

SAM.

Why, cert'nly, sir, that's my sentiment, sure !
When we can't boss the girls—we must just endure.

MISS C.

But you know, Mr. Bull, how glad I shall be
To send you my produce (*perhaps, some day, FREE !*)

JOHN B.

Ha ! ha ! my dear girl, that's kind ! Well, well,
All sorts of things happen, we never can tell !

(*He sings, air, "The Roast Beef of Old England."*)

When native roast beef was an Englishman's food,
And we bred our own bullocks and kept our meat good,
Then butchers kept prices as low as they could—

Oh the roast beef of Old England,
And oh for Old England's roast beef !

But prices rose higher and money grew tight,
Prime joints on our tables became a rare sight,
Our butchers charged double and swore it was right !

Oh the dear beef of Old England,
And oh for the old-fashioned beef !

Then Yankees sent live meat, the price fairly low,
And nasty "jerked beef," much like carrion crow,