

THRUMMY CAP

AND THE

No. 75

GHAIST,

A Diverting Tale;

To which are added,

*Young Whip-Stitch,*

AND

The Gig Demolished.



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# THRUMMY CAP,

## A TALE.

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In ancient times, far i' the north,  
A hundred miles ayont the Forth,  
Upon a stormy winter day,  
Twa men forgather'd o' the way ;  
Ane was a sturdy bardoeh chiel,  
An' frae the weather happit weel,  
Wi' a mill'd plaiding jockey-coat,  
And eke he on his head had got  
A thrummy cap, baith large and stout,  
Wi' flaps ahind, as weel's a snout,  
Whilk button'd close beneath his chin,  
To keep the cauld frae getting in ;  
Upon his legs he had gammashes,  
Whilk sodgers term their spatterdashes ;  
An' on his hands, instead o' glo'es,  
Large doddy mittens, whilk he roose  
For warmness, an' an aiken stick,  
Nae verra lang, but unco thick,  
Intil his neive—he drave awa,  
And car'd for neither frost nor snaw.  
The ither was just the reverse,  
O' claes and courage baith was scarce ;  
Sae in our tale, as we go on,  
I think we'd ca' him cow'r'dly John.  
Sae on they gade at gude scow'r,  
'Cause that they saw a gath'ring show'r,

Grow very thick upon the wind,  
 Whilk to their wae they soon did find,  
 A mighty shower of snaw and drift,  
 As ever dang down frae the lift!  
 Right wild and boist'rous Boreas roar'd,  
 Preserve! quoth John, we'll baith besmor'd  
 Our trystic end we'll ne'er make out.  
 Cheer up, says Thrummy, never doubt;  
 But I'm some fly'd we've tint our way,  
 Howe'er at the neist house we'll stay,  
 Until we see gif it grow fair,  
 Gin no, a' night we'll tarry there.  
 Weel, weel, says Johnny, we shall try,  
 Syne they a mansion house did spy,  
 Upon the road, a piece afore,  
 Sae they gaed up unto the door,  
 Where Thrummy chappit wi' his stick;  
 Syne to the door came verra quick,  
 A muckle dog, wha barked sair,  
 But Thrummy for him didna care;  
 He handled weel his aiken staff,  
 And spite o's teeth he kept him aff,  
 Until the Landlord came to see,  
 And ken what might the matter be;  
 Then verra soon the dog did cease,  
 The Landlord then did speer the case.  
 Quoth Thrummy, Sir, we hae gane weel,  
 We thought we'd ne'er a house get till;  
 We near were smor'd amc' the drift;  
 An' sae, gudeman, ye'll mak a shift,  
 To gie us quarters a' this night,  
 For now we dinna hae the light,

Farer to gang tho' it were fair,  
 See gin ye hae a bed to spare,  
 Whate'er ye charge, we sanna grudge,  
 But satisfy ye, ere we budge  
 To gang awa—and fan 'tis day,  
 We'll pack our all, and tak the way.  
 The Landlord said, O' 'beds I've nane,  
 Our ain fowks they will scarce contain;  
 But gin ye gang but twa miles forret,  
 Aside the kirk dwalls Robbie Dorret,  
 Wha keeps a change house, sells guid drink,  
 His house you may mak out I think.  
 Quoth Thrummy, That's owre far awa,  
 The roads are sae blawn up wi' snaw,  
 To mak it is nae in our power;  
 For, look ye, there's a gathering shower  
 Is coming on—you'll let us bide,  
 Tho' we should sit by the fire side.  
 The Landlord said to him, Na, na,  
 I canna let you bide ava,  
 Chap off, for 'tis nae worth your while  
 To bide, when ye hae scrimp twa mile  
 To gang—sae quickly aff ye'll steer,  
 For faith, I doubt ye'll nae be here.  
 Twa mile! quo' Thrummy, de'il speed me,  
 If frae your house this night I jee;  
 Are we to starve in Christian land?  
 As lang's my stick bides in my hand,  
 An' silver plenty in my pouch,  
 To nane about your house I'll crouch;  
 Landlord, ye needna be sae rude,  
 For faith we'll make our quarters good.

Come, John, let's in, will tak a seat,  
 Fat sorrow gais you look so blate?  
 Sae in he gangs and sets him down;  
 Says he, They're nae about your town  
 Sall put me out till a new day,  
 As lang's I've siller for to pay.  
 The Landlord said, Ye're rather rash,  
 To turn you out we sanna fash,  
 Since ye're sae positive to bide,  
 But troth yese sit by the fire-side;  
 I tald ye else of beds I've nane  
 Unoccupied, except bare ane,  
 In it, I fear, ye winna lie,  
 For stoutest hearts hae aft been shy,  
 To venture in within the room,  
 After the night begins to gloom;  
 For in it they can ne'er get rest,  
 'Tis haunted by a frightfu' ghaist?  
 Oursels are terrified a' night,  
 Sae ye may chance to get a sight,  
 Like that which some of our fowk saw,  
 Far better till ye gang awa,  
 Or else ye'll maybe rue the day.  
 Guid faith, says John, I am thinking sae;  
 Better into the neuk to sit,  
 Than fly'd, Gude keep's, out o' our wit:  
 Preserve us ever frae all evil,  
 I wadna like to see the devil; (peace,  
 Whisht gowk, quo' Thrummy, haud your  
 That sanny gar me quit this place:  
 To great nor sma' I ne'er did ill,  
 No ghaist nor deil my rest shall spill.

For I defy the meikle deil,  
 An' a' his works I wat fu' weel ;  
 Fat sorrow then maks you sae eery ?  
 Fling by your fears and come be cheery.  
 Landlord gin ye'll mak up that bed,  
 I promise I'll be very glad,  
 Within the same a' night to lye,  
 If that the room be warm and dry.  
 The Landlord says, Ye's get a fire,  
 An' candle too, gin ye desire,  
 Wi' beuks to read, and for your bed,  
 I'll orders gie to get it made.  
 John says, as I'm a Christian man,  
 Who never likes to curse nor ban,  
 Nor steal, nor lie, nor drink, nor whore,  
 I'll never gang within its door,  
 But sit by the fire-side a' night,  
 An' gang awa whene'er 'tis light.  
 Says Thrummy till him, wi' a glow'r,  
 Ye cowardly gowk, I'll mak ye cow'r,  
 Come up the stair alang wi' me,  
 An' I shall caution for you be.  
 Then Johnny faintly gae consent,  
 An' up stairs to the room they went,  
 Where soon they gat baith fire and light :  
 To haud them hearty a' the night ;  
 The Landlord likewise gae them meat,  
 As meikle as they both could eat ;  
 Shew'd them their bed an' bade them gang  
 To it, whene'er they did think lang :  
 And wishing them a guid repose,  
 Straight syne to his ain bed he goes.

Our travellers now being left alane,  
 'Cause that the frost was nipping keen,  
 Coost aff their shoon, an' warm'd their feet,  
 And syne gade to their bed to sleep.  
 But cowardly John wi' fear was quaking,  
 He cou'dna sleep, but still lay wakening,  
 Sae troubled wi' his panic fright—  
 When near the twalt hour o' the night,  
 That Thrummy waken'd and thus spoke:  
 Preserves! quoth he, I am like to choak  
 Wi' thrist, and I maun hae a drink;  
 I will gang down the stair I think,  
 And grapple for the water pail,  
 O for a waught o' cawler ale!  
 Johnny grips to him; an' says, Na,  
 I winna let you gang awa:  
 Wow will ye gang and leave me here  
 Alane, to die wi' perfect fear?  
 Rise an' gie wi' me then, quoth Thrummy,  
 Ye senseless gude-for-naething bummy,  
 I'm only gaun to seek some water;  
 I will be back just in a clatter.  
 Na, na, says John, I'll rather ly,  
 But as I am likewise something dry,  
 Gif ye can get a jug or cap,  
 Fesh up to me a little drap.  
 Ay, ay, quo' Thrummy, that I will,  
 Altho' ye sudna get a gill.  
 Sae down he gaes to fetch a drink,  
 And then he thinks he sees a blink  
 O' light, that shone upo' the floor,  
 Out thro' the lock-hole o' the door,

Which was na fast, but stood a-jee,  
 Whatever's there he thinks he'll see :  
 So bauldly o'er the threshold ventures,  
 And in within the door he enters,  
 But, Reader, judge of the surprise,  
 When there he saw with wondering eyes,  
 A spacious vault, weel stored wi' casks  
 O' reaming ale, and some big flasks,  
 And stride legs o'er a cask of ale,  
 He saw the likeness o' himsel,  
 Just in the dress that he coost aff,  
 A thrummy cap and aiken staff,  
 Gammashes and the jockey-coat :  
 And in its hand the Ghaist had got  
 A big four-legged timber bicker,  
 Filled to the brim wi' nappy liquor ;  
 Our hero at the spectre star'd,  
 But neither daunted was, nor ear'd,  
 But to the Ghaist straight up did step,  
 An' says, Dear brother, Thrummy Cap,  
 The warst ye surely dinna drink.  
 Syne took a jug, pou'd out the wail,  
 And filled it up in the same ale,  
 Frae under where the spectre sat,  
 And up the stair wi' it he gat ;  
 Took a gude drink, gaed John anither,  
 But never tald him o' his brither,  
 That he into the cellar saw,  
 Mair than he'd naething seen ava ;  
 Right brown and nappy was the beer ;  
 What did you get it ? John did speer.  
 Says Thrummy, Sure ye needna care,



I'll gae and try to get some mair.  
 Sae down the stair again he goes,  
 To get o' drink, anither dose,  
 Being positive to hae some mair :  
 But still he faund the Ghaist was there.  
 Now on a butt behind the door :  
 Says he, Ye didna ill before,  
 Dear brother Thrummy, sae I'll try  
 You once again, because I'm dry.  
 He fills his jug straight out below,  
 An' up the stair again does go,  
 John marvell'd sair, but didna speer  
 Again where he did get the beer,  
 For it was stronger than the first,  
 Sae they baith drank till like to burst,  
 Syne did compose themselves to rest,  
 To sleep a while they thought it best.  
 An hour in bed they hadna been,  
 And scarcely weel had closed their een,  
 Whan just into the neighbouring cham'er,  
 They heard a dreadful din and clamour,  
 Beneath the bed-claes John did cower,  
 But Thrummy jumped upon the floor,  
 Him by the sark-tail John did haud,  
 Lie still, quoth he, fat, are you mad?  
 Thrummy then gaed a hasty jump,  
 And took John in the ribs a thump,  
 Till on the bed he tumbled down,  
 In little better than a swoon,  
 While Thrummy, fast as he could rin,  
 Set off to see fat made the din.  
 The chamber seem'd to him as light,

As gif the sun was shining bright ;  
 The Ghaist was stanan at the door,  
 In the same dress he had afore ;  
 And o'er anent it, at the wa',  
 Were ither apparitions twa.  
 Thrummy beheld them for a wee,  
 But deil a word as yet spoke he ;  
 The spirits seem'd to kick a ba',  
 The Ghaist against the ither twa :  
 While close they drave baith back & fore,  
 Atween the chimla and the door.  
 He stops a while, and sees the play,  
 Syne, rinnin up, he this did say :  
 Ane for ane may weel compare,  
 But twa for ane is rather sair ;  
 The play's nae equal, say I vow,  
 Dear brother Thrummy, I'll help you,  
 Then wi' his feet he kick'd the ba',  
 Gard it play stot against the wa' :  
 Quick then, as lightning frae the sky,  
 The Spectres, with a horrid cry,  
 A' vanish'd in a clap o' thun'er,  
 While Thrummy at the same did won'er,  
 The room was quiet now and dark,  
 And Thrummy stirpin in his sark ;  
 Glaumin the gate back to his bed,  
 He thinks he hears a person tread,  
 An' ere he gat without the door,  
 The Ghaist again stood him before,  
 And in his face did staring stand,  
 Wi' a big candle in its hand,

Quoth Thrummy, Friend, I want to know  
 What brings you frae the shades below?  
 I, in my Maker's name, command  
 You tell your story just aff hand?  
 Fat wad ye hae?—I'll do my best  
 For you, to let you be at rest,  
 Then says the Ghaist, 'Tis thirty years  
 Since I've been doom'd to wander here:  
 In all that time there has been none  
 Behav'd sae bold as ye have done:  
 Sae, if you'll do a job for me,  
 Disturbance mair I'll never gie.  
 Say on your tale, quoth Thrummy, I,  
 To do you justice, sure will try,  
 Then mark me weel, the Ghaist reply'd,  
 And you shall soon be satisfy'd:  
 Frae this aback near forty years,  
 I of this place was overseer,  
 When this Laird's father had the land,  
 A' thing was then at my command,  
 Wi' power to do as I thought fit,  
 In ill cause I chief did sit:  
 The Laird paid great respect to me,  
 But I an ill return did gie:  
 The Title-deeds of his estate  
 Out of the same I did him cheat,  
 And staw them frae where they did lie;  
 Some days before the Laird did die.  
 His son, at that time, was in France,  
 And sae I thought I'd hae a chance,  
 Gif he should never come again,  
 That the Estate would be my ain.

But scarcely three bare weeks were past,  
 When Death did come and grip me fast,  
 Sae sudden that I had nae pow'r  
 The charter back for to restore.  
 Soon after that hame came the heir,  
 And syne got up the reefu' rair,  
 What sorrow was come o' the Rights?  
 They sought them several days an' nights,  
 But never yet hae they been seen,  
 As I aneath a meikle stane,  
 Did hide them, i' this cham'er wa',  
 Well sewed up in a leather ba';  
 But I was ne'er allowed to rest,  
 Until that I the same confest;  
 But this to do I hadna power,  
 Frae yon time to this verra hour,  
 That I've réveal'd a' to you;  
 And now I'll tell you what to do.  
 Till nae langsyne nae mony kent,  
 That this same Laird the Rights did want;  
 But now they ha'e him at the law,  
 An' the neist owk the Laird maun shaw,  
 Afore the Court, the Rights o's land,  
 This puts him to an unco stand:  
 For if he disna shaw them there,  
 O' a' his lands he'll be stript bare:  
 Nae hopes has he to save's estate,  
 This make him sowl and unco blate;  
 He canna think whar's Rights may be,  
 And ne'er expects them mair to see,  
 But now, my friend, mark what I tell,  
 And ye'll get something to yoursel';

Tak out the stane there in the wa',  
 And there you'll get the leather ba',  
 'Tis just the same that you did see,  
 Whan you said that you wad help me,  
 The rights are sew'd up in its heart;  
 But see ye didna wi' them part,  
 Until the Laird shall pay you down  
 Just fifty guineas and a crown,  
 Whilk at my death was due to me,  
 This for thy trouble, I'll give thee;  
 And I'll disturb this house nae mair,  
 'Cause I'll be free from all my care.  
 This Thrummy promised to do,  
 And syne the Ghaist bid him adieu,  
 And vanished with a pleasant sound,  
 Down thro' the laft, and thro' the ground.  
 Thrummy gade back syne till his bed,  
 And cowardly John was verra glad,  
 That he his neiber saw once mair,  
 For of his life he did despair.  
 Wowman, quoth John, whar hae you been,  
 Come tell me a' fat ye hae seen,  
 Na, bide, says Thrummy, till day-light,  
 And syne I'll tell you hale and right.  
 Sae baith lay still and took a nap,  
 Until the ninth hour it did chap;  
 'Thrummy sine raise, put on his claes,  
 And to the cham'er quick he gaes.  
 Taks out the stane into the wa',  
 And soon he found the leather ba';  
 Took out the rights, replaced the stane,  
 Ere John did ken whar he had been;

Then baith came stapping down the stair,  
The morning now was calm and fair.

Weel, says the Laird, my trusty frien',  
Hae ye ought in your cham'er seen?

Quoth Thrummy, Sir, I naething saw  
That did me ony ill ava.

Weel, quo' the Laird, ye now may gang,  
Ye ken the day's nae very lang :

In the mean time its calm and clear,  
Ye loose your time in biding here.

Quoth Thrummy, Sir, mind what I tell,  
I've mair right here than you yoursel' :

Sae till I like I here shall bide,

The Laird at this began to chide :

Says he, my Friend, ye're turning rude.

Quoth Thrummy I'll my claim make good  
For here I, just before you a',

The Rights o' this estate can shaw,  
And that is mair than you can do.

What! quo' the Laird, can that be true!

'Tis true, quoth Thrummy, look and see,  
D'ye think that I would tell a lie.

The parchment from his pouch then drew  
And down upon the table threw,

The Laird at this up to him ran,

And cry'd where did you get them man.

Syne Thrummy tauld him all the tale,

As I've tauld you, baith clear and hale.

The Laird at this was fidgin' fain,

That he had gat his rights again ;

And fifty guineas down did tell,

Besides a present frae himsel'.

Thrummy him thank'd, an' syne his gowd  
 Intil a muckle purse he stowed,  
 An' cram'd it in his oxter-pouch,  
 And syne sought out his aiken crutch :  
 Said, fare-ye-weel, I maun awa,  
 An' see gin I get through the snaw.  
 Weel, fare-ye-weel, replied the Laird :  
 How comes it ye ha'na shared,  
 Or gi'en your nei'bour o' the money ?  
 Na, by my saul, I, Sir, quo' Thrummy,  
 When I the siller, Sir, did win,  
 To had done this wad been a sin.  
 Afore that I the Ghaist had laid,  
 The nesty beast had —— the bed.  
 And sae my tale I here do end,  
 I hope no one it will offend ;  
 My muse will na' assist me langer,  
 The dorty jade sometimes does anger.  
 I thought her ance a gay smart lass,  
 But now she's come to such a pass,  
 That a' my cudgelling and wheeping,  
 Will hardly wake her out o' sleeping,  
 To plague her mair I winna try,  
 But dight my pen and lay it by.

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## Young Whip-Stitch,

### A LONDON TAILOR'S SON.

A London Tailor, as 'tis said,  
 By buckram, canvas, tape, an' thread,

Sleeve linings, pockets, silk and twist,  
 And all the long expensive list,  
 With which their uncouth bills abound,  
 Though rarely in their garments found ;  
 By these and other arts in trade  
 Had soon a pretty fortune made,  
 And did what few have ever done,  
 Left thirty thousand to his son.  
 The son, a gay young swaggering blade,  
 Abhor'd the very name of trade ;  
 An' lest reflection should be thrown,  
 On him, resolved to leave the town.  
 And travel where he was not known,  
 In gilded coach and liveries gay,  
 To Oxford first he took his way ;  
 There beaux and belles his taste admire  
 His équipage and rich attire,  
 As his fine silver hilted sword,  
 Tho' short and small, 'twas vastly neat,  
 The sight was deem'd a perfect treat ;  
 Beau Banter begg'd to have a look,  
 But when the sword in hand he took,  
 He swore by Gad 'twas an odd thing,  
 And look'd much like a Tailor's bodkin.  
 His pride was hurt by this expression  
 Thinking they knew his sire's profession ;  
 Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,  
 And drove for Glo'ster that same day.  
 There soon he found new cause for grief,  
 For dining on some fine roast beef,  
 One asked him which he did prefer,  
 Some cabbage or a Cucumber.



The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,  
 Thought it severe reflection meant ;  
 His stomach turned, he could not eat,  
 So made an ungenteel retreat :  
 Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,  
 And bid his coachman drive to Bath,  
 There he suspected fresh abuse,  
 Because the dinner was roast goose :  
 And that he might no more be jeer'd,  
 Next day to Exeter he steered,  
 There with some bucks he drank about,  
 Until he feared they'd found him out,  
 His glass not filled, as was the rule,  
 They said, 'Twas not a thimble full :  
 The name of thimble was enough,  
 He then to Plymouth took a trip,  
 And put up at the Royal Ship,  
 Which then was kept by Calib Snip.  
 The host by name was often called,  
 At which his guest was so much galled,  
 That soon to Cambridge he removed :  
 There too he unsuccessful proved :  
 For though he fill'd his glass or cup,  
 He did not always drink it up,  
 The scholars marked how he behaved,  
 And said a remnant should be saved.  
 The name of remnant galled him so,  
 That he resolved to York to go :  
 There fill'd his bumper to the top,  
 And always fairly drank it up,  
 Well done , says Jack, a buck of York,  
 Yougothrough stitch, Sir, with your work.

The name of stitch was such reproach,  
 He rung the bell, and call'd his coach,  
 But e'er he went, inquiries made,  
 By what means they found out his trade,  
 You put the cap on, and it fits,  
 Reply'd one of the Yorkshire wits,  
 Our words in common acceptation,  
 Could not find out your occupation,  
 'Twas you yourself gave us the cue,  
 To find out both yourself and you.  
 Vain coxcombs and fantastic beaux,  
 In every place themselves expose :  
 They travel far at vast expense,  
 To shew their wealth and want of sense ;  
 But take this as a standing rule,  
 " There's no disguise can screen a fool."

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## THE GIG DEMOLISHED.

### A POEM.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

Ye heroes of the upper form,  
 who long for whip and reins,  
 Come listen to a dismal tale,  
 set forth in dismal strains.

Young Jehu was a lad of fame,  
 as all the school could tell,  
 At cricket, taw, and prison bars,  
 he bore away the bell.

Now welcome Whitsundie was come,  
 and boys with merry hearts,  
 Were gone to visit their mamma,  
 and eat their pies and tarts.

As soon as John saw his sire,  
 a boon, a boon, he cried,  
 O if I am your darling boy,  
 let me not be denied.

My darling boy indeed thou art,  
 the father wise replied,  
 So name the boon ; I promise thee,  
 it shall not be denied.

Then give me Sir, your long lashed whip  
 and give your gig and pair,  
 To drive alone to yonder town,  
 and flourish through the fair.

The Father shook his head, My son  
 you know not what you ask ;  
 To drive a gig in crowded streets,  
 is no such easy task.

The horses full of rest and corn,  
 scarce I myself can guide,  
 And much I fear if you attempt,  
 some mischief will betide,

Then think, dear boy, of something else  
 that's better worth your wishing,  
 A bow and quiver, bats and balls,  
 a rod and lines for fishing.

But nothing could young Jehu please,  
 except a touch at driving :  
 'Twas all in vain, his father found,  
 to spend his breath in striving.

At least attend, rash boy, he cried,  
 and follow good advice,  
 Or in a ditch both gig and you,  
 will tumble in a trice.

Spare, spare the whip, hold hard the reins,  
 the steeds go fast enough ;  
 Keep in the middle beaten tract,  
 nor cross the ruts so rough :

And when within the town you come,  
 be sure, with special care,  
 Drive clear of sign posts, booths and stalls,  
 and monsters of the fair.

The youth scarce heard his father out,  
 but roard, Bring out the whisky !  
 With joy he view'd the rolling wheels,  
 and prancing ponies frisky.

He seized the reins, and up he sprung,  
 and waved the whistling lash,  
 Take care, take care, his father cried :  
 but off he went slab dash.

Who's this light spark, the horses thought,  
 we'll try your strength young master,  
 So o'er the rugged turnpike road,  
 still faster ran, and faster.

Young Jehu, tottering in his seat,  
 now wished to pull him in,  
 But pulling from so young a hand  
 they valued not a pin.

A drove of grunting bigs before  
 fill'd up the narrow way,  
 Dash'd thro' the midst the horses drove,  
 and made a rueful day;

For some were trampled under foot,  
 some crush'd beneath the wheel;  
 Loud, loud the drivers curst and swore  
 and loud the pigs did squeal!

A farmer's wife, and old blind Ball,  
 went slowly on the road  
 With butter, eggs, and cheese and cream,  
 in two large paniers stow'd.

E're Ball could stride the rut amain,  
 the gig came thundering on—  
 Crash went the paniers and the dame  
 and Ball lay overthrown!

Now throguh the town the mettled pair  
 ran rattling o'er the stones,  
 They drove the crowd from side to side,  
 and shook poor Jehu's bones.

When, lo! directly in the course  
 a monstrous form appear'd!  
 A shaggy bear that stalk'd and roar'd,  
 on hinder legs uprear'd.

Sideways they started at the sight,  
 and whisk'd the gig half round ;  
 Then 'cross the crowded market place  
 they flew with furious bound.

First o'er a heap of crockry ware,  
 the rapid car they whirl'd ;  
 And jugs and mugs, and pots and pans  
 in fragments wide were hurl'd.

A booth stood near with tempting cakes,  
 and grocery richly fraught ;  
 All Birmingham on t'other side  
 the dazzel'd optics caught.

With active wing the nimble steeds  
 rush'd through the pass between,  
 And scarcely touch'd ; the car behind  
 got through not quite so clean :

For while one wheel one stall engag'd,  
 its fellow took the other—  
 Dire was the clash, down fell the booths,  
 and made a dreadful pother.

Nuts, oranges, and gingerbread,  
 and figs here roll'd around ;  
 And scissars, knives, and thimbles there,  
 bestrewed the glittering ground.

The fall of boards, the shouts and cries,  
 urged on the horses faster ;  
 And as they flew at every step  
 they caused some new disaster.

Here lay o'erturn'd in woeful plight  
 a pedlar and his pack,  
 There in a shoeman's broken box,  
 all London went to wrack.

But now the fates decreed to stop  
 the ruin of the day,  
 And make the gig and driver too  
 a heavy reckoning pay.

A ditch there lay both broad and deep,  
 where streams as black as flux,  
 From every quarter of the town,  
 their muddy currents mix.

Down to its brink in heedless haste,  
 the frantic horses flew,  
 And in the midst with sudden jerk,  
 their burden overthrew.

The prostrate gig with des'prate force,  
 they soon pull'd out again,  
 And at their heels in ruin dire,  
 dragg'd lumb'ring o'er the plain.

Here lay a wheel, the axle there,  
 the body there remain'd,  
 Till sever'd limb from limb the car,  
 nor name nor shape remain'd.

But Jehu must not be forgot,  
 left floundering in the flood,  
 With clothes all drenched, and mouth  
 and eyes,  
 beplastered o'er with mud.

In piteous case he waded through,  
and gained the slippery side,  
Where grinning crowds were gathered  
round  
To mock his fallen pride.

They led him to a neighbouring pump,  
to clean his dismal face,  
Whence cold & heartless home he slunk,  
inveil'd in sore disgrace.

And many a bill for damage done,  
his father had to pay :  
Take warning youthful drivers all,  
from Jehu's first essay.

FINIS.