

Factor's Garland.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I. Being a true Account how a young Man (after having rioted away part of his Estate) became Factor to several Merchants in London. How he found the Corpse of a dead Christian lying on the Ground in Turkey, and gave fifty Pounds for its Burial.

PART II. How he freed a young Woman from being strangled, and brought her to London.

PART III. And how by a Vest of her flowering, the Prince her Father came to hear of his Daughter.

PART IV. How he was betrayed and cast over Board, and what Way and Manner he was preserved and brought to the Prince's Palace, and married to the Damsel, etc



G L A S G O W

PRINTED BY J and M ROBERTSON,
Saltmarket, 1799.

THE FACTOR'S GARLAND.

P A R T I.

BEHOLD here's a ditty, the truth and no jest,
Concerning a young gentleman in the east,
Who by his great gaming came to poverty,
And afterwards went many voyages to sea.

Being well educate, and one of great wit,
Three merchants of London they all thought it fit,
To make him their Captain and Factor also,
And for them to Turkey a voyage he did go.

And walking along the streets there he found,
A poor man's dead carcase lying on the ground;
He asked the reason why he there did ly?
Their one of the natives did make this reply,

That man was a Christian, Sir, while he drew breath,
The duty's unpaid, he lies above the earth:
Why what is the duty the Factor he cry'd?
It is fifty pounds, Sir, the Turk he reply'd.

That is a great sum quoth the Factor indeed,
To see him lie there, makes my heart for to bleed;
So then by the Factor the money was paid,
And under the earth the dead carcase was laid.

When having gone further, by chance he did spy,
A beautiful creature just going to die;
A young waiting-maid who strangled must be,
For nothing but striking a Turkish Lady.

To think of her dying, with dread he was fill'd;
Then rivers of tears like waters distill'd,
Like streams of a fountain, from her eyes ran down,
Her red rosy cheeks, and from thence to the ground.

Hearing what the crime was, he to end the strife,
Said, What must I give for this poor creatures life?

The answer was return'd an hundred pound,
The which for her pardon he freely laid down.

He said, Fairest creature, thy weeping refrain,
And be of good comfort, thou shalt not be slain,
Behold, I have purchas'd thy pardon, will ye
Be willing to go to fair England with me?

She said, Sir, I thank you, who freed me from death,
I'm bound to obey you so long's I have breath;
And if you are willing, to fair England I'll go,
And due respect to you till death I will show.



P A R T II.

HE brought her to London, whereas it is said,
He set up house-keeping, and made her his maid,
For to wait upon him, and finding her just,
With the keys of his riches he did her intrust.

At last this young Factor was hired once more,
To cross the proud waves and billows that roar,
And into that country his course was to steer,
Which by this maid's Father was govern'd we hear.

Being a hot climate, this maid did prepare,
To get him light robes in that country to wear,
He bought a silk waist-coat, the which it is told,
His servant-maid flow'rd it with silver and gold.

She said to him, Master, I do understand,
You are going Factor unto such a land,
And if you that Prince's court enter in,
Be sure let this fine flow'rd garment be seen.

He said, To that Prince's court I must go,
The meaning of your words long for to know,
Sir, I will not tell you, some reason you'll find,
With that he reply'd, I'll fulfil thy mind.

'Then away he sail'd and came to the shore,
This Factor he came to the Emperor's door,

4

For it was the usual custom of that place,
To present some noble gifts unto his Grace.

His gift was accepted, and as he stood by,
On this flow'ring garment the Prince cast an eye,
Which made him to colour, and thus he did say,
Who flow'ring this garment, now tell me I pray?

If it please your Grace my last voyage was to Tur-
Where I saw a creature that strangled must be, (key,
And to save her life, gave a hundred pound,
And carried her with me to fair London town:

There she's my house-keeper, while I'm in this land,
And when of my coming she did understand,
She flow'ring this robe, and gave strict charge to me,
To let it be seen by your great Majesty.

The Prince cry'd, behold friend, this robe which I
Is of the same flower and spot I do swear; (wear,
Thy Maid wrought them both, she's my Daughter dear,
I have not heard from her till now these three year,

To pay a visit to some neighbouring Prince,
I sent her in a ship and have not seen her since,
And I was afraid the sea had prov'd her grave,
But I heard to Turkey she was taken a slave.

For the loss of my child who I thought had been kill'd,
A well full of tears in my court has been spill'd,
My Princess's her Mother, could for her not rest,
Her loss drew millions of sighs from her breast.

Thy ship shall be richly loaded with speed;
And I'll send a ship for her convoy indeed:
Because of thy love, thou sav'd my child's life,
Bring her alive to me, I'll make her thy wife.

And if thou shouldst not live to bring her to me,
Who e'er brings her home, his bride she shall be,
And twenty thousand a year you shall have,
That ventur'd my dear child's life for to save.

The ship being loaded, their anchor was weighing,
And he with his convoy came over the main,

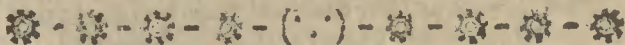
To hear the sad news, then her eyes they did flow,
 He said, Noble Lady, now since it is so,
 There's none here can help it, do not troubled be,
 For you in short space your dear Parents shall see.

And when they came to the desired port,
 This Princess came weeping to her Father's court,
 Who gladly received her with joy and great mirth,
 Saying, Where is the man that freed thee from death?

The Captain reply'd, as he lay asleep,
 He fell over board and was drown'd in the deep:
 Your Grace said the man that your child home did bring,
 Would have her, I hope you'll perform this thing.

Yes that was my promise, the Monarch reply'd,
 What say'st thou my Daughter? Wilt thou be his Bride?
 She said, Yes, dear Father, but first if you please,
 For him that sav'd my life I'll mourn forty days.

Thea into close mourning this Lady she went,
 For the loss of her good friend in tears to lament,
 And there I will leave her in tears for a while,
 And turn to the Factor who was left on the isle.



P A R T IV.

IN this desert island the Factor he lay,
 In floods of tears weeping two nights and a day;
 At length on the ocean appear'd to his view,
 A little old man paddling in a canoe.

The Factor call'd to him, which caus'd him to stay,
 And drawing near to him, the old man did say,
 Friend how cam'st thou hither? with eyes that did flow,
 He told him the secret, and where he would go.

The old man said to him, if here thou dost lie,
 With grief and great hunger, in short thou wilt die;
 What wilt thou give if to that court I'll thee guide,
 I have nothing to give you the Factor reply'd.

If thou wilt promise and be true to me,
 To give the first Babe that is born to thee,
 When thirty months old, to that court I'll thee bring,
 I will not release thee without that very thing.

The Factor consider'd that thing would cause grief,
 And without it for him there was no relief:
 He cry'd, Life is sweet, and my life for to save,
 Carry me to that place and your will you shall have.

So soon he was carry'd to the court, and when
 He came to the gates, he saw his Lady then,
 Looking out of her window, who seeing him there,
 From sorrow transported to joy they were.

He into the court then with joy was receiv'd,
 Where the Lady met him, who for him had griev'd,
 And said my jewel, my joy, and my dear,
 O where have you tarry'd! I pray let me hear?

Where so long he tarry'd, he then did relate,
 And by what means he came to her Father's gate;
 He said, I was thrown over board in my sleep,
 I think 'twas the Captain threw me in the deep.

With that the Captain was sent for with speed,
 And hearing the Factor was come there indeed,
 To show himself guilty, like a cruel knave,
 Leapt into the ocean which proved his grave.

Next day with great triumph and joy as we find,
 This Factor and Lady in marriage were join'd;
 And within the compass and space of three year,
 They had a fine Son and Daughter we hear.

The Son was the first born a perfect beauty,
 And was well belov'd of the whole family;
 When thirty months old, came the man for his child,
 Who released the Factor from the desert isle.

When the Factor saw him, his eyes they did flow.
 Then gave his Lady and her Parents to know,

He was forced to make that promise only,
In the desert isle, lest he with hunger should die.

With a grim look the old man did appear,
Which made the court tremble, & fill'd them with fear,
Crying, What shall we do? Sure he's not a man!
He will have our darling do all that we can.

He said, It is promis'd, and I'll have my due;
There's one Babe for me and another for you:
I will have the first-born, come give him to me,
At which all the family wept bitterly.

The Babe's Mother cry'd, I'm griev'd to the heart,
To think that I with such a dear Infant must part,
To one that should carry him, Lord knows where,
And perhaps in pieces my darling will tear.

With that she embrac'd him, and down the tears fell,
And then having kiss'd him, she bad him farewell,
Saying, It is for the sake of my husband that I,
Do part with my first-born, tho' for him I die.

So then this grim Ghost to her husband did say,
Sir, Do you remember in Turkey one day?
You saw a dead man's corpse lying on the ground,
And to have it buried, you gave fifty pound.

Sir, I am the Spirit of that dead body,
I saved your life for that great love to me;
You may keep your Babe, so God bless you all,
Then away it vanished out of the hall.

Being gone, the old Prince and his Princess likewise,
The Babe's tender Parents with tears in their eyes,
With joy they embrac'd their darling young Son,
Saying, Child, hadst thou left us, we had been undone.

Now I'll leave the court full of joy and great mirth,
To love one another while God gives them breath:
And now by the Factor we may see indeed,
No mortal can prevent what Fate has decreed.