

The HISTORY of  
TWO BROTHERS  
MISFORTUNES;

At, and after their Marriage,

SIMPLE SIMON,

AND

MARGERY HIS CRUEL WIFE.

AND

SIMPLE JOHN,

The WEAVER, and

GRIZY HIS WIFE, A THUMPER.

To which are added,

Four excellent Songs.



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THE HISTORY OF  
MISFORTUNES  
OF  
SIMPLE SIMON.

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CHAP. I.

*An Account of Simon's Wedding, and his Wife's  
behaviour the day after their Marriage.*

**S**IMON, the subject of our ensuing discourse, was a man very unfortunate many years after marriage not only by crosses, but by the cruelty of Margery his severe wife; his wedding day being the best he saw in seven years after, for then he had all his friends about him; Rough Ralph the fidler, and Will the piper, were appointed to make him and his guests merry.

Singing, dancing and feasting attended the day, which being ended, this loving couple were put to bed, where all their friends left them.

How he pleased her that night I cannot tell, but the morning was ushered in with a

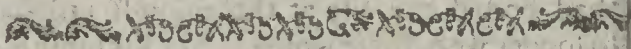
mighty storm, only because Simon put on his roast-meat cloathes. Thus she began the matter. Why how now, pray what is to-day, that you must put on your holiday cloathes? with a pye-crust to you, what do you intend to do, say you, tell me quickly?—Nothing, said Simon, but to walk about with you, sweet wife, as is common the day after marriage.—No, no, said Margery, this must not, nor shall not be. It is very well known I have brought you a considerable fortune; forty shillings in money and a good milk cow, four fat wedders, with half a dozen ewes and lambs, likewise geese, hens, and turkeys; also a sow and pigs, with other moveables, worth more than any of your crook-backed generation is able to give you. And do you think you shall lead as lewd a life now as you did before you was married; but if you do, then say my name is not Margery. Now I have got you within the bands of matrimony, I will make you know what it is to be married; therefore, to work, you rascal, and take care that what I have brought is not consumed; for if you do not, what will become of your wife and children, if you are able to get any?

Now Simon looked like one that had neither sense nor reason, but stood amazed, as

if there had been a whole army of Billingsgate shrews. However, recollecting what he had heard about scolds, he muttered to himself, Uswagers, I think I have got a woeful one now. What is that you say sirrah, said she.—Nothing dear wife, but what you say I allow to be true. And so taking his bag and bottle, went on forward to his daily labour. But coming towards the lower end of the town, he chanced to meet with old Jobson the cobbler, a merry blade, who loved a cup of good ale.—What honest Simon, said Jobson, I am glad to see you, for since our last meeting I hear you are married, and now wish you much joy.—Now old Jobson being a merry fellow, invited Simon to take a flaggon of the best liquor that the next alehouse could afford, and there to drink to Margery's health.—being merry in discourse, talking of the tricks and pranks they had played when batchelors, Jobson taking up the flaggon in his hand, said, come here's to thee honest Simon, and I wish thee better luck than Randall thy old father-in-law had with his wife for she was such a scold, that happy was the man who lived out of the clamour of her noise. But without doubt thy wife may be of a milder spirit, and have more of her father's meekness than her mother's fury in her; but come Simon here's to thee, and thy dearly beloved

Margery—cries Simon if she was present how merry should we be; but I fear on the wrong side of the mouth.—Well, said Jobson, I vow I long to see her; and I verily believe she would be glad to see me, I dare to say she will prove a good wife.—Truly, neighbour Jobson, I do not know; but if she have no better ending than beginning, I wish I had ended my life at the plough tail.—No sooner were these words out of his mouth, but in comes Margery with her gossips, whom Jobson wished to see, forsooth; he wished her joy, but Margery in a very woeful fury snatching up Jobson's oaken staff from off the table, gave poor Simon such a clank upon the noddle, as made the blood spring, saying, is this your work, firrah?—Jobson the cobbler seeing so sudden an alteration, was affrighted, not knowing how to escape. She turning about to the left, being well disciplined, said; Thou rogue and rascal it is you that ruins all the poor women's husbands in the town, and therefore you shall not go unrewarded, giving him such licks over the back and shoulders, as made poor Jobson lay in his bed for a fortnight.—Simple Simon all this while not having any power to run away, but stood like one half frightened out of his wits, and trembling before his bride, with his hat in one hand, and the flag

gon in the other, begging her to be patient and he would never offend her more. But she gave him a frown, and bad him be gone about his business, which he immediately did. So that then Margery and her goffips had the whole room to themselves, where they lay till they were all as drunk as fish-women.



## CHAP. II.

*She drags him up into the Chimney, and hangs him a smoak-drying.*

**A**T night when he returned to his home Margery, by the help of a nap she had taken, was a little restored to her senses again; but yet not forgetting the fault he had committed, she invented a new kind of punishment: For having a wide chimney wherein they used to dry bacon, she taking him at a disadvantage, tied him head and foot, bound him in a basket, and by the help of a rope drew him to the beam in the chimney, and left him there to take his lodging the second night after their wedding, with a small smoaky fire under him; so that in the morning he was reeked like a red-herring. But at length he caused his wife to shew him so much pity as to let him down.

In love release me from this horrid smoke,  
 And I will never more my wife provoke;  
 She strait did yield to let him down from thence  
 And said be careful of the next offence.

C H A P. III.

*Simon loses a sack of corn; that he was carrying to the mill to have ground.*

**N**OT long after she sent him to the mill with a sack of corn, and bade him remember what she said to him, or he should not go unpunished. Well, said Simon, I hope I shall never offend thee more.--For his promise she gave him a mess of milk, and when he had eaten all up, he took the sack of corn on his back, and went towards the mill, which stood about two miles from the houte. When Simon was got about half way he began to be weary, which was the fore-runner of a greater misfortune; for a man passing by leading an empty horse towards the mill, perceiving Simon weary of his load, told him he might lay it upon his spare horse, which Simon willingly consented. The while riding on, Simon could not pace with the horse, so he desired him to leave it for him at

the mill; he promised he would, but never intended to perform.---Simon thus losing his sack of corn, knew not how to go home, or shew his face before his wife, until he got two or three of his neighbours to go with him, to beg for his pardon, and to help to make up the differences between them which they did after a long party, So that for the crime he passed unpunished.



CHAP. IV.

*Simon goes to the Market with his Basket of Eggs: breaks them all by the way, and sets in the stocks.*

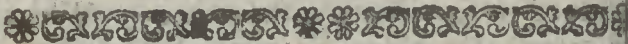
**B**UT although he was not punished according to the severe correction he formerly received, yet he had not escaped the several railings in his ears for several days after, ever anon the crying out. You sot, you never be wife? Yes, sweet Margery, Margery I hope I shall in time. Well, says he will try you once more: Here, take this basket of eggs, and go to market and sell them, be sure do not break them nor spend the money, for if you do, sorrow will be your share and you may expect to feel the weight



my hand more than ever you have done yet. At which harsh words he trembled, and looked as white as his wife's smock, for fear he should mitcarry with his basket of eggs, for he knew his wife would be as good as her word.

Then Simon taking his basket of eggs, trudged to the market; but no sooner came there, than seeing a vast crowd of people, he resolved to see what was the matter. . . . When he came to the place, he found that two but-ter women had fallen out, and to that degree, that they had taken one another by the quois, their hair and their fillets flying about their ears; which Simon seeing he was moved with compassion, and ran to part them, but in vain; poor Simon was still unfortunate, and came off with lots; for one of the women pulled him down and broke his eggs. . . . Poor Simon was almost distracted to see the ground; but whether it was the fear of the anger of his wife, or whether it was courage; this it was, Simon run in among them, and resolved to be revenged on them for the lots of his eggs. Whilst they were in the fray, the constable came, and supposing them drunk gave orders they should be all set in the stocks together: Simon in the middle and the women on one side, which was accordingly done; but they rang such a peal in Si-

mon's ears, that he was deaf for a fortnight  
 after --- Being released he ventured home a-  
 gain, dreading the impending storm; but  
 this was his comfort in the midst of all his  
 hard fortune that though he might find the  
 force of her blow still he should be deaf to  
 her noise. being stunned by the women in  
 the stocks.



C H A P. V.

*Simon's Wife cudgels him for losing his money*

**A**T length Simon coming home, he met  
 his beloved Margery, who seeing his  
 dejected countenance, began to mistrust some-  
 thing; so taking hold of his arm, she haule  
 him in for examination. When Simon saw  
 this he could not forbear weeping, and be-  
 gan to tell her a dismal story concerning the  
 stocks; but she wanted her money for the  
 eggs: But Simon being deaf, could not hear  
 her, which made her fall on him with such  
 fury, that at last he was obliged to run up  
 stairs and jump out of the chamber window  
 which when she saw, she followed him down  
 the town with an hundred boys and girls af-  
 ter them, Simon still crying out to the peo-

ple, You may see what it is to be married: And her tone was, You rascal, the money for the eggs, often giving him a crack on the crown. At length it was his good hap to get from her.---Night drawing, and Simon not having one penny to help himself, was forced to the best of a bad bargain, resolved to lodge that night in the hog-stye amongst the hogs; and so next morning in the presence of some of his dearest friends, he begged pardon on his knees of his sweet, kind, and loving wife Margery.

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## C H A P. VI.

*Simon loses his Wife's Pail, and burns out the bottom of her kettle.*

**M**ARGERY being reconciled again. on his humble petition, she charged him to be careful for the future, that he did not offend her as he had done before, which he promised to observe. — Then Simon, said she, I am this day going a gossiping, & shall leave you at home to make a fire and hang on the kettle. Yes sweet wife. Now Margery was no sooner gone, but he put on the fire and hung on the kettle. Then taking the pail,

He goes to the well to fetch water; when there came an ox running down, with a butcher and his boy after him, who called to Simon to stop the ox which he endeavoured; but the ox giving them the slip, Simon run in pursuit of him for the space of three or four miles and having secured him, the butcher gave him thanks for his kindness. So Simon returned back to the well, but his pail was lost, and he made a lamentation for it, enquiring about it, but could hear nothing of it; and as the proverb says, one sorrow never comes alone; for in going in doors, the fire was flaming, and the bottom of the kettle burnt out. At the sight of this he fell to wringing his hands, and crying out with a lamentable tone, never was a man so unfortunate as poor Simon; what shall I say to my wife when she comes; first, I have lost the pail, second I have burnt out the bottom of the kettle. Here will be a sad reckoning for these mischances.—Just in the middle of these lamentations, in comes Margery, who having heard him, came armed and fitted for the fray. How, now, firrah, said she, has this been the care you promised of my business? and with that let fly an earthen pot at his head which made the blood to run about his ears. This done, she took him by the collar, and cutt him about the kitchen

at a most horrid rate, Simon crying for mercy, but cruel Margery still increased his misery, till the neighbours came in persuading Margery to be pacified; for said they it was a mischance — A rascal, says she, for I can set him about nothing, but thus he serves me. Yet they still interceded for Simon until she excused him.



## C H A P. VII.

*Simon's Wife sends him to buy soap; but going over a Bridge. he let his Money fall into the river; and of a Ragman running away with his Cloathes.*

**M**ARGERY calling Simon to her, said, Will you never be careful in any thing I set you about. — Yes, dear wife I hope I shall: Why then, said she, take this money, I have tied it in a clout that you may not lose it. Therefore, go to the market, and make all the haste you can, and get me some soap — I will, sweet wife, quoth he, and with that he went as fast as ever he could.

Now in his way he was to pass over a bridge, and coming to the middle of it, a flight of crows flew over his head, which so affrighted him that he let fall his money. This was the beginning of a new sorrow; he stood a while, and knew not what course to take. At last he resolved to pull off his cloathes, and jump into the water in search for it. Now as he was searching for his money, an old ragman came by, and put his cloathes in a bag. Simon seeing this, pursued him, but in vain, and was forced to return home naked; which his wife seeing, fell into a horrid sweat, and taking the dog-whip, she jerked poor Simon about, making him dance the canaries for two hours, he crying out, Goodwife forbear; but she crying out, You rascal, where is my money and your cloathes? Thus she continued till she was tired, and he begged her pardon.

THE  
COMICAL HISTORY  
OF

SIMPLE JOHN, &c.

**S**IMPLE JOHN, was a widow's son, and a coarse country weaver to his trade; he made nothing but such as canvas for cabbets, corn and coal-sacks, druggit and harn was the finest webs he could lay his fingers to; he was a great lump of a long lean lad, about six feet high before he was eighteen years old, and as he said himself, he grew fae-fast, and was in sic a hurry to be high, that he did not stay to bring a' his judgment with him, but yet he hoped it would follow him, and he would meet wi't as mony a ane does, after they're married; he had but ae sifter, and she had as little sense as himself; she was married to sleeky Willy the wylie weaver, his mither was a rattling-scurr'd wife, and they lived a'in ae house, and every body held them as a family of fools. When

John came to man's state to the age of twenty-one years, he tell'd his mither he wou'd hae a wife of some sort either young or auld, widow or las, if they had but head, hips, tongue and tail, he should tak them, and weel I wat mither quoth he they'll get a lumping penny worth o' me, take me wha' will.

His mither tells him o' the black butcher on Ti'ot side, who had three dochters, and every one o' them had something, there was Kate, Ann, and Grizy, had a hundred merks the piece; Kate and Ann had both bastards, Grizy, the eldest, had a hump-back, high-breast, baker-legged, a short wry neck, thrawn mouth, and goggle ey'd, a perfect *Ætop* of the female kind, with as many crooked conditions within as without, a very lump of loun-like ill nature, row'd a' together as if she had been nine months in a haggies, a second edition of crooked Richard an old English king, that was born wi' teeth to bite a' round about him, and yet the wight gaed mad to be married.

John's mother tell'd him the road where to go, and what to say, and accordingly he sets out wi' his Sunday's coat on, and a' his braws, and a pair o' new pillonian breeks o' his



mither's making. In he comes, and tells his errand before he would sit down, says, good day to you good maun, what are you a' doing here? I am wanting a wife, and ye're a flesher, and has gude sorting aside you; my mither says, ye may fair me or ony body like, what say you till't good, how many dochters have ye? are they a' married yet? I wad fain take a look o' them gin ye like.

A wow said the goodwife, come in my honest lad and rest you, and be ye wooer, sit down and gi's a snuff: a deed goodwife I hae nae mills but my mither's and its at hame, whare win ye I'se no ken yet? I wat, quoth he, my name's Jock Sandeman, they ca' me Simple John the sack weaver, I hae no tocher but my loom, a pirn wheel, a kettle-pat, a drass pan, twa piggs, four cogs and a candlestick, a gude cock, a cat, twa herocks new begun to lay; my sister Sara is married to sleeky Willy the wylie weaver, and I maun hae a hag wife or my mither die, for truly she's very frail, and ony harle o' meat she has is about dinner time; what say you till't goodman? can ye buckle me or no?

*Goodman.* A dear John ye're in a unco haste, ye wadna hae your wife hame wi' ye? they're a three before ye, which o' them will ye tak?

Hout hout, says John, ony o' them 'ill fare me, but my mither says there's twa o' them has fauts; and what is their fauts, said the goodwife? Hout, said John, its no a meikle-faut, but I do nae like it, they got men or they were married; and what shall I do wi' them? said the goodman?

*John.* A deed goodman, as ye'er ay dealing among dead beasts and living beasts, I w'd put them awa' amang other beasts, or gin ye be aun ony penny, let some body tak them up o' desperate debt, I fude flec the fykes frae them, they anger'd you and sham'd you baith wi' their bastards, a wheen daft jades gets men or they are married, & bairns or they get bridals.

*Goodwife.* A wat well that's true lad.

*Grizy.* A well John than, will ye tak me? I had nae bastards; how will you and I do?

*John.* I watna gin ye be able to get a bastard, yet ye may hae some war fault; ye maun be my penny worth, for ye're unco little, and I'm o'er muckle, and gin ye and I war ance carded thro' ither, we may get bonny weans o' a middle mak; I hae nae fauts to ye; but ye hae a high breast, a humph

ack, a short neck, and high shoulders, the hands and legs may do, though your mouth be a wee to the tae side, it will ly well to the lock, and I hae a handle or twa to spin, will be baith farkes and facks till us, ye'll be my onfy dauty up and down, a perfect beauty, wi' cat's yellow een, black brows & red lips, and your very nose is a purpey colour, ye have nae fauts at a'; now whan will ye be married?

*Grizy.* Ha, ha, John lad, we maun think on that yet.—John, what the yeltow las, ye shoud'a be ready when I'm ready, and every body says the women is ay ready.—Goodman, ye'll hae to come back, and bring somebody wi' you, and we'll gree about it and set the day whan ye'll be married.—John, A well goodman I'll tell my mither on't, and come back on Monday, and we'll hae a chappin o' ale and roasted cheese on the good chance o't; but I maun hae a word o' two with the bride, but-by to convoy me, and a quiet speak to herself about it.

After a long and fair tulzie, they were married, when Grizy paid him back and side, and always called him the yellow wam'd weaver, and cuff'd him with her nieves until hat and wig all went off. So John appeared to

a Jedburgh jury, if it is not easier to de  
with fools, than headstrong fouk; owns h  
has but an empty scull, but his wicked wi  
wants wit to poor judgment into it.



## S O N G S.

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### *CHOICE OF A WIFE.*

WHEN a man is determin'd on taking a wife  
'Tis a time to be nice--his quiet's the price  
The odds are against--he's wretched for life  
I can point out the charm to remove ev'  
ry harm,

So attend all ye batchelors taking a wife.

'Tis not the face, 'tis not the air,

'Tis not the grace, tho' debonair,

'Tis not the glance, or brilliant eye,

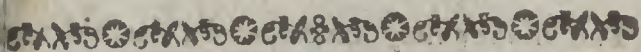
'Tis not the dance, or tender sigh:

Nor hand, nor shape, nor leg, nor air,

Nor mouth, nor teeth, nor skin tho' fair,

Without a mind, tho' all in one,  
I'd value not a feather ;  
Good humour is the chain alone,  
That links them all together.

Then fix not alone on a beautiful face,  
For what could you do with a fair little  
shrew,  
Whose tongue with your patience would ne-  
ver keep pace ?  
You ne'er could new mould her, for worse  
when she's older,  
You'd in vain seek the mind in a beautiful  
face.  
'Tis not the face, &c.



*The WAY to get MARRIED.*

COME hither, ye belles, aye and likewise  
ye beaux,  
Come hither, and mind what I have to ex-  
press,  
'Tis the way to get married I mean to disclose,  
A way of some moment you all must con-  
fess.  
Physicians, its known, for advice claim a fee,  
But I, oh! I'm not by self interest carried,  
And so you are welcome to my recipe,

Which is if you like it--the way to  
married.

Now lovers attend, and I hope there's fo  
here !

Don't trifle too long about this thing  
that.

But when you are bent on an object so de  
Let prudence direct you, and mind wh  
you're at :

To love, and be lov'd, is the highest of jo

Then be not, I beg, by indifference carri

Let honour and truth all your actions empl

Which is, if you like it--the way to g  
married.

Tho' money may sometimes be deem'd ver  
well,

Yet riches can never true pleasures impar

'Tis love, and love only, each care can repe

'Tis love, and love only, that conquere  
the heart !

Then make it your study to follow my plan

All you who live single, and too long hav  
tarried,

Court with zeal, like true lovers, as soon a  
you can,

Which is, if you like it--the way to g  
married.

## MOGGY OF THE COT.

YOUNG Harry would a courting go,  
 And fain would marry Mog;  
 Kate, and Jane, and Betsey too,  
 Would no way let him jog.  
 With smiles each try'd to gain his heart,  
 But Hal car'd not a jot;  
 For he in truth swore ne'er to part  
 With Moggy of the Cot.

Young Moggy was his heart's delight,  
 And she lov'd him full well;  
 When on the green they danc'd each night,  
 Their am'rous tales would tell:  
 He'd smile, he'd laugh, with such a glee,  
 Was proud to own his lot,  
 They marry'd were Hal paid his fee,  
 To Moggy of the Cot.

Poor Dad and Mam were very glad  
 To hear the happy news;  
 With haste they ran, drest in the plaid,  
 The ribbons for to chuse:  
 Each lad and lass met on the green,  
 To praise young Harry's lot;  
 Kate, Jane, and Bet, at church were seen,  
 With Moggy of the Cot.

*ANNA OF THE TYNE.*

A BONNY swain, blithe Sardy nam'd,  
 Who'd muckle land and kine;  
 A lassie lov'd for beauty fam'd,  
 Fair Anna of the Tyne:  
 And thus would Sandy joyous sing,  
 Fair maid, O be but mine;  
 More blest'd I'll be than laird or king,  
 With Anna of the Tyne  
 With Anna of the Tyne. With Anna,  
 Kind youth, she cried, na kine, nor land  
 Nor money I've in flore;  
 Then cease to ask my humble hand,  
 Nor wed a maid so poor:  
 Yet Sandy still would joyous sing,  
 Fair maid, O be but mine,  
 More blest'd I'd be than laird or king,  
 With Anna of the Tyne. With Anna  
 For, Anna, thou art rich in charms,  
 The wealth of worlds to me;  
 Then wed and blest thy lover's arms:  
 She smil'd, and blest was he:  
 How rapt'rous then did Sandy sing,  
 Now, now my fair one's mine,  
 I am more blest'd than laird or king,  
 With Anna of the Tyne. With Anna,

FINIS.