fresh leeof—aw dunnah moeon ut yoar to turn oer o fresh leeof e yoar loivs, fur yoan app'n no okayshun, but ith buke,—whol aw begin onuther chaptur wi

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

tellin yo th' names o thoose ut wi went wi, fur undorths o foak ull reyd this
uttle welly kno O on um, oather bi seet ur bi neame.

CHAPTUR FOATH.

HEAW YUNG TUM GEET SHARPN'T LOIK IZ FEYTHUR'S PICKS, UN
MEYE INTU O MON—BETTY US THRUNG US THRAP'S WOIFE—
HUNKLE DODY COMES IN O HOND-CART UN MEYS O SPEECH
TUTH NEEBURS.

When wi geet up tuth waggin, aw lewkt reawnd to see who wur theer, un o
noice little party it wur fur shure, to sit reawnd o bachelor's tay booart. Sum
o'th women ud tayn thir shets i'th waggin, un fellis wur bizzy reychin up
bundils un baskits. Sweetarts wur seen to thir lassus; woives wur lewkin aftur
thir uzbunds, un uzbunds wur lewkin aftur thirsels. Thir wur Jinny ut sings ut
t church, un hoo did lewk sum breet obeawt th een, un aw connah help boh
think ut hoo grews onkommon pratty latly; un thir wur Throddy un Throddy
woife, un th dowlur Nance un hur chap, Jim fro Breawn Wardle; un Tunor
woife—Ab-o-Dick's wench Meary—Donty-o-Peggy's-lass, ut happ'nt o
misfortin; un Dorothy-ut-shop. Then thir wur Fizzy Bob un Brazilnose, un th
Seketayri oth club un iz woife; Owd Tum un Yung Tum, Duck Toes, Robin
Clogger, Ben-o-Dyers, Buckley fro Shore, Wardle Jone, Ralph-maw-lad-
dunnut, Hareshorn Jonas, Flyin Tayleur ut koms fro tort Owdum, beside
Slasher ut wur th droiver.

Aw thowt awd ko um o bi thir reet neames un then foak ud kno um. Some on
um, to bi shure, av o sooart ov o hallidi neame besaide that ut awve kode um
by, boh aw think nuborri knows mich obeawt it obut th o'erseer, ur sumborri
uts wantin brass off um, un aw darsey thid us sune bi beawt it,

Owd Tum Thrapper wur us foine e iz hallidi clewus us iv id just foan eawt ov
o Scotchmon's pack, wi iz shoiney lase't butes un dark blue breechus un
ribb'd stockings; un then wi iz leet blue neck-hankecher, un breet yollo weskut

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

wi glass buttons, un iz green cwoat, cut noicely reawnd so ut e kud keawr
izsel deawn beawt sittin uppoth laps, un iz curly red hew'r un sky-blue cap ut
top ov o, e lewkt, us e

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puff'd owey ut iz short poipe, loik whot e wur, us weel drest un us clivvur
meyde o colliur us evvur yo clappt een on. Yung Tum, iz lad, ut worchus ut
seame pit wi im, lewkt evvury bit us weel, wi iz greyt laffin blue een olez
lewkin eawt fur o bit o mischeef.

Ee no suyner catcht seet o me, nur e kode eawt to iz feythur, Sitho, Copper
Nob! sitho, Owd Un! iv thir iznah Tim Gamwattles, aw've no hew'r o mi yed.
Tez hew'r aneuf t ha mooar wit under it, nur tawkin to thi natterul born
feythur o that gate, un foak harknin thi un O, sed Owd Un. Sich o hedikashun
us tez ad gien teh tu. Whot wi th kole-pit kote, un th ale-heawse newk, tez ad
sum skooiin. Sich peylins us tat toppin o thoine us gettin wi clug soles met o
nockt summut intut iv it ud bin meyde ov awt boh bass. Un't tuther eend us
bin noan short o tutorin; boh it meeons nawt us aw con see, thirs no droivin it
into thee o no rode.

Copper cullurt ur black, it connah bi helpt neaw, feythur, az t chap sed when
id thrut iz woife intut cut, sed Yung Un. Hey up! Tim, owd mon, hau yo
browt th fiddle we yo? Th Owd Un heer, us gett'n it into that ginger toppin ov
iz ut t Quene's beawn to trayte O th ruyul order o Thittles un Thwangs wi a
gradely ballyful o meyte un drink when wi gett'n to Manchistur, so yo mun
giv um some music to set thir jaws e full play. Awm gooin wi im o purpos to
see us e duznt brast hissels furst goo off. Awm noan feeurt oth choke damp
catchin iz throat, fur thirs plenty o bradth ith shaft un o rare woint ole tut.

Whot duz teaw kno obeawt club, teh yung torment, sed Owd Un. Its us ill us
gettin o kauve to seawk eawt ov o bahsun tryin to teytch thee awt, fur thea
duz nawt but bob thi thick scoance agen it un slatter O ut thea shud tak in.
Wheer thi moother geet th patterun fro ut theart meyde after, caps mee, beawt
it wur fro th soign oth Turk's Yed e Owdum, teh swarffy eawlurt.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Hoo happ'n geet it fro Scotland, feythur, fur thats wheer a deyle o women gett'n thir fresh patturuns fro. Dunnah thi Ailse? sed Yung Un, to Donty-o-Peggys-lass, as hoo went by. Seawse im fur mi, win yo, Owd Tum, sed t lass, fur o plagey pousedurt us e is. Ee's wurr nur o swarm o midges huzzin ut ones ears.

Those owd yed-stocks o yoars, feythur, ur noan fit to bi trustud wi awt ov ony weight ur konsekunse, sed Yung Un ogen. Whot wi yoar club un yoar nominys, yoar insoide's chock full o foyar damp, un when it meawnts tuth yed, yoar O ov o halliblash. Iv aw dunnah manige to crom that top leet o yoars into maw Davy ofore lung, thir'll bi onuther hexploshun ut th pits.

Thea shud mak o mon Tum, iv evvur onyborri did, sed Owd Un; un o sharp mon tu. Aw've dun whot o feythur cud do for thi, fur aw've hommert teh un hard'nt teh just meet seayme us aw sharp'n my picks, boh awm feeurt thea'll nevvur av auve oth sense o thi feythur. Awm preawd on thi e some things; un its to thi credit aw sey it, ut thea pood thi feythur eawt oth shuntin, fro under o pyle o dhayed karkiges, loik o mon, when noborri durst ventur deawn boh thee; un whots mooar to thi onnur nur that, thea con woind th best mon e Smobridge, ur ut come in un gwoas eawt o Smobridge;—thi feythur un O, iv aw miss mi poynt: so ut thea's summut to bi thankfo for. Thir O foos, bi

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they keawnt, ut belong tuth club. What thinks tah oth Seketayri un Brazilnose yonder?

Whau, sed Yung Un, th Seketayri ud do weel anouff to shoe th' goose, ur suckle yung turkeys; un as fur Brazilnose, o bigger foo nevvur stayrt up o lone. O bletherin keaw-lippd slotch, ut aw'll cob intuth steyme waytur th furst toime ut aw catch im gooin o quortin up yon lone. Thirs o lass livs up you ut munnah bi gley'd at wi iz een.

Eigh! one ut theas just spokk'n tu, sed Owd Un; but aw mey us weel save, my woint to cool mi porritch. Aw'll tell yo heaw it is, Tim, un whot th Yung Un theer's ogate o'er. Yo sin eawr Seketayri sent o lettur to Manchistur obeawt th club havin o pleyse hoppointed fur um to watch th seets un th Quene goo

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

by, un o onsur koom ut wi takk'n to bi fro th Mare hissel; boh th Sek connah turn it o into gradely Hinglish. Thirs summut in it obeawt keepin peeos un meyntaynin order. Neaw aw'l ax yo, Tim, iv order duznah meeon club, un iv meyntaynin duznah meeon keepin foak wi meyt un drink? Meynteynunce—meyt un drink—whot con bi pleynur.

Yoan Hinglisht that, aw sed, us clivvurly as th O'erseer hissel cud o manig't it.

Aw thowt awd naw spoyl spooart, fur aw knowd wi shud av sum eawt oth club when wi geet to Manchistur.

Yer thi, Yung Un, sed Owd Tum. Aw towd teh, thir'll bi sum bwoans pik't to-dey, un sum cans emtid, un sum speychus flyin obeawt. Aw'll let teh yer o speych, wi sum hedikashun int.

Un aw'l av o dose o soyluense reddy fur th owd pitch rope iv e koms eawt wi ony ov iz. ninnyhommer spechus e Manchistur, Yung Un whispurt to me.

Awd fund Peg o comfortable shet ith waggin, un gan hur o greyt baskit ut awd browt wi mi, to tay care on. Heer, Owd Un, aw sez, bondin im th sneeze, tak a poo whol aw goo into Throddy's o gettin mi fiddle, fur awd laft it theer o neet ur two ofore.

Awd no suyner laft Owd Tum nur awd have o duz'n obeawt mi ut wonst, far wi me beein o owd bachelur, us t lassus kode mi, un a fiddler us weel, aw loik belungd to um O, un thi suyne fund mi wark an euf, wi praysin thir ribbins un bonnets, un shawls, un bo's, un neaw un then o word obeawt thir gud looks. Thats olez maw wey o tunin up, boh it isnah evvuri fiddler us con du it noicely. Estid o screwin un scrapin, un givin evvuri one th bally warch, when awm tunin up ofure o kumpuni, aw just pley uppo thir ears o bit wi o word o admoyrayshun to get um into o natterul keigh, un evvuri thing's e reet tune ut wonst.

Un whot as maw bonnet dun wrang, ut its noan fit to bi lewkt at us weel us other foak's, sed Nance o Throddy's, peawtin o bit.

Eh, bless thi maw lass! aw sed, aw cudnah see it fur lewkin ut that pratty fase o thoine. It is o grand un: un wheerevvur didtah buy that pratty ribbin? Awl bi bund that koom fro Mestur Hurst's e Yorkshur street. Jim, thea man stick

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

cloyse tu hur e Manchistur, un sum o thoose whiskurt dandys ull bi wantin to steyl hur off thi. Jim's o chap ut noather tawks mich, nur thinks mich, boh e mays up fur bweath wi laffin—so Jim lafft, un show'd iz greyt whoite teeth.

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Un then aw yerd sumborri kohin o Tim Gamwattles, on us aw turnt mi reawnd theer wur Betty Throddy ut th gard in yate.

Come in, hoo sed, when aw geet tu hur, un get o meawth fo ofore to start'n. Throddy's bin sperrin iv yoad komn, un awm feyne us yo arr, fur aw dunnah want im to get e kumpuni wi that slotch ov a Brazilnose. Yoar fiddle's O reet, just us yo laft it. Eawr Jos ud o bin marlockin weet, boh awd no let noan on um thrimmo at it.

E godlins Betty, sez aw, aw think win no need to goo ony furr o seein t Quene, un lewk ut yo. Aw ardly kno iv aw awt to ventur ony narr, yo lewk'n so smart.

Awve nawt ut O on mi uts new, hoo sed, obut thees fleawrs e mi cap. Aw tay care o maw things, mon; naw loik yoar yung giglets, ut want'n summut fresh oytch toime ut thi gwoan fro whoam. When aw av awt, aw av it gud, fur gud things ur chep'st ith eend, fur theyn turn, un

stond dyin, un when thir dun wi thi kom'n in fur th childer. Boh come, hoo sed, when wi geet intuth heawse, poo o cheer up, un help yoarsel to whot's on t table. Yoall foind summut e that bottle uts bettur takkin nur doctur's stuff.

So aw tuk just o drop—aw wur beawn to sey to keep kowd eawt, boh aw rekkolekt it wur o warm mornin fur foak wur bizzy e thir hey, so aw darsey aw tuk it to cool mi wi.

Betty wur thrung us Thrap's woife. David, hoo sed to one oth lads, thee moind oth stirk breykin thru yon gap intuth hay-gerse, un moind us thea howds fast tuth baasun us thea suckles th wye kauve, un bi shure ut thea keeps th kote dur tin'd whol th doughs roysen ut th foyar. Ruth, theall see to thi gronfeythur dinner. Do im some pottaytus un cut im o cabbitch to is collop iv id loik ov ony, un thea munnah furget to fotch iz bacco, fur th pot's welly empty, un put it in iz reych ith windo bottom fur ittle bi to warm for im to sit

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

nee th foyar to-day; un when thea gooas fur bacco, tay this hawpuny to Ailse
ut t shop, fur hoo sent mi o hawpuny o'er mi change un awll naw obet nur bi
chettud; un ko us thea comes back un tell Butter'oth lad, o pousedurt, ut e
mun send that sixpense fur thaim eggs ut aw leet im av fur sittin under iz
kreele poot, last Good Fridi ov O days. Jos ull do thi milkin this mornin, un tell
im t moind un dreawp th keaws weel, fur e iz boo meeterly ut that job, whol
thea may th beds, un toidys th heawse up. Whol th oons whot the'ad bettur
may o roice puddin fur win o deyle o flet milk laft; un put some fresh waytur
ith buylur us suyne us wer gwoan, un get th churnin o'er us suyne us yo con.
Aw skoded the milk mugs mysel, so yoan nawt to du bo sye th milk eawt oth
cans. Let owd Mally av hur auve peawnd o butter, un saup o milk us usul, un
tell hur hoo munnah put hursel abeawt o'er th bit uts owin, fur yo sin, Tim,
theyn ad o deyle o sickness ith heawse, un its bin ill teawin for um. Un tell
Robin' woife ut hoo mun get ogate o rubbin summut off-hoo has um O e full
wark neaw, un hoo met pey iv hoo wud; boh nare moind seyin awt tu hur:
aw'll tell hur mysel, ur hool app'n sey us aw set thi to do summut ut aw
didnah loik dooin mysel. Un neaw, Daff, help mi this basket tuth waggin.
Are yo beawn to Hawstraylia, Betty? sed aw, when aw see'd th baskit. Bless
yo felli, hoo sed, its just o boitin on fur Throddy un me un eawr Nance. Boh
let's tak ur pleysus, win no toime to loyse iv

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wi mun reych narr nur o meile o Manchistur, witheawt wawkin o foak's yeds;
fur aw bin towd thir'll be thrutchin wark fur O ut its sich o greyt pleyce. See
yo! See yo! Tim, fat Dody's komin. Thiyn gett'n im in o hondcart, fur ees as
shiftless us o wul pack, un thir iznah o barro e Smobruff uts big anouff fur iz
hoindurs.

Heaw mun wi get yo intuth waggin, Josif, sed Owd Tum.

Ee mun bi tiltud un rollt up loik o tollow keitch, sed Brazilnose; somborri
fotch ropes.

Yoad'n bettur fotch Jacop's ladder, sed Yung Un.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Ittle do noan; ittle do noan, Josif kode eawt; aw shud brast. Th eends ud fly eawt on mi, un deawn aw shud come wi o soltch. Awm us keklety us o owd waytur tub aftur o twelmunth's drouth, un us droy us o keks, fur mi lips hannoh bin weetud this morn. Two on yo get intuth hondcart—Yung Tum, clap thi shooder under this arm—theer; neaw thee Throddy, ger under tuther—thee-ur—that's it; neaw awm in.

O th hammil seet up o sheawt, fur Dody's o greyt mon, un, loik hissel, iz words carry greyt weight wi um: un neaw, us evvury thing wur readdy fur startin, Dody wantud o partin word wi th' neeburs.

Neaw lads, sed th greyt mon, un yo wenchus, un yo grown-up foak; O on yo—dun yo yer—thee Abrum, un peawtch thee'r, un Topper, un Butter'oth Lad, un Yed Lass, un Turler Woife—are yo harknin to mi. Awm gooin ov o lung wysty jurni, un its naw to sey whot mey app'n. Yo wenchus poo yoar appurns eawt o yoar meawths, un giv o'er snurchin. Bi gud lads whol wir owey, O on yo—wenchus un O. Jud, tee husht, thir's nawt e maw speych ut O to laff at, thir iznt. Win ad a lettur fro th Mare, un th Quene wants us to keep peeos un order, un win stop thir Peterloooin—thir's nobbut o tuthri on us, boh wi con du summut. Thimble theer—uts peylin iz little broother's yed wi iz clug—giv o'er wi thi, Thimble, wilta! Thimble theer browt th lettur tuth seketary, un e ga thi o hawpni, didn't e, Thimble?

Yoigh! boh that owd fussock ov o woife ov iz tuk it off mi ogen, sed Thimble.

Un awd tak it off thi ogen, sed seketaryri woife. Marry-kem-eawt! one met bi meyde o brass, to may strushons on it o that gate.

Owd Ralph Lad, sed Dody, see us thea swirts na mooar o thi slopperment thru th club-reawm keighole. Un neaw goo yo O whoam. Awve dun neaw; so neaw so mey sheawt. Eh, boh stop have o minnit, awd clen furgett'n; Martha, whotevvur thea duz, thea mun petch mi warty breechus, fur awm so sqozz'n e thees it'll bi o marcy o providunce iv aw dunnah brast clen eawt on um o together, un mak o gradely seet o mysel.

CHAPTUR FIFT.

OFF WI GOO TUTH TUNE O "GOD SAVE THE QUENE"—MY HUNKLE DODY PLAYG'T WI WAYTUR-TAWMBS, UN HEAW E LEETS OV O QUARE GLASS, UTTLE HOUD LIKKUN BOH PART WI NOAN—TALES UN TAWK BITH RODE.

Then thir wur o gradely gud sheawt. Th droiver crackt iz whip, Jinny, th church singer, pitch'd "God save the Quene:" aw tutcht it off uppoth fiddle, un wi O join'd reawnd us merry us learocks ith dawnin. Un o sweet voyce Jenny has, us evvur yo lissunt tu ov o sweet summer's evenin when yoan saunturt thru th green lone, un sin th slant sunleet glentin uppoth speck't throat ut meyde th air tremble wi its music. O leet heart mays o short gate. We wur sune ut Ratchda, sune ut Pinfowd, un whot wi singin, quafftin, un tellin teyls, meiles wur nare thowt on.

When wi geet to Sudden, Dody wur plaguet wi th waytur tawmbs, so wi knockt up Jeames ut Waggin.

Jeames, sez aw, yoar owd friend heer us gett'n th waytur tawmbs, con yo foind im o waytur cure. O saup eawt o that teetotal glass o yoar's ud app'n bi best fur iz yed so sune ith morn.

E mun av o saup oth best, sed Jeames, un e sune revtcht up o tumbler glass obeawt haue full o some soart o likkor ov o breet red breawn cullur. Sup yo that, sed Jeames; ittle nare hurt yoar yed. Dody gav a poo ut glass, un e poo'd ogen, un ogen, un kept turnin it harr un harr till it'r bottam end up; boh not a drop koom eawt.

It stirs, e sed, boh it comes noan eawt, un e lewkt bwoath unkert un wrythen, furst ut th glass un then ut mee, whol iz weaz'n yammert fur o droight.

It shads Wrynot, un Wrynot shad the devil, e sed. Tak it eawt o mi hont, Jeames, ur aw'll mash it deawn. Yo mun be o witch Tim, ur elze th Owd Lad's had o hont in it.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Mocast o thoose ut seed it wur us glopp'nt us Dody o'er it, un thowt thir heen wur chettin um, un thoose ut knew whot it wur lafft ut th trick. Heawevur, Dody geet summut ut went deawn bettur.

Aw cud loik to get ut th prinsipul o yon, sed Fizzy Bob. That wur whot aw wantud, sed Dody. Prinsipul duztah ko it? Bith maskins! aw believe thi, un thoose mey sup prinsipul ut loik'n it fur mee. Aw olez sed ut prinsipul wur nawt, nobbut o mak-beleeve fur chettin wi ut elekshuns.

So wi lafft, un tawkt ith breet mornin sunshoine, un th learocks begun thir free concert o merry music, o'er mony o dewy medda. Mony o swathe lee heavy un fresh, un mony o whaft koom gushin full o sweet smells, gethurt fro tentud feelds; whol seawnds ov whettin sithes mix'd thir shill notes wi eawr merry laff. Owd Tum wur tellin th news id yerd ut Mildro, un other parts; un Betty un Flyin Tayleur wur funnin thir ardest.

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Han yo ony saut fish ith basket, Betty? sed Tayleur.

Has teaw browt teh goose wi thi? aw'l land thi o knife un fork iv tah has, Betty sed tu im.

Aw've some trimmins heer, see yo, e sed ogen, poyntin tu iz teeth, fur that mutton uts peepin fro under th lid. Eawt wi thi teyl mon, sed Betty, fur aw see theart e egg weet. Awst naw bi vext to-dey us whot teh sez; un th Quene cumin tu. Aw con laff wi th rest, mon.

Whot, obeawt th saut fish? munneh Betty? sod th Tayleur: here's off then.

So e startud ov iz teyl, whol wi O hark'nt. Throddy un me, e sed, ud bin to Owdurn wakes, un when wi geet back, e axt mi t goo wi im to theer heawse un hav o bit o summut to heyte. Ee'd gett'n o noice rallish o whoam, e sed—some saut fish; un ofore e koom off id towd theer Betty to put it e soak. So wi bwoath went, un when wi geet in o noice clen kloth wur brad uppoth table, some o thir hown brewin wur browt eawt, ut aw believe koom fro under th galker, fur it wur onkommon fresh o berm. Throddy kept hyin Betty on wi th fish, ut wur popt intuth pon in o snift, un wur sune spittin un splutterin th fat obeawt th clen arstwoan. Betty sed hood ha noan on it. It put ur e moind o

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

thoose quare druy things ut hood sin e Manchistur Owd Kollige. Hood nare fryd naut o'th sooart ofore, hoo sed, boh hood ad it e soak o whul wik, till, iv that ud mend it, it shud bi clen, shuzheaw th feel ont wur. Th fish wur dun, un wi set to it us hungry us two Yorsharmen. Throddy leyde intuit loik o sodiur; boh aw cudnah sey us aw loikt it so weel, so Betty un mee meyde eawt wi some kake brayde un cheyse. It wur then gett'n bed toime, un when thi'd meyde mi o bed i'th heawse place, uppoth cousheer, thi bwoath tuk off up steears. In o whoile awre wakk'nt wi o lumberin din e thir chamber. Sich o heavin un spittin thir wur to bi shure. Aw geet on mi legs, un then Throddy koom runnin deawn in iz shurt, un owey wi im intuth yerd. Eh! whots wrang wi im thowt aw. Awm puyssunt! awm deein! sed Throddy, when e koom. Eh! Betty, what did tah put e that fish? Put ith fish? sed Betty; aw did naut at O at it boh swoap it reet weel, un then put it e soak, seayme us aw du th dirty clooas; un durty it wur shure anouff. Aw thowt aw munt o deed wi laffin, sed Flyin Tayleur, when id finished iz taylor; un wi o lafft till ur soides warcht ogen; —Betty, us hard us ony ov us.

Yoan yerd obeawt Nance Watmufft's chilt bein scawdud to deeoath aw darsay, sed Owd Tum to me. Twur o foine chilt, un th furst ut thiyn ad, un app'n thre wik owd, so yor shure thi makk'n o trubble out; un then, its nobbut o month to-morn sin hoo geet wed to Jammy-Keaw-Legs, so ut trouble's suyne kom'n aftur th rejuysin. Boh han yo eard o'er Ruefo Calep settin off fur Manchistur o wik sin? Whaw, e wur so feeurt un conshuns struck'n obeawt th kommit komin, ut e went un peyd off o owd shop score ut e ad on ut Kute Sammy's. Owd Sammy towd im, when id peyd th brass—un Sammy did lewk some fause—ut e cud loik't kommit to come that way ogen ofore lung; un Calep lewkt at im us awvish un us skayrt us o scrich eawl. Eh! iv id wings loik o serrap, id foind sum pleyce, e sed, wheer foak never deed, un end iz days e peeos. Un then e wur fur hangin hissel eawt o'th gate. Un e wud o dun, sed Yung Tum, boh ee catcht hissel i'th act, seayme us t

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

chap ut sed howd mi, howd mi, when id pood iz cooat off t feight. Aw wish ted ko o sumborri to houd tat tung o thoine, sed th Owd Un. Calep, yo sin, ud teed hissell tuth bed-pooast, un then gatud o peylinth th bwoarts wi iz feet, till Nell koom up, un foindin e wur noan hurt, hoo sleckt im wi o bucket o waytur first, un then unteed im. Calep ud gett'n o foine pig i'th kote, boh id nah av it roastud whul bith kommit, e sed, so it'r kill't to may shure o'th black puddins un breawis. Us suyne us ee yerd obeawt th Quene's visit, naut ud shute boh gooin t Manchistur, fur ir shure t kommit ud nare ventur wheer hoo wur; un somheaw id gett'n to kno ut foak con mey shure o thir loives wi peyin for when thi gwoan uppoth railrode. He wur tarmint to mak o reet un safe, so e 'shuret izsel reet off. Good bye, Nell! e sed, when id gett'n tuth durstwoan, two foos ur ta mony e one heawse; un iv thea will stop un bi brunt thez less sense nur Lot's woife. Good bye, Calep, sed Nell, un aw hope thea'll get th benefit o thi shurunce ticket: un Calep, hoo sed, iv teh ever comes back, un foinds ut awm turnd intu o pillur o saut, dunnah may waste on me, boh just use mi up to saut th flichtus wi, un put whot's laft on mi i'th saut box. Awd bin so bizzy harknin tuth Tayleur un Owd Tum, ut aw nare thowt ov heaw far wid gett'n on eawr jurni. Aw startud o lewkin obeawt mi heawevvur.

Sitho, Owd Tar Bant, sed Yung Un to iz feythur. wir gett'n to Manchistur; un bith mass, its toime, fur awm us droy o keks wi yoar lung drouy teyls. Un then, leawd aneuff fur evvuribodi to yer im, e kode eawt, see yo, Betty, see yo, o balloon race on foote. Neaw Blue-stroipe; now Pink-and-whoite!

Husht mon, sez aw, duztah want to insult foak! Thoose ur rayul ledis, Tum.

Whot, thoose sho dolls, sed Tum. Thi favvurn us iv thid tryin to jump thru th hoop un ud stuck'n fast i'th middle ont. Egodlins, e sheawtud ogen, thi mun bi meawntibanks utt'r beawn to doance on o slack rope ut th eggsibishun. O shillin on th pink un fur o race.

Gud lorjus me, sed Betty, whotevvur win women mak o thirsels next! Aw shud o shawmpt wurr nur o thief when aw're o lass t ha bin sin wi mi cooatts brad eawt o yard un o haue across th hubbons. Whau, it ud o bin o noine deys tawk e Smobridge; eigh, un foak ud o meyde wurr nur that ont,—thi'd o thowt it o noine month's shawm.

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Foaks wur O twitterin un stayrin ut t ledis, whol thi ardly knew wheer to put thir yeds, un in o bit, thi wappt eawt o seet ut t furst street end thi koom tu.

Us we've neaw gett'n to Manchistur e gud toime, un O e gud sperrits, aw'l begin o fresh chaptur wi the seets un adventurs ut wi met wi e that foine sitty ov marchant prinsus, un pallusus ov marchandois.

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CHAPTUR SIXT.

TELLS SUMMUT OBEAWT FOAK UT WAWK'N WI THIR YEDS DEAWNURTS—O FIDDLIN PARRUT—MI HUNKLE DODY GETS LANDUD E SHUDEHIL BEAWT BRASTIN IZSEL—CWOATLAPS UN GEAWNS, UN OBEAWT SEKETAYRIS BEEANS DROPPIN EAWT OV IZ HAT—PEG YEP'S HOPPET, UN O DEYL MOOAR THINGS.

Thir wur some thrutchin, pooin, un teawin tort Manchistur that morn; un aw thowt ut iv Rufo Calep ud bin theer, id o meyde shure ut kommit ut e wur so freetunt on ud leetud sumwheer naw tar off, nu ut foaks wur scampurin owey fur thir loivs. Whot o soize ov o plecye it mun be, sed Brazilnose, iv ittle howd O utt'r komin to-day, fur skooars, un skooars agen ull bi komin fro Shayfurth, un Whitt'oth un O thoose greyt pleysus: un then thid be o meeny komin fro o lung wey off, reet owey us far us Tormordin, un Bakup, un furr nur that e sed.

Heaw theaw tawks mon, sed Fizzy Bob. Us iv komin fro Tormordin wur awt. Whau mon, thea mi see foak to-dey utt'n komn fro th wuld's end welly; fro Shouwver, un France, un Payris, un Chesshur, un Lundun, un Owdum, un Yunoytud States,—eigh, un fro Omerika us weel. Aw shud'nt ut O wundur boh wi mey see sum utt'n komn fro th Antipods, wheer foak wawk'n wi thir yeds deawnurts, un wheer th sun is olez reet streyt deawn under thir feet ut twelve o'clock ut noon.

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Aw cud loik to see some o thaim chaps, aw sed: Wheer dun thi get thir leet fro, Bob? Dun thi brun candles ith dey toime? Aw rekk'n ut th berm-felli carris his burn-can ov iz feet e that kountri, duzn't e?

Fizzy towd mi iv aw wantud to get ut th natterul fizzy-onomy o thoose things aw mut larn eawt o bukes seame us ee did, un then foak ud naw kno ut aw wur sich o foo, wi axin sich questins.

Awd giv o'er readin iv aw cud may no bettur eawt ont nur thea duz, aw sed. Wi O thi larnin, un O thi syunce aw dunnah think ut thea knows ut th wuld's meyd reawnt loik o foote-bo; un ut thir's o greyte axle tree gwoas reet thru it, ut it turns reawnd on, loik o cart-wheyle; so wi mun O on us be yed deawnurts e eawr turns.

Eh heaw Bob did laff at mi fur o foo. Iv th wuld wur loik o footebo, e sed, thoose ut wurn bottomust munt fo off; un besaide, whot wur thir fur th axle-trees to rest on, ee'd loik to kno.

Aw suyne towd im, heaweyur; un iv e adnt o bin o gradely bermyed, e met o sin it izel. Whau mon, aw sed, th wuld whizzus reawnd ut sich o bat ut wi hannot toime to fo off: un as fur th axles, thir propt uppo two greyt pows, kode nawth pow, un seawth pow, aw sed.

Un then e axt mi whot th pows rested on.

Well! thea art o kauve-yed, aw sed, fur aw wur reet vext ut t chap shud bi sich o foo. Thi rest'n uppoth greawnd! duztah kno neaw?

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Didtah think ut o cupple o kunjurons ud gett'n th pows ballunst uppoth chin-end, wi th wuld ut top? aw sed.

Peg Yep wur sum ple'st, when hoo yerd mi tay Fizzy deawn so clivvurly. E mun hi o pure neatril, hoo sed; did e think ut o pow cud stond on th woint.

Thir wurnah mony umung us ut ud evvur bin to Manchistur ofore; un furst one un then onuther wur so glopp'nt wi th seets ut wi koom to, ut thi cud arldly keep thir shets ith waggin, un thir wur sich kohin eawt "Loothi! See yo! My, iv evvur! Eh, iv eawr Dick wur heer!" us thi kept seein summut fresh. Betty sed hoo awt to kno Manchistur, un weel tu, fur hoo wur wed theer ut th

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Owd Church, un hoo cud remember it us weel us iv it wur boh yusterdey, iv it wur twenty yer sin, hoo sed; un hoo shud kno th Blackamoor's Yed, tu, un Ollifant' shop, wheer th ring wur bowt. Hoo thowt ut t teawn wudnah be us mich awthurt us hoo wur it toime.

Iv its grewn us mich us theaw has, un awthurt us mich fur th bettur us theaw as, Owd Duck, thea'll naw kno it ogen so yeazy, sed Throddy.

Thee may luv to that duck ut thea has theer, wiltah, sed Betty; un Throddy begun cuttin owey ogen ut o roastud duck ut e ad ofore im us iv e didnah disloik t job ut hoo'd set im. Peg Yep wur keawurt us quoyut us yoan sin o chilt uts bin promist o stick o towfe iv ittle nobbut howd it tung o bit. Wid noather on us spokk'n eawt mich ov O t' rode, fur, us wi koom olung, awd bin quoyte tain up wi thowts o makkin o buke, un aw meynt it to bi crom full us it cud howd, o gradely readin, un naw loik o dickshunnari, wi no readin ut O in it. Hoo wur sum plest when aw towd hur. "Thea mun keep thi ears opp'n, un thi een tu, un ha thi wits obeawt thi," hoo sed. Naw feeur on mi, aw sed; aw meyne avvin O ut aw con catch howd on, un, drot it, iv o greyt flee didnah come buzz into mi meawth ofore lung, fur awd meawth un O opp'n, feeur t o missin awt. Boh, Tim, hoo sed, theaw munnah put it in obeawt me komin o borrin t weshin-mug, un obeawt that—.

Hoo stopt to see iv onyborri wur harknin. That bit ov o buss ut wi ad'n, theaw meyns, aw sed. So aw meyde hur o sooart ov o hauf promis, un awve slipt those things in unbeknown to hur, fur when wir wed yo knoan hoo'l think naut ov o buss ur two; un hoo'l suyne get use t tuth weshin mug.

Us wi wurn gooin deawn Shudehill, aw sed to her, theaw'l see sich seets to-dey us theaw nevvur did ofore; seets uttle sarve thi to tawk obeawt whol theaw livs, un thi childer's childer after thi. Howd thi on o bit, mon, hoo sed; let's ha some childer ofore thea tawks obeawt childer's childer.

E godlins! Peg, aw sez, boh thi wits ar sharper nur moin, o somheaw, this morn. Un then hoo sed—

Sithe yonder! thir's summut for thi buke. Loothe! o jackass wi one ear; un thir's onuther feaw beeos cheeont tut, uts the varry fayteur o Meawth Robin,

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us e koms up th lone wi o bundil o dur mats ov iz shilders, un iz teeth grinnin loik o pikel.

Theaw meyns yon loyun un yunikurn, Peg.

Well, aw darsey theaw'rt reet, hoo sed; boh its noan yeazy to tell whot sich unkert hobthrusts us thoose ar meynt for.

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Wi cud noan on us howd fro laffin ut loyun, fur it wur us loik Meawth Robin us iv it wur iz feythur.

Thir kept beein mooar foak, un mooar cullurs flyin, till wi geet tuth bottom o Shudehill, un then wi begun o tawkin obeawt which rode to goo next. Some ad no mooar sense nur to think wi shud bi kleyn thru t teawn, iv wi went mich furr. Some wur fur axin o polesmon; un th Seketayri oth Thwittle un Thwang Club wantud to kno which wur t rode tuth Mare's heawse, so ut thi cud goo theer ut wonst, un ax im iz plesshur—o parsil o jowt-yeds! ut think'n o naut mich boh swillin un heytin, th chep'st rode thi con ger howd ont. Aw beleev ut foos ad no mooar wit nur t think ut thid'n leet on e Manchistur, seame us thi han dun ut o Ratchda elekshun, wheer thi olez app'n to be uppoth winnin soide; fur thi no suyner see plenty o beef un ale ofore um nur thi con tell which is th best mon fur parleyment, un thi goo to wark, feightin un sheawtin, Thwittles un Thwangs for evvur!

It wur nobbut obeawt eight bith dey yet, so wi pood up fur o bit ut o public heawse kode British Quene, wheer thir's o heytin-heawse next dur belungin tuth seame consarn, un mooast on us geet deawn fur tuthri minnits.

Neaw Peg, aw sez, deawn withi.

Peg meyd no bother o'er gettin deawn, loik some on um—flop hoo koom into mi arms ut wonst; un onyborri ut lewks ut maw bookh, un ut th bradth o shilder ut aw carry, ud nare think on mi lettin ur fo.

Gad! wench, aw sed, boh theaw carris mooar weight e thi clewus nur aw shud o thowt on. Thea'rt e rare fettle, us heaw; boh goo thee in ut that dur, un get thysel o cup o tay—aw'l bi withe.

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Greyt Dody wantud to get deawn, un aw thowt wid lift im deawn omung us, boh e wur so feehrt o brastin iv e shud fo ut eed naw ventur that rode.

Well then, sez aw, shall wi back yo to yon taygle, wheer thir's o rope un cheeon uttle howd ony weight.

Just then, somborri browt one o those things ut thi slur hogsyeds deawn; so wi geet im uppo that un slutturt im deawn us yeazy us o wool-pack. O lot o braz'n fasmus geet reawn us, stayrin un grinnin, un makkin thir meemaws, O't toime. Thi met neer o sin o whole felli before. One impidunt puppy bok't iz finger, un gatud o playin off wi iz frumps ut Dody.

Theer's o hanimul fur o hagricultural sho! e sed, us iv Dody wur no mooar nur o proize beeos sich us thi shoan ut Whit'oth. Neaw, awm suyne put up, iv ony chap starts ov iz gam wi Dody, fur ees maw hown hunkle is Dody. In o bit seame pousedurt kode eawt "twig iz kauves," un aw wur shure ut that wur meynt fur o part o maw legs, ut awm raythur preawd on, meys mi ut aw dunnot hud um eawt o seet aw noan o yoar mawkinly treawsurs-breechus.

Thea tawks obeawt kauves, aw sed, that's O taste for thi, off toe eend,—un aw leet droiv wi mi reet shoof into iz nether quatur. Whether duztah loik kauf ur veool best? aw sed. Awm Tim Gamwattles fro Smobridge, mon. Shaltah kno mi ogen, think's tah? Boh th chap flittud. E wur off loik o steyom injun, un aw think awd foyart up middlin, for im to start wi.

It kept mi thrung o wark watchin oytteh thing un puttin it by in o

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safe corner fur mi buke. Us aw turnt mi reawnd, theer wur o little felli winkin un grinnin at mi us iv id knoan mi O iz loif: obeawt soiz e wur, un shap, ov o shugger loaf, smo end deawnurt; iz legs wur so smo, un iz yed so big. E wur o chap ut awve met wi e Ratchda, somtoimes, ov o Setturdi neet, when e wur dooin summut at o nusepappur pleyce theer, boh aw think e mun bi dooin e Manchistur neaw. E koes hisselt Typo, un meys it eawt ut ees o member oth foath-estate, un bi that aw thowt ut one toime ut e mut be summut mooar nur kommon, boh awve fund eawt ut it meynes naut no mooar nur avvin summut

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to do wi nusepappurs. Awve yerd im tawk o'er o printur's devul somtoimes, un iv evvur thir wur sich a craytur, aw think it mun be izzel.

Aw wur olez us fond o fun us o fleigh is o ticklin childer, us awve towd yo before, un awd no suyner clapt een on th little minnikin, nur aw thowt awd av o spree wi th Thwittle un Thwang fellis. E wur just mon fur t job. So aw gav im o bit ov o inseet into whot sooart o chaps thi wurn. Aw suyne fund, heawe'er, ut troyin to put awt loik mischeef into that yed ov iz, wur loik thrutchin deawn wi yoar neyve, ut o full quart, to may it howd mooar. So aw'l lev im to do iz hown, whol aw get forrut wi mi teyl.

Aw just lookt in omung th women ith heytin-heawse pleyce, fur mooast oth breechus sooart ut gwon intuth parlur, next dur, o gettin o glass, un aw towd Peg hoo mut let me pey. Theaw munnah bi feeur ov awt aw sed.

Feeurt, sez tah! awve sin naut e Manchistur ut con feeur me, beawt it be th fellis hewury fasmus, uttr obeawt us honsome us eawr hontbrush, ur th women's geawns, ut lewk'n us iv theyrn hong'd ov o clewus loin, un th woint ud gett'n up um; un sich keckin bonnits, ut lewk'n us ill us o ring-worm stayrin ut back o thir yeds. Dun thi get um off t parish, thinks tah? fur thir soolarly skimpt fur stuff.

Aw fund um enjoyin thirsels ith parlur us aw lewkt in, fur aw feldt us iv aw cud do wi o sup o summut. Typo wur bizzy crommin Brazilnose un thaim wi O sooarts o thungers. Lonlort wur omung um, un o merry joker e wur, wi sich o tung, un e ad O eawr neames off us iv wid bin neeburs.

Hey, Tim Gamwattles, e sed, un e geet howd o mi hont. Come, e sed, I'll sho yo o bit o fiddlin—aw con tell yoar o fiddler bith cut o yoar jib. Did yo evvur see o parrot pley on o fiddle, Tim?

Naw, bith okey, aw! sed aw, boh aw cud loik. This wey then; bring yoar fiddle, e sed.

Un owey wi O follut intuth kitchen, un theer wur o pol-parrot in o cage, boh aw cud see nawt ov ony fiddle.

Neaw just draw th bo across yoar instriment, Tim, e sed, un pritty poll ull sune giv yo an accumpunymment on hur own fiddle.

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So aw tutcht off o bit ov o tune; un th parrot gatud a reekin, un rubbin, un scrattin itsel; boh aw cud yer nawt ov ony fiddlin it wur dooin.

Neaw, Tim, sed th lonlort, whot think yo ov that fur o bit o fiddlin?

Aw lookt, un wi O lookt, furst ut t brid un then ut t lonlort: un then e brasted eawt in o gurd o laffin un axt us iv wi cudnah see ut poll wur pleyin th skotch-fiddle.

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Bless the Duke ov Hargyle! sed poll: un aw thowt that war capitul oth brid, for awd yerd teyl uts towd, o'er o Duke ut wur kode bi that neame, settin up scrattin pooasts so ut ticky foak cud'n av th plesshur ov o gud rubbin ogen um.

So when wid ad o bit o crack, wi drunk up un away wi as ogen. Typo ud promist to foind us o gud pleyce fur watchin th prosesshun; so, us suyne us wi geet eawt oth heawse, o rook on um begun o meawntin intuth waggin. It wur so thrung o foak thir wur ardlly ony sturrin, un Peg Yep un me stooode wi eawr backs tuth wo, whol tuthers wur gettin in. Peg ad hur hoppet ov hur arm wi hur odd fewtrils int, un hur noice shawl wi o greyt brode border, thrut o'er it, fur th dey wur gett'n warm, un hoo swat wi th wot tay hoo'd ad, hoo sed. Theaw mun howd fast maw wench, aw sez, fur thir's o rook o lither, ill-favurt hobble-te-hoys, huggermuggering obeawt fur no gud. Th lonlort kept awsin to droiv um owey, boh e met us weel o shoo'd carron off o kurn felt, fur thi koom ogen in o minnit; un whether it wur thaim ut ud dun t mischief, ur it wur Typo ut ud gated ov iz marlocks aw'l naw sey, boh somborri ud fest'nt o lot ov eawr cwoat teyls together, un women's geawns tu, so ut in o bit thir wur sich o clutter un brabblement omung us, us meyd rare spooart fur those ut wur eawt ont. Thaim ut wurn loose wur grinnin un laffin ut those ut wur fest'nt e cupples, ut cam'd un fracht wi tone tuther, un wi oytch body obeawt um. Aw thowt Owd Tum wur fur nockin Fizzy yed fomust into o greyt Yorshar puddin ut thir wur ith cook-shop winder; whol Jenny un Ducktoe wur pooin thir ardest one ogen tuther, ith creawd; un eh, heaw, Peg did boh twitter, when hoo see'd Jenny wur so teawsed un yerd hur keeklin loik o yung

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poot, un hoo sed, iv thid bin wed fur twelvmunth thi cud nobbah poo that rode. Boh aw think ut Peg ud ardly gett'n hur jeylus fit o'er. Thir wur sich o hurly-burly O ut wonst, un sich o rattlin o tungs, un then aw catcht seet oth Seketari Woif, stonidin uppov o cheer, awsin to get intuth waggin, boh hoo cud get no furr, beawt pooin hur uzbant up wi hur, bith cwoat laps. Hoo's o mestur is that, iv evvur thir wur one. Hoo'd o fase loik o turkeycock, un hoo wur fayr hottering wi vexashun. Hoo mut ha thowt ut some unlucky goshawk ith creawd wur pooin at hur frock, fur hoo turnt hursel reawnd us far us hoo cud un reeok'd eawt—Hongum! for o parsil o rascotly jobbernowts! Dun yo want to scrumple mi, un poo mi to rag tatters? Whoa's howdin at mi behunt? Dule ha mi, boh aw'l raddle some o yoar bwoans!—tay that omung yo, hoo sed; un us luck wud av it, hur gripp'n neyve koom full swither ontuth uzbant's hat-creawn, un sent it reet o'er iz heen. Winnah yo let goo on mi, hoo bellart ogen. Odds flesh! boh aw'l verily mischeev O th wul Manchistur pedigree on yo! Un then th owd fussock gav onuther droiv behunt, wi hur neyve, flop on tuth hat-creawn ogen; fur th unlucky meazysow ov o uzbant cudnah shift hissels, boh stood pawmin wi iz honds loik o neatril. Whol th poor hen-peckt cretur wur stonidin ith pillory o that'ns, summut ut wur loik lumps o crud begun o leekin fro under iz hat, un slur'd deawn iz fase, e gobs. Whol e wur so smooart ut e swat till e fayr reecht ogen. It wur o part ov o beest custart ut ee'd creemt eawt o seet fur iz hown gizzern, unbeknown to iz luv ov o deame; un then one ov thoose lither, rag-teylt lads, wi iz

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shirt lap eawt, seet up o greyt sheawt, un cockt iz finger tu iz nose, reet e front o th woif, un kode eawt—

Missus! missus! youve nockt iz breeans eawt. See, missus, thir droppin eawt ov iz hat. Un then e begun o singin—

“With a hump on hur back,

Pleyin on the fiddle, Betty Wood's com'd back.”

Little jackanapes ud no suyner gett'n nee anouf, nur th owd tuttle fluskt hursel up on th cheer, seame us o broody hen, un lilt hoo koom deawn, loik o

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stanniell ut o learock, lip'nin o pooin th yung rapsCALLION oather iz heen ur iz ears eawt, by wey ov un inkling not to do so ogen; boh th kittl monki ud cropp'n under th aussus ballys, un wur suyne singin ogen, "Betty Wood's com'd back."

Peg Yep un me ud lafft till wi cud ardly oboid; un th best ont wur, wid sin O th spooart un kept eawt o lumber eawrsels. Come, maw wench, aw sez, lets bi takkin eawr shets. Win ad eawr fun chep anouf, shuzheaw. Awd no suyner gett'n th words eawt, nur Marcy-o-me, aw kode eawt, boh whots that? Un reawnt aw twirlt mi in o sekkont, lipp'nin o mashin sumborri tuth greawnd; fur aw felt summut teearin deawn t middle o mi back, wi o noyse just us iv mi cwoat wur rent eteaw, reet fro th shilders tuth laps.

Peg jumpt reawnd us sharp us o cricket, fur hood yerd t teearin seawnd us pleyne us mysel, un so did plenty mooar. Aw cud see nawt ut back on mi, heaweer, to mash at, beawt aw mut o nockt wo deawn. Eh, Tim, whotevvur win yo du, hoo sed? Lehmi see at it—turn thi back reawnd. Un hoo leyd the hoppet deawn ut back on hur, un lewkt at mi cwoat, un felt it ole o'er; boh nawt ut O cud hoo see ov o rent obeawt it hoo sed.

Well, this caps O, Peg! Ar wi bewicht thinks tah? Un aw brastud eawt o laffin; un Peg lafft; un just then aw yerd t seame rippin teearin din ogen, un naw far off mi, thir wur o yung scapgallus scrattin o felli deawn t back wi o sooart ov o rickin consarn, ut meyde o seawnd us iv summut wur beein rentud. Thi meyne keepin us bizzy e Manchistur, aw sez; boh lets bi reawkin eawt fro heer, Peg.

Hoo put hur hont deawn fur hur hoppet; boh th varri Dule met o thrown iz club o'er us, fur th hoppet, wi Peg's fewtrils in, un thretteen pense e brass, wur gwon; un before awd toime to sey o word, Peg wur gwon tu; un whot wi one thing, whot onuther, aw wur awmost meazy. In o bit, aw seed Peg possin hur rode back thru t creawd, un hood gett'n o little curly-hew'rt bit ov o lad, ut hoor pooin olung wi't tone ear, un th hoppet wi hur un O.

Eh, theaw yung rascut! hoo sed; un hoo up wi hur hont to fot im o gradely wherrit o'th ear, whol th yung un gatud o snurchin un bawlin us iv e wur bein kilt. Theaw yung bad nowt! wiltah evvur do so ogen? hoo sed; un then hoo

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gav im o shake. Un hoo lewkt us savvidge at im us iv hoo cud o gan im sum thimble pye.

Theawrt us soft us o buylt turmit, aw sed, to Peg;—weft intuth yung rascot.

Maw hont's raythur to lunjus, ur awd geet im to sum bant.

Aw connot, hoo sed, ee favvurs mi broother Tum lad so mich, uts noather feythur nur moother, Tim. Un then hoo sed tuth lad, wheer duz thi feythur liv? Promis mi ut theall bi gud, ur awl tey thi to thi feythur, un let im skelp thi within an inch o thi loif.

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Why, missis, sed o felli ut wur watchin, don't yu kno that its thir fathers un mothers that set thees yung vagabonds on to sich work—giv im to o poleesmon.

Are yo o feythur, mestur, sed Peg, ut yo tawk'n so. Laws help th poor chilt! un hoo let goo hur howd, un in a minnit th little egg o mischeef, estid o beein thankfo fur beein let'n off so yeasy, wur grinnin un pooin fasus at hur; un e kode eawt, "Look e year basket, missus," whol e helt hur purse, ut id tayn eawt on't, ogen iz nose between his fingur un theawmb, un then wur eawt o seet us sharp us o weazel deawn o sink-hole.

Peg cudnah beleev hur hown heen ut childer cud av so mich badnis in um, un hoo kept ogate o'er it after wid gett'n intuth waggin, us wi did do, theer un then. Heaweer, wi suyne fund plenty o fresh things to lewk at, fur us wi went olung, evvuri heawse lewkt grand wi cullurs, un dekorayshuns ov O sooarts, us iv Belfeelt Print Works ud bin turnd insoid eawt, un browtto Manchisturt. Us wi went thru th Markit Pleyce thir wur th grandst seet ut wid com'n tu; fur o greyt hee bildin wur cuvvurt o'er wi fleawurs un little trees, dun eawt e butiful patteruns, besoide cullurs un O sooarts o things. Typo kept just before us, hoppin un jumpin loik o cricket, under little foaks arms un between tall fellis legs, un then e spoke tu o poleesmon, ut poyntud which rode wi wurn to goo. O ut wonst wi fund eawrsels in o streyt loine wi o lung streng o foak, reet un lift, e Bridge-street, un o street harr nur that, un onuther lung loine reet fasin us.

CHAPTUR SEVENT.

O POLEESMON ON O SWIVVUL-LEG'D AUSS—O APPEL WOMAN'S
BASKIT CATCHES O WOINDFO—NOSE UN CHIN, UR TH PLANNIT
RULER THE DEVIL'S NEFFY—O MON'S LEG UT SPREAWTS EAWT
GREEN LEEOVs—FIZZY BOB FOINDS O MEAWSE NEEST—
THWITTLE UN THWANG SPEYCHUS—SEKETAYRI GETS O
MEAWTHFUL O SUMMUT UTS NOAN SO WEEL SAVVURT, UN
OWD UN GETS BURKT WI O PLESTUR.

Come, boh this is grand tu, sad Betty. This bhyets furst market e Ratchda, ur
Rushberrin Mundi, O to nawt. Whau th cullurs ur us thick on us woindy-mills
ith rag-felli's barro. Un eh, whot seets o foak! Thi nevvur con dee e
Manchistur shurelee, fur iv thi dun, wheerevvur du thi O come from? E
feakins! when aw lewk ut th heawses its loik lewkin ut thoose greyt hee
picturs ut th woild beeos sho's han; wi loyns un yunikurns, un O maks o
quare things, un breet

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cullurs un greyt letturs ole ore um. Eh! it fayre turns mi cowl. See yo, Tim,
hoo sed to me, iv thir iznah o felli peorcht on th yeazins, wi o choilt in iz
arms. Lorjus-o-me! iv it shud mak o springe? Iv aw wur t Quene aw'd fettle
that felli iz neck-ole. Aw'd make im bring that choilt fro theer wi o rattle, un
aw'd poo iz ears for im till thi wur us brode un us wot us backstwoans.

Owd Tum, un Brazilnose, un Seketayri, un thoose ut belang'd tuth club, wur
e rare tift. Typo ud crom'd um wi sich teyls ut thi lipp'nt on avvin o gradely
dooment, wi us mich beef un ale us thi cud put e thir ribs. Thi O set to wark
uppo th stock thi'd laid in e thir baskets, just to get um o happytight, un bith
toime thid polisht off o variety o bwoans; un beef, veeol, un poork poys;
cheese un brade, feabery cakes, un two ur three other smoo matters, thi O on

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

um fund thirsels in us proime fettle fur o gradely blow eawt us haue clemm'd heawnds.

Win leet on rarely this whet, sed Owd Un. That little hop-o-mi-theawmb mun bi summut o deyle harr nur o member o parleymunt. Whau e kode hissel o membr o'th foath estate. Egad, boh ee'l turn eawt to bi sumborri.

O member o parleymunt! heaw thea tawks, sed Brazilnose. Whau, mon iv ee's foath i'th state, ee's naw far off beein us hee us th Quene hursel; e fair keawntin, fur thea mun kno, ut hoos th furst i'th stale.

Bith mass! Brazilnose, boh that lung yed o thoine gets o'er mi e pollytickles. Theart reet, aw'll uphowd teh. Aw'll uphowd teh theart reet. Thir is boh reet un wrang, un't tones oft so mich loik tuther us meys no mattur o chusin.

Dun yo think ittle bi Lord John e disguise; fur iz lordship's bwoath o little greyt mon, un o greyt little mon.

It wur Ben-o-Dyers ut put that in; un e wur nobbah sneerin at um, fur im un thaim connot ogree.

Fizzy Bob wur chunnerin summut to hissel obeawt th principul o perpettyul moshun; boh nobborri lissunt, fur is prinsipuls wur beawt interest. Un whether it'r th perpettyul moshun o'th creawds i'th street, ur o'th Thwittle un Thwangs jawbwoans (fur some on um ud bin waggin o'th road fro Ratchda), nuborri wantud to kno.

Us it wantud o lung toime o'th Quene komin, some on us thowt wid goo un lewk reawnd us o bit, whol other some wur puttin booarts on th waggin shafts to mak mooar stonidin reawm. Aw think evvury body mut o getten eawt o bed on th reet soide that mornin, fur evvury body wur e gud youmur, un jokes went deawn loik mintdrops, wi O soarts, owd un yung, exceptin some poleesmen ut wur o hausback, ut koom in fur o full share. Aw seed some on um wrigglin obeawt, us iv thid gett'n o hondfull of hep-seeds deawn thir backs, us furst one, then onuther, rigg'd um obeawt thir hawsmonship, fur some on um met nevvur av ridd'n uppo awt moor mettlesome nur shanksus gallowey ofore.

Hold ard Bobby! Show im yoar staff iv e wont goo quoyutly, sez one.

Charge some one to aid and assist, sez onuther.

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I say, poleese! o third koes eawt, don't you know that's a breech of the peace?

Wheer, Sir, sez Bobby?

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Where, Sir! why, in your saddle, wur th onswur.

Un then evvury one lafft, un Bobby mov'd on, wi iz meawth e sich o komikul grin, yo cudn't o tow'd whether e wur beawn to laff ur boite sumborri. One chap's haus went O ov o skew-whift, thrutchin foak back uppoth kosey. One ov it hoind legs wur streng hawmput, un oytch toime it liftud it up, it lewkt us iv it'r beawnt t stroide o'er sumborri's yed, un leeov O th rest ov itsel, peeler un O, behoind it. It meyde us streyt, us awt con do ut gwos croot, to'rt o stonidin, wheer o mon wur kohin eawt, "Wawk up;—splendid vu;—only ninepuse o head." "Heaw mich fur o leg?" aw kode eawt, fur th haus ud gett'n it swivul leg uppoth steppin booart, as iv it wur beawn to meawnt hoint furst, whol th polesmon geet thrut ov it neck un wur howdin to it loik o prisonur ut heer feeurt ud get owey. Thir's no entertaynmunt fur mon un haus theer mon, aw sez. Heawevur, thir wur plenty o fun fur th bystondurs. Thir wur some laffin, when th kazzerly foar-legg'd craytur, naw content wi exposin it nether eend e foaks fasus, meyde o wurr ole in it manners wi fillin o appel woman's baskit yep full wi o murth o summut ut aw darsey tit cud weel spare. Bidy thowt it wur no greyt catch, for hoo suyne leet Bobby know ut hoo didn't valle sich woindfoas in hur baskit. Bad luck to yees, wid yer low-liv'd tricks, hoo sed, is it that divvul ov un ongentayle baste ov yares that's thinkin its apple trees I'd be wantin to grew eawt iv me baskit?

Get yorsel o roydin habit mon, us yoar not i'th habit o roydin; un dunnah expose yorsel o that fashun, sez aw, fur aw thowt awd av o cut in us weel us th rest, ur else goo whoam, aw sez, un practiz on o saddle o mutton.

Un then, aw rekkon, bekose aw didnah tawk quoyte us foine us thirsels, thir wur o gradely brast o laffin wi O th creawd, un th peeler gran loik o foomart at mi, un swat ogen wi stickin houd o'th mane, till in o bit, th crank leg gatud o hawmpowin owey, un tuk im un t tuther three legs wi it.

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We stopt un lewkt ut Mr. Whyte's grand pictur shop, un it wur set eawt e sum style wi flags un dekorayshuns; boh fur maw part, aw'd raythur o lewkt ut th picturs utt'r ith gallury insoid, fur awm fond o picturs; un awve sin sum ut wur payntud bi one o Mestur Whyte's sons, ut promis'n gud things fur the Manchistur schoo. Aw olez think ut fidlers, powets, un paynturs, ur O ov o littur loik Kitter's pigs, un oytch neaw un then aw clap deawn mi fiddle stick un ley howd o'th brush, fur jaynus will sho itsel, us Fizzy Bob sed when e wur studdyin th fizzy-hog-nomy o Billy Wap's pig. Iv ony o maw readurs shud app'n to come to Smobridge, ut ony toime, iv thiyn just gie mi a ko aw shall be preawd to show um maw pictur ov owd Billy's backsoide, ut aw paynted just aftur id ad it O new whoitewesht, wi th bit o garden, un th pigkote, un iz owd soo wi heght yung uns, lewkin us natturable us loif wi thir twirly teyls, obut one on um's beawt yed, fur mi paynt wur just done, boh aw sune meyde it O reet, heawevvur, bi clappin o teyl to bwoath eends. Iv evvur thir's a Smobridge schoo ov paynturs that pictur ull bi summut thowt on, fur Peg Yep sez—un thir's nobbut o thin wo between us, un aw av th pictur hung ogen it, just ut bed-yed— Peg sez ut hoos yerd maw soo gruntin i'th neet mony un mony o toime ogen, speshusly when awve ad o saup, fur swoine av o nattural

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loikin fur drink, hoo sez, un hoo thinks maw soo smells it, un aw think ut aw smell Betty's gammon.

In o bit wi koom tu o grand tryumvul harch, ut th Halburt Bridge. Fizzy Bob tawkt abeawt it bein o foine peese ov agricultur, un kode it o grand stoyle ov harchi-ology, un show'd off wi o deyle o buke larnin; boh as aw cudnah gawm whot e meynt, aw admoyrt th dekorayshuns, un th figurs ov Payntin un Victry, un then awre takk'n up wi two o'th quayrst lewkin mortuls ut awd evvur clappt een on, ut wur tawkin together i'th creawed. Aw're us ill capt wi um us th wise mon wur wi th urchon, fur thi lewkt loik summut ut God nare made un Adam nare kersunt. One on um wur daysuntly dresst anouff, but wheer iz fase shud o bin, o greyt chin wur stickin eawt, wi o lot o hew'r ut th

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

eend ont, shootin streyt eawt loik o red blaze; un eh heaw e did boh sken at it.

O ut aw cud see o'th tuther quare hobthrust wur o nose ut wur peepin eawt ov
o frizz ov black hew'r un whiskur.

Ha, Jocko, sed Chin, wawkin up to mi; beautiful izn't it—nothing like this at
Chowbent, un e pok't th smo eend o'th foyary chin e mi fase.

Yoigh, sez aw, it is o buty, shure anouff; boh stond fur back, fur aw cudn't
loik to bi brunt weet. Us yo seyn thir's nawt loik it ut noather Chowbent,
Chorley, Wiggin, Berry, Bowtun, Owdum, Ratchda, nur Yawood. Is it tip
eend o'th kommit' tayle?

Uncommon unsawfistikatud! sed Chin. Its the harch, Simon, that's butiful.
You're A flat in music. Great musishuns wheer you come from:—you play
the big drum, aye? “Was it Oldam or Yewood, ah; Rochdil, wans't it wheer
wee had that long long tawk about the wonderful cure I made of mother
whot's o name, with twice rubbing with my incomparable bottle? Can't call
your name to mind—so much to think off—vexin, haynt it.

Aw con drum o bit when awve occashun, aw sed, fur awm noan us
sawffistikatud us yo mey lipp'n on. Yoar some greyt doctor then are yo,
mestur, aw sed, fur aw thowt aw'd pump im o bit.

I'm your Gallen—your Hippokrates, bwoath, sed Chin. Your Al—

Yo gien yoarsel some quare neaymes, un yoar o gradely Hal to lewk at, sez
aw, stoppin im short; wi yoar potkrates un Gallons. Yo app'n meon o
hippokryte, that's whot wi kone o feffnikute.

I'm your Albumazur, e rattl't off ogen, King off the Stars—Planet Ruler to
the Emperor Hum—Bug, seys aw.

Hush, don't interrupt me. I've Jupitur, Mars, Venus, Sattun, at mi finger
ends.

Th' chin eend, yo meeon; boh yoar reet anouff obeawt Sattun, fur yo mun be
e konjunkshun with Owd Lad, un theaw puts mi e moind wi thi Jew Peter ov
o Ratchda keawnsillor uts bowtud eawt o'th gate feurt o komin nee that
kunjurayshun stick ut thi han e parleyhunt, kode th black rod. Boh, aw sey,
owd fizz foire, contah du awt fur o brokk'n leg uts takk'n to spreawtin eawt
ole o'er wi green leeovs.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Confeawndud lucky; yure born under a lucky star, sed Chin; un e pood eawt o bit of o bottle. This is my incomparable licksir hinstandous cure—works marrakles—oney four and six, better take two, Simon. Yule make a suvrin by it. Yure Unkle Ruchurd, and Oaunt Betty,—every bodi'll be wanting it. Can't be had in your part o'th country for money.

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Welt, sez aw, ee's nobbut o poor mon ut aw want it for, yo sin, boh aw'll goo as far us hauve o creawn iv ittle kure ony sooart ov o leg us yo seyn—un Pennysulur Tum's leg is in o quare wey.

Burns, scalds, rumes, brok'n bones—all diseezus that flesh is air to—my bottle kures, and as its o case ov charity I'll take two and six-pinse, just for one bottle.

Well, aw mun tell yo furst ov O obeawt th leg, aw sed. Owd Pennysulur Tum ud gett'n o saup one neet, un us e wur makkin tort whoam, e misfortinutly app'nt on o brokk'n leg; un when e wur fund, theer e lee ov iz back sprawlin i'th lone. Heawsevvr, us it wur nobbut o wood'n un, Tim-o-Meawlos un onother ur two ov thoose ut fund im, cut im o stake eawt o'th edge un nare thowt o thwittlin th spreawts un leeovs off, us lung us e cud hawmpo whoam. Heaw will yoar impossable bottle act uppo th owd Pennysulur leg, think'n yo. Aw! you bi demm'd, sed Chin,—two good rubbings would have given the fellow two wooden legs,—un e skennd wi O iz might ut th blaze ut iz chin eend, un wur fur turnin on iz heel, boh summut struk im ut sekond thowt.

I can tell you how many minutes you have to live, the year of o Lord, and day of month when yule dy, e sed. Do you know I'm the Devil's neffi?

Yo favvurn yoar Uncle rarely, yo dun, aw sez, un aw think yo han towd o bit o truth ut last. Boh us yo knoan so weel when aw shul dee, con yo tell mi iv yo knoad obeawt that komin, un aw fot im sich o cleawt atwean iz een us sent im sprawlin intuth gutter. Aw knoad whot thir wur e maw pockets, mon, beawt thee feelin in um for mi, sed aw, un then aw punst im up on iz legs ogen, fur aw fund ut t rascot ut gett'n iz hont e one o mi cwoat lap-pokkits.

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Quite a mistake, e sed, woipin iz windos so us e kud see thru um. I'm a gentleman, sir, and was feeling for my card, when unfortinutly— un then e grop't in iz pockets, us iv e wur feelin fur summut. I'm sorry I havvn't mi card case with me.

Gie mi that ticket o leeov ut yoan gett'n, sez aw, fur that'll ha th reet neayme on. Boh tak maw advoyce, un off wi yo, whol yoan leeov to goo, un wul bwoans to goo wi, ur th poleese ull bi here, un aw want noan to bi mixt up wi sich sink durt us thee.

Un off e cut skennin ut th blaze end, un app'n kalkilatin obeawt maw fist un it gettin into konjunction ogen.

Whol awd bin tawkin wi Chin, Fizzy Bob wur ogate wi Nose. He axt Nose whot wur th meeonin o that grand harch, un th Nose snyd itsel up un skymd at im thru th hewr, un then it sed—

Wheer do yu come from, Jerry?

Aw come fro Smobridge, sur, sed Fizzy, un Ben, heer, comes fro Ratchda, un mi neame's noan Jerry noather, fur awm kode Bob, un aw want to ax yo, iv yo plez'n, whot that harch is for, fur aw thowt it wur app'n summut on o grand new prinsipul.

Yure o sharp chap, sed Nose, to foind it eawt so sune. Yu see, its for a railway for the Queen; and ther are to be harches loik this all the way to the Quene's pallus; but they avn't ad time to finish it at this end.

Fizzy Bob wur rarely tayn up wi whot ee'd yerd; it wur onuther

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meawse-neest for im. Un then Ben-o-Dyers axt Nose whot wur't meeonin ov o shap ov o woman ut thir wur on the harch, wi summunt loik o creawn in it hond.

That's o figur ov Vict'ry, sed Nose, to let the world kno ut Manchistur got the victry over John Bright at the last elekshun.

Aw think yoare nobbut avvin mi on, mestur, sed Ben, bekose yo think'n awm countri bred. Aw think tu ut thiyn mooar sense e Manchistur then that comes tu, fur iv it war as yo seyn, th shawm ud be to thirsels, un naw to John Brite.

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Whew! yure theer, are yu, Nose skym'd eawt. I av yu now. Yu're one of those that votud for Miall at Rochdil, arn't yu?

Un then, e turnt im to thoose ut wur standin by. Lewk, genlmen, e sed, this heer is one of Brite's white slaves; un see yo, ee'll sune be o rale black niggur, fur iz hands ur quite black already.

Then thir wur sich o brast o laffin at Ben us meyde iz fase cullur ov o foyar, un fayrly geet iz munki up; ur elze, Ben's us quoyut o chap us evvur bote off th edge ov o mouffin. Shure anouf iz honds wurm black, bekose ee worchus i'th dye-heawse, un its noan yeazy gett'n eawt izn't dye.

Aw dunnah kno whoa teh art, nur whot teh art, sed Ben; nur aw dunnah kare; boh aw'l tell thi whot, ween sum chaps missin fro Ratchda, just neaw, utt'n bin wantud e Lundun this gud bit to onsur fur whot thi did ut th elekshun, un iv thea'll lehmi see thi fase aw con tell iv theart one on um. Iv thea knoas awt wrang abeawt me, tell mi on't whol awm heer. Iv aw am o slave, awm noan o cheeont un loik thee, fur theart cheeont un ring'd tuth fingur end, un thea nobbut wants o ring e thi nose to finish thi off gradely. Loik anouff, theart one o thaim ut sowd thi vote un freedom fur o gilt shakle; un iv theaw art, theaw desarves cheeons on thi ankliffs un wrissus fur th next seven year. Thea munnah throw thi slurs ut me mon when aw speyk civil to thi, ur awl just tay th liberty o pooin that nose eawt fro t back o that hew'r, un seein iv thirs awt stickin tu it uttle boide lewkin at bi dey leet.

It wur Ben's turn neaw, fur evvuribodi turn'd reawnd un lafft un sheawted o iz soide, un th felli wi th nose thowt id bettur bi wawkin off weet whol it wur theer.

It wur toime neaw to bi gettin back tuth waggin, but O ut wonst, thir wur sich a sheawt o'th "Quene's comin," ut evvuribodi rusht to get o seat; un thir wur sich whoo-up-in un hey-go-mad wark, us iv Sebastipool ud bin tayn ogen. Aftur O, it wur nawt but o dug ut wur twitchelt, skeawerin loik mad thru t middle o'th street, wi o owd kettle tu it teyl.

That's just the wey o'th wuld, aw sed to Ben. Thi sheawtin fur war, un then fur peeos, O in o breth; neaw thir sheawtin fur o dug, un sune thin bi sheawtin

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fur o Quene; un when hoos gwon—un aw hope ittle bi lung furst—thiyn bi reddy to sheawt fur o dug ogen.

When wi turnt us to bi gooin, Fizzy un Yung Un wur'n lost, boh wi sune fund um meawnted on to th “noinpuns o yed chap's” stonidin. Thiyd'n ad o sleeveless arnt, heawevvur, un wayrt thir brass fur nawt, un it turn'd eawt ut “boiter ud gett'n bit'n.”

Aw meyde mysel shure ut Quene wur comin, sed Yung Un, un aw shud o bin noicely lafft at e Smobridge iv awd misst sein hur when

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awd kom'n o purpus; boh aw mun sey ut aw wur reet sarvt fur O that. Yo sin, th standin wur us full us it cud houd, boh aw mun shap it o sumheaw thinks aw; un O ut wonst o trick poppt e mi yed ut awd yerd on ofore. O rook ov yung wenchus wur meawntud on th edge o'th stonidin, so aw sed to Fizzy, leawd aneuff fur um to yer mi, sitho, ut thoose lassus; eh, iv thi nobbut knode whot greyt holes thi han e thir noice stockins, thid naw stond theer to bi lafft at. Thi wurna lung e skiftin; beawnce thi koom deawn, one aftur tuther, wi fasus us red us pyoni fleawrs, un up Fizzy un me jumpt.

Theaw desarvt punsin, Tum, aw sed, for chettin yung lassus o that rode.

Aw desarvt just whot aw geet, e sed, fur aw chettin mysel eawt o noinpuns ut aw met o sav't bi stonidin on th waggin. Aw ad o bit o fun fur mi brass tu, wi seein um skift thirsels e sich o hurry.

Un wur thir no holes e thir stockins, after O, sed Fizzy.

Thea'll bi axin mi next iv geese gwoon barfut un bareleg'd. Heaw cud thi poo um on iv thir wurnah, sed Yung Un.

When wi geet back tuth waggin, wi wundurt whot wur to du, ut thir wur sich creawds reawnd it, laffin, sheawtin, un hoorayin, un kohin eawt, “Neaw Seketayri,” “Neaw Brazilnose;” but aw sune geawst when aw catcht seet o'th little minikin beawncin bakkurt un forrut loik o shuttle, un settin evvuribodi o yoch-yawin wi summut ut e towd um. Th' Seketayri un Brazilnose wurn fratchin o'er th lettur uts bin menshunt ofore.

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Tea'd bettur lehmee read it mon, sed Brazilnose, fur thea'll nobbut may o foo o thisel iv thea troys.

Un then e turn'd tuth creawd, un went on,—Eawr Seketayri, yo sin, isnah mich ov o hond ut reydin un wroitin, un that mak o wark; boh then, aw'l giv the devil is du, ee's th best brid stuffer ut thir is onywheer reawnd eawr parts, un that's bettur yo knoan. Ee con no mooar read it nur ee con spell Konstantinople,—wi o con, un o constan, un a constanti.—Thir's reysun e roastin eggs, aw sey.

Brayvo, Brazilnose! Goo it, Konkey, th creawd sheawtud.

Reyzun e roastin eggs, is thir? sed Sek. Whot wud tah du iv tead no foyar to roast um wi? Untee that wi thi teeth, wiltah.

Boh Brazil wur cap't weet.

Aw thowt aw cud fix tah, sed Sek. “Whau mon, thea mut buyl um to be shure. Whot elze cudtah do?”

Un then Sek flap't iz wings, un crow'd loik o cock, whol th creawd lafft un clap't thir honds, un kode eawt, “Neaw Seketary; at im ogen, yu with th brass nocker.”

Awst naw part fro this lettur, sed Sek, us lung us awm o hoffisur o this club. It koms fro us greyt o mon welly us t Quene hursel; un it seys in it ut iz worshup seys ut wi mi O come to Manchistur iv wi loik'n, fur whot ee cares. That's verry koind ov is worshup; un whot con ee sey mooar. O th order,—hoffisurs un O,—woives un O,—dowturs un O,—sweetarts un—Oh!

Sek kode eawt e yearnest t las toime. Just us iz meawth wur woide opp'n, un ud gett'n to be obeawt t soize un shap ov o weshin mug, seyin O, thir koom sich o swirt reet flop intuit us tuk iz woint; un aw thowt it wur noan us weel savvurt us it met o bin, fur it brout an

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arrant foist wi it, un meyde im poo a fase us feaw us thoose on th Owd Church.

Thea will opp'n that voluntayri box o thoine so woide, un thea sees whot thea gets by it, sed Brazilnose, wi iz greyt auss-shoe meawth laffin ole o'er iz fase.

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That little minnikin, Typo, wur girnin loik o hobgoblin, between o pair o lung scrannil legs belungin to sumborri ut e stud ut back on, un iv aw wurnah rarely chettud, e wur thrutchin o greyt lung swirter into iz pocket.

When id gett'n iz woint ogen, Sek glooart O reawnd, wi o fase us wrythen us o squozz'n dishcleawt, whol iz een streak foyar loik o wilcat's on o hey-bawk. In o bit e begun o lewkin dawkkingly wise, un sed, yo munnah do that ogen; iv yo dun yoan bi foind have o gallon bith rules o'th club. Yo app'n dunnah kno ut awm us hee us o L-Y-R i'th order.

Bith mon, sed yung Tum then, theart naw far off beein o T-h-e-y-f. Thea mun moind o gettin us hee us thaim, fur thir's some on um gett'n so gallus hee thi con ardly tutch th greawnd wi thir feet.

Shut thee thi meawth up jowt-yed, un dunnah mey foak think ut thir O foos loik thee ut kom'n fro Smobridge, sed Sek. It seys e this lettur, ut order mun bi meyntayn'd omung hur Majusti's subjiks. Neaw iv thir's ony dickshunari foak omung yo, thiyn kno ut subjiks meeons subjiks, un ut meyntaynin meeons meyntaynin; so whot thea as to mey sich o bletherin noyse o'er, aw connah gawm, e sed to Brazil.

Awl reet teh in o crack, sed Brazilnose, meyntaynin meynes keepin foak wi meyte un drink; un thoose ur things ut win ad mony o gud ballyful on ut elekshun sturs e Ratchda, un iv that lettur duznah tell lies, un iv that little gentlemon uts o membr oth' foath-ith state duznah tell lies, yoa'll see ut't Quene's beawn to trate us wi o regelur dooment; eigh is hoo, wi plenty o Quene's beef un ale e Manchistur, ur awl heyt o keaw's hurn. Whau, did'n tah yer that little mon, uts o membr oth' foath-e-state, seyin ut Quene wur beawn to mak us into subjacks, bekose wi stuck up so weel for hur ut th' elekshun. E towd us ut hoo keeps o lot o fellis e Lundun to do nawt ith' wuld boh heyt beef o dey lung. Thaim ar subjacks un thi liv'n in o foin pleyce kode Teawur—un thir kode beef heyters—un nuborri evvur yers tell o one on um deein; heaw con thi dee wi sich un obunnunze o gud things to rive intu? Awl tell yo what, yo foak, Sek went on, un e wur e sum matter; us Thwittles un Thwangs un helpt um to get shut o thir owd membr at Ratchda, ur wheer wud thi o bin? We stuck up fur t' Quene un hur proime ministur un o hur

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konstitushun, un hool stick up fur us un eawr konstitushun, see iv hov duz'nt. Win noan on us o vote, boh what singnifoys that. Eawrs is o strung club, yo knoan; un when o club ut carries weight wi it, loik eawrs, comes deawn on th' poll, it tells o teyl, un leovs whot thi kone o himpresshun on it, un on th' votes un voters tu. Whats use ov argiment ogen o club? That wur't rode wi coom oer thoose rascotly radikles, utt'r olez tawkin obeawt prinsipul. Whot dun thi meyne bi prinsipul? Aw no mooar kno whot its loik nur o tup on th' moors knows whot mark it has ov it back. It mun be o noice thing fur chettin wi ut elekshuns, us Greyt Dody sez. Yo connah see it—yo connah

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feel it; it is nawt—its nawt noather fur't back nur't pockit; un wots wurr nur O, it warms noan oth' bally. Get teh teeth ready, Kopper Nob. Thwittles un Thwangs for evvur, owd dug!

Hooray fur th' Thwittles un Thwangs, th' creawd sheawtud; un then thir wur onuther greyt brast o laffin un clappin ov honds, boh th' dozning jobbernowt cudnah see ut evvuribodi wur mayin gam on im. It wur just whot aw wantud, wur gettin um on to speychifyin, but Ben-o-Dyers wur fayre mad wi um.

Thir iznah o tooth belungin tuth club boh whot awt to vollunteer into hur Majusti's sarvus, sed Ben, sneerin at um; thir iznah one boh whots luyul deawn tuth jaw bwoan: un thats O th' luyulty ut you han—it O lies e yoar jaw bwoans.

Jaw bone of an ass, sumborri kode eawt; and teeth, sed onuther, anouff to frighten a ded cow eawt of a butcher's shop into the fields agen.

Just then aw seed Mestur Nose ogen omung th' creawd; un e poyntud to Ben un kode eawt,—see at im; that's one of Brite's men. Why, John Brite would'nt let a poor man liv iv ee cud help it.

That's us true us awt ut evvur wur spok'n, sed Ben; un aw beleeve, iv ee met av iz rode, thir wud'nt be o poor mon livvin, beawt it wur th' men's hown fawt.

Owd Tum wur fayre brastin to sey summut, whol Yung Un wur howdin im back.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Win yo bi quoyut, feyther, he sed; thirs foos anouff awready, beawt yo exposin yoarsel.

Lev loose on mi, Owd Un kode eawt; un then ee gatud o bawlin—Order! soylunce! us leawd us ee cud sheawt.

Iv yo winnot bi husht, then, sed Yung Tum; yo mun tay that—thats soylunce, un e dabb'd one o those stickin plesturs, ut thi catch'n flees wi, reet oer iz meawth. Awve catcht one buzzart, sed Yung Un; un th' owd chap doanced obeawt, un shuk iz yed, un kept flip-flappin ut iz ears wi th' plestur, loik o dug ut's worryin o foomart, whol Yung Tum helt iz honds ov iz back, un sed—aw munnah let yo may a foo-goad o yoarsel fur O Manchistur; its noan o year turn, us Jack Katch sed tuth felli ut wantud hangin ofore iz kale koom.

It wur rare fun fur Manchistur foak; un that marlockin runt Typo wur winkin, grinnin, un sturrin up mischeef e evvuri corner. As fur mysel, aw laight till mi soides wur us cruttl't us o pair o blacksmith's ballys.

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CHAPTUR HEGHT.

BETTY GETS FEEURT O'TH QUENE BEEIN LOST—O SKARLIT CLOOAK UN A SCARLIT FAYVUR—THRODDY'S FAMULI BOIBLE—HOORAY FUR MI LORD SIMBURLIN—DUCHIS O SUMOTHEBLOND'S GEAWN, MISTRIS O'TH KLEWUS—HEAW T QUENE NODS TO BETTY—THRODDY SO PLEST WI T QUENE UT E ITS IZSEL O BAT OSOIDE UT YED WI O PESTIL—UN NO END O THINGS BESOIDE.

Un neaw evvuri body wur lewkin eawt fur't Quene e gud yearnest. O grand carrige, drawn bi foar aussus, ud gwoan deawn whol't Thwittles un Thwangs wur bazzin owey ut thir speychifyin. Nance un ur chap ud sin it goo by, fur O those ut cud get eawt oth' gate o thaim un thir nominis ud hutcht up tuth fur end oth waggin, un ud watcht oytech thing ut stur'd, feeurt o missin't Quene.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Awre stark giddy, Betty sed, wi harknin to those woindy yeds, bletherin eawt thir moiderin mish-mash; un aw wish that stracklin ov o Seketayri ud skift hissel furr off, fur e smells wur nur o midden-spuce.

Awd see ut ee wur weel boyrnt iv aw ad im under o pump, sed Jim to his Nance, in o whispur. Artnah deetud, Nance, thinks tah, wi that flasker ut koom fro that foisty swirt? Feel thi heer,—it feels donk uppo thi shilder, boh its app'n o moist o rain uts foan, fur it mizzles sawfly neaw un ogen. Sithe, lass! duztah see yon grand carriage uts komin, wi foar aussus tut; un yers tah heaw thir sheawtin? Dunneh think ittle bith' Quene?

Awm capp't oer it, sed Betty. Foak seyn ut hoo wur to come tuther rode. Iv its hur; hool ha' gett'n lost, that hoo will—hoo will forshure.

Eh, mother, dun you sey so? E sich o greyt wysty pleyce us Manchistur, tu! sed Nance; un hur nobbut bin heer once afore in hur loif! Eh, iv aw durst speyk tu hur, un knowd which wur't reed rode, awd goo un show hur mysel, aw wud, forshure; un Nance's breast went up and deawn loik o fretunt brid's.

Iv, its hur, sed Betty; sumborri ull set hur reet—hoo munnah bi lost, fur hoos sumborri's chilt iv hoo is o Quene. Boh yer thi lass! un mey thisel yeazy obeawt 't Quene, fur auve just yerd foak seying ut its Mare o Manchistur. Lewk eawt: ee'll bi heer in o minnit.

Will ee stop un speyk tuth club, dun you think? sed Jim.

Will ee ecki us loik; un noborri ud evvur o thowt sich o thing but for that cauve-teyl of a Seketayri. Throddy, mon, ger up, un lewk obeawt teh; that eendless-annat o thoine's keen bitten, fur thea's bin heytun O morn, un aw darsey thea cud mey reawm fur o mess o lopperin-breawis, yet on. Lewk, Nance! thats th Mare. My, whot o grand skarlet clooak; un did tah see that greyt gowden cheon? Aw dar bi bund that's fur o present tuth Quene.

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Ah, forshure is it, moother, sed Nance; un its loik anouf ut ittle bi to cheeon't lion un unikurn wi, fur its just marro to thoose ut awve sin um picturt wi us wi koom thru't teawn.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Heaw seely thea tawks, wench, sed Betty. Lion un yunikurn, chilt, ur whot thi kone Quene's arms, but whot meeonin on um is, is mooar nur aw con tell thi.

Whot arr't lion un yunikurn for, Jim? fur thea's read obeawt oytech thing welly, o thoy Istrey ov Hinglund ut thear't takkin in e numburs.

Awm muse'n obeawt um beein kode Quene's arms, sed Jim; un as to whot thir for, aw rekk'n thir to tent th' Quene's pallus wi ested o dug. Un then, theaw sees, thir app'n kode arms seame us swoarts un pistils ur kode sodiur's arms; un that meys mi't think ut awt us tent's 't Quene ull bi kersunt e that neame. Iv thoos teeth un clozzoms o theer's, Nance, ur kode arms, awd welly us suyne fase o drawn swooart, to maw thinkin.

Just then Peg whispurt to mi, us hoo nudge'd mi o'er th' elbo— Artah harknin to thir gawmliss marviling? Thi met'nt o gan oer seawking un beein lap't e hippinks, to yer th' seely payr tawk.

Well Peg, aw seys, theaw mun rekollect ut Jim wur browt up omung th' leawk ut top o Breawn Wardle, un thats noan seame us livvin ut o pleyce loik Smobridge, theaw knows.

Un duz hoo tak um wi hur when hoo gwoas owey fro th pallus? Eh, Jim, iv hoo duz, sed Nance, thea mun stick fast howd o mi hont when hoo comes.

Naw feeur on mi lass. Un wud'tnah bi vext iv summut wur awsin to come at thi, iv aw wur to ley houd on thi reet reawnd, un squeeze thi us cloyse us cloyse? sed Jim.

Naw, not then aw shudn't, sed Nance, laffin.

Aw cud loik summut to awse just meet neaw then, sed Jim; iv thea wudn't bi feeur, aw meyne. Boh, Nance, awd no suyner sin that skarlit clooak, nur sumheaw ur onuther aw wur loik us iv aw cud see mi noant Dorothy ut livt et Dingholes, not far fro Shay.

Un wur hoo use't to wear o skarlit clooak, Nance axt.

Aw connah sey, desackly; thi kode it o skarlit fayvur ut hoo ad on hur when aw seed hur, sed Jim. Hoo ad it twice thea sees; un hoo deed on it.

Eh, Jim, that wur fearfo for yo to lewk at tu, sed Nance; boh whether toime did hoo dee?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Neaw, thea fest'ns me, sed Jim. Aw wur but o choilt e cwoats, un its so lung sin, ut awve clen furgett'n whether it wur th furst toime ur t sekkund.

Whoa wur that tawkin obeawt takkin in e numbers, sed Throddy, gawpin un reawsin hissel, whol e helt o greyt sloice o ham obeawt have rode to iz meawth, on t poynt ov iz turn knoife. No mooar takkin in e numbers for mee, e sed. Thir's no eend to um. Betty heer un th number felli teytcht mi that. Wi adnah bin lung wed ofore o buke felli kode an us, un wi wurn bwoath quoyte takk'n wi o famuly Boible ut e ad e numbers, wi sich o butiful pictur o little Sameul seyin iz prayurs. Wi ad no babbis then, so wi greed to tak it in e numbers; un us wi adnah mich to turn eawrsels on, just gatin i'th wuld yo knoan, wi towd im not to ko too oft wi um. Well, toim went

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on, un e kept kohin wi iz numbers till wid gett'n o little Mosus, o Aaron, un o Izak, un then o Merrium, un o Daniul, ov eawr hown. Aw begun o thinkin it wur obeawt toime ut t number felli gav o'er kohin, fur porritch wur o deyle mooar sperr'd aftur ut eawr heawse nur bukes. E towd mi thir wurnah have on um kom'n yet. Aw stayrt at im, un weel aw met, fur aw thowt o'th meyl kist. So wi went on till wid o Josha un o David, un bi then thir wur sich o yep o numbers, un besaide thir wur no soign on um beein dun, fur't chap kept kohin tu iz toim us usul. Aw'l tell thi whot Betty, aw sed ut last, oather thee ur't number felli mun giv o'er bringin mi ony mooar numbers; fur ut t rate wi'r gooin on at wee'st ha two famuly Bibles. But Betty sed it'r o no use tawkin, wi munt finish t job neaw wid begun. Aw seed it wur o no use tawkin tu. Whot cud aw du? Betty wur 'tarmint to goo on weet. It wurnah lung ofore wid o Solomon, un in o whoile, just us t number felli ud kode ogen un brout two numbers ut wonst, t doctur wur i'th beawse ut t seame toime, un Billy Barlow woind mi! iv e didnah bring mi th seame keawnt—o Ruth un o Nayome—two ut wonst. Aw cud stond it no lunger. Here, tak um, aw sed tuth number felli, un bring mi no mooar, fur iv thea duz, eawr Betty ull us shure goo on till win gett'n O th neames ut thir arr i'th buke us maw neams Sol

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Throddy. Un neaw Jim, thea mun moind whot theart dooin wi thoy Ist'ry o Hinglund ur ittle app'n av us mony numbers tut us maw famuly Boible.

Jem lafft, un Nance cullert loik o rose; un Betty sed, giv o'er wi thi, wilta, thea nevvur con let yung foak obee.

Contah tell mi this, Jim, sed Nance, it seys o'er yonder, e greyt letturs, sithe, "Eawr beloved Suverin." Contah tell mi whot thi kone th Quene o suverin for? Is it hur kersunt neame, thinks tah? Hoos app'n kode Viktori Suverin, seame us awm koke Nance Throddy.

Thea axes mi questins ut wud puzzle o justis, maw wench; boh awl tell thi oather greeof-ur-greeof-by iv aw con, sed Jim. O suverin, thea sees, is th heest valle ov awt, so ut t Quene's kode o Suverin reet aneuf, seein us hoos th heeist ov awt. Prins Halburt's next, un ee'll bi kode hauve o suverin, duz tah see; fur, wi iz beein t Queen's uzbant e keawnts hauve, seame us thee un me shan bi hauves when wir wed, un aw wish that wur to be to-morn, Nance.

Duztah, Jim? hoo sed.

Aw du, lass, sed Jim. Well, th Prins o Wales comes next, un ee'll stond fur o creawn, bekose ee'll ha th creawn when iz kale comes; un then the hauve-creawn mun be fur iz woife aw geawse; un that's O, fur aw nevvur yerd ov ony o'th ruyul famuli komin us low us shillins un foar-punny peesus.

Eh, Jim, thir is sum stock o larnin e that heeodpees o thoine. Theaw awt t ha bin o paasun, sed Nance.

Just then o chap koom o sellin printud pappurs, un o deyle on us bowt one, us thi wur only o penny. Thir wur some tawkin o'er it ofore th proseshun koom, fur it towd O obeawt it, un thir wur pikturs on it o th Quene un Prins Halburt, ut felli ut wi bowt um off sed wur o eggsakt loiknis, un just us thid lewk when thi went by. Seketayri un Brazilnose, Owd Tum un Typo, wur reading it on th waggin shafts. Flyin Tayleur wur makkin it eawt fur Jinny, un Ab-o-Dick's wench, un

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Donty-o-Peg's lass, un o lot mooar; un aw yerd one ov um seyin heaw grand Prins Halburt did lewk, wi one hond on o cheer back, un stickin to summut wi

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

t tuther, ut wur loik o rowlinpin ur o polesmon's trunshon. Aw yerd Jim tellin Nance tu, at hoo met kno which wur t Quene us yeazy us winkin, bi lewkin ut that piktur; fur sithe, e sed, hoos gett'n hur creawn on, un hoos stickin to summut wi hur lift hont loik o charn curdle, or a gas poipe on o shop keawntur; un thea sees those cat teyls stuck'n obeawt hur geawn, un greyt bunches ov ellerberrys ur summut in hur ears, un th greyt curtains ut t back on hur.

Aw see, Jim, sed Nance; boh hoo lewks grander bith hauve e thoy Ist'rey ov Hinglond, fur thirs o throne ut back on hur theer, loik mi gronfeythur cheer, iv it ad but steps up tu it, un greyt bed curtains, ur elze windo curtains, hangin deawn; boh wi shan suyne see. Yer thi heaw thir sheawtin. Hoos komin!—see yo moother! feythur! Jim!— See yo!

O ut wonst thir koom o greyt sheawt, ut brastud eawt loik hey-go-mad, O reawnd, us thick us leet, un it roar'd olung fro street to street, furr un furr o'gen, till it seawndud us if O Manchistur, the very wo's, wareheawsus, un churches wur joynin wi t creawd in o lung, leawd hooray! Cullurs, hats, hankechers, wur wavin on th kosey, un on stondins; e carts un waggins; fro windus, yeasins, ledges, ridgins, un evvuriwheer whee'r o foot durst ventur to rest itsel. "The Quene! the Quene!" wur words e evvuri ones meawth; un oytch body lewkt wi sitch yearnstfo een as iv thi lipp'nt o summut leetin eawt o'th cleawds;—un summut did leet in o whoile, but naw just then.

Furst ov O koom o lot o sodiurs, im eawtriders on creem-cullurt aussus; un sich aussus, for buty un breed o match fur awt i'th wuld aw shud think. Un't sodiurs ad scarlit jackets un breet brass caps on, un drawn swooarts e thir honds, ut glisturt loik leetnin. Slasher sed to me, iv id one o those swooarts in iz hont, un iz soldiurs clewus on, un o enemy ofore im, ee'd off wi iz yed ofore e cud wink iz een twice. Un sin th war wi th Hinjuns us bin ogate, ee's towd me mony o toime whot id do ut Nanny Saib iv e ad boh one o those swooarts in iz hond. Eh, Tim, e sez, awd no mooar moind wringin iz nose, un tellin im to gwo lewk, nur aw wud o spittin eawt—iv awd mi sodiur's clewus on thea moinds. Boh when Slasher sed that, aw thowt win some lads i'th

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Hinjes meet neaw, ut'r sodiurs e ony sooar to clewus, un ut winnah pley ut ringin nosus. Aw mun tell yo ut Slasher belongs tuth yowmunri.

Nesht koom o karrige wi two skoomesturs in it—tuturs, thi wur kode, tuth yung prinsus. Aw darsey young Tum wur thinkin oer th skoo in ut ee geet, fur e sed—Awl bi bund thirs no peylin oer 't scoance wi clug soles ut theer skoo, un plenty o traykle-butterkakes to start um off wi ov o mornin.

Then koom a karrige wi o kurnel in it, un two gentlemen ut wur kode hequayris e waitin, in maw pappur. But it cap't me to geawse hooa thirn waytin on, when thi wur gooin forrud in o karrige O't toime. Betty ad it in o snift—

Eh, thee Tim, hoo sed, aw thowt thea'd knoan oytch think welly, un thee sich o skollur. Whau, mon, thi wayt'n on th' Quene ut dinner toime, un baggin toime, un sich loik, awl uppowdo. Boh awd sum

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deawts uppo that poynt, un o gentlemon ut aw axt, sed summut obeawt synakure, boh thir wur sich o din, ut aw cud yer nawt elze ut e sed; so aw wur noan o bit woiser.

Simon-pure, did that felli ko um? sed Betty. Well, thi happ'n arr—un iv thi arr, aw rekk'n thiyn some mak o wark to du fur thir brass; un thi lewk'n noan tu gud to wait on o Quene.

Th' Seketayri o State, un th Lord Chaymburlin koom i'th nesht karrige; un aw con tell yo wi ad to keyp eawr een opp'n to see O, un thir wurnah mich toime fur tawking, fur thi didnah stop to bi stayrt at. Aw thowt t Seketayri lewkt loik o sharp owd file; un aw thowt, tu, ut aw'd leefer be beawt one part ov iz wark nur av it; un that is, th' choyce ov avvin foak hang'd ur lettin um off. Awre fast ogen, heawevvur, wi th' Lord Chaymburlin; nuborri cud tell mi wot ee did, only ut ee wur o sooart ov o mestur oer't show-foak ut act'n pleys at theeayturs. Betty wur pottert wi nawt; hoo sed—

Ee mun bi o Simon-pure, seame as tuther two, fur aw con see no differunse atween um at meyns awt. Aw shud think, bi iz neame, ut iz job ull be to lewk aftur't bed-chaymburs, un to see us thir weel dustit, fur hoos so mony beds,

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

aw rekk'n ittle bi one body's wark to lewk aftur um; un e mey app'n av to mey th' Quene's bed hissel. Its no disgrace fur o lord to worch fur o Quene, aw geawse.

Typo, wi one ov iz komikul winks, ut meyde im lewk us iv e wur olez makkin gam o sumborri, towd Brazilnose un thaim, ut iz reet neame wur Simburlin, un it wur one ov his famuly, e sed, ut furst inventud simblins, un startud Simblin Sundi ut Berry. Bith mass, then, sed Brazilnose, win giv im o sallute, fur awve ad sum rare sturrs at Berry ov o Simblin Sundi, un aw cud loike to av mony o one mooar yet; un up went o grand hooray! fur mi Lord Simburlin. Ith' foath karrige thir wur two grand ladis; un ith' fift wur't Prins o Wales, un Prins Halfrid, un Prinsess Allis, un the Duchis o Sumotherlond. Typo sed hoo wur drest e awng-bum-pawng, un wi it been sich o quayre neame, aw geet im to wroite it mi deawn. En-bon-point—that's just as ee put it deawn, fur aw thowt sum leydi ut reads maw buke met loik to buy o dress o'th seame sooart. Typo sed thi wurnah to bi ad fur brass: hoo did lewk sum plump un dobsom in it, heawsevr, un Betty sed too, ut hoo wur noon o yoar stuck'n up dolls, fur hoo kept curtsheyin wi ur yed O't toime; un Betty sed, tu, hoo wur th Mistris o'th Robes, un that wur't seame us been mistris oth klewus, so hoo mut av hur hondsful Mundis un Setturdis, iv hoo did nawt ut O boh giv um eawt un tak um in fro th' weshin, wheer thir wur so mony in o heawse.

Then koom sich o hoorayin, un sich luyul speychus, un kohin fur blessins, us aw think nevvur no Quene nur King yerd ofore. Hur Majusti munt o bin weel plest, fur hoo wur beawin un smoylin to evvuri bodi, hee un low, O't rode ut hoo went. Iv aw wur to wroite deawn whot aw thowt, un whot aw sed mysel, aw shud nevvur av dun wroitin; but aw mun sey, ut us aw wav't mi hat reawnd un reawnd, un sheawtud lung liv Viktoria, aw cudnah help boh think, un feel tu, ut Owd Hinglond ud nevvur bin so blest wi ony ut evvur wore o creawn us it wur wi hur un hur ruyul uzband. Un then, when aw lewkt ut tih Prinsess Ruyul, un th' Prins o Proosha, un rekollektud that Prooshun

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

agle, wi its feaw claws un flappin wings, at awd sin on o flag it front o Mestur Whyte's shop; un when aw saw, seame us in o piktur, eawr Hinglish duv, nesslin under those savvige wings, aw cannot help boh sey ut aw thowt th' agle wur o deyle mooar loikly to stick tu it taste for blood, nur ut't duv cud evvur mak it us armliss us itsel.

Whol aw w ir thinkin this oer e mi moind, it'r us gud us o pley to watch Betty. Theer hoo wur,—curtsheyin, un noddin ur yed, tuth Quene, us iv hood knoan ur O hur loif.

God bless yo, Missus Halburt! un God bless O th' childer! hoo kode eawt, leawd aneuf to bi yerd bi O th ruyul parti—un mony appy returns! See yo, foak ! th' Quene's yerd mi! Didneh see hur smoyle, un nod at mi? Un Betty kept noddin us fast us hur yed cud goo; un hoo kept ogate noddin, un showin hur whoite teeth O reawnd, till th' karrige wur welly eawt o seet.

Throddy wur so tayn, O ov o sudden, when id sin th' ruyul childer, un whot o moother thi ad'n, ut ee furgeet O obeawt iz bally, un whot e wur dooin us weel. Aw cudnah howd fro laffin, nor mony o score besaide mi, us aw seed im twirlin reawnd, wi o kake o brayde e one hont, un o ham pestil it tuther, till th' brayd flew O into shivvurs ogen Brazil's weel polisht nose, un th' pestil browt im tu iz sensus bi ittin im o gud bat osoide ut yed.

Bless thi, Betty! e sed, when e geet iz woint—awre so plest wi th' childer, un wi thinkin obeawt thee, un th' Number-felli, un eawr famuli Boible, ut fur th' loif on mi, aw cud'nt howd o bwoan e mi hoide still.

Didtah tay notis ov hur bonnit, Nance? sed Betty; it wur o gradely bonnit, lass; noan o yoar skimmin dish fanglements, sich us yoar foine leydis wayrn Boh Nance un Jim cud sey naut. Thi wurn bwoath as glopp'nt us new catcht hares. Thid pikturt to thirsels ut Quene ud lewk just 't seame us hoo did e Jim's "istrey" buke, ur elze us hoo did e that pappur at thid bowt; un Nance ud kept seyin oer to hursel this bit ov o vers, ut wur ith' pappur—

“Yu'll see the foine jewils, the star, un the croun,
And foine dekorashus all over the town.”

The Salamanca Corpus: *Tim Gamwattle's Jawnt* (1857)

Awm cap't, shuzheaw, sed Jim. Han wi sin th reet un thinkstah, Nance? Whan, hoo'd noather star, nur creawn, nur kurtins, nur nawt o'th sooart obeawt hur. Bith mass! iv t Mare wurnah grander nur ony on um.

Nance poo'd in o lung breth, un in o bit hoo sed—My! this shads O! Eh, Jim, hoos noan o bit loik thoy Ist'rey ov Hinglon! Hoo iznah th' hauve—naw, not th hauve, us foine us Katty Hoarth, oth Green. Whau, Jim, iv awd O't foine things ut hoo has, un us mich brass, un us mony sarvunts, awd nevvur goo oer't dur stwoan beawt beein donn'd e mi best, bwoath warty's un Sundi's. Awd gwo to Smobrige Church evvuri Sundi wi mi creawn on.

Eh, iv th'ewaw wur drest e Quene's clewus, Nance, sed Jim, aw think aw shud heyte teh!

Boh aw'l lev Jim un Nance to du thir quortin thirsels, fur aw yerd thi wur gettin ogate on't, an aw'l begin o fresh chaptur, neaw ut awve towd yo obeawt t Quene un O th prosesshun just us it wur.

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CHAPTUR NYNT.

GREYT DODY UN TH CAB CHAPS—BODY GETS FAYRLY BRASTUD, UN BETTY SEAWS IM UP OGEN—O LOT ON US SET'N OFF TORT TH EGGSIBISHUN, WHOL OTHERSOME GWOAN O HEYTIN QUENE'S BEEF—RUFO CALEP TURNS UP, UN HEAW E GEET IZ KLEWUS BACK, UN HEAW CHIN HUD IZSEL IN O PON—OWD TUM UN BRAZILNOSE GET'N O BALLYFUL, UN HEAW PEG WUR BAWKT OV HUR BAKKOW, WI O DEYL MOOAR THINGS OV O QUARE SOOART.

Us suyne us evvur th prosesshun ud gett'n by, foak began o thrutchin, possin, un tearin owey e O derekshuns. Iv yoad sin um cuttin off, yoad awmost o thowt ut th heawsus wur beawn to fo; un aw ges ut thi wur'n wantin to get onuther wap ut hur majusti, ur elze to get up tuth eggsibishun furst. Thir wur mony o one belungin to eawr parti ut cud o bin weel contentud too o gwon

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whoam meet then; un Peg Yep towd mi hursel ut hoo felt us iv hoo cud loik to get to Smobridge furst, to tell um ut hoo'd sin t Quene. It ud do noan, heaweer to goo back beawt seein th eggsibishun. That ud o bin us bad us gooin tuth rushberrin, un pykin off whoam ogen beawt seein a rush-cart. Un besoid, aw sed to Peg, theaws sin naut o th teawn un grand shops, un iv th weather ull nobbut howd up, aw cud loik to gie thi o peep ut Belli Vu, aw sed; fur it ud bi foar o'clock before th eggsibishun wud bi opp'n fur sich us us to goo in. Thir wur so mony on us e kumpuni, ut wi wur o gud bit e komin to o understandin omong eawrsels. One thing aw wur noan soary abeawt, un that wur, seein Owd Tum, un Seketayri, un Brazilnose, start off wi Typo, o gettin th Quene's beef ut id promist um; un yet on aw thowt aw cud loik to see whot mak ov o trick th little runt wur gooin t sarve um. Aw yerd Brazilnose seyin, Its olez maw plan, to du us awd bi dun by. Aw consider when o mon gies mi us much us aw con heyte un drink, e sed, ut awm bi duti bund to konsidur that mon o bettur mon to gwo to parleyment nur one uttle noather gie boit nur sup to o poor mon,—thats whot aw ko independunse; un thats whot us Thwittle un Thwang lads act'n on ut Ratchda. Whot sooart ov o member con yo ko, that uttle noather pey fur o vote, nur giv yo naut when yoan foughtn yoar heen up for im? Aw cud loik sum o yoar radikls to onsur that, e sed, un bi that aw cud tell ut Brazilnose ud gett'n uppoth owd argiment ut nevvur reychus harr nur th bally, fur iz yed's us floosy us o eawt-grown turmit. Aw yerd Typo seyin us thi went owey, ut id ha thir speychus printed e one o'th Ratchda pappurs; un aw seed one, no lung sin, ut wur spokk'n ut o dooment ut thirs bin i'th teawn, ut wur just Brazilnose prinsipuls to o tee, obut it ud gett'n

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onuther fellis neame tut. Aw mun get on wi mi teyl, heaweer, un fast tu, fur wi avvin to put deawn whot wur sed bi so mony foak, aw foind ut it taks up o deyle o reawm.

When wid tawkt it o'er o whoile, Peg Yep un me, un o lot mooar, meyed it up ut wid wawk tuth eggsibishun, so ut wi cud lewk obeawt us bettur un stretch

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eawr legs o bit. Un then wi O geet eawt, but Greyt Dody, un went o gettin summut to heyt un drink ut o public-heawse wheer th aussus wurm baitin; un wid'n ogreed to meet theer ogen iv wi hap'nt to part kumpuni bi th rode. When wid gett'n tuth heawse, aw towd Slasher, ut wur droiver for us, to tay o auss un fotch Dody un th waggin: fur yo sin, wi iz beein sich o bookth, un so clumsy ov iz legs, id o bin toylt to deooth e wamblin deawn theer. Us e koom tuth dur, mooast on us wur standin theer reddy to start, un th owd lad wur e some truble, fur id bin bullockt, e sed, e sich o wey us it wur o shawm to tell o'er, bi some o those warritin coach-droivurs, un o whole swarm o grinnin hobble-te-hoys, ut geet reawnd im, weaughing un wherrying at im loik o rook ov ill-favvurt lob-cocks, us thi wurm.

When e asht th homunybus chaps to let him roide, e sed, th towd im ut thi cudnah weel spare im th have ov o bus fur o "Joee" (un it cap't im heaw thi fund eawt ut iz name wur Joe), boh iv eed get iz sel spook-shavt o bit, thid ko for im when thi koom back thi sed. Some advoyst im to goo to o wood-turner ut livt i'th next street, un iv id tak o turn ur two ith lathe, thi sed, thid troy whot thi cud du for im ut after. Cab droivers towd im thid goo un get th sprengs o thir cabs swapt fur injun buffers, iv id just goo un get izsel melted deawn o bit, in o candle makker's drippin-pon, ogen thi koom back.

Nobbah think on't! Tim, e sed, un e hey toime too! Awm deawnreet sweltit wi thouts on't. O parsil o scrannil heawnds! wi no mooar flesh o thir booans nur thir is on o tups hurn! Legs! ko theer's legs? Whau th Whittoth doktor ud mey spelks on um! O crow wudn't bi sin in o plood felt, ov o Sundi, wi sich o payr o sticks under it? Thi ar ov o unkert, scrannil breed e Manchistur, e sed, iv thi con see awt obeawt me uts mooar nur common fur beein throddy—me! o mon uts nobbut whot yo mi ko meeterly, fur flesh. Thi mun heyte mooar shoos nur meyle e thir porritch e this hammil, awm thinkin, ur elze thid'n ha mooar flesh uppo thir bwoans un that meys um so wrythen ut thi connut aboide seein o mon wi o daysunt hondful uppoth ribs. Boh, Tim! un some mooar on yo, help me to get deawn, win yoh? Aw sweet till awm fayre O ov o slough. This is yoar komin to Manchistur is it? Iv awre nobbut eawt ont ogen—iv aw con boh once mooar ley mi hond on o dur-sneck e

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Smobrige—ur iv aw con nobbah ger houd ov o Smobrige pig bith teyle,—awl giv onyborri ut catches mi neer ogen leeov, oather to melt mi deawn into candles, ur to pickle mi, un pack mi e barrels fur winter provven—eigh, ur to send mi to Hawstrayli when theyn dun iv thi loik'n.

Awd nare sin Dody e sich o takkin ofore, fur ee uze's been us smoot tempert us o paasun in o pilpit. Heawevvur, it wur suyne off im ogen, un wi set to wark ut gettin im deawn off't waggin. Th lonlort browt o cupple o cheers, un we suyne geet im iz feet noicely ontu um; but, wi iz bally been it rode, id no cheance o seein iz feet, un o sumheaw, oytch foote slutturt intuth middle

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ov o cheer, un crash went th cheer bottham, un thru bwoath legs went ut seame toime. Iz breechus gav sich o spoitfo crack us iv evvuri stitch in um ud komn eteaw. Heawsevvur, e wur noan hurt, un it wur o marcy ut e wur catch just e toime; so e cudnah help izsel, boh e quoyutly cruttld deawn between th two cheers. We didnah lev im theer lung, boh, whol ee wur theer, aw thowt e tuk it us natterul un us yeasy, us evvur aw seed awt e mi loif—iv id bin o chilt e cudnt o lewkt mooar natterul; fur, yo sin, iz breechus ud gettn o onkommon feaw rent in um, us ony borri met see. Aw begun o thinkint seame us Dody, ut thi rayly wurn o unkert breed o foak e Manchistur, fur, e O mi deys, aw nevvur yerd sich o mismannert brast o laffin us some on um seet up. Theyn laff ut awt e Manchistur—iv theyn laff oer o felli tearin iz breeches. Awl bi bund ut iv sum oth foos ud bin stript thirsels, thi wudnt o lewkt have us clen un howsome us Dody; nur o bin have us gud nayturt oer o hacksidunt; fur e fund fawt wi naut but t cheers, fur O ut t lonlort un t lonleydi, un wayters, un sarvunts, wur howdin thir soides wi laighin oer it. O ut o feed wuz—Thoose ur yoar Manchistur cheers, ar thi? us britchel us egg shells, ur o cake o brayd uts bin on th fleak fur o thri wik—thi arnah fit to peeorch o hen on.

Wi O on us went intuth heawse ogen wi Dody, un intuth seame reawm ut wid bin in ofore, wheer some fellis wur sittin smookin thir poipes. Dody kode fur o glass o brandi fur izsel, un towd sum moar on us to ko fur whot wi loikt, fur ees noan beawt brass, isnt Dody, un iz noan feehrt ont, loik some foak.

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Betty's hond wur in hur pockit that minnit wi geet intuth reawn, un hur hussif wur eawt, un hur neeld threedud e quick toime; beawt avvin oather to borro, ur seyin ut hoo wur sooary theyrn awhoam, fur hoos o daysunt, ard worchin, manigin body is Betty, us evvur skimd t top off o pon o broth. Hoo towd Dody to stond up, un when hood pind hur geawn ith front, un brad hur hankecher on th floor, deawn hoo went ov hur knees un gatud o seawin owey, us iv hoo wur doin fur one oth childer awhoam. Us suyne us th glassus koom in aw gav Dody iz brandy, un reycht Betty o glass, un geet one mysel. Dody's thrappin fit meltud owey ith warmth oth brandy us oicicles dun ith sunshoine. Yo yerd mi tell eawr Martha, e sed, when wi seet off fro whoam, ut it ud bi o marcy iv aw didnah brast mi clewus somwheer, whol awre owey, un bi-leakins! aw av meyde o brast ont. Lets hope hool av mi warty breechus petcht ogen wi reych whoam. Then he geet howd ov iz glass an drank tu us. Come, sed Dody, puttin iz glass to iz meawth ogen. Do! sed Betty, takkin o sup ov hurs. Un then e noddud to me, un sed, come! Do! unkle Dody, sed aw, takkin o sup mysel; un when wid drunk'n reawnd, to one onuthur, wi keawurt us quoyutly deawn, waytin o Betty to get dun. Thir wur some ov eawr foak ut cudnah fayrly houd fro laffin thirsels. Noan on us cud fayrly houd fro laffin, but us suyne us thi seed Betty bizzy ut hur wark, some oth fellis ut wur smookin seet up sich o peyl, un thumpt table wi thir neyves, till th glassus doaned ogen; un then one on um, wi o fase summunt loikt smo end ov o wedge o cheese, un obeawt t seame culler, sed—
Missis, du yu call yureself a gud vejitable taylor?

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Awm nawt mich ut cabbitch, mestur, iv thats whot yo meyne, sed Betty; boh aw think yo are.

I meen, sed Wedge-fase, are you clivver at making fig-leaf brichis?

Come, aw sez, mestur,—yo wi th' cheese-cutter fur a fase, aw meyn,—yo con keep yoar tawk fur yoar hown kumpuni iv yo loik'n; wi want'n noan oth clippins un parins ov other foak's wit ut yoan cabbitch. Win ha naut omung us uts bin stown.

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Are yo o teyleur, mester? sed Betty.

I'm what thi call thi nynt part ov a man, e sed.

Yo mun awttthur o bit, then, ofore yo makk'n o whul un, sed Betty. Awm noan bekohin yoar trade; boh iv yoad bin o mon estid ov o nynt part o one, yoad o kom'n un offert to ha tain th job eawt o mi honds. Yo wudn't o troyd to mey foak beleeve ut thirs some mak o shawm e dooin whots reet, un whot yoad want dooin fur yoarsel, iv yo are a tayleur, iv yoarn e this mon's pleyce.

Betty kept teawin owey ut hur wark, un whether it wur ut hoo geet pottert wi wedge-fase un iz tawk, ur it wur bekose hood happ'nt to mey use oth word "job" e whot hood sed, aw connah weel tell, but hoo did job owey wi hur need e gradely yearnest, un aw think ut hoo mut'nt o yerd im, fur hoo didnah stop O ut wonst when Dody roart eawt.

Odds fish! houd! houd! Whotevvur artah dooin. Thear't stitchin mi breechus fayr fast to mi—

Betty! oh! Whotevvur artah dooin, woman? Theer ogen! Theart stitchin mi breechus to mi hoyde, mon! Bless yo, Betty! yo munnot du so.

Av aw prickt yo? sed Betty, lewkin up in iz fase quoyt sackliss.

Prickt mi! Efeakins, theas meyde um so us they'n nevvur brast ogen. Bith mon! aw think theyn ha to tarry on till aw dee, beawt aw poo th' hoyde un O off wi um.

Wi O on us crackt off ut wonst, fur whoa cud o howdud fro laffin when thi saigh Betty lewkin so sackliss oer it, un jobbin owey O t toime wi hur need. Greyt Dody hissel cud'nt houd fro juynin in, un iz fat soides shake't ogen whol th' seawnd koom rumblin eawt ov iz bally us it duz eawt oth church orgin.

Betty suyne meyd un end of hur job, un then evvuri thing wur reddy fur o fresh start, boh when wi geet tuth dur, it showd loik beein o gradely weet dey, so sum sed thid goo ith homunibus to Bellivu, estid oth eggsibishun. Peg Yep un me, un Throddy, un Betty, un Nance un Jim, Flyin Tayleur, un Ben-o-Dyers, Yung Tum, un Donty-o-Peggy's Lass, un some mooar, wur fur gooin us wid fixt on, iv it raint cats un dugs. So off wi went; Peg linkin howd o mi arm, un awl bi bund ut aw wawkt wi a bit ov a swagger, fur awl tell yo truth,

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aw wur preawd o mi choyse, un thir wur sum lewkin at us awl uppawdo, un mony o lot o ledis turnt reawnt admoyrin Peg's foine shawl wi th brode skarlit border, un hur noice blue bonnit, ut lewkt other gets nur sich keekt up consarns us theers. Aw browt mi foote tuth greawnd e sich e wey, ut foak cud tell awd o leg under mi; un, fur wonst aw thowt awd mai mysel smell loik o gentulmon, so aw bowt a segar, boh catch mi at it ogen; aw wur O't toime bobbin th leetud end e mi meawth, ur elze grunchin th nast wi mi teeth. Sant Ann's Square wur set eawt ith grandst stoyle ov awt ut wid

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seen. Front o th heawsus wur us foine us front ov a rush-cart. Thir wur sum stock ov kullurt kloth, un gowd, un green booghs, un pikturs. Peg un me ud o loikt o deyle bettur ivt shops ud bin opp'n fur awve bin towd thirs o deyl o things to be sin ith windus, sich us arnah to bi fund e Ratchda; un besoide, aw wantud to buy Peg o new bak-kom fur bur hewr. In o bit wi koom tu o grand stwoan bildin ut wi met o thowt wur o church, iv it ad but ad a steeple tut, un aw aysht o felli whot it wur kode. That's Manchistur Hexchange, un it wur fur buyin un sellin in, e sed. Un whot dun thi buy un sell theer, Mestur? Aw axt ogen. Awmost evvury thing yo con menshun, e sed.

Come olung then, Peg, aw sez; wi shan ha plenty o choyse theer, aw meyne to trate thi wi th noysist back-kom ut thi han ith shop, un o pokkit hankecher, or owt elze ut theaws o moindt av; un aw wur pooing Peg olung, un stayrin obeawt furt dur, when th felli begun o laffin un kode on mi back, whol e towd mi ut thi didnah sell odd bits o things loik koms un pokkit hankechers. It wur o pleyce wheer great marchints un manifaktrurs bowt and sowd thir guds bith lump, e sed. Awd yerd tell o Manchester Hexchange before, boh then, aw olez thowt ut cotton mesturs un flannil mesturs tradud eawt ut dur, us thi dun e Ratchda.

It did pelt wi rain us wi went up Markit-street, waytur wur runnin deawn eawr umbrels e riggots, un dreawping onto eawr shilders, un bith toim wi geet tuth Infermari wid welly ad o surfit o dekorashuns un V A.'s, un wi ad to stop whol eawr women tuckt thir frocks up o'er thir yeds un pin'd um snug

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reawnd thir bonnits. Sin aw seed it afore, its so awthhurt, is th Infermari, ut aw ad to ax whot pleyce it wur, un aw thowt us aw lewkt at it ut iv thir wur o pleyce loik it ut Ratchda thir wudn't be th hauve oth foak kilt bi hacksidunts ut thir is, bekose thi cud be takkin theer un av o gradely fettlin up ogen. Peg wur rarely plest wi th' feawntins, un hood nare o moindud takkin one whoam wi hur iv hoo cud, fur it ud do feymusly fur boyrnin clewus wi; boh Fizzy Bob sed thi wur O together on o wrang principul iv thi wur meynt to be ov ony mak o use.

Yo see, e sed, iv its meynt to be ov ony sarvis us o foyar injun, those ut gettin thir heawses ov o foyar ull be obleeged to bring um up heer, un nubbori ud loik brunnin thir fingurs oer that job.

O gentulmon towd mi ut those stwoan fellis wur statutes, un thi wurn shap ov Wellintun un Peel, un sumborri elze, ut e kode o greyt Doktor, un e sed thi wur put theer e onnur ov those greyt benefakturs ov mankoind, ut thir neamt aftur.

Has benefaktur awt to do wi manifaktrurs? aw axt im; un e sedr benefakturs wur those at did gud to thir fellow creturs.

Thi nobbah want'n o Duke o Peterloo to may th set up, sed Ben-o-Dyers, un then yo met see ut wonst whot Manchistur is un what Manchistur az bin. Aw wur ut Peterloo feight mysel, e sed, un aw hannot furgett'n ut foak wurn butchert, e cowl blood, fur nobbut meeting to tawk o'er whot that mon, Peel, us gett'n meyde into law. Un fur O ut e howdud th kurn laws back us lung us e cud, Manchistur us stuck'n im up beer estid ov Hunt, ut owt to av ad th onnur olung wi Cobdin un Brite. Bens o gradely owd Raddikle, boh aw dunnah pretend to see us far into things mysel us ee duz. Heawevur, aw thowt ut iv those statutes

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wurn put theer fur o poor mun to larn awt fro, eed bi puzzlt iv he wur loik me, fur thi meyd mi so us aw cudnah tell reet fro wrang. Wellintun wur O fur killin foak. Doktor, aw rekn, wur fur keepin um aloive, un Peel wur fur givin um plenty to heyt whol thi wurn aloive—so it wur partly whot loik butcher,

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baker, un doktor. Aw cud loik evvuri trade to live uts o reet trade; boh, then, killin whot connah be hettn! Aw can mey no sense o that.

The statu's av got a butiful site, sed the gentulmon.

O butiful seet, seyn yo, mestur? Yoar hown seet cannot be verri gud iv yo sen so. Whau, bless yo, mestur; dunnah yo see ut thir stwoan bloint. Whoa evvur yerd of o statute avvin ee seet afore? aw sed, un wi evvuri one lafft ut th hydee o sich o thing, gentulmun un O, un then e sed—

Yu don't undurstand me, a site is a word tuth seame meynin us sittiashun.

Ah! neaw yo tawkiu hinglish, mestur, aw sed tuth gentulmun. Aw do wundur ut foak usin sich frenchify'd neames us site fur sittiashun: iv yoad sed plek, neaw, it ud o bin o deyl narr th poynt. Awve maw deawts, aw sed, obeawt th kountri beein O together safe whol ihirs so mony furriners e this greyt exporium ov manifakturs, us Manchistur's kode, ut o mon cannot understand tone hauf ut e yers sed. Aw seed some soart uv o Choinee word ut wur payntud o'er o tay shop, ut wur spelt depot; un when aw axt meynin out aw wur towd to ko it depo. It thir ony sens ut O e that? aw sed.

Aw wundur whot'll come nesht, Peg Yep sed. Iv wi mun ko o pot o po, whau then, th taypot mun bi kode taypo; un o chimbley pot ull bi o chimbley po. Boh Tim, hoo sed, yer yo! Whot is ther ogate yonder, un then wi yerd sich o yeawlin din, un when wi geet to see whot it wur, theer wur th owd fussed ov o seketayri woife, stickin howd o little Typo bi bwoath ears; un oytech neaw un then hoo helt im up bith petchus, showin im ut Lunnun, us its kode. Aw con rekkollekt seein Lundun o that fashin when aw wur o lad, un beein axt iv aw cud see Saut Pawl's. Bith mon, iv aw cudnah see th church awd O th bells e Lundun ringin e mi ears when aw wur lett'n deawn ogen. Mal tuk im seame us o chilt ocross hur nee, un up wi iz cwoat laps, whol hoo wefted intu im ut t breechus end. Awl bi hund hood sin im swirtin that slopperment ut seketayri, un awm shure iv hoo did, hoo'd prommis im bell-tinker furst toime hoo cud ley houd on im. Theaw'l dut ogen, wiltah, hoo sed; theaw'l swirt e foaks' fasus ogen, wiltah? Awl kure thi o thi swirtin. Wheer is it?—gie mi houd ont? Iv its obeawt thi breechus awl av it—iv aw con ger houd ont awl peyl thi o'ert yed weet till theaw'l swirt no mooar us lung us thea livs. Typo skrykt un

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potud, un wriggh obeawt loik o snig; un it wur pleyne anouff to bi sin, beawt lewkin in iz fase, ut th little felli wur so fleyd e didn't reetly kno whot e wur dooin, whol Mal kept whackin at im wi hur hont, ut leet slap loik o foyar shoo,

Bith mon! boh yoan dun it this toime, Mal, aw sed; yoan nockt im into mish-mash, un iv yo hannot nockt iz breeans eawt, yoan masht one ov iz funnylogikle bumps, us t chap ut koom to Smobridge kode um. Theer, awl forgie thi neaw, hoo sed tuth nunikin—ger eawt o mi seet wi thi, middin durt us t'art. Awve deetud mi hont wi thi; un

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owey hoo waddlt tort feawntin, whol o rook o foak at ud gethurt reawnd seet up a greyt sheawt aftur hur.

Fro th infermari wi set off ogen us fast us wi cud push thru t creawd, un thir wur no trubble e foindin t rode, fur evvuri bodi wur gooin eawr wey. Aw connah foind toime to tell obeawt O th dekorashuns, un sich loik, ut wi went past, un th greyt wareheawses un archus ut we seed. Wi kept pushin owey, weet us it wur, till sume on us wur welly weet thru, un then wi thowt wid ko un shelter o bit ut o public-heawse, so wi went intuth furst ut wi koom tu, un wid arldly gett'n sit deawn un pood eawt eawr currun lofe un chees, un greyt lunshons o one sooart un onother (fur wid moindud to tay plenty wee us) when in koom Rufo Calep. It wur bi choance ut e leet on us, un o lucky choance it wur fur im, us yoan yer. Aw thowt awd nare sin sich o objick us e wur sin awre wik. Noan on us cud mak im eawt ut furst, fur e lewkt mooar loik one o thoose kunjurin fellis ut komn obeawt ballunsin pows un tossing brass bo's up un catching um ogen, nur awt elze. Id gett'n th plannit ruler's cwoat on, ut wur cuvvert ole ore wi pikturs—suns un moons un stars—un thir wur th piktur ov o billygote un o payr o butter-weighs, ut aw rekk'n han summut to du wi tellin fortins bith stars. E wur us weet us o weytur dug, un O together e meyde sich o ruf figgur wi iz hewr plesturt tu iz jaw bwoans un o fase us lung us o jackasus welly. Aw wur set fast to gawm whot mak o breechus id gett'n on, boh when awd lewkt at um mony o toime o'er aw fund

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eawt ut it wur o owd reawsty cwoat, wi o payr o greyt woide sleeves tut, ut id shoavt iz scrannil legs intu. Thi ardly reycht tu iz nees, un, us it ad to bi buttont ut back, it meyde un oukom mon full brestud behoind. We did naut boh laff at him fur o gawmliss neatrill, ut e wur, o toime as e wur telling iz teyle. E hadna bin lung e Manchester, ofore leet ov a plannet ruler, ut fretunt im wurr nur evvur obeawt kommit. Us lung us eed only brass, th kunjurin rascot, kept tellin im ut kommit wur komin that neet, ur nesht morn iv e didnah give im so mich mony to keep it back. When id gett'n houd ov Calep, pig brass, un O ut e ad, e geet im o lodgin ith seame reawn wi izsel, un bowtud off wi Calep klewus us e ley osleep—un theer th poor gobbin wur, wi naut ith warld laft boh those rags ut e stoode up in. Us luck wud av it, in koom that seame feaw lewkt felli wi th foyary hewr ov iz chin, im ut ud awst to pick maw pokkit e Bridg-street; un id no suyner gett'n in nur e wur fur pykin off eawt ogen, fur id leet o kumpuni ut wur noan tu iz loikin. This is im uts stown maw klewus, Rufo kode eawt, un e leyd houd on im in o crack. This is t theyf ov o plannit ruler, e sed, un thees ur maw klewus ut e az ov is back. Ko fur o poleesmon, sum on yo, e sed, to tak im ofore Mestur Halburt ut Ratchda. Win bi noan bothert wi that mak o wark, gooin before justisus un sich loik, aw sed. Lev it to me un awl shap it. Ko th londlort in, aw sez—awl suyne mey that unhang'd theyf to doff thaim klewus, un o mi oather don thaim ut theaw az on Calep, ur iv id raythur, e mey goo whoam stark nakt fur whot aw care. When th landlort koom e sed wi met tay im intuth brewheawse un do whot wid o moind wi th feaw varmint. We wurnah lung e strippin im ov oytech thing but iz shurt, un then aw meyde th rascot beleev ut polees wur komin un geet im to hoyd izsel in o greyt

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brewin pon, un e wur no suyner in nur Calep clapt lid o'er im, whol Yung Tum un Flyin Tayleur geet o leet un set foyar to a lot ov strae un shavins ith foyar ole. It begun o beein o warm shop for im in o bit, boh e wur feeurt o sturrin fur t londlort wur speykin up leawd un actin o poleesmon O t toime. In o whoile, heawevvur, up went th pon lid, when e cud stond roastin no lunger,

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un seawse went buckits o weytur one after tuther reet o'er t skeawndril till e wur welly dreawnt, un then, t finish up wi. Yung Tum punst im eawt ut dur.

In a whoile wi set off ogon, laffin rarely ut trick wid pleyd that skennin theyf ov o plannit ruler, un Rufo Calep wur sum plest ut id leet ov foak ut kuode im, un gett'n iz klewus back ogen. Wi adnah gwoan far before wi koom up wi Owd Tum, un Brazilnose, un Seketayri ut went wi Typo o gettin some quene's beef. Well, Owd Un, aw sed, heaw went'n yo on? Did yo soide o daysunt lump o beef omung yo? Owd Un lewkt reawnd to see iv Yung Un cud yer im, ofore e sed awt, un when e thowt nuborri wur harknin tu im e begun o seyin—Aw beleev that little felli ut koes izsel Typo, un uts biu wi us O morn, is naut bettor nur o imp o'th owd lad.

E tuk us tu o heawse, see yo, Tim, Owd Un went on, un wi went up steers intu o foine reawm, wheer thir wur lung shoiny tabuls, un shets wi kushons on, un greyt lewkin glassus, un evvuri thing ith reawm wur grand aneuff fur rayul gentlefoke. Sit yo deawn, e esd, un ko fur whot yoan o moind, un id towd us before wi went in ut thid nare ax us fur any brass. We didnah want mich invoitin, aw con tell yo. O noice kleyn kloth wur brad uppoth tabul, un then o greyt joynt o beef wi o murth ov pottaytus, cabbitch, mustart, un sich things, wur un o hauff gallun pitcher ov reeamin ale wur put on th booart, un wi wurn e some glee o'er it, fur not o word wur sed obeawt peyin. Bith mon, Owd Un, wir O reet neaw, Brazilnose sed to me. Wir naut elze boh reet, aw sez. Well, wi did rive into that beef un thoose pottaytus, un iv yoad sin Brazilnose, heaw iz fase shoynt us iv it'r frensh pollisht, un heaw e daubt it wi mustert, till it put mi e moind ev foyar un brimstwoan, yoad nare o furgett'n it. Wi suyne geet thru't beef un scrapt bwoans, un emtid jug, un then wid o greyt thwack o chees browt on un some mooar ale. Aw kept at it us lung aw cud, boh aw wur obleeg'd to giv up ut last, un so wurn wi O, un aw cudnah help feelin sooary ut o greyt lump ov noice chees shud bi laft e that rode. In o whoile th felli ut ud waitud on us, drest loik o gentulmon e wur, us kleyn us o nee sixpuns, un iz hewr un wiskurs us smoot un prick meet us o beawlin green, axt us iv wid tak anythin els. So wi O sed'n naw thanke sur, un meyde eawr manners tu im, un then, us wi geet up to goo owey, Weer

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verri mich obleeg'd to yo, mestur, wi sed'n; un e meyd us o beaw un sed e wur glad ut wi wurn so weel plest, un e hope't ut wid rekkomend eawr frends eawt oth kountri. Wi towd im wi wud, un wid ko theer evvuri toime wi koom to Manchistur eawrsels wi sed, un then wi wur just startin to come owey when th gentulmun seu—Pay, iv yu plees! un e strokt iz smoot wiskurs. Whot did yu say, sur? aw sed. Pay for yure dinners, sur, e sed. Pey fur eawr dinners, sez aw, us glopp'nt us awt cud be. Asnah that little getulmun ut browt us heer towd yo ut wi belong tuth Thwittle un Thwang Club? Wheer is 't little felli? eel suyne set it to reets when e comes, fur e towd as wi met heyt

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un drink whot wid o moind beawt peyin o farthin. E towd us, Brazilnose put in, in, ut wi wur to fill eawr ballys wi quene's beef, fur naut, un bith mon yo munnah think o' chettin us. It lewks loik it, sed im wi th' smoot wiskurs, whol e gav o poo ut o bell, un in o minnit, th mestur, aw rekk'n e wur, koom izsel. Id sin naut ov ony little gentulmun, e sed. I want haff o croun eech from yu e sed for yure refreshments. Egads num, mester, aw sed, dun yo meyn to sey ut that grinnin fefnikute ov o dule's brat as browt us heer, un laft us to pey? Whot yuve call'd for yu must pay for, e sed. Well, thinks aw, this is a quandary. Aw wur nevvur so ill pottert e mi loif, fur awre us sackliss us o chilt o'er dooin awt wrang, un haue o creawn wur welly O t brass ut e ad. Awre awmust ith moind to let im tak it eawt o mi ribs. Heawevvur wi peyd th mon reet aneuff, un then "remembur waytur," sur, sed th felli wi th wiskurs clippt loik o box edge. Yoigh, aw will, aw sed,—awl remembur thi us lung us mi neame's Kopper Nob,—un awst naw furget heytin quene's beef in o hurry, nur that dule's pup ut browt mi heer, fur one Ratchda rushberrin ur two.

Aw wur us nee us o tutchter raddlin intuth pousedurt's shins fur makkin iz gam on us. Iv aw ad, aw shud o gan im whot for, un meyde im remembur me fur one whoile, fur aw wur reet savvidg; un tuther two ut wur wi mi met o bin heytin smoothin hoyruns un red-wot yetters, estid ov royst beef, to lewk ut thir fasus when thi fund ut thi ad to potter deawn haue o creawn opees.

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Heawevvur, we geet eawt oth' heawse beawt feightin, un heer wi ar loik three foos.

When Owd Tum ud finisht iz teyl, aw wurnah lung lettin tuthers kno O obeawt it; un th' quene's beef adventur meyd us mony o bit o fun us wi koom whoam that neet, fur Yung Un nare let iz feythur obee o'er it, un heaw th' owd fussock ov o seketayri woif did boh sause hur felli forshure. Hoo sed hood awve o moind to poo th' have creawn eawt ov iz guzzlin weazan. Yung Un towd iz feythur e wur us noicely sarvt us Yeblo wur, when e wur uppoth fuddle once e Littlebruff, when e geet o gud blow eawt fur naut, off iz hown goos. Aw cud o loikt ha' sin yo shooin that beef into yo feythur, sed Yung Un; it wud o bin loik watchin um fill up o owd kole-pit. It ud tay some stock o stuff to fill th' ole up.

Peg Yep, un Betty, un mooast ov eawr women foaks begun o gettin toyart o drabblin thru weet un slutch, un aw wur fain to foind ut wi adnah far to goo before wi shud be ut pallus, un it wur gettin on fur 't toime ov oppunin it ogen. Wid gwoan past o church, o gud pees, ut aw think wur kode O Saynts, un awd welly furgettn to tell yo obeawt th' church-yard beein cromd full o beer barrils ut ud bin browt theer to mey stondins on; un o quare seet aw thowt it wur. Ben-O-Dyers sed ut beer barril ud browt undorths tuth grave, boh it ud gett'n browt theer itsel ut last, un bith mon aw thowt that wur weel sed o Ben; fur thirs meeonin in it, us thir is in o deyl ut Ben seys. Awl tell thi whot Ben, aw sez, iv Owd Roddle, ov Smobridg, wur leyd e that greawnd, id bi reawkin eawt oth' moods loik o wurm e o sheawr, iv it wur fur naut hut o snift ut bung-ole.

Peg wur welly gettin hursel into o reaw before hoo knode whot hoo wur dooin. Us wi wurn gooin by th' end ov o street, o little lad koom full bir ogen hur un me, un gatud o cryin fur iz beawl ut id lost some-

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wheer ith' creawd. Tim, hoo sed to me, that woman theer, wi th' foine geawn on, has 't heawl hud under hur klewus, fur aw feldt it quoute pleyne us hoo koom thrutchin past, un wantin O th' kosey to hursel. Sithe, choilt, hoo sed

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tuth lad, that woman wi th' jackit on theer's gettin thi beawl hud e hur geawn. Tell hur hoo mun geet thi. Houd on Peg, Betty kode eawt. Hastnah yerd mon, hoo said, ut foine ledis un takkin to woarin beawls estid o bussils? Boh Betty spok to lat, fur th' lad leyd houd oth' ledis geawn wi bwoath honds, un begun o pooin iz ardest, belderin un kohin eawt seame toime giv me mi hoop. Th' poor choilt geet iz ears weel boxt, un Peg met o bin sarvt seame, iv hur foine lediship cud o reycht us hee, fur hoo turnt hur reawnd Ioik o fury. Thir wur some laffin o'er it to bi shure. Hoo munt o bin o quare sort ov o ledi too, fur aw nevvur yerd o feawer tungd woman e mi loif, un aw thowt ut th' little dandfyd felli ut wur wi hur wuz shawmd ov iz kumpuni. Heawever, wi tuk no furr notis on hur, un in o bit aftur that wi geet up tuth tow-bar uts cloyse tuth eggsibishun, wheer wi cud see th' eawtsoide oth' pallus—un o grand seet it wur forshure; un thir wur o grand tryumvul harch ut aw munnah furget to menshun, wi “Welcome to Owd Traffurd” on it e greyt letturs. Aw cud awmost o thowt it wur bilt wi th' foinst Blaksnedg stwoan, un it wur set off wi breet cullurt kloths un gowd clewkin, un lewkt furst rate. Before aw sey awt moor, heawevvur, awl turn o'er to o fresh chaptur.

CHAPTUR TENT.

MI HUNKLE DODY E TRUBBLE OGEN—WHOT PEG THINKS O'TH
PALLUS—WHOT BEN-O-DYERS UN YUNG TUM THINK'N OBEAWT
PIKTURS, UN HEAW YUNG TUM SEED UM O IN O MINNIT, UN
GEET CHETTUD EAWT OTH PURFORMUNCE—O DO WI O CUPPLE
O GER-EAWT CHAPS, UN HEAW ONE ON UM BOWTUD OFF BEAWT
TOPPIN—EAWR JURNI WHOAM, WI O TEYL OV O GHOST, UN
WHOT GREYT DODY SED WHEN E LEYD HOWD OV IZ HOWS DUR
JAWMBS.

Wid no suyner gett'n thru't tow bar, nur aw wur some surproist ut seein mi hunkle Dody keawurt on o lurry, wi o greyt umburel o'er im, un reechin wi

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steom seame us o rook o sleckin loime. Aw think e mun ha' tain o fresh fit on im sin wi laft im ut th' heawse wi putt'n up at, aw sed to Peg, fur e wur rarely eawt o consayt wi oytch thing belungin to Manchistur when wi koom owey. When aw geet o bit narr im heawevvur, aw fund ut id leet o fresh trubble fur e kode eawt, Do come to mi Tim! Hythi mon un get mi deawn off this bwoan groindin mesheen.

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Tim, e sed, iv every bwoan e mi hoyde iznah brokk'n, thi mun bi O shakt eawt o joynt. Awve bin jowtud till awm lit fur naut boh soizin peesus wi. Aw beleev iv evvur aw reych whoam, aw mun bi sent theer in o hogsyed fur thirs naut laft on mi boh jelly. Sit yo still wheer yo arr fur o bit aw sez, fur iv yo gett'n deawn, yoa'll be squozz'n us flat us o oon kake, un then, aftur id ript eawt un kode Manchistur un Manchistur foak O sooarts o feaw neames e begun o takkin iz breth yeasier. One have on um ur no bettur nur furriners to maw thinkin Tim e sed, tin ittle bi weel iv thi dunnah troy to tay th' kountri off us some dey. What thinks tah Tim? Sin theaw laft mi deawn ut yon publik heawse, e sed, one o thees seame have clemm'd eawtcumblings sed ut Hinglond awt to bi guvournd bi kkommun sens! Kkommun sens, aye? Ittle bi whoo-up wi owd Hinglond when it comes to that, awm thinkin. Wi mun ha kings un lords, to guvvurn, un yo connah ko theers kkommun sens, but o lung wey off beein kkommun.

Mi hunkle wur neaw fayrly ogate ov iz fayvuryte subjick, so aw let im goo on us e loikt un aw yerd im tawkin obeaut furrin invadurs, un heaw wi shud pepper thir jakkits fur um iv evvur thi koom to Hinglond, when bang! bang! off went aw dunnah kno heaw mony kannons, awd nare bin nee one e mi loif before when it wur lett'n off, un aw dunnah think ut thir wur one omung us ut ad, un noan on us ud yerd ut thi wurn to bi foyart off. Marcy on us, Betty kode eawt, has't pallus foan deawn, ur is it o thunner-bowt uts leetud? Dear! save us O, sed Peg, whotevvur wur it, Tim. Boh heaw cud aw tell um what wur to do, fur aw wur us gloppn't us't seelyist omung um, un iv truth mun bi towd aw wur feeurt besaide, ut summut ud app'nt ut wur noan reet. Aw yerd

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Greyt Dody sheawtin on mi us leawd us e cud bawl. Tim, e sed, awst bi killt, fur iv thi con aim streyt anouff to hit o heawse soide, thi connah miss me. Awm o deod mon, Tim! Its thoose furriners! ur elze thirs some Peterlooin ogate. Just then th' quene's karrige un O thoose ut wind sin ith mornin rattlt by, us iv thid bin gooin fur thir loivs, un bang went th' deavin din ogen, un bith mon, aw wur obove o bit plest when aw fund eawt ut O th' putther un noyse ov kannun wur dun e onnur ov hur majuste. Greyt Dody no suyner seed th Quene, un sodiurs wi thir drawn swoards cuttin off eawt o reych oth kannun, us e thowt, nur e fund use ov iz limbs us sudden us Jacky-Birm, when e wur bed-fast wonst, when iz woif lethurt im till e geet eawt o bed un lethurt hur. This is yoar komin to Manchistur! is it, e sed,—awst bi blown into ribbins—brast ur naw brast, awm fur Smobridge e sed, un e wur deawn off that lurry un owey wi im in o keaw-trot un eawt o seet ofore aw cud geet nee anouff to tell im thir wur naut to bi feeurt on.

When th battle wur o'er, aw cud see noan ut wur oather kilt ur lawmpt, un nobbut one ut wur ill feeurt; so aw geet Peg bith arm un owey wi went tort pallus. Awl naw stop un mey o lung teyl obeawt whot thrutchin, teawin wark wi ad, fur aw think ut iv th wuld ud bin gooin to bi dreawnt ogen un th pallus wur onuther ark, thir cudn't o bin mooar scrawmin to get in. Wi geet in ut last wi no wurr hacksidunt nur Peg avvin hur hoppit sqozz'n flat as a poncake, un hur bonnit meyd O together into o new patterun, wi mooar korners int nur aw cud keawnt. Wid lost O eawr kumpuni, un when aw last seed Throddy e wur stuck'n fast ith twistum-twirlum ut yo went thru when yo peyd, un Betty un Nance wurnah much better off.

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Well Peg, aw sez, when wid bwoath lewkt reawnd us o bit, mir thir evvur awt sin loik this, thinks tah, before? Sithe whot pikturs! Eh, maw wench, aw ko this grand!

Its naut elze boh grand, sez Peg. Duztah think its awt loik't quene's pallus? Boh Tim, hoo sez, wudn't it be o grand pleyce fur druyin klewus in ov o weet dey?

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Aw connah sey boh Peg's noshun o druyin klewus wur reet aneuff, but it seawndud just then us iv hoo wur noan reet hursel, fur awd kleyn forgett'n ut thir wur sich things us klewus loins ith wuld. Theawrt o gradely klewus Peg, aw sez tu hur, laffin, fur theaw wur thinkin obeawt boyrnin un weshin when wi lewkt ut thaim feawntins. Boh come thi weys, un let's mey th best use ov eawr een, un toime, fur wi avn't lung't stop. Aw think thi kode furst pleyce ut wirn in th greyt-ho, un theer wi seed powtrayts ov kings un quenes, un greyt foaks ov O sooarts, un thir wur some quare lewkin hobthrusts omung um forshure. Peg thowt thi munt o bin rare feaw foak e thoose deys, boh hoo'd hur deawts, hoo sed, whether owt loik um wur evvur wik ur not. Us aw cudnah ger howd o thir neames beawt o deyl o sperrin, awre suyne toyart on um—boh oytech neaw un then aw yerd sumborri ut knode th istrey on um tellin whoa thi wurn un whot thid dun, un then aw wur quoyte tain up. Aw dunnut ut O wundur ut so mony foak loik mysel—naw to ko far larnt, yo noan—shud kayr so little obeawt seein sich things, whol others wur nevvur toyart o lewkin at um. Thi cannot understand um, that's wheer it is; un aw shud o gwoan by skooars o pikturs ut aw cud see naut ut O extri in, mysel, iv aw adnah yerd um explaynt bi sumborri ut appnt to lewkin on. Aw wur noan fast wi whot'r kode londskapes, wheer thirs trees, heawsus, weytur, un sich loik things, un some rale grand uns aw seed, un thir wur one wheer o lad wur leyd on iz bally, un drinking eawt o sum weytur bith rode soide, under shade o some greyt trees, ut plest mi onkommonli. Thir wur onuther tu ut wur bith seame payntur—Kunstabul aw think's iz neame—wheer thir's th shap ov o lock on th' kennel, wi o bwoat gooin thru, un whol aw wur admoyrin it Peg pood mi bi th arm un sed, come on mon. Theaw mey see th cut un o lock un O ut Littlbruff oney dey—eigh, ur no fur off whoam nur Clegg ho, theaw mey see th' kennel, un big trees; just fur O th wuld us natterable us thi ar e that piktur. Aw want to see summut ut aw connah see evvuri dey, hoo sed. Whau, Peg, aw seys, th' beauty o'th payntin is, when it lewks so natterul. Boh Peg cannot av mich taste fur hoo sed hoo met us weel ramble ith fields wheer hoo cud see sich things fur naut, us to come theer o seein um. In o whoile wi koom to one ut wur just to hur loikin, fur hoo brastud off e sich o peyl o laffin

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us suyne us hoo clapt hur een on it. Theer wur th shap ov o monki un o cat, un the monki ut gett'n houd o'th cats fore foote un wur rakin nuts ur summut eawt o'th foyar. Bith mon, boh aw crackt off mysel tu, to see heaw fausely th monki wur makkin o foyar potter ov it neebur's paw. Iv evvur a monki did that trick, it mun o watcht sumborri, aw kno, sed Peg. Thir wur o piktur tu ov o "bloint fiddlur," un onuther wheer thi wur pleyin "bloint mon's buff," ut wur gradely gud uns, fur bwoath Peg un me knoad whot thi wurn meynt for ut once, fur i'th "bloint mon's buff" thi wur smeawtchin, un tumblin o'er cheers, pooin one onuther obeawt, un makkin O sooarts o fun.

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"When wi geet into one o'th salloons, wi seed o creawd a foak flockt reawnd th piktur ov o poor yung felli ut puyssunt hissel, kode Chatherton. E wur o poet, un o gentlemon gav us sich o pitiful okeawnt ov heaw e deed, un iz sad istrey, ut wi shud o lissunt iv t piktur adnah bin theer. Eh, it wur o piktur wur that, un it wur deys ut aftur ofore aw cud fayrly get it eawt o mi seet. Peg cudnah tay hur een off it, un in o bit hur lip wackurt, ur een fill'd wi weytur, un then, just us iv it wur O rayle—Did yo sey he koom fro Chatherton? hoo sed, fur hoo thowt e koom fro Chatherton na far off Owdum. Eh, when iz moother yers on it whot mun hoo feel, hoo sed.

Awm so unyeasy obeawt keaw kauvin aw con ardly oboide, sed sumborri ut back on us, un it suyne reawsd Peg fro hur dreomin fit. When aw turnt mi reawnd theer wur Betty, un Throddy ut hood bin speykin tu, un o someheaw wi lost seet on um ogen theer un then, so wi went o lewkin ut o deyl o kurius things ut aw connah remembur th' neames on, boh thir wur sich grand tables un kuriosities omung um, un o bedstid sich us aw think mortal een nare seed ofore. In o whoil, aw catcht seet ov eawr kumpuni ogen, un pooin hur olung wi mi, aw sed sithe, wheer thi ar. Wheer whoa is? hoo sez. Whau Betty, un Nance, un Throddy, un Jim, un thaim, sez aw. Eh heaw thi wurn boh laffin, ut o piktur thir wur ov o lad blowin ut some wot porritch. Betty wur bokin ur fingur at um, un aw crope behoint hur un kode eawt moind thidunnah skode yo, Betty, un hoo jertud hur bond back un set Throddy ogate o laffin at hur till

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e kinkt ogen. Efeakins! its us naturul us loif, hoo sed. Eigh is it, sed Throddy; th payntur met o tain iz hydee fro eawr famuli boible, owd lass. Its set me ogate o thinking obeawt whoam, Betty sed ogen. I cudn't o lewkt mooar natterul iv bwoath lad un porritch ud bin browt fro eawr heawse un stuckn in o fream. Awd awmost furgettn O obeawt whoam, un its quoyte toime wi shud bi gettin back. Hastah furgettn obeawt keaw kauvin, aw ax thi ogen; un wi mun gate o mowin th barn croft to morn iv t weather tays up, theaw knows.

Aw feldt sumborri pooin mi bith cwoat laps, un us aw turnt mi reawnd, aw wur fain to see ut wid leet on Ben-o-Dyers ogen. Awve ad sich o trayt, Tim, e sed, us aw nevvur ad e mi deys before. This is whot aw ko rale injuyment, sich us ard worchin foak awt to av e deyl mooar on. Awve red o gud bit, fur o worchin mon; un awve studdit o gud bit, un meyd th best oth choansus awve ad gan mi; but aw shud o larnt o deyl mooar iv awd ad seame oppurtunitis o seein sich seets us this, ut some foak han ad. To maw thinkin, o piktur teychus yo better nur o buke e some things. Ut ony rate, it meys mi wish ut awd red mooar. Wi mey fancy eawrsels, meet neaw Tim, to be in o pleyce wheer wi con see th wul wuld ut wonst, fur wi han it heer pikturt ofore us, but witheawt mooast o thoose koarse parts ut wi meet'n wi e loif. Sundi ur warty, o mon met goo thru o eggsibishun loik this un hark'n to a foine sarmon, preycht bi deawmb pikturs,—mooar konvinsin nur words,—fur whot is it ut konvinsus o mon but iz hown innurt thowts. Boh that duznah shute thaim foaks uttle du nobody ony gud beawt thi mey du it e thir hown wey. O mon mey stond heer, fase to fase, in o wey o speykin, wi o greyt statesmon, o king, ur o grevt jaynius—jaynius, heawevvur's o thing ut kings ur noan mich trubbl't wi. E mey

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lewk ut naytur e awmost evvurri part o'th wuld, un larn to foind mooar injuyment in iz rambles i'th fields un lones, un evenly e sich rouff pleyesus us Blaksunedge. O seet loik this teychus un givs nollidge ov so mony things, un e so mony weys ut noborri con goo owey witheawt avvin larnt summut, tho

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foak arnot olez ith seame youmur fur takkin things. Aw mun sey ut aw nare enjoy'd mysel bettur; un iv awd knoan istry bettur aw shud ov ad mooar pleshur nur aw av ad. Un istry's whot evvuri worchin mon awt to reyd, ut kon reyd, fur it gies yo o inset into whot belongs to guvvurnment, un it meys o mon ut e kon see bettur whot reets un privilidgus belong to evvuri mon, rich ur poor. Poor foak av reets to lewk aftur us weel us rich uns, un iv thi toss'n um owey fro um, sumborri wi mooar sens ull pick um up.

Iv aw cud boh tawk loik thee, Ben, aw sed, awd nare hondle o mallit ogen. Theawrt wrang theer, Tim, e sed, un thats wheer thee un mony mooar gwon wrang. Estdid ov nollidge makkin o mon unsattisfyd wi iz trade, it shud mak im goo tu it wi o leetur art; boh awm noan one o thaim ut wants to wurch foak tuth deeth, nur to wurch ut O beawt beein fayrly peyd. But ar yo fur gooin eawt, Ben sed, fur wid ramblt un tawkt till wid gettin nee tuth gooin eawt pleyce. Peg said hood o ard wesh to start on to morn, un aw wur thinkin it ud du noan to loyse onuther dey. Just then wi leet ov Yung Tum, Fizzy, Donty O Peggy's lass, un some mooar.

Aw say, Tim, Yung Un kode eawt, heaw suyne ar thi beawn t start? Awm toyart o waytin, un aw want noan to lewk ut pikturs, nut aw, awve bin eawtsoid evvur so lung, un o felli towd mi ut yon roidurs ut'r meawnted ur gooin to purform. Purform! aw sed, un wi evvuri one crackt eawt o laffin at im. Duz t nah kno whot thi ar? Awve nare bin verri nee to um, sed Tum, boh thi lewkt just loik some aw seed in o sirkus e Ratchda, when thi wur acktin Sant George un th draggun. Come thi weys wi me, aw sed, un awl let thi see whot a hal sumborris bin meyin on thi, un away aw tuk im cloyse up tu um. E suyne fund eawt ut roiders, us e kode um, wurnah wik.

Drot it! e sed, boh awm fayrly tayn in fur wonst. Aw met ha stoode gawpin at um till bull-noon before one o yon prawnsin tits wud o awst to stur oather o foote ur o hewr ov it teyl. Bith mon! aw shud o gan no shillin to come in heer iv awd knoan ut this wur O thir eggsibishun.

Hastah sin noan oth pikturs? sez aw. Whau mon, thirs undorths oth foinst payntins ith wuld, ut ud tay o mon o whul dey ur moor to lewk at.

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Heaw theaw tawks! wi thi whul day, sed Yung Un. Awve sin welly evvuri mon jack on um e tuthri minnits. Thir wur o felli ut keeps o shop e Yorkshur-street, un o rook mooar on us geet into o feymus pleyse just us wi koom in, wheer wi cud see um O ut wonst. Didth think aw shud moider mysel wi stayrin at um one ut o toime?

Theaw bangs th chap ut cud sooart wul bith pak beawt lewkin at it, ur Limper woife, ut sed when hoo seed o reawm full o bukes ut hoo knoad whot wur in um O wi wonst lewkin at, fur thid naut in um bo th letturs oth A B C o'er un o'er ogen, hoo sed.

Wi that Peg un me koom eawt, un tuther follud, un in o bit three ur foar on us geet intu o homunibus, boh some ad to wait till thir kale

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koom ur elze wawk on, fur so mony wantud to roide it wur furst come furst sarvt. Peg wundurt whot eawr neeburs wud o sed iv thid sin us roidin e sich o grand karridge, fur hood nare bin in o homunibus ofore, un hoo wur some plest wi th roide. Eh it wur o noice thing been o ledi hoo sed, so ut thi cud roide loik sittin in o rockin cheer wi kushons when thi wur toyart, estid o been jowtud in o kart.

Opposit tu us ith buss wur two ledis e black klewus, un wi um o pratty little chatterin chilt—o little wench it wur—un no suyner did t chilt catch seet ov Ben-o-Dyer's honds then it geet houd o one oth ledis un sed, see, mamma, a whyte man with black hands, un wi that foak begun o tittering, un th two ledis tittert us weel. Ben didnah loik ont aw cud see, un in o bit e sed tuth ledis, e iz quoyut wey, yung ledis, e sed—fur thi wur bwoath yung lewkin un pratty lewkin—wi mooast on us, e sed, set mooar stoar uppo kleyn honds nur wi dun upoo kleyn arts. Iv aw mun get o onnest livvin awve no choyse obeawt mi honds, but aw av obeawt tuther, un iv it wurnah fur honds loik moin foak cudnah don that sad cullur ut yoar wayrin, to sho respekt to thoose utt'n bin tayn fro um un leyd e that pleyse wheer it matters naut whot art, when th moods un rattl uppoth koffin, un th coud greawnd us hud cullur thir honds ar—that pleyse ut awve kumn owey fro wi o breykin fro mi seet o fase ut aw

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munt nare lewk on ogen e this wuld. Aw didnah meyn hurting your feelins ledis, but awm o feythur, un aw wur thinkin o mi hown trubbles. Yo mun forgie mi, ledis, un tay kumfurt, fur those ut'r gwoan before us ur neaw wheer the wicked cease from trubblin, un the weery ur ut rest.

Whol Ben wur speykin one o'th ledis pood hur veyl deawn, un tuther set quoyt still, lewkin ut chilt, ut stoode wi it fase turnt up tu hurs. Hur art wur full aw cud see, fur bwoath lip un chin wackurt, un o greyt teer fell, un then hoo clipt chilt in hur arms un cuvvurt hur fase wi hur hankerchur. Ben un ud tutcht on o tender poynt. Peg try'd to speyk, boh hoo cud sey naut.

Th homunibus pood up just then, un th ledis geet eawt, un, us wi thowt wirn ut fur end, we geet eawt tu, but when wi koom to sper, wi fund ut wid o gud bit to goo yet ofore wi geet tuth heawse wheer wid laft eawr waggin. Wi suyne fund eawrsels in o lung street wheer thir wur ardly o soul stirrin but eawrsels. Ben un Yung Tum wur wawkin on before us, un ov o suddin wi yerd o screom ut seawndud us iv some woman wur kohin fur help. Thi bwoath seet off o runnin, un wur eawt o seet reawnd korer ov o street in o minnit. Aw wurna lung e gettin tuth seame korer fur aw thowt awd see whot wur ogate, un theer wur that ledi wi th chilt ogen ut wid sin i'th buss, un o cupple ov raskotly theevs ud bin gerottin hur, us hoo kode it. Ger-eawtin, dun yo ko it, missis, sed Yung Un, us e just koom back fro rasin aftur t theevs, by gum, awve gan one o'th skeawndrils sich o gereawtin in iz ribs us ull last im fur o bit. Tuther rapskallion geet off yeasier, fur Ben cudn't mannige to ley hond on im. Us luk wud av it th ledi wur wurr fret'nt nur hurt, un hoo thankt Ben un Tum, un wud o meyd um tay some brass ut hoo offurt um, boh bwoath on um sed thid nare tay payment fur dooin thir duty bi o helpless woman. Us hoo adnah far to goo, wi seed hur to hur hown dur un wisht hur o gud neet. One o'th theevs, Ben sed, wur th hydentikle felli wi th nose, un whiskers, ut

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wid sin e Bridge-street that mornin, wi so mony rings un cheeons obeawt im, un ardly o bit o fase to bi sin. Drot im fur o feaw varmint, boh ees gett'n fase

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anouff neaw, sed Yung Un, un e pood eawt ov iz pokkit o greyt bunch ov hew'r un whiskurs, un sed, aw stayrt ut furst us iv aw'd pood is yed off when aw fund O this bunch laft e mi hont; un then heaw aw did boh laff to see im bowt off—fur, bith mon, iz toppin wur so cloyse pow'd e lewkt us iv id laft iz yed behoind im. Wi O laft rarely ut bundil ov hew'r, un wi wur ogate o tawkin obeawt theevin dandis ut wid met wi, till wi geet back tuth public heawse wheer wid ogreed to meet un bi reddy fur setting off whoam.

Well, wi geet back tuth heawse safe un seawnd; un aw wur fain to foind ut my hunkle Dody ud reycht theer lung ofore. Some ov eawr kumpuni ud bin to Belli-vu, un rare teyls thi ad to tell ov whot thid sin theer. Some ud gett'n o saup to mich un wur O fur doancin un singin, un wantud mi t poo mi fiddle eawt fur o do, but aw thowt it wur toime to bi gettin whoam. My hunkle Dody meyde us laff till eawr soides warcht ogen wi tellin us heaw e geet back fro th eggsibishun, un awd o writt'n it deawn, word fur word us e towd it, boh aw mun neaw bring mi teyl tu un end. When wid restud, un gett'n summut fur th insoid, th aussus wur put i'th shafts, un wi O tuk eawr pleysus, un owey wi went tort whoam ogen, us merry us crikkets. Thir wur plenty o singin, laffin, jokin, un teyl tellin. Betty geet Jinny to sing “Come whoam to thi childer un me,” fur hoo wur thinkin obeawt whoam, un oytch neaw un then hoo sed summut obeawt keaw kauvin. Then aw munt fiddle o bit for um. Then o lot on um begun singin—

“That morn, as prim as pewter quarts,
Aw th wenchus koom un browt sweethearts;
Aw fund wirn loik to av three carts—
Twur thrung as Eccles wakes mon.”

When wi geet to Blaykly, un wur gooin by Boggart-hole Clouff, Throddy towd us o teyl ov o boggart ot us't to haunt theerabeawts, un when id meyd un end, aw set to wark ut tellin o ghost teyl. Ghosts, un boggarts, arnot have us mich tawkt obeawt neaw us th us't to be, aw sed. When aw wur o lad e bishops, iv awd sin awt whoite i'th gloamin aw shud o peltud whoam us fast us mi clugs cud carry mi, skrikin us aw went, dunnah tay mi! dunnah tay mi! Wheer aw wur browt up at, it fayr swarmt wi feeorin. Yo met o sin one evvuri

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neet ut bottum o'th keaw lone, when neets wur'n dark, cloyse tuth shipp'n dur,
wi its greyt reawnd skarlit een, un o meawth us blue us o wimbrey. One neet
awre gooin tort whoam, it wur dark un lat, un aw ud to goo deawn't
keawlone, so aw crope sawfli on, ut ghost cudn't yer mi. O ut wonst aw yerd
summut stur, un us pleyne us evvur aw yerd awt e mi loif, aw yerd ghost
kouff, us iv it cud ardly houd fro laffin. Mi hew'r stood up in o minnit us stiff
us iccles, streyt up loik o rush cap; un deawn aw koom reet on t top ov o
woman un o felli. Eh, Tim, is tat te? sed o hoo voyse ut seawndud loik eawr
Mally's. Its me, aw sed. Eh, Tim, aw nare seed tah, till aw lewkt at tah, hoo
sed; aw am some fain ut teart kom'n. Here's Scutcher ut gwoas wi th cart, un
me—aw leet on im o pees of—un win croppn cloyse together, wirn so feeurt,
un durst goo na furr. Boh theaw munnah tell mi moother ut thea's sin us Tim,
ur hool flyte mi fur awsin to come deawn't keaw-

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lone so lat ut neet . Un whot han yo heer, stuckn ut top o this pow? sed aw.
Aw lewkt up, un theer wur o big turmit, wi skarlit een, un o blue meawth, un
o bit o candle eend brunnin insoid. Bith mass! sed Scutcher, awst nare believe
e ghosts ogen. Ittle ha bin that slavverin cauve-teyl Tum O Meawlo's uts
stuckn that feaw thing up theer to freetn foak owey whol ee comes heer o
quortin Nan-o-Rogers ut th Dings—fur awve sin im hangin obeawt th lone
end, e eawl-leet, neets un neets ogen. Theaws gesst it to o hewr sed eawr Mal.
So wi O went whoam, un awre us fain us iv awd fund o brid neest.

It wur gettin tort skrike o dey, fur mooar nur one learock wur tunin up, un
Blacksnedge hutcht iz back up ith grey leet ov morn, when wi O landed ogen,
wik un arty, ut Smobridg. Mi hunkle Dody wur put deawn ut iz hown dur.
Martha wur waytin on im, un us suyne us id axt hur obeawt petchin iz warty
breechus e up wi iz cwoat laps un showd hur whot o wofo misfortin ud
befoan im. Whether aw con evvur poo um off, aw conno tell, e sed; but iv aw
connot, aw con dee in um, un dee e peeos tu, neaw ut awm gettn whoam. Wi
that e leyd howd oth dur jawmbs un sed iv evvur ony mon offers to poo mi o
foote oth rode tort Manchistur ogen, awl stick to these pooasts uz Samsun

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did tuth pillurs oth temple un poo th' bildin obeawt mi ears ofore awl goo. Its greytest marcy ith wuld, Martha, ut awm wik, e sed, fur thir welly O furrinurs e Manchistur, un so scrannil ribbd thi stayrt at mi us iv thid o hettn mi.

Peg Yep un me wur suyne awhoam, un mony o plezzunt cank win ad o'er eawr jawnt, bith foyar soid sin. Awve not yerd ut Rufo Calep woif wur turnd tu o pillur o saut when e geet whoam, but hoo sautud flitches wi hur hown honds, un foak seyn obeawt heer ut hur honds munt av ad summut ov o saut natur obeawt um to du that.

Foak tawk'n obeawt seketayri woif, un seyn ut hoo pood iz ears for im, un luggd im reet weel when hoo fund eawt, ut id gobbl'd deawn o whul have creawn's wuth o quenes beef, but hood sarve im for it, hoo sed, fur e shud get no swoart o collops ut theer heawse fur one week, boh skotch collops. Betty Throddy fund ut oytech thing ud gwoan reet ut theer heawse whol hoo wur owey, fur th' keaw ud kauvt un wur dooin weel; obut pigs ud gett'n intuth gardin un rootud up o tuthri pottaytus.

Un neaw awl bid yo O gud by, un finisk wi tellin yo ut awve gett'n o peck o mawt ith heawse ogen th' weddin, un awve bowt o new payr o blankits, un o arm cheer, un o bacco pot fur Peg, fur hoos playgt wi woint, un waytur tawmbs, un tooth warch, un thoose sort o things ut smookin's the only kure for. Aw mey just tell yo ut hoo wantud mi to giv oer takkin mi whoam bru'd, un awve meyd this bargin wi hur, ut aw will us suyne us evvur hoo gies oer wi hur poipe. Heawevvur iv ony on yo shud loik to giv mi o ko, awl foind yo o glass, ut yo mey drink tuth helth ov

TIM GAMWATTLES.