

FOPPISH TAYLOR;

OR,

FRANCY DISGRACED.

A TRUE TALE.

BY ROBERT LÓCHORE,
AUTHOR OF MARGRET AND THE MINISTER,
A MORNING WALK, &c. &c.

*Forbid it Ladies; drive the fopling hence,
And let respect be shown to men of sense.*

ANON.

GLASGOW:

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A TRUE TALE.

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ANON,

Y E self-conceited, foppish gang,
Wha unto Cupid do belang,
Gi'e heed to me, and I shall tell
What to ane o' your core befel:
Wha's story tak' ye a concern in,
And by it be advis'd tak' warnin'.

The first thing then, that doth deserve
Your notice is, ye will observe,
That FRANCY was a glaiket blade,
And, frae his youth, a taylor bred:
Which trade he learned in a clachan,
Wi' auld glib gabbet Mungo Buchan.

After his 'prenticeship was over,
He turn'd a rantin' buckish rover.—

At fairs an' markets, aft he capert,
 And 'mang the lasses spros't and vapert;
 But pride in him did far surpass,
 To fash wi' ony common lass.
 He paid addresles, (foppish won'er,)
 To them possess'd o' mony a hun'er;
 Yct he was ne'er wi' them respecket,
 But ay wi' saucy scorn rejecket. →
 Time after time, he made fresh trials,
 Was ay repuls'd by smart denials.
 His aukward gait, his forward spirit,
 Devoid o' grace or sterling merit,
 Made him be aft wi' sneers dismiss,
 An' out frae mony a meeting hist.

The fo'k about, an' in the clachan,
 Were also at the chappie laughin';
 The very bits o' wains did jaw him,
 An' filthy ill-far'd nick-names ca' him.

FRANCY, wi' disappointment vex't,
 An' wi' fo'ks clatterin' fair perplex't,
 Ae day, (for he cou'd thole nae langer) →
 Ran aff to Glasgou in an anger.
 When there arriv'd, the airy spark
 Was bent to get a *frat o' swark* :

In search o' which, each wearied limb
 Thro' streets did trudge, *lang stairs did climb.*
 Whene'er a taylor's sign he saw,
 Where it directed he did ca'. —
 By searchin' cydent, east an' wast,
 A master he fan' out at last,
 Wha frankly introduc'd him ben
 Into the shop, among the men;
 To whom he didna fail to shew
 His manners, by a scrape an' bow! —

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Now, a' the shopmates o' the caddie
 Were four, forby a prentice laddie;
 An' curious chieks were they for fun,
 As ever liv'd aneath the sun. —
 When they were working, thrang or slack,
 They were ay on poor FRANCY'S back :
 At him they aimed a' their jokes,
 And pointed at him mony mocks;
 Yet, they their cracks sae artfu' wav'd,
 That a' they said the cuif believ'd !

Now mark ! ae day gawn down the lunc
 He wrought in, whistlin' unco fain,

He saw a lady lookin' owre
 A winnock, wha on him did glowre.—
 Her een an' features, like a dart
 Pierc'd thro' the silly creature's heart,
 Which chang'd his face frae smiles to blushes,
 An' drew at ance, his warmest wishes.
 Her beauteous charms he sae admir'd,
 That a' his breast wi' love was fir'd :—
 Day after day, grew love an' won'er,
 Whene'er he gat his een upon her.
 But, lake-anee ! his heart did goup,
 Depriv'd o' a' the gleams o' houp,
 Till, on an e'enin' it did happen,
 He an' the lads were at a chappin ;
 Whan he took aff his glafs as fair
 As ony billie that was there ;
 Which made him fraisie, frank and kind,
 An' open up to them his mind.
 He freely tald, without disguise,
 O' a' his love, and great surprise :
 How he was in an instant smitten
 Wi' raptures, while he was na' wittin' ;
 That, in a word, his breast did flame
 For a sweet MISS he cou'd na' name,
 Wha aft, whan he was gawn about,
 Frae a room winnock keeket out,

“ Let’s see your han’,” quo’ ae queer chappy,
 “ Cheer up your heart, be blyth an’ happy ;
 “ Think muckle o’ the bonny lady,
 “ For she’ll be your’s gif ye’ll be stcady ;
 “ *She watches ay to see you FRANCY,*
 “ *Your han’ some person’s ta’en ber fancy !*
 “ Now, if to court her ye wad ettle,
 “ Be sharp, my lad, an’ try your mettle.”

‘ I maun do that ;—but, O ! dear man,’
 Said FRANCY, ‘ put me on some plan,
 ‘ That I might gracefully impart
 ‘ To her, the feelings o’ my heart.’

“ Then, my frien’ FRANCY,” quo’ the chiel,
 “ As ye wad wish to be genteel,
 “ My plain advice t’ ye in the matter
 “ Is, write the Miss a kin’ly letter ;
 “ An’ tell her in the plainest terms,
 “ That ye are wounded by her charms ; —
 “ Be quite evendown, without deception,
 “ An’ she’ll gi’e it a kind reception.”

‘ Quite soun’ !’ quo’ FRANCY, ‘ that’s be done,
 ‘ An’ I’ll hae’t written very soon :
 ‘ I canna’ mak’ the least resistance,
 ‘ But ye maun len’ me your assistance ;

‘ Upo’ ye a’ I will depend,
 ‘ That ye your help to me will lend.’

They a’, in an united voice,
 Promis’d their aid, an’ best advice.

Now, ye’ll observe, a plot was laid
 Amang the lads, against the blade,
 That *a’ the letters to the lady,*
 Wad be sent wi’ the ‘prentice laddie;
 That he wad tak’ them ay awa’,
But ne’er deliver them ava!
 An’ that they wad on white an’ black,
 Sen’ ay a charmin’ answer back
 To simple FRANCY.—By the bye,
 Keep this plot now before eye.

Hence, FRANCY, wi’ an unco fistle,
 Did write a han’some lang epistle,
 An’ mony a bonnie name did ca’ her ;
 Tald a’ his case since first he saw her ;
 Begg’d her excuse for being sae baul’,
 But hop’d she wadna’ at him scaul ;
 That she wad her surprize suspend,
 Till ance she kent what was his end ;
 That she *his heart* had stown awa’,
 An’ he for *her’s* now made a ca’ ;

That if she'd gi'e 't, 'twad ease his grievin';
 That fair exchangin', was nae thievin'.
 Sametime, he hop'd, she wad comply,
 To write a few lines in reply. —
 A' this he wrote, an' muckle mair,
 Wi' earnest pains, an' kanny care,
 An' let his shopmates get a keek o't,
 But charg'd them, for their fauls to speak o't!

The callan was dispatch'd wi' 't quickly,
 An' charg'd by FRANCY, very strickly,
 On pain o' being pay'd wi' a waan,
 To lay't safe in the lady's han'.

The lads, as was observ'd already,
 Were ay to answer for the lady,
 But didna' like to do't o'er soon,
 To try the patience o' the loun;
 Wha's patience, truly, was na' great,
 Yet he wi' fear an' hope did wait.

At length, an answer did arrive,
 Which a' his spirits did revive:
 Wow, but it made him proud an' vaunty,
 An' unco su' o' cracks, an' canty.
 He looked owre't and owre't again;
 Sang, lap an' danc'd, he was fae fain.

It was na' lang, but quite correct,
 Ilk sentence breathin' out respect ;
 That, since his breast for her's did flame,
 It her esteem and love did claim ;
 An', if he wadna' fraise or flatter,
 She'd like to get anither letter.

Accordingly, without a swither,
 We speed, he sent her back anither.
 But, no to speak on this an' that,
 An answer till't he also gat !

The cunnin' rogues, diverted prime,
 Told FRANCY it was now full time
 For he an' she to meet thegither,
 An' be mair intimate wi' ither ;
 That he nae doubt might entertain,
 But that her heart was sure his ain.

Thus, they advis'd, wi coxin' clatter,
 An' back he sent anither letter,
 Informin' her, in terms discreet,
 That he wad wish wi' her to meet :
 That, three days hence, if she had leifure,
 He'd wait on her wi' joy an' pleasure ;
 An', if her ladyship wad please,
 They'd gang to Greenock in a chaise,

Just for a jaunt o' recreation,
To ha'e some social conversation.

These lines he sent;—an' in a crack,
An answer to him soon cam' back;
Which was exactly to his min',
That Friday morning, *just at nine*,
Wi' pleasure, she'd attend his honour,
Expecting he wad wait upon her!

But, I inform ye, dinna doubt it,
The lady yet kent nought about it!

The pawky blades, wi' an oration,
Urg'd him to mak' gran' preparation,
They gart him buy, which ye will note,
A superfine new scarlet coat,
A cocket hat, cane, boots an' a,
An' ilka ither thing that's bra'!

When Friday cam', thus he was drefs'd;
A perfect beau, by a' confels'd.
A chaise he hir'd, ye'll also note,
Which he brought to the very spot!
Ev'n close forenent the lady's lodgin';
There bade it stan', without e'er budgin',

Till he gade up to get the lady,
Or see if she was yet got ready!

Up stairs he flew wi' unco fittle;
An' *wbipple, wbipple*, he did whistle;
Rap't at the door, an' made a din,
Until the servant let him in.
The lady happen'd, just by chance,
To be in sight, upo' the trance,
At whom he speert, wi' airy show,
If she was ready yet to go!!!

The lady at the fop did gaze,
Was struck wi' fear an' sad amaze,
An' said, wi' looks o' shy disdain,
That he was very far mista'en!
That he had come to the wrang door,
For she had ne'er seen him before!

' The best,' quo' he, ' may err in matters,
' But I'm quite right—*ye ken the—LETTERS!!!*
' Which open'd up to you my min',
' An' as ye bade, I've come *at nine* ;
' Have brought the chaise, as we agreeet,
' Which, if ye doubt, look o'er an' see't!

In great alarm, she ga'e a ca',
Which, in a twitch, brought her papa;

She tald him, maist like ane distracted,
 'That this baul' fellow her attacked ;
 'That he'd a chaise close by the stair,
 'To carry her she kent na where.

Her father, in a rage, did huff him,
 Syne frae the house wi's neeves did cuff him ;
 Quick, down the stair, he gart him tumble,
 Which made poor FRANCY roar an' grumble,
 While thus he was dung daist an' dizzie,
 The servant las, a roughsome hizzie,
 O' manners was fae very scanty,
 That on him plump, she toom'd a ch——
 Which drouket a his powthert pash*,
 An' scarlet coat, wi' stinkin' wash!

He cower'd an' ran, ca'd her a strumpet,
 While quickly in the chaise he jumpet,
 Which he suppos'd the hantiest place,
 To hide the marks o' his disgrace.

Whip ! aff he went with furious speed,
 An' blatterin' wastward did proceed ;

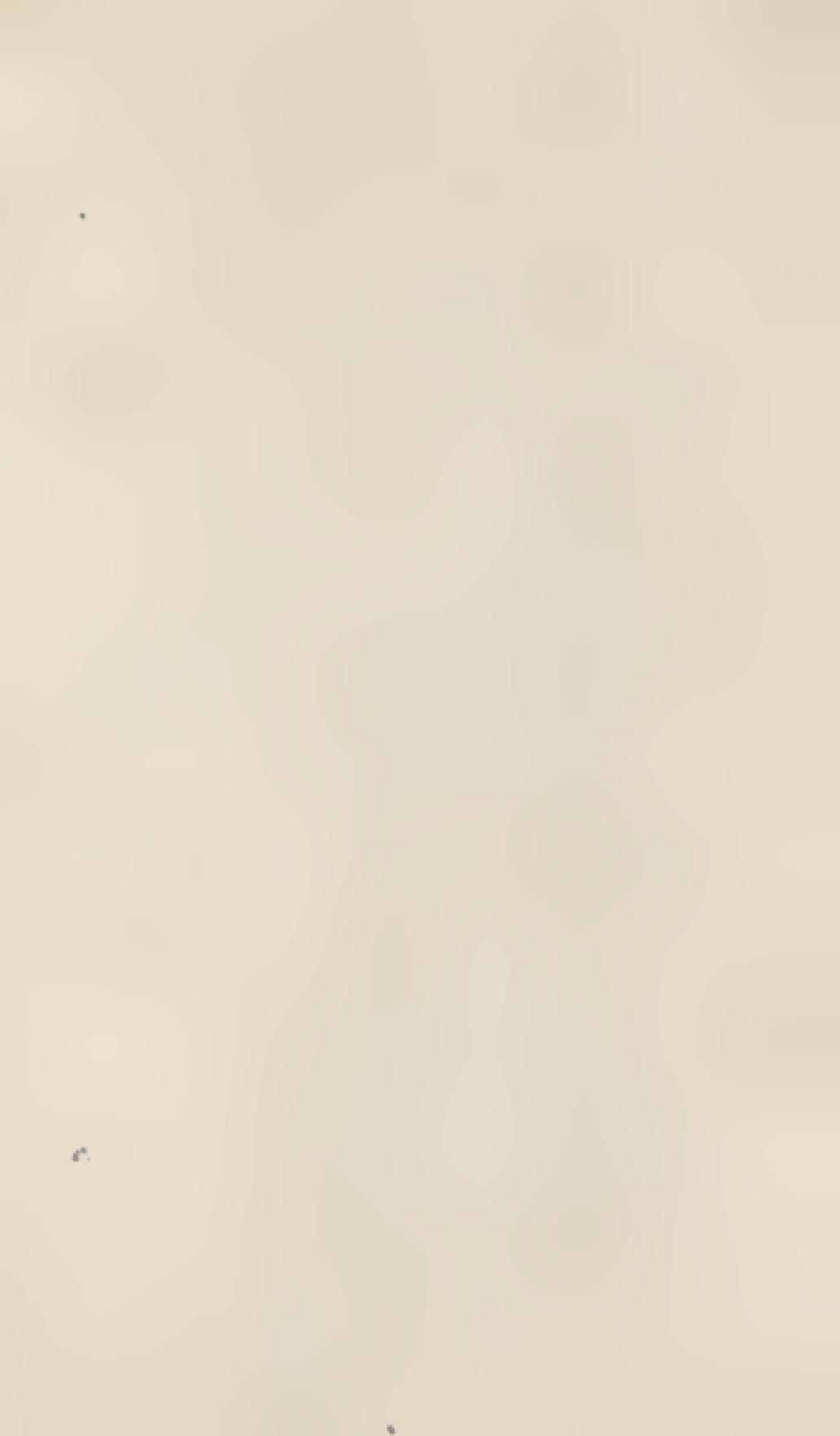
* This scene happened previous to the tax upon hair powder.

While, oh! his heart ga'e mony a dunt,
 Reflecting on the vile affront ;
 An' blasted houps, an' past expences,
 Gart him amais't tyne a' his senses.—

Hence, he frae town to town did rove,
 Deep drown'd in drink, an' debt, an' love,
 His claise a' rags,—he ran poor chiel,
 A ram race to the very de'il!

F I N I S.





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