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THE UNION JOURNAL OR HALIFAX ADVERTISER

NUMBER 7

Tuesday, March 20, 1759

[NP]

The following Letter was sent inclosed to the PRINTER of the UNION JOURNAL, which we hope from the extraordinary Manner of its Style, (which we have inserted verbatim,) will not be any way disagreeable to our READERS.

Meister dorbee, *Halifeighs, Maartch 14 th. 1759.*

Yawl vorre mitch ableege me, an eal print this letter e yawr neuspaper neist wik, thaa sen yawr a gooid mon e dooin sitch a thing for a poor bodde, an i sware im reight poore; im but a JURNEEMAN CROPPAR man, and its a trade noight gooid too. yawm wurk twelve aares for ten pinse; thmorchens allaa wage enogh, but istst Cuntree MEISTERS man at runs awei weet. But what i want yaw to doo forme is, om in a deal a truble abaet a POINTER, yaw nawn what e mean, som fok calls em SPANIARDS, at aeer Meister broght me to keep for on oth MORCHENS at e wurks for, an yusturde whoel i wor at mi work, mo woef, a gaumliss fooil, laate im run awei: Meister ---- wold not loize im for twenty ginniz; for man thei setten more store o thr dogs then o ther men, an one on em ligs e more keepin then one a mo childer, or where the dule mught one get it aet o laaeze ten pinse oth dey? besaed aaer meister sez at Meister --- laekt this dog better then onne e haz, an o dor sei heez ommost thurte o one mak an other, haaends, an beigles, an

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pointers; but heez lent this dog at o had monne a taem toth PORSON an e laeks im reight weel, thei sen heez a vorre gooid Shooiter, but i think sur e mught foend summert else to doo, but sum on omez nobbed loek like other fok at i see; but this dog sur, heez a braaen an whoet an, he corries a gooid teil, an heez a brass coller abaaet iz neck, wi Meister --- zname on, for tha takken a praed man o keepin a deal o dogs; heez not a vorre grut dog, nor a vorre little un, but ov a middle soez: An if yaw con hear ov onne bodde at haz im, yaw needen not to be feared but yawl get peid, an weel too; prei a na Sur put it in, for om ommost fleid aaet o me wit abaaet it; tho o think we sol hear on im agean too, for, if Meister --- get to hear heez lost, heel get awther Porson orth Clork to cro im ith Chappil, or else daub up a paper at Chappil doore abaaet it.
So Sur o think o need to sei no more, yawl doit for mi, o dor sei, an ost be vorre mitch ableegd tooya:

Frank Forfex tho Croppar.

[NP]

THE UNION JOURNAL OR HALIFAX ADVERTISER

NUMBER

Tuesday, April 3, 1759

The following Letter was sent inclosed to the Printer, as an Answer to that one signed, Frank Forfax, in our Paper of Tuesday, March 20, Number 7. (Which is inserted verbatim) and hope it will be acceptable to our Readers.

For Maister Dorbee at prinstdt Halifaghs Jurnal with Aul Haste.

Maister Dorbee

Surr

What om Bewn to rite iz abewt dog at yaur news told on
For mon a Tusdy at neet we wor gone a Drinkin too ih Ale hews an we heard Jon o maister Sams reedt news abewt a dog at wor Lost, an at taim at faint moot ha sommot for tackint up So we Sed tone toth tother at weeld watcht Loin oth wednesdy Caus we wor gravin at toms oth dohill ith faur de wark an it Liggs meet att Loin Side So we gate up meeternly soyn oth wedensdy at morn on went too or wark an I Darsay weed not Dun aboon five or seighs foors afore Joss Chonst to be starin abewt im, ast most part o poolers our dug an saghim com trottin up at Cruckt turn ith Lower Loyn. So ee. ran and fot im, but we Cud not tell att furst whether t wor a rang on for it ad more marks nor yawr news told on an it did not hold up it tail abit an beside ad gret ribs in it Side ant Bally wor meet at it for Leggs ant Coller wor far to wide fort ant Letters wor Speld with rang Side up for we Cud not make om Ewt hewiver I tookt home an put it ith Coyt imangth flaghths an telld Matty to git som Draff but t. plagy Bich gat aul toth ould hen and so th poor dog worther while Fride at Neet afore any body thought ont or Sag hit but hur wen owent to fot flaghts to Lay oth fire an oo took no notice ont athewt twor to git a nock with or Clogg so ofride at Neet oo sed tew gret slane wat walt ta doo we this rotten natty thing So Joss an me went an Cauld ont but it Coom none Ewt Cause we

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new not wat to Caulit but wee Cauld Pointer an Spanierd an Dol an Jet an Nance an Tobe an aulth dog names at we Cud think on but th Sluberon sun ova hoor ald not Sturr an ten Joss went toot an pausd it an paild it but ee wor no better for it ld not moove nor has not dun Eat So any mon at naws wat to Caulit av a mind to Come an give oz a groat ee my hat for itas nobbut ith gate hear

New maister Dorbee an yawl print tis yawl ma poor Frank fain or an yaw Cud tellim bewt printin it may happen doo oz weel But yawm be sure to Dooth tone.

SAWRBY TUPP.