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Anonymous,

***A Dialouge between Owd Carder Joan oth Mumps,
An Tum o Lung Harrys i Owdham (1832)***

Joan. New Tum ew ar tew getin on new, has te yeard owt obew tis ten Hewrs Bill ut tey mak sich o bother obewt.

Tum. Wha Joan, aw yeard ut th Measters hai gin it sich o slap ith Hews o Commons ut it il never get th better ont this yer.

J. Wha Tum will tha lets year hew theyn orderd to do that, aw thowt ut th evidence ipo Sadler's Committee hed settlt o disputes there.

T. Wha Joan, they gotten a chap ut tey cawn Patten Wilsons, to tell um oth hews ut th moast oth evidence ut Sadler's Committee geet, is nowt but o pack o Lies; un ut iv theyd give um o chonce, ut tey cud prove ut its howsumer ith Factorys tin it is ewt oth Dur.

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J. Wha Tum, un dus tew think ut teyn give um chance o proovein it, because iv ta dun th Measters can prove other that or owt else tey liken, whether its true or not; but wil to lets year hew theyre orderin new.

T. Wha Joan, theyn getten o set o fellys to come down ut tey cawn Cummissioners, un theyn look oth fine Factories, un th Measters un do us Hugh Birley, i Manchester did when Owd Noser coom down.

J. Wha Tum, ew wur that.

T. Wha Joan, thew sis tey made oth hon[s] cum i ther Sunday Cloas an o those ut wur Skellurd, an Side Crooked, un Sickly Lookin; they made um stop ut whom, an for owd Ned they made im goa soa slo, ut owd Nosey thowt ut workin ith factory wur rare sport.

J. Wha but Tum, wne mak um goa into th Shoddy Factorys iv ut tey cum to Owdum, un si thi awl set owd Ned o goin double speed when ut teyre i ewr Factory, un thel o be smothert us sure us tewrt wick, un then weest be bothert wi um noa more.

T. Wha Joan, awl tel thi ew we mun do wi um, when ut tey cum down we mun muster o those uts sellowd, un side crookt, an sickly lookin, an lome, an iv wene ony newt yead wene bring um too; an wene mak um goa into th shoddy factorys, un into th Hot Rooms ith fine factorys, un then theyne feel whether its fit for foake to work i sich places or not, un then aw think ut teyle tell um o gradely tale obewt it when they getten to Lunnon.

J. Wha Tum, an iv they dun tell um a gradely tale abewt it, Paten Wilson il tell um ith hause, ot ow those uts skellowd an side-crooked en getten it wi wrostlin, an teres a chap ewt e Darbyshaw ut tey cawn Grizzlebone, ur sum sich o nome, seys ut teyne getten a Machiene to purify th air ith Factorys, un th Measters il get sumbody to swear it an tey'll find sum Dooters ut'll sey "tat tey conno tell whether stonidin twenty three hewrs ewt oth twenty four, ul do o yung chilt ony hurt," us tey diden ofore, an ten it' il be up wi Lord Eshley's ten hewr Bill.

T. Wha Joan, an ew mun we do then thinks ta, con ta tell ov ony plan o gettin ewr short time bill.

J. Wha Tum I con tell thee tat in a minnit, we mun mak o Paliament ov ewr own, an then we mun pass o Bill to mak oth Dukes, an'th Lords, an'th Nights, an'th Squires, an'th Bishops, an'th Parsons, into Carders, an Stripers, an Grinders, an o ther Wifes into

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Cotton Batters, an o ther wenches into Card ra[u]m honds, an teyne soon want o five hewr Bill ith' stead ov ewr ten, I'kk warrent ta.

T. Wha but Joan wot mun we do wi owd "Silly Billy" thinks ta, con we mak nout ov him, wudent he do for a ourlooker.

J. Wha Tum, iv thew wur to seek aw wurld oer, an after that thew cud get dewn into sooty regions an see owd Nick issel, thew cudent get o set o chaps ut ud do as well for ourlookers, as o passel ov Cotton Lords, for ther's nobody bigger Tyrants; an as for owd Billy, he's sich o henpect silly owd woman, ot he's fit for nowt but to stop ut whoam an caunt scales. An as for owd Grey-Goose I'd send im owr to Oireland wi his infernal Burkkin' Bill an let th Oirish reken wi him, an theyd pay him off for aw at once I'll warrent ta.

T. Aw say Joan they sen ut th wages il cum dewn iv this ten hewrs bill wur to pass, wit thinks tew.

J. Wha Tum as for that iv ut wede a fifteen hewrs bill ith stead ov o ten hewrs bill, wages il faw under th present sitem for theyne gin notice for another drop both ut Stayley Bridge, up Stopport, soa thew sis ut tats aw fudge obewt wages dropin, but thewst year o bit ov o sung thewl stop two or three minits.

Hark! The Factory Bell is ringing;
Yes I hear the dismal sound:
Thousands at its call its bringing,
Long before daylight comes round.

Listen to the Victims Wailing,
As they pass your Dwellings by,
When 'tis freezing snowing raining,
Or Thunder rolling through the sky.

No excuse for non-attendance,
At the Lordly Tyrants call,
Though they do live at a distance,
Nay should they very Heavens fall.

Come they must, or pay the forfeit,
Feel the Strap or turned away;
If by they should get a surflet,
That attends them to their dying day.

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Then for thirteen hours together,
At their frames they're forced to stay,
With not a moment time of Leisure,
But just to eat and then away.

Call ye this a Land of Freedom,
Where such Slavery does abound;
No! cursed be the very Kingdom,
Where such things are to be found.

Tell me not of Negro Slavery,
Where Afric's sons are bought and sold;
Nor ever boast of British bravery,
Whilst Childrens Blood is spilt for Gold!

Where Factory Lords do strut in splendour,
Wrung from the labours of the Poor,
Protected in the unholy plunder.
By the Tyrants now in Power.