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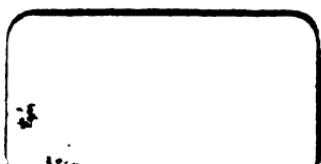
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Br 1858, 30, 16

B



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"9 Feb. 1625 (See 11. 44.) There
are in A continuation from a bo-
ok of border documents, & the begin-
ning belongs rather to the second part of 1625.
1626, than to the first. It is now in use
Aug. 1625"

"In one of the border documents
in the form of Letters, mostly with dates
addressed to friends from friendly places,
it appears that the letters
of many are written first, being afterwards
when the letters were published in "Succession".
"atches" 1626.

These letters are mostly in my
handwriting through Conforming them to
a uniform style. Certain letters, however,
are placed according to D.S.

W. W. Goodwin
Nov. 1880

From library of
H. C. Jones.

N. W. Tandy 1863.

Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ:

FAMILIAR
LETTERS

DOMESTIC and FOREIGN;

DIVIDED INTO

FOUR BOOKS:

PARTLY

HISTORICAL, POLITICAL,
PHILOSOPHICAL.

Upon Emergent Occasions.

By JAMES HOWELL, Esq;
One of the Clerks of his late Majesty's most
Honourable Privy-Council.

The ELEVENTH EDITION, very much Corrected.

Ut clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pectus.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. WARE, J. and P. KNAFTON, T. and T.
LONGMAN, C. HITCH and L. HAWES, J. HODGES,
J. and J. RIVINGTON, J. WARD, W. JOHNSTON,
and M. COOPER. MDCCCLIV.

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Br 1858.30.16

Harvard College Library

Dec. 24, 1914

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From the Estate of
Prof. W. W. Goodwin

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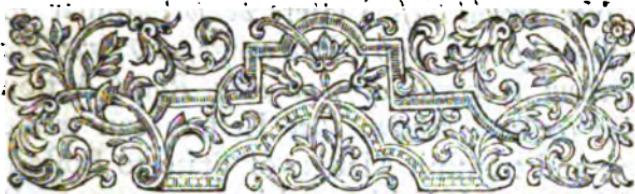
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11



TO HIS

M A J E S T Y.

S I R,

THese Letters, addressed (most of them) to your best Degrees of Subjects, do, as so many Lines drawn from the Circumference to the Centre, all meet in your Majesty; who, as the Law styles you the Fountain of Honour and Grace, so you shall be the Centre of our Happiness. If your Majesty vouchsafe them a gracious Aspect, they may all prove Letters of Credit, if not Credential Letters, which Sovereign Princes use only to authorise. They venture to go abroad into the vast Ocean of the World as Letters of Mart, to try their Fortunes; and your Majesty being the greatest Lord of Sea under Heaven, is fittest to protect them; and then they will not fear any human Power. Moreover, as this Royal Protection secures them from all Danger, so it will infinitely conduce to the Prosperity of their Voyage, and bring them to safe Port with rich Returns.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Nor would these Letters be so Familiar as to presume upon so high a Patronage, were not many of them Records of your own Royal Actions: And 'tis well known, that Letters can treasure up, and transmit Matters of State to Posterity, with as much Faith, and be as authentic Registers, and safe Repositories of Truth, as any Story whatsoever,

This brings them to lie prostrate at your Feet, with their Author, who is,

S I R,

Your Majesty's most Loyal

Subject and Servant,

J. HOWELL.

The

The Note, or a Poem-Royal,

7

P R E S E N T E D

To His MAJESTY for a New-Year's-Gift, by
Way of Discourse betwixt the Poet and his
Muse.

Calendis Januarii, 1641.

P O E M A.

Elegiastud.

THE World's bright Eye, Time's Measurer, begun
Through wat'ry Capricorn his Course to run;
Old Janus hasten'd on, his Temples bound
With Ivy, his grey Hairs with Holly crown'd:
When in a serious Quest my Thoughts did muse,
What Gift, as best becoming, I should chuse
To Britain's Monarch (my dread Sov'reign) bring,
Which might supply a New-Year's Offering.
I rummag'd all my Stores, and search'd my Cells,
Where nought appear'd, God-wot, but Bagatels:
No far-fetch'd Indian Gem cut out of Rock,
Or fish'd int Shells, were trusted under Lock;
No Piece which Angelo's strong Fancy hit,
Or Titian's Pencil, or rate Hillyard's Wit;
No Ermines, or black Sables, no such Skins,
As the grim Tartar hunts or takes in Gins;
No Medals, or rich Stuff of Tyrian Dye;
No costly Bowls of frosted Argentry;
No curious Landskip, or some Marble Piece
Digg'd up in Delphos, or elsewhere in Greece;
No Roman Perfumes, Buffs, or Cordovans,
Made drunk with Amber by Moren's Hands;
No Arras or rich Carpets, freighted o'er
The surging Seas from Asia's doubtful Shore;
No Lion's Cub, or Beast of strange Aspect,
Which in Numidia's fiery Woimb had slept;
No old Toledo Blades, or Damaskins;
No Pistols, or some rare-spring Carabines;
No Spanish Gennet, or choice Stallion sent
From Naples, or hot Afric's Continent:

A Poem Royal,

In fine, I nothing found, I could descry
Worthy the Hands of *Cæsar*, or his Eye.

My Wits were at a stand, when, lo, my Muse
(None of the *Chōir*, but such as they do use
For Laundresses, or Handmaids of mean Rank,
I knew sometimes on *Po* and *Iſis* Bank)
Did softly buzz,—

M U S E.

— Then let me something bring,
May handset the *New-Year* to *CHARLES* my King,
May usher in bifronted *Janus*.

P O B T

Thou fond fool-hardy *Muse*, thou silly Thing,
Which 'mongst the Shrubs and Reeds doſt use to sing ;
Darſt thou perk up, and the tall Cedar climb,
And venture on a King with gingling Rhyme ?
Tho' all thy Words were Pearls, thy Letters Gold,
And cut in Rubies, or cast in a Mould
Of Diamonds, yet still thy Lines would be
Too mean a Gift for such a Majesty.

M U S E.

I'll try and hope to pass without Disdain,
In *New-Year-Gifts*, the Mind stands for the *Main*.
The Sophy, finding 'twas well meant, did deign
Few Drops of running Water from a Swain :
Then sure 'twill please my Liege, if I him bring
Some gentle Drops from the *Cæſtalian Spring* ;
Tho' Rarities I want of such Account,
Yet have I something on the forked *Mount*.
'Tis not the first, or third Accēſs I made
To *Cæſar's* Feet, and thence departed glad.
For as the Sun with his Male Heat doth render
Nile's muddy Slime fruitful, and apt t' engender,
And daily to produce new Kind of Creatures,
Of various Shapes, and thousand differing Features ;
So is my Fancy quicken'd by the Glance
Of his benign Aspect and Countenance ;
It makes me pregnant and to superfete ;
Such is the Vigor of his Beams and Heat.

Once in a *Vocal Forest* I did sing,
And made the Oak to stand for *CHARLES* my King :
The best of Trees, whereof (it is no vaunt)
The greatest Schools of *Europe* sing and chant.
There you also shall find Dame * *ARHETINE*,
Great Henry's Daughter, and Great Britain's Queen,

* Id est, *Virtuous, Anagram of Henrietta.*

presented to his Majesty.

Her Name engraved in a Laurel-Tree,
And so transmitted to Eternity.

For now I hear that *Grove* speaks, besides mine,
The Language of the *Loire*, the *Po*, and *Rhine* ;
And to my Prince (my sweet black Prince) of late,
I did a youthful Subject dedicate.

Nor do I doubt but that in Time my *Trees* :
Will yield me Fruit to pay *Apollo's* Fees ;
To offer up whole Hecatombs of Praise
To *Cæsar*, if on them he casts his Rays :
And if my Lamp have Oil, I may compile
The *Modern Annals* of Great Albion's Isle ;
To vindicate the Truth of *CHARLES's* Reign,
From scribbling Pamphleteers, who Story stain
With loose imperfect Passages, and thrust
Lame things upon the World, ta'en up in trust.

I have had Audience (in another Strain)
Of Europe's greatest Kings ; when *German Main*,
And the *Cantabrian* Waves I cross'd, I drank
Of *Tagus*, *Seine*, and sat at *Tyber's* Bank :
Thro' *Scylla* and *Charybdis* I have steer'd,
Where restless *Aetna's* belching Flames appear'd.
By *Greece*, once *Pallas'* Garden, then I pass'd,
Now all spread o'er with Ignorance and Waste ;
Nor hath fair *Europe*, her vast Bounds throughout,
An Academy of Note I found not out.

But now I hope, in a successful *Prore*,
The Fates have fix'd me on sweet *England's* Shore ;
And by these various Wandrings true I found,
Earth is our common Mother, ev'ry Ground
May be one's Country : For by Birth each Man
Is in this World a *Cosmopolitan*.

A free-born Burges, and receives thereby
His Denization from Nativity :
Nor is this lower World but a huge Inn,
And Men the rambling Passengers ; wherein
Some do wan't Lodgings find, and that as soon
As out of Nature's Closets they see Noon,
And find the Table ready laid ; but some
Must for their Commons trot, and trudge, for Room ;
With easy Pace some climb *Promotion's* Hill,
Some in the Dale, do what they can, stick still ;
Some through false Glasses, Fortune smiling spy,
Who still keeps off, tho' she appears hard by ;
Some like the Ostrich with their Wings do flutter,
But cannot fly or soar above the Gutter :

Some

A Poem-Royal,

Some quickly fetch, and double *Good-Hope's Cape* ;
 Some ne'er can do't, tho' the same Course they shape;
 So that poor Mortals are so many Balls
 Toss'd some o'er Line, some under Fortune's Walls.

And it is Heav'n's high Pleasure, Man should lie
 Obnoxious to his Partiality,
 That by industrious Ways he should contend
 Nature's short Pittance to improve and mend:
 Now Industry ne'er fail'd at last t'advance
 Her patient Sons above the Reach of Chance.

P O E T.

But whither rov'st thou thus— ?
 Well; since I see thou art strongly bent,
 And of a gracious Look so confident,
 Go and throw down thyself at *Cæsar's Feet*,
 And in thy best Attire thy Sov'reign greet.
 Go, an auspicious and most blisful Year
 Wish him, as e'er shin'd o'er this Hemisphere.
 Good may the Entrance, better the Middle be,
 And the Conclusion best of all the Three :
 Of Joy ungrudg'd may each Day be a Debtor,
 And ev'ry Morn still usher in a better:
 May the soft gliding *Nones*, and ev'ry *Ide*,
 With all the *Calends* still some Good betide ;
 May *Cynthia* with kind Looks, and *Phœbus* Rays,
 One clear his Nights, the other gild his Days ;
 Free Limbs, unphysic'd Health, due Appetite,
 Which no Sauce else but *Hunger* may excite :
 Sound Sleeps, green Dreams be his, which represent
 Symptoms of Health, and the next Day's Content ;
 Cheerful and vacant Thoughts, not always bound
 To Counsel, or in deep Ideas drown'd,
 (Tho' such late Traverses, and Tumults might
 Turn to a *Lump of Care*, the airest Wight)
 And since while fragile Flesh doth us array,
 The Humours still are combating for Sway,
 (Which were they free from this Reluctancy,
 And counterpois'd, Man would immortal be)
 May *Sanguine* o'er the rest predominate
 In him, and their malignant Flux abate.

May his great Queen, in whose imperious Eye
 Reigns such a World of winning Majesty,
 Like the rich Olive or Falernian Vine,
 Swell with more *Gems* of *Cyons* masculine :

presented to his Majesty.

And as her Fruit sprung from the Rose and Luce,
(The best of Stems Earth yet did e'er produce)
Is tied already by a sanguine Race,
To all the Kings of Europe's high-born Race;
So may they shoot their youthful Branches o'er
the surging Seas, and graff with every shore.

May Home-commerce and Trade increase from far,
Till both the *Indies* meet within his Bar,
And bring in Mounts of Coin his Mint to feed,
And *Banquers* (*Traffick's chief Supporters*) breed,
Which may enrich his Kingdom, Court, and Town,
And ballast still the Coffers of the Crown;
For Kingdoms are as Ships, the Prince his Chests
The Ballast, which if empty, when distreis'd
With Storms, their Holds are lightly trimm'd, the Keel
Can run no stiddy Course, but toss and reel:
May his Imperial Chamber always ply
To his Desires, her Wealth to multiply;
That she may praise his Royal Favour more
Than all the Wares fetch'd from the Great *Mogor*.
May the * Grand Senate, with the Subjects Right,
Put in the Counter-scale the Regal Might,
The Flow'r's o'th' Crown, that they may prop each other,
And like the *Grecians* Twin, live, love together,
For the chief Glory of a People is,
The Power of their King, as theirs is his:
May he be still within himself at home,
That no just Paffion make the Reason roam;
Yet Paffions have their Turns to rouse the Soul,
And stir her flumb'ring Spirits, not controul:
For as the Ocean, besides Ebb and Flood,
(Which + Nature's greatest Clerk ne'er understood)
Is not for Sail, if an impregnig Wind
Fill not the flagging Canvas; so a Mind
Too calm is not for Action, if Desire
Heats not itself at Paffion's quick'ning Fire:
For Nature is allow'd sometimes to muster
Her Paffions, so they only blow, not bluster.

May Justice still in her true Scales appear,
And Honour fix'd in no unworthy Sphere;
Unto whose Palace all Access should have
Through *Virtue's* Temple, not through *Pluto's* Cave.

A Poem-Royal.

May his true Subjects Hearts be his chief Fort,
Their Purse his Treasure, and their Love his Pot,
Their Prayers as sweet Incense, to draw down
Myriads of Blessings on his Queen and Crown.

And now that his glad Presence did affrage
That fearful Tempest in the North did rage,
May those Frog Vapours in the Irish Sky
Be scatter'd by the Beams of Majesty;
That the Hibernian Lyre give such a Sound,
May on our Coasts with joyful Echoes bound.

And when this fatal Planet leaves to tour,
Which too too long on Monarchies doth pour
His direful Influence, may Peace once more
Descend from Heav'n upon our tottering Shore,
And ride in Triumph both in Land and Main,
And with her Milk-white Steeds draw Charles his Wain;
That so, for those Saturnian Times of old,
An Age of Pearl may come in Lieu of Gold.

Virtue still guide his Course; and if there be
A Thing as Fortune, him accompany.
May no ill Genius haunt him, but by's Side,
The best protecting Angel ever bide.

May he go on to vindicate the Right
Of holy Things, and make the Temple bright,
To keep that Faith, that sacred Truth intire,
Which he receiv'd from * Solomon his Sire;
And since we all must hence, by th' Iron Decree
Stamp'd in the black Records of Destiny,
Late may his Life, his Glory ne'er wear out,
Till the great Year of Plato wheel about.

So prayably,

The worth of Peers,

The best of Princes,

The most Loyal of

His

Votaries and Vassals,

JAMES HOWELL.

* King James.

To

To the Knowing Reader touching Familiar Letters.

Love is the Life of Friendship, *Letters* are
The Life of Love, the Loadstones that by rare
Attraction make Souls meet, and melt, and mix,
As when by Fire exalted Gold we fix.

They are those wing'd *Postilions* that can fly
From the Antarctic to the Arctic Sky,
The Heralds and swift Harbingers that move
From East to West, on Embassies of Love;
They can the *Tropics* cut, and cross the *Line*,
And swim from *Ganges* to the *Rhone* or *Rhine*,
From *Thames* to *Tagus*, thence to *Tyber* run,
And terminate their Journey with the *Sun*.

They can the Cabinets of Kings unscrue,
And hardest Intricacies of State unclue;
They can the *Tartar* tell, what the *Mogor*,
Or the Great *Turk* doth on the *Asian* Shore:
The *Knez* of them may know what *Prestre John*
Doth with his Camels in the torrid Zone;
Which made the *Indian* *Inu* think they were
Spirits, who in white Sheets the Air did tear.

The lucky *Goose* lav'd *Jove's* beleagred *Hill*,
Once by her *Noise*, but oftner by her *Quill*:
It twice prevented, *Rome* was not o'er-run
By the tough *Vandal*; and the rough-hewn *Hun*.

Letters can *Plots*, tho' moulder'd under Ground,
Disclose, and their fell *Complices* confound;
Witness that fiery *Pile*, which would have blown
Up to the Clouds, Prince, People, Peers and Town,
Tribunals, Church, and Chapel; and had dry'd
The *Thames*, tho' swelling in her highest Pride,
And parboil'd the poor Fish, which from her Sands
Had been toss'd up to the adjoining Lands.
Lawyers, as *Vultures*, had soar'd up and down;
Prelates, like *Maggots*, in the Air had flown,
Had not the Eagle's *Letter* brought to Light
That subterranean horrid Work of Night.

Credential *Letters*, States and Kingdoms tie,
And Monarchs knit in Leagues of Amity;
They are those golden Links that do enchain
Whole Nations, tho' disjoined by the Main;
They are the Soul of Trade, they make Commerce
Expand itself throughout the Universe.
Letters may more than *History* inclose
The choicest Learning both for Verse and Prose:

They Knowledge can unto our Souls display,
 By a more gentle, and familiar Way ;
 The highest Points of State and Policy,
 The most severe Parts of Philosophy,
 May be their Subject, and their Themes enrich,
 As well as private Businesses, in which
 Friends use to correspond, and Kindred greet,
 Merchants negotiate, and the whole World meet.

In Seneca's rich Letters is enshrin'd
 Whate'er the ancient Sages left behi'nd :
Tully makes his secret Symptoms tell
 Of those Distempers which proud *Rome* beset ;
 When in her highest Flourish she wou'd make
 Her *Tyber* from the Ocean Homage take.
Great Antonine the Emperor did gain
 More Glory by his *Letters* than his *Reign* :
 His *Pen* out-lasts his *Pike*, each golden Line
 In his Epistles doth his Name enshrine.
Aurelius by his *Letters* did the same,
 And they in chief immortalize his Fame.

Words vanish soon, and Vapour into Air,
 While *Letters* on Record stand fresh and fair ;
 And tell our Nephews who to us were dear,
 Who our choice Friends, who our Familiars were.

The bashful Lover, when his stammering Lips
 Faulter, and fear some unadvised Slips,
 May boldy court his Mistress with the Quill,
 And his hot Passions to her Breast instil :
 The *Pen* can furrow a fond Female's Heart,
 Ane pierce it more than *Cupid's* feigned Dart ;
Letters a kind of *Magic* Virtue have,
 And like strong *Philtres* human Souls enslave.

Speech is the *Index*, *Letters* Ideas are
 Of the informing Soul ; they can declare,
 And shew the inward Man, as we behold
 A Face reflecting in a crystal Mould ;
 They serve the Dead and Living, they become
 Attorneys and Administrers in some.
Letters like *Gordian Knots*, do Nations tie,
 Else all Commerce, and Love, 'twixt Men would die.

J. H.

The

These ensuing LETTERS contain for their principal Subject, a faithful Relation of the privatest Passages that happened at Court, a good Part of King James's Reign, and that of his late Majesty: As much also of foreign Affairs which had Reference to these Kingdoms:

Viz. Of

THE Wars of Germany, and the Transactions of the Treaties about restoring the Palatinate, with the Houses of Austria and Sweden.

The Treaty and Traverses of the Match with Spain.

The Treaty of the Match with France.

An exact Survey of the Netherlands.

Another of Spain, Italy, France, and of most Countries in Europe, with their chief Cities and Governments.

Of the Hans Towns, and the famous Quarrel between Queen Elizabeth and them.

Divers Letters of the Extent of Christianity, and of other Religions upon Earth.

Divers Letters of the Languages up and down the Earth.

Accounts of sundry Embassies from England to other States.

Some Pieces of Poetry wherewith the Prose goes interlarded,

Divers new Opinions in Philosophy descanted upon.

Passages of former Parliaments, and of this present, &c.

Among these Letters, there goes along a Legend of the Author's Life, and of his several Employments, with an Account of his foreign Travels and Negotiations; wherein he had Occasion to make his Address to these Personages, and Persons undet-written.

LETTERS to Noblemen.

To his late Majesty.

To the D. of Buckingham.

To the Earl of Cumberland.

To the Earl of Dorset.

To the Earl of Rutland.

To the Earl of Leicester.

To the Earl of Sunderland.

To the Earl of Bristol.

To the Earl of Rivers.

To the Earl of Stafford.

To the Earl of Carberry.

To the Lord Viscount Conway, Secretary.

To the L. Viscount Savage.

To the L. Herbert of Cheshire.

To the L. Cottington.

To the L. Mohun.

To the L. Digby.

To the Lady Marchioness of Winchester.

To the Lady Scroope.

To the Countess of Sunderland.

To the Lady Cornwallis.

To the Lady Digby.

To the Viscountess of St. John.

To Bishop Usher, Lord Primate of Ireland.

To Bishop Field.

To Bishop Duppa.

To the Bishop of London.

To Bishop Howell.

To the Bishop of Rochester.

To Knights, Doctors, Esquires, Gentlemen, and Merchants.

To Sir Robert Mansel.
 To Sir James Crofts.
 To Sir John North.
 To Sir Edward Spencer.
 To Sir Kenelm Digby.
 To Sir Edward Savage.
 To Sir John Smith.
 To Sir William Saint-Geon.
 To Sir Thomas Savage.
 To Sir Francis Cottington.
 To Sir Robert Napier.
 To Sir Peter Wichts.
 To Sir Sacvil Trever.
 To Sir Sacvil Crow.
 To Sir Arthur Ingram.
 To Sir Thomas Lake.
 To Sir Eubule Theoball.
 To Sir Alex. Ratcliff.
 To Sir Philip Marwayning.
 To Sir Bevis Thurlall.
 To Doctor Mansel.
 To Dr. Howell.
 To Dr. Pricard.
 To Dr. Wickam.
 To Dr. J. Day.
 To Mr. Alder. Cletbro.
 To Mr. Alder. Moulson.
 To the Town of Richmond.
 To Mr. R. Alibani.
 To Mr. D. Caldwell.

To Cap. Francis Bacon.
 To Mr. Ben. Johnson.
 To Mr. End, and Cap. Thomas Porter.
 To Mr. Simon Digby.
 To Mr. Walsingham Grefley.
 To Mr. Thomas Gwyn.
 To Mr. John Wroth.
 To Mr. William Blote.
 To M. Howel Gwyn.
 To Mr. Robert Baron.
 To Mr. Thomas More.
 To Mr. John Savage.
 To Mr. Hugh Penry.
 To Mr. Christopher Jones.
 To Mr. R. Brown.
 To Mr. William Martin.
 To Capt. Nicholas Least.
 To Mr. R. Brownrigg.
 To Mr. John Batty.
 To Mr. Will. Saint-Geon.
 To Mr. James Howard.
 To Mr. Ed. Noy.
 To Mr. William Austin.
 To Mr. Rowland Gwyn.
 To Mr. William Vaughan.
 To M. Arthur Hopton.
 To Mr. Thomas Jones.
 To Mr. John Price.
 To Capt. Ol. Saint-Geon.

With divers others.

Epiſtola

Epistola Ho-Eliana; Familiar LETTERS.

BOOK I. SECT. I.

I.

To Sir J. S. at Leeds-Castle.

SIR,

IT was a quaint Difference the Ancients did put betwixt a *Letter* and an *Oration*; that the one should be attired like a Woman, the other like a Man: The latter of the two is allowed large side Robes, as long Periods, Parentheses, Similes, Examples, and other Parts of Rhetorical Flourishes: But a *Letter* or *Epistle* should be short-coated, and closely couched; a Hungerlin becomes a *Letter* more handsomely than a Gown: Indeed we should write as we speak; and that's a true familiar Letter which expresseth one's Mind, as if he were discoursing with the Party to whom he writes, in succinct and short Terms. The *Tongue*, and the *Pen*, are both of them Interpreters of the Mind; but I hold the *Pen* to be the more faithful of the two: The *Tongue in udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery Place, may fail and faulter in her sudden extemporal Expressions; but the *Pen* having a greater Advantage of Premeditation, is not so subject to Error, and leaves Things behind it upon firm and authentic Record. Now, *Letters*, though they be capable of any Subject, yet commonly they are either *Narratory*, *Objurgatory*, *Consolatory*, *Monitory*, or *Congratulatory*. The first consists of *Relations*, the second of *Reprehensions*, the third of *Comfort*, the two last of *Counsel* and *Joy*: There are some, who, in lieu of *Letters*, write *Homilies*; they preach, when they should epistolize: There are others that turn them to tedious *Tractats*: This is to make Letters degenerate from their true Nature. Some modern Authors there are, who have exposed their *Letters* to the World, but most of them, I mean among your Latin Epistolizers, go freighted with mere *Bartholomew Ware*, with trite and trivial Phrases only, larded with pedantic Shreds of School-boy *Veres*: Others there are among our next transmarine

Neighbours Eastward, who write in their own Language; but their Style is soft and easy, that their Letters may be said to be like Bodies of loose Flesh without Sinews, they have neither Joints of Art nor Arteries in them; they have a kind of simpering and lank hectic Expressions made up of a Bombast of Words, and finical affected Compliments only: I cannot well away with such fleazy Stuff, with such Cobweb-compositions, where there is no Strength of Matter, nothing for the Reader to carry away with him, that may enlarge the Notions of his Soul. One shall hardly find an Apothegm, Example, Simile, or any thing of Philosophy, History, or solid Knowledge, or as much as one new created Phrase, in a hundred of them: And to draw any Observations out of them, were as if one went about to distil Cream out of Froth; insomuch, that it may be said of them, what was said of the Echo, *That she is a mere Sound and nothing else.*

I return you your *Balzat* by this Bearer: And when I found those Letters, wherein he is so familiar with his King, so flat; and those to *Richieu*, so puffed with profane Hyperboles, and larded up and down with such gross Flatteries, with others, besides, which he sends as Urinals up and down the World to look into his Water for Discovery of the crazy Condition of his Body, I forebore him further. So I am

Your most affectionate Servitor,

Westmin. 25.

J. H.

July, 1625.

II.

To my Father upon my first going beyond Sea.

SIR,

I Should be much wanting to myself, and to that Obligation of Duty, the Law of God, and his Handmaid Nature hath imposed upon me, if I should not acquaint you with the Course and Quality of my Affairs and Fortunes, especially at this time, that I am upon point of crossing the Seas to eat my Bread abroad. Nor is it the common Relation of a Son that only induced me hereunto, but that most indulgent and costly Care you have been pleased (in so extraordinary a Manner) to have had of my Breeding (though but one Child of fifteen) by placing me in a choice methodical School (so far distant from your Dwelling) under a learned (though *leaping*) Master; and by transplanting me thence to Oxford, to be graduated; and so holding me still up by the Chin until I could swim without Bladders. This Patrimony of liberal Education you have been pleased to endow me withal,

which I now carry along with me abroad, as a sure inseparable Treasure; nor do I feel it any Burden or Incumbrance unto me at all: And what Danger soever my Person, or other Things I have about me, do incur, yet I do not fear the losing of that, either by Shipwreck, or Pirates at Sea, nor by Robbers, or Fire, or any other Casualty on shore: And at my Return to England, I hope at least-wise I shall do my Endeavour, that you may find this Patrimony improved somewhat to your Comfort.

The main of my Employment is from that gallant Knight, Sir Robert Mansell, who, with my Lord of Pembroke, and divers others of the prime Lords of the Court, have got the sole Patent of making all Sorts of Glafs with Pit-coal, only to save those huge Proportions of Wood which were consumed formerly in the Glafs Furnaces: And this Business being of that Nature, that the Workmen are to be had from Italy, and the chief Materials from Spain, France, and other foreign Countries; there is need of an Agent abroad for this Use; (and better than I have offered their Service in this Kind) so that I believe I shall have Employment in all these Countries before I return.

Had I continued still Steward of the Glafs-house in Broad-street, where Captain Francis Bacon had succeeded me, I should in a short time have melted away to nothing amongst those hot Venetians, finding myself too green for such a Charge; therefore it hath pleased God to dispose of me now to a Condition more suitable to my Years, and that will, I hope, prove more advantageous to my future Fortunes.

In this my Peregrination, if I happen, by some Accident, to be disappointed of that Allowance I am to subsist by, I must make my Address to you, for I have no other Rendezvous to flee unto; but it shall not be, unless in case of great Indigence.

Touching the News of the Time: Sir George Villiers, the new Favourite, tapers up apace, and grows strong at Court: His Predecessor the Earl of Somerset hath got a Leafe of 90 Years for his Life, and so hath his *articulate* Lady, called so, for articling against the Frigidity and Impotence of her former Lord. She was afraid that Coke the Lord Chief Justice (who had used such extraordinary Art and Industry in discovering all the Circumstances of the poisoning of Overbury) would have made white Broth of them, but that the *Prerogative* kept them from the Pot: Yet the subseruent Instruments, the lesser Flies could not break thorough, but lay entangled in the Cobweb; amongst others, Mistress Turner, the first Inventress of yellow Starb, was executed in a Cobweb Lawg & Ruff of that Colour at Tyburn; and with her I

believe that *yellow Starch*, which so much disfigured our Nation, and rendered them so ridiculous and fantastic, will receive its Funeral. Sir *Gervas Elways*, Lieut. of the Tower, was made a notable Example of Justice and Terror to all Officers of Trust: For being accessory, and that in a passive Way only, to the Murder, yet he was hanged on *Tower-bill*; and the *Caveat* is very remarkable which he gave upon the Gallows, That People should be very cautious how they make Vows to Heaven, for the Breach of them seldom passes without a Judgment, whereof he was a most ruthful Example; for, being in the *Low Countries*, and much given to Gaming, he once made a solemn Vow, (which he brake afterwards) that if he played above such a Sum, *he might be hanged*. My Lord (*William*) of *Pembroke* did a most noble Act, like himself; for the King having given him all Sir *Gervas Elways's* Estate, which came to above a thousand Pounds per ann. he freely bestowed it on the Widow and her Children.

The latter End of this Week I am to go a Ship-board, and first for the *Low Countries*. I humbly pray your Blessing may accompany me in these my Travels by Land and Sea, with a Continuance of your Prayers, which will be as so many good Gales to blow me to safe Port; for I have been taught, *That the Parents Benedictions contribute very much, and have a kind of Prophetic Virtue to make the Child prosperous*. In this Opinion I shall ever rest,

*Broad-street, London,
1 March, 1618.*

*Your dutiful Son,
J. H.*

III.

To Dr. Francis Mansell, since Principal of Jesus College in Oxford.

S I R,

*B*eing to take leave of *England*, and to launch out into the World abroad, to breathe foreign Air a while, I thought it very handsome, and an Act well becoming me, to take my leave also of you, and of my dearly honoured Mother *Oxford*: Otherwise both of you might have just Grounds to exhibit a Bill of Complaint, or rather a Protest against me, and cry me up: *You* for a forgetful Friend; *She* for an ungrateful Son, if not some spurious Issue. To prevent this, I salute you both together: *You* with the best of my most candid Affections; *Her* with my most dutiful Observance, and Thankfulness for the Milk she pleased to give me in that Exuberance, had I taken it in that Measure she offered it me while I slept in her Lap: Yet that little I have sucked, I carry with me now abroad, and hope that this Course &

Life will help to concoct it to a greater Advantage, having Opportunity, by the Nature of my Employment, to study Men as well as Books. The small time I supervised the Glass-house, I got among those *Venetians* some Smatterings of the *Italian Tongue*, which, besides the little I have, you know, of *School-language*, is all the Preparatives I have made for travel. I am to go this Week down to *Gravesend*, and so embark for *Holland*. I have got a Warrant from the Lords of the Council to travel for three Years any where, *Rome* and *St. Omers* excepted. I pray let me retain some Room, tho' never so little, in your Thoughts, during the Time of this our Separation; and let our Souls meet sometimes by Intercourse of Letters: I promise you that yours shall receive the best Entertainment I can make them, for I love you dearly, dearly well, and value your Friendship at a very high Rate. So with Appreciation of as much Happiness to you at home, as I shall desire to accompany me abroad, I rest ever,

London, 20 Mar.

1618.

Your Friend to serve you, J. H.

IV.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight, at St. Osith.

S I R,

I Could not shake Hands with *England*, without kissing your Hands also; and because, in regard of your Distance now from *London*, I cannot do it in Person, I send this Paper for my Deputy.

The News that keeps greatest Noise here now, is the Return of Sir *Walter Raleigh* from his Mine of Gold in *Guiana*, the south Parts of *America*, which at first was like to be such a hopeful boon Voyage, but it seems that that golden Mine is proved a mere *Chimera*, an imaginary airy Mine; and indeed his Majesty had never any other Conceit of it: But what will not one in Captivity (as Sir *Walter* was) promise, to regain his Freedom? who would not promise, not only Mines, but Mountains of Gold, for Liberty? And it is Pity such a knowing well-weighed Knight had not had a better Fortune; for the *Destiny* (I mean that brave Ship which he built himself of that Name, that carried him thither) is like to prove a fatal Destiny to him, and to some of the rest of those gallant Adventurers which contributed for the setting forth of thirteen Ships more, who were most of them his Kinsmen and younger Brothers, being led into the said Expedition by a general Conceit the World had of the Wisdom of Sir *Walter Raleigh*; and many of these are like to make *Shipwreck* of their Estates by this Voyage. Sir *Wal-*

ter landed at *Plymouth*, whence he thought to make an Escape ; and some say he hath tampered with his Body by Phyfic, to make him look sickly, that he may be the more pitied, and permitted to lie in his own House. Count *Gondamar* the *Spanish Ambassador* speaks high Language ; and sending lately to desire Audience of his Majesty, he said he had but one Word to tell him : His Majesty wondering what might be delivered in one Word ; when he came before him, he said only, *Pirates, Pirates, Pirates*, and so departed.

It is true that he protested against this Voyage before, and that it could not be but for some predatory Design : And that if it be as I hear, I fear it will go very ill with Sir *Walter* ; and that *Gondamar* will never give him over, till he hath his Head off his Shoulders ; which may quickly be done without any new Arraignment, by virtue of the old Sentance that lies still dormant against him, which he could never get off by Pardon, notwithstanding that he mainly laboured in it before he went : But his Majesty could never be brought to it, for he said he would keep this as a Curb to hold him within the Bounds of his Commission, and the good Behaviour.

Gondamar cries out, that he hath broke the sacred Peace betwixt the two Kingdoms : That he hath fired and plundered *Santo Thoma*, a Colony the *Spaniards* had planted with so much Blood, near under the *Lida*, which made it prove such hot Service unto him, and where, besides others, he lost his eldest Son in the Action : And could they have preserved the Magazine of *Tobacco* only, besides other Things in that Town, something might have been had to countervail the Charge of the Voyage. *Gondamar* alledged farther, That the Enterprize of the Mine failing, he propounded to the rest of his Fleet to go and intercept some of the Plate Galeons, with other Designs which would have drawn after them apparent Acts of Hostility ; and so demands Justice : Besides other Disasters which fell out upon the dashing of the first Design, Captain *Remisb*, who was the main Instrument for Discovery of the Mine, pistoled himself in a desperate Mood of Discontent in his Cabin, in the *Converteite*.

This Return of Sir *Walter Raleigh* from *Guiana*, puts me in mind of a facetious Tale I read lately in *Italian* (for I have a little of that Language already) how *Alphonſo King of Naples* sent a *Moor*, who had been his Captive a long time, to *Barbary*, with a considerable Sum of Money to buy Horses, and return by such a Time. Now there was about the King a kind of *Buffoon* or Jester, who had a Table-book or Journal, wherein he was used to register any Absurdity, or Impertinence, or merry Passage, that happened upon the Court. That

Day the *Moor* was dispatched for *Barbary*, the said Jester waiting upon the King at Supper, the King called for his Journal, and asked what he had observed that Day; thereupon he produced his Table-Book, and among other things, he read how *Alphonso* King of *Naples* had sent Beltram the *Moor*, who had been a long time his Prisoner, to *Morocco* (his own Country) with so many thousand Crowns, to buy Horses. The King asked him why he inserted that; Because, said he, I think he will never come back to be a Prisoner again, and so you have lost both Man and Money. But if he do come, then your Jest is marred, quoth the King; No Sir; for if he return I will blot out your Name, and put him in for a Fool.

The Application is easy and obvious: But the World wonders extremely, that so great a wise Man as Sir *Walter Raleigh* would return to cast himself upon so inevitable a Rock, as I fear he will; and much more, that such choice Men, and so great a power of Ships, should all come home and do nothing.

The Letter you sent to my Father, I conveyed safely the last week to *Wales*. I am this week, by God's help, for the *Netherlands*, and then I think for *France*. If in this my foreign employment I may be any-way serviceable unto you, you know what Power you have to dispose of me, for I honour you in a very high degree, and will live and die,

London, 28 Mar. 1618.

Your bumble and ready

Servant, J. H.

V.

To my Brother, after Dr. Howel, and now Bishop of Bristol; from Amsterdam.

BROTHER,

I Am newly landed at *Amsterdam*, and it is the first foreign Earth I have ever set foot upon. I was pitifully sick all the Voyage, for the Weather was rough, and the Wind untowards; and at the Mouth of the *Texel* we were surprized by a furious Tempest, so that the ship was like to split upon some of those old stumps of trees wherewith that River is full; for in Ages past, as the Skipper told me, there grew a fair Forest in that Channel where the *Texel* makes now her bed. Having been so rocked and shaken at Sea, when I came a-shore, I began to incline to *Copernicus* his Opinion, which hath got such a sway lately in the World, viz. That the Earth as well as the rest of her fellow-Elements, is in

perpetual Motion, for she seemed so to me a good while after I had landed. He that observes the Site and Position of this Country, will never hereafter doubt the truth of that *Philosophical Problem* which keeps so great a Noise in the Schools, *viz.* that the Sea is higher than the Earth, because, as I sailed along these Coasts, I visibly found it true; for the Ground here, which is all 'twixt *Mash* and Moorish, lies not only level but to the apparent Sight of the Eye far lower than the Sea; which made the Duke of *Ava* say, That the Inhabitants of this Country were the nearest Neighbours to Hell (the greatest Abyss) of any People upon Earth, because they dwell lowest: Most of that Ground they tread, is plucked, as it were, out of the very Jaws of *Neptune*, who is afterwards penned out by high Dikes, which are preserved with incredible Charge; inasmuch that the Chief *Dike-grove* here, is one of the greatest Officers of Trust in all the Province, it being in his Power to turn the whole Country into a Salt-lough when he list, and so to put *Hans* to swim for his Life; which makes it to be one of the chiefest Parts of his Litany, *From the Sea, the Spaniard, and the Devil, the Lord deliver me.* I need not tell you who preserves him from the last, but from the *Spaniards*, his best Friend is the Sea itself, notwithstanding that he fears him as an enemy another way: for the Sea stretching himself here into divers Arms, and meeting with some of those fresh Rivers that descend from *Germany* to disgorge themselves into him through these Provinces, most of their Towns are thereby encompassed with Water which by Sluices they can contract or dilate as they list. This makes their Towns inaccessible, and out of the reach of Cannon; so that *Water* may be said to be one of their best Fences; otherwise I believe they had not been able to have borne up so long against the gigantic Power of *Spain*.

This City of *Amsterdam*, though she be a great Staple of News, yet I can impart none unto you at this time, I will defer that till I come to the *Hague*.

I am lodged here at one *Mons. de la Cluze*, not far from the Exchange, to make an Introduction into the *French*; because I believe I shall steer my course hence next to the Country where that Language is spoken; but I think I shall sojourn here about two Months longer, therefore I pray direct your Letters accordingly, or any other you have for me. *One of the prime Comforts of a Traveller, is to receive Letters from his Friends; they beget new Spirits in him, and present joyful Objects to his Fancy, when his Mind is clouded sometimes with Fogs of Melancholy:* therefore I pray make me as happy as often as your Convenience will serve with yours;

yours: You may send or deliver them to Captain Bacon at the Glass-house, who will see them safely sent.

So, my dear Brother, I pray God bless us both, and send us, after this large Distance, a joyful Meeting.

Amsterdam, 1 Apr. 1619. Your loving Brother, J. H.

VI.

To Dan. Caldwell, Esq; from Amsterdam.

My dear Dan.

I Have made your Friendship so necessary unto me for the Contentment of my Life, that Happiness itself would be but a kind of Infelicity without it: It is as needful to me as Fire and Water, as the very Air I take in and breathe out; it is to me not only *necessitudo*, but *necessitas*: Therefore I pray let me enjoy it in that fair Proportion, that I desire to return unto you by way of Correspondence and Retaliation. Our first Ligue of Love, you know, was contracted among the Muses in Oxford; for no sooner was I matriculated to her, but I was adopted to you: I became her Son and your Friend at one time. You know I followed you then to London, where our Love received Confirmation in the Temple and elsewhere. We are now far asunder; for no less than a Sea severs us, and that no narrow one, but the German Ocean: *Distance sometimes endears Friendship, and Absence sweeteneth it; it much enhanceth the Value of it, and makes it more precious.* Let this be verified in us; let that Love which formerly used to be nourished by personal Communication and the Lips, be now fed by Letters; let the Pen supply the Office of the Tongue: Letters have a strong Operation; they have a kind of Art like Embraces to mingle Souls, and make them meet, though millions of Paces asunder; by them we may converse, and know how it fares with each other, as it were by Intercourse of Spirits. Therefore, among your civil Speculations, I pray let your Thoughts sometimes reflect on me (your absent self) and wrap those Thoughts in Paper, and so send them me over; I promise you they shall be very welcome, I shall embrace and hug them with my best Affections.

Commend me to Tom Bowyer, and enjoin him the like: I pray be no Niggard in distributing my Love plentifully among our Friends at the Inns of Court: Let Jack Tolderry have my kind Commands, with this Caveat, *That the Pot which goes often to the Water, comes home cracked at last;* therefore I hope he will be careful how he makes the Fleece in Cornhill his Thorough-fare too often. So may my dear Daniel live happy, and love his

Amsterdam, 10 April, 1619.

J. H.

VII.

To my Father, from Amsterdam.

SIR,

I Am lately arrived in Holland in a good Plight of Health, and continue yet in this Town of *Amsterdam*, a Town I believe that there are few her Fellows, being, from a mean Fishing-dorp, come, in a short Revolution of Time, by a monstrous Increase of Commerce and Navigation, to be one of the greatest Marts of *Europe*: It is admirable to see what various Sorts of Buildings and new Fabrics are now here erecting every where; not in Houses only, but in whole Streets and Suburbs; so that it is thought she will, in a short time double her Proportion in Bigness.

N.B. I am lodged in a Frenchman's House, who is one of the Deacons of our English Brownists Church here; it is not far from the Synagogue of the Jews, who have free and open Exercise of their Religion here: I believe, in this Street where I lodge, there be well near as many Religions as there be Houses; for one Neighbour knows not, nor cares not much, what Religion the other is of, so that the Number of Conventicles exceed the Number of Churches here. And let this Country call itself as long as it will the United Provinces one way, I am perswaded in this Point there is no Place so disunited.

The Dog and Rag-market is hard by, where, every Sunday Morning, there is a kind of public Mart for those Commodities, notwithstanding their precise Observance of the Sabbath.

Upon Saturday last I happened to be in a Gentleman's Company, who shewed me, as I walked along in the Streets, a long-bearded old Jew, of the Tribe of Aaron; when the other Jews met him, they fell down and kissed his Foot: This was that Rabbi with whom our Countryman *Broughton* had such a Dispute.

This City, notwithstanding her huge Trade, is far inferior to *London* for Populoufness; and this I infer out of their weekly Bills of Mortality, which come not at most but to fifty or thereabout; whereas, in *London*, the ordinary Number is betwixt two and three hundred, one Week with another: Nor are there such wealthy Men in this Town as in *London*; for by reason of the Generality of Commerce, the Banks, Adventures, the common Shares and Stocks which most have in the *Indian* and other Companies, the Wealth doth diffuse itself here in a strange kind of Equality; not one of the Burghers being exceeding rich, or exceeding poor: Infomuch, that I believe our four-and-twenty Aldermen may buy

buy a hundred of the richest Men in *Amsterdam*. It is a rare Thing to meet with a Beggar here, as rare as to see a Horse, they say, upon the Streets of *Venice*; and this is held to be one of their best Pieces of Government: For, besides the Strictness of their Laws against Mendicants, they have Hospitals of all Sorts for young and old, both for the Relief of the one, and the Employment of the other; so that there is no Object here to exercise any Act of Charity upon. They are here very neat, tho' not so magnificent in their Buildings, especially in their Frontispieces and first Rooms; and for Cleanliness, they may serve for a Pattern to all People. They will presently dress half a dozen Dishes of Meat, without any Noise or Shew at all; for if one goes to the Kitchen, there will be scarce Appearance of any thing but a few covered Pots upon a Turf Fire, which is their prime Fuel; after Dinner they fall a scouring of those Pots, so that the Outside will be as bright as the Inside, and the Kitchen suddenly so clean, as if no Meat had been dressed there a Month before. They have neither Well or Fountain, or any Spring of fresh Water, in or about all this City, but their fresh Water is brought to them by Boats: Besides, they have Cisterns to receive the Rain-water, which they much use; so that my Landreis bringing my Linen to me one Day, and I commending the Whiteness of them, she answered, That they must needs be white and fair, for they were washed in *Aqua Cœlestis*, meaning Sky-water.

It were cheap living here, were it not for the monstrous Excises which are imposed upon all Sorts of Commodities, both for Belly and Back; for the Retailer pays the State almost the one Moiety as much as he paid for the Commodity at first; nor doth any murmur at it, because it goes not to any Favourite or private Purse, but to preserve them from the *Spaniard*, their common Enemy, as they term him; so that the Saying is truly verified here, *Defend me, and spend me*. With this Excise principally they maintain all their Armies by Sea and Land, with their Garrisons at home and abroad, both here and in the *Indies*, and defray all other public Charges besides.

I shall hence shortly for *France*, and in my Way take a look of the prime Towns of *Holland* and *Zealand*, especially *Leyden* (the University) where I shall sojourn some Days. So humbly craving a Continuance of your Blessing and Prayers, I rest

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

1 May, 1619.

VIII.

Sue Sivt J.

VIII.

To Dr. Tho. Prichard, at Jesus College, in Oxford ;
from Leyden.

S I R,

IT is the Royal Prerogative of Love not to be confined to that small local Compass which circumscribes the Body, but to make his Sallies and Progresses abroad, to find out and enjoy his desired Object, under what Region soever : Nor is it the vast Gulph of *Neptune*, or any Distance of Place, or Difference of Clime, can bar him of this Privilege. I never found the Experiment hereof so sensibly, nor felt the Comfort of it so much, as since I shook Hands with *England* : For tho' you be in *Oxford*, and I at *Leyden* ; albeit you be upon an Island, and I now upon the Continent, (tho' the lowest Part of *Europe*) yet those swift Postillions, my *Thoughts*, find you out daily, and bring you unto me : I behold you often in my Chamber, and in my Bed ; you eat, you drink, you sit down, and walk with me ; and my Fantasy enjoys you often in my Sleep, when all my Senses are locked up, and my Soul wanders up and down the World, sometimes through pleasant Fields and Gardens, sometimes through odd uncouth Places, over Mountains and broken confused Buildings. As my Love to you doth thus exercise his Power, so I desire yours to me may not be idle, but roused up sometimes to find me out, and summon me to attend you in *Jesus College*.

I am now here in *Leyden*, the only Academy besides *Franeker* of all the *United Provinces* : Here are Nations of all Sorts, but the *Germans* swarm more than any. To compare their *University* to yours, were to cast *New-Inn* in counterscale with *Christ-Church College*, or the Alms-houses on *Tower-hill* to *Sutton's Hospital*. Here are no Colleges at all, God-wot, (but one for the *Dutch*) nor scarce the Face of an *University*, only there are general Schools where the *Sciences* are read by several Professors, but all the Students are *Oppidans* : A small Time, and less Learning, will suffice to make one a *Graduate* ; nor are those Formalities of Habits, and other Decencies here, as with you, much less those Exhibitions and Supports for Scholars, with other Encouragements ; insomuch that the *Oxonians* and *Cantabrigians*——*Bona si sua norint*, were they sensible of their own Felicity, are the happiest *Academians* on Earth : yet *Apollo* hath a strong Influence here ; and as *Cicero* said of them of *Athens*, *Athenis pinguis cælum, tenuia ingenia*, The Athenians had a thick Air, and thin Wits ; so I may say of these *Lugdunensians*, They have a gross Air, but thin subtle Wits,

Pl.

Wits (some of them) witness also *Hainius*, *Grotius*, *Arminius*, and *Baudius*. Of the two last I was told a Tale, that *Arminius* meeting *Baudius* one Day disguised with Drink (where, with he would be often) he told him, *Tu Baudi dedecoras nostram Academiam; & tu Armini nostram Religionem*: Thou, *Baudius*, disgracest our University; and thou, *Arminius*, our Religion. The Heaven here has always some Cloud in his Countenance, and from this Grossness and Spissitude of Air proceeds the slow Nature of the Inhabitants; yet this Slowness is recompensed with another Benefit; it makes them patient and constant, as in all other Actions, so in their Studies and Speculations, though they use

—*Crascos transire Dies, lucemque palustrem.*

I pray impart my Love liberally amongst my Friends in Oxford, and when you can make Truce with your more serious Meditations, bestow a Thought drawn into a few Lines upon

Leyden, 3 May, 1619.

Yours, J. H.

IX.

To Mr. Richard Altham, at his Chamber in Grays-Inn.

Dear SIR,

THO' you be now a good way out of my Reach, yet you are not out of my Remembrance; you are still within the Horizon of my Love. Now the Horizon of Love is large and spacious; it is as boundless as that of the Imagination; and where the Imagination rangeth, the Memory is still busy to usher in, and present the desired Object it fixes upon: It is Love that sets them both on work, and may be said to be the highest Sphere whence they receive their Motion. Thus you appear to me often in these foreign Travels; and that you may believe me the better, I send you these Lines as my Ambassadors (and Ambassadors must not lye) to inform you accordingly, and to salute you.

I desire to know how you like *Plowden*: I heard it often said, that there's no Study requires Patience and Constancy more than the Common Law; for it is a good while before one comes to any known Perfection in it, and consequently to any gainful Practice. This (I think) made *Jack Chaundler* throw away his *Littleton*, like him that, when he could not catch the Hare, said, *A Pax upon her, she is but dry tough Meat, let her go*. It is not so with you; for I know you are of that Disposition, that when you mind a Thing, nothing can frighten you in making constant Pursuit after it, till you have obtained it: For if the *Mathematics*, with their Crabbedness

business and Intricacy, could not deter you, but that you waded through the very midst of them, and arrived to so excellent a Perfection; I believe it is not in the Power of *Prowess* to dauntaine or cow your Spirits until you have overcome him, at least-wise have so much of him as will serve your turn. I know you were always a quick and prefling Disputant in *Logic* and *Philosophy*; which makes me think your Genius is fit for *Law*, (as the *Baron* your excellent Father was;) for a good *Logician* makes always a good *Lawyer*: And hereby one may give a strong Conjecture of the Aptness or Inaptitude of one's Capacity to that Study and Profession; and you know, as well as I, that *Logicians*, who went under the Name of *Sophisters*, were the first *Lawyers* that ever were.

I shall be upon uncertain Removes hence, until I come to *Rouen* in *France*, and there I mean to cast Anchor a good while; I shall expect your Letters there with Impatience. I pray present my Service to Sir *James Altham*, and to my good Lady your Mother, with the rest to whom it is due in *Bishopsgate-street*, and elsewhere: So I am

Yours in the best Degree of Friendship,
Hague, 30 May, 1619.

J. H.

X.

To Sir James Crofts, from the Hague.

S I R,

THE same Observance that a Father may challenge of his Child, the like you may claim of me, in regard of the extraordinary Care you have been pleased to have always, since I had the Happiness to know you, of the Course of my Fortunes.

I am now newly come to the *Hague*, the Court of the fix (and almost seven) *Confederated Provinces*; the Council of State, with the Prince of *Orange*, makes his firm Residence here, unless he be upon a March, and in Motion for some Design abroad. This Prince (*Maurice*) was cast in a Mould suitable to the Temper of this People: He is slow and full of Wariness, and not without a Mixture of Fear: I do not mean a pusillanimous, but politic Fear: He is the most constant in the quotidian Course and Carriage of his Life, of any that I have ever heard of read of; for who-soever knows the Customs of the Prince of *Orange*, may tell what he is doing here every Hour of the Day, tho' he be in *Constantinople*. In the Morning he awakes about six in Summer, and seven in Winter; the first thing he does; he sends one of his Grooms or Pages to see how the Wind sits, and he wears

wears or leaves off his Waistcoat accordingly; then he is about an Hour dressing himself, and about a quarter of an Hour in his Closet: Then comes in the Secretary, and if he hath any private or public Letters to write, or any other Dispatches to make, he does it before he stirs from his Chamber; then comes he abroad, and goes to his Stables, if it be no Sermon-day, to see some of his Gentlemen or Pages (of whose Breeding he is very careful) ride the great Horse: He is very accessible to any that hath Busines with him, and sheweth a winning kind of Familiarity; for he will shake Hands with the meanest Boor of the Country, and he seldom wears any Commander or Gentleman with his Hat-on: He dines punctually about twelve, and his Table is free for all Comers, but none under the Degree of a Captain uses to sit down at it: After Dinner he stays in the Room a good while, and then any one may accost him, and tell his Tale; then he retires to his Chamber, where he answers all Petitions that were delivered him in the Morning; and towards the Evening, if he goes not to Council, which is seldom, he goes either to make some Visits, or to take the Air abroad. And according to this constant Method he passes his Life.

There are great Stirs like to arise 'twixt the *Bohemians* and the elected King the Emperor; and they are come already to that Height, that they consult of deposing him, and to choose some Protestant Prince to be their King. Some talk of the Duke of Saxony, others of the *Palgrave*; I believe the *States* here would rather be for the latter, in regard of Conformity of Religion, the other being a *Lutheran*.

I could not find in *Amsterdam* a large *Ortelius* in French to send you; but from *Antwerp* I will not fail to serve you.

So wishing you all Happiness and Health, and that the Sun may make many Progresses through the *Zodiac*, before those comely grey Hairs of yours go to the Grave, I rest

Your very humble Servant,

3 June, 1619;

J. H.

XI.

To Captain Francis Bacon, at the Glass-house in Broad-street.

SIR,

MY last to you was from *Amsterdam*, since which Time I have traversed the prime Parts of the United Provinces; and I am now in *Zealand*, being newly come to this Town of *Middleburgh*, which is much crest-fallen since the Staple of English Cloth was removed hence, as is *Dubbing* also,

also, her next Neighbour, since the Departure of the *English* Garrison. A good intelligent Gentleman told me the Manner how *Flushing* and the *Brill*, our two cautionary Towns here, were redeemed, which were thus: The nine hundred and odd Soldiers at *Flushing*, and the *Rammekins* hard by, being many Weeks without their Pay, they borrowed divers Sums of Money of the States of this Town, who finding no Hopes of Supplies from *England*, Advice was sent to the *States-General* at the *Hague*; they consulting with Sir *Ralph Winwood*, our Ambassador (who was a favourable Instrument to them in this Business, as also in the Match with the *Palfgrave*) sent Instructions to the Lord *Caron*, to acquaint the Earl of *Suffolk* (then Lord Treasurer) herewith; and in case they could find no Satisfaction there, to make his Address to the King himself, which *Caron* did. His Majesty being much incensed that his Subjects and Soldiers should starve for Want of their Pay in a foreign Country, sent for the Lord Treasurer, who drawing his Majesty aside, and telling how empty his *Exchequer* was, his Majesty told the Ambassador, that if his Masters the *States* would pay the Money they owed him upon those Towns, he would deliver them up. The Ambassador returning the next Day, to know whether his Majesty persisted in the same Resolution, in regard that at his former Audience he perceived him to be a little transported; his Majesty answered, that he knew the *States of Holland* to be his good Friends and Confederates, both in Point of Religion and Policy, therefore he apprehended not the least Fear of any Difference that should fall out between them, in Contemplation whereof, if they desired to have their Towns again, he would willingly surrender them. Hereupon the *States* made up the Sum presently, which came in convenient Time, for it served to defray the expenceful Progress he made to *Scotland* the Summer following. When that Money was lent by Queen *Elizabeth*, it was articled, that Interest should be paid upon Interest; and besides, that for every Gentleman who should lose his Life in the *States* Service, they should make good five Pounds to the Crown of *England*: All this his Majesty remitted, and only took the Principal; and this was done in requital of that princely Entertainment, and great Presents, which my Lady *Elizabeth* had received in divers of their Towns as she passed to *Heidelberg*.

The Bearer hereof is Sig. *Antonio Mietti*, who was Master of a Crystal-glas Furnace here a long time; and as I have it by good Intelligence, he is one of the ablest and most knowing Men for the Guidance of a Glas-work in Christendom:

Christendom : Therefore according to my Instructions, I send him over, and hope to have done Sir Robert good Service thereby. So with my kind Respects unto you, and my most humble Service where you know it is due, I rest

6 June, 1619.

Your affectionate Servant,
J. H.

1. 19

XII.

To Sir James Crofts, from Antwerp.

SIR,

I Presume that my last to you from the *Hague* came safe to Hand : I am now come to a more cheerful Country, and amongst a People somewhat more vigorous and mettled, being not so heavy as the *Hollander*, or homely as they of *Zealand*. This goodly antient City methinks looks like a disconsolate Widow, or rather some superannuated Virgin, that hath lost her Lover, being almost quite bereft of that flourishing Commerce wherewith before the falling off the rest of the Provinces from *Spain* she abounded, to the Envy of all other Cities and Marts of *Europe*. There are few Places this Side the *Alps* better built, and so well streeted as this ; and none at all so well girt with Bastions and Ramps, which in some Places are so spacious, that they usually take the Air in Coaches upon the very Walls, which are beautified with divers Rows of Trees and pleasant Walks. The Citadel here, though it be an Addition to the Stateliness and Strength of the Town, yet it serves as a shrewd Curb unto her ; which makes her chomp upon the Bit, and foam sometimes with Anger, but she cannot help it. The Tumults in *Bohemia* now grow hotter and hotter ; they write how the great Council at *Prague* fell to such a hurliburly, that some of those Senators who adhered to the Emperor were thrown out at the Windows, where some were maimed, some broke their Necks. I am shortly to bid farewell to the *Netherlands*, and to bend my Course for *France*, where I shall be most ready to entertain any Commands of yours. So may all Health and Happiness attend you, according to the Wishes of

5 July, 1619.

Your obliged Servant,
J. H.

XIII.

To Dr. Tho. Prichard at Oxford, from Rouen.

I Have now taken firm Footing in *France*, and though *France* be one of the chiefest Climates of Compliment, yet I can use none towards you, but tell you in plain downright

C Language,

Language, That in the List of those Friends I left behind me in *England*, you are one of the prime Rank, one whose Name I have marked with the whitest Stone: If you have gained such a Place among the choicest Friends of mine, I hope you will put me somewhere amongst yours, though I but fetch up the Rear, being contented to be the *infirma species*, the lowest in the Predicament of your Friends.

I shall sojourn a good while in this City of *Rouen*, therefore I pray make me happy with the Comfort of your Letters, which I shall expect with a longing Impatience: I pray send me ample Advertisement of your Welfare, and of the rest of your Friends, as well upon the Banks of *Yerres*, as amongst the *British Mountains*. I am but a Fresh-man yet in *France*, therefore I can send you no News but that all is here quiet, and 'Tis no ordinary News that the French shoud be quiet: But some think this Calm will not last long; for the Queen-Mother (late *Regent*) is discontented, being restrained from coming to the Court, or to the City of *Paris*; and the tragical Death of her Favourite (and Foster-brother) the late *Marquis of Ancre*; lieth yet in her Stomach undigested: She hath the Duke of *Beaufort*, and divers other potent Princes, that would be strongly at her Devotion (as it is thought) if she would stir. I pray present my Service to Sir *Eustache Theloué*, and send me Word with what Pace *Jesuſ-College* new Walls go up. I will borrow my Conclusion to you at this time of my Countryman *Oueck*:

*Uno non possum quantum te diligere versu
Dicere, si satis est Distichon, ecce duos.*

*I cannot in one Verse my Love declare;
If Two will serve the Turn, lo here they are.*

Whereunto I will add this Surname *Anagram*,

Yours whole,

16 Aug. 1619.

J. Howell.

XIV.

To Dan. Caldwell, Esq; from Rouen.

MY dear *Dan*, when I came first to this Town, amongst other Objects of Contentment which I found here, whereof there are Variety, a Letter of yours was brought to me, and it was a *She-Letter*, for two more were enwombed in her Body: She had an easy and quick Deliverance of that Twin; but besides them, she was big and pregnant of divers sweet Pledges, and lively Evidences of your own Love towards me, whereof I am as fond as any Mother can be of

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her Child. I shall endeavour to cherish and foster this dear Love of yours with all the Tenderness that can be, and warm it at the Fuel of my best Affections, to make it grow every Day stronger and stronger, until it comes to the State of Perfection; because I know it is a true and real, it is no spurious or adulterated Love. If I intend to be so indulgent and careful of yours, I hope you will not suffer mine to starve with you; my Love to you need not much tending, for it is a lusty strong Love, and will not easily miscarry.

I pray when you write next, to send me a dozen Pair of the best white Kidskin Gloves the *Royal-Exchange* can afford; as also two Pair of the purest white worsted Stockings you can get of Womens Size, together with half a dozen Pair of Knives. I pray send your Man with them to *Va-andary*, the *French Post*, upon *Tower-bill*, who will bring them me safely. When I go to *Paris*, I shall send you some Curiosities equivalent to these. I have here inclosed returned an Answer to those two that came in yours, I pray see them safely delivered. My kind Respects to your Brother *Sergeant* at Court, to all at *Battersay*, or any where else, where you think my Commandments may be placed.

No more at this Time, but that I recommend you to the never-failing Providence of God, desiring you to go on in nourishing still between us that Love, which for my part,

*No Traverses of Chance, of Time, or Fate,
Shall e'er extinguish till our Lives last Date:
But, as the Vine her lovely Elm doth wire,
Grasp both our Hearts, and flame with fresh Desire.*

13 Aug. 1619.

Yours, J.H.

XV.

To my Father, from Rouen.

S I R,

YOURS of the third of *August* came safe to Hand in an inclosed from my Brother; you may make easy Conjecture how welcome it was unto me, and to what a Height of Comfort it raised my Spirits; in regard it was the first I received from you since I crossed the Seas: I humbly thank you for the Blessing you sent along with it.

I am now upon the fair Continent of *France*, one of Nature's choicest Master-pieces; one of *Ceres*'s chiefest Barns for Corn; one of *Bacchus*'s prime Wine-cellars, and of *Nep-tune*'s best Salt-pits; a complete self-sufficient Country, where there is rather a Superfluity than Defect of any thing, either

for Necessity or Pleasure, did the *Policy of the Country correspond with the Bounty of Nature, in the equal Distribution of the Wealth amongst the Inhabitants*; for I think there is not upon the Earth a richer Country, and poorer People. 'Tis true, *England* hath a good Repute abroad for her Fertility, yet be our Harvests never so kindly, and our Crops never so plentiful, we have every Year commonly some Grain from thence, or from *Dantzick* and other Places imported by the Merchant: Besides, there be many more Heaths, Commons, bleak barren Hills, and waste Grounds in *England*, by many Degrees, than I find here; and I am sorry our Country of *Wales* should give more Instances hereof than any other Part.

This Province of *Normandy*, once an *Appendix* of the Crown of *England*, though it want *Wine*, yet it yields the King as much Demesnes as any one of the rest; the Lower *Norman* hath *Cyder* for his common Drink; and I visibly observed that they are more plump and replete in their Bodies, and of a clearer Complexion, than those that drink altogether *Wine*. In this great City of *Rouen* there be many Monuments of the *English* Nation yet extant. In the outside of the highest Steeple of the great Church, there is the Word *GOD* engraved in huge golden Characters, every one almost as long as myself, to make them the more visible. In this Steeple hangs also the greatest Bell of Christendom, called *d'Amboise*, for it weighs near upon forty thousand pound weight. There is also here *St. Oen*, the greatest Sanctuary of the City, founded by one of our Compatriots, as the Name imports: This Province is also subject to *Wardships*, and no other Part of *France* besides; but whether the Conqueror translated that Law to *England* from hence, or whether he sent it over from *England* hither, I cannot resolve you. There is a marvellous quick Trade driven in this Town, because of the great navigable River *Sequana* (*the Seine*) that runs hence to *Paris*, whereon there stands a strange Bridge that ebbs and flows, that rises and falls with the River, it being made of Boats, whereon Coaches and Carts may pass over as well as Men. Besides, this is the nearest mercantile City that stands betwixt *Paris* and the Sea.

My last to you was from the *Low-Countries*, where I was in motion to and fro above four months; but I fear it miscarried in regard you make no mention of it in yours.

I begin more and more to have a Sense of the Sweetness and Advantage of foreign Travel: I pray when you come to *London*, to find a time to visit Sir *Robert*, and acknowledge his great

great Favours to me, and desire a Continuance thereof, according as I shall endeavour to deserve them. So with my due and daily Prayers for your Health, and a speedy successful Issue of all your Law-businesses, I humbly crave your Blessing, and rest

7 Sept. 1619.

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

XVI.

To Capt. Francis Bacon, from Paris.

SIR,

I Received two of yours in *Rouen*, with the Bills of Exchange there inclosed ; and according to your Directions I sent you those Things which you wrote for.

I am now newly come to *Paris*, this huge Magazine of Men, the Epitome of this large populous Kingdom, and Rendezvous of all Foreigners. The Structures here are indifferent fair, though the Streets generally foul all the four Seasons of the Year ; which I impute first to the Position of the City, being built upon an Isle, (the Isle of *France*, made so by the branching and serpentine Course of the River of *Seine*) and having some of her Suburbs seated high, the Filth runs down the Channel, and settles in many Places within the Body of the City, which lies upon a Flat ; as also for a World of Coaches, Carts, and Horses, of all Sorts, that go to and fro perpetually ; so that sometimes one shall meet with a Stop half a Mile long of these Coaches, Carts, and Horses, that can move neither forward nor backward, by reason of some sudden Encounter of others coming a Crofs-way ; so that oftentimes it will be an Hour or two before they can disentangle. In such a Stop the Great *Henry* was so fatally slain by *Revillac*. Hence comes it to pass, that this Town, (for *Paris* is a Town, a City, and an University) is always dirty, and it is such a Dirt, that by perpetual Motion is beaten into such black unctuous Oil, that where it sticks no Art can wash it off of some Colours ; insomuch, that it may be no improper Comparison to say, That an ill Name is like the *Crot* (the *Dirt*) of *Paris*, which is indelible ; besides, the Stain this Dirt leaves, it gives also so strong a Scent, that it may be smelt many Miles off, if the Wind be in one's Face as he comes from the fresh Air of the Country : This may be one Cause why the Plague is always in some Corner or other of this vast City, which may be called, as once *Scythia* was, *Vagina popularum*, or (as Mankind was called by a great Philosopher) a great Mole-hill of Ants : Yet I believe this City is not so populous as she seems to be, for her Form being round (as the whole Kingdom is) the Passengers wheel about, and meet oftner than they use to do in the long con-

tinued Streets of *London*, which makes *London* appear less populous than she is indeed ; so that *London* for Length (tho' not for Latitude) including *Westminster*, exceeds *Paris*, and hath in *Michaelmas* Term more Souls moving within her in all Places. It is under one hundred Years that *Paris* is become so sumptuous and strong in Buildings : for her Houses were mean, until a Mine of white Stone was discovered hard by, which runs in a continued Vein of Earth, and is digged out with Ease, being soft, and is between a white Clay and Chalk at first ; but being pulleyed up with the open Air, it receives a crusty kind of Hardness, and so becomes perfect Free-stone ; and before it is sent up from the Pit, they can reduce it to any Form : Of this Stone, the *Louvre*, the King's Palace, is built, which is a vast Fabric, for the Gallery wants not much of an *Italian* Mile in Length, and will easily lodge 3000 Men ; which, some told me, was the End for which the last King made it so big, that lying at the Fag-end of this great mutinous City, if she perchance should rise, the King might pour out of the *Louvre* so many thousand Men unawares into the Heart of her.

I am lodged here hard by the *Bastile*, because it is furthest off from those Places where the English resort ; for I would go on to get a little Language as soon as I could. In my next, I shall impart unto you what State-news *France* affords ; in the interim, and always, I am

Paris, 30 March, 1620. Your bumble Servant, J. H.

XVII.

To Richard Altham, Esq; from Paris.

Dear Sir,

LOVE is the Marrow of Friendship, and Letters are the Elixir of Love ; they are the best Fuel of Affection, and cast a sweeter Odour than any Frankincense can do ; such an Odour, such an aromatic Perfume your late Letter brought with it, proceeding from the Fragrancy of those dainty Flowers of Eloquence, which I found blossoming as it were in every Line ; I mean those sweet Expressions of Love and Wit, which in every Period were intermingled with so much Art, that they seemed to contend for Mastery which was the strongest. I must confess, that you put me to hard Shifts to correspond with you in such exquisite Strains and Raptures of Love, which were so lively, that I must needs judge them to proceed from the Motions, from the *Diastole* and *Systole* of a Heart truly affected ; certainly your Heart did dictate every Syllable you writ, and guided your Hand all along. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that not a Dram, nor a Dose, nor a Scruple of this precious Love of yours is lost, but is safely treasured

sured up in my Breast, and answered in like proportion to the full : mine to you is as cordial, it is passionate and perfect as Love can be.

I thank you for the Desire you have to know how it fares with me abroad : I thank God I am perfectly well, and well contented with this wandering course of Life a while : I never enjoyed my Health better, but I was like to endanger it two Nights ago ; for being in some jovial Company abroad, and coming late to our Lodging, we were suddenly surprised by a Crew of *filous* of Night-rogues, who drew upon us ; and as we had exchanged some Blows, it pleased God the *Chevalier de Guet*, an Officer who goes up and down the Streets all Night a Horseback to prevent Disorders, passed by, and so rescued us ; but *Jack White* was hurt, and I had two Throats in my Cloke. There's never a Night passes, but some Robbing or Murder is committed in this Town ; so that it is not safe to go late any where, specially about the *Pont-Neuf*, the New-Bridge, tho' *Henry the Great* himself lies Sentinel there in Arms, upon a huge *Florentine* Horse, and sits bare to every one that passeth ; an improper Posture methinks to a King on Horseback. Not long since, one of the Secretaries of State, (whereof there are always four) having been invited to the Suburbs of *St. Germain* to Supper, left order with one of his Lacqueys to bring him his Horse about nine ; it so happened that a Mischance besel the Horse, which lamed him as he went a watering to the *Seine*, insomuch that the Secretary was put to beat the Hoof himself, and foot it home ; but as he was passing the *Pont-Neuf* with his Lacquey carrying a Torch before him, he might o'er-hear a Noise of clashing of swords, and fighting, and looking under the Torch, and perceiving they were but two, he bad his Lacquey go on ; they had not made many Paces, but two armed Men with their Pistols cocked and swords drawn, made puffing towards them, whereof one had a Paper in his Hand, which he said he had casually took up in the Streets, and the Difference between them was about that Paper ; therefore they desired the Secretary to read it, with a great deal of Compliment : The Secretary took out his Spectacles and fell a reading of the said Paper, whereof the Substance was, *That it shoud be known to all Men, that whosoever did passe over that Bridge after nine a-Clock at Night in Winter, and Ten in Summer, was to leave his Cloke behind him, and in case of no Cloke, his Hat.* The Secretary starting at this, one of the Comrades told him, That he thought that Paper concerned him ; so they unmantled him of a new Plush Cloke, and my Secretary was content to go home quietly, and en

✓ *cuerpo*. This makes me think often of the excellent nocturnal Government of our City of *London*, where one may pass and repass securely all Hours of the Night, if he gives good Words to the Watch. There is a gentle Calm of Peace now throughout all *France*, and the King intends to make a Progress to all the Frontier Towns of the Kingdom, to see how they are fortified. The Favourite *Luines* strengtheneth himself more and more in his Minionship ; but he is much murmured at, in regard the Access of Suitors to him is so difficult : Which made a Lord of this Land say, That three of the hardest Things in the World were, *To quadrat a Circle, to find out the Philosopher's-stone, and to speak with the Duke of Luines.*

v I have sent you by *Vacandry* the Post, the *French Bever* and *Tweeses* you writ for : Bever-hats are grown dearer of late, because the *Jesuits* have got the Monopoly of them from the King.

Farewel, dear Child of Virtue, and Minion of the Muses, and continue to love

Paris, 1 May, 1620.

Yours, J. H.

XVIII.

To Sir James Crofts, from Paris,

S I R,

I Am to set forward this Week for *Spain*, and if I can find no Commodity of Imbarkation at *St. Malo's*, I must be forced to journey it all the Way by Land, and clamber up the huge *Pyreney-Hills* ; but I could not bid *Paris* adieu, till I had conveyed my true and constant Respects to you by this Letter. I was yesterday to wait upon Sir *Herbert Crofts* at *St. Germain's*, where I met with a *French Gentleman*, who, amongst other Curiosities, which he pleased to shew me up and down *Paris*, brought me to that Place where the late King was slain, and to that where the Marquis of *Ancre* was shot ; and so made me a punctual Relation of all the Circumstances of those two Acts, which, in regard they were rare, and I believe two of the notablest Accidents that ever happened in *France*, I thought it worth the Labour to make you Partaker of some Part of his Discourse.

France, as all Christendom besides (for there was then a Truce betwixt *Spain* and the *Hollanders*) was in a profound Peace, and had continued so twenty Years together, when *Henry IV.* fell upon some great martial Design, the Bottom whereof is not known to this Day ; and being rich (for he had heaped up in the *Bastile* a Mount of Gold that was as high as a Lance) he levied a huge Army of 40,000 Men ; whence came the Song, *The King of France with forty thousand Men* ;

Men; and upon a sudden he put this Army in perfect Equi-page, and some say he invited our Prince *Henry* to come to him to be a sharer in his Exploits. But going one Afternoon to the *Bastile*, to see his Treasure and Ammunition, his Coach stopped suddenly, by reason of some Colliers and other Carts that were in that narrow Street ; whereupon one *Ravillac* a Lay-Jesuit (who had a whole twelve-month watched an Opportunity to do the Act) put his Foot boldly upon one of the Wheels of the Coach, and with a long Knife stretched himself over their Shoulders who were in the Boot of the Coach, and reached the King at the end, and stabbed him right in the left side to the Heart, and pulling out the fatal Steel, he doubled his Thrust ; the King with a ruthful Voice, cried out, *Jesu suis blesse* (I am hurt) and suddenly the Blood issued out at his Mouth. The *Rogicide* Villain was apprehended, and Command given that no Violence should be offered him, that he might be reserved for the Law, and some exquisite Torture. The Queen grew half distracte hereupon, who had been crowned Queen of *France* the Day before in great Triumph ; but a few Days after she had something to countervail, if not to overmatch her Sorrow : for according to St. *Lewis's* Law, she was made Queen-Regent of *France*, during the King's Minority, who was then but about ten years of Age. Many Consultations were held how to punish *Ravillac*, and there were some *Italian* Physicians that undertook to prescribe a Torment, that should last a constant Torment for three Days ; but he scaped only with this, His Body was pulled between four Horses, that one might hear his Bones crack, and after the Dislocation they were set again ; and so he was carried in a Cart, standing half naked, with a Torch in that Hand which had committed the Murder : And in the Place where the Act was done, it was cut off, and a Gauntlet of hot Oil was clapped upon the Stump, to stanch the Blood ; whereat he gave a doleful Shriek. Then was he brought upon a Stage, where a new pair of Boots was provided for him, half filled with boiling Oil ; then his Body was pincered, and hot Oil poured into the Holes. In all the extremity of this Torture, he scarce shewed any Sense of Pain ; but when the Gauntlet was clapped upon his Arm to stanch the Flux at that time of reeking blood, he gave a Shriek only. He bore up against all these Torments about three Hours before he died : All the Confession that could be drawn from him, was, *That he thought to have done God good Service, to take away that King which would have embroiled all Christendom in an endless War.*

A fatal Thing it was, that *France* should have three of her Kings come to such violent Deaths, in so short a Revolution

lution of Time. *Henry II.* running at Tilt with M. *Montgomery*, was killed by a Splinter of a Lance that pierced his Eye : *Henry III.* not long after, was killed by a young Friar, who in lieu of a Letter which he pretended to have for him, pulled out of his long Sleeve a Knife, and thrust him into the bottom of the Belly, as he was coming from his *Close-stool*, and so dispatched him ; but that *Regicide* was hacked to pieces in the Place by the Nobles. The same Destiny attended the King by *Ravillac*, which is become now a common Name of Reproach and Infamy in *France*.

Never was King so much lamented as this ; there are a world not only of his Pictures, but Statues up and down *France* ; and there is scarce a Market-Town, but hath him erected in the Market-place, or over some Gate, not upon Sign-posts, as our *Henry VIII.* and by a public Act of Parliament, which was confirmed in the Consistory at *Rome*, he was intitled *Henry the Great*, and so placed in the Temple of *Immortality*. A notable Prince he was, and of an admirable Temper of Body and Mind ; he had a graceful facetious way to gain both Love and Awe : He would be never transported beyond himself with Choler, but he would pass by any thing with some *Repertee*, some witty Strain, wherein he was excellent. I will instance in a few which were told me from a good Hand. One Day he was charged by the Duke of *Bouillon* to have changed his Religion : He answered, *No, Cousin, I have changed no Religion, but an Opinion* : And the Cardinal of *Perron* being by, he enjoined him to write a Treatise for his Vindication ; the Cardinal was long about the Work, and when the King asked from time to time where his Book was, he would still answer him, *That he expected some Manuscripts from Rome, before he could finish it*. It happened, that one Day the King took the Cardinal along with him to look on his Workmen and New-buildings at the *Louvre* ; and passing by one Corner which had been a long time begun, but left unfinished, the King asked the chief *Maison* why that Corner was not all this while perfected ? Sir, it is because I want some choice Stones ; *No, no*, said the King, looking upon the Cardinal, *It is because thou wantest Manuscripts from Rome*. Another time, the old Duke of *Main*, who was used to play the Droll with him, coming softly into his Bed-chamber, and thrusting in his bald Head, and long Neck, in a Posture to make the King merry, it happened the King was coming from doing his Ease ; and spying him, he took the round Cover of the *Close-stool*, and clapped it on his bald Sconce, saying, *Ab, Cousin, you thought once to have taken*

the

the Crown off of my Head, and wear it on your own ; but this of my Tail shall now serve your Turn. Another time, when at the Siege of Amiens, he having sent for the Count of Soissons (who had 100000 Franks a Year Pension from the Crown) to assist him in those Wars, and that the Count excused himself, by reason of his Years and Poverty, having exhausted himself in the former Wars, and all that he could do now, was to pray for his Majesty, which he would do heartily : This Answer being brought to the King, he replied, *Will my Cousin, the Count of Soissons, do nothing else but pray for me ? Tell him that Prayer without Fasting, is not available ; therefore I will make my Cousin fast also from his Pension of 100000 per An.*

He was once troubled with a Fit of the Gout ; and the Spanish Ambassador coming then to visit him, and saying he was sorry to see his Majesty so lame ; he answered, *As lame as I am, if there were occasion, your Master, the King of Spain, should no sooner have his Foot in the Stirrup, but he should find me on Horseback.*

By these few you may guess at the Genius of this sprightly Prince : I could make many more Instances, but then I should exceed the bounds of a Letter. When I am in Spain, you shall hear further from me ; and if you can think on any thing wherein I may serve you, believe it, Sir, that any Employment from you shall be welcome to

Paris, 12 May, 1620. Your much obliged Servant, J. H.

XIX.

To my Brother Dr. Howell.

Brother,

B EING To-morrow to part with Paris, and begin my Journey for Spain, I thought it not amiss to send you this, in regard I know not when I shall have Opportunity to write to you again.

This Kingdom, since the young King hath taken the Scepter into his own Hands, doth flourish very much with Quietness and Commerce ; nor is there any Motion, or the least tintamar of Trouble in any Part of the Country, which is rare in France. 'Tis true, the Queen-Mother is discontented since she left her Regency, being confined ; and I know not what it may come to in time, for she hath a strong Party ; and the murdering of her Marquis of Ancre will yet bleed, as some fear.

I was lately in Society of a Gentleman, who was a Spectator of that Tragedy ; and he was pleased to relate to me the Particulars of it, which was thus : When Henry IV. was slain, the Queen Dowager took the Reins of the Government

ment into her hands during the young King's Minority ; and amongst others whom she advanced, Signior *Conchino*, a *Florentine*, and her Foster-Brother, was one : Her Countenance came to shine so strongly upon him, that he became her only Confident and Favourite, insomuch that she made him Marquis of *Ancre*, one of the Twelve Mareschals of *France*, Governor of *Normandy* ; and conferred divers other Honours and Offices of Trust upon him ; and who but he. The Princes of *France* could not endure the domineering of a Stranger, therefore they leagued together to suppress him by Arms : The Queen-Regent having Intelligence hereof, surprized the Prince of *Conde*, and clapped him up in the *Bastile*; the Duke of *Main* fled hereupon to *Peronne* in *Picardy*, and other great Men put themselves in an armed Posture to stand upon their guard. The young King being told, that the Marquis of *Ancre* was the Ground of this Discontentment, commanded M. de *Vitry*, Captain of his Guards, to arrest him, and in case of Resistance to kill him : This Busines was carried very closely till the next Morning, that the said Marquis was coming to the *Louvre* with a ruffling Train of Gallants after him ; and passing over the Draw-bridge at the Court-gate, *Vitry* stood there with the King's Guard about him ; and as the Marquis entered, he told him, that he had a Commission from the King to apprachend him, therefore he demanded his Sword : The Marquis hereupon put his Hand upon his Sword, some thought to yield it up, others to make Opposition ; in the mean time *Vitry* discharged a Pistol at him, and so dispatched him. The King being above in his Gallery, asked what Noise that was below ; one smilingly answered, Nothing, Sir, but that the Mareschal of *Ancre* is slain. Who slew him ? The Captain of your Guard : Why ? Because he would have drawn his Sword at your Majesty's Royal Commission : Then the King replied, *Vitry hath done well, and I will maintain the Act*. Presently the Queen-Mother had all her Guard taken from her, except six Men and sixteen Women, and so she was banished *Paris*, and commanded to retire to *Blis*: *Ancre's* Body was buried that Night in a Church-yard by the Court ; but the next Morning the Lacqueys and Pages (who are more unhappy here than the Apprentices in *London*) broke open his Grave, tore the Coffin to pieces, ripped the Winding-sheet, and tied his Body to an Ais's Tail, and so dragged him up and down the Gutters of *Paris*, which are none of the sweetest ; they then sliced off his Ears, and nailed them upon the Gates of the City ; they cut off his Genitories (and they say

say he was hung like an Ass) and sent them for a Present to the Duke of *Main*; the rest of his Body they carried to the New-bridge, and hung him, his Heels upwards and Head downwards, upon a new Gibbet, that had been set up a little before, to punish them who should speak ill of the present Government; and it was his Chance to have the Maidenhead of it himself. His Wife was hereupon apprehended, imprisoned, and beheaded for a Witch some few Days after, upon a Surmise that she had enchanted the Queen to dote so upon her Husband; and they say the young King's Picture was found in her Closet in Virgin-wax, with one Leg melted away. A little after, a Process was formed against the Marquis (her Husband) and so he was condemned after Death. This was a right Act of a French popular Fury, which, like an angry Torrent, is irresistible; nor can any Banks, Boundaries, or Dikes stop the impetuous Rage of it. How the young King will prosper after so high and an unexampled Act of Violence, by beginning his Reign, and embruing the Walls of his own Court with Blood in that Manner, there are divers Censures.

When I am settled in *Spain*, you shall hear from me; in the interim, I pray let your Prayers accompany me in this long Journey; and, when you write to *Wales*, I pray acquaint our Friends with my Welfare. So I pray God bless us both, and send us a happy Interview.

Paris, 8 Sept. 1620.

Your loving Brother, J. H.

XX.

To my Cousin W. Vaughan, Esq; from St. Malo.

COUSIN,

I Am now in *French-Britany*; I went back from *Paris* to *Rouen*, and so through all *Low Normandy*, to a little Port called *Granville*, where I embarked for this Town of *St. Malo*; but I did purge so violently at Sea, that it put me into a burning Fever for some few Days, whereof (I thank God) I am newly recovered; and finding no Opportunity of shipping here, I must be forced to turn my intended Sea-Voyage to a long Land-Journey.

Since I came to this Province, I was curious to converse with some of the *Lower Britons*, who speak no other Language but our *Welsh*, for their radical Words are no other; but it is no Wonder, for they were a Colony of *Welsh* at first, as the Name of this Province doth imply; as also the Latin Name *Armorica*, which though it pass for *Latin*, yet it is pure *Welsh*, and signifies a Country bordering upon the Sea;

Sea; as that Arch-Heretic was called *Pelagius*, à *Pelago*, his Name being *Morgan*. I was a little curious to peruse the Annals of this Province; and, during the Time that it was a Kingdom, there were four Kings of the Name *Hoell*, whereof one was called *Hoell* the Great.

This Town of St. *Malo* hath one Rarity in it; for there is here a perpetual Garrison of *English*, but they are of *English* Dogs, which are let out in the Night to guard the Ships, and eat the Carrions up and down the Streets, and so they are shut up again in the Morning.

It will be now a good while before I shall have Convenience to send to you, or receive from you; howsoever, let me retain still some little room in your Memory, and sometimes in your Meditations, while I carry you about me perpetually, not only in my Head, but in Heart, and make you travel all along with me thus from Town to Country, from Hill to Dale, from Sea to Land, up and down the World: And you must be contented to be subject to these uncertain Removes and Perambulations, until it shall please God to fix me again in *England*; nor need you, while you are thus my Concomitant through new Places every Day, to fear any ill Usage, as long as I fare well.

St. Malo, 25 Sept.

1620.

Yours affe[n]tly know,

J. H.

XXI.

To Sir John North, Knight, from Rochel.

SIR,

I Am newly come to *Rochel*, nor am I sorry that I went somewhat out of my Way to see this Town, not (to tell you true) out of any extraordinary Love I bear to the People; for I do not find them so gentle and debonair to Strangers, nor so hospitable as the rest of *France*; but I excuse them for it, in regard it is commonly so with all Republic and Hans-Towns, whereof this smells very rank: Nor indeed hath any *Englishman* much Cause to love this Town, in regard, in Ages past, she played the most treacherous Part with *England* of any other Place in *France*. For the Story tells us, That this Town having, by a perfidious Stratagem (by forging a counterfeit Commission from *England*) induced the *English* Governor to make a general Muster of all his Forces out of the Town; this being one Day done, they shut their Gates against him, and made him go shake his Ears, and to shift for his Lodging, and so rendered themselves to the *French* King, who sent them a Blank to write their own Conditions. I think they have the strongest Ramparts by

by Sea of any Place in Christendom; nor have I seen the like in any Town of *Holland*, whose Safety depends upon Water. I am bound To-morrow for *Bourdeaux*, then thro' *Gascogny* to *Toulouse*, so through *Languedoc* over the Hills to *Spain*. I go in the best Season of the Year: for I make an *Antarctic* Journey of it. I pray let your Prayers accompany me all along, they are the best Offices of Love, and Fruits of Friendship: So God prosper you at home, as me abroad, and send us in good time a joyful Conjunction.

Rochel, 8 Octob. 1620.

Yours, J. H.

XXII.

To Mr. Tho. Porter, after Captain Porter, from
Barcelona.

MY dear Tom, I had no sooner set foot upon this Soil, and breathed *Spanish* Air, but my Thoughts presently reflected upon you: Of all my Friends in *England*, you were the first I met here; you were the prime Object of my Speculation; methought the very Winds in gentle Whispers did breathe out your Name, and blow it on me; you seemed to reverberate upon me with the Beams of the Sun, which you know hath such a powerful Influence, and indeed too great a Stroke in this Country. And all this you must ascribe to the Operations of *Love*, which hath such a strong virtual Force, that, when it fasteneth upon a pleasing Subject, it sets the Imagination in a strange Fit of working; it employs all the Faculties of the Soul, so that not one Cell in the Brain is idle; it bathes the whole inward Man, it affects the Heart, amuseth the Understanding; it quickeneth the Fancy, and leads the Will as it were by a silken Thread to co-operate with them all: I have felt these Motions often in me, especially at this time, that my Memory fixed upon you. But the Reason that I fell first upon you in *Spain* was, that I remembered I had heard you often discoursing how you have received Part of your Education here, which brought you to speak the Language so exactly well. I think often of the Relations I have heard you make of this Country, and the good Instruction you pleased to give me.

I am now in *Barcelona*; but the next Week I intend to go on through your Town of *Valencia* to *Alicant*, and thence you shall be sure to hear from me farther, for I make account to winter there. The Duke of *Orfina* passed by here lately, and having got Leave of Grace to release some Slaves, he went aboard the *Cape Galleys*, and passing through the *Churma* of Slaves, he asked divers of them what their Offences were: Every one excused himself; one saying,

That

That he was put in out of Malice, another by Bribery of the Judge, but all of them unjustly: Amongst the rest there was one little sturdy black Man, and the Duke asking him what he was in for; Sir, said he, *I cannot deny but I am justly put in here; for I wanted Money, and so took a Purse hard by Tarragone, to keep me from starving.* The Duke, with a little Staff he had in his Hand, gave him two or three Blows upon the Shoulders, saying, *You Rogue, what do you do amongst so many honest innocent Men? Get you gone out of their Company.* So he was freed, and the rest remained still *in statu quo prius*, to tug at the Oar.

I pray commend me to Signior *Camillo*, and *Marzalao*, with the rest of the *Venetians* with you; and when you go aboard the Ship behind the *Exchange*, think upon

Barcelona, 10 Nov. 1620.

Yours, J. H.

XXIII.

To Sir James Crofts.

SIR,

I Am now a good way within the Body of Spain, at *Barcelona*, a proud wealthy City, situated upon the *Mediterranean*, and is the *Metropolis* of the Kingdom of *Catalonia*, called of old *Hispania Tarracensis*. I had much ado to reach hither; for besides the monstrous Abruptnes of the Way, these Parts of the *Pyrenees* that border upon the *Mediterranean*, are never without Thieves by Land (called *Bandoleros*) and Pirates on the Sea-side, which lie sculking in the Hollows of the Rocks, and often surprise Passengers unawares, and carry them Slaves to *Barbary* on the other Side. The safest Way to pass, is to take a *Bordon* in the Habit of a Pilgrim, whereof there are abundance that perform their Vows this Way to the Lady of *Monserrat*, one of the prime Places of Pilgrimage in Christendom: It is a stupendious Monastery, built on the Top of a huge Land-Rock, whither it is impossible to go up or come down by a direct Way, but a Path is cut out full of Windings and Turnings; and on the Crown of this craggy Hill there is a Flat, upon which the Monastery and Pilgrimage-place is founded, where there is a Picture of the Virgin *Mary* sun-burnt and tanned, it seems when she went to *Egypt*; and to this Picture, a marvellous Confluence of People from all Parts of *Europe* resort.

As I passed between some of the *Pyreney-hills*, I perceived the poor *Labradors*, some of the Country People, live no better than brute Animals, in point of Food; for their ordinary Commons is Grass and Water, only they have always

ways

ways within their Hous-es a Bottle of Vinegar, and another of Oil; and when Dinner or Supper-time comes, they go abroad and gather their Herbs, and so cast Vinegar and Oil upon them, and will pass thus two or three Days without Bread or Wine; yet they are strong lusty Men, and will stand stiffly under a Musket.

There is a Tradition, that there were divers Mines of Gold in Ages past amongst those Mountains: And the Shepherds that kept Goats then, having made a small Fire of Rosemary-stubs, with other combustible Stuff to warm themselves, this Fire grazed along, and grew so outrageous, that it consumed the very Entrails of the Earth, and melted those Mines; which growing fluid by Liquefaction, ran down into the small Rivulets that were in the Vallies, and so carried all into the Sea, that monstrous Gulph which swalloweth all, but seldom disgorgeth any thing: And in these Brooks to this Day some small Grains of Gold are found.

The Viceroy of this Country hath taken much Pains to clear these Hills of Robbers, and there hath been a notable Havock made of them this Year; for in divers Woods as I passed, I might spy some Trees laden with dead Carcasses, a better Fruit far than *Diogenes*'s Tree bore, whereon a Woman had hanged herself; which the *Cynic* cried out to be the best bearing Tree that ever he saw.

In this Place there lives neither *English* Merchant or Factor; which I wonder at, considering that it is a maritime Town, and one of the greatest in *Spain*, her chiefest Arsenal for Gallies, and the Scale by which she conveys her Monies to *Italy*: But I believe the Reason is, that there is no commodious Port here for Ships of any Burden, but a large Bay. I will enlarge myself no farther at this time, but leave you to the Guard and Guidance of God, whose sweet Hand of Protection hath brought me thro' so many uncouth Places and Difficulties to this City. So hoping to meet your Letters in *Alicant*, where I shall anchor a good while, I rest

Barcelona, Yours to diff.
24 Nov. 1620. XXIV.
To Dr. Fr. Mansel from Valencia.

SIR To Dr. T. Mather, from Valentine.

THO' it be the same glorious Sun that shines upon you in *England*, which illuminates also this Part of the Hemisphere; though it be the Sun that ripeneth your Pippins, and our Pomgranates; your Hops, and our Vineyards here; yet he dispenseth his Heat in different Degrees of Strength: Those Rays that do but warm you in *England*, do half roast us.

here ; those Beams that irradiate only, and gild your Honey-suckle Fields, do scorch and parch this chinky, gaping Soil, and so put too many Wrinkles upon the Face of our common Mother the Earth. O blessed Clime, O happy *England*, where there is such a rare Temperature of Heat and Cold, and all the rest of elementary Qualities, that one may pass (and suffer little) all the Year long, without either Shade in Summer, or Fire in Winter.

I am now in *Valentia*, one of the noblest Cities in all *Spain*, situate in a large Vega or Valley, above fifty Miles compass : here are the strongest Silks, the sweetest Wines, the excellentest Almonds, the best Oils, and beautifullest Females of all *Spain*, for the prime Courtezans in *Madrid* and elsewhere are had hence. The very brute Animals make themselves Beds of Rosemary, and other fragrant Flowers hereabouts ; and when one is at Sea, if the Wind blow from the Shore, he may smell this Soil before he come in sight of it, many Leagues off, by the strong odoriferous Scent it casts. As it is the most pleasant, so it is also the most popular Clime of all *Spain* ; and they commonly call it the second *Italy*, which made the *Aduas*, whereof many thousands were disferr'd and banished hence to *Barbary*, to think that Paradise was in that Part of the Heavens which hung over this City. Some twelve Miles off, is old *Sagunta*, called now *Mirvadre*, thro' which I passed, and saw many Monuments of *Roman* Antiquities there ; amongst others, there is the Temple dedicated to *Venus*, when the Snake came about her Neck, a little before *Hannibal* came thither. No more now, but that I heartily wish you were here with me, and I believe you would not desire to be a good while in *England*. So I am

Valentia, 1 March, 1620.

Yours, J. H.

21 *XXV.*

To Christopher Jones, Esq; at Gray's-Inn.

I AM now (thanks be to God) come to *Alicant*, the chief Rendezvous I aimed at in *Spain* ; for I am to send hence a Commodity called *Barillia* to Sir *Robert Mansel*, for making of Crystal Glafs ; and I have treated with Signor *Andriotti*, a *Genoa* Merchant, for a good round Parcel of it, to the value of 2000*l.* by Letters of Credit from Master *Richard* ; and upon his Credit, I might have taken many thousand Pounds more, he is so well known in the Kingdom of *Valentia*. This *Barilla* is a strange kind of Vegetable, and it grows no where upon the Surface of the Earth in that Perfection, as here : The *Venetians* have it hence, and it is a Commodity whereby this maritime Town doth partly subsist ; for it is an Ingredient

gredient that goes to the making of the beff Castile Soap. It grows thus, It is a round thick earthy Shrub that bears Berries like Barberries, betwixt blue and green; it lies clost to the Ground, and when it is ripe they dig it up by the Roots, and put it together in Cocks, where they leave it to dry many Days like Hay; then they make a Pit of a Fathom deep in the Earth, and with an Instrument like one of our Prongs, they take the Tuffs and put fire to them, and when the Flame comes to the Berries, they melt and dissolve into an *Azars* Liquor, and fall down into the Pit till it be full; then they dam it up, and some Days after they open it, and find this *Barillia* Juice turned into a blue Stone, so hard, that it is scarce malleable; it is sold at one hundred Crowns a Tun, but I had it for les. There is also a spurious Flower called *Gexull*, that grows here, but the Glasf that is made of that is not so resplendent and clear. I have been here now these three Months, and most of my Food hath been Grapes and Bread, with other Roots, which have made me so fat, that I think if you saw me, you would hardly know me such Nutriture this deep sanguine *Alicant* Grape gives. I have not received a Syllable from you since I was in *Antwerp*, which transforms me to wonder, and engenders odd Thoughts of Jealousy in me, that as my Body grows fatter, your Love grows lanker towards me. I pray take off these Scruples, and let me hear from you, else it will make a Schism in Friendship, which I hold to be a very holy League, and no less than a Piaule to infringe it; in which Opinion I rest
Alicant, 27 Mar. 1621. Your constant Friend, J.H.

XXVI.

To Sir John North, Knight.

SIR,

Having endured the Brunt of a whole Summer in Spain, and tried the Temper of all the other three Seasons of the Year, up and down the Kingdoms of *Catalonia*, *Valentia*, and *Murcia*, with some Parts of *Aragon*, I am now so direct my Course for *Italy*: I hoped to have embarked at *Carthagena*, the best Port upon the *Mediterranean*; for what Ships and Gallies get in thither, are shut up as it were in a Box from the Violence and Injury of all Weathers; which made *Andrea Doria*, being asked by *Philip II.* which were his best Harbours? he answered, *June, July, and Carthagena*; meaning that any Port is good in those two Months, but *Carthagena* was good any time of the Year. There was a most ruthful Accident had happened there a little before I came; For whereas five Ships had gone thence laden with

Soldiers for *Naples*, amongst whom there was the Flower of the Gentry of the Kingdom of *Mercia*; those Ships had hardly sailed three Leagues, but they met with sixteen Sail of *Algier* Men of War, who had lay skulking in the Creeks thereabout; and they had the Winds and all things else so favourable, that of those five Ships they took one, sunk another, and burnt a third, and two fled back safe to Harbour. The Report hereof being bruited up and down the Country, the Gentlewomen came from the Country to have Tidings, some of their Children, others of their Brothers and Kindred, and went tearing their Hair, and houling up and down the Streets in a most piteous Manner. The Admiral of those five Ships, as I heard afterwards, was sent for to *Madrid*, and hanged at the Court-gate, because he did not fight. Had I come time enough to have taken the Opportunity, I might have been made either Food for Haddockes, or turned to Cinders, or have been by this time a Slave in the Bannier at *Algier*, or tugging at an Oar; but I hope God has reserved me for a better Destiny: So I came back to *Alicant*, where I lighted upon a lusty *Dutchman*, who hath carried me safe hither, but we were near upon forty Days in Voyage: We passed by *Majorca* and *Minorca*, the *Beleares Insulae*, by some Ports of *Barbary*, by *Sardinia*, *Corsica*, and all the Islands of the *Mediterranean Sea*. We were at the Mouth of *Tyber*, and thence fetched our Course for *Sicily*; we passed by those sulphureous fiery Islands, *Mengibel* and *Strombolo*; and about the Dawn of the Day we shot through *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and so into the Phare of *Messina*; thence we touched upon some of the Greek Islands, and so came to our first intended Course, into the *Venetian Gulph*, and are now here at *Malamocco*, where we remain yet aboard, and must be content to be so, to make up the Month before we have *pratic*, that is, before any be permitted to go ashore, and negotiate, in regard we touched at some infected Places: For there are no People upon Earth so fearful of the Plague as the *Italians*, especially the *Venetians*, though their Neighbours the *Greeks* hard by, and the *Turks*, have little or no Apprehension at all of the Danger of it; for they will visit and commerce with the Sick without any Scruple, and will fix their longest Finger in the midst of their Forehead, and say, *Their Destiny and Manner of Death is pointed there*. When we have gained yon Maiden City, which lieth before us, you shall hear farther from me: So leaving you to his holy Protection, who hath thus graciously vouchsafed to preserve this Ship, and me, in so long and dangerous a Voyage, I rest

Yours, J.H. XXVII.
Malamocco, 30 April, 1621.

XXVII.

To my Brother Dr. Howell, from on Shipboard before
Venice.

BROTHER,

If this Letter fail either in point of Orthography or Style, you must impute the first to the tumbling Posture my Body was in at the writing hereof, being a Shipboard; the second the Muddiness of my Brain, which like Lees in a narrow Vessel, hath been shaken at Sea in divers Tempests near upon forty Days, I mean natural Days, which include the Nights also, and are composed of twenty-four Hours, by which Number the *Italan* computes his Time, and tells the Clock; for at the writing hereof, I heard one from *Malamocco* strike 21 Hours. When I shall have saluted yonder Virgin City that stands before me, and hath tantalized me now this Sennight, I hope to clear my Spirits, and settle my *Pericranium* again.

In this Voyage we passed through, at least touched all those Seas which *Horace* and other Poets sing of so often, as the *Ionian*, the *Aegean*, the *Icarian*, the *Tyrrhene*, with others; and now we are in the *Adrian Sea*, in the Mouth whereof *Venice* stands, like a gold Ring in a Bear's Muzzle. We passed also by *Etna*, by the *Infames Scopulos*, *Acroceramia*, and through *Sylla* and *Charybdis*, about which the antient Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*, keep such a Coil; but they are nothing so horrid or dangerous as they make them to be; they are two white keen-pointed Rocks that lie under Water diametrically opposed; and like two Dragons defying one another; and there are Pilots, that in small Shallops are ready to steer all Ships that pass. This, amongst divers others may serve for an Instance, that the old Poets used to heighten and hoise up Things by their airy Fancies, aboye the Reality of Truth. *Etna* was very furious when we passed by, as she used to be sometimes more than other, especially when the Wind is Southward, for then she is more subject to belching out Flakes of Fire (as Stutterers use to stammer more when the Wind is in that Hole) some of the Sparkles fell aboard us; but they would make us believe in *Syracusa*, now *Messina*, that *Etna* in Times past hath eructated such huge Gobbets of Fire, that the Sparks of them have burnt Houses in *Maka*, above 50 Miles off, transported thither by a direct strong Wind. We passed hard by *Corinth*, now *Ragusa*; but I was not so happy as to touch there, for you know

Non curvis bonum contingit adire Corinbum.

I conversed with many Greeks, but found none that could understand, much less practically speak any of the old Dialects

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of the pristine Greek, it is so adulter'd by the Vulgar, as a Bed of Flowers by Weeds; nor is there any People, either in the Island, or on the Continent, that speaks it conversably: yet there are in the *Mores* seven Parishes called *Zacones*, where the original Greek is not much degenerated, but they confound divers Letters of the Alphabet with one Sound; for in Point of Pronunciation, there is no Difference betwixt *Upsilon*, *Iota*, and *Eta*.

The last I received from you was in *Latin*, whereof I sent you an Answer from *Spain* in the same Language, tho' in a coarser Dialect. I shall be a Guest to *Venice* a good while, therefore I desire a Frequency of Correspondence between us by Letters, for there will be Convenience every Week of receiving and sending. When you write to *Wales*, I pray send Advice that I am come safe to *Italy* tho' not landed there yet. So my dear Brother, I pray God bless us both, and all our Friends, and referre me to see you again with Comfort, and you me, who am

5 May, 1621. Your loving Brother, J. H.

XXVIII.

To the honourable Sir Robert Mansell, Vice-Admiral of England, from Venice.

SIR,

AS soon as I came to *Venice*, I applied my self to dispatch your Business according to Instructions, and Mr. *Seymor* was ready to contribute his best Furtherance. These two *lascars*, who are the Bearers hereof, by Report here, are the best Gentlemen-workmen that ever blew Crystal; one is allied to *Antonio Miotto*, the other is Cousin to *Mozzato*: For other things they shall be sent in the Ship *Lion*, which rides here at *Malamocco*, as I shall send you Account by Conveyance of Mr. *Synnes*. Herewith I have sent a Letter to you from Sir *Henry Wotton*, the Lord Ambassador here, of whom I have received some Favours: He wished me to write, that you have now a double Interest in him; for whereas before he was only your Servant, he is now your Kinsman by your late Marriage.

I was lately to see the *Arsenal of Venice*, one of the worthest things in Christendom; they say there are as many Gallies and Galleasses of all sorts; belonging to St. *Mark*, either in Course, at Anchor, in Dock, or upon the Careen, as there be Days in the Year: Here they can build a complete Galley in half a Day, and put her afloat in perfect Equipage, having all the Ingredients fitted before-hand; as they did in three hours, when *Henry III.* passed this Way to *France* from *Poland*,

Poland, who wished, that besides *Paris*, and his Parliament Towns, he had this *Arsenal* in Exchange for three of his chiefest Cities. There are 300 People perpetually here at work; and, if one comes young, and grows old in St. Mark's Service, he hath a Pension from the State during Life. Being brought to see one of the *Clarissimos* that govern this *Arsenal*, this huge Sea Storehouse, among other Matters reflecting upon *England*, he was saying, That if *Cavaglior Don Roberto Mansel* were here, he thought verily the Republic would make a Proffer to him to be Admiral of the Fleet of Gallies and Galeons, which are now going against that Duke of *Offona* and the Forces of *Naples*, you are so well known here.

I was, since I came hither, in *Murano*, a little Island about the Distance of *Lambeth* from *London*, where Chryſtal-glaſe is made; and it is a rare Sight to ſee a whole Street, where on the one Side there are twenty Furnaces together at work. They ſay here, That altho' one ſhould transplant a Glafs Furnace from *Murano* to *Venice* herſelf, or to any of the little Assembly of Islands about her, or to any other Part of the Earth besides, and uſe the ſame Materials, the ſame Workmen, the ſame Fuel, the ſelf-ſame Ingredients every way, yet they cannot make Chryſtal-glaſe in that Perfection, for Beauty and Lustre, as in *Murano*. Some impute it to the Quality of the circumambient Air that hangs over the Places, which is purified and attenuated by the Concourse of ſo many Fires that are in those Furnaces Night and Day perpetually; for they are like the *Veftal-fire*, which never goes out. And it is well known, that ſome Airs make more quaſiſying Impreſſions than others; as a Great told me in Sicily of the Air of *Egypt*, where there be huge common Furnaces to hatch Eggs by the Thousands in Camels Dung; for during the time of hatching, if the Air happen to come to be overcast, and grow cloudy, it ſpoils all; if the Sky continue ſtill, forene, and clear, not one Egg in an hundred will miſeracy.

I met with *Camillo*, your Confideman, here lately, and could he be ſafe of Entertainment, he would return to ſerve you again, and I believe for les Salary.

I shall attend your Commands herein by the next, and touching other Particulars, whereof I have written to Capt. *Bush*; So I will not trouble you with them, but will be in my Office bumble and ready Servant,
Venice, *July 10*, 1670, and ion the 11th will be in *London*, and am *Yours*, A Billing of *John Evelyn*, *J. H.*
 will call for a Ride this afternoon, and am going to view and
 ſupplie yourneſſes with all yourneſſes demands.

XXIX.

To my Brother, from Venice.

BROTHER,

I Found a Letter of yours that had lain dormant here a good while in Mr. Symm's Hands, to welcome me to *Venice*, and I thank you for the Variety of News wherewith she went freighted; for she was to me as a Ship richly laden from *London* useth to be to our Merchants here, and I esteem her *Cargazon* at no less a Value; for she enriched me with the Knowledge of my Father's Health, and your own, with the rest of my Brothers and Sisters in the Country, with divers other Passages of Contentment: Besides, she went also ballasted with your good Instructions, which, as Merchants used to do of their Commodities, I will turn to the best Advantage, and *Italy* is no ill Market to improve any thing. The only *Procede* (that I may use the mercantile Term) you can expect is Thanks, and this Way shall not be wanting to make you rich Returns.

Since I came to this Town, I dispatched sundry Businesses of good Value for Sir *Robert Mansel*, which I hope will give Content. The Art of Glass-making here is very highly valued; for whosoever be of that Profession, are Gentlemen *ipso facto*, and it is not without Reason, it being a rare kind of Knowledge and *Chymistry* to transmute Dust and Sand (for they are the only main Ingredients) to such a diaphanous, pellucid, dainty Body, as you see a Crystal-glas is, which hath this Property above Gold or Silver, or any other Mineral, to admit no Poison; as also that it never wastes or loses a whit of its first Weight, tho' you use it never so long. When I saw so many Sorts of curious Glasses made here, I thought upon the Compliment which a Gentleman put upon a Lady in *England*, who having five or six comely Daughters, said, *He never saw in his Life such a dainty Cupboard of Crystal Glasses*. The Compliment proceeds, it seems, from a Saying they have here, *That the first handsome Woman that ever was made, was made of Venice-Glass*; which implies Beauty, brittleness withal, and *Venice* is not unfurnished with some of that Moulding; for no Place abounds more with Lasses and Glasses; but, considering the Brittleness of the Stuff, it was an odd kind of Melancholy in him that could not be persuaded but he was an *Urinal*, surely he deserved to be pissed in the Mouth. But when I pried into the Materials, and observed the Furnaces and Calcinations, the Transubstantiations, the Lique-

factions that are incident to this Art, my Thoughts were raised to a higher Speculation ; that if this small Furnace-fire hath Virtue to convert such a small Lump of dark Dust and Sand into such a precious clear Body as Crystal, surely that grand universal Fire which shall happen at the Day of Judgment, may, by its violent Ardor, vitrify and turn to one Lump of Crystal the whole Body of the Earth ; nor am I the first that fell upon this Conceit.

I will enlarge myself no farther to you at this time ; but conclude with this *Tetrasitic*, which my Brain ran upon in my Bed this Morning.

*Vitrea sunt nostra commissa negotia curae,
Hoc oculis Speculum mittimus ergo tuis:
Quod Speculum? est in star Speculi mea litera, per quid
Vivida fraterni cordis image nitet.*

Adieu, my dear Brother, live happily, and love

Ven. i Janu, 1621. Your Brother, J: H.

To Mr. Richard Altham, at Gray's-Inn, from Venice.

Gende Sir,

*O dulcior illa
Melle quod in ceris Attica ponit Apis.*

*O thou that dost in Sweetness far excel
That Juice the Attic Bee stores in her Cell.*

My dear Dick,

I Have now a good while since taken Footing in Venice, this admired Maiden City, so called, because she was never deflowered by any Enemy since she had a Being, not since her Rialto was first erected, which is now above twelve Ages ago.

I protest to you, at my first Landing I was, for some Days, ravished with the high Beauties of this Maid, with her lovely Countenance. I admired her magnificent Buildings, her marvellous Situation, her dainty, smooth, neat Streets, whereon you may walk most Days in the Year in a Silk Stocking and Satten Slippers, without soiling them; nor can the Streets of Paris be so foul, as these are fair. This beautiful Maid hath been often attempted to be viciated; some have courted her, some bribed her, some would have forced her, yet she has still preferred her Chastity intire; and tho' she hath lived so many Ages, and passed so many shrewd Brunts, yet she continueth fresh to this very Day, without

the

the least Wrinkle of old Age, or any Sympoms of Decay, wherunto political Bodies, as well as natural, used to be liable. Beside, she hath wrestled with the greatest Potentates upon Earth; the Emperor, the King of *France*, and most of the other Princes of Christendom, in that famous League of *Cambrai*, would have sunk her; but she bore up still within her Lakes, and broke that League to pieces by her Wit. The Grand Turk hath been often at her, and tho' he could not have his Will of her, yet he took away the richest Jewel she wore in her *Corsart*, and put it in his *Turban*; I mean the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, the only Royal Gem she had: He hath set upon her Skirts often since, and tho' she closed with him sometimes, yet she came off still with her Maidenhead; though some, that envy her Happiness, would brand her to be of late Times, a kind of *Concubine* to him, and that she gives him ready Money once a Year to lie with her, which she minceth by the Name of *Present*, tho' it be indeed rather a *Tribute*.

I would I had you here with a Wish, and you would not desire in haste to be at *Gray's-Inn*, tho' I hold your Walks to be the pleasantest Place about *London*; and that you have there the choicest Society. I pray present my kind Commendations to all there, and Service at *Bishopsgate-street*, and let me hear from you by the next Post. So I am

Ven. 5 June, 1625. Entirely yours, J. H.

XXXI.

To Dr. Fr. Mansell, from Venice.

GIVE me leave to salute you first, in these Sapphics,

*Insulam tendens iter ad Britanniam
Charia, de paucis volo, siste gressum,
Verba Mansello, bene noscis illum,
talia perfer.*

*Finibus longe patriis Hoellus
Dimorans, quantis Venetum superba
Civitas leuis Doroberniensi*

distant ab urbe

*Plurimam mentis tibi vult salutem,
Plurimum cordis tibi vult vigorem,
Plurimum fortis tibi vult favorem*

Regis & Aulae.

These Wishes come to you to from *Venice*, a Place where there is nothing wanting that Heart can wish: Renowned *Venice*,

Venice, the admiresit City in the World; a City that all Europe is bound unto, for she is her greatest Rampart against that huge Eastern Tyrant the Turk by Sea, else I believe he had over-run all Christendom by this time. Against him this City hath performed notable Exploits, and not only against him, but divers others. She hath restored Emperors to their Thrones, and Popes to their Chairs, and with her Gallies often preserved St. Peter's Bark from sinking: For which, by way of Reward, one of her Successors espoused her to the Sea; which Marriage is solemnly renewed every Year in solemn Procesion by the Dege and all the Clergymen, and a Gold Ring cast into the Sea out of the great Galleys, called the *Bucintoro*; wherein the first Ceremony was performed by the Pope himself above three hundred Years since; and they say it is the self-same Vessel still, though often put upon the *Caren* and trimmed. This made me think on that famous Ship at *Athens*; nay, I fell upon an abstracted Notion in Philosophy, and a Speculation touching the Body of Man, which, being in perpetual Flux, and a kind of Substa-
tia of Decays, and consequently requiring ever and anon a Restoration of what it loseth of the Virtue of the former Ali-
ment, and what was converted after the third Concoction into Blood and fleshy Substance, which, as in all other sublunary Bodies that have internal Principles of Heat, wch to trans-
pire, breathe out, and waste away through invisible Rose, by Exercise, Motion, and Sleep, to make room still for a Supply of new Nutrition; fell, I say, to consider whether our Bodies may be said to be of like Condition with this *Bucintoro*; which, though it be reputed still the same Vessel, yet I believe there is not a Foot of that Timber remaining which it had upon the first Dock, having been, as they tell me, so often planked and ribbed, caulked, and pieced: In like manner, our Bodies may be said to be daily repaired by new Sustenance, which begets new Blood, and conse-
quently new Spirits, new Humours, and I may say, new Flesh; the old by continual Desperdition and insensible Transpirations evaporating still out of us, and giving Way to fresh: So that I make a Question, whether by reason of these perpetual Preparations and Accretions, the Body of Man may be said to be the same numerical Body in his old Age that he had in his Manhood, or the same in his Man-
hood that he had in his Youth, the same in his Youth that he carried about him in his Childhood, or the same in his Childhood which he wore first in the Womb; I make a doubt, whether I had the same identical individually numerical Body, when I carried a Calf-leather Satchel to School in

Hereford,

W.W.; Sonnet

Hereford; as when I wore a Lamb'skin Hood in *Oxford*; or whether I have the same Mass of Blood in my Veins, and the same Flesh now in *Venice*, which I carried about me three Years since up and down *London Streets*, having in lieu of Beer and Ale, drunk Wine all this while, and fed upon different Viands. Now the Stomach is like a Crucible, for it hath a chymical kind of Virtue to transmute one Body into another, to transubstantiate Fish and Fruits into Flesh within, and about us: But though it be questionable, whether I wear the same Flesh which is fluxible, I am sure my Hair is not the same; for you may remember I went flaxen-haired out of *England*, but you shall find me returned with a very dark brown, which I impute not only to the Heat and Air of those hot Countries I have eaten my Bread in, but to the Quality and Difference of Food. But you will say that Hair is but an excrementitious Thing, and makes not to this purpose; moreover, methinks I hear you say, that this may be true, only in the Blood and Spirits of such fluid Parts, not in the solid and heterogeneous Parts. But I will press no further at this time this philosophical Notion, which the Sight of *Buccentors* infused into me, for it hath already made me exceed the Bounds of a Letter, and I fear to trespass too much upon your Patience: I leave the further Disquisition of this Point to your own Contemplations, who are a far riper Philosopher than I, and have waded deeper into, and drank more of *Aristotle's Well*. But to conclude, though it be doubtful whether I carry about me the same Body or no in all Points that I had in *England*, I am well assured I bear still the same Mind, and therein I verify the old Verse,

*Caelum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt;
The Air but not the Mind they change,
Who in Outlandish Countries range.*

For what Alterations soever happen in this *Microcosm*, in this little World, this small Bulk and Body of mine, you may be confident, that nothing shall alter my Affections, specially towards you, but that I will persevere still the same,

Ven. 25 June, 1621.

The very same, J. H.

XXXII.

To Richard Altham, Esq;

Dear Sir,

I was plunged in a deep Fit of Melancholy, *Saturn* had cast his black Influence over all my Intellectuals, methought I felt my Heart as a Lump of Dough, and heavy as Lead within my Breast; where a Letter of yours of the third

of this Month was brought me, which presently begot new Spirits within me, and made such strong Impressions upon my Intellectuals, that it turned and transformed me into another Man. I have read of a Duke of Milan and others, who were poisoned by reading of a Letter ; but yours produced contrary Effects in me, it became an Antidote, or rather a most sovereign Cordial to me, more operative than *Bezoar*, of more Virtue than potable Gold, or the Elixir of Amber, for it wrought a sudden Cure upon me : That fluent and rare Mixture of Love and Wit, which I found up and down therein; were the Ingredients of this Cordial ; they were as so many choice Flowers strewed here and there, which did cast such an odiferous Scent, that they revived all my Senses, and dispelled those dull Fumes which had formerly over-clouded my Brain : Such was the Operation of your most ingenious and affectionate Letter, and so sweet an Entertainment it gave me. If your Letter had that Virtue, what would your Person have done ? and did you know all, you would wish your Person here a-while ; did you know the rare Beauty of this Virgin City, you would quickly make love to her, and change your *Royal-Exchange* for the *Rialto*, and your *Gray's-Inn-Walks* for *St. Mark's-Place* for a Time. Farewel, dear Child of Virtue, and Minion of the Muses ; and love still

Ven. 1 July, 1621.

Yours, J. H.

XXXIII.

To my much bonoured Friend, Sir John North, Knight.

Noble Sir,

THE first Office of Gratitude is, to receive a good Turn civilly, then to retain it in Memory, and acknowledge it ; thirdly, to endeavour a Requital ; for this last Office, it is in vain for me to attempt it ; especially towards you, who have laden me with such a Variety of Courtesies, and weighty Favours, that my poor Stock comes far short of any Retaliation : But for the other two, *Reception* and *Retention*, as I am not conscious to have been wanting in the first Act, so I shall never fail in the second, because both these are within the Compass of my Power ; for if you could pry into my Memory, you should discover there a huge Magazine of your Favours you have been pleased to do me, present and absent, safely stored up and coacervated, to preserve them from mouldering away in Oblivion ; for *Courtesies should be no perishable Commodity*. Should I attempt any other Requital, I should extenuate your Favours, and derogate from the Worth of them ; yet if to this of the Memory, I can contribute any other Act of Body or Mind, to enlarge my

Acknow-

Acknowledgments towards you, you may be well assured that I shall be ever ready to court any Occasion, wherby the World may know how much I am

Vn. 13 July, 1621. . Your thankful Servitor, J. H.

XXXIV.

To Dan. Caldwell, Esq; from Venice.

My dear Dani.

COULD Letters fly with the same Wings as Love wist to do, and cut the Air with the like Swiftnes of Motion, this Letter of mine shold work a Miracle, and be with you in an Instant; nor should the fear Interception or any other Casualty in the Way, or cost you one Penny the Post, for she should pass invisibly: But it is not fitting, that Paper which is made but of old Rags wherewith Letters are swaddled, should have the same Privilege as Love, which is a spiritual Thing, having something of Divinity in it, -and partakes in Celerity with the *Imagination*, than which there is not any thing more swift, you know, no not the Motion of the upper Sphere, the *primum mobile*, which snatcheth all the other nine after, and indeed the whole Microcosm, all the World besides, except our Earth (the Center) which upper Sphere the Astronomers would have to move so many Degrees, so many thousand Miles in a Moment. Since then Letters are denied such a Velocity, I allow this of mine twenty Days, which is the ordinary Time allowed betwixt Venice and London, to come unto you; and thank you a thousand Times over for your last of the tenth of June, and the rich Venison Feast you made, as I understand not long since, to the Remembrance of me, at the *Ship Tavern*: Believe it, Sir, you shall find that this Love of yours is not ill employed, for I esteem it at the highest Degree, I value it more than the *Treasury of St. Mark*, which I lately saw, where, among other Things, there is a huge Iron Chest as tall as myself that hath no Lock, but a Crevice through which they cast in the Gold that is bequeathed to St. *Mark* in Legacies, whereon there is engraven this proud Motto;

*Quando questo scrinio s'aprirà,
Tutto'l mondo tremerà.*

When this Chest shall open, the whole World shall tremble. The Duke of *Offona*, late Vice-Roy of *Naples*, did what he could to force them to open it, for he brought St. *Mark* to waste much of this Treasure in the late Wars, which he made purposely to that End; which made them have recourse to us, and the *Hollander*, for Ships, not long since.

Among

Among the rest of Italy, this is called the *Maiden City* (notwithstanding her great Number of Courtesans) and there is a Prophecy, That she should continue a *Maid* until her *Husband* forsake her, meaning the *Sea*, to whom the Pope married her long since; and the *Sea* is observed not to love her so deeply as he did, for he begins to shrink, and grows shallower in some places about her: nor doth the *Pope* also who was the Father that gave her to the *Sea*, affect her so much as he formerly did, specially since the Extermination of the *Jesuits*: so that both *Husband*, and *Father*, begin to abandon her.

I am to be a Guest to this hospital *Maid* a good while yet, and if you want any Commodity that she can afford (and what cannot she afford for human Pleasure or Delight?) do but write, and it shall be sent you.

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Farewell, gentle soul, and correspond still in pure Love with
Vn. 29 July, 1621.

Yours, J. H.

XXXV.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight, from Venice.

SIR,

I Received one of yours the last Week, that came in my Lord Ambassador Wotton's Packet; and being now upon Point of parting with *Venice*, I could not do it without acquainting you (as far as the Extent of a Letter will permit) with her Power, her Policy, her Wealth and Pedigree. She was built out of the Ruins of *Aquileia*, and *Padua*; for when those Swarms of tough northern People over-ran *Italy*, under the Conduct of that Scourge of Heaven, *Attila*, with others, and that this soft voluptuous Nation after so long a Desuetude from Arms, could not repel their Fury, many of the antient Nobility and Gentry fled into these Lakes and little Islands, amongst the Fishermen, for their Security; and finding the Air good and commodious for Habitation, they began to build upon those small Islands, whereof there are in all sixty; and in Tract of Time they conjoined and leagued them together by Bridges, whereof there are now above 800; and this makes up the City of *Venice*, who is now about twelve Ages old, and was contemporary with the *Monarchy of France*: But the *Signory* glorieth in one Thing above the *Monarchy*, that she was born a *Christian*, but the *Monarchy* not. Tho' this City be thus hemmed in with the *Sea*, yet she spreads her Wings far and wide upon the Shore; she hath in *Lombardy*, six considerable Towns, *Padua*, *Verona*, *Visenza*, *Brescia*, *Crema*, and *Bergamo*; she hath in the *Margheritat*, *Bassano* and *Castelfranco*; she hath all *Friuli* and *Istria*; she commands the Shores of *Dalmatia* and *Sclavonia*; she keeps under the Power of St. *Mark*, the Islands of *Corsu* (antiently *Corypha*)

Corypha) Cephalonia, Zant, Ceriga, Lascaris, and Gaudy (Jove's Cradle;) she had a long time the Kingdom of Cyprus, but it was quite rent from her by the Turk: Which made that high-spirited Baffa, being taken Prisoner at the Battle of Lepanto, where the grand Signior lost above 200 Gallies, to say, *That that Defeat to his great Master was but like the shaving of his Beard, or the paring of his Nails; but the taking of Cyprus was like the cutting off of a Limb, which will never grow again.* This mighty Potentate being so near a Neighbour to her, she is forced to comply with him and give him an annual Present in Gold: She hath about 30 Gallies most part of the Year in course to scour and secure the Gulph; she entertains by Land, in Lombardy, and other Parts, 25000 Foot, besides some of the Cantons of Swisser, whom she gives Pay to; she hath also in constant Pay 600 Men of Arms, and every of these must keep two Horses a-piece, for which they are allowed 120 Ducats a Year, and they are for the most part Gentlemen of Lombardy. When they have any great Expedition to make, they have always a Stranger for their General, but he is supervised by two Proveditors, without whom he cannot attempt any thing.

Her great Council consists of above 2000 Gentlemen, and some of them meet every Sunday and Holiday to choose Officers and Magistrates; and every Gentleman being past 25 Years of Age, is capable to sit in this Council. The Doge, or Duke (their Sovereign Magistrate) is chosen by Lots, which would be too tedious here to demonstrate; and commonly he is an aged Man, who is created like that Course they hold in the Popedom. When he is dead, there be Inquisitors that examine his Actions, and his Misdemeanours are punishable in his Heirs: There is a Surintendent Council of Ten, and six of them may dispatch Business without the Doge; but the Doge never without some of them, not as much as open a Letter from any foreign State, tho' addressed to himself; which makes him to be called by other Princes, *Testa di legno, A Head of Wood.*

The Wealth of this Republick hath been at a stand, or rather declining, since the Portugal found a Road to the East-Indies, by the Cape of Good-Hope; for this City was used to fetch all those Spices and other Indian Commodities from Grand Cairo down the Nile, being formerly carried to Cairo from the Red-Sea upon Camels and Dromedaries Backs, sixty days Journey: And so Venice used to dispense those Commodities through all Christendom, which not only the Portugal, but the English and Hollander now transport, and are Masters of the Trade. Yet there is no outward Appearance

pearance at all of Poverty, or any Decay in this City; but she is still gay, flourishing, and fresh, and flowing with all kind of Bravery and Delight, which may be had at cheap Rates. Much more might be written of this antient wise Republic, which cannot be comprehended within the narrow Inclosure of a Letter. So with my due and daily Prayers for a Continuance of your Health, and Increase of Honour, I rest

Ven. 1 Aug. 1621.

Your most humble and

Ready Servitor, J. H.

XXXVI.

To Robert Brown, Esq; at the Middle-Temple, from
Venice.

Robin,

I Have now enough of the *Maiden-City*, and this Week am to go farther into *Italy*; for tho' I have been a good while in *Venice*, yet I cannot say I have been hitherto upon the Continent of *Italy*; for this City is nought else but a Knot of Islands in the *Adriatic Sea*, joind in one Body by Bridges, and a good way distant from the firm Land. I have lighted upon very choice Company, your Cousin *Brown*, and Master *Web*, and we all take the Road of *Lombardy*; but we made an Order among ourselves, that our Discourse be always in the Language of the Country, under Penalty of a Forfeiture, which is to be indispensably paid. *Randal Symns* made us a curious Feast lately, where, in a Cup of the richest *Greek*, we had your Health; and I could not tell whether the Wine, or the Remembrance of you was sweeter; for it was naturally a kind of aromatic Wine, which left a fragrant perfuming Kind of Farewel behind it. I have sent you a Runlet of it in the Ship *Lion*, and, if it come safe and unpricked, I pray bestow some Bottles upon the Lady (you know) with my humble Service. When you write next to Mr. *Symns*, I pray acknowledge the good Hospitality and extraordinary Civilities I received from him. Before I conclude, I will acquaint you with a common Saying that is used of this dainty City of *Venice*:

Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede non te Pregia,

Ma chi t'ha troppo veduto te Dispreggia.

Englished and rhymed thus (tho' I know you need no Translation, you understand so much of the *Italian*)

Venice, Venice, none Thee unseen can prize;

Who hath seen too much will Thee despise.

I will conclude with that famous *Hexastich* which *Sannazaro* made of this great City, which pleaseth me much better.

*Viderat Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare Urbem, & toti ponere jura Mari ;
Nunc mibi Tarpeias quantum vis, Jupiter, Arces
Objice & illa tui mania Martis ait,
Sic Pelago Tibrim praefers, Urbem aspice utramque,
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.*

*When Neptune saw in Adrian Surges stand
Venice, and give the Sea Laws of Command :
Now Jove, said he, object thy Capitol,
And Mars proud Walls : this were for to extol
Tiber beyond the Main ; both Towns behold ;
Rome, Men thou't say, Venice the Gods did mould.*

Sannazaro had given him by St. Mark a hundred Zecchins for every one of these Veries, which amounts to about 300*l.* it would be long before the City of London would do the like ; witness that cold Reward, or rather those cold Drops of Water which were cast upon my Countryman Sir Hugh Middleton, for bringing Ware River thro' her Streets, the most serviceable and wholesomest Benefit that ever she received.

The Parcel of Italian Books that you write for, you shall receive from Mr. Leat, if it please God to send the Ship to safe Port ; and I take it as a Favour that you employ me in any thing that may conduce to your Contentment, because

*Ven. 12 Aug.
1621.*

I am your serious Servitor,

J. H.

XXXVII.

To Captain Thomas Porter, from Venice.

My dear Captain,

AS I was going a Shipboard in Alicant, a Letter of yours in Spanish came to hand : I discovered two Things in it, first, what a Master you are of that Language ; then, how mindful you are of your Friend. For the first, I dare not correspond with you yet : For the second, I shall never come short of you ; for I am as mindful of you, as possibly you can be of me ; and some Hours my Pulse doth not beat more often than my Memory runs on you, which is often enough in Conscience ; for the Physicians hold, that in every well-disposed Body there be above 4000 Pulsations every Hour, and some Pulses have been known to beat above 30000 times an Hour in acute Fevers.

I understand you are bound with a gallant Fleet for the Mediterranean ; if you come to Alicant, I pray commend me

me to *Francisco Marco* my Landlord, he is a metry Drole, and good Company : One Night when I was there, he sent his Boy with a *Borracha* of Leather under his Cloak for Wine ; the Boy coming back about Ten a-Clock, and passing by the Guard, one asked him whether he carried any Weapons about him (for none must wear any Weapons there after Ten at Night,) No, quoth the Boy, being pleasant, I have but a little Dagger ; the Watch came and searched him, and finding the *Borracha* full of good Wine, drunk it all up, saying, *Sirrah, you know no Man must carry any Weapons so late ; but because we know whose Servant you are, there's the Scabbard of your Dagger again* ; and so threw him the empty *Borracha*. But another Passage pleased me better of *Don Beltran de Rosa*, who being to marry a rich *Labrador's* (a Yeoman's) Daughter hard-by, who was much importuned by her Parents to the Match, because their Family shoud thereby be ennobled, he being a Cavalier of St. Jago ; the young Maid having understood that *Don Baltran* had been in *Naples*, and had that Disease about him, answereid wittily, *En verdad por adobor me la Sangre, no quiero danner la Carne* : Truly, Sir, To better my Blood, I will not bort my Flesh. I doubt I shall not be in *England* before you set out to Sea ; if not, I take my leave of you in this Paper, and wish you a prosperous Voyage, and an honourable Return. It is the hearty Prayer of

Ven. 21 Aug.

1621.

Yours, J. H.

XXXVIII.

To Sir William St. John, Knight, from Rome.

SIR,

*H*aving seen *Antenor's* Tomb in *Padua*, and the *Amphi-*
theatre of *Flaminius* in *Verona*, with other brave Towns
in *Lombardy*, I am now come to *Rome* ; and *Rome*, they say,
is every Man's Country, she is called *Communis Patria* ; for
every one that is within the Compas of the *Latin Church*,
finds himself here, as it were, at home, and in his Mother's
House, in regard of Interest in Religion, which is the Causé
that for one Native there be five Strangers that sojourn in this
City ; and, without any Distinction or Mark of Strangenes, they
come to Preferments and Offices both in Church and
State, according to Merit, which is more valued and sought
after here than any where.

But whereas I expected to have found *Rome* elevated
upon seven Hills, I met her rather spreading upon a Flat,
having humbled herself since she was made a *Christian*,

and descended from those Hills to *Campus Martius*, with *Trajane*, and the Suburbs of St. Peter; she hath yet in Compas about fourteen Miles, which is far short of that vast Circuit she had in *Claudius's Time*: For *Vopiscus* writes, she was then of fifty Miles Circumference, and she had five hundred thousand free Citizens, in a famous Cense that was made; which, allowing but six to every Family, in Women, Children, and Servants, came to three Million of Souls; but she is now a Wilderness in comparison of that Number. The Pope is grown to be a great temporal Prince of late Years, for the State of the Church extends above 300 Miles in Length, and 200 Miles in Breadth; it contains *Ferrara*, *Bologna*, *Romagna*, the Marquisate of *Ancona*, *Umbria*, *Sabina*, *Perugia*, with a Part of *Tuscany*, the *Patrimony*, *Rome* herself, and *Latium*: In these there are above fifty Bishoprics; the Pope hath also the Duchy of *Spoletto*, and the Exarchate of *Ravenna*; he hath the Town of *Benevento* in the Kingdom of *Naples*, and the Country of *Venise*, called *Avignon* in *France*; he hath Title also good enough to *Naples* itself, but rather than offend his Champion the King of *Spain*, he is contented with a white Mule, and Purse of Pistoles about the Neck, which he receives every Year for a Heriot or Homage, or what you will call it: He pretends also to be Lord-Paramount of *Sicily*, *Urbin*, *Parma*, and *Majeran*, of *Norway*, *Ireland*, and *England*, since King *John* did prostrate our Crown at *Pandulfo* his Legate's Feet.

The State of the Apostolic See here in *Italy* lies betwixt two Seas, the *Adriatic* and the *Tyrhene*; and it runs thro' the midst of *Italy*, which makes the Pope powerful to do Good or Harm, and more capable than any other to be an Umpire or an Enemy. His Authority being mixed between Temporal and Spiritual, disperseth itself into so many Members, that a young Man may grow old here, before he can well understand the Form of Government.

The Consistory of Cardinals meet but once a Week, and once a Week they solemnly wait all upon the Pope. I am told there are now in Christendom but sixty-eight Cardinals, whereof there are six Cardinal-Bishops, fifty-one Cardinal-Priests, and eleven Cardinal-Deacons: The Cardinal-Bishops attend and sit near the Pope, when he celebrates any Festival: The Cardinal-Priests assist him at Mass, and the Cardinal-Deacons attire him. A Cardinal is made by a short *Breve* or *Writ* from the Pope, in these Words: *Creamus te Socium Regibus, superiorum Ducibus, & fratre nostrum: We create thee a Companion to Kings, Superior*

rier to Dukes, and our Brother. If a Cardinal-Bishop should be questioned for any Offence, there must be twenty-four Witnesses produced against him.

The Bishop of *Ostia* hath most Privilege of any other, for he consecrates and installs the *Pope*, and goes always next to him. All these Cardinals have the Repute of Princes, and besides other Incomes, they have the Annats of Benefices to support their Greatness.

For point of Power, the *Pope* is able to put 50000 Men into the Field, in case of Necessity, besides his naval Strength in Gallies. We read how *Paul III.* sent *Charles III.* 12000 Foot, and 500 Horse. *Pius V.* sent a greater Aid to *Charles IX.* and for Riches, besides the temporal Dominions, he hath in all the Countries before-named, the Datary or dispatching of *Bulls*. The Triennial Subsidies, Annats, and other Ecclesiastic Rights, amount to an unknown Sum; and it is a common Saying here, *That as long as the Pope can finger a Pen, he can want no Pence.* *Pius V.* notwithstanding his Expences in Buildings, left four Millions in the Castle of *St. Angelo*, in less than five years, more I believe than this *Gregory XV.* will, for he hath many Nephews; and better it is to be the *Pope's* Nephew, than to be Favourite to any Prince in Christendom.

Touching the Temporal Government of *Rome*, and Oppidan Affairs, there is a Pretor, and some choice Citizens, who sit in the Capitol. Among other pieces of Policy, there is a Synagogue of Jews permitted here (as in other places of *Italy*) under the *Pope's* Nose, but they go with a Mark of Distinction in their Hats; they are tolerated for advantage of Commerce, wherein the Jews are wonderful dexterous, tho' most of them be only Brokers and *Lombarders*; and they are held to be here, as the *Cynic* held Women to be, *malum necessarium*. There be few of the *Romans* that use to pray heartily for the *Pope's* long Life, in regard the oftner the Change is, the more advantageous it is for the City, because commonly it brings Strangers, and a Recruit of new People. The Air of *Rome* is not so wholesome as of old; and among other Reasons, one is, because of the burning of Stubble to fatten their Fields. For her Antiquities, it would take up a whole Volume to write them; those which I hold the chiefest are, *Vespasian's Amphitheatre*, where eighty thousand People might sit; the Stoves of *Ambony*, divers rare Statues at *Bekveder* and *St. Peter's*, especially that of *Laocoön*, the *Obelisk*; for the Genius of the *Roman* hath always been much taken with Imagery, Limning, and Sculptures, insomuch that as in former times, so

of ancient
W^m

now, I believe the Statues and Pictures in *Rome*, exceed the Number of living People. One Antiquity, among others, is very remarkable, because of the Change of Language; which is an antient Column erected as a Trophy for *Dixillius* the Consul, after a famous naval Victory obtained against the Carthaginians in the second *Punic War*, where these words are engraven, and remain legible to this Day: *Exemel lecoines Macistrates Castris exfocient pugnando caper enque, na- yebos marid Consul, &c.* and half a dozen Lines after, it is called *Columna refracta*, having the Beaks and Prows of Ships engraven up and down; whereby it appears, that the *Latin* then spoken was much differing from that which was used in *Cicero's time* 150 Years after. Since the dismembering of the Empire, *Rome* hath run thro' many Vicissitudes and Turns of Fortune: And had it not been for the Residence of the Pope, I believe she had become a Heap of Stones, a Mount of Rubbish by this time; and howsoever that she bears up indifferent well, yet one may say,

*Qui miseranda videt veteris vestigia Romæ,
Ille potest merito dicere Roma fuit.*

*They who the Ruins of first Rome behold,
May say, Rome is not now, but was of old.*

Present *Rome* may be said to be but the Monument of *Rome* past, when she was in that Flourish that St. *Austin* desired to see her in: She who tamed the World, tamed herself at last, and falling under her own Weight, fell to be a Prey to Time; yet there is a Providence seems to have a care of her still; for altho' her Air be not so good, nor her circumjacent Soil so kindly as it was, yet she hath wherewith to keep Life and Soul together still, by her Ecclesiastical Courts, which is the sole Cause of her peopling now. So it may be said, when the *Pope* came to be her Head, she was reduced to her first Principles; for as a Shepherd was Founder, so a Shepherd is still her Governor and Preserver. But whereas the *French* have an odd Saying, That

*Jamais Cheval ny Homme,
S'ameda pour aller à Rome;
Ne'er Horse or Man did mend,
That unto Rome did wend.*

Truly I must confess, that I find myself much bettered by it; for the Sight of some of these Ruins did fill me with Symptoms of Mortification, and made me more sensible of the Frailty of all sublunary Things, how all Bodies, as well inanimate as animate, are subject to Dissolution and Change, and every thing else under the Moon, except the Love of

13 Sept. 1661.

*Your faithful Servt, J. H.
XXXIX.*

XXXIX.

*To Sir T. H. Knight, from Naples.**S. I. R.*

I Am now in the gentle City of *Naples*, a City swelling with all Delight, Gallantry and Wealth; and truly, in my Opinion, the King of *Spain's* Greatnes appears here more eminently than in *Spain* itself. This is a delicate luxurious City, fuller of true-bred Cavaliers than any place I saw yet. The Clime is hot, and the Constitutions of the Inhabitants more hot.

The *Neapolitan* is accounted the best Courtier of Ladies, and the greatest Embracer of Pleasure of any other People: They say there are no les here than twenty thousand Courteans registered in the Office of *Savelli*. This Kingdom, with *Cababria*, may be said to be the one Moiety of *Italy*; it extends itself 450 Miles, and spreads in Breadth 112: it contains 2700 Towns, it hath 20 Archbishops, 127 Bishops, 13 Princes, 24 Dukes, 25 Marquisses, and 800 Barons. There are three Precidial Castles in this City; and though the Kingdom abounds in rich staple Commodities, as Silks, Cottons, and Wine, and that there is mighty Revenue comes to the Crown; yet the King of *Spain*, when he casts up his Account at the Year's End, makes but little Benefit thereof, for it is eaten up betwixt Governors, Garisons, and Officers. He is forced to maintain 4000 *Spaniſh* Foot, called the *Tercia of Naples*; in the Castles he hath 1600 in perpetual Garisons; he hath a thousand Men of Arms, 450 Light-Horse besides, there are five Footmen enrolled for every hundred Fire: And he had need to do all this, to keep this voluptuous People in awe; for the Story musters up seven and twenty famous Rebellions of the *Neapolitanos* in les than 300 Years; but now they pay soundly for it, for one shall hear them groan up and down under the *Spaniſh* Yoke: And commonly the King of *Spain* sends some of his *Grandees* hither to repair their decayed Fortunes; whence the Saying sprung, *That the Viceroy of Sicily gnaws, the Governor of Milan eats, but the Viceroy of Naples devours*. Our *Englyſh* Merchants here bear a considerable Trade, and their Factors live in better Equipage, and in a more splendid Manner than in all *Italy* besides, than their Masters and Principals in *London*; they ruffle in Silks and Sattons, and wear good *Spaniſh* Leather-shoes, while their Masters shoes upon our *Exchange* in *London* shine with Blacking. At *Pazzoli*, not far off amongst the *Grottes*, there are so many strange stupendious Things, that Nature herself seemed to have studied of purpose how to make herself there ad-

mired: I reserve the discoursing of them, with the Nature of the *Tarantula* and *Manna*, which is gathered here, and nowhere else, with other things, till I see you, for they are fitter for Discourses than a Letter. I will conclude with a Proverb they have in *Italy* for this People;

Napolitano

Largo di bocca, stretto dimano.

The Neapolitanus

Have wide Mouths, but narrow Hands.

They make strong masculine Promises, but female Performances, (*for Deeds are Men, and Words are Women*) and if in a whole *Flood* of Compliments one find a *Drop* of Reality, it is well. The first Acceptance of a Courtesy is accounted the greatest Incivility that can be amongst them, and a Ground for a Quarrel; as I heard of a German Gentleman that was baffled for accepting only one Invitation to a Dinner. So desiring to be preserved still in your good Opinion, and in the Rank of your Servants, I rest always most ready

1 Octob. 1621.

At your disposing, J. H.

XL.

To Christopher Jones, Esq; at Gray's-Inn, from Naples.

Honoured Father

I Must still style you so, since I was adopted your Son by so good a Mother as *Oxford*: My Mind lately prompted me, that I should commit a great Solecism, if among the rest of my Friends in *England*, I should leave you unsaluted, whom I love so dearly well, specially having such a fair and pregnant Opportunity as the Hand of this worthy Gentleman your Cousin *Morgan*, who is now posting hence for *England*: He will tell you how it fares with me; how any time these thirty odd Months I have been tossed from shore to shore, and passed under various Meridians, and am now in this voluptuous and luxuriant City of *Naples*: And though these frequent Removes and Tumblings under Climes of differing Temper were not without some Danger, yet the Delight which accompanied them was far greater; and it is impossible for any Man to conceive the true Pleasure of Peregrination, but he who actually enjoys, and puts it in practice. Believe it, Sir, that one Year well employed abroad by one of mature Judgment (which you know I want very much) advantageth more in point of useful and solid Knowledge than three in any of our Universities. You know running Waters are the purest, so they

they that traverse the World up and down, have the clearest Understanding; being faithful eye-witnesses of those Things which others receive but in Trust, whereunto they must yield an intuitive Consent, and a kind of implicit Faith. When I passed through some Parts of *Lombardy*, among other Things I observed the Physiognomies and Complexions of the People, Men and Women; and I thought I was in *Wales*, for divers of them have a Cast of Countenance, and a nearer Resemblance with our Nation, than any I ever saw yet: And the Reason is obvious; for the *Romans* having been near upon three hundred Years among us, where they had four Legions (before the *English* Nation or Language had any Being) by so long a Coalition and Tract of Time, the two Nations must needs copulate and mix: Insomuch that I believe there is yet remaining in *Wales* many of the *Roman* Race, and divers in *Italy* of the *British*. Among other Resemblances, one was in their Prosody, and Vein of Versifying or Rhyming, which is like our *Bards*, who hold Agnominations, and inforsing of consonant Words or Syllables one upon the other, to be the greatest Elegance. As for Example, in *Welsh*, *Teu grisi, iederris ty'r derrin, guellt, &c.* so have I seen divers old Rhymes in *Italian* running so; *Donne, O danno che Felo affronto affronta: In selva salvo a me: Più care cuore, &c.*

Inq.

Being lately in *Rome*, among other *Pasquils*, I met with one that was against the *Scots*; though it had some *Gaul* in it, yet it had a great deal of Wit, especially towards the Conclusion: so that I think if K. *James* saw it, he would but laugh at it.

As I remember, some Years since there was a very abusive Satire in Verse brought to our King; and as the Passages were a reading before him he often said, That if there were no more Men in *England*, the Rogue should hang for it: At last being come to the Conclusion, which was (after all his Railing)

*Now God preservs the King, the Queen, the Peers,
And grant the Author long may wear his Ears;*
this pleased his Majesty so well, that he broke into a Laughter, and said, *By my soul so thou shalt for me: Thou art a bitter, but thou art a witty Knave.*

When you write to *Monmouthshire*, I pray send my Respects to my Tutor, Master *Moor Fortune*, and my Service to Sir *Charles Williams*: And according to that Relation which was betwixt us at *Oxford*, I rest

8 Octob, 1621, Your constant Son to serve you, J. H.

XLI.

To Sir J. C. from Florence.

SIR,

This Letter comes to kiss your Hands from fair *Florence*, a City so beautiful, that the great Emperor *Charles V.* said, *That she was fitting to be shown and seen only upon Holidays*: She marvelously flourisheth with Buildings, with Wealth and Artifices; for it is thought that in *Serges*, which is but one Commodity, there are made two Millions every Year. All Degrees of People live here not only well, but splendidly well, notwithstanding the manifold Exactions of the Duke upon all Things: For none can buy here Lands or Houses, but he must pay eight in the hundred to the Duke; none can hire or build a House, but he must pay the tenth Penny; none can marry or commerce a Suit in Law, but there is a Fee to the Duke; none can bring as much as an Egg or Sallet to the Market, but the Duke hath share therein. Moreover, *Leghorn*, which is the Key of *Tuscany*, being a maritime, and a great mercantile Town, hath mightily enriched this Country, by being a Frank Port to all Comers, and a safe Rendezvouz to Pirates as well as to Merchants. Add hereunto, that the Duke himself in some Respect is a Merchant; for he sometimes ingrosseth all the Corn of the Country, and retails it at what rate he pleaseth. This enables the Duke to have perpetually 20000 Men enrolled, trained up, and paid, and none but they can carry Arms; he hath 400 Light-Horse in constant pay, and 100 Men at Arms besides; and all these quartered in so narrow a Compass, that he can command them all to *Florence* in twenty-four Hours. He hath twelve Gallies, two Galleons, and six Galleasses besides; and his Gallies are called *The Black Fleet*, because they annoy the *Turk* more in the bottom of the Straits, than any other.

This State is bound to keep good Quarter with the Pope more than others; for all *Tuscany* is fenced by Nature herself, I mean with Mountains, except towards the Territories of the Apostolic See, and the Sea itself: Therefore it is called *A Country of Iron*.

The Duke's Palace is so spacious, that it occupieth the room of fifty Houses at least; yet though his Court surpasseth the bounds of a Duke's, it reacheth not to the Magnificence of a King's. The Pope was sollicit to make the Grand Duke a King, and he answered, That he was content he should be King in *Tuscany*, not of *Tuscany*; whereupon

one

one of his Counsellors replied; That it was a more glorious thing to be a grand Duke than a petty King.

Among other Cities which I desired to see in Italy, *Genoa* was one, where I lately was, and found her to be the proudest for Buildings of any I met withal; yet the People go the plainest of any other, and are also most parsimonious in their Diet: They are the subtlest, I will not say the most subdulous Dealer: They are wonderful wealthy, specially in Money. In the Year 1600, the King of Spain owed them 18 Millions, and they say it is double as much now.

From the time they began to finger the Indian Gold, and that this Town hath been the Scale by which he hath conveyed his Treasure to *Flanders*, since the Wars in the *Netherlands*, for the Support of his Armies, and that she hath got some Privileges for the Exportation of Wools and other Commodities (prohibited to others) out of *Spain*, she hath improved extremely in Riches, and made *St. George's Mount* swell higher than *St. Mark's* in *Venice*.

She hath been often ill-favouredly shaken by the *Venetian*, and hath had other Enemies, which have put her to hard shifts for her own defence, specially in the time of *Lewis XI.* of *France*; at which time, when she would have given herself up to him for Protection, *K. Lewis* being told that *Genoa* was content to be his, he answered, *She should not be his long, for he would give her up to the Devil, and rid his Hands of her.*

Indeed the *Genses* have not the Fortune to be so well beloved, as other People in *Italy*; which proceeds, I believe, from their Cunningnes and Over-reachings in bargaining, wherein they have something of the *Jew*. The Duke is there but biennial, being changed every two Years: He hath fifty *Germans* for his Guard. There be four Centurions that have two Men a-piece, which upon Occasions attend the *Signory* abroad, in Velvet Coats; there be eight Chief Governors, and four hundred Counsellors, among whom there be five Sovereign *Syndics*, who have Authority to censure the Duke himself, his Time being expired, and punish any Governor else, though after Death, upon the Heir.

Among other Customs they have in that Town, one is, That none must carry a pointed Knife about him; which makes the *Hollander*, who is used to *Snik* and *Snee*, to leave his Horn-sheath and Knife a Ship-board when he comes ashore. I met not with an *Englishman* in all the Town; nor could I learn of any Factor of ours that ever resided here,

There is a notable little active Republic towards the midst of *Tuscany*, called *Lucca*, which, in regard she is under the Emperor's Protection, he dares not meddle withal, tho' she lie as a Partridge under a Faulcon's Wings, in relation to the Grand Duke: Besides, there is another Reason of State why he meddles not with her, because she is more beneficial to him now that she is free, and more industrious to support this Freedom, than if she were become his Vassal; for then it is probable she would grow more careless and idle, and so could not vent his Commodities so soon, which she buys for ready Money, wherein most of her Wealth consists. There is no State that winds the Penny more nimbly, and makes quicker Returns.

She hath a Council called the *Discoli*, which pries into the Profession and Life of every one, and once a Year they rid the State of all Vagabonds: So that this petty pretty Republic may not be improperly paralleled to a Hive of Bees, which have been always the Emblems of Industry and Order.

In this splendid City of *Florence* there be many Rarities, which if I should insert in this Letter, it would make her swell too big; and indeed they are fitted for parol Communication. Here is the prime Dialect of the *Italian* spoken, tho' the Pronunciation be a little more guttural than that of *Sienna* and that of the Court of *Rome*, which occasions the Proverb,

*Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana,
The Tuscan Tongue sounds best in a Roman Mouth.*

The People here generally seem to be more generous, and of a higher Comportment, than elsewhere; very cautious and circumspect in their Negotiation; whence ariseth the Proverb,

*Chi ba da far con Tosco,
Non bisogna che sia Losco.
Who dealeth with a Florentine,
Must have the Use of both his Ey'n.*

I shall bid *Italy* farewell now very shortly, and make my Way over the *Alps* to *France*, and so home by God's Grace, to make a Review of my Friends in *England*; among whom the Sight of yourself will be as gladiome to me as of any other; for I profess myself, and purpose to be ever

i Nov. 1621. Your thrice-affectionate Servitor, J. H.

XLII.

To Capt. Francis Bacon, from Turin,
SIR,

I Am now upon Point of shaking Hands with *Italy*; for I am come to *Turin*, having already seen *Venice* the rich, *Padua* the

the Learned; *Bologna* the Fat, *Rome* the Holy, *Naples* the Gentle, *Genoa* the Proud, *Florence* the Fair, and *Milan* the Great; from this last I came hither, and in that City also appears the Grandeur of *Spain's* Monarchy very much: The Governor of *Milan* is always Captain-General of the Cavalry to the King of *Spain* throughout *Italy*. The Duke of *Feria* is now Governor; and being brought to kiss his Hands, he used me with extraordinary Respect, as he doth all of our Nation, by being by maternal Side a *Dormer*. The *Spaniard* entertains there also 3000 Foot, 1000 Light-Horse, and 600 Men at Arms in perpetual Pay; so that I believe the Benefit of that Duchy also, tho' seated in the richest Soil of *Italy*, hardly countervails the Charge. Three Things are admired in *Milan*, the *Dome* or great Church, (built all of white Marble, within and without) the Hospital, and the Castle, by which the Citadel of *Antwerp* was traced, and is the best conditioned Fortres of Christendom; tho' *Nova Palma*, a late Fortres of the *Venetian*, would go beyond it; which is built according to the exact Rules of the most modern Engiary, being of a round Form, with nine Bastions, and a Street level to every Bastion.

The Duke of *Savoy*, tho' he paſſes for one of the Princes of *Italy*, yet the least Part of his Territories lie there, being squandered up and down amongst the *Alps*; but as much as he hath in *Italy*, which is *Piedmont*, is as well peopled, and passing good Country.

The Duke of *Savoy*, *Emanuel*, is accounted to be of the antientest and purest Extraction of any Prince in *Europe*; and his Knights also of the *Annunciade* to be one of the antientest Orders: Tho' this present Duke be little in Stature, yet he is of a lofty Spirit, and one of the best Soldiers now living; and tho' he be valiant enough, yet he knows how to patch the Lion's Skin with the Fox's Tail. And whosoever is Duke of *Savoy* had need be cunning, and more than any other Prince, in regard that lying between two potent Neighbours, the *French* and the *Spaniard*, he must comply with both.

Before I wean myself from *Italy*, a Word or two touching the *Genius* of the Nation. I find the *Italian* a Degree higher in Compliment than the *French*; he is longer, and more grave in the Delivery of it, and more prodigal of Words; insomuch, that if one were to be worded to Death, *Italian* is the fittest Language, in regard of the Fluency and Softness of it: For throughout the whole Body of it, you have not a Word ends with a Consonant, except ſome few monosyllable Conjunctions and Prepositions, and this renders the Speech more smooth;

smooth; which made one say, *That when the Confusion of Tongues happened at the building of the Tower of Babel, if the Italian had been there, Nimrod had made him a Plaisterer.* They are generally indulgent of themselves, and great Embracers of Pleasure, which may proceed from the luscious rich Wines, and luxurious Food, Fruits, and Roots, where-with the Country abounds; insomuch that, in some Places, Nature may be said to be, *Lena sic, A Bawd to herself.* The Cardinal de Medicis's Rule is of much Authority among them, *That there is no Religion under the Navel.* And some of them are of the Opinion of the *Arians*, who hold, that touching those natural Passions, Desires, and Motions, which run up and down in the Blood, God Almighty, and his Handmaid Nature, did not intend they should be a Tortment to us, but be used with Comfort and Delight. To conclude, in Italy there be *Virtutes magnæ, nec minora Vitia; Great Virtues, and no less Vices.*

So, with a Tender of my most affectionate Respects unto you, I rest

30 Nov. 1621.

Your humble Servitor, J. H.

XLIII.

To Sir J. H. from Lions.

SIR,

I Am now got over the *Alps*, and returned to *France*; I had crossed and clambered up the *Pyreneans* to *Spain* before; they are not so high and hideous as the *Alps*; but for our Mountains in *Wales*, as *Eppint*, and *Penwinmaur*, which are so much cried up among us, they are *Molebills* in comparison of these; they are but *Pigmies* compared to *Giants*, but *Blisters* compared to *Impostumes*, or *Pimples* to *Warts*. Besides, our Mountains in *Wales* bear always something useful to Man or Beast, some Grass at least; but these uncouth huge monstrous Excrescences of Nature bear nothing (most of them) but craggy Stones: The Tops of some of them are blanched over all the Year long with Snows; and the People who dwell in the Vallies, drinking, for want of other, this Snow-water, are subject to a strange Swelling in the Throat, called *Goytre*, which is common among them.

As I scaled the *Alps*, my Thoughts reflected upon *Hannibal*, who, with *Vinegar* and *Strong Waters*, did eat out a Passage thro' those Hills; but of late Years they have found a speedier Way to do it by *Gunpowder*.

Being at *Turin*, I was by some Disaster brought to an extreme low Ebb in Money, so that I was forced to foot it along with some Pilgrims, and with gentle Pace and easy Journeys,

to climb up those Hills, till I came to this Town of *Lions*, where a Countryman of ours, one Mr. *Lewis*, whom I knew in *Alicant*, lives Factor; so that now I want not any thing for my Accommodation.

This is a stately rich Town, and a renowned Mart for the Silks of *Italy*, and other *Levantine* Commodities, and a great Bank for Money, and indeed the greatest of *France*. Before this Bank was founded, which was by *Henry I.* *France* had but little Gold and Silver; insomuch that we read how King *John*, their Captive King, could not in four Years raise fifty thousand Crowns to pay his Ransom to our King *Edward*: And St. *Lewis* was in the same Cage when he was Prisoner in *Egypt*; where he had left the Sacrament for a Gage. But after this Bank was erected, it filled *France* full of Money; they of *Lucca*, *Florence*, and *Genoa*, with the *Venetian*, got quickly over the Hills, and brought their Monies hither, to get Twelve in the Hundred Profit; which was the Interest at first, tho' it be now much lower.

In this great mercantile Town there be two deep navigable Rivers, the *Ahone* and the *Soane*; the one hath a swift rapid Course, the other slow and smooth: And one Day, as I walked upon their Banks, and observed so much Difference in their Course, I fell into a Contemplation of the Humours of the *French* and *Spaniard*, how they might be not improperly compared to these Rivers; the *French* to the swift, the *Spaniard* to the slow River.

I shall write you no more Letters until I present myself to you for a speaking Letter, which I shall do as soon as I may tread *London Stones*.

6 Nov. 1621. Your affectionate Servitor, J. H.

XLIV.

To Mr. Tho. Bowyer, from Lions.

Being so near the Lake of *Geneva*, Curiosity would carry any one to see it: The Inhabitants of that Town, methinks, are made of another Paste, differing from the affable Nature of those People I had conversed withal formerly; they have one Policy, lest that their petty Republic should be pestered with Fugitives, their Law is, *That what Stranger soever flies thither for Sanctuary, he is punishable there in the same Degree as in the Country where he committed the Offence.*

Geneva is governed by four *Syndics*, and four hundred *Senators*: She lies like a Bone 'twixt three Mastiffs, the Emperor, the *French* King, and the Duke of *Savoy*: They all three look upon the Bone; but neither of them dare touch it singly,

singly, for fear the other two would fly upon him. But they say the Savoyard hath the justest Title; for there are Imperial Records extant, *That albo' the Bishops of Geneva were Lords Spiritual and Temporal, yet they should acknowledge the Duke of Savoy for their Superior.* This Man's Ancestors went frequently to the Town, and the Keys were presently tendered to them. But since Calvin's Time, who had been once banished, and then called in again, which made him to apply that Speech to himself, *That the Stone which the Builders refused is become the head Stone of the Corner:* I say, since they were refined by Calvin, they seem to shun and scorn all the World besides, being cast, as it were, into another Mould, which hath quite altered their very natural Disposition in point of Moral Society.

Before I part with this famous City of *Lions*, I will relate to you a wonderful strange Accident that happened here not many Years ago. There is an Officer called *Le Chevalier du Guet*, who is a kind of Night-guard here, as well as in *Paris*; and his Lieutenant, called *Faquette*, having supped one Night in a rich Merchant's House, as he was passing the Round afterwards, he said, *I wonder what I have eaten and drank at the Merchant's House, for I find myself so hot, that if I meet with the Devil's Dam to-night, I should not forbear using of her.* Hereupon, a little after, he overtook a young Gentlewoman masked, whom he would needs usher to her Lodging, but discharged all his Watch, except two; she brought him, to his thinking, to a little low Lodging hard by the City-Wall, where there were only two Rooms; and after he had enjoyed her, he desired that, according to the Custom of French Gentlemen, his two Comrades might partake also of the same Pleasure; so she admitted them one after the other: And when all this was done, as they sat together, she told them, if they knew who she was, none of them would have ventured upon her; thereupon she whistled three times, and all vanished. The next Morning, the two Soldiers that had gone with Lieutenant *Faquette*, were found dead under the City-Wall, amongst the Ordure and Excrements, and *Faquette* himself a little way off, half dead, who was taken up, and coming to himself again, confessed all this, but died presently after.

The next Week I am to go down the *Laire* towards *Paris*, and thence as soon as I can for *England*, where, among the rest of my Friends, whom I so much long to see after this triennial Separation, you are like to be one of my first Objects. In the mean time I wish the same Happiness may attend you at home, as I desire to attend me *homeward*; for I am

5 Dec. 1621.

Truly yours, J. H.

Familiar LETTERS.

S E C T. II.

I.

To my Father.

S I R,

IT hath pleased God, after almost three Years Peregrination by Land and Sea, to bring me back safely to *London*; but altho' I am come safely, I am come sickly: For when I landed in *Venice*, after so long a Sea-Voyage from *Spain*, I was afraid the same Defluxion of salt Rheum which fell from my Temples into my Throat in *Oxford*, and distilling upon the *Uvula* impeached my Utterance a little to this Day, had found the same Channel again; which caused me to have an Issue made in my left Arm for the Diversion of the Humour. I was well ever after till I came to *Rouen*, and there I fell sick of a Pain in the Head, which, with the Issue, I have carried with me to *England*. Dr. *Harvey*, who is my Physician, tells me, that it may turn to a Consumption, therefore he hath stopped the Issue, telling me there is no Danger at all in it, in regard I have not worn it a full twelve-month. My Brother, I thank him, hath been very careful of me in this my Sickness, and hath come often to visit me: I thank God I have passed the Brunt of it, and am recovering and picking up my Crumbs apace. There is a flaunting French Ambassador come over lately, and I believe his Errand is nought else but Compliment; for the King of *France*: being lately at *Calais*, and so in Sight of *England*, he sent his Ambassador M. *Cadenet*, exprefly to visit our King: He had Audience two Days since, where he with his Train of ruffing long-hair'd Monsieurs, carried himself in such a light Garb, that after the Audience, the King asked my Lord Keeper *Bacon* what he thought of the French Ambassador: He answered, That he was a tall proper Man. Ay, his Majesty replied, but what think you of his Head-piece? Is he a proper Man for the Office of an Ambassador? Sir, said *Bacon*, *Tall Men are like high Houses of four or five Stories, wherein commonly the uppermost Room is worſt furnished.*

So desiring my Brothers and Sisters, with the rest of my Cousins and Friends in the Country, may be acquainted with my safe Return to *England*, and that you would please to let me hear from you by the next Conveniency, I rest

Lond. 2 Feb. 1621.

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

F

To

II.

To Rich. Altham, Esq; at Norberry.

*S*alue pars animæ dimidiata meæ; Hail half my Soul, my dear Dick, &c. I was no sooner returned to the sweet Bosom of England, and had breathed the Smoke of this Town, but my Memory ran suddenly on you; the Idea of you hath almost ever since so filled up and ingrossed my Imagination, that I can think on nothing else; the Love of you swells both in my Breast and Brain with such a Pregnancy, that nothing can deliver me of this violent high Passion but the Sight of you: Let me despair if I lie, there was never Female longed more after any thing by reason of her growing Embryo, than I do for your Presence. Therefore I pray you make haste to save my Longing, and tantalize me no longer, (it is but three Hours riding) for the Sight of you will be more precious to me than any one Object I have seen (and I have seen many rare ones) in all my three Years Travel; and if you take this for a Compliment, (because I am newly come from France) you are much mistaken in

Lond. 1 Feb. 1621.

Yours, J. H.

III.

To D. Caldwell, Esq; at Battersea.

MY dear Dan. I am come at last to London, but not without some Danger, and thro' divers Difficulties; for I fell sick in France, and came so over to Kent: And my Journey from the Sea-side hither was more tedious to me, than from Rome to Rouen, where I grew first indisposed; and in good Faith, I cannot remember any thing to this Hour how I came from Grasse hither. I was so stupified, and had lost the Knowledge of all Things; but I am come to myself indifferently well since, I thank God for it, and you cannot imagine how much the Sight of you, much more your Society, would revive me: Your Presence would be a Cordial to me more restorative than exalted Gold, more precious than the Powder of Pearl; whereas your Absence, if it continue long, will prove to me like the Dust of Diamonds, which is incurable Poison. I pray be not accessory to my Death, but hasten to comfort your so long weather-beaten Friend,

Lond. 1 Feb. 1621.

Yours, J. H.

IV.

To Sir James Crofts, at the Lord Dartys in St. Olith.

SIR, I am got again safely to this Side of the Sea, and tho' I was in a very sickly Case when I first arrived, yet Thanks be

be to God I am upon Point of perfect Recovery, whereunto the sucking in of *English Air*, and the sight of some Friends conduced not a little.

There is fearful News come from *Germany*; you know how the *Bohemians* shook off the Emperor's Yoke, and how the great Council of *Prague* fell to such a hurly-burly, that some of the Imperial Counsellors were hurled out at the Windows: You heard also, I doubt not, how they offered the Crown to the Duke of *Saxony*, and he waving it, they sent Ambassadors to the *Palgrave*, whom they thought might prove *per negotio*, and to be able to go through *Stitch* with the work, in regard of his powerful Alliance, the King of *Great-Britain* being his Father-in-Law, the K. of *Denmark*, the Pr. of *Orange*, the Marq. of *Brandenburg*, the D. of *Bouillon* his Uncles, the States of *Holland* his Confederates, the French King his Friend, and the D. of *Brunswick* his near Ally. The Prince *Palgrave* made some difficulty at first, and most of his Counsellors opposed it; others incited him to it, and among other hortatives, they told him, *That if he had the Courage to venture upon a King of England's sole Daughter, he might very well venture upon a sovereign Crown when it was tendered him.* Add hereunto, that the States of *Holland* did mainly advance the Work, and there was good reason in policy for it; for their twelve years Truce being then upon point of expiring with *Spain*, and finding our King so wedded to Peace, that nothing could divorce him from it, they lighted upon this Design to make him draw his sword, and engage him against the House of *Austria* for the Defence of his sole Daughter, and his Grandchildren. What his Majesty will do hereafter, I will not presume to foretel; but hitherto he hath given little countenance to the busyness, may he utterly mislike it at first; for whereas Dr. *Hall* gave the Prince *Palgrave* the Title of K. of *Bohemia* in his Pulpit-Prayer, he had a check for his pains; for I heard his Majesty should say, That there is an implicit Tie among Kings, which obligeth them, though there be no other interest or particular engagement, to stick to, and right one another upon an Insurrection of Subjects; therefore he had more reason to be against the *Bohemians*, than to adhere to them in the deposition of their Sovereign Prince. The King of *Denmark* sings the same Note, nor will he also allow him the appellation of King. But the fearful News I told you of at the beginning of this Letter is, that there are fresh Tidings brought how the Prince *Palgrave* had a well-appointed Army of about 25000 Horse and Foot near *Prague*; but the Duke of *Bavaria* came with scarce half the Num-

8 Nov. 1620

ber, and notwithstanding his long March, gave them a sudden Battle, and utterly routed them: Insomuch that the new King of Bohemia having not worn the Crown a whole twelvemonth, was forced to fly with his Queen and Children; and after many Difficulties, they write, that they are come to the Castle of Caffrein, the Duke of Brandenburg's Country, his Uncle. This News affects both Court and City here with much heaviness.

I send you my humble thanks for the noble Correspondence you were pleased to hold with me abroad; and I desire to know by the next, when you come to London, that I may have the comfort of the sight of you, after so long an Absence.

• Mar. 1621.

Your true Servitor, J. H.

V.

To Dr. Fr. Mansel, at All-Souls in Oxford.

I Am returned safe from my foreign Employment, from my three years Travel; I did my best to make what Advantage I could of the time, tho' not so much as I should; for I find that Peregrination (well used) is a very profitable School; it is a running Academy, and nothing conduceth more to the building up and perfecting of a Man. Your honourable Uncle Sir Robert Mansel, who is now in the Mediterranean hath been very notable to me, and I shall ever acknowledge a good part of my Education from him. He hath melted vast Sums of Money in the Glass-Busines, a Business indeed more proper for a Merchant than a Courtier. I heard the King shoud say, that he wondered Robin Mansel, being a Seaman, whereby he hath got so much Honour shoud fall from Water to tamper with Fire, which are two contrary Elements. My Father fears that this Glafs-employment will be too brittle a Foundation for me to build a Fortune upon; and Sir Robert being now at my coming back so far at Sea and his Return uncertain, my Father hath advised me to hearken after some other Condition. I attempted to go Secretary to Sir John Ayres to Constantinople, but I came too late. You have got yourself a great deal of good Reputation by the voluntary Resignation you made of the Principality of Jesus College to Sir Eubule Theolall, in hope that he will be a considerable Benefactor to it. I pray God he perform what he promiseth, and that he be not over partial to North-Wales Men. Now that I give you the first Summon, I pray you make me happy with your Correspondence by Letters; there is no Excuse or Impediment at all left now, for you are sure where to find me; whereas I was a

Land-

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Landloper, as the *Dutchman* saith, a *Wanderer*, and subject to uncertain Removes, and short Sojourns in divers Places before. So with Appreciation of all Happiness to you here and hereafter, I rest

5 Mar. 1621.

At your friendly Dispose, J. H.

VI.

To Sir Eubule Theolall, Knight, and Principal of Jesus College in Oxford.

SIR, I send you most due and humble Thanks, that notwithstanding I have played the Truant, and been absent so long from *Oxford*, you have been pleased lately to make choice of me to be Fellow of your new Foundation in *Jesus College*, whereof I was once a Member. As the Quality of my Fortunes, and Course of Life, run now, I cannot make present use of this your great Favour, or Promotion rather; yet I do highly value it, and humbly accept of it, and intend by your Permission to reserve and lay it by, as a good warm Garment, against rough Weather, if any fall on me. With this my Expression of Thankfulness, I do congratulate the great Honour you have purchased both by your own Beneficence, and by your painful Endeavour besides, to perfect that national College, which hereafter is like to be a Monument of your Fame, as well as a Seminary of Learning, and will perpetuate your Memory to all Posterity.

God Almighty prosper and perfect your Undertakings, and provide for you in Heaven those Rewards which such public Works of Piety used to be crowned withal; it is the Appre-

cation of
London, idibus Mar. 1621.

Your truly devoted Servitor, J. H.

VII.
To my Father.

SIR, according to the Advice you sent me in your last, while I sought after a new Course of Employment, a new Employment hath lately sought after me; my Lord *Savage* hath two young Gentlemen to his Sons, and I am to go travel with them: Sir *James Crofts* (who so much respects you) was the main Agent in this Business, and I am to go shortly to *Long-Melford* in *Suffolk*, and thence to *St. Osib* in *Essex*, to the Lord *Darcy*. Q. *Anne* is lately dead of a Dropfy in *Denmark-House*; which is held to be one of the fatal Events that followed the last fearful *Comet* that rose in the Tail of the *Constellation of Virgo*; which some ignorant Astrono-

mers that write of it, would fix in the Heavens, and that as far above the Orb of the Moon, as the Moon is from the Earth : But this is nothing in comparison of those hideous Fires that are kindled in Germany, blown first by the *Babemans*, which is like to be a War without End ; for the whole House of *Austria* is interested in the Quarrel, and it is not the Custom of that House to set by any Affront, or forget it quickly. Q. *Anne* left a World of bray Jewels behind, but one *Picre*, an outlandish Man, who had the keeping of them, embezzled many, and is run away ; she left all she had to Prince *Charles*, whom she ever loved best of all her Children ; nor do I hear of any Legacy she left at all to her Daughter in *Germany* : For that Match, some say, lessened something of her Affection towards her ever since, so that she would often call her *Goody Palgrave* ; nor could she abide Secretary *Wimwood* ever after, who was one of the chiefest Instruments to bring that Match about, as also for the Rendition of the cautionary Towns in the *Low-Countries*, *Ruizing* and *Brill*, with the *Rammakins*. I was lately with Sir *John Walker*, and others of your Counsel, about Law-business ; and some of them told me that Master *J. Lloyd*, your Adverfary, is one of the shrewdest Sollicitors in all the 13 Shires of *Wales*, being so habituated to Law-suits and Wrangling, that he knows any of the least Starting-holes in every Court : I could wish you had made a fair End with him ; for, besides the Cumber and Trouble, especially to those that dwell at such a huge Distance from *Westminster-Hall* as you do, Law is a shrewd Pick-purse, and the Lawyer, as I heard one say wittily not long since, is like a *Christmas-box*, which is sure to get, whosoever loseth.

So with the Continuance of my due and daily Prayers for your Health ; with my Love to my Brothers and Sisters, I left
20 Mar. 1618-9

Your dutiful Son, J.H.

VII.

To Dan. Caldwell, Esq; from the Lord Savage's House
in Long-Melford.

My dear Dan.

THO' considering my former Condition of Life, I may now be called a Countryman, yet you cannot call me a Rustic (as you would imply in your Letter) as long as I live in so civil and noble a Family, as long as I lodge in so virtuous and regular a House as any I believe in the Land, both for economical Government, and the choice Company ; for I never saw yet such a dainty Race of Children in all my Life together ; I never saw yet such an orderly and punctual Attendance

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tenance of Servants, nor a great House so neatly kept; here one shall see no Dog, nor a Cat, nor Cage to cause any Nastiness within the Body of the House. The Kitchens and Gutteris, and other Offices of Noise and Drudgery are at the Fag-end; there is a Back-gate for the Beggars and the meaner Sort of Swains to come in at; the Stables butt upon the Park, which, for a cheerful rising Ground, for Groves and Browning for the Deer, for Rivulets of Water, may compare with any for its Elegancy in the whole Land; it is opposite to the Front of the great House, whence from the Gallery one may see much of the Game when they are a hunting. Now for the Gardening and costly choice Flowers, for Ponds, for stately large Walks, green and gravelly, for Orchards and choice Fruits of all Sorts, there are few the like in England: Here you have your *Boy Christian Pear* and *Bergamot* in Perfection, your *Muskado Grapes* in such Plenty, that there are some Bottles of Wine sent every Year to the King; and one Mr. *Daniel*, a worthy Gentleman hard by, who hath been long abroad, makes good Store in his Vintage. Truly this House of *Lant-Melford*, tho' it be not so great, yet it is so well compacted and contrived with such dainty Conveniences every Way, that if you saw the Landskip of it, you would be mightily taken with it, and it would serve for a choice Pattern to build and contrive a House by. If you come this Summer to your Master of Sheriff in *Affix*, you will not be far off hence; if your Occasions will permit, it will be worth your coming hither, tho' it be only to see him, who would think it a short Journey to go from *Sr. David's Head* to *Dover-Cliffs* to see and serve you, were there Occasion:

20 May, 1619.

Yours, J. H.

IX.

To Robert Brown, Esq;

S I R;

*T*Hanks for one Courteſy; is a good Uſſer to bring on another; therefore it is my Policy at this time to thank you most heartily for your late copious Letter; to draw on a ſecond: I ſay, I thank you a thouſand times over for yours of the 3d of this preſent; which abounded with ſuch Variety of News, and ample well-touched Relations, that I made many Friends by it; yet I am ſorry for the Quality of ſome of your News, that Sir Robert Mansel being now in the Mediterranean with a conſiderable naval Strength of ours againſt the Moors, to do the Spaniard a Pleaſure; Marquis Spizella ſhould in a hogging Way, change his Maſter for the Time, and taking Commiſſion from the Emperor, become his Servant

for invading the *Palatinate* with the Forces of the King of *Spain* in the *Netherlands*. I am sorry also the Princes of the *Union* should be so stupid as to suffer him to take *Oppenheim* by a *Parthian* kind of back Stratagem, in appearing before the Town, and making semblance afterwards to go to *Worms*; and then perceiving the Forces of the *United Provinces* to go for succouring of that, to turn back and take the Town he intended first, whereby I fear he will be quickly Master of the rest. Surely I believe there may be some Treachery in it, and that the Marquis of *Anspach*, the General, was overcome by Pistols made of *Indian Ingots*, rather than of Steel; else an Army of 40,000 which he had under his Command, might have made its Party good against *Spinola's* less than 20,000, though never such choice Veterans. But what will not Gold do? It will make a Pigmy too hard for a Giant. There's no Fence or Fortress *against an Ajs laden with Gold*. It was the Saying you know of his Father, whom partial and ignorant Antiquity cries up to have conquered the World, and that he sighed there were no more Worlds to conquer, though he had never one of the three old Parts of the then known World intirely to himself. I desire to know what is become of that Handful of Men his Majesty sent to *Germany* under Sir *Horace Vere*, which he was bound to do as he is one of the *Protestant* Princes of the *Union*; and what's become of Sir *Arthur Chichester*, who is gone Ambassador to those Parts?

Dear Sir, I pray make me happy still with your Letters; it is a mighty Pleasure for us Country-folks to hear how Matters pass in *London* and abroad: You know I have not the Opportunity to correspond with you in like kind, but may happily hereafter when the Tables are turned, when I am in *London*, and you in the West. Whereas you are desirous to hear how it fares with me, I pray know that I live in one of the noblest Houses, and best Air of *England*: There is a dainty Park adjoining, where I often wander up and down, and I have my several Walks. I make one to represent the *Royal Exchange*, the other the middle Isle of *Paul's*, another *Westminster-ball*; and when I pass through the Herd of Deer, methinks I am in *Cheapside*. So with a full Return of the same Measure of Love, as you pleased to send me, I rest
 24 May, 1622.

Yours, J. H.

X.

To R. Altham, Esq; from St. Osith,

SIR,

LIFE itself is not so dear to me as your Friendship, nor Virtue in her best Colours as precious as your Love, which

was

was lately so lively pourtrayed unto me in yours of the 5th of this present. Methinks your Letter was like a Piece of Tissue richly embroidered with rare Flowers up and down, with curious Representations and Landskips : Albeit I have as much Stuff as you of this Kind (I mean Matter of Love) yet I want such a Loom to work it upon, I cannot draw it to such a curious Web ; therefore you must be content with homely *Poldervie* Ware from me, for you must not expect from us Country-folks such *Urbanities* and quaint Invention, that you, who are daily conversant with the Wits of the Court, and of the Inns of Court, abound withal.

Touching your Intention to travel beyond the Seas the next Spring, and the Intimation you make how happy you would be in my Company ; I let you know that I am glad of the one, and much thank you for the other, and will think upon it, but I cannot resolve yet upon any thing. I am now here at the Earl Rivers, a noble and great knowing Lord, who hath seen much of the World abroad ; my Lady Savage his Daughter is also here with divers of her Children : I hope this *Hilary* Term to be merry in *London*, and among other to re-enjoy your Conversation principally, for I esteem the Society of no Soul upon Earth more than yours : Till then I bid you Farewel, and as the Season invites me, I wish you a merry *Christmas*, resting

20 Dec. 1622,

Yours while J. Howell.

XI.

To Captain Tho. Porter, upon his Return from Algier Voyage.

Noble Captain,

I Congratulate your safe Return from the *Straits*, but am sorry you were so straitened in your Commission, that you could not attempt what such a brave naval Power of 20 Men of War, such a gallant General, and other choice knowing Commanders might have performed, if they had had Line enough. I know the Lightness and Nimblenes of *Algier* Ships ; when I lived lately in *Alicant* and other Places upon the *Mediterranean*, we should every Week hear some of them chased, but very seldom taken ; for a great Ship following one of them, may be said to be as a Mastiff Dog running after a Hare. I wonder the *Spaniard* came short of the promised Supply for Furtherance of that noble adventurous Design you had to fire the Ships and Gallies in *Algiers* Road : And according to the Relation you pleased to send me, it was one of the bravest Enterprizes, and had proved such a glorious Exploit that no Story could have paralleled ; but

but it seems their *Heggers*, *Magicians*, and *Moribots* were tampering with the ill Spirits of the Air all the while, which brought down such a still Cataract of Rain-waters suddenly upon you, to hinder the Working of your Fireworks; such a Disaster the Story tells us, befel Charles the Emperor, but far worse than yours, for he lost Ships and Multitudes of Men, who were made Slaves, but you came off with Loss of 3 Men only, and *Ajier* is anothergheſt thing now than ſic was then, being I believe an hundred Degrees stronger by Land and Sea; and for the latter Strength, we may thank our Countryman *Ward*, and *Dawſey* the Butterbag *Hallender*, who may be ſaid to have been two of the fatalit and moft infamous Men that ever Christendom bred; for the one taking all *Englyſhmen*, and the other all *Dutchmen*, and bringing the Ships and Ordnance to *Ajier*, they may be ſaid to have been the chief Raifers of thoſe *Picarons* to be Pirates, who are now come to that Height of Strength, that they daily endamage and affront all Christendom. When I conſider all the Circumstances and Succes of this your Voyage, when I conſider the Narrowneſſ of your Commission, which was as lame as the Clerk that kept it; when I find that you ſettled the Seas and Traffic all the while, for I did not hear of one Ship taken while you were abroad; when I hear how you brought back all the Fleet without the leaſt Diſgrace or Damage by Foe or foul Weather to any Ship; I conclude, and ſo do far better Judgments than mine, that you did what poſſibly could be done: Let thoſe that repine at the one in the hundred (which was impoſed upon all the *Levant* Merchants for the ſupport of this Fleet) mutter what they will, that you went firſt to *Gravesend*, then to the *Land's-end*, and after to no End.

I have ſent you for your Welcome home (in part) two Barrels of *Colcheter* Oysters, which were provided for my Lord *Colcheter* himſelf, therefore I preſume they are good, and all green-fian'd; I ſhall ſhortly follow, but not to ſtay long in *England*, for I think I muſt over again ſpeedily to put on my Fortunes: So, my dear *Tam*, I am *de todas mis entrañas*, from the Center of my Heart, I am

St. Oſſey, Dec, 1622.

Yours, J. H.

XII.

To my Father, upon my fecand going to travel.
S I R,

I Am lately returned to *London*, having been all this while in a very noble Family in the Country, where I found far greater Reſpects than I deſerved; I was to go with two of my Lord *Savoy's* Sons to travel, but finding myſelf too young

young for such a Charge, and our Religion differing, I have now made choice to go over Comrade to a very worthy Gentleman, Baron *Sibben's* Son, whom I knew in *Stones*, when my Brother was there. Truly, I hold him to be one of the best young Men of this Kingdom for Parts and Person; he is full of excellent solid Knowledge, as the Mathematics, the Law, and other material Studies: Besides, I should have been tied to have stayed 3 Years abroad in the other Employment at least, but I hope to get back from this by God's Grace before a Year be at an End, at which time I hope the Hand of Providence will settle me in some stable home-fortune.

The News is, that the Prince *Palgrave*, with his Lady and Children, are come to the *Hague* in *Holland*, having made a long Progress or rather a Pilgrimage about *Germany* from *Prague*. The old D. of *Bavaria*'s Uncle is chosen Elector and Arch-fover of the *Roman Empire* in his Place, (but as they say, in an imperfect *Dic*) and with this *Pronto*, that the transferring of this Election upon the *Bavarian* shall not prejudice the next Heir. There is one Count *Mansfeld* that begins to get a great Name in *Germany*, and he with the D. of *Brienswic*, who is a temporal Bishop of *Hakurstaed*, have a considerable Army on Foot for the Lady *Elizabeth*, who, in the *Low-Countries*, and some Parts of *Germany*, is called the *Queen of Bohemia*, and for her winning princely Comportment, *The Queen of Hearts*. Sir *Arthur Chichester* is come back from the *Palatinate*, much complaining of the small Army that was sent thither under Sir *Horace Vane*, which should have been greater, or none at all.

My Lord of *Buckingham* having been long since Master of the Horse at Court, is now made Master also of all the *Warden-horse*s in the Kingdom, which indeed are our best Horses, for he is to be High-Admiral of *England*; so he is become *Dominus Equorum & Aquarum*. The late Lord Treasurer *Cranfield* grows also very powerful, but the City hates him for having betrayed their greatest Secrets, which he was capable to know more than another, having been formerly a Merchant.

I think I shall have no Opportunity to write to you again till I be tother Side of the Sea; therefore I humbly take my Leave, and ask your Blessing, that I may the better prosper in my Proceedings: So I am Your dutifull Son, J. H.

19 Mar. 1622. — XIII.

To Sir John Smith, Knight.

S. I. R,

[¶] His first Ground-set Foot upon after this my 2d trans-
* mayne Voyage, was *Tessene* (the Sout Staple) in *Zeland*,

thence we sailed to *Holland*, in which Passage we might see divers Steeples and Turrets under Water, of Towns that we were told were swallowed up by a Deluge within the Memory of Man: We went afterwards to the *Hague*, where there are hard by, though in several Places, two wonderful Things to be seen; the one of *Art*, the other of *Nature*; that of *Art* is a Waggon, or Ship, or a Monster mixed of both, like the *Hippocentaur*, who was half Man and half Horse: This Engine hath Wheels and Sails that will hold above twenty People, and goes with the Wind, being drawn or moved by nothing else, and will run, the Wind being good, and the Sails hois'd up, above fifteen Miles an Hour upon the even hard Sands. They say this Invention was found out to entertain *Spinola* when he came hither to treat of the last Truce. That Wonder of Nature, is a Church-Monument, where an Earl and a Lady are engraven with 365 Children about them, which were all delivered at one Birth; they were half Male, half Female; the two Basons, in which they were christened, hang still in the Church, and the Bishop's Name who did it; and the Story of this Miracle, with the Year and the Day of the Month mentioned, which is not yet 200 Years ago. And the Story is this: That the Countess walking about her Door after Dinner, there came a Beggar-woman with 2 Children upon her Back to beg Alms; the Countess asking whether those Children were her own, she answered, She had them both at one Birth, and by one Father, who was her Husband. The Countess would not only not give her any Alms, but reviled her bitterly, saying, It was impossible for one Man to get two Children at once. The Beggar-woman being thus provoked with ill Words, and without Alms, fell to Imprecations, that it should please God to shew his Judgment upon her, and that she might bear at one Birth as many Children as there be Days in the Year, which she did before the same Year's End, having never born Child before. We are now in *North-Holland*, where I never saw so many, among so few, sick of Leprosies; and the reason is, because they commonly eat abundance of fresh Fish. A Gentleman told me, that the Women of this Country, when they are delivered, there comes out of the Womb a living Creature besides the Child, called *Zuccbie*, likest a Bat of any other Creature, which the Midwives throw into the Fire, holding Sheets before the Chimney lest it should fly away. Mr. *Altham* desires his Service be presented to you and your Lady, to Sir *John Franklin*, and all at the *Hill*; the like do I humbly crave at your Hands: The *Italian* and *French* Manuscripts you pleased to favour me withal, I left at Mr. *Sci's* Sta-

Stationer, whence if you have not them already, you may please to send for them. So in all Affection I kiss your Hands, and am

Trevere, 10 April,
1623.

Your humble Servitor, J. H.

XIV.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Colchester,
after Earl Rivers.

Right Honourable,

THE Commands your Lordship pleased to impose upon me when I left *England*, and those high Favours wherein I stand bound to your Lordship, call upon me at this time to send your Lordship some small Fruits of my foreign Travel. Marquis *Spinola* is returned from the *Palatinate*, where he was so fortunate, that (like *Cesar*) he came, saw, and overcame, notwithstanding that huge Army of the Princes of the Union, consisting of 40,000 Men; whereas his was under 20, but made up of old tough Blades, and Veteran Commanders. He hath now changed his Coat, and taken up his old Commission again from Don *Philippe*, whereas during that Expedition he called himself *Cesar's* Servant. I hear the Emperor hath transmitted the *Upper Palatinate* to the Duke of *Bavaria*, as Caution for thofe Monies he hath expended in thofe Wars. And the King of *Spain* is the Emperor's Commissary for the *Lower Palatinate*: They both pretend that they were bound to obey the Imperial Summons to affit *Cesar* in thofe Wars; the one as he was Duke of *Burgundy*, the other of *Bavaria*, both which Countries are feudatory to the Empire; else they had incurred the Imperial Ban. It is feared this *German* War will be, as the *Frenchman* faith, *de longue balaine*, long breathed; for there are great Powers on both Sides, and they fay the King of *Denmark* is arming.

Having made a leisurely Sojourn in this Town, I had yours to couch in writing a Survey of these Countries, which I have now traversed the fecond time; but in regard it would be a great Bulk for a Letter, I send it your Lordship apart, and when I return to *England* I shall be bold to attend your Lordship for Correction of my Faults. In the Interim I rest, my Lord,

Antwerp, 1 May,

Your thrice humble Servitor, J. H.

XV.

A Survey of the seventeen Provinces.

My Lord,

TO attempt a precise Description of each of the seventeen Provinces, and of its Progression, Privileges, and primitive

nitive Government, were a Task of no less Confusion than Labour : Let it suffice to know, that since *Flanders* and *Holland* were erected to Earldoms, and so left to be an Appendix to the Crown of France, some of them have had absolute and supreme Governors, some subaltern and subject to a superior Power. Among the rest, the Earls of *Flanders* and *Holland* were most considerable ; but of them two the of *Holland* being homageable to none, and having *Friesland* and *Zealand* added, was the more potent. In Proces of Time all the seventeen met in one ; some by Conquest, others by Donation and Legacy, but most by Alliance. In the House of *Burgundy* this Union received most Growth, but in the House of *Austria* it came to its full Perfection ; for in *Charles V.* they all met as so many Lines drawn from the Circumference to the Center ; who lording as supreme Head not only over the fifteen temporal, but the two spiritual, *Liege* and *Utrecht*, had a Design to reduce them to a Kingdom, which his Son *Philip II.* attempted after him : But they could not bring their Intents home to their Aim ; the Cause is imputed to that Multiplicity and Difference of Privileges, which they are so eager to maintain, and whereof some cannot stand with a Monarchy without Incongruity. *Philip II.* at his Inauguration was swore to observe them, and at his Departure he obliged himself by an Oath to send still one of his own Blood to govern them : Moreover, at the Request of the Knights of the *Golden Fleece*, he promised that all foreign Soldiers should retire, and that he himself would come to visit them once every seventh Year ; but being once gone, and leaving in lieu of a *Sword* a *Dishaff*, an unwieldy Woman to govern, he carrie not only short of his Promise, but procured a Dispensation from the *Pope* to be absolved of his Oath, and all this by the Counsel of Cardinal *Granville*, who, as the States Chronicler writes, was the first Firebrand that kindled that lamentable and longsome War wherein the *Netherlands* have traded above fifty Years in Blood : For, intending to increase the Number of *Bishops*, to establish the Decrees of the Council of *Trent*, and to clip the Power of the Council of State composed of the Natives of the Land, by making it appealable to the Council of *Spain*, and by adding to the former Oath of Allegiance, (all which conduced to settle the Inquisition, and to curb the Conscience) the Broils began ; to appease which, Ambassadors were dispatched to *Spain*, whereof the two first came to violent Deaths, the one being beheaded, the other poisoned. But the two last, *Egmont* and *Horn*, were nourished still with Hopes, until *Philip II.* had prepared an Army under the Conduct of the Duke

Duke of *Alos*, to compose the Difference by Arms. For as soon as he came to the Government, he established the *Bloed-zad*, as the Complainants termed it, a *Council of Blood*, made up most of *Spaniards*: *Egmond* and *Horn* were apprehended, and afterwards beheaded; Citadels were erected, and the Oath of Allegiance, with the Political Government of the Country, in divers things altered. This poured Oil on the Fire formerly kindled, and put all in Combustion: The Prince of *Orange* retires, therupon his eldest Son was surprised, and sent as Hostage to *Spain*, and above 5000 Families quit the Country; many Towns revolted, but were afterwards reduced to Obedience: which made the Duke of *Alos* say, That the *Netherlands* appertained to the King of *Spain* not only by *Besent*, but *Conquest*; and for cumbre of his Victories, when he attempted to impose the tenth Penny for maintenance of his Garisons in the Citadels he had erected at *Grave*, *Utrecht*, and *Antwerp* (where he caused his Statue made of *Canon-Brae* to be erected, trampling the *Belgians* under his feet) all the Towns withstood this Impusion: So that at last matters succeding ill with him, and having had his Cousin *Paezis* hanged at *Flushing* Gates, after he had traced out the Platform of a Citadel in that Town also, he received Letters of Revocation from *Spain*. Him succeeded *Don Lays de Requibus*, who came short of his Predecessor in Exploits; and dying suddenly in the Field, the Government was invested for a time in the Council of State: The *Spanish* Soldiers being without a Head, gathered together to the number of 1600, and committed such Outrages up and down, that they were proclaimed Enemies to the State. Hereupon the Pacification of *Ghent* was transacted, whereof among other Articles one was, That all foreign Soldiers should quit the Country. This was ratified by the King, and observed by *Don John of Austria*, who succeeded in the Government; yet *Don John* retained the *Landesknechts* at his devotion still for some secret Design, and, as some conjectured, for the Invasion of *England*; he kept the *Spaniards* also still hovering about the frontiers ready upon all occasions. Certain Letters were intercepted that made a Discovery of some Projects, which made the War to bleed afresh; *Don John* was proclaimed Enemy to the State: So the Archduke *Mauricius* was sent for, who being a Man of small performance, and improper for the times, was dismissed, but upon honourable Terms. *Don John* a little after dies, and, as some gave out of the Pox; then comes in the Duke of *Parma*, a Man as of a different nation, being an *Italian*, so

of a differing Temper, and more moderate Spirit, and of greater Performance than all the rest ; for whereas all the Provinces except *Luxemburg* and *Hainault* had revolted, he reduced *Ghent*, *Tournay*, *Bruges*, *Malines*, *Brussels*, *Antwerp*, (which three last he beleaguered at one time) and divers other great Towns, to the *Spanish* Obedience again. He had 60000 Men in pay, and the choicest which *Spain* and *Italy* could afford. The *French* and *English* Ambassadors interceding for a Peace, had a short Answer of *Philip II.* who said, that he needed not the help of any to reconcile himself to his own Subjects, and reduce them to Conformity ; but the difference that was, he would refer to his Cousin the Emperor : Hereupon the busines was agitated at *Colen*, where the *Spaniard* stood as high a-tiptoe as ever, and notwithstanding the vast expence of treasure and blood he had been at for so many years, and that Matters began to exasperate more and more, which were like to prolong the Wars *in infinitum*, he would abate nothing in point of Ecclesiastic Government. Hereupon the States perceived that King *Philip* could not be wrought either by the solicitations of other Princes, or their own supplications so often reiterated, that they might enjoy the freedom of Religion, with other franchises ; and finding him inexorable, being incited also by the Ban which was published against the Prince of *Orange*, that whosoever killed him should have 5000 Crowns, they at last absolutely renounced and abjured the King of *Spain* for their Sovereign : They broke his Seals; changed the Oath of Allegiance, and fled to *France* for shelter ; they inaugurated the Duke of *Anjou* (recommended to them by the Queen of *England*, to whom he was a Suitor) for their Prince, who attempted to render himself absolute, and so thought to surprize *Antwerp*, where he received an ill favoured repulse ; yet nevertheless the *United Provinces*, for so they termed themselves ever after, fearing to distaste their next great Neighbour *France*, made a second Proffer of their Protection and Sovereignty to that King, who having too many irons in the fire at his own home, the *League* growing stronger and stronger, he answered them, That his *Shirt* was nearer to him than his *Doublet*. Then had they recourse to Queen *Elizabeth*, who partly for her own security, partly for Interest in Religion, reached them a supporting hand, and so sent them Men, Money, and a Governor, the Earl of *Leicester*, who not symbolizing with their humour, was quickly revoked, yet without any outward dislike on the Queen's side, for she left her forces still with them, but upon their expence : she lent

lent them afterwards some considerable Sums of Monies, and she received *Flushing* and *Brill* for Caution. Ever since the *English* have been the best Sinews of their War, and Achievers of the greatest Exploits amongst them. Having thus made sure Work with the *English*, they made young Count *Maurice* their Governor, who, for twenty-five Years together, held tack with the *Spaniard*, and, during those Traverses of War was very fortunate: An Overture of Peace was then propounded, which the States would not hearken to singly with the King of *Spain*, unless the *Provinces* that yet remained under him would engage themselves for the Performance of what was articed; besides, they would not treat either of Peace or Truce, unless they were declared *Free States*; all which was granted: So by the Intervention of the *English* and *French* Ambassadors, a Truce was concluded for twelve Years.

These Wars did so drain and discommode the King of *Spain*, by reason of his Distance, (every Soldier that he sent either from *Spain* or *Italy* costing him near upon 100 Crowns before he could be rendered in *Flanders*) that notwithstanding his Mines of *Mexico* and *Peru*, it plunged him so deeply in Debt, and having taken up Monies in all the chief Banks of Christendom, he was forced to publish a *Diploma*, wherein he dispensed with himself (as the *Holland* Story hath it) from Payment, alledging that he had employed those Monies for the public Peace of Christendom: This broke many great Bankers, and they say his Credit was not current in *Sevil* or *Lisbon*, his own Towns; and which was worse, while he stood wrestling thus with his own Subjects, the *Turk* took his Opportunity to take from him *Tunis* and the *Goletta*, the Trophies of *Charles V.* his Father. So eager he was in this Quarrel, that he employed the utmost of his Strength and Industry to reduce his People to his Will, in regard he had an Intent to make these *Provinces* his main Rendezvous and Magazine of Men of War; which his Neighbours perceiving, and that he had a kind of Aim to be *Western Monarch*, being led not so much for Love as Reasons of State, they stuck close to the revolted *Provinces*; and this was the *Bone* that Secretary *Walsingham* told Queen *Elizabeth* he would cast the King of *Spain*, that should last him twenty Years, and perhaps make his Teeth shake in his Head.

But to return to my first Discourse, whence this Digression hath snatched me: The *Netherlands*, who had been formerly knit and concentrated under one Sovereign Prince, were thus dismembered; and as they subsist now, they are a *State*

and a *Province*: The *Province* having ten of the seventeen at least, is far greater, more populous, better soiled, and more stored with Gentry. The *State* is the richer and stronger, the one proceeding from their vast Navigation and Commerce, the other from the Quality of their Country, being defensible by Rivers and Sluices, by means whereof they can suddenly overwhelm all the whole Country, witness that stupendous Siege of *Leyden* and *Haerlem*; for most of their Towns, the Marks being taken away, are inaccessible, by reason of Shelves of Sands. Touching the Transaction of these *Provinces*, which the K. of *Spain* made as a Dowry to the Archduke *Albertus*, upon Marriage with the *Infanta*, (who thereupon left his red Hat, and *Toledo* Mitre, the chiefest spiritual Dignity in Christendom for Revenue, after the *Papacy*) it was fringed with such cautious Restraints, that he was sure to keep the better End of the Staff still to himself; for he was to have the Tutele and Ward of his Children; that they were to marry with one of the *Austrian* Family recommended by *Spain*, and, in Default of Issue, and in case *Albertus* should survive the *Infanta*, he should be but Governor only: Add hereunto, that K. *Philip* reserved still to himself all the Citadels and Castles, with the Order of the Golden Fleece, whereof he is Master, as he is Duke of *Burgundy*.

The Archduke for the Time hath a very princely Command, all Coins bear his Stamp, all Placarts or Edicts are published in his Name, he hath the Election of all civil Officers and Magistrates; he nominates also Bishops and Abbots, for the Pope hath only the Confirmation of them here; nor can he adjourn any out of the Country to answer any thing, neither are his Bulls of any Strength without the Prince's *Placet*, which makes him have always some Commissioners to execute his Authority. The People here grow hotter and hotter in the *Roman* Cause, by reason of the Mixture with *Spaniards* and *Italians*; and also by the Example of the Archduke and the *Infanta*, who are devout in an intense Degree. There are two supreme Councils, the Privy-Council, and that of the State; this treats of Confederations and Intelligence with foreign Princes, of Peace and War, of entertaining or of dismissing Colonels and Captains, of Fortifications; and they have the Superintendency of the highest Affairs that concern the Prince and the Policy of the *Provinces*: The Primate hath the granting of all Patents and Requests, the publishing of all Edicts and Proclamations, the prizing of Coin, the looking

to the Confines and Extent of the *Provinces*, and the enacting of all new Ordinances. Of these two Councils there is never a *Spaniard*; but in the actual Council of War their Voices are predominant: There is also a Court of Finances or Exchequer, whence all they that have the fangring of the King's Money must draw a Discharge. Touching Matters of Justice, their Law is mixed betwixt Civil and Common, with some Clauses of Canonical. The high Court of Parliament is at *Malines*, whither all civil Causes may be brought by Appeal from other Towns, except some that have municipal Privileges, and are Sovereign in their own Jurisdictions, as *Mons* in *Hainault*, and a few more.

The prime *Province* for Dignity is *Brabant*, which, among many other Privileges it enjoys, hath this for one, not to appear upon any Summons out of its own Precinct; which is one of the Reasons why the Prince makes his Residence there; but the Prime, for Extent and Fame, is *Flanders*, the chiefest Earldom in Christendom, which is throe Days Journey in Length: *Ghent*, its Metropolis, is reputed the greatest Town of *Europe*, whence arose the Proverb, *Les flamme tient un Gan, qui tiendra Paris dedans*. But the beautifullest, richest, strongest, and most privileged City is *Antwerp* in *Brabant*, being the Marquisate of the Holy Empire, and drawing near to the Nature of a *Hans-Town*, for she pays the Priace no other Tax but the Impost. Before the Dissociation of the seventeen *Provinces*, this Town was one of the greatest Marts of *Europe*, and greatest Bank this Side the *Alps*; most Princes having their Factors here, to take up or let out Monies; and here our *Graham* got all his Wealth, and built our *Royal-Exchange* by Model of that here. The Merchandise brought hither from *Germany*, *France*, and *Italy* by Land, and from *England*, *Spain*, and the *Hans-Towns* by Sea, was estimated at above twenty Millions of Crowns every Year; but as no violent Thing is long lasting, and as it is fatal to all Kingdoms, States, Towns, and Languages to have their Period, so this renowned Mart hath suffered a shrewd Eclipse, yet no utter Downfal; the Exchange of the King of Spain's Money, and some small Land-traffic, keeping still Life in her, tho' nothing so full of Vigor as it was. Therefore there is no Town under the Archduke, where the States have more concealed Friends than in *Antwerp*, who would willingly make them her Masters, in hope to recover her former Commerce, which, after the last 12 Years Truce, began to revive a little, the States permitting to pass by *Lillo's Sconce*, which commands the River *Scheld*, and lieth in the Teeth

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of the Town, some small cross-sailed Ships to pass hither: There is no Place has been more passive than this, and more often pillaged; among other Times she was once plundered most miserably by the Spaniards, under the Conduct of a Priest, immediately on Don John of Austria's Death; she had then her Stadt-houſe burnt, which had cost a few Years before above 20000 Crowns the building; and the Spoils that were carried away thence amounted to forty Tuns of Gold: Thus she was reduced not only to Poverty, but a kind of Captivity, being commanded by a Citadel, which she preferred before a Garrison. This made the Merchants retire and seek a more free Rendezvous, some in Zealand, some in Holland, especially in Amsterdam, which rose upon the Fall of this Town, as Lisbon did from Venice upon the Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, tho' Venice be not near so much crest-fallen.

NB

I will now steer my Discourse to the United Provinces, as they term themselves, which are six in Number, viz. Holland, Zealand, Friesland, Overijssel, Groningen, and Utrecht, three parts of Gelderland, and some frontier Towns and Places of Contribution in Brabant and Flanders: In all these there is no Innovation at all introduced, notwithstanding this great Change in Point of Government, except that the College of States represent the Duke or Earl in times past; which College consists of the chiefest Gentry of the Country, Superintendants of Towns, and the Principal Magistrates: Every Province and great Town choose yearly certain Deputies, to whom they give plenary Power to deliberate with the other States of all Affairs touching the public Welfare of the whole Province, and what they vote stands for Law. These being assembled, consult all Matters of State, Justice, and War; the Advocate, who is prime in the Assembly, propounds the Busines, and after collects the Suffrages, first of the Provinces, then of the Towns; which being put in Form, he delivers in pregnant and moving Speeches, and in case there be a Dissonance and Reluctancy of Opinions, he labours to accord and reconcile them; concluding always with the major Voices.

Touching the Administration of Justice, the President, who is monthly changed, with the great Council, have the supreme Judicature; from whose Decrees there is no Appeal, but a Revision; and then some of the choicest Lawyers among them are appointed.

For their Oppidan Government, they have Variety of Officers, a Scout, Burgmasters, a Balue, and Vroetſchoppens: The Scout is chosen by the States, who with the Balues have the

the judging of all criminal Matters in last Resort without appeal ; they have also the determining of civil Causes, but those are appealable to the *Hague*. Touching their chiefeſt Governor (or General rather now) having made proof of the *Spaniard*, *German*, *French*, and *English*, and agreeing with none of them, they alight at laſt upon a Man of their own Mould, Prince *Maurice*, now their General ; in whom concurred divers Parts ſuitable to ſuch a Charge, having been trained up in the Wars by his Father, who with three of his Uncles and divers of his Kindred, ſacrificed their Lives in the States Quarrel : He hath thriven well ſince he came to the Government ; he cleared *Friesland*, *Overyeffel*, and *Groningen*, in leſs than 18 Months : He hath now continued their Governor and General by Sea and Land above 33 Years ; he hath the Election of Magistrates, the pardoning of Malefactors, and divers other Prerogatives ; yet they are ſhort of the Reach of Sovereignty, and of the Authority of the antient Counts of *Holland* ; tho' I cannot ſay it is a mercenary Employment, yet he hath a limited Allowance ; nor hath he any implicit Command when he goes to the Field, for either the Council of War marcheth with him, or else he receives daily Directions from them : Moreover, the States themſelves reserve the Power of nominating all Commanders in the Army, which being of ſundry Nations, deprive him of thoſe Advantages he might have to make himſelf absolute. Martial Discipline is no where ſo regular as among the States, no where are there leſſer Infolences committed upon the Burgher, nor Robberies upon the Country Boors ; nor are the Officers permitted to insult over the common Soldier : When the Army marcheth, not one dares take ſo much as an Apple off a Tree, or a Root out of the Earth in their Paſſage ; and the Reaſon is, they are punctually paid their Pay, or else I believe they would be inſolent enough ; and were not the Pay ſo certain, I think few or none would ſerve them. They ſpeak of 60000 they have in perpetual Pay by Land and Sea, at home and in the *Indies* : The King of *France* was uſed to maintain a Regiment ; but ſince *Henry the Great's* Death the Payment hath been neglected. The Means they have to maintain these Forces, to pay their Governor, to diſcharge all other Expence, as the Preserva-tion of their Dikes, which comes to a vast Expence yearly, is the antient Revenue of the Counts of *Holland*, the impropriate Church-livings, Impoſts upon all Merchandise, which is greater upon exported than imported Goods ; Excife upon all Commodities, as well for Necessity as Pleaſure ; Taxes upon every Acre of Ground, which is ſuch, that the whole

Country returns into their Hands every three Years : Add hereunto the Art they use in their Bank by the Rise and Fall of Money, the fishing upon our Coasts ; whither they send every Autumn above 700 Hulks or Buffes, which in the Voyages they make, return above a Million in Herrings ; moreover, their fishing for green Fish and Salmon amounts to so much more ; and for their Cheese and Butter, it is thought they vent as much every Year as *Lisbon* doth Spices. This keeps the common Treasury always full, that upon any extraordinary Service or Design, there is seldom any new Tax upon the People. Traffic is their general Profession, being all either Merchants or Mariners ; and having no Land to manure, they furrow the Sea for their Living : And this Universality of Trade, and their Banks of Adventures, distributes the Wealth so equally, that few among them are exceeding rich, or exceeding poor ; Gentry among them are very thin, and, as in all Democracies, little respected ; and coming to dwell in Towns, they soon mingle with the Merchant, and so degenerate : Their Soil being all 'twixt Marsh and Meadow, is so fat in Pasturage, that one Cow will give eight Quarts of Milk a Day ; so that, as a Boor told me, in four little Dorps near *Harlem*, it is thought there is as much Milk milked in the Year, as there is Rhenish Wine brought to *Dort*, which is the sole Staple of it. Their Towns are beautiful and neatly built, and with Uniformity, that who sees one, sees all. In some Places, as in *Amsterdam*, the Foundation costs more than the Superstructure ; for the Ground being soft, they are constrained to ram in huge Stakes of Timber (with Wool about it to preserve it from Putrefaction) till they come to a firm Basis ; so that, as one said, Whosoever could see *Amsterdam* under-ground, should see a huge Winter Forest.

Among all the confederate Provinces, *Holland* is most predominant, which being but six Hours Journey in Breadth, contains 49 walled Towns, and all these within a Day's Journey one of another. *Amsterdam* for the present is one of the greatest mercantile Towns in *Europe*. To her is appropriated the *East* and *West-India* Trade, whither she sends yearly forty great Ships, with another Fleet to the *Baltic* Sea ; but they send not near so many to the *Mediterranean* as *England*. Other Towns are passably rich, and stored with Shipping, but not one very poor ; which proceeds from the wholesome Policy they use, to assign every Town some firm Staple Commodity ; as to (their Maiden-Town) *Dort* the *German* Wines and Corn, to *Middleburgh* the *French* and *Spanish* Wines, to *Trevere* (the Prince of *Orange*'s Town)

Town) the *Scots Trade*: *Leyden*, in recompence of her long Siege, was erected to an University, which with *Franeker* in *Frieland* is all they have; *Harlem* for Knitting and Weaving hath some Privilege; *Rotterdam* hath the *English Cloth*; and this renders their Towns so equally rich and populous. They allow free Harbour to all Nations, with Liberty of Religion, (*the Roman only excepted*) as far as the *Jew*, who hath two *Synagogues* allowed him, but only in *Amsterdam*; which Piece of Policy they borrow of the *Venetian*, with whom they have very intimate Intelligence; only the *Jews* in *Venice*, in *Rome*, and other Places, go with some outward Mark of Distinction; but here they wear none: And these two Republics, that in the *East*, and this in the *West*, are the two *Remora's* that stick to the great Vessel of *Spain*, that it cannot sail to the Western Monarchy.

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I have been long in the Survey of these Provinces, yet not long enough, for much more might be said, which is fitter for a Story than a Survey: I will conclude with a *Mot* or two of the People, whereof some have been renowned in time past for Feats of War. Among the States, the *Hollander* or *Batavian* hath been most known; for some of the *Roman Emperors* have had a selected Guard of them about their Persons for their Fidelity and Valour, as now the King of *France* hath of the *Swisse*. The *Frisians* also have been famous for those large Privileges wherewith *Charlemain* endowed them; the *Flemins* also have been illustrious for the martial Exploits they attiehied in the *East*, where two of the Earls of *Flanders* were crowned Emperors. They have all a Genius inclined to Commerce, very intutive and witty in Manufactures, witness the Art of *Printing*, *Painting*, and *Colouring in Glass*; those curious Quadrants, Chimes, and Dials; those kind of Waggons which are used up and down Christendom, were first used by them; and for the Mariner's Compas, though the Matter be disputable 'twixt the *Neopolitan*, the *Portugal*, and them, yet there is a strong Argument on their Side, in regard they were the first that subdivided the four Cardinal Winds to two-and-thirty, *others naming them in their Language*.

There is no Part of *Europe* so haunted with all sorts of Foreigners as the *Netherlands*, which makes the Inhabitants, as well Women as Men, so well versed in all sorts of Languages, so that, in Exchange-time, one may hear 7 or 8 sorts of Tongues spoken upon their Burses: Nor are the Men only expert herein, but the Women and Maids also in their common Hostries; and in *Holland* the Wives are so well versed in Bargaining, Cyphering, and Writing, that in the

Absence of their Husbands in long Sea-voyages, they beat the Trade at home, and their Words will pass in equal Credit: These Women are wonderfully sober, tho' their Husbands make commonly their Bargains in Drink, and then are they more cautious. This Confluence of Strangers makes them very populous, which was the Cause that *Charles* the Emperor said, That all the *Netherlands* seemed to him but as one continued Town. He and his Grandfather *Maximilian*, notwithstanding the Choice of Kingdoms they had, kept their Courts most frequently in them, which shewed how highly they esteemed them; and I believe if *Philip II.* had visited them sometimes, Matters had not gone so ill.

There is no Part of the Earth, considering the small Circuit upon Country, which is estimated to be but as big as the 5th Part of *Italy*, where one may find more differing Customs, Tempers, and Humours of People, than in the *Netherlands*: The *Walloon* is quick and sprightly, accostable and full of Compliment, and gaudy in Apparel, like his next Neighbour the *French*: The *Fleming* and *Brabanter*, somewhat more slow, and more sparing of Speech: The *Hollander* flower than he, more surly and regardless of Gentry and Strangers, homely in his Cloathing, of very few Words, and heavy in Action; which may be well imputed to the Quality of the Soil, which works so strongly upon the Humours, that when People of a more vivacious and nimbler Temper come to mingle with them, their Children are observed to partake rather of the Soil than the Sire; and so it is in all Animals besides.

Thus have I huddled up some Observations of the *Low-Countries*, beseeching your Lordship would be pleased to pardon the Imperfections, and correct the Errors of them; for I know none so capable to do it as your Lordship, to whom I am

Antwerp, 1 May, 1622.

*A most bumble and ready
Servitor, J. H.*

XVI.

*To my Brother Mr. Hugh Penry, upon his Marriage.
SIR,*

YOU have had a good while the Interest of a Friend in me, but you have me now in a straiter Tie; for I am your Brother by your late Marriage, which hath turned Friendship into an Alliance; you have in your Arms one of my dearest Sisters, who I hope, nay, I know, will make a good Wife. I heartily congratulate this Marriage, and pray that a Blessing may descend upon it from that Place where all Marriages are made, which is from Heaven, the Fountain of all Felicity: To this Prayer, I think it no Profaneness

to

to add the Saying of the *Lyric Poet Horace*, in whom I know you delight much ; and I send it you as a kind of *Epi-thalamium*, and wish it may be verified in you both.

Fœlices ter. & amplius

Quos interrupta tenet copula, nec malis

Drinclus querimoniis

Suprema citius solvet amor die.

Thus Englished.

That Couple's more than trebly blest,

Which nuptial Bonds do so combine,

That no Distate can them untwine,

Till the last Day send both to Rest.

So, my dear Brother, I much rejoice for this Alliance, and wish you may increase and multiply to your Heart's Content.

20 May, 1622.

Your affectionate Brother, J. H.

XVII.

To my Brother Doctor Howell, from Brussells.

SIR,

I Had yours in *Latin* at *Rotterdam*, whence I corresponded with you in the same *Language*; I heard, though not from you, since I came to *Brussels*, that our Sister *Anne* is lately married to Mr. *Hugh Penry*: I am heartily glad of it; and with the rest of our Sisters were so well bestowed; for I know Mr. *Penry* to be a Gentleman of a great deal of solid Worth and Integrity, and one that will prove a great Husband, and a good *Oeconomist*.

Here is News that *Mansfelt* hath received a Foil lately in *Germany*, and that the Duke of *Brunswick*, alias Bishop of *Halverstadt*, hath lost one of his Arms: This makes them vapour here extremely; and the last Week I heard of a Play the *Jesuits* of *Antwerp* made, in Derogation, or rather Derision, of the Proceedings of the Prince *Palfgrave*, where among divers other Passages, they feigned a Post to come puffing upon the Stage; and being asked what News, he answered, how the *Palfgrave* was like to have shortly a huge formidable Army, for the King of *Denmark* was to send him 100000, the *Hollanders* 100000, and the King of *Great-Britain* 100000; but being asked thousands of what? he replied, The first would send 100000 *Red-Herrings*, the 2d 100000 *Cheeses*, and the last 100000 *Ambassadors*; alluding to Sir *Richard Weston*, and Sir *Edward Conway*, my Lord *Carlisle*, Sir *Arthur Chichester*, and lastly the Lord *Digby*, who have been all employed in Quality of Ambassadors in less than two Years, since the Beginning of these *German* Broils. Touching the last, having been with the Emperor and

and the Duke of Bavaria, and carried himself with such high Wisdom in his Negotiations with the one, and Stoutness with the other, and having preserved Count Mansfeld's Troops from disbanding, by pawnning his own Argentry and Jewels, he passed this way, where they say the Archduke did esteem him more than any Ambassador that ever was in this Court; and the Report yet is very fresh of his high Abilities.

We are to remove hence in Coach towards *Paris* the next Week, where we intend to winter, or hard by. When you have Opportunity to write to *Wales*, I pray present my Duty to my Father, and my Love to the rest; and pray remember me also to all at the *Hill* and the *Dale*, especially to that most virtuous Gentleman, Sir *John Franklin*. So, my dear Brother, I pray God continue and improve his Blessings to us both, and bring us again together with Comfort.

10 June, 1622.

Your Brother, J. H.

XVIII.

To Dr. Tho. Prichard, at Worcester-House.

S I R,

Friendship is the great Chain of human Society, and *Intercourse of Letters* is one of the chiefest Links of that Chain: You know this as well as I, therefore I pray let our Friendship, let our Love, that Nationality of British Love, that virtuous Tie of Academic Love, be still strengthened (as heretofore) and receive daily more and more Vigor. I am now in *Paris*, and there is weekly Opportunity to receive and send; and if you please to send, you shall be sure to receive; for I make it a kind of Religion to be punctual in this kind of Payment. I am heartily glad to hear that you are become a *domestic* Member to that most noble Family of the *Worcesters*, and I hold it to be a very good Foundation for future Preferment; I wish you may be as happy in them, as I know they will be happy in you. *France* is now barren of News, only there was a shrewd Brush lately 'twixt the young King and his Mother, who having the Duke of *Epernon* and others for her Champions, met him in open Field about *Pont de Cé*; but she went away with the worst: Such was the rare Dutifulness of the King, that he forgave her upon his Knees, and pardoned all her Complices; and now there is an universal Peace in this Country, which it is thought will not last long; for there is a War intended against them of the Reformed Religion; for the King, tho' he be slow in Speech, yet he is active in Spirit, and loves Motion. I am here Comrade to a gallant young Gentleman, my old Acquaintance, who is full of excellent Parts,

Parts, which he hath acquired by a choice Beeding the Baron his Father gave him, both in the University, and in the Inns of Court; so that for the Time, I envy no Man's Happiness. So, with my hearty Commands, and much-endeared Love unto you, I rest

Paris, 3 Aug. 1622.

Yours whiles Jam. Howell.

XIX.

To the Honourable Sir Tho. Savage (after Lord Savage) at his House upon Tower-Hill.

Honourable SIR,

THOSE many undeserved Favours for which I stand obliged to yourself and my noble Lady, since the time I had the Happiness to come first under your Roof, and the Command you pleased to lay upon me at my Departure thence, call upon me at this Time to give you Account how Matters pass in *France*.

That which for the present affords most plenty of News, is *Rochel*, which the King threateneth to block up this Spring with an Army by Sea, under the Command of the Duke of *Nevers*, and by a Land Army under his own Conduct: Both Sides prepare, he to assault, the *Rochellers* to defend. The King declares that he proceeds not against them for their Religion, which he is still contented to tolerate, but for holding an Assembly against his Declarations. They answer, That their Assembly is grounded upon his Majesty's Royal Warrant, given at the Dissolution of the last Assembly at *Lodio*, where he solemnly gave his Word, to permit them to re-assemble when they would six Months after, if the Breaches of their Liberty and Grievances which they then propounded were not redressed; and they say, this being unperformed, it stands not with the sacred Person of a King to violate his Promise, being the first that ever he made them. The King is so incensed against them, that their Deputies can have neither Access to his Person, nor Audience of his Council, as they stile themselves the Deputies of the Assembly at *Rochel*; but if they say they come from the whole Body of them of the pretended Reformed Religion, he will hear them. The Breach between them is grown so wide, that the King resolves on a Siege. This Resolution of the King is much fomented by the *Roman Clergy*; especially by the *Celestines*, who have 200000 Crowns of Gold in the Arsenal of *Paris*, which they would sacrifice all to this Service; besides, the Pope sent him a Bull to levy what Sums he would of the *Gallican Church*, for the Advancement of his Design. This Resolution also is much pushed on by the Gentry,

Gentry, who, besides the particular Employments and Pay, they shall receive hereby, are glad to have their young King trained up in Arms, to make him a martial Man; but for the Merchant and poor Peasant, they tremble at the Name of this War, fearing their Teeth should be set on edge with those four Grapes their Fathers tasted in the Time of the *League*; for if the King begins with *Rochel*, it is feared all the four Corners of the Kingdom will be set on fire.

Of all the Towns of Surety which they of the Religion hold, *Rochel* is the chiefest, a Place strong by Nature, but stronger by Art. It is a maritime Town, and landward they can by Slulces drown a League's Distance; it is fortified with mighty thick Walls, Bastions, and Counterscarps, and those according to the modern Rules of Enginry. This, among other cautionary Towns, was granted by *Henry IV.* to them of the Religion for a certain Term of Years; which being expired, the King saith they are devolved again to the Crown, and so demands them. They of the Religion pretend to have divers Grievances; first, they have not been paid these two Years the 160000 Crowns which the last King gave them annually, to maintain their Ministers and Garisons: They complain of the King's Carriage lately at *Bearn* (*Henry the Great's Country*) which was merely Protestant, where he hath introduced two Years since the public Exercise of the *Mas*, which had not been sung there fifty Years before; he altered also there the Government of the Country, and in lieu of a *Viceroy*, left a *Governor* only: And whereas *Navarrin* was formerly a Court of Parliament for the whole Kingdom of *Navar* (that's under *France*) he hath put it down and published an Edict, That the *Navarris* should come to *Toulouse*, the chief Town of *Languedoc*; and lastly, he left behind him a Garrison in the said Town of *Navarrin*. These and other Grievances they of the Religion proposed to the King lately, desiring his Majesty would let them enjoy still those Privileges his Predecessor *Henry III.* and his Father *Henry IV.* afforded them by Act of Pacification: But he made them a short Answer, That what the one did in this Point, he did it out of *Fear*; what the other did, he did it out of *Love*; but he would have them know, that he neither *loved* them nor *fear'd* them: So the Busines is like to bleed sore on both Sides; nor is there yet any Appearance of Prevention.

There was a Scuffle lately here 'twixt the D. of *Nevers* and the Cardinal of *Guise*, who have had a long Suit in Law about an Abbey; and meeting the lait Week about the Palace, from *W^rd*; they fell to Blows, the Cardinal struck the

Duke

Duke first, and so were parted ; but in the Afternoon there appeared on both Sides no less than 3000 Horse in a Field hard by, which shews the Populousness and sudden Strength of this huge City : But the Matter was taken up by the King himself, and the Cardinal clapt up in the *Bastile*, where the King saith he shall abide to *ripen* ; for he is but young, and they speak of a *Bull* that is to come from *Rome* to decardinalize him. I fear to have trespassed too much upon your Patience, therefore I will conclude for the present, but will never cease to profess myself

Paris, 18 Aug. 1622.

*Your thrice humble and
ready Servitor, J.H.*

XX.

To Dan. Caldwell, Esq; from Poiffy.

My dear Dan.

TO be free from *English*, and to have the more Convenience to fall close to our Busines, Mr. *Altham* and I are lately retired from *Paris* to this Town of *Poiffy*, a pretty genteel Place at the Foot of the great Forest of *St. Germain* upon the River *Sequana*, and within a Mile of one of the King's chiefest standing Houses, and about 15 Miles from *Paris*. Here is one of the prime Nunneries of all *France*. *Lewis IX.* who, in the Catalogue of the *French* Kings, is called *St. Lewis*, which Title was confirmed by the *Pope*, was baptized in this little Town ; and after his Return from *Egypt* and other Places against the *Saracens*, being asked by what Title he would be distinguished from the rest of his Predecessors after his Death, he answered, That he desired to be called *Lewis of Poiffy*. Reply being made, that there were divers other Places and Cities of Renown, where he had performed brave Exploits, and obtained famous Victories ; therefore it was more fitting that some of those Places should denominate him : No, said he, I desire to be called *Lewis of Poiffy*, because there I got the most glorious Victory that ever I had, for *there I overcame the Devil* ; meaning he was christened there.

I sent you from *Antwerp* a silver *Dutch* Table-book, I desire to hear of the Receipt of it in your next : I must desire you (as I did once at *Rouen*) to send me a dozen Pair of the whitest Kidskin Gloves for Women, and half a dozen Pair of Knives, by the Merchant's Post ; and if you want any thing that *France* can afford, I hope you know what Power you have to dispose of

Yours, J. H.

7 Sept. 1622.

XXI.

To my Father, from Paris.

SIR, I was afraid I should never have had Ability to write to you again, I had lately such a dangerous Fit of Sickness ; but

but I have now passed the Brunt of it, God hath been pleased to reprieve me, and reserve me for more Days, which I hope to have Grace to number better. Mr. Atham and I having retired to a small Town from *Paris*, for more Privacy, and sole Conversation with the Nation, I tied myself to a Task for the Reading of so many Books in such a compass of Time; and thereupon, to make good my Word to myself, I used to watch many Nights together, tho' it was in the Depth of Winter; but returning to this Town, I took cold in the Head, and so that Mass of Kheum which had gathered by my former Watching, turned to an Imposthume in my Head, whereof I was sick above 40 Days: At the End they cauterized and made an Issue in my Cheek, to make Vent for the Imposthume, and that saved my Life. At first they let me Blood, and I parted with above 50 Ounces in less than a Fortnight; for *Phlebotomy* is so much practised here, that if one's little Finger ache, they presently open a Vein; and to balance the Blood on both Sides, they usually let Blood in both Arms. And the Commonnes of the Thing seems to take away all Fear, insomuch that the very Women when they find themselves indisposed, will open a Vein themselves; for they hold, that the Blood, which hath a Circulation, and fetcheth a Round every 24 Hours about the Body, is quickly repaired again. I was 18 Days and Nights that I had no Sleep, but short imperfect Slumbers, and those too procured by Potions; the Tumor at last came so about the Throat, that I had scarce Vent left for Respiration; and my Body was brought so low with all Sorts of Physic, that I appeared like a mere *Skeleton*. When I was indifferently well recovered, some of the Doctors and Surgeons that attended me, gave me a Visit; and among other Things, they fell into Discourse of Wines which was the best, and so by degrees they fell upon other Beverages; and one Doctor in the Company, who had been in *England*, told me that we have a Drink in *England* called Ale, which he thought was the wholesomest Liquor that could go into one's Guts: For whereas the Body of Man is supported by two Columns, viz. the natural Heat and radical Moisture, he said, there is no Drink conduceth more to the Preservation of the one, and the Increase of the other, than Ale: For while the *Englishmen* drank only Ale, they were strong, brawny, able Men, and could draw an Arrow an Ell long; but when they fell to Wine and Beer, they are found to be much impaired in their Strength and Age: So the Ale bore away the Bell among the Doctors.

The next Week we advance our Course further into *France*, towards the River of *Loire* to *Orleans*, whence I shall continue

time to convey my duty to you. In the mean time I humbly crave your blessing, and your acknowledgment to God Almighty for my recovery; be pleased further to impart my love among my Brothers and Sisters, with all my Kinsmen and Friends in the Country: So I rest

10 Dec. 1622.

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

XXII.

To Sir Tho. Savage, Knight and Baronet.

Honourable Sir,

THAT of the fifth of this present which you pleased to send me was received, and I begin to think myself something more than I was, that you value so much the slender endeavours of my Pen to do you service: I shall continue to improve your good opinion of me as opportunity shall serve.

Touching the great threats against *Rochel*, whereof I gave you an ample relation in my last, matters are become now more calm, and rather inclining to an accommodation, for it is thought a sum of money will make up the Breach; and to this end some think all these bravado's were made. The D. of *Luynes* is at last made Lord High Constable of *France*, the prime Officer of the Crown; he hath a peculiar Court to himself, a guard of 100 Men in rich liveries, and 100000 livres a year Pension. The old D. of *Lesdiguières*, one of the antientest Soldiers in *France*, and a Protestant, is made his Lieutenant.

But in regard all Christendom rings of this Favourite, being the greatest that ever was in *France*, since the *Maires of the Palace*, who came to be *Kings* afterwards; I will send you herein this Legend: He was born in *Provence*, and is a Gentleman by descent, though of a petty Extraction; in the last King's time he was preferred to be one of his *Pages*, who finding him industrious, and a good waiter, allowed him 300 Crowns Pension *per an.* which he husbanded so well, that he maintained himself and his two Brothers in passable good fashion therewith. The King observing that, doubled his Pension, and taking notice that he was a serviceable Instrument and apt to please, he thought him fit to be about his Son, in whose service he hath continued above fifteen years; and he hath flown so high into his Favour by a singular dexterity and art he hath in *Falconry*, and by shooting at birds flying, wherein the King took great Pleasure, that he hath soared to this pitch of Honour. He is a Man of a passable good understanding and forecast, of a mild comportment, humble and debonair to all, and of a winning Conversation; he hath about him choice and solid heads, who prescribe to him rules of Policy, by whose compass he steers his course, which

which it is likely will make him subsist long: He is now come to that transcendent altitude, that he seems to have mounted above the reach of Envy, and made all hopes of supplanting him frustrate, both by the politic guidance of his own actions, and the powerful alliances he hath got for himself and his two brothers: He is married to the Duke of Montbaron's Daughter, one of the prime Peers of *France*; his second Brother *Cadenet* (who is reputed the wisest of the three) married the Heiress of *Picardy*, with whom he had 9000 l. lands a year; his third Brother *Brand* to the great Heiress of *Luxemburg*, of which House there have been five Emperors: so that these three Brothers and their Allies would be able to counterbalance any one Faction in *France*, the eldest and youngest being made Dukes and Peers of *France*, the other Marshal. There are lately two Ambassadors extraordinary come hither from *Venice* about the *Valtolin*, but their negotiation is at a stand, until the return of an Ambassador extraordinary who is gone to *Spain*. Ambassadors also are come from the *Hague* for payment of the *French* Regiment there, which hath been neglected these ten years, and to know whether his Majesty will be pleased to continue their Pay any longer; but their answer is yet suspended: They have brought news that the 7 ships which were built for his Majesty in the *Texell* are ready; to this he answered, that he desires to have Ten more built; for he intends to finish that design which his Father had a-foot a little before his Death, to establish a Royal Company of Merchants.

This is all the news that *France* affords for the present, the relation whereof if it proves as acceptable, as my endeavours to serve you herein are pleasing unto me, I shall esteem myself happy: so wishing you and my noble Lady continuance of Health, and increase of Honour, I rest

Paris, 15 Dec. 1622.

Your humble Servitor,

J. H.

XXIII.

To Sir John North, Knight.

SIR,

I Confess you have made a perfect conquest of me by your late Favours, and I yield myself your Captive: a day may come that will enable me to pay my ransom, in the interim let a most thankful acknowledgment be my Bail and Mainprise.

I am now removed from off the *Sein* to the *Loire*, to the fair Town of *Orleans*: there was here lately a mixed Proceſſion betwixt Military and Ecclesiastic for the Maid of *Orleans*, which is performed every year very solemnly; her Statue stands upon the Bridge, and her Clothes are preserved to this day,

Day, which a young Man wore in the Proceſſion; which makes me think that her Story, tho' it found like a *Romance*, is very true. And I read it thus in two or three Chronicles: When the *English* had made ſuch firm Invasions in *France*; that their Armies had marched into the Heart of the Country, besieged *Orleans*, and driven *Charles VII.* to *Burges* in *Berry*, which made him to be called, for the Time, King of *Berry*; there came to his Army a Shepherdess, one *Ann de Argue*, who with a confident Look and Language told the King, that ſhe was designed by Heaven to beat the *English*, and drive them out of *France*. Therefore ſhe desired a Command in the Army, which by her extraordinary Confidence and Importance ſhe obtained; and putting on Man's Apparel, ſhe proved ſo prosperous, that the Siege was raised from before *Orleans*, and the *English* were purſued to *Paris*, and forced to quit that, and driven to *Normandy*: She uſed to go on with marvellous Courage and Resolution; and her Word was *Hara ba*: But in *Normandy* ſhe was taken Prisoner, and the *English* had a fair Revenge upon her; for by an Arrest of the Parliament of *Rouen* ſhe was burnt for a Witch. There is a great Buſineſſ now a-foot in *Paris*, called the *Polette*, which, if it take Effect, will tend to correct, at leaſt-wiſe to cover a great Error in the *French* Government: The Cuſtom is, that all the chief Places of Juſtice throughout all the eight Courts of Parliament in *France*, beſides a great Number of other Offices are ſet to Sale by the King, and they return to him, unless the Buyer liveth 40 Days after his Reſignation to another. It is now propounded that theſe caſual Offices ſhall be abſolutely hereditary, provided that every Officer pay a yearly Revenue to the King, according to the Valuation of and Perquisites of the Office; this Buſineſſ is now in hot Agitation, but the Iſſue is yet doubtful.

*part**✓*

The laſt you ſent I received by *Vacandy* in *Paris*: So highly honouring your excellent Parts and Merit, I reſt, now that I understand *French* indifferently well, no more your (*the*) Servant, but

Orleans, 3 Mar. 1622.3 Your moſt faithful Servitor, J. H.

XXIV.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight.

SIR,

WERE I to freight a Letter with Compliments, this Country would furnish me with Variety, but of News a ſmall Store at this preſent; and for Compliment, it is dangerous to uſe any to you; who have ſuſh a piercing Judgment to diſcern Semblances from Realities.

H

The

The Queen-Mother is come at last to *Paris*, where she hath not been since *Andre's* Death; the King is also returned Post from *Bourdeaux*, having traversed most Part of his Kingdom: He settled Peace every where he passed, and quashed divers Insurrections; and by his Obedience to his Mother, and his Lenity towards all his Partisans at *Pont de Cre*, where above 400 were slain; and notwithstanding that he was victorious, yet he gave a general Pardon; he hath gained much upon the Affections of his People. His Council of State went ambulatory always with him; and as they say here, never did Men manage Things with more Wisdom. There is a War questionable a fermenting against the Protestants; the Duke of *Epernon* in a kind of a *redemontado* Way, desired leave of the King to block up *Rochel*, and in six Weeks he would undertake to deliver her to his Hands; but I believe he reckons without his Host. I was told a merry Passage of this little *Grafon* Duke, who is now the oldest Soldier in *France*; having come lately to *Paris*, he treated with a Pander to procure him a Courtesan, and if she was a *Dameyel* (a Gentlewoman) he would give so much; and if a *Citizen*, he would give so much: The Pander did his Office, but brought him a Citizen clad in *Dameyel's* Apparell, so she and her Maquerel were paid accordingly. The next Day after, some of his Familiars having understood hereof, began to be pleasant with the Duke, and to jeer him, that he being a *Vial Roustier*, an old tried Soldier, should suffer himself to be so cozened, as to pay for a Citizen after the Rate of a Gentlewoman: The little Duke grew half wild hereupon, and commenced an Action of Fraud against the Pander; but what became of it I cannot tell you, but all *Paris* rang of it. I hope to return now very shortly to *England*, where among the rest of my noble Friends, I shall much rejoice to see and serve you, whom I honour with no vulgar Affection: So I am

Orléans, 5 Mar. 1622.

Your true Servitor, J. H.

XXV.

To my Cousin Mr. Will. Martin, at Brussels.

Dear Cousin,

I find you are very punctual in your Performances, and a precise Observer of the Promise you made here to correspond with Mr. Altham and me by Letters. I thank you for the Variety of German News you imparted to me, which was so neatly couched and curiously knit together, that your Letter might serve for a Pattern to the best Intelligencer. I am sorry the Affairs of the Prince Palgrave go so unowardly;

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wandy; the Wheel of War may turn, and that Spoke which is now up may down again. For French Occurrences, there is a War certainly intended against them of the Religion here, and there are visible Preparations a-foot already: Among others that shrink in the Shoulders at it, the King's Servants are not very well pleased with it, in regard, besides Scots and Swifiers, there are divers of the King's Servants that are Protestants. If a Man go to *ragion' du Roi*, to reason of State, the French King hath something to justify this Design; for the Protestants being so numerous, and having near upon fifty presidial walled Towns in their Hands for Caution, they have Power to disturb France when they please, and being abetted by a foreign Prince, to give the King Law; and you know as well as I, how they have been made use of to kindle a Fire in France: Therefore rather than they should be utterly suppressed, I believe the Spaniard himself would reach them his *Ragged-staff* to defend their.

I send you here inclosed another from Master Alibam, who respects you dearly, and we remembered you lately at *la panne du pin* in the best Liquor of the French Grape. I shall be shortly for London, where I shall not rejoice a little to meet you. The English Air may confirm what foreign begun, I mean our Friendship and Affections; and in Me (that I may return you in English the Latin Verses You sent me :)

*At foot a little Ant
Shall bid the Ocean dry,
A Snail shall creep about the World,
E'er these Affections die.*

So, my dear Cousin, may Virtue be your Guide, and Fortune your Companion.

Paris, 18 Mar. 1622-3

Yours while Jam. Howell.

Familiar LETTERS.

SECT. III.

I.

To my Father.

SIR,

I Am safely returned now the second Time from beyond the Seas, but I have yet no Employment; God and good Friends, I hope, will shortly provide one for me.

The Spanish Ambassador Count *Gondomar*, doth strongly negotiate a Match, 'twixt our Prince and the *Infanta of Spain*; but at his first Audience there happened an ill-favoured Accident, (pray God it prove no ill Augury) for my Lord of *Arundel* being sent to accompany him to *White-ball*, upon a *Sunday* in the Afternoon, as they were going over the Terras, it broke under them, but only one was hurt in the Arm. *Gondomar* said, that he had not cared to have died in so good Company: He saith, there is no other Way to regain the *Palatinate* but by this Match, and to settle an eternal Peace in Christendom.

The Marquis of *Buckingham* continueth still in Fulness of Grace and Favour; the Countess his Mother sways also much at Court: She brought Sir *Henry Montague* from delivering Law on the *King's-Bench*, to look to his Bags in the *Exchequer*, for she made him Lord High-Treasurer of *England*; but he parted with his *white Staff* before the Year's End, tho' his Purse had bled deeply for it (above 20,000*l.*) which made a Lord of this Land to ask him at his Return from Court, *Whether he did not find that Wood was extreme dear at Newmarket*; for there he received the *white Staff*. There is now a notable stirring Man in the Place, my Lord *Cranfield*, who, from walking about the *Exchange*, is come to sit Chief-Justice in the *Chequer-Chamber*, and to have one of the highest Places at the Council-Table: He is married to one of the *Tribe of Fortune*, a Kinswoman of the Marquis of *Buckingham*. Thus there is rising and falling at Court; and as in our natural Pace one Foot cannot be up, till the other be down, so it is in the Affairs of the World commonly, one Man riseth at the Fall of another.

I have no more to write at this Time, but that with tender of my Duty to you, I desire a Continuance of your Blessing and Prayers.

Lond. 22 Mar. 1622-3

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

II.

II.

To the Honourable Mr. John Savage (now Earl of Rivers) at Florence.

SIR,

MY Love is not so short but it can reach as far as *Florence*; to find you out, and farther too, if Occasion required; nor are these Affections I have to serve you so dull, but they can clamber over the *Alps* and *Appennin* to wait upon you, as they have adventured to do now in this Paper. I am sorry I was not in *London* to kiss your Hands before you set to Sea, and much more sorry that I had not the Happiness to meet you in *Holland* or *Brabant*, for we went the very same Road, and lay in *Dort* and *Antwerp*, in the same Lodgings you had lain in a Fortnight before. I presume you have by this time tasted of the Sweetness of Travel, and that you have weaned your Affections from *England* for a good while; you must now think upon Home, as (one said) Good Men think upon Heaven, aiming still to go thither, but not till they finish their Course; and yours I understand will be three Years: In the mean time you must not suffer any melting Tenderness of Thoughts, or longing Desires, to distract or interrupt you in that fair Road you are in to Virtue, and to beautify within that comely Edifice which Nature hath built without you. I know your Reputation is precious to you, as it shou'd be to every noble Mind; you have expos'd it now to the Hazard, therefore you must be careful it receive no Taint at your Return, by not answering that Expectation which your Prince and noble Parents have of you. You are now under the chiefest Clime of Wisdom, fair *Italy*, the Darling of Nature, the Nurse of Policy, the Theatre of Virtue: But tho' *Italy* give Milk to *Virtue* with one Dug, she often suffers *Vice* to suck at the other; therefore you must take heed you mistake not the Dug: For there is an ill-favoured Saying, That *Inglese Italianato è Diavolo incarnato*; an Englishman Italianate, is a Devil incarnate. I fear no such thing of you, I have had such pregnant Proofs of your Ingenuity, and noble Inclinations to Virtue and Honour: I know you have a Mind to both, but I must tell you that you will hardly get the Good-will of the latter, unless the first speak a good Word for you. When you go to *Rome*, you may haply see the Ruins of two Temples, one dedicated to *Virtue*, the other to *Honour*; and there was no Way to enter into the last, but thro' the first. Noble Sir, I wish your Good very seriously, and if you please to call to Memory, and examine the Circumstance of Things, and my Carriage towards

you since I had the Happiness to be known first to your honourable Family, I know you will conclude that I love and honour you in no vulgar Way.

My Lord, your Grandfather, was complaining lately that he had not heard from you a good while: By the next Shipping to Leghorn, among other Things, he intends to send you a whole Box of Collars. I pray be pleased to remember my affectionate Service to Mr. Thomas Savage, and my kind Regards to Mr. Bald. For English News, I know this Packet comes freighted to you, therefore I forbear at this time to send any. Farewell, noble Heir of Honour, and command always

Lond. 24 Mar. 1622.-3

Your true Servitor, J. H.

III.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight, at St. Osyth in Essex.

SIR,

I Had yours upon Tuesday last; and whereas you are desirous to know the Proceedings of the Parliament, I am sorry I must write to you that Matters begin to grow boisterous; the King retired not long since to Newmarket, not very well pleased, and this Week there went thither twelve from the House of Commons, to whom Sir Richard Weston was the Mouth: The King, not liking the Message they brought, called them his Ambassadors; and in the large Answer which he hath sent to the Speaker, he saith, that he must apply to them a Speech of Queen Elizabeth's to an Ambassador of Poland, *Legatum expellimus, Heraldum accepimus; We expected an Ambassador, we have received a Herald:* He takes it not well that they should meddle with the Match 'twixt his Son and the Infanta, alledging an Example of one of the Kings of France, who would not marry his Son without the Advice of his Parliament; but afterwards the King grew so despicable abroad, that no foreign State would treat with him about any thing without his Parliament. Sundry other high Passages there were, as a Caveat he gave them, not to touch the Honour of the King of Spain, with whom he was so far engaged in a matrimonial Treaty, that he could not go back: He gave them also a Check for taking Cognizance of those Things which had their Motion in the ordinary Courts of Justice, and that Sir Edward Coke (tho' these Words were not inserted in the Answer) whom he thought to be the fittest Instrument for a Tyrant that ever was in England, should be so bold as to call the Prerogative of the Crown a great Monster. The Parliament after this was not long-lived, but broke up in Discontent;

ent; and upon the Point of Dissolution, they made a Protest against divers Particulars in the aforesaid Answer of his Majestie's. My Lord Digby is preparing for Spain in Quality of Ambassador Extraordinary, to perfect the Match twixt our Prince and the Lady Infanta; in which Business Gondamer hath waded already very deep, and been very active, and ingratiated himself with divers Persons of Quality, Ladies especially; yet he could do no Good upon the Lady Hatton, whom he desired lately, that in regard he was her next Neighbour (at Ely-House) he might have the Benefit of her Back-gate to go abroad into the Fields; but she put him off with a Compliment: Whereupon in a private Audience lately with the King, among other Passages of Meritment, he told him, that my Lady Hatton was a strange Lady, for she would not suffer her Husband Sir Edward Coke, to come in at her Fore-door, nor him to go out at her Back-door; and so related the whole Busyness. He was also dispatching a Post lately for Spain; and the Post having received his Packet, and kissed his Hands, he called him back, and told him he had forgot one Thing, which was, That when he came to Spain, he shoud commend him to the Sun, for he had not seen him a great while, and in Spain he shoud be sure to find him. So with my humble Service to my Lord of Colchester, I rest

Lond. 24 Mar. 1622.—3 Your most bumble Servitor, J. H.

IV.

To my Brother, Mr. Hugh Penry.

SIR,

THE Welsh Nag you sent me, was delivered me in a very good Plight, and I give you a thousand Thanks for him: I had Occasion lately to try his Mettle and his Lungs, and every one tells me he is right, and of no mongrel Race, but a true Mountaineer; for, besides his Toughnes and Strength of Lungs up a Hill, he is quickly curried, and content with short Commissons: I believe he hath not been long a Highway Traveler; for whereas other Horses, when they passe by an Inn or Alehouse, use to make towards them to give them a friendly Visit, this Nag roundly goes on, and scorns to cast as much as a Glance upon any of them; which I know not whether I shall impute it to his Ignorance, or Height of Spirit; but conversing with the soft Horses in England, I believe he will quickly be brought to be more courteous.

The greatest News we have now, is the Return of the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, Davenant, Ward, and Belcanuell,

from the Synod of *Dort*, where the Bishop had Precedence given him according to his Episcopal Dignity. *Arminius* and *Vorstius* were sore baited there concerning Predestination, Election, and Reprobation; as also touching *Christ's* Death, and Man's Redemption by it; then concerning Man's Corruption and Conversion; lastly, concerning the Perseverance of the Saints. I shall have shortly the Transaction of the Synod. The *Jesuits* have put out a jeering Libel against it, and these two Verses I remember in it:

*Dordrehti Synodus? nodus; chorus integer? æger;
Conventus? ventus; Sessio stramen? Amen.*

But I will confront this *Dyflich* with another I read in France of the *Jesuits* in the Town of *Dole*, towards *Lorrain*; they had a great House given them called *L'arc (arcum)* and upon the River of *Loire*, *Henry IV.* gave them *La fleche, Sagittam* in *Latin*, where they have two stately Convents, that is, *Bow* and *Arrow*; whereupon one made these Verses;

*Arcum Dola dedit, dedit illis alma sagittam
Francia; quis chordam, quam meruere, dabit?*

*Fair France the Arrow, Dole gave them the Bow ;
Who shall the String, which they deserve, bestow ?*

No more now, but that with my dear Love to my Sister,
I rest *Your most affectionate Brother,*
Lond. 16 Apr. 1622. J. H.

V.

To the Lord Viscount Colchester.

My good Lord,

I Received your Lordship's of the last Week, and according to your Command I send here inclosed the *Venetian Gazette*: Of foreign *Aviso*'s, they write that *Mansfelt* hath been beaten out of *Germany*, and is come to *Sedan*, and it is thought the Duke of *Bavillon* will set him up again with a new Army: Marquis *Spinola* hath newly sat down before *Bergen-op-zoom*: Your Lordship knows well what Consequence that Town is of; therefore it is likely this will be a hot Summer in the *Netherlands*. The French King is in open War against them of the Religion; he hath already cleared the *Loire*, by taking *Jerseau* and *Saumur*, where Monsieur *Du Plessis* sent him the Keys, which are promised to be delivered him again, but I think ad *Grecas Calendas*. He hath been also before St. *John d' Angelis*, where the young Cardinal of *Guise* died, being struck down by the Puff of a Cannon-bullet, which put him in a burning Fever.

Fever, and made an End of him. The last Town that is taken was *Clerac*, which was put to 50,000 Crowns Ransom; many were put to the Sword, and divers Gentlemen drowned, as they thought to scape; this is the fifteenth cautionary Town the King hath taken: And now they say he marcheth towards *Montauban*, and so to *Montpellier* and *Nismes*, and then have at *Rachel*. My Lord *Hays* is by this time, it is thought, with the Army; for Sir *Edward Herbert* is returned, haying had some Clashings and Counterbuffs with the Favourite *Lunes*, wherein he comported himself gallantly. There is a fresh Report blown over, that *Lunes* is lately dead in the Army of the Plague, some say of the Purples, the next Cousin-german to it; which the Protestants give out to be the just Judgment of Heaven fallen upon him, because he incited his Master to these Wars against them. If he be not dead, let him die when he will, he will leave a Fame behind him, to have been the greatest Favourite for the Time, that ever was in *France*; having from a simple *Falconer* come to be High-Constable, and made himself and his younger Brother Grand Dukes and Peers; and his second Brother *Cadet* Marshal; and all three married to princely Families.

'No more now, but that I most humbly kiss your Lordship's Hands, and shall be always most ready and cheerful to receive your Commandments, because I am

London, 12 Aug. 1622,

Your Lordship's obliged
Servitor, J. H.

VI.

To my Father, from London.

SIR,

I Was at a dead Stand in the Course of my Fortunes, when it pleased God to provide me lately an Employment to *Spain*, whence I hope there may arise both Repute and Profit. Some of the Cape Merchants of the *Turky* Company, among whom the chiefest were Sir *Robert Napier*, and Captain *Leat*, proposed to me, that they had a great Busines in the Court of *Spain* in Agitation many Years, nor was it now their Busines, but the King's, in whose Name it is followed: They could have Gentlemen of good Quality that would undertake it, yet if I would take it upon me, they would employ no other, and assured me that the Employment should tend both to my Benefit and Credit. Now the Busines is this: There was a great *Turky* Ship called the *Vineyard*, sailing through the *Straits* towards *Catylantople*, but by Distreis of Weather she was forced to put into a little

little Port called *Mis* in *Sardinia*; the Searchers came aboard of her, and finding her richly laden, for her Cargazon of broad Cloth was worth the first Penny near upon 30,000*l.* they cavilled at some small Proportion of Lead and Tin, which they had only for the Use of the Ship; which the Searchers alledged to be *ropa de contrabando*, prohibited Goods; for by Article of Peace, nothing is to be carried to *Turky* that may arm or victual. The Viceroy of *Sardinia* hereupon seized upon the whole Ship, and all her Goods, landed the Master and Men in *Spain*, who coming to Sir *Charles Cornwallis* the Ambassador at that Court, Sir *Charles* could do them little Good at present, therefore they came to *England*, and complained to the King and Council: His Majesty was so sensible hereof, that he sent a particular Commission in his own Royal Name, to demand a Restitution of the Ship and Goods, and Justice upon the Viceroy of *Sardinia*, who had so apparently broke the Peace, and wronged his Subjects. Sir *Charles* (with Sir *Paul Pindar* meanwhile) laboured in the Busines, and commenced a Suit in Law, but he was called home before he could do any thing to purpose. After him Sir *John Digby* (now Lord *Digby*) went Ambassador to *Spain*, and among other Things he had that particular Commission from his Majesty invested in him, to prosecute the Suit in his own Royal Name: Thereupon he sent a well-qualified Gentleman, Mr. *Walsingham Grey*, to *Sardinia*, who unfortunately meeting with some Men of War in the Passage, was carried Prisoner to *Algier*. My Lord *Digby* being remanded home, left the Busines in Mr. *Cottington's* Hands, then Agent, but resigned it at his Return; yet it proved such a tedious intricate Suit, that he returned again without finishing the Work, in regard of the Remoteness of the Island of *Sardinia*, whence the Witnesses and other Dispatches were to be fetched. The Lord *Digby* is going now Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of *Spain*, upon the Busines of the Match, the Restitution of the *Palatinates*, and other high Affairs of State; therefore he is desirous to transmit the King's Commission touching this particular Busines, to any Gentleman that is capable to follow it, and promiseth to assist him with the utmost of his Power; and i'faith he hath good Reason to do so, in regard he hath now a good round Share himself in it. About this Busines I am now preparing to go to *Spain*, in Company of the Ambassador; and I shall kiss the King's Hands as his Agent touching this particular Commission. I humbly intreat that your Blessing and Prayers may accompany me in this my new Employment, which I have undertaken upon

very good Terms, touching Expences and Reward: So with my dear Love to my Brothers and Sisters, with other Kindred and Friends in the Country, I rest

8 Sept. 1622.

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

XIII.

To Sir Tho. Savage, Knight and Baronet, at his House in Long-Melford.

Honourable Sir,

I Received your Commands in a Letter which you sent me by Sir John Norib, and I shall not fail to answer you in those Particulars. It hath pleased God to dispose of me once more for Spain, upon a Busines which I hope will make me good Returns: There have two Ambassadors and a Royal Agent followed it hitherto, and I am the fourth that is employed in it: I defer to trouble you with the Particulars of it, in regard I hope to have the Happiness to kiss your Hand at Tower-bill before my Departure, which will not be till my Lord Digby sets forward. He goes in a gallant splendid Equipage; and one of the King's Ships is to take him in at Plymouth, and transport him to the Corunna, or St. Aderas.

Since that sad Disaster which befel Archbishop Abbet, to kill the Man by the glancing of an Arrow as he was shooting at a Deer (which kind of Death befel one of our Kings once in New-Forest) there hath been a Commission awarded to debate, whether upon this Fact, whereby he hath shed human Blood, he be not to be deprived of his Archbischopric, and pronounced irregular: Some were against him; but Bishop Andrews, and Sir Henry Martin stood stiffly for him, that in regard it was no spontaneous Act, but a mere Contingency, and that there is no Degree of Men but is subject to Misfortunes and Casualties; they declared positively that he was not to fall from his Dignity or Function, but should still remain a Regular, and in *statu quo prius*. During this Debate, he petitioned the King that he might be permitted to retire to his Alms-house at Guilford where he was born, to pass the Remainder of his Life; but he is now come to be again *reclusus in curia*, absolutely quitted, and restored to all Things: But for the Wife of him who was killed, it was no Misfortune to her, for she hath endowed herself and her Children with such an Estate, that they say her Husband could never have got. So I humbly kiss your Hands, and rest
Lond, 9 Nov, 1622. *Your most obliged Servitor, J. H.*

VIII.

To Capt. Nich. Leat, at his House in London.

S I R,

I Am safely come to the Court of *Spain*; and altho' by reason of that Misfortune which befel Mr. *Altbam* and me, of wounding the Serjeants in *Lombard-street*, we stayed three Weeks behind my Lord Ambassador, yet we came hither time enough to attend him to Court at his first Audience.

The *English* Nation is better looked on now in *Spain* than ordinary, because of the Hopes there are of a Match, which the Merchants and Commonalty much desire, tho' the Nobility and Gentry be not so forward for it: So that in this Point the Pulse of *Spain* beats quite contrary to that of *England*, where the People are averse to this Match, and the Nobility with most Part of the Gentry inclinable.

I have perused all the Papers I could get into my Hands, touching the Busines of the Ship *Vineyard*; and I find that they are higher than I in Bulk, tho' closely pressed together: I have cast up what is awarded by all the Sentences of View, and Review, by the Council of State and War; and I find the whole Sum, as well Principal, as Interest upon Interest, all Sorts of Damages, and processal Charges, come to above two hundred and fifty thousand Crowns. The *Conde del Real*, quondam Viceroy of *Sardinia*, who is adjudged to pay most Part of this Money, is here; and he is *Major-domo*, Lord Steward to the *Infante* Cardinal: If he hath wherewith, I doubt not but to recover the Money, for I hope to have come in a favourable Conjunction of Time, and my Lord Ambassador who is so highly esteemed here, doth assure me of his best Furtherance. So praying I may prove as successful, as I shall be faithful in this great Busines, I rest

Madrid, 28 Dec. 1622.

Yours to dispose of, J. H.

IX.

To Mr. Arthur Hopton, from Madrid.

S I R,

SINCE I was made happy with your Acquaintance, I have received sundry strong Evidences of your Love and good Wishes unto me, which have tied me to you in no common Obligation of Thanks: I am in Despair ever to cancel this Bond, nor would I do it, but rather endear the Edgagement more and more.

The Treaty of the Match 'twixt our Prince and the Lady *Infanta* is now strongly afoot: She is a very comely Lady, rather of a *Flemish* Complexion than *Spaniſh*, fair-haired, and carrieth a most pure Mixture of Red and White in her Face: She is full and big-lipped, which is held a Beauty rather than a Blemish, or any Excess, in the *Austrian* Family, it being a Thing incident to most of that Race; she goes now upon 16, and is of a Tallness agreeable to those Years. The King is also of such a Complexion, and is under 20; he hath two Brothers, *Don Carlos* and *Don Hernando*, who, tho' a Youth of 12, yet he is Cardinal and Archbishop of *Toledo*; which, in regard it hath the Chancellorship of *Castile* annexed to it, is the greatest spiritual Dignity in Christendom after the Papacy, for it is valued at 300000 Crowns per Annum. *Don Carlos* is of a differing Complexion from all the rest, for he is black-haired, and of a *Spaniſh* Hue; he hath neither Office Command, Dignity, or Title, but is an individual Companion to the King; and what Cloaths soever are provided for the King, he hath the very same, and as often, from Top to Toe: He is the better beloved of his People for his Complexion; for one shall hear the *Spaniard* sigh and lament, saying, O when shall we have a King again of our own Colour!

I pray recommend me kindly to all at your House, and send me Word when the young Gentlemen return from *Italy*. So with my most affectionate Respects to yourſelf, I rest

5 Jan. 1622. 3

Your true Friend to serve you, J. H.

X.

To Capt. Nic. Leat, from Madrid.

SIR,

YOURS of the 10th of this present I received by Mr. *Sir mon Digby*, with the incloſed to your Son in *Alicant*, which is ſafely ſent. Since my laſt to you, I had Acces to *Olivares*, the Favourite that rules all; I had alſo Audience of the King, to whom I delivered two Memorials ſince, in his Maſtety's Name of *Great-Britain*, that a particular Junta of ſome of the Council of State and War might be appointed to determine the Buſineſſ. The laſt Memorial had ſo good Suc-cess, that the Referees are nominated, whereof the chiefeſt is the Duke of *Infantado*. Here it is not the ſtyle to claw and compliment with the King, or idolize him by *Sacred Sovereign*, and *Moſt Excellent Maſtety*; but the *Spaniard*, when he petitions to his King, gives him no other Character but *Sir*, and ſo relating his Buſineſſ, at the End doth aſk and demand Ju-ſtice of him. When I have done with the *Viceroy* here, I shall haſten my Dispatches for *Sardinia*. Since my laſt I went

to

to liquidate the Account more particularly, and I find that of the 25000 Crowns, there are above forty thousand due to you, which might serve for a good Alderman's Estate.

Your Son in ~~Alame~~ writes to me of another Misfortune that it befalls the Ship *Anny* about Majorca; whereof you were one of the Proprietaries; I am very sorry to hear of it; and touching any Dispositions that are to be had hence, I shall endeavour to procure you them according to Instruction.

Y^r Cousin Richard ~~Albion~~ remembers his kind Respects to you, and sends you many Thanks for the Pains you took in freeing us from that Trouble which the Seafall with the Spaniards brought upon us. So I rest

3 Jan. 1622-3

Yours ready to serve you, J. H.

XI.

To the Lord Viscount Calthorpe, from Madrid.

Right Honourable,

THE grand Business of the Match goes so fairly on, that a special *Fund* is appointed to treat of it, the Names whereof I send you here inclosed: They have proceeded so far, that most of the Articles are agreed upon. Mr. George Goye is lately come hither from Rome, a polite and prudent Gentleman, who hath negotiated some things in that Court for the Advance of the Business, with the Cardinals *Bendix*, *Ladovisio*, and *la Sefanna*, who are the main Men there, to whom the drawing of the Dispensation is referred.

The late taking of *Ormus* by the *Persian* from the Crown of *Portugal* keeps a great Noise here, and the rather because the Exploit was done by the Assistance of the *English* Ships that were then therabouts. My Lord Dighy went to Court, and gave a round Satisfaction in this Point; for it was no voluntary but a constrained Act in the *English*, who being in the *Persian's* Port, were suddenly embargued for the Service; and the *Persian* hereat did no more than what is usual among Christian Princes themselves, and which is often put in Practice by the King of *Spain* and his *Viceroy*, than by any other, viz. to make an Embargue of any Stranger's Ship that rides within his Ports upon all Occasions. It was feared this Surprise of *Ormus*, which was the greatest Mart in all the *Orient* for all sorts of Jewels would have bred ill Blood, and prejudiced the Proceedings of the Match; but the *Spaniard* is a rational Man, and will be satisfied with Reason. Count *Olivares* is the main Man who always all, and it is thought he is not so much affected to an Alliance

ance with *England* as his Predecessor the Duke of *Lerma* was, who set it first a-foot 'twixt Prince *Henry* and this Queen of *France*: The Duke of *Lerma* was the greatest *Privado*, the greatest Favourite that ever was in *Spain*, since Don *Alvaro de Luna*; he brought himself, the Duke of *Uzeda* his Son, and the Duke of *Cav* his Grandchild, to be all *Grandees* of *Spain*; which is the greatest Title that a *Spaniard* Subject is capable of: They have a Privilege to stand covered before the King, and at their Election there is no other Ceremony but only these three Words by the King, *Cobrese por Grande*, Cover yourself for a *Grande*; and that is all. The Cardinal-Duke of *Lerma* lives at *Valladolid*, he officiates and sings Mass, and passes his old Age in Devotion and Exercises of Piety. It is a commendable Custom among the *Spaniards*, when he hath passed his *Grand Climacteris*, and is grown decrepit, to make a voluntary Resignation of Offices, so they never so great and profitable (though I cannot say *Lerma* did so) and sequestring and weaning themselves, as it were, from all mundane Negotiations and Incumbrances, to retire to some Place of Devotion, and spend the Residue of their Days in Meditation, and in preparing themselves for another World. *Charles* the Emperor shewed them the Way, who left the Empire to his Brother, and all the rest of his Dominions to his Son *Philip II.* and so taking with him his two Sisters, he retired into a Monastery, they into a Nunnery. This does not suit with the Genius of an *Englishman*, who loves not to pull off his Clothes till he goes to bed. I will conclude with some Verses I saw under a huge *redundante* Picture of the Duke of *Lerma*, wherein he is painted like a Giant, bearing up the Monarchy of *Spain*, that of *France*, and the *Popedom* upon his Shoulders, with this Senza:

*Sobre les ombres d'este Atlante
Tazan en aquellas dias
Estas tres Monarquias.*

Upon the Shoulders of this *Atlas* lies,
The *Popedom*, and two mighty *Monarchies*.

So I most humbly kiss your Lordship's Hands, and rest
ever most ready,

3 Feb. 1622.

At your Lordship's Command,

J. H.

XII.

To my Father.

SIR,

ALL Affairs went on fairly here, 'specially that of the Match, when Master *Endymion Porter* brought lately my Lord of *Bristol* a Dispatch from *England* of a high Nature, wherein the Earl is commanded to represent to this King, how much his Majesty of *Great Britain*, since the Beginning of these *German Wars* hath laboured to intent well of this Crown, and of the whole House of *Austria*, by a long and lingering Patience, grounded still upon Assurances hence, that Care should be had of his Honour, his Daughter's Jointure, and Grandchildren's Patrimony; yet how grossly all things had proceeded in the Treaty at *Brussels*, managed by Sir Rich. *Weston*, as also that in the *Palatinate*, by the Lord *Chichester*; how, in Treating-time, the Town and Castle of *Heidelberg* were taken, *Manheim* besieged, and all Acts of Hostility used, notwithstanding the fair Professions made by this King, the *Infants* at *Brussels*, and other his Ministers; how, merely out of respect to this King, he had neglected all martial Means, which probably might have preserved the *Palatinate*; those thin Garisons which he had sent thither, being rather for Honour's sake to keep a Footing until a general Accommodation, than that he relied any way upon their Strength: And since that there are no other Fruits of all this but Reproach and Scorn, and that those good Offices which he used towards the Emperor on the Behalf of his Son-in-law, which he was so much encouraged by Letters from hence should take effect, have not sort'd to any other Issue than to a plain Affront, and a high injuring of both their Majesties, tho' in a differing Degree: The Earl is to tell him, That his Majesty of *Great-Britain* hopes and desires, that out of a true Apprehension of these Wrongs offered to them both, he will, as his dear and loving Brother, faithfully promise and undertake upon his Honour, confirming the same under his Hand and Seal, either that *Heidelberg* shall be within 70 Days rendered into his Hands; as also that there shall be within the said Term of 70 Days a Suspension of Arms in the *Palatinate*, and that a Treaty shall recommence upon such Terms as he propounded in *November* last, which this King then held to be reasonable: And in case that this be not yielded to by the Emperor, that then this King join Forces with his Majesty of *England* for the Recovery of the *Palatinate*, which upon this Trust hath been lost; or in case his Forces at this time

time be otherwise employed, that they cannot give his Majesty that Assistance he desires and deserves, that at least he will permit a free and friendly Passage through his Territories such Forces as his Majesty of *Great-Britain* shall employ in *Germany*: Of all which, if the Earl of *Bristol* hath not from the King of *Spain* a direct Assurance under his Hand and Seal 10 Days after his Audience, that then he take his Leave, and return to *England* to his Majesty's Presence; also to proceed in the Negotiation of the Match according to former Instructions.

This was the main Substance of his Majesty's late Letter, yet there was a Postil added, that in case a Rupture happen 'twixt the two Crowns, the Earl should not come instantly and abruptly away, but that he should send Advice first to *England*, and carry the Business so, that the World should not presently know of it.

Notwithstanding all these Traverses, we are confident here that the Match will take, otherwise my Cake is Dough. There was a great Difference in one of the Capitulations 'twixt the two Kings, how long the Children which should issue of this Marriage were to continue *sub regimine Matris*, under the Tutele of the Mother. The King demanded 14 Years at first, then 12; but now he is come to 9, which is newly condescended to. I received yours of the first of September, in another from Sir *James Crofts*, wherein it was no small Comfort to me to hear of your Health. I am to go hence shortly for *Sardinia*, a dangerous Voyage, by reason of *Algier* Pirates. I humbly desire your Prayers may accompany

Madrid, 23 Feb. 1622. 3

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

XIII.

To Sir James Crofts, Knight.

SIR,

YOURS of the 2d of *October* came to safe Hand with the inclosed: You write that there came Dispatches lately from *Rome*, wherein the Pope seems to endeavour to insinuate himself into a direct Treaty with *England*, and to negotiate immediately with our King touching the Dispensation, which he not only labours to evade, but utterly disclaims, it being by Article the Task of this King to procure all Dispatches thence. I thank you for sending me this News. You shall understand there came lately an Express from *Rome* also to this Court, touching the Business of the Match, which gave very good Content; but the Dispatch and new Instructions which Mr. *Endymion Porter* brought

brought my Lord of *Bristol* lately from *England* touching the Prince *Palatine*, fills us with Apprehensions of Fear: Our Ambassadors here have had Audience of this King already about those Propositions, and we hope that Master *Porter* will carry back such things as will satisfy. Touching the two Points in the Treaty wherein the two Kings differed most, viz. about the Education of the Children, and the Exemption of the *Infanta's* Ecclesiastic Servants from secular Jurisdiction; both these Points are cleared; for the *Spaniard* is come from 14 Years to 10, and for so long time the *Infant* Princes shall remain under the Mother's Government. And for the other Point, the Ecclesiastical Superior shall first take notice of the Offence that shall be committed by any spiritual Person belonging to the *Infanta's* Family, and according to the Merit therof, either deliver him by Degradation to the secular Justice, or banish him the Kingdom, according to the Quality of the Delict; and it is the same that is practised in this Kingdom, and other Parts that adhere to *Rome*.

The *Conde de Monterre* goes *Viceroy* to *Naples*, the Marquis *de Adonciscaros* being put by, the gallanter Man of the two. I was told of a witty Saying of his, when the Duke of *Lerma* had the Vogue in this Court; for going one Morning to speak with the Duke, and having danced Attendance a long time, he peeped through a Slit in the Hanging, and spied *Don Rodrigo Calderon*, a great Man (who was lately beheaded here for poisoning the late Queen-Dowager) delivering the Duke a Paper upon his Knees; whereat the Marquis smiled, and said, *Voto a tal aquel hombre fube mas a las rodillas, que yo no hago a los pies; I swear that Man climbs higher upon his Knees, than I can upon my Feet.* Indeed I have read it to be a true Court Rule, that *descendendo ascendendum est in Aula*, Descending is the way to ascend at Court. There is a kind of Humility and Compliance that is far from any servile Baseness, or sordid Flattery, and may be termed Discretion rather than Adulation. I intend, God willing, to go for *Sardinia* this Spring; I hope, to have better Luck than Master *Walsingham Gresley* had, who some few Years since, in his Passage thither upon the same Busines that I have in Agitation, met with some *Turks* Men of War, and so was carried Slave to *Algier*. So, with my due Respects to you, I rest

*Madrid, 12 Mar.
1622-3*

Your faithful Servant,

J. H.

XIV.

XIV.

To Sir Francis Cottington, Secretary to his Highness
the Prince of Wales, at St. James's.

SIR,

I Believe it will not be unpleasing to you to hear of the Procedure and Success of that Business wherein yourself hath been so long versed, I mean the great Suit against the quondam Viceroy of Sardinia, the *Conde del Real*. Count Gondomar's coming was a great Advantage unto me, who hath done me many Favours; besides a Confirmation of the two Sentencees of View and Review, and of the Execution against the *Viceroy*, I have procured a Royal *Cedula*, which I caused to be printed, and whereof I send you here inclosed a Copy, by which *Cedula* I have Power to arrest his very Person; and my Lawyer tells me there was never such a *Cedula* granted before. I have also, by Virtue of it, Priority of all other his Creditors; he hath made an imperfect Overture of a Composition, and shewed me some trivial old-fashioned Jewels, but nothing equivalent to the Debt. And now that I speak of Jewels, the late Surprizal of *Ormus* by the Assistance of our Ships sinks deep in their Stomachs here, and we were afraid it would have spoiled all Proceedings; but my Lord *Digby*, now Earl of *Bristol* (for Count *Gondomar* brought him over his Patent) has calmed all things at his last Audience.

There were Luminaries of Joy lately here for the Victory that *Don Gonzalez de Cordova* got over Count *Mansfelt* in the *Netherlands*, with that Army which the D. of *Bouillon* had levied for him; but some say they have not much Reason to rejoice; for tho' the *Infantry* suffered, yet *Mansfelt* got clear with all his *Horse* by a notable Retreat; and they say here, it was the greatest Piece of Service and Art he ever did; it being a Maxim, that there is nothing so difficult in the Art of War, as an honourable Retreat. Besides, the Report of his coming to *Breda* caused Marquis *Spinola* to raise the Siege before *Bergen*, to burn his Tents, and to pack away suddenly, for which he is much censured here.

Capt. *Leat* and others have written to me of the favourable Report you pleased to make of my Endeavours here, for which I return you humble Thanks: And altho' you have left behind you a Multitude of Servants in this Court, yet if Occasion were offered, none should be more forward to go on your Errand than

Madrid, 15 Mar.
1622. 3

Your humble and faithful
Servitor, J. H.

XV.

To the Hon. Sir Tho. Savage, Kt. and Bart.

Honourable Sir,

THE great Business of the Match was tending to a Period, the Articles reflecting both upon Church and State being capitulated, and interchangeably accorded on both Sides; and there wanted nothing to consummate all Things, when to the Wonderment of the World the Prince and the Marquis of *Buckingham* arrived at the Court on *Friday* last, upon the Close of the Evening: They alighted at my Lord of *Bristol's* House, and the Marquis (Mr. *Thomas Smith*) came in first with a Portmanteau under his Arm; then (Mr. *John Smith*) the Prince was sent for, who staid a while on t'other Side of the Street in the dark. My Lord of *Bristol*, in a kind of Astonishment, brought him up to his Bed-chamber, where he presently called for Pen and Ink, and dispatched a Post that Night to *England*, to acquaint his Majesty how in less than 16 Days he was come safely to the Court of *Spain*; that Post went lightly laden, for he carried but 3 Letters. The next Day came Sir *Francis Cottington* and Mr. *Porter*, and dark Rumours ran in every Corner, how some great Man was come from *England*; and some would not stick to say among the Vulgar it was the King: But towards the Evening on *Saturday* the Marquis went in a close Coach to Court, where he had private Audience of this King, who sent *Olivares* to accompany him back to the Prince, where he kneeled and kissed his Hands, and hugged his Thighs, and delivered how unmeasurably glad his Catholic Majesty was of his coming, with other high Compliments, which Mr. *Porter* did interpret. About 10 a-Clock that Night the King himself came in a close Coach with intent to visit the Prince, who hearing of it, met him half-way; and after Salutations and divers Embraces which passed in the first Interview, they parted late. I forgot to tell you that Count *Gondomar* being sworn Counsellor of State that Morning, having been before but one of the Council of War, he came in great Haste to visit the Prince, saying, he had strange News to tell him, which was, that an *Englishman* was sworn Privy-Counsellor of *Spain*, meaning himself, who he said was an *Englishman* in his Heart. On *Sunday* following, the King in the Afternoon came abroad to take the Air, with the Queen, his two Brothers, and the *Infanta*, who were all in one Coach; but the *Infanta* sat in the Boot, with a blue Ribbon about her Arm, of purpose that the Prince might distinguish her: There were above 20 Coaches besides, of Grandees, Noblemen,

Noblemen, and Ladies, that attended them. And now it was publicly known among the Vulgar, that it was the Prince of *Wales* who was come; and the Confluence of People before my Lord of *Bristol's* Houfe was so great and greedy to see the Prince, that, to clear the Way, Sir *Lewis Dives* went out and took Coach, and all the Croud of People went after him: So the Prince himself a little after took Coach, wherein there were the Earl of *Bristol*, Sir *Walter Abion*, and Count *Gondomar*, and so went to the *Prado*, a Place hard-by, of purpose to take the Air, where they staid till the King paſſed by. As soon as the *Infanta* ſaw the Prince, her Colour roſe very high, which we hold to be an Impreſſion of Love and Affection; for the Face is often-times a true Index of the Heart. Upon *Monday Morning* after, the King ſent ſome of his prime Nobles, and other Gentlemen, to attend the Prince in Quality of Officers, as one to be his *Major-domo* (his Steward) another to be Maſter of the Horse, and ſo to inferior Officers; ſo that there is a complete Court now at my Lord of *Bristol's* Houfe: But upon *Sunday* next the Prince is to remove to the King's Paſſage, where there is one of the chief Quarters of the Houfe providing for him. By the next Opportunity you ſhall hear more. In the interim I take my leave, and rest

Madrid, 27 Mar.

1623-3

Your moſt humble and ready

Servitor, J. H.

XVI.

To Sir Eubule Theolall, Kt. at Gray's-Inn.

SIR,

I Know the Eyes of all *England* are earnestly fixed now upon *Spain*, her beſt Jewel being here; but his Journey was like to be ſpoiled in *France*, for if he had ſtaid but a little longer at *Bayonne*, the laſt Town of that Kingdom hitherwards, he had been diſcovered; for Mons. *Gramond* the Governor had notice of him not long after he had taken Poſt. The People here do mightily magnify the Gallantry of the Journey, and cry out that he deserved to have the *Infanta* thrown into his Arms the firſt Night he came: He hath been entertained with all the Magnificence that poſſibly could be deuiſed. On *Sunday* laſt in the Morning betimes he went to St. *Hieron's* Monastery, whence the Kings of *Spain* uſed to be fetched the Day they are crowned; and thither the King came in Person with his two Brothers, his eight Counſels, and the Flower of the Nobility; he rid upon the King's Right-hand thro' the Heart of the Town under a great Canopy, and was brought ſo into his Lodgings in the King's

Palace, and the King himself accompanied him to his very Bedchamber. It was a very glorious Sight to behold ; for the Custom of the *Spaniard* is, tho' he go plain in his ordinary Habit, yet upon some Festival or Cause of Triumph, there's none goes beyond him in Gaudiness.

We daily hope for the *Pope's Breve* or Dispensation to perfect the Business, tho' there be dark Whispers abroad that it is come already ; but that upon this unexpected coming of the Prince, it was sent back to *Rome*, and some new Clauses thrust in for their further Advantage. Till this Dispatch comes, Matters are at a kind of Stand ; yet his Highness makes account to be back in *England* about the latter End of *May*. God Almighty turn all to the best, and to what shall be most conducible to his Glory. So, with my due Respects unto you, I rest

Madrid, 1 Apr. 1623. Your most obliged Servitor, J. H.

XVII. To Captain Leat.

SIR,

HAVING brought up the Law to the highest Point against the *Viceroy of Sardinia*, and that in an extraordinary Manner, as may appear unto you by that printed *Cedula* I sent you in my last, and finding an apparent Disability in him to satisfy the Debt ; I thought upon a new Design, and framed a Memorial to the King, and wrought good strong Means to have it seconded, that in regard that predatory Act of seizing upon the Ship *Vineyard* in *Sardinia* with all her Goods, was done by his Majesty's *Viceroy*, his Sovereign Minister of State, one that immediately represented his own Royal Person, and that the said Viceroy was insolvent ; I desired his Majesty would be pleased to grant a Warrant for the Relief of both Parties, to lade so many thousand *Sterls.*, or Measures of Corn, out of *Sardinia* and *Sicily* custom-free. I had gone far in the Business, when Sir *Francis Cottington* sent for me, and required me, in the Prince's Name, to proceed no farther herein till he was departed : So his Highness's Presence here has turned rather to my Disadvantage than otherwise. Among other *Grandizas* which the King of *Spain* conferred upon our Prince, one was the Release-ment of Prisoners, and that all Petitions of Grace should come to him for the first Month ; but he hath been wonderfully sparing in receiving any, especially from any *English*, *Irish*, or *Scot.* Your Son *Nicholas* is come hither from *Alicant* about the Ship *Anony*, and I shall be ready to second him in getting Satisfaction : So I rest

*Madrid, 3 June,
1623.*

You're ready to serve you, J. H.

XVIII.

XVIII.

To Captain Tho. Porter.

Noble Captain,

MY last to you was in Spanish, in answer to one of yours in the same Language; and among that Confluence of English Gallants, who upon the Occasion of his Highness being here, are come to this Court, I fed myself with Hopes a long while to have seen you; but I found now that those Hopes were imped with false Feathers. I know your Heart is here, and your best Affections, therefore I wonder what keeps back your Person; but I conceive the Reason to be, that you intend to come like yourself, to come Commander in Chief of one of the Castles of the Crown, one of the Ships Royal: If you come to this Shore-side, I hope you will have time to come to the Court; I have at any time a good Lodging for you, and my Landlady is none of the meanest, and her Husband hath many good Parts: I heard her setting him forth one Day, and giving this Character of him: *Mi marido es buen maestro, buen esgrimido, buen escrivano, excelente aritmético, falso que no multiplicá:* My Husband is a good Musician, a good Fencer, a good Horseman, a good Penman, and an excellent Arithmetician, only he cannot multiply. For outward Usage, there is all Industry used to give the Prince and his Servants all possible Contentment; and some of the King's own Servants wait upon them at Table in the Palace, where I am sorry to hear some of them jeer at the Spanish Fare, and use other slighting Speeches and De-meanor. There are many excellent Poems made here since the Prince's Arrival, which are too long to couch in a Letter; yet I will venture to send you this one Stanza of *Lope de Vega*:

*Carlos Estuardo Soy
Que fiendo Amor mi guia,
Al cielo d'Espana voy
Por ver mi Estrella Maria.*

There are Comedians once a Week come to the Palace, where, under a great Canopy, the Queen and the Infanta sit in the Middle, our Prince and *Dñ Carlos* on the Queen's Right-hand, the King and the little Cardinal on the Infanta's Left-hand. I have seen the Prince have his Eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta half an Hour together in a thoughtful speculative Posture, which sure would needs be tedious, unless Affection did sweeten it; It was no handsome Comparison of Olivares, that he watched her as a Cat doth a Mouse. Not long since, the Prince understanding that the

Infanta was used to go some Mornings to the *Casa de Campo*, a Summer-house the King hath on 'other Side the River, to gather *May-dew*, he rose betimes and went thither, taking your Brother with him; they were let into the House, and into the Garden, but the *Infanta* was in the Orchard; and there being a high partition-wall between, and the Door doubly bolted, the Prince got on the Top of the Wall, and sprung down a great Height, and so made towards her; but she spying him first of all the rest gave a Shriek, and ran back: The old Marquis that was then her Guardian, came towards the Prince, and fell on his Knees, conjuring his Highness to retire, in regard he hazarded his Head if he admitted any to her Company; so the Door was opened, and he came out under that Wall over which he had got in. I have seen him watch a long Hour together in a close Coach, in the open Street, to see her as she went abroad: I cannot say that the Prince did ever talk with her privately, yet publicly often, my Lord of *Bristol* being Interpreter; but the King always sat hard-by to overhear all. Our Cousin *Archy* hath more Privilege than any, for he always goes with his Fool's-coat where the *Infanta* is with her *Menina's* and Ladies of Honour, and keeps a blowing and blustering among them, and flirts out what he lists.

One Day they were discoursing what a marvellous thing it was, that the D. of *Bavaria* with less than 15000 Men, after a long toilsome March, should dare to encounter the *Palgrave's* Army consisting of above 25000, and to give them an utter Discomfiture, and take *Prague* presently after: Whereunto *Archy* answered, that he would tell them a stranger thing than that: Was it not a strange thing, quoth he, that in the Year 88, there should come a Fleet of 140 Sail from *Spain* to invade *England*, and that 10 of these could not go back to tell what became of the rest? By the next Opportunity I will send you the *Cordovan* Pockets and Gloves you writ for of *Francisco Moreno's* perfuming. So my dear Captain, live long, and love his

Madrid, 10 July, 1623.

J. H.

XIX.

To my Cousin Tho. Guin, Esq; at his House at Trecastle.

C O U S I N,

I Received lately one of yours, which I cannot compare more properly than to a Posy of curious Flowers, there was therein such Variety of sweet Strains and dainty Expressions of Love: And though it bore an old Date, for it was forty Days before it came safe to Hand; yet the Flowers were still fresh, and not a whit faded, but discast as strong and fragrant

fragrant a Scent as when your Hands bound them up first together, only there was one Flower that did not favour so well, which was the undeserved Character you please to give of my small Abilities, which in regard you look upon me thro' the Prospective of Affection, appear greater to you than they are of themselves ; yet, as small as they are, I would be glad to employ them all to serve you upon any Occasion.

Whereas you desire to know how Matters pass here, you shall understand that we are rather in Assurance than Hopes, that the Match will take Effect, when one Dispatch more is brought from *Rome*, which we greedily expect. The *Spaniards* generally desire it ; they are much taken with our Prince, with the Bravery of his Journey, and his discreet Comportment since ; and they confess there was never Prince courted with more Gallantry. The Wits of the Court here have made divers Encomiums of him, and of his Affection to the *L: Infanta*. Among others, I send you a Latin Poem of one *Marnierius* a *Valentian*, to which I add this ensuing *Hexastir* ; which in regard of the Difficulty of the Verse, consisting of all *Ternaries* (which is the hardest way of verifying) and of the Exactness of the Translation, I believe will give you Content :

*Fax grata est, gratum est vulnus, mibi grata catena est,
Me quibus astringit, laedit & urit Amor;
Sed flammam extingui, sanari vulnera, sobri
Vinela, etiam ut possem non ego posse velim:
Mirum eisdem genus hoc morbi est, incendia & ieiunus
Vinculaque, vincitus adduc, lepus & systus, amo.*

Grateful's to me the Fire, the Wound, the Chain,
By which *Love* burns, *Love* binds, and giveth Pain ;
But for to quench this Fire, these Bonds to loose,
These Wounds to heal, I would not, could I choose :
Strange Sickness, where the Wounds, the Bonds, the Fire,
That burns, that bind, that hurt, I must desire.

In your next, I pray send me your Opinion of these Verses, for I know you are a Critic in Poetry. Mr. *Vaughan* of the *Golden-Grove* and I were Comrades and Bedfellows here many Months together : His Father Sir *John Vaughan*, the Prince's Comptroller, is lately come to attend his Master. My Lord *Carlisle*, my Lord of *Holland*, my Lord of *Roebfort*, my Lord of *Denbigh*, and divers others are here ; so that we have a very flourishing Court, and I could wish you were here to make one of the Number. So my dear Cousin, I wish you all Happiness, and our noble Prince a safe and successful Return to *England*. Your most affectionate Cousin,

Madrid, 13 Aug. 1623.

J. H.

XX.

To my noble Friend, Sir John North.

SIR,

THE long-looked-for Dispensation is come from Rome, but I hear it is clogged with new Clauses; and one is, That the Pope, who alledgedeth that the only Aim of the Apostolic See in granting this Dispensation, was the Advantage and Ease of the Catholics in the King of Great-Britain's Dominions, therefore he desired a valuable Caution for the Performance of those Articles which were stipulated in their Favour; this hath much puzzled the Busines, and Sir Francis Cottington comes now over about it: Beside, there is some Distaste taken at the Duke of Buckingham here, and I heard this King should say he would treat no more with him, but with the Ambassadors, who, he faith have a more plenary Commission, and understand the Busines better. As there is some Darknes happened 'twixt the two Favourites, so Matters stand not right 'twixt the Duke and the Earl of Bristol; but God forbid that a Busines of so high a Consequence as this, which is likely to tend so much to the universal Good of Christendom, to the Restitution of the *Papal*-tinate, and the composing those Breifs in *Germany*, should be ranvered by Differences 'twixt a few private Subjects, tho' now public Ministers.

Mr. Washington the Prince's Page is lately dead of a Caleutre, and I was at his Burial under a Fig-tree behind my Lord of Bristol's House. A little before his Death one Ballard, an English Priest, went to tamper with him; and Sir Edmund Varney meeting him coming down the Stairs, out of Washington's Chamber, they fell from Words to Blows, but they were parted. The Busines was like to gather very ill Blood, and to come to a great Height, had not Count Gondomar quashed it, which I believe he could not have done, unless the Times had been favourable; for such is the Reverence they bear to the Church here, and so holy a Conceit they have of all Ecclesiastics, that the greatest Don in Spain will tremble to offer the meanest of them any Outrage or Affront. Count Gondomar hath also helped to free some English that were in the *Inquisition* in *Toledo* and *Seville*; and I could gildge many Instances how ready and cheerful he is to afflit any Englishman whatsoever, notwithstanding the base Affronts he hath often received of the London Boys, as he calls thein. At his last return hither, I heard of a merry Saying of his to the Queen, who discoursing with him about the Greatnes of *London*, and whether

it was as populous as *Madrid*; Yes, *Madame*, and more populous when I came away, tho' I believe there's scarce a Man left there now, but all Women and Children; for all the Men both in Court and City were ready booted and spurred to go away. And I am sorry to hear how other Nations do much tax the *English* of their Incivility to public Ministers of State, and what Ballads and Pasquils, and Fopgeries and Plays, were made against *Gondomar* for doing his Master's Business. My Lord of *Bristol* coming from *Germany* to *Brussels*, notwithstanding that at his Arrival thither the News was fresh that he had relieved *Frankindale* as he passed, yet he was not a whit the less welcome, but valued the more both by the Archduches herself and *Spirala*, with all the rest; as also that they knew well that the said Earl had been the sole Adviser of keeping Sir *Robert Mansel* abroad with that Fleet upon the Coast of *Spain*, till the *Pasgrave* should be restored. I pray, Sir, when you go to *London-Wall*, and *Tower-Hill*, be pleased to remember my humble Service where you know it is due. So I am

Madrid, 15 Aug. 1623. Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

XXI.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Colchester.

My very good Lord,

I Received the Letter and Commands your Lordship I pleased to send me by Mr. *Walsingham Grefley*; and touching the Constitutions and Orders of the *Contratacion-House* of the *West-Indies* in *Sevil*, I cannot procure it for Love or Money upon any Terms; tho' I have done all possible Diligence therein: And some tell me it is dangerous, and no less than Treason in him that gives the Copy of them to any, in regard it is counted the greatest Mystery of all the *Spanish Government*.

That Difficulty which happened in the Busines of the Match of giving Caution to the *Pope*, is now overcome: for whereas our King answered, That he could give no other Caution than his Royal Word and his Son's, exemplified under the Great Seal of *England*, and confirmed by his Council of State, it being impossible to have it done by Parliament, in regard of the Averments the common People have to the Alliance; and whereas this gave no Satisfaction to *Rome*, the King of *Spain* now offers himself for Caution, for putting in Execution what is stipulated in behalf of the *Roman Catholics* throughout his Majesty of *Great-Britain's* Dominions. But he desires to consult his Ghostly Fathers, to know whether he may do it without wronging his Conscience: Hereupon

upon there hath been a *Junta* formed of Bishops and Jesuits, who have been already a good while about it; and the Bishop of Segovia, who is, as it were, Lord Treasurer, having written a Treatise lately against the Match, was ousted of his Office, banished the Court, and confined to his Diocese. The Duke of Buckingham hath been ill-disposed a good while, and lies sick at Court, where the Prince hath no public Exercise of Devotion, but only Bed-chamber Prayers; and some think that his lodging in the King's House is like to prove a Disadvantage to the main Business; for whereas most sorts of People here hardly hold us to be *Christians*, if the Prince had a Palace of his own, and been permitted to have used a Room for an open Chapel to exercise the Liturgy of the Church of *England*, it would have brought them to have a better Opinion of us; and to this End there were some of our best Church-plate and Vestments brought hither, but never used. The slow Pace of this *Junta* troubles us a little, and to the *Divines* there are some *Civilians* admitted lately; and the Quere is this, Whether the King of *Spain* may bind himself by Oath in the Behalf of the King of *England*, to perform such and such Articles that are agreed on in favour of the *Roman Catholics* by virtue of this Match, whether the King may do this *salvá conscientiā*.

There was a great Show lately here of baiting of Bulls with Men, for the Entertainment of the Prince; it is the chiefeſt of all *Spanish* Sports; commonly there are Men killed at it, therefore there are Priests appointed to be there ready to confeſs them. It hath happened oftentimes that a Bull hath taken up two Men upon his Horns with their Guts dangling about them; the Horſemen run with Lances and Swords, the Foot with Goads. As I am told, the *Pope* hath ſent divers *Bulls* againſt this Sport of Bulling, yet it will not be leſt, the Nation hath taken ſuſh an habitual Delight in it. There was an ill-favoured Accident like to have hap-pened lately at the King's Houſe, in that Part where my Lord of *Carlile* and my Lord *Denbigh* were lodged; for my Lord *Denbigh* late at Night taking a Pipe of Tobacco in a *Balcony* which hung over the King's Garden, he blew down the Ashes, which falling upon ſome parched combustible Matter, began to flame and ſpread; but Mr. *Davis*, my Lord of *Carlile*'s Barber, leaped down a great Height, and quenched it. So, with my Continuance of my moſt humble Service, I reſt ever ready

Madrid, Aug. 16,

1623..

At your Lordship's Command,

J. H.

XXII.

XXII.

To Sir James Crofts, from Madrid.

SIR,

THE Court of Spain affords now little News; for there is a *Remora* sticks to the Busnels of the Match, till the Junta of Divines give up their Opinion: But from *Turky*, there came a Letter this Week, wherein there is the strangest and almost tragical News, that in my small Reading no Story can parallel, or shew with more Pregnancy the Instability and tottering Estate of human Greatness, and the sandy Foundation whereon the vast *Ottoman Empire* is reared: For Sultan *Osman*, the *Grand Turk*, a Man, according to the Humour of that Nation, warlike and fleshed in Blood, and a violent Hater of *Christians*, was in the Flower of his Years, in the Heat and Height of his Courage, knocked in the Head by one of his own Slaves, and one of the meanest of them, with a Battle-axe, and the Murderer never after proceeded against, or questioned.

The Ground of this Tragedy was the late ill Success he had against the *Poles*, wherein he lost about 100,000 Horse for want of Forage, and 80,000 Men for want of Fighting; which he imputed to the Cowardice of his *Janizaries*, who rather than bear the Brunt of the Battle, were more willing to return home to their Wives and Merchandizing; which they are now permitted to do, contrary to their first Institution, which makes them more worldly, and less ventrous. This disgraceful Return from *Poland* stuck in *Osman's Stomach*, and so he studied a Way to be revenged of the *Janizaries*; therefore by the Advice of his *Grand Vizier* (a stout gallant Man, who had been one of the chief *Beglerbegs* in the East) he intended to erect a new Soldiery in *Afia* about *Damasco*, of the *Coords*, a frontier People, and consequently hardy and inured to Arms. Of these he purposed to entertain 40,000 as a Lifeguard for his Person, though the main Design was to suppress his lazy and lustful *Janizaries*, with Men of fresh new Spirits.

To disguiise this Plot, he pretended a Pilgrimage to *Mecca*, to visit *Mabomet's Tomb*, and reconcile himself to the Prophet, who he thought was angry with him, because of his late ill Success in *Poland*: But this Colour was not specious enough, in regard he might have performed this Pilgrimage with a smaller Train and Charge; therefore it was propounded that the *Emir of Sidon* should be made to rise up in Arms, that so he might go with a greater Power and Treasure; but this Plot was held disadvantageous to him, in regard his *Janizaries* must then have attended him: So he pretends and prepares only

only for the Pilgrimage, yet he makes ready as much Treasure as he could make, and to that End he melts his Plate, and Furniture of Horses, with divers Church-lamps : This foretreated some Jealousy in the Janizaries, with certain Words which should drop from him, that he would find Soldiers shortly should whip them. Hereupon he had sent over to Asia's Side his Pavilions, many of his Servants, with his Jewels and Treasure, resolving upon the Voyage ; notwithstanding that divers Petitions were delivered him from the Clergy, the Civil Magistrate, and the Soldiery, that he should desist from the Voyage, but all would not do : Thereupon, on the Point of his Departure, the Janizaries and Spahies came in a tumultuary Manner to the Seraglio, and in a high insolent Language dissuaded him from the Pilgrimage, and demanded of him his ill Counsellors. The first he granted, but for the second, he said that it stood not with his Honour to have his nearest Servants torn from him so, without any legal Proceeding ; but he assured them that they should appear in the Divan the next Day, to answer for themselves : But this not satisfying, they went away in a Fury, and plundered the Grand Vicer's Palace, with divers others. Osman hereupon was advised to go from his private Gardens that Night to the Asian Shore, but his Destiny kept him from it : So the next Morning they came armed to the Court (but having made a Covenant not to violate the Imperial Throne) and cut in Pieces the Grand Vicer, with divers other great Officers ; and not finding Osman, who had hid himself in a small Lodge in one of his Gardens, they cried out, they must have a Muffulman Emperor : Therefore they broke into a Dungeon, and brought out Mustapha, Osman's Uncle, whom he had clapped there at the Beginning of the Tumult, and who had been King before, but was deposed for his Simplicity, being a kind of Santon, or holy Man, that is, 'twixt an *Innocent* and an *Idiot* ; this Mustapha they did re-inthronize, and place in the Ottoman Empire.

The next Day they found out Osman, and brought him before Mustapha, who excused himself with Tears in his Eyes for his rash Attempts, which wrought Tenderness in some, but more Scorn and Fury in others ; who fell upon the Capa Aga, with other Officers, and cut them in Pieces before his Eyes. Osman thence was carried to Prison, and as he was getting on Horseback, a common Soldier took off his Turban, and clapped his upon Osman's Head, who in his Passage begged a Draught of Water at a Fountain. The next Day, the new Vicer went with an Executioner to strangle him, in regard there were two younger Brothers more of his to preserve the Ottoman's Race ; where, after they had rushed in, he being newly

newly awaked, and staring upon them, and thinking to defend himself, a robust beiferous Rogue knocked him down, and so the rest fell upon him, and strangled him with much ado.

Thus fell one of the greatest Potentates upon Earth, by the Hands of a contemptible Slave, for these is not a free-born Subject in all that vast Empire : Thus fell he that intitles himself Most Puissant and Highest Monarch of the *Turks*, King above all Kings, a King that dwelleth upon the earthly Paradise, Son of *Abraham*, Keeper of the Grave of the Christian God, Lord of the Tree of Life, and of the River *Flyki*, Prior of the earthly Paradise, Conqueror of the *Macedonians*, the Seed of Great *Alexander*, Prince of the Kingdoms of *Tartary*, *Mesopotamia*, *Media*, and of the martial *Mammalacks*, *Anatolia*, *Bithynia*, *Aria*, *Armenia*, *Servia*, *Thracia*, *Morea*, *Valachia*, *Moldavia*, and of all warlike *Hungary*, Sovereign Lord and Commander of all *Greece*, *Perse*, both the *Arabis*'t, the most noble Kingdom of *Egypt*, *Tremison*, and African Empire of *Trabzon*, and the most glorious *Constantinople*, Lord of all the *White* and *Black* Seas, of the Holy City *Mosca* and *Madina*, shining with divine Glory ; Commander of all Things that are to be commanded, and the strongest and mightiest Champion of the wide World ; a Warrior appointed by Heaven in the Edge of the Sword, a Persecutor of his Enemies, a most perfect Jewel of the Blessed Tree, the chieftest Keeper of the crucified God, &c. with other such bombastical Titles.

This *Osmann* was a Man of goodly Constitution, an amiable Aspect, and of Excess of Courage, but sordidly covetous ; which drove him to violate the Church, and to melt the Lamps thereof, which made the *Musti* say, That this was a due Judgment fallen upon him from Heaven for his Sacrilege. He used also to make his Person too cheap, for he would go ordinarily in the Night-time with two Men after him, like a Petty-constable, and peep into the *Cough-houses* and *Caharts*, and apprehend Soldiers there : And these two Things it seems were the Cause, that when he was so assaulted in the *Seraglio*, not one of his domestic Servants, whereof he had 3000, would lift up an Arm to help him.

Some few Days before his Death he had a strange Dream, for he dreamed that he was mounted upon a great *Camel*, who would not go neither by fair nor foul Means ; and lighting off him, and thinking to strike him with his Scimiter, the Body of the Beast vanished, leaving the Head and the Bridle only in his Hands. When the *Musti* and the *Hoggies* could not interpret this Dream, *Mustapha* his Uncle did it ; for he said, the *Camel* signified his Empire, his mounting of him his Excess

Excess in Government, his lighting down^t his Depositing. Another kind of prophetic Speech dropt from the *Grand Viceroy* to Sir Tho. Roe, our Ambassador there, who having gone a little before this Tragedy to visit the said *Viceroy*, told him, what Whisperings and Mutterings there were in every Corner for this *Asiatic Voyage*, and what ill Consequences might ensue from it: Therefore it might well stand with his great Wisdom to stay it; but if it held, he desired him to leave a Charge with the *Caimacban*, his Deputy, that the *English* Nation in the Port should be free from Outrages: Whereunto the *Grand Viceroy* answered, Trouble not yourself about that, for I will not remove so far from *Constantinople*, but I will leave one of my Legs behind to serve you; which proved too true; for he was murdered afterwards, and one of his Legs was hung up in the *Hippodrome*.

This fresh Tragedy makes me give over wondering at any Thing that ever I heard or read, to shew the Lubricity of mundane Greatnes, as also the Fury of the Vulgar, which, like an impetuous Torrent, gathers Strength by Degrees as it meets with divers Dams, and being come to the Height, cannot stop itself: For when this Rage of the Soldiers began first, there was no Design at all to violate or hurt the *Emperor*, but to take from him his ill Counsellors; but being once a-foot, it grew by insensible Degrees to the utmost of Outrages.

The bringing out of *Mustapha* from the Dungeon, where he was Prisoner, to be Emperor of the *Mussulmans*, put me in mind of what I read in Mr. *Camden* of our late Queen *Elizabeth*, how she was brought from the Scaffold to the *English* Throne.

They who profess to be Critics in Policy here, hope that this murdering of *Osman* may in time breed good Blood, and prove advantageous to *Christendom*: For tho' this be the first Emperor of the *Turks* that was dispatched so, he is not like to be the last, now that the Soldiers have this Precedent: Others think that if that Design in *Asia* had taken, it had been very probable the *Constantinopolitans* had hoisted up another King, and so the Empire had been dismembered, and by this Division had lost Strength, as the *Roman Empire* did, when it was broken into East and West.

Excuse me that this my Letter is become such a Monster, I mean that it hath passed the Size and ordinary Proportion of a Letter; for the Matter it treats of is monstrous: Besides, it is a Rule, that historical Letters have more Liberty to be long than others. In my next you shall hear how Matters pass here; and in the mean time, and always, I rest

17 Aug. 1623. Your Honour's most devoted Servitor, J. H.
XIII.

XXIII.

To the Right Hon. Sir Tho. Savage, Knt. and Bart.

Honourable Sir,

THE Procedure of Things in Relation to the grand Business of the Match, was at a kind of Stand, when the long-winded *Junta* delivered their Opinions, and fell at last upon this Result, that his Catholic Majesty, for the Satisfaction of St. Peter, might oblige himself in the Behalf of *England*, for the Performance of those Capitulations which related to the *Roman Catholics* in that Kingdom; and in case of Non-performance, then to right himself by War; since that the matrimonial Articles were solemnly sworn to by the King of *Spain* and his Highness, the two Favourites, our two Ambassadors, the Duke of *Infantado*, and other Counsellors of State being present: Hereupon the 8th of *September* next is appointed to be the Day of *Desposorios*, the Day of *Affiance*, or the Betrothing-day. There was much Gladness expressed here, and Luminaries of Joy were in every great Street thro'out the City: But there is an unlucky Accident hath intervened, for the King gave the Prince a solemn Visit since, and told him Pope *Gregory* was dead, who was so great a Friend to the Match; but in regard the Business was not yet come to Perfection, he could not proceed further in it till the former Dispensation were ratified by the new Pope *Urban*, which to procure he would make it his own Task, and that all possible Expedition should be used in it; and therefore desired his Patience in the Interim. The Prince answered, and pressed the Necessity of his speedy Return with divers Reasons; he said there was a general Kind of Murmuring in *England* for his so long Absence, that the King his Father was old and sickly, that the Fleet of his Ships were already, he thought, at Sea to fetch him, the Winter drew on, and withal, that the Articles of the Match were signed in *England* with this Proviso, That if he be not come back by such a Month, they should be of no Validity. The King replied, That since his Highness was resolved upon so sudden a Departure, he would please to leave a Proxy behind to finish the Marriage, and he would take it for a Favour if he would depute *Him* to personate him; and ten Days after the Ratification shall come from *Rome*, the Business shall be done, and afterwards he might send for his Wife when he pleased. The Prince rejoined, that among those Multitudes of Royal Favours which he had received from his Majesty, this transcended all the rest; therefore he would most willingly leave a Proxy for his Majesty, and another for *Don Carlos* to this Effect: So they

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parted

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parted for that time without the least Umbrage of Discontent, nor do I hear of any engendered since. The last Month, it is true, the *Junta* of Divines dwelt so long upon the Busines, that there were Whisperings that the Prince intended to go away disguised as he came; and the Question being asked by a Person of Quality, there was a brave Answer made, That if Love brought him thither, it is not Fear shall drive him away.

There are Preparations already a-foot for his Return, and the two Proxies are drawn and left in my Lord of *Bristol's* Hands. Notwithstanding this ill-favoured Stop, yet we are all here confident the Busines will take Effect: In which Hopes I rest

*Madrid, 18 Aug.
1623.*

*Your most humble and ready
Servitor, J. H.*

XXIV.

To Capt. Nich. Leat, at his House in London.

S I R,

THIS Letter comes to you by Mr. *Richard Altham*; of whose sudden Departure hence I am very sorry, it being the late Death of his Brother Sir *James Altham*. I have been at a Stand in the Busines a good while, for his Highness's coming hither was no Advantage to me in the Earth. He hath done the *Spaniards* divers Courtesies, but he hath been very sparing in doing the *English* any. It may be, perhaps, because it may be a Diminution of Honour to be beholden to any foreign Prince to do his own Subjects Favours; but my Busines requires no Favour, all I desire is Justice, which I have not obtained yet in Reality.

The Prince is preparing for his Journey, I shall to it again closely when he is gone, or make a Shaft or a Bolt of it. The Pope's Death hath retarded the Proceedings of the Match, but we are so far from despairing of it, that one may have Wagers 30 to 1, it will take Effect still. He that deals with this Nation must have a great deal of Phlegm; and if this grand Busines of State, the Match, suffer such Protractions and Puttings off, you need not wonder that private Negotiations, as mine is, should be subject to the same Inconveniences. There shall be no Means left unattempted that my best Industry can find out to put a Period to it; and when his Highness is gone, I hope to find my Lord of *Bristol* more at Leisure to continue his Favour and Furtherance, which hath been much already: So I rest

Madrid, 19 Aug. 1623. Yours ready to serve you, J. H.

XXV.

*To Sir James Crofts:**SIR,*

THE Prince is now upon his Journey to the Sea-side; where my Lord of *Ruland* attends for him with a Royal Fleet: There are many here shrink in their Shoulders; and are very sensible of his Departure, and the Lady *Infante* resents it more than any; she hath caused a Mass to be sung every Day ever since for his good Voyage: The *Spaniards* themselves confess there was never Prince so bravely woo'd. The King and his two Brothers accompanied his Highness to the *Escarial* some 20 Miles off, and would have brought him to the Sea-side, but that the Queen is big, and hath not many Days to go. When the King and he parted, there passed wonderful great Endearments and Embraces in divers Postures between them a long Time; and in that Place there is a Pillar to be erected as a Monument to Posterity. There are some Grandees, and Count *Gondomar* with a great Train besides, gone with him to the *Marine*, to the Sea-side, which will be many Days Journey, and must needs put the King of *Spain* to a mighty Expence, besides his 7 Months Entertainment here. We hear that when he passed thro' *Valladolid*, the D. of *Lerma* was retired thence for the Time by special Command from the King, lest he might have Discourse with the Prince, whom he extremely desired to see; this sunk deep into the old Duke, insomuch that he said, that of all the Acts of Malice which *Olivares* had ever done him, he resented this more than any. He bears up yet under his Cardinal's Habit, which hath kept him from many a foul Storm that might have fallen upon him else from the temporal Power. The Duke of *Uzeda*, his Son, finding himself decline in Favour at Court, hath retired to the Country, and died soon after of Discontentment: During his Sicknes the Cardinal wrote this short weighty Letter unto him: *Dize me, que Mareys de necio; por mi, mas temo mis anos que mis Enemigo.* *Lerma.* I shall not need to english it to you, who is so great a Master of the Language. Since I began this Letter we understand the Prince is safely embarked, but not without some Danger of being cast away, had not Sir *Sackville Trevor* taken him up; I pray God send him a good Voyage, and us no ill News from *England*. My most humble Service at *Tower-hill*, so I am

*Madrid, 21 Aug. 1623.**Your humble Servitor, J. H.*

XXVI.

*To my Brother Dr. Howell.**My Brother,*

SINCE our Prince's Departure hence, the Lady *Infanta* studieth English apace, and one Mr. *Wadsworth* and Father *Boniface*, two Englishmen, are appointed her Teachers, and have Access to her every Day: We account her, as it were, our Princeps now; and as we give, so she takes that Title. Our Ambassadors, my Lord of *Bristol* and Sir *Walter Alston* will not stand now covered before her when they have Audience, because they hold her to be their Princeps: She is preparing divers Suits of rich Cloaths for his Highness of perfumed Amber Leather, some embroidered with Pearl, some with Gold, some with Silver: Her Family is a settling apace; and most of her Ladies and Officers are known already. We want nothing now but one Dispatch more from *Rome*, and then the Marriage will be solemnized, and all Things consummated: Yet there is one Mr. *Clerk* (with the same Arm) that came hither from the Sea-side as soon as the Prince was gone; he is one of the D. of *Buckingham*'s Creatures, yet he lies at the E. of *Bristol*'s House, which we wonder at, considering the Darknes that happened 'twixt the Duke and the Earl: We fear that this *Clerk* hath brought something that may puzzle the Busines. Besides, having occasion to make my Address lately to the *Venetian* Ambassador, who is interested in some Part of that great Busines for which I am here, he told me confidently it would be no Match, nor did he think it was ever intended. But I want Faith to believe him yet, for I know St. *Mark* is no Friend to it, nor *France*, nor any other Prince or State besides the King of *Denmark*, whose Grandmother was of the House of *Austria*, being Sister to *Charles* the Emperor. Touching the Busines of the *Palatinate*, our Ambassadors were lately assured by *Olivares* and all the Counsellors here, and that in this King's Name, that he would procure his Majesty of *Great-Britain* intire Satisfaction herein; and *Olivares* giving them the Joy, intreated them to assure their King upon their Honour, and upon their Lives, of the Reality hereof: For the *Infanta* herself (said he) hath stirred it, and makes it now her own Busines; for it was a firm Peace and Amity (which he confessed could never be without the Accommodation of Things in *Germany*), as much as an Alliance, which his Catholic Majesty aimed at. But we shall know shortly now what to trust to, we shall walk no more in Mists, tho' some give out yet that our Prince shall embrace a Cloud for *Juno* at last.

I pray present my Service to Sir *John Franklin*, and Sir *John Smith*, with all at the Hill and Dale; and when you send to *Wales*, I pray convey the inclosed to my Father. So my dear Brother, I pray God bless us both, and bring us again joyfully together.

Madrid 12 Aug. 1623. Your very loving Brother, J. H.

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XXVII.

To my noble Friend Sir John North, Knight.

SIR,

I Received lately one of yours, but it was of a very old date: We have our Eyes here now all fixed upon *Rome*, greedily expecting the Ratification; and lately a strong rumour ran it was come, insomuch that Mr. *Clerk* who was sent hither from the Prince, being a shipboard (and now lies sick at my Lord of *Bristol's* House of a Calenture) hearing of it, he desired to speak with him, for he had something to deliver him from the Prince, my Lord Ambassador being come to him, Mr. *Clerk* delivered a Letter from the Prince, the contents whereof were, That whereas he had left certain *Praxes* in his Hand to be delivered to the King of *Spain* after the Ratification was come, he desired and required him not to do it till he should receive further order from *England*. My Lord of *Bristol* hereupon went to Sir *Walter Aston*, who was in joint Commission with him for concluding the Match; and shewing him the Letter, what my Lord *Aston* said, I know not, but my Lord of *Bristol* told him, That they had a Commission-Royal under the Broad Seal of *England* to conclude the Match; he knew as well as he how earnest the King their Master hath been any time these ten years to have it done, how there could not be a better pawn for the surrendry of the *Palatinate*, than the *Infanta* in the Prince's Arms, who could never rest till she did the Work, to merit the love of our Nation: he told him also how their own particular Fortunes depended upon it; besides, if he should delay one Moment to deliver the *Praxe* after the Ratification was come, according to agreement, the *Infanta* would hold herself so blemished in her honour, that it might overthrow all things. Lastly, he told him, That they incurred the hazard of their Heads, if they should suspend the executing his Majesty's Commission upon any order but from that Power which gave it, who was the King himself. Hereupon both the Ambassadors proceeded full in preparing matters for the solemnizing of the

Marriage; the Earl of *Bristol* had caused above 30 rich Liveries to be made of watched Velvet, with Silver Lace up to the very Capes of the Clokes, the best sorts whereof were valued at 80*l.* a Livery: My Lord *Aston* had also provided new Liveries; and a fortnight after the said politic Report was blown up, the Ratification came indeed complete and full; so the Marriage-day was appointed, a Terras covered all over with Tapestry was raised from the King's Palace to the next Church, which might be about the same extent as from *Whitehall* to *Westminster-Abbey*; and the King intended to make his Sister a Wife, and his Daughters (whereof the Queen was delivered a little before) a *Christian* upon the same day; the Grandees and great Ladies had been invited to the Marriage, and order was sent to all the Port-Towns to discharge their great Ordnance, and sundry other things were prepared to honour the Solemnity: but when we were thus at the height of our hopes, a day or two before, there came Mr. *Killegree, Gresley, Wood, and Davies*, one upon the Neck of another, with a new Commission to my Lord of *Bristol* immediately from his Majesty, commanding him to deliver the *Proxy* aforesaid, until a full and absolute satisfaction were had for the Surrendry of the *Palatinate* under this King's Hand and Seal, in regard he desired his Son should be married to *Spain*, and his Son-in-Law re-married to the *Palatinate* at one time. Hereupon all was dashed in pieces, and that frame which was rearing so many Years, was ruined in a Moment. This News struck a damp in the Hearts of all People here, and they will'd that the Postilions that brought it, had all broke their necks in the way.

My Lord of *Bristol* hereupon went to Court to acquaint the King with his new Commission, and so proposed the restitution of the *Palatinate*: The King answered, it was none of his to give; it is true, he had a few Towns there, but he held them as Commissioner only for the Emperor, and he could not command an Emperor; yet if his Majesty of *Great-Britain* would put a Treaty a-foot, he would send his own Ambassador to join. In the *Interim* the Earl was commanded not to deliver the aforesaid *Proxy* of the Prince, for the *Desposorios* or Espousal, until *Christmas*; (and herein it seems his Majesty with you was not well informed, for those Powers of *Proxies* expired before.) The King here said further, That if his Uncle the Emperor, or the Duke of *Bavaria* would not be conformable to reason, he would raise as great an Army for the Prince *Palgrave* as he did under *Spinola*, when he first invaded the *Palatinate*; and

and to secure this, he would engage his Contratation-house of the *West-Indies*, with his Plate-Fleet, and give the most binding Instrument that could be under his Hand and Seal, But this gave no satisfaction; therefore my Lord of *Bristol*, I believe, hath not long to stay here, for he is commanded to deliver no more Letters to the *Infanta*, nor demand any more audience, and that she should be no more styled Princess of *England* or *Wales*. The aforesaid Caution which this King offered to my Lord of *Bristol*, made me think of what I read of his Grandfather *Philip II.* who having been married to our Q. *Mary*, and it being thought she was with child of him; and was accordingly prayed for at *Paul's Cross*, tho' it proved afterwards but a Tympany, K. *Philip* proposed to our Parliament, that they would pass an Act that he might be Regent during his or her Minority that should be born, and would give good caution to surrender the Crown when he or she should come to age. The Motion was hotly canvassed in the House of Peers, and like to pass, when the Lord *Paget* rose up and said, *I, but who shall sue the King's Bond?* So the business was dashed. I have no more news to send you now, and I am sorry I have so much, unless it were better; for we that have business to negotiate here, are like to suffer much by this rupture: Welcome be the will of God, to whose benediction I commend you, and rest

*Madrid, 25 Aug.
1623.*

*Your most humble
Servitor, J. H.*

XXVIII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Clifford.

My good Lord,

THO' this Court cannot afford now such comfortable news in relation to *England* as I could wish, yet such as it is, you shall receive. My Lord of *Bristol* is preparing for *England*, I waited upon him lately when he went to take his leave at Court; and the King washing his Hands, took a ring from off his own finger, and put it upon his, which was the greatest honour that ever he did any Ambassador, as they lay here; he gave him also a Cupboard of Plate, valued at 20000 Crowns: There were also large and high Promises made him, that in case he feared to fall upon any rock in *England*, by reason of the Power of those who maligned him, if he would stay in any of his Dominions, he would give him means and honour equal to the highest of his Enemies. The Earl did not only wave, but disdained

these Propositions made to him by *Olivares*, and said he was so confident of the King his Master's Justice and high Judgment, and of his own innocency, that he conceived no Power could be able to do him hurt. There hath occurred nothing lately in this Court worth the advertisement; They speak much of the strange carriage of that boisterous Bishop of *Hallerstadt*, (for so they term him here) that having taken a place where there were two Monasteries of Nuns and Friars, he caused divers Feather-beds to be ripped, and all the Feathers to be thrown in a great Hall whither the Nuns and Friars were thrust naked with their Bodies oiled and pitched, and to tumble among these feathers; which makes them here presage him an ill Death. So I most affectionately kiss your hands, and rest

Madrid, 26 Aug. 1623. Your very bumble Servitor, J. H.

XXIX.

To Sir John North.

SIR,

I Have many thanks to render you for the favour you lately did to a Kinsman of mine, Mr. *Vaughan*, and for divers others, which I defer till I return to that Court, and that I hope will not be long. Touching the Procedure of matters here, you shall understand, that my Lord *Aston* had special audience lately of the King of *Spain*, and afterwards presented a Memorial, wherein there was a high complaint against the miscarriage of the two *Spanish Ambassadors* now in *England*, the Marquis of *Inojosa*, and *Don Carlos Coloma*; the substance of it was, That the said Ambassadors in a private audience his Majesty of *Great-Britain* had given them, informed him of a pernicious Plot against his Person and Royal Authority, which was, That at the beginning of your now Parliament, the Duke of *Buckingham*, with other his complices, often met and consulted in a clandestine Way, how to break the Treaty both of *Match* and *Palatinate*; and in case his Majesty was unwilling thereunto, he should have a Country-House or two to retire unto for his recreation and Health, in regard the Prince is now of Years and judgment fit to govern. His Majesty so resented this, that the next Day he sent them many thanks for the care they had of him, and desired them to perfect the Work; and now that they had detected the Treason, to discover also the Traitors; but they were sly in that point. The King sent again, desiring them to send the names of the Conspirators in a Paper sealed up by one of their own Confidants, which

which he would receive with his own Hands, and no Soul should see it else; advising them whilal, that they should not prefer this Discovery before their own Honours, to be accounted false Accusers: They replied, That they had done enough already by instancing in the Duke of *Buckingham*, and it might easily be guessed who were his Confidants and Creatures. Hereupon his Majesty put those whom he had any Grounds to suspect to their Oaths: And afterwards sent my Lord *Conway*, and Sir *Francis Cottington*, to tell the Ambassadors that he had left no Means untried to discover the Conspiracy; that he had found upon Oath such a Clearness of Ingenuity in the Duke of *Buckingham*, that satisfied him of his Innocency; therefore he had just Cause to conceive that this Information of theirs proceeded rather from Malice, and some political Ends, than from Truth; and in regard they would not produce the Authors of so dangerous a Treason, they made themselves to be justly thought the Authors of it: And therefore, tho' he might, by his own Royal Justice, and the Law of Nations, punish this Excess and Insolence of theirs, and high Wrong they had done to his best Servants, yea to the Prince his Son, for through the Sides of the Duke they wounded him, in regard it was impossible that such a Design should be attempted without his Privity, yet he would not be his own Judge herein, but would refer them to the King their Master, whom he conceived to be so just, that he doubted not but he would see him satisfied; and therefore he would send an Express to him thereabouts, to demand Justice and Reparation. This Business is now in Agitation, but we know not what will become of it. We are all here in a sad disconsolate Condition, and the Merchants shake their Heads up and down out of an Apprehension of some fearful War to follow: So I most affectionately kiss your Hands, and rest

Madrid, 26 Aug. 1623.

*Your very humble and
ready Servitor. J. H.*

XXX.

To Sir Kenelme Digby, Knight,

SIR,

YOU have had Knowledge (none better) of the Progression and Growings of the *Spanish Match* from time to time; I must acquaint you now with the Rupture and utter Dissolution of it, which was not long a doing; for it was done in one Audience that my Lord of *Bristol* had lately at Court, whence it may be inferred, that it is far more easy

easy to pull down than rear up; for that Structure which was so many Years a rearing, was dashed, as it were, in a Trice: Dissolution goeth a faster Pace than Composition. And it may be said, that the civil Actions of Men, 'specially great Affairs of Monarchs (as this was) have much Analogy, in Degrees of Progression, with the natural Production of Man. To make Man, there are many Acts must proceed; first a Meeting and Copulation of the Sexes, then Conception, which requires a well-dispos'd Womb to retain the prolific Seed, by the Constriction and Occlusion of the Office of the Menses; which Seed being first, and afterwards Cream, is by a gentle Ebullition coagulated, and turned to a cruddled Lump, which the Womb, by virtue of its natural Heat, prepares to be capable to receive Form, and to be organized: Whereupon Nature falls a working to delineate all the Members, beginning with those that are most noble, as the Heart, the Brain, the Liver, whereof Galen would have the Liver, which is the Shop and Source of the Blood, and Aristotle the Heart, to be the first framed, in regard it is *primum vivens & ultimum moriens*. Nature continues in this Labour until a perfect Shape be introduced; and this is called *Formation*, which is the third Act, and is a Production of an organical Body out of the spermatic Substance, caused by the plastic Virtue of the vital Spirits: And sometimes this Act is finished thirty Days after the Conception, sometimes fifty, but most commonly in forty-two or forty-five, and is sooner done in the Male. This being done, the Embryo is animated with three Souls; the first with that of Plants called the vegetable Soul; then with a sensitive, which all brute Animals have; and lastly, the rational Soul is infused; and these three in Man are like *Trigonus in Tetrangle*; the two first are generated ex Traduce, from the Seed of the Parents, but the last is by immediate Infusion from God: And it is controverted 'twixt Philosophers and Divines when this Infusion is made.

This is the fourth Act that goeth to make a Man, and is called *Animation*; and as the Naturalists allow *Animation* double the Time that Formation had from the Conception, so they allow to the ripening of the *Embryo* in the Womb, and to the Birth thereof, treble the Time which *Animation* had, which happeneth sometimes in nine, sometimes in ten Months. This grand Busines of the Spanish Match may be said to have had such Degrees of Progression; first there was a Meeting and Coupling on both Sides, for a *Fiesta* in Spain, and some select Counsellors of State were appointed

in *England*. After this Conjunction the Busines was conceiv'd, then it received Form, then Life, (tho' the Quickening was slow) but having had near upon ten Years in view of ten Monthes to be perfected, it was unfortunately strangled, when it was ripe ready for Birth; and I would they had never been born that did it, for it is like to be out of my way 2000 L And as the Embrye in the Womb is wrapped in three Membranes or Tunicles, so this great Busines, you know better than I, was involved in many Difficulties, and did so entangled before it could break through them.

There is a Buz here of a Match 'twixt *England* and *France*; I pray God send it a spedier Formation and Attainment than this had, and that it may not prove an Abortive.

I send you herewith a Letter from the Paragon of the Spanish Court, *Dona Anna Maria Manrique*, the Duke of *Alburquerque's* Sister, who respects you in a high Degree; she told me this was the first Letter she ever writ to Man in her Life, except the Duke her Brother; she was much solicited to write to Mr. *Thomas Cary*, but she would not; I did also your Message to the *Mariqueta d'Inojosa*, who put me to sit a good while with her upon *Estrado*, which was no simple Favour: You are much in both these Ladies Books, and much spoken of by divers others in this Court. I could not recover your Diamond Hatband which the *Picaros* snatched from you in the Coach, tho' I used all Means possible, as far as Book, Bell, and Candle, in Point of Excommunication against the Party in all the *Churches* of *Madrid*, by which Means you know divers things are recovered. So I most affectionately kiss your Hands, and rest

P. S. Yours of Mar. 2. Your most faithful Servitor,
came safe to Hand. J. H.
Madrid.

XXXI.

To my Cousin, Mr. J. Price, (now Knight) at the Middle-Temple, from Madrid;

Cousin, suffer my Letter to salute you first in this Distich:

A Thameſi Tagus quæ leuicis flumine diſtat,
Oſcula tot manibus porta, Pricæ tuis.

As many Miles *Thames* lies from *Tagus* Strands,
I bring so many Kisses to thy Hands.

My

My dear Jack,

IN the large Register or *Almanack* of my Friends in *England*, you are one of the chiefest *Red Letters*; you are one of my *Festival Rubrics*; for whenever you fall upon my Mind, or my Mind falls upon you, I keep Holiday all the while; and this happens so often, that you leave me but a few Working-days throughout the whole Year, fewer far than this Country affords; for in their *Kalender* above five Months of the twelve are dedicated to some Saint or other, and kept Festival; a Religion that the *London* Apprentices would like well.

I thank you for yours of the third current, and the ample Relations you give me of *London* Occurrences, but principally for the powerful and sweet Assurances you give me of your Love both in Verse and Prose. All Businesses here are off the Hinges; for one late Audience of my Lord of *Bristol* pulled down what was so many Years a rasing. And as *Thomas Aquinas* told an Artist of a costly curious Statue in *Rome*, that by some Accident while he was a trimming it, fell down, and so broke to Pieces, *Opas triginta annorum destruxisti*. Thou hast destroyed the Work of thirty Years; so it may be said, that a Work near upon ten Years, is now suddenly shattered to Pieces. I hope by God's Grace to be now speedily in *England*, and to re-enjoy your most dear Society: In the mean time may all Happiness attend you.

Ad Literam.

*Ocius ut grandire gradus oratio, possit
Prosa, tibi binqs jungimus ecce pedes:*

That in thy journey thou may'st be more fleet,
To thy dull Prose I add these *Metric* Feet;

Resp.

*Ad mare cum venio, quid agam? Rep. tum præpete penna
Te ferat, est labor, nam levis ignis, Amor.*

But when I come to Sea, how shall I shift?

Let Love transport thee then, for Fire is swift.

30 Mar. 1624. *Your most affectionate Cousin, J. H.*

XXXII.

To the Lord Viscount Colchester, from Madrid.

Right Honourable,

YOUR Lordship's of the third current came to safe Hand, and being now upon Point of parting with this Court, I thought it worth the Labour to send your Lordship a short Survey of the Monarchy of Spain; a bold Undertaking,

taking, your Lordship will say, to comprehend within the narrow Bounds of a Letter such a huge Bulk; but as in the Boss of a small Diamond-ring one may discern the Image of a mighty Mountain, so I will endeavour that your Lordship may behold the Power of this great King in this Paper.

Spain hath been always esteemed a Country of antient Renown; and as it is incident to all other, she hath had her Vicissitudes and Turns of Fortune: She hath been thrice overcome, by the *Romans*, by the *Goths*, and by the *Moors*: The middle Conquest continueth to this Day; for this King and most of the Nobility profess themselves to have descended of the *Goths*: The *Moors* kept here about 700 Years; and it is a remarkable Story how they got in first, which was thus upon good Record. There reigned in Spain Don *Rodrigo*, who kept his Court then at *Malaga*; he employed the Conde Don *Julian Ambassador* to *Barbary*, who had a Daughter (a young beautiful Lady) that was Maid of Honour to the Queen: The King spying her one Day refreshing herself under an Arbor, fell enamoured with her, and never left till he had deflowered her. She resenting much the Dishonour, writ a Letter to her Father in *Barbary* under this Allegory, *That there was a fair green Apple upon the Table, and the King's Poinard fell upon it, and cleft it in two.* Don *Julian* apprehending the Meaning, got Letters of Revocation, and came back to Spain, where he so complied with the King, that he became his Favourite: Among other Things he advised the King, That in regard he was now in Peace with all the World, he would dismiss his Gallies and Garrisons that were up and down the Sea-coasts, because it was a superfluous Charge. This being done, and the Country left open to any to invade, he prevailed with the King to have Leave to go with his Lady to see their Friends in *Tarragona*, which was 300 Miles off. Having been there a while, his Lady made Semblance to be sick, and so sent to petition the King that her Daughter *Donna Cava* (whom they had left at Court to satiate the King's Lust) might come to comfort her a while: *Cava* came, and the Gate through which she went forth is called after her Name to this Day in *Malaga*: Don *Julian* having all his chief Kindred there, he sailed over to *Barbary*, and afterwards brought over the King of *Morocco* and others with an Army, who suddenly invaded Spain, lying armlets and open; and so conquered it. Don *Rodrigo* died gallantly in the Field; but what became of Don *Julian*, who, for a particular Revenge, betrayed his own Country, no Story makes mention. A few Years before this happened, *Rodrigo* came to

to Toledo, where under the great Church there was a Vault with huge Iron-doors, and none of his Predecessors durst open it, because there was an old Prophecy, *That when that Vault was opened Spain should be conquered.* Rodrigo slighting the Prophecy, caused the Doors to be broke open, hoping to find there some Treasure; but when he entered, there was nothing found but the Pictures of Moors, of such Men that a little after fulfilled the Prophecy.

Yet this last Conquest of Spain was not perfect, for divers Parts North-west kept still under Christian Kings, specially Biscay, which was never conquered, as Wales in Britany; and the Biscayners have much Analogy with the Welsh in divers Things: They retain to this Day the original Language of Spain; they are the most mountainous People, and they are reputed the antientest Gentry; so that when any is to take the Order of Knighthood, there are no Inquisitors appointed to find whether he be clear of the Blood of the Moor, as in other Places. The King, when he comes upon the Confines, pulls off one Shoe before he can tread upon any Biscay Ground: And he hath good Reason to esteem the Province, in regard of divers Advantages he hath by it; for he hath his best Timber to build Ships, his best Marines, and all his Iron thence.

There were divers bloody Battles 'twixt the Remnant of Christians and the Moors, for 700 Years together; and the Spaniards getting Ground more and more, drove them at last to Granada; and thence also, in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, quite over to Barbary: Their last King was Chico, who when he fled from Granada crying and weeping, the People upbraided him, *That he might well weep like a Woman, who could not defend himself and them like a Man.* This was that Ferdinand who obtained from Rome the Title of Catholic, tho' some Stories say, that many Ages before, Ricardus, the first Orthodox King of the Goths, was styled Catholicus in a Provincial Synod held at Toledo, which was continued by Alfonius I. and then made hereditary by this Ferdinand. This absolute Conquest of the Moors happened about Henry VII's Time, when the fore-said Ferdinand and Isabella had by Alliance joined Castile and Aragon; which, with the Discovery of the West-Indies, which happened a little after, was the first Foundation of that Greatness wherunto Spain is now mounted. Afterwards there was an Alliance with Burgundy and Austria; by the first婚 the seventeen Provinces fell to Spain; by the second Charles V. came to be Emperor: And remarkable it is how

how the House of *Austria* came to that Height from a mean Earl; the Earl of *Hapsburg* in *Germany*, who having been one Day a hunting, he overtook a Priest who had been with the Sacrament to visit a poor sick Body; the Priest being tired, the Earl lighted off his Horse, helped up the Priest, and so waited upon him a-foot all the while, till he brought him to the Church: The Priest giving him his Benediction at his going away, told him, that for this great Act of Humility and Piety, *His Grace should be one of the greatest that ever the World had*; and ever since, which is some 240 Years ago, the Empire hath continued in that House, which afterwards was called the House of *Austria*.

In *Philip II's* Time the *Spanish Monarchy* came to its highest Pitch, by the Conquest of *Portugal*, whereby the *East-Indies*, sundry Islands in the *Atlantic Sea*, and divers Places in *Barbary*, were added to the Crown of *Spain*. By these Steps this Crown came to this Grandeur; and truly, give the *Spaniard* his Due, he is a mighty Monarch, he hath Dominions in all Parts of the World (which none of the four Monarchies had) both in *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America* (which he hath solely to himself) tho' our *Henry VII.* had the first Proffer made him: So the Sun shines all the four-and-twenty Hours of the natural Day upon some Part or other of his Countries; for Part of the *Antipodes* are subject to him. He hath eight Viceroyes in *Europe*, two in the *East-Indies*, two in the *West*, two in *Afric*, and about thirty Provincial Sovereign Commanders more; yet, as I was told lately, in a Discourse 'twixt him and our Prince at his being here, when the King fell to magnify his spacious Dominions, the King answered, Sir, 'Tis true, it has pleased God to trust me with divers Nations and Countrees, but of all these there are but two which yield me any clear Revenues, viz. Spain and my *West-Indies*; nor all Spain neither, but Castile only, the rest do scarce quit cost, for all is drunk up 'twixt Governors and Garrisoners; yet my Advantage is to have the Opportunity to propagate the Christian Religion, and to employ my Subjects. For the last, it must be granted that no Prince hath better Means to breed brave Men, and more Variety of Commands to heighten their Spirits with no petty but princely Employments.

This King, besides, hath no other Means to oblige the Gentry to him, by such a huge Number of *Comendams*, which he hath in his Gift to bestow on whom he pleases of any of the three Orders of Knighthood; which *England* and *France* want. Some Noblemen in *Spain* can spend 50000*l.* some

some 40, some 30, and divers 20000*l. per Ann.* The Church here is exceeding rich, both in Revenues, Plate, and Buildings; one cannot go to the meanest Country Chapel, but he will find Chalices, Lamps, and Candlesticks of Silver. There are some Bishoprics of 30000*l. per Ann.* and divers of 10000*l.* and Toledo is 100000*l. yearly Revenue.* As the Church is rich, so it is mightily reverenced here, and very powerful; which made Philip II. rather depend upon the Clergy than the secular Power. Therefore I do not see how Spain can be called a poor Country, considering the Revenues aforesaid of Princes and Prelates; nor is it so thin of People as the World makes it, and one Reason may be that there are fifteen Universities in Spain, and in one of thes there were 15000 Students at one time when I was there, I mean Salamanca; and in this Village of Madrid (for the King of Spain cannot keep his constant Court in any City) there are ordinarily 600000 Souls. It is true, that the colonizing of the Indies, and the Wars of Flanders, have much drained this Country of People; since the Expulsion of the Moors it is also grown thinner, and not so full of Corn; for those Moors would grub up Wheat out of the very Tops of the craggy Hills; yet they used another Grain for their Bread: So that the Spaniard had nought else to do but to go with his Ais to the Market, and buy Corn of the Moors. There lived here also in Times past, a great Number of Jews, till they were expelled by Ferdinand; and as I have read in an old Spanish Legend, the Cause was this: The King had a young Prince to his Son, who was used to play with a Jewish Doctor that was about the Court, who had a Ball of Gold in a String hanging down his Breast: The little Prince one Day snatched away the said golden Ball, and carried it to the next Room; the Ball being hollow, opened, and within there was painted our Saviour kissing a Jew's Tail. Hereupon they were all suddenly disterr'd and exterminated; yet I believe in Portugal there lurks yet good Store of them.

For the Soil of Spain, the Fruitfulness of their Vallies recompences the Sterility of their Hills; Corn is their greatest Want, and Want of Rain is the Cause of that, which makes them have Need of their Neighbours: Yet as much as Spain bears is passing good, and so is every thing else for the Quality; nor hath any one a better Horse under him, a better Cloak on his Back, a better Sword by his Side, better Shoes on his Feet, than the Spaniard; nor doth any drink better Wine, or eat better Fruit than he, nor Flesh for the Quantity.

Touch-

Touching the People, the *Spaniard* looks as high, tho' not so big as a *German*; his Excess is in too much Gravity, which some who know him not well, hold to be Pride; he cares not how little he labours, for poor *Gascans* and *Morisco* Slaves do most of his Work in Field and Vineyard: He can endure much in the War, yet he loves not to fight in the dark, but in open Day, or upon a Stage, that all the World might be Witnesses of his Valour; so that you shall seldom hear of *Spaniards* employed in Night-service, nor shall one hear of a Duel here in an Age. He hath one good Quality, that he is wonderfully obedient to Government; for the proudest Don of Spain, when he is prancing upon his Ginnet in the Street, if an *Alguazil* (a Serjeant) shew him his *Vare*, that is, a little white Staff he carrieth as a Badge of his Office, my Don will down presently off his Horse, and yield himself his Prisoner. He hath another commendable Quality, that when he giveth Alms, he pulls off his Hat, and puts it in the Beggar's Hand with a great deal of Humility. His Gravity is much lessened since the late Proclamation came out against Ruffs, and the King himself shewed the first Example; they were come to that Height of Excess herein, that twenty Shillings were used to be paid for starching of a Ruff: And some, tho' perhaps he had never a Shirt to his Back, yet he would have a totting huge swelling Ruff about his Neck. He is sparing in his ordinary Diet, but when he makes a Feast he is free and bountiful. As to temporal Authority, specially martial, so is he very obedient to the Church, and believes all with an implicit Faith. He is a great Servant of Ladies, nor can he be blamed, for, as I said before, he comes of a *Goatish* Race; yet he never brags of, nor blazes abroad his Doings that Way, but is exceedingly careful of the Repute of any Woman, (a Civility that we much want in *England*.) He will speak high Words of Don *Philippe* his King, but will not endure a Stranger should do so: I have heard a *Biscayner* make a *Rodomanada*, that he was as good a Gentleman as Don *Philippe* himself, for Don *Philippe* was half a *Spaniard*, halfe a *German*, halfe an *Italian*, halfe a *Frenchman*, halfe I know not what, but he was a pure *Biscayner* without Mixture. The *Spaniard* is not so smooth and oily in his Compliment as the *Italian*; and though he will make strong Protestations, yet he will not swear out Compliments like the *French* and *English*: As I heard when my Lord of *Carlise* was Ambassador in *France*, there came a great Monsieur to see him, and having a long time banded, and sworn Compliments one to another who should go first out at a Door; at last my

Lord of Carlisle said, *ô Monsieur ayez pitié de mon ame,*
O my Lord have pity upon my Soul.

The *Spaniard* is generally given to Gaming, and that in Excess; he will say his Prayers before, and if he win he will thank God for his good Fortune after. Their common Game at Cards (for they very seldom play at Dice) is *Primera*, at which the King never shews his Game, but throws his Cards with their Faces down on the Table. He is Merchant of all the Cards and Dice thro' all the Kingdom; he hath them made for a Penny a Pair, and he retails them for Twelve-pence; so that it is thought he hath 30,000 l. a Year by this Trick at Cards. The *Spaniard* is very devout in his Way, for I have seen him kneel in the very Dirt when the *Ave-Mary*-bell rings; and some, if they spy two Straws or Sticks lie cross-wise in the Street, they will take them up and kiss them, and lay them down again. He walks as if he marched, and seldom looks on the Ground, as if he contemned it. I was told of a *Spaniard*, who having got a Fall by a Stumble, and broke his Nose, rose up, and in a disdainful Manner said, *Voto a tal esto es caminar por la tierra;* This it is to walk upon Earth. The *Labradors* and Country Swains here are sturdy and rational Men, nothing so simple or servile as the *French* Peasant who is born in Chains. 'Tis true, the *Spaniard* is not so conversable as other Nations, (unless he hath travelled) else he is like *Mars* among the Planets, impatient of Conjunction: Nor is he so free in his Gifts and Rewards; as the last Suramier it happened that Count *Gondomar* with Sir *Francis Cottington*, went to see a curious House of the Constable of *Castile's*, which had been newly built here; the Keeper of the House was very officious to shew him every Room, with the Garden, Grotto's, and Aqueducts, and presented him with some Fruit; *Gondomar* having been a long time in the House, coming out, put many Compliments of Thanks upon the Man, and so was going away; Sir *Francis* whispered him in the Ear, and asked him whether he would give the Man any thing that took such Pains: Oh, quoth *Gondomar*, well remembered, Don *Francisco*, have you ever a double Pistole about you? If you have, you may give it him; and then you pay him after the English manner, *I have paid him already after the Spanish.* The *Spaniard* is much improved in Policy since he took Footing in Italy, and there is no Nation agrees with him better. I will conclude this Character with a Saying that he hath,

*No ay hombre de paro d' el Sol,
Cano el Italiano y el Espanol.*

Whereunto a Frenchman answered,
*Dizes la verdad, y tienes razon,
El uno es puto, el otro ladron.*

Englished thus,
Beneath the Sun there's no such Man,
As is the Spaniard and Italian.

The Frenchman answers,
Thou tell'st the Truth, and Reason hast,
The first's a Thief, a Ruggarer the last.

Touching their Women, Nature hath made a more visible Distinction twixt the two Sexes here, than elsewhere; for the Men for the most part are swarthy and rough, but the Women are of a far finer Mould, they are commonly little: And whereas there is a Saying that makes a complete Woman, let her be English to the Neck, French to the Waist, and Dutch below; I may add, for Hands and Feet let her be Spanish, for they have the least of any. They have another Saying, A Frenchwoman in a Dance, a Dutchwoman in the Kitchen, an Italian in a Window, an England-woman at Board, and the Spanish a-bed. When they are married, they have a Privilege to wear high Shoes, and to paint, which is generally practised here; and the Queen useth it herself. They are coy enough, but not so froward as our English; for if a Lady go along the Street (and all Women going here veiled, and their Habit so generally alike, one can hardly distinguish a Countess from a Cobler's Wife) if one should cast out an odd ill-sounding Word, and ask her a Favour, she will not take it ill, but put it off, and answer you with some witty Retort. After thirty they are commonly past Child-bearing; and I have seen Women in England look as you might at 50, as some here of 25. Money will do Miracles here in purchasing the Favour of Ladies, or any thing else; though this be the Country of Money, for it furnisheth well near all the World besides, yea their very Enemies, as the Turk and Hollander; insomuch that one may say, the Coin of Spain is as Catholic as her King. Yet though he be the greatest King of Gold and Silyer Mines in the World, (I think) yet the common current Coin here is Copper: And herein I believe the Hollander hath done him more Mischief by counterfeiting his Copper Coins, than by their Arms, bringing it in by strange surreptitious Ways, as

in hollow Sows of Tin and Lead, hollow Masts, in Pitch-Buckets under Water, and other Ways. But I fear to be injuriouds to this great King, to speak of him in so narrow a Compas; a great King indeed, tho' the *French* in a flighting way compare his Monarchy to a *Beggar's Cloke made up of Patches*: They are *Patches* indeed, but such as he hath not the like: The *East-Indies* is a Patch embroidered with Pearls, Rubies, and Diamonds: *Peru* is a Patch embroidered with massy Gold, *Mexico* with Silver, *Naples* and *Milan* are Patches of Cloth of Tissue: And if these Patches were in one Piece, what would become of his Cloke embroidered with *Flower-de-luces*?

So desiring your Lordship to pardon this poor imperfect Paper, considering the high Quality of the Subject, I rest

Madrid, 1 Feb.

Your Lordship's most humble

1623—4

Servitor, J. H.

XXXIII.

To Mr. Walsingham Grefley, from Madrid.

Don Balthasar,

I Thank you for your Letter in my Lord's last Packet, wherein, among other Passages, you write to me the Circumstances of Marquis Spinola's raising his Leaguer, by flatting and firing his Works before Berghen. He is much taxed here, to have attempted it, and to have buried so much of the King's Treasure before that Town in such costly Trenches. A Gentleman came hither lately, who was at the Siege all the while, and he told me one strange Passage; how Sir Ferdinando Cary, a huge corpulent Knight, was shot thro' his Body; the Bullet entering at the Navel, and coming out at his Back, killed his Man behind him; yet he lives still, and is like to recover. With this miraculous Accident, he told me also a merry one; how a Captain that had a wooden Leg booted over, had it shattered to Pieces by a Cannon-bullet: His Soldiers crying, *A Surgeon, a Surgeon, for the Captain*; no, no, said he, *A Carpenter, a Carpenter will serve the Turn*. To this pleasant Tale I'll add another that happened lately in Alcala hard by, of a Dominican Friar, who in a solemn Procescion which was held there upon Ascension-day last, had his Stones dangling under his Habit cut off instead of his Pocket by a Cut-purse.

Before you return hither, which I understand will be spec-dily, I pray bestow a Visit on our Friends in Bishopsgate-street. So I am

3 Feb. 1623—4

Your faithful Servitor, J. H.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

To Sir Robert Napier, Knt. at his House in Bishopsgate-street.

SIR,

THE late Breach of the *Match*, hath broke the neck of all Businesses here, and mine suffers as much as any: I had Access lately to *Olivares*, once or twice; I had Audience also of the King, to whom I presented a Memorial that intimated *Letters of Mart*, unless Satisfaction were had from his *Viceroy the Conde del Real*. The King gave me a gracious Answer, but *Olivares* a churlish one, viz. *That when the Spaniards had Justice in England, we should have Justice here*. So that notwithstanding I have brought it to the highest Point and Pitch of Perfection in Law that could be, and procured some Dispatches, the like whereof were never granted in this Court before, yet I am in despair now to do any Good. I hope to be shortly in *England*, by God's Grace, to give you and the rest of the Proprietaries a punctual Account of all Things: And you may easily conceive how sorry I am that Matters succeeded not according to your Expectation, and my Endeavours: But I hope you are none of those that measure Things by the Event. The Earl of *Bristol*, Count *Gondomar*, and my Lord Ambassador *Aston*, did not only do Courtesies, but they did co-operate with me in it, and contribute their utmost Endeavours. So I rest

Madrid, 18 Feb. 1623-4. Yours to serve you, J.H.

XXXV.

To Mr. A. S. in Alicant.

MUCH endeared Sir, *Fire*, you know, is the common Emblem of *Love*; but without any Disparagement to so noble a *Passion*, methinks it might be compared also to *Tinder*, and *Letters* are the properest Matter whereof to make this *Tinder*: *Letters* again are fittest to kindle, and re-accend this *Tinder*; they may serve both for *Flint*, *Steel*, and *Match*. This Letter of mine comes therefore of set Purpose to strike some Sparkles into yours, that it may glow and burn, and receive Ignition, and not lie dead, as it hath done a great while. I make my Pen to serve for an Instrument to stir the *Cinders* wherewith your old *Love* to me hath been covered a long time; therefore I pray let no *Courex-feu-Bell* have Power hereafter to rake up, and choke with the Ashes of Oblivion, that clear Flame where-

with our Affections did use to sparkle so long by Correspondence of Letters, and other Offices of Love.

I think I shall sojourn yet in this Court these 3 Months; for I will not give over this great Business, while there is the least Breath of Hope remaining.

I know you have choice Matters of Intelligence sometimes from thence; therefore I pray impart some unto us, and you shall not fail to know how Matters pass here weekly. So with my Best regards to *Francisco Imperial*, I rest

Madrid, 3 Mar.

1623-4

*Your's most affectionately to
serve you, J. H.*

XXVI.

To the Honourable Sir T. S. at Tower-hill.

S I R,

I Was yesterday at the *Escarial* to see the Monastery of St. Laurence, the eighth Wonder of the World; and truly considering the Site of the Place, the State of the Thing, and the Symmetry of the Structure, with divers other Ranties, it may be called so; for what I have seen in Italy, and other Places, are but Baubles to it. It is built amongst a Company of craggy barren Hills, which makes the Air the hungrier, and wholesomer: It is all built of Free-stone and Marble, and that with such Solidity and moderate Height, that surely *Philip II*'s chief Design was to make a Sacrifice of it to Eternity, and to contest with the Meteors, and Time itself. It cost eight Millions, it was 24 Years a building, and the Founder himself saw it finished, and enjoyed it 12 Years after, and carried his Bones himself thither to be buried.

The Reason that moved King *Philip* to waste so much Treasure, was a Vow he had made at the Battle of St. Quintin, where he was forced to batter a Monastery of St. Laurence Friars, and if he had the Victory, he would erect such a Monastery to St. Laurence, that the World had not the like; therefore the Form of it is like a Gridiron, the Handle is a huge Royal Palace, and the Body a vast Monastery or Assembly of quadrangular Cloysters; for there are as many as there be Months in the Year. There be a hundred Monks, and every one hath his Man and his Mule, and a Multitude of Officers. Besides, there are three Libraries there full of the choicest Books for all Sciences. It is beyond Expression, what Grots, Gardens, Walks, and Aqueducts there are there, and what curious Fountains in the upper Cloysters, for there be two Stages of Cloysters: In fine, there is nothing that's vulgar

vulgar

vulgar there. To take a view of every Room in the House, one must make account to go ten Miles: There is a Vault called the *Pantheon* under the highest Altar, which is all paved, walled, and arched with Marble; there be a Number of huge Silver Candlesticks, taller than I am; Lamps three Yards Companie, and divers Chalices and Croffes of many Gold: There is one Quire made all of burnished Brasses, Pictures and Statues like Giants, and a World of glorious Things, that purely ravished me. By this mighty Monument, it may be inferred, that Philip II. tho' he was a little Man, yet had hew vast gigantic Thoughts in him, to leave such a huge Pile for Posterity to gaze uppon, and admire his Memory. No more now, but that I rest.

Madrid, 9 Mar. 1623-4 Your humble Servitor, J. H.

XXXVII.

To the Lord Viscount Col. from Madrid.

My Lord,

YOU writ to me not long since, to send you an Account of the Duke of *Orsini's* Death, a little Man, but of great Fame and Fortunes, and much cried up, and known up and down the World. He was revoked from being Viceroy of *Naples* (the best Employment the K. of Spain hath for a Subject) upon some Dispute: And being come to this Court, when he was brought to give an Account of his Government, being troubled with the Gout, he carried his Sword in his Hand instead of a Staff; the King mistaking of the Manner of his Posture, turned his Back to him, and so went away: Thereupon he was over-heard to mutter, *Esto es para servir muchachos*; This it is to serve Boys. This coming to the King's Ear, he was apprehended and committed Prisoner to a Monastery not far off, where he continued some Years, until his Beard came to his Girdle; then growing very ill, he was permitted to come to his House in this Town, being carried in a Bed upon Men's Shoulders, and so died some Years ago. There were divers Accusations against him; amongst the rest, I remember these, That he had kept the Marquis *de Campolatario's* Wife, sending her Husband out of the Way upon Employment: That he had got a Bastard of a Turkish Woman, and suffered the Child to be brought up in the *Mahometan* Religion: That being one Day, at High-Mass, when the Host was elevated, he drew out of his Pocket a Piece of Gold, and held it up, intimating that that was his God: That he had invited some of the prime Courtesans of *Naples* to a Feast; and after Dinner made a Banquet for them in his Garden, where he

commanded them to strip themselves stark naked, and go up and down, while he shot Sugar-plums at them out of a Trunk, : which they were to take up from off their high Chapins ; and such like Extravagancies. One (among divers others) witty Passage was told me of him, which was, that when he was Viceroy of Sicily, there died a great rich Duke, who left but one Son, whom, with his whole Estate, he bequeathed to the Tutele of the Jesuits ; and the Words of the Will were, *When he is past his Minority (Darete al mio figliuolo quel que voi volete) you shall give my Son what you will.* It seems the Jesuits took to themselves two Parts of three of the Estate, and gave the rest to the Heir. The young Duke complaining hereof to the Duke of Offuna, then Viceroy, he commanded the Jesuits to appear before him : He asked them how much of the Estate they would have ; they answered, two Parts of three, which they had almost employed already to build Monasteries, and an Hospital, to erect particular Altars and Masses, to sing Dirges, and *Refrigerium* for the Soul of the deceased Duke. Hereupon the Duke of Offuna caused the Will to be produced, and found therein the Words afore-recited, *When he is passed his Minority, you shall give my Son of my Estate what you will.* Then he told the Jesuits, You must, by virtue and tenor of these Words, give *what you will* to the Son, which by your own Confession is, two Parts of three. And so he determined the Busines.

Thus have I in part satisfied your Lordship's Desire, which I shall do more amply, when I shall be made happy to attend you in Person, which I hope will be ere it be long. In the interim, I take my leave of you from Spain, and rest

Madrid, 13 Mar.

1623-4

*Your Lordship's most ready
and bumble Servitor, J. H.*

XXXVIII.

To Simon Digby, Esq;

SIR,

I thank you for the several sorts of *Cyphers* you sent me to write by, which were very choice ones, and curious. *Cryptology*, or epistolizing in a clandestine way, is very antient : I read in *A. Gellius*, that *C. Cæsar*, in his Letters to *Caius Oppius*, and *Balbus Cornelius*, who were two of his greatest Confidants in managing his private Affairs, did write in *Cyphers* by a various Transportation of the Alphabet ; whereof *Proclus Grammaticus*, *de occulta literarum significatione Epistolarum C. Cæsaris*, writes a curious Commentary. But methinks that certain kind of *Hieroglyphics*, the celestial Signs,

Signs, the seven Planets, and other Constellations, might make a curious kind of *Cypher*, as I will more particularly demonstrate to you in a Scheme, when I shall be made happy with your Conversation. So I rest.

Madrid, 15 Mar. 1623-4. Your assured Servitor, J. H.

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XXXIX.

To Sir James Crofts, from Bilboa.

SIR,

BEING safely come to the *Marine*, in Convoy of his Majesty's Jewels, and being to sojourn here some Days, the Conveniency of this Gentleman (who knows, and much honoureth you) he being to ride Post through *France*, invited me to send you this.

We were but five Horsemen in all our seven Days Journey, from *Madrid* hither, and the Charge Mr. *Witches* had is valued at 400000 Crowns; but 'tis such safe travelling in *Spain*, that one may carry Gold in the Palm of his Hand, the Government is so good. When we had gained *Biscay* Ground, we passed one Day through a Forest; and lighting off our Mules to take a little Repast under a Tree, we took down our *Alforjas*, and some Bottles of Wine (and you know it is ordinary here to ride with one's Victuals about him) but as we were eating, we spied two huge Wolves, who stared upon us a while, but had the good Manners to go away. It put me in mind of a pleasant Tale I heard Sir *Thomas Fairfax* relate of a Soldier in *Ireland*, wh: having got his Passport to go for *England*, as he passed through the Wood with his Knapfack upon his Back, being weary, he sat down under a Tree, where he opened his Knapfack, and fell to some Victuals he had; but on a sudden he was surprized with two or three Wolves, who coming towards him, he threw them Scraps of Bread and Cheese, till all was gone; then the Wolves making a nearer Approach to him, he knew not what Shift to make, but by taking a Pair of Bagpipes which he had, and as soon as he began to play upon them, the Wolves ran all away as if they had been scared out of their Wits: Whereupon the Soldier said, *A Pas take you all, if I had known you had loved Music so well, you should have had it before Dinner.*

If there be a Lodging void at the *Three Halbards-heads*, I pray be pleased to cause it to be reserved for me. So I rest
6 Sept. 1624. *Your humble Servitor, J. H.*

Familiar LETTERS.

S E C T. IV.

I.

To my Father, from London.

S I R,

I Am newly returned from Spain, I came over in *Advertiser*, of the Prince's Jewels; for which one of the Ships Royal with the Catch were sent under the Command of Captain *Love*: We landed at *Plymouth*, whence I came by Post to *Theobalds* in less than two Nights and a Day, to bring his Majesty News of their safe Arrival: The Prince had newly got a Fall off a Horse, and kept his Chamber. The Jewels were valued at above 100,000 £. some of them a little before the Prince's Departure had been presented to the *Infanta*, but she wavering to receive them; yet with a civil Compliment, they were left in the Hands of one of the Secretaries of State for her Use upon the Wedding-day; and it was no unworthy Thing in the *Spaniard* to deliver them back, notwithstanding that the Treaties both of *Match* and *Palatinatus* had been dissolved a pretty while before by Act of Parliament, that a War was threatened, and Ambassadors revoked. There were Jewels also among them to be presented to the King and Queen of Spain, to most of the Ladies of Honour, and the Grandees. There was a great Table-Diamond for *Olivares* of 18 Carats Weight; but the richest of all was to the *Infanta* herself, which was a Chain of great Orient Pearl, to the Number of 276, weighing nine Ounces. The *Spaniards*, notwithstanding they are the Masters of the Staple of Jewels, stood astonished at the Beauty of these; and confessed themselves to be put down.

Touching the Employment upon which I went to Spain, I had my Charges borne all the while, and that was all; had it taken Effect, I had made a good Business of it: But 'tis no Wonder (nor can it be, I hope, any Disrepute to me) that I could not bring to pass what three Ambassadors could not do before me.

I am now casting about for another Fortune, and some Hopes I have of Employment about the D: of *Buckingham*; he sways more than ever; for whereas he was before a Favourite to the King, he is now a Favourite to Parliament, People, and City, for breaking the Match with Spain.

Touche-

Touching his own Interest, he had Reason to do it; for the Spaniards love him not: But whether the public Interest of the States will suffer in it or no, I dare not determine: For my part, I hold the Spanish Match to be better than their Powder, and their Wars better than their Wars; and I shall be ever of that Mind. That no Country is able to do England less Harm, and more Good, than Spain, considering the large Traffic and Treasure that is to be got thereby.

I shall continue to give you Account of my Courses when Opportunity serves, and to dispose of Matters so, that I may attend you this Summer in the Country. So desiring still your Blessing and Prayers, I rest

to Decr 1624.

Your dutifull Son, J. H.

II.

To R. Brown, Esq; from London.

Dear Sir,

THERE is no Seed so fruitful as that of Love: I do not mean that gross carnal Love which propagates the World, but that which preserves it; to wit, Seeds of Friendship which hath had Commerce with the Body, but is a Thing divine and spiritual: These cannot be a more pregnant Proof herof than those Seeds of Love, which I have long since cast into your Breast, which have thriven so well, and in that Exuberance, that they have been more fruitful to me than that Field in Sicily called *Le trecento cariche*, The Field of 300 Lant, so called, because it returns the Sower 300 for one yearly; so plentiful hath your Love been to me. But among other sweet Fruits it hath borne, those precious Letters which you have sent me from time to time, Both at home and abroad, are not of the least Value: I did always hug and highly esteem them, and you in them, for they yielded me both Profit and Pleasure.

That Seed which you have also sown in me hath fructified something, but it hath not been able to make you such rich Returns, or afford so plentiful a Crop; yet I dare say this Crop, how thin soever, was pure and free from Taxes, from Cockle or Dagnet, from Plattery or Falshood; and what it shall produce hereafter shall be so; nor shall any Injury of the Elements, as Tempest, or Thunder and Lightning (I mean no Cross or Affliction whatsover) be able to blast and smut it, or hinder it to grow up and fructify full.

This is the third time God Almighty hath been pleased to bring me back to the sweet Bosom of my dear Country, from beyond the Seas; I have been already comforted with the Sight of many of my choice Friends, but I miss you extremely:

tremely: Therefore I pray maké Haste, for *London Streets*, which you and I have trod together so often, will prove tedious to me else. Among other Things, *Black-Friars* will entertain you with a Play spick and span new; and the *Cockpit* with another; nor I believe, after so long Absence, will it be an unpleasing Object for you to see

20 Jan. 1624.

Your J. H.

III.

*To the Lord Viscount Colchester.**Right Honourable,*

MY last to your Lordship was in *Italian*, with the *Venitian Cazetta* inclosed. Count Mansfelt is upon Point of Parting, having obtained, it seems, the Sum of his Desires: He was lodged all the while in the same Quarter of St. James's which was appointed for the *Infanta*. He supped yesternight with the Council of War, and he hath a Grant of 12000 Men *English* and *Scots*, whom he will have ready in the Body of an Army against the next Spring; and they say that *England*, *France*, *Venice*, and *Savoy*, do contribute for the Maintenance thereof 60000*l.* a Month. There can be no Conjecture, much less any Judgment made yet of his Design; most think it will be for relieving *Breda*, which is straitly begirt by *Spinola*, who gives out, that he hath her already as a Bird in a Cage, and will have her, maugre all the Opposition in *Christendom*; yet there is fresh News come over, that Prince Maurice hath got on the Back of him, and hath beleaguered him, as he hath done the Town, which I want Faith to believe yet, in regard of the huge Circuit of *Spinola*'s Works, for his Circumvallations are cried up to be near upon 20 Miles. But while the *Spaniard* is spending Millions here for getting small Towns, the *Hollander* gets Kingdoms of him elsewhere; he hath invaded and taken lately from the *Portugal* Part of *Brazil*, a rich Country for Sugars, Cottons, Balsams, Dying-wood, and divers Commodities besides.

The Treaty of Marriage 'twixt our Prince and the youngest Daughter of *France* goes on apace, and my Lords of *Carlisle* and *Holland* are in *Paris* about it; we shall see now what Difference there is 'twixt the *French* and *Spanish* Pace. The two *Spanish* Ambassadors have been gone hence long since; they say they are both in Prison, one in *Burges* in *Spain*, the other in *Flanders*, for the scandalous Information they made here against the Duke of *Buckingham*; about which, the Day before their Departure hence, they desired to have one private Audience more, but his Majesty denied them.

them. I believe they will not continue long in Disgrace, for Matters grow daily worse and worse betwixt us and Spain : For divers Letters of Mart are granted our Merchants, and Letters of Mart are commonly the Forerunners of a War. Yet they say *Gondomar* will be on his Way hither again about the *Palatinat*; for the K. of *Denmark* appears now in his Niece's quarrel, and arms apace.

No more now, but that I kiss your Lordship's Hands,
and rest

London, 5 Feb.

1624. 4^o

*Your most humble and
ready Servitor, J. H.*

IV.

To my Cousin, Mr. Rowland Guin.

Cousin,

I Was lately sorry, and I was lately glad, that I heard you were ill, that I heard you are well.

Your affectionate Cousin, J. H.

V.

To Thomas Jones, Esq;

Tom,

If you are in Health 'tis well, we are here all so ; and we should be better had we your Company : Therefore I pray leave the smutty Air of *London*, and come hither to breathe sweeter, where you may pluck a Rose, and drink a Sillabub.

Kentis, 1 June 1625.

Your faithful Friend, J. H.

VI.

To D. C.

THE Bearer hereof hath no other Errand but to know how you do in the Country, and this Paper is his credential Letter : Therefore I pray hasten his Dispatch, and, if you please, send him back, like the Man in the Moon, with a Basket of your Fruit on his Back.

London, 10 Aug. 1625.

Your true Friend, J. H.

VII.

To my Father, from London.

SIR,

I Received yours of the third of February, by the Hands of my Cousin *Thomas Guin* of *Trecastle*.

It was my Fortune to be on Sunday last Fortnight at *Theobalds*, where his late Majesty K. James departed this Life, and went to his last Rest upon the *Day of Rest*, presently after Sermon was done. A little before break of Day he sent for the Prince, who rose out of his Bed, and came in his Night-gown. The King seemed to have some earnest Thing to say

to

My 4th Letter 8v.

to him, and so endeavoured to raise himself upon his Pillow; but his Spirits were so spent, that he had not Strength to make his Words audible. He died of a Fever which began with an Ague, and some Scotch Doctors minister at a Plaster the Countess of Buckingham applied at the outside of his Stomach: 'Tis thought the last Breach of the Match with Spain, which for many Years he had so vehemently desired, took too deep an Impression in him, and that he was forced to rush into a War now in his declining Age, having lived in a continual uninterrupted Peace his whole Life, except some collateral Aids he had sent his Son-in-law. As soon as he expired the Privy Council sat, and in less than a Quarter of an Hour King Charles was proclaimed at Theobalds Court-gate, by Sir Edw. Zouch, Knight, Marshal, Mr. Secretary Conway dictating to him, *That whereas it had pleased God to take to his Mercy our most gracious Sovereign King James of famous Memory, We proclaim Prince Charles, his rightful and indubitable Heir, to be King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.* The Knight-Marshall mistook, saying, *bis rightful and dubitable Heir*, but he was rectified by the Secretary. This being done, I took my Horse instantly, and came to London first except one, who was come a little before me, insomuch that I found the Gates shut. His now Majesty took Coach, and the D. of Buckingham with him, and came to St. James's; in the Evening he was proclaimed at White-hall-gate, in Cheapside, and other Places in a sad Shower of Rain: And the Weather was suitable to the Condition wherein he finds the Kingdom, which is cloudy; for he is left engaged in a War with a potent Prince, the People by long Deluetude unapt for Arms, the Fleet-Royal in quarter Repair, himself without a Queen, his Sister without a Country, the Crown pitifully laden with Debts, and the Purse of the State lightly balastèd, though it never had better Opportunity to be rich than it had these last twenty Years. But God Almighty, I hope, will make him emerge, and pull this Island out of all the Plunges, and preserve us from worse Times.

The Plague is begun in Whitechapel, and, as they say, in the same House, on the same Day of the Month, with the same Number that died twenty-two Years since, when Queen Elizabeth departed.

There are great Preparations for the Funeral, and there is a Design to buy all the Cloth for Mourning white, and then put it to the Dyers in gross, which is like to save the Crown a good deal of Money; the Drapers moreover extremely at the Lord Cranfield for it.

I am not settled yet in any stable Condition, but I lie wind-bound at the *Cape of Good Hope*, expecting some gentle gale to launch out into any Employment.

So with Love to all my Brothers and Sisters at the *Bryn*, and near *Brecon*, I humbly crave a continuance of your Prayers and Blessing to

11 Dec. 1625.

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

VIII.

To Dr. Pritchard.

SIR,

Since I was beholding to you for your many Favours in *Oxford*, I have not heard from you (*ne gruixidem*) I pray let the wanted Correspondence be now revived, and receive new vigour between us.

My Lord Chancellor *Bacon* is lately dead of a long languishing weakness; he died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him, which, though he had a great Wit, did argue no great Wisdom; it being one of the essential Properties of a wise Man, to provide for the main Chance. I have read, that it had been the fortunes of all Poets commonly to die beggars; but for an *Orator*, a *Lawyer*, and *Philosopher*, as he was, to die so, it is rare. It seems the same fate beset him that attended *Demosthenes*, *Seneca*, and *Cicero*, (all great Men), of whom, the two first fell by *Corruption*. The fairest Diamond may have a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the Pelf of Fortune, as also out of an excess of Generosity, which appeared, as in divers other passages, so once when the King had sent him a Stag, he sent up for the Under-keeper, and having drunk the King's health to him in a great Silver-gilt Bowl, he gave it him for his Fee.

Phil.

He wrote a pitiful Letter to K. *James*, not long before his death, and concludes, Help me dear Sovereign Lord and Master, and pity me so far, that I who have been born to a *Bag*, be not now in my Age forced in effect to bear a *Wallet*; nor that I, who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live. Which words, in my opinion, argued a little Adjection of Spirit, as his former Letter to the Prince did of Profaneness; wherein he hoped, that as the Father was his *Creator*, the Son will be his *Redeemer*. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the Lord Viscount *Verulam*, who was a rare Man; a Man *Recondite scientie, & ad salutem literarum natus*, and I think the eloquentest that was born in this Isle. They say he shall be the last Lord Chancellor, as Sir *Edward Coke* was the last

Lord

*Letter 2001
now*

Lord Chief Justice of England; for ever since they have been termed *Lord Chief Justices of the King's-Bench*: So hereafter they shall be only *Keepers of the Great Seal*, which for Title and Office, are depositable; but they say the *Lord Chancellor's Title* is indelible.

June 7

I was lately at *Gray's-Inn* with Sir *Eubule*, and he desired me to remember him to you, as I do also salute *Messrs* *Pri-*
chardum ex imis praecordiis, Vale καλῶ μν̄ προφίλαστος.
London, 6 Jan. 1625. Yours affectionately, while J. H.

IX.

To my well-beloved Cousin Mr. T. V.

C O U S I N,

Y O U have a great Work in Hand, for you write to me that you are upon a Treaty of Marriage; a great Work indeed, and a Work of such Consequence, that it may make you, or *marr* you; it may make the whole remainder of your life uncouth, or comfortable to you: For all civil Actions that are incident to Man, there is not any that tends more to his Infelicity or Happiness; therefore it concerns you not to be over-hasty herein, nor to take the *Ball before the Bound*: You must be cautious how you thrust your neck into such a yoke, whence you will never have Power to withdraw it again; for the *Tongue* useth to tie so hard a knot, that the *Teeth* can never untie, no not *Alexander's Sword* can cut a-sunder amongst us *Christians*. If you are resolv'd to marry, *Choose where you love, and resolute to love your Choice*; let *Love* rather than *Lucre* be your guide in this Election, though a concurrence of both be good, yet for my part I had rather the latter should be wanting than the first: The one is the *Pilot*, the other but the *Ballast* of the Ship, which should carry us to the Harbour of a happy Life. If you are bent to wed, I wish you anotherguesse Wife than *Socrates* had; who when she had scolded him out of doors, as he was going through the Portal, threw a Chamber-pot of stale urine upon his Head; whereat the Philosopher, having been silent all the while, smilingly said, *I thought after so much Thunder we shoud have rain.* And as I wish you may not light upon such a *Xanippe*, (as the wisest Men have had ill luck in this kind, as I could instance in two of our most eminent Lawyers, C. B.) so I pray that God may deliver you from a Wife of such a Generation, that *Sirrowd* our Cook here at *Westminster* said his Wife was of, who, when (out of a mislike of the Preacher) he had on *Sunday* in the Afternoon gone out of the Church to a Tavern, and returning towards the Evening pretty well heated with Canary, to look

to

to his Roast, and his Wife falling to read him a loud Lesson in so furious a Manner, as if she would have basted him instead of the Mutton, and among other Revilings, telling him often, That the *Devil*, the *Devil* would fetch him, at last he broke out of a long Silence, and told her, I prithee good Wife hold thyself content; for I know the *Devil* will do me no hurt, for I have married his Kinswoman. If you light upon such a Wife (a Wife that hath more Bone than Flesh) I wish you may have the same Measure of Patience that *Socrates* and *Stroud* had, to suffer the grey *Mare* sometimes to be the better *Horse*. I remembes a French Proverb:

*La Maison est miserable & méchante,
Où la Poule plus bat que le Coq chante.*

That House doth every Day more wretched grow,
Where the Hen louder than the Cock doth crow.

Yet we have another English Proverb almost counter to this, That it is better to marry a Shrew than a Sheep; for tho' Silence be the dumb Orator of Beauty, and the best Ornament of a Woman, yet a phlegmatic dull Wife is fulsome and fatidious.

Excuse me, Cousin, that I jest with you in so serious a Busines: I know you need no Counsel of mine hercin; you are discreet enough of yourself; nor, I presume, do you want Advice of Parents, which by all means must go along with you. So wishing you all conjugal Joy, and an happy Confarreation, I rest

London, 5 Feb. 1
1625.

Your affectionate Cousin, J. H.

X.

To my noble Lord, the Lord Clifford, from London.

My Lord,

THE Duke of Buckingham is lately returned from Holland, having renewed the Peace with the States, and articed with them for a Continuation of some naval Forces for an Expedition against Spain, as also having taken up some Money upon private Jewels (not any of the Crown's) and lastly, having comforted the Lady Elizabeth for the Decease of his late Majesty her Father, and of Prince Frederick her eldest Son, whose disasterous manner of Death, among the rest of her sad Afflictions, is not the least; for passing over *Haarlem Mer*, a huge inland Slough, in Company with his Father who had been at *Amsterdam*, to look how his Bank of Money did thrive, and coming (for more Frugality)

in the common Boat, which was over-set with Merchandise, and other Passengers, in a thick Fog; the Vessel turned over, and so many perished; the Prince ~~Polygrave~~ saved himself by swimming, but the young Prince clinging to the Mast, and being entangled among the Tacklings, was half drowned and half frozen to Death: A sad Destiny!

There is an open Rupture 'twixt us and the Spaniard, tho' he gives out that he never broke with us to this Day. Count Gondomar was on his Way to Flanders, and thence to England (as they say) with a large Commission to treat for a Surrender of the Palatinate, and so to quiet Matters together again; but he died in the Journey, at a Place called Bunnal, of pure Apprehensions of Grief, it is given out.

The Match 'twixt his Majesty and the Lady *Henrietta Maria*, youngest Daughter to Henry the Great (the eldest being married to the K. of Spain, and the 2d to the D. of Savoy) goes roundly on, and is in a manner concluded; whereat the Count of Saillans is much discontented, who gave himself Hopes to have her, but the Hand of Heaven had predestined her for a far higher Condition.

The French Ambassadors, who were sent thither to conclude the Busness, having private Audience of his late Majesty a little before his Death, he told them pleasantly, that he would make war against the Lady *Henrietta*, because she would not receive the two Letters which were sent her, one from himself, the other from his Son, but sent them to her Mother; yet he thought he should easily make Peace with her, because he understood she had afterwards put the latter Letter in her Bosom, and the first in her Coffionet; whereby he gathered, that she intended to reserve his Son for her Affection, and him for Counsel.

The Bishop of *Lyon*, now Cardinal ~~de Richelieu~~, is grown to be the sole Favourite of the King of France, being brought in by the Queen-Mother, who hath been very active in advancing the Match; but it is thought the Wars will break out afresh against them of the Religion, notwithstanding the ill Fortune the King had before *Montauban* few Years since, where he lost above 500 of his Nobles, whereof the great Duke of *Main* was one: And having lain in Person before the Town many Months, and received some Affronts, as that Inscription upon their Gates shewes; *Roy sans foi, ville sans peur*; *A King without Faith, a Town without Fear*; yet he was forced to rase his Works, and raise his Siege.

The Letter which Mr. *Ellis Hicks* brought them of *Montauban* from *Rochel*, through so much Danger, and with so much

much Gallantry, was an infinite Advantage to them; for whereas there was a politic Report raised in the King's Army, and blown into *Montebello*, that *Rachel* was yielded to the Count of *Saffron*, who lay then before her, this Letter did inform the contrary, and that *Rachel* was in as good a Plight as ever: Whereupon they made a Sally the next Day upon the King's Forces, and did him a great deal of Spoil.

There be Summons out for a Parliament, I pray God it may prove more prosperous than the former.

I have been lately recommended to the D. of *Buckingham*, by some noble Friends of mine that have Intimacy with him; about whom, tho' he hath three Secretaries already, I hope to have some Employment; for I am weary of walking up and down so idly upon *London Streets*.

The Plague begins to rage mightily, God avert his Judgments, that menace so great a Mortality, and turn not away his Face from this poor Island: So I kiss your Lordship's Hand in Quality of

25 Feb. 1625.

To your Lordship's most humble Servitor,

J. H.

N.

XI.

To Richard Altham, Esq;

S. I. R.

THE *Echo* wants but a *Face*, and the *Looking-glass* a *Voice*, to make them both living Creatures, and to become the same Bodies they represent; the one by Repercussion of Sound, the other by Reflection of Sight. Your most ingenious Letters to me from time to time do far more lively represent you, than either *Echo* or *Chrystral* can do; I mean they represent the better and nobler Part of you, to wit, the inward Man; they clearly set forth the Notions of your Mind, and the Motions of your Soul, with the Strength of your Imagination: For as I know your exterior Person by your *Lineaments*, so I know you as well inwardly by your *Laws*, and by those lively Expressions you give of yourself; insomuch that I believe if the interior Man within you were so visible as the outward, (as once *Plato* wished, that Virtue might be seen with the corporeal Eyes) you would draw all the World after you; or if your well-born Thoughts, and the Words of your Letters, were echoed in any Place, where they might rebound and be made audible, they are composed of such sweet and charming Strains of Ingenuity and Eloquence, that all the *Mynths* of the Woods and the Valleys, the *Dryades*; yea, the *Graces* and *Muses* would pitch their Pavilions there;

Apollo himself would dwell longer in that Place with Rays, and make them reverberate more strongly than either upon *Pindus*, or *Parnassus*, or *Rhodes* itself, whence he never removes his Eyes, as long as he is above this *Hemisphere*. I confess, my Letters to you, which I send by way of Correspondence, come far short of such Virtue; yet are they the true Ideas of my Mind, and that real and inbred Affection I bear you. One should never teach his *Letter* or his *Lacry* to lye, I observe that Rule; but besides my Letters, I wish there were a *Chrystral-casement* in my Breast, through which you might behold the Motions of my Heart.

—*Utinam; oculos in patore posse incassare;* then should you clearly see without any Deception of Sight, how truly I am, and how intirely

27 Feb. 1625-6:

Tours, J. H.

And to answer you in the same Strain of Verse you sent me:

*First, shall the Heavens bright Lamp forget to shine,
The Stars shall from the azur'd Sky decline;
First, shall the Orient with the West shake Hand,
The Centre of the World shall cease to stand:
First Wolves shall league with Lambs, the Dolphins fly,
The Lawyer and Physician Fees dety,
The Thames with Tagus shall exchange her Bed,
My Mistress' Lacks, with mine, shall first turn red;
First, Head'n shall lie below, and Hell above,
E'er I inconstant to my Altham prove.*

XII.

*To the Right Hon. my Lord of Carlingford; after Earl
of Carberry, at Golden-Grove.*

My Lord,

WE have gallant News now abroad, for we are sure to have a new Queen e'er it be long; both the Contract and Marriage was lately solemnized in *France*, the one the 2d of this Month in the *Loire*, the other the 11th Day following in the great Church of *Paris*, by the Cardinal of *Rochefoucault*: There was some Clashing 'twixt him and the Archbishop of *Paris*, who alledged it was his Duty to officiate in that Church; but the Dignity of Cardinal, and the Quality of his Office, being the King's great Almoner, which makes him chief Curate of the Court, gave him the Pre-rogative. I doubt not but your Lordship hath heard of the Capitulations; but, for better Assurance, I will run them over briefly.

etc.

The

The King of *France* obliged himself to procure the Dispensation; the Marriage should be celebrated in the same Form as that of Queen *Margaret*, and of the Duchefs of *Bar*; her Dowry should be 40000 Crowns, six Shillings a-piece; the one Moiety to be paid the Day of the Contract, the other twelve Months after. The Queen shall have a Chapel in all the King's Royal Hous-es, and any where else, where she shall reside within the Dominions of his Majesty of *Great-Britain*, with free Exercise of the *Roman Religion*, for herself, her Officers, and all her Household, for the Celebration of the *Mass*, the Predication of the Word, Administration of the Sacraments, and Power to procure Indulgencies from the Holy Father. To this End she shall be allowed 28 Priests, or Ecclesiastics in her House, and a Bishop in Quality of Almoner, who shall have Jurisdiction over all the rest, and that none of the King's Officers shall have Power over them, unless in Case of Treason; therefore all her Ecclesiastics shall take the Oath of Fidelity to his Majesty of *Great-Britain*: There shall be a Cemetery or Church-yard closed about to bury those of her Family. That in Consideration of this Marriage, all *English Catholics*, as well Ecclesiastics as Lay, who shall be in any Prison merely for Religion, since the last Edict, shall be set at liberty.

This is the eighth Alliance we have had with *France* since the Conquest; and as it is the best that could be made in Christendom, so I hope it will prove the happiest. So I kiss your Hands, being Your Lordship's most humble Servitor, J. H.
London, 3 May, 1626.

XIII.

To the Honourable Sir Tho. Sa.

S. I. R,

I conversed lately with a Gentleman that came from *France*, who among other things discoursed much of the Favourite *Ridder*; who is like to be an active Man, and hath great Designes. The two first things he did, was to make sure of *England*, and the *Hollander*; he thinks to have us safe enough by this Marriage; and *Holland* by a late League, which was bought with a great Sum of Money; for he hath furnished the States with a Million of Livres, at two Shillings a-piece in present, and 600000 Livres every Year of these two that are to come; provided that the States repay these Sums two Years after they are in Peace or Truce. The King pressed much for Liberty of Conscience to *Roman Catholics* among them, and the Deputies promised to do all they could with the States-General about it; they articed

likewise for the French to be associated with them in the Trade to the Indies.

Aug. 1626.
Monsieur is lately married to Mary of Bourbon, the Duke of Montpensier's Daughter; he told her, That he would be a better Husband than he had been a Sutor to her; for he hung off a good while. This Marriage was made by the King, and Monsieur has for his Appenage 100000 Livres annual Rent from *Chartres* and *Blois*, 100000 Livret Pension, and 50000 to be charged yearly upon the general Receipts of *Orleans*, in all about 70000 Pounds. There was much ado before this Match could be brought about; for there were many Opposers, and there be dark Whispers that there was a deep Plot to confine the King to a Monastery, and that Monsieur should govern; and divers Great-ones have suffered for it, and more are like to be discovered. So I take my leave for the Present, and rest.

Lond. 10 Mar. 1626.]

Your very dutible and

Randy Servitor, J. H.

XIV.

To the Lady Jane Savage, Marchioness of Winchester.

Excellent Lady,

I May say of your Grace, as it was said once of a rare Indian Princess, that you are the greatest Tyrant in the World; because you make all those that see you your Slaves, much more them that know you, I mean those that are acquainted with your inward Disposition, and with the Faculties of your Soul, as well as the Philanthropy of your Face; for Virtue took as much Pains to adorn the one, as Nature did to perfect the other. I have had the Happiness to know both, when your Grace took Pleasure to learn Spanish; at which time, when my Bettors far had offered their Service in this kind, I had the Honour to be commanded by you often, Me that hath as much Experience of you as I have had, will confess, that the Handmaid of God Almighty was never so prodigal of her Gifts to any, or laboured more to frame an exact Model of female Perfection: Nor was Dame Nature only busied in this Work, but all the Graces did consult and co-operate with her; and they wasted so much of their Treasure to enrich this one Piece, that it may be a good Reason why so many fair and defective Fragments of Women-kind are daily thrust into the World.

I return you here inclosed the Sonnet your Grace pleased to send me lately, rendered into Spanish, and fitted for the same Air it had in English, both for Cadence and Number of Feet. With it I send my most humble Thanks, that your Grace

(Continued)

Grace would descend to command me in any thing, that might conduce to your Contentment and Service; for there is nothing I desire with a greater Ambition (and herein I have all the World my Rival) than to be accounted, Madam,

Lond. 15 Mar.

1626.]

Your Grace's most humble

And ready Servitor, J. H.

XV.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Clifford. Back to p. 173

My Lord,

I Pray be pleased to dispense with this Slowrie of mine, in answering yours of the last of this present.

Touching the domestic Occurrences, the Gentleman who is Deader hereof, is more capable to give you Account by Discourse than I can in Paper.

For foreign Tidings, your Lordship may understand, that the Town of *Breda* hath been a good while making her last Will and Testament; but now there is certain News come, that she has yielded up the Ghost to *Spinola's* Hands, after a tough Siege of thicke Months, and a Circumvallation of near upon twenty Miles Campas.

My Lord of *Santamptoon* and his eldest Son fickened at the Siege, and died at *Bergen*; the adventurous Earl *Henry of Oxford*, seeming to tax the Prince of Orange of Slackness to fight, was set upon a desperate Work, where he melted his Swords, and so being carried to the *Hague*, he died also. I doubt not but you have heard of Grave *Maurice's* Death, which happened when the Town was past Cure, which was his misfortune than the States; for he was Marquis of *Breda*, and had near upon 30000 Dollars annual Rent from her: Therefore he seemed in a kind of Sympathy to sicken with this Town, and died before her. He had provided plentifully for his natural Children; but could not, though much importuned by Dr. *Rosellus*, and other Divines, upon his Deathbed, be induced to make them legitimate by marrying the Mother of them: For the Law there is, that if one hath got Children of any Woman, tho' unmarried to her, yet if he marry her never so little before his Death, he makes her honest, and them all legitimate. But it seems the Prince postponed the Love he bore to this Woman and Children, to that which he bore to his Brother *Henry*; for had he made the Children legitimate, he had prejudiced the Brother in Point of Command and Fortunes: Yet he had provided plentifully for them and the Mother.

Grave *Henry* hath succeeded him in all things, and is a gallant Gentleman, of a French Education and Temper;

he charged him at his Death to marry a young Lady, the Count of Solme's Daughter attending the Queen of Bohemia, whom he had long courted; which is thought will take speedy Effect.

When the Siege before Breda had grown hot, Sir Edw. Vere being one Day attending Prince Maurice, he pointed at a rising Place called Terbay, where the Enemy had built a Fort, (which might have been prevented.) Sir Edw. told him, he feared, that Fort would be the Cause of the Loss of the Town: The Grave spattered and shook his Head, saying, 'Twas the greatest Error he had committed since he knew what belonged to a Soldier; as also in managing the Plot for surprizing the Citadel of Antwerp; for he repented that he had not employed English and French in lieu of the slow Dutch, who aimed to have the sole Honour of it, and were not so fit Instruments for such a nimble Piece of Service. As soon as Sir Charles Morgan gave up the Town, Spinola caused a new Gate to be erected, with this Inscription in great golden Characters:

Philippo quarto regnante,
Clarà Eugenià Isabellà gubernante,
Ambrofio Spinolà obfidente;
Quatuor Regibus contra rexantibus,
Breda capta fuit Ipbis, &c.

It is thought, Spinola, now that he hath recovered the Honour that he lost before Bergben-op-Zoom three Years since, will not long stay in Flanders, but retire. No more now, but that I am resolved to continue ever

Lond. 19 Mar. May: Your Lordship's most humble
Servitor, J. H.
1625.

XVI.

To Mr. R. Sc. at York.

SIR,

I Sent you one of the 3d current, but it was not answered; I sent another of the 13th like a second Arrow; to find out the first; but I know not what's become of either: I send this to find out the other two; and if this fail, there shall go no more out of my Quiver. If you forget me, I have Cause to complain, and more if you remember me: To forget, may proceed from the Frailty of Memory; not to answere me when you mind me, is pure Neglect; and no less than a Piasle. So I rest

Yours easily to be

recovered J. H.

Ira furor brevis; brevis est mea litera, cogo;

Ira carreptus, corrupse stylum,

Lond. 19 July, the 1st of
the Dog-days, 1626.

XVII.

XVII.

*To Dr. Field, Lord Bishop of Landaff.**My Lord,*

I send you my humble Thanks for those worthy hospitable Favours you were pleased to give me at your Lodgings in Westminster. I had yours of the 5th of this present, by the Hand of Mr. *Jonath. Field.* The News which fills every Corner of the Town at this Time, is the sorry and unsuccessful Return that *Wimbledon's* Fleet hath made from *Spain*? It was a Fleet that deserved to have had a better Destiny, considering the Strength of it, and the huge Charge the Crown was at: For besides a Squadron of 16 *Hollanders*, whereof Count *William*, one of Prince *Maurice's* natural Sons, was Admiral; there were above 80 of ours, the greatest joint naval Power (of Ships without Gallies) that ever spread Sail upon Salt-water; which makes the World abroad to stand astonished how so huge a Fleet could be so suddenly made ready. The sinking of the *Long Robin* with 170 Souls in her, in the *Bay of Biscay*, e'er she had gone half the Voyage, was no good Augury: And the Critics of the Time say, there were many other Things that promised no good Fortune to this Fleet; besides, they would point at divers Errors committed in the Conduct of the main Design: First, the odd Choice that was made of the Admiral, who was a mere Landman; which made the Seamen much slight him; it belonging properly to Sir *Robert Mansel*, Vice-Admiral of *England*, to have gone, in case the High-Admiral went not: then they speak of the Uncertainty of the Enterprise, and that no Place was pitched upon to be invaded, till they came to the Height of the South Cape, and in Sight of the Shore, where the Lord *Wimbledon* first called a Council of War, where some would be for *Malaga*, others for *St. Mary-Port*, others for *Gibraltar*, but most for *Cales*; and while they were thus consulting the Country had an Alarm given them. Add hereto the blazing abroad of this Expedition e'er the Fleet went out of the *Downs*; for *Mercurius Gallobelgicus* had it in Print that it was for the Straights-Mouth: Now, it is a Rule, that great Designs of State should be Mysteries till they come to the very Act of Performance, and then they should turn to Exploits. Moreover, when the local Attempt was resolved on, there were seven Ships (by the Advice of one Captain *Love*) suffered to go up the River, which might have been easily taken; and being rich, it is thought they would have defrayed well-near the Charge of our Fleet; which Ships did much infest us afterwards

drawn the Axe upon his own Neck; That he was grown so popular, that he was too dangerous for the Times, and the Times for him.

My Lord, now that your Grace is threatened to be hewed at, it should behove every one that oweth you Duty and goodwill, to reach out his Hand some Way or other to serve you: Among these, I am one that presumes to do it, in this poor impudent Paper; for which I implore Pardon, because I am, my Lord,

*In p[er]petuam
Feb. 6/26*

A. S.

London, 13 Feb. 1626. Your Grace's most humble and faithful Servant, J. H.

XIX.

To Sir J. S. Knight.

SIR,

THERE is a Saying which carries no little Weight with it, that *Parvus amor loquitur, ingens stupet*; Small Love speaks while great Love stands astonished with Silence: The one keeps a Tattling, while the other is struck dumb with Amazement; like deep Rivers, which to the Eye of the Beholder seem to stand still, while small Shallow Rivulets keep a Noise; or like empty Casks, that make an obstreperous hollow Sound, which they would not do, were they replenished and full of Substance. 'Tis the Condition of my Love to you, which is so great, and of that Profoundness, that it hath been silent all this while, being stupified with the Contemplation of those high Favours, and sundry Sorts of Civilities, wherewith I may say you have overwhelmed me. This deep Ford of Affection and Gratitude to you, I intend to cut out hereafter into small Currents, (I mean into Letters), that the Course of it may be heard, though it make but a small bubbling Noise, as also that the Clearness of it may appear more visible.

I desire my Service be presented to my noble Lady, whose fair Hands I humbly kiss; and if she want any thing that London can afford, she need but command her and

Lond. 11 Feb.

1626.

Your faithful and ready

Servitor, J. H.

XX.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

My Lord,

According to promise, and that Portion of Obedience I owe to your Commands, I send your Lordship these few Aviso's, some whereof I doubt not but you have received before, and that by abler Pens than mine; yet your Lordship may happily find herein something that was omitted by others, or the former News made clearer by Circumstance.

I hear

I hear Count Mansfelt is int' Paris; having now received three Routings in Germany; it is thought the French King will piece him up again with new Recruits. I was told, that as he was seeing the two Queens one Day at Dinner, the Queen-Mother said, They say Count Mansfelt is here among this Crowd; I do not believe it, quoth the young Queen, for whensoever he seeth a Spaniard, he runs away.

Matters go untowardly on our Side in Germany, but the King of Denmark will shortly be in the Field in Person; and *Balthasar Geyer* hath been long expected to do something, but some think he will prove but a Bugbear. Sir Ch. Morgan is to go to Germany with 6000 Auxiliaries to join the Danish Army.

The Parliament is adjourned to Oxford, by reason of the Sicknes which increaseth exceedingly; and before the King went out of Town, there died 1500 that very Week, and two out of Whitehall itself.

There is high clashing again betwixt my Lord Duke and the Earl of *Bristol*, they recriminate one another of divers Things: The Earl accuseth him, among other Matters, of certain Letters from *Rome*, of putting his Majesty upon that hazardous Journey to Spain, and of some Miscarriages at his being in that Court. There be Articles also against the Lord *Conway*, which I send your Lordship here inclosed.

I am for Oxford the next Week, and thence for Wales, to fetch any good old Father's Blessing: At my Return, if it shall please God to reprieve me in these dangerous Times of Contagion, I shall continue my wanted Service to your Lordship, if it may be done with Safety. So I rest

Lond. 15 Mar.

Your Lordship's most

1626. bumble Servitor, J. H.

XXI.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount C.

My Lord,

SIR John North delivered me one lately from your Lordship, and I send my humble Thanks for the Venison you intend me. I acquainted your Lordship, as Opportunity served, with the nimble Pace the French Match went on; by the successful Negotiation of the Earls of *Carlisle* and *Holland*, (who out-went the Monsieurs themselves in Courtship) and how, in less than nine Moons, this great Business was proposed, pursued, and perfected; whereas the Sun had Leisure enough to finish his annual Progress from one End of the Zodiac to the other so many Years, before that of Spain could come to any Shape of Perfection. This may serve to shew

✓ Show the Differences betwixt the two Nations, the *laidon-bo'd* Pace of the one, and the *quicksilver'd* Motion of the other: It shew's also how the *Spaniard* is more generous in his Proceedings, and not so full of Scrapes, Repressions, and jealousies as the *Spaniard*, but deals more frankly, and with a greater Confidence and Gallantry.

The Lord D. of Buckingham is now in *Paris*, accompanied with the Earl of *Montgomery*, and he went in a very splendid Equipage: The *Vendian* and *Hollandier*, with other States that are no Friends to *Spain*, did some good Offices to advance this Alliance; and the new Pope prepared much towards it: *Madame Richelieu*, the new Favourite of *France*, was the *Cardinal* Instrument in it.

This Pope *Urban* grows very active, not only in Things present, but rippling up of old Matters; for which there is a select Committee appointed to examine Accounts and Errors past, not only in the Time of his immediate Predecessor; but others. And one told me of a merry Pasquil lately in *Rome*; That whereas there are two great Statues, one of *Peter*, the other of *Paul*, opposite one to the other upon a Bridge, one had clapped a Pair of Spars upon St. *Peter's* Heels, and St. *Paul* asking him whether he was bound, he answered, I apprehend some Danger to stay now in *Rome*, because of this new Commission, for I fear they will question me for denying my Master. Truly, brother *Peter*, I shall not stay long after you, for I have as much Cause to doubt that they will question me for perfecting the *Christians* before I was converted. So I take my Leave and rest

Lond. 3 May,
1626.

*Your Lordship's most humble
Servitor, J.H.*

XXII.

To my Brother, Mr. Hugh Penry.

S.F.R.

I thank you for your late Letter, and the several good Tidings sent me from *Wales*: In requital I can send you gallant News, for we have now a most noble new Queen of *England*, who in true Beauty is beyond the long-wooed *Infanta*; for she was of a fading flower-hair, big-lipped, and somewhat heavy-eyed; but this Daughter of *France*, this youngest Branch of *Bourbon*, (being but in her Cradle when the great *Henry* her Father was put out of the World) is of a more lovely and lasting Complexion, a dark brown; she hath Eyes that sparkle like Stars; and for her Physiognomy, she may be said to be a Mirror of Perfection: She had a rough Passage in her Transfertation to *Dover Castle*, and in *Canterbury* the King

King bedded first with her; there were a goodly Train of choice Ladies attended her coming upon the Bowling-green on *Barham* Downs upon the Way, who divided themselves into two Rows, and they appeared like so many Constellations; but methought the Country Ladies out-shined the Courtiers. She brought over with her two hundred thousand Crowns in Gold and Silver, as half her Portion, and the other Moiety is to be paid at the Year's End. Her first Suit of Servants (by Article) are to be *French*, and as they die, *English* are to succeed; she is also allowed 28 Ecclesiastics of any Order, except *Jesuits*; a Bishop for her Almoner, and to have private Exercise of her Religion for her and her Servants.

I pray convey the inclosed to my Father by the next Convenience, and pray present my dear Love to my Sister; I hope to see you at *Dyrinck* about *Michaelmas*, for I intend to wait upon my Father, and I will take my *Mother* in the way, I mean *Oxford*. In the Interim I rest

Lond. 16 May, Your most affectionate Brother,
1626. J. H.

XXIII.

To my Uncle Sir Sackvill Trevor, from Oxford.

S I R,

See
My last letter
will be
in
the
same
place
as
this
one

I AM sorry I must write to you the sad Tidings of the Dissolution of the Parliament here, which was done suddenly; Sir John Elliot was in the Heat of a high Speech against the D. of *Buckingham*, when the Usher of the Black Rod knocked at the Door, and signified the King's Pleasure, which struck a kind of Conternation in all the House. My Lord Keeper *Williams* hath parted with the Broad Seal, because, as some say, he went about to cut down the Scale by which he rose; for some, it seems, did ill Offices betwixt the Duke and him. Sir *Thomas Coventry* hath it now; I pray God he be tender of the King's Conscience, whereof he is Keeper rather than of the Seal.

I am bound To-morrow upon a Journey towards the Mountains, to see some Friends in *Wales*, and to bring back my Father's Blessing: For better Assurance of Lodging where I pass, in regard of the Plague, I have a Post Warrant as far as *St. Davids*, which is far enough, you will say, for the King hath no Ground further on this Island. If the Sicknes rage in such Extremity at *London*, the Term will be held at *Reading*.

All your Friends here are well, but many look blank because of the sudden Rupture of the Parliament. God Almighty turn all to the best, and stay the Fury of this Contagion, and preserve us from further Judgments. So I rest

6 Aug. 1626. Your most affectionate Nephew, J. H.

True bid Coventry become Lord Keeper!

XXIV.

XXIII.

To my Father, from London.

SIR,

I was now a fourth Time at a dead Stand in the Course of my Fortune: For tho' I was recommended to the Duke, and received my noble Respects from him; yet I was told by some who are nearest him, that somebody hath done me ill Offices, by whispering in his Ear that I was too much *Digbyfied*; and so they told me positively, that I must never expect any Employment about him of any Trust. While I was in this Suspense, Mr. Secretary Conway sent for me, and proposed to me, that the King had Occasion to send a Gentleman into *Italy*, in nature of a moving Agent; and tho' he might have choice of Persons of good Quality that would willingly undertake this Employment, yet understanding of my Breeding, he made the first Proffer to me, and that I should go as the King's Servant, and have an Allowance accordingly. I humbly thanked him for the good Opinion he pleased to conceive of me, being a Stranger to him, desired some Time to consider of the Proposition, and of the Nature of the Employment; so he granted me four Days to think upon it, and two of them are passed already. If I may have a Support accordingly, I intend by God's Graces (desiring your Consent and Blessing to go along) to apply myself to this Course, but before I part with *England*, I intend to send you farther Notice.

The Sickness is miraculously decreased in this City, and Suburbs; for from 5200, which was the greatest Number that died in one Week, and that was some 40 Days since, they are now fallen to 300. It was the violentest Fit of Contagion that ever was for the Time in this Island, and such as no Story can parallel; but the Ebb of it was more swift than the Tide. My Brother is well, and so are all your Friends here, for I do not know any of your Acquaintance that is dead of this furious Infection. Sir John Walter asked me lately how you did; and wished me to remember him to you. So with my Love to all my Brothers and Sisters, and the rest of my Friends who made so much of me lately in the Country, I rest

7 Aug. 1626.

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

XXV.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Conway, Principal Secretary of State to his Majesty, at Hampton-Court.

Right Honourable,

SINCE I last attended your Lordship here, I summoned my Thoughts to Counsel, and canvassed to and fro within myself the Busines you pleased to impart to me, for going upon the King's Service into Italy: I considered therein many Particulars: First, The Weight of the Employment, and what Maturity of Judgment, Discretion, and Parts, are required in him that will personate such a Man. Next, The Difficulties of it; for one must send sometimes Light out of Darkness, and, like the Bee, suck Honey out of bad, as out of good Flowers. Thirdly, The Danger which the Undertaker must converse withal, and which may fall upon him by Interception of Letters, or other crois Casualties. Lastly, The great Expence it will require, being not to remain sedentary in one Place as other Agents, but to be often in itinerant Motion.

Touching the first, I refer myself to your Honour's favourable Opinion, and the Character which my Lord S. and others shall give of me: For the second, I hope to overcome it: For the third, I weigh it not, so I may merit it of my King and Country: For the last, I crave leave to deal plainly with your Lordship, that I am a Cadet, and have no other Patrimony or Support but my Breeding, therefore I must breathe by the Employment. And, my Lord, I shall not be able to perform what shall be expected at my Hands under 100*l.* a Quarter, and to have Bills of Credit accordingly. Upon these Terms, my Lord, I shall apply myself to this Service, and by God's Blessing hope to answer all Expectations. So referring the Premises to your noble Consideration, I rest, my Lord,

Lond. 8 Sept.

1626.

*Your very bumble and
ready Servitor, J. H..*

XXVI.

To my Brother Dr. Howell, after Bishop of Bristol.

My Brother,

NEXT to my Father, 'tis fitting you should have Cognizance of my Affairs and Fortunes. You heard how I was in Agitation for an Employment in Italy, but my Lord Conway demurred upon the Salary I propounded: I have now waved this Course, yet I came off fairly with my Lord; for

I have a stable Home-Employment proffered me by my Lord Scroop, Lord President of the North, who sent for me lately to *Worcester-houſe*, tho' I never saw him before; and there the Bargain was quickly made that I ſhould go down with him to *York* for Secretary, and his Lordship has promised me fairly. I will ſee you at your Houſe in *Horsley* before I go, and leave the particular Circumstances of this Buſineſs till then.

The *French* that came over with her Maſteſſy, for their Petulancy, and ſome Mifdeemeanours, and impoſing ſome odd Penances upon the Queen, are all caſhiered this Week, about a matter of ſixſcore, whereof the Bishop of *Mende* was one, who had ſtood to be ſteward of her Maſteſſy's Courts, which Office my Lord of *Holland* hath. It was a thing suddenly done; for about one of the Clock, as they were at Dinner, my Lord *Conway* and Sir *Thomas Edmonds* came with an Order from the King, that they muſt iſtantly away to *Somerſet-houſe*, for there were Barges and Coačhes staying for them; and there they ſhould have all their Wages paid them to a Penny, and ſo they muſt be content to quit the Kingdome. This ſudden undreamed-of Order ſtruck an Affoſhment into them all, both Men and Womien; and running to complain to the Queen, his Maſteſſy had taken her before into his Bed-chamber, and locked the Doors upon them until he had told her how Matters ſtood: The Queen fell into a violent Paſſion, broke the Glasſ-windows, and tore her Hair, but ſhe was calmed afterwards. Just ſuch a Deſtiny happened in *France* ſome Years ſince to the Queen's *Spaniſh* Servants there, who were all diſmiffed in like manner for ſome Miſcartiages; the like was done in *Spain* to the *French*, therefore it is no new Thing.

They are all now on their Way to *Dover*, but I fear this will breed ill Blood 'twixt us and *France*, and may break out into an ill-fauoured Quarrel.

Master *Mountague* is preparing to go to *Paris* as a Meſſenger of Honour, to prepoſtles the King and Council there with the Truth of Things. So with my very kind Reſpecks to my Sister, I reſt

London. 15 Mar. 1626.

Your loving Brother, J. H.

XXVII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord S.

My Lord,

I Am bound ſhortly for *York*, where I am hopefull of a profeſſable Employment. There is fearful News come from *Germany*, that ſince Sir *Charles Morgan* went thither with

with 6000 Men for the Assistance of the King of Denmark, the King hath received an utter Overthrow by *Tilly*; he had received a Fall off a Horse from a Wall five Yards high a little before, yet it did him little Hurt.

Tilly pursueth his Victory strongly, and is got o'er the *Eku* to *Holsteinland*, insomuch that they write from *Hamburg*, that *Denmark* is in danger to be utterly lost. The *Danes* and *Germans* seem to lay some Fault upon our King, the King upon the Parliament, that would not supply him with Subsidies to affit his Uncle, and the Prince *Palgrave*; both which was promised upon the Rupture of the Treaties with *Spain*, which was done by the Advice of both Houses.

This is the Ground that his Majesty hath lately sent out Privy-Seals for Loan-monies until a Parliament may be called, in regard that the K. of *Denmark* is distressed, the *Sound* like to be lost, the *Eastland Trade*, and the *Staple at Hamburg*, in danger to be destroyed; and the *English Garrison* under *Sir Cha. Morgan* at *Stoak* ready to be starved.

These Loan-monies keep a great Noise, and they are imprisoned that deny to conform themselves. ✓

I fear I shall have no more Opportunity to send to your Lordship till I go to *York*; therefore I humbly take leave, and kiss your Hands, being ever, my Lord,

Your obedient and ready Servitor, J. H.

Date 1629.

XXVIII.

To Mr. R. L. Merchant.

I Met lately with *J. Harris* in *London*, and I had not seen him two Years before; and then I took him, and knew him to be a Man of 30, but now one would take him by his Hair to be near 60, for he is all turned grey. I wondered at such a Metamorphosis in so short a time; he told me, it was for the Death of his Wife that Nature had thus antedated his Years. 'Tis true, that a weighty settled Sorrow is of that Force, that besides the Contraction of the Spirits, it will work upon the radical Moisture, and dry it up, so that the Hair can have no Moisture at the Root. This made me remember a Story that a *Spanj* Advocate told me, which is a Thing very remarkable.

When the D. of *Alva* went to *Brussels*, about the Beginning of the Tumults in the *Netherlands*, he had sat down before *Hulst* in *Flanders*, and there was a Provost-Marshal in his Army, who was a Favourite of his; and this Provost had put some to death by secret Commission from the Duke. There was one Capt. *Bolea* in the Army who was an intimate Friend of the Provost, and one Evening late he went to

the said Captain's Tent, and brought with him a Confessor and an Executioner, as it was his Custom; he told the Captain that he was come to execute his Excellency's Commission and martial Law upon him: The Captain started up suddenly, his Hair standing at an End, and being struck with Amazement, asked him wherein he had offended the Duke: The Provost answered, Sir, I come not to expostulate the Business with you, but to execute my Commission; therefore, I pray, prepare yourself, for there's your ghostly Father and Executioner: So he fell upon his Knees before the Priest, and, having done, the Hangman going to put the Halter about his Neck, the Provost threw it away, and breaking into a Laughter, told him, There was no such Thing, and that he had done this to try his Courage, how he could bear the Terror of Death. The Captain looked ghastly upon him, and said, Then, Sir, get you out of my Tent, for you have done me a very ill Office. The next Morning the said Captain *Bolea*, tho' a young Man of about 30, had his Hair all turned grey; to the Admiration of all the World, and the D. of *Alva* himself, who questioned him about it, but he would confess nothing. The next Year the Duke was revoked, and in his Journey to the Court of *Spain* he was to pass by *Saragossa*, and this Capt. *Bolea* and the Provost went along with him as his Domestics. The Duke being to repose some Days in *Saragossa*, the young old Capt. *Bolea* told him that there was a Thing in that Town worthy to be seen by his Excellency, which was a *Casa de locos*, a *Bedlam-house*; for there was not the like in Christendom: Well, said the Duke, go and tell the Warden I will be there To-morrow in the Afternoon, and wish him to be in the Way. The Captain having obtained this, went to the Warden, and told him, that the Duke would come to visit the House the next Day; and the chiefeſt Occaſion that moved him to it was, that he had an unruly Provost about him, who was ſubjeſt often-times to Fits of Phrenzy; and because he wilheth him well, he had tried divers Means to cure him, but all would not do; therefore he would try whether keeping him close in *Bedlam* for ſome Days would do him any Good. The next Day the Duke came with a ruffing Train of Captains after him, among whom was the ſaid Provost very ſhining brave; being entered into the House, about the Duke's Person, Capt. *Bolea* told the Warden (pointing at the Provost) that's the Man; ſo he took him aside into a dark Lobby, where he had placed ſome of his Men, who muffed him in his Cloke, ſeized upon his gilt Sword with his Hat and Feather, and ſo hurried him down into a Dungeon. My Provost had lain there

these two Nights and a Day, and afterwards it happened that a Gentleman coming out of Curiosity to see the House, peeped in at a small Grate where the Provost was : The Provost conjured him as he was a Christian, to go and tell the Duke of Alva, his Provost was there clapped up, nor could he imagine why. The Gentleman did the Errand ; whereat the Duke being astonished, sent for the Warden with his Prisoner : So he brought my *Provost en querpa*, Madman-like, full of Straws and Feathers, before the Duke, who at the Sight of him breaking out into a Laughter, asked the Warden why he had made him his Prisoner. Sir, said the Warden, it was by virtue of your Excellency's Commission brought me by Capt. Bolea : Bolea stepped forth, and told the Duke, Sir, you have asked me oft how these Hairs of mine grew so suddenly grey ; I have not revealed it yet to any Soul breathing ; but now I'll tell your Excellency, and so fell a relating the Passage in *Flanders* ; And, Sir, I have been ever since beating my Brains how to get an equal Revenge of him, and I thought no Revenge to be more equal or corresponding, now, than that you see he hath made me old before my Time, than to make him mad if I could ; and had he stayed some Days longer close Prisoner in the *Bedlam-house*, it might haply have wrought some Impressions upon his *Pericranium*. The Duke was so well pleased with the Story, and the Wittiness of the Revenge, that he made them both Friends ; and the Gentleman who told me this Passage said, that the said Capt. Bolea, was yet alive, so that he could not be less than ninety Years of Age.

I thank you a thousand times for the *Cephalonia Muscadel* and *Betargo* you sent me ; I hope to be shortly quit with you for all Courtesies : In the interim I am

Yorke, 1 May,
1626.

Your obliged Friend
to serve you, J. H.

Postscript.

I Am sorry to hear of the Trick that Sir John Ayres put upon the Company by the Box of Hail-shot, signed with the Ambassador's Seal, that he had sent so solemnly from *Constantinople*, which he made the World believe to be full of Chequins and Turkey Gold.

Familiar LETTERS.

SECT. V.

I.

To Dan. Caldwell, Esq; from York.

My dear Dan.

THO' I may be termed a right *northern* Man, being a good Way this Side *Trent*, yet my Love is as *southern* as ever it was, I mean it continueth still in the same Degree of Heat; nor can this bleaker Air, or *Boreas's* chilling Blasts, cool it a whit. I am the same to you this Side *Trent*, as I was the last time we crossed the *Thames* together to see *Smug the Smith*, and so back to the *Still-yard*: But I fear that your Love to me doth not continue in so constant and intense a Degree, and I have good Grounds for this Fear, because I never received one Syllable from you since I left *London*. If you rid me not of this Scruple, and send to me speedily, I shall think, tho' you live under a hotter Cline in the *South*, that your former Love is not only cooled, but frozen.

For this present Condition of Life, I thank God I live well contented, I have a Fee from the King, Diet for myself and two Servants, Livery for a Horse, and a Part of the King's House for my Lodging, and other Privileges which I am told no Secretary before me had; but I must tell you, the Perquisites are nothing answerable to my Expectation yet. I have built me a new Study since I came, wherein I shall among others meditate sometimes on you, and whence this present Letter comes. So with a thousand Thanks for the plentiful Hospitality and jovial Farewel you gave me at your House in *Essex*, I rest

York, 13 July, 1627.

Yours, yours, yours,

II.

To Mr. Richard Leat.

Sⁱgnor mio, It is now a great while, methinks, since any Act of Friendship, or other interchangeable Offices of Love have passed between us, either by Letters, or other accustomed Ways of Correspondence; and as I will not accuse, so I go not about to clear myself in this Point: Let this long Silence be termed therefore a Cessation rather than Neglect
on

on both Sides. A Row that lies a while unbent, and a Field that remains fallow for a Time, grow never the worse, but afterwards the one sends forth an Arrow more strongly, the other yields a better Crop, being recultivated: Let this be also verified in us, let our Friendship grow more fruitful after this Pause, let it be more active for the future: You see I begin and shoot the first Shaft. I send you herewith a Couple of red Deer Pies, the one Sir *Arthur Ingram* gave me, the other my Lord President's Cook; I could not tell where to bestow them better. In your next let me know which is the best seasoned; I pray let the *Sydonian Merchant J. Buckhurst* be at the eating of them, and then I know they will be well soaked. If you please to send me a Barrel or two of Oysters which we want here, I promise you they shall be well eaten with a Cup of the best Claret, and the best Sherry (to which Wine this Town is altogether addicted) shall not be wanting.

I understand the Lord *Weylan* is Lord Treasurer; we may say now, that we have Treasurers of all Terres, for there are four living, to wit, the Lords *Manchester, Middlesex, Marlborough*, and the newly chosen. I hear also that the good old Man (the last) hath retired to his Lodgings in *Lincoln's Inn*, and so reduced himself to his first Principles; which makes me think that he cannot bear up long, now that the Staff is taken from him. I pray in your next send me the *Venetian Gazette*. So with my kind Respects to your Father, I rest

Yorke, 9 July, 1627.

Yours, J. H.

III.

To Sir Ed. Sa, Knight,

SIR,

IT was no great Matter to be a Prophet, and to have foretold this Rupture 'twixt us and *France* upon the sudden Removal of her Majesty's Servants; for many of them had sold their Estates in *France*, given Money for their Places, and so thought to live and die in *England* in the Queen's Service; and so have pitifully complained to that King; thereupon he hath arrested above 100 of our Merchant-men that went to the Vintage at *Bourdeour*. We also take some Stragglers of theirs, for there are Letters of Mart given on both Sides.

There are Writs issued out for a Parliament, and the Town of *Richmond* in *Richmondshire* hath made choice of me for their Burges, tho' Master *Christopher Wandesford*, and other powerful Men, and more deserving than I, stood for it. I pray God send me fair Weather in the House of

N 4

Com-

Meet:
Mar. 17
1628

Commons, for there is much Murmuring about the Restraint of those that would not conform to *Lean-monies*. There is a great Fleet preparing, and an Army of Landmen; but the Design is uncertain, whether it be against *Spain*, or *France*, for we are now in Enmity with both those Crowns. The French Cardinal hath been lately t'other Side the *Alps*, and settled the Duke of *Nevers* in the Duchy of *Mantua*, notwithstanding the Opposition of the King of *Spain* and the Emperor, who alledged, That he was to receive his Investiture from him, and that was the chief Ground of the War; but the French Arms have done the Work, and come triumphantly back over the Hills again. No more now, but that I am, as always,

2 March, 1627-8

D.S.

Your true Friend, J. H.

IV.

To the Worshipful Mr. Alderman of the Town of Richmond, and the rest of the worthy Members of that ancient Corporation.

SIR,

I Received a public Instrument from you lately, subscribed by yourself and divers others, wherein I find that you have made choice of me to be one of your Burgesses for this now approaching Parliament; I could have wished that you had not put by Master *Wandesford*, and other worthy Gentlemen that stood so earnestly for it, who being your Neighbours, had better Means and more Abilities to serve you. Yet since you have cast these high Respects upon me, I will endeavour to acquit myself of the Trust, and to answer your Expectation accordingly: And as I account this Election an Honour to me, so I esteem it a greater Advantage, that so worthy and well-experienced a Knight as Sir *Talbot Bowes*, is to be my Colleague and Fellow-Burgess; I shall steer by his Compass, and follow his Directions in any thing that may concern the Welfare of your Town, and the Precincts thereof, either for Redress of any Grievance, or by proposing some new Thing that may conduce to the further Benefit and Advantage thereof; and this I take to be the true Duty of a parliamentary Burgess, without roving at random to generals. I hope to learn of Sir *Talbot* what is fitting to be done, and I shall apply myself accordingly to join with him to serve you with my best Abilities. So I rest

Lond. 24 Mar,

1627-8

*Your most assured and ready Friend
so do you Service, J. H.*

V.

V.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Clifford at Knaresborough.

My Lord,

THE News that fills all Mouths at present, is the Return of the Duke of Buckingham from the Isle of Rue; or, as some call it, the Isle of Rue, for the bitter Success we had there; for we had but a tart Entertainment in that Salt Island. Our first Invasion was magnanimous and brave, whereat near upon 200 French Gentlemen perished, and divers Barons of Quality. My Lord of Newport had ill Luck to disorder our Cavalry with an unruly Horse he had: His Brother Sir Charles Rich was slain, and divers more upon Retreat; among others, great Col. Gray fell into a Salt-pit, and being ready to be drowned, he cried out, *Cent mille es-
cus pour ma rançon, A hundred thousand Crowns for my Ran-
sim:* The Frenchman hearing that, preserved him, tho' he was not worth a hundred thousand Pence. A merry Passage a Captain told me, that when they were rifling the dead Bodies of the French Gentlemen after the first Invasion, they found that many of them had their Mistresses Favours tied about their Genitories. The French do much glory to have repelled us thus, and they have Reason; for the Truth is, they comported themselves gallantly: Yet they confess our Landing was a notable Piece of Courage, and if our Retreat had been answerable to the Invasion, we had lost no Honour at all. A great Number of gallant Gentlemen fell on our Side, as Sir John Heydon, Sir Jo. Burrowes, Sir John Blyniel, Sir Alex. Bréz, with divers veteran Commanders, who came from the Netherlands to this Service.

God send us better Succes the next Time, for there is another Fleet preparing to be sent under the Command of the Lord Denbigh. So I kiss your Hand, and am

Lond. 24 Sept. Your bumble Servitor, J. H.

1627.

VI.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Scroop, Earl of Sunderland, Lord President of the North.

My Lord,

MY Lord Denbigh is returned from attempting to relieve Rochel, which is reduced to extreme Exigence; and now the Duke is preparing to go again, with as great Power as was yet raised, notwithstanding that the Parliament hath flown higher at him than eyer: Which makes the People here hardly with any good Succes to the Expedition, be- cause

cause he is General. The Spaniard stands at a gaze all this while, hoping that we may do the Work; otherwise I think he would find some Way to relieve the Town; for there is nothing conduceth more to the uniting and strengthening of the French Monarchy, than the Reduction of *Rochefort*. The King hath been there long in Person with his Cardinal; and the stupendous Works they have raised by Sea and Land, are beyond Belief, as they say. The Sea-works and Booms were traced out by Marquis *Spinola*, as he was passing that Way for Spain from Flanders.

June 17

The Parliament is prorogued till Michaelmas Term; there were five Subsidies granted, the greatest Gift that ever Subjects gave their King at once; and it was in Requital that his Majesty passed the Petition of Right, whereby the Liberty of the free-born Subject is so strongly and clearly vindicated. So that there is a fair Correspondence like to be 'twixt his Majesty and the two Houses. The Duke made a notable Speech at the Council-Table in Joy hereof; among other Passages, one was, *That hereafter his Majesty would please to make the Parliament his Favourite, and he to have the Honour to remain still his Servant.* No more now, but that I continue

*Lond. 25 Sept.
1628.*

Your Lordship's most dutiful
Servant, J. H.

VII.

To the Right Hon. the Lady Scroop, Countess of Sunderland; from Stamford.

Madam,

Aug. 23

I Lay yesternight at the Post-house at *Stilton*, and this Morning betimes the Post-master came to my Bed's-head and told me the D. of *Buckingham* was slain: My Faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an Hour ago I met in the Way with my Lord of *Roxbury* (your Brother) riding Post towards *London*; it pleased him to alight, and shew me a Letter, wherein there was an exact Relation of all the Circumstances of this sad Tragedy.

Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday, being *Bartholemew Eve*, the Duke did rise up in a well-disposed Humour out of his Bed, and cut a Caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the Barber's Hand, (where the Murderer had thought to have done the Deed, for he was leaning upon the Window all the while) he went to Breakfast, attended by a great Company of Commanders, where Mons^t. *Soubize* came to him, and whispered him in the Ear that *Rachel* was relieved: The Duke seemed to slight the News, which made some think that *Soubize* went away dif-

discontented. After Breakfast, the Duke going out, Col. *Fryer* kept before him, and stopping him upon some Business, and Lieut. *Felton* being behind, made a Thrust with a common Tenpenny Knife over *Fryer's* Arm at the Duke, which lighted so fatally, that he slit his Heart in two, leaving the Knife sticking in the Body. The Duke took out the Knife, and threw it away; and laying his Hand on his Sword, and drawn it half out, said, The Villain hath killed me, (meaning, as some think, Col. *Fryer*) for there had been some Difference 'twixt them; so reeling against a Chimney, he fell down dead. The Duchess being with Child, hearing the Noise below, came in her Night-geers from her Bedchamber, which was in an upper Room, to a kind of Rail, and thence beheld him weltering in his own Blood. *Felton* had lost his Hat in the Croud, wherein there was a Paper sowed, wherein he declared, that the Reason which moved him to this Act, was no Grudge of his own, tho' he had been far behind for his Pay, and had been put by his Captain's Place twice, but in regard he thought the Duke an Enemy to the State, because he was branded in Parliament; therefore what he did was for the public Good of his Country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his Horse, which was tied to a Hedge hard by; but he was so amazed that he missed his Way, and so struck into the Pastry, where, altho' the Cry went that some Frenchman had done it, he thinking the Word was *Felton*, boldly confessed, 'twas he that had done the Deed, and so he was in their Hands. *Jack Stamford* would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. *Nicholas*; so being carried up to a Tower, Capt. *Mince* tore off his Spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an Act, making him believe the Duke was not dead, he answered boldly, that he knew he was dispatched, for it was not he, but the Hand of Heaven that gave the Stroke; and tho' his whole Body had been covered over with Armour of Proof, he could not have avoided it. Capt. *Cb. Price* went Post presently to the King four Miles off, who being at Prayers on his Knees when it was told him, yet never stirred, nor was he disturbed a whit till all divine Service was done. This was the Relation, as far as my Memory could bear, in my Lord of *Rutland's* Letter, who willed me to remember him to your Ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your Niece (the Duchess) as fast as he could. And so I have sent the Truth of this sad Story to your Ladyship, as fast as I could by this Post, because I cannot make that Speed myself, in regard of some Business I have to dispatch for my Lord in the Way: So I humbly take my leave, and rest

Stamford, 5 Aug. Your Ladyship's most dutiful Servant, J.H.

1628.

VIII.

25.

VIII.

To the Right Hon. Sir Peter Wichts, his Majestys Ambassador at Constantinople.

My Lord,

YOURS of the second of July came to safe Hand, and I did all those particular Recaada's you enjoined me to do to some of your Friends here.

The Town of *Rochel* hath been fatal and unfortunate to *England*, for this is the third Time that we have attempted to relieve her; but our Fleets and Forces returned without doing any thing. My Lord of *Lindsey* went thither with the same Fleet the Duke intended to go on, but is returned without doing any Good; he made some Shots at the great Boom and other Barricadoes at Sea, but at such a Distance, that they could do no Hurt: Insomuch that the Town is now given for lost, and to be past Cure, and they cry out, we have betrayed them. At the Return of this Fleet, two of the *Hulks* were cast away, and three Ships more, and some five Ships which had some of those great Stones that were brought to build *Paul's*, for Ballast and for other Uses, within them; which could promise no good Success; for I never heard of any thing that prospered, which being once designed for the Honour of God, was alienated from that Use. The Queen interposeth for the Releasement of my Lord of *Newport* and others, who are Prisoners of War. I hear that all the Colours they took from us are hung up in the great Church of *Notre-Dame*, as Trophies in *Paris*. Since I began this Letter, there is News brought that *Rochel* hath yielded, and that the King hath dismantled the Town, and razed all the Fortifications landward, but leaves those standing which are toward the Sea. It is a mighty Exploit the French King hath done, for *Rochel* was the chiefest Propugnacie of the Protestants there; and now, questionless, all the rest of their cautionary Towns which they kept for their own Defence, will yield; so that they must depend hereafter upon the King's mere Mercy. I hear of an Overture of Peace 'twixt us and *Spain*, and that my Lord *Cottington* is to go thither, and *Don Carlos Coloma* to come to us. God grant it, for you know the Saying in *Spanish*, *Nunca vi tan mala paz, que no fuera mejor, que la mejor guerra*. It was a bold Thing in *England*, to fall out with the two greatest Monarchs of *Christendom*, and to have them both for Enemies at one Time; and as glorious a Thing it was to bear up against them. God turn all to the best, and dispose of Things to his Glory: So I rest

Lond. 1 Sept,

1628,

Your Lordship's ready Servitor,

J. H.
IX

IX.

To my Cousin Mr. St. Geon, at Christ-Church College
in Oxford.

Cousin; Though you want no Incitements to go on in that fair Road of Virtue where you are now running your Course, yet being lately in your noble Father's Company, he did intimate to me, that any thing which came from me would take with you very much. I hear so well of your Proceedings, that I should rather commend than encourage you. I know you were removed to Oxford in full Maturity, you were a good Orator, a good Poet, and a good Linguist for your Time; I would not have that Fate light upon you, which useth to beset some, who from golden Students, become silver Bachelors, and leaden Masters: I am far from entertaining any such Thought of you, that *Logic* with her Quiddities, and *Quæ, la, vel Hippis*, can any way unpolish your humane Studies. As *Logic* is clubfisted and crabbed, so she is terrible at first Sight; she is like a Gorgon's Head to a young Student, but after a Twelvemonth's Constancy and Patience, this Gorgon's Head will prove a mere Bugbear; when you have devoured the *Organon*, you will find *Philosophy* far more delightful and pleasing to your Palate. In feeding the Soul with Knowledge, the Understanding requireth the same consecutive Acts which Nature useth in nourishing the Body. To the Nutrition of the Body, there are two essential Conditions required, *Assumption and Retention*; then there follows two more, *vitiation and separation*, Concoction and Agglutination, or *Adhesion*: So in feeding your Soul with Science, you must first assume and suck in the Matter into your Apprehension, then must the Memory retain and keep it in; afterwards by Disputation, Discourse, and Meditation, it must be well concocted; then must it be agglutinated, and converted to Nutriment. All this may be reduced to these two Heads, *teneri fideliter, & uti feliciter*, which are two of the happiest Properties in a Student. There is another Act required to good Concoction, called the Act of *Expulsion*, which puts off all that is unsound and noxious; so in Study there must be an expulsive Virtue to shun all that is erroneous; and there is no Science but is full of such stuff, which by Direction of Tutor, and Choice of good Books, must be excerned. Do not confound yourself with Multiplicity of Authors, two is enough upon any Science, provided they be plenary and orthodox; *Philosophy* should be your substantial Food, *Poetry* your banqueting

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ing stuff; *Philosophy* hath more of reality in it than any Knowledge, the *Philosopher* can fathom the deep, measure Mountains, reach the Stars with a Staff, and bless Heaven with a Girdle.

But among these Studies you must not forget the *unicum necessarium*; on Sundays and Holydays, let *Divinity* be the sole Object of your Speculation, in comparison whereof all other Knowledge is but Cobweb Learning; *pro quid quisquis est cetera.*

When you can make truce with Study, I should be glad you would employ some superfluous Hour or other to write to me, for I much covet your Good, because I am

Lond. 25 Oct. 1627. Your affectionate Cousin J. H.

X.

To Sir Sackvil Trevor, Knight.

Noble Uncle,

I send you my humble Thanks for the curious Sea-chest of Glasses you pleased to bestow on me, which I shall be very chary to keep as a Monument of your Love. I congratulate also the great Honour you have got lately by taking away the Spirit of France, I mean by taking the third great Vessel of her Sea-Trinity, her *Holy Spirit*, which had been built in the Mouth of the Texel for the Service of her King. Without complimenting with you, it was one of the best Exploits that was performed since these Wars began; and besides the Renown you have purchased, I hope your Reward will be accordingly from his Majesty, whom I remember you so happily preserved from drowning, in all Probability, at St. Anders Road in Spain. Though Princes Guerdons come slow, yet they come sure: And it is oftentimes the Method of God Almighty himself, to be long both in his Rewards and Punishments.

As you have bereft the French of their *Saint Esprit* their *Holy Spirit*, so there is News that the Hollander have taken from Spain all her *Saints*; I mean *Todos los santos*, which is one of the chiefest Staples of Sugar in Brazil. No more, but that I wish you all Health, Honour, and Hearts Desire.

Lond. 16 Octob.

1625.

Your much obliged Nephew

and Servitor, J. H.

XI.

To Captain Tho. B. from York.

Noble Captain; Yours of the 1st of March was delivered me by Sir Rich. Scot, and I held it no Profanation of this Sunday-evening, considering the quality of my Subject, and having (I thank God for it) performed all Church-duties,

to

to employ some Hours to meditate on you, and send you this friendly Salute, though I confess in an unusual moritory way. My dear Captain, I love you perfectly well, I love both your Person and Parts, which are not vulgar; I am in love with your Disposition, which is generous, and I verily think you were never guilty of any pusillanimous Act in your Life: Nor is this Love of mine conferred upon you gratis, but you may challenge it as your due, and by way of Correspondence, in regard of those thousand convincing Evidences you have given me of yours to me, which ascertain me, that you take me for a true Friend. Now I am of the Number of those that had rather commend the Virtue of an Enemy, than feint the Vices of a Friend; for your own particular, if your Parts of Virtue and your Infirmities were cast into a Balance, I know the first would much out-poise the other: Yet give me leave to tell you, that there is one Frailty, or rather ill-favoured Custom, that reigns in you, which weighs much, it is a Humour of swearing in all your Discourses; and they are not slight, but deep, far-fetched Oaths that you are wont to rap out, which you use as Flowers of Rhetorick to enforce a Faith upon the Hearers, who believe you never the more: And you use this in cold Blood when you are not provoked, which makes the Humour far more dangerous. I know many, (and I cannot say I myself am free from it, God forgive me) that being transported with choler, and as it were made drunk with passion by some sudden provoking Accident, or extreme ill Fortune at play, will let fall Oaths and deep Protestations: But to belch out, and send forth, as it were, whole Vollies of Oaths and Curses in a calm Humour, to verify every trivial Discourse, is a thing of Horror. I knew a King that being crossed in his Game, would, among his Oaths, fall on the Ground, and bite the very Earth in the Rough of his Passion; I heard of another King (*Henry the IV. of France*) that in his highest Distemper would swear by *Ventre de St. Gris*, by the Belly of St. Gris: I heard of an Italian, that having been much accustomed to blaspheme, was weaned from it by a pretty wile; for having been one Night at play, and lost all his Money, after many execrable Oaths, and having offered Money to another to go out to face Heaven, and defy God, he threw himself upon a Bed hard by, and there fell asleep: The other Gamesters played on still, and finding that he was fast asleep, they put out the Candles, and made semblance to play on still; they fell a wrangling, and spoke so loud that he awaked: He hearing them play on still, fell a rubbing his Eyes, and his Conscience presently prompted him that

that he was struck blind, and that God's Judgment had deservedly fallen down upon him for his Blasphemies; and so he fell to sigh and weep pitifully: A ghostly Father was sent for, who undertook to do some Acts of Penance for him, if he would make a Vow never to play again, or blaspheme: which he did, and so the Candles were lighted again, which he thought were burning all the while: So he became a perfect Convert. I could wish this Letter might produce the same Effect in you. There is a strong Text, that the Curse of Heaven hangs always over the Dwelling of the Swearer; and you have more fearful Examples of miraculous Judgments in this particular, than of any other Sin.

There is a little Town in *Languedoc* in *France*, that hath a Multitude of the Pictures of the Virgin *Mary* up and down; but she is made to carry *Christ* in her right Arm, contrary to the ordinary custom; and the reason they told me was this, that two Gamesters being at play, and one having lost all his money, and boited out many Blasphemies, he gave a deep Oath, that that Whore upon the Wall, meaning the Picture of the blessed Virgin, was the Cause of his ill Luck; whereupon the Child removed imperceptibly from the left Arm to the right, and the Man fell stark dumb ever after: Thus went the Tradition there. This makes me think of the Lady *Southwell's* News from *Utopia*, that he who sweareth when he playeth at Dice, may challenge his Damnation by way of Purchase. This infamous Custom of Swearing, I observe, reigns in *England* lately more than any where else; tho' a *German* in highest Puff of Passions swears a hundred thousand *Sacraments*, the *Italian* by the Whore of *God*, the *French* by his Death, the *Spaniard* by his *Flesh*, the *Welchman* by his *Sweat*, the *Irishman* by his *Five Wounds*, tho' the *Scot* commonly bids the *Devil bale his Soul*; yet for Variety of Oaths the *English Roarers* put down all. Consider well what a dangerous thing it is to tear in pieces that dreadful Name which makes the vast Fabric of the World to tremble; that holy Name wherein the whole Hierarchy of *Heaven* doth triumph, that blissful Name, wherein consists the Fulness of all Felicity. I know this Custom in you yet, is but a light *Disposition*, it is no Habit I hope; let me therefore conjure you, by that Power of Friendship, by that holy League of Love which is between us, that you would suppress it before it come to that; for I must tell you that those who could find in their Hearts to love you for many other Things, do disrespect you for this; they hate your Company, and give no credit to whatever you say,

say, it being one of the Punishments of a Swearer, as well as of a Liar, not to be believed when he speaks Truth.

Excuse me that I am so free with you, what I write proceeds from the clear Current of a pure Affection; and I shall heartily thank you, and take it for an Argument of Love, if you tell me of my Weaknesses, which are (God wot) too too many; for my Body is but a Cargazon of corrupt Humours, and being not able to overcome them all at once, I do endeavour to do it by Degrees: Like *Sartorius's* Soldier, who when he could not cut off the Horse-tail with his Sword at one Blow, fell to pull out the Hairs one by one. And touching this particular Humour from which I diffuade you, it hath raged in me too often by contingent Fits; but I thank God for it, I find it much abated and purged. Now the only Physic I used was a precedent Fast, and Recourse to the holy Sacrament the next Day, of Purpose to implore Pardon for what had passed, and Power for the future to quell those exorbitant Motions, those Ravings, and feverish Fits of the Soul, in regard there are no Infirmities more dangerous; for at the same Instant they have Being, they become Impieties. And the greatest Symptom of Amendment I find in me is, because whenever I hear the holy Name of *GOD* blasphemed by any other, it makes my Heart to tremble within my Breast. Now it is a penitential Rule, *That if Sins present do not please thee, Sins past will not hurt thee.* All other Sins have their Object, either Pleasure or Profit, or some Aim and Satisfaction to Body or Mind; but this hath none at all: Therefore fie upon it, my dear Captain, try whether you can make a Conquest of yourself, in subduing this execrable custom. *Alexander* subdued the World, *Cæsar* his Enemies, *Hercules* Monsters; but he that overcomes himself is the true valiant Captain. I have herewith sent you a *Hymn*, consonant to this Subject, because I know you are musical, and a good Poet.

*A Gradual Hymn of a double Cadence, tending to the Honour of the holy Name of *GOD*.*

1. *L*ET the vast Universe,
And therein ev'ry thing
The mighty A&ts rehearse
Of their immortal King,
His Name extol
what to Nadir
from Zenith stir
'Twixt Pole and Pole.

2. *Ye Elements that move,*
And alter ev'ry Hour,
Yet herein constant prove,
And symbolize all four;
His praise to tell,
mix all in one
for Air and Tone
To sound his Peal.

3. Earth,

3. Earth, which the centre stri,
And only standest still,
Yet move, and bear thy Part ;
Resound with Echoes still ;
Thy Mines of Gold,
With precious Stones,
and Unions,
His Fame uphold.
4. Let all thy fragrant Flowers
Grow sweeter by this air,
Thy tallest Trees and Bowers
Bud forth and blossom fair ;
Bursts wild and tame
Whom Lodgings yield
House, Dens, or Field,
Collaud his Name.
5. Ye Seas with Earth that make
One Globe so bigg, and so well,
Exalt your Maker's Name,
In deep his Wonders tell :
Leviathan,
and what dost fram
near Bank or Brim,
His Glory fear.
6. Ye airy Regions all
Join in a sweet Consent,
Blow such a Madrigal
May reach the Firmament ;
Winds, Hail, Ice, Snow,
and pearly Drops,
that hang on Crope,
His Wonders shew.
7. Pure Element of Fire
With holy Sparks inflame
This sublunary Choir,
That all one Consonant frame ;
their Spirits raise,
to trumpet forth
their Maker's Worth,
And sound his Praise.
8. Ye glorious Lamps that roll
In your celestial Sphers,
All under his Control,
Who set on Poles up bears ;
Him magnify
ye Planets bright,
and fixed Lights
That deck the Sky.
9. O Heaven Chryalline,
Which by the watry bne
Dost temper and refine
The rest in crast'd Glass ;
His Glory sound
thru soft Mobile,
which mak'st all wher
In circle round.
10. Ye glorious Souls who reign
In semiernal Joy,
Free from those Cares and Pain
Which did you here annoy,
And him beheld
in whom all Blis
concentred is,
His Land unfold. (more)
11. Blest Maid which dost fer
All Saints and Seraphins,
And reign'st as Paramount,
And chief of Cherubins,
Craunt out his Praise,
who in thy Womb
nine Monthes took Room,
Thy crown'd with Rays.
12. O let my Soul and Heart,
My Mind and Memory
Bear in this Hymn a Part,
And join wth Earth and Sky ;
Let ev'ry Wight
the World o'er
laud and adore
The Lord of Light.

All your Friends here are well, Tom. Young excepted, who
I fear hath not long to live amongst us. So I rest
I Aug. 1628.

Your true Friend, J. H.

XII.

To Will. Austin, Esq;

SIR,

I Have many Thanks to give you for that excellent Poem you sent me upon the Passion of Christ; surely you were possessed with a very strong Spirit when you penititly it; you were become a true *Embutiast*; for let me despair if I lie unto you, all the while I was perusing it, it committed holy Rapes upon my Soul; methought I felt my Heart melting within my Breast, and my Thoughts transported to a true *Elysium* all the while; there were such flexanimous strong ravishing Strains throughout it. To deal plainly with you, it were an Injury to the public Good, not to expose to open Light such divine Raptures, for they have an edifying Power in them, and may be termed the very Quintessence of Devotion: You discover in them what rich Talent you have, which should not be buried within the Walls of a private Study, or pass through a few particular Hands, but appear in public View, and to the Sight of the World, to the enriching of others, as they did me in reading them. Therefore I shall long to see them pass from the *Banks* to *Paul's-Guard*, with other precious Pieces of yours, which you have pleased to impart unto me.

Oxford no. Aug.
1628.

Your affectionate Servitor, J. H.

XIII.

To Sir J. S. Knight.

SIR,

YOU writ to me lately for a Footman, and I think this Bearef will fit you: I know he can run well, for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the Way back again. Yet tho' he had a running Head as well as running Heels, (and who will expect a Footman to be a stay'd Man?) I would not part with him were I not to go Post to the North. There be some things in him that answer for his Waggeries; he will come when you call him, go when you bid him, and shut the Door after him; he is faithful and stout, and a Lover of his Master: He is a great Enemy to all Dogs if they bark at him in his running, for I have seen him confront a huge Mastiff, and knock him down; when you go a country Journey, or have him run with you a hunting, you must spirt him with Liquor; you must allow him also something extraordinary for Socks, else you must not have him

to wait at your Table ; when his Grease melts in running hard, it is subject to fall into his Toes. I send him you but for a Trial ; if he be not for your Turn, turn him over to me again when I come back.

The best News I can send you at this time, is, that we are like to have Peace both with *France* and *Spain* ; so that *Harwich Men*, your Neighbours, shall not hereafter need to fear the Name of *Spinola*, who struck such an Apprehension into them lately, that I understand they began to fortify.

I pray present my most humble Service to my good Lady, and at my Return from the *North*, I will be bold to kiss her Hands and yours. So I am

Lond. 25 May, 1628. Your much obliged Serviter, J. H.

XIV.

To my Father.

SIR,

OUR two younger Brothers, which you sent hither, are disposed of ; my Brother Doctor hath placed the elder of the two with Mr. *Hawes*, a Mercer in *Cheapside*, and he took much Pains in it ; and I had placed my Brother Ned with Mr. *Barrington*, a Silk-man in the same Street ; but afterwards, for some Inconveniences, I removed him to one Mr. *Smith*, at the *Flower-de-luce* in *Lombard-street*, a Mercer also. Their Masters both of them are very well to pass, and of good Repute ; I think it will prove some Advantage to them hereafter, to be both of one Trade ; because, when they are out of their Time, they may join Stocks together : so that I hope, Sir, they are as well placed as any two Youths in *London* ; but you must not use to send them such large Tokens in Money, for that may corrupt them. When I went to bind my Brother Ned Apprentice in *Drapers-Hall*, casting my Eyes upon the Chimney-piece of the great Room, I spied a Picture of an antient Gentleman, and underneath *Thomas Howell* : I asked the Clerk about him, and he told me, that he had been a *Spanish Merchant* in *Henry VIII's* Time, and coming home rich, and dying a Batchelor, he gave that Hall to the Company of *Drapers*, with other things, so that he is accounted one of the chiefest Benefactors. I told the Clerk, that one of the Sons of *Thomas Howell* came now thither to be bound ; he answered, that if he be a right *Howell*, he may have, when he is free, three hundred Pounds to help to set up, and pay no Interest for five Years. It may be hereafter we will make use of this. He told me also, that any Maid that can prove her Father

to be a true *Howell*, may come and demand fifty Pounds towards her Portion of the said *Hall*. I am to go Post towards *York* to-morrow, to my Charge; but hope, God willing, to be here again the next Term: So, with my Love to my Brother *Howell*, and my Sister his Wife, I rest
Lond. 30 Sept. 1629. Your dutiful Son, J. H.

XV.

To my Brother Dr. Howell, at Jesus College in Oxon.

B R O T H E R,

I Have sent you here inclosed Warrants for four Brace of Bucks, and a Stag; the last Sir *Arthur Mawerine* pro-
cured of the King for you, towards the keeping of your Act. I have sent you also a Warrant for a Brace of Bucks out of *Walden Cesar*; besides, you shall receive by this Carrier a great Wicker Hamper, with two Geoules of *Sturgeon*, six Barrels of pickled Oysters, three Barrels of *Bologna* Olives, with some other Spanish Commodities.

My Lord President of the Norah hath lately made me Pa-
tron of a Living hard by *Henly*, called *Hambledon*; it is worth
500*l.* a Year *communibus annis*; and the now Incumbent
Dr. *Pilkinton*, is very aged, valetudinary, and corpulent: My
Lord, by legal Instrument, hath transmitted the next Ad-
vowson to me for Satisfaction of some Arrearages. Dr. *Dom-
law* and two or three more have been with me about it, but I
always intended to make the first Proffer to you, therefore I
pray think of it; a Sum of Money must be had, but you shall
be at no Trouble for that, if you only will secure it, (and de-
sire one more who I know will do it for you) and it shall ap-
pear to you that you have it upon far better Terms than any
other. It is as finely situated as any Rectory can be, for it is a-
bout the Midway twixt *Oxford* and *London*; it lies upon the
Thames, and the glebe-land House is very large and fair,
and not dilapidated; so that considering all things, it is as
good as some Bishoprics. I know his Majesty is gracious to
you, and you may well expect some Preferment that way,
but such Livings as these are not to be had every where. I
thank you for inviting me to your Act, I will be with you
the next Week, Good willing, and hope to find my Father
there. So with my kind Love to Dr. *Mansel*, Mr. *Watkins*,
Mr. *Madocks*, and Mr. *Napier* at *All-Souls*, I rest.

Lond. 20 June, 1628. Your loving Brother, J. H.

XVI.

To my Father, Mr. Ben Johnson.

Father Ben Jonson fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae, there's no great Wit without some Mixture of Madness; so saith the Philosopher: Nor was he a Fool who answered, Nec parvum sine mixtura stultitia, nor small Wit without some Allay of Foolishness. Touching the first, it is verified in you, for I find that you have been oftentimes mad; you were mad when you writ your *Fix*, and madder when you writ your *Alibiage*; you were mad when you writ *Cetiken*, and stark mad when you writ *Squaine*; but when you writ your *Spixians*, and the *Magnaria Lady*, you were not so mad; inasmuch that I perceive there be Degrees of Madness in you. Excuse me that I am so free with you. The Madness I mean is that divine Fury, that heating and heightning Spirit which *Ovid* speaks of,

Est Deus in nobis, agitans edificans illa: That true Enthusiasm which transports and elevates the Souls of Poets above the middle Region of vulgar Conceptions, and makes them soar up to Heaven to touch the Stars with their lauded Heads, to walk in the *Zodiac* with *Apollo* himself, and command *Mercury* upon their Errand.

I cannot yet light upon Dr. *Devir's* *Wolff Grammar*; before *Christmas* I am promised one: So desiring you to look better hereafter to your Charcoal-fire and Chisnery, which I am glad to be one that preferred it from burning, this being the second time that *Kuppen* hath threatened you, it may be because you have spoken ill of his Wife, and been too busy with his Horns; I rest

Wesm. 27 Jun.
1629.

Your Son, and contiguous
Neighbour, J. H.

XVII.

To Sir Arthur Ingram, in York.

S I R,

I Have sent you herewith a Hamper of Melona, the best I could find in any of *Tottenham*-field Gardens, and with them my very humble Service and Thanks for all Favours, and lately for inviting me to your new noble House at *Temple Newsam*, when I return to *Yorkshire*: To this I may answer you, as my Lord *Coke* was answered by a *Norfolk* Countryman who had a Suit depending in the *King's-Bench* against some Neighbours touching a River that used to annoy him, and Sir *Edw. Coke* asking how he called the River;

ver; he answered, *My Lord, I need not call her, for she is forward enough to come of herself.* So I may say, that you need not call me to any House of yours, for I am forward enough to come without calling.

My Lord President is still indisposed at Dr. Napier's, yet he writ to me lately, that he hopes to be at the next Sitting in York. So with a Tender of my most humble Service to my noble good Lady, I rest

Lond. 25 July 1629.

Your most obliged Servant, J. H.

XVIII.

To R. S. Esq;

SIR,

I Am one of them who value not a Courtesy that hangs long betwixt the Fingers. I love not those *useosa beneficia*, those Birdlimed Kindnesses which *Pliny* speaks of; nor would I receive Money in a dirty Clout, if possibly I could be without it: Therefore I return you the Courtesy by the same Hand that brought it; it might have pleased me at first, but the Expectation of it hath prejudiced me, and now perhaps you may have more need of it than

Wester. 3 Aug. 1629.

Your humble Servitor, J. H.

XIX.

To the Countess of Sunderland, at York.

Madam,

MY Lord continues still in a Course of *Physic* at Dr. Napier's; I writ to him lately, that his Lordship would please to come to his own House here in *Martins Lane*, where there is a greater Accommodation for the Recovery of his Health, Dr. *Mayern* being on the one Side, and the King's Apothecary on the other: But I fear there be some Mountebanks that carry him away, and I hear he intends to remove to *Wickham*, to one *Atkinson*, a mere *Quacksalver*, that was once *D. Lopez* his Man.

The little Knight that wist to draw up his Breeches with a Shooping-horn, I mean Sir *Poythamus Hobby*, flew high at him this Parliament, and would have inserted his Name in his Scrovl of Recusants, that's shortly to be presented to the King; but I produced a Certificate from *Linford* under the Minister's Hand, that he received the Communion at *Easter* last, and so got his Name out: Besides, the Deputy Lieut-tenants of *Buckinghamshire* would have charged *Biggin-Farm* with a Light-horse, but Sir *Will. Alford*, and others, joined with me to get off.

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Sir Tho. *Wentworth* and Mr. *Wansford*, are grown great Courtiers lately, and come from *Westminster-Hall* to *White-Hall*: (Sir J. *Savill*, their Countryman, having shewn them the Way with his *White Staff*.) The Lord *Weston* tampered with the one, and my Lord *Cottingham* took Pains with the other, to bring them about from their Violence against the *Prerogative*: And I am told the first of them is promised my Lord's Place at *York*, in case his Sickness continue,

We are like to have Peace with *Spain* and *France*: And for *Germany*, they say the *Swedes* are like to strike into her, to try whether they may have better Fortune than the *Danes*.

My Lady *Scoop*, (my Lord's Mother) hath lain sick a good while, and is very weak. So I rest,

*W^m. 5 Aug.
1629.*

*Madam, Your humble and
affectionate Servitor, J. H.*

XX.

To Dr. H. W.

S I R,

IT is a Rule in Friendship, *When Distrust enters in at the Fore-gate, Love goes out at the Postern*: It is as true a Rule, that ~~simpliciter invicem aequaliter~~ Dubitation is the beginning of all Knowledge; I confess this is true in the first Election and Co-optation of a Friend, to come to the true Knowledge of him by *Queries* and Doubts; but when there's a perfect Contract made, confirmed by Experience and a long Track of Time, Distrust then is mere Poison to Friendship: Therefore if it be as I am told, I am unfit to be your Friend, but

W^m. 20 Oct. 1629.

Your Servant, J. H.

XXI.

To Dr. H. W.

S I R,

THEY say in Italy, that *Deeds are Men, and Words are but Women*: I have had your Word often to give me a Visit; I pray turn your female Promises to masculine Performances, else I shall think you have lost your Being; for you know it is a Rule in Law, *Idem est non esse & non apparet*.

*W^m. 25 Sept.
1629.*

Your faithful Servitor, J. H.

To

To Mr. B. Chaworth : *On my Valentine Mrs. Frances Metcalf (now Lady Robinson) at York.*

A Sonnet.

*COULD I charm the Queen of Love,
To lend a Quill of her white Dove ;
Or one of Cupid's pointed Wings
Dipt in the fair Castalian Springs ;
Then would I write the all-divine
Perfections of my Valentine.*

*As 'mongst all Flow'rs the Rose excels,
As Amber 'mongst the fragrant Smells,
As 'mongst all Minerals the Gold,
As Marble 'mongst the finest Mould,
As Diamonds 'mongst Jewels bright,
As Cinthia 'mongst the lesser Lights ;
So 'mongst the Northern Beauties shine,
So far excels my Valentine.*

*In Rome and Naples I did view
Faces of Celestial Hue ;
Venetian Dames I have seen many,
(I only saw them touch'd not any)
Of Spanish Beauties, Dutch and French,
I have beheld the Quintessence :
Yet I saw none that could out-shine,
Or parallel my Valentine.*

*Th' Italians they are coy and quaint,
But they grossly daub and paint ;
The Spanish Kind, are apt to please,
But sav'ring of the same Disease :
Of Dutch and French some few are comely,
The French are light, the Dutch are bony.
Let Tagus, Po, the Loire and Rhine
Then veil unto my Valentine.*

*Here may be seen pure white and red,
Not by feign'd Art, but Nature wed,
No stamp'ring Smiles, no mimic Face,
Affected Gesture, or forc'd Grace,
A fair smooth Front, free from least Wrinkle,
Her Eyes (on me) like Stars do twinkle :
Thus all Perfections do combine
To beautify my Valentine.*

XXII.

To Mr. Tho. M.

NOble Tom, You desired me lately to compose some Lines upon your Mistress's black Eyes, her becoming Frowns, and upon her Makk. Tho' the least Request of yours be a Command unto me, the Execution of it a Contentment, yet I was hardy drawn to such a Task at this Time, in regard that many Businesses puzzle my *Pericoroniam*.—*Aliena negotia centum per caput & circa saluant latus.* Yet lest your Clorinda might expect such a thing, and that you might incur the Hazard of her Smiles (for you say her Frowns are Favours) and that she may take off her Makk to you the next Time you go to court her, I send you the inclosed Verses Sonnet-wise, which haply may please her better, in regard I hear she has some Skill in Music.

Upon black Eyes, and becoming Frowns.

A Sonnet.

BLack Eyes, in your dark Orbs doth lie
My ill or happy Destiny,
If with clear Looks you me behold,
You give me Mines and Mounts of Gold;
If you dart forth disdainful Rays,
To your own Dye you turn my Day.

Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by Changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliss, my Paradise or Hell.

That Lamp which all the Stars doth blind,
Yields to your Lustre in some kind,
Tho' ye do wear, to make you bright,
No other Dress but that of Night,
He glitters only in the Day,
You in the Dark your Beams display.

Black Eyes, in your two Orbs by Changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliss, my Paradise or Hell.

The cunning Thief that harks for Prius,
At some dark Corner watching lies;
So that Heart-robbing God doth stand
In your black Lobbies, Shaft in Hand,
To rifle me of what I hold
More precious far than Indian Gold.

Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by Changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliss, my Paradise or Hell.

O pow'rful Necromantie Eyes,
Who in your Circles strictly pris,
Will find that Cupid with his Dart
In you doth practise the black Art,
And by all Enchantments I'm possest,
Tries his Cantharus in my Breast.
Black Eyes in your dark Orbz by Changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliss, my Paradise or Hell.

Look on me, she in frowning wife,
Some kind of Frenzy borrows black Eyes.
As pointed Diamonds being set,
Cleft greater Lustre out of Jet.
Those Pieces are often'd most rare,
Which in Night-shadows postur'd are :
Darkness in Glances congregates the Sight,
Devotion finds in glaring Light.
Black Eyes in your dark Orbz by Changes dwell,
My Bane or Bliss, my Paradise or Hell.

Touching her Mask, I will not be long about it.

Upon Clorinda's Mask.

So have I seen the Sun in his full Rides
O'er earth with fallen Clouds, and lose his Light ;
So have I seen the brightest Stars down'd
To show their Eulps in some gloomy Night ;
So Angels Pictures have I seen veil'd o'er,
That more devoutly Men should them adore ;
So with a Mask saw I Clorinda hide
Her Face more bright than was the Lemanian Bride.

Whether I have hit upon your Fancy, or fitted your Miseries, I know not ; I pray let me hear what Success they have. So wishing you your Heart's Desire, and if you have her, a happy Conferreaton, I rest in Verse and Prose,

Westm. 29 Mar. 1629.

Yours, J. H.

XXIII.

To the Right Hon. my Lady Scroop, Countess of Sunderland, at Langar.

MADAM,

I Am newly returned from Alnwick, from giving the Rites of Burial to my Lord's Mother ; she made my Lord sole Executor of all. I have all her Plate and Household-stuff in

my

my Custody, and unless I had gone as I did, much had been embezzled. I have sent herewith the Copy of a Letter the King writ to my Lord upon the Resignation of his Place, which is fitting to be preserved for Posterity among the Records of *Bolton Castle*. His Majesty expresseth therein that he was never better served, nor with more Exactness of Fidelity and Justice by any, therefore he intends to let a special Mark of his Favour upon him, when his Health will serve him to come to Court: My Lord *Carleton* delivered it me, and told me he never remembered that the King writ a more gracious Letter. I have lately bought in Fee-farm *Wenlock Park* of the King's Commissioners, for my Lord; I got it for 600*l.* doubling the old Rent, and the next Day I was offered 500*l.* for the Bargain; there were divers that put in for it, and my Lord of *Anglesey* thought himself sure of it, but I found means to frustrate them all. I also compounded with her Majesty's Commissioners for Respite of Homage for *Raby Castle*; there was 120*l.* demanded, but I came off for 40*s.* My Lord *Wentworth* is made Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, and carries a mighty Stroke at Court; there have been some Clashings 'twixt him and my Lord of *Pembroke* lately with others at Court, and divers in the *North*; and some, as Sir *David Fowler*, with others, have been crushed.

He pleased to give me the disposing of the next Attorney's Place in York, and John Lister being lately dead, I went to make use of the Favour, and was offered 300*l.* for it; but some got 'twixt me and home, so that I was forced to go away contented with 180 Pieces Mr. Ratcliff delivered me in his Chamber at Gray's-Inn, and so to part with the legal Instrument I had, which I did rather than contest.

The Duchess your Niece is well, I did what your Ladyship commanded me at *York-house*. So I rest, *Madam*.

W^m. 1 July, Your Ladyship's ready and
1629. Faithful Servitor, J. H.

Minworth 1629.
was not Deputy till 1632.

xxiv

To D. C. Esq; at his House in Essex.

M.Y. D. & D.

I thank you for your last Society in London; but I am sorry to have found Jack T. in that Pickle, and that he had so far transgressed the Fannian Law, which allows a chirping Cup to satiate, not to surfeit; to Mirth, not to Madness; and upon some extraordinary Occasion of Rencounters, to give Nature a Fillip, but not a Knock as Jack did. I am afraid

he hath taken such a Habit of it, that nothing but Death will mend him; and I find that he is passing thither apace by this Course. I have read of a King of Navarre (*Charles le Mauvais*) who perished in *strong Waters*; and of a Duke of Clarence that was drowned in a Butt of *Malmsey*; but *Jack T.* I fear will die in a Butt of *Canary*. Howsoever commend me to him, and desire him to have a care of the main Chance. So I rest

York, 5 July, 1629.

Yours, J. H.

XXV.

To Sir Thomas Lake, Knight.

S I R,

I Have shewed Sir Kenelm Digby both our Translations of *Martial's Vitam quæ faciunt beatorem, &c.* and to tell you true, he adjudged yours the better; so I shall pay the Wager in the Place appointed, and try whether I can recover myself at *Gioco d'amore*, which the *Italian* faith is a Play to cozen the *Devil*. If your Pulse beat accordingly, I will wait upon you on the River towards the Evening, for a floundering Fit to get some Fish for our Supper: So I rest

3 July, 1629.

Your true Servitor, J. H.

XXVI.

To Mr. Ben Johnson.

Father Ben, you desired me lately to procure you Dr. Davies's *Welsh Grammar*, to add to those many you have; I have lighted upon one at last, and I am glad I have it in so seasonable a Time, that it may serve for a New-year's-gift, in which Quality I send it you: And because it was not you, but your Muse, that desired it of me, for your Letter runs on Feet, I thought it a good Correspondence with you to accompany it with what follows.

Upon Dr. Davies's British Grammar.

TWAS a tough Task, believe it, thus to tame
A wild and wealthy Language, and to frame
Grammatic Toils to curb her; so that she
Now speaks by Rules, and sings by Prosody:
Such is the Strength of Art rough Things to shape,
And of rude Commons rich Inclosures make.
Doubtless much Oil and Labour went to couch
Into methodic Rules the rugged Dutch;

The

*The Rabbits past my Ranch, but judge I can
Something of Cleverard and Quincilian.*

*Italian, And for those modern Dames, I find they three
Spanish, Are only Left cut off from the Latin Tree;
French, And easie 'twas to square them into Parts;*

The Tree it self so blossoming with Arts.

I have been frown'd for Irish and Bascence

Imperfect Rules couched in un Accidence:

But I find none of these can take the Start

Of Davies, or that prove more Men of Art,

Who in exacter Method and short Way,

The Idioms of a Language to display.

This is the Tongue which Bards sang in of old,

And Druids their dark Knowledge did unfold;

Melvin in this his Proprietie did vent,

Which thre' the World of Fame bear such Events:

Arthur. This spoke, that Son of Mars, and Britain bold,

Who first 'mongst Christian Worshippers is call'd the

This Brennus, who to his Dafe and Glast,

The Mistress of the World did profligate.

This Arviragus, and brave Casterac

Sole-free, when all the World was on Rome's Rock.

This Lucius, who on Angels Wings did fear

To Rome, and would wear Diadem no more;

And thousand Heroes more, which should I tell,

This New-Year Scarce would serve me: So farewell.

Cal. Jan. 1629.

Your Son and Servitor, J. H.

XXVII.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Bristol, at Sherborn-Castle.

My Lord,

I Attended my Lord Cottington before he went on his Journey towards Spain, and put him in mind of the old Business against the Viceroy of Sardinia, to see whether any Good can be done, and to learn whether the Conde or his Son be solvent: He is to land at Liffon, one of the King's Ships attends him, and some Merchantmen take the Advantage of this Convoy.

The News that keeps greatest Noise now, is, that the Emperor hath made a favourable Peace with the Dane; for Tilly had crossed the Elbe, and entered deep into Holsteinland, and in all Probability might have carried all before him: Yet that King had honourable Terms given him, and a Peace is concluded, tho' without the Privity of England. But I believe the King of Denmark fared the better, because he

he is Grandchild to *Charles* the Emperor's Sister. Now it seems another Spirit is like to fall upon the Emperor; for they write that *Gustavus* King of Swetland is struck into Germany, and hath taken *Micklenburgh*: The Ground of his Quarrel, as I hear, is, that the Emperor would not acknowledge, much less give Audience to his Ambassador: he also gives out to come for the Assistance of his Allies, the Dukes of Pomerland and *Mecklenburgh*; nor do I hear that he speaks any thing yet of the Prince *Palfgrave's* Business.

Don Carlos Coloma is expected here from Flanders, about the same Time that my Lord *Cottington* shall be arrived at the Court of Spain. God send us an honourable Peace: for, as the Spaniard says, *Nunca vi tan mala paz, que ne fuese mejor, que la mejor guerra.*

London, 20 May, Your Lordship's most bumble
1629. and ready Servant, J. H.

Justly entered Germany,

June 1630 XXVIII.

To my Cousin J. P. at Mr. Cohrandus's.

Cousin,

A Letter of yours was lately delivered me, I made a Shift to read the Superscription, but within I wondered what Language it might be in which it was written; at first I thought it was *Hebrew*, or some other Dialect, and so went from the Liver to the Heart, from the right Hand to the left, to read it, but could make nothing of it: Then I thought it might be the *Chinese* Language, and went to read the Words perpendicular; and the Lines were so crooked and distorted, that no Coherence could be made. *Greek* I perceived it was not, nor *Latin* or *English*; so I gave it for mere *Gibberish*, and your Characters to be rather *Hieroglyphics* than *Letters*. The best is, you keep your Lines at a good Distance, like those in Chancery-Bills, who, as the Clerk said, were made so wide of purpose, because the Clients should have Room enough to walk between them without jostling one another; yet this Wideness had been excusable, if your Lines had been straight, but they were full of odd kind of Undulations and Windings. If you can write no otherwise, one may read your Thoughts as soon as your Characters. It is some Excuse for you that you are but a young Beginner; I pray let it appear in your next what a Proficient you are, otherwise some Blame may light on me that placed you there. Let me receive no more *Gibberish* or *Hieroglyphics* from you, but legible Letters, that I may acquaint your Friends accordingly of your good Proceedings. So I rest

Westm. 20 Sept. Your very loving Cousin, J. H.
1629. XXIX. 7

XXIX.

To the Lord Viscount Wentworth, Lord President of York.

My Lord,

MY last was of the first current, since which I received one from your Lordship, and your Commands therein, which I shall ever entertain with a great deal of Chearfulness. The greatest News from Abroad is, that the French King with his Cardinal are come again on this Side the Hills, having done his Businels in *Italy* and *Savoy*, and referred still *Pignerol* in his Hands, which will serve him as a Key to enter *Italy* at Pleasure. Upon the highest Mountain amongst the *Alps*, he left this ostentous Inscription upon a great Marble Pillar.

*A la memoire éternelle de Louis Treizième,
Roy de France & de Navarre,
Tres-Auguste, tres-Victorieux, tres-Heureux,
Conquerant, tres-juste :
Lequel après avoir vaincu toutes les Nations
de l'Europe,
Il a encore triomphé les Elements
Du Ciel & de la Terre,
Ayant passé deux fois ces Monts au mois
de Mars avec son Armée
Victorieuse, pour remettre les Princes
d'Italie en leurs Estates,
Défendre & protéger ses Alliez.*

To the eternal Memory of *Lewis XIII*, King of *France* and *Navarre*, most gracious, most victorious, most happy, most just; a Conqueror; who having overcome all Nations of *Europe*, he hath also triumphed over the Elements of Heaven and Earth, having twice passed over these Hills in the Month of *March* with his victorious Army, to restore the Princes of *Italy* to their Estates, and to defend and protect his Allies. So I take my Leave for the present, and rest

Wesm. 5 Aug.

1629.

Your Lordship's most humble
and ready Servitor, J. H.

XXX.

To Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight.

S I R,

GIVE me leave to congratulate your happy Return from the *Levant*, and the great Honour you have acquired by your gallant Comportment in *Algier*, in re-escating so many *English*

English Slaves; by bearing up so bravely against the *Venetian Fleet* in the Bay of Scanderoon, and making the *Pantalone* to know themselves and *You* better: I do not remember to have read or heard that those huge Galeasses of St. *Mark* were beaten afore: I give you the joy also, that you have borne up against the *Venetian Ambassador* here, and vindicated yourself of those foul Scandals he had cast upon you in your Absence. Whereas you desire me to join with my Lord *Cottington* and others, to make *Affidavit* touching *Bartolomew Spinola*, whether he be *Vezino de Madrid*, viz. *Free Denison* of Spain; I am ready to serve you herein, or to do you any other Office that may right you, and tend to the making of your Prize good. Yet I am very sorry that our *Aleppo* Merchants suffered so much.

I shall be shortly in *London*, and I will make the greater Speed, because I may serve you. So I humbly kiss my noble Lady's Hand, and rest

*Westm. 25 Nov.
1629.*

*Your thrice assured
Servitor, J. H.*

XXXI.

*To the Rt. Hon. Sir Peter Wicht, Ambassador at Constantinople.
SIR,*

After *Simon Digby* delivered me one from your Lordship of the first of June; and I was extremely glad to have it, for I had received nothing from your Lordship a twelve-month before. Mr. Comptroller Sir *Tho. Edmonds* is lately returned from *France*, having renewed the Peace which was made up to his Hands before by the *Venetian Ambassadors*, who had much laboured in it, and had concluded all things beyond the *Alps*, when the K. of *France* was at *Susa* to relieve *Casal*. The *Monsieur* that was to fetch him from *St. Dennis* to *Paris*, put a kind of jeering Compliment upon him, viz. that his Excellency should not think it strange, that he had so few *French Gentlemen* to attend in this Service to accompany him to the Court, *in regard there were so many killed at the Isle of Rhee*. The *Marquis of Chatedaneuf* is here from *France*: And it was an odd Speech also from him, reflecting upon Mr. Comptroller, *That the King of Great Britain used to send for his Ambassadors from Abroad to pluck Capons at Home*.

Mr. *Burlemaek* is to go shortly to *Paris*, to recover the other Moiety of her Majesty's Portion; whereof they say my Lord of *Holland* is to have a good Share. The Lord Treasurer *Weston* is he who bath the greatest Vogue now at Court, but many great ones have clashed with him: He is so potent, that I hear his eldest Son is to marry one of the

Blood-royal of Scotland, the Duke of Lenox's Sister, and that with his Majesty's Consent.

Bishop Laud of London is also powerful in his way, for he sits at the Helm of the Church, and doth more than any of the two Arch-Bishops, or all the rest of his two and twenty Brethren besides.

In your next I should be glad your Lordship would do me the Favour, as to write how the Grand Signior is like to speed before Bagdat, in this his Persian Expedition. No more now, but that I always rest

W^m. I. Jan.
1629. 30

Your Lordship's ready and most
faithful Servicer, J. H.

XXXII.

To my Father.

SIR,

SIR Tho. Wentworth hath been a good while Lord President of York, and since is sworn Privy-Counsellor, and made Baron and Viscount; the Duke of Buckingham himself flew not so high in so short a Revolution of Time: He was made Viscount with a great deal of high Ceremony upon a Sunday in the Asternon at White-hall. My Lord Powis (who esteems him not so much) being told that the Herald had fetched his Pedigree from the Blood-royal, viz. from John of Gaunt, said, *Damny, if ever he come to be King of England, I will turn Rebel.* When I went first to give him Joy, he pleased to give me the disposing of the next Attorney's Place that falls void in York, which is valued at 300*l.* I have no Reason to leave my Lord of Sunderland, for I hope he will be noble unto me: The Perquisites of my Place, taking the King's Fee away, came far short of what he promised me at my first coming to him, in regard of his Non-residence at York; therefore I hope he will consider it some other Way. This languishing Sickness still hangs on him, and I fear will make an end of him. There's none can tell what to make of it, but he voided lately a small Worm at Wickham: But I fear there is an Impothusme growing in him, for he told me a Passage, how many Years ago my Lord Willoughby, and he, with so many of their Servants (*do gayete de cœur*) played a Match at Foot-ball against such a Number of Countrymen, where my Lord of Sunderland being busy about the Ball, got a Bruise in his Breast, which put him in a Swoon for the Present, but did not trouble him till three Months after, when being at Brier Castle (his Brother-in-law's House) a Qualm took him on a sudden, which made him retire to his Bed-chamber: My Lord.

of Roland following him, put a Pipe full of Tobacco in his Mouth; he being not accustomed to Tobacco, taking the Smoke downwards, fell a casting and vomitting up divers little impollutated Bladders of congealed Blood; which saved his Life then, and brought him to have a better Conceiveit of Tobacco ever after: And I feare there is some of that clodded Blood still in his Body.

Because Mr. *Haws* of *Cheapside* is lately dead, I have removed my Brother *Grieffith* to the Hen and Chickens in *Paternoster-Row* to Mr. *Taylor's*, as genteel a Shop as any in the City; but I gave a Piece of Plate of twenty Nobles Price to his Wife. I wish the *Yorkshire* Horse may be fit for your turn, he was accounted the best Saddle Gelding about York, when I bought him of Capt. *Philips* the Muster-master: And when he carried me first to *London*, there was twenty, Pounds offered for him by my Lady *Carlisle*. No more now but desiring a Continuance of your Blessing and Prayers, I rest
Lond. 3 Dec. 1630. Your dutifull Son, J. H.

XXXIII.

To the Lord Cottington, Ambassador Extraordinary for his Majesty of Great-Britain in the Court of Spain.

My Lord,

I Received your Lordship's lately by Harry Davis the Correo Santo, and I return my humble Thanks, that you were pleased to be mindful (among so many high Negotiations) of the old Busines touching the Vice-roy of *Satania*. I have acquainted my Lord of *Bristol* accordingly; our Eyes here look very greedily after your Lordship, and the Success of your Embassy; and we are glad to hear the Busines is brought to so good a Pass, and that the Capitulations are so honourable (the high Effects of your Wisdom).

For News, the Swedes do notable Feats in *Germany*; and we hope they cutting the Emperor and *Bavarian* so much Work to do, and the good Offices we are to expect from *Spain* upon this Redintegration of Peace, will be an Advantage to the Prince Palatine, and facilitate Matters for restoring him to his Country:

There is little News at our Court, but that there fell an ill-favoured Quartel betwixt Sir *Kenelm Digby*, and Mr. *Goring*, Mr. *Jermyn*, and others at St. James's, lately about Mrs. *Baker* the Maid of Honour; and Duels were like to grow of it, but that the Busines was taken up by the Lord Treasurer, my Lord of *Dorset*, and others appointed by the King. My Lord *Sunderland* is still ill disposed; he willed

me to remember his hearty Service to your Lordship, and so did Sir Arthur Ingram, and my Lady; they all wish you a happy and honourable Return, as doth

Lond. 1 Mar.

1630—

Your Lordship's most bumble and

ready Servitor, J. H.

XXXIV.

To my Lord Viscount Rockavage.

My Lord,

SOME say, *The Italian loves no Favour, but what is future;* tho' I have conversed much with that Nation, yet I am nothing infected with their Humour in this Point: For I love Favours passed as well; the Remembrance of them joys my Heart, and makes it melt within me: When my Thoughts reflect upon your Lordship, I have many of these Fits of Joy within me, by the pleasing Speculation of so many most noble Favours and Respects which I shall daily study to improve and merit. My Lord,

W^m. 22 Mar.

1630.

Your Lordship's most bumble

and ready Servitor, J. H.

XXXV.

To the Earl of Bristol.

My Lord,

I Doubt not but your Lordship hath had Intelligence from time to time what firm Invasions the King of Sweden hath made into Germany, and by what Degrees he hath mounted to this Height, having but 6000 Foot, and 500 Horse, when he entered first to Mecklenburg, and taking that Town while Commissioners stood treating on both sides in his Tent; how thereby his Army much increased, and so rushed further into the Heart of the Country; but passing near Magdenburg, being diffident of his own Strength, he suffered Tilly to take that great Town with so much Effusion of Blood, because they would receive no Quarter. Your Lordship hath also heard of the Battle of Leipsick, where Tilly, notwithstanding the Victory he had got over the D. of Saxony a few Days before, received an utter Discoufiture; upon which Victory the King sent Sir Tho. Roe a Present of 2000 l. and in his Letter calls him his *strenuum consulorem*, he being one of the first who had advised him to this German War, after he had made Peace betwixt him and the Polander. I presume also, your Lordship heard how he met Tilly again near Auspurg, and made him go upon a wooden Leg whereof he died; and after soundly plundered the Bavarian, and made him flee from his own House at Munchen, and rifled his very Closets.

Now

Now your Lordship shall understand, that the said King is at *Menz*, and keeps a Court there like an Emperor, there being above twelve Ambassadors with him. The King of *France* sent a great Marquis for his Ambassador, to put him in Mind of his Articles, and to tell him that his Christian Majesty wondered he would cross the *Rhine* without his Privity, and wondered more that he would invade the Church-Lands, meaning the Archbishop of *Menz*, who had put himself under the Protection of *France*. The *Swede* answered, that he had not broke the least Title of the Articles agreed on; and touching the said Archbishop, he had not stood neutral as was promised, therefore he had justly set on his Skirts. The Ambassador reply'd, in case of Breach of Articles, his Master had 80000 Men to pierce *Germany* when he pleased. The King answered, that he had but 20000, and those should be sooner at the Walls of *Paris*, than his 80000 should be on the Frontiers of *Germany*. If this new Conqueror goes on with this Violence, I believe it will cast the Policy of all *Christendom* into another Mould, and beget new Maxims of State, for none can foretel where his monstrous Progress will terminate. Sir *Henry Vane* is still in *Germany* observing his Motions, and they write that they do not agree well; as I heard the King should tell him that he spoke nothing but *Spanish* to him. Sir *Robert Anstruther* is also at *Vienna*, being gone thither from the Diet at *Ratisbon*.

I hear the *Infante Cardinal* is designed to come Governor of the *Netherlands*, and passeth by way of *Italy*, and so thro' *Germany*: His Brother *Don Carlos* is lately dead. So I humbly take my Leave, and rest, my Lord,

Westm. 23 Apr.

1630.

1631?

Your Lordship's most humble
and ready Servitor, J. H.

XXXVI.

To my noble Lady, the Lady Cot.

Madam,

YOU spoke to me for a Cook who had seen the World Abroad, and I think the Bearer hereof will fit your Ladyship's Turn. He can marinate Fish, make Gellies; he is excellent for a *piquant* Sauce, and the *Haugou*; besides, Madam, he is passing good for an *Olla*: He will tell your Ladyship, that the reverend Matron the *Olla podrida* hath Intellectuals and Senses; Mutton, Beef, and Bacon, are to her as the Will, Understanding, and Memory, are to the Soul; Cabbage, Turneps, Artichokes, Potatoes and Dates, are her five Senses, and Pepper the Common-sense; she must have Marrow to keep Life in her, and some Birds to

make her light ; by all means she must go adorned with Chains of Sauages. He is also good at larding of Meat after the *Mode of France*. Madam, you may make Proof of him, and if your Ladyship find him too saucy or wasteful, you may return him whence you had him. So I rest, Madam,

W^m. 2 Jun.

1630.

Your Ladyship's humble

Servt^r, J. H.

XXXVII.

To Mr. E. D.

S I R,

Y^OU write me, that T. B. intends to give Money for such a Place ; if he doth, I fear it will be verified in him, that, *A Fool and his Money is soon parted* ; for I know he will be never able to execute it. I heard of a late Secretary of State, that could not read the next Morning his own Hand-writing ; and I have read of *Caligula's Horse*, that was made Confus^t : Therefore I pray tell him from me, (for I wish him well) that if he thinks he is fit for that Office, he looks upon himself thro' a false Glafs : A trotting Horse is fit for a Coach, but not for a Lady's Saddle ; and an Ambler is proper for a Lady's Saddle, but not for a Coach. If Tom undertakes this Place, he will be as an Ambler in a Coach, or a Trotter under a Lady's Saddle. When I come to Town, I will put him upon a far fitter and more seafible Busines for him ; and so commend me to him, for I am his and

W^m. 5 Jun. 1630.

Your true Friend, J. H.

XXXVIII.

To my Father.

S I R,

T^Here are two Ambassadors Extraordinary to go Abroad shortly, the Earl of Leicester and the Lord Weston ; this latter goes to *France, Savoy, Venice*, and so returns by *Florence*, a pleasant Journey, for he carrieth Presents with him from King and Queen : The Earl of Leicester is to go to the King of *Denmark*, and other Princes of *Germany* ; the main of the Ambassy is to condole the late Death of the Lady Sophia, Queen Dowager of *Denmark*, our King's Grandmother : She was the Duke of *Macklenburgh's* Daughter, and her Husband *Christian III.* dying young, her Portion, which was 40000*l.* was restor'd her ; and living a Widow 44 Years after, she grew to be so great Housewife, setting three or four hundred People at Work, that she died worth near Two millions of Dollars, so that she was reputed the richest Queen of *Christendom*. By the Constitutions of

Dan-

Denmark, this Estate is divisible among her Children, whereof she had five; the K. of Denmark, the Duchess of Saxon, the Duchess of Brunswick, Q. Anne, and the Duchess of Holstein; the King being Male, is to have two Shares, our King and the Lady Elizabeth are to have that which should have belong'd to Q. Anne. So he is to return by the Hague. It pleased my Lord of Leicester to send for me to Baynard's-Castle, and proffer me to go Secretary in this Ambassage, assuring me that the Journey shall tend to my Profit and Credit: So that I have accepted of it, for I hear very nobly of my Lord, so that I hope to make a boon Voyage of it. I desire, as hitherto, your Prayers and Blessing may accompany me: So, with my Love to my Brothers and Sisters, I rest.

London. 5 May, 1632.

Your dutiful Son, J. H.

XXXIX.

To Alderman Moulson, Governor of the Merchant-Adventurers.

SIR,

THE Earl of Leicester is to go shortly Ambassador Extraordinary to the King of Denmark, and he is to pass by Hamburg: I understand by Mr. Skinner that the Staple hath some Grievances to be redressed. If this Ambassage may be an Advantage to the Company, I will sollicit my Lord that he may do you all the Favour that may stand with his Honour; so I shall expect your Instructions accordingly, and rest.

Westm. 1 Jun. 1632.

Yours ready to serve you, J. H.

XL.

To Mr. Alderman Clethero, Governor of the Eastland Company.

SIR,

I AM inform'd of some Complaints that your Company hath against the K. of Denmark's Officers in the Sound. The Earl of Leicester is nominated by his Majesty to go Ambassador Extraordinary to that King and other Princes of Germany: If this Embassie may be advantageous to you, you may send me your Directions, and I will attend my Lord accordingly, to do any Favour that may stand with his Honour, and conduce to your Benefit, and redress of Grievances, So I take my Leave, and rest.

Westm. 1 Jun.

1632.

Yours ready to do you Service,

J. H.

Dr. Bay
set it v.

To the Rt. Hon, the Earl of Leicester at Petworth.

My Lord,

SIR John Pennington is appointed to carry your Lordship and your Company to *Germany*, and he intends to take you up at *Margate*. I have been with Mr. *Burlamach*, and received a Bill of Exchange from him for 10000 Dollars payable in *Hamburgh*. I have also received 2000*l.* of Sir *Paul Pindar* for your Lordship's Use, and he did me the Favour to pay it me all in old Gold. Your Allowance hath begun since the 25th of July last at 8*l. per diem*, and is to continue so till your Lordship return to his Majesty. I understand by some Merchants to-day upon the *Exchange*, that the King of *Denmark* is at *Gluckstadt*, and stays there all this Summer; if it be so, 'twill save half the Voyage of going to *Copenhagen*, for in lieu of the *Sound*, we need go no further than the River of *Elve*. So I rest

W^estm. 13 Aug.
1632.

Your Lordship's most humble
and faithful Servitor, J. H.

XLII.

To the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mohun.

My Lord,

THO' any Command from your Lordship be welcome to me at all times, yet that which you lately enjoined me in yours of the 12th of August, that I should inform your Lordship of what I know touching the *Inquisition*, is now a little unseasonable, because I have much to do to prepare myself for this Employment to *Germany*; therefore I cannot satisfy you in that Fulness as I could do otherwise. The very Name of the *Inquisition* is terrible all Christendom over, and the King of *Spain* himself, with the chiefest of his Grantees, tremble at it. It was founded first by the Catholic King *Ferdinand* (our *Henry VIII*'s Father-in-Law) for he having got *Granada*, and subdued all the *Moors*, who had firm Footing in that Kingdom about seven hundred Years, yet he suffered them to live peaceably a-while in Point of Conscience; but afterwards he sent a solemn *Mandamus* to the *Jacobin-Fryars* to endeavour the Conversion of them, by Preaching, and all other Means. They finding that their Pains did little Good (and that those whom they had converted, turned *Apostates*) obtained Power to make a Research, which afterwards was call'd *Inquisition*, and it was ratified by Pope *Sixtus*, that if they would not conform themselves

by

by fair Means, they should be forced to it. The Jacobins being found too severe herein, and for other Abuses besides, this *Inquisition* was taken from them, and put into the Hands of the most sufficient Ecclesiastics. So a Council was established, and Officers appointed accordingly: Whosoever was found pendulous and brangling in his Religion, was brought by a Sergeant, called *Familiar*, before the said Council of *Inquisition*; his *Accuser* or *Delator* stands behind a Piece of Tapestry, to see whether he be the Party, and if he be, then they put divers subtil and entrapping Interrogatories to him; and whether he confesses any thing or no, he is sent to Prison. When the said *Familiar* goes to any House, tho' it be in the dead of the Night (and that's the time commonly they use to come, or in the Dawn of the Day) all Doors, and Trunks, and Chests, fly open to him; and the first thiing he doth, he seizeth the Party's Breeches, searcheth his Pockets, and taketh his Keys, and so rummageth all his Closets and Trunks: And a Public Notary, whom he carrieth with him, takes an Inventory of every thing, which is sequestred and deposited in the Hands of some of his next Neighbours. The Party being hurried away in a close Coach, and clapt in Prison, he is there eight Days before he makes his Appearance, and then they present to him the Cross, and the *Misal*-Book to swear upon; if he refuseth to swear, he convicteth himself, and tho' he swear, yet he is regnarded to Prison: This Oath commonly is presented before any Accusation be produced; his Gaoler is strictly commanded to pry into his Actions, his deportment, Words and Countenance, and to set Spies upon him; and whollover of his Fellow-prisoners, or others, can produce any thing against him, he hath a Reward for it. At last, after divers Appearances, Examinations, and Scrutinies, the Information against him is read, but the Witnesses Names are concealed; and then is he appointed a Proctor and an Advocate, but he must not confer or advise with them privately, but in the Face of the Court: The King's Attorney is a Party in't, and the Accusers commonly the sole Witnesses. Being to name his own Lawyers, oftentimes others are discovered, and fall into Troubles; while he is thus in Prison, he is so abhorred, and abandoned of all the World, that none will, at least none dare visit him. Tho' one clear himself, yet he cannot be freed till an *Act of Faith* pass; which is done seldom, but very solemnly. There are few who have fallen into the Grips of the *Inquisition*, do scape the Rack, or the *San-benito*, which is a strait yellow Coat without Sleeves, having the Pourtrait

Portrait of the Devil painted up and down in black; and upon their Heads they carry a Mitre of Paper, with a Man fying in the Flames of Hell upon't; they gag their Mouths, and tie a great Cord about their Necks. The Judges meet in some smooth dark Dungeon, and the Executioner stands by, clad in a close dark Garment, his Head and Face cover'd with a Chaperon, out of which there are but two Holes to look through, and a huge Link burning in his Hand. When the Ecclesiastic Inquisitors have pronounced the Anathema against him, they transfix him to the Secular Judges to receive the Sentence of Death, for Churchmen must not have their Hands imbrued in Blood: The King can mitigate any Punishment under Death, nor is a Nobleman subject to the Rack.

I pray be pleased to pardon this rambling imperfect Relation, and take in good part my Conformity to your Commands: I am

*W^m. 30 Aug.
1632.*

*Your Lordship's most ready
and faithful Servitor, J. H.*

Familiar LETTERS.

SECT. VI.

I.

To P. W. Esq; at the Signet-Office, from the English House in Hamburg.

WE are safely come to Germany, Sir John Petermeyer took us aboard in one of his Majesty's Ships at Margate ; and the Wind stood so fair that we were at the Mouth of the Elbe upon Monday following. It pleased my Lord I should land first with two Footmen, to make haste to Gluckstadt, to learn where the K. of Denmark was ; and he was at Reinborg, some two days Journey off, at a Richfadge, an Assembly that corresponds to our Parliament. My Lord the next Day landed at Gluckstadt, where I had provided an Accommodation for him, tho' he intended to have gone for Hamburg ; but I was bold to tell him, that in regard there were some Umbrages, and not only so, but open and actual Differences 'twixt the King and that Town, it might be ill taken if he went thither first, before he had attended the King. So I left my Lord at Gluckstadt, and being come hither to take up 8000 Rix-Dollars upon Mr. Burmann's Bills, and fetch'd Mr. Avery our Agent here, I return To-morrow to attend my Lord again. I find that Matters are much off the Hinges 'twixt the King of Denmark and this Town.

The King of Sweden is advancing apace to find out Wallenstein, and Wallenstein him ; and in all Appearance they will be shortly engaged.

No more now, for I am interpellated by many Businesses ; when you write, deliver your Letters to Mr. Rajton, who will see them safely conveyed ; for a little before my Departure I brought him acquainted with my Lord, that he might negotiate some Things at Court. So, with my Service and Love to all at Westminster, I rest

Hamburg, 23 Oct.

1632,

Your faithful Servitor,

J. H.

II,

To my Lord Viscount S. from Hamburg.

Since I was last in Town, my Lord of Leicester hath attended the K. of Denmark at Rbenburgh in Holsteinland ; he was brought thither from Gluckstad, in different good Equipage, both for Coaches and Waggon, but he staid some Days at Rbenburgh for Audience : We made a comely gallant Show in that kind, when we went to Court, for we were near upon a Hundred all of one Piece in Mourning. It pleased my Lord to make me the Orator, and so I made a long Latin Speech, *alta voce*, to the King in Latin, of the Occasion of this Embassy, and tending to the Praise of the deceased Queen : And I had better Luck than Secretary Naunton had some thirty Years since, with Roger Earl of Rutland : For at the Beginning of his Speech, when he had pronounced *Serenissime Rex*, he was dashed out of Countenance, and so graved that he could go no further. I made another to Christian V. his eldest Son, King elect of Denmark ; for tho' that Crown be purely elective; yet for these three last Kings, they wrought so with the People, that they got their eldest Sons chosen, and declared before their Death, and to assume the Title of Kings elect. At the same Audience, I made another Speech to Pr. Frederick, Archbishop of Breme, the King's third Son ; and he hath but one more (besides his natural Issue) which is Prince Ulric, now in the Wars with the Duke of Sax ; and they say there is an Alliance contracted already 'twixt Christian V. and the Duke of Sax's Daughter. This Ceremony being performed, my Lord desired to find his own Diet, and then he fell to divers Businesses, which is not fitting for me to foretell, or impart to your Lordship now : So we staid there near upon a Month. The King feasted my Lord once, and it lasted from Eleven of the Clock till towards the Evening; during which time the King began thirty-five Healths; the first to the Emperor, the second to his Nephew of England ; and so went over all the Kings and Queens of Christendom; but he never remembered the Prince Palgrave's Health, or his Niece's, all the while. The King was taken away at last in his Chair, but my Lord of Leicester bore up stoutly all the while ; so that when there came two of the King's Guard to take him by the Arms, as he was going down the Stairs, my Lord shook them off, and went alone.

The next Morning I went to Court for some Dispatches, but the King was gone a Hunting at break of Day ; but going

ing to some other of his Officers, their Servants told me without any Appearance of Shame, that their Masters were drunk over Night, and so it would be late before they would rise.

A few Days after we went to *Gothorp-Castle* in *Slefwick-land*, to the Duke of *Holstein's* Court, where at my Lord's first Audience, I made another *Latin* Speech to the Duke, touching his Grandmother's Death: Our Entertainment there was brave, tho' a little fulsome. My Lord was lodged in the Duke's Castle, and parted with Presents, which is more than the King of *Denmark* did. Thence we went to *Husum* in *Ditzmarsh*, to the Duchess of *Holstein's* Court, (our Queen Anne's youngest Sister) where we had also very full Entertainment. I made a Speech to her also, about her Mother's Death, and when I named the Lady *Sophia*, the Tears came down her Cheeks. Thence we came back to *Rhensburgh*, and so to the Town of *Hamburg*, where my Lord intends to repose some Days after an abrupt odd Journey we had thro' *Holsteinland*; but I believe it will not be long, in regard Sir *John Pennington* stays for him upon the River. We expect Sir *Robert Anstruther* to come from *Vienna* hither, to take the Advantage of the King's Ship.

We understand that the Imperial and *Swedish* Armies have made near Approaches one to the other, and that some Skirmishes and Blows have been already 'twixt them, which are the Forerunners of a Battle. So, my good Lord, I rest

Hamburg, 9 Oct.

1632,

*Your most humble and
faithful Servitor, J. H.*

III.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl R. from Hamburg.

My Lord,

THO' your Lordship must needs think, that in the Employment I am in (which requires a whole Man) my Spirits must be distracted by Multiplicity of Businesses; yet because I would not recede from my old Method, and first Principles of Travel, when I came to any great City, to couch in Writing what's most observable, I sequestered myself from other Affairs, to send your Lordship what followeth touching this great *Han* Town.

The *Han*, or *Hansatic League*, is very ancient; some would derive the Word from *Hand*, because they of the Society plighted their Faith by that Action: Others derive it from *Hanjo*, which in the *Gotic Tongue* is Council: Others would have it come from *Hander-see*, which signifies near: or upon the Sea; and this passeth for the best Etymology, because

because their Towns are all seated to, or upon some navigable River near the Sea. The Extent of the old *Hans* was from *Nivis* in *Lithuania* to this *Rhine*, and contained 62 great mercantile Towns, which were divided into four Precincts: The chiefest of the first Precinct was *Bremen*, where the Archives of their ancient Records, and their prime Chancery, are still, and this Town is within that Vege. Culler is chief of the second Precinct, *Braunschweig* of the third, and *Bautzen* of the fourth. The Kings of Poland and Sweden have sued to be their Protector, but they refused them because they offered not Princes of the Empire; they put off also the K. of Denmark with a Complaint, nor would they admit the K. of Spain when he was most potent in the *Netherlands*; tho' afterwards, when 'twas too late, they desired the Help of the *Ragged Staff*; nor of the Duke of *Anjou*, notwithstanding that the World thought he should have married our Queen, who interceded for him; and so 'twas probable that thereby they might recover their Privileges in *England*. So that I say not they ever had any Protector but the great Master of *Prussia*; and their want of a Protector did do them some Prejudice in that favour: Difference they had with our Queen:

The old *Hans* had extraordinary Injuries given them by our Henry III. because they assisted him in his Wars with so many Ships; and, as they pretend, the King was not sorry to pay them for the Services of the said Ships, but for the Vessels themselves, if they miscarried: Now it happened, that at their Return to *Germany*, from serving Henry III. there was a great Fleet of them cast away; for which, according to Covenant, they demanded Reparation. Our King, in lieu of Money, among other Acts of Grace, gave them a Privilege to pay but 1 per Cent: which continued till Queen Mary's Reign; and the by the Advice of King Philip her Husband, as 'twas conceived, enhanced the 1 to 20 per Cent. The *Hans* not only complained, but clamoured loudly for Breach of their ancient Privileges, confined to them time out of Mind by 19 successive Kings of *England*, which they pretended to have purchased with their Money. King Philip undertook to accommodate the Business; but Q. Mary dying a little after, and he retiring, there could be nothing done. Complaint being made to Q. Elizabeth, she answered, That as *she* could not interfere any thing, so *she* would maintain them still in the same Condition she found them: Heresopus their Navigation and Traffic ceased a while. Wherefore the English tried what they could do themselves, and they thrived so well, that they took the whole

whole Trade into their own Hands, and so divided themselves (though they be now but one) to *Soplers*, and *Moribent-Adventurers*, the one residing constantly in one Place, where they kept their Magazine of Wool, the other stirring and adventuring to divers Places abroad with Cloth and other Manufactures, which made the *Hans* endeavour to draw upon them all the Malice they could from all Nations. Moreover, the *Hans-Towne* being a Body-politic incorporated in the Empire, complained hereof to the Emperor, who sent over Perfessors of great Quality to mediate an Accommodation, but they could effect nothing. Then the Queen caused a Proclamation to be published, That the *Easterlings*, or *Merchants* of the *Hans*, should be treated and used as all other Strangers were within her Dominions, without any Mark of Difference, in point of Commerce. This incensed them more; whereupon they bent their Forces more earthly, and in a Diet at *Ratisbon* they passed, that the *English Merchants* who had associated themselves into *Fraternities* in *Emden* and other Places, should be declared *Monopoly*; and so there was a *Imperial-Ban* published against them, that they should be exterminated, and banished out of all Parts of the Empire. And this was done by the Activity of one *Suderman* a great Councillor. There was then for the Queen *Gilpin*, a nimble adviser as *Suderman*, and he had the Chancellor of *Emden* to second and countenance him; but they could not stop the said *Edict*, wherein the Society of *English Merchants-Adventurers* was pronounced to be a *Monopoly*. Yet *Gilpin* played his Game so well; that he wrought under-hand, that the said *Imperial-Ban* should not be published till after the Dissolution of the *Diet*; and that in the interim, the Emperor should send Ambassadors to *England*, to advertise the Queen of such a *Ban* against her *Merchants*. But this wrought so little Impression upon the Queen, that the said *Ban* grew rather ridiculous than formidable; for the Town of *Emden* harboured our *Merchants* notwithstanding, and afterwards *Stade*; but they not being able to protect them so well from the *Imperial-Ban*, they settled in this Town of *Hamburgh*. After this the Queen commanded another Proclamation to be divulged, That the *Easterlings*, or *Hansatic Merchants* should be allowed to trade in *England* upon the same Conditions and Payment of Duties, as her own Subjects; provided that the *English Merchants* might have interchangeable Privilege, to reside and trade peacefully in *Stade* or *Hamburgh*, or anywhere else, within the Precinct of the *Hans*. This incensed them more; thereupon

on they resolved to cut off *Stode* and *Hamburg* from being Members of the *Hans*, or of the Empire : But they suspended this Design till they saw what Success the great *Spanish* Fleet should have, which was then preparing in the Year 88 : For they had not long before had recourse to the K. of *Spain*, and made him their own, and he had done them some material good Offices : Wherefore to this Day the *Spanish* Council is taxed of Improvidence and Inprudence, that there was no Use made of the *Hans-Towns* in that Expedition.

The Queen finding that they of the *Hans* would not be contented with that Equality she had offer'd 'twixt them and her own Subjects, put out a Proclamation, that they should carry neither Corn, Vichuals, Arms, Timbet, Mafts, Cables, Minerals, nor any other Materials or Men, to *Spain* or *Portugal*. And after the Queen growing more redoubtable and famous by the Overthrow of the Fleet of *Eighty-eight*, the *Easterlings* fell to Despair of doing any Good. Add hereunto, another Disaster that befel them, the taking of fifty Sails of their Ships about the Mouth of *Tarvis* in *Portugal*, by the Queen's Ships, that were laden with *Ropas de contrabando*, viz. Goods prohibited by her former Proclamation into the Dominions of *Spain* : And as these Ships were upon point of being discharged, she had Intelligence of a great Assembly at *Lubect*, which had met of Purpose to consult of Means to be revenged of her ; therewithal she staid and feized upon the said fifty Ships, only two were freed to bring News what became of the rest. Hereupon the *Pole* sent an Ambassador to her, who spake in a high Tone, but he was answered in a higher.

Ever since our Merchants have beaten a peaceful and free uninterrupted Trade into this Town and elsewhere, within and without the *Sound*, with their Manufactures of Wool, and found the Way also to the *White-Sea*, to *Arbangel* and *Moscovia* : Insomuch that the Premises being well considered, it was a happy thing for *England*, that that clashing fell out 'twixt her and the *Hans* ; for it may be said to have been the chief Ground of that Shipping and Merchandizing which she is now come to, and wherewith she hath flourished ever since. But one thing is observable, that as that *Imperial* or *Camital Ban*, pronounced in the *Diet* at *Ratisbon* against our Merchants and Manufactures of Wool, incited them more to Industry ; so our Proclamation upon Alderman *Cockein's* Project of transporting no white Cloths but dy'd, and in their full Manufacture, did cause both *Dutch* and *German* to turn *Necessity* to a *Virtue*, and made them far more ingenious to find Ways not only to dye,

dye; but to make Cloth, which hath much impaired our Markets ever since; for there hath not been the third Part of our Cloth sold since, either here or in *Holland*.

My Lord, I pray be pleased to dispense with the Prolixity of this Discourse, for I could not wind it up closer, nor on a lesser Bottom; I shall be careful to bring with me those *Furs* I had Instructions for. So I rest

*Hamburg, 20 Oct.
1632.*

*Your Lordship's most
humble Servitor, J. H.*

IV.

To Captain J. Smith, at the Hague.

Captain,

✓
*H*aving so wishful an Opportunity as this noble Gentleman Mr. *James Crofts*, who comes with a Packet for the Lady *Elizabeth* from my Lord of *Leicester*, I could not but send you this friendly Salute. We are like to make a speedier Return than we expected from this Embassy; for we found the K. of *Denmark* in *Holstein*, which shortened our Voyage from going to the *Sound*: The King was in an advantageous Posture to give Audience, for there was a *Parliament* then at *Rheinburgh*, where all the *Younkers* met: Among other Things, I put myself to mark the Carriage of the *Holstein* Gentlemen, as they were going in and out at the *Parliament-House*; and observing well their Physiognomies, their Complexions, and Gaite, I thought verily I was in *England*, for they resemble the *English* more than either *Welsh* or *Scot* (tho' cohabiting upon the same Island) or any other People, that ever I saw yet: Which makes me verily believe, that the *English* Nation came first from this lower Circuit of *Saxony*; and there's one thing that strengthneth me in this Belief, that there is an ancient Town hard by call'd *Lunden*, and an Island call'd *Angles*; whence it may well be that our Country came from *Britannia* to be *Anglia*.

This Town of *Hamburg* from a Society of *Brewers* is come to a huge wealthy Place, and her new Town is almost as big as the old; there is a shrewd Jar 'twixt her and her *Protector*, the King of *Denmark*.

My Lord of *Leicester* hath done some good Offices to accommodate Matters: She chomps extremely, that there should be such a *Bit* put lately in her Mouth, as the Fort of *Gluckstadt*, which commands her River of *Eve*, and makes her pay what Toll he pleases.

The King begins to fill his Chests apace, which were so emptied in his late Marches to *Germany*: He hath set a

new Toll upon all Ships that pass to this Town ; and in the Sound also there be some extraordinary Duties imposed, whereat all Nations begin to murmur, especially the Hollander, who say, that the old primitive Toll of the Sound was but a Rose-noble for evry Ship, but by a new Sophistry, it is now interpreted for every Sail that should pass thro' ; insomuch, that the Hollander, tho' he be a *Low-Countryman*, begins to speak *High-Dutch* in this Point, a rough Language you know : Which made the *Italian* tell a *German Gentleman* once, that when *God Almighty thrust Adam out of Paradise*, he spake Dutch ; but the *German*, retorted wittily, *Then, Sir, if God spake Dutch when Adam was ejected, Eve spake Italian when Adam was seduced.*

I could be larger, but for a sudden Avocation to Busines ; so I most affectionately send my kind Respects to you, desiring, when I am rendered to *London*, I may hear from you : So I am

Hamburg, 22 Oct.
1632.

Your faithful Friend to
serve you, J. H.

V.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Br.

My Lord,

I AM newly returned from *Germany*, whence there came lately two Ambassadors Extraordinary in one of the Ships Royal, the Earl of *Leicester*, and Sir *Robert Aufruber* : The latter came from *Vienna*, and I know little of his Negotiations ; but for my Lord of *Leicester*, I believe there was never so much Busines dispatched in so shor. Compacts of Time, by any Ambassador, as your Lordship, who is best able to judge, will find by this short Relation. When my Lord was come to the K. of *Denmark's* Court, which was then at *Rheinsburgh*, a good Way within *Holstein* ; the first Thing he did was to condole the late Q. *Dowager's* Death, (our King's Grandmother) which was done in such an Equipeage, that the *Danes* confess'd, there was never Queen of *Denmark* so mourned for. This Ceremony being pass'd, my Lord fell to Busines ; and the first Thing which he propounded, was, that for preventing the further Effusion of Christian Blood in *Germany*, and for the facilitating a Way to restore Peace to all *Christendom*, his Majesty of *Denmark* would join with his Nephew of *Great-Britain*, to send a solemn Embassy to the Emperor, and the K. of *Sweden*, (the End of whose Proceedings were doubtful) to mediate an Accommodation, and to appear for him who will be found most conformable to Reason. To this, that King answered in

in Writing (for that was the Way of proceeding) that the *Emperor* and the *Swee* were come to that Height and Heat of War, and to such a Violence, that it is no Time yet to speak to them of Peace; but when the Fury is a little pass'd, and the Times more proper, he would take it for an Honour to join with his Nephew, and contribute the best Means he could to bring about so good a Work:

Then there was Computation made, what was due to the King of *Great-Britain*, and the Lady *Elizabeth*, out of their Grandmother's Estate, which was valued at near upon Two Millions of *Dollars*; and your Lordship must think it was a hard Task to liquidate such an Account. This being done, my Lord desired that Part which was due to his Majesty (our King) and the Lady his Sister, which appeared to amount to Eightscore thousand Pounds Sterling. That King answered, that he confessed there was so much Money due, but his Mother's Estate was yet in the Hands of Commissioners; and neither he nor any of his Sisters had received their Portions yet; and that his Nephew of *England*, and his Niece of *Holland*, should receive theirs with the first; but he did intimate besides, that there were some considerable Accounts 'twixt him and the Crown of *England*, for ready Monies he had lent his Brother K. *James*, and for the 30000*l.* a Month, that was by Covenant promised him for the Support of his late Army in *Germany*. Then my Lord propounded, that his Majesty of *Great-Britain's* Subjects were not well used by his Officers in the *Sound*: For tho' there was but a transitory Passage into the *Baltic-Sea*; and that they neither bought nor sold any thing upon the Place, yet they were forced to stay there many Days to take up Money at high Interest, to pay divers Tolls for their Merchandise, before they exposed them to Vent: Therefore it was desired, that for the future, what *English Merchant* soever should pass through the *Sound*, it should be sufficient for him to register an *Invoice* of his *Cargozon* in the *Custom-house Book*, and give his Bond to pay all Duties at his Return, when he had made his Market. To this my Lord had a fair Answer, and so procured a public *Instrument* under that King's Hand and Seal, and signed by his Counsellors, whom he had brought over, wherein the Proposition was granted; which no Ambassador could obtain before. Then 'twas alleged, that the *English Merchant-Adventurers* who trade into *Hamburgh*, have a new Toll lately imposed upon them at *Gluckstadt*, which was desired to be taken off. To this also, there was the like *Instrument* given, that the said Toll should be levied no more. Lastly, my Lord (in regard he

was to pass by the *Hague*) desired that hereditary Part, which belonged to the Lady *Elizabeth* out of her Grandmother's Estate, because his Majesty knew well what Crosses and Afflictions she had pass'd, and what a numerous Issue she had to maintain; and my Lord of *Leicester* would engage his Honour, and all the Estate he hath in the World, that this should no way prejudice Accounts he is to make with his Majesty of *Great-Britain*. The King of *Denmark* highly extolled the Nobleness of this Motion; but he protested, that he had been so drained in the late Wars, that his Chefts are yet very empty. Hereupon, my Lord was feasted, and so departed.

He went then to the Duke of *Holstein* to *Slewick*, where he found him at his Castle of *Gotborp*; and, truly, I did not think to have found such a magnificent Building in these bleak Parts. There also my Lord did condole the Death of the late Queen, that Duke's Grandmother, and he received very princely Entertainment.

Then he went to *Husem*, where the like Ceremony of Condolement was performed at the Duchess of *Holstein*'s Court, his Majesty's (our King's) Aunt.

Then he came to *Hamburgh*; where that Instrument which my Lord had procured, for remitting of the new Toll at *Gluckstadt*, was delivered the Company of our *MERCHANTS-ADVENTURERS*; and some other good Offices done for that Town, as Matters stood betwixt them and the King of *Denmark*.

Then we came to *Stode* where *Lefy* was Governor, who carried his Foot in a Scarf for a Wound he had received at *Bucklobo*, and he kept that Place for the King of *Sweden*: And some Business of Consequence was done there also.

So we came to *Broomsbottle*, where we staid for a Wind some Days: And in the Midway of our Voyage, we met with a *Holland* Ship, who told us, the King of *Sweden* was slain; and so we returned to *London* in less than three Months. And if this was not Business enough for such a Compass of Time, I leave your Lordship to judge.

So craving your Lordship's Pardon for this lame Account, I rest

Lond. 1 Oct. A.D. 1632.

Your Lordship's most humble
and ready Servitor, J. H.

John H. was lame in Nov.

VI,

VI.

To my Brother Dr. Howel, at his House in Horsley.

My good Brother,

I AM safely returned from *Germany*, Thanks be to God ; and the News which we heard at Sea by a *Dutch Skipper*, about the midst of our Voyage from *Hamburg*, it seems, proves too true, which was of the Fall of the K. of *Sweden*. One *Jerbire*, who says that he was in the very Action, brought the first News to this Town, and every Corner rings of it ; yet such is the Extravagancy of some, that they will lay Waggers he is not yet dead, and the *Exchange* is full of such People. He was slain at *Lutzen* Field-battle, having made the Imperial Army give Ground the Day before ; and being in pursuance of it, the next Morning in a sudden Fog that fell, the Cavalry on both Sides being engag'd, he was kill'd in the midst of the Troops, and none knows who kill'd him, whether one of his own Men, or the Enemy ; but finding himself mortally hurt, he told *Saxen Waymar, Cousin, I pray look to the Troops, for I think I have enough*. His Body was not only rescued, but his Forces had the better of the Day ; *Papenheim* being kill'd before him, whom he esteem'd the greatest Captain of all his Enemies ; for he was us'd to say, that he had three Men to deal withal, a *Poltron*, a *Jesuit*, and a *Soldier* : By the two first, he meant *Walstein*, and the Duke of *Bavaria* ; by the last, *Papenheim*.

Questionless, this *Gustavus* (whose Anagram is *Augustus*) was a great Captain, and a gallant Man ; and had he surviv'd that last Victory, he would have put the Emperor to such a Plunge, that some think he would hardly have been able to have made Head against him to any Purpose again. Yet his own Allies confess, that none knew the Bottom of his De-
signs.

He was not much affected to the *English*, witness the ill Usage Marquis *Hamilton* had with his 6000 Men, whereof there returned not 600 ; the rest died of Hunger and Sicknes, having never seen the Face of an Enemy : Witness also his Harshness to our Ambassadors, and the rigid Terms he would have tied the Prince *Palgrave* to. So with my most affectionate Respects to Mr. *Mouschap*, and kind Commands to Mr. *Brider*, I rest

Wextm. Dec. 1632.

Your loving Brother, J.H.

VII.

To the R. R. Dr. Field, Lord Bishop of St. David's.

My Lord,

YOUR late Letter affected me with two contrary Passions, with Gladness and Sorrow: The beginning of it dilated my Spirits with Apprehensions of Joy, that you are so well recovered of your late Sickness, which I heartily congratulate; but the Conclusion of your Lordship's Letter contracted my Spirits, and plung'd them in a deep Sense of just Sorrow, while you please to write me News of my dear Father's Death. *Permulsum initium, percussit finis.* Truly, my Lord, it is the heaviest News that ever was sent me: But when I recollect myself, and consider the Fairness and Maturity of his Age, and that it was rather a gentle *Dissolution* than a *Death*; when I contemplate that infinite Advantage he hath got by this Change and Transmigration, it much lightens the Weight of my Grief; For if ever human Soul enter'd Heaven, surely he is there; such was his constant Piety to God, his rare Indulgence to his Children, his Charity to his Neighbours, and his Candor in reconciling Differences; such was the Gentleness of his Disposition, his unwearied Course in Actions of Virtue, that I wish my Soul no other Felicity, when she hath shaken off these Rags of Flesh, than to ascend to him, and co-enjoy the same Bliss.

Excuse me, my Lord, that I take my Leave at this Time so abruptly of you; when this Sorrow is a little digested, you shall hear further from me, for I am

Wesm. i May,
1632.

Your Lordship's most true
and humble Servitor, J. H.

VIII.

To the Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst.

My Lord,

I Have delivered Mr. Secretary Cook an Account of the whole *Legation*, as your Lordship ordered me, which contained near upon twenty Sheets; I attended him also with the Note of your Extraordinaries, wherein I find him something difficult and dilatory yet. The Governor of the *Eastland* Company, Mr. Alderman Cletbero, will attend your Lordship at your Return to Court, to acknowledge your Favour to them. I have delivered him a Copy of the Transactions of Things that concerned their Company at *Rheinsburg*.

The News we heard at Sea of the K. of Sweden's Death, is confirmed more and more; and by the Computation I have been a little curious to make, I find that he was killed

Killed the same Day your Lordship set out of Hamburg. But there is other News come since of the Death of the Prince Palatin; Who, as they write, being returned from visiting the Duke *Des deux Ponts* to Mentz, was struck there with the Contagion; yet by special ways of Cure, the Malignity was expelled, and great Hopes of Recovery, when the News came of the Death of the K. of Sweden, which made such Impressions upon him, that he died few Days after, having overcome all Difficulties, concluding with the Swedes, and the Governor of Frankendall; and being ready to enter into a Repossession of his Country: A sad Destiny!

The Swedes bear up still, being fomented and supported by the French, who will not suffer them to leave Germany yet. A Gentleman that came lately from Italy told me, that there is no great Joy in Rome for the Death of the K. of Sweden. The Spaniards up and down will not stick to call this *Pope Latheran*; and that he had Intelligence with the Swedes. 'Tis true, that he hath not been so forward to assist the Emperor in this Quarrel; and that in open Cōsistory, when there was such a *Contrasto* twixt the Cardinals for a Supply from St. Peter, he declared, that he was well satisfy'd that this War in Germany was no War of Religion: Which made him dismiss the Imperial Ambassadors with this short Answer, that the Emperor had drawn these Mischiefs upon himself; for at that Time when he saw the Swedes upon the Frontiers of Germany, if he had employed those Men and Monies which he consumed to trouble the Peace of Italy in making War against the Duke of Mantua, against them, he had not had now so potent an Enemy. So I take my Leave for this Time, being

Westm. 3 June,
1632.

Your Lordship's most humble, and
obedient Servitor, J. H.

Sund. Jan: 1633

IX.

To Mr. E. D.

SIR,

I thank you a thousand times for the noble Entertainment you gave me at Bury, and the Pains you took in shewing me the Antiquities of that Place. In Recital, I can tell you of a strange Thing I saw lately here, and I believe 'tis true: As I pass'd by St. Dunstan's in Fleetstreet the last Saturday, I stepp'd into a Lapidary, or Stone-cutter's Shop, to treat with the Master for a Stone to be put upon my Father's Tomb; and casting my Eyes up and down, I spied a huge Marble with a large Inscription upon't, which was thus, to my best Remembrance:

Here lies John Oxenham, a goodly young Man, in whose Chamber, as he was struggling with the Pangs of Death, a Bird with a white Breast was seen fluttering about his Bed, and so vanished.

Here lies also Mary Oxenham, the Sister of the said John, who died the next Day, and the same Apparition was seen in the Room.

Then another Sister is spoke of.

Then, Here lies bard by James Oxenham, the Son of the said John, who died a Child in his Cradle a little after; and such a Bird was seen fluttering about his Head, a little before he expired, which vanished afterwards.

At the Bottom of the Stone there is,

Here lies Elizabeth Oxenham, the Mother of the said John, who died sixteen Years since, when such a Bird with a white Breast was seen about her Bed before her Death.

To all these there be divers Witnesseſ, both 'Squires and Ladies, whose Names are engraven upon the Stone: This Stone is to be ſent to a Town hard by Exeter, where this happened.

Were you here, I could raise a choice Discouſe with you hereupon. So hoping to ſee you the next Term, to requite ſome of your Favours, I reſt

Wefm. 3 July,
1632.

Your true Friend
to ſerve you, J. H.

X.

To W. B. Esq;

SIR,

THE upbraiding of a Courteſy is as bad in the Giver, as Ingratitude in the Receiver; tho' I (which you think I am loth to believe) be faulty in the first, I ſhall never offend in the ſecond, while

Wefm. 24 Oct. 1632.

J. Howel.

XI.

To Sir Arthur Ingram, at York,

SIR,

OUR greatest News here now is, that we have a new Attorney-General, which is News indeed, conſidering the Humour of the Man, how he hath been always ready to entertain any Cause whereby he might clash with the Prerogative; but now, as Judge Richardson told him, his Head is full of Proclamations and Devices, how to bring Money into the Exchequer. He hath lately found out among the old Records of the Tower, ſome Precedents for raising a Tax

Tax called *Skip-Money* in all the Port-Towns, when the Kingdom is in Danger: Whether we are in Danger or no at present, 'twere Presumption in me to judge, that belongs to his Majesty and his Privy-Council, who have their choice Instruments Abroad for Intelligence; yet one with half an Eye may see, we cannot be secure, while such huge Fleets of Men of War, both *Spanish*, *French*, *Dutch*, and *Dunkirkers*, some of them laden with Ammunition, Men, Arms, and Armies, do daily sail on our Seas, and confront the King's Chambers; while we have only three or four Ships Abroad to guard our Coasts and Kingdom, and to preserve the fairest Flower of the Crown, the Dominion of the Narrow Seas, which I hear the *French* Cardinal begins to question, and the *Hollander* lately would not veil to one of his Majesty's Ships that brought over the Duke of *Lenox*, and my Lord *Weston*, from *Bullen*; and, indeed, we are jeer'd Abroad, that we send no more Ships to guard our Seas.

Touching my Lord Ambassador *Weston*, he had a brave Journey of it, tho' it cost dear: For 'tis thought 'twill stand his Majesty in 25000*l.* which makes some Critics of the Times to censure the Lord Treasurer, that now the King wanting Money so much, he should send his Son Abroad to spend him such a Sum, only for delivering of Presents and Compliments: But I believe they are deceived, for there were Matters of State also in the Embassy.

The Lord *Weston* passing by *Paris*, intercepted and opened a Packet of my Lord of *Holland*'s, wherein there were some Letters of her Majesty's; this my Lord of *Holland* takes in that Scorn, that he defy'd him since his coming, and demanded the Combat of him, for which he is confined to his House at *Kensington*: So with my humble Service to my noble Lady, I rest

Westm. 30 Jan. 1633. Your most obliged Servitor, J. H.

n.s. XII.

To the Lord Viscount Wentworth, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and Lord President of York.

My Lord,

I WAS glad to apprehend the Opportunity of this Packet, to convey my humble Service to your Lordship.

There are old doings in *France*, and 'tis no new thing for the *French* to be always a doing, they have such a stirring Genius. The Queen-Mother hath made an Escape to *Brussels*, and Monsieur to *Lorain*, where, they say, he courts very earnestly the Duke's Sister, a young Lady under twenty; they say a Contract is pass'd already, but the *French* Cardinal

nal

nal opposeth it; for they say that *Lorain Milk* feldom breeds good Blood in France: Not only the King, but the whole Gothic Church, hath protested against it in a solemn Synod, for the Heir apparent of the Crown of France cannot marry without the Royal Consent. This aggravates a Grudge the French King hath to the Duke, for siding with the Imperialists, and for Things reflecting upon the Duchy of Bar; for which he is homageable to the Crown of France, as he is to the Emperor for *Lorain*: A hard Task it is to serve two Masters; and an unhappy Situation it is to lie 'twixt two puissant Monarchs, as the Dukes of Savoy and *Lorain* do. So I kiss your Lordship's Hands, and rest, my Lord,

Weym. 1 April,

1633.

Your most humble and
ready Servitor, J. H.

XIII.

To the most noble Lady, the Lady Cornwallis.

Madam,

IN Conformity to your Commands, which sway with me as much as an Act of Parliament, I have sent your Ladyship this small Hymn for Christmas-Day, now near approaching; if your Ladyship please to put an Air to it, I have my Reward.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. <i>Hail Holy Tide,</i> <i>Wherein a Bride,</i> <i>A Virgin (which is more)</i> <i>Brought forth a Son,</i> <i>The like was done</i> <i>Ne'er in the World before.</i> | <i>Nor the vast Mould</i> <i>Of Heav'n can hold,</i> <i>'Cause he's Ubiquitair.</i> |
| 2. <i>Hail spotless Maid!</i> <i>Who thee upbraid</i> <i>To have been born in Sin,</i> <i>Do little weigh,</i> <i>What in thee lay,</i> <i>Before thou didst lie-in.</i> | <i>O wou'd be deign</i> <i>To rest and reign</i> <i>I' th' Centre of my Heart;</i> <i>And make it still</i> <i>His Domicil,</i> <i>And Residence in part!</i> |
| 3. <i>Nine Months thy Womb</i> <i>Was made the Dome</i> <i>Of Him, whom Earth</i> <i>[nor Air,</i> | <i>But in so foul a Cell</i> <i>Can he abide to dwell?</i> <i>Yes, when he pleas to move</i> <i>His Harbinget to sweep the</i> <i>[Room,</i> <i>And with rich Odours it</i> <i>[perfume,</i> <i>Of Faith, of Hope, of Lovt.</i> |

So I humbly kiss your Hands, and thank your Ladyship, that you would command, in any thing that may conduce to your Contentment,

Weym. 3 Feb. 1633.

Your Ladyship's most humble

Servitor, J. H.

XIV.

Age.

XIV.

To the Lord Clifford at Knaresborough.

My Lord,

I Receiv'd your Lordship's of the last of June, and I return my most humble Thanks for the choice Nag you pleased to send me, which came in very good plight. Your Lordship desires me to lay down what in my Travels Abroad I observed of the present Condition of the Jews, once an Elect People, but now grown contemptible, and strangely squandered up and down the World: Tho' such a Discourse, exactly framed, might make up a Volume, yet I will twit up what I know in this Point, upon as narrow a Bottom as may be shut up within the Compas of this Letter.

The first Christian Country that expelled the Jews, was England; France followed our Example next, then Spain, and afterwards Portugal: Nor were they exterminated these Countries for their Religion, but for Villainies and Cheatings, for clipping Coins, poisoning of Waters, and counterfeiting of Seals.

Those Countries they are permitted to live now most in among Christians, are Germany, Holland, Bohemia, and Italy; but not in those Parts where the King of Spain hath to do. In the Levant and Turkey they swarm most, for the Grand Vizier, and all other great Bashaws, have commonly some Jew for their Counsellor or Spy, who inform them of the State of Christian Princes, possesses them of a Hatred of the Religion, and so incenses them to a War against them.

They are accounted the subtlest and most subdolous People upon Earth; the Reason why they are thus degenerated from their primitive Simplicity and Innocence, is their often Captivities, their desperate Fortunes, the Necessity and Hatred to which they have been habituated; for nothing depraves ingenuous Spirits, and corrupts clear Wits, more than Want and Indigence. By their Profession they are for the most part Brokers, and Lombardeers; yet by that base and servile Way of frippery Trade, they grow rich wheresoever they nest themselves: And this, with their Multiplication of Children, they hold to be an Argument that an extraordinary Providence attends them still. Methinks, that so clear Accomplishments of the Prophecies of our Saviour touching that People, should work upon them for their Conversion, as the Destruction of the City and Temple; that they should become despicable, and the Fail of all Nations; that they should be Vagabonds, and have no firm Habitation.

Touching the first, they know it came punctually to pass, and so have the other two; for they are the most hateful Race of Men upon Earth; insomuch, that in Turkey, where they are most valued, if a *Musulman* come to any of their Houses, and leave his Shoes at the Door, the *Jew* dares not come in all the while, till the *Turk* hath done what he would with his Wife. For the last, 'tis wonderful to see in what considerable Numbers they are dispersed up and down the World; yet they can never reduce themselves to such a Coalition and Unity as may make a Republic, Principality, or Kingdom.

They hold that the *Jews* of *Italy*, *Germany*, and the *Levant*, are of *Benjamin's* Tribe: Ten of the Tribes at the Destruction of *Jeroboam's* Kingdom were led Captives beyond *Euphrates*, whence they never return'd, nor do they know what became of them ever after, yet they believe they never became Apostates and Gentiles. But the Tribe of *Judah*, whence they expected their *Messias*, of whom one shall hear them discourse with so much Confidence and Self-pleasing Conceit, they say is settled in *Portugal*; where they give out to have Thousands of their Race, whom they dispense withal to make a Semblance of Christianity even to Church-degrees.

This makes them breed up their Children in the *Lusitanian* Language; which makes the *Spaniard* have an odd Saying, that *El Portuguez se crio del pedo de un Judio*: A Portuguese was engendered of a Jew's Fart: As the *Mabometans* have a Passage in their Alchoran, that a Cat was made of a Lion's Breath,

As they are the most contemptible People, and have a kind of fulsome Scent, no better than a Stink, that distinguisheth them from others, so they are the most timorous People on Earth, and so utterly incapable of Arms, for they are made neither Soldiers nor Slaves: And this their Pusillanimity and Cowardice, as well as their Cunning and Craft, may be imputed to their various Thraldoms, Contempt, and Poverty, which hath cowed and dastardized their Courage. Besides these Properties, they are light and giddy-headed, much symbolizing in Spirit with our Apocalyptic Zealots, and fiery Interpreters of *Daniel* and other Prophets, whereby they often sooth, or rather fool themselves into some Illumination, which really proves but some egregious Dotage.

They much glory of their mysterious *Cabal*, wherein they make the Reality of Things to depend upon Letters and Words: But they say that *Hebrew* only hath this Privilege. This *Cabal*, which is nought else but a Tradition, they say, being

being transmitted from one Age to another, was in some measure a Reparation of our Knowledge lost in *Adam*; and they say 'twas reveal'd four times: First to *Adam*, who being thrust out of *Paradise*, and sitting one Day very sad, and sorrowing for the Loss of the Knowledge he had of that Dependence the Creatures have on their Creator, the Angel *Raguel* was sent to comfort him, and instruct him, and repair his Knowledge herein: And this they call the *Cabal*, which was lost a second time by the Flood and *Babel*; then God discovered it to *Moses* in the Bush; the third time to *Solomon* in a Dream, whereby he came to know the Beginning, Mediety, and Consummation of Times, and so wrote divers Books, which were lost in the grand Captivity. The last time they hold that God restored the *Cabal* to *Esdras*, (a Book they value extraordinarily) who by God's Command withdrew to the Wilderness forty Days with five Scribes, who in that space wrote 204 Books: The first 134 were to be read by all, but the other 70 were to pass privately amongst the *Levites*; and these they pretend to be cabalistic, and not yet all lost.

There are at this Day three Sects of *Jews*; the *Africans* first, who besides the holy Scriptures embraced the *Talmud* also for authentic: The second receive only the Scriptures: The third, which are call'd the *Samaritans*, (whereof there are but few) admit only of the *Pentateuch*, the five Books of *Moses*.

The *Jews* in general drink no Wine without a Dispensator; when they kill any Creature, they turn his Face to the East, saying, *Be it sanctified in the great Name of God*; they cut the Throat with a Knife without a Gap, which they hold very profane.

In their Synagogues they make one of the best sort to read a Chapter of *Moses*, then some mean Boy reads a piece of the Prophets; in the Midst there's a round place arched over, wherein one of their Rabbies walks up and down, and in *Portuguese* magnifies the *Messias* to come, comforts their Captivity, and rails at *Christ*.

They have a kind of Cupboard to represent the Tabernacle, wherein they lay the Tables of the Law, which now and then they take out and kiss; they sing many Tunes, and *Adonai* they make the ordinary Name of God: *Je-ho-vah* is pronounced at high Festivals; at Circumcision Boys are put to sing some of *David's Psalms* so loud, as drowns the Infant's Cry. The Synagogue is hung about with Glass-Lamps burning; every one at his entrance puts on a Linen-Cope, first kissing it, else they use no manner of Reverence

rence all the while; their Elders sometimes fall together by the Ears in the very Synagogue; and with the holy Utensils, as Candlesticks, Incense-pans, and such like, break one another's Pates.

Women are not allowed to enter the Synagogue, but they sit in a Gallery without. For they hold they have not so divine a Soul as Men, and are of a lower Creation, made only for sensual Pleasure and Propagation.

Among the *Mahometans*, there is no Jew capable of a *Turkish Habit*, unless he acknowledge *Christ* as much as *Turks* do, which is, to have been a great Prophet, whereof they hold there are three only, *Moses*, *Christ*, and *Mahomet*.

Thus, my Lord, to perform your Commands, which are very prevalent with me, have I couched in this Letter what I could of the Condition of the Jews; and if it may give your Lordship any Satisfaction, I have my Reward abundantly. So I rest

Wesm. 3. June

1638.

Your Lordship's most humble
and ready Servant, J. H.

XV.

To Mr. Philip Warwick, at Paris.

S. I. R.

YOur last to me, was in *French* of the first Current, and I am glad you are come so safe from *Switzerland* to *Paris*; as also that you are grown so great a Proficient in the Language. I thank you for the Variety of News you sent me so handsomely couch'd and knit together.

To correspond with you, the greatest News we have here, is, that we have a gallant Fleet-Royal ready to set to Sea, for the Security of our Coast and Commerce, and for the Sovereignty of our Seas. *Hans* said, the King of *England* was asleep all this while, but now he is awake; nor do I hear doch your *French* Cardinal tamper any longer with our King's Title and Right to the Dominion of the *Narrow Seas*. These are brave Fruits of the *Skip-mony*.

I hear that the Infante-Cardinal having been long upon his way to *Brussels*, hath got a notable Victory of the *Swedes* at *Nardinghen*, where 8000 were slain, *Gustavus Horn*, and others of the prime Commanders taken Prisoners: They write also, that Monsieur's Marriage with Madame of *Lorraine* was solemnly celebrated at *Brussels*: She had followed him from *Nancy* in *Pages Apparel*, because there were Forces in the Way. It must needs be a mighty Charge to the King of *Spain*, to maintain Mother and Son in this manner.

The

The Court affords little News at present, but that there is a Love called *Platonic Love*, which much sways there of late; it is a Love abstracted from all corporeal gross Impressions, and sensual Appetite, but consists in Contemplations and Ideas of the Mind, not in any carnal Fruition. This Love sets the Wits of the Town on work; and they say there will be a Mask shortly of it, whereof her Majesty, and her Maids of Honour, will be part.

All your Friends here in Westminster are well, and very mindful of you, but none more often than

W^m. 3 June 1634. Your most affectionate Servitor, J. H.

XVI.
To my Brother, Mr. H. P.

Brother,

MY Brain was o'ercast with a thick Cloud of Melancholy, I was become a Lump of I know not what; I could scarce find any Palpitation within me on the left Side, when yours of the 1st of September was brought me; it had such a Virtue, that it begot new Motions in me, like the Loadstone, which by its attractive occult Quality moves the dull Body of Iron, and makes it active; so dull was I then, and such a magnetic Property your Letter had to quicken me.

There is some Murmuring against the *Ship-money*, because the Tax is *indefinite*; as also by reason that it is levied upon the Country Towns, as well as Maritime; and for that they say, *Noy* himself cannot shew any Record. There are also divers Patents granted, which are mutter'd at, as being no better than Monopolies: Among others, a *Scotchman* got one lately upon the Statute of levying twelve Pence for every Oath, which the Justices of Peace and Constables had Power to raise, and have still; but this new Patentee is to quicken and put more Life in the Law, and see it executed. He hath power to nominate one, or two, or three in some Parishes, which are to have Commission from him for this public Service, and so they are to be exempt from bearing Office, which must needs deserve a Gratuity: And I believe this was the main Drift of the *Scotch Patentee*, so that he intends to keep his Office in the Temple, and certainly he is like to be a mighty Gainer by it; for who would not give a good piece of Money to be freed from bearing all cumberlome Offices? No more now, but that with my dear Loye to my Sister, I rest

W^m. 1 Aug. 1633. Your most affectionate Brother,
J. H.

XVII.

XVII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Savage,
at Long-Melford.

My Lord,

*He died
Aug. 34*

THE old Steward of your Courts, Master Attorney-General Noy, is lately dead, nor could Tunbridge Waters do him any good: Tho' he had good Matter in his Brain, he had, it seems, ill Materials in his Body; for his Heart was shrivell'd like a Leather Penny-Purse when he was dissected, nor were his Lungs sound.

Being such a Clerk in the *Law*, all the World wonders he left such an odd Will, which is short, and in *Latin*: The Substance of it is, that he having bequeath'd a few Legacies, and left his second Son 100 Marks a Year, and 500 Pounds in Money, enough to bring him up in his Father's Profession, he concludes, *Reliqua meorum omnia primogenito meo Edendo, dissipanda, nec melius unquam speravi ego*: I leave the rest of all my Goods to my first-born *Edward*, to be consumed or scattered, for I never hoped better. A strange, and scarce a *Christian* Will in my Opinion, for it argues Uncharitableness. Nor doth the World wonder less, that he should leave no Legacy to some of your Lordship's Children, considering what deep Obligations he had to your Lordship; for I am confident he had never been Attorney-General else.

The Vintners drink Carouses of Joy that he is gone, for now they are in hope to dress Meat again, and sell Tobacco, Beer, Sugar, and Faggots; which by a sullen *Capricio* of his, he would have restrained them from. He had his Humour as other Men, but certainly he was a solid rational Man; and though no great Orator, yet a profound Lawyer, and no Man better versed in the Records of the Tower. I heard your Lordship often say, with what infinite Pains, and indefatigable Study he came to this Knowledge: And I never heard a more pertinent Anagram that was made of his Name, *William Noy, I moil in Law*. If an *s* be added, it may be applied to my Countryman Judge *Jones*, an excellent Lawyer too, and a far more genteel Man, *William Jones, I moile in Laws*. No more now, but that I rest

Weſt'm. 1 Oct.

1635. 4?

Your Lordship's most humble

and obliged Servitor, J. H.

XVIII.

To the Right Hon. the Countess of Sunderland,
Madam.

H ere inclos'd I send your Ladyship a Letter from the Lord Deputy of Ireland, wherein he declares, that the office of the Attorneyship in York, which he passed over to

to me, had no Relation to my Lord at all; but it was merely done out of a particular Respect to me: Your Ladyship may please to think of it accordingly, touching the Accounts.

It is now a good while the two *Nippew Princes* have been here, I mean the Prince Elector, and Prince Robert. The King of Sweden's Death, and the late Blow at Norling-hor, hath half blasted their Hopes to do any Good for Recovery of the Palatinate by Land: Therefore I hear of some new Designs by Sea; that the one shall go to *Madagascar*, a great Island 800 Miles long in the *East-Indies*, never yet colonized by any *Christian*, and Captain Bond is to be his Lieutenant; the other is to go with a considerable Fleet to the *West-Indies*, to seize upon some Place there that may countervail the *Palmiste*, and Sir *Henry Merwin* to go with him: But I hear my Lady *Elizabeth* opposeth it, laying, that she will have none of her Sons to be *Knights-Errant*. There is now professed actual Enmity betwixt *France* and *Spain*, for there was a *Herald* at Arms sent lately from *Paris* to *Flanders*, who by Sound of Trumpet depounced and proclaimed open War against the King of *Spain* and all his Dominions; this Herald left and fix'd up the Defiance in all the Towns as he passed: So that whereas before the War was but collateral and auxiliary, there is now *proclaimed* Hostility between them, notwithstanding that they have one another's Sisters in their Beds every Night. What the Reason of this War is, truly, Madam, I cannot tell, unless it be Reason of State, to prevent the further Growth of the *Spanish Monarchy*: And there be multitude of Examples how *preventive Wars* have been practised from all Times. Howsoever, it is sure that abundance of *Christian Blood* will be spilt. So I humbly take my Leave, and rest,

Madam,

W^m. 4 Jan.

1635.

Your Ladyship's most obedient
and faithful Servitor, J. H.

A.S.

XIX.

To the Earl of Leicester at Penshurst.

My Lord,

I Am newly return'd out of *France*, from a flying Journey as far as *Orleans*, which I made at the Request of Mr. Secretary *Windesbank*, and I hope I shall receive some Fruits of it hereafter. There is yet a great Resentment in many Places in *France*, for the beheading of *Montmorancy*, whom *Henry IV.* was used to say to be a better Gentleman than himself; for in his Colours, he carried this Motto, *Dico*

R

ayde

C. 1.
1632.

my de le premier Chevalier de France; God help the first Knight of France. He died upon a Scaffold in *Thoulouze*, in the flower of his Years, at 34, and hath left no Issue behind; so that noble old Family extinguish'd in a Snuff: His Treason was very foul, having received particular Commissions from the King to make an extraordinary Levy of Men and Money in *Languedoc*, which he turned afterwards directly against the King, against whose Person he appeared armed in open Field, and in a hostile Posture for fomenting of *Monsieur's* Rebellion.

The *Infante Cardinal* is come to *Brussels* at last thro' many Difficulties; and some few Days before, *Monsieur* made Semblance to go a Hawking, and so fled to *France*, but left his Mother behind, who since the Arch-Duchess's Death is not so well looked on as formerly in that Country.

Touching your Busines in the *Exchequer*, Sir *Robert Pye* went with me this Morning of Purpose to my Lord Treasurer about it, and told me with much Earnestnes and Assurance, that there shall be a speedy Course taken for your Lordship's Satisfaction.

I delivered my Lord of *Lindsey* the Manuscript he lent your Lordship of his Father's Embassy to *Denmark*: And herewith I present your Lordship with a complete Diary of your own late *Legation*, which hath cost me some Toil and Labour. So I rest always,

Westm. 19 June, Your Lordship's most humble
1635. 29 ay 33^o. and ready Servitor, J. H.

XX.

To my Honoured Friend and Fa. Mr. Ben Johnson.

Fa. Ben,

BEng lately in *France*, and returning in a Coach from *Paris* to *Rouen*, I lighted upon the Society of a knowing Gentleman, who related to me a choice Story, which peradventure you may make some Use of in your way.

Some hundred and odd Years since, there was in *France* one Captain *Coucy*, a gallant Gentleman of an ancient Extraction, and Keeper of *Coucy Castle*, which is yet standing, and in good Repair. He fell in love with a young Gentlewoman, and courted her for his Wife: There was reciprocal Love between them, but her Parents understanding of it, by way of Prevention, they shuffled up a forced Match 'twixt her and one Monsieur *Fayel*, who was a great Heir. Capt. *Coucy* hereupon quitted *France* in Discontent, and went to the Wars in *Hungary* against the *Turk*, where he received a mortal Wound, not far from *Buda*. Being carried to his Lodg-

lodging, he languished some Days; but a little before his Death he spoke to an ancient Servant of his, that he had many proofs of his Fidelity and Truth, but now he had a great Busines to intrust him with, which he conjured him by all means to do; which was, that after his Death he should get his Body to be opened, and then to take his Heart out of his Breast, and put it in an earthen Pot to be baked to Powder; then to put the Powder into a handsome Box, with that Bracelet of Hair he had worn long about his left Wrist, which was a lock of Mademoiselle *Fayel's* Hair, and put it among the Powder, together with a little Note he had written with his own Blood to her; and after he had given him the Rites of Burial, to make all the Speed he could to *France*, and deliver the said Box to Mademoiselle *Fayel*. The old Servant did as his Master had commanded him, and so went to *France*; and coming one Day to Mons. *Fayel's* House, he suddenly met him with one of his Servants, and examined him, because he knew he was Capt. *Coucy's* Servant; and finding him timorous, and faltering in his Speech, he search'd him, and found the said Box in his Pocket, with the Note which exprefed what was therein: He dismissed the Bearer with Menaces that he should come no more near his House. Mons. *Fayel* going in, sent for his Cook, and delivered him the Powder, charging him to make a little well-relished Dish of it, without losing a jot of it, for it was a very costly thing; and commanded him to bring it in himself, after the last course at Supper. The Cook bringing in the Dish accordingly, Mons. *Fayel* commanded all to avoid the Room, and began a serious Discourse with his Wife; however since he had married her, he observed she was always melancholy, and he feared she was inclining to a Consumption, therefore he had provided her a very precious Cordial, which he was well assur'd would cure her: Thereupon he made her eat up the whole Dish; and afterwards much importuning him to know what it was, he told her at last, she had eaten *Coucy's* Heart, and so drew the Box out of his Pocket, and shewed her the Note, and the Bracelet. In a sudden Exultation of Joy, she with a far-fetched Sigh said, *This is a precious Cordial indeed*; and so licked the Dish, saying, *It is so precious, that 'tis pity to put ever any Meat upon it*. So she went to Bed, and in the Morning she was found stone dead.

This Gentleman told me that this sad Story is painted in *Coucy-Castle*, and remains fresh to this Day.

In my Opinion, which veils to yours, this is choice and rich Stuff for you to put upon your Loom, and make a curious Web of.

I thank you for the last *regalo* you gave me at your *Museum*, and for the good Company. I heard you censured lately at Court, that you have lighted too foul upon Sir *Inigo*, and that you write with a *Forcupine's Quill* dipt in too much Gall. Excuse me that I am so free with you, it is because I am, in no common way of Friendship,

W^m. 3 May, 1635.

Yours, J. H.

XXI.

To Captain Thomas Porter.

Noble Captain,

YOU are well returned from *Brussel*, from attending your Brother in that noble Employment of congratulating the *Infante Cardinal's* coming thither. It was well *Monsieur* went a Hawking away before to *France*, for I think those two young Spirits would not have agreed. A *Frenchman* told me lately, that was at your Audience, that he never saw so many complete Gentlemen in his Life, for the Number, and in a neater *Equipage*. Before you go to Sea, I intend to wait on you, and give you a *Frolic*. So I am,

De todas mis entrañas,

Yours to dispose of, J. H.

To this I'll add the Duke of *Offene's* Compliment,

*Quijere, aunque soy Chico,
Ser, en serville, Gigante.*

*Tho' of the tallest I am none you see,
Yet to serve you, I would a *Giant* be.*

W^m. 1 Nov. 1634.

XXII.

To my Cousin, Captain Sainogeon.

Noble Cousin,

THE greatest News about the Town, is of a mighty Prize that was taken lately by *Peter Van Heyn* of *Holland*, who had met some straggling Ships of the Plate-Fleet, and brought them to the *Texel*, they speak a Million of Crowns. I could wish you had been there to have shar'd of the Booty, which was the greatest in Money that ever was taken.

One sent me lately from *Holland* this Distich of *Peter Van Heyn*, which favours a little of Profaneness.

Roma sui fileat postbac miracula Petri,

Petrus apud Batavos plura stupenda facit:

Let

Let Rome no more her Peter's Wonders tell;
For Wonders, Holland's Peter bears the Bell.

To this *Djstich* was added this Anagram, which is a good one,

P E T R U S H A I N U S .
H I S P A N U S R U E T .

So I rest,
Wester. 15 July.

Totus tuus, Yours whole,
J. Howell.

XXIII. To my Lord Viscount S.

My Lord,

HIS Majesty is lately returned from Scotland, having given that Nation Satisfaction to their long desires, to have come thither to be crowned: I hear some mutter at Bishop Laud's carriage there, that it was too haughty and pontifical.

Since the Death of the K. of Sweden, a great many Scotch Commanders are come over, and make a shining shew at Court; what Trade they will take hereafter, I know not, having been so inured to the Wars: I pray God keep us from Commotions at Home, betwixt the two Kingdoms, to find them Work. I hear one Col. Leyte is gone away discontented, because the King would not Lord him.

The old rotten D. of Bavaria, for he hath divers Issues about his Body, hath married one of the Emperor's Sisters, a young Lady little above twenty, and he near upon four-score: There is another remaining, who, they say, is intended for the K. of Poland, notwithstanding his Pretences to the young Lady Elizabeth; about which, Prince Radzivil, and other Ambassadors, have been here lately, but that King being elective, must marry as the Estates will have him: His Mother was the Emperor's Sister, therefore sure he will not offer to marry his Cousin-German; but it is no News for the House of Austria to do so, to strengthen their Rate. And if the Bavarian hath Male-Issue of this young Lady, the Son is to succeed him in the Electorship, which may conduce much to strengthen the Continuance of the Empire in the Austrian Family. So with a constant Perseverance of my hearty desires to serve your Lordship, I rest, my Lord,

Wester. 7 Sept.

Your most humble Servitor,

J. H.

1633

XXIV.

To my Cousin, Mr. Will. Saintgeon, at St. Omer.

C O U S I N,

I Was lately in your Father's Company, and I found him much discontented at the Course you take; which he not only protests against, but he vows never to give you his Blessing, if you persevere in it. I would wish you to descend into yourself, and seriously ponder, what a Weight a Father's Blessing or Curse carries with it; for there is nothing conduceth more to the Happiness or Infelicity of the Child. Among the ten Commandments in the *Decalogue* that which enjoins, Obedience from Children to Parents, hath only a Benediction (of Longevity) added to it: There be Clouds of Examples for this, but one I will instance in: When I was in *Valencia* in *Spain*, a Gentleman told me of a Miracle which happened in that Town; which was, that a proper young Man under twenty was executed there for a Crime, and before he was taken down from off the Tree, there were many grey and white Hairs had budded forth of his Chin, as if he had been a Man of sixty. It struck Amazement in all Men, but this Interpretation was made of it, that the said young Man might have lived to such an Age, if he had been dutiful to his Parents, to whom he had been barbarously disobedient all his Life-time.

There comes herewith a large Letter to you from your Father; let me advise you to conform your Courses to his Council, otherwise it is an easy matter to be a Prophet what Misfortunes will inevitably beset you, which by a timely Obedience you may prevent, and I wish you may have Grace to do it accordingly. So I rest

Lond. 1 May,
1634.

*Your loving well-wishing
Cousin, J. H.*

XXV.

To the Lord Deputy of Ireland.

My Lord,

THE Earl of Arundel is lately returned from *Germany*, and his gallant Comportment in that Embassy deserved to have had better Success: He found the Emperor conformable, but the old *Bavarian* forward, who will not part with any thing till he have Monies reimburs'd, which he spent in these Wars, and for which he hath the Upper *Palatinate in depositio*; insomuch, that in all Probability all Hopes are cut off of ever recovering that Country, but by the same Means that it was taken away, which was by the Sword:

Sword: Therefore they write from Holland of a new Army, which the Prince *Palatine* is like to have shortly, to go up to *Germany*, and push on his Fortunes with the *Swedes*.

The French King hath taken *Nancy*, and almost all *Lorraine* lately; but he was forced to put a Fox-tail to the Lion's Skin, which his Cardinal helped him to, before he could do the Work. The Quarrel is, that the Duke should marry his Sister to *Monsieur*, contrary to Promise; that he sided with the Imperialists against his Confederates in *Germany*, that he neglected to do Homage for the Duchy of *Bar*.

My Lord Viscount *Savage* is lately dead, who is very much lamented by all that knew him; I could have wished, had it pleased God, that his Father-in-law, who is riper for the other World, had gone before him: So I rest

Westm. 6 Apr.

16 3rd

Your Lordship's most humble

and ready Servitor, J. H.

XXVI.

To his honoured Friend, Mistress C. at her House in Essex.

There was no Sorrow sunk deeper into me a great while, than that which I conceived upon the Death of my dear Friend your Husband: The last Office I could do him, was to put him in his Grave; and I am sorry to have met others there, (who had better Means to come in a Coach with six Horses than I) in so mean Equipage, to perform the last act of Respect to so worthy a Friend. I have sent you herewith an Elegy, which my melancholy Muse hath breathed out upon his Herse. I shall be very careful about the Tomb you intend him, and will think upon an Epitaph. I prey present my Respects to Mrs. *Anne Mayne*. So wishing you all Comfort and Contentment, I rest

Lond. 5 March.

Yours most ready to be commanded, J. H.

XXVII.

To Mr. James Howard, upon his Banished Virgin, translated out of Italian.

SIR,

I Received the Manuscript you sent me, and being a little curious to compare it with the Original, I find the Version to be very exact and faithful: So according to your friendly Request I have sent you this *Decastich*.

R 4

Some

Some bold Translators not unlike to be
 The wrong-side of a Turkey Tapistry;
 Or Wines drawn off the Lees, which fill'd in Flaske,
 Losse somewhat of their Strength they had in Glass.
 As true, each Language bath an Idiom,
 Wherb in another catch'd comes not so home:
 But I ne'er saw a Piece from Venice come,
 More fresher Thrushes set in our Country Leas.
 This Wine is still tan-ter'd, and brisk, the' pot
 Out of Italian Cask in English Bott.

Upon your Extravers.

Jair Cromena in her Tolcan tyre
 I vie'd, and lik'd the Fashion wondrous well;
 But in this English Habit I admire,
 That still in her the same good Grace may dwell:
 So I have seen Trans-Alpin Cyons grow,
 And bare rare Fruit, remov'd to Thantes frith Po.

Lond. 6 Oct.

Your true Servitor and
Comptress, J. H.

XXVIII.

To Edward Noy, Esq; at Paris.

SIR,

I Received one of yours lately, and I am glad to find the
 Delight that Travel begins to instil into you.

My Lord Ambassador Aston reckons upon you, that you
 will be one of his Train at his first Audience in Madrid,
 And to my Knowledge he hath put by some Gentleman of
 Quality: Therefore I pray let not that dirty Town of Park
 detain you too long from your intended Journey to Spain,
 for I make Account my Lord Aston will be there a matter of
 two Months hence. So I rest

Lond. 5 May,

1633.

Your most affectionate
Scrivtor, J. H.

XXIX.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Peter Wichts, Lord Ambassador
at Constantinople.

My Lord,

IT seems there is some angry Star that hath hung over the
 Business of the Palatinate, from the Beginning of those
 German Wars to this very Day, which will too evidently ap-
 pear,

pear, if one should mark and deduce matters from their first rise.

You may remember how poorly *Prague* was lost : The Bishop of *Hallerstadt* and Count *Mansfelt* shuffled up and down a good while, and did great matters, but all came to nothing at last. You may remember how one of the Ships-Royal was cast away in carrying over the last ; and the 12000 men he had hence perish'd many of them very miserably ; and he himself, as they write, died a poor *Holtrey* with one *Lacquey*, as he was going to *Venice* to a Bank of Money he had stidied up there for a dead lift. Your Lordship knows what succels the K. of *Denmark* had, (and our 6000 men under Sir *Cha. Morgan*) for while he thought to make new acquets, he was in hazard to lose all that he had, had not he had favourable Propositions tendered him. There were never poor *Christians* perish'd more lamentably than those 6000 we sent under M. *Hamilton* for the assistance of the K. of *Sweden*, who did much, but you know what became of him at last ; how disasterously the Prince *Palatine* himself fell, and in what an ill conjuncture of time, being upon the very point of being restored to his Country.

But now we have as bad news as any we had yet ; For the young Prince *Palatine*, and his Brother Pr. *Robert*, having got a jolly considerable Army in *Holland*, to try their fortunes in *Germany* with the *Swedes*, they had advanc'd as far as *Münsterland* and *Wesphalia*, and having lain before *Langen*, they were forc'd to raise the siege : And one General *Hatzfeld* pursuing them, there was a sore battle fought, wherein Prince *Robert*, my Lord *Craven*, and others, were taken Prisoners. The Prince *Palatine* himself, with Major *King*, thinking to get over the *Wefer* in a coach, the water being deep, and not fordable, he sav'd himself by the help of a willow ; and so went a-foot all the way to *Munden*, the Coach and the Coachman being drown'd in the River. There were near upon 2000 slain on the *Pallgrave's* side, and scarce the 20th part so many on *Hatzfeld's*. Major *Gos*, one of the chief Commanders, was kill'd.

I am sorry I must write to you this sad story ; yet to cowntervail it something, *Saxen Baynior* thrives well, and is like to get *Briſac* by help of the *French* Forces. All your friends here are well, and remember your Lordship often, but none more oft than

London, 5 Jan.

1635. ?

Your most humble and ready
Servt, J. H.

XXX.

To Sir Sackvil C. Knight,

SIR,

I Was as glad that you have lighted upon so excellent a Lady, as if an Astronomer by his Optics had found out a new Star; and if a Wife be the best or worst fortune of a man, certainly you are one of the fortunatest men in this Island.

The greatest news I can write to you is, of a bloody Banquet that was lately at *Liege*, where a great Faction was a fomenting 'twixt the Imperialists and those that were devoted to *France*, amongst whom, one *Ruelle*, a popular Burg-Master, was chief. The Count of *Warfuzee*, a Vassal of the K. of *Spain*'s, having fled thither from *Flanders* for some offence, to ingratiate himself against the K. of *Spain*'s favour, invited the said *Ruelle* to a Feast, and after brought him into a private Chamber, where he had provided a ghostly Father to confess him; and so some of the soldiers whom he had provided before to guard the House, dispatch'd the Burg-Master. The Town hearing this, broke into the house, cut to pieces the said Count, with some of his Soldiers, and dragg'd his body up and down the streets. You know such a fate befel *Walstein* in *Germany* of late years, who having got all the Emperor's forces into his hands, was found to have intelligence with the *Swedes*; therefore the Imperial *Ban* was not only pronounced against him, but a reward promised to any that should dispatch him: Some of the Emperor's Soldiers at a great Wedding in *Egra*, of which Band of Soldiers Col. *Butler*, an *Irishman*, was chief, broke into his lodgings when he was at dinner, kill'd him, with three Commanders more that were at Table with him, and threw his body out at a window into the streets.

I hear *Butler* is made since Count of the Empire. So humbly kissing your noble Lady's hand, I rest

Lond: 5 Jun.

You faithful Servitor, J. H.

1634

XXXI.

To Dr. Dupper, L. B. of Chichester, bis Highness's Tutor at St. James's,

My Lord,

IT is a well-becoming, and very worthy work you are about, not to suffer Mr. Ben Johnson to go so silently to his grave, or rot so suddenly: Being newly come to Town, and

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and understanding that your *Johnsonius Virbius* was in the Press, upon the solicitation of Sir *Thomas Hawkins*, I suddenly fell upon the ensuing *Decastich*, which, if your Lordship please, may have room among the rest.

Upon my honoured Friend and F. Mr. Ben Johnson.

AND is thy Glass run out, is that oil spent
Which light to such strong sinewy Labours lent?
Well Ben, I now perceive that all the Nine,
Tho' they their utmost forces should combine,
Cannot prevail 'gainst Night's three daughters, but
One still must spin, one wind, the other cut.
Yet in despite of distaff, clue, and knife,
Thou in thy strenuous Lines haft got a Light,
Which like thy Boys shall flourish ev'ry age,
While sock or buskin shall attend the Stage.

—*Sic uaticinatur Hoellus.*

So I rest, with many devoted respects to your Lordship, as
being

Your very humble Servitor

Lond. 1 May, 1636.

J. H.

XXXII.

To Sir Ed. B. Knights.

SIR,

I Receiv'd yours this *Maundy-Thursday*: And whereas among other passages, and high endearments of love, you desire to know what method I observe in the exercise of my devotions; I thank you for your request, which I have reason to believe doth proceed from an extraordinary respect to me; and I will deal with you herein, as one should do with his Confessor.

'Tis true, tho' there be Rules and Rubrics in our *Liturgy* sufficient to guide every one in the performance of all holy duties, yet I believe every one hath some mode and model or formulary of his own, especially for his private cubicular devotions.

I will begin with the last day of the week, and with the latter end of that day, I mean *Saturday-Evening*, on which I have fasted ever since I was a youth in *Venice*, for being delivered from a very great danger. This year I use some extraordinary acts of devotion, to usher in the ensuing *Sunday*, in Hymns, and various Prayers of my own penning, before I go to bed. On *Sunday* morning I rise earlier than upon other days, to prepare myself for the sanctifying of it; nor do I use Barber, Taylor, Shoe-maker, or any other Mechanic that Morning; and whatsoever Diversions, or Lets

may hinder me the week before, I never miss, but in case of sickness, to repair to God's holy House that day, where I come before prayers begin, to make myself fitter for the work by some previous Meditations, and to take the whole Service along with me; nor do I love to mingle speech with any in the interim; about news or worldly negotiations in God's holy House. I prostrate myself in the humblest and decentest way of genuflection I can imagine; nor do I believe there can be any excess of exterior humility in that place; therefore I do not like those squatting unseemly bold postures upon one's tail, or cruffing the face in the hat, or thrusting it in some hole, or covering it with one's hand; but with bended knee, and in open confident face, I fix my eyes on the east part of the Church, and Heaven. I endeavour to apply every tittle of the Service to my own Conscience and Occasions; and I believe the want of this, with the huddling up and careless reading of some Ministers, with the commoness of it, is the greatest cause that many do undervalue, and take a surfeit of our public service.

For the reading and singing *Psalms*, whereas most of them are either petitions or eucharistical Ejaculations, I listen to them more attentively, and make them my own. When I stand at the *Creed*, I think upon the custom they have in *Poland*, and elsewhere, for Gentlemen to draw their Swords all the while, intimating thereby, that they will defend it with their lives and blood. And for the *Decalogue*, whereas others use to rise, and sit, I ever kneel at it in the humblest and trembling't posture of all, to crave remission for the breaches past'd of any of God's holy Commandments, (especially the week before) and future grace to observe them.

I love a holy devout Sermon, that first checks, and then chears the Conscience; that begins with the Law, and ends with the Gospel: But I never prejudicate or censure any Preacher, taking him as I find him.

And now that we are not only *adulted*, but *antient Christians*, I believe the most acceptable Sacrifice we can send up to Heaven, is *Prayer and Praise*; and that *Sermons* are not so essential as either of them to the true practice of devotion. The rest of the holy Sabbath, I sequester my body and mind as much as I can from worldly affairs.

Upon *Monday* morn, as soon as the *Cinque-Ports* are open, I have a particular prayer of thanks, that I am reserv'd to the beginning of that week; and every day following I knock thrice at Heaven's-gate, in the Morning, in the Evening, and at Night; besides Prayers at meals, and

and some other occasional Ejaculations, as upon the putting on of a clean Shirt, washing my Hands, and at lighting of Candles; which because they are sudden, I do in the third Person.

Tuesday Morning I rise Winter and Summer as soon as I awake, and send up a more particular Sacrifice for some Reasons; and as I am disposed, or have Busness, I go to Bed again.

Upon *Wednesday* Night I always fast, and perform also some extraordinary *Acts of Devotion*, as also upon *Friday* Night; and *Saturday* Morning, as soon as my Senses are unlocked, I get up. And in the Summer-time, I am often-times abroad in some private Field, to attend the Sun-rising: And as I pray *trice* every Day, so I fast thrice every Week; at least I eat but one Meal upon *Wednesdays*, *Fridays*, and *Saturdays*, in regard I am jealous with myself, to have more Infirmities to answer for than others.

Before I go to Bed, I make a Scrutiny what peccant humours have reigned in me that Day; and so I reconcile myself to my Creator, and strike a *Tally* in the *Exchequer of Heaven* for my *quietus est*, e're I close my Eyes, and leave no Burden upon my Conscience.

Before I presume to take the holy Sacrament, I use some extraordinary *Acts of Humiliation* to prepare myself some Days before, and by doing some Deeds of Charity; and commonly I compose some new Prayers, and divers of them written in my own Blood.

I use not to rush rashly into Prayer without a trembling precedent Meditation; and if any odd Thoughts intervene, and grow upon me, I check myself, and recommence: And this is incident to long Prayers, which are more subject to Man's Weaknes, and the Devil's Malice.

I thank God I have this Fruit of my foreign Travels, that I can pray to him every Day of the Week in a severall Language, and upon *Sunday* in seven, which in *Orations* of my own I punctually perform in my private pomeridian devotions.

Et sic eternam amittendo attingere vitam.

By these Steps I strive to climb up to Heaven, and my Soul prompts me I shall go thither; for there is no Object in the World delights me more than to cast up my Eyes that way, especially in a Star-light Night: And if my Mind be overcast with any odd Clouds of Melancholy, when I look up and behold that glorious Fabric, which I hope shall be my Country hereafter, there are new Spirits begot in me present-

ly,

ly, which make me scorn the World, and the Pleasures thereof, considering the *Vanity* of the one, and the *Inanity* of the other.

Thus my Soul still moves *Eastward*, as all the heavenly Bodies do ; but I must tell you, that as those Bodies are overmastered, and snatched away to the *West*, *raptu primi mobilis*, by the general Motion of the tenth Sphere, so by those epidemical Infirmities which are incident to Man, I am often snatched away a clean contrary Course, yet my Soul perfists still in her own proper Motion. I am often at Variance, and angry with myself, (nor do I hold this Anger to be any Breach of Charity) when I consider, that whereas my Creator intended this Body of mine, though a Lump of Clay, to be a *Temple* of his Holy Spirit, my Affections should turn it often to a *Brothel-house*, my Passions to a *Bedlam*, and my Excesses to an *Hospital*.

Being of a Lay-profession, I humbly conform to the Constitutions of the Church, and my spiritual Superiors ; and I hold this Obedience to be an acceptable Sacrifice to God.

Difference in Opinion may work a *Dissatisfaction* in me, but not a *Detestation* ; I rather pity than hate *Turk* and *Infidel*, for they are of the same Metal and bear the same Stamp as I do, though the Inscriptions differ : If I hate any, it is those Schismatics that puzzle the sweet Peace of our Church, so that I could be content to see an *Anabaptist* go to Hell on a *Brownist's* Back.

Noble Knight, now that I have thus eviscerated myself, and dealt so clearly with you, I desire by way of Correspondence that you would tell me, what Way you take in your Journey to Heaven : for if my Breast lie so open to you, it is not fitting yours should be shut up to me ; therefore I pray let me hear from you when it may stand with your Convenience.

So I wish you your Heart's Desire here, and Heaven hereafter, because I am.

*Lond, 25 July,
1635.*

*Yours in no vulgar Way of
Friendship, J. H.*

XXXIII.

To Simon Digby, Esq; at Moscow, the Emperor of Russia's Court.

S I R,

I Receivcd one of yours by Mr. *Pickbury*, and I am glad to find that the rough Clime of *Russia* agrees so well with you ; so well as you write, as the Catholic Air of *Madrid*, or the Imperial Air of *Vienna*, where you had such honourable Employments.

The

The greatest News we have here is, that we have a Bishop Lord Treasurer; and 'tis News indeed in these times, tho' 'twas no News you know in the Times of old to have a Bishop Lord-Treasurer of *England*. I believe he was merely *passive* in his Busines; the *active* Instrument that put the white Staff in his Hands, was the Metropolitan at *Lambeth*.

I have other News also to tell you, we have a brave new Ship, a Royal Galeon, the like they say did never spread Sail upon salt Water, take her true and well compacted Symmetry, with all Dimensions together: For her Burden, she hath as many Tuns as there were Years since the Incarnation when she was built, which are 1636; She is in Length 127 Feet, her greatest Breadth within the Planks is 46 Feet, and six Inches; her Depth from the Breadth is 19 Feet, and four Inches: She carrieth 100 Pieces of Ordnance wanting four, whereof she hath three Tyre; half a score Men may stand in her Lanthorn; the Charges his Majesty hath been at in the building of her, are computed to be 80000*l.* one whole year's Ship-money: Sir Robert Mansel launched her, and by his Majesty's Command called her *The Sovereign of the Sea*. Many would have had her to be named the *Edgar*, who was one of the most famous Saxon Kings this Island had, and the most potent at Sea. *Ramulbus Cestrensis* writes, that he had 400 Ships, which every Year after *Easter*, went out in four Fleets to scour the Coasts. Another Author writes, that he had four Kings to row him once upon the *Dee*. But the Title he gave himself, was a notable lofty one, which was this, *Altitoniatis Dei largiflua clementia qui est Rex Regum, Ego Edgarius Annorum Basileus, omnium Regum, Insularum, Oceanique Britanniam circumiacentis, cunctarumque Nationum quae infra eam includuntur, Imperator & Dominus, &c.* I do not think your grand Emperor of *Russia* hath a loftier Title; I confess the Sophy of *Persia* hath a higher one, tho' profane and ridiculous, in Comparison of this; for he calls himself, *The Star High and Mighty, whose Head is covered with the Sun, whose Motion is comparable to the ethereal Firmament, Lord of the Mountains Caucasus and Taurus, of the four Rivers Euphrates, Tygris, Araxis, and Indus; Bud of Honour, the Mirror of Virtue, Rose of Delight, and Nutmeg of Comfort.* It is a huge Descent methinks, to begin with a *Star*, and end in a *Nutmeg*.

All your Friends here in Court and City are well, and often mindful of you, with a world of good Wishes; and you cannot be said to be out of *England*, as long as you live

in so many noble Memories: Touching mine, you have a large room in it, for you are one of my chief Inmates. So with my humble Service to your Lady, I rest

*Lord. 4 July,
1635.*

Your most faithful Servt,
subdlt J. H.

XXXIV.

To Dr. Tho. Frichard.

Dear Dr.

I have now had too long a supercedas from Employment, having engaged myself to a fatall Man at Court (by his own setting) who I hoped, and had reason to expect (for I trusted all other ways) that he would have been a Scale towards my rising, but he hath rather proved an Instrument towards my Ruine: It may be he will prosper accordingly.

I am shortly bound for Ireland, and it may be the Star will cast a more benign Aspect upon me in the West; you know who got the Persian Empire by looking that way for the first Stems of the Sun-rising, rather than towards the East.

My Lord Deputy hath made often Profections to do me a Pleasure, and I intend now to put him uppon't.

I purpose to pass by the Bath for a Pain I have in my Arm, proceeding from a Distillation of Rheum; and then I will take Brecknock in any way, to comfort my Sister Mary, who I think hath lost one of the best Husbands in all the Thirteen Shires of Wales.

So with Appreication of all happiness to you, I rest

Lord. 10 Aug. 1637.

Yours, subdlt J. H.

XXXV.

To Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight, from Bath.

S I R,

YOur being then in the Country, when I began my Journey for Ireland, was the Caufe I could not kiss your Hands; therefore I shall do now from Bath, what I should have done at London.

Being here for a Distillation of Rheum that pains me in one of my Arms, and having had about three thousand Strokes of a Pump upon me in the Queen's Bath; and having been here now divers Days, and view'd the several Qualities of these Waters, I fell to contemplate a little what should be the Reason of such extraordinary actual Heat, and medicinal Virtue in them. I have seen and read of divers Baths Abroad, as those of *Caldane* and *Aurum* in *egypt* *Sacra*, the *Grotte* in *Virebo*, those between *Naples* and *Puteolum* in *Campania*; and I have been a little curious to know the Reason of those rare lymphatical Properties in them

them

them above other waters. I find that some impute it to Wind, or Air, or some Exhalations shut up in the Bowels of the Earth, which either by their own nature, or by their violent motion and agitation, or attrition upon rocks, and narrow passages, do gather heat, and so impart it to the Waters.

Others attribute this *balneal* heat to the Sun, whose all-searching Beams penetrating the pores of the Earth, do heat the Waters.

Others think this heat to proceed from quick-line, which by common experience we find to heat any waters cast upon't, and also to kindle any combustible substance put upon it.

Lastly, There are some that ascribe this heat to a subterranean fire kindled in the bowels of the Earth, upon sulphury and bituminous matter.

'Tis true, all these may be general concurring causes, but not the adequate, proper, and peculiar reason of *balneal heats*; and herein truly our learned Countryman Dr. Jorden hath got the start of any that ever writ of this subject, and goes to work like a solid *Philosopher*: For having treated of the generation of Minerals, he finds that they have their Seminaries in the Womb of the Earth replenish'd with active spirits; which meeting with apt matter and adjuvant causes, do proceed to the generation of several species, according to the nature of the efficient, and fitness of the matter. In this work of generation, as there is *generatio unius*, so there is *corruptio alterius*; and this cannot be done without a superior power, which by moisture dilateth itself, works upon the matter like a lev'ning and ferment, to bring it to its own purpose.

This motion 'twixt the agent spirit, and patient matter, produceth an actual heat: *For motion is the fountain of heat*, which serves as an instrument to advance the work; for as cold dulls, so heat quickeneth all things. Now for the nature of this heat, it is not a destructive violent heat, as that of fire, but a generative gentle heat join'd with moisture, nor needs it air for eventilation. This natural heat is daily observed by digging in the mines; so then while Minerals are thus engendring, and *in solatis principiis*, in their liquid forms, and not consolidated into hard bodies, (for then they have not that virtue) they impart heat to the neighbouring waters. So then it may be concluded, that this Soil about the Bath is a minetal vein of Earth; and the fermenting gentle temper of generative heat that goes to the production of the said Minerals, doth impart

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and actually communicate this *balneal* virtue and medicinal heat to these Waters.

This subject of Mineral *Waters* would afford an *Ocean* of Matter, were one to compile a solid discourse of it: And I pray excuse me, that I have presumed in so narrow a compass as a Letter, to comprehend so much, which is nothing, I think, in comparison of what you know already of this matter.

So I take my leave, and humbly kiss your hands, being always

Bath, 3 July,
1638.

*Your most faithful and ready
Servitor, J. H.*

XXXVI.

To Sir Ed. Savage, Knight, at Tower-hill.

SIR,

I Am come safely to *Dublin*, over an angry boisterous sea; whether 'twas my voyage on salt Water, or change of Air, being now under another clime, which was the cause of it, I know not, but I am suddenly freed of the pain in my Arm, when neither *Bath* nor Plasters, and other Remedies, could do me good.

I delivered your Letter to Mr. *James Dillon*, but nothing can be done in that business till your Brother *Pain* comes to Town: I met him with divers of my *Northern Friends*, whom I knew at *York*. Here is a most splendid Court kept at the Castle, and except that of the Vice-roy of *Naples*, I have not seen the like in *Christendom*; and in one point of *Grandezza*, the Lord-Deputy here goes beyond him, for he can confer Honours, and dub Knights, which that Vice-roy cannot, or any other I know of. Traffic increaseth here wonderfully, with all kind of Bravery and Building.

I made an humble motion to my Lord, that in regard busineses of all sorts did multiply here daily, and that there was but one Clerk of the Council (*Sir Paul Davis*) who was able to dispatch busines, (*Sir Will. Usher* his Colleague being very aged and bed-rid) his Lordship would please to think of me: My Lord gave me an Answer full of good respect, to succeed *Sir William* after his death,

No more now, but with my most affectionate respects unto you, I rest

Dublin, 3 May, 1639. *Your faithful Servitor, J. H.*

XXXVII.

To Dr. Usher, Lord Primate of Ireland.

MAY it please your Grace to accept for my most humble Acknowledgment of those noble Favours I receiv'd at *Drogheda*; and that you pleas'd to communicate to me

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those rare Manuscripts in so many Languages, and divers choice Authors in your Library.

Your learned Work, *De primordiis Ecclesiarum Britannicarum*, which you pleased to send me, I have sent to England; and so it shall be conveyed to Jesus-College in Oxford, as a Gift from your Grace.

I hear that Cardinal Barberino; one of the Pope's Neophytes, is setting forth the Works of Faſtidius, a British Bishop, called *De vita Christiana*. It was written 300 Years after our Saviour, and Höfſtenius hath the care of the Impression.

I was lately looking for a Word in Suidas; and I lighted upon a ſtrange Paſſage in the Name Ιων, that in the Reign of Justinian the Emperor; one Theodosius a Jew, a Man of great Authority, liv'd in Jerusalem, with whom a rich Goldsmith, who was a Christian, was much in favour, and very familiar: The Goldsmith in private diſcouſe, told him one Day, that he wondered, he being a Man of ſuch great Understanding, did not turn Christian, conſidering how he found all the Prophecies of the Law ſo evidently accomplished in our Saviour, and our Saviour's Prophecies accomplished ſince. Theodosius anſwered, that it did not stand with his ſecurity and continuance in Authority to turn Christian, but he had a long time a good opinion of that Religion, and he would diſcover a Secret to him which was not yet come to the Knowledge of any Christian. It was, that when the Temple was founded in Jerusalem, there were 22 Priests, according to the number of the Hebrew Letters, to officiate in the Temple; and when any was chosen, his Name, with his Father and Mother's, were us'd to be registered in a fair Book. In the time of Christ, a Priest died, and he was chosen in his place; but when his Name was to be entered, his Father Joseph being dead, his Mother was ſent for, who being asked who was his Father? She anſwered, that ſhe never knew Man, but that ſhe conceived by an Angel: So his Name was registered in these Words, JESUS CHRIST THE SON OF GOD, AND OF THE VIRGIN MARY. This Record at the Destruction of the Temple was preserved, and is to be seen in Tiberias to this Day. I humbly deſire your Grace's Opinion hereof in your next.

They write to me from England of rare News in France, which is, that the Queen is delivered of a Dauphin, the wonderfulleſt Thing of this kind that any Story can parallel; for this is the three and twentieth Year ſince ſhe was married, and hath continued childleſs all this while: So that

✓ now Monsieur's Cake is Dough, and I believe he will be more quiet hereafter. So I rest,

Dublin, 1 Mar.

1639.

N.S.

Your Grace's most devoted
Servitor, J. H.

XXXVIII.

To my Lord Clifford.

My Lord,

I Have seen now all the King of Great-Britain's Dominions; and he is a good Traveller that hath seen all his Dominions. I was born in *Wales*, I have been in all the four Corners of *England*, I have traversed the Diameter of *France* more than once, and now I come through *Ireland* into this Kingdom of *Scotland*. This Town of *Edinburgh* is one of the fairest Streets that ever I saw, (excepting that of *Palermo* in *Sicily*) it is about a Mile long, coming sloping down from the Castle (called of old the *Castle of Virgins*, and, by *Pliny*, *Castrum alatum*) to *Holy-Rood-House*, now the Royal Palace; and these two begin and terminate the Town. I am come hither in a very convenient time, for here is a national Assembly, and a Parliament, my Lord *Traquair* being his Majesty's Commissioner. The Bishops are all gone to *Wrack*, and they have had but a sorry Funeral; the very Name is grown so contemptible, that a Black Dog if he hath any White Marks abouthim, is called *Bishop*. Our Lord of *Canterbury* is grown here so odious, that they call him commonly in the Pulpit, *The Priest of Baal*, and *the Son of Belial*.

I'll tell your Lordship of a Passage which happened lately in my Lodging, which is a Tavern: I had sent for a Shoe-maker to make me a pair of Boots, and my Landlord, who is a pert smart Man, brought up a *Choppin* of White-wine, (and for this particular, there are better French Wines here than in *England*, and cheaper; for they are but a Groat a Quart, and it is a crime of a high Nature, to mingle or sophisticate any Wine here.) Over this *Choppin* of White-wine, my Vintner and Shoe-maker fell into a hot dispute about Bishops: The Shoe-maker grew very furious, and called them the *Firebrands of Hell*, the *Panders of the Whore of Babylon*, and the *Instruments of the Devil*; and that they were of his Institution, not of God's. My Vintner took him up smartly, and said, *Hold Neighbour there: Do not you know as well as I, that Titus and Timothy were Bishops? That our Saviour is intitled, The Bishop of our Souls? That the Word Bishop is as frequently mentioned in Scripture, as the Name Pastor, Elder, or Deacon?* Then suby

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why do you inveigh so bitterly against them? The Shoe-maker answered, I know the Name and Office to be good, but they have abused it. My Vintner replies, Well then, you are a Shoe-maker by your Profession, imagine that you, or a hundred, or a thousand, or a hundred thousand of your Trade, shall play the Knaves, and sell Calfskin-leather Boots for Neats-leather, or do other Cheats; must we therefore go Barefoot? Must the gentle Craft of Shoe-makers fall therefore to the Ground? It is the Fault of the Men, not of the Calling. The Shoe-maker was so gravell'd at this, that he was put to his Last; for he had not a Word more to say; So my Vintner got the Day.

AB

There is a fair Parliament-House built here lately, and it was hoped his Majesty would have taken the Maiden-head of it, and come hither to sit in Person; and they did ill, who advis'd him otherwise.

I am to go hence shortly back to *Dublin*, and so to *London*, where I hope to find your Lordship, that according to my accustomed Boldness, I may attend you. In the Intrim I rest

Edinburgh,
1693. 39

*Your Lordship's most humble
Servitor, J. H.*

XXXIX.
To Sir K. Digby, Knight.

S I R,

I thank you for the good Opinion you please to have of my fancy of *Trees*: It is a Maiden one, and not blown upon by any one yet: But for the Merits you please to ascribe to the Author, I utterly disclaim any, especially in that Proportion you please to give them me. 'Tis you that have Parts enough to complete a whole Jury of Men. Those small Perquisites that I have, are thrust up into a little narrow *Lobby*; but those Perfections that beautify your noble Soul, have a spacious Palace to walk in, more sumptuous than either the *Louvre*, *Seraglio*, or *Escarial*. So I most affectionately kiss your Hands, being always

*Wesm. 3 Dec,
1639...*

*Your most faithful
Servitor, J. H.*

XL.

To Sir Sackvill Crow, his Majesty's Ambassador at the Port of Constantinople.

Right Honourable Sir,

THE greatest News we now have here, is a notable naval Fight that was lately betwixt the Spaniard and Hollander, in the *Downs*; but to make it more intelligible, I will deduce the Busines from the Beginning.

The King of Spain had provided a great Fleet of Galleons, whereof the Vice-Admirals of *Naples* and *Portugal* were two, (whereof he had sent Advice to *England* long before.) The Design was to meet with the French Fleet, under the command of the Archbishop of *Bourdeaux*; and in default of that, to land some Treasure at *Dunkirk*, with a recruit of *Spaniards* who were grown very thin in *Flanders*. These Recruits were got by an odd Trick; for some of the Fleet being at *St. Andreas*, a Report was blown up of purpose, that the French were upon the Coasts: Hereupon all the young Men of the Country came to the Sea-side, and so a great Number of them were tumbled a Shipboard, and so they set sail towards the Coasts of *France*; but the Archbishop, it seems, had drawn in his Fleet. Then striking into the narrow Seas, they met with a Fleet of about sixteen *Hollanders*, whereof they funk and took two, and the rest got away to *Holland*, who gave an alarm to the States, who in les than a Month got together a Fleet of about one hundred Sail; and the Wind being a long time Easterly, they came into the *Downs*, where *Don Antonio d'Quendo*, the Spanish Admiral had staid for them all the While. Sir *John Pennington* was then aboard with seven of his Majesty's Ships: And *Don Antonio* being daily warned what Forces were preparing in *Zealand* and *Holland*, and so advised to get over to the Flemish Coasts in the Interim, with a haughty Spirit he answered, *Tengo de quedarme aqui para castigar estos Rebeldes, I will stay here to chastise these Rebels*. There were ten more of his Majesty's Ships appointed to go to join with Sir *John Pennington*, to observe the Motions of those Fleets; but the Wind continuing still East, they could not get out of the River.

The Spanish Fleet had fresh Water, Victuals, and other Necessaries, from our Coasts, for their Money, according to the Capitulations of Peace, all this while; at last, being half surpriz'd by a Cloud of *Hollanders* consisting of 114 Ships,

Ships, they launch'd out from our Coasts, and a most furious Fight began, our Ships having retired hard by all the while.

The Vice-Admiral of *Portugal*, a famous Sea-Captain, *Don Lopez de Hoxes*, was engaged in close Fight with the Vice-Admiral of *Holland*, and after many tough Rencounters they were both blown up, and burnt together. At last, Night came and parted the rest; but six *Spanish* Ships were taken, and about twenty of the *Hollanders* perished. *Oquendo* then cross'd over to *Nardic*, and so back to *Spain*, where he died before he came to the Court: And 'tis thought, had he lived, he had been questioned for some Miscarriages; for if he had suffered the *Dunkirkers*, who are numbler, and more fit for Fight, to have had the *Van*, and dealt with the *Hollander*, 'tis thought Matters might had gone better with him; but his Ambition was, that the great *Spanijs* Galeons should get the Glory of the Day.

The *Spaniards* gave out that they had the better, in regard they did the main Work; for *Oquendo* had conveyed all his Recruits and Treasure to *Flanders*, while he lay hovering on our Coasts.

One thing is herein very observable, what a mighty navigable Power the *Hollander* is come to, that in so short a compass of time he could appear with such a numerous Fleet of 114 Sail of Men of War, in such a perfect Equipage.

The Times afford no more at present; therefore with a tender of my most humble Service to my noble Lady, and my thankful acknowledgment for those great Favours, which my Brother *Edward* writes to me he hath receyved from your Lordship in so singular a manner at that Port, desiring you would still oblige me with a continuance of them, I left, among those multitudes you have left behind you in *England*,

Lond. 3 Aug.

1639.

Your Lordship's most faithful
Servitor, J. H.

XLI.

To Sir J. M. Knight.

SIR,

I hear that you begin to blow the Coal, and offer Sacrifice to *Demogorgon*, the God of Minerals: Be well advised before you engage yourself too deep; Chymistry I know, by a little Experience, is wonderful pleasing for the trial of so many rare Conclusions it carries with it, but withal, 'tis costly, and an enchanting kind of Thing; for it hath melted many a fair Manor in Crucibles, and turned them to Smoke. One presented *Sixtus Quintus* (*Sice-cinq*, as Q. Elizabeth called

call'd him) with a Book of *Chymistry*, and the Pope gave him an empty Purse for a Reward.

There be few whom *Mercury*, the Father of Miracles, doth Favour : The Queen of *Sheba*, and the King crown'd with Fire, are not propitious to many : He that hath had Water turned to Ashes, hath the Magistery, and the true Philosopher's Stone ; there be few of those : There be some that commit Fornication in *Chymistry*, by heterogeneous and sophistical Citrinations ; but they never come to the *Phoenix* Nest.

I know you have your share of Wisdom, therefore I confess it a Presumption in me to give you Counsel. So I left

Weſtm. 1 Feb.

1638.

*Your most faithful
Servitor, J. H.*

XLII.

To Simon Digby, Esq; at Moscow in Russia.

S I R,

I Return you many Thanks for your last of the first of June, and that you acquaint me with the State of things in that Country.

I doubt not but you have heard long since of the Revolt of *Catalonia* from the K. of *Spain* ; it seems the Sparkles of those Fires are flown to *Portugal*, and put that Country also in Combustion. The D. of *Braganza*, whom you may well remember about the Court of *Spain*, is now King of *Portugal*, by the Name of *El Rey Don Juan* ; and he is generally obeyed, and quietly settled, as if he had been King these twenty Years there ; for the whole Country fell suddenly to him, not one Town standing out. When the K. of *Spain* told *Olivares* of it first, he slighted it, saying, that *he was but Rey de Havas, a Bean-cake King*. But it seems strange to me, and so strange that it transforms me to wonder, that the *Spaniard* being accounted so politic a Nation, and so full of Precaution, could not foresee this ; especially there being divers Intelligences given, and evident symptoms of the general discontentment of that Kingdom, (because they could not be protected against the *Hollander* in *Braſil*) and of some designs a Year before, when this D. of *Braganza* was at *Madrid*. I wonder, I say, they did not secure his Person, by engaging him to some employment out of the Way : Truly I thought the *Spaniard* was better sighted, and could see further off than so. You know what a huge Limb the Crown of *Portugal* was to the *Spanish Monarchy*, by the Islands in the *Atlantic Sea*, the Towns

Towns in *Afric*, and all the *East-Indies*, insomuch that the *Spaniard* had nothing now left beyond the *Line*.

There is no *offensive War* yet made by *Spain* against *K. John*, she only stands upon the *defensive Part*, until the *Catalan* be reduced: And I believe that will be a long-winded Business; for this *French Cardinal* stirs all the Devils of Hell against *Spain*, insomuch that most Men say, that these formidable Fires which are now raging in both these Countries, were kindled at first by a *Granado* hurl'd from his Brain: Nay, some will not stick to say, that this Breach 'twixt us and *Scotland* is a reach of his.

There was a ruthful Disaster happened lately at Sea, which makes our Merchants upon the *Exchange* hang down their Heads very sadly. The Ship *Swan*, whereof one *Limery* was Master, having been four Years abroad about the *Straights*, was sailing home with a *Cargazon* valued at 800000*l.* whereof 450000*l.* was in Money, the rest in Jewels and Merchandise: But being in sight of Shore, she sprung a Leak, and being ballasted with Salt, it choaked the Pump, so that the *Swan* could swim no longer. Some sixteen were drowned, and some of them with Ropes of Pearl about their Necks; the rest were saved by an *Hamburgber* not far off. The K. of *Spain* loseth little by it (only his Affairs in *Flanders* may suffer) for his Money was insured; and few of the Principals, but the Insurers only, who were most of them *Genoese* and *Hollanders*: A most unfortunate Chance! For had she come to safe Port, she had been the richest Ship that ever came into the *Thames*; so that *Neptune* never had such a Morsel at one bit.

All your Friends here are well, as you will understand more particularly by those Letters that go herewith. So I wish you all health and comfort in that cold Country, and desire that your Love may continue still in the same degree of Heat towards

Lond. 5 Mar. 1639,

Your faithful Servitor, J. H.

XLIII.
To Sir K. D. Knight.

SIR,

IT was my Fortune to be in a late Communication, where a Gentleman spoke of a hideous thing that happened in *High Holborn*; how one *John Pennant*, a young Man of 21, being dissected after his Death, there was a kind of Serpent with divers Tails found in the left Ventricle of his Heart, which, you know, is the most defended Part, being thrice thicker than the Right, and is the Cell which holds the purest

purest and most illustrious Liquor, the arterial Blood and the vital Spirits. The Serpent was, it seems, three Years ingendring, for so long time he found himself indisposed in the Breast; and it was observed, that his Eye in the Interim grew more sharp and fiery, like the Eye of a Cock, which is next to a Serpent's Eye in redness: So that the Symptom of his inward Disease might have been told by certain exterior Rays and Signatures.

God preservye us from public Calamities; for serpentine Monsters have been often ill-favoured Presages. I remember in the *Roman Story*, to have read how, when Snakes or Serpents were found near the Statues of their Gods, at one time about *Jupiter's Neck*, another time about *Minerva's Thigh*, there followed bloody civil Wars after it.

I remember also, few Years since, to have read the Relation and Deposition of the Carrier of *Tewksbury*, who with divers of his Servants, passing a little before the dawn of Day with their Packs over *Cots-hill*, saw most sensibly and very perspicuously in the Air, Musketeers, harnessed Men, and Horsemen, moving in Battle-array, and assaulting one another in divers furious Postures. I doubt not but that you have heard of those fiery Meteors and Thunderbolts that have fallen upon sundry of our Churches, and done hurt. Unless God be pleased to make up these Ruptures 'twixt us and *Scotland*, we are like to have ill Days. The Archbishop of *Canterbury* was lately outraged in his House by a pack of common People: And Capt. *Mabun* was pitifully massacred by his own Men lately; so that the common People, it seems, have strange Principles infused into them, which may prove dangerous: For I am not of that Lord's Mind, who said, that they who fear any popular Insurrection in England, are like Boys and Women, who are afraid of a Turnip cut like a Death's-head with a Candle in't.

I am shortly for *France*, and I will receive your Commands before I go. So I am

Lond. 2 May, 1640. Your most bumble Servitor, J. H.

XLIV.

To my Lord Herbert of Cherberry, from Paris.

My Lord,

I Send herewith *Dodona's Grove* couch'd in French, and in the newest French; for tho' the main Version be mine, yet I got one of the *Academie des beaux Esprits* here to run it over, to correct and refine the Language, and reduce it to the most modern Dialect. It took so here, that the new

new Academy of Wits have given a public and far higher Elogium of it than it deserves. I was brought to the Cardinal at Ruelle, where I was a good while with him in his private Garden ; and it was a vanity in me to insert here what Propositions he has made me. There some Sycophants here that idolize him, and I blush to hear what profane Hyperboles are printed up and down of him ; I will instance in a few.

*Cedite Richelli mortales, cedite Divi ;
Ille homines vincit, vincit & ille Deos.*

Then,

*Et si nous faisons des guirlandes,
C'est pour en couronner un Dieu,
Qui sous le nom de Richelieu,
Reçoit nos vœux & nos affrardes.*

Then,

*Richelli, adventu Rupellæ porto patescit,
Christo Infernæ ut patuere fores.*

Certainly he is a rare Man, and of a transcendent reach, and they are rather Miracles than Exploits that he hath done, tho' those Miracles be of a sanguine dye (the Colour of his Habit) steep'd in Blood ; which makes the Spaniards call him the grand *Caga-fuego* of Christendom. Divers of the scientifickest and most famous Wits here, have spoken of your Lordship with Admirations, and of your great Work *De veritate*; and were those excellent Notions, and theoretical Precepts, actually apply'd to any particular Science, it would be an infinite Advantage to the commonwealth of Learning all the World over. So I humbly kiss your Hands, and rest
Paris, 1 Apr.

1641.

*Your Lordship's most faithful
Servitor, J. H.*

XLV.

To the Right Hon. Mrs. Eliz. Altham, now Lady Digby.

Madam,

Here be many sad Hearts for the los of my Lord Robert Digby, but the greatest weight of Sorow falls upon your Ladyship ; among other excellent Virtues, which the World admires you for, I know your Ladyship to have that measure of high Discretion that will check your Passions : I know also, that your Patience hath been often exercised, and put to trial in this kind. For besides the Baron your Father and Sir James, you lost your Brother, Master Richard Al-

tham

sham, in the verdant'ſt time of his Age, a Gentleman of rare Hopes; and I believe this ſunk deep into your Heart: You lost Sir Francis Aſſley ſince, a worthy virtuous Gentleman, and now you have lost a noble Lord. We all owe *Nature* a debt, which is payable ſome time or other, whenſoever ſhe demands it: Nor doth Dame *Nature* uſe to ſeal Indentures, or paſs over either Lease or Patent for a ſet term of Years to any. For my Part, I have ſeen ſo much of the World, that if ſhe offered me a *Leafe*, I would give her but a ſmall *Fine* for't; 'ſpecially now that the Times are grown ſo naught, the People are become more than half mad. But, Madam, as long as there are Men, there muſt be malignant Humours, there muſt be Vices, and vicifſitudes of Things; as long as the World wheels round, there muſt be Toffings and Tumblings, Distractions and Troubles, and bad Times muſt be recompended with better. So I humbly kifs your Ladyſhip's Hands, and ref特, Madam,

Yorke, 1 Aug. 1642.

Your conſtant Servant, J. H,

XLVI.

To the Hon. Sir M. P. in Dublin.

SIR,

I Am newly returned from *France*, and now that Sir *Edw. Nicholas* is made Secretary of State, I am put in for Hopes, or rather Assurances, to ſucceed him in the Clerkſhip of the Council.

The Duke *de la Valette* is lately fled hither for Sanctuary, having had ill luck in *Fontarabia*; they ſay his Proceſs was made, and that he was executed in *Effigie* in *Paris*. 'Tis true, he could never ſquare well with his Eminency the Cardinal, (for this is a peculiar Title he got long ſince from *Rome*, to diſtinguiſh him from all other) nor his Father neither, the little old Duke of *Eſpernon*, the ancient'ſt Soldier in the World, for he wants but one Year of a hundred.

When I was laſt in *Paris*, I heard of a facetious Paſſage 'twixt him and the Archbiſhop of *Bourdeaux*, who in effect is Lord High Admiral of *France*, and 'twas thus: The Archbiſhop was to go General of a great Fleet, and the Duke came to his Houſe in *Bourdeaux* one Morning to viſit him: The Archbiſhop ſent ſome of his Gentlemen to deſire him to have a little Patience, for he was diſpatching away ſome Sea-Commanders, and that he would wait on him preſently: The little Duke took a Pet at it, and went away to his Houſe at *Cadillac*, ſome fifteen Miles off. The next Morning the Archbiſhop came to pay him the Viſit, and to apolo-

apologize for himself: Being come in, and the Duke told of it, he sent his Chaplain to tell him, that *he was newly fallen upon a Chapter of St. Austin's de Civitate Dei*, and when he had read that Chapter, he would come to him.

Some Years before, I was told he was at *Paris*, and *Richelieu* came to visit him: He having notice of it, *Richelieu* found him in a Cardinal's Cap, kneeling at a Table Altar-wise, with his Book and Beads in his Hand, and Candles burning before him.

I hear the E. of *Leicester* is to come shortly over, and so over to *Ireland* to be your *Deputy*. No more now, but that I am

Lond. 7 Sept. 1641. Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

XLVII.

To the Earl of B. from the Fleet.

My Lord,

I Was lately come to *London* upon some Occasions of mine own, and I had been divers times in *Westminster-hall*, where I conversed with many Parliament-men of my Acquaintance; but one Morning betimes there rush'd into my Chamber five armed Men with Swords, Pistols, and Bills, and told me they had a Warrant from the Parliament for me: I desir'd to see their Warrant, they deny'd it: I desired to see the Date of it, they denied it: I desired to see my Name in the Warrant, they denied all. At last one of them pulled a greasy Paper out of his Pocket, and shewed me only three or four Names subscrib'd, and no more: So they rush'd presently into my Closet, and seized on all my Papers and Letters, and any thing that was Manuscript; and many printed Books they took also, and hurl'd all into a great hair Trunk, which they carried away with them. I had taken a little Physic that Morning, and with very much ado they suffered me to stay in my Chamber with two Guards upon me, till the Evening; at which time they brought me before the Committee for *Examination*, where I confess I found good respect: And being brought up to the close Committee, I was ordered to be forth-coming, till some Papers of mine were perused, and Mr. *Corbet* was apppointed to do it. Some Days after, I came to Mr. *Corbet*, and he told me he had perus'd them, and could find nothing that might give Offence. Hereupon, I desired him to make a report to the House, according to which (as I was told) he did very fairly; yet such was my hard-lap, that I was committed to the *Fleet*, where I am now under close Restraint: And, as far as I see, I must lie at dead *Anchor* in this *Fleet*, a long

long time, unless some gentle Gale blow thence to make me launch out. God's will be done, and amend the Times, and make up these Ruptures which threaten so much Calamity. So I am

*Fleet, Nov. 20.
1643.*

*Your Lordship's most faithful (tho'
now afflicted) Servitor, J. H.*

XLVIII.

*To Sir Thomas Thelwall, Knight (*Petri ad vincula*)
at Peter-House in London.*

SIR,

THO' we are not in the same *Prison*, yet we are in the same *predicament* of Sufferance; therefore I presume you are subject to the like fits of Melancholy as I. *The fruition of Liberty is not so pleasing, as a conceit of the want of it is irksome*, especially to be one of such free-born Thoughts as you. Melancholy is a black noxious Humour, and much annoys the whole inward Man; if you would know what Cordial I use against it in this my sad Condition, I'll tell you. I pore sometimes on a Book, and so I make the *dead my Companions*, and this is one of my chiefest Solaces: If the humour work upon me stronger, I rouize my Spirits, and raise them up towards Heaven, my future Country; and one may be on his Journey thither, tho' shut up in Prison, and happily go a strecther Way than if he were Abroad; I consider, that my Soul, while she is coop'd within these Walls of Flesh, is but a kind of perpetual *Prison*. And now my *Body* corresponds with her in the same Condition; my *Body* is the *Prison* of the One, and these *Brick-walls* the *Prison* of the Other. And let the *English* People flatter themselves as long as they will, that they are free, yet they are in effect but *Prisoners*, as all other Islanders are; for being surrounded and closed about with *Salt-water* (as I am within these *Walls*) they cannot go where they list, unless they ask the *Winds* leave first, and *Neptune* must give them a *Pass*.

God Almighty amend the Times, and compōse these woful Divisions, which menace nothing but public Ruin; the Thoughts wherof drown in me the Sense of mine own *private* Affliction.

So wishing you courage (whereof you have enough, if you put it in Practice) and patience in this sad Condition, I rest

*From the Fleet, 2 Aug.
1643.*

*Your true Servant and
Compatriot, J. H.*

XLIX.
To Mr. E. P.*SIR,*

I saw such prodigious things daily done these few Years past, that I had resolv'd with myself to give over wondering at any thing; yet a passage happened this Week, that forc'd me to wonder once more, because it is without parallel. It was, that some odd Fellows went skulking up and down London Streets, and with Figs and Raisins allured little Children, and so purloined them away from their Parents, and carried them a Ship-board far beyond Sea, where, by cutting their Hair, and other Devices, they so disguised them, that their Parents could not know them. This made me think upon that miraculous passage in *HameLEN*, a Town in *Germany*, which I hop'd to have pass'd thro' when I was in *Hamburg*, had we return'd by *Holland*; which was thus (nor would I relate it to you, where there not some ground of Truth for it). The said Town of *HameLEN* was annoyed with Rats and Mice; and it chanc'd, that a pied-coated Piper came thither, who covenanted with the chief Burghers for such a Reward, if he could free them quite from the said Vermin, nor would he demand it till a Twelvemonth and a Day after. The Agreement being made, he began to play on his Pipes, and all the Rats and the Mice followed him to a great Lough hard by, where they all perished; so the Town was infected no more. At the End of the Year the pied Piper return'd for his Reward; the Burghers put him off with Slightings and Neglect, offering him some small Matter; which he refusing, and staying some Days in the Town, one Sunday Morning at high Mass, when most People were at Church, he fell to play on his Pipes, and all the Children up and down followed him out of the Town, to a great Hill not far off, which rent in two, and opened, and let him and the Children in, and so closed up again. This happened a matter of two hundred and fifty Years since; and in that Town they date their Bills and Bonds, and other Instruments in Law, to this Day, from the Year of the going out of their Children: Besides, there is a great Pillar of Stone at the Foot of the said Hill, whereon this Story is engraven.

No more now, for this is enough in conscience for one time: So I am

Fleet, 1 Oct.

1643.

*Your most affectionate
Servitor, J. H.*

L.

*To my Lord G. D.**My Lord,*

There be two weighty sayings in *Seneca*, *Nihil est infelicitas eo cui nil unquam contigit adversus*: There is nothing more unhappy than he who never felt any Adversity. The other is, *Nullum est maius malum, quam non posse ferre malum*: There is no greater Cross, than not to be able to bear a Cross. Touching the First, I am not capable of that kind of Unhappiness, for I have had my share of Adversity; I have been hammer'd, and dilated upon the Anvil, as our Countryman *Breakspear* (*Adrian IV.*) said of himself, *I have been strained thro' the limbeck of Affliction*. Touching the Second, I am also free of that Cross; for I thank God for it, I have that portion of Grace, and so much Philosophy, as to be able to endure, and confront any Misery: 'Tis not so tedious to me, as to others, to be thus *immur'd*, because I have been *tnur'd* and habituated to Troubles. That which sinks deepest into me, is the Sense I have of the common Calamities of this Nation; there is a strange Spirit hath got in among us, which makes the Idea of Holiness, the formality of Good, and the very faculty of Reason, to be quite differing from what it was. I remember to have read a Tale of an Ape in *Paris*, who having got a Child out of the Cradle, and carried him up to the Top of the Tiles, and there sat with him upon the Ridge; the Parents beholding this ruffful Spectacle, gave the Ape fair and smooth Language; so he gently brought the Child down again, and replaced him in the Cradle. Our Country is in the same Case this Child was in, and I hope there will be sweet and gentle means used to preserve it from Precipitation.

The City of *London* sticks constantly to the Parliament, and the Common-Council sways much, insomuch that I believe, if the Lord Chancellor *Egerton* were now living, he would not be so pleasant with them, as he was once to a new Recorder of *London*, whom he had invited to Dinner to give him joy of his Office; and having a great Woodcock-Pye served in about the end of the Repast which had been sent him from *Cheshire*, he said, *Now, Master Recorder, you are welcome to a Common-Council.*

There be many discreet brave Patriots in the City, and I hope they will think upon some Means to preserve us and themselves from Ruin: Such are the Prayers, early and late, of

*Fleet, 2 June,
1643.*

*Your Lordship's most humble
Servitor, J. H.
LI.*

LI.

To Sir Alex. R. Knight.

SIR,

SURELY God Almighty is angry with *England*, and it is more sure, that God is never angry without Cause; now to know this Cause, the best way is for every one to lay his Hand on his Breast, and examine himself thoroughly, to summon his Thoughts, and winnow them, and so call to Remembrance how far he hath offended Heaven; and then it will be found that God is not angry with *England*, but with *Englishmen*. When that doleful Change was pronounced against *Israel*, *Perditio ex te Israel*, it was meant of the *Concrete*, (not the *Abstract*) *Oh Israelites, your Ruin comes from yourselves*. When I make this Scrutiny within myself, and enter into the closest Cabinet of my Soul, I find (God help me) that I have contributed as much to the drawing down of these Judgments on *England*, as any other: When I ran sack the three Cells of my Brain, I find that my *Imagination* hath been vain and extravagant; my *Memory* hath kept the bad, and let go the good, like a *wide Sieve* that retains the *Bran*, and parts with the *Flour*; my *Understanding* hath been full of Error and Obliquities; my *Will* hath been a Rebel to Reason; my *Reason* a Rebel to Faith (which I thank God I have the Grace to quell presently with this Caution, *Succumbat ratio fidei, & captiva quiescat*).

When I descend to my Heart, the Center of all my Affections, I find it hath swell'd often with Tympanies of Vanity, and Tumors of Wrath; when I take my whole Self in a Lump, I find that I am nought else but a Cargazon of malignant Humours, a Rabble of unruly Passions, among which my poor Soul is daily crucified, as betwixt so many Thieves. Therefore, as I pray in general, that God would please not to punish this Island for the Sins of the People, so more particularly I pray, that she suffer not for me in particular; who, if one would go by-way of *Induction*, would make one of the chiefest *Instances* of the Argument. And as I am thus conscious to myself of my own Demerits, so I hold it to be the Duty of every one, to complete himself this way, and to remember the Saying of a noble *English Captain*, who, when the Town of *Calais* was lost, (which was the last Footing we had in *France*) being jeered by a *Frenchman*, and asked, Now, *Englishman*, when will you come back to *France*? answered, O Sir, mock not, when the Sins of *France* are greater than the Sins of *England*, the *Englishmen* will come again to *France*.

T:

Before

Before the Sack of Troy, 'twas said and sung up and down
the Streets,

Iliaces intra mures peccatur & extra.

The Verse is as true for Seale and Fleet :
Intra Londini mures peccatur & extra;

Without and eke within
The Walls of London there is Sin.

The way to better the Times, is for every one to mend
one. I will conclude with this serious Invocation : I pray
God avert those further Judgments (of Famine and Pestilence)
which are hovering over this populous, and once flour-
ishing City, and dispose of the Brains and Hearts of this
People to seek and serve him aright.

I thank you for your last Visit, and for the Poem you sent
me since. So I am
Fleet, 3 June. *Your most faithful
Servitor, J. H.*

L.II.

To Mr. John Batty, Merchant.

SIR,

I Received the printed Discourse you pleased to send me,
called *The Merchant's Remonstrance*, for which I return
you due and deserved Thanks.

Truly, Sir, it is one of the most material and solid Pieces
I have read of this kind : And I discover therein two
Things ; first, The Affection you bear to your Country, with
the Resentment you have of these woful Distractions : Then
the Judgment and choice Experience you have purchased
by your Negotiations in Spain and Germany. In you may
be verified the Tenet they hold in Italy, that the Merchant
bred Abroad, is the best Commonwealths-man, being pro-
perly applied : For my part, I do not know any Profession
of Life (especially in an Island) more to be cherished and
countenanced with honourable Employments than the Mer-
chant-Adventurer ; (I do not mean only the Staplers of
Hamburgh and *Rotterdam*) for if valiant and dangerous
Actions do enoble a Man, and make him merit, surely
the Merchant-Adventurer deserves more Honour than any :
for he is to encounter not only with Men of all Tempers
and Humours, (as a French Counsellor hath it) but he con-
tests and tugs oft-times with all the Elements : Nor do I
see how some of our Country Squires, who sell Calves and
Runts, and their Wives perhaps Cheese and Apples, should
be held more genteel than the noble Merchant-Adventurer,
who

who sells Silks and Sattins, Tissues and Cloths of Gold, Diamonds and Pearl, with Silver and Gold.

In your Discourse you foretel the sudden Calamities which are like to befall this poor Island, if Trade decay; and that this Decay is inevitable, if these Commotions last: Herein you are prov'd half a Prophet already, and I fear your Prophecy will be fully accomplish'd if Matters hold thus. Good Lord! was there ever People so active to draw on their own Ruin? which is so visible, that a purblind Man may take a Prospect of it. We all see this apparently, and hear it told us every Minute; but we are fallen to the Condition of that foolish People the Prophet speaks of *Who had Eyes, but would not see; and Ears, but would not hear.* All Men know there is nothing imports this Island more than Trade; it is that Wheel of Industry, which sets all others a-going; it is that which preserves the chiefest Castles and Walls of this Kingdom, I mean the Ships; And how these are impaired within these four Years, I believe other Nations (which owe us an Invasion) observe and know better than we: For, truly, I believe a Million (I mean of Crowns) and I speak within Compafs, will not put the Navy-Royal in that Strength as it was four Years since, besides the Decay of Merchants Ships. A little before *Athens* was overcome, the Oracle told one of the Areopagitz, that *Athens had seen her best Days, for her wooden Walls* (meaning her Ships) *were decayed.* As I told you before, there is a Nation or two that owe us an Invasion.

No more now, but that with my most kind and friendly Respects unto you, I rest always

Fleet, 4 May, 1644. Yours to dispose of, J. H.

LIII.

To my bonoured Friend, Mr. E. P.

SIR,

THE Times are so ticklish, that I dare not adventure to send you any *London* Intelligence, she being now a Garifon Town; and you know, as well as I, what Danger I may incur: But for foreign, indifferent News, you shall understand that Pope *Urban VIII.* is dead, having sat in the Chair above twenty Years; a rare Thing; for it is observed, that no Pope yet arrived to the Years of *St. Peter*, who, they say, was Bishop of *Rome* twenty and five. Cardinal *Pampilio*, a *Roman* born, a knowing Man, and a great Lawyer, is created Pope by Assumption of the Name of *Innocent X.* There was tough canvassing for Voices,

and a great *Contrasto* in the *Conclave* betwixt the *Spaniſh* and *French* Faction, who with *Barberino*, stood for *Sachetti*; but he was excluded, as also another *Dominican*: By these Exclusions, the *Spanish Party*, whereof the Cardinal of *Florence* was chief, brought about *Barberino* to join with them for *Pamphilio*, as being also a Creature of the deceased Pope. He had been *Nuncio* in *Spain* eight Years, so that it is conceived he is much devoted to that Crown, as his Predecessor was to the *French*, who had been *Legate* there near upon twenty Years, and was Godfather to the last King; which made him to be *Fleurdelize*, to be Flower-de-luced all over. This new Pope hath already passed that Number of Years which the Prophet assigns to Man; for he goes upon seventy-one, and is of a strong promising Constitution to live some Years longer. He hath but one Nephew, who is but eighteen, and so not capable of Business; he hath therefore made choice of some Cardinals more to be his Coadjutors; *Pancirello* is his prime Confident, and lodged in *St. Peter's*. 'Tis thought he will presently set all Wheels a-going to mediate an universal Peace. They write of one good Augury among the rest, that part of his Arms is a *Dove*, which hath been always held for an Emblem of Peace: But I believe it will prove one of the knottiest and difficult'ſt Tasks that ever was attempted, as the Case stands betwixt the House of *Austria* and *France*; and the toughest and hardest Knot I hold to be that of *Portugal*; for it cannot yet enter into any Man's Imagination, how that can be accommodated; tho' many Politicians have beaten their Brains about it. God Almighty grant, that the appeasing of our Civil Wars prove not so intricate a Work, and that we may at last take Warning by the Devastations of other Countries, before our own be past Cure.

They write from *Paris*, that Sir *Kenelm Digby* is to be employ'd to *Rome* from her Majesty, in Quality of a high *Messenger of Honour*, to congratulate the new Pope, not of an *Ambassador*, as the Vulgar give out: For none can give that Character to any, but a sovereign independent Prince; and all the World knows, that her Majesty is under *Covert-Baron*, notwithstanding that some cry her up for *Queen-Regent of England*, as her Sister is of *France*.

The Lord *Aubigny* hath an Abbacy of 1500 Pistoles a Year given him yearly there, and is fair for a Cardinal's Hat.

I con-

I continue still under this heavy Pressure of close Restraint, nor do I see any Hopes (God help me) of getting forth till the Wind shift out of this unlucky Hole. Howsoever, I am resolved, that if Innocence cannot free my Body, yet Patience shall preserve my Mind still in its freeborn Thoughts: Nor shall this Storm flacken a whit that firm League of Love wherein I am eternally tied unto you. I will conclude with a Distich which I found among those excellent Poems of the late Pope :

*Quem valide strinxit præstanti pollice virtus,
Nescius est solvi nodus amicitiae.*

Fleet, 1 Jan.

1644-5

Your constant Servitor,

J. H.

A.S.

LIV.

To the Lord Bishop of London, late Lord Treasurer (Lyon) of England.

My Lord,

YOU are one of the Miracles of these Times, the greatest Mirror of Moderation our Age affords; and as heretofore when you carried the white Staff, with such clean incorrupted Hands, yet the Croiser was still your chief Care: Nor was it perceived, that that high all-obliging Office did alter you a jot, or alienate you from yourself, but the same Candor and Countenance of Meekness appeared still in you. As whosoever had Occasion to make their Address to your Gates, went away contented whether they sped in their Business or not, (a Gift your Predecessor was said to want) so since the Turbulency of these Times, the same Moderation shines in you, notwithstanding that the Mitre is so trampled upon, and that there be such violent Factions a-foot; insomuch, that you live not only secure from Outrages, but honoured by all Parties. 'Tis true, one Thing fell out to your Advantage, that you did not subscribe to that Petition which proved so fatal to Prelacy; but the chief Ground of the constant Esteem the distracted World hath still of you, is your Wisdom and Moderation, past and present. This put me in Mind of one of your Predecessors (in your late Office) Marquis Pawlet, who it seems failed by the same Compas; for there being divers Bandyings and Factions at Court in his Time, yet he was beloved by all Parties, and being asked how he stood so right in the Opinion of all, he answered, *By being a Willow, and not an Oak.*

I have many Thanks to give your Lordship for the late Visits I had ; and when this Cloud is scattered, that I may respire free Air, one of my first Journies shall be to kiss your Lordship's Hands : In the Interim, I rest

Fleet, 3 Sept,
1644.

*Your most devoted and ready
Servitor, J. H.*

LV.

To Sir E. S. Knight.

SIR,

THO' I never had the least Umbrage of your Love, or doubted of the Reality thereof, yet since I fell into this Plunge, it hath been much confirmed to me. It is a true Observation, that among other Effects of Affliction, one is, to try a Friend ; for those Proofs that were made in the fawnings, and dazzling Sunshine of Prosperity, are not so clear, as those which break out and transpire thro' the dark Clouds of Adversity. You know the Difference the Philosophers make 'twixt the two *extreme* colours, *black* and *white*, that the one is *congregativum*, the other *disgregativum* *vitis* : Black doth congregate, unite and fortify the Sight ; the other disgregate, scatter and enfeeble it, when it fixeth upon any Object : So through the sable Clouds of adverse Fortune, one may make a truer Inspection into the Breast of a Friend. Besides this, Affliction produceth another far more excellent Effect, it brings us to a better and more clear Knowledge of our Creator : For as the rising and setting Sun appears bigger to us, than when he is in the *Meridian*, (tho' the Distance be still the same) the Cause whereof is ascribed to the Interposition of Mists, which lie 'twixt our Eyes and him ; so through the thick Fogs of Adversity (which in this Point are as pellucid and diaphanous as any Crystal) we come to see God, and the Immensity of his Love in a fuller Proportion. There cannot be clearer Evidences of his Care, than his Corrections : When he makes the World to frown, then he smiles most upon us, tho' it be but thro' a *Mak* : Besides, it is always his Method, to *stroke* them whom he *strikes*. We have an ordinary Salute in *Englis*, *God bless you* ; and tho' the Word be radically derived from the *Dutch* Word, yet it would bear good Sense, and be very pertinent to this Purpose, if we would fetch it from the *French* Word *blesser*, which is *to hurt*. This Speculation raiseth my Spirits to a great height of Comfort and Patience, that notwithstanding they have been a long time weighed down and quashed, yet I shall at last o'ercome all these Pressures, survive my Debts, and surmount my Enemies,

God

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God pardon them, and preserve you; and take it not ill, that in this my Conclusion I place you so near my Enemies. Whatsoever Fortune light on me, come fair or foul Weather, I shall be still

Fleet, 5 Aug. 1644.

Your constant Servitor, J. H.

LVI.

To Tho. Ham, Esq;

S I R,

THERE is no such Treasure as a true Friend; it is a Treasure far above that of St. Mark's in Venice; a Treasure that is not liable to those Casualties which others are liable to, as to Plundering and Burglary, to Bankrupts and ill Debtors, to Firing and Shipwrecks: For when one hath lost his Fortunes by any of these Disasters, he may recover them all in a true Friend, who is always a sure and stable Commodity. This is verified in you, who have stuck so close to me in these my Pressures; like a Glow-worm (the old Emblem of true Friendship) you have shined to me in the Dark: Nor could you do good Offices to any that wisheth you better; for I always loved you for the Freedom of your Genius, for those choise Parts and Fancies I found in you, which, I confess, hath made me more covetous of your Friendship, than I use to be of others. And, to deal clearly with you, one of my prime Errands to this Town (when this Disaster fell upon me) was to see you.

God put a speedy Period to these sad Distempers; but this Wish, as I was writing it, did vanish in the Impossibility of the Thing, for I fear they are of a long Continuance: So I pray God keep you, and comfort me, who am

Fleet, 5 May,

1643.

*Your true Friend
to serve you, J. H.*

LVII.

To Phil. Warmick, Esq;

S I R,

THE Earth doth not always produce Roses and Lilies, but she brings forth also Nettles and Thistles; so the World affords us not always Contentments and Pleasures, but sometimes Afflictions and Trouble: *Ut illa tribulos, sic iste tribulationes productit.* The Sea is not more subject to contrary Blasts, nor the Surges thereof to Tossings and Tumblings, than the Actions of Men are to Incumbrances and Crosses; the Air is not fuller of Meteors, than Man's Life is of Miseries: But as we find that it is not a clear Sky, but the Clouds that drop Fatness, as the holy Text tells us, so Adversity is

far more fertile than Prosperity ; it useth to water and mollify the Heart, which is the *Center* of all our Affections, and makes it produce excellent Fruit ; whereas the glaring Sunshine of a continual Prosperity would enharden and dry it up, and so make it barren.

There is not a greater Evidence of God's Care and Love to his Creature than Affliction ; for a *French* Author doth illustrate it by a familiar Example : If two Boys should be seen to fight in the Streets, and a Ring of People about them, one of the Standers-by parting them, lets the one go untouched, but he falls a correcting the other, whereby the Beholders will infer, that he is his Child, or at least one whom he wisheth well to : So the Strokes of Adversity which fall upon us from Heaven, shew that God is our Father, as well as our Creator. This makes this bitter *Cup of Affliction* become *Nectar*, and the Bread of Carefulness I now eat, to be true *Ambrosia* to me. This makes me esteem these Walls, wherein I have been immured these thirty Months, to be no other than a College of Instruction to me ; and whereas *Varro* said, That the great World was but a House of a little Man, I hold a *Fleet* to be one of the best Lodgings in that House.

There is a People in *Spain* call'd *Los Patuecos*, who some threescore and odd Years since were discovered by the Flight of a Hawk of the old Duke of *Alva*'s ; this People, then all salvage (tho' they dwelt in the Center of *Spain*, not far from *Toledo*, and are yet held to be a part of those *Aborigines* that *Tubal-Cain* brought in) being *hemm'd* in, and *imprisoned*, as it were, by a multitude of huge craggy Mountains, thought that behind those Mountains there was no more Earth. I have been so habituated to this Prison, and accustomed to the Walls thereof, so long, that I might well be brought to think, that there is no other World behind them. And in my extravagant Imaginations, I often compare this *Fleet* to *Noah's Ark* surrounded with a vast Sea, and huge Deluge of Calamities, which have overwhelmed this poor Island. Nor, altho' I have been so long aboard here, was I yet under *Hatches* ; for I have a Cabbin upon the upper Deck, whence I breathe the best Air the Place affords : Add hereunto, that the Society of Master *Hopkins* is an Advantage to me, who is one of the knowingest and most civil Gentlemen that I have conyersed withal. Moreoyer, there are here some choice Gentlemen who are my *Co-Martyrs* ; for a *Prisoner* and a *Martyr* are the same thing, save, that the one is buried before his Death, the other after.

God

God Almighty amend these Times, that make *Imprisonment* to be preferred before *Liberty*, it being more safe, and desirable by some, tho' not by

Fleet, 3 Nov.
1645.

Your affectionate Servitor,
J. H.

LVIII.

To Sir Ed. Sa. Knight.

S I R,

WERe there a Physician that could cure the Maladies of the Mind, as well as those of the Body, he needed not to wish the *Lord-Mayor*, or the *Pope* for his Uncle, for he should have Patients without number. It is true, that there be some Distempers of the Mind that proceed from those of the Body, and so are curable by Drugs and Diets; but there are others that are quite abstracted from all corporal Impressions, and are merely mental; these kind of Agonies are the more violent of the Two; for as the One uses to drive us into *Fevvers*, the other precipitates us often-times into *Phrenzies*: And this is the Ground, I believe, which made the Philosopher think that the rational Soul was infused into Man, partly for his Punishment, and the Understanding for his Executioner, unless Wisdom sit at the Helm, and steer the Motions of his *Will*.

I thank God I haye felt both, (for I am not made of Stone or Steel) having had since I was shut in here a shrewd Fit of the new Disease; and for the other, you must needs think that thirty-one Months close Restraint, and the Barbarousness of the Times, muft discompose and torture the Imagination, sometimes with gripings of Discontent and Anguish, not so much for my own sad Condition, as for my poor Country and Friends, who haye a great Share in my Native, and particularly for yourself, whose gallant Worth I highly honour, and who have not been the least Sufferer.

The *Moralist* tells us, that a quadrat solid wise Man should involve and tackle himself within his own Virtue, and slight all Accidents that are incidents to Man, and be still the same, *Etiam si fractus illabatur Orbis*: There may be so much Virtue and Valour in you, but I profess to have neither of them in that Proportion. The Philosophers prescribe us Rules, that they thefmselves, nor any Flesh and Blood can observe: I am no Statue, but I must resent the Calamities of the Time, and the desperate Case of this Nation, who seem to have fallen quite from the very faculty of Reason, and to be posseſſ'd with a pure Lycanthropy, with a wolvish kind

of

of Disposition to tear one another in this Manner; insomuch, that if ever the old Saying was verified, *Homo homini lupus*, it is certainly now. I conclude with this Distich,

*They err, who write, no Wolves in England range,
Here Men are all turn'd Wolves; O monstrous change!*

No more, but that I wish you *Patience*, which is a Flower that grows not in every Garden.

Fleet, 1 Dec. 1644. Your faithful Servitor, J. H.

LIX.

To my noble Friend, Mr. E. P.

SIR,

I Have no other News to write to you hence, but that, *Levantase los muladeres, y abaxante los adarves; The World is turned topsy-turvy.*

LX.

To Tho. Young, Esq;

SIR,

I Received yours of the fifth of March, and it was as welcome to me as Flowers in May, which are now coming on apace. You seem to marvel I do not marry all this while, considering that I am past the *Meridian* of my Age, and that to your Knowledge there have been Overtures made me of Parties above my Degree. Truly, in this Point, I will deal with you as one should deal with his Confessor: Had I been dispos'd to have married for Wealth without Affection, or for Affection without Wealth, I had been in Bonds before now; but I did never cast my Eyes upon any yet, that I thought I was born for, where both these concurred. 'Tis the Custom of some (and 'tis a common Custom) to chuse Wives by the Weight, that is, by their Wealth. Others fall in love with light Wives, I do not mean *Venerean Lightnes*, but in reference to Portion. The late Earl of *Salisbury* gives a Cavat for this, *That Beauty without a Dowry, (without that *ungentum Indicum*) is as a gilded shell without a Kernel;* therefore he wants his Son to be sure to have something with his Wife, and his Reason is, *Because nothing can be bought in the Market without Money.* Indeed it is very fitting that he or she should have wherewithal to support both, according to their Quality, at least to keep the Wolf from the Door, otherwise it were a mere Madness to marry; but he who hath enough of his own to maintain a Wife, and marrieth

marrieth only for Money, discovereth a poor sordid Disposition. There is nothing that any Nature disdains more than to be a Slave to Silver or Gold; for though they both carry the King's Face, yet they shall never reign over me: And I would I were free from all other Infirmities, as I am from this. I am none of those Mammonists who adore White and Red Earth, and make their Princes Picture their Idol that way: Such may be said to be under a perpetual Eclipse, for the Earth stands always betwixt them and the fair Face of Heaven. Yet my Genius prompts me, that I was born under a Planet, not to die in a Lazaretto. At my Nativity my Ascendant was that hot Constellation of Cancer about the Dog-Days, as my *Ephemerides* tells me; Mars was then predominant: Of all the Elements Fire sways most in me; I have many aspiring and airy odd Thoughts swell often in me, according to the Quality of the Ground whereon I was born, which was the Belly of a huge Hill situated South-East; so that the House I came from (besides my Father and Mother's Coat) must needs be illustrious, being more obvious to the Sun-beams than ordinary. I have, upon Occasion of a sudden Distemper, sometimes a Mad-man, sometimes a Fool, sometimes a melancholy odd Fellow to deal withal, I mean myself, for I have the Humours within me that belong to all three; therefore who would cast herself away upon such a one? Besides, I came tumbling out into the World a pure Cedar, a true *Cosmopolite*; not born to Land, Leaf, House, or Office: 'Tis true, I have purchased since a small Spot of Ground upon *Persiculus*, which I hold in Fee of the Muses, and I have endeavoured to manure it as well as I could, tho' I confess it hath yielded me little Fruit hitherto. And what Woman would be so mad, as to take that only for her Join-ture?

But to come to the Point of Writing, I would have you know, that I have, though never married, divers Children already, some French, some Latin, one Italian, and many English; and though they be but poor Brats of the Brain, yet are they legitimate, and Apollo himself vouchsafed to co-operate in their Production. I have exposed them to the wide World, to try their Fortunes; and some (out of compliment) would make me believe they are long-lived.

But to come at last to your kind of Writing: I acknowledge that Marriage is an honourable Condition, nor dare I think otherwise without Profaneness, for it is the Epithet the Holy Text gives it: Therefore it was a wild Speech of the Philosopher to say, *That if our Conversation could be without Women, Angels would come down and dwell among us;* and

and a wilder Speech it was of the *Cynic*, when passing by a Tree where a Maid had made herself away, wish'd, *That all Trees might bear such Fruit*. But to pass from these Moth-eaten Philosophers, to a *modest* Physician of our own, it was a most unmanly thing in him, while he displays his own *Religion*, to wish that there were a way to propagate the World otherwise than by Conjunction with Women, (and *Paracelsus* undertakes to shew him the Way) whereby he seems to repine, (tho' I understand he was wiv'd a little after) at the honourable Degree of *Marriage*, which I hold to be the prime Link of human Society, the chiefest Happiness of Mortals, and wherein Heaven hath a special Hand.

But I wonder why you write to me of *Wiving*, when you know I have much ado to man or maintain myself, as I told you before; yet notwithstanding that the better Part of my Days are already threaded upon the string of *Time*, I will not despair, but I may have a Wife at last, that may perhaps enable me to build Hospitals: For although nine long lustres of Years have now passed over my Head, and some *Winters* more, (for all my Life, considering the few Sun-shines I have had, may be called nothing but *Winters*) yet I thank God for it, I find no Symptom of Decay, either in Body, Senes, or Intellectuals. But writing thus extravagantly, methinks I hear you say, That this *Letter* shews I begin to dote, and grow idle; therefore I will display myself no further to you at this Time.

To tell you the naked Truth, my dear *Tom*, the highest pitch of my Aim is, that by some Condition or other, I may be enabled at last (though I be put to *sow*, the time that others use to *reap*) to quit Scores with the World, but never to cancel that precious Obligation wherein I am indissolubly bound to live and die

Your true constant Friend,

Fleet, 23 Apr.

1645.

J. H.

AD LIBRUM:

— *Sine me, Liber, ibis in Aulam,
Hei mibi, quod Domino non licet ire tuo!* OVID.

To his Book:

*Thou may'st to Court, and Progress to and fro;
Ob, that thy captiv'd Master could do so:*

Familiar LETTERS.

BOOK II.

I.

To Master Tho. Adams.

SIR,

I Pray stir nimbly in the Busines you imparted to me last, and let it not languish; you know how much it concerns your Credit, and the conveniency of a Friend who deserves so well of you: I fear you will meet with divers obstacles in the Way, which, if you cannot remove, you must overcome. A lukewarm irresolute Man did never any thing well, every Thought entangles him; therefore you must pursue the Point of your Design with Heat, and set all Wheels a-going: "Tis a true Badge of a generous Nature, being once embarked in a Busines, to hoise up, and spread every Sail, *Main, Misen, Sprit, and Top-sail;* by that means he will sooner arrive at his Port. If the Winds be so crois and that there be such a fate in the Thing, that it can take no Effect, yet you shall have wherewith to satisfy an honest Mind, that you left nothing unattempted to compass it: For in the Conduct of human Affairs it is a rule, That a good Conscience hath always within Doors enough to reward itself, though the Success fall not out according to the merit of the Endeavour.

I was, according to your desire, to visit the late new married Couple more than once; and to tell you true, I never saw such a Disparity between two that were made one Flesh in all my Life: He handsome outwardly, but of odd Conditions; she excellently qualified, but hard-favoured; so that the one may be compared to a Cloth of Tissie Doublet, cut upon coarse Canvas; the other to a Buckram Petticoat lined with Satin. I think *Clotho* had her Fingers snuttred in snuffing the Candle, when she began to spin the Thread of her Life, and *Lachesis* frowned in twisting it up;

but

but *Aglaia*, with the rest of the *Graces*, were in a good Humour, when they formed her Inner-parts. A blind Man is fittest to hear her sing; one would take Delight to see her dance, if masked, and it would please you to discourse with her in the dark, for there she is best Company, if your Imagination can forbear to run upon her Face. When you marry, I wish you such an inside of a Wife; but from such an outward Phisition the Lord deliver you, and

Wesm. 25 Aug.

1633.

Your faithful Friend

to serve you, J. H.

II.

To Mr. B. J.

F. B. The Fangs of a Bear, and the Tusks of a wild Boar, do not bite worse, and make deeper Gashes, than a Goose-quill, sometimes; no, not the Badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his Bite, that he will not give over his hold till he feels his Teeth meet, and the Bone crack. Your Quill hath proved so to Mr. *Jones*; but the Pen wherewith you have so gashed him, it seems, was made rather of a Porcupine, than a Goose-quill, it is so keen and firm. You know,

Anser, Apis, Vitulus, Populus &c Regna gubernant.

The Goose, the Bee, and the Calf (meaning Wax, Parchment, and the Pen) rule the World; but, of the three, the Pen is the most predominant. I know you have a commanding one, but you must not let it tyrannize in that Manner, as you have done lately. Some give out there was a hair in it, or that your Ink was too thick with Gall, else it would not have so bespattered and shaken the Reputation of a Royal Architect; for Reputation, you know, is like a fair Structure, long time a bearing, but quickly ruined. If your Spirit will not let you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more Copies of the Satire; for to deal plainly with you, you have lost some Ground at Court by it; and, as I hear from a good Hand, the King, who hath so great a Judgment in Poetry, (as in all other Things else) is not well pleased therewith. Dispease with this Freedom of

Wesm. 3 July.

1635

Your respectful S.

and Servitor, J. H.

III.

To D. C. Esq;

S. F. R.

I W^t my last, I writ to you that *C. Mor.* was dead (I meant in a moral Sense). He is now alive again, for he hath abjured that Club, which was used to knock him in the Head

so often, and drown him commonly once a Day. I discover divers Symptoms of Regeneration in him, for he rails bitterly against *Bacchus*, and sweare there is a Devil in every Berry of his Grape; therfore he resolves hereafter, though he may dabble a little sometimes, he will be never drowned again. You know *Kit* hath a poetic Fanfy, and no unhappy one, as you find by his Compositions; you know also, that Poets have large Souls, they have sociable free generous Spirits, and there are few who use to drink of *Helicon's* Waters, but they love to mingle it with some of *Lyæus* Liquor, to heighten their Spirits. There is no Creature that is kneaded of Clay, but hath his Frailties, Extravagancies, and Excesses, some way or other; for you must not think that Man can be better out of Paradise, than he was within it: *Nemo sine crimine*. He that censures the good Fellow, commonly makes no Conscience of Gluttony, and gormandizing at Home; and I believe more Men do dig their Graves with their Teeth, than with the Tankard. They who tax others of Vanity and Pride, have commonly that sordid Vice of Covetousnes attends them; and he who traduceth others of being a Servant to Ladies, doth baser Things. We are no Angels upon Earth, but we are transported with some Infirmitie or other; and it will be so while these frail, flexible Humours reign within us: While we have Sluices of warm Blood running through our Veins, there must be oft-times some irregular Motions in us.

This, as I conceive, is the *Black-bean*, which the *Turks Alcoran* speaks of; when they feign, that *Mahomet* being asleep among the Mountains of the Moon, two Angels descended, and ripping his Breast, they took his Heart and washed it in Snow, and after pulled out a black Bean, which was the Portion of the Devil; and so replaced the Heart.

In your next, you shall do well to congratulate his Resurrection, or Regeneration, or rather Emergency from that Course he was plunged in formerly; you know it as well as I; and truly I believē he will grow newer and newer every Day. We find that a Stumble makes one take firmer Footing; and the base Suds which Vice useth to leave behind it, makes Virtue afterwards far more gustful: No Knowledge is like that of Contraries. *Kit* hath now overcome himself, therefore, I think, he will be too hard for the Devil hereafter. I pray hold on your Resolution to be here the next Term, that we may tattle a little of *Tom Thumb*, mine Host of *Andover*, or some such Matters. So I am

Wesm. 15 Aug.

1636.

*Your most affectionate
Servitor, J. H.
IV.*

IV.

To T. D. Esq;

SIR,

I Had yours lately by a safe Hand ; wherein I find you open to me all the Boxes of your Breast : I perceive you are sore Hurt, and whereas all other Creatures run away from the Instrument and Hand that wounds them, you seem to make more and more towards both. I confess, such is the Nature of *Love*, and which is worse, the Nature of Women is such, that like Shadows, the more you follow them, the faster they flie from you. Nay, some Females are of that odd Humour, that to feed their Pride, they will famish Affection ; they will starve those natural Passions, which are owing from them to Man. I confess Coyness becomes some Beauties, if handsomely acted ; a Frown upon some Faces penetrates more, and makes deeper Impression than the Fawning and soft Glances of a mincing Smile : Yet if this Coyness and these Frowns favour of Pride, they are odious ; and it is a Rule, that where this kind of Pride inhabits, Honour sits not long Porter at the Gate. There are some Beauties so strong, that they are Leaguer-proof, they are so barricaded, that no Battery, no Petard, or any kind of Engine, Sapping, or Mining, can do good upon them. There are others that are tenable a good while, and will endure the Brunt of a Siege, but will incline to parley at laft ; and you know, that Fort and Female which begins to parley, is half won : For my Part, I think of Beauties, as *Philip King of Macedon* thought of Cities, there is none so inexpugnable, but an Afs laden with Gold may enter into them ; you know what the *Spaniard* saith, *Davidas quebrantan penas, Presents can rend Rocks* : Pearls and golden Bullets may do much upon the impregnablest Beauty that is : It must be partly your way. I remember a great Lord of this Land sent a Puppy with a rich Collar of Diamonds, to a rare French Lady, Madam St. L. that had come over hither with an Ambassador ; she took the Dog, but returned the Collar : I will tell you what Effect it wrought afterwards. 'Tis a powerful Sex, they were too strong for the *First*, the *strongest* and *wisest* Man that was ; they must needs be strong, when *one Hair of a Woman can draw more than a hundred pair of Oxen* ; yet for all their Strength in point of Value, if you will believe the *Italian*, *A Man of Straw is worth a Woman of Gold* : Therefore if you find the Thing perverse, rather than to undervalue your Sex (your Manhood) retire handsomely ; for there is as much Honour

Honour to be won at a handsome Retreat, as at a hot Onset, it being the difficultest Piece of War. By this Retreat you will get a greater Victory than you are aware of: For thereby you will overcome yourself, which is the greatest Conquest that can be. Without seeking Abroad, we have Enemies enough within Doors to practise our Valour upon; we have tumultuary and rebellious Passions, with whole Hosts of Humours within us: He who can discomfit them, is the greatest Captain, and may defy the Devil. I pray recollect yourself, and think on this Advice of

W^estm. 4 Dec.

1637.

Your true and most affectionate

Servitor, J. H.

V.

To G. G. Esq; at Rome.

S I R,

I Have more Thanks to give you than can be folded up in this narrow Paper, tho' it were all writ in the closest kind of Stenography, for the rich and accurate Account you please to give me of that renown'd City wherein you now sojourn. I find you have most judiciously pried into all Matters, both Civil and Clerical, especially the latter, by observing the Poverty and Penances of the Fryer, the Policy and Power of the Jesuit, the Pomp of the Prelate and Cardinal. Had it not been for the two first, I believe the two last, and that See, had been at a low ebb by this time; for the Learning, the prudential State, Knowledge, and Austerity of the one, and the venerable Opinion the People have of the abstemious and rigid Condition of the other, especially of the *Mendicants*, seem to make some Compensation for the Lux and Magnificence of the two last: Besides, they are more beholden to the *Protestant* than they are aware of; for unless he had risen up about the latter End of this last Century of Years, which made them more circumspect and wary of their Ways, Life, and Actions, to what an intolerable high Excelts that Court had come to by this time, you may easily conjecture. But out of my small Reading, I have observed, that no Age, ever since *Gregory the Great*, hath passed, wherein some or other hath not repined and murmured at the Pontifical Pomp of that Court: Yet, for any Part, I have been always so charitable, as to think that the Religion of *Rome*, and the Court of *Rome*, were different Things. The Counterbuff that happened betwixt *Leo X.* and *Francis I.* of *France*, is very remarkable; who being both met at *Bologna*. the King seemed to give a light Touch at the Pope's Pomp, saying, 'Twas not used to be so

in former Time. It may be so, said Leo, but it was then when Kings kept Sheep; (as we read in the Old Testament.) No, the King replied, I speak of Times under the Gospel. Then rejoined the Pope, 'Twas then when Kings did visit Hospitals; hinting by those Words at St. Lewis, who used oft to do so. It is memorable what is recorded in the Life of Robert Grosstheod, Bishop of Lincoln, who lived in the Time of one of the Leo's, that he feared the same Sin would overthrow Leo, as overthrew Lucifer.

For News hence, I know none of your Friends, but are as well as you left them, *Hombres y Hembras*: You are fresh and very frequent in their Memory, and mentioned with a thousand good Wishes and Benedictions. Among others, you have a large Room in the Memory of my Lady *Elizabeth Cary*; and I do not think all *Rome* can afford you a fairer Lodging. I pray be cautious of your Carriage under that Meridian; it is a searching (inquisitive) Air: You have two Eyes and two Ears, but one Tongue; you know my Meaning. This last you must imprison, (as Nature hath already done with a double Fence of Teeth and Lips) or else she may imprison you, according to our Countryman Mr. *Hoskins*'s Advice, when he was in the Tower;

✓ *Vincula da linguae, vel tibi lingua dabit.*

Have a Care of your Health, take Heed of the Syrens, of Excels in Fruit, and be sure to mingle your Wine well with Water. No more now, but that in the large Catalogue of Friends you have left behind here, there's none who is more mindful of you than

*Your most affectionate and faithful
Servitor, J. H.*

VI.

To Dr. T. P.

SIR,

I Had yours of the 10th Current, wherein you writ me Tidings of our Friend *T. D.* and what his Desires tend to. In my Opinion they are somewhat extravagant. I have read of one, that loving Honey more than ordinary, seemed to complain against Nature, that she made not a Bee as big as a Bull, that we might have it in greater Plenty; another, who was much given to Fruit, wished the Pears and Plums were as big as Pompions. These were but silly vulgar Wishes; for if a Bee were as big as a Bull, it must have a Sting.

a Sting proportionable : And what Mischief do you think such Things will do, when we can hardly endure the Sting of that small infected Antihal; as now it is ? And if Pears and Plums were as big as Pompions, it were dangerous walking in an Orchard about the Autumnial Equinoctial, at which time they are in their full Maturity, for fear of being knocked in the Head. Nature, the Handmaid of God Almighty, doth nothing but with good Advice, if we make Researches into the true Reason of Things: You know what Answer the Fox gave the Ape, when he would have borrowed Part of his Tail to cover his Posterior.

The Wishes you writ that T. D. lately made, were almost as extravagant in Civil Matters, as the aforementioned were in Natural : For if he were partaker of them, they would draw more Inconvéniences upon him than Benefit, being nothing sortable either to his Disposition or Breeding, and for other Reasons besides, which I will reserve till my coming up; and I pray let him know so much from me, with my Commen-dations. So I rest

Weym. 6 Sept.

1640.

*Yours in the perfectest Degree of
Friendship;* J. H.

VII..

To Mr. T. B. Merchant in Sevil.

S. I. R,

THO' I have my Share of Infirmities as much as another Man ; yet I like my own Nature in one thing, that Re-quitals to me are as sweet as Revenges to an Italian. I thank my Stars, I find myself far prouer to return a Courtesy, than to resent an Injury : This made me most gladly apprehend the late Occasion of serving you, (notwithstanding the hard Measure I have received from your Brother) and to make you some Returns of those frequent Favours I received from you in Spain, I have taken away (as you may perceive by the inclosed Papers) the Weights that hung to that great Business in this Court ; it concerns you now to put Wings to it in that, and I believe you will quickly obtain, what useth to be first in Intention, tho' last in Execution, I mean your main End. I heartily wish the Thing may be prosperous to you, and that you may take as much Pleasure in the Fruition of it, as I did in following of it for you, because I love you dearly well, and desire you so much Happiness, that you may have nothing but Heaven to wish for : In which Desire, I rest

Whitehall, 3 May,

1633..

*Your constant true Friend
to serve you, J. H.*

VIII.

To Doctor B.

SIR,

Whereas upon the large theoretical Discourse, and bandyings of Opinions we had lately at *Gresham-College*, you desired I should couch in Writing what I observed abroad of the Extent and Amplitude of the *Christian Commonwealth*, in reference to other Religions ; I obtained leave of myself to put Pen to Paper, rather to obey you, than oblige you with any thing that may add to your Judgment, or enrich that rare Knowledge I find you have already treasured up : But I must begin with the fulfilling of your Desire in a preambular Way, for the Subject admits it.

'Tis a Principle all the Earth over, except among *Atheists*, that *omne verum est à Deo, omne falsum est à Diabolo, & omnis error ab homine* ; *All Truth is from God, all Falshood from the Devil, and all Error from Man*. The last goes always under the Vizard of the first, but the second confronts Truth to the Face, and stands in open Defiance of her : *Error and Sin are contemporary* ; when one crept first in at the Fore-door, the other came in at the Postern. This made *Trismegistus*, one of the great Lords of Reason, to give this Character of Man, *Homo est imaginatio quædam, & imaginatio est supremum mendacium* ; Man is nought else but a kind of Imagination, and Imagination is the greatest Lie. *Error* therefore entering into the World with *Sin* among us poor *Adamites*, may be said to spring from the Tree of Knowledge itself, and from the rotten Kernels of that fatal Apple. This, besides the Infirmities that attend the Body, hath brought in Perversity of Will, Depravation of Mind, and hath cast a kind of Cloud upon all our Intellectuals, that they cannot discern the true Essence of Things with that Clearness as the Protoplasm our first Parent could, but we are involved in a Mist, and grope, as it were, ever since in the Dark, as if Truth were got into some Dungeon ; or, as the old *Wizard* said, into some deep Pit, which the shallow Apprehension of Men could not fathom. Hence comes it, that the Earth is rent into so many Religions, and those Religions torn into so many Schisms, and various Forms of Devotion ; as if the heavenly Majesty were delighted as much in Diversities of Worship, as in Diversities of Works.

The first Religion that ever was reduced to exact Rules and ritual Observances, was that of the *Hebrews*, the ancient People of God, called afterwards *Judaism* ; the second *Christianity* ; the third *Mahometism*, which is the youngest of

of all Religions. Touching *Paganism*, and heathenish Idolatry, they scarce deserve the Name of Religion: But as to the former three, there is this Analogy between them, that they all agree in the first Person of the Trinity, and all his Attributes. What kind of Religion there was before the Flood, it is in vain to make any Researches, there having been no Monuments at all left, (besides that little we find in *Moses* and the *Phænician Story*) but *Seth's Pillars*, and those so defaced, that nothing was legible upon them; tho' *Josephus* saith, that one was extant in his Days; as also the Oak under which *Abraham* feasted God Almighty, which was 2000 Years after. The Religion (or Cabal) of the *Hebreus* was transferred from the Patriarchs to *Moses*, and from him to the Prophets. It was honoured with the Appearance and Promulgations of God himself, especially the better Part of it; I mean the Decalogue, containing the Ten Commandments, which being most of them moral, and agreeing with the common Notions of Man, are in Force all the World over. The *Jews* at this Day are divided into three Sects; the first, which is the greatest, are called *Talmudists*, in regard that, besides the holy Scriptures, they embrace the *Talmud*, which is stuffed with the Traditions of their Rabbins and Cacams. The second receive the Scripture alone; the third the Pentateuch only, *viz.* the five Books of *Moses*; who are called *Samaritans*. Now touching what Part of the Earth is possessed by *Jews*, I cannot find they have any at all peculiar to themselves; but in regard of their Murmurings, their frequent Idolatries, Defections, and that they crucified the Lord of Life, this once select Nation of God, and the Inhabitants of the Land flowing with Milk and Honey, is become now a scorned squandered People all the Earth over, being ever since incapable of any Coalition or Reducement into one Body politic. There where they are most without Mixture, is *Tiberias* in *Palestine*, which *Amurath* gave *Mendez* the *Jew*, whither, and to *Jerusalem*, upon any Conveniency, they convey the Bones of their dead Friends from all Places, to be re-interred. They are to be found in all mercantile Towns, and great Marts, both in *Africk*, *Asia*, and *Europe*, the Dominions of *England*, of the *Spaniard* and *French* excepted; and as their Persons, so their Profession is despicable, being, for the most part, but Brokers every where. Among other Places, they are allowed to be in *Rome* herself near *St. Peter's Chair*; for they advance Trade wherefover they come, with their Banks of Money, and so are permitted as necessary Evils. But put the Case the whole Nation of the *Jews* now living,

were united into one collective Body, yet according to the best Conjecture, and exactest Computation that I could hear made by the knowingest Men, they would not be able to people a Country bigger than the Seventeen Provinces. Those that are dispersed now in Christendom, and Turkey, are the Remnants only of the Tribes of *Judah* and *Benjamin*, with some *Levites* who returned from *Babylon* with *Zerubbabel*. The common Opinion is, that the other ten are utterly lost; but they themselves fancy they are in *India* a mighty Nation, environed with stony Rivers, which always cease to run their Course on their Sabbath; from whence they expect their *Messias*, who shall in the Fulness of Time over-run the World with Fire and Sword, and re-establish them in a temporal glorious Estate. But this Opinion sways most among the *Oriental Jews*, whereas they of the *West* attend the Coming of their *Messias* from *Portugal*; which Language is more common among them than any other. And thus much in Brief of the *Jews*, as much as I could digest, and comprehend within the Compass of this Paper-sheet; and let it serve for the Accomplishment of the first Part of your Desire. In my next I shall give you the best Satisfaction I can concerning the Extent of *Christianity* up and down the Globe of the Earth, which I shall speedily send; for now that I have undertaken such a Task, my Pen shall not rest till I have finished it, So I am

Wesm. 1 Aug. 1635. Your most affectionate ready
servitor, J. H.

SIR, To Doctor B.

HAVING in my last sent you something touching the State of *Judaism* up and down the World, in this you shall receive what Extent *Christianity* hath, which is the second Religion in Succession of Time and Truth: A Religion that makes not Sense so much subject to Reason, as Reason succumbent to Faith. There is no Religion so harsh and difficult to Flesh and Blood, in regard of divers mysterious Positions it consists of, as the Incarnation, Resurrection, the Trinity, &c. which, as one said, are *Bones to Philosophy, but Milk to Faith*. There is no Religion so purely spiritual, and abstracted from common natural Ideas, and sensual Happiness, as the *Christian*: No Religion that excites Man more to the Love and Practice of Virtue, and Hatred of Vice; or that prescribes greater Rewards for the one, and Punishments for the other: A Religion that in a most miraculous Manner did expand herself, and propagate by Simplicity, Humbleness, and by a mere passive Way of Fortitude, growing up like the Palm-tree under the heavy Weight of Persecution; for never any Religion had more powerful Opposition by various Kinds

Kinds of Punishments, Oppressions, and Tortures, which have been said to have decked her with Rubies in her very Cradle; insomuch, that it is granted by her very Enemies, that the *Christian*, in Point of passive Valour, hath exceeded all other Nations upon Earth. And it is a thing of Wonderment, how at her very first Growth she flew over the Heads of so many interjacent vast Regions into this remote Isle so soon, that her Rays should shine upon the Crown of a British King first of any; I mean King *Lucius*, the true *Proto-Christian* King, in the Days of *Eleutherius*, at which Time she received her *Propagation*: But for her *Plantation*, she had it long before, by some of the Apostles themselves. Now, as the Christian Religion hath the purest and most abstracted, the hardest and highest spiritual Notions; so it hath been most subject to Differences of Opinions, and Distractions of Conscience; the purer the Wheat is, the more subject it is to Tares, and the most precious Gems to Flaws. The first Bone that the Devil flung, was into the *Eastern* Churches, then betwixt the *Greek* and the *Roman*; but it was rather for Jurisdiction and Power, than for the Fundamentals of Faith; and lately betwixt *Rome* and the *North-West* Churches. Now the Extent of the *Eastern* Church is larger far than that of the *Roman*; (excluding *America*) which makes some accuse her as well of Uncharitableness, as of Arrogance, that she should positively damn so many Millions of *Christian* Souls, who have the same common Syimbol of Faith with her, because they are not within the Clofe of her Fold.

Of those *Eastern*, and *South-East* Churches, there are no less than eleven Sects, whereof the three principallest are the *Grecian*, the *Jacobite*, and the *Nestorian*, with whom the rest have some Dependance or Conformity; and they acknowledge Canonical Obedience either to the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, of *Alexandria*, of *Jerusalem*, or *Antioch*: They concur with the *Western* Reformed Churches, in divers Positions against *Rome*, as in denial of Purgatory; in rejecting Extreme Unction; and celebrating the Sacrament under both Kinds; in admitting their Clergy to marry: in abhorring the Use of many Statues, and celebrating their Liturgy in the vulgar Language: Among these, the *Russes* and the *Habassins* Emperors are the greatest; but the latter is a Jew also, from the Girdle downward; for he is both *Circumcised* and *Christened*, having received the one from *Solomon*, and the other from the Apostle St. *Thomas*. They observe other Rites of the Levitical Law; they have the *Cross* in that Esteem, that they imprint the Sign of it upon some Part of the Child's Body, when he is baptized;

that Day they take the holy Sacrament, they spit not till after Sun-set: And the Emperor, in his Progress, as soon as he comes in the Sight of a Church, lights off his Camel, and foots it all along, till he loseth the Sight of it.

Now touching that Proportion of Ground that the *Christians* have on the habitable Earth, (which is the Main of our Task) I find that all *Europe*, with her adjacent Isles, is peopled with *Christians*, except that ruthful Country of *Lapland*, where Idolaters yet inhabit; towards the *East*, also, that Region which lieth betwixt *Tanais* and *Boristheus*, the ancient Country of the *Goths*, is possessed by *Mahometans* *Tartars*: But in these Territories which the *Turk* hath betwixt the *Danube* and the Sea, and betwixt *Ragusa* and *Buda*, *Christians* are intermixed with *Mahometans*: Yet in this Co-habitation *Christians* are computed to make two third Parts, at least. For here, and elsewhere, all the while they pay the *Turk* the Quarter of their Increase, and a *Sultany* for every Poll, and speak nothing in Drogation of the *Alcoran*, they are permitted to enjoy both their Religion and Lives securely. In *Constantinople* herself, under the *Grand Seignior's* Nose, they have 20 Churches; in *Salonicke* (or *Theffalonica*) 30, There are 150 Churches under the Metropolitan of *Pbiliippi*, as many under him of *Aibens*, and he of *Corinb* hath about 100 Suffragan Bishops under him.

But in *Africk*, (a thing which cannot be too much lamented) that huge Extent of Land that *Christianity* possessed of old, betwixt the *Mediterranean* Sea and the Mountain *Atlas*, yea, as far as *Egypt*, with the large Region of *Nubia*, the *Turks* have over-mastered. We read of 200 Bishops met in Synods in those Parts, and in that Province where old *Carthage* stood, there were 164 Bishops under one *Metropolitan*; but *Mahometism* hath now overspread all thereabout, only the King of *Spain* hath a few Maritime Towns under *Christian* Subjection, as *Septa*, *Tangier*, *Oran*, and others. But thro' all the huge Continent of *Africk*, which is estimated to be thrice bigger than *Europe*, there is not one Region entirely *Christian*, but *Habassia* or *Ethiopia*: Besides, there is in *Egypt* a considerable Number of them yet sojourning. Now *Habassia*, according to the Itineraries of the observingest Travelers in those Parts, is thought to be, in respective Magnitude, as big as *Germany*, *Spain*, *France*, and *Italy*, conjunctly; an Estimate which comes nearer Truth than that which some make, by stretching it from one *Tropick* to the other, viz. from the Red-Sea to the Western Ocean. There are also divers Isles upon the Coast of *Africk*, that are colonized with *Christians*; as the *Madera*, the *Canaries*, *Cape Verd*, and *St. Thomas*; but on the East-side there's none but *Zocotora*.

In

In *Asia* there's the Empire of *Russia*, that's purely *Christian*, and the Mountain *Libanus* in *Syria*; in other Parts they are mingled with *Mahometans*, who exceed them one Day more than another in Numbers, especially in those Provinces (the more is the Pity) where the Gospel was first preached, as *Anatolia*, *Armenia*, *Syria*, *Mesopotamia*, *Palestina*, *Chaldea*, *Affyria*, *Perſia*, the North of *Arabia*, and South of *India*. In ſome of theſe Parts, I ſay, especially in the four firſt, *Christians* are thick mixed with *Mahometans*, as also in *East-India*, ſince the *Portugals* Discovery of the Paſſage by the *Cape of Good Hope*, *Christians* by God's Goodneſs have multiplied in conſiderable Numbers, as likewife in *Gor*, ſince it was made an Archbiſhopric, and a Court of a Viceroy. They ſpeak alſo of a *Christian* Church in *Quinsay* in *China*, the greatest of all earthly Cities; but in the Islands thereabouts, called the *Philippines*, which, they ſay, are above 1100 in Number, in thirty whereof the *Spaniard* hath taken ſirm footing, *Christianity* hath made a good Progreſs, as alſo in *Japonia*. In the North-East Part of *Asia*, ſome 400 Years ſince, *Christianity* had taken deep Root under the King of *Tenduck*, but he was utterly overthrown by *Chingis*, one of his own Vaffals, who came thereby to be the firſt Founder of the *Tartarian* Empire: This King of *Tenduck* was the true *Preſter John*, not the *Ethiopian* King of the *Habaffines*, as *Scaliger* would have it, whose Opinion is as far diſtant from Truth in this Point, as the Southermoſt Part of *Africk* from the N. E. Part of *Asia*, or as a *Jacobite* is from a *Nefſorian*. Thus far did *Christianity* find Entertainment in the old World; touching the new, I mean *America*, which is conjectured to equal well near the other three Parts in Magnitude, the *Spanish* Authors and Merchants (with whom I have converſed) make a Report of a marveſtous Growth that *Christianity* hath made in the Kingdoms of *Mexico*, *Peru*, *Brazil*, and *Castilia de lo-ro*, as also in the greater Islands adjoining, as *Hispaniola*, *Cuba*, *Portorico*, and others; in ſomuch, that they write of one ancient Priest who had christened himſelf 700 *Savages*, ſome Years after the firſt Discovery: But there are ſome, who, ſeeming to be no Friends to *Spain*, report, that they did not baptize half ſo many as they butchered.

Thus have you, as compendiously as an Epiftle could make it, an Account of that Extension of Ground which *Christians* poſſeſſ upon Earth. My next ſhall be one of the *Mahometan*, wherein I could wish I had not Occaſion to be ſo large as I muſt be. So I am, Sir,

Wefm. 9 Aug.

1633:

Your reſpectful and humble
Servant, J. H.
X. To

X.

To Doctor B.

SIR,

MY two former were of *Judaism* and *Christianity*: I come now to the *Mahometans*, the modernest of all Religions, and the most mischievous, and destructive to the Church of Christ; for this fatal Sect hath justled her out of divers large Regions in *Africk*, in *Tartary*, and other Places, and attenuated their Number in *Asia*, which they do where-ever they come, having a more politic and pernicious Way to do it, than by Fire and Faggot: For they having understood well that the Dust of Martyrs were the thrivingest Seeds of *Christianity*; and observed, that there reigns naturally in Mankind, being composed all of a Lump; and carrying the same Stamp, a general kind of Compassion and Sympathy, which appears most towards them who lay down their Lives, and postpone all worldly Things for the Preservation of their Consciences, (and never any died so, but he drew Followers after him), therefore the *Turk* goes a more cunning Way to work: He meddles not with Life and Limb, to prevent the Sense of Compassion, which may arise that way; but he grinds their Faces with Taxes, and makes them incapable of any Offices, either of Authority, Profit, or Honour; by which Means he renders them despable to others, and makes their Lives irksome to themselves. Yet the *Turk* have a high Opinion of Christ, *That he was a greater Prophet than Moses: That he was the Son of a Virgin, who conceived by the Smell of a Rose presented to her by Gabriel the Angel; they believe he never sinned; nay, in their Alcoran they term him the Breath and Word of God; they punish all that blaspheme him, and no Jew is capable to be a Turk, but he must be first an ABDULA, a Christian: He must eat Hogs Flesh, and do other Things for three Days, then he is made a *Mahometan*, but by abjuring of Christ to be a greater Prophet than *Mahomet*.*

J. b It is the *Alfange* that ushers in the Faith of *Mahomet* every where, nor can it grow in any Place, unless it be planted and sown with Gunpowder intermixed; when planted, there are divers Ways of Policy to preserve it: They have their *Aloran* in one only Language, which is the *Arabick*, the Mother-Tongue of their Prophet. 'Tis as bad as Death for any to raile Scruples of the *Aloran*; thereupon there is a Restraint of the Study of Philosophy, and other Learning, because the Impostures of it may not be discerned. The *Mosfi* is in as great Reverence among them,

as the Pope is among the *Romanists*; for they hold it to be a true Principle in Divinity, That no one Thing preserves and improves Religion more than a venerable high, pious Esteem of the chiefest Ministers. They have no other Guide or Law both for Temporal and Church-Affairs, than the *Alcoran*, which they hold to be the Rule of civil Justice, as well as the divine Charter of their Salvation: So that their Judges are, but Expositors of that only; nor do they trouble themselves, or puzzle the Plaintiff with any moth-eaten Records, or Precedents to intangle the Business; but they immediately determine it, according to the fresh Circumstances of the Action, & secundum allegata & probata, by Witnesses. They have one extraordinary Piece of Humanity, to be so tender of the rational Soul, as not to put *Christian*, *Jew*, *Greek*, or any other, to his Oath; in regard that if, for some Advantage of Gain, or Occasion of Inconvenience and Punishment, any should forswear himself, they hold the Imposers of the Oath, to be accessary to the Damnation of the perjured Man. By these and divers other Reaches of Policy (besides their Arms), not practised elsewhere, they conserve that huge Bulk of the Ottoman Empire, which extends without Interruption, (the Hellestant only between) in one continued Piece of Earth, two and thirty hundred Miles, from *Buda* in *Hungary*, to a good Way into *Persia*: By these Meaps they keep also their Religion from distracting Opinions, from every vulgar Fancy and Schisms in their Church, for there's no where fewer than here; the Difference that is, is only with the *Persian*, and that not in Fundamentals of Faith, but for Priority of Government, in Matters of Religion. This so universal Conformity in their Religion, is ascribed as to other politic Institutions, so especially to the rigorous Inhibition they have of raising Scruples, and Disputes of the *Alcoran* under Pain of Death, especially among the Laity and common People, whose Zeal commonly is stronger than their Judgment.

That Part of the World where *Mahomet* hath furthest expanded himself, is *Azia*; which, as I said before, exceeds Africk in Greatness, and much more in People: He hath firm footing in *Persia*, *Tartary*, (upon the latter of which the Musselman Empire is entailed) in *Turcomania* itself, and *Arabia*, four mighty Kingdoms; the last of these was the Nest where that Cockatrice Egg was hatched, which hath diffused its Poison so far and near, thro' the Veins of so many Regions; all the southerly Coasts of *Azia*, from the *Arabi* ^{the} Bay to the River *Indus*, is infected therewith, the vast Kingdom of *Cambaya* and *Bengala*; and about the South Part

+ See 13 a.m., Act v. 1, learning sub fin.

the Inhabitants of *Malabar* have drank of this Poison : Insomuch, that by no wrong Computation it may well be said, that *Mahometism* hath dispersed itself over almost one half of the huge Continent of *Asia*, besides those Multitudes of Isles, especially seven, *Maldivia*, *Ceylon*, the Sea-coast of *Sumatra*, *Java*, *Sunda*, the Ports of *Banda*, *Bornee*, with divers others, whereof there are Thousands about *Asia*, who have entertained the *Alcoran*. In *Europe*, the *Mahometans* possess all the Region betwixt *Dan* and *Meper*, called of old *Tanais* and *Boristhenes*, being about the twentieth Part of *Europe*; the King of *Poland* dispenseth with some of them in *Lithuania*. Touching *Greece*, *Macedon*, *Thracia*, *Bulgaria*, *Servia*, *Bosnia*, *Epire*, the greatest Part of *Hungary* and *Dalmatia*, altho' they be wholly under *Turki* Obedience, yet *Mahometans* scarce make the third Part of the Inhabitants. In *Africk* this Contagion is further spread ; it hath intoxicatec all the Shore of *Ethiopia*, as far as *Mosumbick*, which lieth opposite to the midst of *Madagascar*. 'Tis worse with the firm Land of *Africk* on the North and West Parts ; for from the *Mediterranean* Sea to the great River *Niper*, and along the Banks of *Nile*, all *Egypt* and *Barbary*, with *Lybia* and the *Negroes Country*, are tainted and tanned with this black Religion.

The vast Propagation of this unhappy Sect may be ascribed first to the Sword, for the *Conscience commonly is apt to follow the Conqueror* ; then to the loose Reins it gives to all sensual Liberty, as to have eight Wives, and as many Concubines as one can maintain, with the Assurance of Venereal Delights in a far higher Degree, to succeed after Death to the religious Observers of it, as the Fruition of beautiful Damsels, with large rolling Eyes, whose Virginity shall renew after every Act ; their Youth shall last always with their Lust, and Love shall be satiated with only one, where it shall remain inalienable. They concur with the *Christian* but only in the Acknowledgment of one God, and in his Attributes. With the *Jew* they symbolize in many Things more, as in Circumcision, in refraining from Swine's Flesh, in Detestation of Images, and somewhat in the Quality of future Happiness ; which, as was said before, they place in Venereal Pleasure, as the *Jew* doth in Feasting and Banqueting : So that neither of their Laws have Punishment enough to deter Mankind from Wickedness and Vice, nor do they promise adequate Rewards for Virtue and Piety : For in the whole *Alcoran*, and through all the Writings of *Moses*, there is not a Word of Angelical Joys and Eternity. And herein *Christianity* far excels both these Religions, for

she placeth future Happiness in spiritual, everlasting and unconceiveable Bliss, abstracted from the fading and faint grossness of Sense. The Jew and Turk also agree in their Opinion of Women, whom they hold to be of an inferior Creation to Man; which makes the one to exclude them from the Mosques, and the other from his Synagogues.

Thus far have I rambled through the vast Ottoman Empire, and taken a cursory Survey of Mahomet's Religion. In my next I shall take the best View I can of Pagans and Idolaters, with those who go for Atheists: And in this Particular this Earth may be said to be worse than Hell itself, and the Kingdom of the Devil, in regard there are no *Atheists* there: For the very damned Souls find and feel in the midst of their Tortures, that there is a God, by his Justice and Punishments; nay, the Prince of Darkness himself, and all the Cacodæmons, by an historical Faith, believe there is a God; whereunto the Poet alludes very divinely:

Nullus in Inferno est Atheus, ante fuit.

So I very affectionately kiss your Hands, and rest

Wesm. 14 Aug.

1635.

*Your faithful ready
Servitor, J. H.*

XI. *To Doctor B.*

SIR,

Having in my three former Letters washed my Hands of the *Mahometan* and the *Jew*, and attended *Christianity* up and down the Earth; I come now to the *Pagan Idolater*, or *Heathen*, who (the more to be lamented) make the greatest Part of Mankind: *Europe* herself, tho' the Beams of the Cross have shined upon her above this sixteen Ages, is not free of them; for they possess, to this Day, *Lappia*, *Corelia*, *Biarmia*, *Scandinavia*, and the North Parts of *Finmark*; there are also some Shreds of them to be found in divers Places of *Lithuania* and *Samogitia*, which make a Region nine hundred Miles in Compas.

But in *Africk* their Number is incredible; for from *Cape Blanc*, the most Westerly Point of *Africk*, all Southward to the *Cape of Good Hope*, and thence turning by the Back of *Africk* to the *Cape of Mogambric*, all these Coasts being about the one half of the Circumference of *Africk*, are peopled by *Idolaters*, though in some Places intermixed with *Mahometans* and *Christians*, as in the Kingdom of *Congo* and *Angola*. But if we survey the inland Territories of *Africk*, between the River of *Nile* and the West Sea of *Ethiopia*, even all that Country from about the North Parallel

parallel of ten Degrees, to the South Parallel of six Degrees, all is held by Idolaters; besides, the Kingdom of *Borneo*, and a great Part of *Nubia* and *Lybia*, continue still in their old Paganism: So that by this Account above one half of that immense Continent of *Africk* is peopled by Idolaters. But in *Asia*, which is far more spacious, and more populous than *Africk*, *Pagans*, *Idolaters*, and *Gentiles*, swarm in great Numbers; for from the River *Pechora*, Eastward to the Ocean, and thence Southward to the *Cape of Cincapura*, and from that Point returning Westward by the South Coasts to the Out-lets of the River *Indus*, all that Maritime Tract, which makes a good deal more than half the Circumference of *Asia*, is inhabited by Idolaters; so are the Inland Parts. There are two mighty Mountains that traverse all *Asia*, *Taurus* and *Imatus*; the first runs from the West to East; the other from North to South, and so quarter and cut that huge Mass of Earth into equal Parts; this Side those Mountains, most of the People are *Mahometans*; t'other Side, they are all Idolaters. And as on the firm Continent Paganism thus reigns, so in many thousand Islands that lie scattered in the vast Ocean, on the East and South-East of *Asia*, Idolatry overspreads all, except in some few Islands that are possessed by *Spaniards* and *Arabs*.

Lastly, If one take a Survey of *America*, (as none hath done yet exactly) which is estimated to be as big as all the old Earth; Idolaters there possess four Parts of five. 'Tis true, some Years after the first Navigation thither, they were converted daily in great Multitudes; but afterwards observing the licentious Lives of the Christians, their Greediness of Gold, and their Cruelty, they came not in so fast; which made an *Indian* answer a *Spanish Friar*, who was discoursing with him of the Joys of Heaven, and how all *Spaniards* went thither after this Life: Then, said the *Pagan*, *I do not desire to go thither, if Spaniards be there; I had rather go to Hell, to be free of their Company.* *America* differs from the rest of the Earth in this; that she hath neither *Jew* nor *Mahometan* in her, but *Christians* and *Gentiles* only. There are, besides all those Religions and People before-mentioned, an irregular confus'd Nation in Europe, called the *Morduits*, which occupy the middle Confines betwixt the *Tartars* and the *Russe*, that are mingled in Rites of Religion with all those that have been fore-spoken: For from the Privy Members upwards they are *Christians*, in regard they admit of Baptism; from the Navel downward, they are *Mahometans* or *Jews*, for they are circumcised; and, besides, they are given to the Adoration

tion of heathenish Idols. In *Aria* there are the *Cards*, which inhabit the mountainous Country about *Mozal*, between *Annamia* and *Mesopotamia*; and the *Druzi* in *Syria*, who are *Demi-Mahometans* and *Christians*.

Now concerning *Pagans* and heathenish Idolaters; whereof there are innumerable Scattered up and down the Surface of the Earth; in my Opinion, those are the excusablest Kind who adore the Sun and Moon, with the Host of Heaven. And in *Ireland*, the *Kerns* of the Mountains, with some of the *Scotch Isles*, use a Fashion of adoring the new Moon, to this very Day, praying she would leave them in as good Health as she found them: This is not so gross an Idolatry as that of other Heathens; for the Adoration of those glorious celestial Bodies is more excusable than that of *Grecs* and *Onians* with the *Egyptian*, who, some think, (with the *Sicilian*) was the ancientest Idolater upon Earth, which he makes thrice older than we do: For *Diodorus Siculus* reports, that the *Egyptian* had a Religion and Kings 1800 Years since: Yet for matter of Philosophy and Science, he had it from the *Chaldean*, he from the *Gymnosophists*, and *Brahmans* of *India*; which Country, as she is the next Neighbour to the Rising Sun, in reference to this Side of the Hemisphere, so the Beams of Learning did first enlighten her: *Egypt* was the Nurse of that famous *Hermes Trismegistus*, who having no other Scale but that of natural Reason, mounted very high towards Heaven; for he hath very many divine Sayings, whereof I think it not impertinent to insert here a few: First, he saith, *That all human Sins are venial with the Gods, Impiety excepted.* 2. *That Goodness belongs to the Gods, Piety to Men, Revenge and Wickedness to the Devils.* 3. *That the Word is lucens Dei filius, the bright Son of God, &c.*

From *Egypt* theoretical Knowledge came down the *Nile*, and landed at some of the *Greek Islands*; where, betwixt the 33d, 34th, and the 35th Century of Years after the Creation, there flourished all those renowned Philosophers that sway now in our Schools: *Plato* flew highest in divine Nations, for some call him another *Moses*-speaking Athenian: In one of his Letters to a Friend of his, he writes thus, *When I seriously salute thee, I begin my Letter with one God; when otherwise, with many.* His Scholar *Aristotle* commended himself at his Death to the *Being of Beings*: And *Socrates* may be said to be a Martyr for the first Person of the *Trinity*. These great Secretaries of Nature, by studying the vast Volume of the World, came by main Strength of Reason to the Knowledge of one Déity, or *primus*

113
Coriolanus

mus motor, and of his Attributes ; they found by undeniable Consequences that he was *infinite, eternal, ubiquitous, omnipotent, and not capable of a Definition* : Which made the Philosopher, being commanded by his King to define God, to ask the Respite of a Day to meditate thereon, then two, then four ; at last, he ingenuously confessed, that the more he thought to dive into this Mystery, the more he was *ingulf'd in the Speculation of it* : For the Quiddity and Essence of the incomprehensible Creator cannot imprint any formal Conception upon the finite Intellect of the Creature. To this I might refer the Altar which St. Paul found among the Greeks with this Inscription, *τῷ ἄγνωτῳ Θεῷ*, *To the unknown God*.

From the *Greek Isles*, Philosophy came to *Italy*, thence to this Western World among the *Druides*, whereof those of this Isle were most celebrated ; for we read, that the *Gauls* (now the *French*) came to *Britany* in great Numbers to be instructed by them. The *Romans* were mighty great Zealots in their Idolatry ; and their best Authors affirm, that they extended their Monarchy so far and near, by a particular Reverence they had of their Gods, (which the *Spaniard* seems now to imitate) though those Gods of theirs were made of Men, and of good Fellows at first : Besides, in the Course of their Conquest, they adopted any strange Gods to the Society of theirs, and brought them solemnly to *Rome* ; and the Reason, one faith, was, that they believed the more Gods they had, the safer they were, a few being not sufficient to conserve and protect so great an Empire. The *Roman Gentiles* had their Altars and Sacrifices, their Archflamins and Vestal Nuns : And it seems the same Genius reigns still in them ; for in the primitive Church, that which the *Pagans* misliked most in *Christianity* was, that it had not the Face and Form of a Religion, in regard it had no Oblations, Altars, and Images ; which may be a good Reason why the Sacrifice of the Mass and other Ceremonies were first instituted to allure the *Gentiles* to *Christianity*.

But to return a little further to our former Subject : In the Condition that Mankind stands now, if the Globe of the Earth were divided into thirty Parts, 'tis thought that Idolaters (with Horror I speak it) having, as I said before, the one half of *Aisa* and *Africk*, both for the Inland Country, and Maritime Coasts, with four Parts of five in *America*, inhabit twenty Parts of those Regions that are already found out upon Earth. Besides, in the Opinion of the knowing and most inquisitive Mathematicians, there is toward the Southern Clime as much Land yet undiscovered, as may equal

equal in dimension the late new world, in regard, as they hold, there must be of necessity such a portion of Earth to balance the Center on all sides ; and 'tis more than probable, that the Inhabitants there must be *Pagans*. Of all kind of Idolaters, those are the horridest who adore the *Devil*, whom they call *Tantarr*, who appears often to them, 'specially in a Hurricane, tho' he be not visible to others. In some places they worship both God and the Devil ; the one, that he may do them good ; the other, that he may do them no Hurt : The first they call *Tantum*, the other *Squantum*. 'Twere a presumption beyond that of *Lucifer's*, or *Adam's*, for Man to censure the Justice of the Creator in this particular, why he makes daily such, innumerable Vessels of dishonour : It is a wiser and safer course far, to sit down in an humble admiration, and cry out, Oh the profound inscrutable Judgments of God ! His ways are past finding out : And so to acknowledge with the divine Philosopher, *Quod oculus vespertilionis ad solem, idem est omnis intellectus humanus ad Deum* ; what the Eye of a Bat is to the Sun, the same is all human Understanding to Godwards.

Now to draw to a Conclusion, touching the respective largeness of Christianity and *Mahometism* upon the Earth, I find the first to exceed, taking the new World with the old, considering the spacious Plantations of the Spaniard in *America*, the Colonies the English have there in *Virginia*, *New-England*, and *Carribbee-Islands*, with those of the French in *Canada*, and of the Hollander in *East-India* : Nor do I find that there is any Region purely *Mahometan* without Intermixtures, as Christianity hath many : Which makes me to be of a differing Opinion to that Gentleman, who held, that Christianity added little to the general Religion of Mankind.

Now, touching the Latitude of Christian Faith in reference to the differing Professors thereof, as in my former I shew'd that the Eastern Churches were more spacious than the *Latin* or *Roman* (excepting the two Indies) so they who have fallen off from her in the Western Parts, are not so far inferior to her in *Europe*, as some would make one believe ; which will appear, if we cast them in counter-balance.

Among *Roman Catholics*, there is the Emperor, and in him the King of *Hungary* ; the three Kings of *Spain*, *France*, and *Poland* ; *Italy* ; the Dukes of *Savoy*, *Bavaria*, and *Lorrain* ; the three spiritual Electors, with some few more. Touching them who have renounced all obedience to *Rome*, there are the three Kings of *Great-Britain*,

Denmark, and *Sweteland*, the Dukes of *Saxony*, *Holstein*, and *Wirtenberg*; the Marquis of *Brandenberg*, and *Baden*, the Landgrave of *Hesse*, most of the *Hansitic Towns*, which are eighty-eight in number, some whereof are equal to Republics; the (almost) seven Provinces the *Hollander* hath; the five Cantons of *Swiss* and *Geneva*; they of *France*, who are reputed the fifth part of the Kingdom; the Prince of *Transilvania*; they of *Hungary*, and of the large Kingdom of *Bohemia*, of the Marquises of *Lusatia*, *Moravia*, and the Dukedom of *Silesia*; as also they have the huge Kingdom of *Poland*, wherein Protestants are diffused thro' all quarters in great numbers, having in every Province their public Churches and Congregations orderly severed and bounded with Dioceses, whence are sent some of the chiefest and most principal Men of worth to their General Synods: For altho' there are divers sorts of these *Polonian Protestants*, some embracing the *Waldensian* or the *Bohemian*, others the *Augustan*, and some the *Hebetian* Confession; yet they all concur in Opposition to the *Roman* Church; as also they of the *Anglican*, *Scotican*, *Gallie*, *Argentine*, *Saxonic*, *Wirtbergic*, *Palatine*, and *Belgic* Confessions. They also harmoniously symbolize in the principal Articles of Faith, and which mainly concern eternal Salvation; as in the infallible Verity and full Sufficiency of the Scriptures, Divine Essence, and Unity of the everlasting Godhead, the Sacred Trinity of the Three Glorious Persons, the Blessed Incarnation of Christ, and the Omnipotent Providence of God, the Absolute Supreme Head of the Church, Christ himself, Justification by Faith thro' his Merits; and touching the nature of lively Faith, Repentance, Regeneration, and Sanctification, the difference between the Law and the Gospel; touching Free-will, Sin, and good Works, the Sacraments, their number, use and Efficacy; the Marks of the Church, the Resurrection, and State of Souls deceased. It may seem a rambling wild Speech at first View, of one who said, That to make one a complete Christian, he must have the *Works of a Papist*, the *Words of a Puritan*, and the *faith of a Protestant*; yet this wish, if well expounded, may bear a good Sense, which were unfitting for me to give, you being better able to put a gloss upon it yourself.

Thus, learned Sir, have I exercised my Pen, according to my small Proportion of Knowledge, and Conversation with Books, Men, and Maps, to obey your Desire: Tho' in comparison of your spacious Literature, I have held all this while

while but a Candle to the Sun, yet by the light of this small Candle you may see how ready I am to shew myself,

Westm. 25 Aug. Your very humble and affectionate
1635 Servitor, J. H.

XII.

To Mr. T. W.

SIR,

I Am heartily glad you have prevail'd so far with my Lady your Mother, as to have leave to travel a-while; and now that you are bound for *France* and *Italy*, let me give you this Caution, to take heed of a speedy Friend in the first, and of a slow Enemy in the second. The Courteies of an *Italian*, if you make him jealous of you, are dangerous, and so are his Compliments: He will tell you that he kissteth your Hand a thousand Times over, when he wisheth them both cut off.

The French are a free and debonair accostable People, both Men and Women. Among the one, at first Entrance, one may have Acquaintance, and at first Acquaintance one may have Entrance: for the other, whereas the old Rule was, that there could be no true Friendship without Commession of a Bushel of Salt, one may have enough there before he eat a Spoonful with them. I like that Friendship, which by soft gentle Pauses steals upon the Affection, and grows mellow with Time, by reciprocal Offices and Trials of Love: That Friendship is like to last long, and never to shrink in the wetting.

So hoping to enjoy you before you go, and to give you a friendly Foy, I rest

Westm. 28 Feb. Your most affectionate
1634. Servitor, J. H.

XIII.

To Sir Tho. Hawk, Knight.

SIR,

I Was invited yesternight to a solemn Supper, by *B. J.* where you were deeply remembered; there was good Company, excellent Cheer, choice Wines, and jovial Welcome: One Thing intervened, which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that *B.* began to engross all the Discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by vilifying others, to magnify his own *Muse*. *T. Ca.* buzzed me in the Ear, that tho' *Ben* had barrelled up a great deal of Knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the *Ethics*, which, among other Precepts of Morality, forbid Self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favour'd Solecism in good Manners. It made me think upon the Lady (not very young) who having a good

while giving her Guests neat Entertainment, a Capon being brought upon the Table, instead of a Spoon she took a mouthful of Claret, and spouted it into the Poop of the hollow Bird ; such an Accident happened in this Entertainment, you know —— *Proprio laus sorbet in ore;* be a Man's Breath ever so sweet, yet it makes one's Praife stink, if he makes his own Mouth the Conduit-pipe of it. But for my part, I am content to dispense with the *Roman Infirmit*y of *B.* now that Time hath snowed upon his *Periclesia.* You know Ouid, and (your) Horace were subject to the Humour, the first bursting out into

*Famq; opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.
The other into*

Exegi monumentum aere perennius, &c.

As also Cicero, while he forced himself into this Hexameter : *O fortunatam natam, me confule Romanum !* There is another Reason that excuseth *B.* which is, that if one be allowed to love the natural Issue of his Body, why not that of the Brain, which is of a spiritual and more noble Extraction ? I preserve your Manuscripts safe for you till you return to London ; what News the Times afford, this Bear will impart to you. So I am, Sir,

W^m. 5 Apr.

1636.

Your very humble and most
faithful Servitor, J. H.

XIV.

To my Cousin; Mr. J. P. at Gravesend.

Cousin,

GOD send you a good Passage to Holland, and the World to your Mind when you are there. Now, that you intend to trail a Pike, and make Profession of Arms, let me give you this Caveat, that nothing must be more precious to you than your Reputation. As I know you have a Spirit not to receive Wrong, so you must be careful not to offer any, for the one is as base as the other ; your Pulse will be quickly felt, and trial made what Metal you are made of after your coming. If you get but once handsomely off, you are made ever after ; for you will be free from all Baffles and Affronts. *He that bath once got the fame of an early Riser, may sleep till Noon.* Therefore be wondrous wary of your first Comportments ; get once a good Name, and be very tender of it afterwards, for 'tis like the *Ventagli*, quickly cracked, never to be mended, patched it may be. To this purpose take along with you this Fable : It happened that *Fire, Water, and Fame* went to travel together, (25) you

you are going now) they consulted, that if they lost one another, how they might be retrieved and meet again: *Fire* said, Where you see Smoke there you shall find me: *Water* said, Where you see marsh and moorish low Ground, there you shall find me; but *Fame* said, Take heed how you loose me, for if you do, you will run a great Hazard never to meet me again, there's no retrieving of me.

It imports you also to conform yourself to your Commanders, and so you may more confidently demand Obedience, when you come to command yourself, as I doubt not but you may do in a small Time. The *Hogen Mogen* are very exact in their polemical Government, their Pay is sure, tho' small, 4 s. a Week being too little a Hire, as one said, to kill Men. At your return I hope you will give a better account of your Doings than he, who being asked what Exploits he had done in the *Low-Countries*, answered, That he had cut off a *Spaniard's* Legs: Reply being made, That that was no great Matter, it had been something if he had cut off his Head; *O*, said he, You must consider his Head was off before. Excuse me that I take my Leave of you so pleasantly, but I know you will take any Thing in good Part from him who is so much

Your truly affectionate Cousin,

Weftm. 3 Aug.

J. H.

1634.

XV.

To Captain B.

Much endeared Sir,

There is a true Saying, That the Spectator oft-times sees more than the Gamester; I find that you have a very hazardous Game in Hand, therefore give it up, and do not vie a Farthing upon it. Tho' you be already imbarke^d, yet there is Time enough to strike Sail, and make again to the Port, otherwise 'tis no hard matter to be a Prophet, what will become of you; there be so many ill-favoured Quick-sands and Rocks in the Way (as I have it from a good Hand) that one may easily take a Prospect of your Shipwreck if you go on: Therefore desist, as you regard your own Safety, and the seasonable Advice of your

Weftm. 4 May,

J. H.

1635.

XVI.

To Mr. Thomas W. at his Chambers in the Temple.

SIR,

YOU have much strengthened that knot of Love which hath been so long tied between us, by those choice Manuscripts you sent me lately, among which I find divers rare Pieces; but that which afforded me most Entertainment in

those Miscellanies, was Dr. *Henry King's Poems*, wherein I find not only Heat and Strength, but also an exact Concinity and Evenness of Fancy : They are a choice race of Brothers, and it seems the same Genius diffuseth itself also among the Sisters. It was my hap to be lately where Mrs. *A. K.* was, and having a Paper of Verses in her Hand, I got it from her ; they were an Epitaph, and an Anagram of her own Composure and Writing ; which took me so far, that the next Morning before I was up, my rambling Fancy fell upon these Lines :

For the admitting of Mrs. *Anne King* to be the Tenth Muse.

Baſil A. *Anna King.* *Ladies of Helicon, do not repine
I add one more unto your number Nine ;
To make it even, I among you bring
No meaner than the Daughter of a King :
Fair Baſil-Anna : quickly pass your Voice,
I know Apollo will approve the Choice,
And gladly her instal ; for I could name
Some of less Merit, Goddesses became.*

F. C. Soars higher and higher every Day in Pursuance of his *Platonic Love* ; but *T. Man* is out with his, you know whom ; he is fallen into that Averseness to her, that he swears he had rather see a *Basilisk* than her. This shews, that the sweetest Wishes may turn to the tartest Vinegar. No more till we meet. *Yours inviolably,*

Weſtm. 3 Feb.

1637.

J. H.

XVII.

To the Lord C.

My Lord,

*T*HERE are two Sayings which are fathered upon Secretary *Walsingham*, and Secretary *Cecil*, a Pair of the best-weighed Statesmen this Island hath bred : One was used to say at the Council-table, *My Lords, Stay a little, and we shall make an End the sooner* ; the other would oft-times speak of himself, *It shall never be said of me, that I will defer till To-morrow what I can do to Day.* At first View these Sayings seemed to clash with one another, and to be Diametrically opposite ; but being rightly understood, they may be very well reconciled. Touching the first, 'tis true, that *haste and choler are Enemies to all great Actions* ; for as it is a Principle in Chymistry, that *omnis feſſinatio eſt à Diabolo*, all Haste comes from Hell, so in the Consultations, Contrivings, and Conduct of any Busyness of State, all Rashnesses and pre-

Precipitation comes from an ill Spirit. There cannot be a better Pattern for a grave and considerate way of Deliberation, than the antient course of our High-Court of Parliament ; who, when a Law is to be made, which concerns the welfare of so many thousands of Men, after a mature Debate and long Discussion of the Point beforehand, caused the Bill to be read solemnly three times Times in the House e're it be it be transmitted to the Lords ; and there also it is so many Times canvased, and then presented to the Prince : That which must stand for Law, must be long stood upon, because it imposeth an universal Obedience, and is like to be everlasting; according to the *Ciceronian Maxim*, *Deliberandum est diu quod statuendum est semel*. Such a kind of Cunctionation, Advisednes, and Procrastination, is allowable also in all Councils of State and War ; for the Day following may be able commonly to be a master to the Day past, such a World of Contingencies human Actions are subject to. Yet, under Favour, I believe this first Saying to be meant of Matters while they are in Agitation, and upon the Anvil ; but when they have received Form, and are resolved upon, I believe then, nothing is so advantageous as Speed. And at this, I am of Opionion, the second Saying aims at : For when the Weights that use to hang to all great Businesses are taken away, it is good then to put Wings upon them, and to take the Ball before the Bound ; for Expedition is the Life of Action, otherwise Time may shew this bald *occiput*, and shake his Posteriors at them in Derision. Among other Nations, the *Spaniard* is observed to have much Phlegm, and to be most dilatory in his Proceedings, yet they who have pried narrowly into the Sequel and Succels of his Actions, do find that this Gravity, Reservedness, and Tergiversation of his, have turned rather to his Prejudice than Advantage, take one Time with another. The two last matrimonial Treaties we had with him contained long, the first, betwixt *Ferdinand* and *Hen. VII.* for *Catherine of Arragon* seven Years ; that betwixt *K. James* and the now *Philip IV.* for *Mary of Austria*, lasted eleven Years, (and seven and eleven is eighteen :) the first took effect for *Pr. Arthur*, the late miscarried for *Pr. Charles*, and the *Spaniard* may thank himself and his own slow Pace for it; for had he mended his pace to perfect the Work, I believe his Monarchy had not received so many ill-favoured Shocks since. The late Revolt of *Portugal* was foreseen, and might have been prevented, if the *Spaniard* had not been too slow in his Purpose to have sent the Duke *Braganza* out of the Way upon some Employment, as was projected.

Now will I reconcile the former Sayings of those two renowned Secretaries, with the gallant Comparison of *Charles* the Emperor, (and he was of a more temperate Mould than a *Spaniard*, being a *Fleming* born) he was us'd to say, that while any great Busines of State was yet in Consultation, we shold obserue the Motion of *Saturn*, which is plumeous, long, and heavy: but when it is once absolutely resolv'd upon, then we shold observe the Motion of *Mercury*, the nimblest of all the Planets: *Ubi est definit Saturnus, ibi incipiat Mercurius.* Whereto I will add, that we shold imitate the Mulberry, which of all Trees casts out her Buds the latest, for she doth it not till all the cold Weather be past, and then she is sure they cannot be nipp'd; but then she shoots them all out * in one Night: So though she be one way the slowest, she is another way the nimblest of Trees.

Thus have I obeyed your Lordship's Command in expounding the Sense of these two Sayings, according to my mean Apprehension; but this Exposition relates only to public Affairs, and political Negotiations, wherein your Lordship is so excellently versed. I shall most willingly conform to any other Injunctions of your Lordship's, and esteem them always as Favours, while I am,

W^est. 5 Sept. 1633.

J. H.

XVIII.

To Sir J. Brown, Knight.

S I R,

ONE would think, that the utter falling off of *Catalonia* and *Portugal* in so short a compass of Time should much lessen the *Spaniard*, the People of both these Kingdoms being from Subjects become Enemies against him, and in actual Hostility: Without doubt it hath done so, yet not so much as the World imagines, 'Tis true in point of Regal Power and divers brave subordinate Commands for his Servants, he is a great deal lessened thereby, but tho' he be less powerful, he is not a Penny the poorer thereby; for there comes not a Farthing less every Year into his Exchequer, in regard that those Countries were rather a Charge than Benefit to him, all their Revenue being drunk up in Pensions, and Payments of Officers and Garisons; for if the King of Spain had lost all except the *West-Indies*, and all *Spain* except *Castile* herself, it would little diminish his Treasury. Touching *Catalonia* and *Portugal*, especially the latter, 'tis true, they were mighty Members of the *Castilian* Monarchy; but I believe they will sooner want *Castile*, than *Castile* them, because the

filled

* *Quodam cum spiritu.* Plin.

filled them with Treasure: Now, that *Barcelona* and *Lisbon* hath shakea Hands with *Sevil*, I do not think that either of them hath the tithe of that Treasure they had before; in regard the one was the *Scale* whereby the King of *Spain* sent his Money to *Italy*; the other, because all her *East-India* Commodities were bartered commonly in *Andalusia* and elsewhere for *Bullion*. *Catalonia* is fed with Money from *France*, but for *Portugal*, she hath little or none; therefore I do not see how she could support a War long to any Purpose, if *Castile* were quiet, unleas Soldiers would be contented to take *Gloves* and *Pepper-corns* for *Pattacoons* and *Pistoles*. You know Money is the Sinew and Soul of War. This makes me think on that blunt Answer which Capt. *Talbot* returned *Henry VIII.* from *Calais*, who having received special Command from the King to erect a new Fort at the Water-gate, and to see the Town well fortified, sent him Word, that he could neither fortify nor fiftify without Money. There is no News at all stirring here now, and I am of the Italian's Mind that said, *Nulla nuova, buona nuova*, no News, good News. But it were great News to see you here, whence you have been an Alien so long to

Holborn, 3 June,
1640.

Your most affectionate Friend,

J. H.

XIX.

To Captain C. Price.

Cousin,

YOU have put me upon such an odd intricate Piece of Busines, that I think there was never the like of it. I am more puzzled and entangled with it than oft-times I use to be wjth my Band-strings when I go hastily to Bed, and want such a fair Female Hand as you have to untie them. I must impute all this to the peevish Humour of the People I dealt withal. I find it true now, that one of the greatest Tortures that can be in the Negotiation of the World is, to have to do with perverse irrational half-witted Men, and to be worded to Death by Nonsense; besides, as much Brain as they have, is as full of Scruples, as a Bur is of Prickles; which is a Quality incident to all those that have their Heads lightly ballasted, for they are like Buoys in a barred Port, weaving perpetually up and down. The Father is scrupulous of the Son, the Son of the Sisters, and all three of me, to whose Award they referred the Busines three several times. It is as hard a Task to reconcile the Fates of *Sr. Sepulchre's* Steeple, which never look all four upon one Point of the Heavens, as to reduce them to any Conformity of Reason. I never remember to have met with Father and Children, or Children among themselves, of a more differing Genius and

Con-

Contrariety of Humours ; insomuch that there cannot be a more pregnant Instance to prove that human Souls come not *ex traduce*, and by seminal Production from the Parents. For my part, I intend to spend my Breath no longer upon them, but to wash my Hands quite of the Busines ; and so I would wish you to do, unless you love to walk in a Labyrinth of Briars. So expecting with Impatience your Return to London, I rest

Wesm. 27 April,
1632.

*Your most faithful
Servitor, J. H.*

XX.

To my Cousin Mr. J. P. at Lincoln's-Inn.

Cousin,

THE last Week you sent me Word, that you were so cramped with Busines, that you could not put Pen to Paper : If you write not this Week, I shall fear you are not only cramped, but crippled ; at least, I shall think you are cramped in your Affection rather than your Fingers, and that you have forgot how once it was my good Fortune to preserve you from drowning, when the Cramp took you in St. John's-Pool at Oxford. The Cramp, as I take it, is a sudden Convulsion of the Nerves. For my part, the Ligaments and Sinews of my Love to you have been so strong, that they were never yet subject to such spasmodical Shrinkings and Convulsions. Now, Letters are the very Nerves and Arteries of Friendship ; nay, they are the vital Spirits and Elixir of Love, which in case of Distance and long Absence would be in Hazard to languish, and quite moulder away without them. Among the Italians and Spaniards, 'tis held one of the greatest Solecisms that can be in good Manners, not to answer a Letter with like Civility ; by this they use to distinguish a Gentleman from a Clown ; besides, they hold it one of the most virtuous Ways to employ Time. I am the more covetous of a punctual Correspondence with you in this Point, because I commonly gain by your Letters ; your Style is so polite, your Expressions so gallant, and your Lines interspersed with such dainty Flowers of Poetry and Philosophy. I understand there is a very able Doctor that reads the Anatomy-Lecture this Term ; if Plowden will dispense with you, you cannot spend your Hours better than to hear him. So I end for this Time, being cramped for want of more Matter, and rest

Wesm. 3 July,
1631.

*Your most affectionate loving
Cousin, J. H.*

XXI.

To my Nephew J. P. at St. John's in Oxford.

Nephew,

I Had from you lately two Letters; the last was well freighted with very good Stuff, but the other, to deal plainly with you, was not so: There was as much Difference between them, as betwixt a Scotch Pedlar's Pack in *Poland*, and the Magazine of an *English Merchant* in *Naples*; the one being usually full of Taffaty, Silks, and Sattins; the other of Callicoes, Thread-Ribbands, and such Pol-davy Ware. I perceive you have good Commodities to vend if you take the Pains: Your Trifles and Bagatels are ill bestowed upon me, therefore hereafter I pray let me have of your best Sort of Wares. I am glad to find that you have stored up so much already: You are in the best Mart in the World to improve them; which I hope you daily do, and I doubt not when the Time of your Apprenticeship there is expired, but you will find a good Market to expose them, for your own and the public Benefit abroad. I have sent you the Philosophy-books you writ to me for; any Thing that you want of this kind for the Advancement of your Studies, do but write, and I shall furnish you. When I was a Student as you ate, my Practice was to borrow, rather than buy some sort of Books, and to be always punctual in restoring them upon the Day assignd, and in the Interim to swallow of them as much as made for my Turn. This obliged me to read them thro' with more Haste to keep my Word, whereas I had not been so careful to peruse them, had they been my own Books, which I knew were always ready at my dispose. I thank you heartily for your last Letter, in regard I found it smelt of the Lamp; I pray let your next do so, and the Oil and Labour shall not be lost which you expend upon

Your assured loving

Uncle, J. H.

Westm. 1 Aug.

1633.

XXII.

To Sir Tho. Haw.

SIR,

I Thank you a thousand times for the choice Stanza's you pleased to send me lately: I find that you were thoroughly heated, that you were inspired with a true Enthusiasm when you composed them. And whereas others use to flutter in the lower Region, your Muse soars up to the upper; and transcending that too, takes her flight among the Celestial Bodies to find a Fancie. Your Desires, I should do something upon

upon the same Subject, I have obey'd, tho' I fear not satisfied, in the following Numbers :

1. Could I but catch those beamy Rays,
Which Phœbus at high Noon displays,
I'd set them on a Loom, and frame
A Scarf for Delia of the same.
2. Could I that wondrous Black come near,
Which Cynthia, when eclipsed, doth wear,
Of a new Fashion I would trace
And Mask thereof for Delia's Face.
3. Could I but reach that Green and Blue,
Which Iris decks in various Hue,
From her moist Bow I'd drag them down,
And make my Delia a Summer-Gown.
4. Could I these ubitely Stars go nigh,
Which make the Milky-Way in Sky,
I'd peach them, and at Moon-shine dress,
To make my Delia a curious Mist.
5. Thus would I diet, thus attire
My Delia Queen of Hearts and Fire ;
She should have every thing divine,
That would befit a Seraphin.
And 'cause sangirt unblest we find,
One of the Zones her Waist should bind.

They are of the same Cadence as yours, and airable. So
I am

Wesm. 5 Sept.
1632.

Your Servitor,

J. H.

XXIII.

To the Right Hon. the Lady Elizabeth Digby.
Madam,

IT is no improper Comparison, that a thankful Heart is like a Box of precious Ointment, which keeps the Smell long after the Thing is spent. Madam, (without Vanity be it spoken) such is my Heart to you, and such are your Favours to me ; the strong aromatic Odour they carried with them diffused itself thro' all the Veins of my Heart, especially thro' the left Ventricle, where the most illustrious Blood lies ; so that the Perfume of them remains still fresh within me, and is like to do, while that Triangle of Flesh dilates and shuts itself within my Breast : Nor doth this Perfume stay there, but as all Smells naturally tend upwards, it hath ascended to my Brain, and sweetened all the Cells thereof, especially the Memory, which may be said to be a Cabinet also to preserve Courtesies : For tho' the Heart be the Box of Love, the Memory

Memory is the Box of Lastingness; the one may be termed the *Source* whence the Motions of Gratitude flow, the other the *Cistern* that keeps them.

But your Ladyship will say, these are Words only; I confess it, it is but a verbal Acknowledgment: But, Madam, if I were made happy with an Opportunity, you shall quickly find these Words turned to Actions, either to go, to run, or ride upon your Errand. In Expectation of such a favourable Occasion, I rest, Madam,

W^m. 5 Aug.

*Your Ladyship's most humble and
enchaunted Servitor, J. H.*

XXIV.

To Sir J. B.

Noble Sir,

THAT old Opinion the *Jew* and *Turk* have of Women, that they are of an inferior Creation to Man, and therefore exclude them, the one from their *Synagogues*, the other from their *Mosques*, is in my Judgment not only partial, but profane: For the Image of the Creator shines as clearly in the one, as in the other; and I believe there are as many Female Saints in Heaven as Male, unless you could make me adhere to the Opinion that Women must be all Masculine before they be capable to be made Angels of. Add hereunto, that there went better and more refined Stuff to the Creation of Woman than Man. 'Tis true, 'twas a weak Part in *Eve* to yield to the Seduction of *Satan*; but it was a weaker Thing in *Adam* to suffer himself to be tempted by *Eve*, being the weaker Vessel.

The ancient Philosophers had a better Opinion of that Sex, for they ascribed all Sciences to the *Muses*, all Sweetness and Morality to the *Graces*, and prophetic Inspirations to the *Sibyls*. In my small revolving of Authors, I find as high Examples of Virtue in Women as in Men; I could produce here a whole Regiment of them, but that a Letter is too narrow a Field to muster them in. I must confess, there are also counter Instances of this kind: If Queen *Zenobia* was such a precise Pattern of Continency, that after the Act of Conception, she would know her Husband no more all the Time of her Pregnancy, till she had been delivered; there is another Example of a *Roman Empress*, that when she found the Vessel fraughted, would take in all Passengers; when the Barn was full, any one might thrash in the Haggard, but not till then, for fear the right Father should be discovered by the Countenance of the Child. But what need I go far off, to rake the Ashes of the Dead? There are living Examples enough *pro* and *con* of

of both Sexes; yet Woman being (as I said before) the weaker Vessel, her Failings ate more venial than those of Man; though Man, indeed, being more conversant with the World, and meeting more Opportunities abroad (and Opportunity is the greatest Bawd) of falling into InfirmitieS, as he follows his worldly Negotiations, may on the other side be judged the more excusable.

But you are fitter than I to discourse of this Subject, being better versed in the theory of Women, having had a most virtuous Lady of your own before, and being now linked to another. I wish a thousand Benedictions may fall upon this your second Choice, and that ——— *tam bona sit quam bona prima fuit.* This option shall be my Conclusion for the present, whereunto I add, that I am, in no vulgar degree of Affection,

Westm. 5 Aug.

1632.

*Your most bumble and
faithful Servitor, J. H.*

XXV.

To Mr. P. W.

S I R,

There are two things which add much to the merit of Courtesies, viz. *Chearfulness* and *Speed*, and the contraries of these lessen the Value of them; that which hangs long betwixt the Fingers, and is done with difficulty and a supercilious Look, makes the Obligation of the Receivers nothing so strong, or the Memory of the Kindness half so grateful. The best thing the Gods themselves liked of in the Entertainments they received of those poor Wretches *Baucis* and *Pbilemon*, was open hearty Looks.

—*Super omnia vultus,
Accessere boni.*—

A clear unclouded Countenance makes a Cottage appear like a Castle, in point of Hospitality; but a beetle-browed sul- len Face makes a Palace as smoky as an *Irish Hut*. There is a *mode* in giving Entertainment, and doing any courtesy else, which trebly binds the Receiver to an Acknowledgment, and makes the Remembrance of it more acceptable. I have known two Lord High-Treasurers of *England* of quite contrary Humours, one successively after the other; the one, tho' he did the Suitor's Busineſs, yet he went murmuring; the other, though he did it not, was used to dismiss the Party with some Satisfaction. 'Tis true, Money is welcome tho' it be in a dirty Clout, but 'tis far more acceptable if it come in a clean Handerchief.

Sir, you may sit in the Chair, and read Lectures of Morality to all Mankind in this Point, you have such a dextrous dif-

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discreet way to handle Suitors in that troublesome Office of yours ; wherein, as you have already purchased much, I wish you all increase of Honour and Happiness.

Your humble and obliged Servitor, J. H.

XXVI.

To Mr. F. Coll. at Naples.

SIR,

TI S confessed I have offended by my over-long Silence, and abused our maiden Friendship ; I appear before you now in this white Sheet, to do Penance : I pray in your next to me, send an *Absolution*. *Absolutions*, they say, are as cheap in that Town as Courtesans, whereof 'twas said there were 20000 on the common List, when I was there ; at which time I remember one told me a tale of a *Calabrian* who had buggered a Goat ; and having bought an *Absolution* of his Confessor, he was asked by a Friend what it cost him : He answered, I procured it for four Pistoles, and for the other odd one, I think I might have had a Dispensation to have married the Beast.

I thank you for the exact relation you sent me of the fearful Earthquakes and Fires which happened lately in that Country, and particularly about *Vesuvius*. It seems the huge Giant, who, the Poets say, was hurled under the vast Mountain by the Gods for thinking to scale Heaven, had a mind to turn from one side to the other, which he useth to do at the Revolution of every hundred Years ; and stirring his body by that Action, he was taken with a fit of the Cough, which made the Hill shake, and belch out Fire in this hideous manner. But to repay you in the like Coin, they send us stranger News from *Lisbon* ; for they write of a spic and span-new *Island*, that hath peeped up out of the *Atlantic Sea*, near the *Terceras*, which never appeared before since the Creation, and begins to be peopled already : Methinks the K. of *Spain* needs no more Countries, he hath too many already, unless they were better united. All your Friends here are well, and mind you often in Town and Country, as doth

Westm. 7 Apr. *Your true constant Servitor, J. H.*
1629.

XXVII.

To Mr. T. Lucy in Venice.

SIR,

YOUR last you sent me was from *Genoa*, where you write that *gli mariti ingravi dano lor moglie cento miglia longano* ; Husbands get their Wives with Child a hundred Miles off. 'Tis a great Virtue, I confess, but 'tis nothing to what

our *East-India* Mariners can do here, because they can do so forty times further : For tho' their Wives be at *Ratcliff*, and they at the *Red-Sea*, tho' they be at *Madagascar*, the *Me-gul's* Court, or *Japan*, yet they use to get their Wives Bellies up here about *London*; a strange Virtue, at such a huge Distance ; but I believe the active part is in the Wives, and the Husbands are merely passive ; which makes them, among other Wares, to bring home with them a sort of precious Horns, the Powder whereof, could one get some of it, would be of an invaluable Virtue. This Operation of our *Indian* Mariner at such a Distance is more admirable in my Judgment, than that of the Weapon-salve, the *angustum armarium* ; for that can do no good unless the Surgeon have the Instrument and Blood ; but this is done without both, for the Husband contributes neither of them.

You are now I presume in *Venice*, there also such Things are done by proxy ; while the Husband is abroad upon the Gallies, there be others that shoot his *Gulf* at Home. You are now in a place where you may feed all your Senses very cheap ; I allow you the pleasing of your Eye, your Ear, your Smell and Taste ; but take heed of being too indulgent of the fifth Sense. The Poets feign, that *Venus* the Goddess of Pleasure, and therefore called *Aphrodite*, was incensed of the froth of the Sea, (which makes Fish more falacious commonly than Flesh) it is not improbable that she was got and coagulated of that Form which *Neptron* useth to disgorge upon those pretty Islands, whereon that City stands. My Lady *Miller* commends her kindly to you, and she desires you to send her a compleat Cupboard of the best Chrysal Glasses *Murano* can afford by the next Shipping ; besides, she intreats you to send her a Pot of the best Mithridate, and so much of Treacle.

All your Friends here are well and jovial. *T. T.* drank your Health yesternight, and wished you could send him a handsome *Venetian* Courtesan inclosed in a Letter ; he would willingly be at the charge of the Postage, which he thinks would not be much for such a light Commodity. Farewell, my dear *Tom*, have a care of your Courses, and continuo to love him who is

Yours to the Altar, J. H.

Westm. 15 Jan. 1635.

XXVIII.

To Mr. T. Jackson, at Madrid.

SIR,

*T*H O' a great Sea fevers us now, yet 'tis not all the water of the Ocean can drown the remembrance of you in me, but that it floats and flows daily in my Brain. I must con-

confess (for 'tis impossible the Mind of Man should fix itself always upon one Object) it hath sometimes its Ebbs in me, but 'tis to rise up again with greater Force : At the Writing hereof, 'twas Flood, 'twas Spring-tide, which swell'd so high, that the Thoughts of you overwhelmed all others within me ; they ingrossed all my Intellectuals for the Time.

You write to me fearful News touching the Revolt of the *Catalan* from *Castile*, of the tragical murdering of the Vice-roy, and the burning of his House : Those Mountaineers are mad Lads. I fear the sparkles of this Fire will fly further, either to *Portugal*, or to *Sicily* and *Italy*; all which Countries, I observed, the Spaniard holds, as one would do a *Wolf by the Ear*, fearing they should run away ever and anon from him.

The News here is, that *Lambeth-House* bears all the sway at *Whitehall*, and the Lord *Deputy* kings it notably in *Ireland*; some that love them best, could wish them a little more Moderation.

I pray buy *Suarez's Works* for me of the last Edition : Mr. *William Pawly*, to whom I desire my most hearty commends may be presented, will see it safely sent by way of *Bilboa*. Your Friends here are all well, as Thanks be to God,

Holborn, 3 Mar.

Your true Friend to

serve you, J. H.

1638.

XXIX.

To Sir Edw. Sa. Knight.

Sir, Edward,

I Had a shrewd Disease hung lately upon me, proceeding, as the Physicians told me, from this long reclused Life, and close restraint, which had much wasted my Spirits and brought me low ; when the *Crisis* was past, I began to grow doubtful that I had but a short time to breathe in this elementary World ; my Fever still increasing, and finding my Soul weary of this muddy Mansion, and methought, more weary of this prison of Flesh, than this Flesh was of this Prison of the *Fleet*: Therefore after some gentle Slumbers, and unusual Dreams, about the dawnings of the Day, I had a lucid Interval, and I fell thinking how to put my little House in order, and to make my last Will. Hereupon my Thoughts ran upon *Grannius Sopista's* Last Testament, who having nothing else to dispose of but his Body, he bequeathed all the Parts thereof in Legacies, as his Skin to the Tanners, his Bones to the Dice-makers, his Guts to the Musicians, his Fingers to the Scriveners, his Tongue to his Fellow-sophisters, (which were the Lawyers of those Times) and so forth. At

he thus dissected his *Body*, so I thought to divide my *Mind* into Legacies, having, as you know, little of the outward Pelf and Gifts of Fortune to dispose of; for never any was less beholden to that blind Baggage. In the highest degree of theoretical Contemplation, I made an intire Sacrifice of my Soul to her Maker, who by *infusing created her*, and by creating *infused* her to actuate this small bulk of Flesh, with an unshaken Confidence of the Redemption of both in my Saviour, and consequently of the Salvation of the one, and the Resurrection of the other. My Thoughts then reflected upon divers of my noble Friends, and I sett to proportion to them what Legacies I held most proper. I thought to bequeath to my Lord of *Cherberry*, and Sir *K. Digby*, that little Philosophy, and Knowledge I have in the Mathematics; my historical Observations, and critical Researches, I made into Antiquity, I thought to bequeath unto Dr. *Usher*, Lord Primate of *Ireland*; my Observations Abroad; and Inspection into foreign States, I thought to leave my Lord *G. D.* my Poetry, such as it is, to Mistres *A. K.* who I know is a great Minion of the Muses; School-languishes I thought to bequeath unto my dear Mother the University of *Oxford*; my *Spanisb* to Sir *Lewis Dives*, and Master *Endimion Porter*; for tho' they are great Masters of that Language, yet it may stead them something when they read *la picara Justina*; my *Italian* to the worthy Company of *Turkey* and *Levantine* Merchants, from divers of whom I have received many noble Favours; my *French* to my most honour'd Lady, the *Lady Core*, and it may help her something to understand *Rabelais*; the little smattering I have in the *Dutch*, *British*, and my *Englisb*. I did not esteem worth the bequeathing:—My *Love* I had bequeath'd to be diffused among all my dear Friends, especially those that have stuck unto me in this my long Affliction; my best natural Affections betwixt the Lord *B. of Br.* my Brother *Howell*, and my three dear Sisters, to be transferred by them to my Cousins their Children. This little sackful of Bones, I thought to bequeath to *Wigginster Abbey*, to be interred in the Cloyster within the South-side of the Garden, close to the Wall, where I would have desired Sir *H. F.* (my dear Friend) to have inlaid a small piece of black Marble, and cause this Motto to have been insculped on it, *Hucusque peregrinus hic domi;* or this, which I would have left to his Choice, *Hucusque Erravimus, hic Felix;* And instead of strewing my Grave with Flowers, I would have desired him to have grafted thereon some little Trees of what sort he pleased; that might have taken Root downward to my Dust, because I have been always naturally affected

affected to Woods and Groves, and those kind of Vegetables, insomuch, that if there were any such thing as a *Pythagorean Metempsychoisis*, I think my Soul would transmigrate into some Tree, when she bids this Body farewell.

By these Extravagancies, and odd Chimera's of my Brain, you may well perceive that I was not well, but distemper'd, especially in my Intellectuals; according to the *Spanish Proverb*, *siempre desvaríos con la calentura*; Fevers have always their fits of Dotage. Among those to whom I had bequeath'd my dearest Love, you were one, to whom I had intended a large Proportion; and that Love which I would have left you then in *Legacy*, I send you now in this *Letter*: For it hath pleased God to reprieve me for a longer time to creep upon this Earth, and to see better Days, I hope, when this black dismal Cloud is dispelled; but come foul or fair Weather, I shall be, as formerly,

Fleet, 26 Mar.

1643.

Yonr most constant faithful
Servitor, J. H.

•XXX.

To the Rt. Hon. the Lady Wichts.

Madam,

Since I was hurled among these Walls, I had divers Fits of Melancholy, and such turbit Intervals that used to attend close Prisoners, who, for the most Part, have no other Companions, but confused Troops of wandring Cogitations. Now, *Melancholy is far more fruitful of Thoughts than any other Humour*; for it is like the Mud of *Nile*, which, when that *Enigmatical* vast River is got again to her former Bed, engendereth divers sorts of new Creatures, and some kind of Monsters. My Brain in this Fleet hath been often thus overwhelmed, yet I never found it so muddy, nor the region of my Mind so much clouded, as it was lately after notice had of the sad Tidings of Master *Controller*'s Death: The news here-of struck such a Damp into me, that for some space, methought, the very pulse of my Blood, and the Motions of my Heart, were at a stand; for I was surpriz'd with such a Consternation, that I felt no Pulsations in the one, or Palpitations, in the other. Well, Madam, he was a brave solid wife *Man*, of a noble free Disposition, and so great a *Controller* of his Passions, that he was always at home within himself; yet I much fear that the Sense of these unhappy Times made too deep Impressions in him.

Truly, Madam, I loved and honoured him in such a Perfection, that my Heart shall wear a broad black Ribband for him while I live: As long as I have a retentive faculty to remember any thing, his Memory shall be fresh with me.

But the Truth is, that if the advantageous exchange which he hath made, were well considered, no Friend of his should be sorry ; for in lieu of a *White-staff* in an earthly Court, he hath got a *Sceptre* of Immortality : He that had been Ambassador at the *Port* to the greatest Monarch upon Earth, where he resided so many Years an honour to his King and Country, is now arrived at a far more glorious *Port* than that of *Constantinople* ; though (as I intimated before) I fear that this boisterous Weather hath blown him thither before his Time. God Almighty give your Ladyship patience for so great a Loss, and Comfort in your hopeful Issue : With this Prayer I conclude myself, Madam,

Fleet, 15 Apr.

Your Ladyship's most bumble and sorrowful Servant, J. H.

XXXI.

To Mr. E. S. Counsellor at the Middle-Temple.

SIR,

I Had yours this Morning, and I thank you for the News you send me, that divers of my Fellow-sufferers are enlarged out of *Lambeth, Winchester, London, and Ely-House*: Whereunto I may answer you, as the *Cheapside Porter* did one that related Court-News, to him, how such a one was made *Lord Treasurer*, another *Chancellor of the Exchequer*: another was made an *Earl*, another sworn *Privy-Counsellor*: Ay, said he, yet I am but a *Porter* still. So I may say, I am but a *Prisoner* still, notwithstanding the Releasement of so many. Mistake me not, as if I repined hereby at any one's Liberty ; for I could heartily wish that I were the unic Martyr in this kind, that I were the Figure of one with never a Cypher after it, as God-wot there are too many : I could wish that as I am the least in Value, I were the last in Number. A Day may come, that a favourable Wind may blow, that I may launch also out of this *Fleet*. In the mean time, and always after, I am *Your true and constant*

Fleet, 1 Feb. 1645.

Servitor, J. H.

XXXII.

To Mr. R. B. at Ipswich.

Gentle Sir,

I Value at a high Rate the sundry Respects you have been pleased to shew me ; for as you obliged me before by your Visits, so you have much endeared yourself to me since by your late Letter of the 11th Current. Believe it, Sir, the least scruple of your Love is not lost, (because I perceive it proceeds from the pure motions of Virtue) but returned to you in the same full Proportion. But what you please to

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ascribe to me in Point of Merit, I dare not owr.; you look upon me thro' the wrong end of the Prospective, or rather thro' a Multiplying-glass, which makes the Object appear far bigger than it is in real Dimensions, such glasses as Anatomists use in the Dissection of Bodies, which can make a Flea look like a Cow, or a Fly as big as a Vulture.

I presume you are constant in your desire to travel if you intend it at all, you cannot do it in a better Time, there being little comfort, God-wot, to breathe *English* Air, as matters are carried. I shall be glad to stead you in any thing that may tend to your Advantage; for to tell you truly, I take much Contentment in this Inchoation of Friendship, to improve and perfect which, I shall lie Centinel to apprehend all Occasions.

If you meet Master *R. Brownrig* in the Country, I pray present my very kind respects to him; for I profess myself to be both his, and

*Fleet, 15 Aug.
1646.*

*Your most affectionate
Servitor, J. H.*

XXXIII.

To Captain C. Price, Prisoner at Coventry.

Cousin,

YOU, whom I held always as my second self in Affection, are now so in Affliction, being in the same *predicament* of Sufferance, tho' not in the same *Prison* as I. There is nothing sweetneth Friendship more than Participation and Identity of danger and durance: The Day may come that we may discourse with comfort of these sad Times; for Adversity hath the Advantage of Prosperity itself in this Point, that the Commemoration of the one is oft-times more delightsome than the Fruition of the other. Moreover Adverlity and Prosperity are like Virtue and Vice; the two foremost of both which begin with Anxieties and Pain, but they end ~~co-~~ mically, in Contentment and Joy; the other two quite contrary, they begin with Pleasure, and end in Pain: There's a Difference in the last Scene.

I could wish, if there be no Hope of a speedy Releaseinent, you would remove your body hither, and rather then moulder away in idleness, we will devoutly blow the coal; and try if we can exalt Gold and bring it o'er the *helm* in this *Fleet*; we will transmute metals, and give a resurrection to mortified Vegetables: To which end the *green Lyon*, and the *Dragon*, yea, *Demogorgon* and *Mercury* himself, with all the Planets, shall attend us, till we come to the *Elixir*, the true Powder of Projection, which the Vulgar call the Philosophers Stone. If matters hit right, we may theroby

get better returns than *Cardigan* silver Mines afford : But we must not melt ourselves away as *J. Meredith* did, nor do as your Countryman *Morgan* did. I know when you read these Lines, you'll say I am grown mad, and that I have taken *Opium* in lieu of *Tobacco* : If I be mad, I am but sick of the Disease of the Times, which reigns more among the *English*, than the *Sweating-sickness* did some sixscore Years since among them, and only them, both at Home and Abroad,

There's a strange Maggot hath got into their Brains, which possesteth them with a kind of Vertigo ; and it reigns in the Pulpit more than any where else, for some of our Preachmen are grown Dog-mad, there's a worm got into their Tongues, as well as their Heads.

Hodge Powel commands him to you, he is here under Hatches as well as I ; however, I am still, in fair or foul Weather,

Fleet, 3 Jan.

1645.

Your truly affectionate Cousin
to serve you, J. H.

XXXIV.

To the Right Hon. the Lord of Cherberry.

My Lord,

GOOD send you Joy of your new Habitation, for I understand your Lordship is removed from the King's-Street to the Queen's. It may be with this enlargement of dwelling, your Lordship may need a recruit of Servants. The Bearer hereof hath a desire to devote himself to your Lordship's Service ; and I find that he hath a concurrence of such parts that may make him capable of it : He is well studi'd in Men and Books, veried in Busines of all sorts, and writes a very fair Hand : He is well extracted, and hath divers good Friends that are dwellers in the Town, who will be responsible for him. Moreover, besides this Letter of mine, your Lordship will find that he carrieth one in his Countenance ; for an honest ingenious Look is a good Letter of Recommendation of itself. If your Lordship hath not present occasion to employ him, he may be about you a-while like a spare Watch, which your Lordship may wind up at pleasure. So my Aim being to do your Lordship Service, as much as him a Pleasure, by this Recommendation, I rest

Fleet, 13 July,

1645.

Your Lordship's most

humble Servant, J. H.

XXXV.

XXXV.

*To Mr. R. Br.**Gentle Sir,*

Yours of the 4th current came safely to Hand, and I acquaint you with much Contentment, the fair Respects you please to shew me: You may be well assur'd, that the least grain of your Love to me is not lost, but counterbalanc'd with the like in full Weight; for altho' I am as a frail Piece, and as full of Infirmities as another Man, yet I like my own Nature in one Thing, that I could never endure to be in the Arrear to any for Leve; where my *Hand* came short, my *Heart* was bountiful, and helped to make an equal Compensation.

I hope you persist in your Purpose for foreign Travel, to study a-while the World abroad: It is the Way to perfect you, and I have already discovered such choice Ingredients, and Parts of Ingenuity in you, that it will quickly make a complete Gentleman. No more now, but that I am seriously

*Fleet, 3 July, 1646.**Yours to dispose of, J. H.*

XXXVI.

*To Sir L. D. in the Tower.**SIR,*

TO help the passing away of your weary Hours between them disconsolate Walls, I have sent you a King of your own Name to bear you Company, *Lewis XIII.* who, though dead three Years since, may peradventure afford you some entertainment; and I think that dead Men of this Nature, are the fittest Comparisons for such that are butied alive, as you and I are. I doubt not but you, who have a Spirit to overcome all Things, will overcome the Sense of this hard Condition, that you may survive these sad Times, and see better Days. I doubt not, as weak as I am, but I shall be able to do it myself; in which Confidence I style myself,

*Fleet, 15 Feb.**1646.**Your most obliged and
ever faithful Servitor, J. H.*

My most humble Service to
Sir *J. St.* and Sir *H. V.*

XXXVII.

*To Master R. B.**Gentle Sir,*

I HAD yours of the 2d current by Master *Bloys*, which ablisgeth me to send you double Thanks, first, for your Letter, then for the choice Hand that brought it me.

*Y 4**When*

When I had gone through it, methought your *Lines* were as *Leaves*, or rather so many Branches, among which there sprouted divers sweet *Blossoms* of Ingenuity, which I find may quickly come to a rare Maturity, I confess this *Claim* (as Matters go) is untoward to improve such *Buds* of Virtue; but the Times may mend, now that our *King*, with the *Sun*, makes his approach to us more and more: Yet I fear we shall not come yet a good while to our former Serenity; therefore it were not amiss, in my Judgment, if some foreign Air did blow upon the aforesaid *Blossoms*, to ripen them under some other Meridian; in the interim, it is the Opinion of

Fleet, 3 Aug.

1645.

*Your ever respectful Friend
to dispose of, J. H.*

XXXVIII.

To Mr. G. C. at Dublin.

SIR,

THE News of this Week, has been like the Waves of that boisterous Sea, through which this Letter is to pass over to you. Divers reports for Peace, have swoln high for the Time, but they suddenly fell low and flat again. Our Relations here are like a Peal of Bells in windy blustering Weather; sometimes the Sound is strong on this Side, sometimes on that Side of the Steeple; so our Relations sound diversly, as the Air of Affection carries them; and sometimes in a whole Volley of News, we shall not find one true Report.

There was, in a *Dunkirk Ship*, taken some Months ago, hard by *Arundel-Castle*, among other Things, a large Picture seized upon, and carried to *Westminster-Hall*, and put in the *Star-Chamber* to be publicly seen: It was the Legend of *Conanus*, a *British Prince* in the Time of *Gratian* the Emperor, who having married *Ursula*, the King of *Cornwall's* Daughter, was embarked with 11000 Virgins for *Britany* in *France*, to colonize that Part with *Christians*; but being by Distress of Weather beaten upon the *Rhone*, because they would not yield to the Lust of the Infidels, after the Example of *Ursula*, they were all slain, their Bodies were carried to *Colen*, where there stands to this Day, a stately Church built for them. This is the Story of that Picture; yet the common People here, take *Conanus* for our King, and *Ursula* for the Queen, and the Bishop which stands hard by, to be the Pope, and so stare upon it accordingly, notwithstanding, that the Prince there represented, hath Sandals on his Feet, after the old fashion, that the Coronets on their Heads, resemble those of Dukes and Earls, as also that there are Rays about them, which never use to be

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applied to living Persons, with divers other incongruities: Yet it cannot be beaten out of the belief of Thousands here, but that it was intended to represent our King and Queen; which makes me conclude with this interjection of Wonder, Oh the Ignorance of the common People!

*Fleet, 12 Aug.
1645.*

Your faithful Friend to command,

J. H.

XXXIX.

To Master End. Por. at Paris.

SIR,

I Most affectionately kiss your Hands for the Account (and candid Opinion) you please to give, of the History I sent her Majesty, of the late King her Brother's Reign. I return you also a thousand Thanks for your comfortable Advice, that having been so long under Hatchets in this Fleet, I should fancy myself to be in a long Voyage at Sea: 'Tis true, Opinion can do much, and indeed *she is that great Lady which rules the World.* There is a wise saying in that Country where you sojourn now, that *Ce n'est pas la place, mais la pensée qui fait la prison;* 'Tis not the Place, but Opinion, that makes the Prison; the Conceit is more than the Condition. You go on to prefer my Captivity in this Fleet, to that of a Voyager at Sea, in regard that he is subject to Storms and springing of Leaks, to Pirates and Picaroons, with other casualties. You write, I have other Advantages also, to be free from plundering, and other Barbarisms, that reign now abroad. 'Tis true, I am secured from all these; yet touching the first, I could be content to expose myself to all those chances, so that this were a *floating Fleet*, that I might breathe free Air, for I have not been suffered to stir o'er the Threshold of this House this four Years. Whereas you say, I have a Book for my Companion; 'tis true, I converse sometimes with dead Men, and what fitter Associates can there be for one that is buried alive (as I am) than dead Men? And now will I adventure to send you a Kind of Epitaph I made of myself this Morning, as I was lolling a-bed:

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*Here lies intombed a walking Thing,
Whom Fortune (with the States) did fling
Between these Walls. Why? ask not that,
That blind Whore doth, she knows not what.*

'Tis a strange World, you'll say, when Men make their own Epitaphs in their Graves; but we that are thus buried alive, have one Advantage above others, that we are like to have a double Resurrection: I am sure of one; but if these

these Times hold, I cannot ascertain myself of the other, for I may be suffered to rot here, for ought I know; it being the hard Destiny of some in these Times, when they are once clapped up, to be so forgotten, as if there were no such Men in the World.

I humbly thank you for your *Aviso's*, I cannot correspond with you in that Kind as freely as I would; only in the general I must tell you, that we are come to such a Pass, that the Posie which a young Couple did put upon their Wedding-ring, may fit us in the general, which was, *God knows what will become of us.* But I trust these bad Times will be recompenced with better; for my Part, that which keeps me alive, is your Motto there of the House of Bourbon, and 'tis but one Word, *L'Esperance.* So I pray God preserve you, and

Fleet, 2 Jan.
1646.

Your most faithful humble
Servitor, J. H.

XL.

To Master J. H. at St. John's College in Cambridge.
Master Hall,

Yours of the 13th of this Instant came safely, tho' slowly, to Hand; for I had it not till the 20th of the same, and the next day your *Essays* were brought me. I entertained both with much Respect; for I found therein many choice and ripe Notions, which I hope proceed from a pregnancy, rather than præcocity of Spirit in you...

I perceive you have entered the Suburbs of Sparta already, and that you are in a fair Way to get to the Town itself: I know you have wherewith to adorn her; nay, you may in Time gain Athens herself, with all the Knowledge she was ever Mistress, of, if you go on in your Career with Constancy. I find you have a Genius for the most solid and severest sort of Studies; therefore when you have passed through the Briars of Logic, I could wish you to go strongly on in the fair Fields of Philosophy and the Mathematics, which are true Academical Studies, and they will afford rich Matter of Application, for your inventive Spirit to work upon. By all means understand Aristotle in his own Language, for it is the Language of Learning. Touching Poetry, History, and other human Studies, they may serve you for your recreation, but let them not by any means allure your Affections from the first. I shall delight sometimes to hear of your Proceeding; for I profess a great deal of good-will to you, which makes me rest,

Fleet, 3 Dec.

Your respectful Friend
to serve you, J. H.

XLI.

XL I.

To my B. the L. B. of B. in France.

My good Lord and Br.

Although the Sense of my own hard Condition be enough to make me melancholy, yet when I contemplate yours, (as I often do) and compare your Kind of *Banishment* with my *Imprisonment*, I find the Apprehension of the first, wherein so many have a share, adds a double Weight to my Sufferings, tho' but single: Truly these Thoughts to me, are as so many corrosives to one already in a Consumption. The World cries you up to be an excellent *Divine and Philosopher*; now is the Time for you to make an Advantage of both: Of the first, by calling to mind, that Afflictions are the Proportion of the best *Theophiles*; of the other, by a well-weighed Consideration, that Crosses and Troubles are entailed upon Mankind as much as any other Inheritance. In this respect I am no *Cadet*, for you know I have had a double, if not a triple share, and may be rather called the elder Brother; but ~~as for~~ ^z ~~intior~~, I hope I shall not sink under the Burden, but that we shall be both reserved for better Days, especially now that the King (with the *Sun* and the *Spring*) makes his Approach more and more towards us, from the North.

God Almighty (the God of our good old Father) still guard you, and guide you, that after so long a Separation, we may meet again with Comfort, to confer Notes, and recount Matters past: For adverse Fortune, among other Properties, hath this for one, that her present Pressures are not so irksome, as the Remembrance of them being past, are delightsome. So I remain

Fleet, 2nd May, 1645. Your most loving Brother, J. H.

XLII.

To Sir L. Dives in the Tower.

SIR,

Among divers other Properties that attend a long Captivity, one is, that it purgeth the Humours, especially it correcteth *Choler*, and attempers it with *Phlegm*; which you know in Spanish is taken for *Patience*. It hath also a chymical Kind of Quality, to refine the dross and seculency of a corrupt Nature, as Fire useth to purify Metals, and to destroy that *terram adamicam* in them, as the Chymist calls it; for *Demogorgon* with his Vegetables, partakes of Adam's Malediction, as well as other Creatures, which makes some of them so foul and imperfect; Nature having designed them all for Gold and Silver at first, and 'tis Fire can only rectify, and reduce them towards such a Perfection.

This

This Fleet hath been such a *Furnace* to me, it hath been a Kind of *Perillus Bull*; or rather, to use the *Paracelsian* Phrase, I have been here *in ventre equino*, in this limbec and crucible of Affliction. And whereas the Chymist commonly requires but 150 Days *antequam corvus in columbam vertatur*, before the Crow turns to a Dove; I have been here five times so many Days, and upward. I have been here Time enough in conscience to pass all the Degrées and Effects of Fire, as distillation, sublimation, mortification, calcination, solution, descension, dealbation, rubification, and fixation; for I have been fastened to the Walls of this Prison, any time these fifty-five Months: I have been here long enough, if I were matter capable thereof, to be made the Philosophers Stone, to be converted from *Water* to *Powder*, which is the whole *Magistry*: I have been, besides, so long upon the Anvil, that methinks I am grown malleable, and Hammer-proof; I am so habituated to Hardship. But indeed you that are made of a choicer Mould, are fitter to be turned into the Elixir, than I, who have so much dross and Corruption in me, that it will require more Pains, and much more Expence, to be purged and defecated. God send us both Patience to bear the brunt of this fiery Trial, and Grace to turn these Decoctions into *Aqua Vitæ*, to make sovereign Treacle of this Viper. The *Trojan* Prince was forced to pass over *Pblegeton*, and pay *Charon* his Freight before he could get into the *Elysian* Fields: You know the Moral, that we must pass through Hell to Heaven; and why not as well through a Prison to Paradise? Such may the Tower prove to you, and the Fleet to me, who am

Fleet, 23 Feb.

1645.

Your humble and hearty

Servitor, J. H.

XLIII.

To the Right-Honourable the Lord R.

My Lord,

Sure there is some angry Planet hath loured long upon the Catholic King; and though one of his Titles to Pagan Princes be, that he wears the Sun for his Helmet, because it never sets upon all his Dominions, in regard some Part of them lies on the t'other Side of the Hemisphere, among the *Antipodes*; yet methinks that neither that great Star, or any of the rest, are now propitious unto him: They cast, it seems, more benign Influxes upon the *Flower-luce*, which thrives wonderfully; but how long these favourable Aspects will last, I will not presume to judge. This, among divers others of late, hath been a fatal year

to the said King; for Westward he hath lost *Dunkirk*: *Dunkirk*, which was the Terror of this Part of the World, the Scourge of the occidental Seas, whose Name was grown to be a Bugbear for so many years, hath now changed her Master, and thrown away the *ragged-staff*; doubtless a great exploit it was, to take this Town: But whether this be advantageous to *Holland*, (as I am sure it is not to *England*) time will shew. It is more than probable, that it may make him careless at Sea, and in the building and arming of his Ships, having now no Enemy near him; besides, I believe it cannot much benefit *Hans*, to have the *French* so contiguous to him: The old Saying was, *Ayez le François pour ton amy, non pas pour ton Voisin*; Have the Frenchman for thy Friend, not for thy Neighbour.

Touching *England*, I believe these Distractions of ours, have been one of the greatest Advantages that could befall *France*; and they happened in the most favourable conjuncture of Time that might be, else I believe he would never have as much as attempted *Dunkirk*; for *England*, in true reason of State, had reason to prevent nothing more, in Regard no one Place could have added more to the naval Power of *France*; this will make his Sails swell bigger, and I fear, make him claim in Time, as much Regality in these narrow Seas, as *England* herself.

In *Italy*, the *Spaniard* hath also had ill successes at *Piombino* and *Porto-longone*: Besides, they write that he hath lost *il Prete, & il Medico*, the Priest, and the Physician, to wit, the Pope, and the Duke of *Florence* (the House of *Medici*), who appear rather for the *French* than for him.

Add to these Disasters, that he hath lost within the Revolution of the same Year the Prince of *Spain* his unic Son, in the very Flower of his Age, being but seventeen Years old. These, with the falling off of *Catalonia* and *Portugal*, with the Death of the Queen not above forty, are heavy losses to the Catholic King, and must needs much enfeeble the great bulk of his Monarchy, falling in so short a Compas of Time, one upon the Neck of another; and we are not to enter into the secret Counsels of God Almighty for a Reason. I have read, that 'twas the sensuality of the Flesh, that drove the Kings out of *Rome*, the *French* out of *Sicily*, and brought the *Moors* into *Spain*, where they kept firm footing above seven Hundred Years. I could tell you, how not long before her Death, the late Queen of *Spain* took off one of her Chapines, and elowted *Olivares* about the Noddle with it, because he had accompanied the King to a Lady of Pleasure; telling him, that he should know, she was Sister to

XLVI.

To Mr. Tho. H.

S I R,

THO' the Time abound with Schisms more than ever, (the more is our Misery) yet, I hope, you will not suffer any to creep into our Friendship; tho' I apprehend some Fears thereof by your long Silence, and Cessation of literal Correspondence. You know there is a peculiar Religion attends Friendship; there is, according to the Etymology of the Word, a Ligation and solemn Tie, the rescinding whereof may be truly called a *Schism*, or a *Piacle*, which is more. There belong to this Religion of Friendship certain due Rites, and decent Ceremonies, as Visits, Messages, and Missives. Tho' I am content to believe that you are firm in the Fundamentals; yet I find, under Favour, that you have lately fallen short of performing those exterior Offices, as if the ceremonial Law were quite abrogated with you in all Things. Friendship also allows of Merits, and Works of Supererogation sometimes, to make her capable of Eternity. You know that Pair which were taken up into Heaven, and placed among the brightest Stars for their rare Constancy and Fidelity one to the other: You know also, they are put among the *fixed* Stars, not the *erratics*, to shew there must be no Inconstancy in Love. Navigators steer their Course by them, and they are the best Friends in working Seas, dark Nights, and Distresses of Weather; whence may be inferr'd, that true Friends should shine clearest in Adversity, in cloudy and doubtful Times. On my Part this ancient Friendship is still pure, orthodox, and incorrupted; and though I have not the Opportunity (as you have) to perform all the Rites thereof, in regard of this recluse Life, yet I shall never err in the Essentials: I am still yours *thou*, tho' I cannot be *you*: for *in statu quo nunc*, I am grown useless and good for nothing, yet in point of Possession, I am as much as ever

Fest, 7 Nov.

1644.

Your firm inalterable

Servitor, J. H.

XLVII.

To Mr. S. B. Merchant, at his House in the
Old-Jewry.

S I R,

I return you those two famous Speeches of the late Q. Elizabeth, with the Addition of another from *Baudius* at an Embassy here from Holland. It is with Languages as 'tis with Liquors, which by Transfusion use to take Wind from one Vessel to another; so Things translated into another Tongue, lose of their primitive Vigour and Strength, unless a para-

paraphrastical Version be permitted; and then the Traduct may exceed the Original; not otherwise, tho' the Version be never so punctual, especially in these Orations which are framed with such art, that like *Vitruvius's Palace*, there is no place left to add one Stone more without defacing, or to take any out, without hazard of destroying the whole Fabric.

Certainly she was a Princess of a rare Endowment for Learning and Languages; she was blessed with a long Life, and triumphant Reign, attended with various sorts of admirable Successes, which will be taken for some Romance a thousand Years hence, if the World last so long. She freed the *Sax* from the *French*, and gave her Successor a Royal Pension to maintain his Court: She helped to settle the Crown on *Henry the Great's* Head: She gave Essence to the State of *Holland*; she civilized *Ireland*, and suppressed divers Insurrections there: She preserved the Dominion of the narrow Seas in greater Glory than ever: She maintained open War against *Spain*, when *Spain* was in her highest Flourish, for divers Years together; yet she left a mighty Treasure behind, which shews that she was a notable good Houfewise. Yet I have read divers Censures of her abroad; that she was ingrateful to her Brother of *Spain*; who had been the chiefest Instrument, under God, to preserve her from the Block, and had left her all *Q. Mary's* Jewels without Diminution; accusing her, that afterwards she should first infringe the Peace with him, by intercepting his Treasure in the narrow Seas, by suffering her *Draughts* to swim to his *Bodies*, and rob him there; by fomenting and supporting his *Belgic Subjects* against him then when he had an Ambassadour resident at her Court. But this was the Censure of a *Spanish Author*; and *Spain* had little Reason to speak well of her. The *French* handle her worse, by terming her, among other Contumelies, *l'Haquinie de ses propres vaf-
sux*.

Sir, I must much value the frequent Respects you have shewn me, and am very covetous of the Improvement of this Acquaintance; for I do not remember at home or abroad to have seen in the Person of any, a Gentleman and a Merchant so equally met, as in you: which makes me style myself.

*Fleet, 3 May,
1645.*

*Your most affectionate Friend
to serve you, J. H.*

XLVIII.

To Dr. D. Featly.

SIR,

I Received your Answer to that futile Pamphlet, with your Desire of my Opinion touching it. Truly, Sir, I must tell you, that never poor Cur was tossed in a Blanket, as you have tossed that poor Coxcomb in the Sheet you pleased to send me: For whereas a fillip might have felled him, you have knocked him down with a kind of *Herculean Club*, ~~sans~~ resource. These Times (more's the Pity) labour with the same Disease that France did during the League, as a famous Author hath it, *Prurigo scripturantium erat scabies temporum*; the itching of Scribblers was the scab of the Time: It is just so now, that any triobolary Pasquiller, every *treffs agaſe*, any sterquilinous Rascal, is licensed to throw Dirt in the Faces of Sovereign Princes in open printed Language. But I hope the Times will mend, and your *Man* also, if he hath any Grace, you have so well corrected him. So I rest

Fleet, 2 Aug.

Yours to serve and reverence you,

1644.

J. H.

XLIX.

To Captain T. L. in Westminster.

Captain,

I Could wish that I had the same Advantage of Speed to send to you at this time, as they have in *Alexandria*, now called *Scanderoon*, when upon the arrival of any Ships in the Bay, or any other important Occasion, they use to send their Letters by Pigeons, trained up purposely for that use, to *Aleppo* and other Places: Such an airy Messenger, such a volatile Postilion would I desire now to acquaint you with the Sicknes of your Mother-in-law, who I believe will be in another World (and I wish it may be Heaven) before this Paper comes to your Hands: For the Physicians have forsaken her, and Dr. *Burton* told me it is a Miracle if she lasts a natural Day to an end: Therefore you shall do well to post up as soon as you can, to look to your own Affairs; for I believe you will be no more sick of the Mother: Master *Davis* in the mean time told me he will be very careful and circumspect, that you be not wronged. I received yours of the 10th current, and return a thousand Thanks for the warm and melting sweet Expressions you make of your Respects to me. All that I can say at present in answer, is, that I extremely please myself in loving you;

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you; and I like my own Affections the better, because they tell me that I am

W^m. 10 Dec:
1631.

Your intirely devoted
Friend, J. H.

L.

To my Hon. Friend, Sir S. C.

SIR,

I Was upon Point of going abroad to steal a solitary Walk; when yours of the 12th current came to hand: The high Researches and choice abstracted Notions I found therein, seemed to heighten my Spirits, and made my Fancy fitter for my intended Retirement and Meditation: Add heréunto, that the Countenance of the Weather invited me; for it was a still Evening; it was also a clear open Sky; not a Speck, or the least W^tfinkle, appeared in the whole Face of Heaven; 'twas such a pure deep Azure all the Hemisphere over, that I wonder'd what was become of the three Regions of the Air, with their Meteors. So having got into a close Field, I cast my Face upward, and fell to consider what a rare Prerogative the optic Virtue of the Eye hath, much more the *intuitive* Virtue in the Thought; that the one in a Moment can reach Heaven, and the other go beyond it: Thérefore sure that Philosopher was but a kind of frantic Fool, that would have plucked out both his Eyes, because they were a Hindrance to his Speculations. Moreover, I began to coⁿtemplate, as I was in this Posture, the vast Magnitude of the Universe, and what Proportion this poor Globe of Earth might bear with it: For if those numberless Bodies which stick in the vast Roof of Heaven, tho' they appear to us but as Spangles, be some of them thousands of Times bigger than the Earth, take the Sea with it to boot, for they both make but one Sphere: Surely the Astronomers had reason to term this Sphere an indivisible Point, and a Thing of no Dimension at all, being compared to the whole World. I fell then to think, that at the second general Destruction, it is no more for God Almighty to fire this Earth, than for us to blow up a small Squib, or rather one small Grain of Gunpowder. As I was musing thus, I spied a Swarm of Gnats waving up and down the Air about me, which I knew to be Part of the Universe as well as I: And me-thought it was a strange Opinion of our Aristotle to hold, that the least of those small infected Ephemeras should be more noble than the Sun, because it had a fensitive Soul in it. I fell to think, that in the same Proportion which those Animalillios bore with me in Point of Bigness, the same I held with those glorious Spirits which are near the Throne

of the Almighty. What then should we think of the magnitude of the Creator himself? Doubtless, 'tis beyond the Reach of any human Imagination to conceive it: In my private Devotions I presume to compare him to a great Mountain of Light, and my Soul seems to discern some glorious Form therein; but suddenly as she would fix her Eyes upon the Object, her Sight is presently dazzled and disengaged with the Refulgency and Corruscations thereof.

Walking a little further, I spied a young boisterous Bull breaking over Hedge and Ditch to a Herd of Kine in the next Pasture; which made me think, that if that fierce, strong Animal, with others of that Kind, knew their own Strength, they would never suffer Man to be their Master. Then looking upon them quietly grazing up and down, I fell to consider, that the Flesh which is daily dîsh'd upon our Tables, is but concocted Guts, which is recarnified in our Stomachs, and transmuted to another Flesh. I fell also to think, what Advantage those innocent Animals had of Mah, who, as soon as Nature cast them into the World, find their Meat dîsh'd, the Cloth laid, and the Table cover'd; they find their Drink brew'd, and the Butterly open, their Beds made, and their Cloaths ready: And tho' Man hath the Faculty of Reason to make him a Compensation for the Want of those Advantages, yet this Reason brings with it a thousand Perturbations of Mind, and Perplexities of Spirit, gripping Cares and Anguishes of Thought, which those harmless, silly Creatures were exempted from. Going on, I came to repose myself upon the Trunk of a Tree; and I fell to consider further, what Advantage that dull Vegetable had of those feeding Animals, as not to be so troublesome and beholding to Nature, nor to be subject to Starving, to Diseases, to the Inclemency of the Weather, and to be far longer-liv'd. Then I spied a great Stone, and sitting a-while upon't, I fell to weigh in my Thoughts, that that Stone was in a happier Condition in some respects, than either of those *inferior* Creatures, or *Vegetables* I saw before; in regard that that Stone, which propagates by *Affumilation*, as the Philosophers say, needed neither Grass nor Hay, or any Alliment for Restoration of Nature, nor Water to refresh its Roots, or the Heat of the Sun to attract the Moisture upwards, to increase Growth, as the other did. As I directed my Pace homeward, I spied a Kite soaring high in the Air, and gently gliding up and down the clear Region so far above my Head, that I fell to envy the Bird extremely, and repine at his Happiness, that he should have a Privilege to make a nearer Approach to Heaven than I.

Excuse me that I trouble you thus with these rambling
Meditations, they are to correspond with you in some Part for
those accurate Fancies of yours lately sent me. So I rest

Holborn, 17 Mar.

Your native and true

1621

Servitor, J. H.

L.I.

To Master Serjeant D. at Lincoln's-Inn.

SIR,

I Understand with a deep Sense of Sorrow of the Indisposition of your Son: I fear he hath too much *Mind* for his *Body*, and that superabounds with Fancy, which brings him to these Fits of Distemper, proceeding from the black Humour of Melancholy: Moreover, I have observed that he is too much given to his Study and Self-Society, specially to converse with dead Men, I mean Books: You know any Thing in Excess is Naught. Now, Sir, were I worthy to give you Advice, I could wish he were well married, and it may wean him from that bookish and thoughtful Humour: Women were created for the Comfort of Men, and I have known that to some they have proved the best *Helleborum* against Melancholy. As this Course may beget new Spirits in him, so it must needs add also to your Comfort. I am thus bold with you, because I love the Gentleman dearly well, and honour you, as being

Westm, 13 June,

1622.

Your humble obliged

servant, J. H.

L.II.

To my noble Lady, the Lady M. A.

Madam,

There is not any Thing wherein I take more Pleasure, than in the Accomplishment of your Commands; nor had ever any Queen more Bower o'er her Vassals, than you have o'er my Intellectuals. I find by my Inclinations, that it is as natural for me to do your Will, as it is for Fire to fly upward, or any Body else to tend to his Center; but touching the last Command your Ladyship was pleased to lay upon me (which is the following Hymn) if I answer not the Expectation of your Expectation, it must be imputed to the Suddenness of the Command, and the Shortness of Time.

A Hymn to the Blessed Trinity.

To the First Person.

To Thee, dread Sovereign, and dear Lord,
Who out of Nought didst not afford.

*Essence and Life, who mad'st me Man,
And, oh much more, a Christian;
Lo, from the center of my Heart
All laud and Glory I impart.*

Hallelujah,

To the Second.

*To thee blest Saviour, who didst free
My Soul from Satan's Tyranny,
And mad'st her capable to be
An Angel of the Hierarchy;
From the same centre I do raise
All Honour and immortal Praise.*

Hallelujah,

To the Third.

*To thee sweet Spirit I return
That Love wherewith my Heart doth burn;
And these bles'd Notions of my Brain
I now breathe up to thee again;
O! let them re-descend, and still
My Soul with holy Raptures fill.*

Hallelujah,

They are of the same Measure, Cadence, and Air, as was that Angelical Hymn your Ladyship pleased to touch upon your Instrument; which as it so enchanted me then, that my Soul was ready to come out at my Ears, so your Voice took such Impressions in me, that methinks the Sound still remains fresh with

Westm. 1 Apr.

1637.

Your Ladyship's most devoted

Servitor, J. H.

LIII.

To Master W. P. at Westminster,

SIR,

THE Fear of God is the Beginning of Wisdom, and the Love of God is the End of the Law; the former Saying was spoken by no meaner Man than Solomon, but the latter hath no meaner Author than our Saviour himself... Touching this Beginning and this End, there is a near Relation between them, so near, that the one begets the other; a harsh Mother may bring forth sometimes a mild Daughter: So Fear begets Love; but it begets Knowledge first, for — *Ignoti nulla cupido*, we cannot love God, unless we know him before: Both Fear and Love are necessary to bring us to Heaven; the one is the fruit of the Law, the other of the Gospel; when the clouds of Fear are vanish'd, the Beams

of

of *Love* then begin to glance upon the Heart ; and of all the Members of the Body, which are in a manner numberless, this is that which God desires, because 'tis the center of Love, the source of our Affections, and the cistern that holds the most illustrious Blood ; and in a sweet and well-devoted harmonious Soul, *Cor* is no other than *Camera omnipotentis Regis*, 'tis one of God's Closets ; and indeed nothing can fill the Heart of Man, whose Desires are infinite, but God, who is Infinity itself. *Love* therefore must be a necessary Attendant to bring us to him. But besides *Love*, there must be two other Guides that are requir'd in this Journey, which are *Faith* and *Hope* ; now that Fear which the *Law* enjoins us, turns to *Faith* in the *Gospel*, and *Knowledge* is the Scope and Subject of both : Yet these last two bring us only toward Heaven, but *Love* goes all along with us to Heaven, and so remains an inseparable sempiternal Companion of the Soul. *Love* therefore is the most acceptable Sacrifice which we can offer our Creator ; and he who doth not study the Theory of it here, is never like to come to the Practice of it hereafter. It was a hyperphysical Expression of St. *Austin*, when he fell into this Rapture, *That if he were King of Heaven, and God Almighty Bishop of Hippo, he would exchange Places with him, because he loved him so well.* This Vow did so take me, that I have turned it to a paraphrastical Hymn, which I send you for your Viol, having observed often that you have a harmonious Soul within you.

The V O T E.

*O God, who can those Passions tell
Wherewith my Heart to thee doth swell !
I cannot better them declare,
Than by the Wish made by that rare
Aurelian Bishop, who of old
Thy Oracles in Hippo told.*

*If I were Thou, and thou wert I,
I would resign the Deity ;
Thou shouldest be God, I would be Man:
Is't possible that Love more can ?
O pardon, that my Soul bath ta'en
So high a Flight, and gw profane.*

For myself, my dear *Phil.* because I love you so dearly well, I will display my very Intrinsecals to you in this Point : When I examine the Motions of my Heart, I find that I love

my Creator a thousand Degrees more than I fear him ; ~~soe~~ thinks I feel the little needle of my Soul touched with a kind of magnetical and attractive Virtue, that it always moves towards him, as being her *summum bonum*, the true center of her Happiness. For matter of Fear, there's none that I fear more than myself, I mean those Fraughts which lodge within me, and the Extravagancies of my Affections and Thoughts : In this particular I may say, that I fear myself more than I fear the Devil, or Death, who is the King of Fears. God guard us all, and guide us to our last Home thro' the Errors of this cumbersome Life. In this Prayer I rest

Holborn, 21 Mar.

1639.

Your most affectionate

Servitor, J. H.

LIV.

To the Rt. Hon. the Lord Cliff,

My Lord,

Since among other passages of Entertainment we had lately at the Italian Ordinary (where your Lordship was pleased to honour us with your Presence) there happened a large discourse of Wines, and of other Drincks that were used by several Nations of the Earth, and that your Lordship desired me to deliver what I observed therein abroad, I am bold now to confirm and amplify in this Letter what I then let drop *extempore* from me, having made a Recollection of myself for that Purpose.

It is without Controversy, that in the nighest of the World, Men and Beasts had but one Buttery, which was the Fountain and River ; nor do we read of any Vines or Wines till two hundred Years after the Flood : But now I do not know or hear of any Nation that hath Water only for their Drink, except the Japonnois, and they drink it hot too ; but we may say, That what Beverage forever we make, either by Brewing, by Distillation, Decoction, Percolation, or pressing, it is but Water at first : Nay, Wine itself is but Water sublimed, bearing nothing else but that Moisture and Sap which is caus'd either by Rain or other kind of Irrigations about the Roots of the Vine, and drawn up to the Branches and Berries by the virtual attractive Heat of the Sun, the bowels of the Earth serving as a Lumbec to that End ; which made the Italian Vineyard-man (after a long Drought, and an extreme hot Summer, which had parch'd up all his Grapes) to complain, that *per mancamento d'acqua bevo dell' acqua se io barefisi aqua, beverei el vino* ; For want of Water, I am forced to drink Water ; If I had Water, I would drink Wine. It may be also applied to the Miller, when he had no Water to drive his Mill.

The

The Vine doth so abhor Cold, that it cannot grow beyond the 49th Degree to any Purpose: Therefore God and Nature hath furnished the North-west Nations with other Inventions of Beverage. In this Island the old Drink was *Ale*; noble *Ale*; than which, as I heard, a great foreign Doctor affirm, there is no Liquor that more increaseth the radical Moisture, and preserves the natural Heat, which are the two Pillars that support the Life of Man: But since *Bear* hath *bopp'd* in among us, *Ale* is thought to be much adulterated, and nothing so good as Sir John Oldcastle and Smug the Smith was used to drink. Besides *Ale* and *Beer*, the natural Drink of part of this Isle may be said to be *Mabeglin*, *Braggon*, and *Mead*, which differ in strength according to the three Degrees of Comparison. The first of the three, which is strong in the superlative, if taken immoderately, doth stupify more than any other Liquor, and keeps a *bumming* in the Brain; which made one say, that he loved not *Mabeglin*, because he was used to speak too much of the *Houfe* he came from, meaning the Hive. *Cyder* and *Perry* are also the natural Drunks of part of this Isle. But I have read in some old Authors of a famous Drink the ancient Nation of the *Picts*, who liv'd 'twixt *Trent* and *Tweed*, and were utterly extinguisht by the overpowering of the *Sax*, were used to make of Decoction of Flowers, the Receipt whereof they kept as a Secret, and a thing sacred to themselves; so it perish'd with them. These are all the common Drunks of this Isle, and of *Ireland* also, where they are more given to *Milk*, and Strong-waters of all Colours: The prime is *Uggebaugh*, which cannot be made anywhere in that Perfection; and whereas we drink it here in *Aqua Vita* Measures, it goes down thereby Beer-glaſsfulls, being more natural to the Nation.

In the seventeen Provinces hard by, and all low *Germany*, Beer is the common natural Drink; and nothing else; so is it in *Westphalia*, and all the lower Circuit of *Saxony*, in *Denmark*, *Dwetheland*, and *Norway*. The *Pruffe* hath a Beer as thick as Honey: In the *Dulce* or *Sax's* Country, there is Beer as yellow as Gold, made of Wheat, and it intebriates as soon as Sack. In some parts of *Germany* they use to spice their Beer, which will keep many Years; so that at some Weddings there will be a Butt drank out as old as the Bride. *Poland* also is a Beer Country; but in *Russia*, *Muscovy*, and *Tartary*, they use *Mead*, which is the naturalst Drink of the Country, being made of the decoction of Water and Honey: This is that which the Ancients call'd *Hydrome*. Mares Milk is a great Drink with the *Tartar*, which

which may be a cause why they are bigger than ordinary ; for the Physicians hold, that Milk enlarged the Bones, Beer strengthneth the Nerves, and Wine breeds Blood sooner than any other Liquor. The *Turk*, when he hath his Tripe full of Palaw, or of Mutton and Rice, will go to Nature's Cellar; either to the next Well or River to drink Water, which is his natural common Drink : For *Mahomet* taught them, that there was a Devil in every berry of the Grape, and so made a strict Inhibition to all his Sect from drinking of Wine, as a Thing profane : He had also a reach of Policy therein, because they should not be incumber'd with Luggage when they went to War, as other Nations do, who are so troubled with the carriage of their Wine and Beverages ; yet hath the *Turk* peculiar Drinks to himself besides, as *Sherbet* made of juice of Lemon, Sugar, Amber, and other Ingredients : He hath also a Drink call'd *Carpbe*, which is made of a brown Berry, and it may be called their clubbing drink between Meals, which tho' it be not very gustful to the Palate, yet it is very comfortable to the Stomach, and good for the Sight. But notwithstanding their Prophet's Anathema, thousands of them will venture to drink Wine, and they will make a precedent Prayer to their Souls to depart from their Bodies in the interim, for fear she partake of the same Pollution. Nay, the last *Turk* died of excess of Wine, for he had at one time swallow'd three and thirty Oaks, which is a measure near upon the bigness of our Quart ; and that which brought him to this, was the Company of a *Perfian* Lord, that had given him his Daughter for a Present, and came with him from *Bagdat* : Besides, one Accident that happened to him was, that he had an Eunuch who was used to be drunk, and whom he had commanded twice upon pain of Life to refrain, swearing by *Mahomet*, that he would cause him to be strangled if he found him the third time so ; yet the Eunuch still continued in his Drunkenness. Hereupon the *Turk* conceiving with himself that there must needs be some extraordinary delight in Drunkenness, because this Man preferred it before his Life, fell to it himself, and so drank himself to Death.

In *Aisa* there is no Beer drank at all, but Water, Wine, and an incredible variety of other Drinks, made of Dates, dried Raifins, Rice, divers sort of Nuts, Fruits, and Roots. In the Oriental Countries, as *Cambaya*, *Calicut*, *Narsugha* there is a Drink called *Banque*, which is rare and precious ; and 'tis the height of Entertainment they give their Guests before they go to Sleep, like that *Nepenthe* which the Poets speak so much of ; for it provokes pleasing Dreams, and delight-

delightful Phantasies ; it will accomodate itself to the humour of the Sleeper : As if he be a Soldier, he will dream of Victories and taking of Towns ; if he be in Love, he will think to enjoy his Mistrefs ; if he be covetous, he will dream of Mountains of Gold, &c. In the *Mobuccas* and *Philippines*, there is a curious Drink called *Tanpey*, made of a kind of Gilliflowers, and another Drink call'd *Otraqua*, that comes from a Nut, and is the more general Drink. In *Cbina* they have a holy kind of Liquor made of such sort of Flowers for ratifying and binding of Bargains ; and having drank thereof, they hold it no less than Perjury to break what they promise : As they write of a River in *Bybynia*, whose Water hath a peculiar Virtue to discover a Perjuror ; for if he drink thereof, it will presently boil in his Stomach, and put him to visible Tortures. This makes me think of the River *Styx* among the Poets, which the Gods were use to swear by ; and it was the greatest Oath for the Performance of any Thing :

Nubila premissi Styx mihi testis erit.

It put me in mind also of that which some write of the River of *Rhine*, for trying the Legitimation of a Child being thrown in ; if he be a Bastard he will sink, if otherwife he will not.

In *China* they speak of a Tree called *Magnais*, which affords not only good Drink, being pierced, but all Things else that belong to the subsistence of Man : They bore the Trunk with an Awger, and there issueth out sweet potable Liquor ; 'twixt the rind and the Tree there is a Cotton, or hempy kind of Moss, which they wear for their Clothing ; it bears huge Nuts, which have excellent Food in them ; it shoots out hard Prickles above a fathom long, and those arm them ; with the Bark they make Tents ; and the doted Trees serve for firing.

Africa also hath a great Diversity of Drinks, as having more need of them, being a hotter Country far : In *Gurney*, or the lower *Ethiopia*, there is a famous Drink called *Mingol*, which issueth out of a Tree much like the Palm, being bored : But in the upper *Ethiopia*, or the *Habaffins* Country, they drink *Mead* decocted in a different manner. There is also much Wine there ; the common Drink of *Barbary*, after Water, is that which is made of Dates. But in *Egypt*, in Times past, there was Beer drank called *Zithus* in *Latin*, which was no other than a Decoction of Barley, and Water ; they had also a famous Composition (and they use it to this Day) called *Chiffi*, made of divers Cordials and provocative Ingredients, which they throw into Water to make

make it gulfful; they use it also for Fumigation: But now the general Drink of Egypt is Nile Water, which of all Water may be said to be the best, insomuch that Pindar's Words might be more applicable to that than to any other, *'Agrius in ibique.'* It doth not only fertilize, and extremely soften the Soil which it covers, but it helps to impregnate barren Women; for there is no place on Earth where People increase and multiply faster: 'Tis yellowish and thick, but if one cast a few Almonds into a Potful of it, it will become as clear as Rock-water: It is also in a degree of Lukewarmness, as Martial's Bay;

Talle four calices tepidique tercunata Nili,

In the new World they have a World of Drinks; for there is no Root, Flower, Fruit, or Pulse, but is reducible to a portable Liquor; as in the *Barbado* Island, the common Drink among the *English*, is *Mabbi*, made of Potato Roots: In *Mexico* and *Peru*, which is the great Continent of *America*, with other Parts, it is prohibited to make Wines under great Penalties, for fear of starving of Trade; so that all the Wines they have are sent from *Spain*.

Now for the pure Wine Countries; *Greece* with all her Islands, *Italy*, *Spain*, *France*, one part of four of *Germany*, *Hungary*, with divers Countries therabouts, all the Islands in the *Mediterranean* and *Atlantic* Sea, are Wine Countries.

The most generous Wines of *Spain*, grow in the mid-Land Parts of the Continent, and *St. Martin* bears the Bell, which is near the Court. Now, as in *Spain*, so in all other Wine Countries, one cannot pass a Day's Journey but he will find a differing Race of Wine: Those kinds that our Merchants carry over are those only that grow upon the Seaside, as *Malaga*, *Sherries*, *Tenis*, and *Alysans*: Of this last there's little comes over right, therefore the Vintners make *Tent* (which is a Name for all Wines in *Spain*, except white) to supply the Place of it. There is a gentle kind of White-wine grows among the Mountains of *Godicia*, but not of body enough to bear the sea, called *Rabidaria*. *Portugal* affords no Wines worth the transporting; they have an odd Stone we call *Xyf*, which they use to throw into their Wines, which clarifieth it, and makes it more lasting. There's also a Drink in *Spain*, called *Alfaga*, which they drink between Meals in hot Weather, and is a Hydromel made of Water and Honey, much of the taste of our Mead. In the Court of *Spain* there's a German at two that brews Beer; but for that ancient Drink of *Spain* which

which *Pliny* speaks of, composed of Flowers, the Receipt thereof is utterly lost.

In *Greece* there are no Wines that have Bodies enough to bear the Sea for long Voyages; some few Mafcadoes, and Malmfies are brought over in small Calks: Nor is there in *Italy* any Wine transported to *England* but in Bottles, as *Verde*, and others; for the length of the Voyage makes them subject to prickling, and so lose Colour, by reason of their Delicacy.

France participating of the Climes of all the Countries about her, affords Wines of quality accordingly; as towards the *Alps* and *Italy*, she hath a luscious rich Wine called *Frontinian*: In the Country of *Prouence* towards the Pyrenees, and in *Languedoc*, there are Wines concutable with those of *Spain*: One of the prime sort for White-wines is that of *Berame*, and of *Clarets* that of *Orlans*, tho' it be interdicted to wine the King's Cellar with it, in respect of the Corrosiveness it carries with it. As in *France*, so in all other Wine-countries, the white is called the *Pineau*, and the Claret or Red-wine is called the *Mab*, because commonly it hath more Sulphur, Body, and Heat in it. The Wines that our Merchants bring over grow upon the River *Garon* near *Bourdeaux* in *Gascany*, which is the greatest Mart for Wines in all *France*; the *Sac*, because he hath always been an useful Confederate to *France* against *England*, hath (among other Privileges) Right of Pre-emption or first choice of Wines in *Bourdeaux*; he is also permitted to carry his Ordnance to the very Walls of the Town, whereas the *English* are forced to leave them at *Blay*, a good Way distant down the River. There is a hard green Wine that grows about *Rouen*, and the Islands thereabouts, which the cunning *Hollander* sometimes uses to fetch; and he hath a Trick to put a Bag of Herbs, or some other Infusions into it; (as he doth Brimstone in *Rhenish*) to give it a whiter Tincture, and more Sweetness; then they rembare it for *England*, where it passeth for good *Bachrat*, and this is called *Running* of Wines. In *Normandy* there's little or no Wine at all grows, therefore the common Drink of that Country is Cyder, especially the low *Normandy*. There are also many Beer-houses in *Paris* and elsewhere; but tho' their Barley and Water be better than ours, or that of *Germany*, and though they have *English* and *Dutch* Brewers among them, yet they cannot make Beer in that Perfection.

The prime Wines of *Germany* grow about the *Rhin*, especially in the *Pfals* or *Lower-Palatinate* about *Bach-*

reg.

mag, which hath it's Etymology from *Bacchi ara*; for in ancient Times there was an Altar erected there to the Honour of *Bacchus*, in regard of the Richness of the Wines. Here, and all *France* over, 'tis held a great part of Incivility for Maidens to drink Wine until they are married, as it is in *Spain*, for them to wear high Shoes, or to paint till then. The *German* Mothers, to make their Sons fall into hatred of Wine, do use, when they are little, to put some Owls Eggs into a Cup of *Rhenish*, and sometimes a little living Eel, which twangling in the Wine while the Child is Drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor and have an Antipathy to Wine all their Lives after. From *Bacbrag* the first Stock of Vines, which grow now in the grand *Canary Island*, were brought, which with the heat of the Sun and the Soil, is grown now to that height of Perfection, that the Wines which they afford are accounted the richest, the most firm, the best bodied and lasting Wines, and the most defecated from all earthly Grossness, of any other whatsoever; it hath little or no sulphur at all in it, and leaves less Dregs behind, tho' one drink it to Excess. *French* Wines may be said to pickle Meat in the Stomach; but this is the Wine that digests, and doth not only breed good Blood, but it nutritieth also, being a glutinous substantial Liquor. Of this Wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry Induction, That good Wine makes good Blood, good Blood caufeth good Humours, good Humours cause good Thoughts, good Thoughts bring forth good Works, good Works carry a Man to Heaven; *ergo* good Wine carrieth a Man to Heaven. If this be true, surely more *English* go to Heaven this way than any other, for I think there's more *Canary* brought into *England* than to all the World besides. I think also there is a hundred times more drunk under the name of *Canary Wine*, than there is brought in; for *Sherries* and *Malagas* well mingled pass for *Canaries* in most Taverns, more often than *Canary* itself; else I do not see how 'twere possible for the Vintner to save by it, or to live by his Calling, unles he were permitted sometimes to be a Brewer. When *Sacks* and *Canaries* were brought in first among us, they were used to be drank in *Aqua Vitæ* Measures, and it was held fit only for those to drink of them who were used to carry their *Legs* in their Hands, their Eyes upon their Noses, and an *Almanack* in their Bones: But now they go down every one's Throat, both young and old like Milk.

The Countries that are freest from Excess of drinking, are *Spain* and *Italy*: If a Woman can prove her Husband to have

have been thrice drunk, by the ancient Laws of *Spain* she may plead for a Divorce from him. Nor indeed can the *Spaniard*, being hot-brained, bear much Drink; yet I have heard that *Gondomor* was once too hard for the King of *Denmark* when he was here in *England*. But the *Spanish* Soldiers, that have been in the Wars of *Flanders*, will take their Cups freely, and the *Italians* also. When I lived t'other side the *Alps*, a Gentleman told me a merry Tale of a *Ligurian* Soldier, who had got drunk in *Genoa*; and Prince *Doria* going a Horseback to take the round one Night, the Soldier took his Horse by the Bridle, and asked what the Price of him was, for he wanted a Horse: The Prince seeing in what humour he was, caused him to be taken into a House, and put to Sleep: In the Morning he sent for him, and ask'd him what he would give for his Horse. Sir, said the recover'd Soldier, *the Merchant that would have bought him yesternight of your Highness, went away betimes in the Morning.* The booneſt Companions for drinking, are the *Greeks* and *Germans*; but the *Greek* is the merrier of the two, for he will sing, and dance, and kiss his next Companion; but the other will Drink as deep as he: The *Greek* will drink as many Glasses as there be Letters in his Mistress's name; the other will drink the number of his years, and tho' he be not apt to break out into Singing, being not of so airy a Constitution, yet he will drink often musically a Health to every of these fix Notes, *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La*; which, with his Reason, are all comprehended in this Hexameter,

Ut RElevet MIferum FATum SOLitoſque LABores.

The fewest Draughts he drinks are three, the first to quench the Thirst past, the second to quench the present Thirst, the third to prevent the future. I heard of a Company of *Low-Dutchmen* that had drank so deep, that beginning to stagger, and their Heads turning round, they thought verily they were at Sea, and that the upper Chamber where they were, was a Ship; insomuch that it being foul windy Weather, they fell to throwing the Stools and other Things out of the Window, to lighten the Vessel, for fear of suffering Shipwreck.

Thus have I sent your Lordship a *dry* Discourse upon a *fluent* Subject; yet I hope your Lordship will please to take all in good Part, because it proceeds from

Weſt. 7 Oct.

1634.

*Your moſt bumble and ready
Servitor, J. H.*

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

My Lord,

YOur Desires have been always to me as Commands, and your Commands as binding as Acts of Parliament: Nor do I take Pleasure to employ Head or Hand in any thing more than in the exact Performance of them. Therefore in this crabbed, difficult Task, you have been pleased to impose upon me about Languages, I come short of your Lordship's Expectation, I hope my Obedience will apologize for my Disability. But whereas your Lordship desires to know what were the original Mother-tongues of the Countries of Europe, and how these modern Speeches that are now in use were first introduced, I may answer hereunto, that it is almost as easy a thing to discover the source of Nile, as to find out the original of some Languages: Yet I will attempt it as well as I can; and I will take my first Rife in these Islands of Great-Britain and Ireland: Far to be curious and Eagle-eyed Abroad, and to be Blind and ignorant at Home, (as many of our Travelers are now-a-days) is a Curiosity that carrieth with it more of Affectation than any thing else.

Touching the Isle of Albion, or Great Britany, the Cambrian, or Cymraecan Tongue commonly called Welsh (and Italian also is so called by the Dutch) is without Controversy the prime maternal Tongue of this Island, and connaturall with it; nor could any of the four Conquests that have been made of it by Ramon, Saxon, Dane, or Norman, ever extinguish her, but she remains still pure and incorrupt; of which Language there is as exact and methodical a Grammar, with as regular Precepts, Rules, and Institutions, both for Prose and Verse, compiled by Dr. David Rice, as I have read in any Tongue whatsoever. Some of the authentickest Annalists report, that the old Gauls (now the French) and the Britons understood one another; for they came thence very frequently to be instructed here by the British Druids, who were the Philosophers and Divines of those Times: And this was long before the Latin Tongue came this side the Alps, or Books written; and there is no meaner Man than Caesar himself records this.

This is one of the fourteen vernacular and independent Tongues of Europe, and she hath divers Dialects: The first is the Cornish, the second the Armerican, or the Inhabitants of Britany in France, whither a Colony was sent over hence in the Time of the Romans. There was also another Dialect of the British Language among the Picts, who kept in the North Parts, in Northumberland, Westmorland, Cumberland,

berland, and some Parts beyond *Tweed*, until the whole Nation of the *Scots* poured upon them with such Multitudes, that they are utterly extinguished both them and Language. There are some who have been curios in the comparison of Tongues, who believe that the *Irish* is but a Dialect of the antient *British*; and the learnedest of that Nation, in a private Discourse I happened to have with him, seemed to incline to this Opinion: But this I can assure your Lordship of, that at my being in that Country, I observed by a private Collection which I made, that a great Multitude of their radical Words are the same with the *Welsh*, both for Sense and Sound; the Tone also of both the Nations is consonant: For when first I walked up and down *Dublin Markets*, methought verily I was in *Wales*; then I listened unto their Speech; but I found that the *Irish* Tone is a little more querulous and whining than the *British*, which I conjectured with myself, proceeded from their often being subjugated by the *English*. But, my Lord, you would think it strange, that divers pure *Welsh* Words should be found in the new-found World in the *West-Indies*; yet it is verified by some Navigators, as *Granado* (hark) *Nef* (Heaven) *Llwynog* (a Fox). *Penguin* (a Bird with a white Head) with sundry others, which are pure *British*: Nay, I have read a *Welsh* Epitaph which was found there upon one *Madoc*, a *British* Prince; who four Years before the *Norman* Conquest, not agreeing with his Brother then Prince of *South-Wales*, went to try his Fortunes at Sea, imbarkeing himself at *Milford-Haven*, and so tarried on those Coasts. This, if well proved, might well intitle our Crown to *America*, if first Discovery may claim a Right to any Country.

The *Romans*, tho' they continued here constantly above 300 Years, yet they could not do as they did in *France*, *Spain*, and other Provinces, plant their Language as a Mark of Conquest; but the *Saxons* did, coming in far greater Numbers under *Hengist* from *Holstein-Land* in the Lower Circuit of *Saxony*; which People resemble the *English* more than any other Men upon Earth, so that 'tis more than probable that they came first from thence: Besides, there is a Town there called *Lunden*, and another Place named *Angles*, whence it may be presum'd that they took their new Denomination here. Now, the *English*, tho' as *Saxons* (by which Name the *Welsh* and *Irish* call them to this Day) they and their Language are antient, yet in Reference to this Island they are the modernest Nation in *Europe*, both for Habitation, Speech, and Denomination; which makes me smile at Mr. *Fox's* Error in the very Front of his Epistle be-

fore the Book of Martyrs, where he calls *Constantine* the first Christian Emperor, the Son of *Helen* an *English Woman*; whereas she was purely *British*, and that there was no such Nation upon Earth called *English* at that Time, nor above 100 Years after, till *Hengist* invaded this Island, and settling himself in it, the *Saxons* who came with him, took the Appellation of *Englishmen*. Now, the *English Speech*, though it be rich, copious, and significant, and that there be divers Dictionaries of it, yet, under Favour, I cannot call it a regular Language, in regard tho' often attempted by some choice Wits, there could never any *Grammar* or exact *Syntaxis* be made of it; yet hath she divers Sub-dialects, as the Western and Northern *English*, but her chiefeſt is the *Scotic*, which took Footing beyond *Tweed* about the last Conquest; but the antient Language of *Scotland* is *Irish*, which the Mountaineers, and divers of the Plain, retain to this Day. Thus, my Lord, according to my small Model of Observations, have I endeavoured to satisfy you in Part: I shall in my next go on, for in the Purſuance of any Command from your Lordship, my Mind is like a Stone thrown into a deep Water, which never reſts till it goes to the Bottom: So for this Time, and always, I reſt,

My Lord,

Wefm. 9 Aug.
1630.

Your moſt humble and ready
Servitor, J. H.

LVI.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

My Lord,

IN my laſt I fulfilled your Lordship's Commande, as far as my Reading and Knowledge could extend, to inform you what were the radical primitive Languages of those Dominions that belong to the Crown of Great-Britain, and how the *English*, which is now predominant, entered in firſt: I will now hoife Sail for the *Netherlands*, whose Language is the ſame Dialect with the *English*, and was ſo from the Beginning, being both of them derived from the *High-Dutch*: The *Danish* also is but a Branch of the ſame Tree, no more is the *Swedish*, and the Speech of them of *Norway* and *Iſland*. Now, the *High-Dutch*, or *Teutonic*, Tongue is one of the prime and moſt ſpacious maternal Languages of Europe; for beſides the vast Extent of *Germany* iſelf, with the Countries and Kingdoms before-mentioned, whereof *England* and *Scotland* are two, it was the Language of the *Goths* and *Vandals*, and continueth yet of the greatest part of *Poland* and *Hungary*, who have a Dialect of hers for their vulgar Tongue; yet though ſo many Dialects and Sub-dialects

dialects be derived from her, she remains a strong sinewy Language, pure and incorrupt in her first Center, towards the Heart of *Germany*: Some of her Writers would make the World believe that she was the Language spoken in Paradise; for they produce many Words and proper Names in the Five Books of *Moses*, which fetch their Etymology from her; as also in *Persia*, to this Day, divers radical Words are the same with her, as *Fader*, *Moeder*, *Broder*, *Star*: And a *German* Gentleman, speaking hereof one Day to an *Italian*, that she was the Language of Paradise, *Sure*, find the *Italian* (alluding to her Roughness) then it was the Tongue that God Almighty did Adam in. It may be so, replied the German; but the Devil had tempted Eve in *Italium* before. A full-mouth'd Language she is, and pronounced with that Strength, as if one had Bones in his Tongue instead of Nerves.

Those Countries that border upon *Germany*, as *Bohemia*, *Silesia*, *Poland*, and those vast Countries North-Eastward, as *Russia* and *Moscovia*, speak the *Sclavonic* Language: And it is incredible what I have heard some Travelers report of the vast Extent of that Language; for beside *Sclavonia* itself, which properly is *Dalmatia*, and *Liburnia*, it is the Vulgar Speech of the *Macedonians*, *Spirites*, *Bosnians*, *Servians*, *Bulgarians*, *Moldovians*, *Rascians*, and *Podolians*; nay, it spreads itself over all the Eastern Parts of *Europe* (*Hungary* and *Wallachia* excepted) as far as *Constantinople*, and is frequently spoken in the Seraglio among the *Tartarizes*: Nor doth she rest there, but crossing the *Hellenes*, divers Nations in *Asia* have her for their popular Tongue, as the *Circassians*, *Mongolians*, and *Gazarites* Southward: Neither in *Europe* or *Asia* doth she extend herself further Northward than to the parallel of forty Degrees. But those Nations which celebrate Divine Service after the *Greek* Ceremony, and profess Obedience to the Patriarch of *Constantinople*, as the *Russ*, the *Moscovite*, the *Moldavian*, *Rascian*, *Bosnian*, *Servian*, and *Bulgarian*, with divers other Eastern, and North-East People that speak *Sclavonic*, have her in a different Character from the *Dalmatian*, *Croatian*, *Istrian*, *Palonian*, *Bohemian*, *Silesian*, and other Nations towards the West: These last have the *Ilyrian* Character, and the Invention of it is attributed to St. Jerome; the other is of *Cyril's* devising, and is called the *Servian* Character. Now, although these be above sixty several Nations that have this vast extended Language for their vulgar Speech, yet the pure primitive *Sclavonic* Dialect is spoken only in *Dalmatia*, *Croatia*, *Liburnia*, and the Countries

tries adjacent, where the antient Slavonians yet dwell; and they must needs be very antient; for there is in a Church in Prague an old Charter yet extant, given them by *Alexander the Great*, which I thought not amiss to insert here: *We Alexander the Great, Son of King Philip, Founder of the Grecian Empire, Conqueror of the Persians, Medes, &c. and of the whole World from East to West, from North to South, Son of great Jupiter by, &c. so called; to you the noble Stock of Slavonians, and to your Language, because you have been unto us a Help, true in Faith, and valiant in War, we confirm all that Tract of Earth from the North to the South of Italy, from us and our Successors, to you and your Posterity for ever: And if any other Nation be found there, let them be your Slaves.* Dated at Alexandria the 12th of the Goddesses Mineris, Witness Ethra, and the Eleven Princes whom we appoint our Successors. With this rare and one of the antientest Records in Europe, I will put a Period to this second Account I send your Lordship touching Languages. My next shall be of *Greece, Italy, France, and Spain*, and so I shall shake Hands with Europe; till when, I humbly kiss your Hands, and rest,

My Lord,

Westm. 2 Aug.
1630.

Your most obliged Servitor, J. H.

LVII.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

My Lord,

Having in my last rambled through *High* and *Low Germany, Bohemia, Denmark, Poland, Russia*, and those vast North-East Regions, and given your Lordship a Touch of their Languages, (for it was no Treatise I intended at first, but a cursory short literal Account) I will now pass to *Greece*, and speak something of that large and learned Language; for 'tis she indeed upon whom the Beams of the scientifical Knowledge did first shine in *Europe*, which she afterward diffus'd through all the Eastern World.

The Greek Tongue was first peculiar to *Hellas* alone, but in tract of Time the Kingdom of *Macedon*, and *Epirus*, had her; then she arrived at the Isles of the *Egean Sea*, which are interjacent, and divide *Asia* and *Europe* that Way; then she got into the fifty-three Isles of the *Cyclades* that lie betwixt *Negropont* and *Candy*, and so got up the *Hellebōrn* to *Constantinople*: She then crossed over to *Anatolia*, where tho' she prevailed by introducing Multitudes of Colonies, yet she came not to be the sole vulgar Speech any where there, so far as to extinguish the former Languages.

Now

Now *Anatolia* is the most populous Part of the whole Earth ; for *Strabo* speaks of sixteen several Nations that slept in her Bosom, and 'tis thought the 22 Languages which *Mitridates*, the great *Polyglot King of Pontus*, did speak, were all within the Circumference of *Anatolia*, in regard his Dominions extended but a little further. She glided then along the maritime Coasts of *Thrace*, and passing *Byzantium*, got into the Out-lets of *Danube*, and beyond her also to *Zaurica*, yea, beyond that to the River *Phasis* ; and thence compassing to *Trebizond*, she took footing on all the Circumference of the *Euxine Sea*. This was her Course from East to North ; whence we will return to *Candy*, *Cyprus*, and *Sicily*; thence crossing the Phare of *Messina*, she got all along the Maritime Coasts of the *Tyrrhene Sea* to *Calabria* : She rested herself also a great while in *Apulia*. There was a populous Colony of *Greeks* also in *Marseilles* in *France*, and along the Sea-Coast of *Savoy*. In *Afric* likewise, *Cyrene*, *Alexandria*, and *Egypt*, with divers others, were peopled with *Greeks* : And three Causes may be alledged why the *Greek Tongue* did so expand herself : First, it may be imputed to the Conquest of *Alexander the Great*, and the Captains he left behind him for Successors : Then the Love the people had to the Sciences, speculative Learning, and Civility, whereof the *Greeks* accounted themselves to be the grand Masters, accounting all other Nations *Barbarians* besides themselves. Thirdly, the natural Inclination and Dexterity the *Greeks* had to Commerce, whereto they employ'd themselves more than any other Nation, except the *Phoenician* and *Armenian* ; which may be a Reason why in all Places most commonly they colonized the maritime Parts, for I do not find they did penetrate far into the Bowels of any Country, but liv'd on the Sea-side in obvious mercantile Places, ad accessible Ports.

Now many Ages since the *Greek Tongue* is not only impaired, and pitifully degenerated in her Purity and Eloquence, but extremely decay'd in her Amplitude and Vulgarness. For first, there is no Trace at all left of her in *France* or *Italy*, the *Sclavonic Tongue* hath abolished her in *Epire* and *Macedon*, the *Turkish* hath ou ted her from most Parts of *Anatolia*, and the *Arabian* hath extinguished her in *Syria*, *Palestine*, *Egypt*, and sundry other Places. Now touching her Degeneration from her primitive Suavity and Elegance, it is not altogether so much as the Deviation and Declension of the *Italian* from the *Latin* ; yet it is so far that I could set Foot on no Place, nor hear of any People

ple, where either the *Attic, Doric, Ionic, or Bootic* ancient *Greek* is vulgarly spoken; only in some Places near *Heraclæa* in *Anatolia*, and *Peloponnesus*, (now called the *Mores*) they speak of some Towns called the *Lacones*, which retain yet, and vulgarly speak the old *Greek*, but incongruously: Yet tho' they cannot themselves speak according to Rules, they understand those that do. Nor is this Corruption happen'd to the *Greek Language*, as it useth to happen to others, either by the Law of the Conqueror, or Inundation of Strangers; but it is insensibly crept in by their own supine Negligence and Fantasticness, especially by that common Fatality and Changes which attend Time, and all other sublunary Things. Nor is this ancient scientifical Language decayed only, but the Nation of the *Greeks* itself is as it were mouldered away, and brought in a Manner to the same Condition, and to as contemptible a Pass as the *Jew* is: Insomuch that there cannot be two more pregnant Instances of the Lubricity and Instableness of Mankind, than the Decay of these two ancient Nations; the one the select People of God, the other the most famous that ever was for Arts, Arms, Civility, and Government: So that *in statu quo nunc*, they who termed all the World *Barbarians* in Comparison of themselves in former Times, may be now termed (more than any other) *Barbarians* themselves, as having quite lost not only all Inclination and Aspirings to Knowledge and Virtue, but likewise all Courage and Bravery of Mind to recover their ancient Freedom and Honour.

Thus have you, my Lord, as much of the *Greek Tongue* as I could comprehend within the Bounds of a Letter; a Tongue that both for Knowledge, for Commerce, and for Copiousness, was the principallest that ever was: In my next I will return nearer Home, and give your Lordship account of the *Latin Tongue*, and of her three Daughters, the *French, Italian, and Spanish*. In the Interim you find I am still, my Lord,

Wesm. 25 Jul.

1630.

Your most obedient Servitor,

J. H.

LVIII.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

My Lord,

MY last was a Pursuit of my Endeavours to comply with your Lordship's Desires touching Languages: And I spent more Oil and Labour than ordinary in displaying the *Greek Tongue*, because we are more beholden to her for all Philosophical and Theoric Knowledge, as also Rules of Commerce and commutative Justice, than to any other. I will now

now proceed to the *Latin Tongue*, which had her Source in *Italy*, in *Latium*, called now *Campagna di Roma*, and received her Growth with the monstrous Increase of the City and Empire. Touching the one, she came from poor Mud-walls at Mount *Palatine*, which were scarce a Mile about at first, to be afterward fifty Miles Compsas, (as she was in the Reign of *Aurelianuſ*;) and her Territories, which were hardly a Day's Journey Extent, came by favourable Successes, and Fortune of War, to be above three thousand in Length, from the Banks of the *Rhine*, or rather from the Shores of this Island to *Euphrates*, and sometimes to the River *Tigris*. With this vast Expansion of *Roman Territories*, the Tongue also did spread; yet I do not find by those Researches I have made into Antiquity, that she was vulgarly spoken by any Nation, or in any intire Country, but in *Italy* itself: For notwithstanding that it was the Practice of the *Roman* with his Lance to usher in his Laws and Language as Marks of Conquest, yet I believe his Tongue never took such firm Impression any where, as to become the vulgar epidemic Speech of any People else; or that she was able to null and extinguish the native Languages she found in those Places where she planted her Standard; Nor can there be a more pregnant Instance hereof than this Island, for notwithstanding that she remained a *Roman Province* 400 Years together, yet the *Latin Tongue* could never have the *Vogue* here so far as to abolish the *British* or *Cambrian Tongue*.

Tis true, that in *France* and *Spain* she made deeper Impressions; the Reason may be, in regard there were far more *Roman Colonies* planted there: For whereas there were but four in this Isle, there were nine and Twenty in *France*, and Fifty-seven in *Spain*; and the greatest Entertainment the *Latin Tongue* found out of *Italy* herself, was in these two Kingdoms: Yet I am of Opinion that the pure congruous grammatical *Latin* was never spoken in either of them as a vulgar vernacular Language, common among Women and Children; nor nor in all *Italy* itself, except *Latium*. In *Afric*, tho' there were sixty *Roman Colonies* dispersed upon that Continent, yet the *Latin Tongue* made not such deep Impressions there, nor in *Asia* neither; nor is it to be thought that in those Colonies themselves did the common Soldiers speak in that Congruity as the *Flamines*, the Judges, the Magistrates, and chief Commanders did. When the *Romans* sent Legions, and planted Colonies Abroad, it was for divers political Considerations, partly to secure their new Acquests, partly to abate the superfluous Numbers and Redundancy of *Rome*. Then by this Way they found Means to

employ and reward Men of Worth, and to heighten their Minds ; for the *Roman* Spirit did rise up, and take Growth with his good Successes, Conquests, Commands, and Employments.

But the reason that the *Latin* Tongue found not such Entertainment in the Oriental Parts, was, that the *Greek* had fore-stalled her, which was of more Esteem among them, because of the Learning that was couched in her, and that she was more useful for Negotiation, and Traffic ; whereunto the *Greeks* were more addicted than any People : Therefore tho' the *Romans* had an Ambition to make those foreign Nations that were under their Yoke to *speak* as well as to *do* what pleased them, and that all Orders, Edicts, Letters, and the Laws themselves, civil as well as martial, were published and executed in *Latin* ; yet I believe this *Latin* was spoken no otherwise among those Nations than the *Spaniard* or *Castilian* Tongue is now in the *Netherlands*, in *Sicily*, *Sardinia*, *Naples*, the two *Indies*, and other provincial Countries which are under that King. Nor did the pure *Latin* Tongue continue long at a stand of Perfection in *Rome* and *Latium* itself among all sorts of People, but she received Changes and Corruption ; neither do I believe that she was born a perfect Language at first, but she received nutriment, and degrees of Perfection with Time, which matures, refines, and finisheth all Things. The Verses of the *Salii*, composed by *Numa Pompilius*, were scarce intelligible by the Flamines and Judges themselves in the wane of the *Roman* Common-wealth, nor the Laws of the *Decemviri*. And if that *Latin* wherein were couched the Capitulations of Peace betwixt *Rome* and *Carthage* a little after the Expulsion of the Kings, which are yet extant upon a Pillar in *Rome*, were compared to that which was spoken in *Cæsar's* Reign 140 Years after, at which time the *Latin* Tongue was mounted to the Meridian of her Perfection, she should be found as differing as *Spaniard* now differeth from the *Latin*. After *Cæsar* and *Cicero's* Time, the *Latin* Tongue continued in *Rome* and *Italy* in her Purity 400 Years together, until the *Goths* rushed into *Italy* first under *Alaric*, then the *Huns* under *Attila*, then the *Vandals* under *Genericus*, and the *Heruli* under *Odoacer*, who was proclaimed King of *Italy*: but the *Goths* a little after, under *Theodoric*, thrust out the *Heruli*, which *Theodoric* was by *Zeno* the Emperor formerly invested K. of *Italy*, who with his Successor reigned there peaceably sixty Years and upwards : So that in all probability the *Goths* cohabiting so long among the *Italians*, must adulterate their Language, as well as their Women,

The last barbarous People that invaded *Italy* about the Year 570, were the *Lombards*, who having taken firm rooting in the very Bowels of the Country above 200 Years without Interruption, during the Reign of twenty Kings, must of Necessity alter and deprave the general Speech of the natural Inhabitants : And, among others, one Argument may be, that the best and midland part of *Italy* chang'd its Name, and took its Appellation from these last Invaders, calling itself *Lombardy*, which Name it retains to this Day. Yet before the Intrusions of these wandering and warlike People into *Italy*, there may be a precedent Cause of some Corruption that might creep into the *Latin Tongue* in point of Vulgarity : First, the incredible Confluence of Foreigners that came daily far and near, from the coloniz'd Provinces to *Rome*; then the infinite Number of Slaves, which surpassed the Number of free Citizens, might much impair the Purity of the *Latin Tongue*; and, lastly, those Inconstancies and Humours of Novelty, which is naturally inherent in Man, who according to those frail elementary Principles and Ingredients whereof he is composed, is subject to insensible Alterations, and apt to receive Impressions of any Change.

Thus, my Lord, as succinctly as I could digest it into the narrow Bounds of an Epistle, I have sent your Lordship this small Survey of the *Latin*, or first *Roman Tongue*: In my next I shall fall aboard of her three Daughters, the *Italian*, the *Spanish*, and the *French*, with a diligent Investigation what might be the original native Languages of those Countries from the Beginning, before the *Latin* gave them the Law. In the Interim I crave a candid Interpretation of what is past, and of my Studiousness in executing your Lordship's Injunctions : So I am, my Lord, Your most

Wesm. 16 Jul. 1630. bumble and obedient Servant, J. H.
LIX.

To the Right Honourable the Earl R.

My Lord,

MY last was a Discourse of the *Latin* or primitive *Roman Tongue*, which may be said to be expir'd in the *Market*, tho' living yet in the *Schools*; I mean, she may be said to be defunct in point of Vulgarity any time these 1000 Years passed. Out of her Ruin have sprung the *Italian*, the *Spanish*, and the *French*, whereof I am now to treat; but I think it not improper to make a Research first what the radical prime Mother-tongues of these Countries were, before the *Roman Eagle* planted her Talons on them.

Concerning *Italy*, doubtless there were divers before the *Latin* did spread all over that Country; the *Calabrian* and *Apu-*

Apulian spoke *Greek*, whereof some Relics are to be found to this Day, but it was an *adventitious*, no Mother-language to them: 'Tis confessed that *Latium* itself, and all the Territories about *Rome*, had the *Latin* for it's maternal and common first vernacular Tongue; but *Tuscany* and *Liguria* had others quite discrepant, *viz.* the *Hetruscan* and *Mesopian*, whereof tho' there be some Records yet extant, yet there are none alive that can understand them: The *Oscan*, the *Sabine*, and *Tusculan*, are thought to be but Dialects to these.

Now the *Latin* Tongue, with the Coincidence of the *Goths* Language, and other Northern People, who like Waves tumble off one another, did more in *Italy* than any where else; for she utterly abolish'd (upon that part of the Continent) all other maternal Tongues as antient as herself, and thereby their eldest Daughter the *Italian* came to be the vulgar universal Tongue to the whole Country. Yet the *Latin* Tongue had not the sole Hand in doing this, but the *Goths* and other septentrional Nations, who rush'd into the *Roman* Diction, had a Share in it, as I said before, and pegged in some Words, which have been ever since irremovable, not only in the *Italian*, but also in her two younger Sisters, the *Spaniard* and the *French*, who felt also the Fury of those People. Now the *Italian* is the smoothest and softest running Language that is: For there is not a Word, except some few Monosyllables, Conjunctions, and Prepositions, that ends with a Consonant, in the whole Language; nor is there any vulgar Speech which hath more Sub-dialects in so small a tract of Ground, for *Italy* itself affords above eight. There you have the *Roman*, the *Tuscan*, the *Venetian*, the *Milaneze*, the *Neapolitan*, the *Calabreffe*, the *Genoais*, the *Piemontez*; you have the *Corsican*, *Sicilian*, with divers other neighbouring Islands: And as the Cause why from the Beginning there were so many differing Dialects in the *Greek* Tongue, was, because it was sliced into so many Islands; so the Reason why there be so many Sub-dialects in the *Italian*, is the Diverty of Governments that the Country is squandred into, there being in *Italy* at this Day two Kingdoms, *viz.* that of *Naples* and *Calabria*; three Republics, *viz.* *Venice*, *Genoa*, and *Lucca*, and divers other absolute Princes.

Concerning the original Language of *Spain*, it was without any Controversy, the *Bascuence* or *Castabrian*; which Tongue and Territory neither *Roman*, *Goth*, (whence this King hath his Pedigree, with divers of the Nobles) or *Moor*, could ever conquer; tho' they had over-run and taken firm footing in all the rest for many Ages: Therefore as the Remnant

Remnant of the old *Britons* here, so are the *Biscaynes* accounted the antientest and unquestionablest Gentry of *Spain*; insomuch that when any of them is to be dubbed Knight, there is no need of any Scrutiny to be made whether he be clear of the Blood of the *Morisco's*, who had mingled and incorporated with the rest of the *Spaniards* about 700 Years. And as the *Arcadians* and *Attiques* in *Greece*, for their immemorial Antiquity, are said to vaunt of themselves, that the one are *Eponyma*, before the Moon; the other *civitatem*, issued of the Earth itself; so the *Biscaynor* hath such-like *Radamentados*.

The *Spanish* or *Castilian* Language hath but few Sub-dialects, the *Portuguese* is most considerable; touching the *Catalan*, and *Valencian*, they are rather Dialects of the *French*, *Gascon*, or *Aquitanian*. The purest Dialect of the *Castilian* Town is held to be in the Town of *Toledo*, which, above other Cities of *Spain*, hath this Privilegia, to be Arbitress in the Decision of any Controversy that may arise touching the Interpretation of any *Castilian* Word.

It is an infallible Rule, to find out the mother and antientest Tongue of any Country, to go among those who inhabit the barrenest and most mountainous Places, which are Posts of Security and Fastness; whereof divers Instances could be produced: But let the *Biscaynor* in *Spain*, the *Welsh* in *Great-Britain*, and the Mountaineers in *Epire* serve the Turn, who yet retain their antient unmixed Mother-Tongues, being extinguished in all the Country besides.

Touching *France*, it is not only doubtful, but left yet undecided, what the true genuine *Gallic* Tongue was: Some would have it to be the *German*, some the *Greek*, some the old *British* or *Welsh*; and the last Opinion carrieth away with it the most judicious Antiquaries. Now all *Gallia* is not meant by it, but the Country of the *Celtæ* that inhabit the middle Part of *France*, who are the true *Gauls*. *Cæsar* and *Tacitus* tell us, that these *Celtæ*, and the old *Britons*, (whereof I gave a Touch in my first Letter) did mutually understand one another; and some do hold that this Island was tied to *France*, as *Sicily* was to *Calabria*, and *Denmark* to *Germany*, by an Isthmus or Neck of Land betwixt *Dover* and *Bullen*: For if one do well observe the Rocks of the one, and the Cliffs of the other, he will judge them to be one homogeneous Piece, and that they were cut and shivered asunder by some Act of Violence.

The *French* or *Gallic* Tongue hath divers Dialects; the *Picard*, that of *Jersey* and *Guernsey*, (Appendices once to the Duchy of *Normandy*) the *Provensal*, the *Gascon*, or *Speech*

Speech of *Languedoc*, which Scaliger would etymologize from *Languedoc*, whereas it comes rather from *Langue de Gasc*; for the *Saracens* and *Goths*, by their Incursions and long Stay in *Aquitain*, corrupted the Language of that Part of *Gallia*. Touching the *Briton* and they of *Bearn*, the one is a Dialect of the *Welsh*, the other of the *Basque*. The *Walloon*, who is under the King of *Spain*, and the *Liegis*, is also a Dialect of the *French*, which in their own Country they call *Romand*. The *Spaniard* also terms his *Castilian*, *Roman*; whence it may be inferred, that the first Rise and Derivation of the *Spanish* and *French* were from the *Roman Tongue*, not from the *Latin*: Which makes me think that the Language of *Rome* might be degenerated, and become a Dialect to our own Mother-Tongue (the *Latin*) before she brought her Language to *France* or *Spain*.

There is, besides these Sub-dialects of the *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *French*, another Speech that hath a great Stroke in *Greece* and *Turkey*, called *Franco*, which may be said to be composed of all the three, and is at this Day the greatest Language of Commerce and Negotiation in the *Levant*.

Thus have I given your Lordship the best Account I could of the Sister-dialects of the *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *French*. In my next I shall cross the *Mediterranean* to *Afric*, and the *Hellespont* to *Ajia*, where I shall observe the generallest Languages of those vast Continents, where such numberless Swarms, and differing Sorts of Nations, do crawl up and down this earthly Globe; therefore it cannot be expected that I should be so punctual there as in *Europe*: So I am still, my Lord,

Weym. 17 July,
1630.

Your obedient Servitor,
J. H.

LX.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl R.

My Lord,

Having, in my former Letters, made a flying Progress through the *European World*, and taken a View of the several Languages, Dialects, and Sub-dialects, whereby People converse with one another, and being now Wind-bound for *Afric*, I held it not altogether supervacaneous to take a Review of them, and inform your Lordship what Languages are original independent Mother-Tongues of Christendom, and what are Dialects, Derivations, or Degenerations from their Originals.

The

The Mother-Tongues of *Europe* are thirteen, though *Sclater* would have but eleven: There is the *Greek* 1, the *Latin* 2, the *Dutch* 3, the *Slavonian* 4, the *Welsh or Cambrian* 5, the *Bascuence or Cantabrian* 6, the *Irish* 7, the *Albanian* in the Mountains of *Epirus* 8, the *Tartarian* 9, the old *Illyrian* 10, remaining yet in *Liburnia*, the *Fayzian* 11, on the North of *Hungary* the *Chauchin* 12, in *East-Frieland*, the *Finnic* 13, which I put last with good Reason, because they are the only Heathens of *Europe*; all which were known to be in *Europe* in the Time of the *Roman Empire*. There is a learned Antiquary, that makes the *Arabic* to be one of the Mother-Tongues of *Europe*, because it was spoken in some of the Mountains of *South-Spain*: It is true, it was spoken for divers hundred Years all *Spain* over, after the Conquest of the *Moors*; but yet it could not be called a Mother-Tongue, but an adventitious Tongue, in Reference to that Part of *Europe*.

And now that I am to pass to *Afric*, which is far bigger than *Europe*; and to *Asia*, which is far bigger than *Afric*; and to *America*, which is thought to be as big as all the three; if *Europe* herself hath so many Mother-Languages, quite discrepant one from the other, besides secondary Tongues and Dialects, which exceed the Number of their Mothers, what shall we think of the other three huge Continents in Point of differing Languages? Your Lordship knows that there be divers Meridians and Climes in the Heavens, whence Influxes of differing Qualities fall upon the Inhabitants of the Earth; and as they make Men to differ in the Ideas and Conceptions of the Mind, so in the Motion of the Tongue in the Tune and Tones of the Voice, they come to differ one from the other. Now, all Languages at first were imperfect confused Sounds, then came they to be Syllables, then Words, then Speeches and Sentences, which by Practice, by Tradition, and a kind of natural Instinct from Parents to Children, grew to be fixed. Now, to attempt a Survey of all the Languages in the other three Parts of the habitable Earth, were rather a Madness than a Presumption; it being a Thing of Impossibility, and not only above the Capacity, but beyond the Search of the activest and knowingest Man upon Earth. Let it therefore suffice, while I behold these Nations that read and write from Right to Left, from the Liver to the Heart, I mean the *Africans* and *Asians*, that I take a short View of the *Arabic* in the one, and the *Hebrew*, or *Syriac* in the other: For, touching the *Turkish* Language, it is but a Dialect of the *Tartarian*, though it have received a late Mixture of the *Armenian*, the *Perſian*, and *Greek* Tongues, but especially

especially of the *Arabic*, which was the Mother-Tongue of their Prophet, and is now the sole Language of their *Absarans*; it being strictly inhibited, and held to be a Profaneness to translate it to any other; which, they say, preserves them from the Encroachment of Schisms.

Now, the *Arabic* is a Tongue of vast Expansion; for besides the three *Arabias*, it is become the vulgar Speech of *Syria*, *Mesopotamia*, *Palestine*, and *Egypt*; from whence she stretcheth herself to the Strait of *Gibraltar*, thro' all that vast Tract of Earth which lieth betwixt the Mountain *Atlas* and the *Mediterranean Sea*, which is now called *Barbary*, where Christianity and the *Latin Tongue*, with divers famous Bishops, once flourished. She is spoken likewise in all the Northern Parts of the *Turkish Empire*, as also in petty *Tartary*; and she above all other, hath reason to learn *Arabic*, for she is in hope one Day to have the *Crescent*, and the whole *Ottoman Empire*; it being entail'd on her, in case the present Race should fail, which is now in more Danger than ever: In fine, wheresoever the *Mahometan Religion* is professed, the *Arabic* is either spoken or taught.

My last View shall be of the first Language of the Earth, the antient Language of *Paradise*, the Language wherein God Almighty himself pleased to pronounce and publish the Tables of the Law, the Language that had a Benediction promised her, because she would not consent to the building of the *Babylonish Tower*: Yet this holy Tongue hath had also her Eclipses, and is now degenerated to many Dialects, nor is she spoken purely by any Nation upon Earth; a Fate also which has befallen the *Greek* and *Latin*. The most spacious Dialect of the *Hebrew* is the *Syriac*, which had her Beginning in the Time of the Captivity of the *Jews* at *Babylon*, while they cohabited and were mingled with the *Chaldeans*; in which Tract of 70 Years Time, the vulgar sort of *Jews* neglecting their own maternal Tongue (the *Hebrew*) began to speak the *Chaldee*; but not having the right Accent of it, and fashioning that new learned Language to their own Innovation of Points, Affixes, and Conjugations, out of that intermixture of *Hebrew* and *Chaldee*, resulted a third Language, called to this Day the *Syriac*; which also after the Time of our Saviour, began to be more adulterated by Admission of *Greek*, *Roman*, and *Arabic*. In this Language is the *Talmud* and *Targum* couched; and all their Rabbins, as Rabbi *Jonathan*, and Rabbi *Onkelos*, with others, have written in it; insomuch that, as I said before, the antient *Hebrew* had the same Fortune that the *Greek* and *Latin Tongues* had, to fall from being naturally spoken any where, to lose their

their general Communicableness and Vulgarity, and to become only School and Book-Languages.

Thus we see, that as all other sublunary Things are subject to Corruption and Decay, as the potentest Monarchies, the proudest Republics, the opulentest Cities have their Growth, Declinings, and Periods: As all other elementary Bodies likewise, by Reason of the Frailty of their Principles, come by insensible Degrees to alter and perish, and cannot continue long at a stand of Perfection so the learnedest and more eloquent Languages are not free from this common Fatality, but they are liable to those Alterations and Revolutions, to those Fits of Inconstancy, and other destructive Contingencies, which are unavoidably incident to all earthly Things.

Thus, my noble Lord, have I eviscerated myself, and stretch'd all my Sinews; I have put all my small Knowledge, Observations, and Reading, upon the Tenter, to satisfy your Lordship's Desires, touching this Subject. If it afford you any Contentment, I have hit the white I aimed at, and hold myself abundantly rewarded for my Oil and Labour: so I am,

W^estm. 1 July,
1630.

My Lord,
Your most humble and
ever obedient Servitor, J. H.

LXI.

To the Honourable Master Car. Ra.

SIR,

YOURS of the 7th current was brought me, whereby I find that you did put yourself to the Penance of perusing some Epistles that go imprinted lately in my Name: I am bound to you for your Pains and Patience (for you write you read them all thro') much more for your candid Opinion of them, being right glad that they should give Entertainment to such a Choice and judicious Gentleman as yourself. But whereas you seem to except against something in one Letter that reflects upon Sir W. Raleigh's Voyage to Guiana, because I term the Gold Mine, he went to discover, an *Airy and Supposititious Mine*, and so infer, that it toucheth his Honour; truly, Sir, I will deal clearly with you in that Point, that I never harboured in my Brain the least Thought to expose to the World any Thing that might Prejudice, much less traduce in the least Degree that could be that rare renowned, Knight, whose Fame shall contend in Longevity with this Island itself, yea, with that great World which he *bistorisheth* so gallantly. I was a Youth about the Town when he undertook that Expedition, and I remember most Men suspected that *Mine* then to be but an imaginary politic Thing; but at his Return; and missing of the Enter-

prize,

prize, these Suspicions turned in most to real Beliefs that 'twas no other. And K. *James*, in that Declaration which he commanded to be printed and published afterwards, touching the Circumstances of this Action, (upon which my Letter is grounded, and which I have still by me) terms it no less : And if we may not give Faith to such public Regal Instruments, what shall we credit ? Besides, there goes another printed kind of Remonstrance annexed to that Declaration, which intimates as much : And there is a worthy Captain in this Town, who was Co-adventurer in that Expedition, who, upon the Storming of *St. Thomas*, heard young Mr. *Raleigh* encouraging his Men, in these Words : *Come on, my noble Hearts, this is the Mine we come for ; and they who think there is any other are Fools.* Add hereunto, that Sir *Richard Baker*, in his last Historical Collections, intimates so much. Therefore, it was far from being any Opinion broached by myself, or bottomed upon weak Grounds ; for I was careful of nothing more, than that those Letters being to breathe open Air, should relate nothing but what should be derived from good Fountains. And truly, Sir, touching that Apology of Sir *Walter Raleigh's* you write of, I never saw it, and I am very sorry I did not ; for it had let in more Light upon me of the Carriage of that great Action, and then you might have been assured, that I would have done that noble Knight all the Right that could be.

But, Sir, the several Arguments that you urge in your Letters are of that Strength, I confess, that they are able to rectify any indifferent Man in this Point, and induce him to believe that it was no Chimera, but a real Mine ; for you write of divers Pieces of Gold brought thence by Sir *Walter* himself, and Capt. *Kemys*, and of some Ingots that were found in the Governor's Closet at *St. Thomas's*, with divers Crucibles, and other refining Instruments : Yet, under Favour, that might be, and the Benefit not countervail the Charge, for the richest Mines that the King of *Spain* hath upon the whole Continent of *America*, which are the Mines of *Potosi*, yield him but six in the hundred, all Expences defray'd. You write how K. *James* sent privately to Sir *Walter*, being yet in the *Tower*, to intreat and command him, that he would impart his whole Design to him under his Hand, promising upon the Word of a King to keep it secret ; which being done accordingly by Sir *Walter Raleigh*, that very original Paper was found in the said *Spanish* Governor's Closet at *St. Thomas's* : Whereat, as you have just Cause to wonder, and admire the Activenes of the *Spanish* Agents about our Court at that Time, so I wonder no less at the Miscarriage of some

of his late Majesty's Ministers, who notwithstanding that he had paſ'd his royal Word to the contrary, yet they did help Count *Gondomar* to that Paper; so that the Reproach lieth more upon the *English* than the *Spaniſh* Ministers in this particular. Whereas you alledge, that the dangerous Sicknes of Sir *Walter* being arrived near the Place, and the Death of (that rare Spark of Courage) your Brother upon the firſt landing, with other Circumstances, diſcourag'd Capt. *Kemys* from diſcovering the Mine, but wou'd reserve it for another Time; I am content to give as much Credit to this as any Man can; as also that Sir *Walter*, if the rest of the Fleet, according to his earnest Motion, had gone with him to reuictual in *Virginia*, (a Country where he had Reason to be welcome unto, beeing of his own Discovery) he had a Purpose to return to *Guiana* the Spring following to pursue his firſt Design. I am also very willing to believe, that it cost Sir *W. Raleigh* much more to put himself in Equipage for that long intended Voyage, than would have paid for his Liberty, if he had gone about to purchase it for Reward of Money at Home; tho' I am not ignorant that many of the Co-adventurers made large Contributions, and the Fortunes of ſome of them ſuffer for it at this very Day. But altho' *Gondomar*, as my Letter mentions, calls Sir *Walter* Pirate, I for my Part am far from thinking ſo; because, as you give an unanswerable Reaſon, the plundering of *St. Thomas* was an Act done beyond the Equator, where the Articles of Peace 'twixt the two Kings do not extend. Yet, under favour, tho' he broke not the Peace, he was ſaid to break his Patent, by exceeding the bounds of his Commission, as the forefaid Declaration relates: For K. *James* had made ſtrong Promises to Count *Gondomar*, that this Fleet ſhould commit no outrages upon the K. of *Spain's* Subjects by Land, unleſs they began firſt; and I believe that was the main cause of his Death, tho' I think if they had proceeded that way againſt him, in a legal Course of Trial, he might have defended himſelf well enough.

Whereas you alledge, that if that Action had ſucceeded, and afterward been well prosecuted, it might have brought *Gondomar's* great Catholic Maſter, to have been begged for at the Church-doors by Fryars, as he was once brought, in the latter end of Q. *Elizabeth's* Days: I believe it had much damnified him, and interrupted him in the Possession of his *Weſt-Indies*, but not brought him, under favour, to fo low an ebb. I have obſerved, that it is an ordinary Thing in your Popiſh Countries, for Princes to borrow from the Altar, when they are reduced to any Straits; for they ſay,

The Riches of the Church, are to serve as Anchors in Time of a Storm. Divers of our Kings have done worse, by pawning their Plate and Jewels. Whereas my Letter makes mention that Sir W. Raleigh mainly labour'd for his Pardon before he went, but could not compas it; this is also a Passage in the foresaid printed Relation: But I could have wished with all my Heart he had obtain'd it; for I believe, that neither the Transgression of his Commission, nor any Thing that he did beyond the Line, could have shorten'd the Line of his Life otherwife; but in all Probability, we might have been happy in him to this very Day, having such an heroic Heart as he had, and other rare Helps, by his great Knowledge, for the Preservation of Health. I believe without any Scruple what you write, that Sir Wm. St. Geon made an Overture to him of procuring his Pardon for 1500*l.* but whether he could have effected it, I doubt a little, when he had come to negotiate it really. But I extremely wonder how that old Sentence, which had lain dormant above sixteen Years, against Sir W. Raleigh, could have been made use of to take off his Head afterwards, considering that the Lord Chancellor Verulam, as you write, told him positively (as Sir Walter was acquainting him with that proffer of Sir Wm. St. Geon for a pecuniary Pardon) in these Words, *Sir, the Knee-timber of your Voyage is Money; spare your Purse in this Particular, for upon my Life you have a sufficient Pardon for all that is passed already, the King having under his Broad-Seal made you Admiral of your Fleet, and given you Power of the Martial Law over your Officers and Soldiers.* One would think that by this royal Patent, which gave him Power of Life and Death over the King's liege People, Sir W. Raleigh should become *recessus in curia*, and free from all old Convictions. But, Sir, to tell you the plain Truth, Count Gondomar at that Time had a great Stroke in our Court, because there was more than a mere Overture of a Match with Spain; which makes me apt to believe, that that great wise Knight being such an Anti-Spaniard, was made a Sacrifice to advance the matrimonial Treaty. But I must needs wonder, as you justly do, that one and the same Man should be condemned for being a Friend to the Spaniard, (which was the Ground of his first Condemnation) and afterwards lose his Head for being their Enemy by the same Sentence. Touching his Return, I must confess I was utterly ignorant that those two noble Earls, Thomas of Arundel, and William of Penbrake, were engaged for him in this particular; nor doth the printed Relation make any mention of them at all: There-

fore I must say, that Envy herself must pronounce that return of his, for the acquitting of his fiduciary Pledges, to be a most noble Act; and waving that of K. Alfonso's Moor, I may more properly compare it to the Act of that famous Roman Commander (*Regulus*, as I take it) who, to keep his Promise and Faith, returned to his Enemies where he had been Prisoner, tho' he knew he went to an inevitable Death. But well did that faithless cunning Knight, who betray'd Sir W. Raleigh in his intended Escape, being come a-shore, fall to that contemptible End, as to die a poor distracted Beggar in the Isle of Lundy, having for a Bag of Money falsify'd his Faith, confirm'd by the tie of the holy Sacrament, as you write; as also before the year came about, to be found clipping the same Coin in the King's own House at Whitehall, which he had received as a Reward for his Perfidiousness; for which being condemned to be hang'd, he was driven to sell himself to his Shirt, to purchase his Pardon of two Knights.

And now, Sir, let that glorious and gallant Cavalier Sir W. Raleigh (*who lived long enough for his own Honour, though not for his Country*, as it was said of a Roman Consul) rest quietly in his Grave, and his Virtues live in his Posterity, as I find they do strongly, and very eminently in you. I have heard his Enemies confess that he was one of the weightiest and wisest Men that this Island ever bred. Mr. Nath. Carpenter, a learned and judicious Author, was not in the wrong when he gave this discreet Character of him: *Who hath not known or read of this Prodigy of Wit and Fortune, Sir Walter Raleigh, a Man unfortunate in nothing else, but in the Greatness of his Wit and Advancement, whose eminent Worth was such, both in domestic Policy, foreign Expeditions, and Discoveries in Arts and Literature, both practic and contemplative, that it might seem at once to conquer Example and Imitation!*

Now, Sir, hoping to be rectified in your Judgment, touching my Opinion of that illustrious Knight your Father, give the leave to kiss your Hands very affectionately for the respectful mention you please to make of my Brother, once your Neighbour; he suffers, good Soul, as well as I, tho' in a differing Manner. I also much value that favourable Censure you give of those rambling Letters of mine, which indeed are nought else than a Legend of the cumbersome Life and various Fortunes of a Cadet. But whereas you please to say, *That the World of Learned Men is much beholden to me for them, and that some of them are freighted with many excellent and quaint Passages, delivered in a masculine and solid Style,*

Style, adorned with much Eloquence, and stuck with the choicest Flowers picked from the Muses Garden: Whereas you also please to write, that you admire my great Travels, my strenuous Endeavours, at all Times and in all Places, to accumulate Knowledge, my active laying hold upon all occasions, and on every handle that might (with Reputation) advantage either my Wit or Fortune: These high gallant Strains of Expressions, I confess, transcend my Merit, and are a Garment too gaudy for me to put on; yet I will lay it up among my best Relics, whereof I have divers sent me of this Kind. And whereas in publishing these Epistles at this Time, you please to say, *That I have done like Hezekiah when he shewed his Treasures to the Babylonians, that I have discovered my Riches to Thieves, who will bind me fast and share my Goods:* To this I answer, that if those innocent Letters (for I know none of them but is such) fall among such Thieves, they will have no great Prize to carry away, it will be put *petty-larceny*. I am already, God wot, bound fast enough, having been a long Time coop'd up between these Walls, bereft of all my means of Subsistence and Employment; nor do I know wherefore I am here, unless it be for my Sins: For I bear as upright a Heart to my King and Country, I am as conformable and well-affected to the Government of this Land, specially to the High Court of Parliament, as any one whatsoever, that breathes Air under this Meridian, I will except none: And for my Religion, I defy any Creature 'twixt Heaven and Earth, that will say I am not a true English Protestant. I have from Time to Time employ'd divers of my best Friends to get my Liberty, at leastwise leave to go abroad upon Bail, (for I do not expect, as you please also to believe in your Letter, to be delivered hence, as St. Peter was, by Miracle) but nothing will yet prevail.

To conclude, I do acknowledge in the highest way of Recognition, the free and noble Proffer you please to make me of your Endeavours to pull me out of this doleful Sepulchre, wherein you say I am entomb'd alive: I am no less obliged to you for the Opinion I find you have of my weak Abilities, which you *pleased to wish heartily may be no longer eclipsed*. I am not in Despair, but a day will shine, that may afford me Opportunity to improve this good Opinion of yours, (which I value at a high rate) and let the World know how much I am, Sir,

Fleet, 5 May,
1645.

Your real and ready
Servitor, J. H.

LXII.

To Mr. T. V. at Brussels.

My dear Tom,

WHO would have thought poor *England* had been brought to this pass? Could it ever have enter'd into the Imagination of Man, that the Scheme and whole Frame of so ancient and well-moulded a Government should be so suddenly strack off the hinges, quite out of joint, and tumbled into such a horrid Confusion? Who would have held it possible, that to fly from *Babylon*, we should fall into such a *Babel*? That to avoid Superstition, some People should be brought to belch out such a horrid Profaneness, as to call the Temples of God, the Tabernacles of Satan; the Lord's Supper, a Two-penny Ordinary; to make the Communion-Table a Manger, and the Font a Trough to water their Horses in; to term the white decent Robe of the Presbyter, the Whore's Smock; the Pipes thro' which nothing came but Anthems and holy Hymns, the Devil's Bagpipes; the Liturgy of the Church, tho' extracted most of it out of the Sacred Text, call'd by some another kind of *Alcoran*, by others raw Porridge, by some a Piece forg'd in Hell? Who would have thought to have seen in *England* the Churches shut, and the Shops open upon *Christmas-day*? Could any Soul have imagined that this Isle would have produc'd such Monsters, as to rejoice at the Turks good Successes against *Christians*, and wish he were in the midst of *Rome*? Who would have dreamt ten Years since, when Archbishop *Laud* did ride in state thro' *London* streets, accompanying my Lord of *London* to be sworn Lord High-Treasurer of *England*, that the Mitre should have now come to such a scorn, to such a national kind of Hatred, as to put the whole Island in a combustion? Which makes me call to memory a Saying of the Earl of *Kildare* in *Ireland*, in the Reign of *Henry VIII.* which Earl having a deadly feud with the Bishop of *Cassile*, burnt a Church belonging to that Diocese; and being ask'd upon his Examination before the Lord-Deputy at the Castle of *Dublin*, why he had committed such a horrid Sacrilege as to burn God's Church? He answer'd, *I had never burnt the Church unless I had thought the Bishop had been in't.* Lastly, who would have imagin'd that the Excise would have taken footing here? A word I remember, in the last Parliament save one, so odious, that when Sir *D. Carleton*, then Secretary of State, did but name it in the House of Commons, he was like to be sent to the *Tower*; altho' he nam'd it to no ill Sense, but to shew what Advantage of Happiness the People of *England* had

had o'er other Nations, having neither the *Gabels* of *Italy*, the *Taillies* of *France*, or the *Excise* of *Holland* laid upon them; yet upon this he was suddenly interrupted, and called to the Bar. Such a strange Metamorphosis poor *England* is now come to; and I am afraid our Miseries are not come to their height, but the longest Shadows stay till the evening.

The freshest News that I can write to you is, that the *Kentish* Knight of your Acquaintance, who I writ in my last had an *Apostacy* in his Brain, died suddenly this Week of an *Imposthume* in his Breast, as he was reading a *Pamphlet* of his own that came from the Pres^s, wherein he shew'd a great mind to be nibbling with my *Trees*; but he only shew'd his Teeth, for he could not bite them to any Purpose.

William Roe is return'd from the Wars, but he is grown lame in one of his Arms, so he hath no mind to bear *Arms* any more; he confesseth himself to be an egregious Fool to leave his Mercership, and go to be a Musqueter. It made me think upon the Tale of the *Gallego* in *Spain*, who in the Civil Wars against *Arragon*, being in the Field he was Shot in the Forehead, and being carried away to a Tent, the Surgeon searched his wound, and found it mortal: So he advised him to send for his Confessor, for he was no Man for this World, in regard his Brain was touch'd. The Soldier wish'd him to search it again, which he did, and told him that he was hurt in the Brain, and could not possibly escape; whereupon the *Gallego* fell into a Chafe, and said he lyed; for he had no Brain at all, *porque si tuviera, seſſo nunca huiera vanido en la guerra*; for if I had had any Brain, I would never have come to this War. All your Friends here are well, except the maim'd Soldier, and remember you often, 'specially Sir *J. Brown*, a good gallant Gentleman, who never forgets any who deserv'd to have a Place in his Memory. Farewel, my dear *Tom*, and God send you better Days than we have here; for I wish you as much Happiness as possibly Man can have; I wish your Mornings may be good, your Noons better, your Evenings and Nights best of all; I wish your Sorrows may be short, your Joys lasting, and all your Desires end in Success. Let me hear once more from you, before you remove thence, and tell me how the Squares go in *Flanders*. So I rest,

Fleet, 3 Aug.

1644.

*Your intirely affectionate
Servitor, J. H.*

LXIII.

*To his Majesty at Oxon.**S I R,*

I Prostrate this Paper at your Majesty's Feet, hoping it may find Way thence to your Eyes, and so descend to your Royal Heart.

The foreign Minister of State, by whose Conveyance this comes, did lately intimate to me, that among divers Things which go Abroad under my Name, reflecting upon the Times, there are some which are not so well taken; your Majesty being inform'd that they discover a Spirit of Indifferency, and Lukewarmness in the Author. This added much to the weight of my present Suffrances; and exceedingly imbibiter'd the Sense of them to me, being no other than a corrosive to one already in a hectic Condition. I must confess that some of them were more moderate than others; yet (most humbly under Favour) there were none of them but displayed the Heart of a constant true loyal Subject; and as divers of those who are most zealous to your Majesty's Service told me, they had the good Success to rectify Multitudes of People in their Opinion of some Things: Insomuch that I am not only conscious, but most confident that none of them could tend to your Majesty's Difservice any way imaginable. Therefore I humbly beseech, that your Majesty would vouchsafe to conceive of me accordingly, and of one who by this recluse pensive Condition, hath his Share of this hideous Storm: Yet he is in Assurance, rather than Hopes, that tho' divers cross Winds have blown, these Times will bring in better at last. There have been divers of your Royal Progenitors, who have had as shrewd Shocks; and 'tis well known, how the next transmarine Kings have been brought to lower ebbs: At this very day he of Spain is in a far worfe Condition, being in the midft of two sorts of People, (the *Catalan* and *Portuguese*) who were lately his Vassals, but now have torn his Seals, renounc'd all Bonds of Allegiance, and are in actual Hostility against him. This great City, I may say, is like a Chess-board chequer'd, inlaid with *white* and *black* Spots; tho' I believe the *white* are more in Number, and your Majesty's Countenance, by returning to your great Council and your Court at *Whiteball*, would quickly turn them all *white*. That Almighty Majesty, who useth to draw Light out of Darknes, and Strength out of Weaknes, making Man's Extremity his Opportunity, preserve and prosper your Majesty according to the Prayers early and late, of your Majesty's most loyal Subject, Servant, and Martyr,

Fleet, 3 Sept. 1644.

HOWEL.

LXIV.

LXIV.

To E. Benlowes, Esq; upon Receipt of a Table of
exquisite Latin Poems.

SIR,

I thank you in a very high Degree for that precious Table of Poems you pleas'd to send me: When I had well view'd them, I thought upon that famous *Table of Proportion*, which *Ptolemy* is recorded by *Aristaeus* to have sent *Eleazar* to *Hierusalem*, which was counted a stupendous Piece of Art, and the Wonderment of those Times: What the Curiosity of that Table was, I haye not read, but I believe it consisted in extenⁿ mechanical Artifice only. The Beauty of your Table, is of a far more noble Extraction, being a pure spiritual Work, so that it may be called the Table of your Soul, in Confirmation of the Opinion of that Divine, tho' Pagan Philosopher, the high-wing'd *Plato*, who fancied that our Souls at the first Infusion were as so many Tables, they were *Abrae Tabulae*, and that all our future Knowledge was but a reminiⁿscence; but under favour, the rich and elaborate Poems which so loudly echo out your Worth and Ingenuity, deserve a far more lasting Monument to preserve them from the Injury of Time than such a slender Board, they deserve to be engraven in such durable dainty Stuff that may be fit to hang up in the Temple of *Apollo*: Your *Echo* deserves to dwell in some Marble or Porphyry Grot, cut about *Parnassus* Mount near the Source of *Helicon*, rather than upon such a slight Superficies.

I much thank you for your Visits, and other fair Respects you shew me; 'pecially that you have enlarg'd my Quarters among these melancholy Walls by sending me a whole Isle to walk in, I mean that delicate purple *Island* I receiv'd from you, where I met with *Apollo* himself and all his Daughters, with other excellent Society. I stumble also there often upon myself, and grow better acquainted with what I have within me and without me: Insomuch that you could not make choice of a fitter Ground for a Prisoner as I am, to pass over, than of that purple *Isle*, that *Isle of Man* you sent me; which, as the ingenious Author hath made it, is a far more dainty Soil than that *Scarlet Island*, which lies near the *Baltic Sea*.

I remain still Wind-bound in this Fleet; when the Weather mends, and the Wind fits that I may launch forth, I will repay you your Visits, and be ready to correspond with you in the Reciprocation of any other Offices of Friendship: For I am, Sir,

Your affectionate Servitor,

Fleet, 25 Aug, 1645.

J. H.

LXV.

LXV.

*To my Honourable Lady, the Lady A. Smith.**Madam,*

WHereas you were pleas'd lately to ask leave, you may now take Authority to command me: And did I know any of the Faculties of my Mind, or Limbs of my Body that were not willing to serve you, I would utterly renounce them, they should be no more mine, at least I should not like them near so well; but I shall not be put to that, for I sensibly find that by a natural Propensity they are all most ready to obey you, and to stir at the least beck of your Commands, as Iron moves towards the Load-stone. Therefore, Madam, if you bid me go, I will run; if you bid me run, I'll fly (if I can) upon your Errand. But I must stay till I can get my Heels at Liberty from among these Walls; till when, I am, as perfectly as Man can be, Madam,

*Your most obedient
humble Servitor, J. H.**Fleet, 3 May, 1645.*

LXVI.

*To Master G. Stone.**SIR,*

I Heartily rejoice with the rest of your Friends, that you are safely return'd from your Travels, specially that you have made so good Returns of the Time of your Travel, being, as I understand, come home freighted with Observations and Languages. Your Father tells me, that he finds you are so wedded to the *Italian* and *French*, that you utterly neglect the *Latin Tongue*; that's not well. Tho' you have learnt to play at *Baggamon*, you must not forget *Irisb*, which is a serious and solid Game; but I know you are so discreet in the Course and Method of your Studies, that you will make the Daughters to wait upon their Mother, and love still your old Friend. To truck the *Latin* for any other vulgar Language, is but an ill Barter; it is as bad as that which *Glaucus* made with *Diomedes*, when he parted with his golden Arms for brazen ones. The proceed of this Exchange will come far short of any Gentleman's expectation, tho' haply it may prove advantageous to a Merchant, to whom common Languages are more useful. I am big with desire to meet you, and to mingle a Day's Discourse with you, if not two; how you escap'd the Claws of the Inquisition, whereinto I understand you were like to fall; and of other Traverses of your Peregrination. Farewel my precious *Stone*, and believe it, the least Grain of those high Respects you please to profess unto me is not lost, but answer'd with so many Carats. So I rest,

*Your most affectionate**Westm. 30 Nov. 1635.**Servitor, J. H.*

LXVII.

To J. J. Esq;

SIR,

I Receiv'd those Sparkles of Piety you pleas'd to send me in a Manuscript; and whereas you favour me with a Desire of my Opinion concerning the publishing of them, Sir, I must confess that I found among them many most fervent and flexanimous Strains of Devotion: I found some Prayers so piercing and powerful, that they are able to invade Heaven, and take it by Violence, if the Heart doth its office as well as the Tongue. But, Sir, you must give me leave (and for this leave you shall have Authority to deal with me in such a case) to tell you, that whereas they consist only of Requests, being all supplicatory Prayers, you should do well to intersperse among them some eucharistical Ejaculations, and Doxologies, some Oblations of Thankfulness; we should not be always whining in a puling petitionary way (which is the Tone of the Time now in fashion) before the Gates of Heaven with our Fingers in our Eyes, but we should lay our Hands upon our Hearts, and break into Raptures of Joy and Praise. A Soul thus elevated is the most pleasing Sacrifice that can be offer'd to God Almighty, it is the best sort of Incense. *Prayer* causeth the first Shower of Rain, but *Praise* brings down the second; the one fructifieth the Earth, the other makes the Hills to skip. All Prayers aim at our own ends and interests, but Praise proceeds from the pure Motions of Love and Gratitude, having no other Object but the Glory of God. That Soul which rightly dischargeth this Part of Devotion, may be said to do the Duty of an Angel upon Earth. Among other Attributes of God, *Præscience* or Foreknowledge is one; for He knows our Thoughts, our Desires, our Wants, long before we propound them. And this is not only one of his Attributes, but Prerogative royal; therefore to use so many Iterations, Inculcatings, and Tautologies, as it is no good Manners in moral Philosophy, no more is it in *Divinity*; it argues a pusillanimous and mistrustful Soul: Of the two, I had rather be over-long in Praise than Prayer, yet I would be careful it should be free from any Pharisaical Babbling. *Prayer* compar'd with Praise, is but a fuliginous Smoke issuing from the Sense of Sin, and human Infirmities: Praises are the true clear Sparkles of Piety, and sooner fly upwards.

Thus have I been free with you in delivering my Opinion touching that Piece of Devotion you sent me, whereunto I add my humble Thanks to you for the Perusal of it; so I am

Fleet, 1 Sept.

Your most ready to be commanded,

1645;

J. H.
LXVIII.

LXVIII,

To Capt. William Bridges in Amsterdam.

My noble Captain,

I Had yours of the tenth Current; and besides your *Aviso*, I must thank you for those rich Flourishes wherewith your Letter was embroider'd every where. The News under this Clime is, that they have mutinied lately in divers places about the *Excise*, a Bird that was first hatch'd there amongt you; here in *London* the Tumult came to that Height, that they burnt down to the Ground the *Excise-House* in *Smithfield*, but now all is quiet again. God grant our *Excise* here have not the same fortune as yours there, to become perpetual; or as that new Gabel of *Orleans*, which began in the Time of the *League*, which continueth to this Day, notwithstanding the Cause ceas'd about three-score Years since. Touching this, I remember a pleasant Tale that is recorded of *Henry the Great*, who some Years after Peace was established thro'out all the whole Body of *France*, going to his own Town of *Orleans*, the Citizens petition'd him that his Majesty would be pleased to abolish that new Tax. The King ask'd who had impos'd it upon them; they answered Mons. de la *Chatre*, (during the Civil Wars of the *League*) who was now dead; the King reply'd, Mons. de la *Chatre* vous a ligue quil vous desfigua; Mons. de la *Chatre* leagu'd you, let him then unleague you for my Part. Now that we have a kind of Peace, the Goals are full of Soldiers, and some Gentlemens Sons of Quality suffer daily. The last Week Judge *Rives* condemn'd four in your Country at *Maidstone* Affizes; but he went out of the World before them, tho' they were executed four days after. You know the saying in *France*, that *La guerre fait les larrons, & la paix les amone au gibet*, War makes Thieves, and Peace brings them to the Gallows. I lie still here in limbo, in *limbo innocentium*, tho' not in *limbo infantum*; and I know not upon what Star to cast this Misfortune. Others are here for their good *Conditions*, but I am here for my good *Qualities*, as your Cousin *Fortescue* jeer'd me not long since: I know none I have, unles it be to love you, which I would continue to do, though I tugg'd at an Oar in a Galley, much more as I walk in the Galleries of this Fleet. In this Resolution I rest

Fleet, 2 Sept,

1645.

Your most affectionate
Servitor, J. H.

LXIX.

LXIX.

To Mr. W. B. at Grunelburgh.

Gentle Sir,

Yours of the seventh I receiv'd yesternight, and read o'er with no vulgar Delight: In the Perusal of it methought to have discern'd a gentle Strife 'twixt the fair Respects you pleas'd to shew me therein, and your Ingenuity in expressing them, which should have Superiority; so that I knew not to which of the two I should adjudge the Palm.

If you continue to wrap up our young Acquaintance, which you say is but yet *in fascis*, in such warm choice Swadlings, it will quickly grow up to Maturity; and for my part I shall not be wanting to contribute that reciprocal Nourishment which is due from me.

Whereas you please to magnify some Pieces of mine, and that you seem to spy the Muses perching upon my Trees, I fear 'tis but *deceptione visus*; for they are but Satyrs, or haply some of the homelier sort of Wood-Nymphs, the Muses have choicer Walks for their Recreation.

Sir, I must thank you for the Visit you vouchsafed me in this simple Cell; and whereas you please to call it the *Cabinet* that holds the *Jewel of our Times*, you may rather term it a wicker Casket that keeps a jet Ring, or a horn Lanthorn that holds a small Taper of coarse Wax. I hope this Taper shall not extinguish here; and if it may afford you any Light, either from hence or hereafter, I should be glad to impart it in a plentiful Proportion, because I am, Sir,

Fleet, 1 July.

Your most affectionate Friend
to serve you, J. H.

LXX.

To J. W. of Gray's-Inn, Esq;

SIR,

I Was yours before in a high degree of Affection, but now I am much more yours, since I perused that Parcel of choice Epistles you sent me; they discover in you a knowing and a candid clear Soul: For *Familiar Letters are the Keys of the Mind, they open all the Boxes of one's Breast, all the Cells of the Brain, and truly set forth the inward Man; nor can the Pencil so lively represent the Face, as the Pen can do the Fancy.* I much thank you that you would please to impart them to

Fleet, 1 Apr.

1645.

Your most faithful
Servitor, J. H.

LXXI.

To Capt. T. P. from Madrid.

Capt. Don Tomas,

COULD I write my Love unto you with a *Ray of the Sun*, as once *Aurelius* the *Roman* Emperor wish'd to a Friend of his, you know this clear Horizon of *Spain* could afford me Plenty, which cannot be had so constantly all the Seasons of the Year in your cloudy Clime of *England*. *Apollo* with you makes not himself so common, he keeps more State, and doth not shew his Face, and shoot his Beams so frequently as he doth here, where 'tis *Sunday* all the Year. I thank you a thousand Times for what you sent by Mr. *Gresley*, and that you let me know how the Pulse of the Times beats with you. I find you cast not your Eyes so much Southward as you were us'd to do towards us here; and when you look this way, you cast a cloudy Countenance, with threatening Looks; which makes me apprehend some Fear, that it will not be safe for me to be longer under this Meridian. Before I part, I will be careful to send you those Things you write for, by some of my Lord Ambassador *Aston's* Gentlemen. I cannot yet get that Grammar which was made for the Constable of *Castile*, who you know was born dumb; wherein an Art is invented to speak with Hands only, to carry the Alphabet upon one's Joints, and at his Fingers ends: Which may be learn'd without any great Difficulty by any mean Capacity, and whereby one may discourse and deliver the Conceptions of his Mind, without ever wagging of his Tongue, provided there be a reciprocal Knowledge, and Co-understanding of the Art 'twixt the Parties; and it is a very ingenious Piece of Invention. I thank you for the Copy of Verses you sent me, glancing upon the Times: I was lately perusing some of the *Spanish* Poets here, and lighted upon two Epidiams, or Epitaphs more properly, upon our *Henry VIII.* and upon his Daughter *Q. Elizabeth*; which in requital I thought worth the sending you.

A Henrique octavo, Rey de Inglaterra:

*Mas de esta losa fria
Cubre, Henrique, tu valor,
De una Muger el amor,
Y de un Error la porfia;
Como cupo en tu grandeza,
Desdame enganado Ingles,
Quere una Muger a los pies,
Ser de la iglesia cabesa?*

Pros'd

Pros'd thus in *English*, for I had no Time to put it on Feet.

O Henry, more than this cold Pavement covers thy Worth,
the Love of a Woman and Pertinacy of Error; how could it
subsist with thy Greatnes, tell me, O cozen'd *Englishman*,
to cast thyself at a Woman's Feet, and yet to be Head of the
Church? That upon Q. Elizabeth, was this,

De Isabela, Reyna de Inglaterra.

Aqui yace Isabel,

Aquila nueva Athalia.

Del oro Antartico Harpia,

Del mar incendio cruel:

Aqui el ingenio, mas dino

De loor que ba tenido el suelo,

Se para llegar al cirlo

No buviera errado el camino.

Here lies *Jezabel*, here lies the new *Athalia*, the *Harpie* of
the Western Gold, the cruel Firebrand of the Sea: Here
lies a Wit the most worthy of Fame which the *Earth* had, if
to arrive to *Heaven* she had not mist her Way.

You cannot blame the *Spaniard* to be satyrical against
Q. Elizabeth; for he never speaks of her, but he fetcheth a
Shrink in the Shoulder. Since I have begun, I will go on
with as witty an Anagram as I have heard or read, which a
Gentleman lately made upon his own name *Tomas*, and a
Nun called *Maria*, for she was his *Devota*: The Occasion
was, that going one Evening to discourse with her at the
Grate, he wrung her by the Hand, and join'd both their Names
in this Anagram, *To Maria mas*, I would take more: I
know I shall not need to expound it to you. Hereunto I
will add a strong and deep-fetch'd Character, as I think you
will confess when you have read it, that one made in this
Court of a Courtclan.

Eres puta tan artera

Qu'en el vientre de tu madre,

Tu tueiste de manera

Que te cavague el padre.

To this I will join that which was made of *de Vaca*, Hus-
band to *Jusepe de Vaca*, the famous Comedian, who came
upon the Stage with a Cloke lin'd with black Plum, and a
great Chain about his Neck; whereupon the Duke of *Medina*
broke into these witty Lines:

Con

*Con tant felpa en la Capa
Y tanta cadena de oro,
El marido de la Vaca
Que puede ser fino toro.*

The Conclusion of this rambling Letter shall be a Rhyme of certain hard throaty Words which I was taught lately, and they are accounted the difficultest in all the whole *Castilian Language*; insomuch that he who is able to pronounce them, is accounted *Buen Romancista*, a good Speaker of Spanish: *Abuja y oreja, piedra que rabeia, pendola tras oreja, y lugar en la ygreia, dessea a su hijo la vieja*: A Bee and a Sheep, a Mill, a Jewel in the Ear, and a Place in the Church, the old Woman desires her Son. No more now, but that I am, and will ever be, my noble Captain, in the Front of *Madrid, 1 Aug.*

Your most affectionate Servitors,

1623.

J. H.

LXXII.

To Sir Tho. Luke, Knight.

SIR,

HAD you traversed all the World over, especially those large Continents, and *Christian Countries* which you have so exactly surveyed, and whence you have brought over with you such useful Observations and Languages, you could not have lighted upon a choicer piece of Woman-kind for your Wife; the Earth could not have afforded a Lady, that by her Discretion and Sweetness could better quadrate with your Dispositions. As I heartily congratulate your Happiness in this particular, so I would desire you to know, that I did no ill Offices towards the Advancement of the Work, upon Occasion of some Discourse with my Lord *George of Rutland* not long before at *Hambledon*.

My Thoughts are now puzzled about my Voyage to the Baltic Sea upon the King's Service, otherwise I would have ventured upon an Epithalamium; for there is Matter rich enough to work upon: And now that you had made an end of *wooing*, I could wish you had made an end of *wrangling*, I mean of lawing, especially with your Mother, who hath such Resolution where she once takes. *Law* is not only a Pick-purse, but a Purgatory; You know the Saying they have in *Fraunce*, *Les plaideurs sont les oyseaux, le palais le Champ, les Juges les rets, les Advocats les Rats, les procureurs les souris de l'estat*: The poor Clients are the Birds, *Westminster-Hall* the Field, the Judge the Net, the Lawyers the Rats, the Attornies the Mice of the Commonwealth. I believe this Saying was spoken by an angry Client;

ent; for my Part, I like his Resolution who said he would never use Lawyer nor Physician but upon urgent Necessity. I will conclude with this Rhyme,

Pouvre plaidear,

J'ay grand pitie de ta dolear.

Weym. 1 May, 1629. Your most affectionate Servitor, J. H.

LXXIII.

To Mr. R. K.

Dear Sir,

YOU and I are upon a Journey, though bound for several Places, I for *Hamburg*, you for your last Home, as I understand by Dr. *Baskervil*, who tells me, much to my Grief, that this hectic Disease will not suffer you to belong among us. I know by some Experiments which I have had of you, you have such a noble Soul within you, that will not be daunted by those natural Apprehensions which Death doth usually carry along with it among vulgar Spirits. I do not think that you fear Death as much now, tho' it be to some (*φόβοις φοβητορος*) as you did to go into the Dark when you were a Child; you have had a fair time to prepare yourself, God give you a boon Voyage to the Haven you are bound for, (which I doubt not will be Heaven) and me the Grace to follow, when I have passed the boisterous Sea and swelling Billows of this tumultuary Life, wherein I have already shot divers dangerous Gulfs, passed over some Quicksands, Rocks, and sundry ill-favoured Reaches, while others fail in the Sleeve of Fortune. You and I have eaten a great deal of Salt together, and spent much Oil in the Communication of our Studies by literal Correspondence, and otherwise, both in Verse and Prose; therefore I will take my last Leave of you now in these few Stanza's:

1. *Weak crazy Mortal, why dost fear
To leave this earthly Hemisphere?
Where all Delights away do pass,
Like thy Effigies in a Glass.
Each Thing beneath the Moon is frail and fickle,
Death sweeps away what Time cuts with his Sickle.*

2. *This Life at best is but an Inn,
And we the Passengers, wherein
The Cloth is laid to some before
They peep out of dame Nature's Door,
And warm Lodgings left: Others there are,
Must trudge to find a Room, and shift for Fare.*

3. *This*

3. *This Life's at longest but one Day ;
He who in Youth posts hence away,
Leaves us i' th' Morn : He who hath run
His Race till Manhood, parts at Noon :
And who at seventy odd forsakes this Light,
He may be said to take his Leave at Night.*

4. *One past makes up the Prince and Peasant,
Two' one eat Roots, the other Pheasant,
They nothing differ in the Stuff,
But both extinguish like a Snuff :
Why then, fond Man, shoud it thy Soul dismay,
To fall out of these gross Walls of Clay ?*

And now, my dear Friend adieu, and live eternally in that World of endless Bliss, where you shall have Knowledge as well as all things else commensurate to your Desires ; where you shall clearly see the real Causes, and perfect Truth of what we argue with that Incertitude, and beat our Brains about here below : Yet though you be gone hence, you shall never die in the Memory of

Wesm. 15 Aug. 1630.

Your, J. H.

LXXIV.

To Sir R. Gr. Knight and Bart.

Noble Sir,

I Had yours upon Maundy-Thursday late ; and the Reason that suspended my Answser till now, was, that the Season engaged me to sequester my Thoughts from my wonted Negotiations, to contemplate the great Work of Man's Redemption so great ; that were it cast in Counterbalance with his Creation, it would out-poize it : For I summoned all my Intellectuals to meditate upon those Passions, upon those Pangs, upon that despicable and most dolorous Death, upon that Cross whereon my Saviour suffered, which was the first Christian Altar that ever was ; and I doubt that he will never have Benefit of the Sacrifice, who hates the harmless Remembrance of the Altar whereon it was offered. I applied my Memory to fasten upon it, my Understanding to comprehend it, my Will to embrace it. From these three Faculties, methought I found, by the Mediation of the Fancy, some Beams of Love gently gliding down from the Head to the Heart, and inflaming all my Affections. If the human Soul had far more Powers than the Philosophers afford her, if she had as many Faculties within the Head as there be Hairs without, the Speculation of this Mystery would find Work enough for them all. Truly the more I scruie up my Spirits to reach it, the more I am swallowed in a Gulf of Admiration,

miration, and of a thousand imperfect Notions; which makes me ever and anon to quarrel with my Soul that she cannot lay hold on her Saviour, much more my Heart, that my purest Affections cannot hug him as much as I would.

They have a Custom beyond the Seas (and I could wish it were the worst Custom they had) that during the Passion-Weak, divers of their greatest Princes and Ladies will betake themselves to some Convent or reclused House, to wean themselves from all worldly Incumbrances, and converse only with Heaven, with Performance of some kind of Penances all the Week long. A worthy Gentleman that came lately from Italy, told me that the Count of Byrr, now Marechal of France, having been long persecuted by Cardinal Richelieu, put himself so into a Monastery, and the next Day News was brought him of the Cardinal's Death; which I believe made him spend the rest of the Week with the more Devotion in that way. France brings that our Saviour had his Face turned towards her when he was upon the Cross; there is more cause to think that it was towards this Island, in regard the Rays of Christianity first reverberated upon her, her King being a Christian 400 Years before him of France, (as all Historians concur) notwithstanding that he arrogates to himself the Title of the fifth Son of the Church.

Let this serve for Part of my Apology. The Day following my Saviour being in the Grave, I had no list to look much abroad, but continued my Retirednes: There was another reason also why, because I intended to take the holy Sacrament the Sunday ensuing; which is an Act of the greatest Consolation and Consequence, that possibly a Christian can be capable of: It imports him so much, that he is made or marr'd by it; it tends to his Damnation or Salvation; to help him up to Heaven, or tumble him down headlong to Hell. Therefore it behoves a Man to prepare and recollect himself; to withdraw his Thoughts from the Chaff and Tares of the World before-hand. This then took up a good part of that Day, to provide myself a Wedding-garment, that I might be a fit Guest at so precious a Banquet, so precious, that Manna and Angels Food are but coarse Viands in Comparison of it.

I hope that this Excuse will be of such Validity, that it may procure my Pardon for not corresponding with you this last Week. I am now as freely as formerly

Fleet, 30 Apr.
1646.

Your most ready and
humble Servitor, J.H.

LXXXV.

*To Mr. R. Howard.**SIR,*

There is a saying that carrieth with it a great deal of Caution; *From him whom I trust, God defend me; for from him whom I trust not, I will defend myself.* There be sundry sorts of Trusts, but that of a Secret is one of the greatest: I trusted S. P. with a weighty one, conjuring him that it should not take Air and go Abroad; which was not done according to the Rules and Religion of Friendship; but it went out of him the very next Day. Tho' the Inconvenience may be mine, yet the Reproach is his; nor would I exchange my Damage for his Disgrace: I would wish you take heed of him, for he is such as the Comic Poet speaks of, *plenus risus, hec illis fullof Chinks;* he can hold nothing: You know a Secret is too much for one, too little for three, and enough for two; but *I om* must be none of those two, unless there were a Trick to soder up his Mouth: If he had committed a Secret to me, and enjoin'd me Silence, and I had promised it, though I had been Shut up in *Parillus's brazen Bull,* I should not have bellowed it out. I find it now true, that he who discovers his Secrets to another sells him his Liberty, and becomes his Slave: Well, I shall be warier hereafter, and learn more Wit. In the Interim, the best Satisfaction I can give myself is to expunge him quite *ex alio amicorum*, to raze him out of the Catalogue of my Friends, (though I cannot of my Acquaintance) where your Name is inserted in great Characters. I will endeavour to loose the Memory of him, and that my Thoughts may never run more upon the Fashion of his Face, which you know he hath no cause to brag of; I hate such Blateroons:

Odi illas tenet clausa Ezra:

I thought good to give you this little *Mot of Advice*, because the Times are ticklish, of committing Secrets to any, though not to

*Your most affectionate Friend**Blest, 14 Feb. 1647.**to serve you, J. H.*

LXXXVI.

*To my Honourable Friend, Mr. E. P. at Paris.**SIR,*

LET me never sally hence from among these disconsolate Walls, if the literal Correspondence, you please to hold so punctually with me, be not one of the greatest Solaces I have had in this sad Condition; for I find so much Salt, such Endearments and Flourishes, such a Gallantry and Neatness in your Lines, that you may give the Law of Lettering

to all the World. I had this Week a Twin of yours, of the 10th and 15th current; I am sorry to hear of your *Achagues*, and so often Indisposition there; it may be very well (as you say) that the Air of that dirty Town doth not agree with you, because you speak *Spaniſh*, which Language you know is used to be breathed out under a clearer Clime; I am sure it agrees not with the sweet Breezes of Peace, for 'tis you there that would keep poor *Christendom* in perpetual Whirlwinds of Wars; but I fear, that while *France* sets all Wheels a-going, and stirs all the *Cacodemons* of Hell to pull down the House of *Austria*, she may chance at last to pull it upon her own Head. I am sorry to understand what they write from *Venice* this Week, that there is a Discovery made in *Italy*, how *France* had a Hand to bring in the *Turk* to invade the Territories of St. *Mark*, and puzzle the Peace of *Italy*. I want Faith to believe it yet, nor can I entertain in my Breast any such Conceit of the most *Christian King* and *first Son of the Church*, as he terms himself: Yet I pray in your next to pull this Thorn out of my Thoughts, and tell me whether one may give any Credit to this Report.

We are now Scot-free, as touching the Northern-Army; for our dear Brethren have trussed up their Baggage, and put the *Tweed* betwixt us and them once again: *Dear* indeed, for they have cost us first and laſt, above nineteen hundred thousand Pounds Sterling, which amounts to near eight Millions of Crowns with you there. Yet if Reports be true, they left behind them more than they lost, if you go to Number of Men; which will be a brave Race of *Mestizas* hereafter, who may chance meet their Fathers in the Field, and kill them unwittingly; he will be a wise Child that knows his right Father. Here we are like to have four and twenty Years emp̄ted shortly, and some do hope to find abundance of Treasure in the Bottoms of them, as no doubt they will; but many doubt that it will prove but *Aurum Tafsanum* to the Finders: God grant that from *Acres* we turn not to be *Arians*: The End of *Strafford* was accounted by his very Enemies to have an extraordinary Talent of Judgment and Parts, (tho' they say he wanted *Moderation*) and one of the prime Precepts he left his Son upon the Scaffold was, that he should not meddle with *Church-lands*, for they would prove a Canker to his Estate. Here are started up some great knowing Men lately, that can shew the very Track by which our Saviour went to Hell; they will tell you precisely whose Names are written in the Book of Life, whose not. God deliver us from spiritual Pride, which of all Sorts is the most dangerous. Here are also notable

ble Star-gazers, who obtrude on the World such confident bold Predictions, and are so familiar with heavenly Bodies, that *Ptolemy* and *Tycho Brabe* were *Ninnies* to them. We have likewise Multitudes of *Witches* among us, for in *Essex* and *Suffolk* there were above two hundred indicted within these two Years, and above the one half of them executed: More, I may well say, than ever this Island bred since the Creation. I speak it with Horror. God guard us from the Devil, for I think he was never so busy upon any Part of the Earth that was enlightened with the Beams of *Christianity*; nor do I wonder at it, for there is never a Crois left to fright him away. *Edinburgh*, I hear, is fallen into a Relapse of the Plague; the last they had raged so violently; that the fortieth Man or Woman lives not of those that dwelt there four Years since, but it is all peopled with new Faces. *Dan* and *Hans*, I hear are absolutely accorded; nor do I believe that all the Artificers of Policy that you use there can hinder the Peace, though they may puzzle it for a-while: If it be so, the People which button their Doublets upward, will be better able to deal with you there.

Much Notice is taken that you go on there too fast in your Acquests; and now that the *Eagle's* Wings are pretty well clipped, 'tis Time to look that your *Flower-de-luce* grow not too raak, and spread too wide. Whereas you desire to know how it fares with your Master, I must tell you, that, like the glorious Sun, he is still in his own Orb, though clouded for a time that he cannot shew the Beams of Majestie with that Lustre he was wont to do: Never did Cavalier woo fair Lady, as he woos the Parliament to a Peace; 'tis much the *Head* should stoop to the *Members*.

Farewel, my noble Friend, cheer up, and reserve yourself for better Days; take your Royal Master for your Pattern, who for his Longanimity, Patience, Courage, and Constancy, is admired of all the World, and in a paffive way of Fortitude hath out-gone all the nine *Worthies*. If the *Cedar* be so Weather-beaten, we poor *Shrubs* must not murmur to bear Part of the Storm. I have had my Share, and I know you want not yours: The Stars may change their Aspects, and we may live to see the Sun again in his full Meridian. In the Interim, come what will, I am

Fleet, 3 Feb. 1646.

Entirely yours, J. H.

LXXVII.

To Sir K. D. at Rome.

SIR,

*T*Hough you know well that in the Carriage and Course of my rambling Life, I had Occasion to be, as the Dutch-

man falleth a *Lahdloper*; and to see much of the World abroad; yet methinks I have traveled more since I have been manured and maffyred betwixt these Walls than ever I did before; for I have traveled the *Isle of Man*; I mean this little World, which I have carried about me and within me so many Years: For as the wisest of *Pagan* Philosophers said, that the greatest Learning was the Knowledge of one's self, to be his own Geometrician; if one do so, he need not goe abroad to see Fashions, he shall find enough at Home; he shall hourly meet with new Fancies, new Humours, new Passions within Doors.

This traveling o'er of one's self is one of the Paths that leads a Man to Paradise: It is true, that it is a dirty and dangerous o're; for it is thick set with extravagant Desires, irregular Affections and Concupiscences, which are but odd Comrades; and oftentimes do lie in Ambush to cut our Throats: There are also some melancholy Companions in the way; which are our Thoughts, but they can hardly come to be good Fellows; and the best Company; which makes me, that among these disconsolate Walls, I am never left alone, than when I am alone; I am oft-times full, but seldom solitary. Some there are who are over-pestered with these Companions, and have too much Mind for their Bodies; But I am none of those.

There have been (since you took Hands with *England*) many strange Things happened here; which Poverty must have a strong Faith to believe; but for my part, I wonder not at any thing; I have seen such monstrous Things: You know there is nothing that can be casual, there is no succels good or bad, but is contingent to Man some trifles or other; how are there any Omnipotencies, present or future; but they have their Parallels from time past: For the great Wheel of Fortune, upon whose Rim as the twelve signs upon the Zodiac all worldly Chances are embord'd, turned round perpetually; and the Spokes of that WHEEL, which point of all Mankind Actions, regard specially to the same Place after such a time of Revolution: Which makes the little Chapel at any of the Strange Times of these Distressed Times, in regard there hath been the like, or such like, formerly: If the *Cloister* is now拉upted; the *Abbey* and the *Roman Breefary* was used to a hundred Years since: All *Crofts*, *Church-windows*, *Organs*, and *Foms*, are now拉attered downe I little wonder at it; for *Chapels*, *Monastryes*, *Hermitaries*, *Nunnesies*, and other religious Housses, that used to be in the time of old King Henry: If *Balysse* and *Douay* haue now no longer to be demolished,

molished, I little wonder at it, for *Abbots*, *Priors*, and the *Pope himself* had that Fortune here, an Age since. That our King is reduced to this pass, I do not wonder much at it; for the first time I travelled *France*, *Louis XIII.* (afterwards a most triumphant King as ever that Country had) in a dangerous civil War was brought to such Straits; for he was brought to dispense with part of his Coronation-Oath, to remove from his *Court of Justice*, from the *Council-Table*, from his very *Bed-chamber*, his greatest Favourites: He was driven to be content to pay the Expence of the War, to reward those that took Arms against him, and publish a Declaration, than the ground of their Quarrel was good, which was the same in effect with ours, viz. a Discontinuance of the Assembly of the three Estates, and that *Spaniard* Counsels did pre-dominate in *France*.

You know better than I, that all Events, good or bad, come from the all-disposing high Deity of Heaven: If good, he produceth them; if bad, he permits them. He is the Pilot that sits at the Stern, and steers the great Vessel of the World, and we must not presume to direct him in his Course, for he understands the use of the Compass better than we. He commands also the Winds and the Weather, and after a Storm he never fails to send us a Calm, and to recompense ill Times with better, if we can live to see them; which I pray you may do, whosoever becomes of

Eccles. 3 Mar.

1646.

*Your still most faithful
humble Servitor, J. H.*

LXXXVII.

To Sir K. D. at his House in St. Martin's-Lane.

SIR,

That Poem which you pleased to approve of so highly in Manuscript, is now manumitted, and made free Desizener of the World: It hath gone from my Study to the Stall, from the Pen to the Press, and I send one of the maiden Copies herewith to attend you. 'Twas your Judgment, which all the World holds to be sound and sterling, induced me hereunto; therefore, if there be any, you are to bear your part in the Blame.

Holborn, 3 Jan.

1641.

*Your most intirely
devoted Servitor, J. H.*

Advertisement to the First Edition of this Book.

*A*Mong other Reasons which make the English Language of so small Extent, and put Strangers out of Conceit to learn it, one is, That we do not pronounce as we write; which proceeds from divers superfluous Letters that occur in many of our Words, which adds to the Difficulty of the Language. Therefore the Author hath taken Pains to retrench such redundant unnecessary Letters in this Work (though the Printer hath not been so careful as he should have been) as among multitudes of other Words may appear in these few, done, some, come: Which though we, to whom the Speech is connatural, pronounce as Monosyllables, yet when Strangers come to read them, they are apt to make them Diffyllables, as do-ne, so-me, co-me; therefore such an e is superfluous.

Moreover, those Words that have the Latin for their Original, the Author prefers that Orthography rather than the French, whereby divers Letters are spared, as Phyfic, Logic, Afric, not Physique, Logique, Afrique; Favor, Honor, Labor, not Favour, Honour, Labour, and very many more; as also he omits the Dutch k in most Words: Here you shall read Peopple, not Peo-ple, Tresure, not Treasure, Toung, not Tongue, &c. Parlement, not Parliament, Busines, Witnes, Sicknes, not Busines, Witnes, Sickness; Star, War, Far, not Starre, Warre, farre, and Multitudes of such Words, wherein the two last Letters may well be spared. Here you shall also read Pity, Piety, Witty, - not Piti-e, Pietie Wit-ti-e. as Strangers at first Sight pronounce them, and abundance of such like Words.

The new Academy of Wits called l'Academie de beaux Esprits, which the late Cardinal Richlieu founded in Paris, is now in hand to reform the French Language in this Particular, and to weed it of all superfluous Letters; which makes the Tongue differ so much from the Pen, that they have exposed themselves to this contumelious Proverb, The Frenchman doth neither pronounce as he Writes, nor speak as he Thinks, nor sing as he Pricks.

Aristotle bath a topic Axiom, that *Frustra fit per plura, quod fieri potest per pauciora*: When fewer may serve the Turn, more is in vain. And as this Rule holds in all things else, so it may be very well observed in Orthography.

Familiar LETTERS,

Of a fresher Date.

BOOK III.

I.

To the Rt. Hon. Edward E. of Dorset, (Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, &c.) at Knowles.

My Lord,

Having so advantageous a Hand as Doctor S. Turner, I am bold to send your Lordship a new Tract of French Philosophy, called *L'usage de Passions*, which is cried up to be a choice Piece. It is a moral Discourse of the right Use of the *Passions*, the *Conduct* whereof, as it is the principal Employment of *Virtue*, so the *Conquest* of them is the difficultest Part of *Valour*: To know one's self is much, but to conquer one's self is more. We need not pick Quarrels and seek Enemies without Doors, we have too many Inmates at Home to exercise our Prowess upon; and there is no Man, let him have his Humours never so well balanced, and in Subjection to him, but like *Muscovia Wives*, they will oftentimes insult, unless they be checked: Yet we should make them our *Servants*, not our *Slaves*. Touching the Occurrences of the Times, since the King was snatched away from the Parliament; the Army, they say, use him with more Civility and Freedom; but for the main Work of restoring him, he is yet, as one may say, but *tantalized*, being brought often within the Sight of *London*, and so off again. There are Hopes that something will be done to his Advantage speedily; because the *Gegarian* Soldiers and *Gross* of the Army is well affected to him, though some of the chiefest Commanders be still averse.

For foreign News, they say *St. Mork* bears up stoutly against *Mahomet* both by Land and Sea: In *Dalmatia* he hath

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hath of late shaken him by the Turban ill-favouredly : I could heartily wish that our Army here were there to help the *Republic*, and combat the common Enemy, for then one might be sure to die in the Bed of Honour. The Commotions in *Sicily* are quashed, but those of *Naples* increase ; and it is like to be a snare razing and varacious Eise than *Vesuvius*, on any of the sulphureous Mountains about her did ever belch out. The *Catalan* and *Portuguese* bait the *Spaniard* on both Sides, but the first hath sharper Teeth than the other ; and the *French* and *Hollander* find him work in *Flanders*. And now, my Lord, to take all Nations in a Lump, I think God Almighty hath a quarrel lately with all Mankind, and given the Reins to the ill spirit to compass the whole Earth ; for within these twelve Years there have the strangest Revolutions, and horridest Things happened not only in *Europe*, but all the World over, that have befallen Mankind, I dare boldly say, since *Adam* fell, in so short a Revolution of Time. There is a Kind of popular Planet reigns every where : I will begin with the hottest Parts, with *Afric*, where the Emperor of *Ethiopia* (with two of his Sons) was encountered and killed in open Field by the Groom of his Camels and Dromedaries, who have levied an Army out of the Dregs of the People against him, and is like to hold that ancient Empire. In *Asie* the *Tartar* broke o'er the four-hundred mil'd Wall, and rushed into the Heart of *China*, as far as *Quinsay*, and besieged the very Place of the Emperor, who rather than become Captive to the base *Tartar*, burnt his Castle, and did make away himself, his thirty Wives and Children. The great *Turk* hath been lately strangled in the *Straglio*, his own House. The Emperor of *Muscovia* going in a solemn Procession upon the Sabbath-day, the Rabble Broke in, knocked down and cut in Pieces divers of his chieff Counsellors, Favourites, and Officers before his Face ; and dragging their Bodies to the Market-place, their Heads were chopped off, thrown into Vessels of hot Water, and so set upon Poles to burn more bright before the Court-gate. In *Naples* a common Fruiterer hath raised such an Insurrection, that they say above 60 Men have been slain already upon the Streets of that City alone. *Catalonia* and *Portugal* have quite revolted from *Spain*. Your Lordship knows what knocks have been betwixt the Pope and *Parma*. The *Pole* and the *Cosacks* are hard at it, *Venice* walleth with the *Turk*, and is like to lose her Maidenhead to him, unless other Christian Princes look to it in Time. And touching these three Kingdoms, there's none more capable than your Lordship

to judge what monstrous Things have happened; so that it seems the whole Earth is off the Hinges: And (which is the more wonderful) all these prodigious passages have fallen out in less than the Compass of 12 Years. But now that all the World is together by the Ear, the State of Holland would be quiet: For Advice is come that the Peace is concluded, and interchangeably ratified between them and Spain; but they defer the publishing of it yet, till they have collected all the Contribution Money for the Army. The Spaniard hopes that one Day this Peace may tend to his Advantage more than all his Wars have done these fourscore Years, relying upon the old Prophecy,

Mors triumphis, Barvia, Pace peribit.

The King of Denmark hath buried lately his eldest Son *Christian*, so that he hath now but one living, viz. *Frederick*, who is Archbishop of *Bremen*, and is shortly to be King Elect.

My Lord, this Letter runs upon Universale, because I know your Lordship hath a publick great Soul, and a spacious Understanding, which comprehends the whole World: So in a due Posture of Humanity I kiss your Hands, being my Lord,

Fleet, 26 Jan. 1646.

*Your most obedient and most
faithful Servitor, J. H.*

II.

To Mr. En. P. at Paris.

SIR,

Since we are both agreed to truck Intelligence, and that you are contented to barter *French* for *English*, I shall be careful to send you hence from time to time the currentest and most staple Stuff I can find, with Weight and good Measure to Boot. I know in that more subtle Air of yours, *Tinck* sometimes passes for *Tiffie*, *Venice* Beads for Pearl, and Demicasters for Bevers: But I know you have so discerning a Judgment, that you will not suffer yourself to be so cheated; they must rise betimes that can put Tricks upon you, and make you take Semblances for Realities, Probabilities for Certainties, or Spurious for true Things. To hold this Literal Correspondence, I desire but the Parings of your Time, that you may have something to do, when you have nothing else to do, while I make a Busines of it to be punctual in my Answers to you. Let our Letters be as Echoes, let them bound back and make mutual Repercussions; I know you that breathe upon the Continent have clearer Echoes there, Witness that in the *Tuilleries*, specially that at *Chez-Genou Bridge*, which quavers, and renders the Voice ten times when it is open Weather, and it were a virtuous Curiosity to try it.

For

For News, the World is here turned upside-down, and it hath been long a going so: You know a good while since we have had Leather Caps and Beaver Shoes; but now the Arms are come to be Legs, for Bishops Lawn-sleeves are worn for Boot-house Tops; the Waist is come to the Knee, for the Points that were used to be about the Middle, are now dangling there. Boots and Shoes are so long snouted, that one can hardly kneel in God's House, where all Genuflection and Postures of Devotion and Decency are quite out of Use: The Devil may walk freely up and down the Streets of London now, for there is not a Crois to fright him any where; and it seems he was never so busy in any Country upon Earth, for there have been more Witches arraigned and executed here lately, than ever were in this Island since the Creation.

I have no more to communicate to you at this Time, and this is too much unless it were better. God Almighty send us Patience, you in your Banishment, me in my Captivity, and give us Heaven for our last Country, where Desires turn to Fruition, Doubts to Certitudes, and dark Thoughts to clear Contemplations. Truly, my dear *Don Antonio*, as the Times are, I take little Contentments to live among the Elements, and (were it my Maker's Pleasure) I could willingly, had I quit Scores with the World, make my last Account with Nature, and return this small Skin full of Bones to my common Mother. If I chance to do so before you, I love you so intirely well, that my Spirit shall visit you, to bring you some Tidings from the other World; and if you precede me, I shall expect the like from you, which you may do without affrighting me, for I know your Spirit will be a *bonus Genius*. So desiring to know what's become of my Manuscript, I kiss your Hands, and rest most passionately,

Fleet, 20 Feb. 1646. Your most faithful Servitor, J. H.

III.

To Master W. B.

S I R,

I Had yours of the last Week, and by Reason of some sudden Incumbrances I could not correspond with you by that Carrier. As for your Desire to know the Pedigree and first Rise of those we call *Presbyterians*, I find that your Motion hath as much of Piety as Curiosity in it; but I must tell you it is a Subject fitter for a Treatise than a Letter, yet I will endeavour to satisfy you in some Part.

Touching the Word *Presbyterian*, it is as ancient as Christianity itself, and every Churchman compleated in holy Orders

Orders was called *Presbyter*, as being the chiefeſt Name of the Function; and ſo it is ued in all Churches both Eastern and Occidental to this Day. We by Contraction call him *Priest*, ſo that all Bifhops and Archbifhops are Priests, tho' not vice verfa. These holy Titles of Bifhop and Priest are now grown Odious among ſuch poor Sciolifts, who ſcarce know the *Hortig's* of Things, because they favor of Antiquity, tho' their *Minifter* that officiates in their Church be the ſame thing as *Priest*, and their *Superintendent* the ſame thing as *Bifhop*: But because they are Lovers of Novelties, they change old Greek Words for new Latin ones. The firſt Broacher of the Presbyterian Religion, and who made it differ from that of *Rome* and *Luther*, was *Calvin*; who being once banifh'd *Geneva*, was revoked, at which Time he no leſs petuſantly than profanely applied to himſelf that Text of the holy Prophet which was meant of Christ, *The Stone which the Builders refuſed, is made the Head-Stone of the Corner*, &c. Thus *Geneva* Lake swallowed up the Epifcopal *Sea*; and Churcheſ Lands were made ſecular, which was the White they levell'd at. This *Geneva* Bird flew thence to *France*, and hatched the *Hugonots*, which make about the tenth Part of that Peopple: It took Wing also to *Bohemia* and *Germany*, High and Low, as the *Palatinate*, the Land of *Hefſe*, and the Conſederate Provinces of the States of *Holland*, whence it took Flight to *Scotland* and *England*. It took firſt Footing in *Scotland*, when K. James was a Child in his Cradle; but when he came to understand himſelf, and was manumitted from *Bucbanan*, he grew cold in it; and being come to *England*, he utterly diſclaimed it, terming it, in a public Speech of his to the Parliament, a *Sect* rather than a *Religion*: To this *Sect* may be imputed all the Scifſures that have happened in *Christianity*, with moft of the Wars that have lacerated poor *Europe* ever ſince; and it may be called the Source of the civil Diſtractions that now afflict this poor Iſland.

Thus have I endeavoured to fulfi your Deſires in Part; I ſhall enlarge myſelf further when I ſhall be made happy with your Converſation here; till when, and always, I reſt

Fleet, 29 Nov.

1647.

Your moſt affectionate to love

and ſerve you, J. H.

IV.

To Sir J. S. Knight, at Rouen.

S. J. R.

Of all the Blessings that ever dropt down from Heaven upon Man, that of his *Redemption* may be called the Blessing paramount; and of all those Comforts, and Exercises of Devotion which attend that Blessing, the *Eucharist* or *Holy Sacrament* may claim the prime Place. But as there is Devotion, so there is Danger in it, and that in the highest Degree: 'Tis rank Poison to some, tho' a most sovereign Cordial to others, *ad modum recipientis*, as the Schoolmen say, whether they take *panem Dominum*, as the *Roman Catholic*, or *pax Domini*, as the *Reformed Churches*. The Bee and the Spider suck Honey and Poison out of one Flower. Sir, you have divinely excepted in the Poem you pleased to send me upon this Subject: And whereas you seem to woo my Muse to such a Task, something you may see she hath done, in pure Obedience only to your Commands.

Upon the Holy Sacrament.

I.

Hail Holy Sacrament!

The World's great Wonders are,
Mysterious Banquet much more rare
Than Manna, or the Angels Fare;
Each Crum, tho' Sinners on thee Feed,
Doth Cleopatra's Pearl exceed.

Oh how my Soul doth hunger, thirst, and pine
After these Gates so precious, so Divine!

II.

She need not bring her Stool
As some unbidden Fool;
The Master of this heavenly Feast
Inxites, and weas her for his Guest:
The Deaf and Lame, Forlorn and Blind,
Yet welcome here she's sure to find.
So that she bring a Vestment for the Day,
And her old tatter'd Rags throw quite away.

III.

This is Bethesda's Pool,
That can both cleanse and cool
Poor leprous and diseased Souls,
An Angel here keeps and controls,

Defend-

*Descending gently from the Heavens above,
To stir the Waters; may he also move
My Mind, and Rocky Heart so strike and rend,
That Tears may thence gush out with them to blend.*

This Morning: fancy drew on another towards the Evening as followeth:

*As to the Pole the Lily bends
In a Sea-compass, and still tends
By a magnetic Mystery,
Unto the Arctic Point in Sky,
Whereto the waund'ring Pilot
His course in gloomy Nights doth steer;
So the small Needle of my Heart
Moves to her Maker, who doth dart
Atoms of Love, and so attracts
All my Affections, which like Sparks
Fly up, and guide my Soul by this
To the true Center of her Bliss.*

As one Taper lighteneth another, so were my Spirits enlightened and heated by your late Meditations in this kind; and well fare your Soul with all her Faculties for them: I find you have a great Care of her, and of the main Ghanees, *Pra quo quisquilia cetera.* You shall hear further from me within a few Days; in the Interim be pleased to reserve still in your Thoughts some little Room for

*Your most intirely affectionate
Fleet, 10 Dec. 1647.* Scrivitor, J. H.

V.

To Mr. T. W. at P. Castle.

My precious Tom,

HE is the happy Man who can square his Mind to his Means, and fit his Fancy to his Fortune: He who hath a Competency to live in the Port of a Gentleman, and as he is free from being a Head-Constable, so he cares not for being a Justice of Peace or Sheriff; he who is before-hand with the World, and when he comes to London can whet his Knife at the Counter-gate, and needs not trudge either to a Lawyer's Study, or Scrivener's Shop, to pay Fee or squeeze Wax. 'Tis Conceit chiefly that gives Contentment; and he is happy who thinks himself so in any Condition, though he have not enough to keep the Wolf from the Door. Opinion is that great Lady which sways the World; and according to the Impression she makes in the Mind, renders

one contented or discontented. Now touching *Opinion*, so various are the Intellectuals of human Creatures, that one can hardly find out two who jump pat in one: Witness that Mohister in Scotland in James the IVth's Reign, with two Heads ~~one~~ opposite to the other; and having but one Bulk of Body throughout, these two Heads would often fall into Altercations *pro* and *con* one with the other; and seldom were they of one Opinion, but they would knock one against the other in eager Disputes; which shewa that the Judgment is seated in the *Animal Parts*, not in the *Vital* which are lodged in the Heart.

We are still in a turbulent Sea of Distractions, nor as far as I see, is there yet any Sight of Shore. Mr. T. M. hath had a great Loss at Sea lately, which I fear will light heavily upon him: When I consider his Case, I may say, that as the Philosopher made a Question whether the *Mariner* be to be rank'd among the Number of the *Living* or *Dead*, (being but four Inches distant from Drowning, only the Thicknes of a Plank) so 'tis a Doubt whether the *Merchant Adventurer* be to be numbred betwixt the *Rich* or the *Poor*, his Estate being in the Mercy of that devouring Element the Sea, which hath so good a Stomach that he seldom casts up what he hath once swallowed. This City hath bred of late Years Men of monstrous strange Opinions, that, as all other rich Places besides, she may be compared to a fat Cheese which is most subject to engender Maggots. God amend all, and me first, who am,

Fleet, this St.

Thomas's Day.

*Your most faithfully to
serve you, J. H.*

VI.

To Mr. William Blois.

My worthy esteemed Nephew,

I Received those rich Nuptial Favours you appointed me for Bands and Hat, which I wear with very much Contentment and Respect, most heartily wishing that this late double Condition may multiply new Blessings upon you, that it may usher in fair and golden Days, according to the Colour and Substance of your Bridal Ribband; that those Days may be perfumed with Delight and Pleasure, as the rich scented Gloves I wear for your Sake. May such Benedictions attend you both, as the Epithalamiums of *Stella* in *Statius*, and *Julia* in *Cattulus* speak of. I hope also to be married shortly to a Lady whom I have wooed above these five Years, but I have found her Coy and Dainty hitherto; yet I am now like to get her Good-will in Part, I mean the Lady *Liberty*.

When

When you see my N. Brownrigg, I pray tell him, that I did not think *Suffolk Waters* had such a *Lethean Quality* in them, as to cause such an *Amnesia* in him of his Friends here upon the *Thames*, among whom, for Reality and Seriousness, I may match among the foremost; but I impute it to some new Task that his Muse might haply impose upon him, which hath engross'd all his Speculations; I pray present my cordial kind Respects unto him.

So praying that a thousand Bleatings may attend this Conferation, I rest, my dear Nephew,

Fleet, 20 March, Yours most affectionately to love and
serve you, J. H.
1647.

VII.

To Henry Hopkins, Esq;

SIR,

TO usher in again old *Janus*, I send you a Parcel of *Indian Perfume*, which the *Spaniard* calls the *Holy Herb*, in regard of the various Virtues it hath; but we call it *Tobacco*; I will not say it grew under the King of Spain's Window, but I am told it was gather'd near his Gold-Mines of *Potosi*, (where they report, that in some Places there is more of that Ore than Earth) therefore it must needs be precious Stuff: If moderately and seasonably taken, (as I find you always do) 'tis good for many Things; it helps Digestion, taken a-while after Meat; it makes one void Rheum, break Wind, and keeps the Body open: A Leaf or two being steeped o'er Night in a little White-wine is a Vomit that never fails in its Operation: It is a good Companion to one that converseth with dead Men; for if one hath been poring long upon a Book, or is toil'd with the Pen, and stupify'd with Study, it quickeneth him, and dispels those Clouds that usually o'er-set the Brain. The Smoke of it is one of the wholesomest Scents that is, against all contagious Airs, for it o'er-masters all other Smells, as K. James, they say, found true, when being once a Hunting, a Shower of Rain drove him into a Pigsty for Shelter, where he caus'd a Pipe-full to be taken on purpose: It cannot endure a Spider, or a Flea, with such like Vermip, and if your Hawk be troubled with any such, being blown into his Feathers, it frees him: It is good to fortify and preserve the Sight, the Smoke being let in round about the Balls of the Eyes once a Week, and frees them from all Rheums, driving them back by way of Repercussion: Being taken backward 'tis excellent good against the Cholic, and taken into the Stomach, it will heat and cleanse it; for I could instance in a great Lord (my Lord of *Sunderland*,

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W. R. W., President of York) who told me, that he taking it downward into his Stomach, it made him cast up an Impostume, Big and all, which had been a long Time engendering out of a Bruise he had received at Foot-ball, and so preserv'd his Life for many Years. Now to descend from the Substance of the Smoke to the Ashes, 'tis well known that the medicinal Virtues thereof are very many; but they are so common, that I will spare the inserting of them here: But if one would try a petty Conchision, how much Smoke there is in a Pound of Tobacco, the Ashes will tell him; for let a Pound be exactly weighed, and the Ashes kept charily, and weigh'd afterwards, what wants of a Pound Weight in the Ashes, cannot be deny'd to have been Smoke, which evaporated into Air. I have been told that Sir Walter Rawleigh won a Wager of Queen Elizabeth upon this Nicety.

The Spaniards and Irish take it most in Powder or Snuff-chin, and it mightily refreshes the Brain, and I believe there's as much taken this Way in Ireland, as there is in Pipes in England; one shall commonly see the Serving-maid upon the Washing-block, and the Swain upon the Plough-share, when they are tired with Labour, take out their Boxes of Snuff-chin, and draw it into their Nostrils with a Quill, and it will beget new Spirits in them, with a fresh Viger to fall to their Work again. In Barbary, and other Parts of Africa, it is wonderful what a small Pill of Tobacco will do; for those who use to ride Post thro' the sandy Desarts, where they meet not with any thing that's potable or edible, sometimes thrice Dys, together, they use to carry small Balls or Pills of Tobacco, which being put under the Tongue, it affords them a perpetual Moisture, and takes off the Appetite for some Days.

If you desire to read with Pleasure all the Virtues of this modern Herb, you must read Dr. Thorpe's *Panegyric*, an accurate Piece couch'd in a strenuous heroic Verse, full of Matter, and continuing it's Strength from first to last; insomuch that for the Bigness it may be compar'd to any Piece of Antiquity, and, in my Opinion, is beyond *Parthenopeus*, or *Terence*.

So I conclude these rambling Notions, presuming you will accept this small Argument of my great Respect to you: If you want Paper to light your Pipe, this Letter may serve the Turn; and if it be true what the Poets frequently sing, that *Affusion is Fire*, you shall need no other than the clear Flames of the Donor's Love to make Ignition, which is comprehend'd in this Distich:



*Ignis amor si sit, Tobaccum accendete, nostrum,
Nulla petenda tibi fax nisi dantis amor.*

*If Love be Fire, to light this Indian Weed,
The Donor's Love of Fire may stand instead.*

So I wish you, as to myself, a most happy New-Year; may the Beginning be good, the Middle better, and the End best of all. *That most faithful and truly affectionate
Fleet, 2 Jan. 1646.* Servitor, J. H.

VIII.

To the Rt. Hon. my Lord of D.

My Lord,

THE Subject of this Letter may, peradventure, seem a Paradox to some, but not, I know, to your Lordship; when you have pleased to weigh well the Reasons. *Learning* is a Thing that hath been much cried up and covetous in all Ages, especially in this last Century of Years; by People of all Sorts, tho' never so mean and Mechanical: Every Man strains his Fortunes to keep his Children at School; the Cobler will clout it till Mid-night, the Porter will carry Burdens till his Bones crack again, the Plough-man will pinch both Back and Belly to give his Son *Learning*; and I find that this Ambition reigns no where so much as in this Island. But under Favour, this Word *Learning* is taken in a narrower Sense among us than among other Nations; we seem to referre it only to the *Book*; whereas indeed, any Artisans whatsoever (if he know the Secret and Mystery of his Trade) may be called a learned Man: A good *Mason*, a good *Shoemaker*, that can manage St. Crispin's Lance handsomely, a skilful *Yeoman*, a good *Shipwright*, &c. may be all called learned Men; and indeed the usefullest Sort of learned Men: For without the two first we might go Bare-foot, and lie All broad as Beasts, having no other Canopy than the wild Air; and without the two last we might starve for Bread, have no Commerce with other Nations, or ever be able to tread upon a *Continent*. These, with such like dextrous Artisans, may be termed learned Men, and the more behoveful for the Subsistence of a Country, than those *Polymathis*; that stand poring all Day in a Corner upon a Moth-eaten Author, and converse only with dead Men. The *Chineses* (who are the next Neighbours to the rising-Sun on this Side of the Hemisphere, and consequently the acutest) have a wholesome Piece of Policy, *That the Son is always of the Father's Trade*; and it is all the Learning he aims at, which makes them Admirable Artisans; for, besides the Dextrousness and Pro-

pensity of the Child, being descended lineally from so many of the same Trade, the Father is more careful to instruct him, and to discover to him all the Mystery thereof. This general Custom or Law, keeps their Heads from running at random after Book-learning and other Vocations. I have read a Tale of *Robert Grossthead*, Bishop of *Lincoln*, that being come to this Greatness, he had a Brother who was a Husbandman, and expected great Matters from him in point of Preferment; but the Bishop told him, That if he wanted Money to mend his Plow or his Cart, or to buy Tacklings for his Horses, with other Things belonging to his Husbandry, he should not want what was fitting; but wish'd him to aim no higher, for a Husbandman he found him, and a Husbandman he would leave him.

The extravagant Humour of our Country is not to be altogether commended, that all Men should aspire to Book-learning: There is not a simpler Animal, and a more superfluous Member of State, than a mere Scholar, than only a self-pleasing Student; he is—*Telluris inutile pondus*.

The Goths forebore to destroy the Libraries of the Greeks and Italians, because Books should keep them still soft, simple, or too cautious in warlike Affairs. *Archimedes*, though an excellent Engineer, when *Syracuse* was lost, was found at his Book in his Study, intoxicated with Speculations. Who would not have thought another great learned Philosopher to be a Fool or Frantic, when being in a Bath, he leap'd out naked among the People, and cried, *I have found it! I have found it!* having hit then upon an extraordinary Conclusion in Geometry? There is a famous Tale of *Thomas Aquinas*, the *Angelic Doctor*, and of *Bonadventure* the *Seraphical Doctor*, of whom *Alex. Hales* (our Countryman and his Master) reports, that it appeared not in him, whether *Adam* had sinned: Both these great Clerks being invited to Dinner by the *French King*, of purpose to observe their Humours, and being brought to the Room where the Table was laid, the first fell a eating of Bread as hard as he could drive; at last breaking out of a brown Study, he cried out, *Cunctum est contra Manichaeos*. The other fell a gazing upon the Queen, and the King asking him how he lik'd her, he answer'd, *Oh, Sir, if an earthly Queen be so beautiful, what shall we think of the Queen of Heaven?* The latter was the better Courtier of the two. Hence we may infer, that your mere Book-Men, your deep Clerks, whom we call the only learned Men, are not always the civilest or the best Moral Men; nor is too great a Number of them convenient for any State, leading a soft sedentary Life, especially those who

who feed their own Fancies only upon the public Stock. Therefore it were to be wish'd, that there reign'd not among the People of this Land such a general Itching after Book-Learning, and I believe so many *Free-schools* do rather Hurt than Good: Nor did the Art of Printing much avail the Christian Commonwealth, but may be said to be well near as fatal as *Gunpowder*, which came up in the same Age: For, under Correction, to this may be partly ascribed that spiritual Pride, that Variety of Dogmatists which swarm among us. Add hereunto, that the excessive Number of those who converse only with Books, and whose Profession consists in them, is such, that one cannot live for another, according to the Dignity of the Calling: A Physician cannot live for the Physicians, a Lawyer (Civil and Common) cannot live for Lawyers, nor a Divine for Divines. Moreover, the Multitudes that profess these three best Vocations, especially the last, make them of far les Esteem. There is an odd Opinion among us, that he who is a contemplative Man, a Man who weds himself to his Study, and swallows many Books, must needs be a profound Scholar, and a great learned Man, tho' in Reality he be such a Dolt, that he hath neither a retentive Faculty to keep what he hath read, nor Wit to make any useful Application of it in common Discourse; what he draws in lieth upon dead Lees, and never grows fit to be broach'd. Besides, he may want Judgment in the Choice of his Authors, and knows not how to turn his Hand either in weighing or winnowing the soundest Opinions. There are divers who are cried up for Clerks, who want Discretion. Others, tho' they wade deep into the Causes and Knowledge of Things, yet they are subject to screw up their Wits, and soar so high, that they lose themselves in their own Speculations; for thinking to transcend the ordinary Pitch of Reason, they come to involve the common Principles of Philosophy in a Mist; instead of illustrating Things, they render them more obscure; instead of a plainer and shorter Way to the Palace of Knowledge, they lead us thro' briery odd uncouth Paths, and so fall into the Fallacy called *Notum per ignotius*. Some have the Hap to be term'd learned Men, though they have gathered up but the Scraps of Knowledge here and there, tho' they be but Smatterers, and mere Sciolists, scarce knowing the *Hoties* of Things; yet, like empty Casks, if they can make a Sound, and have a Gift to vent with Confidence what they have sucked in, they are accounted great Scholars. Among all Book-learned Men, except the *Divine*, to whom all learned Men should be Lacques, the Philosopher who bath waded

thro' all the Mathematics, who have dived into the *Secreta* of the elementary World, and converseth with celestial Bodies, may be termed a learned Man : The critical *Historian* and *Antiquary* may be called also a learned Man, who hath conversed with our Forefathers, and observed the Carriage and Contingencies of Matters passed, whence he draws Instances and Cautions for the Benefit of the *Times* he lives in : The *Civilian* may be called likewise a learned Man, if the revolving of huge Volumes may entitle one so ; but touching the Authors of the *Common Law*, which is peculiar only to this Meridian, they *may be all carried in a Wheel-barrow*, as my Countryman Dr. Gwyn told Judge Finch : The Physician must needs be a learned Man, for he knows himself Inward and Outward, being well versed in *Autology*, in that Lesson, *Nosce Teipsum* ; and as Adrian VI. said, he is very necessary to a populous Country, for were it not for the Physician, Men would live so long, and grow so thick, that one could not live for the other ; and he makes the Earth cover all his Faults.

But what Dr. Gwyn said of the common Law-books, and Pope Adrian of the Physician, was spoken, I conceive, in Merriment ; for my Part, I honour those two worthy Professions in a high Degree. Lastly, a *Polyglot*, or good *Linguist*, may be also termed a useful learned Man, especially if versed in School-Languages.

My Lord, I know none of this Age more capable to sit in the Chair, and censure what is true Learning and what not, than yourself : Therefore in speaking of this Subject to your Lordship, I fear to have committed the same Error, as Phormio did in discoursing of War before Hannibal. No more now, but that I am,

My Lord,

*Your most humble, and
obedient Servant, J. H.*

IX.

To Doctor J. D.

SIR,

I have many Sorts of Civilities to thank you for, but as amongst the rest, I thank you a thousand Times (twice told) for that delightful Fit of Society, and Conference of Notes we had lately in this little *Fest-Cabell* of mine, upon divers Problems, and upon some which are exploded (and that by those who seem to fway most in the Commonwealth of Learning) for Petardes, merely by an implicit Faith, without diving at all into the Reasons of, the Affectors. And whereas you promised a further Expression of yourself by way

way of a discursive Letter, what you thought of *Copernicus's* Opinion touching the Movement of the Earth, which hath so stirred all our modern Wits; and whereof Sir *J. Brown* pleased to oblige himself to do the like touching the Philosophers Stone, the Powder of Projection, and potable Gold, provided that I would do the same concerning a peopled Country, and a Species of moving Creatures in the Cave of the Moon, which I willingly undertook upon those Conditions: To acquit myself of this Obligation, and to draw on your Performances the sooner, I have adventured to send you this following Discourse (such as it is) touching the *Lunary* World.

I believe 'tis a Principle, which not many will offer to controvert, that as *Antiquity cannot privilege an Error, & Novelty cannot prejudice Truth*. Now, *Truth* hath her Degrees of growing and expanding herself, as all other Things have; and as Time begets her, so he doth the obstetricious Office of a Midwife to bring her forth. Many Truths are but *Embrio's* or *Problems*; nay, some of them seem to be mere *Paradoxes* at first. The Opinion that there were *Antipodes*, was exploded when it was first broached; it was held absurd and ridiculous, and the Thing itself to be as impossible as it was for Men to go upon their Heads, with their Heels upwards: Nay, it was adjudged to be so dangerous a Tenet, that you know well the Bishop's Name, who in the Primitive Church was by Sentence of Condemnation sent out of this World without a Head, to go to and dwell among his *Antipodes*, because he first hatch'd and held that Opinion. But now our late Navigators, and *East-India* Mariners, who use to cross the Equator and Tropics so often, will tell you, That it is as gross a Paradox to hold there are no *Antipodes*; and that the Negative is now as absurd as the Affirmative seemed at first. For Man to walk upon the Ocean when the Surges were at the highest, and to make a heavy dull piece of Wood to swim; nay, fly upon the Water, was held as impossible a Thing at first, as it is now thought impossible for Man to fly into the Air: Sails were held then as uncouth as if one should attempt to make himself Wings to mount up to Heaven à la volle. Two hundred and odd Years ago, he would have been taken for some frantic Fool, that would undertake to batter and blow up a Castle with a few Barrels of a small contemptible black Powder.

The great Architect of the World hath been observed not to throw down all Gifts and Knowledge to Mankind confusively at once; but in a regular parsimonious Method, to

dispense them by certain Degrees, Periods, and Progress of Time, leaving Man to make industrious Researches and Investigations after Truth : *He left the World to the Disputations of Men*, as the wisest of Men saith, who, in Acquisition of natural Truths, went from the Hysop to the Cedar. *One Day certifieth another*, and one Age rectifieth another : The Morrow hath more Experience than the precedent Day, and is oft-times able to be his School-master ; the Grandchild laughs at some Things that were done in his Grandfathers Days ; info-much that hence it may be inferred, that natural human Knowledge is not yet mounted to it's Meridian and highest Point of Elevation. I confess it cannot be denied without gross Ingratitude, but we are infinitely obliged to our Fore-fathers for the Fundamentals of Sciences ; and as the Herald hath a Rule, *Mallem cum patribus quam cum fratribus errare*, I had rather err with my Fathers than Brothers ; so it holds in other Kinds of Knowledge. But those Times which we term vulgarly the *old World*, were indeed the Youth or Adolescence of it ; and though if Respect be had to the particular and personal Acts of Generation, and to the Relation of Father and Son, they who fore-lived and preceded us, may be called our Ancestors, yet if you go to the Age of the World in general, and to the true Length and Longevity of Things, we are more properly the older Cosinopolites : In this Respect, the *Cadet* may be termed more ancient than his elder Brother, because the World was older when he entered into it. Moreover, besides *Truth*, *Time* hath also another Daughter, which is *Experience*, who holds in her Hands the great Looking-glass of Wisdom and Knowledge.

But now to the intended Task, touching an *habitable World*, and a Species of living *Creatures in the Orb of the Moon*, which may bear some *Anabgy* with those of this elementary *World* : Altho' it be not my Purpose to maintain and abfolute assert this Problem, yet I will say this, that who-so-ever crieth it down for a new *Neoterical Opinion*, as divers do, commit a grosser Error than the Opinion may be in it's own Nature : For 'tis almost as ancient as Philosophy herself ; I am sure, 'tis as old as *Orpheus*, who sings of divers fair Cities and Castles within the Circle of the Moon. Moreover, the profoundest Clerks and most renowned Philosophers in all Ages have affirmed it. Towards the first Age of Learning, among others, *Pythagoras* and *Plato* avouched it ; the first of whom was pronounced the wisest of Men by the *Pagan Oracle*, as our *Solomon* is by Holy Writ. In the middle Age of Learning, *Plutarch* speaks of it ; and in the modern

modern Times, the most speculative and scientificallest Men, both in *Germany* and *Italy*, seem to adhere to it; subinventing, that not only the Sphere of the Moon is peopled with *Selenites* or Lunary Men, but that likewise every Star in Heaven is a peculiar World of itself, which is colonized and replenished with *Astral* Inhabitants, as the Earth, Sea, and Air, are with Elementary, the Body of the Sun not excepted, who hath also his *Solar* Creatures, and they are accounted the most sublime, the most pure, and perfectest of all: The *Elementary* Creatures are held the grossest of all, having more Matter than Form in them: The *Solar* have more Form than Matter; the *Selenites*, with other *Astral* Inhabitants, are of a mixed Nature, and the nearer they approach the Body of the Sun, the more pure and spiritual they are: Were it so, there were some Grounds for his Speculation, who thought that human Souls, be they never so pious and pure, ascend not immediately after the Dissolution from the corrupt Mass of Flesh before the glorious Presence of God, presently to behold the *Beatiful Vision*, but first into the Body of the *Moon*, or some other Star, according to their Degrees of Goodness, and actuate some Bodies there of a purer Composition; when they are refined there, they ascend to some higher Star, and so to some higher than that, till at last by these *Degrées* they be made capable to behold the *Lustre* of that glorious Majesty, in whose Sight no Impurity can stand. This is illustrated by a Comparison, that if one, after he hath been kept close in a dark Dungeon a long Time, should be taken out, and brought suddenly to look upon the Sun in the Meridian, it would endanger him to be struck stark Blind; so no human Soul suddenly sallying out of a dirty Prison, as the Body is, would be possibly able to appear before the Incomprehensible Majesty of God, or be susceptible of the Brightness of his all-glorious Countenance, unless he be fitted thereunto before-hand by certain Degrees, which might be done by passing from one Star to another, which, we are taught, differ one from the other in Glory and Splendor.

Among our modern Authors that would furbish this old Opinion of Lunary Creatures, and plant Colonies in the Orb of the Moon, with the rest of the Celestial Bodies, *Gasper Galileo Galilei* is one, who by artificial Prospectives hath brought us to a nearer Commerce with Heaven, by drawing it fifteen Times nearer Earth than it was before in ocular Appearance, by the Advantage of the said Optic Instrument.

Among

Among other Arguments which the Affirmers of *Astres* Inhabitants do produce for Proof of this high Point, one is, that it is neither repugnant to *Reason* or *Ratiocines* to think, that the Almighty Fabricator of the Universe, who doth nothing in vain, nor turns his Handmaid Nature to do so, when he created the erratrick and fixed Stars, he did not make those huge immensè Bodies, whereof most are bigger than the Earth and Sea, tho' conglobated, to twinkle only, and so be an Ornament to the Roof of Heaven; but he placed in the Convex of every one of those vast capacious Spheres some living Creatures to glorify his Name, among whom there is in every of them one Supereminent, like *Mos* upon *Earth*, to be Lord Paramount of all the rest. To this happily may allude the old Opinion, that there is a peculiar *Inelligence* which guides and governs every Orb in Heaven.

They that would thus colonize the Stars with Inhabitants, do place in the Body of the Sun, as was said before, the perfect, the most immaterial, and refined intellectual Creatures, whence the Almighty calls those he will have to be immediately about his Person, and to be admitted to the Hierarchy of Angels. This is far different from the Opinion of the Turk, who holds that the Sun is a great burning Globe designed for the Damned.

They who are transported with this high Speculation, that there are Mansions and habitable Conveniences for Creatures to live within the Bodies of the Celestial Orbs, seem to tax Man of a higher Presumption, that he should think all Things were created principally for him; that the Sun and Stars are serviceable to him in Chief, *viz.* to measure his Days, to distinguish his Seasons, to direct him in his Navigations, and pour wholesome Influences upon him.

No doubt they were created to be partly useful and comfortable to him; but to imagine that they are solely and chiefly for him, is a thought that may be said to be above the Pride of Lucifer: They may be beneficial to him in the Generation and Increase of all Elementary Creatures, and yet have peculiar Inhabitants of their own besides, to concur with the rest of the World in the Service of their Creator. 'Tis a fair Prerogative for *Man* to be Lord of all Terrestrial, Aquatic, and Airy Creatures; that with his Harping Iron he can draw ashore the great Leviathan; that he can make the Camel and huge Dromedary to kneel to him, and take up his Burden; that he can make the fierce Bull, tho' ten times stronger than himself, to endure his Yoke; that he can fetch down the Eagle from his Nest,

with

with such Privileges. But let him not presume too-far in comparing himself with heavenly Bodies, while he is no other Thing than a Worm, crawling upon the Surface of this Earth. Now the Earth is the basest Creature which God hath made; therefore 'tis call'd his *Pestilence*; and tho' some take it to be the Center, yet it is the very Sediment of the Elementary World, as they say the Moon is of the Celestial; 'tis the very Sink of all Corruption and Frailty; which made *Trismegistus* say, that *Terra, non mundus, est nequitia locus;* the Earth, not the *World*, is the Seat of Wickedness: And tho' 'tis true, she be susceptible of Light, yet the Light terminates only in her Superficies, being not able to enlighten any thing else, as the Stars can do.

Thus have I proportioned my short Discourse upon this spacious Problem to the Size of an Epistle; I reserve the Fullness of my Opinion in this Point, till I receive yours touching *Copernicus*.

It hath been always my Practice, in the Search and Examination of natural Verities, to keep to myself a philosophical Freedom, and not to make any one's Opinion so magisterial and binding, but that I might be at Liberty to recede from it upon more pregnant and powerful Reasons. For so in theological Tenets 'tis a Rule, *Quicquid non defendit a monte Scripturae, eadem auctoritate contestatur, qua approbatur;* Whatsoever defends not from the Mount of Holy Scripture, may be by the same Authority rejected as well as received: So in the Disquisitions and winnowing of phisical Truths, *Quicquid non defendit a monte Rationis;* &c. Whatsoever defends not from the Mount of Reason, may be as well rejected as approved of.

So, longing after an Opportunity to pursue this Point by Mixture of oral Discourse, which hath more Elbow-room than a Letter; I rest, with all Candor and Cordial Affection,

Floz, 2 Nov. 1647. Your faithful Servant, J. H.

X.

To the Right Honourable the Lady E. D^r.^g

Madam,

Those Rays of Goodness which are diffusely scattered in others, are all concentrated in you; which, were they divided into equal Portions, were enough to complete a whole Jury of Ladies: This draws you a Mixture of Love and Envy, or rather an Admiration, from all who know you, especially from me; and that in so high a Degree, that if you would suffer yourself to be adored, you should quickly find me religious in that Kind. However I am bold to send your

your Ladyship this, as a kind of Homage, or Heriot, or Tribute, or what you please to term it, in regard I am a true Vassal to your Virtues : And if you please to lay any of your Commands upon me, your Will shall be a Law to me, which I will observe with as much Allegiance as any Branch of *Magna Charta* ; they shall be as binding to me as *Lycor-gus's* Laws were to the *Spartans* ; and to this I subscribe,

Fleet, 20 Aug. 1647.

J. H.

XI.

To R. B. Esq; at Grundesburgh.

SIR,

When I o'er-look'd the List of my choicest Friends to insert your Name, I paus'd a-while, and thought it more proper to begin a new collateral File, and put you in the Front thereof, where make account you are placed. If any thing upon Earth partakes of angelic Happiness (in Civil Actions) 'tis *Friendship* ; it perfumes the Thoughts with such sweet Ideas, and the Heart with such melting Passions : Such are the Effects of yours to me, which makes me please myself much in the Speculation of it.

I am glad you are so well returned to your own Family ; and touching the Wheelwright you write of, who from a Cart came to be a Captain, it made me think of the perpetual Rotations of Fortune, which you know Antiquity seated upon a Wheel, in a restles, tho' not violent Volubility : And truly, it was never more verified than now ; that those Spokes which were formerly but collateral, and some of them quite underneath, are now coming up a-pace to the Top of the Wheel : I hope there will be no Cause to apply to them the old Verse I learned at School,

Aperius nihil est humili, cum surgit in altum.

But there is a transcendent over-ruling Providence, who cannot only check the Rollings of this petty Wheel, and strike a Nail into it that it shall not stir ; but stay also, when he pleaseth, the Motions of thos vast Spheres of Heaven, where the Stars are always stirring, as likewise the Whirlings of the *Primum Mobile* itself, which the Astronomers say, draws all the World after it in a rapid Revolution. That Divine Providence vouchsafe to check the Motion of that malevolent Planet, which hath so long lowred upon poor England, and send us better Days. So, saluting you with no vulgar Respects, I rest, my dear Nephew,

Fleet, 26 July 1646.

*Yours most affectionately
to serve you, J. H.*

XII.

To Mr. En. P. at Paris.

En Dr. March 1647

SIR,

THAT which the Plots of the Jesuits in their dark Cells; and the Policy of the greatest Roman Catholic Princes have driven at these many Years, is now done to their Hands; which was to divide and break the Strength of these three Kingdoms, because they held it to be too great a Glory and Power to be in one heretical Prince's Hands (as they esteemed the King of Great-Britain) because he was in a Capacity to be Umpire, if not Arbiter of this Part of the World, as many of our Kings have been.

You write thence, that in regard of the sad Condition of our Queen, their Country-woman, they are sensible of our Calamities; but I believe, 'tis the *Populace* only, who see no farther than the Rind of Things: Your Cabinet-Council rather rejoiceth at it, who, or I am much deceiv'd, contributed much in the Time of the late *sanguine* Cardinal, to set a-foot these Distractions, beginning first with *Scotland*, who, you know, hath always served that Nation for a Brand to set *England* a-fire for the Advancement of their own Ends. I am afraid we have seen our best Days; we knew not when we were well: So that the *Italian* Saying may be well applied to poor *England*, *I was well, I would be better; I took Physic and died.* No more now, but that I rest still

Fleet, 20 Jan. 1647. Yours entirely to serve you, J. H.

XIII.

To John Wroth Esq; at Petherton-Park.

SIR,

I Had two of yours lately, one in *Italian*, the other in *French*, (which were answered in the same Dialect) and as I read them with singular Delight, so I must tell you, they struck an Admiration into me, that, in so short a Revolution of Time, you should come to be so great a Master of those Languages both for the *Pen* and *Parley*. I have known divers, and those of pregnant and ripe Capacities, who had spent more Oil and Time in those Countries, yet could they not arrye to that *double* Perfection which you have; for if they got one, they were commonly defective in the other. Therefore I may say, that you have not *Spartan natus*, which was but a petty Republic, *sed Italiam & Galliam natus es; has orna*: You have got all Italy and France, *adorn* these.

Nor

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Nor is it *Language* that you have only brought Home with you ; but I find that you have studied the *Men* and the *Manners* of those Nations you have conversed withal : Neither have you courted only all their fair Cities, Castles, Houses of Pleasure, and other Places of Curiosity, but you have pried into the very Mysteries of their Government, as I find by thole choice Manuscripts and Observations you have brought with you. In all these Things you have been so curious, as if the Soul of your great Uncle, who was employed Ambassador in the Imperial Court, and who held Correspondence with the greatest Men of Christendom in their own Language, had transmigrated into you.

The freshest News here is, that those Heart-burnings, and Fires of Civil Commotions which you left behind you in France, covered over with thin Ashes for the Time, are broken out again ; and I believe they will be never quite extinguished till there be a Peace or Truce with Spain, for till then there is no Hope of Abatement of Taxes. And it is feared, the Spanish will out-wear the French at last in Fighting ; for the King himself, I steal his Mines of Mexico and Peru, afford him a constant and yearly Treasure to support his Armies ; whereas the French King digs his Treasure out of the Bowels and vital Spirits of his own Subjects.

I pray let me hear from you by the next Opportunity, for I shall hold my Time well employed to correspond with a Gentleman of such choice and gallant Parts : In which Desires I rest,

Your most affectionate and faithful

29 Aug. 1649.

Servitor, J. H.

XIV.
To Mr. W. B.

HOW glad was I, my choice and precious Nephew, to receive yours of the 24th Current ; wherein I was sorry, sho' satisfied in point of Belief, to find the ill Fortune of Interception which befel my last unto you.

Touching the Condition of Things here, you shall understand, that our Miseries lengthen with our Days ; for tho' the Sun and the Spring advance nearer us, yet our Times are not grown a whit the more comfortable. I am afraid this City hath fooled herself into a Slavery ; the Army, sho' forbidden to come within ten Miles of her by Order of Parliament, quarters now in the Bowels of her ; they threaten to break her Pecullies, Posts, and Chains, to make her pervious upon all Occasions : They have secured also the Tower, with Addition of Strength for themselves : Besides a Famine

Famine doth insensibly creep upon us, and the *Meat* starved for want of Bullock, *Trade*, which was ever the *Sinew* of this Island, doth visibly decay, and the *Influence* of ships is risen from two to ten in the Hundred: Our Gold ingrossed in private Hands, or gone beyond Sea to travel without License; and much I believe of it is returned to the Earth (whence it first came) to be buried where our Nephews may chance to find it a thousand Years hence, the World lasts so long; so that the exchanging of white Earth into red (I mean Silver into Gold) is now above six ^V the Hundred: And all these, with many more, are the dismal Effect, and Concomitants of a Civil War. 'Tis true, we have had many such black Days in *England* in former Ages; but those paralleled to the present, are as a Shallow of a *Mountain* compared to the Eclipse of the *Moon*. My Prayers early and late are, that God Almighty would please not to turn away his Face quite, but cheer us again with the Light of his Countenance. And I am well assured you will join with me in the same Oration to Heaven's Gate; in which Confidence I rest,

Fleet, Yo Dec. Yours most affectionately to serve you, J. H.
1647.

XV.

To Sir K. D. at Parks. London. D.

SIR,
 NOW, that you are returned, and fixed a-while in *France*, an old servant of yours takes Leave to kiss your Hands, and salute you in an intense Degree of Heat and Height of Passion. 'Tis well you shook Hands with this unfortunate Isle when you did, and got your Liberty by such a Royal Mediation as the Queen's Regents; for had you staid, you would have taken but little Comfort in your Life, in regard that ever since, there have been the fearfulllest Distractions here that ever happened upon any Part of the Earth: A believ'd kind of Humanity never ranged so among Men, insomuch, that the whole Country might have taken it's Appellation from the smallest Part thereof, and be called the *Isle of Dogs*; for all Humanity, common Honesty, and that Manufacture, with other moral Civilities which should distinguish the rational Creature from other Animals, have been lost here a good while. Nay, besides this *Cynical*, there is a kind of *Wolvish* Humour hath seized upon most of this People, a true *Lycanthropy*, they so worry and seek to devour one another; so that the wild *Arab* and fiercest *Tartar* may be call'd civil Men in comparison of us: Therefore he is the happiest who is furthest off from this woful Island. The King

is straitened of that Liberty he formerly had in the *Isle of Wight*, and as far as I can see, may make up the Number of Nebuchadnezzar's Years before he be restored : The Parliament persists in their first Propositions ; and will go nothing less. This is all I have to send at this Time, only I will adjourn the true Respects of Your most faithful humble Fleet, 5 May, 1647. Servitor. J. H.

XVI.

To Mr. W. Blois in Suffolk.

SIR,

YOurs of the 17th Current came safely to Hand, and I kiss your Hands for it; you mention there two others that came not, which made me condole the Loss of such Jewels; for I esteem all your Letters for being the precious Effects of your Love, which I value at a high Rate, and please myself much in the Contemplation of it, as also in the Continuance of this Letter-Correspondence, which is performed on your Part with such ingenious Expressions, and embroidered still with new Flourishes of Invention. I am still under Hold in this fatal Fleet; and like one in a Tempest at Sea, who hath been often-nearthe Shore, yet is still tossed back by contrary Winds, so I have had frequent Hopes of Freedom, but some croſt Accident or other always intervened; insomuch that I am now in Half-despair of an absolute Release till a general Goal-Delivery: Yet notwithstanding this outward Captivity, I have inward Liberty still, I thank God for it.

The greatest News is, that between twenty and thirty Thousand well armed Scots have been utterly routed, rifled, and all taken Prisoners, by less than 8000 *English*. I must confess it was a great Exploit, whereof I am not sorry, in regard that the *English* have regained hereby the Honour which they had lost Abroad of late Years in the Opinion of the World, ever since the Pacification at *Berwick*, and divers Traversies of War since. What *Hamilton's* Delign was, is a Mystery ; most think that he intended no Good either to King or Parliament. So with my daily more and more endeared Affections to you, I rest,

Fleet, 7 May, 1647.

*Yours ever to love and
serve you. J. H.*

XVII

XVII.
To Mr. R. Baron at Paris.

Gentle Sir,

I Received and presently ran over your *Cyprian Academy* with much Greediness, and no vulgar Delight; and, Sir, I hold myself much honoured for the Dedication you have been

been pleased to make thereof to me, for it deserved a far higher Patronage. Truly I must tell you without any Compliment, that I have seldom met with such an ingenious Mixture of Prose and Verse, interwoven with such Varieties of Fancy, and charming Strains of amorous Passions, which have made all the Ladies of the Land in Love with you. If you begin already to court the Muses so handsomly, and have got such Footing on *Parnassus*, you may in Time be Lord of the whole Hill ; and those nice Girls, because *Apollo* is now grown unwieldy and old, may make Choice of you to officiate in his Room, and preside over them.

I much thank you for the punctual Narration you pleas'd to send me of those Commotions in *Paris* ; I believe *France* will never be in perfect Repose, while a *Spaniard* sits at the Stern, and an *Italian* steers the Rudder. In my Opinion, *Mazarine* should do wisely now, that he hath feather'd his Nest so well, to truss up his Baggage, and make over the *Alps* to his own Country, lest the same Fate betide him as did the Marquis of *Ancre* his Compatriot. I am glad the Treaty goes on betwixt *Spain* and *France* ; for nothing can portend a greater Good to *Christendom*, than a Conjunction of those two great Luminaries ; which if it please God to bring about, I hope the Stars will change their Aspects, and we shall see better Days.

I send here inclosed a second Bill of Exchange, in case the first I sent you in my last hath miscarried : So, my dear Nephew, I embrace you with both my Arms, and rest

*Yours most entirely to love and serve you, while J. H.
Fleet, 20 June, 1647.*

XVIII.

To Mr. Tho. More at York.

SIR,

I Have often partaked of that Pleasure which *Letters* use to carry along with them ; but I do not remember to have found a greater Proportion of Delight than yours afford me. Your last of the fourth current came to safe Hand, wherein methought each Line, each Word, each Syllable breathed out the Passions of a clear and candid Soul, of a virtuous and gentle Spirit. Truly, Sir, as I might perceive by your ingenuous and pathetical Expressions therein, that you were transported with the Heat of true Affection towards me in the *Writing*, so was I in the *Reading*, which wrought upon me with such an Energy, that a kind Extasy possessed me, for the Time ; I pray, Sir, go on in this Correspondence, and you shall find that your Lines will not be ill bestowed upon me ; for I love and respect you dearly well : Nor is this Love grounded upon vulgar Principles, but upon those

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extraordinary Parts of Virtue and Worth which I have discover'd in you, and such a Love is the most permanent, as you shall find in

Fleet, 1647.

Your most affectionate Uncle, J. H.

XIX.

To Mr. W. B. 30 Maii.

S I R,

✓ Our last Lines to me were as delightful as the *Season*, they were as sweet as Flowers in *May*; nay, they were far more fragrant than those fading Vegetables; they did cast a greater Suavity than the Arabian Spices use to do in the *Grand Cairo*, where, when the Wind is Southward, they say the Air is as sweet as a perfum'd *Spanish* Glove. The Air of this City is not so, especially in the Heart of the City, in and about *Paul's Church*, where Horse-dung is a Yard deep; insomuch that to cleanse it would be as hard a Task, as it was for *Hercules* to cleanse the *Augean Stable*, by drawing a great River thro' it, which was accounted one of his twelve Labours. But it was a bitter Taunt of the *Italian*, who passing by *Paul's Church*, and seeing it full of Horses, *Now I perceive* (said he) *that in England Men and Beasts serve God alike.* No more now, but that I am,

Your most faithful Servant, J. H.

XX.

To Sir Paul Pindar Kt. upon the Version of an Italian Piece into English, call'd, St. Paul's Progres upon Earth; a new and a notable kind of Satire.

S I R,

ST. Paul having descended lately to view *Italy*, and other Places, as you may trace him in the following Discourse, he would not take Wing back to Heaven before he had given you a special Visit, who have so well deserv'd of his Church here, the goodliest Pile of Stones in the *Christian* World of that Kind.

Of all the Men of our Times, you are one of the greatest Examples of Piety, and constant Integrity, which discovers a noble Soul to dwell within you, and that you are very conversant with Heaven; so that methinks I see St. Paul saluting and solacing you in these black Times, assuring you that those pious Works of Charity you have done and daily do (and that in such a Manner, *that the Left-hand knows not what the Right doth*) will be as a Triumphant Chariot to carry you one Day up to Heaven, to partake of the same Beatitude with him. Sir, among those that truly honour you, I am one,

one, and have been so since I first knew you; therefore as a small Testimony hereof, I send you this fresh Fancy, composed by a noble Personage, in *Italian*, of which Language you so great a Master.

For the first Part of the Discourse, which consists of a Dialogue betwixt the two first Persons of the Holy Trinity, there are Examples of that Kind in some of the most ancient Fathers, as *Apollinarius* and *Nazianzen*; and lately *Grotius* hath the like in his Tragedy of *Christ's Passion*: Which may serve to free it from all Exceptions. So I most affectionately kiss your Hands, and am, Sir,

Fleet, 25 Mar. 1646.

Your very humble and ready Servant, J. H.

XXI.

To Sir Paul Neale Kt. upon the same Subject.

SIR,

S T. *Paul* cannot re-ascend to Heaven before he gives you also a Salute; my Lord, your Father, having been a Star of the greatest Magnitude in the Firmament of the Church. If you please to observe the Manner of his late Progress upon Earth, which you may do by the Guidance of this Discourse, you shall discover many Things which are not Vulgar, by a curious Mixture of Church and State-Affairs: You shall feel herein the Pulse of *Italy*, and how it beats at this Time, since the Beginning of these late Wars betwixt the Pope and the Duke of *Parma*, with the Grounds, Procedure and Successes of the said War; together with the Interest and Grievances, the Pretences and Quarrels, that most Princes there have with *Rome*.

I must confess, my Genius hath often prompted me, that I was never cut out for a Translator, there being a kind of Servility therein: For it must needs be somewhat tedious to one that hath any Free-born Thoughts within him, and genuine Conceptions of his own, (whereof I have some, tho' shallow ones) to enchain himself to a Verbal Servitude, and the Sense of another. Moreover, *Translations* are but as turn-coated Things at best, especially among Languages that have Advantages one of the other, as the *Italian* hath of the *English*, which may be said to differ one from the other as *Silk* doth from *Cloth*, the common Wear of both Countries where they are spoken. And as *Cloth* is the more substantial, so the *English* Tongue, by Reason 'tis so knotted with Consonants, is the stronger and the more sinewy of the two: But *Silk* is more smooth and slick, and so is the *Italian* Tongue, compared to the *English*. Or I may say, *Transla-*

tions are like the wrong Side of a *Turky Carpet*, which useth to be full of Thrums and Knots, and nothing so even as the Right-side : Or one may say, (as I spake elsewhere) that Translations are like Wines taken off the Lees, and poured into other Vessels, that must needs lose somewhat of their first Strength and Brisknes, which in the Pouring, or Passage, rather, evaporates into Air.

Moreover, touching Translations, it is to be observed, that every Language hath certain Idioms, Proverbs, and peculiar Expressions of it's own, which are not rendible in any other, but paraprastically ; therefore he overacts the Office of an Interpreter, who doth enslave himself too strictly to Words or Phrases. I have heard of an Excess among Limners, called too much to the Life, which happens when one aims at Similitude more than Skill : So in Version of Languages, one may be so over-punctual in Words, that he may mar the Matter. The greatest Fidelity that can be expected in a Translator, is to keep still a-foot and entire the true genuine Sense of the Author, with the main Design he drives at : And this was the principal Thing which was observed in this Version.

Furthermore, let it not be thought strange, that there are some *Italian* Words made free Denizens of *England* in this Discourse ; for by such Means our Language hath grown from Time to Time to be cōpious, and still grows more rich, by adopting, or naturalizing rather, the choicest foreign Words of other Nations ; as a Nosegay is nothing else but a Tust of Flowers gathered from divers Beds.

Touching this present Version of *Italian* into *English*, I may say, 'tis a Thing I did when I had nothing to do : 'Twas to find something whereby to pass away the slow Hours of this sad Condition of Captivity.

I pray be pleased to take this as a small Argument of the great Respects I owe you for the sundry rare and high Virtues I have discovered in you, as also for the Obligations I have to your noble Lady, whose Hands I humbly kiss, wishing you both, as the Season invites me, a good New Year, (for it begins but now in *Law*) as also a holy *Lent*, and a healthful Spring.

Your most obliged and ready

Fleet, 25 March.

Servitor, J. H.

XXII.

To Dr. W. Turner.

SIR,

I Return you my most thankful Acknowledgments for that Collection or *Farrago* of Prophecies, as you call them, (and that very properly, in regard there is a Mixture of good and

and bad) you pleased to send me lately; especially that of *Noſtredamus*, which I ſhall be very chary to preferve for you. I could require you with divers Predictions more, and of ſome of the *British Bards*; which, were they tranſlated into *English*, would transform the World to Wonder.

They ſing of a *Red Parliament* and *White King*, of a Race of People which ſhould be called *Pengrums*, of the Fall of the Church, and divers other Things which glance upon theſe Times. But I am none of thoſe that afford much Faith to rambling Prophecies, which (as was ſaid elsewhere) are like ſo many odd Grains ſown in the vast Field of *Time*, whereof not one in a thouſand comes up to grow again, and appear above Ground. But that I may correfpond with you in ſome Part for the like Courteſy, I ſend you theſe following prophetic Verſes of *Whitehall*, which were made above twenty Years ago to my Knowledge, upon a Book called *Balaam's Aſſ*, that conſifted of ſome Invectives againſt K. James and the Court in *Satu quo tunc*: It was composed by one Mr. Williams, a Counſellor of the *Temple*, but a *Roman Catholic*, who was hanged, drawn and quartered at *Charing-Croſſ* for it; and I believe there are Hundreds that have Copies of theſe Verſes ever ſince that Time about Town yet Living. They were theſe:

*Some Seven Years ſince Chriſt rid to Court,
And there he left his Aſſ:
The Courtiers kick'd him out of Doors,
Because they had no * Graſs. * Grace.
The Aſſ went mourning up and down,
And thus I heard him bray,
If that they could not give me Graſs,
They might have given me Hay:
But Sixteen Hundred Forty Three,
Whoſoe'er ſhall see that Day,
Will nothing find within that Court,
But only Graſs and Hay, &c.*

Which was found to happen true in *Whitehall*, till the Soldiers coming to quarter there, trampled it down.

Truly, Sir, I find all Things conſpire to make ſtrange Mutations in this miſerable Iſland; I fear we ſhall fall from under the Scepter to be under the Sword: And ſince we ſpeak of Prophecies, I am afraid, among others, that which was made ſince the Reformation will be verified, *The Churchman was, the Lawyer is, the Soldier ſhall be*. Welcome be the Will of God, who tranſvolves Kingdoms, and tumbls down Monarchs, as Mole-hills, at his Pleaſure. So I reſt, my dear Doctor,

Fleet, 9 Aug. 1648.

*Your moſt faithful
Servant, J. H.*

XXIII.

To the Hon. Sir Edward Spencer Kt. at his House
near Brentford.

SIR,

WE are not so bare of Intelligence between these Walls, but we can hear of your Doings in *Brentford*: That so general Applause, whereby you were cried up Knight of the Shire for *Middlesex*, founded round about us upon *London* Streets, and echoed in every Corner of the Town; nor do I mingle Speech with any, tho' half affected to you, but highly approve of and congratulate the Election; being glad, that a Gentleman of such extraordinary Parts and Probity, as also of such a mature Judgment, should be chosen to serve the Public.

I return you the Manuscript you lent me of *Dæmonology*, but the Author thereof and I are two in point of Opinion that Way; for he seems to be on the negative Part, and truly he writes as much as can be produc'd for his Purpose. But there are some Men that are of mere negative Genius, like *Johannes ad oppositum*, who will deny, or at least cross and puzzle any Thing, tho' never so clear in itself, with their *but, yet, if, &c.* they will flap the Lie in *Truth's* Teeth, tho' she visibly stand before their Face without any Vizard: Such perverse cross-grain'd Spirits are not to be dealt withal by Arguments, but palpable Proofs; as if one should deny that the Fire burns, or that he hath a Nose on his Face; there is no Way to deal with him, but to pull him by the Tip of the one, and put his Finger into the other. I will not say that this Gentleman is so perverse; but to deny that there are any Witches, to deny that there are not Ill-Spirits, which seduce, tamper, and converse, in divers Shapes with human Creatures, and impel them to Actions of Malice; I say, that he who denies there are such busy Spirits, and such poor passive Creatures upon whom they work, which commonly are called Witches; I say again, that he who denies there are such Spirits, shews that he himself hath a Spirit of Contradiction in him, opposing the current and consentient Opinion of all Antiquity. We read, that both *Jews* and *Romans*, with all other Nations of *Chrijtendom*, and our Ancestors here in *England*, enacted Laws against Witches; sure they were not so silly as to waste their Brains in making Laws against Chimeras, against *Non-entia*, or such as *Plato's Kterijmata's* were. The Judicial Laws apparent in the holy *Codex*, *Thou shalt not suffer a Witch to live*: The *Roman Law*, which the *Decennarii* made, is

is yet extant in the twelve Tables, *Qui fruges incantassent, pœnis danto*: They who shall enchant the Fruit of the Earth, let them be punished. The Imperial Law is known by every Civilian; *Hi, cum hostes nature sint, suppicio afficiantur*: These, meaning Witches, because they are Enemies to Nature, let them be punished. And the Acts of Parliament in *England* are against those that *invoke Ill-Spirits, that take up any dead Man, Woman or Child, to take the Skin or Bone of any dead Body, to employ it to Sorcery or Charm, whereby any one is lamed, or made to pine away, &c. Such shall be guilty of flat Felony, and not capable of Clergy or Sanctuary, &c.*

What a Multitude of Examples are there, in good authentic Authors, of divers Kinds of Fascinations, Incantations, Prestigiations, of Philtres, Spells, Charms, Sorceries, Characters, and such like; as also of Magic, Necromancy, and Divinations? Surely the *Witch of Endor* is no Fable; the Burning of *Joan d'Arc*, the Maid of *Orleans*, in *Rouen*; and of the Marchioness of *d'Ancre* of late Years in *Paris*, are no Fables: The Execution of *Noſtredamus* for a kind of *Witch*, some fourscore Years since, is but a modern Story; who among other Things foretold, *Le Senat de Londres tuera son Roy*, The Senate of *London* shall kill their King. The best Historians have it upon Record, how *Charlemain's* Mistress enchanted him with a Ring, which as long as she had about her, he would not suffer her dead Carcase to be carried out of his Chamber to be buried; and a Bishop taking it out of her Mouth, the Emperor grew to be as much bewitch'd with the Bishop; but he being loy'd with his Excess of Favour, threw it into a Pond, where the Emperor's chiefeſt Pleasure was to walk till his Dying-day. The Story tells us, how the *Waldenses* in *France* were by solemn Arrest of Parliament accus'd and condemn'd of *Witchcraft*. The *Malteses* took *St. Paul* for a *Witch*. *St. Augustin* speaks of Women who could turn Men to Horses, and make them carry their Burdens: *Danaeus* writes of an enchanted Staff, which the Devil, Summoner-like, was us'd to deliver some Market-women to ride upon. In some of the Northern Countries, 'tis as ordinary to buy and sell *Winds*, as it is to do *Wines* in other Parts; and hereof I could instance in some Examples of my own Knowledge. Every one knows what *Olaus Magnus* writes of *Erich's* (King of *Swedeland's*) corner'd Cap, who could make the Wind shift to any Point of the Compas, according as he turn'd it about.

Touching Diviners of Things to come, which is held a Species of *Witchcraft*, we may read they were frequent a-

among the *Romans*; yea, they had Colleges for their *Augurs* and *Aruspices*, who used to make their Predictions sometimes by Fire, sometimes by flying of Fowls, sometimes by Inspection into the Entrails of Beasts, or invoking the Dead, but most frequently by consulting with the Oracles, to whom all Nations hath Recourse except the *Jews*. But you will say, that since *Christianity* display'd her Banner, the *Cross* hath scar'd away the Devil, and struck the Oracles dumb: As *Plutarch* reports a notable Passage of *Thamus*, an *Italian* Pilot; who a little after the Birth of Christ, sailing along the Coasts of *Calabria* in a still silent Night, all his Passengers being a-sleep, an airy cold Voice came to his Ears, saying, *Thamus, Thamus, Thamus, The great God Pan is dead*, who was the chiefest Oracle of that Country. Yet tho' the Light of the Gospel chased away those great Owls, there be some Bats and little Night-birds that fly still Abroad; I mean petty Spirits, that by secret Actions, which are made always without Witness, enable Men and Women to do Evil. In such Compacts beyond the Seas, the Party must *first renounce Christ, and the extended Woman, meaning the Blessed Virgin; be must contemn the Sacrament, tread on the Cross, Spit at the Host, &c.* There is a famous Story of such a Action, which Friar *Louis* made, some half a hundred Years ago, with the Devil in *Marseilles*, who appeared to him in Shape of a Goat, and promised him the Enjoyment of any Woman whom he fancied, with other Pleasures, for 41 Years; but the Devil being too cunning for him, put the Figure of 1 before, and made it 14 Years in the Contract, (which is to be seen to this Day, with the Devil's Claw to it) at which Time the Fryar was detected for Witchcraft, and burnt; and all those Children, whom he had christened during that Term of 14 Years, were re-baptized: The Gentlewomen whom he had abus'd, put themselves into a Nunnery by themselves. Heretounto may be added, the great rich Widow that was burned in *Lions*, because it was proved the Devil had lain with her; as also the History of Lieutenant *Jagquette*, which stands upon Record with the former: But if I should insert them here at large, it would make this Letter swell too much,

But we need not cross the Sea for Examples of this Kind; we have too too many (God wot) at Home. King *James* a great while was loth to believe there were Witches; but that which happened to my Lord *Francis* of *Rutland's* Children convinced him, who were bewitched by an old Woman that was Servant at *Betwsir-Castle*; but being displeased,

pleased, she contracted with the Devil (who conversed with her in Form of a Cat, whom she called *Rutterkin*) to make away those Children, out of mere Malignity and Thirst of Revenge.

But since the Beginning of these unnatural Wars, there may be a Cloud of Witneses produced for the Proof of this black Tenet: For within the Compass of two Years, near upon three hundred Witches were arraigned, and the major Part executed in *Essex* and *Suffolk* only. *Scotland* swarms with them now more than ever, and Persons of good Quality executed daily.

Thus, Sir, have I huddled together a few Arguments touching this Subject; because in my last Communication with you, methought I found you somewhat unsatisfied, and staggering in your Opinion touching the affirmative Part of this Thesis, the discussing whereof is far fitter for an elaborate large Treatise than a loose Letter.

Touching the new Commonwealth you intend to establish, now that you have assigned me my Part among so many choice Legislators: Something I shall do to comply with your *Desires*, which shall be always to me as Commands, and your Commands as Laws; because I love and honour you in a very high Degree, for those gallant free-born Thoughts, and sundry Parts of Virtue, which I have discerned in you: Which makes me entitle myself,

Fleet, 20 Feb. 1647. Your most bumble and affectionate
faithful Servant, J. H.

XXIV.

To Sir William Boswel, at the Hague.

SIR,

THAT black Tragedy which was lately acted here, as it hath filled most Hearts among us with Consternation and Horror, so I believe it hath been no less resented Abroad. For my own Particular, the more I ruminate upon it, the more it astonisheth my Imagination, and shaketh all the Cells of my Brain; so that sometimes I struggle with my Faith, and have much ado to believe it yet. I shall give over wondring at any Thing hereafter, nothing shall seem strange unto me; only I will attend with Patience how *England* will thrive, now that she is let blood in the *Basilical Vein*, and cured, as they say, of the *King's-Evil*.

I had one of yours by Mr. *Jacob Boeue*, and I much thank you for the Account you please to give me of what I sent you by his Conveyance. *Holland* may now be proud, for

for there is a younger Commonwealth in *Christendom* than herself. No more now, but that I always rest, Sir,

Fleet, 20 Mar.

1648. 9

Your most humble

Servitor, J. H.

J.H.

XXV.

To Mr. W. B. at Grunedesburgh.

SIR,

NEver credit me, if *Liberty* itself be as dear to me as your Letters, they come so full of choice and learned Applications, with such free unforced Strains of Ingenuity; insomuch that when I peruse them, methinks they cast such a kind of Fragrancy, that I cannot more aptly compare them, than to the Flowers which are now in their prime Season, viz. to Roses in June. I had two of them lately, which methought were like Quivers full of barb'd Arrows, pointed with Gold, that penetrated my Breast.

—*Tali quis nollet ab ieu
Ridendo tremulas mortis non ire sub umbras?*

Your Expressions were like those *Mucrones* and *Melliti Globuli*, which you so ingeniously apply mine unto; but these Arrows of yours, tho' they have hit me, they have not hurt me, they had no killing Quality, but they were rather as so many Cordials; for you know Gold is restorative. I am suddenly surprised by an unexpected Occasion, therefore I must abruptly break off with you for this Time: I will only add, my most dear Nephew, that I rest

June 3, 1648.

*Yours entirely to love
and serve you, J. H.*

XXVI.

To R. K. Esq; at St. Giles's.

Difference in *Opinion*, no more than a differing *Complexion*, can be Cause enough for me to hate any. A differing *Fancy* is no more to me than a differing *Face*. If another hath a *fair* Countenance, tho' mine be *black*; or if I have a *fair* Opinion, though another have a *hard-favoured* one, yet it shall not break that common League of Humanity which should be betwixt rational Creatures, provided he corresponds with me in the general Offices of Morality and civil Uprightness: This may admit him to my Acquaintance and Conversation, tho' I never concur with him in *Opinion*: He bears the Image of *Adam*, and the Image of the Almighty, as well as I; he had *God* for his *Father*, tho' he hath

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hath not the same *Church* for his *Mother*. The Omnipotent *Creator*, as he is only *Kardio-gnostic*, so he is the sole *Lord* of the whole inward *Man*: It is he who reigns over the Faculties of the Soul, and the Affections of the Heart: 'Tis he who regulates the Will, and rectifies all Obliquities in the Understanding by special Illuminations, and oftentimes reconciles Men as opposite in *Opinions*; as *Meridians*, and *Parallels* are in point of Extension, whereof the one draws from East to West, the other from North to South.

Some of the Pagan Philosophers, especially *Themistius*, who was *Prætor* of *Byzantium*, maintained an Opinion, that as the Pulchritude and Preservation of the World consisted in Varieties and Dissimilitudes, (as also in eccentric and contrary Motions) that as it was replenished with such numberless Sorts of several Species, and that the *Individuals* of those Species differed so much one from the other, especially *Mankind*, amongst whom one shall hardly find two in ten thousand that hath exactly (tho' Twins) the same Tone of Voice, Smili-tude of Face, or Ideas of Mind, therefore the *God of Nature* ordained from the Beginning, that he should be worshipped in various and sundry forms of Adoration; which nevertheless, like so many Lines, should tend all to the same Centre. But *Christian Religion* prescribes another Rule, viz. that there is but *una via, una veritas*, there is but one true Way to Heaven, and that but a narrow one; whereas there be huge large Roads that lead to Hell.

God Almighty guide us in the first, and guard us from the second, as also from all cross and uncouth By-paths, which use to lead such Giddy-brains that follow them, to a confused Labyrinth of Errors; where being entangled, the Devil, as they stand gaping for new Lights to lead them out, takes his Advantage to seize on them for their Spiritual Pride and Insobriety, in the Search of more Knowledge.

28 July, 1648.

Your most faithful
Servant, J. H.

Familiar

Familiar LETTERS.

BOOK IV.

I.

To Sir James Crofts Knight, near Leominster.

S I R,

Epistles, or (according to the Word in use) *Familiar Letters*, may be called the *Alarum Bells of Love*: I hope this will prove so to you, and have Power to awaken you out of that Silence wherein you have slept solong; yet I would not have this *Alarum* make any harsh obstreperous Sound, but gently summon you to our former Correspondence. Your Returns to me shall be more than *Alarum Bells*; they shall be like *Silver Trumpets* to rouze up my Spirits, and make me take *Pen* in Hand to meet you more than Half-way in the old Field of Friendship.

It is recorded of *Galen*, one of Nature's *Cabinet-Clerks*, that when he slept his *Siesta* (as the *Spaniard* calls it) or Afternoon Sleep, to avoid Excess that Way, he used to sit in such a Posture, that having a gold Ball in his Hand, and a copper Vessel underneath, as soon as his *Senses* were shut, and the *Phantasy* began to work, the Ball would fall down, the Noise whereof would awake him, and draw the Spring-lock back again to set the outward *Senses* at Liberty. I have seen in *Italy* a Finger-ring, which in the Bobs thereof had a Watch; and there was such a Trick of Art in it, that it might be so wound up, that it would make a small Pin to prick him who wore it, at such an Hour as he pleased in the Night. Let the *Pen* between us have the Virtue of that *Pin*: But the *Pen* hath a thousand Virtues more. You know that *Anser*, *Apis*, *Vitulus*, the Goose, the Bee, and the Calf, do rule the World; the one affording Parchment, the other two Scaling-wax, and Quills to write withal. You know also how the *gaggleing* of Geese did once preserve the

the Capitol from being surprized by my Countryman *Brennus*, which was the first foreign Force that *Rome* felt. But the *Goose-quill* doth daily greater Things ; it conserves Empires, (and the Feathers of it get Kingdoms, witness what Exploits the *English* performed by it in *France*) the Quill being the chiefest Instrument of Intelligence, and the Ambassador's prime Tool : Nay, the *Quill* is the *usefullst* Thing which preserves that noble Virtue *Friendship*, which else would perish among Men for want of Practice.

I shall make no more Sallies out of *London* this Summer, therefore your Letters may be sure where to find me : Matters are still involved here in a strange Confusion, but the Stars may let down milder Influences ; therefore clear up, and reprieve yourself against better Times, for the World would be irksome to me if you were out of it. Hap what will, you shall be sure to find me

Your ready and real Servant,

J. H.

II.

To Mr. T. Morgan.

SIR,

I Received two of yours upon *Tuesday* last, one to your Brother, the other to me ; but the Superscriptions were mistaken, which makes me think on that famous Civilian, Doctor *Dale*, who being employ'd to *Flanders* by Q. *Elizabeth*, sent in a Packet to the Secretary of State two Letters, one to the Queen, the other to his *Wife* ; but that which was meant for the Queen, was superscribed, *To his dear Wife* ; and that for his *Wife*, *To her most excellent Majesty* : So that the Queen having opened his Letter, she found it beginning with *Sweet-Heart*, and afterwards with *My Dear*, and *Dear Love*, with such Expressions ; acquainting her with the State of his Body, and that he began to want Money. You may easily guess what Motions of Mirth this Mistake rais'd, but the Doctor by this *Oversight* (or *Cunningness* rather) got a Supply of Money. This perchance may be your Policy, to endorfe me your Brother, thereby to endear me the more to you : But you needed not to have done that, for the name *Friend* goes sometimes further than *Brother* ; and there be more Examples of *Friends* that did sacrifice their Lives for one another, than of *Brothers* ; which the Writer doth think he should do for you, if the Case required. But since I am fallen upon Dr. *Dale*, who was a witty kind of Droll, I will tell you ; instead of News, (for there is little *good* stirring now) two other facetious Tales

was transported with these Ideas, a goodly young Man appeared to him, and told him, *Father, I know your Thoughts are distract'd, and I am sent to quiet them; therefore if you will accompany me a few Days, you shall return very well satisfied of those Doubts that now encumber your Mind.* So going along with him, they were to pass over a deep River, whereon there was a narrow Bridge; and meeting there with another Passenger, the young Man jostled him into the Water, and so drowned him. The old *Anchorite* being much astonished hereat, would have left him; but his Guide said, *Father, be not amaz'd, because I shall give you good Reasons for what I do, and you shall see stranger Things than this before you and I part; but at last I shall settle your Judgment, and put your Mind in full Repose.* So going that Night to lodge in an Inn where there was a Crew of *Banditti*, and debauched Ruffians, the young Man struck into their Company, and revelled with them till the Morning, while the *Anchorite* spent most of the Night in numbering his Beads; but as soon as they were departed thence, they met with some Officers who went to apprehend that Crew of *Banditti* they had left behind them. The next Day they came to a Gentleman's House, which was a fair Palace, where they received all the courteous Hospitality which could be; but in the Morning as they parted there was a Child in a Cradle, which was the only Son of the Gentleman; and the young Man spying his Opportunity, strangled the Child, and so got away. The third Day they came to another Inn, where the Man of the House treated them with all the Civility that could be, and *gratis*; yet the young Man imbezzled a Silver Goblet, and carried it away in his Pocket, which still increased the Amazement of the *Anchorite*. The fourth Day in the Evening they came to lodge at another Inn, where the Host was very sullen, and uncivil to him, exacting much, more than the Value of what they had spent; yet, at parting, the young Man bestowed upon him the Silver Goblet he had stolen from that Host who had used him so kindly. The fifth Day they made towards a great rich Town; but some Miles before they came at it, they met with a Merchant at the close of the Day, who had a great Charge of Money about him; and asking the next Passage to the Town, the young Man put him in a clean contrary Way. The *Anchorite* and his Guide being come to the Town, at the Gate they spied a Devil, who lay as it were Centinel, but he was asleep: They found also both Men and Women at sundry kinds of Sports, some dancing, others singing, with divers Sorts of Revel-

Revellings. They went afterwards to a Convent of Capuchins, where, about the Gate, they found Legions of Devils laying siege to that Monastery, yet they got in and lodged there that Night. Being awaked the next Morning, the young Man came to that Cell where the Anchorite was lodg'd, and told him, *I know your Heart is full of Horror, and your Head full of Confusion, Astonishments, and Doubts, for what you have seen since the first Time of our Association.* But know, *I am an Angel sent from Heaven to rectify your Judgment as also to correct a little your Curiosity in the Researches of the Ways and Acts of Providence too far; for tho' separately they seem strange to the shallow Apprehensions of Man, yet conjunctly they all tend to produce good Effects.*

That Man which I tumbled into the River, was an Act of Providence; for he was going upon a most mischievous Design that would have damned not only his own Soul, but destroyed the Party against whom it was intended; therefore I prevented it.

The Cause why I convers'd all Night with that Crew of Rogues, was also an Act of Providence, for they intended to go a robbing all that Night; but I kept them there purposely till the next Morning, that the Hand of Justice might seize upon them.

Touching the kind Host from whom I took the silver Goblet, and the clownish or knavish Host to whom I gave it, let this demonstrate to you, that good Men are liable to Crosses and Losses, whereof bad Men oftentimes reap the Benefit: But it commonly produceth Patience in the one, and Pride in the other.

Concerning that noble Gentleman whose Child I strangled after so courteous Entertainment, know, that that also was an Act of Providence, for the Gentleman was so indulgent and doting on that Child, that it lessen'd his Love to Heaven; so I took away the Cause.

Touching the Merchant whom I misguided in his Way, it was likewise an Act of Providence, for had he gone the direct Way to this Town, he had been robb'd, and his Throat cut, therefore I preserv'd him by that Deviation.

Now, concerning this great luxurious City, whereas we spied but one Devil who lay asleep without the Gate, there being so many about this poor Convent; you must consider, that Lucifer being already assur'd of that riotous Town by corrupting their Manners every Day more and more, he needs but one single Sentinel to secure it: "But for this holy Place of Retirement, this Monastery, inhabited by so many devout

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devout Souls, who spend their whole Lives in *Acts of Mortification*, as *Exercises of Piety and Penance*, he hath brought so many Legions to beleaguer them; yet he can do no good upon them, for they bear up against him most undauntedly, maugre all his infernal Power and Stratagems. So the young Man, or divine Messenger, suddenly disappear'd and vanish'd; yet leaving his Fellow-traveller in good Hands.

My Lord, I crave your Pardon for this Extravagancy, and the Tedioufness thereof, but I hope the Sublimity of the Matter will make some Compensation, which, if I am not deceived, will well suit with your Genius: For I know your Contemplations to be as high as your Condition, and as much above the Vulgar. This figurative Story shews, that the Ways of Providence are inscrutable, his Intention and Method of Operation not conformable oftentimes to human Judgment, the Plummet and Line whereof is infinitely too short to fathom the Depth of his Designs; therefore let us acquiesce in an humble Admiration, and with this Confidence, that all Things co-operate to the best at last, as they relate to his Glory, and the general Good of his Creatures, tho' sometimes they appear to us by uncouth Circumstances and croſs Mediums.

So, in a due Distance and Posture of Humility, I kiss your Lordship's Hands, as being, my most highly honoured Lord,
Your thrice obedient,
and obliged Servitor, J. H.

V.

To Richard Baker, Esq;

SIR,

NO W that *Lent* and the *Spring* do make their Approach, in my Opinion *Fasting* would conduce much to the Advantage of Soul and Body. Tho' our second Institution of observing *Lent*, aim'd at civil Respects, as to preserve the Brood of Cattle, and advance the Profession of Fishermen, yet it concurs with the first Institution, viz. a true spiritual End, which was to subdue the *Flesh*; and that being brought under, our other two spiritual Enemies, the *World* and the *Devil*, are the sooner overcome. The Naturalists observe, that Morning-spittle kills *Dragons*, so *Fasting* helps to destroy the *Devil*, provided it be accompanied with other *Acts of Devotion*. To fast for one Day only, from about nine in the Morning to four in the Afternoon, is but a mock Fast. The *Turks* do more than so in their *Ramirams* and *Beirams*; and the *Jew* also, for he fasts from the Dawn in the Morning till the Stars be up in the Night, as you

you observe in the devout and delicate Poem you pleas'd to communicate to me lately. I was so taken with the Subject, that I presently lighted my Candle at your Torch, and fell into these Stanza's:

1. Now Lent is come, let us refrain
From carnal Creatures, quick, or slain;
Let's fast, and macerate the Flesh,
Impound, and keep it in Distress,
2. For forty Days, and then we shall
Have a Replevin from the Thrall,
By that bleſt'd Prince, who for this Fast
Will give us Angels Food at last.
3. But to abstain from Beef, Hog, Goose,
And let our Appetites go loose
To Lobsters, Crabs, Prawns, or such Fish,
We do not fast, but feast in this.
4. Not to let down Lamb, Kid, or Veal,
Hen, Plover, Turkey-cock, or Teal,
And eat Botargo, Caviar,
Anchovies, Oysters, and like Fare;
5. Or to forbear from Flesh, Fowl, Fish,
And eat Potatoes in a Dish
Done o'er with Amber, or a Melt
Of Ringo's in a Spanish Dress:
6. Or to refrain from each hot Thing
Which Water, Earth, or Air doth bring,
And loose a hundred Pound at Gleep,
Or be a Saint when we should sleep.
7. Or to leave Play with all high Dishes,
And feed our Thoughts with wanton Wishes,
Making the Soul, like a light Wench,
Wear Patches of Concupiscence:
8. This is not to keep Lent a-right,
But play the juggling Hypocrite:
He truly Lent observes, whb makes the inward Man
To fast, as well as make the outward feed on Bran.

The French Reformists have an odd Way of keeping Lent; for I have seen the Walls of their Temples turn'd to Shaſbles, and Flesh hanging upon them on Lent-Sundays; inſomuch that he who doth not know their Practice,

would take their Churches to be Synagogues of *Jews*, and that the bloody *Levitical* Sacrifices were offered there.

And now that my Thoughts are in *France*, a witty Passage of *Henry the Great* comes into my Mind, who being himself in the Field, sent to the old Count of *Soissons* to accompany him with what Forces he could make. The Count answered, That he was grown décrépit and crazy; besides, his Estate was so, being much exhausted in the former Wars; and all that he could do now for his Majesty was to pray for him: Doth my Cousin of *Soissons*, said the King, answer me so? They say, That Prayer without Fasting hath nothing of that Efficacy, as when they are joined. *Ventre de St. Gris*, By the Belly of St. Gris, I will make him fast, as well as pray; for I will not pay him a Penny of his ten thousand Crowns Pension, which he hath yearly, for these Respects.

The Christian Church hath a longer and more solemn Way of fasting than any other Religion, take *Lent* and *Ember-weeks* together. In some Churches the Christian useth the old Way of Mortification, by Sackcloth and Ashes, to this Day; which makes me think on a facetious Tale of a *Turkish* Ambassador in *Venice*, who being returned to *Constantinople*, and asked what he had observed most remarkable in that so rare a City? He answered, that among other Things, the Christian hath a Kind of *Ashes*, which thrown upon the Head doth presently cure Madnes; for in *Venice* I saw the People go up and down the Streets (said he) in ugly antic strange Disguises, as being in the Eye of human Reason stark mad; but the next Day (meaning *Ash-wednesday*) they are suddenly cured of that Madnes by a Sort of *Ashes* which they cast upon their Heads.

If the said Ambassador were here among us, he would think our modern Gallants were also all mad, or subject to be mad, because they *ash* and powder their Pericraniums all the Year long. So wishing you Meditations suitable to the Season, and good Thoughts which are best when they are the Offsprings of good Actions, I rest,

Ash-wednesday,

1654.

*Your ready and real
Friend, J. H.*

VI.

To Mr. R. Maynwaring.

My dear Dick,

*I*f you are as well when you read this, as I was when I wrote it, we are both well; I am certain of the one, but anxious of the other, in Regard of your so long Silence:

I

I pray, at the Return of this Post, let your Pen pull out this Thorn that hath got into my Thoughts, and let me have often Room in yours, for you know I am your perfect Friend,

J. H.

VII.

To Sir Edward Spencer, Knight.

SIR,

I Find by your last of the first current, that your Thoughts are much busied in forming your new Commonwealth; and whereas the Province that is allotted to me is to treat of a right Way to govern the *Female Sex*, I hold my Lot to be fallen upon a fair Ground, and I will endeavour to husband it accordingly. I find also, that for the Establishment of this new *Republic*, you have culled out the choicest Wits in all Faculties; therefore I account it an Honour that you have put me in the List, though the least of them.

In every Species of Government, and indeed among all Societies of Mankind (*Reclus'd Orders*, and other *Regulars* excepted) there must be a special Care had of the *Female Kind*; for nothing can conduce more to the Propagation and Perpetuity of a Republic, than the well managing of that gentle and useful Sex: For though they be accounted the weaker Vessels, yet are they those in whom the whole Mass of Mankind is moulded; therefore they must not be us'd like Saffron-bags, or Verde-bottles, which are thrown into some bye Corner when the Wine and Spice are taken out of them.

It was an Opinion truly befitting a *Jew* to hold, That *Woman* is of an inferior Creation to *Man*, being made only for Multiplication and Pleasure; therefore hath she no Admittance into the Body of the Synagogue. Such another Opinion was that of the *Pagan Poet*, who stammered out this Verse, that there are but two good Hours of any Woman:

Tm plas in bardyw, tm plas in bawly: Unam in thalamo, alteram in tumulo; One Hour in Bed, the other in the Grave. Moreover, I hold also that of the Orator to be a wild extravagant Speech, when he said, That if *Women* were not conterranean and mingled with *Men*, *Angels* would descend and dwell among us. But a far wilder Speech was that of the *Dog-Philosopher*, who termed Women necessary Evils. Of this *Cynical Sect*, it seems was he, who would needs make *Orcus* to be the Anagram of *Uxor*, by contracting *c s* into an *x*, *Uxor & Orcus—idem*.

Yet I confess, that among this Sex, as among Men, there are some good, some bad, some virtuous, some vicious, and some of an indifferent Nature, in whom Virtue makes a Compensation for Vice. If there was an Empress in *Rome* so cun-

ning in her Lust, that she would take in no Passenger until the Vessel was freighted (for fear the Resemblance of the Child might discover the true Father;) there was a *Zenobia in Asia*, who would not suffer her Husband to know her carnally any longer, when once she found herself quick. If there were a Queen of *France* that poisoned her King, there was a Queen in *England*, who, when her Husband had been shot with an envenomed Arrow in the Holy Land, sucked out the Poison with her own Mouth, when none else would do it. If the Lady *Barbara*, Wife to *Sigismund* the Emperor, being advised by her ghostly Father after his Death to live like a *Turtle*, having lost such a *Mate* that the World had not the like; made this wanton Answer, *Father, since you would have me to lead the Life of a Bird, why not of a Sparrow, as well as of a Turtle?* which she did afterwards: I say, if there were such a Lady *Barbara*, there was the Lady *Beatrix*, who, after *Henry* her Emperor's Death, lived after like a *Dove*, and immured herself in a Monastic Cell. But what shall I say of Q. *Artemisia*, who had an Urnful of her Husband *Mausolus*'s Ashes in her Closet, whereof she would take down a Dram every Morning next her Heart; saying, that her Body was the fitteſt Place to be a Sepulchre to her dear Husband, notwithstanding that she had erected such a Tomb for the Rest of his Body, that to this Day is one of the Wonders of the World?

Moreover, it cannot be denied, but ſome Females are of a high and harsh Nature; witneſs thoſe two that our greatest Clerks for Law and Learning (Lord *B.* and *C.*) did meet withal, one of whom was ſaid to have brought back her Husband to his Horn-book again: As also *Moses* and *Socrates*'s Wives, who were *Zipporah* and *Xantippe*: you may gueſs at the Humour of one in the holy Code; and for *Xantippe*, among many Instances which might be produced, let this ſerve for one. After ſhe had ſcolded her Husband one Day out of Doors, as the poor Man was going out, ſhe whipped up into an upper Loft, and threw a Pits-pot full upon his Sconce, which made the patient *Philofopher* (or *Fooloſopher*) to break into this Speech for the venting of his Paſſion, *I thought after ſo much Thunder we ſhould have Rain.* To this may be added my Neighbour *Stroud*'s Wife in *Westminster*, who once ringing him a Peal as ſhe was baſting his Roast (for he was a Cook) after he had newly come from the Tavern upon *Sunday Evening*; ſhe grew hotter and hotter againſt him, having Hell and the Devil in her Mouth, to whom ſhe often bequeathed him. The ſtarin^g Husband having heard her a great while with Silence,

at last answered, I prithee Sweet-heart, do not talk so much to me of the *Devil*, because I know he will do me no Hurt, for I have married his *Kinswoman*. I know there are many that wear Horns, and ride daily upon Coltstaves; but this proceeds not so often from the Fault of the Female, as the Silliness of the Husband who knows not how to manage a Wife.

But a thousand such Instances are not able to make me a *Misogynes*, a Female Foe; therefore towards the policying and perpetuating of this your new Republic, there must be some special Rules for regulating of Marriage: For a Wife is the best or the worst Fortune that can betide a Man throughout the whole Train of his Life. *Plato's Promiscuus Concubitus*, or Copulation, is more proper for Beasts than rational Creatures. That incestuous Custom they have in *China*, that one should marry his own Sister, and in Default of one, the next a-kin, I utterly dislike: Nor do I approve of that goatish Latitude of Lust which the *Alcoran* allows, for one Man to have eight Wives, and as many Concubines as he can well maintain; nor of another Branch of their Law, that a Man should marry after such an Age under Pain of mortal Sin, (for then what would become of me?) No, I would have every Man left at Liberty in this Point, for there are Men enough besides to people the Earth.

But that Opinion of a poor shallow-brained Puppy, who upon any Cause of Disaffection, would have Men to have a Privilege to change their Wives, or to repudiate them, deserves to be hissed at rather than confuted; for nothing can tend more to usher in all Confusion and Beggary throughout the World: Therefore that Wiseacre deserves of all other to wear a totting Horn. In this Republic one Man should be contented with one Wife, and he may have Work enough to do with her; but whereas in other Commonwealths Men use to wear invisible Horns, it would be a wholesome Constitution, that they who upon too much Jealousy and Restraint, or ill Usage of their Wives, or indeed not knowing how to use and *Man* them aright, (which is one of the prime Points of masculine Discretion, as also) they who according to that barbarous Custom in *Russia*, do use to beat their Wives duly once a Week; but especially they who in their Absence coop them up, and secure their Bodies with Locks: I say, it would be a very fitting Ordinance in this new-moulded Commonwealth, that all such who impel their Wives by these Means to change their Riders, should wear plain visible Horns, that Passengers may beware of them as they go along, and give warning to others—*Cornu ferit ille, Caveo.*

For indeed nothing doth incite the Mass of Blood, and muster up libidinous Thoughts, more than Diffidence and Restraint.

Moreover, in coupling Women by Way of Matrimony, it would be a good Law, and consentaneous to Reason, if out of all Dowrests exceeding 100*l.* there should be *twa* out of every *Cent.* deducted, and put into a common Treasury for putting off hard favour'd and poor Maids.

Touching Virginity and the Vestal Fire, I could wish 'twere the worst custom the *Roman* Church had, when gentle Souls, to endear themselves the more to their Creator, do immure their Bodies within perpetual Bounds of Chastity, dieting themselves, and using Austerities accordingly; whereby, bidding a Farewel, and dying to the World, they bury themselves alive, as it were, and so pass their Time in constant Exercises of Piety and Penance Night and Day, or in some other Employments of Virtue, holding Idleness to be a mortal Sin. Were this cloistered Course of Life merely spontaneous and unforced, I could well be contented that it were practised in your new Republic.

But there are other Kind of Cloisters in some Commonwealths, and among those who are accounted the wisest and best policed, which Cloisters are of a clean contrary Nature to the former: These they call the Courtesan Cloisters. And as in others, some Females shut up themselves to keep the sacred Fire of Pudicity and Continence, so in these latter, there are some of the handsomest Sorts of Females, who are connived at to quench the Flames of irregular Lust, lest they should break into the lawful married Bed. 'Tis true, Nature hath poured more active and hotter Blood into the Veins of some Men, wherein there are stronger Appetites and Motions; which Motions were not given by Nature to be a Torment to Man, but to be turned into Delight, Health, and Propagation. Therefore they to whom the Gift of Continence is denied, and have not the Conveniency to have *debita vasa*, and lawful Coolers of their own by Way of Wedlock, use to extinguish their Fires in these Venereal Cloisters, rather than abuse their Neighbours Wives, and break into other Mens Inclosures. But whether such a Custom may be connived at in this your Republic, and that such a *Common* may be allowed to them who have no *Inclosures* of their own, I leave to wiser Legislators than myself to determine, especially in South-East hot Countries, where Venereal Titillation (which *Scaliger* held to be a fixed outward Sense, but ridiculously) is in a stronger Degree; I say, I leave others to judge, whether such a Rendezvous be to be connived at in hotter Climes, where both Air and Food, and the

the Blood of the Grape do all concur to make one more libidinous. But it is a vulgar Error to think that the Heat of the Clime is the Cause of Lust : It proceeds rather from adult Choler and Melancholy that predominate, which Humours carry with them a salt and sharp itching Quality.

The dull Hollander (with other North-West Nations, whose Blood may be said to be as Butter-milk in their Veins) is not so frequently subject to such fits of Lust, therefore he hath no such Cloisters or Houses for Ladies of Pleasure: Witness the Tale of *Hans Boobikin*, a rich Boor's Son, whom his Father had sent abroad a *Fryaring*, that is, shroving in our Language; and so put him in an Equipage accordingly, having a new Sword and Scarf, with a gold Hatband, and Money in his Purse to visit haifdsome Ladies : But *Hans*, not knowing where to go else, went to his Grandmother's House, where he fell a courting and feasting of her. But his Father questioning him at his Return, where he had been a *Fryaring*, and he answering, that he had been at his Grandmother's; the Boor replied, God's Sacrament ! I hope thou hast not lain with my Mother : Yes said Boobikin, *Why should not I lie with your Mother, as you have lain with mine?*

Thus in Conformity to your Desires, and the Task imposed upon me, have I scribbled out this Piece of Drollery, which is the Way, as I take it, that your Design drives at; I reserve some Things till I see what others have done in the several Provinces they have undertaken, towards the Settlement of your new Republic. So, with a thousand Thanks for your last hospitable Favours, I rest, as I have Reason, and as you know me to be,

Lond. 24 Jan.

*Your own true
Servant, J. H.*

VIII.

To Mr. T. V. Barrister, at his Chambers in the Temple.

Cousin Tom,

I Did not think it was in the Power of Passion to have wrought upon you with that Violence; for I do not remember to have known any (of so season'd a Judgment as you are) lost so far after so frail a Thing as a Female. But you will say, *Hercules himself stooped hitherto*; 'tis true he did, as appears by this Distich :

*Lenam non potuit, potuit superare Leænam;
Quem Fera non potuit vincere, vicit Hera.*

The Saying also of the old Comic Poet makes for you, when he said, *Qui in Amorem cecidit, peius agit quam si
Saxo saltat*; To be tormented with Love, is worse than to
dance

dance upon hot Stones. Therefore, partly out of a Sense of your Suffering, as well as upon the Seriousness of your Request, but especially understanding that the Gentlewoman hath Parts and Portion accordingly, I have done what you desired me in these Lines, which though plain, short, and sudden, yet they display the Manner how you were surprized, and the Depth of your Passion.

To Mrs. E. B.

*Apelles, Prince of Painters, did
All others in that Art exceed;
But you surpass him, for he took
Some Pains and Time to draw a Look;
You in a trice and Moment's Space
Have pourtray'd in my Heart your Face.*

I wish this Hexastic may have Power to strike her as deep as I find her Eyes struck you. The Spaniard saith, There are four Things required in a Woer, *viz.* to be *Savo*, *Secreto*, *Solo*, and *Sollicito*; that is, to be Sollicitous, Secret, Sole and Sage. Observe these Rules, and she may make herself your *Client*, and so employ you to open her *Cafe*, and recover her Portion, which I hear is in *Hucksters* Hands.

So, my dear Cousin, I heartily wish you the Accomplishment of your Desires, and rest upon all Occasions,

At your Disposse, J. H.

IX.

To Sir R. Williams, Knight.

SIR,

*D*AM one among many who much rejoice at the fortunate Windfall that happened lately, which hath so fairly raised and recruited your Fortunes. It is commonly seen, that *Ubi est multum Phantasia (viz. Ingenii) ibi est parum Fortuna; & ubi est multum Fortune, ibi est parum Phantasia.* Where there is much of *Fancy*, there is little of *Fortune*; and where there is much of *Fortune*, there is little of *Fancy*. It seems, that Recorder Fleetwood reflected upon one Part of this Saying, when, in his Speech to the *Londoners*, among other Passages whereby he foathed and stroaked them, he said, *When I consider your Wit, I admire your Wealth.* But touching the Latin Saying, it is quite evinced in you, for you have *Fancy* and *Fortune* (now) in Abundance: And a strong Argument may be drawn, that *Fortune* is not *blind*, by her Carriage to you, for she saw well enough what she did, when she smiled so lately upon you.

Now, he is the really rich Man who can make true Use of his Riches; he makes not *Nummum his Numen, Money his*

his God, but makes himself *Dominum Nummi*, but becomes Master of his Penny. The first is the arrantest Beggar and Slave that is ; nay, he is worse than the *Arcadian* Afs, who, while he carrieth Gold on his Back, eats Thistles : He is baser than that sordid *Italian* Stationer, who would not allow himself brown Paper enough to wipe his *Posterioris*.

Now it is observed to be the Nature of Covetousness, that when all other Sins grow old, *Covetousnes*, in some sordid Souls, grows younger and younger ; hence I believe sprung the City-Proverb, That the Son is happy whose Father went to the Devil. Yet I like the Saying Tom Waters hath often in his Mouth, *I had rather leave when I die, than lack while I live.* But why do I speak of these Things to you, who have so noble a Soul, and so much above the vulgar ?

Your Friend Mr. *Watts* is still troubled with coughing, and truly I believe he is not to be long among us ; for, as the Turk hath it, *A dry Cough is the Trumpeter of Death* : He presents his most affectionate Respects to you, and so doth,

*My most noble Knight,
Your ever obliged Servitor, J. H.*

X.

To Sir R. Cary, Knight.

SIR,

I Had yours of the 20th current on St. Thomas's Eve, which was most welcome to me ; and (to make a seasonable Comparison) yours are like *Christmas*, they come but once a Year ; yet I made very good Cheer with your last, specially with that Seraphic Hymn which came inclosed therewith to usher in his holy Tide : And to correspond with you in some Measure that Way, I have returned you another of the same Subject. For, as I have observed, two Lutes being tuned alike, if one of them be played upon, the other, though being a good Way distant, will sound of itself, and keep Symphony with the first that is played upon, (which, whether it proceeds from the mere Motion of the Air, or the Emanation of Atoms, I will not undertake to determine;) so the Sound of your Muse hath *scrued* up mine to the same Key and Tune in these Ternaries :

Upon the Nativity of our Saviour.

1. *Wonder of Wonders, Earth and Sky,
Time minglith with Eternity,
And Matter with Immensity.*

2. *The*

2. *The Sun becomes an Atom and a Star,
Turns to a Candle, to light Kings from far
To see a Spectacle so wondrous rare.*
3. *A Virgin bears a Son, that Son doth bear
A World of Sin, acquitting Man's Arrear,
Since guilty Adam Fig-tree Leaves did wear.*
4. *A Majesty both infinite and just
Offended was; therefore the Off'ring must
Be such, to expiate frail Flesh and Dust.*
5. *When no such Victim could be found
Throughout the whole expansive Round
Of Heaven, of Air, of Sea, or Ground;*
6. *The Prince of Life himself descends
To make Astraea full Amends,
And human Souls from Hell defends.*
7. *Was ever such a Love as this,
That th' eternal Heir of Bliss
Should stoop to such a low Abyss?*

The Muse, confounded with the Mystery, according to the subject Matter, ends with a Question of Admiration.

So wishing you, as heartily as to myself (according to the instant Season, and the old Compliment of *England*) a merry *Christmas*, and consequently a happy New-Year, I subscribe myself,

St. Innocents-Day,
1654.

*Your entirely devoted
Servant, J. H.*

XI.

To J. Sutton, Esq;

SIR,

WHereas you desire my Opinion of the late History translated by Mr. *Wad*, of the Civil Wars of *Spain*, in the Beginning of *Charles* the Emperor's Reign, I cannot chuse but tell you, that it is a faithful and pure maiden Story, never blown upon before in any Language but in *Spanish*, therefore very worthy your Perusal: For among those various Kind of Studies that your contemplative Soul delights in, I hold History to be the most fitting to your Quality.

Now, among those sundry Advantages which accrue to a Reader of History, one is, that no modern Accident can seem strange to him, much less astonish him: He will leave off wondering at any thing, in Regard he may remember

ber

ber to have read of the same, or much like the same, that happened in former Times; therefore he doth not stand staring like a Child at every unusual Spectacle, like that simple *American*, who the first Time he saw a *Spaniard* on horseback, thought the Man and the Beast to be but one Creature, and that the Horse did chew the Rings of his Bit, and eat them.

Now, indeed, not to be an *Historian*, that is, not to know what foreign Nations and our Forefathers did, *Hoc est semper esse Puer*, as *Cicero* hath it, this is still to be a Child who gazeth at every thing. Whence may be inferred, there is no Knowledge that ripeneth the Judgment, and puts one out of his Nonage, sooner than History.

If I had not formerly read the *Barons Wars* in *England*, I had more admired that of the *Leagues* in *France*: He who had read the near upon fourscore Years Wars in *Low Germany*, I believe never wondered at the late thirty Years Wars in *High Germany*. I had wondered more, that *Richard of Bourdeaux* was knocked down with Haltbards, had I not read formerly, that *Edward of Caernarvon* was made away by a hot Iron thrust up his Fundament. It was strange that *Murat*, the great *Ottoman Emperor*, should be lately strangled in his own Court at *Constantinople*; yet considering that *Osman* his Predecessor had been knocked down by one of his ordinary Slaves not many Years before, it was not strange at all. The Blazing-Star in *Virgo*, 34 Years since, did not seem strange to him, who had read of that which appeared in *Cassiopeia* and other Constellations some Years before. Hence may be inferred, that *History* is the great Looking-glass through which we may behold with ancestral Eyes, not only the various Actions of Ages past, and the odd Accidents that attend Time, but also discern the different Humours of Men, and feel the Pulse of former Times.

This History will display the very Intrinseca of the *Castilian*, who goes for the prime *Spaniard*; and make the Opinion a Paradox, which cries him up to be so constant to his Principles, so loyal to his Prince, and so conformable to Government: For it will discover as much Levity and tumultuary Passions in him as in other Nations.

Among divers other Examples which could be produced out of this Story, I will instance in one: When *Juan de Padilla*, an infamous Fellow, and of base Extraction, was made General of the People, among others there was a Priest, that being a great Zealot for him, used to pray publicly in the Church, *Let us pray for the holy Commonalty, and his Majesty Don Juan de Padilla, and for the Lady Donna*

Donna Maria Pacheco his Wife, &c. But a little after, some of Juan de Padillia's Soldiers having quartered in his House, and pitifully plundered him, the next Sunday the same Priest said in the Church, *Beloved Christians, you know how Juan de Padillia passing this Way, some of his Brigade were belleted in my House; truly they have not left me one Chicken, they have drunk up a whole Barrel of Wine, devoured my Bacon, and taken away my Catalina, my Maid Kate; I charge you therefore pray no more for him.* Divers such Traverses as these may be read in that Story; which may be the Reason why it was suppressed in Spain, that it should not cross the Seas, or clamber over the Pyreneans to acquaint other Nations with their Foolery and Baseness: Yet Mr. Simon Digby, a Gentleman of much Worth, got a Copy, which he brought over with him, out of which this Translation is derived; though I must tell you by the bye, that some Passages were commanded to be omitted, because they had too near an Analogy with our Times.

So in a serious Way of true Friendship, I profess myself,
London, 15 Jan.

*Your most affectionate
Servitor,* J. H.

XII.

To the Lord Marquis of Dorchester.

My Lord,

There is a Sentence that carrieth a high Sense with it, viz. *Ingenia Principum Fata Temporum*, the Fancy of the Prince is the Fate of the Times; so in Point of Peace or War, Oppression or Justice, Virtue or Vice, Profaneness or Devotion; For *Regis ad Exemplum*. But there is another Saying, which is as true, viz. *Genius Plebis est Fatum Principis*, The Happiness of the Prince depends upon the Humour of the People. There cannot be a more pregnant Example hereof, than in that successful and long-liv'd Queen, Q. Elizabeth, who having come, as it were, from the *Scaffold* to the *Throne*, enjoyed a wonderful Calm (excepting some short Gysts of Insurrection that happened in the beginning) for near upon 45 Years together. But this my Lord, may be imputed to the Temper of the People, who had had a boisterous King not long before, with so many Revolutions in Religion, and a minor King afterward, which made them to be governed by their Fellow-subjects. And the Fire and Faggot being frequent among them in Q. Mary's Days, the Humours of the common People were pretty well spent, and so were willing to conform to any Government,

ment, that might preserve them and their Estates in Quietness. Yet in the Reign of that so popular and well-beloved Queen, there were many Traverses, which trenched as much if not more upon the Privileges of Parliament, and the Liberties of the People, than any that happened in the Reign of the two last Kings; yet it was not their Fate to be so popular. Touching the first, *viz. Parliament*; in one of hers, there was a Motion made in the House of Commons, that there should be a Lecture in the Morning some Days of the Week before they sat, whereunto the House was very inclinable: The Queen hearing of it, sent them a Message, that she much wondered at their Rashness, that they should offer to introduce such an Innovation.

Another Parliament would have proposed Ways for the Regulation of her Court; but she sent them another such Message, that she wondered, that being called by her thither to consult of public Affairs, they should intermeddle with the Government of her ordinary Family, and to think her to be so ill an Housewife, as not to be able to look to her own House herself.

In another Parliament, there was a Motion made, that the Queen should entail the Succession of the Crown, and declare her next Heir: But *Wentworth*, who proposed it, was committed to the *Tower*, where he breathed his last; and *Bromley* upon a less Occasion was clapped in the *Fleet*.

Iny.
Another Time, the House petitioning that the Lords might join in private Committees with the Commoners, she utterly rejected it. You know how *Stubbs* and *Page* had their Hands cut off with a Butcher's Knife and a Mallet, because they writ against the Match with the Duke of *Anjou*; and *Penry* was hanged at *Tyburn*, though *Alured*, who writ a bitter Invective against the late *Spanish* Match, was but confined for a short Time: How Sir *Jon Heywood* was shut up in the *Tower*, for an Epistle Dedicatory to the Earl of *Essex*, &c.

Touching her Favourites, what a Monster of a Man was *Leicester*, who first brought the Art of poisoning into *England*? How many of her Maids of Honour did receive Claps at Court? Add hereunto, that Privy-Seals were common in her Days, and pressing of Men more frequent, especially for *Ireland*, where they were sent in Handfuls, rather to continue a War (by the Cunning of the Officers) than to conclude it. The three Fleets she sent against the *Spaniard* did hardly make the Benefit of the Voyages to countervail the Charge. How poorly did the *English* Garrison quit *Havre-de-Grace*? And how were we baffled for the Arrears that

that were due to *England* (by Article) for the Forces sent into *France*? For Buildings, with all Kind of Braveries else that use to make a Nation happy, as Riches and Commerce, inward and outward, it was not the twentieth Part so much in the best of her Days (as appears by the Custom-House Books) as it was in the Reign of her Successors.

Touching the Religion of the Court, she seldom came to Sermon but in *Lent-time*, nor did there use to be any Sermon upon *Sundays*, unless they were Festivals: Whereas the succeeding Kings had duly two every Morning, one for the Household, the other for themselves, where they were always present, as also at private Prayers in the Closet; yet it was not their Fortune to gain so much upon the Affections of City or Country. Therefore, my Lord, the Felicity of Q. *Elizabeth* may be much imputed to the rare Temper and Moderation of Mens Minds in those Days; for the Pulse of the common People, and *Londoners*, did beat nothing so high as it did afterwards when they grew pampered with so long Peace and Plenty. Add hereunto that neither *Hans*, *Jocky*, or *John Calvin*, had taken such footing here as they did get afterwards, whose Humour is to pry and peep with a Kind of Malice into the Carriage of the Court, and Mysteries of State, as also to malign Nobility, with the Wealth and Solemnities of the Church.

My Lord, it is far from my Meaning hereby to let drop the least Aspersion upon the Tomb of that rare renowned Queen; but it is only to observe the differing Temper both of Time and People. The Fame of some Princes is like the *Rose*, which, as we find by Experience, smells sweeter after it is plucked: The Memory of others is like the *Tulip* and *Poppy*, which make a gay Shew and fair Flourish while they stand upon the Stalk, but being cut down, they give an ill-favoured Scent. It was the Happiness of that great long-lived Queen to cast a pleasing Odour among her People both while she stood, and after she was cut off by the common Stroke of Mortality; and the older the World grows, the fresher her Fame will be. Yet she is little behoden to any foreign Writers, unless it be the *Hollanders*; and good Reason they had to speak well of her, for she was the chiefest Instrument, who, though with the Expence of much *English Blood* and *Bullion*, raised them to a Republic, by casting that fatal Bone for the *Spaniard* to gnaw upon, which shook his Teeth so ill-favouredly for fourscore Years together. Other Writers speak bitterly of her, for her Carriage to her Sister the Queen of *Scots*; for her Ingratitude to her Brother *Philip of Spain*; for giving Advice by her Ambassador

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dor, with the *Great Turk*, to expel the *Jesuits*, who had got a College in *Pera*; as also, that her Secretary *Walsingham* should project the poisoning of the Waters of *Douay*; and lastly, how she suffered the Festival of the Nativity of the *Virgin Mary* in *September*, to be turned to the Celebration of her own Birth-day, &c. But these Stains are cast upon her by her Enemies; and the Aspersions of an Enemy use to be like the *Dirt of Oysters*, which doth rather *cleanse* than *contaminate*.

Thus, my Lord, have I pointed at some Remarks, to shew how various and discrepant the Humours of a Nation may be, and the Genius of the Times, from what it was; which doubtless must proceed from a high All-disposing Power: A Speculation that may become the greatest and *knowingest* Spirits, among whom your Lordship doth shine as a Star of the first Magnitude; for your *House* may be called a true Academy, and your *Head* the Capitol of Knowledge, or rather an *Exchequer*, wherein there is a *Treasure* enough to give *Pensions* to all the Wits of the Time. With these Thoughts I rest, my most highly honoured Lord,

Lond. 15 Aug.

Your very obedient, and ever
obliged Servant, J. H.

XIII.

To Mr. R. Floyd.

Cousin Floyd,

THE first part of Wisdom is to give good Counsel, the second to take it, and the third to follow it. Tho' you be young, yet you may be already capable of the two latter Parts of Wisdom, and it is the only Way to attain the first: Therefore I wish you to follow the good Counsel of your Uncle J. for I know him to be a very discreet well weighed Gentleman; and I can judge something of Men, for I have studied many: Therefore if you steer by his Compas in this great Busines you have undertaken, you need not fear *Shipwreck*. This is the Advice of Your truly affectionate Cousin,

Lond. 6 Apr.

J. H.

XIV.

To my Rev. and Learned Countryman, Mr. R. Jones.

SIR,

IT is, among many other, one of my Imperfections, that I am not versed in my *maternal Tongue* so exactly as I should be: The Reason is, that *Languages* and *Words* (which are the chief Creatures of Man, and the Keys of Knowledge) may be said to stick in the Memory, like Nails or Pegs in a Wainscot-door, which useth to thrust out one another oftentimes. Yet the old *British* is not so driven out

of mine (for the Cask savours still of the Liquor it first took in) but I can say something of this elaborate and ingenious Piece of yours, which you please to communicate to me so early: I cannot compare it more properly, than to a Basket of Posies gather'd in the best Garden of Flowers, the sacred Scriptures, and bound up with such Art, that every Flower directs us where his Bed may be found. Whence I infer, that this Work will much conduce to the Advancement of *Biblosophia*, or Scripture-knowledge, and consequently to the public Good. It will also tend to the Honour of our whole Country, and to your own particular Repute: Therefore I wish you good Success, to make this Child of your Brain free Denizen of the World.

London, 17 Sept.

J. H.

XV.

To J. S. Esq; at White-Fryers.

S. J. R,

THIS new Piece of Philosophy comes to usher in the New Year to you, dropt from the Brain of the subtlest Spirits of France, and the great Personage (the Duke of *Epernon*) tho' heterodoxal, and cross-grain'd to the old Philosophers. Among divers other Tenets, he holds, that *Privatio* is unworthy to be one of the three Principles of natural Things, and would put *Love* in the Place of it. But you know, Sir, that among other Infirmitie's which Nature hath entailed upon Man, while he gropes herefor Truth among the Elements, Discrepancy of Notions, and Desire of Novelty, are none of the least.

Now touching this critical Tract, there's not any more capable to censure it than yourself, whose Judgment is known to be so sound and *magisterial*: Let the Pettiness of the *Gift* be supplied by the Pregnancy of the *Will*, which swells with Mountains of Desires to serve you, and to shew in Action, as well as in Words, how ready I would be

London, 2. Jan.

At your disposing, J. H.

XVI.

To the Earl of Lindsey, Great Chamberlain of England, at Rioot.

My Lord,

IMost humbly thank your Lordship for the noble Present you commanded to be sent me from *Grimthorp*, where, without Disparagement to any, I may say you live as much like a Prince as any Grandee in *Christendom*. Among those many heroic Parts (which appear'd so much in that tough Battel of *Keinton*, where having all your Officers kill'd,

killed, yet you kept the Field, and preserved your wounded Father from the Fury of the Soldier, and from Death for the Time; as also for being the inseparable *Cubicular Companion* the King took Comfort in the Height of his Troubles) I say, among other high Parts to speak you *noble*, you are eried up, my Lord, to be an excellent *Horseman, Huntsman, Forester*. This makes me bold to make your Lordship the Judge of a small Discourse, which, upon a critical Dispute touching the *Vocal Forest* that goes Abroad in my Name, was imposed upon me, to satisfy them who thought I knew something more than ordinary what belonged to a true Forest.

There be three for Venary or Venatical Pleasure, in England, viz. A *Forest*, a *Chase*, and a *Park*; they all three agree in one Thing, which is, that they are Habitations for wild Beasts: The two first lie open, the last inclosed: The *Forest* is the most noble of all, for it is a *Franchise* of so princely a Tenure, that, according to our Laws, none but the King can have a *Forest*; if he chance to pass one over to a Subject, it is no more *Forest*, but *Franck-chace*. Moreover, a *Forest* hath the Pre-eminence of the other two, in *Laws*, in *Offices*, in *Courts*, and kinds of Beasts. If any offend in a *Chase* or *Park*, he is punishable by the *Common-Law* of the Land: But a *Forest* hath Laws of her own, to take Cognizance of all Trespasses; she hath also her peculiar Officers, as *Foresters*, *Verderers*, *Regarders*, *Agisters*, &c. Whereas a *Chase* or *Park* hath only *Keepers* and *Woodwards*. A *Forest* hath her Court of Attachments, *Swainmote-Court*, where Matters are as pleadable and determinable as at *Westminster-Hall*. Lastly, they differ something in the Species of Beasts: The *Hart*, the *Hind*, the *Boar*, the *Wolf*, are *Forest-Beasts*; the *Buck*, the *Doe*, the *Fox*, the *Matron*, the *Roe*, are Beasts belonging to a *Chase* and *Park*.

The greatest Forester, they say, that ever was in England, was King *Canutus* the *Dane*, and after him, St. *Edward*; at which Time *Liber Rufus*, the Red-Book for Forest-Laws was made; whereof one of the *Lawes* was, *Omnis Homo abstineat à Venariis meis super Poenam Vitæ*: Let every one refrain from my Places of Hunting, upon pain of Death.

Henry Fitz-Empress (viz. the Second) did coafforest much Land, which continued all his Reign, though much complained of: But in King John's Time most of the Nobles and Gentry met in the great Meadow betwixt *Windsor* and *Staines*, to petition the King that he would disafforest some.

which he promised to do, but Death prevented him. But in Henry IIId's Time, the *Charta de Foresta* (together with *Magna Charta*) were established; so that there was much Land disafforested, which hath been called *Pourlieus* ever since, whereof there were appointed *Rangers*, &c.

Among other innocent Animals which have suffered by these Wars, the poor *Deer* have felt the Fury thereof as much as any; nay the very *Vegetables* have endured the Brunt of it: Insomuch that it is not improperly said, That *England* of late is full of *New Lights*, her *Woods* being cut down, and so much destroyed in most Places. So craving your Lordship's Pardon for this rambling Piece of Paper, I rest, my most highly honoured Lord,

London, 3 Aug.

Your obedient and ever
obliged Servant, J. H.

XVII.

To Mr. E. Field at Orleans.

SIR,

IN your last you write to me, that you are settled for a while in *Orleans*, the loveliest City upon the *Loire*, and the best School for gaining pure Language; for as the *Attic Dialect* in *Greece*, so the *Aurelian* in *France* doth bear the Bell: But I must tell you, though you live now upon a brave River, which divides *France* well near in two Parts, yet she is held the drunkenest River in *Christendom*, for she swallows thirty two other Rivers, which she disgorgeth all into the Sea at *Nants*; she may be called a more drunken River than *Ebro* in *Spain*, which takes her Name from *Ebro*, according to the proverb there, *Mellamo Ebro porque de todas aguas bevo*, I call myself *Ebro* because I drink of all Waters.

Moreover, though you sojourn now in one of the plentifulest Continents upon Earth, yet I believe you will find the People, I mean the Peasants, no where poorer, and more slavish; which convinceth two Errors, one of *Aristotle*, who affirms, that the Country of *Gallia*, though bordering upon *Spain*, hath no *Affes*: If he were living now, he would avouch the greatest Part of the Inhabitants to be all *Affes*, they lie under such an intolerable Burden of Taxes. The second Error is, That *France* is held to be the freest Country upon Earth to all People; for if a Slave comes once to breathe *French Air*, he is free *ipso facto*, if we may believe *Bodin*; it being a fundamental Law of *France*, *Servi peregrini, ut primam Galliae Fines penetraverint, Liberi sunt*; Let Stranger-Slaves, as soon as they shall penetrate the Borders of *France*, be free. I know not what Privilege Strangers

Strangers may claim; but for the native French themselves, I hold them to be under the greatest Servitude of any other Nation. There is another Law in France, which inhibits Women to rule; but what Benefit doth accrue by this Law all the while that Women are Regent, and govern those who do rule? which hath been exemplified in three Queen-Mothers together. The Huguenots have long since voted the first two to Hell, to increase the Number of the Furies; and the Spaniard hath voted the third thither to make up the half Dozen, for continuing a more violent War against her now only Brother, and with more Eagerness than her Husband did.

So I wish you all Happiness in your Peregrination, advising you to take heed of that turbid Humour of Melancholy, which they say you are too prone to. For, take this for a Rule, that he who makes much of Melancholy, will never be rid of a troublesome Companion. So I rest, gentle Sir,

Lond. 3 May.

*Your most affectionate
Servant, J. H.*

E. L. V.

*(written
between
1648 & 1660)*

XVIII.

To the Lady E. Countess Dowager of Sunderland.

Madam,

I Am bold to send your La. to the Country a new *Venice* Looking-glaſs, wherin you may behold that admired Maiden-City in her true Complexion, together with her Government and Policy; for ſhe is famous all the World over. Therefore if at your Hours of Leisure you please to cast your Eyes upon this Glass, I doubt not but it will afford you ſome Objects of Entertainment.

Moreover, your Ladyship may discern through this Glass the Motions, and the very Heart of the Author, how he continueth ſtill, and resolves ſo to do, in what Condition ſoever he be, Madam,

Your most constant and dutiful

London, 15 June.

Servant, J. H.

XIX.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Clare.

My Lord,

A Mong those high Parts that go to make up a *Grandee*, which I find concentrated in your Lordship, one is, the exact Knowledge you have of many Languages, not in a ſuperficial vapouring Way, as ſome of our Gallants have now-a-days, but in a moft exact Manner both in Point of *Practice* and *Theory*. This induced me to give your Lordship an Account of a Task that was imposed lately upon me by an

emergent Occasion, touching the Original, the Growth, the Changes, and present Confluence of the French Language, which I hope may afford your Lordship some Entertainment.

There is nothing so incident to all sublunary Things as Corruptions and Changes: Nor is it to be wondered at, considering that the Elements themselves, which are the Principles or primitive Ingredients whereof they be compounded, are naturally so qualified. It were as easy a Thing for the Spectator's Eye to fassen a firm Shape upon a running Cloud, or to cut out a Garment that but a few Days together might fit the Moon, (who by Privilege of her Situation and Neighbourhood, predominates more over us than any other Celestial Body) as to find Stability in any Thing here below.

Nor is this common Frailty, or *Fatality* rather, incident only to the grosser sort of Elementary Creatures, but *Mankind*, upon whom it pleased the Almighty to imprint his own Image, and make him, as it were, Lord Paramount of this lower World, is subject to the same Lubricity of Mutation: Neither is his *Body* and *Blood* only liable thereunto, but the *Ideas of his Mind*, and interior Operations of his Soul; *Religion* herself, with the Notions of Holiness, and the Formality of saving Faith not excepted; nay, the very Faculty of *Reason* (as we find it too true by late Experience) is subject to the same Instableness.

But to come to our present Purpose, among other Privileges which are peculiar to Mankind, as Emanations flowing from the Intellect, *Language* is none of the least. And Languages are subject to the same Fis of Inconstancy and Alteration as much as any Thing else, especially the *French Language*: Nor can it seem strange to those who know the airy volatile Humour of that Nation, that their Speech should partake somewhat of the Disposition of their Spirit; but will rather wonder it hath received no oftner Change, especially considering what outward Causes did also concur thereunto; as, that their Kings should make six several Voyages to conquer or conserve what was got in the *Holy Land*; considering also how long the *Egyptians*, being a People of another Speech, kept firm Footing in the Heart of *France*: Add hereunto the *Wars* and *Weddings* they had with their Neighbours, which, by the long Sojourn of their Armies in other Countries caused by the First, and the foreign Couriers that came in with the Second, might introduce a frequent Alteration. For Languages are like Laws or Coins, which commonly receive some Change at every Shift of Princes: or as slow Rivers, by insensible Allusions, take in and let

let out the Waters that feed them, yet are they said to have the same Beds; so *Languages*, by a regardless Adoption of some new Words, and Manumission of old, do often vary, yet the whole Bulk of the Speech keeps intire.

Touching the true antient and genuine Language of the *Gauls*, some would have it to be a Dialect of the *Dutch*, others of the *Greek*, and some of the *British* or *Welsh*. Concerning this last Opinion, there be many Reasons to fortify it, which are not altogether to be slighted.

The First is, that the antient *Gauls* used to come frequently to be instructed here by the *British Druids*, who were the Divines and Philosophers of those Times; which they would not probably have done, unless by mutual Communication they had understood one another in some vulgar Language; for this was before the *Greek* or *Latin* came this Side the *Alps*, or that any Books were written; and there are no meaner Men than *Tacitus*, and *Caesar* himself, who record this.

The second Reason is, that there want not good Geographers, who hold that this Island was tied to *Gallia* at first (as some say *Sicily* was to *Cælubria*, and *Denmark* to *Germany*) by an *Isthmus* or Neck of Land, from *Calais* to *Dover*: For if one do well observe the Quality of the Cliffs on both Shores, his Eyes will judge that they were but one homogeneous Piece of Earth at first, and that they were cleaved and shivered asunder by some Act of Violence, as the impetuous Waves of the Sea.

The third Reason is, that before the *Romans* conquered the *Gauls*, the Country was called *Wallia*, which the *Romans* called *Gallia*, turning *W* into *G*, as they did elsewhere; yet the *Walloon* keeps his radical Letter to this Day.

The fourth Reason is, that there be divers old *Gaulic* Words yet remaining in the *French* which are pure *British*, both for Sense and Pronunciation; as *Havre* a Haven, which is the same in *Welsh*, *derechef* again, *Putaine*, a Whore, *Airain Bras-Money*, *Prou* an Interjection of stopping or driving of a Beast: But especially, when one speaks any old Word in *French* that cannot be understood, they say, *Il parle Baragouin*, which is to this Day in *Welsh*, *White-Bread*.

Lastly, *Pausanias* saith, that *Marek*, in the *Celtic* old *French* Tongue, signifieth a Horse; and it signifieth the same in *Welsh*.

But though it be disputable whether the *British Greek*, or *Dutch* was the original Language of the *Gauls*, certain it is that it was the *Walloon*; but I confine myself to *Gallia Cælica*, which, when the *Roman Eagle* had fastened

his Talons there, and planted twenty-three Legions up and down the Country, he did in tract of Time utterly extinguish: It being the ordinary Ambition of *Rome*, wherefover she prevailed, to bring in her *Language* and *Laws* also with the *Lance*, which she could not do in *Spain*, or this Island, because they had Posts and Places of Fastness to retire to, as *Bisay* and *Wales*, where Nature hath cast up those Mountains as Propugnacles of Defence; therefore the very aboriginal Languages of both Countries remain there to this Day. Now, *France* being a passable and plain pervious Continent, the *Romans* quickly diffused and rooted themselves in every Part thereof, and so co-planted their *Language*, which in a short Revolution of Time, came to be called *Roman*. But when the *Francorians*, a People of *Germany*, came afterwards to invade and possess *Gallia*, both Speech and People were call'd *French* ever after, wnicch is near 1300 Years since.

Now, as all other Things have their Degrees of growing, so *Languages* have before they attain a Perfection. We find that the *Latin* herself, in the Times of the *Sabines*, was but rude; afterwards, under *Ennius* and *Cato the Censor*, it was refined in twelve Tables; but in *Cæsar*, *Cicero*, and *Sallust's* Time, it came to the highest Pitch of Purity; and so dainty were the *Romans* of their *Language* then, that they would not suffer any exotic or strange Word to be enfranchised among them, or enter into any of their *Diplomata*, and public Instruments of Command or Justice. The Word *Emblema* having got into one, it was thrust out by an express *Edict* of the Senate; but *Monopolium* had with much ado leave to stay in, yet not without a large Preface and Apology. A little after, the *Latin* Tongue, in the Vulgarity thereof, began to degenerate and decline very much; out of which Degeneration sprang up the *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, and *French*.

Now the *French* Language being set thus upon a *Latin* Stock, hath received since sundry Habitudes, yet retaining to this Day some *Latin* Words entire, as *Animal*, *Cadaver*, *Tribunal*, *Non*, *Plus*, *Qui*, *Os*, with a number of others.

Chilperic, one of the first Race of *French* Kings, commanded by public Edict, that the four Greek Letters, Θ Χ Φ Ψ should be added to the *French* Alphabet to make the Language more masculine and stenuous; but afterwards it was not long observed.

Nor is it a worthless Observation, that Languages use to comply with the Humour, and to display much the Inclination of a People. The *French* Nation is quick and spiteful,

ful, so is his Pronunciation; the *Spaniard* is slow and grave, so is his Pronunciation: For the *Spanish* and *French Languages* being but Branches of the *Latin Tree*, the one may be called *Latin* shortened, and the other *Latin* drawn out at length; as, *Corpus, Tempus, Caput, &c.* are Monosyllables in *French*, as *Corps, Temps, Caps or Chef*; whereas the *Spaniard* doth add to them, as *Cuerpo, Tiempo, Cabeza*. And indeed, of any other, the *Spaniard* affects long Words, for he makes some thrice as long as they are in *French*; as of *Levement*, arising, he makes *Levantamiento*; of *Pensee*, a Thought, he makes *Pensamiento*; of *Compliment*, he makes *Complimiento*. Besides, the *Spaniard* doth use to pause so in his Pronunciation, that his Tongue seldom fore-runs his *Wit*, and his Brain may very well raise and superseate a second Thought before the first he uttered. Yet is not the *French* so hasty in his Utterance as he seems to be; for his Quickness or Volubility proceeds partly from that Concatenation he useth among his Syllables, by linking the Syllable of the precedent Word with the last of the following; so that sometimes a whole Sentence is made in a manner but one Word: And he who will speak the *French* roundly and well, must observe this Rule.

The *French Language* began first to be polished, and arrive at that Delicacy she is now come to, in the Midst of the Reign of *Philip de Valois*. *Marot* did something under *Francis I.* (which King was a Restorer of *Learning* in general, as well as of *Language*;) but *Ronsard* did more under *Henry II.* Since these Kings there is little Difference in the Context of Speech, but only in the Choice of Words, and Softness of Pronunciation, proceeding from such wanton Spirits that did miniardize and make the Language more dainty and feminine.

But to shew what Changes the *French* have received from what it was, I will produce these few Instances in Verse and Prose, which I found in some antient Authors: The first shall be of a Gentlewoman that translated *Aësop's Fables* many hundred Years since out of *English* into *French*, where she concludes,

*Au finement de ceſt Escuit
Qu'en Romans ay tourne & dit;
Me nommar ay, par remembrance,
Marie ay nom, je suis de France;
Per l'amour de Conte de Guillaume
Le plus vaillant de ce Royaume,
M' entremis de ce livre faire
Et de l' Anglois en Roman traire.*

Eſop

*Esope appelle l'on ce Livre,
Qu'on transleta & fit Ecrire ;
De Grec en Latin le tourna,
Et le Roy Abert qui l'ama,
Le transleta puis en Anglois,
Et je l'ay tourné en François.*

Out of the *Roman de la Rose* I will produce this Example :

*Quand ta bouche toucha la moye,
Ce fut dont au Cœur jeans joye ;
Sire juge, donnes sentence
Par moy, Car la pucelle est moye.*

Two of the most antient and approvedst Authors in France are, *Geoffrey de Vilarjouvin*, Marshal of *Campagne*, and *Hugues de Berfy*, a Monk of *Clugny*, in the Reign of *Philippe Auguste*, above 500 Years since : From them I will borrow these two ensuing Examples ; the first from the Marshal, upon a *Croisada* to the *Holy Land*.

*Sachiez que l' Ann 1188 an, apres l' Incarnation al temps
Innocent III. Apóstille de Rome, & Philippe Roy de France, &
Richard Roy d' Engleterre, eut un Saint homme en France,
qui eut nom Folque de Nully, & il ere prestre, & tenoit le
paroichre de la ville & ce Folque commença a parler de Biex,
& nostre sire fit manirs miracles par lui, &c.*

Hugues de Berfy, who made the *Griot Bible* so much spoken of in France, begins thus in Verse :

*D'un siècle puant & horrible
M'effut commencer une Bible,
Per poindre, & per aiguillonnair
Et per bons exemples donner,
Ce n'est une Bible bifongere
Mironer est a toutes gens.*

If one would compare the *English* that was spoken in those Times, which is about 560 Years since, with the present, we should find a greater Alteration.

But to know how much the *Modern French* differs from the *Antient*, let them read our Common Law, which was held good *French* in *William the Conqueror's Time*.

Furthermore, among other Observations, I find that there are some single Words antiquated in the *French*, which seem to be more significant than those that are come in their Places ; as, *Margre*, *Paratre*, *Filatre*, *Scrouge*, a Step-mother, a Step-father, a Son or Daughter-in-law, a Sister-in-law, which now they express in two Words, *Bellemere*, *Beau pere*, *Belle sœur*. Moreover, I find these are some

Words

Words now in *French* which are turned to a Countersense; as, we use the *Dutch* Word *Crank*, in *English*, to be *well-disposed*, which in the Original signifieth to be *sick*. So in *French*, *Cocu* is taken for one whose Wife is light, and hath made him a passive *Cuckold*; whereas clean contrary, *Cocu*, which is the *Cuckow*, doth use to lay her Eggs in another Bird's Nest. This Word *plieger* is also to drink after one is drunk to; whereas the first true Sense of the Word was, that if the Party drunk to was not disposed to drink himself, he would put another for a Pledge to do it for him, else the Party who began would take it ill. Besides, this Word *A-bry* derived from the Latin *Apricus*, is taken in *French* for a close Place or Shelter, whereas in the Original it signifieth an open free Sunshine. They now term in *French*, a free boon Companion, *Roger bon temps*; whereas the Original is, *Rouge bon temps*, reddish and fair Weather: They use also in *France*, when one hath a good Bargain, to say, *Il a joue a boule vue*, whereas the Original is, *A bene vue*. A Beacon or Watch-Tower is call'd *Beffroy*, whereas the true Word is *L'effroy*: A travelling Warrant is called *Pasport*, whereas the Original is *Passe per tout*. When one is grown hoarse, they use to say, *Il a veue le loup*, he hath seen the Wolf; whereas that Effect of Hoarseness is wrought in whom the Wolf has seen first, according to *Pliny* and the Poet, — *Lupi illum videre priores*. There is one Saying or Proverb which is observable, whereby *France* doth confess herself to be still indebted to *England*, which is, when one hath paid his Creditors, he useth to say, *J ay paye tous mes Anglais*; so that in this, and other Phrases, *Angolis* is taken for *Creancier* or Creditor. And I presume it had its Foundation from this, that when the *French* were bound by Treaty at *Breigny* to pay *England* so much for the Ransom of King *John* then Prisoner, the Contribution lay so heavy upon the People, that for many Years they could not make up the Sum. The Occasion might be seconded in *Henry VIII*'s Time at the surrendry of *Bullen*, and upon other Treaties; as also in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, besides the Monies which she had disbursed herself to put the Crown on *Henry IV*'s Head: Which makes me think on a Passage that is recorded in *Pasquier*, that happened when the Duke of *Anjou*, under Pretence of wooing the Queen, came over into *England*, who being brought to her Presence, she told him, he was come in good Time to remain a Pledge for the Monies that *France* owed her Father, and other of her Progenitors; whereunto the Duke answered, That he was ~~being not only to be a Pledge, but her close Prisoner.~~

There

There be two other Sayings in *French*, which though they be obsolete, yet are they worthy the Knowledge; the first is, *Il a perdu ses cheveux*, he hath lost his Hair, meaning his Honour: For in the first Race of Kings there was a Law, called *La ley de la Cheveleure*, whereby it was lawful for the Nobles only to wear long Hair, and if any of them had committed some foul and ignoble Act, they used to be condemned to have their long Hair to be cut off as a Mark of Ignominy; and it was as much as if he had been *fleuer-delized*, viz. burnt on the Back or Hand, or branded in the Face.

The other Proverb is, *Il a quitté sa cinture*, he hath given up his Girdle; which intimated as much as if he had become Bankrupt, or had all his Estate forfeited: It being the antient Law of *France*, that when any upon some Offence had that Penalty of Confiscation inflicted upon him, he used before the Tribunal of Justice to give up his *Girdle*, implying thereby, that the *Girdle* held every thing that belonged to a Man's Estate, as his Budget of Money and Writings, the Keys of his House, with his Sword, Dagger, and Gloves, &c.

I will add hereunto another Proverb which had been quite lost, had not our Order of the Garter preserved it, which is, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*; this we English, *Ill to him that thinks Ill*: Though the true Sense be, *Let him be bewrayed who thinks any Ill*; being a Metaphor taken from a Child that hath bewrayed his Clouts: And I dare say, there is not one of a hundred in *France* who understands this Word now-a-days.

Furthermore, I find in the *French* Language, that the same Fate hath attended some *French* Words, as usually attends Men; among whom, some rise to Perferment, others fall to Decay and an Undervalue. I will Instance in a few: The Word *Majstre* was a Word of high Esteem in former Times among the *French*, and applicable to Noblemen, and others in high Office only; but now it is fallen from the *Baron* to the *Boor*, from the Count to the Cobler, or any other mean Artisan; as *Majstre Jean le Savetier*, Mr. *John the Cobler*; *Majstre Jaquet le Cabaretier*, Mr. *Jammy the Tapster*.

Sire was also appropriate only to the King: But now, adding a Name after it, 'tis applicable to any mean Man, upon the Endorsement of a Letter or otherwise: But this Word *Sovereign* hath raised itself to that Pitch of Greatnes, that it is applied now only to the King, whereas in Times past, the President of any Court, any Bailiff or Seneschal, was used to be so called *Sovereign*.

Marechal likewise was at first the Name of a Smith, Farrier, or one that dressed Horses ; but it is climbed by degrees to that Height, that the chiefest Commanders of the Gendarmerie and Militia of *France* are come to be called *Marebals*, which about a hundred Years since were but two in all, whereas now they are made twelve.

This Title *Majesty* hath no great Antiquity in *France*, for it began in *Henry III's* Time. And indeed the Stile of *France* at first, as well as of other Countries, was to *Tutoyer*, that is, to *Thou* any Person that one spake unto, though never so high : But when the *Commonwealth* of *Rome* turned to an *Empire*, and so much Power came into one Man's Hand ; then, in Regard he was able to confer Honour, and Offices, the Courtiers began to magnify him, and treat him in the plural Number by *Tou*, and by Degrees to deify him by transcending Titles ; as we read in *Symmachus*, in his Epistles to the Emperor *Theodosius*, and to *Valentinian*, where his Stile to them is, *Vestra Eternitas*, *Vestrum Numen*, *Vestra Perennitas*, *Vestra Clementia* : So that *You* in the plural Number, with other Compliments and Titles, seem to have their first Rise with the Western Monarchy, which afterwards by degrees descended upon particular Persons.

The French Tongue have divers Dialects, viz. the *Picardy*, that of *Jersey* and *Guernsey*, Appendixes once of *Normandy* ; the *Provencal*, the *Gascon* or the Speech of *Languedoc*, which *Scaliger* would etymologize from *Langue d'oc*, whereas it comes from *Langue de Got*, in regard the *Goths* and *Saracens*, who by their Incursions and long Stay in *Aquitain* first corrupted the Speech of *Gallia* : The *Walloon* is another Dialect, which is under the King of *Spain* : They also of *Liege*, have a Dialect of the *French*, which among themselves they call *Romand* to this Day.

Touching the modern *French* that's spoken now in the King's Court, the Court of Parliament, and in the Universities of *France*, there had been lately a great Competition which was the best ; but by the learned'st, and most indifferent Persons, it was adjudged, that the Stile of the King's Court was the purest and most elegant, because the other two did smell, the one of *Pedantry*, the other of *Chicanery*. And the late Prince of *Conde*, with the D. of *Orleans* that now is, were used to have a *Censor* in their Houses, that if any of their Family spoke any Word that favoured of the Palace or the Schools, he should incur the Penalty of an Amercement.

The late Cardinal Richelieu made it part of his Glory, to advance Learning, and the French Language. Among other Monuments he erected an University where the Sciences should be read and disputed in French for the Ease of his Countrymen, whereby they might presently fall to the Master, and not spend Time to study *Words* only.

Thus have I presumed to send your Lordship a rambling Discourse of the French Language, past and present; humbly expecting to be corrected, when you shall please to have perused it. So I subscribe myself,

Lond. 1 Oct.

*Your Lordship's thrice
obedient Servant, J. H.*

XX.

To Dr. Weames.

SIR,

I Return you many Thanks for the Additionals you pleased to communicate to me, in Continuance of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*; and I admired it the more, because it was the Composition of so young a Spirit: Which makes me tell you, without any Compliment, that you are Father to a Daughter that *Europe* hath not many of her Equals; therefore all those gentle Souls that pretend to Virtue, should cherish her. I have herewith sent you a few Lines that relate to the Work, according to your Desire.

To Mrs. A. W.

*If a Male Soul by Transmigration can
Pass to a Female, and her Spirits man,
Then, sure, some Sparks of Sidney's Soul have flown
Into your Breast, which may in time be blown
To Flames; for 'tis the Course of Enthian Fire,
To kindle by Degrees, and Brains inspire.
As Buds do Blooms turn to Fruit,
So Wits ask Time to Ripen and Recruit:
But yours gives Time the Start, and all may see
In this smooth Piece of early Poesy,
Which, like Sparks of one Flame, may well aspire,
If Phoebus please, to a Sidnean Fire.*

So with my very affectionate Respects to yourself, and to your choice Family, I rest

Lond. 9 Nov.

*Your ready and real
Servitor, J. H.*

XXI.

XXI.

*To the incomparable Lady, the Lady M. Cary.
Madam,*

I Have discovered so much of Divinity in you, that he who would find your Equal, must keep one in the other World. I might play the *Oracle*, and more truly pronounce you the wisest of Women, than he did *Pythagoras* the wisest of Men: For questionless, that *He* or *She* are the wisest of all human Creatures, who are careful of preserving the noblest Part of them, I mean the *Soul*. They who prink, and pamper the *Body*, and neglect the *Soul*, are like one, who having a Nightingale in his House, is more fond of the Wicker *Cage* than of the *Bird*: Or rather, like one who hath a Pearl of an invaluable Price, and esteems the poor Box that holds it more than the Jewel. The *Rational Soul* is the *Breath* of God Almighty, she is his very *Image*: Therefore who taints his Soul, may be said to throw *Dirt* in God's Face, and make his Breath stink. The *Soul* is a Spark of Immortality, she is a divine Light, and the *Body* is but a Socket of Clay, that holds it. In some this Light goes out with an ill-favoured Stench; but others have a *Save-all* to preserve it from making any Snuff at all. Of this Number, Madam, you are one that shines clearest in this Horizon, which makes me so much

London, 3 Nov.

*Your Lordship's truly devoted
Servant, J. H.*

219.

XXII.

To the Lord Bishop of Ro. at Knolls.

My Lord,

THE Christian Philosopher tells us, that *a good Conscience is a perpetual Feast*: And the Pagan Philosopher hath a saying, that *a Virtuous Man is always drunk*. Both these Sayings stand at one Sense, viz. That an upright, discreet Man, is always full of good Notions, and good Motions; his Soul is always in Tune, and the Faculties thereof never jar-ring: He values this World as it is, a Vale of Trouble and a Valley of Tears, full of Incumbrances and Revolutions; and stands armed against all Events: *Si fructus illabatur Orbis.*

While you read this, you have your own Character; for I know none more capable both for the practical Part as well as the Theory, to give Precepts of Patience, and prescribe Rules of Morality and Prudence to all Mankind. Your Mind is like a Stone-bridge over a rapid River, which though the Waters beneath be perpetually working, roaring, and bubbling, yet the Bridge never flirs; *Pons monos immotus:*—

so

so among those monstrous Mutations and Traverses that have lately happened, you are still the same.

Mens immota manet—

I received your last under the Covert of Sir John Sackville, to whom I present my affectionate Service, with a thousand Thanks for that seasonable Present he pleased to send me, which will find me and my Friends some Employment; so desiring your *Benediction*, I conclude, and subscribe myself, my Lord,

Lond. 7 Dec.

Your truly devoted Servant, J. H.

XXIII.

To Sir W. Mason, Knight.

SIR,

I Present you with the Second Part of the *Vocal Forest*; but before you make an Entrance into the last *Walk* thereof, be pleased to take this short Caution along with you, which tends to rectify such, who I hear are over-rash and critical in their Censure of what it there contained, not penetrating the main Design of the Author in that allegorical Discourse, nor in the Quality of the Times, or the prudential Cautions, and Indifferences that an historical Piece exposed to public View should require, which may make them perchance to shoot their *Bolts* at Random, and with wry Looks at those *Trees*. Therefore let the discerning Surveyor, as he crosseth this last *Walk*, take a short Advertisement beforehand; that whatsoever he meets therein glancing on the *Oak*, consists of imperfect Suggestions, foreign Criticisms, and Presumptions, &c. Now every petty Sciolist in the Laws of Reason can tell, that Presumptions were never taken yet for Proofs, but for left-handed Arguments, approaching rather the Nature of Cavillations than Consequences.

Moreover, Apologues, Parables, and Metaphors, though pressed never so hard, have not the Strength to demonstrate, or positively assert any Thesis: For as in *Theology*, the highest of Sciences, it is a received Principle, *Scriptura parabolica non est Argumentativa*; so this Maxim holds good in all other Composures and Arts. 'Tis granted, that in the *Walks* of this *Forest* there be some free and home Expressions drawing somewhat nearer to the Nature of *Satyr*s, for otherwise it had been a vain superfluous Curiosity, to have spent so much Oil and Labour in shrouding *Realities* under Disguises, unless the Author had promised himself beforehand a greater Latitude and Scope of Liberty to pry into some Miscarriages and Solecisms of State; as also to Question

tion and perstring some sorts of Actors, especially the *Cardanian* and *Classican*, who, as the whole World can Witness, were the first Raisers of those hideous Tempests which poured down in so many showers of Blood upon unfortunate *Druina*, and all her coafforested Territories.

Now touching that which is spoken of the Oak in the last *Walk*, if any intemperate *Bafilean* takes Exceptions thereat, let him know, that as it was said before, most of them are but Traducements, and Pretensions; yet it is a human Principle, (and will ever be so to the World's End) that there never was yet any Prince (except one) nor will there ever be any hereafter, but had his Frailties; and these Frailties in Kings are like Stains in the purest Scarlet, which are more visible: What are but *Motes* in others, are as *Beams* in them, because that being mounted so high, they are more exposed to the Eye of the World. And if the Historian points happily at some of those *Motes* in the *Royal Oak*, he makes good what he promised in the Entrance of the *Forest*, that he would endeavour to make a constant grain of *Evenness* and *Impartiality*, to pass through the whole Bulk of that *Arborical Discourse*.

We read, that there being a high Feud betwixt *Cicero* and *Vatinius*, who had crooked Bow-legs: *Vatinius* having the Advantage of pleading First, took Occasion to give a Touch himself of his natural Imperfection that Way, that he might tollere *Ansam*, that he might, by way of Prevention, cut off the Advantages and Intention which *Cicero* might have had to asperse him in that Particular: The Application hereof is easy and obvious.

But if the sober-minded Reader observe well what is spoken elsewhere of the *Oak* throughout the Body and Series of the Story, he will easily conclude, that it was far from the Design of the Author, out of any self or sinister Ends, to let any four *Droppings* fall from these *Trees* to hurt the *Oak*. And give me leave to tell you, that he who hath but as much Wit as may suffice to preserve him from being begird for a *Fool*, will judge so.

Lastly, they who know any thing of the Laws of History, do well know, that Variety and Indifference are two of the prime Virtues that are requisite in a *Chronicler*. The same Answer may serve to stop their Mouths, who would say something, if they could tell what, against my *Survey of the Signory of Venice*, and dedicated to the Parliament of *England*, as if the Author had changed his Principles, and were affected to *Republics*; whereas there is not a Syllable therein but what makes for *Monarchy*: Therefore I rather

pity than repine at such poor Critics, with the Shallowness of their Judgments.

Thus much I thought good to intimate to you, not that I mistrust your own Censure, which I know to be candid and clear, but that if there be Occasion, you may vindicate,

Lond. 4 Apr.

Your truly affectionate Servant,

J. H.

XXIV.

To the Right Honourable the La. E. Savage, afterwards Countess Rivers.

Excellent Lady,

Among those Multitudes that claim a Share in the Loss of so precious a Lord, mine is not the least. O how willingly could I have measured with my Feet, and performed a Pilgrimage over all those large Continents wherein I have traveled, to have reprieved him! Truly, Madam, I shall mourn for him while I have a Heart beating in my Breast; and though Time may mitigate the Sense of Grief, yet his Memory shall be to me, like his Worth and Virtues, everlasting. But it is not so much to be lamented that he hath left us, (it being so infinitely to his Advantage) as that he hath left behind so few like him.

I confess, Madam, this is the weightiest Cross that possibly could come to exercise your Patience; but I know your Ladyship to be both *pious* and *prudent* in the highest Degree: Let the one preserve you from Excess of Sorrow, which may prove *irreligious* to Heaven; and the other keep you from being injurious to yourself, and to that goodly brave Issue of his, which may serve as so many living Copies of the Original.

God Almighty comfort your Ladyship; so prayeth,

Madam,

London, 2 Feb.

Your most humble and sorrowful

Servant, J. H.

XXV.

To the Right Honourable John Lord Sa.

My Lord,

I Should be much wanting to myself, if I did not congratulate your lately descended Honours: But truly, my Lord, this Congratulation is like a Vapour exhaled from a Soil overwhelmed with a sudden Inundation; such is the State of my Mind at this Time, it being overcast with a thick Fog of Grief for the Death of your incomparable Father.

I pray, from the Center of my Heart, that you may inherit his high Worth and Virtues, as you do all Things else; and I doubt it not, having discovered in your Nature so many

Preg-

Pregnancies, and Sparkles of innated Honour. So I rest in
 Quality of *Your Lordship's*
London, 10 Dec. *most humble Servant, J. H.*

XXVI.

To Mr. J. Wilson.

SIR,

I Received yours of the 10th current, and I have many
 Thanks to give you, that you so quaintly acquaint me
 how variously the Pulse of the Pulpiteers beat in your Town.
 Touching ours here, (by way of Correspondence with you)
 I will tell you of one whom I heard lately; for dropping ca-
 sually into a Church in *Thames-street*, I fell upon a Winter-
 Preacher, who spoke of nothing but of the Fire and Flames of
 Hell; so that if a *Sythian* or *Greenlander*, who are habitu-
 ted to such extreme Cold, had heard and understood him, he
 would have thought he had preached of *Paradise*. His Mouth
 methought did fume with the Lake of Brimstone, with the
 infernal Torments, and the Thundrings of the Law, not a
 Syllable of the Gospel: So I concluded him to be one of
 those who used to preach the *Law* in the *Church*, and the *Gos-
 pel* in their *Chambers*, where they make some female Hearts
 melt into *Pieces*. He repeated his Text once, but God knows
 how far it was from the Subject of his Preachment; he had
 also hot and fiery Incitements to War, and to swim in Blood
 for the *Cause*; But after he had run away from his Text so
 long, the Spirit led him into a Wilderness of Prayer, and
 there I left him.

God amend all, and begin with me, who am

London, 5 July.

*Your assured Friend
 to serve you, J. H.*

XXVII.

To Sir E. S.

SIR,

IN the various Courses of my wandring Life, I have had
 Occasion to spend some Part of my Time in literal Cor-
 respondences with Divers; but I never remeber that I
 pleased myself more in paying these Civilities to any than to
 yourself: For when I undertake this Task, I find that my
Head, my Hand, and my Heart, go all so willingly aboutit.
 The *Invention* of the One, the *graphical Office* of the Other,
 and the *Affections* of the last, are so ready to obey me
 in performing the Work: Work do I call it? 'Tis rather a
 Sport, my Pen and Paper are as a *Cheſs-board*, or as your
Instruments of Music are to you, when you would recreate
 your harmonious Soul. Whence this proceeds I know not,
 unless it be from a charming kind of Virtue that your Let-
 ters

ters carry with them to work upon my Spirits, which are so full of facete and familiar Friendly Strains, and so punctual in answering every Part of mine, that you may give the Law of Epistolizing to all Mankind.

Touching your Poet-Laureat *Skelton*, I found him at last (as I told you before) skulking in *Duck-lane*, pitifully tattered and torn; and, as the Times are, I do not think it worth the Labour and Cost to put him in better Cloaths, for the Genius of the Age is quite another Thing: Yet there be some Lines of his, which I think will never be out of Date for their quaint Sense; and with these I will close this Letter, and Salute you, as he did his Friend, with these Options:

*Salve plus decies quam sunt momenta dierum,
Quot species generum, quot res, quot nomina rerum,
Quot pratis flores, quot sunt &c in orbe colores,
Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt &c in aquore naves,
Quot valucrum pennae, quot sunt tormenta gehennæ,
Quot cœli stellæ quot sunt miracula Thomæ:
Quot sunt virtutes, tantas tibi mitto salutes.*

These were the Wishes in time of Yore of *Jo. Skelton*,
but now they are of

London, 4 Aug.

Your J. H.

XXVIII.

To R. Davies, Esq;

SIR,

DI D your Letters know how truly welcome they are to me, they would make more haste, and not loiter so long in the Way; for I did not receive yours of the 2d of June, till the 1st of July; which is Time enough to have traveled not only a hundred *English*, but so many *Helvetian* Miles, that are five Times bigger; for in some Places they contain forty Furlongs, whereas ours have but eight, unless it be in *Wales*, where they are allowed better Measure, or in the North Parts, where there is a Wea-bit to every Mile. But that yours should be a whole Month in making scarce 100 *English* Miles (for the Distance between us is no more) is strange to me, unless you purposely sent it by *John Long* the Carrier. I know, being so near *Lemster's-Ore*, that you dwell in a gentle Soil, which is good for Cheepe as well as for Cloth; therefore if you send me a good one, I shall return my Cousin, your Wife, something from hence that may be equivalent: If you neglect me, I shall think that *Wales* is relapsed into her first Barbarisms; for *Strabo* makes it one of his Arguments to prove the *Britons* barbarous, because they had not the Art of making Cheese till the *Romans* came:

came: But I believe you will preserve them from this Impputation again. I know you can want no good Gras thereabouts, which, as they say here, grows so fast in some of your Fields, that if one should put his Horse there over Night, he should not find him again the next Morning. So with my very respectful Commands to yourself, and to the Partner of your Couch and Cares, I rest, my dear Cousin,

Lond. 5 July.

Yours always to dispose of,

J. H.

XXIX.

To W. Roberts, *Efq;*

SIR,

THE Dominical Prayer, and the *Apostolical Creed*, (whereof there was such a hot Dispute in our last Conversation) are two Acts tending to the same Object of Devotion; yet they differ in this, that we conclude all in the First, and ourselves only in the Second: One may *beg* for another, but he must *believe* for himself; there is no Man can believe by a Deputy. The Articles of the Creed are as the twelve Signs in the *Zodiack of Faith*, which make way for the *Sun of Righteousness* to pass through the Center of our Hearts, as a Gentleman doth wittily compare them. But what Offence the *Lord's-Prayer* or the *Creed* have committed (together with the *Ten Commandments*) as to be as it were banished the Church of late Years, I know not; considering that the whole Office of a Christian may be said to be comprehended in them: For the last prescribes us what we should Do, the second what we should Believe, the third how and what we should Pray for. Of all the Heretics that I ever heard of, I never read of any who bore Analogy with these.

Touching other Opinions, they are but old Fancies newly furbished. There were *Adamites* in former Times, and *Rebaptizers*: There were *Iconoclastæ*, destroyers of Images; but I never read of *Stauroclastæ*, destroyers of Crosses: There were also *Agonicitæ*, who held it a Superstition to bow the Knee; besides, there were those who stumbled at the Resurrection, as too many do now: There were *Aereans* also, who maligned *Bishops* and the *Hierarchy* of the Church, but we read those *Aereans* turned *Arians*, and *Atheists* at laft. The greatest *Greek* and *Latin* Fathers inveigh against those *Aereans* more bitterly than against any other: *Chrysostom* saith, *Heretics who have learnt of the Devil not to give due Honour to Bishops*; and *Epiphanius* saith, *It is the Voice of a Devil, rather than of a Christian, that there is no Difference betwixt a Bishop and a Presbyter, &c.*

Good Lord, what fiery Clashings we have had lately for a *Cap* and a *Surplice*! What an Ocean of human Blood was spilt for Ceremonies only, and outward Formalities, for the bare Position of a *Table*! But as we find the ruffling Winds to be commonly in Cemeteries, and about Churches, so the eagerest and most sanguinary Wars are about Religion; and there is a great deal of Weight in that Distich of *Prudentius*,

Sic Mores produnt Animam, & mibi credite semper,

Functus cum falso est Dogmate Caedis Amor.

Let the Turk spread his *Alcoran* by the Sword, but let Christianity expand herself still by a passive Fortitude, wherein she always gloried.

We live in a strange Age, when every one is in love with his own *Fancy*, as *Narcissus* was with his *Face*: And this is true *spiritual Pride*, the Usherer-in of all Confusions. The Lord deliver us from it, and grant we may possess our Souls with Patience, till the great Wheel of Providence turn up another Spoke that may point at Peace and Unanimity among poor Mortals. In these Hopes I rest

London 5 Jan.

Yours entirely, J. H.

XXX.

To Howel Gwyn, Esq;

My much endeared Cousin,

I Send you herewith, according to your Desire, the *British* or *Welsh* Epitaph, (for the Saxons gave us that *new Name*, calling us *Welshmen*, or *Strangers* in our own Country) which Epitaph was found in the *West-Indies* upon Prince *Madoc* near upon 600 Years since :

Madoc wif mw y die wed

Jawn genan Owen Gwyneth,

Ni funnum dir fy enridd oedd,

Ni da mowr ondy moroedd.

Which is Englished thus in Mr. *Herbert's Travels* ;

Madoc ap Owen was I called,

Strong, tall, and comely, not intrall'd

With home-bred Pleasure; but for Fame

Thro' Land and Sea I sought the same.

This *British* Prince *Madoc* (as many Authors make mention) made two Voyages thither, and in the last left his Bones there, upon which this Epitaph lay. There be other pregnant Remarks that the *British* were there, for there is a Promontory not far from *Mexico* called *Cape Britain*; there is a Creek called *Gyndwor*, which is in *Welsh*, *White-water*; with other Words, as you shall find in Mr. *Herbert* and

and others: They had also the Sign of the *Cross* in Reverence among them.

And now, that I am upon *British Observations*, I will tell you something of this Name *Howel*, which is your first, and my second Name: Passing lately by the Cloysters of the Abby at *Westminster*, I stopt up to the Library that Archbishop *Williams* erected there, and I lighted upon a French Historian, *Bertrane a Argentre*, Lord of *Forges*; who was President of the Court of Parliament in *Renes*, the chief Town of *Little Britany in France*, called *Armorica*, which is a pure *Welsh* Word, and signifies a Country bordering upon the Sea as that doth, and was first colonized by the *Britons* of this Island in the Reign of *Theodosius* the Emperor, Ann. 387. whose Language they yet preserve in their radical Words: In that History, I found that there were four Kings of that Country of the Name *Howel*, viz. *Howel the First*, *Howel the Second*, *Howel the Great*, (who bore up so stoutly against *Aetius* the famous *Roman General*) and *Howel the Fourth*, that were all Kings of *Armrica*, or the *Lesser Britany*, which continued a Kingdom till the Year 874. at which Time the Title was changed to a *Duchy*, but sovereign of itself, till it was reduced to the *French Crown* by *Francis I.* There are many Families of Quality of that Name to this Day in *France*: And of them desired to be acquainted with me, by the Mediation of Mons. *Augier*, who was there Agent for *England*. Touching the Castle of good King *Howel* hard by you, and other ancient Places of that Name, you know them better than I; but the best Title which *England* hath to *Wales* is by that *Castle*, as a great Antiquary told me. So in a true Bond of Friendship, as well as of Blood, I rest Your most affectionate Cousin,

London, 8 Oct.

J. H.

XXXI.

To Mr. W. Price at Oxon.

My precious Nephew,

There could hardly better News be brought to me, than to understand that you are so great a Student, and that having passed through the Briars of *Logic*, you fall so close to *Philosophy*: Yet I do not like your Method in one Thing, that you are so fond of New Authors, and neglect the Old, as I hear you do. It is the ingrateful Genius of this Age, that if any Sciolist can find a Hole in an old Author's Coat, he will endeavour to make it much more wide, thinking to make himself Somebody thereby; I am none of those; but touching the Antients, I hold this to be a good moral Rule,

Laudandum quod bene, ignoscendum quod aliter dixerunt : The older an Author is, commonly the more solid he is, and the greater teller of Truth. This makes me think on a *Spanish Captain*, who being invited to a Fish-dinner, and coming late, he sat at the lower End of the Table where the small Fish lay, the great ones being at the upper End ; thereupon he took one of the little Fish and held it to his Ear : His Comrades asked him what he meant by that ; he answered in a sad Tone, *Some 30 Years since, my Father passing from Spain to Barbary, was cast away in a Storm, and I am asking this little Fish whether he could tell any Tidings of his Body ; he answers me, that he is too young to tell me any Thing, but those old Fish at your End of the Table may say something to it :* So by that Trick of Drollery he got his Share of them. The Application is easy, therefore I advise you not to neglect old Authors ; for though we be come as it were to the Meridian of Truth, yet there be many *Neoterical* Commentators and self-conceited Writers, that eclipse her in many Things, and go from *obscurum* to *obscurus*.

Give me leave to tell you, Cousin, that your Kindred and Friends, with all the World besides, expect much from you, in regard of the Pregnancy of your Spirit, and those Advantages you have of others, being now at the Source of all Knowledge. I was told of a Countryman, who coming to Oxford, and being at the Towns-end, stood listening to a Flock of Geese, and a few Dogs that were hard by ; being asked the Reason, he answered, that *he thought the Geese about Oxford did gaggle Greek, and the Dogs barked in Latin.* If some in the World think so much of those irrational poor Creatures that take in University Air, what will your Friends in the Country expect from you, who have the Instruments of Reason in such a Perfection, and so well strung with a tenacious Memory, a quick Understanding, and rich Invention ? All which I have discovered in you, and doubt not but you will employ them to the Comfort of your Friends, your own Credit, and the particular Contentment of

Lond. 3 Feb.

Your truly affectionate Uncle,

J. H.

XXXII.

To Sir K. D. in Paris.

SIR,

I Had been guilty of such an Offence, whereof I should never have absolved myself, if I had omitted so handsome an Opportunity to quicken my old Devotions to you. Among those Multitudes here who resent your hard Condition, and

and the Protractions of your Busines, there is none who is more sensible that so gallant and sublime a Soul (so much renowned throughout the World) should meet with such harsh Traverses of Fortune. For myself, I am like an Almanac out of Date, I am grown an unprofitable Thing, and good for nothing as the Times run; yet in your Busines I shall play the Whetstone, which though it be a dull Thing of itself, and cannot cut, yet it can make other Bodies to cut: So shall I quicken those who have the managing of your Busines, and Power to do you good, whensoever I meet them. So I rest

Your thirty Years Servant,

Lond. 2 Sept.

J. H.

XXXIII.

To Mr. R. Lee in Antwerp.

SIR,

A N Acre of Performance is worth the whole Land of Promise; besides, as the Italian hath it, *Deeas are Men, and Words Women.* You pleased to promise me, when you shook Hands with England, to barter Letters with me; but whereas I writ to you a good while since by Mr. Simons, I have not received a Syllable from you ever since.

The Times here frown more and more upon the Cavaliers, yet their Minds are buoy'd up still with strong Hopes; some of them being lately in Company of such whom the Times favour, and reporting some comfortable News on the Royalists Side, one of the other answered, *Thus you Cavaliers still fool yourselves, and build always Castles in the Air:* Thereupon a sudden Reply was made, *Where will you have us to build them else, for you have taken all our Lands from us?* I know what you will say when you read this: *A pox on these true Jests.*

This Tale puts me in mind of another: There was a Gentleman lately, who was offered by the Parliament a parcel of *Church or Crown-Lands*, equal to this Arrears; and asking Counsel of a Friend of his which he should take, he answered, *Crown-Lands by all means, for if you take them, you run a hazard only to hanged; but if you take Church-Land, you are sure to be damned.* Whereunto the other made him a shrewd Reply, *Sir, I'll tell you a Tale:* There was an old Usurer not far from London, who had trained up a Dog of his to bring his Meat after him in a Hand-Basket, so that in Time the Shag-Dog was so well bred, that his Master used to send him by himself to Smithfield Shambles, with a Basket in his Mouth, and a Note in the Bottom thereof to his Butcher, who accordingly would put in what Joint of Meat he writ for, and the Dog would carry it hand-somely

omely home. It happened one Day, that as the Dog was carrying a good Shoulder of Mutton home to his Master, he was set upon by a Company of other huge Dogs, who snatched away the Basket, and fell to the Mutton: The other Dog, measuring his own single Strength, and finding he was too weak to redeem his Master's Mutton, said within himself, (as we read the like of *Chrysippus's* Dog) nay, since there is no Remedy, you shall be hanged before you have all; I will also have my Share; and so fell a eating amongst them. *I need not,* said he, *make the Application to you, 'tis too obvious, therefore I intend to have my Share also of the Church-Lands.*

In that large List of Friends you have left behind you here, I am one who is very sensible that you have thus banished your self: It is the high Will of Heaven that Matters should be thus. Therefore *Quod Divinitus accidit humiliter, quod ab Hominibus viriliter ferendum;* we must manfully bear what comes from Men, and humbly what comes from Above. The Pagan Philosopher tells us, *Quod Divinitus contingit, Homo a se nulla Arte dispellet;* there is no Fence against that which comes from Heaven, whose Decrees are irreversible.

Your Friends in Fleet-street are all well, both long Coats and short Coats, and so is

Lond. 9 Nov.

*Your inalterable Friend
to love and serve you, J. H.*

XXXIV.

To Sir J. Tho. Knight.

SIR,

There is no Request of yours but is equivalent to a Command with me; and whereas you crave my Thoughts touching a late History published by one Mr. Wilson, which relates the Life of King James, though I know for many Years your own Judgment to be strong and clear enough of itself, yet to comply with your Desires, and to oblige you that way another Time to me, I will deliver you my Opinion.

I cannot deny but the Thing is a painful Piece, and proceeds after a handsome Method, in drawing on the Series and Thread of the Story; but it is easily discernible, that a partial *Presbyterian* Vein goes constantly throughout the whole Work, and you know it is the Genius of that people to pry more than they should into the Courts and Comportments of Princes, and take any Occasion to traduce and bespatter them: So doth this Writer, who endeavours all along (among other Things) to make the World believe that King James, and his Son after him, were inclined to *Po-*

pery,

pery, and to bring it into *England*; whereas I dare avouch, that neither of them entertained the least Thought that way; they had as much Design to bring in *Prefter-John* as the *Pope*, or *Mahomet* as soon as the *Mas*. This Conceit made the Writer to be subject to many Mistakes and Misrepresentations, which so short a Circuit as a Letter cannot comprehend.

Yet I will Instance in one gross Mistake he hath in relating a Passage which concerns Sir *Elias Hicks*, a worthy Knight, and a Fellow-Servant of yours and mine. And he doth not only misrepresent the Business, but he foully asperseth him with the Terms of *Unworthiness* and *Infamy*. The Truth of that Passage is as followeth, and I had it from very good Hands.

In the Year 1621. the *French* King making a general War against them of the *Religion*, beleaguered *Montauban* in Person, while the Duke of *Espernon* blocked up *Rochel*. The King having lain a good while before the Town, a cunning Report was raised that *Rochel* was surrendered; this Report being blown into *Montauban* must needs dishearten them of *Rochel*, being the prime and tenablest Propugnacle they had: Mr. *Hicks* happened to be then in *Rochel*, being commended by Sir *George Goring* to the Marquis de *la Force*, who was one of them that commanded in Chief, and treated Mr. *Hicks* with much Civility, so far as that he took him to be one of his domestic Attendants. The *Rochellers* had sent two or three special Envoys to *Montauban*, to acquaint them with their good Condition, but it seems they all miscarried; and the Marquis being troubled in his Thoughts one Day, Mr. *Hicks* told him, that by God's Favour he would undertake and perform the Service to *Montauban*: Hereupon he was put accordingly in Equipage; so after ten Days Journey he, came to a Place called *Moystak*, where my Lord of *Doncaster*, afterwards Earl of *Carlisle*, was in Quality of Ambassador from *England*, to observe the *French* King's Proceedings, and to mediate a Peace betwixt him and the Protestants. At his first Arrival thither, it was his good Hap to meet casually with Mr. *Peregrin Fairfax*, one of the Lord Ambassadors Retinue, who had been a former Comrade of his: Among other Civilities he brought Mr. *Hicks* to wait upon the Ambassador, to whom he had credential Letters from the Assembly of *Rochel*, acquainting his Lordship with the good State they were in; Mr. *Hicks* told him besides, that he was engaged to go to *Montauban* as an Envoy from *Rochel*, to give them true Information how Matters stood. The Ambassador replied, That it was too great a Trust to be put upon so young Shoulders:

So Mr. *Hicks* being upon going to the *French Army* which lay before *Montauban*, Mr. *Fairfax* would needs accompany him thither to see the Trenches and Works ; being come thither, they met with one Mr. *Tho. Webb* that belonged to the Marshal *St. Gerand*, who lodged them both in his own Hut that Night ; and having shewed them the Batteries and Trenches the Day after, Mr. *Hicks* took Notice of one Place which lay most open for his Design, resolving with himself to pass that Way to the Town. He had told *Fairfax* of his Purpose before, who discovering it to *Webb*, *Webb* asked him whether he came thither to be hanged ; for divers were used so a little before. The next Day *Hicks* taking his Leave of *Webb*, desired *Fairfax* to stay behind ; which he refusing, did ride along with him to the Place which *Hicks* had pointed out the Day before for his Design, and there *Fairfax* left him : So having got betwixt the *Corps de Gard* and the Town, he put Spurs to his Horse, and waving his Pistol about his Head, got in, being pursued almost to the Walls of the Town, by the King's Party. Being entered, old Marshal *de la Force*, who was then in *Montauban*, having heard his Relations of *Rochel*, fell on his Neck and Wept, saying, that he would give 1000 Crowns he were as safely got back to *Rochel*, as he came thither : And having stayed there three Weeks, he, in a Salley that the Town made one Evening, got clear through the Leaguer before *Montauban*, as he had formerly done before that of the Duke of *Epernon*, and so recovered *Rochel* again. But to return to Mr. *Fairfax*, after he had parted with Mr. *Hicks*, he was taken Prisoner, and threatened the Rack ; but whether out of the Apprehension thereof, or otherwise, he died a little after of a Fever at *Moyrac* ; though 'tis true that the Gazettes in *Paris* do publish that he died of the Torture, with the *French Mercury* since.

Mr. *Hicks* being returned to *London*, was questioned by Sir *Ferdinondo Fairfax* for his Brother's Death : Thereupon Mr. *Webb* being also come back to *London*, who was upon the very Place where these Things happened in *France*, Mr. *Hicks* brought him along with him to Sir *Ferdinand's* Lodgings, who did positively affirm, that Mr. *Hicks* had communicated his Design to Mr. *Peregrin Fairfax*, (and that he revealed it first to him) ; so he did fairly vindicate Mr. *Hicks*, wherewith Sir *Ferdinand* remained fully satisfied, and all his Kindred.

Whosoever will observe the Carriage and Circumstance of this Action, will needs confess that Mr. *Hicks* (now Sir *Elias Hicks*) did comport himself like a worthy Gentleman from

from the Beginning to the End thereof: The Design was generous, the Conduct of it discreet, and the Conclusion very prosperous, in regard it preserved both *Montauban* and *Rochel* for that Time from the Fury of the Enemy; for the King raised his Siege a little after from before the one, and *Espéron* from before the other. Therefore it cannot be denied, but that the said Writer (who so largely intitles his Book, *The History of Great Britain*, though it be but the particular Reign of King James only) was very much to blame for branding so well a deserving Gentleman with *In-famy* and *Unworthiness*, which are the Words he pleaseth to bestow upon him; and I think he would willingly recant and retract his rash Censure, were he now living, but Death press'd him away before the *Press* had done with his Book, whereof he may be said to have died in Child-bed.

So presenting herewith unto you my hearty Respects and Love, endeared and strengthened by so long a Tract of Time,

I rest

Lond. 9 Nov.

*Your faithful true
Servant, J. H.*

XXXV.

To Mr. Lewis in Amsterdam.

Cousin,

I Found yours of the first of February in the *Post-house*, as I casually had other Busines there, else it had miscarried; I pray be more careful of your Directions hereafter. I much thank you for the Aviso's you sent me how Matters pass thereabouts: Methinks that *Amsterdam* begins to smell rank of a *Hans Town*, as if she would be Independent and Paramount over the rest of the Confederate Provinces; she hath some Reason in one Respect, because *Holland* contributes three Parts of five, and *Amsterdam* herself near upon the one Moiety of those three Parts, to maintain the Land and Naval Forces of the *States-General*. That Town likewise, as I hear, begins to compare with *Venice*, but let her stay there a while; yet she may in some kind do it, for their Situation, and Beginning have been alike, being both indented with *Waters*, and both *Fisher-Towns* at first.

But I wonder at one News you write me, that *Amsterdam* should fall on repairing and beautifying Churches, whereas the News here is clean contrary; for while you *Adorn* your Churches there, we *Destroy* them here. Among other, poor *Paul's* looks like a great Skeleton, so pitifully handled, that you may tell her Ribs through her skin; her Body looks like the Hulk of a huge *Portugal Carake*, that having crossed the Line twelve Times, and made three Voyages into the *East-Indies*, lies rotting upon the Strand. Truly I think

think not *Turk* or *Tartar*, or any Creature except the *Devil* himself, would have used *Pauls* in that Manner : You know that once a *Stable* was made a *Temple*, but now a *Temple* is become a *Stable* among us. *Proh Superi ! quantum Mortalia Petitora Cæcæ Noctis habent.* —

There are strange *Heteroclyties* in Religion now-a-days ; among whom, some of them may be said to endeavour the exalting of the Kingdom of Christ, in lifting it upon *Betzebub's Back*, by bringing in so much *Profaneness* to avoid *Superstition*. God deliver us from *Atheism*, for we are within one Step of it ; and touching *Judaism*, some Corners of our City smell as Rank of it as yours doth there.

I pray be punctual in your Returns hereafter ; for, as you say well and wittily, Letters may be said to be the *chiefest Organs* (though they have but *Paper-pipes*) through which *Friendship doth use to breathe and operate*. For my part, I shall not be wanting to set those *Organs* a working for the often Conveyance of my best Affections unto you. Sir T. Williams, with his choice Lady, blow over through the same *Pipe* their kind Respects unto you, and so do divers of your Friends besides ; but especially, my dear Cousin,

Lond. 3 Jan.

Yours, J. H.

XXXVI.

To J. Anderson, *Esq:*

S I R,

YOU have been often at me (though I know you to be a Protestant so in grain, that all the Water of the *Tyber* is not able to make you change Colour) that I should impart to you in *Writing* what I observed commendable and discommendable in the *Roman Church*, because I had eaten my Bread often in those Countries where that Religion is professed and practised in the greatest Height. Touching the *second* part of your Request, I need not say any thing to it ; for there be Authors enough in our Church to informe you about the Positions and Tenets wherein we differ, and for which we blame them. Concerning the *first* Part, I will give you a short Intimation what I noted to be praiseworthy and imitable in point of Practice.

The *Government* of the *Roman Church* is admirable, being moulded with as much Policy as the Wit of Man can reach unto ; and there must be *Civil Policy* as well as *Ecclesiastical* used, to keep such a World of People of several Nations and Humours in one *Religion* : Tho' at first, when the *Church* extended but to one *Chamber*, then to one *House*, after to one *Parish*, then to one *Province*, such Policy

lity

licy was not so requisite. For the *Church* of Christ may be compared to his *Person* in point of Degrees of growing; and as that Coat which served him in his *Childhood*, could no fit him in his *Youth*, nor that of his *Youth* when he was come to his *Manhood*, no more would the same *Government* (which compared to the Fundamentals of Faith, that are still the same, are but as outward *Garments*) fit all *Ages* of the Church, in regard of those Millions of Accidents that used to attend *Time*, and the mutable Humours of Men. Insomuch that it was a wholesome Caution of an ancient Father, *Distingua inter Tempora, & concordabis cum Scriptura.* This Government is like a great Fabric reared up with such exact Rules of Art and Architecture, that the Foundation, the Roof, Sides, and Angles, with all the other Parts, have such a Dependence of mutual Support by a rare Contignation, Concinnity, and Intendings one in the other, that if you take out but *one* Stone, it hazards the Downful of the *whole* Edifice. This makes me think that the Church of *Rome* would be content to part with, and rectify some Things, if it might not endanger the Ruin of the Whole; which puts the World in Defpair of an *Oecumenical Council* again.

The *Uniformity* of this *Fabric* is also to be admired, which is such as if it were but one intire continued homogeneous Piece: For put the *Cafe*, a *Spaniard* should go to *Poland*, and a *Pole* should travel to the farthest Part of *Spain*, whereas all other Objects may seem never so strange to them in point of *Lodging*, *Language*, and *Diet*; though the Complexion and Faces, the Behaviour, Garb and Garments of Men, Women, and Children, be differing, together with the very *Air* and *Clime* of the Place; though all Things seem strange unto them, and so somewhat uncouth and comfortless; yet when they go to God's House in either Country, they may say they are there at home: For nothing differs there either in *Language*, *Worship*, *Service*, or *Ceremony*; which must needs be an unspeakable comfort to either of them.

Thirdly, it must needs be a commendable Thing, that they keep their Churches so cleanly and amiable; for the Dwellings of the Lord of Hosts should be so: To which End, your greatest Ladies will rise before Day, sometimes in their Night-Cloathes, to fall a sweeping some Part of the Church, and decking it with Flowers, as I heard Count *Gondomar's* Wife used to do here at *Ely-House Chapel*: Besides, they keep them in constant Repair, so that if but a Quarry of *Glas* chance to be broken, or the least Stone be out of *Square*, it is presently mended. Moreover, their Churches

Churches stand wide open early and late, inviting, as it were, all Comers; so that a poor troubled Soul may have Accels thither at all Hours to breath out the Pantings of his Heart, and the Ejaculations of his Soul either in Prayer or Praise: Nor is there any Exception of Persons in their Churches, for the *Cobler* will kneel with the *Count*, and the *Laundress* cheek-by-joul withher *Lady*; there being no *Pews* there to cause Pride and Envy, Contentions and Quarrels, which are so rife in our Churches.

M The comely Prostrations of the Body, with Genuflection, and other Acts of Humility in time of divine Service, are very Exemplary: Add hereunto, that the Reverence they shew to the holy Function of the Church is wonderful; Princes and Queens will not disdain to kiss a Capuchin's Sleeve, or the Surplice of a Priest. Besides, I have seen the greatest and beautifullest young Ladies go to Hospitals, where they not only Dress, but lick the Sores of the Sick.

Furthermore, the Conformity of *Seculars*, and Resignment of their Judgments to the Governors of the Church, are remarkable. There are no such *Scepticks* and Cavillers there, as in other Places; they humbly believe that *Lazarus* was three Days in the Grave, without questioning where his Soul was all the While; nor will they expostulate, how a Man who was born blind from his Nativity, should prefently know the Shapes of Trees, whereunto he thought the first Man he ever saw were like, after he received Sight. Add hereunto, that they esteem for Church Preferments, most commonly a Man of a pious good Disposition, of a meek Spirit, and godly Life, more than a learned Man that is either a great Linguist, Antiquary, or Philosopher; and the first is advanced sooner than the latter.

Lastly, they think nothing too good, or too much for God's *House*, or for his *Ministers*; no Place too sweet, no Buildings too stately for them, being of the best Profession. The most curious Artists will employ the best of their Skill to compose Hymns and Anthems for God's House, &c.

But methinks I hear you say, that you acknowledge all this to be commendable, were it not that it is accompanied with an odd Opinion that they think to *enrich* thereby, accounting them Works of *Supererogation*.

Truly, Sir, I have discoursed with the greatest Magnifiers of meritorious Works, and the chiefest of them made me this Comparison, that the Blood of Christ is like a great Vessel of Wine, and all the Merits of Men, whether active or passive, were it possible, must be put into that great Vessel, and so must needs be made Wine; not that the Water hath

any

any inherent Virtue of itself, to make itself so, but as it receives it from the *Wine*.

It is reported of *Cosmo de Medici*, that having built a goodly Church, with a Monastery thereunto annexed, and two Hospitals, with other Monuments of Piety, and endowed them with large Revenues; as one did much magnify him for these extraordinary Works, for which doubtless he merited a high Reward in Heaven, he answered, 'Tis true, I employed much Treasure that Way, yet when I look over my Ledger-Book of Accounts, I do not find that God Almighty is indebted to me one Penny, but I am still in the Arrear to him.

Add hereunto the sundry Ways of Mortification they have by frequent long Fastings, and Macerations of the Flesh, by their Retirednes, their abandoning the World, and Sequestrations from all mundane Affairs; their notable Humility in the Distribution of their Alms, which they do not use to hurl away in a kind of Scorn, as others do, but by putting it gently into the Beggar's Hand.

Some shallow-pated *Puritan*, in reading this, will shoot his Bolt, and presently cry me up to have a Pope in my Belly; but you know me otherwise, and there's none knows my Intrinsecals better than you. We are come to such Times, that if any would maintain those Decencies, and humble Postures, those Solemnities and Rites, which should be practised in the holy House of God, (and *Holiness* becomes his House for ever) nay, if one passing through a Church should put off his Hat, there is a giddy and malignant Race of People (for indeed they are the true *Malignants*) who will give out, that he is running post to *Rome*; notwithstanding that the Religion established by the Laws of *England* did ever allow of them, ever since the *Reformation* began; yet you know how few have run thither. Nay, the *Lutherans*, who use far more Ceremonies, symbolizing with those of *Rome*, than the *English Protestants* ever did, keep still their Distance, and are as far from her now as they were at first.

✓ *G. Chillingworth.*

England had lately (though to me it seems a great while since) the Face and Form, the Government and Gravity, the Constitutions and Comeliness of a *Church*; for she had something to keep herself handsome; she had wherewith to be hospitable, and to do *Deeds of Charity*, to build Alms-houses, Free-schools, and Colleges, which had been very few in this Island, had there been no *Church Benefactors*: She had brave Degrees of Promotion to incite Industry, and certainly the Conceit of Honour is a great Encouragement to Virtue: Now, if all Professions have Steps of Rising, why should *Divinity*, the best of all Professions, be without them? The

Apprentice doth not think it much to wipe his Master's Shoes, and sweep the Gutters, because he hopes one Day to be an *Alderman*: The common Soldier carrieth Hopes in his Knap-sack, to be one Day a *Captain* or *Colonel*: The Student in the Latin of Courts turns over *Ployd* with more Alacrity, and tags with that crabbed Study of the Law, because he hopes one Day to be a *Judge*: So the Scholar thought his Labour sweet, because he was buoyed up with Hopes that he might be one Day a *Bishop*, *Dean*, or *Canon*. This comely Subordination of Degrees we once had, and we had a *wiflike* confederate Church, to whom all other *Reformists* gave the upper Hand; but now she may be said to have crept into *Corners*, and fallen to such a Contempt, that she dares scarce shew her Face. Add Heretunto, what various Kinds of Confusions she is involved in; so that it may be not improperly said, while she thought to run away so eagerly from *Babylon*, she is fallen into a *Babel* of all Opinions: Insomuch that they who came lately from *Italy* say, how *Rome* gives out, that when Religion is left in *England*, she will be glad to come to *Rome* again to find one out, and that she danceth all this while in a Circle.

Thus have I endeavoured to satisfy your Importunity as far as a Sheet of Paper could reach, to give you a Touch what may be not only allowable but laudable, and consequently imitable in the *Roman Church*; for

—*Pro se & ab Hoste doceri.*

But I desire you would expound all with the *same Sense* wherewith I know you abound; otherwise I would not be so free with you upon this ticklish Subject: Yet I have Cause to question your *Judgment* in one Thing, because you magnify so much my *Talent* in your last. Alas, Sir, a small Handkerchief is enough to hold mine, whereas a large *Table-Cloth* can hardly contain that rich *Talent* which I find God and Nature hath *intrusted* you withal. In which Opinion I rest always,

Lond. 3. July.

Your ready and real
Servt, J. H.

XXXVII.

To Doctor Harvey, at St. Lawrence Poultry.

S. I. R,

I remember well, you pleased not only to pass a favourable Censure, but give a high Character of the first Part of *Diodorus's Grot*; which makes this *second* to come and wait on you, which, I dare say, for Variety of Fancy, is nothing inferior to the first. It continueth an historical Account of the

the Occurrences of the Times in an allegorical Way, under the Shadow of Trees; and I believe it omits not any material Passage which happened as far as it goes. If you please to spend some of the Parings of your Time, and fetch a Walk in this Grove, you may happily find therein some Recreation: And if it be true what the Ancients write of some Trees, that they are *fatal*, these come to foretel, at leastwise to wish you, as the Season invites me, a good New-year, according to the Italian Compliment, *Buon Principio, miglior Mezzo, ed ottima Fine.* With these Wishes of Happiness in all the three Degrees of Companionship, I rest

Lond. 2 Jan.

Y^r devoted Servt, J. H.

XXXVIII.

To R. Bower Esq;

SIR,

I Received yours of the tenth curreint, where I made a new Discovery, finding therein one Argument of your Friend-ship, which you never urged before; for you give me a Touch of my Failings in Point of literal Correspondence with you. To this give me leave to answer, That he who hath Glass Windows of his own, should take care how he throws Stones at those of his Neighbours. We have both of us our Failings that Way, witness else yours of the last of May, so mine of the first of March before; but it is never over-late to mend. Therefore I begin, and do Penance in this white Sheet for what is past; I hope you will do the like, and so we may absolve one another without a ghostly Father.

The French and Spaniard are still at it like two Cocks of the Game, both of them pitifully bloodied; and it is thought they will never leave, till they peck out one another's Eyes. They are daily seeking new Alliances to fortify themselves, and the Quarrel is still so hot, that they would make a League with *Lazar* to destroy one another.

For Home-News, the freshest is, that whereas in former Times there were Complaints that *Churchmen* were *Justices of Peace*, now the clean contrary Way, *Justices of the Peace* are become *Churchmen*; for by a new *Act* of that Thing in Westminster called a *Parliament*, the Power of giving in Marriage is passed over to them, which is an *Ecclesiastical Rite* every where else throughout the World.

A Cavalier coming lately to a Bookseller's Shop, desired to buy this *Matrimonial Act*, with the rest of that holy Parliament; but he would have them all bound in Calf's Leather, bought out of Mr. *Barboue's* Shop in Fleetstreet.

The Soldiers have a great Spleen to the Lawyers, insomuch that they threaten to hang up their Gowns among the *Scars Colours* in *Westminster-Hall*; but their chiefest Aim is at the Regulation of the *Chancery*, for they would have the same Tribunal to have the Power of *Justice* and *Equity*, as the same Apothecary's Shop can afford us *Purges* and *Cordials*. So with my kind and cordial Respects unto you, I rest

Lond. 9 Nov.

Your intire and truly affectionate
Servant, J. H.

XXXIX.

To Mr. J. B. at his House in St. Nicholas Lane.

SIR,

When I exchanged Speeches with you last, I found (yet more by your *Discourse* than *Courtenance*) that your Spirits were towards a kind of Ebb, by reason of the Interruption and Stop which these confused Times have put to all mercantile Negotiations both at Home and Abroad. Truly Sir, when after a serious Recollection I had ruminated upon what had dropped from you then, I extremely wondered, which I should not have done at another; in regard since the first Time I had the Advantage of your Friendship, I discovered that you were naturally of generous and free-born Thoughts. I have found also, that by a rare Industry you have stored up a rich Stock of Philosophy, and other Parts of Prudence; which induced me to think that no worldly Revolution, or any cross Winds, though never so violent, no not a *Hurricane* could trouble the *Calm* of your Mind. Therefore to deal freely with you, you are not the same Man I took you for.

I confess it is a passive Age, and the Stoutness of the prudenterest and most philosophical Men were never put to such a Trial. I thank God, the School of Affliction hath brought me to such a Habit of Patience, it has caused in me such Symptoms of Mortification, that I can value this World as it is. It is but a Vale of Troubles, and we who are in it are like so many Ants trudging up and down about a Mole-hill. Nay, at best we are but as so many Pilgrims, or Passengers, travelling on still towards another Country: It is true; that some do find the Way thither more smooth and fair; they find it flowry, and tread upon Camomile all along: Such may be said to have their Paradise here, or to sail still in Fortune's Sleeve, and to have the Wind in the Poop all the while, not knowing what a Storm means; yet both the *Divine* and *Philosopher* do, rank these among the

most unfortunate of Men. Others there are, who in their Journey to their last Home do meet with Rocks, and Craggs, with ill-favoured Sloughs and Bogs, and divers deep and dirty Passages. For my Part, I have already passed through many such, and must expect to meet with more: Therefore you also by your various Adventures and Negotiations in the World, must not think to escape them; you must make Account to meet with Incumbrances and Disasters, with Mis-chances and Crosses. Now it was a brave generous Saying of a great Armenian Merchant, who having understood how a Vessel of his was cast away, wherein there was laden a rich Cargazon upon his sole Account, he struck his Hand on his Breast, and said, *My Heart, I thank God, is still afloat, my Spirits shall not sink with the Ship, nor go an Inch lower.*

But why do I write to you of Patience and Courage? In doing this, I do no otherwise than *Phormio* did, when he discoursed of War before *Hannibal*: I know you have Prudence enough to cheer up and instruct yourself; only let me tell you, that you superabound with *Fancy*, you have more of *Mind* than of *Body*, and that sometimes you overcharge the *Imagination*, by musing too much upon the odd Traverries of the *World*: Therefore I pray rouze up your Spirits, and reserve yourself for better Times, that I may long enjoy the Sweetnes of your Friendship; for the Elements are the more pleasing to me, because you live with me amongst them, So God send you such Tranquillity of Thoughts as I wish.

5 April.

Your true Friend, J. H.

XL.

To Major J. Walker, in Coventry.

SIR,

I Heartily congratulate your Return to *England*, and that you so safely crossed the *Scybian Vale*; for so old *Gildas* calls the *Irish Seas*, in regard they are so boisterous and rough. I understand you have been in sundry hot and hazardous Encounters, because of those many Scars and Cuts you wear about you; and as *Tom Dawson* told me, it was no less than a Miracle that none of them were mortal, being eleven in all. It makes me think on a witty Compliment that Captain *Miller* put upon the *Persian Ambassador* when he was here; who shewing him many Wounds that he had received in the Wars against the *Turk*, the Captain said, That his *Lordship's Skin after his Death would yield little Money, because it had so many Holes in it.*

I find the same Fate hangs over the *Irish*, as befel the old Britons here; for as they were hemmed in among the *Wales* Mountains, so the *Irish* are like now to be all kennelled in *Connacht*. We see daily strange Revolutions, and God knows what the Issue will be at last; howsoever, let us live and love one another, in which Resolution I rest,

2 May.

Intirely yours J. H.

XLI.

To Mr. T. C. at his House upon Tower-hill.

SIR,

To inaugurate a good and jovial New-Year to you, I send you a Morning's Draught, viz. a Bottle of *Methbegie*. Neither Sir *John Barley-corn* or *Bacchus* had any Thing to do with it; but it is the pure Juice of the *Bee*, the laborious *Bee*, and King of Insects. The *Druuids* and old *British Bards* were wont to take a Carouse hereof before they entered into their Speculations; and if you do so when your Fancy labours with any Thing, it will do you no Hurt, and I know your Fancy to be very good.

But this Drink always carries a kind of State with it, for it must be attended with a brown *Toast*; nor will it admit but of one good Draught, and that in the Morning; if more, it will keep a humming in the Head, and so speak too much of the House it comes from, I mean the *Hive*, as I gave a Caution elsewhere: And because the Bottle might make more Haste, I have made it go upon these poetic Feet.

J. H. T. C. Salutem, & anum Platonicum.
Non Vitis, sed Apis Succum tibi mitto bibendum,
Quem legimus Bardos olim potasse Britannos.
Qualibet in Bacca Vitis Meagera latecscit,
Qualibet in Gutta Mellis Aglaia nuerit.

The Juice of Bees, not Bacchus, here behold,
Which British Bards were wont to quaff of old;
The Berries of the Grape, with Furies swell,
But in the Honeycomb the Graces dwell.

This alludes to a Saying which the *Turks* have, that there lurks a Devil in every Berry of the Vine. So I wish you as cordially as to myself an auspicious and joyful New-Year, because you know I am

Your truly affectionate Servitor, J. H.

XLII.

To Sir E. S.

SIR,

AT my Return to London, I found two of yours that lay in Bank for me, which were as welcome to me as the New-Year, and as pleasing as if two Pendants of Orient Pearl had been sent to a French Lady: But your Lines, methought, did cast a greater Lustre than any such Muscle-Beads; for they displayed the Whiteness of a comely and knowing Soul, which reflecting upon my Faculties did much enlighten them with the choice Notions I found therein.

I thank you for the Absolution you send me for what's past, and for your other Invitation: But I have observed a Civility they use in Italy and Spain, not to visit a sick Person too often, for fear of putting him to waste his Spirits by Talk, which they say spends much of the inward Man. But when you have recovered yourself, as I hope you will do with the Season, I shall return to kiss your Hands, and your Feet also, could I ease you of that podagrinal Pain which afflicts you.

I send you a thousand Thanks for your kind Acceptance of that small New-year's Gift I sent, and that you concur with divers others in a good Opinion of it. So I rest,

Lond. 18 Feb.

Your own true

Servant, J. H.

XLIII.

To the truly honour'd the Lady Sibylla Brown, at her
House near Sherbourn.

Madam,

WHEN I had the Happiness to wait upon you at your being in London, there was a Dispute raised about the ten Sibyls by one, who, your Ladyship knows, is no great Friend to Antiquity; and I was glad to apprehend this Opportunity to perform the Promise you drew from me then, to vent something upon this Subject for your Ladyship's Satisfaction.

Madam, in these peevish Times, which may be called the Rust of the Iron Age, there is a Race of crofs-grained People, who are malevolent to all Antiquity. If they read an old Author, it is to quarrel with him, and find some Hole in his Coat; they slight the Fathers of the primitive Times, and prefer John Calvin, or a Casaubon before them all. Among other Tenets of the first Times, they hold the ten Sibyls to be fictitious and fabulous, and no better than Ur-

ganda, or the Lady of the Lake, or such doting Beldams. They stick not to term their Predictions of Christ to be mere Mock-Oracles, and odd arreptitious frantic Extravagancies. They cry out, that they were forged and obtruded on the World by some officious Christians, to procure Credit and Countenance to their Religion among the *Pagans*.

For my Part, Madam, I am none of this incredulous perverse Race of Men ; but what the current and concurrent Testimonies of the primitive Times do hold forth, I give credit thereto without any Scruple.

Now touching the Works of the *Sibyls*, they were in high Request among the Fathers of the first four Centuries, insomuch that they used to urge their Prophecies for the Conversion of *Pagans*, who therefore called the *Christians Sibyllianists*; nor did they hold it a Word of Reproach. They were all Virgins, and for Reward of their Chastity, 'twas thought they had the Gift of Prophecy; not by any Endowment of Nature, or inherent human Quality, or ordinary Ideas in the Soul ; but by pure divine Inspirations, not depending on second Causes in Sight. They spake not like the ambiguous *Pagan* Oracles in Riddles, but so clearly, that they sometimes go beyond the *Jewish* Prophets : they were called *Siobulae*, that is, of the Counsels of God ; *Sios*, in the *Eolic* Dialect, being *Deus*. They were preferred before all the *Chaldean* Wizards, before the *Bacides*, *Branchidae*, and others ; as also before *Tyrefias*, *Manto*, *Matis*, or *Cassandra*, &c.

Nor did the *Christians* only value them at that Height, but the most learned among the *Ethnics* did so, as *Varro*, *Livy*, and *Cicero* ; the first being the greatest *Antiquary*, the second the greatest *Historian*, and the third the greatest *Orator*, that ever *Rome* had ; who speak so much of that famous *Acrostic* that one of them made of the Name of our Saviour, which sure could not be the Work of a *Christian*, as some would maliciously obtrude, it being so long before the Incarnation.

But for the better Discharge of my Engagement to your Ladyship, I will rank all the ten before you, with some of their most signal Predictions.

The *Sibyls* were ten in Number, whereof there were five born in *Europe*, to wit, *Sibylla Delphica*, *Cumea*, *Samia*, *Cumana*, and *Tyburnina*; the rest were born in *Asia* and *Africa*.

The first was a *Perse* called *Samberine*, who plainly foretold many hundred Years before, in these Words, *The Womb of the Virgin shall be the Salvation of the Gentiles*, &c.

The second was *Sibylla Lybica*, who among other Prophecies hath this, *The Day shall come that Men shall see the King of all living Things, and a Virgin Lady of the World shall hold him in her Lap.*

The third was *Delpica*, who saith, *A Prophet shall be born of a Virgin.*

The fourth was *Sibylla Cumæa*, born in *Campania in Italy*, who hath these Words, that *God shall be born of a Virgin, and converse with Sinners.*

The fifth was the famous *Erythrea*, born at *Babylon*, who composed that famous *Acrostic* which *St. Augustine* took so much Pains to translate into *Latin*. Which begins, *The Earth shall sweat Signs of Judgment, from Heaven shall come a King who shall reign for ever, viz. in human Flesh, to the End that by his Presence he may judge the World. A River of Fire and Brimstone shall fall from Heaven, the Sun and Stars shall lose their Light, the Firmament shall be dissolved, and the Moon shall be darkened; a Trumpet shall sound from Heaven in woful and terrible Manner: And the opening of the Earth shall discover confused and dark Hell; and before the Judge shall come every King, &c.*

The sixth was *Sibylla Samia*, who saith, *He being rich, shall be born of a poor Maid: The Creatures of the Earth shall adore him, and praise him for ever.*

The seventh was *Cumana*, who saith, *That he should come from Heaven, and reign here in Poverty; he should rule in Silence, and be born of a Virgin.*

The eighth was *Sibylla Helleponica*, who foretels plainly, that *A Woman shall descend of the Jews, called Mary, and of her shall be born the Son of God, and that without carnal Copulation, &c.*

The ninth was *Phrygia*, who saith, *The Highest shall come from Heaven, and shall confirm the Counsel in Heaven; and a Virgin shall be shewed in the Vallies of the Desarts, &c.*

The tenth was *Tybertina*, born near *Tyber*, who saith, *The invisible Word shall be born of a Virgin, he shall converse with Sinners, and shall of them be despised, &c.*

Moreover, *St. Austin* recitateth these Prophecies following of the *Sibyls*: *Then he shall be taken by the wicked Hands of Infidels, and they shall give him Buffets on his Face, they shall spit upon him with their foul and accursed Mouths, he shall turn unto them his Shoulders, suffering them to be whipped: He also shall be crowned with Thorns; they shall give him Gall to eat, and Vinegar to drink: Then the Veil of the Temple shall rend, and at Mid-day it shall be dark Night, &c.*

Lactantius relateth these Prophecies of theirs, *Hu shall raise the Dead, the Impotent and Lame shall go, the Deaf shall hear, the Blind shall see, and the Dumb speak, &c.*

In fine, out of the Works of the *Sibyls* may be deduced a good Part of the Miracles and Sufferings of Christ; therefore for my Part I will not cavil with Antiquity, or traduce the primitive Church, but I think I may believe without Danger, that those *Sibyls* might be select Instruments to announce the Dispensations of Heaven to Mankind. Nor do I see how they do the Church of God any good Service or Advantage at all, who question the Truth of their Writings, (as also *Trismagistus* his *Pymander*, and *Ariæsus*, &c.) which have been handed over to Posterity as incontrovertible Truths for so many Ages.

✓ Thus, Madam, have I done something of that Task you imposed upon me touching the *ten Sibyls*; whereunto I may well add your Ladyship for the eleventh: Far, among other Things, I remember you foretold confidently, that the *Scotish Kirk* would destroy the *English Church*; and that if the *Hierarchy* went down, *Monarchy* would not be of long Continuance.

Your Ladyship I remember foretold also, how those unhappy Separatists, the Puritans, would bring all things at last into a Confusion, who since are called *Presbyterians*, or *Jews* of the *New Testament*; and they not improperly may be called so, for they sympathize much with that Nation in a revengeful sanguinary Humour, and thirsting after Blood. I could produce a Cloud of Examples, but let two suffice.

There lived a few Years before the *Long Parliament* near *Clo-Castle* in *Wales*, a good old Widow that had two Sons grown to Mens Estate, who having taken the holy Sacrament on a first *Sunday* in the Month, at their return home they entered into a Dispute touching their Manner of receiving it. The eldest Brother, who was an orthodox Protestant (with the Mother) held it was very fitting, it being the highest Act of Devotion, that it should be taken in the humblest Posture that could be, upon the Knees; the other, being a Puritan, opposed it, and the Dispute grew high, but it ended without much Heat. The next Day being both come home to Dinner from their Business abroad, the eldest Brother, as it was his Custom, took a Nap upon a Cushion at the End of the Table, that he might be more fresh for Labour. The Puritan Brother, called *Enoch Evans*, spying his Opportunity, fetched an Axe, which he had provided it seems on Purpose, and stealing softly to the Table, he chopped off his Brother's Head: The old Mother hearing a

Noise

Noife, came suddenly from the next Room, and there found the Body and Head of her eldest Son both asunder, and reeking in hot Blood: *O Villain!* cried she, *bast thou murdered thy Brother?* Yes, quoth he, *and you shall after him;* and so striking her down, he dragged her Body to the Threshold of the Door, and there chopped off her Head also, and put them both in a Bag: But thinking to fly, he was apprehended and brought before the next Justice of Peace, who chanced to be Sir Robert Howard; so the Murderer the Assizes after was condemned, and the Law could but only hang him, though he had committed *Matricide* and *Pratricide*.

I will fetch another Example of their Cruelty from Scotland. The late Marquis of Montrose, being betrayed by a Lord in whose Houfe he lay, was brought Prisoner of War to Edinburgh; there the common Hangman met him at the Towns-end, and first pulled off his Hat, then he forced him up to a Cart, and hurried him like a condemned Person, though he had not yet been arraigned, much less convicted, through the great Street, and brought him before the Parliament; where being presently condemned, he was posted away to the Gallows, which was above thirty Feet high: There his Hand was cut off first, then he was lifted up by Pulleys to the Top, and then hanged in the most ignominious Manner that could be. Being taken down, his Head was chopped off, and nailed to the high Cross; his Arms, Thighs, and Legs, were sent to be set up in several Places, and the rest of his Body was thrown away, and deprived of Christian Burial. Thus was this Nobleman used, though one of the antientest Peers of Scotland, and esteemed the greatest Honour of that Country both at home and abroad. Add hereunto the mortal Cruelty they used to their young King, with whom they would not treat unless he first acknowledged his Father to be a Tyrant, and his Mother an Idolatress, &c.

So I most humbly kiss your Hands, and rest always, Madam,
Lond, 30 Aug.

Your Ladyship's most faithfully
devoted Servt, J. H.

XLIV.

To Sir L. D. in Paris.

Noble Knight,

Yours of the 22d current came safe to Hand; but what you please to attribute therein to my Letters, may be more properly applied to yours in Point of intrinsic Value: For by this Correspondence with you, I do as our East-India Merchants use to do, I venture Beads and other Bagatels, out of the Proceed whereof I have Pearl and other Oriental Jewels returned me in yours.

Con-

Concerning the Posture of Things here, we are still involved in a Cloud of Confusion, 'specially touching Church Matters: A Race of odd crack-brained Schismatics do croak in every Corner; but, poor Things, they rather want a Physician to cure them of their Madness, than a Divine to confute them of their Errors. Such is the Height of their spiritual Pride, that they make it nothing to interpret every Tittle of the *Apocalypse*; they make a shallow Rivulet of it, that one may pass over and scarce wet his Ankles; whereas the greatest Doctors of the Church compared it to a deep Ford wherein an Elephant might swim. They think they are of the Cabinet Council of God, and not only know his Attributes, but his Essence: Which made me lately break out upon my Pillow into these metrical Speculations.

1. *If of the smallest Stars in Sky
We know not the Dimensity;
If those bright Sparks which them compose,
The highest mortal Wits do pose;
How then, poor shallow Man, can'st thou
The Maker of these Glories know?*
2. *If we know not the Air we draw,
Nor what keeps Winds and Waves in awe;
If our small Skulls cannot contain
The Flux and Saltness of the Main;
If scarce a Cause we ken below;
How can we the Supernal know?*
3. *If it be a mysterious Thing
Why Steel shoud to the Loadstone cling;
If we know not why Jett should draw,
And with such Kisses hug a Straw;
If none can truly yet reveal
How sympathetic Powders heal:*
4. *If we scarce know the Earth we tread,
Or half the Simples there are bred,
With Minerals, and thousand Things
Which for Man's Health and Food she brings;
If Nature's so obscure, then how
Can we the God of Nature know?*
5. *What the Bat's Eye is to the Sun,
Or of a Gloworm to the Moon.
The same is Human Intellect,
If on our Maker we reflect,* *Whoſe*

*Whose Magnitude is so immense,
That it transcends both Soul and Sense.*

6. *Poor pur-blind Man, then sit thee still,
Let Wonderment thy Temples fill ;
Keep a due Distance, do no pry
Too near ; lest like the silly Fly,
While she the Wanton with the Flames doth play,
First tries her Wings, then fools her Life away.*

There are many Things under serious Debate in Parliament, whereof the Results may be called yet but the imperfect Productions of a grand Committee ; they may in Time come to the Maturity of Votes, and so of Acts.

You write, that you have the *German Diet*, which goes forth in my Name ; and you say, that *you never had more Matter for your Money*. I have valued it the more ever since, in regard that you please to set such a Rate upon it : For I know your Opinion is current and *Sterling*. I shall shortly by *T. B.* send you a new History of *Naples*, which also did cost me a great deal of Oil and Labour.

Sir, if there be any Thing imaginable wherein I may stead or serve you here, you well know what Interest and Power you may claim both in the Affections of my Heart, and the Faculties of my Soul. I pray be pleased to present the humblest of my Service to the noble Earl your Brother, and preserve still in your good Opinion,

Your truly obliged Servant, J. H.

XLV.

To Sir E. S. Knight.

SIR,

NOw that the *Sun* and the *Spring* advance daily toward us more and more, I hope your Health will keep pace with them ; and that the all-searching Beams of the first will dissipate that fretful Humour, which hath confined you so long to your Chamber, and barred you of the Use of your true Supporters. But though your Toes be Slugs, yet your Temples are nimble enough, as I find by your last of the twelfth current ; which makes me think on a Speech of *Severus* the Emperor, who having lain sick a long Time of the *Gout at York*, and one of his Nobles telling him, that he wondered much how he could rule so vast an Empire, being so lame and unwieldy, the Emperor answered, that *He ruled the Empire with his Brain, not with his Feet* : So it may be said of you, that you rule the same Way the whole State of that Microcosm of yours, for every Man is a little World of himself.

More-

Moreover, I find that the same kind of Spirit doth govern your Body as governs the great World, I mean the celestial Bodies: For as the Motions whereby they are regulated are musical, if we may believe Pythagoras, whom the Tripod pronounced the wisest Man; so a true harmonious Spirit seems to govern you, in regard you are so naturally inclined to the ravishing Art of Musick.

Your Friends here are well, and wish you were so too: For my Part, I do not only wish it, but pray it may be so; for my Life is the sweeter in yours, and I please myself much in being

I Martii.

Your truly faithful Servant,

J. H.

XLVI.

To Mr. Sam. Bon, at his House in the Old Jury.

SIR,

I Received that choice Parcel of Tobacco your Servant brought me, for which I send you as many Returns of Gratitude, as there were Grains therein, which were many, (and cut all methinks with a Diamond cut) but too few to express my Acknowledgment. I had also therewith your most ingenious Letter, which I valued far more: The other was but a potential Fire, only reducible to smoke; but your Letter did sparkle with actual Fire, for methought there were pure Flashes of Love and Gentleness waving in every Line. The Poets do frequently compare Affection to Fire; therefore whensoever I take any of this *Virginia*, I will imagine that I light my Pipe always at the Flames of your Love.

I also highly thank you for the *Italian* Manuscripts you sent me of the late Revolutions in *Naples*, which will infinitely advantage me in exposing to the World that stupendous Piece of Story. I am in the Arrear to you for sundry Courtesies more, which shall make me ever intitle myself,

Haborn, 3 June.

Your truly thankful Friend
and Servant, J. H.

XLVII.

To W. Sands Esq;

SIR,

THE Calamities and Confusions which the late Wars did bring upon us were many and manifold, yet England may be said to have gained one Advantage by it, for whereas before she was like an Animal that knew not his own Strength, she is now better acquainted with herself, for her Power and Wealth did never appear more both by Land and Sea. This makes France to cringe to her so much. This makes Spain

Spain to purchase Peace of her with his *Italian* Patacoons: This makes the *Hollander* to dash his Colours, and veil his Bonnet so low unto her: This makes the *Italian* Princes, and all other States that have any Thing to do with the Sea, to court her so much. Indeed touching the Emperor, and the *Mediterranean* Princes of *Germany*, whom she cannot reach with her Cannons, they care not much for her.

Nor indeed was the true Art of governing *England* known till now; the Sword is the surest Sway over all People, who ought to be cudgeled rather than cajoled to Obedience, if upon a Glut of Plenty and Peace they should forget it. There is not such a windy wavering Thing in the World as the common People; they are got by an Apple, and lost for a Pear; the Elements themselves are not more inconstant: So that it is the worst Solecism in Government for a Prince to depend merely upon their Affections. Riches and long Rest make them insolent and wanton: It was not *Tarquin's* Wantonness so much as the People's, that ejected Kings in *Rome*; it was the Peoples Concupiscence, as much as *Don Rodrigo's* Lust, that brought the *Moors* into *Spain*, &c.

Touching the Wealth of *England*, it never also appeared so much by public Erogations and Taxes, which the long Parliament raised: Inasmuch, that it may be said the last King was beaten by his own Image more than any Thing else. Add hereunto, that the World stands in Admiration of the Capacity and Docibleness of the *English*, that Persons of ordinary Breeding, Extraction and Callings, should become Statemen and Soldiers, Commanders and Counsellors, both in the Art of War, and Mysteries of State, and know the Use of the Compaſſe in so short a Tract of Time.

I have many Thanks to give you for the *Spaniſh* Discourse you pleased to send me; at our next Conjuncture I shall give you an Account of it; in the Interim I pray let me have still a small Corner in your Thoughts, while you possess a large Room in mine, and ever shall, while

J. H.

XLVIII.

To the R. H. the E. of S.

My Lord,

Since my last, that which is the greatest Subject of our Discourses and Hopes here, is the Issue of our Treaty with the *Dutch*: It is a Piece that hath been a good while on the Anvil, but it is not hammered yet to any Shape. The Parliament likewise hath many Things in Debate, which may be called yet but Embrio's; in Time they may be hatched into Acts.

The

The Pope, they write, hath been of late dangerously sick, but hath been cured in a strange Way by a young *Padua Doctor*, who having killed a lusty young Mule, clapped the Patient's Body naked in the Paunch thereof; by which gentle Fomentation he recovered him of the Tumours he had in his Knees and elsewhere.

Donna *Olympia* sways most, and has the highest Ascendant over him; so that a Gentleman writes to me from *Rome*, that among other Pasquils this was one, *Papa magis amat Olympiam quam Olympum*. He writes of another, That the Bread being not long since grown scant, and made coarser than ordinary by reason of the Tax that his Holiness laid upon Corn, there was a Pasquil fixed upon a Corner-Stone of his Palace, *Beatusme Pater, fac ut hi Lapidès fiant Panes*; O blessed Father, grant that these Stones be made Bread. But it was an odd Character that our Countryman Dr. *B.* gave lately of him, who being turned *Roman Catholic*, and expecting a Pension, and having one Day attended his Holiness a long Time about it, he at last broke away suddenly; a Friend of his asking why? he replied, it is to no Purpose for me to stay longer, for I know he will give me nothing, because I find by his Physiognomy that he hath a negative Face. 'Tis true, he is one of the hard-favouredst Popes that sat in the Chair a great while; so that some call him *L'Homo de tre Pele*, The Man with three Hairs; for he hath no more Beard upon his Chin.

St. *Mark* is still tugging with the great *Turk*, and hath banged him ill-favouredly this Summer in *Dalmatia* by Land, and before the *Dardanelli* by Sea.

Whereas your Lordship writes for my *Lustra Ludovici*, or the History of the last *French King* and his Cardinal, I shall e're long serve your Lordship with one of a new Edition, and with some Enlargements. I humbly thank your Lordship for the favourable, and indeed too high a Character you please to give of my *Survey of Venice*; yet there are some who would detract from it, and (which I believe your Lordship will something wonder at) they are Cavaliers, but the shallowest and silliest Sort of them; and such may well deserve the Epithet of *Malignants*. So I humbly kiss your Hands in Quality of

*Your Lordship's most obedient
and ever obliged Servant, J. H.*

XLIX.

To the R. H. the Earl Rivers, at his House in Queen-street.

My Lord,

THE least Command of yours is enough to set all my Intellectuals on work; therefore I have done something, as your Lordship shall find herewith, relating to that gallant Piece, called *The Gallery of Ladies*, which my Lord Marquis of Winchester (your Brother) hath set forth.

Upon the glorious Work of the Lord Marquis of Winchester.

1. *THE World of Ladies must be honour'd much,
That so sublime a Personage, that such
A noble Peer, and Pen, shoud thus display
Their Virtues, and expose them to the Day.*
2. *His Praises are like those coruscant Beams,
Which Phœbus on high Rocks of Crystal streams.
The Matter and the Agent grace each other,
So Danae did when Jove made her a Mother.*
3. *Queens, Countesses, and Ladies, go unlock
Your Cabinets, draw forth your richest Stock
Of Jewels, and his Coronet adorn
With Rubies, Pearl, and Sapphires yet unwon.*
4. *Rise early; gather Flowers now i' th' Spring,
Twist Wreaths of Laurel, and fresh Garlands bring
To crown the Temples of this high-born Peer,
And make him your Apollo all the Year.
And when his Soul shall leave this earthly Mine,
Then offer Sacrifice unto his Shrine.*

I send also the Elegy upon the late Earl of Dorset, which your Lordship spake of so much when I waited on you last; and I believe your Lordship will find therein every Inch of that noble Peer characterised inwardly and outwardly.

An E L E G Y upon the most accomplished and heroic Lord, *Edward Earl of Dorset*, Lord-Chamberlain to his late Majesty of Great Britain, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

| | |
|-------------|---|
| Alluding to | <i>The Quality of the Times.</i> |
| | <i>His admired Perfections.</i> |
| | <i>His bodily Person.</i> |
| | <i>His ancient Pedigree.</i> |
| | <i>His Coat of Arms crested with a Star.</i> |
| | <i>The Condition of Mortality.</i> |
| | <i>The Author's Passion, closing with an Epitaph.</i> |

L Ords have been long declining, (we well know)
And making their last Testament; but now.

They are defunct, they are extinguish'd all,
And never like to rise by this Lord's Fall:

A Lord, whose Intellectuals alone
Might make a House of Peers, and prop a Throne,
Had not so dire a Fate hung o'er the Crown,
That Privilege Prerogative should drown.

Where-e'er he sat, he sway'd, and Courts did awe,
Gave Bishops Gospel, and the Judges Law,
With such exalted Reasons, which did flow
So clear and strong, that made *Alrea bow*
To his Opinion; for where he did side,
Advantag'd more than half the Bench beside.

But is great *Sackville* dead? Do we him lack,
And will not all the Elements wear black?
Whereof he was compos'd, a perfect Man,
As ever Nature in one Frame did span:
Such high-born Thoughts, a Soul so large and free,
So clear a Judgment, and vast Memory,
So princely, hospitable, and brave Mind,
We must not think in haste on Earth to find,
Unless the Times would turn to Gold again,
And Nature get new Strength in forming Men.

His Person with it such a State did bring,
That made a Court as if he had been King.
No wonder, since he was so near a-kin
To *Norfolk's* Duke, and the great Maiden-Queen.
He Courage had enough by conqu'ring one,
To have confounded that whole Nation:

Those

Those Parts which singe do in some appear,
Were all concentrated here in one bright Sphere.

For Brain, Tongue, Spirit, Heart, and Personage,
To mould up such a Lord will ask an Age.
But how durst pale white-liver'd Death seize on
So dauntless and heroic a Champion?
Yes, to die once is that uncancelld Debt
Which Nature claims, and raiseth by Eschet
On all Mankind, by an old Statute past
Primo Adam, which will always last
Without Repeal; nor can a second Lease
Be had of Life, when the first Term doth cease.
Mount noble Soul, among the Stars take place,
And make a new one of so bright a Race:
May *Jove* out-shine, that *Venus* still may be
In a benign Conjunction with Thee,
To check that Planet which on Lords hath lour'd;
And such malign Influxes lately pour'd.
Be now a Star thyself, for those which here
Did on thy Crest, and upper Robes appear:
For thy Director take that Star, we read,
Which to thy Saviour's Birth three Kings did lead;

A Corollary.

*T*HUS have I blubber'd out some Tears and Verse
On this renowned Heroe, and his Hearse;
And could my Eyes have dropt down Pearls upon't;
In lieu of Tears, God knows, I would have don't:
But Tears are real, Pearls for their Emblems go;
The first are fitter to express my Woe;
Let this small Mite suffice, until I may
A larger Tribute to his Ashes pay;
In the mean Time this Epitaph shall shut;
And to my Elegy a Period put.

*H*Ere lies a Grandee by Birth, Parts, and Mind,
Who hardly left his Parallel behind.
Here lies the Man of Men, who should have been
An Emperor, had Fate or Fortune seen.

Toton in Lachrymas solutus, sic
fingultivit, J. H.

So I most humbly Kiss your Lordship's Hands, and rest in
the highest Degree of Service and Affection, ever most ready
London, 20 Dec. At your Lordship's Command, J. H.
K k 2 L. To

L.

To T. Harris Esq;

SIR,

YOURS of Dec. 10. I had the second of this *January*, and I account it a good Augury that it came so seasonably to usher in the New-Year, and to chear up my Thoughts, which your Letters have a Virtue to do always whensoever they come, they are so full of quaint and copious quick Expressions. When the *Spaniards* at their first Coalition in the *West-Indies* did begin to mingle with the *Americans*, that silly People thought that those little white Papers and Letters which the *Spaniards* used to send one to another, were certain kind of Conjurers or Spirits, that used to go up and down to tell Tales, and make Discoveries. Among other Examples, I remember to have read one of an *Indian Boy*, sent from a *Mexico Merchant* to a Captain, with a Basket of Figs, and a Letter. The Boy in the Way did eat some of them, and the Captain, after he had read the Letter, asked him what became of the rest? Whereat the Boy stood all astonished; and being sent with another Basket a little after to the same Party, his Maw began to yern again after some of the Figs, but he first took the Letter and clapt it under a great Stone hard by, upon which he sat while he was eating, thinking thereby that the Spirit in the Letter could not discover him, &c. Whether your Letters be Spirits or no, I will not dispute, but I am sure they beget new Spirits in me; and *quod efficit tale illud ipsum est: magis tale*; if I am possessed with *Melancholy*, they raise a Spirit of *Mirth* in me; if my Thoughts are contracted with *Sadness*, they presently dilate them into *Joy*, &c. as if they had some subtil invisible *Atoms* whereby they operate; which is nowan old Philosophy newly furbished and much cried up, that all natural Actions and Motions are performed by Emission of certain Atoms, whereof there is a constant Effluvium from all elementary Bodies, and are of divers Shapes, some angular, others cylindrical, some spherical; which Atoms are still hovering up and down, and never rest till they meet with some Pores proportionable and cognate to their Figures, where they acquiesce. By the Expiration of such Atoms the Dog finds the Scent as he hunts, the Pestilence infects, the Loadstone attracts Iron, the *Sympathetic Powder* or *Zephyrian Salt*, calcined by *Apollinean Heat*, operating in *July* or *August* till it come to a lunary Complexion, I say, by the Virtue and Intervention of such Atoms, it is found that this said Powder heals at a Distance, without topical Applications

plications to the Place affected. They who are of this Opinion, hold that all sublunary Bodies operate thus by Atoms, as the heavenly Bodies do by their Influences. Now it is more visible in the Loadstone than any other Body; for by Help of artificial Glasses a kind of Mist hath been discerned to expire out of it, as Dr. *Highmore* doth acutely, and so much like a Philosopher, observe. For my Part, I think it more congruous to Reason, and to the Course of Nature, that all Actions and Motions should be thus performed by such little atomical Bodies, than by Accidents and Qualities which are but notional Things, having only an imaginary Subsistence, and no Essence of themselves at all, but as they inherc in some other. If this Philosophy be true, it were no great Absurdity to think that your Letters have a kind of atomical Energy which operates upon my Spirits, as I formerly told you.

The Times continue still untoward and troublesome; therefore now, that you and I carry above a hundred Years upon our Backs, and that those few Grains of Sand which remain in the brittle Glasses of our Lives are still running out, it is Time, my dear *Tom*, for us to think on that, which of all future Things is the most certain, I mean our last Removal, and Emigration hence to another World: It is Time to think on that little Hole of Earth which shall hold us at last. The Time was, that you and I had all the fair Continent of *Europe* before us to range in; we have been since confined to an Island, and now *Lincoln* holds you, and *London* me: We must expect the Day that Sicknes will confine us to our Chambers, then to our Beds, and so to our Graves, the dark silent Grave, which will put a Period to our Pilgrimage in this World. And observable it is, what Method Nature doth use in contracting our Liberty thus by Degrees, as a worthy Gentleman observes.

But though this small bagful of Bones be so confined, yet the noblest Part of us may be said to be then set at Liberty, when having shaken off this Slough of Flehd, she mounts up to her true Country, the Country of Eternity; where one Moment of Joy is more, than if we enjoyed all the Pleasures of this World a Million of Years here among the Elements.

But till our Threads are spun up, let us continue to enjoy ourselves as well as we can; let those Grains I spoke of before run gently by their own Motion, without jogging the Glass by any Perturbation of Mind, or musing too much upon the Times.

Man's Life is nimble and swift enough of itself, without the Help of a Spur, or any violent Motion: Therefore he

spoke like a true Philosopher, who excepted against the Title of a Book called *De Statu Vitæ*, for he should rather have entitled it *De Cursu Vitæ*; for this Life is still upon the Speed.

You and I have luckily met abroad under many Meridians; when our Course is run here, I hope we shall meet in a Region that is above the Wheel of Time: And it may be in the Concave of some Star, if those glorious Lamps are habitable. Howsoever, my Genius prompts me, that when I part hence I shall not downwards; for I had always soaring Thoughts being but a Boy, at which Time I had a mighty Desire to be a Bird, that I might fly towards the Sky.

So my long endeared Friend, and Fellow-Traveller, I rest
 Holborn, 10 Jan. Yours verily and
 invariably, J. H.



To the Sagacious Reader.

*U*T clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pectus;
Clauditur Hæc cera, clauditur Illa sara.

As Keys do open Chests,
 So Letters open Breasts.

ΤΕΔΟΣ.

Gloria Lausq; Deo Sæculorum in Sæcula sunt.

A Doxological Chronogram including this present Year MDCLV. and hath numeral Letters enough to extend to the Year nineteen hundred twenty seven, if it please God this World should last so long.

ΙΝΔΕΧ.

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