

# THE FOX.

By WM. TRESIDDER.

GOOD friend, when down in "Barbary," The land of Cornish folk, I mean,

Beware lest they retort on thee With native wit, so true and keen. 1

Among the men of north "St. Ann's,"  
Famed for their one-time futile labour,'  
There lived one of our "Foolish Jans,"  
Though not so much behind his neighbour.

One day in hunting-time, near Yule,  
A luckless Nimrod rode and pondered,  
Our Jan he spied, and bawled, " Here, fool,  
Canst say which way the fox has wandered?"

" Aw, Maaster! you ded frighten me ;-  
A codger 'tes, I thoft, plaise sure,  
But gents, they doon't luk down 'pon we,—  
They d' knaw tes wisht nuf to be poor.

"What soort o' crayter do 'ee mane ?  
Was' sumfin like a lil small dog;  
Wan minnet looken fur a drain,  
Then dugglen awver field and bog?"

"Au bra' way back the dogs ded yowl  
A rig'lar drilgy 'twas to hear—  
They say he stawl the farmers's fowl  
Then to kill 'e they thoft was feer.

"Shut up, you fool, I cannot stay,"  
With upraised whip the hunter cries,  
As Jan, in his own stuttering way,  
Talked of his tail and " cunnen' eyes.

"Mind you doon't 'it me weth that tool!  
You'm in some por to git away;  
Quitty for quotty, you called me fool,  
I b'leve I seed en—t'other day."

1 Of hedging-in the guckoo. A Gothamite tale which they share with many other places.