

Author: Anonymous

Text type: Prose

Date of composition: 1873

Editions: 1873

Source text:

Anonymous. 1873. "John Hogpound's Account of the Shah". *The West Sussex Journal* July 8th: 3

e - text

Access and transcription: April 2021

Number of words: 684

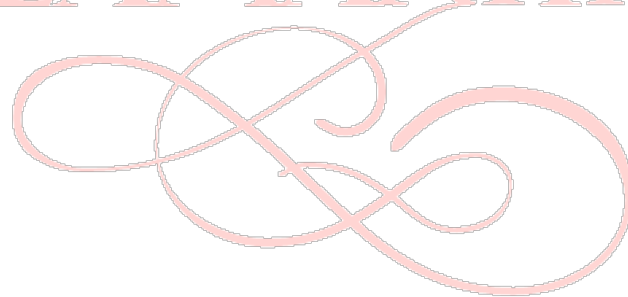
Dialect represented: Sussex

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"John Hogpound's Account of the Shah"



The West Sussex Journal

8th July 1873

[3]

John Hogpound's Account of the Shah.

Hond Sir

I've been a gwine to write tyeu treversiong 'bout dis 'ere Shah—

Master Chawbery he comes in about a wick ago, and he says to me he says deres a hèm sèt out over dis here Shah, Master Hogpound—I rackon you'll be for gwine up to Lunnun jes for to look em over shaant yò? says he—

Well—I says—I dunno but what I will—and cardenly I goos arf Monday morning fustrain—Ah—It jus was a purty sight—I can tell ye—purtiest sight ever I see, and I wants ye to putt it in de peaper.

Soonsever I gets into de train dere was a chep set aside of me, and he says to me, says he, (knowed me he did) Well Master Hogpound, he says, where be you a gwine smarnin? Well I says, I be a gwine up to Lunnun, says I, to see dis here Prooshian—

Prooshun? saysee—what Prooshun?

Why dis here Shah—I says, as deres so much tarkabout—

Jes did laugh he did—Darnel! he says—why he beant a Prooshun—Master Hogpound—he's a Persian he is—

Well, I says, tis all one—Prooshuns and Persians—some calls 'em Prershuns, and some calls 'em Prooshuns—Master Chawbery, I says he allways calls 'em Prooshuns, and he's a marn as has moved about purty much all over de wurreld, he has—he's been down into Kent and all manner! and he worked above two years along 'ud a marn as come up out of Hampsher—and Master Chawbery he's giv it in as dis here Shah's a Prooshun, and I'll be bound he aint fur out nither—

Well, he couldn't say naun agin that ye see, so he didn't say no more about de Persians, and we kep on a tarkin about de weather and one thing and tother till a young man came and opened de doors and asks for de tickuts—Tickuts—he says—so dey all helps him to dere tickuts, and prensly he asks me for my tickut, and darnell if I could find de tickut anyhows in de wurreld—

The Salamanca Corpus: "John Hogpound's Account of the Shah (1873)

Dere was a farming man sat tother side, and he says, preps tis fell under de seat, he says; so we looked under de seat, but she warn't there— and de chap he keeps on all de time—tickuts, he says, I wants your tickut—

Ca'ant find her, I says—

Well den, he says, if you airnt got no tickut you'll have to pay de hexcess—

What's that? says I—sixanfopence says he—

Den I wont pay no sich money, I says—

Ah we'll see about that prensley, he says, and he goos and tarks to de Inspactor—So whiles he was gone I looks every wheres—I goos down on my handsneeze and sarched all over de flower—I took off my hat, and shoke out my pocketankercher, and all manner—Dunno when I've been so much put out, not since I lost dat gurt hog—

So de Spacter comes, and he says, Well my friend, he says, lost your ticket have yer?

Yessir, I says—Well you'll have to pay, he says, but if your station master knows you've took a ticket, you'll be able to get the money back by writing to de Sackitry—

Well, when he tarked so civil and spackful-like, and said as how I should have de money give back to me, I putts my harnd into my pocket to fetch out my money purse, and soonsever I putts my harnd into my pocket dere was de ticket—Be darnell if she warn't in my old pocket all de whole time!

So nex time as any of dese here Shahs comes over, and you goos to Lunnon or anywheres to see 'em, and anyone asks for your tickut, you make sure and sarch your pockuts afore you gives in that she's lost.

Yours spackfly

JOHN HOGPOUND

Postscript—'Twas my traowsiers pockut—