

**CORNISH TALES, IN  
PROSE AND VERSE**

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Cornish tales, in prose and verse by Various

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**VARIOUS**

**CORNISH TALES, IN  
PROSE AND VERSE**



# CORNISH TALES,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

*Reprinted from "Netherton's Cornish Almanack."*



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THE BILLY GOAT AND THE PEPPER MINE.

A QUACK'S RECIPE.

WEND, SNAW, HET, AN' THA PORPOSS PLAASTER.

UNCLE NICKY POLSUE, OR, THE OULD SCHOLARD.

A TIGHT KNOT.

A DARK DEED, OR, AN UNEXPECTED GREETING.

MICHAEL TOZER, OR, AN OLD STORY IN A NEW GARB.



TRURO:

NETHERTON AND WORTH, LEMON STREET,

1882.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall].

## The Billy Goat, and the Pepper Mine.

*Written in the prevailing dialect of the Mining District,  
east of St. Austell.*

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GOOD hevening to 'ee, Zur—good hevening to 'ee, you'm a Straanyer en these here paarts, I blaw, by yer ways of spaikin'! Zackly so, Zur, zackly so—iss shure you eudn't 'ave cum'd to a keenlier boddy fur to tell 'ee oal 'bout we “Cousin Jacky's,” as you Lunnoners do caal us! S'pose you'm a Doctur, maakin' so bould? How ded I come fur to thenk like that there? Why, Zur, ef we be Cousin Jacky's we do kaip our gunnin' eye opun, an' we do knaw Tin an' no mistaake! an' I've ben notissin' of 'ee peekin' they yarbs en tha hadges what we poar peepul do taake fur our cowids an' waik stummicks—organs, an' camels, an' saage, an' sech soart of traade: my ould wumman do maike fine swettin' drinks long weth um en a tay pot, long weth shuggur or trikle.

Aw, my dear! thun you haan't no Doctur arter oal, well, I do ax yer pardin fur tha mistaake.

Tellin' 'bout Docturs, now, I wshed you knawed our Doctur down to B&I, he wor caal'd Doctur Probum, but we caal'd un Doctur Chaaries, oal frenly like a theng, he wor fine an' clevver, shure 'nuff—he cud moocat 'bout breng tha dead to life agen.

Aw, you needn't fur to loff my dear, fur I can tell 'ee more thun *that* what he ded, when wan Dicky Bray faal'd oaf tha ladders down to our mine—'way goes Dicky an' tha ladders some foace, but he petched 'pon a board rite athurt tha shaft, an' aw, my dears! how he ded howl an' screach.

When they took'd un up he wor bluddin' like a stick'd pig, an' he wor fairly gittin' that waik ev'ry minnit he cudn't blaw, nur strik, nur clunk—we thoft fust long he wor cut up to jowds an' lerrups—an' when Doctur Chaaries com'd he look'd 'pon un some whisht I can shure 'ee, and thun he feeld es pulse, an' shuk'd es head—thun he squat un oal ovver to find out wheear he wor hurted, s'pose—thun he com'd ovver to the windur to es mothur, oal stankln' aisy 'pon tha planchin, an' sais he,—

“Un' Tammy (that wor hur naame you mus' knaw) I must put some *blood* into Dicky, here, or he'll soon be gone frum 'ee.”

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<sup>1</sup>*An* abbreviation of Aunt, the usual Compliment paid to elderly women.

Aw, Zur, you doan't b'leeve he cud do ut, do 'ee? My dear t'wor zackly so, an' no mistaake, an' I can tell 'ee more wunders thun thes, ef you'll harkey a mite more.

Dicky's faythur, he wor caal'd Neddy, com'd hum frum Bál sum coose when he heard of es mesfortin, a ravin' an' tearin', an' screachin' like a witneck, an' caalin' out, "Aw, my dear Dicky, aw, my sonny booy, wheear be 'ee?" Well, we maade un clunk some smoothing traade or corgel what Doctur Chaarles gov'd un, an' that broft un to hisself agen oal comforbul, but fine an' whisht f'roal.

Well, as I wor tellin' of 'ee, Doctur Chaarles went foare to the windur to un Tammy, an' kep' on glaazin' out fur a braave spur 'pon the 'ood an' veran' reck en the town plaace, an' we dedn't knaw, f'roall, what he wor studdyin', but, arter a minute, sais he to Neddy, (that's es faythur you knaw) sais he—"Ned, 'ave 'ee a yaw," or a yaffur<sup>2</sup> 'pon tha plaace?"

Neddy look'd up glaazin' 'pon the Doctur, thenkin' as how he wor turned a mite aisy long weth oal es book larnin', but he kep' es thofts to hisself, s'pose, cause he dedn't spaik out haard fur nobody to hear, an' sais he,—

"Noa, Doctur, we aant, but we've a got a braave lifely ould *de* GOATE! Ded 'ee wesh fur we to kell un, fur to maake beef brath fur tha poor booy!"

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<sup>1</sup> Fern.

<sup>2</sup> Ewe.

<sup>3</sup> Heiter.



"Noa, noa, you gaate ould dunder'ead, you," sais Doctur Chaarles, oal taisy ways—"ef we waanted *Dunkey* brath we wud kill *you*, an' stew 'ee down!"

Unkel Neddy dedn't look best plased to be caal'd a *higgut*,<sup>1</sup> as you may s'pose, but oal he said wor,—

"Do 'ee waan't som mait then, Doctur, for the booy? Awnly say the wurd, Zur, an' I'll go miles an' miles fur to fatch ut, es, or craim an' trikle, ef you please."

"Noa. Ned, noa, my man," sais Doctur Chaarles, oal taalkin' saft an' aisy ways—"I do waant *blood*, not mait!"

"Aw, my!" sais Neddy, trembling like a apsen leaf, "aw, my dear Doctur, es ut blood you do waant?"

"Ess, Ned, yer poar booy es gittin' that waik we mus' do summat to put life ento un, an' that to wance—fatch up the GOATE, Neddy, an' be fur life 'bout ut!"

Well! 'way goes Ned over the chaamber planchin' an' down steers, saft as Granny's cat gain over the helling stooans. Now, I baan't zackly shure, but I do rekkon that Neddy Bray, who wor but a haalf-saaved soart of a chap, sot gaate valley 'pon thes ould Billy Goate—he adn't got but thes waun you mus' ondurstan', an' the ould buffiehead kep un for yaars and yaars, an' ev'ry faisten time when oal the nabors wor *'avin' theer kid pies* and paastys, Neddy wud

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<sup>1</sup> *Idiot.*

<sup>2</sup> A wood floor.

scratch hes head an' zay,—“Drat ut oal, I waant keep thecky ould Billy Goate no longer, I waan't, oal tha nabors 'ave got theear kids fur to ait an' theear kids fur to sill, an' I caan't git none frum thes ould beggar—theear's sum misment somewhear en ut, an' no mistaake!”—but aw, my dear, heere I be gain afoor my tale, bean't I? Now, what es theear to loff at, Zur, en that? semmin' to me, 'tes too whisht fur to loff an' grezzel 'bout.

But never mind, here I goes agen! Well, Neddy dedn't seem zackly shure what a wor 'bout, but f'roall he run'd out through the backlet sum coose, an' 'way arter tha ould Billy Goate, up an' down, an' en an' out, en a propru stewer—fur jest as Neddy wud cum 'pon un, 'way wud go Billy agen, tossing up es heels, an' es head, Neddy arter un ento the tatie plat, an' down the rattlin field, an' furdur an' 'furdur, 'till arter 'bout haalf hour ould Ned caught un by the beard an' dragged un ento tha housen, opsettin' a putcher, an' cloam paddick, an' oal tha time Neddy kep' on askin' hisself, “whatever do Doctur Chaarles waant weth thes onnater'l an' ongratful ould baaste, what 'ave never gov'd us a kid to maake a tatie paasty en oal thease years—Doctur said he wor gain to maake a *confushun of blood!* Aw, my dear, 'tes nothin' but confushun semmin' to me!”

Un Tammy, Dicky's mothur, wor lookin' out of the *chaamber* windur, an' when she seed ould Billy broft

en she maade maanings to Doctur Charles, an' he towld hur to go down steears an' tell un to slock the ould Goate up ento tha chaamber so queck as possabul. Aw, my dear, 'tworn't aisy fur to *slock* thieky ould fella, fur he had got sum gashly stubborn ways long weth un, but come to, laast of oal, Uncle Ned got un up, an' sais he, puffin' an' paantin', and glaazin',—

“Here he be Doctur, tha ould bouldachious ould scamp, an' a purty jaalin' he've a gov'd me, a pewer shaape I be en I rekkon! he edn't like no daicent Goate that evver I seed, I'd sell un fur fower shellen ef I cud fang um, fur we doan't never 'ave no kid frum un frum wan year to nother.”

“Howld yer paace, an' stap yer praatin', do 'ee,” sais Doctur Charles, oal grumpshus like—“Com'st here an' tend to me to waunce.”

“'Pon that he towld me to fatch foath a bason, or tay dish, or summut, an' to hould ut steddy fur un—then he tuck'd out es insterments frum es pockut an' maade a gaate ould gash en Billy's side, an' out comes tha blood sum coose ento tha tay dish. Nex' he took a squert an' cut a hoal en Dicky's shoulder, an' foach'd en tha blood weth tha squert pump, sum jerrick. Aw, my dear, I shaan't never git ovver thenkin' 'pon that “confushion” job of Doctur Charles, I shall mind ut so long as I do lev, ess, an' longer to.

“Ded Dicky git ovver ut?” you do want to know, *Zur! Ess, 'tes zackly so, you'm like our wummen,*