

THE

HISTORY

AND

COMICAL TRANSACTIONS

OF

ROTHMAN TOM.

PART

CHAPTER I.

HERE was a butcher came to his master and bought a fine fat calf, so Tom hid it in the field's neck before the butcher, and when he was now says Tom, what will ye hold me for, but he hid that calf from the butcher before he goes to miles off? Why, says the master, I'll hold a penny you don't; here, says Tom; in he goes, and he has a good shoe of his master's, and runs another way thro' the field, until he got to the hedge, near to the corner of the hedge, where there was an open and turning of the way, here Tom darts himself behind the hedge, and throws his shoe in the middle of the highway, then up comes the butcher riding and his calf before him; when he sees himself, there's a shoe, if I knew how to get on my calf again. I could light it, but what signifies one without its neighbour,

so

so off he goes and lets it ly: Tom then slips o  
and takes up the shoe again, and runs cross th  
fields, until he got in before the butcher, at anothe  
open of the hedge, about a half mile distant, an  
there he throws out the shoe again in the midst  
the way; then up comes the butcher, and seeing  
says to himself, now I shall have a pair of good  
shoes for the lifting, and down he comes, lays th  
calf on the ground, and tying his horse to th  
hedge, runs baek, thinking to get the other shoe  
in which time, Tom whips up the calf and sho  
and home he comes, demanding his wager, whic  
his matter could not deny, being so fairly won.

The poor butcher returned baek to his horse, g  
only his travel for his pains, so missing his calf, h  
knew not what to say or do, but thinking it ha  
broke the rope from about its feet, and had got  
into the fields, the butcher spent that day in searc  
of it amongst the hedges and ditches, and so r  
turned to Tom's master's all night, intending to g  
and search farther for it next day, giving them  
tedious relation how he came to lose it by a curse  
pair of shoes, which he believed the devil ha  
dropped in his way, and how he had taken the ca  
and all along with him, expressing his thankfune  
that the devil was so honest as to spare his old hors  
when he stole away his calf. Next morning Tom  
went to work, and made a fine white face on th  
calf with ehalk and water, then brings it out an  
sells it to the butcher, which was good diversion t  
his master and other servants, to see the butche  
buy his own calf again; no sooner was he gor  
with it, but Tom says, now master, what will yo  
hold but I'll steal it from him again, ere he go  
two miles off? No, no, says his master, I'll hol  
no more bets with you, but I'll give you a shilling  
yo

ou do it, done says Tom, it shall cost you no more; and away he runs a foot through the fields, until he came before the butcher, hard by the place where he stole the calf from him the day before: and here he lies behind the hedge, and as the butcher came past, he puts his hand on his mouth, and cries baw baw, like a calf; the butcher hearing this, swears to himself, that there was the calf he had lost the day before, down he comes, throws the calf on the ground, gets in through the hedge in all haste, thinking he had no more to do but take it up? but when he came in at one part of the hedge, Tom jumps out at another, and gets the calf on his back; then gets in over the hedge on the other side, and thro' the fields came safely home, with the calf on his back, whilst the poor butcher spent his time and labour in vain, running from hedge to hedge, and hole to hole, seeking what was not there to be found. So the butcher returned to his horse again, and finding his other calf gone, he concluded it to be done by some invisible spirit about that spot of ground; and so went home, and raised a bad report of the devil, saying, he was turned a highwayman, and had taken two calves from him. So Tom, seeing the white face of the stolen calf, his master at the butcher word, to come and buy another calf, which he accordingly did a few days after, and Tom sold him the same calf the third time; when told him the whole affair as it was acted, giving him his money again, so the butcher got but a loss for his trouble.

C H A P. II.

HERE was an old rich blind woman, who lived hard by, that had a young girl, her only daughter,

ter, and she fell deep in love with Tom, and Tom fell as deep in love with the money, but not with the maid, the old woman bestowed a vast of presents on Tom, and mounted him like a gentleman, but still he put off the marriage from time to time, and always wanted something, which the old woman gave money to purchase for him, until he had got about thirty pounds of her money, and then he would delay the marriage no longer; Tom went and took the old woman and girl aside, and made his apology as follows: Dear mother, said he; I am very willing to wed my dear Polly, for she appears as an angel in mine eyes, but I am sorry, very sorry to acquaint you, that I am not a fit match for her, what, child, says the old woman, there's not a fit match in the world for my Polly. I did not think your country could afford such a clever youth, what I hear of you to be, you shall neither want gold nor silver, nor a good horse to ride upon, and when I die you shall have my all: O but says Tom's mother that's not the matter at all, the stop is there when I was at home in Scotland, I got a stroke with a horse's foot on the bottom of the bed, which has quite disabled me below, that I cannot perform a husband's duty in bed. Then the old woman clapt her hands, and fell a crying, O! if it had been any impediment but that, but that, but that woful that! which gold nor silver cannot purchase, and yet the poorest people, that is, even common beggars have plenty of it. The old woman and her daughter sat crying, and wringing their hands, and Tom stood and wept lest he should get no more money. O says Polly, mother I'll wed with him nevertheless, I love him so dearly! No, no, you foolish girl, would you throw yourself away, to marry a man and die a maid.

de

on't know the end of your creation, it is the enjoyment of a man in bed, that makes women to marry, which is a pleasure like paradise, and if you wed with this man, you'll live and die and never know

Hoo, hoo, says Tom, if I had got money, I need not been this way till now: Money, you say, said the old woman, there's not such a thing to be got for money in all England; ay, says Tom, there's a doctor in Newcastle, will make me as able as any other man for ten guineas; ten guineas, said she, I'll give him 50 guineas if he will, but here is my money, and go to him directly, and know first what he can do, and come again and wed my child, or she said I will die both for thy sake. Tom, having now got twelve guineas more of their money, got his things ready, and next morning early set out for Newcastle, but instead of going to Newcastle, he came to old Scotland, and left Polly and her mother to think upon him, then in about two weeks after, when he was not like to return, no, nor so much as a word from him, the old woman and Polly got a horse and came to Newcastle in search of Tom, went through all the doctor's shops, asking if there came a young man there about two weeks ago, with a broken cock to mend; some laughed at her, others were like to kick her out of doors, so they had to return without getting any farther intelligence of him.

Now after Tom's return to Scotland, he got a wife, and took a little farm near Dalkeith, and became a very douse man for many days, following his old business, the coupling of horses and cows, the feeding of veal for slaughter and the like: He went one day to a fair, and bought a fine cow from the old woman, but Tom judged by the lowness of price that the cow certainly had some fault:

Tom gives the wife the other hearty bicker of a then says he, Wife, the money is yours, and the cow is mine, ye maun tell me ony wi' bits of fat it she has: Indeed, quo' the goodwife, she has na a faut but ane, and if she wanted it, I wad nee a parted wi' her; and what's that goodwife? said he, Indeed, said she, the filthy daft beast sucks herself: Hute, says Tom, if that be all, I'll cure her of that. O! can ye do't, said she, had kend what had a don't, ye wadna gotten her. A well, says Tom, I'll tell you what to do, take the cow's price I gave you just now, and tye it hard and fast in your napkin, and give it to me thro' beneath the cow's wame, and I'll give you the napkin over the cow's back, and I'll lay my life for that she'll never suck herself in my aught; I will, said she, I'll do that an' there shou'd be witchcraft in't, so Tom no sooner got it thro' below the cow's wame, than he looses out his money, and puts it in his own pocket, and gave the wife again her napkin over the cow's back, accordingly as he told her, saying, now wife, you have your cow and I my money, and she'll never suck herself in my aught, as I told you: O dole, cried the Wife, is that your cure, ye've cheated me, ye've cheated me.

## C H A P. III.

**T**OM being very scarce of money at a time when his rent was to pay, and though he was well acquainted with the butchers in Edinburgh, he tried several of them, yet none of them would lend him as much, he was known to be such a noted sharper. Tom thinks with himself, that he would give them all a bite in general, who had refused him: So

he comes next day (and all of them had heard of a fine fat calf he had feeding) comes to one of the butchers, and tells him, he was going to sell the fat calf he had at home. Well, said the butcher, and what will you have for it? just five and thirty shillings, says Tom: No, says the butcher, by what I hear of it, I will give you thirty. Na, na, says Tom, you must remember, that is not the price of it, but give me twenty shillings just now, and send out your lad to-morrow, and we'll perhaps agree about it. Thus Tom went through ten of them in one day, and got twenty shillings from each of them, and kept his speech against the law, for whatever they offered him for his calf, he told them to remember, that was not to be the price of it, but give me twenty shillings just now, and send out your lad on the morrow morning, and perhaps we'll agree, was all that passed. So Tom came home with his ten pounds, and paid his rent; and early next morning, one of the butchers sent out his lad to Lothian Tom's for the calf, and as he was about a mile out of town, he went to an ale-house door, and there he calls for a bicker of ale, and as he was drinking it, up comes another butcher's lad on the same errand, he being called by the first to come and drink, which caused another bicker; then up comes other two on the same errand, again six more, which made out the ten, and every told he was going to Lothian Tom's for a calf, which made them think Tom had gathered together all the calves of the country-side: So they came to Tom's house, and every one called for his calf, and his calf, and Tom had but one calf to serve them all: which he took and showed them. Now, says he, whoever gives most for it shall have it, or I'll put it to a roup. What, said they, our master bought  
it

it yesterday. Then, says Tom, you would be foolish to buy it to day, for it is heavy to carry, and fashious to lead, you must all go home without it: Next day Tom got ten summonses, to answer at the instance of the butchers for selling his calf and not delivering it. Tom then goes to Edinburgh, gets the ablest lawyer in town for that purpose, tells him the whole of what past, from first to last. Then said the lawyer, as they cannot prove a bargain, deny you the paying of the money again, and if you'll give me the calf, I'll bring you off; but remember in law there is no point like that of denial. This calf, says Tom, you'll not want the calf and a stone of butter to make it ready with. Then the lawyer goes to the court, where Tom was called upon: the lawyer answers first, who asked the butchers if they could tell the price of the calf or prove the bargain? They answered, no, but he ordered us to send out our lads, and we would agree about it.— Agree about it, said the judges! why do you come to sue for a bargain, and to agree about it yet? Ay but said they, we want twenty shillings a piece from him of the money we gave him. Tom is called upon, then said the judges, Did you borrow twenty shillings of any of these men? Not I, my Lord, I came indeed asking the loan of money from them, but they would lend me none, and then I came next day beggar-wise, and they were so generous as to give me twenty shillings the piece. But, said the judge, was not you to give it back again? I never promised, nor never intended it at all, my Lord, for what is given to the poor, is given gratis, and I appeal to this whole court, that whatever pence any of you give to the poor, that you look not for any of it back again. Then Tom was freed at the bar, and the butchers lost and were laughed at.

After



After the court, Tom and the Lawyer had a bear-  
 bottle, and at parting the lawyer said, now mind  
 Tom, and send me in the calf to-morrow. O yes,  
 says Tom, but you must first send me out forty shil-  
 lings for it. What, says the lawyer, did you not  
 promise me it, and a stone of butter to make it rea-  
 dy with, for gaining your plea? But, says Tom,  
 did you not tell me, that the only point of the law  
 was to deny? and you cannot prove it: so I'll sell  
 my calf to them that will give most for it; and if  
 you have learned me law, I have learned you rogue-  
 ry to your experience; so take this as a reward for  
 helping me to cheat the butchers, and now I think  
 I am even with you both. And this was all the law-  
 yer got of Tom.

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A COPY OF A  
S U M M O N S

FOR ANY DRUNKEN  
P E R S O N.

AT TIPPLING-HOOLY, THE DAY OF 179

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GEORGE R.

**W**HEREAS it is humbly meant and shown  
Us, by our Lovite, Sir ALLAN MALT  
Maltcorn, that You  
have been guilty of the beastly and abominable  
of DRUNKENNESS, whereby You ruin your  
mily, murder your health, and will soon turn  
(not already) bristle-fac'd, scarlet-nos'd, light-footed  
and giddy headed; That you attempted to walk  
on the crown of your head, when, according to the  
custom of this, and every other well-governed  
realm, or town, You ought to have walked on the  
soles of your feet: All which can be well proved  
against You.

**I** JOHN TUMBLER Messenger, being depute re-  
ceiver of all DRUNKEN-GROATS in the  
Realm, do therefore, in name and authority, of the  
Members of our Parliament, lawfully summon  
warn, and charge You, the said

to pay to me, here present  
the sum of FOUR SHILLINGS, Scots money.—

Y<sup>e</sup>

if you voluntarily confess your fault, You shall only one equal half of the said sum; but if You be obstinate and contumacious, the aforesaid sum shall be redoubled (twofold.) I therefore, in name and authority above-mentioned, do prohibit You, ay until you make satisfaction for the foresaid offences, from frequenting all or any public fairs, ale-houses, ale-houses, bawdy-houses, oyster cellars, and dram-shops; and from the company of tobacco-smokers, gin drinkers, and snuff-takers.—I do in the same name and authority, debar You from fishing in Healty Loch or Skelty Loch, or running pool, or standing pool, until satisfaction be made.

Further, as it has been found proven, that You have been guilty of that abominable and notorious crime of Drunkenness, I therefore desire and require, that You make speedy and immediate payment of the sum above specified, and that within the space of three minutes after this summons and precept is read: And in case of non-payment, after this warning, I then proceed, by Virtue of my commission above-mentioned, to prohibit and debar You from being received into any company or society whatever, from the northmost part of Great Britain to the southmost part of Wales, on pain of being put to the Horn, &c. &c. &c.

As to our sheriffs of our shireffdoms, stewarts of shireffdoms, and bailies of regalities, and all others, the officers and executors of our law, to interpose their power and authority to assist us in the execution of this our decret, it being conform to law.

Given at our Court, day and date above-mentioned,  
at

at the Cock-head, near the Barrel-bung, adjacent to the Gill-net; before these wine-shops, Sir Thomas Drouth, Sir George Thirty-Thruple, Robert Scuds, Sir Samuel Draft, Sir Will Wort, and Sir Allan Malt of Maltecorn, Knights of good Stout Brown, &c.

JOHN TUMBL

F I N I S.

