



It has never been settled who made the first joke; indeed, it is by no means easy to be certain who first made any joke. Joking has been in practice many thousands of years now, but we seem to have invented very few new "wheezes." (The word "wheeze," by the way, is probably used in allusion to the aged and broken-winded character of the jests it is designed to distinguish.) A gentleman called Hierocles, who conducted a respectable business as neoplatonic philosopher in the fifth century, is said to have made exhaustive researches into the origins and relations of the jokes extant in his time. After years of sifting, comparing, and tracing, he reduced all these to an original twenty-one, which had been repeated and repeated, with variations and changes of place and circumstance, in a thousand varied forms for thousands of years. Those twenty-one jokes are still going strong and well, and at this moment a thousand scissors in the hands of a thousand sub-editors are slashing them out in their latest forms from a thousand copies of American papers, shortly, by the aid of a thousand paste-brushes and a swarm of printing machines, to be presented to millions of delighted readers ever alert for the latest and freshest jape.

In their early forms—Greek, Hindu, and so forth—these jokes are, when comprehensible, a trifle dull, not to say sad. Indeed, they have the two faults that characterized the horse in the ancient story (paleolithic, probably): they are difficult to capture, and

not worth the trouble when caught. But among the jest-books of our own earlier times we come upon them—and perhaps others; we won't bind ourselves to the twenty-one dogma—in a more understandable habit, though often dull enough even then.

Old English jest-books are now rarities, and valuable. Whether it be that they were actually thumbed out of existence, as one authority holds, or whether many were burned by the laughter-hating Puritans, the fact remains that few, very few, have struggled through the centuries to our own time; and when one of these few is for sale, it is apt—in especial cases, at any rate—to cost its weight in bank-notes. But they

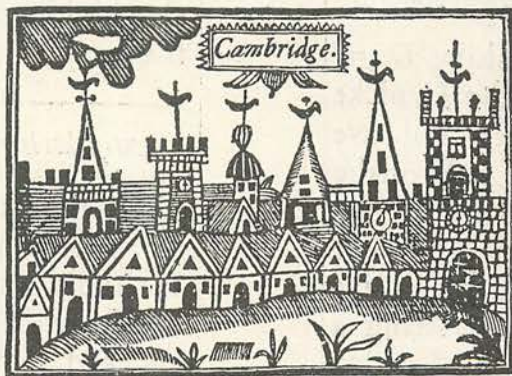
were shocking humbugs in their time, some of them. Each consisted, more or less, of shameless thefts from all the others; and it is easy to trace through dozens of them the same merry (or miserable) jest—a jest as often as not invented again last week by guidance of the sub-editorial machinery already particularized. Some were called after famous clowns or jesters—as Tarlton's, Armstrong's, or Peele's jests, by reason of these worthies never having had anything to do with one of them, books or jests. In much the same manner was the title given to one of the most famous of them—

## Cambridge JESTS:

BEING

## Wit's Recreation.

*If what's here said, don't every Humour fit,  
Cease to find Fault, 'till you can find more Wit.*



Newcastle. printed in this present Year,

the "Cambridge Jest"—probably because it was published at Newcastle. We give a facsimile of the title-page of this book—a thing of some humour in itself. It is embellished with a view of Cambridge, a view instantly to be recognised by anybody

acquainted with the town and colleges; for all the weathercocks are at the top of the buildings, just as they are in Cambridge to this day; and the steeples are all built with the thick end downward, a time-honoured characteristic of all Cambridge steeples. The publisher was a wily person, ever awake to catch the purchaser who insisted on being up-to-date. For which reason he avoided definite figures, and with the announcement "printed in this present year" was ready to please all customers, no matter how long the stock might lie on his hands.

Why should Oxford wait? The sister University must have its jest-book too, so in 1628 (much less wily, this definite date) "Gratiæ Ludentes, jests from the Universitie. By H. L.

Gratiæ Ludentes.  
IESTS,  
FROM THE  
VNIVERSITIE.

By H. L. Oxen.

Max. Die mihi quid melius de stultis agas.



Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, for  
Humphrey Mosley, 1628.

Oxen," was printed by Thomas Cotes for Humphrey Mosley — not at Oxford, of course, but at London. We give a reproduction of the title-page. The Latin title and the quotation from Martial give the proper Oxford air, however, and a ponderous cloaked and booted Mercury occupies half the space, flattening the world, an inconsiderable pudding, beneath his tread. Opening the book at pages 34 and 35 we give a photograph of the text, comprising two anecdotes of Diogenes and one of a clumsy reader. The joke of the bad shot, and the only safe place being at the target, is as hard-worked as ever to-day, and the inches it has filled out at the bottoms of the columns of journals must amount to many, many square miles.

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Jests from.

Of Diogenes.

ONE asking Diogenes the Cynicke what hee would have to take a cuffe on the eare, he answered him a helmet. The same man walking in the fields, and seeing a young man shooting very unskilfully, went and fate downe very neere the marke, some asking him why hee did so, hee answered  
least

the Vniversitie.

35

least peradventure hee should hit mee that shootes.

Mistakes in reading.

ONE reading the history of *Elisha*, in the old Testament, and how the children mocked him, read, and there came three shee Boares out of the Forrest and devoured them.

Another.



**Pasquils Iests,**  
**Mixed with Mother Bunches**  
**Merriments.**

Whereunto is added a doozen of Gulles.

Pretty and pleasant, to driue  
 away the tediousnesse of a  
 Winters Evening.

*Wm Shakspeare*



Imprinted at London for Iohn Browne,  
 and are to be sold at his shop in Saint  
 Dunstones Church-yard, in Fleet-  
 street 1604.

the matter of "The miserable niggardize of a Justice. To conclude, with this miserable Justice, who came to London, to the Terme: And lying in Fleet-street, a companie of excellent Musicians, in a morning, played very earely at his chamber. But he being loth to bestow his money so vainely, bade his man tell them, hee could not as then heare their Musike, for he lamented for the death of his mother. Wherefore they went their way, for their hope was deceived. A Gentleman, a friend of his in London, hearing the same, came to comfort him, and asked him when his mother dyed? Fayth (quoth hee) some XVI yeeres agoe. When his friend understood his deceit, he laughed heartily."

A signature will be noticed on the title-page we show, and another, similar, on the title-page of "The Pleasant Conceites of Old Hobson," shortly to be mentioned. The name is "William Shakespeare." The writing is undoubtedly very old, and *may* be the work of the great poet; but the British Museum authorities (the copies of both books are in the Museum) do not consider the signatures genuine. The British Museum has long possessed these copies, and nobody is prepared with a conjecture as to who could have perpetrated the forgery, if forgery it be, or why it was done. Certainly, from the dates, copies of both might well have been possessed by Shakespeare. If, after all, the signatures be

An earlier book than the *Gratic Ludentes* was called "Pasquil's Jests, Mixed with Mother Bunches Merriments, Whereunto is added a doozen of Gulles. Pretty and pleasant, to drive away the tediousnesse of a winters evening." This was published in 1604, by one John Browne, of St. Dunstan's Churchyard, in Fleet Street, as may be seen by the title-page here copied. All, except the title-page and the headlines, is in black-letter, and never very inspiring. But we reproduce the last of the tales — one which in other forms has been told to most of us as a new thing. And lest the black-letter reduced in size may not be completely legible to weak eyes, we transcribe

**The miserable niggardize of a Justice.**

**T**o conclude, with this miserable Justice, who came to London, to the Terme: And lying in Fleet-street, a companie of excellent Musicians, in a morning, played very earely at his chamber. But he being loth to bestow his money so vainely, bade his man tell them, hee could not as then heare their Musike, for he lamented for the death of his mother. Wherefore they went their way, for their hope was deceived. A Gentleman, a friend of his in London, hearing the same, came to comfort him, and asked him when his mother dyed? Fayth (quoth hee) some xvi. yeeres agoe. When his friend understood his deceit, he laughed heartily.

# THE PLEASANT CONCEITES

Of

Old *Hobson* the merry Londoner,  
full of humorous discourses,  
and witty meriments.

Whereas the quickest wites may laugh, and the  
wiser sort take pleasure.



Printed at London for *John Wright*, and are to bee sold at  
his shoppe neere *Christ-Church* gate.  
1602

dayes after it was Maister Fleete-wood's chaunse, to come to Maister Hobsons & knocking at the dore asked if he were within? maister Hobson hearing, and knowing how he was denyed maister Fleete-woods speach before-time, speake himseife aloud, and said, hee was not at home, Then sayd maister Fleete-wood, what master Hobson, thinke you that I knowe not your voyce, where-unto maister Hobson answered and sayd, now maister Fleete-wood, am I quit with you: for when I came to speake with you, I beleued your man that said, you were not at home, and now you will not beleue mine owne selfe, and this was the mery conference betwixt these two merry gentlemen."

The original "Merry Andrew" is said to have been Andrew Boorde, or Borde, physician to Henry VIII. Our portrait on the opposite page is taken from a book of his in black-letter—the "Boke of the introduction of Knowledge" (with a foot or so more of title), and does not represent the doctor in particularly merry guise.

genuine, a new and great interest attaches to these collections of old jokes.

"The Pleasant Conceites of Old Hobson the merry Londoner," is a famous book of jests published in 1607. Hobson, as figured in the book, is a great joker, practical and otherwise, though most of his jokes are to be heard of elsewhere. The book, in this first edition (we give the title-page), was in black-letter, and from the last of the stories, shown on the last page here reproduced, we may learn that the numerous "not at home" stories are by no means all of yesterday and to-day. Here, breathless punctuation and all, is the transcription of "How Maister Hobson said he was not at home. On a time Master Hobson upon some ocaion came to Master Fleetewoods house to speake with him, being then new chosen the recorder of London, and asked one of his men if he were within and he said he was not at home, but maister Hobson perceiving that his maister bad him say so, and that he was within not being willing (at that time) to be spoken withall, for that time dessembling the matter he went his way, within a few

## How Maister Hobson said he was not at home.

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Andrew Boorde.

Rather is his expression suggestive of that of the uninventive sub-editor ordered by an arbitrary chief to produce a new joke in half an hour, and unfeelingly deprived of his scissors. His medical profession appears to be indicated by an extra-sized chest-protector, worn outside. When, notwithstanding the chest-protector, he was dead, and past protesting, the poor doctor was made responsible for many booksellers' sins. "Scoggin's Jests"—or Scogin's, or Scogan's, or Scoggan's, as the name was diversely spelt—"A Historie of the Mylner of Abyngton" and "Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham" (if no more) were issued with his name on the title-page, and nothing else of his in the books. "Scoggin's Jests" is one of the most famous jest-books in the language, and went through many varying editions. Still, it was little but a collection from other books, one at least of the stories being traceable to a prehistoric Hindu source. Scoggin is said to have been a facetious Master of Arts of Oxford, who, about 1480, was jester to Edward IV. But, needless to say, Scoggin also had nothing to do with the jokes in the book bearing his name. We give a facsimile of the title-page of the only copy known

to exist of the first edition, now in the British Museum. One of Scoggin's anecdotes is a tale which is, and has been, familiar in many forms to everybody for hundreds—if not thousands—of years. It is the story of a stupid scholar, unable to master Latin, sent by his teacher (Scoggin) to obtain deacon's orders from the bishop's ordinary. He learns by rote the answer to certain questions in a certain order which it is expected that the ordinary will follow, but the ordinary asks other questions, and the scholar faithfully answers with the words he has been taught, with absurd effect. Then follows another familiar story, which we will transcribe. The scholar is sent again, and the ordinary, mollified by a bribe, makes the examination as easy as he can. The tale runs: "How the scholler said, Tom Miller of Osney was Jacob's Father. After this the said scholler did come to the next orders, and brought a present to the Ordinary from Scogin, but the schollers father paid for all. Then said the ordinary to

THE <sup>w 867</sup>  
First and best Part

OF

# Scoggins Iests:

Full of witty mirth and pleasant shifts, done by him in France, and other places: being a preservative against melancholy.

Gathered by *Andrew Boord, Doctor of Physicke.*



LONDON,  
Printed for *Francis Williams.*

the scholler, I must needs oppose you" (meaning question you) "and for Master Scogins sake I will oppose you in a light matter. Isaac had two sons, Esau & Jacob, who was Jacobs father: The scholler stood still and could not tell. Well, said the Ordinary, I cannot admit you to be priest, until the next Orders, and then bring me an answer. The scholler went home with a heavy heart, bearing a letter to Master Scogin, how his scholler could not answer to this question, Isaac had two sonnes, Esau & Jacob, who was Jacobs father. Scogin said to his scholler, thou foole and asse-head, doest thou not know Tom Miller of Osney? Yes said the scholler. Then said Scogin, thou knowest he had two sonnes, Tom and Jacke, who is Jack's father: The Scholler said Tom Miller Why said Scogin thou mightest have said that Isaac was Jacob's father: then said Scogin, thou shalt arise betime in the morning, and carry a letter to the Ordinary and I trust he will admit thee before the Orders shall be given. The Scholler rose up betime in the morning and carried the letter to the Ordinary. The Ordinary said, for Master Scogin's sake I will oppose you no farther than I did yesterday; Isaac had two sonnes, Esau and Jacob, who was Jacob's Father? Marry, said the scholler, I can tell you now; that was Tom Miller of Osney. Goe, foole, goe, said the Ordinary, and let thy master send thee no more to me for Orders; for it is impossible to make a foole a wise man."

Everybody will recognise this old yarn, best known, perhaps, in the form of the verses "Long Tom Smith the Doctor," where Noah is the father, and Shem, Ham, and Japhet the sons.

We give a facsimile of another of Scoggin's tales, from a later and differing edition. This again is a familiar favourite, and again we transcribe: "How Scogin sold Powder to kill Fleas. Scogin divers times did lack

money, and could not tell what shift to make, at last he thought to play the Physitian, and did fill a box full of the Powder of a rotten Post; and on a Sunday he went to a Parish Church, and told the Wives that he had a Powder to kill up all the Fleas in the Countrey, and every wife bought a penniworth, and Scogin went his way e're Mass was done. The wives went homie, and cast the Powder into their beds, and in their chambers, and the Fleas continued still. On a time Scogin came to the same Church on a Sunday, and when the wives had espied him, the one said to the other, This is he that deceived us with the Powder to kill Fleas:

#### How Scogin sold Powder to kill Fleas.

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see, said the one to the other, this is the self-same person. When Mass was done, the wives gathered about Scogin, and said, You be no honest man to deceive us with the Powder to kill Fleas. Why, said Scogin, are not your Fleas all dead? We have more now (said they) than ever we had. I marvel of that, said Scogin, I am sure you did not use the Medicine as you should have done. They said, we did cast it in our beds and in our chambers. Ah, said he, there be a sort of fools that will buy a thing and will not ask what they shall do with it. I tell you all, that you should have taken every Flea by the neck, and then they would gape, and then



you should have cast a little of the Powder into every Fleas mouth, and so you should have killed them. Then, said the wives, we have not only lost our money, but we are mocked for our labour." It will be remembered that Captain Marryat worked up this old joke in "Japhet in Search of a Father."

Richard Tarlton ("Dick" Tarlton in most records) was a famous comedian in Elizabeth's time. The Earl of Leicester found him tending swine at his native village of Condover in Salop, and brought him to London, being pleased with his ready wit. He acted as judge in a play of "Henry V.," earlier in date than Shakespeare's play of the same name; but he was best as clown. He died in 1589, and was buried at Shoreditch. For some few years he escaped the posthumous penalty then inflicted by booksellers on dead wits, but in 1611 the inevitable "Richard Tarlton's Jests" appeared, with the frontispiece here given, exhibiting Dick playing tabor and pipe on a grating, or a tiled paving, as the case may be. The portrait may or may not be like Tarlton, but if Tarlton had

anything to do with the jests included in the book, he was a mere purveyor of chestnuts, and the Earl of Leicester was deceived. But poor Dick may safely be held blameless of this book, which, however, grew very popular. We give a reproduction of the first page of an edition of 1638, with two jests, neither irresistibly funny. The first describes how the Queen having, on one occasion, decided that Tarlton had drunk enough beer, and stopped the supply, "Feare not you (quoth Tarlton) for your Beere is small enough." Whereat, we are told, "her Majestie laughed heartily." Good Queen Bess seems to have had an enviable capacity for enjoyment. The other story we transcribe: "Tarlton having beene late at Court and comming homewards thorow Fleet street, he espi'd the Watch, and not knowing how to passe them, he went very fast, thinking by that meanes to goe unexamined. But the Watch men perceiving that he shunned them, stept to him, and commanded him in the Queenes name to stand. Stand? quoth Tarlton, let them stand that can, for I cannot. So falling downe,



### Tarltons Court witty Jests.

How Tarlton plaid the Drunkard before the Queene.



**T**HE Queene being discontented: which Tarlton perceiving, took upon him to delight her with some quaint jest: whereupon he counterlaied a Drunkard, and called for Beere, which was brought immediately. Her Majestie noting his humor, commanded that he should have no more: for (quoth she) he will play the beaſt, and so shame himselfe. Feare not you (quoth Tarlton) for your Beere is small enough. Whereat her Majestie laughed heartily, and command that he should have enough.

How Tarlton deceived the watch in Fleetstreet.

**T**arlton having beene late at Court, and comming homewards thorow Fleetstreet, he espi'd the Watch, and not knowing how to passe them, he went very fast, thinking by that meanes to goe unexamined. But the Watch men perceiving that hee shunned them, stept to him, and commanded him in the Queenes name to stand. Stand, quoth Tarlton: let them stand that can, for I cannot. So falling downe, as though he had beene drunken, they helpt him up, and so let him passe.



London. Printed for R. Best and see to be sold at his shop  
near Graues Iron gate in Houlbrowne.

as though he had been drunke, they helpt him up, and so let him passe." Not very funny and not very new. The volume is divided into three parts, The Court Witty Jests, The Sound City Jests, and the Country Pretty Jests—all witty, sound, and pretty perhaps, but very musty with age, even at that time.

In 1640 a book appeared with the title, "Art Asleepe Husband? A Boulster Lecture," which may well be considered the seventeenth century prototype of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," if we judge alone by the frontispiece and title-page. But the matter of the book scarcely bears out the promise of "all variety of witty jeasts, merry Tales and other pleasant passages," being something of a learned and sober, not to say pedantic and dull, exposition of woman's many excellencies. Still, it seems very likely that the idea of Mrs. Caudle may have been suggested to Douglas Jerrold by a sight of the quaint frontispiece and title-page.

We may recognise an old friend in the joke embodied in a verse printed in "Conceits, Clinches, Flashes, and Whimzies," published in 1639. The verse purports to be an epitaph "On a Cobler."

If any aske why this same stone was made  
Know for a Cobler newly underlayd,  
Here for his overboasting; pray condole  
Him that translated many a weary sole.

Until quite lately—perhaps even now—"translators" were wretchedly paid cobblers, who patched up old boots to sell again.

But the most famous, the type of all jest-books, is the immortal Joe Miller. Now the book, "Joe Miller's Jests, or the Wit's Vade Mecum," is a double fraud. In the first place, Joe Miller had nothing to do with it, nor with any of its contents, though this, of course, was merely the usual thing. But a further fact was that poor Joe Miller himself never made a joke in his life, and could not see one when it was made. He was a comedian, it is true, and a man fond of bright company. Nevertheless, he seldom spoke and he never laughed, no matter how mirthful the company might be. He could neither read nor write, and he learned his parts (he played with ability at Old Drury Lane) by the assistance of his wife. He had a habit of spending his afternoons at the "Black Jack" in Portsmouth Street, where a sort of club of neighbouring tradesmen met. Here his immovable gravity and his lack of humour became a joke, and whenever any particularly funny thing was repeated, his companions ironically ascribed it to his facetious invention. This fact, and the other fact of his success as an actor, caused his name to be noised abroad, so that after his death, one Read, a small publisher of chap-books, having got together a shilling book of jests,



From an]

JOE MILLER.

[Old Print.



Joe Miller's *JESTS*:

OR, THE

W I T S  
V A D E - M E C U M.

BEING

A Collection of the most Brilliant *JESTS*; the Politest *REPARTÉES*; the most Elegant *BONS MOTS*, and most pleasant short Stories in the *English* Language.

First carefully collected in the Company, and many of them transcribed from the Mouth of the Facetious *GENTLEMAN*, whose Name they bear; and now set forth and published by his lamentable Friend and former Companion, *Elijab Jenkins*, Esq;

Most Humbly *INSCRIBED*

To those *CHOICE-SPIRITS* of the *AGE*,

Captain *BODENS*, Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE*,  
Mr. Professor *LACY*, Mr. Orator *HENLEY*,  
and *JOB BAKER*, the *Kettle-Drummer*.

*L O N D O N*:

Printed and Sold by *T. READ*, in *Dogswell-Court, White Fryars, Fleet-Street*. *MDCCLXXXIX.*

(Price One Shilling.)

much light on contemporary habits and manners, and the jokes are still found useful. We reproduce, in reduced facsimile, jokes numbered 99, 175, and 235 in the first edition. No. 99, like the lady it tells of, is resolved never to grow old; it is told or read somewhere every day. No. 175 is given as a quaint instance of the practice, frequent in cheap publications of the time, of imparting an air of mysterious innuendo, of half-daring libel, by the skeletonizing of words by aid of hyphens. Thus, "a certain Nobleman, a Courtier," is set down "a certain Noblem - -

99. A Lady's Age happening to be questioned, she affirmed, she was but *Forty*, and call'd upon a Gentleman that was in Company for his Opinion; Cousin, said she, do you believe I am in the Right, when I say I am but *Forty*? I ought not to dispute it, Madam, reply'd he, for I have heard you say so *these ten Years*.

175. A certain Noblem---, a Cour---r, in the Beginning of the late Reign, coming out of the H---se of L---ds, accosts the Duke of B---bam; with, *How does your Pot boil, my Lord, these troublesome Times?* To which his Grace replied, I never go into my Kitchen, but I dare say the *Scum* is uppermost.

235. One making a furious Assault upon a hot Apple-pye, burnt his Mouth 'till the Tears ran down; his Friend asked him, *Why he wept?* Only, says he, 'tis just come into my Mind, that my Grand-mother dy'd this Day twelvemonth: *Phoo!* says the other, *is that all?* So whipping a large Piece into his Mouth, he quickly sympathiz'd with his Companion; who seeing his Eyes brim full, with a malicious Sneer ask'd him, *why he wept?* *A Plague on you,* says he, *because you were not hanged the same Day your Grand-mother dy'd.*

with the aid of a poor hack, Mr. John Mottley, laid hands on the dead actor's name to give popularity to his venture. Thus, "Joe Miller's Jests" came into the world in 1739, with vast success. Second and third editions were published in the same year, another in the year succeeding, and a fifth in 1742. After that scarce a year passed without a new edition till almost the end of the eighteenth century. We print a copy of the title-page of the original edition.

It is the fashion to speak of "Joe Miller's Jests" as though the book were familiar to everybody. But how many have seen a copy of any edition? Copies of the first edition, indeed, are rare and difficult to find; though the jokes in them are the same old jokes easy to find always, anywhere. The book, indeed, is but a compilation from the jest-books of the preceding two centuries, brought up to date. The anecdotes throw

a Cour - - r," and "the House of Lords" is made, as if with bated breath, "the H - - se of L - - ds." No. 235 is another evergreen. It has a way, of late years, of referring, not to two Englishmen eating apple-pie, but two unsophisticated Indians in their first encounter with mustard.

The tales of the Wise Men of Gotham

# MERRY TALES.

OF THE

## Wife Men of GOTHAM.



Printed and Sold in London.

went through many editions, of which we select one for illustration, that probably about the time of the first Joe Miller. Here one may read the title-page and tale III. The "k" and the "h" at the beginning of the first and second lines after the illustration have changed places, and the "k" is upside down; and "the" in the bottom line but one is spelt "teh." But errors of that sort count for little when present and past tenses are used as casually as in the sentence, "The Cuckoo when she see herself," etc.

The real and proper illustration to the cuckoo tale, however, is on the title-page, as is right and fitting, for the cuckoo tale is the best known of all. In this picture the hedge, apparently of wicker-work and about a foot or so high, is certainly too low to keep any able-bodied cuckoo prisoner. Indeed, a reversal of things seems to have taken place, for the cuckoo (about the size of a turkey) sits gaily aloft on a tree (such a tree!) while the sage representative of Gotham is imprisoned in the hedged-in space, and, by the label

at his mouth, calling "Coocon" on his own account. Though whether it is the man or the cuckoo who says this, and which of them it is that says "Gotham," the confused state of the legends leaves one in doubt. In the body of the little book the tales are illustrated with whatever woodcut happened to be at hand. Thus, in tale II., the man on horseback, who is supposed to be carrying a bushel of wheat on his own shoulders in order to save his horse, has no bushel of wheat, and probably did duty for a bold highwayman, or the Duke of Marlborough, or a jockey winning a race, whenever the subject of a penny ballad or chap-book demanded it. This particular story, by the way, is of world-wide spread. It appeared in a monkish Latin poem in the twelfth century, but it was very old then. It was known in early times all over Europe and Asia, and it is told to-day in Ceylon and in Japan. Other stories in the set are of almost world-wide fame; the one, for instance, which tells of the three men going fishing, when one, on the way back, takes the precaution of counting to see if all are safe. But, omitting to count himself, he makes certain that one of them must be drowned, and laments accordingly.

### T A L E III.

ON a time the men of Gotham said would have pinned the cuckoo, that she might sing all the year; all in the midst of the town they had a hedge made in a round compass, and got a cuc-



hoo, and put her into it, and said, Sing here and you shall lack neither meat nor drink all the year. The Cuckoo when she see herself encompassed within the hedge, flew away. A vengeance on her said the Wife Men, we made not teh hedge high enough.