

makes it clear that, although Corpus Christi Day was a favorite day for playmaking, any play was possible."<sup>24</sup> On the other hand, the two passages report a "play" or "game" for a date—last quarter of the fourteenth century—for which existing records are at best extremely scanty. As they speak of a peculiar pageant of Christ's Passion that so far has not been noticed by students of the medieval drama, they deserve full consideration.

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24/ Alexandra F. Johnston, "What If No Texts Survived?" (paper delivered at the Seventeenth International Congress on Medieval Studies, Kalamazoo, Mich., May 1982). I wish to thank Alexandra Johnston for sending me a copy of the relevant passages with full documentation and for allowing me to quote from it.

### **George Cumberland and the Tale of the Twice-killed Amorous Friar**

*David McClellan and G. E. Bentley, Jr.*

About 1796, George Cumberland wrote the tale of the twice-killed amorous friar apparently for his own amusement. He never revised his manuscript or gave it a title, and it has remained unpublished among the Cumberland Manuscripts ever since.<sup>1</sup> But while he clearly did not print the story in this form, he may well have told it to his family and to friends such as William Blake; and, as its robust, not to say macabre, humor is rewarding in itself, it seems appropriate to make it available to a wider public.

The setting and origin of the tale as related are somewhat involved. The story is set in the fifteenth century in the reign of "Ferdinand King of Aragon," and it is ostensibly narrated to Ferdinand's royal nephew the King of Naples, when its fame came "afterwards into Italy" and was "briefly recounted" thus at his "commands to hand it down to Posterity."

Variant versions of the tale are available in English, but these differ so much from this one and were so difficult of access as to make it very unlikely that these English versions are Cumberland's source. He probably encountered the tale when he himself was in Italy in 1785–90, though we can only speculate as to where he found it. Cumberland was an artist as well as a translator, poet, and novelist, and it would have been agreeable if he had illustrated the tale of the twice-killed amorous friar. Failing this, we give a reproduction of an illustration done for it in 1895 (see fig. 1), which indicates something of the perennial popularity of the tale.

1/ Except for a reading to the Eighteenth-Century Group at the University of Toronto about 1975.

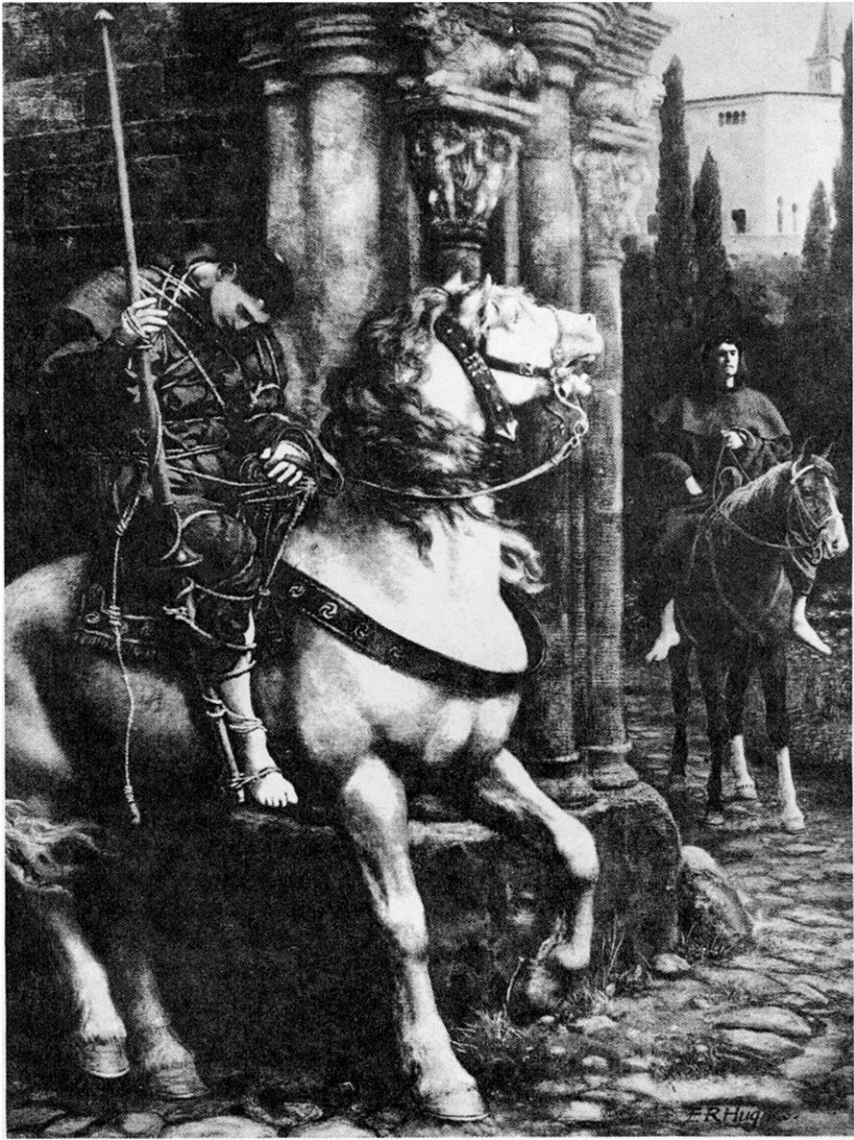


FIG. 1.—“The Dead Rider,” an illustration by E. R. Hughes for *The Novellino of Masuccio*, trans. W. G. Waters (London, 1895), vol. 1, facing p. 24.

[The Tale of the Twice-killed Amorous Friar]

In that time of happy remembrance, of that illustrious lord Don Ferdinand King of Aragon your worthy uncle when the government of the Kingdom of Castile was under his protection governed with tranquillity there resided in the ancient & noble city of Salamanca a minor conventual Friar named Master Diego da Revalo who being no less versed in the

doctrines of the Thomists than that of the Scotists, was elected with no small Salary to read lectures in the Schools of that university—in which profession he became famous throughout the whole kingdom, frequently also addicting himself to give sermon[s] that were more useful and necessary than<sup>2</sup> devout[.]

Being young well made and very handsome as well, as subject to amorous attachments it so happened that one day as he was preaching he observed a young lady of extraordinary beauty called Monna Caterina wife to one of the principal gentleman of the City named Roderico D'Angiaja, who at first sight charmed him & from Pergama as we say he went *o Cella*<sup>3</sup> where throwing aside all his theological reasoning, and sophisticated arguments, he gave himself up intirely to the thoughts of love, pondering whose wife she might be, often reflecting on the folly of the enterprise, frequently persuading himself not to enter these dangerous toils, and thus his heart wisperd him.

“O Love, where you wish to shew your power, you never seek equality of blood, for were<sup>4</sup> it so the great would never enter our lists—to us therefore let him concede the like privilege to fix our affections above us, who has bowed them to the lowly cottagers— The wounds of love take us unprepared, and if he has found me unarmed whose arrows it is useless to resist, I am meritoriously conquerd, and, like his true subject, come what will of it, I enter the battle, and if death is my lot beside being deliverd from my pains, at least by her side shall my last sighs be breathed with a smiling forehead to think that my affections have been so highly placed.”

Thus said, without returning to any negative arguments, he seized a sheet of paper, and amid profound Sighs & warm tears, penned a neat & Elegant Letter to the beloved lady—beginning with the praises of her more than human beauty, by which he was so overpowerd, that he had no alternative to look for but her favour or death, and finally as he was very sensible that he was not worthy of an audience from a Lady of her eminence, yet for pitys sake he prayed he would condescend to allow him some hour to speak to her in secret—or that at least that she would accept of him for her servant as he had chosen her for the mistress of his fate concluding with many other finished expressions, and having sealed and coverd it with Kisses, he gave it to one of his young priests with orders to deliver it as directed. The young man having been well instructed in the management of these sort[s] of affairs, conceald the Billet adroitly in a little private pocket, under his left arm, proceeding instantly to execute his commission, arrived at the house he found the graceful young Lady surrounded by her females, and humbly saluting her, he said[.] “My teacher recommends himself to you, and prays the gift of a small portion of fine flower for the Host, as you will perceive by the contents of this letter.”

The Lady who possessed the utmost discretion, seeing the letter guessed pretty well at what it should mean, and having taken and read it, notwithstanding her virtuous character, she was not displeas'd to have him for a Lover, reconing not a little on her personal beauty—perusing on she was delighted at the praises he lavished on her figure like her who with original sin contracted that innate passion which is common to all the Sex who universally believe that all their fame honour & glory aline[?] in being loved carressed & praised, & in general they would rather be recon'd handsome tho vicious than virtuous & ill favoured.

Nevertheless having with just reason the whole order of friars in abhorrence, she determin'd, not only not to comply with his requests, but also to give him no very gracious answer—she also determin'd for the present to say nothing to her husband and so having made up her mind, turning to the young friar without appearing at all disturb'd she said—“Tell your Master that the owner of my corn Keeps it all for himself—you must therefore seek it elsewhere, with respect to the Letter it requires no other answer, but if perchance he wishes it I will consider of it, and when my husband comes home He shall reply to it according to his desires[.]”

2/ Written “that.”

3/ This confusing line in Cumberland's apparent source is “e dal Pergama disceso, se n'ando in Cella,” which is translated by W. G. Waters (*The Novellino of Masuccio* [London, 1895], 1:15) as: “After he had come down from the pulpit he betook himself to his cell.” Clearly, Cumberland has mechanically duplicated some of the original text, without noticing that his own version makes little sense. He also seems to have mistranslated “disceso,” to descend, as “as we say.”

4/ Written “where.”

This severe reply by no means cooled the ardour of the Friar, but on the contrary only increased his ardent flame, and to shew how little he was inclined to withdraw from his undertaking as the lady's habitation was very near the Convent he began so constantly to admire her by intelligent looks, that she could neither go to the window, or to church, nor any where out of the house, but the active friar was continually at her elbow[.] In so much that presently not only those of the same street but also a great part of the City came to the knowledge of it—on which account she was persuaded that it was high time no longer to conceal it from her husband, fearful that if he should hear it from others, she should run the risk of being suspected for less honest than she was—, and having resolved she one evening being alone with him recounted the whole circumstance.

The gentleman who was both honourable and a Man of Spirit, was with difficulty withheld from going instantly in his rage to put to Sword & fire the whole convent and it[s] Friars, but at length cooling a little after passing high encomiums on the virtue of his wife, he insisted that she should appear to favour the Lecturers proposal, and that the following night she should get him to the house in that way which she should think most proper so as that his honour might be satisfied and his beloved lady no way injured, and for the rest he desired it might be left to him.

However unpleasant the task, considering what was likely to be the event, yet still to accomplish the wishes of her husband she promised to do so and as the young friar was continually returning with new schemes to soften the flinty rock, she said—"recommend me to your Master, and tell him that the great affection he bears me, together with those scalding tears which as he writes me, are continually falling on my account have at length Softened my heart, insomuch that I am no less his than he is mine, and as fortune has so far favoured us that Master Roderico is gone to his villa to sleep to night—let him come to me secretly at 3 o'clock when I will give him a hearing—but I earnestly entreat him, not to trust any friend with this however intimate they may be—"

The little Monk flew lightly to communicate this agreeable message to his Master, whom it made the happiest man in the world, and to whom it seemed a thousand years to the hour of meeting, which came, and he so well perfumed [himself] that there was nothing of the Monk about him, also thinking that the prize would demand some vigour to gain. He corned[?] himself up with the most delicate confections, and taking his usual habit, went directly to the house, where finding the door open he entered, and by a chambermaid at the threshold like a blind man was conducted into the Hall where expecting to find the Lady receive him into her arms, he found in exchange, the Gentleman with a faithful servant, who seized him, and without the least noise suddenly Strangled him[.]

—When Master Diego was dead the gentleman after the fact began somewhat to repent that he had stained his arms with the blood of a Minor Friar, but seeing that repentance would not bring him to life, he thought[t] how to save his honour, and to avoid the anger of the Sovereign by carrying him out of his house, when a thought occurred to him to carry him back to his convent, and placing him on the shoulders of his servant they went forward to the friars gardens, which having easily entered, they brought him to that part where the friars necessities stood, but it so happened that only one seat remained entire, the others being all in ruins, for as we generally see the greater part of the houses of convents<sup>5</sup> look more like the caves of banditti than the abitations of the servants of God—and in this single one they placed him in a stooping position as if he had been in the act of easing himself, and thus they left him & returned to their home.

5/Both the original "Conventuali" and Cumberland's own previous description of Master Diego as "a minor conventual Friar" indicate that he should have written "conventuals" here rather than "convents." According to Waters (1:19): "The disputes in the Franciscan Order over the pontifical explanation of the monastic rule and the vow of poverty, which led to the secession of the Fraticelli and the formation of the 'Beghards' and the Brethren of the Free Spirit in the latter part of the thirteenth century, came ultimately to an issue in the division of the order into two branches, the Conventuals and the observantists; the former procuring licence to live under a rule of mitigated severity, and the latter adopting the original rule of St. Francis in all its severity." In Masuccio's eyes, "a rule of mitigated severity" fostered such an extravagant manner of living that the formerly austere convents began to look like robbers' dens.

Thus situated the Friar seemed by his attitude to be endeavouring to deliver himself of a burthen with all the blood in his face— now it so happened that another young and active friar, about midnight<sup>6</sup> had a pressing call to perform the same office, and having lit a little Lamp he went on hastily to the spot where the dead Diego was seated, whom instantly recognizing and not suspecting any such murder, without speaking a word he returned suddenly because between him and the deceased there existed from some friarly jealousy a Mortal hate & enmity, he therefore went aside waiting till the other should have finished what he also waited to perform, but not observing the Monk to move, and being hard pressed, he often said to himself—“by my faith, that fellow only sits there to keep me out, only to shew even to this paultry spite his implacable enmity and villanous malice to wards me—but in this he will be disapointed for I will suffer with patience as long as I can, and if he continues obstinate to keep his place, and obliges me to go to other quarters I will give him something to remember me by—”

The Monk who had cast his last anchor on a rock not moving in the least he soon lost all patience, and in a rage exclaimed, “well then it is the will of heaven that I should no longer suffer these insults for I can no [longer endure it]”<sup>7</sup> and taking up a great stone and approaching him, he gave him such a thump on the breast that the body fell backwards without the least motion of the limbs[.]

The Friar who threw with all his might, observing the effect of the well aimed blow, and that his enemy remained Motionless, concluded he had killed him, and having for sometime, watched him, one while believing and another doubting he at length all trembling drew near, and examining him closely by the light of the lamp, saw but too well that he was certainly dead, and now no longer doubted that by the blow on the breast he had indisputably done his business—at which his heart sunk within him lest owing to their old enmity he should be the first suspected and so loose his life, insomuch that he was going to hang himself, but thinking better of it, he detemind to carry him out of the Convent and throw him in the street to take away suspicion, and while he was thinking of the plan he rememberd the public & shameful Manner in which he had eyed the Lady Catherina, and said to himself, “where now could I carry this body more properly and with less suspicion than near the door of Messr Roderico, which is so handy and a place where everyone believing he visits his wife, it will not be doubted that he has killed him[.]” —With this having with no small difficulty hoisted the body on his shoulders, he laid him directly before the fatal door where a few hours before he had been taken out a corpse, and afterwards returned to the Convent without being observed of any one, however to make all safe he thought it would be prudent to find some excuse for a few days to absent himself from thence and having made the reflection he went immediately to [the] Guardians Cell and thus addressed him.

“Holy father the other day for want of Mules I was obliged to leave our provisions at Medina in the house of our lay brother, with your permission I would therefore go for them, and take the Convent Mare by gods blessing returning some time tomorrow or next day.”—The guardian not only gave him leave but commended his thoughtfulness & the friar having his favourable answer, got his things ready and the horse in order waited impatiently for the dawn in order to depart.

Roderico who, had slept but little that night, anxious to know the event, seeing day approaching, sent out his trusty servant to watch about the monastery, and observe if the friars had discoverd their deceased companion and to learn what was said on the Subject.

But the man had scarcely gone out to execute his Masters orders when he beheld the restless lecturer sitting on the Steps in an attitude as if he was disputing which made his hair

6/The suspect sequence of events—Diego arrives at Roderico’s house at three in the morning and yet is found in the latrine “about midnight”—is a feature of the Italian original as well. Roderico advises his wife to have master Diego appear on “la seguente notte” at the sound of the third hour, “sonate le tre ora,” and yet the second friar makes his visit to the latrine around midnight, “sulle mezza notte.”

7/Cumberland evidently got stuck in his translation of this passage and left a blank in the manuscript equivalent to about nineteen letters. Waters (1:12) translates it: “Of a truth it cannot be God’s pleasure that you should put such an affront as this upon me, and I, on my part, can endure it no longer.”

stand on end, and starting back, he called his Master in haste being scarce able to speak to him, and pointing to the place he shewed him the figure of the dead Friar returned from the necessary.

Great was also the surprize of the gentleman e di maggior[.]<sup>8</sup> Nevertheless comforting himself with the justice of the act he had committed, he roused his courage to see what it would end in, and turning to the Corpse he said, "it appears then that my house has strong attractions for you since dead or alive I cannot keep you out of it, but in despite of those who have brought you back, you shall return upon an animal you when living much resembled"—and so saying he ordered his man to go to a neighbours stable and bring forth a Stallion which was kept for the general use of the City and there stood always ready like the ass of Jerusalem— The servant lost no time in obeying his orders and soon returned with the horse saddled & bridled and every thing in order for riding—when as the gentleman had planned they fastned the dead man on with stout leather straps, placing in one hand the bridle, and in the other a lance at rest like a man prepared for battle and thus magnificently mounted they conducted him to the door of the Convent Church, where tying him to a pillar they returned back to the house—

—By this time the young Friar grew impatient to begin his journey, and after opening the gates came out when the first object that presented itself being the poor friar, who seemed with his lance to menace him with destruction, he was so seized with terror that he had nearly dropped dead on the spot for a dreadful thought that moment came across him that the Spirit of the murdered friar had returned to his body, and as the ignorant believe was going to haunt him wherever he went[.] Thus depressed in spirits, and trembling all over, not knowing which way to steer his course, the Stallion having noticed the Mare he rode began to cham[p?] kneighing at and endeavouring to approach her who working her crupper towards that quarter began to raise a shower of hearty kicks, at which the Friar who was a very bad horseman, was every Moment ready to fall from his saddle, to avoid a second danger laid fast hold of the pummel, with both hands & fixing at the same time his spurs into her flanks while he let go the bridle, committed all to chance— The Mare who felt the rowels fast in her sides was compelled to gallop at random without a rudder[.] The Stallion seeing her make off, instantly snapped his bridle, and ran fiercely after her while the unfortunate friar hearing his enemy in his rear, and turning his head beheld the lance close to him insomuch that he had all the appearance, of a fierce tilter and the second fear having driven out the first, flying like the wind he began to cry aloud "help, help" which cry united with the snorting & neighing of the heated pursuer, it being now broad Day brought out numbers at the windows and doors who were all filled with laughter & astonishment at seeing the strange chase of two Minor Friars on horseback, both of which looked like dead men.

The Mare [was] at perfect liberty running this way and that as chance directed her or convenience[,] with the Stallion furiously following at her heels, so that the Friar was many times in danger of being wounded by the lance[.]

Thus the mob continued following them with loud outcries, laughter and uproar, while on all hands was hear[d] "stop him, take him," some sent showers in stones after them, and others with thick sticks striking lustily on the Crupper of Diegos charger as he passed, every one doing his best to part them not less out of charity to the flying monk, than out of curiosity to discover who they could be, whom nobody could recollect owing to the rapidity of their course and thus labouring in vain, fortune at length conducted all parties to one of the City gates which happened to be shut, the dead & the living were both taken prisoners, to the great astonishment of all who knew them[,] from whence they were led to the Convent, and received by the Guardian & all the rest of the brotherhood with inexpressible Sorrow[.]

The dead Man they buried, and were preparing to give the cord to the living, to which being bound and fearing the pain, he confessed that he had killed him, and the manner of it as above recited—for every thing else but how the friar came to be thus mounted he could

8/ Cumberland got stuck in his translation once more and left the three Italian words and a blank in the line to be expanded later. Waters (1:22) gives: "The gentleman was mightily amazed at this mischance, which in sooth gave him cause for still more doubt."

account, so the rack was remitted but he was placed in a dreadful Dungeon and the Minister sent for in that he might be put into the hands of the Bishop of the City that he might be stripped of his habit and to the Secular Podesta that he might be tried for the Murder according to Law.

About that time it so happened that there came to the City of Salamanca King Ferdinand, to whom when the story was related, notwithstanding the gravity of his character, and the sorrow he expressed at the loss of so able a Teacher, nevertheless overcome by the ridiculousness of some of the circumstances, both He and his Barons could scarcely keep their feet for laughter and the time being come for proceeding to the unjust condemnation of the Friar Messr Roderico, who was a man of honour as well as a favourite of the King—impelled by the love of truth, and sensible that his silence would [be] the cause of much injustice determined sooner to die than conceal the fact and being in the presence of the Sovereign, where the whole Court & country was assembled he said “My Lord, the hard and unjust sentence preparing for the Minor Friar, induces me to disclose the Truth, to which end if your Majesty will grant a free pardon to him who in a just cause slew M. Diego I will bring him into Your royal presence, & with indisputable truth relate every particular of that affair[.]”

The King who was naturally merciful and very desirous to have the whole unravelled, liberally granted the desired pardon—which being received The Gentle<sup>m</sup> minutely disclosed the whole from the “addresses” paid to his Lady, with the Letters and embassies sent by Diego to the conclusion of the business—so that the King having already heard the Friars testimony, and finding it conformable to that of M. Roderico—Knowing also his integrity & goodness without further examination, gave credit to the whole, and with much admiration, sorrow, yet not without occasional honest laughter considering this strange adventure, he put a stop to the execution & sending for the Guardian and unhappy Friar, he explained to all the truth of the fact, and then order'd that the supposed criminal who had been condemn'd to a cruel death should be set at liberty, who having recovered both life & fame returned to the Convent with a light heart, while Mess Roderico received the commendations of all around him for his Manly & proper conduct—and thus was this marvellous event spedily the conversation of the Kingdom of Castile, and coming afterwards into Italy is now most potent king & lord, briefly recounted, & it is no small pleasure to receive your commands to hand it down to Posterity[.]

### Editorial Notes

The hand of George Cumberland here is moderately plain, but, as his orthography is heterodox (“sophisticated,” “geussed,” “abitations”) and inconsistent, it is not always easy to determine what he would be at, particularly with proper names and foreign words. The manuscript is a fairly rough draft, with numerous deletions and even some gaps, but there is no sign of subsequent revision.

The text is transcribed literatim (omitting deletions), but all the quotation marks and all the paragraph indentations save the first are added. (Cumberland started his paragraphs flush left, and the only way to identify them is by noting where the previous sentence does not reach the right margin. The 1765 text he is probably translating has no paragraph division at all.) A few initial letters are capitalized and italicized here to indicate changes from the manuscript.

*Manuscript.*—The manuscript consists of six folded half-sheets of good wove paper making twenty-three unnumbered pages of text (the last page is blank).

*Watermarks.*—11. 1-2: P & P / 1796  
11. 3-6: fleur de lis

*Date.*—The date is probably not long after 1796, the watermark date of the paper.

*History of the Manuscript.*—The tale has stayed with the Cumberland Manuscripts throughout its history and is now in the Collection of E. B. Bentley and G. E. Bentley, Jr., in Toronto.<sup>9</sup>

### The Source of the Tale

Most readers will enjoy the tale not only for its broad humor but also for the vigor and animation of its prose; Cumberland here tells an ingenious story exceedingly well. But few readers will be surprised, or (we trust) disappointed, to learn that Cumberland is not the first teller of the story. It would indeed be strange that an eighteenth-century Englishman should write an original work in that most medieval of genres, the satire of friars, monks, and other minor clergy. It has been one of the pleasures of preparing this edition to discover, by a rather circuitous route, the source of Cumberland's tale.

Our search did not begin with an investigation of references in the tale to "Don Ferdinand King of Aragon," the "worthy uncle" of the person to whom the tale is addressed. Rather, proceeding as had the Princes of Serendip, we discovered, not only the direct source of Cumberland's tale but a number of French and English versions of it as well—a sign that the story of Master Diego was as persistent in its popularity as was the friar himself in his wooing of Monna Caterina.

The first of these versions, brought to our attention by Hugo de Quehen of the University of Toronto, is called "The Norwich Lady: or, the Deceiv'd Fryers. A Tragi-Comedy." The story appeared in [Ned Ward], *The Poetical Entertainer* (1712).<sup>10</sup> Ward's tale, told in lolling Hudibrastic verse, is similar to Cumberland's in outline, but the details are sufficiently different, in locale (Norwich), and in tone ("That lustful Polecat Friar *John*"), to make it certain that Cumberland was not adapting this version.

The second version, pointed out to us by Linda Phillips and Jean Jamieson, graduate students at the University of Toronto, is found in the underplot of Thomas Heywood's play *The Captives; or, The Lost Recovered* (1624). Heywood's underplot agrees in all essential details with the present tale, but it could not itself be the source, or even the inspiration, of Cumberland's text. *The Captives* was not staged at all in London in the eighteenth century, and the unique manuscript, in Heywood's own hand, lay unobserved in the British Museum until A. H. Bullen chanced upon it in 1885.<sup>11</sup>

Fortunately, however, a search for the source of Heywood's underplot turned up three more versions of the tale, as well as its fifteenth-century original.<sup>12</sup> Cumberland, like Heywood before him, may have known the tale by way of the popular Old French fabliau of "Le Prêtre qu'on porte," or through the English

9/On the history of the manuscript, see G. E. Bentley, Jr., *A Bibliography of George Cumberland (1754–1848)* (New York, 1975), pp. 83–84.

10/[Ned Ward], *The Poetical Entertainer: or, Tales, Satyrs, Dialogues, and Intrigues, &c. Serious and Comical All digested into such Verse as most agreeable to the several Subjects, Numb. 1* (London: J. Morphew, 1712), pp. 1–33.

11/On the staging of *The Captives*, see Charles Beecher Hogan, ed., *The London Stage 1660–1800*, 5 pts. (Carbondale, Ill., 1948). For the history of the MS, see Thomas Heywood, *The Captives; or, The Lost Recovered*, ed. A. C. Judson (New Haven, Conn., 1921), p. 7.

12/The debate about the source of the underplot is summarized in Judson's edition of *The Captives*, pp. 17–24.



version of it, “The Mery Jest of Dan Hew of Leicestre”; he may even have been familiar with the version of the tale offered by Antoine de Saint-Denis in his *Les Comptes du Monde Adventureux* (1555). But a careful reading of Cumberland’s text indicates that he, like Heywood in 1624 and Saint-Denis in 1555, was closely following the first of fifty novella collected under the title of *Il Novellino*, written by the Italian nobleman, courtier, and secretary Masuccio Salernitano (1420?–1500?). The “illustrious lord Don Ferdinand King of Aragon” is in fact the worthy grandfather (Cumberland mistranslates the word as “uncle”) of the “most potent king & lord,” Masuccio’s patron Ferdinand (or Ferrante) I, King of Naples from 1458 to 1494.

Cumberland, who spent the years 1785–90 in Italy collecting and studying the works of the Italian engravers, may have had some difficulty in finding Masuccio’s work. Only one or perhaps two editions of *Il Novellino* appeared in the eighteenth century.<sup>13</sup> It had, however, been popular in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The undated thirteenth edition, called the “Edizione della gatta” from the picture of a cat and kittens on the title page, may have appeared in Venice about 1590. The edition which Cumberland almost certainly used is *Il Novellino di Masuccio Salernitano* (1765).<sup>14</sup> Its “principal gentleman” is named “Roderico d’Angiaja” (p. 12), as in Cumberland’s version, not “Roderico dangiaia” as in the Edizione della gatta (p. 9). Furthermore, when Cumberland nods in his translation and mechanically transcribes his source, writing “e di maggiore,” he reproduces exactly the 1765 text “e di maggiore” (p. 22) rather than the della gatta text “& di maggiore” (p. 14). Our references to Masuccio are therefore to the 1765 edition. The only complete English translation of Masuccio is *The Novellino of Masuccio*, from which we have amplified Cumberland’s text in brackets and in footnotes.

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13/The best modern Italian edition of *Il Novellino*, ed. Alfredo Mauro (Bari, 1940), pp. 409–16, gives the publishing history of the work but does not note a Venetian edition of 1754? recorded by the *National Union Catalogue: Pre-1956 Imprints* as being in the collections of Yale University and the Boston Public Library.

14/*Il Novellino di Masuccio Salernitano* (Ginevra [i.e., Lucca], 1765), pp. 11–29. Page number references in the text are to this work.