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VNiVERSITAS  
STVDII  
SALAMANTiNI  
A VIGORNIAN MONOLOGUE.

[4]

III.

Istiday marning I wuz agoin' to 'ave ma some nuncheon, 't wuz 'leven a'clock, an' a 'adnt 'ad nothin' sence brakfas, so I takes my knife, 'e cuts copital ov a little un, an' I gits ma some bread, and chaise an' a bit o' salary to tice it down, an' I looks fur the kay o' the' drink-us, an' a could'nt find 'im. So I goes to th' drink-us, an' a fund 'im in th' kayole, an' wen I opens th' do-or, 'oo should I see but owld Billycock; 'e wus sot by th' cider borrel, an' I sez, Wot be'e a doin'? An 'e sez, A be puttin' in th' bun!; an I sez, But a didn't ought to be out, an' I sez, You'd better shift, 'r else I shall ve to shift 'ee, an 'e sez, Will a? An I sez I shall be suer to. An' at thot us get's to swartlln' one another, an' 'e becalled ma all manner, sheanful, all th' neames as a could lahy 'is tongue to. An I sez, I shall ve t' summons ye. But I does n't like justice-ing, it be the young uns as suffers, a gits fomished, an' th' owld un 'aves 'is belly full i' jahil. So I gin 'im a dowse o' th' yud, an takes 'im by the bit o' a smock as 'e 'ad on, an' I puts 'im out, an I sez. Doant you never come anights th' plaace agen, nor arter no cider i' my drinkus, t'll be wuss fur ye

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else, an' 'e niver 'avn't. Despret mon fur th' drink 'e be, riglur wet 'un I calls 'im. 'A be most in ginral soddened ov drink, mus' 'a spent puns an puns at th' public. 'T 'ud a bin a good thing for 'e ef a'd jummocked th' 'ondle o' th' milkmun's best cow a bit moer, as th' mon called it. That's wot makes 'e s' lusty an' blobby.

Not as I 'olde ov thahy teetotal chaps 'wever. I likes t' 'ave ma a drap sometimes, may be 'orf a pint every nows and thens, riglar like. Fur it aint the drinks as 'urts, it be th' drinkings atween th' drinks. But a niver touches liquors, any more 'n I takes a feow spots o' brandy, when I be bloated up ov th' win' or th' wuater or summat. Th' men, thahy taakes th' 'ooden bottle ov em wen thahy goes out to muck-cart or anythin', an' a tots it roun'. But owld Farmer Pincher, 'e said as 'e 'oodn't 'ave no tot along ov 'ces men; mus' drink out o' th' bottle, a sez, an' a niver didn't 'ave no tot as lung as 'e lived. But now, as us 'ave got these Porish Councils, 'ull be waantin' th' 'ave shelturs i' th' fields, like thahy as a siz i' 'Ooster, anent the cab-stans; an' 'ull be waantin' sofees an' things as 'arbours laze put in 'em, an' charge 'em to th' raates.

But wot a odds thur is i' cider makin, to be suer! I minds th' time wen a 'ad a 'ooden trofe made out o' a tree, an' a drawed a log o' wood to an' fro' ov chah-ins an groun' up th' opples thot away. But some folkses was used to 'ave stwoan mills; but now a mos' in ginral uses a scratcher, an' a does it in no time as ye mahy sahy. An' I minds as a wus used to gether it all up, an' two or three men was emplied wiks an' wiks, may be three wiks, makin' drink wen th' fruit was mella.

Ould Farmer 'Opkins 'e wuz used to sahy Choonder as folks doesn't drink cider moer nor a does. There yeant no drink like it when a 'as a bit o' a rough 'wever. There waz Bill Stumps, 'e as lived o' thahy 'ousen, two on 'em under th' seam ruff, anont the 'illy groun, jes' as ye comes out o' Stanbury Craft—you minds that big archat—wull! 'e was mombled in 'is yud, an' took to th' 'sylum, afore 'e died, an' folks was a sahyin' A be off his yud be a? Dessay a be, why a was used to drink bee-ar.