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VNiVERSITAS  
STVDII  
SALAMANTINI  
**To the editor of the *North Devon Journal***  
**THE GUDE OLD TIMES IN WELCOMBE**

[6]

Zur,—In me laest letter I gived a soart of hintimmashun that I shude zend tu ee agen in about dree weeks, but Ive a bin hollow-dayin a bit, yet I hop to rite another nex week. I want tu tell a lot moar about the old times, an if you playse, zur, doantee put down too the bottom, "This korespondens muss now sayse." Yu muss ekskuse awl the himperfeckshuns, vur I muss tellee, thet thares no skule in this place, nor niver hath a bin, ounly a humman's skule, jist vur littel childern tu larn thare A.B.C. I well raymimber wen I went thare, twis close be the church, ware thay zed thare wis sperrits zeed arter nite, zo I kin tellee us yuse to kut vur hoam like the nigger wen the battel was gwain to begin. The hoffiser kald out, "Now, boys, strike vur yer kuntry an yer hoam." He struke, as he zed, vur the laest place named. As you may think, zur, thare didden yuse vur tu bee no poastman vur bring the letters, zo the passon wid bring min auver ov a Zinday, an wud take min into the kottige ware I went tu skule, an the pore vokes cudnen reyde min, and so he wid du et vor min. Passon Hawker wis a kind-hearted man

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he was, but I muss tell about he in aneather letter. Wan Zinday he broat a letter vur an old humman vrum her son away auver the sey, and he zed in his letter, 'I cant tellee, deer mother, how the miskittes turment me. Thay niver layve me aloan, but persew me iveryware!' 'To think ov that! zed her. My boy muss be a hansom lad! but I'm stoppin yu,' playse go on passon, zo he reyde, 'indeed, deer, mother, I shet me dore and winder oo a ayvnin to keep min out oo my rume.' 'Deer life!' sez her, 'wat will the wurd com tu nex?' 'An eet,' sez he, 'thay doant layve me aloan, bot com down the chimney tu git at me.' 'Well, well,' sez her, holding her hans hup, 'To think how vorward oo min.' 'Oo who?' sez the passon, 'Wy the miss kitties, tu be shore. Wen I wer yung, maydens wud her blished tu hev din sitch a thing, an com down the chimbly tew! But Zeke miss be rare an hansom vur the maydens tu be arterin zo. An I rekon the Miss Kitties is quait vokes tew.' But I'm rinnin aun auver me tale: I wis gwain zay ware I'd a bin. Well, vur wan plase I went tu Morte. Thar wis a gran picter oo the plase hup tu the stashen, zo away I gose down across the feelds down tu the place ware thar wis a lot oo zand, but I cudden zee no hosses. Tis tru, if thayd a drade out the picter wayout the hosses twud her bin somthing like it, onny thar wassen no botes thare nether. Wen I'd walked pon the zand a bit I went round pon the grass tu ware thay zed the shell baych was. Thay kalled it Barry Kane, but, law! I cudden vind hardly inny. Wy I'd vind moar out to tu Welcombe mowth in vive minutes thin thar was thar altugether. The purtyest place I zeed wis the baych strite down vrum the villige, but take it as a hual taint nort tu be kompared to this place vur bewty. Yu shude zee the perpendikular kliffs vour an vive hunderd veet hi. An thin the splindid pebbel bayches and towrin rocks yer and thar betwayn the bayches, and the lovely glens, way the minyateur watterfawls. To return tu me tale of Morte, I went up and zeed the villige an church an chappel an went to Bull Point tu zee the litehowse, as I'd niver zeed wan aaur, zo I went auver tu ware a man wis tendin tu a hingin wat blaweth the horn, vur warn the seylors wen tis misty. Wan ov the men take me hup an shawed me awl the happaratus, I think he cald it wat worketh the like. I niver zeed nort moar bewtfuller thin the mashinery, an thin the different rayflectors thit maketh the lite sim ten times begger thin tis. I let he du moast ov the tellin, cus I wanted tu larn awl I cude, an I cudden tell he nort, and I thort I'd hold me bal, an thin he wudden naw thit I didden naw nort about sitch things. Vrum thare I went aun to Lee, wich I kal the purtyiest place betwayn Klawvelly an Ilforacombe. Tis a

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lovely littel vally, an a nice cove thare. Tis jist like Coombe down betwayn Morwenstaw an Kilkhampten, onny thare's moar trees out neer the watter. Thin a went tu Ilforacumbe thit I'd yerd zo much about. This is a gran place, an the vokes I zeed thare wis awl za fine as the place. I zed tu the man that I stopp'd with, thit I didden zee no workin vokes thare. They wis awl dress'd hup like ladys and gintlemen. Tis sartinly a bewtiful place, but thare's wan thing is a draeback, thet is thit thare issene much pebbel bayches along under the kliffs. I muss tellee thit Ive a bin to Wesward Oh tew. The pebbel ridge is very purty , but I doant zee much in it thits so terribel fine. I've a rayd about awl thayse places in bukes thit prayse min awl, an thay mey jist menshun Hartland, an thin thay stop as if thare wis no sitch place as Welcombe. Wy if us had a got som body yer thit cude rite a buke about this place and cude git the coaches tu pass yer on thare way to Bude, an cude git som folkes thit had got the munny to bild som houses neer the kliffs fur akkomodate the gentry thit kom about in the summer, ill warn, Zur, this old out of the way place wud be better nawd thin it is. I wish us had a got a painter yer, he'd git hup a picture aykil tu wat I zeed at the stashen, but hid hev a better back ground, and he cude put in the hosses vrum himmiganashin like the tethers had a dun. I hope youle ekskuse this ramblin letter, and Ill zend som better wans reglar arter this, fur I'll want tu tell yer reyders about the witches, the pickxies, the ghosts, the smugglers as I promised some time ago. An I shude like fur zey somethin about passon Hawker who wa's konnected wey the parrish fur a gude minny yers. In me next letter I hop to give som account of the haylin hart as twis practized in olden times.

In konklushen let me zay thit Ive a bin owt top of the kliff to day, and I niver admired the scen moar thin I did upon returnin vrum other places thit Ive a bin tu zee your hunderd veet below wis the zey playin in majestic foom, and the waves thit had come strite across vrum Labador wis a braykinin there fury agin the rocks below. It made me allmost mazed headed tu luke around an vu the awful sene, but still arter awl I thawt I cude repayt the line of poetry thit Ive reyrd som ware. "I like this rockin of battlements," and as I zot thare I pencilled out the vollowin lines, wich you muss playse tu korrekt if tissen speld rite.

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WELCOMBE

"This is my own my native land,"  
no spot so dear to me,  
No city with its hoards of wealth,  
Has half such charms as thee.  
The rugged hills and grassy slopes,  
Where oft I've romped and played,  
Remind me of companions dear,  
Now sleeping in the shade.

While from this height I view the glen,  
Where first I saw the day,  
I think of those loved me then,  
Alas! they've passed away.  
I can't suppress the heaving sigh,  
Nor check the flowing tear,  
While musing of my childhood's days,  
And those I loved so dear.

As perched upon this rocky peak,  
I watch the setting sun,  
I hear a whisper from within,  
"Thy sands are nearly run."  
Yet life has duties, and I must  
Go forth at duty's call.  
To act my part, as best I may,  
And serve my God withal.

Yours truly,

R. GILES

Welcombe, September 4th, 1885.