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VNiVERSITAS  
STVDII  
SALAMANTiNI

RETROSPECTIVE: 1893-94.

[A VIGORNIAN MONOLOGUE]

I.

(HODGE *Loquitur*).

'Iss, us be very shart o' wa-ater this time, mos folks is, an wot us gits fro' th' well is as white as milk, as ye mahy sahy, close upon th' mud. Nobody niver knaowed sich a dry time as a wuz las' yur. An' nobody niver knaowed, I dessay you didn't, whate sowld at sen shilns a baag, as it be now; an' I knaowd it two pun, an' folks stood out fur guineas. Thur wus owld Master Jones, I knaowd a mon as worked fur 'e, wull, 'e sowld 'ees fur two pun i' Ooster market, an' 'e sent it in, an' went nex' dahy and got th' money. An' owld Master Brown, 'e wuz despret near 'e wuz, 'e stood out fur guineas, and' 'oodn't sell 'isn, an' nex' wik it wuz down. Folks thought as 't wuz goin' t' rise ever so 'igh, but 't didn't goo no further.

An' nobody niver knaowed sich a crop o' straw as a 'ad this year. I rickons as 't wuz th' dry weather las' year got th' groun' in good fettle; 't wuz like a 'ot bed, an' things graowed up iver so. An' then th' 'ahy! wot a yur las' yur were! Smith's folkses niver cut

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none, not a blade, an' thahy waz despret shart, an' used up everythin'; 'adn't nothin' left i' the' rickyards agen spring come.

Why this yur th' grass was quite grin i' Janiwary, an' owld Jeames Knight as wuz used to come wisitin' we, wuz used t'sahy as wot it gethered i' Janiwary it lost i' Mahy; an' folks wuz a sahying as this summer 'ud be another dry un like las' summer; an a burdened as a 'oodn't cut no grass. A didn't knaow nothin' about 'ow things 'ud turn. Arter all thur wuz a 'oonderful crop o' graas as a 'ad.

An' thur 's a lot o' artermath, an' the poor cattle 'on't be fomished as some on 'em wuz las' year, reglur starred, an' wuz nothin but a frame o' bwones, as ye mahy sahy, skillintons, 't was a misery t' see 'em nitherin' in th' cowld an' thur bellies empty.

An' nobody niver knaowed waater so scace, nor thot spring as is agen the gate arter ye gits o'er the rahilrod bridge wasn't niver knaowed to fahil. I niver knaowed it 'wever all the' yurs as I a lived whur I be. 'T was allus a despret good spring, an' in th' owld squire's time a was bricked up all roun', so as the' cattle shoul'n't tread into it an scawt it about. An us allus used to fill our tay-kittles ov it, as ye mahy sahy—thur—'t waz copital waater for tay. But a was dry all las' summer, an' a 'an'th ever overgot it; but a runs some, an' this rahin 'ill do summat to fill th' springs, but a 'on't do much. But October be the wust month as is fur bein' dry.

Wull! flou-r be chip enough, an' the bakers oughtnt to charge no more'n tuppence 'apenny fur the quarten lo-af, an' I minds as a wuz sixtin pence that yur as I wuz tellin' ye ov. Wull! thur is an odds i' things. Some gits better, an some gits wuss, an 't yean't no use complainin'. 'T's th' Almighty's will, an' a mus' be content ov it a suppose an' put up ov it.

OUTIS.