

ZOM MWORE A WOOLD TROTTER'S ZAYINS

MIZERLEY PEOPLE

If there's any zart a people I caan't abeare, tis mizerly people; how tis zom voke ull goo on screapin an screapin money, ta tha end a ther days, wieout a bit a pledjure ar enjoyment, I caant think, unless tha've got it in ther yeads thay beant niver gwain ta die, bit thay will tho, an dwoant know how zoon vust, an then what'll become a ther hoarded wealth? Why, till goo praps as vast as butter da melt in tha zun. You've a zeed it, an I've a zeed it, an I da know voke who av bin left lot a money an property, declare atter thay'd a got rid on't, thay hood a bin better off athout it, var diden do em a mossel a good. What a pity tis mizerly voke cooden jist com back an zee ow ther money wur bein squanderd atter thay wur dade.

This mines me about a Greek starry we used to rade wen I wur a school bwoy. In Athens, a very wealthy an noted Mizer died, an a coose his riches an property wur divided amaingst his nearest relayshuns, who, it zeems, wur a main lively lot; var they zoon zet ta wirk spendin their vortunes in gaiety, debauchery an gamblin, jist as vast as thay cood. Well, wen tha Mizer's time wur up ta com out a Pugatory, ee had ta swim across a river caal'd tha Styx, avore he cood get inta Paradise. Atter he'd a swim'd across, he vound ther wur a girt high fence ael roun, an ony one entrance geat, zoo a went up, bit tha Porter in charge demanded a purty good zum a money avore he'd let un in. Tha

mizer zet up grumblin about tha price, an vow'd he'd never pay it, zoo a went off in a terrible huff, an zeein what a thought wur a wake pleace in tha fence, tried ta get droo athout payen, bit a wur cotch'd in the hact be one a tha gards, who zoon took un avore tha bench a magistrates, an who ordered un ta be zeverly punished. Well, one zuggested this, an one zuggested that, as tha baste way ta punish un; bit tha Cheermin zaays, “No, I'll tell ee what we'll do; we'll zen un back ta Earth, wher a com vrom, jist var ta let un zee how his hayers an zucksessors be getting rid a tha wealth ee left behine un. This ull be tha zeverest punishment we can inflict upon un.”

Money nevir did wurrit I very much, I'm happy ta zaay. I nevir wur a chap ta crave vor it, aels tis, I always liked ta av enuff ta pay me way, an I shood like ta veel I had sufficient jist ta car me droo ta tha end, athout aven ta bodder tha parish ar an laytions. Depen on it, thame much tha happiest voke who dwoant want much, an who da live within ther means, however scanty thay mid be. Whats tha use a keep on craven var thease wordles goods? tha mwore ya gets tha mwore ya'll want. If ya gets a donkey an trap ta day, ya'll be wanten a vine steppin hoss, an a dog-cart to marrer; an zoo da goo on. Man yeant nevir zatisfied. I av a rade in tha peapers of voke who av bin left a lot a money on tha zuddent, goo out a ther mines about it, var it zoo bewilder'd em, thay cooden hold together; an I've a rade a voke who av bin left a vourtune, zet ta wirk, an spen it as tho tid nevir com to an end. Well I dwoant think tid fect I in theaseem here zart a ways, an in kease anybiddy shood appen ta leave I a million ar two, I've a studded up a leetle plan a me own, how ta dale wie't. Vust o' ael, I'd gie ten thousand pounds ta

Zalsbury Infirmary, an a thousand ache ta every hospital in tha county; an if that diden shink it enuff, I'd build a wom in me own neative pleace, var woold voke as had com to paverty droo no vaat a ther own. I dwoant think I shood be very much wrong in getting rid a zom a tha money like this, da you, now? Bit there, I beant nar bit likely ta av it, praps zombiddy else yer handy mid though, if zoo, I hopes as how thay'll teak tha hint.

BIRTH

No biddy cant help their bein barn'd in humble zarcumstances. I wur barn about tha seam time as a well-know'd Prince, bit twerden my vaat I wurden barn thic Prince, an twerden tha Prince's vaat he wurden barn a poor wirkin man like I. I da offen think how nice tis ta zee voke as wur barn in umble zarcumstances rise up, an get on in tha wordle, specilly if thay dwoant snub their poor relayshuns, an beant a sheam'd a their umble orrigen; tis bad enuff ta zee thay as av bin barn wie a zilver spoon in their mouths do this, bit when we zees it done be thay there voke who sprung up vrim nuthen; well, tis nuff ta meak ee wish zummet hood appen an reduce em agean.

We be ael barn in thease yer wordle alike at least as var as nater is consarned, an if ya wants ta prove it, jist teak tha new barn beaby a tha poor leaberen man, an put un along zide a tha new barn beaby a tha gennelmin, call in a strainger an ax un ta tell ee, which is which. A caant do it, there's no difference, ael's tis tha difference is in tha bringins up an eddication. Zom da zaay tha blood is different; zart a blueish, bit be drat

if I, ar anybiddy else ever zeed it, an if twur true, I thinks tha common voke av got tha baste on't; var wur do ee zee viner or purtyer looken childern than amangst poor country people. Zoo dwoant ee never be put out becaas ya happens ta av come inta thase wordle in umble zarcumstances, bit aelwys bere in mind what tha pawitt da zaay:-

“Never mind your humble birth,
Show tha world what you're worth.”

SWINDLIN AN CHATEN

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat.

Hudibras

Zims ta I, tis as true ta day as twur wen Butler rote tha above lines. Voke zims zom how ar anodder to delight in bein took in, var thers skiercely a day you can teak up a peaper bit what you hears a zom girt swindle ar anodder. Bains a breakin, Buildin Societies vallen ta pieces, ar Goold an Zilver Companys a gwain ta smaish, an poor shereholders zometimes laved wieout a varden. Heet in spite of ael this, we da vind new companys an consarns springin up var every martil thing inamwoast, an voke a rushen like mad ta buy sheares in em. Zom vew years agoo, a man wur had up an put on his trial var a girt big betten swindle on a leady a title, tha judge in zummin up atter tha evidence, zed a cooden think how twur people wur za voolish as ta be gulled wie zich people an ther swindlin consarns. Tha prisoner looked up at tha judge, an wie tha girtest cheek imaginable, zaays, “well

me Lard teant very zaprizin when ya comes ta look at it. *Ya zee thers a vool barn every ten minutes, an tha biggest peart on em da live;*” an be drat if I dwoant think tis true too, var you jist look at ower vairs, twig thic ar feller zillin vlaish jewelry, look at tha crowd aroun un, ya zee he's a zillin what he vows an declares is a zolid goold chain, wie a leather morrocker puss var a shillin, an as a swears a dwoant want ther money, he vlings a rale good shillin into tha puss ta prove it. A coose tha vust two ar dree a zills be right enuff, bit you mead be zure he teaks proper good keer to let his own vrens in tha crowd av em, an who he's zure will meak a purty good naise about it, bit tha raste of his buyers, what do thay vind thay've got? Why, a brassen chain woth a penny praps an a Merricken leather puss woth about dree-appince, an inzide on un, steads a good shillin, nuthen bit a apeny done auver wie zom stuff ta look like zilver; bit spite a ael this here, nex vair thay'll goo an do jist tha zeam agean.