

Author: R. Giles (?-?)

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Original Correspondence

[To the Editor of the *North Devon Journal*]

THE GUDE OLD TIMES IN WELCOMBE

THE HAYLIN HART.

Zur,—As this place is su vur vrum iviry other place, in the old times wen thare wis no gigs nor aiven butts vur ride in, an wen the wawds wis sa bad thit in the winter if you rode a hoss out arter neert, hid moast shore to git in a mire, twis necessary to vend out som plan of curing wan the thether, when thare wis inny thing the matter waye anybody, an zo yurs ago thare wis a doctor vur allmoast iviry hill thit vlesh wis hare to. Thare wis wan thit cude jure hinflimmashun, anether rewmatick, a third cude cure a strain, an anether the thuthehake, wile thare wis thay thit zed words or bless vur lots ov haylements. Some aw min wis born doctors, an som wud git the verty handed down vrum wan tu anether. Vur hinstins, if you wis vur to git hold ov words in a hirrregular way twudden be no yuse at al vur to zay min auver inny wan; the words hot thay zay

muss niver be rawt down or tissen no yuse. Dick Sandercock yused to bless vur strains, an he wud put es han pon the plase, and tell auver zomthing to hissel; I've a seed en do et, an wen hid a finished he zed, "Pray may do it gude." Now, zur, I wis niver larned enuf in thayse things to naw hew he zed the words to, nor how the kure wis performed, an I shude be glad if you wud tell me, as I expect you naw about a lot of things. The old Nanny Kinthorne yused to bless vur a sty or a wan pon the hill. Her wud drae her han outward vrum the nauze, and zay, "Wan, wan wet away shet away, wan wan hop away pop away pop away, hop wan hop." Then thares wother things vur wother hills. Som cude stent blid, wen inny wan had a cut thersel, an cude do it wayout zeein min, if you cude onny tell min thare name. A vu yurs ago som wan had got a hess thit wis bliddin dredful, an the man zend to the wan thit cude stent it, an kald en hup vrum es baid, an told wot wis the matter. He sez, "I kin do wayout gwain vur zee en, if theet tell me the hosses name." "Wy," zeth the chapp, "hee hathen a got no name." "Then," zeth the man, "I cant stap it, an tis maister's fawt vur not gie the hoss a name," an the hoss did shore enuf drue it. The zebenth or ninth son or darter in sucksession wis awlways a doctor, an cude strick vur king's evil an other komplains. Som way I nive yused vur beleeve much in thayse blessings, cus I nawd som thit wud zay gude words out ov thare mouths, an wud kuss and sware a vu minnets arter, but ware thwis inny yuse or no tissen vur me to tell. Thare wis wan thing thay niver tuke munny vur duin it, if thay did twudden hact, but Ive yurd min zay thay would put something pon the dresser or in the taypot, an thay wudden ax nort about ware it komd vrom, like thay yused vur du at election times. The shorest kure vur innything wis if yu cude git the han ov a man or humman thit had murdered thersel struke auver inny bad place, this was thort vur bee a sartin remedy. I nawd a humman wanse thit had got a bad harm, an her walked nine mile vur git a murdered body's han to put auver her bad place, but it didden du it no moar gude thin if her'd a speet pon et. This same humman cude bless other vokes tew, but they cud niver cure thersels. Well I spose tissen rite they shude, cus the doctors I've yerd min zay, kal in a brither doctor wen theym bad. I muss zay that it shaked my feyth a gude dayl in theyse blessins, wen the ded body's han diden kure the harm, vur herth got the same badness now, but still kintinyth vur to bless other vokes wen inny boddy want her. A man akald Blythe, hot thay zed wis a docktor of elth, zed wad time, "the hare down yer wis the best in England," an if tis tru the vokes didden oft to bee wantin aw min very

much, but I tellee, zur, 'tis jist the same yer as in other plases. Thay think theym bad wen thay baint, an ware thares a lot ov fules, yule ginerly vend som thit naw better, thit be willin to trade hupon the hignorence of thare neyburs, an now an agen, wen they see the chance, they'll jump tu it. Wy I've a yerd tell thit som vokes thit be rich will hev the doctors kom vur zee min moast ivery day, an if the vokes be willen tu pay min vur it, tissen likely thayll zay tiesen no yuse. Som time ago a man towld me he nawd it vur a fact, thit ware a lady thort her wis awlways bad the doctor wude kall vur zee her, an he gied her brayd an butter pills riggerly, vur as he zed, "thet wudden do her no hurt," and wen he kal'd he wud tell her to kontiny awn the medsin as avaur.

Thare is about this world a sartin klass,
Way littel brains, but pockets vull of brass;
An if yu hev a mind to act the Jue,
Yu may not onny playse but chayt min tew.

'Tis moar thin feefy yurs ago now that Mr. Bartlett, thit I've tould ee about avour, kom'd yer to live, he'd a bin hot thay kald a kemist in Bideford, and he gied hup thet an bort a howse an some ground yer, an wen he'd a got a setteld in, an beegun tu go about the plase, he sed he wis a shocked vur vind wat superstishen thare was in the plase, an he zed the vokes had a zowed thersels boddy an sawl to the divel. As yu may think thet didden go down way som, an thay tried vur make out thit he wanted vur min to take the old drugs that wis zowld in the shop ware he yoused to be, but twassen so. As he went about the plase he begun to hinqwier into things, an he wis hinformed thit vur childern to kut thare teeth aisey thay muss bring a sheep in the howse an let min riden; vur kure worts, blaw min away tu the nu mune the fust time you zeen, or steyl a piece of bakon an rub min and berry the bakon.

(A much better kure is vur wet the wort or korn if yuve got inny pon yer veet, an rub a piece of sal-ammoniac auver min nite an morning til thay'm ago.) A speck bee the zide ov the candel shawd thart wis wan in the poast. If the candel went out twis sine ov deth. Wen thare wis a berrin yu muss muve the bees an put mornin auver min, or thay wud die. If a dog howl'd in the nite somethin bad wud happen; you mussen kill a peg then the mune wis batin or the vlesh wudden plummy in cookin. If yu wet a nive ov a Zinday yu

wud skin some hannimal in the week, twis honlucky tu wissel Zindays, if yu wis to kary a rake in arvest way the tuth hupwards twid rain. Twis honlucky tu zee wan magpy, but if yu did the charm wus to speet auver the rite shoulder an zay drie times—Clayn burds be zebens, honclayn be tues, the dove in the hevens is the burd I chuse. Wan magpy wis a sine ov zorrow, tu of merth, drie of a weddin, fower ov a deth. A clayn plate lef pon the tabel arter a mayl wis a sine of a stranger komin. The charm vur the bite of a hadder wis tu take a short peece of hazel and put acrass a long peece an make it like a kross, an put it pon the bite an zay, hunderneath the hazlin moote, there's a bragoty worm, way a speckeld drawt. Nine dubbel is he, an vrum nine dubbel to aight dubbel an so aun til thay got tu no dubbel hath he. Thay yused tu zay twis niver nawd to fayl.

As I zed Mr. Bartlett wis shocked to yer it, and denownsd it as the docterin of divels, an axed the vokes how thay cude beeleeve sitch nonsense? Some sed thay did cus thare fathers did, an som sed thay nawed lots ov kases ware it had turned owt true, and thay wis no fules. Well, as he wud zay som times, way a twinkel ov the hi, he didden tell min the owld wans wis, but he thot the yung wans wis actin very much like it. He set tu work vur try and drayve thayse things out like St. Patrick did the snakes an the todes out ov Ierland. An he zed, I shaw yu a moar heckselent way, and if thay wanted inny fizzick he wud gie it tu min. Wen the vokes vownd that he didden want tu git munny owt aw min thay beegun tu think he wis kind arter awl, an zo he was zur, an wen the tetty krop vayld I beeleeve he kept som ov the poor crayters vrom starvin, an he wud gie min all the medcin thay wanted awl vur nort, an he nawd about a gude minny things zo well as the doctors, an thay hadden got much work yer vur a gude minny yurs. Beesides he vownd owt a hummen hew wis a jainus, her wis kald Grace Hambly, but her awlways went bee the name ov Gracey, so he got her tu zet up bisens as a Hideropathist, watever thet meynth. Fust her haupen'd to Uppacott in Welcombe, an arterwards her went auver tu Woolley, in Morwenstow. Her wis a wonderful body her was. Her cude drayve out heevil spirrits vrum thay thet put tharesels hunder her traytmint, vur if thay'd got inny inside wen thay wis ago her wudden let min hev no moar, but hur believed in a plenty ov watter outside an a moderate quantity in. Hur had a got hot an cowld baths, an the vokes yused tu kom skawrs ov myles vur tu put therseels hunder hur kair. Hur wis a grayt hawthority vur hinflumashuns, or bad leegs, or kuts, or brewsus, or inny whownds. Hur wud giv hadvise gratis to the pore, and if

thay kom thare an hur thort thay wis awl zo well vur go hoam, hur wudden keep min, nor take no munny vrom min. Her wis a grayt beeleever in harbs an kal'd min nater's awn remmidy, hur wud zay, du ee think the Lord hith a put awl the plants about in edgis vur nort? an then hur wud zay twis a wundur He dithen stap min vrom grawin as the vokes neglect min yur arter yur, but then hur would zay agen—He is long sufferin an kind and nawth the vokes will naw the gude aw min moar arter a bit. Hur yused vur boyl the harbs and steem the vokes vur sarten komplents. Hur wud shet min into a litel rume like a sentery box and herd got a tube thit card the steem hup tu min, an twud be zoo hawfel hot som wud be afeerd thay shude be stifflid, but her nawd better thin thet. Hur got Mr. Bartlett in hissel wan time as twas zo hot he kald out vor min tu stap the steem. Gracey zed, "I'm preyin vor ee Mr. Bartlett," but he seth, "I'm sufficatin," but he wassen.

Now I mus tell ee zur wat hur always yused vur zay. Thares tew things hus be a towld in the Bibel vur du—Anoynt the sick an pray auver min, and if wan is left undun it mus be the nointin, hurs a gaun to her reeward vull ov honners, and I beelieve her wis the mayns of kurin lots buddy and sawl tew. I doant think thares minny left now thit pertendth to bless or zay charms, an I doant zee thit the vokes bee enny the wuss vor it.

If hignorance is bliss
Tis folly tu be wise."

In me laest letter "hosses" shude hev bin howses. Nex week I hintend tu hinturdoose tu yur notic the smuggelers of Welcombe in the past and presant senterys.

Yours truely,

R. GILES

Welcombe, September 12th, 1885