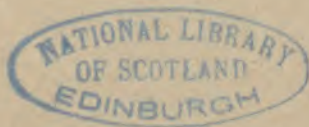


THE
COMICAL STORY
OF
THRUMMY CAP
AND
THE GHAIST.



DUNDEE.
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THE HISTORY
OF THE
CITY OF LONDON



By JOHN STOW, Citizen of London.

THRUMMY CAP.

A TALE.

IN ancient times far i' the north,
A hunder miles ayont the Forth,
Upon a stormy winter day,
Twa men forgather'd o' the way,
Ane was a sturdy bardoch chiel,
An' frae the weather happit weel,
Wi' a mill'd plaiding jockey coat,
And eke he on his head had got
A Thrummy Cap, baith large and stout,
Wi' flaps ahind, as wee'ls a snout,
Whilk button'd close aneath his chin,
To keep the cauld frae getting in ;
Upon his legs he had gamnashes,
Whilk sodgers term their spatterdashes ;
An' on his hands, instead o' gloves,
Large doddy mittens, whilk he'd roose
For warmness, an' an aiken stick,
Nae verra lang, but unco thick,
Intil his nieve he drave awa'
And car'd for neither frost nor sna'.
The tither was just the reverse—
O' claes and courage baith was scarce :
Sae in our tale as we go on
I think we'll ca' him cow'rdly John.
Sae on they gade at a guid scow'r.
Cause that they saw a gath'ring show'r

Grow verra thick upon the wind,
 Whilk to their wae they soon did find ;
 A mighty show'r o' snaw an' drift,
 As ever dang down frae the lift,
 Right wild and boist'rous Boreas roar'd—
 "Preserv's! quoth John, we'll baith be sinor'd,
 Our trystic end we can ne'er mak out"
 "Cheer up says Thrummy. never doubt ;
 But I'm some fly'd we've tint our way,
 Howe'er at the neist house we'll stay,
 Until we see gif it grow fair,
 Gin no, a' night we'll tarry there,
 Weel, weel," says Johnny, we shall try.—
 Syne they a mansion house did spy,
 Upo' the road a piece afore,
 Sae up they gade unto the door,
 Where 'Thrummy chappit wi' his stick;
 Syne to the door came verry quick,
 A mickle dog, wha barked sair,
 But Thrummy for him did na care ;
 He handled weel his oaken staff,
 And spite o's teeth he kept him aff,
 Until the landlord came to see,
 And ken fat might the matter be,
 Than verra soon the dog did cease—
 The landlord syne did spier the case,
 Quoth Thrummy, "Sir, we ha'e gane wil ;"
 We thought we'd ne'er a house get til ;
 We near were smoar'd amo' the drift ;
 And sae, gudeman, ye'll mak' a shift ;
 To gi'e us quarters a' this night,
 For now we dinna ha'e the light,

Farer to gang tho' it were fair;
 See gin ye ha'e a bed to spare;
 Whate'er ye charge we sanna grudge,
 But satisfy ye e'er we budge
 To gang awa'—and fan 'tis day,
 We'll pack our all and tak' the way—
 The landlord says o' beds I've nane,
 Our ain fowks they will scarce contain,
 But gin ye'll gang but twa miles forret,
 Aside the kirk dwall Robbie Dorret,
 Wha keeps a change house sells guid drink,
 His house ye may mak out I think—
 Quoth Thrummy that's ower far awa';
 The roads are sae blawn up wi' snaw,
 To mak it is nae in our power;
 For look ye there's a gath'ring shower
 Is coming on—you'll lat us bide,
 Tho' we sud sit by the fire side—
 The landlord says to him, na, na,
 I canna lat ye bide ava;
 Chap aff—for 'tis nae worth your while
 To bide, whan ye hae scrimp twa mile
 To gang, sae quickly aff you'll steer,
 For faith I doubt ye'll nae be here.
 Twa mile! quo' Thrummy deil speed me
 If frae your house this night I jee;
 Are we to starve in christian land?
 As langs my stick bides in my hand,
 An' siller plenty in my pouch,
 To nane about your house I'll crouch;
 Landlord, ye needna be sae rude,
 For faith we'll mak' our quarters good.

Come John lats in—we'll tak' a seat,
 Fat sorrow gars ye look sae blate?—
 Sae in he gangs and sets him down;
 Says he they're nae about your town
 Sall put me out till a new day.
 As lang's I've siller for to pay,—
 The landlord says ye're rather rash;
 To turn ye out we sanna fash,
 Since ye're so positive to bide;
 But troth ye'se sit by the fire side;
 I tald ye ance of beds I've nane
 Unoccupied except bare ane;
 In it I fear ye winna ly,
 For stoutest hearts ha'e aft been shy
 To venture in within the room,
 After the night begins to gloom:
 For in it they can ne'er get rest;
 'Tis haunted by a frightfu' ghaist,
 Oursels are terrified a' night;
 Sae ye may chance to get a sight,
 Like that which some of our foke saw;
 Far better till ye gang awa',
 Or else ye'll may be rue the day—
 Good faith quo' John I'm thinking sae;
 Better into the neuk to sit,
 Than fly'd gude keeps out o' our wit.
 The Lord preserve me frae all evil,
 I wadna like to see the devil.—
 Whist gowk quo' Thrummy haud your peace
 That sanna gar me quit this place,
 To great nor sma I ne'er did ill,
 Nae ghaist nor deil my rest shall spill

For I'defy the meikle deil,
 An' a his warks I wat fu' weel;
 Fat sorrow then maks you sae eery;
 Fling by your fears and come be cheery,
 Landlord gin ye'll mak' up that bed,
 I promise I'll be very glad.
 Within the same a' night to ly,
 If that the room be warm and dry."
 The landlord says, "ye's get a fire.
 An' candle too gin ye desire,
 Wi' bucks to read; and for your bed,
 I'll orders gi'e to get it made,"
 John says, "As I'm a christian man,
 Who never liks to curse nor ban,
 Nor steal, nor lie, nor drink, nor whore,
 I'll never gang within its door;
 But sit by the fire side a' night,
 An' gang awa whane'er 'tis light,
 Says Thrummy till him wi' a glow'r,
 Ye cowardly gowk ill mat ye cow'r,
 Come up the stair alang wi' me,
 An' I shall caution for you be,
 Then Johnny faintly gae consent,
 An, up stairs to the room they went,
 When soon they gat baith fire and light,
 To haud them hearty a the night,
 The landlord likewise ga'e them meat,
 As meikle as they both could eat,
 Shew'd them their bed and bade them gang
 To it, whenc'er they did think lang,
 Sae wishing them a guid repose,
 Straight syne to his ain bed he goes.

Our travellers now being left alane,
 'Cause that the frost was nipping keen,
 Coost aff their shoon and warm'd their feet,
 And syne gade to their bed to sleep.
 But cowardly John wi' fear was quaking,
 He coudna sleep, but still lay wakening,
 Sae troubled wi' his panic fright,
 When near the twalt hour o' the night.
 That Thrummy waken'd and thus spoke :
 Preserve's ! quoth he I'm like to choak
 Wi' thirst, an' I maun ha'e a drink ;
 I will gang down the stair I think,
 An' grapple for the water pail'—
 O ! a for waught o' cawler ale !
 Johnny grips till him an' says, na,
 I winna lat ye gang ava,
 Wow will ye gang and leave me here
 Alane, to die wi' perfect fear ?
 Rise an' gae wi' me then quoth Thrummy,
 Ye senseless gude for naething bummy,
 I'm only gaen to seek some water,
 I will be back just in a clatter.
 Na, na, says John I'll rather ly,
 But as I'm likewise something dry,
 Gif ye can get a jug or cap,
 Fesh up to me a little drap,
 Ay, ay, quo' Thrummy, that I will,
 Altho' ye sudna get a gill,
 Sae down he goes to seek a drink,
 And then he thinks he sees a blink
 O' light, that shone upo' the floor,
 Out thro' the lock hole o' the door,

Which was na fast but stood a jee,
 Whatever's there he thinks he'll see ;
 So bauldly o'er the threshold ventures,
 And in within the door he enters.
 But, Reader, judge of the surprise,
 When there he saw, with wondering eyes,
 A spacious vault, weel stor'd wi' casks
 O' reaming ale,—and some big flasks,
 An' stride legs owre a cask o' ale,
 He saw the likeness o' himsel,
 Just in the dress that he coost off,
 A Thrummy Cap and aiken staff ;
 Gammashes and the jocky coat :
 And in its hand the ghaist had got
 A big four lugged timber bicker,
 Fill'd to the brim wi' nappy liquor.
 Our hero at the spectre star'd,
 But neither daunted was nor fear'd ;
 But to the ghaist straight up did step,
 An' says dear brother 'Thrummy Cap,
 The warst ye surely dinna drink—
 Syne took a jug, pou'd out the pail,
 And fill'd it up wi' the same ale
 Frae under where the spectre sat ;
 And up the stair wi' it he gat :
 Took a gude drink, ga'e John anither,
 But never tald him o' his brither
 That he into the cellar saw,
 Mair then he'd naething seen ava.
 Right brown and nappy was the beer,
 Whar did ye get it John did spier :
 Says Thrummy, "Sure ye needna care,

I'll gae an' try to get some mair;
 Sae down the stair again he goes,
 To get o' drink anither dose;
 Being positive to ha'e some mair
 But still he faund the ghaist was there,
 Now on a but behind the door;
 Says he ye didna ill before,
 Dear brother Thrummy sae I'll try
 You ance again because I'm dry,
 He fills his jug straught out below,
 An' up the stair again does go.
 John marvell'd sair but didna spier,
 Again where he did get the beer;
 For it was strongar than the first,
 Sae they baith drank till like to burst;
 Syne did compose themselves to rest,
 To sleep a while they thought it best.
 An hour in bed they hadna been,
 And scarcely well had clos'd their een,
 When just into the neighbouring chamber,
 They heard a dreadful din and clamour:
 Beneath the bed claes John did cower
 But Thrummy jumpt upon the floor,
 Him by the sark tail John did haud,
 Ly still, quoth he, fat are ye mad?
 Thrummy then ga'e a hasty jump.
 And took John in the ribs a thump,
 Till on the bed he tumbled down,
 In little better than a swoon,
 While Thrummy fast as he could rin,
 Set aff to see fat made the din,
 The chamber seem'd to him as light,

As gif the sun was shining bright;
 The ghaist was stanen at the door,
 In the same dress he had afore;
 And o'er anent it at the wa',
 Were ither apparitions twa,
 Thrummy beheld them for a wee,
 But deil a word as yet spoke he;
 The spirits seem'd to kick a ba',
 The ghaist against the titther twa;
 Whilk close they drave baith back and fore
 Atweech the chimla and the door,
 He stops a while, and sees the play;
 Syne rinnin up he this did say,
 Ane for ane may weel compare,
 But twa for ane is rather sair;
 The play's nae equal, sae I vow,
 Dear brother Thrummy, I'll help you.
 Then wi' his fit he kick'd the ba',
 Gard it play stot against the wa';
 Quick then as lightning frae the sky,
 The spectres with a horrid cry,
 All vanish'd in a clap o' thun'er.
 While Thrummy at the same did won'er.
 The room was quiet now and dark,
 An' Thrummy stirping in his sark;
 Glauming the gate back till his bed,
 He thinks he hears a person tread,
 An' e'er he gat without the door,
 The Ghaist again stood him before,
 And in his face did staring stand,
 Wi' a big candle in its hand,
 Quoth Thrummy, Friend, I want to know

What briugs you frae the shades below,
 I in my maker's name command.
 You tell your story just aff hand :
 Fat wad ye h'ae ? I'll do my best,
 For you, to let you be at rest.
 Then says the ghaist, 'Tis thirty year
 Since I've been doom'd to wander here ;
 In all that time there has been none,
 Behav'd sae bold as ye have done ;
 Sae if you'll do a job for me,
 Disturbance mair I'll never gi'e.
 Say en your tale, quoth Thrummy, I
 To do you justice sure will try,
 Then mark me weel the ghaist reply'd,
 And ye shall soon be satisfy'd :
 Frae this aback near forty year,
 I of this place was overseer,
 When this laird's father had the land,
 A' thing was then at my command :
 Wi' power to do as I thought fit,
 In ilka cause I chief did sit,
 The laird paid great respect to me,
 But I an ill return did gi'e :
 The title deeds of his estate,
 Out of the fame I did him cheat;
 And staw them frae where they did lie,
 Some days before the laird did die,
 His son at that time was in France,
 And sae I thought I'd ha'e some chance,
 Gif he sud never come again,
 That the estate would be my ain-

But scarcely three bare weeks were past,
 When death did come and grip me fast ;
 Sae sudden that I had nae pow'r
 The charter back for to restore,
 Soon after that hame came the heir
 And syne got up the reefu' rair,
 What sorrow was come o' the rights ?
 They sought them sev'ral days an' nights ;
 But never yet ha'e they been seen,
 As I aneth a mickle stane,
 Did hide them i' this chamber wa'
 Well sew'd up in a leather ba',
 But I was ne'er allow'd to rest,
 Until that I the same confest ;
 But this to do I hadna power
 Frae yon time to this verra hour,
 That I've reveal'd it a' to you
 And now I'll tell you what to do,
 Till nae langsyne nae mony kent
 That this same laird the rights did want ;
 But now they ha'e him at the law,
 An' the neist owk the laird man sha',
 Afore the court, the rights o's land ;
 This puts him to an unco stand ;
 For if he disna shaw them there,
 O' a' his lands he'll be stript bare,
 Nae hopes his he to save's estate,
 This mak's him sow'r and unco blate ;
 He canna think whar's rights may be,
 And ne'er expects them mair to see.
 But now my friend mark what I tell,
 And ye'll get something to yersell ;

Tak' out the stane there in the wa',
 And there you'll get the leather ba',
 'Tis just the same that you did see,
 When you said that you wad help me,
 The rights are sew'd up in its heart ;
 But see ye dinna wi' them part,
 Until the laird shall pay you down,
 Just fifty guineas and a crown,
 Whilk at my death was due to me ;
 This for thy trouble I'll give thee ;
 And I'll disturb this house nae mair,
 Cause I'll be free frae all my care—
 This Thrummy promised to do,
 And syne the ghaist bad him adieu,
 And vanish'd with a pleasant sound,
 Down thro' the laft and thro' the ground.
 Thrummy gade back syne till his bed ;
 And cowardly John was verra glad,
 That he his neiber saw ance mair,
 For of his life he did despair.
 Wow man quoth John, whar hae you been?
 Come tell me a' fat ye hae seen !
 Na, byde says Thrummy till day-light,
 And syne I'll tell you hale and right ;
 Sae baith lay still and took a nap,
 Until the ninth hour it did chap,
 Thrummy syne raise—put on his claes,
 And to the chamber quick he gaes ;
 Taks out the stane into the wa',
 And soon he found the leathern ba'
 Took out the rights replac'd the stane,
 Ere John did ken whar he had been ;

Then baith cam staping down the stair ;
 The morning now was calm and fair,
 Weel says the laird my trusty frien',
 Hae ye ought in your chamber seen ;
 Quoth Thrummy sir I naething saw
 That did me ony ill ava—
 Weel quoth the laird ye now may gang.
 Ye ken the day's nae verra lang ;
 In the meantime its calm and clear,
 Ye lose your time in biding here.
 Quoth Thrummy sir mind what I tell,
 I've mair right here than you yoursell ;
 Sae till I like I here sall bide.
 The laird at this began to chide,
 Says he my friend ye're turning rude.
 Quoth Thrummy I'll my claim make good ;
 For here I just before you a'
 The rights o' this estate can shaw ;
 And that is mair ye can do—
 What quo the laird can that be true ?
 Tis true quoth Thrummy look and see,
 D'ye think that I wad tell a lie ;
 The Parchment from his pouch then drew,
 And doon upon the table threw
 The laird at this up to him ran,
 And cry'd whar did you get them man ?
 Syne Thrummy, tald him all the tale,
 As I've tald you baith clear and hale,
 The laird at this, was fidgin fain,
 That he had gat his rights again,
 And fifty guineas down did tell,
 Beside a present frae himsell.

Thrummy him than'kd an' syne his gowd
 Intill a muckle purse he stow'd ;
 An' cramm'd it in his oxter pouch,
 An' syne sought out his aiken crutch ;
 Says, "Fare ye weel, I maun awa,
 An' see gin I get thro' the sna'—
 "Weel, fare ye well, replied the laird,
 But how comes it ye hanno shar'd,
 Or gi'en your neiber o' the money?"—
 "Na by my saul, I Sir, quo' Thrummy,
 When I the siller, Sir did win,
 (To had in this wad be a sin)
 Afore that I the ghaist had laid,
 The nesty beast had——the bed.
 And sae my tale I here do end ;
 I hope no one it will offend,
 My muse will na assist me langer,
 The dorty jade sometimes does anger,
 I thought her ance a gay smart lass,
 But now she's come to sic a pass
 That a' my cudgelling and weeping,
 Will hardly wake her out of sleeping :
 To plague her mair I winna try,
 But dight my pen, and lay it by.