

Author: Rev. Hamilton Kingsford (1831-1914)

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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTINI
VIGORNIAN MONOLOGUE.

[4]

Noa, I never knawoed 'is bruther; never sin 'im, not as I con ricollect on. A went somewhur hup th' country. Mus' a bin afoer I come, An' then 'e went to Australy; so a telled we, 'owever. An' thahy wrote to 'e scores o' times, an' 'e wrote baack to thahy; but a 'an't 'eerd a lung time, not hever sence las' plum-pickin' wuz a twel'-month. An' a rickons as a be gone dyud. Mus' be, 'owever, ar a 'd 'ave wrote ar summat. A warn't th' eldest o' the fom'ly, but the middlemost, ar 'bout the middlemost; 'e come ahter Willam. Jarge 'e wuz th' owldest, an' this un 'e wuz the youngest on 'em.

Bless 'ee, I knaows this un fas' enough. Why, I knaows 'im as well as I knaows you. A's our nahibour, an' 'ave bin a lung time. Thur yean't nothin' but a little groun' atween our 'ouse an' 'isn', an' I siz 'im mos' dahys A shouldn't trouble if a didn't. 'Tain't ower comfortable to 'a 'e anear, I tell 'ee, an' I doesn't like 'is comp'ny. A's allus cadgin' ahter summat ar another. Why! 't worn't on'y las' Monday wuz a wik, a 'd bin t' Ooster Fa'r an' took a cow to sell as 'omped along o' three legs, an' a waanted to buy 'im a little pig ar summat. Which a 's despret chip, an' a 'oodn't 'a to gi'e much fur 'im, nar couldn't,

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a ben't too flush o' money; a 's mos' in ginral pretty shart. Not as I sin 'im nar as 'e telled we. A come back morket-peart, a sez, an' a never come anighst we thot ahternoon. But us fonceid as thur wuz somebody ar another a brevitin' about i' the court, worn't suer on it howeer. 'T wuz jus' about th' edge o' night. An' by an' by, ahter dark, about ten o'clock, 't might be a quarter to, us wuz a'mos' saded out, an' wuz gooin' to bed, the missus 'er wuz gone, 'owever, fur 'er wuz tierder nar me. Thur yeant no good a sittin' up a burnin' fier an' conde, when a's tierd out, an' a 'an't got nothin' as a con do to pass the time awahy.

An' I wuz at the bottom o' the stahirs ov a light in mah 'ond jus' agooin' up; an' the gurl 'er sez, "Thur be somebody a taberin' at the dooer o' the brew us" 'er sez. An' I sez, "A yeant, not at this time o' night." An' 'er sez "A be." An' then I 'ears the latch clitter, an' I sets down the light on the cofer as is at the fut o' the stahirs, an' I goes to the dooer, an' ondrawed the boult, an' turned the kay, an' I pu'd 'im but a oodn't loose. A binds some at the top on 'im whur a 's the tightest, which I've telled thahy many 's the time to odds it, but a 'an't, nar a 'on't, a does'nt never earken 'owever. But I gan' 'im a dowse ov a ommer, an' shuck 'im smortish, an' a come open. An' thur a wuz stood an' no mistake. An' a sez "Is the cider-borrel hout." An' I sez, "Noa, but a 's done runnin' fur t'night." An' a sez, O! thot's it? An' I sez "Iss, thot's about it." An' a sez, "Then, thur ben't no good to wahit?" "Not the least as is" I sez. An' a shockles off. Which I rickoned as a'd be a bit shurty ower it. But the morrah marnin' thur a wuz agen. Dessahy as a'd forgotten all about the night afoer; didn't knaow what a'd done, ten to one. An' 'e sez "I waants a cup o' drink the wust as is." An' I sez " 'ee on't be to get noane 'ere." "I shon't never come in agen" a sez. An' I said as a could do as a did mind, an' hoff a gooes.

The t'other un 'e wuz a tidyish chap, a sez, an' kep issel' to issel' an' lived dacent. But this 'un, I con't awahy ov 'e. A ben't hup to much at the best o' times. A's such a jabberin' sart ov a feller mos' in ginral, an' specially when a's 'olf-drunk, an' sah rodney, and random, an' a comes swahrin' an' scawtin' about, an' a puts folks about despret; which I wishes a 'd shift, ar summat 'ud shift 'im. A's a riglar noosance, an' a ben't o' no good to we, nar to issel', nar to nobody; that's sartin.