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[3]

NOVEMBER

Formerly the ninth month of the yer, ginerally cowl'd, dismal and dreary, still it hath zom advantages, the days be short, an boys that hev vur work in the feelds baint allways zorry ov thet, then theym lookin vore tu Krismas. Ah in the "gude old times" there was jolly duins. The fust day ov the month is the time hot thay kall All Saints, or All Hallows. That is the time wen they pay honner tu the saints that hant got no particular day a fixed vor mun, an zo that thare shant be none left owt, thay pay riverance tu awl the honnawn wans, like they put up the himmage ov the honnawn god ware Paul zeed it top ov the hill.

The sekond day is a kept up grand by the Catholick vokes; pon thicky day thay cleer owt purgatory. In zom plases thay yused vor go rownd the strayts dressed in black, ringin ov bells ivery Zinday in the munth axin the "faythful" vor raymimber the pore sawls that was sufferin in the flames ov purgatory, an to pray vor mun. I've yerd tis a dude now in zom plases. In the time ov Queen Elizabeth it was abolished by law.

Zom aw mun yused tu zay thay cude yer the devils howlin wen thay hot was relaysed was a tuke away vrom mun by the prares an alms ov gude peepel.

In the Catholic Church, zo I've yerd, thay perform mass vor the repose ov the sawls ov the faythful an thay zing hot thay kall a requiem, an thay put pon the hed stoans "R.I.P.", wich maynth Rest in Payse, but jist let me tell'ee thares anether maynin tu it. Thay hot wish vor git inny wan owt muss shaw prufe ov it by forkin owt, as the zayin is, and gie a substanshal hevidence ov thare sinsurity. An zo "R.I.P" awlso maynth Rhina in Pocket. I cant hardly hunderstand it mezal how a preest can git mun owt, but thares lots ov things that I cant fanthom zo tis no yuse vor tu hargey that tissen zo pon thicky skawr.

A Friar wanse kall'd pon a nobel man an axed vor zom charity, an he zed, put zomthin pon that plate an yu shall relayse that sawl vor wich yu desire it. He put owt the munny an was towld his charity had been effective, "Say you zo, holy man," he zed, "then I will take my munny vor a nether time, vor I am shore you cannot, naythur wud yu if yu cude, kondemn a pore sawl tu its former enduranse." Frederick, King of Prusha, was towld a sartin sum was payd yurly vor prayin vor the repose ov the sawl ov wan ov his hansestors, zo he axed how much longer that it was necessary vor the holy work tu continny. The Prior zed "Sire, I cant possibly tell now, but wen the work shall hev bin effected I will hinform yore majesty dirreckly."

I needen tell the youngsters that the fifth ov the month is Gy Fox Day, as thay awl naw how he was gwain blow up the howses ov Parlyment.

The sixth is saint Linnard's day. He was the frend ov prisoners, an thay hot was in distress. If the tales be trew that be towld, if inny wan was bownd way chayns, if thay only menshun his name, the chayns wud fly off, an the prison dores wud haupen. I wonder if iver thay yused tu git owt ov stocks in that way.

In the days ov owr gurt gramfers Martinmas day was a high time, an thort a dayl ov. Saynt Martin cude dew marecels, so the time yused tu be celebrated by festivetys, sports pon villiage greens an zo aun. The varmers an others yused tu go thare, and if the sarvints wassen gwain tu stay agen, thay wud bargain way the chaps an maydens. In zom pairs ov the kuntery I've yerd thay du it now, that thare is a fare an the men go tu be hired, an stan like bullocks all in a row. I niver zeed mun, I raymimber wen they yused tu go rownd zeekin sarvise abowt Krismas time.

The 13th ov the munth is St. Britins' day. He was wan ov Saint Martin's skolars an was the subject ov a lot ov persecushion, an layin slanders, and he wud hev bin put tu

deth, but he performed the maricle ov the "fiery ordeal," that is he card burnin kawls pon his hed way owt hurtin ov en. Abowt this time in the fifth century was begun the practis ov duckin ov witches; inny wan suspexted ov bein a witch was yenned into a pond an they zed a proper witch wudden zink.

November the 20 is "sacred to the memory" of King Edmund the martyr. He was the laest King ov East Anglia. The Danes landed pon his coste an tuke the King an tide en tu a tree, an stickd arrow into en, an then tuke off his hed, zo he was kalled the martyr. His hed lide thare, zo twas zed, vor a yur, an tho thay yerd the King kallin owt "here, here, here," the body lide thare vor fifty more.

Twas zed that the Danish king, Lodebrock, was murdured by a fellah named Bearn, the huntsman of King Edmund, an that the two sons ov the Danish king sayled vor England an thare murdured Edmund. Thare names was Hinguar and Hubba. Thay yused tu zay Hubba was killed down abowt Northam, an thay zay the plase kald Hubblestone was the plase ware he vald. This month yused tu be thort a gude time vor vissickin an bliddin, but like other times thare was lucky an honlucky days, zo thayse days wud be poynted owt in halmanicks that was zowld vor the purpose.

This month is moast times dill and drarey, but the vokes be lukin vore tu the merry time ov Krismas, tu the time ov yule logs ov faystin, ov the misseltoe an its charms, the time ov plum puddin an partys an presents. If the time sarved no othur end, tis a brite spot in the midst ov an othurwise cheerless desert.

Yours truly,

ROGER GILES.

Welcombe, October 30th, 1886.