

But the worst of the mischief is yet to be seen,  
The two shafts of the gig were both broken off clean;  
While the horse had one fetlock so bruised (tender part)  
That no coaxing or urging induced him to start.

It is plain Mr. C. was in no pleasant plight,  
For all this he resolved to reach home the same night:  
And exorbitant charges for horse flesh to balk,  
He soon made up his mind, come what might he would walk.

Now of course the mulled port had by this time grown cool,  
And our friend gravely thought 'twould be no breach of rule,  
To take something more potent ere taking the road,  
So he tossed off a magnum both hot, strong and good.

'Bout a mile had he walked when he found himself on  
The identical plank he would have them lay down;  
Its convenience for sliding improved by hoar frost,  
But to walk on our councilman swore 'twas the worst.

Mister C. was no athlete, ne'er walked a tight rope,  
Still he manfully strived with his hardships to cope;  
But withal ere ten furlongs were passed he fell thrice,  
And his garments were soiled with the slush, mud and ice.

But the chief of his ills was a gash on the head,  
And the cut being deep, pretty freely it bled;  
In the last slip he made he had struck an old stump,  
That impressed on the cranium a serious bump.

On regaining his feet the first word was a d——n,  
For the twelve inch pine board and his own niggard plan—  
“How the deuce could I ever have been such an ass,  
To allow such a piece of stupidity pass.”

He stepped off from the plank, and the mire struggled through  
Till at length through the gloom his own home came in view;  
But as nearer he drew to the front of the house,  
To the front came the question how meet his own spouse?

In the plight he then was he dare'nt meet her dear face,  
And her rather sharp tongue would not mend his bad case;  
She might say he had been in some rascally brawl,  
And discredit his statement of mishap and fall.

He resolved then at last to go in the back door,  
And get Bridget some balm on his sore head to pour;  
Then ere facing the lady's sure anger and frown,  
He might change his foul dress, or at least get “rubbed down.”

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