



BEN SLOPER'S VISIT

TO THE

ZALSBURY

DIAMOND JUBILEE ZELEBRAYSHUN,

WHAT HE ZEED AN ZED ABOUT IT

I mist tell ee vust of all that I be looked upon as a handy zart of a chap, an tha property of any biddy as wants ta meak use a I, in tha village wur I da live; Tis Ben this, an Ben that, an Ben here, an Ben there, an Ben everywhere, if a body wants ta knaa anything, tis goo and ax Ben, an if a helpen han is wanted at any mortal thing, vrim a vire to a drownen, tis goo and vetch Ben, ar if a bidden guest is missen at a christenen, weddin, ar vuneral, Ben is zure to be axed ta vill up tha gap; bit I'd av ee ta know that Benjamin is me vront neam, an Sloper tha tother. Benjamin Sloper, that's het, but bere in mind ower vamilee yeant no

relays hun, nar hant got no connection we “Ally,” a thick neam, who's bawld yead and girt nawse, da come out in a zartin picter peaper every week. My young ooman's neam is Annie, “what” dwoant matter, teant Rooney, bit I reckon till be Sloper zom day, and not long vust I da hope; We da bouth live in tha zeam village, she cook down at tha Passens, an I be odd man up at Manor varm, looks atter Measter's hoss an carridge, wait at teable, in a blue cwoat we brassen buttons, wen Measter got company an wants ta keep up tha dignity of his vore feythers, who a zays, wur ael girt Squires till tha bad times zet in we tha varmerin voke, jist as tho, any biddy ever yeard tell a any good times we em. Measter an Missus beant bad zart a voke, an thay bouth promises to do zummat handsim var I zom day, if I da bide we em long enough, var thay knaas purty well, rale good zarvants be skierce now a days, an a job ta get, although I da zay it mezelf; Annie, ar raather Nancy as I da caal her when I'm plased, an Nance when I beant, she too, av got a tarblish good plect, an Passen tells her, he'll marry ess var nuthen when she da lave, which he an his Missus da hope wunt be var a longful while, bit a coose, we shill zettle thic ar bit a business when we be minteed. Ower village, is bout two mile vrim Stounehenge, which ael voke of any larnin have rade about, bit spite a ael their larnin, I'm draat if thay can meak em out heet.

One Zundy latter peart a last May, as we wur out var a ramble on tha downs gean the stounes, I zaays “Nancy, wur shill ess goo Jubilee Day?” “Jubilee,” she zaays, “why that wur ten year agoo when I wur a slip of a gal;” “Oh eece,” I zaays, “tis jist ten years, but now thame gwain ta keep up, what thay da call the Queen's

Diamond Jubilee; var come the 20th a June next, she'll av raigned longer then ar another King or Queen as ever lived in woold Englind, an zich zites, and zelebrayshuns, thers gwain ta be ael auver tha wordle wur any English voke be vound, as wur never yeard tell o.” “And wur's tha spot where they beant to be zeed?” “Thic zelebrayshun ten year agoo wunt be a vlea bite ta thase un, zo the peapers da zay. I thought a gwain to Lunnen, ta zee tha Queen an tha Royal percession goo ta Zaint Paul's; wur there's gwain ta be a gran thanksgivin zarvice ta commemorate tha event, bit tha peapers da zaay there wunt be room ta ketch even a glmpse on't, an underds a voke ull be squeezed and scrunged ta death, ar starved, as there wunt be grub enough ta veed tha millions that'll be thayre, they be even now gien ten and twenty pouns apiece var a bit of a sate ta zee tha percession goo by.” “Oh lar, Benny, if that's het, var goodness seek do ee bide a touam; what ever shid I do if you wur never ta come back agean? Dwoant ee goo, Benny, there's a dear!” “A well I thinks I will Nancy, an gie up ael thought a Lunnen, an we'll bouth goo an spend tha day zomewhere handy.”

Zoo thick zeam nite I zaays ta me Grannie who I did live we (as feyther an mother wur both dade), “Grannie,” I zaays, “Nancy an I have greed to goo zom where and spend Jubilee Day, now wur hood we goo? Which is tha baste place handy do ee think?” “Why, Zalsbury, a coose,” zaays she. Now I mist tell ee Grannie is a Zalsbury ooman, she's dade nuts, an dotes on Zalsbury, nar a pleave like it in ael tha wordle, we'ts girt tall spire, Woold Castle, Green craat, an dozens a other noted plazin, that ya caant zee no where bezides. “Goo there me bwoy, there's gwain ta be vine zites, an gwains on, as I da zee be tha peapers, an as Nancy

han't never bin there till be proper vine trate var her.” Zoo Nancy an I zettled it down, ta goo to Zalsbury on Jubilee Day. Zoo tha nite avore, I gooes down ta Bob Kite ower Carrier, an I zaays “Bob, I an Nancy be gwain ta Zalsbury to marrer to spen Jubilee, can'st teak ess in thee van?” “Lar bless thee woold heart,” zaays Bob, “every pleave av bin bespoke var weeks, why hassen axed avore?” “Ah well,” I zaays, “thee mist teak ess somehow, if tis on top a tilt, we caan't waak this yer terryable hot weather;” “Well Ben,” a zaays, “if there's any biddy I'd ablidge tis thee an Nancy, hood ee mind zitten up behind on the tail rack?” “O lar no, as long as we da get there,” I zaays.

Zoo bout nine o'clock nex marnin, hoff we went, Nancy an I zitten up behind, and a proper good sate we had too, var I'd a borried a measter a woold carridge cushion an rug, an main comfortable we wur too, a nayshun zite better than the voke stuffed up, and squeezed together inzide, wur twur za hot, that they wur blowin an painkin a good un, we tha swet a runnin down their feaces in streams; var twur jist like bein in a hoven as one o'm zed, but Nancy an I wur as cool as a cowcumber, we tha nice fresh marnen hayer, a blowin upon ess ael tha time, bezides, we had zich a good zite a tha deckerayshuns, as the voke had a putt up in every village as we went droo, although we had ta put up we a leetle chaff gwain a long, zich as “Mind you dwoan't let Nancy vall hoff, Benny;” an “Sly Benny dooin a leetle bit a coortin behind, be ee, Benny?” which a coose we diden mind a bit, as I dere zay tha latter peart on't wur true. Bim bye, we got inta Zalsbury, an zich a zite I never zeed in ael my me born'd days avore, ael the church bells wur a ringin, cannons an anvils wur a viren, an bans a playen, an mwoast every house in tha

city wur deckerated an trimmed up wie evergreens, vlowers, an vlags, of ael colours, an a every nayshun under the zun, an here an there wur put up girt triumphet harches, zum on em, mead a girt vir trees an evergreens ta look like sheady bowers, an zome ta himitate a woold cassel, put up we boards an painted ta look like girt blocks a stoune, and raaly looked like tha rare thing. Mwoast ael tha public buildins and girt shops, bezides the deckerayshuns, had got Picters of tha Queen, and the Royal Yarms, an zome had devices an motters, zich as “God Bless tha Queen,” “God Save tha Queen,” “1837 and 1897,” “Zixty, and not out heet,” “The Diamond Jubilee,” “Tha Record Reign,” an undereds a mwore which I raaly caant mind now; zo atter avin a leetle zummat ta ate an drink, wur we put the van an hosses up, away gooes Nancy an I yarm in yarm, towards tha market pleace, var ta zee the gran percession goo along, bit we zoon had ta let goo an waak zingly, var the voke wur as thick as bees in a hive, atter a lot a drungen an squeezezen, an gwain in an out, we manidged ta get there, an lore what a zite twur. Thic girt square pleace ael hurdled in an covered we teables for tha dinner. Bye an bye Zaint Tomases bells rung out, as though thay hood a jumped droo tha tower, and then in tha derection a Winchester Street, we yeard a ban, an tha voke hollied out “Thame a commin,” “Thame a commin,” and begar, twur true. “Now then, Nancy,” says I, “we’ll stick here an wunt waig a paig, an then we shill zee it ael.” An zoo we did, an took nearly haaf a nower vor em ta pass ess.

Vust of ael, come tha Zarjant Meajer we ael tha zity pleecemin var ta clare tha way, and keep horder like; then a girt brass ban a blowin away as though thay hood a bust ther instermints, ar blow em out strait, an

which they had done very smart, if they'd bin mead a lid, steeds a brass; ael at wonce Nancy gied my yarm zich a tug, and bawls out "Look! look! Benny, if there beant Blue Beard, ar Jack tha Giant Killer a commin, look at un, how cross an spitevul a da look; an what's thic ar thing runnin about in vront on un? Look at un, Benny, he's a commin atter ess; hold me, Benny, ar I shill vaint! Odd drat tha thing, get out do." "Dwoant be aveard, Nancy, he wunt hurt ee, tis ony tha Giant Zaint Christopher an his man Hob Nob, as grannie tould I we shid zee." "Christopher," zaays she, "what, thic man as vound out Mericky? Well, I've rade he wur a girtish man, an he be a vine chap zurely." "O, teant Christopher Columbus, no relayshun ta he I dwoant think, cos Uncle Steve tould I wonce, as how he wur a Zaint, an King a tha Tailors, an as tha zaying is, an av allways bin, 'that it teaks nine o'm ta meak a man'; in barberus times they took nine tailors an mead em into a giant, an this is tha himidge on un; thic leetle drapper man carryin his soord in vront, is head an chief a tha Zalsbury tailors, an ael thay chaps an gals dressed up, a dancin roun about un, be tailors an ther sweethearts." "An what's tha Hob Nob then, Benny?" "O, he's to himitate tha devil;" "tha Devil amang tha Tailors,' as voke da zaay." Woold Tailor Jordan as used ta live in Pennywarden Street, an who as longs a lived, car'd tha Giant's soord, mead up zim verses about it, an a proper good zong tis too, zo Uncle Steve da zaay. Atter tha Giant an Hob Nob, come ael tha Club voke, two ar dree thousand strong. Tha Willsheer club vust, bein the wooldest I spoose, then the Oddvellers, Voresters, Rid Club, Hearts a Oak, an dree ar vower mwore, who's neams I've vargot. Tha Oddvellers and Voresters wur main gay, wie their stars, saishes, an vine zilk banners, zome a tha

Voresters wur on hoss back, ta ripresent Robin Hood, Leetle John, Will Scarlitt, an many mwore, we Vriar Tuck the Passen in a black gown an sheaven yead. I wur pleased ta zee zich a zite a club voke, an every biddy I think, mist mire a wirkin man ver jinin a club, meakin hissself independent, if zickness ar a axident should be vall un, zo that a wunt want to trouble tha parish ta keep un; all honner ta un I zaay, tho I be a club man mezelf, an hopes as I shill never want to goo on tha box, as we da zaay. Another vine brass ban, an then comes tha Railway an Pwost Hoffice voke a underd ar two strong. Lar a massy; how things be altered zunce me grannie lived here; she zaays that one woold pwostmin car'd roun ael tha letters as ever com ta Zalsbury, an used ta cost nearly a shillin var a letter to come vrim Lunnen; Now jist zee what a zite a pwostmin there be, an nar a one too many var tha thousands a letters, cards, an peapers, as da come in dree ar vower times a day, and as var telegraphs, thay wurden vound out then, nar neet railway; took two ar dree days, ta get up ta Lunnen be tha road waggin, an now, begar, can go up in less than two hours, be Puffin Billy on tha railway. An ael these things av happened, zunce ower Queen wur crowned, zixty years agoo. Atter the Railway voke an Pwostmen, come a girt long train a chaps on Bikes, an dressed up in all zarts a komical ways, ta himitate everything an everybiddy amwoast. Then come tha Tradesvoke we waggins an trollys deckerated up, an on top on em, wur Blacksmiths, Tinsmiths, Carbinders, Masons, Printers, an every trade you cood think on, ael at work; Then tha Vire Brigade, we ther brassen hats a shinin like goold, an thay looked main gran, an put ee in mind a Roman zowljers wat come over an konkered tha British in woolden times. The Rifle Volunteers, led be there vine

band a music come next, an a smart lot a vellers thay wur too; then tha Bwoy's Brigade, a new ridgemint just started, so a chap told I, “var to encourage lads ta jine tha regular harmy an neavy when thay wur big enough.” Tha Mayor an Carperayshun come next, an purty gran thay ael looked in their rid gowns an drie corner hats, like what they used to wear in tha good woold times. An then, what Nancy declared wur tha purteyest zite a ael, come a lot a tha gennelvokes' carridges, trimmed up ael auver, under, and top, we evergreens, vlowers, an vlaigs in every colour, an in every sheap an varm you cood think on, as Nancy zed, “Thay ael looked like travellin vlower gierdens;” an inside on em wur tha ladies an their leetle children, dressed in ael colours, to look like leetle cherubs, which thay did begar, an as thay went along a smilin an noddin, to tha crowds a voke, thay busted out a cheerin as tho their droats hood a split, thay wur za plazed we't ael; and I mist zay twur a proper gran percession, an a vine zite.

Zoo atter the last carridge had gone past, I zaays ta Nancy, “We mist now goo an try an vind out Uncle Steve, as I promised Grannie; we shill av plenty a time; as tha percession wunt be back yer ta dinner var two ar drie howers.” Zoo hoff we went ael up Winchester Street, an turned inta Pennyvarden Street wur Uncle did live; we rapped at tha dooer, bit tha street wur as quiet's tha dade, every biddy gone ta zee tha percession, an keep Jubilee. At last, a poor woold cripplin ooman peeped out a tha nex house, an axed if we wanted Measter Sloper, cos if we did, he wir in tha percession we his club, the Voresters, dressed up us Vriar Tuck the Passen, in a black gown, leathern belt, an wig, we shaven crown, an if we wur ta stan agean

tha hurdles, wen ael tha voke come back an went in ta dinner, we shid be zure to zeen un. Zoo we thanked her, and I took Nancy hoff ta zee tha various streets, an ther deckerayshuns. Lar massy on me, how she steered, when we got into tha Close, an looked up at tha girt Church an Spire; I thought she'd never look down agean. "Why, Benny," zays she, 'when she came round', in girt ameazement, "wur ever did em get ladders long enough ta build up thic tower we?; an look, be ael thay there girt pieces a timber, put roun un var ta keep un vrim vallen down on ess?" "Why, no, Nancy, it zeems thay be repairen on un, zom a tha stounes be got cayed, an thame a putten in new ones, zo I da zee be tha peapers, but how thay manidged to put un up, that's a puzzle, zeam as tis at Stounehenge, considerin, thay had no sheenery in thic-em-there days. Grannie zaays, as mwoast a tha wirken men as put un up, lived in Pennywarden Street, wur Uncle Steve do. Thay wirked var a penny a day, which a coose, went as vur as dree an zix do now, an thay struck var another varden, that's what tis neamed Pennywarden Street var."

We hadn got time ta goo inzide tha girt church, bit I promised Nancy, I'd bring her ta zee it another day. Zoo we jogged along, ael up High Street, an droo Zilver Street, an I pwinted out tha Pawltrey Cross, Council House, an tha girt Rooshan Gun, as wur took, out in tha Crimare War; also Zidney Harbet's statue, thic girt steatsmin, an vriend a tha zowljers: an then across ta Fawcett's, tha blind man, who wur a neative a Zalsbury, an mead Pwost Measter General, an praps hood a bin Prime Minister zom day, if adden a died, an just in his prime too; I've yeard Grannie tak about un, an what a good visherman a wur, although as blind's a

bat. "Poor dear man," zaays Nancy, "I da aelways veel zo var blind voke; but what a rum zart ov a hat a got in his han, I shid think tha veller as mead thic zong, 'Wur did ee get thic hat', mist a come yer an zeed thic un."

In a vew minutes we yeard tha bans a playen, an the precession wur jist commin back vrim their rounds; zoo we perched owerzelves gean tha hurdles, wur tha club voke wur ta goo in ta dinner, an purty quick spied out Uncle Steve hoss back on a donkey, we a girt black gown ael auver un, a girt broad strap roun is middle, a wig we ael tha hair off on tha crown, an a girt book under his yarm, an looken za zerious as a rale passen.

"Hel ho! Uncle Steve, how is yer riverence?" zaays I, "Odd dratt it Ben, is that thee? wur's Nance?" "Oh, here," I zaays. "Come along, bouth a ee." Zoo atter he'd dismounted an gied tha donkey in charge of a bwoy, a zaays, "Come on, vollie I." "We hant got no dinner tickets," I zaays. "Never thee mind that, we men a tha cloth can goo anywhere, doo anything, ar ax who we be a minteed." Tha man as wur teakin tha tickets, winked an zart a grinned, an on we went to tha teable as wur laid out var the Voresters club voke; we had a proper good sate nex ta Uncle, who wur head a thic teable, as become one a tha cloth. Zich a zite as thay there teables, we ael tha good things put upon em var we ta tackle, I never did zee, an never will agean, I da reckon. Nancy zed to look around inzide thic girt square a hurdles up on end, an ael the voke inzide, put her in mind a Yaanbury Cassel vair. Uncle zed as how there wur nearly five thousand zitten down ta dinner, an ta veed em, there wur vawer thousand pounds a beef, zides mutton an hams, an nearly a ton a figgetty pooden, thirty barrells a beer, we vawer ar five thousand bottles a ginger pop.

Zo atter tha Bishop had a zed grace, ower cheermin, Vriar Tuck, stood up, an zaays, “Now me jolly voresters, vall to, and av a glorious tuck out; vancy yerzelves in merrie Sherhood Vorest, along we Robin Hood, veeden of a venison an drinkin rosy wine, as he used ta do in tha woolden times.” “I wish ta gar we wur in Sherhood, Groveley Hood, ar zom other hood,” zaays Leetle John, “var I'm dang if this yer blazin zun wunt scorch ess ael up, I'm thinkin.” “An I too,” zaays Will Scarlit, we tha swet a pawerin down his rid veace a good un. “Begar, I begins to vrizzle,” zaays Much the Miller. An I mist zaay twur nuff ta beak a veller to a zinder, zitten in that ar scarchen zun, an nar a bit a hayer skiercely; bit hot as twur; I'm dang if it stopped anybidy vrum havin a down rite good veed, tha jints wur purty quick ael bounes, an as var tha drinkables thay wur stowed away in no time, ya swet it out, nearly as vast as ya got it in. Zoo when every bidy had vinished, tha Mayor got up to perpose tha Queen's good health, an went on ta zay what a good Wife, Mother, an Queen she'd a bin, which a coose, as tha good woold ditty da zay, “Nobidly caan't deny.” “Now then, Brother Voresters,” zaays Vriar Tuck, “Vill yer cups ta tha brim, drink Queen Victoria's health, an gie zich a cheer as ull meak thease yer woold markit please ring;” an I needen tell ee tha cheeren wur loud enough to be yeard on Woold Cassel Rings, nearly two mile off. Then atter the Bishop, an two ar dree mwore gennelmen had spachefied a bit, we ael left tha empty teables, which wur purty zoon got ready, var the ooman vokes tay. About vour thousand on em zat down, and purty well thay enjoyed therzelves, as wur's tha ooman who dwoant when there's a cup a tay about? Then nuthen hooden do bit what we mist goo along we Uncle Steve up ta his house in Pennyvarden Street, wur

a zoon got rid of his gown an wig, an gied up bein a
Passen var thic day; an atter a leetle raste, away we
wen ael up Cassel Street ta tha Park, ta zee tha spourts.
An zich a mass a voke as wur there, I never put me
eyes on avore; tha pleace wur nearly vull, an twur a job
ta get about. However, room wur zoon mead var tha
spourts, an tha racin begun. There wur voot racin, zack
racin, hobsticle racin, an hurdle racin, var men,
oomans, an bwoys. Donkey an bicycle racin, climmin
tha gracy pole var a laig a mutton, dree ar vawer tugs a
war, tween teams a hache parish in tha zity; an a main
bit a vun an zitement twur, specially tha racin var tha
ooman voke an donkeys. Zoo atter twur auver, an tha
prizes wur gied away ta tha winners be tha Mayeress,
tha ban struck up zim dancin tunes, an tha girt crowd a
voke, young an woold, rich an poor, went at it we zich
a sperrit, begar, I thought thay hood a danced ther laigs
off purty nigh, “Come on, “ zaays Uncle Steve, “we
mist av a jig if tis ony ta keep up Jubilee;” zo a ketches
hold a my Nancy var his piertner, an I took hold a
Aunt, an although she wur a girt big ooman a twelve
stoune, we manidged ta get on purty tidy, till jist as I
wur swingin on her roun in tha poker as twur, a swell
young feller in peatent boots an spats, happened var ta
put em in me way, an down come me voot right on top
on em. “Dash tha clown,” zaays he, ael in a rage, an
rid as vire, “you've crushed my voot ael ta a jilly.”
“Odd dang it,” zaays I, “teant tha vust time jilly bin
mead of a calves voot.” At that tha voke as wur stood
roun looken on, busted out a laffen a good un, an
twould un, he'd better leave his peatent boots an spats
atouam, nex time a wanted ta dance in a crowd, var
who cood look atter vokes veet in zich a tangled mass a
people as that. A diden zaay no mwore, an we ael
vower went on dancin till tha ban gied out. Zoo jist

atter nine o'clock, wen twur got a bit duskin like, two ar dree underd chaps come out of a tent, dressed up in ael zarts a comical ways, ta himitate everything an everybiddy amwoast. There wur gut vat Falstaff, as we da rade about in Sheaksphere; Hemperors, Kings an Princes, Dukes an Lords, Bishops, Tinkers, Tailers, Zowljers, Zailers, Clowns, an Niggers, yaller, copper colour, an black ooman voke, Ladies a tha Harem, in white gowns ael auver em, vrim yead ta voot, we ony peep holes var ta look out o; an tha wur zom to himitate Lions, Tigers, Bears, Monkeys, Wolves, an Raing-a-taings, an ael zarts a hanimals. One I zeed we harns on his yead, cloven veet, an a girt long hissin tail, var ta represint Woold Nick, an every one on em car'd a vlamen torch ta light tha way. Zoo wen every thing, an every biddy wur ready, tha Mayor, an tha zity Member a Parleymint, hache we a torch in his han, led of tha percession. Tha Zowljers ban struck up a lively tune, and away went thease yer vlamen percession ael droo the streets up ta tha Green Craat; var ta let off the vireworks, an ael roun thic ar green vield wur thousands, upon thousands a voke, a hollien and cheerin a good un, as tha percession marched in, an it ael zeemed ta be one mass a vire a ael colours a tha rainbow, rid, yeller, green, blue, an tha different sheades between, an raaly dazzled a veller's eyes watchen on it. Ael at once, a lectric lantern as thay'd put on Zaint Tomases tower war pwinted tawards ess, an a coose that mead it ten times mwore dazzlin, an lighter than day; and then thay pwinted tha zeam light on tha girt Church an Spire, an lots a mwore public buildins, an thay showed up plaain's a pike staff. A young zailer as stood handy, zed as how, they'd got thease yer light on bouard all tha Men-a-War, zo's ta vind out tha henemy at night, an what thay wur up to

on shore, and begar, it zometimes vrited tha neatives zo, thay thay ael bolted athout waitin ta vite, thinkin it mist be woold Nick commin atter em wie his lantern. Ael at once, we yeard zich a baing, which vrited I and Nancy hoff ower laigs amwoast, an she declared mist be a earthquake a commin, which mead Uncle Steve split his zides a laffen. "Look up," he zaays, an we looked up, an in tha sky wur underds a poppin stars a ael colours, an vleein about in ael directions, vrim a vlight a rockets which tha Mayor had a jist vired hoff, an which wur tha caas a ower vrite. Var purty nigh two howers there we bid, wie open mouth an gappin eyes, steerin at thay there splendid vire wirks; tha last piece wur beautiful, that twur, var it had the wirts "God Seave tha Queen, 1837 and 1897," ael in virey letters. Lar massy on ess, how voke did clap ther hands an cheer ta be zure, an then tha ban played "God Seave the Queen," an every biddy took hoff their hats an jined in as hard, an loud, as they wur yeable; then another good cheer var the Mayor an his Leady, an one var tha Committee, as carried it ael out, tha girt mass a voke begun ta zeparate. Uncle an Aunt, an Nancy an I, vollied tha ban down Winchester Street, till we got ta Pennyvarden Street, wen nuthen hooden do, bit what we, an a vew mwore vrens, mist goo in Uncle Steve's ta zupper, an a proper good time we had on it too, var Uncle twould ess ael about roastin tha Ox tha day avore out in markit; how thay put up a vire plect an a spit ta turn un on purpose, an how, when his washup tha Mayor went ta baste un wie a zix voot ladle mead a zilver, how zim likeness teakin vellers, who had got up top of a trolly wie ther insterments var ta take a good picter on't, wur ael upzet wie zim bwoys climmin up, jist as tha Mayor wur pawerin on, tha vust lot a gravy. Vortunately, no biddy wurden hurteed, zo diden matter

much, an mead a leetle bit a vun in tha bargain, Uncle an Aunt had a goo at tha bastin a tha baste, drippence a piece, an so did underds a mwore, just var tha vun a thing, thay zed. Then Uncle tould ess about tha girt bonvire as wur lighted on Harnim Hill, and wur thay cood zee nearly a scoure mwore bezides on different hills roun about. Uncle Steve wur a merry zart of a chap tha baste a times, bit ta night a wur a bit extry zo, an kep ess a laffen ready ta split ower zides be tha vunny tales he tould ess. “Now,” a zaays, “jist avore we da ael peart, as times a getting on, I'm a gwain ta zing a leetle bit of a ditty as I've mead up, on thease Diamond Jubilee,” zoo we rapped tha teable, an called order, an he begun:

STEVE SLOPER'S DIAMOND JUBILEE ZONG

1

Come, ael you jolly people,
As lives in Zals-bur-ee,
Come here and jine me leetle zong,
Bout thease Diamond Jubilee;
Tis zixty years zunce ower good Queen
Begun ta reign o'er we,
Zoo we loyal hearts we will keep up,
Her Diamond Jubilee.

Chorus, ael o ee:

O, tha Jubilee, tha Jubilee,
Tha Diamond Jubilee.
In keep'n on't ther yeant nar pleace
Shill whack woold Zals-bur-ee.

2

Ta tha back bwone we be loyal ael,
As lives in Zals-bur-ee,
Dree royal Jubilee we've kept,
Zunce thease yer century;
In haighteen leven, Jarge the Third,
Ower Queen's in haighty zeven,
An ten mwore years she've raigned zince then,
Var which we ael thank heav'n.

Chorus, ael o ee:

O, tha Jubilee, tha Jubilee,
Tha Diamond Jubilee.
In keep'n on't ther yeant nar pleace
Shill whack woold Zals-bur-ee.

3

We be veam'd var ower high steeple,
An var good wom brew'd beer,
An var ower loyal people,
Who's loyalty zincere;
An zo we'll keep tha Record Raign
A Victorier ower Queen;
Var mongst woold Englin's Monarchs ael,
Tha baste o'm, she've a been.

Chorus, ael o ee:

O, tha Jubilee, tha Jubilee,
Tha Diamond Jubilee.
In keep'n on't ther yeant nar pleace
Shill whack woold Zals-bur-ee.

“Well done, Uncle Steve,” zaays I, “a capital
good zong, tis begar; dree cheers var Uncle,” zaays I.
“Quite a pawitt, yeant er?” zaays Aunt. Zoo we villed

ower glasses ta tha brim an drunk Uncle's health an zong, an then Aunt's, an then ower own, an every biddy else's who wur there, till tha clock het out twelve on em, which wur tha time Bob Kite, ower Carrier, zed he shid be ready ta start var whoam. Zoo we bustled on ower things, an hoff we went, Uncle Steve showin ess tha nearest way ta tha public house, wur tha van an hosses wur put up. Thay wur jist ready ta start as we got there. "Hold hard, Bob," zaays I, "here we be." "Why, drat the veller," zaays he, "we begun ta think tha Giant an Hob Nob had car'd hoff thee an Nancy, as nobiddy hadden zeen a glimpse o'ee all the day." "Well, here we be, locksy-zee, seaf an zound." "Jump up then," a zaays, "an let's be joggin." Zoo Uncle Steve lifted ess up on ower woold sate behind, an we measter's rug, wrapped ess bouth up nice an snug, an atter gien I a hearty sheak a tha han, an Nancy a good baing of a kiss, "a cos twur Jubilee," a zed, hoff we started var whoam, an I dwoant mind tellen o'ee zich a happy couple a hours I never had in ael me born'd days, we me yarm ael roun Nancy's weast, var ta keep her vrim vallen hoff, an now an then gien on her, zich a whoppen good kiss, "a cos twur Jubilee," as Uncle Steve zed. Tha time zeemed ta vlee away, var tha nite wur za nice an cool, an everything za quiet, seave tha rattle a tha van, an tha chaps an maidens inzide a zingin, we ael their might, an main, "We wunt goo wom till marnen;" nar did ess neither, var ower church clock het two, jist as we got inta tha village, begar, I wished we'd a got ten mwore mile ta goo, we wur za happy an comfertable like. I raaly think thic ride wom zettled tha job twix I an Nancy, var I plucked up couridge enough ta ax her if she'd be Mrs Benjamin Sloper nex Christmas, if we wur bouth alive an well; an she put her sweet rosy cheeks agean mine an zaays,

“Eece, Benny, I will, var I da think you'll meak I a good piertner ael droo life;” zoo I gied her another whoppen good kiss hache zide a hur purty veace, wishes her good nite, an laved her at tha Vicarage door, wur she zoon let herself in be her latch kay.

Nex marnen, Grannie wur bustin ta hear ael about Zalsbury, an tha Jubilee Zelebrayshun, an I tould her every jot, as I've here put down, an tha poor woold ooman, we tears in her eyes, zaays, “Well done Zalsbury, good woold Zalsbury, tha pleace a me birth, an loyal ta tha back bwone, as yer ancestors wur zixty years agoo, when Queen Victorier wur crowned, an I, as a leetle maid, helped in tha Zelebrayshun there.”