

would take the pet, and cease to swell the subscription list of the *Anglo American*!

LAIRD.—Never fash your thumb about that, auld foreeps! wi' a' their faults and backslidings, my brethren in the farming line are no' sae thin skinned that they canna' thole to hear the truth. Besides, I hae a firm and abiding presentiment, that a' the farmers wha support *Maga*, mak' it a point o' conscience to supplement the steepends o' their ministers, in proportion to the rise o' the markets!

DOCTOR.—Say then, let your strictures go forth, on the far-stretching wings of typography, and shame every churl in the Province, into the semblance, at least, of Christianity!

LAIRO.—Frae the bottom of my soul I pity pair ministers, in times when corn and high prices abound! The son o' Crispin mak's the cost o' his boots, and brogans keep pace wi' the exaltation o' flour. If tripe the butcher increases the rate of chops to bodkin the tailor, the latter tak's his revenge, when tripe comes to lack a pair o' new decencies. But Mess John canna' stop short when he has propounded his text, and insist upon an addition to his income before he delivereth himself o' his prelection. Na, na! He maun dree his weird in sorrowful silence, and drink the bitter, cauld cup o' poortith, without protest or remonstrance. If, at an orra time he should venture to enunciate a remonstrance, some o' the *serious* and *devout* members o' his flock will tell him with an unction whine, to live upon the promises o' the Gospel! Yes! within the last three weeks, I heard a sordid wretch, wha had twa stockings hanging at his bed herd, dropsical wi' bank notes, I heard wi' my own lugs, gie the above heartless, and infernally profane response when supplicated on behalf o' his pastor!

MAJOR.—We are a great, and a good people!

LAIRO.—Are we no'?

MAJOR.—“Live on the promises of the Gospel!” I cannot get that rare, and most savoury morsel of piety, out of my psychological taste!

LAIRO.—Did ye ever hear ony thing like it? The vagabond spoke as if the reverend gentleman could boil his study Bible like o' dumpling, and serve it up, for the nourishment o' his wife and ten bairns, the auldest o' them being hardly turned o' sixteen!

DOCTOR.—Happy, in such obdurate times, are illuminati like us, who have kept our wrists free from the cramping *darbies* of matrimony.

MAJOR.—The axiom which you have just propounded, remindeth me of a very respectable

ode commendatory of single blessedness, which my scissors excised not long ago from the *Kingston Chronicle and News*. Here it is:—

THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

The day is past, my labor's o'er,
To rest and peace I fly;
When care, tormentor, dare not come,
My bosom to annoy:
Though wife nor children me await,
To greet me with a smile,
Content I live in single state,
Nor comfort loss the while.

Whate'er the times, plenty or scant,
It's all the same to me;
My hostess grants me all I want,
For a sufficient fee.
Her board is daily thrice supplied,
With good and wholesome fare,
Where hunger keen is satisfied,
And plenty yet to spare.

In my neat chamber, lone, I find
A respite from my toil,
Where to improve my barren mind,
I burn the midnight oil;
No noisy beats my brain confuse,
My busy thoughts perplex,
For I have courted but the muse,
And always shunned “*the sex*.”

Sometimes, indeed, my heart relents,
And pants for Hymen's joys;
And then I think of the high rents,—
The little girls and boys,
And find my earnings won't maintain
A wife and children too;
And so my passions I restrain,
Whene'er inclined to woo.

Thus, solitary I pursue
My unobtrusive way,
Nor dread “hard times” as others do,
Who've bowed to Hymen's sway,
Then let all those who'd wish to live
A calm, contented life,
Enjoy whate'er the world can give,
But ne'er enjoy a wife.

LAIRO.—No sae bad! Are the lines by the editor of the aforesaid print?

MAJOR.—Oh no! My excellent and clever friend Sam, can lay no claim to the beatitude of unital existence. He is qualified to sing with *Sandie* in the play:—

“I have a wee house, and a canty wee fire,
And a bonnie wee wife, to pet and admire,
And a smiling wee bairn on ilka knee,
To cry papa and daddy to me!

LAIRO.—It's a vera fine to rant about the pleasures o' celibacy, when we are convened here wi' our pipes, and tumblers, and quart pots, and what not, but the medal, I trow, has got a dark and gousty reverse! When ye are sitting alane, on a cauld, blustering winter's night, wi' nane but the dowg, and the auld, doited, crabbed cat to keep ye company—and