

Tom Creddlehoyle's
Trip ta Lunnan,

TA SEE

Parton's Great Glass Lantern.

DEDICATED,

WE ALL'T PLEASURE IT WURLD,

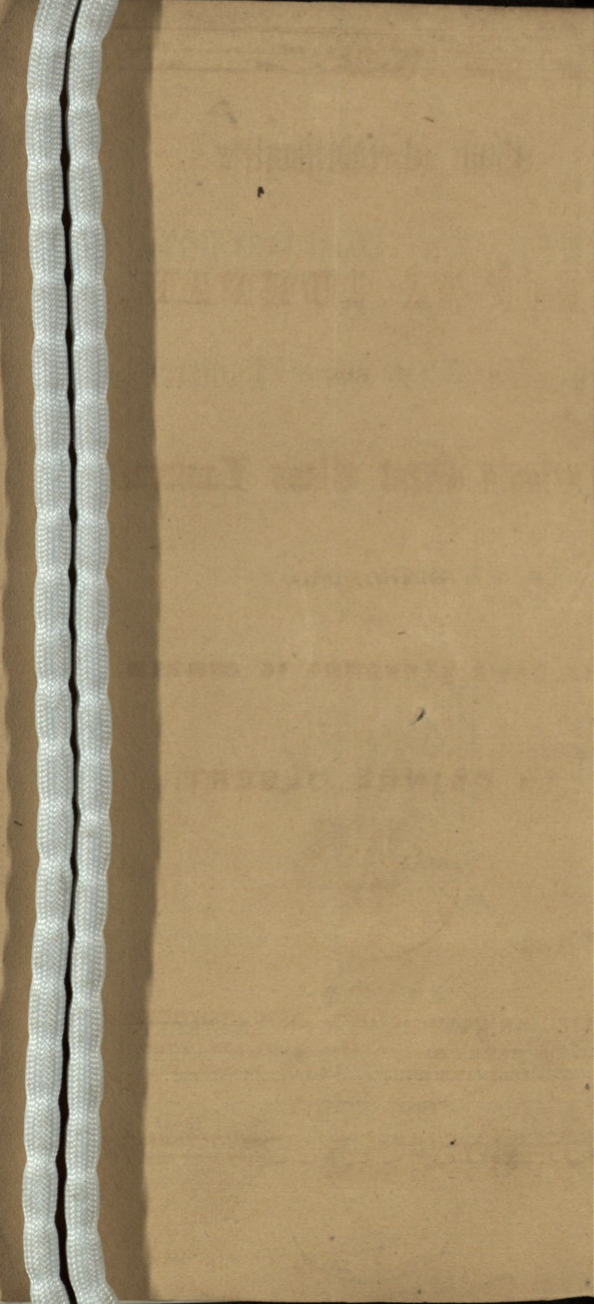
TA PRINCE OLBERT.



LEEDS:

ALICE MANN, PUBLISHER, DUNCAN-STREET;
SOLD BY WILLIAM STRANGE, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON;
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TRIP TA LUNNAN,

TA SEE

Parton's Great Glass Lantern.

DEDICATED,

TO THE GREAT PLEASURE OF THE WORLD,

TO PRINCE ALBERT.



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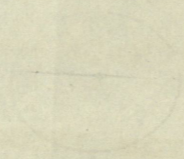
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TO
MESTER PRINCE OLBERT,

AGHT A COMPLEMENT,
FOR HIZ GENIAS
IN ORIGINATIN T'GREAT
NASHNAL EXHIBISHAN,
THIS BOOK
IZ FOR IVER MOAST
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BE HIZ ADMIRIN FRIEND
AN HUMBLE SARVENT,

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE.

P. Hailstone
Bradford

TO
MESTER PRINCE OLBER
AGHT A COMPLIMENT
FOR HIS GENIAS
IN ORIGINATE T'GREA
NASHNAL EXHIBISHN
THIS BOOK
IS FOR IVER MOAST
RESPECTFULLY DEDICAT
BE HIS ADMIRIN FRIN
AN HUMBLE SARVENT
TOM TREDDLEHOY

P. Hall
Profr

Tom's Letter to Prince Olbert.

North Powl Cassal, City a Pogmoor.

MOAST OBEIDENT MESTER PRINCE OLBERT,

Hah do yo do? Yis, yol be startald, av noa daaght, ta wunder oa ivver the deuce it iz atz tackin uppa thersenze ta speik to yo sa suddanly; but if yo pleaze, yo mun naw at ah liv it great City a Pogmoor, it latitude a fifty-nine degrees past t'centre pivit at afternooin sun, it region at Wapantack, at West Ridin a Yorksher, an me name iz Tom Treddlehoyle, Esq. (Mind that last wurd if yo please.) Yo may happan hev heard on it befoar, for ime t'varry chap hizsen at's e pairtnership wit Man-it-Mooiin, e all an ivverything belongin ta skyological an weatherological matters, an me Stronamy shop iz it City named, wit winda lookin tut skye. Bless yer life, ive raik't fire it sun, donc't we Venas, hed a bit a bacca we Vulcan, swept arranwebs aght at skye chaimber wit tail ov a comet; shaiv'd mesen we TIME'S cythe; sew'd Jupiter hiz buttons on we fork-leetin for ten year; bolted Jove aght ov hiz awn hause; slutter'd daan t'side at gloab inta kaos; frizzald a red herrin it frunt at mornin star; cured t'Man-it-Mooiin at ear-wark, an hiz wife at cramp; boil'd a egg it shell ov a thunnar ball; riddan a hundard mile upan a whurlwind; rockt mesen ta sleep at stride ov a rainbow; discover'd at north-powl wor made a oak, an not a hezzle; riddled hail-stones; fan'd mesen we a sun-beam; an a hundard more things beside ive dun at ad astonish yo. Bless yo, yo mun cum and see ma, nah do, an doant say nay, for yor az welcum az't flaars e May, or onny uther flaars; an when yo cum, be suar an go throo t'northern gate, where my Crest iz ovver't top; then waulk on cloise past t'pinfowd wall, an raand be Jerry Jayleg's pig-hul-door, an thear yol see't top story a my obzarvatory, smuther'd nearly we smook aght a Billy Brandoaf's backas chimley; yis, for all it's sa heigh, an't top pinnacle on it iz in a line wit pith it north powl, an fourteen degrees aboon Grinage. Well, but that's t'way yo mun cum, an doant let ma faget ta say at yo mun hev sum good leather bootis on, for thave a soart ov a clay bottam, hez't streets, so az't inhabitants can wauk soft, for yo mun naw at thare subjectt ta nangnails.

But wot ah moast want 'ta write abaght, iz ta menshan this great glass lantern, at's made e Lunnan. Thay tell me, duz foaks, all daan e Yorksher here, at it's yor idea (ah doant mean t'shap at lantern, but t'Great Exhibishan at wor to tack plaice it inside

on it): wha it's wonderful ta me haivver yo cud think a sich an a thing, so menny childer az yod hev raand abaght yo, mackin t'noize an rackit thay wod do, throo morn ta neet; wha ah sud a thowt at yor attenshan ad a been more likely it dereckshan ov a Toy-shop, an thinkin wot ad bit moast likely ta please 'em t'next; hey, bull-an-butcher, puzzle-box, drums an rattles, or't farm-yard, az yor a bit it agreculter line; but nowt a this seems ta hev cum into yer mind; it wor summat greater an grander; summat at ad benefit all't country, hey an all't wurld wit Chanel Islands a Ossit-street side. Beside t'ingiuaty a all t'wurld bein browt together, wot an a nice pleazin aght it al be for foaks to go an look at 'em, it will that; wha all't owd wimmin daane ar caanty, thay say at thale hev a look at Great Exhibishan, if thare a hundard year owd, an sum on 'em iz pratty near that date; an it's astonishin ta see hah frisky they ar, an ta see wot grand new gaans an ribbins thave gottan to go in. Wha, Mally Muffindoaf, let ma tell yo, shooze az fine an az praad az't best on 'em, wha t'fact iz shooze homast aght ov hur mind abaght it. Just ta gie yo a sample abaght hur, shooze suspendad all menglin biznass, for nine days; an theaze uther foaks ivvery bit az bad az hur, for theaze Matty Misnowt, hez made a great taty pie in a panshan, az much az al keep hur bairns a fortnit; Ned Wheazletrap hez gien hiz canary az much seed an wattar az al keep it three oal weeks. Lots a foaks hez turn'd ther dogs aght ta keep thersenze. Liddy Longtungue stopt up two oal neets ta gossap, ta mack up for lost time. Milk hez been made so az it al hev no cream on it, for theal be noabdy left at home but bairns ta skim it; az for buttons an stockin-heels, theaze not wun off nor a stockin undarn'd Yorksher throo. T'fact iz, thear nivver wor sich an a stir it memory a noabdy; an az for yersen, eaze noabdy else tawkt abaght, an yung wimmin when thay go ta get wed, or go ta chresanins or doncins, thave wot thay call Olbert caps on, az big thay ar az a bee-hoppit; an az for't men thay can smook aght a nowt else but Olbert pipes, we yor likeness moulded upat head on 'em. Nah, if yo please, this iz all a bit a fair daan honest Yorksher truth, which am reight glad at it iz so, for yo desarve t'complement a ivvery boddy, an handin daan to posteraty wal ivver theaze onny boddy livin ta tell it too. Hevin express't me delight an tell'd yo ivverything at's sturrin e this pairt a Yorksher tutchin t'Great Exhibishan, believe me, respected Prince, ta be yor admirin friend an well wisher,

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE.

TO

MESTER PAXTON, ESQ.

WELL dun, PAXTON—hey, an here's me hand,
For man more welcum nivver wor it land ;
For wunderas wor that giant thowt a thine,
That browt ta leet a lantern so sublime ;
Wha, bairns shall larn, az inta life thay cum,
Ov this great wurk a thine e fifty-wun ;
An az thay tell, like me, ah naw thale say,
“PAXTON wor a shinein character in hiz day.”

So it al be, depend on it, an nowt but reight nawther, becos, yo naw, yo warrant a arketeckt, at least not wun at prafest ta be, yit yov bet all't tip-top arketeckts it country an abroad an all. That pleaz'd me aboon abit ; an yet yor nobbat a Gardiner for't Duke a Devonsher. It's true, yo naw, at yov chaukt aght an gien plans for sarpentine wauks, fish poands, flaar beds, cah-cumer frames, hand-glasses for wakely plants, green-hauses, ladders for rompin trees, an belt up rockeries, &c. ; an just wit same eaze at an owd womman ad put her murtle or geranum it winda, yov goan and cuvar'd great oak trees over we glass. Wha, we sweggar'd e Yorksher here abaght t'great Consarvatory at Britton Hall, at thay pull'd daan a year or two sin, an call'd it t'Great Lion at North,—wha, it wor a watch-glass cumpair'd ta yor Crystal Beeldin, it wor hacktly. But ta speik at trees, ah mean ta say at theal be nowt better shewn it Exhibishan then them. We owt ta remember at it's sich like owd boys az them at's made uz wot we ar. If it heddant a hed sich an a luxery az a opinion iz, at Jonny Bull woddant a hed sich an a graze by.—No, he'd big Glass Lantern set in hiz paster ta see ta graze by.—No, he'd a been flay'd, an hiz hyde tan'd inta French an Spanish bootis long sin ; but am glad at yov paid sich respect tut owd patriarks. But my wurd, weant thay be e leaf smartly, thay will that—hey, long before Royal Oak Day ; wha, ther naborin trees at thave wether'd menny a winter blast we, al wunder wot's ta do, an't burds at's been uze't ta peark upa ther wither'd craans al be breikin ther necks we flyin ageant t'glass, e tryin ta get to 'em. Az for't acrons at al grow on 'em, ah sud think thale be az big az pumpkins nearly this year. But eaze anuther thing at ah mun speik on az yor a gardiner—that is, it ad a been a vary good

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE'S TRIP TA LUNNAN.

thing if yod a made a good fair pairt at beeldin into a Kitchen Gardin, an grown turnaps, carrits, onions, cabbage, an parsley, for't Mechanics' Home ; so az thay cud a tain summatt aght we 'em for ther dinners when thay whent home ; for thare laddies for broath aght a this quarter. Az for mustard an cress, an aght a luv we that—at least sich az ive seen grown e Lunnan, for thay saw t'seed upan a bit a flannil it cellar-kitchen at neet just before thay go ta bed, an next t'mornin thay get it when it's abaght an inch long, we a little bit a green leaf stuck at top abaght size ov a midge wing ; an thear when it's laid upat plate, theaze noabdy can tell na uther but wot it wor white wursit clip't e short bits. But ah mun na pleaze ta leave yo, we ma best respects, an hoape at eal be na hailstones cum ta spoil yer wark wal t'Exhibishan iz goin on, an no accident happan ta onny boddy at cums ta see it, but all pass off az nice, an az cumfatubble, az't great an grand design merits. We that ah beg ta be,

Yor much obleeged

An respected Friend,

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE.



TOM TREDDLEHOYLE'S
TRIP TA LUNNAN,
TA SEE
PAXTON'S GREAT GLASS LANTERN.



U R R A !
hurra ; hey,
wal yor az
red it faice
az a chres-
amas mooin,
an yer ears
cracks like
carl'd peis,
ah mean
ivvery man,
womman,
lad, lass,
bairn, owd
maids an

batchillors, throaght Yorksher, Lenkeshes, Darbeshes, an all
uther pairts at Queen's Duminions, mun hurra ! an if yo
want ta naw wot abaght, wha it's becos ive been reight
away upta Lunnan ta see't Great Exhibishan a all't wurd ;
so nah then me hat's off reddy to hear yo. But stop, ah sud
like Prince Oibert ta bit fugal-man, an ta gie t'hip, hip,
becos, ah consider him t'maister at Exhibishan consarn.
Thear nah, yov pleaz'd ma aboon a bit, for ah nivver heard nowt
better dun e all me life, an if onny on yo sud hev rivan yer maath
or crack't yer cheek, wha ah sal be varry sorry, an all ah can say
iz, yo moant whissal, or set up a horse laff for a fortnit, an yol
sooin get better. But my wurd, wethaght onny floake, ah thowt
at my ears an buttons hed all dropt off ontut floor wit shack it
gav, an wot wor funny, all't fish it sea popt ther heads aght at
top at wattar, an hullats flew aght at cherch taars, ivy, pickin-
hoyles, an ruins, wonderin wot ther wor ta do ; an swallows, we
foaks thrawin ther hats up intut air, set off freetand aght a ther
sensas into anuther country ; but we all this it wor a good job
at t'hurra warrant gien it neet time, for if it hed ah do really be-

lieve at t'Man-it-Mooin ad a thrawn a lot a mucky wattar at top on uz.

But nah tut TRIP. Well, yo mun naw, after gettin mesen buckt up in a suit a bran new cloaze, ah set off we me poartmanter box az smart an az clean az a new varnisht fiddle, bit omnibussal, an a bussal thear wor, for thear wor menny a hundard goin besid me,—but, preya, wot ar yo beginnin ta laff at be nah, it izan abaght me hevin a poartmanter box, iz it? Cos if it iz, ah can varry sooin tell yo wot ah tuck that for: wha it wor ta houd me neet cap, an a great poark pie at ah wor tackin to a gron-dowter a owd Mally Muffindoaf's. That's all abaght it, an if a body can do a bit ov a good turn to a nabor, it's ther duty ta do it.

Well, when ah gat intuit railway carriage, ah wor az pleaz'd an if ad fun a hay seed, for thear wor five or six faices at ah knew, throo Pudsa an Chowbent, an az it happan'd ah sat fair anent em, an az thay kept shackin hands an sayin, "Ha! Tom, ha duz ta do, lad?" foaks stair'd we all't ees thay hed, an wunder'd oa the deuce this Tom wor at thear wor sich an a fuss ovver; wun owd chap throo Daw-Green wor set in a corner we iz neet cap on, an noaze an chin so az he cud nip a sixpence between 'em, sed, "Bless uz, Betty, wot an a fuss thear iz it hoyle." "Hey, ah been thinkin so," call'd agh't a yung womman throo Armley Hill Top, "my wurd, if my sweetheart macks as much ta do we me when ah get hoame agean, ah sal think at he means weddin varry sooin." This bold speik at yung womman cauz'd a hearty laff, e which t'owd man join'd az laad az't best on em; but thear wor wun thing at ah wor raither a bit off we, an that wor when he wor at heighest pitch ov hiz laff, a cloathier agh't a Saddlewurth, popt abaght two paand a fat bacon reight into hiz maath, an hiz nobbat hevin an odd tooith it frunt ov hiz uvver jaw, it stuck reight into it, an held it az fast az if it hed been nail'd there; t'chap at hed dun it, thinkin at he'd be choak't, set too a tryin hiz best ta get it agh't, which he did for five or six mile wethaght bein able ta manage it; at last, haivver, a train shot by, an t'owd chap ill fretted and no daght wit suddaness on it, set up a most tremendas baww an agh't flew t'bacon we sich an a foarse at it stuck fast agean't back at carriage; t'owd chap after poppin hiz tungue agh't ta lick his chin, for it wor like a butter'd parsnip wit grease, sed he'd a good mind ta hev him at hed dun it tain inta custody, an if thae nobbat stop t'carriage at he wor in, he'd let him see, for playin hiz tricks uppa him; haivver, after hevin goan awhile, an graterin agean't iron causey hedge a toathre a times, t'Saddlewurth Cloathier sed he'd gie him a song ta be friends; t'owd chap turnin hiz head ta look at him, an snappin hiz noaze and chin, sed, "Do then, an it al happan keep the out a mischief;" so at it he started.

"Poor Billy Gibbs ov Houdham Taan,

He hez a wife it's true;

But sich a wun, ha! deary me,

Before ah niver knew.

Wha, bless yo, mun, when mornin cum,
 No matter late or sooin,
 Shoaze up an off ta sumdiz hause,
 An there sho cals till nooin."

When he'd gottan two versas sung, which he did e capital style, he wor brockan off be sumady pullin t'owd chap's neet-cap reight ovver his faice, an we it bein a knitted an, it fitted under hiz chin az tight az a baance ball; but ah think ah niver can faget t'seet wal ah liv, wot we his noaze hevin cut it road throo t'cap, t'shap ov hiz faice, an't quear noise at he made we tryin ta get hiz breath; my wurd, wha he'd a been wun at greatest cureosities it great Exhibishan if he'd a goan az he wor; an owd Ibram Packa ta see him, he'd a thowt at he'd a run away aght ov hiz mummy shop e Egypt. Beside this, ah sal not faget t'laff at wor set up when hiz noaze popt throo t'cap, wha it made all t' train wabble agean, an't engine ta scream az laad wal thay mud a heard it at thick end at North powl. But, mind yo, it diddant end here, for t'owd chap, we knockin and kickin abaght, popt hiz head beng throo t'winder, an call'd aght "Murder! murder!" but noabdy cud hear him, an after freetanin menny a hundard cahs an sheep, so az ta laup reight ovvert hedges an gates an throo reight away, he tuck it in agean; an't yung womman throo Armley Hill Top, for pittys sake, tuck hur eithers an clipt cap reight up tut nob; t'owd chap thinkin at it wor hur at hed dun it, gat hur reight fast raand t'neck an gied hur a cus, an then tut wunder a all put hiz cap in hiz pocket, an began a joakin hiz owd Saddlewurth friend abaght hiz song, and tellin him at he owt ta finish it, ta which he agreed, for thear wor nowt it wurld, he sed, at he liket sa much az a bit a murth, so at it he whent:

"Off, then, shool cut like sumady wild,
 We all hur gaan behind
 Thrawn hoppan reight throo't waist tut top,
 An cap pufft up we wind.

Then t'fire bein aght az near az nowt,
 Shool at it blow away;
 An on wit tatys not hauf wesht,
 Then t'knives for't dinner lay.

In cums hur huzband, just it midst
 Ov all this fuss an stur;
 An streight at table kests hiz ee,
 An then throo it at hur.

'Wot! hez ta cum?' shool bawl aght laad,
 'It niver can be nooin;
 If 'tiz, thave olter'd t'clock am suar,
 An made it much ta sooin.

Før here av been just like a slave,
 E tewin up an daan,
 An's nivver nawn wot sittin wor,
 We wark an nursin t'bairn.'

So thus it iz we all sich like,
 Then mind wot ive here sed :
 An when yor lookin aght a wife,
 A gossap nivver wed."


"Bravo, lad, that's az weel dun az if ide dun it mesen," call'd aght t'owd man ; after this we wor az quiet az wid been noizy, wal we cum ta a spot where thay stopt ta gie t'engine a drop a watter ta drink, an e startin off agean, t'leather spaaght belongin tut pump, which heddant been turned a wun side, catcht ma az ide ma head aght at winda, a flop oovert maath ; t'owd chap seein it bawkt aght, "Ha ! ah declare if thear hezant been a Elefant poppin it trunk in an gien that man a cus." Yis, thowt ah to mesen, an that izant all owd cock, for it spluttered abaght a bucket full a watter on to me, which, az warm az't weather wor, diddant feel varry cumfatubble next to a boddiz shert.

Hevin nah gottan ta sum plaice or anuther ont road, wid all ta get aght an time alaad uz ta hev wir dinners, them at hed a mind an onny ta get, an sich an a turn aght ah nivver saw befoar ; it wor for all't wurd like az if thead been a thunnar shawer a men an wimmin ; ant runnin abaght at thear wor ta get plaices ta sit daan on, put me it mind ov a creckit rase upan a gridiron. Well, just when ide gottan mesen nicely fixt upat end ov a tub, woa sud ah see but that Saddleworth joaker baalin a great poork pie upat platform. Hollo, thowt ah to mesen, ah think av seen that befoar, so off a me seat ah jumpt, an after him ah cut, an gettin him bit skufft at neck, "Young man," sed ah, "where hev yo gottan that poark pie ? it's mine it iz, ah can tell it bit gimpt crust, an bit swan at thear iz upat lid." "Nay, Tom, iz it yo ? wha, ah thowt it hed been a yung grinalstan at sumady hed left it carriage." Yis, it's all varry fine, thowt ah to me sen, an withaght mackin onny more wurds abaght it, ah samd it up, an tackin it back agean, ah fun at sumady hed puncht end a me poartmanter in ; haivver, ah shuvd it in, an away ah run to me seat agean, an az luck ad hev it, noabdy hed gottan it. Well, here ah sat gettin me dinner off an a pig hock, wunderin e me awn mind whereivver all't foaks cum throo, when all ov a suddan, sum big fella at weighed hauf a ton nearly, cum an laupt reight on tut top a me back an shuvd me an't lid reight daan intut tub ; wal ah wor e this predickament we me heels aboon me head, up cum t'owd chap, an lookin in at top at tub, sed "Nah mester, hah do yo do like, will yo hev my neet-cap ta put on ? yo seem ta be varry cumfatubble ;" but befoar ide time ta speik, daan went tub on it broad side, an thay set too, did sum Bradford chaps, a rowlin it up an daan, an hittin it we ther sticks, an ah diddant faget ta let em hear my musick, for thear


wor a nail ivvery nah an then kept broddin ma. Wal thay wor doin all this, an laffin wal thay wor fit ta split ther sides, an't owd chap az laad az't best on em, t'whissal saandad for em ta get ther plaices, an away thay all ran, leavin me upat platform it tub az fast az a thief in a mill. Ah shauted an bawl'd we all me meet, "Stop! stop! doant go, eaze me here;" up cum two at railway pairty's, an sed, "Wotivver ar yo doin in here? t'trains reddy for off:" "Nay lads, am cap't abaght that, pull ma aght, look sharp;" so thay gat houd a me coit collar, boath on em, an pull'd we all't strength at thay hed, but it wor ta no use, thay mud az well tried to a pull'd Heeston Stone ovver Blackstan Hedge we a gray threed; an az thay wor e carryin ma ta put ma intut luggage van, tub tumald bit thro bit, an ontut floor ah dropt, an foaks at hed ther heads aght a all't carriage windaz, set up a great shaut, an inta me owd plaice ah gat just az't train wor startin off; well, ah mud a been sumady at hed dropt throot mooin, for thay gathoud a me hand, five or six at a time, ta shack it, an sed thay wor varry glad ta see ma wunce more. "Yis, an am varry glad ta see yo," sed ah, "yo may depend on't, for ah really did think at ah sud a been left it tub, an thear a stopt wal t'Exhibition hed all been ovver." Well, this wor fun for long enif, e which ah joined az weel az them, exceptin it laffs, an ah cuddant e them, for me neck, when ah stur'd it, it made a noize like squeazin a new baskit, it hed been so creg'd.

Well, dusk at neet cumin on, thear wor a chap upat hause rig, ah mean t'roof at carriage, at popt a glass shugar baisin daan t'middle on it we a red hoat couk in it; t'owd chap woad been asleep wackand up wit noize aboon him, an rubbin hiz ees, sed "Hah's that? It's mooin-leet," "Nay it's t'evenin star," call'd aght sumady it far corner. "Wha, then, it's heigh time we wor at far end, when thay cum ta tack't top off at carriage for't mooin an stars ta shine on uz," muttered t'owd chap. "Hey, it's bad behaviour," ah sed, "but happan thay think at we want cooilin abit;" "Happan so" ansurd t'owd man, "for ah remember tellin wun at Railway chaps at last spot at we stopt at ta bait, at ah sweated like a brock." So t'joake wor carried on for menny a mile wethaght hiz ivver findin it aght wal he happened ta knock hiz head agean't carriage top. Wha, ah thowt at he'd a brockan t'shugar baisin, but thay held him daan wal he gat passiefed, an that minnit a big bell tinkald, annaancin at wid landad at Lunnan station, an befoar't train hed weel stop't, aght we all gat, sum neck an crop, an uthers topplin wun agean't tuther, breikin ther hats an noazes, an't wimmin squalin like jays e ivvery dereckshan, "Thar't crushin me bonnit;" "Oh! me toes;" at last we gat upat taan gate, an thear thay call'd aght, did t'different country foaks for ther friends, an thay diddant faget ta call nawther, diddant sum Leeds loiners, an Dewsbarians, an away thay whent e clusters to ther different quarters, an me ta mine we me oartmanter box uppa me shoolder, az fearse az a snail, an az ah wor e goin on't street an switchin raand t'corners

ivvery nah an then at t'rate ov a fly wheel, foaks kept callin aght "Tom Treddlehoyle, Pogmoor." Hah the deuce, thowt ah ta mesen, dutha naw me here ; it seems odd ; but on ah whent az if ah diddant hear em, wal at last, when ah stopt ta rest, ah fun at sum joaker or anuther, like enif t'Saddleworth chap, hed chauk't upat side at poartmanter, t'name an plaice where ah cum throo ; but diddant ah rub it aght pratty smartly ; it's like ah did, an when ah gat it onta me shoolder agean, ah nivver stopt na more wal ah gat ta me lodging at sign at Saracen's Head, not far off a where thay heng foaks ; an, do yo naw, when ah whent ta bed at neet (wha it's allas neet when ah do go) an cum ta hoppan me poartmanter box, thear do yo naw thear wor nowt in it but me neet-cap—t'poark pie wor off. Well, thowt ah, this iz a bonny job haivver, an not a wink a sleep cud ah get wit thowts on it ; haivver ah slept az weel az ah cud, an up ah baanct at six o'clock it mornin az fresh az a meddow daizy, an gettin two cups a coffee az big az wesh-hand basins, an abaght a yard a toist, off ah set tut



EXHIBISHAN,



AN az ah whent, t'streets wor craadad like a fair we foaks throa all pairts at country an furrin pairts ; sum wor black, sum braan, an sum a mixer ov all colours, an dresst e all manners a cuts an fashans, we beards, mustashas, an hair varyin e length throo't tail ov a winter foil to a shoe-brush, an splutterin all soarts a gibberish tawk ; like a regular Babel it wor. Then coaches ov all soarts, shaps, macks, an sizes wor cuttin away, an whips crackin az if thear wor a rase, an ivvery boddy tryin ta be at t'Exhibishan t'furst. Az for mesen, ah raither lost a bit a time, for thear wor a chap we a gildad hat stanin on a shelf behind a Omnebussal beconin we hiz hand, an thinkin at it wor for me, ah ran up to him, an lookin intut inside at Omnebussal, ah sed oa iz it at wants me lad ? " Benk, sur ; Benk, sur." Benk the dival ; thagh Jonny Whurril, duz ta think ah want ta go tut Benk be nah, and nobbat just cum throo Pogmoor ; ax ma abaght that when av been a fortnit, an then ah sal happan hev no objectshans. T'chap put hiz thum to hiz noaze, an drawin hiz maath intut shap ov a X, away thay whent, an ah whent too,

noan sa weel pleaz'd e me awn mind yor sure ; an ta mack up for lost time, ah ran az weel az ah cud for't throng, for ah wanted ta be thear ; an az ah wor runnin, ah fell all me length ovver a great faal dog az it wor cummin aght ov a shop, an befoar ah cud get up agean thear wor fifty foaks tumald at top on ma, an wun on 'em must ah think been an olderman, for hiz belly stuck aght like a pocket a hops, an he pufft an blew inta me neckhoyle like a steam engine. At last ah gat extricated, an a beuty ah wor for muck—an it iz muck yo mind iz Lunnan muck, for it sticks like glue ; hey, an it ad a tain all't tazzles it cloathin district e Yorksher to a scrattad it off,—az for me faice, wha, t'dog sav'd it ; if it heddant, ah doant naw wot shap me noaze ad a been. Haivver, so it wor, an thinks ah to mesen, it al nivver do for me ta be tumalin abaght it street a this fashans, so ah gat into a Omnebussal, an sittin fair anent a niceish soart ov a yung womman we a bairn in hur airms abaght a year owd, sho ax't ma (no daght becos ah wor a fatherly-lookin soart ov a chap) if ad be sa good az ta nurse it abit, for sho felt az if sho wor goin ta faint. Hey lass, sed ah, we all't pleasure it wurld, it's a job at ah like ; for theaze not a bairn e all Pogmoor but wot I've nurst at time an time. This seem'd ta revive hur up abit, an az ah wor joakin an tryin ta mack her laff, t'bairn made use ov a bit a musick at ah wor raither jelas on, an liftin it up ta gie hur it back agean, ah fun at ah wor war fixt then ah wor when rowlin it street : haivver, wal thay wor all laffin an houdin ther noases it Omnebussal, t'womman made all reight, an sed sho wor varry sorry at sich a thing sud a happand, ta which ah tell'd hur, varry good naturedly, nivver ta mind, it worrunt furst time be menny a score. An just az ah wor goin ta lecktar an owd Batchillor or two at thear wor it far corner at Omnebussal, it stopt, an aght we all gat—at least ah did—an away ah whent stretchin me neck aght az long az a duck gun, eager ta hev a seet at Great Glass Lantern ; an just az ah turn'd raand t'Duke a Wellington's hause corner, thear it wor glitterin az brilliantly az if all t'skye-leets an cah-cumer frames it country wor piled on a heap ; an if onny boddy hed seen my ees, which no daght thay did—wha, thay wor az wide hoppan, an az far raand az t'lid ov a pumatum pot—an az ah gat nearer and nearer, thay gat wider and wider, wal, al be heng'd if ah worrant scaard at thade fly aght, but we winkin an turnin me back anuther road, ah gat 'em to ther owd size agean ; an lookin at it az calm az ah cud, ah thowt, bless me, wot an a sorry figure a fardin rushleet ad look let up in it at midneet, or if Peggy wit lantern hed it to carry sho woddant donce abaght it meddows and swampy plaices so nimly az sho duz. But ta be more grave abaght it, nobbat ta think on a beeldin made a glass an iron ta cuvver eight akers a graand ; wha, it's ponderas, an enif ta reflect a heat back agean intut skye, ta braan it like a ironin blenkit, an dry up all t'claad wal theaze no more wattar in 'em then there iz in a cobbler's lapstan. Then for thear ta be seven mile a gutterin ; ha ! deary me, wha, it ad catch wattar for all

t'weshewimmin it country ; but if a Lunnan sparra hed ta hop through wun end tut tuther ivvery day before it cud get owt ta heit, it strikes me at it ad get varry bow-leg'd, or sooin go off in a consumshan. Then all raand't top thear wor flegs flyin an floppin abaght, which, when ah wor at a distance, it put me in mind ov a wesh day, an at thay wor a lot a twilts an blenkits hung aght ta dry.

But na more abaght aghtside, so yo mun understand at in ah whent, an we sich an a swither mind yo, at ah trade up a five or six foaks' heels, an knockt az menny daan, an before thade time ta look faal or begin a callin ma, ide me noaze cloise to a glass caise, throng lookin at wot thear wor it inside az unconsa'n'd az if all wor reight, an when thade all gottan squander'd ameng t'craad, ah cockt up me faice, an lookin on't Main Avenue, wha, me hair stood streight a me head, hey az a bottle brush, an ah believe at t'dawn a me hat did too, it wor sich an a 'chantin an overpaarin seet, an which way ta go ah cuddant tell, me puzzlement wor so great. At last off ah startad we me ees sparklin like two glass buttons, up



T' Main Avenue at graand floor, t'far end a which wor sich an a way off, at men's hats an wimmin's bonnits look't for all't wurd like a swarm a midges doncin in a sunbeam. T'furst thing at ah stop't at after hevin pairtly recover'd mesen, wor a Statue a Adam an Eve, an thay look't right bonny an happy together, same az thay wod be befoar thay wor tempted be owd Scrat ; an next to them, az big az life, wor two feighten horses be Hoffer a Stuttgart, a furriner yo naw, an grand thare dun yo may depend on it, for thare like life. After seein theaze, ah cum to a great lion made a brass, we a maath, my wurd, az big az a pickin hoyle, an teeth strong enif ta crack a cobbler's lapstan ; az for hiz tail it ad mack a rare hanal for a parish pump. This ah sed wor made a brass, and depend on it t'chap at sent it owt ta be made a brass too for it hed cost sum. Next to this king at forest wor a Amazon a horseback, an tigar ; my wurd but theaze wor terifick, for theaze a tigar gottan fast houd at horse bit neck we it teeth, an it cleas hez sunk reight into it skin an torn it ivver sa far daan ; wha, it mud be life, for ah fancid ah cud hear't tigar growl at t'Amazon, who iz just it hackt a stickin a spear into it : this iz dun be Kiss, a Burlin chap. After leavin this, ah cum to a stain'd glass cherch winda, we curtans raand it like a peep shew, an wun it wor, for thear wor scores a foaks peepin at it, an me ameng't rest yo naw, an it wor wurth lookin at too ; wha, it pleaz'd me so at ah shackt hands wit chap at hed dun it, that wor Bertina a Milan, an he sed summat to ma, but wot it wor ah cuddant tell, for thay wor all ov a rattle

wor hiz wurds, summat like runnin yer finger nail across't teeth ov a coamb. T'next statue at ah cum at wor waundad Achillas : this poor fella hed a harra struck reight into hiz heel, an bit look ov his caantenance ah sud say at it hurt him—but thear wor no blood yo naw, becos its marrable stone. T'next consarn at ah saw wor grand, an that wor Missipa : thear there wor two men tein him on't back ov a wild horse, wun wor at hiz legs, an't tuther wor at hiz arms, an yo mud hommast fancy bit way at thay wor doin it at yo cud hear t'poor fella's bones crack ; it made me shudder agean this did, for ah caant bear ta see owt at looks like cruelty : haivver, he wor no foil at hed dun it. Satisfied we that, ah pusht on tut next object, which wor a great jiant-lookin fella a horseback, big enif ta fretan a oal parish into a fit, he wor indeed, an he held a colour in hiz hand we az much consequence az if he wor t'maister a all at thear wor it plaice. Leavin this jiant productshan, ah cum ta two reight bonny dogs, wun on em hed it foot on a sarpant at wor goin ta sting a little bairn, an snarlin at it; tuther hed bittan t'sarpant head clean off, an't bairn wor cuddlin t'dog for joy. After this, ah cum to a terifick consarn—it wor't Archangel and Satan : my wurd, but t'angel hed beng'd him daan we a swither, an thear owd Sulfer iz clingin to a piece a rock we nails like harra teeth, an grinin we all hiz mite at hiz conquerer, an wantin ta get at him agean, but it's impossable bit way at heze fixt; an be this ah sud say at yol find him at bottomless pit, for ah cud see him slutterin daan befoar ah left, an summat like t'flavor a brimstan gettin up me noaze-hoyles. Then cum Cain an hiz family—hey, poor things, an thay look't a bit heart-brockan ah thowt, but whether it's befoar killin hiz brother, or at after, ah caant tell ; but e my eye there looks summat rang ameng 'em, but wot ah diddant inquire, for am not wun a them at meddals me head e family mattars. So ah waukt on tut great French organ, an just az ah wor lookin at it's magnitude it struck up a playin—an my wurd if all't plaice diddant ring agean az big az it wor ; an my ears, wha, thay wor just t'same az if thay wor shootin a weggin load a owd brockan bottles up in 'em, t'saand wor sa crashey. After lookin t'frunt a this box a pipes ovver, ah whent tut back, an peepin thro' a door-hoyle ah saw three or four chaps e ther shert sleeves, blawin away at sum belasas ; an tappin wun on 'em ovvert top at head, ah sed, “Mun, yo naw nowt abaght blawin like wot Jonny Nogs a Bairnsla duz ;” an thay knew wot ah sed, for thay wor Englishmen : hey, catch a Frenchman doin onny hard wark thowt ah ; an if thead a been a tenkard a “Barclay's Braan Staut” onny where at hand ah sud a handad it to 'em ; but its az weel at thear warrant, for ah think it a varry capital arrangement at thear iz no drink a that soart alaad it plaice, for if thear wor, ah woddant gie tuppance for sum a ther trinkits an statues, for thade be toppald end ovver end, an squandard noabdy nawws where. E waukin a bit farther on ah cum at a likness at Queen, made a zink, an rare an weel it look't, but not sa nice yo naw e my eye

az marrable or owt a that soart : an behind her Majesty iz a great brass cannon made e sum furrin pairt,—yes, but thay knew weel enif at thay darant point it wit muzzle to hur ; no, not so : though my opinion iz at sho woddant care for that, her spirrit's ovver good, an hur courage sich at a hundard furrin cannons woddant scar hur. E leavin this ah cum tut Prince a Wales' shield, an a reight nice spanglin lookin thing it is, we mottos on it, gien bit good King a Prussia for bein his godfather : it's a varry nice present yo naw, but my hope iz at hele hev summat better ta shield him throo life then gold an silver ; but yov na cashan ta begin a rubbin yer ees becos ah say so, for it's true.

Thear, nah then, ah cum tut greatest attraction e all't plaice, ah mean t'Koh-i-Noor Diamond, valued at two millians a brass. Thear it iz in a gold wire cage, an two or three policemen ta tack care on it. Well, thade a job e hand ah thowt ta watch a bit a glass like it ; wha, ah woddant gie sixpence for it not ta be foaret ta keep it ; for't stopper aght ov a vinegar cruit put into a wire maase-trap, ad look sumwhere abaght az weel. Here ah cum tut middle at beeldin, top a which iz all arch't ovver we glass, an sich an a heit it's enif ta mack onny boddy dizzy ta look up, lettin alone lookin daan ; an wot made it more splenderas an grand iz theaze great trees growin at boath ends, e full leaf. Fair at middle a this plaice iz a great glass faantan, 27 feet heigh, which, az't wattar runs daan it, it looks for all't wurld like a dissolvin pillar at breetist silver. Near ta this cooilin an refreshin spot iz't likeness at Queen, maantad a horseback, e gold colour, be Wyat : an a bit farther on iz Milton an hiz two dowters, an bit look on him it seem'd ta me at if they gat wed—it ad be hiz *paradise lost*. Then theaze Sampson breikin hiz bonds : my wurd, ta see him yod fancy at yo cud hear't rope crack. Then cheek be chowl, like a snaw-drift, sits Lord Eldon an Lord Stowel, two grand owd chaps an great lawyers. A bit off here iz wot iz call'd t'Eagle Slayer ; heze stanin, iz't chap, in a summer-hause lookin plaice, it attitude a shooitin we a bow, an thear heze shot a harra reight into a eagle's craig as true az a die, an a die it iz bit look at burd : wha, theaze not a chap it York or Leeds Archery Clubs can beat it. Lookin abaght agean, thear stands t'Queen an Prince Olbert, a horseback : wha, thare sittin, not boath upa wun same az wot they uze ta ride e owd-fashion'd pillion'd days—no, thave a horse a piece, an ar represented az if thay wor ridin aght for't good a ther health. Then thear ar two faantans playin, an all abaght 'em ar what ar call'd tropical plants, spreadin aght we ther broad long leaves an variegated flaars moast splendashiously ; aght throo ameng which ar seen spraatin streams a wattar like silver wire. Ha ! this iz a real fairy-like spot ; ah cud a liv'd here it wor sa salubreas an 'chantin ; but mind yo ah sud a wantad summat to a kept ma alive, for ah doant reckon ta live bit ee altogether. But withaght onny joakin eaze nowt upa all t'wurld's earth like it, an it wor we varry great reluctance at ah left it : haivver ah did, for't

West Entrance, at Main Avenue, an ah wor thear agean struck wor wunder. T'furst objectk at catcht me attenshan wor Cupid an Venas, be Davies. Venas seem'd az if shoo cud like ta jump intut faantan befoar hur, wal Cupid, a little rogue, seem'd wishful ta climb wun at great trees, an thear sit ta mack harras. Behind this wor a horse and dragon, be Wyat, which wor a good piece a kest-wark, hey az owt ah saw it plaice. T'horse head an neck am hommast sure are alive : ha ! it is grandly dun, an so yol say when yo see it. Then behind t'model at oppera hause stands a great sceenin-glass, which reflects things before it e grand and nattaral style. This iz a grand holtin plaice for ladies, for here thay ar reightenin ther ringlets, bonnits, an tippits ; an Frenchmen may be seen screwin an pointin ther mustash ameng 'em, az also Persions an Turks ther turbans an cloaks ; an ah stopt too—an it wor lucky ah did—for ide grimed me noaze all over we summat or anuther. After this cum a modal of Exiter Hall ; but mind yo thear warrant sich a noise in it az thear iz it original, an it's happan az weel, for theaze a rackit thear vary offance at duzzant corespond wit colour a ther cloath. Well, so mackin me exit, ah cum it next move to a refresher it shap ov a faantan, into which ah gat a regelar dauser, for somehah or anuther ah gat me toa fast it nick at floor, an away ah whent neck an crop intut basin. Just when ad gottan ont a me shenks agean, an poppin me hat on, which hed been fill'd we wattar, oa sud cum up an tap ma overt shoolder but t'owd chap at ide travell'd we it railway carriage "Ol how," said he, "wot's amiss ? A hat full a wattar iz not quite sa palatable az a maath full a bacon, or hevin ther neet-cap pull'd over ther faice wal they gizzan agean." "Ha ! owd cock," sed ah (mackin mesen livelier then wot ah really wor, for ah wor rare an mad yo mind), "hah are yo ?" But befoar he'd time ta tell ma, thear wor a sapper an miner cum up, an me bein az wet az *sap*, wantad ta naw hah it all wor, an tellin him e plain daan Yorksher truth, he whent away laffin, az ah thowt bit shap ov hiz cheeks an redness ov hiz ears ; an away ah whent wipein mesen, till ah cum to a cureas owd stone cross, but not sa cross az ah wor, nor nowt like it. Thear wor a bit a reflection after all it seet a this, an lookin raand for me owd friend, he wor off like a lamp-leeter, an throng starin at a black man. Well, wet az ah wor, ah whent wal ah cum to a monument tut memory at officers a Lord Harding's staff, who fell at battles at Sutlege. Poor fellows, thowt ah ; an we bein wet, ah gav wun at grandist sobs at ivver wor heard for thowts on 'em. Trudgin on, up ah cum to a turret clock, which ah consider'd a *handy* soart ov a piece a warkmanship, an it struck me at it ad do varry nicely for ar hause, for when it struck, t'saand on it wor muleodious. T'next thing at ah saw wor a piece a sculptor a owd Shakespere, but desidedly not sa full a play as he wor wunce. Nah, it wor raither singlar, but here wor a bit a hacktin : a little chap, not much bigger than a skittle-pin, aght a sum pairt at East, we a red seck for a pair a

britches, an a lot a red an white claats lapt raand hiz head, gat hook't fast az he wor passin we hiz sleeve to a varry nice English ladiz lace shawl, an ah sud say at thay wor at least five minutes e that predickament ; an't yung lady, poor thing, fainted, an weel sho mud, for he spluttard an stamp't an whent on like sumady at wor craiz'd. At last thay gat liberated, an a smile cum into hur faice directkly, an owd seck-britches gat aght at seet az sooin az he cud. This bit ov a scene chip't ma up, at least ah wor merry enif yo naw ; but wot ah mean, it wor a change. E goin on a bit farther, ah spied summat stickin up like a crane, but when ah gat up to it ah fun at it wor a great spie-glass, so it wor twice spied. Thinks ah to mesen, becin a bit ov an astronomer, al hev a peep up this chap a onny hah, so cockin me ee tut hoyle. " Bless me, ah fortnat ah am, eaze t'man it mooin ah declare." Me sayin so, of course thear wor lots a foak clutherd raand ta see him ; when an owd gentleman set up a great crack a laffin, laad enif ta crack a square, at end a which he exclaim'd, " T'man it mooin iz it yo see ? wha, bless yo, its a glazener at's at his wark at top at beeldin." Off ah set, passin Terra Cotta cherb, a weyver's loom, t'Lord Mayor's barge, t'Isle a White, Plymouth breikwattar, an lighthouses, wal ah cum to a modal at Liverpool docks, aght a breath homast. Here ah stopt for hauf an haar at least, becos ah knew summat at plaice ; t'sea and shippin are dun grand ; ropes, masts, bow-sprits, cabins, poart-hoyles, sails and henkers, are all az natteral az if thade been made e Wolige dockyard. There yo may see az fair az the day, which cheek t'sailors hez ther shew a bacca on, an't streets an houses it taan, wit foaks, coaches, horses, an wheelbarrow in, ar so ackerately dun, at yo may fancy at yor it varry taan it sen, an hear't poast-man rappin at doors, an't bellman cryin ockshan sales, fish an cockles alive. Its wunderful iz this piece of industry ; an if t'chap ats dun it al call at ar hause onny time, he sal hev a gill a ar best ale.

Hevin got tut top end at Western Avenue, ah thowt ad peep aght at door an get a bit a fresh air, though mind yo it worrant ta be call'd hoat it inside—no not it—for all thear wor sa menny thaasands a foaks it plaice it wor az nice an az breezy homast az waukin it cloizes e Yorksher. Well, aghtside here, ah wor much pleaz'd we a piece a coil weighin fifteen tons, throo Stavely, which wor raizd aght ov a pit 459 feet deep, belongin tut Duke a Devonshire. My wurd, al tell yo wot, if this worrant owd King Coil ah doant naw wot wor. Then theaze a block a granite thro Samarna quarrey, Pensance, Cornwall, t'height a which iz 24 feet 4 inches, weighin 21 tons ; t'base on it weighs 31 tons : hah ponderas ta be suar. Tawk a hearthquakes ! wha, it ad be impossible for owt at soart ta tack plaice it country this cums aght on, for it strikes me it ad mack it quake if it offered owt at soart. Then, az ta grinalstones, theaze a good raand lot on 'em ; an mind yo Bairnsia stands t'furst for bein t'best : wha, if a hatchit or a cythe whent within two yards on 'em thay

wor az sharp an az breet az raizors. Wal yor here, yo moant faget ta hev a look at great colosal statue a Richard Cœur de Lion. Its a wonderas piece a chizil wark, an duz Baron Marchette a good deal a credit. Well, in agean ah popt, an away ah went az streight az a harra tut

Indian Department. An thear wor skins, horns, elefant tusks, hair, wool, marrable stone, matts, fans, cotton, carpets, an a great huge leather bottle ; it struck me, when ah saw this, at it ad mack a English haymacker smile at boath sides of hiz maath an hauf way daan hiz back, to see sich an a bottle az it cum intut cloise where he wor mawin, fill'd we ale for hiz drinkin.

Then it **Armory Department** thear wor a grand iran suit, which ad just a suitad me if thade a lettan ma put it on, we a war cap an spears, belongin tut Chiefs, Tam Addin an Sing Owdin. Then thear iz a splendashas star made a harras, az sharp az needles an az poizonas az a backbiter's tungue ; we shields, lances, guns, battle axes, swivel guns ;—nah theaze ar beutiful, az wor't camel saddle—my wurd it lookt reight cumfatubble, an ah wisht to mesen at Peter Pickinpeg hed it for hiz mule. Then thear ar jewels, gongs, musical instruments, drums, implements a husbandry, embroidered muslins e gold an white—an reight pratty thay ar—wha, thare fit for noabdy but kings an queens, an foaks at hez na wark ta do. Ameng these cureosities wor a wheel a drums, ov different sizes : to play 'em, t'Indian stands it middle, an am tell'd he kicks up a regular shindy. Az for ther joiner's tooils, thare abaght t'funnyist things ide seen for sum time : wha, just look at ther hammers—a English tenpenny nail ad laff at 'em, an if yo doant laff it's a wunder. Ta finish here, ah may just tell yo at theaze sum woodan Indians weivin an spinnin silk.

Yol happan think at ah tack sum strange flights, an yol think reight too, for it next plaice ah struck off for Canada. An't furst cureosity at ah spied here wor three stegs, we horns on az big az oak trees. Theaze thay call waterboes. An then theaze a cherch bell, which if you philap we yer nail it al echo agean. But eaze summat it plaice at saands better then that—ah mean barrels a flaar, beef, tungues, an pork : thare substantial chaps ar theaze ; but then yo naw a boddy darant tutch 'em—no, not if thay wor ivver sa hungary. An theaze anuther thing ah woddant tutch, an that iz t'head of a masse deer.—O dear ! it's freetful, an so yol say. But mind yo, theaze a grand fire ingine an sledge ; yo mun see theaze wotivver yo do. An a carv'd chair thear iz, ats wurth a minnit or two's time ta look at it. An ah mun say, at ah wor pleaz'd we a buffalo's head—wha, ah say at it horns (an thay wor az sharp az hay forks at end) wor aboon two yards long. Beside a this plaice iz sum ancient sculpture : e wun at ah lookt in thear wor a man az big az life laid az if he wor dead, in a archway : an a altar table, be Myers, full a carv'd figures a men and wimmin, canal sticks, crosses, vases. It made me think at owd Poape worrant far off when ah saw theaze.

Then theaze a cressanin troff, seven yards heigh, sadly ta grand ah thowt ta tack a poor bairn up to ta hev it faice slaattad we wattar. Theaze a fireplaice dun be Myers, a Lunnan; wha, when yo see this, yol say at it al be a shame for onny boddy ivver ta leet a fire in it. Az for carv'd wark, theaze a sideboard dun be Rogers, carver tut Queen, at if Gibbons wor ta cum alive an see it, he'd goa into a trance and niver cum aght ov it agean, its sa splendashas : az iz a gold glass frame—wha, e this, six ladiz, wun at top ov anuther, mud see thersenze. Then theaze a grand bed at an owd maid ad look bonny in.

Nah, yol happan think at am dreamin, but next plaice at ah wandard too wor *Sheffield*—wha, Shewild az thay call it e that taan. An here ah saw hatchits, saws, raizors, knives, cithers for cuttin hair, an shears for sheep an wattar spaniels. Theaze a circular saw be *Sawrby*, at ad saw t'bigest maantain at ah ivver ah saw e all me life e two, hey e quick sticks : wha, bless yo, it teeth are like cythe blades ; an then thear ar rasps at ad rasp Gibraltar Rock into dust e two days. Stewart an Smith too, hez a splendid fire-plaice—wha, its quite a picktar, an a kettle or a fryinpan owt ta be ashaim'd a thersenze if ivver thay goa near it. An R. an S. Skelton shews a rare lot a shuvals an spades ; be that yol think at thare trumps, an thay ar that too ; an mind this, if onny boddy offers ta beat 'em, thale gie 'em a dig. An Rodgers shews a lot a things e cutlery, ameng which ah saw a spoartin knife we fifty-six blades ; nah my opinion wor, an yo may mack gam on it if yo like, at thear wor no *spoartin* we sich *blades*, not so. Then follaz Mister Hunter, we hiz penknives an corkscrews, sed ta be varry handy for foaks pockits ; wha thay happan may be so for parsons, for it's sed at thear wor niver wun nawn yit but wot wor suar to hev a cork skrew in hiz pockit ; well better there ah say, then be a skrew in hiz disposhan.

Throo here ah waukt a fooit ta *Huddersfield*. An't furst articles at catcht me ee wor some waistcoitins, an pladdys for bairns, manafacterd be Tollson an Sons a Doltan,—wha, for a single chap ta hev a singleit made a wun a thare patterns he'd hev all't nice lasses it taan fallin e luv we him, no mattar what soart ov a faice he hed—nay, am suar on it. An Taylor an Son, a Newsome, hez sum pratty shawls an scarfs for ladiz ; they wod cuver a hump back nicely. But wethaght joakin, t'flaars on 'em yo mud fancy wor scenty—at least ah did, an wor lafft at becos ah snufft up same az if ah wor smellin at a poesy. Mr. Schwann moant be passt by, ah think not indeed, for hiz merino goods ar furst-rate, at onny rate ah say so : an thear wor quite a craad a furriners raand em ; thay kept rubbin ther fingers ovver 'em, an then goin a wun side an chattar like a lot a magpies. Mind yo, Joseph Norton, a Clayton West, cut no small dash e stuff for cloaks ; wha, theaze noa cloakin it mattar, for thare ta be seen be onny boddy at goaze ta look at 'em : an so ar britches pieces ; but mind this stuff iz ta good ta cut

TOM TREDDLEHOYLE'S TRIP TA LUNNAN.

for bandy-leg'd foaks, so Sheffilders an Holmfurtherers al hev no need ta covet it.

After lookin at a menny more things, off ah brusht ta Bradford. An there Mester John Raand, an Titas Solt, hed sum at prattyist dressis for ladiz at ees ivver saw; but thay diddant shew thersenze az thay owt, they wor ta much on a lump. Titas hed sum bed-hingins at ah think ad keep foaks wackan for a week a neets, thay wor sa butterflee wing'd: wha, an owd batchillor, if he'd a bed hung we sum a this stuff, he'd be e sich an a hurry ta get ta bed ivvery neet at he'd faget ta grater t'ginger into hiz gruil; yo may smile, but it's true. Walter Milligan an Son, a Bingley, shew'd sum grand dresses.—Hey! ah heard a menny ladiz smack their lips, az much az ta say at they cud like sum on 'em: wha, that yol not wunder at, an let a week or two get over, an if ther huzbands duzzant hev a view at same patterns e thare glass palace at home, ah sal be chet. Then theaze Foster an Sons hez sum splendid merinos—yis, an thale tack sum *shinos* ta bye 'em. Jowett, a Bingley, izant ta be sneez'd at; no more ar Ripley an Son, Tremmel an Co., an Mester Drumand,—ha! thay hev sum nice goods; if thear hed been a tailor at hand ad a made him tee hiz legs on a knot thear an then, an made me a waistcoit—ah wod for sartan—an he'd a been a bit ov a cureosity he wod, especially if it hed a been owd Billy Bonebutton, a Pudsa, for heze a noaze az long az a shoehorn an az red az a turkey cock wattles. Beside a here, wor a man belongin to Atkinson an Co., a Dublin, weivin silk for ladiz dresses. Ah nivver saw sich an a machene e me life before, an if ide a been in it ah sud nivver a gottan aght; wha, a Sheffilder woddant we hiz legs, for it wor like a trap ta catch sumdy. Then thear wor sum pieces a paper kept cummin throo underneigh it an tryin ta creep ovvert top at loom, but thay cuddant.

Nah then, for't great taan a Manchester. Well, here ah travild an not tiard a bit; an wot did ah see here think yo? Wha, sum rich velvets belongin ta Bennet an Co. My wurd, thay wor az soft az mowlwarpskins and shin'd like glow worms. An thear wor Burd an Sons hed a grand display a block-printad winda blinds, an he wor no blockhead at hed dun 'em, for thay wor reight nice. Bailey an Craven hez a sample ov a new resist purple; but if my wife wor ta see it ah sud hev summat ta do ta resist hur throo byin it. Thomson an Brothers hez a grand set-acht a printad cambrics an shot silk; an ile be shot if ah cuddant see ta shaive mesen in it, it wor sa glassy. Hargreave Brothers, Schwambe, and Nicholas Hoyle an Son, hez a fine dash a printad muslins an cottan goods: theaze are wot ah call nice prints for bonny lasses. Mester Jordan shews a instrument for inspectin t'ear,—yis, but ah sud a liket it much better (nah, hear this) if it hed a been summat at ad a fastand ta winda shutters and door lock-hoyles, to a nip't houd a lizanners fast bit ear; it ad a been capital, an ah sud a call'd it a ear trap. Then theaze another for inspectin t'ee: well, it al be capital ive no daght, especially

if it can detect an expose all winkin foaks, an put a speck upa them at looks after uther foaks's business more then ther awn ; an a lot more a names an articles ther wor, at ah mud a stopt a week ta look't at an be pleazd all't time ; but then yo naw mine wor a soart ov a dog-trot visit, an off ah shogd ta owd

Halifax. An thear wor William Brown's table cuvars an bed-hingins dazzald me ee az sooin az ah gat intuit taan. They say a piece a rost beef an plum puddin macks t'best table cuvar : so it may when foaks are hungary ; but Brown's table cuvars wethaght that wor a feast ta me, an no mistack. An thear wor sum damasks belongin ta Broadley an Pridely ; an ah shud a been *Pridely* too if thade a been mine. Clay an Sons shew'd sum stuff for creckit-jackits. Nah this is funny, an must be summat quite new, for ah nivver saw a creckit in a jackit e me life : an ah think at stuff al hev ta be weftad we Indian rubbar, so az thay can laup, an sum fear nowt they hev—well, an ah think it's a propper name too, for it looks ta me at it ad be a job ta strike a pick into it, though theaze a menny picks tut inch ; but ah mean a collier's pick. Beside theaze ar a lot a ironin blenkits ; theaze made me think a owd Pally Thowtless, when sho iron'd hur huzband's shert wit tea-kettle. Hevin dun here, off ah nipt ta

Bairnsla, which ah fun raither a modest spot ah must confess ; but it's just character at foaks e that taan, for thay doant reckan ta sweggar thay doant, though thave plenty a room ta do it, an justly so too, for theaze sum grand cloath for sheetins an pill-slips ; yo naw thay weant scrat yer faice like sum duz, an keep yo wackan hauf at neet fancyin summat's bitein yo,—no, yo may sleep like angels if yer consciences iz same az thare's. An then for't tawilin—wha, it's sa nice it al hommast rub t'wrinkles aght ov owd maids' cheeks an mack 'em look yung agean. An az for't shertin-cloath, wha, it al wesh like a cap ; an if a womman gets sum on it, shool want ta be mackin sherts an nowt else—wha, shifts az weel yo naw. Bless yo, thay may draw a threed aght ov it onny length thave a mind ; an't needle an threed just goaze throo it az if thay wor buttar'd. Then Mr. Tee an Son hez a great glass cubbard full a linens, drills, an fancy waistcoit things at shines like peacock fethers—wha, thay spangle agean it spot, an be wot ah heard thay beat all't articles a that mack at thear wor it Exhibishan. Hurra! thowt ah ta mesen, that's wurth cummin ta hear an see if nowt else iz, an away ah toddald az leet-hearted az a yung womman ats goin ta be wed. But stop, doant let ma faget ta tell yo at Mester Mc.Lintock an Co., hed a pair a pratty stays, wovan in a loom wethaght seam ; yis, but yo mun see 'em, an ile tell yo wot, if owd Dolly Drumbelly wor ta bye a pair a sich like, thade hev ta call in t'sappers an miners ta find hur waist befoar shoo cud put em on ; but puttin joakin a wun side, ah sud a like't 'em better if thade a dun wethaght laisin, for al be hinged if ah doant think at thare dangerous things ar laises, ah do indeed, for ive heard menny a man say, at when ther wife hez been unlaisin hur stays, at it's flown an whissald abaght

t'room like a four-horse whip, an ta saive ther faices thave hed ta get behind t'chairs an tables, aght at gate. Wha, Jim Raizorfaise, hed a bit tain aght at brig ov hiz noaze wit tag, az clean az if it hed been cut we a chizil. Then Mester Wood an Perks, shews a glass tap, ats varry ingenias, an wal ah lookt at it, ah cuddant help but think hah menny foaks thear ar at taps at glass ta be fill'd agean, an at decanter top when thare emptyin it; but am not a teetoataller, so al turn t' tap an wauk off ta summat else. But nah, wal am here, ah may az weel tell yo at ah wor reight pleaz'd ta find at Mrs. Clarke, a owd Silkstone Colliery, hed a great pillar a coil, t'best e Inland geologists say, for mackin a good winter fire an fryin pancakes ovver. Then at top on it, az fearse az yo please, stands a corf fill'd we coils, picks, shuvals, an motties. Mester Twibell hez a huge lump too, az black an az glossy az Spanish juice. This, yo mind, iz the stuff for mackin an owd womman's kettle an set-pot boil, or a ingine play away: an so iz Fields an Cooper's, a Wursper. Thay tawk abaght coil flyin duz foaks, but theaze duzant—no, but al tell yo wot, thayle mack a steamship fly hommast, an no mistack. Thear wor a lot more throot Oaks, Monmouthshire, Durham, an Wales—hey, az big az whales hommast; all a which wor black, but warranted to burn red. Beside a this coil-hoyle shop wor a elefant head, which, accordin to my calkelashan wod tack ten yards a calico ta mack it a cumfatubble neet cap. After hevin feasted mesen heartily we wot ah call home productsbans, off ah startad for

Leeds. Well, here yo naw, ah consider'd mesen ameng't wool an dye pans, an ah heddant look't abaght long befoar ah spied Gott an Sons' names, an ther cloath for home an t'Rushian markets; an be wot ah naw on 'em thave na cashan ta care a rush for onny boddy. Then theaze Wilkinsons, we ther crape all wool.—It may saand warm this, but depend on it it's a coud affair, boath for refleckshan an them at hez ta wear it; its wot ah call sign-board stuff for widdaz an fatherless bairns. Then theaze Sheepshenks an York, dyers an finishers—wha, if thare *dyers* thare *finishers*;—but puttin that joake a wun side, thave sum capital good cloath, hey, az onny man need ta wear; an so hez a menny uthers at ah hevant time ta menshan. But just let ma tell yo at ah saw sum ornamental pannel-wark dun be Pickerin, at really duz him credit whether ivver he gies onny credit or no; its quite *picktorial*. Then theaze sum imitashan a owd oak dun be Jonas Gaunt an Sons. Ta see it, yod think at it wor sa hard at yo cuddant get a gimlit into it. My expreshan wor, when ah saw it, "Well dun Jonas lad." Nah ah may az weel tell yo at theaze a steam pump be a chap at thay call *CARRIT*, yis an it's a cureosity ah say, for it's t' furst *carrit* pump at ivver ah saw e me life; av made cannons an weggins a carrits menny a time when ah wor a lad, but az ta *carrit* pump macking, ah nivver wor so far larnt az that; ah wunder if it hed a turnap sucker? for ah forgat ta look, just yo look, will yo? Then cum Mester Pegler, we two lumenas cuvvers, for communion tables; hey mind

yo, thare maister pieces thay ar, for thare cuvard all over we scripser figures, an wovan we silk warp an linen weft ; hey, an if ivver onny boddy offers ta spoil 'em, thay owt ta be *wefiad* ah say. But ah mun leave off here, an gie yo a bit more abaght Leeds when ah get up intut Gallery.

Nah, az for Glasgow, which plaice ah gat too next, ah mean ta say at they caant be beat for muslin dresses—ah mean Black an Co., an owd Gowrlie an Son.

Be way ov a bit ov a chainge, ah left here an whent intut agrecultral plaice, an thear ah saw ivverything throo a four wheel'd weggin daan to a mowlwart trap, an a barril churn to a butter print. It next alley to this eaze all soarts a granite stone, we a statue a Wallace, be Ritchie, an a group a poor fatherless bairns—ah ! they are bonny ; ah cud fancy at ah cud hear t'owdest on 'em at hed a book in hur hand reading. Wal am up a this subjeckt, ah may az weel tell yo summat abaght

T'Carriage Department. Nah, yo tawk abaght ridin cum-fatubble,—wha, here yo may hev a carriage made all a dawn if yo like. Ah hevant begun ta run my carriage yet ; nor ah doant naw when ah sal do ; but when ah do ah naw this, it ai nobbat hev wun wheel—nah, yol guess a wheelbarra, ah naw yo will. Beside carriges, eaze a modal ov a suspenshan brig across't Dneiper at Kief, Russia. Its a wunderful piece a art, for it seems ta hing upa nowt. Then theaze a modal ov a cherch—hey, an ah wish at a menny foaks at hez't means ad tack a pattern an beeld sum like it ; then thade be a moddal a wot ah sud call deasant moral chaps. E goin ameng't movin macheenery, it wor a regular fly an cog wheel shop, an ah diddant like it. It smelt sa much like renderin craps it huvan : it wor grand yo naw ta them at liket it, especially t'copper minein cumpany—this wor really beutiful. But t'wunder ov all e my noashan wor t'sentrifugal pump : my wurd it hed a wide maath it hed, an turn'd az much wattar aght ov it in a seckand az ad wattar all't milk e Lunnan nearly.

Well, off ah startad we me catalogue, which warrant t'best arrang'd it wurld, tut **Eastern Archipelago**. But befoar ah say owt abaght t'productshans e theaze sun shiney countries, ah mun tell yo at thear wor sum statuary, all a marrable, at tuck my attenshan be fair daan foarse—wun wor Prince Olbert's pony we a dog an a little lad ; ah doant naw whether it's a likeness at Prince a Wales or noa, but it's gie'in t'pony a leaf : thare az nattaral az life.—This iz chisil'd be Jones. Una an Purity ridin on a lion iz good. Then theaze Whittington, him at wor three times t'lord mayor a Lunnan, lizanin at bells ringin, which he fancied thay sed "Turn agean Whittington:" it's sa weel dun iz this, at yo may fancy hiz ear moves. Wot ah noatist beside wor owd Flaxman ; an yol noatis bit look on him at his trubald wit lumbago. Well, but goin back tut Eastern Country agean, that is New Zeland, Van Dieman's Land, an Western Australia : yo may larn then at e New Zeland, thear

wor bark, ropes, reeds, we a modal a White Island made a brimstan, which smell'd like a lucifer match manefactory; then thear wor a hat made be a native lad, 17 year owd, an yod a wunderd wot ah wor at, if ide a happand to a cum home we it on. Then throo Van Dieman's Land thear wor all soarts a grain; an ah dar say at when foaks ar sent thear it goaze ageant grain, so mind an keep t'shackles off a yer legs. Then theaze kangroos' skins, an lots a uther animals beside, all tan'd, an abaght t'colour at a menny foaks backs owt ta be, ah mean we bein tan'd too—nay, its true. T'shew a wood wor endless, that iz e variety mind yo. But wot ah wor t'moast delighted we wor sum stockings, gloves, an shawls, knittad bit Queen's orphan schollars; bless 'em, thade dun 'em reight pratty: thear warrant a stitch rang e noan on 'em. Well, nah then for

Saath Wales. Well, ah say, thear wor ta be seen here lots a leather, but whether t'natives are skinny foaks or noa ah doant reckon ta naw. If thead a been onny on 'em thear, ah happan mud a tried 'em, be axin 'em for a slice aght a wun a ther hams, for thear wor sum thear, an wappers too. Delighted we wot ah saw here, off ah set helter skelter ta

Malta. An here wor a man-a-war ship cut all e cork; not like that wot floats it Sarpentine, for t'newspapers sed at that wor *man'd* be twenty *lads*: but ta speik't truth, av seen menny a war thing it plaice then it. Not far off this ar sum Mexican figures, under blobs a glass. But t'maister-piece ov all iz Her Majesty's carv'd creddle, be Rogers: ha! a bairn wod look bonny in it; an ah really think if it wor my creddle, ah sud be rockin it menny a time when thear warrant a bairn in it—hey, owd maids, yo may laff but it's true. Then eaze sum carv'd frames bit same chap: wha, Gibbons wor menny a mile it shade cumpair'd ta him; but judge for yersenze, an if yo doant say at eaze sum burds an gam az nattaral az life, ah sal wunder—wha, bless yo, heze hactly made wood inta feathers. Then agean, e **Ceylon**, ah thowt at ah sud a been seal'd tut spot, it wor sa grand. An

Persia, though thear warrant much ta be seen here, ah felt delighted do yo naw, owin tut Ambassador a that country bringin ar Queen twelve cah tails last year be way ov a preasent. Thear ar sum cureositys at ah mun menshan, that iz, owd King Agis mackin a feast to hiz intendad son-e-law, who stands a wun side wal t'wimmin donce, an that's reight, for ta me he looks ta cranky ta knock hiz legs abaght. Az ta

Egypt an Turkey, wha, it wor maddalin for small artickles, sich az crockadile skins, ostrich eggs, mildew oil, rice, sugar, elefant teeth, vurgin wax, goat-skin bottles. But t'moast magnifisant ov all, iz a crimson an gold saddle, silk dresses, an ladiz slippers. Then it's all templefied beside, which makes it look reight gorgious. Az ta

Greece, wha, it consistad a nowt else but marrable ardly, e different shades an colours. Theaze a figure a Vurgin Mary

under a glass, at's wurth noatis: wha, yor suar it iz, or else ah suddant a lookt at it. E leavin here, ah made for

Spain. An e enterin t'department, ah sed, "Well dun, owd basalony nut." This is a grand spot, an suddant be mist. But thear wor wun thing at ah wor puzzal'd we, an that wor at ivvery boddy it plaiice homast wor sneezin, an me ameng' rest, fit ta shack me head off: at last ah fun it aght hah it wor; wha, behold yo, thear wor a oal lot a tubs we different soarts a snuff in 'em, an overt tops wor a wire trellise, but foaks hed manag'd ta get ther fingers an thumbs throo e spite e this. E this plaiice wor't modal ov a bull-feighten circus, we four hundard woodan figures a men an wimmin watchin t'bulls feight. It's a cureosity yo naw this iz, but rather low, an next t'door ta wot English bull-baitin wor, an wot dog-feightin iz nah. E uther things thear wor ah thowt a eye ta trade, for thear warrant sa menny nicknacks az ah expectad seein. Wot ah look't abaght for an expectad findin, wor a bit a Spanish juice, for ad gottan a rare coud yo mind, an az hoarse az a yung rook ah wor, we tumalin intut faantan: a bit a this stuff ad just a clear'd me whissal nicely,—hahivver ah gat noan, an off ah startad, barkin like a yard dog, ta

Italy. An mind yo, for chizil wark, it wor weel wurth t'journey; an dressin an wark tables, all grandly coloured, we figures and flaars beside; wha, it al be a shame ivver ta put a thimal or a pair a sizors on em. Aght a here, ah popt into

Rome,—hey, wethaght axin St. Peter for't key, or goin tu Pope ta kiss hiz toa. Well, but ah wor much pleaz'd here we a marrable figure a Gratitude tackin a thorn aght ov a dog's foot, be M. Benzoni; yol see at t'dog hacktly twitches hiz tail in we pain: nah it's weel dun iz this. Theaze not sa menny things here az yod think on. Theaze a lot a vails, both blackuns an whiteuns, for nuns: ah sud say at that's a nun country. That beein t'caise, ah sud hoape at noan a ar ladiz al fall e lav we 'em—no, ad rather at thay fell e lav we sum nicet yung men; for fallin e lav we wun a theaze vails means fallin aght at wurld, an aght at seet ov ivvery boddy but ther awn sex for ivver an ivver. Bless uz, ah say, wot an a wurld we liv in for sich silly wark az all this ta be dun in it. Ah naw at thale not catch Pogmoor lassas shuttin thersenze up for all ther lives, ah think not indeed: wha, if thay wor ta offer ta try owt at soart, an a yung chap ta go an gie a whissal, wha, thade nock't t'owd Abbess daan if shoo offer'd ta stop 'em; an if door an winda wor bar'd, thade go up t'chimley like squirrels or thade be aght an see oa t'lad wor at whissal'd. T'fact iz, English yung wimmin weant mack nuns: thare too fond a liberty an doncin. This is abaght all ah think at ah sal tutch on here. So t'next plaiice iz

France an Algiers. An my wurd, but it's a formidubble display an no mistack. E wun pairt eaze a great brass bowl, at ad do varry nicely ah thowt ta dip socialists ther heads in; but ide hev it fill'd we trakle mind yo t'furst. Thear wor a peano-forty at

pleaz'd me much; it wor play'd we a swape like a box organ or jinglin Jonny; an't chap at wor playin it kept puttin musick in at top at box, it shap a pieces a flat wood full a iron pegs. Then thear wor sum artifishal-honey comb, we a new principle a feedin bees, but whether it wor ta do away we 'em flyin throo flaar ta flaar ah doant naw—if it iz, ah shaant patronize it ah naw, becos it ad be destroyin ar emblam a industry. Me next attraction wor a great carpet wit nashnal arms wovin it middle on it; an e different uther pairts ar emblams at four seasons, an musick. This caus'd a menny foaks ta stop an look, an ah wor tell'd at this iz ta be presented tut Queen. Well nah, for ta say more ah caant, for't articles wor wethaght number—that iz e caant. Thear wor throo pins ta gablocks, gauze ta sail cloath, cheany ta braan pot, fardin rushleets ta yard long moulds, waukin sticks ta crosses, fiddlers ta popes, speckteckles ta cherch windas, watches ta monster clocks—nay, marry, ah cud go on for a week, so mun here drop it an tell yo abaght

Belgium. Yis, Belgium, for mind yo thear ar sum grand sofas, chairs, and carpets—hey, an sum good drills, prints, an cloath, ta be seen here. An theaze a grand desepshan at yo moant faget ta look at—it's raither peep-shewish but nivver mind that, it's peepin at yov goan for—so yo mun look throo a little hoyle abaght t'size ov a watch-glass; an when yo see me tell ma wot yo think at effect. Ther papers for rooms are furst-rate. E goin it next trip ta

Holland, yol find at Dutchmen, though thave plenty a behind, at thare not behind e ther shew a articles. Theaze sum capital blenkits; thave az much wool stickin up in 'em az ad berry sum foaks. Anther tables an fire-screens are furst-rate; an ther carpitin iz az good az owt ah saw. Ah diddant see onny ather raand cheeses—no, ah wor raither disappointed e this; becos ah remember an owd womman e Yorksher at wunce boil'd wun for two days ta soffan it, but it wor ta no use, for it wor az hard then az a cannon ball—wha, yo may guess, for thay tried ta saw it e two we a hand saw, an it brack all't teeth aght. Thear sho wor foarst ta thraw it aght a doors, which wor fine fun for't villidge lads, for thay hed it ta lake we az a fooit-ball it taan gate for two years, when an owd sue a Jonny Gruilskins brack aght ov it hul, an we tryin ta bite a piece aght ov it put her neck aght e two plaices. Mind yo, ah began nah a gettin wot ah call tiard; though ide hed pratty fair a sittin upa sum nice easy seats at thear ar fixt it Main Avenues. But az tiard as ah wor, off ah pusht ta

Austria, an fun it full a maps, prints, and paintins. Theaze sum capital sculpture ov figures an chimley pieces; t'Bat-tle ov Arabella, an capture a Pours, e silver an copper mixt, ar really 'chantin, az iz t'carpitin, glass, an bed furniter; nay, ah hevant wurd e me brain good enif, grand enif, nor bold enif, ta say wot thay really deserve. Mind yo, wal yor here, yo mun be suar ta go into a little dark room, we a painted top, an a oak

floor all set e bits like patch-wark, it al look raither solom vol think, but my opinion iz, at Solomon nivver hed owt like it e hiz day; then ther cheany an ornaments ar grand, wha, ah call it t'best fitted up plaice e all t'beeldin, an them at sez it izant, wha thay doant think az ah do. Well, nah then for

Zolberign. Hey, here's a Boar an Steg Hunt meets yo fair it faice, which ar weel wurth lookin at; an theaze sum munkeys an burds at ah sud like sum a ar burd an animal stuffers ta rub ther ees befoar thay look at 'em, an then see if thay caant larn sumat, cos ah think thay may, for ah gav a chap at ah naw a dicky dunack ta stuff, an thear he set it we it neck up just like a cock crawin, an white ees he put in it,—wha, t'fact iz, when ah cum ta potter 'em aght thay wor nowt but two cumfits. Theaze t'Cathedral Chereh ov Colagne iz prattily dun, an not far off it iz *Rosenau Cassal*, t'burth plaice ov Prince Olbert; nah be suar an doant mis this, for its fair daan capital grand; after shewin t'Cassal, which it duz do, an all't scenery raand abaght, eaze a public-hause just aght side at pairk, we hundards a foaks doncin boath in an aght on it: ah fancy, bit merry look a ther faices, at it's Prince Olbert's burth-day, an heze gien 'em a trifle it honour on it. Thear, nah we go to

North Garmany: mind yo, eaze summat substantial here it shap a shawls an uther articles it wearin line; if ide a been it same trade ah sud a bittan me finger nails rairly ah naw; haivver ah wor much pleaz'd we a grand finish't off cannon an sum brest armour, wun wor ta shooit we, an't tuther ta keep t'balls off; nah it strikes me at ah dar go into battle we wun a theaze things on, ah mean a full suit, hey reight daan ta me henkles; ah woddant risk it wethaght, for theaze noa dependence on a ball; an ah can just fancy at when t'balls wor rattlin agean ma at ah sud saand just like an owd tea canister. But ah moant faget ta tell yo at eaze a moast splendid shew a cabinet furniture, waukin sticks, that iz, sticks ta wauk we, eazy chairs, hey, a good deal more so then eazy minds, ah sud say, though foaks looks gay and cheerful; eaze a curias ruin'd cassal dun e needlewark, an throo it ah set off on me journey tut

United States ob America, an a pleazin voyage ah hed, wethaght awther bein sea or seet sick; an a bonny pile a tarpollin thear wor it plaice, an India rubber, it smell'd for all't wurld like a dock-yard, or a Lunnan cobbler's shop; thear wor a tidy carridge or two at wor wurth ridin in, an ive no daght but wot owd brother Jonathan ad look weel e wun, or me awther if ad a pair a good horses. Az for clocks thear wor no keepin time we 'em thear wor sa menny, an sum on 'em at struck hed raither a doleful-belly-aik-passing-bell saand we 'em, still thay wor strikin after all, haiver ah shiftad throo ameng 'em, an just az ah wor lookin at sum fancy harness an horse-collars, oa sud cum up but t'owd chap at hed t'lump a bacon put in hiz maath, an lookin throo wun at collars, ah sed to him, it ad mack a nice frill for a neet cap, this wod, "Ha, hang yo, ah naw wot yo mean," sed t'owd

cock, az hiz chin raiz'd an fell like a deein haddack. Well, we shackt hands an jog'd on tagether intut spot where thear wor swarms a ploos an grain getherers, an ameng 'em wor wun a Jonathan's sons, we a hat on summat like a fig barril cut e two, an a faice az long az a wet tawil—it wor good ta tell what country he cum aght on; ameng theaze wor a lot a life-presarvers, ah doant mean docktors, no, thay wor things full a wind ta keep foaks throo sinkin, not into debt, but it wattar. Theaze a book-bindin macheen too at wark, which, ta me at hed nivver seen owt at soart, it wor raither pleazin, but ah sud a been better pleaz'd if thade hed a macheen ta *bind* foaks at borrows books ta bring 'em back agean, hey, an we all t'leaves in 'em, for thay get nicely torn an knockt abaght duz borrad books. Thear wor anuther cureosaty, at least it will be tut ladiz, that iz, sum boas, gauntlets, an muffs made a animal skins ov a thaazand different soarts; mind yo, thare noa *muff* at's made theaze; an anuther thing, eal be noa difficulty abaght wimmin mackin choice, for eaze ivvery colour in 'em at thear iz it animal creashan; an this al be capital, ah sud say, for Drapers and Furriers, for thale naw wot thay hev ta do when theaze a womman or two cums into thare shop; wha t'fact iz, thay expect ta see ivverything he hez upat shelves, an ten times more. Az for wigs, eaze menny a groase, boath streight an curld, an thare made to a hair mind yo; yis, ah wantad ta bye me owd railway friend wun, a red an, but he woddant hev it. Theaze wun thing more ah moant faget ta tell yo on, that iz, sum partickalar soart a rakes; nah ah thowt at thade na cashan ta send owt a that soart, for here's *rakes* plenty e England; an thear wor sum common beesoms made a good stiff burch at ah thowt ad be grand stuff for gien sum a ar rakes a good saand twiggin we; me owd friend seemin anxious ta stop e this plaice, cumin aght ov a beesom country hiz sen; wha t'fact wor, he sed, thay pleaz'd him more then owt he'd seen it plaice, so ah left him in hiz glory, an set off for

Rusia, an a big plaice it wor, an look't ta me az if t'bum baileys hed been in it, for t'goods heddant all cum, t'ship at thay wor cumin in hevin been stuck fast amengt ice it sea, but wot wor thear wor good: thear ar three great brass lamp stands, at al look like a taan afire when thay ar let up; an a grand cubbard thear iz we picktars it pannel wark; then theaze a brass cup at ad tack ten a Barclay's dray men, an five druckan tailors a day ta drink it dry: ah wish thade a sent a sample or two a ice-hickles an a good broad sheet a ice, so az a boddy cud a hed a slur or a skate, but thay heddant, so ah skated off for

Surdan an Norway, but ah fun nownt patickalar there ta be seen but some pig iron, at ad a made me grunt to a listad it; but nah, if thead a been sum pig hock or a bit aght at shoolder, ad a sed "Yis, if yo please," in a minnit if onny boddy hed axt ma ta hev a bit, an it strikes ma at yo wod too. Thay reckand ta shew sum cloath; wha, al back a Dawgreen or a Heckanwike blenkit agean t'best piece thay shew'd, though thear wor a bairn wunce

it latter plaice at fell throo a new blenkit, and he liket to a been smuthar'd ameng't chaff it bed-tick ; an at Dawgreen a chap wave t'shuttle in a blenkit, an when hiz maister cumplain'd to him abaght it, he sed it wor nowt but a knot it yarn. Theaze a shepherd lad dun e marrable ats pratty fair wark. Thear bein nowt more e my way away ah trudg'd for

Denmark, an a lucky journey ah hed, for ah fun a ladiz broach, which luck ah *broacht* to a poleceman be gein it up to him ; after this thear wor little ta be seen here but leather aprons an cork legs, which may be pleazin to stone masons, cobblers, an cripples, but not ta me. Theaze a chaff cuttin macheen at ah lookt abit at, for my impression wor, an iz, at theaze a good deal a *chaffin* dun at wants *cuttin*. We this idea ah brusht off tut beautiful country a

Switzerland ; an here wor a grand shew a ribbins suitable for caps an bonnits, an if ah amat mistain, t'polece al hev a job here wit wimmin,—esphally t'bonny lassas aght a Yorksher an Lenkasher—for if thay wunce get a glent on 'em thale be e no hurry e movin on, ah naw, for a bit a ribbin—wha, ah mean a good deal yo naw, iz wun a thare main prides,—wha, bless yo, lassas there at feast times an doncins hez ther cap strings flyin behint 'em az long az streamers at top a ship masts ; az for vails, wha, thare wethaght end, but not wethaght corners—nah theaze ah doant think at thade like, an reight too, for ther cheeks are too bonny an rosy ta hev a curtan befor 'em. Satisfied we this ah waukt away to

Tunis an **China**, an wot wor here wor rich an dazlin, esphally t'camel an drumadery saddles, silks, lanterns, screens, jars, an scent bottles,—wha, t'fact iz, thay wor all *sent*, or else hah cud thay all be there ? But wot ah wor t'moast deligtad we wor a real China man, poor fella he wor shaim'd, for foaks did nowt but tawk an laff at him, but as for him nawin wot thay said he knew na more than ah sud naw wot he said when he wor readin t'history a Hong Cong ;—but nah, he wor just t'soart a chap at ah allas tuck Chinee foaks ta be,—that iz, a big doll dresst e babby regs, we a long tail behint ta dangle him we ; but this ah think ad be quite handy for pullin 'em back when thare goin into mischief ;—hey, an ah think it woddant be amis if we hed a tail a that soart, for thear izant a more mischiefer rase a beins it wurd then wot we ar,—that iz, if it wor uzed for that job an nowt else, it ad be useful, but ah sud hev sum daght ; for am inclin'd ta think at a good menny ad find thersenze in a mornin teed we ther tail to a door rapper, or else minus on it alltogether, —hey, an a menny more prenkis at ah naw mud be practist, sich az tiein it fast to a chair back an then tellin 'em eaze sumdy wants 'em ; dippin t'end inta trakle an latherin ther chin we it ; or tiein ther coit lap up, an so on.—well but enif sed here,—so yo mun naw at me next trip wor ta

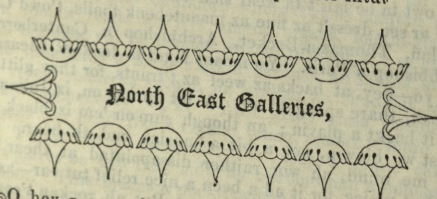
Prusia,—an a pratty plaice too—it struck me at thay naw summat abaght livin duz theaze chaps, for thear ar knives an

forks, an spooins in abundance; thear wor hammers, gimlets, an tacks,—an ive noa daght but wot thale tack all t'orders they can get for 'em—an fleesas a wool thear ar e piles, throo lambs ta owd ewes, an az curl'd thay ar az skew shavins; an mind yo, thear ar pottad larks—an ah dar say at yol think at eaze menny a wun been pottad we larkin; then theaze a brockan arran-web dun e kest wark, an yo may homast fancy at yo can hear wun a them great blue flees buzzin wit brockan web raand it legs.

Well, nah ah mun tell yo at ah think at boardin at floor iz capital weel contrived, t'boards bein abaght hauf an inch off a wun anuther ladiz sweeps t'dust into 'em we ther gaan bottoms az nice az can be.

Anuther thing doant let ma forget ta tell yo on, befoar ah leave t'lower pair for't Galleries, at ah whent intut Refreshment room, an it wor homast like bein in a field a battle, for't corks aght at soda wattar an ginger beer bottles wor crackin an flyin abaght a all sides, an cups an saucers rattlin like horses feet canterin upat causa; an az hungry az ah wor ah cud-dant for't life on ma order owt for lookin at a chap at wor grindin ice, and laidin aght a tin sausepans icet cream, rasp-berry, an pine apple; well ah thowt ah sud pine befoar ah cud lobber in varigatad suds like them, so ah gat summat substanshal an sat ma daan in a corner, smuther'd nearly we ladiz, bonny lasses, an roses.

Well at after this, ah felt az lively az a bee, an az leet as a feather; an up stairs ah cut like a lamp-leeter intut



TO hev a peep thear;—an ah! my word, it wor grander and grander, if grander cud be. Wha, t'fact wor, ah sat ma daan, an fan'd mesen we me hat; for ah cum all ovver we a soart ov faintiness wit magnitude at scene. Az for t'far end plaice, wha, it look't az if thear warrant a far end, but whent for ivver. When ah say so, an suppoaz'd ta be stanin dereckly under't great American Eagle, at's spreadin it's wings aght throo wun side at beeldin tut tuther nearly, az if ta dart upa summat below. Nah, mind yo, this look't a hard piece a wark ta go throo, did all this Gallery Chaimber; but t'beuty an variety on it encouraged ma, an seem'd ta fill me legs we whalebone an quicksilver, an off ah startad. An t'furst thing at ah stop't ta look at, wor sum printad

papers for rooms e gentlemen's hauses; thear wor sum reight wooly like cloath. Then cum t'stain'd glass—hey hauf a mile on it; an wit different shaddaz dartin on tuma, ah look't like a merry-andrew. Nah, ah thowt at sum a this ad look reight pratty for skylights, sellar windaz, an summer hauses—t'moast a which wor dun be Lunnan painters: but my opinion iz, at Wales, Newcasal wor t'beater a moast on 'em. Gaunt, a Leeds, hed a bit a bonny stuff for cherch windaz, sed ta be cheap an durable; an ta me it hed a good saand, hed cheap, for it's musick at wun duzant offance hear e cherch beeldin. But eaze a nice yung French womman yo moant faget ta look at; it's just like az if t'sun shane reight throo hur. Then look ta yer left for sum grand floor carpets—wha, thare more like picktars than for ta treid on. But e turnin tut stain'd glass agean, an if yo want ta see summat prattier than wot yo ivver saw e all yer lives befoar, look at Bailey's picktar a Shakspeare reedin hiz "Merry Wives a Windzor" ta Queen Elizabith: wha, yo may homast fancy at thare gettin t'blenkit reddy ta shack owd Folstaff in. E leavin here, an goin on wun at cross alleys, theaze fix't up moast splendashas beds—hey, fit for kings an queens, or me, ta sleep in. Not far off, at foot a wun a theaze, iz a great pipe at ad houd two paand a bacca; wha, if a penn'orth sich az yo get at sum shops an publick hauses wor ta tumal into it, yod hev ta tack aght a search warrand ta find it; for thay doant gie yo but a good thimal full nah-a-days. Beside here, wor a wax-wurk laidy az big az life, an dress't az fine az if sho wor goin to a chresanin or tea-pairty.—Az for laice at wor shewn it plaices abaght hur, wha, foaks owt ta be lais't ta wear sich cureas stuff. Then in a glass hause ar set, dress't az fine az maantebenk fooils, t'owd Cardinal a Milan, Thomas-a-Becket, Archbishop a Canterbury, an t'Archbishop a Paris. Yo moant faget ta look at theaze covys mind yo—hey, at backs az weel az t'frunts, for thay glitter like gold fish, thare spangald so. A bit farther on, iz Julian an hiz band it hackt a playin; an though sum on 'em iz black it faice homast we blawin, not a bit a musick cud ah hear. Nah, ta speik me mind, ah wor raither dissapointad at thear bein no musick it plaice, for it ad a been a nice relief tut ear—as it wor, t'ee hed all't fun an amusement. But ah reckan t'committee hez sum reason for it, an am not goin ta find folt we 'em for doin az thave a mind. Ah whent t'next, intut

Saath-West Gallery an Crossins, an heddant been thear long befoar ah saw all t'foaks, boath below an it opposit Gallery, mackin a tremendas rush all e wun dereckshan. "Olow," sed ah, "wot's up?" "Theaze t'Queen," thay cried. "The deuce ther iz: then ah mun hev a look at hur," sed ah; "or else it al be a noa use a me goin back ta Bairnsla ah naw." An stoppin derecktly opposit t'North Staircase, thear, az luck wod hev it, ah hed a full glent on hur an Prince Olbert; an hurryin thay wor like two goodans ta get aght a foaks' way—bless hur little faice on hur, sho wor all on a smile; an it strikes me at sho gat a glent

a me—if sho did nobbat ah sud be az pleaz'd az if ad fun a hay-seed or discuvvar'd a new comet. Summat like order beein sattald it plaice, an foaks squanderin thersenze into different pairts at beeldin, ah began my job a lookin at t'articles. T'furst a which wor sum Prusian Linens, which wor az fine az silk; but mind yo, Bairnsla beat 'em all holla for wear. After theaze, wor sum French muslins—hey, az much az ad dress all't lassas e Pogmoor. An thear wor a pooilpit, but no parson or clark, so ah sed "Amen," an left it. Here too iz a racein-boat, sixty-four feet long: it struck me at it ad mack a rare butter-boat for a club-feast. Then beside a it, wor a horse we it skin all off; an ah homast wisht ide me coit off, for it wor raither warm. But ah mun tell yo at ive heard foaks tawk abaght jumpin aght a ther skin; an ah think like at this horse must a been an owd hunter, an so jumpt aght it. A bit a way throo here, wor t'imishan ov a lad laid in a bed, we a brockan leg; an yod fancy, bit look on him, at it wor a real lad; for thear he iz we hiz leg all tackald up, an a book in hiz hand, readin wun a Walter Scot's nuvels, az owd fashan'd az can be. If yo doant mind, yol be startald we this, for ah wor. My wurd, but it top end Alleys, t'English duz cut a shine we ther goods; an t'owd trees thrawin ther shadaz over 'em macks 'em look grand. Nah, when yo get here, just stand bit clock an look streight daan t'Avenue—it's rich to a degree—nay, it's overwhelmin we splendar; faantans playin, statues stanin still an e all attitudes, made wun homast think at thay wor in a fairy land. E crossin't top Alley intut North-East quarter, it wor really magnifishant agean; an goin ta where yo mun be suar ta stand—where t'glass faantan iz at wark—an lookin reight an left ameng organs, lookin-glasses, statues an temples, yol be homast revitad tut spot, it's sa grand. An ta see thaazands a foaks waukin backads an forads, an all ways, ov ivvery shade an colour, an nashan an shap—it really looks like macheenery wark. An't great glass shandeeler hingin aboon yer head, like a crystal craan, macks it more beutifuler. Turnin away throo here, iz seen a grand carpet, wurk't e squares be 445 Irish ladiz for t'promoshan a educashan at Irish poor. This means a pockitcashan, an reight too, for it must be that befoar thear can be hedicashan; an ah hope at az menny squares az thear iz it carpet, eal be az menny suvrins ghen for it. After this carpet cums a gold state bed, richly furnish'd we needle wark, be Faudell an Philips, a Lunnan. My wurd, if ah wor ta sleep in it ah sud be in a state ah think, for ah sud be affeard a turnin ma over an spoilin it: hahivver, yo mun see this. Then eaze Kiderminster for carpitin; Norwich for crapes and bumbazeens; an Paisley for shawls. Az for't vegetable kingdom, which ah gat into next, an though it wor really wunderfull yo naw, ah diddant tack much noatis on it. If thead been sum colleflaar and meltad buttar ah wod a tain noatis a that. After passin throo this chick-weed an rib-grass country, ah cum wunce more ta

Halifax. An my wurd (nay, let ma stop and rub me ees), but John Crossley an Sons hed a rich carpet—thear wor nowt na better it plaice—nay, ah may say at thear wor nowt sa good; t'colours wor capital weel mix't. Ruebens cuddant a mix't 'em better—no, not if he'd a hed Vandyke to a help't him. An thear wor sum wovan picktars too bit same firm, at yo muu homast fancy at leaves up at trees mov'd, an't wattar ran; an az for a lion at thear wor, wha, am suar at if Billy Weedcrop's sheep-cur wor ta see it he'd bark at it wal he wor hoarse, it's sa much like life. But e goin aght a Halifax, ah met we a pig cured oal—nah, yo naw, it look't summat like, this did; but it ad a been better if ah cud a hed a shive aght ov it leg. Passin by this gentleman, ah cum intut

Naval an Sowerin Department. An mind yo, ah jump'ta that degree at ah caant help but keep jumpin yit; for thear wor a lot a sowgers stufft, do yo naw, stanin in between caises we ther guns shoolder arms just like life; an boats an ships for onny soart a weather or wattar; an ameng 'em wor a modal at Battle a Trafalgar, we sum mottas at poor owd Nelson sed. Look at this wotivver yo do; an yo may say wot yov a mind, but t'English hez't best shew be a long way—nay, am noan prejudist—noan, ah marry; for Pogmoor chaps speiks't truth allas. Nah, when yo get anent t'big organ, yo mun look streight daan befoar yo for a glorias seet; an if yo doant say at it iz wun, wha, tell me at ime no judge—nay, do, an am not affread we yor vardict. E goin throo here, yol see a little zink hause fittad up az nice az yo please wit kettle bit side at fire. All daan this pairt at Gallery iz weel wurth seein, cos eaze summat for t'pro-teckshan at nashan—ah mean e cannons an guns, soards, balls, shells, an ships—hey, my word, Frenchmen did pull ther mustash an splutter along here. An wal ah wor throng noatisin 'em ah fun mesen at

Musical Department, suraanded be heaps a fiddles an baises. An when ah cum ta noatis 'em, thear wor a baise, belonging to Mester Heaps, a Leeds, be itsen in a glass caise. Wot made this rozin box be there, am gien ta understand iz, becos it's made wethaght a wolf, a new invenshan. Well, if it iz so it iz so; an yo may depend on it, if ah wor goin ta be a baise player, ah sud want it ta be wethaght *wolf*—if it warrant, ah sud vary sooin cut me stick an't baise an all. But eaze anuther thing consarnin this baise; am tell'd at it's enter'd az a specimen a tone—az ta that ah caant speik, for ah diddant get intut caise ta try it; if ah hed, ad a gien t'owd boy a scrapein. But whether t'baise hez a good tone or noa, ah naw this, at theaze been a vary menny hengry tones *abaght it*, if it's same piece a breet wood at ah mean, an am inclined ta think it iz; but which side iz reight, an which iz rang, ah mean ta say it's not for me ta join it trio, for av gottan a coud an caant sing—wha, not baise ah caant; sa good-bye upa that pitch. Nah, it wor raither funny, but all at wunce ah felt so frisky at ah began a caperin abaght like a

goodan ; but a poleceman stopt ma, sayin at ah muddant do so, ah sud be breikin sum at fiddle necks off—mind yo ah needant tellin a seckand time—an off ah whent at dubble quick time, ovver musical bars an fiddle brigs, like a piece a cork wood, wal, ah cum up to a pooilpit, but it wor carv'd an curl'd abaght so, at if t'parson hed az much bother ta find hiz text az for t'road up, he'd hev a job, for it's a puzzaler. Then ah mun tell yo, at Winter, a Leeds, hez a waukin stick, an a reightan for winter too, for it's a galvanic macheene to it—nah it's quite nopyy iz this, al assuar yo. Then eaze Mester Stears hez a fine parasol ta keep t'sun off a ladiz faices, at least he sez so, but ah defy awther him or onny boddy else for mackin a parasol ta keep t'son off a ladiz faices, for if it wor t'caise thade sooin be thrawn a wun side. We theaze thowts ah *stear'd* away ; an when ah cum intut

Chryny and Glass Quarter, me ees wattar'd an twinkled agean wit splendar. Bless yo, thear wor az much wark in a tea-pot spaat az thear iz upa menny a oal tea sarvice. Ah sed, if ide wun at tea-pots ah saw, ad hev a raand hoyle cut e ar cubbard-door for t'spaat ta cum throo, az foaks at cum intut hause mud see it beuty. An az for cups an saucers, wha, it looks a pity ta put owt in em. Then eaze a cheany staircase—nah this iz a case wurth seein ; an ivvery sarvent lass it country, an missises at keeps em, sud see it, an weel too, cos ah think it a capital contrivance, for theal not want onny pipe-clay for t'steps, an that's a good thing ; for ah consider it sluvingly daubin wark, claitin that pouse ontut steps two or three times a week, az iz't caise, wal wun step iz levil we anuther homast. An thear wor sum real Rockingham coffee-pots, at warrant ta be made gam on—no, not soa, for thade brew sum rare strong coffee—that iz, if thade put plenty in yo naw—ah doant mean saw-dust an ruddle, nor carl'd horse-beans nawther : no, not that, but t'real article itsen ; an az for paarin, wha, thade fill a cup at wun tipe. Mr. Lees, a Rotherham, hez a good shew a cheany letters for sign-boards ; an ta me it's a sign at heze a varry clevar chap. E goin on t'winda side, iz a glass hive full a live bees : thear yo can see em throng mackin ther cells, which excells owt at ivver ah saw befoar. So here yo see, theaze t'great hive an't little hive, an it's hard ta tell which iz't moast bussalin ;—this ah can tell, they doant tack quite sa much brass at door at little hive az they do at biggan. But ah mun tell yo, at wal ah wor lookin it little glass hive, t'Queen paid 'em a vissit—that iz t'Queen Bee yo naw ; but thear wor no runnin after hur, an poakin ther noaze into hur faice, same az wot ther iz all'as when t'Queen cums intut Great Hive. Nah, this owt ta be an example at all two-leg'd bees sud copy for t'futer time ta cum, for my feelins hez been stung a good while for em ; an ah really wunder at ar Queen hezant hed hur noaze flatand befoar nah, we hat brewards an bonnet nebs. T'next thing at ah saw ah wor delighted we for it tuck ma e me mind reight away daan ta me skcoil days—

that wor owd Gulliver laid we all hiz length at floor, fast asleep, an menny a hundard Lillepushans raand abaght an at top on him; sum wor creepin throo hiz button-hoyles, uthers aght ov hiz watch-pockit, sum rearin stees ta get ontut brig ov hiz noaze, in fact he wor beset all ovver wit little shrimps. My wurd, if id happand to a wackand an jumpt up, wha, he'd a kill'd hundards on em we ther fallin, an uthers ad run away squealin like mice. Well, but this browt ma intut Artefishal Flaar an Scented Soap Department, an it wor az sweet tut noaze az wot honeycomb iz tut maath; for thear wor soap ov all soarts, thro mottald and braan ta fine Windzor; an uther soarts ah saw, at macks foaks' faices az white az driftad snaw. Thear wor wun soart at ah cuddant find, an ah wor glad on it, it's like suit wot ah mean. Ah remember a traviller wunce tellin a tale abaght this soart a soap: that wor, thear wor a bit e hiz bedroom at a inn (nay, am not goin ta tell yo where), an he cud na more get onny lather off an it than he cud off an a ball a wax; an this varry identical bit a soap wor upa that wesh table for two year, for he knew it agean be cuttin a nick in it, an hed no daght wesht two or three hundard travillers. Az for oils, wha, theaze bottles wethaght caant; a menny a which ar a good deal finer at aght-side then it in; but t'owd favorit, oil-a-roses, wor't main chap for polishin toppins up. Thear wor wun lot at ah saw, at wor so good at it hed hacktly curd t'bottle neck. Then ta tawk abaght brushes, wha, if a scrubbin brush wor just ta hev a peep at em, it ad be scaar'd an fit ta creep daan t'sink hoyle. An combs—nay, marry, it's no mattar wot shap foaks' heads ar, theaze sum here ta fit em; an for size, thare throo't size a yer thum nail upto a kitchen fender. An Artfishal Flaars—nay, bless yo, theaze ivvery soart at yo can menshan, an flavor'd too, like wot grows it gardins and cloises. Ah put me noaze cloise to a pickatee an it wor really refreshin. Well, bless me, thowt ah, if Nater duzant mind, shool be beat; an astead a Flora bein deckt we hur awn flaars, shool cum trippin aght cuvard ovver we artfishals.

Well, nah then, hevin seen this great an wunderfull Lantern, eaze wun or two things at ah feel at ah sud like ta menshan. Wun iz, at when yor up it Gallery an lookin daan below, yo see a lot a twilts an blenkits hung up all ovvert t'plaices, like az menny ginger-bread stalls at a fair or country feast, an cuvard an inch thick a dust. Anuther thing iz, them regs at glass iz cuvard ovver we up at roof. Ah dare say it did pratty weel at furst when it wor clean, but nah it's all e patches a sooit, same az if a lot a sweeps hed been doncin on it. Yo may depend on it, when we've a Exhibishan at Pogmoor (hey, yo may laff), thear sal be nowt a that soart. But ta speik e praise boath a Paxton an ivvery boddy else at's hed ta do we it, ah mean ta say at it's astonishin piece a struckter an management; for't beeldin, an ivverything in it, seems az if thade all been kest in a mould at wun time; all fits an harmonizes sa nicely together.

Beein weel tiard, an thear wor no wunder at that, hevin waukt up eight mile a avenue, an look't ovver aboon twenty mile a caanter, ah whent daan t'stairs an sat up at bottom step ta rest me a bit ; an wal ah wor thear rumenatin, it cum into me head at ide seen a fooit-ball at hed cum thro Rugby ; but it wor nowt ov a wun yo naw ta wot Wombwill lads uze t'hev, for it wor sed on em there, at

Jonny Foulstan, he valued no man

Ta play em at fooit-ball ;

an he'd no 'casha, accordin tut local tradishan ; for it's sed at he cud kick a ball up so heigh at he cud go hoam an get hiz dinner befoar it cum daan agean. Then thear wor a pair a clogs throo Blackburn, ov a new pattern.—Yis, but ah sud a like't em better if thade hed lether soils, for eaze sum on em at wears clogs at desarves *letherin*—hey, am sure thay do ; for if thay get onto a boardad floor or cellar door, eaze noa hearin thersenze speik, thay donce an clattar so ; an az for hearin't tune of a fiddle when Houdam lasses ar steppin, wha, yo can just hear summat squeakin, like an owd womman a ninety tryin ta sing. Another thing wor a burd caige, made be Mester J. Hall, a Houdam, containin 2522 pieces a wood. It's a deal a wood izant it?—hey, an it struck me at it ad just be the thing for a *wood lark*. Besides this, t'owd-fashand taan a **KNARESBRO'** hed sent a oal lot a Petrefackshans throat droppin-well, an it's really astonishin ha cureas sum at things ar. Nah, drops a gin petrefies men's noazes into lobster-shell an morroco leather, but drops a wattar at Knaresbro', it seems, petrefies ivverything into stone—hey, eggs, whigs, nests, burds, moss, sticks, an for owt ah naw, foaks hearts if they stop ta long lookin at it. But mind yo, if onny boddy wor ta leave me a thaazand paand, ah sud *drop-in-well*—at least ah think so.

Then theaze a map at wurd befoar t'flood, sent throo **HULL**, hey an thear wantad a *map* at after, for it wor rare an slappy.

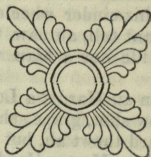
An then it Austrian plaice, (nay doant be fretand), thear wor a musical instrament call'd "*Hell's Horn*," but whether it wor for owd Harry ta call hiz cinder wheelers an brimston sturrers together or noa, ah caant tell, ah naw this much, at ide raither hev a *blaw* we it then ide hev a *blaw* wit horn at he hez on hiz forehead.

Agean, Hird Dawson an Hardy, a Low Moor, Bradford, hez a lot a cannons for hollow shot, grape, shell an cannister. When ah saw theaze, my wurd thowt ah, but ah mun tack care a my *cannister*, an off ah *shot* ta Mester Hardisty's weshin, wringin, an menglin macheen, a Waikfild, for which ah thowt t'bells owt ta ring, for it al be a great savin a labor tut poor wesherwimmin, an thay need it, am suar, for ive seen em rubbin at shert necks an rizbands sum times, hey, like az if thade rub ther thumbs daan tut boan, an wring twilts an blenkits too wal ther gaans hez flown hoppan behint, ant mussals a ther airms twistad like

roape ; then after all this, thave ta go to a craizy owd mengal, at hezant been oyled for sevan year happan.

Anuther thing, theaze a spring bed throo Burmingham ; nah its capital iz this, an t'chap at inventad it desarves ta be presentad we hauf a groase a neet-caps, he duz indeed. It furst plaice eaze a 'larum clock goaze off ta gie yo noatis, an if yo doant wackan an get up wit noise at it macks, it then begins a rizin up az quiatly az can be, wal at last it slots yo reight ontut floor ; ah saw it dun yo naw be a chap, an a bit a rare good fun it made. Well thowt ah, this soart a bed al just be t'thing for sleepy-headed prentis lads an sarvent lassas, for am suar az it iz, yo may ring t'clapper aght at bell, an call wal yor az hoarse az craws, an theaze no more move in em then thear iz in a stoan stoop ; an gentlefoak too mind yo, a mennny on em ad do we summat at soart varry weel, for thay lig e bed wal t'sun iz fit ta burn t'house daan. But nah e tawkin a this, if we cud hev summat inventad ta mack uz go ta bed at a reasonable haar it ad be furst-rate.

Well, an eaze anuther thing ah mun menshan, an that iz, a chap at Portsmaath sent t'Lord's prayer, an it's writtar so small at it can be cuvvard we a pin head, it can indeed : an if ah may tell yo me mind, ah think at t'Lord's prayer hez been cuvvard a good while we a mennny, an if it ad get into thare head nobbat, it wod cum aght a ther maath happan at sum time. Well, up ah jumpt an aght ah whent, az reiluctantly az if ah wor goin ta be flog'd : an t'fack't wor, ah trade upa iver sa mennny foaks' heels, an jowld mesen agean't trees it pairk we lookin back. At last ah lost seet on it, an made t'best a me way ta see t'Seets at thear wor e Lunnan Taan.





SEETS E LUNNAN.



EVIN nah seen iv-
verything it Great Ex-
hibishan lantern, an
gettan me wunderment
passified daan to
it's regelar focus, ah
set off at thurd day,
winkin like a cat at
dayleet, ta seet t'wun-
derful beeldins an
plaices thear wor e dif-
ferent pairts a Lunnan,
t'furst a which wor

SANT PAUL'S.

It bein t'great gronfather ov all't tuther churches e Lunnan,
ah thowt it nowt but reight at ah sud complement t'owd patriarek
be hevin a look at him furst, an az it wor e me awn mind, just
shack hands we him like. Well, but my wurd, diddant ah stare,
hey an if ide a hed hauf a duzan more ees ah cud a fun wark enif
for em it wor sa magnifishant, it wor indeed. Wha't top pairt on
it wor like a jiant's umbrella wit hannal stuck it middle ov a great
petrified rock, then aboon it, wor a raand ball a gold, an a peark
at top a it for jackdaws ta rest on when thay wor tiard; an wal ah
wor standin, a larnt soart ov a chap cum up, for which ah wor vary
much obleeged, an tell'd ma at it stood upan aboon two hacker
a graand, and at iran gates an railin at goaze raand it, weigh'd
two hundard tons; an altogether, it tuck thurty-five years e
beeldin, an cost a millian an a hauf a spade ace ginnyes. T'furst
stone wor laid at 21st a June, 1675, an wot wor singlar, he sed it
wor all belt be wun stone mason, at name a Strong; an a
strongan he must a been, or he niver cud a piled sa menny
stones wun at top ov another az there iz there; "reight, lad," sed
ah,—“hey an a little chap call'd Christopher Wren, wor't Arke-
teck't, an he liv'd ta see it finish't;” “wunderful ta be suar,” sed
ah; “an pray wot iz that stone figure ov a wumman, at stands

lookin ovver't rails?" "It's Queen Anne that," sed he. "Hey, iz that hur," ah exclaim'd; "wha it's a common sayin at Pogmoor, thear stand's brandy faic't Nan we hur back tut cherch, an hur faice tut gin shop;" here he left ma, an ah made then for't great doors, which, az sooin az ah hoppand, ah doft ma hat off, an if ah hedtant, ah believe at me hair ad a shuv'd it off, for it sprang up a all sides like a bottle brush, wit granduer at seet. After ad gottan wun stride fair wethin t'door steid, an wun foot turn'd towards it ready for cuttin aght agean, ah seem'd az if ah cuddant itch anuther peg. Haivver, a man march't up ta me an sed, "cum forrads, doant be fretand," and he set too an tell'd ma at all't white statue figures at wor raand abaght, wor liknesses a Lord Howe, General Abercrombie, Captain Hardinge, Sir Jossy Reynolds, Sir John Moore, Lord Rodney, General Pickton, General Dundas, Marquis Cornwallis, Captain Duff, Colonel Cadogan, General Hay, General Mackenzie, an a oal lot more, az natterable az life; az thay wor, poor fellas, when thay wor feightin for ther country. Up aboon theaze it naive pairt, iz a oal swarm a colours, all torn an full a hoyles wit bullets an soards goin throo em e battle, an which wor tain be Lord Nelson throo t'Spaniards e 1717; throo t'Americans, bit Duke a York; throo t'French, be Lord Howe, at furst a June, 1794; an throo t'Dutch, be owd Duncan. Then up in a great heigh doom, az heigh az ah cud weel see, thear wor all picktars painted agean't sides be Thornhill, abaght Sant Paul; an then it plaice where t'parson preiches, ha! it wor grand, it wor carv'd all ways an shaps be a man call'd Gibbons, an here an there wor plaices like pidgeon-hoyles, for foaks ta sit in, an look throo. Then t'floor wor all dun we black an white mairble, az slape az ice; hev'n striddan t'size at floor which wor 514 feet long, be 286 broad, an reight up tut top at peark aboon t'ball it's 370 feet, but mind yo, ah diddant stride that, no ah wor tell'd so. Ah then went up 280 steps intut whisperin gallery, rail'd all't way raand ta keep foaks throo tumalin; an thear wor a chap tell'd me ta sit daan, for which ah thowt he wor varry good, for ah wor tired, an wal ah wor set, he put hiz faice cloise tut wall; there thinks ah to mesen, wot iz't foail goin ta do; at last he began a whisperin, an tellin ah long t'plaice hed been belt, hah much it hed cost, and so on, but best bit ov all, wor when he whisper'd "please ta remember t'whisperer;" ah smiled at this, and when he'd dun, ah put my faice tut wall an whispered in a good heigh tone; "It ad mack a rare egg cup this owd chap." Goin up a staircase ah gat tut Library where a lot a books wor kept; ah wor here shewn some Latin manuscripts, written 800 years sin, be some monks, an ah saw sum luminated consarns written e owd English abaght 500 year sin; but t'floor, thowt ah, wor az cureas az owt, for it wor e 2376 square pieces of a oak wood, an hed nawther nail nor peg in ta fasan em.

T'next spot wor a plaice summat like a cock-loft, an abaght ten times as dusty; here wor Christopher Wren's modal at

Cathedral, a skeletan at great Lantern, at wor hung it doom, an sum long-tailed flegs at wor ized at Lord Nelson's berryin. Aght a here ah whent ameng t'clock-wark, an put me airm throo a hoyle it wall an tutch't hannal, an just az ah wor drawin it back agean, t'clock struck wun; my wurd, but diddant ah caach daan, for ah thowt at great gloab at top wor tumalin daan, an nowt else, beside that, ah wor az deaf az a door nail, an sichan a singin e me ear, it wor like az if thay wor fryin sosages; haivver, ah heard t'chap say at pendalum wor 14 feet long, an't nob on it wor a hundard weight; t'great bell weigh'd $4\frac{1}{4}$ tons, an wor ten feet across it muzzil; t'hammer at clock strikes this chap, an he cheets aght wal thay may hear him twenty miles off. It's tolled, iz this bell, when kings and queens dees, or sumady belongin to 'em, or when a bishop drops off.

Leavin here, an puffin and blawin up a lot a more steps, an twistin raand and raand like a horse in a gin rase, ah landed up at battlements, an lookin ovvert top, ah cud see all Lunnan daan below, an ships sailin it river Tems like az menny ducks we ther tails up, an foaks waukin it street like cloaze-pegs, an coaches na bigger then tea-caddys; az for t'houses, thay look't az if thay wor sunk intut graand, an t'roofs on em form'd a great Roman pavement, an t'chimleys, a army a sowgers scattard ovver it, an't smook wor risin throo ther camp kettles. Delightad we this, ah started for t'ball, up an owd cranky staircase at hed az menny elbows az thear iz days it year nearly; at last, ah landed there, an rare an thankful ah wor, for it look't dismal an dangeras, bein hoppan a all sides; hevin a little drop a strike-fire in a bottle e me pockit, ah thowt ah cuddant do better then drink t'Queen an Prince Olbert's good health, an't foaks at Pogmoor, which ah did we three times three, which made no small buz it plaice, an it must a been charmin this, for thear wor a jackdaw cum an let upat peark aboon ma, an giein a chatter, flew off agean, az much as ta say, "well dun, Tom." Hevin gottan nicely rested here, ah set off daan agean, an wor glad when ah gat tut bottom, for ah believe if ide hed menny more steps ta go daan ah sud a hed a hump a me back wit shack; an az ah wor mackin me way aght, thear wor a chap cum to ma we a lantern, an sed "theaze daan below ta see, yet sir;" thinkin at he wor goin ta burk ma, ah rather hezitated, haivver, away ah whent into a great hoppan cellar, we arches an pillars, an not a bit a leet, nobbat throo t'lantern, an wun or two small windaz, —ah went varry carefully yor suar, thinkin at ivvery stride ah tuck ah sud be poppin throo a trap-door an nivver seein dayleet na more; we this fear, ah gat houd at guide's coit lap, an stuck like a leech; a this fashan we whent ta look at Lord Nelson's Tomb, which stands fair it centre at cellar, an iz cuvvard ovver we a great copper brewin pan, which Cardinal Wolsey hed intended ta hev been ovver him; but ah sud say, at it's ovver t'best man a good deal. Throo here, we went creepin under't arches, wal we gat ta sum names ageant wall, wun wor

Christopher Wren, t'arketeckt, which sed, "Reader, do yo seek hiz Monument? look arraand." Then thear wor Barry, Opie, Reynolds, and West, all picktar painters, an a menny uthers at heddant time ta look at, for ah wanted ta be aght at plaice befor onny ghoasts cum, for ah nivver saw a likelier spot e me life for em az this wor; hevin dun shewin, he switched raand a corner, an ah lost ma houd ov hiz coit-lap, which, for a seckand, wal ah gat houd agean, threw me into a regular frumaty sweat, an hevin gottan up inta day-leet, ah made me way aght intut street az sharp az ah cud, thenkin me stars at ah wor safe wunce more. Nah yo may think it cureas, but e me ramble ta look at seets ah made sum raither wideish trips, it wor me fancy so ta do. Then wal wir up at Church descripshan, ah mun tell yo then t'nex abaght

WEST-MINSTER ABBEY.



EY, heze a fine owd fellow, this iz yo mind, wha Sant Paul's iz nowt to him e age, for this wor belt five or six hundard year befor it wor, be Edward t'Confessor, at least a lot a men did be hiz orders; an sich an a black colour it iz az ah nivver saw for a beeldin, but it may weel, so long as it's been pepper'd we West-Minster sooit. T'furst glimpse at ah hed on it, it struck me az lookin like a charcoil weggin loadand we burnt furneture. Hey, two clock caises standin up it frunt, a bookcaise we chairs an tables it middle, an a lot a bed poasts stuck up here and there; it wor a funny idea, but so it wor; e goin raand tut north an saath frunts, theaze two great raand windaz, bigger than onny flywheel at ah ivver saw e me life, an all varigated same as a patchwark bed quilt. Nah az av offance heard Kester Cottonwaste, a Chowbent, swegger abaght hiz watch, eaze nowt ad a delighted me sa much az to a gottan wun a theaze windaz, an sent him it for a watch glass; my wurd woddant he a stair'd, hey an he'd a been az throng, an hiz tailor too, e mackin hiz watch pockit bigger. Well, ah whent intut inside, an nivver sal ah faget t'sensashan at ah felt wal am wick, wit seet. Bill Hardwood, a Rachdill, boasts abaght fillin hiz tooil-chist we cureas drawers, but haivver onny boddy cud fill t'inside ov a beeldin we sich cureas wark it fair daan puzzled ma, an ah wor homast fit ta set off hoame agean, an get inta ar cellar, an there stop a fortnit e honour a wot ad seen; wha monements, an statue

figures a men an winmin, all e aleblaster, marble, an stone, wor stanin up a shelves an poasts e ivvery corner an nook, like a congregashan a ghosts an dead foaks ; at north side at choir theaze a grand monument ov Earl Lancaster, seckand son ov Henry t'Eight ; an Earl Pembroke an hiz wife ; at Saath side, eaze Anna ov Cleves, t'wife ov Henry t'Eight, but who left him becoss they cuddant agree together, an ah wunder wot womman cud we an owd Tyke like wot he wor ; then beside a theaze eaze a bit a cureas paintin, sed to a been dun e Edward t'Furst's time, an't furst paintin e oil at ivver wor dun. Thear ar two full grown figures a King Sebert, an King Henry t'Thurd. Behind t'singin seat it chapil a Sant Edward iz a great chist cuver'd and nail'd all ovver we iran plates, it inside a which ligs King Henry ; it put me it mind at "Ow'd Oak Chist," at we sing at Pogmoor at times, did this ; beside a this bone box, ar monements a Edward t'Furst, Henry t'Thurd, Queen Eleanor, Henry t'Fift, Edward t'Thurd, Queen Phillipa, Richard t'Seckand an hiz wife Ann Bohemia ; theaze arant all made a marrable stone yo mun naw, noa, for Henry t'Thurd, Queen Eleanor, Edward t'Thurd, an Richard an hiz wife, ar kest e solid iran, ah fun this aght we rappin em we me knuckles. Nah Henry t'Fift, poor fella, iz made a oak, an wethaght head, which made me think at it wor Charles t'Furst, but it's wot ah say, an am tell'd at hiz head wor made a silver, which wor stown off e Oliver Crumill time, ta mack sixpenses on for t'use ov hiz army. Then agean on a wooden rail, between t'entrance tawer, iz hung t'helmit which Henry ware at battle ov Agincourt, an beside it fasand tut stone pillars, ar hiz shield an saddle. Then be wot's call'd t'shrine, iz a soart ov a furniture shop, where a lot a coronashan chairs ar, wun a which at belong'd ta Edward, iz ta my noashan t'most ainshunt, an under't seat on it iz a profetick stone, browt be that King e 1297 throo a monastery at Scone e Scotland. It seven chapils at's call'd bit names ov az menny Saints, theaze nowt but monements ardley : e *Sant Edwards*, eaze t'Earl ov Pembroke, a regular cureosity this, an ah suddant like noan an yo ta mis seein it ; e *Sant Nicholas*, iz Lady Wildred, t'wife ov Lord Burleigh ; Ann Dutches a Summerset, awn muther ta Queen Jane Seymour ; an muther an father ov t'Duke a Buckingham, who wor stab'd be a fella at Portsmath ; e *Sant Paul's*, iz t'Caantis a Sussix, t'great Sir Philip Sidney, an Daubeney, writer at History at Roman Empire ; e *Sant John's*, ar two owd Abbots, an a stone coffin ov Thomas Miller, Bishop ov Harfad. It struck me when ah saw this, at thay diddant uze ta carry em e them days, same az we do ar coffins ; if thay did, sum on em ad gizan befoar thay gat tut cherch. In a place ovver aboon Sant Erasmus Chapel ar wax figures ov good Queen Bess (nay ile call hur Elizabeth for sho desarves it), William an Mary, Queen Anne, an t'Earl a Chatham. E wun at hiles, bit chair, iz General Wolf, who laist an conquer'd Quebec. It last transept hile theaze a monement at ah fairly tremald at,

Lady Nightingale an hur huzband, an beside on em, iz cummin aght ov a cave, a skeleton, we a dart in iz hand, wit point towards t'lady who wor faintin, an hur huzband who wor houdin hur up, seem'd az if he wor tryin ta hit him ovvert maath, a thing which ah suddant a liket to a dun, for ah sud a expectad nivver to a seen me knuckles agean ; beside this, thear wor a wax likeness a Lord Nelson, in a glass caise ; here ah wor foast ta stop, for ah cuddant help but think at memorable wurd ov hiz "England expects ivvery man ta do hiz duty," an ah thowt it wor my duty ta stop abit an look at it, an ah do believe befor ah left it ah dropt a tear, for ad wun missin aght a me left ee. It north transept, agean t'wood ceilin, iz Charles James Fox, an within a stride or two ov him stands hiz great polytickle antagonist, Billy Pitt, an hiz father t'Earl ov Chatham, which cost £6,000 chisilin, an shameful ta say, t'Dean a Westminster chair'd £700 az fees for it to stand there. Beside theaze, ar a lot a captains at wor kill'd e Rodney's battles, we De Grasse. T'great west winda struck me attenshan t'next, an't sun shinein on it, t'floor below wor just like az if a painter hed dab'd it we all't colours in hiz shop ; upat glass wor figures a Patriarcks an Prophets. Ageant organ ah fun a monement a Sur Isaac Newton, t'great Astronomer, ah wor pleazed at this becos ah consider'd him a bruther chip a mine. Throo here ah gat intuit Saath transept, call'd Poet's Corner, an a reight title too, for thear wor Garrick, Crabbe, Campden, Handel, Addison, Goldsmith, Gay, Thompson, Shakspere, Prior, Milton, Gray, Spencer, Ben Jonson, Chauser, Dryden, Cowley, Tom Treddlehoyle, that's me, but ah wor alive yo naw, an a lot more poetical and musical chaps. Then upat floor ah read t'names a Sheridan, Docktor Johnson, an owd Parr, but mind yo, not a wurd abaght hiz pills.

Then thear wor t'roof it nave—my wurd haivver onny boddy cud curl stone ta mack it into sa menny shaps az it iz it fair daan puzzald ma, an sich an a height too it bargan ; wha if t'halleluya chorus wor ta get up thear, az Honly lads sings it, thade hev ta tack sum at leadin off at roof ta let saand aght, or else thade nivver get shut on it aght at plaice. But ah mun begin nah a cuttin me story short, an just finish be lettin yo naw like, at all ar Kings an Queens throo Elizabeth ta George t'Second (leavin aght James), wor all berrid daan it cellar e this plaice ; an wot iz more, theaze t'owd Doomsday Book, we Adam's chresanin in, an when t'Queen a Sheba hed a new gaan ; but to me astonishment not a wurd cud ah find abaght Billy Scargill swallowin t'furst joint ov hiz clarrionet.

Well, when ah cum aght at door-steid t'furst thing at ah saw wor two sweeps feightin it middle at street, az hard as ivver thay cud clatter, an bein a chap at diddant like ta see owt at soart, ah went up ta em, an gettin wun bit skuff't at neck, ah sed thagh young rascal, av a good mind ta tack thee tut prison-hause ; ad no sooiner sed so, then't tuther sweep fetch't me a claat fair across t'faice we hiz sooty cap, an black't it all over.

ashaim'd ta be seen. Well, ah wor foarst ta let t'lad go, for ah cud ardlly see, an sneeze ah did beside, az bad az if ad tain a naance a Scotch snuff, hey, all up bit Horse Guards, where two horse sowgers stands e stone cubbards, we tin waiscoats on, an when ah gat ta where King Charles t'Furst wor stanin at top ov a stone stoop a horse back, a quack Doctor cum to ma, thinkin at ah wor black it faice we sneezin, an wanted ta bleed me, e turnin raand ta tell him wot it wor we, ah sneez'd, an jowlin wir heads together, off he march't me we me black faice, for ah diddant care a pin abaght it bein black; for thear wor foaks ov all colours e Lunnan, an likely enif ah wor tain for a furriner; when ah cum ta look abaght ma, ah fun mesen uppa Lunnan Brig, stairin abaght like sumady at wor soft, but ah warrant sorry yo mind at ad gottan where ah hed, becos ah wanted to see Lunnan Brig, for ad heard sa much sed abaght it when ah wor a lad, an when thay began ta beeld it e 1824. But my wurd, when ah lookt overt top at wall ah thowt for suar at it wor a ship-fair, for t'wattar wor cuvard ovver we em, sum we chimleys on em, an't smook putherin at tops like heigo mad, an uthers we great heigh masts, wit tops on em graterin ageant skye nearly, but not a wave cud ah see upat wattar; indeed, a wave heddant chance, for if wun offer'd ta roll it sen up, it wor flatand that minnit wit ships, for thay went on't top at watter like as menny steam Jack planes. Well, leavin here, ah went up't Tems side abit, apurpas ta look at broad side at Brig, an it struck me at it look't varry much like a knack board, an't ships an't boats hacktad for t'bawls; an it wor astonishin ta see hah nicely thay all pop't throo t'arches wethaght jowlin ageant sides. After this ah march't reight away, full tilt, ta hev a look at

TAWER,



N ah warrant freetand abit—noan, ah marry, for all it wor t'shop where thay tack foaks' heads off—hey, poor Lord Strafford ta wit, a Yorksherman, yo naw. My wurd, when ah thowt a this, ad a good mind to a begun an knock't it all daan; ah did fetch t'owd iran gate a good saand kick we me shoe toa; an ah do think at chap at cum ta hoppan it thowt at Oliver Crumil wor cumin. Haivver, in ah popt, an t'furst inquiry at ah made, wor hah long t'plaice hed been

belt. "It time a Julius Ceazer," anser'd t'man. "O! ah," said ah; "then that accaunts for em *ceizin* foaks an bringin em here." Nah, wot ah cud gether, at it wor it time ov Edward t'Fowat at thay furst began a uzein rope an hatchets at this spot, ta squeeze an knock t'wind aght a foaks—hey, an thay say at it's a honourable death iz hevin ther heads chopt off at this plaice: so if onny on yo duzzant want ta see yer muthers onny more, yo can just bit way ov a bit ov honour, *ax* t'executioner chap ta tickle yor neck-hoyle we hiz hatchit. O dear! but it maks by blood crooidle ta think abaght it; an ive as much honour az onny boddy, but ive a deusid site more luv for mesen then ta hev me head chopt off at sich grand Exhibishan times az theaze; beside, ah cuddant whissal then daan t'loinins, nor mack a bit a gam at winter neets, same az wot a boddy iz uze ta doin. But wal wir upa this subjeckt, it al be az weel ta menshan, at near tut Traitor's Gate is wot Queen Elizabeth call'd Bloody Tawer, owin tut two poor yung princes bein smuther'd in it.

T'furst spot at cureositys at ah wor shewn into wor t'**SPANISH ARMORY**, emblematical at great victory at Queen Elizabeth hed ovver't Spanish Armada. Ameng which ar a lot a them skrews at thade ment to a uzed e skrewin John Bull hiz brass aght ov hiz pockit, an hiz religion aght ov hiz heart. Ah wantad t'chap ta gie me wun a theaze things for a nut-cracker but he woddant. E this plaice iz't hatchit at wor uzed ta chop off t'head a Laidy Jane Gray an Ann Boleyn. Beside a theaze, stands Queen Elizabeth a horseback, az nattaral az life; an a chap beside on hur ta see at shoo duzzant tumal off. Aght ov here ah wauk't intut

Armory. An at furst peep, ah thowt for suar at ad gottan ameng't stars an comets, for thear wor nearly 200,000 guns an bagnats, an glitter thay did like a shawer a silver an sun-beams, or sum fantastical diamond-spangeld cavern. Throo here ah whent intut Artillery Room, an thear wor cannons wethaght end (number ah mean); but thade ended menny a wun ther days. Az ah wor e waukin up t'alleyes between em wit muzzils towards ma, ah thowt, my wurd, if wun on em wor ta go off it ad end mine too. Beside a theaze, ar hung up agean a lot a pillars, all soarts a things at hed been uz'd for feightin, an tain throo't enemy. Leavin this pleck, an glad enif ah wor yo may depend on it (for ah wor all on a dither) ah gat intut Horse Armory; an a splendashas spot it wor, for it wor cram full a likenesses a men a horseback, we iron cloaze on, an kettles an coil-skutles a ther heads. At furst seet, ah thowt at thay wor dresst e suits made a smook't sparib. Nah, t'moast a theaze poor fellas hed been beheaded. E toddlin away aght here, ah crept into a dark, doleful spot, like a prison—so dark it wor, at chap at whent we ma wor foarst ta hev a lantern,—this thay call'd

T'Jewel Hoffis. When ah heard t'name a this, ah thowt, hey, lad, an theaze a good menny livin *jewils* at Pogmoor at ad mack all't plaice ring agean if thay wor confin'd same az wot

t'jewils in here ar. Well, e this spot thear wor a stone table all cuver'd ovver we craans, like as menny spice-loaves an pork-pies, we bits a gilt on em here an thear. Theaze wun at wor worn bit Black Prince an Henry t'Fift, at battle a Cressy an Agincourt. This wor a dazzler an no mistack; an nowt ad pleaz'd me sa much, ah thowt, az just ta see Dave Simpson hev it on when he wor gettin hiz drinkin, or singin "Sittin on a stile, Mary." Beside a this jewil, eaze gold soards, tenkards, spoons, spurs, septers, plaits, craans, an uther things—happan a muck foark—sum a which (Yorksher like yo naw) ah cud just a liket to a tutch't; but ah cuddant, for thear wor great iran bars raand em. Goin aght a here, ah just hed a peep intut

White Tower, where thear wor arms for ten thaasand sailors—not new arms, yo mun understand, ta set on when thade gottan wun shot off—but cutlasses, pistils, pikes, an uther fretful horri-fyin things ta tack foaks' lives we. Then like wot ah tell'd yo abaght it small Armory, eaze guns for thirty thaasand men, piled an fix't e all soarts a patterns; we spikes an soards. After seein lots a more things, off ah set aght at door; an when ah gat inta Wattar Lane, ah spied a lad on a mule; an goin up to him, ah cried aght, "Holo! wot ar yo doin we Peter Pickinpeg's mule, ah sud like ta naw?" "Pickinpeg's mule," anser'd t'lad, we a soart ov a lear. "Hey, Pickinpeg's mule, thagh Lunnan Jonny; duzzant ta naw wot a mule iz?—it's hiz am suar," ah sed. "Cum, then, ile bet yo a waiger ov a pot ov hauf an hauf at it izant," sed t'lad. "Wot's that? hauf rock't duz ta mean; cos if ta duz, am just goin ta gie thee a shelly-benk bottom topple intut street." "O no!" sed t'lad; (here we'd gottan quite a craad raand uz) "ile bet yo a pot a porter at yo doant naw t'colour of it tail." "Dun," sed ah; "an it sal be for a set-pot ov hauf-an-hauf if ta likes." Well, just when ide gottan behint ta look at it tail, t'yung rascal put hiz hand on it rump, an that minnit up flew boath it heels, an catch't me just below me waistcoit, an sent ma neck an crop into a dog cart; an away whent lad full gallap, an wor aght at seet long before ah cud find me wind ta ax which way id goan. Well, az bad az ah wor—for ah nearly whent dubble-fowd we pain—ah wor detarmin'd ta see

T'BRITTIISH MUSEUM.



HICH ah fun az snug az owt e Great Russel street, lookin az gray az a badger; after giein t'owd door a bum-baily soart ov a knock wit knob a me stick, ah wor let into a great hoppan square, hey, a good deal squarer then ah wor, for ah cofft an peft like an owd brockan-windad haulin horse, an what ah saw it's impossable for awther me or onny boddy else it wurd ta remember or say,—ah do remember this, at ah saw hummin-burds, vulters, midges, drumaderries, caterpillars, sarpenets, arrans, lobsters, mice, elephants, jinny-wrens, eagles, hullats, mummys, monkeys, bulls, ginne pigs, frogs, kangroos, creckits, wasps, horse-tangs, craws,—nay marry ah mud go on tellin wal ah wor a hundard year owd, an then be a hundard year behind a tellin yo ov all ah saw. But wot ah can say iz, at when yo cum ta Lunnan, yo mun mind an not go home agean wethaght seein this spot; an let ma tell yo, bit way ov caushan, at when yo go up't staircase yo moant be scaard, for theaze sum rare faal things stuck here and thear up at landin plaices, an if ah heddant a been a curages soart ov a chap, hevin wunce killd a snail, ah believe at ah sud a laup't clean aght a me skin; but it al be better for yo, becos eal be a lot on yo together. Well, be this time ad gottan pratty near reight a me kick, an felt az if a little drop a poarter ad do a boddy good; we that decishan into a hause ah popt, an thear not bein a varry good fire,—wha, ah sud think at ah cud a puttan it all e me waistcoit pockit—ah sed tut waiter, after giein t'bell a good saand ring, “bring uz a bit a coil if yo please?” Off he whent we hiz pipe-clay legs, an cumin back, sed “We hevant gottan onny, sur:” “The hangment yo hevant lad, then bring uz some coblin;”—off he cut agean, but wor sooin back, and sed at he “wor sorry ta say at thay heddant onny.” “The dival yo hevant;—wot soart ov a hause iz it? If ide a nawn ide a browt yo sum throo Pogmoor. Then if yov nawther coil nor coblin bring uz sum sleek,”—off he trottad, an back agean he cum carrying quairt powder pot az stedly az a top: “Cum,” sed ah, “that's not wot ah ax't for, but yo can leave it lad;” an tackin houd on it we boath hands, ah sed, “Cum here's luck,”—but mind yo, ad ta dive throo abaght nine inches a froth befoar ah cud get tut poarter,—an when ad dun suppin, ad a pair at grandest gray whiskers at ivver wor seen wit froth: ta drink all this poarter wor a job—wha, t'fact wor ah cuddant, an seein a chap stanin bit winda, aghtside, we a maath az big az a dutch oven, ah gav it to him, an nivver e all my life do ah remember seein a drop a drink put aght at seet sharper e my life. Well, not daunted, nor yet aght a wind, ah switcht away it next plaice ovver Southwark brig, twistin an threedin in an aght like a dog in a fair, wal ah cum intut seet a

BARCLAY'S BREWERY.



E az menny chimleys stickin up az if it wor a plantashan where they grew em, an puther an smook aght at tops, wun agean't tuther thay did, az if thay wor tryin hah sooin thay cud mack t'sun t'colour ov a fryin-pan: when ah gat intut inside at yard, my wurd ah thowt ah sud a been dizzy wit smell at drink, ah did indeed,—wha, ah cud fairly hear t'strength on it rattlin up me noaze-ta mind, this did, abaght t'womman at Crane Moor, when sho brew'd abaght fifty gellan a drink tut bushil, an when hur huzband cum hoame an saw it,—for shood ivvery tub an panshan it hause, an uthers at shood borrad at nabors brim full—he sed “Ah think thaaze made ta much on't lass.” “Well,” sed sho, “ah do declare ah been thinkin t'varry same thing mesen, an av thrawn a kit full or two aght.” Nah if it wor t'same az this, sum on yo ad be raither quiater then wot ah calkelate yo will be, for ah naw sum a yo Lenkeshan an Yorksher lads, ah do that, an if yo doant tack t'siz off a sum a Barclay's dubble X, ah sal be range me calkelashan we yo—hey, an mack t'sparras sa scaard we yer singin an shautin at thale not naw hah menny eggs thave laid, nor wot spaat thare hoppin in,—laff if yo like, its true. Nah it middle a this taan ov hops an grains, —for it's more liker a taan then owt else, for it cuvers nine acres a graand —iz't TUNNIN ROOM; at top a which ah gat an cud thear see, be lookin raand abaght ma, homast ivvery spot at thear wor it brewery; an wal ah wor here, thowt ah to mesen, my wurd if ah wor ta pop throo an get tunild into a barril a poarter, wot an a job it ad be, an wot an a bargan sumady ad get. Well, yo mun understand on leavin this spot ah whent intut Brewhas, an a quearer hause ah thowt ah nivver saw, for it wor fill'd we steps, stages, pipein, pumps, pans, an tubs, reight away up tut top at roof; just aboon t'furnis-hoyle iz a copper set-pot which al houd twelve thaazand gallons; an aboon it wor't mash tub; an all raand abaght a lot a uther tubs into which wor sum ale or poarter which wor pumpt an knockt abaght wal it wor maddald; aght a here it wor sent intut Workin Hause, inta four great panshans at held fifteen hundard barrils,—an ta tawk abaght yist,—wha thear wor az much az ad raiz'd all t'doaf it country ats neided e six munths, an all't Norfolk dumplins ats made in a year it bargan. Wha, t'smell a my cloaze ad a been wurth a suverign to a baiker to a just studdan in hiz backas on a baikin day; it ad a been a deal better then hiz alum an hiz soda,—am not joakin mind yo, an let ma tell yo it wor a varry cureas seet it wor, ta see a acre or two a yist, at lookt ta me like plood cloizes. T'next plaice at ah whent into wor't Tunnin Shop; e this plaice wor three hundard raand vessils all e raws; it middle a this floor iz a Tank lin'd we white slates, at a boat mud swim in, bein a hundard feet long an

twenty broad ; aght ov here iz a thick pipe throo which t'poarter runs inta stone vats ov all sizes, sum a which wor sed ta be thurty feet deep, an held thurty thaazand gallons; that iz abaght three thaazand barrils, ov thurty six gallons a piece,—my wurd but wun a theaze chaps ad do rairly for a feastin, or mack onny boddy sing rairly at Chresamas time. Nah all this barril tinter iz made a wattar aght at river Tems,—nay doant pull wry faices, for thay say its t'best wattar it wurd for brewin poarter we, an happan it may, but ide ivver sa menny thowts e me head abaght it which am not goin ta menshan. Bein a bit horse praad ah went ta look at stables, where abaght two hundard wor kept,—an thay ar kept yo mind,—wha thay wor more liker elefants, thay wor sa big; hey, thowt ah, thade be reightans ta go befoar a lot a bad hunters ta mack gaps it hedges: anuther thing, if a Leeds loiner hed wun it ad be a fortan for him be gettin hiz character up. Then t'chaps at drives em thare nearly az big az t' horses,—thear wor wun on em wantad me ta get onta wun a ther backs an ride abaght t'yard abit; but not so, sed ah, it ad be like sittin astride ov a hay-stack it wod. Nah yo naw, ta gie wun a theaze horses a quartern a oats an hauf a quartern a beans, it ad be like giein a elefant a cumfit ta suck. Crossin t'yard ta cum aght ah lookt at spot where t'brewers all turn'd aght ta General Haynau, an gav him a saand good hidein we beesoms and sturrin sticks wal he wor foarst ta run like a gray haand, an creep-under sumady's bed aght a ther gate; he whent in ta look at ther ale, but nivver mind if he diddant *hop* aght sharper then he whent in. Thear, ah think yov hed enif abaght Barclay's stingo shop; an it next plaice yo mun larn, after seein a good deal a things, ah whent maddlin along (for ah wor az dizzy az a gooise wit smell at drink) tut

COLISEUM.



BEILDIN summat like a hummin-top spinnin, an peepin aght ov a cloaze box; but mind eaze summat more it inside a this plaice then wot ah ivver thowt a seein,—ad no idea yo naw wot thear wor it plaice, noan ah marry; ah thowt at name at plaice ment *Call-an-see-'em*, an bein a naborly soart ov a chap ah did

so, but when ah wor ax't for me brass ah fun it aght at it ment summat else; so in ah whent, an gettin into a pot crate or summat a that soart, away ah whent up onto a battlement, an lookin daan ah call'd aght, "Wha, wot the deuce am at top a Sant Paul's agean, for eaze all Lunnan just same az wot ah saw it there!" When ad dun speikin, a gentleman at hed two houlster pipes we glass at ends on em, stuck astride ov hiz noaze, sed "It's a picktar a Lunnan, sur." "Well it's astonishin," sed ah, "it's like life it sen,"—nobbut when ah cum ta look at skye ah fun it wor crackt abit, an wun or two at claads lookt like suds at hed blawn off an a wesh-tub;—haivver it wor grand, an ah hope at yol all cum ta see it. Hevin gratefied mesen here ah whent daan a staircase intut Swiz cottage,—ha! this wor a grand spot, it just lookt az if ah wor menny a thaazand mile off in a furrin country; an ah heddant been long befoar wun at natives at Swiz country cum an ax't ma if ah wantad onny refreshment: "Hey lad," sed ah, "if ta understands wot ah mean let's hev sum beef,"—well, yo naw, he browt it, an a middlin fair shive it seem'd wal ah cum tut cuttin point, an it wor shaiv'd so thin at ah cud hacktly see t'pattern at plate throo it,—well, thinks ah, av offance heard tell ov a Vox-hall slice an this wor happan wun, so ah held me noise,—an az for't cost on it al nivver tell noabdy wal ah liv, no, not if thay wor ta put ma wun at thum-skrews on at thear iz it Tawer; but al tell yo this, ah gat aght at spot az sooin az ah cud at after. An do yo naw az ah wor e waukin leasurely on we me hands under me coit-lap, thear wor a yung womman cum up ta ma an sed, "Ar yo marrid sur?" Ah look't at hur streight it faice ta see oa sho wor, but not nawin hur, ah sed, "Ah think yor mistain," an sho wantad ta get houd a me airm—an blushin az red az fire ah tell'd hur ta "be off abaght hur biznass, if not ad a stick at hed a noashan a breikin bonnits; but wethaght owt a that soart let ma advize yo, a yung womman, ta go home to yer muther an thear mend yor ways;" we that away sho went, but not ta mend hur ways am affread. Hevin gottan aght a this predickament ah set off a runnin, an goin across a street a chap at wor sweepin t'crossin popt hiz beesom reight between me legs, an if ah flew an inch ah flew ten yards, an then fell beng a me faice; az it happand t'street warrant vary mucky,—nobbat ah lookt rather soft when ah gat up—an t'fella

wit beesom stood tremalin az if ah wor goin ta hev him hung for it. Ah naw this, ah hung daan me head an waukt off, for thear wor nowt but laffin ah saw that, an if ide a turn'd surley thade a hed more sport still; but away ah made for t'next seet an that wor't

TEM'S TUNNIL.



IND yo not sich an a tunnil az owd Mally Harb-wurt hez ta put hur trackle beer intut barril we,—no, this iz a great raand hoyle board streight daan intut graand like a coil pit, we a curl'd staircase stuck agean't side on it ta wauk daan, hey for ah doant naw hah deep, but it's a rare way, for ah naw my legs warkt rairly befoar ah gat tut bottom; an when ah did get thear it wor weel wurth t'trubble, for thear wor two long tunnils let we gas-leets, and full a shops, at whent reight under t'river Tems,—my wurd hah wunderful,—wha t'chap at did it owt ta hev a mowlwarp for hiz coat ov arms: but it wor dangeras too ah thowt, for ah kept lookin up, an houdin me hand at top a me head, expectin a steam-packit, or a whale, or summat a that soart cummin throo't top ivvery minnit an crushin a boddy. It struck me az ah sat at bottam step at it ad mack a rare good cellar for keepin ale in, ah mean at sum foaks' hauses, where thare runnin tut barril fifty times a day; anuther thing, t'sarvant lass cuddant let t'sweetheart in at t'cellar winda at weshin mornin. Bein nah wot ah call fairly stub'd up, ah made t'best a me way aght a here to me lodgings, an we it al finish me descripshan at seets e Lunnan,—but mind yo it warrant all ah saw, nor wun hauf, nowt at soart, but it's as much az ive room for here—for yo mun understand at ah whent tut New Hause a Commons; two or three Play-hauses; Garrick's Head; t'Coil-hoyle; Woolidge; Chelse; Grinage; White Hall; top at Monement; Covenant Gardin markit; Billingsgate; Smithfield; Hyde Park corner, where theaze a great statue stanin bit Duke a Wellington's hause, kest aght at cannon at wor tain at battles a Salamanco, Victoria, Toulouse, an Watterloo, we a raand table top in hiz hand; Gild hall; Nashnal Gallery a picktars; Fondlin, where hundards a poor bairns ar ats nawther father nor muther;—nay marry ah doant naw wot beside,—oh yes, ah do, ah whent ta see't

MECHANIC'S HOME,

—Hey, dunnat let ma faget that, becos ah consider it consarns a good menny on yo that duz. Well, away ah sail'd, up a dry land, ta Ranelagh's Club, e Ranelagh road, near Voxhall brig, an thear ah fun, bit Tems side, wot's call'd t'MECHANIC'S HOME; an ta speik truth ah diddant hauf like t'look on it, it wor ta factoryfied ah

thowt; a thing which t'mechanics owt ta hev aght a ther seet an aght a ther mind when thay go ta Lunnan. But no matter for that, inah whent, an wor better pleaz'd a good deal wit inside then t'aght. Thear wor accommodashun for a thaazand foaks ta sleep, at ls. 3d. a neet,—my wurd but wot an a snorin choras theal be abaght two o'clock it mornin—wha it al be enif ta crack t'slates up at rig at beeldin. But az for set-pots, posnits, sause-pans, fryin-pans, gridirans, coffee and tea-kettles,—wha its like a yung Birmingham. But t'heitin pairt al bit moast amusin it strikes me for eal be Norfolk chaps we ther dumplins; Denby-dykers we ther taty-pie; Huddersfilders we ther braweys; t'Lenkeshers we ther churn'd milk; Dewsbarians an Holmfurthers we ther oat cake an thickans; an sum we wun thing an sum we anuther,—wha, it al be az good az onny play ta see em. Then eaze a News an Readin room, where yo can hev Cock Robbin, an't Newgate Calendar, or owt else. An just a bit off at Chewin-room theaze a Smookin-room, where, it strikes me, theal be a good demand for short pipes; an no small smook kickt up, so much so at if a poleceman wants onny boddy thear hele hev a job ta find em. Then if yov onny scrimmin noashans onny on yo theaze two raand chimleys sticks up aght at graand, it middle at yard, at al just be the thing for yo; but if theaze onny Sheffilders doant bet waigers we em, for thay can scrim up owt we thare legs. Nah yo mun understand at ah wor aboon a week trottin abaght, an all at ive naim'd yo mun see, if yov time.

Theaze anuther thing, just let me beg on yo ta tack care a yer-senze an yer brass, for theal be temtashans az renk az locusts, an in a thaazand shaps, different throo wotivver yo saw befoar; nah mind this, for ah suddant like onny boddy awther aght a Lenkeshers or Yorksher ta be laft at, or cum roarin hoam; an ah think thay went if my judgment goes reight. But ta turn upan anuther subjeekt,—wot an a change it al be ta uz here it North, ah mean it heitin way; mind eal be noa sich churn'd milk, oat cake, fluskers, or braweys like wot we get at hoam, so yo mun hev a good tuck in a theaze befoar yo start for Lunnan. An az for milk yol be puz-zald we it, for it's az like stairch wattar az owt ah ivver saw,—an weel it may, for three pairts on it iz made a chauk—wha thear wor five hundard tuns cum inta Lunnan t'day before ah started for hoam; this ah wor tell'd ad stan it steid ov five hundard cahs wal t'Exhibishan wor cloiz'd,—so yo mun mind at sum on yo arant turn'd inta chauk wal yor away. Theaze anuther thing at ah mun just tell yo abaght,—that iz it sleepin pairt,—t'furst neet ah slept between two Chineese, at least ah laid, for sleep ah did-dant, for thay kept jumpin aght a bed ivvery nah an then, an doncin upat floor. Gettin rather mad we this soart a wark,—just when ah thowt thay wor goin ta be aght agean ah gat houd a ther tails at wor at top a ther heads an teed em together,—my wurd but thear wor a row an rackit, it wor for all't wurd like a lot a monkeys fratchin,—an ah wor foarst ta get up an leave em. Anuther neet ah whent ta bed we mesen, an wackanin just

at breik a day, thear wor a black fella wor laid beside a ma. Thinkin it wor t'owd lad and noabdy else, up ah jumpt, an samin me cloaze under me airm, off daan stairs ah cut; an whether ivver ah tutcht onny at steps or no ah caant say; hah-ivver, ah dress't mesen it street, an nivver whent in thear no more. At anuther time ah whent into a cook shop, but a bit nout cud ah heit for laffin, for thear wor five little copper-colour'd fellas, we red and blue claats lapt a ther heads, chatterin away like nanpies: thear thade abaght four yards a sossage, an t'middle chap hed it twisted wunce raand hiz neck, an't tuthers held it e ther maaths for happan five minutes, nod-dlin ther heads abaght, an then thay set to a heitin it, which they did e quick sticks—exceptin that bit at wor raand t'middle chap's neck, an that thay all gave a cus to, an he put it into his pockit. Thear wor a menny more things yo naw at ah may happan ta tell yo on at Chresamas: so here al leav yo ta mack t'best haste yo can ta hev a peep at Paxton's Great Glass Lantern. Nah off we yo—nivver mind shuttin t'door, for it's t'grandest seet at man ivver saw—hey, or womman awther.

17.

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