

# **The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Dialect of the West of England; Particularly Somersetshire, by James Jennings**

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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE DIALECT OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND;  
PARTICULARLY SOMERSETSHIRE \*\*\*

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"Goo little Reed!

Afora tha vawk, an vor me plead:  
Thy wild nawtes, mâ-be, thâ ool hire  
Zooner than zâter vrom a lâre.  
Zâ that thy Maester's pleas'd ta blaw 'em,  
An haups in time thâ'll come ta knaw 'em  
An nif za be thâ'll please ta hear,  
A'll gee zum moor another year."—*The Farewell*.

THE Dialect of the West of England

**PARTICULARLY SOMERSETSHIRE;**

**WITH A GLOSSARY OF WORDS NOW IN USE THERE; ALSO WITH POEMS AND OTHER PIECES EXEMPLIFYING THE DIALECT.**

**BY JAMES JENNINGS,**

**HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE METROPOLITAN LITERARY INSTITUTION, LONDON.**

**BASED ON THE *SECOND EDITION*,**

**THE WHOLE REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ENLARGED, WITH TWO DISSERTATIONS ON THE ANGLO-SAXON PRONOUNS, AND OTHER PIECES,**

**BY JAMES KNIGHT JENNINGS, M.A.,**

Late Scholar and Librarian, Queens' College, Cambridge; Vicar of Hagbourn, Berkshire; and Minister of Calcott Donative, Somersetshire.

TO THA DWELLERS O' THA WEST,

Tha Fruit o' longvul labour, years,  
In theäze veo leaves at last appears.  
Ta you, tha dwellers o' tha West,  
I'm pleas'd that thâ shood be adresst:  
Vor thaw I now in Lunnan dwell,  
I mine ye still—I love ye well;  
And niver, niver sholl vorget  
I vust drâw'd breath in *Zummerzet*;  
Amangst ye liv'd, and left ye zorry,  
As you'll knaw when you hire my storry.  
Theäze little book than take o' me;  
'Tis âll I hâ just now ta gee  
An when you rade o' *Tommy Gool*,  
Or *Tommy Came*, or *Pal* at school,  
Or *Mr. Guy*, or *Fanny Fear*,—  
I think you'll shod vor her a tear)  
*Tha Rookery*, or *Mary's Crutch*,  
Tha cap o' which I love ta touch,  
You'll vine that I do not vorget  
My naatal swile—dear *Zummerzet*.

JAS. JENNINGS.

## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In preparing this second edition of my relative's work, I have incorporated the results of observations made by me during several years' residence in Somersetshire, in the centre of the district. I have also availed myself by kind permission, of hints and suggestions in two papers, entitled "Somersetshire Dialect," read by T. S. Baynes in 1856, and reprinted from the Taunton Courier, in London, in 1861.

During the forty years which have elapsed since the first edition, very much light has been thrown on the subject of Provincial Dialects, and after all much remains to be discovered. I consider with Mr. Baynes that there is more of the pure Anglo-Saxon in the west of England dialect, as this district was the seat of classical Anglo-Saxon, which first rose here to a national tongue, and lasted longer in a great measure owing to its distance from the Metropolis, from which cause also it was less subject to modern modification.

I shall be happy to receive any suggestions from Philological scholars, which may increase the light thrown on the subject, and by which a third edition may be improved.

*Hagbourn Vicarage, August, 1869.*

## PREFACE.

The usefulness of works like the present is too generally admitted to need any apology for their publication. There is, notwithstanding, in their very nature a dryness, which requires relief: the author trusts, therefore, that, in blending something imaginative with the details of philological precision, his work will afford amusement to the reader.

The Glossary contains the fruit of years of unwearied attention to the subject; and it is hoped that the book will be of some use in elucidating our old writers, in affording occasional help to the etymology of the Anglo-Saxon portion of our language, and in exhibiting a view of the present state of an important dialect of the western provinces of England.

A late excursion through the West has, however, induced the Author to believe that some valuable information may yet remain to be gathered from our Anglo-Saxon dialect—more especially from that

part of it still used by the common people and the yeomanry. He therefore respectfully solicits communications from those who feel an interest in this department of our literature; by which a second edition may be materially improved.

To a *native* of the west of England this volume will be found a vade-mecum of reference, and assist the reminiscence of well-known, and too often unnoted peculiarities and words, which are fast receding from, the polish of elegance, and the refinement of literature.

In regard to the *Poetical Pieces*, it may be mentioned that most of them are founded on *West Country Stories*, the incidents in which actually occurred. If some of the subjects should be thought trifling, it must not be forgotten that the primary object has been, to exemplify the Dialect, and that common subjects offered the best means of effectuating such an object. Of such Poems as *Good Bwye ta thee Cot*; *the Rookery*; and *Mary Ramsey's Crutch*, it may be observed, that had the Author *felt* less he might, perhaps, have written better.

*Metropolitan Literary Institution, London, March 25, 1825.*

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#### OBSERVATIONS, &c.

The following Glossary includes the whole of Somerset, *East* of the River Parret, as well as adjoining parts of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire. West of the Parret many of the words are pronounced very differently indeed, so as to mark strongly the people who use them. [This may be seen more fully developed in two papers, by T. Spencer Baynes, read before the Somersetshire Archaeological Society, entitled the Somersetshire Dialect, printed 1861, 18mo, to whom I here acknowledge my obligations for several hints and suggestions, of which I avail myself in this edition of my late relative's work].

The chief peculiarity West of the Parret, is the ending of the third person singular, present tense of verbs, in *th* or *eth*: as, he *lov'th*, *zee'th*, &c., for he loves, sees, &c.

In the pronouns, they have *Ise* for *I*, and *er* for *he*. In fact the peculiarities and contractions of the Western District are puzzling to a stranger. Thus, *her* is frequently used for *she*. "*Har'th a doo'd it*," is, "*she has done it*," (I shall occasionally in the Glossary note such words as distinguishingly characterise that district).

Two of the most remarkable peculiarities of the dialect of the West of England, and particularly of Somersetshire, are the sounds given to the vowels A and E. A, is almost always sounded open, as in *fäther*, *räther*, or somewhat like the usual sound of *a* in *balloon*, *calico*, lengthened; it is so pronounced in *bäll*, *cäll*. I shall use for this sound the *circumflex over the a*, thus *â\_* or *ä\_*. E, has commonly the same sound as the French gave it, which is, in fact, the slender of A, as heard in *pane fane*, *cane*, &c. The hard sound given in our polished dialect to the letters *th*, in the majority of words containing those letters [as in *through*, *three*, *thing*, *think\_*], expressed by the Anglo-Saxon *ð*, is frequently changed in the Western districts into the sound given in England to the letter *d*:

as for *three*, we have *dree*

for *thread*, *dread*, or *dird*,

*through*, *droo*, *throng*, *drong*, or rather *drang*;

*thrush*, *dirsh*, &c. The consonant and vowel following *d*, changing places. The slender or soft sound given to *th* in our polished dialect, is in the West, most commonly converted into the thick or obtuse sound of the same letters as heard in the words *this*, *these* &c., and this too, whether the letters be at the beginning or end of words. I am much disposed to believe that our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, used indiscriminately the letters *Ð* and *ð* for *D* only, and sounded them as such, as we find now frequently in the West; although our lexicographers usually have given the *two* sounds of *th* to *Ð* and *ð* respectively. The vowel *O* is used for *a*, as *hond*, *dorke*, *lorke*, *hort*, in hand, dark, lark, heart, &c., and other syllables are lengthened, as *voote*, *bade*, *dade*, for foot, bed, dead. The letter *O* in *no*, *gold*, &c., is sounded like *aw* in *awful*; I have therefore spelt it with this diphthong instead of *a*. Such word as *jay* for *joy*, and a few others, I have not noted. Another remarkable fact is the disposition to invert the order of some consonants in some words; as the *r* in *thrush*, *brush*, *rush*, *run*, &c., pronouncing them *dirsh*, *birsh*, *hirsh*, *hirn*; also transposition of *p* and *s* in such words as *clasp*, *hasp*, *asp*, &c., sounded *claps*, *haps*, *aps*, &c. I have not inserted all these words in the Glossary, as these general remarks will enable the student to detect the words which are so inverted. It is by no means improbable that the order in which such sounds are now repeated in the West, is the original order in which they existed in our language, and that our more polished mode of expressing them is a new and perhaps a corrupt enunciation. Another peculiarity is that of joining the letter *y* at the end of some verbs in the infinitive mood, as well as to parts of different conjugations, thus, "I can't *sewy*, *nursy*, *reapy*, to *sawy*, to *sewy*, to *nursy*, &c. A further peculiarity is the *love of vowel* sound, and opening out monosyllables of our polished dialect into two or more syllables, thus:

ay-er, for air; boo-äth, for both; fay-er, for fair; vi-ër for fire; stay-ers for stairs; show-er for sure; vröo-rst for post; boo-ath for both; bre-ash for brush; chee-ase for cheese; kee-ard for card; gee-ate for gate; mee-ade for mead; mee-olk for milk; &c.

Chaucer gives many of them as dissyllables.

The verb *to be* retains much of its primitive form: thus *I be, thou, or thee, beest, or bist, we be, you be, they be, thā be*, are continually heard for *I am, &c.*, *he be* is rarely used: but *he is*. In the past tense, *war* is used for *was*, and *were*: *I war, thou or thee wart, he war, &c.*, we have besides, *we'm, you'm, they'm*, for *we, you, they, are*, there is a constant tendency to pleonasm in some cases, as well as to contraction, and elision in others. Thus we have *a lost, agone, abought, &c.*, for *lost, gone, bought, &c.*, Chaucer has many of these prefixes; but he often uses *y* instead of *a*, as *ylost*. The frequent use of *Z* and *V*, the softened musical sounds for *S* and *F*, together with the frequent increase and multiplication of vowel sounds, give the dialect a by no means inharmonious expression, certainly it would not be difficult to select many words which may for their modulation compete with others of French extraction, and, perhaps be superior to many others which we have borrowed from other languages, much less analogous to the polished dialect of our own. I have added, in pursuance of these ideas, some poetical and prose pieces in the dialect of Somersetshire, in which the idiom is tolerably well preserved, and the pronunciation is conveyed in letters, the nearest to the sound of the words, as there are in truth many sounds for which we have neither letters, nor combinations of letters to express them. [I might at some future period, if thought advisable, go into a comparison between the sound of all the letters of the alphabet pronounced in Somersetshire, and in our polished dialect, but I doubt if the subject is entitled to this degree of criticism]. The reader will bear in mind that these poems are composed in the dialect of Somerset, north east of the Parret, which is by far the most general.

In the Guardian, published about a century ago, is a paper No. 40, concerning pastoral poetry, supposed to have been written by *Pope*, to extol his own pastorals and degrade those of Ambrose Phillips. In this essay there is a quotation from a pretended *Somersetshire* poem. But it is evident *Pope* knew little or nothing about the Somersetshire dialect. Here are a few lines from "this old West country bard of ours," as *Pope* calls him:

"*Cicely*. Ah Rager, Rager, cher was zore avraid,  
When in yond vield you kiss'd the parson's maid:  
Is this the love that once to me you zed,  
When from tha wake thou broughtst me gingerbread?"

Now first, this is a strange admixture of dialects, but neither east, west, north, nor south.

*Chez* is nowhere used; but in the southern part *utche* or *iche*, is sometimes spoken contractedly *che*. [See *utchy* in the Glossary].

*Vield* for *field*, should be *veel*.

*Wake* is not used in Somersetshire; but *revel* is the word.

*Parson*, in Somersetshire, dealer, is *pâson*.

In another line he calls the cows, *kee*, which is not Somersetian; nor is, *be go* for begone: it should, *be gwon*; nor is *I've a be*; but *I've a bin*, Somersetian.

The idiomatic expressions in this dialect are numerous, many will be found in the Glossary; the following may be mentioned. *I'd 'sley do it*, for *I would as lief do it*. I have occasionally in the Glossary suggested the etymology of some words; by far the greater part have an Anglo-Saxon, some perhaps a Danish origin; [and when we recollect that *Alfred the Great*, a good Anglo-Saxon scholar, was born at Wantage in Berks, on the border of Wilts, had a palace at Chippenham, and was for some time resident in Athelney, we may presume that traditional remains of him may have influenced the language or dialect of Somersetshire, and I am inclined to think that the present language and pronunciation of Somersetshire were some centuries past, general in the south portion of our island.]

In compiling this Glossary, I give the fruits of twenty-five years' assiduity, and have defined words, not from books, but from actual usage; I have however carefully consulted *Junius*, *Skinner*, *Minshew*, and some other old lexicographers, and find many of their definitions correspond with my own; but I avoid *conjectural* etymology. Few dictionaries of our language are to be obtained, published from the invention of printing to the end of the 16th century, a period of about 150 years. They throw much light on our provincial words, yet after all, our *old writers* are our chief resource, [and doubtless many MSS. in various depositories, written at different periods, and recently brought to light, from the Record and State Paper Office, and historical societies, will throw much light on the subject]; and an abundant harvest offers in examining them, by which to make an amusing book, illustrative of our provincial words and ancient manners. I think we cannot avoid arriving at the conclusion, that the Anglo-Saxon

dialect, of which I conceive the Western dialect to be a striking portion, has been gradually giving way to our polished idiom; and is considered a barbarism, and yet many of the *sounds* of that dialect are found in Holland and Germany, as a part of the living language of these countries. I am contented with having thus far elucidated the language of my native county. I have omitted several words, which I supposed provincial, and which are frequent to the west, as they are found in the modern dictionaries, still I have allowed a few, which are in Richardson's Johnson.

*Thee* is used for the nominative *thou*; which latter word is seldom used, diphthong sounds used in this dialect are:

uai, uoa, uoi, uoy, as guain, (gwain), quoa, buoil, buoy;

such is the disposition to pleonasm in the use of the demonstrative pronouns, that they are very often used with the adverb *there*. *Theäze here, thick there, [thicky there, west of the Parret] theäsam here, theazamy here, them there, themmy there*. The substitution of V for F, and Z (*Izzard, Shard*, for S, is one of the strongest words of numerous dialects.)

In words ending with *p* followed by *s*, the letters change places as:

hasp—haps; clasp—claps, wasp—waps;

In a paper by General Vallancey in the second volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, read Dec. 27, 1788, it appears that a colony of English soldiers settled in the *Baronies of Forth Bargie*, in the county of Wexford, in Ireland, in 1167, 1168, and 1169; and that colony preserved their customs, manners, and language to 1788. There is added in that paper a *vocabulary* of their language, and a *song*, handed down by tradition from the arrival of the colony more than 600 years since. I think there can be no question that these Irish colonists were from the West of England, from the apparent admixture of dialects in the *vocabulary* and *song*, although the language is much altered from the Anglo-Saxon of Somersetshire. [Footnote: This subject has been more fully treated in the following work: A Glossary, with some pieces of verse of the old dialect of the English colony in the Baronies of Forth and Bargy, Co. Wexford, Ireland. Formerly collected by Jacob Poole, of Growton, now edited with Notes and Introduction by the Rev. W. Barnes, author of the Dorset Poems and Glossary, fcap. 8vo, 1867.] The words *nouth*, knoweth; *zin*, sin, *vrast*, frost; *die*, day; *Zathardie*, Saturday; *Zindii*, Sunday; and a few others, indicate an origin west of the Parret. There are many words which with a trifling alteration in spelling, would suit at the present time the north eastern portion of the county: as *blauther*, bladder: *crwest*, crust; *smill*, smell; *skir*, to rise in the air [see *skeer*]; *vier*, fire; *vier*, a weasel; *zar*, to serve; *zatch*, such, &c. From such words as *ch'am*, and *ch'uh*, the southern part of the county is clearly indicated. I think the disposition to elision and contraction is as evident here as it is at present in Somersetshire. In the song, there are marks of its having undergone change since its first introduction.

*Lowthee* is evidently derived from *lewth* [see Glossary] *lewthy*, will be, *abounding in lewth*, i. e. sheltered.

The line

"As by mizluck wus I pit t' drive in."

would in the present Somerset dialect stand thus:

"\_ That by misluck war a put ta dreav in."

That by mis-luck was placed to drive in.

In the line

"Chote well ar aim wai t' yie ouz n'eer a blowe."

the word *chete* is, I suspect, compounded of '*ch*' [*iche*] and *knew*, implying *I knew*, or rather *I knew'd*, or *knewt*. [Footnote: The following is from, an amatory poem, written, in or about the reign of Henry II., during which the colony of the English was established in the county of Wexford.

"Ichot from heune it is me sent."

In Johnson's *History of the English Language*, page liii. it is thus translated—

"I wot (believe) it is sent me from heaven."

To an admirer of our Anglo-Saxon all the lines, twelve in number, quoted by M. Todd with the above, will be found a rich treat: want of space only prevents my giving them here.]

The modern English of the line will then be,

*I knew well their aim was to give us ne'r a blow.*

I suspect *zitckel* is compounded of *zitch*, such, and the auxiliary verb *will*. *I view ame*, is *a veo o'm*; that is, *a few of them*. *Emethee*, is *emmtey*, that is, abounding with ants. *Meulten away*, is melting away.

*Th'ast ee paid it, thee'st a paid it*; thou hast paid it.

In the *English translation* which accompanies the original *song* in *General Vallancey's* paper, some of the words are, I think, beyond controversy misinterpreted, but I have not room to go critically through it. All I desire should be inferred from these remarks is, that, although this *Anglo-Saxon* curiosity is well worthy the attention of those who take an interest in our early literature, we must be careful not to assume that it is a pure specimen of the language of the period to which, and of the people to whom, it is said to relate.

A GLOSSARY OF WORDS COMMONLY USED IN THE County of Somerset,

**BUT WHICH ARE NOT ACCEPTED AS LEGITIMATE WORDS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE;**

**OR WORDS WHICH, ALTHOUGH ONCE USED GENERALLY, ARE NOW BECOME PROVINCIAL.**

## A.

A. *adv.* Yes; or *pron.* He: as *a zed a'd do it*; he said he'd do it.

Aa'th. *s.* earth.

Ab'bey. *s.* The great white poplar: one of the varieties of the *populus alba*.

Ab'bey-lubber. *s.* A lazy, idle fellow.

Abought. *part.* Bought. *See* VAUGHT.

Abrood'. *adv.* When a hen is sitting on her eggs she is said to be *abrood*.

Ad'dle. *s.* A swelling with matter in it.

Ad'dled. *a.* Having pus or corruption; hence

Ad'dled-egg. *s.* An egg in a state of putrefaction.

Affeard'. *a.* Afraid.

Afo're, Afo'rn. *prep.* and *adv.* Before; *afore*,  
*Chaucer*.

Again. *prep.* Against.

Agon', Agoo'. *adv.* [these words literally mean *gone*.] Ago; *agoo*, *Chaucer*; from the verb to *goo*, *i.e.* to go; *he is up and agoo*; he is up and gone.

Alas-a-dây. *interj.* A-lack-a-day.

Ale. *s.* A liquor, brewed with a proportion of malt from about four to six bushels to the hogshead of 63 gallons; if it contain more malt it is called *beer*; if less, it is usually called *small beer*.

Al'ler. *s.* The alder tree.

Allès. *adv.* Always.

All'once. *pron.* [all ones] or rather (all o'n's) All of us; *Let's go allonce*; let us go all of us.

All o's. *pron.* All of us.

Alost'. *part.* Lost; *ylost*, Chaucer.

Amang. *prep.* Among.

Amawst', Amoo'äst *adv.* Almost.

Amper. *s.* A small red pimple.

Anby'. *adv.* Some time hence; in the evening.

Anear', Ane'ast, Aneoust'. *prep.* Nigh to; *aneast en*, near him.

Aneen. On end, upright.

An'passy. *s.* The sign &, corrupted from *and per se*.

Anty. *adj.* Empty.

Apast'. *part.* and *prep.* Past; *apast*. Chaucer.

A'pricock. *s.* An apricot.

Aps. *s.* The asp tree; *populus tremula*.

Aps'en. *a.* Made of the wood of the asp; belonging to the asp.

To Arg. *v. n.* To argue.

To Ar'gufy. *v. n.* To hold an argument; to argue.

Ascri'de. *adv.* Across; astride.

Aslen'. *adv.* Aslope.

Assu'e. *adj.* When a cow is *let up* in order that she may calve, she is said to be *assue*—having no milk.

Ater. *prep.* After. *Goo ater'n*: go after him.

Athin. *adv.* Within.

Athout. *prep.* Without.

Auverdro. *v. a.* Overthrow.

Avaur', Avaur'en, Avaurn. *prep.* Before.

Avoordin. *part.* Affording.

Avraur'. *adj.* Frozen; stiff with frost.

Awakid. *adj.* Awake; *awakid*, Chaucer.

To Ax. *v. a.* To ask; *ax*, Chaucer.

Ax'en. *s. pl.* Ashes.

Axing. *s.* and *part.* Asking; *axing*, Chaucer.

Ay'ir. *s.* Air.

## **B.**

Back'sid. *s.* A barton.

Back'y. *s.* Tobacco.



Bad. *adv.* Badly.

Bade. *s.* Bed.

Ba'ginet. *s.* Bayonet.

Bai'ly. *s.* A bailiff; a superintendent of an estate.

Ball. *adj.* Bald.

Bal'let. *s.* Ballad.

Ball'rib. *s.* A sparerib.

To Bal'lirag. *v. a.* To abuse with foul words; to scold.

To Ban. *v. a.* To shut out; to stop.

To Bane. *v. a.* To afflict with a mortal disease; applied to sheep. *See* to COATHE.

To Barenhond', To Banehond'. *v. n.* (used chiefly in the third person singular) to signify intention; to intimate.

These words are in very common use in the West of England. It is curious to note their gradation from Chaucer, whose expression is *Beren hem on hond*, or *bare him on hand*; implying always, it appears to me, the same meaning as I have given to the words above. There is, I think, no doubt, that these expressions of Chaucer, which he has used several times in his works, are figurative; when Chaucer tells us he *beren hem, in hond*, the literal meaning is, he carried it in, or on, his hand so that it might be readily seen. "*To bear on hand*, to affirm, to relate."—JAMIESON'S Etymological Scots Dictionary. But, whatever be the meaning of these words in Chaucer, and at the present time in Scotland, the above is the meaning of them in the west of England.

Banes. *s. pl.* The banns of matrimony.

Ban'nin. *s.* That which is used for shutting out or stopping.

Ban'nut. *s.* A walnut. [Only used in northern parts of county.]

Barrow-pig. *s.* A gelt pig.

Baw'ker, Baw'ker-stone. *s.* A stone used for whetting scythes; a kind of sand-stone.

To Becall'. *v. a.* To censure; to reprove; to chide.

Bee'äs, Bease. *s. pl.* [*Beasts*] Cattle. Applied only to *Oxen* not Sheep.

Bee-but, Bee-lippen. *s.* A bee-hive

Bee'dy. *s.* A chick.

Beedy's-eyes. *s. pl.* Pansy, love-in-idleness.

Beer. *s.* *See* ALE.

Befor'n. *prep.* Before.

To Begird'ge, To Begrud'ge. *v. a.* To grudge; to envy.

LORD BYRON has used the verb *begrudge* in his notes to the 2nd canto of Childe Harold.

Begor'z, Begum'mers. *interj.*

These words are, most probably, oaths of asseveration. The last appears to be a corruption of *by godmothers*. Both are thrown into discourse very frequently: *Begummers, I ont tell; I cant do it begorz.*

Begrumped. *part.* Soured; offended.

To Belg. *v. n.* To cry aloud; to bellow.

Bell-flower. *s.* A daffodil.

To Belsh. *v. a.* To cut off dung, &c., from the tails of sheep.

Beneäpt. *part.* Left aground by the recess of the spring tides.

To Benge. *v. n.* To remain long in drinking; to drink to excess.

Ben'net. *v.* Long coarse grass.

Ben'nety. *adj.* Abounding in bennets.

Ber'rin. *s.* [burying] A funeral procession.

To Beskum'mer. *v. a.* To foul with a dirty liquid; to besmear.

To Bethink' *v. a.* To grudge.

Bettermost. *adj.* The best of the better; not quite amounting to the best.

Betwat'tled. *part.* In a distressing and confused state of mind.

To Betwit'. *v. a.* To upbraid; to repeat a past circumstance aggravatingly.

To Bib'ble. *v. n.* To drink often; to tope.

Bib'bler. *s.* One who drinks often; a toper.

Bil'lid. *adj.* Distracted; mad.

Billy. *s.* A bundle of wheat straw.

Bi'meby. *adv.* By-and-by; some time hence.

Bin. *conj.* Because; probably corrupted from, being.

Bin'nick. *s.* A small fish; minnow; *Cyprinus phloxinus*.

Bird-battin. *s.* The catching of birds with a net and lights by night. FIELDING uses the expression.

Bird-battin-net. *s.* The net used in bird-battin.

Birch'en. *adj.* Made of birch; relating to birch.

Bis'gee. *s.* (g hard), A rooting axe.

Bisky. *s.* Biscuit. The pronunciation of this word approximates nearer to the sound of the French *cuit* ["twice baked"] the t being omitted in this dialect.

To Bi'ver. *v. n.* To quiver; to shake.

Black-pot, *s.* Black-pudding.

Black'ymoor. *s.* A negro.

Blackymoor's-beauty. *s.* Sweet scabious; the musk-flower.

Blanker. *s.* A spark of fire.

Blans'cue. *s.* Misfortune; unexpected accident.

Blather. *s.* Bladder. To blather, *v. n.* To talk fast, and nonsensically [*to talk so fast that bladders form at the mouth*]

Bleâchy. *adj.* Brackish; saltish: applied to water.

Blind-buck-and-Davy. *s.* Blind-man's buff. *Blindbuck and have ye*, is no doubt the origin of this appellation for a well-known amusement.

Blis'som. *ad.* Blithesome.

Blood-sucker. *s.* A leech.

Bloody-warrior. *s.* The wall-flower.

Boar. *s.* The peculiar head or first flowing of water from one to two feet high at spring tides, in the river Parret a few miles below and at Bridgewater, and in some other rivers.

[In Johnson's Dictionary this is spelt *bore*; I prefer the above spelling. I believe the word is derived from the animal *Boar*, from the noise, rushing, and impetuosity of the water, Todd gives it "a tide swelling above another tide." Writers vary in their opinions on the causes of this phenomenon. St. Pierre. Ouvres, tom vi., p. 234, Ed. Hamburgh, 1797, describes it not exactly the same in the Seine as in the Parret:—"Cette montagne d'eau est produite par les marées qui entrent, de la mer dans la Seine, et la font refluer contre son cours. On l'appelle la *Barre*, parce-qu'elle *barre* le cours de la Seine. Cette barre est suivée d'une seconde barre plus élevée, qui la suit a cent toises de distance. Elles courent beaucoup plus vite qu'un cheval au galop." He says it is called *Bar*, because it *bars* the current. In the Encyclop. Metropol., art. *Bore*, the editor did not seem more fortunate in his derivation.]

Bobbish. *adj.* In health, and spirits. [*Pirty bobbish*, pretty well.] Bonk. *s.* Bank.

Booät. *s.* Boat.

Booäth. *pron.* Both. "*Boo'äth o' ye*; both of you.

Bor'rid. *adj.* A sow is said to be borrid when she wants the male.

Bote. *part.* Bought.

Bow. *s.* A small arched bridge.

Boy's-love. *s.* Southernwood; a species of mugwort; *artemisia abrotonum*.

Brave. *adj.* Well; recovering.

Bran. *s.* A brand; a stump of a tree, or other irregular and large piece of wood, fit only for burning.

Bran-viër. *s.* A fire made with brands.

Bran'dis. *s.* A semicircular implement of iron, made to be suspended over the fire, on which various things may be prepared; it is much used for warming milk.

Brash. *s.* Any sudden development; a crash.

Brick'le, Brick'ly. *adj.* Brittle; easily broken.

Brim'mle. *s.* A bramble.

To Bring gwain. *v. a.* [*To bring going*.] To spend; to accompany some distance on a journey.

To Brit. *v. a.* To indent; to make an impression: applied to solid bodies.

Brock. *s.* An irregular piece of peat dried for fuel; a piece of turf. *See* TURF.

Bruck'le, Bruck'ly. *adj.* Not coherent; easily separable: applied to solid bodies. "My things are but in a bruckle state." Waverley, v. 2, p. 328, edit. 1821. *See* BRICKLE.

Bruck'leness. *s.* The state of being bruckle.

To Buck. *v. n.* To swell out.

To Bud'dle. *v.* To suffocate in mud.

To Bulge. *v. a.* To indent; to make an irregular impression on a solid body; to bruise. It is also used in a neuter sense.

Bulge. *s.* An indentation; an irregular impression made on some solid body; a swelling outwards or depression inwards.

Bul'len. *adj.* Wanting the bull.

Bul'lins. *s. pl.* Large black sloes; a variety of the wild plum.

Bun'gee. *s.* (g hard), Any thing thick and squat.

Bunt, Bunting, *s.* Bolting cloth.

Bunt. *s.* A bolting-mill.

To Bunt. *v. a.* To separate flour from the bran.

Bur'cot. *s.* A load.

Buss. *s.* A half grown calf.

But. *s.* A conical and peculiar kind of basket or trap used in large numbers for catching salmon in the river Parret. The term *but*, would seem to be a generic one, the actual meaning of which I do not know; it implies, however, some containing vessel or utensil. See BEE-BUT. *But*, applied to beef, always means *buttock*.

Butter-and-eggs. *s.* A variety of the daffodil.

Bwile. *v.* Boil.

Bwye. *interj.* Bye! adieu. This, as well as *good-bye* and *good-bwye*, is evidently corrupted from *God be with you*; God-be-wi' ye, equivalent to the French *à Dieu*, to God. Bwye, and good-bwye, are, therefore, how vulgar soever they may seem, more analogous than *bye* and *good-bye*.

## C.

Callyvan'. *s.* A pyramidal trap for catching birds.

Car'riter. *s.* Character.

Câs. Because.

Cass'n, Cass'n't. Canst not: as, *Thee cass'n do it*, thou canst not do it.

Catch corner. A game commonly called elsewhere puss in the corner.

Cat'terpillar. *s.* The cockchafer; *Scarabeus melolontha*.

*West* of the Parret this insect is called *wock-web*, oak-web, because it infests the *oak*, and spins its web on it in great numbers.

Chaíty. *adj.* Careful; nice; delicate.

To Cham. *v. a.* To chew.

Chámer. *s.* A chamber.

Change, *s.* A shift; the garment worn by females next the skin.

Chay'er. *s.* A chair; chayer—*Chaucer*.

Chick-a-beedy. *s.* A chick.

'Chill. I will.

Chim'ley. *s.* A chimney.

Chine. *s.* The prominence of the staves beyond the head of a cask. This word is well known to coopers throughout England, and ought to be in our dictionaries.

To Chis'som. *v. n.* To bud; to shoot out.

Chis'som. *s.* a small shoot; a budding out.

Chit'terlins. *s. pl.* The frills around the bosom of shirt.

Choor. *s.* A job; any dirty household work; a troublesome job.

Choor'er, Choor'-woman. *s.* A woman who goes out to do any kind of odd and dirty work; hence the term *char-woman* in our polished dialect; but it ought to be *choor-woman*.

To Choóry. *v.* To do any kind of dirty household work.

Chub'by. *adj.* Full, swelling; as *chubby-faced*.

Claps, *s.* A clasp.

To claps, *v. a.* To clasp.

Clávy and Clávy-piece. *s.* A mantel-piece.

[*Clavy* was probably given to that piece of wood or other material laid over the front of the fireplace, because in many houses the keys are often hung on nails or pins driven into it; hence from *clavis* (Latin) a *key*, comes *clavy*, the place where the keys are hung.]

Clavy-tack. *s.* The shelf over [tacked on to] the mantel-piece.

Clear-and-sheer. *adv.* Completely; totally.

Cleve-pink. *s.* A species of Carnation which grows wild in the crannies of Cheddar-cliffs: a variety of the *Dianthus deltoides*; it has an elegant smell.

To Clim, to Climmer. *v. a.* To climb; to clamber.

Clin'kers. *s.pl.* Bricks or other earthy matter run into irregular shapes by action of heat.

Clinker-bell. *s.* An icicle.

Clint. *v.a.* To clench; to finish; to fasten firmly.

Cliver-and-Shiver. *adv.* Completely; totally.

Clit. *v. n.* To be imperfectly fermented: applied to bread.

Clit'ty. *adj.* Imperfectly fermented.

Clize. *s.* A place or drain for the discharge of water regulated by a valve or door, which permits a free outlet, but no inlet for return of water.

Coäse. *adj.* Coarse.

Coathe. *v. a.* To bane: applied to sheep.

Cob-wall, *s.* Mud-wall; a wall made of clay mixed with straw.

Cockygee. *s.* Cockagee; a rough sour apple.

Cocklawt. *s.* A garret; cock-loft.

Originally, most probably, a place where the fowls roosted.

Cock-squailing. *s.* A barbarous game, consisting in tying a cock to a stake, and throwing a stick at him from a distance till he is killed.

Cock-and-Mwile. *s.* A jail.

Col'ley, *s.* A blackbird.

To Collogue, *v. n.* To associate in order to carry out some improper purpose, as thieves. [Two such rascals *collogue* together for mischief. Rob Roy, p. 319, ed. 1821.]

Collo'gin. *s.* (*g hard*). An association for some improper purpose.

[Johnson defines it *flattery; wheedling*; which does not convey the correct meaning.]

Colt-ale, *s.* (Sometimes called *footing* or foot-ale) literally ale given, or money paid for ale, by a person entering on a new employment, to those already in it.

Comforts (comfits.) *s. pl.* Sugared corianders, cinnamon, &c.

Com'ical. *adj.* Odd; singular.

Contraption. *s.* Contrivance; management.

Coop. *interj.* Come up! a word of call to fowls to be fed.

To Cork. *v. a.* Cawk; calk; to set on a horse's shoes sharp points of iron to prevent slipping on ice.

To Count, *v. n.* To think; to esteem.

Cow-baby, *s.* A coward; a timid person.

To Crap, to Crappy. *v. n.* to snap; to break with a sudden sound; to crack.

Crap. *s.* A smart sudden sound.

Craup. *preterite* of creep.

Cre'aped. Crept.

Creem. *s.* Sudden shivering.

Creémy. *adj.* Affected with sudden shivering.

Creeplin. *part.* Creeping.

Crips. *adj.* Crisp.

Criss-cross-lain. *s.* The alphabet; so called in consequence of its being formerly preceded in the *horn-book* by a cross to remind us of the cross of Christ; hence the term. *Christ-Cross-line* came at last to mean nothing more than the alphabet.

Crock, *s.* A bellied pot, of iron or other metal, for boiling food.

Croom. *s.* A crumb; a small bit.

Crowd-string, *s.* A fiddle-string.

Crowdy-kit. *s.* A small fiddle.

Crow'ner. *s.* A coroner.

To be Crowned. *v. pass.* To have an inquest held over a dead body by the coroner.

Crowst. *s.* Crust.

Crow'sty. *adj.* Crusty, snappish, surly.

Crub, Crubbin. *s.* Food: particularly bread and cheese.

Cubby-hole. *s.* A snug, confined place.

Cuckold *s.* The plant burdock.

To Cull. *v. n.* To take hold round the neck with the arms.

Cute. *adj.* [Acute] sharp; clever.

Cutty. *adj.* Small; diminutive.

Cutty, Cutty-wren. *s.* A wren.

## D.

DA` . *s.* Day.

Dàye. Days.

Dade. Dead.

Dad'dick. *s.* Rotten wood.

Dad'dicky. *adj.* Rotten, like daddick.

Dame. *s.* This word is originally French, and means in that language, *lady*; but in this dialect it means a mistress; an old woman; and never a lady; nor is it applied to persons in the upper ranks of society,

nor to the very lowest; when we say *dame* Hurman, or *dame* Bennet, we mean the wife of some farmer; a school-mistress is also sometimes called dame (dame-schools).

Dang. *interj.* Generally followed by pronoun, as *dang it; dang êm; od dang it*: [an imprecation, a corruption of *God dang it (God hang it)* or more likely corruption of *damn.*]

Dap, *v. n.* To hop; to rebound.

Dap. *s.* A hop; a turn. *To know the daps of a person* is, to know his disposition, his habits, his peculiarities.

Dap'ster. *s.* A proficient.

To Daver. *v. n.* To fade; to fall down; to droop.

Dav'ison. *s.* A species of wild plum, superior to the bullin.

Daw'zin. *s.* The passing over land with a bent hazel rod, held in a certain direction, to discover whether veins of metal or springs are below, is called *Dawzin*, which is still practised in the mining districts of Somersetshire. There is an impression among the vulgar, that certain persons only have the gift of the *divining rod*, as it has been sometimes called; by the French, *Baguette Devinatoire*.

*Ray*, in his *Catalogus Plantarum Angliæ, &c.*, Art. *Corylus*, speaks of the divining rod: "Vulgus metallicorum ad virgulam divinum, ut vocant, quâ venas metallorum inquirunt præ cæteris furcam eligit colurnam." More may be seen in John Bauhin.

Des'perd. *adj.* [Corrupted from desperate.] Very, extremely; used in a good as well as a bad sense: *desperd good; desperd bad*.

Dewberry, *s.* A species of blackberry.

Dibs. *s. pl.* Money.

Did'dlecome. *adj.* Half-mad; sorely vexed.

Dig'ence. *s.* [g hard, *diggunce*, Dickens] a vulgar word for the *Devil*.

Dird. *s.* Thread.

Dirsh, *s.* A thrush.

Dirten. *adj.* Made of dirt.

Dock. *s.* A crupper.

Doe. *part.* Done.

To Doff. *v. a.* To put off.

To Don. *v. a.* To put on.

Donnins. *s. pl.* Dress; clothes.

Dough-fig. *s.* A fig; so called, most probably, from its feeling like *dough*. JUNIUS has *dotefig*: I know not where he found it. See FIG.

To Dout. *v. a.* To extinguish; to put out.

To Downarg. *v. a.* [To *argue* one *down*]; to contradict; to contend with.

Dowst. *s.* Dust; money; *Down wi' tha dowst!* Put down the money!

Dowsty. *adj.* Dusty.

[*Dr* used for *thr* in many words:] as *droo* for *through*.

Draffit. *s.* [I suppose from draught-vat.] A vessel to hold pot-liquor and other refuse from the kitchen for pigs.

Drang. *s.* A narrow path.

To Drash. *v. a.* To thresh.

Dras'hel. *s.* The threshold; a flail.

Dras'her. *s.* A thresher.

Drauve. *s.* A drove, or road to fields.

Drawt. *s.* Throat.

To Drean. *v. n.* To drawl in reading or speaking.

Drean. *s.* A drawling in reading or speaking.

Dreaten. *v.* Threaten.

Dree. *a.* Three.

To Dring. *v. n.* To throng; to press, as in a crowd; to thrust.

Dring'et. *s.* A crowd; a throng.

To Droa. *v. a.* To throw.

Droa. Throw.

Drooäte. Throat.

Drob. *v.* Rob.

Drode (*throw'd*). *part.* Threw, thrown.

Droo. *prep.* Through.

To drool. *v. n.* To drivel.

To Drow. *v. n., v. a.* To dry.

*The hay do'nt drowy at all.* See the observations which precede this vocabulary.

Drowth. *s.* Dryness; thirst.

Drow'thy. *adj.* Dry; thirsty.

Drove. *s.* A road leading to fields, and sometimes from one village to another. Derived from its being a way along which cattle are driven. RAY uses the word in his *Catalogus Plantorum Angliæ, &c.*, Art. *Chondrilla*.

To Drub. *v. n., v. a.* To throb; to beat.

Drubbin. *s.* A beating.

To Druck. *v. a.* To thrust down; to cram; to press.

Dub, Dub'bed, Dub'by. *adj.* Blunt; not pointed; squat.

Dub'bin. *s.* Suet.

Duck-an-Mallard. *s.* (Duck and Drake) a play of throwing slates or flat stones horizontally along the water so as to skim the surface and rise several times before they sink. "*Hen pen, Duck-an-Mallard, Amen.*"

To Dud'der. *v. a.* To deafen with noise; to render the head confused.

Duds. *s. pl.* Dirty cloaths.

Dum'bledore. *s.* A humble-bee; a stupid fellow.

Dunch, (Dunce?). *adj.* Deaf.

As a deaf person is very often, apparently at least, stupid; a stupid, intractable person is, therefore, called a DUNCE: one who is deaf and intractable. What now becomes of *Duns Scotus*, and all the rest of the recondite observations bestowed upon DUNCE?—See GROSE.

I have no doubt that *Dunch* is Anglo-Saxon, although I cannot find it in any of our old dictionaries,



except Bailey's. But it ought not to be forgotten, that many words are floating about which are being arrested by our etymologists in the present advancing age of investigation.

Durns. *s. pl.* A door-frame.

Dwon't, Dwon. *v.* (Don't) do not.

## E.

Eake. *adv.* Also.

Ear-wrig. *s.* Earwig.

This word ought to be spelled *Earwig*, as it is derived, doubtless, from wriggle. See WRIGGLE.

Eese. *adv.* Yes.

Eet. *adv.* Yet.

El'men. *adj.* Of or belonging to elm; made of elm.

El'ver. *s.* A young eel.

Em'mers. *s. pl.* Embers.

Emmet-batch, *s.* An ant-hill.

To Empt. *v.a.* To empty.

En. *pron.* Him; *a zid en*; he saw him.

Er. *pron.* He. [Used West of the Parret.]

Eth. *s.* Earth.

To Eve. *v.n.* To become damp; to absorb moisture from the air.

Evet. *s.* A lizard.

Ex. *s.* An axle.

## F.

Fags! *interj.* Truly; indeed.

Fayer. *s.* and *adj.* Fair.

To Fell. *v.a.* To sew in a particular manner; to inseam.

This word is well known to the ladies, I believe, all over the kingdom; it ought to be in our dictionaries.

Fes'ter. *s.* An inflammatory tumour.

Few, Veo. *adj.* More commonly pronounced *veo*. Little; as a *few broth*.

Fig. *s.* A raisin.

Figged-pudding. *s.* a pudding with raisins in it; plum- pudding.

Fildèfare. *s.* A Fieldfare. "Farewell fieldèfare." *Chaucer*. Meaning that, as fieldfares disappear at a

particular season, *the season is over, the bird is flown.*

Fil'try. *s.* Filth; nastiness; rubbish.

Firnd. *v.* To find.

Firnd. *s.* Friend.

Fitch, Fitchet. *s.* A pole-cat. *As cross as a fitchet.*

Fit'ten, Vit'ten. *s.* A feint; a pretence.

Flap-jack. *s.* A fried cake made of batter, apples, &c.; a fritter.

To Flick. *v.a.* To pull out suddenly with some pointed instrument.

Flick-tooth-comb. *s.* A comb with coarse teeth for combing the hair.

Flick. *s.* The membrane loaded with fat, in the bellies of animals: a term used by butchers.

Flook. *s.* An animal found in the liver of sheep, similar in shape to a flock or flounder.

Flush. *adj.* Fledged; able to fly: (applied to young birds.)

Fooäse. *s.* Force. See Vooäse.

To Fooäse. *v.a.* To force.

Foo'ter. *s.* [Fr. *foutre*] A scurvy fellow; a term of contempt.

Foo'ty. *adj.* Insignificant; paltry; of no account.

For'rel. *s.* the cover of a book.

Forweend'. *adj.* Humoursome; difficult to please: (applied to children).

Fout. *preterite.* of to fight.

French-nut. *s.* A walnut.

To Frump. *v.a.* To trump up.

To Frunt. *v.a.* To affront.

To Fur. *v.a.* To throw.

Fur'cum. *s.* The bottom: the whole.

Fur'nis. *s.* A large vessel or boiler, used for brewing, and other purposes; fixed with bricks and mortar, and surrounded with flues, for the circulation of heat, and exit of smoke.

## G.

Gaern. *s.* A garden.

Gale. *s.* An old bull castrated.

Gal'libagger. *s.* [From *gally* and *beggar*] A bug-bear.

Gal'lise. *s.* The gallows.

Gallid. *adj.* Frightened.

To Gal'ly. *v. a.* To frighten.

Gallant'ing, Galligant'ing. *part.* Wandering about in gaiety and enjoyment: applied chiefly to associations of the sexes.

Gam'bril. *s.* A crooked piece of wood used by butchers to spread, and by which to suspend the carcase.

Gan'ny-cock. *s.* A turkey-cock.

Ganny-cock's Snob. *s.* The long membranous appendage at the beak, by which the cock-turkey is distinguished.

Gare. *s.* The iron work for wheels, waggons, &c., is called ire-gare; accoutrements.

Gate-shord. *s.* A gate-way; a place for a gate.

Gat'fer. *s.* An old man.

Gaw'cum. *s.* A simpleton; a gawkey.

Gawl-cup. *s.* Gold cup.

To Gee. *v.n.* [g soft] To agree; to go on well together.

To Gee. *v.n.* [g hard; part, and past tense, *gid.*] To give. *Gee* often includes the pronoun, thus, "I'll gee" means I'll give you; the *gee*, and *ye* for *you*, combining into *gee*.

To G'auf. *v.n.* To go off.

To G'auver. *v.n.* To go over.

To G'in. *v.n.* To go in.

To G'on. *v.n.* To go on.

To G'out. *v.n.* To go out.

To G'under. *v.n.* To go under,

To G'up. *v.n.* To go up.

Gib'bol. *s.* [g soft] The sprout of an onion of the second year.

Gid. *pret. v.* Gave.

Gifts. *s.pl.* The white spots frequently seen on the finger nails.

Gig'letin. *adj.* Wanton; trifling; applied to the female sex.

Gil'awfer. *s.* A term applied to all the kinds of flowers termed *stocks*; and also to a few others: as a *Whitsuntide gilawfer*, a species of *Lychnidea*.

Gim'mace. *s.* A hinge.

Gim'maces. *s. pl.* When a criminal is gibbeted, or hung in irons or chains, he is said to be hung in *Gimmaces*, most probably because the apparatus swings about as if on hinges.

Ginnin. *s.* Beginning.

Girnin. *part.* Grinning.

Girt. *adj.* Great.

Gird'l. Contracted from *great deal*; as, gird'l o' work; great deal of work.

To Glare. *v. a.* To glaze earthenware.

Glare. *s.* The glaze of earthenware.

G'lore. *adv.* In plenty.

This word, without the apostrophe, *Glore*, is to be found in Todd's Johnson, and there defined *fat*. The true meaning is, I doubt not, as above; *fat g'lore*, is *fat in plenty*.

Gold. *s.* The shrub called sweet-willow or wild myrtle; *Myrica gale*.

This plant grows only in peat soils; it is abundant in the boggy moors of Somersetshire; it has a powerful and fragrant smell.

Gold-cup. *s.* A species of crow-foot, or ranunculus, growing plentifully in pastures; *ranunculus pratensis*.

To Goo. *v. n.* [*Gwain*, going; *gwon*, gone.] To go.

Gookoo. *s.* Cookoo.

Goo'ner. *interj.* Goodnow!

Good'-Hussey. *s.* A thread-case.

Goose-cap. *s.* A silly person.

Graint'ed. *adj.* Fixed in the grain; difficult to be removed; dirty.

Gram'fer. *s.* Grandfather.

Gram'mer. *s.* Grandmother.

To Gree. *v. n.* To agree.

Gribble. *s.* A young apple-tree raised from seed.

To Gripe, *v. a.* To cut into gripes. See GRIPE.

Gripe. *s.* [from Dutch, *groep*.] A small drain, or ditch, about a foot deep, and six or eight inches wide.

In English Dictionaries spelled *grip*.

Griping-line. *s.* A line to direct the spade in cutting gripes.

Groan'in. *s.* Parturition; the time at which a woman is in labour.

Ground, *s.* A field.

Gro'zens. *s. pl.* The green minute round-leaved plants growing upon the surface of water in ditches; duck's-meat; the *Lens palustris* of Ray.

Gruff. *s.* A mine.

Gruffer. Gruffier. *s.* A miner.

To Gud'dle. *v. n.* To drink much and greedily.

Gud'dler. *s.* A greedy drinker; one who is fond of liquor.

To Gulch, *v. n.* To swallow greedily.

Gulch. *s.* A sudden swallowing.

Gump'tion. *s.* Contrivance; common sense.

Gum'py. *adj.* Abounding in protuberances.

Gurds. *s. pl.* Eructations. [By *Fits and gurds*.]

Guss. *s.* A girth.

To Guss. *v. a.* To girth.

Gwain. *part.* Going.

Gwon. *part.* Gone.

## H.

Hack. *s.* The place whereon bricks newly made are arranged to dry.

To Hain. *v. a.* To exclude cattle from a field in order that the grass may grow, so that it may be mowed.

Hal'lantide. *s.* All Saints' day.

Ham. *s.* A pasture generally rich, and also unsheltered, applied only to level land.

Hame. *sing.*, Hames. *pl. s.* Two moveable pieces of wood or iron fastened upon the collar, with suitable appendages for attaching a horse to the shafts. Called sometimes *a pair of hames*.

Han'dy. *adv.* Near, adjoining.

Hang-gallise. *adj.* Deserving the gallows, felonious, vile; as, *a hang-gallise fellow*.

Hange. *s.* The heart, liver, lungs, &c., of a pig, calf, or sheep.

Hang'kicher. *s.* Handkerchief.

Hangles. *s. pl.* A *pair of hangles* is the iron crook, &c., composed of teeth, and hung over the fire, to be moved up and down at pleasure for the purpose of cookery, &c.

To Happer. *v. n.* To crackle; to make repeated smart noises.

To Haps. *v. a.* To Hasp.

Haps. *s.* A hasp.

Hard. *adj.* Full grown. *Hard people*, adults.

Harm. *s.* Any contagious or epidemic disease not distinguished by a specific name.

Har'ras. *s.* Harvest.

Hart. *s.* A haft; a handle.

Applied to such instruments as knives, awls, etc.

Hathe. *s.* *To be in a hathe*, is to be set thick and close like the pustules of the small-pox or other eruptive disease; to be matted closely together.

To Have. *v. n.* To behave.

Haw. See *ho*.

Hay-maidens. *s. pl.* Ground ivy.

Hay'ty-tay'ty, Highty-tity. *interj.* What's here! *s.* [height and tite, weight]. A board or pole, balanced in the middle on some prop, so that two persons, one sitting at each end, may move up and down in turn by striking the ground with the feet. Sometimes called *Tayty* [See-saw].

In Hay'digees. [g soft] *adv.* To be in high spirits; to be frolicsome.

Heät *s.* Pronounced He-at, dissyllable, heat.

Hea'ram-skearam. *adj.* Wild; romantic.

To Heel, *v. a.* To hide; to cover. Chaucer, "*hele*." Hence, no doubt, the origin of *to heal*, to cure, as applied to wounds; *to cover over*.

Heeler, *s.* One who hides or covers. Hence the very common expression, *The healer is as bad as the stealer*; that is, the receiver is as bad as the thief.

Heft. *s.* Weight.

To Hell. *v. a.* To pour.

Hel'lier. *s.* A person who lays on the tiles of a roof; a tiler. A Devonshire word.

Helm. *s.* Wheat straw prepared for thatching.

To Hen. *v. a.* To throw.

To Hent. *v. n.* To wither; to become slightly dry.

Herd *s.* A keeper of cattle.

Hereawa, Hereaway. *adv.* Hereabout.

Herence. *adv.* From this place; hence.

Hereright. *adv.* Directly; in this place.

Het. *pron.* It. *Het o'nt*, it will not.

To Het. *v. a.* To hit, to strike; *part.* *het* and *hut*.

To Hick. *v.n.* To hop on one leg.

Hick. *s.* A hop on one leg.

*Hick-step and jump.* Hop-step and jump. A well known exercise.

To Hike of. *v. n.* To go away; to go off. Used generally in a bad sense.

Hine. *adj.* (Hind) Posterior; relating to the back part.

Used only in composition, as, a *hine* quarter.

To Hire tell. *v. n.* To hear tell; to learn by report; to be told.

Hip'pety-hoppety. *adv.* In a limping and hobbling manner.

Hirches. *s.* riches.

Hir'd. *v.* [i long] heard.

To Him. *v. n.* [*hirnd*, pret, and part.] To run.

To Hitch, *v. n.* To become entangled or hooked together; to hitch up, to hang up or be suspended. *See the next word.*

To Hitch up. *v. a.* To suspend or attach slightly or temporarily.

The following will exemplify the active meaning of this verb:

Sir Strut, for so the witling throng  
Oft called him when at school,  
And *hitch'd* him *up* in many a song  
To sport and ridicule.

Hiz'en. Used for *his* when not followed by a substantive, as, whose house is that? *Hiz'en.* [His own].

Hi'zy Pi'zy. A corruption of *Nisi Prius*, a well known law assize.

To Ho for, To Haw vor. *v. a.* To provide for; to take care of; to desire; to wish for.

Hob'blers. *s. pl.* Men employed in towing vessels by a rope on the land.

Hod. *s.* A sheath or covering; perhaps from *hood*.

Hog. *s.* A sheep one year old.

To Hoke. *v. a.* To wound with horns; to gore.

Hod'medod. *adj.* Short; squat.

Hollar. *adj.* Hollow.

To Hollar. *v. a.* To halloo.

Hollar. *s.* A halloo.

Hol'lardy. *s.* A holiday.

Hollardy-day. *s.* Holy-rood day; the third of May.

Hollabeloo'. *s.* A noise; confusion; riot.

Hol'men. *adj.* Made of holm.

Holt. *interj.* Hold; stop. *Holt-a-blow*, give over fighting.

Ho'mescreech. *s.* A bird which builds chiefly in apple-trees; I believe it is the *Turdus viscivorus*, or missel.

Hon. *s.* hand.

Honey-suck, Honey-suckle. *s.* The wodbine.

Honey-suckle. *s.* Red Clover.

Hoo'say. *See* WHOSAY.

Hoop. *s.* A bullfinch.

Hor'nen. *adj.* Made of horn.

Hornen-book. *s.* Hornbook.

Horse-stinger. *s.* The dragon-fly.

Hoss. *s.* horse.

Hoss-plâs *s. pl.* Horse-plays; rough sports.

Houzen. *s. pl.* Houses.

Howsomiver. *adv.* However; howsoever.

Huck'muck. *s.* A strainer placed before the faucet in the mashing-tub.

Hud. *s.* A hull, or husk.

Huf. *s.* A hoof.

Huf-cap *s.* A plant, or rather weed, found in fields, and with difficulty eradicated.

I regret that I cannot identify this plant with any known botanical name.

Graced with *huff-cap* terms and thundering threats,  
That his poor hearers' hair quite upright sets.

*Bp. Hall, Book I, Sat. iii.*

Some editor of Hall has endeavoured to explain the term huff-cap by *blustering, swaggering*. I think it simply means *difficult*.

Hug. *s.* The itch. *See* SHAB (applied to brutes. )

Hug-water. *s.* Water to cure the hug. *See* SHAB.

To Hul'der. *v. a.* To hide; conceal.

Hul'ly. *s.* A peculiarly shaped long wicker trap used for catching eels.

To Hulve. *v. a.* To turn over; to turn upside down.

Hum'drum. *s.* A small low three-wheeled cart, drawn usually by one horse: used occasionally in agriculture.

From the peculiarity of its construction, it makes a kind of humming noise when it is drawn along; hence, the origin of the adjective *humdrum*.

Hunt-the-slipper. *s.* A well-known play.

I. *ad.* Yes; *I, I*, yes, yes; most probably a corrupt pronunciation of *ay*.

Inin. *s.* Onion.

Ire. *s.* Iron.

Ire-gare. *s.* See GARE.

Ise. *pron.* I. See UTCHY, [West of the Parret].

Ist. [i long]. *s.* East.

Istard. [i long]. *adv.* Eastward.

It. *adv.* Yet, [pronounced both *it* and *\_eet>*]. see N'eet.

## J.

Jack-in-the-Lanthorn, Joan-in-the-Wad. *s.* The meteor usually called a *Will with the Wisp*.

Ignis Fatuus.—Arising from ignition of phosphorus from rotten leaves and decayed vegetable matters.

Jaunders. *s.* The jaundice.

To Jee. *v. n.* To go on well together; see To GEE.

Jiffey. *s.* A short time: an instant.

Jist. *adv.* Just.

Jitch, Jitchy. *adj.* Such.

Jod. *s.* The letter J.

Jorum. *s.* A large jug, bowl, &c., full of something to be eaten or drank.

To Jot. *v. a.* To disturb in writing; to strike the elbow.

## K.

The sound K is often displaced by substituting *qu*, as for coat, corn, corner, cost; *quoa*t or (*quût*) *quoin*, *quiner*, *quost*.

Keck'er. *s.* The windpipe; the trachea.

Keep. *s.* A basket, applied only to large baskets.

To Keeve. *v. a.* To put the wort in a keeve for some time to ferment.

Keeve. *s.* A large tub or vessel used in brewing. A mashing- tub is sometimes called a *keeve*.

Keffel. *s.* A bad and worn out horse.

To Kern. *v. n.* To turn from blossom to fruit: the process of turning from blossom to fruit is called *kerning*.

Kex, Kexy. *s.* The dry stalks of some plants, such as Cows- parsley and Hemlock, are called Kexies. As *dry as a kexy* is a common simile.

Kill. *s.* A Kiln.



Kil'ter. *s.* Money.

King'bow, or rather, a-kingbow. *adv.* Kimbo.

Chaucer has this word *kenebow*, which is, perhaps, the true one—a *kenebow*, implying a bow with a keen or sharp angle.

"He set his arms in *kenebow*."

CHAUCER, *Second Merchant's Tale*.

Or place the arms *a-Kingbow*, may be to place them in a consequential manner of commanding, like a king.

Kir'cher. *s.* The midriff; the diaphragm.

Kirsmas. *s.* Christmas.

Kirsens. *v. a.* To Christen.

[These two words are instances of the change of place of certain letters, particularly *r*.]

Kit. *s.* A tribe; a collection; a gang.

Kit'tle, Kittle-smock. *s.* A smock frock.

Knack-kneed. *adj.* In-kneed; having the knees so grown that they strike [*knock*] against each other.

Knot'tlins. *s. pl.* The intestines of a pig or calf prepared for food by being tied in knots and afterwards boiled.

## L.

Lade-Pail. *s.* A small pail, with a long handle, used for the purpose of filling other vessels.

Ládeshrides. *s. pl.* The sides of the waggon which project over the wheels. *See* SHRIDE.

Ladies-smock. *s.* A species of bindweed; *Convolvulus sepium*. *See* WITHY-WINE.

Lady Buddick. *s.* A rich and early ripe apple.

Lady-cow. *s.* A lady-bird; the insect *Coccinella Septempunctata*.

Lady's-hole. *s.* A game at cards.

Lai'ter. *s.* The thing laid; the whole quantity of eggs which a hen lays successively.

*She has laid out her laiter.*

Lamager. *adj.* Lame; crippled; laid up.

Larks-leers. *s. pl.* Arable land not in use; such is much frequented by larks; any land which is poor and bare of grass.

Lart, Lawt. *s.* The floor: never applied to a stone floor, but only to *wooden* floors; and those up stairs.

Las-charg'eable! *interj.* Be quiet! *The last chargeable*: that is, he who last strikes or speaks in contention is most blamable.

Lât. *s.* A lath.

Lat'itat. *s.* A noise; a scolding.

Lat'tin. *s.* Iron, plates covered with tin.

Lattin. *adj.* Made of lattin; as a lattin saucepan, a lattin teakettle, &c.

Laugh-and-lie-down. *s.* A common game at cards.

To Lave. *v. a.* To throw water from one place to another.

To Le'ät. *v. n.* To leak.

Le'ät. *s.* A leak; a place where water is occasionally let out.

Leath'er. *v. a.* To beat.

Leathern-mouse, *s.* A bat.

Leer. *adj.* Empty.

Leer. *s.* The flank.

Leers. *s. pl.* Leas; rarely used: but I think it always means stubble land, or land similar to stubble land.

Lent. *s.* Loan; the use of any thing borrowed.

Lew. *adj.* Sheltered; defended from storms, or wind

Lew, Lewth. *s.* Shelter; defence from storm or wind.

Lib'et. *s.* A piece; a tatter.

Lid'den. *s.* A story; a song.

Lie-lip. *s.* A square wooden vessel having holes in its bottom, to contain wood-ashes for making lie.

Lights. *s. pl.* The lungs.

Lighting-stock. *s.* A horse-block; steps of wood or stone, made to ascend and descend from a horse.

Lim'bers, Lim'mers. *s. pl.* The shafts of a waggon, cart, &c.

Linch. *s.* A ledge; a rectangular projection; whence the term *linch-pin* (a pin with a linch), which JOHNSON has, but not linch.

The derivations of this word, *linch-pin* by our etymologists, it will be seen, are now inadmissable.

To Line. *v. n.* To lean; to incline towards or against something.

Lin'ny. *s.* An open shed, attached to barns, outhouses, &c.

Lip, Lip'pen. *s.* A generic term for several containing vessels, as *bee-lippen*, *lie-lip*, *seed-lip*, &c. which see.

Lip'ary. *adj.* Wet, rainy. Applied to the seasons: *a lipary time*.

To Lir'rop. *v. a.* To beat.

This is said to be a corruption of the sea term, *lee-rope*.

Lis'som. *adj.* Lithe; pliant. Contracted from *light-some*, or *lithe-some*.

List, Lis'tin. *s.* The strip or border on woollen cloth.

Lis'tin. *adj.* Made of list.

To Lob. *v. n.* To hang down; to droop.

Lock. *s.* A small quantity; as a *lock* of hay, a *lock* of straw.

Lock-a-Daisy. *interj.* of surprise or of pleasure.

Lockyzee. *interj.* Look, behold! *Look you, see!*

To Long. *v. n.* To belong.

Long'ful. *adj.* Long in regard to time.

Lose-Leather. To be galled by riding.

Lowance. *s.* Allowance; portion.

Lug. *s.* A heavy pole; a pole; a long rod.

I incline to think this is the original of log.

Lug-lain. *s.* Full measure; the measure by the lug or pole.

Lump'er. *v. n.* To lumber; to move heavily; to stumble.

## M.

Mace. *s. pl.* Acorns.

Madam. *s.* Applied to the most respectable classes of society: as, Madam Greenwood, Madam Saunders, &c.

Mallard. *s.* A male duck.

To Manche, to Munche. *v. a.* To chew. Probably from *manger*, French.

Man'der. *s.* A corruption of the word, *manner*, used only in the sense of *sort* or *kind*: as, *âll mander o' things*; all sorts of things.

To Mang. *v. a.* To mix.

Mang-hangle. *adj.* Mixed in a wild and confused manner.

To maw. *v. a.* To mow.

Maw'kin. *s.* A cloth, usually wetted and attached to a pole, to sweep clean a baker's oven. See SLOMAKING.

May. *s.* The blossom of the white thorn.

May-be, Mâ-be. *adv.* Perhaps; it may be.

May-fool. *s.* Same as *April fool*.

May-game, Mâ-game. *s.* A frolic; a whim.

To Meech. *v. n.* To play truant; to absent from school without leave.

Meech'er. *s.* A truant.

To Mell. *v. a.* To meddle; to touch. *I'll neither mell nor make*: that is, I will have nothing to do with it. *I ont mell o't*, I will not touch it.

"Of eche mattir thei wollin mell."

CHAUCER'S *Plowman's Tale*.

Mesh. *s.* Moss; a species of lichen which grows plentifully on apple trees.

To Mess, To Messy. *v. a.* to serve cattle with hay.

Messin. *s.* The act of serving cattle with hay.

Mid. *v. aux.* Might, may.

To Miff. *v. a.* To give a slight offence; to displease.

Miff. *s.* A slight offence; displeasure.

Mig. *s.* As *sweet as mig* is a common simile; I suspect that *mig* means *mead*, the liquor made from

honey.

Milt. *s.* The spleen.

Mi'lemas. Michaelmas.

Min. A low word, implying contempt, addressed to the person to whom we speak, instead of Sir. I'll do it, *min*.

Mine. *v.* Mind; remember.

Mix'en. *s.* A dunghill.

Miz'maze. *s.* Confusion.

Mom'macks. *s. pl.* Pieces; fragments.

Mom'met, Mom'mick. *s.* A scarecrow; something dressed up in clothes to personate a human being.

Moor-coot. *s.* A moor hen.

To Moot. *v. a.* To root up.

Moot. *s.* A stump, or root of a tree.

To More. *v. n.* To root; to become fixed by rooting.

More. *s.* A root.

Mought. *v. aux.* Might.

Mouse-snap, *s.* A mouse trap.

Mug'gets. *s. pl.* The intestines of a calf or sheep.

Derived, most probably, from maw and guts.

To Mult. *v.* To melt.

Mus' goo. must go.

'Mus'd. Amused.

## N.

Many words beginning with a vowel, following the article *an*, take the *n* from *an*; as, *an inch*, pronounced *a ninch*.

Na'atal. *adj.* natural.

Na'atally. *adv.* naturally.

Naise. *s.* noise.

Nan. *interjec.* Used in reply, in conversation or address, the same as *Sir*, when you do not understand.

Nânt. *s.* Aunt.

Nap. *s.* A small rising; a hillock.

Nâtion. *adv.* Very, extremely: as *nation* good; *nation* bad.

Nawl. *s.* An awl.

Nawl. *s.* The navel.

Nawl-cut. *s.* A piece cut out at the navel: a term used by butchers.

N'eet, N'it. *adv.* Not yet.

Nestle Tripe. *s.* The weakest and poorest bird in the nest; applied, also, to the last-born, and usually the weakest child of a family; any young, weak, and puny child, or bird

New-cut-and-jerkin. *s.* A game at cards in a more refined dialect *new-coat and jerkin*.

Nif. *conj.* If.

Nill. *s.* A needle.

Nist, Nuost. *prep.* Nigh, near.

Niver-tha-near. *adv.* (Never-the-near), To no purpose, uselessly.

Nona'tion. *adj.* Difficult to be understood; not intelligent; incoherent, wild.

Nor'ad. *adv.* Northward.

Nora'tion. *s.* Rumour; clamour.

Nor'ra un, Nor'ry un. Never a one.

Norn. *pron.* Neither. *Norn o'm*, neither of them.

Nor'thering. *adj.* Wild, incoherent, foolish.

Nort. *s.* Nothing. West of the Parret.

Not-sheep. *s.* A sheep without horns.

Not. *s.* The place where flowers are planted is usually called the *flower not*, or rather, perhaps, knot; a flower bed.

Not'tamy. *s.* Corrupted from *anatomy*: it means very often, the state of body, *mere skin and bone*.

Nottlins. *s. pl.* See KNOTTLINS.

Num'met. *s.* A short meal between breakfast and dinner; nunchion, luncheon. Nuncle. *s.* An uncle.

To Nuncle. *v. a.* To cheat.

Nuth'er. *adv.* Neither.

## O.

O'. *prep.* for of.

Obstrop'ilous. *adj.* Obstinate, resisting [obstreperous.]

Odments. *s. pl.* Odd things, offals. Office. *s.* The eaves of a house.

Old-cut-and-jerkin. *s.* A game at cards; in a more refined dialect, *old-coat-and-jerkin*; called also *five cards*.

To Onlight. *v. n.* To alight; to get off a horse.

O'änt (for w'on't). Will not. This expression is used in almost all the persons, as *I önt, he önt, we önt, they*, or *thâ önt*; I will not, he will not, etc.

Ont, O't. Of it. I a done ont; I a done o't: I have done of it.

Ool. *v. aux.* Will.

Ope. *s.* An opening—the distance between bodies arranged in order.

Or'chit. *s.* An orchard.

Ornd. *pret.* Ordained, fated.

Orn. *pron.* Either. *Orn o'm*, either of them.

Or'ra one, Or'ryone. Any one; ever a one. Ort. *s.* Anything.  
[West of the Parret.]

Ort. *s.* Art.

Oten. *adv.* Often.

Ourn. *pron.* Ours.

To Overget. *v. a.* To overtake.

To Overlook, *v. a.* To bewitch.

Overlookt. *part.* Bewitched.

Over-right, Auver-right. *adv.* Opposite; fronting.

Overs. *s. p.* The perpendicular edge, usually covered with grass, on the sides of salt-water rivers is called *overs*.

## **P.**

Pack-an-Penny-Day. *s.* The last day of a fair when bargains are usually sold. [*Pack, and sell for pennies.*]

Parfit. *adj.* Perfect.

Parfitly. *adv.* Perfectly.

To Par'get. *v. a.* To plaster the inside of a chimney with mortar of cowdung and lime.

Par'rick. *s.* A paddock.

To Payze. *v. a.* To force, or raise up, with a lever.

To Peach. *v. a.* To inform against; to impeach.

Peel. *s.* A pillow, or bolster.

To Peer. *v. n.* To appear.

Pen'nin. *s.* The enclosed place where oxen and other animals are fed and watered; any temporary place erected to contain cattle.

Pick. *s.* A pitch-fork: a two pronged fork for making hay.

Pigs-Hales. *s. pl.* Haws; the seed of the white thorn.

Pigs-looze. *s.* A pigsty.

Pilch, Pilcher. *s.* A baby's woollen clout.

Pill-coal. *v.* A kind of peat, dug most commonly out of rivers: peat obtained at a great depth, beneath a stratum of clay.

Pil'ler. *s.* a pillow.

Pilm. *s.* Dust; or rather fine dust, which readily floats in air.

Pink. *s.* A chaffinch.

Pip. *s.* A seed; applied to those seeds which have the shape of apple, cucumber seed, &c.; never to round, or minute seeds.

To Pitch. *v. a.* To lay unhewn and unshaped stones together, so as to make a road or way.

*To Pitch*, in the West of England, is not synonymous with *to pave*. *To pave*, means to lay flat, square, and hewn stones or bricks down, for a floor or other pavement or footway. A *paved* way is always smooth and even; a *pitched* way always rough and irregular. Hence the distinguishing terms of *Pitching* and *Paving*.

Pit'is. *adj.* Piteous; exciting compassion.

Pit'hole. *s.* The grave.

To Pix, To Pixy. *v. a.* To pick up apples after the main crop is taken in; to glean, applied to an orchard only.

Pix'y. *s.* A sort of fairy; an imaginary being.

Pix'y-led. *part.* Led astray by pixies.

Plâd. *v.* Played.

Pla'zen. *s. pl.* Places.

To Plim. *v. n.* To swell; to increase in bulk.

Plough. *s.* The cattle or horses used for ploughing; also a waggon and horses or oxen.

Pock'fredden. *adj.* Marked in the face with small pox.

To Pog. *v. n.* and *v. a.* To thrust with the fist; to push.

Pog. *s.* A thrust with the fist; a push; an obtuse blow.

Pollyantice. *s.* Polyanthus.

To Pom'ster. *v. n.* To tamper with, particularly in curing diseases; to quack.

Pont'ed. *part.* Bruised with indentation. Any person whose skin or body is puffed up by disease, and subject to occasional pitting by pressure, is said to be *ponted*; but the primary meaning is applied to fruit, as, a *ponted* apple; in both meanings incipient decay is implied.

Pook. *s.* The belly; the stomach; a vell.

Popple. *s.* A pebble: that is, a stone worn smooth, and more or less round, by the action of the waves of the sea.

Pottle-bellied. *adj.* Potbellied.

To Pooät, To Pote. *v. a.* To push through any confined opening, or hole.

Pooät-hole, Pote-hole. *s.* A small hole through which anything is pushed with a stick; a confined place.

Pooäty. *adj.* Confined, close, crammed.

Port'mantle. *s.* A portmanteau.

Poti'cary. *s.* An apothecary.

To Poun. *v.* To pound [to put into the pound, to "lock up"].

A Power of rain. A great deal of rain.

Pruv'd. *v.* Proved.

To pray. *v. a.* To drive all the cattle into one herd in a moor; *to pray the moor*, to search for lost cattle.

Prankin. *s.* Pranks.

Pud. *s.* The hand; the fist.

Pulk, Pulker. *s.* A small shallow-place, containing water.

Pull-reed. *s.* [Pool reed.] A long reed growing in ditches and pools, used for ceiling instead of laths.

Pultry. . Poultry.

Pum'ple. *adj.* Applied only, as far as I know, in the compound word *pumple-voot*, a club-foot.

Put. *s.* A two-wheeled cart used in husbandry, and so constructed as to be turned up at the axle to discharge the load.

Pux'ie. *s.* A place on which you cannot tread without danger of sinking into it; applied most commonly to places in roads or fields where springs break out.

Pwint. *s.* Point.

Pwine-end \

} The sharp-pointed end of a house, where the wall rises perpendicularly from the foundation.

Pwinin-end./

Py'e. *s.* A wooden guide, or rail to hold by, in passing over a narrow wooden bridge.

## Q.

Qu is in many words used instead of K.

Quare. *adj.* Queer; odd.

Quar'rel. *s.* [*Quarré*, French.] A square of window glass.

To Quar. *v. a.* To raise stones from a quarry.

Quar-man. *s.* A man who works in a quarry [*quar*].

Quine. *s.* Coin, money. A corner.

To Quine. *v. a.* To coin.

Quoin. Coin.

Quoit. Coit.

Qût (Quut). *s.* Coat.

## R.

R in many words is wholly omitted, as, *Arth. Coäse, Guth, He'äth, Pason, Vooath, Wuss, &c.*, for Earth, Coarse, Girth, Hearth, Parson, Forth, Worse.

To Rake Up. *v. a.* To cover; to bury. To rake the vier. To cover up the fire with ashes, that it may remain burning all night.

Rames. *s. pl.* The dead stalks of potatoes, cucumbers, and such plants; a skeleton.

Rams-claws. *s. pl.* The plant called gold cups; *ranunculus pratensis*.

Ram'shackle. *adj.* Loose; disjointed.

Ram'pin. *part.* Distracted, obstreperous: *rampin mad*, outrageously mad.

Ran'dy, Ran'din. *s.* A merry-making; riotous living.



Range. *s.* A sieve.

To Rangle. *v. n.* To twine, or move in an irregular or sinuous manner. *Rangling plants* are plants which entwine round other plants, as the woodbine, hops, etc.

Ran'gle. *s.* A sinuous winding.

Ras'ty. *adj.* Rancid: gross; obscene.

Rathe-ripe. *adj.* Ripening early. *Rath. English Dictionary:*

"The rathe-ripe wits prevent their own perfection."

#### **BP. HALL.**

Raught. *part.* Reached.

Rawd. *part.* Rode.

To Rawn. *v. a.* To devour greedily.

Raw'ny. *adj.* Having little flesh: a thin person, whose bones are conspicuous, is said to be rawny.

To Ray. *v. a.* To dress.

To Read. *v. a.* To strip the fat from the intestines; *to read the inward.*

Read'ship. *s.* Confidence, trust, truth.

To Ream. *v. a.* To widen; to open.

Reamer. *s.* An instrument used to make a hole larger.

Re'balling. *s.* The catching of eels with earthworms attached to a ball of lead, hung by a string from a pole.

Reed. *s.* Wheat straw prepared for thatching.

Reen, Rhine. *s.* A water-course: an open drain.

To Reeve. *v. a.* To rivel; to draw into wrinkles.

Rem'let. *s.* A remnant.

Rev'el. *s.* A wake.

To Rig. *v. n.* To climb about; to get up and down a thing in wantonness or sport.

Hence the substantive *rig*, as used in *John Gilpin*, by COWPER.

"He little dreamt of running such a *rig*."

To Rig. *v. a.* To dress.

Hence, I suspect, the origin of the *rigging* of a vessel.

Righting-lawn. Adjusting the ridges after the wheat is sown.

Rip. *s.* A vulgar, old, unchaste woman. Hence, most probably, the origin of *Demirip*.

Robin-Riddick. *s.* A redbreast. [Also *Rabbin Hirdick*; the r and i transposed.]

Rode. *s.* *To go to rode*, means, late at night or early in the morning, to go out to shoot wild fowl which pass over head on the wing.

To Rose. *v. n.* To drop out from the pod, or other seed vessel, when the seeds are over-ripe.

To Rough. *v. a.* To roughen; to make rough.

Round-dock. *s.* The common mallow; *malva sylvestris*.

Called round-dock from the *roundness* of its leaves. CHAUCER has the following expression which has a good deal puzzled the glossarists:

"But canst thou playin raket to and fro, *Nettle in, Docke out*, now this, now that, Pandare?"

*Troilus and Cressida*, Book IV.

The round-dock leaves are used at this day as a supposed remedy or charm for the sting of a nettle, by being rubbed on the stung part, with the following words:—

*In dock, out nettle, Nettle have a sting'd me.*

That is, *Go in dock, go out nettle*. Now, to play *Nettle in Docke out*, is to make use of such expedients as shall drive away or remove some previous evil, similar to that of driving out the venom of the nettle by the juice or charm of the dock.

Roz'im. *s.* A quaint saying; a low proverb. *s.* Rosin.

Rud'derish. *adj.* Hasty, rude, without care.

Ruf. *s.* A roof.

Rum. *s.* Room; space.

Rum'pus. *s.* A great noise.

This word ought to be in our English Dictionaries.

Rungs. *s. pl.* The round steps of a ladder.

## S.

The sound of S is very often converted into the sound of Z. Thus many of the following words, *Sand-tot, Sar, Seed-lip, Silker, Sim, &c.*, are often pronounced *Zand-tot, Zar, Zeeäd-lip, Zilker, Zim, &c.*

Sâ'cer-eyes. Very large and prominent eyes. [Saucer eyes.

Sand-tot. *s.* A sandhill.

To Sar. *v. a.* To serve—To earn; as, *I can sar but zixpence a day.*

Sar'ment. *s.* A sermon.

Sar'rant. *s.* A servant.

Sar'tin. *adj.* Certain.

Sar'tinly. *adv.* Certainly.

Scad. *s.* A short shower.

Schol'ard. *s.* A scholar.

Scissis-sheer. *s.* A scissors-sheath.

Scollop. *s.* An indentation; notch; collop.

To Scollop. *v. a.* To indent; to notch.

Scoose wi'. Discourse or talk with you.

To Scot'tle. *v. a.* To cut into pieces in a wasteful manner.

Scrawf. *s.* Refuse.

Scrawv'lin. *adj.* Poor and mean, like scrawf.

Screed. *s.* A shred.

To Scrunch. *v. a.* and *v. n.* The act of crushing and bringing closer together is implied, accompanied with some kind of noise. A person may be said to scrunch an apple or a biscuit, if in eating it he made a noise; so a pig in eating acorns. Mr. SOUTHEY has used the word in *Thalaba* without the *s.*

"No sound but the wild, wild wind,  
"And the snow *crunching* under his feet."

And, again, in the *Anthology*, vol 2, p. 240.

"Grunting as they *crunch'd* the mast."

Scud. *s.* A scab.

Sea-Bottle. *s.* Many of the species of the sea-wrack, or *fucus*, are called sea-bottles, in consequence of the stalks having round or oval vesicles or pods in them; the pod itself.

Sea-crow. *s.* A cormorant.

Seed-lip. *s.* A vessel of a particular construction, in which the sower carries the seed.

Sel'times. *adv.* Not often; seldom.

Shab. *s.* The itch; the hug. Applied to brutes only.

Shab-water. *s.* A water prepared with tobacco, and some mercurial, to cure the shab.

Shabby. *adv.* Affected with the shab. Hence the origin of the common word *shabby*, mean, paltry.

Shackle. *s.* A twisted band. Shal'der. *s.* A kind of broad flat rush, growing in ditches.

Sharp. *s.* A shaft of a waggon, &c.

Shatt'n. Shalt not.

Sheer. *s.* A sheath.

Shil'lith. *s.* A shilling's worth.

Shine. *s.* Every *shine o'm*, is, every one of them.

To Shod. *v. a.* To shed: to spill.

Sholl. *v.* Shall.

Shord. *s.* A sherd; a gap in a hedge. A *stop-shord*, a stop-gap.

Shower. *adj.* Sure.

Showl. *s.* A shovel.

To Showl. *v. a.* To shovel.

To Shride, To Shroud. *v. a.* To cut off wood from the sides of trees; or from trees generally.

Shride, Shroud. *s.* Wood cut off from growing trees. It sometimes means a pole so cut; *ladeshrides*—shrides placed for holding the load. See LADESHRIDES.

To Shug. *v. a.* To shrug; to scratch; to rub against.

Shut'tle. *adj.* Slippery, sliding: applied only to solid bodies. From this word is derived the \_\_shuttle\_\_ (*s.*) of the weaver.

Sig. *s.* Urine.

Sil'ker. *s.* A court-card.

To Sim. *v. n.* To seem, to appear. This verb is used personally, as, *I sim, you sim, for it seems to me,*

etc.

Sim-like-it. *interj.* (Seems like it.) Ironically, for *very improbable*.

Sine. *conj.* [Probably from *\_\_seeing\_\_* or *\_\_seen\_\_*.] Since, because.

Single-guss. *s.* The plant orchis.

Single-stick. *s.* A game; sometimes called *\_\_backsword\_\_*.

Sizes. *s. pl.* The assizes.

To Skag. To give an accidental blow, so as to tear the clothes or the flesh; to wound slightly.

Skag. *s.* An accidental blow, as of the heel of the shoe, so as to tear the clothes or the flesh; any slight wound or rent.

To Skeer. *v. a.* To mow lightly over: applied to pastures which have been summer-eaten, never to meadows. In a neuter sense, to move along quickly, and slightly touching. Hence, from its mode of flight,

Skeer-devil. *s.* The black martin, or Swift.

Skeer'ings. *s. pl.* Hay made from pasture land.

Skent'in. *adj.* When cattle, although well-fed, do not become fat, they are called skentin.

Skenter. *s.* An animal which will not fatten.

To Skew, \ To Ski'ver. / *v. a.* To skewer.

Skiff-handed. *adj.* Left-handed, awkward.

Skills, \ Skittles. / *s. pl.* The play called nine-pins.

Skim'merton. *s.* To ride Skimmerton, is an exhibition of riding by two persons on a horse, back to back; or of several persons in a cart, having *skimmers* and *ladles*, with which they carry on a sort of warfare or gambols, designed to ridicule some one who, unfortunately, possesses an unfaithful wife. This *may-game* is played upon some other occasion besides the one here mentioned: it occurs, however, very rarely, and will soon, I apprehend, be quite obsolete. See SKIMMINGTON, in *Johnson*.

Skiv'er. *s.* A skewer.

To Skram. *v. a.* To benumb with cold.

Skram. *adj.* Awkward: stiff, as if benumbed.

"With hondis al *forskramyd*."

CHAUCER, *Second Merchant's Tale*.

Skram-handed. *adj.* Having the fingers or joints of the hand in such a state that it can with difficulty be used; an imperfect hand.

To Skrent. *v. a.* [An irregular verb.] To burn, to scorch.

**Part. *Skrent*. Scorched.**

Skum'mer. *s.* A foulness made with a dirty liquid, or with soft dirt.

To Skum'mer. *v.a.* To foul with a dirty liquid, or to daub with soft dirt.

Slait. *s.* An accustomed run for sheep; hence the place to which a person is accustomed, is called slait.

To Slait. *v. a.* To accustom.

To Slait. *v. a.* To make quick-lime in a fit state for use, by throwing water on it; to slack.

To Slat. *v. a.* To split; to crack; to cleave. To Sleeze. *v. n.* To separate; to come apart; applied to cloth, when the warp and woof readily separate from each other.

Sleezy. *adj.* Disposed to sleeze; badly woven.

Slen. *adj.* Slope.

'Slike. It is like.

Slipper-slopper. *adj.* Having shoes or slippers down at the heel; loose.

To Slitter. *v.n.* To slide.

To Slock. *v. a.* To obtain clandestinely.

To Slock'ster. *v. a.* To waste.

Slom'aking. *adj.* Untidy; slatternly (applied to females.)

This word is, probably, derived from *slow* and *mawkin*.

Slop'per. *adj.* Loose; not fixed: applied only to solid bodies.

To Slot'ter. *v. n.* To dirty; to spill.

Slot'tering. *adj.* Filthy, wasteful.

Slot'ter. *s.* Any liquid thrown about, or accidentally spilled on a table, or the ground.

Slug'gardy-guise. *s.* The habit of a sluggard.

*Sluggardy-guise; Loth to go to bed, And loth to rise.*

WYAT says—"Arise, for shame; do away your *sluggardy*."

Sluck'-a-bed, \ Sluck'-a-trice, } *s.* A slug-a-bed; a sluggard. Slock'-a-trice. /

Smash. *s.* A blow or fall, by which any thing is broken. *All to smash*, all to pieces.

Smeech. *s.* Fine dust raised in the air.

To Smoor. *v. a.* To smooth; to pat.

Snags. *s.* Small sloes: *prunus spinosa*.

Snag, \ Snagn. / *s.* A tooth.

Snaggle'tooth. *s.* A tooth growing irregularly.

Snarl. *s.* A tangle; a quarrel. There is also the verb *to snarl*, to entangle.

Sneäd. *s.* The crooked handle of a mowing scythe.

Snip'py. *adj.* Mean, parsimonious.

Snock. *s.* A knock; a smart blow.

Snowl. *s.* The head.

Soce. *s. pl.* Vocative case. Friends! Companions! Most probably derived from the Latin *socius*.

To Soss. *v. a.* To throw a liquid from one vessel to another.

Sour-dock. *s.* Sorrel: *rumex aceiosa*.

Souse. *s. pl.* *Sousen*. The ears. *Pigs sousen*, pig's ears.

Spar. *s.* The pointed sticks, doubled and twisted in the middle, and used for fixing the thatch of a roof, are called *spars*: they are commonly made of split willow rods.

Spar'kid. *adj.* Speckled.

Spar'ticles. *s. pl.* Spectacles: glasses to assist the sight.

Spawl. *s.* A chip from a stone.

Spill. *s.* A stalk; particularly that which is long and straight. *To run to spill*, is to run to seed; it sometimes also means to be unproductive.

Spill. *s.* See WORRA.

To Spit. *v. a.* To dig with a spade; to cut up with a spitter. See the next word.

Spitter. *s.* A small tool with a long handle, used for cutting up weeds, thistles, &c.

To Spit'tle. *v. a.* To move the earth lightly with a spade or spitter.

Spit'tle. *adj.* Spiteful; disposed to spit in anger.

To Spring. *v. a.* To moisten; to sprinkle.

To Spry. *v. n.* To become chapped by cold.

Spry. *adj.* Nimble; active.

To Squall. *v. a.* To fling a stick at a cock, or other bird. See COCK-SQUAILLING.

To Squitter. *v. n.* To Squirt.

To Squot. *v. n.* To bruise; to compress. *v. n.* To squat.

Squot. *s.* A bruise, by some blow or compression; a squeeze.

Stad'dle. *s.* The wooden frame, or logs, &c., with stone or other support on which ricks of corn are usually placed.

Stake-Hang. *s.* Sometimes called only a *hang*. A kind of circular hedge, made of stakes, forced into the sea-shore, and standing about 6 feet above it, for the purpose of catching salmon, and other fish.

Stang. *s.* A long pole.

Stay'ers. *s. pl.* Stairs.

Steän. *s.* A large jar made of stone ware.

Steänin. *s.* A ford made with stones at the bottom of a river.

Steeple. *s.* Invariably means a spire.

Steert. *s.* A point.

Stem. *s.* A long round shaft, used as a handle for various tools.

Stick'le. *adj.* *Steep*, applied to hills; *rapid*, applied to water: a *stickle* path, is a steep path; a *stickle* stream, a rapid stream.

Stick'ler. *s.* A person who presides at backsword or singlestick, to regulate the game; an umpire: a person who settles disputes.

Stitch. *s.* Ten sheaves of corn set up on end in the field after it is cut; a shock of corn.

To Stive. *v. a.* To close and warm.

To Stiv'er. *v. n.* To stand up in a wild manner like hair; to tremble.

Stodge. *s.* Any very thick liquid mixture.

Stonen, Stwonen. *adj.* Made of stone; consisting of stone.

Stom'achy. *adj.* Obstinate, proud; haughty.

Stook. *s.* A sort of stile beneath which water is discharged.

To Stoor. *v. a.* and *v. n.* To stir.

Stout. *s.* A gnat.

Strad. *s.* A piece of leather tied round the leg to defend it from thorns, &c. A *pair* of strads, is two such pieces of leather.

Stritch. A strickle: a piece of wood used for striking off the surplus from a corn measure.

To Strout. *v. n.* To strut.

Strouter. *s.* Any thing which projects; a strutter.

To Stud. *v. n.* To study.

Su'ent. *adj.* Even, smooth, plain.

Su'ently. *adj.* Evenly, smoothly, plainly.

To Sulsh. *v. a.* To soil; to dirty.

Sulsh. *s.* A spot; a stain.

Sum. *s.* A question in arithmetic.

Sum'min. *s.* (Summing) Arithmetic.

To Sum'my. *v. n.* To work by arithmetical rule\_s.\_

Summer-voy. *s.* The yellow freckles in the face.

To Suffy, To Zuffy. *v. n.* To inspire deeply and quickly. Such an action occurs more particularly upon immersing the body in cold water.

Suth'ard. *adv.* Southward.

To Swan'kum. *v. n.* To walk to and fro in an idle and careless manner.

To Swell, To Zwell. *v. a.* To swallow.

To Sweetort. *v. a.* To court; to woo.

Sweetortin. *s.* Courtship.

## T.

Tack. *s.* A shelf.

Tac'ker. *s.* The waxed thread used by shoemaker\_s.\_

Ta'ëty. *s.* A potato.

Taf'fety. *adj.* Dainty, nice: used chiefly in regard to food.

Tal'let. *s.* The upper room next the roof; used chiefly of out-houses, as a hay-*tallet*.

Tan. *adv.* Then, *now an Tan*; now and then.

To Tang. *v. a.* To tie.

Tap and Cannel. *s.* A spigot and faucet.

Tay'ty. *s.* See A hayty-tayty.

Tees'ty-totsy. *s.* The blossoms of cowslips, tied into a ball and tossed to and fro for an amusement called *teesty-tosty*. It is sometimes called simply a *tosty*.

Tee'ry. *adj.* Faint weak. [proofer's note: missing comma?]

Tem'tious. *adj.* Tempting; inviting. [Used also in Wiltshire].

Thâ. *pron.* They.

Than. *adv.* Then.

Thauf. *conj.* Though, although.

Theäze. *pron.* This.

Theeäzam, Theeäzamy. *pron.* These.

Them, Them'my. *pron.* Those.

The'rence. *adv.* From that place.

Thereawâ, Thereaway. *adv.* Thereabout.

Therevor-i-sayt! *interj.* Therefore I say it!

Thic. *pron.* That. (Thilk, *Chaucer.*) [West of the Parret, *thecky.*]

Tho. *adv.* Then.

Thornen. *adj.* Made of thorn; having the quality or nature of thorn.

Thorough. *prep.* Through.

Thread the Needle, Dird the Needle. *s.* A play.

"Throwing batches," cutting up and destroying ant-hills.

Tiff. *s.* A small draught of liquor.

To tile. *v. a.* To set a thing in such a situation that it may easily fall.

Til'ty. *adj.* Testy, soon offended.

Tim'mer. *s.* Timber; wood.

Tim'mern. *adj.* Wooden; as a timmern bowl; a wooden bowl.

Tim'mersom. *adj.* Fearful; needlessly uneasy.

To Tine. *v. a.* To shut, to close; as, *tine the door*; shut the door. To inclose; to *tine in the moor*, is to divide it into several allotments. To light, to kindle; as, to *tine the candle*, is to light the candle.

QUARLES uses this verb:

"What is my soul the better to be *tin'd*  
With holy fire?"

*Emblem XII.*

To Tip. *v. a.* To turn or raise on one side.

Tip. *s.* A draught of liquor. Hence the word *tipple*, because the cup must be *tipped* when you drink.

To Tite. *v. a.* To weigh.

Tite. *s.* Weight. *The tite of a pin*, the weight of a pin.

Todo'. *s.* A bustle; a confusion.

To Toll. *v. a.* To entice; to allure.

Toor. *s.* The toe.

Tosty. *s.* See TEESTY-TOSTY.

Tote. *s.* The whole. This word is commonly used for intensity, as the *whol tote*, from *totus*, Latin.

To Tot'tle. *v. n.* To walk in a tottering manner, like a child.

Touse. *s.* A blow on some part of the head.

Towards. *prep.*, is, in Somersetshire, invariably pronounced as a disyllable, with the accent on the last: *to-ward's*. Our polite pronunciation, *tordz*, is clearly a corruption.



Tramp. *s.* A walk; a journey. *To Tramp. v. n.* and *Tramper. s.* will be found in *Johnson*, where also this word ought to be.

To Trapes, *v. n.* To go to and fro in the dirt.

Trapes, *s.* A slattern.

Trim. *v. a.* To beat.

Trub'agully. *s.* A short dirty, ragged fellow, accustomed to perform the most menial offices.

To Truckle, *v. a.* and *v. n.* To roll.

Truckle. *s.* A globular or circular piece of wood or iron, placed under another body, in order to move it readily from place. A *Truckle-bed*, is a small bed placed upon truckles, so that it may be readily moved about.

These are the primary and the common meanings in the West, of *To truckle, v. Truckle, s.* and *Truckle-bed*.

Tun. *s.* A chimney.

Tun'negar. *s.* A Funnel.

Turf. *s. pl.* Turves. Peat cut into pieces and dried for fuel.

Tur'mit. *s.* A turnip.

Tur'ney. *s.* An attorney. Turn-string, *s.* A string made of twisted gut, much used in spinning. *See* WORRA.

To Tus'sle. *v. n.* To straggle with; to contend.

Tut. *s.* A hassock.

Tut-work. *s.* Work done by the piece or contract; not work by the clay.

Tuth'er. *pron.* The other.

Tuth'eram. \ } *pron.* The others Tuth army. /

Tut'ty. *s.* A flower; a nosegay.

'Tword'n. It was not.

To Twick. *v. a.* To twist or jerk suddenly.

Twick. *s.* A sudden twist or jerk.

Twily. *adj.* Restless; wearisome.

Twiripe. *adj.* Imperfectly ripe.

## U.

Unk'et. *adj.* Dreary, dismal, lonely.

To Unray'. *v. a.* To undress.

To Untang', *v. a.* To untie.

To Up. *v. a.* To arise.

Up'pin stock. *g.* A horse-block. *See* LIGHTING-STOCK.

Upsi'des. *adv.* On an equal or superior footing. *To be upsides* with a person, is to do something which shall be equivalent to, or of greater importance or value than what has been done by such person to us.

Utch'y. *pron.* I. This word is not used in the Western or Eastern, but only in the Southern parts of the County of Somerset. It is, manifestly, a corrupt pronunciation of *Ich*, or *Ichè*, pronounced as two syllables, the Anglo-Saxon word for I. *What shall utchy do?* What shall I do.

I think Chaucer sometimes uses *iche* as a dissyllable; *vide* his Poems *passim*. *Ch'am*, is I am, that is, *ich am*; *ch'ill*, is I will, *ich will*. See Shakespeare's King Lear, Act IV., Scene IV. What is very remarkable, and which confirms me greatly in the opinion which I here state, upon examining the first folio edition of Shakespeare, at the London Institution, I find that *ch* is printed, in one instance, with a mark of elision before it thus, '*ch*', a proof that the *i* in *iche* was sometimes dropped in a common and rapid pronunciation. In short, this mark of elision ought always so to have been printed, which would, most probably, have prevented the conjectures which have been hazarded upon the origin of the mean- of such words *chudd*, *chill*, and *cham*. It is singular enough that Shakespeare has the *ch* for *iche* I, and *Ise* for I, within the distance of a few lines in the passage above alluded to, in King Lear. But, perhaps, not more singular than that in Somersetshire may, at the present time, be heard for the pronoun I, *Utchy*, or *iché*, and *Ise*. In the Western parts of Somersetshire, as well as in Devonshire, *Ise* is now used very generally for I. The Germans of the present day pronounce, I understand, their *ich* sometimes as it is pronounced in the West, *Ise*, which is the sound we give to frozen water, *ice*. See Miss Ham's letter, towards the conclusion of this work.

## V.

[The V is often substituted for f, as *vor*, for, *veo*, few, &c.]

Vage, Vaze. *s.* A voyage; but more commonly applied to the distance employed to increase the intensity of motion or action from a given point.

To Vang. *v. a.* To receive; to earn.

Varden. *s.* Farthing.

Vare. *s.* A species of weasel.

To Vare. *v. n.* To bring forth young: applied to pigs and some other animals.

Var'miut. *s.* A vermin.

Vaught. *part.* Fetched.

*Vur vaught, And dear a-bought.*

(i.e.) Far-fetched, and dear bought.

Vawth. *s.* A bank of dung or earth prepared for manure.

To Vay. *v. n.* To succeed; to turn out well; to go. This word is, most probably, derived from *vais*, part of the French verb *aller*, to go.

*It don't vay*; it does not go on well. To Vaze. *v. n.* To move about a room, or a house, so as to agitate the air.

Veel'vare. *s.* A fieldfare.

Veel. *s.* A field; corn land unenclosed.

To Veel. *v.* To feel.

Yeel'd. *part.* Felt.

Vell. *s.* The salted stomach of a calf used for making cheese; a membrane.

Veö. *adj.* Few, little.

Ver'di, Ver'dit. *s.* Opinion.

To Ves'sy. *v. n.* When two or more persons read verses alternately, they are said to *vessy*.

Ves'ter. *s.* A pin or wire to point out the letters to children to read; a fescue.

Viër. *s.* Fire. Some of our old writers make this word of two syllables: "*Fy-er*."

Vin'e. *v.* Find.

Vine. *adj.* Fine.

Vin'ned. *adj.* Mouldy; humoursome; affected.

Vist, Vice. *s.* [*i* long.] The Fist.

Vitious. *adj.* Spiteful; revengeful.

Vitten. *s.* See Fitten.

Vit'ty. *adv.* Properly, aptly.

Vlare. *v. n.* To burn wildly; to flare.

Vleër. *s.* A flea.

Vlan'nin. *s.* Flannel.

Vleng'd. *part.* Flung.

Vloth'er. *s.* Incoherent talk; nonsense.

Voc'ating. *part.* Going about from place to place in an idle manner. From *voco*, Latin. The verb to *voc'ate*, to go about from place to place in an idle manner, is also occasionally used.

Voke. *s.* Folk.

To Vol'ly. *v. a.* To follow.

Vol'lier. *s.* Something which follows; a follower.

Vooäth. *adv.* Forth; out. *To goo vooäth*, is to go out.

To Vooäse. *v. a.* To force.

Vorad. *adv. adj.* Forward.

Vor'n. *pron.* For him.

Voreright. *adj.* Blunt; candidly rude.

Voun. Found.

Vouse. *adj.* Strong, nervous, forward.

Vroäst. *s.* Frost.

To Vug. *v. a.* To strike with the elbow.

Vug. *s.* A thrust or blow with the elbow.

Vur. *adv.* Far.

Vur'der. *adv.* Farther.

Vurdest. *adv.* Farthest.

Vur'vooäth. *adv.* Far-forth.

Vust. *adj.* First.

## W.

To Wal'lup. *v. a.* To beat. Walnut. *s.* The *double* large walnut. The ordinary walnuts are called French nuts\_.

To Wam'mel, To Wamble. *v. n.* To move to and fro in an irregular and awkward manner; to move out of a regular course or motion.

Applied chiefly to mechanical operations.

War. *interj.* Beware! take care! *War-whing!* Take care of yourself.

War. *v.* This is used for the preterite of the verb *to be*, in almost all the persons, as *I war, he war, we war, &c.*

To Ward. *v. n.* To wade.

To Warnt. To Warnd. *a.* To warrant.

Wash-dish, *s.* The bird called wagtail.

To Way-zalt. *v. n.* [To weigh salt.] To play at the game of wayzaltin. *See the next article.*

Way-zaltin. *s.* A game, or exercise, in which two persons stand back to back, with their arms interlaced, and lift each other up alternately.

Weepy. *adj.* Abounding with springs; moist.

Well-apaid. *adj.* Appeased; satisfied.

Well-at-ease, Well-at-eased. *adj.* Hearty. healthy.

Wetshod. *adj.* Wet in the feet.

Wev'et. *s.* A spider' \_s\_ \_web.

To Whack. *v. a.* To beat with violence.

Whack. *s.* A loud blow.

Whatsomiver. *pron.* Whatsoever.

Whaur. *adv.* Where.

To Whec'ker. *v. n.* To laugh in a low vulgar manner; to neigh.

Where. *adv.* Whether.

Wherewi'. *s.* Property, estate; money.

Whim. *s.* Home.

Whing. *s.* Wing.

Whipper-snapper. *adj.* Active, nimble, sharp.

Whipswile. *s.* A short time; the time between the strokes of a whip.

Whir'ra. *See* WORRA.

Whister-twister. *s.* A smart blow on the side of the head.

To Whiv'er. *v. n.* To hover.

Whiz'bird. *s.* A term of reproach.

To Whop. *v.a.* To strike with heavy blows.

Whop. *s.* A heavy blow.

Who'say, or Hoosay. *s.* A wandering report; an observation of no weight.

Whot. *adj.* Hot.

Whun. *adv.* When.

Wi'. With ye.

Wid'ver. *s.* A widower.

Willy. *s.* A term applied to baskets of various sizes, but generally to those holding about a bushel. So called from their being made commonly of *willow*: sometimes called also *willy-basket*.

To Wim. *v. a.* To winnow. Wim-sheet, Wimmin-sheet. *s.*  
A sheet upon which corn is winnowed.

Wimmin-dust. *s.* Chaff.

Win'dor. *s.* A window.

Wine. *s.* Wind.

With'er. *pron.* Other.

With'erguess. *adj.* Different.

With'y-wine. *s.* The plant bindweed: *convolvulus*.

Witt. *adj.* Fit.

With'erwise. *adj.* Otherwise.

Wock. *s.* Oak.

Wocks. *s. pl.* The cards called *clubs*; most probably from having the shape of an oak leaf: *oaks*.

Wont. *s.* A Mole.

Wont-heave, *s.* A mole-hill.

Wont-snap, *s.* A mole-trap.

Wont-wriggle, *s.* The sinuous path made by moles under ground.

Wood-quist. *s.* A wood-pigeon.

Wordle. *s.* World. [Transposition of *l* and *d*.]

Wor'ra. *s.* A small round moveable nut or pinion, with grooves in it, and having a hole in its centre, through which the end of a round stick or *spill* may be thrust. The *spill* and *worra* are attached to the common spinning-wheel, which, with those and the *turn-string*, form the apparatus for spinning wool, &c. Most probably this word, as well as whir'on, is used for *whir*, to turn round rapidly with a noise.

Wrassly. Wrestle.

To Wride. *v. n.* To spread abroad; to expand.

Wriggle. *s.* Any narrow, sinuous hole.

Wrine. *s.* A mark occasioned by wringing cloth, or by folding it in an irregular manner.

Wring, *s.* A Press. A *cyder-wring*, a cyder-press.

To Wrumple. *v. a.* To discompose: to rumple.

Wrumple. *s.* A rumple.

Wust. *adj.* Worst.

Yack'er. *s.* An acre.

Yal. *s.* Ale.

Yaller. *adj.* Yellow.

Yal'house. *s.* An ale-house.

Yap'ern. *s.* An apron.

Yarly. *adj.* Early.

Yarm. *s.* Arm.

Yarth. *s.* Earth.

Yel. *s.* An eel.

Yel-spear. *s.* An instrument for catching eels.

Yes. *s.* An earthworm.

Yezy. *adj.* Easy.

Yokes. *s. pl.* Hiccups.

Yourn. *pron.* Yours.

## Z.

See the observations which precede the letter S, relative to the change of that letter to Z.

Za. *adv.* So.

Zâ. *v.* Say.

Zât. *adj.* Soft.

Za'tenfare. *adj.* Softish: applied to the intellect\_s.\_

To Zam. *v. a.* To heat for some time over the fire, but not to boil.

Zam'zod, Zam'zodden. *adj.* Any thing heated for a long time in a low heat so as to be in part spoiled, is said to be zamzodden.

Conjecture, in etymology, may be always busy. It is not improbable that this word is a compound of *semi*, Latin, half; and to *seethe*, to boil: so that Zamzodden will then mean, literally, *half-boiled*.

Zand. *s.* Sand.

Zandy. *adj.* Sandy.

Zand-tot. *s.* A sand-hill.

To Zee. *v. a. pret. and part. Zid, Zeed.* To see.

Zeeäd. *s.* Seed. Zeeäd-lip. *See* SEED-LIP.

Zel. *pron.* Self.

Zen'vy. *s.* Wild mustard.

The true etymology will be seen at once in *sénevé*, French, from *sinapi*, Latin, contracted and corrupted into *Zenvy*, Somersetian.

Zil'ker. *See* SILKER.

Zim, Zim'd. *v.* Seem, seemed.

Zitch. *adj.* Such.

Zooäp. *s.* Soap.

Zog. *s.* Soft, boggy land; moist land.

Zog'gy. *adj.* Boggy; wet.

Zoon'er. *adv.* Rather.

To Zound, To Zoun'dy. *v. n.* To swoon.

To Zuf'fy. *v. n.* See TO SUFFY.

Zug'gers! 'This is a word, like others of the same class, the precise meaning of which it is not easy to define. I dare say it is a composition of two, or more words, greatly corrupted in pronunciation.

Zull. *s.* The instrument used for ploughing land; a plough.

Zum. *pron.* Some.

Zum'met. *pron.* Somewhat; something.

Zunz. *adv.* Since.

To Zwail. *v. n.* To move about with the arms extended, and up and down.

To Zwang. *v. n.* and *v. n.* To swing; to move to and fro.

Zwang. *s.* A swing.

To Zwell. *v. a.* To swell; to swallow. See TO SWELL.

Zwird. *s.* Sword.

Zwod'der. *s.* A drowsy and stupid state of body or mind.

Derived, most probably, from *sudor*; Latin, a sweat.

## POEMS AND OTHER PIECES EXEMPLIFYING THE DIALECT OF THE

County of Somersetshire.

Notwithstanding the Author has endeavoured, in the Observations on the Dialects of the West, and in The Glossary, to obviate the difficulties under which strangers to the dialect of Somersetshire may, very possibly, labour in the perusal of the following Poems, it may be, perhaps, useful here to remind the reader, that many mere inversions of sound, and differences in pronunciation, are not noted in the Glossary. That it did not appear necessary to explain such words as *wine*, *wind*; *zâ*, *say*; *qut*, *coat*; *bwile*, *boil*; *hoss*, *horse*; *hirches*, *riches*; and many others, which it is presumed the context, the Observations, or the Glossary, will sufficiently explain. The Author, therefore, trusts, that by a careful attention to these, the reader will soon become au fait at the interpretation of these West-country LIDDENS.

### GOOD BWYE TA THEE COT!

Good bwye ta thee Cot! whaur tha dâs o' my childhood Glaw'd bright as tha zun in a mornin o' mâ; When tha dumbledores hummin, craup out o' tha cobwâll, An' shakin ther whings, thâ vloed vooâth an' awâ. [Footnote: The humble-bee, *bombilius major*, or *dumbledore*, makes holes very commonly in mud walls, in which it deposits a kind of farina: in this bee will be found, on dissection, a considerable portion of honey, although it never deposits any.]

Good bwye ta the Cot!—on thy drashel, a-mâ-be,

I niver naw moor shall my voot again zet;  
Tha jessamy awver thy porch zweety bloomin,  
Whauriver I goo, I shall niver vorget.

Tha rawzes, tha lillies, that blaw in tha borders—  
The gilawfers, too, that I us'd ta behawld—  
Tha trees, wi' tha honeyzucks ranglin âll awver,  
I âlways shall think o' nif I shood be awld.

Tha tutties that oten I pick'd on a zunday,  
And stickt in my gut—thâ war thawted za fine:  
Aw how shall I tell o'm—vor âll pirty maidens  
When I pass'd 'em look'd back—ther smill rawze on tha wine.

Good bwye ta thee Ash! which my Father beforne me,  
A planted, wi' pleasure, tha dâ I was born;  
Zâ, oolt thou drap a tear when I cease to behawld thee,  
An wander awâ droo tha wordle vorlorn.

Good bwye ta thee Tree! an thy cawld shade in zummer;  
Thy apples, aw who ool be lotted ta shake?  
When tha wine, mangst thy boughs sifes at Milemas in sorrow,  
Zâ oolt thou sife for me, or one wild wish awake?

Good bwye ye dun Elves! who, on whings made o'leather,  
Still roun my porch whiver an' whiver at night;  
Aw mâ naw hord-horted, unveelin disturber,  
Destrây your snug nests, an your plâ by moonlight.

Good bwye ta thee Bower!—ta thy moss an thy ivy—  
To tha flowers that aroun thee all blossomin graw;  
When I'm gwon, oolt thou grieve?—bit 'tis foolish to ax it;  
What is ther that's shower in this wordle below?

Good bwye ta thee Cot! whaur my mother za thoughtvul,  
As zumtimes she war droo er care vor us âll,  
Er lessins wi' kindness, wi' tenderness gid us;  
An ax'd, war she dead, what ood us bevâll.

Good bwye ta thee Cot! whaur tha nightingale's music,  
In tha midnight o' Mâ-time, rawze loud on the ear;  
Whaur tha colley awâk'd, wi' tha zun, an a zingin  
A went, wi' tha dirsh, in a voice vull and clear.

Good bwye ta thee Cot! I must goo ta tha city.  
Whaur, I'm tawld, that the smawk makes it dork at noon dâ;  
Bit nif it is true, I'm afeard that I âlways  
And iver shall thenk on tha cot thatch'd wi' strâ.

Good bwye ta thee Cot! there is One that râins awver,  
An wâches tha wordle, wi' wisdom divine;  
Than why shood I mang, wi' tha many, my ma-bes;  
Bin there's readship in Him, an to him I resign.

Good bwye ta thee Cot! shood I niver behauld thee  
Again; still I thank thee vor âll that is past!  
Thy friendly ruf shelter'd—while mother wâch'd awver.  
An haw'd vor my comfort vrom vust unto last.

Good bwye ta thee Cot; vor the time mâ be longful  
Beforn I on thy drashall again zet my eye;  
Thy tutties ool blossom, an daver an blossom  
Again and again—zaw good bwye, an good bwye!



# FANNY FEAR

The melancholy incident related in the following story, actually occurred a few years ago at Shapwick.

Good Gennel-vawk! an if you please  
To lissen to my storry,  
A mâ-be 'tis a jitch a one,  
Ool make ye zummet zorry.

'Tis not a hoozay tale of grief,  
A put wi' ort together,  
That where you cry, or where you laugh,  
Da matter not a veather;

Bit 'tis a tale vor sartin true,  
Wi' readship be it spawken;  
I knaw it all, begummers! well,  
By tale, eese, an by tawken.

The maid's right name war FANNY FEAR,  
A tidy body lookin;  
An she cood brew, and she cood bake,  
An dumplins bwile, and skimmer cake;  
An all the like o' cookin.

Upon a Zunday âternoon,  
Beforne the door a stanin,  
To zee er chubby cheaks za hird,  
An whitist lilies roun 'em spird,  
A damas rawze her han in,

Ood do your hort good; an er eyes,  
Dork, vull, an bright, an sporklin;  
Tha country lads could not goo by,  
Bit look thâ must—she iver shy,  
Ood blish—tha timid lorklin!

Her dame war to her desperd kind;  
She knaw'd er well dezarvin:  
She gid her good advice an claws,  
At which she niver toss'd her naws,  
As zum ool, thawf pon starvin.

She oten yarly upp'd to goo  
A milkin o' tha dairy;  
The meads ring'd loudly wi' er zong;  
Aw how she birshed the grass along,  
As lissom as a vairy!

She war as happy as a prince;  
Naw princess moor o' pleasure  
When well-at-eased cood iver veel;  
She ly'd her head upon her peel,  
An vound athin a treasure.

There war a dessent comly youth,  
Who took'd to her a likin;  
An when a don'd in zunday claws,  
You'd thenk en zummet I suppaws,  
A look'd so desperd strikin.

His vace war like a zummer dâ,  
When âll the birds be zingin;  
Smiles an good nature dimplin stood,  
An moor besides, an âll za good,

Much pleasant promise bringin.

Now Jan war sawber, and afeard  
Nif he in haste shood morry,  
That he mid long repent thereof;  
An zo a thwart 'twar best not, thawf  
To stâ mid make en zorry.

Jan oten pâss'd the happy door,  
There Fanny stood a scrubbin;  
An Fanny hired hiz pleasant voice,  
An thawt—"An if she had er choice!"  
An veel'd athin a drubbin.

Bit Jan did'n hulder long iz thawts;  
Vor thorough iv'ry cranny,  
Hirn'd of iz Lort tha warm hird tide;  
An a cood na moor iz veelins bide,  
Bit tell 'em must to Fanny.

To Fanny, than, one Whitsun eve,  
A tawld er how a lov'd er;  
Naw dove, a zed to er cood be  
Moor faithvul than to her ood he;  
His hort had long appruv'd er.

Wi' timourous blishin, Fanny zed,  
"A maid mist not believe ye;  
Vor men ool tell ther lovin tale,  
And awver seely maids prevail—  
Bit I dwont like ta grieve ye:

Vor nif za be you now zâ true—  
That you've for I a fancy:  
(Aw Jan! I dwont veel desperd well,  
An what's tha câze, I cannot tell),  
You'll zâ na moor to Nancy."

Twâr zaw begin'd their zweetortin;  
Booâth still liv'd in their places;  
Zometimes thâ met bezides tha stile;  
Wi' pleasant look an tender smile  
Gaz'd in each wither's faces.

In spreng-time oten on tha nap  
Ood Jan and Fanny linger;  
An when war vooäs'd to zâ "good bwye,"  
Ood meet again, wi' draps in eye,  
While haup ood pwint er vinger.

Zo pass'd tha dâs—tha moons awâ,  
An haup still whiver'd nigh;  
Nif Fanny's dreams high pleasures vill,  
Of her Jan's thawts the lidden still,  
An oten too the zigh.

Bit still Jan had not got wherewi'  
To venter eet to morry;  
Alas-a-dâ! when poor vawk love,  
How much restraint how many pruv;  
How zick zum an how zorry.

Aw you who live in houzen grate,  
An wherewi' much possessin,  
You knaw not, mâ-be, care not you,  
What pangs jitch tender horts pursue,  
How grate nor how distressin.

Jan sar'd a varmer vour long years,  
An now iz haups da brighten:  
A gennelman of high degree  
Choos'd en iz hunsmen vor to be;  
His Fanny's hort da lighten!

"Now, Fan," zed he, "nif I da live,  
Nex zummer thee bist mine;  
Sir John ool gee me wauges good,  
Amâ-be too zum viër ood!"  
His Fan's dork eyes did shine.

"To haw vor thee, my Fan," a cried,  
"I iver shall delight;  
Thawf I be poor, 'tool be my pride  
To ha my Fan vor a buxom bride—  
My lidden dâ an night."

A took er gently in iz orms  
An kiss'd er za zweetly too;  
His Fan, vor jay, not a word cood speak,  
Bit a big roun tear rawl'd down er cheak,  
It zimm'd as thawf er hort ood break—  
She cood hordly thenk it true.

To zee our hunsmen goo abroad,  
His houns behind en volly;  
His tossel'd cap—his whip's smort smack,  
His hoss a prancin wi' tha crack,  
His whistle, horn, an holler, back!  
Ood cure âll malancholy.

It happ'd on a dork an wintry night,  
Tha stormy wine a blawin;  
Tha houns made a naise an a dismal yell;  
Jitch as zum vawk zâ da death vaurtell,  
The cattle loud war lawin.

Tha hunsmen wâkid an down a went;  
A thawt ta keep 'em quiet;  
A niver stopped izzel ta dress,  
Bit a went in iz shirt vor readiness  
A voun a dirdful riot.

Bit âll thic night a did not come back;  
All night tha dogs did raur;  
In tha mornin thâ look'd on tha kannel stwons  
An zeed 'em cover'd wi' gaur an bwons,  
The vlesh âll vrom 'em a taur.

His head war left—the head o' Jan  
Who lov'd hiz Fanny za well;  
An a bizzy gossip, as gossips be  
Who've work o' ther awn bit vrom it vlee,  
To Fanny went ta tell.

She hirn'd, she vloed ta meet tha man  
Who corr'd er dear Jan's head:  
An when she zeed en âll blood an gaur,  
She drapp'd down speechless jist avaur,  
As thauf she had bin dead.

Poor Fanny com'd ta erzel again,  
Bit her senses left her vor iver!  
An all she zed, ba dâ or night—  
Vor sleep it left her eye-lids quite—  
War, "why did he goo in the cawld ta shiver?—

Niver, O Jan! sholl I zee the, niver!"

[Footnote: See a letter by Edward Band, on this subject, in the prose pieces.]

## **JERRY NUTTY; OR THE MAN OF MORK.**

Awa wi' âll yer tales o' grief,  
An dismal storry writin;

A mâ-be zumthin I mâ zing  
Ool be as much delightin.

Zumtime agoo, bevaur tha moors  
War tin'd in, lived at Mork  
One JERRY NUTTY—spry a war;  
A upp'd avaur the lork.

Iz vather in a little cot  
Liv'd, auver-right tha moor,  
An thaw a kipt a vlock o' geese,  
A war a thoughted poor.

A niver teach'd tha cris-cross-lain  
Ta any of his bways,  
An Jerry, mangst the rest o'm, did  
Not much appruv his ways.

Vor Jerry zumtimes went ta church  
Ta hire tha Pâson preach,  
An thawt what pity that ta read  
Izzel a cood'n teach.

Vor than, a zunday âternoon,  
Tha Bible, or good book  
Would be companion vit vor'm âll  
Who choos'd therein ta look.

Bit Jerry than tha naise o' geese  
Bit little moor could hire;

An dâly goose-aggs ta pick up  
Droo-out tha moor did tire.

A ôten look'd upon tha hills  
An stickle mountains roun,  
An wished izzel upon their taps:  
What zights a ood be boun!

Bit what did mooäst iz fancy strick  
War Glassenberry Torr:  
A âlways zeed it when tha zun  
Gleam'd wi' tha mornin stor.

O' Well's grate church a ôten hired,  
Iz fancy war awake;  
An zaw a thawt that zoon a ood  
A journey ta it make.

An Glassenberry's Torr, an Thorn  
The hawly blowth of which  
A hired from one and tother too;  
Tha like war never jitch!

Bit moor o' this I need not zâ,  
Vor off went Jerry Nutty,  
In hiz right hon a wâkin stick,  
An in hiz qut a tutty.

Now, lock-y-zee! in whimsly dress  
Trudg'd chearful Jerry on;

Bit on tha moor not vur a went—  
A made a zudden ston.

Which wâ ta goo a cood not thenk,  
Vor there war many a wâ;  
A put upright iz walking stick;  
A vâll'd ta tha zon o' dâ.

Ta tha suthard than iz wâ a took  
Athert tha turfey moors,  
An zoon o' blissom Cuzziton,  
[Footnote: Cossington.]  
A pass'd tha cottage doors.

Tha maidens o' tha cottages,  
Not us'd strange vawk to zee,  
Com'd vooâth and stood avaur tha door;  
Jer wonder'd what cood be.

Zum smil'd, zum whecker'd, zum o'm blish'd.  
"Od dang it!" Jerry zed,  
"What do tha think that I be like?"  
An nodded to 'm iz head.

"Which is tha wâ to Glassenberry?  
I've hired tha hawly thorn  
War zet there by zum hawly hons  
Zoon âter Christ war born;

An I've a mine ta zee it too,  
An o' tha blowth ta take."  
"An how can you, a seely man,  
Jitch seely journey make?

"What! dwont ye know that now about  
It is the midst o' June?  
Tha hawly thorn at Kirsmas blaws—  
You be zix months too zoon.

Goo whim again, yea gâwky! goo!"  
Zaw zed a damsel vair  
As dewy mornin late in Mâ;  
An Jerry wide did stare.

"Lord Miss!" zed he, "I niver thawt,  
O' Kirsmas!—while I've shoes,  
To goo back now I be zet out,  
Is what I shall not choose.

I'll zee the Torr an hawly thorn,  
An Glassenberry too;  
An, nif you'll put me in tha wâ,  
I'll gee grate thanks ta you."

Goo droo thic veel an up thic lane,  
An take tha lift hon path,  
Than droo Miss Crossman's backzid strait,  
Ool bring ye up ta Wrath.

Now mine, whaur you do turn again

At varmer Veal's long yacker,  
Clooäse whaur Jan Lide, tha cobler, lives  
Who makes tha best o' tacker;

You mist turn short behine tha house  
An goo right droo tha shord,  
An than you'll pass a zummer lodge,  
A builded by tha lord.

Tha turnpick than is jist below,  
An Cock-hill strait avaur ye."  
Za Jerry doff'd his hat an bow'd,  
An thank'd er vor er storry.

Bit moor o' this I need not zâ,  
Vor off went Jerry Nutty;  
In his right hand a wâkin stick,  
An in hiz qut a tutty.

Bit I vorgot to zâ that Jer  
A zatchel wi' en took  
To hauld zum bird an cheese ta ate;—  
Iz drink war o' tha brook.

Za when a got upon Cock-hill  
Upon a lynch a zawt;  
The zun had climmer'd up tha sky;  
A voun it very hot.

An, as iz stomick war za good,  
A made a horty meal;  
An werry war wi' wâkin, zaw  
A sleepid zoon did veel.

That blessed power o' bâmy sleep,  
Which auver ivery sense  
Da wi' wild whiverin whings extend  
A happy influence;

Now auver Jerry Nutty drow'd  
Er lissom mantle wide;  
An down a drapp'd in zweetest zleep,  
Iz zatchel by iz zide.

Not all tha nasty stouts could wâke  
En vrom iz happy zleep,  
Nor emmets thick, nor vlies that buz,  
An on iz hons da creep.

Naw dreams a had; or nif a had  
Mooäst pleasant dreams war thâ:  
O' geese an goose-aggs, ducks and jitch;  
Or Mally, vur awâ,

Zum gennelmen war dreavin by  
In a gilded cawch za gâ;  
Thâ zeed en lvin down asleep;  
Thâ bid the cawchman stâ.

Thâ bâll'd thâ hoop'd—a niver wâk'd;  
Naw houzen there war handy;  
Zed one o'm, "Nif you like, my bways,  
"We'll ha a little randy!"

"Jist put en zâtly in tha cawch  
An dreav en ta Bejwâter;  
An as we âll can't g'in wi'n here,  
I'll come mysel zoon âter."

Twar done at once: vor norn o'm car'd  
A strâ vor wine or weather;  
Than gently rawl'd the cawch along,  
As zât as any veather.

Bit Jerry snaur'd za loud, tha naise  
Tha gennelmen did gally;  
Thâ'd hâf a mind ta turn en out;  
A war dreamin o' his Mally!

It war the morkit dâ as rawl'd  
Tha cawch athin Bejwâter;  
Thâ drauv tip ta the Crown-Inn door,  
Ther Mâ-game man com'd âter.

"Here Maester Wâter! Lock-y-zee!  
A-mâ-be you mid thenk  
Thic mon a snauren in tha cawch  
Is auvercome wi' drenk.

Bit 'tis not not jitchy theng we knaw;  
A is a cunjerin mon,  
Vor on Cock-hill we vound en ly'd  
Iz stick stif in his hon.

Iz vace war cover'd thick wi' vlies  
An bloody stouts a plenty;  
Nif he'd o pumple voot bezide,  
An a brumstick vor'n to zit ascride,  
O' wizards a mid be thawt tha pride,  
Amangst a kit o' twenty."

"Lord zur! an why d'ye bring en here  
To gally âll tha people?  
Why zuggers! nif we frunt en than,  
He'll auver-dro tha steeple.

I bag ye, zur, to take en vooâth;  
There! how iz teeth da chatter;  
Lawk zur! vor Christ—look there again!  
A'll witchify Bejwâter!"

Tha gennelman stood by an smiled  
To zee tha bussle risin:  
Yor zoon, droo-out tha morkit wide  
Tha news wor gwon sapisin.

An round about tha cawch thâ dring'd—  
Tha countryman and townsman;  
An young an awld, an man an maid—  
Wi' now an tan, an here an there,  
Amang tha crowd to gape an stare,  
A doctor and a gownsman.

Jitch naise an bother wâkid zoon  
Poor hormless Jerry Nutty,  
A look'd astunn'd;—a cood'n speak!  
An daver'd war iz tutty.

A niver in his life avaur  
'ad been athin Bejwâter;  
A thawt, an if a war alive,  
That zummet war tha matter.

Tha houzen cling'd together zaw!  
Tha gennelmen an ladies!  
Tha blacksmith's, brazier's hammers too!  
An smauk whauriver trade is.

Bit how a com'd athin a cawch  
A war amaz'd at thenkin;  
A thawt, vor sartin, a must be  
A auvercome wi' drenkin.

Thâ ax'd en nif a'd please to g'out  
An ta tha yalhouse g'in;  
Bit thâ zo clooäse about en dring'd  
A cood'n goo athin.

Ta g'under 'em or g'auver 'em  
A try'd booâth grate and småll;  
Bit g'under, g'auver, g'in, or g'out,  
A cood'n than at âll.

"Lord bless ye! gennel-vawk!" zed he,  
I'm come to Glassenberry  
To zee tha Torr an Hawly Thorn;  
What makes ye look za merry?"

"Why mister wizard? dwont ye knaw,  
Theäse town is câll'd Bejwâter!"  
Cried out a whipper-snapper man:  
Thâ all bust out in lâughter.

"I be'nt a wizard, zur!" a zed;  
"Bit I'm a little titch'd; [Footnote: Touched.]  
"Or, witherwise, you mid well thenk  
I'm, zure anow, bewitch'd!"

Thaw Jerry war, vor âll tha wordle,  
Like very zel o' quiet,  
A veel'd iz blood ta bwile athin  
At jitchy zort o' riot;

Za out a jump'd amangst 'em âll!  
A made a desperd bussle;  
Zum hirn'd awâ—zum made a ston;  
Wi' zum a had a tussle.

Iz stick now sar'd 'em justice good;  
It war a tough groun ash;  
Upon ther heads a plâ'd awâ,  
An round about did drash.

Thâ belg'd, thâ raur'd, thâ scamper'd âll.  
A zoon voun rum ta stoory;  
A thawt a'd be reveng'd at once,  
Athout a judge or jury.

An, thaw a brawk navy-body's bwons,  
A gid zum bloody nawzes;  
Tha pirty maids war fainty too;  
Hirn'd vrom ther cheeks tha rawzes.

Thinks he, me gennelmen! when nex  
I goo to Glassenbery,  
Yea shant ha jitch a rig wi' I,  
Nor at my cost be merry.

Zaw, havin clear'd izzel a wâ.  
Right whim went Jerry Nutty;  
A flourished roun iz wâkin stick;  
An vlung'd awâ iz tutty.



# A LEGEND OF GLASTONBURY.

[First Printed in "Graphic Illustrator, p. 124.]

I cannot do better than introduce here "*A Legend of Glastonbury*," made up, not from books, but from oral tradition once very prevalent in and near Glastonbury, which had formerly one of the richest Abbeys in England; the ruins are still attractive.

Who hath not hir'd o' *Avalon*?

[Footnote: "The Isle of ancient Avelon."—Drayton.]

'Twar talked o' much an long agon,—  
Tha wonders o' tha *Holy Thorn*,  
Tha "wich, zoon âter Christ war born,  
Here a planted war by *Arimathé*,  
Thic Joseph that com'd auver sea,  
An planted Kirstianity.  
Thâ zâ that whun a landed vust,  
(Zich plazen war in God's own trust)  
A stuck iz staff into tha groun  
An auver iz shoulder lookin roun,  
Whatever mid iz lot bevâll,  
A cried aloud "*Now, weary all!*"  
Tha staff het budded an het grew,  
An at Kirsmas bloom'd tha whol dâ droo.  
An still het blooms at Kirsmas bright,  
But best thâ zâ at dork midnight,  
A pruf o' this nif pruf you will.  
Iz voun in tha name o' *Weary-all-hill!*  
Let tell *Pumparles* or lazy *Brue*.  
That what iz tauld iz vor sartin true!

["The story of the Holy Thorn was a long time credited by the vulgar and credulous. There is a species of White Thorn which blossoms about Christmas; it is well known to naturalists so as to excite no surprise."]

## MR. GUY.

The incident on which this story is founded, occurred in the early part of the last century; hence the allusion to making a *will* before making a journey to the metropolis.

Mr. Guywar a gennelman  
O' Huntspill, well knawn  
As a grazier, a hirch one,  
Wi' lons o' hiz awn.

A ôten went ta Lunnun  
Hiz cattle vor ta zill;  
All tha horses that a rawd  
Niver minded hadge or hill.

A war afeard o' naw one;  
A niver made hiz will,  
Like wither vawk, avaur a went  
His cattle vor ta zill.

One time a'd bin ta Lunnun  
An zawld iz cattle well;  
A brought awâ a power o' gawld,

As I've a hired tell.

As late at night a rawd along  
All droo a unket ood,  
A ooman rawze vrom off tha groun  
An right avaur en stood:

She look'd za pitis Mr. Guy  
At once hiz hoss's pace  
Stapt short, a wonderin how, at night,  
She com'd in jitch a place.

A little trunk war in her hon;  
She zim'd vur gwon wi' chile.  
She ax'd en nif a'd take her up  
And cor her a veo mile.

Mr. Guy, a man o' veelin  
For a ooman in distress,  
Than took er up behind en:  
A cood'n do na less.

A corr'd er trunk avaur en,  
An by hiz belt o' leather  
A bid er hawld vast; on thâ rawd,  
Athout much tâk, together.

Not vur thâ went avaur she gid  
A whissle loud an long;  
Which Mr. Guy, thawt very strange;  
Er voice too zim'd za strong!

She'd lost er dog, she zed; an than  
Another whissle blaw'd,  
That stortled Mr. Guy;—a stapt  
Hiz hoss upon tha rawd.

Goo on, zed she; bit Mr. Guy  
Zum rig Beginn'd ta fear:  
Vor voices rawze upon tha wine,  
An zim'd a comin near.

Again thâ rawd along; again  
She whissled. Mr. Guy  
Whipt out hiz knife an cut tha belt,  
Then push'd er off!—Vor why?

Tha ooman he took up behine,  
Begummers, war a *man!*  
Tha rubbers zaw ad lâd ther plots  
Our grazier to trepan.

I shall not stap ta tell what zed  
Tha man in ooman's clawze;  
Bit he, and all o'm jist behine,  
War what you mid suppawze.

Thâ cust, thâ swaur, thâ dreaten'd too,  
An ater Mr. Guy  
Thâ gallop'd all; 'twar niver-tha-near:  
Hiz hoss along did vly.

Auver downs, droo dales, awâ a went,  
'Twar dâ-light now amawst,  
Till at an inn a stapt, at last,  
Ta thenk what he'd a lost.

A lost?—why, nothin—but hiz belt!—

A zummet moor ad gain'd:  
Thic little trunk a corr'd awâ—  
It gawld g'lore contain'd!

Nif Mr. Guy war hirch avaur,  
A now war hircher still:  
Tha plunder o' tha highwâmen  
Hiz coffers went ta vill.

In sâfety Mr. Guy rawd whim;  
A ôten tawld tha storry.  
Ta meet wi' jitch a rig myzel  
I shood'n, soce, be zorry.

## THE ROOKERY.

The rook, *corvus frugilegus*, is a bird of considerable intelligence, and is, besides, extremely useful in destroying large quantities of worms and larvæ of destructive insects. It will, it is true, if not watched, pick out, after they are dibbled, both pease and beans from the holes with a precision truly astonishing: a very moderate degree of care is, however, sufficient to prevent this evil, which is greatly overbalanced by the positive good which it effects in the destruction of insects. It is a remarkable fact, and not, perhaps, generally known, that this bird rarely roosts at the rookery, except for a few months during the period of incubation, and rearing its young. In the winter season it more commonly takes flights of no ordinary length, to roost on the trees of some remote and sequestered wood. The *Elm* is its favorite, on which it usually builds; but such is its attachment to locality that since the incident alluded to in the following Poem took place the Rooks have, many of them, built in *fir* trees at a little distance from their former habitation. The habits of the Rook are well worthy the attention of all who delight in the study of Natural History.

My zong is o' tha ROOKERY,  
Not jitch as I a zeed  
On stunted trees wi' leaves a veo,  
A very veo indeed,

In thic girt place thâ *Lunnun câll*;—  
Tha Tower an tha Pork  
Hâ booâth a got a Rookery,  
Althaw thâ han't a Lork.

I zeng not o' jitch Rookeries,  
Jitch plazen, pump or banners;  
Bit town-berd Rooks, vor âll that, hâ,  
I warnt ye, curious *manners*.

My zong is o' a Rookery  
My Father's cot bezide,  
Avaaur, years âter, I war born  
'Twar long tha porish pride.

Tha elms look'd up like giants tâll  
Ther branchy yarms aspread;  
An green plumes wavin wi' tha wine,  
Made gâ each lofty head.

Ta drâ tha pectur out—ther war  
At distance, zid between  
Tha trees, a thatch'd Form-house, an geese  
A cacklin on tha green.

A river, too, clooäse by tha trees,  
Its stickle coose on slid,  
Whaur yells an trout an wither fish  
Mid ôtentimes be zid.

Tha rooks voun this a pleasant place—  
A whim ther young ta rear;  
An I a ôten pleas'd a bin  
Ta wâtch 'em droo tha year.

'Tis on tha dâ o' Valentine  
Or there or thereabout,  
Tha rooks da vast begin ta build,  
An cawin, make a rout.

Bit aw! when May's a come, ta zee  
Ther young tha gunner's shut  
Vor SPOORT, an bin, as zum da zâ,  
(Naw readship in't I put)

*That nif thâ did'n shut tha, rooks  
Thâ'd zoon desert tha trees!*  
Wise vawk! Thic reason vor ther SPOORT  
Gee thâ mid nif thâ please!

Still zeng I o' tha Rookery,  
Vor years it war tha pride  
Of all thâ place, bit 'twor ta I  
A zumthin moor bezide.

A hired tha Rooks avaur I upp'd;  
I hired 'em droo tha dâ;  
I hired ther young while gittin flush  
An ginnin jist ta câ.

I hired 'em when my mother gid  
Er lessins kind ta I,  
In jitch a wâ when I war young,  
That I war fit ta cry.

I hired 'em at tha cottage door,  
When mornin, in tha spreng,  
Wâk'd vooâth in youth an beauty too,  
An birds beginn'd ta zeng.

I hired 'em in tha winter-time  
When, roustin vur awâ,  
Thâ visited tha Rookery  
A whiverin by dâ.

My childhood, youth, and manood too,  
My Father's cot recâll  
Thic Rookery. Bit I mist now  
Tell what it did bevâll.

'Twar Mâ-time—heavy vi' tha nests  
War laden âll tha trees;  
An to an fraw, wi' creekin loud,  
Thâ sway'd ta iv'ry breeze.

One night tha wine—a thundrin wine,  
Jitch as war hired o' nivor,  
Blaw'd two o' thic girt giant trees  
Flat down into tha river.

Nests, aggs, an young uns, âll awâ  
War zweep't into tha wâter  
An zaw war spwiled tha Rookery  
Vor iver and iver âter.

I visited my Father's cot:  
Tha Rooks war âll a gwon;  
Whaur stood tha trees in lofty pride

I zid there norra one.

My Father's cot war desolate;  
An âll look'd wild, vorlorn;  
Tha Ash war stunted that war zet  
Tha dâ that I war born.

My Father, Mother, Rooks, âll gwon!  
My Charlotte an my Lizzy!—  
Tha gorden wi' tha tutties too!—  
Jitch thawts why be za bizzy!—

Behawld tha wâ o' human thengs!  
Rooks, lofty trees, an Friends—  
A kill'd, taur up, like leaves drap off!—  
Zaw feaver'd bein ends.

## TOM GOOL, AND LUCK IN THA BAG.

"Luck, Luck in tha Bag! Good Luck!  
Put in an try yer fortin;  
Come, try yer luck in tha Lucky Bag!  
You'll git a prize vor sartin."

Mooäst plazen hâ their customs  
Ther manners an ther men;  
We too a got our customs,  
Our manners and our men.

He who a bin ta Huntspill Fâyer  
Or Highbridge—Pawlet Revel—  
Or Burtle Sassions, whaur thâ plâ  
Zumtimes tha very devil,

Mist mine once a man well  
That war a câll'd TOM GOOL;  
Zum thawt en mazed, while withers thawt  
En moor a knave than fool.

At all tha fâyers an revels too  
TOM GOOL war shower ta be,  
A tâkin vlother vast awâ,—  
A hoopin who bit he.

Vor' âll that a had a zoort o' wit  
That zet tha vawk a laughin;  
An mooäst o' that, when ho tha yal  
Ad at tha fâyer bin quaffin.

A corr'd a kit o' pedlar's waur, Like awld *Joannah Martin*; [Footnote: This Lady, who was for many years known in Somersetshire as an itinerant dealer in earthenware, rags, &c., and occasionally a *fortune-teller*, died a few years since at Huntspill, where she had resided for the greater part of a century. She was extremely illiterate, so much so, as not to be able to write, and, I think, could scarcely read. She lived for some years in a house belonging to my father, and while a boy, I was very often her gratuitous amanuensis, in writing letters for her to her children. She possessed, however, considerable shrewdness, energy, and perseverance, and amassed property to the amount of several hundred pounds. She had three husbands; the name of the first was, I believe, *Gool* or *Gould*, a relation of *Thomas Gool*, the subject of the above Poem; the name of the second was *Martin*, of the third *Pain*; but as the last lived a short time only after having married her, she always continued to be called *Joannah Martin*.

*Joannah* was first brought into public notice by the Rev. Mr. WARNER, in his *Walks through the*

*Western Counties*, published in 1800, in which work will be found a lively and interesting description of her; but she often said that she should wish me to write her life, as I was, of course, more intimately acquainted with it than any casual inquirer could possibly be. An additional notice of Joannah was inserted by me in the *Monthly Magazine*, for Nov. 1816, page 310. I had among my papers, the *original song composed* by her, which I copied from her dictation many years ago,—the only copy in existence; I regret that I cannot lay my hand upon it; as it contains much of the Somersetshire idiom. I have more than once heard her sing this song, which was satirical, and related to the conduct of a female, one of her neighbours, who had become a thief.

Such was JOANNAH MARTIN, a woman whose name (had she moved in a sphere where her original talents could have been improved by education,) might have been added to the list of distinguished female worthies of our country.

[The MS. song was never, that I am aware of, discovered after my relative's death.—Editor, J. K. J.]

An nif yon hân't a hired o' her,  
You zumtime sholl vor sartin.

"Luck, Luck in tha Bag!" TOM, cried  
"Put in and try yer fortin;  
Come try yer luck in tha lucky bag;  
You'll git a prize vor sartin.

All prizes, norra blank,  
Norra blank, âll prizes!  
A waiter—knife—or scissis sheer—  
A splat o' pins—put in my dear!—  
Whitechapel nills âll sizes.

Luck, Luck in tha Bag!—only a penny vor a venter—you mid get, a- ma-be, a girt prize—a *Rawman waiter!*—I can avoord it as cheep as thic that stawl it—I a bote it ta trust, an niver intend to pâ vor't. Luck, Luck in tha bag! âll prizes; norra blank!

Luck, Luck in tha Bag! Good Luck!  
Put in an try yer fortin;  
Come, try yer luck in tha lucky bag!  
You'll git a prize vor sartin.

Come, niver mine tha single-sticks,  
Tha whoppin or tha stickler,  
You dwon't want now a brawken head,  
"Nor jitchy zoort o' tickler!

Now Lady! yer prize is—'A SNUFF-BOX,'  
A treble-japann'd Pontypool!  
You'll shower come again ta my luck in tha bag,  
Or niver trust me—TOMMY GOOL.

Luck, Luck in tha bag! Good Luck!  
Put in an try yer fortin;  
Come, try yer luck in tha lucky bag!  
You'll git a prize for sartin!

## **TEDDY BAND.**

"The short and simple annals of the poor." GRAY.

*Miss Hanson to Miss Mortimer. Ashcot, July 21st.*

My Dear Jane.

Will you do me the favour to amuse yourself and your friends with the enclosed epistle? it is certainly an original—written in the dialect of the County. You will easily understand it, and, I do not doubt, the "moril" too.

Edward Band, or as he is more commonly called here, Teddy Band, is a poor, but honest and industrious cottager, but I am, nevertheless, disposed to think that "if ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

My dear Jane, affectionately yours,

**MARIA HANSON.**

*Teddy Band to Miss Hanson.*

Mâm,

I da think you'll smile at theeázam here veo lains that I write ta you, bin I be naw scholar; vor vather coud'n avoord ta put I ta school. Bit nif you'll vorgee me vor my bauldniss, a-mâ-be, I mid not be afeard ta zâ zummet ta you that you, mâm yourzell mid like ta hire. Bit how be I ta know that? I know that you be a goodhorted Lady, an da like ta zee poor vawk well-at-eased an happy. You axt I tother dâ ta zing a zong: now I dwont much like zum o' thâ zongs that I hired thic night at squire Reeves's when we made an end o' Hâ-corrin: vor, zim ta I, there war naw moril to 'em. I like zongs wi' a moril to 'em. Tha nawtes, ta be shower, war zât anow, bit, vor âll that, I war looking vor tha moril, mâm. Zo, when I cum'd whim, I tawld our Pall, that you axt I ta zing: an I war zorry âterward that I did'n, bin you be âlways zo desperd good ta poor vowk. Bit I thawt, a-mâ-be, you mid be angry wi' my country lidden. Why Teddy, zed Pall, dwontye zend Miss Hanson thic zong which ye made yerzel; I think ther is a moril in thic. An zo, mâm, nif you please, I a zent tha zong. I haup you'll vorgee me.

Mâm, your humble sarvant,

**TEDDY BAND.**

**ZONG.**

I have a cot o' Cob-wâll  
Roun which tha ivy climis;  
My Pally at tha night-vâll  
Er crappin viêr trims.

A comin vrom tha plow-veel  
I zee tha blankers rise,  
Wi' blue smaok cloudy curlin,  
An whivering up tha skies.

When tha winter wines be crousty,  
An snaws dreav vast along,  
I hurry whim—tha door tine,  
An cheer er wi' a zong.

When spreng, adresst in tutties,  
Câlls âll tha birds abroad;  
An wrans an robin-riddicks,  
Tell âll the cares o' God,

I zit besides my cot-door  
After my work is done,  
While Pally, bizzy knittin,  
Looks at tha zottin zun.

When zummertime is passin,  
An narras dâs be vine,  
I drenk tha sporklin cider,  
An wish naw wither wine.

How zweet tha smill o' clawver,  
How zweet tha smill o' hâ;  
How zweet is haulsom labour, ^

Bit zweeter Pall than thâ.

An who d'ye thenk I envy?—  
Tha nawbles o' tha land?  
Thâ can't be moor than happy,  
An that is Teddy Band.

Mister Ginnins;

I a red thic ballet o' yourn called Fanny Fear, an, zim ta I, there's naw moril to it. Nif zaw be you da thenk zo well o't, I'll gee one.

I dwont want to frunt any ov the gennelmen o' tha country, bit I âlways a thawt it desperd odd, that dogs should be kept in a kannel, and kept a hungered too, zaw that thâ mid be moor eager to hunt thic poor little theng câlled a hare. I dwon' naw, bit I da thenk, nif I war a gennelman, that I'd vine better spoort than huntin; bezides, zim ta I 'tis desperd wicked to hunt animals vor one's spoort. Now, jitch a horrid blanscue as what happened at Shapick, niver could a bin but vor tha hungry houns. I haup that gennelmen ool thenk o't oten; an when thâ da hire tha yell o' tha houns thâ'll not vorgit Fanny Fear; a-mâ-be thâ mid be zummet tha wiser an better vor't; I'm shower jitch a storry desarves ta be remimbered. This is the moril.

I am, sur, your sarvant,

**TEDDY BAND.**

**THE CHURCHWARDEN.**

Upon a time, naw matter whaur,  
Jitch plazen there be many a scaur  
In Zummerzets girt gorden;  
(Ive hir'd 'twar handy ta tha zea,  
Not vur vrom whaur tha zantots be)  
There liv'd a young churchwarden.

A zim'd delighted when put in.  
An zaw a thawt a ood begin  
Ta do hiz office duly:  
Bit zum o'm, girt vawk in ther wâ—  
Tha *Porish* o'ten câlled,—a girt bell sheep  
Or two that lead the rest an quiet keep—  
Put vooäth ther hons iz coose to stâ,  
Which made en quite unruly.

A went, of coose, ta Visitâtion  
Ta be sworn in;—an than 'twar nâtion  
Hord that a man his power should doubt,—  
An moor—ta try ta turn en out!  
"Naw, Naw!" exclaim'd our young churchwarden,  
I dwon't care vor ye âll a copper varden!"

Tha church war durty.—Wevets here  
Hang'd danglin vrom tha ruf; an there  
Tha plaisterin shaw'd a crazy wâll;

Tha âltar-piece war dim and dowsty too,  
That Peter's maricle thâ scase cood view.  
Tha Ten Commandments nawbody cood rade; [Footnote: Read]  
Tha Lord's Prayer ad nuthin in't bit "Brade;" [Footnote: Bread]  
Nor had tha Creed  
A lain or letter parfit, grate or smâll.  
'Twar time vor zum one ta renew 'em âll.

I've tawld o' wevets—zum o'm odd enow;  
Thâ look'd tha colour of a dork dun cow,  
An like a skin war stratched across tha corners;  
Tha knitters o' tha porish tâk'd o knittin



Stocking wi' 'em!—Bit aw, how unbevittin  
All tâk like this!—aw fie, tha wicked scorners!

Ta work went tha Churchwarden; wevets tummel'd  
Down by tha bushel, an tha pride o' dowst war hummel'd.  
Tha wâlls once moor look'd bright.  
Tha Painter, fags, a war a Plummer  
An Glazier too,  
Put vooäth his powers,  
(His workin made naw little scummer!)  
In zentences, in flourishes, and flowers.  
Tha chancel, church and âll look'd new,  
An war well suited to avoord delight.

Tha Ten Commandments glitter'd wi' tha vornish;  
Compleat now, tha Lord's Prayer, what cood tornish.

As vor tha Creed 'twar made bran new  
Vrom top ta bottom; I tell ye true!  
Tha âltar piece wi' Peter war now naw libel  
Upon tha church,  
Which booäth athin an, tower an all, athout  
Look'd like a well-dressed maid in pride about;  
Tha walls rejâic'd wi' texts took vrom tha Bible.  
Bit vor all that, thâ left en in tha lurch; I bag your pardon.  
I mean, of âll tha expense thâ ood'n pâ a varden.

Jitch zweepin, birshin, paintin, scrubbin;  
Tha tuts ad niver jitch a drubbin;  
Jitch white-washin and jitch brought gwâin  
A power of money—Tha Painter's bill  
Made of itzel a pirty pill,  
Ta zwell which âll o'm tried in vain!  
Ther stomicks turn'd, ther drawts were norry; [Footnote: Narrow]  
Jitch gilded pills thâ cood'n corry.  
An when our young churchwarden ax'd em why,  
Thâ laugh'd at en, an zed, ther drawts war dry.

Tha keeper o' tha church war wrong;  
(Churchwarden still the burden o' my zong)  
A should at vust  
A câll'd a Vestry: vor 'tis hord ta trust  
To Porish generasity; an zaw  
A voun it: I dwon' knaw

Whaur or who war his advisers;  
Zum zed a Lâyer gid en bad advice;  
A-mâ-be saw; jitch vawk ben't always nice.  
Lâyers o' advice be seltimes misers  
Nif there's wherewi' ta pâ;  
Or, witherwise, good bwye ta Lâyers an tha Lâ.

A Vestry than at last war cried—  
A Vestry's power let noâne deride—  
When tha church war auver tha clork bal'd out,  
*Aw eese! aw eese! aw eese!*  
All wonder'd what cood be about,  
An stratch'd ther necks like a vlock o' geese;  
*Why—ta make a Rate*  
*Vor tha church's late*  
*Repairâtion.*  
A grate norâtion,  
A nâtion naise tha nawtice made,  
About tha cost ta be defray'd  
Vor tha church's *repairâtion.*

Tha Vestry met, âll naise an bother;

One ood'n wait ta hire tha tuther.  
When thâ war tir'd o' jitch a gabble,  
Ta bâl na moor not one war yable,  
A man, a little zâtenfare,  
Got up hiz verdi ta delcare.  
Now Soce, zed he, why we be gwâin  
Ta meet in Vestry here in vâin.

Let's come to some determination,  
An not tâk âll in jitch a fashion.  
Let's zee tha 'counts. A snatch'd tha book  
Vrom tha Churchwarden in't ta look.  
*Tha, book war chain'd clooäse to his wrist;*  
A gid en slily jitch a twist!  
That the young Churchwarden loud raur'd out,  
"You'll break my yarm!—what be about?"

Tha man a little zâtenfare,  
An âll tha Vestry wide did stare!  
Bit Soce, zed he again, I niver zeed  
Money brought gwâin zaw bad. What need  
War ther tha âltar-piece ta titch?  
What good war paintin, vornishin, an jitch?  
What good war't vor'n ta mend  
Tha Ten Commandments?—Why did he  
Mell o' tha Lord's Prayer? Lockyzee!  
Ther war naw need  
To mell or make wi' thic awld Creed.  
I'm zorry vor'n; eesse zorry as a friend;  
Bit can't conzent our wherewi' zaw ta spend,

Thâ âll, wi one accord,  
At tha little zâtenfare's word,  
Agreed, that, not one varden,  
By Rate,  
Should be collected vor tha late Repairâtion  
Of tha church by tha young Churchwarden.

## THE FISHERMAN AND THE PLAYERS.

Now who is ther that han't a hir'd  
O' one young TOM CAME?  
A Fisherman of Huntspill,  
An a well-known name.

A know'd much moor o' fishin  
Than many vawk bezides;  
An a know'd much moor than mooäst about  
Tha zea an âll tha tides.

A know'd well how ta make butts,  
An hullies too an jitch,  
An up an down tha river whaur  
Tha best place vor ta pitch.

A know'd âll about tha stake-hangs  
Tha zâlmon vor ta catch;—  
Tha pitchin an tha dippin net,—  
Tha Slime an tha Mud-Batch.

[Footnote: Two islands well known in the River Parret, near its mouth. Several words will be found in this Poem which I have not

placed in the *Glossary*, because they seem too local and technical to deserve a place there: they shall be here explained,

*To Pitch, v.n.* To fish with a boat and a pitchin-net in a proper position across the current so that the fish may be caught.

*Pitchin-net. s.* A large triangular net attached to two poles, and used with a boat for the purpose, chiefly, of catching salmon.—The fishing boats in the Parret, are *flat-bottomed*, in length about seventeen feet, about four feet and a half wide, and pointed at both ends: they are easily managed by *one* person, and rarely, if ever, known to overturn.

*Dippen-net. s.* A small net somewhat semicircular, and attached to two round sticks for sides, and a long pole for a handle. It is used for the purpose of *dipping salmon* and some other fish, as the *shad*, out of water.

*Gad. s.* A long pole, having an iron point to it, so that it may be easily thrust into the ground. Two gads are used for each boats. Their uses are to keep the boat steady across the current in order that the net may be in a proper position.]

A handled too iz gads well  
His paddle and iz oor;

[Footnote: Oar.]

A war âlways bawld an fearless—  
A, when upon tha Goor.

[Footnote: The Gore. Dangerous sands so called, at the mouth of the River Parret, in the Bristol Channel.]

O' heerins, sprats, an porpuses—  
O' âll fish a cood tell;  
Who bit he amangst tha Fishermen—  
A âlways bear'd tha bell.

Tommy Came ad hired o' Plâyers,  
Bit niver zeed 'em plâ;  
Thâ war actin at Bejwâter;  
There a went wi' Sally Dâ.

When tha curtain first drâw'd up, than  
Sapriz'd war Tommy Came;  
A'd hâf a mine ta him awâ,  
Bit stapp'd vor very shame.

Tha vust act bein auver  
Tha zecond jist begun,  
Tommy Came still wonder'd grately,  
Ta him it war naw fun.

Zaw âter lookin on zumtime,  
Ta understand did strive;  
*There now, zed he, I'll gee my woth*

[Footnote: Oath.]

*That thâ be all alive!*

## MARY RAMSEY'S CRUTCH.

I zeng o' *Mary Ramsey's Crutch!*  
"Thic little theng!"—Why 'tis'n much  
It's true, but still I like ta touch  
Tha cap o' *Mary Ramsey's Crutch!*  
She zed, whenever she shood die,  
Er little crutch she'd gee ta I.  
Did Mary love me? eese a b'leeve.

She died—a veo vor her did grieve,—  
 An *but* a veo—vor Mary awld,  
 Outliv'd er friends, or voun 'em cawld.  
 Thic crutch I had—I ha it still,  
 An port wi't wont—nor niver will.  
 O' her I lorn'd tha cris-cross-lâin;  
 I haup that't word'n quite in vâin!  
 'Twar her who teach'd me vust ta read  
 Jitch little words as *beef* an *bread*;  
 An I da thenk 'twar her that, âter,  
 Lorn'd I ta read tha single zâter.  
 Poor Mary ôten used ta tell  
 O' das a past that pleas'd er well;  
 An mangst tha rest war zum o' jay  
 When I look'd up a little bway.  
 She zed I war a good one too,  
 An lorn'd my book atouth tha *rue*.

[Footnote: This Lady, when her scholars neglected their duty, or behaved ill, rubbed their fingers with the leaves of *rue*!]

Poor Mary's gwon!—a longful time  
 Zunz now!—er little scholard's prime  
 A-mâ-be's past.—It must be zaw;—  
 There's nothin stable here below!  
 O' Mary—âll left is—er *crutch*!  
 An thaw a gift, an 'tword'n much  
 'Tis true, still I da like ta touch  
 Tha cap o' *Mary Ramsey's Crutch*!  
 That I lov'd Mary, this ool tell.  
 I'll zâ na moor—zaw, fore well! [Footnote: Fare ye well.]

## HANNAH VERRIOR.

Tha zâ I'm maz'd,—my Husband's dead,  
 My chile, (hush! hush! Lord love er face!)  
 Tha pit-hawl had at Milemas, when  
 Thâ put me in theâze pooât-hawl place.

Thâ zâ I'm maz'd.—I veel—I thenk—  
 I tâk—I ate, an oten drenk.—  
 Tha *think*, a-mâ-be, zumtimes, *peel*—  
 An gee me stra vor bed an peel!

Thâ zâ I'm maz'd.—Hush! Babby, dear!  
 Thâ shan't come to er!—niver fear!  
 Thâ zâ thy Father's dead!—Naw, naw!  
 A'll niver die while I'm below.

Thâ zâ I'm maz'd.—Why dwont you speak?  
 Fie James!—or else my hort ool break!—  
 James *is* not dead! nor Babby!—naw!  
 Thâ'll niver die while I'm below!

## REMEMBRANCE.

An shall I drap tha Reed—an shall I,

Athout one nawte about my SALLY?  
Althaw we Pawets âll be zingers,  
We like, wi' enk, ta dye our vingers;  
Bit mooäst we like in vess ta pruv  
That we remimber those we love.  
Sim-like-it than, that I should iver  
Vorgit my SALLY.—Niver, niver!  
Vor, while I've wander'd in tha West—  
At mornin tide—at evenin rest—  
On Quantock's hills—in Mendip's vales—  
On Parret's banks—in zight o' Wales—  
In thic awld mansion whaur tha bâll  
Once vrighten'd Lady Drake an âll;—  
When wi' tha Ladies o' thic dell  
Whaur witches spird ther 'ticin spell—

[Footnote: COMBE SYDENHAM, the residence of my Friend, GEORGE NOTLEY, Esq. The history of the *Magic Ball*, as it has been called, is now pretty generally known, and therefore need not be here repeated.]

Amangst tha rocks on Watchet shaur  
When did tha wine an wâters raur—  
In Banwell's cave—on Loxton hill—  
At Clifton gâ—at Rickford rill—  
In Compton ood—in Hartree coom—  
At Crispin's cot wi' little room;—  
At Upton—Lansdown's lofty brow—  
At Bath, whaur pleasure flânts enow;  
At Trowbridge, whaur by Friendship's heed,  
I blaw'd again my silent Reed,  
An there enjoy'd, wi' quiet, rest,  
Jitch recollections o' tha West;  
Whauriver stapp'd my voot along  
I thawt o' HER.—Here ends my zong.

## DOCTOR COX; A BLANSCUE.

(First printed in the *Graphic Illustrator*.)

The catastrophe described in the following sketch, occurred near *Highbridge*, in Somersetshire, about the year 1779.—Mr. or *Doctor Cox*, as surgeons are usually called in the west, was the only medical resident at Huntspill, and in actual practice for many miles around that village. The conduct of Mr. Robert Evans, the friend and associate of Cox, can only be accounted for by one of those unfortunate infatuations to which the minds of some are sometimes liable. Had an immediate alarm been given when we children first discovered that Cox was missing, he might, probably, have been saved. The real cause of his death was, a too great abstraction of heat from the body; as the water was fresh and still, and of considerable depth, and, under the surface, much beneath the usual temperature of the human body. This fact ought to be a lesson to those who bathe in still and deep fresh water; and to warn them to continue only a short time in such a cold medium. [Footnote: Various efforts to restore the suspended animation of *Cox*, such as shaking him, rolling him on a cask, attempts to get out the water which it was then presumed had got into the stomach or the lungs, or both, in the drowning; strewing salt over the body, and many other equally ineffectual and improper methods to restore the circulation were, I believe, pursued. Instead of which, had the body been laid in a natural position, and the lost heat gradually administered, by the application of warm frictions, a warm bed, &c., how easily in all probability, would animation have been restored!]

The BRUE war bright, and deep and clear;

[Footnote: The reader must not suppose that the *river Brue*, is generally a clear stream, or always rapid. I have elsewhere called it "lazy Brue." It is sometimes, at and above the

floodgates at *Highbridge*, when they are not closed by the tide, a rapid stream; but through the moors, generally, its course is slow. In the summertime, and at the period to which allusion is made, the floodgates were closed.]

And Lammas dâ and harras near:  
The zun upon the waters drode  
Girt sheets of light as on a rode;  
From zultry heät the cattle hirn'd  
To shade or water as to firnd:  
Men, too, in yarly âternoon  
Doft'd quick ther cloaths and dash'd in zoon  
To thic deep river, whaur the trout,  
In all ther prankin, plâd about;  
And yels wi' zilver skins war zid,  
While gudgeons droo the wâter slid,  
Wi' carp sumtimes and wither fish  
Avoordon many a dainty dish.  
Whaur elvers too in spring time plâd,

[Footnote: Young eels are called *elvers* in Somersetshire.

*Walton*, in his *Angler*, says, "Young eels, in the Severn, are called *yelvers*." In what part of the country through which the Severn passes they are called *yelvers* we are not told in *Walton's* book; as eels are called, in Somersetshire, *yels*, analogy seems to require *yelvers* for their young; but I never heard them so called. The *elvers* used to be obtained from the salt-water side of the bridge.]

And pailvuls mid o' them be had.  
The wâter cold—the zunshine bright,  
To zwiminers than what high delight!  
'Tis long agwon whun youth and I  
Wish'd creepin Time would rise and vly—  
A, half a hundred years an moor  
Zunz I a trod theâze earthly vloor!  
I zed, the face o' Brue war bright;  
Time smil'd too in thic zummer light.  
Wi' Hope bezide en promising  
A wordle o' fancies wild ö' whing.  
I mine too than one lowering cloud  
That zim'd to wrop us like a shroud;  
The death het war o' Doctor Cox—  
To thenk o't now the storry shocks!  
Vor âll the country vur and near  
Shod than vor'n many a horty tear.  
The *Doctor* like a duck could zwim;  
No fear o' drownin daver'd him!  
The pectur now I zim I zee!  
I wish I could liet's likeness gee!  
His *Son*, my brother *John*, *myzel*,  
Or *Evans*, mid the storry tell;  
But thâ be gwon and I, o' âll  
O'm left to zâ what did bevâll.  
Zo, nif zo be you like, why I  
To tell the storry now ool try.

Thic *Evans* had a coward core  
And fear'd to venter vrom the shore;  
While to an vro, an vur an near,  
And now an tan did *Cox* appear  
In dalliance with the wâters bland,  
Or zwimmin wi' a maëster hand.  
We youngsters dree, the youngest I,  
To zee the zwimmers âll stood by  
Upon the green bonk o' the Brue  
Jist whaur a stook let water droo:  
A quiet time of joyousness

Zim'd vor a space thic dâ to bless!  
 A dog' too, faithful to his maëster  
 War there, and mang'd wi' the disaster—  
*Vigo*, ah well I mine his name!  
 A Newvoun-lond and very tame!  
 But Evans only war to blame:  
 He âllès paddled near the shore  
 Wi' timid hon and coward core;  
 While *Doctor Cox* div'd, zwim'd at ease  
 Like fishes in the zummer seas;  
 Or as the skaiters on the ice  
 In winin circles wild and nice  
 Yet in a moment he war gwon,  
 The wonderment of ivry one:  
 That is, we *dree* and Evans, âll  
 That zeed what Blanscue did bevâll.—  
 Athout one sign, or naise, or cry,  
 Or shriek, or splash, or groan, or sigh!  
 Could zitch a zwimmer ever die  
 In wâter?—Yet we gaz'd in vain  
 Upon thic bright and wâter plain:  
 All smooth and calm—no ripple gave  
 One token of the zwimmer's grave!  
 We hir'd en not, we zeed en not!—  
 The glassy wâter zim'd a blot?  
 While Evans, he of coward core,  
 Still paddled as he did bevore!  
 At length our fears our silence broke,—  
 Young as we war, and children âll,  
 We wish'd to goo an zum one câll;  
 But Evans carelissly thus spoke—  
 "Oh, *Cox* is up the river gone,  
 Vor sartain ool be back anon;—  
 He tâlk'd o' cyder, zed he'd g'up  
 To *Stole's* an drenk a horty cup!"

[Footnote: Mr. *Stole* resided near *Newbridge*, about a mile from the spot where the accident occurred; he was somewhat famous for his cyder.]

Conjecture anty as the wine!  
 And zoon did he het's faleshood vine.

*John Cox* took up his father's cloaths—  
 Poor fellow! he beginn'd to cry!  
 Than, Evans vrom the wâter rose;  
 "A hunderd vawk'll come bimeby,"  
 A zed; whun, short way vrom the shore.  
 We zeed, what zeed we not avore,  
 The *head* of *Doctor Cox* appear—  
 Het floated in the wâter clear!  
 Bolt upright war he, and his hair,  
 That pruv'd he sartainly war there,  
 Zwimm'd on the wâter!—Evans than,  
 The stupid'st of a stupid man,  
 Call'd *Vigo*—pointed to that head—  
 In *Vigo* dash'd—*Cox was not dead!*  
 But seiz'd the dog's lag—helt en vast!  
 One struggle, an het war the last!  
 Ah! well do I remember it—  
 That struggle I sholl ne'er forgit!  
*Vigo* was frightened and withdrew;  
 The body zink'd at once vrom view.

Did *Evans*, gallid *Evans* then,  
 Câll out, at once, vor father's men?  
 (Thâ war at work vor'n very near

A mendin the old Highbridge pier,)
A did'n câll, but 'mus'd our fear—
"A hundred vawk ool zoon be here!"
A zed.—We gid the hue and cry!
And zoon a booät wi' men did vly!
But twar âll auver! *Cox* war voun
Not at the bottom lyin down,
But up aneen, as jist avore
We zeed en floatin nigh the shore.

But death 'ad done his wust—not âll
Thâ did could life's last spork recall.
Zo Doctor Cox went out o' life
A vine, a, and as honsom mon,
As zun hath iver shin'd upon;
A left a family—a *wife*,
Two *sons*—one *dater*,
As beautiful as lovely Mâ,
Of whom a-mâ-bi I mid za
Zumthin hereâter:
What thâ veel'd now I sholl not tell—
My hort athin me 'gins to zwell!
Reflection here mid try in vain,
Wither particulars to gain,
*Evans* zim'd all like one possest;
Imagination! tell the rest!

## L'ENVOY.

To âll that sholl theeäze storry read,
The *Truth* must vor it chiefly plead;
I gee not here a tale o' ort,
Nor snip-snap wit, nor lidden smort.
But ôten, ôten by thie river,
Have I a pass'd; yet niver, niver,
Athout a thought o' *Doctor Cox*—
His dog—his death—his floatin locks!
The mooäst whun Brue war deep and clear,
And Lammas dâ an harras near;—
Whun zummer vlong'd his light abroad,—
The zun in all his glory rawd;
How beautiful mid be the dâ
A zumthin âllès zim'd to zâ,
"*Whar whing! the wâter's deep an' clear,*
*But death mid be a lurkin near!*"

## A DEDICATION.

Thenk not, bin I ood be tha fashion,
That I, ZIR, write theäze Dedicâtion;
I write, I haup I dwon't offend.
Bin I be proud ta câll You FRIEND.
I here ston vooäth, alooän unbidden
To 'muse you wi' my country lidden;—
Wi' remlet's o' tha Saxon tongue



That to our Gramfers did belong.  
Vor áll it is a little thing,  
Receave it—Friendship's offering—  
Ta pruv, if pruf I need renew,  
That I esteem not lightly YOU.

## THE FAREWELL.

A longful time zunz I this vust begun!  
One little tootin moor and I a done.  
"One little tootin moor!—Enough,  
Vor once, we've had o' jitchy stuff;  
Thy lidden to a done 'tis time!  
Jitch words war niver zeed in rhyme!"  
Vorgee me vor'm.—Goo little Reed!  
Afor'n tha vawk an vor me plead:  
Thy wild nawtes, mâ-be, thâ ool hire  
Zooner than zâter vrom a *lyre*.  
*Zâ that, thy mâester's pleas'd ta blaw 'em,*  
*An haups in time thâ'll come ta knaw 'em;*  
*An nif zaw be thâ'll please ta hear*  
*A'll gee zum moor another year.*  
Ive nothin else jist now ta tell:  
Goo, little Reed, an than forwel!

## FARMER BENNET AN JAN LIDE,

### A DIALOGUE.

*Farmer Bennet.*—Jan! why dwon't ye right my shoes?

*Jan Lide.*—Bin, maëster 'tis zaw cawld, I can't work wi' tha tacker at âll; I've a brawk it ten times I'm shower ta dâ— da vreeze za hord. Why Hester hanged out a kittle-smock ta drowy, an in dree minits a war a vraur as stiff as a pawker; an I can't avoord ta keep a good vier—I wish I cood—I'd zoon right your shoes and withers too—I'd zoon yarn [Footnote: Earn.] zum money, I warnt ye. Can't ye vine zum work vor me, maester, theâze hord times—I'll do any theng ta sar a penny.—I can drash—I can cleave brans—I can make spars—I can thatchy—I can shear ditch, an I can gripy too, bit da vreeze za hord. I can wimmy—I can messy or milky nif ther be need o't. I ood'n mine dreavin plough or any theng.

*Farmer Bennet.*—I've a got nothing vor ye ta do, Jan; bit Mister Boord banchond ta I jist now that thâ war gwain ta wimmy, ond that thâ wanted zumbody ta help 'em.

*Jan Lide.*—Aw, I'm glad o't, I'll him auver an zee where I can't help 'em; bit I han't a bin athin tha drashel o' Maester Boord's door vor a longful time, bin I thawt that missis did'n use Hester well; but I dwon't bear malice, an zaw I'll goo.

*Farmer Bennet.*—What did Missis Boord zâ or do ta Hester, than?

*Jan Lide.*—Why, Hester, a mâ-be, war zummet ta blame too: vor she war one o'm, d'ye zee, that rawd Skimmerton—thic mâ game that frunted zum o' tha gennel-vawk. Thâ zed 'twar time to a done wi' jitch litter, or jitch stuff, or I dwon knaw what thâ call'd it; bit thâ war a frunted wi' Hester about it: an I zed nif thâ war a frunted wi' Hester, thâ mid be frunted wi' I. This zet missis's back up, an Hester han't a bin a choorin there zunz. Bit 'tis niver-the-near ta bear malice; and zaw I'll goo auver an zee which wâ tha wine da blaw.

# THOMAS CAME AN YOUNG MAESTER JIMMY.

*Thomas Came.*—Aw, Maester Jimmy! zaw you be a come whim vrom school. I thawt we shood niver zeenamoor. We've a mist ye iver zunz thic time, when we war at zea-wall, an cut aup tha girt porpus wi' za many zalmon in hiz belly—zum o'm look'd vit ta eat as thaw tha wor a bwiled, did'n thâ?—

*Jimmy.*—Aw eese, Thomas; I da mine tha porpus; an I da mine tha udder, an tha milk o'n, too. I be a come whim, Thomas, an I dwon't thenk I shall goo ta school again theäze zumrner. I shall be out amangst ye. I'll goo wi' ta mawy, an ta hâ-makin, an ta reapy—I'll come âter, an zet up tha stitches vor ye, Thomas. An if I da stâ till Milemas, I'll goo ta Matthews fayer wi'. Thomas, âve ye had any zenvy theäze year?—I zeed a gir'd'l o't amangst tha wheat as I rawd along. Ave you bin down in ham, Thomas, o' late—is thic groun, tha ten yacres, haind vor mawin?

*Thomas Came.*—Aw, Maester Jimmy! I da love ta hire you tâk- -da zeem za naatal. We a had zum zenvy—an tha ten yacres be a haind—a'll be maw'd in veo dâs—you'll come an hâ-maky, o'nt ye? -eese, I knaw you ool—an I da knaw whool goo a hâ-makin wi', too —ah, she's a zweet maid—I dwon't wonder at ye at âll, Maester Jimmy—Lord bless ye, an love ye booâth.

*Jimmy.*—Thomas, you a liv'd a long time wi' Father, an' I dwont like ta chide ye, bit nif you da tâk o' Miss Cox in thic fashion, I knaw she on't like it, naw moor shall I. Miss Cox, Thomas, Miss Cox ool, a-mâ-be, goo a hâ-makin wi' I, as she a done avaur now; bit Sally, Miss Cox, Thomas, I wish you'd zâ naw moor about er.—There now, Thomas, dwon't ye zee—why shee's by tha gate-shord! I haup she han't a hird what we a bin a tâkin about.— Be tha thissles skeer'd in tha twenty yacres, Thomas?—aw, thâ be. Well, I shall be glad when tha ten yacres be a mawed—an when we da make an end o' hâ-corrin, I'll dance wi' Sally Cox.

*Thomas Came.*—There, Maester Jimmy! 'tword'n I that tâk'd o' Sally Cox!

## MARY RAMSEY,

### \_A MONOLOGUE,

To er Scholarsds\_.

Commether [Footnote: Come hither.] *Billy Chubb*, an breng tha hornen book. Gee me tha vester in tha windor, you *Pal Came!*—what! be a sleepid—I'll wâke ye. Now, *Billy* there's a good bway! Ston still there, an mine what I da zâ to ye, an whaur I da pwint.—Now;—cris-cross, [Footnote: The *cris*, in this compound, and in *cris-cross-lain*, is very often, indeed most commonly, pronounced *Kîrs*.] girt â little â—b—c—d.—That's right *Billy*; you'll zoon lorn tha cris-cross-lain—you'll zoon auvergit Bobby Jiffry—you'll zoon be a *scholard*.—A's a pirty chubby bway—Lord love'n!

Now, *Pal Came!* you come an vussy wi' yer zister. —There! tha forrels o' tha book be a brawk; why dwon't ye take moor care o'm?—Now, read;—*Het Came!* why d'ye drean zaw?—*hum, hum, hum*;—you da make a naise like a spinnin turn, or a dumbledore—âll in one lidden—*hum, hum, hum*,—You'll niver lorn ta read well thic fashion.—Here, *Pal*, read theäze vesses vor yer zister. There now, *Het*, you mine how yerzister da read, not *hum, hum, hum*.—Eese you ool, ool ye?—I tell ye, you must, or I'll rub zum rue auver yer hons:—what d'ye thenk o't!—There, be gwon you *Het*, an dwon't ye come anuost yer zister ta vussy wi' er till you a got yer lessin moor parfit, or I'll gee zummet you on't ax me vor. *Pally*, you tell yer Gramfer Palmer that I da zâ *Hetty Came* shood lorn ta knitty; an a shood buy zum knittin nills and wusterd vor er; an a shood git er zum nills and dird, vor er to lorn to zawy too.

Now *Miss Whitin*, tha dunces be a gwon, let I hire how pirty you can read.—I âlways zed that Pâson Tuttle's grandâter ood lorn er book well.—Now, *Miss*, what ha ye a got there? *Valentine an Orson*.—A pirty storry, bit I be afeard there's naw moril to it.—What be âll tha tuthermy books you a got by yer goodhussey there in tha basket? Gee's-zee-'em,[Footnote: *Let me see them*. This is a singular expression, and is thus to be analysed; *Give us to see them*.] nif you please, *Miss Polly*.—Tha *Seven Champions*—*Goody Two Shoes*—*Pawems vor Infant minds*.—Theâzamy here be by vur tha best.—There is a moril ta mooäst o'm; an thâ be pirty bezides.—Now, *Miss*, please ta read thic— *Tha Notorious Glutton*.—*Pal Came!* turn tha glass! dwon't ye zee tha zond is âll hirnd out;—you'll stâ in school tha

longer for't nif you dwon't mine it.—Now, âll o' ye be quiet ta hire *Miss Whitin* read.—There now! what d'ye zâ ta jitch radin as that?—There, d'ye hire, *Het Came!* she dwon't drean—*hum, hum, hum.*—I shood like ta hire er vussy wi' zum o' ye; bit your bad radin ood spwile her good.

#### OUT O' BOOKS!

*All the childern goo voâth.*

## SOLILOQUY OF BEN BOND,

#### THE IDLETON.

*(First printed in the Graphic Illustrator.)*

Ben Bond was one of those sons of Idleness whom ignorance and want of occupation in a secluded country village too often produce. He was a comely lad, aged sixteen, employed by Farmer Tidball, a querulous and suspicious old man, tto look after a large flock o sheep.—The scene of his Soliloquy may be thus described.

A green sunny bank, on which the body may agreeably repose, called the *Sea Wall*; on the sea side was an extensive common called the *Wath*, and adjoining to it was another called the *Island*, both were occasionally overflowed by the tide. On the other side of the bank were rich enclosed pastures, suitable for fattening the finest cattle. Into these inclosures many of Ben Bond's charge were frequently disposed to stray. The season was June, the time mid-day, and the western breezes came over the sea, a short distance from which our scene lay, at once cool, grateful, refreshing, and playful. The rushing Parret, with its ever shifting sands, was also heard in the distance. It should be stated, too, that Larence is the name usually given in Somersetshire to that imaginary being which presides over the IDLE. Perhaps it may also be useful to state here that the word Idlelon is more than a provincialism, and should be in our dictionaries.

During the latter part of the Soliloquy Farmer Tidball arrives behind the bank, and hearing poor Ben's discourse with himself, interrupts his musings in the manner described hereafter. It is the history of an occurrence in real life, and at the place mentioned. The writer knew Farmer Tidball personally, and has often heard the story from his wife.

#### SOLILOQUY

"Larence! why doos'n let I up? Oot let I up?" Naw, I be sleapid, I can't let thee up eet.—"Now, Lareuce! do let I up. There! bimeby maester'll come, an a'll beät I athin a ninch o' me life; do let I up!"—Naw I wunt.

"Larence! I bag o'ee, do ee let I, up! D'ye zee! Tha shee-ape be âll a breakin droo tha hadge inta tha vivean-twenty yacres; an Former Haggit'll goo ta Lâ wi'n, an I shall be kill'd. —*Naw I wun't— 'tis zaw whot: besides I hant a had my nap out.* "Larence! I da zâ, thee bist a bad un! Oot thee hire what I da zâ? Come now an let I scooce wi'. Lord a massy upon me! Larence, whys'n thee let I up?" *Câz I wunt. What! muss'n I hâ an hour like wither vawk ta ate my bird an cheese? I do zâ I wunt; and zaw 'tis niver-tha-near to keep on.*

"Maester tawl'd I, nif I wer a good bway, a'd gee I iz awld wasket; an I'm shower, nif a da come an vine I here, an tha shee-ape a brawk inta tha vive-an-twenty yacres, a'll vlung't awâ vust! Larence, do ee, do ee let I up! Ool ee, do ee!"—*Naw, I tell ee I wunt.*

"There's one o' tha sheep 'pon iz back in tha gripe, an a can't turn auver! I mis g'in ta tha groun an g'out to'n, an git'n out. There's another in tha ditch! a'll be a buddled! There's a gird'l o' trouble wi' shee-ape! Larence; cass'n thee let I goo. I'll gee thee a *hâ peny* nif oot let me."—*Naw I can't let thee goo eet.*

"Maester'll be shower to come an catch me! Larence! doose thee hire? I da zâ, oot let me up. I zeed Farmer Haggitt zoon âter I upt, an a zed, nif a voun one o' my shee-ape in tha vive-an-twenty yacres, a'd drash I za long as a cood ston auver me, an wi' a groun ash' too! There! Zum o'm be a gwon droo tha vive-an-twenty yacres inta tha drauve: thâ'll zoon hirn vur anow. Thâ'll be poun'd. Larence! I'll gee thee a *penny* nif oot let I up." *Naw I wunt.*

"Thic not sheep ha got tha shab! Dame tawl'd I whun I upt ta-da ta mine tha shab-wâter; I shall pick it in whun I da goo whim. I vorgot it! Maester war desperd cross, an I war glad ta git out o' tha langth o' iz tongue. I da hate zitch cross vawk! Larence! what, oot niver let I up? There! zum o' tha shee-ape be gwon into *Leek-beds*; an zum o'm be in *Hounlake*; dree or vour o'm be gwon zâ vur as *Slow-wâ*; the ditches be, menny o'm zâ dry 'tis all now rangel common! There! I'll gee thee *dree hâ pence* ta let I goo." *Why, thee hass'n bin here an hour, an vor what shood I let thee goo? I da zâ, lie still!*

"Larence! why doos'n let I up? There! zim ta I, I da hire thic pirty maid, *Fanny o' Primmer Hill*, a chidin bin I be a lym here while tha shee-ape be gwain droo thic shord an tuther shord; zum o'm, a-mâ-be, be a drown'd! Larence; doose thee thenk I can bear tha betwitten o' thic pirty maid? She, tha Primrawse o' Primmer-hill; tha Lily o' tha level; tha gawl-cup o' tha mead; tha zweetist honeyzuckle in tha garden; tha yarly vilet; tha rawse o' rawses; tha pirty pollyantice! Whun I seed er last, she zed, "Ben, do ee mind tha sheeape, an tha yeos an lams, an than zumbody ool mine *you*." Wi'that she gid me a beautiful spreg o' jessamy, jist a pickt vrom tha poorch,—tha smill war za zweet.

"Larence! I mus goo! I ool goo. You mus let I up. I ont stâ here na longer! Maester'll be shower ta come an drash me. There, Larence! I'll gee *tuther penny*, an that's ivry vard'n I a got. Oot let I goo?" *Naw, I mis ha a penny moor.*

"Larence! do let I up! Creeplin Philip'll be shower ta catch me! Thic cockygee! I dwont like en. at âll; a's za rough, an za zoür. An *Will Popham* too, ta betwite me about tha maid: a câll'd er a ratheripe *Lady-buddick*. I dwont mislike tha name at âll, thawf I dwont care vor'n a stra, nor a read mooâte; nor thatite o' a pin! What da thâ câll *he*? Why, tha *upright man*, câs a da ston upright; let'n; an let'n wrassy too: I dwont like zitch *hoss-plâs*, nor *singel-stick* nuther; nor *cock-squailin'*; nor menny wither mâ-games that Will Popham da volly. I'd rather zitin tha poorch, wi' tha jessamy ranglin roun it, and hire Fanny zeng. Oot let I up, Larence?"—*Naw, I tell ee I ont athout a penny moor.*

"*Rawzey Pink*, too, an *Nanny Dubby* axed I about Fanny. What bisniss ad thâ ta up wi't? I dwont like norn'om? *Girnin Jan* too shawed iz teeth an put in his verdi.—I—wish theeâze vawk ood mine ther awn consarns an let I an Fanny alooâne.

"Larence! doose thee meän to let I goo?"—*Eese, nif thee't gee me tuther penny.*—"Why I han't a got a vard'n moor; oot let I up!"—*Not athout tha penny.*—"Now Larence! doo ee, bin I liant naw moor money. I a bin here moor than an hoür; whaur tha yeos an lams an âll tha tuthermy sheep be now I dwon' know.—*Creeplin Philip*[Footnote: Even remote districts in the country have their satirists, and would-be-wits; and Huntspill, the place alluded to in the Soliloquy, was, about half a century ago, much pestered with them. Scarcely a person of any note escaped a pariah libel, and even servants were not excepted. For instance:—*Creeplin Philip*, (that is "creeplin," because he walked lamely,) was Farmer Tidball himself; and his servant, William Popham, was the *upright man*. *Girnin Jan* is Grinning John.] ool gee me a lirropin shower anow! There!—I da thenk I hired zummet or zumbody auver tha wâll."—

"*Here, d—n thee!* I'll gee tha *tuther penny, an zummet besides!*" exclaimed *Farmer Tidball*, leaping down the bank, with a stout sliver of a crab-tree in his hand.—The sequel may be easily imagined.

Nanny Dubby, Sally Clink,  
Long Josias an Raway Pink,  
—Girnin Jan,  
Creeplin Philip and the upright man.

## TWO DISSERTATIONS ON SOME OF THE ANGLO-SAXON PRONOUNS.

BY JAMES JENKINGS.

(From the Graphic Illustrator.)

No. 1.—I, IC, ICH, ICHE, UTCHY, ISE, C', CH', CHE, CH'AM, CH'UD, CH'LL.

Until recently few writers on the English Language, have devoted much attention to the origin of our first personal pronoun I, concluding perhaps that it would be sufficient to state that it is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *ic*. No pains seem to have been taken to explain the connexion which *ic*, *ich*, and *iche* have with *Ise*, *c'*, *ch'*, *che'*, and their combinations in such words as *ch'am*, *ch'ud*, *ch'ill*, &c. Hence we have been led to believe that such contractions are the vulgar corruptions of an ignorant and, consequently, unlettered people. That the great portion of the early Anglo-Saxons were an unlettered people, and that the *rural* population were particularly unlettered, and hence for the most part ignorant, we may readily admit; and even at the present time, many districts in the west will be found pretty amply besprinkled with that unlettered ignorance for which many of our forefathers were distinguished. But an enquiry into the origin and use of our provincial words will prove, that even our unlettered population have been guided by certain rules in their use of an energetic language. Hence it will be seen on inquiry that many of the words supposed to be *vulgarisms*, and *vulgar* and *capricious* contractions are no more so than many of our own words in daily use; as to the Anglo-Saxon contractions of *ch'am*, *ch'ud*, and *ch'ill*, they will be found equally consistent with our own common contractions of *can't*, *won't*, *he'll*, *you'll*, &c., &c. in our present polished dialect.

Whether, however, our western dialects will be more dignified by an Anglo-Saxon pedigree I do not know; those who delight in tracing descents through a long line of ancestors up to one primitive original ought to be pleased with the literary genealogist, who demonstrates that many of our provincial words and contractions have an origin more remote, and in their estimation of course, must be more legitimate than a mere slip from the parent stock, as our personal pronoun, I, unquestionably is.

As to the term "barbarous," Mr. Horace Smith, the author of "*Walter Colyton*," assures me that many of his friends call what he has introduced of the Somerset Dialect in *Walter Colyton*, "barbarous."—Now, I should like to learn in what its barbarity consists. The plain truth after all is, that those who are unwilling to take the trouble to understand any language, or any dialect of any language, with which they are previously unacquainted, generally consider such new language or such dialect barbarous; and to them it doubtless appears so. What induces our metropolitan *literati*, those at least who are, or affect to be the *arbitri elegantiarum* among them, to consider the *Scotch* dialect in another light? Simply because such able writers, as *Allan Ramsay*, *Robert Burns*, *Sir Walter Scott*, and others, have chosen to employ it for the expression of their thoughts. Let similar able writers employ our *Western Dialect* in a similar way, and I doubt not the result. And why should not our Western dialects be so employed? If *novelty* and *amusement*, to say the least for such writings, be advantageous to our literature, surely novelty and amusement might be conveyed in the dialect of the *West* as well as of the *North*. Besides these advantages, it cannot be improper to observe that occasional visits to the *well-heads* of our language, (and many of these will be found in the West of England) will add to the perfection of our polished idiom itself. *The West may be considered the last strong hold of the Anglo-Saxon in this country.*

I observed, in very early life, that some of my father's servants, who were natives of the *Southern* parts of the county of Somerset, almost invariably employed the word *utchy* for I. Subsequent reflection convinced me that this word, *utchy*, was the Anglo-Saxon *iche*, used as a dissyllable *ichè*, as the Westphalians, (descendants of the Anglo-Saxons,) down to this day in their Low German (Westphalian) dialect say, "*Ikke*" for "*ich*." How or when this change in the pronunciation of the word, from one to two syllables, took place in in this country it is difficult to determine; but on reference to the works of *Chaucer*, there is, I think, reason to conclude that *iche* is used sometimes in that poet's works as a dissyllable.

Having discovered that *utchy* was the Anglo-Saxon *iche*, there was no difficulty in appropriating '*che*', '*c'*', and '*ch'*' to the same root; hence, as far as concerned *iche* in its literal sounds, a good deal seemed unravelled; but how could we account for *ise*, and *ees*, used so commonly for I in the western parts of *Somersetshire*, as well as in *Devonshire*? In the first folio edition of the works of Shakspeare the *ch* is printed, in one instance, with a mark of elision before it thus, '*ch*', a proof that the *I* in *iche* was sometimes dropped in a common and rapid pronunciation; and a proof too, that, we, the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons, have chosen the initial letter only of that pronoun, which initial letter the Anglo-Saxons had in very many instances discarded!

It is singular enough that Shakspeare has the '*ch*' for *iche*, *I*, and *ise*, for I, within the distance of a few lines, in *King Lear*, Act IV. scene 6. But perhaps not more singular than that, in *Somersetshire* at the

present time, may be heard for the pronoun *I*, *utchy* or *ichè*, '*ch*', and *ise*. To the absence originally of general literary information, and to the very recent rise of the study of grammatical analysis, are these anomalies and irregularities to be attributed.

We see, therefore, that '*ch'ud*, *ch'am*, and '*ch'ill*, are simply the Anglo-Saxon *ich*, contracted and combined with the respective verbs *would*, *am*, and *will*; that the '*c*' and '*ch*', as quoted in the lines given by Miss Ham, are contracts for the Anglo-Saxon *iche* or *I*, and nothing else. It may be also observed, that in more than one modern work containing specimens of the dialect of Scotland and the North of England, and in, I believe, some of Sir Walter Scott's novels, the word *ise* is employed, so that the auxiliary verb *will* or *shall* is designed to be included in that word; and the printing of it thus, *I'se*, indicates that it is so designed to be employed. Now, if this be a *copy* of the *living* dialect of Scotland (which I beg leave respectfully to doubt), it is a "barbarism" which the Somerset dialect does not possess. The *ise* in the west is simply a pronoun and nothing else; it is, however, often accompanied by a contracted verb, as *ise'll* for I will.

In concluding these observations on the first personal pronoun it may be added, that the object of the writer has been to state facts, without the accompaniment of that *learning* which is by some persons deemed so essential in inquiries of this kind. The best learning is that which conveys to us a knowledge of facts. Should any one be disposed to convince himself of the correctness of the *data* here laid before him, by researches among our old authors, as well as from living in the west, there is no doubt as to the result to which he must come. Perhaps, however, it may be useful to quote one or two specimens of our more early Anglo-Saxon, to prove their analogy to the present dialect in Somersetshire.

The first specimen is from *Robert of Gloucester*, who lived in the time of Henry II., that is, towards the latter end of the twelfth century; it is quoted by *Drayton*, in the notes to his *Polyolbion*, song xvii.

"The meste wo that here *vel* bi King Henry's days,  
In this lond, *icholle* beginne to tell *yuf ich* may."

*Vel*, for fell, the preterite of to fall, is precisely the sound given to the same word at the present time in Somersetshire. We see that *icholle*, for *I shall*, follows the same rule as the contracts '*ch'ud*, '*ch'am*, and '*ch'ill*. It is very remarkable that *sholl*, for shall, is almost invariably employed in Somersetshire, at the present time. *Yuf* I am disposed to consider a corruption or mistake for *gyf* (give), that is, *if*, the meaning and origin of which have been long ago settled by Horne Tooke in his *Purley*.

The next specimen is assuredly of a much more modern date; though quoted by *Mr Dibdin*, in his *Metrical History of England*, as from an *old ballad*.

"*Ch'ill* tell thee what, good fellow,  
Before the vriars went hence,  
A bushel of the best wheate  
Was zold for vourteen pence,  
And vorty egges a penny,  
That were both good and new,  
And this *che* say myself have seene,  
And yet I am no Jew."

With a very few alterations, indeed, these lines would become the *South* Somerset of the present day.

No. II.—ER, EN, A—IT HET—THEEAZE, THEEAZAM, THIZZAM—THIC,  
THILK—TWORDM—WORDN—ZINO.

There are in *Somersetshire* (besides that particular, portion in the *southern* parts of the country in which the Anglo-Saxon *iche* or *utchy* and its contracts prevail) *two* distinct and very different dialects, the boundaries of which are strongly marked by the River *Parret*. To the east and north of that river, and of the town of Bridgewater, a dialect is used which is essentially, (even now) the dialect of all the peasantry of not only that part of Somersetshire, but of Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex, and Kent; and even in the suburban village of *Lewisham*, will be found many striking remains of it. There can be no doubt that this dialect was some centuries ago the language of the inhabitants of all the south and of much of the west portion of our island; but it is in its greatest *purity*[Footnote: Among other innumerable proofs that Somersetshire is one of the strongholds of our old Anglo-Saxon, are the sounds which are there generally given to the vowels A and E. A has, for the most part, the same sound as we give to that letter in the word *father* in our polished dialect: in the words *táll*, *cáll*, *báll*, and *váll* (fall), &c., it is thus pronounced. The E has the sound which we give in our polished dialect to the a in *pane*, *cane*, &c., both which sounds, it may be observed, are even *now* given to these letters on the Continent, in very many places, particularly in Holland and in Germany.

The name of Dr. Gall, the founder of the science of phrenology, is pronounced Gâll, as we of the west pronounce tâll, bâll, &c.] and most abundant in the county of Somerset. No sooner, however, do we cross the *Parret* and proceed from Comwich [Footnote: Pronounced *Cummidge*. We here see the disposition in our language to convert *wich* into *idge*; as *Dulwich* and *Greenwich* often pronounced by the vulgar *Dullidge*, *Greenidge*.] to *Cannington* (three miles from Bridgewater) than another dialect becomes strikingly apparent. Here we have no more of the *zees*, the *hires*, the *veels*, and the *walks*, and a numerous et cætera, which we find in the eastern portion of the county, in the third person singular of the verbs, but instead we have *he zeeth*, he sees, *he veel'th*, he feels, *he walk'th*, he walks, and so on through the whole range of the similar part of every verb. This is of itself a strong and distinguishing characteristic; but this dialect has many more; one is the very different sounds given to almost every word which is employed, and which thus strongly characterize the persons who use them. [Footnote: I cannot pretend to account for this very singular and marked distinction in our western dialects; the fact, however, is so; and it may be added, too, that there can be no doubt both these dialects are the children of our Anglo-Saxon parent.]

Another is that *er* for *he* in the nominative case is most commonly employed; thus for, *he said he would not*, is used *Er zad er ood'n—Er ont goor*, for, *he will not go*, &c.

Again *ise* or *ees*, for *I* is also common. Many other peculiarities and contractions in this dialect are to a stranger not a little puzzling; and if we proceed so far westward as the confines of Exmoor, they are, to a plain Englishman, very often unintelligible. *Her* or rather *hare* is most always used instead of the nominative *she*. *Har'th a dood it*, she has done it; *Hare zad har'd do't*. She said she would do it. This dialect pervades, not only the western portion of Somersetshire, but the whole of Devonshire. As my observations in these papers apply chiefly to the dialect east of the *Parret*, it is not necessary to proceed further in our present course; yet as *er* is also occasionally used instead of *he* in that dialect it becomes useful to point out its different application in the two portions of the county. In the eastern part it is used very rarely if ever in the beginning of sentences; but frequently thus: *A did, did er?* He did, did he? *Wordn er gwain?* Was he not going? *Ool er goo?* will he go?

We may here advert to the common corruption, I suppose I must call it, of *a* for *he* used so generally in the west. As *a zed a'd do it* for, lie said he would do it. Shakespeare has given this form of the pronoun in the speeches of many of his low characters which, of course, strikingly demonstrates its then very general use among the vulgar; but it is in his works usually printed with a comma thus 'a, to show, probably that it is a corrupt enunciation of *he*. This comma is, however, very likely an addition by some editor.

Another form of the third personal pronoun employed only in the objective case is found in the west, namely *en* for *him*, as *a zid en* or, rather more commonly, *a zid'n*, he saw him. Many cases however, occur in which *en* is fully heard; as *gee't to en*, give it to him. It is remarkable that Congreve, in his comedy of "*Love for Love*" has given to *Ben the Sailor* in that piece many expressions found in the west. "Thof he be my father I an't bound prentice to en." It should be noted here that *he be* is rarely if ever heard in the west, but *he's* or *he is*. *We be*, *you be*, and *thâ be* are nevertheless very common. *Er*, employed as above, is beyond question aboriginal Saxon; *en* has been probably adopted as being more euphonious than *him*. [Footnote: I have not met with *en* for *him* in any of our more early writers; and I am therefore disposed to consider it as of comparatively modern introduction, and one among the very few changes in language introduced by the *yeomanry*, a class of persons less disposed to changes of any kind than any other in society, arising, doubtless, from their isolated position. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that this change if occasionally adopted in our polished dialect would afford an agreeable variety by no means unmusical. In conversation with a very learned Grecian on this subject, he seemed to consider because the *learned* are constantly, and sometimes very capriciously, introducing *new* words into our language, that such words as *en* might be introduced for similar reasons, namely, mere fancy or caprice; on this subject I greatly differ from him: our aboriginal Saxon population has never corrupted our language nor destroyed its energetic character half so much as the mere classical scholar. Hence the necessity, in order to a complete knowledge of our mother tongue, that we should study the Anglo-Saxon still found in the provinces.

*Het* for *it* is still also common amongst the peasantry. In early Saxon writers, it was usually written *hit*, sometimes *hyt*.

"Als *hit* in heaven y-doe,  
Evar in yearth beene it also."  
*Metrical Lord's Prayer of 1160.*

Of *theeäze*, used as a demonstrative pronoun, both in the singular and plural, for *this* and *these*, it maybe observed, as well as of the pronunciation of many other words in the west, that we have no letters or combination of letters which, express exactly the sounds there given to such words. Theeäze

is here marked as a dissyllable, but although it is sometimes decidedly two syllables, its sounds are not always thus apparent in Somerset enunciation. What is more remarkable in this world, is its equal application to the singular and the plural. Thus we say *theeāze man* and *theāze men*. But in the plural are also employed other forms of the same pronoun, namely *theeāzam*, *theeāzamy* and *thizzum*. This last word is, of course, decidedly the Anglo-Saxon *ðissum*. In the west we say therefore *theeāzam here*, *theeāzamy here*, and *thizzam here* for these, or these here; and sometimes without the pleonastic and unnecessary *here*.

For the demonstrative *those* of our polished dialect *them*, or *themmy*, and often *them there* or *themmy there* are the usual synonyms; as, *gee I themmy there shoes*; that is, give me those shoes. The objective pronoun *me*, is very sparingly employed indeed—I, in general supplying its place as in the preceding sentence: to this barbarism in the name of my native dialect, I must plead guilty!— if barbarism our metropolitan critics shall be pleased to term it. [Footnote: By the way I must just retort upon our polished dialect, that it has gone over to the other extreme in avoidance of the I, using me in many sentences where I ought most decidedly to be employed. It was me [Footnote: I am aware that some of our lexicographers have attempted a defence of this solecism by deriving it from the French *c'est moi*; but, I think it is from their affected dislike of direct egotism; and that, whenever they can, they avoid the I in order that they might not be thought at once vulgar and egotistic!] is constantly dinned in our ears for it was I: as well as indeed one word more, although not a pronoun, this is, the almost constant use in London of the verb to lay for the verb to lie, and ketch for catch. If we at headquarters commit such blunders can we wonder at our provincial detachments falling into similar errors? none certainly more gross than this!]

This is in the Somersetshire dialect (namely that to which I have particularly directed my attention and which prevails on the east side of the Parret) invariably employed for that. This house, that house; this man, that man: in the west of the county it is *thiky*, or *thecky*. Sometimes *thic* has the force and meaning of a personal pronoun, as:

Catch and scrabble

Thic that's yable:—

Catch and scramble

He who's able.

Again, *thic* that dont like it mid leave it,—he who does not like it may leave it. It should be noted that *th* in all the pronouns above mentioned has the obtuse sound as heard in *then* and *this* and not the thin sound as heard in *both*, *thin*, and many other words of our polished dialect. Chaucer employed the pronoun *thic* very often, but he spells it *thilk*; he does not appear, however, to have always restricted it to the meaning implied in our *that* and to the present Somerset *thic*. Spenser has also employed *thilk* in his *Shepherd's Calendar* several times.

"Seest not thilk same hawthorn stud  
How bragly it begins to bud  
And utter his tender head?" "Our blonket leveries  
been all too sad  
For thilk same season, when all is yclad  
With pleasance."

I cannot conclude without a few observations on three very remarkable Somersetshire words, namely *twordn*, *wordn*, and *zino*. They are living evidences of the contractions with which that dialect very much abounds.

*Twordn* means it was not; and is composed of three words, namely *it*, *wor*, and *not*; *wor* is the past tense, or, as it is sometimes called, the preterite of the verb to be, in the third person singular; [Footnote: It should be observed here that *was* is rather uncommon among the Somersetshire peasantry—*wor*, or *war*, being there the synonyms; thus Spenser in his *'Shepherd's Calendar.'*"]

"The kid,—

Asked the cause of his great distress,

And also who

and whence that he wer

You say he was there, and I say that *a wordn*;

You say that 'twas he, and I tell you that *twordn*;

You ask, will he go? I reply, not as I know;

You say *that* he *will*, and *\_I\_ must say, no,*

*Zino!*]

and such is the indistinctness with which the sound of the vowel in *were* is commonly expressed in Somersetshire, that *wor*, *wer*, or *war*, will nearly alike convey it, the sound of the *e* being rarely if ever long; *twordn* is therefore composed, as stated, of three words; but it will be asked what business has the *d* in it? To this it may be replied that *d* and *t* are, as is well known, often converted in our language



the one into the other; but by far the most frequently *d* is converted into *t*. Here, however, the *t* is not only converted into *d*, but instead of being placed after *n*, as analogy requires thus, *twornt*, it is placed before it for *euphony* I dare say. Such is the analysis of this singular and, if not euphonious, most certainly expressive word.

*Wordn* admits of a similar explanation; but this word is composed of two words only, *war* and *not*; instead of *wornt*, which analogy requires, a *d* is placed before *n* for a similar reason that the *d* is placed before *n* in *twordn*, namely for euphony; *wordn* is decidedly another of the forcible words.

*Wordn fir gwain?*—was he not going, may compete with any language for its energetic brevity.

*Zino*, has the force and application of an interjection, and has sufficient of the *ore rotundo* to appear a classical dissyllable; its origin is, however, simply the contract of, *as I know*, and it is usually preceded in Somersetshire by *no*. Thus, *ool er do it? no, zino! I thawt a oodn*. Will he do it? no, as I know! I thought he would not. These words, *Twordn*, *Wordn*, and *Zino*, may be thus exemplified:

## CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

I cannot, perhaps, better close this work, than by presenting to the reader the observations of Miss HAM, (a Somersetshire lady of no mean talents), in a letter to me on these dialects.

The lines, of which I desired a copy, contain an exemplification of the use of *utchy* or *ichè*, used contractedly [see *UTCHY* in the *Glossary*] by the inhabitants of the *South* of Somersetshire, one of the strongholds, as I conceive, of the Anglo-Saxon dialect.

In our polished dialect, the lines quoted by Miss HAM, may be thus rendered—

Bread and cheese I have had,  
What I had I have eaten,  
More I would [have eaten if] I had [had] it.

If the contradictions be supplied they will stand thus:—

Bread and cheese *ichè* have a had  
That *ichè* had *ichè* have a eat  
More *ichè* would *ichè* had it.

CLIFTON, *Jan.* 30, 1825

Sir:

I have certainly great pleasure in complying with your request, although I fear that any communication it is in my power to make, will be of little use to you in your curious work on the West Country dialect. The lines you desire are these:

Bread and cheese 'e' have a had,  
That 'e' had 'e' have a eat,  
More 'ch wou'd 'e' had it.

Sounds which, from association no doubt, carry with them to my ear the idea of great vulgarity: but which might have a very different effect on that of an unprejudiced hearer, when dignified by an Anglo-Saxon pedigree. The Scotch dialect, now become *quite classical* with us, might, perhaps, labour under the same disadvantage amongst those who hear it spoken by the vulgar only.

Although I am a native of Somersetshire, I have resided very little in that county since my childhood, and, in my occasional visits since, have had little intercourse with the *aborigines*. I recollect, however, two or three words, which you might not, perhaps, have met with. One of them of which I have traditionary knowledge, being, I believe, now quite obsolete. *Pitisanquint* was used in reply to an inquiry after the health of a person, and was, I understand, equivalent to *pretty well*, or *so so*. The word *Lamiger*, which signifies an invalid, I have no doubt you have met with. When any one forbodes bad weather, or any disaster, it is very common to say *Don't ye housenee*. Here you have the verbal termination, which you remarked was so common in the West, and which I cannot help thinking might have been originally vised as a sort of diminutive, and that *to milkee*, signified to milk a *little*.

As my knowledge of these few words is merely oral, I cannot answer for the orthography; I have endeavoured to go as near the sound as possible, and I only wish it were in my power to make some communication more worth your attention. As it is, I have only my best wishes to offer for the success of your truly original work.

I am, Sir, your most obedient,

Elizabeth Ham.

I have only one or two remarks to add to those of Miss Ham in the preceding letter.

It will be seen, by reference to the exemplifications of the dialect, that occasional *pleonasm* will be found in it, as well as, very often, extraordinary *contraction*. *I have adone, I have a had*, are examples of the first; and *'tword'n, gup, g'under, banehond, &c.* [see *Banehond* in the *Glossary*] are examples of the last. *Pitsanquint* appears to me to be simply a contracted and corrupted mode of expressing *Piteous* and *quaint*, [See *Pitis* in the *Glossary*.]

*Don't ye houseenee* is *Do not stay in your houses*. But the implied meaning is, *be active*; do your best to provide for the bad weather which portends. In Somersetshire, most of the colloquial and idiomatic expressions have more or less relation to agriculture, agricultural occupations, or to the most common concerns of life, hence such expressions have, in process of time, become *figurative*. Thus, *don't ye houseenee*, would be readily applied to rouse a person to activity, in order that he may prevent or obviate any approaching or portending evil.

I am still of opinion; indeed I may say, I am quite sure, that the verbal terminations, *sewy, Tcnitty, &c.*, have no relation to *diminution* in the district East of the Parret.

Upon the whole, it is evident that considerable care and circumspection are necessary in committing to paper the signs of the sounds of a language, of which we have no accredited examples, nor established criterion. In making collections of this work, I have not failed to bear this constantly in mind.

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