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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A DIALOGE OR COMMUNICATION OF TWO PERSONS \*\*\*

[Transcriber's note:

The original text has no page numbers. Instead, the first few leaves of each 16-page signature are labeled in sequence: A, A i, A ii; B, B i... Unmarked pages are shown in the margin as vertical lines |

Each section of the original text was printed as one continuous block. For ease in reading, this e-text has placed each speaker on a new line.

A few apparent typographic errors were corrected and are marked <u>like this</u>. Some additional problems are marked in the same way but were left unchanged. All other spelling and punctuation are as in the original.]

# A dialoge

or communication of two persons, deuysyd and set forthe in the latê tonge, by the noble and famose clarke. *Desiderius Erasmus* 

intituled y<sup>e</sup> pylgremage of pure deuotyon.

Newly trãslatyd into Englishe.

#### To the reder.

Mongest the writinges of all men, dearly belouyd reder, not onely of the diuersyte of tongues, but also the noble drawghts of so artificyall paynted figures, whiche haue so lyuely expressed to y<sup>e</sup> quycke ymage, the nature, ordre, & proporcyon of all states, as concernynge the gouernaunce of a Christen comêwealthe, that ther is (as I suppose) no parte of the scripture, which is not so enpowndyde, furnysshed, and set forthe, but that euery Christen man, therby may lerne his dewty to god, hys prynce, and hys nebure, and so consequently passe thourough the strayte pathe of the whiche scripture doth testyfye vpõ, very fewe can fynde y<sup>e</sup> entrye, wherby thorough faythe in the redêptyon of the worlde thorowe y<sup>e</sup> bloode of Christe the sone of god, to rayne with the father and the holy goste eternally, accordynge to the promyse of Christe, sayinge. In my fathers hawse ther be many placys to dwell in, we wyll come to hym and make a mansyon place with hym and I haue and shall open thy name vnto them, that the same loue with the whiche thou louydest me, may be in theym, and I in thê, and thys is the kyngdome of god so often mouyd to vs in holy scripture, whiche all faythfull shall possesse and inheret for euermore: where as v<sup>e</sup> vnfaythfull, vnryghtswye, and synner shall not entre in to the kyngdome of god, bycause, of chaûgynge the glory of gode immortall in to the ymage of a corruptyble man, and therfore to incentiously he hathe suffrede them to wandre in theyr clowdes of ygnoraunce, preferrynge the lyes and ₩iij. corrupte iudgmentes of man the veryte and the truthe of god, rather seruynge the creature then the creator, amongest all the parties of the whiche (as was spoken at the begynnyng) thys alwaye not alonely in the newe law, but also in the olde Testament was as a thynge moost abhomynable and displesant in the sight of gode prohybyte and forbyden: but our nature whiche hath in hym, the dampnable repugnaûce of synne agaynst the omnypotêt power of gode, lest euvn frome owre fyrst father Adam, is so enclyned to vyces, amongest the whiche it hath not gyuen the least parte to thys desperate synne of ydolatrye, agaynst the immaculate, and fearefull commandement of god. Thou shalt haue no straunge Gods in my syght, that it is sore to be dreadde the same iudgement to be gyuyn vpon vs that was gyuen vpon the cytye of Ninyue to be absorped of the verthe in to the vre and vengeannce of gode, whiche hathe ben the cause that so many wryters bothe of late dayes, and many yeres passede, haue euvn to deathe, resisted thes dampnable bolsterers of ydolatrye, gyuen theyr selues to the crosse in example of reformacyon to theyr bretherne, bothe in wrytinge and cownsell, exhortynge the flocke of Christe frome soche prophane doctryne, amongest whome the noble and famouse clerke Desiderius Erasmus hath setforthe to the quycke ymage, before mennys eyes, the supersticyouse worshype and false honor gyuyn to bones, heddes, iawes, armes, stockes, stones, shyrtes, smokes, cotes, cappes, hattes, shoes, #iiij. mytres, slyppers, sadles, rynges, bedes, gyrdles, bolles, belles, bokes, gloues, ropes, taperes, candelles, bootes, sporres, (my breath was almost past me) with many other

soche dampnable allusyones of the deuylle to <u>use</u> theme as goddes contrary to the immaculate scripture of gode, morouer he note the as it were of arrogancye the pryuate iudgment of certayne that of theyr owne brayne wolde cast out ymages of the temple, with out a comen consent and authoryte, some there be that alway seke halowes, and go vpon pylgramages vnder a pretense of holynes, whervpon thes brotherhoddes and systerhoodes be now inuented, morouer they that have ben at Hierusalem be called knightes of the sepulcre, and call one an other bretherne, and vpon palme-sondaye they play the foles sadely, drawynge after them an asse in a rope, when they be not moche distante frome the woden asse that they drawe. The same do they conterfayte that haue ben at saynt lames in Compostella. But they be more pernycyouse, that set for he vncertayn relyques, for certayne, and attrybute more to them than they oughte to haue, and prostytute or sett theym forthe for fylthye lukre. But now whan they perceyue, that this theyr dãpnable Corbane dothe decay, and that theyr most to be lamented blyndnes and longe accustomed errours shuld be redressed, they, all fayre bothe of god and man set asyde, rebelle and make insurrectyones contrary to the ordynaunce of gode, agaynst theyr kynge and liege lorde, prouokynge and allurynge the symple comynaitye to

⊕v. theyre dampnable ypocrysye and conspyracy, myndyng and goynge about to preuente our most soueraigne lordes iudgment, not yet gyuê vpon theyr Sodomiticall actes, and most horryble ypocrysy. But the worde of the lorde whiche they so tyrannously go aboute to suppresse w<sup>t</sup> all the fauerours therof shall ouercome & destroy all soch most to be abhorred & deceyuable inuegelers & dysturbers of y<sup>e</sup> symple people to soch detestable treason. And that it may so do to the terryble example of thes and all other rebelles and most dysloyal subjectes, and to  $y^e$  greate comforthe & cõsolacyõ of his gracys faythfull and true comens. I requyre him which brethethe where he willithe and raygnethe eternall gode to graût vnto our seyde most dradde soueraygne lorde whose maiesty as it euvdently appereth onely applieth his diligence to the aduaunsynge & lettynge for the most holsome documenth and teachyng of almyghty god, to the redres of long accustome euylls and damnable sectes, to the supportacion and mayntenaunce of godly and alowable ceremonyes, to the suppressynge and most to be desired abolishyng of the deuelishe and detestable vsurped aucthoryties, dampnable errours and prophane abuses brought in by that myghty Golias, that obdurated Phareo, that proude Nembroth (whome god amêde) the byshope of Rome, to graunte (I say) vnto hys hyghnes, suche hys godly ayde and assistence, that hys grace with hys moost honorable counsell (agaynst whome this arrogant conspyracy is now mmoued and begonne) may ouercome and debelle the stud traytres as in tymes paste hys maiestye hath prudently do other, that haue hertofore attempted to perpetrate and brynge to passe like sedicyous mishief, and so to establishe the hartes of hys gracys true subjectes that they may wyllyngly and according to theyr dueties, obey and fulfyll hys most lawfull and godly ordened lawes and commaundements wherby they shall not onely do the thyng agreable to goddes wylle and teachynges, in y<sup>t</sup> he willeth euery soule to be subjected to the hygher power and obedyent to theyr prynce, but also (to theyr greate laude and pravse) shall shewe them selfe to be redy and confirmable to do theyr dueties in aydyng hys excellent hyghnes to the reformacyon of all pernicious abuses & chiefly of detestable ydolatrye, whiche is so muche prohibited in holy scripture and most displeasant to god, for whiche intent and purpose the sayd most noble and famous clarke *Desiderius Erasmus*, compiled & made this dialoge in Laten, as it foloweth herafter nowe lately translated into our mother the Englishhe tonge. Auoyd therfore, most deare readere, all abuses whereby any inconuenyence may growe, other to the hynderaunce of godes worde, to the displeasure of thy prynce, (whome thou arte so straytly commaunded to obaye, or to the domage of a publike weale, whiche aboue all vices is noted most to be abhorred, not alonely of the most holy wryteres and expownderes of scripture, but also of prophane gentylles, whiche neuer perceyuyd other thinge than nature enclyned theyr hartes vnto, and so consequently to obtayne the fruytion of the godhode thorowe the faythe that was spoken of at the begynnynge to the whiche the lorde Iesus Christe brynge vs all with a perfaycte quyetnes,

So be it.

 $\Psi$  A tresure boxe of y<sup>e</sup> lewes.

## CA pylgremage, for pure deuocyõ.

**Enedemus.** What new thynge ys it, that I se? doo I nat see *Ogygyus* my neybur, whom no mã could espie of all thes sex monthes before? yt was a sayng that he was deed, It is euen he, except that I be ferre deceyuyd. I wyll go to hym, & byd hym good morow. Good morow **BOgygyus**. Good morow to you Menedemus.

**Mene.** I pray you frome what contray do you come to vs ayen so saffe. For here was a great comunicacyõ that you dyd sayle streght to hell.

**Ogy.** No, thankyd be god, I haue faryd as well syns I went hens, as euer I dyd in all my lyffe.

**Me.** Well, a man may well perceyue that all soche rumours be but vanytye. But I pray you what araye is this that you be in, me thynke that you be clothyd with cokle schelles, and be ladê on euery syde with bruches of lead and tynne. And

you be pretely garnyshyd w<sup>t</sup> wrethes of strawe & your arme is full of **B**snakes egges.

**Ogy.** I haue bene on pylgremage at saynt Iames in Compostella, & at my retourne I dyd more relygyously vysyte our lady of Walsyngã in England, a very holy pylgremage, but I dyd rather vysyte her. For I was ther before within this thre yere.

**Me.** I trowe, it was but for your pleasure.

**Ogy.** Nay, it was for pure deuocyon.

Me. I suppose you learnyd that relygyő of the Grecyanes.

**Ogy.** My mother in law dyd make a vowe that if her dougther shuld be delyueryd of a man chyld alyue, than that I shuld go to saynt Iames on pylgremage, and ther to salute and thake hym.

 ${\bf Me.}$  Dyd you salute saynt Iames alonly in your name, and your mothers.

**Ogy.** No, in the name of all owre house.

A ij. **Me.** Verely I thynke y<sup>t</sup> your howshold as well shold haue prosperd, in case you had not salutyd hym at all. But I pray you what answer dyd he make to your salutacyon.

**Ogy.** Nothynge at all. But whã I dyd offre, me tought he dyd lawghe vpon me, and becke at me with hedde, & dyd reche to me this cokleshell.

**Me.** Wherfore dothe he gyue rather such schelles, than other thynges.

**Ogygy.** For the see, whiche is nye vnto hym dothe mynystre plenty of suche.

**Me.** O holy saynt Iames, that bothe is a mydwyffe to women with chyld, and also dothe helpe his pylgrymes. But I pray you what new kynd of makyng vowes is that that whan a mã is ydle he shall put the burden apon an other mannes bakke? In case that you doo bynd youre selffe with

a vowe, that yf y<sup>e</sup> matter chaunche happyly whiche you haue in hande, that I for you shall fast twyse in on weke, do you beleue y<sup>t</sup> I can fulfyl youre vow?

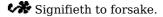
**Ogy.** No, I doo not beleue it if that you dyd vowe it in youre awne name. It is but a sport with yow to mokke sayntes. But this was my mother in law, I must nedys obey her, you know womenes affectyones, & I must obaye heres.

**Me.** If that you had not perfourmyd your vowe, what iopertye had you be in?

**Ogy.** I graunt, he could not haue had an accyon ayenst me in  $y^e$  law, but he myght from hensforthe be deafe to my vowes, orels pryuyly send some calamytye or wretchednes amongste my housholde, yow know well enuffe the maneres of great men.

**Me.** Tell me now what that same honest mã saynt Iames dothe, and howe he farythe.

**Ogy.** Moche colder thã he was wontyd to do.



was faynyd of an old kynge of Thebanes.

Signifyeth bedes. Malsyngam ys callyd parathalassia by cause it is ny to y<sup>e</sup> see.

**Me.** What is the cause of it? His age?

A iij. **Ogy.** Oh you scoffer, yow know wel enoghe that sayntes wax nat olde. But this new learnynge, whiche runnythe all the world ouer now a dayes, dothe cause hym to be vysytyd moche lesse than he was wontyd to be, for if any doo come thay salute him alonly, but they offre lytle or nothinge, and say that theyr monaye may bettre be disposyd amongste pore people.

Me. O a wykyd comunicacyon.

**Ogy.** Ye & so great an Apostle whiche was wõtyd to stand all in precyous stones & gold, now städythe all of wodde hauynge before hym skaresly a wax candle.

**Me.** If it be trew that I here, it is great ioperdy lest that same chance to all the rest of the sayntes.

 ${\bf Ogy.}$  I thynk it wel, for ther is an epistle abrode whiche our lady dyd wryte apon the same matter.

Me. What lady?

**Ogy.**  $\Box$ <sup>r</sup>She y<sup>t</sup> hathe her name of a stone.

**Me.** I trawe it is in Raurachia.

**Ogy.** That same is it.

 ${\bf Me.}$  yow tell me of a stony lady, But to whome dyd she wryte?

**Ogy.** The epistle dothe playnely shew his name.

Me. By whome was it sent?

**Ogy.** No dowbt but by an angell, whiche dyd lay the wrytynges apõ the aultre, wherof he prechythe to whome it was sent. And lest there shuld be any suspectyõ of crafty cõuayance in you, you shall se the epistle wryten w<sup>t</sup> his owne hande.

**Me.** Do you know so well the hand of thangell whiche is secretary to our lady?

Ogy. Yee why nat?

Me. By what argumêt?

**Ogy.** I have redde  $y^t$  & Epithaphe of Bede which was grauyd of the angell: and the letteres agre in all thynges. I have redde also  $y^e$  obligacyõ whiche was sent to saynt Gyles as dothe aper. Dothe not thes argumentes prove that mater to be good enoghe.

Me. May a man loke apon them?

A iiij. **Ogy.** ye and if you wyll swere to kepe it preuy.

Me. Oh you shall speake to a stone.

 ${\bf Ogy.}$  Ther be stones now a dayes of that name very slawn derous, that wyll hyde nothynge.

**Me.** you shall speake to a domme man, & yow trust nat a stone.

 $\mathbf{Ogy.}$  Apon y<sup>e</sup> condycyon I wyll tell it, loke that you here with bothe youre eyares.

Me. So I doo.

**Ogy.** Mary the mother of Iesu to **B**Glaucoplutus sêdythe gretynge. Insomoche as you folowe Luther, you nobly perswade, that it is but in vayne to call apõ sayntes, do y<sup>e</sup> well know for that to be grettly in my fauore. For vntyll thys day I haue almost be slayne w<sup>t</sup> the importunate prayers of men. Of me alone they askyd althynges, as who shuld say my sone were alway a babe, because he is so faynyd and payntyd apõ my breste, that yet he wold be at my commaundemêt and durst nat denye my petycyon, dredynge that if he denye my petycyon, that I shuld denye hym my teate whan he is a thurst: and very oft thay requyre that of me, whiche a shamfast yongman dare scantly aske of a Bawde, yee they be suche thynges as I am ashamyd to put in wrytynge. Now comythe y<sup>e</sup> marchauntman and he redy to savle into Spayne for a vantage, dothe comytte hys wyues honesty to me. Than commythe thet lytle preaty Nunne and she castythe away her vayle redy to runne away, she leuythe with me the good name of her vyrgynytye, whiche shortly she entendythe to take monay for. Than cryeth the

CP Our ladi of stone in Raurachia whiche is a certayne cuntre.

S Is a scripture wryten on a graue.

The epistle of our Lady.

& Glaucoplut<sup>9</sup> desirus of ryches.

wykyd soudyer purposyd to robbe & saythe, blessyd lady send me a good praye. Now comythe the vnthryfty dyasser and cryethe, send me good chance Lady & thow shalt haue parte of my wynnynges: and if the dyasse runne ayenst hym, he blasphemes, and cursythe me, bycause I wyll nat fauor his noghtynes. Now cryeth she that sellythe her selffe for fylthye lukre & saythe, swete lady send me some costomers, & if I denye it, they exclame ayenst me & say, thou arte not the mother of marcy. Moreouer the vowes of some women be no lesse wykyd thã folishe. The mayd cryeth & saythe, O swet Mary send me a fayre and riche husbond. The maryed womã saythe send me goodly chylderen. Now laborythe the woman with chyld, and cryeth dere lady dylvuer me of my bondes. Than cõmythe y<sup>e</sup> olde wyffe, and saythe flowre of all women send me to lyue longe withowt coghe and drynes. Now crepythe the the dotynge old man & saythe, lady send me for to wax yonge ayê. Thã cõmythe forth the phylosopher and cryethe send me some argumêtis that be îsoluble. The great prest cryeth send me a fat benefyce. Thã saythe the bysshope kepe well my churche. Thã cryethe y<sup>e</sup>hye Iustyce shew me thy sone or I passe out of this worlde. Thã saythe y<sup>e</sup> Cowrtyer send me trwe confession at the howre of my deathe. The husbondman saythe send vs temperate wether. The mylke wyffe cryethe owt blessyd lady saue our catell. Now if I denye anythynge by & by I am crwell. If I cõmytte it to my sone, I here them say, he wyll what so euer you wyll. Shall I than alone bothe a woman and a mayd helpe maryneres, sawdyeres, marchantmen, dyasseres, maryed mê, women with chyld, iudges, kynges, and husbondmen? ve and this that I have sayd is the least parte of my payne. But I am nat now so moche trobled with soche busynes, for that I wold hartely thanke you, but that this commodytye dothe brynge a greater discomodytye with hym. I haue now more ease, but lesse honor & profett. Before this tyme I was callyd quene of heuen, lady of the world, but now any man wyll skarsly say aue Maria or hayle Mary. Before I was clothyd with precyous stones and gold, and had my chaunges, and dayly ther was offeryd gold and precyous stones, now I am skarsly coueryd with halffe a gowne and that is all beeyten with mysse. My yerly rentes be now so smalle y<sup>t</sup> I am skarsly able to fynde my pore quere kepar to light a wax cãdle before me. Yet all this myght be sufferyd, but you be abowt to pluke away greater thynges, you be abowt (as they say) that what so euer any saynte hathe in any place, to take hyt frome the churches, but take hede what you doo. For ther is no saynte without a way to reuêge his wronge. If you cast saynt Petre forthe of the churche, he may serue you of the same sauce, and shite vp heuyngates ayenst you. y<sup>e</sup> saynt Paule hathe his sworde. Barthylmew is nat w<sup>t</sup>owt his great knyffe. Saynt Wyllyam is harnysyd vnder his monkes cloke, nat withowt a greate speare. What canst thou doo ayenst saynt George whiche is bothe a knyght & all armyd with hys longe spere and his fearfull sword? Nor saynt Antony is nat withowt hys weapenes for he hathe holy fyre w<sup>t</sup> hym. Ye the rest of the sayntes haue theyr weapones or myschefues, whiche they send apon whome they liste. But as for me thou canst not cast owt, except thou cast owt my sone, whiche I hold in myne armes. I wyll nat be seperat frome hym, other thou shalt cast hym owt with me or els thou shalt let vs bothe be, except that you wold haue a temple withowt a Christe. These be the thynges that I wold yow shall know ymagyne you therfore what shal be your answer. For this thinge pleasythe me very well. Frome oure stony churche the calendes of Auguste, the yere frome my sonnes passyon a M. CCCCC. xiiii. I stony lady subscrybyd thys with myne owne hande.

I

I

 ${\bf Me.}$  Trewly that was a soro and fearfull epistle, I suppose that Glaucoplutus wyll beware frõ hêsforthe.

Ogy. Ye & if he be wyse.

 ${\bf Me.}$  Wherfore dyd nat that good saynt Iames wryte to  $y^t$  man of the same mater.

**Ogy.** I can nat tell, except it be bycause he is so ferre of, and now a dayes men be moche searchyd for suche maters, & in theyr iornaye theyr lettres takê frome them.

Me. I pray you, what god dyd send you into Englõd?

**Ogy.** I saw the wynd maruelouse prosperouse thyderward, and I had almoste promysyd this to that blessyd lady of Walsyngã that I wold seke her within .ii. yere,

Me. What wold you axe of her.

B.

**Ogy.** No new thyngs at all, but suche as be comen, as to kepe saffe and sownd my housholde, to encreasse my goodes, and in thys world to haue a lõge and mery liffe, and whã I dye euerlastynge lyffe in another worlde.

**Me.** May nat owr lady grante the same at home with vs? She hathe at Antwarpe a moche more lordly temple thã at Walsyngame.

**Ogy.** I denye nat but it may be so, but in dyuers places she grantes dyuers thynges, wether it be her pleasur so to do, or bycause she is so gentle, that as cocernynge this purpose, she wyll gyue her selfe to our affectyoes.

**Me.** I have harde oft of saynt Iames, but I pray you describe to me the kyngdome of Walsyngam.

**Ogy.** Verely I shall tell you as shortly as I canne. Yt is the most holy name in all England, and you may fynde some in that yle, that suppose thayr substace shal nat prospayre except they vysyte her with thayr offerynge euery yere ones as thay be able to gyue.

Me. Wher dothe she dwell?

**Ogy.** At the vttermost parte of all England betwyxt the Northe and the Weste, nat vary ferre from the see, skarsly iii myles, the towne is almost susteynyd by the resort of pylgrymes. The college is of Canões, but thay be suche as hathe thayr name of the Laten tonge and be called Seculares, a kynd betwyxte monkes & Chanones.

**Me.** What you tell me of  $\square$  Amphybyanes, such as  $y^e$  mostre  $\checkmark$  Fyber is.

**Ogy.** No thay be rather suche as the **B** Cocatrice. But withowt dissimulation, I shall put you owt of this dowte in thre wordes. To them that thay hate, thay be Chanones, and to them that thay loue thay be Monkes

Menede. Yet yowe doo nat open thys redle.

**Ogy.** I shall paynte it before youre eyes, if the bysshope of Rome doo shot hys thonderbowlt amõgst all monkes, thay wyll than be chanones, & nat monkes, but and if he wold suffre all monkes to take wyues, thã wyll they be monkes,

 ${\bf Me.}$  O new partakeres, I wold to god they wold take away my wyffe.

**Ogy.** But to come to our purpose, the college hathe skarsly any other memolumêtes but of the liberalite of our lady. For the great offeryngs be kepyd stylle, but if ther be any litle some of monaye offerid that goith to the comens of the company, & the mayster whome thay call pryoure.

Me. Be thay of a vertuous lyffe?

 ${\bf Ogy.}$  Nat to be dispraysyd, thay be more vertuous thã ryche of thayr yerely renttes. The temple ys goodly & goregious, but oure Lady dwellythe nat in it, but y<sup>t</sup> was purchasyd for the honor of her sone. She hathe her owne

temple, that she may be of the ryght hand of her sone.Me. Apon the right hãd. Whiche way dothe her sonne loke

than? Ogy. It is well remembryd. Whan he lokythe to <u>the</u> West, his mother is apõ his right hand, but whã he turnythe hym to the Este she is apon the lefte hand. But yet she dwellythe nat in that churche, for it is nat yet buyldyd all vpe, and the wynde runnythe thorow euery parte with open wyndowes & dowres, and also nat ferre of is the Occiane seye father of all wyndes.

Me. what doo yow tell me wher dothe she dwell thã?

**Ogy.** In y<sup>e</sup> same churche whiche I told you was nat all fynyshyd, ther is a lytle chapell seelyd ouer with wodde, on

Amphybyanes be thynges doutfull.

**W** Fyber is a beste of  $y^e$  see &  $y^e$  land.

A Cocatrice wil kyll a man with a loke.

🏶 Rêttes.

ether syde a lytle dore wher y<sup>e</sup> pylgrymes go thorow, ther is lytle light, but of y<sup>e</sup> taperes, with a fragrant smell. **Me.** All these be mete for religyon.

**Ogy.** Ye Menedemus if you loke within you wyll say that it is a seate mete for sayntes, all thynges be so bright in gold, syluer, and precyous stones.

Me. You almost moue me to go thyther also.

**Ogy.** It shalnat repente you of your iornay.

Me. Spryngithe ther no holy oyle?

Ogy. I trowe you dote, that spryngythe nat but owt of the sepulchres of sayntes, as saynt Andrew, & saynt Katerê, owr lady was nat beried.

Me. I graût I sayd amysse, but tell on your tale.

**Ogy.** So moche more as thay persayue youre deuocyõ, so moche larger reliques wyl thay shew to you.

**Me.** Ye and peraduêture that thay may have larger offerynges, as is sayd that, many lytle offerynges makythe a heuy boxe.

**Ogygy.** Her chaplens be alway at hand.

**Me.** Be thay of y<sup>e</sup> Chanones?

**Ogy.** No, thay be nat permyttyd to be with her, lest that peraduenture by occasyon of that religyon, thay shuld be

B ii. plukkyd frome thayr owne religyõ, and whylst thay kepe that virgyne, thay regard very lytle thayr awne virgynyte, alonly in that inner chapell whiche is our ladyes preuy chãbre, ther standithe a certayne Chanõ at the autre. **Me.** For what purpose?

**Ogy.** To receyue and kepe, y<sup>t</sup> whiche is offeryd.

Me. dothe any man gyue ayenst hys wyll.

Ogy. No, but many men hathe suche a gentle shamfastnes, that thay wyll gyue some thynge to hym that standythe by, other thay wyll offre more largely, whiche thay wold nat doo perauêture if that he were absent, y<sup>t</sup> standithe there.

Me. You tell me of mannes affectiones, whiche I my selffe prouyd very ofte.

**Ogy.** Ye trewly there be some so gyuê to our blessyd lady, that whan thay apere to put vpe thayr handes to offre, with a pure cõusyance, thay stayl y<sup>t</sup> whiche other men hathe gyuen.

Me. Than lett no man be there, wyll nat oure Lady shote her thonderbowlte at suche.

**Ogy.** Wherfor shuld our lady rather doo so, than God hymselffe, whom thay be nat affrayd to pluke owt hys robes, & breake y<sup>e</sup> churche walles therfore.

Mene. I am in a great doubt whether I shuld, rather maruayle apon thayre wykyd boldnes, or Goddys great gêtlenes and longe sufferynge.

**Ogy.** Apõ the Northe parte ther is a certavne gaate, but lest that you should make a lye, it is nat of the churche, but of the pale that compassithe a bowte the churche yarde, and that hathe a lytle wykyt, such as be in great mennes gaates, that who so euer wyll entre, must fyrst putin hys legge, nat withowt some ioperdie, and than bowe downe hys hedde.

**Me.** It is ioperdie to goo thorow such a dore, to a mannes enemve.

B iii. **Ogy.** So it is, the sexten dyd tell me that ther was ones a knyght whiche fleeynge hys enemye, than aprochynge, dyd ride thorow y<sup>e</sup> wykyte, and than the wretche dispayrynge in hym selffe, apon a soden motion, dyd commend hymselffe to y<sup>e</sup> blessyd virgyne, whiche was than at hand. But now commythe the myrakle. By and by that knyght was all in the churche yarde, and hys aduersary was ragynge at the dore wowte.

Me. And dyd he tell you so maruylous a myrakle for a trewthe?

Ogy. No dowte.

**Me.** But I suppose that he could nat so lyghtely doo that to you so a great a philosopher.

**Ogy.** He dyd shewe to me in that same wykytte in a plate of coper, the ymage of the knyght fastenyd with nayles and  $w^t$  the same garmentes  $y^t$  the Englishmen were wontyd to wayre at that tyme, as you may see in that olde pictures,

whiche wylnat lye, Barbours had but lytle lyuynge at that tyme: and dieres & websteres gotte but litle monay.

Me. Why so?

**Ogy.** For he had a berd like a goote, and his cote had neuer a plyte, & it was so litle, that with strayte gyrdynge it mayd hys body to apere lesse than it was. Ther was another plate, that was in quantyte and fourme like to a cheste.

Me. Well now it is nat to be doubtyd apõ.

**Ogy.** Under  $y^e$  wykyte ther was a grate of yrne, that no man cã passe theryn but a footemã, for it is nat conuenyent that any horsse shuld tread after apon  $y^e$  place, whiche the knyght dyd cõsecrate to owr lady.

Me. Nat withowt a good cause.

**Ogy.** Frome that parte toward the Este, there is a litle chapell, full of maruayles and thyther I wête, ther was I receyuyd of another of our ladyes chaplenes, ther we knelyd downe, to make our litle prayeres. By & by, he broght

- B iiii. forthe the ioynte of a mannes fynger, the greatyste of thre, which I kyssyd, & askyd whose relyques thay were, he dyd say that thay were saynt Petres. What thapostle sayd I. Ye sayd he. Than I dyd better beholde the ioynte, whiche for hys greatenes myght well haue be a Gyãtes ioynte, rather than a mannes. Than sayd I, saynt Peter must nedys be a great man of stature. But at that word, ther was one of the gentlemê that stode by, that could not forbere lawghynge, for the which I was very sory. For if he had holden hys pease, we had sene all the relyques, yet we metely well pleasyd mayster Sextê, with gyuynge hym .ii. or .iii. grotes. Before that chapell there was a litle howsse, which he sayd ones in wynter tyme whan y<sup>t</sup> there was litle rowme to couer the reliques, that it was sodenly broght & sett in that place.
- Under that house there was a couple of pittes, bothe fulle of water to the brynkys, and thay say that y<sup>e</sup> sprynge of thos pittes is dedicate to our lady, that water is very colde, and medycynable for the hede ake and that hartburnynge.

 ${\bf Me.}$  If that cold water wyll hele the paynes in the hede and stomake, than wyll oyle put owte fyre from hensforthe.

**Ogy.** It is a myrakle that I tell, good syr, or els what maruayle shuld it be, y<sup>t</sup> cowld water shuld slake thurste? **Me.** This may well be one parte of your tale.

**Ogy.** Thay say that the fowntayne dyd sodenly sprynge owte of the erthe at the commaundement of our lady, & I dilygently examenynge althynges, dyd aske hym how many yeres it was sythe that howsse was so sodenly broght thyther. Many yeres agone saythe he. Yet, sayde I, the wallys doo nat apere so old. He dyd nat denay it. No mor

<sup>B</sup> v. thes woden pyleres. He cowld nat denay but y<sup>t</sup> they were sette there nat longe agoo, and also the mater dyd playnly testyfye y<sup>e</sup> same. Afterward, sayd I, thys roffe which is all of rede dothe apere nat to be very olde, & he granted also, thes greete bemes which lye ouerthwerte, and these rafteres that hold vpe that howsse were nat sett longe agone. He affyrmyd my saynge. Well sayd I seynge that no parte of the housse is lefte but all is new, how can yow say that this was the house whiche was broght hyther so longe agoo.

**Me.** I pray you how dyd the howskeper, auoyde hymselffe frome your argumêt.

**Ogy.** By & by he dyd shew to vs the mater by the skyne of a bayre whiche had hangyd be the rafteres a longe season, and dyd almost moke the symplenes of owre wyttes that could nat perceyue so manyfeste an argumête we beynge

perswadyd by this argument, askid pardon of our ignorance, and callid into our communycacyon the heuêly mylke of our

lady.

I

**Me.** O how like to the sone is the mother, for he hath left to vs so moche blood here in erthe, & she so moche mylke, that a man wyl skarysly beleue a woman to haue so moche mylke of one chylde, in case the chyld shuld sukke none at all.

**Ogy.** Thay saye the same of the holy crosse, whiche is shewyd in so many places bothe openly, and pryuately, that if  $y^e$  fragmentes were gathered apon one heape, they wold apere to be a iuste fraghte for a shipe, and yet Christe dyd bere all his crosse hymselffe.

Me. But do nat you maruayll at this?

**Ogy.** It may welbe a strãge thynge, but no maruayle, seynge that the lord whiche dothe encreasse this at hys pleasure, is almyghty.

**Me.** It is very gently expownded, but I am afrayd, that many of thes be faynyd for lukre.

 $\mathbf{Ogy.}$  I suppose  $y^t$  God wold nat suffre hymselffe to be deludyd of suche a fasshion.

**Mene.** Yis, haue nat you sene that whã bothe the mother, the sone, the father, and the holy ghoste hathe be robbyd of thes sacrilegyous theues, that thay woldnat ones moue, or styre nother with bekke or crakke wherby thay myght fray away the theues. So great is the gentles of God.

**Ogy.** So it is, but here out me tale. This mylke is kepyd apon the hye aultre, and in the myddys ther is Christe,  $w^t$  his mother apon hys ryght hand, for her honor sake, the mylke dothe represente the mother.

**Me.** It may be sene than?

**Ogy.** It is closyd in crystalle.

Me. It is moyste thã?

**Ogy.** What tell you me of moystenes, whã it was mylkyd more than a thowsand and fyue hunthrithe yere agone, it is so congelyd, that a mã wold saye that it were chalke temperyd with the whyte of a egge.

Me. Ye, but do thay sette it forthe bare?

**Ogy.** No, lest so holy mylke shuld be defowlyd with the kyssynge of men.

**Me.** You say well. For I suppose  $y^t$  ther be many that kysse it, whiche be nother clene mouthyd, nor yet be pure virgynes.

**Ogy.** Whan y<sup>e</sup> sexten sawe vs, he dyd runne to the aultre, & put apon hym his surplese, & his stole about his nekke, knelyd downe relygyously, and worshipyd it, and streightforthe dyd offre the mylke to vs to kysse. And at the ende of the aultre we knelyd downe deuoutly, & the fyrste of all we salutyd Christe, & than after we callyd apon our lady with thys prayer, whiche we had mayd redy for the same purpose. O mother & mayde, whiche dyd gyue sukke with thy virgynes teates the lorde of heuen and yerthe, thy sone Iesus Christe, we beynge puryfyed thorowe hys precyous blode, do desyre that we may attayne, and come to that blessyd infancye of thy colombynes meknes, whiche is immaculate without malice, frawde, or diseyte, and with all affectyon of harte dothe couett and stody for the heuenly mylke of the euangelicall doctryne, to go forthe and encrease with it into a perfaycte man, into the mesure of the plentefulnes of Christe, of whose copany thou haste the fruycyon, togyther with the father, & the holy ghost for euermore, so be it.

**Me.** Uerely thys is a holy prayer. But what dyd she? **Ogygy.** Thay bothe bekkyd at vs, excepte my eyes waggyd, and me thoght  $y^t$  the mylke daunsyd. In the meanseson the sexten came to vs, withowt any wordes, but he held out a table suche as the Germanes vse to gather tolle apon bridges.

**Me.** By my trothe I haue cursyd veryofte suche crauynge boxes, whan I dyd ryde thorowe Germany.

**Ogy.** We dyd gyue hym certayne monay whiche he offeryd

to our lady. Thã I axyd by a certayne yonge man, yt was well learnyd, whiche dyd expownde and tell vs the saynge of ye Sextê, hys name (as fere as I remembre) was Robert alderisse, by what tokenes or argumêtes he dyd know that it was the mylke of owr lady. And that I very fayne, & for a good purpose desyred to knowe, y<sup>t</sup> I myght stope the mowthes of certayne newfanglyd felowes, that be wotyd to haue suche holy relyques in derysyon and mokage. Fyrst of all the Sexten w<sup>t</sup> a froward cowntenãce wold nat tell, but I desyryd the yong man to moue hym more instantly, but somwhat more gently he so courtesly behauvd hymselffe, y<sup>t</sup> and he had prayd owr lady herselffe after y<sup>t</sup> fashion, she wold nat haue be dysplesyd therwith. And thã this mystycall chapleyn, as and if he had be inspyryd with y<sup>e</sup> holy ghoste, castynge at vs a frounynge loke, as & if he wold haue shote at vs y<sup>e</sup> horryble thonderbolte of the greate curse, what

nede you (saythe he) to moue suche questyones, whan yow see before your eyes so autentycall & old a table. And we were afrayd lest that he wold haue cast vs out of the churche for heretykes, but that oure monay dyd tempte hys greate furye.

#### Mene. What dyd you in the meaneseason?

**Ogygyus.** What suppose you? We were amasyd as and if a man had stryke vs with a clube, or we had be slayne with a thonderclape, and we very lowly axid pardon of oure folishe boldenes, and gote vs frome thens. For so must we entreate

holy thynges. Frome thens we went in to y<sup>e</sup> howse where owre lady dwellithe, and whan we came there, we sawe another Sexten whiche was but a noues, he lokyd famylarly as and if he had knowê vs, and whã we came a litle further in, we sawe another, y<sup>t</sup> lokyd moch after suche a fashion, at the last came the thyrd.

Me. Perauenture thay desyryd to descrybe you.

**Ogy.** But I suspecte another mater.

Mene. What was it?

C.

**Ogygy.** There was a certayne theffe y<sup>t</sup> had stole almost all owr ladyes frontlet, and I supposyd y<sup>t</sup> they had me in suspycyon thereof. And therfore whan I was within the chapell I mayd my prayers to our lady after thys fashiõ. Oh cheffe of all women Mary the mayd, most happy mother, moste pure virgyne, we vnclene, and synners, doo vysyte the pure & holy, and after our abylytye we haue offeryd

vnto the, we pray thy that thy sone may grante this to vs, that we may folow thy holy lyffe, and that we may deserue thorow the grace of the holy ghoste, spirytually to coceyue the lord Iesus Christ, & after that conceptyon neuer to be separat from hym, Amen. This done I kyssyd the aultre, and layd downe certayne grotes for myne offerynge and went my waye.

**Me.** What dyde our lady now, dyd nat she make one sygne, that you myght know that she had hard youre prayeres.

**Ogy.** The lyght (as I told you before) was but litle, and she stode at the ryght ende of the aultre in the derke corner, at the last the communicatyõ of the fyrst Sexten had so discoregyd me, that I durst not ones loke vpe with myne eyes.

Me. This pylgremage came but to smale effecte.

**Ogy..** Yes, it had a very good & mery ende.

**Me.** You have causyd me to take harte of grasse, for (as Homere saythe) my harte was almost in my hose.

 ${\bf Ogy.}$  Whan dynar was done, we returned to  $y^e$  temple.

Me. Durste you goo & be susspecte of felonye?

**Ogy.** Perauenture so, but I had nat my selffe in suspiciõ, a gyltles mynde puttythe away feare. I was very desyrous to see that table whiche the holy Sexten dyd open to vs. At the last we fownde it, but it was hãgyd so hye that very fewe could rede it. My eyes be of that fashion, that I can nother be callyd CL Linceus, nother purre blynd. And therefore I instantly desyryd Alldryge to rede it, whose redynge I

folowyd with myne owne eyes, because I wold skarsly truste hym in suche a mater.

 ${\bf Me.}$  Well, now all doubtes be discussed.

**Ogy.** I was ashamyd that I doubtyd so moche, y<sup>e</sup> mater was so playne set for he before oure eyes, bothe the name, the C ij. place, the thynge it selffe as it was done, to be breffe, there was nothynge lefte owte. There was a mane whos name was Wylyam whiche was borne in Parise, a man very deuoute in many thyngs but pryncypally excedynge relygyous in searchynge for the relyques of all sayntes thorowowt all the world. He after that he had vysytyd many places, contrayes, and regyones, at the laste came to Costantynenople. For Wylhelmes brother was there byshope, whiche dyd make hym pry to a certayne mayde, whiche had professyd chastyte, that hadde parte of oure ladyes mylke, which were an excedynge precyous relyque, if that other with prayer, or monaye, or by any crafte it myghte be gotte. For all the religues that he hadde gotte before were but tryfles to so holy mylke. Wyllyam wold not rest there tyll that he had gotte halffe of that holy mylke, but whan he had it, he

thoghte that he was richer than Croeseus.

**Me.** Why nat, but was it nat withowt any goodhope? **Ogy.** He went thã streght home, but in hys iornay he fell seke.

**Me.** Iesu there is nothynge in thys worlde  $y^t$  is other permanent, or alwayes in good state.

**Ogy.** But whan he sawe & perceyuyd that he was in greate ioperdye of his lyffe, he callyd to him a frenchman, whiche was a very trusty companyon to hym in hys iornay. And commaundyd all to auoyd the place, and make sylence, & pryuyly dyd betake to hym thys mylke, apon this condycyõ, that if it chãcyd to come home saffe & sownde he wuld offre that precyous tresure to our ladyes aultre in Paryse, whiche standythe in the myddys of the ryuere Sequana, whiche dothe apere to separat hymselffe to honor and obaye our

C iij. blessyd lady. But to make short tale. Wylyam is deade, & buryed, the Frenchman mayd hym redy to departe apon hys iornay, & sodêly fell seke also. And he in great dyspayre of amendynge, dyd commyth y<sup>e</sup> mylke to an Englishmã, but nat withowt great instance, and moche prayer he dyd that whiche he was mouyd to doo. Than dyed he. And y<sup>e</sup> other dyd take the mylke, and put it apon an aultre of y<sup>e</sup> same place the Chanones beynge present, whiche were yt as we call Regulares. Thay be yet in the abbaye of saynt Genofeffe. But y<sup>e</sup> Englishmã obtaynyd the halffe of that mylke, & caryed it to Walsyngã in England, the holy ghost put suche in hys mynde.

**Me.** By my trothe this is a godly tale.

**Ogy.** But lest there shuld be any doubte of this mater, y<sup>e</sup> Byshopes whiche dyd grante pardon to it thayre names be wryten there, as thay came to vysyte it, nat withowt thayre offerynges, and thay haue gyuen to it remyssyon, as moche as thay had to gyue by thayre authorite.

**Me.** How moche is that?

**Ogy.** Fowrty dayes.

Mene. Yee is there dayes in hell.

 $\mathbf{Ogy.}$  Trewly ther is tyme. Y<sup>e</sup> but whan thay have gratyd all thayre stynte, thay have no more to grante.

**Ogy.** That is nat so for whan one parte is gone another dothe encrease, and it chansythe dyuersly euyn as the tonne of Canaidus. For that althoughe it be incontynently fyllyd, yet it is alway emptye: and if thou be takynge owt of it, yet there is neuer the lesse in the barell.

**Me.** If thay grãte to an hunderithe thowsand mê fowrty dayes of pardone, wuld euery man haue elyke?

**Ogy.** No doubte of that.

**Me.** And if any haue forty byfore dynar, may he axe other forty at after souper, is there any thynge left than to gyue him?

**Ogy.** Ye, & if thou aske it ten tymes in one howre.

<sup>C iiij.</sup> Me. I wold to God that I had suche a pardon bagge, I wold aske but .iii. grotes, and if thay wold flowe so faste.

**Ogy.** Ye but you desyre to be to ryche, if y<sup>t</sup> you myght for wyshynge, but I wyl turne to my tale, but there was some good holy man whiche dyd gyue this argumente of holynes to that mylke, and sayd that our Ladyes mylke whiche is in many other places, is precyous & to be worshipyd but thys is moche more precyous, & to be honoryd, bycause the other was shauen of stones, but this is the same that came out of the virgynes brest.

Me. How kno you that?

**Ogy.** The mayd of Cõstantynople, which dyd gyue it, dyd saye so.

Me. Perauenture saynt Barnard dyd gyue it to her.

**Ogy.** So I suppose. For whã he was an old man, yet he was so happy y<sup>t</sup> he sukkyd of y<sup>e</sup> same mylke, that Iesus hymselffe sukkyd apon.

Me. But I maruayle why he was rather callyd a hony sukker than a mylke sukker. But how is it callyd oure ladyes mylke that came neuer owt of her breste?

**Ogy.** Yes it came owt at her breste, but perauenture it light apon the stone y<sup>t</sup> he whiche sukkyd knelyd apon, and ther was receyuyd, and so is encreasyd, & by ye wyll of god is so multyplyed.

Me. It is wel sayd.

Ogy. Whan we had sene all thys, whyle that we were walkynge vpe & downe, if that any thynge of valure were offeryd, so y<sup>t</sup> anybody were present to see thaym ye Sextens mayd great haste for feare of crafty couayêce, lokynge apõ thaym as thay wold eate thaym. Thay poynte at hym with there fynger, thay runne, thay goo, thay come, thay bekke one to an other, as tho thay wold speake to thaym that stand by if thay durste haue be bold.

Mene. Were you afrayd of nothynge there?

Cv. Ogy. Yis I dyd loke apõ hym, lawghynge as who shold saye I wold moue him to speake to me, at laste he cam to me, and axid me what was my name, I told him. He axid me if yt were nat I that dyd hange vpe there a table of my vowe writen in Hebrew, within .ii. yere before. I confessid that it was y<sup>e</sup> same.

Me. Cã you wryte hebrewe?

Ogygy. No but all that thay canat vnderstond, thay suppose to be Hebrewe. And than (I suppose he was send for) came the posterior pryor.

**Me.** What name of worshipe is y<sup>t</sup>? Haue thay nat an abbate?

Ogy. No

Me. Why so?

**Ogy.** For thay cannat speake Hebrew.

Me. Haue thay nat a Bishope?

Ogy. No.

**Me.** What is y<sup>e</sup> cause?

Ogy. For oure lady is nat as yet so ryche, that she is able to bye a crosse, & a mytre, whiche be so deare,

Me. Yet at least haue thay nat a presedente?

**Ogy.** No veryly. <u>What lettythe thaym?</u>

**Ogy.** That is a name of dygnyte and nat of relygyõ. And also for that cause suche abbayes of Chanones, doo nat receyue the name of an abbate, thay doo call thaym maysters?

Me. Ye, but I neuer hard tell of pryor posterior before.

**Ogy.** Dyd you neuer learne youre grämere before.

Me. Yis I know prior posterior amõgst the fygures.

Ogy. That same is it. It is he that is nexte to the prioure, for there priour is posterior.

Me. You speake apon the supprioure.

**Ogy.** That same dyd entertayne me very gently, he told me what greate labure had be abowt  $y^e$  readynge of thos verses, & how many dyd rubbe thayr spectakles abowt thaym. As oft as any old ancyent doctor other of deuynyte or of the lawe, resorted thyder, by and by he was broght to that table, some sayd  $y^t$  thay were lettres of Arabia, some sayd thay were faynyd lettres. Well at the last came one

that redde the tytle, it was wryten in laten with greate Romayne lettres, y<sup>e</sup> Greke was wryten with capytale lettres of Greke, whiche at the fyrst syght do apere to be capytale latê lettres, at thayr desyer I dyd expownde ye verses in laten, trâslatynge thaym word for word. But whã thay wold haue gyuyn me for my labour, I refusyd it, seynge that ther was nothynge so hard that I wold not doo for our blessyd ladyes sake, ye thogh she wold commaûd me to bere this table to Hierusalê.

**Me.** What nede you to be her caryoure, seynge that she hathe so many angelles bothe at her hedde and at her fette. **Ogy.** Than he pullid owt of hys purse a pece of wodde, that was cutt owte of the blokke that our ladye lenyd apon. I perceyuyd by and by thorow the smell of it, that it was a holy thynge. Than whan I sawe so greate a relyque, putt of my cappe, and fel down flatte, & very deuoutly kyssyd it .iii. or .iiii tymes, poppyd it in my pursse.

**Me.** I pray you may a man see it?

I

I

**Ogy.** I gyue you good leue. But if you be nat fastynge, or if you accompanyed with yowre wyffe the nyght before, I conceyle you nat to loke apon it.

**Me.** O blessed arte thou that euer thou gotte this relyque. **Ogy.** I may tell you in cowncell, I wold nat gyue thys litle pece for all y<sup>e</sup> gold that Tagus hathe, I wyll sett it in gold, but so y<sup>t</sup> it shall apere thorow a crystall stone. And than the Supprioure whã he sawe that I dyd take the relyque so honorably, he thought it shuld nat be lost, in case he shuld shew me greater mysteries, he dyd aske me whether I hadde euer sene our ladyes secretes, but at that word I was astonyed, yet I durst nat be so so bold as to demande what thos secretes were. For in so holy thynges to speake a mysse is no small danger. I sayd that I dyd neuer se thaym but I sayd that I wold be very glade to see thaym. But now I was broght in, and as I had be inspired with the holy ghost, than thay lyghted a couple of taperes, & set forthe a litle ymage, nat couryously wroght, nor yet very gorgeous, but of a meruelous v<sup>ir</sup>tue.

**Me.** That litle body hathe smale powre to worke myrakles. I saw saynt Christopher at Parise, nat a carte lode, but as moche as a greate hylle, yet he neuer dyd myrakles as farre as euer I herd telle.

**Ogy.** At our ladyes fette there is a precyous stone, whos name as it is nother in Greke nor Laten. The Frenchemã gaue it the name of a tode, bycause it is so like, that no man (althoghe he be conynge) can set it forthe more lyuely. But so moche greater is the myrakle, that the stone is litle, the fourme of the tode dothe nat apere, but it shynythe as it were enclosyd within that precyous stone.

**Me.** Perauenture they ymagyne  $y^e$  symylytude of a tode to be there, euyn as we suppose whan we cutte  $y^e$  fearne stalke there to be an egle, and euyn as chyldren (whiche

they see nat indede) in  $y^e$  clowdes, thynke they see dragones spyttynge fyre, & hylles flammynge with fyre, & armyd mê encownterynge.

**Ogy.** No, I wold you shuld know it, there is no lyuynge tode that more euydêtly dothe expresse hymselffe than it dyd there playnly apere.

**Me.** Hetherto I haue sufferyd thy lyes, but now get the another that wyll beleue the, thy tale of a tode.

**Ogy.** No maruayle Menedemus thogh you be so disposyd, for all the world cannot make me to beleue yt, not & all doctoures of dyuynyte wold swere it were trewe. But that I

sawe it with myne eyes, ye with thes same eyes, dyd I proue

it. But in  $\mathbf{y}^{\mathbf{e}}$  meanseson me thynke you regard naturall phylosophye but litle.

**Me.** why so, because I wyll nat beleue y<sup>e</sup> asses flye? **Ogy.** An do you nat se, how nature the worker of all thynges, dothe so excell in expressynge y<sup>e</sup> fourme bewty, & coloure of thaym maruylously in other thynges, but pryncypaly in precyous stones? moreouer she hathe gyuen to y<sup>e</sup> same stones wonderouse vertu and strêkthe that is almost incredyble, but that experience dothe otherwyse testyfye. Tell me, do you beleue that a Adamand stone wold drawe vnto him stele w<sup>t</sup>owt any towchynge therof, and also to be sepate frome him ayen of hys owne accorde, excepte that yow had sene it with yowre eyes.

**Me.** No verely, nat and if .x. Arystoteles wold perswade me to the contrarye.

**Ogy.** Therfore bycause you shuld nat say thys were a lye, in case you here any thynge, whiche you haue not sene prouyd. In a stone callyd Ceraunia we see y<sup>e</sup> fashon of lightnynge, in the stone Pyropo wyldfyre, Chelazia dothe expresse bothe the coldnes and the fourme of hayle, and thoghe thou cast in to the hote fyre, an Emrode, wyll expresse the clere water of the seye. Carcinas dothe counterfayte ye shape of a crabfishe. Echites of the serpente vyper. But to what purpose shuld I entreat, or inuestygate the nature of suche thynges whiche be innumerable, whã there is no parte of nature nor in the elementes, nother in any lyuynge creature, other in planetes, or herbes y<sup>e</sup> nature euyn as it were all of pleasure hathe not expressed in precyous stones? Doo yow maruayle

 $^{D.}$   $$th\tilde{a}\ y^{t}$ in thys stone at owre ladies fote, is the fourme and fashon of a tode.$ 

**Me.** I maruayle that nature shuld have so moche lesure, so to counterfayt the nature of althynges.

**Ogy.** It was but to exercyse, or occupye the curyosytye of mannes wytte, and so at the lest wyse to kepe vs frome ydlenes, and yet as thoghe we had nothynge to passe  $y^e$  tyme with all, we be in a maner made apon foles, apon dyesse, and crafty iogeleres.

**Me.** You saye very truthe.

**Ogy.** There be many men of no smale grauytye, that wyll say thys kynd of stones, if that you put it in vynagre, it wyll swyme, thoge you wold thruste it downe with violence.

**Me.** Wherfore do thay sette a tode byfore our lady?

**Ogy.** Bycause she hathe ouercome, trode vnderfote, abolyshyd all maner of vnclennes, poysõ, pryde, couytousnes, and all wordly affectyones that raygne in man.

**Me.** Woo be to vs, that hathe so many todes in owre hartes. **Ogygy.** We shal be purgyd frome thaym all, if we dylygêtly worshipe owre lady.

Me. How wold she be worshipyd.

 ${\bf Ogy.}$  The most acceptable honor, that thou can ste doo to her is to folowe her lyuynge.

**Me.** You have told all at ones. But this is hard to brynge to pass.

**Ogy.** You saye truthe, but it is an excellente thynge.

Me. But go to, and tell on as you begane.

**Ogy.** After thys to come to owre purpose, the Supprioure shewyed to me ymages of gold and syluer, and sayd, thes be pure gold, and thes be syluer and gyltyd, he told the pryce of euery one of thaym, and the patrone. Whan I wonderyd, reioycynge of so maruelous ryches, as was abowt our lady, than saythe the Sextê bycause I percayue, that you be so vertuously affecte, I suppose it greate wronge, to hyde any

D ij. thynge frome you, but now you shall see the pryuytyes of our lady, and than he pullyd owt of the aultre a whole world of maruayles, if I shuld tell you of all, a whole daye wold nat suffyse, & so thys pylgremage chansyd to me most happy. I was fyllyd euyn full withe goodly syghts, and I brynge also with me this wonderous relyque, whiche was a tokê gyuen to me frõe our lady.

I

**Me.** Haue you nat it prouyd, what valewre your woden relyque is on?

**Ogy.** Yis, y<sup>t</sup> I haue, in a certayne Inne within thys thre dayes, ther I fownde a certayne man y<sup>t</sup> was bestraght of hys wytte, whiche shuld haue be bownde, but thys woden relyque was put vnder hys nekke pryuyly, wherapon he gad a sadde and sownd sleape, but in the mornynge he was hole and sownde as euer he was before.

**Me.** It was nat the phrenysy, but the dronkê dropsye, sleape ys wontyd to be a good medicyne for  $y^e$  dysease.

Ogy. Whã you be dysposyd to skoffe Menedemus, yt ys best y<sup>t</sup> you gette a nother maner of gestynge stokke than thys, for I tell you it is nother good nor holsome, to bowrde so w<sup>t</sup> sayntes. For thys same mã dyd say, that a woman dyd apere to hym, in hys sleape, after a maruelouse fashion, which shold gyue hym a cuppe to drynke apon.
Mene. I suppose it was ℃Elleborû.

**Ogy.** That is vncertayne, but I kno well y<sup>e</sup> mã was well broght into hys mynde ayen.

**Me.** Dyd you other come or goo by Sante Thomas of Cantorbury that good archebishope.

 ${\bf Ogy.}$  What els/there ys no pylgremage more holy.

**Me.** I wold fayne here of yt, and I shold nat trouble you. **Ogy.** I pray you here, & take good hedd. Kente ys callyd that parte of England,  $y^t$  buttythe apon Fraûce and Flanders, the cheffe cytye there of ys Cantorburye, in yt

- D iij. there be ii. Abbayes, bothe of thaym be of Saynte Benedycts ordre, but y<sup>t</sup> which ys callyd Saynte Augustyns dothe apere to be the oldre, that whiche ys callyd now Saynte Thomas dothe apere to haue be the Archebyshope of Cantorburys see, where as he was wontyd to lyue w<sup>t</sup> a sorte of monkes electe for hymselffe, as Byshopes now adayes be wontyd to haue thayr howses nye vnto the churche, but aparte frome other canons howses. In tymes paste bothe Byshopes & Chanones were wontyde to be monkes, as may be playnly prouyd by many argumentes. The churche which ys dedycate to Saynte Thomas, dothe streche vpe apon heght so gorgeously, that it wyll moue pylgrymes to deuocion a ferre of, and also withe hys bryghtnes and shynynge he dothe lyght hys neybures, & the old place whiche was
- wontyd to be most holy, now in respecte of it, is but a darke hole and a lytle cotage. There be a couple of great hye toures, which doo seme to salute strangeres aferre of, and thay dow fyll all the contray abowt bothe farre and nere, w<sup>t</sup> the sownde of great belles, in the fronte of the temple, whiche is apõ the southe syde, there stand grauen in a stone thre armyd men, whiche with thayr cruell handes dyd sleye the most holy saynte Thomas, and there is wryten thayr surnames Tracy, Breton, and Beryston.

**Me.** I pray you wharfore doo thay suffer thos wykyd knyghtes be so had in honoure.

**Ogy.** Euyn suche honor is gyuen to thaym as was gyuê to Iudas, Pylate, and Caiphas, & to the <u>company</u> of the wykyd sowdyeres, as you may se payntyd in the tables that be sett before aultres. Thayr surnames be putto lest any man

D iiij. hereafter shuld vsurpe any cause of thayr prayse. Thay be payntyd byfore mennes eyes, bycause that no cowrtyer after thys shuld laye violêt handes other apõ Byshopes, or the churche goodes. For thes thre of this garde strayght apon that wykyd acte, wente starke madde, nor thay had neuer had thayr mynde ayen, but that thay prayd to blessyd saynt Thomas.

**Me.** O blessyd pacyence of suche martyres.

**Ogy.** At our entre in, lord what a pryncely place dyd apere vnto vs, where as euery mã that wyll may goo in.

 ${\bf Me.}$  Is there no maruayle to be sene.

**Ogy.** Nothynge but the greate wydnes of the place, and a sorte of bokes,  $y^t$  be bownde to pyleres wherein is the

C Elleborum wyll restore a man to hys senses that hathe lost thê. gospell of Nicodemus, and I cannat tell whos sepulkre. Me. What than?

**Ogy.** Thay do so dylygêtle watche lest any mã shulde entre in to the quere of yron, that thay wyll skarsly suffre a man to loke apon it, whiche is betwyxte the greate churche & the hye quere (as thay calle it) a man that wyll go thyther must clyme vp many stayres byfore, vndre the whiche there is a certayne wykyt with a barre y<sup>t</sup> openythe the dore apon the northe syde. There standy the for the a certayne aultre whiche is dedycate to our lady, it is but a lytle one, and I suppose set there for no other purpose, but to be a olde monumêt or sygne, that in thos dayes there was no greate superfluyte. There thay saye that thys blessyd martyr sayd his last good nyght to our lady, whã he shuld departe hensse. In y<sup>e</sup> aultre is the poynte of the sword that styryd abowt the braynes of thys blessyd martyr. And there lye his braynes shed apon the yerthe, whereby you may well knowe yt he was nere deade. But the holly ruste of thys grat I

Dv. deuoutly kyssed for loue of y<sup>e</sup> blessyd martyr. From thens we wêt vndre the crowdes, whiche is nat withowt hys chaplaynes, & there we sawe the brayne panne of that holy martyr whiche was thraste quyte thorow, all the other was coueryd with syluer, the ouerparte of the brayne panne was bare to be kyssyd, and there with all is seth forthe a certayn leden table hauynge grauyd in hym a tytle of saynte Thomas of Acrese. There hange also the sherte of heyre, & hys gyrdle with hys heren breches where with that noble champyõ chastnyd hys body, thay be horryble to loke apon, and greatly reproue oure delycate gorgeousnes.

**Me.** Ye perauêture so thay do the mõkes slotefulnes.

Ogy. As for that mater I canat affyrme nor yet denye, nor yet it is no poynte of my charge.

Me. Ye saye truthe.

**Ogy.** Thã was there broght for he an arme whiche had yet the redde fleshe apon it, he abhorryd to kysse it, a man myght se by hys countenance that he was nothynge well pleasyd, & than by and by mayster Sexten put vp hys relyques. But than we lokyd apõ the table whiche was apõ the aultre, and all hys gorgeousnes, aftrewarde thos thyngs that were hydde vnder the aultre. ther was nothynge but riches excedynge, a man wold accompte both Midas and Cresus beggers in respecte of thos riches that ther was sett abrode.

Me. What felowe was that?

**Ogy.** He was an Englyshma callyd Gratiane colte a man bothe vertuouse and well learnyd, but he had lesse affectyon toward pylgremages than I wold that he shuld haue.

Me. One of Wyclyffes scoleres I warrante you? **Ogy.** I thynke nat, although he had redde hys bokes, how he came by thaym I cannat tell.

Me. He dysplesyd mayster Sextê greuosly.

**Ogy.** Thã was there broght for the an arme whiche had yet the redde fleshe apon it, he abhorryd to kysse it, a man myght se by hys countenance that he was nothynge well pleasyd, & than by and by mayster Sexten put vp hys relyques. But than we lokyd apõ the table whiche was apõ the aultre, and all hys gorgeousnes, aftrewarde thos thyngs that were hydde vnder the aultre. ther was nothynge but riches excedynge, a man wold accompte both Midas and Cresus beggers in respecte of thos riches that ther was sett abrode.

**Me.** Was ther no more kyssynge thê?

**Ogy.** No, but an other affection and desyre came apõ me. Me. What was that?

**Ogy.** I syghed y<sup>t</sup> I had no suche relyques at home.

Me. Oh a wycked desyre & an euyl thought

**Ogy.** I graunt, and therefore I axyd, forgyfnes of saynt Thomas before I remouyd one fote, to departe out of the

church. After thes thus we were brought in to y<sup>e</sup> reuestry, o

good lorde what a goodly syght was ther of vestmêtes of veluet & clothe of golde, what a some of candlestykes of gold? We sawe ther saynt Thomas crosse staffe, ther was seê also a rede ouerlayed with syluer, it was but of a smalle wyght, vnwrought, nor no longer then wold retch vnto a mans mydgle.

**Me.** Was ther no crosse?

**Ogy.** I sawe none at all, ther was shewed vs a robe of sylke treuly, but sowed with cowrse threde, garnysshyd w<sup>t</sup> nother gold nor stone. Ther was also a napkyn full of swette blody, wher with saynt Thomas wypyd bothe hys nose and hys face, these thynges as monumêtes of auncyent sobernes we kyssed gladely.

Me. Be not these thynges showed to euery body?

**Ogy.** No for sothe good syr.

**Me.** How happened it that you were in so good credens, that no secret thynges were hyd frome you?

**Ogy.** I was well acquyntede with the reuerende father Gwylyame warham the archbyshope. He wrote .ii. or .iii. wordes in my fauour.

**Me.** I here of many that he is a mã of syngler humanite.

**Ogy.** But rather thou woldest call hym humanite it selfe if thou dydest well know hym. For ther is in hym soche lernynge, so vertuouse lyffe, soche purenes of maneres, that a mã cowld wyshe no gyfte of a pfayte Byshope in him, that he hathe nat. Frome thens afterward we were ladde to greater thynges. For behynde the hyghe aultre, we ascêdyd as it were in to a nother new churche, ther was shewed vs in a chapell the face of the blessed man ouergylted and with many precyous stones goodly garnysshed. A soden chaunse here had almost marred the matter and put vs out of conceyte.

**Me.** I tary to knowe what eugl chaunse yow wyll speke of. Ogy. Here my companyõ Gratiã gote hym lytle fauoure, for he, after we had mad an ende of praynge, inquyred of hym that sate by the hede, herke, he seyd, good father, is it true that I here, y<sup>t</sup> saynt Thomas whyl he it lyued was mercyfull toward y<sup>e</sup> poer people? That is very true saythe he, and he begã to tell greatly of his liberalyte and compassyon that he shewede to the poer and nedy. Then sayd Gratiã: I thynke that affection and good mynd in him not to be chaungyde, but y<sup>t</sup> it is now moche better. Unto this graunted y<sup>e</sup> keper of the hede, agayn sayd he, then in as moche as thys holy man was so gratyouse vnto y<sup>e</sup> poer, whan he was yet poer, & he hym selfe had nede of monay for y<sup>e</sup> necessarys of hys body, thynke ye nat that he wold be contêt, now that he is so ryche, and also nedethe nothynge, that if a poer womã hauynge at home chylderne lakynge mete and drynke, or els doughters beynge in danger to lose ther virginite, for defaute of ther substaunce to mary them with, or hauynge her husbande sore syke, and destitute of all helpe, in case she askyd lycens, & pryuyly stole away a small porcyon of so greate riches, to sukkre her howshold, as and if the shold haue it of one that wold other leane, or gyue it to herre? And whan he wold nat answere that kepyd the golden hedde, Gracyane, as he is som what hasty, I, saythe he, doo suppose playnly, that this holy man wold be gladde, yf y<sup>t</sup> she, now beynge deade, myght sustayne the necestiye of pore people. But there mayster parson begone to frowne, & byte hys lyppe, with hys holowe eyes lyke to 🗱 Gorgone y<sup>e</sup> monstre to luke apõ vs. I doo not dowbte he wold haue cast vs out of the temple, and spytte apõ vs, but that he dyd knowe that we were comendyd of the archebsyhope. But I dyd somwhat myttygate the manes ire, with my fayre wordes, saynge that Gratiane dyd nat speake as he thoghte, but that he gestyd as he was wontyd to doo, and stoppyd hys mouthe with a fewe pens.

**Mene.** Treuly I do greatly alow your goodly fashion, but oftentymes ernestly I cõsyder, by what meaynes they may be acõpted without faute & blame, that bestow so moche

A mõster y<sup>t</sup> hathe snakes for heares apon her hedde.

substance in buyldyng churchys, in garnysshynge, and enrychynge them without all mesure. I thynke as touchyng the holy vestmentes, & the syluer plate of the temple ther ought to be gyuyn, to the solempne seruys, hys dygnyte and comlynes, I wyll also that the buyldyng of the churche shall

E. haue hys maiesty decent and conuenyent. But to what purpose seruyth so many holy water pottes, so many cãdlestyckes, so many ymages of gold. What nede there so many payre of organes (as thay call them) so costely & chargeable? For one payre can not serue vs: what profyteth y<sup>e</sup> musicall criynge out in the temples y<sup>t</sup> is so derely bought and payed for, whan in the meaneseson our brothers and systers the lyuely temples of Christe liynge by the walles/dye for hungre & colde.

**Ogy.** Ther is no vertuouse or wyse man, that wold nat desyre a meane to be hadde in thes thynges. But in as moche as thys euyl is growen and spronge vp of superstityon beyond mesure, yet may it better be sufferde, specially when we consyder on the other syde the euyll conscience and behauyor of them that robb the churches of

what so euer iuellys ther may be so founde, thes ryches
were gyuen in a maner great men, & of pryncys, the whiche
they wold haue bestowede vpon a worse vse, that is to say
other at the dyce or in the warres. And if a man take any
thynge from thense. Fyrst of all it is taken sacrylege, then
they hold ther handes that were accustomed to gyfe, besyde
that morouer they be allured & mouyde to robbynge &
vaynynge. Therfore thes mene be rather the kepers of thys
treasures thê lordes. And to speake a worde for all, me
thynket it is a better syght to beholde a temple rychely
adourned, as ther be some with bare wolles, fylthy and euyl
fauorde, more mete for stables to put horses then churches
for Chrysten people.

**Me.** Yet we rede that Byshopes in tymes paste were praysede and comended bycause they solde the holy upgeales of them churches, and  $u^{\frac{1}{4}}$  that manage helped

**Ogy.** Thay be praysede also now in our tyme, but thay be praysed onely, to folow ther doynge (I suppose) thay may not, nor be any thynge dysposede.

 ${\bf Me.}$  I interrupte and lett yowr cõmunycatyon. I loke now for the cõclusyon of  $y^e$  tale.

**Ogy.** Gyffe audyence, I wyll make an ende shortly. In the meane seson comyth forthe he that is the cheffe of them all. **Me.** Who is he? the abbot of the place?

**Ogy.** He werythe a mytre, he may spend so moche as an abbot, he wâted nothynge but  $y^e$  name, and he is called prior for this cause tharchebyshope is takê in the abbotes sted. For in old tyme who so euer was archbyshope of  $y^e$  dyocese, the same was also a monke.

**Me.** In good faythe I wold be content to be namyde a Camelle, if I myght spende yerely the rentes and reuennes of an abbot.

**Ogy.** Me semede he was <u>a man</u> bothe vertuous and wyse, and not vnlearnede Duns diuinite. He opened the shryne to vs in whiche y<sup>e</sup> holle body of the holy mã, thay say, dothe rest and remayne.

Me. Dydste thou see hys bones.

**Ogy.** That is not conuenient, nor we cowld not come to it, except we sett vp laders, but a shryne of wod couerede a shryne of gold, when that is drawne vp with cordes, thã apperith treasure and riches inestimable.

**Me.** What do I here? <u>the vilest part</u> and worst was golde, all thynges dyd shyne, florishe, and as it were with lyghtnynge appered with precyouse stones and those many and of great multitude: some were greater than a gowse egge. Dyuerse of y<sup>e</sup> monks stode ther aboute with greate reuerence, the couer takyn a way, all we kneled downe and worshyped. The pryor w<sup>t</sup> a whyte rodde showed vs euery

E iij. stone, addynge therto the frenche name, the value, & the

autor of the gyfte, for the cheffe stonys were sent thyther by great prynces.

**Me.** He ought to be a man of an excedyng witt & memory. **Ogy.** You gesse well, how beit exercyse & vse helpeth moche, for euyn the same he dothe oftentymes. He brought vs agayne in to the crowdes. Our lady hathe ther an habitacyon, but somwhat darke, closed rownde aboute with double yren grats.

**Me.** What feared she?

**Ogy.** Nothinge I trow, except theues. For I saw neuer any thing more laden with riches synse I was borne of my mother.

Me. You show vnto me blinde ryches.

 ${\bf Ogy.}$  Whê they brought vs candells we saw a sight

passynge y<sup>e</sup> ryches of any kynge.

Me. Dothe it excede our lady of walsyngã?

**Ogy.** To loke vpõ this, is richer, the secret tresure she knoweth her selfe, but this is not shewede, but to great men, or to specyall frendes. At the last we were brought agayne in to the reuettry, there was taken out a cofer couered with blacke lether, it was sett downe apon the table, it was sett open, by and by euery body kneled downe and worshipyd.

Me. What was in it?

1

**Ogy.** Certayne torne ragges of lynnen clothe, many hauynge yet remaynynge in them the token of the fylthe of the holy mannes nose. With these (as they say) saynt Thomas dyd wype a way the swett of hys face or hys neke,

y<sup>e</sup> fylthe of hys nose, or other lyke fylthynes with whiche mannes body dothe abownde. Then my companyon Gratian, yet ones agayn, got hym but smalle fauour. Unto hym an Englyshe man and of famylyare acquayntenance and besyde that, a man of no smalle authorite, the Prior gaff gentylly

E iiij. one of the lynnê ragges, thynkynge to haue gyuen a gyfte very acceptable & pleasaunt, But Gratian there with lyttle plea sede and content, not with out an euydent synge of dyspleasure, toke one of them betwene hys fyngers, and dysdaynyngly layd it down agayne, made a mocke and a mow at it, after the maner of puppettes, for thys was hys maner, if any thing lykede hym not,  $y^t$  he thought worthy to be despysede. Wher at I was bothe ashamed and wonderously afrayed. Not withstondynge the Prior as he is a man not at all dull wytted, dyd dyssemble the matter, & after he had caused vs drinke a cuppe of wyne, gentylly he let vs departe. When we came agayne to London.

**Me.** What shuld  $y^e$  do at Londo: seynge  $y^e$  were not farre from the see cost, to seale in to yowr cuntre?

**Ogy.** It is true. But that see cost I refused and gladely dyd fle from it, as from a place that is noted and more euvl spoken of it, for robbyng, stelynge, and vntrue dealynge, then is of dangerouse ioperdy in the see, be that hyll Malea wher many shyppes be drowned & vtterly destroyed for euer. I wyll tell the what I dyd se the last passage, at my commynge ouer. We were many caryed in a bote frome Calys shore to go to the shyppe. Amongest vs all was a pour yõge mã of Fraûce, and barely appayrelled. Of hym he demauuded halfe a grote. For so moche thay dow take and exacte of euery one for so smalle a way rowynge. He allegede pouerty, then for ther pastyme thay searched hym, plucked of his shoes, and betwene the shoo and the soule, thay fownde .x. or .xii. grotes, thay toke thê from hym laughyng at the mater: mockinge and scornyng the poer & myserable Frenchman.

**Me.** What dyd  $y^e$  fellow than?

E v. Ogy.What thyng dyd he? He wept.
Me. Whether dyd they thys by any authoryte?
Ogy. Suerly by the same authoryte that thay steyle and pycke straungers males and bowgettes, by the whiche they take a way mennes pursys, if they se tyme and place conuenyent.

**Me.** I meruayll that they dare be so bold to doo soch a dede, so many lokynge vpon them.

**Ogy.** They be so accustomed, that they thynk it well done. Many that were in the shyp lokede owt and sawe it also, in the bote were dyuerse Englyshe marchauntes, whiche grudged agaynst it, but all in vayne. The botemê as it had ben a tryflyng mater reiosed and were glade that they had so taken and handelyd the myserable Frenchman.

 ${\bf Me.}$  I wold play and sporte with these see the ues, & hange them vpon the gallowes.

**Ogy.** Yet of such both the shores swarme full. Here tell me, I pray the. What wyll great mê do, whê theues take vpõ them to enterpryse soch masterys. Therfore, herafter I had leuer go fourty myllys aboute, thê to go y<sup>t</sup> way, thoffe it be moche shorter. Morouer euyn as y<sup>e</sup> goynge downe to hell, is easy and leyght, but y<sup>e</sup> cõmynge frome thens of greate dyffyculty, so to take shyppynge of this syde the see, is not very easy, and the landynge very hard & dangeroufe. Ther was at London dyuerse maryners of Antwerpe, with them I purposed to take the see.

Me. Hathe that cûtre so holy maryners?

E vi.

**Ogy.** As an ape is euer an ape, I graûte, so is a maryner euer a maryner: yet if thou compare them vnto these,  $y^e$  lyfe by robbynge, and pyllynge and pollynge, they be angelles.

**Me.** I will remembre thy saynge, if at any tyme I be dysposed to go and se Englåde. But come agayne in to y<sup>e</sup> waye, frome whens I broght the owt.

**Ogy.** Then as we whent toward London not farre from Canterbury, we came in to a great hollow and strayt way, morouer bowyng so downe, with hyllys of eyther syde, that a man can not escape, nor it cannot be auoyed, but he must nedes ryde that way. Upõ the lefte hand of the way, ther is an almes howse for olde people, frome them runnyth on owt, as sone as they here a horseman commynge, he casteth holy water vpon hym, and anone he offereth hym the ouerlether of a shoo bownde abowte with an yerne whope, wherin is a glasse lyke a precyouse stone, they  $y^t$  kysse it gyf a pece of monay.

**Me.** In soche a way I had leuer haue an almes howse of olde folkes, then a company of stronge theues.

**Ogy.** Gratian rode vpon my lefte hande nerer the almes howse, he caste holy water vpon hym, he toke it in worthe so so, when the shoo was proferred hym, he asked what he ment by it, saythe he, it is saynt Thomas shoo. There at he turned and was very angry, & turned toward me: what (saythe he) meane these bestes, that wold haue vs kysse  $y^e$ shoes of euery good man? Why doo they not lyke wyse gyue vs to kysse the spottel, & other fylthe & dyrt of the body? I was sory for the old mã, & gaue hym a pece of money to cõforthe hym with all.

**Me.** In myn opynyõ Gratian was not all together angry with owt a good cause. If shoes and slyppers were kept for a tokê of sobre lyuynge, I wold not be moch dyscontent ther w<sup>t</sup>, but me thynks it is a shame full fashyon for shoes, slyppers, and breches to be offered to kysse to any man. If some wold do it by there owne fre wyll, of a certene affectyõ of holynes, I thynke they were whorthy of pardon.

**Ogy.** It were better not to thes thynges, if I may say as I thynke, yet owt of thes thynges that cannat forthwith be amended, it is my maner if ther be any goodnes thereyn, to take it out, and apply it to the best. In y<sup>e</sup> meanseson that contemplacyõ and light delited my mynde, that a good mã is lykened to a shepe, an euyll man to a benemouse best. The serpent after she is dede, cã stynge no more, not withstondyng with her euyll sauour and poyson she infecteth and corruptyth other. The shepe as lõge as she is a lyue norryseth with her mylke, clothet with her wolle, makyth riche with her lambes, when she is deade she gyueth vs good and profytable lether, and all her body is

good meat. Euen so, cruell men, gyuen all to the world, so longe as they lyue be vnprofitable to all mê, when they be deade, what with ryngyng of bellys, and pompyouse funeralles they greue them that be on lyue, and often tymes vexe ther successours with new exactyones. Good men of the other syde at all assais be profytable to all men, and hurtfull to noo man. As thys holy man, whyle he was yet alyue, by hys good example, hys doctryne, his goodly exhortatyons prouokyd vs to vertuouse lyuynge, he dyd cõfort the cõforthlesse, he helped y<sup>e</sup> poure, ye and now that he is deade, he is in a maner more profytable. He hathe buylded thys costly & gorgeouse churche, he hath caused greate authoryte thorough out all Englande vnto the ordre and presthode. At y<sup>e</sup> last, thys pece of the show dothe susteyne a company of poure people.

I

**Me.** Thys is of my faythe a godely cõtemplacyõ, but I maruayll greatly, seyng you ar thus mynded, that ye neuer dyd vysyte saynt Patryckes purgatory in Yerlande, of the whiche the comyn people boost many wonderouse thynges, whiche seme to me not lyke to be true.

**Ogy.** Of a suerty ther is not so meruelouse talkynge of it here, but the thynge it selffe doth fare excede.

**Me.** Hast thou bene ther than, & gonne thorow saynt Patryckes purgatory?

**Ogy.** I have saylede ouer a ryuer  $\underline{to}$  hell, I went downe vnto the gates of hell, I saw what was doe ther.

 ${\bf Me.}$  Thou dost me a greate pleasure, if thou wyll wotsaue to tell me.

**Ogy.** Lett this be the prohemy or begynnynge of owr communycatyon, longe enough as I suppose. I wyll gett me home, & cause my souper to be made redy, for I am yet vndynede.

**Me.** Why haue you not yet dyned? is it bycause of holynes? **Ogy.** Noo of a truthe, but it is bycause of enuy and euyll will.

**Me.** Owe y<sup>e</sup> euyll wyll to yowr bely?

**Ogy.** No, but to the couetyse tauerners euer catchynge and snatchynge the whiche when they wyll not sett afore a man that is mete & conuenyent, yet they are not afearde to take of straûgers that, whiche is bothe vnright and agaynst good consciens. Of thys fashyõ I am acustomed to be auengede vpon thê. If I thynke to fare well at souper other with myne acquayntauns, or with some host som what an honest man, at dyner tyme I am sycke in my stomacke, but if I chaunce to fare after myne appetyte at dyner, before souper also I begynne to be well at ease in my stomacke.

 ${\bf Me.}$  Wre  $y^e$  not ashamede to be taken for a couetouse fellow & a nygerde?

**Ogy.** Menedeme they that make cost of shame in soche thynges, beleue me, bestow theyr money euyll. I haue lerned to kepe my shame for other purposys.

**Me.** Now I longe for the rest of yowr comunycacyon, wherfore loke to haue me yowr geste at souper, where y<sup>e</sup> shall tell it more conuenyently.

**Ogy.** For sothe I thanke you, that  $y^e$  offere yowr selfe to be my gest vndesyred, when many hertely prayed refuse it, but I wyll gyue yow double thankes, if  $y^e$  wyll soupe to day at home. For I must passe that tyme in doynge my dewty to my howsehold. But I haue counsell to eyther of vs moche more profytable. To morrow vnto me and my wyfe, prepare our dyner at yowr howse, then and if it be to souper tyme, we will not leyue of talkynge, vntyll you say that ye are wery, and if  $y^e$  wyll at souper also we wyll not forsake you. Why, claw you your hede? prepare for vs in good fayth we wyll come.

**Me.** I had leuer haue no tales at all. Well go to, you shall haue a dyner, but vnsauery, except you spyce it with good & mery tales.

**Ogy.** But here you, are y<sup>e</sup> not mouyd and styrrede in your

mynde, to take vpon yow these pylgremages?

 ${\bf Me.}$  Perauenture it wyll sett me a fyre, after ye haue told me the resydew, as I am now mynded, I haue enough to do with my statyons of Rome.

**Ogy.** Of Rome, that dyd neuer see Rome?.

**Me.** I wyll tell you, thus I go my statyons at home, I go in to the parler, and I se vnto the chast lyuynge of my doughters, agayne frome thense I go in to my shope, I beholde what my seruauntes, bothe men and women be doynge. Frome thense into the kytchyn, lokynge abowt, if ther nede any of my cownsell, frome thense hyther and thyther obseruynge howe my chylderne be occupyed, what my wyffe dothe, beynge carefull that euery thynge be in ordre, these be statyons of Rome.

> Ogy. But these thynges saynt Iames wold dow for yow. Mene. That I shuld se vnto these thynges holy scripture commaundethe, that I shuld commyt the charge to sayntes I dyd rede yt neuer commaunded.

> > $\Psi$  God saue the kynge  $\Psi$

FINIS.

X> + + + + + - 15

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