

Author: Rev. Hamilton Kingsford (1831-1914)

Text type: Prose

Date of composition: 1895

Editions: 1895, 1897

Source text:

Kingsford, Hamilton. 1896. "Vigornian Monologue XIII." *Berrow's Worcester Journal* 25 May: 4

e-text

Access and transcription: June 2021

Number of words: 877

Dialect represented: Worcestershire

Produced by María F. García-Bermejo Giner

Copyright © 2021– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca

VNiVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTINI

VIGORNIAN MONOLOGUE
XIII.

Sin Willum Grubb laately? I sin 'im las' We'nsday wuz a wik. I lightened ov 'im anonst 'is 'ovel, a wuz sot on ind, 'avin 'im 'is nuncheon, a mou'full o' fittle, an' a 'arn o' cider 'ooever, an' two or three o' 'is young uns ov 'im. La! 'ow a do featur thur father, to be suer: 'ud 'a knaowed 'em annywhur. An I sez, "Ow be 'ee?" and 'e sez, "I be smortish like, an' 'ow be you?" An I sez, "Moderate like, I be n't nothin' to crack ov. I corn't crack o' my wellness, it lies so atween m' showlders, an' I corn't gether m' breath, an' sometimes a ketches mah cruel. An' 'e sez, "I waanted to 'a went to Ooster Chayze Fair nex' Toosday as iver is ef a con a while" an' 'e axed mah ef I'd come alung, an' I sez "I doesn't car' ef a does goo," an' 'e sez, "Ee con goo ef a do mind." An' 'e sez, "Whur be th' owld mar"? "Er be gone dyud," a sez, "an' I wuz foked to git shut on 'er afoer 'er died. Er wuz allus so deouced ockard to be ketched; nobody 'ardly couldn't ketch 'er; a 'oodn't be ketched 'ooever. An' 'er wuz out i' th' leasow agen th' rahilro'd batter, an' Tom Stokes 'e ossed to goo an' ketch 'er, an' wen 'er runned by 'im 'e thraowed a stone vicious, an' 'it 'er ov the heye, an' 'er worn't good fur nothin' arterwards, an' I sowld 'er fur wot 'er ud fetch to one o' thahy gipsy fellers, a riglar jock, an' 'e sowld 'er to Tummus Flat, an' 'er niver wuz n't uprit; got wuss, an' one dahy 'e fund 'er dyud i' th' fil'. Hobligation 's no

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

chice, a sez, an' I 'ad to buy me a neddy."

William Grubb an me, us wuz allus despret folks an' howgy. But thur, us wuz bowys together, bred an' born a'most i' th' seam plaace, as a mahy sahy. Ees right place whur 'e wuz bred an' born at wus Stickley, but Mootford wuz my natif. Thur, a' jines each other. E bin allus a civil chaap an' I likes 'is comp'ny.

Th' ooman 'er allus gooes to the Fa'r, an' buys 'er a bit o' a new gownd, an' git th' child'en a tice-penny or summat o' thot, an' I allus likes to git mah a little pig, I rickons as a mos' in ginral gits a good-sarted un at th' Fa'r. An' so I gooes along o' Willam, an' I 'as mah a good look at the pigs i' the pens, an' I chippeden 'em ever so, an' I sin a pig as a thought 'ud suit mah. A wuz a lengthy pig. I corn't abear thahy trunky shart-nosed uns. An' I sez "Wot be axin' fur yer pig"? An' the mon sez, "aight and twenty shill'ns." An' I bid 'im fower and twenty an' 'e sez "Ee ain't no good to me," 'a sez, " 'ee con kip your money, I oodn't take no less nur se'n an' twenty wotever." An' I sez "I du'sn't gie no more 'n twenty-five," I sez, "an' a mus' gie mah a shill'n back for luck." "I shan't be to gie no chap-money," 'e sez "th' pig be deouced chip." So I turns roun' an' off I gooes, an' 'e 'ollers out arter mah "Ee mus' be to 'a 'im, I s'pose." So gin' 'im th' money, an' I puts 'im in Willam's cort, for I corn't abear to stive a pig up i' a baag, whur a corn't breathe'; 't be so terrifyin', tarments 'em iver so. An' at thot up come Dick Swivel, an' 'e sez "Mas'r Grin, a should like to sell 'ee a pig," an' I sez, "I doant waant none," for I an't no 'pinion ov 'e. 'E be a linty sart o' chaap, a riglar gallus un, ud be suer to best 'ee, an' I sez "Good marnin', Mas'r Swivel."

An' thur wuz a mon i' th' Far, a fancy-doctor, a Murican I think 'e wuz, an' a wuz sellin' summat or another fur th' tuth-ache, a spoutin' an' cryin' 'isself up deadly, an' 'e sez, "Tith, sez pride an' feshion—wot be our tith?—Wall! niver mind, ef thay aches, this 'll cure 'em." So I buys mah a bottle, an' brings it 'ome. But thur aint much cure about it, I doubt. A be like so much waater. An' I gets m' pig 'ome, an' 'e sims to turn out copital; 'e be sich a despret good cratcher, doan't kip suckin' an' quiddlin' at 'is fittle, but a chobbles it up like. I must be to get mah another, a doesn't do so wull alone. But I doesn't like too manny on 'em i' one cot, a yean't so thrifty, a dowses one another awahy fro' the trofe. I like to 'a mah a little pig, but a could buy baacon chipper I doubt. Thur' owld Mas'r Jones's bahily, 'e wuz a clever mon, an' 'e wuz used to sahy, "Thur ben't no



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

profit 'i kippin' pigs, 'cept thur muck an' thur comp'ny.

OUTIS.

