

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO CHARLES CLARK.

DEAR SIR,

ON Wednesday I got your parcel ;
At first, I thought it was a farce all—
A hoax from some droll dog or other,
Who thought to “sell” his simple brother.
The *Wit*-ham post-mark, too, upon it,—
And then again the *witty* Sonnet
Upon its back increased my stare :
Witham!—I know nobody there !—
“*God stop the Queen!*” gad zooks! I say,
Why, who’s dead now, and what’s to pay?
Oh, nothing. Sir—and no one’s dead,
My servant very quaintly said.
It certainly’s a rummish packet,—
At least, it has a rummish jacket.
But p’raps there’s something nice within ;
’Tis heavy, Sir—it may be “*tin!*”
Well, Bill, it *may*—I’ll have a “*twig,*”
But I expect ’tis some odd rig
Or other, which a wag has play’d me,
Who’s thinking now how “*riled*” he’s made me!
However, be that as it may,
I’ll just break through this *Queenly* lay,
And see,—so take my boots away,
And exit Bill. Then, Sir, with speed,
I oped your pack’ and gan to read :
My stars! quoth I, and rubb’d my eyes,
With pleasure, mingled with surprise,—
Why, here’s a lot of wit and rhyme!
Oh! thanks, dear Sir—now this is prime!
—The first I saw was *Tiptree Raves*,
With Dorcas’—Simon’s smiling faces:
I went with them, Sir, all the way,
And found the *Trip* my time repay!—
The next I took up was *The Earthquake*,
And soon it made my sides with mirth shake!
Then came Acrostics, duly summon’d,
With *Epitaph for Mister Drummond*.
Then *The Balloon*, and several things
Which the famed Bard of Totham sings.
And then a seperate packet comes
Of nonsense which *another* hums :—
“The Aërial Ship—a Flight of Fancy!”
A queerer thing did never man see ;
But I’m delighted beyond measure
That its perusal gave you pleasure,—
For he who *writes* so well can *read*,
And *his* good word is praise indeed.
—Accept, kind Sir, my thanks for ALL,
And pray excuse this hasty scrawl :
I appreciate your notice duly,
And am, dear Sir,—Your’s very truly,

OLIVER GREENWOOD.