



BOB BEAKER'S

VISIT TA LUNNEN

TA ZEE THE

INDIAN AND COLONIAL

EXHIBITION

“Bob,” zed measter ta I one marnin, “how shidst like ta go ta Lunnen and zee thease girt exhibition there's zo much taak about.” “Lor, measter,” zaays I, “I shid jist about like to and no mistake, bit ya knaa, I raaly can't avoord it, var Zal, and the young uns, da want every varden I da yarn;” “Well,” zays measter,

“harvest is auver, and I da see be tha peapers that zim chep trains da goo vrim Wilton stayshun every week, if tha bist a mint ta goo, I'll pay var the ticket and gie thee a day's pay bezide, although the times be badish we varmin voke, thee's a bin purty sprack like, and zoo I'll gie thee a trate if thee beest a min't.” “Thank ee, measter,” zaays I, “I'll taak it auver wie Zal bim bye and let ee knaa, tis main kind on ee I must zaay.” Zoo wen I gets whoam I telled Zal what measter had offered I ; “Well, Bob,” she zaays, “thee doosen av a hallurday very offen zo meak up yer mind and goo, and I'll write ta my brother Jack as da live in Lunnen var to get a hallerday, an show ee about a bit, that'll be main nice.” Zoo nex marnin I tould measter as I hood goo tha nex week if ael wur well, zoo tha night avore I wur ta goo, missus comes out in steable an pops haaf a crown in me han, “zummit var ee ta spen in Lunnen, Bob,” says she, “an I da hope you'll enjoy yerself,” “thank ee, missus,” zays I, “you be kind ta be sure, and if I dwoant bring ee back a present, my neam yeant Bob Beaker.” Nex marnin, I wur up long avore twur light, getting kiddie ta bwile ta av a good breakfist ta start upon, an ater brushen up me clothes and polishin me boots a bit extry and putten on a vine new neck tie as Zal ad a bought, I gies her a whoppen kiss an wishes her good bye, “now mine Bob,” zaays she, “you be ta get out a tha train at Vauxhall and brother Jack is gwain ta try an meet ee there, bit if a shudden, you be ta meak yer way ta tha Exhibition an he'll meet ee in Measter Duval's dinnin room about two o'clock, as praps he medden be yeable ta get away in tha marnen peart, now mind what I've a zed,” “aelright,” I zaays, “good by, Zal,” and off I purty soon went ta ketch tha train as gooes vrom Wilton stayshun.

I got thayre just in time ta zee a girt long train goo droo athout stoppin, dang it, thought I, beant er a gwain ta put back an teak I in, thats a purty goo, bit I vound there wur lots mwore a waitin about var ta goo on, and stayshun measter comes up an zaays, “doent ee caddle yerself, young man, there's another train vollein on behind that'll stop here,” zoo waitin a vew minutes in a come, an I shot into un in a jiffey an had a proper good sate ael the way ta Lunnen.

In about two hours we got ta Vauxhall, an I got out var ta meet me brother in laa Jack Chidlin, zoo atter I'd a gie up haaf a me ticket, I zaays to tha man as took un, “av ee zeed ower Jack about yer handy?” “Jack who,” zaays he, “Jack Chidlin,” zaays I, “no, nor Jack Blackpooden,” zaays he “we doant allow voke on these platvarm, perhaps wen ya da get down stayers you'll vind un out.” Zoo down I gooes, looks about but ner a Jack cood I zee, I goes up to a counter behind which stood two smartish young oomans, and I zaays, “pint a vawerpenny, plaze missy,” “we doant zill vawerpenny here,” says she, “you can have a glass a *bittabeer*,” “lets av one, then,” I zaays, and she draad one about haight ta tha quart I shid think, an charged I tuppence var it, I cood a drinked vawer on em, bit I wurden gwain ta pay thic ar price, so atter gien on her back tha glass, I zaays, “I spose ya han't a zeed ower Jack waiten about yer av ee?” an she looked at tother young ooman an they bouth busted out a laffin, “why,” she zaays, “ther's undreds a Jacks in an out thease stayshun,” “eece, bit not Jack Chidlin's” I says, we that they bouth busted out agean, which mead I proper spitevul, an off I gooes out inta the street an up I gooes to a perleceman who I zeed stannin about, an axes un var ta put I inta tha nearest road to tha exhibition; “yer

baste way praps, young man, is ta goo auver tha brudge here, and teak a tram to Victoria.” “Victoria,” I zaays, “I beant come up var ta zee tha Queen, bit tha exhibition;” he zart a grinned, an said “Victoria wur tha neam of tha stayshun wur the tram car hood stop, an I cood teak a train be the unnerground railway right to Zouth Kensington, thats wur tha exhibition wur.” “Thank ee,” zaays I, an auver Vauxhall brudge I zoon trudged, an zeed tha tram cars tother zide a runnin backurds and vowards ael up a girt long street, in tha middle a tha road, an inta one on em I purty quick jumped.

Thease yer tram cars be purty much tha sheap a shepperd's housen ony not za high, bit much wider an longer, and we glassen zides var ee ta look out on, thame main smeat inzide we nice wide zates var ee ta zit on. A lot mwore a smeatish voke zoon got in, an I noticed that every one on em went up ta a leetle glassen box an drapped zim money inta a slit on that top on un, lar, I thought, what kind people to think a tha poor missionary voke like this; I wish I cood avoard to, specialy when I wur tha ony one in tha car as didnen put nuthen in, ael at once tha man as wur draven tha hosses puts is yead in an zaays, “a gentleman there hant a paid;” “ael their eyes wur turned ta I in a minute, an a young ooman as zit auveright zaays, “you've not paid tha vare, av ee zur,” “nabiddy ant a axed I var it,” I zaays, “O you mist put it in tha box there, didnen ee zee tha raste put there's in,” “eese” I zed, “bit I thought twer var tha missionary voke,” zoo I gooes up, slips in me penny an tha man looks ta zee twerden a bad un, pulls a handle an down gooes ael the appence into a locked up box below, dally, thinks I, “that's a good dodge, bit sapposen any

biddy shid jump out athout payin,” “O then,” zaays tha young ooman, “he'd stop tha tram an rin atter em, bit 'tis sildom he avs that bother as tha zum is za small an people dwoant keer ta chate un, bit tha bwoys do plaig an mainly.”

In a vew minutes we got to Victoria, an I never zeed zitch a zite a cabs, an busses bevore, tha yard in vront wur choked up we em; “which is tha way to the unner-grown railway;” zaays I to a bwoy as wanted ta shine me boots, “auver there zur,” zed he, pwintin to a girt bourd on which wur printed “Metropolital Railway,” auver I gooes, gets a ticket, gooes down stayers, an got on tha platform jist in time ta zee a train goo off, “dang that,” I zaays, “I spouse I shill av to wait a nower ar two var another now, bit vore I cood ardly look roun in shot another, like a pea out av a pop gun, an in a jiffy, I wur sated in un, var I took proper keer not ta let nar nother goo on athout I, in a twink away we went, an atter stoppin at one ar two stayshins we got to Zouth Kensington, wur the train wur purty nigh emptied a voke a gwain ta zee tha exhibition. Zo wen I got up stayers I zaays to a Porter “which be tha handiest road to tha exhibition?” “goo droo tha subway,” says he, “pwintin to a place like the mouth of a tunnel,” on I gooes ael droo thic girt long passage an begun ta think I wur never gwain ta get ta tha end on un, wat ever must a cost ta meak these place ael unner ground an tha salin an sides be ael covered wie white shiny tiles like ya da zee in zom butcher's shops, tis a rare pleace to waak up an down in when tis terryable hot, ar weather either, bim bye, I raches the end, gied up me ticket, and went droo they roun about things which they zay da count ee as you gooes droo.

Well, wen I got tother zide I zaays, well here I be in the exhibition at last, what a gran pleace ta be sure, now what shill I look at vust, zo I turns round an went in what was marked entrance hall, an had a good look at the picters of tha girt towns in Austilyer, Indyeer, and Cannader, an then I stuck up in vront of a girt big man on hoss back, Lor Jamini, I zaays, if teant tha Prince a Wailes, how he is growd zunce I zeed un last. Then I went down stayers an zeed a lot a voke crowden round a pleace they caal'd tha jungle, a zart of a tangled copse like, in tha middle, a which wur a girt elephant an a tiger at vite, and the tiger wur jumped up on un, and wur tryin ta get at his trunk, and ael amang tha bushes an opens there wur ael zarts a wild hanimals an girt long snakes as big round as me laig, an there wur a spitevul lookin blackymoor wie a dagger in his han which a wur jist gwain ta droo at tha tiger, an up amang tha trees and bushes wur ael zarts a beautiful birds of all colours of tha rainbow, Poll parrits, hummin birds, butterflies, an moths of ael sizes. Voke said 'twere a fine zite and jest like 'tis out amang the hoods in Indyeer, zoo atter avin a good look at that I gooes ael down a girt lang coverd pleace an veasted me eyes on ael zarts a carved things in hood, ivory, an brass, an lots on't under tha glassen keases a gwoold and silver, lar what it must av cost, an ael o't done by tha Indians; bye an bye I comes to a girt pwest wie a leetle house stuck on tha top on un, ael carved out vrim yead ta voot, wie ael zarts a vigures, “lar whats thease var,” I zaays, “O thats tha pidgeon house,” zaays sumbidy, “a pigeon house,” zaays I, “dang if a yeant mwore vit var a passen to prache in, then var pidgeons ta roost in I da think.” Turnin ta me lift, I gooes inta another cwourt wur ael zarts a black an copper coloured voke, men, wimmen, an childern were

stannen about in groups jist like life its zelf. I realy wur a leetle vrighted at vust ta zee zom on em var thay'd a got daigers in their hans, an ael om looked terryable savage I can tell ee, an nuthen skiercly on. A man zed as how they did represent the different Indian Tribes ; I had a good peep at em ael, an at the different kind a things they did meak out there, zoo atter bidin wie em a goodish bit, I gun ta veel a bit peckish like, an teaken out me watch behine a screen were no biddy cood zee me, I voun twer atter one a clock, so I zaays to a pleeceman “can ee direct I ta Measter Duvals Dinnin Room.” “D'ye know were tha pidgeon house be?” zaays he, “eece I do,” “well then keep straight up vrim there nearly ta where ya come in, turn sharp ta tha lift, an you'll zee tha neam auver tha dooer.”

Zoo off I went, voun out tha dooer, an in I gooes as ungary as a wolf, an there wur underds a voke zitin down a avin their bit a nammit, zo I gooes up toa a leetle teable an glad enough I wur ta zit down an raste a bit, purty zoon up comes a young ooman in a black gown, wie a white cap, an yeapern, an axes I what I hood av, “zummit ta ate plase missey” zaays I, she laffed an zed “spoose I did ar else I shudden com in thayr” “well then I says I wants me nammit,” she zart a grinned an zed, “they diden keep it, besides I dwoant knaa what zart a stuff tis” zaays she; “lar a massy” zaays I, pwintin ta me mouth, “zummit ta goo in here to be zure,” she then anded I a peaper wie a lot a writin on un, “whats this?” I zaays, “bill a vare,” zaays she, “hant had nuthen ta ate heet, zoo dwoant want nar a bill,” “teant a bill var ee ta pay,” zaays she, “ bit a list a tha jints we av got ready,” “O thats het is it, well plase rade it out young ooman as I cant rade that ar writinen.” zoo she rades out, “Muttons an Keapers,”

“dwoant want that, got plenty a sheep at whoam an tha young uns got plenty a keepers.” Second, “Ham an veal,” “no nar neet that, got a vat Pig at whoam.” Third, “Roast Beef an Yorkshire,” “thats the tack,” zaays I, “an I dwoant keer wur tis Yorkshire ar Wiltshire as long as tis good roast beef,” an she zaays, “Yorkshire, wur zart of a batter pooden ta goo we't,” “well bring it in young ooman an I dwoant keer ow long tis zo yon da cut it thick we plenty a gravy, teaties an cabbidge.” Zoo hoff she went, an zoon wur back wie a nice girt pleat a roast beef, vat an lean, an swimmin in greavy, an a girt platter a teaties an cabbidge. “What'll ee av ta drink?” “pwint a vawerpenny, plase,” “got no vawerpenny,” zaays she, “you can av a tankird a zix,” “bring un in I'll warn I'll tackle it;” zoo atter ael o't wur on teable I lets in an avs a jolly good meal, begar I hadden had zich a tuck out zunce Whit-suntide. “Av ee got any figgety pooden?” “no zur, bit cheese an butter, which'll ee av?” “O a bit a cheese, blue vinny, if ye've got it jist var ta vinish up thease drop a yale.” Well, zoo atter I'd a done, an paid me whack I gies her drippence var herself which she war main plased we, an zed twur mworn lots a the swells ud gie her. Looken at me watch again, I zeed twur atter two a clock, zo I zaays to her, “I spoose you hooden knaa ower Jack, hood ee, if ya wur ta zee un?” “Jack, Jack who,” zaays she, “Jack Chidlin, my brother laa” I zaays, “he promised ta meet I here tween two an dree this atternoon.” Zoo she zed, “I'd better bide wur I wur, an keep a good look out at the dooer var a must come in thic way.” The wirds wur ardly out of her mouth avore I cotch zite a Jack bustlin droo tha doorway, lar warden I plased ta zee un an no mistake? “Well Jack,” I zaays, “gie ess thee flapper, how ever at, I begun ta think thee warden comin begar I did,” “a



Bob thee'se zee I be, an how's Zal an tha young uns?"

"O tarblish, thank ee, Jack," "an now what be ess gwain to do?" "a dinner vust" zaays ee, "var I hant had nuthen zunce haight this marnin." Zoo atter he had had his dinner, ee zaays, "well Bob I mist teak thee about wur thee hassen a bin, I've a bin heare bevore an knaas tha pleave purty well, hast a zeed woold Lunnen?" "No," I zaays, "I come wie tha unnerground railway and cooden zee much on't, zo he grinned an explained as how there wur a street in tha exhibition jist like Lunnen used ta be, zoo we gooes straight down be tha pidgeon house, turns sharp roun ta tha right an voun owerselves in a woold vaishoned narrer street ael geables, tiles an winders, an mmost a tha stayerkeases outside, a woold vaishoned church wur two men did come out an strike tha hower on a girt bell. I was martil plazed we thic street, then we gooes droo a archway an out in a cwourt wur tha Indians wur at wirk in their shops wie crowds a voke a watchen on em, ther wur Blacksmith's, Carbinders, Wavers, Jewellers, an Lollypop meakers ael zarts a trades purty nigh an ael on em squat down at their wirk. I zaays ta Jack, "mist be terryable akurd ta wirk like that, an da look za leazy like too," and he zed as ow out in their country 'twere za hot that they be blidged ta zit down an wirk, well I thought, however do em plough, dreshy, an haymeaky, I caa'nt unnerstan.

Then we mead ower way droo crowds a voke ta Austilyer, an there I zeed a girt high block a goold as big as tha biggest stoune at Stounehenge, "lar Jack, is er zolid right droo," "noo," he zaays, "these here block is putt up ta represent ael tha goold that av bin dug up in thic peart a Austilyer call'd Victorier;" "lar what a pile ta be zure an thee an I ony gets zich a leetle

on't." We then goes an avs a glass of Austilyer wine, and 'twere stunnen, I never teasted nuthan like it avore, then we zeed and went inside zim models a goold diggers huts an zeed tha huts a tha neatives as well, there wur stuffed kaingeroos, walabys, an ael zarts a things that the Austilyer voke da meak, an be what I can zee they be as clever as we English people an da zeem ta I they wunt want we ta zen em out things much longer, var they can meak nearly ael o't therselves now, an a coose na biddy can bleam em var that. Straight on we come ta tha Keap of Good Hope, an zeed models a tha dimond diggins, an in a thic glass kease wur thousands a pouns woth, handy by, wur jewellers at work cuttin an zettin on em in leetle broaches. I axed tha price a one about the zize of a pins yead, which I thought hood a done var Zal's shawl, "twenty guineas tha man zed," "Iar a massy." zaays I "tis mwore money than I ever zeed, let aloane have, cooden speer mworn haaaf-a-crown," the man smiled, "no dout I cood get one a paste var that price." "Now we'll goo an av a look at Cannerder," zaays Jack, an we goes into a girt long pleace wur twur nothen bit machinery at wirk, there wur zich purty leetle steam engines, wie dreshers, reapers, haymeakers, ploughs, teatie diggers, and stump jumpers, an ael manner a haltry cultry implements I had a good look at they becaas I unnerstood tha wirken a mwost o'm, an boxed it ael up var ta tell measter when I got back.

Then in another leetle shed we zeed ther waggins, carridges, an sledges, which they da use in snowy weather. The sledges be zart a carridges wieout wheels an wich tha hosses da draa along the ice an snaw in winter; var Jack zed as how Cannerder wur ael vrose up mworn haaf tha year an sledges be tha ony things

they can get about we. I wur mainly plazed we a girt big picter of underds a voke dressed up in girt skins an vurs an sliden down a girt steep hill, in things zummat like a butcher's tray, Jack zed 'tw'er a geam caaled Tobaccyin, we then gooes droo tha quarium, a long narrer pleace one zide a wich wur girt glass keases vull a zalt an vresh water, an in em ael manner a vish swimmin about alive. On we gooes ta tha colonial market wur ael zarts a things wur zoold, we bought zim Austilyer apples, had another glass a wine, and teasted tha honey which zeemed as sweet as hourn, we than had a good look at a goold diggin machine at wirk in hopes a hood dig up a girt nub, bit nairn diden turn up while we wur thayre. We then laved tha markit an got into a cwourt wur a girt vountain wur at play; "now, av a good look at this," zaays Jack, "tis one of tha vinest bits a wirk in tha exhibition, vram top ta bottom, 'tis ael picters, and zenes of things that you da rade o in tha Bible, an mead be Mr Douulton, a Lambeth, putt here jist var arnymint like," atter avin a good look at that we avs a cup a tay a piece and zim brade and butter an zeemed quite vreshed up agean. "Well, Jack," zaays I, "I ha'ant a bought nuthen var Zal, neet Misses heet, an wen we comed up ta a girt pile a things ael skins an vurs called the Canadian Trophy, I zeed a smeartish lookin leetle jacket which I thought hood be jist tha very thing var Zal in tha cwold weather an I gooes up ta tha shopmin, an I zaays "whats the price a thic leetle jacket there?" "thirty guineas," zaays he, " bit you shill av un var thurty pouns." "Lar Jaminni," I zaays, "why thats mwore money than our Squire av got ta speer, let aloane I," the man looked at I an zed "twur rale zeal skin, an a cooden zill un a varden less." I then axed the price of a leetle tippet thing, an ee wur vive guineas, "o lar," zaays I ta Jack, "I caa'nt avoord ta buy

anything in tha vur line, I thought I shid a had thic jacket var about ten shillins ar zo,” Jack laffed and zed “I diden unnerstan the valee on't;” jist then we zeed a lot a voke crowded roun asheen at wirk, “what's this,” zaays I, “meakin goolden zovereigns an drillin holes in em var ee ta hatch em to yer watch chain,” “how much be em apiece, meatser,” “haighteen pence,” zaays he, “meak I a couple then,” zoo they stamps I two var drie shillins, till be one hache var Missus an Zal ta wear roun ther necks an they'll think as much on em as if 'twer rale guinea goold.” “Well now, Bob,” zaays Jack, “thee's a zeed ael thee can't expect to in a day inside, zo we'll get out inta tha grounds an gierdens;” an out there wur thousands a voke ael dressed za vine an lookin za happy an waakin about amang tha vountains, an leakes, an shrubs, an vlowers, and at hache end of a girt broad gravel waak wur a steage and a vine zowljers band had jest begun ta play on one on em. “What's thic are girt roun buildin auver there,” zaays I ta Jack? “that's tha Halbert Hall, thee mist zee ee,” zoo in we gooes an up ten pair a stayers I warn, an zich a zite looking down vrum tha top I never zeed, it mead I nearly giddy ta look auver down inta a mighty girt concert hall pleave as round as a whate rick, and big, very nigh, as Burcombe punch bawl, and thousands a zates in rinks, one top a tother, an tha hargin too nearly as big's ower chirch chancel, an ael put together, an zom a tha pipes on un as big round as a waggon wheel. They wur a playin on un, an zometimes 'twur like thunder, an then za nice an zoft ye cood yer a pin drap. Zoo atter biden there a bit down we went in tha lift, a girt square box zart of a pleave var voke ta goo up an down in ta zeave their laigs, we wur down in a jiffey an gooes out to tha ban steage wur we vound a good zate and bid an lissened ta

Dan'l Godvrey's Ban as wur playin, an dally if tha splendid music diden zeem ta car me heart clane away; I wur in raptures we it, var tis tha baste ban in tha wordle, zo voke da zay. Jack teaks out his watch atter we had lissened zom leetle time; an a zaays "I promised ta meet my young ooman at the turnstiles between zix an zeven a clock, thee bide here till I da com back;" "O eece," I zaays, "I'll stick hard, an vast, an wunt waig a paig," "now mine thee doosen then" zaays he, an off a went.

He'd skiercly got out a zite when a smeatish dressed young feller com an zat down in tha sate Jack had jist left nex ta I. "Good evenin" zaays ee, to I, "good evenin to ee," I zaays, "vine day," a zaays, "tis," zaays I, "what splendid music," zaays he, "I could bide an lissen to it ael night," "they day play main well," I zaays, "an no mistake;" "Well we in ower Country av got zim tarblish good bans," zaays he, "but I reckon they caant touch thease un," "your Country," zaays I, "beant ee a Lunnener then?" "Oh no," a zaays, "I'm a New Yarker vrim Mericky, me fiather died there bout dree months agoo and laved I wie ten thousand pound, zoo I thought I'd run auver here ta Englin a bit ta zee what tis like," "an what do ee think on't?" I zaays, "O! tis a lively leetle plecte enough I vind, but I do veel terryable dull mezself, becaas I cant zeem ta pick up we a nice jolly butty ta goo about wie, an help me droo we zom of me speer caish," daing it thinks I, he mid gie I zom if'd a mi'nt to. Zoo we got on taakin purty vree about Englin an Mericky, an ee zaays, "beant you a wace countryman? My fiathers vrens war Willsheer voke" a zaays, "well now thats vunny," I zaays, "var I do come vrim thic County;" "well com an av a drink me vren and lets drink zuccess to tha woold wace

country voke,” “we ael me heart,” zaays I, “bit stop I vargot, teaken out my watch, my brother-in-laa, Jack Chidlin an his young ooman ull be here straight, and if I do goo away they wunt knaa were ta vind I.” “O come along,” a zaays, teaken out his watch, “we shaant be bit a minute ar two, I'll zee ee back here agean seaf enough;” zoo away we gooes up to a vreshment bar, wur there were crowds a voke drinkin, smokin, an zingin, an he trated I ta two thumpen glasses a what he caaled Merickan Wine, an begar twur stunnen, “av one mwore,” a zaays, “jist one var ta top up we;” zoo I had one mworn an were getten zart a merry like, an twur really woondarval how I zeem ta teak ta thick ar young man.

Zoo teaken out me watch agean, I zaays, “I mist goo back now tis atter zeven an Jack ull be lookin var I;” well zaays he, “I wunt keep ee, bit I shid raaly like to buy thic are watch a yourn, var tha woold wace countrys seak,” “what'll ee gie varn?” I zaays, “O moneys no object, I'll gie ee dree zovereigns an mine, tis a goodish deal mwourn he's woth, bit as I zed, I shid like ta av un ta keep in memory a you, an tha woold country when I gets back to Mericky.” Zoo we swoped watches an he gied I dree goolden zovereigns besides, vrim a bag vull on em, I wur main plased ta think I'd bin zo lucky, wunt Zal be plased too. “Now then, we'd better goo,” a zaays, “ an zee yer brother-in-laa, I just got ta goo in here var a minute, I'll com an meet ee directly at tha ban stan,” zoo I gooes back an Jack an his young ooman wun jist got thayr; zoo atter sheaken hans we she, I begun ta tell Jack what a girt slice a luck I had had zunce he had bin away, “I ony gied two pound var my watch dree year agoo las Mickelmas an I've a got his'n an dree pound besides; Wunt Zal be

plased; “lets look at un” zaays Jack, zoo I lugged un out an he looks at un gean tha light, an zaays “thee's bin done, a yeant woth vive shillins,” “get out” zaays I, “thee hast,” zaays he, “never mine I've got the dree zovereigns tho,” “lets look at thay,” zaays he; Jack looked at thay, zounded em, an vowed they war ael bad uns, well, well, this es a purty goo zure enough. I begun ta get main spitevul an really believe if I'd a com across tha feller I shid a done vorn then an there, “shidst knaa un agean if wurst ta see un,” zed Jack? “knaa un agean, I shid think I shood, jist let I clap my eyes apon un, I'm drat if any biddy else shill knaa un atterwards,” “Eece, bit we've got ta ketch un vast zed Jack;” zoo we vinds out a pleeceman, tells un ael about it, an kep a good look out amany tha crowd ta zee if we cood vall a cross un, bit tha baiger had vlowd away; “Well, never mind,” at last, zaays Jack, “tis mwoastly my vaat var leavin thee aloane, wen theres zo many thieves an pick pockets about. Theese a bin done be wat thay caals *the confidence trick*, bit I'll meak it up ta thee avore thee'se goo wom, zo dwoant think na mwore about it an come an zee tha luminations,” then ael at once tha bildins, trees, shrubs, and vountains wur lighted up wie tha lectric light an thousands a leetle coloured lights in leetle glassen globes strung ael about the pleace 'twer jist like vairy lan, what I've a rade o in books, the vountains too begun ta play an ael zarts a coloured lights every now an then did shine upon it, zo that it looked zummit like a rainbow in a sunshinny starm. I never zeed zich a purty zite in ael me life and shood enjoyed it much mwore ony thic ar Merikan feller's confidence trick zart a stuck in me gizzard, zo we bid waakin about an looken at ael on't til atter nine o clock an then Jack zed 'twur time ta goo, zo then we squeezed owerselves

droo tha crowds a voke, got to tha turntable down the subway an took the unnergroun railway to Wacemister, wur we got out, an Jack pwinted out tha houses a parleymint an the girt clock wi his veace a lighted up an which you can hear strike ael auver Lunnen an miles vurder than that wen the wind zets in right. Zo we waak'd ael along tha bainkment an auver Waterloo brudge an got ta tha stayshun in purty good time.

“Now,” zaays Jack, “I spose thee beast seaf vrum robbers an confidence trickers here; zo gie ess thick ar thing of a watch an they dree bits a brass zovereigns, I med vall in wie zom of tha gang zom day, here, teak my watch an keep un till I da ax thee vorn, an I spose thee canst keep a sacrit,” “Eece,” I zaays, “well then dwoant let out ta Zal nar neet no biddy else that thease a bin took in, tell her thee and I swopped watches wen she da ax thee about it, zo good bye, Bob, an mine theese write a vew lines ta zay how theese got whoam, and whenever theese come ta Lunnen agean dwoant varget tha Merikan man an his convidence trick.”

“Good bye, Jack, I shaant varget un I'm bound, nar thy kindness neither.” Zoo Jack wink'd at tha guard an I got into a nice aisy carridge, in one corner went ta sleep an znored away a good un till we got to Zalsbury, wur a chap waked I up ta zamine me ticket. Atter waitin a vew minutes we got ta Wilton Stayshun about dree in tha marnin, an I got up ta varm just in time ta veed tha hosses, then turned inta bade an dramed about Lunnen, tha Merikan man, an his convidence trick.