The Dialect of the West of England Particularly Somersetshire

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"Goo little Reed!

Aforn tha vawk, an vor me plead:
Thy wild nawtes, mAc-be, thAc ool hire
Zooner than zActer vrom a lAcre.
ZAc that thy Maester's pleas'd ta blaw 'em,
An haups in time thAc'll come ta knaw 'em
An nif za be thAc'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 theA?ze veo leaves at last appears.
Ta you, tha dwellers o' tha West,
I'm pleas'd that thAc shood be addresst:
Vor thaw I now in Lunnan dwell,
I mine ye still--I love ye well;
And niver, niver sholl vorget
I vust drAcw'd breath in _Zummerzet_;
Amangst ye liv'd, and left ye zorry,
As you'll knaw when you hire my storry.
TheA?ze little book than take o' me;
'Tis Acll I hAc 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 thenk 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.

CONTENTS

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 _fA?ther_, _rA?ther_, or somewhat like the usual sound of _a_ in _balloon_, _calico_, lengthened; it is so pronounced in bA?ll, cA?ll. I shall use for this sound the _circumflex over the a_, thus Ac_ or A?_. 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 _A _, 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 A? and A 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 A? and A 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-A?th, for both;
fay-er, for fair;
vi-A"r for fire;
stay-ers for stairs;
show-er for sure;
vrA?o-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, thA? 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 _pAcson_.

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), quoat, 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_. _TheA?ze here, thick there_, [_thicky there_, west of the Parret] _theA?sam_ 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 pait 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 ACCCEPTED 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-dAcy. _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.

AllA"s. _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'A?st _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'A?s, 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._

Begrumpled. _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.

BeneA?pt. _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_]

BleAcchy. _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 marA"es 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 suivA(e d'une seconde barre plus elevA"e, qui la suit a cent toises de distance. Elles courent beaucoup plus vA(te 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.

BooA?t. _s._ Boat.

BooA?th. _pron._ Both. "_Boo'A?th 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-viA"r. _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 _A 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.

CAcs. 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.

ChaA-ty. _adj_. Careful; nice; delicate.

To Cham. _v. a._ To chew.

ChAimer. _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 ChoA ry. _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.

ClAivy and ClAivy-piece. _s._ A mantel-piecce.

[_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.

CoA?se. _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.

CreA(my. _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.

DA yze. 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 A?m_; _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 AngliA|, &c._, Art.
Corylus, speaks of the divining rod: " Vulgus metallicorum
ad virgulam divinum, ut vocant, quAc venas metallorum inquA-rit prA|
cA|teris 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.

DrooA?te. 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 AngliA|, &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 _Earwrig_, 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.

FildA"fare. _s._ A Fieldfare. "Farewell fieldA"fare." _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 flook or flounder.

Flush. _adj._ Fledged; able to fly: (applied to young birds.)

FooA?se. _s._ Force. See VooA?se.

To FooA?se. _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.

Gruf'fer. Gruf'fier. _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.

HeA?t _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-plAcs _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.

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, [pronouced 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.
Jif'fey. _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; _quoat_ or (_quA"t_) _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_.

Kef'fel. _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.

Kirsen. _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.

LAideshrides. _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.

LAct. _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'A?t. _v. n_. To leak.

Le'A?t. _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, _Acll 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, MAc-be. _adv._ Perhaps; it may be.

May-fool. _s._ Same as _April fool_.

May-game, MAc-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.

NaA?se. _s._ noise.

Nan. _interjec._ Used in reply, in conversation or address, the same as _Sir_, when you do not understand.

NAcnt. _s._ Aunt.

Nap. _s._ A small rising; a hillock.

NAction. _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-qut-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-qut-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'A?nt (for w'on't). Will not. This expression is used in almost all the persons, as _I A?nt, he A?nt, we A?nt, they,_ or _thAc A?nt_; 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.

PlAcd. _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 wkose 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 PooA?t, To Pote. _v. a._ To push through any confined opening, or hole.

PooA?t-hole, Pote-hole. _s._ A small hole through which anything is pushed with a stick; a confined place.

PooA?ty. _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._ [_QuarrA(_, 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.

QA"t (Quut). _s._ Coat.

R.

R in many words is wholly omitted, as, _Arth. CoA?se, Guth, He'A?th, 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 Hirddick_; 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, ZeeA?d-lip, Zilker, Zim, &c._

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

Sand-tot. _s_. A sandhill.

To Sar. _v. a._ To serve--Toearn; 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.

SneA?d. _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.

SteA?n. _s._ A large jar made of stone ware.

SteA?nin. _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'A"ty. _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].

ThAc. _pron._ They.

Than. _adv._ Then.

Thauf. _conj._ Though, although.

TheA?ze. _pron._ This.

TheeA?zam,TheeA?zamy. _pron._ These.

Them, Them'my. _pron._ Those.

The'rence. _adv._ From that place.

ThereawAc, 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 dissyllable, 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 ermy. /

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.

Twi'ly. _adj._ Restless; wearisome.

Twi'ripe. _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 _IchA"_, 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 _ichA(_, 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.

VeA?. _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.

ViA"r. _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.

VleA"r. _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.

VooA?th. _adv._ Forth; out. _To goo vooA?th_, is to go out.

To VooA?se. _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.

VroA?st. _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'vooA?th. _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.

Whipswhile. _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.

Y.

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.

ZAc. _v._ Say.

ZAct. _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 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.

ZeeA?d. _s._ Seed. ZeeA?d-lip. _See_ SEED-LIP.

Zel. _pron._ Self.

Zen'vy. _s._ Wild mustard.

The true etymology will be seen at once in _sA(nevA(_, French, from _sinapi_, Latin, contracted and corrupted into _Zenvy_, Somersetian.

Zil'ker. _See_ SILKER.

Zim, Zim'd. _v._ Seem, seemed.

Zitch. _adj._ Such.

ZooA?p. _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;_ zAc, _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 dAcs o' my childhood
Glaw'd bright as tha zun in a mornin o' mAc;
When tha dumbledores hummin, craup out o' tha cobwAcll,
An' shakin ther whings, thAc vleed vooA?th an' awAc.
[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-mAc-be,
I niver naw moor sholl my voot again zet;
Tha jessamy awver thy porch zweetly bloomin,
Whauriver I goo, I sholl 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 Acll awver,
I Aclways sholl think o' nif I shood be awld.

Tha tutties that oten I pick'd on a zunday,
And stickt in my qut--thAc war thawted za fine:
Aw how sholl I tell o'm--vor Acll 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 dAc I was born;
ZAc, oolt thou drap a tear when I cease to behawld thee,
An wander awAc 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,
ZAc oolt thou sife for me, or one wild wish awake?

Good bwye ye dun Elves! who, on whings made o'leather,
Still roun my poorch whiver an' whiver at night;
Aw mAc naw hord-horted, unveelin disturber,
DestrAcy your snug nests, an your plAc 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 belaw?

Good bwye ta thee Cot! whaur my mother za thoughtvul,
As zumtimes she war droo er care vor us Acll,
Er lessins wi' kindness, wi' tenderness gid us;
An ax'd, war she dead, what ood us bevAcll.

Good bwye ta thee Cot! whaur tha nightingale's music,
In tha midnight o' MAc-time, rawze loud on the ear;
Whaur tha colley awAck'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 dAc;
Bit nif it is true, I'm afeard that I Aclways
And iver sholl thenk on tha cot thatch'd wi' strAc.

Good bwye ta thee Cot! there is One that rAcins awver,
An wActches 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 Acll that is past!
Thy friendly ruf shelter'd--while mother wActch'd awver.
An haw'd vor my comfort vrom vust unto last.

Good bwye ta thee Cot; vor the time mAc 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 mAc-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 Acternoon,
  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 thAc 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 dAc,

When Acll the birds be zingin;
Smiles an good nature dimplin stood,
An moor besides, an Acll 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 stAc mid make en zorry.

Jan oten pAcss'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 zAc true--
That you've for I a fancy:
(Aw Jan! I dwont veel desperd well,
An what's tha cAcze, I cannot tell),
You'll zAc na moor to Nancy."

Twar zaw begin'd their zweetortin;
BooA?th still liv'd in their places;
Zometimes thAc 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 vooA?s'd to zAc "good bwye,"
Ood meet again, wi' draps in eye,
While haup ood pwint er vinger.

Zo pass'd tha dAcs--tha moons awAc,
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-dAc! 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, mAc-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 hunsman 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,
AmAc-be too zum viA"r ood!"
  His Fan's dork eyes did shine.

"To haw vor thee, my Fan," a cried,
  "I iver sholl delight;
Thawf I be poor, 'tool be my pride
To ha my Fan vor a buxom bride--
  My lidden dAc 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 hunsman goo abroad,
  His houns behind en volly;
His tossel'd cap--his whip's smort smack,
His hoss a prancin wi' tha crack,
His whissle, horn, an holler, back!
  Ood cure Acll 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 zAc da death vaurtell,
  The cattle loud war lawin.

Tha hunsman wAckid 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 Acll thic night a did not come back;
  All night tha dogs did raur;
In tha mornin thAc look'd on tha kannel stwons

An zeed 'em cover'd wi' gaur an bwons,
The vlesh Acll 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 vleed ta meet tha man
Who corr'd er dear Jan's head:
An when she zeed en Acll 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 dAc 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.]

JERRRY NUTTY; OR THE MAN OF MORK.

Awa wi' Acll yer tales o' grief,
An dismal storry writin;

A mAc-be zumthin I mAc 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 PAcson preach,
An thawt what pity that ta read
Izzel a cood'n teach.

Vor than, a zunday Acternoon,
Tha Bible, or good book

Would be companion vit vor'm Acll
Who choos'd therein ta look.

Bit Jerry than tha naise o' geese
Bit little moor could hire;

An dAcly goose-aggs ta pick up
Droo-out tha moor did tire.

A A?ten look'd upon tha hills
An stickle mountains roun,
An wished izzel upon their taps:
What zights a ood be bA un!

Bit what did mooA?st iz fancy strick
War Glassenberry Torr:
A Aclways zeed it when tha zun
Gleam'd wi' tha mornin stor.

O' Well's grate church a A?ten 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 zAc,
Vor off went Jerry Nutty,
In hiz right hon a wAckin stick,
An in hiz qut a tutty.

Now, lock-y-zee! in whimly dress
Trudg'd chearful Jerry on;

Bit on tha moor not vur a went--
A made a zudden ston.

Which wAc ta goo a cood not thenk,
Vor there war many a wAc;
A put upright iz walking stick;
A vAcll'd ta tha zon o' dAc.

Ta tha suthard than iz wAc a took
Athert tha turfy 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 vooA?th 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 wAc to Glassenberry?
I've hired tha hawly thorn
War zet there by zum hawly hons
Zoon Acter 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 knaw 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 gAcwky! goo!"
Zaw zed a damsel vair
As dewy mornin late in MAc;
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 sholl not choose.

I'll zee the Torr an hawly thorn,
An Glassenberry too;
An, nif you'll put me in tha wAc,
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,
ClooA?se 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 belaw,
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 zAc,
Vor off went Jerry Nutty;
In his right hand a wAckin stick,
An in hiz qut a tutty.

Bit I vorgot to zAc 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 linch 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' wAckin, zaw
  A sleepid zoon did veel.

That blessed power o' bAcmy 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 wAcke
  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
  MooA?st pleasant dreams war thAc:
O' geese an goose-aggs, ducks and jitch;
  Or Mally, vur awAc,

Zum gennelmen war dreavin by
  In a gilded cawch za gAc;
ThAc zeed en lyin down asleep;
  ThAc bid the cawchman stAc.

ThAc bAcll'd thAc hoop'd--a niver wAck'd;
  Naw houzen there war handy;
Zed one o'm, "Nif you like, my bways,
  "We'll ha a little randy!"

"Jist put en zActly in tha cawch
  An dreav en ta BejwActer;
An as we Acll can't g'in wi'n here,
  I'll come mysel zoon Acter."

Twar done at once: vor norn o'm car'd
  A strAc vor wine or weather;
Than gently rawl'd the cawch along,
  As zAct as any veather.

Bit Jerry snaur'd za loud, tha naise
  Tha gennelmen did gally;
ThAc'd hAcf a mind ta turn en out;
  A war dreamin o' his Mally!

It war the morkit dAc as rawl'd

Tha cawch athin BejwActer;
ThAc drauv tip ta the Crown-Inn door,
Ther MAc-game man com'd Acter.

"Here Maester WActer! Lock-y-zee!
A-mAc-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 Acll tha people?
Why zuggers! nif we frunt en than,
He'll auver-dro tha steeple.

I bag ye, zur, to take en vooA?th;
There! how iz teeth da chatter;
Lawk zur! vor Christ--look there again!
A'll witchify BejwActer!"

Tha gennelman stood by an smiled
To zee tha bussle risin:
Yor zoon, droo-out tha morkit wide
Tha news wor gwon saprisin.

An round about tha cawch thAc 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 wAckid 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 BejwActer;
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.

ThAc ax'd en nif a'd please to g'out
An ta tha yalhouse g'in;
Bit thAc zo clooA?se about en dring'd
A cood'n goo athin.

Ta g'under 'em or g'auver 'em
A try'd booActh grate and smAcll;
Bit g'under, g'auver, g'in, or g'out,
A cood'n than at Acll.

"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,
TheA?se town is cAcll'd BejwActer!"
Cried out a whipper-snapper man:
ThAc all bust out in lAcughter.

"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 Acll 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 Acll!
A made a desperd bussle;
Zum hirn'd awAc--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 plAc'd awAc,
An round about did drash.

ThAc belg'd, thAc raur'd, thAc scamper'd Acll.
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 cheaks 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 wAc.
Right whim went Jerry Nutty;
A flourished roun iz wAckin stick;
An vleng'd awAc 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 Acter Christ war born,
Here a planted war by _ArimathA(_,
Thic Joseph that com'd auver sea,
An planted Kirstianity.
ThAc zAc 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 bevAcll,
A cried aloud "_Now, weary all_!"
Tha staff het budded an het grew,
An at Kirsmas bloom'd tha whol dAc droo.
An still het blooms at Kirsmas bright,
But best thAc zAc 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 A?ten 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 awAc 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 thAc rawd,
  Athout much tAck, together.

Not vur thAc 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 thAc 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 lAcd 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.

ThAc cust, thAc swaur, thAc dreaten'd too,
  An ater Mr. Guy
ThAc gallop'd all; 'twar niver-tha-near:
  Hiz hoss along did vly.

Auver downs, droo dales, awAc a went,
  'Twar dAc-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 awAc--
  It gawld g'lore contain'd!

Nif Mr. Guy war hirch avaur,
  A now war hircher still:
Tha plunder o' tha highwAcmen
  Hiz coffers went ta vill.

In sAcfety Mr. Guy rawd whim;
  A A?ten 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 larvA| 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 thAc _Lunnun_ cAcll;--
  Tha Tower an tha Pork
HAc booA?th a got a Rookery,
  Althaw thAc han't a Lork.

I zeng not o' jitch Rookeries,
  Jitch plazen, pump or banners;
Bit town-berd Rooks, vor Acll that, hAc,
  I warnt ye, curious _manners_.

My zong is o' a Rookery
  My Father's cot bezide,
Avaur, years Acter, I war born
  'Twar long tha porish pride.

Tha elms look'd up like giants tAcll
  Ther branchy yarms aspread;
An green plumes wavin wi' tha wine,
  Made gAc each lofty head.

Ta drAc 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, clooA?se by tha trees,
  Its stickle coose on slid,
Whaur yells an trout an wither fish
  Mid A?tentimes be zid.

Tha rooks voun this a pleasant place--
  A whim ther young ta rear;
An I a A?ten pleas'd a bin
  Ta wActch 'em droo tha year.

'Tis on tha dAc 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 zAc,
  (Naw readship in't I put)

_That nif thAc did'n shut tha, rooks

ThAc'd zoon desert tha trees!_
Wise vawk! Thic reason vor ther SPOORT
Gee thAc mid nif thAc please!

Still zeng I o' tha Rookery,
Vor years it war tha pride
Of all thAc place, bit 'twor ta I
A zumthin moor bezide.

A hired tha Rooks avaur I upp'd;
I hired 'em droo tha dAc;
I hired ther young while gittin flush
An ginnin jist ta cAc.

I hired 'em when my mother gid
Er lessins kind ta I,
In jitch a wAc when I war young,
That I war fit ta cry.

I hired 'em at tha cottage door,
When mornin, in tha spreng,
WAck'd vooA?th in youth an beauty too,
An birds beginn'd ta zeng.

I hired 'em in tha winter-time
When, roustin vur awAc,
ThAc visited tha Rookery
A whiverin by dAc.

My childhood, youth, and manood too,
My Father's cot recAcll
Thic Rookery. Bit I mist now
Tell what it did bevAcll.

'Twar MAc-time--heavy vi' tha nests
War laden Acll tha trees;
An to an fraw, wi' creekin loud,
ThAc 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, Acll awAc
War zweept into tha wActer
An zaw war spwiled tha Rookery
Vor iver and iver Acter.

I visited my Father's cot:
Tha Rooks war Acll a gwon;
Whaur stood tha trees in lofty pride
I zid there norra one.

My Father's cot war desolate;
An Acll look'd wild, vorlorn;
Tha Ash war stunted that war zet
Tha dAc that I war born.

My Father, Mother, Rooks, Acll gwon!
  My Charlotte an my Lizzy!--
Tha gorden wi' tha tutties too!--
  Jitch thawts why be za bizzy!--

Behawld tha wAc 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."

MooA?st plazen hAc their customs
  Ther manners an ther men;
We too a got our customs,
  Our manners and our men.

He who a bin ta Huntspill FAcyer
  Or Highbridge--Pawlet Revel--
Or Burtle Sassions, whaur thAc plAc
  Zumtimes tha very devil,

Mist mine once a man well
  That war a cAcll'd TOM GOOL;
Zum thawt en mazed, while withers thawt
  En moor a knave than fool.

At all tha fAcyers an revels too
  TOM GOOL war shower ta be,
A tAckin vlother vast awAc,--
  A hoopin who bit he.

Vor' Acll that a had a zoort o' wit
  That zet tha vawk a laughin;
An mooA?st o' that, when ho tha yal
  Ad at tha fAcyer 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 hAcn'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, Acll prizes!
A waiter--knife--or scissis sheer--
A splat o' pins--put in my dear!--
Whitechapel nills Acll 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 pAc vor't. Luck, Luck in tha bag! Acll 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.

MAcm,

I da thenk you'll smile at theeA?zam here veo lains that I write ta you, bin I be naw scholard; vor vather coud'n avoord ta put I ta school. Bit nif you'll vorgee me vor my bauldniss, a-mAc-be, I mid not be afeard ta zAc zummet ta you that you, mAcm yourzell mid like ta hire. Bit how be I ta knaw that? I knaw that you be a goodhorted Lady, an da like ta zee poor vawk well-at-eased an happy. You axt I tother dAc ta zing a zong: now I dwont much like zum o' thAc zongs that I hired thic night at squire Reevs's when we made an end o' HAc-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 zAct anow, bit, vor Acll that, I war looking vor tha moril, mAcm. Zo, when I cum'd whim, I tawld our Pall, that you axt I ta zing: an I war zorry Acterward that I did'n, bin you be Aclways zo desperd good ta poor vowk. Bit I thawt, a-mAc-be, you mid be angry wi' my country lidden. Why Teddy, zed Pall, dwontye zend Miss Hanson thic zong which ye made yerzel; I thenk ther is a moril in thic. An zo,

mAcm, nif you please, I a zent tha zong. I haup you'll vorgee me.

MAcm, your humble sarvant,

TEDDY BAND.

ZONG.

I have a cot o' Cob-wAcll
Roun which tha ivy clims;
My Pally at tha night-vAcll
Er crappin viA"r trims.

A comin vrom tha plow-veel
I zee tha blankers rise,
Wi' blue smauk 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,
CAclls Acll tha birds abroad;
An wrans an robin-riddicks,
Tell Acll the cares o' God,

I zit bezides my cot-door
After my work is done,
While Pally, bizzy knittin,
Looks at tha zottin zun.

When zummertime is passin,
An narras dAcs be vine,
I drenk tha sporklin cider,
An wish naw wither wine.

How zweet tha smill o' clawver,
How zweet tha smill o' hAc;
How zweet is haulsom labour, ^
Bit zweeter Pall than thAc.

An who d'ye thenk I envy?--
Tha nawbles o' tha land?
ThAc 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
Aclways a thawt it desperd odd, that dogs should be keept in a
kannel, and keept a hungered too, zaw that thAc mid be moor eager

to hunt thic poor little theng cAclled 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 thAc da hire tha yell o' tha houns thAc'll not vorgit Fanny Fear; a-mAc-be thAc 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 Zummerzet's 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 wAc--
Tha _Porish_ o'ten cAclled,--a girt bell sheep
Or two that lead the rest an quiet keep--
Put vooA?th ther hons iz coose to stAc,
Which made en quite unruly.

A went, of coose, ta VisitAction
Ta be sworn in;--an than 'twar nAction
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 Acll a copper varden!"

Tha church war durty.--Wevets here
Hang'd danglin vrom tha ruf; an there
Tha plaisterin shaw'd a crazy wAcll;

Tha Acltar-piece war dim and dowsty too,
That Peter's maricle thAc 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 smAcll.
'Twar time vor zum one ta renew 'em Acll.

I've tawld o' wevets--zum o'm odd enow;
ThAc look'd tha colour of a dork dun cow,
An like a skin war stratched across tha corners;
Tha knitters o' tha porish tAck'd o knittin
Stocking wi' 'em!--Bit aw, how unbevittin
All tAck 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 wAclls once moor look'd bright.
Tha Painter, fags, a war a Plummer
  An Glazier too,
  Put vooA?th his powers,
 (His workin made naw little scummer!)
In zentences, in flourishes, and flowers.
Tha chancel, church and Acll 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 Acltar piece wi' Peter war now naw libel
  Upon tha church,
Which booA?th athin an, tower an all, athout
Look'd like a well-dressed maid in pride about;
Tha walls rejAcic'd wi' texts took vrom tha Bible.
  Bit vor all that, thAc left en in tha lurch; I bag your pardon.
I mean, of Acll tha expense thAc ood'n pAc a varden.

Jitch zweepin, birshin, paintin, scrubbin;
Tha tuts ad niver jitch a drubbin;
  Jitch white-washin and jitch brought gwAcin
A power of money--Tha Painter's bill
Made of itzel a pirty pill,
  Ta zwell which Acll o'm tried in vain!
Ther stomicks turn'd, ther drawts were norry; [Footnote: Narrow]
Jitch gillded pills thAc cood'n corry.
An when our young churchwarden ax'd em why,
ThAc 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 cAcll'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 LAcyer gid en bad advice;
  A-mAc-be saw; jitch vawk ben't always nice.
LAcyers o' advice be seltimes misers
  Nif there's wherewi' ta pAc;
Or, witherwise, good bwye ta LAcyers an tha LAc.

A Vestry than at last war cried--
A Vestry's power let noA?ne 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
  RepairAction_.
  A grate norAction,

A nAction naise tha nawtice made,
About tha cost ta be defray'd
  Vor tha church's _repairAction_.

Tha Vestry met, Acll naise an bother;
One ood'n wait ta hire tha tuther.
When thAc war tir'd o' jitch a gabble,
Ta bAcl na moor not one war yable,
A man, a little zActenfare,
Got up hiz verdi ta delcare.
Now Soce, zed he, why we be gwAcin
Ta meet in Vestry here in vAcin.

Let's come to some determination,
An not tAck Acll 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 clooA?se 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 zActenfare,
An Acll tha Vestry wide did stare!
Bit Soce, zed he again, I niver zeed
Money brought gwAcin zaw bad. What need
War ther tha Acltar-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,

  ThAc Acll, wi one accord,
  At tha little zActenfare's word,
    Agreed, that, not one varden,
      By Rate,
   Should be collected vor tha late RepairAction
  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-knawn name.

A knaw'd much moor o' fishin
  Than many vawk bezides;
An a knaw'd much moor than mooA?st about
  Tha zea an Acll tha tides.

A knaw'd well how ta make buts,
  An hullies too an jitch,
An up an down tha river whaur
  Tha best place vor ta pitch.

A knaw'd AcIl about tha stake-hangs
  Tha zAclmon 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 Aclways 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' AcIl fish a cood tell;
Who bit he amangst tha Fishermen--
  A Aclways bear'd tha bell.

Tommy Came ad hired o' PlAcyers,
  Bit niver zeed 'em plAc;
ThAc war actin at BejwActer;
    There a went wi' Sally DAc.

When tha curtain first drAcw'd up, than
  Sapriz'd war Tommy Came;
A'd hAcf a mine ta him awAc,
 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 Acter lookin on zumtime,
Ta understand did strive;
There now, zed he, _I'll gee my woth_
[Footnote: Oath.]
That thAc 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, wheniver 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-lAcin;
I haup that't word'n quite in vAcin!
'Twar her who teach'd me vust ta read
Jitch little words as _beef_ an _bread_;
An I da thenk 'twar her that, Acter,
Lorn'd I ta read tha single zActer.
Poor Mary A?ten 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 athout 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-mAc-be's past.--It must be zaw;--
There's nothin stable here belaw!
O' Mary--Acll 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 zAc na moor--zaw, fore well! [Footnote: Fare ye well.]

HANNAH VERRIOR.

Tha zAc I'm maz'd,--my Husband's dead,

My chile, (hush! hush! Lord love er face!)
Tha pit-hawl had at Milemas, when
ThAc put me in theA?ze pooA?t-hawl place.

ThAc zAc I'm maz'd.--I veel--I thenk---
I tAck--I ate, an oten drenk.--
Tha _thenk_, a-mAc-be, zumtimes, _peel_--
An gee me stra vor bed an peel!

ThAc zAc I'm maz'd.--Hush! Babby, dear!
ThAc shan't come to er!--niver fear!
ThAc zAc thy Father's dead!--Naw, naw!
A'll niver die while I'm belaw.

ThAc zAc I'm maz'd.--Why dwont you speak?
Fie James!--or else my hort ool break!--
James _is_ not dead! nor Babby!--naw!
ThAc'll niver die while I'm belaw!

REMEMBRANCE.

An shall I drap tha Reed--an shall I,
Athout one nawte about my SALLY?
Althaw we Pawets Acll be zingers,
We like, wi' enk, ta dye our vingers;
Bit mooA?st 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 bAcll
Once vrighten'd Lady Drake an Acll;--
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 wActers raur--
In Banwell's cave--on Loxton hill--
At Clifton gAc--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 flAcnts enow;
At Trowbridge, whaur by Friendship's heed,
I blaw'd again my silent Reed,
An there enjay'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 dAc and harras near:
The zun upon the waters drode
Girt sheets of light as on a rode;
From zultry heA?t the cattle hirn'd
To shade or water as to firnd:
Men, too, in yarly Acternoon
Doft'd quick ther cloaths and dash'd in zoon
To thic deep river, whaur the trout,
In all ther prankin, plAcd about;
And yels wi' zilver skins war zid,
While gudgeons droo the wActer slid,
Wi' carp sumtimes and wither fish
Avoordon many a dainty dish.
Whaur elvers too in spring time plAcd,
[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 Somersetshere, 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 wActer 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 theA?ze 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 A?' 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 Acll 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 thAc be gwon and I, o' Acll
O'm left to zAc what did bevAcll.
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 wActers bland,
Or zwimmin wi' a maA"ster hand.
We youngsters dree, the youngest I,
To zee the zwimmers Acll 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 dAc to bless!
A dog' too, faithful to his maA"ster
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 AcllA"s 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, Acll
That zeed what Blanscue did bevAcll.--
Athout one sign, or naise, or cry,
Or shriek, or splash, or groan, or sigh!
Could zitch a zwimmer ever die
In wActer?--Yet we gaz'd in vain
Upon thic bright and wActer 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 wActer 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 Acll,
We wish'd to goo an zum one cAcll;
But Evans carelissly thus spoke--
"Oh, _Cox_ is up the river gone,
Vor sartain ool be back anon;--
He tAclk'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 wActer 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 wActer clear!
Bolt upright war he, and his hair,
That pruv'd he sartainly war there,
Zwimm'd on the wActer!--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,
CAcll out, at once, vor father's men?
(ThAc war at work vor'n very near
A mendin the old Highbridge pier,)
A did'n cAcll, but 'mus'd our fear--
"A hundred vawk ool zoon be here!"
A zed.--We gid the hue and cry!
And zoon a booA?t wi' men did vly!
But twar Acll 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 Acll
ThAc 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 MAc,
Of whom a-mAc-bi I mid za
Zumthin hereActer:
What thAc 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 Acll that sholl theeA?ze 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 A?ten, A?ten 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 mooA?st whun Brue war deep and clear,
And Lammas dAc an harras near;--
Whun zummer vleng'd his light abroad,--
The zun in all his glory rawd;
How beautiful mid be the dAc
A zumthin AcllA"s zim'd to zAc,
_"Whar whing! the wActer'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 theA?ze DedicAction;
I write, I haup I dwon't offend.
Bin I be proud ta cAcll You FRIEND.
I here ston vooA?th, alooA?n unbidden
To 'muse you wi' my country lidden;--
Wi' remlet's o' tha Saxon tongue
That to our Gramfers did belong.
Vor Aill 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!
Aforn tha vawk an vor me plead:
Thy wild nawtes, mAc-be, thAc ool hire
Zooner than zActer vrom a _lyre_.
ZAc that, _thy mA?ester's pleas'd ta blaw 'em,
An haups in time thAc'll come ta knaw 'em;
An nif zaw be thAc'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, maA"ster 'tis zaw cawld, I can't work wi' tha tacker at Acll; I've a brawk it ten times I'm shower ta dAc--da vreaze 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, theA?ze 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 vreaze 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 thAc war gwain ta wimmy, ond that thAc 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 zAc or do ta Hester, than?

Jan Lide.--Why, Hester, a mAc-be, war zummet ta blame too: vor she war one o'm, d'ye zee, that rawd Skimmerton--thic mAc game that frunted zum o' tha gennel-vawk. ThAc zed 'twar time to a done wi'jitch litter, or jitch stuff, or I dwon knaw what thAc call'd it; bit thAc war a frunted wi' Hester about it: an I zed nif thAc war a frunted wi' Hester, thAc 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 wAc 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 thAc?--

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 theA?ze zumrner. I shall be out amangst ye. I'll goo wi' ta mawy, an ta hAc-makin, an ta reapy--I'll come Acter, an zet up tha stitches vor ye, Thomas. An if I da stAc till Milemas, I'll goo ta Matthews fayer wi'. Thomas, Acve ye had any zenvy theA?ze 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 tAck--da zeem za naatal. We a had zum zenvy--an tha ten yacres be a haind--a'll be maw'd in veo dAcs--you'll come an hAc-maky, o'nt ye?--eese, I knaw you ool--an I da knaw whool goo a hAc-makin wi', too --ah, she's a zweet maid--I dwon't wonder at ye at Acll, Maester Jimmy--Lord bless ye, an love ye booA?th.

Jimmy.--Thomas, you a liv'd a long time wi' Father, an' I dwont like ta chide ye, bit nif you da tAck o' Miss Cox in thic fashion, I knaw she on't like it, naw moor sholl I. Miss Cox, Thomas, Miss Cox ool, a-mAc-be, goo a hAc-makin wi' I, as she a done avaur now; bit Sally, Miss Cox, Thomas, I wish you'd zAc 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 tAckin about.--Be tha thissles skeer'd in tha twenty yacres, Thomas?--aw, thAc be. Well, I sholl be glad when tha ten yacres be a mawed--an when we da make an end o' hAc-corrin, I'll dance wi' Sally Cox.

Thomas Came.--There, Maester Jimmy! 'tword'n I that tAck'd o' Sally Cox!

MARY RAMSEY,

_A MONOLOGUE,

To er Scholards_.

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 wAcke ye. Now, _Billy_ there's a good bway! Ston still there, an mine what I da zAc 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 _Kirs_.] girt Ac little Ac--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 vessy 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--Acll in one lidden--_hum, hum, hum,_--You'll niver lorn ta read well thic fashion.--Here, _Pal,_ read theA?ze 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 vessy 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 zAc _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 Aclways zed that PAcson Tuttle's grandActer 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 Acll 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 _Zeven Champions_--_Goody Two Shoes_--_Pawems vor Infant minds_.--TheA?zamy here be by vur tha best.--There is a moril ta mooA?st o'm; an thAc be pirty bezides.--Now, _Miss_, please ta read thic--_Tha Notorious Glutton_.--_Pal Came!_ turn tha glass! dwon't ye zee tha zond is Acll hirnd out;--you'll stAc in school tha longer for't nif you dwon't mine it.--Now, Acll o' ye be quiet ta hire _Miss Whitin_ read.--There now! what d'ye zAc ta jitch radin as that?--There, d'ye hire, _Het Came_! she dwon't drean--_hum, hum, hum_.--I shood like ta hire er vessy wi' zum o' ye; bit your bad radin ood spwile her good.

OUT O' BOOKS!

All the childern goo voA?th.

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 beA?t 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 Acll a breakin droo tha hadge inta tha vivean-twenty yacres; an Former Haggit'll goo ta LAc wi'n, an I sholl be kill'd. _--Naw I wun't--'tis zaw whot: bezides I hant a had my nap out._ "Larence! I da zAc, thee bist a bad un! Oot thee hire what I da zAc? Come now an let I scooce wi'. Lord a massy upon me! Larence, whys'n thee let I up?" _CAcz I wunt. What! muss'n I hAc an hour like wither vawk ta ate my bird an cheese? I do zAc 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 vleng't awAc 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 _hAc 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 zAc, oot let me up. I zeed Farmer Haggit zoon Acter 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: thAc'll zoon hirn vur anow. ThAc'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-wActer; I sholl 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 zAc vur as _Slow-wAc_; the ditches be, menny o'm zAc dry 'tis all now rangel common! There! I'll gee thee _dree hAc pence_ ta let I goo." _Why, thee hass'n bin here an hour, an vor what shood I let thee goo? I da zAc, 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 lyin here while tha shee-ape be gwain droo thic shord an tuther shord; zum o'm, a-mAc-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 stAc 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 Acll; a's za rough, an za zoA1r. An _Will Popham_ too, ta betwite me about tha maid: a cAcll'd er a ratheripe _Lady-buddick_. I dwont mislike tha name at Acll, thawf I dwont care vor'n a stra, nor a read mooA?te; nor thatite o' a pin! What da thAc cAcll _he_? Why, tha _upright man_, cAcs a da ston upright; let'n; an let'n wrassly too: I dwont like zitch _hoss-plAcs_, nor _singel-stick_ nuther; nor _cock-squailin'; nor menny wither mAc-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 thAc ta up wi't? I dwont like norn'om? _Girnin Jan_ too shawed iz teeth an put in his verdi.--I--wish theeA?ze vawk ood mine ther awn consarns an let I an Fanny alooA?ne.

"Larence! doose thee meA?n 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 hoA1r; whaur tha yeos an lams an Acll 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 wAcll."--

"_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 _ichA"_, 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 tlie 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 _ichA", '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 or 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 lie 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 _Pulyolbion_, 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 tAcll, cAcll, bAcll, and vAcll (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 GAcll, as we of the west pronounce tAcll, bAcll, &c.] and most abundant in the county of Somerset. No sooner, however, do we cross the _Parret_ and proceed from Combwich [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 cA|tera, 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 _thAc 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 _theeA?ze_, 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. TheeA?ze 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 _theeA?ze man_ and _theA?ze men_. But in the plural are also employed other forms of the same pronoun, namely _theeA?zam, theeA?zamy_ and _thizzum_. This last word is, of course, decidedly the Anglo-Saxon A issum. In the west we say therefore _theeA?zam here, theeA?zamy 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 head-quarters commit such blunders can we wonder at our provincial detachments falling into similar errors? none certainly more gross than this!]

Thic 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. Thic house, that house; thic 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 preceeded 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 _ichA"_, 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 _ichA"_ have a had
That _ichA"_ had _ichA"_ have a eat
More _ichA"_ would _ichA"_ 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. _Pitisanquint_ 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 housenee,_ 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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