and by occasion thereof were divers of his next neighbours barnes burnt also. Upon which newes brought unto him to the court, he wrote to the lady his wife this letter following.

The copy of the letter.

Altreys Alpe, in my most hartie way, I recommende me to you. And whereas I am entourde by my son Perce, of the loss of our barnes and our neighbours also, of all the corn that was therein, alwayes, (having gobs pleasure,) it is grete plite of so much good corn lost, yet sith it hath likd hym to sende vs such a chance, we must be bounden, not only to be contented, but also to be glad of his visitation. Before all that we have loste; a sith he hath by such a chance, taken it away againe, his pleasure be fulfilled. Letts be never grudge thee at, but take it in good sorte, and hartily thank hym, as well for aduerseitie as for prosperitie. And par adventure we have no more cause to thank him for our loste, then for our winning.

For his wise and better heed what is good for vs be the we do our selves. Therefore I pray you be of good cheere, take all the houle with you to church, and there thank god, both for that he hath given us, and for that he hath taken from vs, and for that he hath left us which if it please hym, he can encrease when he will. And if it please hym, to leave vs yet loste, at his pleasure be it. I pray you to make some good enseries what my poxe neighbours have loste, and blede them take no thoughtherefore; for I hold not me self a lyke, there that no poxe neighbour of mine, hole no loste by any chance happened in my house. I pray you be with my childrens your household mery in god. And devise some what to your frindes, what wayes were best to take, for provision to made for corn for our houlehold, and for lest thys be comning, ye thinke it good that we kepe the ground still in our handes. And whether ye think it good to be solde or not, yet I thinke it were not best taken up thus to loose it all by, to unwarp our foole of our farme, till we have somwhat advised us therin. Howbeit if we have more nowe then ye shall need, ye which can get the other masters ye may then discharge vs of them. But I would not that any man were sordely sent away he wrote nere wether. At my coming hither, I pechered none other, but that I hold cary still with 6 Kings grace. But ned I ha[i] think? because of this chance, gett leave this next weke to come home and see you and then shall we further deuise together upon all things, what we or shall best to take. And thus as harteely face you well with all our children as ye can with. At Wodcsokk the third day of September by the hand of.

Your loving husbande
Thomas Poe knight.

Sir Thomas Poe being late Chauntellor of England, gave over that office (by his greete labour) the 31st day of May, in the pere of our lord god a.1532, and in the retif. pere of the author of King Henry the eight. And after in that corner, he wrote an epitaph in latin, and caused it to be written by his tombe of stone, which himselfe (whilst he was lord Chauntellor) had caused to be made in his paritie church of Cheltey (where he dwelled) the final Miles for London. The copy of which epitaph here followeth.

Homas Morus ubri Londiniensi familiæ no celebrius, sed honesta natus, in litteris veternis versatus, qui numeros aliquot annos inuenus egisset in foro, & in urbe sua pro Shyrewoons discisset, ab initio sermo regis Hérico octavo (qui nunquam in gloria prins in audita cōgit, & deis defessor quaerens, gladio se & calamo vero prestitit, merito vocatur adscissit) in amplectit, delectus in consilium, & creatus eques, praestor primum, post Cancellarius Lancastriae, tandæ Anglie miro principis favore factus est. Sed interim in publico regni senatus lectus est orator populi, præterea legatus Regis nominis fuit. alias alibi: postremo vero Cameraci comes & collega in dignitas principis loci.
Agationis Cuthberto lunfirst tunc Londine mox Dunelmie episcopo, quo viro vix habeboris bodie quicquid eruditis, prudentius, melius. Ibi inter fumos orbis Christi, an monarchas rursus resepta fade ra, reddita, mundo diu desiderata tam pacem, et latissimum vidit et legatus interfuit.

Quam superi pacem firment factisset, perennem.

In hoc officiorum vel honori cura quida vertentur, ut nec princeps optimus operar eæsumprobaret, nec nobilis, est illius, nec inuncund populo, furibus antem homicidii, hereticis, molestus, pater et tandem Ioannes Mor eques, et in eum indicem ordinem a principe cooptat, qui regius confessus vocatur, homo civilis, suavis, innocens, mites, misericors, equus et integer, anis quidem gravior, sed corpore plus quæ, post emerit, filium dicit Anglia Cancellarium, fatis in terra iam se moratum ratus, libens emigravit in elum. At filium definio patre, cui quam diu supererat comparatus, et juvenis vocari consuerat et ipse quoque, sibi videbatur, amissum iam

past re que, amicos ex libris quinor ac nepotes unde rectificians, apud animam sui cepit per sinecere, Anxit baccadfeclani animi subsecuta flatim velut ad petentis sony signum pecoris valetudinariam. Itaque mortali harum rerum satum, quam re a puero pene semper optaret, ut ultimos aliquot vitæ funera nos obiteremer liberos, quibus huini vitæ negotios paulatim se subductos future posset immortalitate meditari, non rem tendat (si spectis annum Deus) indulgentissimi principis incompa bili beneficio resignatis honoribus impetratur atque hoc sepulchrum sibi quod mortis eius unicam esse non aderere quotidianum commonefaceret, translatis bue prioris vita et usibus extrahendus curavit. Quo de supites frustra sibi fecerit, uno ingreent et trepidus morte horret, sed desiderio Christi libens opatet, mortem, ut sibi non omnino morte sem simili vita felicioris inueniat, scibis cum quis lector optime spirentem precor designumque profere quere.

Under this epitaphy in prose, he caused to be written on his steele, this late epitaph in verses following, which himself did make a long before.

Charis Theome iacet hic Ioanna vxorcula Moris,
Qui tumulum Alicie, hunc destino, qui g, mibi.
Vna mihi dedi hoc coniunxta virentibus annis,
Me vocet ut puer et trina puella patrem.
Altera priusini (que gloria rara nouerat est)
Tam pia quam gratus vix fuit ulla suis.
Alteras sic mecum vixit, sic altera vixit,

Charior
Charior incertum est, haec sit an haec fuerit.
O simul O iuncti poteramus diuere nos tres,
Quam bene fata tui religio, sinant.
At societ tumulis, societ nos obsero caelum,
Sic mori, non potuit quod dare vita, dabit.

The translation in English of the two epistles here before in latter.

Thomas Pope a Londoner busy,
of no noble family, but of an honest stock, somewhat brought up in learning, after that in his young days, he had been a pleader in the causes of this hall certaine peres, being one of the under-sheriffs of London, was of noble kinde hence the right (which alone of all kings tho'thely deferred both with good and good name, to be called the defender of the faith, gloom along not heros called into the court, a chose one of the council, and made knight, made slee under treasore of englande, after that Chancellor of the Duchess of Lancaster, and last of all (with great favour of his Prince) lord Chancellor of England, but in the mean season, he was chosen speaker of the parliament, besides was diners times in by heal places the Kings enbaillators, and last of all at cameraigned fellow and companion to Cuthbert Constable chief of the enbailla than Bishop of London, and within a while after Bishop of Durham, who so excelleth in learning wit and vertue, the whole world cant hath at this age any more learned wiser or better) where he both joyfully saw was present enbailla, when the legues between the chiefe Princes of children he were renewed againe and peace so long restored to Chelsea a. Which peace our lord stable and make perpetual.

When he had thus gone though this course of offices so honours, his gracious prince could disallow his boinges, no; he was odious to the nobility, no, unpleasant to the people, but yet to theues, murderers that rebelles greuous, at late John Pope his father knight, and chosen of the Prince to be one of the lords of the kynges benefices a cruel man, pleasant, harmless gentle, pitiful, kind, but incorruptible, in persons, but in body more than for his persons lusty, after he parcellous his life so long length, he saw his sone lord Chamberlain of Engand, thinking himselfe nowe to have lived long enough, gladly depart to god, his sone th, his sater being dead, to whom as long as he lived being compared, was wont both to be called yong, to himself so thought comming now his father departed, and being liest. childre of his own, of their offspring, began in his own covert to ware old. And this affect of his was increased, by a certayne thicke disposition of his heart, even by his societie, as a signe as token of age creping upe him, he therefore take and very of worldly busines, giving by his promotions, obtained at last by insepurable benefice of his son prince (if it please god to fanaus his enterprise) thing which fro a child in a manner alway he written, and desired he might have some peres of his life see, in which he lihe a little possowning himself fro the busines of this life, might content fully and resum the immortallitie of the lyfe to come. And he hath caused this tombe to be made for himselfe (his firste wives bones brought either) might hence bapput him in memory of death that no user came to crepe on hym. And this tove made for him in his life time he not in vain, no; that he have death coming upon him, but that he may willingly for the benefice of Christ, i.e. find death not utterly death to him, but gate of a welthier life, helps him (I believe you good reader) nowe with your pissors while he lived, when he is dead alio.

Where lieth Jane wellbeloved wife of me Thomas Pope, who have appointed this tome for; Alas my wife and me also, the one being coupled with me in matrimony, in my youth brought me forth this daughter, one lone, other hath ben so good to my children (which is a rare piece in mothers law) so that any could be better to her own. The one so lived with me, a the other nowe to ly-neth, that is doubtfull whether this or the other were herer unto me. Oh how well could we the see have lived together in matrimony, if fortune and religion woldye have satisfed it. But I
Here follow four letters
which Mr. Thomas More wrote after he had given over the office of Lord Chancellor of England and before he was imprisoned.

A letter written by Sir Tho. More to master Thomas Cromwell, that one of the kinges priuate counsell, the first day of February in the yere of our lord god. 1533. after the computacion of the yere, of Engeland and in the pri. yere of the raigne of king Henry the viii.

Right worshipfull in my moste parly wise I cromend me unto you, sir my selfe William. Raffall hath esjoyed me, that your masterschip of your gooynesse knoweth that it hath bene reported, that I haue against the booke of certain articles, which was late put to dry in print by thises honorable countis, I made an answer, I delivered it unto my said countis to print. And albeit that he for his part truly defended it, yet because he somewhat remained in doubt, whether your masterschip gave therin full credes or not, he desired me for his fatherish charge to declare you very truth, as he profeth to god neither my said countis nor any man els, never had any booke of mine to print, one or other, since the faynd booke of th' kynge counsell came to the fame of countis last booke. He printed of mine was that booke that I made against an unknowne heretic, which hath sent over a booke that walketh in your many manys bandes and the sounder of the lord, against the blessed sacrament of the alter. By answer whereunto albeit that the printer (inware to mediate) in Anno. 1534. by which it semeth to be printed since the feast of the circumpation, yet was it of very truth both made and printed of many of them gone before Christmas. And my selfe never esjpt the printers oversight in the date, in more then three wekes after. And this was in god faith the last booke that my countis had of mine. Which being true as of trouth it shalbe founde, fulfill the same for his declaration in this behalfe. As touching mine owne self, I shall say thus much farther, y on my faith I never made any such booke no2 never thought to do. I red the said F booke once and never more. But I am for ones reading very sacre frowm many things, whereas I would have matter knowledge, where I would make an answer, though the booke the bookes of the counti, concern the poore man in a town, were of the simple man's making to. For of many things which in that booke be touched, in some I know not the lawes, in some I know not the fact. And therefore I desire to be childlike not to plate the proud arrogant sole, by whose name the booke had bene made, to whom over the matter had belonged, as to presume to make an aunwer to boke, concerning the matter whereas I never were sufficiently lettred in the lawes, nor fully enstructed in the factes. And the while the matter pertyned unto the kingses highnes, the booke professeth openly it was made by his honorable countis, by the put in print Wh his are licnes obtained therunto. C I desire truth in god faith of your god mind toward mee, though I never wrote you wode thereof, your selfe will both think as say so much for mee, that it were a thing far unlikely, y an answer shold be made therunto bime. Will by his grace of almightie god, as long as it please him to send me life in this yowle, in all such places as I am of my countis. By the grace the kinges grace bound, truely say my mind, discharge my conscience, as much a poste bond true mee, wherfore I shalbe by his grace commaund. Yet surely if it hold happen any booke to the p abode in the name of his grace of his honorable countis, if boke to remembere such as my selfe would not have given mine owne aduice to the making, yet I know my bolden booke, to here more honour to my printer, and more reverence to his honorable countis, than that it could become me for many causes, to make an answer unto such a boke, to countis and advise any mæls to do it. And thereby as it is a thing I never byd