

Author: Rev. Hamilton Kingsford (1831-1914)

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VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTiNI
VIGORNIAN MONOLOGUE.

XIV.

Wot does I think on it? Why, I doesn't car' for thahy chops as fancies thursel's so deadly, an' is allus 'ollerin' an' bawlin', an' spoutin', an' crackin' about the workin' mon; an a sez "The workin' mon this, an' the workin' mon thot"; but I does'nt knaow as a does a smortish lot fur the workin' mon. A sez " 'T yean't to be all the gentle folkses," a sez, "thahy ben't heverybody. Why, yean't one mon as good as another?" "Iss," I sez, "a be, an' a sight better."

A did tell we, as somebody sin in th' 'ooster papers the t'other dahy, as two or three on 'em was maakin' a despret aturdin ower this Infirm'ry jaub; a went on hever so ov thur nise. "The workin' mon doan't 'a 'is rights," a sez, "a juggles 'im out on 'em, an' 'e pahys 'is money, an' doan't git nothin' for it." Now I knawos a sight o' workin' men as 'a bin in th' Infirm'ry for summat or another, wen a wuz ahildin'; an' a sez a wahits ov 'em an' gies 'em plenty o' fittle, an I niver 'ears no complahints; an' the nusses a be

The Salamanca Corpus: "Vigornian Monologue. XIV." (1896)

deadly 'oomen at doctorin'. But wot a waants is to be o' the kermittee, a sez. I niver 'eerd noane on 'em sahy so. A've got summat else to do; a doesn't waant to lose no time, an' be shart o' waages. Everybody corn't do everything a do mind. I likes 'em to stick to what a con do. Wot's th' odds to thahy, if a gits all as a waants wen a gooes in?

You knaws our Pat? Wull, 'er corn't larn nothin' o' no account no wahys, er's a tidy wench else; an' the t'other dahy I sez to the gov'ness, "Ow is it," I sez, "as our Pat doan't larn nothin'." An' 'er sez " 'Er 'an't got not no compacity." An' I sez "No compacity? Why 'er can bowl a 'oop or run a raace better 'n e'er a bwoy." Thor's whur it be, it's the compacity. I sez let 's 'a thahy as 'as the compacity, an' 'as the time to gie to 's. The gentle folks thahy builded it; an' thahy pahys for 't, let 'em monage it; the pore mon 'e gits all the martel good on it; a bloods 'im, an' a cuts 'im, an' a gies 'im doctors' stuff an a pu's 'is tith out, an' hall manner, an' it doan't lie 'e in nothin'. Bless thur 'eorts, wot hever do 'em waant moer? Thur yeant no sotisfyin' on 'em. I knawos as I doesn't waant nothin' but wot's fahirish like.

None on 'em ben't up to much, I sez, but some on 'em's wuss 'n some, an' a ought to a knawoed better. I niver rickons as thahy chops as becalls the t'others an' cries up thursel's so despret, be o' much account. Poof! I sez, a drahd it a' hout o' thur own yuds, I sez; but I tells 'ee wot it be, I wishes as a 'd 'owld thur nise; I corn't awahy o' thur blutherment.

OUTIS