

Thrummy Cap;

A TALE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

YOUNG WHIP-STITCH.

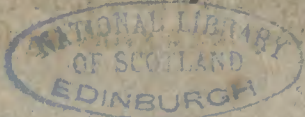
AND THE

GIG DEMOLISHED.



STIRLING

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THRUMMY CAP;

A TALE.

IN ancient times far i' the north,
IA hunder miles ayent the Forth,
Upon a stormy winter day,
Twa men forgather'd o' the way,
Ane was a sturdy bardoeh chiel,
An' frae the weather happit weel,
Wi' a weel mill'd plaidin' 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 spatter dashes
And on his hands instead o' gloves,
Large foddie mittens, whilk he'd roose,
For warmness and an' an aiken stick,
Nae verra lang but unca thick,
Intil his nieve, he drave awa',
And car'd for neither frost nor sna',
The tither was just the reverse—
O' claife and courage baith was scarce:
Sae in our tale as we gae on,
I think we'll ca' him cowardly John,
Sae on they gade at a guid scow'r,
Cause that they saw a gath'ring show'r,

Grow verra theck upon the wind,
 Whilk to their wae they soon did find,
 A mighty shower o' snaw and drift,
 As ever dang down frae the lift,
 Right wild and boist'rous Boreas roar'd—
 'Preserv's quoth John, we'll baith be smor'd,
 Our trystic end we'll ne'er mak' out,
 Cheer up says Thrummy, never doubt;
 But I'm some fly'd we've tint our way,
 However 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 Johney, we shall try—
 Syne they a mansion house did spy,
 Upon the road a piece afore,
 Sae up they gade unto the door,
 Whar' Thrummy crappit wi' his stick;
 Syne to the door came verry quick,
 A muckle 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 sa' might the matter be.
 Then verra soon the dog did cease—
 The landlord syne did ipisr the case,
 Quoth Thrummy, Sir we hae gaen weel;
 We thought we'd ne'er a house get till;
 We near were smor'd among the drift;
 And sae gudeman ye'll mak' a shift;
 To giv' 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 fanna grudge,
 But satisfy ye e'er we budge,
 To gang awa'—an' fan'ris day,
 We'll pack our all and tak' the way—
 The landlord says, "O beds I ve nane,
 Our ain fouks they will scarce contain.
 But gin ye'll gang but twa mile forret,
 Afide the kirk dwall Robin Dorret;
 Wha keeps a change house tells guid drink,
 His house ye may mak' out I think—
 Quoth Thrummy that's o'er far awa';
 The roads are sae blaw'd up wi' snaw,
 To mak' it is nae in our power;
 For look ye there, a gathering shower,
 Is coming on—you'll hae us bide,
 Tho' we sit by the fire side—
 The landlord says to him, na, na,
 I canna let you bide awa,
 Chap aff—for it is 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! quoth Thrummy, deil spred me
 If frae your house this night I see
 Are we to starve in christian land?
 As lang's my stick bides in my hand,
 And filler 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 lat's in—we'll tak a seat,
 Fat sorrow gars you look sae blate?—
 Sae in he gangs and lets him down;
 Says he, there's nae about your town,
 Sall put me out till a new day,
 As lang's five 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 fit by the fire side,
 I tald ye ance of beds I've nae
 Unoccupied except bare aae;
 In it I fear ye winna ly,
 For stoutest hearts has aft been thr,
 To venture in within the room,
 After the night begins to gloom:
 For in it they can ne'er get rest,
 Its haunted by a frightfu' ghaist;
 Oursels are terrified a' night;
 Sae ye may chance to get a fight,
 Like that which some of our folk saw;
 Fir batter till ye gang awa';
 Or else ye may be rue the day—
 Good faith quo John I'm thinking sae;
 Better into the neuk to sit,
 'I han fly'd gude keeps out o' our wit.
 The Lord preserve me frae all evil,
 I wadna like to see the devil —
 Whilst gowk quo Thrummy haud your
 That sanna gar me quit this place. (peace,
 To great nor sma' I ne'er did ill,
 Nae ghaist nor deil my rest shall spill.

or I defy the muckle deil,
 An' a his warks I wat fu' weel;
 Pat sorrow then makes you sae eery,
 Fling by your fears and come be cheery,
 Landlord gin ye'll make 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'se get a bed,
 An' candle too gin ye desire.
 Wi' beuks to read; and for your bed,
 I'll orders gie to get it made.
 John says, As I'm a christian man,
 Who never likes to curse nor ban,
 Nor steal, nor lie nor drink nor where,
 I'll never gang within its door.
 But sit by the fire side a' night
 An' gang awa' whan e'er its light,
 Says Thrummy till him wi' a glow'r,
 Ye cowardly gowk ill may 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 baud them hearty a' the night,
 The landlord likewise gae them meat,
 As meikle as they baith could eat.
 Shew'ed them their bed and bad them gang
 To it whan'er they did think lang,
 Sae wishing them a guid repose,
 Straight syne to his ain bed he goes.

Our trav'lers being now left alane,
 Cause that the frost was 2 pping keen,
 Cast off their shoon and warm'd their feet,
 And syne gad to their bed to sleep.
 But cowardly John wi' fear was quaking,
 He couldna sleep, but still lay waking
 Sae troubled wi his panic fright,
 When near the twalt hour o' the night.
 That Thrummy waken'd an' thus spoke:
 Preserve's! quoth he. I'm like to choak
 Wi thirst, an I maun hae a drink;
 I will gang down the stzair I think,
 An' grapple for the water pail —
 O! for a waught o' cawler ale.
 Johnny grips till him and says, na,
 I winna let ye gang ava,
 Wow will ye gang an' leave me here,
 Alace to die wi' perfect fear.
 Rise an' gae wi me then quoth Thrummy,
 Ye fenseless gude for naething bummy,
 I m oaly gaun 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,
 Atho' 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,
 Cut 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 his surprise,
 When there he saw with wondering eyes,
 A spacious vault weel stor'd wi' casks
 O' reaming ale — and some big flasks,
 And stride legs o'er a cask o' ale,
 He saw the likeness o' himself
 Just in the dress that he coast aff,
 A Thrummy Cap and aiken staff;
 Gammashs and the jockey coat:
 And in his 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,
 And says dear brother Thrummy Cap,
 The warst ye surely dinna drink —
 Sene 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 guid drink, gae John anither,
 But never tald him o' his brither
 That he into the cellar saw,
 Mair than he d nathing seen ava.
 Right brown and nappy was the beer,
 What did ye get it? John did spier:
 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 found 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 marvell'd fair but didna spier,
 Again whar he did get the beer.
 For it was stronger than the first,
 Sae they baith drank till like to burst;
 Syné did compose themselves to rest,
 To sleep a while they thought it best.
 An hour in bed they hadna been,
 And scarcely weel had clos'd their een,
 Whan just into the neebouring cham'er,
 They heard a dreadful din and clamour:
 Beneath the bed cizes John did cower,
 But Thrummy jumpt upon the floor.
 Him by the fark tail John did haul,
 Ly still, quoth he, fat are ye mad?
 Thrummy then gae a hasty jump,
 And took John in the ribs a thup.
 Till on the bed he tumbled down,
 In litle better than a swoon,
 While Thrummy falt as he could rin,
 Set off 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 tither twa;
 While c'ose they drave baith back and fore,
 Atween the chimley and the door.
 He stops a while and sees the play,
 Syne rinnin up he thus did say,
 Ane for ane may weel compare,
 But twa for ane is rather fair;
 The play's nae equal, sae I vow,
 Dear brither 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 Spectras with a horrid cry,
 All vanish'd in a clap o' thunder,
 While Thrummy at the lame did wonder.
 The room was quite now and dark,
 An' Thrummy stirping in his fark,
 Glauming the gate back till his bed,
 He thinks he hears a person's tread,
 And 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 his 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 you have done ;
 Sae if you'll do a job for me,
 Disturbance mair I'll never gi'e.
 Say on your tale, quoth Thrummy, I
 To do you justice sure will try
 Then mark me wesi 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 to me.
 But I an ill return did gi'e :
 The title deeds o' his estate,
 Out of the same 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 hae some chance,
 Gif he should ever 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 power
 The charter back for to restore.
 Soon after that came hame the heir,
 And syne got up the reed^u rair,
 What sorrow was come o' the rights?
 They sought them several days and nights;
 But never yet hae they been seen,
 As aneath a muckle stane,
 Did hide them in this chamber wa'
 Weel sew'd up in a leather ba'.
 But I was ne'er allow'd to rest,
 Until the same I had confest;
 But thus 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 mony kent,
 That this same laird the rights did want,
 But now they hae 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 unca stand:
 For if he disna shaw them there,
 O' a' his lands he'll be stript bare.
 Nae hopes has he to save's estate,
 This makes him sow'r and unca 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 yoursell :

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 with 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 ghast bade him adieu,
 And vanish'd with a pleasant sound
 Down through the lair, and 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.
 Woman quoth John, whar hae ye been?
 Come tell me a' fat you hae seen!
 Na, bids, says Thrummy, till day-light,
 And syne I'll tell you hate and right?
 Sae baith lay still and took a nap,
 Until the ninth hour it did chap.
 Thrummy syne rais'd — put on his claes,
 And to the chamber quick he gaes;
 Taks out the stane into the wa',
 And toon he found the leathern ba';
 Took out the rights replac'd the stane,
 Ere John did ken whar he had been:

Then baith cam flapping 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 may now gang,
 Ye ken the day's nae verra lang,
 In the mean time its calm and clear,
 You lose your time in waiting here.

Quoth Thrummy, Sir mind what I tell,
 I've mair right here than yoursell;
 Sae till I like I here fall bide,
 The laird at this began to chide;
 Says he, my friend ye're turning rude,
 Quoth Thrummy I'll my claim mak' good,
 For hers I just before you a'

The rights o' this estate can shaw;
 And that is mair than 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 parchments from his pouch then drew,
 And down 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 a' the tale,
 As I've tald you baith clear and hale,
 The laird at this was fiegin fain,
 That he had get his rights again;
 And fifty guineas down did tell,
 Besides a present frae himsel.

Thrummy thank'd him, an' syne his gow'd
 Intil a muckle purse he stow'd;
 An' cramm'd it in his oexter pouch,
 An' syne sought out his aiken crutch;
 Says: 'Fare ye weel, I maun awa,
 An' see gin I get through the sna'—
 Weel, fare ye weel, replied the laird,
 But how comes it ye hannot shar'd.
 An' gi'en your neighbour o' the money?'—
 Na' by my faul I, Sir quo' Thrummy,
 Then I the filler, Sir did win,
 (To ha'e in this wad be a sin)
 Afere that I the ghaist had laid,
 The nasty beast had ——— the bed.
 And sae my tale I here do end;
 I hope no one it will offend,
 My muse will nae assist me langer,
 The dorty jade sometimes does anger,
 I thought her ance a gay smart lals,
 That a' ray cadgeeling and wheeping,
 Will hardly wake her out of sleeping,
 To plague her mair I winna try,
 But dight my pen and lay it by.

YOUNG WHIP STITCH.

A LONDON TAILOR'S SON.

A London Tailor, (as 'tis said,
 By buckram, canvass, tape, an' thread,

Sleeve linings, pockets silk and twist,
 And all the long expensive list,
 With which their uncouth bills abound,
 Though rarely in their garments found:
 By these and other arts in trade,
 Had soon a pretty fortune made,
 And did what few had ever done,
 Left thirty thousand to his son.

The son, a gay young swaggering blade,
 Abhorred the very name of trade;
 And lest reflection should be thrown
 On him, resolv'd to leave the town,
 And travel where he was not known.
 In gilded coach and liveries gay
 To Oxford first he took his way,
 There Beaux and Belies his taste admire
 His equipage and rich attire:
 As his fine silver hilted sword;
 Though short and small 'twas vastly neat,
 The sight was deem'd a perfect treat,
 Beau Banter begg'd to have a look,
 But when the sword in hand he took,
 He swore by Gad it was an ODD thing,
 And look'd much like a TAILOR'S BODKIN,
 His pride was hurt by this expression,
 Thinking they knew his fire's profession;
 Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,
 And crove for Gloster that lame day.
 There soon he found new cause of grief,
 For dining on some fine roast beef,
 One asked which he did prefer,
 Some CABBAGE or a cucumber.

The pulse proud coxcomb took the hint,
 Thought it severe reflection meant;
 His stomach turn'd he could not eat
 So made an ungentle retreat;
 Next day left gloster in great wrath,
 And bid his coachman drive to Bath,
 There he suspected fresh abuse,
 Because the dinner was roast goose;
 And that he might no more be jeser'd,
 Next day to Exeter he steer'd;
 There with some bucks he drank about,
 Until he fear'd they found him out,
 His glass not fill'd as was the rule,
 They said twas not a thimble full:
 The name of thimble was enough,
 He then to Plymouth took a trip,
 And put up at the royal Ship
 Which then was kept by Caleb Snip,
 The host by name was often call'd,
 At which his guest was so much gall'd,
 That soon to Cambridge he remov'd,
 There too he unsuccessful prov'd;
 For though he fill'd his glass or cup,
 He did not always drink it up.
 The scholars mark'd how he behav'd,
 And said a remnant should be sav'd.
 The name of remnant call'd him so,
 That he resolv'd to York to go;
 There fill'd his bumper to the top,
 And always fairly drank it up,
 Well done says Jack a buck of York,
 You go through stich fir with yyour work.

The name of stich was such reproach,
 He rang the bell and call'd his coach,
 But e'er he went inquiries made,
 By what means they found out his trade:
 You put the cap on and it fits,
 Replied one of the Yorkshire wits,
 Our words in common acceptation,
 Could not find out your occupation.
 'Twas you yourself gave us the cue,
 To find out both yourself and you,
 Vain conceits and fantastic beaux,
 In every place themselves expose:
 They travel far at vast expence,
 To strew their wealth and want of sense;
 But take this as a standing rule,
 ' There's no disguise can screen a fool;

THE GIG DEMOLISHED.

A POEM,

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

YE heroes of the upper form,
 who long for whip and reins,
 Come listen to a dismal tale,
 set forth in dismal strains.

Young Jehu was a lad of fame,
 as all the school could tell,
 At cricket, law, and prison bars,
 he bore away the bell;

Now welcome Whitsunday was come,
 and boys with merry hearts,
 Were gone to visit their mamma's,
 and eat their pies and tarts.

As soon as Jehu saw his fire,
 a boon a boon he cried,
 O if I am your darling boy,
 let me not be denied.

My darling boy indeed thou art,
 the father wise replied;
 So name the boon; I promise thee
 it shall not be denied.

Then give me, Sir your long lash'd whip,
 and give your gig and pair,
 To drive alone to yonder town,
 and flourish thro' the fair.

The father shook his head My son
 you know not what you ask;
 To drive a gig in crowded streets,
 is no such easy task.

The horses full of rest and corn,
 scarce I myself can guide,
 And much I fear if you attempt,
 some mischief will betide.

Then think dear boy of something else,
 that's better worth your wishing;
 A bow and quiver, bats and balls,
 a rod and lines for fishing.

But nothing could young Jehu please,
 except a touch at driving;
 'Twas all in vain his father found
 to spend his breath in driving;

At least attend, rash boy! he cried,
 and follow good advice,
 Or in a ditch both gig and you,
 will tumble in a trice.

Spare, spare the whip hold hard the reins,
 the steeds go fast enough;
 Keep in the middle beaten track,
 nor cross the ruts so rough:

And when within the town you come,
 be sure with special care,
 Drive clear of sign posts, booths and stalls,
 and monsters of the fair.

The youth scarce heard his father out,
 but roar'd, bring out the whisky:
 With joy he view'd the rattling wheels,
 and prancing ponies frisky.

He seiz'd the reins and up he sprung,
 and wav'd the whistling lash;
 Take care take care! his father cried:
 but off he went slab dash.

Who's this light spark the horses thought,
 we'll try your strength young master!
 So o'er the rugged turnpike road,
 still faster ran and faster.

Young Jehu tottering in his seat,
 now wish'd to pull them in ;
 But pulling from so young a hand
 they valued not a pin.

A drove of grunting pigs before,
 fill'd up the narrow way ;
 Dash through the midst the horses drove,
 and made a rueful day .

For some were trampled under foot,
 some crush'd beneath the wheel ;
 Lord ! how the drivers curst and swore,
 and how the pigs did squeal !

A farmer's wife and old blind Bail,
 went slowly on the road
 With butter eggs, and cheese, and cream,
 in two large paniers stow'd.

Ere Bail could stride the rut again,
 the gig came thundering on
 Crash went the panier and the dame
 and Bail lay overthrown.

Now through the town the mettled pair,
 ran rattling o'er the stones
 They drove the crows from side to side,
 and shook poor Jehu's bones.

Then lo directly in the course,
 a monstrous form appear'd ;
 A shaggy bear that stalk'd and roar'd,
 on hinder legs uprear'd.

Sideways they started at the sight,
 and whisk'd the gig half round,
 Then cross the crowded market place,
 they flew with furious bound.

First o'er a heap of crockry ware,
 the rapid car they whirl'd ;
 And jugs and mugs and pots and pans,
 in fragments wide were hurl'd.

A booth stood near, with tempting cakes,
 and grocery richly fraught ;
 All Birmingham on tother side,
 the dazzl'd optics caught.

With active spring the nimble steeds,
 rush'd through the palls between ;
 And scarcely touch'd the car behind,
 got through not quite so clean.

For while one wheel one stall engag'd,
 its fellow took the other,
 Dire was the clash, down fell the booth,
 and made a dreadful pother.

Nuts, oranges, and gingerbread,
 and figs here roll'd around,
 And scissars, knives and thimbles there,
 bestrew'd the glittering ground.

The fall of boards the shouts and cries,
 urg'd on the horses faster,
 And as they flew, at every step
 they caus'd some new disaster.

Here lay o'erturn'd in woeful plight,
 a pedlar and his pack,
 There in a showman's broken box,
 all London went to wrack,

But now the fate's decreed to stop
 the ruin of the day,
 And make the gig and driver too,
 a heavy reckoning pay.

A ditch there was both broad and deep,
 where streams as black as styx,
 from every quarter of the town,
 their muddy currents mix.

Down to its brink in heedless haste,
 the frantic horses flew,
 and in the midst with sudden jerk,
 their burden overthrew.

The post-charge gig with desp'rate force,
 they soon pull'd out again,
 and at their heels in ruin dire
 dragg'd lumbering o'er the plain.

There lay a wheel, the axle there,
 the body there remain'd,
 and sever'd limb from limb the car
 no name nor shape retain'd.

But Jhu must not be forgot.
 Yet floundering in the flood,
 with clothes all drench'd and mouth and
 plaster'd o'er with mud. (eyes

In piteous case he waded through,
 and gain'd the slippery side,
 Where grinning crowds were gather'd
 round
 to mock his fallen pride.

They led him to a neighbouring pump
 to clear his dismal face,
 Whence cold and heartless home he flunk,
 invol'd in sore disgrace.

And many a bill for damage done
 his father had to pay,
 Take warning youthful drivers all!
 from Jehu's first essay.

FINIS.