

FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

From Miss J. M. Stubbs, to her friend, Mrs. Mary Brown.

M—k—ds, July 1, 1849.

Dear Mrs. Brown;

Did, folks but know,
Afore they leaves their native dwellings
To wander in this land of snow,
All that I am now a-telling;
Could they but see me as I vere,
The werry pink and pride of Popham,
And as I is— oh! then my dear
If this ere pictur didn't stop 'em,
And make 'em rest at home contented,
They're blind, or deaf, or else demented!

You recollects, in coorse, the day,
Ven as the wessel slipped away,
I left yourself, and Jane, and Jerry,
A-shedding tears upon the wherry;
Oh! could I then, my blessed dear,
Have pictur'd all I've suffered here—
No, not his Lordships' bottled portler
Had tempted me to cross the vater!

But vot are vimmen van afloat?
Veak and yielding at the stomach;
Them may love a ship or boat
Who's passed their childhood in a hammock;
But as for me dear Mrs. Brown,
Ven fust I felt the wessel heaving,
And saw the masts go up and down,
I had no power or time for breathing:
For there I laid upon my pillow,
Without a voice to cheer my soul,
Or friendly eye to watch the billow
And tell me ven the ship would roll.
Oh! could you but have seen me then,
A-growing veaker day by day,
Exposed to all them sailor men,
A-heaving of my strength away,
I'll vager my two golden ducats,
Your tender tears had flowed in buckets!

But that is gone—the past is past,
As Birum says, the comic joker!
Ve only lost our mizen-mast,
And vun poor soul in Jones's locker—
The last a little boy of seven,
Eat up by cods, and now in heaven!

But leave this team; you know, dear Brown,
How pleasant I was, placid in town:
Lawks! had a hangel come deceiving,
And axed me if I thought of leaving,
I didn't think—upon my bonnet,
I didn't think I'd look upon it.
But vimmen's veakest at our ages,
And twenty pounds is pretty wages—
Consider too my blessed girl,
How vell it looks to serve an Earl!

But, bleas me! if I had but know'd it,
If any body could have showed it—
If I had heard a spectre say,
"Jane Martha Stubbs dont go away,"
Or if I'd dream't like Hannah Pinsky,
Who seed her John's fust wife in Chiney
I do believe I'd been quite frantic,
To have gone and crossed that wide Atlantic!

But, teare must cease:— You've read, my dear,
Vot horrid kickups happened here:
Oh! Mary love, you would have melted
To see our John and Joseph pelted;

Two new coats and bright new plushes
Is spiled with mud and filthy slushes;
It's quite enough, my dear, to sicken
Any vun of eating chicken;
The werry site of laying fowls
Cramps his Lordship in the bowels!

But that is over: John's dear legs
Is purified from rotten eggs,
And Joe, dear Joe, a hangel vich is,
Has vashed and dyed his crimson breeches.
But vurse from vurse is often kimming,
And so it is vith us poor vimmen—
No longer scared by stones and guns
His Lordship vants to make us nuns;
Whilst John and Joe, by his desires,
Is turned two shaven headed friars!

Yes, truth is truth, dear Mary Brown,
Ve's banished from the world and town;
No more for us like pealing thunder,
The turnpike gates is throwed aquader;
No more for us the martial air
Vich vibrates in Dalhousie Square,
No more for us reviews and races
And lifted hats and smiling faces:
The chariots' still, the horses—drat 'em;
Is got so fat as oats vont fat 'em;
The door that not a foot infringes
Is dull and heavy on its hinges;
The grass has growed so high that Abel
Vos lost in going to the stable;—
The cattle's vild—the cows refuses
To let you milk 'em ven you chooges;
The Pigs has eatez up our Fairy,
And seems inclined to try Aunt Mary;
The werry pigeons, poor dumb creaturs,
Is startled now by human featur;
The butcher brings no joint or quarter,
But leaves his basket vith the porter;
The werry baker man, of late,
Is ordered not to pass the gate;
Ve eats in silence, like the Jews,
But vot ve eats ve does not chew;
Ve gets no gossip vith our teas;
There's nothing stirring in the cheese;
Mourful is starch—and yellow soap
Brings not a wrinkle nor a hope;
All, all is silent—werry quiet,
Ever since that horrid riot!

And then the nites, the horrid nites,
It's vurse than bugs as sucks and bites;
No sooner does ve quench our tapers,
Than old McCord begins his capers;
A red nosed man, dear Mrs. Brown,
Employed to put the Tories down;
Laet nite he sent us vord to say
That sixty men vos in our hay,
And ven the so'gers vent to see,
'Twas our old cat—a tabby she—
A wartuous mother—first-rate mouser,
And them 'ere wagherons to rouse her!
No vunder that my Lord should quake,
And fret, and have the stomach-ache!—
Enough to turn vun's flesh to stone
To have that red nose near vun's own!

But Mary, love, I must adieu—
My griefs is many—joys is few;
With best respects to Mr. Jarvis,
Hoping he's happy in the sarvice;
Also love to Jane and Sue—
The saints protect and prosper you!—
The vicked saints vich only snubs
Your werry wretched

MARTHA STUBBS.