

## WITHAM IN AN UPROAR!

'Twas the Fifth of November, and dark was the night,  
For nought save a star and a squib gave a light;  
When the gay lads of Witham determined to try  
To light-up a fire, and commem'rate Old Guy.  
Their sport thus resolved on was destined to meet  
A strong opposition, from some in the street;  
Whose names—to be lib'ral—I wish not to write,  
But perhaps you'll detect them by metaphors light.  
First,—*Closefist*, the Lawyer, no fire would allow,—  
His wife was afraid it would end in a row;  
Her coach, too, she fear'd, would be soil'd with the smoke,  
And it to repaint would indeed be no joke.  
His house, 'tis well known, is the best in the town,  
And should it catch fire 'twould perhaps be burnt down:  
'Tis certain that *Closefist* was quite in a rage—  
He declaim'd, then he paused, then he threat'ned the cage!  
Next, *Pigtail*, the Grocer, came ARM'D—and declared,  
To disperse them at once he was fully prepared;  
To beg or entreat he would not take the pains,—  
Unless they surrender'd, he'd *blow out their brains!*  
This threat he ne'er meant to fulfil, let us hope;  
He was anxious, no doubt, for his candles and soap—  
His sugar, his figs, his plums, and his cheeses,  
And *Pigtail*, you know, e'er says just what he pleases.  
Out rush'd *Oldman Calfskin*, as black as his ink,  
And, snuffing the air, he exclaim'd, "What a stink!  
"Come, *Closefist* and *Pigtail*, assist me, I pray,  
"In quenching the fire, without further delay."  
Poor *Calfskin*, it seems, was bewilder'd with fright,  
For to find out the fire he inquired for a light!  
In truth, *now* there was none;—then enter'd the crowd  
Neighbour *Pitchpot* himself, exclaiming aloud—  
"Friends, neighbours, and all, I entreat thee to cease,  
"And do not endanger my tar and my grease.  
"To a good rousing fire I am always a friend,  
"But let me, I pray thee, a *stove* recommend!  
The crowd now moved forward—on *Pitchpot* they press,  
The effect on his p——h you may easily guess;  
He puff'd and he blow'd, it was really a shame,  
Until *Blackcoat*, his first-born, to rescue him came.  
Then *Scrubbrush* came forth, with his bristles erect,  
And firmly resolved his new house to protect:  
His voice, it was known by its deep hollow tones,  
While he threat'ned a mopstick to lay on their bones!  
Now *Closefist*, and *Pigtail*, and *Calfskin* unite,  
With *Scrubbrush* and *Pitchpot*, a Letter to write  
To a neighbouring "Justice," imploring his aid,  
For the town was in danger of *fire* they all said!  
Thus ended the tumult and terrible riot,  
And Witham recover'd its lost peace and quiet;  
But all would regret should these worthies cry down  
Old Guy and his squibs, that enliven the town.

WITHAM, NOVEMBER, 1819.

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