Thrummy Cap;

A TALE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

YOUNG WHIP. STITCH.

AND THE

GIG DEMOLISHED.

STIRLING

Printed, and Sold by M. Randall.
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,
Ae was a sturdy bardoch chiel,
An’ frae the weather happeit weel,
Wi’ a weel mill’d pla ding 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 gaining in;
Upon his legs he had gammashes,
Whilk sodgers term their spatter dashless
And on his hands instead o’ gloves,
Large ioddy mittens, whilk he’d roose,
For warmness and an’ an aiken stick,
Nae verra lang but unca thick,
Until his nieve, he drave awa’.
And ca’ed for neither frost nor sna’.
The tither was just the reverse—
O’ claise 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 scowr,
Cause that they saw a gath’ring snow’z,
Grow verra theek upon the wind,
Whilk to their wae they soon did find,
A mighty shower o' snow and drift,
As ever dangled down frae the lift,
Right wild and boist'rous Boreas roar'd—
"Preserves quo't John, we'll baith be smot'd,
Our tryptic end we'll ne'er mak' out."
Cheer up says Thrummy, never doubt;
But I'm some ay'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 Johny, we shail 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 fair,
But Thrummy for him did na care;
He handled weel his oaken staff,
And spite o'is teeth he kept him a',
Until the landlord came to see,
And ken la' mght the matter be.
Then verra soon the dog did cease—
The landlord syne did spair the c'fe,
Quoth Thrummy, Sir we hae gaen weel,
We thought we'd nae a house get til;
We near were smot'ed a'ong the drift;
And fas gudeman ye'll mak' a shift;
To gie us quarters a this night,
For now we dinna he'e the light.
Farer to gang, tho' it were fair; 
See gin ye have a bed to spare; 
Whatever ye charge we, fanna grudge, 
But satisfy ye e'er we budge, 
To gang awa' — an' fan 'tis 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, 
Aside the kirk dwall Robin Dorret; 
Wha keeps a change house tells guid drink, 
His house ye may make' out I think—
Quoth Thrummy, that's o'er far awa'; 
The roads are fae blawna up wi' saw, 
To mak' it is nae in our power; 
For look ye there — a gathering shower, 
Is coming on — you'll fae us bide, 
Tho' we fit by the fire side—
The landlord says to him, na, na, 
I canna let you bide ava, 
Chap aff — for it's nae worth your while 
To bide when ye hae scrimp twa mile. 
To gang, fae quickly aff you'll steer; 
For faith I doubt ye'll nae be here 
Twa mile! quoth 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, 
And filler plenty in my pouch, 
To nane about your house I'll crouch: 
Landlord, ye needna be fae rude, 
For faith we'll make our quarters good,
Come John let's in—we'll take a seat,
Eat sorrow gars you look the blate?
See in he gangs and let's him down;
Says he, there's none about your town,
Sail put me out till a new day,
As long I've filler for to pay—
The landlord says ye're rather rash;
To turn ye out we fanna fash.
Since ye're so positive to bide;
But truth ye se sit by the fire side,
I telc ye ane of beds I've nane
Unoccupied except bare ane;
In it I fear ye winna ly,
For stoutest hearts hae aft been thy,
To venture in within the room,
After the night begins to gloom:
For in it they can never get rest,
Its haunted by a frightful ghastly,
Oursels are terrrified a' night;
Sae ye may chance to get a fright,
Like that which some of our folk saw;
For better till ye gang awa';
Or else ye may be rue the day—
Good faith quo John I'm thinking fae;
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 hand your
That fanna gat me quit this place. (peace,
To great nor smal I never did ill,
Nae ghast nor devil my rest shall spill.
or I defy the muckle devil,
An’ a his works I wat’fu’ weel;
Fat 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’ll get a bed,
An’ candle too gin ye desire.
Wi’ books 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’ when 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’ sh’ll caution for you be.
Then Johnny faintly gae consent.
An’ up stairs to the room they went.
When soon they gat ther fire and light,
To baud them hearty a’ the night,
The landlord likewise gae them meat,
As meikle as they baith could eat.
Shewed them their bed and bad them gang
To it when’er they did think lang,
Sae wishing them a guid repose,
Straight syne to his ain bed he goes.
Our travellers being now left alone,
'Caused that the frost was 0 pping keen,
Cast off their shoon and warm'd their feet;
And 'cume gud to their bed to slee.
But cowardly John wi' fear was quaking;
He coudna slee, but still lay wakings
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 choke
Wi' thirst, an' I maun hae a drink;
I will gang down the stair I think,
An' grapple for the water pil —
O'! for a waught o' cawler ale.
Johnny grips till him and says, na,
I winna let ye gang ava,
Wot will ye gang an' 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 guan to seek some water,
I will be back just in a clatter.
Na, na, says John, I'll rather ly,
But as 'm likewise something dry,
Gif ye can get a jug or cap,
Feil up to me a little drap.
Ay ay, quo Thrummy, that I will,
Aitho' 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 of the door.
Which was na fault but stood a-jeel,
Whatever's there he thinks he'll see;
So haudly over 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 well stor'd wi' casks
O'ceaming 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 could aff,
A Thrummy Cap and a'ken staff;
Gammash's 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 stare'd,
But neither daunted was nor fear'd;
But to the ghastlful stair up did stoop,
And says dear brother Thrummy Cap,
The worst ye surely dinna drink—
Sane 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 told him o' his broth'er
That he into the cellar saw,
Mair than he'd naething seen a'ae.
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, A
Sae down the stair again he goes, A
To get o' drink anither doit; A
Being positive to hae some mair, A
But still he found the ghast was there, A
Now on a butt behind the door; A

Says he ye didna tll before; A
Dear brother Thrummy sae I'll try A
You ance again because I'm dry. A
He fills his jug straight out below, A
An' up the stair again does go; A
John marvell'd fair but didna spier, A
Again whar he did get the bier. A
For it was stronger than the first, A
Sae they baith drank till like to burst, A
Syné did compose themselves to rest, A
To sleep a while they thought it bitt; A
An hour in bed they hadna been, A
And scarcely weel had clos'd their ees, A
When just into the neibouring chamber. A
They heard a dreadful dia and clamour; A
Beneath the bed ciaes John did cow, A
But Thrummy junpt upon the floor, A
Him by the fark tail John did hauk, A
Ly still, quoth he, fat are ye mad? A
Thrummy then gae a natty jump, A
And took John in the ribs a thump. A
Till on the bed he tumbled down, A
In little better than a swoon. A

While Thrummy fell as he could rin, A
Set aff to see fat made the din; A
The chamber teem'd to him as light,
As gif the sun was shining bright,
The ghost was seen at the door,
In the same dress he had afore;
And o'er anent it at the wa'ny
Were other apparitions twa.

Thrummy beheld them for a wee,
But 'd beil a word as yet spoke he,
The spirits seem'd to kick a bat,
The ghost against theither twa;
While close they drove both back and fore,
Atween the chimley and the door.

He stops a while and sees the play,
Byce rin' in up he thus did say,
And for ane may weel compare,
But twa for ane is rather fair;
The play's nae equal, fae I vow,
Dear brother Thrummy, I'll help you,
Then wi' his fit he kick'd the bat,
Gard it play stot against the wa'.

Quick then as light'ning frae the sky,
The spectras with a horrid cry,
All vanish'd in a clap o' thunder,
While Thrummy at the same did wonder.
The room was quite raw and dark,
An' Thrummy stirring in his lark,
Glaumig the gate back till his bed,
He thinks he hears a person's tread,
And e'er he gat wi'out the door,
The ghost again stood him before,
And in his face did staring stand,
W' 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 thee:
You tell your story just as you hand:
Fat wad ye hae? I'll do my best to look it
For you, to let you be at rest.
Then says the ghast, 'Tis thirty years ago,
Since I've been doom'd to wander here.
In all that time there has been noone,
Behav'd sae bold as you have done;
Sae if you'll do a job for me
Disturbance mair I'll never gie:
Say on your tale, quoth Thummie, I ha'e
To do you justice sure will try.
Then mark me well the ghast replied, you
And ye shall soon be satisfied.
Frae this aback near forty year, still as this day,
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 fit,
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 that time was in France,
And sae I thought I'd hae some change,
Gif he should 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 came home the heir,
And syne got up the redoubt
What sorrow was come o’ the rights?
They fought them several days and nights;
But never yet hae they been seen,
As aneath a muckle stone
Did hide them in this chamber wa’
Weel sow’d up in a leather ba’.
But I was never allow’d to rest;
Until the same I had confess’d;
But thus to do I hadda power
Frae you time to this verra hour,
That I’ve reveal’d it a to you;
And now I’ll tell you what to do.
Till nane langlye mony kent,
That this same laird the rights did want,
But now they hae him at the law,
An’ the nei’l owk the laird mass’n ba’;
Afore the court the rights o’ the land;
This puts him to an unca stand:
For if he disna shaw them there,
O’ a’ his lands he’ll be stripit bare.
Nae hopes has he to save’s estate;
This makes him low’r and unca-blare;
He canna think what’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 stone there in the wall, and there you'll get the leather bag. 'Tis just the same that you did see, ye know. When you said that you wad help me, The rights are few'd up in its heart, Jemima? But see ye dinna with them part, rook. Until the laird shall pay you down Just fifty guineas and a crown. Whilk at my death was due to me; rook. This for thy trouble I'll give thee, Jemima! And I'll disturb this house nae mair, rook. 'Cause I'll be free frae all my care.—

This Thrummy promised to do And syne the ghastl bade him adieu, And vanished'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 neib' saw ance mair, For of his life he did despair. Woman quoth John, what hae ye 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 rail—put on his claes, And to the chamber quick he goes; Taks out the stone into the wall; And loon he found the leathern bag. Took out the rights replac'd the stone. Jemima John did ken what he had been.
Then bith cam flapping down the stair;
The morning now was calm and fair.
Weel says the laird my trusty frien',
Mae 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 ime its calm and clear,
You lose your time in waiting here.
Quoth Thrummy, Sir mind what I tell,
I've mair right here than yourself;
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 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, 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 told him at the tale;
As Lve told you baith clear and hale,
The laird at this was fègin fain,
That he had got his rights again;
And fifty guineas down did tell,
Besides a present frae him sel.
Thrummy thank'd him, an' syne his gow'd
Intil a muckle purse he stow'd;
An' cram'm'd it in his oxter pouch,
An' syne foun'g out his aiken crutch;
Says: 'Fare ye weel, I maun awa,
An' see gin I get through the fne';
Weel, fare ye weel, replied the laird;
But how comes it ye hannah shair'd.
An' gien your neibour o' the money?'
Na' by my faul I, Sir quo' Thrummy,
Then I the filler, Sir did win,
(To hae in this wad be a fin)
Afore that I the ghast 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 wilt nae afflit me langer,
The durtie jade som'times does anger,
I thought her ance a gay smart lass.
That as my sadgelling and wheeping,
Will hardly wake her out o' 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 'its said,
By buckram, canvass, tape, an thread,
Sleeve linings, pockets silk and twist,
And all the long expensive lift,
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 left 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 Belles 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 God 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 sire's profession;
Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,
And drove for Gloster that same day.
There soon he found new cause of grief,
For dining on some fine roast beef;
One ask'd which he did prefer,
Some cabbage or a cucumber.
The proud coxcomb took the hint,
Thought it severe reflection meant;
His stomach turn'd he could not eat
So made an ungenteel 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 jeer'd,
Next day to Exeter he steer'd;
There with some bucks he drank about,
Until he fear'd they found him out,
Ais 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 Ship,
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 fay'd;
The name of remnant call'd him so,
That he resolv'd to York to go;
There fill'd hit bumper to the top,
And always fairly drank it up.
Well done says Jack a buck of York,
You go through rich sir with your work.
The name of such was such reproach,
He rang the bell and called 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 concombs and fantastic beaux,
In every place themselves expose:
They travel far at vast expense,
To show 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 Whitunday 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,
or 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 like a flash.

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 feet,
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 amain,
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 cows 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 roard,
on hinder legs uprear’d.
Sideways they started at the light,
and whisk'd the gig half round,
Then cross the crowded market place,
they flew with furious bound.

First o'er a heap of crockery 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 pafs between;
And scarcely touch'd the car behind,
got through not quite so clean.

For while one wheel one stall engag'd,
it's 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 scissors, 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 disalter.
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 postage gig with des'rate force,
they soon pull'd out again,
and at their heels in ruin dire
drag'd lumbering o'er the plain.

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

Jehu must not be forgot,
their floundering in the flood,
with clothes all drench'd and mouth and
upplaster'd o'er with mud.
In piteous case he waded through,
and gain'd the flippiry side,
Where grinning crowds were gathered round
to mock his fallen pride.

They led him to a neighbouring pump
to clear his dismal face,
Whence cold and heartless home he slunk,
invel'd in fore disgrace.

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

FINIS.