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FOR MR. JOHN HOLLAMBY, HAILSHAM, SUSSEX.

AS, even when the weather's found to prove both wet and shivery,
No postman good lets midwives e'en surpass him for *delivery*,—
This note, I trust to find it was with equal care dispatch'd
That sly mammas are known to take their girls to get well match'd!
Good Postmen, then, the question is,—I request you'll go in quest
Of a Miller who, at HAILSHAM, makes of dumpling-dust the best.
A town well-known in SUSSEX 'tis where this my friend gains fame,
And, to prevent your venting "growls," JOHN HOLLAMBY's his name.
An *upright, downright* honest man, whose "toll-dish" ne'er did rob,
For, though a dusty,—(unlike P—L)—he's not a "*scaly*" Bob!
He, too, than jobbing, robbing Bob pursues far better tracks,
For our memories—*and not our cash*—is all he'll ever TAX!
The doings of our "*do*"-ing Bob of late have been so queer,
Some swear he'll prove—like Goldsmith's priest—"to all the country *dear!*"
And thousands now for England's fate with grief exclaim "Oh, lor!"
For, while Bob's "out" about the *corn*, there's Vic. oft "in the *straw!*"
But soon, 'tis hoped—instead of brats—she'll "*bear*" but in her mind,
Or we, too, shall need *delivery*, if thus she's still "*confined!*"
—Though light letters than "light" lasses, sure, less faulty you'd pronounce,
For a *pound*, Good Messrs. Postmen, this does not exceed an *ounce!*
