

ADVENTURES
OF A
YORKSHIRE FARMER
AND
HIS SCAPEGRACE NEVVY
IN
LONDON.

COPYRIGHT. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

PRINTED FOR F. M. FETHERSTON,
HUDDERSFIELD, YORKSHIRE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

MY PREFACE—WHICH IS NO PREFACE AT ALL.

I was deedy over my book one day, when the Printer's Devil came rushing in. "Measter says," says he, "he's gotten nae mair room, and you mun coot all this copy oot," giving me back two of my best chapters. "Weel," says I, "that's nice and pretty. 'It's hard whistling without a top lip.' What'll the public think; and I've promised 'em a chapter on the precious Smuggins Family, who stole a pair of my famus book, my 'Oops and Doons?' But I suppose it canna be helped, and I must do my best and mak' a preface oot of old Mrs. Smuggins hersen."

Here goes! Of all the uncanny, cheeky, cantankerous, wizened-ooop, ancient Cockney females I met in London, Mrs. Catherine Smuggins is the bell wether. She hates Yorkshire and everything in it, and has—the old she gawvison and her husband and I-would-be-swell of a son—written a lot of mean strackle-brained rubbish aboot oor noble county, and plundered my book. I went by tram one morn oop to Brixton Hill to have it oot with 'em. When I got to Perseopolis *Willa*—as they call their stuck-ooop and stuccoed brick house—they live on a Rise, and *it is a rise* for them from a second floor back in the sweet smelling New Cut! When I say I got to their *Willa* and knocked, a great fat-faced lump of a chap—butter, gardener, groom, and footman all in one—opened the door. Says I, "Can I see Mr. or Mrs. Smuggins?" "Master is hout, but Misses is hin; I'll take your card hin if you like," says he. "No you woan't," says I, for I haven't gotten one; "but just say Timothy Goorkrodger, Bonnybeck, Yorkshire, would like a word with Mrs. Smuggins." He had hardly turned his back when the old lady plumped forward. "I suppose," says she, "your're the Yorkshire gent as sent us a lot of hinsulting and hinsolent letters and made the most hatrocious and howdacious himputations." "No, marm," I says back, interrupting, "I'm not a gent, and as for insults and insolence, et settera, this talk is nobbut all of a piece with stealing my "*Oops and Doons*." "*Stealing!*" says Mrs. Smuggins, "I wish my husband and Adolphus was here; they'd soon make you swallow them there words! you huncultiwated fellow, you!" "Would they?" says I, "I know 'hoo monny beens mak' five,' and I doan't think they would! I say it's stealing and falsifying and ootraging human natter to come minchin' and mauchin' aboot oor country, listenin at Yorkshire keyhoiles to mak' a jubblement, fratchin and blackin, and kickin' oop a dust—" "Don't make a row here," say the amiable creature back, "you're not in your own barbarous county now; we pay police rates in London, and ladies can be protected 'ere. It's a honour for hus to print part of your nasty, stupid book in one of ourn; but I aint a-going to demean myself a-harguing with low people. You'll obleedge me by leaving our premises and shutting the willa gate after you." "I'll leave that to your second-hand flunky," says I. "I'll go; you're a woman, and branks* are oot of fashion noo—mair's the pity. I'd say much mair if Mr. Smuggins or your son were here. One last word, marm: next time you coom intul Yorkshire doant over-egg your pudding, and *speeak the truth!*" "Go into Yorkshire again!" says the old vixen back, "I'd rayther be hexilled for hendless hages," and bang went the door in my face.

There! that's my Preface.

TIMOTHY GOORKRODGER.

* An iron instrument like a bit anciently put on scolds.

ADVENTURES

OF A

YORKSHIRE FARMER IN LONDON.

INTRODUCTION.

My feyther was a good kind of man. He hadn't onny skeul larning, but he had the larning a man gains a-living alang side of nature. The changing skies, and budding trees, and opening flowers, the warbling and whootling of birds, and the quiet and beauty of the woods and fields, taught him to love the great Creator through his works; and I whope I may follow his good example.

I often think, when I look around me on my farm at Bonnybeck, Yorkshire, that the Almighty intended mankind to live among the fair creations of His mercy and goodness, that they might learn to worship the author of so much loveliness.

Eddication means often varry much, and often varry little.

If I'd a-been eddicated like some of them chaps in Univarsity and King's Colleges, who can spell words as long as my airm without winking, I might still have have been a gawmless gawvison* for country life.

We had a larned fellow doon in oor village last harvest. By gom, that chap beat aught I ever heard on! He'd read thousands of volloms and could tellee how many comets have coom since the time of Moses, and how lang each of their tails were to an inch! He could look at the booms on a bairn's skull and say if he would grow oop a genius, or a teastrill. † He could feend oot great ugly monsters, big as a kirk, in our northern stanes and rocks; and trace man back to his forebears the monkeys, and from them to a lump

* Gawmless gawvison, Stupid fool. † Teastrill, Rogue Rascal.

of jelly fish, or a cheese mite. He could do all this and more; but he cudna tell wheat from whoats, a rook from a crow, or an ash tree from a sycamore, and he axed me if I sheared my sheeap by steam! He did bigow! Now this shows town chaps are eddicated one way, and country chaps another, and neither ought to fleer at t'other.

I say this because "bumpkin," "yokel," "green 'un," "chaw bacon," (you should hear Nevvy call that, with his mouth wide open!) are too often flung at honest country foak going oop to London. A chap axed me if this was true of my bairns:—"A correspondent of *Land and Water* makes the curious statement that in certain English counties from whence the chief supply of geese is drawn, young children are frequently detained from school or work, that they may lie in bed by turns for the sole purpose of hatching goose eggs placed there with them." "You hatch geese in London," says I, "without that trouble." I've had one or two reasons for going to the great city.

In the first place I had business for Squire, then I wished to see sister Bess, who married Jonas Birtwhistle, of Greet Horton, and went oop to London with him. I also meant to have it oot with the Smuggins family for stealing pairt of my book, my "Oops and Doons" in Yorkshire. This I have done, as you can see further on—I hope my writings will be a guide and a caution to country foak. If my chapter, "UNDISCOVERED MURDERS IN LONDON" doesn't make 'em careful, I don't know what will!

Weel, I'm safe back again in Bonnybeck; and if any one catches me in London [I've been there three times at different seasons, but twice were short visits only] any more, I'll give em leave to sarve me as Queen did Scotch rebels (as I was told), that is, hang, draw, and quarter me, and cut my yed off and poot it a-top of Temple Bar, wherever it be noo, or over the ugly fly-a-way Griffin, put in its place, and which Cockneys fleer at so.

I've had enough of "the grand metropolis"—as they call it—and its tricks, rascalities, and heart-breaking contrasts, and smoke and muck; and, by the time my readers have got through my book, I think they'll say, "Old

Tim Goorkrodger is reight." I'm not a-going to deny that London is a mighty fine place. I've seen many a noble seight there, and many a famous exhibition, and will tellee about 'em; but, rough or gentle reader, did you ever see and feel a London fog? Weel, I only know, the first I saw at eleven of the morn, cooming and cooming all roond me like ten thousand monster blankets soaked in pea-soup, wrapping me oop oot of seet of heaven and earth and watter, made me feel all overish like! I cudna see my hand a yard afore my face! and in desperation and dismay I cut into a cookshop, with all its gas a-flaming, and ordered a good tuck-out to keep my senses in and the fog oot! This book is my cook shop, and I hope what I have provided will suit all tastes, and give comfort and satisfaction to my readers, on many a dowly day.—Yours to command,

TIMOTHY GOORKRODGER, farmer,
Bonnybeck, Yorkshire.

NOTTAR BENNY.

Foak will see I'm much improved in my writings, as I said in my last book Bonnybeck skeulmeaster has given me evening lessons, and I hope I'll beat Pairson in grammer spelling yet, but I cannot allus use new fangled words. I mun give in to old ways noo and again! So please forgive all slips.

POSTSCRIPT.

Jonas is a good sort, he don't forget old friends and old places. He often axed me to coom and see him, but old Deeme cudna spare me. At last he got varry ill, so I mun go and see him and Bess. I donned my Sunday clothes packed oop a change or twea, and arter giving Deeme and Meary a kiss, booked myself from Leeads by Midland. I allus think that line is the safest, the goods and passengers have rails to thersens, and cannot knock agin each other; and half the railway accidents they say are owing to having too mony trains running on them bits of iron rails. I got oop safe to St. Pancras; and noo I'll go on bit by bit and tellee all I've seen, thought, done, enjoyed, and suffered in the great CITY OF BABYLON—LONDON I mean.