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SALAMANTINI

*An EXMOOR SCOLDING; In the Propriety and Decency of Exmoor Language, between Two Sisters, WILMOT MOREMAN, and THOMASIN MOREMAN, as they were spinning.*

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THOMASIN.

Lock! *Wilmot*, vor why vore ded'st roisly zo upon ma up *Challacomb* rowl? \* Ees ded'nt think tha had'st a be' zitch a labb o' tha tongue. —What a vengeance! Wart betoatled, or wart tha baggage; —or had'st tha took a shord, or a paddled?

WILMOT.] I roily upon tha, ya gurt, thonging, banging, muxy drawbreech? —Noa, 'twas thee roil'st upon me up to *Daraty Vrogwill*'s up-zitting, when that vung'st to, and be hang'd to tha! to *Rabbin*. —'Shoud zem tha wart zeck arter me-at and me-zl. — And zo tha merst, by ort I know, wey guttering,\* as gutter tha will'st, whan tha com'st to good tackling. —Bet zome zed *Shoor and shoor that ded'st bet make wise, to*

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*zee whare tha young Josy Heaff-field, wou'd come to zlack thy boddize, and whare a wou'd be O vore\* or no.* —But 'twas thy old disyease, chun.

T.] Hey go! What disyease dest me-an, ya gurt, dugged-teal'd, zwopping, rousling blowze? Ya gurt roile, tell ma. Tell ma, a zey, what disyease dest me-an? —Ad! Chell ream my heart to that avore is let tha lipped.\* —Chell tack et out wi' tha to tha true ben, fath! Tell ma, a zey, what disyease dest me-an that tha zest cham a troubled wey?

W.] Why, ya purting, tatchy, stertling ghowering, prinking, mincing theng, chell tell tha what disyease. Is dedn't me-an the bone-shave, ner the heartgun, ner the Allernbatch\* that tha hed'st in thy niddick. 'Tes better 'twar: for that ount *Annis Moreman* cou'd ha' blessed vore, and net ha' pomster'd about et, as moather ded.

T.] What disyease than, ya gurt haggage?

W.] Why, e'er zince tha wart tonty, ay zewnteen, and avore, tha hast a be' troubled wey that doul vetch tha.

T.] What's me-an by that, ya long-hanjed mea-zel? Didst hire ma? Tha call'st ma stertling roil now-reert. —How dedst thee stertlee\* upon the zest last harrest wey the

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young *Dick Vrogwill*, whan *George Vuzz* putch'd? —He tol ma the whole sump o' the besneze.

*W.]* O! the very vengeance tear tha! —Dest thee tell me o' *Dick Vrogwill*? —Why thee art in a ninniwatch e'ery other torn, nif zo be that dest but zet zeert in *Harry Vursdon*.

*T.]* How! Ya gurt, chounting, grumblin, glumping, zower-zwapped, yerring trash!

*W.]* Don't tell me o' glumpling: oll the neighbourhooden know thee to be a ve-aking, blazing, tiltish hussey.

*T.]* And thee art a crewnting, querking, he-avy, duded yes, chockling baggage.

*W.]* Net zo chockling, ner it zo crewnting, as thee art, a colting hobby-horse! —Nif tha dest bet go down in the paddock, to stroak the kee, thee wut come oll a-gerred\*, and oll horry zo vurs tha art a vorked; ya gerred-teal'd, panking, hewstring me-azel! Thee art lick a skittish sture jest a yoked. Tha wouldst bost any keendest theng, tha art zo vore-reert, nif vauther dedn't ha-ape tha.

*T.]* Ay, ay! *Kester Moreman* wou'd ha' be' hove up, nif zo be a had a had tha; a toteling, wambling, zlottering, zart-and-vair he-at stool.

*W.]* Ay, and zo wou'd the young *George Vuzz*, chun, whan a had a had a rubacrock, rouzeabout, platvooted, zidlemouth'd swash-bucket. —Pitha, dest think enny theng will e'er vittee or gooddee wey zich a whatnosed, haggage-tooth'd, stare-bason, timersome, rixy,\* wapper-ee'd theng as thee art?

*T.]* Dest hire ma? Oll the crime o' the country goth, that whan tha liv'st up to tha cot, tha wert the old *Rager Hill*'s under bed-blonket. And more and zo, that tha wert a chittering, raving, racing, buzzom-chuck'd, rigging,\* lonching,\* haggaging moil.

*W.]* How! Ya confounded trapes! Tell me enny more o' *Rager Hill*'s bed-blonket, ad! Chell pull the poll o' tha, chall plim tha, chell vulch tha, looks zee. —*Roger Hill* es as honest a man as any in *Challacomb*; —no *dispreise*.

*T.]* And do thee tell me o' stertling upon the zess, whan *George Vuzz* putch'd, chell gi' tha a lick; —chell lay tha over the years wey the vire-tangs. Ad! chell ting tha. Thy buzzom chucks ware pretty vitty avore tha mad'st thy zell therle, and they vlesh oll wangery, and they skin oll flagged, with nort but aging, and veaking, and tiltishness.

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*W.*] Bed-blonket akether! Ha! zey zitch a word more, chell cotton thy wastecoat. Chell thong tha, chell gi' tha zitch a strat in tha chups, ya grizzledemundy.

*T.*] Me a strat in the chups? Dest hire ma? Come a neest me, chell pummel tha, chell vag tha, chell lace tha.

*W.*] Thee lace ma? Chem a laced well a-fine aready. —Zey wone word more, and chell bresh tha, chell make thy boddize pilmee.

*T.*] How a man a zed! Make my boddize pilmee? Add! if e'er tha squeak'st wone word more o' the bed-blonket, chell trim tha, chell crown tha, chell vump tha.

*W.*] Why dedst thee tell me o' the zess, or it of the hey-pook, as tha dedst whileer; —Chell drub tha, chell curry thy scabbed yess var tha.

*T.*] Why dedst thee, than, tell me 'ister-day o' losing my rewden hat in the rex-bush, out to whorting? and more and zo, that the young *Tom Vuzz* shou'd le-ave he's a codglove\*—Ad! a word more o' tha young *Tom Vuzz*, chell baste tha, chell stram tha, chell drash tha; —chell make thy kepp hoppee, wi' thy *Vlanders lace* upon't.

*W.*] *Vlanders lace!* Whet's me-an by that, ha-ah? Tell me enny more o' *Vlanders lace*, chell make thy yead addle. Chell up wi' ma vest, and gi' tha a whisterpoop, and zitch a zwop as shall make tha veel me, looks zee!

*T.*] Gi' me a zwop? —Ad! chell gi' tha a wherret, or a zlat in the chops—or up wi' thy dugged coats, and tack tha gre-asy yess o' tha.

*W.*] Thee tack me, ya unlisty, ill-hearty, untidy me-azel? —*Andra* wou'd ha' had a trub in tha, nif 's vauther hadn't a strat the match.

*T.*] How, dem? a trub? —Go, ya rearing, snapping, tedious, cuted snibblenose! Th'art olweys a vustled up in an old jump, or a whittle, or an old seggard, avore zitch times as *Neckle Halse* comath about: —Than tha wut prinkee. —Thee hast a let the kee go zoo vor want of strocking. It a vor oll th'art an abomination pinchvart vor thy own ends. —Ay, ya! shoort,\* *Wilmot*, shoort! —Zwer thy torn; or else tha tedst net carry whome thy pad, and meet *Neckle Halse* by tha wey. —He'll meet tha in the vuzzy-park coander be cockleert, or avore, chell warndy.

*W.*] Tell ma wone word o' *Neckle Halse*, chell skull tha, tha hasn't a be' a skull'd zo vor wone while. Ya gurt sustilugs! The old *Mag Dawkins* es but a huckmuck to tha. Zet

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tha about ort, why, tha dest thengs vore and back, a cathamm'd, a vore-reert, and vram-shapen, like a totle.

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*T.]* How! Ya long-hanjed trapes! ya blowmonger baarge! Thee wut coalvarty\* a-bed avore bevore-days. Th'art zo deeve as a haddick in chongy weather. Or when 'tes avrore, or a scratch the le-ast theng out, or whan snewth, or blunketh, or doveth, or in scatty weather, or in a tingling vrost, than tha art theck-lifted, and behang'd to tha.

*W.]* And thee art a lams'd in one o' thy yearms, and can'st net zee a sheen in thy reert ee.

*T.]* Rex-bush! —Fath! tell me o' tha rex-bush, ya teeheing pixy! —Es marl who's more vor rigging or rumping, steehopping or rag-rowtering, giggleting or gambowling, than thee art thyzel. —Pitha, dest'nt remember whan tha comest over the clam wi' tha old *Hugh Hosegood*, whan tha wawter wos by stave, how tha velst in, and the old *Hugh* drade thee out by tha vorked eend, wi thy dugged clathers up zo vur as thy na'el, whan tha wart just a buddled?

*W.]* Lock! dest dwalee,\* or tell doil? —Pitha, tell reazanable, or hold thy popping, ya gurt washamouch.

*So ends the first bout.*

*Bout the Second.*

WILMOT.

DIST hire ma, dem? Chell ha tether vinny wi' that. —Tha toldst ma now-reert, or a whilere, of rigging and rumping, steehopping and ragrowtring, giggleting and gamboyling. What's me-an by that? But thee, thee wut ruckee, and squattee, and doatee in the chimly ceander lick an axwaddle; and wi' the zame that wut rakee up, and gookee, and tell doil, tell dildrams and buckingham jenkins. —Ay ay, poor *Andra Vursdon* wud ha' had a rigmutton rumpstall in tha, nif tad ned ha' be strat. A wud ha' had a coad, riggleting, parbeaking,\* piping body in tha; olwey wone glam or nether. And more an

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zo, there's no direct to hot tha tell'st. Tha wut seb et herrtily. Na, tha wut lee a rope outreert. Chad a most a borst my guts wi' laughing, whan's zee'd tha whilere trapesee hum from tha *Yeoanna Lock*, thy shoes all besh—,thy hozen muxy up zo vurs gammerels\* to tha very hucksheens\* o' tha, thy gore coat oll a girred, thy head-clathing oll a foust; thy wastcoat oll horry,\* and thy pancrock\* a kiver'd wi' briss and buttons.

*Th.*] Why thare zo! Bet dist net thee thenk, ya long-hanjed trapes, that tha young *Josy Yeass-field* wud ha' be' placad, whan ha had a zitch a crowdling theng as thee art? Eart lundging, eart squatting upen thy tether eend. Zey ort to tha, why tha wut twitch up thy zeal, and drow up thy noaze, and take owl o', or take pip o'. Nif won zey tha le-ast theng out, tha wut purtee a zinnet arter.

*W.*] How, hussey! ya confounded trash! Dist remember whan tha wenst out in tha *Vuzzey-park*, in the desk o' tha yeaveling, jest in tha dimmet, wi' tha young *Humphry Hosegood*, —and how ha mullad and soulad about tha? Ha bed tha zet down; —and tha zedst tha wudst net, nif ha ded net blow tha down. Zo ha blow'd, and down tha valst. Who shud be hard by (vor 'twas in the dimmet) but the square's bealy; —and vorewey ha cry'd out that *oll windwalls belongad to 's measter*. Wi' tha zame tha splettest away—down the pennet—hilter skilter—as if tha dowl had ha' be' in tha heels o' tha.

*T.*] Oh the dowl splet tha! who told theckee strammer?

*W.*] Why, 'twas thee thy own zel up to stooling o' terras.\*

*T.*] Oh! a plague confound tha! dest tha thank ees ded tell't to tha, to ha' et a drede vore agen? Well, 'tes well a fine. —I can drow vore worse spalls than that to thee; —Ad! I cud rep tha up.

*W.*] What, a dowl, and be hang'd to tha, canst tha drow vore to me?

*T.*] How many times have es a hord tha, and a zeed tha, pound savin, to make meteens, and leckers, and caucherries, and slotters? —'Tes good to know vor why vore.

*W.*] Oh! a plague rat tha! —Ya mulligrub gurgin! ya shug meazel! —Th'art good vor nort bet a gapes-nest. A gottering hawchamouth theng! Whan tha com'st to good tackling, —tha wut poochee, and hawchee, and scrumpee; tha wut net look vor lathing,\* chell warndy; and nif et be loblolly, tl a wut slop et oll up.

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T.] How a man zed! How dedst thee poochee, and hawchee and scrumpee, whan tha young *Zaunder Vursdon* and thee stey'd up oll tha neert a roasting o' taties? pritch\* tha vor me! —Why, than, tha wut be a prilled,\* or a muggard,\* a zennet outreert; and more an zo, thee wut rowcast, nif et be tha own veather. Nif tha beest a zend to yield wi' tha drenking, or ort, to tha voaken, whare they be shoolding o' beat, or handbeating, or angleblowing, nif tha com'st athert *Rager Hosegoo*, tha wut lackee an over-while avore tha com'st and ma' be net trapesee hum avore the desk o' tha yeaveling, ya blow-maunger ba-arge! Oll vor palching about to hire lees, to vine-dra voaks. Whan tha goest to tha melking o' tha kee, in tha vuzzy-park, thee wut come oll a dugged, and thy shoes oll muz, and thy whittle oll besh. —Tha wut let tha cream chorn be oll horry, and let tha melk be buckard in buldering weather.

W.] Tell me o' *Rager Hosegood*, chell make thy kepp hoppee. —Ay, ay, ees marl hot to tha vengeance tha young *Zaunder Vursdon* wud ha' had a do wi' tha, nif ha had a had tha. Vor why? Tha hast no stroil ner docity, —no vittiness in enny keendest theng. —Tha cortst tha nated yeo now-reert, or het leet rather, laping o'er tha *Yeoanna Lock*: (Chell tell veather o't zo zoon es ha cometh hum vrom angle-bowing,\* don't question 't) Hot ded tha yeo do, when tha had'st a corten be tha heend legs—(bet vurst ha button'd; —'tes a marl 'tad net a valled into tha pancrock as uzeth to do) bet thof ha ded viggee and potee, and towsee, and tervée, and loustree, and spudlee, and wriggled, and pawed, and wraxled, and rattled, and teased, vig, vig, vig

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yet rather than tha wudst ha' enny more champ\*, and holster\*, and tanbast\*, wi' en, that tookst en, and dedst wetherly bost that neck o' en.

T.] And nif tha dest pick prates upon me, and tell veather o', chell tell a zweet rabblerote upen thee, locks zee. Vor whan tha shudst be about thy yeaveling's chuers, tha wut spudlee out tha yewmors, and screedle over men. And more an zo, thee wut roily eart upon wone, and eart upon another, zet voak to bate, lick a gurt ba-arge as tha art. And than getser *Rager Sherwell* he must qualify 't agen. Whan tha art zet agog, tha

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desn't caree who tha feullest: 'Twos olweys thy uze; and chem agest that wut vore an a'en. Tha hast tha very daps o' thy old muxy ont *Sybly Moreman* upazet.

*W.*] Why, ya gurt roil, chant zo bad's thee. Thee wut ha' a hy to enny kessen soul. Than tha wut chocklee, and bannee, and blaze, and roundshave enny body that deth bet zey ay to tha. Tha wudst buy tha cot up to town rather than thy live; bet tha hasn't tha wharewey; and tha wudst kiss tha yess o' *George Hosegood*, to ha' en; bet tha hasn't tha why vor ay.

*T.*] How! ya mulligrub gurgin?

*W.*] And thee art a long-hanjed blowmonger baarge vor telling me o' *Neckle Halse*, and tha square's bealy, and tha zess.

*T.*] And thee art a convounded trash vor telling me of an under bed-blonket, and o' pounding o' savin, and making caucheries and slotters wi't. Tha art a beagle, chun, pritch thal vor anether trick. Chad et in my meend, and zo chawe still. But chawnt drow't out bevore tha begen'st agen, and than chell.

*W.*] Hiego! Mrs *Hi-go-shit-a-beagle*! And hot art thee? Tha wut drow, and hen, and flat, —flat tha podgers, flat tha crock, flat tha keeve and tha jibb, bost that cloam. Tha hast a most a stinned e'ery early theng in tha houze. Abscutly tha art bygaged. Ay ay, ont *Margery* was death the near vor tha. Her moort ha' vet et, nif zo be tha hadst net let her totee up, and do zo ort.

*T.*] Why thare low! *Bygaged*! And hot dest thee do bet jest now reert? Tha henst a long thy torn, tha wouldst ha' bost en to shivers, nif chat net a vung en, and a pung'd en back agen. Than tha wut snappy, and than tha wut cunniffee,\* and than tha wut bloggy.\*

*W.*] And hot art thee? A brocking mungrel, a skalking meazel! —And it a vore oll good vor nort bet scollee, avore tha art a hoazed\* that tha cast scarce yeppy. Petha, dest think enny theng will goodee or vitree wi' enny zitch a trub as thee art, —that dest not cary to zey thy praers? —bet—wut strammee, and fibbee, and blaze, and bannee: And more an zo, wut coltee and riggee wi' enny trolubber thet comath athert tha. And whan tha dest zey men, 'tes bet whilst tha art scrubbing, hewstring, and rittling abed. And, nif by gurt hap tha dest zey men at oll, thy marrabones shan't kneelee, —thof tha cast ruckee well a-fine—'Tes a marl if e'er tha comst to hewn only to zey men; zence tha



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ne'er zest men, chell warndy, bet whan tha art half azlape, half dozy, or scrubbing o' thy scabbed yess, whan tha art a coal-varting abed, ya gurt lollipop! —Tha hasn't tha sense to stile thy own dressing. Vor why, et 'twul zet, arter tha, ether antlebeer\* lick tha dorns of o door, or wotherwey twul zet along, or weewow, or oll a puckering. Tha zedst 'twos squelstring and whot while'er. Ad! tha wut be mickled and a steeved wi tha cold vore *Tandras Tide*, chun, nif tha dest net buy tha a new whittle.

T.] Why, ya gurt kickhammer baggage! thee art good vor no sauze. Thee wut net break tha cantle-bone o' thy t'other eend wi' cheuring, chell warndy; tha wut net take et zo vreach\*, ya sauntering tro-ant!

W.] Higo! sauntering tro-ant than! Vor why vore dedst tell wone, than, o' tha rexbush, and tha hey-pook, and tha zess?

T.] And why vore dest thee drow vore zetch spalls to me? —Go, pey tha score vor tha lecker tha hast a had zo ort in thy teening bottle. —There's a rumple, chun!

W.] Nif tha young *George Hosegood* had a had tha, ha murt ha *bozed* in a little time. Ha wud zoon ha' be<sup>r</sup> condiddled. —It avore oll, avore voak, tha wut lustree, and towzee, and chewree, and bucklee, and tear, make wise, as passath: And out of zeert a spare toatle in enny keendest theng.

T.] Why, there's odds betwee' sh—ng and tearing wone's yess. Wone must net olweys be a boosting, must a? —But the, —thee wut steehoppy, and colty, and hobby, and riggy wi' enny kesson zoul: Oll vor whistering and pistering, and hoaling and halzening, or cussing a tale.

W.] Ad! tell me o' hobbing and rigging, chell vlee to tha kepp o' tha,

[Pulls her poll.

T.] Oh! —oh! —mo-ather! —mo-ather! —murder! —Oh! —moather! —Her hath a chuck'd ma mi' tha chingstey. —Ees verly bleive es shall ne'er vet et. —And nif's don't vet et, looks zee, in a twelve month and a dey, cuzzen *Kester Broom* shall see tha a trest up o' ground. —He shall zee tha zwinged, fath!

*Enter the Old JULIAN MOREMAN.*

JULIAN.] Labbe, labbe, soze, labbe, —Gi' o'er, gi' o'er, *Tamzen*. And thee be olweys wother agging or veaking, gawing or sherking, blazing or racing, kerping or

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speaking cutted, chittering or drowing vore o' spalls, purting or ghowering, yerring or chounting, taking owl o' wone theng or pip o' t'ather, chockling or pooching, ripping or round-shaving wone t'ether, seivering or grizzeling, tacking or busking, aprill'd or a muggard, blogging or glumpling, rearing or snapping, vrom candle-douting to candle-teening in tha yeaveling, —gurt hap else.

