

EPISTLE TO MR J P---, F----Y.

November, 1879.

Lore, fren, ow ever dwost thee do,
Wat a time tis zunce I yeard vrim you;
What ever hast thee bin up to,
That thee ant rote;
Won ud think thee had'st ad of bin ta view,
Zom pleace remote.

Well, as I lissened tother day,
I chaanced ta hear a body zay;
Thee still at F----y now didst stay,
Wie mother kine.
Zoo, then, zays I, wieout delay,
I'll drap un a line.

An ow'd tha wordle use thee Jim,
I hope y'am zoun in wind an lim;
An that yer cows an pigs looks prim,
An paultry too;
Begar, of leat things av look'd grim,
That's zartin true.

I pitys much tha varmirin voke,
Zich a zummer we av ad ael zoak;
I'm veared lots on em will be broke,
Down we distress;
If landlards thay dwoant hase tha yoke,
An meak redress.

Ow's ael tha good voke in yer vale,
I hope tha main o'm brisk an hale;
An wats tha news? Is't flat or stale?

Wat is ther brewin?
I trust, my fren, thee still doont vail,
Good to be doin.

An ow's tha Reverend M-----r,
Your henergetic minister?
I trust in church ya oft appear,
Wen he da spout;
His style I raather likes ta hear,
Ta lots about.

Var lore zom a tha passins now,
Caant prache a zarmin mourn a cow;
Why I've yeard men as vollies plough,
Nor bit a scoller;
Hold forth hixtemplery, I vow,
An beat em holler.

I hear you've got a libery,
An a room wur peapers you can zee;
This is as things ought ta be,
In every village;
Var young chaps mines any one can zee,
Da want zim tillage.

A Jim, me vren, I hope thee hoot,
Spread bout thy intellectual vruit;
In young chaps hearts let it teak root,
Impress ther mine,
Wie knowledge thease yer times ta suit;
Doont lag behind.

Var tha time is zurly commin, man,
That things they'll want ta understan;
Wat is teaken pleace in thase yer lan;

An quite rite too.

Then let em up an teak ther stan,
Wie out adoo.

Caaws in tha countery tho tha be
Why shudden em av a vote ta gie;
Ael men shid av one I agree,
That in mine is zoun
A countrymin as good as he,
As lives in town.

An now about tha comin vite
Tha Tories zeem's got in a plite;
If wat tha peapers zays is rite,
Ther chaance is small;
Bit they'll try we ael ther mite,
Not var ta vall.

Zix years a Tory rule we've ad,
Zom caals it good, mwore caals it bad;
What do you zay about it lad?
I zay var one,
When theam turn'd out I shall be glad;
Wat av em done?

Zunce they've bin led wie thick are Hirl,
They've quarl'd ni wee ael tha wurld;
There dreats at voreign voke they've hirld,
We ael ther mite;
Tha British vlag they av unfird,
Wur they'd no rite.

Look at thick mess in South Africker,
As vool ardy a job as ever wur;
Ta kick up zich a nayshen stur,

Wie they thur blacks;
Good lor wat ther we did incur,
Ta break ther backs.

An wat'vus got var ael ower pain,
Var ael ower money spent like rain;
Var ael tha brave hearts that wur slain,
In battle gory;
Tha Jingoos cry, we did maintain,
Ower British glory.

Honner ta who tis due, zays I,
Gie it ta thay as vought ta die;
Var zodgers beant ta razin why,
Zo zays a Poet,
Ther's is ta conker ar ta die;
An well thay knaw it.

Can thease government any glory cleam,
Ar zay tiv added ta English feam;
Wen twur ther acts lit up tha fleam,
No, not a jot;
I zays upon tha British neam,
Tis a girt blot.

Then look at Afferganistin,
Ther's another purty leetle din,
That's gwain ta cost Jan Bull sim tin,
An brave lives too;
Thease war I caals a downrite zin,
I do as true.

Why did em meak war on Sheer Ally,
An on his zoil a harmy rally;
Caws he did zart a dilly dally,

In answerin we;
Bout a vew Rooshians up his valley,
Who'd caal'd on he.

I tell thee wat it is me fren,
Tis jealisouy thee med'st depen;
A Rooshey that she will exten,
Her boundary near;
Then thay da zay ther be an en,
Of Indyeer.

Bit who can zay tis Rooshey's geam,
Thic ar gert counetry ta cleam;
An to put down tha British neam,
Wie pow'r an mite;
Why if I thought this wur her heam,
Why I'd show vite.

Bit I tell thee wat it is me flow'r,
I doon't believe it var a nour;
Tha Rooshin's wants ta auver pow'r,
Wie British voke;
Then why should ess look at they za zour,
Anger provoke.

Now 'bout ther domestic polizy,
The've nuthun done as I da zee;
Not one good laa var sich as we,
They ant a mead;
Nar even var tha counetry,
Which lots da nead.

Tha drinkin question thay wunt touch,
Let em be tried dree times as much;
Var tha Publicans hood never glutch,

E'm if they did;
Bit ud help ta pull em out ther hutch,
I'll bet a quid.

Doost mine wen las elecshun wur,
Tha Public house voke mead sim stur;
Nearly ael tagether did adhere,
Ta vite var Tories;
Zaying tha Bible an ther beer,
Wur Englan's glories.

An pen on it thay beant a gwain,
To upzet tha Publicans that's plain;
Zo thee hoot zee they will refrain,
Ta touch thick question;
Var they'ull want ther help again,
At nex elecshun.

Then ther's thick public wurship hack,
Mead var ta break high chirch vokes back;
An Ritelizim to distrack,
Bit look an zee;
Ow many on em do retrack,
Ar keer var he.

Why jist rade about M-----ie,
It doont meak no difference ta he;
A gooes on jist tha seam we zee,
An zo da T----th;
Var thick hack narn om doont keer a flea,
An that's tha truth.

Bout pollyticks mwore I wunt zay,
Bit I hope thease lot av ad ther day;
An var Liberals will zoon meak way;

Then we shall zee,
Which on em mmost good do display,
Var ower country.

An now, fren Jim, I gins ta think,
A sleep, I zart a wants a wink;
Zo I'll putt up tha pen an ink,
An close thease pissle;
An thy good health in a cup I'll drink,
Ta wet me whissle.

Biy last of ael, remember me,
Ta ael tha good voke that thee'st zee;
Tell em I'm well an harty be,
Likewise tha missus;
An hope tha Lord zom time ull gree,
Wie health ta bless us.

An dwont varget thee mother dear,
I hope she's vull a health an cheer;
Gie her my kine regards zincere,
An tell her that,
I hope zom day agean ta zee her,
An av a chat.

An now, dear fren, wonce mwore good bye,
An doont leave off trying ta edify;
Ael tha young chaps as do apply,
Ta thee var aid;
Var of larnin thee's a good zupply,
Zo doont be avraid.

An doont varget zoon to conzine,
Ta thee unble zarvant jist a line;
Tha vust time thee bist in tha mine;

Var always I,
Shill welcom any thing a thine;
Zo now good bye.