

**The Salamanca Corpus: Owd Sammy Twitcher's Visit tu 't
Gret Exibishun e Derby (1870)**

Author: Joseph Barlow Robinson (1820-1883)

Text type: Prose

Date of composition: 1870

Editions: 1870

Source text:

Robinson, Joseph Barlow. 1870. *Owd Sammy Twitcher's Visit tu 't Gret Exibishun e Derby. Roat, Kompoazed and Hillusterated by a Darbysher Mon. Derby.*

e-text

Access and transcription: April 2011

Number of words: 7,774

Dialect represented: Derbyshire

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OWD SAMMY TWITCHER'S
VISIT TUT GRET EXIBISHUN
E DARBY.
ROAT, KOMPOAZED, AN HILLUSTERATED,
BY A DARBYSHER MON
COPYRITE RESARVED, FUR RESONS BEST KNAWN TA MYSEN.
SECOND EDITION.
DARBY:
SOWD BY AW T' BOWKSELLERS I'T TAAN AN CAANTY,
AN IVERYWHEER ELSE
TO THE PUBLIC.

[2]

A thousand copies of this little pamphlet having been disposed of in a few days, and a second edition called for, I beg to return my sincere thanks for the patronage bestowed upon it. I believe it is the first work ever written in the Derbyshire Dialect; and from my own intimate acquaintance with the Peak District, it may be relied upon as giving a fair representation of the thoughts and manner of speech of one of the many old farmers yet to be met with: jolly old chaps, with more genuine fun in them than half-a-dozen of the young ones growing up round them. But the time is fast approaching when, by the spread of education, railways, and other means, all peculiarities will be lost, and merge into one general and universal manner of speech throughout the kingdom. A work of

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this character will then serve to give future generations some idea of those who lived before them, and prevent their many peculiarities from being totally lost. Several friends have asked me why the work cannot be purchased in the Exhibition, to this I reply that it has been offered to the Committee at a liberal discount, and refused; why, I do not know, as they have not condescended to give any reason for their decision. But one thing may be relied upon as certain, that although they have shown a wonderful aptitude to take all the money they can get hold of, they have yet to learn how to take A JOKE. In conclusion I hope this will not be the last occasion of Sammy Twitcher's appearance in public, as I may be tempted to give a few more of his quaint savings and doings at a future time.

JOSEPH BARLOW ROBINSON,

A Darbysher Mon,

Whose Ansisters wor nashon big foaks i't

Peke, moor than foar hundred yere sin.

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OWD SAMMY TWITCHER'S VISIT TU'T
GRET EXTBISHUN E DARBY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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picters iz wuth soo much how'l seave up her butter munney, an send aar Jim ta Lunnon to be meyd a painter, az he con draw a picter naw o't owd cat az natteral as loife on's sleate. Theer wor won neer this'n, caw'd "*On t'Sunny Side*." It wor by Garge Smith, an wor varry noicely dun for a yung chap; they sen he's a Darby mon, an ah hope t'Darby foaks ull paternize his hinfant effuts, an keyp him on't sunny side for't rest ov his loife. Anuther picter wor caw'd "*Nubbudys Comin ta Marry Me*;" it seemed a pity, cos how wor a gud lowkin wench. Molly sed if how wanted a husban how shud get up an lowk aat for won wheer thay cud be fun, as t'yung chaps wudna be loikely ta foind her sittin at whom. Wee next lowked at t'Watter Kullers, an theer wor t' " Owd Mill at Rowzlee" kwite natteral loike. Then wee seed won caw'd "*T' Gipsy Fortin Teller*." Molly sed how beleaved t'saim wummun caw'd at aar haase an wantud ta tell her fortin, bur how conna aboide sich brazen-fased huzzeys, an how sed, Ger aat a't haase wi' thee; ah kno weel anuff wot my fortin iz, it's hard wok an plenty on't. After that'n we kom to won weer theer wor a noice-lowken yung wummun liftin up t'lid ov a *Owd Oak Chist*. They sen how'd just bin marrid, an aftur t'weddin thay wor runnin abaat e pley, an how thowt how'd hide hersen, an get inter t'chist an shut t'lid daan, but it wor a spring lok, an how cudna hopen it agen, an wor smotherd ta deth. It wor monny a yere aftur befoar thay know'd wot had bekom on her, az nubuddy thowt a lowkin i't owd chist; at last sumuddy hopen'd it, and theer they fun a skellerton, an know'd it wor her by t'cloos it had on.

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

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that'n. Not a long wey fro this theer wor a picter cawd "*Ronial Ospertallery e Haddon Haw*." It wor loike t'owd plaise, but theer isna much Ospertallery theer naw. Ah hoffer wunder why t'Dowk a Rutlan dusna stey toothry wicks at it naw an then, as it's a foine owd plaise, an ud be a noist cheange fro t'gran cassel he has at Beaver.

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

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

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

Soo wee went int'u't "*Hindustral Appartmunt*" un t'fust thing az ketched Molly's een wor sum smart *bowts fur wimmen*. How sed if how had a peyr on how wud mae t'foaks e Casselton steare wen how went ta chuch a Sundy. Bur ah sed thay worna fur the loike ov her, but fur them az cud by a peyr an weer em twise, an then get fresh uns. Wee then lowked at t'*Sowin Masheens*, an t'wey az t'neydle did its wok wor wunderfu.

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

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

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

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mun be a cliver feller; hey meyd t'rowf o't Exhibishun, wich iz a foine specermen ov hironwok. He awsoo maes Briggs an greynhaases, an lots ov othur things az hee sho's picturs on. Ah notissed e anuther kase a lot a things meyd aat a pigskin be a chap neymed *Nicklersun*. Theer wor saddles for't leadies meyd aat at little pigs, and uthers for't men aat a't big uns, thay lowked varry noice an ah think he mun a had sum o't

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sowin masheen wenches at em, thay wor dun soo neat an smart. Ah wunder if heyd buy t'skin ov aar owd boar at whom, he isna much gud naw fur owt els, as onyboddy az had to eat him ud want sharp teyth ter mastercate him. Bur tawk abaat a skin, whoy its as toff as a helephant's, an he taes now moor notis ov our Jim shutin at him wee his bo an arrer than if it wor only a fley az had just buzzed agen him. Hif hee loikes ta korespond wee me on this subgec hey'l foind my korrekt haddress at t'eend ov t'bowk, only hee munna put squoire, az ahve meyd a rule nivvir ter permit sitch a libbuty bein taen wee mah neyme. Theer wor awsoo a lot a kases filled we owd lase bur sum on't lowked az if it wantud weshin varry bad. *Mester Lo* sho'd a broide kake ommost as big as a heystack, an a lot a stuff for't young wimmin ta suck ter keyp t'cowd aat a ther stummuchs wen thay goon for a walk at neight wi t'yung chaps.

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

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

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

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

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

We wauked hon till wee got inter wot thay cawn a havenew—ah caw it a gennell—an heer wor moar potts meyd at t' *Darby Cheney Woks*. Ah wor supproized ta see sa monny noice things wor meyd theer naw, wich a thowt kwite az gud az them they'd shut hup soo keerfully e glas kases becos t'chaps wor jed as meyd em. Bur theers

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

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

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

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

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

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

Az wee wauked on we seed a moost singerler thing e a glass kase. It wor a *Blak Crow*, wi' a horn growin aat ov its brest, thay sen it wor shot e Darbysher. Ah wunder whoy t'shutin fellers cudna let it aloone, az if thay'd a bin wakken enuf they mite a taen it aloive. If ivvir onny raire bod maes its happerance theers aw t'shuters it neeborhud sown aat ta kill it. Wee shud hae mony a noice bod breedin heer an flyin abaat if thay'd let em aloon. Thay sen thayn shuted neerly aw't kingfishers by t'soide at Darrand, and thay'r abaat az pratty a bod as onny they han e forrin parts. *Mester Cowk* sho's sum stuffed bods ov hiz downin; hee's a downy kustomer, ah think hees bin aat watchin t'bods, az thay'r ommost az natteral az loife.

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We next notissed a kase wi aw sorts ov aatlandish *Muzikel Instermemts*; won wor a smaw drum, as thay cawn faythur an mother e Hafricker, ah thowt it a strainge neym fur a drum. Heer wor awso a trumpet meyd aat ov a mon's leg boan, and wot beat aw theer wor a flute az thay pley'n on wee ther noses. Theer's now accaantin fur teyste, an wee shudna loff at em, az aar things ud seym e theer een az kweer az theers duz ta uz.

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

Neer ter this theer wor wot thay cawn a hinternashonul

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Vollunteer troopy. It wor a grond peese a wok an meyd a silver, an ah shud think wor az much as foar men cud lift.

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

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Neer by theers ivvir sitch a lot a pots ov raal cheney, sitch az has bin meyd theer, an a kweer lot thay ar, sum on em's getten dragons on. A wander if them soat ov kwaderpedes grows theer, as thay putten dragons on monny o thear things. T'Emprur ov Cheney iz a foine swell wen heys dress't up e his Sunday cloos, kivered o'er wi gowd an sattin an neydlewok e aw kullers, an on's back they putten a gowd dragon we foive claws on

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

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

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

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

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

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

Theer wor anuther rowm just at t'fut ov t'steircase, weer theer wor sum singin bods, bur az wee con heer plenty ov them at whom, we didna goo in, bur we wauked up t'steps, an t'fust please az wee kom tow wor caw'd Tapperstrey Rowm, an heer wor a lot a neydwok dun by t'Caantess ov Shrewsbury, or, as how is generally knone, Bess ov Hardick. Thay sen how wor a 'nashon praad wummun, an wore t'britchus ov aw her husbands, an how'd four on em, an aat-liv'd em aw. Sum fortin teller towd her wunce az how'd nivvir dee wile how kept on bildin summat, soo how bilded Chatswuth Haw fust, an then how bilded Hardick Haw, an then how begun ta bild anuther pleyce at Owdcotes, an while thay wor bildin this it kom on a hard frost an stopp'd aw t'masons fro' wokkin, an how deed at that varry toime, an wor berrid under a grand monument e Aw Seints' Chuch e Darby az how'd had fixed e her loife-time. Fro heer wee went intut't Fotergraf Rowm, an t'fust thing az wee notissed wor sum sent be Ser Josif Whitwuth, shoin t'gret wokshops weer hey maes iz kannens an Roifles an uther implerments of construcshen. He's a mon az has getten on well i't wold, an meyd a nashon lot a brass,

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

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

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

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

In anuther little rowm cloose by theer wor sum picters ov Darbysher karackters, bur wee didna sey Daft Sammy among em, az uzed ta live e Casselton. Theer wor a potrit ov Sammell Slater, az wor prentissed wi' Mr. Strutt at Bilper, an aftur hee wor aat ov his toime he went ter Merriky, an wor t'faander ov t'kotten manefactur e that

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kuntry. We awso sey d a loikeness of owd White Watson, gehologist ov Bakwell, wi' his faythur an hunkel. His faythur lived at Ashfud, an wor t'fust mon ta tonn aar Blue John spar into vases; an iz hunkel wor a cliver owd feller at aw soats ov masheenery.

We then went intu't Room weer ther wor Picters ov *Darbysher Wothys*, sitch az had meyd theer mark i't wold e sum wey or uther. Theer wor *Strutt* az meyd t'Darby rib stock in freyme, an t'fust calica az ivver wor meyd e Hingland. Not fur fro him theer wor *Arkwrite*. They sen hee uzed ta bee a shaver e Wukswuth, an t'fust moddles he meyd fur spinnin kotten his woife broke em up, az how thowt it worna loikely ta pey for t'belly timber az her an her childer wanted. Theer wor awso *Josif Write*, a gret painter, az meyd soo monny picters wi fire leight in em. Thay sen hee wor a cliver lad, an his fayther ter encourage him bowt him a Donkee, an he had ter tae him ta be shod wen hee kom fro skowl at neight, an this gen him his fust idee, as won ov his fust picters wor t'owd blaksmiths shop wheer hee went. Theers monny ov his picters in t'Exibishun, an t'cullers is ommast az fresh as when thay wor peinted.

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Sammy Richerson comes next. Hee wor a gud lowkin owd feller, an roat a lot ov Bowks. Won wor caw'd Pamelor, bur its a nashon long teale an a awlis went ter sleyp wen my mother begun ta reed it, bur it wor thowt a gud deel on e them deys. Theer wor a lot moor, bur we hadna toime ta lowk at em aw. Wee notissed a lot a kases filled be sum Hantequeery fellers, an amung em wor a lot ov skulls ov foaks az had gon jed monny a hunded yere. Ah thowt ta mysen wot reight had thay to goo hoppenin ther greaves; wy cudna thay let em rest e peese. Thay sen its fort hinterest ov siance az thay getten em, but wot i't name o't wold dun thay want soo monny for, or wot duz it matter wether won mon's yed is hafe an

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inch moore raaround nor anuther, or wether hiz jaw boones pointed or squire, at onny rate a wudna hae em e my haase. Ah shud expec ta sey a lot ov sperrits kom raaround me bed sum neight an sey wot's thee dun wi my yed ? If ter dusna tae it an put it back wi me uther boans it'l be wos for thee.

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

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

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

Befoar wee left wee rekwested ta be interdooced tu't Manegur, az we thowt hee'd bee a chap wuth lowkin at, az hee'd dun soo much ta bring aw t'wunnerful things inter sitch horder an compliserty, bur we wor towd he'd just

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nip'd aat ta get his tee. Soo we sed tu't polliseman (a vary sivil yung feller), he mud gey t'vary best respeks ov Mester an Missis Sammel Twitcher tow him, an sey ow sorry thay wor az they cudna sey him pussonully, ta hexpress thayr hentire apperbashon ov 'is effuts ta amoose an hinstruct ivverybody, an ta sey if hee ivvir com ta Casselton, ta be shure an caw at *t' Nook Eend*, nere t'gret Kavern, an t'best wee had i't haase shud be offer'd him.

Az it wor gettin on for't toime t'treyn wor ta start bak, wee' meyd aar wey tu't Steyshun, an had a gud scrouge befoar wee cud get intu't carridge, bur at last wee aw

fun aar seats. Monny o't passengers wor fresh, an sum on em daanreight fuddled; they wor quite rampagus an wee'd summat ta dow ta keyp em quiet. Aftur a wile wee wor rattlin away, bur t'treyn wor ommast stawed befoar we reechd Peek Farrest. Wee sown started whom and towk t'gainest wey, an get ta Casselton abaat ten o'clock. We fun aw safe, an t'cat wakken'd up an cum rubbin agen us az if how wor pleased ta see uz bak agen.

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A GLOSSARY OF THE DERBYSHIRE DIALECT
INTRODUCED IN THE WORK

Aboide, Endure
Ah'd, I had
Aboon, Above
Aboon, Above
Ah'll, I will
Afoar, Before
Aarsens, Ourselves
Awsoo, Also
Aw'tt, All the
Ah've, I have
Ax, To ask
Bangs Aw, Excells all
Batch ov bread, As much as is
baked at one time
Behint, Behind
Beloike, Certainly
Bread Basket, The Stomach
Bonny, Good
Bosh, Nonsense
Bob, A shilling
Bracken, Fern
Bost, Burst
Bran new, Entirely new
Brass, Money
Bun, Bound
Brasen, Impudent
Bod's Nest, Bird's nest
Bur. But
Budge, To go
Bug, Glad, pleased
Bumptious, Overbearing
Caa, Cow
Cawn, Call
Cawf, Calf

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

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Fresh, About half tipsy
Fro, From
Fuddled, Stupified with drink.
Fun, Found
Gainest way, Nearest way
Gawky, Awkward
Gennel, A narrow passage
Gaupin, Staring
Gen, Gave
Gawky, Simpleton
Glent, A glimpse
Glum, Gloomy
Goon, Go
Grewnd, Greyhound
Grindlestun, Grindstone
Grumpy, Surly
Grond, Grand
Gumption, Acuteness
Ger-aat, Get out
Han, Have
Hah, How
Hantle, Handful

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

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