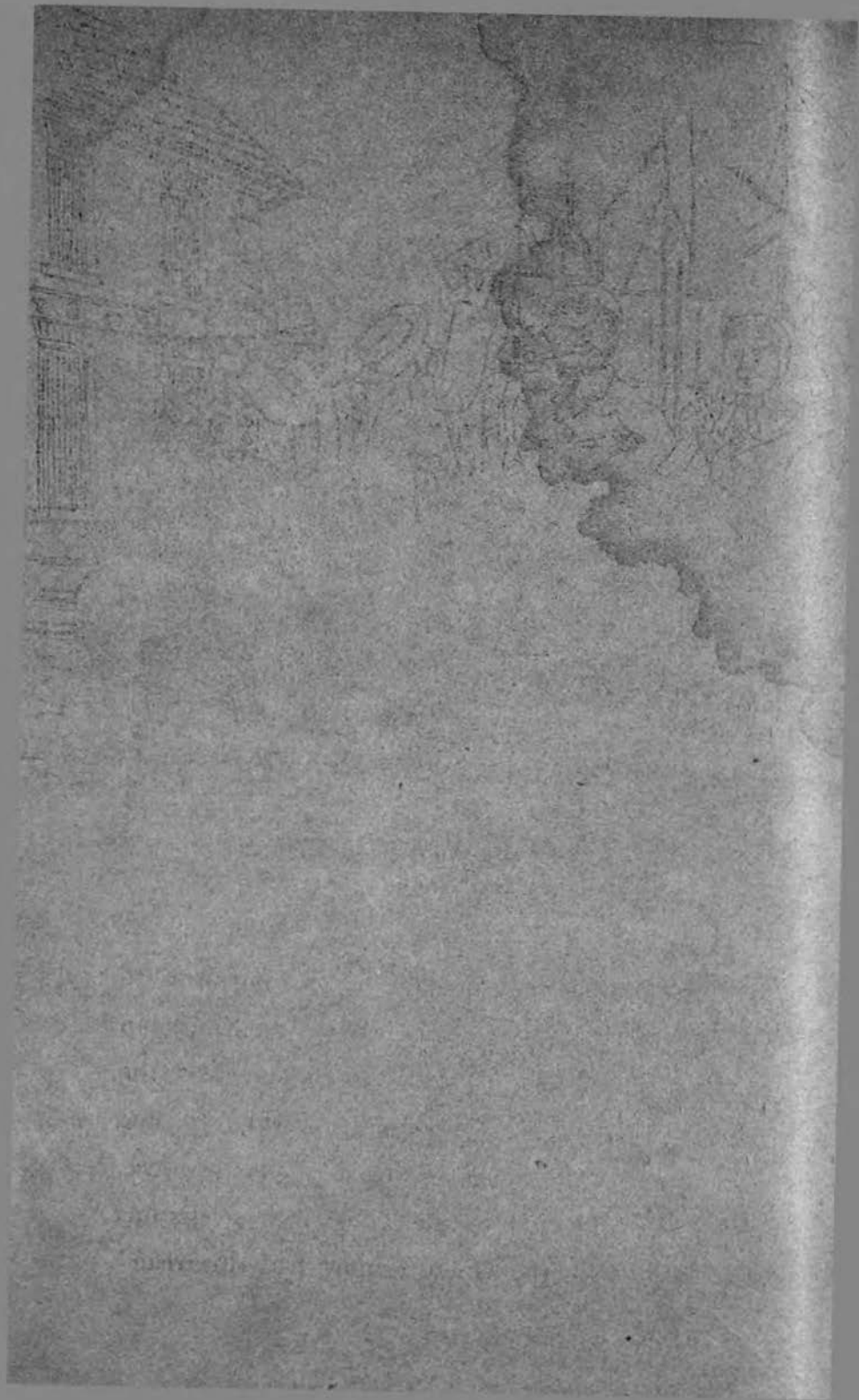


THE
HULL POSTMASTER.

(AIR—"The Arethusa.")

LONDON :
BEOUGH, LITHOGRAPHER AND PRINTER,
29, CASTLE STREET, HOLBORN, E.C.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

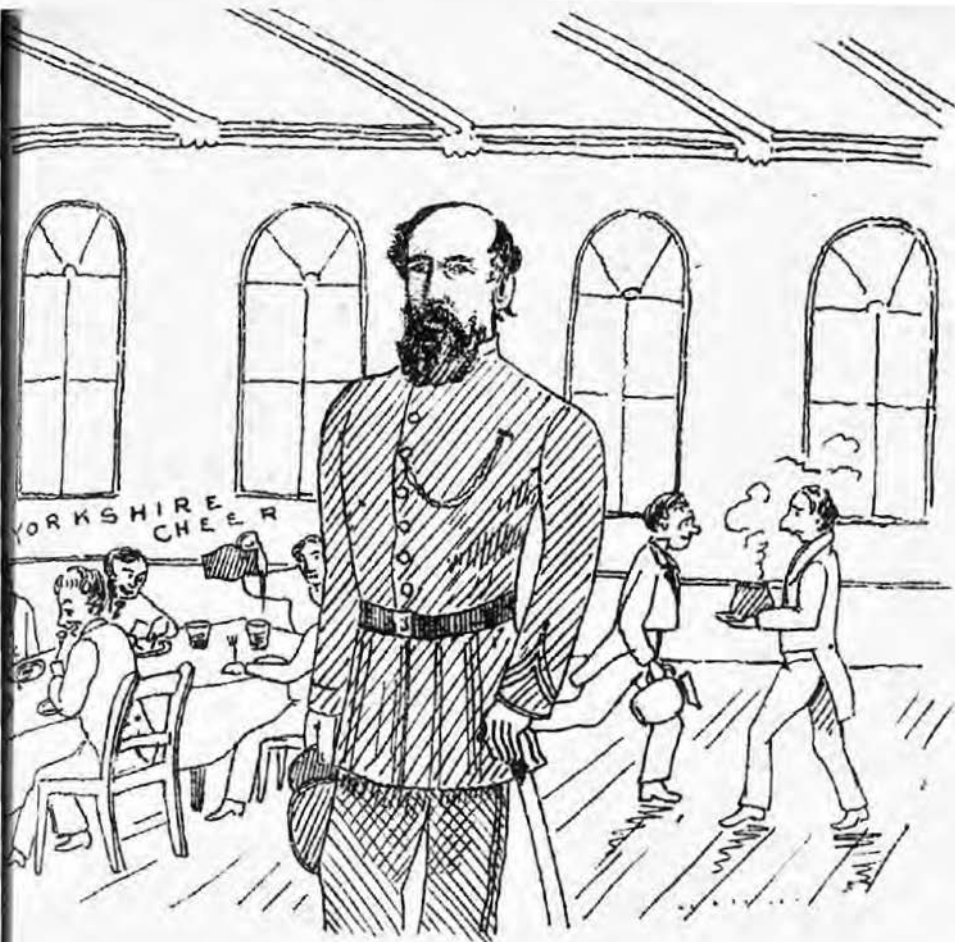




“On the recent establishment of a Money Order Office, Savings' Bank, &c., in Wellington Street, Humber Docks, Hull, the energetic Postmaster, (Samuel Walliker, Esqre.,) wrote to a rhyming friend, requesting him to compose a song to be sung by a full chorus of fisherman and mariners on the occasion. In reply, he received the following, and was both amused and astonished to find that he himself had been made the hero of the piece. It will be seen that each stanza describes a distinct branch of Post Office work, which is now truly briarean.”

—*Derby Telegraph.*

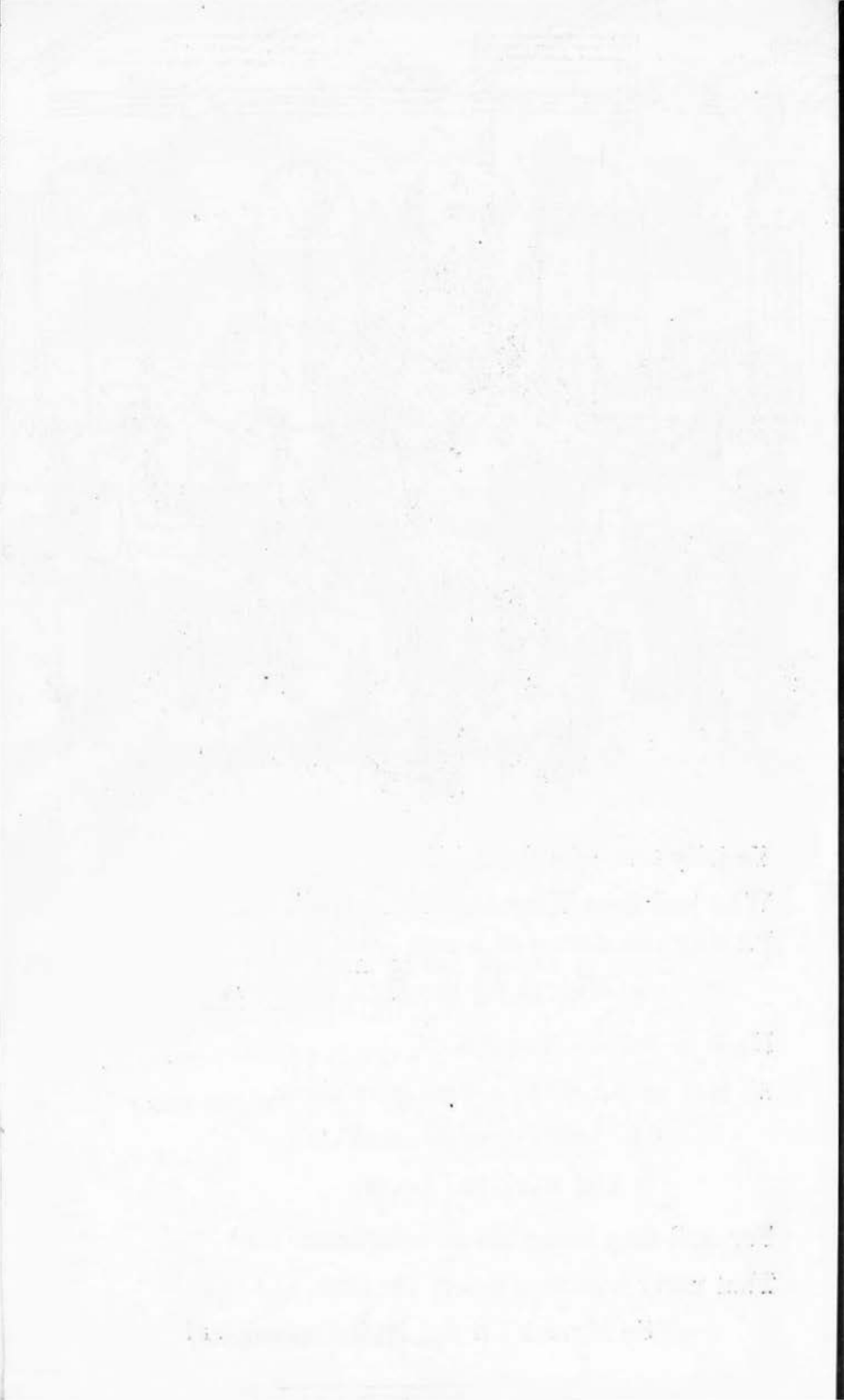


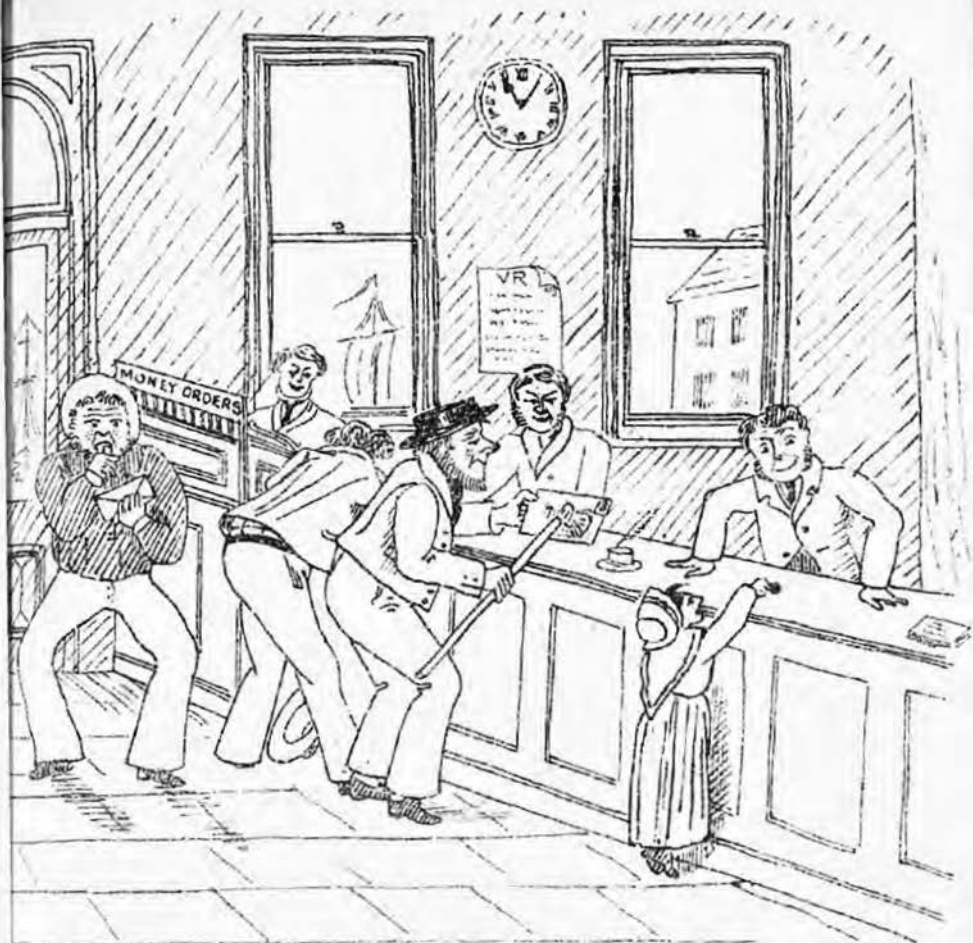


Ye jolly tars, of valour full,
Who hail from Kingston-on-the-Hull,
I'll sing you a song of a rare John Bull,
So Hurrah for the Hull Postmaster !

He is as brave a Volunteer
As ever gave vent to a Yorkshire cheer,
Every one of his staff
Can work and laugh,

For well they know 'tis no vain boast
That never will *Sam* desert his *Post*,
So Hurrah for the Hull Postmaster !





There is a shop in Wellington Street
Rigged up from stem to stern complete,
The wants of the British Tar to meet,
By command of the Hull Postmaster :
For there you can buy a *Postage Stamp*,
Which will stick like a brick* when its slightly damp
On the note that you send
To an absent friend,
With speed over land and sea to fly,
And the welcome answer will come by and bye,
With a health to the Hull Postmaster.

* Be careful not to remove the Cement.



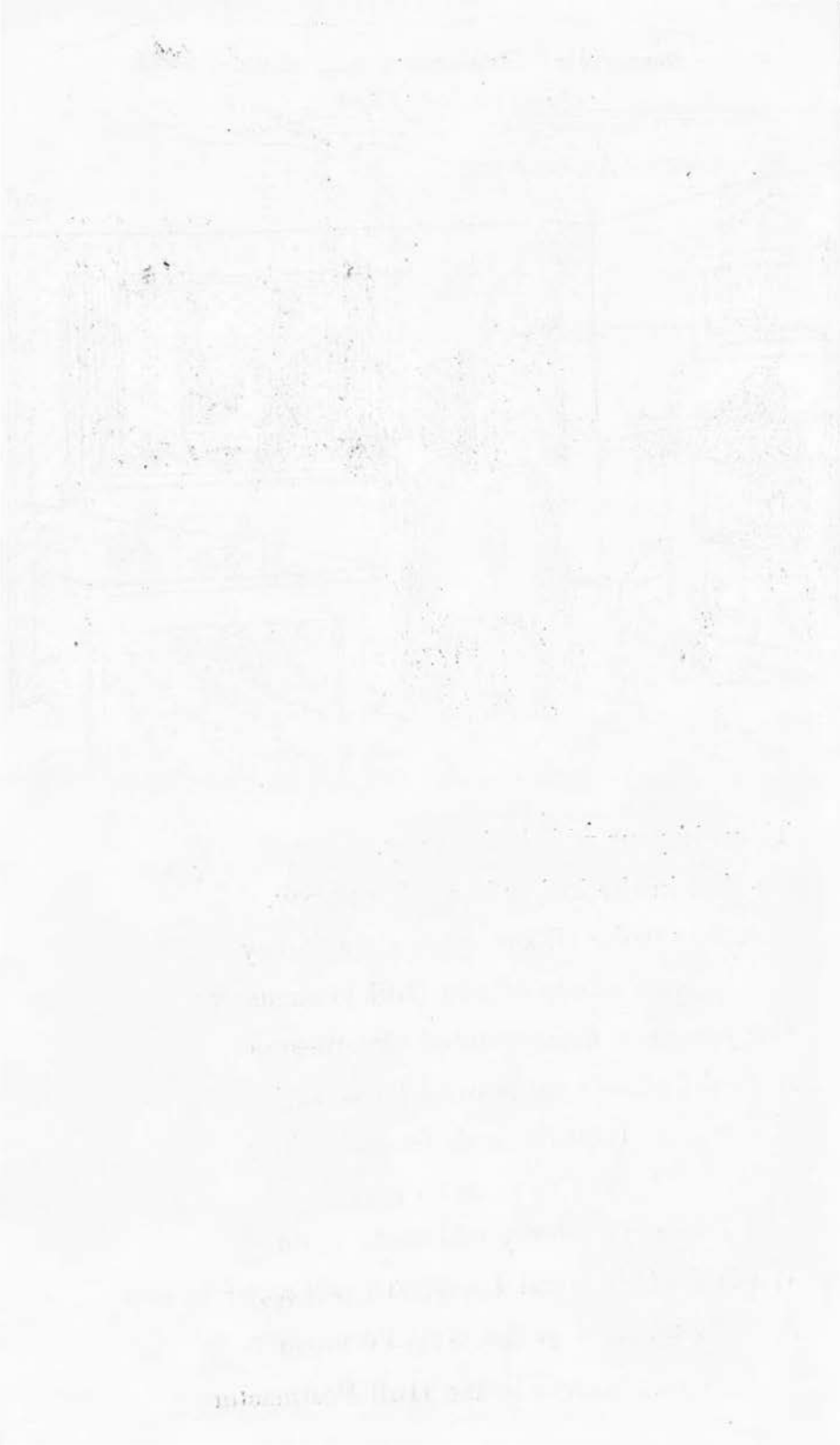


And there, 'ere long, you'll find a Bank—
Not one of sand and shingle dank,
Where many a noble vessel sank
 With foul and sad disaster—
But a *Savings' Bank* where you may lay
A nice nest-egg for a future day,
 Should your barque go down
 (And you do not drown,)
You will find, when you penniless reach the shore
That you'll soon be set on your legs once more
 By the Bank of the Hull Postmaster.

"Deary me! How can I buy Bread with
this bit of Paper."



Then, if your wife is far away,
No shot in the locker her debts to pay,
You may make all square in a single day
By the help of the Hull Postmaster:
For you get a paper printed Green—
A *Post-Office-Order* is what I mean;
Then the wolf from the door
Will fly once more,
And Peace and Plenty will smile again,
While the Crimp and Landshark will scowl in vain,
And snarl at the Hull Postmaster.





Or if you would insure your life,
On sea and land with dangers rife,
You may save the lawyer's endless strife.

 If you go to the Hull Postmaster :

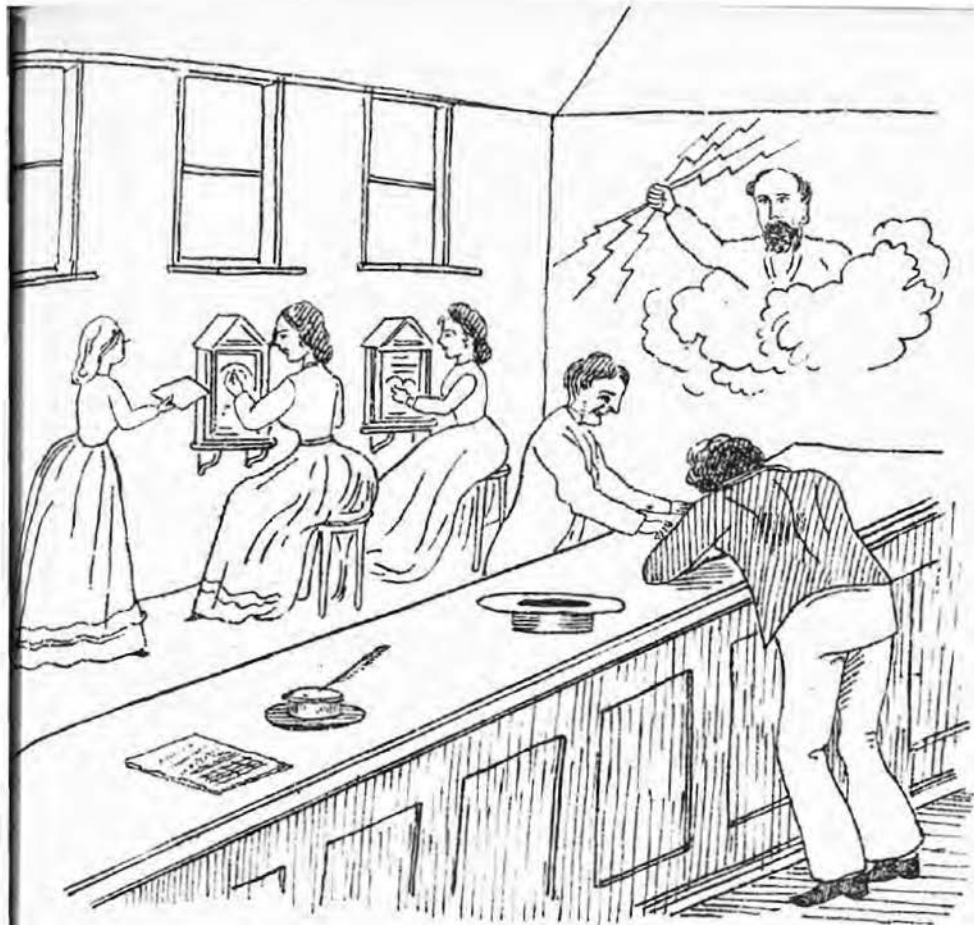
Or go to his *Sub* in Wellington Street,
And fill up a *Life Proposal Sheet* ;

 Then in peace or war
 You're provided for,

And your wife and family need not dread
The loss of home or the want of bread :

 Great thanks to the Hull Postmaster.





An absent messmate would you hail,
When you've no time to write "per mail,"
A message swifter than the gale

You may send by the Hull Postmaster.
With a needle and a bit of wire
He can draw from the clouds the lightning's fire :

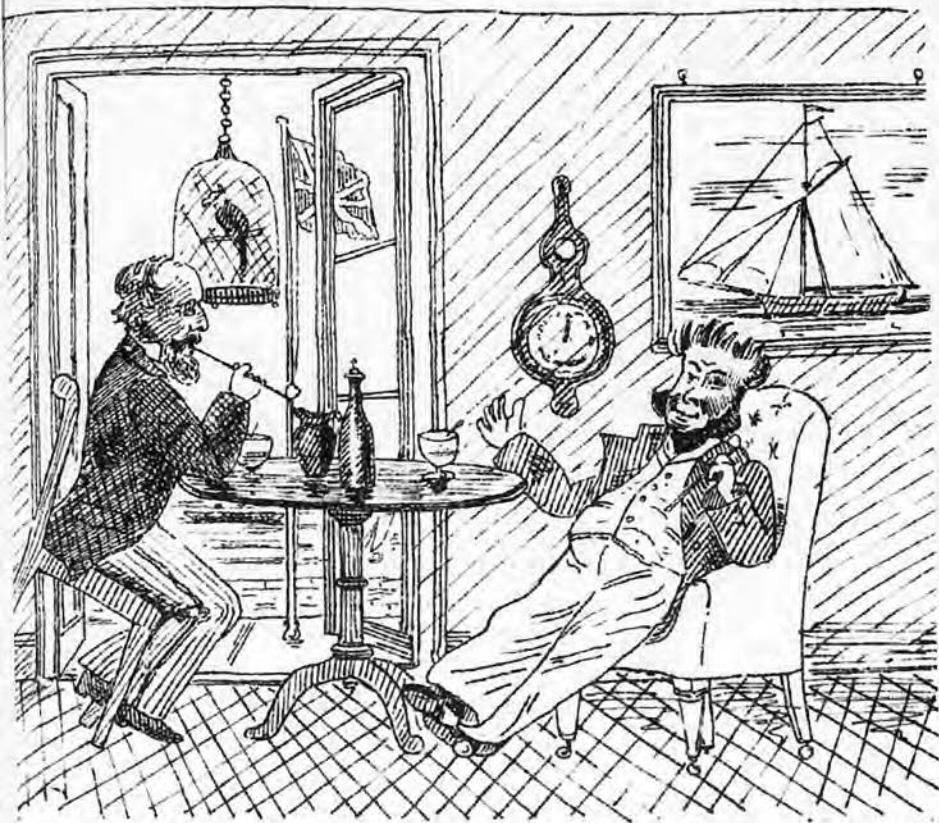
Nay, 'tis no chaff

For the *Telegraph*

Is the modern mail coach for you and me,
Its driver is Electricity,

And its guard is the Hull Postmaster.





And when at last across the foam
No longer you are called to roam,
You may calmly smoke a pipe at home
 Alongside of the Hull Postmaster ;
For with your savings from the sea
He will buy you a snug *Annuity* ;
 Then you'll care no more
 For the tempests' roar,
But as long as your old *Hull* may last,
You will have a shelter from the blast ;
 Three cheers for the Hull Postmaster !

