

AUNT MEARY'S ZOUP :
OR THA DOG AN THA PITCHER.
A TRUE STOWRY



Zom years agoo, when my Aunt Meary lived cook an housekeeper we woold Passen Brown up at Winterbourne, she, an his riverence, were nearly vrited out o' ther wits one night, we what thay thought wur robbers a braken into tha vicarage. I'll tell ee how it happened. Twere Whitsuntide time, an Passen Brown aelways used ta av a jint a mate cooked, an gied to tha club voke var ther Whitmondai dinner. Thic year twer a nice girt piece a zalt beef bout vive and twenty pound I warn. Zo Whitmondai marnin, Aunt Meary bwil'd it var em in tha Passen's copper, an atter Church, two a tha club voke, we girt rosettes in their hats, as big purty nigh as cabbages, come up to tha vicarage atter it, an ta teak it down to tha Boot Public House, as that wur tha plice they wur ta av dinner. Twere a nayshun nice piece a beef she said, an ther wur about two or dree

gallons a capital zoup left in tha copper. "Lar," zaays Aunt, "What a zin ta drow this nice zoup away," aelthough she spoosed nooan a Winterbourne voke hood keer about zoup at club time, "Still I'll seave it," zaays she, "Var som poor body, ar another med be glad wie it ta marrer." Zoo she puts it in a girt brown pitcher an stans it on tha kitchen dresser, thinkin ta gie it away ta som body nex marnin. Zoo atter the club dinner wur auver, Passen Brown comes wom, and zaays to Aunt, "Lar, Meary, that wur a capital piece a beef an well done, tha club people did zo much enjoy it. I dwoant think there skiercely a nounce left, and now if you like you can have tha rest of tha day, an goo down an a jine tha club voke a bit, I'll teak keer a tha house." Zoo Aunt thanked un, an went an tittivated herzelf up in a spankin new vrock, an bonnet, an goes off down street ta zee tha club voke an enjoy herzelf a bit, an one a tha club stewards comes up, an thanks her var cooken tha beef za well, which thay all did enjoy zo much. Zoo Aunt axed un if he knowd any poor voke who hood be glad wie tha zoup that wur left. "Oh, aye," zaays he, "Thers woold Zally Spritely and Betty Stingymir, hood be martel glad wie it." "Tell em ta com up ta tha vicarage ta marrer marnin at ten a clock, an thay shall av it," zaays Aunt. He zed he hood, an then a interduced Aunt ta lots a tha young men a tha village, an purty merry tha time went on, wat we dancin here, an dancin ther, ael up an down tha village street, zoo that twer main leat avore Aunt got back to tha vicarage thic night. Passen Brown wur gon on ta bade, zoo she lets herzelf in be her latch kay an gooes on up ta her room as quiet's as a mouse, not var ta wake un up. Tired out, she zoon drops of into a zound sleep, bit tween twelve an one a clock she wur waked up wie zich a naise down in kitchen as wur

never yeard. It zounded as tho zombiddy ad a got in, an wur smaishen tha crockery-ware ael ta smithereens. She jumps out a bade, strikes a light, an puts on her things, an gooes an lissens a bit at her baderoom dooer. Tha noise wie tha smaishen a things wur still gwain on, vust it zeemed in one pleace, an then in anodder, as though tha robbers wur huntin in ael tha cups an saacers ta vind zom money, an then smaishen on em on tha kitchen vloer. Tha noise an tha thoughts on't purty ni drove poor Aunt Meary inta sterricks. "O dear, O dear, whativer shill I do. I mist weak up measter, that I must." Zoo she crapes on tippy toes across tha landin tawards his baderoom, an thur she cud hear un snorin away like a woold hoss. Zoo she knocks, bit deuce a bit did er heed, then she gies tha dooer a good loud baing, an a jumps out a bade vrited ta death. "Why, Meary," zaay ee, puttin on his dressin gown, "whatever is tha matter?" "Robbers, zir, robbers ; thayve a broke inta tha kitchen, an smaishen up everythin thay can lay ther hands on." "Nonsense, Meary," zaays ee, "mis be zom o' tha club voke avin a leetle bit a merrymment avore thay gooes wom ta bade," "O it beant that," zaays Aunt, "var I'm zartin zure thay be got inta tha house, you com ta the voot o' tha stayers, an lissen yerself, zur;" zoo passen wie tha candle in his hand vollied aunt ta tha top o' tha stayers, an zure enough tha seam naisies wur still gwain on down in tha kitchen. "Well, tis zummat," zaays ee, "bit wur's Pincher. Why dwoant ee bark an vriten em?" "I specs thay've pizened un ta keep un quiet," zaays poor Aunt Meary, trimblin vrim yead ta voot, "ar ee zureley hood a vlow at em." "Well, well, this'll never do," zaays he; "mist goo down an veace em, be em men or devils; let me rache down me blunderbuss," zo a raches down his gun an we ee in one hand, an tha candle in tother, ee zaays,

“com on,” bit a took proper good kear ta meak Aunt goo vust wie her candle in one hand an a poker in tother. Zoo down stayers thay gooes, an wen Aunt got ta tha kitchen dooer, she looks roun trimblin vrom yead ta voot, wie veace as whites a sheet, an zaays, “I thinks you'd better open tha dooer vust, zur.” “No, no,” he zaays, “Meary, you jist turn tha handle an I'll push un open with tha end o' tha gun, an then if tis robbers I can let vlee at em.” “O dear, dear, dwoant ee vire, zur, unless thay da dreaten ower lives vust.” Zoo at last poor Aunt mustered up courage enuff to turn tha handle o' tha dooer, an quick as lightenen the Passen pushed un open wie tha muzzle as wide's a cood, an bawled out, “Stand, ar I'll vire upon ee,” expectin every moment ta zee tha robbers com out, instead a that thur woold dog Pincher vlow out a barkin like mad, an zummat a danglin roun his neck that a cooden sheak off nohow at ael. “Why, Meary,” zaays Passen Brown, “How com Pincher's in tha kitchen, an what's ael this wet floaten about on tha vloer?” Poor Aunt Meary stood ther dumfoundered, ta zee thic ar dog vlee out, var tha true cause now zeemed ta dawn apon her ael at wonce. Tha vact on't wur, in her hurry ta get up stayers ta bade, she had vargot ta gie tha dog his zupper, ar ta tie un up, an tha rascal had a zlunk in behind her, when she com whoam vrim club, an a coorse getting hungry, an thirsty, went sniffin about tha kitchen, an smillen zummet purty good on tha dresser, jumps up, gets his yead into tha pitcher a zoup, but coodn't draa un out agean, an dog, pitcher, and zoup, zoon rolled off, an smaish went tha lot down on tha kitchen vloer, wie tha mouth o' tha pitcher a hanging round his neck, an he a daishen on un here an there, trying ta sheak un off, which o' coorse wur tha naize Aunt an Passen Brown had a yeard up stayers. When

Passen Brown zeed tha caws, an wur zatisfied it
wurden robbers, abusted out a laffen a good un, an zed
twur a proper good stowry, an adiden varget ta tell it
neither, when a had a dinner pearty an com across any
bidy as enjoyed a leetle bit a vun. Bit poor Aunt
Meary zed twur no vun ta she, var atter scrubben her
kitchen vloer wie zoap, zand, an hot water, var drie
hours ta get off tha grace, her yarms did yeak a good
un, an her heart too, when bout ten a clock, she zeed
poor woold Zally Spritely and Betty Stingymir com
hobblin ael up tha gierden path, we girt pitchers in ther
hands atter tha zoup she'd promised em, zoo she gies
tha poor woold things a shillen apiece, var her kine
heart cudden abear ta zen em back empty handed.
Poor Aunt ull nevir varget it, an I warn when she
happens ta av any mwore zoup she dwont varget ta
lock it up out a tha dog's way I can tell ee.