

*The inpression of this work is very strictly limited to
twenty-six copies, no additional perfect copy being preserved
either in the waste or even in proof-sheets.*

May, 1859.

Thomas Digges

THE
TINKER OF TURVEY,
OR,
CANTERBURY TALES:

AN EARLY

Collection of English Novels.

EDITED BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY THOMAS RICHARDS,
37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.
1859.

P R E F A C E.

THE following exceedingly curious and rare work, only three copies of which are believed to exist, is partly constructed upon an earlier tract entitled,—“The Cobler of Canterburie. Or An inuective against Tarltons Newes out of Purgatorie. A merrier Iest then a clownes ligge, and fitter for Gentlemens humors. Published with the cost of a Dickar of Cow-hides. London, Printed by Nicholas Okes for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at the signe of the pide Bull neere to Saint Austins gate. 1608.” (Sm. 4to.) This latter work is also one of the greatest rarity, the only copy I am acquainted with being one which sold in the Duke of Grafton’s sale for 18*l*.; but an earlier edition had appeared in the year 1590. It had been erroneously ascribed to the celebrated Robert Greene, as appears from the following passage in *Greene’s Vision*,—“As blinde Baiard will jump soonest into the mire, so have

I ventured afore many my betters to put myselfe into the presse, and have set foorth sundrie bookes in print of love and such amorous fancies, which some have favoured and other have misliked. But now of late there came foorth a booke called the *Cobler of Canterbury*, a merry worke, and made by some madde fellow, conteining plesant tales, a little tainted with scurrilitie, such, reverend Chawcer, as yourselfe set foorth in your journey to Canterbury.”—*Greene’s Vision : Written at the instant of his death, conteyning a penitent passion for the folly of his pen*, 4to., bl. l., no date. Greene adds that this book was *incerti authoris*, and had been “fathered upon him” quite erroneously.

In the *Tinker of Turvey*, there are many variations from the original work. The “Epistle to the Gentlemen Readers” is nearly rewritten; “Robin Goodfellow’s Epistle” is omitted; two new tales, the Tinker’s and the Seaman’s, are introduced; the eight orders of cuckolds are different; and the Old Wives Tale and the Somner’s Tale are omitted. The origin of the name of the collection is also differently introduced,—“As

thus every man was striving to passe away the time pleasantly, a gentleman puld out of his sleeve a little pamphlet, and began to reade to himselfe : amongst the rest, myselfe was so bold as to aske him what book it was : marry, quoth he, a foolish toy called *Tarltons Newes out of Purgatory*. At this they fell to descanting of the booke ; some commended it highly, and saide it was good invention and fine tales : tush, quoth another, most of them are stolne out of *Boccace Decameron* : for all that, quoth the third, tis pretty and witty. As they were thus commending and discommending, there sate by an auncient man that was a Cobler in Caunterbury : masters, quoth he, I have read the booke, and tis indifferent, like a cup of bottle ale, halfe one and halfe the other : but tis not merry inough for Tarlton's vaine, nor stuffed with his fine conceites, therefore it shall passe for a booke and no more. No, no, what say you to old father Chaucer ? how like you of his Caunterburie Tales ? are they not pleasant to delight and witty to instruct, and full of conceited learning to shewe the excellencie of his wit ? All men commended Chaucer as the father of English

poets, and saide that he shot a shoote which many have aimed at, but never reacht to. Well, quoth the cobler, nowe that wee are going to Graves-end, and so I thinke most of us to Caunterbury, let us tell some tales to passe away the time till wee come off the water, and we will call them Caunterburie Tales." Again, in the Epistle,—“ But I digresse, and therfore to my booke, wherein are contained the tales that were told in the Barge betweene Billingsgate and Grauesend : imitating herein *old father Chaucer*, who with the like method set out his *Canterbury Tales* ; but as there must be admitted no compare betweene a cup of Darby ale, and a dish of durtie water : So Sir *Ieffery Chaucer* is so high aboue my reach, that I take *Noli alium Sapere* for a warning ; and onely looke at him with honour and reuerence.” In the *Tinker of Turvey*, all allusion to Tarlton is carefully eliminated, the object of the compiler evidently being to introduce it to the public as an entirely new work.

THE
Tincker of Turvey,

his merry Pastime in his passing from BILLINS-
GATE TO GRAVES-END.

The Barge being Freightd with Mirth and Mann'd

with these Persons	{	<i>Trotter, the Tincker.</i>
		<i>Yerker, a Cobler.</i>
		<i>Thumper, a Smith.</i>
		<i>Sr. Rowland, a Scholler.</i>
		<i>Bluster, a Sea-man.</i>

And other Mad-merry fellowes, every-one of them
Telling his Tale; All which Tales are full of
Delight to reade over, and full of laughter
to be heard.

*Every Tale-Teller being described in a
Neate Character.*

The Eight severall orders of Cuckolds, marching here
likewise in theyr Horned Rankes.


LONDON.

Printed for NATH: BUTTER, dwelling at St. Austin's
Gate. 1630.



THE TINKER

hammers out an Epistle, to all Gentlemen,
that loue *Lattin*, to all Strowling *Tin-*
kers; And to All the brave *Mettle-*
men that Travell on the Hoofe,
with a *Dog*, and a *Doxie*
at's Tayle.

INCK, Tinck, Tinck, Tinck, Tinck; roome
for a Tinker, a ratling mettles-man, a
hole-stopper, a kettle-drum-beater. Heere
comes Trotter of Turvey. Arm'd with
his budget, Bung-dagger, New-panne and hammer,
that has Lattin in his poutch, yet never to mend
grammer. Many a countrey have I bestrided, many
a towne trotted over, in many a durty faire bin
drunk, many a tinker's trull have I bum-fidled, and
left the knave her walking mate, snoring on an ale-
bench. Many a paire of greasie cards have I toss'd
over at trump, by a toasting sea-cole fire from morn-
ing to night; my curre at my feet, my drab by my
side; and shall I not now bee admitted to gabble in
tincker's rhetoricke, (*Tara-ring-tinck?*) I will
please you, though I beat out the bottome of a kettle,
for the parish kettle-drum, was my intention, and all

musicke came from the hammer. Is not a tincker a rare fellow then? He is a scholler, and was of Brazen-nose Colledge in Oxford: an excellent carpenter, for hee builded Copper-Smith's Hall. He is a doctor too, can cast any water out of a skillet, that is crazye, and set him upon his legges againe. A souldier's march was taken from the sound of my bason, when I beate an allarum on the bottome of it, with my nimble-rapping hammer, which to me is a drum-sticke. Be you all then (my brother-strowlers, and padders on the high-way) as joviall as I am. Lives not a merry-man longer than a sad? Has not a tincker lesse care than a Tamberlaine the Great? Is not a houre in honest mirth, worth a vintner's hogsh-head (that has no doings) full of melancholy? Why were tavernes painted with red lattices, but to tell gallants there's high-colour'd wine within? And why has a tinckers face a vermillion nose, but to shew that he loves that ale-house best, which washes his cheekes with the strongest nippitaty? For, I (Trotter the tincker) have been sowc'd over head and eares in the Mediterranean sea of metheglin, and all other sorts of liquors: as ale? The autenticall drinke of England, the whole barmy-tribe of ale-cunners never layd their lips to the like. The best that ever wash'd my throat, was at an old fat hostesse of mine, called Mother Twattle-bum, at the signe of a Tinker whipping the Cat: of her ale, the custome was to set

before me two little noggins full, and then she bad me take heed, how I angred her waspes, for foure of them would sting my braines to death : and shee sayd true, for no ale that ever I lick'd my lips at, was like it : yet I have thrust into my guts Dagger-Ale, Steeletto-Ale, Pistoll-Ale, prooffe-Ale, Pimblico-Ale, Mother-Bunches Ale, Labour in vaine Ale, Darby Ale, Ale of Gottam (which make the men there fools), I have drunke double-lanted Ale, and single-lanted, but never gulp'd downe such Hypocrenean liquor in all my life. I asked her who brew'd that nectar, whose malt-worme so nibled at my peticranion; and she said herselfe; for old mother Elianor Rumming was her grandam, and Skelton her cozen, who wrote fine rimes in praise of her high and mighty ale.

But now to the Tinkers Tales, which were told in the barge betweene Billingsgate and Gravesend : herein following the steppes of old Chaucer (the first Father of *Canterbury-Tales*) ; these comming as farre short of his, as Bragget goes beyond the pig's wash or small beere. If I knocke any words out of joynt, lay the blame on the Tinker's hammer, which in mending and stopping one hole, thrusts out the kettles thin bottome with his thumb, and makes two.

Here's a gallimawfry of all sorts : the wayting wench has jests to make her merry, and clownes plaine dunstable dogrell, for them to laugh at till their leather buttons flye off.

A farmer sitting in 's chayre, and turning a crab
in the fire, may here picke out a tale to set his chops
a grinning till his belly akes. Old wives, that have
wedded themselves to Robin Hood, Clim a the Clough,
Tom Thumb, Fryer and the Boy, and worthy Sir
Isenbras, may out of this Budget finde some-
thing to maintaine a Gossiping :

Mum then for

that.

Fall to and so Fare-
well.

*A Table, or the
Contents of the Booke
following.*

1. The Tinkers Tale.

*Of a rich country Pedlar, cozen'd by a Butcher, a Currier, and a
Cobler, and he deceiving those three againe.*

2. The Cobler's Tale.

Of the Prior of Canterbury, and a Smith of Saint Austins.

3. The Smiths Tale.

Of a Jealous Cobler, cunningly made Cuckold by a Smith.

4. The Gentleman's Tale.

*Of a Scholler of Cambridge abus'd by a Wench he loved, and his
revenge upon her.*

5. The Schollers Tale.

*Of two Sycilian Lovers, and of their sundry strange misfortunes,
ending well.*

6. The Sea-mans Tale.

*Of a young couple married together, the Wifes prattling tongue bring-
ing her husband to the Gallows, and a sonne (being but adopted)
offring to bee his Fathers Hangmans.*

The Contents.

THE EIGHT ORDERS OF CUCKOLDS.


1. *An over-growne Cuckold.*
 2. *A Cuckold and no Cuckold.*
 3. *A Horne-mad Cuckold.*
 4. *A Winking Cuckold.*
 5. *An Extempore Cuckold.*
 6. *A John Hold-my-Staffe Cuckold.*
 7. *A Cuckold in Graine.*
 8. *An Antedated Cuckold.*
-



The Tinker of Turvey.

OR

CANTERBURIE TALES.

ITTING in the barge at Billingsgate, expecting when the tide would serve for Gravesend, divers passengers (of all sorts) resorted thither to goe downe. At last it began to ebbe, and then they cryed away. When I came to the stayres, though I was resolved to goe in a tilt-boat, yet seeing what a crew of mad companions went in the barge, and perceiving by the wind there was no feare of raine, I step'd into the barge, and tooke up my seat amongst the thickest. With that, the barge-men put from the stayres, and having a strong ebbe, because much raine-water had fallen before, they went the more merrily downe. Scarce had we gotten beyond Saint Katherines, but a perry of wind blew something loud, so that the watermen hoysed up sayles, and layd up their oares from labour.

Being thus under sayle, and going smugly downe, it made us all merry, insomuch every one began to chat, some of one thing, some of another, all of myrth, many of knavery. As thus, every man was striving

to passe away the time pleasantly, a tinker of Turvey, being in the barge to solace himselfe rather than any other, set out a throat and fell a singing, playing very handsomely, first on the bottome of a small kettle with his hammer : his voyce (though a base) was so good, so lowd, and so pleasing, that all held their tongues and listened to him.

The Tinkers Song.

Here sits a joviall Tinker,
Dwels in the towne of Turvey,
I can mend a kettle well,
Though my humors are but scurvy :
Yet will I sing
Tara-ring, tara-ring, boyes,
Roome for a joviall tinker,
He stop one hole, and make three,
Is not this a noble tinker ?

The musicke of my kettle,
Brave sound, which forth is sending,
Makes fine girls cry, Come, tinker, come,
We ha many holes lacke mending.
Yet will I cry, etc.

We are the merriest fellowes,
That by a trade get moneys,
And when we piece up broken wares,
Wee are pay'd by pretty cunneys.
Yet will I sing, etc.

From faire to faire we amble,
Our doxies pranking by us,
And have whole chauders of strong ale,
When any tinkers spy us.
Yet will I sing, etc.

The martches which each morning,
Our hammer-heads are beating,
Make girles thinke, Tinkers well can strike,
And long for such a heating.
Yet will I sing, etc.

The viall, lute, bandora,
The kit, Welsh harpe, and citterne,
Make not the wenches so looke out,
As does a tinkers gitterne.
Yet will I sing, etc.

The bason ever ringing,
When baudes and whores are carted,
Is to my pan, that hellish din,
To have which, feinds have started.
Yet will I sing, etc.

Here, a gust came, and stop'd this tinker's mouth,
but faire weather shewing her face presently, My
maisters (qd. he) I have begun our Gravesend voyage
with a song to the *Tune of my Kettle*: if any man
will follow me, let him : if none will, lets passe away
the time in telling of tales, and because I thinke most
of us are for Canterbury, we will call them *Canterbury
Tales*. Agreed, cryed all ; who shall begin ? Who but

the tinker (quoth one) because 'tis his owne motion :
hereupon (lustily first beating his kettle) he settled to
begin : but first behold the picture of this tinker.

The Description of the Tinker.

It was a sturdy lowne,
His blacke lockes dangling downe,
Curld, and knotty, muzzeld beard,
To maken country fooles afeard ;
Grimy face, all smutted ore,
His tan'd hide tough as wild boare ;
His broad backe, letherne pilch did cover.
A greazy bonnet hung his eyes over.
By his side, a whinyard hung,
A budget fastened with a thong,
And brazen buckle, wherein are
All his tooles and tinkery ware,
Like a souldiers knapsacke, round
Acrosse his shoulders was py-bound.
That he lap'd strong nappy ale
Shew'd his nose, that ne'er look'd pale.
For he crimson'd it so well,
It glissen'd like a carbuncle.
Hee tobacco eke coud snuffe,
Whose smoake he out would puffe,
In clunches eyes, and if they grumbled,
Them into the mire hee tumbled.
Many a purse from many a swaine
Had he thrash'd on Salisbury-plaine.
With no noyse can his tale be drown'd,
For hee on kettle it does sound.

The Tinkers Tale.

Of a rich Country Pedlar, being cozen'd by three,
and deceiving them againe.

NOT farre from Gottam in Nottinghamshire, in a village dwelt an old rich pedlar, that had us'd to sell wares, at most of the faires round about in those countries. In his house he kept no body but a good stirring nimble-tongu'd wench, of some 30. yeares old, to whom hee promised all hee had when he dyed, for looking so well to his house and him ; her name was Gillian.

Shee, greeving to see the good old pedlar every day to harnesse himselfe, with a hamper and other tromperies tyed to his backe, and in a high paire of clouted starrups to trot on foot, to so many faires and markets, councell'd him to buy a good strong lusty horse, to carry him, and his luggage ; and so both to ease his body, and lengthen his life ; for sithence he had money enough, this would not much hurt his estate. He layd carefull Gillian o' the lips for her learned and physicall councell, and said he would doe as shee wish'd him.

The next day, there being a faire where great store of horses were to be sold, the old pedlar travailes on foote, with good store of money in his purse, with

intent to come home againe with more ease than he went forth, and then to say, God a mercy horse.

Purblind he was, and hardly could he judge, eyther of the colour or conditions of a beast ; but men wondring to see him busie, to buy a prancer, that never had bestrid an horse in his life, many offered in good will to helpe him, lest the cheating horse-coursers and hackny-men should cozen him ; and so, by their advice, he bought a pretty handsome horse for three and twenty nobles.

Three mad colts, that had watched the pedlar, still as hee beat his market, (the one was a butcher, the other a currier, and the third, one of the gentle craft, a cobbler) layd their heads together, how to get this horse from the old mop ey'd pedlar. 'Tis impossible, said two of the conny-catchers, but the cobblers wit, being made of reaching leather, told them that the butcher had no more braines than a calfe, (but not halfe so good,) and that the curriers conceipt stunke like new-tan'd leather ; if they would joyne with Mounsieur Cobbler, he would clap such a patch on the pedlars shoulder, that they three would cozen him, and share the beast amongst them : How ? quoth one. No more but thus, said the sole-mender ; let us all three part, and be distant one from another some quarter of a mile, in the way that he is to ride, and falling into some by-talke with him, view the horse well, and say 'tis a handsome mare, thats all, and maintaine it to be

a mare, for I know his old foolish peddling conditions, and then see what followes upon this.

They three part : and first, the butcher saluting the pedlar as he rode, enquired how the market went at the faire, Marry, sayes the pedlar, all things very deare, and therefore I bought nothing but this beast ; what thinke you my horse cost me ? Which horse ? sayes the butcher. This on which I ride, answer'd the pedlar. Alas ! father (quoth the other) you are cozen'd ; this is a mare, a very mare. A mare ! quoth the pedlar ; you have good skill in horse flesh ! and so rode away, laughing aloud at the butchers simplicity.

Then the pedlar overtaking the currier, who stayd of purpose for him, on the high-way, and spying him come, did then set forward. Blesse you, father, cryed the currier, from whence come you ? From the faire (quoth the old pedlar). You have a pretty mare under you, sayes the other. How ? a mare ? Put on your spectacles, looke better upon't, take your eyes in your hands, and you shall finde 'tis a horse (sayes the old pedlar.) So am I, or you an asse, replied the currier ; and away spurr'd the old lad, wondring to see men so out of their wits, but remembring with himselfe they were Gottam breed, he car'd the lesse ; and knew for all his dimnesse of sight, he could not be so mistaken. At last, he spyed a third man, in the high-way before him, and that was the cobbler, whom overtaking, O Gaffer Pedlar, (sayd the cobbler) this is strange to see

you mounted, you have beene at the faire; any good doings there? Any fine girles there? Any store of pigs there? How goes leather? What lusty coyle keepe they there? Nay (quoth the pedlar) I looke after no coyless, no pigs, no sowes, no fine girles, not I; all that I minded was myselfe, and my horse, that I bought there. Well said, father, can you jeere your poore friends in your old age? Jeere! Why? Why! sayes the other. Is't not a jeere to tell me you have bought a horse, when 'tis as plaine a mare, as you and I are a man. What trade art thou? quoth the pedlar. A cobbler, said he. So I thought (said the pedlar): high thee home, set thy coxcombe of an upright last, liquor thy braines better, patch up thy wits, bore a hole or two more in thine eyes, then lift up my horses taylor, and with thy nose tell me whether it be a mare or a horse.

The cobbler (being a fellow that would sweare any thing) rap'd out an oath, and swore 'twas a mare. Alas, father (said he) why should I sweare? What rogues are these to cozen you! To cheat an old man! O fie! As I am true cobbler and an honest man, this beast is a mare. A meere flea-bitten mare and nothing but a mare. Swearest thou (quoth the pedlar) and is't a mare? Where are mine eyes? But alas I am purblind: I now begin to smell that I am ridden like a jade, for two men, besides you, told me 'tis a mare. A mare, cryes the other, as I am true cordwainer, body

and bones. If, sayes the pedlar, it be a mare, I would not ride her for all the cowes in Nottinghamshire ; for I never bestrad any one beast in my life but a mare, and riding through a market towne, the stone-horses leap'd me as if I had beene a mare ; one with his fore-legs, stradled over my shoulders, another gave me three palts on the head, my scull was crack'd, and I taken up for dead ; when I came to myselve, I wish'd I might breake my necke, when next I backt any mare ; and for feare my wish overtake me before I get home (being not farre), here, honest cobler, take my mare, ride her, run her, spur her, and hang her ; I know thee when I see thee againe, and pay me when thou seest thy time, what thou thinkest shee's worth. Nay, sayes the cobler, come the next market day to Gottam ; there I dwell, my name is Yerker (the onely cobler of Gottam), and you shall not loose much by the beast. A match, cryed the pedlar. Away rides the cobler to his companions, who laughing at the old fooles simplicity, and what an asse they had made him, sell the horse and share the money.

The pedlar being come home, his maid clapping her hands with admiration to see him (as shee said) come moaping home on foot ; what bought you at the faire ? I bought (said he), a horse. A horse (quoth she), where is he ? Is hee put to grasse already ? You have sent him to run on the divels commons, have you ? Peace, Gillian (quoth hee), I would have pawn'd

all the pedlary packes that ever I carried, I had bought a pretty horse, payd for a horse, rode him for a horse, but three severall men on the high-way, one after another, fac'd me down it was a marc, and I fearing some mischiefe might fall upon me for cursing myselfe (as thou knowest) about the other mare, I parted with it to a cobbler of Gottam. A coxcombe of Gottam like your selfe (said she); some that knew you had but weake eyes have foold you, out fac'd you, and cunny-catch'd you: would I have beene cunny-catch'd so? O that I knew these three cheates; would I could finger this cobbler, Ide coble him, Ide make him swallow his last. Peace, Gillian (said the pedlar); the next market day I shall know whether they bee knaves or no; for now I have flesh'd them with a horse, they will bite at any thing: be thou quiet, and if I fry not in my brain-pan something or other that shall make them swallow a horse-plum, say I'm no pedlar. Provide me, therefore, within these three dayes a very good dinner, for I shall have friends come to visit me: let me have a breast of veale, a pig, halfe a dozen of chickens, and a couple of rabbits. She said it should be done.

Now the pedlar had two very faire goates in his ground: one of them he takes (on the day appointed for the dinner) which he tyes to a hedge, leaving it sufficient to feed upon; the other he leads in a cord with him to the market. The goates were of one big-

nesse, one colour, and so like one another, it was not possible to distinguish them. The pedlar was no sooner come into the market, but the three sharkes that liv'd upon cheating came to him, ask'd how he did, and how he lik'd his mare they met him upon. O, said hee, I found your words true, that I was cozen'd, and I rid my hands of her. But why (sayd one of them) doe you walke up and downe the market thus with a goat tyed in a string? Can he doe any trickes? Trickes? said he. I would not loose my goat for twenty such mares: to tell you true, my bulleys, I looke for guests this day, if you will dine with me you shall be welcome; when I have bought my meat, then you shall see what trickes (if you call them trickes) my goat can doe.

So the pedlar having bought his provision of veale, pig, chickens, rabbits, oranges, spices, and other things, tyed them all very handsomely to the goates backe, and said, Sirrah, hye you home to Gillian, bid her dresse dinner with all hast, and having taken these things from your back, request her to tye you to a hedge, for else I know you will be rambling. The goate runnes away as fast as he could, none stopping him, as thinking it had beene his quality to carry provision, but being got out of the towne, hee ran into a wood, and what became of him the pedlar never knew.

In the end, after he and our three cheates had drunke together in the market, dinner time drawing

nigh, they all foure came to the pedlar's house. He no sooner step'd within doores, but winking at Gillian, ask'd her if shee had done as the goat instructed her ; she being as wily as he, conceited his meaning, and sayd Yes : good cheere was at fire, dinner was ready, and the goat tyed to a hedge in the backside was shewne them : at which they blest themselves, and secretly conspired to steale the goate from him.

Dinner being set on the boord, they all sit downe, eate, and welcome, and wondrous merry : whilst their teeth are going, their tongues are not idle, but wonder at the strange condition of the pedlars goate ; asking what country goate it was ? hee told them of Brecknockshire. You may, sayd hee, well enough wonder at the conditions of my goate ; they are strange ones, indeed ; and there is a reason they should be strange, for it has cost me above five yeares his teaching : you will more wonder, if I tell you that I dare send him into Wales with a packet of letters to my friends, and he shall bring their answeres ; for he never travailes in the day time, but all by night ; if he goes abroad with me (as oftentimes hee does), and spyes any pedlar of my acquaintance, he will leap, dance, fawn upon him, and lay his horns gently in his lap when he sits downe.

They rise from dinner, and having an exceeding desire to get the goat, resolve to steale him, hoping much money might be gathered by shewing him in

other countries, but the old sole of the cobbler's conscience being somewhat mended, because he had cozen'd him of his horse, would by no means steale this from him too, but let us (quoth he) rather all 3 buy him. They ask his price. Price? sayes the pedlar. He's worth his weight in gold: a lord offred me once 50 peices for him, but I refus'd it; I can to morrow morning have 30, and lesse I will not take. They three make up the mony between them, lead the goat with them, and away they are gone.

Being come home, they shew to their wives what a rare outlandish beast they had bought, which they would carry to London first, and so all over England, and get a world of mony by him. The women calld them puppies and fooles to beleeve any such lyes as they bragd of: but for tryal of the truth, they charged their wives to dresse such good cheere as presently they would send by the goate, and so all to be merry: to the market they goe, buy excellent meats, and send it by the goate, bidding him to tell their wives they must dresse it presently, for they and some friends were to come to dinner. The goat having his errand, hastens away, hyes through the market, then into the feilds, and at last (as the other) into a wood, and was never more heard of.

The 3 wise husbands comming home, askt if dinner were ready? What dinner? replied their wives. Did not the goat bring home victuals? The goat! Cryes

one of the women ; the calves head ! said another ; the asse-head ! quoth the third, an oxe-head ! upon this the men looke blanke, saw they were guld, for bulling the old pedlar. One of their wives laught to see her husband made such a ninny ; the other scolded ; the third cryed for madnesse ; in a short time all the towne was in a hoobub ; other mens wives clap'd their hands at them, their neighbours hissed at them, boyes howted. They hid their heads, cursing the pedlar, and vowing revenge. But the shame of so being fool'd, guld, fetch'd over and cheated, they being cheaters themselves, they left their owne towne and came to London ; the butcher tooke a tobacco-shop in Ram-alley, the currier an ale-house by London Wall, and the cobbler sets patches on old shoes at this houre in Roague-lane at Westminster. The pedlar at every faire was commended for over-reaching them that out-strip'd him, and Gillian's wit extoll'd beyond the wisdom of all the wenches in Gottam.

The tinker having thus ended, a cobbler in the barge, grumbling that the tinker made a cobbler one of the three cheaters, would needs tell his tale next ; so silence being cryed, he began to speake, but I thinke you were best looke upon him, and note what a spruce lether-pergo it is.

The Description of the Cobler.

His stature was large and tall,
His limbs well set withall,
Of a strong bone and a broad chest,
He was wide and wildsome in the brest,
His forehead hie and a bald pate,
Well I wot he was a mate,
That loved well a bonny lasse,
For the clownes eyes were as gray as glasse :
And oft have I heard my mother say,
The wanton eye is er'e most gray.
He loved well a cup of strong ale,
And his nose was nothing pale,
But his snout and all his face
Was as read as ruby or topace :
A voyce hee had cleare and loud,
And well he can sing to a crowd.
Hee was a stout sturdy squire,
And loved eke day good compire :
Drinke he would with every man,
In cup, cruze, glasse, or kan :
And what every day he got
Hee hoorded up in the ale-pot,
That all Canterburie gan leere,
To talke of this merry cobleere :
Therefore now mark me well,
For thus his tale began to tell.

The Cobbler's Tale.

Contayning the Jestes that passed betweene the Prior
of Canterburie and a Smith of Saint Austins.

THE prior of Canterbury had a covent of fryars Augustines, that were endued with great livings from the king, and hee himselfe had great revenewes, that he lived like a potentate, and he was had in great estimation throughout all the citie. Living thus at ease, pampered up with delicates and idlenesse, the two nurses to lechery, hee minded not so much his book, but that passing one day through the streets, he glanced his eyes to see where hee might finde some handsome trulle that might be his paramour: many he saw, and many he liked, but at last comming by a smith's forge, he spyed a proper tall woman, meanly attyred after the poverty of her husband, but of such a beautifull visage and faire countenance, that she pleased greatly the priors eye, that he thought her the fairest in all Canterburie. He returned home that way he went out, because he would have another looke at the smith's wife; and as he passed by, hee gave her a curtesie for his farewell. Well, home he went to his chamber, and there bethought him of his new love, and cast in his mind a thousand wayes how he might come to his purpose. At last he sent for the smith to

come looke upon his horse, who very hastily hied him to the priory, where the prior welcomed him and entertained him with great curtesie, kissing the nurse (as the old proverbe is) for the childes sake, and making much of blacke Vulcan for faire Venus sake: the poore smith very carefully lookt to the horse, and where ought was amisse, amended it. The prior and all his covent gave him great commendations and thanks, and bad him to breakfast, where he had good cheere and store of strong drinke, which made the smith passing pleasant: as they sate at breakfast, the prior told him, sith they had made experience of his skill, and that he was cunning about horses, he was content to make him farrier of the priory. At this the smith was very glad. Nay more, quoth the pryor, because thou shalt have more gaines out of the dorter, seeing thy wife is a good cleanly woman, she shall be landresse for me and the whole covent. The smith hearing this, perceived by the weathercocke which way the wind blew, shakt the head, and began to smile. The prior demanded of him why he laught? Mary, sir, quoth he, seeing wee are at meat, and myrth is good for digestion, I will tell you a merry jest. There was such a poore man as my selfe, that dwelt (as I do) hard by a priory, and he had brought up in his house a little lambe, which growing to a sheepe, would wander all abroad, and returned home safe at night without any hurt: at last, this little sheepe

being the poore mans treasure, seeing the prioris gate open, and the yard full of grasse, went in and fed there. The wanton fryars that were idle, would often sport with the lambe, and play withall, and pulled off the wool off the backe, that it had almost left nothing but the bare pelt : which the poore man espying, kept up his sheepe, and would not suffer it to goe any more abroad : yet it had gotten such a sweet savour in the priorie yard, that assoone as it brake loose, it would thither, where the pryor and fryers spying it againe, consented, and eate it up all. The good man came to aske for his sheepe, and they laughing at him, gave him no other amendes but the hornes. So, my masters, if my wife should be your laundresse, I warrant you, if I came to enquire for her, I might have such fees as the poor man had for his losse. No, no, I am well, I thanke you ; if myself may serve for a farrier, so it is ; but my wife (of all men) shall not have to deale either with prior or fryars. At this they all laught ; but the prior, not willing to give over the chase thus, made this answere. Why, smith (quoth hee), thou art a foole ; thou mayst have a proviso for that ; for though she wash our cloathes, yet she shall neyther fetch them nor bring them home ; neyther shall there ever a fryar come at thy house ; onely the scull of the kitchin, and I hope thou fearest not him. No, quoth the smith, they be these breechlesse yeomen that I stand so much in doubt of : but upon these conditions aforesaid, that

she shall neyther fetch them, nor carry them home, shee shall be your laundresse. Upon this they agreed, and the smith went to his house and told his wife all. Shee, that was a wily wench, thought with herselfe, that whatsoever her husband fisht for, he should catch a frogge; and that dealt he never so warily, yet she would make him one of the head men of the parish, as well as his neighbours. Shee, conjecturing thus with her selfe, the next morning came the scull earely (by that the smith was up and at his worke) with foule cloathes. God speed, sir, quoth he, I have brought your wife the priors linnen. Ah! welcome, good fellow (quoth he), goe thy wayes up to the chamber to my wife; she is above, and I thinke a bed. The scull trotted up the staires and saluted the woman. Mistris (quoth he), the prior hath sent you his clothes, and prayes you that they may bee done on Wednesday next. They shall bee done (quoth she) with all speed. And (quoth the scull) his worship wild me in secret to give you a ring for a token, and to desire you to thinke that he loves you as heartily as any woman in the world. The poore woman, seeing a gold ring, and having never had any before in her life, held herselfe a proud woman, and bethought her what good guifts she should dayly have if shee had such a lover as the prior; wherefore she returned him this answere by the scull, that shee had ever thought well of him, but her husband was a jealous foole, and watcht her narrowly

wheresoever she went ; but as farre as shee might, shee was at his command. Home went the scull, and the prior was risen by that he returned, and askt him what newes. What newes ? quoth the scull. Marry thus, sir ; assoone as I came to the doore, I found the smith hard at his worke, and I saluted him by the time of the day, and asked him where his wife was, saying, I had brought the priors linnen. Goe up the staires, good fellow (quoth he), for I thinke my wife is in bed ; and, sir, there indeed I found her ; and surely, sir, if you will beleeeve me, me thought she lay too lovely in her bed to lye with a smith ; so, sir, I gave her your token, and told her what you bad me, and she made answer, that your worship was the man who shee had ever thought well of, but her husband was a jealous foole, yet as farre as she could, she was at your command. This satisfied the priors expectation ; and on Wednesday morning, when the scull should goe for his cleane linnen, the prior compounded with him, and gave him a brace of angels to keepe his counsell, saying, Tom (for so was the sculs name), thou knowest all flesh is frayle, and we are men as well as others, though our profession bee more holy ; therefore, Tom, so it is, that I have loved the smiths wife a long time, and now may I have opportunity to fill my desires ; I will this morning take thy cloathes and besmeere my face, and with the basket hie for the cleane cloathes, onely I care for nothing, if thou keepe my counsell. Feare

not that, sir (quoth the scull), but I will be so secret as you can desire. With that the prior was brieft, because hee longed to bee there, and on with the sculs ragges, and taking the basket on his necke, hasted him very orderly to the smith's house; by that time day did appeare, where he found him hard at worke. Good morrow, sir, quoth the prior, I am come for the linnen. Goe up the staires, fellow, quoth the smith; thou comest very early, my wife is yet in bed. Up trudged the pryor, and there he found his paramour in a sweet sleepe. The prior stepd to her and kist her, and with that wee (*sic*) awakt, and seeing the scull, Why, how now, sir sawce (quoth she), can you not speake before you come up? My husband is a wise man to send such companions up into the chamber where I am in bed; twere no matter, and the match were equall, to make him weare the horne for it. Oh! be content, good love, quoth the prior, for know thou that I am not Tom scull, but the prior himselfe that sent thee the ring, who for thy sake is come thus disguised. With that he discovered himselfe, and she perceived it was he, and blusht: hee kist her, and so conjured her, that whilst the poore smith was knocking at the smithy, he had dub'd him knight of the forked order; and for feare of suspicion, putting his linnen in the basket, away hee went, bidding the smith farewell. Thus the prior and the smiths wife contented, and enjoying their hearts desire, the poore smith loved her not a whit the

worse, neyther did he suspect anything : for the blind eates many a fly, and much water runs by the mill that the miller wots not of. So playd it with this smith : for twice a weeke came the prior in his sculs apparell to his lemmen. Thus it continued, till on one morning the prior was not well, so that he could not goe, but Tom scull after his wonted manner went to carry forth the linnen : and as he went by the way, he began to thinke with himselfe what a fayre woman the smith's wife was, and how faine he would be partaker with his master. Hammering this in his head, on he went to the smith's house. Now, smith (quoth he), good morrow ; is thy wife up ? No, quoth the smith, but she is awake ; goe up and carry your linnen a Gods name. Up came the scull, and rushing in at the chamber doore, threw downe his basket, and seeing the chamber darke that hee could not be discovered, slipt to bed, and entred commons with the prior, and with that got him away without saying one word. The smiths wife marvailed at this, and supposed he had heard some rusling, and for feare of her husband had gone away so hastily. Well, within two dayes after, came the prior againe, and after his accustomed manner went up with his basket, and saluted her after the old fashion. I pray you tell me, master prior, quoth she, what meant you the other morning, that you came so quiet, and slipt away with such silence after you got out of bed ? By this, the prior perceived that the

scull had cut a shive on his loafe, and so thought to dissemble the matter. Faith, sweet heart, quoth he, I heard a noyse, and thought it had beene thy husband that had come up. So I conjectured, quoth the smith's wife ; and therefore after you were come, seeing you were frighted with your owne shadow, I laught heartily : thus as long as they durst they chatted, but at last the prior up with his basket and away. When he came home, in a great chafe he sent for the scull, and made enquiry of the matter. The poore fellow, afraid of sore threatenings, confessed the matter, and craved pardon : but the prior, forgetting his pacience, fell upon poore Tom the scull, and beat him so sore, that he had almost kild him ; and afterwards swearing him on a booke, if ever after he went with any cloathes, he should goe no further than the chamber doore. The scull agreed to this, and confirm'd it with a solemne oath ; but the remembrance of his sore blowes bred in him a mind to revenge ; whereupon resolving to doe any mischief to the prior that he might, one day he went very orderly to the smith, and carried him to the ale-house, and there, after a long protestation of silence, revealed the whole matter unto him, how the prior every day came in his apparell to his wife, and so made him weare the hornes, while he was busie about his hammers. At this, the smith fetchd a great sigh. Alas ! quoth he, and am I a cuckold ? Why not you, quoth the scull, as well as your betters ? Indeed,

quoth the smith, and that is all the comfort that I have, that my betters have had as hard hap : for the abbot of St. Peters that is an holy man had but one lemmon, and yet she was not content with twenty morsels : and I am a poore smith and a lay man, no marvaile then if my fortune be as forked as the rest ; but by the holy roode of Rochester, quoth he, I will be so revenged on the prior, that after I have taken him, he shall hate lechory the worse while he lives. I, quoth the scull, take heed thou plaguest not me instead of the prior. To avoid, therefore, all ensuing danger, if I come to morrow, thou shalt know me by this token, I will aske thee whether thou hast drunke this morning or no : if thou hearest no such watch-word, then know it is the prior. So be it (qd. the smith), and upon this they drunke their drink and departed. The next morning the smith was early at his worke, and the prior that longed to be with his lemmon was as soone awake, and up he got, and on with the sculs apparrell, and to the smiths house, and after his accustomed manner bade him good morrow, and up the staires. The smith, perceiving it was the prior because he wanted his watch-word, hied up presently after him, and tooke the prior in bed with his wife. Why, how now, scull ? quoth he. Will no worse meat goe down with you then my wife ? Before you and I part, I will learne you how to make Vulcan of me, without you were more like Mars then you be.

Whereupon his man and he (two lusty knaves) stepd to him and puld him out of his bed, and thrust him into a great sacke, wherein he was wont to put chaffe : when he had done, carried him into the street, and layd him downe before his doore, and then made his wife take a flaile in her hand, and thresh as hard as she could : but because he perceived her strokes were laid on with favour, himselfe stood behind her with a great carters whip, and every time she fainted in her blowes, hee lent her a lash that hee fetcht the bloud through her petticoat. The people that came by marvelled at this antike, and aske the smith what hee was a doing. Killing of fleas, quoth the smith, that I found this morning in my bed, and because my wife is too idle and will not strike home, I stand with my whip to whet her on. Neighbours, therefore, give good eare, and marke the end, and see when my wife hath beaten them enough, and see what foule fleas they be, and by my example learne whensoever you take such great fleas in your wives bed, to put them to the like punishment. The people flocked together to see this sport, and although the prior was almost bruysed to death (though for favouring of him the smiths wife bore many a lash), yet he durst not cry, for feare of further discredit, but lay still and suffered all with patience. At last, a multitude of people flocking together, it chanced that upon serious businesse the abbot of St. Peters came by, who seeing such a throng, sent one of

his men to know what the matter meant. Oh! may it please your lordship, quoth the smith, such a sight as you never saw; wherefore, for Christs sake I aske it, that you would take so much paines as to come over the way and see. The abbot stept over the channell, and when hee came and saw the smiths wife with her flaile, and him with his whip, hee wondred, and the smith told him as the rest, that it was a flea he tooke in his wives bed. All this while lay the prior with a heavy heart, for feare the smith would shake him out of the sacke; wishing to abide twice so much torment, so hee might escape unknowne. As the abbot, about this matter, stood questioning with the smith, the scull that mist the prior that past his houre, thought the smith had playd some mad prancke with him, went and put on the priors apparell, and his coule over his head that he might not be knowne, and went downe to the smiths house-ward, where, seeing a concourse of people, he hasted him thither. At last, the smith spyed him, and cryed, Oh! my lord abbot, yonder comes the prior of Saint Austins, it was one of his fleas. Well knew the smith it was Tom scull; but his wife supposing it to be the prior, and that hee in the sacke was the scull that had deceived her, in despight for revenge layd on such blowes, that she needed no whipping to amend her stroakes. When the prior came, and after most humble manner had saluted the abbot, he desired to know the cause of that sight. Marry, quoth the smith,

master prior, I may thank you for this ; for a flea of your priorie hath leapt from the dorter to my wives bed, and finding it there this morning, I put it into a sacke, and caused my wife to thresh it ; and for that both you and master abbot, and all my neighbours, shall see what parlous fleas oft happen into womens beds, I will shake him out before you all ; and with that unbound the sacke, and he threw out the prior, who being in the sculls apparell, was so besmeared and so bloudy, that he could not be knowne. Looke here, master prior, quoth the smith, here is the scull of your priory ! Oh ! notable knave, quoth Tom scull, to discredit our house ! What thinke you of this, my lord abbot ? Is this a sufficient punishment or no, considering by this fault he shall give occasion of slander to the whole priory ? He is, quoth the abbot, within the jurisdiction of your censure, and therefore deal with him as you list. Mary, quoth the scull, then thus : because it is an open fault, it shall have a more open punishment ; for if it be smothered up thus, they will say that I am a favourer of sinne : with that he cald to certaine of his covent, for most of the monkes of the priory were come thither. How say you, brethren, qd. he, is it not best that he stand all this forenoone on the pillorie, and have a paper written on his head, containing the whole matter of his offence ? And the smiths wife shall stand under him with her flaile, and the smith with his whip. And so,

quoth the smith, shall all Canterbury laugh at me, that come into the market place to proove myself a cuckold. No, goodman scull, quoth he, it shall not be so ; and with that he puld off his coole, and said : Masters and neighbours, see, heere is the scull of the house, and this, beaten in the sacke, is the prior himselfe, that came to my wife in the sculs apparell : at this all the people clapt their hands, laught, and made good game to see how simply the prior stood, and in what a majestie the scull sate in the priors abiliments. At this sight, the abbot abasht, and the fryers were ashamed : but the scull, nothing amazed, began afore all the people to say thus : My masters, quoth he, I was once a scholler, though I am now a scull, and then I learned this old saying in Latin, *Caute, si non caste*. Live charily, if nor chastely. Be not so forward in your follies, that you discover your faults to the whole world : and especially was this spoken to men of the Church, for in that they know much, and do dehort others from vice, the people looke their lives and their learning should agree : but when they offend so grosely as Master Prior through his ill example, to bring a whole house in slander, then are they worthy of double punishment : for we know fryers are men, and I warrant you, there is a great many in England have done as much to others as hee hath to the smiths wife, and yet have scap'd without discredit : I hope, my lord abbot, if you enter into your owne conscience, you can

verifie as much; and therefore seeing he was so carelesse of his credit, let him for ever after (to avoyd perpetuall infamy of the house) be banisht out of the priory. To this they all agreed; and the people that heard this collation said Tom scull was worthy to be prior, whereupon the abbot and the fryers consenting, and seeing hee had good learning, turned away the old prior and made Tom scull prior in his roome: thus was the prior punisht for his lechery, the smith revenged for his cuckoldry, and the scull for his blowes stumbled on a good promotion.

At this merry tale of the cobbler all they in the barge laught, and said the smith was well revenged. Yea but, quoth the cobbler, so he was made a cuckold, and with a heavy head was the poore smith faine to goe to his hammers, being ever after noted for a cuckold through all Canterbury. There sat a smith hard by, who grieved at this, that he should descant thus upon his occupation, and the rather perchance he tooke pepper in the nose, because he was of the same fraternitie, if not with a prior, yet with some other good fellow, and therefore in a snuffe he began thus to reply. Why, cobbler, quoth he, doest thou hold the smith in such derision because he was a cuckold? I tell thee, cobbler, kinges have wore the hornes: and 'tis a fault that fortune exempteth from none: yea, the old writers have had it in such question, that they have set downe divers degrees of cuckolds: there be 8 degrees, and

that I can prove. At this, there was a great laughter, and every man desired him to tell what they were. That I will, quoth the smith, they be these :

The eight orders of cuckolds.

- | | |
|---|---|
| { | 1. <i>An over-growne cuckold.</i> |
| | 2. <i>A cuckold and no cuckold.</i> |
| | 3. <i>A horne-mad cuckold.</i> |
| | 4. <i>A winking cuckold.</i> |
| | 5. <i>An extempore cuckold.</i> |
| | 6. <i>A John hold my staff cuckold.</i> |
| | 7. <i>A cuckold in grain.</i> |
| | 8. <i>An ante-dated cuckold.</i> |

These are the colours grinded, to draw the cuckolds fates by. Now behold the faces themselves.

1. *An over-growne cuckold* is a gray cuckold, an old ram-headed cuckold, whose hornes in their turning are so heavy and crooked, the very tips of them almost run into his eyes. His cornuto-cap has kept his head warme some 30 or forty yeares (for so long his wife has beene an upholster, and dealt in feather-beds). It was a pretty tit then ; the beast has a racking pace still. If all the cuckolds in a parish were to be impanel'd upon a jury, this is their foreman. In a voyage to Cuckold's-Haven, he steeres the ship, and lands first, the precedence being given him, for the antiquity of

his forked crest, as having beene a cuckold ever since he entred into the married-mens order.

2. *A cuckold and no cuckold*, is he whose wife is handsome, faire, and well favour'd, yet very honest; yet this bull-calfe feares he has bumpes, yet none can see them: he still feeles for knobs on his forehead, but finds none. One that thinkes better of hornes, than they doe of him. A conceited cuckold.

3. *A horne-mad cuckold*, is a wild bull, bellowing and roaring still after his cow, as if shee had a bree in her tayle, and ran up and down as mad as he. This cuckold is a meere Tom of Bedlam. If in the shambles a boy cry but ptrooh, hee starts, stares, and lookes about him, as if his wife were behind him; he sleepes not in quiet; if his wife puts but two fingers daintily into a dish of mince-meat, he sweares she makes hornes at him. He cannot endure to heare of Saint Luke's day, nor of S. Thomas his night, when the Templers and inne-a-courts-men blow their hornes under mens windowes. A sow-gelder makes him looke pale: if he passes by a horners dore, he swounds, and must drinke *aqua vitæ*: this is the foole of cuckolds, and most worthy to be laught at.

4. *A winking cuckold*, is he that sees a cock-sparrow tread his hen, yet goes away and sayes nothing; an honest, patient asse, that carryes his hornes as willingly as a tanners horse carries his masters hides from Leaden-hall market. A meere hum-drum John-à-

droines : who if he peepes in at keyhole and sees his wife curvetting, goes sneaking away like a dog, with his tayle betweene his legs, with this onely in his mouth, Ah ha ! are you there with your beares.

5. *An extempore cuckold*, is no riming cuckold, but such a block-head that his wife on her very wedding day puts him to spell his name in the horne-booke. This is a mellow cuckold.

6. *A John hold-my-staffe-cuckold*, has his hornes so high, they run through his hat ; a rascall-deere ; the basest in the whole herd of cuckolds ; a stagge in a city, a rhinoceros for his hornes in his parish, a pander in his house, a slave every where.

7. *A cuckold cryed up*, is a peevish, snappish, quarrelsome ninny-hammer, that in the end she gives him cause ; he, upon the least suspicion, runnes snuffing up and downe, and having found his game (taken the poore whore, his wife, in the manner), what does he, but cry his hornes up ; arrests his half sharer (his fellow-commoner), swears he will make him stand in a white sheet (when he had done that already), and for his wife he will firke her soundly. In the end, when all the courts in the civill law have his name, his head, and his hornes, upon record, then hee's quiet, takes his wife againe, and every night lockes his chamber-doore with his owne shooing horne.

8. *An antedated cuckold*, is a fruit no sooner ripe but rotten ; this is a harmlesse young-codhead, who

fooles himselfe into hornes : the night-mare rides him the first houre he's married : for the poore credulous Nicodemus, thinking he has a sweet white grape, is false upon a sowre one ; no wine is given him at his wedding-dinner but bastard ; and of that his bride has begun to him in a bowle or two. And at night he may pledge her ; if he has no maw, no matter, he's sure of a good cooke that can bring up his meat pyping-hot to his table. He needs feare no poysoning, for hee has two or three tasters.

Thus, quoth the smith, you have heard my degrees and their exposition : and because I will be quit with the cobbler for the tale of the smith, give me leave a little and you shall heare a merry jest, but because I will let you know what manner of man he was, before his tale heare his description.

The Description of the Smith.

This smith was a quaint sire,
As merry as bird on brier,
Jocund and gleesome at every sith,
His countenance aye buxome and blith.
His face full coaly and full blacke,
Hued like unto a colliers sacke,
Or as if it had beene soile in the mire,
Full of wrinkles was his cheekes with the fire.
Well he could sweat and swinke,
And one that aye loved good drinke.
For hard by his forge alwayes stood

The Tinker of Turvey, or

A stond of ale nappy and good :
Which made the colour of his nose
Like to fire when it glowes :
His head great, his browes broad,
Able to beare a great load,
As no man might hold it scorne,
On his head to graft a horne.
His coates were fit for the weather,
His pilch made of swines leather :
So was his breech, and before
A dusty apron he wore ;
Wherein not to faile
Was many a horschoe nayle ;
And for to fit him every tide,
Hung a hammer by his side :
Thus attyred, the smith gan say,
What befell on a summers day.

The Smith's Tale.

Containing a pleasant jest of a jealous Cobler, and
how, for all his suspition, he was cunningly
made cuckold.

IN Rumney Marsh by the sea-coast, there dwelled a
cobler, a merry fellow, and of his middle age ; who
was wont on working-dayes to chante it out at his
worke, and on holy dayes to bestir his stumps in the
church-yard so merrily after a crowd, that he was well
beloved of all the country wenches, and noted for the

flower of good fellowship throughout all the parish. This cobler keeping shop for himselfe, had in house with him an old mother of his, who being as it were his servant, desirous to live more at ease, wisht him to take a wife : the cobler was loath to be perswaded to marriage, and the reason was, for that he feared to be a cuckold : yet at last hee cast his eye on a country lasse, that was a blith and bonny wench, and the chiefe of all the maides in old Rumney : to her was this jolly cobler a suter, and after a little wooing (as women must be got with praises and promises), the cobler caught her, and married they must bee in all hast : which done, they lived pleasantly together, as fooles doe presently after their wedding : but after the hony-moone was past, she, like a good huswife, fell to her worke, to spin, and card, and such other deeds of huswifery, as belonged to the profit of her house. The cobler loved her well, and she wanted nothing that might satisfie her humour, onely she was charged by her husband not to goe abroad à gosiping with her neighbours ; insomuch that eyther on working dayes or on holy-dayes, when all the wives in Rumney went to be merry, she was faine (as a poore prisoner) to keepe home : which although she passed over with silence and patience, so yet seeing his jealousie was without cause, she vowed with her selfe, if ever a friend and opportunity served to her mind, to make him weare the horne an inch longer than any of his neigh-

bours : but he kept her short for that, for every day when she was at home, she sate by him in the shop, where he sung like a nightingale, having his eye never off his wives face ; or if she sate within, her mother-in-law, an old jealous woman, bore her company ; if she went to fetch water, her mother was at her elbow ; whatsoever shee did, or whither soever she went, to be briefe, her husband or his mother was at one end, which greeved the young woman. So suspicious and jealous was the cobbler, that all Rumney talked of his folly ; and, to vexe him as they passed by, would say to him : “ Ah ! neighbour, good morrow ; now that you have a faire wife, we hope to have you one of the brotherhood, and that the cuckow in Aprill may sit and sing on your house as well as with your poore neighbours. I feare not that (quoth the cobbler), let her doe her worst, I will give her leave ; meaning that he kept such narrow watch over her that he could not bee deceived ; and therefore every day, his wife sitting by him when he was yerking of his shooes, and she at her wheele, then hee would chant out this song :

The Cobler's Song.

When as the nobility pull downe their towers,
Their mansion houses and stately bowers,
And with stone and timber make hospitals free :
Then the cobbler of Rumney a cuckold shall be.

When gentlemen leave off their peacockly sutes,
And that all their workes are charities fruites :
Tendring the poore which needy they see,
Then the cobler of Rumney a cuckold shall be.

When usurers run up and downe with their gold,
And give it to them from whom it was pould :
And colliers sacks over great you doe see,
Then the cobler, &c.

When Westminster Hall is quite without benches,
And Southwarke Bankeside hath no pretty wenches,
When in Smithfield on Fridayes no jades you doe see,
Then the cobler, &c.

When maides hate marriage, and love to live chast,
Virgins forsooth till fourescore be past,
And love not that young men their beauty should see,
Then the cobler, &c.

When wives are not wilfull but needs will obay,
When silent and speechless they sit a whole day :
When gossips doe meet, and no words will be,
Then the cobler, &c.

When womens tongues doe cease for to wagge,
And shoemakers give not their master the bagge :
When cuckolds and keepers want hornes for their fee,
Then the cobler, &c.

When tapsters and ale-wives from Barwicke to Dover,
Fill third in deall pots till the drinke doe run over,
When the quart is so full that no froth you can see,
Then the cobler, &c.

When smiths forswear to drinke off strong ale,
And live without liquor while their nose looke pale:
When in vintners wine no mixture you see,
Then the cobler, &c.

When Dutch-men hate butter, and the Spaniards pride,
When cardinals doe want a trull by their side:
When the pope like Peter humbled you see,
Then the cobler of Rumney a cuckold shall bee.

Every day did the cobler use to sing this song; and there dwelled next unto him a smith, that was a tall and a young lusty fellow, proper of personage, of a comely visage, courteous, gentle and debonary, such a one as this coblers wife could have wished to her paramour, if time and opportunity would have favoured her fancie: and the smith, seeing what a smicker wench the coblers wife was, and what a jealous fool she had to her husband, sorrowed at the good fortune of the cobler that he had so faire a wife, and wished that hee could find meanes to have such a one his friend. Upon this, being next neighbours, and their houses joyning together, the smith would oftentimes (when his leysure served him) come to the coblers shop and talke with him; where betweene the smith and the coblers wife passed such glances, that he perceiving, there was no want but place and opportunity to fulfill their desires. One day amongst the rest, fortune so favoured this young couple, that the cobler went

forth to buy leather, and left his wife and his mother in the shop ; the old woman, not having slept the last night, was heavy and fell asleepe, and the young woman sat singing at her worke. The smith, perceiving this, layd by his hammers, and went to the stall, where he saluted his neighbour, and she returned him the like curtesie.

At last, seeing the old bedlame was sure, he began to reveale unto her how long he had loved her, and how he was sorry that she was combred with such a one, as for his jealousy above all other men deserved to be made a cuckold : sundry speeches passed betweene the smith and the coblers wife, till at last she rose and gave him her hand, that she loved him better than any man in the world, and would (if any occasion would serve) to content him. Then, sweet heart (quoth he), doe me but this favour ; faine tomorrow some occasion to goe to your mothers, and come on the further side of the way, fast by such a doore, and then let me alone for opportunitie to satisfie both our desires. To this she agreed, and the smith went to his shop : presently the old woman awaked, the cobbler came home, and all was well.

At night, when they were in bed, taking him about the necke, she kist him, and told him that certaine of her friends met tomorrow at her mothers, and that she would faine goe and see them. I pray you, good husband (quoth she), let your mother and I goe together ;

I will not part out of her sight, neither will we make any long tariance. The husband for shame could not deny this request, but granted it : whereupon the next morning she got her up, and on with her holy-day apparell, and made her as fine as might be : the cobbler, seeing his wife so trickt up in her cleane linnen, began to bee jealous, and called his mother aside, and charged her by that love she bare him, not to let his wife part out of her company till she came home againe, which she promised with an oath : so away they went, and the cobbler he sate him downe and began to sing,

The smith, that all this day was not idle, had compounded with an old woman, by whose house she must passe, to favour them with house roome, and revealed unto her all the matter ; whose wife it was, and how hee would have his purpose brought to passe. By my troth, sonne (quoth she), I have heard much talke of that jealous cobbler, and I would doe my endeavour to make the asse weare a horne. Upon this they resolved, and she likt well of his policie, and said love had many shifts. At last, the smith spied his mistresse all in her bravery comming with her mother-in-law : the old wife was ready, and as she past by the doore, threw a great bowle full of bloody water right upon her head, that all her clothes and cleane linnen was marred, being so bewrayed that shee could goe no further. Alas ! mistress (quoth the old woman), I cry you mercy, what have I done ? Full sore it was against my will : but

for Gods sake come into the house, and shift you with cleane linnen ; if you have none at home, I will lend you of the best that I have. Goe in, daughter (quoth her old mother-in-law), it is a chance, and against a shrewd turne sometime, no man may be : I'll goe home as fast as I can, and goe fetch you cleane linnen ; the whiles dry you your gowne, and make all things else ready. I pray doe, good mother (quoth she), and then away goes her mother-in-law ; and as soone as she was out of doores, the old woman led her into an inward parlour where the smith was, and there these two lovers by this policie made the jealous cobler weare the horns.

Whiles thus they were solacing themselves, the olde wife she came stumbling home, and for haste had like to breake her necke over the threshold. Her fall made the cobler start ; and when he saw it was his mother, and that he missed his wife, he was halfe mad, asked his mother hastily where she was. The old woman, short winded, was almost out of breath, and for a good space sate puffing and blowing to fetch wind ; at last, she cryed out : Alas ! deere son, such a chance as never was heard off : as we went through old Rumney, hard by the church, a woman threw out a bowle of bloody water right upon your wives head, which hath so bewrayed her linnen and her gowne that she could go no further, and so I as fast as I could came running home for cleane clothes. Oh ! for the passion of God,

mother (qd. he), hie to her chest, and get her clothes ready, for it may be a fetch to make the poore cobbler a cuckold ; a horne, mother, is soone grafted ; with that the old woman got all in readinesse, and away ran the cobbler and his mother together. Well, the two lovers out at a little hole kept good watch and ward, that anon they spyed when the cobbler and his mother came trudging : in went his wife, and sate her downe by the fire, where the cobbler found her onely sitting with the old woman in her petticoat, drying her gowne. Assoone as she saw him, she wept ; and he, although he grieved at the mischance, yet for that he spyed her in no company, he was satisfied, and wisht her to be content, and sent for a pot of beere or two to make her drinke : and after he had seene all well, and his wife in her cleane apparell, setting them a little on the way, home hee went againe to his shop, and his wife went to her mothers, where an houre or two she past away the time in chat, and then returned home with her mother-in-law. Thus the cobbler was not suspicious of his wives being abroad, but tooke her misfortune for a chance, and the smith every day, according to his woonted custome, would come and chatte with his neighbour the cobbler, and sometime found opportunity to talke with the wife, but never out of the shop. On a day the cobbler being from home, and the old woman within peeing her hose, the smith came to the shop, and finding her alone, began to lay a plot, how to make

her husband a cuckold, while hee held the doore ; shee promised if hee would devise it, shee would put it in practice, and so agreed, they concluded between themselves, and they brought it cunningly to passe, thus.

It chanced within a fortnight after, that as the cobbler and his wife lay in bed, she fell on a great laughter ; her husband demanding the cause, she made him this answer : I will tell you, husband, a strange thing ; so it is, that this other day, when you went to buy leather, my mother and I sate in the shop, and she fell fast asleep, your neighbour the smith, he (as his custome is) came to the window, and seeing my mother asleepe, began to court me with faire words and large promises, and told me, that if I would find the meanes that when you were out I would let him lye with me, hee would give me forty shillings. I shakt him off as well as I could, but he would have no nay at all, but threw foure angels into my lap, whereupon I tooke the gold, for me thought they were foure faire peeces, and promised him that to morrow you went forth and my mother too, and then he should find me alone in the chamber. Upon this he went away, and left mee the gold ; and therefore if it please you, to morrow I thinke good you should faine your selfe to goe abroad and my mother too, and then hide you in a chamber hard by, and as soone as he is come in, you may stand at the doore, and hear all our talke ; and when you heare me consent then breake in, and take the smith and swinge

him well, and I warrant you, husband, there will divers commodities rise of it : for not onely wee shall have this gold, and get more for amends, but ever after be rid of such a knave.

This motion pleased the cobbler well, and the rather because the smith profest to be his great friend, and yet would seeke to doe him this disgrace. Upon this conclusion they resolved, and so fell a sleepe. The next day in the afternoone, the cobbler fained himselfe to goe out, and his mother with him, and after coming home at a backe doore, went up into the next chamber and hid themselves. By and by, according to promise, came the smith, and went roundly up to the chamber, where he found the smith's wife ; wherefore strait shutting the doore with a bolt on the inside, he fell to set up plumes on the cobblers headpiece. The cobbler he very easily got to the doore with a great pollaxe in his hand, and began to listen : with that he heard the smith offer faire to his wife. Nay, quoth she, I have kept promise with you ; for I onely promised to let you up into my chamber. Tush (quoth he), this is but a cavill ; and many words past betweene them : the cobbler and his mother standing at the doore, with her nay and his yea, till the cobbler had a new brow-antler growne out of his old hornes, and then she answered him, seeing nothing would content him, he should have his pleasure. With that the cobbler was ready to rush in, but that his mother stayd him,

and bid him heare further. And doest thou meane good faith? quoth the smith. Yea, wherefore else (quoth the coblers wife) came we into this place. Why, then (quoth the smith), hear what I will say to thee. Doest thou thinke, though we be heere in secret, that our faults will not beseene openly; that though thy husband knowes not of it, and that it is kept close from the world, that there is not one above that sees all, and will revenge it: yes, vilde strumpet as thou art, and for this cause came I to try thee. Thou hast an honest man to thy husband, who loves thee more dearly then himselfe, and workes hard to sustaine thee, that thou shalt not want, and wilt thou in his absence wrong him? Thinke, if ever thou dost, it will come out, and thou shalt be punished with open shame. I am thy husbands deerest friend, with whom I am dayly conversant, and dost thou thinke I could find in my heart to offer him such injurie? No. And then art not thou more to blame, that being the wife of his bosome, wilt betray thy husband, who is dearer to thee than all friends? Fie upon thee, vild woman, fare thee well and amend. I will not tell thy husband, unlesse I spy thee prove light; but I shall never thinke well of thee while I live. And with that he opened the chamber doore, and the cobbler chopt in, and taking the smith by the hand, said, Neighbour, I thanke you for your good counsell; I have heard all the communication that past betweene you and my wife, and truely,

(and with that the cobbler wept), I am heartily glad I have such a trusty friend, to whom in my absence at any time, because my mother is an old woman, I may commit the oversight of my wife : and truly, neighbor (qd. he), I pray you thinke never the worse of her ; for she told me the whole matter, and appointed me to stand at the doore, that when you should have offered her any discourtesie, I might have rusht in and have taken you. So that I perceive you are as honest as she, and she as honest as you, and that your meanings were both alike. I am glad of that (qd. the smith) that you have so vertuous a wife ; I hope I done the part of a friend to pleasure my neighbour. You have done so (quoth the cobbler), and therefore ere we part weele drinke a quart of wine. So the cobbler bestowed good cheere on the smith, and ever after accompted him for his friend, and whensoever he went out of towne, committed the charge of his wife to the smith, who at all times had free egresse and regresse to the coblers house without suspicion.

This tale of the smith made all the company to laugh ; and the cobbler he was starke mad for anger, saying, that if it had bin his case, he would have given him wine with a cudgell. Tush, cobbler (qd. the smith), never thinke but our art can surpasse yours in such wenching matters, and that the smith can sooner make a cobbler a cuckold then a cobbler a smith. Upon this

they fell to jarres, and from words had fallen to blowes, if they of the barge had not parted them : so at last they were quiet, and made friends. And then the cobbler he began to intreat that they would goe forward in their merry exercise ; whereupon a gentleman sitting by, said : Masters, it is so good to passe away the time, that to continue so honest a sport, I will be the next : and thus therefore I will describe him.

The Description of the Gentleman.

His stature was of a middle length,
Well joynted and of a good strength,
Siken writes reports to us
Was that Troian Troylus :
For he was of a comely visage,
And his manners of a courteous usage.
His haire in curled lockes hung downe,
And well I wot the colour was nut browne :
And yet it was full bright and sheene ;
Such wore Paris I weene,
When he sayled to Græcia,
To fetch the faire Helena.
His front was of a silver hue,
Powdred thick with veynes blue.
His eyes were luminous,
Chrystalline and beauteous,
Gray and sparkling like the starres,
When the day her light upsparres.
His cheekes like the lillies white,
Or as Luna being bright :

And yet comely thereupon,
Was shadowed colour vermillion,
That gazers all woulden suppose,
How the lilly and the rose,
Did maken warre each with other.
His suercoat was of satten blew,
Like unto a lover true ;
His hose were garded along,
With many broad and velvet thong ;
His cloake grew large and wide,
And a faire whinniard by his side,
The pummell gelt, and on his head
He had a bonnet cullor'd red :
An alder leefer swaine, I weene,
In the barge there was not seene :
And then thus he began to tell,
What in Cambridge a scholler befell.

The Gentlemans Tale.

Containing the contrary fortunes that a Scholler of
Cambridge had in his loves.

IN the University of Cambridge, in Peters hostell, there lived a scholler famous for his learning, called Rowland, who being placed there by his friends, so profited, that hee grew to be one of the fellowes of the house, being in great estimation for the honestie of his life and excellency of his learning. He was a man as well proportioned as he was qualified, and had as well

bona corporis as he had *bona animi*, and could as well play the wagge and the wanton abroad, as he could apply his bookes and study at home : amorous he was, and one that delighted to feed his eye with every faire face ; which after turned to his great prejudice, thus. It fortunéd on a day in the summer season, that for recreation he walked as far as Cherry-hinton, to eate a messe of creame, where being very pleasant, as he sate jesting with his hostesse, there came in a gentleman's daughter in the towne, a mayd of exceeding beauty, so well proportioned in the lineaments of her face, that nature seemed to try in her an experiment of her cunning. This girle, as wise as she was faire, and as wanton as she was witty, came in and questioned with the hostesse about some businesse. Rowland, seeing such a nimph come sweeping in, thought either Venus or Diana had come in their country weeds to bewitch mens fancies : he cast his eye upon the excellency of her phisiognomy with such a piercing looke, that love entring by the eye, so wroong him at the hart, that forsooth fancy her of force he must.

Now my yong scholler could doe nothing but gaze upon her, for court her he could not, unlesse he should have begun to wooe her with some words of art, or some axiomes of philosophie. The yong gentlewoman, seeing the scholler looke so earnestly upon her, began to blush, and so taking her leave of the hostesse, went

her way. The scholler, seeing her gone out of doores, thought of the old proverbe : *Faint heart never won faire lady* : and therefore called to her thus : Faire gentlewoman (quoth he), you may see we schollers have little manners, that holding the pot in our hands, will not make such a saint as you drinke : how say you, gentlewoman, will it please you pledge me ? The wily wench, hearing such a scholler-like gratulation, seeing by this salute, that schollers had read of love, more then they could say of love ; and although they could tell what was Latin for a faire woman, yet could neyther wooe her, nor win her, turned back againe, and with a low curtesie thanked him. He off with his corner cap (for he was a bachelour in arts), and with a glauncing looke drunke to her. She, like a wanton, pledgd him with a smile. Rowland, at this taking heart of grasse, stept to her, and tooke her by the hand, beginning thus to hold her in chat.

Your towne here (forsooth) of Cherry-hinton hath made me oft play the trivant, to come hither for cherries, and as mine hostesse can tell, full many a messe of creame have I eaten in her house, for we schollers are good companions, and love to be pleasant, especially if we might have the company of such a faire gentlewoman as your selfe : therefore, mistris, if I chance to come to towne to eat a pound of cherries (if I may be so bold), I would trouble you to take part with mee ; and if I meet you at Cambridge, the best wine

in the towne shall be your welcome. The wench (that had much adoe to keepe her countenance) thought to feed him with her faire speeches, till she made him as fat as a foole, and therefore made him this reply. Truly, sir, indeed many schollers come to Cherry-hinton to eat cherries : but, sir, you are the first man that ever I dranke withall : for schollers bee so full of their learning and fine tearmes, that country wenches cannot understand them ; but I, for my part, at the first sight like of you so well, that if my leisure serve, whensoever you come and please to send for me, I will as long as I dare beare you company ; but now forsooth time cals me away, and I must begon. With all my heart, quoth Rowland ; but truely we must not part without a kisse, which shee willingly tooke at his hands, and went home : where, as soon as she came, she revealed all to a yong gentleman that lay in her fathers house, who was sure to her. They, laughing heartily at the schollers courting, resolved to make good sport with him ere they had done. But Rowland, hee that thought every smile was a fancy, and every maid that laught on him loved him, conjectured assuredly by the familiar curtesie of the gentlewoman that she was greatly affectionated towards him : whereupon he began to enquire of his hostesse whose daughter she was ; of what wealth her father was ; what children he had ; and what dowrie the mayd was like to have to her portion ; as a man resolved the woman was already wone,

because she had given him gracious favours. The hostesse, as well as she could, told him all ; which done, he payed his shot, and went to Cambridge, where he began altogether to muse on the beauty of his mistress, and to lay a hundred plots in his head what were best to be done : at last, he resolved to send a letter to her to signifie his love ; or else to goe himselfe, and to carry two or three of his fellowes with him, and so to discourse unto her how he loved her ; but at the last, he fully determined with himselfe to write unto her. Wherefore taking pen and inke in his hand, wrote a letter to her to this effect.

Rowland's Letter to the faire mayd of Cherry-hinton.

Mistris Marian, Aristotle the great philosopher, for all his wit, was in love with Hermia ; and Socrates the sage could not so farre subdue his passions but that he fell in liking with Zantippa. Schollers as they read much of love, so when they once fall in love, there is no hoe with them till they have their love. The finest glasse is most brittle, and the best schollers soonest overgone with fancie. For an instance, was not Ovid as deepe in love as he was excellent in learning ? I bring in these comparisons, mistris Marian, because the other Sunday being at Cherry-hinton, and seeing your sweet selfe, I was so overtaken with your beauty and good behaviour, that ever since the remembrance of your face could never out of my fancie : nor I thinke

ever shall, although I should be drencht in forgettfull floods of Lethe. Seeing then my affection is so great, I pray you consider of mee, and be not unkind, but let me have love for love ; and though here in the universitie you see me simple, yet my parents at home are men of good parentage, and what I want in wealth I shall supply in learning. Ponder with your selfe, and read but the lives and answers of the phylosophers, and see how they used their wives, with what curtesie, however the women were the most masters, and had the soveraignty which they desire. Thus, hoping you will consider of my love, desiring you to send me answere, I bid you farewell.

Yours in dust and ashes, ROWLAND.

When he had thus finished this letter, he thought to shew himselfe somewhat poetically, and thought a letter was not worth a rush unlesse there were some verses at the latter end, and therefore he affixed as a post-script this amorous ditty.

Rowlands Song to his Mistris.

Approach in place Pierides,
My vaine in verse to bend :
Dame Chryseis which gav'st Homer sucke,
Thy tender teats me lend.

Alcmena, thou which Jove didst rocke
In cradle full of joy :

Eke swathe me in those swadling clowts,
Account me for thy boy.

Yea, Naiades and pretty nimphs
That on Parnassus dwell,
Lend me your muse that I may now
My mistris beauty tell.

How that in beauty shee doth passe,
Venus the Queene of Love :
To whom, if I doe gaine her grace,
I will be turtle-dove.

Therefore, my deere, conceive my griefe,
And thinke how I doe love thee :
And in some lines send mee reliefe,
For time and truth shall prove me.

Thus hoping pen and paper shall
Thy minde to me short tell :
But love me as I doe love thee,
And so, my deere, farewell.

Thus having both finished his letter and his verse, he sent them by a convenient messenger the next Saturday to Cherry-hinton, and that forsooth was his hostesse ; who very orderly sent for the gentlewoman to her house, and delivered the letters to her, with earnest commendations from sir Rowland. The gentlewoman in outward shew seemed to accept them as gratefully as he sent them lovingly, and so hyed her home : where presently she called for her new betrothed

husband and other gentlemen her friends, and revealed unto them how she had received letters from her new lover the scholler. All they flocked about her to heare what excellent stuffe was contained in so learned a mans letter : but when they heard how like a philosophicall fool he writ, they all in a synode peremptorily concluded that the greatest clarkes were not the wisest men : and I marvell of that, quoth one of the company, for two reasons : for the one, I have heard this old said saw, that love makes men orators, and affections whetteth on eloquence ; secondly, there was none more amorous then Ovid (yet a profound scholler), insomuch that hee writ three bookes, *De Arte Amandi*, and so did Anacreon, Tibullus, and Propertius. Yea but, quoth another, as they were schollers, so were they well brought up in the court, and knew as many externall matters as they did inward principles : but beware, my masters, when a scholler is once brought up in the universities, and hath no other bringing up but plaine *ergo* to plod in, nor converseth with none but his bookes, and then hap to fall in love, trust me hee will be as ignorant to wooe as the plough-man to dispute, thinking that womens fancies are won with figures, and their thoughts over-reacht with the quiddities of art : but of all that ever I heard write, this setteth downe his mind the most simply : and therefore, quoth Marian, shall hee be answered as foolishly, for I my selfe will be secretary. Nay, quoth divers of

the gentlemen, we will put in our verdict with you. No, quoth shee, try but a womans wit. That's knavish enough, quoth one of them; and stepping to her standish shee wroth thus.

*Marian of Cherry-hinton, to Sir Rowland of
Cambridge, health.*

Sweet sir Rowland, I received your letters, wherein I perceive that schollers in love are like to a sow with pig under the apple-tree, which either hastily must have a drab, or else loose their litter. If I bring in a country comparison blame me not, in that I am a country wench, and have none but plaine country logicke; but whatsoever I write, I meane well. Indeed, rightly you say, that the finest glasse is most brittle, and the best schollers soonest pinched with love, which I thinke to be true: for as soone as ever I saw you, how your eyes waited upon my face as an object of your delight, I tooke you to be too wise, kind and amorous; and therefore seeing ever since you have beene passionate, it were great pittie that you should not have for your paines (even as we use in a homely proverbe) a country sackfull of love: and the rather you induce me to think well of you, that you bring in the examples of Aristotle and Hermia, and of Socrates and Zantippa, whereby you seeme to promise that I shall, as they had, enjoy the soveraignty; and that if I be like them in conditions, you will be as suffering as they

in patience : yet will I neyther be so proud towards
you as Hermia, for she rid Aristotle with a snaffe, like
a horse ; nor so waspish as Zantippa, for she crowned
Socrates with a chamber-pot, but betweene both : and
so wishing you hope the best, I bid you farewell.

Yours never, if not ever,

MARIAN OF CHERRY-HINTON.

After she had done her letter, that shee might seeme
to bee no whit behind him in any good will, shee
leaned her head on her hand, and in a poetickall fury
writ her lover these verses.

Marians Verses to Sir Rowland.

Feare not, my deere, the stormes of love,
For they are passing sower :
And sometime sweet as hony comb,
And all within an hower.

Like to a sunne-shine summers day,
When Phæbus shewes amaine :
And yet ere night from tawny clouds
Doth fall a shower of raine :

So whatsoever chance betide,
Or whatsoever fall ;
If father frowne, or mother chide,
Yet you must beare withall.

For why? the cuckow doth not come,
In Aprill month more sure,
Then I will fixe my love on thee,
For ever to endure.

Thus wishing thee to thinke on me,
In study or in street,
I bid you heartily farewell,
Till we in Cambridge meet.

Having thus ended her song and the letter, she calld the convocation of the merry gentlemen, and shewed them her humour in prose, and her vaine in verse; asking if shee had done it knavishly enough. Yea, quoth her betrothed husband, and so exceeding well that you shall stand for four and twenty knaves till Christmas next. Tush, quoth another, womens wits are like Sheffield knives, for they are sometimes so keene as they will cut a haire, and sometime so blunt as they must goe to the grindstone. That is (quoth the second) when you perswade them to silence or obedience; talke with them but in that doctrine, and they are meere dunces.

Thus they began to descant of womens wit: but the gentlewoman wily enough left them all, and went and layd up her letters till Saterday market: then she went to his hostesse, and delivered them to her, earnestly intreating her, if she saw sir Rowland, to convey that packet to him: The hostesse promised her to doe it faithfully and effectually; and away to Cambridge

she went, where scarce she was set with her butter and her milke, but she spyed sir Rowland come flinging downe the markett hill in his wide sleeved gowne and his corner cap. She needed not to call him, for he straight found her out, and she as soone delivered him the packet. Sir Rowland thankt her; and away he went to his study to read the contents; but it was too farre to Peters hostell, and therefore he cald in at a taverne by the way for a pinte of wine, and there he opened the letter, which when he had read, he perceived by the contents she loved him: for hee, being simple, perceived not how shee bobd-foole with him: taking every jest for a sentence, he thought himselfe the master of all worldly content, and that fortune could not advance him higher on her wheele then to have so faire a mayd to his paramour. Then viewed over her verses, and in a sweet passion praised her poetry, commended her wit, saying, for stature she was Juno, for beauty Venus, for learning and qualities Pallas: thus, in meditation of his letter and his love, sate poore sir Rowland from eight o'clocke till eleven, and then hearing the hostell bell ring to dinner, for feare he should loose his halfe-penny chops, he put up his letter into his pocket, and went his way. After dinner he fell to his old vaine; got alone to be solitary, and then sate ruminating on the good successe of his loves, accompting it rather to his profession then his fortune, for he thought none so faire, chast, nor rich,

but a scholler might win with his logicke. Thus he passed over day by day in sending of letters to his love, and divers times resorting thither, but seldome could he speake with her, for that she fained some excuse ; onely when she ment to laugh, then she was for his company. But it fell out that one Saturday above the rest, sir Rowland met her in Cambridge, and finding her with other of her neighbours, saluted her, and would needes welcome her to the towne with a pint of wine, which shee tooke very kindly, that shee might sooth him up still in his vaine hope, and forsooth to the taverne shee and her companions went with him, where they had good game at our Cambridg wooer ; but Marian, taking him aside, told him that her father and her mother had intelligence of their loves, and as farre as shee could conjecture, it was by his hostesse : therefore she wiled him not to make her privie to his secrets any more ; nor to come to Cherry-hinton but when she sent for him, which should bee as often as opportunity would serve, hoping, though her father now were not forward, yet in time he would consent, and specially if he saw him master of artes. With this the scholler rested satisfied, and they dranke their wine and departed. Thus betweene them passed on all the summer, till the deepe of winter, about Christmas, when she on a time and the rest of the gentlemen, desirous to be pleasant, determined to have some sport with the scholler ; and so caused Marian to send a letter

for him, that he should come that night and speake with her : which she did, and he (poore soule) no sooner received it, but in all hast hied him in the frosty evening to Cheryhinton, where, when he came, he straight spake with Marian, and she wisht him to stay in an old barne while her father was at supper, and then she would convey him into a backe court, where he should walke hard under the chamber doore, and then when her father were in bed she would let him in. The scholler stood there a while, and Marian came strait and conducted him into a square court, where Rowland rested him till her father should goe to bed. The night grew darke, and with that passing cold, so that Rowland waxed weary of his standing, and wisht that her father were in bed : there stood the poore scholler shaking and trembling in his joynts, till it was eleven of the clocke : then saw he light at the doore, and he heard Marian call him. Oh ! blessed houre, thought hee, that now I shall goe both to a good fire and to my love. Sir Rowland (quoth she), be still a while ; my father and my mother is gone to bed, but my brother and two gentlemen more are up at cards, and they have but a set to play, and then they will to their rest. Alas ! sweet heart (quoth he), I am almost starved for cold, yet the hope that I have to enjoy thy presence doth comfort me, that I take all things with patience. The gentlemen that stood hard by and heard all this laught at the scholler, and up they went againe

to their chamber to be merry, but still walkt poore Rowland, beating his hands about him for cold, and expecting still when his lover should call him : well, there he traverst his ground still like a pery-patecian, and only had the sight of the heavens to contemplate, till it was about one of the clocke, and then came they all downe again to laugh, and as soone as he saw the candle at the chinke of the doore, he began to be comforted, and came thither, shaking and beating of his teeth so sore that he could not speak. Where are you, sweet hart (qd. she), alas ! how sorry am I for thy distresse ; thinke that the hart in my belly is as cold for grieffe as thy joynts are with the frost ; faine would I have thee come in, but the loosers will not part play, and so they sit still, wherefore I hope thou wilt weigh my credit. Oh ! Marian (qd. he), and his teeth jarred one against another that they could scarce understand him, I am like to perish with cold, yet were it twice as frosty and the night thrise as long, I would walk here rather than procure thy disparagement. Gramercy, sweet love (quoth she), and with that we bid him be still a while, and the gentlemen all fell a laughing to heare how kind a foole the scholler was, and with what patience he did penance. Oh ! quoth the one of them, that is but an experiment of his phylosophicall principles, for he reades in Tully :

Non oportet sapientem in adversis dolore concidere.

I (quoth the second) and Mimus Publius gives him this counsell :

Adversis proba, ut fortunam, cum necesse fuerit.

Patienter insultantem feras.

You say well (quoth the third), but let him for me make instance of himselfe for such axiomes ; I will rather be a warme foole than so cold a philosopher. Thus they gan descant upon the poore schollers misery, till the clocke strucke three, and then as they were comming downe, they heard a noyse at the doore, which was this poore Rowland creeping under the shade for warmth, his teeth beating so lowd, that they might heare them easily up the staires : all this moved not my yong mistresse to pitty, but encreased their laughter. Assoone as he heard them come downe the staires, almost dead, he called out, Who is there ? Oh ! sweet heart, it is thy Marian, quoth she. Then, for Gods-sake, quoth Rowland, take pitty of my life, for I am almost dead ; doe but open the doore, and let me sit heere upon the stayres, that I may have some shelter from the cold. Alas ! quoth she, sweet love, thou shalt and thou wilt, but when the doore is opened, it makes such a noyse that it wakens the whole house. Rather, quoth hee, let me suffer death then you be discredited ; for if I were to abide the stone of Sisiphus, the wheele of Ixion, the gripe of Prometheus, and the hunger of Tantalus, yet had I rather pocket up all these tortures

with patience than bring thy credit within the compasse of the least prejudice: at this period she left him, and up they went, smiling at the constancie of Rowland. The gentlemen they were sleepe, and went to bed, and Marian (as farre as I can conjecture), though it were somewhat before the marriage, that night made tryall of her new betrothed husband, where from three she lay with him till sixe, and then it waxed daylight, and shee rose: and, remembering her lover, went downe, opened the doore, and found him almost sencelesse: there wiping her eyes as though she had wept, she perswaded him that she was the most sorrowfull woman in the world for his sharpe frosty night he had suffered, protesting shee was falne into an ague for feare and grieffe she had taken to see him in such distresse, and could by no meanes redresse it. But, good Rowland (qd. she), be content; hie thee to Cambridge, and take some hot brothes, least by this meanes thou fall into a sicknesse, and then for feare I dye. No, qd. Rowland, and he could scarce speake or goe, feare not me, for the hope of thy after favors will be a sufficient comfort for me; and with that taking his leave, for his cold nights worke he had a kisse, and so departed. Well, as weak as he was, home he scrambled, and got to his chamber, and discovered to a friend of his how he was like to perish of an extreame cold he had taken, if he did not so much for him as to get him a physitian, who straight went and brought him a

doctor, that with inward potions and outward oyles and unguents so wrought him, that he recovered him to his former health, although very hardly : for he was so frozen in his loynes, and so nipped in his muskels and sinewes, that if his physitian had not beene good, he had perished. It was almost a quarter of a yeare before Rowland was frolicke againe ; in which time Marian, thinking she had lost her lover with a nut, sent him a present of apples to winne him againe, which he received so gratefully, that he valewed the worst of them worth a fellowship, eating them with an extraordinary taste, that he imagined them as sweet as ambrosia, and all for that they came from his Marian. Thus continued Rowland in his amorous humour, untill such time as Marian forsooth must be married, and for that it was Advent, there was no asking in the church, but they procured a licence the day before. As she and the rest of her friends which were invited to the nuptials were merrily jesting, Oh ! Lord (quoth she), I had almost forgot myselfe, tomorrow must bee the wedding, and the bride is yet at Cambridge. Why, gentlemen, it were no bargaine if Rowland were not heere ; therefore, quoth she, I will send for him, and lay such a plot that he shall be with us all dinner, and yet taste none of our meat. I pray you, quoth her husband, let us see your cunning in that. Alas ! quoth one of the gentlemen, poore Rowland is credulous, and whatsoever mistris Marian saith, he thinkes it is gospel ; but if he

will be so simple, and to thinke that his last nights worke is not a sufficient warning, he is worthy of whatsoever befalls. Well, upon this Marian sent for him, and come hee did in the evening : where, to make my tale short, she made him to walke in his woonted station till one of the clocke, then she let him in to a good fire, where he well warmed himselfe, and she lovingly sat by him, discoursing of the last nights worke that hee abode so patiently : at last, she commanded the maid to lay the cloth, that they might have some *quelque chose* for a reare supper, which they went busily about ; for Rowland said he was very hungry. As the cloth was layd, and they ready to sit downe, the wench came running in, and said that her master was rising, and seeing the light of the fire, was comming into the parlor. Alas ! what shall I doe ? quoth Marian. Hide me somewhere, quoth Rowland, whiles he be gone to bed. Come, quoth she, here stands a new truncke and a large ; come, skip into it, and I will for a while rake up the fire, and goe to bed, while the old man be falne asleepe. With that Rowland whipt into the truncke, and she lockt him in, and straight in a pleasant humour went to her new husband, where she lay all night, and left Rowland safe shut up for starting. Still lay hee expecting when she should come ; but hearing nothing, and extreemly weary, for very grieve he fell asleepe till the next morning.

When the poore scholler awakt, and entred into consideration where he was, he began to be halfe in suspicion that he was mockt and abused: still he lay patiently, till he heard them of the house say, Good morrow, mistris Marian, God send you a good day today; the sunne shines faire, you shall have a cleere day to your wedding. This word went as cold to his heart as a knife, that Marian should be married, and he made a foole to suffer such disparagement of his credit; yet, as before, hee was patient in extreames, and so resolved with content to see the successe of his abuse. Well, to church goe the bridegroome and the bride, with all their friends attendants, and married they were with great solemnity: this done, home they come to dinner, and after they were set and placed in the parlour where this trunke stood, they fell to their viands, which were very sumptuous. The gentlemen bidding reach downe the pig, the capon, goose, swan, turkey, phesant, bitour venison, and such dainty cates. All this heard Rowland, and being passing hungry, wished he had a leg of the worst of them in his hand: still he lay almost famished and smothered, till the tables were taken up, and boords shifted, and they fell to dancing. All this heard Rowland, and hearing the musicke, fell asleepe untill supper-time, and then he awakt, and heard how they layd the tables, and went to supper; where they were passing pleasant, and the more for that they meant to make sport with Rowland

after supper was done, which continued not long, for they made the more haste for that they meant to bee merry. When the cloth was taken up, the bride fetcht a great sigh. What, wife, quoth the bridegroom, why sigh you? In a dumpe: repent you of the match? No (quoth she), but I have a blot in my conscience, and now before you all I meane to reveale it. I was once beloved of a Cambridge scholler, who loved mee entirely and suffered much for my sake: then from poynt to poynt she recompted unto them the whole discourse of the loves and fortunes passed betweene Rowland and her, whereat the company had good sport.

A man he was (quoth she) wise, proper, and well proportioned; and for prooffe, take this key, open that trunke (quoth she), and you shall see his picture.

Rowland, hearing this, arm'd himselfe to suffer all; and so the trunke was opened, and he rose out like Lazarus from his grave. Good Lord! (quoth the company) what is this? a spirit? *In nomine Jesus unde venis?* *Epurgatorio* (quoth Rowland). And with that all the people laught while they could sit. At last, when they were weary with laughing, Rowland had silence; he boldly sayd: Thus I am glad, gentlemen, that my mishap hath made you so merry, and that mistresse bride hath so large a plaine song to run descant on. *Caveat emptor*: this is but a comedie, but looke for a tragedie whensoever it fals. And so he

went out of the doore sore ashamed that he had such a kindly scoffe. The company laught well, and he patiently went, thinking how fortunate a man he should be if he might live to revenge. Rowland at this misfortune had an insight into the world, and began to waxe wiser, that in short time hee began to have as much knowledge in worldly affaires as in his booke, and was (for his good behaviour and pleasant wit) highly had in estimation, not onely amongst schollers, but amongst townesmen, that in all the universitie he was called the gentlemanlike scholler. Living thus in good credit, and yet discontented, because fortune favoured him with no opportunity to revenge, it so fell out at length that Marian, comming every weeke to Cambridge, espyed amongst the schollers one whom she cast her eye on, and thought him the properest man in the whole universitie. Well, she counted it but a glance, and thought as lightly to passe it over as it sleightly entred: but she found love, though he entred in by grant of curtesie, yet he would not be thrust out by force of extremitie; insomuch that she could not content herselfe without, but with the sight of her new friend, which was done so manifestly that the scholler perceived it, and aiming at the fairest, one Saturday, seeing her in the market, offered her a quart of wine, which she tooke gratefully, and began to be very familiar with him, insomuch that before they past, force of love made her so shamelesse, that she

was content to yeeld to his request, so that time and place would serve without the disparagement of her credit.

Upon this they concluded that master Awdrey (for so we will call him) should grow familiar with her husband, and by that meanes should have a better meanes to the quieting of his mind. Upon this determination they departed, and hee so brought it to passe, that he not onely was acquainted with her husband, but so familiar, that he would carry master Awdrey often from Cambridge with him to Cherry-hinton, and I hope you doe imagine hee was no little welcome guest to his wife. Being thus fitted in this in their passions, onely watching for place, and lingring off the time, at last it was concluded that she should come on a Saturday to Cambridge, and faine to stay with a kinswoman of hers that dwelt in the towne, and so lye with her all night: this stood for a sentence, and so the next weeke was decreed. In the meane time, it so fell out that master Awdrey and sir Rowland being of great acquaintance, and such private familiars, that nothing was holden too secret betweene them. Master Awdrey, smothering this joy in himselfe, thought to pertake it with his friend; and so as he and sir Rowland were walking, he revealed unto him the love that had passed betweene him and Marian, and on Saturday was the night when his *posse* should come into *esse*, desiring him to tell him where he might have a house

fit for such a purpose. Sir Rowland, hearing this, smild, which made master Awdrey to enquire the cause of his laughter: whereupon sitting downe upon the grasse, hee began to recount unto him the whole discourse of his loves with Marian, and what sundry abuses he suffered at her hand, to the great and utter infamie of schollers. M. Awdrey, hearing this, sate a great while in a muse; at last he said, And will women be crocodiles, to weepe rose-water and vinegar at one time; stil delay in extreames, to love without reason, and hate without cause? Oh! the follie of men to be such, to such painted sepulchers, whose painted sheaths hold leaden blades, whose skins are glorious, like panthers, but have devouring paunches! By that God that drew that infortunate female from that fortunate Adam, I hate her as extreamly as I loved her earnestly; and I will not onely yeeld the opportunity to revenge, but Ile joyne issue with thee to performe it to the uttermost. At this, Rowland was tickled with inward joy, and taking Awdrey in his armes, protested such humble service for that friendly promise as ever should lye in his ability to execute. Thus, in this determination of revenge, they crossed the fields to Trompington, and there they eat a messe of creame, whither by chance came one of the proctors, with whom both Rowland and Awdrey were very familiar; him they had in, and made as good cheere as such a simple ale-house could afford, and there in private revealed to him all their

practice, desiring his furtherance in the matter. The proctor promised to doe what in him lay for the execution of this merry action ; and there amongst them they laying and confirming the plot, they went altogether home to Cambridge, where they past away the time pleasantly till Saturday came ; and then according to promise was Marian there, and met with Awdrey, who entertained her with all the curtesie that he could, spending the day at the taverne whiles night came, and then he carried her to the house appointed, such a *subaudy domus* as was fit for such a purpose ; and there they supt. In the meantime, Rowland had sent a letter to her husband in Awdreys name, that his wife, being not wel, was faine to stay at her kinswomans all night, and desired him to come to her the next morning, and that her father and the rest of the gentlemen would come with him, for that they should see Rowland taken in bed with a pretty wench. This letter in all haste was conveyed to Cherry-hinton to her husband, who, reading the contents, waxed somewhat jealous, because he had seen very familiar curtesie betweene Awdrey and his wife, and thought schollers were slie fellowes, and could devise many sophistications to make a man a cuckold ; but he concealed his suspicion to himselfe, and shewed the letter to his father in law and the rest of the gentlemen, who, as they sorrowed his wife was not well, so they were all glad to see such a comicall fortune of Rowland : her husband, taking every word

for his advantage, said, he would be there by foure of the clocke to see Rowland taken up. Thus they all agreed, and were gone by two of the clocke, where we leave them comming to Cambridge: and againe to Marian, who after supper sate up late, but Awdrey fild her full of wine till she was almost drunke, that she was very heavy, and desired to goe to bed, which she did, and was no sooner layd but she fell asleepe, and Awdry slipping out, put out the candle and sent in Rowland, and bade him now goe to his mistris. He went into the chamber, and lockt the doore; and master Awdrey stole out of the house, and went to his chamber, leaving Rowland with his paramour; where, I thinke more for envy of the man then for love of the woman, perhaps he dubd him one of Paris priesthood; howsoever it was, she descryed not how it was, but both fell asleepe. On the morrow, by foure of the clocke, was Marians husband, her father, and the rest of the gentlemen, at Peters hostell; where, finding the gate open, they went to master Audreys chamber, and raysed him up, who, quickly slipping on his cloathes, welcomed them, and went with them to find out the proctor, who, watching for their comming, already was with a dozen masters of art well appointed walking in the court-yard, and presently went his way with them, and came to the house where Rowland lay. The proctor knockt, and bade open the doore. Who is that? quoth the good wife. The proctor, quoth he; open

the doore, and that quickly, or I will beat it downe. The good man came stumbling downe in his shirt, and the good wife was so amazed that she could not remember to tell her guests. The proctor came in, and by the direction of Awdrey went straight up to the chamber. Who be here ? (quoth the proctor). None, sir (quoth he), but a stranger and his wife. Beat it open with a holbert, quoth the proctor : and with that for haste Marians husband ran against it, and the doore fell downe, and he into the chamber : with that Rowland covered her close, and stepping out of the bed in his shirt, asked what they meant. Ah ! sir Rowland (quoth the proctor), I am sorry I have diseased you this morne ; I thought full little to have found you here ; what is the cause you lye out of the hostell tonight ? Truly, sir (quoth he), I was late abroad this night, making merry with my friends, and so I was faine to take up my lodging here. How doe you, sir Rowland, quoth Marians husband and her father ; I marvel wee see you not at Cherry-hinton. Oh ! masters, quoth hee, when there is another comedie to play, looke for me ; but if you remember, I promist you a tragedie first ; when that is studied, I warrant you I will visit you. Poore Marian, lying in bed, and hearing all this how she was betrayd, and had layne with Rowland all night, and how her father and her husband were there present, thought surely now Rowland to the uttermost would be revenged upon her, so

that she fell into a great sweat for feare. The proctor, that had his lesson taught him, said, Well, sir Rowland, had it beene any other but you that had beene taken abroad, and in such a suspected house, he should have gone to the towle-booth ; but since you have no other company, farewell. Awdrey jogg'd upon Marian's husband, and as they were ready to goe out of doore, Tush, master proctor (quoth he), but I marvaille you examine not who it is that lyes with him ; it may be a pretty wench. What ? is there one lyes with him ? Yea, marry is there, sir (quoth he) ; and with that stepping to the bed, threw off all the cloathes, and there lay his wife in her smocke.

Sante amen, quoth Rowland, who is heere ?
Have you seene such a chance this yeere ?
What a woodcocke come so soone,
From Cherry-hinton to Cambridge before noone,
And found a cuckowes nest.
Is this, masters (in earnest or in jest ?)
That Rowland so earely in a morne,
Should make a knave weare the horne :
What, man ! Be not agast,
For you cannot call backe that is past.

At this all the schollers fell a laughing ; and sir Rowland sate him downe in his shirt (and to make the matter up, that it might be a right blacke *santus*) while they laught, cryed Cuckow. The gentleman

seeing his wife, and the father his daughter, they were in such a maze that they stood as men senselesse : they fell out a weeping, the schollers a laughing, the gentlemen a sighing, and still Rowland kept his wench, and cryed Cuckow. At last Rowland began thus : Why, you my masters and friends of Cherry-hinton, did I not promise you a tragedie, and have I not now brought it to passe ? I hope this dame, and you all, remember my frostie night, and how I was brought out of the trunke : now am not I revenged well ; have I not had my penny-worths ? Yes, villaine (quoth the gentleman), and first the whore shall dye ; and with that drawing out his rapier, hee would have kild her : but the proctor stayd him, and she protested she knew not how she came there, but thought shee had beene at home in her bed. Upon this all the schollers perswaded the gentleman that Rowland did it by negromancie ; and that if she were the honestest woman in the world magicke were able to doe as much. Rowland, for very pittie, affirm'd it ; and so they perswaded him not to wade further in the matter for his owne credit, but to clap it up with silence. She wept, and wrung her hands, and her father sate and shed teares ; but at last, by perswasion of the proctor and the other schollers, Rowland and he for all this were made friends : his wife and hee agreed, as a man perswaded she was faultlesse, and that it was done by negromancie ; and so all merrily went to the taverne and

drunke, they going to the colledge, and he to Cherry-hinton, with full resolution never more to let his wife come to Cambridge, for feare of the schollers art magicke.

This tale made them all heartily laugh, every one commending the policie of the schollers that had invented so good a revenge. The cobbler he marked all very diligently, and swore there was not a more sound historie in all the *Legenda aurea*. Well, it made all the barge merry; yet seeing they began to bee all in a dumpe, one cryed, Who is next? Marry, that am I (qd. the scholler), and he began to settle himselfe, whom I can best describe thus.

The Description of the Scholler.

A man he was of a sober looke,
Given much unto his booke:
For his visage was all pale,
As clarkes tellen this tale,
That mickle study makes men leane,
As well as doth a curst queane.
Apollo, radiant and sheene,
His patterne long had beene:
For well skild was he
In verses and in poetry.
In palmestrie he had some lore,
In other artes mickle more;
Mickle could he say at each steven,
Of the liberall artes seven;

The Tinker of Turvey, or

Of the welken and the axle-tree,
Whereon the heavens turned bee :
Of Mercury and Charles waine,
And of the Beares twaine.
Calisto and her sonne conveyed thither,
Which to sea-men shew the weather :
When Neptunus with his mace,
Will make smile Amphitrites face.
Many other matters of sophistrie,
Could this clarke in secrecie.
He could also speake of love,
Of Paphos and of Venus dove ;
And perhaps though he were a clarke,
Yet he could skill in the darke,
As well as a man of lay degree,
To dally with a wench in privitie.
His attyre was all blacke,
But why doe I longer clacke ?
This clarke gan report
His story in this sort.

The Schollers Tale.

Containing the sundry misfortunes that two Sycilian
Lovers had, and how at the end their passionate
sorrowes came to a pleasing successe.

WHEN the king of Tunis was beaten out of his king-
dome, and sought to enter againe by force, Jacomine
Pierro and Alexander Bartolo, two noblemen of Sycilia,

and both of Palermo, for the goodwill they bare the king, prepared certaine tall barkes, and with their ayd, maugre his enemies, placed the king againe safe in his kingdome ; which done, they returned againe to Palermo. This Jacomine Pierro had a sonne called also Jacomine, and this Alexander had a daughter called Katherine ; these two being neighbours-children fell in love together, insomuch that Jacomine, noting the beauty of Katherine, seeing with his eye her outward excellencie, and hearing with his eares her inward vertues and perfections, entred with such deepe insight into her qualities, that he resolved in himselfe she, and none but she, should be the goddesse of his affections : and, on the other side, Katherine, feeding her eye with the desired object of his person, and with delight pleasing her eare with the generall fame that ran through all Sycilia of his curtesie, affabilitie, and valour, determined that none but Jacomine should enjoy the flowre of her beauty. These those lovers, being such a sympathy of agreeing passions, lived a long while with lookes, bashfull both to discover the essence of their loves : yet at last Jacomine, taking heart at grasse, finding one day fit place and opportunity, discoursed unto her, how ever since his yeeres could entertaine any amorous thought, the idea of her beauty and vertues remained imprinted in his heart so deeply, that none but she could satisfie the end of his incessant desire ; which was no other then

the honest and honourable content of marriage. Katherine, who was as willing as he was desirous, told him that upon that condition, whensoever their parents should agree, she was ready to be at his command. Thus they wooed and ended, and all in a short space, for that time parting with a kisse. This sweet consent of thoughts continued a long time between these two lovers, insomuch that Jacomine resolved shortly to breake the matter to her father, to whom he knew the match would be most pleasing, for that old Jacomine and Alexander loved together as brothers.

Whiles thus these two lovers held their demand in suspence, there fell a deadly jarre between the house of the Jacomins and the family of the Bartolos; insomuch that not onely at Palermo, but almost all Sicilia was in an uproare; for each took armes against other, and being men of great parentage, friends tooke parts, and they began to bandy, that they fell to a flat civill dissention. This disagreement between the parents, although it was a heart-brake to the two lovers, yet could it not at all disparage their affection; but the greater the mutinie, the deeper was the impression of their minds. But by this meanes their meeting was hindered; yet love, being a privy searcher of secrets, found them out a crevice between two walles which parted their houses, and there oftentimes they met and parlyed, hoping still some end would grow to this dissention; but as the fire encreaseth with the

wind, so this jarre grew greater by time, that the lovers lost all hope ever to have consent of parents ; inso-much, that wholly in despaire of an unitie, they concluded to forsake Sicilia, and to goe into Spaine, where they had both friends, and there to remaine till their families were accorded. Upon this resolution, Jacomine provided him a barke, and layd it ready in the haven, and when the wind and weather was faire, gave a watch word to Katherine, and so got her aboard, hoysed sayles, and away they made towards Spaine : they were not long gone, but they were missed, and by all possible conjectures knowne to be slipt away together, for divers manifest instances were reported of their loves. The fathers fell both into deepe passions, Jacomine having but one sonne, and Bartolo but one daughter ; yea, the griefe of their unkind departure did so worke in their fathers minds, that each intended more mischief to other, as it were in revenge, that the broyles grew hotter. But as they dissented, so these two lovers accorded every way, looking for no other haven but the coast of Spaine : but fortune, that delights to sport her selfe in the variable accidents of love, brought it thus to passe. They had not sayled three dayes from Sicilia, but that there fell a great calme, and certain gallyes that were rovers under the king of Tunis, espyed this Sicilian ship, and thinking to have some rich prize, made out, and gave onset, commanding them to yeeld ; the Sicilians (being

calme) could not make way from them, but yet, although too weake, stoutly denyed to be boarded, and fought it out to the uttermost, chiefly Jacomine, who was sore wounded: but at last, they of the gallies entred, and bestowed the mariners under hatches, and then went to rifle the ship, where they found Katherine all blubbered with teares and almost dead for feare; her they tooke for all her pittifull shrikes and cryes, conveyed her into the gallies: which Jacomine seeing, tooke so heavily, that he was ready to die for grieve, but so sore he was hurt that stir he could not, but was faine to suffer her to be carried away whither the mercy of the slaves pleased to transport her. When they had rifled the ship and found nothing but passengers, away they went with faire Katherine, determining with themselves to give her for a present to the king of Tunis, whom they knew did love a faire woman more than halfe his kingdome, and so faire a creature as Katherine they were sure he never saw before.

Upon this they made sayle toward Tunis, and when they were arrived, the captaine of the gallies, causing her to dresse her in her richest attire, went with her to the kings place, where, when he was admitted to his highnes presence, humbly on his knes he craved pardon, as one that contrary to his maiesties lawes had beene a rover and a pyrate on the seas; but now loathing that course of life, was come to submit himselfe, and having taken that gentlewoman as a prize at

sea, desired his majesty to accept her as a present. The king, whiles the pyrate was telling his tale, kept his eye still on the gentlewoman, whose beauty he found such that he thought her some heavenly creature shrowded in some mortall carkas. The king not onely thanked the pyrate for his present, but gave him free pardon and a letter of mart, with many other rich guifts, so that he returned richly rewarded, and then turning him to Katherine, he tooke her in his armes, kist her, and gave her such entertainment as in all royaltie hee could. But nothing could make her cease off from teares, having still her Jacomine in remembrance which she held for dead ; which the king perceiving, commanded that she should be carried to a pallace of his, standing fast by the citie wall, and there placed and attended upon with all diligence, untill shee might bee comforted, and thither when it pleased him he would have recourse. Seated in that house, there she lead a solitary life, washing her cheekes every day with teares for her poore Jacomine, who likewise, wounded as he was, was brought to Tunis, and there left in chyrurgions hand, where he was healed. As soone as he might well goe, he went as a man forlorne up and downe the citty, looking every where if hee might see his Katherine : whereupon he resolved to passe from place to place, and so to end his dayes in travell, if he did not by narrow inquisition find her out. Getting, therefore, his bag and baggage in a readi-

nesse, he was going out of Tunis, and as he passed out of the gates, he cast his eye up to the house where Katherine was, who at that time was looking out of a casement ; he, espying her, and thinking it should be she, stood in a maze. Katherine, seeing him, and thinking him to be her Jacomine, was almost ready to fall downe in a swoone : thus stood the two lovers at gaze : at last Jacomine called Katherine. Jacomine (quoth she), and with that she clapt her fingers on her mouth, and made a signe that for that time he should depart. Backe againe went Jacomine to his hostesse, as merry a man as might be, and there staid till it was something late in the evening, and then going to the palace, sought round about the house, and there found a backe window into a garden, where they might conveniently talke ; he had not stayed there long but Katherine came to the window, and there, after a volly of sighes, quencht with teares, they began to discourse their fortunes since their departure. Katherine told unto Jacomine how she was given by the pyrates to the king for a present, and how he had placed her there, reserving her for one of his concubines, and that she look'd every houre when he would come to deflowre her. Therefore (quoth she), since we are man and wife, and as we have lived together, even so let us dye together, and enioy thou the chastity of that body whose soule hath beene ever thine in all amitie : I respect not the king, nor what his tortures can doe,

therefore at night come hither to this place ; when it is darke climbe up on the wall, and so on this tree, and thou mayst easily come into the casement, which for the same purpose thou shalt find open. At this motion Jacomine was glad, and so departed, and at the time appointed came ; and being made more nimble by love and desire, he leapt up the wall lightly, and so into the tree, and from thence into the casement, where he found his Katherine ready to receive him : banquet him shee could not, least any might heare, but feast he did with kisses, or whatsoever she might affoord to his amorous desires, so that in the end to bed they went, and there with pleasure recompenced their former misfortunes.

Love having thus advanced her champion, Fortune envying their happinesse, meant to have one fling more at them, and brought it to passe that the king that night resolved to have the company of Katherine, and therefore, after all his lords were at rest, tooke with him his chamberlaine and certain of the guard, and went to the place where she lay ; comming in by a backe gate, having keyes for every doore, at last opened the chamber where she was, and there drawing the curtaine to behold his goddessse, he saw where she lay with a young man in her armes fast asleepe. The king for anger was ready to have kild him, but yet he did qualifie his fury with a royall patience, and called his chamberlaine and the rest of the guard, and shewed

them this sight, demanding of them if any knew the young man. They all answered, No ; but supposed he was some stranger. The king straight commanded that certaine of his guard should watch them, and as soone as they awak't carry them to prison, and let there in the midst of the market place be erected a great stake, and in the afternoone there let them both be consumed with fire. The guard obeyed the kings commandement, and he went away in great choller and highly discontented. The king departed ; these lovers slept sweetly till the morning, and then they awoke, where presently they heard a rustling of men, that straight told them how the king was there, what had happened, and what hee had commanded : therefore, they made them rise, and then bound them, and carried them away. The two lovers were no whit dismayed at this newes, but embracing and kissing each other, comforted themselves in this, that they should as they lived together so dye together, and that their soules nor bodies should never part.

Straight were they carried to prison, and the stake was aproviding, whereupon the rumour of their burning came about the citie, that against the houre appointed all the city were gathered together, and forth at last was Jacomine and Katherine brought, and bound to the stake backe to backe. They earnestly desired that they might be bound face to face, but it could not be granted, which grieved them ; but they

comforted themselves with cheerfull words, resolving to suffer death with patience. All the city was gathered together, and stood gazing on them, and pittying them that so sweet a couple should fall in such fatall extremity: the poore soules ashamed and hanging downe their heads, expecting every minute the beginning of their martyrdome. As thus the fire was ready to be brought, came the lord high admirall of Tunis by, and seeing such a concourse, demanded the cause. The people told him as much as they knew. Hee on his foot-cloth came to the stake, and looking upon them, seeing them so lovely, asked of them of what countrey they were? Of Sycilia, sir, quoth Jacomine. With that the admirall staring earnestly in his face, called to his remembrance the favour of old Jacomine his father. Of what place in Sycilia, my friend? quoth hee. Of Palermo. Thy name? quoth the admirall. Jacomine, quoth he. Why, thou art not (answered the lord) the sonne of Jacomin Pierro? Yes, quoth he: and this the daughter of Alexander Bartolo. And if, quoth Jacomine, you knew these families, doe but somuch for us as to speake to the king that we may be bound face to face, and so dye, for life, that we hold inscorne. Although the tormentors were appointed to despatch them by an houre, yet the lord admirall charged them not to put any fire to the wood till his returne; which they promist, and away gallopt the admirall as a madman through the

streets to the kings palace, where when hee came, hee found the king in a great rage, discoursing to his lords the villany of Katherine, that admitted a stranger into her. The admirall, giving a little way to the kings rage, at last stept in, and on his knee begged the lives of the two lovers ; but the king three times denyed him. Then, said the admirall, O royall sir, if you put these two strangers to death, you are cruell to your-selfe, false to the honour of all kings and princes in the world ; I know you would not be called an ingratefull man, to have ten kingdomes more given you : if you kill this sweet couple, if you part the deare hearts of these two lovers, the sunne cannot looke upon a man more unthankfull ; for when you were beaten out of Tunis, and got what forces you could of adjacent countries, to reinstate you, old Jacomine Pierro, this young mans father, and noble Alexander Bartolo, the young womans father (both Sycilians and of Palermo), with hazard of their lives and fortunes, fought for you, and set you up againe ; and will you now bee the murderer of the two old men, by taking from them such deere jewels as their children ? Looke into your selfe, and see what the fire of love has wrought in you. In them it has been so powerfull, that to embrace one another, freely they forsooke country, father, mother, friends, and have run into a thousand dangers, and must fire now bee the last, utterly to consume them ?

The king, hearing this, sent for them ; their pardon

in the market-place was proclaimed, people showed for joy, the lovers were with unspeakable joy brought before the king, and kneeling downe to his mercy, hee embraced them, kist her, and made much of him ; and charging them to commend him to both their parents, him hee knighted, and lading a ship with treasure, sent them home, where they were with all gladnesse wel-commed. The two fathers upon this grew friends ; the lovers were married, and lived in Palermo in the aboundance of all happinesse.

This tale of the two Sycilian lovers beeing ended, made all the company as glad to heare how well the lovers sped, as before they were sorrowfull to consider their tragicall misfortunes ; a sea-man, therefore, sitting in the company, sayd thus : My masters, because this gentleman the scholler (who can deliver his mind better than I) hath told his tale of two lovers taken by pirates at sea, I pray give mee my turne too, being a creature living by the sea, and let my tale be next. With all our hearts, they all cryed. My story shall be but short (sayd the sea-man) because, heeres a merry ging and many of us, but first look upon the marriner and behold his face.

The Description of the Sea-man.

Hee was a fellow browne of hue,
Sun-burnt in his face he grew,

Well-set, strong of limbe and bone,
Yet tight and yare as any one :
Skill he had, the helme to steare,
And o' th ships decke to domineere ;
Each tacking, little rope, and line,
He could finde, when was no shine
Of sunne or moone ; in stormyest night
He could trim his sayles aright.
His compasse cond he at his heart,
And knew what winds blew in each part ;
The starres he had as true by name,
As if at font he heard the same ;
And with his fingers poynt could tell
In what house every starre did dwell,
As here the great Beare, that the small,
Such starres are fix'd, such shoot and fall,
(At least they sea-men, downe to slide)
There does the bright Orion glide,
The taylors yard, and the starres seaven,
Is he acquainted with in heaven,
As well as those seaven starres (the signe
To tell within, is sold good wine.)
Shelves, rocks, gulphs, quick-sands, could he shun,
And i' th maine ocean his course run,
By his good needle and his chard,
Blow grumbling Boreas nere so hard.

The Sea-mans Tale.

IN the Universitie of Oxford, there sometimes lived an ancient gentleman, a great scholler, and of great reverence in respect of his age, and places of office and honour which he had borne amongst the colledges, his name (for he was in the winter of his life knighted) being Sir Lionell Aspernoone ; lands and livings he had in some shires in England. Three beautifull daughters he had, married to gentlemen of good rancke in Cambridgeshire, and but one onely son, whose name was Sebastian.

The old knight being stricke by sicknesse, and feeling that his weake and weatherbeaten ship of life could not hold out long, prepared himselfe for a better journey, and to put in at heaven ; so that setling his estate, he, by his last will and testament, appoynted his sonne to be his sole executor, and instated him in all his lands as his heire. Yet lying on his death-bed, after many other instructions how to beare sayle in the troubles of the world, he enjoyned him to print in his memory three precepts especially. The first was, when hee did marry, he charged him, albeit he should never somuch love or dote upon the beauty of his wife, yet never to trust her with his private intentions, nor by any meanes to reveale any secret of consequence to her. The second was, that if he never was blest with

a sonne of his owne, then not to adopt another mans child as one of his begetting, nor at any hand to make him his heyre. The third, that he should never put himselfe into subjection to any man, of what greatnesse or power soever, that ruled the helme of his country as pleased himselfe, but rather to trim the sailes of his owne ship, and bee a faithfull pilot in the navigation of his businesse by himselfe.

These precepts being given, and the sonne vowing to performe them, the old knight dies. The sonne having a masse of wealth, renews, plate and jewels, and being in the prime of his youth, lusty, brave and full of spirit, thought it much to lye alone, but to marry some faire gentlewoman, youthfull as himselfe, and of good parentage; for her portion he cared not, so he might please his eyes. And because he would tempt any such creature the sooner to come under the lee of wedlock, he with his mony got him a knight-hood, so that who now but Sir Sebastian Aspernoone? Fate, or fortune, or I know not whether it were the little blind god of love, brought him to a delicate creature, a young gentlewoman (a squires daughter), her name Elinora. The wooing voyage was not long, but married they were, and our young knight is not more fond of his life than of his deere love.

Long they lived, and as long they loved; but that cable at which all married couples lye at anchor with most content was wanting, for in three or four yeeres

together they had no children. Hereupon, others to their faces, much pittying that two such goodly trees should have faire leaves and no fruit, and they themselves lying in their bed as much grieving that they ploughed up a sea which returned them no traffique. On the end, they both resolved to take some other mans sonne, of poore parentage, and to make him his heyre, contrary to the commandement which his dying father injoynd him to. A yong stripling, therefore, he tooke from a poore widdow; handsome was the boy in face, well-proportioned in body, and of a good ingenuous disposition; his name was Marmaduke; who, as with his supposed father and mother, he grew up in yeares, so he in behaviour pleased them the more.

This joviall knight, living at ease, fulnesse of fortune, and glutted with all the pleasures of his owne countrey, as hawking, hunting, horse-racing, cock-fighting, and such like, besides seeing playes in London, and bringing his wife acquainted with other ladies and gentlewomen, and the fine girles of the city, was weary of England, and determined, with his lady and adopted sonne, to see some other countries. In the lifetime of his father he had beene in Italy, and could a little speake the language.

Italy he called the garden of the world, and thither should his lady goe with him to behold the beauties of the brave *bona Robaes* there; money by exchange is to be sent him, rich apparell for him and his wife, with

a competent number of followers are provided ; a ship gotten to carry them, and Aboord, aboard hey ! cry the marriners, so that in a short time (the wind being faire) with a merry gale they arrive in some part of Tuscany.

The great duke of Tuscany was a yong gentleman, and exceedingly given to the pastime of hawking. The report of this English knight and his faire lady comming to the dukes eare, hee was desirous to see them. They are sent for to his court, and come ; the duke, in discoursing with Aspernoone (liking him the better because hee spake Italian), conceyved so extraordinary an affection towards him, his sweet proportion, behaviour, and graces of mind, that in a short time the duke made him his companion, his play-fellow, his second selfe ; and he so woone upon the gallant Italian courtiers, that he lay as deere in their bosomes as in the dukes.

Hawking he loved as well as the duke did, and in that pastime he shewed himselfe both expert and noble. Upon a day when our English cavaliero was retired alone into his private chamber, he began to call to mind the favors of this princely duke ; with what a loome gale of wind, and in how smooth a sea, he sayld in his court, doated on by the duke, embraced by his courtiers, admired by the Italians, and beloved of all men. Then he considered how blest he was in Marmaduke, his adopted sonne ; he praised his feature, his

love, obedience, and humble (yet generous) carriage towards him. And upon these two thoughts, Lord (said he), what a strange man was my father! How was he abus'd in his judgement! How did his death-bed make him a doate! What melancholy, or rather what madnesse, got up to the top of his braines, to read such a Bedlam lecture to me, when he was to goe out of the world, and I to enjoy all that he left behind him? Why did he most foolishly injoyne me, if I had no children of mine owne, never to make a stranger mine heyre? Is not Marmaduke a good boy, an obedient sonne, a loving youth? And why, forsooth, must my wise dad forbid me to subject my selfe to any lord, or to fawne upon his humors, who commanded his people and state as best pleased himselfe? Can any king upon earth so dote upon his favorite as this great prince of Tuscany does upon me? Does the duke keepe his subjects in awe, and am not I master of his passions? He is the duke, but his diadem stands on my head: well, my dead father, I am glad thou art gone, because thou wert no wiser. Two of thy lessons I find idle, vaine, false, and unnecessarie to be listened to, and what's the third? Marry forsooth, never to trust my wife with a secret. Alas! (good old man) let wormes make much of thy head, for thy wits were worme-eaten before thou wentst to thy grave. Not trust my wife? Is she not faire? Is she not yong? Is she not honest? Does she not lye with me? Does

she not love me ? Does shee not kisse me ? Does she not embrace me ? Yet I keepe any secret from her ! Has she not left her country, father, mother, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, cozens, and friends, to follow me ; and shall anything lye in my heart which I will not utter to her ? No, no ; I must trust her, and I will trust her.

Upon this resolution, he left his chamber, and went to the dukes pallace, and comming to the pearch, where stood a great number of brave fawlcons, he tooke the fairest secretly away (such a one as the duke esteemed above all the rest) ; brought her to a deere friends house, and there left the bird, closely to be kept from the eyes of any man, till he himselfe eyther came or sent for it by some good token. This done, he goes to his owne lodging, and having fawlcons there, wrings off the necke of one, and bringing it to his lady, said : Sweet heart, thou knowest the duke loves me, yet of that fondnesse of his am I so weary, it kills my heart, that I cannot when I would be master of myselfe, and my owne man. To get, therefore, some more libertie, I have done a tricke to make him fall out with me, and so for a while I shall be at quiet. What tricke ? (quoth shee). I have (said he) kild his best fawlcon ; looke you, here 'tis : I pray thee dresse it, and we both will eate it for the dukes sake, and drinke to his health in rich Palermo wine.

O ! cryed out the lady, (Sir Sebastian) what have

you done ! you are lost for ever ; this is a villany not to be pardoned : call you this a tricke ? A tricke to breake your owne necke ; to have a steeletto in your guts or poyson in an Italian sallet : if the duke heares of this, thou (silly creature) art but a dead man. Peace, foole (quoth he), none in the world knowes it but you and I. Nay (sayes she), for my part, cut out my tongue when I prate of it. Well, the fawlcon is drest ; they both sit downe, but she swore not a bit of it should goe into her belly ; he intreated, and intreated her but to taste it. No ; if he would hang himselfe, she would not. Hereupon he up with his hand, and struck her o're the face. The blow made her mad, the fawlcon flew out of the platter, the trenchers one way, table-cloth another, plate at his head, glasses to the ground, and crying for anger, swore to be even with him. The next morning (nothing being able, for all he could doe, to please her all night) she went to the duke, and told him how basely her husband had recompensd his favors in killing his best fawlcon. The duke intraged, without hearing him speake, condemnes him to be hangd, and his goods to be confiscated and divided into three parts : the first to his wife, the second to his sonne, and the third to any one that would be his hangman. He was to dye the next day.

The sweet-fac'd youth (his sonne) pondering in his minde the sentence of the duke, made account if his

father were hang'd, it would be better for him ; he would to England, and live like a gentleman : he was no father of his ; all his lands should be his, and hang let him. Nothing stucke in his stomacke so much, as that any stranger, that had a heart to bestride his fathers gallowes and turne him off, should have a third share in the goods, as well as hee, or his mother.

To his mother he therefore comes (and sayes), Mother, is it not better that I play the hangman, and with ease dispatch my father, and so gaine that third part, which some base Italian roague will else carry from you and mee too. Yes (sweet boy), quoth shee, I like thy care ; thou art a loving sonne, and when thy father is under thy fingers, dispatch him as soone as thou canst to put him out of his paine.

The gracious stripling went to the duke, beggd the hangmans office, which the duke betweene a frowne and a smile granted him.

The knight being in prison, iron'd, and expecting death, sent privately to his friend that had the fawlcon, intreating him, when he saw him passe by to execution, to step to the duke, and intreat him but to heare the prisoner speake before he dyed. This his friend did. Then Sir Sebastian, seeing the villany of a wife, and what misery he was falne into by beeing subject to such a prince, remembred his fathers counsell, and sayd : Now, deere father, I see mine owne folly and thy wisdom. A wife thou bidst me not

trust, nor to warme myselfe too much in the sunne-shine of a great mans favour ; I have done both, and now must loose my honour, my fortunes, and my life. Let thy ghost pardon my disobedience in not following thy counsell : when I am dead, I will come to thee, and on my knees beg thy pardon.

Being in the midst of this meditation, his officious and most dutifull crackrope sonne Marmaduke came to the prison, with a company of browne Bils to guard him, and like an ingratefull hard-hearted rascall, sayd thus : Father, sithence it is the duke's will you should dye, into whose hands can you safelyer fall than into mine, your dutifull sonnes ; my intents are honest, loving and good, not to suffer some rakehelly stranger to share with my mother (your deere lady) in your goods, if any such rascall will undertake to hang you. Now, my deere father, to keepe off any such to lay a fowle hand upon you, what thinke you, if I (because your goods shall still continue in your name) take that charitable office upon me ? O ! my carefull sonne (quoth he), what father had ever such a forward child ? Hadst thou not come thus to comfort mee, I had dyed unwillingly where now I shall take my leave of the world with a ioyfull heart, because at my parting I shall last of all receive a kind farewell from thee : doe then thine office. And so kissing him, the boy tooke a cord, and put it about his fathers necke, counselling him to dye like a gentleman and an Englishman.

Away is the prisoner led, with his hands bound, and the rope about his necke, and being brought to the gibbet, the ladder he mounts, the yong hangman sate stradling on his wooden curtall, and bid his father pray ; who, turning his face to the people, told them why he was to dye, and that his wives tongue had brought him to his end, his onely comfort beeing that his sweet sonne would rid him out of the miseries of the world. Some wept to heare him, some were ready to fling stones at the hangman, but were prevented by the prisoners friend that kept the fawlcon : for he, going to the angry duke, begd on his knees for his friends life, wept, and offered to bee hang'd himselfe, if the English man were not innocent.

Upon this, he was fetcht from the gallowes, his cord still about his necke, and the carnifex (his sonne) attending. Being before the duke, he falling humbly on the earth, acknowledged the infinite favours and high graces received from his highnesse, he being unworthy the least ; and that he should deserve to be torne in pieces by wild horses should he so spitefully stir up a tempest in the calme bosome of so excellent a prince : what he had done was to try conclusions upon three precepts which his dying father enjoyned him to (and so relates them). The fawlcon, untouched and unbruised, was presented ; the duke fell about his necke, forgave him, and was ashamed of his rash beleeving a false woman. The halter was snatchd from

the fathers necke, and cast about his cursed sonnes, the duke commanding the boy should forthwith be trussed up. But the noble knight begd his pardon, which was (at his request) granted, and then thus he spake to him : O, my adopted sonne, because I have loved thee, I cannot hate thee ; yet how to bestow thee I know not ; albeit, thou gladly wouldst have been my executioner, I will be thy preserver : yet how am I troubled in my mind ? If I save thee, I shall be pointed at for a foole ; if I cast thee away, heaven will chide me for spilling thy bloud : I will neyther be pittifull nor cruell ; neyther punish thee, nor pardon thee : betweene these two will I goe. Take thou this cord (bound now about thy necke), and in steed of my goods which thou didst gape for, be that thy portion : weare it ever to tell thee thou art a villaine, and so never see me more. He went away cursing. The lady tooke a nunnery, and both dyed miserably ; and then the knight lived merrily.

FINIS.