

**LETTERS & POEMS TU ES  
BRITHER JAN, IN THE  
DEVONSHIRE DIALECT.  
FIRST AND SECOND SERIES**

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Letters & Poems Tu Es Brither Jan, in the Devonshire Dialect. First and Second Series by  
Nathan Hogg & Robert Dymond

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**NATHAN HOGG & ROBERT DYMOND**

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# LETTERS & POEMS

TU ES BRITHER JAN,

IN

## THE DEVONSHIRE DIALECT

BY

NATHAN HOGG.

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FIRST SERIES.

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EDITED, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY  
ROBERT DYMOND, F.S.A.

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*Seventh Edition—Enlarged—with a Revised Glossary.*

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1902.

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**His Royal Highness Prince Louis Lucien  
Bonaparte to the Author.**

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MY DEAR MR. BAIRD,

About your dedicating your book to me, I shall be very happy to accept it; and as far as concerns my humble individual opinion about your ability in the Devonshire Dialect, I can only say that all the most intricate and difficult questions about the pronunciation, and other grammatical proprieties of this very interesting dialect have been answered by you in such a manner as to enable me to adopt several of the modifications of the orthography, the which certainly I could never have attained except through a person thoroughly acquainted, as you, in my opinion, undoubtedly are, with the peculiarities of this curious form of the English speech.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

L. L. BONAPARTE.

## Biographical Sketch.

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HENRY BAIRD, the popular writer of poems in the Devonshire Dialect under the *nom de plume* of "Nathan Hogg," was a native of Exeter. In person he was short and dark, with a peculiar cast in the eye, and a depressed manner. In early life he was a Clerk in the office of Mr. HUGH M. ELLACOMBE, Attorney, of Exeter (elder brother of the late Rev. H. T. ELLACOMBE, F.S.A.), and the last who held the office of Chamberlain of that City. Later on, BAIRD carried on business as a Bookseller in St. Martin's Lane, Exeter, and was also connected with the local Newspaper Press.

He was a close observer of the peculiarities of the Devonshire Dialect, and published, chiefly in the *Devon Weekly Times*, the humorous poetical sketches, which were afterwards collected and issued in a separate volume, entitled, "*Poetical Letters to es Brither Jan*, by Nathan Hogg." The genuine humour and poetical genius displayed in these letters, and their close delineation of the vulgar speech of the County, have rendered them so popular, especially with students of provincial dialect, that another Edition has been called for. That distinguished linguist, the late PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE, was so struck with them that he came to Exeter, and sought a conference with the author. Hence the Second Series of "Nathan Hogg's Poems" were dedicated to the Prince. As in so many similar cases, BAIRD'S gifts did not include a talent for money-making, and he left Exeter in the hope of obtaining more profitable employment on the Metropolitan Press. He did not long survive the change, and on the 3rd of May, 1881, he died in St. Thomas' Hospital of consumption, aged about 52 years.

ROBERT DYMOND, F.S.A.

EXETER, March, 1888.

## Introductory Letter to the First Edition.

EXTER, August 25th, 1847.

DEER JANNY,

'Im gwain vur ta stan vaur ma betterers—  
I've agreed vur ta pirnt iv'ry wan a me letters ;  
I've talk'd way me Vriends vurry auff'n kinsarning  
Tha gude thay wid du in purmoting a larning :  
Laurd Chistervield dude et, (yu've yerd uv es name?)  
An zo did Chapone, an I'll du jist tha zame,  
Vur I darezay et mit (tho' uv kuse es cant tull)  
Larn miny pore nawnithin vellers ta spull.  
Eddicashin, deer Jan, is a bewtivul thing—  
'Tis better thin ort a tal ulse thee kiss bring :  
Wen es bothe wen ta skool stid uv playing and vighting,  
I always stick'd vast ta ma spulling and vrighting,  
Zo now I be abul ta hannel ma queel,  
Vur I've yerd thare's a way, if thare's uny a weel.  
Deer Janny, I shant vrite thur moar now at present,  
Bit stap way tha haup I've dude gude ta tha pheasant ;\*  
If as how thay doant want us ta laff at thare spulling,  
Let min zit too an larn, vur thay may if thay'm wulling :  
Wen I've pirnted me bukes I shill zend wan ta Zogg,  
Deer brither I wish thur adu,

NATHAN HOGG.

\* Peasant.



NATHAN HOGG'S LETTERS

TU ES BRITHER JAN.

*Tha Hossminship.*

EXTER, *April 12, 1846.*

DEER JAN,

I writes, as I agreed.

Ta tell thur aul thit I've a zeed ;  
An girtly I've a bin amused,  
Vur tu zich zights I bant a used.  
Tha tother night I went to zee  
Tha hossminship, lor what a spree !  
I thort as how I shude a dide  
Way laffin, an a split ma zide.  
Tu chaps urn'd in za limp as ails,  
A turning auver taps an tails,  
An vallin down way zich a wack,  
I thort they muss a brauk thare back ;  
I ax'd a chap a zitting thare  
How 'twas thit thay sude doo za quare,  
Ha zed, uv kuse, thay jum'pd about,  
Cuz thare back boans was took'd out.  
Then thurteen hosses tratted in,  
And made up zich a purty zene ;

An wan tha chaps ha gied a jump,  
 An cleer'd aul awmin in a lump.  
 Wull, tu a hoop thay had a tide  
 Zome daggers round about inzide,  
 Tha vuller jump'd, za cleer's a egg,  
 Rite droo, an niver scratch'l es leg.  
 Nex a man an hoss com'd in,  
 An gallup'd aul aroun tha ring;  
 Ha uny gied es wip a znack,  
 Then stude up tap tha hosses back,  
 An zim'd za aisy gwain aroun,  
 As if ha stude pin tap tha groun;  
 Bim-bye, in com'd a wacking hoss,  
 A man lied tap es back across,  
 Ha urn'd an zniff'd, an kik'd an shied,  
 I thort as how tha man'd a died;  
 I spose ha didd'n, vur in tha night,  
 I zeed min luki'g up all vright.  
 I went last Zindy zeed tha churches,  
 An wair'd ma bess coat, hat, an burches;  
 I thort as how tha vokes did stare  
 Ta zee mer drest like vur a vair.  
 I'm sorry thit I must a dun  
 Avaur I've told thur all tha vun.  
 Yu zee me paper's vill'd up quite,  
 Bit zune agane I'll try ta vrite;  
 I haup as how yu veeds tha dog.—  
 Yer luv'ing brither,

NATHAN HOGG.

### Gooda Fridy, Tha Hair, &c.

EXTER, 21st April, 1846.

DEER JAN,

I now writes as I zed how I weed,  
 Ta tull thur zom moar aw tha zights I've a zeed,  
 Vur Exter's tha place, if et bant dang ma wig,  
 Ta zee zome rear sport ur ta carr aun a rig;  
 Bit tha chaps thit be urnng about all tha day,\*  
 Drest up jist like munky's agwain ta tha play—  
 Thay woant let thur stan in tha strait way yer cart,  
 Ulse yu'm took'd vaur tha mare and a vin'd purty zmart.  
 I wis passing wan day alongzide tha Gilhal,  
 An yer'd min inzide kikking up uv a bral;  
 A big bullied veller had a got holt (ess vath!)  
 A boocher vur karrin es pig in tha path.  
 Now tha genelvoks yer may du jist as thay plaize,  
 An stan bout tha shops an tha straits at thare aize—  
 Tu a vuller drest wul thay niver zes nort,  
 An that are's tha rais'n a new coat I've bort.  
 Now wen I'm zot quiet I thinks ta mersul,  
 As how I should du vur a mare vury wul,  
 An I'll tull thur tha vust thing I'd du ta be zhore,  
 Pitch et in tap tha urch za wul as tha pore;  
 I wis axed out lass Vriday† ta brekses at aight,  
 Niver avaur did I zee zich a gorjus zight—

\* Policeman.

† Good Friday.