

THE
COMICAL STORY

OF
THRUMMY CAP,

AND

The Ghaist;

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

WILLIAM AND HIS DOG.



PAISLEY:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY G. CALDWELL.

1831.

COMIC STORY

Thrummy Cap.

THE 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 weel's a snout,
Whilk button'd close aneath his chin,
To keep the cauld frae getting in ;
Upon his legs he had gammashes,
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,
Na verra lang, but unco thick,

Until his neive—he drave awa',
 And car'd for neither frost nor snaw
 The ither was just the reverse,
 ()' 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 gude 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 and drift,
 As ever dang down frae the lift!
 Right wild and boist'rous Boreas roar'd,
 Preserves! quoth John, we'll baith be smor'd
 Our trystic end we'll ne'er make 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 verra quick,
 A meikle dog, wha barked fair,
 But Thrummy for him didna care;

He handled weel his aiken staff,
 And spite o's teeth he kept him aff,
 Until the landlord came to see,
 And ken fat might the matter be;
 Then verra soon the dog did cease.
 The Landlord then did speir the case,
 Quoth Thrummy, Sir, we ha'e gane rill;
 We thought we'd ne'er a house get till;
 We near were smor'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 hae a bed to spare,
 Whate'er ye charge we canna grudge,
 But satisfy ye, ere we budge
 To gang awa' — and fan' 'tis day,
 We'll pack out all, and tak the way.
 The Landlord said, O' beds I've nane
 Our ain fowks they will scarce contain;
 But gin ye'll gang but twa miles forret,
 Aside the Kirk dwalls Robbie Dorret,
 Wha keeps a Change-house, sells guid drink
 His house ye may mak out I think.
 Quoth Thrummy, That's owre far awa',
 The roads are sae blawn up wi' snaw,
 To mak it is na in our power;
 For, look ye, there's a gathering shower

Just coming on— you'll let us bide,
 Tho' we should sit by the fire side.
 The Landlord said to him, Na, na,
 I canna let you bide ava,
 Chap aff, for 'tis na worth your while
 To bide, when ye hae scriptt twa mile
 To gang—sae quickly aff you'll steer,
 For faith, I doubt ye'll na 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 lang's my stick bides in my hand,
 An' siller plenty in my pouch,
 To nae about your house I'll crouch.
 Landlord, ye needna be sae rude,
 For faith we'll mak our quarters good.
 Come, John, lat's in, we'll tak a sate,
 Fat sorrow gars you look so blate?
 Sae in he gangs, and sets him down
 Says he, there's nae about your town,
 Sall put me out till a new day,
 As lang's I've siller for to pay.
 The Landlord said, Ye're rather rash,
 To turn you out I canna fash,
 Since ye're so positive to bide,
 But troth yese sit by the fire-side;
 I tald ye else of beds we nane,
 Unoccupied, except bare lane;

In it, I fear, ye winna ly;
 For stoutest hearts has 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 frightful ghaist;
 Oursels are terrified a' night,
 Sae ye may chance to get a sight,
 Like that which some o' our fowk saw,
 Far better still ye gang awa',
 Or else ye'll maybe rue the day.
 Guide faith, quo' John, I'm thinking sae;
 Better into the neuk to sit,
 Than fla'd, Gude keep's, out o' our wit;
 Preserve us ever frae all evil,
 I wadna like to see the devil! [peace.
 Whisht gowk, quo' Thrummy, haud your
 That sanna gar me quit this place;
 Nor great nor sma' I ne'er did ill,
 The ghaist nor deil my rest shall spill.
 I will defy the meikle deil,
 And a' his warks I wat fu weel;
 What the 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 verra glad,
 Within the same a' night to lie,
 If that the room be warm and dry.

The Landlord says, Ye'se get a fire,
And candle too. gin ye desire,
Wi' beuks to read; and for your bed,
I'll orders gie to get it made.
John says, As l'm a Christian man,
Who never like's 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,
And gang awa' whene'er 'tis light.
Says Thrummy till him wi' a glow'r.
Ye cowardly gowk I'll mak ye cow'r,
Come up the stair alang wi' me,
And I shall caution for you be.
Then Johnny faintly gaed consent,
And up stairs to the room they went.
Where 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 baith could eat;
Shew'd them their bed, & bade them gang
To it, whene'er they did think lang;
Sae wishing them a guid repose,
Straight syne to his ain bed he goes.
Our trav'ler now being left alane,
'Cause that the frost was nipping keen,
Coost aff their shoon, and warm'd their feet,
And syne gaed to their bed to sleep.

But cowardly John wi' fear was quaking,
 He couldna sleep but still lay waking,
 Sae troubled with his panic fright,
 When near the twalt'hour o' night,
 That Thrummy waken'd, and thus spok,
 Preserve's! quoth he, I'm like to choak
 Wi' thirst, and I maun hae a drink;
 I will gang down the stair, I think,
 And grapple for the water-pail,
 O for a waught o' caller ale!
 Johnny grips till him, and says,
 I winna let you gang awa':
 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 matter o' time,
 Na, na, says John, I'll rather dye,
 But as I'm likewise soimething dry,
 Gif ye can get jug or cup,
 Fesh up to me a little drap,
 Ay, ay, quo' Thrummy, that I will,
 Altho' ye sudna get a gill!
 Sae down he gaes to seek a drink,
 And then he sees a blink o' light
 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 wond'ring eyes,
 A spacious vault well stor'd wi' casks
 O' reaming ale, and some big flasks;
 An' stride-legs o'er a cask o' ale,
 He saw the likeness o' himsel.
 Just in the dress that he coast aff,
 A thrummy and aiken staff,
 Gammashes and the jockey-coat,
 And in its hand the Ghaist had got
 A big four-legged timberbicken,
 Fill'd to the brim wi' nappy liquour.
 Our hero at the spectre stared,
 But neither daunted was nor car'd
 But to the Ghaist straight up did step,
 An' says, Dear brother, Thrummy Cap
 The warst ye surely dinna drink;
 So I wi' you will taste I think;
 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 tall'd him o' his brither.

That he into the cellar saw,
 Mair than he'd naething seen ava.
 Right brown and nappy was the beer :
 Whar did you get it? John did speir,
 Says Thrummy, Sure ye needna care,
 I'll gae and try to get some mair.
 Sae down the stair again he goes,
 To get o' drink anither dose,
 Being positive to hae some mair :
 But still he fand 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 straight out below,
 An' up the stair again does go.
 John marvelled salr, but didna speir
 Again where he did get the beer,
 For it was stronger than the first,
 Sae they baith drank till like to burst,
 Syne did compose themsels to rest,
 To sleep a while they thought it best.
 An hour in bed the hadna been,
 And scarcely weel had clos'd their een,
 Whan just into the neighbouring cham'er
 They heard a dreadfu' din and clamour.
 Beneath the bed-claes John did cower,
 Bnt Thrummy jump't upon the floor.

Him by the sark-tail John did haud,
 Ly still, quoth he, fat, are ye mad?
 Thrummy then gaed a hasty jump,
 And took John on 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 what made the din.
 The chamber seem'd to him as light,
 As gif the sun weré 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 spake he:
 The spirits seem'd to kick a ba',
 The Ghaist against the other twa;
 Whilk close they drave baith back & fore,
 Atween the chinla 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 ain is rather sair;
 The play's na equal, say I vow,
 Dear brother Thrummy, I'll help you.
 Then wi' his fit he kicked the ba',
 Gard it play stot against the wa':

Quick then, as lightning frae the sky,
 The spectres' with a horrid cry,
 A' vanished 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 to his bed,
 He thinks he hears a person tread,
 An' ere 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 brings you frae the shades below?
 I in my Maker's name command
 You tell your story just aff hand?
 Fat wad ye hae?—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 gie.
 Sae on your tale, quoth Thrummy,
 To do you justice sure will try.
 Then mark me weel, the Ghaist replied,
 And ye shall soon be satisfied:

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 for me,
 But I an ill return did gie :
 'The Title-Deeds of his Estate
 Out of the same I did him cheat,
 And stole them frae whare they did lie,
 Some days before the Laird did die.
 His son at that time was in France,
 And sae I thought I'd hae a 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 hadna 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 several days and night
 But never yet hae they been seen,
 As I aneath a muckle stane,
 Did hide them i' this cham'er wa',
 Weel sew'd up in a leather ba' ;

But I was ne'er allowed to rest
 Untill that I the same confest ;
 But this to do I hadna power,
 Frae yon time to this verra hour,
 That I've revealed it a' to you ;
 And now I'll tell you what to do.
 Till nae langsyne nae many kent
 That this same Laird the Rights did want ;
 But now they hae him at the law,
 And the neist owk the Laird maun shaw,
 Afore the Court, the Rights o's land,
 This puts him to an unco stand :
 For if he dinna shaw them there,
 O' a' his lands he'll be stript bare ;
 Nae hopes has he to save his ' state,
 This maks him sour 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 yoursel.
 Tak' out the stane there in the wa',
 And there yo'll get the leather ba',
 'Tis just the same that you did see,
 When you said that you would 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 from all my care.
 This Thrummy promised to do,
 And syne the Ghaist bid him adieu.
 And vanished, 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 neibor saw ance mair,
 For of his life he did despair.
 Wow man, quo' John, whare hae been,
 Come tell me a' fat ye hae seen,
 Na, bide, 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 raisé, 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 came stapping down the stair,
 The morning now was calm and fair.
 Weel, says the Laird, my trusty frien',
 He ye ought in our 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 na verra lang:
 In the mean time its calm and clear,
 Ye lose your time in biding here.
 Quoth Thrummy, Sir, mind what I tell,
 I've na air right here than you yoursel.
 Sae till I like I hear shall bide,
 The Laird at this began to chide:
 Says he, My friend your turning rude,
 Quoth Thrummy, I'll my claim make good
 For here I just befor you a,
 The Rights o' this Estate can shaw
 And that is mair then ye can do,
 What! quoth the Laird, can that be true?
 'Tis true, quoth Thrummy, look and see
 D'ye think that I would tell a lie,
 The Parchments frae his pouch then drew,
 And down upon the table threw,
 The Laird at this up to him ran,
 And cried, Whar did you get them, man?
 Syne Thrummy tauld him a' the tale,
 As I've tald you, baith clear and hale.
 The Laird at this was fidgin fair,
 That he had gat his Rights againe,
 And fifty gaineas down did tell,
 Besides a present frae himsel.

Thrummy him thanked, an' syne his gowd
 Intil a muckie purse he stow'd,
 And cramm'd it in his oxter-pouch,
 And syne sought out his aiken crutch :
 And, Fare ye weel, I maun awa,
 And see gin I get thro' the sna',
 Weel, fare ye weel, replied the Laird :
 But how comes it ye hanna' shar'd
 Or gien your neibor o' the money ?
 Na, by my saul, I Sir, quo' Thrummy,
 When I the siller, Sir, did win,
 To ha'e done this wad be sin,
 Afore that I the Ghaist had laid,
 The nasty beast had — the bed.
 And sae my tale I hear 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 cudgeling and weeping,
 Will hardly wake her out o' sleeping ;
 To plague her snair I winna try,
 But dight my pen and lay it by.

an opportunity of hearing Mr. Kenzie to her husband
 edge, said Mrs. Kenzie to her husband
 first William is a charming boy. See how

WILLIAM

AND HIS

LITTLE DOG.

A GENTLEMAN and lady had a son named William, who was their delight. His mother educated him herself. She taught him to read, and many other things likewise. He shewed so excellent a disposition for learning, that he soon became a most charming child, and his good mamma was quite in raptures at the praises which were continually bestowed upon him. One evening after supper, his good parents supposing William to be asleep, began talking about their child. As his bed was in a light closet, which opened into the parlour, he had an opportunity of hearing all. "Acknowledge," said Mrs M'Kenzie to her husband, "that William is a charming boy. See how

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well he repays our care of him. What gratitude! What tenderness! How well he profits by our lessons! I never heard him tell a falsehood; always cheerful and docile; in fact I dote on him—how is it possible not to love so amiable a child?" "I grant this," said the husband; "but notwithstanding, you have suffered him to contract a habit which will hereafter render him miserable."—"Render him miserable! my dear, you frighten me; explain yourself, I beg, my dear."—"Yes," replied the father, "he is sometimes so passionate that he will soon strike those who refuse to comply with his caprices. It is true, he has never so far forgotten himself as to shew any traces of this disposition, but with his companions, and the servants, were you to see the imperious manner in which he behaves, you would be shocked. In short, only yesterday (I have now forgotten what was the cause of it) he struck Michael with a stick. His nurse came, and she could not by any means bring him to reason. Every day, when we are absent, some such affair takes place. I can assure you I am extremely uneasy about it."—

“Indeed, my dear,” said the good lady, “I was perfectly ignorant of this; we must pay the strictest attention to his temper. I would not have my dear William suffer such a temper to ruin him; and if correction is necessary, I can assure you, notwithstanding my repugnance to it, I would sacrifice every thing rather than suffer him to harbour such a disposition.” William being awake, and hearing the end of this conversation, began to be alarmed. He was naturally a good child, and dotingly fond of his parents. “No,” mamma, I will not grieve you, nor trouble you to correct me; it will be very easy for me to determine never more to give way to passion; whenever I feel myself inclined to it, I will immediately think on what I have heard to-night.”

The poor fellow was not aware of the difficulties he would meet with in getting the better of a bad habit, which is easily acquired, but cannot be overcome without the most determined resolution and unremitting attention. The very next day he experienced this; forgetting his resolution of the night before, he suffered the violence of his

temper to carry him to the greatest excess. His mamma had a little dog named Pompey. He was a pretty little creature, and had been taught many droll tricks; he would present his paw gracefully, dance on his hind legs, and fetch and carry delightfully. As he was very gentle, William was extremely fond of playing with him. Pompey yielded to all his little master's whims at times, but if he happened to have a bone, or was eating a little meat, he would never be in the humour for a dance. One morning, when mamma had gone out, William wished to have a little play with him. Pompey had a chicken bone in his mouth, and was lying under the sofa, to eat it at his ease. William in vain endeavoured to draw him thence. Not being able to succeed, he wished to take the bone from him, being the obstacle of his wishes. Pompey growled, shewed his teeth, and finished by biting. William, in a rage, seized a broom, and gave him so violent a blow, that he broke his leg. Pompey cried aloud. The child, astonished at the sight of what he had done, was in the utmost despair. He took the little dog on

his knees, carressed it, and the poor little creature, notwithstanding its pain, seemed sensible of his pity, and licked his hands. “*Wretch that I am,*” said William, “to have hurt this poor little beast; I have broken his leg, and still he seems fond of me; I shall never forgive myself for having committed so shameful an action; mamma will be coming back soon; where shall I hide myself? whither shall I go? Ah! my dear papa, you were right in saying that a passionate temper would be my ruin. Poor Pompey! how sorry I am that I have hurt thee!” At this moment mamma returned. What a sight! Her sobbing and bathed in tears! Pompey groaning with pain William’s knees! She guessed in a moment what had passed.—“Punish me, mamma,” said he; “indeed I deserve it; how was it possible I could be so inhuman? tell me, mamma, will the poor dog die?” “No, my son, I will not punish you; you seem already sufficiently punished; on the contrary, I will rather pity you. I am fully sensible of what you suffer at this moment. It is

severe lesson which you have just received, and I am certain it will go far towards correcting you. I make you a present of Pompey, and you must endeavour to render his life happy, in order to recompense him for the mischief you have done him; but let us think of some means to ease the poor little creature. Now I recollect, Mr. Courtney is to dine with us to-day; he is a very humane and sensible man; he will not disdain to dress the wound of this poor suffering animal." In a few minutes Mr. Courtney arrived; he dressed the wound; poor William looked all in consternation; 'twas he who held the little leg while they bound it up. Every cry the poor creature gave went to his heart. He placed him on a little cushion near his bed, and Pompey constantly ate from his hand. At the dessert, if William had any biscuits or bits of sugar, the dog was sure to get the best part. In about a week Pompey was able to stand, but he still remained lame. The poor beast was so grateful for the care of his young master, that he seemed more than ever attached to him, and followed him every where. Whenever

er William felt himself disposed to be passionate, he would look at his dog, and the sight of the broken leg quickly cooled him. He would sometimes say to his companions, "You see that little dog; well, I am under the greatest obligations to him. He has been the means of correcting me of a great fault."

It would be needless to say, that he rendered the lives of his good parents extremely happy, who had before expressed so much uneasiness concerning his temper. From that time he gave them the utmost satisfaction by his amiable conduct.

FINIS.