LXXVIII.

THOMAS TYRELL TO CROMWELL.

[From MS. Cotton. Cleop. E. iv. fol. 124*.]

With moste humble recommendacions, plesse it your grace, my lord, to be advertysed, that the vicar off Mendyllsham, my neybour, hath nowe at the feste off Penticoste laste passyd browght home hys woman and chyldern into hys vicarage, opynly declaryng how he is mared wnto her, and sche is hys lawfull wyff. Thys acte by hym done is in thys countre a monster, and many do growge at it. But for that he reportyth that the kynges grace doth know he is maryd, men do refrayne to do that theyre harttes wold serve theym to do; and as to our ordynary, he dare do no thyng. I moste lowly beseche your grace that I may know your plesure whatte is beste to be done for the reformation off hys opyn cryme, whyche is abomynable in the jugement off the laye peopell; and hys ensample wponnyched shall be occasion for other carnall evyll dysposed prestes to do in lyke maner, whyche God defend, and preserve your grace in helth, with long prosperus lyffe, the joye future trustyd apon not therby in any wyse minysched. Wrytyn the xijth day off June.

Your humble dayly bedysman,

powre THOMAS TYRELL.

LXXIX.

JOHN FOSTER TO CROMWELL.

[From MS. Cotton. Cleop. E. iv. fol. 116*.]

In my moste humblyst wyse, I beyng not so bold as to appere before youre lordschyp untill your plesure is knowyn, feere