

BEN SLOPER

AT THA

MILITARY MANOOVERS

ON

ZALS BURY PLA AIN

BEING A HUMOUROUS DESCRIPTION OF THIE
VARIOUS

CAMPS, BATTLES

AN THA

GIRT MARCH PAST.

(By the Author of the Wiltshire Rhymes and Tales).

PRICE SIXPENCE

SALISBURY
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AND OF ALL BOOKSELLERS

**THE
MILENTARY MANOOVERS
ON
ZALSBUY PLAAIN.**

Lore a massy apou ess! what I've a zeed ta be zure zunce las year, when I rote an tould ee about tha Zalsbury Diamond Jubilee Zelebrayshin dwoant ee mind, well, I never dramed I shood ever zee anything ta beat that are, but thease yer Millentary Manooovers be drat if they dwoant put all o't in tha shead, an I reckon ull beat every thing I ever have, ar ever will zee agean; aelthough Grannie an Uncle Steve da mind when zom took pleace here, zeven an twenty year agoo, when I wur a leetle beaby.

Avore I begins ta tell ee about it, praps I'd better let ee knaa that Nancy an I wur married at Crismis as agreed, an we bouth be comfertably zettled down in a snug leetle cottage on Measter's varm, near Leetle Yeamsbry. I had zom thought a laven at tha time, bit Measter zed ud meak it woth me while if I'd stop we un, an as he an Misses be bouth getting on in years, I agreed ta bide we em, an a coose, Nancy, who they've took a girt liken to, offen goes up ta tha house ta help em a bit, zo we one thing an tother we da get along purty tidy, an veels as happy as tha leetle pigs rinnin about tha varm yard. Well, when twur knaa'd that thease yer Millentary Manooovers wur agwain ta teak pleace in theasen yer pearts agean, voke wur bwilin auver we zitement, specialy tha public house and shop keepin voke, as thay know'd ar had yeard what a nayshun good trade wur done tha last time tha zowljers wur about here, an purty zoon begar thay begun ta lay

in a good stock a things var aten an drinkin. Zoo about
tha latter peart a July, tha caviltry begun ta come an
pitch their tents ael roun tha bottom a Beakin Hill, an
be tha middle a August, haight regiments a hoss, an zix
batteries a artillery, numberen nearly vive thousand
men, wur camped out thayre. One night, towards tha
end a August, jist as we'd a vinish'd whate carryin,
Measter raps at ower door an a zaays, "Ben! I've jist
yeard ther's gwain ta be a sham vite on Knighton
Down, jist above Stounehenge, ta marrer marnen, an if
bist minteed, thee canst av tha naig an market trap an
drave Nancy across to zee it; bit be zure an not get in
tha way, an keep a tight rein on tha hoss when tha
cannons da vire, as a coose he beant used ta tha naise,
an," zays he, in his jokin zart a way, "mind thee doosen
get listen a zowljer, bit there, I spoose Nancy ull see ta
that, now be zure an keep out tha way a tha troops, an
be wom in good time." Lar a massy! what zitement
we wur bouth in ta be zure, nar a bit a sleep thic nite,
an I keep getting in an out a bade ta zee what time
twur, an if tood turn out a vine day. Bout zix a clock
we wur up, an vore haight had put tha hoss in tha trap
an wur close up be tha Stounes be nine, there wurden
many about, as we got thur, as twur onny the
gennelvoke an varmers as know'd about it. The
Gineral diden want a crowd a voke vollien on em about
an getting in tha way. Be ten a clock a good many a
tha girt vokes' carridges had come up, an in tha
direcshun a Knighton an Durrington Downs cood zee
thousands a hoss zowljers an underds a cannons comin
towards ess, an jist avore thay rached tha Stounes, thay
ael varm'd up in rinks miles long, an then wheel'd
roun inta girt square masses, an atter that, went
gallopin by like mad, cannons an ael. However tis tha
dravers da hold on I caant think, var zim ta I that in

gwynn auver zom a tha dips an mounds thay mist a bin jolted off their sates a voot high ar mwore, bit narn as I zeed didn't come off, they zeemed ta stick ta em as tight as wex, or as if thay wur tied on zom where.

“Poor things,” zaays Nancy, “how it must upzet their inzides ta be zure.” Bit there, they didn't zeem ta mind it an onny laffed ta zee she an I lookin za vrighteed ; ah! twur a vine zite ta be zure, watchen thic girt harmy a hoss zowljers, tha Lanceers wie ther girt long lances an leetle vlaigs vlutterin on tha top on em, an tha Draigoons wie ther brassen helmets a shinnin in tha blazin zun jist like burnished goold, and wen zoords wur draad tha blades on em glitterd an gleamed like bars a zilver. When the manoeovers wur vinished a trumpet zounded, an thay ael got off ther hosses to av ther bit a nammet an empty ther water bottles, which tha poor fellers wur main glad ta do, as tha zun wur za scalden hot, an they wur za parched wie thirst, as skiercely a waig a hayer wur blowin ael thic day.

Nancy an I let zom on em av a drink of ower cider, and gied em zome apples bezides. Massy on ess! how thay did scrunch em in ta be zure ; an one veelin chap gied his apple ta his hoss, an dally how tha gratevul thing pricked up his ears an looked roun as much as ta zay, thank ee, av ee got any mwore; zo while thay wur ael rasted, Nancy an I draves auver ta tha “Stounehenge Inn,” ta gie ower hoss zom water an a bite a hay, an atter avin zim ale owerzelves an a crowst a brade an cheese, we gooes down ta zee tha Bulvird Camp, an twur jist like a girt white town, we ael tha tents a tha diffrent regiments in rows as straight as a line, an var every regiment wur what thay caals a canteen, a zart a public house wur tha zowljers can get anything thame minteed in tha sheap a vituals up we teables an sates an covered we peapers, books, and writin materials, var

tha zowljers ta write ther letters, an all on't vree; an outside wur a pwest office, wur they cood buy stamps, pwest their letters, ar send off telegrams : everything var ther comfert an convayniance as Nancy zed. Bit what plazed ess mwoast of ael wur ta zee tha cooken as wur gwain on, getting tha dinners ready var tha troops when tha come back ; it raaly smill'd za good an savoury, begar! it mead bouth on ess veel a bit peckish, as we velt jist ready var a good tuck out ther an then, bit a coose we had ta content owerselves we tha smill on't. Atter listenen a bit ta tha splendid bands a music as wur playen ael together in a girt long tent, we gets back ta Bulvird Brudge jist in time ta zee tha troops goo inta tha river ta water ther hosses an waish ther dusty laigs – vive underd at a time – an twur a fectin zite ta be zure, ta zee how tha poor things pricked up their ears at tha zite a tha water, an how thay did drink ta be zure, as tho thay'd never lave off. I mist zay as how Nancy an I wur quite struck we tha kindness tha men ael showed var ther hosses, not offeren to quinch their own parched droats, till thay'd a done, although choken we doubt, thay cood ardly glutch, an tha officers too, ael zeemed ta spake za kind an encouragingly to their men, specially to tha young zowljers: it raaly done ess good ta hear an zee it, var poor chaps 'twur no play geam ta thay, bit down right hard tryen work, an daingerous too, var a man tould ess that in a leetle chirch yard cloas by, wur laid ta raste two ar dree a tha poor fellers as had bin haccidentlly killed, which brought tears ta Nancy's eyes, an nuthen hooden do bit what she mist goo an get zim vlowers an put on ther graves, “Poor dear zowljers, and za var away vrim yer woms an kindred,” zays she. Zoo then we jogs back ta varm, an a vine yarn we had ta tell Measter an Misses about what we'd a zeed, as you mid

gace.

One marnen, a vew days atter, we gets a letter vrom Uncle Steve, invitin on ess ta goo into Zalsbury tha nex Zundy ta zee the troops goo ta tha Cathedral Church, an as Measter wur kine enuff ta let ess av tha hoss an trap, we greed ta goo. Avore zix a clock we wur off, ael droo tha Hoodvirds, Leetle Dunvird, an by Woold Cassel ta Zalsbury. Lar! wurden Uncle an Aunt pleased ta zee us, var we adden a met zunce ower weddin day. Zoo atter another good brekfist, away we gooes down into tha Cloase ta zee tha zowljers march into tha Girt Church, an I shood think ael tha voke in Zalsbury purty nigh, wur ther waakin about on tha green in vront a tha Cathedral. Bim bye, we yeard tha bands a playen, an auver two thousand zowljers a tha line marched droo Hexeter Street geat up ta tha wace door a tha Girt Church, wur tha Duke a Cannot, “Prince Arthur,” an tha Bishop wur stannen at the porch to welcom em in, Tha Zalsbury Rifle Core wur ther ta line tha way, an keep back tha crowd, an ther vine band a music wur gone inzide ta help tha organ in tha zingin. We cooden goo in, as tha zowljers took up ael tha room, za caant tell ee much about tha zarvice ar tha zarman that tha bishop preached ta em, bit we yeard twis main gran an hearty, wie tha zowljers a joinen in tha hymns wie zich sperrit. Uncle Steve then begun ta tell ess about tha thousands a troops as had come into Zalsbury be train a day a two before, vrim dree a clock in tha marnen till dinner time ; var two days thay come ael droo Vishitin Street as vast as thay cood pour, wie bands a playen, baig pipes a skirrlen, voke a clappen, shouten, an cheerin ; nevir wur zich a zite zeed in Woold Zalsbury avore; in tha two days, nearly twenty thousand troops went droo, out ta their camp on Humintin Down, besides vower thousand

hoss zowljers as went droo vrim Voord Camp ta Broad an Bower Chaak Camps. Ael at wonce tha zound a baig pipes wur yeard in tha distance, an tha girt crowd a voke outzide a tha Cathedral rushed off ta tha Market Place like mad, an zure enuff we wur well repaid var ower hurry an skurry, var tha vust division of tha Nawthern Harmy wur a marchen droo vrim Idmiston to their camp at Wilton, vive ar zix thousand strong, an mwoast on em crack regiments a tha line.

Grannydiers, Cwooldstrames, an Scotch Guards, Marines, an two regiments a Highlanders, wie their kilts an neaked knees a showin. Massy on ess! what a zite twur ta be zure. I cood ardly believe me own eyes ; ta zee em, straight as a line an zolid near as a wall goo along at zich a swingen an spainken rate, specially tha Highlanders, wie their pipers, zich girt tall an brawny lookin fellers ; voke zed twur tha vinest zite as had a bin zeed in Zalsbury.

Atter thay had gone by we gets back ta tha Cathedral, jist in time ta zee tha totherem come out. We vollied em on ta Harnum Brudge, watched em up tha hill, an then back ta Uncle Steve's ta dinner, wur we diden vail ta do justice ta tha good things Aunt put avore us. Atter dinner Uncle zays, "Now Ben, goon get thee hoss an trap, an we'll ael drave auver ta Wilton Camp, var there's a woold school meat a mine a Zargint in te Marines, an I shid like ta vind un out, as I think I cotched zite on un a gwain droo this marnin. Zoo I purty quick vetches ower trap vrom tha White Hoss in Cassel Street, an Uncle an Aunt, Nancy an I, wur zoon on ower way to Wilton. The road nearly ael tha way wur vull a well-drast people gwain ta camp, an when we got to tha little town, every pplace wur chock'd vull a hosses, carridges, an underds a baggage waggins, an tha streets wur ael alive we rid cwoats an

people hurryin up ta camp. We had a main job ta put up tha hoss an trap, bit knowin tha Landlord a tha “Grayhound,” a wur good enough ta vine ess out a speer corner, zoo atter a leetle zummat to waish down ower dusty droats, away we went up ta camp, which rached vrim tha waterworks at Dichampton, baing up ta Grovely Hood. The roads, vields, an downs, win ael alive we zowljers, men, oomen, an childern, an zich a tangled mars a voke as wur amaing the tents on tha down, a ael colours a tha rainbow twur never my lot ta zee ; it zeemed as tho haaf Zalsbury, an ael tha country voke var miles around must av bin ther ; fiathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, uncles an aunts, cousins an sweethearts, an ael in their zundy baste ; lots come many a weary mile ta zee ar vind out zome well know'd veace among tha zowljers praps a zon, brother, or lover, an what a fectin zite twur when thay chanced ver ta meet. I zeed one poor woold ooman embrace her zowljer bwoy as though she'd never let goo on un agean, an I zeed a smartly drast tho loanely lookin young ooman peepin about zo intent between tha lines a tents, an geazin inta tha veace of every zolwjer she met, wie zuch a hager an longin look, as tho she'd bust out a cryen in dispair of ever zeein on un agean, till ael at once she cotch'd zite a tha dear one, who wur on tha look out var she too, an I lave ee ta pictur tha zene when thay did meet var who can venter ta describe sich blissvul moments. I caant, aelthough I an Nancy av velt an bin droo em. Then down be tha Canteens ta hear tha cheers an shouts a welcome as woold vrens an buttys cotched zite a one another, bim bye Uncle Steve vill up agean his woold schoolmeat, now a Sargeant a Marines, who'd bin a zowljer ael his life purty nigh, an had no wish ta lave it neither. Ya shood a yeard Uncle an he greet one another! “Lar Jack!” zays he, “how

glad I be ta meet ee once mwore ta be zure,” an thay shook one another's hans ready ta sheak em off.

“Come an lets whet ower whissel me woold vren do, however, att thease longful time. How brown thee best got ta be zure, I warn thee'st a bin droo zummat zunce last we met,” zoo as we wur gwain inta tha canteen an Uncle an tha Zargeant wur laffen an taaken about their bwoyhood an woold times, a smeatish young Carpril a tha Cwooldstream Guards rushed up ta my Nancy, ketches woold bouth her hans an zaays, “what, my leetle sweetheart Annie Bowden,” an I believe, be drat if I dwoant, that a hood a cotch'd her ael roun tha weast an kiss'd her ther an then if I adden a rushed up an let un knaa she wur married an I wur her laavul usbind, “think a that now,” a zaays, “an you an I Nancy, aelwys zich leetle sweethearts vrim childern,” “well, can't be helped now,” a zaays, “come an lets av a drink, here's good health to ee an to yer usbind, I hopes he's a good un,” a coose we wur bouth willin ta av a drink we un ta show we diden bere no hanimosity, bit I must zaay I wur clin'd ta get a bit riled till Nancy tould me he wur a wheelright's apprentice in her own neative village in Zummersetshire, who run away vrim his apprenticeship an listed a zowljer, an nobiddy adden zeen ar yeard nuthin on un zunce thic day, zoo atter traten he ta a glass, we pearted good vrens, aelthough I cood zee he cast sheeps eyes on Nancy till we got clane out a zite.

“Come an hear ower band,” zaays Uncle Steve's vren tha Zargeant, who jist then had started ta play in a girt open space in vrunt a tha camp, zo we draad up, an purty zoon thousands a voke stood roun ta hear tha splendid pieces a music thay did play, var mworn a nower. I never yeard zich zouns in ael me born'd days avore. Zo wen twur getting on ta dark we bid our

vrens good bye ; Uncle an Aunt went on be train ta Zalsbury, an Nancy an I in tha hoss an trap ael auver Camp Hill an droo tha Hoodvirds to ower varm, an down rite pleased wur ess bouth wie ael we had zeed an yeard thic day, bit za tired out we cood hardly stan apon ower laigs, diden want no rockin ta zen ess off ta sleep, aelthough once ar twice I vancied I cood zee thic ar young guardsmin prowlin about, bit a coose that wur ael in my drames. I diden zay nuthen about it ta Annie, var tood a mead hur proper spitevul, an she hood a caal'd it jealousy ; bit be dang if teant a vact, an Uncle Steve zays zo too, that tha ooman voke be terryable vond a the ridcwoats, you can skiercely meet a zowljer bit what a got a purty young ooman along wie un, and that's true, begar, tis.

THA BATTLES

Thursday, Zeptember tha vust wur tha day vixed var tha battles ta begin between the Nawthern an Southeran Harmies, an be dree a clock in tha marnen tha different camps wur ael astir, getting ready ta goo off an meet one another. The henemy, wich wur the Southeran pearty, wur zaped to av landed at Waymouth, wich pleace thay'd a took, and Wareham as well, an wur comin on ta Blanvird and Shaasbry as vast as their hosses an laigs cood carry em. The defenden harmy wur marchen ta Fovant, Dinton an Teffont, wur thay camped var tha nite. Tha Caviltry wur in camp at Bower Chaak, an zoon atter twur light on tha marnen a tha vust had a brush wie tha henemy near Cranbourn Cheace, an zucceeded in draven on em back. Avore twur light next day, bouth harmies wur peepen about atter one another, tha invaders, under Zur Ridvirs Buller, wur marchen on Shaasbry, an tha defenders, under tha Duke a Cannot, tryen ta stop em, an drave

em back. Bout nine a clock, tha baloons went up, an zoon atter tha cannons boomed out at one another like thunder claps, an away on Melbury an Wyn Downs tha henfintery come inta action an pipped away at one another like as tho twur rale warvare. Every hedge an plantation wur alive wie zowljers a bouth harmies. The poor Shaasbry voke an the villagers aroun wur nearly vrowtened out a their wits be tha noise a tha cannon, musketry, an machine guns. Bout twelve a clock sase vire zounded, an tha humpires gied out as how twur a draad battle, as neither zide hadden a gained nuthen. Next day thay went at it agean, nearly on tha seam ground, bit a leetle handier ta White Sheet Hill, an the villages at tha bottom on't. Atter twur auver tha duke's harmy marched back to Fovant, Teffont, and Dinton, and Zur Ridvirs to Vonthill, Barick Zaint Lennerds, and Chimmick, wur Zur Garnet Woolsey an his staff wur camped. I leave ee ta guess tha zenes there wur in ael the villages tha troops went droo ; tha poor fellers wie feacin as blacks a chimney sweep, an tha swet a runnin down em in spoonvuls, tha roads wur za terryable stoany an dusty, wie the tremendous traffic as went auver em, an wich rach'd quite zix mile long. I mist zay as how tha poor villagers cooden zeem ta da enuff var em, var as thay passed along thay brought out girt tubs an jars a nice cool water var em ta quinch their dusty droats, an lap vulls a apples too, an in zom keases beer an cider wur vreeley gied, an plazed an gratevul tha poor chaps wur wie tha kineness show'd em everywhere thay went ; how thankvull, too, when thay rached their camps atter their long weary march in tha hot zun, an ta get their zuppers an av a good waish.

Zundy wur a much needed raste day ; thay ael varm'd up in girt squares about leven a clock var

Divine Zarvice, an twur a proper fection zite ta zee these thousands a men a zingin tha well know'd hymns, an intently listenen ta tha kine words a tha Chaplin, an atter thic zarvice wur vinished, zich a zene ther wur as praps woold Englin ar never zeed tha like to, var while twur on, tha news rached camp about tha glorious victory of ower troops in the Zowdan, an when tha ginerel gied it out an caal'd var dree cheers var tha Queen, an tha Anglo-Gipshin Army, tha citement it caased wur raaly amezin, an the zound a tha thousands a voices bewilderren. In tha afternoon ael tha bands, nearly a thousand strong, played together on tha Down, to tha girt delight a thousands a tha country voke, who, we med be zure had never yeard tha like on't, an never med agean. Avore twur light Monday marnen, tha invaders got up intenden ta march on Zalsbry, thay'd a gained possession a tha Girt Ridge Hood purty nigh, when tha caviltry a tother harmy cotch zite on em, an atter a leetle scheming an wheelen about, here an ther, daished atter em like lightenin. I happened ta be nearly in tha thic on't, an had ta get behine a girt thorn bush var shelter, ar I shood av bin rod auver, on thay went wie pennants a vleein, an soords a glittern, till they got within a vew yards a one another, when the humpires trumpet rung out var em to stop, an thay pull'd up in a jiffy, or thay'd a bin in ta one another like mad, onny a soords laingth pearted em. Voke zed twur a splendid charge an gied ee a idear a what tis in rale warvare ; zoon atter tha cannons boomed out, tha baloons a bouth harmies went up, an tha hinfntry begun ta show their noses outside a Stockton Hood, wur thay wur hiden in ther thousands, but thay zoon had ta put em in agean, as tha Duke's harmy wur a waiten var em, an if tid a bin a rale battle the slaughter a tha henemy hood a bin terryable. Sase

vire zounded about twelve a clock, an bouth zides
rasted, ved, an emptied ther water bottles ; zoon after,
tha bands a ache regiment struck up an bouth harmies
march'd inta camp, tha defenders ta Wylve, Laingford,
an Wishvird, an tha henemy ta Codvird, Zaint Peter,
Stockton, an Bathampton. I vollied one division down
inta Wishvird, an tha zite I zeed, stannen on tha brudge
as crosses tha Wiley river at Stoford, I never shaant
varget, it took nearly dree howers var em ta goo across,
an poor chaps, how there eyes did zeem ta glisten we
thankvulness, when thay cotch'd zite a tha pure runnin
stream, an tha grassy medders amaing tha girt elem
trees, wur thay wur ta camp var tha night, underds on
em wur that parched wie thirst thay jumped tha parapit
a tha brudge down inta tha river, an lapped up tha
water we their hands, an bathed their dousty veaces a
bit as well. I mist zay as how I never yeard one a their
officers blow em up vor't, tho I spoose, twur ageanst
tha regulations, an a coose, tooden do, var em ael ta
brake tha rains an rush inta every river an brook thay
passed by. Twur a terryable exicten time, at Wylve an
Wishvird while tha troops wur there, but I never yeard
as how much damage wur done ta anything ar any
bidy, an as I zed, tha poor things wur mainly pleazed
be tha campin groun there. Zich nice girt trees ta
shelter em vrom tha blazin zun, an zich a nice girt river
ta bathe in too, which thousands on em took advantage
o. Next day, tha battle come off at Yaanbry Cassell,
twur mwoastly a caviltry an artillery vite, tha cannons
a baingin at one another ael tha marnen, right across
tha valley as runs up vrim Steapl vird ta Winterburn
Stoak, the hinfintry diden av much ta do, aelthough
they wur in readiness behind every hedge an in every
plantation on vield and down. Twur zed as how tha
Duke, who wie his staff wur directin tha battle near tha

Druids Head, had a won a girt stratagem victory – whatever that med be – var he had toll'd Zur Ridvirs an his harmy into a nice leetle trap, an had it bin rale warvare every one on em wood a bin killed in-a-mwoast, as thay wur zo zurrounded be tha cannons, which wur pleaced in position za clever like. When sase vire zounded, tha Duke wur complimented on his skill an tack, be tha Humpires, an then he an ael tha girt uns went inta a varm house hard by, ta av ther bit a nammet, an twur yer I zeed tha duchess an lots a voreign hofficers, along wie Lard an Leady Pembrook, who drove zom on em up in their carridge. Atter tha zowljers had rasted an ved, thay ael marched off, tha Nawthern Harmy ta tha naybrood a Beakin Hill, an tha Southereners took possession a tha camps at Wylve an Wishvird, which totheren had a left in tha marnen, a coose, every biddy thought these days battle wur tha last, an that tha war wur ael auver, an that nex day, Wensdy, wur ta be a clearen up day, getting ready var tha Girt March Past on Thursdy, an no biddy didn zeam ta knaa no better, not even Measter nar any a tha Gennelvoke as liv'd handy. Bit nex marnen, jist as I an Nancy wur zitten down ta brekvist, we yeard zich a baing, jist like a thunder clap ; it vried ess bouth right off ower laigs, that we upzet tha teable, brekvist things an ael. Auver went tha taypot on tha cat, who jumped out a winder like a mad thing, an ower leetle canary wur fleein an flutterin about in his keage, an his veathers ael auver tha pleace. Baing! baing! an baing agean! twur nuthen bit baings. Nancy and I got terryable vrowtened ; she clutched I roun tha weast a good un. “O lar! Benny, whatever is it?” “I shill goo inta sterricks, that I shall.” “Did ee ever hear zich thunder? an za cloas ta ess too.” “Hark! there tis agean ; do get I thic leetle drop a brandy out a tha cubbord, ar

I shill goo off.” An jist as I wur getting on it var her, who shood open tha door an look in bit Measter.

“Ben,” a zaays, “look sharp, put the hoss in the vawerwheel.” “Come on, an bring Nancy, theres a girt sham vite jist begun top a tha village, an we'll drave up top a Down an zee it, look sharp.” “Drat tha fellers,” zays I; why diden em tell ess on't. Yer Nancy an I av bin vrited out a ower wits purty nigh wie tha naise, thinkin twur a heavy thunder starm commin auver.”

We that a busted out in a good hearty laff an zed, “Well, let her av tha brandy, till keep her sperrits up var tha vite.” When Nancy had a drink'd tha brandy, an wur assured twurden thunder, she come roun in a jiffy an zet up laffin a good un ta think what ninkcompoops we bouth wur, not ta be yable ta tell thunder vrim cannons a firin. Zo we got on ower things, an purty quick hoss an vawerwheel stood at Measter's geat, an we wur ael zoon away ta tha top a ower Down amaing tha artillery, who wur bainging away at another battery gean Ogbury Camp, bove Girt Dunvird. Bout nine a clock, when tha mist had cleared away, we had a splendid view on it ael. There wur batteries a artillery on top a tha hills bouth zides a tha Avon river, vrim Girt Yeamsbury, right roun ta Woold Cassel, near Zalsbury, an thay wur lettin drave at one another at a vine rate. Tha naise wur diffenen, ya cooden hear yerzelf speake zometimes, var every gun amwoast wur brought inta haction, an down in tha valley, every road, lean, vield an medder, wur alive wie tha hinfintry ; thousands upon thousands on em ; tha Southeren Army tryin ta get auver tha river, an tha Nawtherners keepin on em back. Tween ten an leven tha battle raged furiously, tha volley firin an tha machine guns meakin a terryable rattle. Nancy wur looken as whites a maggot, I raaly believe she'd a went

off in a vaint if tadden a bin var thic are drop a brandy she'd a had, an a leetle drop mwore which Missus gied her, var she too begun ta get a leetle vried, an had ta av a little drop as well. "Dear! dear!" zaays she, "what must it be in rale warvare to be zure, how I do veel var tha poor zowljers ; we raaly did ought ta be kind ta em, poor fellers." At twelve a clock sase vire zounded, an tha battle ended. Tha humpires gied out as tha Duke's harmy had won, becaas they manidged ta keep tha henemy tother zide tha river, zoo Little Dunvird, Zalsbry, an Lunnen were declared seaf, an a coose thay people slep ael tha zounder thic night var ther marciful delivery vrim tha henemy. Thease last battle wur considered ta be tha baste a tha whole lot, I yeard zay, and I think zo too, var bein za cloas whoam an knowin every vield, hedge row, an plantation, we cood vollie it up, an unnerstan tha drift a every movement while it lasted.

Atter bouth harmies had a rasted, an var tha vust time shook hans wie one another, pace bein proclaimed, an tha wur at an end, they marched to ther various campin grouns ael roun Yeamsbry, Beakin Hill, Idmiston, an Porton, an right glad wur tha poor fellers that tha wars wur auver. Missus an Measter wur main plazed we tha zite we'd a zeed, an zo wur bouth a we, bit lore! what a job we had ta get back ta varm ta be zure, var tha road ael tha way wur chock'd vull a zowljers. Hoodvird, Yeamsbry, an Dunvird voke ull never varget tha zene, we tha bands a bouth harmies playen their different regiments ta ther camps which took up ael tha atternoon, an I mist zaay tha villagers done ael thay cood var tha poor fellers, in gien on em plenty a good clane water, an other things bezide, vrim thay as cood avord it.

THA MARCH PAST

Nex day, Thursdy, Zeptember tha haighth, wur tha day vixed var tha Grand March Past, on Boscombe Down, an avore twur light, voke var thirty mile an mwore wur ael astir getting ready to goo an zee it, in vact zome on em started tha nite avore, an got ther bevore tha zun wur up ; bit vrim vawer a clock in marnen till dinner time, ael tha main roads leadin ta tha Down wur chock'd vull a vehicles, vrim tha steatly vawer in hand coach ta tha umble donk an truck of ower oil man, in vact any zart a thing has had got wheels wur brought inta use thic day, an any zart a hanimal too has got vawer laigs an cood stan on em. Girt varm waggins an ther hosses, vrim every varm inamwoast within vive an twenty mile, crowded wie varm leaberers, their wives an childern, an hunderds apou hunderds a people on bikes wiggled their way in an out a tha tremendous traffic like eels in a mill pond, twur a wonder many on em adden a bin killed right out, thay wur za venterzoom. Besides tha road an Down traffic, thousand apou thousands come ta Porton Station be train, packed in tha carridges like herrins in a box, twenty in a peartment, za girt wur tha crowd that lots on em onny got on tha down in time to zee tha March Past vinished, an underds never got ther at ael, they wur baste off as cood waak, var ther wur a nice hayer blowin on tha Downs, an thay cood teak their time wieout hurry ar skurry, an not be stifled be tha dusty roads, which zometimes wur like to a thic yaller fog. A coose I drove Measter, Missus, an Nancy, a shart cut auver tha Downs, as I know'd every inch a tha way, an we got there an took ower stan inside tha pleave as wur roped off var tha carridges a tha gennelvoke an varmers, an who had ael got tickets of admission. We had a capital view on it ael, as we

wurden vur off a tha enclosure as wur zet apear't var tha Royal voke, Nobility, an Members a Parlymint, close agean tha Union Jack as wur vlyen on top a girt pole, wur stood tha Commander-in-Chief an his Staff. Bout leven a clock, which wur tha time vixed var it ta begin, I shood think there mist a bin a underd thousand people on tha Down, an in tha distance, vrim ael quarters, thay wur comin as vast as their laigs cood carry em, ar tha wheels a their carridges hood goo roun. In a vew minutes a trumpet zounded, an tha March Past begun. Vust of ael come along nearly ten thousand a hoss zowljers, Lancers, Draigoons, Huzzars, an Mounted Infantry, an ta zee their long lances wie tha leetle vlaigs on top a vflutterin in tha breeze, an tha shinin helmets a tha Draigoons, wie their draad soords a glittern like bars a zilver, wur a zite, as Measter zed, "Never ta be vargot."

Atter they, thur vollied on twenty or thirty batteries a artillery, wie their cannons, numberin mworn a underd; an then tha hinfintry, thirty-vive thousand strong, of ael zarts, an of ael colours purty nigh, an thay ael went by at a spainkin rate, wie tha massed bands playen tha vaverite tune a ache regiment. Lar a massy! how tha girt crowd a voke did clap, hooray, an cheer ta be zure, specially when zom vaverite rigement went by, bit I raaly dwoant think tis vair ta praise one regiment mworn tother, var on tha vield a battle thay ael do their duty ta their country : thay aelways av an aelways will do. I auver yeard a gennelman zey ta Measter, "One caant bit admire tha daish an swing a tha Highlanders, an praise their pluck an bravery in battle, as witness thic Piper Findlater who skirrlid away on his baig-pipes atter a wur shot in tha laig." "But this Dosset man, Private Vicary, wur quite as brave a zowljer as he; then look at tha twenty-

vust Lancers tother day at Kartwhoam, who cut their way droo dree ar vawer thousand a tha Develishes amaing bullets as wur fleein about like a hail starm, a deed worthy a thic Balicklaver charge.” “Jist zo,” zays Measter, “thay be ael brave men, an med be trusted ta do their duty, dwoant matter ta what rigement ar arm a tha zarvice thay med belong to, an I var one, wunt never begrudge payen a tax var em to av a good livin, good pay, an a good pinchin when thay've a done zarvin their country.”

Bout two a clock tha Grand March Past wur ael auver, an tha girt mass a voke begun ta meak var their whoams. Jist as we wur getting ready ta start, who shid come runnin up bit Uncle Steve an Aunt, ael out a breath, an covered wie swet an doust vrim yead at voot, an vore arn on cood speake wur oblided ta raste an mop their grimy veacin, down which the swet wur tricklin in leetle channels. Atter avin a drink vrim ower jar, which Measter kindly offered em, an which thay wur terryable glad wie, as thay'd emptied their own avore thay got on tha Down, twur za hot an dusty. Thay velt a bit revived atter waishin down their parched droats. “Well, well,” zays Aunt, “tis a reglar teak in, an I warn I'd never come nighst tha place if I'd a know'd it.” “An zo tis,” zays Uncle Steve, “be drat if teant.” Measter an Misses laffed a good un, ta zee tha steat an zitement thay wur bouth in, an wanted ta know tha caas a their complaining zo. “Well,” zays Uncle Steve, “I'll tell ee, zur : mezelf an wife here got up about vive a clock this marnen, an atter avin a good brekfist, got up ta ower stayshun at Zalsbury zoon atter zix a clock ; on tha platvorm wur thousands a people waiten ta goo on. At las we manidges ta scrunge into a carridge, in which me wife nearly vainted away, as tha hayer wur za stifflin, what ther wur, an that, as you mid

gace, wurden mich, wie vifteen voke squeezed into tha peartmint ; twur like bein in a beaker's oven. However, wie a leetle drap a brandy an zome biddy's smillin bottle, she manidged ta keep herself together. Atter waiten var haaf a nower we mead a start var Porton, an got there zoon atter haight a clock, an zich a zite as there wur at thic stayshun I never in ael me barn'd days did zee, an never want ta agean, ael hussel an bussel, hurry an skurry, helter an skelter auver every thing an every boddy, that Misses had her baste bonnet het down flats a pankeake, an her new blowse which she'd a had mead on purpose var tha Review, tor'd vrim her back, as you can zee, zur.” zed Uncle, showin up tha tatter'd garmint, “and atter claren tha stayshun a coose, we vollied on behine tha crowd, vust auver a zix voot rail fence, then droo vields a grass, turmets, an stubble, auver geats, droo hedges an ditches, an no less than vive ar zix barbed wire fences, “dang tha feller as med em” I zaay, now wurden it a purty jaant ta draig a ooman, we wur never in zich a plight an pickle ael ower barn'd days avore, me wife's baste gown too is completely spwiled, an my zundy toggery which I onny had on new last Whitzunday is staigged an torr'd in dree ar vawer plazin, an ael this hooden a happen'd if thay'd had tha zense ta put up a vew notice peapers directin voke tha baste way ta goo, as then when we wur getting purty handy to tha Down, hoss zowljers wur a riden up an down ael auver tha pleace, directin people which way to goo, zom tellin on ess ta goo ther, an zom ta goo here, an zom to bide wur we wur ; zo me wife bein nearly auvercom, we took up ower stayshun near a rick be tha edge of a turmet vield, an wur jist getting out ower bit a nammit, when a hoss pleeceman comes up an horders ess out a that, we hooden heed un var a longvull time, bit a went an got zom hoss

zowljers who zoon bustled ess off, on we went agean about another haaf a mile, an wonce mwore zat down thinkin we wur purty seaf there, bit no, another horder come to clare ess out a that too, be drat if thay'd let ess bide here, there, nar nowhere. Misses wur nearly vagged out an I wur beginin ta get proper spitevul. At las we took up ower stayshin gean a girt varm waggin, thinks I, we shill be purty seaf here, an zo we wur, as ta that, bit atter we'd vinished ower nuncheon an got up ta look about a bit, tha voke in vrunt of ess wur crowded up yards deep, an a coose me wife bein a short stout ooman twur no use biden there, as she cooden a ketch'd a glimpse on't, zo we clared out a that an at las got up one a tha girt mounds tother end, towards Porton virs. We certainly had a tarblish vew a tha hoss zowljers an artillery as thay went past ess, bit as var tha hinfintry we cooden ketch a glimpse o'm as thay turned off, haaf a mile nearly, avore thay rached we. A coose me wife an I be terryable disapointed, as be thousands a mwore, who hant a zeed nuthin at ael bit doust, an tis ael tha Girt Uns vaat. Why didnem av it on Beakin Hill yaander, wur twur avore, an wur a million a voke cood a zeed it wieout let ar hindrance, aelthough ther mid be ten thousand mwore troops here to day then ther wur last time, thease affair to day yeant a patch on't, nar vit to lite a candle we it, and if ever I do come across zome a tha girt voke as had tha manidgement on't, I shaant varget to let em know it neither. What I da zaay zur is this ; Jan Bull av a got ta pay tha leetle bill, an when ther is a girt show on in tha sheap of a Girt Review a tha troops, let em have it at a pplace wur ael can zee alike, high an low, rich an poor ; an this hood a bin tha kease had it av bin on Beakin Hill, instead a Boscombe Down, an I think zur you mist vall in we this too."

Measter nodded his yead an zed he'd rite to tha peapers about it. Zo after Uncle an Aunt had had a good raste, an revresh'd themselves we tha good things which Misses an Measter gied em vrom ower hamper, we drove back whoam. Uncle Steve an Aunt zet off to waak across tha downs, declarin that if thay diden get whoam till marnen tood be better than tha dusty road to Porton Stayshin, an chance bein jammed in a train like pickled herrins agean, however, as we yeard zoon atter, thay got whoam aelright tho terryable vaigged out, especially Aunt, who diden get auver it var a week.

Uncle Steve sticks to it that tha grand March past a haighteen hundred an ninty haight wur a grand failure as vur as tha bulk a tha people wur consarned. Dusty, Disheartenen, an Disapointin a zaays. Well, tis ael auver now, bit let ess hope if thay da ever av it in thasem yer pearts agean, it ull be on Beakin Hill, wur every boddy can zee.