The Salamanca Corpus

William Dickinson’s Lamplugh Club by a Looker-on (1856)

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LAMPLUGH CLUB

BY A LOOKER-ON

INTENDED TO ASSIST IN PRESERVING A FAITHFUL RECORD
OF THE DIALECT OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD
OF WHITEHAVEN

WHITEHAVEN
CALLANDER AND DIXON MARKET PLACE
The incidents herein related are true, the dates of a few minor ones excepted.

LAMPLUGH CLUB.

AN' ya remember owt o' "Lampla Club" when it was a full voag, about 1808?

Aa was at yan o' ther grit yearly club days at t' Cross, an' can tell ya summaw aboot it. It's still holden o't second Friday o' Joon, an' that year a reet het day it was. It was Wilson o' Mowerkin's* turn to be President, an' a grand leukan fellow he was as he marcht ta church an' back ageann, wid a blue sash ower his shooders and a grit flag flappen abeem his heed. A gay lock o' fwook hed giddert up i' time ta gang to t' church, an' away we struttit. A band o' music went hurst, an' than t' President, like sum grit general at t' heed av an army; bit a querish army he hed to follow him! T' preest, oald Mr. Gregson, marcht next tull am, an' than a few cupples o' t' oaldest men int' club; and than ivry kind went, ov o' sworts, an' sizes, an' ages; bit a lot o' t' betterm swort went afoor t' rest. Lampla' church was as full as it cud cram, for sum 'at com in leatt hed ta stand o' t' time, an' two or three bits o' lasses fentit an' hed to be bworn oot. It's weel it was nea worse, for it was parish sweltry. When t' singers began, sum o' t' music men streukk in wa ther grit gruntan horns an' things, an'

* Mockerkin.
playt base. Aa hardly thowt it whyte reet, bit it was varra nice, an' it meadd ma' o' thirl sumtimes.

T' old man gev us a cannny laal surman, an' aa dar say a reet gud an'; and nea doot he wad git his ginny fort, 'at oald Lord Lampl'a' left in his will, ta be gien to t' preest for precheen that day as long as t' club hods tagiddar. Sek crushing theer was amang t' lads ta git oot! bit t' President meadd tham o' fo' back an' keep theer pleasses after him. When we gat to t' Cross theer was mair an' mair cumman ivry noo an' than, an' fwoke squeeze in to t' dinner teables till theer was hardly room to lift a fork. They dinnert on hofs o' t' efterneun, an' t' band playt, bit t' main fun dudent begin till t' edge o' t' ibmin.

Fwoke keep cumman in still fray o' parts—
"Lampl'a' an' Loweswater, lang men an' lean,
"Ho-s, roag, an' theeves, fray Bra'nthet an' Dean."

an' menny a yan 'at wad hardly hev sek anudder holiday till t' next club day mebbly. Beath o' t' hooset was far over laal to hod a quarter o' them, an' fwoke hed to stand aboot int' lomnin, or lig ageann t' dykes, an' lissen t' band playan, or chatter away amang thersells. Till o' t' dinnieran was ower theer wazzant a chance o' gittin owt ta drink oot o' doors, an' sum went an' drank at Lund spoot, while yan or two brayzent fellows fray Harras Moor squeeze in an' brang oot a quart in ayder hand, for thersells an' sek like; an' mebbly reet aneuff.—if they nobbet payt for t'

On efter dinner a bit, when fwoke hed gotten a glass or two round, t' President began to tell t' club fwoke hoo t' club matters steudd, and hoo michel mair they hed this year in t' iron kist, an' than theer was a cheer, an' t' oot deur fwoke wondert what was ta cum next.

Than he telt them hoo menny new members hed entert

* Traditional Rhyme.
† There were two Inns at Lamplugh Cross at that time.

this year, an' he sed ther consarns was flurrishin famishly; an' theer was anudder hurray! An' than he sed he whopt ivry body wad join, an' t' club wad seunn be as strang as t' Bank ov Englaand; an' to be show, that dud bring oot a hurray! an' t' lads oot side tenkt up an' meadd o' ring ageann.

Than t' hoose fwoke gat mair help, an' they set furms an' oald barrels oot ageann t' hoose side, an' on be t' dykes; an' fwoke dru into knots o' ther oan kind, an' fell to crakan an' chatteran like a hundred wizzles in a steann wo. Oald Carter was theer fray t' mill, and he'd teann gud kearr to git into fettle seunn on, an' he capert in an' oot an' chatter an' like a teann pyet, amang fwoke he'd niver seen afoor. He gat helpt up on a plank 'at was laid cross two barrels, an' wad co' a seall.

An' just when he was gaan to strike off a lot "goin', goin," sum unluckly elf gev t' barrels a shuv, and doon he com like a sleatter. An' when he was fairly dun ower for owt else, he cud still rwor oot, "go Billy, go," as if he was fleean away astride ov his oald gallapan horse.

T' crak gat varra thrang noo, an' t' fell-deall lads talkt about ther cur dogs an' t' best way to cure t' scab, an' telt how menny sheep they'd hed smoot it girt Martinmas snow. Bra'nthet chaps hed gotten Fisher ov Innerdal brig amang them, an' he kept them o' laughan wid his droll stowries about cockfeytin; an' than he gat a match meadd for a main o' cocks ageann Easter. They treatit him, an' he led them on at fine peazz!

Harras Moor fellows was a kind o' hofe fratchan wi' Dissenton fwoke aboot ther bull-dogs an' tarriers, bit they'd been darkan an' lissenan at t' seamm time, an' when they hard a word aboot a cockfeyt, they wad hev a finger in it teah. Bit Fisher saw what was gaan to
be up, an' he wazzent lang till he hed them o' feyten togider, an' o' was towry-lowry!

He was a rare eg-battle, bit he teukk gud care to keep at ootside hissell.

When this scruffel was on, t' Whillimer lions cud-dent be whyet, an' they com forrat an' sed they war enny o' them riddy for enny body, an' Symy Lyck hed a bit ov a toozel wid sum o' them.

An' rare wark theer wad ha' been if Will Litt* heddent sprang in amang them an' sed they suddent feyt, an' he whant them aboot like as menny geslins: bit he duddent git them fairly partit till sum o' them gat gay bleuddy feasos. T' meast o' them was willin' to giv way ta him, for they o' knew it was neah single handit job ta cum crossways o' him, an' it o' settelt doon aegann.

Them in t' hoose hed gitten gayly croozy by this time, and famish craks they hed.

Willy Pearson was leaffish o' cumman, an' he popt his head in at t' deur, an' sez "winge, what hoo preuv ye o'" and sek a laugh it rait.

Oaoll Jobby, † o' Smeathat, crakt o' poers about his white bich, Countess, an' two or three maer hounds he hed; an' he telt yan ov his fox-huntin stwories, hoo he tally-ho't a fox ya Sunday‡ mworin, just as day brak, oot ov a borran o' steams, ahenn Flookern tann, i' Herdas end; an' hoo it teukk ower be t' Cleugh-gill, an' t' hounds viewt him sa hard, 'at he teuk t' Broadwater, an' swam cross t' hee en out, an' t' dogs went roond an' gat on t' drag, an' up t' Side wood —hoo he ran hevvy a while, as weel he med when he was o' wet, and they whisselt him up be t' Iron Crag, an' be t' Silver Cwove, an' than throo t' Pillar, an' a

* Author of "Wrestliana," &c.
† Mr. Joseph Bowman, of Smaithwaite.
‡ Sunday morning was then a common hunting time for the fox.

Gay rough bit o' grund it is! Hoo he shakt them off a bit theer, an' they at him aegann, an' meadl o' ring amang t' rocks. Hoo they ran him roond Be Black Sale, an' Lizza hee faulds, an' clam oot be t' Scarf Gap, an' on to t' Wo' heed, an' they beeldit am under t' Brock Steann, an' he was seaff aneff theer! Fwok o' lissent ta sek a huntin teall, an' when it was ower they buzzat and talkt yan amang anudder, like bees in a hut day.

Will Pearson o' Bannockrow tellt a gay good stwory aboot his runnin t' trail ov a brock frayt fairy-whols* tal about Eskat woods, wid his five white dogs; an' they starttit t' brock theer, an' Jossy Steel man streukt dykin ax intat brock's buttock; bit he mannisht ta git intat whol effer, an' wad likely de thee.

Deyellt† o' Stocka Ho', an' Jothan Branhett, talkt aboot gedderan tithe; an Jo Deall sed theeer cu be nowt sa good as Lamplugh puddin;‡

Tom Brown, an' William Frear, an' said Billy Graham, and Banker Billy,§ wid his wig and pigtail, gat tagiddar, an' talkt lang aboot aljibra—bit they gat o' t' crak to thersells; an' some o' them wonder if Johnny Ware wad put owt in t' "Packet" next week, aboot see deems as they hed thee.

Harrison o' Watter Yat thowt "the virginity o' man was cum till a parish pass, when fwock cud lock t' wheels ov a wood-waggon to hinder't o' runnin amain —an' he remembert time when three woo wheels was gangan in his own hoose, an' noo theeer was two marvel chimla pieces an' what nut!"

Jwony Braythatt squeekts and meadl rymes ivry noo an' than, an' meadl o' fwock laugh.

* Limestone caves near Millgill-head. † Dalzell.
‡ Lamplugh pudding consisted of biscuits or buns steeped till soft in hot ale, with seasoning and spirits according to taste.
§ The late Mr. W. Dickinson, of Kidburngill.
Saul o' t' Ho' wad talk aboot nowt bit Lampl's hokey bulls, an' see-like, and he seunn went off heunn.

Willy Fisher, wid his hair o' plettit roond, smuekt cleat leaves an' annaseeds, an' talkt aboot t' best way o' makkin' mote; an' a deel o' tham woundert what see a feutt-bo lake they wad hew at Leeps boddam next Easter Sunday.

Jwon White, o' t' Hollius, was in for shottan snipes, an' skooderan them doon i' t' Scalla* springs, i' hard weather; bit sum o' them telt an he sud ha's been poon his sheep oot o' t' snow drifts astead o' shottan snipes, an' he slint away oot.

Mattha Jackson bragt aboot findin an eagle liggan deed, at Murton-brow-hed, when he was a bit ov a lad; an' it was t' last at hed been seen i' t' country. He sed it hed claws as thick as his thomus, an' they war neah laal ans! Mattha shot in wid a stwory aboot his traiian a car-wheel up to Knockmuton pike an' settan t' off doon t' screees. It went like a mill-o'fire, an' leapp fray crag to crag, an' was smasht o' to flinders afoor it gat doon into Cogra Moss.

Clark Antony winkt an' girt an' set feasses, an' sang——

"My wife is dead, and I am free,
Seah far tha weel soor apple tree;"

an' menny a rare sang was sung beside, till t' loft was wantit for t' dancers. An' than seek a kick-up! T' lasses an' lads war seunn o' oot on t' fleurr tagiddier, an' dansan pell-mell, fit ta brek t' loft doon. A deal o' t' elder set began ta sydel away when t' fiddles streuk up, an' sum o' t' rest began ta git rayder over full, an' gat ta janglin like owt.

Jacop Fox brayt a Workiton chap till he was o' bleud an' batter ower, an' than he chopt up a drinkin glass, an' eat it ivry snap. Neah wunder he was o' bleud an' o! Gayly leatt on next mwornin some o' them fand Jacop poon brackins to lig doon on i' Murton lommin.

They refuse't ta let Kit Marshall hev enny mair ta drink, an' pot am oot, an' off he went heamm in his tantrums, an' was seunn back wid his ax owr his shoorder; an' began to hag his way throo t' deur, an' swearr he was nobbet carvan his cwot ov arms on't,—bit after sek wark as that we'd better say laal mair aboot it. It was noo gittan on ta daybrek, an' dancy King* ast if enny o' t' lads wad set am towerts Pardsah,† as he was rayder short seetit, an' med gitt inta t' becks. Tom Wilson was riddy for owt 'at leukt like fun, an' he wad steer dancy heamm. When they gat ta Cross-yats beck, Tom thowt it wazzent seaff for beath to venter ower t' aleatt brig at a time, an' they sud tal t' watter. It wad be towerts a yerl deep at t' hee side, an' Tom put am next that side, an' telt am ta hod weel up. When they war fairly in t' deepest on't, Tom mannish ta stummer an' fo', an' bring t' maister wid am,—an' beath hed ta crowl oot like two hoe droont rattans. Tom set am on a bit, an' than com back ta t' Cross, wet as he was, but he care'nt nowt aboot that if he nobbet gat a bit o' spwort raizt; —an' seah endit that club day, an' menny anudder see like, beath afoor an' sen.

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* Mr. King, teacher of dancing.  † Pardshaw.

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* Scellow.
THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT PUBLICATIONS.

LAMPLUGH CLUB.

THE BORROWDALE LETTER.

GWORDY AND WILL.

THE MUNCASTER BOGGLE.

WILLY WATTLE'S MUDDER.

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&c., &c., &c.

Callander & Dixon, Printers, 3, Market Place, Whitehaven.
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