

FUN UPON FUN:

OR THE

COMICAL MERRY TRICKS

LEPER the TAYLOR,

IN TWO PARTS,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE

Grand Solemnity of the Taylor's Funeral,

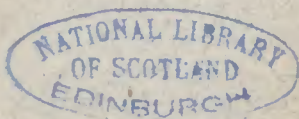
WHO LAY

Nine Nights in State on his own Shop-Board.

TOGETHER

WITH HIS LAST WILL.

Entered according to Order. 1799.



FUN UPON FUN.

PART I.

LEPER'S father lived in a village about six miles from Glasgow, and died when Leper was but very young, he left a widow and three children, two daughters and a son, and Leper being the youngest, was greatly beloved by his mother, who was a good soft-natured woman, very industrious, and followed the business of bleaching of cloth.

As Leper grew up, he turned a very mischievous boy, playing tricks on the neighbourhood, such as, tying cats to dog's tails, breaking hen's legs, stopping peoples' lumbos or chimney-tops, so that his poor mother was sadly vex'd with complaints against him.

To get him kept from mischief, she prevailed with a taylor to take him an apprentice, he settled and was very peaceable for some time, until he had got so much of the trade on his finger-ends, as he might pass for a journeyman, and then he was indifferent whether he stay'd with his master or not; his mistress gave him very little meat when they wrought at home, so he loved best to be in other houses, where he got both meat and diversion.

Leper being resolved on revenge against his mistress for her thin kail, no kitchen, and little bread; for tho' flesh was boiled in the pot, none for poor Leper and his master but a little bit on Sabbath, and all the bones were kept, and put in the pot, to make the broth thro' the week. Leper perceived always when she took out the pot, she turned her back to them and took out the flesh, and set it on a shelf within her own bed; one night after work, he steals out a pan, cuts a piece of flesh out of a deal, he then goes to a lime-kiln and boils it, next day his master being roat home, his laddie and him being in the house, after she had set off the pot as usual, and taken out her bit of good beef, he goes out for some time, and then comes in, saying "The minister's lass is wanting you to go directly and speak to her mistress," away she goes in all haste, Leper runs and takes away her bit of good beef, and lays down his horse-flesh, and knowing she would soon return in a passion, and sit down with a luffe in her cushioned chair as she used, he takes a great big prin and staps it straight up thro' the cushion with its head on the chair and the point to her back-side: In she comes in a rage, and down she sits with all her weight on the prin point, and there roars out, "Murder, murder for she was sticket thro' the arte," the neighbours came running in, and Leper got out with his bit of good

644 **SCOTCH CHAPBOOK.**—Fun upon Fun :
or the Comical Merry Tricks [of] Leper the
Taylor. In two parts. 8°. [? Glasgow],
1799. 4/6

beef, leaving the wive to doctor his land lady's doup as they pleased; he still denied the doing of it, and his master believed it might happen accidentally, but he Houie was vry often to be had, before the hole was heal again; and his landlay by eating of the horse beef took a loathing at flesh, so Leper and his master got all the beef to eat ev after and his landlady turned one of the kindest mistresses a prentice could wish for.

There was a neighbour wife on which Leper used to play tricks some times for which she came and complained to his master, and got him severely beaten several times. Leper resolved to be revenged on her, so one day he came to the backside of her house (no body being within but herself) and took up a big stone, and ran it along the round wall with all his force, which reared like thunder in the inside of the house, and frightened the wife, that she thought the house was tumbling down about her ears, upon which she ran out, and sat down at a distance, looking when the house would fall down, till her husband came home to whom she told the above story. "Thou dost not die," said he, "the house will stand three hundred years," so by his pertuasion they both went into the house, Leper knowing they were both in) comes back and plays the same trick over again, which frightened the goodman also so much, that he cared not

"Run Maggy, run, for my heart plavs
 "pitty patty" and they would not lodge in
 the house any more, till the malons convin-
 ced them of its sufficiency.

There was another neighbour who had a
 snarling curr dog, which bit Leper's leg;
 Leper resolv'd to be revenged on the dog,
 and so, one night he catches the dog, and
 carries him to the kirk, where the rope of
 the bell hang upon the outside, so with his
 garter he tied the dog's fore feet to the rope,
 and left him hanging; the dog struggling to
 get free, set the bell a ringing, which alarm-
 ed the whole village, every one cried out,
 "Wonderful firs! wonderful firs! the de'il
 "is ringing the bell" When they saw the
 black colley hanging at the rope, & true it
 set the minister and all the people to their
 prayers: But Leper fearing he would be
 found out by his garter, comes to the mi-
 nister's side, and asked the reverend gentle-
 man what was the matter? indeed my barn
 (said he) it's the de'il ringing the kirk bell;
 says Leper, I'll go and see him, for I never
 saw the de'il; the minister cry'd, "Stop that
 "mad la'die," but Leper ran and looked
 the dog, crying. "It's such a man's dog,
 "which had the rope in his teeth," they all
 cried out, "The de'il is in the dog, the de'il
 "is in the dog," and took up stones and
 sell'd poor colley, and the de'il got the blame
 of making the dog ring the bell, this spread

Lepor's fame, for being one of the wisest, and most courageous taylor's that was in all the kingdom; and many shaking their heads, said, "It was a pity he was a taylor, but a captain or general of an army, as the devil could not fear him."

After this, a farmer in the neighbourhood, hearing the fame of Lepor, how he had frighted the devil from being a bell-man, sent for him to an ale house, and drank with him very heartily, and told him, that he was sadly borne down with the spirit of jealousy against his wife on suspicion of being too free with a servant lad she had before, and if he would keep it secret and learn him how to find it out, he would give his mother a load of meal to which ever and him agrees, he gave the poor supposed cuckold instructions how to behave at home he goes and feigns himself to be very sick, and every day worse and worse, taking death to him, blesses his three small children, and charges his wife not to marry until his children could do something for themselves: This hypocritical woman takes the raring a ha, Marry! she would never marry! No, no there should never man by her side, nor kiss her lips after thee, my lamb Johnny — When he acted the dying man, as well as possible he could, the neighbours were called in, "and he's fair o'erseen" as the old saying is, "before good neighbours;" the ser-

rowful widow made a sad lament, wrung her
 hands, and tearing her hair, — the rever-
 end women about began to dress the corpse,
 asked her for a shirt “Ay ay,” said she,
 “He has twa new linen farkes, and there is
 “an auld ane in the bottom of the kist it
 “nae body can wear, just tak it, ony thing
 “is good enough for the grave.” well, said
 they we must have some linen for a wad-
 ding sheet, a weel co’ she, “I ha’ twa cut o’
 “linen in the kist, but there is a pair o’ auld
 “linen sheets hild in the mids may do well
 “enough. I ha’ need to be carefu’, I’m a
 “poor widow the day wi’ three sma’ bairns.”
 Aweel the corpse is dress’d and laid on the
 top of a big chest, while the neighbours sit
 by her condoling her misfortune, and order-
 ing how the funeral railins were to be pro-
 vided, said one, the coffin must be taken a-
 boat first. “Ay ay, said she he has some
 “new deals in the barn he bought to mak a
 “bed o’, but we li no break them there is
 “the auld barn door and the chaff kist will
 “do well enough, ony thing’s good enough
 “to gang to the grave but, O co’ she, send
 “for Sandy my honest auld servant, and
 “he’ll see every thing right done, I’ll tell
 “him where he’ll get siller to do ony thing
 “wi’, he’s the lad that will not see me
 “wrang’d.” then Sandy comes wrying his
 face and rubbing his eyes, “O Sandy, San-
 “dy there is a sad alteration here,” and bi-
 a-a she cries like a bitten calf, “O sirs, wilt

"ye gang a' butt the house, till I tell Sandy
 "whet to do;" but they goes, and there
 she feil a kissing of Sandy, and said "Now
 "my dear the auld channering gaift is a-
 "wa', and we'll get our will onther be as
 "baining of every thing as ye can, for thou
 "kens it's a' thy ain:" but the corpse's sif-
 ter and some other people came in, and ben
 they came to see the corpse; lifts the cloth
 from off his face, and seeing him all in a
 pair of sweat said, "Heh, he is a bonny
 "corp and a lively colour," when he could
 no longer contain to carry on he jone, but
 up he got amongst them, a deal of the peo-
 ple ran for it, and his wife, cried out, "
 "my dear, Do ye ken me?" "Av ye bafe
 "jade and whore, better th'n ever I did"
 Jumps to the floor, and gets his staff; runs
 after Sandy, and catches him in the field; a
 whil from the house, gives him a hearty
 beating, never tells him for what; returns
 to the house, ate and drank with his siber
 and neighbours who had come to see his
 corpse. Poor Sandy went home with a skul-
 ful of terror, and a torting of fore bones,
 took a fever, and died in a few days af-
 ter, so he got quit of his cockler, and Le-
 per's mother get her meal.

Leper's mother was a careful industrious
 wife, but as she by word is, don't working
 "mother makes a daly daughter" and so it
 happened here, for she had twa idls, glaike

cuts of daughters, that would do nothing
 but ly in their bed in the morning, till (as
 the saying is) "the sun was like to burn a
 hole in their backsides;" the old woman
 being at this time busy bleaching some cloth,
 was very early at work in the mornings, and
 Jasper's patience was worn out with the la-
 ziness of his two sisters, and he resolv'd to
 play a trick on them for their reformation;
 so he goes and gets a mortcloth and spreads
 it upon the bed above them, and sends the
 dead bell thro' the town, inviting the peo-
 ple to his sister's burial the next day. at four
 o'clock afternoon, for they had die' sudd-
 nly: this brought all the neighbour-wives in,
 who one after another lifted the mortcloth,
 and said, with a great sigh, "They're gone
 to their rest, a sudden call indeed!" their
 aunt hearing of this sudden news, came run-
 ning in all haste, and coming through the
 green where the janes mother was at work,
 who was ignorant of the story, she cries out,
 "Ay, upon you woman ay upon you," says
 she, "What's the matter sister! What's the
 matter!" "I think ye may let your work
 stand for a day, when your daughters are
 lying corpse." "My barren corpse! I am
 sure they went to bed: head and hair last
 night" "but I tel you (says the other)
 the dead-bell has been through the town,
 warning the folk to the burial," then the
 mother cries out, "O the villain! O the vil-
 lain! that he durst send me word" So

they both ran and the mother as soon as she entered the house, flings into the bed, crying "O my bairns, my dear bairns!" on which the fluts rises up in a consternation, to the great surprize of the beholders, and to the great diversion of the whole town, and to the great mortification of the girls, who thought it a shame to set their noses out of doors.

Leper and his master went to a gentleman's house to work where there was a faulcy house-keeper, who had more ignorance and pride than good sense and manners; she domineered over her fellow servants in a tyrannical manner: Leper resolved to mortify her pride: so he finds an ant's nest, and takes their white eggs, and grinds them to a powder, and puts them into the dish her supper-fowens was to be put in. After she had taken her supper, as she was covering the table, the imock powder began to operate and she let a great fart, "well done Margaret" says the laird, she runs away for shame, but before she could get herself round, she gives another raird. "My faith" says the laird, "Margaret your art would take a caution-er;" before she got out of the chamber-door, she lets fly another crack; then she gives the order her fellow servant to give the laird his supper, but before she could give the necessary directions, she gives out again, which let them all a laughing; she runs to a room by herself, and there she played away

her one gun battery so fast, as she had been
 feiging the Flavanna. The laird and the la-
 dy came to hear the fun, they were like to
 split their sides at proud Maggie's cannonad-
 ing, so next morning she left the place, to
 the great joy of her fellow servants

(the end of the First Part.)

FUN UPON FUN.

PART II.

LEPER'S landlady became very harsh
 to his master and very often abused
 him exceeding sore, with both tongue and
 hands, and always chided upon him for more
 money, and to have all the money in her
 keeping, which Leper was very sorry for.
 It so happened on a day, after the taylor
 had got a hearty drubbing with tongue and
 tongue, that he pouch'd his thimble and was
 going to make a Queen of her! when she
 saw that, she cried out 'O will ye leave me,
 a poor tenner, dying woman!' But Leper
 knowing the cause of her cursed ill nature,
 better than his master did, advised him to
 take her on a fine day, like a mile out of
 town, and give her a walk, and he would
 stay at home and study a remedy for her
 disorder — way they both goes, but as
 she was always complaining of her her health,
 and that she was very weak, she cry'd out

frequently, 'O it is a crying sin, to take a
 'woman in my condition out o'er a door.'
 During their absence, Leper goes and searches
 her bed, and below the bolster he gets a
 bottle of rare whisky, of which he takes a
 hearty pull, and then pisses in it to make it
 up again gets a halfpenny worth of snuff
 and puts it in also, shakes all together, and
 so sets it in its place again. Home they came
 again, and she was exceedingly distressed as
 a woman could be, and cry'd-out, 'It was
 'a horrid thing to tak her ou' o' a house.'
 The taylor seeing her so bad, thought she
 would have died, and ran as fast as he cou'd
 and bought her a dram, but she in her hy-
 pocrisy pretended she could not take it, and
 called him to help her to her bed. Into her
 bed he lays her and he was not well gone,
 until she fell to her bottle, taking two or
 three hearty gluts, then she roars out mur-
 der, for she was poisoned, she was poisoned.
 Rocking and purring began, and the neigh-
 bours are call'd in, she leaves her blood on
 poor Leper, and tells how such an honest
 woman brought her te bottle as another was
 done, and the murdering town had stole it,
 and put in a bottle of poison instead of it.
 Leper took to his heels, but was pursued and
 carried before a Justice of Peace, where he
 told what he had done, which made the Jus-
 tice laugh heartily at the joke, and the tay-
 lor's wife was well purged, both from her
 feigned sickness, laziness, and cured ill-na-

curr, for always when she began to curl her nose for the future, the tailor had no more to say, 'But Maggy, Maggy, mind the bottle'

Leper was working with a master taylor in Glasgow, who hungered his men and one morning just as the breakfast was set on the table, in comes a gentleman to try on a suit of clothes the master being obliged to rise, desired the lad: to say the grace themselves, every one refused it, and put it to his neighbour, till Leper took it upon him, and said as follows with an audible voice, that the stranger gentleman might overhear him: 'Oh, hoch, we are a parcel of poor beastly bodies, and we are as beastly gaited, if we do not work we get nothing to eat, yet we are always eating and always fretting, fidgeting and half-fasting is like to be our fortune, scarting and scrappings are the mott of our mouths, we would fain thank thee for thy fulness if ever it was so, but the rest of our benefactors are not worth the acknowledging, hech ney, Amen:' which made the gentleman laugh till he held his sides, and gave Leper half a crown to drink.

Leper was not long done with his apprenticeship till he set up for himself, and got a journeyman and an apprentice, was coming into very good business, and had he restrain-

ed his roguish tricks might have done very well. He and his lads being employed to work in a farmer's house where the good wife was a great miser, and not very cleanly in making ready of meat, and snivel'd greatly when she spoke. In the morning when she went to make their pottage, she made a fashion of washing the pot which by appearance, seemed to him to be amongst the first pots that had been made; then she set it down before the fire, till she went to the well, in which time Leper looking into it, sees two great holes in the bottom stopp'd with corks, he takes up his goose, and holds it as high as his head, then lets it fall into the pot which knocked out the bottom of it: presently in comes the wife with the water; and pours it into the pot, which set the fire side all in a dam, for still as she poured it in, it ran out the wife being short sighted, or what they call sand blind, looks into the pot, holds up both her hands and cries, 'The corks preserve me first, for the grip between the holes is broken:' says Leper, the pot was old enough, but do not you ken, that taylor's pottage is heavier than other mens: 'I need not say, said she, I believe it is soe, but they say ye're a Warlock, it's Wednesday a the world o'er, and a woful Wednesday to me indeed, my pot might have lasted me this fifty years, a sac was it 'een' This sport diverted Leper and his lads thro' the day, and after supper, know-

ing he was to get but some dirty bed, as the cows and the people lived all in one apartment, he chused rather to go home; and knowing the moon was to rise a little after midnight they sat long by the fire, and told them many a fine story to drive away the time, and bade the wife go and make their bed, to see how it might be. to save candle she made it in the dark, directly on the floor behind where they sat shaking down two bottles of straw: A calf which chanced to be lying on that spot, and which the wife did not notice, was covered up with the straw, and the bed clothes spread over all. - The most of the family being gone to bed, the wife told them several times to go to bed also; but Leper knowing of the calf said, 'till make my bed come to me, on which the wife began to pray for herself and all that was in the house; to up he gets his wand, and gives a stroke on the bed, which caused the brute to get up, and not seeing where to go, it fell a crying, and turning round, which set the whole cows in the house a roaring out murder in their own tongue, the wife ran to the bed above the goodman, and the whole family cried out, not knowing what it was, but Leper and his two lads whipp'd the blankets off the brute, and it ran in amongst the cows unperceived, then Leper lighted a candle, and all of them got out of bed, paid Leper for his work, and more if he pleased, and begged him to go.

away, and take the devil with him. So home he went, but never was employed by that wife more

Leper had a deal of the best customers, both in town and country; so one time he had occasion to go to the parish of Inchinnan to make a wedding suit for a gentleman: after they were finished, he asked crink-money to his laas, which the gentleman refused: Leper resolved to be even with him, so goes up to the hay loft where the groom slept, and takes his stockings breeches and jacket, sews them altogether, and stuffs them full of hay, makes a head, puts a rope about the neck, and hangs it on a tree opposite to the Laird's window, then goes to the Laird, and tells him, that his groom had hanged himself, and that if he would open his window he would see him hanging: the Laird struck with astonishment, knew not what to do; Leper advises him to bury him privately, the laird said, he had not a servant he could trust, so begged of Leper to do it, Leper refuses, till the Laird promised him a load of meal: then Leper pulls all the hay out of the groom's clothes: goes and gets his load of meal and sends it to Glasgow, then goes to the groom, and says naively, 'Lad thy master is wanting thee,' so the laird in a haite runs to see what his master wanted; the laird no sooner saw him opening the door, than he cry'd out 'avoid thee Satan, avoid thee

'Satan:' the lad says, 'What's the matter,
 'Sir? What's the matter?' 'Did not you
 'hang yourself this morning?' Lord for-
 'bid!' said the lad: The Laird says, 'If
 'thou be an earthly creature take that tan-
 'kard and drink it' which he did: Then says
 he to his master, 'Leper called me up,' and
 said, 'you wanted me in a' hatter;' 'Ho,
 'ho,' says he Laird, 'I find out the story
 'now, if I had Leper, I would run my
 'sword thro' him?' But Leper before that
 was away for G'atgow with his meal.

Leper was in use, to give his lads their
 Sun-ays supper, which obliged him to stay
 from the Kirk in the afternoon ne having
 neither wife nor servant-maid: so on Sun-
 day afternoon, as he was at home cooking
 his pot: John Muck's cheeks and James Guff-
 and Blaw, two C'viceers, having more zeal
 than knowledge, came upon him, and said,
 'What's the matter Sir, you go not to the
 'kirk?' Leper replied, 'I am reading my
 'book and cooking my pot, which I think
 'is the work of necessity' then says the
 one to the other, 'Don't answer the grace-
 'lets fellow, we'll make him appear before
 'his better,' so they took off the kail-pot,
 and put a st'ff thro' the bowis, and bears it
 to the Clerks Chamber. Leper who was ne-
 ver at a loss for invention goes to the prin-
 cipal of the College his house, no body be-
 ing at home but a lads roasting a leg of mutton.

ton; Leper says; 'My dear, will ye go and
 'bring a pint of ale, and I'll turn the spit
 'till ye come back' he las was no sooner
 gone then he runs away with the leg of
 mutton, which served his lads and him for
 their supper. When the Principal came
 home, he was neither to bin nor had he
 was so angry: so on Monday he goes and
 makes complaint to the Lord Provost, who
 sends two officers for Leper, who came im-
 mediately. My Lord asked him, 'How he
 'dared to take away the Principal's mut-
 'ton?' Leper replied, 'How came your Ci-
 'villers to take away my kail pot? I am sure
 'there's lets sin in making a pot full of kail
 'then roasting a leg of mutton, Law make e
 'should not be law breakers to U demanc
 'justice on the Civillers?' the Provost asked
 him 'What justice he would have?' say
 he 'Make them carry the pot back again
 'as for the Principal a leg of mutton won't
 'make him and me fall out. So they were
 forced to carry the pot back, and Leper
 called the boys to huzza after them to their
 disgrace

There was a barber which always plagued
 Leper, calling him a Prick the Loufe. Leper
 resolved to be even with him, so he goes and
 buys three sheeps heads, and sends for the
 barber and told him, that there were three
 Southwark gentlemen come to his house
 who wanted to be shaved, and he assured

him he would receive sixpence for each of them, this good news made the Chaver send for a dram; Leper was still praising them for quite good natured gentlemen. So Leper takes him to the bed where the sheep heads lay covered, and desired him to awaken them, for they would not be angry, or say an ill word to him the barber lifts the covering, and seeing the sheep heads, runs out cursing and swearing, and Leper crying after him, 'Sheep-head barber.'

The Barber resolved to be revenged on Leper so when he was shaving Mels John, he tells him, that Leper was the drunkenest fellow in the parish; 'O Mels Joan warns him to the session, Leper comes and says, 'What do you want with me, Sir?' 'Come away Leper' says Mels John, 'I hear a bad report of you;' 'Me, Sir! I am sure they were not my friends that told you that' 'Indeed I am informed you are a great drunkard;' 'I a drunkard! you have not a soberer man in your parish: stay Sir, I'll tell you how I lead my life: in the morning I take a chopin of ale, and a bit of bread, that I call my morning. For breakfast I generally take a herring and a chopin of ale, for I cannot sup brote like my lads; the herring makes me dry, so at eleven hours I take a pint; at dinner another pint; at four afternoon my comrades and I join, sometimes we are a pint and some-

' times three choppins: at supper I take a
 ' hite of bresd and cheefe and a pint, and so
 ' I go to bed. Mef. John says, ' It's extra-
 ' vagant Sir, it's excessive drinking, I allow
 ' you the tre half of it for a quarter of a
 ' year;' says Leper, ' I'll try it Sir, and come
 ' back and tell you. At the end of the quar-
 ' ter, he craws out his account, and goes to
 ' Mefs John who was sitting with his elders
 ' in the session house, and says, ' Sir, I have
 ' a deminc on you:' On me, Sir: ' Yes,
 ' on you, Sir. Don't you remember, you al-
 ' lowed me to finish drink for a quarter of
 ' a year, and I want the money?' Am I to
 ' pay for your reckoning, Sir? You al-
 ' lowed it, and if you won't pay it, I'll take
 ' you before the Provost: The Elders ad-
 ' vited him to pay it, or he would be affront-
 ' ed: so Leper got the mozey: When he was
 ' at the door, he says, ' Sir, Will ye stand a-
 ' n' her quarter?' ' Get away, says Mefs
 ' John, and don't trouble me.' Leper says,
 ' I'm sure you may, for I was always two-
 ' pence to your penny.'

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE
 Grand Solemniy of the Taylor's Funeral.

WHO LAY
 Five Days in Statcon his own Shop Board.
 H. S. Taylor in his life-time desired,
 that all those who came to attend his
 funeral, might be handsomely entertained

with a half penny roll, and a pint of ale; in memory of the many breakfasts he had made in his life-time: And furthermore desired, that those who were his nearett relations and chief mourners, instead of a mourning-ring might be presented with a TAYLOR'S HIMBLE, in memory of his own trade, and round the rim to have this motto engraved:

BE SURE YOU FLEE HELL.

Round the room hung divers remnants of black cloth, of the Taylor's own cabbing, for he was very honest that way, and never cabbed but a quarter out of a yard. At the four corners of the room stood four woollen-rappers, lamenting the loss of so good a customer with each of them a white wand in his hand, just a yard long, and a parchment label hanging on their shoulders, with this motto:

*The Taylor has finished his work,
And now he is gone to receive his wages.*

At the head of the Taylor's coffin, stood the goose triumphant the cabbage blazoned, and the cucumber argent. On the lid of his coffin was engraven, on a brass plate, this applicable motto:

Hell is beneath me.

At the foot of the coffin was the sheers pendent, the bodkin rampant, and the thimble encircled in three ermins.

When the CORPS was conveyed down stairs, each person was served decently round with a leaf of red cabbage, instead of a sprig of rosemary. When the Corpse was hoisted on the shoulders of six piece brokers, having each of them this motto :

The Taylor steals, we buy.

The pall was supported by those who sold stay-tape, buckram, and canvas.

The Corpse was followed down Cloth-fair by thirty six master taylor's, each having a yard in his right hand, with a parchment firemer at the end of it, with this motto :

*We Taylors by our art and trade
Do often mend what God hath made*

Next followed twenty-four woolen-drapers, two by two, bearing on their breasts this motto :

*We deal in wool but can't forbear
To deal, alas ! sometimes in hair.*

Then followed the like number of button makers, wringing their hands with this motto :

*Man's but a Button by my soul !
The very Grave's a Button hole*

After these, followed a vast number of city rickety hopper-z'led beaux, who had been padded up and made into complete gentleman, by the deceived lino trimmer,

drying their watery eyes, with cambrick handkerchiefs, and having this motto engraved on their watch cases :

*He's gone w^o made us human shapes,
And now we must again turn apes.*

But to conclude the procession: Last of all, followed a numerous crowd of journey-men taylors, who were all slip shod their frockings about their heels, their hats off, a skein of thread hung carelessly about their necks; and their shirt collars were open, that they might have liberty to disturb their bosom friends — — On their left sleeve was a cushion, whereon stuck abundance of Spanish and Whitechapel needles. The tails of their wigs were matted like horses manes, just as if they had come off the shop-board from work. On their left shoulders each had a long strip of parchment, whereon was written this motto :

*The lice bite us 'tis not deny'd,
We bite our masters when employ'd;
And they bite all the world beside.*

}

At the bottom of Cloth Fair, the Corpse was arrested at the suit of an old herb woman, for eleven pence halfpenny, which had been due a long time to the hag, for cabbages and cucumbers, which the deceased had in his life time: However, the journey-men-taylors manfully released the Corpse, and afterwards marched on in ample procession

to the house of one Ned Kemp, an honest
piece-broker, where there was a spacious
grave dug, between a large cabbage and a
cucumber plant.

The FUNERAL SERMON was
preached by Obadiah Backstitch, and the
words of the text were these:

A remnant of all shall be saved.

After which, the journey-men tailors were
admitted into the house, and each of them
served with a halfpenny toll and a pint of
ale, and so went weeping home, for the loss
of so good a matter.

THE
TAYLOR'S LAST WILL.

I WILL and bequeath unto Simon Whip-
stitch, my needle and thimble; unto Je-
rer Niggle, my sheers and bockin; and unto
Mrs. Mary Laycock is my pincushion
stuck full of needles and pins, to which I
sewed a watch-chain key, and seal, with
which I used to strut about like a crow in a
gutter,

*Goe canty bock and win a name;
Nae lyrics e'er shall sing thee:
Hope large esteem, and lasting fame,
For Leper's name will raise thee.*

FINIS.