

ZACKERIER CHAABEAKIN

AN HIS

VISIT TA WARMISTER

TA SEE THE

PRINCE OF WALES

PART 1

Me neam is Zackerier Chaabeakin, me fiather's neam wur Zackerier, an me granfer's neam wur Zackerier too. Accordin to ower woold vamily bible tha Chaabeakin's can treace back ther antickety var mworn two underd year, an in vact thay've a lived in tha zeam cot, in tha zeam village, var mworn haighty year, wich is a longish time good now. Tha Chaabeakin's av bin a tarblish powervul vamily in thease yer county a Willsheer var a good many underd years, ther beant no dout a that, var yeant ower county veamous var pigs, everywhere droo out tha wordle? Now zom voke da pride therzelves mainly bout treacin back ther antickety, zom da zay thay can goo back ta Jarge tha vust, zom to Hin tha haight, zom ta Bill tha Conqueror, zom ta Offerd tha girt, an zom that ther

vorefiathers com auver wie tha Roamins in Julius Sazars time, bit noon on em can treace back longer than tha Chaabeakins, var thay can goo back right ta Adam and Eve, an I'm dang if any on em can whack that I knass. Well, tha cot we da live in, is bout dree mile vrim Yaanbury Castle rings, ta tha rite a tha road laden vrim Zalsbry ta Warmister, tis a nicish pleace enough in vine weather, an you can zee a longish way ael round about. In vront on ess ael down tha Wiley valley, we can jist ketch a glimpse a tha girt spire a Zalsbry Cumthedral; to tha right is tha girt big hoods a Grovely an girt Ridge, an on a clare day, we can zee tha different rings, barrers, mounds, an ditches, which they there voke caal'd Harcheologist da zaay, wur mead be tha Roamins nigh two thousand years agoo, var to bury ther dade in what wur killed in battle. To tha lift on ess, is tha girt Zalsbry Plaain stretchen away var miles an miles; an wur da stan thay girt big stounes caal'd Stounehenge. Behine ower house, is tha girt hills aroun Warmister, Scratchbury, Cley Hill, an Battlesbury, an a lot mwore who's neams I varget, to tha right is tha Malberer downs, handy ta which is tha vigure of a girt white hoss, cut out in tha chaak an which thay da zaay tha Zaxon voke used ta wurshup, zoo teak it aeltogether, I da think we lives in one of tha nicest pleacin on Zalsbry Plaain. Aelthough no dout ta mwoast voke, it hood zeem a terryable dull pleace ta live in, bit we've ad zim stirrin things teak pleace yer zunce I've bin in tha wordle, var wen I wur a bwoy, bout twenty years agoo, ther wur zich a zet out as wur never zeed avore nar zunce, caal'd the Autumn Manooovers. Lore, wurden that a zite ta be zure, I never shaant varget it. Varty thousand zowljers, an out on em ten thousand hoss, haaf on em tother zide tha Wiley, amang tha hoods a Grovely, an girt Ridge, an

haaf on em ower zide, hidden in ael zarts a pleacin, vallies, plantations, varm steeds, and zich like, not var totherem ta zee em; Bit lore, wen thay did meet wurden there zim battles to be zure. Tha vust on em took pleace at Codvird, another at Wishvird, another cloas ta ower cot aroun Yaanbry, an tha last on em at Woodvird, vawer aeltagether. An atter thease battles, in wich skiercly arn o'm war kill'd, there wur a girt vine review at Beakin Hill, an wich wur a zite I can tell ee, tha peapers ael zed, twur tha grandest military zite as ever ad bin zeed in woold Englind. Lar ow I wish thay'd com agean we thay there manoevers, var besides bein a vine zite, it done a lot a good ta tha village voke, var it stirred up trade a good un, an zom a tha voke mead a smeatish bit a money out on't, var mmost ael tha girt voke a tha lan wur yer, an tha Prince a Wailes a ridin about everywhere.

Well, taakin about he, da bring inta me yead wat I promised var ta tell ee about, an that is as ya zee be tha title, "his visit ta Warmister," zoo then yer gooes. Well, tha night avore he wur ta com, I zaays ta measter, "Can I av ta-marrer atter dinner, as I da wan ta goo inta Warmister ta zee tha Prince a Wailes com in?" "O eece, Zack, be ael means thee canst go, I thinks I shill goo mezelf, var aelthough I beant royalty crazy, nar neet got it on me brain, I shill goo jist ta show un me respects like." Zoo jist as I had done thanken on un, an wur gwain wom, I rin'd back an I zaays, "I spoose measter ya hooden be kine enuff ta let Zuzan goo, hood ee?" "Well, I mist ax missus about that, Zack," zaays he, "if she ant got no jection, I be zure I haant, zoo I'll ax her, wen I do goo in." "Thank ee, measter," zaays I, an off I went whoam, bit I'd skiercely popped me yead in dooers, when Zue com

runnin ael down tha lean a hollerin “Zack! Zack! Zackey! I'm a gwain! I'm a gwain !” “Beest,” zaays I, “well missus is kind an no mistake.” “An zoo she is, Zackey, var mworn gien a haaf hollerdy she's gwain ta gie ess haaf a crown a piece, ta pay var ower ridin in tha train.” “God bless her,” zaays I, “she's a downrite good un, that she is. Well then, Zue me dear, we'll steart vrim here bout twelve a clock zo's we can waak down ta Codvird an teak tha train there.” “Ael right,” zaays she, an gien on her two whoppen kisses, one on hache cheek, away she rin'd back ta varm.

Zoo next day zoon atter twelve, off bouth on ess went, ta ketch tha train at Codvird stayshun var Warmister, an thar wur a girt crowd a voke a waiten ther, var ta goo on we un. Zoo atter waiten a goodish bit, in com tha girt long train, we nearly every carridge vull a people a gwain ta zee tha Prince a Wailes. Zue an I rind up an down, a peepin in yer, an peepin in there bit nar a empty sate cood arn oance zee. I wur beginnin ta get main spitevul; var I wur avraid tha train hood goo on athout ess, wen all at once I yeard zim biddy hollie out “Zack! Zack! yer, com down an get in,” an zure enuff twur no other than measter a caalin out vrim a vust class carridge. “Lar, measter,” I zaays, “I mussen get in thcik un, ar thay'll zummons I.” “Com on, an nevir thee mine that,” a zaays, an wie that in a dragged I an Zue, an lore jaminni, I wur never in zich a plice avore, an wen I went ta zit down, twur like zitten on a heap a chaff, dang if I diden think I wur gwain right droo. Thick carridge wur vitted up jist like ower Squires draain room. “Lore,” I zaays, “Zue, how I shid like ta goo ael tha way ta Lunnen in un,” “an zoo shid I too, Zackey,” zaays she. Zoo as zoon as tha train started off, I zeed there wur ony vive vooke in tha

partment; that wur I an Zue, Measter an Missus, an a
girt lanky zart of a man, wie a long jaa an a leetle bit a
beard on his chin, no bigger than a tuff like, an a had
on a girt cwoat, as rached nearly down ta his toes, wie
a girt broad band round tha middle on un, an on his
hade a girt wide awake hat, wie a brim wide enough
amwoast, var a bwoy ta ride aroun on, an ther a zat a
lookin at I an Zue, an didnen speake a word, till bye an
bye, measter zaays to un, "I hope you'll excuse this
young man an ooman bein in here." "Dwoant mention
it vren," zaays he, "I reckon one man's as good's
another, whether he be in broadcloth ar fustin if he's an
honest man." "Jist zo," zaays measter, "bit excuse me
var mention on it, ony ya know, there's a good many
straight leaced zart a people in thease yer wordle, that
hood as zoon ride wie a bear, as a poor wirken man."
"I guess you're right there, strainger," zaays he, "an
zunce I've bin in England if there's one thing that
disgusts I mwore than another; tis this yer abominable
class distinction in yer society. Guess I'm zick on it, an
da mwoast meak me blood bwile ta zee it every day, as
I do. My standard a nobility an greatness, is a straight,
upright downright, honest man, as Bobby Burns tha
Scotch poet da zaay,

A King can make a belted Knight,
A Duke, a Lord, an a that
Bit an honest man's aboon his might, etc..

Bit yer, you English voke, reckons a man up by his
pocket, an style a dress, an tha whole an zole aim of
tha girt majority of yer people, is keeping up
appearances an apin ther betters, pen upon it tis tha
cuss a yer country. Ya dwoant zee zuch tom foolery in
Americky, there, one man's as good as another, if he's

an honest man, we dwoant believe in caste, the humblest in the land, can rise to the highest pinnacle of fame, as you can see by some of our Presidents who have risen from obscurity.” “Well, eece,” says the master, “that's true, I da yeat pride mezelf caant abear it, bit our country I know is rampant wiv it. Ya can see it in all classes of society. I mezelf da know voke, in the very humblest waaks a life, who nearly starve themselves ta keep up appearances, an I da know men wie ther thousands, who be as umble like as a leetle chile, an I dwoant dout bit wat you in Americky av got some zich zart a people.” “Well, I calculate we have,” said the stranger, “bit ther ya see, no biddy de teak any notice on em, therfore thay dwoant flourish an beant za numerous as here in England. As var yer titled voke, wot is it, bit mere emptyness. Now here to-day, in these very train, wots the meanin a the crowds a voke leavin ther businesses an work ta goo an see a man pass droo the street becaas he happens to be a Prince. Why to me tis down right idolatry, I da caal it.” “Well, vriend,” says the master, “to a zartin extent you be right. Var mezelf an vrens mist plade guilty to this idolitary, if idolitary it be, var that zartinly is the intent an purpose, of our gwain ta Warmister ta-day. Bit, vriend, ther be other motives then merely gratifyin the eye ta look at a man, becaas he's a Prince. I teak it, that the hearty welcome he will av ta day, vrim all classes of zociety, is extended to un, becaas he is the representative an will be, some day if God da speer un, at the head of our glorious constitution, a constitution second to noon in the world, an wiv even you Merickans do admit is the envy of all. Much I knaas needs menden, much we med wie advantage copy vrim you, bit this me vriend ya mist convess, that to-day England we all her vaats stands pre-eminent as the lan

a vreedom.” “Here, here, well done, measter,” zaays I, main hearty. Tha Merickan man cood ardly keep vrum laffin, ta hear what a hearty cheer I gied ower measter, atter he had had his zay, an jist as thay wur getting ready var another vew wirds, tha train draa'd up at Warmister stayshin, an zo twur cut shart, zoo atter sheaken hands wie tha Yankee, an wishen on un good bye, out we got, amang underds, an underds, a voke that choked up ael tha very platvarm, an jist wur tha Prince a Wailes wur ta get out, a vine rid carpet wur put down var he ta tread on. An ael about wur girt shrubs, an plants, an vlowers, mixed up we vlags an banners, that it ael looked jist like a viary pleace, that you da rade o in books.. Zoo atter gapin at ael o't I teaks hold Zue be tha yarm, an off we went a vollien up a girt vine zowljers band, as wur come on purpose ta play tha Prince an his leady in, an ael down tha street, mwoast every house wur decorated up we vlags an banners an motters on em, here an there, wur gran arches a ever greens, wie tha wirds on em “Welcome,” “Long live tha Prince an Princess a Wailes,” an lots mwore bezides, as I've vargot. I never zeed zich a zite avore, an Zue an I wur plased we't down ta groun, I ad a mine ta put down ael that we zeed in a leetle book that I had, bit Zue zed she shid mine em ael. Zoo up an down we waak'd, an gap'd about var mworn a nower, till I begun ta get main peckish like, an I zaays ta Zue “Tis now jist vawer a clock, an tha Prince yeant a comin in till vive zapose we da goo zomwhere, an av zummit ta ate an drink.” “Ael right, Zack,” zays she, “an zoo we will var I da veel a leetle leer like mezelf.”

PART II

Zoo off we gooes to a Public House, an a wur chok'd up like a bee hive, howzemdever, wie a lot a pushen an scrungen we got in, an vound a good sate. "Bring in a quart a yale," zays I ta tha waiter, an wur jist agwain ta horder haaf a gallin loaf an a poun a cheese, when Zue gied me yarm a tug, an zaays, "I've got plenty var ta ate," an begar she took out o her leetle basket a girt snowl a brade, an a whoppin piece a ham, a poun I warn. "Lar, Zue," I zaays, "wurst get this vrom," an she zaid, Missus tould her ta teak it, var she zed Warmister hood be za vull a voke, that we shudden be yeable ta get any thing ta ate praps, an had better be zure to teak zom." "Lar Zue," zaays I, "beant she a veelin ooman ta think on ess like this here." Zoo in com tha quart a yale an Zue an I purty quick polished off thick loaf an piece a ham, an wur getting zart a merry like, wen in com vawer musickers, one wie a viddle, a harp, a vife, an a brassen trumpet, an lar if thay didden play za nice an sweet, that Zue an I wur car'd right off like, we tha zound on't, twur stunnen begar twur. Zoo atter thay'd a played dree ar vawer tunes we gied em tuppence apiece ael round, an axed em ta drink we ess, wich thay ael zeem'd main glad ta do, an purty quick emptied another quart, bit I didden keer for that "Here waiter vill un agean," var I wur zo took we thay there musickers I cood a gied em anything, zoo he wie tha viddle coms up, an a zaays, "Can ee zing a zong young man, if zoo we'll compny ee wie tha music?" "Well," zaays I, "I've a got a vew lines in me noddle, about thease yer vine kick up yer ta day. I'll zing em if you can play tha tune as I studded em var," zoo I hummed auver tha tune, an thay cotched

it hold in a jiffy, zoo I got on teable an hoff I started---

ZONG

Com ael you jolly moonrakers,
As wirks in vield ar barn,
Com lissen to thease ditty,
You'll be plazed we he I warn.

CHORUS

Let every man an bwoy ta-day
Who holds plough, ar use tha vlails,
Het in an zing God bless tha Queen,
Likewise tha Prince a Wailes.

Tha Prince a Wailes, ower good Queen's zon,
Amangst ess coms ta-day,
Then hurrah, an cheer un long an loud,
That tha zound he'll car away.

CHORUS

Let every man an bwoy ta-day
Who holds plough, ar use tha vlails,
Het in an zing God bless tha Queen,
Likewise tha Prince a Wailes.

Jist let un zee we Willshere voke,
Beant very vur behind,
An Royal voke can welcome well
Wen we meaks up ower mind.

CHORUS

Let every man an bwoy ta-day
Who holds plough, ar use tha vlails,
Het in an zing God bless tha Queen,

Likewise tha Prince a Wailes.

Tho' zom shid scoff, an zay what vools,
Ta be meakin zich a vust,
Dwoant heed em bwoys, bit cheer agean,
We voices vit ta bust.

CHORUS

Let every man an bwoy ta-day
Who holds plough, ar use tha vlails,
Het in an zing God bless tha Queen,
Likewise tha Prince a Wailes.

Var tis ower constitution bwoys,
Wie cheers in thease yer Prince,
Var he'll be King a Englind,
Zoo cheer, let narn o'ee wince.

CHORUS

Let every man an bwoy ta-day
Who holds plough, ar use tha vlails,
Het in an zing God bless tha Queen,
Likewise tha Prince a Wailes.

Var nar a lan like Englind
Ther beant in ael tha wordle
Wur every man's as vree's a bird,
Wur vreedom's vlaig's unvurld.

CHORUS

Let every man an bwoy ta-day
Who holds plough, ar use tha vlails,
Het in an zing God bless tha Queen,
Likewise tha Prince a Wailes.

Then cheer, till meak'n proud a we,
An a wunt varget I'm bown,
Tha day he zich a welcom had
In Warmister's gay town.

CHORUS

Let every man an bwoy ta-day
Who holds plough, ar use tha vlails,
Het in an zing God bless tha Queen,
Likewise tha Prince a Wailes.

O lar, zich a hooray, knockin a teables, sheakin a glasses, an stampin a veet, as ther wur, atter I had zung thic zong, I'm dang if twerden like Bedlim let loose. Thay ael crowded roun I, like a vlock a sheep, an offeren ta trate I wie anything I mi'nt ta av, thay wur zo took up wie me zong thay zaid, an Zue she wur quite struck up like, an zaays, "Lar Zack, I didden knaa thee cudst meak pawltry." "Nar mwore did I, Zue, till I tried me han on, an what's think on't?" I zaays. "O stunnen," zaays she, "I wish tha Prince a Wailes, cood a yeard it, I warn he'd a gied thee a shillin." "Bit wat a pity tis," zaays tha viddler, "bit what ye adden a thought on't before an had em printeed ya cood a zould underds amang tha voke yer ta-day, I warn'd." Zoo atter thankin ael o'm var their good veelins, I zaays ta Zue, "Tha time is draain on, an we'd better het out an vind a good pplace ta stan in, ta zee tha Prince an Princess goo bye, zoo atter promisin tha landlard an musickers ta caal agean, wen twur ael auver, off we went yarm in yarm, bit I very zoon ad ta stop that, var tha streets wur cramed up zo, that twur a job ta get about zingly let aloone hetch'd up in yarms. Bim bye, however, atter a lot a drungen an scrungen, we

managed ta squeeze owerzelves droo tha voke, an zettled down, jist under one a tha trumpet arches cloas ageanst tha Twond Hall. “This'll be nayshin good pleace, to zeem em,” zaays I ta Zue, “var thay'll lite up tha gas bim bye, an till be as light as day, zoo we'll stick here an wunt waig a paig till atter thame gone bye.” “Aelright Zack,” zaays Zue, “I'll stick be yer zide as tight as wex.” Zoo in bout haaf a nower, a chap wie a girt long stick lighted up tha gas, an lore twur that bright it nearly dazzled me eyes a lookin at it. Ther wur in virey letters tha Prince a Wailes' veathers, an in under “God bless em bouth,” I never zeed nuthin like it avore, an wur we stood twur as light as tha day. Bit tha wust on't wur, tha rain begun ta drizzle a bit, an tha wind got za high, that lots a tha gas jets wur blowed out, purty nigh as vast as tha did light em. I wur main zorry ta zee it, but a coose cooden be helped, an tha chaps wie tha stick tried ta keep em a light as well's thay cood. Then ael at wonce we yeard zich boomin zounds, that mead I an Zue nearly jump off ower laigs wie vright, they wur lettin off tha cannin, a royal salute, jist as tha train wur draain in to tha stayshin. An wen tha Prince an his pearty stepped out, tha plantation at the back a tha stayshin, looked jist as though twur ael a vire, var in under tha trees ther wur underds a different coloured light a burnin, an tha flection on't lighted up nearly ael tha town. Well twurden long atter, avore we yeard zich cheerin, shouten, hoohrayin, an scamperin a hosses, an voke a hollie un out “Thame a comin!” “Thame a comin!” An as we look'd ael up tha street atween tha long rainks a zowljers, as wur ther we vix'd baynits to clare tha road an keep back tha crowd, we zeed a lot a yeomantry caviltry, a gallopin along like mad wie draa'd zoords, a underd on em ar mwore, an atter they'd gon past, Lard

Bath's girt vine carridge we vower postillions, an inzide wur tha Prince an Princess a Wailes, along we Lard Bath, an jist as thay com ni the arch gean wur we stood, we zet zich a hearty hooray. I'm zure thay mist av yeard it at Zalsbry purty nigh, tha Prince putt his yead out, an zeemed za pleased, a nodden yer an there ta tha voke. A looked straight at I, an zeemed ta knaa I agean, var I zeed un a good many times on tha Plaain, wen tha Autumn Manoovers wur on, an I warn'd he minded it. I diden zee much of his missus var she wur nodden, an smilen at tha voke tother zide tha street. Atter thay wur gone bye, a lot mwore carridges com'd on, crammed up we girt voke, an atter thay, tha zarvents we tha boxes an passils. Zoo atter thay wur ael gone on ta Longleat House, tha crowds a voke mead ther way to a girt ground, wur zim virewirks wur gwain ta be let off, and twur a vine zite to be zure. Zue an I looked on we ower mouths wide open, in meazemint, var we had never zeed nuthen like it avore. An wen that wur auver, a girt bonvire wur lit on tha top a Cley Hill, a chap tould ess, as ow ther wur a thousand vaggits in un, bezides varty ar fifty tar an oil barrells, an I da think twur true too, var aelthough it wur a dampish nite it bleazed up, an lighted ael tha country roun var miles. "Well Zue," zaays I, "tis a vine zite zurely, an I hooden a miss'd it var a pound." Zoo atter watchin ael on't var a nower ar two, I begins ta get dryish like, an zaays ta Zue, "Come along, let's goo back ta thic ar public house, an whet ower whissle a bit." Away we trudged ael droo tha voke as vast as we cood, an wen we got in, tha Lanlard axed ess ta goo upstairs ta tha club room, var a leetle pearty wur gwain on a dancin an zingin. "Shill's goo up, Zue an av a bit of a jig." "If you'm a minteed, Zack," zaays she. Zo up we gooes, an paid drippence a piece at tha doors,

var ta pay tha band, an wen we got in, about thirty arvorty young voke wur dancin away like steam. Zoo atter whettin ower whissle, I teaks woold a Zue an swung her about thic room, till she cried out that her yead wur zwimmin round, an cooden keep it up na longer. Vagged out, we bouath zat down, an atter we had rasted a bit, tha Landlard comes across ta ax if I'd ablidg tha company be zingin thic ar zong agean about tha Prince a Wailes. Zoo nuthen hooden do bit wat I mist zing un agean, an atter I'd a done, tha waiter brought up var I an Zue, two thumpen glasses a what he caal'd grog wich tha Lanlard had a zent var we ta drink tha Prince an Princess a Wailes health we. Zoo I zipped, an Zue she zipped, var narn oance han never teated zich drink avore, an we bouath smacked ower lips a good un, "Lar, yeant it nice," zaays Zue, "Quite warms I ael auver" "an zo it do, begar, I veels as merry an proud as tha Prince a Wailes hisself." Zoo atter drinkin on it ael up, we wished em ael good night, thay zeemed main zorry ta peart we ess, an wanted ess ta bide a bit longer, bit I zaays, "we mist goo, var tha train hooden stop var we, an we've got vive miles ta goo, atter we gets ta Codvird stayshin." Zoo we a lot a sheakin a hans an good-nights, away we gooes, an yarm in yarm mead var tha stayshin. We adden gone very vur; vore I zaays ta Zue, "my crackys how thay there lampwosts da keep bibbty bobbin about ta be zure, what evers tha matter we em? thay'll zurely vaal down upon ess if we dwonat mind." "Doant ee taak za zilly Zackay," zaays she, "teant tha lamp pwosts thats movin about, bit that ar drap a grog, which zeems a wirken in yer noddle." "Well, tis zummit," zaays I, "var ael tha wordle zeems gwain roun an roun, an I da veel martil vunny like I mist zaay, however, hold I ard Zue, I deer zay I shill be ael right ageam bim bye, tis a

comin out in tha vresh hayer, atter thick are smoky room, av got auver I.” Purty zoon we got ta tha stayshin an down I zat glad enuff, an waited var tha train ta com along. An wen a comd in, Zue purty quick spied out a speer sate, an twerden long avore I wur snugly zettled down in one corner, a snorin away a good un, till ael at wonce Zue baaled out “Zack, weak up; we'm got ta Codvird” “Be ess,” zaays I, “why dwoant zeem a minute agoo we wur at Warmister.” I had bin in zich a zound sleep, an no dout shid a went clane on ta Zalsbry if I'd bin aloane. As zoon as we got outzide tha stayshin, measter and missus wur awaiten var ess in there vawerwheel, an hoff we purty zoon went, measter an missus in vront and Zue an I, cuddled up behine. Lar ow I enjoyed thic ar ride be tha zide a Zue, vur I wur wrapped up za nice an warm, we a extry girt shawl she'd a brought, an her yarm wur ael roun me weast ael tha way, zo's I shudden vaal out. Purty zoon we got up ta varm ta av a drop a zummit hot ta keep out tha cwoold, as missus zed. Zoo atter wishen on em good night; an gien Zue two ar dree thumpen good kisses, I steer'd var whoam, an zom how ar other zeemed dree times as long as used ta be.

Howsemdever, at last I rached tha door, vound out tha kay hawl, an twerden many minutes avore I tumbled into bade, an dramed ael night about tha Prince a Wailes visit to Warmister.