

**Author:** Roger Giles (?-?)

**Text type:** Prose

**Date of composition:** 1886

**Editions:** 1886

**Source text:**

Giles, R. 1886. "Welcombe". *North Devon Journal*, February 18: 6.

**e-text**

**Access and transcription:** March 2021

**Number of words:** 677

**Dialect represented:** Devonshire

**Produced by** María F. García-Bermejo Giner

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca

[6]

ZUR,—Yer "Rustic" korespondent quoteth an old zaying (legend I think he kalth it) that hath bin komin in Parracombe, that wen tew vokes dy in a week, vower will in a month, an thet it hath niver bin a nawd tu fayl. I wonder if the thawt ov it hath got innynthing tu du way thare dyin? If wen the fust tew had dide thare wis others thet beelev'd there muss be tew moar, an that thay was the wans thet was tu go, verry likely the frite wud kill mun. In this kase it seem wan moar than the ushal number succumbed. It wud be interestin tu naw if the fifth wan thet dide was hinformed ov the deth ov the vowerth, an how much time passed betwayn the time ov ther deths. Praps if Mr. Rustic will sarch the parrish registers he may vend thet his statemint abowt its niver faylin is north but a myth.

I've yerd lots ov old zayins that hev bin handed down vrum wan ginerashun tu anether, abowt vokes zeein vaursines zitch as burds flyin abowt croakin an then wen innynthing happenth thay tell ov it. But they'm onny abel tu profezy arterwards. I ax thayse soart ov vokes zomtimes vor tell me hot is gwain tu take plase nex week. I've proved minny of thayse sort ov tales tu be nort but himpostures, got hup an palmed hoff

pon fules vor the profit ov thay thet naw better. Wy zur, abowt yer there's a tale abowt gude or bad luck attendin moast iverything that wan hath tu du way.

In zom pairts of the kounty, Okehampton vor wan plase, thay zay tis honlucky tu karry a baby in tu Church dru the same doreway that funerals enter by. At layst twas niver dude but wanse and then the cheeld dide.

Kan inny ov yer rayders tell the horigin ov puttin bees in mourning when there's a berrin? as tis zed in the kuntery if tissen dun thay'll awl dy. A frend ov mine lately went zom distance vrum yer tu the berryin ov a relative, an, as hur towld me, avaur the korpse was removed vrum the howse, way awl the solemnity dew tu zitch an event, wan of the frends duly plased a peese ov crape auver the hive. The humman zed hur didden put inny fayth in it but her thort twudden du no harm, an zo hur didden zay nort against it, as it playesd mun an didden hurt hur.

Tis an olz zayin "Fayth is haf the kure," an I daresay if vokes hev got fayth in a doctor thet will do mun zo much gude as his fizzick. A gude minny yurs ago when I wis gwain a jorney, zom wan axed me vor take a bottel tu a doctor vor zom medsin, an avaur I got thare I forgot hewse bottel twas, an I was in a purty fix an towld the doctor zo, but he was older than me an nawd in a minute how vor manage it, zo he zed "Niver mind, I'll put hup zomthin thet want hurt mun be hew twill." Well now zur, that was a gude thing in wan way, vor tis well nawd thet vokes hoften git stuff in bottels thet dith du mun harm, and hill'th a gude minny rite hoff, an as I want vor live zo long as I can I've joynd the taytotal party, as I think vrom hot I zee thet is the safest zide tu be on. Zom will zay tu me, "A glass ov beer want du'ee no harm." Vor sartin it want if I doant take it, an beezides I want tu naw thet it is likely vor du me gude. Agen, zom will zay "I like a man that kan gide hissel." I zee thay kan du thet beat that doant take inny strong drink.

I shall try vor zend tu'ee agen wen I've got the time.

Yours truly,

R. GILES

Welcombe, Feb. 13th, 1886.