OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

"SEND THE LETTER, UNCLE JOHN!"

By H. G. Adams.

UNCLE JOHN is stout and sturdy,
Uncle John has gold in store;
Mighty fleets upon the ocean,
Merchandise upon the shore;
Lands and houses, sheep and oxen,
Corn in granaries and fields;
All which giveth ease, or pleasure,
Or to man subsistence yields:

UNCLE JOHN has many children
Scattered widely here and there,
And the language that he speaketh
It is spoken everywhere;
Wheresoever foot hath trodden,
There the sons of Uncle John
Travel, trade, and preach the gospel,
Earnest workers, every one.

Torrid, temperate, or frigid,
Be the climate what it may,
Daring dangers, overcoming
Difficulties, there are they.
Savage creatures yield unto them,
Or before their steps retire,
Nought can damp their spirits' ardour,
Nought their energies can tire.

On the burning plains of India,
In the far-off South Sea isles;
'Mid the sand waste, where but rarely
Blight the green oasis smiles;
In the forest dark and pathless,
On the prarie without bound,
Ocean, lake, and rushing river,
Are these sons of Britain found.

UNCLE JOHN he hath a brother,
Younger, yet a well-grown man;
In the West he is located,
And his name is JONATHAN;
And he, too, has many children,
Roaming some o'er all the earth;
Many more are fixed and settled
Round about their place of birth.

Sturdy fellers of the forest,
Sturdy tillers of the land,
Ploughers of the deep, and hunters
'Mid these regions wild and grand,
When the red man built his wigwam
Many thousand miles away,
From the track of the "pale faces,"
Who now *daily* pass that way.

Uncle's ships are ever passing
And repassing o'er the wave,
And our yearning hearts do ever
Tidings of the absent crave;

News of relatives who travel,
  Of the friends afar who dwell,
We would know how feel, how fare they,
  How they prosper, ill or well.

Greetings e'er should pass between us,
  And the heart's fond interchange,
But alas! we're poor, and, therefore,
  Distance must our hearts estrange;
And the white-winged heralds, as they
  O'er the Atlantic go and come,
To the watching, waiting many.
  Upon either shore are dumb.

UNCLE JOHN! *do* send the letter,
  By your ships that go and come,
Friends abroad would fain be writing
  Unto anxious friends at home,
We would wish the absent loved ones,
  In our joys and woes to share;
Send then *for a penny*, Uncle,
  It is all we have to spare.

Free as air, and free as sunshine,
  Intercourse 'twixt man and man,
Should be rendered, howe'er sundered;
  You can do it, uncle, *can*,
Will, we know it, see how smiling
  Is your face, the while you say—
Hands in pockets, calculating—
  "Will it pay, but, *will* it pay?"

WILL IT PAY? why Uncle! uncle!
  Can you doubt it? look at home,
See how, from all parts, your mail bags
  Daily weightier become;
Hear how all your children bless you,
  For the boon they ~~then~~ enjoy;
Oh, extend it o'er the waters,
  And our eager pens employ.

WILL IT PAY? why fifty letters
  Will be sent in place of one;
Fifty pence for *one* poor shilling,
  Think of that, good UNCLE JOHN!
Think, too, how 'twill foster commerce,
  And all friendly ties increase,
Binding nation unto nation
  In the bonds of Love and Peace.