

That they swarm in each city and town in a nation
 And so far are their owners from being distressed,
 That they dress in the fashion and live on the best.
 How this can be done has been never explain'd,
 'Twas a secret at first and as such has remain'd.
 But however ingenious the plans they invent,
 To clear by their business full fifty per cent;
 My tale shews a trade that would baffle their art,
 Where the only expense is the keep of a cart.
 At a town in the — 'tis no matter the place,
 (For where it might be cannot alter the case,)
 Two dealers in fire wood when market was o'er,
 Chanc'd to meet face to face near an *Englishman's door*,
 Tom offered his goods, and the gentleman thought
 That firewood much cheaper could hardly be bought;
 But in order to try how much lower he'd go
 He answered each fall with a positive "No."
 At last Tom declar'd that 'twas out of his pow'r
 To sell to the gentleman one copper low'r.
 Dick who knew well all the rigs of the town,
 Determin' the gemmen should purchase his own;
 So boldly stepped up when poor Tom was retir'd
 And agreed for the price that the buyer requir'd.
 Tom stood by his cart this strange bargain to view
 And thought that 'twas more than he'd ventur'd to do;
 For poor venders of wood must live by their gains,
 And be paid for their time, and their carriage, and pains;
 But Dick's empty old cart no sooner he view'd
 Than the following dialogue quickly ensued.
 Tom cries "how the devil do you drive such a trade,
 The trees must be bought and the cord wood be made?
 'Tis true you may call me the cunninger elf,
 For I steal all my wood and I cord it myself.
 That's clever enough" with a grin replied Dick,
 "But there you will find I know more of the trick
 And best can afford it to drive a cheap trade
 For I steal all the cord wood I find ready made."