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[1]



A

COPY

OF A

LETTER,

WRITTEN BY

A YOUNG SHEPHERD

TO HIS

Friend in Borrowdale

WITH

A GLOSSARY

OF THE
CUMBERLAND WORDS,

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

[2]

ADVERTISEMENT

THE favourable reception this following production of an ingenious Cumbrian youth met with on its first appearance, and the repeated calls for it since out of print, will, it is hoped, be esteemed a sufficient apology for reprinting it.

A GLOSSARY is added for the assistance of those readers who may be unacquainted with the dialect of [of] this part of our Island; and to whom without such assistance, many of the provincial words might be wholly unintelligible. The explanations are chiefly those of that much esteemed writer, the late Mr. Clarke, from whose judicious HISTORY of CUMBERLAND they have, with few exceptions, been taken.

[3]

A
COPY
OF A
LETTER,
&c.

FRIEND,

I SEND te thisan, to tell the amackily what dreedful fine things I saw ith' rwoad tuv an at yon Dublin, and t'hardships ive bidden. I set forrat o midsummer day, and gat to Whitehebben, a girt seaside town, where sea nags eat cwoals out o rack hurrys, like as barrels does yal drink. I think sea nags are not varry wild, for they winter them i girt foalds wi out yats, an as I was lukin about to gang to Ireland, I saw twea duzzen o fellows myaking a sea nag tedder styake ov iron. I ast yan o them if I cud get ridin to Dublin, an a man in a three nuikt hat, at knackt like rotten sticks telt me I mud gang wid him, for a thing they caw tide, like t'post oth land, was ganging, an waddent stay o nea body niver. Then four men in a lile sea nag, a fwoal, (I think at they cawt a bwoat,) heltert our nag and let it out oth fwoald, than

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our nag slipt t'helter an ran away; but they hang up a deal ov wind clayths, like blinder brydals, wi hundreds o ryapes for rines. Land ran away an left us, an our nag had eaten so many cwoals it was cowdy, an cantert up wi ty end an down wi tudder. I turnt as seek as a peet an spewt aw at iver was imma: I thout I sud ha deet: I spewt aw cullers. Neest day after we set forrat, an island met us, they cawt MAN. I wud fain a seent cum hard tull us: but it slipt away by an left us: but some mare land met us neest day efter. It was varra shy, but we follot it up, becose tha said Dublin was ont. I persuadet t'man wi t'three nuikt hat to owrgit if he brast his nag an he telt a fellow to twin t'tail on't, as tha dyu swine or bulls, when they carry them to bate at Kessick, an tha wiln't gang on. Than we gat to Dublin prusently; But I hed likt tull a forgotten to tell the seck girt black fish we soe. Tha snowrt when tha com out o th'girt tub like thunner, an tha swallow land nags as hen does big, mappen eat sea nags when tha dee. It was a nice breet mwornin when we were i' Dublin ba, as tha cawt, whar t'sea gangs up towart t'land as a dog dus to th' heed of a bull. Twea men i' yan o thar bwoats cam to our nag side, tha

cawt them paddies; yan cudnt tell thar toke be geese; tha drank hartly of our watter, it stinkt tyu, but we had nout better to drink, for t' girt dub 's as sote as brine; it

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wud pussen the if thou tyasted it. We ga them twea fellows a helter, an tha led our nag into Dublin, as wild as it was. But, O man! What a fine country there was ov tudder side of us; hooses as white as drip an as rank as mice. Dublin town, it lyuk'd like a girt foald full o sheep, at yan cud nobbut just see the heeds on; chimlies lyukt like hworns, an kurk-steeples an spires, as tha caw them, like as menny gyat hworn amang tudder. Sea nags is as rank i' Dublin beck, as if thou was lyukin at ten thousand geese in a gutter. Tha hevnt foalds for them as we hev i' England; town keeps them warm i' winter: but tha feed wi' beck-sand, as tha dyu at Whitehebben wi' cwols; but not out o rack hurries, they've a mouth at side, whore men feeds tem in at wi girt iran spuyns. But O man! it was lucky I leet of a man at went to th' scyul wi me when I was lile lad; we war deevilish thick, an he sed he wud let me see aw things. If I had gyan into Dublin be mesell, yan may gang fifty miles a day, and nout but hoos for hoos, an like our lwonns for length. You cannat see yearth for pavement nea whore; nor I sud niver see auld Ingran agyan, if I had been be mesell. I dare say, for tha are the devil for settin yan rang if yan ass them. Thares hooses tha caw public beeldins, at's sa fine, I cannat tell the what they ur like. The parlemen-hoose, whore gentlen gangs to bate yan anudder, there's a vast o girt styan

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props o th' fwor side ont, there's a room wi reed furms int whore tha feight, I lyuk its blood, mappen; there was a lile woman let us see that hoos, about four fuit hee, she was as thick as three auld mears twin'd togedder; I wundert she didn't grow heer, leaving in a hoos twenty or thirty fyut hee, but she was bryad as a hayacock. Anenst it about a styan thro off the parlemen-hoos, was collership-hoos; it's a bigger plyace ner tudder; if thou was plyacet whore girt crags hing owr ov aw sides o the, it wad be like t' square, as tha cawt, i' th' middle o th' collership-hooses. Fwok at I saw they were myast o them as black as deevils. It sartainly isn't hell, but tha say tha git deed fwok out o thur gryaves; I think its true, for I soe a varst o deed fwoks byans, an some lockt up in glass coffins wi flesh on, an tha had barns, an bits o flesh prisirv'd i' bottles, as fwoks dus berries. There was a fellow wid a bunch ov keys, at opent locks and duirs as fast as lyuk; it myad me think o th' Rebelations whore yan reads o the keys o death and hell, thou mappen understands that plyace. We war in a plyace tha caw musium, whore there's aw things

ats comical, a thousan things at tow niver soe nor I can caw; there war muse deer hworns, as bryad as our back-bword, an bits ov aw manners ov hworns, I cannot tell the what, but these's the nyam in the Rebelations, an weel heve a vast o talk when I shall

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get yable to come an see the.

I was at a plyace they caw t' Exchange, whore fowks fra aw nuiks o the world meet togidder, to buy an sell aw things at iver thou can nyam. 'Tmidst ont's like a beehive, but stands 't top o lang freestan legs, wid a girt round winda i' the crown ont, an like a wide house round about legs, at covers as mickel grund as t' tarn at t' Gowd-Ark inn, thou kenst. I saw o plyace tha caw cassel, whore a man they caw Tennant leaves, he's stuart ov Ireland for our king, t' lword mear ov Dublin's his heed searvant; and fwok sed he went thro' hell to kurk ivry Sunday. I thout it had been some street lwonin, mappen, at tha cawt sa, but I fairly saw him stannin like a duir steed, raised about twea yards o the yearth, but I think he was a chained tu th' spot, becose he dudnt stur, mappen deed; but it was a dark black lwonin, covered owre wi black hooses, an I persuadet my fuit to carry me a good way off sic curiosity's, for I was amayst freetint to death, but it was varra weel I had strength to run away. Now thou may be sure I gey my comrad a deevlish lesson for trailin me throu hell, he's flait o nout, but carryt me to parish kurk; its a big as a town for girtness, an as menny fwok at it; there was a hoaf a duzzen o preasts at wark, but weed nobbut staid a bit when summert they caw roworgins began a beelin like a hundred mad bulls, an as

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menny lile lads i thar sarks began a screemin murder, I think, for ivry beel was like thunner, my feet then carryt me without persuadin, in a calleevir ovr fwok an aw at was imme way, till I gat into a a girt feeld a mile aboot, tha cawd it Stebben's green, I think efter a man on a girt gray nag, at was stannin a top on a lile hoose i' t' midst ont; heed his sword drawn, but he durstnt git off for want o room. I think tha sed he'd been freetint as I was, but I was sa freetint I hardly knew what I dud or sed; but I saw anudder man o t'top of a lile hoose, i' th' midst of a girt street lwonin; I think they were brudders, for their cwdats were like a slated hoos side, an tha war as pale as deeth i' th' face, like mesell; round t' fwoar cawd feeld was t' finest gravel gate thou iver stept on, an there was hundreds an thousands o fwoks stavelin aboot ont. I began to be as mad as I was at cwolly, when it brak t' neck o t' bell wether, at tha waddent help t' man on his own nag when it was amyst dark; I was mad ane swet for feer, and durst not say a word

*The Salamanca Corpus: A Copy of a Letter, written by a
Young Shepherd to his Friend in Borrowdale (c. 1850)*

becose there was sa menny three nuikt hat men theer an lyadies as tha caw them, (I'd better been in Borrodale.) I hev oft thout sen if we hed yan o them lyadies amang our bigg, she wad sarra to keep t' crows oft bravely. I ast a man at I kent what was t' matter wi sum o th' wummon fwok at tha war sa bryad tea way, an he telt me it was a fashion to weer huips;

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nut a badden nowther if it keeps their legs togidder, for there was sum o them varra bonny; but I waddent hev yan o them for a wife if she had aw Borrodale, without they'd doff their huips when they gang to bed, for they are as bryad as enny bed in Borrodale, an thou knows ther wad be nea room but a-top o them an what sleep cud yan get a-top of a whick bed? Hang them thyar aw white-headed, like our weet miller lasses, an tha talk an yilp like mice. I wonder what tha see, at fancy sic, but tha hev nice lile fuits, maks me think they wad prove nimmel shepherds ov our brant fells; an we wad learn them to sov an clip, an the huip pockets wad be a varra sarviceable to put a lam in ov aider side in a coold morning i' spring, when thair starvt amyast, and get lile milk; but to be shwort, as our preast says in his sarment, I hednt time to think ov aw this when I sawt for my fuit ran wimme thro amang fwok an ovr fwok so fast, I fretint them. They thout that th' donnet was imme, they mud ha thout reet, if they'd thout t' donnet hed setten me forrat, for if tha keep sek farlies o purpos to fretin fwoks, there's nea matter how menny o them be trodden to deeth: but I'll promise thee I niver stopt till I gatt to a sea nag at cum tuv Ingran, an I was seek agyan afwore I gat hame, I cud nowther eat nor drink aw the time, an if thou soe me now, thou cuddent tell me be a frosk, at had been hung up bith

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heels in a sunshine, an dryt to deeth, for Ise as thin as lenterne leets.

I think thou munnet expect to see me this month, this is three days hame, an I've a stomach fit to eat t' horse ehint t'stable. I git five myals a-day, an a snack when I gang to bed. I hwop Ise git strang agyan or it be lang, an than I shall come an see thee. This nobbut like the clock when its giving warnin to strike to what I shall tell thee when I cum.

My kind lyuiv to thee, and my gyud luck keep thee fra aw ats bad, an dunnet be keen o gangin abroad for fear the donnet git thee.

[11]

A
GLOSSARY
OF THE
PROVINCIAL WORDS.

AMACKILY, in some fashion
Ast, asked

Brant, steep
Bryad, broad
Brudders, brothers

Cwols, coals
Cawt, called
Cwoats, coats, garments of any kind
Cuddent, could not

Donnet, a Cumberland term for devil

Ehint, behind

Forrat, forward
Frosk, a frog

Girt, great
Ganging, going

Helter, a horse collar made of hemp which is frequently used as a bridle

[12]

Hworns, horns
Huips, hoops

Imme, in, or witin me

Kurk, church

Lwonnins, lanes, here used for streets

Lile, little

Luive, love

Myakin, making or doing

Mappen, perhaps

Mickle, much

Nobbut, only

Nuikt, with corners

Oppent, opened

Ryaps, ropes

Sarra, serve

Thisan, this

Towert, towards

Tudder, the other

Varra, very

Waddent, would not

Wimma, with me

Yal, ale,

Yats, gates

Yilp, a term here used to express the chirping of birds, mice, &c.

FINIS.