

Reckerlections an yarns

of

A Woold Zalsbury Carrier

VAR AUVER VIFTY YEARS

ROTE IN
THA WILTSHIRE DIALECT

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SALISBURY
R. R. EDWARDS, CASTLE STREET

Reckerlections and Yarns of a Woold Zalsbury Carrier

Everybiddy as know'd my fiather ; Deavid Zingleton, the Barstock an Zalsbury Carrier, respected un, an spoke well on un. Var a wur a rale downright, honest, an strait vorred man ; one who hood do anything in he's power to assist a poor naybur ; either be help ar advice, ar in vact anybiddy else as axed un.

Fiather, wur aelwys cheery an pleasant, an had a good word ta zaay ta ael ; gentle ar zimple ; rich ar poor. Voke used ta zaay : If ever they wur a happy man in these yer wordle, they believed twur Deavid Zingleton.

An me Mother too ; a good woold zoul as ever wur born'd ; we a heart big anuff var haaf a dozen voke. Fiather used ta zaay, as ow she ought to av bin tha wife a one a thse yer girt millioners, we da rade za much about. I warn'd nabiddy she know'd ar liv'd handy to, hood never want var nuthin then. As I zed ; Mother wur not ony good nater'd, bit nayshun goodish looken too. Fiather used ta zaay, that when he married her ; she wur tha purtyest maid in tha village, an var miles aroun. Even tha Passen zed zoo ; an when she went into tha vestry ta zine tha marrige register ; be drat if a adden a mine ta gie her a kiss ; bit not knowen much about I dwont ee zee a wur raather in doubt if I shid teak it ael right. Bit lar bless ee ; I shooden a minded, var in thic-em ther days, twur tha custom in a good many parishes var tha Passen ta kiss tha Bride atter tha marriage saremony ; specially if she wur one

of he's own vlock an well know'd. Bit it zeems ther wur a bit of a rumpus bout it in zartin parish, zum vew years agoo. A curate at one a tha Churches, declarin as ow tha Vicar aelways married tha purty lookin young oomans, an laved tha ornery lookin ones var he ta marry. An one day he actly refused ta gie a raather scrubby, pimply feaced zart of a Bride tha useual fiatherly kiss. An it zeems she wur mainly upzet about it ; as she'd bin twould twur raaly a peart a tha saremony, an he's bounden duty to bestow tha kiss apon her. Zoo, it comin to tha Bishop's yers' he order'd em ael ta stop tha kissen var tha vuture, unless twur tha Passens own daater, ar a near relayshun.

A coose, every biddy knaas beauty is ony skin deep, bit what zays one a ower girt Pawitts? “A thing of beauty is a joy for ever” an I'm zartin zure Mother av aelways bin a girt joy ta Fiather, still, ther's anodder zide ta tha question. Beauty an good looks offen proves a cuss, an a snare. Teant nar bit a good ta be ansum an av good looks, unless ther's good manners, good actions, an good natur long we't. I've a know'd ansim, good lookin voke as wurden woth ther zalt. Ael's thay zeem'd ta be vit var, wur ta be gallivantin about, an tittivatin therzelves up avore a lookin glass, var voke ta mire em. Bit what good be zich var a wirken man's pierdner, I shid like ta know. Poll, me ony zister, took atter her mother in tha matter a good looks ; an one a ower young varmers married her avore she wur turned twenty ; bit ya zee Mother, brought her up right, an she meaks a model varmer's wife her husband zays.

As ta mezelf, 'fiather's an mother's ony bwoy,' well, I'll lave ee ta judge a that yerzelves : I'll ony zaay,

that I've a yeard a main lot a gals zaay, when thay thought I wurden lissinin : "What a nice lookin young chap Zi Zingleton is." Bit ya zee, I wurden puffed up, neet car'd hoff me yead we zich zaayins, I can teel ee.

Fiathers leetle cottage an whoamstead wur be tha zide of a hill, in tha leetle village a Barstock, bout zix an a haaf miles vrim Zalsbury. Besides bein a Carrier, fiather wur a sheep shearer, pig jobber an dealer an he hood also len a han ta any a tha varmers, haymeaken an harvust time. A used ta drave our Dobbin in he's girt round tilted, spring cart ta Zalsbury twice a week, Tuesdays an Zatteridays, an a wur purty well louaded, not ony we passengers bit we hampers a butter an aigs, market zacks an crates a pawltry, an on tail rack behine mebbly a caaf ar two, ar zim leetle pigs – an a purty naise thay'd meak gwain along zometimes.

As I zed, fiather an mother ony had two childern, I an Polly, she wur christened atter fiather's own zister Meary Ann ; an I, atter Mother's ony brother Zilas, who lived at Zalsbury. They aelways caaled I Leetle Zi, -- though I wurden no leetler than other bwoys a me age, bit twur ta stinguish I vrim Uncle Zi I spouse.

Polly an I aelways got on tarblish well together, She bein two year woolder, claimed ta be Measter an Missus too auver leetle Zi zometimes, an not bein a ticklar quarrelsom zart of a bwoy, I mwoast aelways gied in to her.

Ah! ow I can even now caal ta mine tha happy days of childhood ; ow she an I used ta ramble in tha girt hoods, straaberryin, nutten, an black-berryan ; an auver tha open downs picken cowslips, an huntin var

musherooms in tha sason. Ther wur charmin an splendid views of tha country roun var miles an miles on tha downs bove ower village. Just in vront wur tha girt Zouth Down hills, stretchin vrim Zalsbury ta Shaasbury ; on tha wace Wardour an Vonthill, an haastwards, tha girt spire a Zalsbury Cathedrel, rizen up vrim tha vally vull a trees we girt gennelmins houses a showin droo here an ther.

Many an many a time, when a leetle bwoy, ow I used ta long var tha time ta come var fiather ta teak I in tha woold carrier's cart ta Zalsbury, ta zee thick ar girt Church, specially atter zister Poll's vust visit, when she twould me ael about Zalsbury Zity an what a terryable girt buildin tha Cathedrel wur, "Big anuff, Zi," she zays, "ta put ower Church inzide an haaf the housen in tha village besides. An then ta yer tha girt vine hargin a playen, an tha zingers a zingin, ael draste in white ; twur heavenly, that twur. Oh! I do hope, if ever I gits married, I shill goo ta Zalsbury ta live ; I'd goo an yer it every day that I hood.

Well, you med be sure, that atter Polly's glowin description, I hooden let fiather av nar bit a pace till a promised ta teak I ta Zalsbury.

When I wur jist turned zix, ther wur a terryable girt taak ael roun about, that a man neamed Green wur gwain up in a girt Balloon at Zalsbury. Fiather an Mother (like everybidy else), wur main exited about it, as twur a zite as nabiddy ad ever zeed, an zom not even yeard tell o, bout ower pearts.

I well reckerlect tha day, ow in early marnin
'leettle as I wur,' I helped fiather clane tha woold cart,
an shine up Dobbin's harness ; an in ower baste clothes,
away we went atter dinner tawards Zalsbury, fiather a
dravin, an Mother, Polly, an I zit inzide. Ther wur
scores a carridges, waggins, an carts on tha road
crowded we voke, ael gwain ta zee tha girt Balloon goo
up. An when we got ta Wilton, thic leettle townd
zeemed desarted ; everybidy, purty nigh, gone ta zee
tha zite. Tha road zeemed choked vull a people.

When we got ta where tha 'Vizes road jines tha
Wilton road, gean tha County Jail (as wur then), tha
voke wur thick as hops, ya cood av waaked about on
ther yeads, fiather used ta zay, and on every hill an bit
a risin ground var miles aroun as well. Woold Cassle
Rings, we yeard, wur crowded we people. An then out
in a leettle yieid, zomwur near, wur tha Pleece Stayshun
now is, tha girt big Balloon wur risin an swayen to an
vro, we dozens a men hangin on ta tha ropes ta keep un
down, while thay pumped tha gas unto un. Ael auver
tha balloon wur a girt strong net as hung down we
ropes, an on tha end on em, a girt big thing like a
bushel basket wur hatched ; we baigs a zand a hangin
roun. In about a nower ar zoo, everything wur ready,
an amang tha cheers an shouts, Measter Green comes
up, jumped in tha baskit an weaved he's han var tha
men ta let goo, an in a jiffy up shot tha Balloon,
underds a yards high, an then gently zailed away in tha
direction a tha girt Cathedral, we ten thousan payer a
eyes a watchin on un. "Look!" zaays a exited country
chap, to he's gal, "be drat if a wont het up agen tha
spire, var's meaken strait var'n, looky zee." "Oh, I do
hope a wunt het un down," zaays she, at which
everybidy handy busted out laffen a good un, as tha

Balloon wur underds a veet higher. Howzemever, a kep a leetle ta tha right a tha girt Church, an in anodder ten minets a zeemed bit a leetle speck in tha heavens, an wur zoon out a zite. We yeard a day ar two atter that a come down zeaf an zoun near Lyndurst, in tha New Vorest. Tha voke zoon begun ta waig, an when twur a bit clare in tha road we wur zoon joggin back ta ower village agean, fiather promisen ta teak I inta tha Zity anodder time.

Ael tha way whoam, Polly wur in a terryable stud, an skiercely spoke a wurd ; a mwoast unusual thing var she. Mother ax'd her what she wur thinking about, she wur za quiet. "Why, thic ar girt Balloon," she zaays. "Well, what about un?" zaays fiather. "Why," zaays she, "I caant meak out ow twur thay ther voke as tried ta git up ta heaven be builden thic Tower a Babel (as we da rade o in scripture) diden av a Balloon ta goo up." We ael busted out laffin, an Mother zaays: "I specs Balloons wurden hinvented then, Polly." "Neet gas, nither," zaays fiather, "Zides girt Stronomers da zaay as ow life can ony exist a vew miles up ; an if tha Zun, Moon an Stars be millions a miles away, what mist be tha distance twix heaven an earth? Ah, Polly, tis a girt mystery an puzzle, as no man ull ever be yeable ta vind out."

Zom vew years atter ; in 1851, Englin, an purty nigh ael tha wordle, wur much excited bout tha openin of a girt Exhibition as had bin put up in Hyde Park, Lunnen ; bein tha vust as wur ever know'd, twur the taak a everybidy in town an country alike, one an ael meakin up ther mines ta goo an zee it. Chep excurshuns wur ta be run vrom every stayshun ta Lunnen be tha Railway Compnys. Meetins wur held in

every village, an collections mead, zoo that poor voke
be payen a leetle, shood be yeable ta goo an zee it. I
well reckerlect tha day vixed var ower villagers ta
goo ; everybidy, auver tha age a twelve years, had
tickets ta goo. As I wur ony ten, I had ta bide atouam ;
which, as you mid gace, ta a bwoy a my goo an
temperment, wur a terryable disapointment ;
howzomever, I coaxed fiather ta let I goo we em ta
Zalsbury, jist ta zee Puffen Billy, an tha Railway train
start vrom tha Stayshun, top a Zaint Anns street.

Tha day I mines wur a proper vine un, an bout
two a clock in marnin a man went roun ower village
ringin a girt bell ta wake tha people up, as tha waggins
wur timed ta start be dree a clock. Zix girt varm
waggins loaded we happy voke laved ower village
zoon atter, an got to Zalsbury Stayshun about vive, tha
train bein timed ta start haff atter. The waggins wur
zoon emptied a ther louads ; fiather, mother, an Poll,
gettin out an lavin I in charge a Jarge Brown, varmer
Zimpsons carter. Now Zi, zaays fiather, be a good
bwoy, an we'll bring ee back a present vrim Lunnen.
You'll av a vine ride back long a Jarge, an in tha
attemnoon, you'll av a nice tay on Vicarage laan, which
Missus Saymour, the Squire's leady, is gwain ta gee ta
ael tha childern, as beant woold anuff ta goo ta Lunnen
; we that, Mother pops zixpence in me han and zed ow
zorry she wur I wurden woold anuff ta goo we em. We
tears in me eyes an heart like ta bust, I zeed fiather,
mother, an Poll get inta tha girt long train. This wur a
bit to much var I ; I cooden zeem ta stan it no longer,
an ael at wonce, zeein Jarge Brown's back turned, I
slips auver tha tailbouard a tha waggin, darted inta tha
Stayshun yard, an zeein a carridge doer wide aupen,
shot inta un in a jiffy, an hod under tha sate. Bit twur
ael no good, Jarge zoon spread tha hue an cry, that I

wur missen an in quick sticks he an ower Passen wur rushen up an down tha platvarm, an looken inta every carridge ta vind Zi Zingleton, tha Carriers leetle bwoy. Here ee be, Zur, under tha sate ; zed a shrill oomans voice ; zoo I wur purty zoon lugged out on't an popped up inta tha varmers waggon agean, blubberin a good un, an pen apon it, I hant never vargot ar vargied thic ooman. Howzemever, it were ael var tha baste no dout ; an at Squires tay in tha atternoon, I zoon got auver my disapointment, an next marnin, when I woke up, fiather, mother, an Poll ad ael brought I a leetle present apiece vrom Lunnen.

Next year, when I wur leven years woold, a terryable tradgey happened to one a my school mates, which mead a girt impression apon me which I shant varget. One day he wur teaken hes fiather's pwoy out ta av a veed a grass be tha road zide, in one o ower leans, an I went we un. Bout haaf way up tha lean there's a woold chaak pit, we bouath zat down be tha zide o'n an let tha powny veed roun about. He'd got a long rope tied ta tha halter, an tha other end wound roun he's wrist. Ael at wonce a mass a chaak at tha end a tha pit vill away, an come down we a terryable craish, which startled tha pwoy, an off a galloped at a vurious rate ael down tha lean, draggin poor leetle Harry atter un ; a cooden let goo ya zee, becaas he's han wur in a slip loop roun he's wrist. I wur nearly vrighteed ta death ; I runned an hollerd var tha pwoy ta stop, bit twerden a bit a good, a diden stop till a got to he's own steable dooer, an ther poor leetle Harry we he's yead ael bate in, an covered we blood ; a gastly zite ; a jist aupen'd one eye an gied one gasp as his poor heart broken mother come out, an then twur zoon ael auver. I also reckerlect that tha very day we buried

poor leetle Harry, one a ower girt varmers wur drowd out of he's carridge an killed comin vrim Zalsbury.

In tha Spring of 1855, tha last Hang Vair at Zalsbury took pleace. Fiather had ta goo ta tha Zity on zom pourtent business tha seam day, an a took I we'n. Passin tha road in zite a tha County Jail, I can caal ta mine tha girt crowd a voke lookin up at a big vrame a timbers, on top a tha vlat roof of tha Jail geat way ; ta fiathers girt relief, tha las terrible hact had aelready bin car'd out ; bit the zite I zeed wunt never vade vrom my memory, an I've aelwys bore in mine fiathers wirds, when a zed “Zi, my bwoy, be honest an strait in ael ya da do ; shun bad compny, gamblin an drink” ; this wur bout tha last wirds the poor feller as had to zuffer tha laa zed ; zoo twur zed in tha newspeaper. Fiather wur ony too glad ta get out a tha zite a tha crowd a voke as zoons a cood. Zoo a putt Dobbin on he's baste mettle an we zoon wur rattlin along.

This bein my vust visit ta Zalsbury Zity, I took note as well's I cood a ael I zeed. I mines we went droo a turnpike geat, auverite tha new Vishirtin Church, then down droo a long street auver a narrer brudge which crosses tha Avon river gean tha Firmary, an wur fiather zed tha woold jail used ta be. We putt Dobbin up at tha Showder a Mutton handy, an atter a bit a nammet, fiather took I ta zee the Cathadrel, tha zize a which girt builden, an tha hite a tha Spire, vairly carried I away in wonderment. Fiather hadden time ta teak me inzide, zoo atter a good look roun on tha outzide, we went droo another geat under a archway an ael up Katerine Street, roun inta tha Market Pleace ; we zeed tha Council House wur tha pris'ners be tried, an then went droo a leetle narrer passige pleace which

brought ess inta Zaint Tomasses church yard, near tha Showder a Mutton. What struck I mwoast bout Zalsbury wur tha leetle channels a waater runnen droo nearly ael the streets ; what vun I thought tha bwoys an maidens mist av splaishen one anodder, an zailen ther leetle peapern boats apon ; fiather zed as ow they wur mead ta carry off ael tha muck an refuse a the Zity.

I wur in Zalsbury agean tha year vollenin ; fiather had ta drave woold Dobbin in Passens girt vawerwheel we he an he's vamly ta hear Jinny Lin, tha mwoast wonnervul zinger tha wordle ad ever yeard ; she wur caaled tha Sweedish Nightengel. I shaant never varget tha zite a carridges in vront a tha Sembly Rooms. Gennelvoke vrim ael pearts a tha county, an even Hants, Dosset, an Zummerzset ; an tho tha vront sate tickets wur a ginney an tha next haaf a ginney, tha girt consart room wur drucked ; underds cooden get in. High street an tha New Cannel wur crowded we voke waiten about in hopes ta ketch a zoun of Jinny's wonnervul voice ; people wur that thick that lots o'm got shoved inta tha channel an ad a good duckin. Tha pearty as fiather drove in zed comin whoam that it wur tha vinest musical trate thay'd ever yeard. Jinny Linn's voice thay zed wur za sweet an pure, zome times down low, an then like a lark trillin in tha sky. She zung a main lot a pieces, bit tha baste of ael ta plaze tha voke wur thick sweet plaintive zong, rote be Bobbie Burns (tha Scotch Pawitt), caal'd "Jan Anderson me Joe Jan" : tha way in which Jinny zung it vairly brought tears inta tha eyes a everybidy as yeard her ; an fiather zed as ow tha melidy a thic zong wur zung, whisseled, and hummed be everbidy in Zalsbury an villages var miles aroun, var years atter. And on ael tha pianneys, barrel hargins, an hurdy gurdys as well, twur nuthen bit

“Jan Anderson me Joe Jan,” even zister Polly, 'an I too,'
got hold on't, an wur zingin ar hummin on't vrim
marnin till nite. Polly larn'd tha zong from a book
Passen lent her, bit she wur main puzzel'd ta knaa what
Joe had da do we't ; when tha Auld Scotch wife wur
zapposed to be zingin it to her usbind Jan, till passen
zed that *Joe* maned sweetheart in Scotlan, zoo that in
English tood be “Jan Anderson me sweetheart,”
dwoant ee zee.

Tha next girt start in Zalsbury, as I caals ta mine,
wur tha girt Pace Festival in May, 1856, ta zelebrate
tha end a tha war we Rooshey ; atter thic terrible two
years a vitin we an Vrance had had on't in tha Crimear.
Fiather drove ess ael in ta zee tha percession a mile
long, headed be tha Hob Nob an Giant, Zaint
Christopher. In tha girt wide Market Place, teables an
zeats wur vixed var vive thousan voke ta av dinner on,
an in atternoon tay var ael tha childern. We diden stop
ta zee it ael, as ower own Zelebrayshun wur vixed var
tha seam atternoon ; an we got back jist in time var
dinner. I shaant zoon varget ower leetle kick up, na
mwore wunt my cousin Jack Jowdy, ower blacksmith's
prentice, var in virin off a woold anvil a stray splinter
vrom tha hooden plug vlew out an het un in tha yead,
an var ever blinded un on one eye. I, too, had a narrer
scape, var in virin off a woold rusty cannon, which I
charged we a leetle too much gun-powder, tha
concussion broke every pane a glass in ower down
stayer winders. Zoo I, neet Jack, yeant likely ta varget
tha girt pace Zelebrayshun a 1856.

Tha nex year, tha Royal Haltycultural Show of Englin come ta Zalsbury, an which tha Prince Consort (Queen Victorier's usbind) come down ta zee. Tha Butts top a Castle Street wur covered we Sheds a Booths in which wur ael tha best an vinest Hosses, Cattle, Sheep an Pigs var show tha wordle cood produce ; bezides ael tha newest an leatest sheenery as had ever bin hinvented, var ta till tha lan, gather an house tha crops. Nearly vorty thousan voke paid var gwain in ta zee tha Show, an tha thousans a people vlockin up an down Castle Street every day tha Show wur on wur a zite ta zee, an one I shaant zoon varget. Bouath zides a tha road leadin ta tha Show Ground wur covered we Caravans, Booths, Stannins an Shows a every description. An in one on em, Bosco, tha biggest an cleverest conjuror tha wordle had ever zeed, wur performin twice a day. Bosco's neam wur in everybidy's mouth weeks avore tha Show, an months atter. An ta these day ther's lots a voke nic-neamed 'Bosco,' atter thic veamous girt Wizzurd.

Durin thase year, fiather an mother ad a invite vrim Uncle Zilas ta goo ta Zalsbury an yer tha girt Spurgin prache. Tho fiather wur a chirchmin as he's fiather an granfer wur avore un, a wurden no *bigot* an a vairly heated tha neam a wun too. Var as a zed, "if I'd bin bred up a Wesleyan, Baptist ar Romin Cathlic, no dout, I shood a stuck to em as yearnest as any bidy, therevore I beant agwain to, nar wunt run down ar zaay a wurd ageanst anybiddys legion. An aelthough I shill stick ta me Chirch, I'll goo anywur ta yer a God-vearin man prache tha Gospel. An be what I've yeard tell o an rade, thase yer Measter Spurgin is a rale good Christean man." Zoo he rote in an told Uncle Zi he hood come, an bring Mother an I too ; an I shant never

varget it. Twur in Brown Street Girt Chapel, which wur crowded vrim vloer ta salin nearly. As vur as I can reckermember tha pracher wur a stoutish, zaller complexioned zart of a man, we longish black hayer, an clane sheaved ; nuthin tickler ta look at ya zee. Bit he's beautiful zilver voice, an tha way he cood meak use on un wur truly wonnervul ; zometimes like a leetle child, caam, zoft, an sweet, an in anodder minit like a outbust a thunder. An jist diden he's zarmin come whoam to ee an touch tha hearts a everybidy as yeard un. Fiather zed twur tha vinest, mwoast powervul, an mwoast convincin zarmin he'd ever yeard in ael he's life, an he hood goo miles to yer un agean, an which a did, too, zome years atter, when a prached on Woold Castle Rings.

Towards tha latter peart a tha yer 1859, ael Englin wur much upzet, an in a terryable stew, caas of a rumour as got abroad, that tha Vrench wur gettin ready their harmy var ta come auver an invade ess. Meetins wur caal'd, an Rifle Volunteer Companies started everywur. I well reckerlect attendin a meetin in a leetle townd handy to ower village. Ael we young chaps wur bwilin auver we exitement bout it, an mwoast every one on ess had his neam put down ta jine. Bit when I got whoam an twold fiather, he hooden yer on it ; not bit what he wur as layal a zubject as anybidy, an hood showder a gun hes self, in defence of he's Queen an Country if twur needed. Bit, as I wur he's ony bwoy, what could er do, a zed, if I wur caaled apon ta goo away ta vite? An mother, too, nearly went off inta stericks bout it an zed tood break her heart var zartin. Zoo I thought better on't an gied up ael thought a bein a zawljier, var, as fiather truly zed, twurden as though he'd got a passel a bwoys, then

a hooden minded two ar dree on em jinenin, an ta goo an veace tha Vrench if thay shood ony deer ta show ther noses auver yer.

About this time tha Carriers ael down ower valley wur in a terryable stew bout tha openin up of a New Railway, vrim Zalsbury ta Yeovil, an began ta thenk tood zoon be ael up we em, bit fiather, who, as I zed, aelways looked on tha bright zide a things twould em not ta be down-hearted, as a diden belive tood meak a mossel a diference. "Look at tha Carriers in tha Warmister vally," a zed, "droo which tha Girt Waastern Railway av bin runnin two ar dree yer, they thought tha seam, an what do ee zee? Why ther's mwore Carriers than ever wur, an zoo till be down thease vally, you zee if twunt", an as we da well knaa, fiather's wurd's av come true.

THA NEW SPRING VAN

One night jist atter, as we wur ael zit down ta zupper, fiather zays, "I've bin studdin an thinkin about my Carrien trade, an I da think 'tis mwoast time I had a new convayance a zome zart, specially as we'm gwain ta av tha Railway droo yer. My woold Tilted Cart ya zee, av bin in use var auver thirty years, an I thinks 'tis bout time a wur done we, an that I ad zummat a leetle mwore convanient an spectible. What do ee think, Missus, about avin a New Spring Van? I warn'd your brother Zilas tha wheelwright at Zalsbury cood meak ess one." A coose mother, Poll, an I wur delighted we tha thought on't specilly as ower woold Tilted Cart wur

got za woold an shabby, an zich a aakurd thing too, var voke ta get in an out o. An tho a had springs thay wur ate out we rust, an as rigid as iren bars. Tha jolten up an down on tha hard roads auver tha ruts an stounes wur nuff ta sheak yer inzides out. People had bin zayin var a longvul time, thay wondered Measter Zingleton diden av a smearer an mwore convanient convayance. Zoo tha upshot on't wur that tha very nex Tuesday Fiather an I went ta zee Uncle Zilas about it, an fiather ordered un ta meak a bran new Tilted Spring Van vrim zome designs uncler show'd ess ; tha price wur agreed on, an ael tha ticlars as ta zize, vittens up, an tha colour a wur ta be painted, an ta be ready var use in zix weeks time. Lar a massy, what taak an zitement ther wur bout thease New Van ta be zure. Tother Carriers got wind on it, an wur busten ta knaa an zee what zart of a convayance twur agwain ta be. "Pen on it," zaays Frank Fudger, (tha nex village Carrier) "Measter Deavid Zingleton's agwain ta cut ess ael out we thase yer new vaingled Spring Van he've got meaken ; howzemever we shall zee." Well, tha New Van wur ready be tha time uncler zed, an tha very nex Tuesday atter he wur finished, he wur haaled down in vront a tha Market House var everybidy ta zee. An a spainken vine Van a wur, too, as any Carrier med be proud on. Tha wheels, underwirk, an shaaves wur painted we rael rid vermillion, picked out black an vine lined white, an tha body dark ultermarine blue, picked out rid an vine lined white ; an ael on't varnished up zos you cood zee yer veace in tha pannils. The tilt wur a jet black, an shined a good un. Ther wur a slidin winder at back ta zee out o, ar ta let in tha hayer. Tha splinter bar wur long anuff var two payer a shaaves, an behind wur a tail rack ta let down we chains, var ta carry heavy luggage ar a crate upon. In vront, ache

zide, wur zilver plated lamps which show'd out tha light vront, zides an back. Tha inzide wur lined we carpetin stuff, an tha long sates ache zide (mead ta teak in an out), wur vitted we nice zoft cushions of Merrickan leather ; the draver's box sate had a cover we lock an kay vitted inzide ta teak small passels, bottles a medicine, ar tidley. Ther wur room var zeven passingers ache zide, an two on tha box, besides tha draver.

Wel, thic ar New Spring Van wur tha taak a ael tha Market voke, specially tha Carriers, who had never avore zeed zich a vehickle ; mwoast on em had heavy, round tilted Carts like fiathers.

Ower New Van wur a capital tizement var Uncle Zilas, as twurden long vore he an he's men had ta wirk hearly an leat meakin zimilar Vans var mwoast a tha Carriers as come ta Zalsbury. In vact, twurden many yer avore thase zart a Vans knock'd tha woold tilted Cart off tha road aeltogether, cept thay as tha Market Gierdeners da use.

I shaant never varget tha day I an fiather went ta Zalsbury ta vetch ower New Van. I wur ael tha marnin clanen an shinnin up woold Dobbins harness, which even tha varmirs noticed as I rode along on he's back taward Zalsbury, an wanted ta knaa what wur up. Fiather had gone on a hower ar two avore we one a tha markit waggins ; an when I got to Pennyvarden Street the van wur outside Uncles shop ready ta goo, an he an fiather waiten var I. Zoo atter a leetle snack we Uncle an Aunt, an duly wetten tha van accorden ta custom ta meak the wheels go aisy (an in which Uncles men jined), not vargetten a extry veed a carn var Dobbin ;

away we starteed var whoam. An nevir a gennelmin ar he's cooachmin, we a vine new carridge an payer, cood a bin prouder gwain along than wur fiather an I we ower New Tilted Spring Van ; nearly everybidy stopped an turned roun ta look at ess as we went rattlin by ; when we rached ower village, ael ower nayburs wur outzide ther dooers, as tad got abroad zomehow, as ow Carrier Zingleton wur gone ta vetch he's New Van. An when thay cotched zite on ess thay wur delighted ta think we'd got zich a hansim convayance ; a wur a arnyment ta tha village thay declared, even tha gennelvoke an varmers. Tho acoose, ther wur thay (as ther aelwys is I spoose) who zart a sneer'd that tha Carryen business must be a purty good un, ar else zome voke mist av had a winvall to be yeable ta buy zich a van as thic.

I shall av ta get ee a new hoss now Deavid, zed Jim Gingell tha hoss daler, woold Dobbins rusty cwoat dwoant nar bit match thic are shinny Rid, White an Blue Van.

Eece, an I speks, zaays Zam Snipps ower village tailor, I shill av ta be meakin on un a new zuit a blue serge we a white billy-cock an rid tie var ta match. “Ael in good time me bwoys,” zaays fiather, we he's usual whoamely smile.

Tha vust time we had tha New Van out wur ta teak ower Church Choir ta a gran Zingeration in Zalsbury Cathadrel, at which ther wur a thousan zingers vrim ael pearts a Wiltshire an Dossett. An tha zite a tha people, tha music, an tha mighty girt hargin a playen, we a vine milentary brass an string ban ta help, I shaant never varget. Ower Passen wur terryable

plazed fiather had got zich a nice van an many a job he gied ess, teakin pearties ta Zalsbury, Stounehinge, Wardour, Stourton, an other pleazin a note in ower nayberhood.

As fiather zed, tha openin a tha Zouth Waastern Railway droo ower village diden do tha Carriers a mossel a yarm ; in vact, we done mwore trade then ever takin voke an ther luggidge backurds an vorrerds ta tha nearer stayshun.

I TEAKS ON THA CARRIEN BUSINESS

I wur now got up ta be a strappen young feller an strong as a lion, too. Zoo one day fiather zaays, “Now Zi, I be gettin a bit woold an stiff, an geans ta think tis bout time I gied up tha Carrien business, zoo tha day ya comes of age, I intens ver he ta teak it on ael be yerself. What do ee zay about it? Be ee greeable?” Well fiather, I zaays, I shill zartinly accept yer kine offer, an'll speer nar effert on peart ta car it on as well an zuccessvul as you'v a done.

Zo twur zoon naised abroad as ow young Zi Zingleton wur agwain ta teak auver he's fiather Carryen business.

I shaant bever varget ow proud I wur tha vust Tuesday I drove ta Zalsbury Markit me own measter. Ael me brother Carriers come roun ta gratelate I, an hope'd as ow thay shood get on we I as well as thay did we fiather.

Ya zee, we carriers av got a lot ta do we one anodder ; an ther's zartinly (I'm plazed ta zaay) a zart a sperrit a brotherhood an good veelin amangst ess. Aelthough a coose, a leetle rivalry comes in now an agean, which ony putts ess on ower mettle ta do whats right an just to ower customers. I da aelwys beer in mine fiathers plain leetle homily tha night avore I took tha business on. Zi a zaays, jist lissen a minet ta what I be gwain ta zaay. Aelways hact strait vorred, be jonnick, honest and vair in ael yer dalins. Live an let live, an do ta ael as ya'd like ta be done to. Dwoant get inta det. Never borry neet len if canst help it. Do a good turn ta ael if tis in thy power. Never spake evil o, neet run down nobiddy. Keep thee own sacrits. Be civil an obligin to everbiddy, high an low, rich an poor, an av a smile an a cheery word var em ael. 'Mwore vlys cotch be honey than vinegar,' ower Passen once zed, 'an mwore done be ticklin than scratchin.' Dwoant never buy what ya dwoant want ; bargins beant no good less ya've got a use var em. Aelways stick ta tha truth, an be manly anuff to own up when you'm in tha wrong. Abarr cant, pocrisy, an impersition ; an if cassen zaay a good wurd var anybiddy, zaay nuthin at ael. Act up ta thase leetle things Zi, me bwoy, an youm boun ta get on.

Zoo I've aelways tried as baste I cood to carry out fiather's structions. Praps I've vailed in a good many on em, heet I've tried ta do me baste ; an wur's tha man as hant mead a mistake. A yeant barn'd heet I reckon.

Zoon atter I took auver tha business, tha vust girt Autum Manoovers took pleace on tha Downs roun

about Zalsbury. I shaant never varget tha scenes in an about tha different villages, it brought a good deal a trade to we Carriers, teakin voke here an there ta tha different Camps. An tha girt Review on Beakin Hill ta vinish up we, wur reckined tha vinest an grandest Millitary specticle as ever wur zeed in woold Englin. Archibal Forbes zed zoo, an zoo did mwoast ael tha Voreign Hofficers as wur invited auver ta zee it. An tho ther bin Manoovers an many Reviews in ower nayberhood zunce, ther bin nuthen ta bate tha gran Review a Zeptember tha 12th, 1872. Eece, an I've got purty good caas ta mine it, too. Tha nite avore, one a ower varmers, an a good customer, come to ax I ta len un my van, as a wanted ta teak he's wife an vamily an zome vrens ta tha Review, an nar a trap as he'd got wurden big anuff. Acoose, I cooden well refuse un, tho I'd mead up me mine ta teak fiather, mother, Polly an her husbin, an one ar two vrens in tha van. Howzemever, fiather zed let varmer av tha van, Zi, an thee caanst drave Mother an I we Polly an her husbin in tha woold cart.

Zoo we let Varmer av tha van, got out tha woold cart, took off tha tilt, graced tha wheels an smeartened up tha woold thing as baste we cood, an off we went bout vive a clock thic ar vine Zeptember marnin. As we went droo Wilton, tha girt Zeptember Sheep Vair wur in vull zwing, an which we yeard atterwurds wur desarted be midday. Ael up tha sheady avenue a trees we went, auver Camp Hill, droo tha Hoodvirds an Netton, an up inta tha woold track as rins vrim Zalsbury ta Malberrer. Here wur underds a carridges, waggins, carts an ael manner a convayances, we thousans a voke in em, meaken ther way to tha renown'd Beakin Hill, at tha bottom a which varty

thousan zawljers wur gwain ta march past.

Gwain auver tha downs, a leetle affair happened to we as I beant likely ta forget, I can tell ee. Joggin along auver tha many ruts an girt dips, woold Dobbin we he's vull straingth wur doin he's baste ta lug ess out of a extry deep rough zart of a dip, when ael at wonce zummat cracked, an in less than no time, off went both cart shaaves, short as a carrott, zomewur handy tha voot board, an in a jiffy ael tha lot on ess, we a hamper a zanwitches an a vower gallin jar a beer, wur tumbled out on tha down ; an woold Dobbin trottin on we tha broken shaaves danglin ache zide on un, as tho nuthin ad a happen'd, till zombiddy rin'd to he's yead an stopped un. We zoon ad a passel a voke runnin up ta len a han, an wen twer voun narn oance wurden hurteed, mwoast o'm diden varget to grin a bit ta zee ower purty plight. Fiather, too, a cooden help smilim when a voun twur no wuss ; bit mother an Polly wur terryable gallerd, an vow'd thay hooden goo a step vurger. Howzemever, atter we'd a pull'd owerzelves tagether a bit, an picked up ower things, thay thought better on't, an took tha baskets an passels in which ower zanwitches an keakes wur packed, an fiather tha jar a beer, which as luck hood av it, wurden broke, neet tha cork out. Polly's usbin an I clared woold Dobbin a tha broken shaaves, an then mounteed on he's back, I trotted off to tha Review, tha tothers vollerin on behine.

You mid depen upon it, my Brother Carriers who I met, diden varget ta gie I a bit a their chaff. Hel ho! Zi, zaays one, What, gwain ta jine tha Yeomantry Cavaltry? On no, Dick, zaays another, I specs he's out scoutin ta zee if thers ar henemy about. Nonsense,

zaays another, caant ee zee woold Dobbin's harness'd,
an thame off ta help tha hartillery bring up tha cannins.

Howzemever, atter I'd twould em tha true starry
of ower mishap, they wur ael main zorry, an tha one as
lived in tha nex village ta ourn offered ta teak tha
ooman voke whoam in he's own van when tha Review
wur auver. As var fiather an Polly's usbin, thay zed
thay'd meak ther way ta Pourton Stayshun an git
whoam be train. Bit I had ta stick ta Dobbin an git
whoam we'n as baste I cood. Zoo when tha Review
wur auver, I trotted off droo tha crowd ta Yeamsbury,
an left wurd at tha wheelright's, he wur ta vetch tha cart
vrin tha down, putt on a new payer a shaaves, an zen
un inta Zalsbury be carrier. I then jogged
whoamwirds, be way a leetle Yeamsbury, Lake, tha
Hoodvirds, Camp Hill, an Wilton, an got ta ower
village jist upon midnight. Ael tha raste ad got whoam
howers avore, an wur wonderin what had become a I.
Tha vact wur, ya zee, I hung about at one place an
tother listenen to tha bands playen tha different
Regiments vrin tha Review Ground ta ther Camps
ache zide tha Avon river.

Ah! I've zeed a vew zites, an yeard a vew tales
zunce I took on tha Carrien business. If ther's any class
a men in tha country as knaas anything about anybidy
tis a Country Carrier. He's supposed to, an do,
ginerally knaa ael tha voke, not ony in he's own village
but in every village he da goo droo, an thay in tha town
as well ; every one a tha tradesvoke, drapers, grocers,
irenmongers, vishmongers, stationers, jewellers, an
printers ; in vact, every trade ya can menshun, cos he's
sure ta av zummat ta do we em ael mwore ar less.
Bless ee, a Carrier's van is a vehicle in which anything
an everything zould be tha tradesvoke is convayed

vrin ther shops to ther country customers. Zee em of a Tuesday ar Zatterday, startin var whoam louaded up we boxes a grocery, haberdashery, hardwhare, an crockery, zides men, oomen, an childern passingers we ther own packidges an passels. Then zee what a zite a things a Carrier brings into a Markit Town. Butter, aigs, an ael zarts a gierden stuff ; crates a live vovls, caaves an squealin pigs on tha tail rack behind, ar else a heap a sheep skins.

Ah! I've had zum rum an quare things ta carry in my van, even Coffins, we dade people in em ; an this da caal ta mine one a tha zaddest an mwoast zorrowvul hincidents in me own life. Jist atter I'd took on tha business, a new parlour maid come ta live at tha Rectory in ower village. I had arders ta meet her at Zalsbury Station one Tuesday, an bring she an her luggage to tha Rectory. Mrs Berry, tha Passen's leady, had described her to me purty well, zoo I had no difficulty in knowen on her directly she got out tha train. An I mist zay, she zeem'd ta I tha purtyest an vairest lass I'd ever zet me two eyes apon, a skin as delicate as a lily, we jist a tinge a tha rose on her cheeks ; an her zoft blue eyes an vlaxen hair, she raaly zeamed ta I hangelic ; an her zoft voice when she spoke wur like music to me yers ; tha vact is, I vill auver yead an yers in love we her at vust zite. Massy on ess! ow I wish tha journey whoam had bin twice as long, var I raaly cooden keep me eyes off her, aelthough thur wur two ar dree mwore passingers in tha van which I'm sure they must av noticed, as I auveryeard one zay, "Carrier Zingleton zeems a bit gone on her, dwoant er?" An when I put her down at tha Rectory, tha ael owned what a sweet gal she zeemed ta be ; an her taak za leadylike too, that Missus Zuzan Zimpkins ventured ta zay she'd be tha Queen a

tha village she reckon'd. As yer mid gace, I wur dramin a thic young ooman haaf tha nite, an mead up me mine if ther wur tha least chaance to cwoort her, an meak her me wife, I hood.

At church, tha Zunday vollerin, I done nuthin skiercly bit look tawards her zate on tha chaance a gettin a glimpse of her sweet feace, which I'm sure tha voke mist av noticed.

My business as Carrier took me to tha Rectory purty offen, zoo that I zoon got purty vrenly we her, an atter a vew Zundays, got Mother's consent ta ax her ta ower house ta tay, an atterwards I took her var a waak, when she twould me her leetle but very affectin history. It zeems, her fiather an mother bouath died a consumption a vew years agoo, an zunce that she'd a bin livin we a aant, who had also passed away leatley. Her mother, it zeems, had liv'd in Mrs Berry's vamly, an Mrs Berry promised ta teak her inta her own vamly at tha Rectory if anything happened to her Aant.

Well! a vew months atter she'd come ta tha Rectory she cotch a vilent chill which she cooden zeem ta get rid o, and ower Doctor zed he wur much aveard she'd got tha zeeds a consumption in her, an reckermended her gwain ta Zalsbury Firmary var a vew weeks, an then be tha Zea Zide var a month ar two.

I shaant never varget tha day I brought her to tha Firmary, voke sheakin ther yeads an zayin as ow thay wur aveared she wur gwain in a decline. Atter a vartnite in tha Firmary she an anodder young ooman wur zent off ta Muddyvird, near Christchurch, var zix weeks, at tha end a which time she come back ta the Firmary not much improved. I lost no time in hastenen ta zee her atter her return, an ta my girt grief voun my poore dear sweetheart in what tha Nusses declared was a gallopin consumption. She aupen'd her eyes, an put

out her slender white han, at tha zoun a me voice an then vell back in a dead vaint. Tha Nusses becken'd I ta lave as thay thought tha zite a me had bin too much var her wake steat. Zoo we a vervent kiss on her sweet feace, me eyes vull a tears an heart ready ta bust, I left her. Ah! you med well gase my steat a mine on my journey whoam, an my passingers keep axen about her, an sheaken ther yeads.

Monday marnin, Passen, an I too, ad a message vrom tha Firmary ta zaay as ow she passed paceably away tween leven an twelve Zunday nite. Tho not unexpected I wur quite knock'd up an staiggerd be tha news. An you med well imagine my steat a mine, wen tha Wensday vollerin, I had ta bring whoam in my van tha coffin containin tha dade body a thic dear maid I wur pledged ta meak me wife.

Anodder terrible hincident, I da mine, wur on a cwoold vrosty night, one Tuesday jist atter Crissmiss. I'd jist delivered ael me passels, geed Dobbin he's zupper, an wur zitten down ta av me own, when Varmer Brown rushes in ael out a breath an zaays, 'Zi, var goodness seak put tha hoss inta tha van an come to tha bottom a tha hill, my carter, Jim Bleak, av met with a terryable haccident, an we mist teak un ta Zalsbury Firmary at wonce, Doctor zaays.'" Tha van wur got out in a jiffy, an Dobbin zoon harness'd ; we rached tha hill in less than ten minets, an a terryable an heart renden zite twur, blood ael auver tha road, an poore Jim groanin we hagony we's yead rastin on tha lap of he's poore young wife, an she nearly out of her mine we vright. We pulled out tha van zide seats, mead a bade on tha vloer we tha cushions an zome rugs an blankets, gently lifted un in, an covered un up nice an warm. He's wife an Jim's zister got in, an away we went to tha

Firmary. Tha groans a pooer Jim, an tha zobbin a tha wimmen wur painvul ta yer, an tho I be a stoutish chap we a stoutish heart I mist zaay as ow that wur tha mwoast terryable nite's journey I'd ever had. We got to tha Firmary tween ten an leven, an tho everything wur done var'n, an every tention paid un bwoath we Doctors an Nusses, poor Jim passed away tha seam nite. Twur a hopeless kease vrom tha vust tha Doctors zed, as tha wheels a tha waggin had gone rite auver he's stomick an batter'd tha zide of his yeard in, as well.

A coose, zad hinstances like thase, no dout many a my Brother Carriers av zeed an gone droo mwore I cood menshun, bit I've twould ee anuff var ee ta zee that a Carrier's life yeant ael enjayment an pledjure, mworn anybidy else's. Aelthough, no doubt mwoast Carriers, as I av, have got main komical an plesant rekerlections a things as av happened in ower career. How many pleasant jollifications we've had, teaken merry an happy parties out pic-nicken to zich plazin as Stounhenge, Woold Cassel, Wardour, Stourton an the Larmer Tree, ta zaay nuthin a Weddin an Christenen parties, Concert, Whitsun an Crismus parties, an zum very quare an komical things used ta happen zometimes.

I da recollect teaken a Crismus pearty to a keeper's, jist handy Grovely Hood wonce. Bein a vren a tha keeper's mezelf, I wur invited in as a gaste atter I'd zeed ta Dobbin. Twix one a tha dances, one a tha invited gastes, who wur raather leat, comes in ael out a breath, we he's hayer on end, declarin as ow Zombiddy, up ta na good, had vollied un ael up tha gierden path, an when a turned roun an axed em who an what thay wur thay mead na mwore ta do than rush

into tha hood an hide amangst tha trees an bushes, bein as dark as pitch I cooden zee a mossel who twur bit tis zombiddy up ta na good thats very zartin, an I thinks, Keeper, we shood goo an rout em out on't. Tha keeper who wur a raather mad-brained petuous zart of a man, at wonce raches down he's gun, which a aelwys kep louaded in tha rack goes out an lissens, an sure anuff, ther wur zounds a vootsteps crapen about in tha hood. "Who's ther?" a bawls out. Bit no anser come back, heet tha rustlin mang tha bushes went on, an tha outlook bein as dark as pitch twur impossible ta zee anything. Zoo a bawls out once agean, "Who's there? Stan an spake, ar by G--- I'll vire." "Var goodness seak Bob dwoant," zed he's wife. "Get out," zaays he, "tis either a robber ar pooacher var zartin. I'll gie un one mwore chaance, an if a dwoant anser, I'll let drave, an gie un what var." "Well then if thee dost mine an vire down low." Tha keeper agean bawls out a tha top a he's voice "Var tha third time I axes ee who ya be. Spake at once, ar teak tha consuquences." Bit no anser come back. Baing, went tha gun an zich an unearthly squeal come back in anser ta that, it vairly mead ower hayer stan on end. "Bring ess a lantern," zaays tha keeper. Two ar dree wur brought, an in a vew minets keeper voun out he'd *shot one of his own pigs* in tha near hind laig. "Well! well! I'm danged," zaays he, "think a that now." Ael tha Crismis pearty varly mead tha hood ring we ther lafter, when twur know'd who tha intruder wur. It zeems, tha pig had be zome manes ar anodder got out of he's style, an went huntten about in tha hood var zummit ta ate. Zoo thay boun up he's gammy laig, which ad ony got a vew shots in un, putt un back in stye, an nex marnin ael ther wur tha matter we'n, wur that a ambled about on dree laigs, steeds a vawer. Zoo ya zee, they adden got ta kill un ta seave

he's life as thay da generally do when a pig's took bad, ar meets we any mishap.

Anodder time, thase seam keeper, who, as I zed wur a boris-snoris zart of a feller, an do things on tha zuddent, thout stoppen ta konzider tha consequences, axed I ta caal at he's house on Tuesday marnin var a gun ta teak ta tha gunmeaker's at Zalsbury, as a wur out a horder. Twix haight an nine I rapped at he's dooer an a bawls out "Come in Carrier," I aupened tha kitchen dooer an waaks in, he, his wife an dree childern wur avin brekvist. "Oh aye, tha gun, Carrier, I'll teak un down." Zoo a gits on a cheer, teaks un vrim tha rack, an wur jist agwain ta han un ta I when he's wife (who, it zeems had a horrer a guns – an I too) zaays "A yeant louadeed is er Bob?" "Well I beant za sure about that, Car'line, a zed, "I'll jist zee." Zo we out more ado a teaks a cap out of he's watsecwoat pocket, putts un on tha nipple an vires rite up tha kitchen chimley. Zich a baing it wur, it vairly lifteed I off me laigs we vright, an he's wife an childern as well ; an that wurden tha wust o't, var in a moment, down come haaf a bushel a nasty black zoot, an out ael auver tha kitchen teable, tha white cloth an vittels wur zoon covered we't. Tha keeper, he's wife an dree childern looken jist like a lot a Blackymoors an haaken an spetten var tha life on em, as tha nasty stuff had got inta ther mouths, eyes an nostrills. As I appen'd ta be near tha door, I didn come off za bad, bit me hat bein off, me hair, feace, an eyes too, wur zoon covered we't. "Well upon me zawl Bob, zed he's wife (as zoon as she cood vetch her breath, an zee out) "that's a purty good trick a thine howzemever." "Well Car'line," a zaays as zoon as he cood vetch his breath, "who in tha neam a thunder cood a thought thic ar tarnayshen chimley wur za *vowl*. I've a vired up chimley many a time, bit never know'd

zoot come down like this.” I cood zee tha Missus (spite of her zooty feace) wur beginnin ta get a bit wrathy, zoo atter I'd bin out ta tha pump an had a good swill, I teaks tha gun an wishes em good marnin, leaven em ta zettle matters as baste thay cood. Tha dree young uns zeemed raather ta enjoy it, as it kep em whoam vrim school thic marnin.

THA WEDDIN AS DIDEN COME OFF

Anodder main amusin starry wur bout a Weddin as diden come off, zoo ta speak. It happened ta Measter Jeames Gingell, a well know'd Hoss daler in ower village. Jim had buried two wives, an twur zed as ow he ad a tarblish bit a money we bouath on em, an now twur whispered about, as ow he wur gwain ta marry agean, aelthough a wur auver zixty years woold. Bit nabiddy cooden seam ta meak out who tha next Missus Gingell wur ta be, wur she lived, neet wur she hailed vrom ; bit tha knowen ones zed tooden be long avore he brought her whoam, as he's house had bin whitewashed, new peaperd an painteed vrim top ta bottom, an I mezelf had brought un vrom Zalsbury a vew harticles a vurniture an zim main girt passels.

Measter Jeames Gingell had tha credit a bein a main crafty an a terryable stingy feller, an when a wur in drink ther wur no biden in he's company a wur za zurly an abusive too, an whan a did happen ta be zober a wur aelwys cantankerous an vull a contraryness. If ya happen'd ta meet un an zaay, Nice marnen, Measter

Gingell, he'd reply, I dwoant zee nuthen nice about it ; ar if ya zed, Nice growin marnen, Is it, he'd zaay, well I haant grow'd a bit ; ar if ya zed, Cwoold marnen, he'd zaay, well I'm hot anuff, anyhow. Voke zed that wur true anuff, as he's temper always kep un hot, an thay verily believed a wur brought up on vinegar an sting nettles, he wur za martil zour. Twer zed he's vust two poor wivs had a terryable time on it we un. Well, one night, jist as I wur gwain up tha hooden ladder ta bade, a rap come at tha dooer an who shood it be bit Measter Gingell he's zelf. Zilas, a zaays, I da want a vew minets private taak we ee bout zim tickler busines. Zoo I teaks un inta tha parlour, an shut tha dooer. Now Zilas, a zaays, ya can keep a sacrit I spoose. Coose I can, Measter Gingell, what goods a Carrier if a caant? Well then a zaays, I'm gwain ta be married agean next Thursday May tha twenty vust, ta Passen Brown's cook an housekeeper, auver at Leetle Langton. A coose I diden perseen ta be zaprised bit jist zed "Well, Measter Gingell, I da wish ee much jay, we ael me heart," "Well now", a zaays, "I wants ee ta be ready we yer hoss an van, be haight a clock thic marnin ta teak I an me zister an her usbin (Mister an Missus Jowdy) auver ta Leetle Langton church, an ta be ther be ten a clock sharp. Pick thay up at ther own house an I'll be bout haaf a mile on tha road waiten, as I dwoant want tha newsy gossips in thase village ta knaa nuthin about it. Atter tha Weddin we shill drave ta Zalsbury var dinner, then ta Stounhenge, which my intended wife heant never zeed ; then back whoam at nite ; an I'll pay ee well var tha job. Bit mine, dwoant let out one wurd, not even ta yer own wife. Nabiddy yer knows nuthin about it, not even me own zister as I shaant tell her till tha day avore tha weddin.

Zoo, tha marnen vixed, I drove at tha time greed on, to tha cottage a Jim's zister an her usbin (Measter an Missus Jowdy) an bout haaf a mile on the road picked up Measter James Gingell he's self ; who wur draste out as I'd never zeed un draste avore ; an in a peapern baig he'd a got a girt vine nosegay, as scented out tha inzside a tha van.

We got ta Leetle Langton church on tha stroke a ten, bit ta Measter Gingell's zaprise (an ower own too) ther wurden a zawl ta be zeed, an tha church doer not even open. “Caant meak this out” zaays Measter Gingell, “I mist vine out tha Clark a tha Church.” “Praps you've mead a mistake in tha time Jim,” zaays he's sister. “Not very likely” zaays he, raather sharp. “Well, praps tha young ooman med be took bad” ventured her usbin. Gingell gied un a look, bit zed nuthen. Bit off a went an in a vew minets wur rappen at tha nearest cottage doer var tha life on un, a wur zoon aupen'd be a middle aged ooman in yeapern an zun bonnet.

“Is this wur tha Clark a tha Church lives?”

“Eece.”

“Be you he's wife.”

“Eece.”

“How is it tha Church doers yeant aupen?”

“Cos thame locked up I spoose ; bit if ya wants ta zee tha Church I'll get tha kay an let ee in.”

“Zee tha Church,” zays Gingell, raather sharp, “I waants ta zee tha Passen, an tha Clark too. Wur is er?”

“Gone ta wirk.”

“Gone ta wirk?”

“Eece.”

“What! dwoant er knaa ther's a Weddin on yer this marnen?”

“Not he” zaays she, “ar I warn he'd a bin yer, a dwoant never miss a Weddin, if a shood happen ta varget a Vuneral now an agean.”

“Well! well!” zaays Gingell.

“Bit who be tha voke as wants ta be married?”

“Why I,” zaays Gingell.

“An who, an wur's tha Bride, then?”

“Why tha housekeeper at tha Rectory, if ya must knaa.”

“What, Missus Buxom?”

“Eece, that's she.”

“Why, lar bless tha man, she laved her pleece ael on tha zuddint, nearly a week agoo.

“What if she did. I spoose she can come back yer ta be married, caant she?”

“Spuose she can, bit she idden yer it zeems, an odder thing, nobiddy hant bin Caal'd Whoam, neet no Bans a Marrige putt up in thease yer blessed Church var auver dree months, thats zartin.”

“What's that to do we't,” zaays Gingell, raather sharp “voke can get married thout Banns a Marrige, ar bein Caal'd Whoam I spose. We be gwain ta be married be Special License.

“O, well, that alters tha kease zartinly. Bit I wonders ower Passen haant a zed nuthin about it ta me usbin, howzemever he's got woold an raather vargetvul at times pooer man, zoo I'll zen up ta varm var Jarge ta come whoam as vast as ee can, an be that time yer Bride med be yer. Howzemever, if I wur you I'd goo down ta Rectory an zee Passen about it, zims ta I ther be zum girt mistake zomewur.”

“Ah, that ther mist,” zaays Measter Gingell. Zoo a goes down ta Rectory, gies a good pull at tha bell which wur zoon anser'd be a leetle maid in white cap an yeapern.

“Is Measter Brown in?”

“Yes, zir, avin he's brekvist now.”

“Plaze ta tell un as ow zombiddy da waant un very tickler, will ee?”

Passen Brown, yearin tha zoun of a strange voice comes up tha passage an ushers Measter Gingell into he's study.

“Well, zur, what about my weddin? no mistake haant abin mead I hope.

“My good man” zaays tha Rector, “I've realy heard nothing about any wedding coming off in my Church this morning, and further, I'm quite ignorant of who the intended Bride may be.

“Why, your own housekeeper, Missus Buxom.”

“Mrs Buxom, my housekeeper,” zaays tha astonished Passen, “Impossible! why she left us nearly a week ago, saying her mother was taken dangerously ill, and she must go at once. I assure you, my good man, this is the first we have heard of her intended marriage, no Banns having been published.”

Measter Gingell got white's a maggit, an begun ta trimble ael auver. “Look at that, zur” a zaays, drowen down a girt blue envelope on tha teable avore un, “Tha Marrige License var which I paid down vive goolden soverins, an yers tha Ring var which I paid vifteen shillins, an she greed ta marry I in your Church yer this Twenty Vust day a May, at ten a clock in marnin, an yer I be carden ta thic greement an me zister an her usbin as Witnesses waiten outside. She zed I wurden ta trouble about nuthen bit tha Ring an License, she hood manige everything else an get You ta marry ess.

Passen Brown putt up he's two hans in astonishment, an rung tha bell var Missus Brown, who, when she comed in, thought zummat terryable wur tha

matter ta zee tha steat a zitement her usbin an Measter
Gingell wur in. Passen zoon mead her acquainted with
tha steat of affairs, when she, too, expressed her
astonishment, as it wur tha vust hintimation she'd had
of her leat housekeeper's intended weddin. She
zartinly had geed her notice ta leave as she was in view
of something better, an thay let her off avore her time
wur up, cos of her mother's illness. "And now I think
of it" zaays Missus Brown, "she left a note with me, to
be given to a Mister James Gingell, should he call. If
that's your name, I will let you have it.

"That's my neam rite anuff, Leady," zaays
Measter Gingell "plaze let me av it." Missus Brown
got tha note, an gied it to un, who zoon tore it open an
axed Passen if he'd be plazed ta rade it, as a wurden
much of a scolard ; Passen took tha letter an rade as
vollers :

THA RECTORY

Mister Gingell
LANGTON

LITTLE

Dere Sir,

May 16th, 18--

Wen a month agow, at Salsbury, i
promis'd to giv notis to leave my plice an mike oll
arrangements to mary you by Special License at the
Church here on May twenty-fust, i little thowt i was
agoin to marry a man as had ollredy bean twice
married, thow you told me you ware a Widderer, i
nevir wunce drempt you ware a Widderer faw tha
secind time. i beg, therefore, to hinfirm you that i
posevely refuse to become the *third* wife of heny man,
wood rawther die an old maid fust. hopin as how you
will soon find some one not sow pertickler as

Yours truly, BESSIE BUXOM

Sory i coodent let you naow before as I av quite

fawgot your rite address.

Pooer Gingell wur ready ta zink, a wur that staiggerd, when a yeard tha contents a thic letter. “Drat tha ooman” a zed, “why diden she let me know avore, steeds a playen tha vool we I like this. I'll meak her pay vor't that I will. Brache a Promise, an gettin things out a I be valse purtenses, var wen she konzented ta marry I, I bought her a geagement ring costin a ginny, an yer she's clane gone we'n.” An, begar, Measter Gingell hood a let out a leetle stronger bit bein in tha presence a tha Passen an he's leady a nussed that up till a got back ta we, an a diden varget it then I can tell ee. A vow'd he'd put zomebidy on her track an zarch Englin droo, bit what he'd vind her. Bit a adden tha laste hideer wur she wur gone, neet Passen nither, zoo a zed.

Well Jim, zaays he's brother-in-laa, tis a rum goo, anyhow. What beest agwain ta do now? Goo back whoam I spoose. Dall thee, not likely, zed tha enraged 'hood be bridegroom,' drave on ta Zalsbury Carrier. We'll goon av a good tuck out anyhow. I warn we shill be yeable ta tackle one athout her. Jist as we wur about ta start, tha Clark's wife come runnin up, ael out a breath, ta zaay Jarge wur come, an in Church waitin var tha Weddin Pearty.

Drat tha ooman, zaays Gingell ta I, tell her tha Weddin's putt off, owin ta tha ooman bein took bad. O, then if thats het, zaays she, tha charge var openin tha Church an gettin ready is haaf-a-crown ; an a coose, zummat extry var tha Clark lavin he's wirk to attend tha sarymony.

Ya wunt av nar varden out a I, zaays Gingell. Yer, ya can av thease nosegay, var which I paid vive

shillins. Bother yer nosegay, zaays she, tis money we wants. An zoo da I, zaays tha dissaponted Bridegroom. Drave on Carrier. Zoo I putt Dobbin on he's baste mettle tawards Zalsbury, an in two howers a wur steabled at he's usual place. At Measter Gingells invitation we ael went in an ad a good dinner atter which tha disapointed Bridegroom done mwore justice to than a did tha grub. A wur terryable down in tha mouth tho, I can tell ee, bit thic ar drop a tha sparklin zet he's tongue a waggin, an ael tha way whoam a done nuthen bit bacaal tha valse decaitvul ooman, an dreatenen a haction at laa ageanst her, as zoon as a got wind of her whereabouts. Well Jim, zaays Missus Jowdy (who wur beginnin ta get a bit merry), thee mist look upon thease affair as a zart a zet off ta thic leetle job when thee'se went ta marry thee vust wife diss knaa. Look yer Zue, a zaays, we dwoant want ta yer nuthen about that, zoo ya needen reak it up. Bit she twould me tha starry atterwirds, an which I'll tell ee. It zeems when Gingell went auver ta Chaakborne to marry he's vust wife, a raather unexpected an unusual thing happened. As tha bridal pearty wur agwain up tha village street, tawards tha Church. Tha Passen who wur ta marry em, come out of a leetle leane on hossback. "God bless my zawl," zaays ee, "The Weddin Pearty! Well, well, I'd raaly vargotten ael about it, that I had. Look yer, Gingell, a zaays, put off tha Weddin till ta marrer marnin. Tha Hounds be gwain ta meet at Longbridge haaf atter leven an now tis quarter past, an I hooden miss it var a ten poun note. Tha young Bride, who wur lanin on her fiather's yarm wur quite staiggerd at tha Passen's sugestion. Bit a rode up to her an zed if she'd putt it off jist ta blige un, he'd marry em var nuthen an gie her a hansim present ; an yers a zoverin var ee ael ta drink my health we ; an

athout waiten any reply away he rode to tha meet as vast as he's woold mare cood gallop. A noteed Vox hunter thic Passen wur an no mistake, an me brother Jim, ya zee, wur as vond on't as he wur. Zoo a gied tha Bride tha zoverin, an at once mead var tha Rid Lion, wur tha lanlard, Tom Tidly, let un av a mount, an in a vew minets, he too, wur gallopin off ta tha Meet.

When Passen met un, a gratulated un on bein a downrite rale sportsmin, as ther wurden many as hood putt off ther Weddin ta goo Voxhuntin. Howzemever, tha Bride took it in purty good peart, an nex marnin thay wur married, an Passin gied her a hansim present as a promised.

We got whoam about ten a clock, Measter Gingell gettin out at tha seam pplace as a got in, an I put down Measter an Missus Jowdy at ther own house. When I got in dooers I voun tha news a 'Tha Weddin as diden com of' had rached tha village howers avore. It zeems thic Clark's wife had a niece (belongin ta ower village) stoppin we her, an she meaks na more ta do but pack her off whoam at wonce, on purpose ta zet tha news ael auver tha pplace, out a revenge to woold Gingell's stingyness. Pooer feller he had a baddish time on it, not ony in ower village bit at Zalsbury too, an at ael tha Markets an Vairs var miles aroun. Voke keep on axen ow'n if he's got any news of Missus Buxom heet. Bit vrim tha day of he's disapointment, not a blessed wurd did er ever yer about her. Zoo a nussed up he's wrath as baste he cood, an at las mead up he's mine not ta chaance marryen agean, bit zettle down we Measter an Missus Jowdy.

Howzemever, zunce thic affair, I've drove many a Happy Weddin pearty ta Church, an tha main o'm (I'm plazed ta zaay) turned out well. Good usbins an

wives who brought up spectable an healthy vamilies ; a credit to ther parents an tha village in which they wer born'd. I can caal ta mine one in pertickler, a rosy roun-veaced good-lookin gal, we laffen eyes ; good tempered an a nayshun good zinger too. When she went ta Zalsbury in my van ta teak train var Lunnen. Nelly, I zaays, I'll meak a bet that avore two years, ya'll come whoam ta yer own neative place married. Nonzence, Measter Zingleton, I shooden drame a zich a thing, zides, ta think ther's any young man up Lunnen who'll look at a pooer leetle country mouse like I.' 'Eece Nelly, ther is,' I zaays, an twunt be long avore he vines ee out nither.' An begar! in less than twelvemonths down she come wie a young man, who married her in ower Church. An now he's a piardner in one a tha biggest virms in Lunnen, an every zummer comes down ta tha village ta spen a vew days we tha woold voke, her fiather an mother. Eece an many a brite village lad, have laved whoam in my van var different plazin in Lunnen, ar zome other girt townd. Many on em av wirked ther way up an come whoam in a leetle wile draste like rale gennelmen. Bit I'm zorry ta zaay, zome vew on em dwoant aelwys hact like gennelmen, var thay'll ardly own ther pooer relayshuns an nayburs, an varget ael about ther own broughten ups. Eece, an I da knaa a vew a thase zart a people, handy whoam too. Voke, on who vartune have smiled we plenty a money, an every zart a comfert, get za uppish an starchy thay wunt even daine ta notice pooer voke, an ull cut em in every waay they can. An then tis musin zometimes ta zee ow miserable thase wealthy voke (as spring vrim nuthin) be, jist becaas tha upper ones in turn, ull cut thay, an have no hank wie em, spite a ther money.

Many a smeat lad as av wirked as plough bwoy

I've a knowd goo away an jine tha Pleece, zarve ther vull time, an av come back an zettled down, on a good pinchin. Lads too, who av jined tha Harmy ar Neavy an zarved ther one an twenty years, av come back vull a honner an glaury, an zettled down in ther neative pleace an many a thrillin tale, an zide splitten yarn, av I yeard em tell, comin whoam in tha van, a what thay've zeed an bin droo. Eece an a vew on em av come whoam minus a laig or a yarm. One terryable kease we've a got now of pooer zailer, who vrim a bwoy aelwys had a girt longin var tha sae an nuthin hooden stop un vrim gwain neither. Bit, pooer chap, one day in a terryable storm, a vill vrim tha riggin of a Man a War to tha deck, ingerin he's spine an crippen ow'n var life ; atter two years in hospital he wur discharged as incurible, an ther he is, in ower village a cripple var ever ; tho I'm plazed ta zaay thay lows un a nice leetle pinshin. Tis raaly zaprisin, atter ael tha dainger Zawljers an Zailers gooes droo, mwore on em beant hurteed, var raly tha mwoast on em as I've know'd av come whoam athout a scratch, an lookin tha picter a health (an caant em spin zim yarns). I mines when Colour Zargent Vred Slogger wur discharged an come whoam in my van. What gwains on ther wur in tha village when he wur a bwoy. 'Did ee ever yer Zilas,' a zaays, 'what a trick I an anodder bwoy played on woold Miller Tracy?' 'Caant zaay as ow I av,' I zaays. 'Well,' a zaays, 'jist below his Mill ther used ta be zim vine bades a waater crace, which tha woold man used ta cultivate an zen em in girt hampers ta Lunnen. Bit a wur terryable dubious that we bwoys did get at em an zill em. Zoo a put up a notice vowin ta shoot anybidy a cotch'd in tha hact a stalin he's craces. Zoo one darkish night I an leetle Jack Jowdy mead up a dummy man we zome woold clothes an stuck un up in tha

middle a tha waater crace bade, an then gied leetle
Lizer Lappy a penny ta goo an tell tha miller
zomebidy wur stalen he's craces. Out a comes we's
gun an zeein tha sheap of a man in tha stream a let
drave at he's laigs, an knocked un auver. Splaish a
went in tha waater, an a coose bein light (as a wur ony
stuffed wie straa) a zoon begun ta vloat down stream.
'God bless my zawl' zaays tha woold man, 'if I hant bin
an shot un dade an's vloatin down tha river, that a is.'
Zoo a rin'd in dooer, roused tha whole house, zent he's
bwoy atter tha Doctor, he's man atter tha pleeceman,
he's wife ta bring tha brandy, while he he's zelf vetched
tha draigs. Tha whole village wur very zoon alarmed,
an tha voke we haaf a dozen lanterns, wur meakin var
tha hatches bout a quarter of a mile down stream. Tha
woold Miller, shiverin an sheaken ael auver, we tha
thought of he's bein took up an tried var murder. 'dang
me buttons' zaays Dan Ditcher tha drowner, who'd got
to tha hatches vust, and wur in tha hact a haulen
zummat up tha river baink we's girt long weed crook,
'Why, tis nuthen bit a dummy stuffed we straa, that
teant. A nice little trick this, Measter,' zaays ee ta tha
Miller, who'd jist coom up, painken var breath. 'An
zoo tis, bleamed if teant' zaays he. 'an if I cood vind out
who twur done it, be drat if I hooden putt a charge a
shot into em at zite, that I hood.' When tha villagers
come on tha scene an zeed tha drowned dummy laid
out on tha grass thay wur like ta bust we merriment and
laater. An woold Miller Tracy, to tha day of he's death
wur offen axed if a cood mine when a shot tha
Dummy.

'I spoose, Carrier,' zed tha Zargent, 'ya've yeard
about Frank Fudger wen a went ta buy a hoss off a
woold Gingell at Britvird Vair.' 'Cant zaay as ow I av,'

I zaays. 'O well, I'll tell ee, tis wuth hearin anyhow. Frank ya zee, wur a cunnin, knowin zart a bloke as well as woold Gingell. Twur a kease a 'dog bite dog' we em. Zoo Frank gooes up an teaks stock a tha vew hosses Gingell had a got there, an zelected one as a thought hood zuit un. 'Can er goo?' zaays Frank. 'Goo,' zaays Gingell, 'why, thee't be yeable ta ride ar drave un ten mile athout he's wonce stoppin.' 'Will er zure?' zaays Frank. 'Eece, be danged if a wunt' zaays Gingell. 'O well if thats het, a wunt be nar mossel a good ta I.' 'Why not?' zaays Gingell in girt zaprise. 'Why, doosen zee, when I'm out on me rouns, dalen, I've got ta stop at every varm house purty nigh, an what good's a hoss ta I as goos ten mile athout stoppin.' 'Odd drat thee! can'st pull up, cassen, if diss want ta stop. What I means is, if thee'se want un ta goo tha distance athout stoppin, a hood.' Frank zart a grinned, patted tha hosses back an neck, smoothed down he's laigs, looked in he's mouth, an then zuddenly discovered he'd ony got a stump of a tail. 'Odd dally, he wunt do,' zaays Frank, 'me wife ull never ride behind a hoss as got nar a tail, zides, ows tha poor thing ta keep tha vlies off in hot weather.' 'Well, zaays Gingell, 'a hant zartinly got zich a tail as zome hosses, bit thats nuthin if ya wants a good hoss ta ride ar drave ; ya wunt better un var tha price I'm axen var'n – twenty ginneys.

Hozemever, tha stump tail quite decided tha job. Frank hooden av un at any price ; zed as ow he wurden in no hurry var a vew weeks, an hood zee if he'd got anything ta zuit un at Wilton Vair, if za be a diden come across arn bevore.

Well, at tha Wilton Zeptember Vair, Gingell had managed ta get together anodder string a hosses ael vresh an zoun he declared. Zoo when a zeed Frank, a

zed 'I've got a hoss ta zuit ee now, my bwoy.' Zoo Frank eyes un purty keen as a wur brought out an trotted up and down, an a zaays, 'why I do raaly believe tis tha very seam hoss ya tried ta zill I at Britvird.' 'Dall'd if I diden think thee'se zaay that,' zaays Gingell, 'bit thick ar hoss I zould to a man tother zide a Lunnen, tha very nex day. Thease is zartinly zummat like un, an ta tell ee tha truth, he's a brother to thic stump tailed hoss.' 'Well I never zeed two pase mwore alike,' zed Frank. A young varmer standin bye, an who had zeed tha stump tail at Britvird, whispered in Frank's yers that he'd bet a viver twur tha very seam hoss. Look yer Frank you goo an pat he's neck an back, look un in tha mouth, rub down he's vront laigs, then he's hinder laigs, an well beest a doin on't, hold he's tail like grim death, an I'll goo to he's yead an gee un a bit of vlick we my whip.' Frank done as a wur twold an while we one han a rubbed down he's near hind laig, tha other hand held he's tail tight as wax, zeein which, varmer gied tha hoss a vlick we's whip, an off a starteet like mad, lavin tha dummy tail in Franks hands. Tha voke stannin roun shook ther zides, an roared we laffen, var twur nuthin bit a tail vrum zum dade hoss, as Gingell had be zome crafty means stuck on tha stump tail. Tha woold feller, mad we rage an disapointment, cussed an sweared a good un, a vow'd vengence on thic young varmer an zed he'd av un zome day. Bit a wur aelways nic-neamed Stump Tail Gingell atter that.

A CARRIERS LIFE

As I zed avore, a Carriers Life yeant ael honey

neet beer an skittles, as thay da zaay. A got ta be about in ael sazons an in ael zarts a weather, vrost an snow, hail, rain an vog, thunder an lightenen, an many a vearfull starm he've got ta weather on he's journeys to and vro. Still, mang it ael, tis a healthy, pleasant an jolly life anuff, zeein an doin business we ael zarts a voke, high an low, rich an pooer. A Carrier is zapposed ta knaa tha zarcumstances of eveybidy he daled we ; thay who got money an thay as hant ; tha well ta do, an thay as beant. He's also looked up to, as a girt authority on tha weather. What tha day is gwain ta be, if wet ar vine ; ar if we shill av a vrost ar zim vallins avore marnin. Also in Spring, what zart of a zason tis gwain ta be. How tha crops on tha different varms be looken ; tha wate, barley, wuts, vetches an beens. What zart a weather till be var haymeaken ; an if tha swaths ull be heavy we plenty a clover mang tha grass. How tha ears of tha whate an barley be villen up, an bout what time harvest is likey ta begin an end. He's also zapposed ta knaa tha price a beef, mutton, pork, beakin, turkeys, geese, vovls, rabbits, butter an haigs, an bring whoam ael tha leatest news a tha Zity, Country an Wordle in ginerall I med zaay. He's also expected ta be tha vust ta knaa ael about tha Births, Marriges, an Deaths, as da appen, an tha pedigree a everything an everybidy ; in vact, a Carrier is looked on as a travillen cyclopedier, an almanaick.

Moters an Hayerships

Well, I've had auver vifty years of a Carrier's

life, an on tha hawl, I've had a tarblish plesant time on it. Tho a coose, like everybiddy else in ower line, I've had zim ups an downs, an zet backs too, now an agean, which ony tended, I hope, ta meak a better man o I.

When I gied up tha Carryen thase yer Moter Cars wur jist bein brought out ; two ar dree ad bin zeed vleen along droo ower village, an my brother Carriers diden varget ta zaay as ow Measter Zingleton, tha Zalsbury an Barstock Carrier wur a wise man ta gie up business avore thase new vangled Moter Cars drove he an every Carrier off tha road. Bit I twould em not ta be downhearteed ; Railways diden drave ess off, an I'm zartin zure thease yer Moters we ther hootin, tootin, gruntin, blairen an girt long clouds a doust hooden. Na mwoare thay hant, aelthough now thers thirty ar vorty a day rushen like mad droo ower village, an ther idden one Carrier tha less in ower vally var ael that. Ther yeant a bit a dout however, bit what thease girt ugly sheens ar Road Hogs as zom da caal em, be come ta stop ; an tis ael very well var voke ta vlee about in em, ta who time is a girt hobject, like a Doctor, who's wanted ta tend a zarious an urgent kease. Bit wur tha pledger on em comes in be dratt if I can zee ; tis wus thin bein in a Hexpress train, no time ta notice anything gwain along. An ael ther thoughts must be on ther Moter, wonderin if a tyer ull bust up, tha pettril gie out, ar ther Chaffer (as thay caals tha draver) run into a dog, vlock a sheep, drove a cows, ar a litter a pigs, ar tha steerin gear get out a harder, an tha Sheen run up tha bank an turn em ael out, an which we da rade is happenen zumwur ar anodder every day. Wurs tha comfort, pledger, an pace a mine I'd like ta knaa. I'd zooner av my van we woold Dobbin in un, than ael tha Moters Ive ever zeed, var rale enjoyment on tha road. An no biddy caant deny bit what thay be a darn'd

nuisance ta everybiddy on tha road specilly in dry weather. Tha long trails a choken, stiffen an gritty dust, not ony ruinin people's health be gettin down ther droats, in ther eyes, yers an nostrils, bit spwilin tha trees, shrubs, hedgerows, girdens an vlowers, an even grass an clover vields, var no sheep, hosses ar cattle wunt touch it atter tav bin pepper'd auver we tha vlinty dust. An then look at tha pouns woth a damidge thay does ta tha ooman voke's dresses, an tha men's clothes, too. Yer, twur bit laast Haster Zunday, I an Missus went up ta ower Church yard in tha evenin ta putt a vew vlowers on her mother's grave, an comin whoam down tha hill, no less than vive a thease yer Moter Cars passed ess, gwain at a terryable rate ; tha trail a dust thay kicked up rached var nearly two mile, an we had ta goo droo tha thick on't, an ael though we coverd ower feaces we ower pocket hanketchers, we wur covered we't. My black vrock cwoat an tall hat wur turned to a iren gray, an as var Missus, her black mantle, gown, an toke wur jist as tho thay'd bin pipper'd ael auver, an as she zed, hood never look tha seam agean, no matter ow you shook ar brushed it, an as var black crape trimmens tis purty nigh impossible ta get tha dust out a that.

An then in wet weather tis nearly as bad, as regards spwilin yer clothes. Anybiddy as keers ta look, can zee var therzelves what damidge thase girt rubber tyred Moter Car wheels da do ta tha roads var thay zoon wears em inta hawls an ruts, which atter a starm a rain gets vill'd we waater an if ya happen ta be waaken in a narrerish road an a Moter comes along ya gets splashed we tha nasty dirty stinken mud vrim yead ta voot. Missus shook her unbreller an hollied out ta one cheeky rascal of Chaffer, who, gwain at a brake neck speed splashed her ael auver, an looken roun at her

ony grinned, an when she pwinted to her dirty clothes he luffed louder than ever. She gied un a bit of her mine an shook her umbreller a bit viercer, which tha himperent feller hacknowledged be putten he'd stretched out han to tha end a he's girt nose, as much as ta zaay 'Ketch me if ya can.' I tell ee what, an I zaays it sariously, Parleyment mist teak it in han, an meak a laa, thase yer Moter Voke shall av a road ta ther zelves, zeam as tha Railwys, unless thay can hinvent zummat ta lay tha doust in dry weather, an keep vrim splaishen everybiddy thay passes in wet weather. Var raaly, tis got to a terryable pass. Ony tother day I yeard a gennelman zaay, as ad got a vine viller be tha road zide handy Lunnen, that a wur abliged ta gie'n up an zill un var haaf he's vally an ael ow'n to tha doust nusance kicked up be thase yer Moters ta zaay nuthen a tha terryable naises thay da meak. Zoo tis high time zummat wur done.

Then about thase yer Hayer Ships which zom da reckin ull zoon knock even Moters off tha road, (an a good job, too, in one sense) as thay wunt be yeable ta kick up bar doust up thayer. Bit ow about droppen ther tay-leaves, an other rubbish down on people as thay da vlee along auver yead.

'Vancy,' zaays a young feller ta I tother day, 'when I an my young ooman be out var a ramble, an med be zitten down on a geat ar stile, an a pot a tay-leaves, ar zummit else comes down opon ess jist as I wur agwain ta pop tha question an ax her ta neam tha happy day ; why tood upzet tha job, an spwile her baste hat an blouze an me own toggery too. An wur mist ess look var damidges.

Tis my pinion thase yer Hayer Ships an Hayer-o-

plains beant comin ta much (that is var ginerall use).
Voke as av got plenty a money must av zom hobby, an
new vaingled musement, ta get rid on't an wile away
ther time. An aelthough zim wonnervul vlights av bin
mead in em at different plazin, tis ta my thinken a
risky, brake neck hinvenshin, an'll never become
popler. Zee ow many av bin killed aelready, an scores
ruined var life, an ther's sure ta be underds mwore.

Man caan't controle tha helements, an when thay
be up in tha hayer, thay never knaas ow zoon a girt
starm mid come up an wreck tha whole consarn. An
shood tha wind drave em up agean a spire, chimley ar
tree ar knock em up ageanst one anodder ar anything
goo rong as thay be skimmin along down thay mist
come var zartin. I tell ee what tis an I've aelwys zed
zoo *'Tha top of a well an tha bottom of a ladder,'* is tha
safest pleace atter ael.

Zoo I dwoant think noone a you Carriers need
vear a bein knocked off tha road either be Moters ar
Hayer Ships ; as I zed, Railways diden do it, na mwore
wunt thase new vaingled an daingerous ways a gettin
about wunt do it. Var what do ee zee ta-day, in spite a
Railways, Moters an Hayerships. Why, nearly a
Underd Carriers come inta Zalsbury every Tuesday
when in fiather's time ther wur ardly a score.

Zoo my advice ta ee ael is – Keep plodden
along, act strait, an do whats right ; be civil an bligin ta
ael, high ar low, rich ar pooer ; attend ta tha pooer
voke's wants as well as thay as is well off ; keep yer
hoss well, an trate un as yer baste vren ; yer van clane
an tidy, inzide an out, an you'll get on an hold yer own,
as zure as my neame's Zilas Zingleton, tha Barstock an

Zalsbury Carrier var auver vifty years.

FINIS