

THA CAIRD PEARTY AN THA
CHIMLEY SWEEP

My Uncle, Josh Phillips tha Chimley Sweep
cood tell a tarblish vew vunny tales of what he'ed zeed,
an tha voke he'd a vrightened whilst wirkin at his trade.
Bit tha baste of ael, wur wen a vrighted woold Passen
Hootick an his leetle caird pearty. I'll tell ee about it in
Uncle's own wirds.

“Many years agoo,” zaays he, “Passen Hootick's
housekeeper zent up ta ax I ta goo auver ta rectory nex
marnen, as hearly as possible, an sweep ael tha
chimleys, as thay expected tha missus wom, an wanted
it done, an claned up avore she come. It zo happened
that his riverance had got a leetle dinner pearty on thic
very zeam nite. Ther wur tha Curate, Squire Dinks, tha
gennenmin Varmer, an woold Doctor Brittix, vower
aeltgether, an purty merry thay zeemed ta av bin, wat
we tha dinner, as took a nower an a haaf ta get droo, a
bottle a port apiece, we tha smokes, an tha grogs,
atween tha geames a cairds, tha time vlew away, avore
thay hardly know'd wur thay wur, an wur hard at it, it
zeems, wen I got thayre about vower a'clock, on thic ar
winter's marnen. Tha housekeeper always put tha kay a
tha back dooer, wur I know'd wur ta vind un, insteads a
her gotten up za hearly. Zo, zeein a lite in tha draain
room winder thinks I, she's about it zeems, an I'll goo
in an sweep thic chimley vust; Zoo we me machine on
me showder, me brush an shovel under me yarm, in I
goes bwold as a lion like, an caal'd out “*Be ee ready
for I?*” Avore the wirds wur ardly out a me mouth,
what a zite I zeed ta be zure, tha vower gennelmin as
wur zit roun tha caird teable, thinkin I wur tha D---I
come vor em, up zet tha teable an scampered away in

ael directions. One got under tha draaen room teable, another mead var tha chimley, one inta cupboard; As var poor Passen Hootick a vainted right away, an there a laid straight on tha vloer jist like a dade un. A coose, I wur gallerd zo me zelf, that I let machine, brush, shovel, an ael vall on tha carpet an went sprawlen ther mezelf. Tha naise zo vrighted tha housekeeper, that vore I'd got time, ta tell em who, an what I wur there var, down she come in her night gown, thinking zummit terryable had a happened, an when she wur zatisfied wie tha cause on't she screeches out at tha top of her voice 'Dwoant ee be vrighten'd measter tis ony tha chimley sweep,' an then went straight off inta sterricks, an when she comed round there wur woold Doctor Brittix an I, beathen her veace wie brandy an water, an I lave ee ta gace what zart of a mace she wur in atter my maullen on her about wie my zooty toggery. Squire Dinks an tha curate wur bouth clane gone, avin bolted droo tha draain room winder. We got passen ta bade, an nex marnen ael o'm graced my hand purty well, not var ta zaay nuthen about it, na mwore I shudden, bit ael o'm be dade now, an dwoant matter. Ael tis, every wurd I've tould ee is zartin true.”