



TALES
OF THE
YORKSHIRE WOLDS

BY
J. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN


SECOND EDITION.

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY, LIMITED
St. Dunstan's House
FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

1894



TO YORKSHIRE READERS.

N the following stories, which are a tribute of affection offered to his kinsfolk by a Yorkshireman who is no longer privileged to dwell amongst them, Yorkshire readers will not find the broad and manly speech of the North West Riding set down with phonetic precision. The author begs them to believe—hard saying as it may seem—that so set down their simple mother-tongue might have been unintelligible to some Englishmen. They will not need to be told why, as between one story and another, it varies a little with the *local*.

BIRMINGHAM, *July*, 1893.





PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.



HIS book has been reprinted by a new printer ; and looks so different that many people will mistake it for another. Therefore, taking all risks of an action for Libel,

I must explain why I broke with the first printer.

To be quite fair, I had thought his work passable. A good many pages were smudged or thumb-marked ; but of course the binder called attention to these, and they were discarded. Here and there, too, the ink seemed to have faded in queer, unaccountable patches ; and it is no use pretending that he could spell, because that was just where he most signally failed. Still, the binding pleased me. It gave the book an appearance of finish. I mean that when bound this book looked like other books ; and somehow, until then, I had doubted whether it would do so. I got a good deal of quiet satisfaction out of it by putting it in places where I could see the binding. It appeared to me

that the public would judge by the binding what sort of book it was.

So the printer and I continued good friends, and dined at an expensive eating-house. The estrangement came when the "Pall Mall Gazette" said that the stories were like "pearls set in brass." I had not paid him, and it is perhaps natural that a man who gives his time and skill for nothing should be sensitive to criticism. He did not get anxious about payment; by common consent the subject was tacitly avoided. Never, I suppose, were the relations between author and printer more delicate, more touching. But after this, my printer had a furtive look that was infinitely pathetic; and I, who knew him well, and had jested with him in the heyday of his blundering confidence, was quick to perceive that he wished to be forgotten. Nor was I mistaken. When the publishers wrote for more sheets, he excused himself.

I have only to add that the printer was *not* Mr. James Wright, who, with a rare magnanimity, lent his name to the first edition. He was, in fact, your humble and contrite servant, the Author, who hereby tenders to many indulgent people who have bought the book his apologies for its manifold imperfections. If they will forgive him, he may appeal with a better grace to the brotherhood of printers, whose ancient art and mystery he has lightly abused. But in any

case, these craftsmen may be sure that, as it was a first, so it is a last offence. The transgressor has learned to respect, not alone that art and mystery, but a certain injunction still more ancient, once addressed to a cobbler.

J. K. S.

LEEDS, *March 17th*, 1894.

