

produced, some of which were fine and fleecy, and others rotten. These formed the principal exhibitions of the day, which was closed, according to ancient custom, by a dance round the hawthorn to the tune of "the mucking of George's byre." I am, Sir, Your humble servant,

*The Reporter to the AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.*

The following account, in the real Grub-street style, of a late squall in the N. W. lower regions, has been sent to me by my friend Tom Bowling.

When Hurlothrumbo lock'd the cupboard-door,  
And beef and pudding graced the shelf no more,  
Oh! how the little foot-boy stamp'd and swore,  
And kick'd his heels against the kitchen-floor.

Cook Sally hit her lips and nothing said;  
But James the coachman scratch'd his chuckle-head,  
Swearing he'd give 'em all a damn'd good rub,  
And know the reason why they stopp'd the grub.

Beau Billy swore he never would go up,  
Without they'd let him on potatoes slip,  
And if he had not choc'late every morning,  
He'd quit the counting-house, and ne'er give warning.

When lady Loverule heard this dreadful row,  
She quick descended to the realms below,  
To learn the reason why such din was made;  
When Sally cook replied, not much afraid,

You know my lady that we once had plenty,  
Of prog of all kinds, now and then a dainty,  
But since the curs'd union has been made,  
Goddamnhim means to starve us we're afraid.

We know him, Sally, he's a horrid dog;  
I wish him drown'd in some deep filthy bog;  
And to say truth, to him we've been too civil,  
Meanting to hold a candle to the devil.\*

But bring an'ax, my lady loudly call'd;  
Fetch the crow-bar, maid Sally stoutly bawl'd;  
When with one blow my lady split the door,  
And beef and pudding graced the shelf once more.

**L. L. MACCULLOH, Esq.**

SIR,—A writer in one of your late numbers

\* A stanza is here omitted, which Mr. Bowling must excuse, as, tho' it is perfectly apropos as to Lord Goddamhim and his evil propensities, is too gross to put into the mouth of his aunt.