CHEAP TRACTS, NO. IV.

Thrummy Cap

AND THE

GHAIST,

A Diverting Tale.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

The life of Thomas Rombold,

A HIGHWAYMAN,

And the Guardian Snake.

NEWTON-STEWART:

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THRUMMY CAP,

A TALE.

In ancient times, far i' the north
A hundred miles ayont the Forth,
Upon a stormy winter day,
Twa men forgather'd on 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' lugs sae lang as weel's a snout,
Whilk button'd close aneath his chin,
To keep the cauld frae getting in;
Upon his legs he had gaumashes,
Whilk sodgers term their spatterdashes;
An' on his hands instead o' glo'es,
Large doddy mittens, whilk he'd roose
For warmness, an' an aiken stick,
Nae very 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' clase 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 scour,
'Cause that they saw a gath'ring show'r

Grow very thick upon the wind,
Whilk to their way they soon did find;
A mighty shower 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 smor'd,
Our trystic end we'll ne'er make out.
Cheer up sayes Thrummy, never doubt;
But I'm some fly'd we'ye tint our way,
Howe'er at the neist house we'll stay,
Until we see if it grow fair,
Gin no, a' night we'll tarry there.
Weel weel, says Johnney, we shall try,
Syne they a mansion house did spy,
Upon 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 mickle dog wha barked sair,
But Thrummy for him did na care,
He handled weel his aiken staff,
And spite o's teeth he kept him aff,
Until the Landlord came to see,
And ken what the matter be;
Then verry soon the dog did cease.
The Landlord then did spier the case.
Quoth Thrummy, sir, we ha'e gane wil',
We thought we'd ne'er a house get till;
We near were smoor'd amo' the drift;
And sae, gudeman ye'll make a shift
To gie 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:
What'er ye charge we sanna grudge,
But satisfy you e'er we budge
To gang awa—and fan 'tis day
We'll pack out all and tak the way—
The landlord says o' beds I've nane,
Our ain folks they will scarce contain,
But gin ye'll gang but twa miles forret,
Aside the kirk dwells Robin 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 nae in our power;
For look ye there's a gathering shower,
Is coming on—you'll let us bide,
Tho' we sud sit by the fireside—
The landlord says to him, na, na,
I canna let you bide ava;
Chap aff—for 'tis nae worth your while
To bide, when ye hae scrimp twa mile
To gang, sae quickly aff you'll steer,
For faith I doubt ye'll no 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 nane about your house I'll crouch:
Landlord, ye needna be sae rude,
For faith we'll make our quarters good.

Come John lets in—we'll tak a seat,
Fat sorrow gars you look so blate?
Sae in he gangs and sets him down;
Says he they're nane about your town
Shall 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 sae positive to bide:
But troth ye'se sit by the fireside;
I tauld you ainee o' beds I've nane
Unoccuppied except bare ane;
In it I fear ye winna lie,
For stoutest hearts hae aft been shy
To venture in within the room
After the night begins to gloom:
Nor in it they can ne'er get rest,
'Tis haunted by a frightful ghaist;
Ourselves are terrified a' night:
Sae ye may chance to get a fright,
Like that which some o' our folks saw,
Far better till ye gang awa':
Or else ye'll maybe rue the day—
Goodfaith quoth John I'm thinking sae;
Better into the nook to sit,
Than fly'd Gude keep us o' our wit.
The Lord preserve me frae all evil,
I wadna like to see the devil,—
Whist gowk co' 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,
And a his warks I wat fu' weel,
Fat sorrow then makes you sae eery,
Fling by yours 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'se get a fire,
An' candles too gin ye desire.
Wi' buiks to read, and for your bed,
I'll order gie to get it made.
John says, As I'm a christian man,
Wha never liked to curse nor ban,
Nor steal, nor lie, nor drink, nor whore,
I'll never gang within its door,
But sit by the fireside a' night,
And gang awa whenever 'tis light,
Says thrummy to him wi' a glowre,
Ye cowardly gouk I'll mak ye cowre,
Come up the stair alang wi' me,
And I shall caution for you be,
Then Johnny faintly gae consent,
And 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 gae them meat,
As meikle as they baith could eat,
Shew'd them their bed and bad them gang
To it whene'er they did think lang,
Sae wishing them a guid repose,
Straight to his ain bed quick 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 gaed to their beds to sleep.
But cowardly John wi' fear was quaking,
He coudna sleep but still lay waking,
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 hae a drink,
I will gang down the stair I think,
An' grapple for the water pail,—
O for a waught o' cawler ale.
Johnny grips him, and says na,
I winna let ye gang awa,
Wow will ye gang and leave me here
Alane to die wi perfect fear?
Rise and gae wi' me then says Thrummy
Ye senseless guid-for naething bummy;
I'm only 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,
Gin ye can get a jug or cap
Fetch up to me a little drap.
Ay, ay quo Thrummy that I will,
Although you sudna get a gill.
Sae down he goes to seek a drink
And then he thinks he sees a blink
O light, that shone upon 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,
And stride-legs owre a cask o' ale,
He saw the likeness o' himsel,
Just in the dress that he coost aff,
A thrummy cap, and aiken staff,
Gammashes and the Jockey coat;
And in its hand the Ghaist had got
A big four-lugged timmer bicker,
Fill'd to the brim wi' nappy liquor.
Our hero at the spectre star'd,
But neithter daunted was, nor bear'd,
But to the Ghaist straight up did step,
And 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
Fra under where the spectre sat,
And up the stair wi' it he gat,
Took a good drink gae John anither,
But never tald him o' his brither
That he into the cellar saw,
Mair then he'd naething seen eva.
Right brown and nappy was the beer ;
Whar did you get it, John did spier,
Sayes Thrummy, sure you need na 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 have some mair;
But still he fand the Ghaist was there,
Now on a But behind the door;
Sayes 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 marvel'd sair, but didna spier
Again where he did get the beer,
For it was stronger than the firit.
Sae they baith drank till like to burst,
Syne did compose themselves to rest,
To sleep awhile they thought it best.
An hour in bed they hadna been,
And scarcely well had clos'd their een,
Whan just into the neighbouring cham'er
They heard a dreadful din and clamour;
Beneath the bed-claes John did cowr,
But Thrummy jumpt upon the floor.
Him by the sark-tail John did haud,
L'y still, quoth he, what are ye mad?
Thrummy then gae a heasty 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 what made the din.
The chamber seem'd to him as light

As gif the sun were 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 ne'r a word as yet spoke he:
The spirits seem' to kick a ba'
The Ghaist against the tither twa;
Whilk close they drave baith back and fore,
Atween the chimla and the door.
He stops awhile, and sees the play,
Syne rinning 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 fist 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 like a clap o' thun'er,
While Thrummy at the same did wonder.
The room was quiet now and dark,
An' Thrummy triping in his sark;
Glaaming the way back till 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 his hand.

Wha brings you frae the shades below
I in my maker's name command,
You tell your story just aff hand;
For wad ye hae? I'll do my best,
For you to let you be at rest.
Then says the ghaist 'tis thirty years
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,
Say on your tale, quoth Thrummy I
To do you justice sure will try.
Then mark me well 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,
Each 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 gie.
The title deeds of 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 this time was in France,
And sae I thought I'd hae 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 power,
The charter back for to restore.
Soon after that hame came the heir,
And syne got up tho' reefu' rair,
What sorrow was come of his rights,
They sought them several days and nights
But never yet hae they been seen,
As I aneath a meikle stane,
Did hide them in the chamber wa',
Weel sew'd up in a leather ba',
But I was neer allowed to rest,
Until the same I had confest,
But this to do I hadna power,
Frae yontime to this verra hour,
That I revealed it unto 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 hae him at the law,
And the niest owk the laird man 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 land he'll be stript bare.
Nae hope has he to save's estate,
This makes him sour and unco blate;
He canna think whar's rights can be.
And neer 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 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 disturbe this house nae mair,
'Cause I'll be free frae a' my care—
This Thrummy promised to do
Aud syne the ghaist bad him adieu,
And vanished with a pleasant sound,
Down thro' the laft and thro' the ground.
Thrummy gaed back syne to his bed,
And cowardly John was very glad,
That he his neighbour saw aince mair,
For of his life he did despair.
Wow man quoth John, whar hae you been
Come tell me a fat you 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 raise—puts on his claise,
And to the chamber quick he gaes;
Taks out the Stane out o' the wa',
And soon he found the leathern ba',
Took out the rights, replaced the stane,
Ere John did ken whare he had been.

Then baith came stapping 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 it's calm and clear,
Ye lose your time in wairing here.
Quoth Thrummy sir mind what I tell,
I'v mair right here than yoursell
Sae till I like I here shall bide.
The laird at this began to chid:
Says he my friend ye're turning rude,
Says Thrummy I'll my claim make good
For here I just before you a',
The rights of this estate can shaw,
And that is mair than ye can do—
What quo the laird can that be true;
'Tis true quo Thrummy look and see,
D'ye think that I wad tell a lie.
The parchment from his pouch then drew
And down upon the table threw.
The laird at this up to him ran,
And cry'd where did you get them man?
Syne Thrummy tauld him all the tale,
As I've tauld you baith clear and hale,
The laird at this was fidging fain
That he had got his rights again,
And fifty guineas down did tell,
Besides a present for himsel

Thrummy him thank'd, an' syne his gowd
Intill a muckle purse he stow'd,
And cram m'd it in his exter pouch,
An' syne scrght out his aiken croutch,
Said fair ye weel, I matn awa,
And see gin I get through the sna.
Weel, fare ye well, reply'd the Laird:
But how comes it ye hanno' shar'd
Or gi'en your neiber o' the money?
Ha, by my saul, I, Sir, quoth Thrummy,
When I the siller Sir, did win,
To had in this wad be a sin.)
fore that I the Ghaist had laid,
he nasty beast had———the bed.
nd sae my tale I here do end,
hope no one it will offend:
y muse will nae assist me langer,
he dorty jade sometimes does anger,
thought her ance a gay smart lass,
ut now she's come to sick a pass,
hat a' my cudgelling and wheeping,
ill hardly wake her out o' sleeping,
plague her mair I winna try,
ut dight my pen and lay it by.

Life of THOMAS ROMECLD,

A HIGHWAYMAN.

OMAS RUMBOLD, born of creditable pa-

rents at Ipswick, in the county of Suffo
by them put apprentice to a bricklayer, h
not serving out his time, inclination led h
very early to follow bad courses, by wh
means being obliged to leave home, a
coming up to London, he soon got i
a gang of highwaymen, with whom
often took a purse on the road, till at l
he began to venture robbing passenger
himself; and among the several robberie
committed alone, we have an account of
following :—

Being informed that the most rever
Dr. William Sancross, Archbishop of C
terbury, in the Reign of King James
second was to take a journey from Lamb
palace to the city of Canterbury, he res
ed to way-lay him; and accordingly hav
a sight of his grace betwixt Rochester
Sittingborn in Kent, he gets into a fi
and presently spreading a large table-clo
on the grass, on which he had pla
several handfulls of gold, he then take
box and dice out of his pocket, and be
playing at hazard by himself. His gr
riding by that place, and espying a
shaking his elbows by himself, sent on
his footmen to know the meaning of i
The man was no sooner come up to R
bold, who was still playing, swearing at
losses, then he returned to the Rever
prelate, and telling what he had seen,

race stept out of his coach to him, and eeing none but him, asked him who he as at play with? D—n it, quoth Rumbld, there's 500l. gone; pray sir be sient. His grace going to speak again, ay aid Rumbold) there's 100 pounds more ft; Prithee (said the archbishop) who art ou at play with, Rumbold replyed. with —, Quoth his Grace, with—! and how ll you send the money to him? by (said umbold) his imbassodors; and therefore oking upon your Grace to be one of them ordinary, I shall beg the favour of you carry it him. Accordingly gave his race about 600 pounds in gold and silver put it into the seat of his coach, and ay he went to Sittingborn, to bait.— umbold rode thither also to bait in anor inn; and riding some short while be- e his Grace, as soon as he had sight of n again, he had planted himself in anor field in the same playing posture as fore: which his Grace seeing, he went in to visit this strange Gamester, whom took to be really a mad-man. No sooner s his Grace approaching Rumbold, o had then little or no money on his cloth he cried put six hundred pounds, What d the archbishop) lost again? no (reply'd mbold) won by —. I'll play this hand and then leave off. So, 800 pounds re, Sir, won. I'll leave off while I'm

well. Who then (said his Grace) h
you won it of? of the same person (rep
Rumbold) that I left the 600 pounds w
before you went to dinner. How said
Grace will you get your winnings? qu
Rumbold, of his ambassador too. So
ing up with sword and pistol in hand
his Grace's coach, he took 1400 pou
out of the seats thereof, over and al
his own money, which he had entrusted
his hands to give to ——— and rode off
When Rumbold had possessed this l
booty, by playing with one whose ha
ness it was never to see, without bec
ing a very good convert indeed, he bou
him a place in Oxford's horse, but did
leave off robbing; and for his better adv
tage, kept in fee with most of the host
and chamberlains of the chief inns in
country, for forty miles about London
that one day, being informed that a co
of travellers lay at a certain inn in C
brook, he arose early next morning
went before to surprise them in Maid
head-Thicket; but the travellers inst
of riding to Reading went to Windsor,
that Rumbold missing his prey, was ri
back very melancholy, when meeting
his Colonel the late Earl of Oxford,
one groom and a footman, he clapt
hair into his mouth to disguise himself
his intended design, and attacks his

ship with the terrifying words, Stand and deliver, withal swearing, that if he made any resistance, he was a dead man. Such expostulations the earl used, to save what he had were wholly in vain; however he swore that since he must lose what he had, Rumbold should search his pockets himself, for he would not be at that trouble. Hereupon commanding his Lordships servant to keep at above an hundred foot distance upon pain of death, he took the pains of searching his Colonel, he found nothing but several boxes and dice in the pockets of his coat and waistcoat, he began to read the skies, with many oaths, swearing also he believed he was the groom porter, or else some gaming sharper going to bite the poor ignorant people at country fairs, and markets; till searching his breeches, he found in them a good gold watch, and six guineas, changed his angry countenance, and giving his Lordship 18 pence, bad him be of good cheer, go up to his regiment (then at London) as fast as he could, and do his duty as he ought, and when he next met him, he would give him better encouragement.

Rumbold was a remarkable facetious fellow, as appears by the following relation. Being at an inn in Buckinghamshire, and hearing how unmercifully the hostler would cheat the poor horses of their provender,

privately went into the stable, and hid himself under the manger. In a little time after, the hostler came also into the stable, to feed Rumbold's mare; and no sooner had he put the oats and beans into the manger, and laid down his sieve, but he swoeps them all into a canvass bag fixt under one corner of the manger, and went his way. Rumbold comes from his private recess, and went into the kitchen again, when after dinner seeming to go away, and called for his reckoning, he asked the hostler; 'what corn he had given his mare? he replied, all that he had ordered him; nay, the gentlemem he dined with, saw him bring it through the kitchen.' Quoth Rumbold, don't tell me a lie, for I shall ask my mare presently. Now this strange saying put all the strange gentlemen with him into admiration; but above all the innkeeper, who asked at him if his mare could speak? yes said Rumbold. It is (replyed the landlord, impossible. Not at all (quoth Rumbold) for when I was at the University of Lyden in Holland. I studied magic, or the black art; and afterwards it being my misfortune to marry a scolding wife, I led with her such an uneasy life, that to be rid of her, I by my great skill in the said art transformed her into a mare: so fetch my mare hither, and you will see whither the hostler has done her justice

accordingly the mare was fetch'd; hen Rumbold striking her on the belly, e laid her mouth to his ear, through cus- m, just as the pidgeon did to Mahomet's; Why there now (quoth he) did I not tell ou, Sir that the hostler cheated her. hy (said the landlord) what does she say? y, (quoth Rumbold) why she says that our hostler has thrown all the corn in a g placed at one corner of the manger." ereupon, the landlord and his guest went to the stable, and searching the manger, und the bag of corn in one corner of it, r which he begged a thousand pardons, nd presently turned the hostler away.

Not long after this adventure. Rumbold eeting six of the officers of his regiment n the road, put his mask on, and after a ery little dispute, robbed them of 150 ounds; the next day being upon a mus- d known again by them, he was cal- d out of his troop in order to be sent to. oal; at which, saying, it would be his glo- y for a single trooper to be hang'd "for obbing half a dozen commissioned offi- ers;" they for fear of being branded with owardice, let the matter drop without uy prosecution.

The Guardian Snake.

On a journey from Baroche to Dauboy,

a Mr Forbes stopped at Nurrah, a large ruined town, which had been plundered and burnt by the Mahrattas. The principal house had belonged to an opulent man, who emigrated during the war, and died in a distant country. Mr Forbes was privately informed, that under one of the towers there was a secret cell, formed to contain his treasure: the information could not be doubted, because it came from the mason who constructed the cell. Accordingly the man conducted him through several spacious courts and appartments, to a dark closet in a tower: the room was about eight feet square, being the whole size of the interior of the tower; and it was some stories above the place where the treasure was said to be deposited. In the floor there was a hole large enough for a slender person to pass through; they enlarged it, and sent down two men by a ladder. After descending several feet, they came to another floor, composed in like manner of bricks and chunnam, and here also was a similar aperture. Which was also enlarged, torches were procured, and from their light, Mr Forbes perceived from the upper apartment a dungeon of great depth from below, as the mason had described. He desired the men to descend and search for the treasure; but they refused, declaring that where ever money was concealed

in Hindostan, there was always a demon, in the shape of a serpant, to guard it. He laughed at their superstition, and repeated his orders in such a manner as to enforce obediance, though his attendants symphathized with the men, and seemed to expect the event with more of fear and awe than of curiosity. Our ladder was too short to reach the dungeon; strong ropes were therefore sent for, and more torches. Our men reluctantly obeyed, and as they were lowered, the dark sides, and the moist floor of the dungeon, extinguished the light which they carried in their hands. But they had not been many seconds on the ground, before they screamed out that they were inclosed with a large snake. In spite of their screams, Mr Forbes was incredulous, and declared the ropes should not be let down to them till he had seen the creature; there cries were dreadful; he however was inflexible, and the upper lights were held steadily, to give him as distinct a view as possible into the dungeon. Where he perceived something like billits of wood, or rather he says, like a ship's cable seen from the deck, coiled up in a dark hole; but no language can express his sensation of astonishment and terror, when he saw a serpent actually rear its head over an immence length of body, coiled in volumes on the ground;

and working itself into exertion by a kind of sluggish motion. 'What I felt,' he continues, 'on seeing two fellow creatures exposed by my ordsrs to this fiend, I must leave to the readers imagination.' But to his inexpressible joy they were drawn up unhurt, but almost lifeless with fear. Hay was then thrown down on the lighted torches which they had dropped. When the flames had expired, a large snake was found scorched and dead, but no money. Mr Forbes supposed that the owner had carried away the treasure with him, but forgotten to liberate the snake which he had placed there as its keeper. Whether the snake was venemous or not, he has omitted to mention, or perhaps to observe; if he were not, it would be no defence for the treasure; and if it were, it seems to have been too torpid with inanition, confinement and darkness, to excercise its powers of destruction. Where the popular beleif prevails that snakes are the guardians of hidden treasure, and where the art of charming serpants is commonly practised, there is no difficulty in supposing that they who conceal a treasure, (as is often done under the oppressive government of the East) would sometimes place it under such protection.

FINIS.