

*The Salamanca Corpus*

VNiVERSITAS  
STVDII  
SALAMANTiNI  


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.

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

Aa was at yan o' ther girt yearly club days at t' Cross, an' can tell ya summat aboot it. It's still hodden 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 girt flag flappen abeun his heed. A gay lock o' fwok hed giddert up i' time ta gang to t' church, an' away we struttit. A band o' music went furst, an' than t' President, like sum girt 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' bettermer 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 warse, for it was parlish sweltry. When t' singers began, sum o' t' music men streukk in wa ther girt 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' oald man gev us a canny laal sarman, an' aa dar say a reet gud an'; and nea doot he wad git his ginny for't, 'at oald Lord Lampla' left in his will, ta be gien to t' preest for prechan that day as lang as t' club hods tagidder. Sek crushing theer was amang t' lads ta git oot! bit t' President meadd tham o' fo' back an keep theer pleasses efter him. When we gat to t' Cross theer was mair an' mair cumman ivry noo an' than, an' fwok squeezt in to t' dinner teables till theer was hardly room to lift a fork. They dinnert on hofe o' t' efterneun, an' t' band playt, bit t' main fun dud-dent begin till t' edge o' t' ibnin.

Fwok kept cumman in still fray o' parts—

“Lampla' an' Loweswater, lang men an' lean,

“Ho-s, roags, an' theeves, fray Branthet an' Dean.”\*

an' menny a yan 'at wad hardly hev sek anudder holiday till t' next club day mebbly. Beath o' t' hooses† was far ower laal to hod a quarter o' them, an' fwok hed to stand aboot int' lonnin, or lig ageann t' dykes, an' lissen t' band playan, or chatter away amang thersells. Till o' t' dinneran 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 squeezt 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 fwok hed gitten a glass or two round, t' President began to tell t' club fwok hoo t' club matters steudd, and hoo mickel mair they hed this year in t' iron kist, an' than theer was a cheer, an' t' oot deur fwok 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 England; an' to be shoor, that dud bring oot a hurray! an' t' lads oot side teukt up an' meadd o' ring ageann.

Than t' hoose fwok gat mair help, an' they set furms an' oald barrels oot ageann t' hoose side, an' on be t' dykes; an' fwok dru into knots o' thier oan kind, an' fell to crakan an' chatteran like a hundred wizzels 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' chattert like a teamm pyet, amang fwok 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 unlucky 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 aboot ther cur dogs an' t' best way to cure t' scab, an' telt how menny sheep they'd hed smoot it girt Martinmas snow. Branthet chaps hed gitten Fisher ov Innerdal brig amang them, an' he kept them o' laughan wid his droll stwories aboot 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 fwok 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' feytan togidder, 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 Lock 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 whangt them aboot like as menny geslins; bit he duddent git them fairly partit till sum o' them gat gay bleuddy feasses. 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 ageann.

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

Willy Pearson was leattish o' cumman, an' he popt his heed in at t' deur, an' sez "winge, what hoo preuv ye o?" and sek a laugh it raizt!

Oald Jobby, † o' Smeathat, crakt o' poers aboot his white bitch, Countess, an' two or three mair hounds he hed; an' he telt yan ov his fox-huntin stwories, hoo he tally-ho't a fox ya Sunday‡ mwornin, just as day brak, oot ov a borran o' steanns, abeumn Flootern tarn, i' Herdas end; an' hoo it teukk ower be t' Cleugh-gill, an' t' hoonds viewt him sa hard, 'at he teuk t' Broadwater, an' swam cross t' hee end 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 ageann, an' meadd 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 onder t' Brock Steann, an' he was seaff aneuff theer! Fwok o' lissent ta sek a huntin teall, an' when it was ower they buzzt and talkt yan amang anudder, like bees in a het day.

Will Pearson o' Bannockcrow telt a gay good stwory aboot his runnin t' trail ov a brock frayt fairy-whols\* tull aboot Eskat woods, wid his five white dogs; an' they startit t' brock theer, an' Jossy Steel man streukt dykin ax intat brock's buttock; bit he mannisht ta git intat whol efter, an' wad likely dee theer.

Deyell† o' Stocka Ho', an' Jothan Branthet, talkt aboot gedderan tithe; an' Jo Deall sed theer cud be nowt sa good as Lampla puddin.‡

Tom Brown, an' William Frear, an' oald Billy Graham, and Banker Billy,§ wid his wig and pigtail, gat tagidder, an' talkt lang aboot aljibra,—bit they gat o' t' crak to thersells; an' some o' them wondert if Johnny Ware wad put owt in t' "Packet" next week, aboot sec deens as they hed theer.

Harrison o' Watter Yat thowt "the *virginity* o' man was cum till a parlish pass, when fwok 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 oan hoose, an' noo theer was two marvel chimla pieces an' what nut!"

Jwony Braythat squeeckt and meadd rymes ivry noo an' than, an' meadd o' fwok 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 Lampla' hokey bulls, an' sec-like, and he seunn went off heamm.

Willy Fisher, wid his hair o' plettit roond, smeukt cleet leaves an' annaseeds, an' talkt aboot t' best way o' makkin mote; an' a deel o' tham wondert what sec a feutt-bo lake they wad hev at Leeps boddam next Easter Sunday.

Jwon White, o' t' Hollins, was in for shuttan snipes, an' skooderan them doon i' t' Scalla\* springs, i' hard weather; bit sum o' them telt am he sud ha' been pooan his sheep oot o' t' snow drifts astead o' shuttan snipes, an' he slinkt away oot.

Mattha Jackson bragt aboot findin an eagle liggan deed, at Murton-brow-heed, 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 thooms, an' they war neah laal ans! Mattha shot in wid a stwory aboot his trailan a car-wheel up to Knockmurton pike an' settan 't off doon t' screes. 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 and 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 sek a kick-up! T' lasses an' lads war seunn o' oot on t' fleurr tagidder, 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 ower 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'

\* Scallow.

bleud an o'! Gayly leatt on next mwornin some o' them fand Jacop pooan brackins to lig doon on i' Murton lonnin.

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 ower his shooder, an' began to hag his way throo t' deur, an' swearr he was nobbet carvan his cwot ov arms on't,—bit efter sek wark as that we'ed better say laal mair aboot it. It was noo gittan on ta daybrek, an' dansy King\* ast if enny o' t' lads wad set am towerts Pardzah,† as he was rayder short seetit, an' med git inta t' becks. Tom Wilson was riddy for owt 'at leukt like fun, an' he wad steer dansy heamm. When they gat ta Cross-yats beck, Tom thowt it wazzent seaff for beath to venter ower t' sleatt brig at a time, an' they sud tak t' watter. It wad be towerts a yerd deep at t' hee side, an' Tom pot am next that side, an' telt am ta hod weel up. When they war fairly in t' deepest on't, Tom mannisht ta stummer an' fo', an' bring t' maister wid am,—an' beath hed ta cowl oot like two hofe droont rattans. Tom set am on a bit, an' than com back ta t' Cross, wet as he was, bit he care't nowt aboot that if he nobbet gat a bit o' spwort raizt;—an' seah endit that club day, an' menny anudder sec like, beath afoor an' sen.

\* Mr. King, teacher of dancing.

† Pardshaw.

THE  
CUMBERLAND DIALECT  
PUBLICATIONS.

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LAMPLUGH CLUB.  
THE BORROWDALE LETTER.  
GWORDY AND WILL.  
THE MUNCASTER BOGGLE.  
WILLY WATTLE'S MUDDER.  
JOE AND THE GEOLOGIST.  
A TAIL  
FOR JOE AND THE GEOLOGIST.  
A POETICAL PROSPECT OF KESWICK.  
THE WILD DOG OF ENNERDALE.  
&c., &c., &c.

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VNIVERSITAS  
STVDII  
SALAMANTINI

