

JAN BROWN'S POLLYTICKS AN VICE TO
THE GOVERMINT, JANUARY, 1872.

Vren Willum, square thyzelf about
Vor another naisy strugglin bout,
Droo hoff thick are look zo devout,
 An feace em man,
They'll try ta do ee we out dout
 If they jist can.

Tell thy unruly Parleymint,
In thy languige za elerquent,
If they be ar bit turbulent,
 They shall goo back,
An jist feace there constituents,
 Who lots ull zack.

Vor ore mist be bewilderment
To thee an ael thy govermint
Zich murmerins za prevalent
 Ael to appase,
But lots o't done tis evident,
 Jist vor ta taze.

Theres Benjamin, he's biden still,
Tho much agean his slippery will,
But sure he's hoardin up his skill,
 He bides his time
Till he can zee a chance ta vill
 Thy pleace sublime.

But he ya needun much ta veer,
If your pearty will but adhere,
An every won da persevere
 An stick ta thee,
Then on a good course you can steer,
 Good laws meak vree.

But much my vren I be avraid
Zom om they will try on a raid,
An thy vree course they will blockade
 We their own wim,
Insteads agean thee their aid
 We pluck za prim.

Now there's thick Allerbanner claim,
Geanst wich moost voke da now exclaim,
Vor they can zee tha Yankey's aim.
 What shall 'ee do?
Keep ope your eyes an watch their gaim,

Else ye'll vall droo.

I wonders at their imperdence
Ta charge ess wie sich girt expense
We'out committin ar offence
That they can prove,
Why shed ess now gie recompense
Their spite ta soothe?

Wen you greed ta have a interview
Thase unpleasant business ta get droo
Ya did do ael that you cud do.
An if tha want
That wat ya nevir did gree to,
Tell em ya shant.

Doon't listen ta theer tak me vlower
If they do look za glum an sower
T'ill ael be auver in a nour,
An wen they zee
Jan Bull at wonce thay caant devour,
They'll let un be.

Yer Policy in thase affair
Mine let it out ael vair an square
Vor ther'll be they who will prepare
Ta blot yer neame
An in hot language will declare
Ya be ta bleam.

Then geanst ee, zom av got a grudge,
Vor meaken Collier a judge,
An mine tha razin you doont budge,
But stan yer groun,
An show em, vor ael their fudge,
Wur vit an soun.

Mr. Goshen, he, ull av ta bere
We they who will blow an sneer
Bout ships that no biddy can steer,
Which zailors drowns,
He must be proof against their jeers
An bere their vrowns.

Vor there's thick ar Megerear ship,
Wat went to pieces on a trip,
Bout hur ya'll sure ta av zum lip,
But never veer,
Doont let tha voke, whose vault tis slip,
Meak em appear.

Vor tis a serious thing ya know,

Poor zailers lives to danger zo
At sea, wur starmy winds da blow,
 In a rotten ship,
That odd zink an zen em ael below,
 Jist in a clip.

At Cardell, too, they'll drow their spite,
An put it on un purty tite
That sodgers we ant got ta vite,
 If there wur war
Ard wirk he'll have ta zet um rite,
 He will, begar.

But nothin vrom em doont disguise,
But carry on yer enterprize,
An tho they med reforms dispise,
 An you abuse,
Let men of worth an talent rize,
 Vor publick use.

Then at Robert's budget, purty keen,
Zom em will look we zerious mien,
Zo mine ya meaks un ael serene,
 An mine tha *matches*,
Ar else yerselves ye'll av ta screen
 Down under hatches.

Now lots there'll be who'll sure to ax
You to reduce thick Income Tax,
An'll stick ta ee as tite as wax,
 Until ya do,
Thick ar girt burdin now relax,
 An hase tha screw.

Wat ere ya do, lets av vair play,
Let nuthen you thase course delay,
Tax they as can avord ta pay,
 The girt rich voke,
But vrom tha poer sweep em away,
 Teak off tha yoke.

Then on wom Zecretary Bruce
They'll lavish out wrathful abuse,
An tell un that he beant no use
 Vor his pleace at ael,
We wirts they'll batter and'll bruse
 Un droo tha wall.

Then of private members thers a lot,
Ael on em vull ov plan an plot,
Who leetle bits a bills av got,
 Wat they da want

An they ull try main stiff an hot,
You to enchant.

Theres that are measter Bardfird Miall,
Ood put tha church to a zore trial,
Ya caant we, he now reconcile
Tha church ta split,
Tell un that he must wait awhile,
Tha times beant vit.

Ta zeparate chirch vrom tha steat,
Zom voke main loud begins to prate,
But there mist be much mwore debeat
Avore tis done,
A hankshint vorm to abergeat
Is a hard pun.

Then Wilfrid's girt Permissive bill,
Zens droo ee zich a vreezin chill,
An his plans he tries to instil
Ow he believes
That voke'll swaller zich a pill
I cant concieve.

Theres truth we know in zom he zays,
Vor zome voke av got drunken ways,
But then caws zom da goo astray,
Is ael ta pinch?
I raaly doont think tis vair play
That I shid stinch.

In zom things I da like ther sperrit,
Vor zom on'm be voke a merrit,
But a good thing I cant declare it
Ta do away
Wie that, that do keep up yer sperrit
At wirk ael day.

Wen we've got mwore eddication
Spread abroad droo out tha nayshin,
Pen on it thase inclinayshin
Ta booze an drink
Will tirely be out a vashin.
Men'll gean ta think.

Then Measter Taylor, we his clause
Ta do away we tha geam laws,
U'll zure to meet we zom applause,
Ya needen veer
An much tha reazin is, becaws
Tis sould ta dear.

Here twur but two-ar-dree year agoo
Girt rabbits they ood zill ta you
Vor zixpence, this is zartin true,
An now they ax
Elevenpince an you med poo,
They wunt relax.

Then there's thick bill as zays as you
Mid av a dade wife's sister too,
Tha Bishops last time at un vlew,
They did abhor un.
I doo believe they'd car'd un droo
If twaden vor'em.

But they'll bring un on agean,
Vor I be zure that they da mean
Ta carry thick ar bill droo clean
Vore many days,
Spite of tha Bishops leetle spleen,
An ael they zays.

Now spouzen my wife wur ta die,
I wants ta know tha reazon why,
Her zister shudden her pleave supply
If I wur mind.
It stands ta reazin, she ta I
Ood prove mwost kind.

Zo if a man be clin'd ta wed
His wife's zister, I think a med,
We out any of the chirch's dread,
Vor I da veel
Mwore kindness droo it ood be spread
Vor children's weal.

Then Laawyer Butt, mine he's no vool,
U'll trouble you about wom rule,
An zay a lot about misrule,
An ael that are.
Caws vor a lot he is a tool,
Of he beware.

He've got a lot ta back un on
Of Irish members, purty strong,
An ya mussen dilly dally long,
But tell em strait
Ya'll try ta dress ael Irish wrong,
If they'll but waite.

Tell em ta look at wat you've done
Vor tha benefit of Erin's sons
An your good Acts jist auver run,

Jist look an zee
How many things you've vor 'em won,
To meak em vree.

Jist tell they there as do demand
Ta rule therzelves tha Irish land,
Ya nevir will peart ar disband
But that ya will
Hold to her still a frenly hand
Ta soothe past ill.

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Then buckle up we pluck, me hearties,
Ta auver come thase leetle zorties,
An ya will if you can rule yer parties,
Ya'll wack em ael.
An wen they do attempt ta thwart ee
Meak em zing small.

But mine, let it be your design,
Under tha Kng of Kings devine
Thay ye vor ael good do combine
Vor Brittan's weal,
That to tha nayshins she may shine
A pattern still.