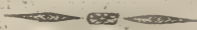


THE
MERRY TALES.

OF THE

WIFE AND MEN OF GOTHAM
AND HOW THEY WERE
AND HOW THEY WERE

WIFE AND MEN OF GOTHAM.



TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A COLLECTION OF JESTS.

*Of merry Books this is the wale,
'Twill make your for to smile,
To learn wisdom, sure you may
A tedious hour beguile.*

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THE
MERRY TALES
OF THE
WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

TALE I.

THERE were two men of Gotham and one of them was going to Nottingham market to buy sheep, and they both met together on Nottingham bridge. Well met, said one to the other; whether are you going? said he that came from Nottingham. Marry, said he that was going thither, I am going to the market to buy sheep. Buy sheep! said the other, which way will you bring them home! Marry, said the other, I will bring them over this bridge. — By Robin Hood said he that came from Nottingham, but thou shalt not. By my maid Margery, said the other, but I will. You shall not, said the one; I will, said the other. Then they beat their shins one against the other, and then against the ground, as if a hundred sheep had been betwixt them. Hold there, said the one, Beware of my sheep leaping over the bride, said the other. I care not, said the one. They shall all come this way, said the other.

But they shall not, said the one. Then said the other, if thou make much ado, I will put my finger in thy mouth. A turd thou wilt, said the other. And as they were in contention, another wise man that belonged to Gotham, came from the market with a sack of meal on his horse, and seeing his neighbours at strife about sheep, and none betwixt them, said he, Ah! fools, will you never learn wit! then help me, continued he, to lay this sack upon my shoulder. They did so, and he went to the side of the bridge, and shook out the meal into the river, saying, how much meal is there in my sack, neighbours? Marry, said one, none. Indeed, replied this wise man, even so much wit is there in your two heads, to strive for that you have not.—Now, which was the wisest of these three? I leave you to judge.

T A L E II.

THERE was a man in Gotham that rode to the market with two bushels of wheat, and because his horse should not be damaged by carrying too great a burden, he was determined to carry the corn himself upon his own neck,

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and still kept riding upon his horse, till
he arrived at the end of his journey.
Now I will leave you to judge, which
was the wisest, his horse or himself.

T A L E III.
On a time the men of Gotham said
would have pinn'd in the cuckow, that
she might sing all the year; and in the
midst of the town, they had a hedge
made round in compass, and got a cuc-
kow, and put her into it, and said, Sing
here, and ye shall neither lack meat
nor drink, all the year. The cuckow,
when she perceiv'd herself encompassed
within the hedge, flew away. A venge-
ance on her, said these wise men, we
did not make our hedge high enough.

T A L E IV.
THERE was a man of Gotham who
went to Nottingham-market to sell
cheese; and going down the hill to
Nottingham-bridge, one of his cheeses
fell out of his wallet, and ran down the
hill. Whoreson, said the fellow, what,
can you run to the market alone? I'll
now send one after another. Then
laying his wallet down, taking out the
cheeses he tumbled them down the hill,
one after another. Some ran into one

bush, and some into another. However, he charged them to meet him in the market-place. The man went to the market to meet with his cheeses, and stay'd till the market was almost over; then went and enquired at his neighbours, if they saw his cheeses coming to the market? Why, who should bring them? said one. Marry, themselves, said the fellow; they knew the way very well. A vengeance on them; they ran so fast, I was afraid they would run beyond the market; I am persuaded they are by this time almost as far as York. So he immediately rode to York, but was very much disappointed. And to add to it, he never found nor heard of one of his cheeses.

THE TABLE V. *Vol. A.*

A Man of Gotham bought at Nottingham market, a trevot, or barn-iron; and going home with it, his shoulders grew weary with the carriage. He set it down, and seeing it had three feet, said, Whoreson, thou hast three feet and I but two, thou shalt bear me home if thou wilt; so set himself down upon it, and said to it, Bear me as long as I have done thee; for if thou dost not,

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thou shalt stand still for me. The man
of Gotham seeing that his trivot would
not move, Stand still, said he in the
mayor's name, and follow me if thou
wilt, and I can show you the right
way. When he went home his wife
asked him where the trivot was? He
said, it had three legs, and he had but
two, and he had taught him the ready
way to his house; therefore he might
come himself if he would. Where did
you leave the trivot, said the woman?
At Gotham bridge, said he. So she im-
mediately ran and fetched the trivot
herself, or otherwise she must certain-
ly have lost it, on account of her hus-
band's want of wit.

T A L E VI.

A certain smith of Gotham had a
large wasp's nest in the straw at the
end of his forge, and there coming
one of his neighbours to have his horse
shoed, and the wasps being exceeding
busy, the man was stung by one of
them. The man being grievously af-
fronted, said, Are you worthy to keep
a forge or not, to have men stung with
these wasps? O! neighbour, said the
smith, be content, and I shall put them

from their nest presently Immediately he took a coulter and heated it red hot, and thrust into the straw, at the end of his forge, and set it on fire, and burnt it up. Then said the smith, I told thee I'd fire them out of their nest.

T A L E VII.

ON Good Friday, the men of Gotham, consulted together, what to do with their white herrings, sprats, and salt-fish, and agreed, that all such fish should be cast into the pond or pool in the midst of the town, that the number of them might increase against the next year. Therefore every one who had any fish left, did cast them immediately into the pond. Then said one, I have gotten so many red-herrings; Well, said another, and I have left so many whittings; Another immediately cried out, I have as yet gotten so many sprats left; And, said the last, I have gotten so many salt fishes, let them go together in the great pond, without any distinction, and we may be sure to fare like lords the next year. At the beginning of the next Lent they immediately went about drawing the pond, imagining they should have the

8 The MERRY TALES of the fish; but were much surpris'd to find nothing but a large eel. Ah! said they! a mischief on this eel, for he hath eat-
en up our fish. What must we do with him; said one to the other; kill him! said one, chop him in pieces, said another, Nay, not so, said the other, but let us drown him. Be it accordingly so, replied they all. So they immediately went into another pond, and cast the eel into the water. Lie there, said these wise men, and shift for thyself; since you may not expect any help from us. So they left the eel to be drowned.

T A L E VIII.

On a time the men of Gotham had forgotten to pay their rents to their landlord. So one said to the other, To-morrow must be pay-day, by whom can we send our money to our landlord? Said one of them, I have this day taken a hare, and he may carry it; for he is very quick footed; be it so, replied the rest; he shall have a letter, and a large purse to put our money in, and we can direct him the ready way. When the letter was written, and the money put into the purse, they immediately tied them about the hare's

neck, saying, You must first go to Loughborough, and then to Leicester, and at Newark is our landlord; then commend us unto him, and there is his due. The hare, as soon as he got out of their hands, ran quite a contrary way. Some said, thou must first go to Loughborough; others said, let the hare alone, for he can tell a nearer way than the best of us; let him go.

T A L E IX.

A Man of Gotham that went mowing in the meadow found a large grasshopper; he immediately threw down his scythe, and ran home to his neighbours, and said, That the devil was there in the field, and was hopping among the grass. Then was every man ready, with their clubs and staves, halberts and other weapons, to kill the grasshopper. When they came almost to the place where the grasshopper was, said one to the other, let every one cross himself from the devil, for we will not meddle with him, so they returned again, and said, we were blest this day that we went no farther. O ye cowards, said he, that left his scythe in the meadow, help me to

10 The MERRY TALES of the
fetch my scythe. No, answered they,
it is good to sleep in a whole skin. It
is much better for thee to lose thy
scythe, than to marr us all.

T A L E X.

ON a certain time there were twelve
men of Gotham that went to fish; and
some waded in the water, and some
stood on dry land. And in going
home, one said to the other, we have
ventured wonderfully in wading, I
pray God, that none of us did come
from home to be drowned. Nay, mar-
ry, said one to the other, let us see
that, for their did twelve of us come
out. Then they told themselves, and
every one told eleven. Said the one
to the other, there is one of us drown-
ed. They went back to the brook
where they had been fishing, and sought
up and down for him that was drown-
ed, making great lamentation. A cour-
tier coming by, asked what it was they
sought for, and why they were sor-
rowful? Oh! said they, this day we
went to fish in the brook; twelve of us
came out together, and one is drown-
ed. Said the courtier, tell how many
there be of you. One of them said e-

WISE MEN OF GOTHAM 11.

leven; but he did not count himself. Well, said the courtier, what will you give me, and I will find the twelfth man? Sir, said they, all the money we have got. Give me the money, said he; he then began with the first, and gave him a stroke over the shoulders with his whip, which made him groan; saying, here is one, and so he served them all, and they groaned at the matter. When he came to the last, he paid him well, saying, Here is the twelfth man; God's blessing on thy heart, said they, for finding our brother.

T A L E XI.

A Man of Gotham riding along the high-way, saw a cheese, so drew his sword and pricked it with the point, in order to pick it up. Another man came by and alighted, and picked it up, and rode away with it. The Man of Gotham rides back to Nottingham, to buy a long sword to pick up the cheese; and returning to the place where the cheese did ly, he pulled out his sword, pricking the ground, and said, If I had had but this sword, I should have had the cheese myself, but now another has got it.

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T A L E XII.

A man of Gotham that did not love his wife, and she having fair hair, her husband said divers times, he would cut it off, but durst not do it when she was awake, so he resolved to do it when she was asleep; therefore one night he took up a pair of sheers, and put them under his pillow; which his wife perceiving, said to one of her maids, go to bed to my husband, for he intends to cut off my hair to-night, let him cut off thy hair, and, I will give thee as good a kirtle as ever thou did see. The maid did so, and feigned herself asleep, which the man perceiving, cut off the maid's hair, and wrapped it about the sheers, and laid them under the pillow, and went to sleep; the maid arose, and the wife took the hair and sheers, and went to the hall, and there burned the hair. The man had a fine horse that he loved much, and the goodwife went into the stable, cut off the horse's tail, wrapped the sheers up in it, and then laid them under the pillow again. Her husband seeing her combing her head in the morning, marvelled very much,

WISE MEN of GOTHAM. 13,

thereat. The girl seeing her master in a deep study, said, What the devil ails the horse in the stable? he bleeds prodigiously. The man ran into the stable, and found the horse's tail was cut off; then going to his bed, he found the sheers wrapped up in his horse's tail. He then went to his wife, saying I crave thy mercy, for I intended to cut off thy hair, but have cut off my own horse's tail. Yea, said she, self-do, self-have. Many men think to do a bad turn, but it turneth oftentimes to themselves.

T A L E, XIII.

A Man of Gotham laid his wife a wager, that she could not make him a cuckold. No! said she, but I can. Do not spare me, said he, but do what you can. On a time she had hid all the spiggots and faucets, and going into the buttery, set the barrel a-broach, and cry'd to her husband, Pray bring me a spigot and faucet, or else the ale will all run out. He sought up and down, but could not find one. Come here then, said she, and put thy finger in the tap-hole. Then she called a taylor with whom she had made a bargain.

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Soon after she came to her husband,
and brought a spiggot and faucet, say-
ing pull thy finger out of the tap-hole,
good cuckold. Beshrew your heart for
your trouble, said he, make no such
bargain with me again.

T A L E XIV.

A Man of Gotham took a young
buzzard, and invited four or five gen-
tlemens servants to the eating of it;
but the old wife killed an old goose,
and she and two of her gossips ate up
the buzzard, and the old goose was
laid to the fire for the gentlemens ser-
vants. So when they came, the goose
was set before them. What is this, said
one of them? the goodman said, a cu-
rious buzzard. A buzzard! said they,
why 'tis an old goose, and thou art a
knave to mock us, and so in great an-
ger departed home. The fellow was
very sorry that he had affronted them,
and took a bag and put the buzzard's
feathers in it; but his wife desired
him before he went, to fetch a block
of wood, and in the interim she pulled
out the buzzard's feathers, and put in
the goose's. Then the man taking the
bag, went to the gentleman's servants,

and said, Pray be not angry with me, you shall see I had a buzzard, for here be the feathers. Then he opened the bag and took out the goose's feathers. Upon which one of them took a cudgel, and gave him a dozen of stripes, saying, Why you knave, could you not be content to mock us at home? but are you come here to mock us?

T A L E XV.

A Man's wife of Gotham was delivered of a male child, and the father invited the gossips, which were children of eight or ten years of age. The eldest child's name was Gilbert, the second's name was Humphrey, and the Godmother's name was Christibel. Their relations admonished them divers times, that they must all say after the Parson. And when they were all come to the church, the priest said, Be you all agreed of the name? Gilbert, Humphrey, and Christibel, so said they all. The priest then said, wherefore came you hither? They immediately said the same. The priest being amazed, could not tell what to say, but whistled and said, Whey, and so did they. The priest being angry, said Go

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home tools, go home. Then Gilbert,
Humphrey, and Christibel, did the
same. The priest then provided god-
fathers and godmothers himself.

Here a man may see, that children
can do nothing without good instruc-
tions, and that they are not wise who
disregard them.

T A L E XVI.

A Young man of Gotham went a
wooing to a fair maiden; his mother
warned him before hand, saying, when
ever you look aa her, cast a sheep's eye
at her, and say, How dost thou, my
sweet Pigsnie? The fellow went to a
butcher's and bought seven or eight
sheeps' eyes. And when this lusty
woocer was at dinner, he would look
upon this fair wench, and cast in her
face a sheep's eye; saying, How dost
thou do, my sweet Pigsnie! How do I
do, said the wench, swine's-face, what
do you mean, by casting a sheep's eye
at me? Oh! Sweet pigsnie, have at
thee with another. But I defy thee,
swine's-face, said the wench. What,
my sweet old Pigsnie, be content, for
if you live till next year, you will be
a foul sow. Walk knave, walk, said,

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she, for if you live till the next year ye will be a fool.

T A L E XVII.

THERE was a man of Gotham who would be married, and when the day of marriage was come, they went to church. The priest said, Do you say after me. The man said, Do you say a'er me. The priest said, Say not a'fter me such words; but say what I tell you; thou dost play the fool to mock the holy Scripture concerning matrimony. Then the fellow said, thou dost play the fool to mock the holy scripture concerning matrimony. The priest could not tell what to say, but answered, What shall I do with this fool? And the man said, What shall I do with this fool? So the priest took his leave and would not marry them: But he was instructed by others how to do, and was afterwards married. And thus the breed of the Gothamites has been perpetuated even unto this day.

T A L E XVIII.

THERE was a Scotsman who dwelt at Gotham, and he took a house a little distance from London, and turned it into an inn; and for his sign he

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would have a boar's head. Accord-
ingly he went to a carver, and said, can
you make me a bare-head? Yes, said
the carver. Then, said he, make me
a bare-head, and thou'lt have 20d for
thy hire, I will do it said the carver.
So on St Andrew's day before Christ-
mas, the which is called Yule in Scot-
land, the Scot came to London for his
boar's head to set up at his door, I say
to thee, I speak, said the Scotsman, hast
thou made me a bare-head? Yes, said
the carver. He went and brought a
man's head of wood that was bare,
and said, Sir; here is your bare-head.
Ay, said the Scot, The meikle de'il! is
this a bare-head! Yes said the carver.
I say, said the Scotsman, I will have a
bare-head, like a head that follows the
sow that has gryces. Sir, said the car-
ver, I don't know sow and gryces.
What, whoreson, know you not a sow
that will greet and groan, and cry, a
week, a week! What, said the carver?
do you mean a pig? Yes, said the
Scotsman, let me have her head made
in timber, and set on her scalp, and
let her sing whip where. The carver
aid, he could not. You whoreson,

9-
WISE MEN of GOTHAM. 19
said he, gar her as she'd sing, whip
whire. This shews that all men de-
light in their fancy.

T A L E XIX.

IN old times, during these tales, the
wives of Gotham were got into an ale-
house, and said, they were all profit-
able to their husbands. Which way,
good gossips, said the ale-wife? The
first said, I will tell you all good gos-
sips; I cannot brew nor bake, there-
fore I am every day alike; and go to
the ale-house, because I cannot go to
the church, and in the ale-house I pray
to God to speed my husband, and I
am sure my prayers will do him more
good than my labour. Then said the
second, I am profitable to my husband,
in saving of candle in winter, for I
cause my husband and all my people
to go to bed by day-light, and rise by
day-light. The third said, I am pro-
fitable in sparing bread, for I drink a
gallon of ale, I care not much for meat.
The fourth said, I am loth to spend
meat and drink at home, so I go to
the tavern at Nottingham, and drink
wine, and such other things as God
sends me there. The fifth said, a man

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will ever have more company in ano-
ther's house than his own, and most
commonly in the ale-house. The sixth
said my husband has flax and wool to
spare, if go to other folks houses to do
their work. The seventh said, I spare
both my husband's wood and clothes,
and sit talking all the day at other
folks fire. The eighth said, beef, mutton
and pork are dear, I therefore take
pigs, chickens, conies and capons, be-
ing of a lesser price. The ninth said,
I spare my husband's soap, for instead
of washing once a week, I wash but
once a quarter. Then said the ale-wife,
I keep all my husband's ale I brew
from fouring; for as I wont to drink
it almost up, now I leave never a drop.

T A L E XX.

On Ash Wednesday, the minister of
Gotham would have a collection from
his parishioners; and said unto them,
My friends, the time is come that you
must use prayer, fasting and alms, but
come ye to shrift; I will tell you more
of my mind. But as for prayer, I don't
think that two men in the parish can
say their Pater-noster. As for fasting
ye fast still, for ye have not a good

meal's meat in the year. As for alms-deeds, what should they give that have nothing? in Lent, you must refrain from drunkenness, and abstain from drink. No, not so, said one fellow, for it is an old proverb, 'That fish should swim.' Yes, said the priest, it must swim in the water. I crave your mercy, quoth the fellow, I thought it should have swam in fine ale, for I have been told so. Soon after the men of Gotham came to shrift, and being seven in number, the priest knew not what penance to give them. He said, If I injoin you to pray, you cannot say your pater noster. And it is but folly to make you fast, because you never eat a good meal's meat. Labour hard, and get a good dinner on Sunday, and I will partake of it, another man he enjoined to fare well on Monday, and another on Tuesday, and one after another, that one or other should fare well once in the week, that he might have part of their meat. And as for alms-deeds, the priest said, ye be but beggars, except one or two, therefore bestow your alms on yourselves.

AN Irishman being asked, whether he or his brother were oldest? I am oldest, said he, but if my brother live three years longer, we shall be both of one age.

An Irish servant being struck by his master, cried out Devil take me, if I am certain whether he has kill'd me or not; but if I am dead it will afford me great satisfaction, to hear the old rogue was hanged for killing of me.

A deaf fellow coming to London to sell a turkey, at Hyde-park-Corner, had occasion to untruss a point; a gentleman passing by, intended to put a joke upon him; Countryman, said he there's a turd under you; the man thinking he asked the price of his turkey, said, four shillings, master I say there's a turd under you, said the other. It is as good as ever you ate in your life, said the fellow, either baked or roasted. You rascal, said he, I could find in my heart to kick you foundly. Come chuse, says the fellow, for if you won't another will.

One being at his wife's funeral, and the bearers going pretty quick along, he cried out to them, Don't go so fast,

what need we make a toil of a pleasure? Two Irishmen, walking together in the fields, were at length hemmed in by a great ditch, which when they perceived, quoth one of them, we must go back again, for the ditch is too big for us to jump over; nay, quoth the other, I protest I'll jump over, though I light in the middle.

A number of French gentlemen, dining at a tavern in Germany, the maid, as she took out the dishes, let a rousing fart; and her mistress scolding her severely for doing such a thing in hearing of the guests. Pshaw, madam, says she, you don't consider that they are all French people, and don't understand German.

In Admiral Hawke's last engagement with the French, a sailor on board one of the ships, had a leg shot off, whereupon one of his mels-mâtes took him down to the surgeon, and took his leg off the deck, and put under his arm; he was no sooner brought down, but another of his mels-mâtes began shaking his head, and telling him; he was very sorry he had lost a leg. That is a damn'd lie, you son of a b—h, re-

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plied he, for I've got it under my arm.
As Dean Swift was crossing the ferry
at Dublin, turning himself from the
passengers in the stern of the boat, ask-
ed a poor man near him, Well, friend,
what profession are you of? I am a tay-
lor, Sir, answered the other, not know-
ing the Dean. Are you married? said
Swift. Yes, Sir, replied the taylor. And
who wears the breeches? said the Dean.
My a—se, answered the other.

A gentleman one day gave his ser-
vant a kick on the breech, upon which
the fellow let a rousing f—t, his master
was horribly offended, but the servant
said, Why, Sir, would you knock at a
door and have no body answer you.

An Irishman at Chester, upon en-
quiring at his landlord how he could
get to London, and being told he might
go in the waggon, he replied, No, ho-
ney, that won't do, I am always sea-
sick when I ride in a waggon.

A Schoolmaster asking one of his
boys in a cold winter morning, what
was Latin for cold; the boy hesitated
a little — What firrah, said he, can't
you tell? Yes, yes, cried the boy, I
have it at my finger-ends.