

"Dear Jones," he said, "you may be right, you even are I fear.
I only make this sacrifice for my dear country's eake,
To show the farmers of the land the money they might make
By scientific methods, I've read the whole thing up,
Some time I will explain it all if you will with me sup.
Just now I'm estimating cost of a new kind of light
For cities towns and villages, it's sure to give delight.
It's carved from out a pumpkin, has a tallow dip inside,
It's by no means expensive, and the profits I'll divide."
Scarce had Jones damned himself away than fair Clarinda
came,

"Dear Prince," she said, "how can you, I weep for very shame.
You know how awful much I. (but here she made correction)
How much we love you here, you've quite won our affection;
And you'd desert me, us I mean, for country loves and lasses
Pardon dear Prince, but I think country folks all asses.
I'm broken-hearted quite, I thought you'd such good taste,
And must my dearest, tenderest, but here her bosom chaste
Heaved with a mighty sob and left the word unsaid.
Prince Dollar with a gallantry at once came to her aid.
"Weep not O lady fair | Time or change cannot efface
Your beauty from my mind, nor your sweet love replace."
This was a real pretty speech, I wonder if he meant it,
Yet as he kissed her then it did seem to cement it.
"How little do you know," said he, "the joys of country life,
The peacefulness that hangs about, the absence of all strife.
Do let me sing to you a song that lately I've composed,
It's full of every lovely thought, some few I have transposed."
In fine low tenor voice he sang, Clarinda caught the chorus,
If I were now to give the words I'm sure they will not bore us.

When men in cities sweat and swear.
Heigh-ho ! sweat and swear.
I wander by the shady stream,
On mossy banks do lie and dream.
In all the world there is nowhere,
Heigh-ho ! is no where