
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



P. o. germ.

1140

lg

Fiche

1707-1717 1717-1718

How to botany the things
that stands in my Book
a. a way

J. H. Smithson.
p. 182.

1140 ^{1/2}

Botany

Beincke



H
R
—
—
T
E

The Most Pleasing and Delightful

HISTORY

O F

Reynard the Fox,

A N D

REYNARDINE his Son.

In Two PARTS.

W I T H

The MORALS to each Chapter,
Explaining what appears Doubtful
or Allegorical.

A N D

Every Chapter Illustrated with a curi-
ous Device, or Picture, representing to
the Eye all the material Passages.

Done in the most Refined English.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *W. Onley*; and are to be Sold
by *H. Nelme*, at the *Leg and Star*,
in *Cornhil*. MDCXC VII.

**BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.**

THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

Kind READER,

IN this small History, under the Tables or Stories of Birds and Beasts, you will find things not only pleasant, but advantageous to the Improvement of your Understanding, to a degree, that you may read Men as well as Books, by their Actions deciphered in it: Here you may see Policy, Deceit, Wisdom, Power, Strength, and many other things lively set forth; and by the Events and Success, whether good or bad, judge accordingly of those that use them, whether they tend to Honest or Evil Purposes,

Here, as in a Mirror, the Politick Statesman may see his Counterfeit; the flattering Parasite how to carry himself even, and Sail with all Winds;

The Preface to the Reader.

Winds; the Powerful and Mighty, how weak it is to rely wholly on Strength, when they have a subtil Enemy to deal with; and those that trust fawning Friendship, are here convinced, that in Adversity but few will stand by them; and a number of other things is contained in it, suiting the States and Conditions of all sorts of People.

It is a Book that has been printed in most European Languages, as, Dutch, French, Italian, &c. and that of other Nations, who have given it high Encomiums and Applauses; it being, Originally, written by an Eminent Statesman of the German Empire, to shew some Men their Follies, and correct the Vices of the Times he lived in; therefore receive it not as a Trifle, but as a Work of Weight and Moment, which cost much sound Judgment and Labour in Compiling, and being done into English it varies little from the Original: However, as it is, I recommend it to you, in hopes you will find as much Pleasure and Advantage in Reading and well Weighing it, as did,

Your Friend,

and Humble Servant,

P. D.

The History of Reynard the Fox.

CHAP. I.

How the Lion summon'd the Beasts of the Forest to the Annual Feast holden at his Court, where Igrim the Wolf, and Curtis the Hound, complain'd against the Fox: How Grimbarde the Brook pleaded the Fox's Cause. How Chantecler the Cock complain'd against him for the Murther of his Wife and Children, &c.



WHEN the Sun returned to rescue the drooping Earth from the cold embraces of Winter, and cloathed each Tree and Field in a pleasing Livery of Green, enamelled or spotted over with fragrant Flowers of vari-

ous

2 The History of Reynard the Fox.

ous colours; then it was, the noble Lion, King of Beasts, sent out his Royal Mandates to all his Subjects, the Inhabitants of Woods, Forests and Fields, to attend him at his Palace of *Sanden*, there to celebrate, with great Joy and Mirth, the Annual Feast of *Pentecost*: Which was no sooner signified to them, that it was his pleasure they should give their Attendance, without any Excuse or Delay, but they flocked thither in great numbers (as well to shew their Obedience, to his Royal Command, as to avoid his Displeasure,) at the time appointed; and being called over, upon the general Summons, none was found wanting but the Fox, who conscious of Guilt for the many Injuries he had done to divers Beasts and Fowls, made him keep close in his Den, as fearing they would make such great Complaints against him, as might endanger his Life: Nor were his Fears vain or suggested; for the King, with the Queen on his right-hand, and the Leopard, his near Kinsman, on the left, being seated on the Throne, under the Canopy of a spacious Oak, and Silence being commanded, e'er he proceeded to commend them for their ready Obedience to his Mandates, in giving such exact and punctual Attendance, but missing the Fox, he wondered how he alone should neglect being there at this so great and noble Meeting, since he had always held him, as a Friend, in high Esteem; which made him enquire about his Welfare, as supposing some Sicknes or Misfortune had befallen him: but while his Wonder lasted, Sir *Isgrim*, the Wolf, stood up and accused him in this manner:

My

My most Gracious Sovereign Lord, I will know that it is neither Sickness, or any such like Ill-hap, that makes Reynard decline appearing before your Majesty, with the rest of your Subjects; but his great Guilt for the Violence and Crimes he has committed against a number here present, whose just Complaints he fears will be laid against him, to bring him to deserved Punishment and Disgrace, for abusing not only us, but your Majesty, in condemning your Orders and Commands, notwithstanding your Clemency towards him heretofore, and the Favours you have heaped upon him; and particularly, as to the great Injury he has done me and my Family; I have brought many to testifie it, and which being plainly proved, I doubt not of your Majesty's Consent to Redress and Revenge my Wrongs: Then thus, Dread Sovereign, it was: My Wife and Children being at home, and basking at their Ease, whilst I was ranging abroad, Reynard coming that way, entered my House forcibly, against my Wife's Consent, and after many Scoffings and Tauntings at her, and my young Ones, in a scornful kind of sporting manner, whisking up his bushey Tail, he so bespelt their Eyes, that by the stink and sharpness of his Urine, they immediately became blind, and have ever since continued so, to the great Grief and Sorrow of me and my poor Wife: And although a day was set that he should come to answer for this Injury, and the Book was tendered him to swear whether he was Guilty of it or not; yet he refused to do it, in Contempt to your Majesty's Command and Royal Authority. Many more Injuries I could reckon up, as divers noble Beasts here present can testifie; but they are so many and grievous, that

4 The History of Reynard the Fox.

Should I tell them all, they would tire your Patience, and discompose your Majesty with too great an Anger: and therefore, expecting the Justice of the Law, for what I have related, and more particularly for the Shame and Villany he offer'd my Wife, which in this place I am unwilling to mention, I shall at this time say no more, lest I should seem too tedious to your Majesty.

He had no sooner ended, but Curtis the little Hound, (formerly a Lady's Lap-dog, but turn'd out of Service when French-spannels came into Favour and Esteem) in a piteous tone, began to yelp out his Complaint against the Fox, saying,

May it please your Majesty, Tho' I was brought up tenderly, lay warm between Holland-sheets, and fared sumptuously at my Lady's Table every day, yet losing my Mistress's Favour, to make room for a French Cur, I was thrust out of doors in a cold Winter, and rambled up and down till almost starved; but at last Fortune turned a little favourable, and gave me the good chance to find a Pudding; which, though Reynard knew it was all I had to live on, he violently took it from me, so, that through cold and hunger, as your Majesty may plainly see by my shivering, and the sticking out of my bones, I am almost starved to death; and therefore I demand Justice against him.

Sir Tibert, the Cat, hearing this, and being akin to Reynard, in a rage, with fiery Eyes, started out of the Throng, and humbly besought his Majesty's leave to speak; which the King granting, he proceeded in this wise:

May it please my Sovereign Lord, I own that grievous Complaints are made against my Kinsman
Rey-

Reynard, in his absence; yet were their Actions narrowly searched into, who make the Complaints, they would appear worse to your Majesty, than what they lay to the Fox's Charge: For though I pretend not in every thing to vindicate him, yet thus much I must say, touching the Accusation of this scoundrel Hound, If Reynard took the Padding from him, he only deceived the Deceiver, for this Thief, my Lord, stole it from me after I had ventured my life for it in a Mill, by taking it thence whilst the Miller was busie with a handsom Wench he was tumbling on Sacks; and he meeting me before I could convey it to my Store house, by purposely crossing the way upon me, without a word speaking, took it by violence from me. Besides, this is long since, and seeing it was most properly mine, and I forgive my Kinsman, there can be no just ground of Indictment against him upon this Accusation, since according to the o'd Proverb, To deceive the Deceiver is no Deceit.

And further, if, without offending, I might produce Evidence, I doubt not but to prove the Wolf's Accusation malicious, and to clear the Fox in all points.

At these last words, the Panther rising from his seat, with a composed Countenance, said, Sir Tibert, you are carried too far by the Bonds of Friendship, in Vindication of your Kinsman, more than he deserves, since most Creatures know him to be a Thief and a Blood-sucker, a Destroyer of the King's Peaceable Subjects, and indeed a Hater of them all, making it his Study how to bring them into Mischiefe, and then his Pastime to Insult over, and devour such as are too feeble for him, or not wise enough

6 The History of Reynard the Fox.

enough to shew his Craftiness; a Person altogether regardless of the King's Honour, which he would not only contemn, but suffer to the utmost for the small value of the Leg of a fat Hen.

And to make this more plain, I shall only instance what I was an Eye-witness of, in relation to poor Keyward the Hare, who now is under the King's Protection, by whose Royal Goodness he is defended from Reynard's Insults:

This crafty Villain, Reynard, pretending to be in Orders, and a Chaplain, so far insinuated on the Hare's Belief, with a shew of Sanctity, cloak'd with Hypocrisie, for hopes of satisfying his own end, that the silly Creature agreed he should teach him his Credo; and being by this means in his power, he made him sit between his Legs to sing; but it had like indeed to have been his last Belief, for the Fox caught him so fast by the throat, that had I not been passing by, and at the Cry rushed in to his assistance, he had died there, and served Reynard and his Family for a Holiday-feast. And that this, my Lord the King, is true, you may easily perceive by the yet bleeding wound on Keyward's throat, and which himself can more amply testifie.

Therefore, my Lord the King, if you suffer such Outrages to go unpunished, it will be a Dishonour to your Royal Dignity, a manifest Violation of the Laws, without care taken to right them; and not only reflect on yourself, but on your Children that are now, or shall hereafter be begotten, and many Years to come will not be able to blot out the Slander of this Evil.

This was applauded by most present, and the King by them intreated to execute the Laws in punish-

punishment of the Fox; but especially the Wolf urged it vehemently, saying, *The Panther has spoke the truth, and therefore his wholsom Advice and Council ought in no manner to be rejected.*

But whilst the King was, with Anger, about to give Sentence, his Eyes sparkling like fire, and terribly groaning within himself, so that most Beasts trembled, up started *Grimbard* the Brock, Nephew to *Reynard*, intreating, that in his Uncle's absence he might plead for him, to the Accusation laid to his Charge; which, with some difficulty, the King consented to; and then he proceeded in this manner:

As to the Wolf, said he, my Dread Sovereign, you cannot, I hope, but conceive in your Princely Wisdom, but what he says against my Uncle proceeds only from Malice; and that, according to the old Proverb, Never speaks well of Any-body; Kings as well as meaner Persons are not totally exempted from it.

Then turning to him, he said, *Sir Isgrim, notwithstanding all that you have alledged, I wish you would but dare to venture your Honesty with my Kinsman's upon the tryal of both your Lives, that he, who upon plain Proof and Conviction, should be found guilty of the greatest Crimes, might die in a Halter. I boldly tell you, here in the face of the Court, and as much as you suppose you stand in the King's Favour, on such a Tryal your Guilt will appear so heinous, that if you were not ashamed to do it, it would be in vain to ask Mercy; how often, with your venomous Teeth, have you maliciously worried and wounded my Kinsman, put him in peril of his Life, and defrauded him of what he la-*
bour'd

8 The History of Reynard the Fox.

bourred and ventured hard for, that you might easily satisfie your greedy Maw; amongst many of which Injuries and Outrages, I shall here, for Brevity's sake, reckon up but a few:

You have perhaps forgot how you cheated him of a large fat Flaice, which he, at the hazard of his Life, adventured into a Fish-cart for, and throwing it down, you immediately, who fearing to be cudgeled before, seeing it thus gotten by my Kinsman, took it by violence from him, and for his share gave him only the Pones, which you durst not eat for fear they should sick in your Throat, and make you howl, as when you implo ed the Crane's aid, and proved Ingrateful to her, in denying her the promised Reward, though by putting her long Neck down your Throat, she had eased your Misery, and in all probability saved you from being choaked.

At another time you served my Kinsman another base fraudulent Trick, by taking from him a fat Flich of Bacon, which he got out of a Farmer's Chimney, not without danger of breaking his Neck; and though he was so kind, when he perceived you almost hunger-sta v'd, to offer you part of it, nothing would serve you but the whole, though till you came to devour the last Morsel you all along promised to leave him a sufficient share; yet finding he was deluded by your greediness, he went only away sighing without making any reproach. Nor was this all, for following him at a distance, you perceived he was going in search for Provision, you soon found he by his cunning had, by acting the part of a Chorusier, sung a huge large Sow asleep, and gotten from her one of her fattest Ligs, which you likewise greedily seized, though at his return, in hopes to get another

ther for himself, he was not only torn by the enraged Sow, but taken by the Owner in a Sack, out of wh. ch he gnawed his way whilst the Peasant carried him at his Back, to have him worried in the Market-place by Mastiffs.

These and innumerable other Injuries have you at sundry times done my Kinsman Reynard, wherefore you, and not he, ought to be punish'd.

And therefore I beseech his Majesty to consider these things, and to judge impartially. I confess, there is one Accusation of Sir Hgrims of no weight, which is, That my Kinsman has lain with his Wife, it is very true he has done so, but it was at her own Intreacy seven Years before she was Married, and she was so pleased with the Kindness he did her, that she has ever since born a tender Affection to him; and therefore of this it is folly for him to complain, who at that time had no Interest in her, as to her Honesty or Dishonesty.

The Brock had no sooner ended his Discourse in vindication of his Kinsman, but Keyward the Hare in a piteous tone began his Complaint in the manner as the Panther related it.

To which the Brock again replied, That if the Hare would undertake to Learn, and proved a Dunce, it was but reasonable that Reynard, as his School-master should Correct him; for if Scholars have not due and moderate Correction, it is impossible e'er their should be any capable of managing matters in State and Religion.

Lastly, The Hound, forsooth, makes his Complaint for the loss of his Pudding in a cold Winter; he might have behaved himself better in his Mistress's Service, than to have been turned out at such a time

10 **The History of Reynard the Fox.**

of Tear to a desperate fortune; besides, we hear what Sir Tibert says, he stole it first from him; so that had my Cousin hanged him up when he took him in such a Theft, he had offended none but the King, in doing Justice without his leave, which he forbore to do, in respect to your Majesty, as being Wise, and well understanding the Laws of the Nation: Besides, how can he do amiss, who does nothing without the Advice of the Priest? He is a Gentleman and True-man, and since your Majesty's Proclamation for a Cessation of Hostilities, he has so far complied, in Obedience to it, that he has injured no Creature, keeping his Body under by Abstinence, eating but once a day, often chastising it, and wearing a Hair-shirt next to his Skin: and, as I have been informed, it is above a Tear since he eat any Flesh, by those that came but very lately from him. He has forsaken his Castle of Malepardus for a poor Hermitage, forswearing Hunting and all other Recreations, living by Alms and charitable Benevolences, doing infinite Good, and repenting him of his Sins; so that he is grown meager and lean, sequestering himself from Company, as one weary of the Vanities of this World.

Whilst Grimbold the Brock was thus labouring to Excuse and Vindicate his Kinsman Reynard, the whole Assembly was surpris'd at the approach of Chanticleer the Cock, who, with two Hens, in a mournful manner came down the Hill toward's them, bringing upon a Bier a dead Hen, with her Head bitten off; as he approached he smote his Wings against his Sides in a melancholly manner, whilst the two Hens cackled out great and doleful Lamentations; each of them bearing a lighted Ta-

per,

per, their names being *Cragant* and *Tantart*, and were found to be the Daughters of *Coppel* the dead Hen. But whilst the wonder lasted what this should mean, after they had made great wailing; and were come before the King, the Bier was no sooner set down, but *Chanticleer* humbled himself, and craved Audience, which being granted, he thus proceeded, in a mournful tone :

Great and Just Prince, I humbly beseech you to hear and revenge the Injuries done to me by Reynard the Fox, as also to my Children that stand weeping before you : For so, most Gracious Sovereign, it happened, that when the Spring appeared in all its glory, decking the Earth with fragrant sweets; that I, by reason of the great stock of Children my Wife Coppel had brought forth, being in the height of pride and gallantry, having then eight valiant Sons and seven beautiful Daughters, which walked at pleasure in a well-fenc'd Yard, guarded by several fierce Mastiffs, I thought myself the happiest of all Creatures ; but, alas ! my Joy was soon turned into Mourning, and I cast from the height of my imagined felicity to the depth of misery ; for, whilst we remained there fearless of Danger, dissembling Reynard came one day (after he had many times attempted to leap the Walls in vain, and had been hunted away by the Mastiffs), in a Religious Habit, selling over his Beads, and making signs of much Humility and Devotion, he called to me through the Wicket in a friendly manner, shewing me your Majesty's Letters sealed with your Great Seal, when I found you had made a Universal Peace among Beast and Fowl throughout your spacious Empire ; yet, knowing him to be a cunning Dissembler, and

suspecting them to be Counterfeit, as I since understand they were, I at first but lightly credited him, till with many oaths and protestations he avowed it to be nothing but truth; and, that for his part, he had done with the World, and was become a Monk, intending to take a long Pilgrimage to repent him of his sins; shewing me his Books, Beads, Hair-shirt, and all other Religious Accoutrements; and persevering to affirm it with such seeming Sanctity, that I could not any longer mistrust but he spoke the truth; and being willing, if I could with safety, to walk at large, seeing him go away sighing, saying his Credo, and telling over his Beads, I called my Family about me, and informed them of the News, who were exceeding glad thereof; so that by a general consent we flew over the Walls to range in the spacious Fields; though I may ever rue that unhappy day, for as we strayed carelessly picking about, the treacherous Fox, who lay behind a bush, seeing us gone so far, crept on his belly unespied till he came between the Wall and us, and suddenly surpris'd one of my Sons, whom he murthered, packed up, and bore away, to my unspeakable grief; and having had so sweet a bait of our flesh, neither the Mastiffs nor Hunter could keep him away, till at several surprizes (though he had come off with two Ears) he had stole away thirteen of my Children, leaving me but two; and yesterday, Coppel my dear Wife was surpris'd by this murthering Traytor, whose Head, as your Majesty may perceive, he bit off, and had born away her Body, but being pursued by Hounds, he was compelled to let her fall, and flie for his Life.

And thus your Majesty having heard my grievous Wrongs, I imp'ore you by that Justice and Compassion

that

The History of Reynard the Fox. 13
that reigns in your Royal Breast, to revenge them
on the Trayterous and bloody minded Reynard.

The M O R A L .

By this we see however wicked Men flatter themselves with escaping unpunished, by hiding themselves from Justice; yet it the more proves their Guilt, by imbaldening, in their absence, their Enemies to complain against them: which is demonstrated by the Wolf, who, as guilty of Theft and Rapin as the Fox, nevertheless takes this time to make his Complaint against him; and so gives Encouragement to others, who in all likelihood otherwise would not have done it. By the Brock's pleading for the Fox, denotes, that rich Men and Flatterers, though never so vicious, rarely want an Advocate to Excuse them, though they shame themselves in doing it, as the Brock did when the Cock appeared with his fresh Complaint against the Fox, &c.

C H A P. II.

How the King answered the Cock, and caused his Wife to be decently Buried: How Bruin the Bear was sent by the King's Command to fetch the Fox to Court; and the Trick Reynard put upon him in his Search for Honey in the Carpenter's Yard: And how the Cat was sent for him.



UPON the Complaint of Chanticleer the Cock, the King grew exceeding angry, and turning his fiery Eyes on Grimbard the Brock, who had laboured to Excuse and Justifie Reynard, he sternly said, *What think you now, Sir Grimbard, of this Recluse? Where is the Fox's Penitency? see how he has fasted, prayed, and mortified his Body, to your shame, what dare to vindicate such a Traytor and Murderer. But, by my Crown, I swear, if I have Life long remaining in me, he shall dearly pay for his Wickedness and Violence. But at present,*

sent, Sir Chanticleer, all that we can do for you, is to give Coppel your Wife honourable Burial, which shall be at my charge. And, in the mean time, I will call a Council of my Lords to consider of ways and methods to do you Justice and Right against her Murthrer. Whereupon he appointed the Goat and Ram to sing Mass at the Interment of the body of Coppel, and that great mourning should be made over her; so, upon this, the Bier, was taken up and carried before the Cock and his two Daughters, who followed in Mourning-hoods, attended by many other Courtiers, making a doleful cry: But coming to the Grave, and the *Placedo*, &c. being over, she was layed in very decently, and covered with a curious polished Marble-stone, on which were carved these Lines:

*Here Coppel lies, stout Chanticleer's kind Wife,
Whom bloody Reynard did bereave of Life:
Mourn you that read, whilst you to weep are able,
For her whose unjust Death was lamentable.*

Whilst these things passed, the King was at close Council with his Nobles, consulting how he might bring the Fox to deserved Punishment; and, after many Debates, it was concluded, he should be immediately sent for, to make his personal appearance before the King, without any excuse or delay whatsoever, there to answer such matters as he stands charged with, or should be further objected against him; and that Sir Bruin the Bear should deliver him the Summons, sealed with the King's Signet, for making it of greater Authority; whereupon the King called him to
him,

16 **The History of Reynard the Fox.**

him, saying, *Sir Bruin, it is our pleasure you carry this Mandate to Reynard; but, withal, I advise you beware of him, for he is full of knavish and wicked Policy, being a Craft-master at Flattery and Diffimulation, lest he betray you into a world of Snares and Intanglements, and bring you to scorn or mockage; therefore let me advise you not to rely upon your Strength too much, but use your Policy and Caution, that you may return with safety and honour.* The Bear hearing this, and that the trust in fetching Reynard to Court was reposed in him, could not refrain laughing to himself a while, for the hopes he expected of being revenged on him; and then boldly made this reply to the King:

My Lord, said he, let me alone with the Fox, I have discretion so to deal with him, that I shall defeat his knavish Designs, and baffle all Pretensions he can have on me to do any disgrace to me. And so, full of joy, the Bear departed that Night, that he might be going early in the Morning onwards of his Journey towards *Malepardus*.

In the Morning, as soon as the Sun had gilded the Mountains with his Golden Beams, *Sir Bruin*, taking the King's Letter with him, set forward, passing over Mountains and many thick Forrests, till he came to *Reynard's* chief Castle, when scorn- ing to go in, but resolving *Reynard* should do him the honour to come and wait on him without, sitting on his Tail before the Gate, he lifted up his Voice, saying, *Reynard, come forth to me, your Kinsman Bruin, who am come with the King's Mandate to Summon you to Court, to answer the Complaints there layed to your Charge; therefore I*
advise

advise you, in a friendly manner, immediately to come forth and go along with me, thereby to shew the Danger that, for the Contempt of the Royal Authority, may further befall you.

The Fox, who lay basking in the Sun within the Gate, heard this, but made no answer, till he had consulted to be revenged on the Bear, whom he well knew had no kindness for him, but was rather his Mortal Enemy; and having cast several things in his Mind, whilst the Bear lay clamouring again for him to come out, he immediately threw open the Gates, and embracing him, said,

Dear Uncle Bruin, I am overjoy'd to see you, who are the welcomest of all Creatures to me; pardon, I pray you, my slowness of coming, for when you first began to call, I was in the middle of my Evening-song; and Devotion, you know, must be minded before all other business. Truly you sweat Uncle, and seem much tired, pray enter in and rest you; could the King, in all his Court, send no meaner a Servant than your Noble Self (who are both rich, and wise, and powerful, nearly ally'd to him in Blood) on such an unworthy Errand? I am exceeding sorry for it; but if he had not sent, I intended to have been at Court to morrow of my own accord; however, dear Uncle, since you are come, the hope of good Counsel I expect from you, much lessens the weight of my Dread; only all that grieves me is, I fear in accompanying you I shall be tedious to you, my Body is so much distempered and out of order since I have left off eating Flesh, and betaken me to a certain new Diet, which has grievously swelled me.

What

What Meat is that, Nephew? said the Bear.

Alas, reply'd *Reynard,* dear *Uncle,* it is of so poor a sort; that it signifies nothing for me to express it to you, seeing I am here; you eat of the daintiest and most costly Fare. However, notwithstanding this excuse which the Fox purposely made to make the Bear more eager to know it; he pressing him to declare what it was, *Reynard* told him it was Honey, of which he had found such abundance, that it could not, but in a long time, be exhausted. This made the Bear hugg himself in joy, for there is nothing in the World that Creature loves more than Honey; so that many times the Bears run the hazard of their Eyes being stung out in rifling the Treasure both of the wild and tame Bees, layed up in Hives or hollow Trees, by unadvisedly thrusting their Heads in among them, when the little Creatures in their own defence, arming and finding the Bears shagged Skin impenetrable by their short weapons, cluster about their Eyes, Nose, and Mouth, and sting them in a furious manner.

The remembrance of this, however, frightened not *Sir Bruin,* for without asking whether it was in Hives, Trees, or Earthen Vessels, he instantly embraced the Fox, telling him if he would help him to as much of that lordly Fare as would suffice him, he would be his Friend for ever, and stand by him against his greatest Enemies in Court, till he had made them silent and ashamed of their Accusations.

Upon this, the Fox having considered how to lay a Trap for the credulous Bear, though he had been pre-admonished by the Lyon to beware

of

of his Wiles, found an easie advantage herein; for remembering that when he had stole a Pullet in *Lanfret*, the Carpenter's yard the night before, he perceived two Wedges sticking in a mighty Oak-tree, which being about the middle, divided one end to a great wideness; and, thought he, if I could get the Bear and perswade him to put his Head in, that I might draw out the Wedges and catch him by the Ears, I should make fine sport.

Whilst *Reynard* was musing on this project, the Bear lay urging him to declare where this mighty Treasure was; which, he said, were he a King, he would give his Crown and Kingdom to be possessed of it.

Why, truly Uncle, said Reynard, not to keep you much longer from what you desire, if I thought you were in earnest, I could conduct you, in an hour's time, to Ranfret the Carpenter's yard, where, at present, is not less than ten Tun.

In earnest, said the Bear?

Why do you think I jest in this matter?

No, no, dear Nephew, come along, and oblige me in this, and bind me to you for ever.

So away they went together, the Bear in expectation, and the Fox laughing in his sleeve, to think how finely he should fool his Great-uncle; travelling together in divers discourses till they came within sight of the House, which *Reynard* no sooner shewed to *Bruin*, but he exceedingly rejoiced; and as they approached it, the Fox said to him in dilation, yet keeping a serious Countenance,

*Pray, dear Uncle, be moderate in eating, for fush
lusci-*

20 *The History of Reynard the Fox.*

Inscious Meat will put you into a Surfeit, if you keep not a due measure.

Let me alone for that, said the Bear, I warrant you I know well enough how to govern my Appetite.

Well, said the Fox, Uncle I know you are discreet, and I will leave it to your wisdom.

By this time they were come into the Yard, where the Fox shewed him the cleft of the Tree, telling him, there was some part of the Hony; which, when he had dispatch'd, he would shew him more. The Bear greedy of the sweet Morsel, not mistrusting the treachery of his Kinsman, without any more ado, thrust in his Head and Fore-feet; but whilst he was searching about, *Reynard* pulled out the Wedges, and caught him close in the girding Pillory.

The Bear finding himself thus unexpectedly surpris'd, through shame and pain, roar'd out most hediously, so that he rais'd not only the Carpenter's Family, but, upon their cry, the Village; who came running with Staves, Clubs, Prongs, Flayls, and all sorts of Weapons; and among the rest Dame *Jollock* the Parson's Wife, threw aside her Wheel, and came running with her Distaff in her Hand; so that poor captivated *Sir Bruin* was extremely belabour'd, whilst the Fox stood at a distance, out of Harm's way, steering and scoffing at his Calamity, with many taunts and jeers: But finding his Life in danger, by the mighty Blows that were lay'd upon him, he put too all his great Strength, and with much struggling rent his Head and Feet out of the cleft of the Tree, yet with the loss of his Ears, part of the Skin of his Face, and most of that of his Feet; whose bloody

Face

Face and furious Teeth, frightening the whole Assembly, they parted in a Lane, and gave way for him, yet followed, as soon as he was passed, with mighty Stroaks, till the Bear making to the River plunged into it, and by the force of his Body, he threw Dame *Follock*, and other Women, that were light heel'd, into the Water, where they floated like Shuttle-cocks; to whose relief the Priest and others came running; the former offering a full Pardon and Indulgence for seven Years to come, to any that would adventure in and save Dame *Follock*; so that at last this, and other Encouragements occasioned the saving of them all, and proved a kindness to Sir *Bruin*; for whilst they were busie about it, he had swam a League of the River, with the Current; and then, being weary, got on Land, under a large Brake, to bemoan his unadvised trusting the crafty Fox, after he had been forewarned about it; but as it happened he landed on the same side the Fox was on, who had just then stole a Hen out of a Farmer's Yard, and was going home with it in great joy, as concluding *Bruin* was dead of the effusion of Blood that flowed from him, and the mighty Blows he had received; but when he saw him there alive, though in a woful pickle, he was extremely grieved, yet he resolved to scoff him, thereby to encrease his misery the more, saying,

How now, Uncle? it seems you would not take my Advice, but have over eat yourself; see what comes of greediness; now, perhaps you may fall into a Swifit, and complain of me at Court; though what I did was well meant, and at your earnest desire.

22 **The History of Reynard the Fox.**

A plague take you, reply'd Sir Bruin, *for your kindness; was I able to pursue and catch you, you should deary pay for this trick you have put upon me: Fool that I was, ever to believe a professed Villain, especially when I had so much warning before hand; but I hope to live to revenge this treachery.*

Well, said the Fox, *that you must plot; and so fare you well!*

The Bear was more grieved at these Taunts than at his Wounds, though the Blood ran pitiously from his Face and Feet; but finding no remedy, after many Groanings, through Pain and Anger, he threw himself into the River again, and Swam to the other side, where landing, and not being able to use his Fore-feet to go, he tumbled over Head and Heels, sometimes, for ease, rowling on his Sides, till he came at the Court.

The Lyon no sooner saw him in this bloody Condition, but he suspected the Treachery; and in a great rage, demanded who durst so misuse him: Sir Bruin having, by this time, taken Breath, roared out in a pitious tone,

O my Lord, the King, revenge me of this wicked bloody Villain, Reynard, who has done me this Injury and Disgrace.

Then he proceeded to tell the whole Story of his Misfortune, as it had besel him.

The Royal Lyon hearing his Relation, groaned within him for Anger, saying,

How durst that Villain be so hardy, as thus to abuse my Messenger, and one of so Noble a Rank: By myself, I Swear, it shall be retaliated with the bloodiest Revenge that ever Traitor suffered, as a Warning to all others.

Then

Then he called a Council, to devise how to bring his purposes about, and after many Debates, it was concluded he should be summoned again to appear ; else to be Out-lawed for High-treason on his refusal, and all his Honours and Estate confiscated.

Then they further agreed, that Sir Tybert the Cat, who was Wise and Judicious, should be sent to fetch him to Court ; who, being called, and having before pleaded in *Reynard's* behalf, against the Complaint of *Curtis* the Hound, would fain have excused this Undertaking ; but the King's Injunction being strictly laid on him to perform it, he, with much unwillingness, obeyed ; only saying, *That if the Bear, who was of mighty Strength, had been so abused by him, it was not likely but his Misfortunes would be greater ; as being weak, and not able to compel him to come, and that those who advised his Majesty to send him, were his Enemies.*

However, early in the Morning, Tybert went with the Summons, and being on his way, a Swallow flew towards him, which is one of *St. Martin's* Birds, which he intreated to turn on his Right-hand, but the Bird turned on the Left, which he presaged as an ill Augury, yet went, with heavy Cheek, till he came to *Malepardus*, where he found *Reynard* sitting before the Gate, the Sun being, by this time, high risen and warm, to whom he produced his Summons.

The Fox hereupon welcomed him with all the Blandishments and Flatteries imaginable, saying, *I will obey it : Yet, said he, Dear Cousin Tybert, after your great Travel, let me intreat you*

24 *The History of Reynard the Fox.*

to enter my poor House and refresh yourself with such Provisions as I have, which are, indeed, but mean; and early in the Morning I will go with you to Court, for you I dearly love, and can trust; the Bear indeed was with me, but used such brutish rudeness, that I was afraid to accompany him, lest he should destroy me by the way: but as for you, I know you to be Wise, Learned, and Good-natur'd; so that were I labouring under a Disease, I would so far as I could put forth my Strength, and accompany you.

Well, said Ty'ert, I believe you; but I remember a little while since you were talking of Provision, I must confess my tedious Journey has raised an Appetite in me; pray Cousin what have you got to Eat?

Truly, replied Reynard, I am but slenderly provided at this time, my best Fare is only a few Hens-combs, and to those you shall be heartily welcome.

Alas, said Sir Tybert, that is Meat too dainty and luscious for me; besides, I am not used to eat of it; but if you could help me to half a dozen Mice, you would infinitely oblige me, and make me your Servant for ever.

Mice, replied Reynard, love you them so well? Sure you are but in jest, but if in earnest, take no further care, for here is a Priest that has a Barn hard by, where they swarm in such abundance, that you and all your Kindred are not able to destroy them.

Well, said Tybert, lead me to the place where these Delicacies are, and you shall find how faithful I will ever be to you.

Follow me, then said the Fox: and so together they went to the Priest's Barn.

Now

Now it had so fallen out, that the Fox, the Night before, had stolen thence a fat Hen, and the Priest, in hopes to take him at his next coming, had placed a Gin at the entrance of a Hole which stood open; of this he was aware, and laughed to himself to think how the Cat would be finely noosed in it; saying,

Hark, Sir Tybert, how they squeak; here is the Entrance; boldly enter in, and you will not fail of having your Belly full in a few minutes; in the mean while I will stay and watch without, that none come to interrupt your Sport. But, dear Cousin, be not too tedious there, for I know my Wife will be impatient to see and embrace you.

Ay, but, said the Cat, do you imagine I may safely enter at this Hole? These Priests are crafty Fellows, and couch Danger in the most seeming places of Security.

O! never fear it, said the Fox: Why, what will you turn Coward and be Faint-hearted? I never perceived this timorousness in you before; in Man, in, and fear no danger.

Upon this the Cat sprung in, and was immediately taken in the Gin, which danger he no sooner perceived, but he sprung out again, which drew it so close, that he was almost strangled, struggling and crying out bitterly: All this while Reynard was a Looker on, greatly rejoicing and scoffing in this manner:

Hah; Cousin Tybert, have you laid hold on the Mice? I hope they are fat for your sake, methinks you Sing merrily at your Meat; Pray now is that the Court fashion? If the Priest knew you was there, I doubt not but he would afford you such Sauce to your Meat,

Meat, that the like you never tasted in all your Life: I wish the Wolf was here, and coupled with you, then your Mewing and his Howling would make a curious Consort for the Bear to dance to.

The Cat all this while made such a flouncing too and fro to get loose, that what with that and her piteous Mewing, the Parson awaked, and supposing it had been the Fox who had been taken, alarumed his whole Family; and ordering Dame *Jollock*, his Wife, to light up an Offering-Candle, he leaped out of Bed, and run down Stairs, being followed by *Martinet* his Son, and divers others, who layed so unmercifully on *Tybert*, that they not only wofully bruised him, but *Martinet* thinking at one blow to deprive him of Life, beat out one of his Eyes; which the Cat perceiving, and finding what danger she was in, resolved not to dye unrevenged, and thereupon taking a desperate full Leap between the naked Priest's Legs, with his Claws and Teeth caught hold of his Genitals, and brought them sheer away, which made him a perfect Eunuch; this Dame *Jollock* seeing, cryed out most pitioussly, and Swore, she had rather have lost the Seven Years Offering than one small Morsel of those precious Jewels; cursing her hard misfortune, and the time that ever the Gin was placed there to occasion her loss and sorrow; calling to her Son, and saying, *See Martinet, thy Father's Delight, and my Jewel taken away by the cursed Cat, so that now it is quite spoiled; and though he may be recovered and live long, yet he can never be recovered to my satisfaction. or be any ways useful or pleasant to me; but it is spoiled to his shame and my utter loss; O woe is me!*

And

And whilst she thus lamented and wrung her Hands, the Parson fell down in a Swoon, when *Reynard* lay fleeing at a distance; saying, *Dame Tollock, be not so grieved, there is many a Chapel has but one Bell in it, and that is sufficient to call the Good Wives together; here is something yet left, therefore be not so discontented.*

Now it so happen'd whilst they were reviving the Priest from the Swoon his Pain and Anguish had put him into, one rubbing his Temples, another running for Holy-water to sprinkle his Face, and the rest very busie about him, that *Sir Tybert* took the opportunity to gnaw the Cord in funder, and gave them all the slip, which the Fox seeing, much grieved that he had escaped, he returning to *Malepardus*, and the Cat, in that miserable plight, hasted as well as she could to the Court, there to complain of *Reynard's* Treachery.

The King was exceedingly enraged upon hearing and beholding what had happened to his second Messenger, through the Fox's Villany, vowing a cruel Revenge, and called a Council how to contrive it, so that he might be brought to speedy Justice. But here *Grimbrad* the Brock, *Reynard's* Kinsman; once more presumed to interpose on his behalf:

Saying, *May it please my Gracious Lord, though my Uncle were more Wicked than these Complaints make him, yet there are sufficient Remedies against his Mischiefs: Therefore if you proceed to Justice, I beseech your Majesty it may be done as appertains to one of his Rank, which is; to give him a third Summons, and then, upon his refusal to appear, you may pronounce Judgment and Sentence of Death against him.*

28 The History of Reynard the Fox.

Upon this the King sternly demanded of the Brock, if he knew any one that would trust himself to Summons him, seeing two of his faithful Servants had been betrayed already to the hazard of their Lives?

That will I, said Grimbard, if your Highness pleases to Command it; and no doubt but I shall bring him with me.

Then the King ordered him to prepare for his Journey; and, above all things, to take good heed to his safety: and so the Council broke up.

The M O R A L.

This sheweth, that the Brock being disgraced for standing up for his Kinsman, gave not over to vindicate him; so some Men, Innocent themselves, think all so, and run themselves into hazards, by vindicating their vicious Actions. The King's Decently burying the Hen, shews the effects of a good Disposition to the Injured, in giving what present Satisfaction they can. In the Bear's Readiness to fetch the Fox, we find those that hate us, will take hold of any Advantage to do us Mischief, though they run a hazard in doing it; as we find by his being intrapped by the Fox's Cunning, with a feigned Bait of Honey. By the Cat's going unwillingly, signifies Prudence not to venture an Undertaking against cunning, crafty Men, lest we be unadvisedly Ensnared, as the Cat was in hopes of Mice.

C H A P.

CHAP. III.

How Grimbard the Brock was sent to Command the Fox to come to Court; how he consented to come, and was Shriven by him; and the Excuse he made before the King of the Crimes layed to his charge; whereupon he was Arrested and Condemned to be Hanged; and the Confession he made to the King.



EARLY the next Morning *Grimbard the Brock*, having all things in a readiness, took leave of the King, and took his Journey to *Malepardin*, where he found *Reynard* and *Ermilin* his Wife playing with their young; and when they had saluted one another; he said, *Dear Uncle*, take heed to yourself, almost every one at Court is against you, and your death will certainly ensue with those of your Wife, and Children; also the Destruction of this your fair Pa'ace and other Edifices, if you speedily
 appear

appear not to vindicate yourself; which if you do, upon this third Summons, I am confident, you will soon foil your Adversaries, and put them to silence; for you are wise, and know better how to plead your own cause, than any one can for you; you have passed through many imminent Dangers, and come off with Honour and Safety: then do not incense the King in standing out, but go along with me and fear no danger.

I fear not, replied Reynard, and therefore will go to the Court, not to answer to Crimes, because I know it stands in need of my Counsel; nor do I doubt, if I can have free leave to make my Defence before the King, but I shall shame my Accusers.

Accusers, indeed, in Men's absence are bold, said the Brock, but when they come Face to Face, they have little to say to them.

Hereupon Reynard being about to depart, addressed him to his Wife, saying,

Dame Ermilin, take care of my Children Reynardine and Rossel, you know my love to them is great, and they are passing hopeful, and doubt not but, if I escape, I shall make quick return to you.

Then he took his leave to go with the Brock, leaving them weeping, and in great heaviness for his departure.

Reynard and Grimbarde had not gone above a Mile on their way, before the Fox sighed grievously, and appeared outwardly very pensive; of which sudden alteration the Brock demanding the reason, the Fox fetching a deeper sigh than before, replied,

Dear Nephew, since I am going to venture my Life, and some things lie heavy on my Conscience;

it is but reason to disburthen me of them, that I should confess them to you, that so, according to your Wisdom, you being in Orders, may Absolve me of them, that I may speak the more boldly when I come to make my Defence.

Contented, said the Brock, *so that for the future you will become a sincere Penitent.*

This the Fox promised, and began, in this manner, to make his Confession :

I have, *said he*, grievously offended against almost all Creatures : *Bruin* the Bear was brought near unto death by my contrivance ; *Tybert* the Cat I likewise snared, and caused to lose his Eye ; *Chantecler* I have abused, and devoured many of his Children ; nay, the King and Queen have not been free from my Slander and Malice ; the Wolf I have grievously injured many ways, calling him Uncle, the better to delude him into danger, though he is not any ways a kin to me, no part of his filthy Blood running in my Veins ; however, by this decoy, I gained so upon his easiness, as to make him believe he was exceeding Learned, and that I would prefer him to be a Parish-Clerk, which he joyfully hearkening too, I told him, the first step to it was to toll the Bell : Well, he desired me that I would teach him to do it, so finding one day the Chappel-door carelessly, by the Sexton, left open, I fastened his Foot to the Bell-rope, when making a jangling with the Bell, the Village rose upon him and almost murdered him with Staves and Stones ; I taught him to catch Fish with his Tail in the Frosty Weather, and lead him to a rich Priest's House to steal Bacon, where feeding so unreasonably

nably that he could not return at the hole he entered, I snatched a fat Hen from the Priest's Table as he sat at Dinner, and running away with it, dropt it where the Wolf was, where my Pursuers found him, and having, as they thought, beat him to death, they dragged him over stocks and stones, and threw him into a stinking Ditch; where, notwithstanding, he revived, and crawled home with many broken Bones, cursing me all the way, *But the more the Fox is curs'd, the better he thrives*; for I lighted by the way of a fat Stubble-goose, and putting her up in my Male, went to *Malepardus*, and made merry Cheer with my Wife and Children: Another time I led him to a place where, I told him, there was seven fat Hens and a Cock, which indeed there was before I had stole them and conveyed them to my Den, and here I thrust him on a Trap-door, so that he fell down into the House many Stories, raised the Family, who crying out, The Wolf, the Wolf, rose with Fire-forks, Tonges, Shovels, and so belaboured him, that had he not escaped at a Door, left open by the carelessness of the Servants, they had there ended his Life. Thus, at sundry times, I brought him to the brink of the Grave: yet, like a true Fox, can deny it upon the account of any Danger to myself as confidently as if I had never seen him in all my life: I have also offended Dame *Arwind* his Wife, of which I must likewise Repent, though I am now ashamed, before you, who are a very modest Person, to express the manner of it

Nay, said *Grimbold*, *if you make your Shrift imperfectly, I know not how to absolve your Penitence, and Adieu you.*

Why

Why truly, replied the Fox, I have often lay with her; at first by force, when I perswaded her to thrust her Head and Fore-feet into a Yoak, telling her it was a Nun's Veil, and that I would teach her to Sing her *Ave Maria*, and afterwards often by her consent, since she has been married to *Isgrim*; and now I have told you all, order me my Pennance.

Well, said *Grimbard*, break-off that *Hazle-wand* with your *Tecth*. Which the Fox readily did; then, said the *Brock*, Give yourself three hard stripes on the Body with it. With this he also complied; then, said the *Brock*, Lay it down and leap over it, without lowing your Legs, thrice. This he did likewise. Now *Uncle*, said *Grimbard*, there remains but one thing more, and I Absolve you, and this is, take it up and kiss it gently, in token of your Repentance and Humility.

This done, the *Brock* absolved him of his Murthers, Thefts, and other Crimes to that day, as absolutely, and to as much effect as any Priest of the Church of *Rome* ever did, or is capable of doing: So that the Fox exceedingly rejoiced, not that he fancied it signified any thing, but that it being told at Court might stand him in stead with the over Credulous, and beget in them a better opinion of him for the future. Yet for all this, *Reynard* could not long dissemble, for as they passed by a Nunnery where many Geese and Pullen were straggling on the Common, he leaped at a fat Hen, but she struggled and got from him, leaving him only his Mouth full of Feathers; for which the *Brock* extreamly chid him, putting him in mind of what he had lately promised; but it

signified little, for almost till they were out of sight, he still looked back and kept his Eyes on them, his Chops watering after so dainty a Mor-
sel; for which, when the Brock again chid him, he replied,

Dear Nephew, you do me injury, for I was only looking towards yon Holy place, and say-
ing a *Placedo* for all the Souls of the Hens, Geese, Ducks, Turkeys, &c. that have been wounded or devoured by me.

Ah, said Grimhard, I am afraid Uncle you are of the nature of the Cat in the Fable, whom a young Man so entirely loved, that he prayed in the Temple of Venus, till, for his sake, the Goddess turned her into a Woman; but no sooner was she in Bed with her Bridegroom in the height of Joy and Delight, but seeing a Mouse running on the Floor, she leaped from her Husband's Arms to pursue her in her wonted manner, forgetting now she was changed and designed for other things; which so angered Venus, that she transformed her again into her former likeness. You are wise, Uncle, and can make a Moral Construction of this, fit to be applied to your present Circumstance; therefore be cautious, and well consider your ways for the future.

Whilst this discourse continued, they came within sight of the Court, which made *Reynard* tremble; however, he resolv'd to face the Storm, and so, with the Porter's leave, they entered the Gates of the Royal Palace of *Sanden*.

No sooner was the Fox's Arrival rumour'd, but all the Beasts whom he had Injured, prepared to exhibit their Complaints against him; but as he passed through Troops of them, he kept his

Coun-

Countenance without any sign of fear or regard to their threatning looks, as if he had been the innocentest Creature in the World.

When he came before the King, who sat in his Chair of State, his Queen on the Right Hand, and his Counsellors about him, he fell on his Knees, craving the Blessing of Heaven and Earth on their Majesties and all their Royal Progeny, wishing them Success, Health and Victory, with many other flattering Expressions, to curry Favour; but they were little minded by any, as knowing they proceeded rather from Fear than Reverence or Respect; however, he thus craftily began to excuse himself.

I do not doubt, most Gracious Sovereign, that though I am the truest of all Servants to your Majesty, yet I am envied for it by many in this Court, who labour to rise by my fall and ruin; yet, though Flatterers always lurk in Princes Courts with their false Tails, and set Speeches to abuse Royal Ears, yet your Majesty is known to be of a more discerning Judgment than so to be imposed on; therefore I doubt not but those who would abuse your Royal Ears with unjust Complaints against me, your faithful Servant, will, in due time, be brought to deserved shame and disgrace.

He would have proceeded, but the King angrily interrupting him, said,

Hold your peace, Trayter, I know, by Dissimulation and fair Speeches you would evade your Punishment; and lay Crimes to the Charge of others; but your Blandishments will not now avail you, you have too often deceived me, and broken the Peace I strictly Commanded to be inviolably kept.

Then

Then all present began to cry out against the Fox of the several Injuries he had done them; but the Lyon commanded Silence, and thus proceeded:

Thou shameful Wretch, dost thou see how many Accuse thee; and darest thou pretend to be Innocent? With what Face can'st thou say thou art my faithful Servant, since, so often, you have wilfully broken my Commands? But a severe Punishment hangs over thy Head.

Alas, replied the Fox, I see many powerful Enemies here, who, by their rash unadvisedness, or covetous inclination, have rushed into Misfortunes, and now are prepared with Malice enough to lay the Fault on me: Could I help it, if Sir Bruin got a bloody Pate by his greedy Search after Honey in the Carpenter's yard; had he had any regard to your Majesty's Affairs, he would have immediately returned to give an account of his Errand, and not, by preferring his own Advantage, fallen into the Hands of Men who so misused him. As for the Cat, his fault was the same, to prefer a few silly Mice before your Interest, or the regard of your Commands; and though being took in the Priest's Barn in a Ginn, he lost an Eye, yet, by biting off the Priest's Genitals, he has disappointed all the young Women in a whole Parish, who used to be refreshed with that comfortable Morfel: These Injuries the Bear and Cat received, were none of my Offences it is plain, but sought by themselves. But you, my Gracious Lord, may do your pleasure with your humble Slave, who has no other hope against such powerful Opponents, but in your Royal Clemency, though my Death is too mean a Sacrifice for
your

your Anger, and can yield you little profit, yet whatever you determine I shall patiently submit to.

When *Reynard* had proceeded thus far, *Bellin* the Ram, and *Oseway* the Ewe stepped from among the Crowd, and humbly besought the King, that they might have a fair Hearing, to complain against the Fox; and so did some hundreds more who had been injured by him, all with one Cry imploring Justice against him. This made *Reynard* look pale, especially when he found the King was no longer to be won on his side, for he caused him immediately to be Arrested, and upon plain Proof of many notorious Crimes, by several credible Witnesses against him. Sentence was passed upon him, That he should be Executed on a pair of Gallows of Twenty Foot high; which Sentence was immediately recorded.

This made Sir *Reynard* look very melancholy and dejected, especially because the King had strictly commanded, that none of his Friends should intercede in his behalf for his Pardon; but his Enemies greatly rejoiced, as not doubting but they should now be revenged on him at full; which made the Brock, and others of his Blood and Linage, seeing they could not do him any good, retire from Court, heavy and discontented; which the King noting, said to his Council,

It is needful, I see, that we take mature deliberation on this weighty matter; for though the Fox has Faults, that have created him many Enemies, yet I perceive his Virtues has chained to him many just Friends.

Whilst

Whilst the King was thus discoursing, the Cat, impatient of Revenge, urged the Wolf and the Bear to hasten *Reynard's* Execution, alledging the Night was at hand, and then he would give them the slip, and escape into some Hole, Bush, or Brake, where they should not, without great difficulty, if at all, recover him: *Besides, Sir Isgrim, consider it was by his means your two Brothers were hanged some years since, where the Gallows is yet standing, let us convey him thither.*

At this Reproach *Isgrim* grew angry, yet resolved to be revenged; they lead him (the Bear before and the Wolf going behind) to the place of Execution, where *Tybert*, who was appointed Hangman, had got with the noozed Rope, and there when the King, Queen, and Nobles had placed them on Scaffolds, to see his last going out of the World, they raised the Ladder, and the Cat led him to the middle of it with the Rope about his Neck; when turning to that side the King and Queen sate on, he said; in a doleful tone, Now am I in great heaviness, surrounded with the terrors of Death, though I have seen my Father die this way with much gentleness, yet as a poor dying Wretch, all I entreat is, That I may disburthen my Conscience, and open the Secrets of my Heart, to die with the more ease, that I may not be disturbed in my Grave, by going out of the World with any thing that may be burthensome to my Conscience.

This Request was thought reasonable by all, and the King thereupon giving him free leave to speak; after fetching a deep sigh, he thus proceeded :

Alas !

Alas ! I see few here whom I have not offend-
 ed in a grievous manner, though in my Youth I
 was accounted Virtuous, but playing with Lambs,
 at last I fortun'd to bite one, and tasting the
 sweetness of his Blood, I could not forbear it till
 I had murdered many, this carried me likewise
 among the Goats, to destroy many of their Kids,
 then I fell upon Hens, Geese, &c. and so by de-
 grees my Crimes increased to greater matters,
 till roving in the Winter, I met with Sir *Isgrim*,
 who lay in a hollow Tree almost famished, and
 made him believe he was my Uncle, declaring un-
 to him my Pedigree, so that he seem'd to be ve-
 ry glad of his Kindred, and from that day (which
 I am bound to curse) I struck a league of Friend-
 ship with him, and we together murdered many
 of your Noble Subjects, the lesser not being suf-
 ficient for his hungry Maw, as Bucks, Does,
 Rams, Ews, and the like ; of which I had, to
 my present great grief, but a very slender share,
 not that I wanted it, but to see his Ingratitude to
 me, who set for him all Game, for I then had,
 and still have, more Treasure than ten Carts
 can contain.

When the King heard him speak of such great
 Riches, he interrupted him, as he expected, and
 commanded him to declare how he came by them,
 as being desirous to be possessed of them : To
 which the Fox replied, My Gracious Lord, this
 Wealth indeed was stole, and had it not been so
 it had cost you your Life, which Heaven defend
 from the bloody Designs of your treacherous Ent-
 mies. When the Queen heard him say so, she
 started, saying,

40 **The History of Reynard the Fox.**

Reynard, *I command you as you, tender your Soul's good, to conceal nothing of this dangerous Conspiracy against the Life of my dear Lord.*

To which, with a sad Countenance, he replied, Most Gracious and Sovereign Lady, I think it well becomes me, in this case more particularly, to disburthen my Conscience, that I may go out of the World with more peace of Mind: Certain it is, that the King should have been pitteously Murdered by his own Subjects; and though many of the Conspirators are my near Kindred, yet, as a dying Wretch, for whom no hopes of Life does remain, I will not spare to discover them for the sake of the Publick Good, in the Preservation of your Majesties, who had e'er this time been Deposed and Murdered, had it not been prevented by my means; and hereupon he looked so pitifully and dejected, that the Queen intreated the King, that, for his own safety, the Fox might have liberty to make the matter more plain; which being granted, and silence commanded, he again proceeded:

Some Years since, my Father searching the Earth in a strange Wildernis, happened to find the Treasure of King *Ermeric*, consisting of Jewels, Silver, Gold, and other rich things, whereupon he grew proud, and held in Contempt all the Beasts of the Forrest; then calling, *Sir Tibert* to him, he commanded him to go to the Forrest of *Arden*, and seek out *Sir Bruin*, with Letters, wherein he acquainted him with his good Fortune, and tendered his Fealty to him; saying, If he would come to him, he would make him King, and set your Royal Crown on his head; which he,

he, who is the most ambitious of all Creatures, delayed not to do ; and then they sent for *Grimbard* my Nephew, and *Isgrim*, and many others whom they thought they might trust, so that the Conspiracy grew strong, and divers were sent out to levy Forces, to be payed with the Treasure my Father had found, which they secretly Listed in great Numbers, throughout your Dominions ; but whilst they thought to bring their Wicked Purposes to an Issue, *Grimbard* at one of their Feasts, being flustered with Wine, declared all to Dame *Slopard* his Wife, and though he commanded her Secretie on pain of her Life, yet affrighted at such horrid Treasons, she could not long conceal it, but told all to my Wife *Ermelin*, as they were passing over a Heath, saying their *Ava Maria*, and though she swore her to Sacresie by the three Kings of *Cullen*, yet she could not refrain to reveal it to me in great consternation and affrightment : Nor was I less astonished when I heard it, my Heart sinking down within me as cold as Lead ; yet I made it my business to Counter-plot my Father, and so narrowly watched him, to find where his Treasure lay, (which, I thought, if I could get, I should disappoint his Design, and preserve your Majesty, in as much as War cannot be maintained without Money) that one Day I see him come out of a hole, looking every way, to see the coast clear, and I being unseñ of him, he threw in the Earth and smoothed it over with his Tail, going immediately to the Conspirators, to tell them all was safe.

The Night was no sooner come, wherein the Moon shined bright, but I brought my Wife and

Child

Children to the Place, and with infinite Labour we removed it to another secret place; which loss, when my Father came to understand, not knowing how to recover it again, he, through shame, anger, and disappointment, hanged himself, which I contentedly could behold, for the preservation of your Majesty's Life, and by it so great an Advantage happened, for when the rest heard of his Disaster, and the loss of the Treasure that should pay their Forces mustered in divers Regions, they disbanded their Armies, and broke up their Consultation in great confusion.

Thus by my Policy the bloody Usurping Bear was frustrated from placing himself in your Royal Throne, though from this good Service to your Crown and Dignity sprung all my Miseries, by making myself such potent Enemies, whose Malice has persecuted me to the Gates of Death, whilst they who would have destroyed you, are of your private Council and of greatest Authority with you, trampling on me who am thus fallen into Misery and Disgrace, for doing that, which by my Allegiance I was bound to do. And here he ended very sad and pensive to shew, though in his mind he was otherways, as knowing this feigned Story, if it gained belief, would work his Deliverance, and great Advantage over his Enemies.

The M O R A L.

By the Brock's being sent, shews when others are endangered to try such as the vicious Party has a kindness for, or will appear in his Vindication, that they

they may either prevail, or run the hazard of their own Folly. His Shrift to him shews Hypocrisie, and a seeming Religion when in Danger, that those who are Innocent may pity and stand by, being deceived by their specious Pretences of reforming their Lives, yet are so habitually Wicked they cannot long conceal it, as appears by the Fox's catching at the Capon, &c. His Excuses and Dissembling at Court, shew when Men are in danger, they will not stick at any Falshood to free themselves; as by the Fox's feigned Treasure appears.

C H A P. IV.

How the King credited him, and caused him to be taken from the Gallows, whereupon he vowed a Pilgrimage; and brought the Bear and Wolf into great Distress, and was himself highly honoured: How he murdered Keyward the Hare, and sent his Head to the King by Bellin the Ram, who was thereupon given to the Bear and Wolf to be slain; and of other Complaints against Reynard, by the Coney and Rook.



THE Fox by his dissembling Speech having possessed the King with hopes of gaining vast Sums of Treasure, and how he had befriended him in preventing the Treachery designed against him, he caused him immediately to be taken from the Gallows, and questioned him where the great Riches he spoke of was to be found; who, with a long

long plausible Story, told him, it was hid by him in a Wilderness called *Hulsterlo*, under the bottom of a great Beech-tree, by the side of the River *Creckneypit*, that runs through the Wilderness. At this the Lyon stared on him, as if he believed it not; saying, he had heard of most places in the World, as well Cities and Towns, as Forrests and Rivers, but never heard or read of these he named. O my Gracious Lord, replied the Fox, as I am a dying Creature, unless your Mercy be extended to me, it is certainly true; and if my Words gain no belief, even *Keyward* the Hare, though he declares himself, without cause, my Enemy, if he be sworn, will, for his Oath sake, give you an Account of the Wilderness and River. Then was *Keyward* called and put to his Oath, to answer nothing but the truth to such questions as should be demanded of him. Then said the Fox, *Keyward*, let not Prejudice hinder you to answer my Question, know you not *Creckneypit*? Yes, ye y well, replied the Hare, it is a great River that runs through the Wilderness called *Hulsterlo*, where *Father Simony* the Monk was taken Coining false Mony, many Years before *Ringwood* the Hound and I scraped acquaintance: I may well remember it, for there I have endured many bitter Winters, much Hunger and Cold. Upon giving this Testimony he was ordered to withdraw. Then, said the Fox, may my Relation be now credited? Yes, Reynard, said the King, and I intreat you to excuse my Jealousie, which could not be less, since you have so many times deceived me; but, however, it will be convenient that you go with me, and there shew me the

the place. Alas, said Reynard, I should be proud to attend upon your Majesty, and the willingest Creature in the World to do it, had I not yesterday made a Vow if I escaped with Life and Liberty, I would immediately take a Pilgrimage to Rome, to be Absolved of the Pope's Curse, which I lye under, for perswading the Wolf to run away from a Monastery where he had entred himself a Monk, upon his Complaining to me, that he was almost famished for want of Food, though indeed he eat as much as six Monks, yet he was not satisfied; and from thence I intend to pass to Jerusalem, and so mortifie myself by Fasting, giving Alms, and doing good Works, that I may wash off the Stains my Crimes have fixed on me before I return.

Well, replied the King, *if such a Vow be upon you, and you are under the Censure of the Church, you shall not accompany me, but have leave to depart and perform what you have promised; I will take Keyward the Hare and some others with me, who may direct me as well.*

The Fox greatly rejoiced at this; and the Conference was no sooner over, but the King and Queen mounted on a stately Scaffold, in the sight of all the Beasts present, placing the Fox between them, then silence being commanded, and every Beast taking his place according to his Dignity, the Lion thus began:

All you my Subjects, who are here assembled, give good Attention to what I shall say: In Reynard I find no Fault, or at least such as he has repented of, therefore I constitute him one of my Supream Ministers in State-Affairs, and of my Household
the

the chief Officer, freely acquiting him of all his Trespases, and consigning to him a General Pardon for all Crimes committed by him to this very moment; and therefore, Command you upon your Allegiance, as you tender your Lives, to do to him, his Wife and Children, that Reverence as is due to their Characters; for he is become a new Creature, and is now going a Pilgrimage to Rome, &c. to repent him of his Sins, and obtain the Pope's Absolution.

When the Wolf, Bear, Cat, and Raven heard this, they were much grieved that his Flattery and Lies had prevailed against the Truth; so that the Wolf could not forbear complaining bitterly against the Fox to the King, with such Arrogancy, that being seconded in the like manner by the Bear, it was taken so heinously, that they were both caused to be Arrested for High-Treason, and bound Hand and Foot, so that they could not stir from the place where they lay; afterward they were cast into a Dungeon, which not only overjoyed the Fox, that his Project had taken so well, but struck the rest of his Enemies with such Fear, that they immediately departed; yet here he stopt not, but designing further Mischief against the Bear and Wolf, he petitioned the Queen to have as much of the Bear's Skin as would make him a Male to supply him in his Journey; as also to have the Wolf's two Fore-shoes, and his Wife's Hinder-shoes, to keep his Feet from the Stones and Gravel in his Travel over Rocks and Mountains, which were taken from them with great pain and danger of their Lives, for the Bear's Back was Flead, and the Skins of the Wolf's Feet, Claws and all, torn off

by two monstrous Apes appointed to that Office ; yet, notwithstanding the intollerable pain, they durst not revile the treacherous Fox, who had been the occasion of their Miseries.

When *Reynard* had greased and fitted on his Shoes, he desired that his Staff might be blessed and delivered to him according to the use of Pilgrims ; which the King commanded *Bellin* the Ram to do, as also to say Mass over him before he departed ; but he refused it, because he was under the Pope's Curse, unless the King would secure him against the Bishop and Ordinary ; but when he saw the Lyon look angry, he trembled for fear, and immediately, running to the high Alter, sung Mass over the Fox, who little regarded it, more than to have the honour of it, then giving the Benediction to his Staff and Male he delivered it to him ; so the Lion and all the Beasts attended the Fox part of his way, who seemed loath to depart, though inwardly he desired nothing more than to be rid of their Attendance ; so that when they had gone divers Miles, he intreated the King to return for his Health sake, and to prevent the Danger that might happen if the Wolf and Bear should get loose, and, for the displeasure they conceived at their Imprisonment, raise Tumults and Commotions ; so, taking solemn leave, the King returned with all the Beasts, except *Keyward* and *Bellin*, whom *Reynard* persuaded, with many Flatteries of his extraordinary Love and Kindness towards them, to go further with him ; so, by degrees, with pleasant Tales and Discourses, he drilled them, by unknown ways, to *Malepards*, that being his furthest intended

tended Pilgrimage; and now he was fully resolved to be revenged on the Hare for accusing him to the King; wherefore, at the Gate of his Palace, he said, Sir *Bellin*, if you be pleased to stay a little here, I and *Keyward* will step in a few Moments and take leave of my Wife and Children, where he shall be Witness to a few Passages and Vows of Constancy between us that if either break them, the Law, upon his Evidence, may inflict due Punishment; so going in they found the She-fox and her young ones lying at their ease, yet she no sooner see *Reynard* return in safety, but leaping up, she run to Embrace him, and ask of his welfare, and how he sped at Court, which he told her from point to Point, with all the Honour that had been done him, how he had left the Bear and Wolf in Prison, and deceived the King, first with a fictitious Treasure, and then in promising to go a Pilgrimage; and as for this *Keyward*, he is my Enemy, and has vehemently accused me to the King, therefore I have decoyed him hither, to take revenge, and feast on his Carcase.

Keyward no sooner heard this, but he trembled, and cried to *Bellin* for help; but *Reynard* soon caught him by the Throat, and stoped his noise with ending his Life, so they eat him up all but the Head, which the Fox saved to ensnare the Ram's Life.

After they had merrily breakfasted on poor *Keyward's* Carcase, the Fox declared to his Wife, That this Fact known at Court would make all be disbelieved he had said, and then speedy search would be made after him, therefore if she would agree

agree to it, he thought it fit, for both their safeties, to change the place of their aboad, and live *Incognito*; but she urged so many reasons against it, that he resolved not to remove.

Whilst these things passed within, *Bellin* was without waiting, with much impatience, for the Hare's return, that they might go back together to the Court, and therefore called aloud for him to come forth; whereupon the Fox went to him, and said, Good Mr. *Bellin* be not angry, for *Keyward* is so engaged in discourse with his Aunt, about weighty matters, that, till they are ended, he cannot leave her, nor can she as yet part with him, her love is so great to him; but if you will be pleased to go a softly pace before, you know he is light and nimble and will easily overtake you before you have travelled many Miles. *Nay*, said the Ram, *but, if I mistake not, I heard, but a little while since, Keyward pitiously crying out, Murther, and imploring Help. Alas, replied the Fox, Murther and Help, then you are mistaken indeed; can you so much as fancy he can receive any hurt under my Roof, far be that thought from you: True it is, there is something in it; you might hear him cry indeed, for when I told my Wife the long and dangerous Pilgrimage I had undertaken, she swoned away for very grief, whereupon Keyward, through the great Affection he bears her, fearing she would have dyed, he cried out, Oh! Sir Bellin, help, help, my Aunt dies: but soon she was revived to his and my unspeakable joy, whereupon he left crying. But letting these things pass, you remember yesterday I promised to send the King Letters, before my de-*

prature,

parture, of great Importance, which all this while I have been Writing, and must intreat you, dear Cousin, to be the Messenger to carry them.

I would be your Friend in this, said the Ram, *but I am, as you see, unprovided of any thing to put them in, and to carry them in my Mouth would look ridiculous.* Well, *said the Fox,* for that trouble not yourself, you shall have my Mail, which you may hang about your Neck, and carry with little trouble; they are so well Penned that you will gain Credit by them, if not Preferment; I am content you should have the praise of them, and say you dictated the Words whilst I writ them down. This made the silly Ram, who was ambitious of Honour, greatly to rejoyce; so the Mail, with murdered *Keyword's* Head in it, was hung about his Neck, and so took his leave, flattering himself with the conceived hopes of Advancement all the way he went towards the Court, considering many ignorant Persons, who have had the vanitie to attribute the worthy Labours of others to themselves, have met with Advancement and Applause; and why might it not so happen, that he might be of that number?

When he came to the Court, almost breathless for haste, he found the King sitting amongst his Nobles, discoursing of *Reynard's* Pilgrimage, many pitying him for the tedious Journey he had undertaken, and applauding him for his Reformation from a wicked to a vertuous Life; but when the Lyon saw the Bear's Skin-mail about the Ram's Neck, with something weighty in it, he wondered, and the more, because he came without the Hare; and thereupon demanded where

he

he had left the Fox : *My Noble Lord*, replied he, *I attended him to his House, and from thence I brought these Letters, which, indeed, are of my own Indicting, though my Cousin took the trouble to Write them over, and recommend them to your Majesty, not doubting but they will give your Highness great Satisfaction, and that you will have reason to thank me for them.*

When the Ram had thus said, the King commanded *Bocart* his Secretary to take off the Mail, open it, and read the Letters with an audible Voice ; but in stead of Letters, he had no sooner put his Hand therein, but he drew out murdered *Keynard's* Head, which struck the whole Assembly into great Consternation ; and the Ram seeing how he was imposed on, trembled and fell on his Knees, craving Mercy. The King having by this time recollected himself from his amaze, with an angry Voice, his Eyes sparkling Lightning, said, *How blinded was I in my understanding, ever to believe this Traytor Reynard, who under all his fair Speeches covers Malice and Mischief.* Whereupon he groaned terribly, and hung down his Head for Anger and Shame, to be so basely imposed on ; as likewise did the Queen for a good space, which *Sir Firelapel* the Libard, who sat next to the King, perceiving, thus began :

Let not Sorrow come near your Highness's Heart, for this trayterous Deed, but keep it for nobler purposes : Are not you Lord of the Forrests, and all your Subjects in your power to punish as you please ? To this the King replied, Dear Cousin, such unexpected Mischief and Disgrace as this, cannot but touch me near ; I am, to my shame, betrayed by a
base

base Villain, whom I too fondly, and against reason, credited, one who has made me do injury to my best Friends, and even those of my Blood, as is testified against me in what I have unadvisedly done to the Wolf and Bear on his false Accusation, and by the Queen's Over-perswasions, which will stick as a Sa in and Reproach on me for ever.

Let not your Majesty say so, replied the Libard, you stand far above all Injuries, and your Smiles can easily cure the Wounds you have made in your Honour, the Recompences you are able to give, are sufficient to reward those that may complain of Injuries, and make them forget their Sorrows: If the Bear and Wolf have been injured by Reynard's false Accusation, there is a present way before you to make them amends; since the Ram has confessed himself a Party with Reynard in Keyward's death, owning he Indicted the Letters, which, in plain terms, was murthering the Hare, for no better Construction can be made of it, seeing he has audaciously brought his Head to your Majesty, let him and his Linage be given to them as a Prey: And for Reynard, though he is not in your Majesty's power at present, yet we will go and besiege his Castle, take him thence by force, and bring him bound to your Majesty, to do with him as your Princely Wisdom shall think fit.

This Counsel highly pleased the Lyon, who immediately sent the Libard to fetch Sir Bruin and Sir Isgrim from their Prison, where they lay in Chains, expecting every Hour the Sentence of Death; but Sir Firelapel no sooner pronounced their Pardon, but those Fears vanished, and more especially they rejoyced when he told them

the

54 *The History of Reynard the Fox.*

the King was not only sorry for the punishment he had caused to be inflicted on them, but as a Recompence, he had delivered into their power the Ram and his whole Linage, to devour and destroy them, or otherways use them at their pleasure, wherever they met them throughout his Dominions for ever; as also to hunt and destroy *Reynard* the Fox and his Linage, wherever they could find him or them, in Wood, Mountain, Hill, or Dale; and for which Priviledge they should receive Letters Patents under the Royal Signet, not to be revoked, if they kept their Fealtie, to the King inviolable; upon these Terms, coming into the King's Presence, they were received into Favour, so that at the King's Command, *Bellin* was immediately slain, and after him, they went out and destroyed a great many of his Kindred, as well Sucking-lambs, as Ews, and continue to persecute them to this day.

Now upon this Reconcilement great Feasting was made in the Court, which continued many daies, to which resorted all the Beasts, and as many Birds as were in Friendship with the King; but the Fox kept close, and would not be present, though he was cited, so that all manner of Princely Recreations were to be found there: But during the Feast, came *Laprel* the Cony with a grievous Complaint against *Reynard*, That whereas he was passing by *Malepardus*, and perceiving him standing in the Habit of a Pilgrim at the Gate, supposing to have passed peaceably by him, he leaped on him at unawares, and struck him such a violent blow between the Head and Shoulders, that he fell down, and had he not suddenly recovered,

vered, and leaped from between *Reynard's* Claws, though very much wounded, he had there devoured him.

The Cony had no sooner made an end of his Complaint, and prayed Justice, but *Corbant* the Rook came flying before the King with a piteous noise, saying, *I beseech your Majesty to hear and revenge my Wrongs on bloody Reynard; for so it happened, that this morning, Sharpbeak my Wife, leaving our young ones in a neighbouring Wood, flew to the Heath to seek some Food for them, where, to our great amazement, we saw Reynard lie stretched on the Ground as a dead Carcass, his Tongue lolling out of his Mouth, and his Eyes fixed and staring; who, woe is me, my Wife, in her simplicity, laying her Head to his Mouth, to hear if she could perceive him breath; the treacherous Dissembler, who had put himself in that Posture to move our Compassion, and draw us within his reach, leaped up on a sudden, and catching hold of her Neck, bit her Head off: Whereupon, affrighted, I flew into the Air, or else, with the same greediness he had taken me along with her by the same way; but getting to a Tree, I there sat secure, though in great Sorrow to see him devour her Body with insatiate greediness; which done, he went away; then flew I, with doleful cries, to the place, and gathered up all her Remains, which were only these Feathers, which I brought before your Majesty, as a Testimonial of her Murder.*

The MORAL.

By the Honour the King did to the Fox, shews that great Ones may be deceived by specious Pretences,

ces, especially if they are covetously given, as the Lion's hopes of gaining the Treasure made him acquit Reynard, whom, a little before, he had justly Condemned. By the Misery he put the Wolf and Bear to, signifies the sudden turn of Affairs, and how to Complain unseasonably brings Mischief on us. His slaying the Hare, and sending his Head by the Ram, denotes, Innocent Persons are betrayed into Mischief unadvisedly, under specious Pretences of Friendship. The Complaints of the Cony and Rook, a wicked habit in the Fox.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

How the King grew Angry on these new Complaints, and took Counsel to be revenged on Reynard : How the Brock secretly gave him Advice of it ; and how the Fox was a second time Absolved by him, and Excused himself to the King : How the Ape pleaded for him, and the King consented to hear him.



THE King, upon these new Complaints and Villanies, was so moved with Anger against Reynard, that he vowed the bloodiest Revenge that ever Creature fell under, from which all his Flatteries, for the future, should never be able to deliver him. *Is this, said he, his Pilgrimage to Rome, and the Holy-land ? for this did he procure his Shoes and Scrip, to the hazard of my Friend's Lives ? Well, he shall dea lyne it ; though,*

indeed, I should never have believed him, but at the persuasions of my Queen, who easily ruled me.

When he had thus said, with a stern Countenance, he commanded his Nobles to give Counsel, so that his Honour might, in this case, be saved, and his Fame not evil spoken of. At this the Bear and Wolf greatly rejoiced, as still thirsting after Revenge against *Reynard*, yet they kept silence, expecting others to Speak first, but not doing it the King grew exceeding angry, bending his Brows, and looking grimly on them, till the Queen said, *Sir, it is no part of Royal Wisdom to protest or believe any thing till the matter be made apparent; therefore you ought to have both your Ears open to this Complaint, both of the Complainants and the Complained; so, that weighing the Cause in equitie, you may the better determine to do Justice: And however I may have erred in persuading you to any thing in Favour of him, I am thus far sure, that it will be most for your Honour, since he cannot flie out of your reach, to Try him by the Laws of your Kingdome.*

This Speech of the Queen's was seconded by the Libard, who said, she had spoken very graciously, and that he could not in reason go from what she had said, in Trying the Fox, by which, if found Guilty, would leave him, as it were, without excuse: *Therefore, said he, it is fit he should be Summoned, and Confronting his Accusers, make his Defence.*

This moved *Sir Isgrim* to Anger, fearing, if the Fox had this Favour allowed, he would not, by one trick or other, fail to get another Advantage over him; saying, *If my Lord the King's Plea-*

sure

sure be to comply with your Advice, none of us must gainsay it; but, however the issue be, I will maintain Reynard a false Trytor, and one whose Life is deservedly forfeited, if but for his late abusing the King, with a false Story at Creckneypit in Hulsterlo, which was only feigned to get his Liberty, and to bring the King's true Subjects into Disgrace, that he might yet have liberty to go on in his Rogueries, and rob and spoil all that pass by his Castle: You see, likewise, how little he respects the King, who the other day gave him his Life, that he has sent him, in Derision, murdered Keyward's Head, and laughs at the thoughts of his deceiving him with a feigned Pilgrimage.

The King hearing this, made but light account of what the Queen and Libard had said, and therefore resolving to take him from his Castle by Force, and execute him on his former Sentence, he commanded all the Beasts, upon their Allegiance, to be in Arms, and attend him for that purpose within six Daies; ordering those that were not free to this, as any way favouring the Fox, to turn their Backs that he might know them for his Enemies; and hereupon the Assembly broke up.

Grimbard hearing what danger Reynard was in, by reason of the King's Decree, privately withdrew, to advertise him of it, that so he might make timely provision for his Safety: Reynard no sooner saw him, but concluding he came with bad News, demanded what brought him thither, and why he came so fast to sweat at that rate? To which the Brock, half breathless, replied, O Uncle, flie for your Life, the King, with all the Power

of his Kingdom, is arming to destroy you; your Enemies, Bruin and Isgrim, are released out of Prison, and have slain the Ram, for bringing Keyward's Head; likewise all his Linage is given up to their power, and they are now in higher Favour than ever, wherefore they will not fail to urge your Destruction; there are likewise exhibited against you, the new Complaints of Corbant the Kook, and Lap-prel the Cony.

Well, Nephew, *replied the Fox*, I return you my humble Thanks for your officious Care; but were there a thousand conspiring against me, I value them not a Rush, for if I can have liberty to speak for myself to the King, I shall be even with some of them, more than they are aware; therefore trouble not yourself, Nephew, but let us go in and Feast on this Pair of young Pigeons, I just now took as they attempted to flie out of their Nest, they are of light Digestion, and will breed good Blood: So charging him he should tell his Wife nothing of the danger, in they went together, where *Ermelin* received the Brock very kindly, and to Feasting they went.

After Dinner *Rernard* requested *Grimbard* that he would promise to stand by him, and get him as many Friends as he could to do the like, for he was resolved to come to Court, and ouce more face his Enemies. *You do well in that*, replied the Brock, *and on my Life, I will undertake for you, that you shall not be without Friends to second you, nor want the favour to speak freely before the King.* Then *Reynard* called his Sons before him, and declared to the Brock how forward they were at their Game, that they had the true quality of the

Fox, which was to play grinning, intangle and betray smiling, and kill when they seemed most compassionate; and all that he had now to learn them further, before they were sent out to shift, was how to escape the Gins, Snarés, and Pursuit of Hounds; which towardliness of his young Kindred made the Brock greatly rejoice; and having rested a little they prepared to depart; *Reynard* charging his Wife to be troubled at no News she should hear, but construe it to the best; also to be careful of herself and his Children, and keep close the Gates, not letting any one in, Friend or Foè, till his return, or that she heard further from him: And so away they went together, not telling his Wife the cause of his Journey, whereupon he left her in exceeding Sorrow for his so sudden and unexpected Departure.

Being on the way, the Fox urged the Brock to take his Confession a second time, for that since he was last Shriven, he had committed many sins; to which *Grimbard* agreeing, he thus proceeded: You know very well, how I caused the Bear and the Wolf to be served, by falsely accusing them to the King of Treason, as also Dame *Arswind*, whose hinder Shooes were stript off at my request; and further then, know that the Story I told the King of the Treasure was but all feigned; as was the Conspiracy of *Bruin* and *Isgrim*; *Keyward* I killed, and betrayed the Life of *Bellin*, in sending the Hare's Head by him to the King; the Cony I wounded and would have slain, had he not slipped out of my Hands; *Sharpbeak* I did slay and eat; I further put an almost-fatal Trick upon the Wolf, which in my last Confession I omitted, to mention which, was thus: Google E 2 As

As we passed over a Meath, by a Wood-side the Wolf being very hungry, espied a Mare with a curious fat Colt running by her side, at this his chaps watered, but fearing the Mare's strength, he resolved to try another way, whereupon he sent me to know whether she would sell it, and if so, what the Price would be; when I, to please him at that time, went and ask'd the question, to which the Mare replied, she would willingly sell him for ready Mony; but when I came to demand her Price, she said, she could not tell it, but if I could read, I might find it written at the bottom of her hinder Foot: Ho, ho, thought I, are you thereabouts with your Quibbles, well, this will pass on my Uncle *Isgrim*, but not on me; then I told her truly, that I could not read, nor did I come to purchase for myself, but for the Wolf, who is hard by expecting your Answer to his Message: *Then*, said the Mare, *let him come and read it himself, that we may speedily agree.* So I went to *Isgrim*, and told him, if he could read he might have his Belly full, for the Mare would freely sell her Foal, if he could read to her the Price of him, which, she said, was written on the bottom of her hinder Foot.

Read, replied *Isgrim*, (with a kind of Disdain to be asked that Question) *why I have Studied at both Universities, and can read perfectly all Languages: Therefore*, continued he, *if that be all, let me alone to buy the Purchase.* So away he went rejoicing, but had no sooner taken up the Mare's Foot, but the crafty Jade, whilst he was wishfully poring on it, smote him full in the Forehead, with a violent back spring, so that he tumbled over and

over,

over, lying piteously howling on the Ground, whilst she galloped away, laughing at the Trick she had put upon him, her Foal following her the same pace, till they were both out of sight; whereupon I went to my Uncle, and smiling, said, Dear Uncle, what have you eaten up all the Colt, and left me not one small Morsel for performing your Message? But pray what did you find written on the Mare's Foot? it should be a prick'd Song by your Singing, for I heard you very loud at it; indeed you have now shewed yourself a good Schollar, and gained a plentiful and merry Feast by it. *O Nephew,* replied he, *do not add more misery to me by scoffing at me, you see I am all bloody and desperately wounded, for whilst I was looking on her Foot, and taking the Nails for Letters, the damn'd Mare, with her long Leg and Iron Heel smote me on the Head, that she has e'en beat out all my Brains.* Alas, said I, Uncle, I am sorry for that, but indeed I took you for one of the greatest Schollars in England; but, I see, according to the old Proverb, *That the greatest Schollars are not the wisest Men.* This, with my smiling, made him fret exceedingly, but all was in vain, he knew not how to help himself.

Upon this *Rernard* desired the Brock to Absolve him, which he did, by making him take certain Stones out of a Brook, and laying them at a distance, rowl himself three or four times over them, and so then went on, discoursing of the Flatteries of Courtiers, the Dissimulation of Priests and Women, the Cheats of the meaner Sort, &c. till they came to the King's presence, where he saw many of his Friends, which made

him not a little rejoice; then he fell down before the Throne, whilst the King wondered how he durst venture to appear after such a Crime committed, and thus began to deliver himself:

My dread Sovereign Lord the King, and Lady the Queen, May all Blessings descend upon you to Crown you with a lasting Health and Happiness, and give you Wisdom, that you may truly discern between Right and Falshood, to know who are your Friends and who your Enemies: Here I am come to excuse myself of Crimes unjustly laid to my Charge since my late Departure, or else, by this time, I had been far on my Pilgrimage; therefore I beseech you to let me see my Accusers, that dare impute to me any Failing in my Promise, or Disobedience to your Majesty.

To this the King replied, with a stern Countenance, Reynard, *I know you are Subtil and full of Deceit; but this Day shall be the end of your taking Pride in my Disgrace, for which your Life shall immediately pay the Price of my Dishonour: You have shewed your Obedience to my Commands, in the Violence and Murther you offered the Cony and Rook, who are here to testifie against you.*

My dread Sovereign, *replied the Fox*, their Acculation I would gladly hear; however, I know it to be false before they speak. Then they stood forth and accused him, as has been recited; upon which the Fox replied, My Lord, this is palpable Malice, and no Truth, they are suborned by my Enemies, to bring these Slanders against me: I confess, when my Nephew, *Grimbard*, brought me Tidings of it, I was just preparing for my Pilgrimage, but it so troubled me, that I re-

solved not to go before I had cleared myself before your Majesty: The Cony, whom I ever held as my dear Friend, came indeed to my House, as I was saying Mattins, and was kindly welcomed, and feasted by my Wife, with such, as on a Fast-day I usually kept in my House; but having refreshed himself, *Rossel* my Son, who waited at Table, offered to take away what he had left; whereupon the Cony, contrary to his expectation, gave him a violent Blow on the Mouth, which made him bleed exceedingly; which his Brother *Reynardine* seeing, and being much grieved thereat, fell upon him, and would have slain him, had not I, upon his crying out, come hastily from my Devotions and taken him off, giving my Son severe Correction for breaking the rules of Hospitality in my House; but, it seems, for my good Deed, his Malice has made him post to your Highness, and accuse me of a Crime I am ignorant of.

As for the Rook, there is nothing more false than his Accusation, for, as yesterday I was sitting at my Door, he came flying about me with great Cries, of which I demanding the cause, he laid, *Woe is me, for my Wife, Dame Sharpbeak, is dead.* How came she by her death? said I, *Alas,* replied he, *yesterday on the Heath she found the Carcass of a dead Hare, which she eating, and it being full of Worms, they eat through her Stomach and killed her.* This, my Lord, is the truth, nor more nor less is in it.

If this be true, which I very much doubt, replied the King, there is another Treason against you, which, I believe, you cannot deny, which is the

66 *The History of Reynard the Fox.*

Murder of poor Keyward, whose Head you sent me, in Derision, by Bellen the Ram, who has been executed, as being only your Messenger, and for which you shall surely die.

At this Reynard grew much dejected, but being comforted by Dame *Rukenaw*, the She-ape, who was his Aunt, he took Courage, and replied, *Alas, my Gracious Lord, you tell me strange News, is the poor Hare then dead? It grieves me infinitely to think on it, he was very dear to me, and far be it from me, that I, who have loved him so well, should have a Hand in his Death.*

Then said the King, sternly, *Thou dissembling Traitor, darest thou pretend to guild over thy Wickedness with plausible Words, thou art now too sure in my Hands, ever to escape my Justice.*

This made him fetch many deep Sighs, as fearing now his last Hour was come; which the She-ape perceiving, addressed her Speech, on his behalf to the King, after this manner,

My gracious Lord, I beseech you, for a while, suspend your Anger, and hear what I have to say.

At first the King refused her Request, but the Queen and Libard interceeding, she had leave to proceed.

Then said she, *My Gracious Lord, there are many here that Complain and find Faults, who have more grievously offended; my Kinsman's Merits plead for him, when they can pretend to none, that have been any ways serviceable to your Highness; it is not unknown to your Majesty, what Services yourself and Predecessors have received from his Father and himself, having born greater Reputation in*

the Court, than either the Bear or Wolf, or all their Kindred; their wise Counsels have been in great esteem, when others have been rejected; but now things go strangely, his Services are forgotten, and those that deserve not, are taken into Favour, who rather seek to debase, than advance, your Majesty's Honour and Dignity.

Hereupon the King replied, Dame Rukenaw, hadst thou Offences done by Reynard been to you, you would have resented them more, than thus to plead his Cause, and excuse a Traytor, who breaks my Laws, and abuses my best Servants; he has been so wicked, that among all other Creatures, there is none but yourself will speak well of him, and you only he has deceived into a belief of his Sanctity, by Flattery and Dissimulation.

Nay, replied she, my Lord, I am more wise than to be deceived, I know much good by him, and therefore love him; I can tell how his Judgment and Wisdom has been applauded by your Majesty; you may well remember how a Man and a Serpent came to the Court for Judgment, and he wisely determined it, when neither the Bear, Wolf, or any other knew how to do it; the Case was briefly thus: A Man going on the Road, found a monstrous Serpent entangled in a Snare, who cried piteously to him for help, which moved the Man to compassion, so that upon the Serpent's Oath, not to hurt him with his Teeth, Tail, or Poison, he delivered him from certain death; whereupon they travelled together, till the Serpent, growing hungry, flew at the Man to devour him, but he starting aside, put him in mind of his Oath, to which he replied, I remember it well, but now Hunger dispences with it, and I may lawfully

68 *The History of Reynard the Fox.*

fully kill thee. However, the Man desired, that his Cause might be tried by the next Passenger, which happened to be Tisellen the Raven, and Slinope his Son, who gave Judgment against the Man, in hopes to get a share of his Carcass; but he refused to stand to their Award, as being Robbers and Delighters in Blood, as also he did that of the Bear and the Wolf, who gave the like Sentence against him for the same reasons, appealing from them to your Majesty, whom he knew to be Noble, Merciful, and Wise, yet much perplex'd to determine this matter; by your desire the Fox undertook to do it; then, in his Wisdom, he desired to see the Serpent in the same case he was when the Man released him, whereupon, by your Command, being noozed in the Snare, out of which he had been delivered, my Kinsman then said, If the Man will release him now, and trust to his Oath and fair Promises, then the Serpent shall be at liberty to chuse whether he will eat him or forbear; but if he thinks he will break his Oath, then I leave it to his discretion to do as he pleases. To which the Man replied, I will not release him; for if he, who is once perjur'd, get loose, he will not hereafter regard any Oath, but certainly destroy me. So the Serpent for his former Ingratitude was left in the Snare to be famished. This Judgment of Reynard's, was then highly applauded, as just and equitable; yyy himself and all the Court, above what had ever been given in any doubtful case, though he boasted not of it, as many would have done, though less deserving: Besides these, and other things, he has many Kindred that will stand by him with their Lives and Fortunes; as for my part, I and my three Children will die in his Cause, rather than he shall

suffer any Injury; which a number more will not fail to do. Then she called forth all her Kindred and Relations; saying, *Come forth all my dear Friends, and stand by your Kinsman Reynard, all of you Petition for him to his Majesty, that he may give him the privilege of the Law.*

Then presently leaped forward a great number of Beasts, as the Squirrel, Weasel, Ferrit, Otter, and many more, all of them loving Pulleten as well as *Reynard*, standing by him, and beseeching the King in his behalf, being in all near a hundred, for they stood in awe of Dame *Rukewan*, and her Counsel, and durst not disoblige her.

The Queen seeing this; said, *Truly Dame, I and Sir Firelapel told the King as much before, but his Anger for the death of Keyward, blinded his Judgment and Reason so, that he would not give us a patient hearing.*

To this the King replied, *Truly I was a little overseen in it, for that Disgrace done me, give me no leave to consider; but now he shall have leave to answer for himself, and if the Laws will quitt him, I am contented to set him at libert.*

At this unexpected turn of his Affairs, *Reynard* greatly rejoiced, and gave hearty thanks to his Aunt, who had gained him, by her wise and well-timed Speech, this advantage for him; saying, *Dear Aunt, I have now a settled Confidence, that all my Adversaries shall not prevail against me.*

The M O R A L.

The Arger of the Lion, shews the disposition of a good Prince, to be offended at Vice and Injustice, or at the Injury done to his good Subjects; and the Perswasion of the Queen and Libard, shews the temper every good Prince ought to be endow'd withal, not to be too hasty or passionate, but to administer Justice with Moderation. The Wolf's envying, shews the Malice of a subtil Foe, to take all advantages: The Brock's secret going to the Fox, shews the Office of a good Friend; as does the Ape's, who spoke for him; but the Fox's second Repentance, a continued Dissimulation, to ensnare the Belief of the Credulous.

C H A P.

CHAP. VI.

How the Fox, having liberty to Plead for himself, protested his Innocence, and described certain Jewels he sent to the King and Queen by the Ram, grieving for the loss of them, and pleading his Father's and his own Merits, whereby he gains the King's good Opinion.



THE Fox having now free liberty to plead for himself; said, May it please my gracious Lord, you much astonished me, when you mentioned the death of *Keynard* the Hare, if he be dead, O where is *Bellin* the Ram? that he may stand forth and clear my Innocence in that matter; besides, I tremble to think what precious Jewels are lost, if he has miscarried, all the Wealth of

of both the *Indies* cannot make a Recompence for their inestimable value; but more it grieves me they should be detained from you, to whom I sent one of them, and the two others to my Lady the Queen, in requital of her Kindness to me in my late Misery. *Nay*, said the King, *however it happened, I received no Jewels, the Ram only brought to me the Head of murdered Keyward.*

Upon this, the dissembling Fox looked sad and dejected, crying out, *Woe, and alas, to me, that ever I should trust to faithless a Messenger with such inestimable a Treasure; the loss of these Jewels, I know, will be the death of my poor Wife, when the doleful Tidings comes to her Ear: Well,* said Dame *Rukenaw*, *sorrowing for them will little avail, let us hear them described, and then we will take care to find them out, in whose hands soever they are, if all the Almanack-makers and Wise-women in the Country can discover them.*

O dear Aunt, said Reynard, you do but say this to take off the edge of my Sorrow, for I am confident, into whose hands soever they are fallen, they will not part with them for any valuable thing on Earth, no Crowns or Kingdoms can buy 'em from them, if they but understand their true Virtues; however, though their remembrance add to my Affliction, yet, to please you, if the King and Queen desire it, I will describe their Richness with Virtues. Upon this, having leave given; he, with a feigned sigh, began in this manner to describe them:

The first, *said he*, that I sent to my Lord the King, was a Ring of Gold, in which was placed a Jewel of a great price, it was inameled with Sable

and Azure on the Gold, and within it Engraven three *Hebrew* mystical Characters, which I could not Read, but going to a great *Astrologer* and *Linguist*, he told me, they were the Names which *Seth* brought out of *Paradice*, when he fetched from the *Guardian-Angel* some of the *Oyl* of *Mercy* to heal his *Father Adam's* grievous *Distemper*, and whosoever wore it, should be free from *Thunder*, *Lightning*, and any *Conspiracies* against him, live long, and be alwaies *Victorious* over his *Enemies*, resist *Temptations*, *Witchcraft*, and be *Prudent*, *Healthy*, and *Victorious*: The *Stone* set in it was of three several *Colours*, the first like *Christial*, glittering with *Sparkles* of *Fire*, so that in a dark *Night* it gave a marvellous *light*; the second was clear and sparkling with *Flame-colour*, having a vitue to cure any defect in the *Eyes*, or in any part of the *Body*, only by stroaking the place grieved, and indeed most *Distempers*, especially all *Venome*, and abundance of other things too tedious to mention: The last was of an *Emerald-colour*, mixed with small *Spots* of *Purple*, so that whoever wore it, should be matchless for *Valour*, and altogether unconquerable, not stirred to *Passion*, but *Wise*, *Just*, and *Merciful*: It had many other rare *Virtues*, so that I could not imagine any *Creature* on *Earth* worthy to possess it but your *Majesty*, who is the best of *Princes* living, for *Mercy*, *Justice*, *Prudence*, and *Fortitude*.

The other two *Jewels* I sent to my *Lady the Queen*, one of them was a *Comb*, made of the *Shoulder-bone* of *Pantherus*, a *Beast* found near *Paradice*, whose *Beauty* and *Smell* allures all

Beasts to him, and in this one Bone all the Virtues of him is contained, yet it was polished so light, that any breath of Wind would move it from its place; the Scent of it was so rare, that it cured Appoplexies, and all Diseases of the Head, beyond the Skill of the most learned Doctors in the World; and between the Teeth of it, which looked like Silver, were spaces, in which curious Figures were Engraven, and Inlaid with Gold, representing the Story, how the three Gooddesses strove for the Golden Apple, and chose *Paris*, Son to King *Priamus*, then but a Shepherd, in Mount *Ida*, Judge to determine the Strife; who seeing them all-naked, for the Inscription on it was, *Be it given to the Fairest*; he decreed it to *Venus* the Queen of Beauty, in lieu whercof, she gave him the beautiful *Hellen* of *Greece*, Wife to King *Menelaus*, which caused the ten Years Wars of *Troy*, and in the end, the Destruction of that famous City by the *Greeks*.

The next Jewel, as I may well term it, that I sent to my Lady the Queen, was a Mirror, or Glas, wherein who ever looked, might see things at a great distance, as plain as if they had been near them; yea, for many Miles in circumference: The Wood of the Frame was of such a nature, that it was exceeding light, no Worms or space of time was capable to corrupt or destroy it; and and on it were framed many curious Stories, with inlaying of Wood of various Colours, Enamel and Gold, the Words at large, being written under the Figures in Letters of Gold, to explain them.

The first was the Fable of the Horse, who being at contention with a stately Hart, and not able to overcome him, implored a Herdsman to mount on his Back, that so he might persue his Adversary, but being weary in the persuit, the Hart by much outstripping the Horse, he desired his Rider to light, that he might rest himself. *Nay,* replied the Herdsman, *not so, for having a Bridle in your Mouth, and Spurs at my Heels, you having once voluntarily given up your power and freedom, shall be at my command.* At which the poor Horse, too late seeing what misery his thirst of revenge had brought him into, only sighed and bewailed his Captivity.

Secondly, At another Corner of the Frame was, in as lively a manner, the Fable of the Ass and the Hound: It so happened, that an old rich Farmer had a little Hound that he entirely loved, who used to play with him, leap into his Lap, and feed at his Table, whose lazy kind of Life the Ass seeing, and how much the Hound was made of for it, whilst himself, who by his labour brought in much gain, was turned into a dirty Hovel, to feed on Chaff and dry Straw, resolved to try if his flattering his Master might bring him into as great favour; one day, as he came home he met him, leaping about him in his lubberly manner, frisking his Tail, and shaking his Ears; but his Master, as he perceived, but little minding it, he came nearer to him, and standing on his hinder Legs, laid his Fore-feet on his Shoulders, braying horribly, and offered to kiss him; in which struggling the Master was thrown to the Ground, crying out piteously, *Help, help, this wicked*

wicked Ass will murder me. Whereupon his Servants came running with Cudgels, Flails, and Prongs, and so belaboured poor *Baldwin* the Ass, that with a bruised Pate and broken Bones, he was forced to flie to his Hovel for shelter, where lying down on dirty Straw, in a miserable condition he complained to himself; *O woe is me! I see I must be but a poor laborious Ass, whilst idle Parasites and Flatterers live, by my Toil and Sweat, in Ease and Pleasure.*

Thirdly, At another Corner was the Story of my Father and Sir *Tybert*, who travelling together by a Wood-side, and being espied by the Huntsmen and Hounds, when my Father said to the trembling Cat, *Climb up that Tree, for I have a hundred Wiles to escape.* *That may be,* replied he, *yet I have but one poor shift, and ought to fear, unless I presently use it.* Thereupon leaving my Father to shift for himself, he immediately clambered up a high spreading Oak, where, among the thick Boughs, he remained secure and unseen, whilst my Father was pursued near at the Heels, crying, *Kill the Fox;* and had he not drop'd his Male and slipped into a Hole, he had, notwithstanding all his Wiles, become a Breakfast to the greedy Hounds, whilst the Cat stood securely scoffing, saying, *Now Sir Reynard, it is time to use all your cunning, or your Skin goes to the Furriers.*

At the Fourth Corner was the Story of the ungrateful Wolf, to the Crane, who having, with his long Neck and Bill, pulled a Bone out of his Throat, that stuck cross, which grievously pained him, and had certainly killed him, had it not been done

done ; he not only refused Sir *Grain* the Crane his Reward, but scoffingly told him, It was well he escaped with life ; since, when his Head was in his Mouth, it was in his power to have bit it off ; and since he was so kind as not to do it, he ought to take that for a sufficient Satisfaction : which proves his high Ingratitude, not only to the Crane, but to me who have done him much good.

These, and a number more, were the Devices that beautified this itately Jewel, which makes me shed Tears for its loss, since, with such care, I took it from the rest of my Father's Treasure, to preserve it for your Majesty ; and one thing more there is that much troubles me, which is, That your Majesty should say, That neither my Father or myself have done any good, but been troublesome to the Court : Remember, I beseech your Highness, when you were young, how your Royal Father, lying on a languishing Bed, despairing of Life, my Father came from his studying Physick at *Montpellier*, and coming into the King's presence, he said, *Ah! Reynard, I am grievous sick, and must die, unless your Learning and Skill in Physick can find me some speedy Remedy.*

Let not my Lord say so, replied my Father ; then feeling his Pulse, and viewing his Urine, he found it was a Plurisie, and might be cured, he told him, by eating the Liver of a Wolf of seven Years growth. This *Isgrim's* Father hearing, who stood by, began to tremble ; but the languishing King casting his Eyes on him, said, *Sir Isgrim, you hear this, and I am sorry it falls on you, yet,*

78 *The History of Reynard the Fox.*

for the publick good, you must not value your Life, since in mine the whole Commonwealth is so nearly concerned.

Then the Wolf began to excuse it, saying, *He was not meant by it, for he was but five Years old.*

However, said my Father, that matters not, let me see the Liver, and then I can tell whether it will fit our purpose or not.

So the Wolf was slain by the King's Cook, his Liver taken out and dressed, and thereupon your Majesty's Father recovered his Health, and lived many Years; though, perhaps, your Highness was so young then that this passage is slipped out of your Memory, though my Father was honoured for this Service with a Gold Chain and Medal, which I have yet by me.

Nay, as for my own part, I may boast some little Service done to your Majesty, you may well remember, how, when this Wolf present, and I, had killed a fat Swine, you and your Queen came very hungry out of the Forest, where you had been taking the Air, and demanded a share, but *Isgrim* grumbled, and would allow you none of his part; however, I bestowed mine on you freely, but that not sufficing, you demanded some of his, which he was conveying away, and for his Refusal gave him such a blow with your Royal Paw, as fetched the Skin over his Ears, and then compelled him to hunt for more; when I going with him, we soon found a fat Calf and brought it to you, and it being my lot to divide it, I gave half to the Queen and half to you; the Interals I sent to the Princes your Children, giving the

Wolf,

Wolf only the Head, and being myself contented with the Feet, which made you ask, Who taught you to divide so well? To which, pointing at the Wolf's bloody Ears, I replied, that Example before me made me see how I ought to behave myself towards my Betters. This you applauded, and was very much pleased with what I had done for your Service; but now, by the means of Flatterers and Upstarts, all my past Services, are forgotten, and I trampled on, who have done well, whilst they, for doing wickedly, are exalted; there was a time, that nothing was done without my Counsel and Advice in Court, but that is past, and I must be contented in my Sufferings.

Well, replied the King, grieve not so much, Reynard, for that day may be restored, if you behave yourself as becomes your high Birth; I have nothing more to lay to your charge but Keynard's death, and the Disgrace you put upon me in doing it; but Bellin being Executed, and no Witness to prove it upon you, as to matter of Fact, I must take your word that you are innocent, and so acquit you.

Upon this the Fox fell on his Knees, and returned him hearty Thanks, vowing by his Holiness's Toe, none could be more sorry than he for the death of the Hare, of which he was altogether innocent; but more particularly for the loss of the inestimable Jewels, which he said, the treacherous Ram had imbeffelled, but that search should be made for them in all parts of the World, both by Art Magick and strickt Enquiry, which highly pleased the King and Queen; so that the Fox was dismissed to take his Repose, and make merry Cheer with his Friends; whilst the King

consulted with his Nobles, what should be done on his behalf.

The M O R A L,

By the Relation the Fox makes of the Jewels, which he knew would be Baits to a covetous Mind, he shews a cunning Dissembler, who knows how to blow with all Winds; he well knew if this gained belief, his good Intention of sending them to the King and Queen would gain his Pardon, which he fancied his seeming Sorrow would work in them, upon their loss, and that his incu'cating to the King, his Father's, and his own good Deeds, would much further it; which, indeed, is the greatest Insinuation to gain belief of our Innocence.

C H A P.

CHAP. VII.

How the Fox made his Peace with the King, and how he was complained against by the Wolf, whereupon they exchanged Gloves, in order to try their Innocence by Combat; and how the King accepted their Gages.



THe Fox, at this unexpected Deliverance, and hopes of Advantage, was exceeding joyful, laughing his Enemies to scorn; which so enraged the Wolf, that he resolved to lay new Accusations to his charge; and therefore when he was called into the Council, he stood up and craved Audience; which being granted, *O my Lord the King, said Isgrim, is it possible your Wisdom should again be deceived by this Traytor and Murtheerer, composed of all Falshoods and Deceits, to whose Oaths there*

82 **The History of Reynard the Fox.**

there is no credit to be given : This Villain, notwithstanding he looks so demure in your presence, lately Ravished my Wife, and put us both in danger of our Lives ; for, perswading her to take Fish with her Tail, whilst she, poor silly Soul, had staid so long in a cold Morning till it was frozen in, he leaped upon her and Ravished her before my Face, I being then at a good distance from him, but upon my approach he ran away, and raised the Village upon us, so that we were desperately wounded, and she freed from the Ice, with the loss of four Inches of her Tail.

To this the Fox replied, My Lord, it is altogether untruth as to any Rape, I taught her indeed to catch Fish, and she caught a great number ; but she, over greedy, staid too long, till she was frozen in, then she called me to help her out, which I laboured to do with all my power, but he, over jealous of her, seeing me at a distance, supposed me over familiar with her ; to avoid whose fury, as knowing him ever to be of a churlish nature, I retired, then, having got her out, they ran howling about the fields to catch them a heat, which made the People come out armed in pursuit of them. This, my Lord, is the truth, and Truth is the Badge of our Family ; which, in eight Daies, I will prove, by sufficient Witnesses.

Then Dame Arsewind being present, said, O thou dissembling Villain ! this is not only true, but more ; for finding you once in a Well, got down in a Bucket, I asked what you was doing there ? And you replied, like a cunning Dissembler, you had there found so many Fish, that you had almost broke your
Belly

Belly with them, and yet a great store was remaining; then said I, Reynard, how may I come at them, to help you to devour them? O Aunt, said you, get into the other Bucket, which is aloft, and you will be presently with me; so I, in my simplicity, leaped in, when by my weight I descended, and you, ascending got out; then, with taunts and jeers, you left me there, where I narrowly escaped with life, being found, half starved, by the Swains, who came to draw Water for their Sheep, who miserably beat me.

Why Aunt, replied the Fox, if this be true, it was but Self-preservation, and there is no Mortal, I think, but would free himself from trouble, when it lies in his power to accomplish it; besides, you were more able to bear the Stroakes than I, being both feeble and tender: In this I have taught you that Wit, never to trust Friendship too far, before you have tried it, lest you repent your Credulity and Folly too late.

Well, villainous Dissembler, said Isgrim, you may triumph over my Wife's weakness, though it becomes you not; but do you remember, Varlet, how you served me with the She-ape?

I remember, replied the Fox, she gave you due Correction for your Sawciness and Brutality; and, if you please, I will relate the Story before this Noble Assembly.

With all my Heart, said Isgrim, if you will speak truth.

Fear it not, said the Fox: And thus, my Gracious Lord, it happen'd:

As I was ranging the Woods, Isgrim found me out, complaining of exceeding hunger, asking me
if

if I had any thing to give him, or could set any Prey for him, for he is naturally lazy of himself, and will rather undergo the hazard of Starving, than Labour, as other Creatures do, for their Food: I told him, at that time, I could not, and so we travelled together in various Discourses, till we heard a great rustling in a Hole, under a tuft of Bushes, where I imagined there might be some Prey; thereupon desiring him to go in, by reason of his greater Strength, to seize it, but he strained curtelie with me, saying, He was afraid, lest Serpents should lurk there; but I being Wise and Subtle, might better avoid the danger, and he would stay till I returned to give him an account of the place; however, to please him, I ventur'd, and found there a monstrous Sheape, with her young, the ugliest that ever my Eyes beheld, the place stunk abominably with their Piss and the rotten Litter they lay on; yet, being willing to pleasure the Wolf with some Food, of which I saw great store, she had laid up against her Lying-in, I spoke her very fair, calling her Aunt, though, indeed, none but *Rukonaw* of that kind is my Aunt, saying, Much Joy to you and my fair Cousins, your Children, I would have visited you sooner had I known of your Lying-in.

Truly Reynard, replied she, *I am sorry you find me no better provided, but to such as I have you are heartily welcome.*

Then, rising up, she set before me Venison, and other Provisions, on which I seemed heartily to feed, the better to please her, though, indeed, the stench of the place had much impaired my

Ap-

Appetite: Then said she, *Nephew, I am glad you are come, being the worthiest and wisest Gentleman in the King's Dominions, that I may recommend the care of my Children to you, to be trained up in vertuous and industrious ways, that they may know how to live, and behave themselves in the World with Credit.*

I told her I would do any thing for her and the good of my young Cousins at my next Visit, which should be very shortly; so, being willing to be out of the noisome place, I made my Complement of leave; but she forced upon me a side of Venison, to carry to my Wife, which when I came out, I gave to the Wolf, who lay howling under a Tree for Meat, but that not half sufficing him, he asked if there were any more in the place? I told him there was, and he might have it, if he could dissemble and give smooth Words; O, said he, *let me alone for that*; and so he greedily entered, yet he had not been long there, but I heard him howl most terribly, and soon after he came rushing out, with his Ears bloody, and his Skin torn in many parts of his Body; for, it seems, he had not only reproached her with her own and her young's Ugliness, but went to take away her Meat by force, wherefore they all fell upon him with their Teeth and Nails, and used him in that condition as he deserved, for so ill timing his brutish Language, since he ought to know, according to the old Proverb, that *how deform'd soever they be, Each Creature esteems her own the Fairest.* This, my Lord, is the truth of the matter, and if he can deny it, let him speak.

The

The Wolf hearing this, fell into a great rage, (for indeed he had been betrayed into that place by *Reynard*, and was most piteously mortified) saying,

Thou Traytor, this, as all the rest thou hast acknowledged is utterly false; and to justify it, and that thou art the basest of all Traytors, I will prove upon thy Body by Combate, according as the Law directs; in confirmation whereof, I throw down my Gage before the King, if thou darest take it up to answer me.

The Fox, in this case, doubting his Strength, knew not well what to think of it, yet considering the Wolf's Claws, since the last stripping, were not grown again, and contemning to let his Courage fall before so many of his Kindred, whom he thought would less esteem him for any Cowardise that might appear in him, and that what he had said might be thereupon suspected to be false, he recollected his Spirits, and starting up, said, Whosoever accused him as a Traytor or Murthurer, was a Lier to his face, and he would prove it upon his Body by Arms, when, or wheresoever he should be required to it. *That do I, said Ijgrim.* Then there, *said the Fox,* is my Gage to answer thee.

These being mutually exchanged, were delivered to the King, who allowed the Combat to be the next day, and took Sureties of them for the performing it.

Dame *Rukens* understanding this, came to the Fox, and drawing him aside, after she had commended his Courage, as a grace to his ancient Family, who had been Valiant, doing many brave

brave Exploits in Arms, at home and abroad, she proceeded to give him Counsel as to this particular Affair, saying, *Good Nephew, be attentive to my Advice, and then the Wolf shall not prevail against you.*

Dear Aunt, replied Reynard, your Love and wife Counsels have always been so available to me, that I shall not forget the least of your Instructions, but, to the utmost of my skill, put in practice whatsoever you desire me. Then she proceeded in this manner :

You must, to make you the nimbler, and not so easie to be laid hold on, have all your Hair shaved, except that on your Tail, which you shall reserve to offend your Enemy; then I will seek you over with an Ointment that shall harden your Skin, and yet make it so slick, that he can never lay hold of you.

This being done, Reynard looked very Airy and Gay, and so he went to Bed, in great hopes of attaining the Victory : Many other advices she gave him, too tedious here to mention, and not much to the purpose of the History, but one among the rest, was, That the next Morning he should drink stoutly, the better to expel any Fear, and also, when he saw it convenient, to Piss upon his Tail, and sprinkle it as he saw occasion, thereby with the sharpness of his Urine to blind the Wolf, and hinder his pursuit, likewise to take the better opportunity to bite him. For this the Fox gave her infinite Thanks, and kept her Counsels in his mind, as resolving to put them in practice.

He slept little that Night for thinking of his next day's Enterprize ; but the Wolf slept soundly,

y, as fancying himself assured of the Victory; by which we may see how Men are often disappointed of their Expectations, when they conceit they are most assured. In the Morning his Kinsman the Otter came to him, and brought him a young Duck, he had taken in a Withy-ham by the River side, saying, *Take good heart, and eat this to strengthen you, for great is your Undertaking this Day, and requires your utmost Strength and Policy to acquit yourself nobly.*

I thank you for your present Advice, said the Fox, and so they breakfasted together merrily.

The M O R A L.

By the Wolf's Complaint, is shewed an insatiable Thirst of Revenge for Injuries done him. By the Fox's accepting the Challenge, denotes, that politick Men, though weaker, are in expectation to overcome the strong, that are given up to unadvised Rashness. The She-wolf's misfortune, denotes, Covetousness brings dangers with it. The Fox's escape that way, Self-preservation. And the She-wolf's Cave, that good words are better than bad.

C H A P

CHAP. VIII.

How the Fox entred into Combat nith the Wolf and overcame him, and how thereupon he was advanced by the King to many high Honours and Dignities.



After this Refreshment, *Reynard* went, attended by a great number of his Kinsfolks, to enter the Litt, where the Wolf stood raving, and accusing him as a Traytor, and though he had accepted the Challenge, was so guilty he durst not appear; but when they saw him marching very stately in that trim, they stared on him, whereupon the King said, *Raynard, I see you more regard your Safety than your fine Apparel.* But he only made his Obeysance, and passed on, without so much as speaking a word unto any of them; then

then entering the List, they were both Sworn by the Libard, appointed Marechal of the Field, that their Causes were right and just; and every one, on pain of death, except the Combatants, to avoid the List: And now the King, Queen and Nobles, having taken their places, the Trumpets sounded the Signal to begin the Combat.

Upon this the Wolf came towards the Fox with open Mouth and extended Paws, as if he would immediately have devoured him, but *Reynard* nimblely leaped between his Legs, and when he turned again upon him, he pissed on his Tail, and dashed it in his Eyes, which so blinded him, that it hindred the pursuit, and in the next Course he cast up the Sand with his hinder Feet, which sticking to the Urine, put him to worse pain, which whilst he was clearing, he sprung upon him, and with his Claws, tore the Skin of his Eye-brow down to the middle of his Face, whereupon his Eye hung out, and blood flowed exceedingly; yet this enraged Sir *Isgrim* the more, that violently falling upon him, he crushed him to the Ground, and whilst he laboured to get from under him, caught one of his Feet in his Mouth, whereupon he cryed out, *Now Traytor, thou art at my mercy, confess thy Sins and Injuries done to me before thou dyest, for now thy end is come, and thou hast but a few Moments to live.*

The Fox perceiving himself in this piteous plight, betook him to his Dissimulation, humbly beseeching mercy, and for sparing his Life, himself, his Family, and whole Estate should be at his service, to dispose of as he pleased; that he would freely confess his Guilt, and be at his com-

mand

mand to bring him Provisions at all times, that he was sorry he had undertaken the Combat against him, and that he had not hurt him as he might have done.

O traiterous Dissembler, replied the Wolf, *these fair Speeches are made only to escape from the advantage I have over you, and then you would sing another Song to my Disgrace; but I have been too often deceived, ever to trust more to your Flattery, but will embrace my good Fortune, and take my Revenge at full, for the Injuries done to my Wife and myself, which cry aloud for Vengeance.*

Reynard perceiving there was no good to be done by Flattery, had, by this time, bethought himself of a Stratagem; and thereupon, putting down his other Foot between the Wolf's Legs, he caught him fast hold by the Stones, that for grievous pain he howled in a lamentable manner, so that the Fox had an opportunity to free his other Foot, when leaping upon him, he dragged him about the List, as one half dead with the miserable torment, biting and tearing him in divers places; so that his Friends beholding in what a sad condition he was, petition'd the King to cause the Combat to cease, and take it into his own Hands for the decision; of which he accepted, as being unwilling to lose the lives of either of his Subjects. Then the Marechal went to Reynard, and told him, The King would speak with him; and he must, upon pain of high displeasure, desist from any further violence towards the Wolf, for he would, no doubt, decree him the Victory.

My Lord, *said* Reynard, what ever the King pleases to command, I yield ready obedience to.

So in his way all his Kindred came running to him, and proffered their humble Service ; nay, happy was he that could be owned by him, as knowing he was now on the rising Ground ; though, if he had lost the Victory, they, for the most part, would have forsworn him to be any of their Kindred : For such is the fashion of this World, ever to adore the Rising-sun ; nay, many embraced him with dissembling Affection, and claimed Kindred of him, who before were his Enemies ; so much the terror of this turning Scale wrought in their Minds.

And thus with a stately Train, of about a hundred, or more, he presented himself before the King, falling on his Knees ; but the King commanded him to rise up, and said, Reynard, *you have cause to rejoice at this Victory you have obtained over your potent Enemy, contrary to our expectations, in which you have won much Renown ; therefore seeing Right and Justice declare on your side, I, before my Queen and Nobles, acquit you of all things laid to your charge, by Hgriin or any other ; and as soon as his Wounds be cured, according as I have determined in Counsel, he shall be Tryed, and proceeded against to Judgment, and Execution, if you so please.*

Upon this the Fox replied, My Gracious Lord, I have no Malice against him, but his to me has brought him to deserved punishment, by his own seeking ; yet, if your Majesty pleases, I can freely pardon him, and these my Enemies that stand about you, who sided with him when they supposed him in great Favour with your Majesty, and could raise them to Promotion, but now they
shrink

shrink from him ; and are ashamed to own they are like the Kennel of Hounds, who waited for one adventrous Hound, who went into a Lord's Kitchen to steal Provision, he came out, indeed, with a fair Rib of Beef, but the Cook running after him, threw scalding Water on him, that took off his Hair and Skin behind, which they, at first, not espying, began to praise him for his venterlomeneis, but seeing how he had suffered they slunk away from him, and would no more admit him into their company, lest they should be served in like manner for partaking with him.

These, in such manner have left the Wolf in his extremity, whom I, though he is my cruelest Enemy, pity.

This dissembling of the Fox gained much Applause, so that he was immediately conducted to the Court, where a noble Feast was prepared for him, with much Musick and rejoycing, every one praising and extolling him for his fortunate Victory : So that now from the Depth of Misery, he was rising to the Pinacle of Honour, every one crowding to offer their Service to him.

Then was he exalted on the King's Right-hand, who said, Reynard, *I expect now you should steadfastly keep your Allegiance, and not let my Ears be filled with any more Complaints of you, then shall you alwaies Govern in this high Station, and I will be guided by your Wisdom ; whilst, at my express Command, all the Beasts of the Forest bow as you pass by them ; and if any do you Injury, I will highly revenge it : So I appoint you chief Justice of all my Territories.*

Reynard's Kindred, as well as himself, upon hearing this, returned the King hearty thanks; who told them, It was much short of what he intended to do for their Kinsman; desiring them to admonish him when they saw him so far forget himself, as to be inclinable to go astray; which the She-ape undertook to do for herself and all the rest; saying, She and all the rest would renounce him if he should fail in any thing he had promis'd.

Then, *said the Fox*, My most Gracious Lord, I am altogether unworthy of the Honours you have heaped on me, yet will I make it the whole study and business of my Life, in some measure, to deserve them; my Counsel and Diligence shall never be wanting, either to Advise, or Counterplot your Enemies. This said, upon leave given, he departed with all his Kindred, on whose Journey I leave him, a while jocund and gay, to see what became of poor *Isgrim*.

Whilst the Fox was lead to the King, the Bear, Cat and Dame *Afsewind*, removed the Wolf out of the Field, he being, through pain, in a deadly Swoon, and laying him on clean Litter, dressed his Wounds, and sent for Cordials that revived him; but he no sooner came to his Senses, and remembered what happened, but he howled piteously, not so much for the Smart and Anguish he felt, though it was great, as for the Disgrace he had suffered, and that he saw his Friends, who flattered him in his prosperous Estate, had most of them forsaken him, and gone over to the Fox, as thinking with him to be in the warmer Sun: However, those few Friends that were a-

bout him comforted him in the best manner, and carried him to his own House, putting him to Bed in a high Fever, occasion'd by his Wounds ; of which he was no sooner recovered, but, at the Fox's Instigation, he was Banish'd into *Ireland*, with his Wife and Children, in which Country, he and his Generation have ever since gone howling about the Bogs, Woods and Mountains, to the often scaring poor *Teague* out of his Senses.

Reynard, as I have said, being on his way homeward with a numerous Train of his Kindred, with a promise speedily to return to Court ; they petition'd for Places of Honour and Trust under him ; to which, Courtier like, he made them a world of fair Promises, more than ever he performed : When he came in sight of his Castle, he saw his Wife and Children standing at the Gate, who were overjoy'd at his return, and hastet to meet him, embracing and welcoming him and all his Friends : Then he told his Wife of his success, and the King's favour to him ; how he was advanced to the height of all his Honours, to raise up and pull down whom he pleased ; commanding her instantly to prepare a sumptuous Banquet of what Provisions he had in store ; which the She-ape, and other bestial Cooks, that were in company, helped her to do, the Task being too great for her alone.

In two Hours time the Table was spread, with Fowl, Fish, Flesh, and Fruits of all sorts ; to which *Reynard* bid his Friends heartily welcome : So they feasted together all that Day, and lay there all Night ; and the next Morning, *Reynard*,

by the Power the King had given him, Knighted his two Sons, *Rossel* and *Reynardine*; and, in honour of their Advancement, prepared another stately Banquet, and then dismissed those that came with him: And thus, being advanced, he kept his Station in spite of his Enemies, gathering great Wealth, and highly advancing his Children, living many Years in much Fame and Renown; in which I leave him, and conclude the Subject History of this Book, which if well regarded, may not only prove pleasant, but very profitable to the Reader.

The M O R A L.

The Wolf's Fury here, signifies a Man desperately bent upon Revenge, so that his Rage makes him blind, and he is little careful of his Safety, whereby he lies unguarded to his Enemies, who cunningly take advantage to hurt him; which, had he stood upon better consideration defended, they could not have done. The Fox using his Tail, shews, that Policy often overcomes Strength. By the Wolf's catching him by the Foot, is noted, how many Men, not knowing how to make use of their Advantage, overslip it to their Misfortune. By the Fox's advancement, we see Power comes swiftly when least expected. And by the Beasts siding with him, shews us, that fear or hopes of Riches will bring over even our Enemies to our side; yet ought we not to rely on such longer than our Prosperity lasts. By the Wolf's being left by all but a few, signifies, that no e but Relations, or near Friends, who have a feeling in our Sufferings, will stand by us in the Storms of Adversity.

versity. From the Beasts submission and earnestness to make Peace with the Fox, we learn, that though our siding with a miserable Party, or Cause, be never so just, it is better to forgo it, and endeavour a Reconciliation, when we have to do with a powerful Adversary.

Thus

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek

MÜNCHEN Google

*T*hus have we seen, and in this Tract may find,
Much Moral Virtue to delight the Mind:
If well consider'd, rightly understood,
Its being practic'd, will produce much good.
Or if by those it taken be in hand,
Which the true meaning cannot understand,
Yet 'tis delightful, and will do no harm,
But against drowsiness may prove a Charm;
For when you have but read a Page, or two,
Those will invite you to read it quite through.





The Most Pleasing and Delightful

HISTORY

O F

REYNARDINE,

Son to *Reynard* the Fox.

P A R T II.

W I T H

The MORALS to each Chapter,
Explaining what appears Doubtful
or Allegorical.

A N D

Every Chapter Illustrated with a curi-
ous Device, or Picture, representing to
the Eye all the material Passages.

Done in the most refined English.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *W. Onley*; and are to be Sold
by *H. Nelme*, at the *Leg and Star*,
in *Cornhill*. MDCXC VII.

The History of Reynardine.

CHAP. I.

How Reynard the Fox, sending Rossel and Reynardine his Sons away with his Riches, to hide them in the Forrest of Longwood, was himself taken, carried to Court, and Executed for his Treasons. How the Riches were lost, Rossel slain, and the Combate between the Bear, Panther and Tyger, about the Spoil. How the Fray was parted; and other things.



Reynard the Fox, notwithstanding the late Honours conferred on him by the King, having private Intelligence, by means of the Brock, that the Cheats and Fallacies he had put

2 The History of Reynardine the Fox.

put upon the Royal Lion were discovered, he proclaimed Traytor, and great Preparations made to Apprehend him; doubting his Safety in his Castle of *Maleopardus*, and being grown Aged, and unfit for Travel, called to him *Reynardine* and *Rossel*, his two Sons, to whom he communicated the state of his Affairs, bidding them take *Laprel* the Cony with them for a Guide, and carry his Treasure with them into the Forrest of *Longwood*, and there hide it in the Cave *Laprel* should shew them, and remain there; to expect the event of his Fortune; and, to hinder a Discovery, they should kill the Cony as soon as the Treasure was safely bestowed: So delivering to them his great Riches, in ten Bundles, and sending some Servants with them, to carry it to the confines of the Forrest; the Sun was no sooner set, but they departed with Tears, which prelagged they should never see each other more.

Reynard's two Sons had no sooner left him, but his Castle was besieged by the command of the Lion, and all his Starting-holes so narrowly guarded, that attempting to make his Escape, was caught by Sir *Bruin* the Bear, his mortal Enemy, and daggd to the Court, where the Lion giving free License to all that would, to bring their Accusations against him, such Numbers, whom he had injured appeared, and their Complaints were so grievous, and apparently proved; that the Savage King, without giving him leave to make his Defence, as he had formerly done, lest his smooth Flatteries should again make him relent to pardon him, ordered him immediately to be hanged; appointing the Wolf his Executioner.

The History of Reynardine the Fox. 3

ner. And thus ended *Reynard*, after all his Cunning and Policies; his days, by an untimely Death; which shews, however Men may flatter themselves, there is no state, how great so ever, or cunningly supported, certain upon Earth.

Whilst these things passed, *Reynard's* Sons had sent away the Servants, and lodged their Treasure only with the help of *Laprel* the Cony, that no more knowing where they had reposed it, it might, as they conceived, be the more assuredly secure; the which, when they had done, the Cony, for his Service, demanded his Reward; but instead of a Recompence, met with Death; for, surprizingly, picking a quarrel with him, on the account of his mistrusting their Bounty, they fell upon him, slew him, and threw his dead Body out of the Cave, thinking themselves now secure, though it soon proved otherwise; for having notice of their Father's Death, and that they were Proscribed and Banished on pain of Death never to return to their own Country, fearing lest some of the Servants, who had brought the Treasure to the Confines of the Forrest, might give notice of it, they resolved to remove it to another Forrest, and there to divide it into two Parcels, and live retire, till they could dispose of it to their greater Advantages, buying honourable Places, and purchasing their Peace, and Freedom of returning home: But as they were doing this, *Corbant* the Rook, whose Wife, *Dame Sharpbeak*, *Reynard*, their Father, had slain, allured by the scent of the dead Cony, came flying thither, and knowing who they were, secretly watched, unseen to them, whither they

car-

4 The History of Reynardine the Fox.

carried the Treasure; and then, taking Wing, flew up and down the neighbouring Forrests till he found out *Bruin* the Bear, *Truculent* the Tyger, and *Versute* the Panther, preparing early in the morning to go a Hunting; to these, with much joy, he revealed what he had seen, and promising them, for a tenth share of the Riches, to shew them the place where it was lodged.

To this they easily and joyfully consented, desiring immediately to be conducted thither; *Corbant* delayed not to do it, and by that time they arrived there the Sun was setting, when having pointed to the places, by flying with his Beak against them, the Bear entred *Reynardine's* Cave, which he perceiving, and finding not only his Riches, but his Life would become a Prey to that mortal Enemy of his Family, if he was taken by him, he immediately bolted through a Retreating-hole, and fled for his safety.

The Bear having seized and brought forth the Treasure here, he proceeded to *Rosfel's* Cave; who, upon the Bear's entring, being of a fiery Temper, and much less cunning than his Brother, resolved to defend his Treasure or lose his Life; so flying at Sir *Bruin* with his sharp Teeth, he caught him by the Nose, and bit him so grievously, that he roared out terribly, whereat the Tyger came rushing in, and immediately slew poor *Rosfel*, throwing his dead Body out of the Cave, and removing all the Treasure to a distant Forrest, where they fell to sharing it by Lots, till a rich Crown, exceeding bright, with Jewels, appearing amongst the Spoils, every one coveting to have it, and not agreeing, the Contest grew so hot,

The History of Reynardine the Fox. 5

hot, that a bloody Combat ensued, with wild uproar and noise, so that Noble, the Lion Prince, Son to the King, being abroad with his Guard, taking the Air in the Forrest, hearing it made thither, and soon, by his Presence and Commands, parted the Party; then being inform'd of the cause of their Difference, he told them, he told them he would end the cause of their Strife; and so taking up the Crown, set it on his own Head, none daring to contradict it, though they flattered him, in hopes to have it again, with the present of a large Gold Chain, but it proved ineffectual, for he carried the Crown to the Court, and presented it to his Father, as will hereafter appear.

The MORAL.

By Reynard's being taken at last and Executed, it appears, that though evil Men may 'scape for a time, Mischief will certainly overtake them in the end. The loss of the Treasure signifies, ill got Gains prosper not. By the Bear, &c. falling out in dividing the Spoil, and the Lion's taking the Crown, shews Covetousness and Ambition brings much Sorrow and strife.

M

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

How Reynardine, in his Travels, met the Brock, and what Counsel he gave him. How the Lion, upon seeing the Crown, presaged the Ruin of his Family, which so fell out. How the Fox entred into Religious Orders, had a hard Pennance ordered him for Thieving, which made him run away. How he preached to a Flock of Geese. And in Confessing the Libard, found he had cursed his Father's Death.



Reynardine, as is said, having 'scaped with Life, though he lost his Treasure, flying by many obicure ways, coming into the Kingdom of Zalap, there met with his Cousin, Grimbarð the Brock, whom he saluted, and making himself known to him, told him of his loss, and the danger he had escaped; desiring him to advise him how he might be safe for the future.

To this the Brock replied, Dear Cousin, you ask a proper Question; for this Country being open, and full of People, who take great pleasure in Hunting, and destroying us poor Beasts, it will be proper I shew you the Holes under Ground, that you may escape upon any Pursuit, or else your Life will be perpetually in danger. Nay then, *said the Fox*, I wish I had not come into this Country, but still remained amongst Woods and Forrests, places of surest Retreat; but, being here, I now submit to be advised and guided by you in all things.

Hereupon, the Brock shewed him many Sculking-holes, and places of Retreat; yet *Reynardine*, hearing the cries of Hounds, and shouts of Hunters from many places, began to tremble, and seemed not to like them as sufficient Refuges in time of Danger; and therefore desired his Kinsman to think of some other way for his continuing in safety. Truly, *replied the Brock*, I know none, unless you will enter into Religious Orders; there you may live fat and plentiful among the Monks and Friars, if you can endure the Austerity of their Lives. Alas, *says the Fox*, that I will willingly undertake, rather than be every moment in jeopardy of my Life.

Upon this the Brock procured him a Pilgrim's Weed, to pass the better undiscovered, and bid him follow him to the Abby of *Manton*, where he would interceed with the Prior to receive him; where I must leave them on their way, and follow the young Lion to the Court.

The young Lion having carried the Crown with him, as is said, he presented it to his Father,

8 The History of Reynardine the Fox.

ther, who looking wishfully on it, groaned within himself, as calling to mind a Prophecy, that when that Crown should be found and presented him, the day of his death drew near, and soon after it his Posterity should utterly fail from the Kingdom; wherefore he willed him to take it from his sight, and lock it up in a secret place, where none might ever see it, or come to wear it: This the Prince obeyed, and soon after his Father died, and he succeeded, as his eldest Son, King of the Forrests; but his Brother *Haughty*, conspiring with the Bear, Tyger, and Panther, slew him, and soon after was slain himself, and ended that Race, as their Father had predicted.

During these Transactions, *Reynardine* was come to the Monastery of *Manton*, and there taking leave of the Brock, went to crave Admittance, and made his Appology so well to the Prior, that he was kindly received, and admitted to enter on his Probation; wherein he behaved himself so modestly, and seemingly devout, that the Prior highly approved of him, and placed him under the Cook, to serve in the Kitchen; at which he greatly rejoiced, as knowing here he should stuff his Gut well; but so many things were pilfered and stole, that he accusing others, was himself accused, who was, indeed, the Thief; yet he bore it out stoutly, till one day he was caught by the Prior, who watched through a private Peep-hole, going off with a whole Carp in his Sleeve, yet, upon his Submission, his Penance was allotted to Fast two Days, and to live in a loansome Cell, without the Gates of the Monastery.

This hard Usage so anger'd the Fox, that soon after he gave them the slip with his Religious Habit; but having travelled far, and growing very hungry, at last he espied a flock of Geese in a Pond, where he could not come at them without fear of drowning, and therefore to decoy them on Land, in a demure manner, begins to Preach to them; the silly Geese seeing him in that Habit, and, to appearance, so devoutly penitent, had no mistrust of him, left the Water, and came foolishly gagging round about him, desiring to see his Book, that they might say an *Ave Maria*, which he willingly shew'd them; but, whilst they were poring on it, at two snaps he bit off two of their Heads, which so affrighted the other, that they run screaming into the Pond again, and kept themselves in the deep, till they saw him greedily gorge his Paunch on their Fellows Carcases.

Well knowing now he should be pursued, as indeed he was, by the Monks and Owners of the Geese, he left that Province, and returned again to *Zalap*; there he fell to Shrivings a parcel of Ferrets, for which they were to steal him a Nest of Rabbits; after that an Ass, for a bundle of Straw, but the former were caught by the Warriner, and condemned to perpetual Imprisonment, and the latter soundly drubbed by the Owner of the Straw upon his entering the Barn to fetch it, whilst the Fox laughed heartily, to see what Fools he had made them, and into what danger they were brought; and after having Shrivens many others, and got store of Food from them, in promise of Indulgencies upon his return

10 *The History of Reynardine the Fox.*

from the Pope. Now as he travelled that he met the Brock, whom he very kindly saluted, telling him all his Adventures, and what had befallen him from their parting, and great was the rejoicing between them; when travelling onwards, they came to the Palace of Sir *Firelapel* the Libard, who lying sick, and having notice by his Servant, that a Priest approached, desired he might come in and Confess him; when, in Confession, he declared he had been chiefly instrumental in bringing *Reynard* the Fox to the Gallows; this *Reynardine* stomached exceedingly, but conceal'd himself and his Resentments to a fitter opportunity, which wrought the Libard's Destruction.

Going from hence, one evening, intending to rob a Farmer's Barn of a fat Pullet, the train of his Gown was catched in a Trap, and upon the alarm it gave, he was forced to leave it behind him and flie for his Life, which put an end to the Fox's Priesthood; who, by that borrowed Shape, and seeming Sanctity, had deluded many silly Beasts.

The M O R A L.

The Lion's Presage of Destruction to his Family, on sight of the Crown, signifies, we ought even to shun the sight of things that threaten Danger, and and may prove fatal to us. The Fox's taking on him a Religious Life, and his proceedings therein, shows how crafty Men, under such Pretences, delude the Ignorant. His losing his Gown, signifies, such Deceivers are at last laid open, and fall into Disgrace and Contempt.

C H A P. III.

How the Fox flying, almost starved, by a Stratagem cheats the Wolf of his Prey, then flies; and, by the Advice of the Ape, turning Physician, poisons Sir Firelapel the Libard, to revenge his Father's Death; for which the Ape is hanged, but he flies; and, in disguise, endeavours, by the means of Grimlook the Mastiff, to enter the Monastery of Manton, but is discovered by Brindle.



THE Fox had no sooner left his Religious Habit, but he became despised and persecuted by those that had ador'd him in that Disguise; so that wanting the fat Morfels they were wont to supply him withal, he grew in great distress and poverty, much bewailing the loss of his Gown, which, had he kept, it would have been an Estate to him; for under that he deceived who he list, but

12 The History of Reynardine the Fox.

but now he was despised by all, and threatned with death, though he alledged he was their very Priest, but that his Gown was stolen from him when he had laid it aside to Fast and Pray : But finding this not believed, and fearing, in a Muteny to lose his Life, he gave those that watched him the slip, and wandred a long time, starved almost, in the Woods ; when ranging one morning, he espied, from a Hill, *Isgrim* the Wolf, who had just killed a Pig ; the Fox knowing the Enmity between him and his Father, stood long musing, whether he should dare to go to him or not and beg a supply ? at last necessity urged him, rather to hazard, than certainly die by starving ; and so, in an humble manner, though under a crafty guise, he approach'd Sir *Isgrim*, and, in a faint tone, said, Dear Cousin, can you tell me where a Leech lives, that I may go to him for Physick ? Cousin me no Cousins, *replied the Wolf, sternly*, I am no Kin to you, but scorn you and all your treacherous Race ; however, I'll venture so much kindness towards you, to ask you what you ail.

Alas, *said the Fox*, meeting with a delicious Booty, I have eaten so much, that I am even ready to burst. What delicious Booty was it ? *said the Wolf* ; I have been hunting all this barren Country o'er and could find nothing, but what I ventured my Life for, in leaping a Styre for this poor Pig ; fighting first the sharp-twanged Sow, and e'er I could bear it off, the Farmer's Men, alarm'd by her cries, fell on me, in my flight, and almost broke my Bones ; and you well know, could I have gotten any thing else, I would not have

have ventured so for Swine's Fesh, which I least of all esteem.

Truly, *replied* Reynardine, the Prey that I found, were a couple of fat Lambs, whether dropped by chance out of some Cart that were carrying them to Market, or that they had strayed thither, I know not; but sure I am, I took them napping, and slew them both, then dragging them into a dry Ditch, under a Quickset-hedge, I so gorged myself with their Blood, and some of their Intrails, that I am surfeited. Ah, *said the Wolf smiling*, Fasting and Action will soon recover you, without running the danger of being killed by a Phylician: But Cousin, *said he, very lovingly, embracing him*, seeing you can eat no more of this Prey before it may be tainted and spoiled, if you would be so kind as to direct me to it, you will bind me to you for ever, and make me forget all the wrongs your Father has done me, for there is nothing in the World that I like better than Lamb.

The Fox finding he had worked his ends, directed him to the place, with all the marks and tokens where he should find this imaginary Prey, about a League distant; the credulous Wolf, not scrupling the truth of it, left his Pig half eaten, the Fox feigning to sleep till his return, and posts to the place; in the mean while *Reynardine* filled his hungry Belly, and then posted away with speed, crossing many ways, to avoid the fury of the Wolf, who, having in vain sought for the supposed Lamb, returned in great fury to take revenge on the Fox for deluding him, and finding he had devoured the Prey he left behind him, howled out

14 The History of Reynardine the Fox.

many grievous Curses against him; but searching in all places of the neighbourig Forrest could not find him, for *Reynardine*, fearing the event, had earthed himself.

The Fox having staid in his Hole till it was dark, knowing the Wolf was then gone to rest, crept out, and posted, with all speed, to the Province of *Feraria*, there, early in the morning, he met *Grimbard* the Brock, and related to him all that had passed, since they parted last, desiring his Counsel, to help him to some business whereby he might sustain himself; but thinking of none, he recommerded him to Dame *Aswind*, the Ape, who lived in a Cell near adjoining; she immediately perswaded him to turn Phylician, since Doctor *Simpleton*, the Ass, had taken up that Profession and got great gains by it: And so, habiting himself accordingly, he throve mightily upon it, which made *Simpleton* repine; but the Fox, being much the cunninger, encreased in Fame, so that Sir *Firelapel* heard of it, and sent for him; but the malicious Fox, remembering his Father's Death, having got a great Reward, gave him so great a Dose of Opium, that it made him sleep his last; but soon after the Ape and he falling out about parting the Mony, she left him, and discovered the Murther, but not being able to prove it, yet confessing herself Accessary to it, she was hanged: Then *Reynardine* chole *Tybert* the Cat for his Associate, and got great gains by it; so that *Simpleton* the Ass, finding himself disparaged by this new Doctor, who pretended he came out of a far Country, and his Trade falling off, in despair hanged himself, at which the Fox laugh-

laughed heartily, as now having all in his own Hands, so that he got great Gains; but being at last discovered not to be Doctor *Pedanto*, as he gave out he was, but *Reynardine* the Fox, being in the midst of all his Pride and Success, looked on as an Imposture and Cheat, notice was given of it to the King, so that he was proclaimed a Traytor, for now the Murder of Sir *Firlapel* appeared against him; and in flying to *Marton*, he was, by the way, set upon and robbed of all his Treasure, becoming again very poor, so that to free himself from the danger that threatened, he procured a Mountebank to cut off his Ears and Tail, so that being altogether disguised he hoped to get into the Monastery again, from whence you have heard he fled.

Coming near to the Monastery, he met *Grimlook* the Mastiff, whom he knew to have been Porter of the Gate when he left the place; him he salutes, and entreats to do him the kindness to speak to the Prior and Senior Monks, that he might be admitted; to this *Grimlook* told him, he could not, for he was out of his Place, but he would recommend him to his Cousin *Brindle*, who was then Porter. This he did, but though *Reynardine* had changed his Name to *Shifter*, *Brindle* knew him, though he said nothing, and promised to do what had been proposed, but fearing at last it was a Plot between *Grimlook* and the Fox, to work him out of his Place, he discover'd all to the Prior, who not only refused *Reynardine*'s Admittance, but for ever banished *Grimlook* for having any entrance into the Monastery, which before he had, by a private Hole, which on this occasion was stopped up. The

The M O R A L.

The Fox's being despised upon the Loss of his Religious Habit, shews, that Hypocrites and Dissemblers when found out, are hated, though never so much praised before. His cheating the Wolf, shews, that Policy, in many cases, is more advantagious than Strength. His turning Physician, denotes, how easily People are to be deluded by fair Pretences.

CH A P.

CHAP. IV.

How the Fox is, in the Habit of a Stranger, entertained by Lord Versute the Panther, and by what means he poisoned him, to revenge his Brother's death; and then, for the dissembling Sorrow he expressed, the King made him one of his Purveyors. How, lest he should be discovered, he made away the Brock, the Cat, and Grimlook the Mastiff. How he is known by Brindle, and Accused to the King, yet procures Brindle's Imprisonment, and there Poisons him.



R Reynardine now again put to his shifts, gets privately into the Forrest of *Ferraria*, and putting on a cast Habit he found there, went to the Palace of Lord *Versute* the Panther, and, by many fair Words, got to be entertained in his Service, pretending he was a Stranger well born, but

18 **The History of Reynardine the Fox.**

travelling, had been robbed of all his Wealth ; telling him many strange Stories of his Travels, partly true and partly false, too tedious here to be recited ; and here, the better to disguise himself, he went by the Name of *Crabron*, and so insinuated into the Panther's favour, that his chief Servant, who waited on him, being called to serve the King in a very eminent Station, he was preferred to that Place, using great diligence to please his Lord, though Revenge was his aim, for the Death of his Brother *Rosset* and the loss of his Father's Treasure, which, as you have heard, the Panther was mainly instrumental in ; nor was it long e'er an opportunity was put into his Hands to execute his Designs : For the Panther falling grievous Sick, Doctor *Affino*, Brother to *Simpleton* the Ass, was sent for, who had supplied his Brother's place, and was no wiser than himself : This Ass-doctor gave his Patient many Potions ; but to little purpose ; for the Panther being grievously surfeited by devouring a Stag he had run down, and withal his Body very foul, his Stomach was solely afflicted and tormented : *Affino* not knowing what further to administer to give him ease, or any ways relieve him : This the Fox understanding, was exceeding joyful, and coming into the presence of the Panther, when the Ass Doctor was gone to take care of the Medicines, least any one should play some evil Trick in his absence ; but his Design was mischief and destruction ; for, in the Night-time, he infused a deadly Bane into it, which, upon taking, soon killed the Panther, who died in great Torments, and though they were both of them vehemently suspected,

yet, according to the common rule of pretending ignorant Quacks, they strongly alledged, That the Panther being old, his time was come, which had it not, a Medicine so excellently prepared, had certainly wrought his recovery, using many Allegations to prove it by the Rules of Physick and Nature; and the Fox, the better to excuse himself, lamented his death extreamly to appearance, often going to his Grave, and there shedding feigned Tears; so that at length he was not only concluded Innocent, but much commended for the great love they supposed he bore his deceased Lord; and the King hearing of it, sent for him to Court, and made him his Purveyor.

The Fox thus raised, begins to fear every one that had formerly known him in his disguise, lest they should betray him, and therefore resolved, as fast as he could, to make them away, that they should tell no Tales; his first Project was to betray the Cat to a place, where in hopes of Mice, she was strangled in a Snare, and when dead, the Fox buried him privately, that the thing might not be known, nor enquired into: *Grimlook* the Mastiff, who knew him, as having discovered himself to him, in hopes of getting into the Monastery, was the next whose Life he aimed at; and thus he contrived his Death, having found a deep Well in the Forrest, with much Water in it, he laid Reeds and rotten Sticks a cross it, and upon them Earth, and then green Grass and Leaves, as a Carpet, hither he conveyed Marrow-bones, and one, above the rest, with much Flesh on it, and invited *Grimlook* to Dinner; who, overjoyed at the opportunity, as

be-

being out of Place, and very hungry, accepted the supposed kind Offer, and being lead by *Reynardine* to the place, he no sooner leaped on it with all his weight, as greedy to catch the Prey; but down sunk he and the Banquet together into the Well, where howling for help in vain, the Fox tumbled great Stones upon him and drowned him, then covering the place, returned, rejoicing; to Court, as now supposing he was rid of all those that could any ways Impeach him or bring him into danger; but whilst he was hugging himself in this good luck, *Brindle*, for Theft, being expelled the Monastery of *Manton*, came into the Forrest to seek his living, and finding the Fox high in favour, would have scraped acquaintance with him, but he utterly denied ever to have known him; which so incensed *Brindle*, that he resolved to discover his true Name to the King, and accordingly did, with all the Circumstances, how he had caused himself to be disguised, and came to the Monastery of *Manton*, and how he was known there, and denyed admittance: Upon this *Crabran*, the disguised *Reynardine*, was sent for, and charged by the King, on the Words of *Brindle*, as a Traytor and Dissembler; but he stoutly denyed all, alledging, That it was Malice in the Mastiff, because he had not preferred him, or given him Food according to his desire. This so intraged *Brindle*, that without considering he was in presence of the King, he fell upon the Fox, and had killed him, had he not speedily been taken off.

For this Indiscreetness he was committed to Prison; during his being there, the Fox devised to
make

make him away, and habiting himself like a Lord's Servitor, he brought him, in that disguise, Food, as from his Lord, which the Mastiff, without suspicion, eating greedily, soon died, with all the symptoms of Poison on his Body, but none yet knew who did it.

The M O R A L.

The Fox's entering into the Panther's Service, and poisoning him, denotes a revengeful Person, who, under the greatest shew of Friendship, hides his Mallice till he can execute his Vengeance. His betraying Grimlook and poisoning Brindle, denotes, that when we suspect our Guilt will be discovered, base means are used to prevent it.

C H A P. V.

How the Fox was again questioned, and constrained to confess his Guilt; is condemned to be Hanged; but Relieved upon promise to discover a vast Treasure; Quickscent the Lurcher is sent with him, in order to take it up; but the Fox gives him the slip and flies to Zalap, &c.



THE Fox, by this time, well knowing that *Brindie* was dead, appeared early in the King's presence, and desired, that now what he had to say in excuse of his yesterday's Accusation might be heard: The King told him it should, when the Witness appeared, who was immediately sent for; but, instead of bringing him, the Goal-er came to excuse his Death; saying, he was Poisoned; and, that he verily believed, by all circumstances, he had been the occasion of it himself: For, says he, I offered him Food yesterday-

yesterday, but he would eat none, raving at a strange rate, till a Stranger came, whom I suppose, was his Confederate in the mischief, and from him he took Food and eat it greedily.

The King hearing this strange Story was much perplexed, and shrewdly suspected his Servant *Craborn* had a hand in it, but having no proof, he held his peace for a time.

The Fox now supposing he was safe, all being destroyed that could accuse or discover him, in the midst of his Jolity, was dashed by the arrival of *Lightfoot* the Greyhound, who had lived in the Monastery of *Manton*; of him the King enquired, Whether ever he knew one *Reynardine*, that had been an Officiate in the Monastery? To this he replied, He had, indeed, heard of such a one's being there, and of the Pranks he had plaid; which agreeing with what *Brindle* had said, increased the King's suspicion, especially when confirmed by *Quickscent* the Lurcher, that came from the same Monastery; so, that whatever excuses *Craborn*, or the disguised *Reynardine* could make, the King's anger encreasing, he resolved to extort a true Confession out of him, which he seemed to decline, by racking him: *Craborn* hearing this Decree, begged heartily to have it excused, and greatly urged his Innocency, but could not prevail, for the King's suspicion more and more increasing, he ordered four strong Beasts to take him up and draw his Limbs divers ways, and not to leave off till he plainly confessed the truth.

This punishment being immediately put in execution, *Craborn* crying out very grievously, as if he had been torn in sunder, though, to say

the truth, he was little hurt, yet his Tormenters not leaving off, thinking he should at last be killed in earnest, with a mournful Voice he begged to be delivered out of their Hands, and he would freely confess all. This being ordered, he, instead of performing it, proceeded only to excuse himself of not knowing his Accusers, or ever being in the Country where the Monastery stood; which much angered the King, but for that time he thought it sufficient to commit him to strong Ward in Prison, and on the morrow cause him to be Racked again, till he clearly confessed the truth of the matter.

Upon this the Fox was carried off, grievously complaining he should die with the anguish of his Tortures, for his Limbs were all disjoynted; but this served only as a pretence to make his Guards the more careless of him, that he might the better make his escape, which accordingly he did; for being lodged in the Ground-room of the Prison, and strongly locked and bolted in, whilst his Goalers slept, he dug a Hole under the Foundation of the Wall, and creeping through it, fled; but they for their drowsiness paid very dear, the incensed King causing them, the next Day, to be executed as Traytors, for Conspiring with *Cra-barn*, and furthering his Escape to plot new Treasons against his Royal Crown and Dignity; all they could alledge not availing them.

The Fox having escaped thus luckily, travelled all Night, till he came into the Forrest of *Pitwood*, where *Sir Chanticleer* the Cock, with his numerous Progeny, held his Residence, of whom he made a grievous spoil, till, at last, the old Cock

su-

suspecting who he was, hasted to young Sir *Firelapel* and made him acquainted with his thoughts; this young Gallant knowing the King's Proclamation was out against the Fox, with promise of a Reward and Preferment to those that should apprehend him, acquainted the King with it, and undertook to sieze him and bring him to Court with him; the King sent *Quickscent* the Lurcher, and many other Beasts, and though the Libard missed him, yet *Quickscent* following his footing, after a tedious Race, run him down and took him; at this the Libard grinned, knowing his Honour was eclipsed thereby, therefore he took the Fox by force from the Lurcher and made him his Prisoner; but the Bear, Wolf and Henna envying him that advantage, fell upon him to take the Prisoner from him, but the two last of these he slew, and put the first, sore wounded, to flight; in the mean while the Fox had escaped, had not the Lurcher had a watchful Eye over him, and taken him on fresh pursuit. Then was he brought to Court, where the King upbraided him with his Father's and his own Treasons and Treacheries, and ordered him immediately to the Gallows, placing a Writing on his Head of his several Names he had gone by to deceive and betray the Beasts of the Forrest.

When he was ascended the Ladder, he made a free Confession of all the Crimes he had committed, except the Murthers, which he laboured to excuse; and then to insinuate himself with the King, in expectation of Pardon, he made a long feigned Story of an infinite mass of Treasure not yet discovered, giving a large Catalogue of Jew

els, Rings, Gold-chains, and Mony; then seemingly offered himself to Death, without telling the place where they lay; to this the King began to hearken attentively, yet doubted it was a dissembling to save his Life, yet Covetousness prompting him eagerly to thirst after so great Riches, he, upon *Craborn's* solemn Oath that all was true, caused him to be taken from the Gallows and returned to Prison, till he had considered the matter, whether it might be true or not; and demanding many questions, if it could not be taken up without him, he being kept as a Pledge for the certainty of its being there. No, replied the Fox, for it was secured by one *Adriman* an Inchanter, who is now dead, and the Spell is so strong, that without it be dissolved by Sacrifices, which I must offer, it cannot be taken up.

The King hearing him name *Adriman*, and that he was dead, resolved, for a better confirmation of the truth of the whole matter, to know whether there was such a Person, and thereupon sent with speed to enquire, which proving so, and that he was dead, made him the easier credit the rest: then calling the Lucher, he commanded him to go with the Fox and see the Treasure, but be sure to watch him narrowly, lest he gave them the slip: This he undertook, and away they travelled, early in the Morning, to the Forrest of *Longwood*, and the Fox pretending to be near the place, made a Circle, and prepared his Sacrifices, which were to be offered up to *Fortune, Venus, Mars, Mercury, and Pluto*, five several Days in five several Circles; but on the first Day the Lucher being tired out by waking so long to watch

watch the Fox, who himself slept soundly a nights, could hold up no longer, but falling asleep, the Fox took the advantage he had looked for, and secretly stole away; which when the Lurcher, starting from his sleep, found, he hunted and beat the Forrest about, but all in vain, for Reynardine was got beyond his reach; so that after a fruitless search, with fear, shame and anger, he returned to the Court.

THE MORAL.

By the Fox's feigning hidden Treasure, denotes crafty Men, by Policy, 'scape Danger, when Strength fails them. The Lion giving credit to it, and saving his Life, denotes, Covetousness over ballances Justice, and corrupts the Judge. By the Fox's pretending to Sacrifice, signifies, Religion is often pretended to cover intended Frauds, &c,

C H A P. VI.

How the Lurcher's returning without the Fox, angers the King, and causes him to put out his Proclamation for apprehending him. How many Beasts went in Search of him, and the Mischief that befel them by the means of the Brock. How the Fox is taken by the Ass and escapes, leaving him in Slavery, and what after befel on that account. In what manner the Fox lived till he was again taken by the Lurcher.



THE King finding himself thus deluded by the Fox, was exceeding angry, blaming much the Lurcher, but more himself, for crediting so cunning a Dissembler; yet resolving to be revenged, he put out his Proclamation, encouraging the Pursuit of him with promised Rewards and Honours; so that a great number of Beasts hastened

sted to the Kingdom of *Zalap*, whither they suspected him to be gone; each posting several ways to outstrip each other, as fearful, by coming too late, to lose this Honour; and with them went the Brock, the Fox's Friend, to give him private notice of the danger, if he might find him out, without any others knowing it; and, indeed he had the luck to do it, as knowing well what kind of places he usually lurked in, in such eminent times of Danger, and gave him notice of all that passed, and what Beasts were come out in search of him; as the Tyger, the Boar, the Horse, Goat, Bull, Camel, *W. tless* the Ass, Brother to the Ass-doctor, and many others.

To this *Reynardine*, for so now I must call him again, replied, I fear not all these, dear Cousin, so much as I do *Quickscent* the Lurcher, if he be not with them to scent me out, I may remain safe enough. Indeed, *said the Brock*, I had forgot him, he is here; but I'll quickly send him upon a false Rumour, I'll raise a great way off, that he may not get the scent of you, when you are disposed to Travel abroad; and so contrive it with the rest, that most of them shall repent their coming in search of you.

The Fox hereupon heartily thanked him, and brought out a young Pheasant he had newly taken, on which they supped and were merry, and a little before Day the Brock left him, and laboured to draw the Beasts far from his Hole, and by crafty Devices, sent them to such places to search, that they either fell into Snares, Slavery, or were many of them slain by the Country People.

How-

However, the Fox hearing more were coming, and being scanty of Provision, went to the Palace of Squire *Careless*, and entertained himself a Servant to him, upon condition he might have his liberty to walk about the House, and not be chained, as many of his Kindred were.

This being agreed on, having made Friendship with the Mastiffs of the place, he lived in great plenty for a time; but one Day as he lay basking in the Sun, in the Court-yard asleep, the Dogs being likewise asleep in their Kennels, after full Bellies, *Witless* the Ass coming by, and peeping over the Wicket, espied the Fox, then setting his Arse against it, he forced it open, and entering, surpriz'd the sleeping Fox, running away with him, in great halt, in his mouth, unseen of Anybody: The Fox finding himself thus tricked by the Ass, began gently to flatter and intreat him, saying, He was exceeding glad, since it must be, that he was fallen into the Hands of so courteous and generous a Person, to whom, when he first heard the Proclamation, he would willingly have surrendred himself, could he have conveniently found him, praising his Understanding and prudent Conduct to the Skies; so that the Ass believing all real, protested he was sorry now he had taken him, and would let him go, were it not that he expected to be made a Lord for taking him; which Honour he had a long time extremely coveted, that he might out-brave his Kinsman the Doctor, who, being rich, looked shie and scorned him for his poverty. The Fox heartily thanked him for his good meaning towards him, but desired to know how they should do to shift

for Provision in their way to the Court, considering it would take them up eight Days. As for me, *said the Ass*, every Lane will afford Thistles and Boughs ; but for you, who are wont to live on Flesh, I know not how you will fare, unless you make provision to carry with you. That I have done, *said the Fox*, for about a Mile in our way, I have a Store-house, where I had laid up Provisions against any time of necessity that might fall out, and if you will be pleased to carry so much as is needful for me, you will exceedingly oblige me. Yes, *said the Ass*, with a very good will ; come let us halten our Journey, and I will do you all the Service I can ; nor would I have been instrumental in this your Misfortune, had it not been in hopes to have been a Lord. Upon this they set forward, discoursing together on their way of divers matters, till walking by a Park-side, with high Pails, the Fox espied a convenient Hole ; then *said he*, glad of the opportunity, In this place is my Provision, I have it in a Wallet, stay you here, and I will fetch it instantly. The Ass was loath to trust him at such a disadvantage ; but before he could reply, the Fox nimbly whipped in, and then it was to no purpose to argue.

However, the Ass, in expectation of his return, which he intended not, stood waiting, resting his Nose on the top of the Pails, which was as much as he could reach when he stood on his hinder Feet, so that it was impossible for him to leap over : Now the mean while the Fox hastened to a Wood-man, that was Lopping in the neighbouring Forrest, saying, Sir Wood-man, I bring you

32. *The History of Reynardine the Fox.*

you the rarest News you can wish for. What is that? *says the Wood-man.* Why, *replied he,* yonder is a strange wild Ass without an Owner, fat, lusty, and of a large size, that will, if you take him, do you great Service in carrying Wood or other Burthens, much to the ease of your own labour. Where is he? *said the Wood-man.* Let me but see him, and I'll Halter him I'll warrant you, and soon make him tame; and for your kindness in showing him me, when ever you chance to be Hunted, make into this Forrest, and I will do my endeavour to secure you from the fury of the Hounds.

The Fox thanked him, and immediately led to the place where the Ass stood Braying, or in Asses Language, calling out, *Sir Reynardine, Sir Reynardine, make halte, that we may proceed on our Journey.*

The Wood-man, upon this, coming slyly behind him, creeping under the shelter of the Bank, so that he could not be seen of the Ass, all on a sudden, to the Ass's great surprize, clapped a strong Halter about his Neck, fastening it immediately to a strong Post that upheld the Pails, and though the Ass struggled and brayed hediously, all was in vain, the more he struggled, the more the Wood-man cudged him; till quite tired, and sore bruised, he was forced to lie down and submit himself to his Mercy.

The Fox seeing this, laughed heartily, to think how he had taken his Taker; yet, not appearing in sight, he lay close to see the Ass carried away, and then posted back to Squire *Careless's* House, arriving there before he was missed; and soon after

after he had the pleasure to see *Witlefs*, with other Asses, come laden with heavy Bundles of Wood, on a Pack-saddle, to the Court-yard; the Wood-man serving the Squire with Fuel.

Coming to him, he thus saluted him: My Lord *Witlefs*, I am glad to see you Invested in your new Honour; your Coat of Arms, methinks, suits you rarely well, and your other Acoutrements are very splended; I have seen many, but none like it for beauty and gayness. Hah! the Pack-saddle and Cross-sticks in a green Field, Emblazoned with a Halter and Girths; 'tis all admirable! above what your Lordship's Ancestors durst pretend to.

The Ass hearing these Taunts, verily believed he had betrayed him into Slavery, and therefore, in a fury, run at him to trample him under his Feet, with loud Brayings; but the Fox, being nimble, slipped into the hole of his Kennel, lay close, and saw the Ass severely banged for breaking his Girths in struggling, and letting the Wood fall about the Yard; and though the Ass labour'd hard to excuse it, and accuse the Fox of Treachery; yet the Wood-man, not understanding his Language, exasperated by his Braying, beat him but the more; so that finding himself in a piteous plight, he was forced to be mute; and, upon his return, grievously complained to his Fellow-Asses of his hard usage, who bid him be of good comfort, since he was not yet acquainted with their Master's humours, which when he was, and he knew how to please him, his condition would be more tollerable, as themselves, they said, had proved: For, *said one of them*, though he be

a

34 *The History of Reynardine the Fox.*

a little rough, he is a careful Provider for us ; for in the hard times of Winter, when there is nothing growing that is pleasant to feed on, he will rob all the Barns and Stacks in ten Miles to get us Provinder, and load us home with it, to our great satisfaction, when other Asses turned to smit on a bare Heath or Common, are ready to perish with cold and hunger. This discourse a little comforted *Witless*, and made him bear his Slavery the better, which he did not so much stand upon, as that he was grieved he had missed the Preferment of being made a Lord.

The M O R A L.

By the unfo tunate Ends of the Fox's Pursuers, for the most part, signifies, Men that are too forward to seek the Ruin of others, fall into Mischief themselves. By the Brock is signified, that among many Enemies, one may chance to find a true Friend. The Ass's taking the Fox, signifies, Ignorance aided by Strength, may, on a surprize, overcome the Witty and Ingenious ; but then again, By the Fox's deluding the Ass, and bringing him into Slavery, signifies, in the end, that Policy is better than Strength, and ever a securer Foundation to build on ; for without the later, the former seldom stands long secure.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

How Squire Careless breaking, the Fox entered into the Service of one Gripepenny, a miserable Miser; the Agreement he made with him, and in what manner they lived together, till the Fox was accidentally discovered and seized by Quick-scent the Lurcher.



Reynardine the Fox living at Squire Careless's House, and not only providing for himself, but often brought Presents of Poultry, Rabbits, and the like, for his Master, which greatly pleased him; but his riot and extravagance was so great, in keeping open House, and entertaining lewd Fellows, Fiddlers, Morrice-dancers, and the like, that a while after the Fox came thither, his Creditor's Clamours frighted him away, and all he had was seized on; nay, the Fox, had he not been

36 *The History of Reynardine the Fox.*

been nimble, to scape through his Hole, had fallen into their Clutches and been made a Slave, or his Skin, perhaps, sold to the Furrier, to pay part of Master's Debts.

The Fox thus luckily escaping at breaking up of house-keeping, was, however, put to shift for a new Master, not daring to venture much abroad in the Day-time, as knowing the Lurcher and others were yet abroad in search of him; and therefore, casting in his Mind whither to go, at length he bethought himself of an old Miser, called *Gripepenny*, who lived a miserable covetous life; thought the Fox, the Incomes I shall bring him by my Theft, will make this Fellow entertain me with a good will. To his House therefore he halted and proffered his Service; but when the Miser heard he had been a Servant to Squire *Careless*, he took up a Staff, crying out, Varlet, hence from my Door with speed, or I shall Cripple you, you are one of the extravagant Villains that ruined my careless, foolish Neighbour, and would you get entertainment in my House to ruine me too; away with you, Rascal.

The Fox hearing this Language, began mildly to entreat him, saying, Have patience a little, and I will satisfy you otherways. As how? as how? Speak quickly then, said *Gripepenny*. Why, reverend Sir, said the Fox, though I lived with Squire *Careless*, yet I eat not of his Meat nor drank of his Cup, all I had of him was but a little Lodging, and for that I greatly recompensed him; for few Nights passed but, ranging abroad, I brought him either a Pig, Goose, Turkey, Pullet, Cock, Capon, Duck, Rabbit,

or the like; which might have supplied his House in a great measure, had not his riotous way of living been so excessive.

This made the Miser rejoyce, and thereupon requested him to come in; then he demanded if he would serve on these terms: Yes, *said the Fox*, withal my Heart, if I may have my free liberty to go and come when I please. That you shall, *said the Miser*, if I find you faithful and diligent in what you have promised. Doubt not that, *said the Fox*; but then I must have Holes to go in and out at my pleasure, to fetch in Provisions. That you shall have, *said the other*. And so all things were accordingly prepared, and he shewed to his Lodging, in a convenient Hovel in the Back-side, and some scraps of mouldy Bread and Cheese given him for a present supply; which he but badly relished, yet being hungry, and in hopes of better Cheer when he went abroad at Night, he seemed contented with it, that his new Master might not think he was over fine mouthed.

No sooner was the Night come but he went a Forraging in the neighbouring Hen roosts, and having sufficed himself with fat Pullen, he brought home his Master a fat Goose, he caught napping, under a Hovel in a Farmer's Yard: This pleased old *Gripepenny* wonderfully, but being too covetous to eat so dainty a Morsel, he plucked and sold it in the Market, buying Neck-beef with part of the Mony. And thus they lived together, *Reynardine* frequently supplying him, till an unlucky accident happened.

38 *The History of Reynardine the Fox.*

The Lurcher being still on the search, and made a Vow never to return to the Court without the Fox, rambled over many Kingdoms, and scented all the most likely places to find him, but met with disappointments, when being about to leave of seeking any further, despairing of success, and yet resolved to keep his Vow, and not return to the Lion's Court, being tired and over-heated, he lay down on the backside of *Gripepenny's* House, in a dry Ditch, close under the Pales; yet long he had not been there, careful and pensive, but, to his great joy, he espied the Fox coming out at his Hole, but it being yet Day, and he suddenly popping in again, he thought it not fit to sieze him, but for fear of being discovered, withrew to a neighbouring Wood till Night, into which, he doubted not but the Fox would come for his Prey.

In this the Lurcher was not mistaken, for in the dusk of the Evening he came ranging, after his accustomed manner, to see if the Coast was clear; for about this Wood were many Farm-houses: And so close the Lurcher lay, that he came very near him before he stirred; then whilst the Fox was scenting the Wind, to know which way his Game lay, he suddenly leaped on him, carrying him by the nape of the Neck into the middle of the Wood; the surprized Fox, all the way, crying piteously out for help, and it being then dark, the Lurcher bound him for that Night, and notwithstanding his Flattery and Entreaties, early the next Morning, forced him to go along with him to the Lion's Court, where being come, the Fox was immediately committed close Prisoner, and

The History of Reynardine the Fox. 39
and *Quickscent* the Lurcher, for this Service, got great Credit and Applause, the King giving him the Title of Lord *Quickscent*, caused his Honour to be proclaimed; and, as a Reward, put a Golden Coller about his Neck.

The M O R A L s.

By Gripepenny's entertaining the Fox, when he heard his Story, signifies, that covetous Men, for their own Advantage, care not how they wish, or wickedly their Gains are come by. By the Lurcher's taking the Fox at last, denotes, that wicked Men, how cunning soever they be, do not always escape.

C H A P. VIII.

The Fox being Imprisoned, meditates his Escape ; gets his Irons taken off by fair Promises to his Goaler, then puts a Trick upon him, and attempting to Escape, finding it difficult, earthed himself in the Prison ; and, up'n Enquiry, not being found, the Goaler is hanged.



THE Fox lying pensive in Prison, expecting the time of his approaching Death, and not hoping for Merchy, had many serious Thoughts upon him ; but the chiefest was, if possible, to make his Escape : but then considering how strongly he was iron'd, and that his Gaurds were vigilant, if he should attempt it, and not succeed, his Death would be the more speedy, and that not without Torments : However, he often cast it in his Mind, but finding it in a manner impossible, concluded
 himself overtaken.

Yet pentive in these Thoughts, at length overcoming in his Mind all supposed Difficulties that stood in his way, he resolved to try if any Stragem might free him: First he flattered, with promise of great Reward, his Goaler, if he would take off his Irons, which, *he said*, being too strait, greatly pained him; hoping if he were eased of that Incumbrance, he might be in a fairer way to escape; but in this he found him very difficult: For, *said he*, if this were known, I should lose my Place, if not my Life; especially should your escape be furthered by it: For I well remember, when you escaped before, those that guarded you were, without Mercy, put to Death. Ah! *said the Fox*, I know it as well as you, and mourned their Misfortunes much, and often wishing, I being Guilty, had died, rather than those Innocents have suffered in my place; but now I have repented me of my Sins, which then I had not done, which made me fearful of Death, but now my thoughts are fully prepared for it, and I am so weary of Life, through the many troubles and fears I have undergone, that I am so far from thinking of making my Escape, that would the King grant me his Pardon, it would be little welcome to me.

Nay, *said the Goaler*, if to take off your Irons, in way of Courtisie, to ease you, might do you a kindness, could I do it, I so much honour your Race, that I would do you such a Courtisie: But how shall I come by the Reward, if you are executed, have you any Mony about you? The Reward, *said the Fox*, you shall be assured of, though I have no Mony about me; for when I

42 *The History of Reynardine the Fox.*

know I must go to the place of Execution, I will privately whisper in your Ear, the place where I have hid so great a Treasure, as will enrich you and your Kindred all your Days.

The covetous Goaler believing this, promised him to take off his Irons, so that they might be put on again when he was carried before the King, or to the place of Execution, if his hard Destiny decreed him to such a Fate.

The Fox's Irons were no sooner off, though he pretended himself crippled with them, but he began to rejoyce, hoping now to have another trial for his Escape, to defeat his Enemies of their Expectations; but his main business was how to get the Goaler out of the way, who had strict command, on pain of Death, narrowly to watch him Day and Night, till he was delivered into the Executioner's Hands.

Whereupon, after he had complained a while his Head aked, he fell a reaching and vomiting, declaring, he was piteous Sick, and desired to have a Physitian and a Confessor sent for, fearing, in the case of the latter, he might die before Sentence was pass'd upon him, and he was willing to make peace with his Conscience before he departed. The Goaler, who had strict orders to let none come at him, without they brought the King's Signet, said, he could not do this; desiring him in these Extremitities, to make use of him, pretending, boastingly of his own Parts and Aquirements, to be both Priest and Physitian. The Fox was glad to hear this, and desired, in the first place, to know what Drugs he had: For, *said he,* this Disease has before siezed me, but never so

violently, and threatned me so near with Death; and knowing what I formerly used, if I see your Drugs, I will chuse out the most propper.

The Goaler readily obeyed, and fetched a confused Medly of such things as he had scraped together, to give his Prisoners when sick, hab nab at a venture, either for Killing or Curing; and the Fox having tumbled them over, to his great satisfaction, found a pretty good quantity of *Opium*, which his Goaler being ignorant of, among others, he chose, and desiring him to fetch him some Wine to mix them with, the better to take them. The Goaler flattering himself, if he pleased him well, and he should now die, he would at large discover to him his Treasure he had hid, and no body beside should know it, fetched a whole quart. The Fox reproved him for this lavishness, as being, *he said*, far too much for a sick Person. O, *replied the Goaler*, you may well enough use it, or if you do not, I can well enough dispense with it.

This was to the Fox's purpose, and thereupon, with some of it, he proceeded to mix what Drugs he pleased, secretly conveying the *Opium* into the rest; then feigning to be much better, heartily thanked him, and told him, he might take it away; and for his Confession, he would defer it till he saw how he should be, if he thought he should live, he would reserve it to be made at the Gallows, where his own Confessor was to attend him,

The Goaler seemed satisfied, and gulped down the rest of the Wine to the good recovery of the Fox's Health, and his finding yet favour with the

King,

44 The History of Reynardine the Fox.

King, and so sitting down, immediately fell into a profound Sleep : Then the Fox took the Keys and opened the Inner-door, in hopes to open the other and escape ; but there, contrary to his expectation, he found a Guard, who, it seems, watched Night and Day ; this much startled him, wherefore he returned, and attempted the Windows, but the Iron-bars were so close he could not get his Head through; but then a Project coming into his Mind, he pulled off some of his Wool and stuck it on the Grates, that, however, when search was made, they might think he had escaped that way, as being grown thin and lean by his long fasting ; and then give over in that place, and not mistrusting him there, the Doors being left open, he might escape unseen. Upon this he went and fed lustily on such Provisions as he had, that he might by it subsist long ; and so, under an old pair of Stairs in the Passage, earthed himself, drawing in the Earth, and covering himself so close, that he had only a breathing-place, and he continued as long as might be. Now two Days being passed, his Execution was designed the next Morning, and a great Guard came to receive the Prisoner, but instead of him they found the Goaler awaked from the effects of his sleepy Dose, in great Perplexity, and about to Hang himself, through fear of worse Punishment for his Neglect, and the Anger, that at the same time possessed him for his giving credit to the Fox's Flatteries and Dissimulation, whom he, at the same time, knew had often deceived wiser than himself.

Of him they enquired for the Prisoner, shewing the King's Order for him to deliver him into their Hands ; to which he answered, in a distasteful manner, he knew not what was become of him, but believed him to be the Devil, for he had got from him invisible, the Doors being shut ; telling them the Story of his pretended Sickness, but nothing of his taking off the Irons, nor that himself had so profoundly slept. The Fox heard all this, and could not forbear laughing ; Then they looked about to see what place possibly he might get out at, and finding no suspicion of any, till they came to the Window where they found his Wool sticking on the Iron-bars ; whereupon some said he was gone that way ; but others, considering the narrowness of the spaces between, said, it was impossible. However, they commanded the Goaler to go along with them, and give an account of it to the King, that the matter might be rightly understood, and they freed from suspicion and blame. This fear made him loath to do ; but they told him, if he would not go willingly, they would compel him, and then it would look as if he had purposely permitted the escape ; whereupon he accompanied them to Court.

The King hearing the Story, and how he had again been deluded, groaned within himself for anger, immediately causing the Goaler to be put to Death with Torments ; put out a fresh Proclamation, and sent Pursuers again in search of the escaped Fox.

The M O R A L.

The Fox's Dissembling with the Goaler, and promising him great Rewards, denotes, Covetousness blinds Men's Fore-sight, and makes them do things, that will certainly bring them to Destruction. The Fox's taking this course, denotes, in a desperate Case, nothing is to be omitted, that carries with it a Shadow of Safety.

C H A P.

C H A P. IX.

Reynardine attempting to Escape, is prevented and brought before the King, and boldly confesses his Crimes; then being ordered to the Gallows, he, by a Strtagem, hangs the Executioner, but is afterward Hanged and Quartered himself.



TH E Fox, in his close hiding, being driven to great straits for want of Provision, and almost stifled, began to contrive what way he might yet take to make his escape; he attempted therefore to dig a Hole under the Prison-Wall, and escape that way, but found it so Rocky, after he had digged half a Fathom, that he could go no further; this put him into a pitiful plight, whereupon he concluded to lie privately behind the Outward-door, and, when it was opened, steal out, if he might, unseen.

48 The History of Reynardine the Fox.

This he attempted, but without success; for scarce was he got out of the Court-yard but he was espied, and so furiously pursued by many Beasts, that he, in the Chase of a Mile or two, was taken, and immediately dragged to the Court, with great Shouts and Acclamations. The King hearing the noise, demanded the cause, and being told that *Reynardine* was retaken, he greatly rejoiced, commanding he should be brought before him, which he was with a sorrowful and dejected Countenance; then he commanded Manacles should be put on him, to prevent his starting for the future.

This done, he said, *Reynardine*, thou Traytor, you see even Destiny itself has delign'd you for a shameful Death, from which all your Wiles cannot free you: What can you now say to the many Murthers charged against you? Hold up your Head, and if Shame and Horror will permit you, clear your Conscience by a free Confession, for you have ~~not~~ many Moments to live.

To this the Fox replied, Dread Sovereign, I own myself worthy of Death; for, indeed, I have grievously offended against your Highness, and hurt most Beasts in the Forrests; many I have murdered in revenge of my Father's Death, and others to prevent being discovered: As to the first, I poisoned the Leopard and Panther, who, I was inform'd, had betrayed my Father, and brought him to a shameful Death, and thereby pulled down your Wrath upon me, and his whole Posterity: *Grimlook* the Mastiff, *Brindle* and *Tybet* the Cat, I made away, lest knowing me

in my Disguise, they should discover me, and so betray my Life to your Anger: And the like I would have done by others, had I not been prevented; for Self-preservation is a powerful thing, and would make any one, as I think, prefer his own Life before the Life of another. As for the Injury I did to *Chanticleer's* Family, I own I am sorry for it, but necessity, that has no Law, drove me to it; you, ~~in part,~~ was the cause of it, by banishing me, and forcing me into those straits, which, for the ~~meer support~~ support of my Life, made me commit the Crime, where I had no Malice, nor received no Injury. My Hypocrisie in pretending to be a Monk, having gotten that Habit, and under a Veil of Sanctity, cheating many, I repent me of it, yet ~~yet~~ there are many worse Hypocrites than I, that ~~was~~ ~~than~~ making Religion a Trade and Gain, more than a real Profession. That I turned Physician I own, and that in meer Emulation to spoil the Ass-doctor's Trade, though since, I think, there are so many Pretenders, as skilful in Physick as himself, that few but Asses turn Physitians, and as I did a little purposed Mischief, they do a great deal; mine was on a just Revenge, purposely, whilst theirs is ignorantly, for Lucre and Self-interest; for were they to be paid if the Patient lived, and not if he died, they would be more careful, or their Trade would be of little value; but die or die not, being all one, many times, when the Patient's Mony is exhausted, and the Disease grows tedious to them, and they know not what to make of it, they try Practices at random, if he lives so, if not, why then, truly his time was come, and who could help it?

50 **The History of Reynardine the Fox.**

And therefore for this, I think, I ought not to be so much blamed, as some, who ride in Coaches and Calashes, to make work for Sextons and Grave-diggers.

The King hearing him speak thus boldly, and, in some measure, justify part of his Proceedings, wondered at his Impudence, and demanded where the Treasure was, he pretended to be hid by *Adrian* the Enchanter? Oh, replied he, that was an *Aesop's* Fable to gain Credit, that I might gain time to escape; and my intended Sacrifices, like Popish Miracles: Nay, now, if I thought, as I believe they will not, smooth Flatteries would pass upon you, I am not so willing to die, but I would trick you once again.

That shall not be, said the King, unless you use Witchcraft to vanish into air; whereupon he ordered him to be immediately carried into the outward Court, where a Gibbet was erected, and there to be Executed; commanding the Lurcher to do that Office, who seemed very unwilling; but the King's express Command compelled him to it: Then were his Manacles taken off, and he mounted the Ladder, after the Lurcher, having the Halter about his Neck; being mounted, and the Rope fastned to the Gibbet, he desired time to prepare himself, desiring them that were Spectators, to joyn with him in singing Mass, which when they devoutly were doing, poring upon their Books, he slipped the Halter off his Neck, and cast the Noose about the Lurcher's, throwing him off the Ladder, saying, *Harm watch, harm catch*; and immediately leaping down, narrowly was prevented, by the young Li-
bard,

bard, from escaping; which, whilst they were doing, and not minding the Lurcher, he hung so long, till he was quite dead; then they bound the Fox hand and Foot, carried him up the Ladder, and taking the dead Lurcher out, thrust his Head in, and by hard pulling his Legs, immediately hanged him. And the King hearing what he had done, caused him to be quartered, and they set up in the places where he had done the most mischief. Then went the Poets to Work on his last Speech and Confession, to the Tunes of many a doleful Ditty, which got them a comfortable Penny in hard times.

The M O R A L.

The Fox's endeavouring to escape, and being prevented, denotes, however wicked Men may escape, at length their cunning fails them. His Confession denotes, that those who do wickedly, will excuse themselves on the wicked Deeds of others. His hanging the Lurcher, shews, that Malice and Revenge is not overcome by the Fear of Death.

Newly Printed in Octavo.

The Famous and Pleasant History of *Parismus*, the Valiant and Renowned Prince of *Bohemia*, &c. In two Parts. Price Bound one Shilling.



3000,-
July 85

