



Tales and quicke
answers, very mery,
and pleasant to
rede.



Table.



S hym that rode out of London, and
had his seruante folowynge hym on
foote. i.

Of hym that preached on saynte
Cristofers day. ij.

Of the frenche man that strove with the Jan-
waye for his armes. iij.

Of the curate that sayde our lorde fedde fyue
hundred perones. iiij.

Of hym that profered his doughter to one in
maryage. v.

Of the men of the countrey, that came to Lon-
don to bye a crucifixe of wodde. vi.

Of hym that folowed his wyse to buryeng. viij.

Of hym that selle in to the fyre. viij.

Of hym that vsed to calle his seruante the
kynge of sooles. ix.

Of the yonge woman, that sorowed so greatly
the deatbe of her husbnde. x.

Of hym that kyssed the sayre mayde with the
longe nose. xi.

Of the vplandysshe mans answer concerning
the steple and pulpytte. xij.

Of the beggers aunswere to mayster Skelton
the poete. xij.

Of the chaplen that sayde our ladye mattens
lyenge in his bedde. xiiij.

Of hym that loste his purse in London. xv.

Of the marchant that loste his boudget be-
twene ware and London. xvi.

- C** Of him that was called kockold .xvii.
C Of the iolous man .xviii.
C Of the fat woman that sat & solde frute .xix.
C Of a poller that begyled a preste .xx.
C Of Papius pretextatus .xxi.
C Of the corrupte man of lawe .xxii.
C Of kynge Lowes of Fraunce and the busband
 man Lonon .xxiii.
C Of a picke thanke / that thought to begyle the
 same moite prudent kynge .xxiiii.
C Of Thales the great astronomer, the whiche
 felle in to a ditch .xxv.
C Of the astronomer that theues robbed .xxvi.
C Of the plough man that wolde saye his pater
 noster with a stedfast mynde .xxvii.
C Of him that dreamed he founde golde .xxviii
C Of the crakynge yonge gentyll man that wold
 purchouse his enemys a myle of .xxix.
C Of him that sell of a tre and brake a rybbe in
 his syde .xxx.
C Of the fryer that brayed in his sermon .xxxi.
C The oration of thambassadour that was sent to
 Pope Urban. .xxxii.
C Of thambassadour that was sent to the prince
 Agis .xxxiii.
C The answer of Cleomenes to the Samiens
 ambassadour .xxxiiii.
C Of the wyse man Piso, and his seruant .xxv.
C Of the marchant that made a wager with his
 lorde .xxvi.
C Of the scrowes that the frier gaue out against
 the pestilence .xxvii.

- T**Of the phyfition that vfed to wryte bylles ouer
 nyght called refceytes .xxxviii.
TOf him that wolde comfesse him by a lybell in
 wrytynge .xxxix.
TOf the berrite of Padowe .xl.
TOf the vplandiff man that faw the kyng .xli.
TOf the courtier that bade the boye to holde
 his horfe .xlii.
TOf the deceytfull fcriuener .xliii.
TOf him that fayde he beleued his wyfe better
 than other, that he was chaffe .xliiii.
TOf him that paid his det with cryng bea .xlv.
TOf the woman that appeled from kyng. Phi-
 lip to kyng Philip .xlvi.
TOf the olde woman that prayd for the welfare
 of the tyran Denyse .xlvii.
TOf the pbifitian Eumonus. .xlviii.
TOf Soerates and his fcoldyng wyfe .xlix.
TOf the pbifitian that bare his pacient on hand
 he had eaten an affe. l.
TOf the inbolders wyfe, and her .ij. louers. li.
TOf hym that healed franticke men. lii.
TOf hym that fayd he was nat worthy to open
 the gate to the kyng. liii.
TOf Mayfter Dauafour and Turpyn his
 manne. liiii.
TOf him that fought his wyfe, that was drow-
 ned, agaynst the ftremc. liy.
TOf hym that at a fky:myff defended hym va-
 liauntly with his fecte. lvi.
TOf hym that wolde gyue a fonge to the tauer-
 ner for his dyncr. lvii.

- C** Of the foole that thought him selfe deed, whā
 he was a lyue. .lxviii.
- C** Of the olde man and his sonne that brought
 his asse to the towne to sylle .lix.
- C** Of him that sought his asse, and rode vpon his
 backe. .lx.
- C** The answer of Fabius to Liuius. .lxi.
- C** The answer of Poltis the kynge of Trace to
 the Troyan ambassadours. .lxii.
- C** The wyse answer of Hamball to kynge Antio-
 chus concerninge his ryche army. .lxiii.
- C** The wordes of Popilius the Romaine ambassa-
 dour to Antiochus the kynge .lxiiii.
- C** Of him that loued the marchantes wyfe .lxv.
- C** Of the woman that couered her beed, and she
 wed vp her tayle .lxvi.
- C** How Alexander was monished to see the firste
 that he mette. .lxvii.
- C** Howe the aunciente cyte of Lamsac was saued
 from destruction .lxviii.
- C** Howe Demosthenes defended a mayde .lxix.
- C** Of him that desyred to be a gentylman .lxx.
- C** Of the gentyllman and his sbrewd wife .lxxi.
- C** Of the two yonge men that rode to walsyn-
 gham to gether .lxxii.
- C** Of the yong man of Bugis & his spouse. lxxiii.
- C** Of him that made as he hadde ben a chaste ly-
 uer. .lxxiiii.
- C** Of him that the olde roode fell on. .lxxv.
- C** Of the wydowe that wolde not wedde for bo-
 dely pleasure .lxxvi.
- C** Of the couetous ambassadour, that wold bere

- no musike for sparinge of his purse .lxxvii.
- C**Howe Denyse the tyran of Syracuse serued a
couetouse man .lxxix.
- C**Of the olde man that quyngered the boy oute
of the aple tre with stones .lxxx.
- C**Of the ryche man that was sycke and wolde
nat receyue a glyster lxxxi.
- C**Of him that feyned him selfe deed, to proue
what his wyfe wolde do .lxxxii.
- C**Of the poure man in to the whose house the
ues brake by nyght .lxxxiii.
- C**Of him that shulde haue ben hanged for his
scoffinge and iestyngge .lxxxiiii.
- C**Of him that had his goose stole .lxxxv.
- C**Of the begger that sayde he was of kynne to
kyngge Phylip of Macedone .lxxxvi.
- C**Of Dantes answer to the icster . lxxxvii.
- C**Of hym that had sore eyes. lxxxviii.
- C**Of the olde woman that had sore eyes. lxxxix.
- C**Of hym that had the custody of a warde. xL.
- C**Of the excellent peynter, that hadde foule
chylde. xLi.
- C**Of the scoffer that made one a southsayer xLij.
- C**Of the marchant of Florençe, Charles. xLij.
- C**Of the chessebire man called Eulyn. xLij.
- C**Of hym that desyred to be sette vpon the pyl-
lorie. xLv.
- C**Of the wydowes daughter, that was sente to
the abbot with a couple of capons. xLvi.
- C**Of the two men that dranke a pynte of whyte
wynne to gether. xLvij.
- C**Of the doctour that desyred to go with a fou-
ler

- ler to cateche byrdes. **Lxviij.**
- C**Of hym that yndertoke to teache an asse to
spelle and rede. **Lxix.**
- C**Of the fryer that confessed the sayre womā. **L.**
- C**Of the chapplen of Louen called syr Antonye
that deceyuēd an yserr. **Li.**
- C**Of the same chaplen and his spiter. **Lij.**
- C**Of the olde maune that putte hym selfe in his
sonnes bandes. **Lij.**
- C**Of hym that hadde a flye peynted in his
shilde. **L. iij.**
- C**Of themperour Augustus & the olde men. **Lx.**
- C**Of Pbociens oration to the Athemiens. **Lvi.**
- C**Of Demosthenes and Pbocion. **Lvii.**
- C**Of the aunswere of Pbocion to them that
brought hym a great gyfte from Alexander. **Lviij.**
- C**Of Denyse the tyran and his sonne. **Lix.**
- C**Of Pomponius the Romayne that was take
and brought before Mitbridates. **Lx.**
- C**Of Titus and the scoffer. **Lxi.**
- C**Of Scipio Nasica, and Ennius the poete. **Lxij.**
- C**Of Fabius Minutius and his sonne. **Lxij.**
- C**Of Aurelian the emperour, that was displeas-
ed, by cause the citie Lyons was closed agaynste
hym. **Lxiiij.**

CThus endeth the
Table.



Of hym that rode out of London and had
his seruaunt folowyng on foote. i.



There was a manne on a tyme
that rode. v. myle out of Lon-
don, and had his seruaunt folo-
wyng after him on foote, the whi-
che came so nere, that the horse
strake hym a great stroke vpon
the thye: The seruaunte thyn-
kyng to be reuenged, toke and
threwe a great stone at the horse, and bytte his may-
ster on the raynes of the backe, who thought it had
bene his horse. He within a while loked backe and
chydde his seruaunte bycause he came baltynge so
farre bebynde: the seruaunt answered: Sir your
horse hath gyuen me suche a stroke vpon my thye,
that I can go no faster. Trewey sayde his mayster,
the horse is a great kyckar, for lyke wyse with his
bele right nowe he gaue me a great stroke vpon the
raynes of my backe.

Of hym that preached on saynt Christopher a day. ii.

A fryere that preached vpon a saynt Christopher
daye, greatly laudyng saynt Christopher, sayde:
what a prerogatyue hadde he here in ertbe, in his
armes to beare our sauoure: was there euer any
lyke hym in grace: A homely blount felowe beryng
hym aske twyse or thryse that question so earnestly,
answered: yes mary, The asse that bare both hym
and his mother.

**Of the frenche man, that strove with the
Janway for his armes. iiii.**

There was one amonge the Janwayes, that the
Frenche kyng had byzed to make warre agaynst the
Englyssh men, whiche bare an oxe beed peynted in
his shelde: the whiche shelde a noble mā of France
challenged: and so longe they stroue, that they must
nedes fyght for it. So at a day and place appoynted
the frenche gallaunt came into the selde rybely ar-
med at all peces. The Janway all vnarmed came al-
so in to the selde, and said to the frenche man, wber-
fore shall we this day fyght? Wary sayd the frenche
man, I wyll make good with my body, that these
armes were myne auncetours before thyne. what
were your auncetours armes, quod the Janwaye?
An oxe beed, sayd the frenche man. Than sayde the
Janwaye, bere nedeth no batayle: For this that I
beare is a cowes beed.

By this tale ye perceyue howe nycely the vayne-
braggyng of the frenche man was deryded.

**Of the curate that sayde our lordes
sedde. v. l. persons. iiii.**

A certayne curate preachinge on a tyme to his
parysshens sayde, that our lordes with fyue louces
sedde .v. hundred persones. The clerke beryng
bym sayle, sayde softely in his eare: Sir ye erre, the
gospell is .v. thousande. Holde thy peace foole said
the curate, they wyll scantly beleue, that they were
fyue hundred.

Of hym that profered his daughter in marriage. v.

There

There was a man vpon a tyme, whiche profered his doughter to a yonge man in marriage, the which yonge manne refused her, sayenge, that i he was to yonge to be maryed. Jwys, quod her foolysse father she is more able than ye wene. For she hath borne. iiii. children by our parysshe clerke.

Lo by this tale ye se, that soles can nat telle what and whan to speake, therfore it were best for them to kepe alway silence.

Of them that came to London to bye a Crucifixe. vi.

There were certayne men vpon a tyme sent out of a village to London to bye a Crucifixe of wodde. The Caruer that they came to, seyng and beryng by the wordes, that they were but folysshe blount felowes, asked them, whether they wolde haue the ymage a lyue or elles deade. whiche question so assailed them, that they went a syde to deuysse whether was beste. So whan they had spoken priuely to gether, they came to the caruer agayne and said, they wold haue the image a lyue: for if theyr neighbours at home were nat so contente, they myghte lyghtly kille hym.

Of hym that folowed his wyfe to buryenge. vii.

A man that wepyng folowed his wyfe to buryenge, rebuked his lyttel sonne, that wente with hym, bycause he sange, sayenge, that he was peuysshe and madde to syng at his mothers buryenge, but he shulde rather be sory and wepe. The chyld answered: Father, seyng ye gyue to these prestes money to syng at my mothers buryenge, why be ye angry

A.ij. with

with me, that aske you not bynge for my syngynge?
His father answered: the p̄cestes offyce and thynge
is nat all one.

By this tale ye may perceyue that all thynges be
seme nat euery body.

Of hym that felle into the fyre. viii.

TA felowe that was frowarde to his wyfe, vsed
to be oute d̄ynkyng many tymes v̄erye late. So
on a nyghte he taryed so longe oute, that his wyfe
wente to bedde, and badde her mayde make a good
fyre, and tarye vp for hym. About. xij. of the clocke
horne he came, and as he stode warmynge him by
the fyre his bedde was so tottye, that he felle in to
the fyre. The mayde scing him fall ranne to the wyfe
to her maistres, and sayd: Alas my maister is fallen
and lyetb longe straughte in the fyre. No force
mayde said her maistres, let him lye & take his plea-
sure in his owne house, where so euer him listeth.

Of hym that vsed to cal his seruant
the kinge of foles. ix.

There was a man that had a dulle lumpish fel-
low to his seruant; wherefore he vsed commonly to
calle him the kinge of foles. The felowe at
laste waxed angry in his miide to be alway so called
and sayde to his mayster: I wolde that I were the
kinge of foles for than no man coulde compare with
me in largenes of kingedome, and also you shulde be
my subiect. By this, one may perceiue, that to mock
of one thing is not good: many one calleth an other
fole, and is more fole him selfe.

Of

COf the yonge woman that sorowed so
greatly for her husbondes deeth .p.

There was a yonge woman, the whiche for her
busbande that laye a dyenge, sorowed oute of all
measure, wherfore her father came often to her and
sayde: Daugbter leaue your mourninge, for I haue
prouyded for you a nother busbande, a farre more
goodly man. But she did nat onely continue in her
sorowe, but also was greatly displeased, that her fa-
ther made any motion to her of an other busbande.
Assone as she had buryed her busbande, and the
soule masse was songe, and that they were at dyner,
betwene sobbynge and wepyng she rowned her fa-
ther in the care, and sayde: Father, where is the
same yonge man, that ye said shuld be min busbāde?
Lo thus may ye se, that women sorowe ryght longe
after they: busbondes be departed to god.

COf him that kissed the mayd with the longe nose .xi.

A bablynge gentylman, the whiche on a tyme
wolde haue bassed a fayre mayde, that had nat the
leest nose, sayde: Howe shulde I kysse you: youre
nose wyll not suffre our lippes to mete? The mayde
waxinge shamfast and angrye in her mynde, for with
his scoffe be a lyttell touched her, answered on this
wyse: Syr if ye can not kysse my moub for my nose,
ye may kysse me there as I haue nere a nose.

ye may by this tale lerne, that hit is folye so to
scoffe, that youre selfe therby shulde be laugbed to
scoffe agayne. One that is ouer couetous ought
nat to attrwite an other of prodigalite. Thou arte her
brother (sayd Alkmeon to Adrahus) that slewe her

husbande. But he blamed nat *Alcmeo* for an others faute, but objected against him his owne. Thou hast with thy bande (sayd he) slayne thin owne mother. It is nat ynough to haue rebukes redie, and to speke vyle wordes agaynst other: for he that so shuld do, ought to be without any vyce. For of all men sayth *Plutarchus*, he ought to be innocent and haue the lyfe vnculpable, that wolde reprehende the fautes of other. The lyttell mo:all boke saythe:

It is a soule thynge, worthe rebuke and blame
 A vyce to reprehende and do the same.

CThe Spanyssh mans answer, concerninge the steple and pulpit. vii.

In a certayne place, on a tyme the peryss byns had pulled downe theyr steple, and had buylded it vp newe agayne, and had put out theyr belles to be newe founded: and bycause they range nat at the bysshops entrynge in to the village, as they were wont and acustomed to do, he asked a good homely man, whether they had no belles in theyr steple: he answered, no. Then sayde the bysshop, ye may sylle awaye your steple. why so, and please your lordsbip sayd the man? Bycause hit stondeth vacant, said the bysshop? Then sayde the man, we may well sylle a way an other thynge, that we haue in our churche, what is that, sayd the bysshop, That is a pulpit qd he. for this. vii. yere ther was no sermo made therin.

Of the beggers answer to *A.*
Shelton the poete. viii.

A poure begger, that was soule, blacke, and lothlye to beholde, cam vpon a tyme vnto mayster Shelton
 ton

ton the poete, and asked him his almes. To whom mayster Skelton sayde: I praye the gette the awaye fro me, for thou lokeste, as though thou camest out of belle. The poure man perceyuing he wolde gyue him no thyng, answerd: For soth syz ye say trouth, I came oute of belle. why dyddest thou nat tary styl there, quod mayster Skelton: Wary syz quod the begger, there is no roume, for suche poure beggers as I am, all is kepte for suche gentyl men as ye be.

¶ Of the chaplen, that sayde our lady matens a bed. piii.

CA certayne lordes chaplen boasted on a tyme syttinge at his lordes table, that he sayde our lady matyns eucry morninge besyde all his other seruice and orisons. The lorde to prouè whether his chaplè did as he sayde, arose yerly on a morninge, & went to his chaplens chamber, & called him, saying: where be ye syz wylliam: Here & please your lords dysp (quod he) in my bedde. why sayd the lorde, I thought ye had ben vp and sayenge of our lady matyns. I am nowe sayinge it, quod the chappleyn. what lienge in your bedde, quod the lorde: why syz, sayd the chapplain where schulde women be serued but a bedde?

¶ Of him that lost his purse in London. v.

CA certayn man of the countre, the whiche for business came vp to London, lost his purse as he wente late in the euenyng: And by cause the somme therein was great, he sette vp bylles in dyuers places, that if any man of the cyte had founde the purse, & wolde bringe it agayne to him, he schulde haue welle for
his

husbande. But he blamed nat Alcmeo for an others faute, but objected against him his owne. Thou hast with thy bande (sayd he) slayne thyn owne mother. It is nat ynough to haue rebukes redic, and to speke vyle wordes agaynst other: for he that so shuld do, ought to be without any vyce. For of all men sayth Plutarchus, he ought to be innocent and haue the lyfe vnculpable, that wolde reprehende the fautes of other. The lyttell morall boke saythe:

It is a foule thyng, worst by rebuke and blame
A vyce to reprehende and do the same.

CThe Spelandyshe mans answer, concerninge the steple and pulpit. xii.

In a certayne place, on a tyme the peryss byns had pulled downe theyr steple, and had buylded it vp newe agayne, and had put out theyr belles to be newe founded: and bycause they range nat at the bysshops entrynge in to the village, as they were wont and acustomed to do, he asked a good homely man, whether they had no belles in theyr steple: he answered, no. Then sayde the bysshop, ye may sylle awaye your steple. why so, and please your lordship sayd the man? Bycause hit stondeth vacant, said the bysshop? Then sayde the man, we may well sylle a way an other thyng, that we haue in our churche, what is that, sayd the bysshop, That is a pulpit quod he. for this. vii. yere ther was no sermō made therin.

Of the Beggere answer to .v.
Shelton the poete. xiii.

A poure begger, that was foule, blacke, and lothlye to beholde, cam vpon a tyme ynto mayster Shelton

ton the poete, and asked him his almes. To whom mayster Skelton sayde: I praye the gette the awaye fro me, for thou lokeste, as though thou camest out of belle. The poure man perceyuing he wolde gyue him no tbynge, answerd: For soth syz ye say trouth, I came oute of belle. why dyddest thou nat tary styl there, quod mayster Skelton: Mary syz quod the begger, there is no roume, for suche poure beggers as I am, all is kepte for suche gentyl men as ye be.

¶ Of the chaplen, that sayde our lady matens a Bed. piii.

¶ A certayne lordes chaplen hosted on a tyme syt-tyng at his lordes table, that he sayde our lady matyns euery morninge besyde all his other seruice and orisons. The lord to proue whether his chaplẽ did as he sayde, arose yerly on a morninge, & went to his chaplens chaber, & called him, saying: where be ye syz wylliam: Here & please your lordshyp (quod he) in my bedde. why, sayd the lord, I thought ye had ben vp and sayenge of our lady matyns. I am nowe sayinge it, quod the chappleyn. what lienge in your bedde, quod the lord: why syz, sayd the chaplain where shulde women be serued but a bedde?

¶ Of him that lost his purse in London. xv.

¶ A certayn man of the countre, the whiche for busines came vp to London, lost his purse as he wente late in the euenyng: And by cause the somme therin was great, he sette vp bylles in dyuers places, that if any man of the cyte had founde the purse, & wolde brynge it agayne to him, he shulde haue welle for
his

his labour. A gentyll man of the Temple wrote vnder one of the byls, howe the man shulde come to his chamber, and tolde where. So whan he was come, the gentyll man asked him fyrst what was in the purse, secondli what countrey man he was, and thiridly what was his name. Syr quod he. xx. nobles, was inne the pourse, I am halfe a walfhe man: and my name is Jobn vp Janken. Jobn vp Jankyn (sayde the gentyll man) I am gladde I knowe thy name. For so longe as I lyue, thou nor none of thyn name shal haue my purse to kepe. And nowe fare well gentyll Jobn vp Jankyn. Thus he was mocked to scoorne and went his way.

Dereby ye may perceyue, that a man can not haue a sbrewde tourne, but otherwhyle a mocke withall.

CDf the marchaunt that lost his
Bodgette betwene ware
and Lon. xvi.

A certayne marchant betwene ware and London lost his bodget, and a £. li. therin, wherfore he caused to proclayme in dyuers market townes, who so euer that founde the sayde bodget, and wolde bryng it agayne, shulde haue. xx. li. for his labour. An honeste busbande man, that chaused to fynde the sayde bodget, brought it to the baily of ware, accordyng to the crye, and required his. xx. li. for his labour, as it was proclaymed. The couetous marchant whan he ynderstode this, and that he muste nedes pay. xx. li. for the syndyng, he sayd, that there was an £. and. xx. li. in his bodgette, and so wolde haue hadde his owne money and. xx. li. ouer. So longe they

they stroue, that the matter was brought before mayster Dauasour the good Judge. whan he vnderstode by the bayllie, that the crye was made for a bodget with an .L. li. therein, he demanded where hit was? here quod the bailly, and toke it vnto him. Is it iuste an .L. li. sayde the Judge? ye trulye, quod the baillye. Holde sayde the Judge (to him that founde the bodget) take thou this money vnto thyne owne vse: and if thou hap to synde a bodgette with a .L. 7. xx. li. therein, brynge it to this honest marchante man. It is myn, I lost no more but an .L. li. quod the marchant. ye speke nowe to late, quod the Judge.

By this tale ye may vnderstande, that they that go about to disceyue other, be often tymes disceyued them selfe. And some tyme one falltbe in the dytche, that he him selfe made.

Of him that was called cuckolde. p. vii.

CA certeyne man, whiche vpon a tyme in company betwene earnest and game was called cuckolde wente angerly home to his wyfe and sayde: wyfe, I was this day in company called kockolde, whether am I one or nat? Sy: trulye, sayde she, ye be none. By my sayth (sayde he) thou shalt swere so vpon this boke, and helde to her a boke. She denyed hit longe, but whan she sawe there was no remedy, she sayde: well sythe I must nedes swere, I promyse you by my saythe, I wyll swere trulye. yea do so quod he. So she toke the boke in her bande and sayd: By this boke sy: ye be a cokolde.

B **By**

By the masse hore sayd he , thou lyest , thou sayste
it for none other cause but to anger me.

By this tale ye may perceyue, that it is nat best
at all tymes for a man to belcuc his wyse , though
s he swere ypon a boke.

¶ Of the iofous man .xviii.

¶ A man that was ryght iolous on his wyse, dre
med on a nyght as he laye a bed with ber ⁊ slepte ,
that the dyuell aperd vnto him and sayde: woldest
thou nat be gladd, that I shulde put the in suretie
of thy wyse? yes sayde he. Volde sayde the dyuell,
as long as thou hast this ryng vpon thy synger ,
no man shall make the kockolde . The man was
gladde therof, And whan he awaked, he founde
his synger in his wiues ars.

¶ Of the fatte woman that solde frute .xix.

¶ As a greate fatte woman fate and solde frute in
a lente / there came a yonge man bye , and bebelde
ber frute earnestly, and specially he caste his eyes on
ber sygges , s he asked him, as was ber gyse : Syr
wyll ye haue any figges? they be fayre ⁊ good. And
whan s he sawe he was content : s he sayde howe
manye ? wyll ye haue fyue .li? He was content. So
s he wayed him oute fyue .li. into his lappe: and
whyle s he layde a side ber balauce, he wente his
waye faire and softely . whan s he tourned ber to
haue taken money, and sawe ber chapman go his
waye, s he made alter a pace / but faster with ber
voice, than with hir fote. He dissemblinge the ma
ter wente stylle forth on. She made suche a cryenge
and

and folkes gathered so faste, that he stode still. So in the preace he shewed to the people all the matter, & said: I bought nothing of hir, but that that she vnbyd gaue me, I toke, and if she wyll I am contente to go be fore the Justice.

Of a poller that begged a prest. xx.

C Upon a tyme in Andwarpe a false pollynge fellowe came vnto a certeyne preste, that hadde his purse hangyng at his gyrdell strouttinge oute full of money, that he a lyttell before had resceyued, and gentilly gretynge bym sayde: Good mayster, our paryll be preste bad me bye him a palle (which is the yppermoste vestement, that a preste syngeth masse in) if it wolde please you to go with me, I were moche bounde to you: for our curat and you be of one stature. The preste was contente. whan they came there, where he wolde bye it, the palle was brought forth, and the preste dyd it on: the poller loketh and toteth thereon, & preyseth it, but he layde a wyte, that it was to shorte before. Nay quod the sylle, the saute is nat in the vestement, hit is the strouttinge purse vnderneath that beareth hit vp: Shortely to speake, the prest dyd of his purse, & layde hit by, & than the vestement they be helde agayne. whan the poller sawe the preste was tourned, he snatched vp the purse, & toke his legges & to go. The preste rounne after with the vestement on his backe: & the vestement maker after the prest. The prest bad stop the these, the siller bad stop the prest, the poller bad holde the mad preste, & euery man wende he had ben mad in dede, because he bad

B.ii. the

the vestment on his backe . And so whyle one lectured an other the false poller went his waye.

¶ Of Papyrius p̄ceptatus . cxxi.

CAulus Gellius reberseth, how the Senatours of Rome on a tyme helde a great counsaile. Before which tyme the senatours chyldren, called of their garmentes *Pueri p̄ceptati*, vsed to come in to the parlimente house with theyre fathers . So at this tyme a chyld called Papyrius, cam in with his father and berde the great counsayl the which was straytely commaunded to be kepte secreete tyll hit was decreed. whan this chyld came home, his mother asked him what the counsaile was. The chyld answered, hit oughte nat to be tolde. Now was his mother moze desyrous to knowe hit than she was before: wherfore she enquired moze straitly and moze violentlye. The chyld beinge sore constrained of his mother, shortlye deuysed a propre merye leasyng. It is reasoned in the parlemere (quod he) whether of both shulde be moze profitable for the comon welth, a man to haue .ii. wiues or els a woman .ii. husbundes . whan she harde him say so, her mynde was pacified: & forth with she wente and tolde hit to the other matrones.

On the morowe a great company of the mooste notable wyues of Rome came to the parlimente house weping, and humbly prayen: that rather one woman shuld be maryed vnto .ii. men than .ii. women to one man. The Senatours entringe in to the court, what with the sodayn assembling of the wyues & of their request, were right sore astonied, than
the chyld

the child Papyrius stode forth, & enforced the sentours, how his mother wold haue compelled him to vtter the secreete counsaile: & howe he to content her mynde, feyned that leasyng. For which dede the Senatours right bygbly commended the childes sydelite and wytte. And forth with they made a law, that no child after that (saue only Papyrius) shuld come in to the parlement-house with his father. And for his great prudence in that tender age he hadde gyuen to hym, to his great honour, this surname *Præceptatus*.

wherby ye may se, that the bygh treasure of man, and greatest grace, resteth in well ordrynge of the tonge. The moste prudent poete Hesiodus sayth: The tonge shulde not ronne at large, but be bydde as a precious treasure. For of all the members of man, the tonge yll ordered is the worste. The tonge blasphemeth god: The tonge sklaudereth thy neyghbour. The tonge breaketh peace, and stereth vp cruell warre, of all thynges to mankynde moste mischeful, the tonge is a broker of baudrye: the tonge setteth frendes at debate: The tonge with flatteryng, detraction, and wanton tales enfecteth pure and clene myndes: the tonge without sworde or venome strangletb thy brother and frende: and briefely to speake, the tonge teacheth cursed heresyes, and of good Chrustiens maketh Antichristes.

Of the cozrupte man of lawe. ppis.

There was a man of lawe, whiche on a tyme shulde be iudge betwene a poure man and a ryche: the poure man came, and gaue hym a glasse of oyle

B. iij. whiche

(whiche was as moche as his power wold stretch
 to) and desyred, that he wolde be good in his mat-
 ter: yes quod he, the matter shall passe with the.
 The riche man perceyuyng that, sente to the same
 iudge a fatte bogge, & prayde hym to be fauorable
 on his syde. wberfore he gaue iudgement agaynst
 the poure man. whan the poure man sawe that he
 was condéned, pytously copleynnyng he sayd to the
 Judge: Syr I gaue you a glasse of oyle, and ye pro-
 mysed by your faith, the matter shulde passe with
 me. To whom the iuge sayde: For a trout there
 came a bogge into my house, whiche founde the
 glasse of oyle, and ouertbriewe & brake it: and so
 through spyllynge of the oyle I cleane forgot the.
 wberby ye may se, that euermore amonge
 The ryche hath his wyll, the poure taketh wronge.

¶ Of kynge Lowes of France / and the husbandman. p.iii.

¶ What tyme kynge Lowes of France, the. xi. of
 that name, bycause of the trouble that was in the
 realme, kepte hym selfe in Burgoyne, he chaunced
 by occasion of huntinge to come acqueynted with
 one Lonon a homely husbände man, and a plaine
 meanynge felowe. In whiche maner of men the
 hygh princes greatly delyte them. To this mans
 house the kynge ofte resorted from huntinge. And
 with great pleasure he wolde eate radysses rotes
 with hym. within a whyle after whan Lowes was
 restored home, and had the gouernaunce of France
 in his hāde, this husbände man was counsailed by
 his wyse, to take a goodly sorte of radysses rotes
 and to go and gyue them to the kyng, and put him
 in

in mynd of the good chere, that he had made bym at his house. Lonon wolde nat assent therto, what soylf he woman quod he, the great princes remembre nat suche smalle pleasures. But for all that she wolde not reste tyll Lonon chose out a great syght of the fayrest rootes, and toke his iourney toward the courte. But as he went by the way, he yete vp all the radys he sawe one of the greatest.

Lonon peaked in to the courte, and stode where the kynges buldc passe by: By and by the kyng knewe bym, and called bym to bym. Lonon stepte to the kyng and presented his rote with a gladde chere. And the kyng toke it more gladly, and had one, that was nereit to bym, to laye it vp amonge those iewels that he best loued: And than commaunded Lonon to dyne with bym. whan dyner was done he thanked Lonon: and whan the kyng sawe that he wolde departe home, he commaunded to gyue bym a thousande crownes of golde for his radys he rote. whan this was knowen in the kinges house, one of the court gaue the kyng a propre mynion horse. The kyng perceiuing, that he dyd it, because of the liberalite shewed vnto Lonon, with very glad chere he toke the gyft, & couailed with his lordes, bowe & with what gyft he myght recopence the horse, that was so goodly & faire. This meane while the picke bak had a meruailous great hope, & thought in his mynde thus: If he so wel recopened the radys he rote, that was gyuen of a rusticall mā: bowe moche more largely wyl he recompence suche an horse, that is gyuen of me that am of the courte: whan euery man had sayde his mynde, as
thought

though the kynge had counsayled aboute a great weygbty matter, and that they hadde longe fedde the pycke thanke with vayne hope, at last the kyng sayd. I remembre nowe, what we shal gyue bym: and so be called one of his lordes, and badde bym in his eare, go fetche bym that that he founde in his chambze (and told bym the place where) featly folded vp in sylke. Anone he came and brought the radysse roote, and euen as it was folded vp, the kyng with his owne bande gaue it to the courtier, sayenge: we suppose your horse is well recompensed with this iewell, for it hath cost vs a thousande crownes. The courtier went his way neuer so glad, and whan he had vnfolded it, he found none other treasure, but the radysse rote almoste wetbered.

Of an other picke thanke, and the same kinge .xxiii.

Upon a time a seruant of the fornamed kinges, seyng a louce crepe ypon the kynges robe, kneled downe, and put vp his bande, as though he wolde do somwhat, and as the kyng bowed bym selfe a lyttell, the man toke the louce, and conueyed her away priuely. The kyng asked bym what it was, but he was asbamed to shew. So moche the kyng instanted bym that at laste he confessed hit was a louce. Ob q the kyng, it is good lucke. For this declareth me to be a man: for that kynde of vermyne principally greuetb mankynde: specially in youth. And so the kyng commanded to gyue him fyfty crownes for his labour.

That longe after an other, seyng that the kyng gaue so good a rewarde for so smalle a pleasure, came and kneled downe, and put vp his bande, and made

made as though he toke and conueyed some what priuelye awaye. And whan the kynge constraigned him to tell what hit was, with moche dissembling s'hamfastnes he sayde, hit was a flee. The kynge perceyuinge his dissimulation, sayd to him, what woldest thou make me a dogge? and so for his fifty crownes, that he prooled for, the kinge commaunded to gyue him fiftye stryces.

wherby ye maye note, that there is great difference betwene one that doth a thyng of good will and mynde, and hym that doth a thyng by craft and dissimulation. whiche thyng this noble and moste prudent prince well vnderstode. And one ought to be well ware howe he hath to do with highe princes and their busynes. And if Ecclesiast forbid, that one shall mynde none yll to a kynge, howe shulde any dare speake yll?

¶ Of Thales the astronomer that fell in a ditch .ppv.

¶ Laertius wryteth, that Thales Milesius wente oute of his house vpon a tyme to beholde the starres for a certayn cause: & so longe he went backward, that he fell plumpe in to a ditch ouer the eares. wherfore an olde womā, that he kepte in his house laughed and sayde to him in derision: O Thales, how shuldest thou haue knowlege in heuenly thinges aboue, and knowest nat what is here benethe vnder thy feet?

¶ Of the astronomer that shene's robbed .ppvi.

¶ As an astronomer satte vpon a tyme in the market place of a certayne towne, and toke vpon him
L to

to dyuine & to shewe what they: fortunes & chaun-
 ces shuld be, that came to him: there came a fellow
 and tolde him (as it was in dede) that theues had
 broken in to his house, & had boorne away all that
 he hadde. These tidinges greued him so sore, that
 all beuy and sorowefullye he rose vp and wente his
 waye: whan the fellowe sawe him do so, he sayde:
 O thou folish and madde man, goest thou aboute
 to dyuine other mennes matters, and arte ignorant
 in thine owne?

This tale (besyde the blynde error of suche fo-
 les) toucheth them, that handell they: owne mat-
 ters lewdly; and wyll entermedle in other mens.
 And Cicero saythe: That wyse man, that can nat
 profytte him selfe, hath but lytell wysdome.

¶ Of the plough man that sayde his pater noster. xxxvii.

A rude vplandish plough man, whiche on a
 tyme reprovynge a good holy father sayd, that he
 coude saye all his prayers with a hole mynde and
 stedfaste intention, without thynkyng on any other
 thyng. To whome the good holy man sayde: Go
 so, saye one Pater noster to the ende, and thynke on
 none other thyng, and I wyll gyue the myn boose.
 That shall I do, quod the plough man, and so be-
 gan to saye, Pater noster qui es in celis / tyll he came to
 Sanctificetur nomen tuum / and than his thought mo-
 ued him to aske this question: yea but shal I haue
 the sadle & bridel wthal? And so he lost his bargain

¶ Of him that dreamed he fonde gorde. xxxviii.

There

There was a man, that sayde in company vpon a tyme, howe he dreamed on a nyghte, that the deuyll ledde him in to a felde to dygge for golde: wh̄i he had founde the golde, the deuyll sayde: Thou canste not carye hit a waye nowe, but marke the place, that thou mayste fetche hit an other tyme. what marke shall I make, quod the man? Shyte ouer hit, quod the deuyll, for that shall cause euery man to s̄honne the place, and for the hit shall be a speciall knowlege. The man was contente and dyd so. So whan he awaked oute of his slepe, he perceyued, that he had soule desyled his bedde. Thus betwene stynke and dyte vp he rose, and made him redy to go forth: and laste of all he put on his bonette, wherin also the same nyghte the catte badde shyt. For great stynke wherof he threwe away his couer knaue, and was fayne to walke be his bulle. Thus his golden dreame tournedde all to dyte.

Tibullus sayth: *Dreames in the nyght begylen: and cause fearefull myndes to drede thynges that neuer shalbe.* But yet *Claudian* sayeth: *Dreames in sondrye wyse figured gyueth warnyng of vnluckye thynges.* And *Valerius Maximus* wytteth, that as *Damylcar* besiged the cyte of *Syracuse*, he dreamed, that he harde a voyce saye, that he the nexte daye shulde suppe with in the cyte. wherfore he was ioyfull, as though the victorie from beuen had ben to him promised. And so arrayled his hooste to assaute the towne: in whiche assaute he chaunced to be taken in his lodgyng by them of the cyte, and so bounden lyke a prysoner, they ledde hym in to theyr cite. Thus he more discyued

ceyued by hope, than by his dreame, supped that nyght within the cite as a prisoner, and nat as a conquerour, as he presumed in his mynde. Alcibiades also hadde a certayne vision in the nyght of his miserable ende.

This tale sheweth that dreames sometyme come to passe by one meane or other. And he that desireth to knowe more of dreames wrytten in our englyssh tonge, let hym rede the tale of the nounnes preste, that G. Chauser wrote: and for the skeles howe dreames and sweuens are caused, the begynnyng of the boke of Fame, the whiche the sayde Chauser compiled with many an other matter full of wysedome.

Of the crakyng yonge gentyl man, that wolde
ouertake his enemyes. a myle of. xxxij.

A yonge gentyl man in a cite that was beseged, rebuked the other and called them cowberdes, because they wolde not issue out and fight with their enemyes. So he armed at all peeces lepte on horse backe, and galopte out at the gates. whan he thus crakyng hadde prycked on aboute a myle, he encountered with manye, that retourned home from the sky: myghte soze wounded. wherfore he beganne to ryde a softer pace. But whan he harde the bydous noyse, and sawe a myle frome hym howe fyrstye they of the cite and theyz enemyes assayled the other, he stode euen styll. Than one that harde his crakyng before asked hym, why he rode no nere to fyghte with their enemyes. He answered and sayde: Truly I fynde nat my selfe

selfe so able and stronge in armes, that my harte
wyl serue me to ryde any nere to them.

wherby may be noted, that nat onely the force of
the mynde, but also of the body shulde be wel con-
sydred. Noz one shulde nat bragge and boist to do
more than he maye well atcheue. There be many,
whiche with their wordes see they: cunyes a
great waye of, but whan they se they: enmye, they
put on a sure breste plate and a gorget of a myle of
lengtbe. Plutarcke wytteth, that whan Demo-
non made warre for Darius agaynst Alexander:
he harde one of his souldyours crake and speake
many yll wordes agaynst Alexander: wherfore he
rapte hym on the pate with a iauelynge, sayenge:
I byzed the to fyght agaynst Alexandre, and not
to crake and prate.

O therwhyle sayth Quintus Curtius the coue-
tousnes of glozy, & insatiablen desire of fame, causeth,
that we thynke nothng ouer mochbe or ouer hard.
But Salust saith: Before a mā enterpise any feate,
he ought fyrst to counsayle: and after to go in hāde
there with nat heedlynge noz slowly.

Of hym that fell of a tre and brake
his rybbe . xxx.

There was a husbāde man, whiche on a tyme
as he clymbed a tree to gette downe the frute, felle
and brake a rybbe in his syde. To comfote hym
there came a very mercy man, whiche as they tal-
ked to gether sayde, he wolde teache hym suche a
rule, that if he wold folowe it, he shuld neuer falle
L. iij. from

from tree more. Warye, sayde the hurte man, I wolde ye hadde taught me that rule before I fell: neuer the lesse bycause it may happe to profyete me in tyme to come, lette me here what it is. Then the other sayd: Take bede, that thou go neuer downe faster, than thou wentest vp, but discende as softly as thou clymest vp, and so thou shalt neuer fall.

By this tale ye may note, that abidyng and slownesse otherwhyle are good and commendable, specially in those thynges, wherin speede and hastinesse, cause great hurte and damage. Seneca saythe, A sodayne thyng is nought.

¶ Of the frier that Brayde in his sermon. xxxi.

¶ A fryer that preached to the people on a tyme, wolde otherwhyle crie out a loude (as the maner of some fooles is) whiche brayenge dyd so moue a woman that stode berynge his sermone, that she wepte. He perceuyng that, thought in his mynde her conscience being prycked with his wordes, had caused her to wepe. wherfore whā his sermone was done, he called the woman to hym, & asked what was the cause of her wepyng, and whether his wordes moued her to wepe or nat. Forsoth mayster (sayde she) I am a poure wydowe: and whā myne husbāde dyed, he leste me but one asse, whiche gotte parte of my lyuyng, the whiche asse the wolues haue slayne: and nowe whā I hard your hygge voyce, I remembred my selye asse, for so he was wonte to braye bothe nyghte and daye. And this good mayster caused me to wepe. Thus she lewde brayer, rather than preacher, confuted with

with his folysshenes, wente his way : which thin-
kyng for his brayenge lyke an asse to be reputed
for the beste preacher, deserued well to bere hym
felse to be compared to an asse.

For truly one to suppose hym selfe wyse
Is vnto folysshenes the very fy:ste gryce.

The oration of the ambassadour sent to
Pope Urban. xxxii.

Out of the towne of Parusyn were sente vpon
a tyme thre ambassadours vnto our hollye father
Pope Urban, whom they founde sycke in his bed.
Before whose holynes one of the sayde ambassa-
dours had a longe and a tedious oration, that he
had deuysed by the way : the whiche er it was en-
ded, ryght sore annoyed the popes holynesse. whan
he hadde all sayde, the pope asked : Is there anye
thyng elles ? An other of the thre, perceyunge
howe greatly the ambagious tale greued the po-
pes holynes to bere it out, sayde, **W**oost holly fa-
ther this all the effecte, and if your holynes spede
vs nat forthe with, my selowe shall telle his tale a-
gayne. At whiche sayenge the pope laughed, and
caused the ambassadours to be spedde incontinent.

By this tale one maye lerne, that superfluous
wordes ought diligently to be auoyded, specially
where a matter is treated before an bygb punce.

Of the ambassadour sent to the prynce Agis. xxxiii.

Nat moch vnlike the forsayd tale Plutarche reci-
teth : that whan the ambassadour of the Abderi-
tees had at laste ended a longe tale to the prynce
Agis

Agis, he asked what answere he shulde make to them that sent him? Say vnto them (quod the prince) when thou comest home, that all the longe tyme that thou didest dispende in tellynge thy tale I late styll and barde the patiently.

The answere of Cleomenis to the Samiens ambassadour. xxxvii.

CPlutarcke rehersethe also, that what tyme an ambassadour, that was sente from the Samiens, had made a longe oration vnto Cleomenis, to perswade him to make warre to Polycrates, he answered the ambassadour on this maner of wyse: I remember nat, what thou saydest in the begynnyng of thy tale, and therfore I vnderstand nat the myndis, and thy conclusion pleaseth me nat.

wherby we may perceyue, that the noble wyse men loue fewe wordes. And as the Rhetoriciens say: Amonge the vices of an oratoure, there is none more hurtfull than the supfluous heape of wordes.

Of the wyse man Piso, and his seruant. xxxviii.

A certayn wise man called Piso, to auoyde greuous ianglynge, commaunded, that his seruantes shulde saye nothyng, but answere to that that they were demaunded, and no more. Upon a daye the sayde Piso made a dyner, and sente a seruant to desire Clodius the Consull to come and dyne with him. Aboute the houre of diner all the guesstes came saue Clodius, for whom they taryed, tyll hit was almoste nyght, and euer sente to loke if he came. At laste Piso sayde to his seruant: Diddest thou
bid

byd the Confull come to dyner? yes truly sayde he. why comest he nat than, quod Pisto? Mary, quod the seruaunt, he sayde he wolde nat. wherfore toldest me nat so incontinent, quod Pisto? By cause, quod the seruaunt, ye dyd nat aske me.

By this tale seruauntes may lerne to kepe theyz maisters bidding: but yet I aduise maysters therby to take heed, howe they make an iniunction.

Of the marchant that made a wager with his lord. p. 111.

A certayne marchaunt before his lord, that he was subiecte vnto, amonge other thynges praysed his wyfe, and sayde, that he neuer hard her lette a farte. wherat the lord meruailed, and sayd it was impossible: and so layde and ventred a souper with the marchant, that before thre monethes were ended, he shulde bere her lette a farte or twayne. On the morowe the lord came to the marchaunt and borrowed fystye crownes: the whiche he promysed trewely to repay agayne within. viij. dayes after. The marchaunt ryght sore agaynst his wyll lent it: & thoughtfully abode tyll the daye of payment was come: and than he wente to his lord and requyred his moneye. The lord, makinge as though he had hadde more nede than before: desired the marchaunt to lende hym other fystye crownes: and promysed to paye all within a moneth. And all though the good man denyed hit longe, yet for feare lest he shulde lose the first some, with moche grutchynge he lente hym the other fystye crownes. And so wente home to his house ryghte heuye and sorowfull in his mynde. Thus

D thyn

thynkyng and dredeynge diuers thynges, he passed many nyghtes away without slepe. And as he laye wakyng, he harde his wyfe nowe and than rappe out fartes. At the monethes ende the lord sente for the marchant, and asked him, if he neuer sythe harde his wyfe let a farte. The marchant acknowledgeinge his folye, answered thus: Forsothe sy: if I shulde for euery farte paye a souper, all my goodes and landes wolde nat suffice therto. After which answer the lord payde the marchant his money, and the marchant payde the souper.

Here by ye maye se, that many thynges passe by them that slepe, and it is an olde sayenge: He that slepeth, byteth no body. By this tale ye may note also, that they, the whiche fortune swetely embraceth, take they: reste and slepe soundely: And contrarye wyse, they that bene oppressed with aduersite, watche sorowfullye, whan they shulde slepe. This man, which for a very soliff he thing preyed his wyfe, afterwarde whan a lyttel care beganne to crepe aboute his stomacke, he perceiued that faute in her ryght great. The mo: all boke, called Lato, counsaileth vs to watche for the more parte: For moche slomber and slepe is the nourishinge of vice.

¶ Of the friere that gaue scrowes
agaynst the pestilence. .ppp. vii.

¶ Amonge the limitours in the cyte of Tiburtine, was a certayne friere, which vled to preache about in the villages to men of the countrey: and for as moch as they greatly suspecte that a plague of pestilence shulde come amonge thē, he promysed eche
of

of them a lytell scrowe : which he sayde was of suche a vertue, that who so euer bare hit hangynge aboute his necke .xv. dayes, shulde nat dye of the pestilence. The folowynge people trustynge here vpon / euerye one after his power gaue him money for a scrowe : & with a threde of a maydens spynninge, they banded hit aboute their neckes. But he charged them that they shuld nat open it, tyll the .xv. dayes ende : for if they did, he sayde, hit had no vertue. So whan the fyre hadde gathered moche moneye, he wente his waye. Soone after (as the desire of folkes is to knowe newes) the sayd scrowes were redde: in which was writen in Italian speche : *Donna si fidi et cadeti lo fuso / quando ta fieri, tieni lo culo ch'uso.* which is to saye in englysshe: woman if thou spynne, and thy spyndell falle awaye, whan thou stoupest to reache for him, holde thyne arse close. He sayde that this passed all the preceptes and medicines of the phisitians.

By whiche tale one maye lerne, that all is nat gospel; that suche wanderers aboute saye: nor euerye worde to be beleued : For often tymes *Cecidus iacet anguis in herba.*

Of the phisitian, that vsed to write
 byttes ouer eue. xxxviii.

A certayne phisitian of Italy vsed ouer night to write for sodry diseases diuers billes, called resceits, & to put them in a bag al to gether: In the morning whan the vryns (as the custome is) were brought to him, & he desired to shewe some remedy : he wolde put his hande in to the bag, & at al auentures take oute a bille: And in takinge oute the bille he wolde

P. ii. saye

say to him that came to seke remedye in their language: *Proga dno te samandi bona.* That is to say: Praye god to sende the a good one.

By this tale ye may se, that miserable is their state whiche fortune muste helpe and nat reason. Suche a phisitian on a tyme sayde to Pausanias: Thou aylest notbinge. No sayde he, I haue nat bad to do with thy pbisicke. And an other tyme a frède of his sayde: Syr ye ought not to blame that pbisitian: for his pbisicke dyd you neuer burte. Thou sayest troutbe, quod he: for if I hadde proued his pbisicke, I shulde nat nowe haue ben alyue. And ageyne to an other that sayde: Syr ye be an olde man, he answered: yea thou were nat my pbisitia. Suche maner checkes are to lyttell for the leude folles, that wyll practise pbisicke, before they knowe what longeth to theyr name.

C Of hym that wolde confesse him by wrytinge. xxxij.

C Ther was a yonge man on a tyme, which wrote a longe lybell of his synnes, whether he dyd hit for hypocrisy, solyff benesse, or oblyuion I can not say: and whan he shulde confesse him, he gaue hit to the confessor to rede: whiche confessor beinge well lerned and experte in that busynes, perceyued hit wolde requyre a longe tyme to rede ouer: wherfore after a fewe wordes he sayde: I assoyle the frome all the synnes conteyned in this lybell: yea but what shall my penaunce be, quod the yonge man: Notbinge els sayde the confessor, but that thou shalte the space of a moneth rede this lybell ouer every daye, vii. tymes. And all though he sayde
bit

It was impossible for him to do, yet the confessor would not change his sentence. By which merry subtle answer he confuted the breble brable of the folysshe felowe.

By this tale ye may perceyue, that he that occupyeth this office, that is to saye, a confessor ought to be discrete, prudent, and well lernedde. This confessor knewe well the ordinaunce of holye church: whiche wyllt confession to be made with the mouthe, and nat by wrytynge.

Of the hermite of Padowe. pl.

An hermite of Padaw, that was reputed for an holy man, vnder the semblaunce of confession, entyce many of the notablest wyues of the towne vnto folye and lewednes. So at last, when his offence was dyuulgate and knowen (for hypocrisy cannot lōge be hid) he was takē by the prouost, & brought before the prince of Padowe/duke Francis the. vii. of that name, whiche for his disporte sent for his secretarie, to wryte the womens names, that the hermite had layen by. when the hermyte had rebersted manye of the dukes seruaūtes wyues, & the secretarie merly laughenge had wryten them: he seemed as he had al said. Be there any mo sayde the duke? No forsothe said the hermite. Tel vs trouthe quod the secretarie, who be mo, or els thou shalt be sharply punished. Then the hermyte sigbenge said: So to write in thyn owne wise amōge the number of the other. whiche saicenge so sore greued the secretarie, that the penne scille out of his hande

and the duke laughed ryght hartily: and sayde it was well done: that he that with so great pleasure harde the fautes of other mennes wyues, shulde come in the same nombre.

By this ieste we may lerne, that one ought nat to reioyce at an others grese or hurte: For ytell woteth a man what hangeth ouer his owne beed.

Of the yplandysshe man, that sawe the kynge. xli.

An yplandysshe man nourysshed in the woodes, came on a tyme to the citie, whanne all the stretes were full of people, and the common voyce amonge them was: The kynge cometh. This rurall manne moued with noueltie of that voyce, had great desyre to se, what that multitude boued to beholde. Sodainly the kynge, with many nobles and states before hym, came rydyng royally. Then the people all aboute stedfastly bebelde the kynge and cryed aloude? God saue the kynge: god saue the kynge. This villayne herynge them crye so, sayde, O where is the kynge, where is the kynge: Then one shewyng hym the kynge sayde: yonder is he, that rydeth vpon the goodly whyte horse. Is that the kyng, quod the villayne? what thou mockest me quod he, me thinke that is a man in a peynted garment.

By this tale ye maye perceyue (as Lyncurgus proued by experience) that nourysshynge, good bryngynge vp, and exercyse ben more apte to leade folke to humanite, and the doyng of honest thynges than Nature her selfe. They for the mooste part are noble, free, and vertuous, whiche in their
youth

youthe bene well nourysbed vp, and vertuouſly
endoctryned.

Of the courtier that had the boy holde his horſe. p. lii.

A courtier on a tyme that alyghted of his horſe
at an Inde gate ſayde to a boye that ſtoode tberby :
Doſyꝛ boye, holde my horſe. The boye as he had
ben aſerde answered: O maifter this a fierce horſe,
is one able to holde hym? yꝛes quod the courtier
one may holde hym well mough: well quod the
boye, if one be able inough, than I pray you holde
hym your owne ſelfe.

Of the deceyffull ſcriuener. p. liii.

A certayne ſcriuener, whiche hadde but a bare
lyuynge by his craſte, imagyned, howe he myght
gette money: So he came to a yonge man, and aſ-
ked hym if he were payde .x. li. whiche a cer-
tayne man, that was deade, borowed and oughte
to paye his father in tyme paſte. The yonge
manne ſayde there was no ſuche ductye owynge in
his fathers name, that he knewe of. It is of
troutbe, quod the ſcriuener: for here is the obly-
gacyon tberof, whiche I made my ſelfe. He prouo-
ked the yonge manne to moche, that he gaue hym
money for the oblygation, and before the mayre be
required the ductie. His ſonne that was named to
be dettour, ſayde playnely, that his father neuer
borowed money: for if he had, it wolde appere by
his bookes, after the marchantes maner. And forth
with he went to the ſcriuener & ſayde to hym, that
he was a falſe man to write a thing that neuer was
doue

done. Some sayde the scriuener, thou wotteste nat what was done that tyme : whan thy father borrowed that somme of money thou were nat borne : but he payde it agayne within thre montes after, I made the quittance therof my selfe : wherby thy father is discharged. So the yonge man was faine to gyue him money for the quittance. And whan he had shewed the quittance, he was discharged of that greuance. Thus by his faire fraude he scraped money from them bothe.

By this tale ye may se, that the children in this our tyme be very prudent to get money.

Of hym that saide he beloued his wyfe better than oger, that he was chaste. *1211.*

A certayne man, whose wyfe (as the voyce wente) was nat very chaste of her bodye : was warned of his frendes to loke better to the matter. The man wente home and sharply rebuked his wyfe : and tolde her betwene them bothe, what his frendes had sayde. She knowynge that periurye was no greater offence than adoutry, with wepyng and sweryng defended her honestie : and bare her busbande on bande, that they feyned those tales for enuye that they hadde to se them lyue so quietly. With those wordes her busbande was content and pleased. So yet an other tyme agayne, his frendes warned bym of his wyfe, and badde bym rebuke and chastice her. To whome he sayd : I pray you trouble me no more with suche wordes. Lette me, whether knoweth better my wifes fautes, you or I be : They sayde : She. And she (good be)

whom I beleue better than you all, sayth playnly,
that ye lye. This was well and wyltely done: for
one ought nat to gyue light credence to those thinges,
wherin resteth perpetuall greue of mynde.

Cof hym that payeth his helle with telenge to a noll.

There was a man on a tyme, which toke as moche
the ware of a marchaunt, as owe to syltle. It and
riotously playde and spente the same awaye with
in shorte space. So whanne the day of payement
came, he hadde nother moneye nor ware to paye:
wherfore he was arrested, and muste come before
the Justice. whan he sawe there was none other
remedye, but that he shulde be constayned eyther
to pay the dette, or els to go to prison: wherfore he
went to a subtyl man of lawe, and shewed to hym
his matter, and desyred hym of his counsaile and
helpe. what wylt thou gyue me (quod the man of
lawe) if I rydde the of this dette. **By** my saythe
sayde the dettour. v. marke: and lo here it is redy,
as lone as I am quite, ye shall haue hit. **Good**
inough quod the man of lawe, but thou muste be
raled by my counsaile, & thus do: whan thou comest
before the Justice, what som ever he sayd unto the,
loke that thou answer to nothing, but cry be a thyll
& lette me alone with the reste. **Consent** quod he.

So whā they were com before the Justice, he said
to the dettour: telle thou me thou mayest haue this
some of money or no? **Bea** quod he. what tellest thou
the Justice, and were to thy paye, wote thou wile
be condemned. **Bea**, quod he agayne. **Then** the man
of lawe thode forth, and sayd. So thou shalt be at last

an ideot, who wolde beleue that this marchaunt, whiche is both wyse and subtyle, wolde truste this ideot, that can speke neuer a reay worde of .xl. peny worth of ware: and so with suche reasons be perswaded the Justyce to caste the marchaunt in his owne action. So whan the sentence was gyuen, the man of lawe drew the dettour asyde and said: Lo, howe sayst thou nowe? Haue not I done well for the? Thou arte clere quitte of the dette that was demaded of the, wherfore giue me my money, & god be with the. Bea, q̄ be. what quod the laweer, thou nedest not to cric bea no longer, thy matter is dispatched, all is at a poynt, there resteth no thyng, but to gyue me my wages, that thou promysyddest. Bea quod be agayne. I saye quod the man of lawe, cric bea no longer nowe, but gyue me my money. Bea quod be. Thus the man of lawe neyther for sayre nor soule coulde gette any other tbinge of his client but Bea. wherfore all angerly be departed and went his waye.

By this tale ye may perceyue, that they whiche be the inuenters and diuisers of fraude and disceit, ben often tymes therby disceyued them selfe. And he that hath byd a snare to attrap an other with, hath hym selfe ben taken therein.

¶ Of the woman that appyled fro kynge Philippe to kynge Philippe. p̄li.

¶ A woman whiche gyltlesse on a tyme was condemned by kynge Philippe of Macedone, whan he was not sobre. wherfore she sayde I appele. whether quod the kynge: To kynge Philippe quod

quod sbe: but that is whan he is more sobre and better aduysed. whiche sayenge caused the kynge to loke better on the matter, and to do her ryght.

This wryteth Val. Maximus. But Plutarche sayth: It was a man, and kynge Philip was halfe a slepe, whan he gaue sentence.

Of the olde woman, that prayde for the welfare of the tyrant Denise. p. vii.

What tyme Denyse the tyranne raygned, for his cruelte and intollerable dealynge he was hated of all the cite of Syracuse, and euery body wysshed his dethe, saue one olde woman, the whiche euery mornig praid god to saue him in good life & helth. whan he vnderstode that that sbe so dyd, he meruailed greatly at her vnderferued beniuolence. wherfore he sente for her, and asked, why and howe he had deserued, that sbe prayde for hym? Sbe answered and sayd: I do it nat with out a cause. For whan I was a mayde, we had a tyran raignyng ouer vs: whose death I greatly desyred, whan he was slayne, there succided an other yet more cruell than he: Out of whose gouernance to be also deliuered I thought it a hygh benifyte. The thyrde is thy selfe, that haste begon to raygne ouer vs more infortunately than either of the other two. Thus fearyng lest whan thou arte gone, a worse shuld succede and reigne ouer vs, I praye god dayly to preferue the in helth.

Of the phisitian Eumonius. p. viii.

A phisitian called Eumonius told a sicke mā, that
E. ij. laye

laye in great payne / that he coulde nat scape , but he muste nedes dye of that disese . This sicke man within a whyle after , nat by the pbisitians helpe; but by the wille of god , gycryss bed and was bolle of bis disese : howe be hit he was verye lowe and bare broughte . And as he walked forth on a daye he mette the same pbisytian : whiche doubtyng whether hit were the same sycke man or nat, sayde : **A**rte nat thou **G**aius ? yes truelye quod he . **A**rte thou alyue or deed sayde the pbisitian ? **I** am deed quod he . what doste thou here than, said the pbisitian ? **B**ycause quod he , that **I** haue experience of many tbinges , god hath comanded me that **I** shulde come and take vp all the pbisitians that **I** can get to him . whiche sayenge made **E**umonus as pale as asbes for fere . **T**han **G**aius sayd to him : **D**rede thou nat **E**umonus, thoughe **I** sayd all pbitians : **F**or there is no man that hath wytte, that wylle take the for one .

C Of **S**ocrates and his scoldinge wyfe . p. lly .

Claertius wryteth, that the wyse man **S**ocrates had a coursed scoldinge wyfe, called **X**antippe, the whiche on a day after she hadde all to chydde him powred a pyssse potte on his heed . **H**e takynge all patiently sayde : **D**yd nat **I** tell you , that whan **G**herde **X**antippe thonder so fast , that it wold rayne anone after .

wherby ye maye se, that the wyser a man is, the more pacience he taketh . **T**he wyse poet **V**irgil sayth : **A**ll fortune by suffrance must be overcome .

¶ Of the phisitian that bare his patiente
on honde, he had eaten an affe. sp.

TA phisitian, which had but smalle lerning, vsed
whan he came to viset his patientes to touche the
pulce, and if any appayzed, he wolde lay the blame
on the patiente and beare him on hande, that he
did eate sygges, apples, or some other thinge that
be forbade: and bicause the patientes other whyle
confessed the same: they thought he had ben a ve-
ry connyng man. His seruante hadde great mar-
uayle, howe he perceyued that: and desyred his
mayster to telle hym, whether he knewe hit by
touching of the pulce, or els by some other bygher
knowlege. Than sayde his mayster / for the good
seruice that thou haste done me, I wyll open to the
this secrete point. whan I come in to the patientes
chamber, I loke al a bout: and if I spye in the floze
sbales, parynge of chese, of aples, or of peares, or
any other scrappes: anone I coniecte, that the pa-
ciente both eaten therof. And so to thende I wold
be blameles, I lay the faute on they: mysdictyng.

That longe after the same seruante toke on
hym to practise pbylike: whiche in lyke maner bla-
med his patientes: and sayde, that they kepte nat
the diete, that he gaue them: and he bare them on
hande that they yete some what, wherof he sawe
the scrappes in the floze. On a tyme he cam to a
poure man of the countre, and promysed to make
him hole, if he wolde be gouerned after him: & so
gaue him to drinke I wote nat what, and went his
waye tyll an the mo:owe. whā he came agayne, he
founde the man sicker than cuer he was. The rude

fole, nat knowinge the cause, behelde here an there aboute: and whan he coude se no skrapes, nor prynges, he was sore troubled in his mynde. So at the last he espied a saddel vnder the bed. Than said he all a loude, that he hadde at length perceyued, howe the sicke man enpayzed: He hath so excessiue ly passed diete (quod he) that I wonder he is nat deed. How so quod they? Warye quod he, ye haue made him to eate an bolle asse: Lo, where the saddell lyet he yet vnder the bedde. For he thoughte the saddell had be leste of the asse, as bones are of fleshe. For which folyssnes he was well laughed to skorne and mocked.

Thus as a good faythfull phisitian is worthy of greate honour: for truely of hym dependet he the greatestte parte of mans helthe: so lyke wyse a folysshe and an vnlearned, that thynket he to cure with wordes, that he ought to do with herbes, is nat onely worthy to be cryded and mocked, but also punysshed: for nothinge is more perillous.

¶ Of the inholders wyfe and her .ii. louers .ii.

¶ Here vnto Florence dwelled an inholder, whos wyfe was nat very dangerous of her tayle. Vpon a nyghte as she was a bed with one of her louers, there came a nother to haue lyen with her. whan she herde him come vp the ladder, she met him, & bade hym go thence / for she hadde no tyme than to fulfille his pleasure. But for all her wordes he wolde nat go a waye, but styll preaced to come in. So longe they stode chydunge, that the good man came ypon them, and asked them why they brauled

led so. The woman nat vnprouyded of a disceytefull answere sayde: Syr this man wolde come in per force, to see or myschiefe an other, that is fled in to our house for succoure: and bitberto I haue kepte him backe. wban he, that was within, berde her saye so / he beganne to plucke vp his barte and say, he wold be a wreked on him withoute. And he that was withoute made a face, as he wolde kille him that was within. The solysshe man her busbande, enquered the cause of theyr debate, ⁊ toke vpō him to sette them at one. And so the good sely man spake and made the psc betwene them both. yea and farther he gaue them a gallon of wyne: ad dyng to his wiues aduoutry the losse of his wine.

Of hym that heales franticke men. lii.

There dwelled a man in Italy / whiche vsed to heale men, that were franticke, on this maner. He had within his house a gutter, or a ditche full of water: wberin he wold put them; some to the middell legge, some to the knee, and some dypper, as they were madde. So one that was well amended, and wente aboute the house to do one thinge and other for his meate, as he stode on a tyme at the gate, lokinge in to the strete, he sawe a gentyll man ryde by with a great sorte of haukes and boundes: the which he called to him ⁊ said: you gentyll man whither go ye? On huntynge, quod the gentyll man. what do you with all those kytes and dogges, quod he? They be haukes and boundes, quod the gentyll man. wherfore kepe you them, quod the other? For my pleasure, quod the gentyll man.

man. what costeth it you a yere to kepe them, quod
the other? xl. duckettes, quod the gentyll man.
And what do they profytte you, quod he? Foure
duckettes quod the gentyll man. Wette the lyght-
lyc hense, quod the madde man: for if my mayster
come and fynde the berc: he wyll put the in to the
gutter vp to the throte.

This tale toucheth sucbe yonge gentyll menne,
that dispende ouer moche good on haukes, boundes,
and other trifils.

*¶ Of hym that sayde he was not wortby
to open the gate to the kynge. liii.*

¶ As a kynge of Englande hunted on a tyme in
the countie of Kent, he hapte to come rydyng to
a great gate: wberby stode a busbande man of the
countrey, to whosn the kynge sayd: Good felowe
patte open the gate. The man perceyuyng it was
the kynge, sayde: No and please your grace, I am
nat wortby: but I wyll go fetche mayster Couper,
that dwelleth nat pass. ij. myles hense, and he shal
open to you the gate.

¶ Of mayster Dauasour and Turpin his man. liiii.

¶ Mayster Dauasour sometyme a iudge of Eng-
lande hadde a seruaunt with bym called Turpin:
whiche had done bym seruyce many yeres, wber-
fore he came vnto his mayster on a tyme, and sayde
to bym on this wyse: Syr I haue done you ser-
uice longe, wberfore I pray you gyue me somwhat
to helpe me in myn old age. Turpin, quod he, thou
sayst troutbe, and bereon I haue thought many a
tyme

tyme: J wyll tell the, what thou shalt do. Nowe
s shortly J must ride vp to London, and if thou wilt
beare my costis tgether: J wyll surely gyue the su-
che a tbing, that shall be worth to the an hundred
pounde. J am contente, quod Turpin. So all the
waye as he rode Turpin payd his costis, tyll they
came to theyr last lodginge: and there after souper
he cam to his mayster and sayde: Sir J haue born
your costes hitberto, as ye badde me: nowe J pray
you let me se, what thyng hit is: that I shulde be
worthe an hundred pounde to me. Dyd J promise
the suche a tbinge: quod his maister: ye forsoth,
quod Turpin. Shewe me thy wrytunge, quod mai-
ster Dauasour. J haue none: sayde Turpin. Than
thou arte lyke to haue nothinge sayde his maister.
And lerne this at me: whan so euer thou makest a
bargayne with a man, loke that thou take sure
wrytunge, and be well ware howe thou makest a
wrytunge to any man. This poynte hath vayed
me an hundred pounde in my dayes: and so hit
may the. whan Turpin sawe there was none other
remedy, he helde him selfe contente. On the mo-
rowe Turpin taryed a lytelle bebynde his maister
to reken with the hostes, where they laye: and of
her he borrowed so moche money on his maysters
skarlet cloke, as drewe to all the costes that they
spente by the waye. Mayster Dauasour had nat
ryden past .ii. myle but that it begā to rayne: wher
fore he calledde for his cloke: his other scruautes
saide, Turpin was bebinde and had hit with him.
So they boucde vnder a tre tyll Turpin ouer
toke them. whan he was come mayster Dauasour

all angerly sayde : Thou knaue , why comest thou
 nat aweye with my cloke . Syz & please you, quod
 Turpin, I haue layde hit to gage for your costes al
 the waye . why knaue / quod his mayster / diddite
 thou nat promyse to beare my charges to London.
 Dyd J quod Turpin? ye , quod his mayster that
 thou diddest . Let se, shew me your wrytinge ther
 of quod Turpin. wherto his mayster J thinke an-
 swered but lytell.

**Of hym that sought his wyfe
 agaynst the streame. lxx.**

A mā the whose wyfe, as she came ouer a bridg
 fell in to the ryuer and was drowned : wherfore he
 wente & sought for her vpward against the stream,
 wherat his neighbours, that wente with hym,
 maruayled, and sayde he dyd nought, he shulde
 go seke her downward with the streame . Naye
 quod he , J am sure J shall neuer fynde her that
 waye : For she was so waywarde and so contrary
 to euery thyng, while she lyuedde, that J knowe
 very well nowe she is deed , she wyll go a gaynst
 the streame.

**Of him that at a skymysse defen-
 ded him with his feet. lxxi.**

A lustye yonge gentyll man of France that on a
 tyme was at a skymysse / and defended him selfe
 valyantly with his feet, came in to the courte, in to
 a chambze amonge ladies, with a goodly ringe vpon
 his synger : to whom a fayre lady sayde : Syz,
 why weare ye that ringe vpon your synger? wher
 fore

fore aske you madame, quod he? Bycause (sayde
she) your sect dyd you better seruice than your
bandes at the last skyrmyss be that ye were at.

By this tale yonge men may lerne to beare them
well and valyantly for drede of reproche. Better it
is with wo:shyp to dye than with shame to lyue:
albe bit that Demosthenes sayde: De that fleetbe
cometh gayne to batayle.

Of him that wolde gyue a
songe for his dyner. *lii.*

There came a felowe on a tyme in to a tauerne,
and called for meate. So whan he had well dyned:
the tauerner came to reken and to haue his money:
to whom the felowe sayde, he had no money, but
I wyll, quod he, contente you with songes. Naye
quod the tauerner, I nede no songes, I must haue
money. whye, quod the felowe, if I synge a songe
to your pleasure, will ye nat than be contente? yes
quod the tauerner. So he began and songe thre or
foure balades / and asked if he were pleased? No
sayde the tauerner. Than he opened his pourse,
and beganne to synge thus:

whan you haue dyned make no delaye

But paye your oste and go your waye.

Dotbe this songe please you, quod he? yes marye
sayd the tauerner this pleaseth me well. Than, as
couenat was (quod the felowe) ye be paide for your
vitaile. And so he departed and wente his waye.

This tale sheweth, that a man may be to bastye
in makynge of a bargayne and couenantyng: and
therefore a man ought to take good bede, what he

f.ii. sayth

sayth: for one worde may bynde a man to great in-
conuenience, if the matter be weyghty.

¶ Of the foole that thought hym selfe deed. *liiii.*

There was a felowe dwellynge at Florence, cal-
led Nigniaca, whiche was nat verye wyse, nor all
a foole, but merye and iocunde. A sorte of yonge
men for to laughe and pastyme, appoynted to ge-
ther, to make hym beleue that he was sycke. So
whan they were agreed, bowe they wolde do, one
of them mette hym in the mornyng, as he came
out of his house, and bad him good morowe, and
than asked him if he were nat yl at ease? No quod
the foole, I ayle nothyng I thanke god. By my
sayth ye haue a sickly pale colour, quod the other,
and wente his waye.

Anone after an other of them mette hym, and
asked hym if he had nat an ague, for your face and
colour (quod he) sheweth that ye be very sycke.
Than the foole beganne a lyttel to doubt, whether
he were sycke or no, for he halfe beleued, that they
sayd trouthe. whan he had gone a lytel fartber, the
thyrde man mette hym, and sayde: Jesu manne,
what do you out of your bed? ye loke as ye wolde
nat lyue an boure to an ende. Nowe he doubted
greatly, and thought verily in his mynde, that he
had hadde some sharpe ague: wherfore he stode
styll and wolde go no furtber. And as he stode the
fourth man came, and sayde: Jesu man, what dost
thou here, and arte so sycke? Gette the home to
thy bedde: for I parceyue thou canste nat lyue an
boure to an ende. Than the foles harte beganne to
scint,

feynthe , and prayde this laste man that came to
 hym, to helpe hym home : yes quod he, I wyll do
 as moche for the, as for myn owne brother. So
 home he brought hym, and layde hym in his bed :
 and than he fared with hym selfe, as though he
 wolde gyue vp the gooste. Forth with came the
 other felowes, and saide he hadde well done to lay
 hym in his bedde. Anone after came one , whiche
 toke on hym to be a phisitian : whiche touchyng
 the pulse, sayde the malady was so vehement, that
 he coulde nat lyue an houre. So they standyng
 aboute the bedde, sayde one to an other : Nowe
 he gotte his waye : for his speche and syght fayle
 hym : by and by he wyll yelde vp the gooste. Ther-
 fore lette vs close his eyes, and laye his handes a
 crosse, and cary hym forth to be buried. And than
 they sayde lamentyng one to an other : O what
 a losse haue we of this good felowe our frende?

The foole laye styll, as one were deade : yea and
 thought in his mynde, that he was deade in dede.
 So they layde hym on a bere , and caryed hym
 thzough the cite. And whan any body asked them
 what they caryed, they sayd the corps of Nignia-
 ca to his graue. And euer as they wēt people drew
 about the. Among the pæce ther was a taurners
 boy, the whiche whā he herde that it was the cors
 of Nigniacā, he said to them: O what a vile bestly
 knaue, & what a stronge thefe is deed, by the masse
 he was well worthby to haue ben bāged longe ago.
 whan the foole herde those wordes, he put out his
 beed & sayd : J wys bozefon, if J were alyue nowe,
 as J am deed, J wolde proue the a false lyer to thy

face. They that caryed hym began to laugh so bar-
tilye, that they sette downe the bere, and wente
they: waye.

By this tale ye maye se, what the perswasion of
many doth. Certaynly he is very wyse, that is nat
inclined to folly, if he be stered therevnto by a mul-
titude. yet sapience is founde in fewe persones: and
they be lyghtly olde sobze men.

Of the olde man and his sonne that brought his
asse to the towne to sylle. liij.

An olde man on a tyme, and a lyttell boye his
sonne droue a litel asse before them, whiche he pur-
posed to sylle at the markette towne, that they wēt
to. And because he so dyd, the folkes that wrought
by the way syde, blamed hym. wherfoze he set vp
his sonne, and went hym selfe on fote. Other that
sawe that, called hym foole, by cause he lette the
yonge boye ryde, and he beyng so aged to goo a
foote. Then he toke downe the boye, and lepte
vp and rode hym selfe. whanne he hadde rydden
a lyttell waye, he barde other that blamed hym,
bycause he made the lyttell yonge boye ronne as-
ter as a seruaunte, and he his father to ryde.
Then he sette vppe the boye behynde hym, and so
rode forthe.

Anone he mette with other, that asked hym
if the asse were his owne: By whiche wordes he
conected, that he did nat wel so to ouercharge the
lyttell sely asse, that yneth was able to beare one.
Thus he troubled with their dyuers & manyfolde
opinions: whiche neither with his asse vacant, nor
be

he alone, nor his sonne alone, nor bothe to gether rydyng at ones on the asse, coulde passe forth without detraction & blame: wherfoze at last he bounde the asse feet to gether, and put through a staffe, and so he and his sonne began to beare the asse betwene them on their shulders to the towne. The nouelte of whiche syght caused euery body to laughe and blame the folyshenes of them both. The sely olde man was so sore agreued, that as he sat and rested hym on a ryuers syde, he threwe his asse in to the water. And so whan he had drowned his asse, he tourned home agayne. Thus the good man desyrynge to please euerye bodye, contentyng none at all, loste his asse.

By this tale appereth playnelye, that they whiche commyt them selfe to the opinion of the common people, ben oppressed with great myserye and seruage: For how is it possible to please all, whan euerye man hath a dyuers opinion, and dyuerslye iudgeth? And that was well knowen to the poet, whan he sayde,

Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.

And as Cicero, Persius, and Flaccus say: As many men so many myndes: as many heedes so many wyttes. That, that pleaseth one, displeaseth another: Fewe allowe that that they loue nat: and that that a man alloweth, he thynketh good. Therfore the beste is, that euery man lyue well, as a good Chrysten man shulde, and care nat for the vayne wordes, and ianglyng of the people. For bablyng (as Plutarchus sayth) is a greuous disease, & harde to be remedied. For that that shulde
heale

Deale it (which is wordes of wisdom) cureth them
that barknetb there vnto : but pratlers wille bere
none but them selfe.

Of him that sought his asse and
rode on his backe. lxi.

There was in the countrey of Florence an hus-
bande man , that vsed to carye corne to the market
vpō many lytell asses. On a time as he came home
warde , bycause he was somewhat werye , to ease
him selfe / he rode on one the strongest of them.
And as he rode dryunge his asses before him , he
counted them, and forgot the asse that he rode on :
wherfore he thought still that he lacked one. Thus
fore troubled in his mynde , he had his wyfe set vp
his asses, ⁊ hastily rode agayne backe to the towne
vii. myles of, to seke the asse , that he rode on . He
asked of euery body that he met , if they sawe an
asse straye alone. whan he herde euery bodye saye
they sawe none suche , makynge great sorowe he
retourned home agayne . At laste whan he was
alyghted his wyfe perceyued and shewedde hym
playnlye , that the asse , that he rode on , was the
same that he soughte and made suche sorowe fore.

This ieste may be well applied vnto suche as
note the defautes , that they lyghtly spy in other ,
and take none hede , nor can nat se what ils they
haue or bene spotted with them selfe.

The answer of Fabius to Linius . lxi.

Whan Anniball the capitayne of Cartage had
conquered Tarent (a towne pertainyng to the Ro-
mays

mayns) all saue the castell, ⁊ had leste a garnison to kepe it/whā the wortby Romaine Fabius had knowelege therof, he pryuely conducted an armye thether, and got the towne agayne / and pylled it. **T**han .M. Liuius that kepte the castell with a garnison, sayde bostynge him selfe / that Fabius had gotte the towne through him and his helpe. you saye troutb/ quod Fabius, for if you had nat losse the towne, ꝑ shulde neuer haue gotte hit.

The answer of Pottis / the kynge of Thrace,
to the Troyan embassadores. lxxii.

Plutarche lyke wyse reberseth, that durynge the warre of Troy, the grekes and also the troians sente ambassadours to a kynge of Thrace calledde Pottis, whiche kynge answered thambassadours and bade, that Alexandre shulde delyuer agayne Delayne (for she was the cause of the warre) and he wolde gyue him .ii. sayre wyues for her.

The wyse answer of Hanibal to kynge Antiochus,
concerninge his ryche armye. lxxiii.

Whan kynge Antiochus had prepared to make warre to the Romainys, he caused his armye to mustre before Anniball. So they sbewed and mustred both horse men and fote men: of whose ryche and sumptuous armour and appaile, al the felde glistred and sbone. Now saye you quod the kynge to Hanibal, is nat this armye sufficient ynough for the Romainys? yes quod Haniball, and though they were the moste couctous of all the worlde.

The king mente one thing, ⁊ he answered an other.

The

**¶ The wordes of Popilius the Romayn embassadour
to Antiochus the kinge. lxxiii.**

¶ One .L. Popilius was sente vpon a tyme by the Senatours of Rome, with letters to Antiochus the kyng of Syrre, wherein the kyng was commaunded to calle his armye backe agayne oute of Aegypte: and that he shulde suffer the chyldren of Ptolome and theyr realme in peace. As the embassadour came by the kinges tentes and paulyons, Antiochus a good waye of saluted him / but he did nat salute the kyng agayne / but delyuered to him his letters. whan the kyng hadde redde the letters, he sayde, that he muste take counsaile, be fore he made him an answer. Popilius with a rod that he had in his bande made a compace aboute the kinge, and sayde: Euen here standinge take counsaile, and make me an answer. Eucry man hadde meruayle at the grauite, and stout stomacke of the man. And whan Antiochus was contente to do as the Romayns wolde haue bym: Then Popilius both saluted and embraced him.

¶ Of him that soued the marchants wyfe. lxxv.

¶ Ther was a yonge lusty gentyll man vpo a tyme that was ryght amorous, and loued a certayne marchauntes wyfe oute of all measure: in so moche that he folowed her to the churche and other places / but he durste neuer speake. At the laste he with two o: thre of his felowes folowed her to a fryers: where he hadde tyme and place conueniente to speake thre o: four wordes to her, that he
before

before had beuysed . So one of his felowes sayde,
 go nowe speake to her. But he stode styll all astoni
 ed. They egged and prouoked him so moche, that
 at last he wente vnto her, ⁊ clene forgettyng those
 wordes, that he had thoughte to haue spoken he
 said to her on this wise: *Maitres* I am your owne
 lytelseruante. wherat she smyled and sayd: *Syr* I
 nede nat your seruyce: for I haue seruantes inow
 at home, that can buss be, sponge, wass be, ⁊ do all
 my other busines. The whiche answere, ⁊ folysshe
 basshemente of the gentyl man, caused his felowes
 to laugh bertelye. This maner of folye was well
 knowen to the poet, whan he sayde:

Incipit affari/medias in hoc resistit.

Folysshe loue maketh folkes astonied
 And eke to raue without remembrance
 whan they shulde speake, they bene abasshed
 And of theyr wordes can make none vtterance
 Nor be so bardye them selfe to auance
 what tyme they se of her the swete face
 Of whom the loue theyr bartes doth embrace

Of the womā that couerd her heed ⁊ shewed her taile. lxxvi.

As a woman that for a certayne impedimente
 had shaued her heed sat in her house bare heed,
 one of her neighbours called her forth hastily into
 the strete, and for halte she forgotte to putte on her
 kerchefe. when her neighbour sawe her so she bla
 med her for cominge abroad bare heed: wherfore
 she whypte vp her clothes ouer her heed. ⁊ so to
 couer her hed she shewed her ars. They that stode

G. ij. by

by, beganne to laugh at her folyshenes, whiche to
byde a lytell faute shewed a greater.

This tale toucheth them, that wolde couer a
smalle offence with a greater wyckednesse, and as
the prouerbe saythe: Stumble at a strawe, and
leape ouer a blocke.

Here Alexander was monysshed to see
the fyrste that he mette. sp. lxxii.

Whan great Alexander wolde entre in to Perse
lande with his armye, he counsayled with Apollo
of his good speche: and by lotte he was warned,
that he shulde commaunde to see the fyrst that he
mette, whan he issued out at a gate. Perchance
the fyrste that he mette, was a man dryuynge an
asse before hym. Incontinent the kyng commaunded
to take and put hym to dethe. whan the poore mā
sawe that they wolde see him, he said: what haue
I done: Shall I that am an innocent be putte to
deathe? Alexander to excuse his dede, sayde: He
was warned by diuine monition to commaunde to
see the fyrste, that he mette comynge out at that
gate. If it be so myghty kyng (quod the man) than
the lotte dyuine hath ordeyned an other to suffre
this dethe & not me: For the lytel asse, that I droue
before me, mette you fyrste.

whiche subtyl sayenge greatly pleased Alexan-
der: for elles he had done amysse: and so he cau-
sed the beast to be slayne.

By this tale one may note, that it is better some-
tyme to be lasse than fyrste.

Howe the cite of Lamsac was saued from destruction. lxxiii.

CAs great Alexander on a tyme was fully purposed to haue vtterly distroyed a great cite, called Lamsac, he sawe his mayster Anaximenes come towards him without the walles: and because the kynge perceyued manifestlye, that he came to entreate hym for the cite, he sware a great othe, that he wolde nat do, that that he came to desyre hym fore. Then Anaximenes sayde: Sir I desyre your grace, that this same cite Lampsac may be vtterly distroyed. Through which sage and subtile sayeng the noble auncient cite was saued from ruyne and destruction.

Howe Demosthenes defended a mayde. lxxij.

There were two men on a tyme, the whiche leste a great somme of money in keepyng with a maiden, on this condition, that she shulde nat delyuer hit agayne, excepte they came bothe to gether for hit. Nat long after one of the cam to hir mornyngly awayde, and sayde that his felowe was deed, and so required the money, and she delyuered it to hym. Shortly after came the tother man, and required to haue the moneye that was leste with her in keepyng. The maiden was than so sorowfull, both for lacke of the money, & for one to defende her cause, that she thought to haue her selfe. But Demosthenes that excellent oratour spake for her & sayd: Sir this mayde is redy to quite her fidelite, and to deliuer agayne the money, that was leste with her in keepyng, so that thou wylt brynge thy felowe with the to resceyne it. But that hecoude nat do.

Of him that desired to be made a gentylman. lxxv.

There was a rude clubbyſſhe felowe, that longe had ſerued the duke of Orliaunce, wherfore he cam on a tyme to the duke, and desired to be made a gentyl man. To whom the duke answered: In good feyth J may well make the rycbe, but as for gentyl man J can neuer make the.

By which wordes appereth that goodes and riches do not make a gentyl man, but noble and vertuous conditions do.

Of the gentyl man and his Brethre wyfe. lxxvi.

There was a certayne gentyll man, that had a cursed chydynge wyfe, that wente euery day, and complayned on hym to a religious man, the whiche religious man toke vpon hym by weye of confession to reconcile and accorde them to getber: and the gentyll man was very well contente, that he ſhulde do, and came to him therfore. wh in the gentyll man was come, the religious man badde hym ſbewe his offences and trespaces. No, quod the gentyll man that nedeth nat: For J knowe verye well my wyfe hath ſbewed ynto you all the offences that euer J dyd, and moche more.

Of the two yonge men that rode to walsyngbam. lxxvii.

One Jobn Roynoldes rode oute of London vpon a tyme towarde walsyngbam, in company of a yonge man of the same cite, that badde nat moche ben accustomed to ryde. So they came to an Inne, where as great companye was lodged.
And

And in the mornynge whan euery man made hym
 to ryde, and some were on horsebacke setting
 forwarde, John Roynoldes founde his compani-
 on, syttinge in a browne study at the Inne gate: to
 whom he sayd: For shame man how syttest thou,
 why doste thou nat make the redy to horsebacke,
 that we myght sette forwarde with companye: I
 tary (quod he) for a good cause. For what cause,
 quod Roynoldes? Marye (quod he) here be so
 many horses, that I can nat telle whiche is myne
 owne amonge the other, And I knowe well, whan
 euery man is riden and gone, the horse that remai-
 neth bebynde must nedes be myn.

Of the ponge man of Bruges, and his
 spouse. xxiii.

A yonge man of Bruges, that was betrouthed
 to a fayre mayden, came on a tyme, whan her mo-
 ther was out of the way, and had to do with her.
 whan her mother was come in, anone she percey-
 ued by her daughters chere, what she had done,
 wherfore she was so sore displeasid, that she sewed
 a diuorse, & wolde in no wyse suffre that the yonge
 man shulde marye her daughter.

Nat longe after the same yonge man was ma-
 rryed to an other mayden of the same paryshe,
 And as he and his wyfe satte talkynge on a tyme
 of the forsayde dammusell, to whome he was be-
 trouthed, he fell in a nyce laughynge. wherat laugh-
 ye quod his wyfe? It chaunced on a tyme (quod
 he) that she and I dydde suche a thyng to gether,
 and she tolde hit to her mother.

The end

Therin (quod his wyfe) she playde the foole: A
seruante of my fathers playde that game with
an hundred tymes, and yet J neuer tolde my mo-
ther. whan he berde her saye so, he lefte his nyce
laugbynge.

Of hym that made as he hadde
ben a chaffe puer. lxxiiii.

A felowe that toke vpon him, as he had ben the
moste chaste and beste disposed man lyuinge, was
by one of his felowes on a tyme taken in aduourty:
and sharply rebuked for it, bycause he prated so
muche of chastite, and yet was taken in the same
faute. To whom he answerde agayne: O fool doste
thou thinke that J did hit for bodely pleasure? No
no: J dyd it but onely to subdue my flesshe, and to
purge my reynes.

wherby ye may perceyue, that of all other disse-
blynge hypocrytes are the worste.

Of hym that the olde roode fell on. lxxv.

As a man kneled vpon a tyme prayenge before
an olde roode, the roode selle downe on him and brak
his bede: wherfore he wolde come no more in the
churche halfe a yere after. At lengt he by the pro-
uocation of his nighbours, he cam to the churche
agayne. And bycause he sawe his nighbours knele
before the same roode, he kneled downe lyke wyse &
sayde thus: well J may cappe and knele to the, but
thou shalt neuer haue myn harte agayne as long
as J lyue.

By whiche tale appereth, that by gentyll and
curteyse

courteyse entreatinge mens myndes ben opteyned.
For though the people cappe and knele to one in
bigbe authorite, yet lyttell wbotetb be, what they
thynke.

Of the wydow that wolde nat wedde
for bodily pleasure. Ep. vii.

There was a ryche wydowe, whiche desyredde
a gossyp of hers, that she wold get her an husbaid:
nat for the nyce playe quod she, but to thentente he
may kepe my goodes to gether, whiche is an harde
thinge for me to do, beyng alone woman. Her gos-
syp whiche vnderstode her conceyte, promysed her
so to do. Aboute .iii. or .iiii. dayes after she came
to her agayne, and sayde: Gossyp, I haue founde
an husbände for you, that is a prudente, a ware, &
a wordlye wyse man, but he lacketh his priuey me-
bers: wherof ye force nat. So to the dyuell with
that husbände (quod the wydowe) for though that
I desyre nat the nyce playe: yet I wylle that myne
husbände shall haue that, where with we may be
reconciled, if we falle at variance.

Of the couetous ambassadour / that
wolde here no musike. Ep. viii.

When a couetous man on a time was come vnto
a certain cite, whither he was sent as ambassadour
for his contrey, anon the mynstrels of the cite came
to him to ful his cares with swete din, to thinterte he
shuld fyl their purses with money. But he percey-
uynge that, bad one of his seruauntes go and telle
them, that he coude nat than intende to here their
musyke,

musicke, but he muste demene great sorow, for his mother was deed. So the minstrels disapointed of they: purpose all sadlye wente they: waye. And whan a worshipfull man of the cite, that was his frende, herd tell of his mourning, he came to visete and comferte him. And so in talkyng together he asked, howe longe a go it was that his mother deceased? Trulye (quod he) hit is .xl. yere a go. Thā his frende, vnderstandinge his subtilte, beganne to laughe hartely.

This tale is applyed to the couetous men, whiche by al craste and meanes study to kepe and encrease they: money and substance. Agaynst whiche vyce, many thinges ben wryten. As farre (sayth one) is that frome a couetous man, that he bath, as that he bath nat. And Diogenes calleth couetousnes, the beed of al yuels. And saynt Hieronymie calleth couetousnes the rote of all yuels. And for an example, the tale folowinge shall be of couetousnes.

CHow Denise the tyrant serued a
couetous man. lxxxij.

It was shewed to Denise the tyran, that a couetous m. of the cite had byd a great some of moncy in the grounde, and lyued moſte wretchedly: wherfore he sente for the man, and commaunded him to go dyg vp the money, & so to deliuer it vnto him. The man obeyed, and delyuered vnto the tyran all the golde and treasure that he hadde: laue a small some, that he priuelye kepte a syde: where with he wente in to an other cite, and forsoke Syracuse: and there bought a lytell lande, where ypon he lyued.

ued. whan the tyran vnderstode that he hadde so done, he sent for him agayne . And whan he was come , the tyran sayde to him: Syth thou haste lerned nowe to vse well thy goodes , and nat to kepe them vnprofytably , I wyll restore them all to the agayne . And so he dyd.

Of the olde man, that quengered the boy oute of the appletree with stones. lxxxv.

As an olde mā walked on a tyme in his orcherd he loked vp , and sawe a boye sytte in a tree stealyng his apples : whom he entreated with sayre wordes to come downe; and let his apples alone . And whan the olde man sawe, that the boye cared nat for him , by cause of his age , and set noughte by his wordes , he sayde: I haue harde saye, that nat onlye in wordes , but also in herbes shulde be greatte vertue: wherfore he plucked vp herbes , and beganne to throwe them at the boye , wherat the boye laughed hartelye , and thought that the olde man hadde ben mad, to thynke to driue hym out of the tree with castinge of herbes . Than the olde man sayde : well seyng that nother wordes nor herbes haue no vertue agaynste the stealer of my goodes : I wyll proue what stones wyll do , in whiche I haue harde men saye, is great vertue: and so he gathered his lappe full of stones , and throwe them at the boye , and compelled hym to come downe and renne awaye .

This tale sheweth / that they that bene wyse, proue many wayes, before they arme them.

Of the ryche man that wolde not haue a glyster. lxxxii

There was a certayn riche man on a tyme, whiche felle sycke: to the whose curyng came many pbisitians (for flies by beapes flee to honye). Amonge them all there was one that sayde: that he muste nedes take a glyster, if he wolde be holle. whā the sicke man, that was nat envred with that medicine, harde bym saye so, he sayde in a great furye: Out a dozes with those pbisitians they be madde: For where as my payne is in my heed, they wolde beale me in myne arse.

This fable sheweth that holsom thynges to the that lacke knowlege and experyence, seme hurtfull.

Of hym that serued hym selfe deed to proue what his wyfe wolde do. lxxxiii.

A yonge married mā on a time to proue, to bere, and to se what his wyfe wolde do, if he were deed, came in to his house, whyle his wyfe was forthe wasshyng of clothes, and layd hym downe in the floore, as he had ben deed. whan his wyfe came in, and sawe hym lye so, she thought he had ben deed in dede: wherfore she stode euen styll: and deuyfed with her selfe whether was better to bewayle his dethe forth with, or els to dyne fyrste, for she had eate no meate of all the day. All other thynges considered she determined to dyne fyrste. So she cut a coloppe of baken, and broyled it on the colcas, and began to eate thereon a pace, she was so hungrye, that she toke no hede of drynke. At laste the saltenes of the meate made her to thyrste so sore, that she muste nedes drynke. So as she toke the
potte

potte in her hande, and was goyng downe into her seller to drawe drynke, sodaynely came one of her neyghbours for a cole a syze. wberfore she stepped backe quickly, and though she was right thyrsty, yet she sette the potte a syde, and as her busbande had than fallen downe deed, she beganne to wepe, and with many lamentable wordes to bewayle his dethe. whiche wepyng and waylyng, and sodaine dethe of her busbande, caused all the neyghbours to come thytber. The man laye styll in the floore, and so helde his brette, and closed his eyes, that he semed for certayne to be deade. At laste whanne he thought he had made pastyme inough, & berynge his wyfe saye thus: Alas dere busbande what shall I do nowe? He loked vp and sayde: Full yll my swete wyfe, excepte ye go quyeckely and drynke. wberwith they al from wepyng, tourned to laughyng, specially whan they vnderstode the matter, and the cause of her thyrste.

wherby ye may se, that nat without a good skyl the poete sayde:

Ut sicut oculos trudere suos.

Of the poure man / into whose house thence
brake by nyghte. fppvi.

There was a poore man on a tyme, the whiche vnto theues, that brake into his house on nyght, he sayde on this wyse. Syze I maruayle, that ye thynke to fynde any thyng here by nyght, for I ensure you I can fynd nothyng, whan it is brode day.

By this tale appereth playnly

That pouerte is a welthy mysery.

**Of hym that shulde haue ben hanged for
his scoffynge. lxxxiiii.**

There was a mery felowe in hygh Almayn, the
whiche with his scoffynge and iestyngge had so mo-
che displeased a great lorde of the countreye, that
he thretned to hange hym, if euer he coude take
hym in his countrey. Nat longe after this lordes
seruauntes toke hym, and hanged he shulde be.
whanne he sawe there was no remedy but that he
shulde dye, he sayde: *O* my lorde, I muste needes
suffre dethe, whiche I knowe I haue wel deserued:
But yet I beseke you graunte me one petition for
my soule helthe. The lorde, at the instaunce of the
people that stode aboute, so it dydde not concerne
his lyfe, was contente to graunte it hym. Then the
felowe sayde: I desyre you my lorde, that after I
am hanged, to come. iij. moynynge fresshe and fa-
styngge, and kysse me on the bare arse. where vnto
the lorde answered: The deuyll kysse thyne arse:
and so let hym go.

Of hym that had his goose stole. lxxxv.

A man that had a goose stole from hym, went
and complayned to the curate, and desyred hym to
do so moche as helpe that he had his goose again.
The curate sayde he wolde. So on sonday the cu-
rate as though he wolde curse, wente vp in to the
pulpit, and bade euery body sit downe: So whan
they were set, he said: why sit ye nat downe? we be
set all redy, q̄ they. *N*aye (q̄ the curate) he that
dyd stele the goose sitteth nat, yes that I do, q̄ he,
Sayste thou that, q̄ the curate? I charge the on
peyne

peyne of cursyng, to bryng the goose home ageyn.

Of the begger that sayd he was kyn to kynge
Philip of Macedone. fxxxvi.

There came a begger to kynge Philip of Macedone on a tyme, and prayde the kyng to gyue hym some what, and farther he sayde he was his kynse man. And whan the kyng asked hym which way, he answered and sayde, howe they came bothe of Adam. Than the kynge commanded to gyue hym an almes. whan the begger sawe it was but a small peece of moneye, he sayde, that was nat a smelly gyfte for a kynge. The kynge answered: If I shuld gyue euerye manne so moche, that is my kynse manne lyke as thou arte: I shulde leaue notbynge for my selfe.

Of Dantes answere to the iester. fxxxvii.

Dantes the poete dwelled a while with Lan the pynce de la Scale: with whome also dwelled an other Florentyne, that hadde acyther lernynge nor prudence, and was a man mete for notbynge, but to scoffe & ieste: but yet with his mery toyes, he so moued the sayd Lan, that he dydde greatly enryche hym. And bycause Dantes dyspysed his foolyssh benes, this scoffer said to him: How cometh it Dantes, that thou art holde so wyse and so well lerned, and yet arte poore and nedy: I am an vnlearned man & am an ignozant sole, & yet I am farre richer than thou art. To whom Dantes answered: If I may fynde a lorde lyke and cōformable to my maners, as thou haste founde to thyn: he wyll lyke
wyse

wylse make me ryche.

¶ Of hym that had soze eyes. foppbill.

¶ One that had soze cies, was warned of the pbitian that he shulde in any wylse forbear drinking or els lose his cies: To whom he sayd: It is more pleasure for me, to lose myne cies with drinkynge / than to kepe them for wormes to eate them oute.

By this tale ye may perceyue / that it auayleth nat to warne some for theyr owne profytte.

¶ Of the olde woman that had soze eyes foppip.

¶ There was an olde woman the whiche bargayned with a surgean to beale her soze eyes: and whanne he hadde made her cies hole, and that she sawe better she couenaunted that he shulde be payde his moneye, and not before. So he layde a medycyne to her eyes, that shulde not be taken awaye the space of .v. dayes. In whiche tyme she myghte nat loke yppe. Every daye, whan he came to dresse her, he bare awaye some what of her house holde stouffe, table clothes candellstickes, and dishes: He lefte no thinge / that he coulde carye clene. So whan her cies were hole, she loked vp, and sawe that her householde stouffe was caryede awaye, she sayde to the surgian, that came and required his money for his labour: Syr my promise was to pay you, whan ye made me se better than I did before: That is trouth, quod he. Mary, quod she, but I se worse nowe than I did. Before ye layde medycins to myn eies, I saw moche fayre stouffe in myn house, and now I se notbinge at all.

¶

Why, this pellet that thou gyueste me to eate, sauereth all of a turde: Thou sayst trouth (quod the scoffer) Nowe thou arte a south sayer, and there fore paye me my money.

Of the marchaunt of Florence called Charles. xciii.

A marchaunt of Florence called Charles, came frome Auignone to Rome: And as he sate at souper with a great company, one asked him how the Florentins at Auignone fared: he sayde they were merye and gladd. For they that dwelle there a yere (quod he) be as men that were franticke and out of theyr myndes. Than an other that sate at souper with them asked this Charles, how longe he had dwelled there. He answerde. vi. monethes. Charles (quod he that asked him the questiō) thou haste a great wytte: For bit, that other be about. xii. monethes, thou hast fulfilled in halfe a yere.

Of the cheshire man called Eulyn. xciiii.

There dwelled a man in Cheshire called Eulyn, whiche vsed to go to the towne many tymes, and there he wolde sitte dzyngyng tyl. xii. of the clocke at nyghte, and than go home. So on a tyme he carryed a lyttell boye bis sonne on bis shulder with him, and whan the chyld fell a slepe about. ix. of the clocke, the ale wyfe brought him to bed with her chyldren. At mydnyghte Eulyn wente home, & thought no more on bis chyld. Allone as he came home bis wyfe asked for her chyld. whā she spake of the chyld he loked on bis shulder, and whan he sawe he was not ther, he said he wist nat where he

he was. Out vpon the horse (quod she) thou hast let mi child fall in to the water (for he passed ouer the water of Dee at a brige) Thou list bore (quod he) for if he had fallen in to the water, I shuld haue hard him plūp.

Of him that desired to be set vpon the pillory. p. 27.

There were .iii. loytering felowes fell in company on a tyme: the whiche wente so longe to gether tyll all theyr money was spente. whan their money was gone, one of them sayd: what shal we do now? By my faith (quod an other) if I might come where preece of people were, I coulde get moneye inough for vs. And I (quod the .iii.) can assēble people to gether lyghtly. So whan they came in to a lytelle towne, where a newe pillory was sette vp, he that sayde he coulde lyghtly assēble people to gether, went to the bayly, of the towne, whiche was a boucher, and desyred him / that he wolde gyue him leaue to haue the maidenheed of the pyllory. whiche requeste at the fyrste abasshed the bayllyc: for he wyft not what he mente therby: wherfore he toke counsaile of his neighbours, what was best to do, & they bade him set vp the knaue & spare nat. So whā he was on the pillorye, he loked aboute, & sawe his .iii. felowes busy in the boles of the bouchers aprons, wher thei vsed to put theyr money: thā he said: Ther now go to a pace. The people gasped vp styll & laughed. & whā he saw that his felowes had sped their maters, & were going away, he said to the peple: Now turne the pilori ones about & thā I wyl com downe: So they laughing hartly did, whā the felow was com downe frō the pyllory,

J.ii. the

the baylie sayde to hym : By my faythe thou arte a good felowe, and by cause thou haste made vs so good sperte, holde I wyll gyue the a grote to drynke : and to putte his bande in the hole of his apron, but there he founde neuer a penyne : Lockes armes (quod the bayllye) my pourse is pycked, and my moneye is gone. Syr (quod the felowe) I truste ye wyll beare me recorde, that I haue bit nat. No by the masse quod he, thou were on the pyllorie the whyle. I ban no force quod the felow, and wente his waye.

Of the wydowes daughter that was sent to the abbot with a couple of capons. p. lvi.

There was an abbot that had a wydowe to his tenant, which wydow on a tyme sent her daughter with a couple of capons to the abbotte. And whan the mayden came with her present, she founde the abbot syttyng at dyner, to whom she sayde : Doe good dutte the my lord. Da welcome mayden quod he. My lord (quod she) my mother hath sent the here a couple of. capons. God a mercy mayden, quod he. And so he made her to be sette downe atte his owne table to eate some meate. Amonge other meates, the abbotte had than a grene goose with sorcell sauce, wherof he dyd eate. So one that sat at the abbottes table, gaue the rompe of the goose to the mayde to picke thereon. She toke the rompe in her bande, and bycause she sawe the abbot and other wete their meate in the sorcell sauce, she sayde. My lord, I pray the gyue me leue to wete myn arse in thy grene sauce.

Of

Of the two men, that dranke a pynte of
whyte wyne to gether. pLii.

There came two homely men of the countrey
in to a tauerne on a tyme to drinke a pynte of wille.
So they satte styll, and wyste not what wyne to
calle for. At last, he ynge euerye man call for white
wyne as clere as water of the rocke, They bad the
drawer brynge the a pynte of whyte wyne as clere
as water of the rocke. The drawer seyng and per-
ceuyng by their wordes that they were but blont
felowes, he brought the a pinte of clere water. The
one of them fylled the cuppe, & dranke to his felow,
and sayd: Holde neighbour, by masse, chadde as
lese drynke water, saue only for the name of wyne.

Of the doctour that went with the fouler to
catche byzdes. pLxiii.

There was a doctour on a tyme, whiche desired
a fouler, that went to catche byzdes with an owle,
that he might go with hym. The byzder was con-
tent, & dressed hym with bowes, and set hym by his
oule, and bad hym say nothyng. whan he saw the
byzdes a lyght a pace, he sayde: There be many
byzdes alyghted, drawe thy nettes: where with
the byzdes flewe away. The byzder was very an-
gry, & blamed him greatly for his speakyng. Than
he promysed to holde his peace. whan the byzder
was in agayn, & many byzdes were alyghted, may-
ster doctour said in latyn, *Aues primulic adfunt.* wher
with the byzdes flewe away. The byzder came out
ryghte angrye and soze displeasid and sayde: that
by his bablyng, he had twyse loste his pray. why

thynkest thou foole (quod the doctour) that the
birdes do vnderstand latin? This doctour thought
that the vnderstandynge, and nat the noyse hadde
feared away the byrdes.

Of hym that undertoke to teache an asse to rede. *p. 219.*

There was a certayne tyran, the which to pylle
one of his subiectes of his goodes, commaunded
hym to teache an asse to spelle and rede. He sayd it
was impossible, except he might haue space inough
thereto. And whan the tyran bade hym aske what
tyme he wolde, he desyred. x. yeres respite. But
yet bycause he vndertoke a thyng impossible, eue-
rye bodye laugbed hym to scorne. He tourned to-
warde his frendes and sayde: I am not bynge af-
frayde: for in that space, eithen J, the asse, or elles
my lord may dye.

By whiche tale appereth, that it is bolsome to
take leysur inough, aboute a thyng that is harde
to do, specially whanne a man can nat chose to take
bit on bande.

Of the fryer that confessed the woman. *L.*

As a fayre yong woman of the towne of Amilie
confessed her to a friere, he beganne to burne so in
concupiscence of the flesshe, that he entyced her to
consente to his wyll. And they agreed, that she
shulde feyne her selfe sycke, and sende for hym to
shyue her. within. iij. dayes after she feyned her
selfe sycke, and laye downe in her bedde, and sente
for the same fryere to shyue her. whan the friere
was come, & every body voided out of the chābre,
he

he went to bedde to the woman, and there laye a longe space with her. Her bus bande suspectyng so longe a confession, came in to the chaumbre: whose sodayne comynge, so sore abass bed the fryer, that he went his way and leste his breeche behynde him lyenge on the bedde. whan her bus bande sawe the breeche, he sayd a loude: This was nat a frier, but an adouterer: And for great abomination of the dede he called all his householde to se hit. And forthe with he went and complayned to the warden of that couent: and thretned to seee bym, that had done the dede. The wardyen to appease his anger sayde, that suche publysshynge was to the shame of bym and his householde. The mā said: the breeche was so openly founde, that he coude nat byde it, The warden to remedy the matter sayde, it was saynt Fraunces breeche, an holy relyke, that his brother caryed thither for the womans belth, and that he and his couent wolde come and fetch hit home with procession. with those wordes the man was contente. Anone the warden and his frieres, with the crosse before them, and arayed in holly vestementes, went to the house and toke vpp the breeche, and two of them on a clothe of sylke, bare it solcmlye on hyghe betwene theyr bandes: and euerye bodye that mette them, kneled downe and kyssed it. So with great ceremony and songe: they brought it home to their couente. But after whanne this was knowen, ambassadoures of the same citie, wente and complayned thereof before the holy see apostolyke.

How a chaplen of Louen decey
ued an vsurer. 2.

In the towne of Louen was a chaplayne called
Antonye, of whose merye sayenges and doynge
is moche talkynge. As he mette on a daye one or
two of his acqueyntaunce, he desyzed them home
with him to dyner: but meate had he none/nor mo
ney. There was no remedy, but to make a s beste.
Forth he goth, and in to an vsurers kytchynne,
with whome he was famylier: and priuelye vnder
his gowne he caryed oute the potte with meate/
that was sod for the vsurers dyner. whan he came
home, he putte oute the meate, and made the pot
to be scoured bryght, & sente a boye with the same
pot to the vsurer to borowe .ii. grotes thereon: and
bade the boye take a bylle of his bande, that suche
a brasse potte he delyuered him. The boye did as
he was bydde: and with the money that he hadde
of the vsurer, he bought wine for theyr dyner. whā
the vsurer shulde go to dyner, the potte and meate
was gone, wberfore he all to chydde his mayde.
She said there came no bodye of all the daye / but
syz Antony. They asked him: and he sayde he had
none. At length they sayde in erneste, he and no mā
els had the pot. By my sayth (quod he) I borow
ed suche a potte vpon a tyme, but I sente hit home
agayne: and so called witnes to them, and sayde:
Lo howe peryllous it is to deale with men nowe a
dayes withoute wrytynge: They wolde lay theste
to my charge, and if I had no wrytynge of the vsu
rers bande. And so he shewed oute the wrytynge.
And whan they vnderstode the disceyte, there was
good

good laughbynge.

Of the same chapsen and one that spited him. Cii.

The same Antony dyned on a tyme with a sorte of merye felowes. Amonge whome there was one that greatly spited him in his scoffes and merye iestes. And as they sate laughbynge and sporting, one asked whiche was the most reuerent part of mans bodye; one sayd the eie, an other the nose, but Antony, bycause he knew his enuyer wolde name the clene contrarye, sayde the mouth was the moste reuerent parte: Naye quod his enuyer, the parte that we sytte on is the moste reuerent. And bicause they meruayled whye / he made this reason, that he was moste honourable amonge the common people, that was fyrste sette. And the parte that he named was fyrste sette. whiche sayenge contented them, and they laughed merelye: He was nat a litell proude of his sayenge, and that he hadde ouercome Antonye. This past forth; four or fyue dayes after they were bothe bydde to dyner in a nother place. whā Antony cam in he found his enuier that sat talkyng with other, whyle the diner was makinge redy. Antony tourned his backe to him and lette a great sarte agaynst his face. His enuyer great lye disdayninge sayde: walke knaue with a myschiefe, where hast thou ben nourtered. why, and dysdaynest thou quod Antony, if I had saluted the with my mouthe, thou woldest haue saluted me agayne: and nowe I grete the with that parte of my body, that by thy own sayenge is moste honourable, thou callest me knaue.

R

This

Thus he got agayne his praise, that he hadde losse before.

¶ Of the olde man that put him selfe in his sonnes handes. L.iii.

¶ There was a certayne olde man, whiche let his sonne to mary, and to brynge his wyfe and his chyldren, to dwelle within him, and to take all the house in to his owne hande and gydinge. So a certeyne tyme the olde man was sette and keppe the vpper ende of the table, afterwarde they sette him lower, aboute the myddes of the table, thyrde they set him at the netter ende of the table, fourthly he was set amonge the seruantes, fyfthly they made him a couche behynde the halle doore, and cast on him an olde sacke clothe. Nat longe after the olde man died. whan he was deed / the yonge mans sonne came to him and sayde: Father I pray you gyue me this olde sacke cloth, that was wonte to couer my graundfather / what woldest thou do with it sayde his father? forsoth, sayd the chyldre, it shall serue to couer you whā ye be olde, lyke as it did my graundfather. At whiche wordes of the chyldre this man ought to haue ben ashamed and sozry. For it is wyten. Sonne reuerence and helpe thy father in his olde age, and make him not thoughtfull and heuy in his lyfe, and thought be dole, forgyue it him. He that honoretb his father, shall lyue the longer, and shall reioyce in his owne chyldren.

C Of hym that had a flye peynted
in his shilde . Ciij.

A yonge man that on a tyme went a warfare,
caused a flye to be peynted in his shylde, euen of
the very greatnes of a flye; wherfore some laughed
at him and sayde, ye do well, because ye wyll not
be knowen. yes quod he, J do it because J wyll be
knowen and spoken of. For J wyll approch so nere
our enemyes, that they shall well decerne what ar-
mes J beare.

Thus it that was layde to him for a blame of
cowardise, was by his sharpe wytte turned to a
shewe of manlynes.

And the noble and valiaunt Archidamus sayde
shotte of crossebowes, synges, and suche lyke in-
gins of warre are no proffe of manhode, but whan
they come and fyghte bande to bande, appereth
who be men and who be not.

C Of the emperour August
sus and the olde
men .cxv.

As the noble emperour Augustus on a time cam
in to a bayne, he behelde an olde man that hadde
done good seruice in the warres, frotte him selfe a
gaynste a marble pyller for lacke of one to helpe
to walsh him, the emperour moued with pite gaue
an annuite to synde hym and a seruaunt to wayte
vpon him. whan this was knowen a great sorte
of olde men drewe them to gether, and stode
K.ij. where

where as the emperour shulde passe forth by, eue-
rye one of them rubbynge his owne backe with
a marble stone. The emperour demaunded why
they dyd so? Bycause noble emperour, sayd they,
we be not able to kepe seruantes to do it. why quod
the emperour, one of you maye clawe and frote an
others backe well inough.

¶ Phocions oration to the Athenes. Cvi.

¶ Phocion on a daye treatyng a longe oration to
the people of Athenes, pleased them very wel. And
whan he sawe, that they all to gether allowed his
wordes, he tourned to his frendes and sayd. Haue
I vnwarely spoken any hurte? So moche he per-
swaded bym selfe, that nothyng coude please them
that was well and truly spoken.

¶ Of Demosthenes and Phocion. Cvii.

¶ Demosthenes sayde to Phocion: If the Athe-
niens falle ones in a madnes, they woll see the. To
whom he answered: ye surely, if they waxe madde
they woll see me, but ⁊ they waxe ones wysse, they
wyll see the. So: Demosthenes spake moche to the
peoples pleasure, and spake thynges rather delyta-
ble than bolsome.

¶ Of Phocion that refused Alexanders gyfte. Cviii.

¶ What tyme Alexander kynge of Macedone sent
an hundred besauntes of golde for a gyfte to Pho-
cion, he asked them that brought the money, how
it came, that Alexander sent it to hym alone, seyng
there were many other me in Athenes beside him.
They

They answered, by cause he iudgeth you alone to be an honest and a good man. Therefore, quod he, let hym suffre me to be taken and to be suche one still.

Who wolde not wonder at the cleane and vncorrupt courage of this Phocion? He was but a poore man, & yet the greatnes of the gyft coude nothinge moue hym. Besyde also he shewed, that they, the whiche, while they mynistr the common welthe, absteyne not from takyng of gyftes, neyther be nor ought not to be taken for good men.

Of Denyse the tyranne and his sonne. *Lij.*

What tyme Denyse the tyranne vnderstode that his sonne that shulde reigne after hym, had commytted aduoutry with a worshipfull mans wyfe, angerly he sayde to hym, Dyd I, thy father, cuer suche a dede? The yonge man answered. No, ye had not a kynge to your father. Nor thou, sayde Denyse, art not lyke to haue a sonne a kynge, excepte thou leaue commytrynge of suche wyckedde dedes.

Of Pomponius the Romayne/that was brought before Mithridates. *Lx.*

Pomponius a noble man of Rome / sore hurte and wounded, was taken and brought before Mithridates, whiche asked hym this questyon. If I cure and heale thy woundes, wylte thou than be my frende? He answered hym agayne thus. If thou wylte be a frende to the Romaynes, thou shalt than haue me thy frende.

R. iij. This

This was a noble stomacke, that preferred the
welth of his countrey before his owne belth.

Of Titus and the lesser. Lxi.

Suetonius sheweth that Titus the father pro-
uoked a scoffer, that stode iesting with euery body,
that he shulde lyke wyse saye somewhat to hym:
I woll; sayde the scoffer, after ye haue done youre
easement. He iested at the emperours countenance,
be loked alway as one that streyned hym selfe.

On sucbe a visaged man writeth Martiall.

Dere lactucis, ac mollibus dtere maluis.

Nam faciem durum Psebe cacantis habes.

Of Scipio Nasica and Ennius
the poete. Lxii.

When Scipio Nasica came on a tyme to speake
with Ennius the Poete, he asked his mayde at
the doze, if he were within, and she sayde, he was
not at home. But Nasica perceyued, that her
mayster badde her say so, and that he was within:
but for that tyme dissemblynge the matter, he
wente his waye. within a fewe dayes after Ennius
came to Nasica, and knockynge at the doze, asked
if he were within. Nasica hym selfe spake oute a
loude, and sayd, he was not at home. Then sayde
Ennius. what manne, thynke you that I knowe
not your voyce? wherevnto Nasica aun-
sweredde and sayde, what a dishoneste man be-
you?

you: when I sought you, I beleued your maye,
that sayde ye were not at home, and ye wyll not
beleue me myn owne selfe.

¶ Of Fabius Minutius / and his
sonne. Lxiii.

CFabius Minutius was of his sonne exhorted
on a tyme to gette and conquere a place that was
mete for them, and to theyr great auantage: the
whiche thynge he sayde, they myght do with the
losse of a fewe men. wyll ye be one of those fewe,
sayde Fabius to his sonne?

Thereby shewynge, that it is a poynnt of a good
capiteyne to care for the lest of his souldiours, and
to saue them as nere as he coude.

The emperour Antonius Pius loued moche this
sentence of Scipio, whiche wolde ofte saye: I
hadde leauer saue one citezen, thanne see a thou-
sande enemyes.

¶ Of Aurelian / that was displeasid, by cause the cite
Tyana was closed agaynst hym. Lxiiii.

Cwhat tyme the emperour Aurelian came to the
citie Tyana, he founde hit closed agaynst hym,
wherfore all angerly he sayde: I woll not leaue a
dogge a lyue in this towne. whiche wordes re-
ioyced moche his menne of warre, by cause of
the great praye and botye, that they thoughte to
wyne there. One of the citezens, called Vera-
demon, for feare lest he shuld be slayne amonge the
other,

other betrayed the cyte. whan Aurelian had taken
the citie, the fyrste thinge he dyd, he slewe De-
radamon the traytour to his contrey. And
to his souldiors, that came to hym and
desyred, that they myght accordynge
to his promyse, ouerren and spoile
the cyte, he answered: Go to, I
sayde, I wolde nat leaue a
dogge a lyue, spare nat,
kyll al the dogges in
the towne.

By this meane the gentyl prince,
rewarded the traytoure
accordynge to his de-
seruynge, and dis-
pointed the co-
uetise of his
souldy-
ours.

Printed at London in Fletestrete,
in the house of Thomas Bertbelet,
nere to the Lundite, at the
sygne of Lucrece.
Cum priuilegio
legio.

