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**Yorkshire Tales. Third Series**  
**Amusing sketches of Yorkshire**  
**Life in the Yorkshire Dialect**

John Hartley

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Ther's sunshine an storm as we travel along,  
Throo life's journey whear ivver we be;  
An its wiser to leeten yor heart wi' a song,  
Nor to freeat at wbat fate may decree;  
Yo'll find gooid an bad amang th' fowk 'at yo meet,  
An' form friendships maybe yo'll regret;  
But tho' some may deceive an lay snares for yor feet,  
Pass 'em by, — an' Forgive an' Forget.



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## Grimes' New Hat.

"Sammywell, has ta seen Swindle latly?"

"Nay, Mally, aw havn't seen him for a matter ov two or three wick."

"Well, aw wish tha'd been at chapel yesterdy mornin."

"Wor ther summat extra like."

"Eah, ther wor summat extra; an summat at wod ha made thee oppen thi e'en. Aw wor nivver so surprised i' mi life. Swindle an his wife wor thear,—an tho' it isn't oft aw tak noatice o' fowk, aw couldn't help dooin soa, an it wor a treat to see em."

"Aw can believe thi weel enuff; ther's net monny wimmen as handsome as Mistress Swindle."

"Awm not tawkin abaat Mistress Swindle; tha knows better nor that, awd like to know what ther is handsome abaat her? Shoo's noa style abaat her. Shoo's a gurt brussen thing! But Swindle is a gooid-lukkin chap, an awm sewer onnybody could ha mistakken him for a real gentleman. He'd a grand suit o' clooas on, as handsome as onny man need wear at his wife's funeral, an noa sign o' muck under his fingernails, an he'd a silk top hat on at shane like a lukkin glass!"

"Why, what bi that? Aw've a silk top hat, but aw nivver wear it."

"Noa, an tha nivver will wear it, unless tha walks aght bi thisen! It isn't fit to be seen at a hen race. Aw wodn't be seen walkin aght wi thi wi sich a thing on thi heead. But aw meean thi to ha one an aw'll pay for it aght o' mi own pocket, but aw'll goa wi' thi to buy it, for if tha went bi thisen tha'd let em shove onny sooart ov a oldfashioned thing onto thi, but they'll find they've a different body to deal wi when awm thear."

"It's varry gooid o' thee, Mally, to offer to buy me a new hat, but aw raily dooant want one. Yond hat o' mine is as gooid as new for aw havn't had it on a duzzen times. Tha knows aw nivver wear it nobbut when aw goa to th' chapel. It isn't aboon twelve month sin aw gave ten shilling for it."

"It's soa much bigger shame for thi to tell it. It shows ha oft tha goes to a place o' worship. A fine example tha sets to Jerrymier an th' rest o' thi gron-childer. But awd have thee to know at tha'rt net as young as tha used to be, an its abaat time tha wor thinkin o' thi latter end. Tha may be deead an burried befor long an tha owt to prepare."

"Why, tha sewerly doesn't meean to bury me in a silk hat?"

"Noa, aw dooant think awst ivver have th' luck to bury thi at all! But aw want thi to begin an goa to th' chapel reglar, an let Mistress Swindle see at her husband isn't th' only one at can turn aght like a gentleman."

"Tha'll be like to pleeas thisen abaat it, but aw thowt it wor me tha wor praad on an net mi hat."

"Tha gets some strange nooations into thi heead, Sammywell. If ther's owt abaat thi for onny woman to be praad on awm sewer aw dooant know whear it is. But as sooin as tha's finished thi pipe aw want thi to get shaved, an put on thi best Sundy suit an goa wi me into Westgate an get a new hat—one o'th best ther is i'th shop, if it taks all th' brass aw have i' mi pocket. Aw'll let Mistress Swindle see at shoo connot crow ovver me!"

Soa Sammywell went aght to be shaved, an Mally began to get ready to goa wi him, as sooin as he should be all fixed up to suit her.

"Nah, Sammywell," sed Mally, as sooin as they wor ready to set off, "Aw dunnot want thee to say a word when we get to th' shop. Aw'll do what tawkin has to be done, an if aw connot get thee a better hat nor that tha has on thi heead, and one to seem thi better, aw shall know th' reason why. Aw can hardly fashion to walk daan th' street wi thi, but it isn't varry far an we happen shalln't meet onnybody we know."

When they walked into th' shop, Mally went up to th' caanter and sed, "Young man,—aw want to buy a new silk top hat, latest fashion, best quality, price noa object, if its under ten shillin, to suit this elderly gentleman, an luk sharp abaat it, for we're prepared to pay ready brass."

"Certainly, maam," an he sooin had two or three ready for him to try on. "How will this suit? — latest style."

"That willn't do at all. It maks him luk like a pill doctor. He wants a chapel-gooin hat."

"Well, here's the very thing. Just the style for an old man."

"Then aw dooant want it! He's net an old man! He's noa older nor yo'll be if yo live as long. Why, that maks him luk like a local praicher aght o' wark!"

"How will this suit? This style is very much worn."

"Aw dooant want one at's been worn. Noa second hand hats for me."

Th' shopman didn't loise his patience, but tried one after another wol th' caanter wor piled up wi hats, but nooan on em suited.

"Aw dooant know ha it is," sed Mally, "a big shop like this an cant get a daycent lukkin hat! Awm sewer there must be one if onny-body'd sense to find it. Here's one, try this."

Sammywell put it on. "That's the ticket! That luks like summat! Aw knew aw could find one! Ha does it feel? Is it comfortable?" an shoo twisted it to one side and then twisted it back agean. "Nah, what do yo want for that, — an remember, — ready brass?"

"I cannot charge for that, because that's the hat he came in."

"Is that soa, Sammywell?"

"Eah, this is my own hat."

"Why, then, its what aw've tell'd thi monny a time, — its thee at doesn't know ha to put it on. Th' hat ails nowt if ther wor some sense i'th heead. Tha couldn't have a better. Its a blessin aw coomed wi thi or else tha'd just ha thrown ten shillin away. Awm varry mich obliged to yo, young man, for all th' trubble yo've takken to suit him, an aw hardly like to goa aght withaath buyin summat. Yo hap-pen dooant have onny pooastage stamps?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then yo can let me have threehaupoth."

"Certainly shall I send them?"

"Nay, awm nooan to praad to hug mi own bundles. Gooid afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Grimes, glad to serve you at any time."

"He's a varry civil chap is yond. Be sewer Sammywell tha allus gooas to his shop when tha wants a pooastage stamp."

## Sammywell Sweeps th' Chimley.

"Tha'rt boosan idle, Sammywell, that's what's th' matter wi' thee!"

"Mally, tha knows tha doesn't spaik trewth when tha says sich a thing; for aw havn't a lazy boosan i' mi skin an nivver had! Aw'll admit ther are times when aw should be thankful for a bit ov a rest, but ther's no rest whear tha art, tha taks care o' that."

"Rest! It'll be time enuff to tawk abaat rest when tha's done summat! Th' hardest wark tha ivver does is aitin an drinkin, an tha doesn't hawf chew thi mait as tha should. When do aw get onny rest? Con ta tell me that?"

"Nay, aw connot. Aw wish aw could; but tha knows 'ther's noa rest for the wicked,' soa what can ta expect."

"Dooant let me hev onny o' thy back-handed tawk or aw'll let thee see whear th' wickedness comes in! Are ta baan to goa an see after a Sweep to come to this chimley, or are we to be smooered an have all th' bits o' furnitur ruined?"

"Aw'll fotch thee hawf-a-duzzen sweeps if tha wants em, but why the dickens could'nt ta say what tha wanted asteead o' startin blaghardin me?"

"Aw dooant want hawf-a-duzzen sweeps;—one'll be enuff for what ther is to do, an aw shouldn't want one at all if awd a felly 'at wor worth his salt, but tha can do nowt. Whativver sich shiftless fowk wor created for licks me!"

"Why tha doesn't think ivverybody should be born sweeps, does ta?"

"Noa, ther's noa need for that. But when a chap isn't clivver enuff to be a sweep, he owt still to have sense enuff to luk for one when ther's one wanted. But aw know one thing, an that is, aw'll put on mi things, an set off an leeav thi to it, an tha can awther sweep it, or get it swept, or caar ith' haase wol tha gets sufficated, soa tha knows!"

An wi that, Mally went upstairs to get don'd, leavin Sammywell to mak th' best he could on it. In a varry few minnits, shoo wor daan

agean, an flingin a shillin on th' table shoo sed, "Thear's th' brass to pay th' sweep if tha gets one, and be sewer to tell him net to mak onny moor muck nor he can help, an aw'll cleeen an fettle all up ith' mornin; an if tha wants owt to ait, tha knows whear it is, an as for owt to sup, tha'rt better baght, an tha knows tha spends sadly to mich," an away shoo went.

Sammywell set varry quiet for a minnit or two, studyin things, an then he sed, "Ho! Soa that's it! Well, we shall see! Shoo's left a shillin for th' sweep but nowt for me. Varry gooid. — Then it just comes to this; — If aw fotch a sweep, he gets th' shillin an aw sit drymaath, but if aw sweep it misen aw'st have a shillin to spend, soa here gooas!" an he seized th' pooaker an varry sooin had th' foir scaled aght.

"Aw dooant think it'll tak me aboon five minnits when aw start, an if aw dooant mak sich a gooid job on it shoo'll nivver know unless shoo gooas up to see, an' if shoo tries that trick it's sewer to be weel swept bith' time shoo comes daan agean," an he put on his hat an went aght, lockin' th' door after him.

Wol he wor suppin his second two penoth, who should come in but his old chum Parker.

"Halloa, Sammy!" he sed, "What's up? Aw've just met th' mistress and shoo sed shoo'd left thee at hooam, varry thrang."

"Did shoo? Well, tha sees aw havn't started yet, but aw'st ha to mak a beginnin varry sooin, tho aw must say its a job at's a bit aght o' my line."

"Why, whativver is it?"

"Its nobbut th' chimley wants sweepin, an aw doant fairly know ha to set abaat it."

"Oh, if that's all, aw can tell thi ha to manage that. It willn't tak thi aboon five minnits."

"Thar't just th' chap aw wanted to see. Call for twopenoth for thisen an then tell me ha to goa on."

Parker didn't need axin twice, an when he'd gotten it, he sed,

"Tha doesn't keep hens, does ta?"

"Noa, aw keep nowt but Mally an misen, an awr Hepsabah's childer th' mooast oth' time."

"Well, but some oth' naybors do; an tha could borrow one for a few minnits. A gooid old cock wod be th' best."

"Eeah, aw could get one at belangs th' chap at lives th' next door but one. They're all off at their wark but aw could get one aght o' their yard withaat axin."

"Well, then, its easy enuff. All tha wants is a long piece o' string, an a stooan teed at one end. Then tha mun get on top oth' haase an drop th' stooan daan th' chimley, an it'll roll daan into th' foir-grate, — then tee tother end oth' string to chicken's legs, and shove it, tail furst, daan th' chimley pot, an then goa into th' haase an pool it daan th' flue, an all th' sooit will come wi it, an it'll be a cleeaner job nor if all th' sweeps ith' taan had been at it."

"Bith' heart! Parker, aw'st nivver ha thowt o' that. Aw'll goa an do it at once. Aw could do wi a job like this ivvery day ith' wick."

Sammywell went hooam i' famous glee. He sooin gate some string an teed a nice cobble stooan to th' end on it, an then he gate up onto th' wesh-haase an easily climb'd onto th' thack. He made sewer which wor th' reight chimley pot and dropt th' stooan daan as Parker had tell'd him an daan it went till he could hear it rattle ith' empty foir-grate quite plainly, an then he went daan agean to get th' chicken.

It couldn't ha happened better, for thear wor th' old cock—a girt big white en,—carr'd up in a corner whear th' sun wor shinin, fast asleep. Sammywell had it under his arm in a twinklin, but it wornt quite as easy gettin up on th' thack agean, but he managed it, an after a deecal o' flutterin an squawkin, he teed it fast to tother end oth' string. But shovin it daan th' Chimney pot wor noa easy matter, for it wor a varry tight fit. Daan he went agean, as fast as he could, an as sooin as he gate into th' haase he began to pull.

My! but it wor a job! For a varry long time he couldn't stir it, but at last he felt it wor commin, an then th' sooit began to roll daan i' claads an he wor ommost smooed, but ther wor nowt for it but to keep poolin at it even if he wor burried under it.

It wor a varry unfortnat curcumstance at th' woman Mally had gooan to see should be away throo hooam, for it caused her to turn back, thinkin to hersen, at after all it wod happen be better for her to be at hooam to superintend things if Sammywell had gotten a sweep,—an shoo just oppened th' door at th' same instant as th' cock flew into th' kitchen. Shoo couldn't see Sammywell, for th' place wor full o' sooit, but shoo could hear summat flyin raand, makkin a moast awful din, an pots an tins smashin abaat i' all directions.

Th' owd cock, seein th' door oppen, flew aght, catchin poor Mally fair ith' face wi' its wings as it passed, an sendin her onto her back ith' gutter, wi' her bonnet off, an her face blackened like a female christy minstrel!

Th' woman 'at lived opposite wor hingin aght some clooas, an th' cock tried to fly ovver 'em, but th' string bein fast to its legs, browt it daan fair i'th' middle on 'em, an what wi' th' din th' cock made, an th' skrikes shoo made—for shoo thowt for sewer it wor th' owd dule hissen—an Mally's grooans, it sooin browt aght Hepsabah an all th' naybors, an it worn't till a poleeceman coom at onnybody could tell what wor to do.

Ov coarse, th' furst thing th' poleeceman did wor to arrest Mally for bein drunk an disorderly, an ther's noa daat shoo lukt it; an then they all made a rush to th' haase, for th' sooit wor rollin aght oth' door as if th' place wor afire. Sittin on th' floor, ith' middle ov a cart load o' sooit, wor a poor human crayter, coffin an spittin,—(an some sed, swearin,) an when he wor browt into th' dayleet, it wor Sammywell.

As sooin as he could get his breeath, he started to shak hissen,—when th' woman 'at belanged th' clooas hit him on th' heead wi a prop, an wod ha done moor but Mally interfered. When th' scare wor ovver, th' naybor wimmen did nowt but laff, an Sammywell and Mally went into th' haase an shut th' door.

"Whativver has ta been doing?" axt Mally.

"Aw've been sweepin th' chimley," sed Sammywell.

"An a bonny job tha's made on it. If tha can find onny soop an watter onnywhear, goa and gie thisen a gooid swill an then change th' clooas, an leav me to tackle this mess. Aw dooant blame thee a

bit moor nor aw blame misen, for knowin what a fool tha art, and what a mullock tha allus maks ov ivverything tha offers to do, aw owt to ha had moor sense nor mention sich a thing to thi."

Sammywell thowt th' less he sed an th' better, an he went at once to do as he wor tell'd. He wor as anxious to get away as shoo wor to be shut on him, an as he wor gooin aght, Mally sed,—

"Whear are ta gooin an what are ta gooin to do?"

"Awm gooin to a funeral befoor tha sees me agean."

"Aw didn't know onnybody wor deead. Who's funeral will it be?"

"Parker's."



## Hepsabah's Hat.

"Some fowk are nivver satisfied! Aw've noa patience wi' sich like! Th' moor some fowk have an th' moor they want. Ther wor noa sich stinkin pride when aw wor young; but young folk nah dooant know what ails em. When aw wor a lass it wor thowt to be quite enuff if one wor plainly an respectably donned, an if they had onny pride, it wor to know at ther underclooas wor cleean an sweet an fit to be seen, but nah it's all top finery an fluff they think abaat; but if they'd darn ther stockins an wesh ther shifts a bit offer, asteead o' wantin to spooart new gaons an hats ivvery few days it ud seem em better. At onnyrate, them's my sentiments."

"Why, Mally lass, what's set thi off agean? Has somdy been sayin at tha doesn't darn thi stockins an keep thi clooas cleean?"

"Noa ther hasn't, an tha knows nubdy could ivver say such a thing abaat me. It's awr Hepsabah at's started me, if tha wants to know!"

"What's shoo been up to agean? Sewerly tha's moor sense not to tak nooatice o' owt shoo says."

"Aw cannot help bein worritted when shoo's put abaght, an shoo's full o' trubble,—an aw cannot say at aw wonder at it."

"Why if th' lass is full o' trubble shoo's to be sympathised wi. Has her husband come hooam druffen or what?"

"Tha knows better nor that! Her husband has summat else to do wi his brass nor to teem it daan his throat. He's net like some fowk as aw could mention. But tha knows they've hard to scrat to pay ther way an keep up his club, an awr Hepsabah has a gooid deaal o' pride, an yond hat o' hers is hardly fit to be seen in at warty, nivver name Sundy, an shoo cannot affoord another, an th' poor child's ommost heartbrokken."

"Bless mi life! That's easy to set straight! Cannot ta lend her one o' thy bonnets?"

"Tha artn't worth tawkin to! Does ta think a young lass, (for shoo's little moor,) wod goa to th' chapel in an old woman's bonnet? If shoo'd had lot's o' father's they'd ha bowt her one."

"Happen soa;—but tha sees shoo hasn't a lot o' father's,—shoo's nobbut gotten me,—but if buyin her a bit ov a bonnet will set matters straight aw could sewerly manage that."

"Nah tha'rt tawkin sense. Aw tell'd her if shoo'd nobbut ax thi tha'd nooan see her kept i'th haase for th' want ov a hat. But shoo sed tha'd allus been soa gooid to her at shoo couldn't for shame to mention it. But, tha knows, tha cannot buy her a hat unless shoo gooas wi thi."

"W ell,—tell her to put her things on an we'll goa an get her mesured for one at once."

"Tha tawks as if tha wor gooin to get her a coffin asteead ov a hat. Wimmen dooant get mesured for hats."

"Oh, dooant they. Well, tell her to get ready an luk sharp."

Mally left Sammywell smookin his pipe an went to carry gooid news to Hepsabah.

"Nah, Hepsabah lass,—aw've managed to tawk thi father into th' humour to buy thi a hat. A'a! but aw've had a job! Come this minnit for fear he changes his mind; an see tha gets a gooid en wol tha's th' chance." Sammywell wor capt to see em back soa sooin, but tellin em to sit daan a bit wol he went up stairs, he left em an went to put summat into his purse, an wor rayther surprised at Mally didn't follow to see ha mich he tuk, for he had to goa into a box whear they kept ther savins at wor nivver suppoosed to be touched except on special occasions.

"Aw shalln't need mich for a job o' this sooart," he sed, "if aw remember reightly that straw hat aw bowt last summer nobbut cost me eighteen pence, an shoo willn't want one as big as that; but awst nooan be to two-a-three penoth o' copper; an aw mud as weel have a bit extra to swagger wi." Soa he tuk a couple o' soverins,—ov coarse intendin to bring em back, an then hurried off wi Hepsabah as fast as he could for fear Mally wod ax some questions he didn't want to answer.

"Whear are we to goa?" he axt as soon as they wor aght o'th seet o'th haase.