



The Salamanca Corpus: *Sam Sondnokkur's Ryde fro Ratchda to Manchistur* (1857?)

**Author:** John Scholes (1808-1863)

**Text type:** Prose

**Date of composition:** 1857?

**Editions:** 1856, 1857

**Source text:**

Scholes, John. 1857?. *Sam Sondnokkur's Ryde fro Ratchda to Manchistur: Iz Visit to Manchester Mechaniks Hinstitushun Sho; Wi o Full Okeawnt o wot he Seed un wheer hee Went, wi o iz Adventurs.* By Sam iz sel. Fourth edition. Manchester: John Heywood, 143, Deansgate. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

**e-text:**

Access and transcription: February 2015

Number of words: 8,396

Dialect represented: Lancashire

Produced by Paula Schintu Martínez

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**SALAMANICA**

**Scholes, John (1808-1863)**

***Sam Sondnokkur's Ryde fro Ratchda to  
Manchistur***  
**(1857?)**



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SAM SONDNOKKUR'S RYDE  
FRO  
RATCHDA TO MANCHISTUR:  
IZ VISIT TO  
MANCHESTER  
MECHANIKS HINSTITUSHUN  
SHO;

WI O FULL OKEAWNT O WOT HE SEED UN WHEER HEE WENT,

WI O IZ ADVENTURS.

BY SAM IZ SEL,

FOURTH EDITION

MANCHESTER: JOHN HEYWOOD, 143, DEANSGATE.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.

[n.p]

SAM SONDNOKKUR'S RYDE

FRO

Ratchda to Manchistur,

WI A FULL OKEAWNT O WHOT HEE SEED, UN WHEER HEE WENT.

PART FURST.

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SAM SETS OFF FRO WHOAM.

*Smobridg, Ratchda, Hoctober 4th, 1856.*

Awve sin ut uther foaks' travils e forrin parts as bin printed un sowd for a deyl o brass. Us that's o soart a stuff ut om raythur short on misel, aw thowt aw'd tay mi choance un let foke kno where aw'd bin un whot aw'd sin; aw rekkun ut awve uz gud o pare o een e mi yed us most a foak, un kon may some use on um too.

Uz yo see, aw liv ut Smobridg. For foive un forti yer last rushbarin awve liv'd a bit oboon Breekfeelt. E o mi loife aw nevvur afore tothur Setturdì, wur fur e forrin parts nur Ollinorth waytur; un moor nur that, awve nevvur bin o rydin op

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oth ralerode. Smobridg, uz yo knoan, iv yo knoan awt, is reet ore anenst Ollinorth, un sitch o short gate, ut aw olez went opo shank's gallowi.

Fettlur Dick is a owd chum o moine, un knoes o thing ur too; him un me wur olez thik, un he coom to see mi tothur neet, and towd me, ut he wur beawn fur to goo to Manchistur o Setturdì, to see th' "Mekaniks Hinstitushun," un wantud mee fur to goo wi im.

Aw wur olez o bit freetent abeawt gooin on tut ralerode, fur awm rathur taen wi beein leet it yed betimes, un aw thowt ut rydin so fast ud neer do fur mi. But Dick sed ut thear now ut o to bi freetent on, fur heed ridden mony o toime un toimes agen to Manchistur, un Owduim too. So aw sed awd goo. Wen Setturdì ud komn, awre loike as iv aw kuddent get mi wark dun, un Dick koom in afore aw wur reddy. "Kom Sam," he sed, "put tat hommer deawn un get thi hallidi clooas on." "Stop o' bit," sez I, "sit ti deawn upo that sond stone whol aw breyk up a thuthri moor" (neaw to tell yo trewth aw wur o bit timmersum ut job o gooин, fur uz aw towd yo awd nevver bin ont ralerode). Un so Dick seet him deawn o whoile; ut last he sez, a bit sharpish, loike, "Heaw lung art ti beawn fur to bee? —theaw met o worcht noan o week theawrt so savidg at it— give

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ore, mon; un get thi fase wesht, un look sharp.” Wi that aw seed it wur no yuse hausin to may beleev bein bizzy, so aw nobbut sed, “Awm gooin Dick, awm gooin mon.” Wel, aw geet mi wesht un shavt, un mi hallidi clooas on, un wi bwoth seet awf to th’ stashun. Dick geet tikkits, un wi waytud up ‘oth stashun, whol th’ ralerode koom in fro Yorkshur. Aw wur lookin ut pictures op’oth wo ut stashun, un thinking to mi sel ut it wer verri weel o sumburri to put picturs op o that fashun, fur to let foalk kno wheer o deyl o things wur mayd e diffrent parts o’th kuntry. O ut wonst aw yerd o bell ring, un a mon koed eawt, “Stond kleer, gentlemen, iv yo pleez,” —un then ther wur o whistle ut mayd mi yed ring ogen, un karridges koom dashin up O in o hurry, un foaks ran O rodes, whol aw wur fareli bewildert un stud loike a foo, starin ut uz mony uz aw kud O ut wonst. “Fur Manchistur, sur?” o

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lyttle fat felly koed eawt to mi. Aw lookt at im awve a krak un sed, “Whor? wheer’s Dick? un just then aw yerd Dick koein eawt, “Lewk sharp, Sam, lewk sharp; kom heer mon.” Heed gettun into o karridge un ad iz yed eawt un th’ dur oppen. Wi that aw geet in, un th’ lyttle fat felly slam’d dur to. Aw neer felt so quare i O mi loife. Dick sed sed to mi, “Whot’s to do mon, theaw lewks us whoite us iv theaw’d sin Clegg O Boggart; whot’s to do mon?” “Nowt,” aw sed, “nobbut at awm fretent aws bi mazi,” “Mazi!” Dick sed, “mazi be-han—!” un just then ther koom o greyt jowt, un awd loike to hit o yung ladi, ut wur ore anenst mi, i’th face wi mi yed—but aw didnt; un then aw felt ut karridges wur gooin un aw koed eawt, “Weer awf neaw, weer gooin.” Wi that, foalk i’th karridge startud o laffin, yung ladi an O. “Houd ti din, mon, weer noan awf,” Dick sed, “its nobbut th’ hinjun uts pushin karridges fur Liverpool bak; dunnet tee mey sitch a foo o thisel.” Well, aw thowt wi that ut awd bi quoyut iv aw wur kilt, un aw wur uz quoyut uz a haddle egg, thinkin whot aw mut doo iv aw wur mazi wi rydin so fast wen wi did start. E tuthri minits ther wur o greyt wistle, loike o barn dur kock, un then o shrike, un awf wi went loike leetnin un thunner. Aw sune fund eawt ut ther wur nowt to be afeart on; aw wur noan mazi ut O. Foalk i’th karridge bigan o tawkin, un thi rattl’t away, un karridges rattl’t too. un aw mun sai, ut aw wur nevvur so weel plest wi o ryde e O mi

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born dayz. Aw sed to th' yung ladi, oreanenst mi, "Wur yo evur in Manchistur, mum, iv yo plez?" "Yes, wur yew?" "Naw," aw sed, "but awm gooin to-day." "O hindeed," sed hoo, "well mind yewr not lawst." "Ah!" aw sed, "aw will, —but Dick's wi mi, hee's bin afore mony a toime." "That's verri wel," hoo sed. Kornur uv hur meawth twichurt o bit, ut mayd mi gawm ut hoo wur umbuggin mi; but aw thowt awd see; un aw sez to hur, "Kon yo tell mi whot thoose strengs ur for upo those postses ut keep swinging op un deawn so." "O thoas ur telegraf wyres," hoo sed, "Ur whot, iv yo plez," aw sed.

"Telegraf wyres ut thi send messidges with," sez hoo, "thi kud send word to Lundun in hauf a minit un les, ut yew wer goin to Manchistur." "O ah!" aw sed, "nevvur shure, yo dunnot say so." Un wi that aw wur shure ut hoo were gammonin mi, un aw reert myself op streyt,

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un sed nowt no moor, nobbut when th' felly koom in far th' tikkits, till aw geet reet to Manchester; whot aw seed un wheer aw went yol see fur on.

PART SEKKUND.

SAM'S ADVENTURS E MANCHISTER

Wen wi'd getten eawt oth karridge's ut Manchistur, wi went reet deawn t'street; un E! ther wur sitch o drivin bakard un forruds, wi kabs un homnibuse's, un karts un orses, ut aw kept leukin to see sumburi run ore evri minit, but noburri wur. Aw sed to Dick, "Neaw mon, theaw mun tel me O tey kon, fur theaw knoes aw nevvur wur heer afore." "Aw will," he sed, "un thea mun oppun bwoth thi heers un thi een, un theawl ha summut to tel Mally wen theaw gets whoam ogen, awl uphowd tey: Si thi, that's Manchistur owd church, its bin bilt o deyl o yers: heaw mony aw konnut gradely tel thi. They dryven o gud tray'd theer mon, —they kersun um, un wed um, un berri um. Aw yerd ut thi'n ad uz mony uz welli 300 kuppels axt to bi wed O e won fortnit.

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“Maw wort, Dick,” aw sed, “thi’d bi sum rewin eawt o O theym, ur elz awm cheytud.” “Aw dar sey thir wod bi, Sam, fur O ut get wed misfortunli dunnot poo same rode. But uz aw wur beawn to tel thi. Won toim thur wur so mony to be wed, un thir wur so thrung on, ut parson teed wrung uns, un it wur noan fund eawt till it wur O ore.” “Weel, that wur a kapper. Dick,” aw sed, “heaw ever did’n thi manidge?” “Whoy,” Dick sed, “it wur o bit uv a quare doo; fur theaw

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sees ut sum on um met o bin pleyst wi swappin, un utherum noan so weel pleyst wi getting moor nur thi bargint for —but parsun sune set it O reet wi tellin um ut ‘ they wur O wed, un thi mut payr thirsels uz thi went eawt.’ ”

“Dick ! whot ur yon lads, wi lung blu quoits on, un a strap reawnd um?” aw sez to im. “O” he sez, “yon ur blu kote skoo lads, un th’ skoo’s op that yard thru thoos yates. Ey, Sam, sum toime theaw mun goo theer, aw bin wonst, un o rayr seet it iz. Thir’s aboon thirti theawsund bukes hin, thi towd mi; un onybodi uts dasunt may goo un reed um O fur nowt iv thi lik’n. Wen aw went thir wur o lad, won o theym blue koted lads, went reawnd wi mi, un koed eawt ut top ov iz voys what things wur. Thir wur o deyl ut aw furgettun; but thir wur stuft birds, un sarpunts, un butterflees, un O maks; un at last wi koom too o wudd’n dandi-kok ore top ov o dur, un t’lad koed eawt, ‘That kok kroes wen it smels rhost beef, un that’s O.’ ”

“Shoine yer butes, sur! shoine yer butes?” Aw turnt mi reawnd to see hoo wur koein eawt so, un theer wur a lad, wi o kap on hiz yer, wi red flannil reawnd it; o box i won hond un o brush it tuther, un he mayd uz iv he wur beawn to goo ut mi legs, un sheawted ogen, “Shoine yer butes, sur! shoine yer butes?” Aw sez to Dick, for aw wur o bit taen on, aw sez, “What duz hee meyn?” “Whoy,” sed Dick, “he belungs th’ Blackkin Brigayd, —si thi, thir at it ore yon!” Wi that aw lookt akross t’ street, un aw seed o felley, summot loike misel, but noan as big, wi a red kumfortabul on, stonnin ogen th’rayls, whol won o theese lads wur deawn uv iz honds un nees, un brushin oway ut felley’s shune, uz iv heed o spoyte ogen um. Aw seed then heaw it wur, un aw turnt to

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t'lad ut ad sed, "shoine yer butes" to mi: "Maw lad," aw sed, "maw clogs ul doo, but iv evvur theaw'rt short o wark, kom tee to Smobridg, fur blakkin's raythur skase theer: heer's o hawpunny for thi;" un then aw set awf after Dick, uz hee'd getten o bit afore mi.

Wi went on thru t' market, till wi koom to won ut foynist bildins, to mi thinkin, e O Englandshoir. Public O e Ratchda's o foo to it. Aw konnut tell yo whot it's loike, but iv yo hannut

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sin it, yo kon goo see it for yersels, un then yol kappen kno. Reet ut top thir wur o greyt Loyun un o Hunikorn. "That's Manchistur Exchayng, wheer fakturie maysters komn o sellin thir peesus, un warps, un sitch loike," Dick sed to mi. Wi wur stonnin lewkin at it o bit, wen aw thowt aw yerd sumburri ut syde on mi winnering un laffin to thirsels; un leawkin reawnd, aw seed it wur Dick ut wur tickelt wi summat. "Whot's to do," aw sez, "whot art theaw laffin at?" Nowt mitch," he sed, uz sune uz he kud speyk, "aw nobbut unbethought mi whol theaw wur starin op theer uv o tayl aw wonst yeard uv o chap ut ud yerdabeawt Kween's arms, un sin shap on um sumwheer. He set awf to Lundun to see the Kween fur iz sel; wen he geet whoam ogen hee towd foke ut 'it wur noan trew ut her majesti ud o loyun un o hunikorn fur hur arms, fur hee'd sin um iz sel; un hoo'd nobbut arms loike ony wummun elz. But kom, wi mun goo on, wee'r beawn op Market-street neaw." Wi that wi seet awf ogen, lewkin ut shop windus, un O uz we kud.

"Lewk! Sam," Dick sez, "si thi! that kornur shop is weer th' *Hegsaminur un Toimes* is printed." "O ah," aw sed. "Ah," hee sez, "awl tell thi summut uz wi wauk'n on, obeawt o felley ut had o deyl to doo wi it, afore it groo'd into whot it iz neaw. He wur koed Mister Prentis. Aw seed him wonse e Ratchda, ut o greyt meeting thir wur ut back oth' Wellintun, ut toime thi wur choosin o parlement mon. He wur stondin in o kart wi o lot moor radikuls; for he wur a gradely radikul. Whol, thi stood theer, un won um wur'speykin, o lot o foos, ut aw ges ud bin payd fur dooin ont, startud o kobbin stowans un breekbats. Won on um, stowans aw meyn, it Mistur Prentis op oth' yed un

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fot blud. He howded up iz cloke to stop um fro irtin him ogen: un koed eawt uz leawd us hee kud ut hee shud keep that shurt ut he had on O kuvert wi iz oan blud to sho foke what hee'd suffert i' th' kause o freedum e Ratchda, ' wel th' felley ud wonst o trial fur 'libel,' aw think thi koed it, un it meyns tellin summut ut wur tru, but it didn't plez.

"Heed towd foke i'th pappur ut he wur ogate on then, ut o mon, o owd arrunt tori, ud sed summut undasunt at a greyt d'nur. This mon fot law on im. Wel op o'th juri thir wur

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o Ratchda lad, koed Jon Fletchur, im wi won arm; aw think theaw knoes im, Sam?" "What, theaw dusn't meyn im e Wardl'uth, ut yewst to bi wi turney Shuttleurth, dus tey?" "Ah shure," Dick sed, "aw meyn noburri elz. "Wel then," aw sed, "aw kno im well enuf, for aw sowd im mony a hawpurth o sond, he's gud to tell; but goo on wi thy tayl." Well theaw sees, hee wur up o'th juri, un thi wur lokt up O neet un o da, for thi kudnt agree, whethur to sey gilti or noan gilti. Hee'd nobbut won arm then saym uz he az neaw, for hee'd lawst tuther wen ha wur o lad. Fletchur wur o riformer saym us Prentis iz sel: un he wur noan beawn fur to speyk ogen won uv iz oan mak, nut hee, hee'd to mitch pluk in him for that; so he towd tuther juri fellys ut hee'd "Heyt O th' flesh fro th' bowans uv iz tuther arm afore hee'd sey Prentis wur gilti!" wi that tuthor seed ut it wur no yuse dooin nawt els but lettin im awf, un so thi did." "Wel, he wur o plukt un ut ony rayt," aw sed, "awl ax im obeawt it next toime aw ko o sellin im sond." Whol Dick wur tellin iz tayl wi'd waukt on past O maks o shops. Thir wur —At shops un Towfy shops; Lethur Box shops un Brade un Cheez shops; Bakko shops un Pictur shops; shops wheer thi'd o deyl o fish in t' windus, un wheer thi mayd dirti waythur kleyn; un biggest ov O thir wur Mistur Hyum's tayliurs shop, wheer o chap kun buy o nu shute o clooas cheppur nur onywheer els. Wi went past um O til wi koom to whot Dick towd mi wur Manchistur Hinfirmuri. What aw seed un wheer aw went, un whot appund after that, afore wi geet tuth Mekaniks' Hinstitution, yol larn if yol goo on reedin.

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PART THURD.

SAM REYTCHUS MEKANIKS HINSTITUSHUN, UN GETS HIN.

Uz aw towd yo, Dick un mee ud gettun uz fur uz th' Hinfurmuri e Manchistur. Aws neer hause to tel yo mitch obeawt it; nobbut ut its o grand bildin, wheer thi tey poor foke, uts othur bin kilt ur weel laymt, un doktur um fur nowt. Dick sed ut thir yewst to be o greyt waytur afore th' bildin, but iv evver thir wur its gwon, un thir's nobbut tu bits o poands loike greyt poy dishes, wi poips in um for squirtin waytur eawt un mayn feawntains. Wheer th' greyt waytur wur, is O kuvured wi flagstowans. Op o thees flags un reet oreanenst bildin, thirs shap o sum felleys. Won on um wur keawrt deawn, un tuthur tu ur stonin op reet ut top o sum big stowans, biggur nur evvur aw seed ony sondstowans e Smobridg. Ut bottom uth stowans thir's sum moor shaps o foke un wimmin. Aw sed to Dick. "Dick! whot ur t'shap o theym felleys put theer for?" "Whoi," he sez, "aw ges thir put theer to bi lewkt at. Thi'n bin greyt uns i' thir dais, un thowt summut on bi foke. That uts keawrt deawn is o chap thi koed Doktur Doltun; un tuther tu ur Bobby Peel un owd Wellintun." "Aebut," aw sed, "theaw dussunt meyn to sey ut Peel un Wellintun wur us big chaps us thoos ar, thir biggur nur evver aw seed ony. Whoi, thi bang lung Jim e Ratchda, un he kud reytc'h o kake awf bradefleyk wi his meawth." "Thi wur no biggur nur moast o foke, mon," Dick sed, "but its o rode foke han, ut wen o greyt mon dees thi mayn im biggur ut aftur nur evvur hee wur

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ofore. Awl just tel thi neaw whot aw think. Thi'n wrung uns op o thooz stwoans, az Manchistur foke. Thi shud o ad Kobdin un Jon Brite; fur theaw sees ut Bobby Peel ud nevvur o tayn Korn Laws awf if Kobden un Brite adn't mayd him; un iv theaw livs lung enuf, Sam, theawl see ut iv evver thaym tu dee, thil bi uz mitch mayd on uz Peel un Wellington; un that ul bi wen thi knoan nowt abeawt it. But kom, wi mun be gooin; awl tay thi thru tuthri moor streets, un then wi mun goo tuth Hinstitushun."

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We startud ogen un waukt, lewkin abeawt uz til wi geet into King-street. Uz wi wur gooin deawn thir wur a droave o keaws komin up, un o lad sheawtin, un dryvin um. Keaws ud getten past us, un wi wur watchin um, wen wi yerd o greyt din ut tuther syde ut street; un lewkin, wi seed o lot o foke obeawt dur ov o shop wheer thi sowd gingerbrade, laffin un sheawtin, un makin O maks o din. Wi cut across to see whot wur to do; un theer iv won ut keaws adn't gettun in, un wur fur gooin op o payr o stayrs, awl heyt mi yed! Just uz aw lewkt in, it wur stonin wi it hindur part tort dur, it back up un it tayl twirlt; un thir wur o chap ud gettun ofore it, ittin it ut yed, but it ud stur noan til it ud—. “Ston eawt,” he sheawtud, “heaw con it see it rode eawt wi yo stonin theer, yo foos?” Wi that thi O seet awf o laffin, fur th’ keaw wur komin tayl first, un it een wur noan theer. But heawevvur, wi o bit to doo chap bakt it reet intut street, wi nowt no wur nobbut kleynin afthur it.

“Well that wur o quare soart uv o beyst,” aw sed to Dick, “to be seetchin o shippun op stayrs.” “Ah!” hee sed, “awv yerd tel uv o bul in o chaney shop, but aw nevvur yerd tel uv o keaw in o gingurbrade shop ofore. Si thi Sam, on theer iz rode tuth Nu Free Trayd Ho; but wi hannut toime to goo. Its bilt up uth greawnd wheer Peturloo Feyght wur.” “Peturloo Feyght,” aw sed, “aw yerd tell o that.” Aw dar sey theaw az,” he sez, “fur its bin o deyl taukt obeawt.” What wur thi feyghtin ore, aw sez. “Whoi it wur noan gradely feyghtin. Theaw sees foke wur beawt wark, un thir childer klemin, bicoes uth corn laws un uther things besyde. Thi wur havin

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o greyt meetin, un Hunt wur to speyk to um abeawt rifawmin parlement; parlement wanted rifawnin then uz weel uz it duz neaw. Wel, thir wur moor nor thirti theawsand foke gethurd op oth greawnd wheer Free Trayd Ho stons neaw. Speykurs wur gettun into a kart, when O ut wonst Manchistur Yowmanry Sodiurs coom galloppin op smashin reet intuth creawd, un ittin wimmin un childer, un felleys too, wi thir sworts.

Whoi, mon, thir wur enoo it creawd to heyt um, t’horses un O, but thi didn’t. Whol Yowmanry wur ogate, un welly lawst it creawd, o lot o gradely sodiurs coom dashin

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omung um ith saym fashun, un foke ran O rodes fur thur loives, fur theaw seez thi nowt to feyght wi, nobbut thur neyves, un them ud noan do so mitch ogen cowd steel. Ay! aw beleev it wur o sory seet, o lot kilt un o deyl moor laymt.” “Wel, aw wudn’t o dun so nothur,” aw seed, “if aw’d bin sodiurs, aw wondur whot mayd um bi so savidg ut foke.” “Aw connut tel thi,” Dick sed, “nobbut o sodiur uz o bit like o steym loom uts mayd to weyv us its set, un iv it connut bi mayd to doo uz its wantud, its brok’n up. But aw yerd it sed ut mon ut towd sodiurs to goo into um wur nobburri els nur th’ owd Vikkur o Ratchda ofore Doctur Molesurth coom, un hut hee geet Ratchda parish gan him for dooin ont,—but aw kno nowt abeawt it bein tru. Neaw Sam, theers th’ Hinstitushun!” Wi’d bin waukin on, whol Dick wur taukin, un turnt op sum moor streets, un wen Dick towd mi wi wur gettun tuth Hinstitushun aw wakunt op un lewkt obeawt mi, uz wi went tort dur. O deyl o foke wur gooin in un kumin eawt. Aw geet mi brass e mi hont un went up steps reet forrud, un wur gooin hin, wen o blubottul stopt mi. He lewkt ut mi, un aw lewkt ut im. He lewkt ut mi fro mi nektee to mi clogs. Ut last aw sed, “Whot art tey starin at, mon? aws boide lewkin at.” Wi that hee sed, “Are yew goin in?” Aw leet deawn o bit wen aw seed hee wur noan sawsy, un so aw sed, “Yaw, awv komd o purpos O th’ rode fro Smobridg, un aw dunnot meyn to goo bak who! aw bin hin.” “O,” hee sez, “yew must go that wey.” Aw seed then ut aw’d bin o bit wrang un ut foke wur gooin thru o hoyrn turnstee. Aw thrutcht forrud wi mi sixpuns e mi hont, but wen aw’d gotten tuth turnstee it wur fast, un aw kud get no fur. Aw didn’t kno

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gradely whot to doo, for foke wur pushin ogen mi to goo forrud. Aw wur fare fast, un aw’d pood mi kap awf un wur skrattin mi yed, wen aw yerd sumbuddi sey, “Pey heer, sixpuns, sur.” Aw klapt mi brass deawn ut littul windo ole wheer aw seed o mon’s fase, un uz sune us evvur aw’d dun so, turnstee went reawnd uv it sell, un aw waulkt hin. Aw turnt mi reawnd un watcht it, un iv it didn’t doo t’saym wi O ut koom hin —click! click! click!— uz thi payd their brass, mey aw nevvur breyk onuthur sondstowan uz long as aw liv. Aw lewkt fur Dick, to ax im obeawt it, but aw kudn’t see im nowheer; aw lawst

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im ith kreawd un seed no moor on im til aw'd gettun back to Smobridg. So aw ad to doo for misel, un beaw aw did yo mey larn if yor noan toyrt wi mi tayl.

PART FOATH:

MANCHISTUR MEKANIKS HINSTITUSHUN SHO. SAM SEES  
SEETS QUARE UN NOAN QUARE, UN LOZUS IZ TEMPUR WI O  
DANDI.

Uz aw towd yo awd lawst Dick, un ad to doo for mi sel us aw kud. So aw went reet forrud omung t'folke into o greyt reawm, wheer thir wur sitch o seet as aw nevvur yerd tel on, un sich o won uz aw konnot tel yo obeawt gradely. Thir wur

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o deyl o grand chaney, O payntud un kuvvered wi gowd, wi posis un picturs on um. Thir wur won greyt chaney hurn, ut thi sed Hemperur o Franz ud sent um, wi a lot moor. Aw rayly bileev ut it wur tu yard hee, un it wur fawsly payntud O ore. Aw kuddunt elp wundurin whot hee'd yewst it fur; wether it wur to put iz grund coffi in, saym uz wi dun o whoam, in o tin kanistur. Hemperur o Franz iz o deyl mayd on bi sum foke, sin wi axt im to elp uz to feyght Rooshuns; but fro O ut awv yerd tel, heez o chap ut aw rekkun noan so mitch on mi sel. Iv o sondnokkur mey speyk, aw think ut heez elpt iz sel moor nur heez elpt uz. Aw kno ut Smobridg wi kon doo beawt sitch uz im theer. Whol aw lewkt ut O thees foyne chaney mugs un things, sum loines ut aw larnt ut skoo, aw think it wur, wen aw wur a lad, wur tumblin e mi yed, un wantud to kom eawt ut mi tung end. Thir wur o this'n

“Uz aw wur gooин ore Rooli Moor,

Aw met o littul Blakimoor,

Chaney honds un chaney fase,

O whoite kokayd un silvur lase.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Sam Sondnokkur's Ryde fro Ratchda to Manchistur (1857?)*

Whot thi ad to doo wi t'chaney aw dun know, but yo an um, uz thi bothurt mee. Int seym reawm thir wur sum grand peesus o kloth, gowded un silvurt, wi fleawurs un patters on um. Thir wur o deyl o hoyrn wark, ut lewkt loike brass, un brass ut lewkt loike gowd, ut ud komn fro o plase thi koed Kolebrukdayl, sumwheer tort Omeriki. Aw went forrud un seed o lot o things quare and noan quare, fro Hindyo. Yo see aw kon nobbut tel yo ore tuthri soarts o stuff ut aw seed. Thir wir o synebword mayd eawt uv o owd oke tree, ut grewd, thi sed, e Notinghamshoir. Tree wur sevun undurd yer owd, un it ud o taen sevun chaps to klip reawnd it stikin honds. That wur wen it wur grewin, so yo see it ud tay won chap evri undurd yer to klip it. Aftur lewkin obeawt mi o whoil, aw went forrud into anuthur reawm, wheer thir wur o lot moor pots un krokeri uv O soarts, but noan so grand uz theym aw towd yo on, ut wur i't furst reawm. Fro theer aw strid intu o greyt reawm ut thi koed lektur reawm un pictur galluri. I't middul thir wur o chap stonnin, mayd oathur o

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brass ur hoyrn, un hee wur hawsin to shoot summut op oth top oth reawm; aw lewkt up, but aw kud see nowt for im to it. Thir wir sum cheers heer for foke to keawer thirsels deawn on a bit wen thi wur toyrt. Aw keawert mi sel deawn un lewkt obeawt mi, watchin foke un taying stok on um, whol o yung felly wur playin a pehanur, ut thir wur ith reawm. Wen hee'd dun playin th' pehanur, hee started "Rewl Britaniur," op uv o greyt awrgun op ith galluri. Aw gethurt mi sel op in o bit, un vent furrud, wheer aw seed foke gooin; un theer reet bilow t'awrgun, in o dark alli, wur o lot o peep sho's. Aw loikt theym sum un weel; —thir wur th' pictur o Roam, un Paris un Burlin, un Sibastipol, un o lot moor ut aw welly furgetun nayms on. Aw kud o stopt lewkin O neet to mi thinkin, but foke wur thrutchin un koin eawt, "Goo forrud! let foke see, win yo." Aw wisht eawr Mally ud been theer to a sin um, fur thi wur grand; but aw meyn ur to kom ofore its O shut up. In t'next reawm thir wur gradely gowd un silvur things, playts un dishus o foyne warkmanship, ut ud bin wun by rasehorsus, O e glass kasus. Thir wur sum ut ud bin gan to theym ut bilung'd to um, for dooin summut. Moi! aw'd doo summut too e thid gie me sitch loike. Thir wur o deyl o stuff ut aw kud mey noan so mitch on, but aw

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ges thir iz foke ut kon. Aw lewkt to see iv thir wur ony gowd fro Hawstraylio, wheer eawr Bob iz gwon tu, but aw kud see noan. Aw shud o loikt to o sin whot mak o lumps o gowd Bob wur getting, happun whol aw wur stonnin theer thinkin ore him, but aw kuddunt, uz thir wur noan; but awl tell Mally to lewk eawt wen hoo koms; maybe thil ha gettun sum bi then.

Fro theer aw went up sum stwoan steps to o reawm heyhur up. Thir wur o lad tentin sum things for foke stonnin reawnd to lewk at, un aw sez to im “Whot dun yo ko um?” He wur o verri sivil soart uv o lad un e sed, “Thees ar mikroscoaps, sur, yew kan lewk at um.” Wi that aw klapt won hond op oth toan ee, uz aw’d sin uther foke doo, un wi thuther ee aw lewkt, saym uz intu o littul spiglass. Aw sed tuth lad, “Whot mak uv e woild beyst iz that deawn theer ut awm lewkin at?” “That,” t’lad sed, “iz o komun flee.” “O flee,” aw sed, “its

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o greyt un, aw shudn’t loike it op o maw hoyd.” “You see it theyr, sir,” he sed, “magnifyde nine undurd times larger nur its natral size.” “O,” aw sez, “that awturs it, aw thowt u iv it wur uz big uz it lewks theer, it ud be a waknur.” Thir vur moor magnifyde things to lewk at, sitch uz t’jaw-bwon iv o hedikrop, un sitch loike. Aw waukt forrud ogen lewkin ut whot thir wur to bi sin, toth tuther end ut reawm, wheer thir wur o lot a bukkits un bo’s, un shoon, un dishus, un botuls, ut leawkt loike lethur, but thi wur nut.

Ut soide on me, thir wur stonnin o kleyn lewkin yung chap, uz smart uz hee could mey iz sel. Hee’d big red wiskub, un t’hure ov iz top lip wur pood eawt intu o sharp poynt, unturnt op bak tord iz noze. Hee’d o blak switch kane e won hond, un he wur ittin syde uv iz leg wi it, whol he stud lewkin saym uz mi sel ut what wur theer. Int tuther hond hee’d o whoite noze kleawt, ut smelt loike bawm tay, un hee wur wriping iz pratty meawth wi it. Whol he woiped iz meawth aw seed ut O iz fingers ud rings on um, kulur o gowd. Hee’d a whoite At on kokt o bit o won soide, un to mi thinkin hee wur kleynist felly ut evvur aw seed eawt uv a barbur’s shop windo. Aw mayd bowd to speyk

The Salamanca Corpus: *Sam Sondnokkur's Ryde fro Ratchda to Manchistur* (1857?)

to im, un so aw sed, “Iv yo plez, kon yo tel mi whot thoos theer ur mayd on?” “Go to Pertsho!” he sed, raythur snappi iz aw thowt, un it mayd mi warm up o bit. “Theaw may go theer thi sel,” aw sez, “aw wur noan sawsy to thee, powsdirt!” Wi that hee lewkt at mi, un aw seed o bit uv o twitchurin ut kornurs uv iz meawth, just saym uz t’yung ladis did, irt raleroad, uz aw towd yo on o fore. “Whot iz yewr naym, mi man,” he sed. “Whot awm koed iz nowt to thee, but awm noan freeunt o O Manchistur knoin it; maw naym’s *Sam Sondnokkur!*” aw sed. “Ah, hindeed,” he sed, “ar yew oald Sondnokkur’s sun Sam?” “Ay, shure,” aw sed, “un no bettur for sitch uz tee knoin mi faythur.” “Ware doo yew liv now, Sam,” hee axt. “Aw liv,” aw sed, ut Smobridg.” Smobridg, — Smobridg,” he sez, “let me see, ware’s Smobridg.” “Go to Pertsho!” aw sez, uz sharp uz aw kud speyk, un turnt reawnd un kut awf. Aw wur o bit mad at im, but aw thowt ut uz aw’d gan im bak what hee’d gan me, aw howd im nowt;

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but heaw he koom to know mi fathur kap’t mi, fur he nevvur went o sellin sond to Manchistur ut ever aw yert tell on. Aw larnt aftur ut t’kleyn felly ud towd mi whot aw’d axt im, reet enuf, un ut aw’d bin meyin o bit uv o foo o mi sel. Aw’d quarist doo uv O, after this, ut awl tell yo on int next chaptur.

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PART FIFT

SAM GETS SHOT, BUT NOAN KILT.

Up oth saym flooar, wheer aw’d ad that doo wit dandi, wur a reawm wi undurds o picturs in, ut mayd it lewk loike nowt else nur o pictur shop. Thi koed picturs Fotografs; un wi yerin sum chaps tauk, aw larnt ut thi’d bin printud bi leet o day. Aw seed won, ut wur pictur ov o Boylur brastin, tuthri week sin, e Berri, un o seet it wur. Thir wur skores o picturs, taen ut Krymeo whol fight wur gooin on; —shaps o kannun bo’s uz thi wur rowlin on t’greawnd; —kannun wi sodiurs keawurt on um, rayul British sodiurs, ut

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didn't lewk o bit flayd oth Rushuns; —Donkis un Mewls karryin stuff fur sodiurs ut wur feightin moiles awf—picturs o kamps, un tents ith feelt, wi theawsunds o sodiurs, nobbut thi wur insoide uth tents, un yo kudn't see um. Aw loikt thees picturs uz weel uz awt aw'd sin, barrin th' peep sho, un kud o stopt at um a greyt whoile, but yo see aw'd o deyl to lewk at besoide; so aw went forrud intu o reawnd reawm, wheer thir wur sum moor spiglasus to lewk thru, saym uz deawn stayrs, nobbut wi thees yo ad to lewk wi bwoth een ut wonst. Aw did, but aw seed nowt but o noice littul piktur o sum childur weshin thir sels. Aw koom then deawn th' steps ogen un ad onuther lewk ut peep sho's under t'awrgun, ith greyt reawm. Komin eawt, aw seed up oth wo ore o dur ole, "Rifreshment reawms." "That's just whot aw want," aw sed to mysel. Yo see aw'd ad nawt, nothur to heyt nor sup, sin aw left Smobridg. Aw went forrud, un there wur foke set heytin, and mayin thirsels kumfurtUBL, un aw just felt e reet fettl fur joynin um. Yung

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wimmin wur stondin ut bak uv o keawnter, saym uz in a shop to sarve foke. Aw sez to won on um, "Hanyo ony kake brade?" "Sur," hoo sed, "Han yo ony kake brade an cheez? aw sed ogen. "Weev Ekkuls kakes, an spundg kake, iv that's wot you meen," hoo sed. "Naw," aw sez, "aw meyn gradely kake brade—saym as thi mayn up uv o bak stowan." We avvunt got ani," hoo sed. "Well, iv yo hannut yo hannut," aw sez, but aw see y'on sum meyt poys, awl ha won o' thaym." Aw seet me deawn ut o littul tabyl, un hoo koom un kuvert it ore wi a kleyn napkin, un browt mi mi meyt moy on a playt, wi o knoif un fawk wi it. Did'nt aw goo intu it e yarnist!—aw did awl oshore yo; mi meyt moy wur gwon afore you kud keawnt twenti. Ay! but it wur sum weel peppurt; it mayd mi throttle uz wot us o foire, un my meawth as dry uz o keks. Aw wantud to slek mi sum ill, but aw seed nowt but waytur, un that wur noan whot aw wur yewst too. So aw sez tuth young wummun, "What han you to sup on?" "Iv yew pleez," hoo sed. "Whot han yo to sup on?" aw sed ogen, "han yo o sawp o whom brud?" Hoo lewkt puzzlt, un o mon ut ud bin stonin watchin mi heyt mi moy, sed, "He means whot have yew to drink?" "Ah! that's it," aw sed, "whot han yo?" "Oh," hoo said, "weev gingur beer, lemunayd, un," ow thowt hoo sed "sodiur water," "Well," sez aw, "awl ha that last ut yo sed," Yo

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see aw thowt ut iv it ud doo for sodiurs it met doo fur o sondnokker. Wi that, hoo brought me o bottul, shap uv o greyt green glass egg, wi o long nek. Kork wor kovert ore wi o red pappur. That wur, aw thowt, bikose sodiurs jackits wur red. Yung wummun koom and klapt it deawn op oth taybyl, wi o tumbler glass ut soid ont. Aw geet it up e mi hond, un lewkt at it O ore, wen aw seed ut kork wur teed deawn wi a woire un sum clewkin. Aw untwirlt woire un pood it awf, un then uz aw howded bottul e won hond, wi tother aw geet howd ut knoife un cut clewkin. Uz soon uz evvur aw'd dun so, bith mon! kork went bang awf loike o pistil, reet sumwheer ore mi yed, un sodiur waytur koom dashing eawt uth bottul loike o undurd Rushuns reet in my fase un O ore mi. Iv it ud bin chargt wi pellets aw shud o bin o deyod mon; uz it wur, mi yur wur uz weet uz o hawve dreawnt kittlin; mi hallidi singlet wur spoylt, un my nektee wur uz slippy uz o snig. Aw wur

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so mad at aw kud o punst sumburri. Foke ith reawm wur splittin wi seet on mi, un t'zung wimmin ut bak ut keawntur wur krakin fit to brast thir sels.—*Drot um!* Ut last aw gethurt mi sel up, on geet mi kleawt eawt o mi pokit fot to dry mi wi, wen t'zung wummun ut ud sarvt mi thrut mi o napkin, un towd mi to dry mi sel wi that. Aw did uz weel uz aw kud, un wur waukin awf, wen hoo koed eawt, “Yew avvunt pay’d, sur.” No moor aw ad; aw’d klen furgetten O abeawt payin. Aw groapt e mi breeches pokit for mi brass, but it wur gwon. Aw groapt ogen, anbettur groapt, but it wur no yuse, mi brass wur gwon un aw kud foind nothur yed nor tayl ont. Aw wur e sum uv o tak, un aw sez, “Aw ad sum brass e mi pockit wen aw coom i’ this bildin, but iv aw kun foind o hawpney on mi yo may heyt mi. Aw’d o hauve a kreawn un o hawpney wen aw started fro whom. Aw gav a shillin fur rydin ith ralerode, un gooin bak. Aw gav t’blakkin lad th’ hawpney, un aw payd sixpuns to kom in heer; un aw shud av o shillin, but its mizzlt.” “Wel, sur,” t’zung wummun sed, “yew must pay,” “Ah!” aw sed, “aw want to pey, but heaw kon o mon pey beawt brass, kon yo?” Wi that hoo sed hoo’d send for o poleesmon; wen’t felley ut ud bin watchin mi heyt mi poy sed, “Heer, mi man, yew seem an onest fello, ile giv yew a shillin: yewv praps had yur pockits pict.” “Wel,” aw

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sez, “aw appun av, see yo;” un aw turnt mi pokits wrang soid eawt to sho um; thir iz’nt o ole i won on um.” Aw kudn’t help thinkin ut dandi, wi iz switch kane un bawm tay kleawt, ud summut to doo wi it,—but aw sez, “Awl tey t’shillin, un awm obleegt to yo. Awm koed Sam Sondnokker, un iv evvur yo com to Smobridg un axus fur mee, eawr Mally ul mey yo welkum to t’best wi han. Awl bid yo gud neet.” Aw wantud to be awf, fur foke wur gethurin reawnd mi, un aw felt raythur quare, so when aw’d gettun my chayng aw kut. Wheer aw went yol appun yer in owhoile, but no moor sodiur waytur for Sam, its raythur too spreey fur im.

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PART SIXT AND LAST.

SAM REYTCHUS WHOAM, WICK, WHOL, UN ARTY.

Sodiur waytur ud welly dun fur mee un seet seein, un aw thowt aw’d bi mayin th’ rode shortur tuth stashun, un bi gooin tord whoam. But uz aw koom eawt oth “Rifreshment Reawm” aw seed o bwoard up, “Misheenri deawn stayrs.” Aw sed to mi sel. “Aw mun av o lewk ut theym ut ony rayt afore aw goo.” So deawn stayrs aw went, un uz aw went deawn tord t’reawm it wur loike nowt els nur gooin intu o factri, wi o steym ingun ogate sumwheer. This wur o rattlin seym uz uv o lot a peawur looms, un a warm smell, just meet same uz o owd stu beawt ony flesh in. Aw went forrud, un t’furst thing uz aw seed wur o lot o bobbins doancin un dithurin reawnd loike wick uns. O lass wur tentin um saym uz o factri lass, un aw axt hur whot it wur for. Hoo sed it wur o “brade mesheen.” “Un wheer’s t’brade?” aw sed. “That’s it,” hoo sed, un hoo poyntud tu o bant wi figuris on it un patterns. “O,” aw sez, “that’s it, is it? aw thowt yo meynt brade to heyt.” I’ th’ same reawm thir wur o mesheen weyvin o duzun stokins ut wonst, Mi! it did goo wi sum uv o skutter. It mays um uz yezzi uz winkin, an aw thowt ut if maw owd gronny ud sin it hoo’d o lewk at, won ut thi koed a jackass loom, but what fur aw dun kno, fur it ud nothur tayl nor yed, nor nowt loike a jackass ut aw seed on. But aw knoed ut aw hadn’t mitch toime afore mi, so aw pusht furrud intut next reawm. Thir wur lots o foke

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thrutchin reawnd summut, un aw trutched mi sel omung um fur to see whot wur gooin on. Aw sez, “Whot is thir? “Whoy,” o felly sed, un bi iz tung aw knoed im to be o

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Owdumur, “thin gettun o littul kest hoyrn wummun stitchin oway loike leetnin, un gooin by steym.” “Thin no kashen to goo bi steym,” onothur mon sed, “sum on um kun goo fast enuf beawt, aw kno won ut kon.” Wi that aw thrutcht forrud, un theer wur o bit uv o misheen stitchin oway loike nawt, un mayin stays ut o yung wummun wur howdin for it. It stitcht, aw rali bileeve o yard o minnit, un heaw it wur dun aw konnut tel, but it went at it, whiz—whirr, whirr, un whiz, til it ud dun it wark. Thir wur onuther ogate just loike it welly, nobbut it wur stitchin whot o chap sed wur fur stuffin ladis dressus wi, un mayin um ston eawt O reawnd. Aw wundur whot ul kum eawt next, fur what wi ladis bonnits o foote bihind thir yed, un frocks stonnin eawt loike o bulloon kut e tu, thil bi no reawm fur no mon else sune. Iv eawr Mally awst to don sitch uz aw see neaw o dais ith streets, a shud ha to mey th’ dur ole biggur; but eawr Mally taes op reawm enuf beawt, un aw wodn’t swap hur fur t’best on um. But, heawevvur, awm fur evri mon to iz oan likin, whot ud fit sum foke ud none lewk so weel up uv o sondnokkur’s woife. Wen aw’d taen mi seet oth stitchin mesheens aw lewkt obeawt mi to see summut moor. Thir wur sum lads ogate wi o thing ut thi klapt o appul on, un wen it wur turnt reawnd it payrd th’ appul us klen uz o whistle, un aw ges ut iv it ud bin big enuf, un thi’d klap o chap on, it ud skin im just uz weel. If a chap ut livs ith kuntri wants to kno o bit uv awt, he mun goo to sitch playsus uz thees, un iv hee duzn’t larn, hee’s o berm yed, that’s O. Up e won kornur oth reawm thir wur o owd felly ogate o summut, un aw went un watcht im. Aw sez, “What han yo ogate?” “O, awm glass bloein,” hee sed. Aw watcht im, on theer hee wur mayin brids un paykoks of glas. Aw wur fare kapt heaw he kud doo it. Hee’d o leet ut hee bloed at wi o payr o ballis wortcht wi iz foote, just same uz o treddle, un wen hee bloed hee howded glas too it, un it melted, un he shapt it eawt. Hee mayd sum ut glas uz foine uz silk, un aw gan im tuppuns for o lump to tay whoam wi mi, fur childer to lewk at—un aw av it o whoam neaw. Fro theer aw went into onuthur reawm ut thi koed th’ Armuri Reawm, wheer thir wir undurds of guns un baynuts, un o

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greyt bras kannun set ith middul, reddi to goo awf ony minnut, iv th' enimi shud sho iz sel. Thir wur o lot o

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Rushun stuff frot' Krimeo feyght, Bannurs ut ad bin shot to peesus un rentud whoil thir wur feghtin. Kannun bo's brokkun reet e tu, with bangin ogen summut—Rushen sodiur jackits un breechus, un lots uv O maks. Aw shudn't o loikt to bin chaps ut wur e oather jackits ur breechus wol theym kannun bo's wur krakkin obeawt. Not ut aw meyn to sai ut awm yezzy fretent, nut aw; iv awm punst aw kan puns back, but awm noan fur this feyghtin un killin foke. Its noan reet ut wen foke want to liv til thi dee ut thi shud be kilt reet awf to plez sumberri; un iv aw wur axd, awd sai, "Let them ut wants to feyght, feyght un ha dun wi it; but aw rekkun nowt o listin o lot o poor foke to do it for um." Up o won soide uth Armuri Reawm, thir wir o rode gooin to sumwheer, un aw seed o lot o foke gooin up it, un so aw follud um. Wen a'wd gotten in, it wur uz dark uz eawr buttri, un aw kud see nowt ut O. Thir wur sum chaps komin after mi, un won on um koed eawt, "Wheer ar tey beawn to, Jim ?" "Oh," he sez, un aw yerd it wur th' Owdumur ogen, "thi's o hush shop op heer, kom olung." A! aw thowt th' Owdumur knoed summut abeawt hush shops. O this toime aw'd bin groapin mi rode, un aw'd komn to wheer thir wur o leet, un uz pratty o pleck uz yo kud loike to see. Thi koed it o grotto — un thir wur shaps o roks, un meawntins, un waytur fo's. It wur o noice seet awl oshure yo, un dunnut noan on yo mis gooin too see it wen yo gwon to Manchistur.

Uz aw koom eawt oth grotto, aw axt o chap whot toime oth neet it wur gotten. Hee pood iz watch eawt uv iz fob un hee sez, "Its verri neer ten o'klok." "Bith mon," aw sez "aw mun be awf then, ur els aws bi laft bith ralerode;" un wi that aw kut eawt un aw geet tuth stashun, un koed eawt, "Awm fur Ratchda!" "This way, this way! lewk sharp!" o mon sed; un aw did lewk sharp. "Jump in here," he sed. Aw jump in, un hee slamd dur too un sheawtud, "Awl rite," un awf th' ralerode startud, un theer aw wur bi mi sel lokt up ith dark, uz if aw'd dun summat wrang, . . . . .

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O ut wonst aw yerd o greyt din o sumburri koin eawt; un lewkin op theer wur o greyt leet blazin e mi fase, un o mon ut bak on it koein eawt —“ Neaw ar yo beawn fur to stop theer O

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neet?” “Naw,” aw sez, “aw shudn’t loike.” “Wel, get eawt then,” he sed, un it wurt’ littul fat felly ogen. “Ger eawt!” aw sed, “where am aw?” “Yor ut Rotchdil.” “Ut Ratchda?” aw sez, “nevvur shure, aw mun ha bin o sleep.” Un so aw ad, un awd noather sin nur yerd nawt O th’ gate fro Manchistur. Wel, aw geet deawn, un gav t’chap mi peese o tikit, un startud reet awf fur Smobridg. Wen aw’d gotten so ut aw kud see eawr dur ole, theer wur Maily stonnin wi o kandul in hur hond, lewkin eawt. Aw went reet op, un hoo sed, “Ey! Sam awm fane to see thi lad. Aw thowt theaw wur lawst. Dick uz gwon past lung sin, un hee sed ut heed sin nowt on thi this lung whoile. Kom in mon.” “Nay,” aw sez, “awm noan lawst;” un wi that aw klipt hur reawnd t’nek un gav hur o reglur smeawtchur; “heer aw am, *wick, whol, un arti!* Sam’s noan so sune lawst, hee’s sin to mony rushbarins fur that.” “Neaw, neaw, Sam,” hoo sez, “that ul doo bi quoyut, mon, un bi dasunt; ay! but aw am fane to see thi owd lad, sit thi deawn un get thi suppur.” “Si thi,” aw sez, un aw shode hur th’ glass uz foine uz silk, “si thi,” aw browt that fur t’childer; aw sin sum rare seets, aw av that,” un aw towd hur a deyl o whot aw’d sin. Aw geet mi suppur un went to bed, un slept loike o top, dreymin ut aw wur hommerin oway ith’ insoide uv o sondstwoan poy, mayd in o greyt chayne mug.

Un neaw awve dun, O ut aw av to sey is, —Ut iv o wortchin felly wants to enjoij iz sel un larn summut wi hawve o kreawn in iz breechus pokit, he mun du uz aw did, un goo to sitch plasus uz “Manchistur Mekaniks Hinstitushun Sho” wen hee’s o hallidi; un awl uphowd im hee’l bi weel pleyst, —so no moor ut this present toime fro.