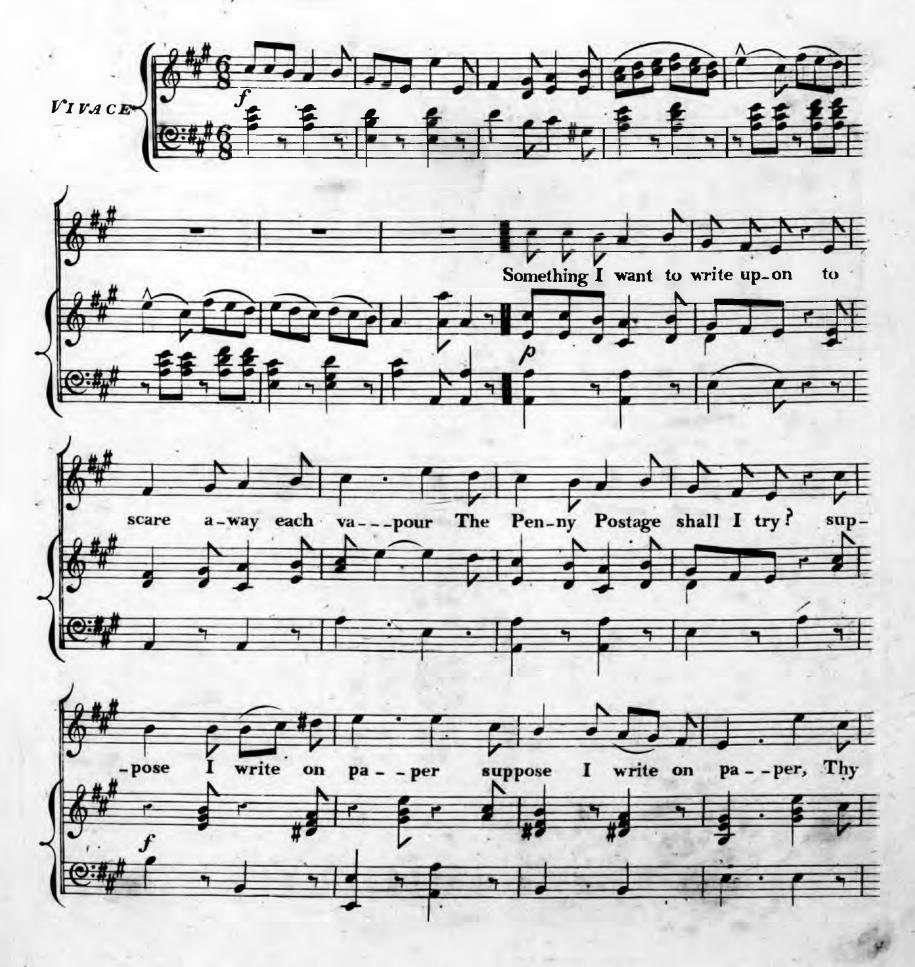


## THE PENNY POSTAGE.

Written by J. Bruton.

Composed by J. Blewitt.

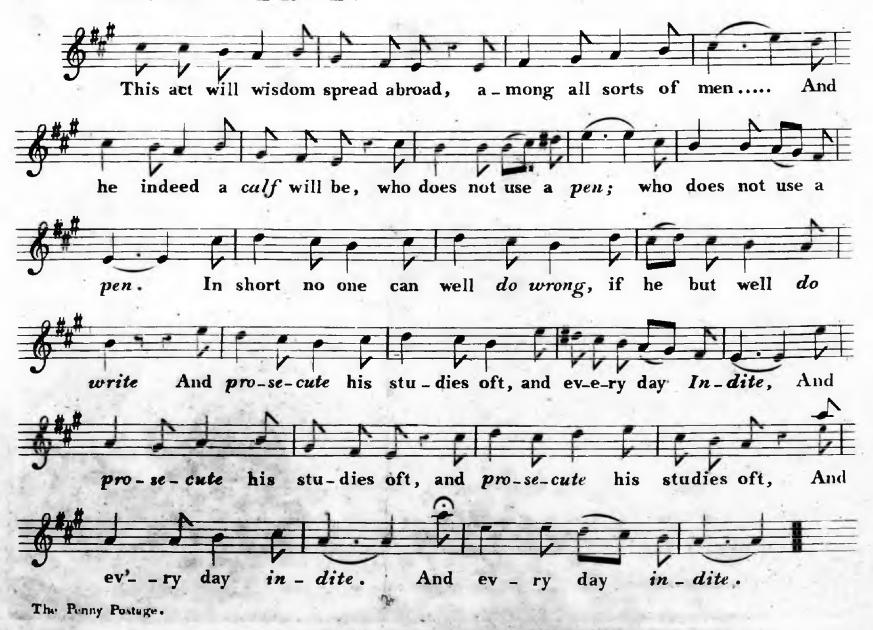








THIRD VERSE.



#### FOURTH VERSE.

Such lots of paper will be used by every scribbling elf,

That every man should be a manufacturer himself;

To serve us then with ink enough they must have different plans

They must start an "Ink walk" just like milk, and serve it round in cans.

# FIFTH VERSE.

The letters on St Valentine so greatly will amount,

Postmen must judge them by the lot, they won't have time to count

They must bring round spades and measures, and to poor love-sick souls

Deliver them by bushels, the same as they do coals.

### SIXTH VERSE.

Then as billet doux will so augment, the mails will be too small, So, omnibuses they must use, or they can't carry all:

The Ladies pleasure will evince, instead of any fuss,

If they've their lovers' letters all deliver'd with a buss.

## SEVENTH VERSE.

With every kind of writing now, the connoisseur may meet,

Tho' a running hand, I think, will most give Postmen running feet;

They who can't write will "make their mark" when they a line are dropping.

And where orthography is lame, of course it will "go hopping."

### EIGHTH VERSE.

Invention is progressing so, and soon it will be seen

Conveyance will be done more quick than it has ever been:

A plan's in agitation, for nought can genius fetter

To let us have the answer back, before they get the letter.

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