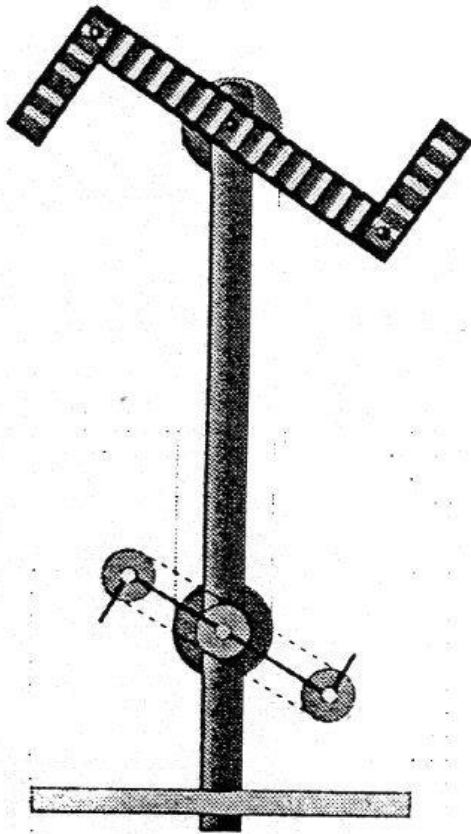


The French Telegraphe!



Abbe Chappe's beam and arm system

If you'll only just promise you'll none of you
laugh
I'll be after explaining the French Telegraphe!
A machine that's endowed with such wonderful
pow'r
It writes, reads and sends news 50 miles in an
hour.
Then there's watchwords, a spy-glass, an index
on hand
And many things more none of us understand,
But which, like the nose on your face, will be
clear
When we have as usual improved on them
here.

Adieu, penny posts! mails and coaches, adieu!
Your Occupation's gone, 'tis all over wid you.
In your place telegraphs on our houses we'll
see
To tell time, conduct lightning, dry shirts and
send news.

from the play *Great News*,
or a Trip to the

Antipodes,
by Charles Dibden.
First produced in London
on 11th October 1794.