

NATHAN HOGG'S POEMS  
IN THE DEVONSHIRE DIALECT

7  
e  
2

*Ex Libris*

C. K. OGDEN



THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

Miss Margaret

from

Uncle Jonathan

57 : 2 : 02







Henry Baird

# LETTERS & POEMS

TU ES BRITHER JAN,

IN

## THE DEVONSHIRE DIALECT

BY

NATHAN HOGG.

---

FIRST SERIES.

---

EDITED, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY  
ROBERT DYMOND, F.S.A.

---

*Seventh Edition—Enlarged—with a Revised Glossary.*

---

S. DRAYTON & SONS,  
201, HIGH STREET, EXETER.  
1902.

---

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.





10137  
B1552  
1002

## CONTENTS.

---

LETTER FROM PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE	...	4
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH	...	5
INTRODUCTORY LETTER TO FIRST EDITION	...	6
THA HOSSMINSHIP	...	7
GOODA VRIDY—THA VAIR, ETC.	...	9
THA WILE BAISTS	...	11
NATHAN'S LOVE LETTER	...	13
PETERS TOWER, THA RAYLRAUD, ETC.	...	51
BOUT THA BALUNE	...	18
BOUT THA VANCY BAL	...	20
ESTER VAIR	...	21
BOUT THA RIETING	...	23
BOUT THA BAL	...	25
THA GENTLEMEN ACKTERS	...	28
TOR ABBEY VAISTINGS	...	31
JAN MOODY'S LETTER PIN THA CRIMYIN WAR	...	34
THA MILSHY	...	37
THE DRAWING ROOM	...	41
THA KITCHIN	...	43
THA RIFLE CORPS	...	45
THA OLD HUMMAN WAY THA URD CLOKE; UN THA EVIL EYE	...	49
THA MANADGERY AT ESTER VAIR	...	75
BRADNINCHIAN JUSTICE	...	76

1004015

His Royal Highness Prince Louis Lucien  
Bonaparte to the Author.

---

MY DEAR MR. BAIRD,

About your dedicating your book to me, I shall be very happy to accept it; and as far as concerns my humble individual opinion about your ability in the Devonshire Dialect, I can only say that all the most intricate and difficult questions about the pronunciation and other grammatical proprieties of this very interesting dialect have been answered by you in such a manner as to enable me to adopt several of the modifications of the orthography, the which certainly I could never have attained except through a person thoroughly acquainted, as you, in my opinion, undoubtedly are, with the peculiarities of this curious form of the English speech.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

L. L. BONAPARTE.

## Biographical Sketch.

---

HENRY BAIRD, the popular writer of poems in the Devonshire Dialect under the *nom de plume* of "Nathan Hogg," was a native of Exeter. In person he was short and dark, with a peculiar cast in the eye, and a depressed manner. In early life he was a Clerk in the office of Mr. HUGH M. ELLACOMBE, Attorney, of Exeter (elder brother of the late Rev. H. T. ELLACOMBE, F.S.A.), and the last who held the office of Chamberlain of that City. Later on, BAIRD carried on business as a Bookseller in St. Martin's Lane, Exeter, and was also connected with the local Newspaper Press.

He was a close observer of the peculiarities of the Devonshire Dialect, and published, chiefly in the *Devon Weekly Times*, the humorous poetical sketches, which were afterwards collected and issued in a separate volume, entitled, "*Poetical Letters tu es Brither Jan*, by Nathan Hogg." The genuine humour and poetical genius displayed in these letters, and their close delineation of the vulgar speech of the County, have rendered them so popular, especially with students of provincial dialect, that another Edition has been called for. That distinguished linguist, the late PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE, was so struck with them that he came to Exeter, and sought a conference with the author. Hence the Second Series of "Nathan Hogg's Poems" were dedicated to the Prince. As in so many similar cases, BAIRD'S gifts did not include a talent for money-making, and he left Exeter in the hope of obtaining more profitable employment on the Metropolitan Press. He did not long survive the change, and on the 3rd of May, 1881, he died in St. Thomas' Hospital of consumption, aged about 52 years.

ROBERT DYMOND, F.S.A.

EXETER, *March*, 1883.

## Introductory Letter to the First Edition.

---

EXTER, *August 25th*, 1847.

DEER JANNY,

'Im gwain vur ta stan vaur ma betters—  
I've agreed vur ta pirnt iv'ry wan a me letters ;  
I've talk'd way me Vriends vurry auff'n kinsarning  
Tha gude thay wid du in purmoting a larning :  
Laurd Chistervield dude et, (yu've yerd uv es name ?)  
An zo did Chapone, an I'll du jist tha zame,  
Vur I darezay et mit (tho' uv kuse es cant tull)  
Larn miny pore nawnithin vellers ta spull.  
Eddicashin, deer Jan, is a bewtivul thing—  
'Tis better thin ort a tal ulse thee kiss bring :  
Wen es bothe wen ta skool stid uv playing and vighting,  
I always stick'd vast ta ma spulling and vrighting,  
Zo now I be abul ta hannel ma queel,  
Vur I've yerd there's a way, if there's uny a weel.  
Deer Janny, I shant vrite thur moar now at present,  
Bit stap way tha haup I've dude gude ta tha pheasant ;\*  
If as how thay doant want us ta laff at thare spulling,  
Let min zit too an larn, vur thay may if thay'm wulling :  
Wen I've pirnted me bukes I shill zend wan ta Zogg,  
Deer brither I wish thur adu,

NATHAN HOGG.

\* Peasant.

# NATHAN HOGG'S LETTERS

TU ES BRITHER JAN.

---

## Tha Hossminship.

EXTER, *April* 12, 1846.

DEER JAN,

I writes, as I agreed.  
Ta tell thur aul thit I've a zeed ;  
An girtly I've a bin amused,  
Vur tu zich zights I bant a used.  
Tha tother night I went to zee  
Tha hossminship, lor what a spree !  
I thort as how I shude a dide  
Way laffin, an a split ma zide.  
Tu chaps urn'd in za limp as ails,  
A turning auver taps an tails,  
An vallin down way zich a wack,  
I thort thay muss a brauk thare back ;  
I ax'd a chap a zitting thare  
How 'twas thit thay sude doo za quare,  
Ha zed, uv kuse, thay jum'pd about,  
Cuz thare back boans vos took'd out.  
Then thurteen hosses tratted in,  
And made up zich a purty zene ;

An wan tha chaps ha gied a jump,  
An cleer'd aul awmin in a lump.  
Wull, tu a hoop thay had a tide  
Zome daggers round about inzide,  
Tha vuller jump'd, za cleer's a egg,  
Rite droo, an niver scratch'l es leg.  
Nex a man an hoss com'd in,  
An gallup'd aul aroun tha ring ;  
Ha uny gied es wip a znack,  
Then stude up tap tha hosses back,  
An zim'd za aisy gwain aroun,  
As if ha stude pin tap tha groun ;  
Bim-bye, in com'd a wacking hoss,  
A man lied tap es back across,  
Ha urn'd an zniff'd, an kik'd an shied,  
I thort as how tha man'd a died ;  
I spose ha didd'n, vur in tha night,  
I zeed min lukiug up all vright.  
I went last Zindy zeed tha churches,  
An wair'd ma bess coat, hat, an burches ;  
I thort as how tha vokes did stare  
Ta zee mer drest like vur a vair.  
I'm sorry thit I must a dun  
Avaur I've told thur all tha vun.  
Yu zee me paper's vill'd up quite,  
Bit zune agane I'll try ta vrite ;  
I haup as how yu veeds tha dog,—  
Yer luvig brither,

NATHAN HOGG.

---

## Goo-da Fridy, Tha Hair, &c.

EXTER, 21st April, 1846.

DEER JAN,

I now vrites as I zed how I weed,  
 Ta tull thur zom moar aw tha zights I've a zeed,  
 Vur Exter's tha place, if et bant dang ma wig,  
 Ta zee zome rear sport ur ta carr aun a rig;  
 Bit tha chaps thit be urning about all tha day,\*  
 Drest up jist like munky's agwain ta tha play—  
 Thay woant let thur stan in tha strait way yer cart,  
 Ulse yu'm took'd vaur tha mare and a vin'd purty zmart.  
 I wis passing wan day alongzide tha Gilhal,  
 An yer'd min inzide kikking up uv a bral;  
 A big bullied veller had a got holt (ess vath!)  
 A boocher vur karrin es pig in tha path.  
 Now tha genelvoks yer may du jist as thay plaize,  
 An stan bout tha shops an tha straits at thare aize—  
 Tu a vuller drest wul thay niver zes nort,  
 An that are's tha rais'n a new coat I've bort.  
 Now wen I'm zot quiet I thinks ta mersul,  
 As how I should du vur a mare vury wul,  
 An I'll tull thur tha vust thing I'd du ta be zhore,  
 Pitch et in tap tha urch za wul as tha pore;  
 I wis axed out lass Vriday† ta brekses at aight,  
 Niver avaur did I zee zich a gorjus zight—

\* Policeman.

† Good Friday.

Es ad nort ulse bit keaks way crasses pin tap,  
 Zes I vur them are I'm a cabical chap ;  
 They handid min roun ta tha vokes thit wur there—  
 Thay wis vury zmal aiters and did'n min stare,  
 Vur noan awmin took'd out abuv wan ur tu,  
 Bit I took'd tha platter wayout more adu.  
 Vur dinner, deer Jan, us'd a got a rare dish,  
 Uv butter an eggs way pasnips an vish.  
 A Mundy es went down an zeed tha girt vair,  
 Ta be zure twas anuff ta mak iny wan stare—  
 Wa tha zwingers, an shaws, an tha pickters, an ban,  
 I cud'n a zim'd thare wis ort haf za gran ;  
 Thare wis wan purty gal, bit a chaiting yung thing,  
 Who ax'd mer ta gie hur a bit uv a zwing,  
 I got in azide aw hur, bit wen es cum'd out,  
 Iv'ry wan a me pokkits wis turn'd inzide out ;  
 Her urn'd ta tha vokes an a got in atween  
 Put her thum tap her nauze, an cal'd out yu be green !  
 Then stright I urn'd hom, the mis think vury quare,  
 An ad nort moar ta du way girt Exter vair.  
 If I beant hom in a week, or zay rather better,  
 I'll write thur, deer Jan, a banging girt letter—  
 Thay wants mer ta stap, I doant think as I shal,  
 Vur I've got a girt hinklin ta ze ma ole gal ;  
 Zo gie ma kend luv ta Bets, Nanee, an Zogg,  
 Vrim yer vechshinit brither,

NATHAN HOGG.

---



## Tha Wile Baists.

EXTER, *May 18th*, 1846.

DEER JANNY,

I writes as I zed how I weed,  
 An be now gwain ta tull thur zom moar I've a zeed.  
 A short time ago I wis down in tha town,  
 An zeed zich a wackin girt thing komin down,  
 Way a nauze in es veace thit tha voks kal'd a znout,  
 Aw 'twis musin ta zee min a twirdlen about ;  
 An I think wayout tulling a wurd uv a lie,  
 Thit ha stude vule veeftteen ur zixteen veet hie :  
 Zom zed 'twis a hullifint, but a chap urning pass,  
 Wen I ax'd en wat 'twas, zed a rinasseras ;  
 Howiver, deer Jan, let min be wat ha weed,  
 I niver aaur zich a wacker hav zeed ;  
 A vine looking humman zot up tap es back,  
 Aw lor, if hur'd val'd hur muss had a wack ?  
 If they shaw'd zich a windervul zight aul vur nort,  
 Mist be zix times za wull vur a zixpince I thort ;  
 Zo zune arter I went down an zeed aul tha baist,  
 An gied drippence moar vur ta zee min all vaist.  
 Wen vust I kum'd down a yung humman got in,  
 Who tha kal'd a quare name, tha girt lian Quene ;  
 Hur pokid tha lian, an nack'd min, deer Jan,  
 Jist like I'd be banging our little dog Van ;  
 Put her haid in es mouth, ha begun'd vur ta kauff,  
 Lor a marcy, zais I, ha'll znip en irt auff !  
 An I darezay, deer Jan, thit it wud ha been dude,  
 If hur'd got ort a tal in her haid thit wis gude.

Tha thing thit I zeed in tha day dude a trick—  
 Put es nauze in ma pokkit an took'd a girt brick,\*  
 Ha tucked en up under es znout ta make zhore,  
 An put en out roun as if axing vur moar ;  
 Zais I, " chaw a hapmy," bit cute as a vox,  
 Ha put up es nauze and drappen intu a box.  
 Wull then es went roun ware tha munky's wis keep'd—  
 An wan awmin zim'd like as if ha wis zleep'd,  
 Zo I put in me han jist ta much down es tail,  
 When ha kort holt my thum, an moast brauk auf tha nail,  
 Zo I moov'd auff vrim thare, za vast as I kude,  
 Vur ha tride ta kum out, wich I thort ha'd a dude.  
 A bird ad a vish thare za big as a hake,  
 He haupen'd es mouthe, an jist geed min a shake,  
 Then gobbled min down vrim tha tap ta tha tail,  
 An made no moar awmin nor if 'twis a ail,  
 An tha man zed as how thit auff'n thay kan  
 Wen they veels vury hungary, zwaller a man ;  
 The vokes all did laff, but I dude nort bit stare,  
 Zo they kal'd out old kodger, yude better take kare ;  
 Wat thay mains be old kodger I can't tull a tal,  
 But I zim'd thit as how thay wur up vur a bral,  
 Zo I thort tha bess thing was ta cut purty quick,  
 Vur vear that pin tap mer thay'd play iny trick.  
 I shill luke out an try to git zummat ta du,  
 Vur I hunderstans geard'nin an other things tu.  
 Ma paper's vill'd up, so in kuse I mist stap,  
 But I'll soon write thur moar about Exter, ole chap.  
 Tha next time I writes et wull be ta deer Zogg,  
 Vrim yer veckshinit brother,

NATHAN HOGG.

\* Penny loaf.

## Nathan's Love Letter.

EXTER, *May 25th*, 1846.

DEER ZOGGY,

I've uny jist got yer letter,  
 An girtly be plaized vur ta yer thit yu'm better ;  
 Yu zes yu daunt spoas as how thit I luv thur,  
 An way living in Exter be got above thur,  
 But dang ma ole buttons, tant true, vur I nivir  
 Hav zeed a maid yer haf za purty an clivir,  
 Zo I'll nivir vursake thur za long as me lyve,  
 An wen es cums hom I'll make thur me wive ;  
 Aw lor, when I thinks aw't me hart knacks about,  
 Jist as if ha wur reddy vur jumping irt out,  
 Exter maidens luke wull anuff when thay be dress'd,  
 Way thare vine vantysheeny goold things in thare brest,  
 But if yu cude uny jist zee min be day,  
 Thay be lookin za yellor as old dyver'd hay—  
 I thinks that most aul awmin wants mer ta spaik,  
 But na, deeress Zoggy, me haid bant za waik,  
 Thay lukes in me veace, how they laffs to be zure,  
 Like as if I wid spaik thay wid zay zummat moar.  
 I cude git a dressmaker\* weniver I likes,  
 Uny hold up me vinger, ta walking thay hikes,  
 I zees turneys clarks, an shop vuller zwulls,  
 Aul awmin doo's et wen passin tha gals ;  
 But yu need'n be veer'd thit I be tha zame,  
 I shude haupt thit yu naws mur tu wull vur that game ;

\* This only alludes to a peculiar class pursuing that avocation, so that no respectable young lady can take offence at Nathan, by thinking herself included.

An I'll tell thur agane, as avaur I've a zaid,  
Thit I niver wia marry a dressmakin maid,  
A squatting about in tha houze all tha day,  
An a girt dail too vine vur ta clain en away.  
I thinks vury auffn wen us got zom vine weather,  
How auffn us uzed ta go walkin together,  
An bout tha girt tree in tha vour aker meade,  
Ware hours es have zot vur ta bide in tha sheade ;  
An then I thinks auver tha zmacks I've a gied thur,  
An thort aut za long till I zim'd thit I zeed thur ;  
I dreem'd tother night thit I gied thur a zmacker,  
Wen in com'd yer vather and vetch'd mer a wacker,  
An et vrighten'd mer zo thit I val'd out a baid,  
An agin the girt paust thare I hat me pore haid.  
I zend thur, deer Zogg, a vew laces vur stays,  
Bit I haup yu woant val in tha Exter maids ways,  
Vur thay hal up thare wastis za toight and za zmal,  
Thit I'm zartin tha mait niver gose down a tal,  
An a cliver man tole mer hu vurily thort  
Thay sqweez'd up tha hawls uv thare stummiks to nort.  
I haup this'll zit thur parfickly aizy,  
But I naw vury wul wat better wid plais'ee—  
Yude reather I'd gie thur a kiss thin a letter,  
Bit keep up yer spurrits, tis aul vur tha better—  
Zo now I mist wish thur gude by, me deer Zogg,  
Vrim yer veckshinit luver,

NATHAN HOGG.

---

## Peter's Tower, tha Kaytraud, &amp;c.

EXTER, *June 8th*, 1846.

DEER JAN,

If in kase thit yu cude bit cum in  
 Vur ta zee half tha zights thit be yer ta be zin,  
 Yude niver vurgit min, but winder and stare  
 Vur tha rest uv yer live, thay aul be za quare.  
 I wis up tap a Peter's girt tow'r tother day.  
 An thort thit I never shude vound out tha way,  
 Twis za dark, and za hie, thit I thort ivry stap  
 Zim'd varder and varder vrim gwain up a tap;  
 Ta last es got up ware thay keeps tha girt bul,  
 How vrighten'd I was I bant able to tul,  
 Zich a wackin girt thing—most za big's our church!  
 Vur ta zee min, I'm zure yu wide like vury murch;  
 An tha man thit wis keepin tha kay uv tha tower,  
 Zais he, "wen ha rings, Exter beer aul turns zower;"\*  
 Now, I cant tull thur Jan, if be tru ur et baint,  
 Zo uv kuse tidd'n vright vur tu zay thit et baint,  
 Arter this, es cum'd up, an es look'd out aroun;  
 An cude zee ivry pairt uv girt Exter town;  
 Tha zmoak an tha watter, tha zin and tha noyse—  
 Zich things me deer Janny, I always hinjoys;  
 An tha chaps thit wis walkin aun down in tha raud,  
 Look'd like littel voks that I've raid aw abraud.  
 I tuke auff me hat jist ta holler wurraw!  
 Wen ha zlip'd out me han, an ha val'd down below:  
 I shude ha' zeed moar, if et wadden vur that,  
 Bit of kuse 'twidd'n du vur ta loss a new hat;

\* An old saying. The bell is 12,500 lbs. weight, and cannot be rung.

Arter vallin and scrallin zu vast as I cude,  
 I got en, bit didd'n wance think thit I shude.  
 A Tuesedy\* es went down ta Tingmith be steem,  
 Aw! niver uv ridin za vast did I dreem;  
 Twis jist agaun twulve wen es cum'd out ta stashin,  
 A urning an zwettin like ole botherashin;  
 I thort zo, thinks I, I'm in vury gude time,  
 Zo I was—vur to zee min go down droo tha line,  
 A puffin an blawin, an like a yung cheel,  
 A screechin an hollin, as if ha cude veel;  
 I ax'd wan tha chaps vur ta urn down an stap'n,  
 But ha laff'd at me zo, I shude like tu ha' wap'n.  
 Wull es waited out thare, till up tu ur haf arter,  
 A walkin an talkin way Will an es darter;  
 Wen thay aupen'd tha door, us wis aul aw's pairted,  
 Vur I tummil'd in vust, vur veer ha'd ha' started;  
 Bim bye, auff es goes, et a winderful speed!  
 An zich a vine zight auver Exter es zeed,  
 Tha houzes and tow'rs, an aul awt bezide,  
 An eet, arter aul, lor, how vast es did ride!  
 Es cum'd down ta Dalish, aw didd'n I stare!  
 Vur ta zee tha girt ships, and tha zay all za quare;  
 An tha tides wis a rollin, za blue and za white,  
 Deer Jan, arter aul, twis a butivul zight;  
 Aul ta wance es urn'd in tu a wackin girt haul,†  
 Za dark thit yu cuden zee nothin a taul:  
 An then es com'd out in tha hair an tha zin,  
 An vaster an vaster, ta Tingmith did rin.  
 Deer Jan, I daunt think thare wis ort a tal, skace  
 Weth talkin about, iny pairt uv tha plaiice;  
 I stap'd thare til haf arter zix I shude spose,

\* The South Devon Railway to Teignmouth was opened the previous day.

† Tunnel.

Wen ta com hom agane, ta tha stashin es gose ;  
 Thare wis lots leff behind em, tha night avore that,  
 Zo es went up thare airly, thinks I, I bant vlat !  
 Zes tha chap, "Zir, yer tikket"—zes I, "wat'ee zay ?  
 "Way I draw'd en down tap uv tha table ta day."  
 Zes he, "Me deer zur, I daunt naw nort about et,  
 Bit yu cant go vur zartin, ta Exter way out et :"  
 Arter ballin an nackin a girt dail a bother,  
 I was blaijed vur ta pay en, to gie mer another.  
 Wull then in es gose, bit moast daid way that hot,  
 An zot aul aroun mer, there was zich a lot ;  
 An a hulkin girt chap, who es ax'd to zit down,  
 Ha stap'd up tha winder moast aul up ta town.  
 Bit es got hom quite saff, zo thar idd'n nort moar,  
 About tha rail raud, a weth tullin I'm zhore.  
 I wish yu cude uny com in a vew days,  
 An zee bit a vew uv tha Exter vokes way :  
 An I warn'ee za zune, as yu com in, yu shal  
 Pick up in a minit a vury nice gal ;  
 Wen tha chaps veels inclin'd vur ta git a hung humman,  
 If shude be pin a Zindy, ta Vaur-strait they go min ;  
 An urns up'ndown till they zees wan thay likes,  
 Then out vur a walkin together thay hikes.  
 Thare be thowsins a maid'ns, and thowsins a men,  
 A pakin droo Vaur-strait, vrim hight up ta ten ;—  
 A maid nur a man, nver walks abuv wance  
 Droo tha strait, wayout tis vur ta luke vur a chance.  
 I've a took'd up ta zmoak, vur I've found out a houze  
 Tho ('bout et I keeps murzel quiets a mouze !)  
 Ware thay zills thare cigars haf a diz'n vur drippence,  
 Ur if yu takes twulve, you can git min vur vippence ;  
 An tha man zez tis turney's clarks moastly thit by's em.  
 An shopmen, an zometime thit gennelmen trys em.

I've a vill'd up me paper, I think, vury tidy,  
 Bit I'll tull thur lots moar if I cums hom a Vridy.  
 Zo now I'll shet up—gie ma kind luv ta Zogg,  
 Vrim yer veckshinit brither,

NATHAN HOGG.

### 'Bout tha Balune.

EXTER, *August 11th*, 1846.

DEER JAN,

I daunt think I shude vrite haf za zune,  
 If et wadd'n ta tull thur about tha balune ;  
 Arter zich a vine zight thinks I ta be zhore  
 I'll vrite, if et idd'n ta tull thur nort moar.  
 About haf arter zix es went up droo tha town,  
 And hundreds a vokes wis a gwain up'ndown ;  
 And dang et, deer Janny, how much thee wiss stare,  
 Ta zee min dress'd viner than vur iny vair.  
 Well, zune es oes up ta tha tap uv tha strait,  
 As I thort et mist be a gude place vur ta wait ;  
 Zo es stiks merzul up ta tha zide uv a houze,  
 An waited ta zee min, za quiet's a mouze,  
 Aul ta wance es wis kaining up auver tha ski,  
 And zeed a quare thing gwain up windervul hi ;  
 Zes I tu a chap, " What dee cal thic a-head ?"  
 Zes he, " Aw that are's tha balune's little maid ;"\*

\* The small pilot balloon sent up a few minutes before the large one.



I wis mused vur ta yer min za cliver ta talk,  
 And hâ drade a balune gin tha wal way zom chalk :  
 Zune arter, tha chaps gied a tarrabul bal,  
 An tha hummen and childern begin'd vur ta squal :  
 As ha cum'd out like winky out auver tha pleast,  
 I cude zee en za plain as tha nauze in yer veace ;  
 I voller'd en up alongzide uv zome moar,  
 Till ha got up vule tu ur dree miles, I am zshore ;  
 An zom uv tha vokes thare, thay holler'd out loud,  
 " My ivers, ha's gone in a wacking girt cloud ! "

Ha cum'd out agane, bit zune went out a zight,  
 An didd'n com hom till up ten tha zame night.  
 I thort to merzul, how windervul quare,  
 Et was vur ta zee a man ride droo tha hare,  
 Wayout ort in tha wordel thit iny aw's zeed,  
 Vur ta hold'n ur push'n zich windervul speed :  
 I didd'n zee nort bit a wackin girt bal,  
 And I'm zure thicky thing cud'n pull min a tal :  
 If Vather and ole Hunkel Will cude bit zee  
 Tha things thit be dooing, how vrightene'd thay'd be !  
 Poor vellers ! thay always wis vond uv ort vresh,  
 Wen thay liv'd tap tha aith, an like us wis vlesh ;  
 Bit 'tis ta be haup'd thay now zees quarer things,  
 An vlys likes balunes droo tha hare wayout wings.  
 In looking up to min I stap'd in a bogg,—  
 Vrim yer veckshinit brither,

NATHAN HOGG.

---

## 'Bout tha Yancy Bal.

EXTER, *January 18th, 1847.*

DEER JANNY,

I writes, an in haups vur ta vind  
 That yu bares et up wull bothe in body an mind,  
 'Tis a long time ago thit I vraut ort a tal,  
 Bit I thort I must tull thur about tha vine bal;  
 Thare wis dresses all vorrin, an hair powder'd white,  
 I be dang'd if et wadd'n a most komikil zight,  
 An as up ta tha doorway tha cars wis a draw'd—  
 Lor a macy! I zim'd I was auver abraud!  
 Tho' tha bal didd'n aup'n till gittin most leb'n,  
 I made vur tha geat about haf arter zeb'n;  
 Vur I thort thit tha vokes wid a chuck'd up tha strait,  
 An I hadd'n no mind vur ta loss zich a trait.  
 Wull up com's a car, an then out jumps a veller,  
 Way coat made a spang'ls, an edgid way yeller,  
 An es urch looking burches a skollop'd aul roun,  
 I'm zshore mist a caust en up vule veefy poun.  
 Then up ta tha doorway another wis drade,  
 Dress'd up like tha chaps ware tha tay is a made\*—  
 Yu've auff'n a zeed min ta ole Mother Banisturs,  
 Cuz hur've got em a painted pin tap uv hur kannisturs.  
 A covey went in thit I thort wis a Turk,  
 Bit vrightvul anuff ta make iny dog burk;  
 Zom cal'd en a Pasher vrim Haygipt—bit Laur!  
 I niver zeed iny dress'd quarer avaur.

\* China.

Thay begin'd vur ta drap in za thik an za vast,  
 Thit I thort I shude niver a zeed out tha last ;  
 Thare wis sailers an sauwers, way silver an leace  
 An ladees way vlowers stik'd all roun thare veace ;  
 Thare wis 'Murrikins, Turks, an pass'ns and squires,  
 An huntsmen and pheasants, ('tis thaize I hadmires.)  
 Deer Jan how more nauble twid be ta be zshore,  
 If they'd gie haf tha munny thay waste ta tha pore,  
 Vur droo Exter Market thare bant to be voun,  
 No vlesh whatsimiver, under zix pince a poun ;  
 Poor crayturs may starve, but thay daunt care a kuss,  
 An zooner would zee it thin aup'n thare puss ;  
 An tha tettys be higher than iver avaur,  
 Thay bant auver gude vur wan an hightpince a skaur,  
 An thay daunt zim as if they wis likely ta drap,  
 But I haup thee'st a dig'd up a purty gude crap.  
 Me leg is za bad thit I hops like a vrogg,  
 Vrim yer veckshinit brither,

NATHAN HOGG.

---

### Ester Fair.

EXTER, *April 9th*, 1847.

DEER JAN,

As I zed wen es pairted a Vridy,  
 I writes vur ta zay if tha vair wis ort tidy :  
 At tha pikturs an vokes, an tha musik an shaws,  
 Deer brither I'm zshore thee'st a cock'd up thee nauze.  
 Wen vust es kom'd down a young humman hur jits  
 Me ulbaw, an ax'd vur dree happerd a nits,

Zais I, "wull me deer I be up vur zum fun,"  
 Zo auver I gose an l takes up tha gun,  
 Bit I voun ha wis turrabul hard vur ta hannel,  
 An instid uv tha thurty I shet at tha kannel;  
 How hur znigger'd an laff'd I didd'n like vury wul,  
 Zo I gied her tha munny ta shet vur hurzul;  
 Thinks I arter this, I daunt think thares a thing  
 I shude like haf za well as to ride in a zwing,  
 Zo es zits murzul in, an ha gose up like winky,  
 Bit in tu er dree minnits I begun'd vur ta blinky;  
 I was zick an za bad an tha vellers keep'd ballin,  
 "Deer yer how ha's crackin? My ivers ha's vallin!"  
 An wen es kom'd out vur ta stan pin tha groun,  
 Tha pikturs an aul awt zim'd twirdlin aroun;  
 An et made mer za bad vur tha rest uv tha night,  
 Thit I cuden way spurit injoy iny zight.  
 As a bit uv a change es gits intu a pleece  
 Ware a vuller'd a painted aul auver es veace,  
 Ha was dress'd up za vunny an talkid za kute,  
 An hop'd auver es leg wile ha holdid es vute,  
 An wan litt'l vuller thay lide en down vlat,  
 An tide up es body complait in a nat;  
 Ha wis dude up za wul, if ha wadd'n I'm blistered!  
 Deer Jan as thee'st tie up a girt skain a wisterd;  
 An wen thay'd a twisted tha chap up za smal,  
 Thay truckl'd en roun like a big caddy bal.  
 Wull then es gits roun ware tha hummen wis dancin,  
 An tha drums wis a bating an murrymins prancin,  
 An wan a tha maids gied her nauze a gude wipe  
 Way her hand, an kom'd vorrid an danc'd a hornpipe;  
 Her dude et za vitty, an light as a veather,  
 And then vive ur zix awmin aul danc'd tagether.  
 Bit laur! if I stap vur ta tull aul tha vun,

I shil vrite vur a vortnit an then shant ha dun ;  
 Bezide, me deer Jan, I'm a blaijed vur ta stap,  
 As I've vill'd up me paper vrim bottim ta tap,  
 I haup thit as how thee wis zend in tha dogg :  
 Vrim yer veckshinit brither,

NATHAN HOGG.

### 'Bout tha Rieting.

EXTER, *May 12th*, 1847.

DEER JANNY,

As tettys an caurn be sa skace,  
 I daunt think a vew wurd wid be murch out a place ;  
 An as I'm azot be merzul all za quiet,  
 I mains vur ta tull thur about Exter riet.  
 Las' Vriday wis week as I pakid down droo  
 Exter straits, I wis tole thit a mortal baloo  
 Wis aun, an thit hummen an childern be zwarms,  
 Wis braiking tha winders, an aul up'n harms ;  
 Thinks I, wull I'm blister'd if this bant a job,  
 An then laur a macy ! I spied out tha mob :—  
 Deer Jan, I wis stin'd arter walking irt down.  
 Vur I vancied twis aul uv the hummen in town ;  
 Thay wis dring'd up an ballin, an zwearin, an hootin,  
 An pushid za hard thit I lost holt me vooting,  
 An val'd taps an tarvey rite down pin tha stones—  
 Twis a macy I did'n crack aul aw ma bones ;  
 Wull, es voller'd em up vur a hower or too,  
 A ballin an kikkin up zich a ta doo,

An wile es wis talkin 'bout wat made em rauze,  
 A wackin girt stone com'd up bang gin ma nauze ;  
 An I've winder'd an winder'd as how thicky stoan,  
 (Zick a wacker as twas) didd'n braik in tha boan ;  
 Thinks I thare be dahnger, an thort to merzul,  
 If es keep'd varder back es cude zee jist za wul.  
 Wul vorrid thay went, an I vurrily thort  
 They'd a zmash'd aul tha winders thay toss'd at, ta nort,  
 An as zom uv tha howzes, thay dringid a pass,  
 My ivers thay pipper'd girt stones ta tha glass—  
 Deer Janny, daunt niver zay hummen be quiet,  
 Twis thay thit made up iv'ry bit uv tha riet,  
 An wan a tha wist awmin holler'd an zed,  
 "Tan't wisser ta die thin ta live wayout bred."  
 I thort avaur that thay cude du nort bit grin,  
 But I vound all ta wance I wis dewcid took'd in.  
 I voller'd an voller'd, an zeed as they zed,  
 Thay wis aul detarmin'd ta git holt zom bred,  
 An jigger me, Janny, thay aul uv a hop,  
 Stude outside uv Kenhoods, wat keeps a bred shop ;  
 Ha haupen'd tha doorway, an draw'd out zom rolls,  
 Thit hat em moast dreadful pin tap uv thare polls,  
 An made tha poor crayturs ta rub em an schatch em,  
 Bit et wadd'n no joke, tho' I liked vur ta watch em,  
 Thay sar'd all tha bakers up droo jist the zame,  
 An zom awmin thort twis a cabical game,  
 An I'm zartin, deer brither, as miny ulse thort,  
 Thit haf awmin dude et wat didd'n want nort.  
 I vurgot vur ta tull thur as how I've a been  
 Zwarded in as a kunstabil sarvin tha Queen,  
 An I made a mistake, vur ma staff was za zipper,  
 Thit I hit wan uv ourzide a dewce uv a clipper,  
 Bit I told en I didd'n wance main vur ta doo et,

Vur ha hold up es awn an wis gwain to goo too et ;  
 Bit I'm like haf tha tothers thit got in tha lot,  
 If tha vellers wis vighting, ta cut like a zshot.  
 The sauwers wis all awmin cal'd up be night,  
 Way thare bagganit guns, vur ta zee aul wis rite ;  
 Bit thay vound thit tha mob didd'n like vury wul  
 Ta git a gude wacking, no moar thin merzul.  
 But now I mis stap, vur I've burn'd out tha light,  
 Zo I wish thur, deer brither, a vury gude night ;  
 I shill cut off ta baid, vur tis dark as a bogg ;  
 Vrim yer veckshinit brither,

SPESHIL KUNSTABIL HOGG.

---

### 'Bout Tha Bal.

EXTER, 24th December, 1847.

DEER JAN,

Tis za lang zince I vraut ta thur last,  
 Thit I vinds I bant ekal ta writing za vast ;  
 Vur larning like iv'ry thing ulse, me deer Jan,  
 If you doant voller't up, ull git out a yer han ;  
 Tha biggest vule apin aith wid be abul ta vrite,  
 If ha'd zeed bit a haf wat I zeed Mundy night,  
 Bit I vlatters merzul as I've got better sense,  
 Thin ta keep thur, deer Jan, iny longer in 'spense ;  
 Cant'ee guess wat et is (no I spose nat a tal),  
 Laur a macy, deer Jan, I've a been tu a ball!—  
 (I mains I've a zeed wan) way Will an es Zister,

Vur es gied highteenpense, ta git in tha Horkister ;  
 Wull es gits in thick place and tho' haf arter wan,  
 Es had vule highteenpennard a vun me deer Jan,  
 Vur ta zee aul tha shopmen, an tailors, an clarks,  
 Wizzing about thare yung hummen and havin' zich larks ;  
 If yu'd zeed tha maids dresses (Laur a macy ta vew min!)  
 I ad nort ulse ta du bit ta watch and luke tu min ;  
 Thare wis zom aul in blu, an zom dress'd up in black,  
 Zom look'd like kammils way girt humps pin thare back,  
 An I'm darn'd if I'm inything like a gude jidge,  
 Pin tap aw'm cude ride vrim tha rume ta Exe bridge ;  
 'Tis all nonsinse begads (thay may cal mer a prater)  
 Let min war no moar bussel thin's gied em be natur,  
 Tho' I think arter aul, thay'm convaynyent an warm,  
 Vur a chap wen ha's tired, vur ta lain down es arm,  
 An I don't zee as how, be tha luke uv tha gown,  
 Thit a thing like that are wid be likes ta zlip down.  
 Wull thay hug'd up wan tother in za luvng a way,  
 (How thit us dith et hom mis be murch out tha way.)  
 An thay wadn'n pirtikler, (I thort et za strahng)  
 Stid uv stikking together, iv'ry dance thay wid chahng ;  
 If I had a maid thit a chap hal'd about,  
 I shude up way han an a vetch'd en a clout,  
 Vur darn'ee deer Jan (niver mind how thay laffs)  
 I bant thicky wan thit wid like ta go haf's.  
 Wull tha mewsic plaid up, auff thay walsid za quick,  
 Tu er dree urn'd away, an I think thay was zick ;  
 Way if I wiz ta hannil a maid in our pleace  
 As thay did in the walse hur'd be skattin me veace ;  
 Wen I zees thit yung girls likes zich hallin about,  
 I reckons tis time thit thare mothers look'd out ;  
 An yu naws brither Jan, thit 'tis true wat I zay,  
 Tho' I likes a gude danse wen tant nort out the way.



Bit tha maid'ns look'd wull arter makin a cheese,\*  
 Then aul up an auff, like tha zwarmin a bees,  
 Iv'ry wan in tha rume look'd bewtivul vath,  
 (Bit mis zee in tha day vur ta tall a gude clath.)  
 In tha kuse uv tha night thay wis playing a rail,  
 Ur a Pokha (I didd'n yer haid nur no tail)  
 When a chap aul ta wance, as a tride ta urn zlack,  
 Ha cock'd up es pumps an went irt pin es back,  
 I spose arter that thit ha zim'd ha wer'nt right,  
 Vur I nivir cort zight awn no moar vur tha night.  
 I've thort pin et auff'n an auff'n deer Jan,  
 Wy zich vine looking maids cud'n pik up a man  
 Wayout gwain ta zich places, a hopping and prancin  
 Bit I spose them air chaps chuses wives vur thare dancin.  
 Bit I'd rather have wan (bevaure aul av thare stock)  
 That wid work bout the house, an cude clain out a crock.  
 Tho' I daunt main to zay zome aw'n thare cud'n du et,  
 Bit I zim'd be thare lukes thit they wadd'n used tu et.  
 I be quite out a vriting which I haup thee'st exkewze,  
 In vack I mis stap cuz I've told aul tha newze.  
 I bant nort like tha man I was vaur I laust Zogg,  
 Nor I shant be no moar vrim yer brother,

N. HOGG.

\* Having once been asked to define the term, "*making a cheese*," a country friend present favoured the company with the following explanation.—"Way, yu mist turn round tu ur dree times, and go quat." This must be synonymous with "ruckee down;" and to those who are not honoured by a personal acquaintance with Nathan, and may probably think the character overdrawn, it should be remarked that the above was given by the son of a respectable farmer residing not five miles from the old city. If this is from the master, what may be expected from the man, especially at a greater distance from the "cultivated."

## Tha Gentlemen Ackters.

EXTER, 29<sup>th</sup> Feb., 1848.

DEER BRITHER,

I zed if I went ta tha play  
 That I'd vrite thur about et thà vury nex day—  
 Zo I thort tha bess way vur ta make et aul vrite,  
 Wis ta zit down and du et tha vury zame night.  
 Arter waiting and scrallin, an shuv'in abit,  
 Es got in a place thit thay zed wis tha Pit,  
 An a vury gude name vur tha place wis za smal,  
 Thit I didd'n stay zvetting aul night, nat a tal.  
 Wul ez zits merzul in thare, za quiets a mouze,  
 And zeed aul tha vokes, iv'ry pairt uv tha houze,  
 An es vew'd all aroun, an es luk'd iv'ry zide,  
 Laur Janny! yer mouthe wid a haupen'd za wide,  
 Vur ta zee aul tha Ladies vine dresses and haids  
 Dud up vur ta make em aul luke purty maids ;  
 Bit wan thing I almost vurgot tu a named—  
 Thare necks an thare buzzims most made mer a shamed ;  
 Way if I wis thare vathers, et es no use ta tul,  
 Bevaur I wid zee et, I'd drash em aul wul ;  
 Way *our* modest maids wid a blishid an shakid,  
 Vur ta zee yu or me way our buzzims aul nakid ;  
 Deer Jan I likes modisty deer ta me hart,  
 I doant think thay got murch, ur thay'm windervul zart ;  
 If ta git min a chap es tha rais'n thay doo et,  
 I shude zim thit a man uv no veelin wid vew et ;  
 Now wid yu my deer Jan? if tha truth I mis tul,  
 I shude like thaize here things zeed be noan bit merzul ;

If a poorer man's darter shude dress jist the zame,  
 Vrim tha vury zame wans, hur wid ha' a bad name,—  
 Bit be wat I can zim, twid be mortally quare,  
 If tha poor hadd'n got nat more sense thin that are.  
 Bit tha dresses ta night wis most aul new ta me,  
 An thingamys quarer I'm zshure cud'n be,  
 Yu may think, me deer Jan, that I'm zilling a packits  
 Wen I zes thit tha ladees thare (zom awm) ware jackits ;  
 Bit wat I now tul thur es true pin me wurd,  
 There was zom had min on, way tha tails egid urd ;  
 Deer Jan doant vurgit thaize be ladees uv urches,  
 I spose tha nex thing thay'll be putting aun burches.  
 Wull tha kurtin drade up, and a chap ha com'd in,  
 Lookng veard, an moas reddy ta jump vrim es skin,  
 Thay call'd en Dan Josey, (tha last name wis gude,)  
 Vur ha zim'd jist like wan uv our Josey's a stewd,\*  
 Bit ha zune got es pluck up, and talk'd ta zom moar  
 Thit com'd in vur ta shaw thar zuls tap uv the vloor.  
 An a chap thit thay zed wiz "wan saize her Bizzan,"†  
 Ha got in moast turribul hobbils deer Jan,  
 Bit za miny wis thare thit it idd'n no gude  
 Vur ta tull wan haf uv tha things thit was dude ;  
 Dree pairs uv et thare I cud'n understand,  
 I spose cus I haint a bin auff'n deer Jan,  
 Tha zecond kinsarn wis moast cabical vun,  
 An I understood iv'ry wan thing thit wis dun ;  
 Aw! if yude a zeed thicky Jurry tha Vidler,  
 I think twis es name, (et was Vidler ur Didler)  
 An a vury gude name, vur deer Jan, twis za vunny,  
 Ta zee how a diddled a chap uv es munny,  
 An ha acted za wull, thit thay aut tu a paid min,

\* Stew'd Owl.

† Don Cæsar de Bazan.

Way yu may naw tha chap, they call'd en yung *Laidman*.  
 Bit tha chap I liked moast, wis a chap thay cal'd Zam,  
 He wis like yu ur me, a vine spuce country man,  
 An wen ha vust s̄poak, tho' ha said ha wis York,  
 Ha mit jist as wul zed, thit a knife wis a vork—  
 Ha wis wan uv tha hoffisers, Janny, an rayly,  
 Ha didd'n ack bad, I think ha's cal'd *Bayly*.  
 Thare wis lots moar besides, thit had cort me attenshin,  
 Bit paper be scace, zo thare names I cant menshin :  
 Iv'ry body zed thare, tho I dunnaw mezul,  
 Thit thay plaid auf thare acting moast cabical wul—  
 I darezay thay all awmin (dang their girt haids!)  
 Wis vond uv tha spree vur ta kiss up tha maids,  
 An zom awmin zmackid an zmackid (Aw laur!)  
 As if thit thay niver had a zmacker aaur ;  
 Bit Jurry tha Vidler (tis true pin ma saul!)  
 Kiss'd za hard, thit I thort ha'd a kiss'd out a haul.  
 Wul I cant say murch moar, but tis quare now ta me,  
 How za miny ull vlock ta zich places, ta zee  
 Thaize nawnothin chaps, stid a gwain tu an sarving  
 Tha chaps thit got jainis an praps be haf starving ;  
 Bit I spose that aich gose vur ta shaw auff thare darter,  
 (Iv'ry wan vur es zul an let jainis com arter).  
 I cant tul thur more, aiv'n if I wis able,  
 If I du I shill vrite irt out auver tha table.  
 An tha clock's striking wan, if a han't I be vlogg,  
 Zo I'll stap, vrim yer veckshinit brither,

N. HOGG.

---

## Tor Abbey Haistings.

TORKAY, *June 30th, 1849.*

DEER JAN,

Es ad aulmost begun'd tu a thort  
 Thit me eddificashin ad val'd auf ta nort,  
 Bit I vinds pin tha titch (tho I zes et merzul)  
 Es wis nivir more ekal to vrighting za wul,  
 Vur wen larning ith wance a got in ta yer pole  
 Tis a diffikilt thing vur ta loosen ets hole ;  
 An zince, thank tha Laurd ! es be still in thic way,  
 Es ull tull thur tha things thit be dude in Torkay ;  
 Last Thesdy wis week as yu naws brither Jan,  
 Tha yung Squire ta Tor Abby becom'd twenty wan,  
 Zo ha ax'd aul es vokes, wat belong'd tu es state,  
 Ta du jistice long way en ta nive, vork an plate ;  
 Bit as that bant tha stuff thit a vuller kin ait,  
 Thee mis geess es wis sar'd out za wul way zom mait.  
 Zoon arter cockleert, pin tha vury zame day,  
 Aul tha guns wis a shetting an viring away,  
 Bit es thort et no use vur ta go thare, nat yet,  
 Vur no wan cud'n tul ware tha bals mit be shet.  
 About haf arter wan (es doant like ta be late  
 Ta zich duings as this, as tis vrite vur ta state)  
 Es drade vore ta tha green, in tha frnt uv tha houze,  
 Bit tha vokes wadd'n com, zo 'twis quiet's a mouze,  
 Till tha Trumpits an Horns gin ta strick up a toon,  
 An twis zed they'd a play'd thare aul droo tha vournoon,  
 Zo thay blaw'd an thay blaw'd till I thort thit thay must  
 (I'm zartin I shude) a bin reddy ta bust ;

An' thay'd skacely got time vur ta vetch up thare win,  
 Wen thay play'd auf in firnt uv ta beef thit com'd in.  
 'Twis a wackin girt jint an a stick'd up'n en,  
 An carr'd pin tha sholders uv vower girt men,  
 Zo zes I ta merzul "es be abul ta ait,  
 Bit tul make a smal haul in thic girt piece a mait."  
 Wile es kainid an starid an gapsnested roun,  
 A girt cart load a pudd'ns com'd in tap tha groun,  
 Way tettees an things—bit et bant mer intenshin,  
 (Aiv'n if thit I cude) zich a lot vur ta menshin,  
 Vur thic minnit es zeed thay wis aul zitting down,  
 Zo es thort twis no time ta stan gapping aroun ;  
 Wul es zot down an tuck'd in tha pays an tha pork,  
 Wich es ait (Lor how gran!) way a vine zilver vork,  
 Belikes es didd'n use'n vitty, be that as it wul,  
 Ha widd'n urn inta tha mait vury wul.  
 Wul dinner wis din, and tha genelvoks stood,  
 An drink'd lots a helths, wich es aul av es dood,  
 When a chap shet a blunderbuss irt droo tha cover,  
 An auf went twenty cannins, wan arter tha tother ;  
 Deer Jan vur tha minnit es wish'd merzul hom,  
 Vur es thort, pin ma life, thit tha Vrench wis a kom ;  
 Arter wich aul tha genelvoks spaichified thare,  
 Till tha squire thort et time ta git out uv es chare,  
 Zo es aul aw's voller'd es Honor ta wance,  
 Vur ha zed thay wis gwain to clain out vur a dance ;  
 Bit es vound es wis aul aw's kindiddled away  
 Thit tha hummen an thay mit be sar'd way zom tay—  
 An twis gude vur ta zee iv'ry wan who'd a wish  
 Sar'd out way a girt piece a cake an a dish.  
 In tha kuse uv tha aiv'ning tha genelvokes al,  
 Com'd down way tha vokes, and join'd in tha bal,  
 An me vace got za urd, an es veelid za gran,

Wen tha yung Squires zister hur shuv'd out hur han,  
 Zo es cort en holt lite (nat ta squeeze in tha boan)  
 An jist turn'd hur round wance an then let en aloan.  
 Wul es stay'd till es veel'd rayther quare in tha haid,  
 Zo es thort et wis time vur ta cut hom to baid,  
 Wares es raimid an tossid, an kick'd up'n down,  
 Till es dreem'd thit tha Vrench was a com'd in tha town,  
 An wis jist then ingaged in a turribul squabble  
 Wen es waked up an voun merzul out uv tha hobble.  
 Deer Jan up es vustled nex day arternoon,  
 An voun thit es wadd'n com'd auver ta zune,  
 Vur tha vust thing es zeed hoppin vorrid an back  
 Wis a vuller tide up tu es neck in a zack,  
 An wan ur tu moar wis a sar'd jist tha zame,  
 Altogether et vorm'd a moast cabical game.  
 Arter that thare wis munny drap'd into a tub  
 Vul'd chuck vull a wotter (a hard zort a rub)  
 Wich tha chaps wis ta vung be thare gieing a dips,  
 And bring up tha munny between a thare lips,  
 An wan gaukim thare way a turribul slotter,  
 Tuck'd up es two legs an val'd strat in tha wotter—  
 Ha didd'n stap long vur ha com'd out moast chucking,  
 Nat a tal moar improoved be tha mains uv es ducking;  
 Ha zim'd steev'd way tha cold an tha daps me deer Jan,  
 Uv a thing es uv raid aw thay kals a say-man;  
 Et be dahngerus vath! bit twid be es aun vout  
 If tha munny'd a truckel'd irt down in es draut.  
 Bit tha best uv tha vun wis a pig thay relaised,  
 An zot min a urning, tha tail awmin graised,  
 An lots urning arter'n ta hole vast es tail,  
 Laur! pore litt'l zooker how loud ha did squail;  
 An a cathandid chap thort ha'd got en ta last—  
 Bit ha hadden! vur auff ha urn'd double za vast,

An a kik'd up tha pilamy an made zich a stower,  
 Ware tha grass wadd'n graud, how es laff'd to be zshore!  
 An ha crinted an zlip'd droo thare hans like ta nort,  
 Till about haf a nour, an then ha wis cort.  
 Thare was climmin vur mutton, an giein a buns,  
 An drinkin a cider an beer be tha tuns,  
 Thare wis shettin vur nits, thare was dancin za wull—  
 In zshore me deer Jan thare wis tu murch ta tul.—  
 Ees thares more thit tha Squire ith a dude ta be zshore—  
 Ha'th a vill'd up tha stummiks uv lots a tha pore,  
 Et es zed tis vur this thit tha urch be a zent,  
 If et be ur et bant ha'ull nivir repaint.  
 Bit tis draeing aun time vir ta moove vrim me zait,  
 Zo I wish thur gude craps bothe a tetteys an wait.  
 I be wangery now an beginning ta jogg  
 An veels wapper-hyd. Vrim yer brither,

N. HOGG.

---

### Jan Moody's Letter pin tha Crimpyin War.

EXTER, *Hoctobur 8th*, 1856.

DEER JANNY,

In raidin tha *Exter Gizcet*  
 I com'd pin a letter—tis right thee shet zeet,  
 Vur yer naws Jan Moody, as I do mezul,  
 (I've auff'ntimes gied'n zom lessins ta spul,)



An I'm glad vur ta zee be tha vollering rime,  
 Thit ha hath a bin makin zich use uv es time.  
 I'm in a gurt hurry—jist changing me togg,  
 Zo mist stap, vrim yer veckshinit brither,

N. HOGG.

---

KNASTONE, *Hoctobur 1st*, 1856.

MEASTER HAYDITUR,

ZUR,

I've a zot down ta drap

A vew lines, tho' I bant bit a labering chap,  
 Vur thares miny vrim this part agaun vur ta sar  
 (Tho' es dont vight merzul) in this turribul war,  
 An tha noos that com'th hom shaws ta wance at a vew,  
 Thit thay naws how ta shet an use bagganits too,  
 An if you kin hannel a gun, way laurd drab et!  
 A Rooshin's moar aisy to shet thin a rabbit;  
 Tho' es bant gid ta boast, es kin saffly declair,  
 Es kin knack down a vew, za wul's wan here an thare,  
 An if twadd'n vur this, thit es bant auver wul,  
 Es shude like vur to go out to Roosha merzul;  
 An if in thicky place bit wan voot es cude git,  
 I warn'ee I'd warm up the varmints a bit;  
 Bit tis no use ta tull about "wid if ha cude,"  
 Vur if aul dith tha zame thare'l be nort a tal dood.  
 A girt miny may think, cuz es lives in a place  
 Ware tha papers, an nuse, an zich things, be za skace,  
 Thit es naws nort a tal bout tha war thits gwain aun,  
 An daunt care a varden vur thay thit be gaun;

Bit I tull thur wat tis, Measter H., droo tha lan,  
 Et be velt mortal coot be tha poor tu a man;—  
 As a proof then es went inta Exter wan day,  
 Vur ta by a vew things zich as cannels and tay,  
 An 'twis rap'd up'n paper: Es vound et ta state,  
 Thit a battel wis vault and tha Rooshins wis bate,  
 An tha day arter that, William Vlint wen ta town,  
 An com'd hom way tha ribbins aul vlying aroun;  
 A chap ax'd 'n ta drink wance, ha zed a wis wulling,  
 An gied en a coin what ha cal'd tha Queen shulling,  
 An es thort ta merzul as ha tell'd et ta Roger,  
 Thit et didd'n take murch vur ta make wan a sodger.  
 Now yu zee tho es cant raid ur rite vury murch,  
 Thit es veels aul about et za wul as the urch!  
 Es it true wat thay zay, thit tha Rooshins makes nort,  
 Vur ta boil down tha English and Vrench ta mak mort?  
 A chap tole mer zo tother day, an zed that  
 Thay ait nort in ta wordel zept cannels an vat,—  
 Laur a macy, pursarve es! jist vancy Will Wannel  
 A boil down like a baist an turn'd into a cannell!  
 Bit tha rais'n I vrites, Measter H., is to say—  
 Ivry week I'm a gwain ta put drippence away,  
 Vur ta take in a paper, zo if yume incline,  
 Ta resaive et zometimes, I'll jist drap 'ee a line,  
 Vur et may be as how es be able to shaw  
 A vew thing thit yer readers daunt happen ta naw,  
 If yu think et weth while, yu kin jist drap a wurd,  
 An I'll vrite thur immaydyet za glad as a burd;  
 Way tha kendest rispeks, tho long I've a knewd 'ee,  
 I'll be yer most dootiful zarvant,

JAN MOODY.

## Tha Milshy.\*

PLIMMITH ZITADIL, † *Thesdy nite.*

DEER JAN.

I zit mer doun to zay,  
 Thit wat I tole thur tother day  
     Tun'th out ta be kurrek ;  
 A Tuesdy nex (tha auder's com)  
 Us laives ; zo then ta zee mer hom  
 (If Bets 'll ‡ let mer go herevrom),  
     Thee mayst uv kuse expek.

Bit vath ! tha maid hur tak'th on zo,  
 I dunnaw if I shill ur no,  
     Laive Plimmith thick same nite ;  
 Besaides, the money'th urn'd za zshort—  
 (Jist wan an eight—a figger a nort—  
 And nat a single skiddik bort)  
     Zo Bets mist mak et right.

\* The above poem originally appeared under the title, "The Drawing-room, the Kitchen, and the Barracks."

† Nathan's patriotic sentiments, as well as his versatility of talent, are so well known to his friends, that they will hardly be surprised to find he has devoted himself to the service of his country.

‡ Zogg, to whom a tender epistle, doing equal credit to Nathan's head and heart, will be found among his published letters, expired previous to 1847, through an over consumption of green gooseberries. It is a matter of duty to allude to this affecting circumstance, in order to show that Nathan's second engagement did not take place until after years of sorrow for his early love.

Deer Jan, I'm sorry to me hart  
 Vrim zodgerin again to part,  
     An go back drashing Caurn ;  
 Bezaides, the clothes be murch more vine—  
 I'm zshorely made ta cut a shine—  
 I'll join some Urdgmint in tha line,  
     Za zshore as I be baurn.

Laur! if you uny cude bit zee  
 Tha vlink thits cuts be Bets an me  
     Wen us go'th out to wahlk ;  
 Civillins stare way all thare hyes,  
 An as es cut'th out droo Mount Wise,  
 (We two be purty murch wan size)  
     'Tis good ta hear min tahlk.

Tha maidens here be jillis, vath!  
 An hollith arter's in tha path—  
     Wan zeth "hullaw me buck!  
 You 've got a hansom craiter now,  
 Hur vlap'th hur tail like our ole zow ;  
 An riggl'th like a Kursmis cow  
     An waddl'th like a duck!"

"Bit nivir mine," zes I ta Bets—  
 "No, Jan," zeth her, "sich highnint sets  
     Thay wishes thay wis me!"  
 Zo aun es go'th—vur no wan wait—  
 An tridges droo strait arter strait  
 (Till Bets her dith git vairly bait),  
     Za big as iny dree.

Us rests a bit, an then go'th vore,  
 An then I zee'th her hom ta door—  
     Zom times es go'th in houze ;  
 Bit tidd'n auff'n es dith that,  
 Tha playshir idd'n weth a grat—  
*Thay'd* hear tha purdlin uv a cat,  
     Or squailing uv a mouze.

I niver shal vurgit, wan nite  
 Bets thort that every thing wis rite  
     An thit tha voks wis out ;  
 Zo vrim tha kitchen then es tares,  
 An on es went up auver stairs  
 Ta zee tha rooms (zich grand affairs),  
     An rammeld aul about.

Bim bye es com'd into a room—  
 (Zich tiddivation an perfoom—  
     Aw! how et made mer stare !)  
 Bit laur! es zoon com'd to a stap,  
 I raily thort I must a drap,  
 Vur thare was Missus in a nap,  
     Jist in tha haisy chair.

“ My hyes ! ” zes I es back es shet—  
 “ Aw laur a macy ! ” zing'd out Bet—  
     “ Whose thare ? ” tha Misses zed ;  
 “ O plaize Mum—me,” an in Bets went  
 (I winder that hur didd'n vent),  
 Zes hur, “ plaize Mum I uny ment  
     To ax if you'm vur bed.”

Mainwhile I crapp'd out uv tha please—  
 (Aw! if you had bit zeed me veace—  
     I wis in zich a stid);  
 Zo vrighten'd I've a niver bin,  
 I daunt think wen I zays'd ta rin,  
 That if you'd stik'd me way a pin  
     I raily shude a blid.

Wen ax'd inside (moast times) I zay  
 " I hant vurgot tha tother day—  
     Tha vright in wich I stood ; "  
 'Pin times I take a drap of beer  
 Wi jist a curst, bit theres zich veer,  
 Et makes mer veel za mortal queer,  
     An dith more harm thin good.

Bit dang et aul! I'm riting aun  
 Till aul tha paper's moast agaun,  
     An cannel jist burn'd out;  
 I doant think I kin keep'n in,  
 Bit praps by striking in a pin—  
 Iss! that'll do—zo I'll begin  
     An vinish wat I'm bout.

No vath I cant, the cannel's val'd,  
 An trying to mak'n burn I've scald  
     Two vingers an a thum;  
 Ta scraly in tha dark es vain,  
 Bit Tuesday next I'll write again,  
 Vur then I shant be in zich pain,  
     Nur bothe me legs be num!

NATHAN HOGG.

## THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Oh Emily dear, I sit me down,  
Tho' I can hardly see ;  
My eyes and heart are drooping with  
That dreadful thing—*ennui* ;  
What shall I do—oh dear, oh dear—  
Whatever shall (!) I do—  
I'll try to while an hour away  
By writing, love, to you !

Well, first of all, I must premise  
(How do I live to tell  
The tale) we've lost our gallant beaux,  
Whom all have loved so well ;  
The gallant Devons they have gone—  
To private life have fled ;  
Their military sun is set—  
Deep gloom is overspread.

Excuse this sad funereal strain—  
Their shadows 'tis that flit  
Around my heart, oh Emily dear,  
And haunt me where I sit,—  
Aye, as I sit, or walk, or play,  
They still come floating in,  
O'erhanging all with sombre hue  
That all so bright hath been.

Where is the glad, familiar face  
 One daily used to greet—  
 Now on the Hoe, then at the Ball,  
 And ever in the street?  
 You recollect your favorite,  
 The handsome Captain B——?  
 Well, he has gone, and so as well  
 Has that dear Captain C——?

That thrilling voice I loved to hear  
 At Theatre and Ball,  
 That fell so sweetly on the ear  
 As song at even-fall.  
 Is still and hush'd—is heard no more—  
 (At least is hush'd to me,)  
 Oh Emily dear—oh Emily love—  
 That dear, dear Captain C——!

Poor Fanny too—unhappy girl—  
 Her sand of joy is run,  
 She droopeth like a gentle flow'r  
 That pineth for the sun.  
 I seek to rally the dear girl,  
 And try each soft caress;  
 But no (altho' he is not far,)  
 She weeps for Captain S——.

But let me not distract your heart,  
 For you, dear girl, have known  
 The deep abiding joy that was  
 Around their presence thrown.



Oh, could I, sweet beloved friend,  
 Upon your bosom creep—  
 I *cannot* write—no, Emily, love,  
 I'm better fit to weep.

I feel, since they have left our halls,  
 As if all joy were fled ;  
 Our streets seem barren, and more like  
 A City of the Dead.  
 Oh, little knew they, when they left,  
 The spirits sad and true  
 That wish'd they could have (angel like !)  
 Been disembodied too.

HENRIETTA.

### THE KITCHEN.

Good bye, dear Tummas ! once again—  
 Oh, claps me to yer heart ;  
 My heyes is drippin like a joint  
 To think that we must part ;  
 And must I never hear you more  
 Pool hat the hairy Bell ?  
 You'll never git a Kitchen more,  
 Like this—oh, fare you well !

Where will you get the little tits  
 That sarv'd for brekses mail ;  
 The bits of sugar and the tay,  
 The mutton, pork and vail ;

Where will you git the roastin fat—  
 Sick perkisits to sell?—  
 You'll never git the likes again—  
 Dear Tummas, fare you well!

Oh, could my hart but epen now,  
 And you could look inside ;  
 And see the fire that's burnin there—  
 That hart is almost fried.  
 Not my young missus who'th a fall'd  
 In love way Ensyn L——  
 Lovs haf so true as I hav lov'd—  
 Oh, Tummas, fare you well!

Oh Tummas, dear, the more I look  
 On you—my heart gits fuller,  
 You beats, as young Miss Hemly ses,—  
 “That duck, that Cappen B——.”  
 You have not got that Mustashoo  
 She ses so graceful curls—  
 Dear Tummas, if you had, I could  
 Not kiss you—no, for worls!

Oh, Tummas, 'tis a shame that he  
 Who'th sarv'd the Queen like you,  
 Should go back into private life  
 Wayout a single screw.  
 But never mind—here's three-an-nine,  
 Thet to my lot hath fell—  
 'Twill pay the train to Exeter,  
 Dear Tummas, fare you well!

But oh, my hart is breaking now,  
 Jist like poor Alice Gray ;  
 Like her I feels I cannot live  
 When you am far away,  
 Oh, when you walks behind the *plow*,  
 Once more in fustin drest,  
 Dear Tummas do remimber then,  
 The *furra's* in my brest.

SALLY SPIT.

---

### Tha Rifle Corps.

EXTER, *June 26th*, 1859.

DEER JAN,

Et be zed thit as zshore as a gun,  
 When tha King uv tha Vrench way tha Astrins ith dun,  
 Ha'll be boun ver ta keep aul es sawjers astur,  
 An in awder ta do et muss kom auver yur ;  
 Now aul I kin zay, if ha *wull*, let'n kom,  
 Et strik'th me ha'll vury zoon wish ha wis hom.  
 Bit en kase ha shude do zo may be yu've a yerd  
 Thit tha Quene ith gied awders an zent roun tha wurd,  
 Thit Corpses uv Rifles be vorm'd droo tha lan,  
 An Exter 'th bin ax'd way tha rest to bare han.  
 Tha old zitty wis niver naw'd eet vur ta shurk,  
 An twis thort et wis best to at wance zit ta wurk.  
 Zo thay did, an deer Jan, I be vury much plais'd,  
 Vur to zay thit a Corpse uv up aighty be rais'd ;  
 Tho' wy thay be cal'd zich a name, I can't tul,  
 An I think et ith puzzled miny mour then mezul ;

Bit et dith zim ta me mortal quare, as-I've zaid,  
 Ta cal min aul Corpses avaur thay be daid.  
 I ax'd up ta Castle a chap stannin bye,  
 An ha zed 'twis becuz thit thay'd vight till thay die ;  
 Bit laur arter aul there beant murch in a name,  
 An wativer yu cal min thay'll vight jist tha zame.  
 Wul I went up last Mundy ta zee, if I cude,  
 Tha vust zort uv hexercise-like thit wis dood ;  
 I thort I wis late, but I gied a gude rin,  
 An kom'd jist in time vur ta zee min begin.  
 Thare wis ole men, an yung men, an zom awmin lads,  
 I shude think about aighty, sar'd out in dree squads ;  
 An a sargent, ur wat a wass, passeld ta aich,—  
 Praps tha vewer thare be, tha moor aisy ta taich.  
 Deer Jan, yu hant niver zeed zawjers ta drull,  
 Zo I'll gie thur a hinsite intoot if yu wull.  
 Now tha vust thing I yer'd tha kimmander a callin,  
 Wis vur aul awmin thare vur ta turn ta an " val in ; "  
 An zes I ta mezul zee how things kom about,  
 Thare'd no need ta val in, if voolz didn't val out.  
 Wul tha nex thing thay dood wis ta holler out " Dress ! "  
 Hullop ! to mezul vur zoftly I zess,  
 An I thort I shude railly a laff'd mezul hose,  
 Vur I vancid thay aul wis vur changin thare close,  
 Eet I thort to mezul as I look'd aul about,  
 Thay mit jist as wul dood et avaur thay kom'd out ;  
 I made a mistake, zo et zim'd, bit no hurt,  
 Wat thay main'd wis ta vetch up a little bit zmurt.  
 Then thay cal'd out " Attenshin ! " maining *Hark wat I zay*—  
 " Stand at aise ! "—*daunt 'ee put yerzul out a tha way ;*  
 An wen thay'd a put min droo a vorm ur tu moar,  
 They zess " As you was," wich es *Stan like bevaur ;*  
 Wul then twis " Left Vace "—and " Right Vace " arter that,

Jist as if thit two vaces wis under wan hat ;  
 Arter that " Right about," an I thort zo, thinks I,  
 That's tha moove us'll taich Measter Vrenchy bim bye,  
 Wull then tha went ballancin tap a wan voot,  
 Twis a winder ta me how tha dooce thay cud doot ;  
 I tried et mezul wen I got hom thic night,  
 But zom how or tother I cud'n doot vright—  
 I spose I shuv'd wan a me veet too var out,  
 Vur I val'd an resayv'd a moast turrabul clout ;  
 Thay cal's et tha " Goose stap " vur a bit uv a meg,  
 Cuz thic bird es za clivir ta stan pin wan leg.  
 Then twis slow time, an quick time, an quick march an zlow ;  
 " March in vile," wich in kuse yu cant possabul naw ;  
 Wull I'll tull'ee—tis walkin wan arter another,  
 Za close thit wan leg git'th inzide a tha tother,  
 How thay dood et za wull, I cant vury wull zay,  
 Bit tha tother chaps hoofs wid be murch in me way.  
 Wull, then thay had aup'n an close viling too,  
 And a girt many anticks no use ta vrite you,  
 Bit I yerd a ole sawjer whose able ta tull,  
 Zay thay did thare minoovers moast cabical wull.  
 Bit want min veel prow'd, wen bim bye thay be let,  
 Ta hav powder an bal, an be tole vur ta —" Shet !"  
 Bit talkin a shettin, I've yerd et a told,  
 Tis wan tha moast winderful zights ta behold ;  
 An thit if a mile auff pin a geat yu shude zit,  
 Thay kin nack thur, 'tis zed, down za daid as a nit,  
 In vack, I'm a tole, if a chap cude be zeed,  
 Wan cude stan pin Ex Bride, an hat'n down out ta Ide ;  
 An vurder thin that, a chap zed thay cude shet,  
 Roun a corner be shakin tha trigger a bit ;  
 An that wance an ole dumman, droo Kenton did pass,  
 An was hat be a chap thit vired straight ta Starcrass.

If that be tha case, tho' I zim twis es chaff,  
 Ta me it zims dahngerous (vath) ta be saff.  
 What a differns, deer Jan, wen es used ta go out,  
 An up in dree akers git shettin about ;  
 Wat a differns, I zay, in tha guns thi'ts made now—  
 Way ours wis good viring to shet crass tha mow ;  
 As vur veefy yards auff, or vorty, laur drab et !  
 Yu mit teake a moas tender varvull uv a rabbit.  
 Laur Jan ! how I *be* urning aun ta be zshore,  
 I've a vill'd up me paper, an' can't vrite no moar—  
 Ees I kin (else I cud'n a vinish'd a tal)—  
 A vew lines pin tha endilope praps I kin scral ;  
 Vury vew it muss be tho, an now me deer Jan,  
 Yu zee wat thay'm doing aul droo out tha lan.  
 Now uv kuse aul tha kripples, an blind, an like thet,  
 They cant be expected ta march ur ta shet ;  
 Bit thay who kin 'vord it, I think shude be boun,  
 If thay cant do nort else, ta come out way thare poun.  
 Et kausts iv'ry wan awm, vury close, dree poun ten,  
 Wich kant be avorded be miny yung men.  
 If ole voks git purtected an sav'd aul tha trubble,  
 If thay can, thay should aul awmin vork out es dubble,  
 I menshun this yer, aul I zay es "zo be et,"  
 I kin uny zay vurder, I haup I shill zee et.  
 Ta vrite thur zom moar I shude ha no objectshin,  
 Bit I shant ha no rume vur ta vrite tha direckshin,  
 An me vinger's jist like tha hind leg uv a dogg—  
 Crook'd up way tha cramp. Vrim yer brither,

N. Hogg.

---

Tha Old Humman way tha Ard Cloke;

UR

Tha Evil Eye.

---

A WITCH STORY.

---

Et wis Kursmis Eve, how et znaw'd ta be zure!  
 An tha win wissel'd droo tha kayhaul uv tha door,  
 Wen Varmer Jan Vaggis, an Vrends, wis a zot  
 A zmoakin thare backy, an zoopin thare pot;  
 Aul wis silent wayout, 'zept tha noys uv tha trees,  
 An tha znaw, in zom pairts, wis up auver yer nees,  
 Wile a quack ur a grint mit be yer'd droo tha zleet,  
 'Z if tha ducks an tha pigs ad got cole in thare veet:  
 Bit nat zo way Jas Vaggis—es darter Mariar  
 Ad a shuv'd tha ash-vacket pin tap uv tha viar,  
 An wat way tha zmal stiks za wul as tha blocks,  
 Et raich'd ta tha crook ware thay hang up tha crocks.  
 Thare thay zot, an tha blaze thit shet out vrim tha sticks,  
 Play'd an vlicker'd like zinlight pin tap uv thare chik's,  
 An Will Stump, who'd a inklin vur kuartin tha darter,  
 Look'd an zimper'd an drade up es eyes quite therearter,  
 While hur, that is wile in wan place hur'd remain,  
 Drade sheeps-eyes ta he vore an backurd agane,

Wul tha licker went roun, an thay hadd'n zot long,  
 Wen Jan Vaggis cal'd out pin Rab Vinch vur a zong,  
 Zo ha kauff'd wance ur twice an then pitch'd auff tha kay  
 An vur bout haf a nower wiz toonin away,  
 Til tha hood znap'd an crack'ld an sparks shet aroun,  
 An wan awmin drap'd pin Jin Vaggis's gown;  
 Now et wadd'n obsarv'd till et burn'd nearly droo  
 Nat uny hur gown bit her undercoat too,  
 An ole Jinny wis zidd'n stap'd zshort in hur laf,  
 Wen hur voun thare wis zummat scal hot to hur caf.  
 My hivers! hur zot too an holler'd an skritch'd,  
 An Jan Vaggis zing'd out—"Laur a macy! hurs witched,"  
 Zo es thort twis tha case, as hur jump'd aul about,  
 Till hur holler'd out "Viar! Aw, stifle et out!"  
 An away urn'd Tam Chidley, Urch Mugvurd, Rab Vinch,  
 Vur ta bring in zom wotter, tha burnin ta quinch;  
 Bit Jan an Mariar (tho' thay wadd'n long 'bout et)  
 Way tha ale in tha kwart, ad a manijed ta doubt et;  
 An Jinny ta last wis a got auff aul saf  
 That, uv kuse, es exzeptin tha scal in hur caf:—  
 Wat a macy et was tho, as ivry wan zeth,  
 Thit tha old humman wadd'n a skaldid ta deth!  
 Wul thay zot roun agane, an thay vill'd up tha kwarts,  
 An tha yet an tha drink zim'd ta warm up thare harts—  
 Aul exzeptin Jan Vaggis, who zot back behind,  
 As if ha'd got zummit pin tap uv es mind;  
 Till Mariar zeth—"Vather! way why do'ee zit  
 Za var back? way et dith'n look zoshil abit!"  
 Then Jan Vaggis zot vorid, saying "Harkee ta me!  
 I kinfess thit zomhow cruel narvis I be,  
 An when Moather thare holler'd, twis exzack like a skritch  
 I wance yer'd vrim a Humman they zed wis a Witch;  
 Now I cant zay hur iver dood me iny harm,



Bit I naw zom pin wom hur wance work'd out hur charm,  
 Zo if you'll be quiet—let's drink drap a ale—  
 I'll try ta raymimber zom pairts uv tha tale."  
 Arter drinkin an dra-ing es zleeve wance across  
 Es mowth, ta es Missus tha licker ha pass,  
 Then ha took up es pipe, an ha kauff'd auff tha hoce,  
 An zeth Varmer Jan Vaggis—"Wull hark'n now, zo's"  
 An wen thit ha zeed'es had pass'd roun tha cup,  
 Ha begun'd jist as vollers, es tale ta tull up:—

## JAN VAGGIS'S TALE.

Zom yurs ago, I need'n stap  
 Ta tull tha wen, ole Nanny Tap  
 Liv'd out ta Baw, a mortal plat  
 Vur witches an tha likes a that.  
 Now, auver this old humman's haid  
 A hundred yurs ad pass'd, twis zaid;  
 Ta zee hur, iny wan wid zim  
 Hur was za old's Methusalim.  
 Now Nanny Tap wis cruel pairt,  
 An aw! hur dress—I've zeed hur wair't—  
 Likewise hur looks an kooryis ways,  
 Wis like wat 'twas in oulden days:—  
 Hur cloke was urd, hur bunnet black,  
 Way hood aul urnin down hur back,  
 An then hur kar'd a humberul  
 Wid cover aight besides hurzul;  
 As vur tha hannel uv tha stick,  
 Twis sharper thin a aigles bick,  
 An Nanny's nauze an hannel too  
 Look'd redy vur ta urn thur droo.

Bit talk uv vaityers, aw my laur!  
 Yu niver zeed zich veace avaur;  
 Et was za long, and yellor too,  
 Way rinkels urnin rite down droo,  
 As if a picksy way es plow  
 Had took et vur a barley mow,  
 An work'd et too'n avore, agin  
 Ha com'd ta zaw tha barly in;  
 An aul tha pitmarks in hur chaps  
 Zim'd like tha picksy's hosses' staps.  
 An then hur ad a Evil eye,  
 Thit if pin wan hur did let vly  
 A zingle glimpse, ha cud'n stan,  
 An zshore ta be a rooin'd man,  
 An day by day ta meet way harm,  
 Wayout her took'd away tha charm.  
 Hur eye wis green, jist like a cat,  
 And glimmer'd like—I dunnaw wat,  
 Bit when hur haupen'd min ta vew  
 Ha zim'd ta shet thur droo an droo,  
 An tap an toe yude veel a stitch  
 Thit cud'n com 'zept vrom a witch.  
 Wul if yude go into hur room  
 Laur jay! yu niver wat perfoom!  
 Aul roun tha wals, pin tap a barbs,  
 Yude zee bags arter bags uv harbs  
 Thit Nanny used ta boil an stew,  
 Thereway hur witchin things ta doo.  
 Zom times hur'd doo a vrendly deed  
 Ta zom poor vokes in time a need,  
 But if yude put hur out thay way  
 Yu wid be zshore ta rue tha day,—  
 Ur if yu cude and wadd'n wullin

Ta gie hur, when hur ax'd, a shulling ;  
 But as hur cude doo bad an gude  
 I'll tull thur zom hur hath a dood.  
 Now if thee'dst got a prickel in  
 Thee leg, a inch vrim auf tha skin,  
 Hur'd murch en down an zay a prare,  
 An then thee wiss'n ha min thare ;  
 Ur if pin tap a thorn yu zot,  
 An in tha vleshy pairt ha got,  
 Bevaur hur zed dree wurdz yu voun  
 Tha varmint craypin zlowly down ;  
 Ur zay thit yude a got a vit—  
 Jist gie ole Nan a dripmy bit,  
 Hur'd put'n tap hur eye an zay  
 "I zee tha *trubble* gwain away,"  
 An zshores a gun, away ha'd vly  
 Like vapper droo a zummer sky.  
 Bit Laur a macy pin tha chap  
 Thit wid ofvend ole Nanny Tap!  
 Hur'd trubbl'n in tha daid a nite  
 Way stitch an cramp, an zore avright,  
 An wen ha'd strik a match zom wan  
 Wid zim ta hat'n vrom es han ;  
 Ur if ha'd got tha cannel in  
 Zummat wid blaw min out agin ;  
 An then hur'd pinch tha zsheap an cows,  
 And make min turn about tha mows,  
 An niver wance wid let min stap  
 Till way furtig irt down thay'd drap ;  
 An then hur'd kar aun purty rigs  
 Among tha vowls an ducks an pigs ;—  
 Vur hinstins, hur wid dra a lite  
 Upon tha roost at daid a night,

An make tha cocks believe therevrom  
 Thit stid a nite, Cockleert wis com,  
 An thare thay'd zit, an tuck an craw,  
 Till thay ad skace got breth to draw ;  
 An wen tha ducks a brood wis zot,  
 Hur'd make tha eggs za mortal hot,  
 Thit down thay'd squat an niver vail,  
 Pore crayturs, vur ta scal thare tail ;  
 And then tha litt'l pigs wid zook,  
 An twinjy in tha jaws wis took,  
 An then pore things thay'd vume an vret,  
 An bite rite droo tha ole zow's tet,  
 Till hur, pore thing, wid git za zore,  
 As nat ta let min zook no moar,  
 Zo thit, poor cayturs, down thay'd lie,  
 Git thin, an pine irt auff an die.  
 Zomtimes hur'd ha zom other ways,  
 An make tha beddin zwarm way vlays,  
 Thit wid tha litt'l childern bite  
 An make min bal an squal aul nite ;  
 Zomtimes hur'd make tha pudd'n dance,  
 An zomtimes vrom tha crock ha'd prance,  
 An wen ta git min back thay'd strive  
 Ha'd kik an pool, as if alive.  
 Wul then hur'd tu tha ziller stray,  
 An let tha zyder urn away,  
 Bit, stranger still, if yude bit taste  
 Tha licker thit ad urn'd ta waste,  
 'Twis waik as wotter—when hur'd titch'd  
 Tha licker ivry drap wis witch'd ;  
 Zom zed tha zyder wis a took,  
 Ta gie hur sweetheart, be tha cook,  
 And jist ta make as if urn'd out

Hur'd drade zom watter aul about ;  
 Bit twadd'n zo, vur ivry day  
 Twis proof'd tha Missus keep'd tha kay.  
 Bit Laur! I hant a tole thur haf,  
 A zom tha things wid make thur laf ;  
 Vur hinstins, wan ole cat'd a got  
 Up veefty kittens in a lot.  
 An in tha nite wen thay wis drown  
 Tha awful'st squal wis yer aroun  
 Tha houze, an out in mucks and dirt  
 Urn'd Dan'l Bittle in es shirt,  
 Wen lo tha veefty cats he zaw  
 Way skins za whit as draivin znaw,  
 Zo in ha urn'd an shet tha door  
 An did'n look, thic nite, no moar ;  
 An ivry nite, up vule a week,  
 Thay'd com an dance an squail an squeak ;  
 Ta last ha went ta Nanny Tap,  
 An drawd a shullin in hur lap,  
 (Th' old humman niver was the wan  
 Ta take tha munny in hur han)  
 An arter that tha squals did zayce,  
 An Dan'l Bittle zlayp'd 'n payce.  
 Bit thaize be little things compeard  
 Way thicky tale you ant a yeard.  
 Bit vust uv aul, Jan Vaggis zeth,  
 Less stap a minnit an vetch breth ;  
 I'm dry, just chucked—a drap a ale,  
 I'll then purseed ta tul me tale.

Now havin drink'd and vetch'd es wind  
 Ha gied a kauff an thus begin'd :—  
 Wan Varmer Plant, I nawd'n wul,  
 An yer'd tha vury lips awn tul

Tha tale thit naw I tul ta yu,  
 An wat ha zed I naw wis tru.  
 A longful time this Nanny Tap  
 Wis cauzin hee zom zore mishap,  
 An pin tha Varm, be day nur nite,  
 No zingle thing wil go aun vright.  
 Wan day ha yerd thit hur wis zick—  
 Zo bad hur cud'n live a wick—  
 An ha'd a yerd thit if ha did,  
 Avaaur hur dide, jist let hur blid,  
 If twas uny way a pin,  
 Hur cudd'n trubble min agin.  
 Wul auf ha went ta Nanny's houze,  
 An up ha stalk'd za zofts a mouze,  
 Then in ha went ta ware hur lay,  
 An zed ha'd brort a litt'l tay---  
 Tha quantity wis rayther zmal—  
 Ha hup'd hur'd live ta drink et al.  
 Ole Nanny look'd—twas aul hur zed—  
 An haupt'd hur mowth an drade hur haid,  
 An then hur hold'n out hur han—  
 Ha auft ta took et like a man!—  
 Instid uv wich ha took'd tha pin  
 An quick as litnin shet'n in.  
 My hivers ; up th' old humman zot  
 An shet out glimpses, viery hot,  
 An when hur voun hur cud'n raich,  
 Hur manijed ta vetch back her spaich ;—  
 Hur zwarded thit if hur pass'd hur dore  
 Alive, ha shude naw payce no more,  
 An, if hur dide, hur wid com back  
 An make tha boans awn cramp an crack ;  
 Hur'd rat es sheep, hur'd milk es cows,

Hur'd turn things up'ndown in's houze,  
 Hur'd scare es pigs, es ducks, and vowels  
 Hur'd gie es zmal birds ta tha owls—  
 In vack hur'd doo min ivry harm ;  
 Ha shuden prosper tap es varm.  
 An then hur gied tha awfulst cuss,  
 Ole Nick es zul cude zed no wuss.  
 Wul varmer Plant ha veelid, tho,  
 As if ha'd gie tha word'l ta go,  
 Bit no, ha cud'n budge a stap,  
 An veel'd as tho ha must a drap,  
 Vur till ole Nan ad din her 'buse  
 Hur took gude care ta witch es shoes ;  
 Bit aul ta wance hur gied a quirk,  
 An then tha charm ad zaysed ta work,—  
 Hur rap'd hurzul up in hur cloke  
 An nat another wurd hur spauk.  
 Wul varmer Plant, direck ha voun  
 Es shoes let go, jist gied a boun,  
 An out a doors ha then did rin  
 Avaur cude zay Jack Rabinsin,\*  
 An hom ha went an niver stap'd  
 Wile down es veace, tha zwet et drap'd  
 Za big es pays, til down ha zot  
 An way es Misses cozey got,  
 Who drade hur harms es neck aroun  
 An humman like zune camd'n doun ;  
 An havin drade a joog a ale  
 Hur got th' ole man ta tul tha tale ;—  
 Way thick me vrends I need'n paur

\* A mythical personage, supposed to be distantly related to  
 "Miles' Boy."

Cuz es hav tole min wance avaur ;  
 Zuffice et thit zune arter this  
 Ole Nanny graw'd a girt dail wis,  
 An vury zune gied up and dide,  
 Being burry'd be hur ole man's zide.  
 Thare's wan thing now—I'm vaur me tale—  
 (Jan Vaggis took'd a zoop a ale,  
 An havin shet a glimpse aroun  
 Ha let es voice drap zoffly down  
 Ta zich a crewel quiet pitch)—  
 Thare's wan thing shaw'd hur was a witch ;  
 Thic Old Urd Cloke, hur used ta ware,  
 That nite hur dide wis tap tha chare,  
 An tho tha winders an tha dore  
 Wis shet up tight, hur com'd ees zshore !  
 An Cherry Hares, zune arter wan,  
 Went down tha vullidge vur hur man,  
 Wen way a w-z-z-z, a strake a urd  
 Rish'd by hur nauze, za vleet's a burd,  
 An leff behind et zich a zmul,  
 Hur wad'n vur zom time hurzul.  
 Ees zoce an zshores a gun HURD COM  
 Thic nite ta kar hur Urd Cloke HOM.  
 (As Jan zed this es voyce did val  
 An zend a shidder droo min al).  
 Wul then zeth he ta cut et zshort  
 (Vur I raymimber moar'n I thort),  
 Dree months ur moar away id pass'd,  
 An varmer Plant ha thort ta last,  
 An too es nayburs gin ta tul,  
 Ha'd zettled ole Nan purty wul ;  
 Bit Laur a macy ! twadd'n long  
 Avaur ha voun thit ha wis vrong.



Wan nite ha adbeen out ta spend  
 A hour ur two jist way a vrend,—  
 Tis tru a drap a groog ha'd ad,  
 Bit eet a wadd'n auver bad,  
 Ur else et mit be zed as how  
 Ha did'n zee nort in tha mow.  
 Wul aun ha went a little wile,  
 An zune got past tha zekond stile,  
 (I shude a zed thit droo tha mows  
 Wis girt dail nearer to es howze),  
 Wen aul ta wance, aw Laur! ha zaw  
 Tha hosses urning to an vraw ;  
 Thare yers wis prick'd, thare tails across,  
 Tha sheep wis rollin in tha grass,  
 Bit wat made Jan tha moast avraid  
 Wis wan cow stannin tap hur haid,  
 Wile, lite as vethers, tap tha groun  
 Zix pigs wis dancin aul aroun.  
 (Here Rabin Vinch whose haid ad zunk  
 Look up an zeth—" Bit *wadd'n* ha drunk? "  
 Bit varmer Vaggis tap es stool  
 Jist turn'd es haid, an zed, " Yu vool! !"—  
 Ha vury quickly zettled hee  
 An sard'n as ha auft ta be.\*)  
 Wul—Vaggis zeth—as aun ha scral'd,  
 Irt auver zummat zart ha val'd,  
 An up ha got an ruckeyd down  
 Ta zee wat twas pin tap tha groun,

\* This insinuation deserved to be scouted. The probability of the circumstance, and the improbability of Farmer Plant seeing at any rate more than double, should have convinced the most obtuse.

Wen thare hur lide, a pin me wurd—  
 Ole Nan rap'd in hur Cloke a Urd.  
 Wul varmer Plant I've yerd'n zay,  
 Wis gally'd zo, ta urn away  
 Ha cud'n; an as ta jump a yurdle,  
 Ha cud'n do et vur tha wurdle,  
 Bit zshortly, in tha dimpse a nite,  
 Ha zeed tha vigger zit uprite,  
 Wen aul ta wance ha voun es veet,  
 An then no race-hoss was za vleet;—  
 Aun, aun, ha urn'd, bang auver stiles,  
 An vanced thit es houze wiz miles,  
 An way tha vleetness uv es peace  
 Tha zwet wis streemin doun es veace,  
 An aun ha went an niver stap'd  
 Till hom ha com'd, wen doun a drap'd,  
 An in a vit vur how'rs ha lide  
 Thit aul awm thort ha must ha dide.  
 Thay rubd'n up an rubd'n doun,  
 An hang'd es haid tawards tha groun,  
 In auder thit tha blid et mit  
 Rin vrim es haid up droo es veet;  
 They rub'd es bully an es back,  
 An then thay'd gie es nauze a wack,  
 Ur siddenly thay'd make en stoop,  
 An gie min jist a wisterpoop—  
 Bit no, in spite uv aul cude doo,  
 Thay cud'n bring tha ole man too:  
 Wen aul ulse vail'd thay mooved tha sheet,  
 An way a strawmaut tick'ld es veet,  
 Wen aul ta wanct ha skritch'h out "stap!  
 Aw law hurs com'd—tis ole Nan Tap!"  
 An then ha gied zich dredvul groans,

Moast loud anuf ta rise tha stoans—  
 Ees! louder var than ole Zam Gully  
 Wen wance tha gooseburry's grip'd es bully.  
 Wul wen thay zed hur wadd'n thare,  
 An zmooth'd es veace, an much'd es hair—  
 Ha haup'd es eyes, an then ha told  
 Tha vrightvul zight ha had behold ;  
 An zed thit twas aul up way hee  
 An payce ha niver moar shude zee.

Bit here et mit be right to stap,  
 An zay as how a zaujer chap  
 Pass'd droo tha vullidge, in tha day,  
 An zom wis vools anuf ta zay  
 Thit ha got drunk tha night bevaur,  
 An thit thay'd bet a aiven skaur  
 Thit, drunk, into tha mow ha scral'd,  
 An auver hee, twas, Jan Plant val'd ;  
 An zed, ta make thair tale aul rite,  
 Ha zed ha'd zleep'd thare aul thic nite ;—  
 Thit twadd'n zo wis prov'd doun vlat  
 Be wat took place zune arter that.

Jan Vaggis stap'd to vetch es breath,  
 Wich havin dood, as vollers zeth :—  
 Wul, zshore anuf, a Vridy morn,  
 (This wis a Thesdy) aul vurlorn,  
 Up com tha maid, in zic a vright,  
 Ta zay thit jist avaur twis light,  
 Hur went tha butter vur ta churn,  
 Bit nat a hinch tha thing wid turn ;  
 Hur drade an shuv'd, both vore an back,

Bit no ! tha thing ha widd'n zlack,  
 An as hur went ta turn about,  
 A wiff blaw'd zlap tha cannel out :  
 Hur manijed, in a awful vright,  
 Ta grope aul aup tha zeckond vlight,  
 An as hur pass'd tha vowerth stair  
 Hur zaid hur yer'd tha wurd, " beware ! "  
 Wul vath tha maid ad harly din,  
 Avaur Will Vlint com vustlin in  
 Ta zay (with zich a thindrin rap),  
 Tha hosses wid'n moove a stap ;  
 Ha'd tride be kik, an jit, an nudge,  
 Bit nat a zingle wan wid budge,  
 An wen ha zed " wat want'ee go ? "  
 Ha zwared tha whit hoss hanser'd " no ! "  
 Zo arter that nat wan ha tich'd,  
 Being zartin thit thay aul wis witch'd.  
 Wul droo tha day—ees I'll be shot !—  
 Tha later twas tha wiss et got,  
 An vaur tha nite ole Nanny's charm  
 Wis wurkin ivry pairt tha varm,  
 An zoon tha stock kar'd aun thare vlings  
 Be dooin moast unnate-ril things ;  
 Vur hinstins dree wole broods a chicks—  
 I think in aul up twenty zix—  
 Irt bang into tha milpond chucks,  
 An raily thort thit thay wis ducks,  
 An zeb'n ur aight wis uny vound  
 Out uv tha lot, the rest wis drown'd ;  
 Tha ole mare drauv hur colt away  
 An let tha cav zook haf the day  
 Wile aul tha colt wid urn an draw  
 Hiszul rite in tha tetty traw,

As if ha thort thare was a chance  
 Ta end es trubbles aul ta wance.  
 Wan day tha dog jist gied a kauff  
 An to tha stump, es tail bite auff ;  
 As vur tha cat up stairs hur'd gaun  
 An put tha yung cheel's nightcap aun,  
 An bout a vortnit arter that  
 Ad kittens in ole Jan Plant's hat,—  
 Aw macy me ! ta zit an tul  
 Wan haf yude be bezide yezul.  
 Bit jist ta zum up aul tha lot—  
 Tha pigs pin tap tha ducks eggs zot,  
 Wile thay, pore things, away wid vly  
 And make thare kwarters in tha sty ;  
 Tha hosses widd'n zaw nur plow ;  
 Cud git no zense vrim cav nur cow ;  
 Tha mill wid stap way aul es mite,  
 Tho' aul the wotter urn'd aun rite ;  
 Tha Jackasses aul uv a heep,  
 Wid zing out awful in thare zleep—  
 In vack nat wan escap'd tha charm  
 Thit wurk'd upon Jan Plantés varm.  
 Wul this went aun, ees vath et did !  
 Till cud'n be stood be vlesh an blid ;  
 Nite arter nite, day arter day,  
 Tha things wid pine, vur weeks away,  
 An aut thit vamer Jan wid try  
 Zim'd bit ta make min vaster die.  
 Outzide ha'd hang a hosses shoe  
 Wich in moast cases zshore ta do,  
 Bit no ! hur did'n care a rap,  
 Et cud'n scare ole Nanny Tap,  
 An then ha'd got a bulliks hart,

An shuv into tha tender part,  
 A lot a pins—twis niver naw'd  
 Ta vail avaur—twis munny draw'd  
 I'rt bang away, vur nat a rap  
 Vur bulliks harts cared Nanny Tap!  
 Wul arter tryin aul ha cude,  
 An nothing thit ha'd din ad dude  
 Wan day ha zed unto es wive—  
 " Et zims thit es shall niver thrive,  
 Wat in tha word'l kin es doo,  
 I cant tul ort, now Bets kin you? "  
 Then up hur spauk—zeth hur " wul Jan!  
 I hav a yerd thit thares a man,  
 A whit-witch cal'd, in Exter Toun,  
 An if you gie min bit a crown,  
 Ha'l tull thur how, ha es za cliver,  
 Ta draive ole Nanny Tap vur iver."  
 Zeth he " then Bets, jist cal in Rob,  
 An tell'n ta wance to zaddle Bob—  
 I'll go, za zshore as my name's Jan,  
 An gie a crown ta thicky man."  
 Wul Rob wis reddy vury zune,  
 (Tha airly pairt uv tha vurnoon)  
 Zo auff ha went, trat, trat, trat, trat,  
 Way mucks tha hoss's bully scat,  
 An vath ha took bit little while  
 A ridin in thic sixteen mile—  
 Vur Bob eszul wis awful titch'd,  
 An went jist like a hoss a witch'd.  
 When inta Exter ha'd a got  
 Ta maister Tuckitt's vore ha zot;  
 Ha ring'd tha bul, tha messidge zent,  
 Pool'd auff es hat, an in ha went,

An zeed a vuller in a room  
 Thit zim'd in zich a vret an vume!  
 Ha zed ha'd lost a cav and cow,  
 And com'd in thare ta naw as how,  
 Vur Measter T., at litt'l cost,  
 Had auff'n vound tha things ha'd lost;—  
 An wat mit be (zo ax'd tha man)  
 Tha arrant thare uv Varmer Jan?  
 Then up'n auff ha tole how hard,  
 Be ole Nan Tap, ha had bin sar'd,  
 An tole et aun till, vath ha zend  
 Tha vuller's hair rite up'n end,  
 An as Jan's kase wis murch tha wust.  
 Ha'd let min zee tha whit-witch vust.  
 Bim bye, close by, thare ring'd a bul,  
 A zarvant then com'd out ta tul  
 Tha witch wis reddy, in Jan gose,  
 Jist pool'd es hair, zed how do zo's,  
 When lo! a vigger vore did stap—  
 Pin tap es haid a hairy cap;  
 Es hair wis zich a cruel vright—  
 Twis zom aw't yeller, zom aw't white,—  
 An then tha cloke ha wared aroun  
 Wis black, an drappin ta tha groun,  
 In vack tha zight aun, et wis zich  
 Ta shaw et wance ha was a witch.  
 Wul suddenly ta Jan's alarm,  
 Tha whit-witch zes "I naw tha charm!"  
 An zed, vaur Jan cude zay a wurd,  
 "Tis ole Nan Tap—tha Cloke a Urd;"  
 Ha wink'd es eye—zed "Raw, ra, ree,\*

\* Mystical words understood only by those who have proved their efficacy.

I'll wurk a charm ta tackle she ;"—  
 Aul Jan cude doo, in zich a stid,  
 Wis valter out " ha haup'd ha wid."  
 Wul aun thay talk'd a longful time  
 Jan ad zom zyder—vath twis prime—  
 An tho' tha whit-witch up'n told  
 Moast ivry thing Jan ad behold.

Now yer et mit'n be out tha way,  
 Ta menshin wat zom asses zay :  
 Be nawnort voks et hath bin told,  
 Thit thick thare chap thit Jan behold,  
 Who zed es kase wis murch tha wust,  
 An thit ha mit go in tha vust,  
 Wis nothin moar'n tha witch's man,  
 Put thare ta draw things out a Jan ;  
 An thit twis bit a papern wal,  
 Zo thit tha witch cud yer et al,  
 An, wen Jan enter'd tother dore,  
 Cude tul min aul ha'd naw'd avar ;—  
 Let children talk zich stuff ta school !—  
 Dee think Jan Plant wis zich a vool ?—  
 Yer Riar—'nother kwart a ale,  
 An then less git back too tha tale.

Tha quart wis brort, Jan vill'd es pipe,  
 Zeth—when ha'd gied es nauze a wibe—  
 Wul as I zed, they talk'd anour,  
 An then tha timepeace warn'd vur vour ;  
 Then vrom Jan Plant tha crown ha took'd



An gied zom things, like stoans thay look'd,  
 Tide in a bag ; zes he, now tek  
 An hitch min up aroun yer nek,  
 An zay this prare—" Depart, oh witch,  
 Likewise depart aul other zich"—  
 Then sprink som wotter vrim a bucket,  
 An zay, " I doot in name uv Tuckit ;"\*  
 Bit, honest like, ha zed twis chance,  
 If ha cude draive Nan aul tu wance,  
 Bit if, bim by, Jan vree wis voun,  
 Ha widd'n, praps, mind another poun.  
 A pound, zed Jan, Way if thee'st drive  
 Hur clain rite auff, I'll gie thur vive !  
 Agrced zed he, jist gie's yer han  
 I'll bet I draive hur—vive ta wan :  
 A Zaterdag nite hurs zshore ta com,  
 Vur Zindays, mind, hur *must* stay hom,  
 Zo harken now an es shill zee  
 Wich es tha *girt* witch, hur ur me.  
 Ha tole min then, next Zaterdag nite,  
 Ta shuv up in tha chimly, tight,  
 A vacket a hood, ur aiv'n two  
 If thit ha voun wan widd'n do ;  
 An then ha was ta zay a prare  
 Zo as ta bring th'ole humman thare ;  
 Zes he be punkel—haf pas zix—  
 I'll put th'ole humman in a vix ;  
 I'll stay hom yer an work a charm—  
 Hur niver shill doo thur vurder harm.

\* There is always a charm in simplicity of expression, and the present exorcism is only a greater proof of the white-witch's power.

Zo var zo good zes Vaggis I think  
 I'll wet tha wissel way drap a drink—  
 Zo ha had another zoop a ale,  
 Avaur kintinnying es tale.

Waree was I zo's? aw, now I zee  
 Tha pairting uv tha witch and hee!  
 Wul hom Jan went, an strange to zay,  
 A vew hours when ha'd gone away—  
 About tha time wen hee zot down  
 Way Measter T. in Exter toun—  
 Things mended hom and, tho nat rite,  
 Went purty vair til Zaterdag nite;—  
 Ha bit dree times wis cal'd ta scare,  
 Ole Nanny auff way zayin tha prare.  
 Wul 'bout tha hour tha whit-witch zed,  
 Tho too tha time ha look'd way dred,  
 Ha went ta kuart ta vetch tha hood,  
 Instid uv wich wats think ha dood?—  
 Way stid uv hood ha brot hom Vuz  
 An shuv'd et up tha chimly, cuz  
 Ha'd yer'd thit wayout boans ur skin  
 A witch cude veel tha prick'ls in;  
 An vurdermoar ha then did stik  
 Up droo, a sharp two-vorkid pick—  
 Thort he, "ole gal I've got thur now,  
 Za zshores tha tail pin my old zow."  
 Wul Jan Plant then begind ta pray,  
 An hadd'n got no moar'n haf way,  
 When lo! ha yerd a zort a rap  
 As if twis pin tha chimly tap,  
 An aul ta wance a awful voyce,

Ha yer'd, an makin zich a noyse!  
 Zes he "wul Bets—my eyes hurs com!  
 Poosh aup tha dore lets vlee herevrom,"  
 An vaur ha zed another wurd,  
 Scat bang down tap tha vuz ha yer'd  
 A hevy val, an zich a skritch  
 Thit uny cud com vrim a witch.  
 Wul auf ha urn'd, his wive urn'd too,  
 Out in tha kuart ta hid vrim vew,  
 Wen aul ta wance, out vrim tha dore,  
 Thay zeed a vigger urnin vore,  
 Way Cloke a Urd, an Eye a vlame,  
 An urning too moast cruel lame,  
 An as et went out droo, tha vowls  
 An ducks an pigs zot up zich howls;—  
 Tha moar thay ball'd, wayout a turn,  
 Tha vaster did tha ole twad urn.  
 Zes Jan, "look Bets!" "Ees! Ees!" hur zeth,  
 Jist hole yer bal, and bate yer breth,  
 Way, tho hur es a gone za vur,  
 I'll steak me davy et be hur!  
 Wul thare thay waited vule a nower,  
 Ta moove a stap thay skace had power,  
 Till Bets zeth "Jan!" "Ees Bets!" zeth he—  
 Shuv out yer han, lets veel where be!  
 I veel'n, "zeth hur!" hurs out a zight  
 I think es mit go in aul rite.  
 Wul out went Jan, an arter'n Bet,  
 An as across the kuart thay shet,  
 Thay veel'd, ta use thare vury wurds,  
 Thare blid aul kurdled into kurds,"  
 Bit bothe awm still keep'd urning vore,  
 Till in thay got an shet tha dore;

An then, aw laur! way wat zurprise  
 Thay zeed tha zight thit meet thare eyes.  
 Thare wis tha vuz down tummil'd zlap—  
 Hur must a hat hurzul a wap!  
 As vur tha pick both vorks wis rid,  
 Aul bout tha taps way lots a blid.  
 Zeth Jan, " way Bets," and looked avresh,  
 I thort this uny com'd vrim vlesh!  
 Bit Bets hur zed hur'd yerd aaur,  
 Uv spurrits cover'd aul way gaur;  
 An Jan zed wen ha come ta luke  
 He ad a raid zo in a buke.  
 Zeth he, " wul now es need'n vret!"  
 Hur'd niver com again ha'd bet;  
 An, if ha liv'd ta zee tha day,  
 Ta-marra ha'd go in an pay—  
 Ees! pay wi joy—tha munny down,  
 Vur thicky man desarv'd vive poun,  
 Thit cude purvent zich zore mishap,  
 An scare a witch like Nanny Tap.  
 Wul, having vust let in tha dog,  
 Thay made tharezuls a drap a grog,  
 Then up thay went to baid aul right  
 An niver waked up vur tha night.  
 Et may be ax'd ware was tha maids  
 An thay? way aul was in thare baid—  
 Tha whit-witch zed thit uny two  
 Mist wurk tha thing, ur twidd'n doo.

Next day Jan went ta Exter toun  
 Ta pay tha witch tha munny down,  
 An wen ha com ha ring'd tha bul,

An yerd tha whit-witch wadd'n wul ;  
 A stranger twas tha haup'd tha door,  
 Tho Jan Plant zim'd thay'd meet bevaur  
 An vur tha minnit thort as how  
 Ha zeed tha man thit lost tha cow ;  
 Bit, arter lookin in es veace,  
 Ha thort et cud'n be tha keace.  
 Ha zed es measter was ta bad  
 Ta zee vriend P., bit that ha had  
 Dereckly, wen tha bul did ring,  
 Zed " varmer Plant—ay that's tha thing !"  
 An thit ha'd told'n ta go doun  
 An take vrim varmer P. vive poun,  
 An tul'n ha mit rest mortal zshore  
 Ha'd niver zee Nan Tap no moar ;  
 Zo hom a went an vrom thic day  
 Aul things went in a rigglar way.

Bevaur I stap, et mit be wul  
 Ta shaw what voolish tales vokes tul !  
 Twis zed, thic nite, thare wadd'n zich  
 A thing a taul, bit that tha witch  
 Wis Measter Tuckitt, who'd a com  
 Aul out vrim Exter—and therevrom  
 Brort a Urd Cloke, an zo got doun  
 Tha chimly, jist ta airn vive poun ;  
 An that as doun tha place ha scral'd  
 Ha zlip'd es voot, an doun ha val'd,  
 An wat Jan thort wis Nan Tap's cry  
 Wis wen tha vorks rin'd in es thy ;  
 Thit in tha nite uv thick zame day,  
 Zom vokes ad zeed min ride away,

As wen Jan Plant did call, twis zaid,  
 Twis way tha zore ha lide a baid—  
 Bit as I've zed, that's vit vur skools,—  
 THA LAUR HA MACY PIN ZICH VOOLS! !

An as Jan zed this, ha haiv'd a sife,  
 That zim'd ta dra out haf es life,  
 An Riar an hur Moather zot,  
 A kainin in tha licker pot,  
 An look'd za long til pin me wurd  
 Thay zim'd thay zeed tha CLOKE A URD.  
 Tha 'tothers as tha wind et blaw'd,  
 Thank'd gudeness thay wis gwain *wan* raud  
 An Rabin Vinch zed wance'n agane,  
 "Laur! want-es shet by Mucksy Lane!"  
 Vur if thare's ort in aith ur air,  
 Tis ten ta wan bit wat tis thare.  
 Wul thare thay zot an speat an zmauk'd,  
 And skace a zingle wurd wis spauk'd  
 Till vury zune tha clock nac'k wan,  
 Wen aul aw'm rauze to voller Jan,  
 Who let min out, an ta make zshore,  
 Like winky vasten'd too tha dore:  
 Zoon as Rab Vinch an 'tothers got  
 Outzide the kuart, Laur, auf thay zot!  
 An wen thay'd kort thare wind a bit  
 Zot too, za hard as thay cude split,  
 An niver ad a wurd ta zay,  
 Bit keep'd stratch-gallip aul tha way.  
 Wul, homeward thay aul took thare vlight  
 An niver look'd ta lift nur right,  
 Till passin Mucksy Lane—aw, deer!—  
 Thay aul aw'm jibber'd out way veer;

Bit aun thay went, wan arter wan,  
 Tho way tha znaw cude skacely stan,  
 An veel'd unsaff till in thare baids,  
 Thay rish'd an cover'd up thare haids.  
 As vur Jan Vaggis, thee mit's zware  
 Ha wadd'n long vaur hee wis thare.  
 Mariar hur veel'd aul bit wul,  
 An widd'n szleep nat by hurzul—  
 No moar wid Jan, zo, nat ta bother,  
 Tha maid hur zleep'd outzide hur Mother ;  
 An aul tha nite thare sifes an screams  
 Shaw'd wat wis wurkin in thare dreams—  
 No winder ! tho I zay't merzul,—  
 A dred'fler tale I hant yer'd tul !—  
 Uv kuse I need'n zay tu yu  
 Thit ivry wurd I've told es tru—  
 Ees vath ! tis tru's a vrog's a vrog,—  
 Zo varewul, zo's yours—

NATHAN HOGG.

---

#### NOTE TO THE WITCH STORY.

Paragraphs may frequently be seen in the newspapers headed  
 "Extraordinary belief in Witchcraft," "Lamentable case of  
 Superstition," &c., &c., and the readers thereof become duly asto-  
 nished, throw up their eyes and hands, and ejaculate, "Can such  
 things be in the nineteenth century?" Verily, "good constant,"  
 such things can be and are, and, to lessen thy astonishment in  
 the future, we would impose upon thee—no long expedition  
 involving the laying in of a fortnight's rations, nor even the pro-  
 vision of a nightcap, but simply an afternoon's excursion now

and then, into some of the villages and hamlets within a few miles of this ever-faithful City, where, in many instances, the Railway is supposed to have borne intelligence, and the Electric Wire to have flashed enlightenment. and thou wilt soon find that the belief in Witchcraft and the appearance of Ghosts are no "extraordinary instance," and that, however "lamentable," superstitions of that kind are as general as is the vernacular in which the aforesaid story is written. That it is the general effect of ignorance to construe the simplest event, not quite comprehended, into supernatural agency, is sufficiently proved by the past, and that such ignorance still reigns throughout most of the rural districts of our native county, the writer has had ample proof and experience; indeed, he has never yet been able to find a village without a bridge of horrors—some dark locality where weird sounds are heard; horses without heads, or mourning coaches without horses, seen—or some dreadful spectacle said to be periodically re-enacted from the Shades below. As an instance of the belief in Ghosts, it may be added, that a short time since, he happened to be present when nearly a whole village, not seven miles from Exeter, with the Railway almost at its threshold, turned out night after night, for a week, horror-struck, to witness a light upon the windows of a house, said to be the spirit of an old lady who had recently died, and which turned out to be simply the reflection of the moon. Under these circumstances, it is little to be wondered that the Hogs, the Vaggises, and Plants, become robbed to a pretty considerable extent, for, to meet their ghostly emergencies, drunken tailors, idle shoemakers, and other worthless fellows, spring up into herbal doctors and white witches, and, by pretending to find out lost property, dispel charms, and lay ghosts, pick the pockets of their victims. The means adopted by these imposters, as suggested by the Witch Story, are not overdrawn; and, incredible as it may appear, there are many Professors of the class mentioned now in the city, carrying on what they would in all probability term a "roaring" trade.



### The Manadgery at Ester Fair.

Tha gurt ugly Hellyfint widden kim out,  
 Zo they gid min a whack cross his ligs an his snout,  
 Wen a thote, I suppose, a wis in for a drub,  
 A lopp'd out en than got up tap a tub.  
 Tha leetle wan kim'd out, and urn'd along well,  
 A'd a got round his neck a smahl tinkling bell,  
 Zo much ver tha Hellyfints. Camyels, they say,  
 Drinks nort in tha wordel but Cam-i-yel tay;  
 There wis lots aw min thare, bit my zister Sairey  
 Zed thick way. wan hump wis a young Drummy Dairy.  
 Tha keeper---a dark chap, by Dame Natur color'd---  
 Got into a den, drash'd sim baists till they holler'd,  
 And jumped droo sim hoops,—twis most kapical fun;  
 Zo tha keeper kim'd out when he'd shet off a gun;  
 I thort that there there the best fun in the fair, yes,  
 An than I'd a luke at the gurt Rhino-sairyis;  
 Zom chap thit stude by zed the name mid sound funny,  
 Bit 'twis gied en becos that a cost sa murch munny.  
 I 'pointed thick chap ver ta be my kinducter;  
 A show'd me a Sarpint, a big boy-kinstructer;  
 A laffin high-in-a, way sharp teeth an claws;  
 "Army drillers," and " Forkintines," birds kall'd macaws,  
 Parrits, love-birds, and likewise sim fine cocky 2's:—  
 In short tha chap dude all a cude to amoose.  
 Lor a massey! I mussen furgit 'bout tha munkeys;  
 Besides tha two Zebras (zem kalls em wild dunkeys);  
 The pickled Jim Pansey, or Gorilla, merits  
 A line, as a lieth at his hearts-ease in Sperrits.  
 An now I've a dude, cos I don't wish ta badger ye,  
 Zo no moar ver the present about tha Manadgery.

JAN.

## Bradninchian Justice.

*April 3rd, 1863.*

Zom time agone—a hundid yer, or moar,  
 Gr p'raps tew hundid—that I wont be shoar ;  
 A boy, a murtchy makin gallis toad.  
 A hurn'd away vrim skule, along tha ro-ad,  
 Till a kim'd tu a gardin hadge : en zo  
 A got in auver ; than a had a go  
 At zom ripe gusebrees ; stuff'd his burtches vull,  
 But thare a vall'd aslayp—a leetle fule !  
 Ver a wis vound en tuk'd avaur the Mare,  
 Twis kleeer a haden got no bisniss thare ;  
 Bit these yer boy—a impident yung theef,  
 Sed, “ Mr. Mare, I'll tul ee my beleef,  
 No gude to zay I wadden neast tha place,  
 But you kant punish me in this year case.”  
 “ What vor ? ” tha Mare exclaim'd, “ I like to naw ? ”  
 “ Cos,” zes the boy, “ thare idden net no law  
 Ginn stalin gusebrees in yer jistis buke.”  
 “ Idden er ? ” es worship zed—“ I'll ev a luke ; ”  
 En zo a did ; a squirted droo es spartikels  
 'Bout laws gin stalin hoppels en other hartikels,  
 Bit nort there was bout gusebrees—“ Wy thee'rt rait,”  
 zed he,  
 “ Zo git long hoam these time—but lookey zee !  
 Thee shetten volley thick thare theevin trade,  
 I'll git a law 'gin gusebrees stalin made ! ”

## GLOSSARY.

A, of, have.	bang, to beat	cole, cold
abu, above	banging girt, very	com'd, came
adu, to do, ceremony,	great	cort, caught
adieu	bant, am not	cozey, comfortable
agaun, gone	barbs, sticks	crasses, crosses
agin, against	baw, bow	crayturs, creatures
agwain, going	beant, am not	crinted, grunted
aight, eight	begorz, an oath	cude, could
ails, eels	bekase, because	cud'n, couldn't
ait, eat	bess, best	curst, crust
aith, earth	bim bye, bye aud bye	cuss, curse
aiven, even	bin, been	cute, acute
alongzide, beside	bit, but	cuz, because
anuff, enough	blaijed, obliged	
airly, early	blid, blood	Drat et, ods rot it
arter, after	bort, bought	daps, image
atween, between	bout, about	darter, daughter
auder, order	bral, brawl	dashed, an exclamation
aun, on	brauk, broken	tion
aut, awt, of it	brekses, breakfast	dide, died
auver, over	bul, bell	dimmet, dusk
avaur, before		diss'n, don't you
aw, oh		dood, done
aw'min, of them	Cabical, capital	dra, to draw
aw's, of us	caf, calf	drab et, see drat it
ax'd, asked	cam'd, calm'd	drade, threw
azide, beside	carr, carry	draivin znaw, driven
	cathandid, clumsy	snow
Bagganit, bayonet	chaps, chops, cheeks	drapp'n, dropt it
baid, bed	chaw, chew	draut, throat
baist, beast	cheel, child	drashing, thrashing
balling, bawling	civillins, civilians	drimpy, small
bal, noise	clainid, cleaned	drippence, three-
baloo, row	clipper, a' knock	pence
ban, band	cockleert, daybreak	dring'd, squeezed up

## GLOSSARY.

dude, done	hannel, handle	Knastone Knowstone
dunnaw, don't know	hapmy, halfpenny	kort, caught
dyver'd, faded	happered, halfpenny worth	kuart, court
	hat, knocked	kurrek, correct
Ees, yes	haup, hope	Kursmis, Christmas
ect, yet	hawls, holes	kuse, course
ekal, equal	hight, eight	kute, acute
endilope, envelope	hikes, go	kuss, curse
er ur, or	hinklin, inclination	
es, his, us, we	hivers, my eyes	Let her blid, draw her blood
	hist, hast	laur, lor, Lord
Foced, forced	holler, to cry out	
fust, first	hom, home	
furra, furrow	hood, wood	Ma, my
furtig, fatigue	hullifint, elephant	macy, massy, mercy
	humberul, umbrella	man'd, man would
	humman, woman	manijed, managed
	hummen, women	mare, mayor
Gapnested, gaped, looked	hur, her	mer, me
gawkim, a stupid fellow	hy, eye	merzul, myself
gaur, gore	Iny, any	miny, many
gied, gave	irt, right	min, them
gie, give	ith, hath	mortal, very
gilhal, Guildhall	iv'ry, every	mort, lard
girt, great	ivers, my eyes!	mow, meadow field
girtly, greatly	ize, I am	much, to smoothe
gorjus, gorgeous		mucks, mud
gwain, going	Jainis, genius	murch, much
	jist, just	
Ha', have		Nack, knock
ha, he	Kaining, looking	nat, not
haf, half	karring, carrying	nauble, noble
haid, head	kend, kind	nauze, nose
hals, draws	kindiddled, enticed	naw, naws, know- ledge, knows
harly, hardly, scar- cely	kintinnying, contin- uing	nawnort, know no- thing
harbs, herbs	kenhoods, Kenwoods	noas, nose
haul, hole	kiss'n, can't not	nort, nothing
hoce, hoarse		Ort, anything

## GLOSSARY.

Pakin, strolling	sludder, shudder	Vair, fair
pasher, pasha	speat, spit	vaityers, features
pairt, part, shrewd,	stap, stop	vall'd, fell
quaint	staps, steps	valling, falling
pasnips, parsnips	steev'd, stiff	vantysheeny, showy
paur, to stuff, to fill	stewer, dust	vard'n, farthing
penner'd, penny-	stright, straight	vruder, further
worth	strat, dash	vath, faith
pheasants, peasants	stude, stood	vaur, before
picksey, an elf, or		vaut, fault
fairy—infinitesi-		veed, feed
mal, but powerful	Ta, to	veefty, fifty
pin, upon	tamarra, to-morrow	veet, feet
pillamy, dust	tap, top	vill'd, fill'd
pirnt, print	tettys, potatoes	vin'd, fined
plat, plot, place,	thatares, thatis, that	vippence, fivepence
locality	thateres, thatis, that	vlink, fink, figure
punkel, punctual	thit, that	voks, folks
purdlin, purling	tho', then, altho' (as	voller'd, followed
purty, pretty	tho') as if	voolz, fools
puss, purse	thort, thought	vorrid, forward
	thur, thee	vright, right
	tich, to touch	vriu, from
Rails, revels	tidd'n, 'tis not	vrites, writes
raimid, stretched	tiddivate, to bedeck,	vul, fool
rammeled, rambled	to ornament	vuller'd, a fellow had
rat, rot	tu, to, two	vung, vang, find, take,
rauze, rise	tul, tell	gather
ruckee, to stoop	tummil'd, tumbled	vur, for
down low		vurgit, forgot
		vury, very
Saff, safe	Ull, will	vussled, hurried
sar, serve	ulsc, else	vustling, fussing
sar'd, served	uny, only	vuz, furze
scace, scarce	ur, or	
scraly, to write	urch, rich	Wack, knock
shet, shut, shoot	urn, to run	wacking, great
shude, should	urd, red	wan, one
sife, sigh	urdgment, regiment	wance, once
skace, scarce	us'd, we had	wangery, tired
skaur, score	uv, of	wap, thrash
skiddik, thing, article		

## GLOSSARY.

wapper-hy'd, sleepy groggy	wurraw, hurrah	zes, says
wat, what	wuss, worse	zich, such
way, with	Yeller, yellow	zide, side
wayout, without	yer, your, here, hear	zidd'n, sudden
weed, would	yer'd, heard	zim'd, seemed
wen, when	yewshil, usual	zim, think
wissel, whistle, the throat	yu'm, you are	zimper, a shy demon- stration
weth, worth	yurdle, hurdle	zmacks, kisses
whacker, great	Za, so	zmoaking, smoking
whisterpoop, a knock	zait, seat	zoop, to sip largely
wis, was	zay, sea	zom, some
wiss, would'st, worse	zart, soft	zo's, folks, vriends, greeting to a person or persons present
whit, white	zartin, certain	zot, sat
wom, whom	zaw, saw	zummat, something
wordel, world	zed, said	zune, soon
wul, well	zee, see	zwetting, sweating
wur, were	zeed, seen	



# LETTERS & POEMS

TU ES BRITHER JAN,

IN

## THE DEVONSHIRE DIALECT

BY

### NATHAN HOGG.

---

SECOND SERIES.

---

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE  
LOUIS LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

EDITED, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY  
ROBERT DYMOND, F.S.A.

---

*Sixth Edition—Enlarged—with a Revised Glossary.*

---

S. DRAYTON & SONS,  
201, HIGH STREET, EXETER.  
1902.

---

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.





## Contents.

---

DEDICATION	...	...	...	v.
MY PURTY JANE	...	...	...	1
THA DAYSY TAP THA GRAVE	...	...	...	2
THA ZLAYPIN CHEEL ...	...	...	...	3
TWENTY YURS—A RAYCOLLECKSHIN	...	...	...	5
THA CRICKET AN THA BITTLE	...	...	...	8
GWAYN HOM	...	...	...	9
THA ZINGIN TIME A LIVE	...	...	...	11
GIRT OFVENDERS AND ZMAL	...	...	...	13
MAL BROWN'S CRINALIN AN WAT COM'D AWT ...	...	...	...	14
A TURRABUL RIDE BEE RAYL	...	...	...	18
MEZUL EZ A PUBLIC SPAYKER	...	...	...	23
EXPAIRYINCES UV ROYALTY	...	...	...	27
MUCKSY LANE—A GOST STORY	...	...	...	40
NATHAN IN A TURKEY BATH	...	...	...	50
NATHAN'S PICKTER TUKE BE LIGHT	...	...	...	59
THA KENTON GOST	...	...	...	69
THA EXTER SAUJERS	...	...	...	76
NOTE AND GLOSSARY ...	...	...	...	79



## Dedication

(BY PERMISSION)

To His Highness Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte.

---

IN seeking the honour which your Highness has so readily and courteously conferred upon me, by granting me permission to dedicate to you the following pages, I feel assured that you will better appreciate my object in so doing when I admit that, while entertaining full respect for your exalted rank, a recollection of the Prince becomes lost in my admiration of the Linguist.

Remembering the many interviews which I have been privileged to have with your Highness, during your study of the Devonshire Dialect, and your extraordinary mastery of its general peculiarities and most difficult idioms, I can well understand how highly you have deserved the honourable mention which has been made of you as a Linguist by the European Press.

My testimony to that already so universally given may seem to savour somewhat of egotism: I cannot however imagine that I have committed any great breach of modesty in seeking, as the humble student of one dialect, the appreciation of a perfect master of hundreds.

H. BAIRD.



## SAIR-YISS POAMS.

---

### My purty Jane.

*June 25th, 1865.*

It was down by the river I first met my pretty Jane,  
Upon a Zummer evening, when the zin was on the wane.  
Her little veet they twinkled, as she tripp'd aur meadows  
bright,  
And my heart it whisper'd zoftly, "Giles, didst a'er see  
sich zight."

No, nivver in my born days did I zee a girl so vair,  
She made my heart go pit-pat, and she riz on end my  
hair,  
And I ax'd her for to com back, but she couldn't then  
she said,  
And on she sped like lightning across the level mead.

I heerd the birds a-singing, as I coon'd up droo the lane  
And I thort they zed, "Giles, Giles, thee shalt have thy  
purty Jane!"  
Ah! 'twas music sweeter far than I'd ever heerd before,  
It often gied ma comfort, digging pait upon the Moor.

One zummer zinday morning, when the bells were ring-  
 ing sweet,  
 I met my love a'coming up old Chagford's plissent  
 street ;  
 I tuk courage theer and thin, and I up and told my love,  
 And she zaid, " Dear Giles, I'll have ee," and she spauk  
 jest like a dove.  
 But she nivver liv'd to do it, for she pined away and  
 died,  
 Jest on the day she zed she be my bouny little bride ;  
 Now often when I'm walking down in yander meadows  
 bright  
 I zee her right before me—like an angel in the light.  
 And I heer her sweet voice zaying—" Giles, Giles, be  
 not afraid,  
 Thee shall see, in heavenly places, thy loving little maid ;"  
 Aw! 'tis that which gies me paice as I walk in vield  
 and lane—  
 For if I live a true life I shall zee my Purty Jane.

---

### Tha Daysy Tap tha Grave.

Wat dist thow yer thow litt' l vlow'r,  
 Why zich a spot dist crave ?  
 This ez no pleace vur wæn like thee—  
 A daysy tap tha grave !  
 Aw, no ! shud be zom murnvul vlow'r,  
 Vrim joyvul luk apart ;  
 A vlow'r of darker hu, way haid  
 Thit drap'th down like ma hart.

I can't abide ta zee thee zmile,  
 That zacrid grave abuv ;  
 Uv hur U vrom ma beth till now,  
 Wis aul I luv'd ur luv :  
 Et bear'th ma back to wat beant now,  
 Bit aw! ta wat ith bin,  
 Then gie mee zom moar murnvul vlow'r,  
 Like wat I veel wayin.

But stap! hur is a Angel now,  
 Moar bright an pur thin thee ;  
 A light brayk'th in apin mee hart,  
 Thy buty now I zee ;  
 Iss! litt'l vlow'r I'll iver think,  
 As thow raytur'nst aych yur.  
 Thit thow bee'st zent ta bare ta mee,  
 A zmile uv luv vrim hur.

---

### Tha Stappin Cheel.

I bant no Vather, I wish I waz,  
 Bit et strik'th ma aul uv a heep  
 Ta zee thic bativul pictur thare—  
 Thicky zweet litt'l cheel azleep!  
 I veel—I can't tullee wat I veel—  
 Ez I vu ez innacint veace,  
 An zim I niver cud bee za zmal  
 Thit I cud a lide in ez pleace.

Iss vath I winder (no winder *tu*)  
 Et tha change thit wurkith wayin,  
 Wen I think tha mort'l speace thare lyth  
 'Tween tha "ez" an tha "hath a bin."  
 Ah! I winder wat thow deer cheel (za *pur*  
 Until vorrid thy *vutstaps* bend)  
 Wen thow, *tu* travel'th tha raud I've trape'st,  
 U'll bee et thy journey's end?

Aw, iss! tiz a mucky raud thow'll vine,  
 Way *hadges* uv prickel *an* thaurn:  
 Thit grow'th moar thicker *an* zsharper *tu*,  
 Tha vurder vrim wen *yu'm* baurn.  
 Deer zlaypin zaul, in tha foce uv luv  
 Thit es now a purtecting thee,  
 I veel thow'm stronger agin tha word'l  
 Zivrel hunderdvole thin mee.

Bit arter aul thare be minny rauds  
 Thit laid'th *tu* our wordly end,  
 Wile zom bee ruff, and zuzant bee zom,  
 An tha tothers be hard ta vend:  
 Zweet cheel I pray way a airnist hart  
 Thit tha claynist uv rauds thow'll keep—  
 Thit thy *cus* uv lyve may bee jist za smathe  
 An za *cam* ez thy hinfint zlayp.

---



**Twenty Yurs : a Raycolleckshin.**

Twenty yurs ! wat mort'l changes  
 Hath accur'd in thic thare time ;  
 An, ez back ma spurrit ranges,  
 Zeth, " doant put min inta rime ; "  
 Changes thit, apin rayflecshin  
 Bring'th tha teer drap in mee hye,  
 An cal'th vorrid that avekshin  
 Thit I veel'd in days gaun bye.

Now, in vancy, naith tha shadder  
 Uv tha ole hu tree I stan :  
 An I zee, up Jackib's ladder,  
 Spurrits trapin, wan be wan ;  
 Spurrits uv tha dayd, long burry'd  
 Vrends ta mee wen bit a cheel,  
 Vutstap arter vutstap hurry'd,  
 Auver tha aytarnal hill.

An I yer tha buls a chaymin,  
 Vur tha vokes agwayn ta prayer,  
 Bit thay be, thit's aunward straymin,  
 Nat tha wans wen I wiz thare ;  
 No ! jist go an rayd tha ritin,  
 Pin tha stoans yu zee aroun,  
 An yu'll vine, be tha inditin,  
 Minny zlaypith undergroun.

An tha rest, wan pleace ur tother,  
 Be gaun vore ta vight thare way ;  
 Vur wat's vather, zister, moather,  
 Tu our wants vrim day to day ?  
 Aw ! I've thort et ez a pity  
 (Tho' I spose tant vur tha best)  
 Bit our wulvare meade et vitty  
 Wan ta laber way tha rest.

No et cant be! luk! for ort'l  
 Shaw thee pairtin, change an deth  
 Ez tha veate uv iv'ry mort'l  
 Vrim tha time ha draeth ez breath.  
 An if mim'ry tu shud purish  
 Wat wid this pore wurdle be?—  
 Ware tha pickturs aul aw's churish—  
 Thic in vancy I now zee?

There's tha skule ware (macy zave ess?)  
 I vust larn'd ma A B C,  
 "Wen gud" let out be Jinny Davies  
 Zixty minnits arter dree;  
 An tha pleaces I've bin mitchin—  
 Auver meddar and dru mow,  
 Vur wich I've a got a zwitchin—  
 Noan be leff ta zwitch ma now!

There's the zulf zame bruk now urning  
 Ware I've tuk auff zock an bat,  
 An ma trowses var up turnin,  
 Gone intu tha watter—scat!  
 Auff vur that I've got a drashin,  
 An bin vetch'd way minny sticks,  
 An, vur a clayn apurn splashing,  
 Zent ta bayd zun arter zix.

There I zee tha vullidge caunder,  
 Ware us child'rn yus'd ta stan,  
 Uv tha pleace no wan wiz vonder,  
 Thin mezul among tha ban;  
 There ez yus'd ta meet and chatter—  
 Talk uv ghosts, an uv tha dayd,  
 'Till hom vast our veet wid clatter,  
 Most aveer'd ta go ta bayd.

An among thic raw uv howzes,  
 Wan I zee, I mine en wul,  
 Ware I vust wared coat and trowses,  
 Dress'd za vine, no tung kin tul ;  
 An tha happinses thay gied mer,  
 Wull I *du* raymimber how,  
 Then tha *gud* ole nayburs vee'd mur,  
 But I've urn'd *dru* much moar now.

Tho, *as* now, wan *ad* ez trubble,  
 Bit aich wan wiz then moar *zmai*,  
 Iv'ry greef aych yer growth dubble,  
 Till tha vust zim'th nort a *tal*.  
 Zo et ez wile nayth tha shadder  
 Uv tha ole *hu* tree I *stan*,  
 Thit mee baytin hart growth *zadder*—  
*Zadder* zince I'm com a *man*.

Twenty yurs ! bit aw less *stap* et,  
 I've a zeed a dayl zince *that*,  
 An 'tiz better, murch, ta drap et,  
 Zichlike thorts beant weth a *grat* ;  
 Aul I naw thay make mur lonely,  
 Noan kin tul now *wat* I veel,  
 Tho' me thorts wiz *cus*, I only  
 Naw thay'm wiss thin wen a cheel.

### Tha Cricket an tha Bittle.

A cricket ha zot a pin tap a tha aith,  
 An ha hollerd za lowd as ha *cu*d squayl,  
 Wen a gurt black bittle a trapsin aun,  
 Ha *tuk an* scamml'd pin tap uv ez tayl.  
 Now kiss'n thee zee ware thee bee'st a gwayn,  
 Zed tha crickit, "*yu* nasty vulty thing;  
*Yu* zartinly can't be za mort'l deeve,  
 Bit *wat!* thit *yu* must hev a yerd ma zing.

Tha bittle ha bust out int*u* a laff—  
*Wat!* dee *cal* that zingin? aw, aw, zeth he!  
 If thee bees't a zinger, no kith uv mine,  
 Be tha black a ma cote shill zongsters be:  
 Tis nort bit a skritch, an wisser nur that,—  
 Ef I wis ta kick up zich awful rows  
 I'm zartin tha missus wid vurrit mer owt,  
 An *nät* allow mer ta bide in tha howze.

Zes tha cricket *yu* hugly himprint twoad,  
 Iv'ry nite tha missus, avaur tha vi-er,  
 Zmile'th auver hur veace as hur yurs ma zing,  
 An *laf*ths as I toon'th up hi-er an hi-er;  
 An as vur tha measter ha zmoak'th ez pipe,  
 An *yu* may zee be tha twink uv ez eye,  
 Thit vur vury glee as ha puf'th *an* blaw'th,  
 H'a widdn be happy zept I wur by.

Tha bittle ha zed tha cricket wiz spared  
 Cuz ha jump'd away, an zed way skaurn,  
 Thit ez vur ez zul ha wiz lyk'd, a naw'd,  
 Vur a liv'd in tha howze iver zince ha wis baurn;  
 Bezaides vury auff wen ha vown et cole,  
 Ha'd ha'd stick'd eszul ta tha missus's hoze—  
 Hur'd *car*'d min up stairs, wen auff'n ha'd got  
 An zlayp'd way bothe awmin under tha close.

Then wan kintinid ta prayze up eszul,  
 Tha tuther kintinid ta *du* tha zeame;  
 An thare bothe measter an missus thay zot,  
 As if thay wiz draymin abowt tha vleame.  
 Ta last tha ole humman cort zight uv tha bothe,  
 An tha cricket ha squayl'd out hi-er an hi-er,  
 Wen hur shet out *han tuk'd* hole uv tha brush,  
 An *zup'd* tha bothe awmin inta tha vi-er.

## MORRIL.

Wul, now warnin teake, bothe bittles and men,  
 An crickits an hummen *tu*,  
 If *yu* thinks za vury murch uv yerzul,  
 Tha wurdle thinks litt'l a *yu*;  
 An wile *yu'm* quardlin bowt wich ez tha best,  
 Stid uv stikkin ta *wat yu'm* meade,  
 Be tha vury wans *yu* may think yur vrends  
*Yu'll* inta tha vi-er be drade.

## Gwayn Hom.

I zeed a glad an laffin cheel,  
 A *cusin dru* tha green;  
 A bag wiz drappin at hur heel,  
 I ax'd hur ware hur'd bin.  
 Hur zed ta *skul*, I *tuk* hur *han*  
 Za *zart*, za roun an plum;  
 An ware, mee litt'l queen, bee gwayn?  
 Zeth hur, "I'm gwayn hom!"  
 "Ay! git thee hom," I zed, "zweet cheel,  
 An way thy zisters play,  
 I *tu* be gwayn hom, bit veel  
 Thic hom's a vurder way."

I zeed a zayler, *tal an* blithe,  
 Apin tha *platvorm stan* ;  
 Ha'd vetch'd thic happy time a live  
 Uv nether cheel nur *man*.  
 I ax'd en ware thit he wiz gwayn,  
 An ware ha hayl'd vrom?  
 Ha zed ha'd crass'd tha wat'ry mayn,  
 An now wiz gwayn hom.

“Go, happy zin, *an* raip tha bliss  
 Thit ez vur thee in store ;  
 Bit aw! ta mee no moather's kiss  
 Ull nat be gid no moar.”

I zeed a mayd a gwayn ta church,  
 A *zuant* blishin bride ;  
 Her morrid *wan* thay zed wis urch—  
 He zittin be hur zide.  
 Hur vather *an* hur moather died,  
 Aul homliss hur becom ;  
 Bit now agane, zweet happy mayd,  
 Hur *tu* ez gwayn hom .

“Aw! blessins be apin thic pair,”  
 I zauffly wisper'd, “vur  
 Tha zeake a thic zweet *Angel* THARE—  
*My* hom ez long way hur.”

Tha tother day I cal'd apin  
 A vrend a *wan* thits gaun,  
 Vur wom tha brite an cheervul zin  
 Ith now no longer shaun ;

Ez gray hare hang'd aul down ez veace,  
 Zeth he, "my time ez com,  
 Less grip yer han, I die in payce,  
 I veel I'm gwayn hom."

"Go, gud ole man," I wisper'd law,  
 As vent ha brayth'd, an vast,  
 "When I *tu* pay tha det I aw,  
 May I zee zich a last."

Ay! litt'l cheel an haupvul yuth,  
 Yung bride an agid man,  
 Tha scriptur tul'th ess nort bit truth,  
 "This life ez bit a span."

*Yu zun* miss urn yer aithly reace,  
 An'thin be cal'd yervrom;  
 An *yu U* vind'th no restin pleace,  
*Yu tu* wul *zun* be hom.

Bit wat thic hom turn'th out *yu* zee,  
 Uv *cus* 'tis hard ta tul,  
 Tho' wan thing's saf ez saf kin be—  
 Depend'th apin yezul.

### Tha Zinging Time a Live.

Thare ez a time in this kirare  
 Uv trubble an uv strive,  
 Thit like a Angel bide'th ta chare—  
 Tha zingin time a live;  
 An macy pin tha drupin hart,  
 An pin tha zilent tung,  
 Wen luv, vrim bothe awmin daypairt,  
 Uv muzic an uv zong.

I've auff'n yer'd tha moather zing  
 Hur hinfint cheel ta zleep,  
 A l<sup>u</sup>kin pin thic litt'l thing  
 Ith suite vurgot ta weep ;  
 Iss ! tho' no burd *an* mayt hur hath,  
 Zweet haup still keep'th alive,  
 Vur aw ! et light'nth up hur path—  
 Thic zingin time a live.

I *tu* hev yer'd tha wurds uv zong  
 Vrim veeble voyces pow'r,—  
 Vrim this ole man thit'th walk'd along  
 Ez live moast *tu* a now'r :  
 Bit hee ith *nat* bin hald about  
 Way trubble, care *an* strive,  
 Nur mit way ort ta stifle owt  
 Tha zingin time a live.

Bit aw ! I've zeed in prime a days,  
 Ware nort bit joy shud blum,  
 A hart *an* eye that zim'd ta sayze  
 Tha shadder uv tha *tum* :  
 Note arter note, *stap arter stap*,  
 (Aw ! niver *tu* rayvive,)  
 Wayin tha vlid uv greef id drap  
 Tha zingin time a live.

Aw ! blessins be a pin thic time  
 Wen hart *an* zaul be yung.  
 Wen nether trubble, no, nur crime,  
 Ith *stap'd* tha warblin tung :  
 An aw ! a deep *an* airnist prare  
 Vur man, ur mayd, ur wive,  
 U'th burry'd in thare hart's dayspare  
 Tha zingin time a live.



## Girt Ofvenders an Zmal.

A muller ha vown a mowze in ez hutch  
 An zed "vur this *yu* bee bown ta dye,"  
 Bit tha pore litt'l crayt'r playdid hard,  
 An wantid ta naw tha rayz'n wye.

"Tha rayz'n wye?" tha muller ha zed,  
 "Way that's a purty thing, ta be zshore;  
 Now wadd'n thee vown in thic thare hutch,  
 A aytin tha mayl thit's grownd vur tha pore?"

Then ha cort'n hole be tha end a tha tayl,  
 An ez pore litt'l haid gin tha hutch ha hat,  
 Arter wich tha cruel twoad ha drade  
 Ez pore litt'l carkiss owt ta tha cat.

Now a muller ha stayl'th an cal'th et "tole,"  
 An a mowthvul ur *tu*, a mowze'll scral,  
 Wat a honjist vate thare ez, I zess,  
 Vur ofvenders girt an ofvenders zmal.

## HUMERISS POAMS.

Mal Brown's Crinalin an wat  
com'd abwt.

There's a mayd I've long naw'd, an hur neame ez Mal  
Brown,  
*U* com'd tother day ta teake zarvice in town,  
 An who mit way a turrabul zort a mishap,  
 Wen I yer'd awt, I thort thit I rayly mist drap.  
 Wul, et zims thit hur *ad* a bin walkin tha pleace,  
 An zeed thicky kickshaw thay hangs ta tha waste,  
 "Crinalins" tis, thay *cals* et, bit laur! pin me wurd,  
 Tis nort bit a hen-cup aul caver'd way urd.  
 Wul hur thort thit in *cus* thit hur *cu'd'n* be wan  
 Vur ta keep vrima *vashin* za turrabul *gran*,  
 An hur *luk'd* in a winder an zeed wan aw'm thare,  
 Bit pin *axin* tha vally, laur! didd'n hur stare,  
 Vur tha mayd unang'd dree vrim beside uv a shulve,  
 An zed thay wiz zold vrim dree shullins ta twulve.  
 "Wul!" zeth hur, "that's a zum thit I cant wul avord,  
 I'll jist *du* et mezul, way zix pennerd a cord."  
 Wul, hur *parchis'd* zix pennerd, an zade et aul rown,  
 An tha vollerin Zindy hur pake'd *dru* tha town,  
 Bit laur! if hur'd thort pin tha trubb'l in store  
 Hur wid'n *du'd* then wat hur'll niver *du* more ;  
 Bit bevaure thit ess tul wat tha mayd did beval,  
 Et ez vrite vur ta state how hur *luk'd* arter *al*.

Wul, hur parchis'd tha cord, ez avaur I've a zed,  
 An zade et aul rown way tha *cuzist* a thred,  
 Thit hur undercote spred in a way *yu hant zin*—  
 Tis a winder hur stockins *stap'd* aun way tha win.  
 Then hur *ad* a *zmal* string urning up *dru* tha zide  
 Vur ta *hal* up hur dress—this *minuver* I've tride, .  
 An I vine et a *cabical muv* vur aul bucks,  
 Vur ta *hal* up thare burches wen *crassin* tha mucks;  
 Bit ez now I've tole thur za wul ez I *cid*,  
 Hur *luks*, I'll jist tul thur tha things thit hur *dud*.  
 Tha vust thing hur *dud*, apin *crassin* tha strayt,  
 Wiz ta *hal* up hur things ta be tidy *an* nayt,  
 Wen zom boys gin'd ta holler, an *cuz* wurds ta vend,  
 Vur hur undercote cock'd neerly uprite behend;  
 An hur naw'd *wat et waz*, wen a humman across  
 Zing'd owt, "laur a *macy!* daunt bee zich a *hass*;  
*Du'ee* put down yer things *an walk zummat* like vitty,  
 An doant *ad* no moar *tu* tha *vuls* a tha zitty."  
 Wul hur drap'd et, bit vury *zun tuk* up a hitch,  
 Wen up go'th tha pittycotes *zideways*, bit zich  
 Wiz tha hite thit thay went *tu*, an girt wiz tha shaw,  
 Thit a lot a *chaps* brort up *an* holler'd "wurraw!"—  
 An tha boys thit, bevaur now, wiz *watchin* tha geame,  
 Com'd up, an *immaydyit* joyn'd in way tha zeame.  
 Ta git owt tha way hur *back'd intu* a pleace,  
 Wen thay cock'd up bevaur, zo ta zett'l tha case.  
 (Yu naws hurs a twoad, now, wen up hurs a zot)  
 Hur pitch'd irt *intu* min, an *pummil'd* tha lot,  
 Wen a *polismin* *pass'd*, an layd hold a pore *Mal*,  
 An *walk'd* hur strite vorrid down ta tha *Gilhal*;  
 Bit *vinding* *wat 'twaz*, thay *advized* hur ta rin  
 Strite hom, an *nat* ventir zich nonsins agin.  
 Now, I zay this yer *vashin's* tha wiss thit kin bee;  
 How tha hummen kin *du* et's a puzzle ta mee;—  
 Way if I *ad* a wive thit wid shaw hurzul zo,

Vury quick I shud gie hur tha awder ta "go!"  
 I've a zeed miny hummen go intu a shop,  
 Ur a korridge, ur geate, wen up thare goes—pop—  
 Thare undercotes, zo thit ez var ez tha rest,  
 Zilly crayturs, thay may jist za wul be undress'd.  
 Now, I rayly daunt like vur ta write in this way,  
 Bit tis wat yu may luk at, iss! day arter day;  
 Tho' p'raps if thay zee'th et in pirnt, by an by,  
 Thay mit keep things moar saycrit, nat mayn'd vur tha hy.  
     Wile I'm talkin a this I mit jist za wul zay,  
 I wiz owt tu a varmerin vrends tother day,  
 Wen tha measter com'd in an ha zing'd owt "Mariar!"—  
 Wativer's a com'd a thic girt roll a wi-er?  
 Twiz auver tha chimly peese, no yuz ta tul,  
 Unny tu days ago, vur I zeed et mezul.  
 Wul they zarch'd, an tha measter, ha kick'd up zich rigs,  
 Cuz ha wanted tha wi-er vur ringing the pigs,  
 Nat a skiddick howiver wiz vown, zo ha thort  
 Thit ta zarch iny vurder'd be zarchin vur nort.  
 Wul thic minnit in drap't an ole vren, Varmer B—,  
 U pin yerrin wat waz zing'd out "deer macy mee!  
 Et es curyiss now, vath, vur I'm in a stu,  
 My wi-er's agaun an I cant think ware tu."  
 Wul! thay thort no more bout et (ur nat vury much)  
 Till nex Zindy id com, an thare mayd went ta Church,  
 Wen hur stick'd out aul roun in za curyiss a way,  
 Thit tha yung Varmer holler'd "Mariar, I zay!  
 I'll be dal'd if owr Mary thare hath'n a bin  
 An parchis'd be zom mayns a nu crinalin.  
 "Wat dee tul aw?" ez zister rayplied way a vrown,  
 "Way hur hath'n a bin vur zix munths inta town!  
 "Niver mine, now vur that, hurth a got min" zeth hee,  
 "An aaur tha days auver I'll manidge ta zee!"  
 Wul! aivnin wiz com, hom com Mal inta howze,  
 An went up to change, bevaur mulkin tha cowze,

An wen hur went out up ha go'th auver stairs  
 An zarchid awl awver pore Mallys avares.  
 Wul! ha zidd'nly com pin a thing thit ha naw'd  
 Wiz tha wan thit zo mortilly spred Mal abraud,  
 Zo ha tuk owt ez nive, cut zom stiches an vown  
 Thit tha wi-er thay'd laust wiz a zade aul aroun.  
 Now poor Mally's kinsarn ha immayditly tuk  
 Jist as twaz, an then hang'd et aul up tu tha cruz  
 In tha kitchin, zo wen hur put vur in tha plect,  
 Tha thingamy stared hur irt bang in tha veace :  
 Laur a macy! hur drap'd bothe tha cans (hur did zshore!)  
 An val'd, way tha vrite, hom pin tap a tha vlore ;  
 Then hur got inta sturricks like hummen vokes du,  
 My ivers! an zot up a mortal balu ;  
 An hur drade up her mowthe dree ur vour inches wide,  
 Thit I thort tha pore craytur wid rayly a dide ;  
 Howsimiver hur didn, an wen hur com tu  
 Hur zwarded zich a hack hur wid niver more du,  
 Zo tha measter vurgid hur bit tha nayburin voke  
 Aiv'n now tayze pore Mal way tha pig wi-er joke.  
 I vurgot vur ta tul'ee vrim thicky thare day  
 Tha tother mayd niver wiz tiddivated way  
 Zich a roundabout thing, and tis curyiss tha wi-er  
 Wis vown arter that a drade in pin tha vi-er ;  
 Bit thick cock wid'n vight, vur twiz naw'd vury wul  
 Tha wi-er cud'n git in zich plect be etszul.  
 Tha vack uv et was, thit tha mayd id a yur'd  
 Tha awvul mis-hap that ta Mal id accur'd ;  
 Zo, rather thin urn iny risk uv tha zeame,  
 Hur went an kimmittid tha wi-er ta vlame.  
 Wat Ive tole thur es tru, zo tha case uv poor Mal  
 Wul I haup vrim this time pruv a warnin ta al ;—  
 Nat uny tu mayd'ns in zarvice, an thay  
 Yu may zee in shop winders a wurkin away,  
 An who shaw'th ivry maurnin (vur aul aws may zeet)

A *duce* uv a way up abuv thare "pore veet,"  
 Bit tha ladees *u* auft be thare *lamin* ta naw  
 Thit *tant* aul ez hev got wiz a gid ez tha shaw ;  
 Now I tul'ee *wat* tez if *yu* want vur ta *stap* et,  
 Tha ladees must be tha *vust wans* vur ta *drap* et—  
 If thay daunt Mally Brown'll be agane in a bother,  
 Cuz hur thinks thit *wan* leg ez as *gud* ez anuther.

### A Turrabul ride bee Bayl.

*Yu've* yer'd a Janny Gulpin's ride  
 Vrim Linnin pin a hauss,  
*An yu've* a yer'd, I spoze, bezide,  
 Ez *hat an* wig ha lauss :  
*Uv cus* ha raud moast mort'l quick,  
 Bit *arter* aul *yu'll* vine,  
 Howiver *vast* ha went, thit thic  
 Thare ride wiz nort ta mine.

*Wan* day *tu* Tinmith I'd a bin  
 An in tha *arternum*  
 Went *tu* tha Stashin way a rin,  
 Nat *veelin auversun* ;  
*An zo et pruv'd*, vur pin me wurd,  
 Wen jist inzide I got,  
 Tha *wissel aw* tha trayn I yer'd,  
 An auff tha *bagger zot*.

Nat *tu* be *dud*, I urn'd arcrass  
 Tha tother zide tha line,  
 Ha wadd'n gwayn *nat auver vast*,  
 Zo I jump'd behine.  
 Tha *dang'd* ole boyler puff'd *an blaw'd*,  
 Tha porters aul aw'm skritch'd,  
 Tha moar *thay cal'd*, I virmer raud ,  
 An legs *an* vingers clitch'd.

Tha trayn urn'd up bezide tha zay,  
 (A purty zite et waz ;)  
 Agane I yerd tha wissel play,  
 " Yer com'th tha haul\*—I'm daz !  
 Iss ! laur a macy ! macy mee !  
 Yer tis, now uny hark,  
 Howiver kin a vuller zee  
 Ta hole aun in tha dark ?

Ess shet in dru thic haul,—aw law !—  
 Zich noys wiz niver yer'd,  
 Et zim'd like trav'lin down below—  
 Iss, did, a pin me wurd !  
 Tha vapper rish'd up dru ma naws,  
 An down ma draut, za thick  
 Thit ef I hadd'n clinch'd ma jaws  
 I zun shud ha bin zick.

Wul, then tha groun zim'd aul a vi-er—  
 I tuk'd a virmer hold,  
 Ez zim'd ez ef thit ess wiz ni-er  
 Thick pleace thit I've a told :  
 An then ess thort ess zmul'd a zmul,  
 A zeed a zartin veace—  
 Tha neame awmin I need'n tul,  
 Nur vurder steate tha pleace.

Bang arter Bang wiz yer'd aroun,  
 I thort thit, iv'ry lurch,  
 Tha imp's wis vi-erin (be tha zoun)  
 Ta hat ma auf ma purch ;  
 Bit ef thay did zhet wul ur nat,  
 Ef did'n zun com lite,  
 I veel'd thit, (ef I wadd'n hat,)  
 I muss val auf way vrite.

\* The Tunnel.

Wul owt ess com'd *an* in ess went,  
 An owt agane, *an* in,—  
 A winder thit ess did'n vent  
 Vur want a hare *an* zin :  
 " Thank *gudniss* yer ess be ta lass "  
 Zeth I " yer's Dalish close ;  
 Eet still ha go'th most mort'l vass ;—  
 Thay'm puttin aun more foce ! ! "

An zo thay waz, vur be tha please  
 Ess jist like litnin rish'd,  
 Wile pin tha platvorm iv'ry veace  
 Zim'd like a veace a wish'd.  
 In vack tha miny things ess pass'd  
 (Ta think awt now I zheake,)  
 Zim'd, iv'ry stap ess went za vast,  
 'Ta graw int*u* a strake.

Aun, aun, ess went, laur jayly cry !  
 Till Starcrass please ess vetch'd,  
 Ess did'n stap, ess zim'd ta vly—  
 Eet zartin wurds ess ketch'd ;  
 I thor a porter veller cride,  
 " Look thare thats Nathan Hogg ! "  
 Iss tiz, *yu* blackgard, I rayplied,  
 Twiz *yu* thit lauss tha dog. " \*

\* Nathan a short time before had lost a favourite dog through the neglect of the stupid porter who bungles the wires at this great station.



Wul, then ess *luk'd* owt pin tha zay,  
 (Zich thing wiz niver yer'd,)  
 Vur bigger thin a rick a hay  
 Thare zwim'd a wackin burd ;\*  
 An, ez ess raud, ha turn'd ez bayk,  
 Thort I "now hang aun varm,  
 Vur ef ha com'th an vind'th thur wayk,  
 Ha'll ayt thur like a warm,"

Bit *zun* ess zeed min owt a zite ,  
 An mort'l glad ess veel'd,  
 Nat carin ta be gobb'ld quite,  
 Like giants ait'th a cheeld ;  
 A purty mayl thort I,—iss vay!—  
 (Vur thicky burd jist pass)  
 Mee bastid *an* a zar'd up way  
 Zom Starcrass mucks vur sass.

Wul aun ess rish'd pass Powderim,  
 Zeth I "tant vury vur,  
 I kin hole vast me hole, I zim,  
 Za var ez Exminstur!"  
 Bit wen ess com'd ta thicky please,  
 My ivers! ess zhet vore  
 Ez ef way zich a dredvul peace  
 Ess shud'n stap no moar.

Now vaster, iss! an vaster stiiil,  
 Tha varmint zim'd ta vly  
 Be hüd an wotter ; "now I shil  
 Val auf I veel *an* die!"  
 I cud'n spayk, thort I "yer go'th—"  
 I veel' thit aul wiz gwayn  
 Mee hans *an* legs wiz *lus'nd* bothe  
 An then———thay stap'd tha trayn.

\* Nathan must have seen Capt. Peacock's beautiful boat in the shape of a bird.—"The Swan of the Exe."

I had'n scacely tich'd tha groun  
 In vancy ez I val'd,  
 Wen zidd'nly I yer'd a zoun,  
 An pin mee veet I scral'd ;  
 "Zin Tommis's!" I yer'd min zay,  
 It strik'd mur uv a hayp  
 Ta vine thit neerly aul tha way  
 I'd uny bin ta zlayp.

Thic draym, tho', meade mer in a zwet,  
 An veelin mortil quare,  
 I went an got a drap a wet  
 An zot down in a chare ;  
 I wadd'n wul long arter that,  
 An veel, in thicky ride,  
 That tho' in boddy I wiz nat,  
 Ma spurrit raud owtzide.

Now brither Cowper waz a man,  
 Like mee, uv girt raynown,  
 An wen ha'd ort tall in ez haid  
 Ha tuk'd an vraut et down ;  
 Tha diffirms between hee an mee  
 I scacely need ta tul,—  
 Hee draym'd about old Janny G.—  
 I draym'd about mezul.

---

## Mezul ez a Public Spayker.

A Meetin cal'd spayshil wiz hold Mundy nun,  
 An tha rayz'n tha Kownzil wiz zumm'nd za zun,  
 Wis ta yer an kinsidder kimplaynts thit wiz meade  
 Uv tha Bunny bein tuk'd vur a private chaps treade;\*  
 I wiz in a firnt pleast an cud zee aul wiz thare,  
 An wiz zittin (zom distins) tha rite a tha Mare,

\* The only object in introducing this subject of the Exeter Bonhay pleasure-ground job is to show the universality of Nathan's talent, and that he is not only an elegant writer, but an accomplished orator.

In order as Pope says to show

"What mighty contests rise from trivial things."

or in other words, the circumstances to which Nathan's maiden speech is to be attributed, it is necessary to quote the following epistle of his on behalf of a respected relative, addressed to the Town Council of Exeter.

Ginelmén,

This com'th haupin et'll vind'ee in gud hulth, ez layves mee at presint thank God vu'rt.

Tha naub'l hack *yu've* a dud way wan V——, an tha Bunny, shaws thit *yu've* a mine vur ta purmote an hinkurridge tha treade a tha zitty. Now a kuzz'n a mine, wan Dorrity Zlipzlop, ith a tuk in a kontrack vrim tha Borriks vur washin tha zaujers close, an hur want'h mee ta ax a *yu* if *yu* wid let hur hitch up a line vrim tha neck uv tha nu statty, tap a Norny, ta wan a trees be Capp'n H——s, jist ta hang owt a vu things. Tha ole dumman cant avord to pay ort, bit hur widd'n mine duing tha kowusils washing var dree months, vur nort, jist ez a zort a kinsiderashin like. Hur zartinly idd'n wan a tha Town Kownsil like Measter V——, bit hur wash'th vur ziveril a thic boddy wom *yu* mit naw be tha vine gittin up a thare linnin.

An ess yer'd tha vokes zay az ess com'd pin thare zight—  
 “Luk dee zee Measter Hogg—ha'll zit min aul vright,”  
 I then tuk zom notes way a zlat an zom chalk,  
 Uv a girt dayl a gibrish I yer'd in thare talk ;  
 I muss zay that zom awm com'd out purty wul,  
 Bit noan awmin thare a tal aykil'd mezul ;  
 Vur arter zom time id bin wastid be aych,  
 I rauze up an gid min tha volerin spaych ;  
 I naw tiz rayportid moast cabical wul  
 Vur a vury gud rayz'n, I dud et mezul.

Measter Hogg then stud vorrid an much'd down ez ching  
 Gid tu ur dree kauffs wen ha tride ta begin,  
 Bit vur vul haf a nower tha cheers wiz za lowd  
 Thit ha cud'n du nort zeptin nad ta tha crowd ;  
 Bit wen thay got hoced an wiz blaijed vur ta stap,  
 A need'l ur pin mit be yer'd vur ta drap.  
 Measter Mare, ha then zed, I'm most playz'd vur ta zee,  
 Zeth ez Wurship, yu've rayly tha hadvantidge a mee,  
 Zeth tha spayker, zur, 'low mer yer mim'ry ta jogg,  
 I'm tha chap yu've yer'd tul aw za much, Nathan Hogg.  
 Zeth ez wurship, laur jayly! my ivers! now be?  
 I a zhor'ée, ma vrend, dith ma prow'd vur ta zee ;—  
 Ha'd a like ta zheake hans, vur ha yestl'd abowt,

I darezay tha tother ole washerhummen want be playz'd,  
 bit if yu cud du vur Dorrity wat I ax, hur mit be abul ta teake  
 tha nex kontrack et a hapmy less thin tothers cud du wat  
 pays vur thare awn grown.

I be ginemen, yours aveekshinitly,

NATHAN HOGG.

P.S.—Dorrity jist raymind'th me, thit ef a zhow'r com'th  
 aun et widd'n be much moar trubble jist ta let Capp'n H—  
 teake in tha close. Ez var ez a rayfuzil ez kinsarn'd, ef hur  
 cant ha tha grown, hur'll be ablaijed ta du ez Measter V—  
 dret'nd ta du—teake hur bisniss owt a tha zitty.

Bit wiz dring'd up za close tha a *cu'd'n* com owt.  
 Zeth I, tother day, I jist drap'd ee a line  
 Vur *wan* Dorrity Zlipzlop, a kuzz'n a mine,  
 Vur ta let hur *hang* owt a *vu* things by em by  
 Vrim tha neck a Sir Tommis's statty ta dry ;  
 An ta let Capp'n H——, ez tha trubb'l wiz zmal,  
 Jist ta teake in tha close, ef a zhower shud *val*.  
 Now I beg vur ta zay, zince I vraut thicky letter,  
 Tha public hev meade mer kinsidder et better ;  
 Zo allow mer, yer Wurship *an* kownsil ta zay  
 Thit I wish ta withdra wat I vraut tother day,  
 An ef *yu'd* a let et, ur lend et, ur zole et,  
 Ha muss be a himprint twoad thit wid hole et.  
 (Yur tha cheerin bust owt in aul pairts like a vieame,  
 An zom *cal'd* a pin V—— ta *du* jist tha zeame,)  
 Tha spayker (that's mee) then kintenid ez spaych,  
 An zeth measter Mare I beant gwayn ta praych,  
 Bit wen thay *tu* kownsilmen shet up thare clatter  
 I'll tul thur mee mine, in *tu* wurds, pin tha matter.  
 (Yur tha Mare *nack'd* ez hammer *an* holler'd owt "stap!"  
 Wen tha talkin *an* noyse most immaydyitly drap.)  
 Tha spayker (that's mee) then rayzum'd in a voyce  
 Thit wid meake minny spaykers veel glad *an* rayjoyce ;  
 An zeth he Measter Mare, now kimplaynt ith bin meade  
 Thit twiz jillizy, uny ! be chaps uv tha treade?—  
 Thit ez *var* ez tha Bunny's kinsarn'd, tiz aul talk,  
 Vur a vury *vu* went thare ta *yuz* et ta walk !  
 I've a likewise a yerd et hincraysis tha treade—  
 Thit a biggerer kontrack wiz niver a meade,  
 An et hath a bin *argid* most mortilly warm,  
 Thit tha wurks wid'n *du* nat no *gud* nur no harm.  
 Measter Mare *an* town kownsil, now hark'n ta mee,  
 An I think this ez humbug *yu'll* vury *zun* zee ;  
 Thit et ez ez a shawd be tha vury vust vack  
 Thit tha tothers be jillis ta zee zich a *hack*.

Now I zildim tend meetins, bee em big uns ur zmal,  
 Bit I've luk'd pin this boddy's tha vather uv al,  
 Uz duty's ta hack an purvent inny bother,  
 An ta zee thit wan cheel beant moar vav'rd thin tother  
 Treade jillisy uny? a passel a cant!  
 I shud like measter Mare vur ta naw wat thay want.  
 Yu'll vine et tha gurtist mistake *yu've* a meade  
 Ef *yu* git hinterveerin way wan tuthers treade.  
 (Yur tha cheers wiz za lowd thit ma voyce wiz a drown  
 Zo I thort vur a minnit I'd better zit down.)  
 Wen I rauz'd aul tha pplace, vur ta yer wat I zayd,  
 Aul ta wance becom zilent an still ez tha dayd.  
 Then zeth I talk uv tinkrin himpravin uv greens—  
 Yur wurship id better tul that ta mureens,  
 (This yur zayin wiz thort be most aul ta be cut,  
 Ez thay shaw'd wiz tha keace be aul kickin thare *vut*.)  
 Wat d'ee think then zed I, thit pore vokes got no mine  
 Ta enjoy tha grass plats un *vus* aykilly vine?  
 D'ee think thit thare noshin uv muzik's za dull  
 Thit tha hamm'rin *uv* hiern wid *du* jist za wull?  
 I think measter Mare *yu* wid differint *vu't*,  
 Ef *yu'd* jist let mer gie thur a *tu* pin tha *vlut*.  
 (Yur thay cheer'd mer agane an cal'd owt vur ta play,  
 Bit I promish'd I'd *du* et ta zom *vutur* day.)  
 Zeth I in *tu* wurds, I beg leeve ta kinklud,  
 An I haup *yu'll* teake warnin be wat *yu've* a *dud*,  
 An let tha vokes veelins be vust uv aul nawn,  
 Bevaur *yu've* a lendid wat idd'n yur awn,  
 Vur a chap *yu* may git, (ez ta day *yu* kin zee)  
 Way *nat haf* za murch zens as Dorrity un mee.  
 Hevin vinish'd I went vur ta *nuv* vrim mee zayt,  
 Bit laur! *nat* a minnit tha public wid wayt,  
 Zo midst cheers, zich ez niver wis yer'd I veel zhore,  
 I wiz *car'd* down tha strayt an rite hom ta vaur dore.

---

### Expairvances uv Royalty.\*

Uiver wid a thort thit wan,  
 Like mee, wid be za girt a man  
     Ez I've turn'd owt ta bee?  
 A vu yurs zince, nat harly naw'd,  
 An now way neame aul zpred abrawd  
     Ez iv'ry wan kin zee.

Uiver wid a thort, I zay,  
 Thit I wiz baur'n ta vrite away  
     Za murch, an eet za wul;—  
 Ta larn tha vokes zich cliver things,  
 An then, ta zee how wul I brings  
     Min aulzo aun ta spul.

Bit wats moar curyisser thin al,  
 Ta think et shud ta mee beval  
     Zich mighty vokes ta zee  
 Es I've a zeed; way tidd'n wan  
 Uv thowzins, al druowt tha lan,  
     Kin zay tha likes a mee.

Now ef *yu* uny chuz ta luk,  
 Wen vust *yu* aup'n this yer buk,  
     Thare starth'ee in tha veace;—  
 A Purnce Impairyil zort mer owt,  
 Mee larnin ta tul'n al abowt—  
     Iss! ackshly twaz tha kease.

\* These recollections are founded on facts, and may be literally accepted when qualified by a foot note.

Wan maurnin arely I wiz hom,  
 Wen way a nack a messige com,  
     Ta zay thit I miss playze  
 Ta measter Palmers hurry down ;  
 Wul zo I did an thare I vown  
     A ginelmin et ayze.

Thick buk uv mine—*yu* naw tha wan—  
 Ha'd got aul aup'n in ez han,  
     I mine et vury wul ;  
 Ha zim'd hadmirin way a zmile—  
 An vur ta think et weth a wile—  
     Thic picktur uv mezul.

Ha *mu*v'd es hat, I *pu*l'd mee hare,  
 Drade aup ma mowth, (I zeed'n stare)  
     An zhet'n vury *zun* ;  
 Ha'd got a hye jis like a hawk,  
 Bit, laur a *macy* ! wen ha spauk  
     'Twiz *muzic* in tha *tun*.

Ez vigger et wis middlin tal,  
 Ez mowth wiz nether girt nur zmal,  
     Ez nawz wiz mortil gran ;  
 In vack ef *yu*'ll bit uny zee  
 Tha girt Napoleauns picter hee—  
     'Th a got min *tu* tha man.

Zeth hee I want ta yer a *vu*,  
 Zich purty spaykin *chaps* ez *yu*,  
     Ta put thare *talk* in pirnt ;  
 Ha talk'd about tha *u* and *a*  
 An lots a things, zeth I way *la* !  
     Tha moast awt *yu*'ve a lirnt.



'Tiz uny vrim yer *buk*, dear zur,  
 Ha zeth, bit *cu'd* *yu* tul ma wur  
     Thit I *cu'd* yer et spauk?  
 Iss vath I zeth, I zhorely *can*,  
 (I tich'd ez butt'n haul way ma *han*)  
     Zeth I com owt ta Stauk.\*

I let min go bit I'll be *daz*!  
 Ef I'd a noshin *u* ha *waz*  
     Ontil ha went away ;  
 Bit *stap* ! I be bevaur ma tale,  
 Ha *zed* ha muss be auff be rayl,  
     An thervaur *cu'd'n* stay.

Ha veel'd quite zorry—that a did !  
 An ef ha'd time ha rayly wid,  
     Go owt an yer min tul ;  
 Bit ef za be I'd turn tha zung  
 Uv Zolamin intu *my* tung  
     Ha'd pay ma vur et wul.

Wul, I agreed *an* way tha zeame,  
 Ha *tuk an* went *an* vraut ez neame  
     A pin tha cownter thare ;  
 An ez ha com'd *an* talk'd a bit,  
 Pore Palmer zim'd *tuk'd* in a vit,  
     An maze-like zim'd ta stare.

Zich mowthes, *yu* niver, thit ha meade,  
 An aup'n wide ez jaws ha drade,  
     Then pok'd ez vinger owt ;  
 Then aul ta wance et curr'd ta mee  
 Ha wantid mer zummat ta zee,—  
     Wat *waz* et aul abowt?

\* Stoke Canon.

Tha ginelmin then rauz'd ez hat,  
 I cud'n du tha likes a that,  
 Becuz mine wadd'n aun ;  
 Ha went owt way jaynteel stap,  
 Pore Palmer u wiz vit ta drap  
     Zeth zauffly " Ez er gaun ? "

Zeth he " way darn yer stupid wig,  
 Thee diss'n naw how mort'l big  
     Ha ez thits jist agaun ! "  
 Zeth I " way wat d'ee tul aw now ? "  
 Zeth he " haf law yu did'n bow—  
     Tiz Purnce Napoleaun."

" Git owt ! " zeth I, " Tis, vath ! " zeth he,  
 Now uny jist luk yer an zee,  
     Daunt be a zimpl zaul ;  
 I rayd ez neame " Aw, wat a gauk !  
 I ax'n ta go owt ta Stauk—  
     An tich'd ez butt'n haul ! "

Zeth Palmer—iss, I zeed'ee du't !  
 An tride ta meak'ee yer ma vat,  
     Bit, no, yu widd'n yur !  
 Wan thing's howiver weth a wile—  
 I zeed'n gie a plezint zmile  
     Wen thit yu went za vur.

Wul now I muss com tu a end,—  
 Tha wurk ess promish'd hom I zend,  
     Wat com'd awt yu kin zee ;  
 Ef, ez I zed, yu'll uny luk  
 Jist et tha aup'nin uv this buk,  
     Yu need'n ax a mee !

Bevaur I stap I tul'ee wat,  
 I've zeed tha Purnce zix times zince that  
     An this yer zims ta mee—  
 Ef zom uv ovr pore stick'd up chaps  
 Cud zee min thay wid larn wat (praps)  
     A ginelman shud bee.

Now hevin tole thur moar thin wance,  
 How vust I naw'd tha Purnce a Vrance,  
     Mee tale I'll korry vore ;  
 An arter yu've a yer'd ma tul  
 About another Purnce, ez wul,  
     I'll tul tha zummat moar.

Wul then, agane, et Kirt'n town,  
 Wen I wiz hom ta Exter bown,  
     Nat vury long ago,  
 I got intu a korridge, thare  
 An zeed a boy way aulburn hare,  
     An veace thit waz zo-zo.

I zot down tap tha kushin'd zayt,  
 An thort et luk'd most cruel nayt  
     Vur zeck'nd class avare ;  
 I drade up in tha caunder vlat,—  
 Thinks I, I'll aup'n up a chat  
     Way thay thare covys thare.

Tu ginelman wiz way tha lad,  
 I thort et mit ha bin ez dad—  
 Ez hunkel praps ez wul ;  
     Vur wan awm com'd ta ware I zot—  
 Zeth hee ta mee " Ess dree hev got  
     This korridge tu ourzul.\*

\* The 1st Class Saloon Carriage into which Nathan entered by mistake, the Crediton functionaries, not being advised of the quality of their 1st class passengers, having unlocked the door.

“*Wat au awmin?*” I then rayplied—  
*Way dree uv’ee cant zhorely ride*  
*In aul tha zayts ta wance ;*  
*A zmile then com’d acrass ez yeace,*  
 “*Aw, now, I zed,*” I zee tha keace—  
*Yu larn thic boy ta dance !”*

I rayly thort thay wid a zplit,  
*An wan awmin wiz blaijed ta zit—*  
*Zeth hee yu’ve “zolv’d tha riddle !*  
*Zo now yu naws aul yu kin naw,*  
*Gud mournnin t’ee—’zeth I wul, law !*  
*Rum dancin way no viddle !\**

Wul, thinking *wat* I zed wiz *tru,*  
 I zeth, way *nat* no moar ta *du,*  
*Wul zoce I wish’ee wul !*  
*Tha boy ha laf’d an gied a nad*  
*Zo did ez hunkel an ez dud—*  
*I dud tha zeame mezul.*

Wul *zun* tha trayn ta Exter com,  
 I vury quick got owt therevrom,  
*Wen, laur a macy mee !*  
*A lot a vokes stud hat in han,*  
 (*Shud* zay, et layst, twiz veefty wan  
*Ta wulkim thicky dree.*

Thay bow’d *an* scrap’d *an* layd min *tu*  
*A rum ware way a girt ta du,*  
*A leb’ner wiz praypar’d ;*  
 Bit wen thay tole mer, aw I’m daz !  
*U thicky boy an tu men waz*  
*My ivers how I stared !*

\* There is some reason to fear that Nathan has been following the example, in this instance, of a great literary predecessor—indulging in “Imaginary conversation.”

Wul *U* dee think wiz thicky dree  
 Thit nadded *an* thit talk'd ta mee  
     Wen in tha *car* I'd been?  
 (Twiz *nat* ez hunkel ur ez *dad*)—  
 Purnce Auther wiz thic litt'l *lad*  
     Tha zin *uv* our Queen.

I thort ta zee min dress'd za vine,  
 An thit way *guld'n* things ha'd zhine,  
     Bit laur, et wadd'n zo!  
 Ez *var* ez *wat* ha *ad* awm goze,  
 Ha hadd'n aun no better cloze  
     Thin our yung Measter Joe.

In *vack* ez *var* ez outwird zhaw  
 A pin me wurd *yu* widd'n naw  
     Thit iver *yu'd* a zeen—  
 (Wayout a bit a *guld'n* brayd,  
 Ur vethers a pin *tap* ez *haid*)  
     Tha zin *uv* our Queen.

---

I tole thur, wen I'd *dud* thic tale,  
 Playze *gudniss* thit I widn *vayl*  
     A *zummat* moar tu tul,  
 About tha Royal vokes I've zeed,—  
 I'll now *du* *wat* I zed I wid—  
     Tis bowt tha Queen hurzul.

I nivir shill *vurgit*, *wan* day,  
 Wile *lukin* owt pin *Plimmith* zay—  
     Twiz *back* in *veefty-vow'r* ;  
 Tha guns wiz *zhettin* neer *an* *var*  
 Till, *vath*, I thort I'd *gaun* to war  
     Tha *powd'r* *ad* *zich* *pow'r*.

I'd most begin ta luk about  
 Ta zee zom way ta vight et owt  
     Ez zaujers auft ta du,\*  
 Wen, aul ta wance, zich cheers arauz  
 Ez iver com'd vrim h/min jaws—  
     I join'd in tha balu.

A lot uv zhips com'd steemin in—  
 Twiz zed thit wan awm car'd tha Queen,  
     “ My hyes,” zeth I “ lets zee ! ”  
 I shuv'd aun an luk'd aul aroun  
 In haups, ez upwirds they wiz bown,  
     Tha guld'n crown ta zee.

In vack I kain'd vrim deck to deck,  
 Ontil I neerly crick'd ma neck  
     Nat yus'd ta zich avares ;  
 I ax'd a chap thare, playze ta gie  
 A noshin ware tha Queen id bee,—  
     Ha zed hur'd gaun down stairs.

Ha'd zeed hur crown et waz za bright  
 Ez if way cannels aul alight—  
     Wid I go long way hee ?  
 Twiz uny jist owt tu Mownt Wize,  
 A place ha zed hur alwis lize—  
     Ware hur I'd zhore ta zee.

Uz went zom way, ha mead a stap,  
 An zeth ta mee “ I zay old chap—  
     Tis better ta take care !  
 Ist got ort vallyble about ?  
 Cuz ey yu ha jist teake et owt—  
     Thares lots uv prigs owt thare.

\* It will be seen by reference to Nathan's former work that he was then serving his country as a Militiaman.

Ha drade ez waiscote aup'n wide,  
 An shuv'd a watch an puss inzide,  
     Wul that I zeth ez cut!  
 I thort tha chap wiz cruel kine,  
 Ta ax ef ha shud put in mine,  
     An zo I let min du't.

Wul zun ess raych'd owt tu Mownt Wize,  
 An zich a mob wiz thare, my hyes!  
     Ez scace wiz iver zeen;  
 Tha ships wiz lyin down below,  
 An vath et waz a purty zhaw,  
     Bit ware zeth I's tha Queen?

I turn'd, raysayvin no rayply,  
 "Darnation zayz'n," zing'd owt I,  
     "Ware's thicky vuller gaun?  
 Ha'th got ma munny, an ma puss,  
 Likewize tha watch—a girt dayl wuss—  
     Vur thicky wadd'n ma awn."

Wul, auf I zot ta zarch'n owt,  
 Bit arter ramlen aul abowt,  
     Ta cut tha story zhort,  
 I niver zeed'n vrom thic day,  
 Tha uny thing thit I kin zay  
     Ez "Wit bort ez wit tort."

I stay'd et hom tha next tu days,  
 Zeth I, "tha Queen may go hur ways,  
     Vur aul tha likes a mee;"  
 Bit hevin yer'd hur wid unbark  
 Ta go an lik et Zaltrim Park,  
     Thort I, I'll go an zee.

Wul up I went a mile ur *tu*,  
 An voun thit wat I yer'd wiz *tru*,  
     Vur hunderds thare I zeed ;  
 Tha ginelvoks wiz *stud* inzide,  
 Wile *crass* tha creek, tha tother zide,  
     Wiz *navvys*, ur thic breed.

Then zidd'nly thare rauz'd a cry,  
 Thit zim'd ta ayko *dru* tha sky,  
     " My ivers," yers tha Queen !  
 Tha *vlag* wiz vlyin in tha park,  
 Twiz thort thit hur wid thare *unbark*,  
     Bit laur ! thay *waz tuk'd* in.

Bevaur *cud* zay Jack Rabinzin !  
 Tha royal bote wiz urnin in,  
     Tha common vokes among ;  
 Tha zaylers meade a bungle awt,  
 Et layst, I spoze twiz thare *vawt*  
     Cuz Queens *cant du* no wrong.

Iss, vath ! intu tha creek thay urn'd,  
 An zich a zight, aw, I'll be burn'd !  
     Bevaur wiz niver zeen ;  
 Up auver a girt ruff stoan wal,  
 Tha zaylers *waz* ablayjed ta *hal*,  
     Be foce our naub'l Queen.

Purnce Albert got up be ez *zul*  
 Tha litt'l purnces *dud* ez wul,  
     An wen thay got up *tap*,  
 My ivers ! *twaz* a purty job,  
 Vur thare wiz aul awm in tha mob,  
     An *cud'n muv* a stap.



Tha zaylers zing'd owt, " com I zay,  
*Du*, vur hur Majesty meake way,"  
 An ulbaw'd *tu* en vra ;  
 Tha Queen hang'd pin tha Purnce's lift,  
 Wile way ez rite *arm* ha meade shift  
 Hur Majesty ta dra.

Tha litt'l Purnces scral'd along  
 Way difficulty dru tha throng,  
 A laffin, vit ta zplit ;  
 Thay zim'd ta think " Laur macy mee !  
 Now idd'n this a mort'l spree,  
 Thit ess daunt auff'n git."

Wul arter a girt dayl ta *du*,  
 Thay manidgd vur ta ulbaw dru,  
 An raych tha tuther zide ;  
 Kinveyinces wiz stannin thare—  
 Dree korridges, I think, an pair—  
 Ta teake min vur a ride.

Thay stap'd a minnit, praps, ur *tu*,  
 An thare I cort a purty *vu*  
 Uv aul tha Royal voke ;  
 Tha Queen zim'd cruel owt a pleace,  
 I niver zeed za urd a veace—  
 Hur cud'n zee tha joke.

Hur zartinly nad *tu* tha crowd,  
 Bit wan cud zee be how ur bow'd,  
 Hur did'n like et wul ;  
 My ivers! *u* wid hev a thort  
 Thit Kings an Queens id tempers ort  
 Like wat I got mezul?

Tha yung wans *tu*, way Royal blid,  
 Dud jist ez tother child'rn wid,  
     Zeth I, wul girt ur zmal,  
 Tiz playn thit Purnces Kings an Queens,  
 Be jist like iny uther beens—  
     Bit human arter *al*.

I thort, *uv cus*, ta zee tha Queen  
 Like wat I ha in pickters zeen,  
 Way zepter, crown, an vur :—  
 Hur wared a bunnet meade a stra,  
 In vøck, I've zeed moar vinery, la !  
     Apin a dressmaker.

Wul, wen thay *ad* a zet'd down,  
 Thay aul aw'm drauv up dru tha groun,  
     Ta luk et Zaltrim howze ;  
 Now wance up *tu* thic pleace I'd bin,  
 Thinks I I'll meake a zhorter rin,  
     An cut acress tha mowz.

I dud et, an com'd up abowt  
 Tha time ta ketch min comin owt,  
     An walkin tap tha green ;  
 An now an then up close I'd hike—  
 I cud a tich'd, ef I'd a like,  
     Tha gearmint uv tha Queen.

Thare wadd'n moar thin *tu* ur dree,  
 Bezides tha Royal vokes an mee,  
     An wen I *muv'd* mee hat  
 Hur nadded way a purty zmile,  
 Thort I, " way in a litt'l wile,  
     Hur wid'n mine a chat."

Laur! wat a change thare ez zeth I,  
 Ta wæn tha vokes a stannin by—  
     Tha urd wiz aul agaun,  
 An now hur veace wiz zuant quite—  
 Et wadd'n nether urd nur wite,  
     Bit zweet ta luk apon.

Thay drauv away jist ez thay com,  
 An vury likely zæn got hom,  
     I wadd'n thare ta zee ;  
 Bit I kin zay vur aul an wance,  
 A vury vu hev ad tha chance  
     Ta zee tha Queen like mee.

Wul, now I hev a dud ma ryme,  
 I nivir zeed hur zince thic time,  
     Bit aw, I've rayd uv hur!  
 I naw tha change thit hur'th a zeen,  
 Et com'th ta labrer an ta Queen,  
     Zo long's thay torry yur.

Wan awmin thit I zeed com vore,  
 Vrim thicky barge, ez now no moar,  
     An tu eth morrid been ;  
 Way veelin hart I kin bit zay,  
 " Wile in this wurdle hur mit stay,  
     God's blessins pin tha Queen ! "

---

## MUCKSY LANE.

### A Gost Story.

Nat minny miles vrim Kirton Town,  
 (A pleace *yu* naw uv girt raynown,)

Thare ez a way thits niver clayn,  
 Cal'd be tha vullidge "Mucksy Lane,"  
 Za awvul wet, *an vul* a mucks,  
 Thit tidd'n vit vur pigs nur ducks ;  
 An ef et *waz* tiz trubbl'd zo  
 Thit neaste tha spot thay *dars'n* go.  
 Vur yurs *an* yurs, I've yer'd et *et toule*,  
 Way ghosts tiz *vul* ez et kin hole,  
 An auff way vright ma hairth a *stud*  
 Ta yer tha things thits thare a *dud* :  
 Bit vust I bleeve et ez tha keace  
 Ez *yuzhil* ta dayzcribe tha pleace.  
 Wul, now I think I shant be vrong  
 Ta zay et ez a myell long,  
 An *vul* za *narra* ez a ditch—  
 In *vack* kin meake yer *tu hans* titch  
 Pin *tap* tha hadges *hud's* a graw'd  
 Za thick thit *hang'th* acress tha rawd,  
 Zo thit tha zin kin niver com,

Bit ez inti-er zhet owt thervrom ;  
 An vurdermore tiz *vul* a zlotter,  
 An dree pairts auver *shu* in wotter ;  
 Zo thee mit's guess twid be a trapse  
 Vor ort *indud* way mort'l shapse ;  
 Zo vury zildim, nite nur day,  
 Be vokes zeed walkin thicky way,  
 Exzep pin times wen thay'm foce put  
 An blaidg'd ta meake a zhorter cut ;  
 Bit *dru* thic lane za zhore's thay'd pass,  
 Thay wid zom ayvil com across ;  
 In *vack* I've yerd ma *granfer* zay  
 Thit wance ha com'd *dru* thic thare way,  
 Wile bringing hom zom eggs *an* butter,  
 Wen zomthin *hat* min in tha gutter ;  
 Ha niver yer'd no zite nur zoun  
 Till thare nex maurnin ha wiz voun :—  
 Zom zed ha'd drink'd, bit twadd'n *tru*,  
 Ha wadd'n no moar drunk thin *yu*.  
 Wul, now jist et tha tother end,  
*Uv* Mucksy Lane, thare ez a bend  
 Thit layd'th *intu* a lot a mowze  
 An thare *stan'th* up a *ruin'd* howze  
 Ware, ef a hunder'd pown *yu'd* give,  
 No crayt'r, now, wid dare ta live ;—  
 Twiz quite anuff ta yer—aw laur !—  
 Thar tales thit liv'd thare yurs avaur.  
 Tha last now lives pin ower heel—  
 Tam Chidley *an* ez wive *an* cheel,—  
*Ur* nat ez cheel vur I shud zay  
 Hur wadd'n baurn in thic thare day.  
 I've yer'd min zay, wen vust thay went  
 Ta live thare, zich a awvul zent  
 (Bowt twulve a clock) wid zhet in *dru*  
 Tha kriveces *an* kay haul *tu*,

Thit Tam an hur id auff'n urn'd  
 Owt dores vur veer thay shud be burn'd ;  
 An dru tha rum thare wid be zich  
 A nasty zmul an vum an zmitch,  
 An wen thare lite thay wid put tu,  
 Tha cannel aul zim'd burnin blu ;—  
 Zom zed weniver et wid rayn,  
 Tha zmul wid rish up dru tha drayn ;—  
 Yu'll zay wen aul ma story's owt :  
 Twiz spurrits tryin ta stink em owt :  
 Now vindin this wurk widd'n sar,  
 Tha spurrits dud moar wisser var,  
 An tride be knack an crake an zlam,  
 Ta vrighten an ta dray've owt Tam :  
 No zuner wid min be en baid  
 An tap tha piller reßs thare haid,  
 Thin thare wid turn up zich a rattle  
 As ef whole urgmints was ta battle ;  
 Anuff ta turn, ez up Tam zot,  
 Moast ivry drap a blid ha'd got.  
 An zom times in tha dayd a nite  
 Thay luk'd an zeed a dredful zite.  
 Vul in tha curt thare waz a stud,  
 A faymale vorm—za hard's hur cud—  
 A zinging aun way zich a noyze,  
 Yu niver yer'd vrim human voyze,  
 An wen tha winder up ha vling'd,  
 This yers tha zong ha zed hur zing'd :—

Wy are I dum'd ta zich despare,  
 Ta wander in tha midnite air,  
 Wayowt no hundercote nur hoze,  
 In vack, entier wayowt no cloze.

Aw ! I kil'd me luv in yers gaun bye,  
 An yer I are accordinlye.

Iss! I be bown vur ta bide an stare  
 Dree times a wick et thick chimber thare,  
 An if in case iny thare dith zlayp,  
 Aw! I be bown vur ta sife an wayp,  
     Vur I kil'd ma luv in yers gaun bye,  
     An now I'm punish'd accordinlye.

Iss, zhore, tis a vack, wat I now zay,  
 I mix'd zum puyz'n in ez tay,  
 An tho twadd'n naw'd, niver zince I have  
 Bin abul ta zlayp in mee zilent grave.  
     Aw! warnin teake be wat I zay,  
     Niver puyz'n put in yer luyver's tay.

No zuner ad hur stap'd hur tone,  
 Than auff hur pitch'd ta sife an grone,  
 An ivry minnit gied owt zitch  
 A dredful, awvul, zort a skritch ;  
 An in thic spot, ur vurry nee'rt,  
 Hur'd stap (ees vath!) till up cockleert.  
 Wul, arter Tam id larn'd tha zong,  
 Ta change ez um ha wad'dn long,  
 An thare tha Gost went in ta zlayp,  
 Vur Tam's wive yerd hur sife an wayp ;  
 Zom zed et wadd'n no zich thing,  
 Thit varmer Bazzel's mayde wid vling  
 A zheet aroun hur vorm, an how,  
 'Long way hur chap hur'd crass tha mow,  
 An wen tha winder up thay vling'd,  
 Hur t'waz thit sif'd an gron'd an zing'd.  
 Tam auf't ta naw thit yerd tha zong,  
 An now wul zwear tha vokes wis vrong ;  
 Vur, ez Tam zeth " zich zounds, I'm drat,  
 How du min try ta cownt vur that ?  
 Ud yer'd tha tun thay zun wid naw't,  
 Cud niver com vrim aithly draut.

Bit this beant aut thit wuz tha bane  
 Uv this yer haunted Muxy Lane.—  
 Tha ghosts, thay wid'n bin za bad  
 (Tho bad thay bee), ef Zat'n ad  
 Nat in moast cruel, awvul zhapse,  
 Ezzul tuk'd up ta drayve an trapse.  
 Bit zo a did an macy mee!  
 I vancy now ez huf I zee,  
 An pitchvork an ez eye uv vi-er,  
 Aul vrizzin ez a trayd'th tha mi-er,  
 Wan time ha com'd a girt black dog,  
 An bulchid vore a vi-ery vog,  
 An wen wan nite yung Rabin Vinch  
 Wiz comin dru, no nat a ninch  
 Ez veet cud mu in thay thare rucks,  
 Up tu ez ank'ls in tha mucks,  
 An wile way darkniss ha wiz blend,  
 Tha black dog cort'n hole behend;  
 Ha skritch'd an pul'd way girt ta du,  
 Till Zat'ns vangs zim'd ta brayk dru,  
 Wen auf ha urn'd an niver stap  
 Till ha wiz rayly vit ta drap;  
 An wen ha tuk ez zmal things auf,  
 Tha zmul a burmstoan meade min kauff;  
 An ware ole Zat'ns vangs id urn'd,  
 Et luk'd ez ef et ad bin burn'd;  
 An pin a pleace (inzide ez zmals)  
 Ess must nat neame, ha vown drie scal,  
 Zom zed twiz varmer B's dog "Zhip,"  
 Thit dud et—thay dezarv'd tha wip!—  
 Tam's naw et wadd'n quite za smal,  
 Ez nat ta tul a bite vrim scal.  
 Anuther time et dayd a nite,  
 Will Mugvord zeed a dredvul zite,  
 An ha's a chap yu may zware by,



Vur, eet, ha'th niver tole a lie ;  
 I've yer'd min zay ez blid wid curdle  
 Ta dru't—ha cud'n vur tha wurdle.  
 Wan nite (I've yer'd tul tha tale)  
 Ha'd bin ta town an drink'd ez ale,  
 An comin hom be thicky pleace,  
 Ha yer'd way zich a zolem peace,  
 Zom hosses clatter dru tha mi-er,  
 Wich tiz'd, an vriz'd ez ef a vi-er ;  
 Ha got intu tha veeld ta zee,  
 Wen thare, ha zeed,—aw macy mee !—  
 Pin lukin down intu tha raud,  
 A heace an murnin coches draw'd,  
 Way hosses thit ad got no haid—  
 Will niver veel'd za murch avray'd,  
 Vur pin tha vust, iss vath ! thare lide,  
 A humman dress'd in wit, owtzide,  
 An ivry stap along tha way,  
 Zingin abowt tha puyz'nd tay :  
 Tam Chidley zeed hur thic zeame nite,  
 Which zhaw'd Will Mugvord in tha rite.  
 Tha drayvers pin tha furnt hoss zot,  
 An nat a haid id wan awm got ;  
 An aul awm zhet out zich a zent,  
 Thit Will val'd auff tha hadge quite vent,  
 An thare ha lide in wan tha mowz  
 Till maurnin com, ta vetch tha cowz ;  
 Thay vown'n like a hadgehog roll'd,  
 Moast daid an steevin way tha cold,  
 Thay tuk'n hom, put min ta baid,  
 Bit hee vur days wiz auff ez haid,  
 In vack, ha'd zit an kick an kauff,  
 A zwarin thit ez haid wiz auff.  
 Twiz zed, both in an owt a church,  
 Thit Will id ad a drap tu murch,

An stid a zeein wat ha zaid,  
 Ha'd uny jist bin picksy laid ;  
 Bit twadd'n tru, vur wat dee think,  
 Ha'd uny ad aight quarts ta drink,  
 Uv zyder, (I beleeve ez tale )  
 Bezides thic single quart uv ale ;  
 Uny a vair allowince, that,  
 Way twid'n skacely harm a cat !

Wul, now another keace I'll tull,  
 Uv wat ta Roger Vlint bevul,  
 Bezide thic Mucksy Lane :—Nat now,  
 Bit zom time back, ha'd got a mow ;  
 Ez vokes id bin thare aul tha day,  
 Along way hee, a makin hay ;  
 An Roger thort, ta git et vore,  
 Ha'd stay an puk up zummat moar.  
 Wul, thare ha stay'd till vury late,  
 Wen aul ta wance, rite auver geate,  
 A vigger jump'd, ha zeed'n du't,  
 An naw'd 'n zun's a zeed ez vut ;  
 Wul, arter'n urn'd a pack a houns,  
 Thit bulchid vire, twiz playn, be zouns,  
 Thit graw'd tu a unaithly yul,  
 Thay'd uny jist comd up vrim—wul !  
 Bit niver mine I veel ma veace  
 Tu viery git to tul tha pleace.  
 Now, skace a minnit did hur luk,  
 Bevaur et strik'd'n bout a puk,  
 An ez on com'd tha cuss a man,  
 Ha zhet ez body under wan,  
 An thare ha lide, wile uppermust,  
 Ez zayt, uv cus, wiz com'd tu vust ;  
 Laur ! zidd'nly, thare tap awn val'd,  
 A vut za hot, thit Roger scal'd  
 Za bad, thit vur a midlin bit,

Ha *cud*'n nether lie nur zit ;  
 Et vollems zpauk vur min, thit hee  
*Cud muster* kurridge vur ta bee  
 Za ayzy, an nat lowdly cal  
 Direc thit ha raysayv'd tha scal :  
 Ez *muv*mints widd'n sqwat a egg,  
 In *vack*, ha didd'n *muv* a peg ;  
 Ontil bim bye, brave vuller, hee  
 Begin ta kainy owt an zee,  
 Detamind vur ta bide ez heff,  
 Ontil no skiddick *awm* wiz leff ;  
 Then up a got, an hom a scald,  
 An *tuk* ta bayd, zo thit (iss vay)  
 Ha *cud*'n rize vur *tu*'r dree day ;  
 Tiz strange wat *vuls* thare bee in live—  
 Now, thic thare *vulish* zex'ns wive  
 Zed Roger'd drink'd a cupple quart  
 A zyder moar thin thit ha ort,  
 Lide down, an vorty winks ha *tuk*,  
 An, wile ha zlayp'd benayth tha *puk*,  
 A dreem wiz urnin in ez haid,  
 Thit ha wiz zeein wat ha zaid,  
 An et tha time, thic warm thit's blend,  
 (A *zlawwarm*)\* sting'd 'n irt behend ;  
 An, vurder-moar, (hur ed, et zeems)  
 Com'd jist ta wurk in way ez dreems ;  
 An dreemin zich a curyiss thing,  
 Wiz wak'd thic minit way tha sting ;  
 Bit, dang ma butt'ns, arter al,  
 A sting beant nort *tal* like a scal,  
 An, vurder-moar, hur can't be vrite—  
 How *cud* a blendwarm zee ta bite ?

\* The Slow-worm is, by the rustic population of our county generally supposed to be blind.

Now things id com za mort'l bad  
 Tam rayly thort ha shud git mad,  
 Wen zidd'nly ez wive kinsayv'd  
 A way, thay thort, ta be relayv'd :  
 Hur voreway zend ta Pass'n Giles,  
 U uny liv'd a cupple myels,  
 Vur hee ta com direckly, most,  
 Ta zee ef hee cud lie tha gost ;  
 Tha nite thit hur wiz du ta com,  
 Tha Pass'n way ez vutmin Tom,  
 Com'd owt ta Tam's, an thare thay bide,  
 Tha winder drade aul aup'n wide ;  
 An zhore anuff, et twulve a'clock,  
 Tha gost hur stud thare like a stock,  
 An in tha glimmer uv tha mun,  
 Agane strik'd up hur awvul tun ;  
 Tha Pass'n then put aun ez gown,  
 Tam zed ha spos'd ha wid go down,  
 Tha Pass'n bid min hole ez bal,  
 Vur twid'n be no yus a tal,  
 Ta go za close, zo then ha zed—  
 (An owt a winder put ez haid)  
 " Yung humman, be wat mort'l rite  
 Dist thee com yer nite arter nite ? "  
 Ha ax'd hur zivrill times, bit, no !  
 Hur wid'n nether spayk nur go ;  
 Tha Pass'n then stap'd back abit,  
 An tole ez vutmin vur ta git  
 A tub a watter, wich ha dud,  
 An way et be tha winder stud ;  
 Tha Pass'n, then ha meade a crass,  
 An zed, " be quick an dra et vass ; "  
 When zidd'nly, wayout adu,  
 Ha pitch'd tha tub-vul rite owt dru,  
 An way zich foce ez arm ha z'witch'd,

Thit aul aw't *tap* tha spurrit pitch'd,  
 My ivers! zich a howl hur gied,  
 An auf hur urn'd way veervul zpeed;  
 Tha Passn way a zolem vow,  
 Zed hur wiz gaun vur iver now,  
 An arter gwayn down pin ez nees,  
 Zot down an ayt zom burd'n cheese;  
 Then hom ha went, an nat avrayd,  
 Tam an ez wive went up ta bayd;  
 Bit scacely ad they zhet thare hyes  
 Bevaur thay yer'd tha zulf zeame cries,  
 An then thare com'd a awvul crash—  
 Tha Gost, tha chimber winder zdash;  
 Tam an ez missus then jump'd owt—  
 Put owt thare hayd an luk'd abowt,  
 Bit nat a vorm wiz ta be zeed,  
 Tha gost thit dud et ad a vloed.  
 Twiz zed by zilly voks ez how,  
 Jan Bazzel's may'd urn'd tu tha mow,  
 An thit hur man, hide in tha grass,  
 Com'd in direct an brauk tha glass;  
 Bit how, I ax, cud that be tru,  
 Wen nat a stone com'd iver dru,  
 Bezides vur nites long arter that  
 Zich noyze thit gosts cud only hat,  
 Wiz yerd dru chimley, winder, dore,  
 Tam veel'd twid niver stap no moar,—  
 In vack ha got in zich a vright  
 Thit aul ez narv wiz dud outrite;  
 An bee tha Doctors awders hee  
 Wiz blaijed vrim thicky houze ta vlee.  
 I've zed now thit pin ower heel,  
 Ha's livin way ez wive an cheel;  
 I've tole tha truth, bit if za bee,  
 Yu daunt think zo jist ax a hee.

Wul, now ma tale I must kinclud,  
 Be zaying wat wiz arter dud ;  
 Tu wit-wiches vrim Exter Town  
 Wiz cal'd ta lie ole Zat'n down ;  
 Thay dud zom things an got thare pay  
 An then quite zartin went away,  
 Thit thay'd a lide aul ayvils down ;  
 Bit macy me unta this day  
 Tis pruv'd twiz munny drade away,  
 An if *yu*'d wish ta zee tha zite,  
 Jist in the lane bit zlayp wan nite ;  
 If thicky thing *yu*'ll uny *du*  
*Yu*'ll think aul I've a zed ez *tru* ;  
 Wich hevin zed I *zay*,—*adu* !

---

### Measter Hogg in a Turkey Bath.

I zaid avaur thit I wid give,  
 That ez ef time wid let mer live,  
     Wich, thank tha Laurd, et hath,  
 A zort a noshin ontu *yu*,  
 Uv wat a vrend an me went *dru*,  
     Wile in a Turkey Bath.

Nat veelin auver wul wan day  
 A vrend a mine zeth, " Wat dee *zay*  
     Ta teake a Turkey Bath ? "  
 " A Turkey Bath," zeth I, " wat's that ? "  
 Zeth hee " Et lessen'th down yer *vat* ; "  
     Zeth I, " Nat I, no *vath* ! "—

“ Way aiv’n now I be za thin  
 Thit like a rishlite I’ve a bin  
 Vur aighteen munths ur zo!  
 D’ee think I want ta zwet ta nort,  
 An drippy like a bladder a mort  
 Hang’d be tha vi-er? Aw no!”

Zeth hee, “ Now daunt be zich a vul!  
 A chap way wom I went ta skul  
 Ad wan tha tother day;  
 An wen ha com’d out arter that  
 Ha zed ez how ha cud jump, scat,  
 Auver a rick a hay.”

“ Ef that’s a vack,” zeth I, “ wull vath!”  
 I’ll go an ha a Turkey Bath;  
 Vurnashin sayz ma wig!  
 Wen harviss com’th an I go hom,  
 Way thicky jump, I’ll vright’n zom  
 An want min think ma big?”

Wul auf ez zot, ma vrend an I,  
 Ta ware tha Turkey places lie,  
 Pin tap a David’s heel;  
 Ess went intu a gear’d’n thare,  
 Ware watter play’d up in tha hare,  
 Out dru a pipe a steel.

Thic pipe wiz urnin aul aroun  
 An drade tha watter tap tha groun,  
 In a moast purty way;  
 Zeth I, “ Wat meak’th ’n turn abowt  
 An dra tha watter in en out?”  
 Zeth hee, “ Wul, I shud zay

Tha vuller's turnin aw'n inzide ;  
 Tis *tap* a thicky pipe *yu'll* ride,  
     Tha vust thing thit *yu'll du.*"  
 Zeth I, " Aw ez et? I'll be *dal!*  
 Ef *yu* ketch mee up thare ta *val*  
     In zich a *aup'n vu?* "

I zeed'n *laff*, zeth he, " Com aun,  
 Twiz uny jist a bit a *vun.*"  
     An wen ess drade up ni-er,  
 A chap com'd out an bee ez way  
 Ha *tuk'd* ess vur (zo I shud zay!)  
     A naub'lmin an squire.

Ess went in zide an told'n how  
 Ess *waz* com'd up—ha gied a bow—  
     Ta ha a Turkey Bath ;  
 " Iss zoce? " ha zed, way out ta *du*,  
 " Thare's dressin *rums* vur both a *yu.*"  
 Zeth I, " Laur, ez thare *vath?* "

Wul, in ess went, twiz vury nayt,  
 An drade me things down pin tha zayt,  
     An *zun* id got noan awn ;  
 Ess tide a apr'n roun ma waste,  
 An went outzide wen, way girt haste,  
     I voun ma vrend wiz gaun.

Out com'd tha chap an shaw'd ma vore  
 Intu a *rum* way *hu'dn* vlore,  
     An tole ma *tu* zit down ;  
 So down a pin a chare I zot  
 An veer'd, et *waz* za mort'l hot,  
     I shud a *val'd* ta groun.



Bit *zun* ess got yews'd ta tha hait,  
 An laynj'd quite nice back in tha zayt,  
     A raydin aw tha *nuz* ;  
 Ess *zun* got in a blessed yet  
 An then my eyes ! down urn'd tha zwet  
     In big draps moast *purfuz*.

I *zun* wiz blaijed ta zayce ta rayd,  
 Tha draps urn'd down ma veace *an* haid,  
     An iv'ry uther zide,  
 Pin tap tha paper, til et *luk*'d  
 Ez if *yu* ad a bin *an* *tuk*'d  
     An got thic paper vried.

Ez vur mezul, ess zwet za *vast*,  
 An thort thit long et cud'n last  
     Ef thit tha hait got hi-er ;  
 Ez vur ma vrend ha'd zwettin been  
 Ontil ha *luk*'d a long sixteen  
     Hang'd up bevaur tha vi-er.

Wul *zun* tha vuller thit wiz put  
 Ta *luk* ta us, wiz blaijed ta cut,  
     An auff ez dress ha vlings ;  
 An wen ha com back ware ez zot,  
 Ha zed tha kay ess *ad* vurgot  
     Uv ware ess keep'd our things.

Ha didd'n think *wat* ha wiz bout  
 An com'd ta mee *an* hold'n owt—  
     Zeth I, " Bee *yu* za green  
 Ta think I bant like *yu* a drade,—  
 Thit natur ith a bin *an* meade  
     Zom pokkits in ma skin? "

Ha hang'd'n up agin tha wal,  
 Then hee, ess zul turn'd *tu ta val*  
     A zwettin way ess *tu* ;  
 Aw ! niver zhure wiz zich a reace,  
 Et layst in iny aithly pleace,  
     Uv zwetin *dru an dru*.

Wul twenty minnits thare ess *stap'd*,  
 Ontil anuff ess *ad a drap'd*,  
     Ur *wat* tha *chap* thort vit ;  
 Then in anuther *rum* ess went,  
 I thort I shud a *val'd* down vent,  
     Ez down ess triide ta zit.

Tha chare wiz graw'd za mort'l hot  
 Thit, vrit'nd zore, I quickly got  
     Pin *tap* ma legs agane ;  
 An *lukin* roun mee vrend ta zee,  
 I quickly zeed thit alzo hee  
     Wiz zufferin girt payn.

Ha urn'd out in tha tother pleace,  
 An laur ! wiz meakin zich a veace,  
     Vur hee wiz *scal'd* tha wiss ;  
 Ha zed ha tort tha skin wiz brauk,  
 An then no *zuner* id ha spauk  
     Bevaur ha'd gin ta twiss.

Wul, wen zom *waz* a drade,  
 An both tha *zaytz* wiz *culer* meade,  
     Down in em then ess zot ;  
 Zeth I, " Ole *chap* lets ha a drink !  
 How long now wul et bee, dee think,  
     Avaur ess gits urd hot ?

Vur in a vair way ess he vur't ;  
 Way, arter this, a vuller's zhirt  
     Wønt zit pin tap ez back ;  
 An aul tha nayt things thet ess wared,  
 Wen ess com'd in, et may be zward  
     Ull vit ess like a zack."

Wul, aul to wance I gied a luk,  
 An thort I rayly shud a tuk  
     An val'd auf vrom mee zayt.  
 Thare waz mee vrend a awvul vu—  
 Green pink, an yellor, urd an blu—  
     Zeth I, "Yur!! stap tha hait!!"

Zeth both, "Wat ez tha metter way?"  
 "Way dammet stap tha hait I zay!!!  
     Be blend, ur kiss'n zee?  
 Ha'th got tha Kolra safs a nit,  
 An uny wait a litt'l bit  
     A day'd man ha'll bee."

"Laur?" zeth tha man, u ad stap'd vore,  
 "How yu've a vrighten'd ma be zhore—  
     I skace kin muv a stap ;  
 D'ee zee thic culler'd winder thare  
 Wul wat yu zee ez bit tha glare  
     Thit pin yer vrend ith drap."

I veel'd raylayv'd, pirtickler wen  
 I zeed tha culler'd panes, an then  
     Zot down ta zwet wance more ;  
 Vur I beleeve thit, way tha vright,  
 Tha draps id stap'd thare urnin qwite,—  
     Yu laffs, bit thay ad zhore!

Wul, *zun* agane, za big ez pays  
 Thay urn'd, I'm zhore, and didn' zayce  
     Vur haf a nower ur moar ;  
 Ma vrend (vur ha wiz *dud* tha vust)  
 Wiz tole ez how thit plaze ha must  
     Ta tuther *rum* stap vore.

Wul, in ha went, I voller'd *zun*,  
 An thare ez waz in thicky *rum*  
     Vur twenty minnits zit ;  
 Thiz wiz tha *rum* ez zwet in vust,  
 Vur (zo tha vuller zed) ez must  
     Ta *culy* bit be bit.

Tha vuller zed ma vrend wiz *dud*,  
 Way ap'rn auf then up ha *stud*  
     Za nakid's ha *cud* bee ;  
 Then pin ez back, up *tap* a binch,  
 Tha vuller rub'dn inch be inch ;  
     Twiz mort'l vun ta zee.

Wul, wen pin *tap* ez veet ha got,  
 A pipe way watter cole an hot,  
     Wiz vi-erd irt *at* ez back ;  
 Laur, jayly cry ! bevaur *cud* zay  
 "Jack Rabinsin," ha rishd away—  
     I thort mee zides wid crack.

That vuller then urn'd arter hee,  
 An zed, "Now, zir, this mus'n bee,  
     Ur ulse t'll meake he bad."  
 Ha *tuk'n* back, an way zich foce  
 Gid'n anuther colder dose,  
     Wich zim'd ta draive'n mad.

" Ah! boo! aw! zs-s-sh! ! " out loud a cride,  
(I railly thort I must a dide!)

" Yuve tuk away mee breth."

" T'll du'ee gude ; com long a mee,  
Tha nex a qwarter-pairt want bee  
Za bad," tha vuller zeth.

Ha tuk min in anuther pleace,  
An shet tha dote thay had'n skeace,

Bevaur my vrend zing'd owt ;

I yer'd ez voyce com dru tha wal  
Za lowd ez iver ha cud bal,

Thinks I, " Wat bee min bout."

I vury zun tha zayerit naw'd,

Tha vuller zun com in an draw'd

Ma up pin tap tha binch ;

An wen, ez I've dayscib'd, ha dud.

Then down pin tap ma veet I stud

An zwar'd I wid'n vlinch.

Ha tak tha pipe an vust let owt

Zom warmish watter aul about

Tha heels, an back, an haid ;

Zeth I, " I rayther likes this yer—

Twid aivn meake a cat ta pur

Tho watter makes min vray'd."

I hadn' scacely 'ad that thort

Bevaur tha vuller id a brort

Tha pipe way aul ets foce ;

An then, my ivers, did'n ha zlotter,

Vrim tail ta tap nat, tha cole watter

Laur jay! Twiz awvul, zoce ;

“ Dammet ! ” zeth I, “ wy daunt’ee stap ! ”  
 I thort I rayley must a drap  
     Vur vury want a breth ;  
 Bit, howsimiver, I hold aun,  
 An wen tha watter waz aul gaun,  
     Ontu tha chap I zeth,

“ Now, hark ta mee, I bant agwain  
 In thicky rum ta zuffer payn—  
     I’ve ad anuff owt yer ;  
 I yer’d ma vrend zing owt jist now,  
 An kick up a moast awvul row,  
     Zeth hee, “ I’ll tull’ee, zir ! ”

“ Tant minny genelmen kin stan  
 A drap a watter like a mun ;  
     Yu’ve stud et mort’l wul !  
 Thares uny now a ‘ditchy’ bath,  
 An arter that yu’ll com owt vath  
     Vresh ez no tung kin tul.”

Wull, in ess went, an then ha shet  
 Et layst up twenty qwarts a wet  
     Ez cole ez cole cud be.  
 Zeth I, “ Yu want, I zee et wul,  
 Ta turn mer tu a conkerbul,  
     Ef nat, tez murch ta mee.”

Ha rub’d ma doun, an then ha tost  
 A whit sheet roun ma like a gost,  
     Ta be no vurder mal’d ;  
 Ha went aun, zo I voller’d hee,  
 Ontu a rum (now less me zee)  
     A Friz-me-daryum cal’d.

Wul yer ess zot zom time ta dry,  
 An veel'd zich comfirt com, aw my!  
     I cud'n understan;  
 I vancid Gip wiz nat mee dogg,  
 An thit I wad'n Nathan Hogg,  
     Bit zom murch stronger man.

Ess went an dress'd, and veel'd tha wile  
 Vit vur a walk uv twenty mile,  
     An playvul ez a cat;  
 Et did'n vlicker like a vleame,  
 Vur I kintened just tha zeame  
     A vortnite arter that.

---

### Mec Pickter tuk be Light.

Yuve zeed thic pickter tap me buk!  
 Wul, thicky wan in ink wiz tuk  
     An vorm'th a hansim zite;  
 Bit, Laur a macy; *yu* shud zee  
 Thic pickter thits a tuk be mee,  
     Way, wat d'ee think?—Tha light!

Bit stap, I be bevaur me tale,  
 An wid'n vur tha wurdle vail  
     Ta tul thur how vacks stud;  
 Et laist za var ez wat I naw,  
 Vur tid'n auf thay likes ta shaw  
     How thit zich things be dud.

Wull, then, yer goth! tha t'other day  
 A vrend a mine zeth, "Yer, I zay,  
     Now! sposin *yu shud die?*"  
 "My hyes!" zeth I, "wat *du'ee tul—*  
 Way, I be veelin crewel wul—  
     Why, *du'ee ax now, wy?*"

I awn I veel'd zummat avraid—  
 Jist vancy me among tha dayd  
     Thit veel'd za mort'l wul!  
 Ontil ha zed, "Now, hark ta wat  
 (An inwardly dayjest et, Nat!)  
     I now be gwain ta tul."

Zeth hee, "wance moar, ez Ive a zayd,  
 Zipposin now that *yu wiz dayd,*  
     Way nether chick ner cheel,  
 Ta zav thay hansom vaytyers an  
 Way uther girt-men vur to stan—  
     Wat wid tha wurd'l veel?"

"Now, jist in iny winder luk,  
 Yu'll zee aul girt men ha bin tuk  
     Exzeptin uv yerzul;  
 Eet arter aul in iny pleace,  
 Thin thine thare id'n a purty'r veace,"  
 Zeth I, "Ha rayzn'th wul!"

"Mee vrend," zeth I, ez down I zot,  
 "Wat *yu've* a zed shawth *yu've* a got  
     A hayd thit's clinged aun wul;  
 Tez tru mee vaytyers—nat a line—  
 Bant, wan awm, uv a hordney kine,  
     Altho' I zay't meezul!"



“ Ez vur tha wurd’l vath! I veel,  
 Nat hevin nether chick nor cheel  
     Way vaytyers like thare dad;  
 Ta layve nort uv tha likes a mee  
 (In keace I shud’n morry’d bee),  
     Tiz zarvin voks *tu* bad.

Ta marra maurnin, playze tha pigs,  
 Out in ma bestest close I rigs  
     This yer nayt vorm a mine;  
 An then ta Angels vore I’ll jogg  
 Vur hee ta teake mee an tha dogg—  
     Tha pickter wul be vine!”

Nex maurnin com, an dress’d za nayt,  
 Ess went up in tha Higher Strayt,  
     An et tha shop ess stap;  
 Ess striteway went in dru tha dore  
 When a moast purty mayd stap vore  
     A kertchy vur ta drap.

Twiz zartin bee tha way hur luk’d  
 Az ef hadmirin) thit her tuk’d  
     Mer vur a Laurd er Zur;  
 I ax’d hur ef za bee I cud  
 Ha Gips an me awn pickter dud,  
     “ Aw zartinly!” zeth hur.

Hur vur a minnit went away,  
 Wen her com down an zeth, “ I zay,  
     I’m zorry vur ta keep  
 A ginelman like *yu* za long,  
 Bit up stares thare’s a riglir throng—  
     Up aight ur mine awm deep.”

Zeth I, "Wul I daunt metter that,"  
 And then I aup'nd up a chat,  
     An tuk a glimpse aroun;  
 "Way laur!" zeth I, "u wid a thort,  
 Zep pickters, vur ta zee nat nort,  
     Vrim zaylin tu tha groun?"

Chuck vul, ez wul, tha winder waz,  
 Zeth I, "Mee deer, now I'll be daz!"  
     Yul yewze up aul the lite;  
 An wid'n et bee a purty lark  
 Ta layve tha wurd'l in tha dark  
     An turn tha day ta night."

Hur zim'd ta think this mort'l cut,  
 Tride nat ta zmile, but cud'n du't,  
     An then hur laff'd owt rite;  
 Ez murch ez, zo I thort, ta zay  
 "Ha talk'th in a moast cliver way  
     About tha dark an lite."

Wul, arter I'd a luk'd about  
 An ad zom girt voks pointed out—  
     Tu minny vur ta tul;  
 Her ax'd ef I wid go up stair—  
 Zeth I, "Mee purty, I daunt care,"  
     Zo then hur ring'd tha bul.

A veller com'd thay cal'd a page;  
 "A page," zeth I, "way wat's ez age?  
     Ha'th got a hanshint luk!"  
 Hur laff zo thit her cudn't stap—  
 "A page?" zeth I "wat thicky chap?  
     Moar like a vul graw'd buk!"

Ha shaw'd mur up intu a rum?  
 Zich tiddivation an purfum  
     I nivir zeed avaur;  
 I zot way hat atween ma nees,  
 Wile Gip wiz moast avraid ta sneeze;  
     Et waz za vine, aw laur!

Tha chap thit shaw'd ess up, zeth hee,  
 Yu want yer pickter tuk'd, I zee.  
     " Iss zhure! tha dog ez wul,"  
 Zeth I, " how kin em teake a vu  
 Uv Gip an me, or eet uv yu?"  
     Zeth he, " Now, want'ee tul?"

" No, pin me zaul, I want, me man?  
 I zeth, and hold'n out me han  
     And gied ez aun a zheake;  
 Ha whispered law an zeth ta mee,  
 " I'll tull thur moar thin thee wiss zee  
     Bit daun't tul vur my zeake!

" Ef yu mist naw, in zummer days,  
 Thay bottlt'h up tha zinny rays  
     Until thay've villed em vul;  
 Then cork'th em up most mort'l tight  
 Zo thit there ez ziffishent lite  
     Vur winter days ez wul.

" Wul then thay dra tha shadder in  
 Tha middle uv tha bottled zin,  
     An then dra'th owt tha cork;  
 Tha shadder then rish'th owt pin tap  
 An pin a peece a paper drap,  
     An then they've din thare work.

"Yer go'th, I yer tha Angels trayd,  
 A comin down vrim auver hayd,  
     Now zit still ware *yu* bee ;  
 Bee zshore *yu* keep yer mowthe a shet  
 An nat let out a zingle bit  
     Uv wat *yuve* yer'd a mee."

A ginelman way beard *purfuz*  
 Com'd in an *dud* tha "How de *dus*,"  
     An zed "plaize voller mee!"  
 Another story up ha went,  
 An, aw! I zmel'd a plezint zent,  
     Ez quick I voller'd hee.

I got up *tap*, an thare I zeed  
 Kinarys uv tha purtiest breed—  
     I niver yer'd zich thing ;  
 An, ez I stap'd int*u* tha pleace,  
 Thay zim'd ta zay, "Aw! yers a keace!—  
     Tez Nathan! Let ess zing?"

An zo thay did in fust-reate style,  
 I *lukin* round mer aul tha wile  
     Ta zee tha purty zight ;  
 Zes I ta Gip, an *tu* mezul,  
 A vuller zshur muss *luk* up wul,  
     'Ef nat ha idd'n vright.

Tha burds, tha plants, tha vurnitur,  
*Luk*'d aul za *gran*, thit I zed, "Yer,  
     *Yu* Gip! Zit zide a mee ;"  
 Vur hur (*yu* naw tez like hur cheek)  
 Zim'd as hur *ad* bin thare a week  
     An homly zim'd ta bee.

Wan zide uv ware I vust went in  
 Thay keeps, thinks I, tha bottled zin,  
     An zo I ad a peep ;  
 An thare I zeed tha measter teake  
 A bottle an jist gie a zheake  
     Uv wat ha thare did keep.

Ha zeed mer lūking, an, zeth hee,  
 “ Et idd’n auf’n ess let’s zee  
     Tha voks wat ez be bout ;  
 Bit ez *yu* zims a larnid man,  
 An ez I naw’d yer Brither Jan—  
     I wul, vur zeake a hee.

*Yu* zee ez kepth out all tha zin,  
 Bit wat dru yellor kin git in,  
     Vur that’s tha uny light ;  
 An ef twiz other culler’d glass,  
 Tha zort a light wid niver pass  
     Ta bring yer vorm ta zight.

Wul then, ha zeth—“ Now lūk dee zee  
 An this acktinism bee,  
     Vur now I teake a pleate ;”  
 “ Uv kus,” zeth I, “ I zee it qwite,  
 ’Tis wat yum hactin, now, aul vright,  
     *Yu* need no vurder steate.”

Ha’d got a zmal plate in ez han,  
 An then ha put min in a stan,  
     Thay cal’d a zilver bath ;  
 “ A Turkey Bath I’ve ad, thinks I,  
 Bit now I, yer, in zilver lie—  
     I’m gittin up, iss vath !”

“Wul, com outside, an now zit down  
 An daunt put aun a zingle vrown  
 Wile I be hocussin;”\*  
 Thinks I, “wat du er main be that,  
 Ha’s gwain ta put, ef nat I’m drat,  
 Zom puyz’n in zim gin.

Bit vust uv aul, I shud a told  
 Ha zshaw’d a thing thit wid stick hold—  
 New-maddick† twaz ha zed;  
 “Aw, wul!” zeth I, “that’s vury wul,  
 Bit tha old-maddick vur mezul,—  
 Wat dig’th tha Moret’n rid.”‡

Wul, az ess zed, ess went out thare  
 Ware vust ess went an tuk a chare—  
 Zeth he “Zit ware yu bee;  
 Be zure yu daunt now stur a stump,  
 Nur gie a wink, nur meake a jump,  
 Ur a picktur yu’ll bee;

“Jist put yer haid agin this thing,  
 An tuther zide tha vace jist bring—  
 Iss! now yu’m vitty meade;”  
 Zeth I, “Tha last time I wiz told  
 Ta put mee hay’d in zich a hold  
 I ad a tuth a drade.”

\* Focussing. † Pneumatic. ‡ A well known potato.

Wul thare I zot, *an* zo did Gip,  
 When aul ta vance her gied a skip,  
     Ta ha zom other *luk* ;  
 Tha konsekins uv this yer rin,  
 Wiz thit thay *cu'd'n* point tha zin  
     *An* zo hur *wad'n tuk*.

Ez vur mezul, ha zed I *waz*  
*Tuk* purty-wul ; bit aw, I'm *daz* !  
     Et *arterwirds* wiz shawn,  
 Thit stid of *wan* nauze I *ad tu*,  
 Way vower eyes (mowthe aup ta *vu* !)  
     I'd *muv'd an* gied a yawn.

Another pleate ha went *an* got,  
     *An* Gip *an* mee aul proper zot,  
     Zeth he "Yu'm yer aul vright ;  
 In thicky dark *rum* I'm agwain  
 Ta git tha devil up\* agane,  
     Cuz ha *want* com bee light."

"Cry jay!" zeth I, " let's go down stairs,  
 Daunt let min naw uv my avairs,  
     *An* wen ha's gone zend down ;  
 Ef thit mee pickter I'd a naw'd  
 Tha devil wid a com *an* draw'd,  
     I'd stayed et home, I'm boun!"

Ma spurits then ha did appayz,  
 An zed " Now zit yer mine et ayze,  
     Ha *want* com out ta *yu* ;"  
 Bit till ha haup'd tha dore agane,  
 Yu *cu'd* ha kill'd mer way a cane,  
     I *zshuke* zo, *dru an dru*.

\* *Develope*.

Ha *zun* com'd out, an in a case  
 Tha nigmative\* et wance did please  
     Ta *zucky* up tha light ;  
 Wile this wiz din, ha zeth, " Com zee  
 Tha way ess dith et aul, way me,  
     Com aun an zee tha zight ! "

Ha shaw'd mer vrim please to please,  
 An put awn a most zmilin veace,  
     Ez ef ha shawd a *Duk* ;  
 Altho I did'n ware no crown,  
 No dowt thit wen ha shaw'd mer roun,  
     Ha thort like wan I *luk*.

Wul, arter zeein lots a things,  
 Intu a *rum* merzul ha brings,  
     Ware 'zich a purty may'd  
 Wiz tiching up a riglar gent—  
 (Ez pickter I shud zay)—way paint,  
     Thit *bativul* wiz lay'd.

An in another please a chap  
 Wiz rollin aun, an diddn' *stap*  
     Tha time thit I wiz thare ;  
 Wile *dru* tha thing, ha turn'd about,  
 Tha pickters went, an then sheen'd out  
     Like hoil apin tha hare.

\* Negative.



Thick minnit doun anuther zwul  
 Com'd way a pickter uv mezul—  
     “Wat dud za zun?” zed I.  
 Wul zo ha ez—a purty zight,—  
 Tha dog *an* me tuk aul be light—  
     “Wurraw!” zeth I, “my heye!”

Wul, now I've tole thur all tha zight  
 I zeed wile ess wiz tuk'd be light,  
     An now zoce if za bee  
*Yu* want ta zee a hanzim veace,  
*Yu* better go *tu* ANGEL's pleace,  
     An thare *yu* can zee mee!  
 Nat uny mee—that's Measter Hogg—  
 Bit *yu* kin aulzo zee tha dogg.

---

### Tha Kenton Gost.

In auder *tu* zhet vore ma rime  
 Naw, vrends, thit wance a pin a time,  
 A Gost appeer'd in Kent'n Town—  
 A litt'l pleace, zom zeb'n mile down,  
 Vrim Exter, ware wan Tuckett dwult  
*U* aiv'n Gosts ta nort *cu*d mult;  
 An et *us* nad, ur wink, ur kauff,

Ole Zat'ns zul wid quick urn auff ;  
 Ur praps, tha plainer wurd's ta put,  
 Tha vury devil eszul wid cut.  
 Bit vust uv aul ta kleeer tha keace  
 I mit ez wul dayscribe tha pleace.  
 Tha main-pairt ez a long-ful strait—  
 (No metteer ez ta yeards ur veet)  
 An haf awt wul, pin zarch, be vown,  
 Meade uv porrish, bur-yil grown,  
 Ware vullijers kin zware bee hosts  
 Thay've yerd an mit way rayal Gosts.  
 I've yerd ole granfer Bickvord zay  
 Thit wance, a pin ez homwird way,  
 Jist et tha zolim midnite how'r  
 Ha yer'd a voyce zay vrim tha tow'r—  
 "Now Granfer, meake haste hom—d'ee yer!  
 Thee hast no rite away vrim hur."  
 An wen ha got hom yer'd tha larm  
 Thit ez ole dumman'd brauk hur arm.  
 An wan time urdlier thin that  
 Ha zeed a large *tu* hayded cat  
 A pin a tumstone *stud* upvrite,  
 An holdin owt ez veests ta vight ;  
 Ez Gran'fer *stud* thare, like a stone,  
 Ha yer'd *tu* voyces zay—"Com aun!"  
 Ha'd bin a *gude man* in ez day—  
 But "vite way Gosts," zeth hee, "laur jay!—"  
 Ha did'n care ta ha a *scat*  
 Wen thare wiz nort a *tal* ta hat.  
 Wul, then, I've yerd ole Churry\* Hares,  
 U dud a trade in grocery wares,  
 Zware thit wan nite, wen gwain ta baid,  
 Ta tother zide ware *waz* tha daid,

\* Charity.

Hur rayly thort hur must a dide  
 Ta zee, jist ware hur ole man lide,  
 A lite aul *blu an* whit aszend  
 Ez if ets hight wid niver end ;  
 Ez *zun* ez hur begind hur pray'rs  
 Hur *Jan's* voyce zings out—" Churry Hares !  
*Luk* in tha geard'n, gie dree nocks,  
*An*, wen *yu* yer ma *cal*, a box,  
 Wul, Churry deer, ta aize ma zaul,  
 Spring *tu* thy *vut* up *dru* a haul ;  
 Thares veefty poun thit I'd a zave  
 Bevaur I went ta me zilent grave ;—  
 I *shud* a told'ee et tha nick-  
 A-time bit *waz tuk'd* auff *tu* quick."  
 Jist then hur yer'd a clap a thinder ;  
*An* in her vright shet *tu* tha winder  
 Tha lite went out, hur went ta baid  
*An* yer'd no moar uv tha ole man daid.  
 I *ax'd* hur how about the nocks,  
*An* if hur voun tha munny box ;  
 Hur tole mer way a zorravul veace  
 Hur'd gied dree *nacks* bit *twad'n* tha please,  
 In *vack* hur'd *nack'd* tha geard'n auver  
 Bit *cad'n* tha hydidi *guld* dayscover ;  
 Eet, strong in vayth, ta tha day hur dide,  
 Hur wid'n beleeve ez Gost id lide ;  
 Hur miss'd tha spot thit *exack* ha neamed,  
 Bit et *wad'n* hee thit *waz* ta be bleamed,  
 Vur, tha vorty yur thit hur wiz ez wive,  
 Ha'd niver tole hur a lie in ez live,  
*An* za *zshore* ez hur ole *cat* wid *purdle*,  
 Ha wid'n *du* et in tother *wurdle* ;  
 Bit I'll *nack an nack*, tha ole zaul zed,  
 Vur et layst et'll tul tha ole man dayd,  
 Tho et dith no aithly *gud* ta mee ;

I honnerd tha lass wurd zed be hee.  
 I've tole thur aul bout Churry Hares,  
 An how th'ole dumman *ad* hur cares,  
 An now I'll gie a kease ur *tu*  
 Ta zhaw wat Gosts *an* Goblins *du* ;  
 An ez *yu'm* in a hurry'd way  
 I'll tul tha tale uv Vanny Bray.  
 Now Vanny *waz* a quiet zaul  
 U burn'd up *hud* instead a kaul,  
 Becuz tha *wan* wiz got vur nort—  
 Tha tother, ez hur zed, wiz bort ;  
 Zo uv tha *tu* hur 'd rayther vix  
 Apin tha *kuse* uv pickin sticks.  
 Time *waz* wen ginelvokes wid give  
 Tha pore about tha chance ta live,  
 Dru winter, vree vrim laygil *harm*  
 Vur pickin sticks ta keep min warm,  
 Ontil the Cownty Pleecemen com  
 An *tuk* tha comfirts vrim yer hom.  
 Hud pickin in tha *gud* old time,  
 Wiz, honisty bit now tez krime,  
 Brort in bee zich ez Lady Raull—  
 The Laurd ha *macy* pin her zaul!—  
 I yer'd a pore *hud*picker zay,  
 U *tu* tha pur'zn vown ez way,  
 Becuz ha'd *tuk* ontu eszul,  
 Tupenner'd wat tha *hadgers* vul.  
 Uv *kuse* a *la* wul com in *zun*  
 Ta zend zich vellers *tu* tha *mun*,  
 Ware *wan* pore chap, zo ess be told,  
 Ith in thic disimul dwullin roll'd  
 Vur hevin, wen twiz cole *an* windy,  
 Pick'd up a stick ur *tu* pin Zindy ;—  
 I'd zend min, if et *waz* my keace,  
 Stright *tu* tha *mun* ta *pruv* thur keace ;

An, in zich zmal, meade up, ofvences  
 Jist meake min pay thur aun hexpenses.—  
 Bit stap! I'm urnin auff *yu'll* zay  
 An wat about old Vanny Bray?  
 Wul, Vanny wad'n ta be dud  
 Owt uv hur *kus* uv pickin hud;  
 Tha Pleecemen nu'd hur, bit "No Go!"—  
 Hur'd zmul min vur a mile ur zo,  
 An zo vur yurs hur sticks hur scrap'd  
 An vrom thare tender macies scap'd.  
 An hur min~~u~~vers thay wiz zich  
 Twiz zed thit Vanny was a witch.  
 An being zich a rummy crony  
 Must ha, uv *kus*, a girt dail munny.  
 But thares a Pleecemin *u* wan day  
 Laid hees girt veest tap Vanny Bray,  
 This Pleecemin wadd'n dress'd in blu  
 Way butt'ns urning aul down dru:  
 Ha ha'd nat no kudgil in ez han  
 Way wich to meake ofvenders stan!  
 Ez trayd wiz mish'er'd, varm an zlaw,  
 Ez zlightest tich a nack-down baw;  
 A conkerbul waz iv'ry breth,  
 Thick Pleecemin's name, me vrends, wiz DETH.  
 Aul zilent roun hur he'd a gaun—  
 Hur niver yur'd min zay *muv* aun!  
 An zo it ez vrim day ta day  
 Ess lives aun in a careliss way  
 Twiz vur this zulf-zeame careliss way  
 Tha Pleecemin Deth tuk Vanny Bray.  
 Tez tru hur got intu a vix  
 Bit nat vur pickin a *vu* sticks;—  
 Wat waz et then's tha queshin gib'n  
 Thit keep'd pore Van vrim gwain ta Heb'n;  
 Vur hur wiz zeed, ur ulse thay lide,

In her ole houze, tha nite hur dide,  
 An et her winder, iv'ry nite,  
 Vur wicks thare waz a dark urd lite,  
 An twulve o'clock, za zaffs a gun,  
 An zomtimes up za late ez wan,  
 Hur at hur winder wid appeer  
 Ez if hur'd rauze up vrim hur beer ;  
 An thare hur'd stay, *vul haf* tha nite,  
 Wrapp'd up in a most awful lite,  
 Wen aul ta wance hur'd vlash away,  
 Ez Cockleert wid zshet vore ets ray.  
 Wan nite, jist arter hur wiz gaun,  
 Jan Morrish way ez nite-kep aun,  
 Luk'd in tha rum an zmul'd a zmul  
 An vur wicks arter wad'n wul ;  
 An, wen ha com'd owt vrim tha dark,  
 Apin ez nite-kep waz a mark  
 Uv wich *yu've* niver zeed tha veller—  
 Uv *kus* twiz Brimstone cuz twis yellor.  
 Wul *zum* tha *nus* got aul abraud,  
 An iv'ry nite tha midd'l raud  
 Wiz dring'd bee zich a haiger host  
 Uv vokes ta zee tha Kent'n Gost !  
 A Methadee pass'n *ad* a pray  
 Ta draive por Vanny's Gost away,  
 Bit *nat* a bit a *ys* wiz that  
 Vur arter aul thare, eet hur zot.  
 Twiz zed hur wid'n laive hur purch  
 Cuz Pass'n C. warn't in tha church.  
 Wan day tha darter uv pore Van  
 Ta Exter com ta zee tha man  
 Cal'd Tuckitt, an *u* nawd tha way,  
 Twiz zed, a hunder'd gots ta lay.  
 Thick man, I've zed, wiz zurnamed Tuckett,  
 An wance id voun Van's darter's buckett ;

Ha gid hur zivril litt'l stoans,  
 Tide in a bag, an zed Van's boans  
 Wid næck agin hur kauffin lid,—  
 That's if za be hur darter did  
 Zay "Picksy, Wicksy, Rum, Tum, Tee!"—  
 Twice vur aich stone,—no metter dree.  
 Tha spurrit then wid yur tha boans,  
 An, arter gie'n a vu groans,  
 Hur vorm strite vore, like zmauk, wid curd'l  
 An strite hur'd meake vur tother wurd'l.  
 Hur tride tha wize man, hom hur com,  
 An, vrom hur pocket, tuk therevrom  
 Tha stoans thit I've a tole ta yu  
 An then begin'd ta tul min dru;  
 An' ez hur vinish'd "Rum, Tum, Tee,"  
 A lot a vokes, ez wul ez she,  
 Yer'd ole Van's voyce zing out quite loud,  
 An zeed hur vorm roll, like a cloud,  
 Irt auff, an niver zince thick nite  
 Hev vokes a zeen zich veervul zite.  
 Zom zed tha mun way kuryiss lite  
 Wiz tap tha winder sheenin brite;  
 An thare wiz other vokes thit vow'd  
 Twiz nort exzep a vleetin cloud,  
 An pin tha mun a mvvin pass  
 Drade down ets shadder tap tha glass;  
 An thit tha rain com'd aun, thick nite,  
 An vrom thick time tha kuryiss lite  
 Vrim that zole kauze ad zays'd ta bee  
 An nat vrim WICKSY, RUM, TUM, TEE!

### Tha Exter Saujers.

Laast Zinday mornin' up ta Exter I goes  
 Vor ta zee brither Jan in 'is saujerin' clothes;  
 Zo I zwacks up an' down an' all the town roun',  
 An' ta laast up tap Nor'n'ay the hosebird I voun',  
 Fol de rol lol, fol de rol lol,  
 Fol de rol liddle lol, fol de rol, lol.

La! Jan was zo alter'd in 'is saujerin' dress  
 I should'n a knaw'd Jan if a 'adn' spok' fuss;  
 The kep o'n was leather so cousse an' so large  
 An' 'is burches was made o' the coustest blue sarge.

*Chorus—*

Now into the ranks they was order'd to val,  
 They was strite as a line, they was 'pon my sawl!  
 The music strook'd up, an' the cap'n cried "March!"  
 An' they all vaced about an' walk'd into the church.

*Chorus—*

Resolvèd was I tu zee St. Peter's dru-out  
 Zo I gie'd a chap a shillin' to shaw me about;  
 'E shaw'd me the organ, the bones an' the bell,  
 An' a 'underd things more that gude Laurd I can't tell!

*Chorus—*



As it graw'd towards aivnin I yer'd the vokes zay  
 That up pin tap Nor'n'ay the band it would play;  
 Zo I zwacks up pin Nor'n'ay and when I got there,  
 Why Lor! you'd a thort 'twas some rayl\* or some fair!

*Chorus—*

Vor up come tu gurt men wi' tu gurt steel pans,  
 And' there pin tap Nor'n'ay they took up their stan's  
 'An they made jis a row wi' their rickety rock  
 I'd a made a better noise 'pon mi granny's ole crock

*Chorus—*

The aufficers was wi' the ladies a walkin'  
 They'd a little a drink'd I could zee by their talkin';  
 The ladies wear'd veathers an' ribbins pin tap,  
 You'd a thort aich maid's 'aid was a milliner's shop;

*Chorus—*

Zo I zes to brither Jan, "If this be the way  
 You vokes up ta Exter du spend the Lord's day  
 An' if it be true what our passen dith tell,  
 I'll be dall'd if you baint on the right road to ——!"

*Chorus—*

\* Revel.



## NOTE.

---

Two of the greatest peculiarities in the Devonshire Dialect are the pronunciation of the *u* and *a*, as in the Scotch "gude" and the English "cat." The "u" and "a" not italicised are pronounced as in "full" and "fate." The next nearest approach to *u* is *cu* in the French word "*peu*," and, strange to say, it is not met with in the dialect of any other county in England. "Th" is almost always pronounced as "th" in "thine," "f" as "v," "e" as "i," and "s" as "z." The idioms of this "most interesting form of English speech," as that great linguist, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte terms it are too numerous to be dwelt on in the brief space of a "Note."

---

## GLOSSARY.

---

A, of, have  
abu, above  
adu, to do, ceremony,  
    adieu  
agaun, gone  
agin, against  
agwayn, going  
aight, eight  
ails, eels  
ayzy, easy  
ayt, eat  
alongzide, beside  
anuff, enough  
arely, early  
arter, after  
atween, between

aun, on  
aut, awt, of it  
avaur, before  
aw'min, of them  
aw's, of us  
ax'd, asked  
azide, beside  
  
Bayst, beast  
ballin, calling  
balu, row  
ban, band  
bang, to beat a sound,  
    a noise  
banging, great

bant, beant, am not  
bekase, because  
bim bye, bye and bye  
bin, been  
bit, but  
blaijed, obliged  
blid, blood  
bort, bought  
bout, about  
bral, brawl  
brauk, broken  
brekses, breakfast  
bul, bell  
  
Cabical, capital  
caunder, corner

carr, carry  
cheel, child  
clayn, clean  
clipper, a knock  
cockleert, daybreak  
com'd, came  
cort, caught  
crayturs, creatures  
cud, could  
cud'n, couldn't  
cut, acute  
cuz, because  
conkerbul, an icicle

Drat et, ods rot it  
paps, image  
darter, daughter  
deeve, deaf  
dimmet, dusk  
diss'n, don't you  
dud, done, did  
dra, dra, to draw  
drap, to drop  
draut, throat  
dunnaw, don't know  
dyver'd, faded

Ess, yes  
eet, yet  
aykl, equal  
er, or  
ez, ess—his, us, we

Firnt, front  
foce, force  
fulty, filthy  
fust, first

Gawkim, a stupid  
fellow  
gied, gave

gie, give  
gilhal, Guildhall  
girt, great  
girtly, greatly  
gwayn, going

Ha, have  
ha, he  
haf, half  
haid, head  
hal, to draw  
handid, handed  
hannel, handle  
harly, hardly  
hat, to knock  
hau, hope  
haul, hole  
hikes, go  
hinkling, inclination  
hist, hast  
hoce, hoarse  
hollar, to cry out  
hom, home  
hud, wood  
hulkin, lubberly  
humman, dumman,  
woman

Iny, any  
irt, right  
ith, hath  
iv'ry, every

Jist, just

Kaynin, looking  
karrin, carrying  
kend, kind  
kindiddled, enticed  
kiss'n can't not  
kort, caught

kort, court  
kus, course  
kut, acute  
kuzz'n, cousins

Laur, low, lor, Lord  
lauss, lost

Ma, my  
macy, mercy  
man'd, man would  
manijed, managed  
mare, mayor  
mer, me  
mezul, myself  
miny, many  
mort'l, very  
much, to smoothe  
mucks, mud  
murch, much

Nack, knock  
nat, not  
nauble, noble  
nauze, nose  
naw, knowledge  
naws, knows  
nort, nothing  
Norny, Northernhay

Ort, anything

Pakin, strolling  
pasnips, parsnips  
penner'd, penny-  
worth  
puches, mouths  
pheasants, peasants  
pin, upon  
pillamy, pillem, dust  
platter, plate  
purty, pretty  
puss, purse

Quardlin, quarreling	urning, running us'd, we had uv, of	weth, worth whacker, great wiz, was wiss, would'st whit, white wurdle, world wul, well wulvare, welfare wur, were wuss, worse
Rayfuzil, refusal rayls, revels raymid, stretched rauze, rise	Vack, fact val'd fell valin, falling vantysheeny, showy varder, further vath, faith vaur, before vaut, fault veefty, fifty vier, fire vin'd, fined vippence, fivepence vlid, flood voks, folks voller'd, followed vrim, from vright, right vrites, writes vrizzin, frozen vul, fool vuller'd, fellow had vulty, filthy vun, fun vung, vang, find, take, gather vur, for vurgit, forgot vury, very vussled, hurried	Yeller, yellow yer, yur, your—here, hear yer'd heard yushil, usual yum, you are
Saff, safe sar'd, serve scra'ld, crawled skace, scarce skiddick, a scrap, or small portion shet, shut, shot shud, should stap, stop steev'd, stiff stuer, dust stud, stood		Za, so zayce, cease zart, soft zartin, certain zaw, saw zed, said zee, see zeed, seen zes, says zhapse, shape zich, such zide, side zim'd, seemed zims, think zin, son, sun zlappin, sleeping zlipper, slippery zmitch, smell zom, some zot, sat zummat, something zun, soon zwant, soft, pliable zwetting, sweating
Ta, to tap, top thit, that thort, thought thur, thee tidd'n, 'tis not tide, tied thrapse, to walk about tu, to, two tul, tell tummil'd, tumbled twood, toad		
Ull, will ulse, else uny, only ur, or urd, red urdlier, earlier urch, rich urn, to run	Wack, knock wacking, great wan, one wance, once wap, thrash wat, what way, with wayout, without wid, would	





**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY**  
**Los Angeles**

**This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.**

---

--	--	--

Form L9-50m-4,'61 (B8994s4) 414

**THE LIBRARY**  
**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA**  
**LOS ANGELES**



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA** 000 364 749 2

