

SECOND EPISTLE TO J--- P---,

now of Calgary, Canada

January 1890

Dear Jim, thy pearden I mist baig
Var zure, thee mist think I da laig
In zenden thee, a leetle scraig

A humble rhyme.

Bit there, thee'st knaaw a rhymin waig
Mist bide his time.

Me past neglect thee mist excuse
Bit jist ta day, da wirk tha muse,
Zo to me pen an ink, yer gooes,

Ta scrawl a line,

Ta thee a leetle bit a news
I'll try, konzine.

Bit vust, I hope theezelf an wife
Be comfortable in your new life
Tho coose we knaa trials be rife

Where ere ya be

Na biddy mang thease wordles strife
Vrom em be vree.

An na dout, bouth on'ee av had
Yer ups an downs, bouth good an bad.
Bit truly, I da hope, me lad,

Ya've brav'd em ael

Ta hear tis zo, I shall be glad
Be tha nex mail.

Thy new year's caird com zeaf ta han

An hagerly we bouth did scan
Thic missive vrim thic vur off lan
 Done at Calgary
A long be tha wild Indian;
 Twer vunny, very.

Ah, Jim, I oft da picter thee min
Wie missus, zated in yer cabin
An fancy, tales I hear ee spin,
 Like two exciles,
Bout yer woold vales, yer kith an kin
 In Brittans Isles.

An offen I da wonder, too,
What zites you've zeed, what things bin droo,
Bit like as steel, thy heart is true
 Za kind an umble
Var at nought thee hoot'sn meek ado
 Nar niver grumble.

Vrim V----y oft spoose thee diss hear
Vrim vrens an layshins there za dear,
Zometimes nae doubt da drop a tear
 Wen offen you
Do think on yer young days career,
 Long years agoo.

I rade yer letter, ael in prent
Ta tha Zalsbry peaper tha ya zent,
A very yeable dockyment
 An vine review
A things in Narwace continent
 Ya picter'd true.

A British pollyticks, na dout,

As much as I, thee'se knaa about
In spaches long zom o'm da spout,
Var now a day
Tha news da vill tha worlde droo-out
Wie out delay.

Tha biggest job we got on han
Is this Wom Rule var Irelan.
A parleymint thay do deman
Apeart vrom we.
Bit gree wie that, dang if I can,
What good id't be?

Meast'r Gladstin's plan wunt never do,
Tho tis back'd we a tidy vew.
If car'd, tha country zoon hood rue
Thee midst depen,
An civil war, tid zoon lead too
Mangst Irishmen.

Var Orange voke, tha do dissent,
An zaays thay niver will consent
Ta av a Irish parleyment
Thame contented quite;
An thay da swear tis their intent
Geanst arn ta vite.

Zoo I tell thee, Jim, twix one an tother,
Tiv mead a terryable bother,
Voke gets za cross we one another
About Wom Rule;
Their veelins nuthen zeems ta smother
Nar anger cool.

Gladstin av lost, good men an true,

Tha Lib'rels have split up in two
An tha pearty's in a purty stew;
No chaance ta mend,
An drat if I can jist zee droo
How'ts gwain ta end.

Ther's Hartington an Chamberlain,
John Bright, an Jeames, Collins, an Caine,
Bout haughty on em, in tha main,
We one konzent
An vow'd in languidge purty plaain,
Geanst thease parleymint.

Var thay da think tis zeperation
Tha Irish wants vrim thease yer nation,
That's tha caas of tha bodderation.
Parnell declares
Ta peart thay got no inclination,
An this he swares.

Bit, dis think, a Irish parleymint,
Is gwain ta meak tha voke content
An cure ael this ere mad dissent?
I dwoant, begar.
Bad blood I thinks it hood voment
An breed a war.

Tha Unionist be ael agreed
Var Irelan ta intercede
An meak good laas, that she da need,
An bye and bye,
Local Government thay will concede
Var em ta try.

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I've zed enough bout Irelan
Var thee my views ta unnerstan
I trust thy spect, I shill comman
An thee't agree
Not var to split thease hempire gran
Now, strong an vree.

Bout pollytikis dwoant know that I
Av got much mwore ta zertify
Bit a coose that dwoant much zigerfy
Var as I zed
Ael o't na dout da meet thy eye,
Mwoast on't thee'se read.

That truth ta tell, begar, I'm zick
A pollyticks an ael tha click,
Nuthen but quarrels thay da pick
Wie one another.
Zom o'm , begar, I'd like ta kick,
Var their girt bother.

Ther's Randy, tho's a cleverish chap,
Dwoant keer var noan o'm, not a rap,
At Rad ar Tawry he will snap,
Dwoant matter wich,
An right an lift ther feacin slap,
Wie his keen switch.

It zeems tha Oppersition's bent
On structin laas that be well ment,
Ta nuthen thay wunt gie konzent,
Bit loud da shout

Ta try an end tha parleymint,

An turn ael out.

This thay declares thay ought ta do,

Cos at, bye-elections not a vew

Gladstounians av won, thats true,

Bit what a that,

Geanst Governments thay aelways goo,

It's tit var tat.

Bit vren, as vur as I can zee

No girt veelin's in tha country

Ta change tha present Ministry,

An I admit

If we ael ther acts I caant agree

Thame men a grit.

An I dwoant think, at any rate,

Thay shood gie up tha reins a state

Cos a zartin click da agitate,

Jist let em bide

Their time, then ower votes'll zeal their veat,

An zoon decide.

Well, Jim, ower County Councils now

Be lected, an I mist allow

We've got zim good men at tha prow,

An bye an bye

Var tha country good, till be I trow

Things'll rectify.

Zoo now I spoose thee'se had enough

A this here zorry rhymin stuff

Tha lingo, tho it med zeem rough

Ta polishd ear,

We Willshire people, woold an tough,
Still holds it dear.

Varewell, tho vawer thousand mile
Da zeperate thee vrom thease isle,
Tha distance thee can'st reckinzile,
Knawin that I
Da think apon thee ael tha while
An, till I die.

POST SCRIP

June 1890

Jist one wurd mwore, I now mist zay,
We got thy letter tother day
An rade un droo wieout delay,
How plazed wur we
Ta zee tha news ya did convey
Bout tha countery.

I'm glad ta hear ya got tha book,
An hope wen in un you da look
Ya'll think a zenes ya av varsook,
Praphs drap a tear,
Var vrens, vrim whom ya took yer hook
In Willshere dear.

Zorry ta rade what craps ya've lost
Be hanimals an zummer vrost,
Var ony thay, can count tha cost
An mist endure
Misvartins wen yer path, thay cross,

Speci'lly tha poor.

Thay Coyotes mainly do tarment
Wen unawares thay meaks decent
An mang yer vlocks meaks ravisment
Speed yer woold collie,
An if a caant ther wirk prevent,
Pour in a volley.

Yer woold vren L----y, Missus U-----y,
Is well in health, bit lots a wurry,
She got zix young uns, var ta vlurry,
A vamily quite.
She offen do inquire var ee,
Wen she da write.

G-----'s down in Devonshire
An doin purty well we hear,
Dree strappen bwoys she got ta cheer,
Wie ther mad prainks,
She zaays one on em she cood speer,
I zaays no thanks.

I tell ee what it is me vriend,
A bother young uns beant no end
An as heav'n noan, ta we did zend
Ta cheers ower life,
Dwoant want em now, thee midst depend
Mwoare dwoant tha wife.

Bit let me zee praphs I'm ta vast
How bout yerzelves, then mid I hast,
Ya diden menshin in yer last
Bout vamilee,
Begar, strainge things da com ta pass

In a strainge country.

I shood be plazed I do declare
Ta hear ya'd got a zon an hayre,
Zummit ta cheer ee up out thayre,
In loanly hower,
An help drave out a bit a care,
Wen bout da low'r.

Ower mutal vren, young L-----d Jack,
Las time I zeed un, look'd main sprack,
His vunny jokes a still da crack.
As well as ever,
A da meak ee laff, till you be black,
An sheak an bivver.

His smilin veace I oft da zee
As a dwoant live very vur vrim we,
I took thy letter down ta he
An thee mid'st guess
Wie what delight a slap'd his knee
An, bouath on ee bless.

An now dear Jim thee zurely must
Think thasem lines as dry as dust
An wish 'em auver in disgust
Zoo here I'll end
Be wishen thee good health, robust,
An wealth ta spend.

An dwoant be long avore thee'se write
An tell ess if thee beest aelright,
Likewise if things is lookin bright,
Var well thee'se know,
Thy letters aelways do delight

Thy woold vren, "SLOW."