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**DOINGS AT TIPTREE—ABOUT 1803.**

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**THE “LURCHER.”**

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COME, hearken awhile, and the truth you shall hear,  
’Tis of the sad dearth that has happen’d this year;  
Though but *made* by the farmers and millers,—’tis true,  
And Long Tom, the “Lurcher,”’s the worst of the crew.

For *his* flour he SENT OFF, which made such a rout,  
That the *Bull* and the “Mole” it were forced to fight out:  
Whilst the *Bull* and the “Mole” did about this flour fight,  
The “Lurcher,” Long Tom, look’d as black as the night.

When folks brought ready cash he them flour did deny,  
And, to make the case worse, he e’en swore to a lie!  
Yes, his will for to gain of the innocent “Mole,”  
Tom, he took a false oath—never thought of his soul!

Oh! all his contrivance, and all his delight,  
Is to “snap” at small farmers—poor people to “bite:”  
Kind to man nor to horse, deny it who can,—  
He is but a “Lurcher,” though called a man.

So now, you small farmers, ’tis hoped that you’ll still  
E’er beware of the “Lurcher” of old Tiptree Mill;—  
Now wheat it gets cheaper, and flour it must fall,  
But Long Tom, the “Lurcher,” will be last of all!

MAY, 1841.