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Text type: Prose

Date of composition: 1895

Editions: 1895, 1897

Source text:

Kingsford, Hamilton. 1895. "Vigornian Monologue. VI." *Berrow's Worcester Journal* 9th March: 4

e-text

Access and transcription: June 2021

Number of words: 658

Dialect represented: Worcestershire

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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTINI
VIGORNIAN MONOLOGUE.

VI.

I 'spected as mah dahter 'd a bin over afore this, any moer'n thahy've bin shiftin' 'ousel, and be gone to live t' other side o' th' commin; a wuz to a went this wik 'oowever, an ef a bean't gone, a be to goo. An 'er wrote a letter to we, an' 'er towld we as 'er 'ad a bad thro-at; 't wuz a quinsey, an' the doctor 'as bin to see 'er, an' 'er kep' 'er bed, but 'er's got up now; 't simd to gether up o' twice, an' scatter about th' throa-at.

Noa, my niece bean't alung of we now. 'Er've bin gone, it be se'n wiks 'isterday, an' 'er be'aved dreadful afoer 'er went; a shouldn't 'a thought annybody could 'a be'aved as 'er did, 'er treated we sheamful, an' nobody couldn't 'a bin no kinder to thahy childen nor us wuz; but it wuz all along o' 'er gittin' cloked alung o' thot Jones 'ooman down 'ere, an' a'm suer 'er could n't a got into no wus comp'ny. 'Er wuz so lungeous, 'er fell on we, an' knocked we about, an' swoer, an' becalled we sheamful; an' I sez you'd better goo, an' I telled 'er, ef a doan't goo, I shall be to put your thin's out i' th' ro-ad. Er's got a

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ter'ble temper an' 's so rash and ronk like, thot's wot 't is. 'T wuz the dahy arter I sin you goo by. An' I 'opes as 'er muhther 'll chastise 'er , an' 't yean't no odds 'ow soon. But I doubts 'er 'll niver be said, 'er 's so standy like. It put me about dreadful a' an't iver overgot it. It's settled o' the nerves. But I be a lot better nor I wuz. P'raps you oodn't think it, but I finds a little drap o' cider, mah-y be the valley o' 'orf a pint, taken ov m' fittle does mah good, m'oppetite's better. Now bee-ar I never couldn't awahy ov; a maakes mah thot baad, I dusn't touch it. An' cider I couldn't allus taake, a wuz used to broil mah. Us maade some good cider las' time, a wuz sweet an' simd to suit mah. Noa, us be on'y two i' fomily, an' does n't baake at whoam, 't'oodn't pahy. a uses boughten bread, but 't yean't a riglar stanker like 't other be.

Whur be our Jarge? E be the 't'other side o' Ooster: 't'ud spile a mile fro' thur to whur 'e be livin'. E'll be 'ere, ten to one, I doubt, at th' edge o' night. Is bruther lightened ov 'im occasionally as a mahy sahy, at the shank o' las' wik. E've got a 'oss an' cart (but 'e's a noggen un), an' does allyin', and bits o' jobs for one an' the 't'other, an' gooes about shobblin' like, a riglar shobbler.

I opes a 'll be able to kip on. Jim Price 'e niver did nothin' at it. Why 'e 'ad a bit o' land besides, but 'e got in debt to folks all roun' an' 'ad to gie it up, gin 'e up 'ooever, couldn't make nothin' on it, allus on the laze an' yplay in bed till 9 o'clock, an' allus drinkin' at the pub. No 'oonder as a put the bums in, an' selled 'e up, spose a thought a shouldn't git their money else. A 'axed Jack Allwit to lend 'e twenty pun to git the bums out, but a oodn't loose it; 'e knaowed what 'e was arter, oodn't 'a nothin' to do ov sich a baad pahy-master. An' now 'e 'as to look two wahys for Sunday. Ef I wuz allus on the niflin' pin like 'im, an' adn't nothin' to do, I should be to feel like a duck in a stockin'. But I minds as our Jarge bean't sich a safty as 'e be.