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**Text type:** Prose

**Date of composition:** 1886

**Editions:** 1886

**Source text:**

Giles, R. 1886. "Mythology". *North Devon Journal*, March 4: 6.

**e-text**

**Access and transcription:** March 2021

**Number of words:** 530

**Dialect represented:** Devonshire

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**Original Correspondence.**

To the Editor of the *North Devon Journal*.

MYTHOLOGY.

Deer Zur,—I be crewel zorry if I hev zed innynthing vor hannoy Measter Rustic, and I hoffer the hapology dew vrom wan that hath honintinshunally hurted anether. Praps I was like the pussy is zomtimes, when inny beddy is playen wayen, his klaw will titch the skin, an in this vrosty wether it is very tender an a verry slite skratch will drae blid.

I hop he dithen take me vor be the censor ov yer paper, and I muss tell en I've got nort tu du way hot is put thare, an besides thet, I be vurry glad vor rayd innynthing abowt owld times and kustoms kom vrow ware it may.

Now, konsarnin the tales thet he an me hev a towld I spose thaym aykwilly tru, an worthy ov credit, but I doant think thare horigin tu be hexactly mythikal. I beleeve zomthin happen'd like hot hath a bin stated, an the vokes put it down vor a prinsipel, an then zom wise fule hinvented a hantidote, an the moar simpel fules yuse mun, an as they doant hoften think ware the verty komth vrom, thare minds be aisy.

I'm axed if I naw wan kase ov bees dyin wen thay wassen put in murning. No, I doan't, and I onny towld it as "Thay zay," or as I zee it a printed zomtimes, "on dit" wich I spose maynth the same, but Mr. Rustic gieth his story moar the stamp ov genuiness, wen he zeth, "it was never nawd tu fayl," an I'd tell ee hot I beeleeve is the rayson ov his myth komin tru hofterner than mine. The vokes hev yerd this old zayin, an beeleeve it, an wen tew hev dide in a week the rest be a friten'd intu it, but the bees hev no sitch tales towld amangst min, but go on abowt thare daily bisens (avaur thare moar wiser nayburs put min tu deth, wich I think is shameful).

In this kase

"As hignorance is bliss,

Tis folly tu be wise."

Thayse things be verry fulish no dowt, but tis hexcusabel is vokes that hev had the tales towld tu mun be thare parents and bekause thay du it the childern du the same things. The passons hoft tu praych abowt it, zur, an shaw a hexampel tu thare flocks an not turn thare backs tu the vokes in Church, and I zeed a Church buke wan day that gived dereckshuns how tu live, an hot tu du, zom aw mun was verry childish, wan of it was that thay muss krass thersels vor drayve away temptashun, but I doan't think that is a bit ov yuse. Tis better tu avoyd the very appeeranse ov evil.

Zom ware charms arownd thare necks tu kept the divel away, better thay was tu ware it in thare harts, that's the proper plase.

In klosin, let me zay I trust Rustic want think I'm jilles ov he, as I'm shore us both hev got a fellow feelin vor try tu du gude to our naybours.

R. GILES

Welcombe, Feb 27th, 1886.